

sisters, who came out to Canada with him, have both since married well to neighbouring settlers. A young man, an English clergyman's son, was helping him on the stack. All appeared happy and contented, enjoyed the freedom of the life, and, as they put it, being their own "boss."

We again started over the prairie, occasionally calling on a settler as we passed, and driving through some good hay country down to Belmont, a station on the Canadian Pacific Railway. Here we halted for tea, and then on by moonlight over the prairie, watering our horses on the way at an Icelanders' settlement (these are said to make some of the very best settlers, being thrifty and industrious), and so back, after a run of over 50 miles, to Glenboro'. Some of our party carried guns, and bagged prairie chicken, ducks, and teal during the day's ride, all of which are very plentiful in this district. The following morning we left Glenboro' in four rigs, or spring waggon of the country, our destinations being Plum Creek, and thence by rail to Brandon. The land for some miles was very rich, well farmed, and caused many of us to wish we had a thousand acres of such soil in England. The first man we spoke to was very busy, like the rest, stacking wheat, but quite ready to tell us his experiences. He was formerly a gamekeeper in Lincolnshire; he farmed 160 acres—120 acres in wheat and 20 acres in oats this year, and expected most of the wheat to yield 40 bushels per acre, and, judging from what we saw of it, half will yield it, and the other half over 30 bushels. It was quite refreshing to see the way this man's work was set out and done; he was evidently doing, as he said, well; had bought another quarter-section of land, built a good house and premises, and, with the assistance of his sons and daughters, who all work, will make money. He liked both country and climate, and had lost asthma, from which he suffered a good deal when in England. Another young man near was farming a half-section (320 acres), with a very nice house and buildings on it; he paid for the land, which had been broken up, eight dollars an acre, and was every year paying for more live and dead stock out of his crops, which were, like his neighbour's, fairly good. We then continued our way through good land, all well farmed and in large holdings; here we saw a flock of about 200 South-down ewes and lambs, which the owner said paid him well, although he had to yard them by night from wolves. We halted at a new railway station and very thriving village on the River Souris called Wawanesa; very pretty scenery, and the station and village all built within the last year.

On resuming our journey we crossed the river, and passed through a long stretch of prairie, not of such good quality as that we had left, and mostly unbroken, held by speculators. Badgers and gophers (little animals between our rat and squirrel) abound, the badgers making holes in the trail very dangerous for the horses' legs; but it is curious to notice how very carefully these enduring little country horses avoid stepping into them. Evening found us at Plum Creek, after a drive of 56 miles. We calculated that during our drive, looking some two miles in each direction, we had seen something like 3,000,000 bushels