

MANITOBA REVISTA.

BY BARLOW CUMBERLAND.

SIX years ago, a happy holiday trip was spent among the sunny lands of Southern Manitoba, and longingly had constant recollection taken me back to the days spent in wading through the shallows that fringe the sedgy shores of Grassy Lake, or paddling along the narrow, winding chan-

bodies invitingly to the marksman's aim. The flappers and mud-hens scuttled aside just sufficiently to clear our way, as though feeling secure from harm in the presence of the nobler game, and the yellow-legged plover stood in undisturbed and curious gravity, watching us from the banks,



PILOT MOUND ELEVATORS.

nels which seam its marshes as interlacingly as the canals of Mars.

The green-winged teal, the mallard, and more homely, but most toothsome, canvas-back, had spread their wings, as they circled from choice to choicer feeding spots in their rarely-disturbed domains, and offered their plump

protected by their very innocence of the modern shot and gun. It had been sport without slaughter, reward without unreasonable toil.

In those closing days of that August month, the click of the reaper had been heard throughout the fields; the golden grain was either waving in