

pudding, is in the eating, then those grown in the Temperance Colony are as good as they look, to judge from some I had for dinner. No wonder the settlers are satisfied. Despite early difficulties, occasional inconveniences, and exceptional instances of hardship, in getting on the land they all expressed themselves to the same effect. "The longer I live here the better I like it," was the sum and substance of what I heard. Nearly all had greatly benefited in health by residence in the North-West, and as one gentleman, an excellent evidence of sincerity, "that alone is worth all it has cost me to get here."

The City of Saskatoon reminded me irresistably of the words used respecting a famous city of the past. It is "beautiful for situation" beyond anything I have seen in this part of Canada. Situated on a well-wooded bluff, overlooking the broad Saskatchewan and commanding extensive views of the surrounding country, the city is visible for a distance of many miles, especially from the opposite side of the river, where the bank is of lower elevation and gradually rises as it recedes. The unrivalled natural advantages of this site are being made the most of. Nothing could be more ingenious and skillful than the manner in which the ground has been laid out for building. Mr. Lake the chief Land Commissioner, to whom belongs the credit of designing all the plans, has exhibited great taste and judgment in this important work; and I am as confident, as one can be of anything in this world, that before many years, Saskatoon will be one of the greatest cities of the West. I mean to do all in my power when I return to my homeland, to find out if there is the right kind to a country which I honestly believe has a wonderful future in store if those charged with its administration and development are true to their trust.

JOHN HOW TELFER.

SQUATTERS IN THE N. W.

ARE THEY BONA FIDE FARMERS OR NOT.

The following letter appears in the Regina Leader:—  
 SIR,—You have many a time taken up the cudgels for the squatters around Regina—and some of us have thought that, considering that many of those squatters are living in Regina and never intended to live on their farms, and are no farmers at all, however. Some of us I say thought you carried your defence too far. We came out here just as early as these men, but we kept within the law and did not go to the reserve. Now, sir, one of these squatters has written to the *Globe* a long letter bringing charges against the Government, and, sir, if they were real farmers, what is, or was, to prevent them taking up homesteads outside the reserve as well as all of us have done? This correspondent says they had land cultivated at the date of their being warned. Mr. Editor, I was here. There wasn't a morsel cultivated. I don't know whether their position under the land Act is assailable or not, but I know this, that if they got their land five hundred times over they would never in the world cultivate it—and they are just the speculative squatters which are a curse to this country, and which gives an excuse and almost justifies the Government in making regulations so stringent. But for these speculative squatters it would be plain sailing for us farmers, and I say, Sir John is right, and the Honourable Macpherson is right in shutting down on such, precious quick, too.

Yours obediently,  
 Regina, Nov. 14, 1883. A FARMER.

THE PRIZE POEM.

The following is the poem written by Mr. J. H. Bowes, which took the prize of the University:—

THE GREAT NORTH-WEST.

No fabled land of song and joy is this  
 That lies in the glow of eventide;  
 Nor sung by bards of old in mistral strain;  
 Yet he who reads its history shall learn  
 Of doughty deeds well worth all knightly fame.  
 It is a land of rivers flowing free,  
 Lake-mirrored mountains rising proud and stern,  
 A land of spreading prairies ocean wide,  
 Of mighty forests' dark and shadowy shades,  
 Where harsh winds plumb in the hush of gloom  
 And peace hath brooded with outstretched wings.  
 Upon the western shore she breaks the wave,  
 Belling with measured pace upon the sands;  
 Far to the north the ocean washes cold  
 Where reigneth icy solitude supreme.

Here every season has its varied charm,  
 Stern winters shroud in snow each mountain side,  
 Till spring sets free the captive bird and shoot,  
 And wood and grove break out in joyous song  
 When summer suns bring forth a fuller bloom,  
 While autumn gilds the trees with flaming red,  
 And reapers gather in the golden grain,  
 And about in merriment the harvest home,  
 But a brief history repeats  
 The tale of sons heroic of old France,  
 Who came and with brave hearts no labour shunned;  
 They pierced the tangled briars they plied the axe,  
 Ever ready dangers, yet victorious,  
 While lofty bulwarks and far-distant forts  
 Mark their endeavour and exulting name.  
 And when the Indians there years were young,  
 There lingers many a legend of his race  
 Near reed-fringed lake and deep and dark ravine.  
 But he has fallen as the autumn leaf,  
 Yet not before the herald of great joy  
 Bore to the farthest homes the cross of hope,  
 And the smiles profaned by pagan rites  
 The red man bowed his knee and worshipped God.  
 Such was the past of this great Northern land,  
 A part of sterner and of nature's reign,  
 But lo! a change. From far across the sea  
 Behold there comes a mighty multitude  
 From Britain's isle, from Erin's verdant strand,  
 From craggy Scotland, and from Sunny France.  
 They come, they come, their native soil forsake.  
 Pursuing fortune in another clime,  
 A new summer land, where life breathes hope,  
 While nature freely gives of her rich store.  
 There little children come from haunts of vice,  
 From cities' pestilence and fevered streets,  
 With wonder gaze they at the limpid stream,  
 The lakes and flower-strewn plains of Canada.  
 And here a million souls are free,  
 A people nurtured in full liberty,  
 Free as the wind that blew from sea to sea,  
 And as the eagle soaring to the sun;  
 And they shall love their land with patriot's love,  
 And guard her borders as the men of old  
 The country guarded in the hour of need;  
 Yet not forgetful of the Motherland,  
 Who scans with kindly eye her child's career,  
 Waiting a blessing over the mighty sea,  
 And smiling bones shall blossom near and far,  
 Adown the river gilds the flying craft,  
 The palpitating engine crosses the plain  
 The heavy surmounts a toiling world  
 Shall violate the stillness of the woods,  
 Where, roamed the deer in full security,  
 The lonely summer O thou land of hope,  
 Where in the fear of God and loving home,  
 Thy people shall increase: O may thy soil  
 Bear many a thinker many a man of might,  
 Many a brain that will be compassed,  
 May enemies ne'er cross thy borderland;  
 But if they come, if the stern blast of war,  
 If the sword's cold and cruel noise thine from the rest,  
 May all thy sons rise, valiant hearts and true,  
 To battle for the land their fathers sought;  
 When safe, resting on their laurels won,  
 Love it with greater love for dangers past,  
 Such may thy future be—nor great alone  
 In a narrow vale, but on the mountain side,  
 In all that weds a people heart to heart;  
 Among thy sons may many a leader spring,  
 By whom the ship of State well-piloted,  
 Thy haven of wide empire thou mayest reach,  
 An empire stretching from the western wave,  
 To where the rosy dawn inflames the sea.

IMMENSE COAL DEPOSITS IN THE TERRITORY.

RICH SOIL ON THE SASKATCHEWAN.

From the Winnipeg Times.

Mr. G. M. Dawson, the assistant director of the geological survey, has sent out advanced sheets of his report upon the mineral wealth of the North-west. He spent several months this year in exploring the region near the Bow and Belly rivers, and going as far east from the foot of the mountains as the 111th meridian. Professor Dawson says that "the fuels in this district vary from lignites, but slightly superior in quality to those of the Souris region, to coals containing a very small percentage of water, forming a strong coke on heating, yielding abundance of highly-luminous hydro-carbons and precisely resembling highly-bituminous coal, though of the cretaceous age. The occurrence of

WORKABLE COAL SEAMS

at several different horizons, and the proved continuity of some of them over great areas, guarantee an abundant supply of fuel in this district, a matter of great importance in a country which, over wide tracts, is almost entirely destitute of wood." Professor Dawson estimates the quantity of coal per square mile thus:

Main seam in the vicinity of Coal Banks,	Tons.
Belly river, coal underlying one square mile.....	500,000

Grassy Island, Bow river, continuation of  
 Belly river main seam, underlying one square mile..... 5,000,000  
 Horseshoe Bend, Bow river, continuation of  
 Belly river main seam, underlying one square mile..... 4,900,000  
 Blackfoot Crossing, working seam as exposed on Bow river..... 9,000,000  
 Professor Dawson goes on to say that there is an abundance of coal on the Brazan, a tributary of the Saskatchewan; on the North Pembina, which flows into the Athabasca fifty-six miles of Edmonton, on the Athabasca itself, and in the Cypress hills. If Professor Dawson comes up next year he will probably find more coal cropping. The discovery made this year have added a thousand per cent to the value of farms in the Far West.

MOOSE JAW AND CALGARY.

The cry that the land between Moose Jaw and Calgary is worthless, has ceased. Commissioner McTavish's experimental farms have convinced everybody that the soil in that region is of the best quality. At the Saskatchewan coal mine, a mile and a half from Stair station, which is six miles from Medicine Hat, there is a cliff rising 300 feet above the bed of the South Saskatchewan river, that flows close by. On top of this cliff there is a deposit of oyster and mussel shells four feet in thickness. As forty feet down the cliff, where an air shaft has been sunk, there is another deposit of marine shells, consisting of a deposit of coal seam, or about 150 feet from the top of the cliff, there is a stratum of what, to an unscientific eye appears to be the shells of lobsters or crab-fish. It is evident that all that region has been

THE BED OF A VAST OCEAN.

The coal is 194 feet from the summit. This shows that countless centuries must have passed before the sea, so to say, succeeded the forest period. The soil between Moose Jaw and Medicine Hat and away further west to Calgary, is an alluvial deposit, exactly like the soil in the southern, eastern and western counties in England. Mr. Lawson, a mining engineer of great experience, who has charge of the Saskatchewan coal mine, says this soil is quite as rich and much more durable than the black vegetable loam of Manitoba. Last spring, a settler, James McKay, five miles from Stair, raised wheat, oats and turnips; and his crops, it is safe to say, surpasses any of the prize exhibits shown at the Fortage la Prairie fair. His wheat weighed

SIXTY-EIGHT POUNDS PER BUSHEL:

oats yielded seventy bushels per acre. On Monday last he was ploughing. The weather was like that of May; there was not a particle of snow. He got his coal at the pit a month for \$3 80 per ton, hauling it two miles. He finds a ready market for his produce either at the mine or at Medicine Hat. The place was for the emigrant in the west. Coal has been found at Moose Jaw, and there is a great seam at Blackfoot Crossing beyond Medicine Hat. South of the Hat, the Galt mine is in full blast; and beyond Blackfoot Crossing, the Cascade mine are at work, turning out excellent hard coal. The Saskatchewan mine near Stair turns out 200 tons a day, although it got into working order only last month. This solves the fuel question for the farmer, and with good soil, an abundance of water—it is found twenty feet from the surface—and a mild climate, what more can he want?

Fruit Culture.

Practical instruction may be obtained in the restoration of fruit trees to their original form, in a state from any ill-affecting conditions. The decay of the fruit, the sweetening, and a general improvement in the quality, quantity and appearance of the fruit, are possible to do so. The theories expounded by him are entirely new, and founded upon reason and philosophic principles, and his views and suggestions are also plain and practical, and can be easily understood by all. The lecture is well worth an effort to hear, even by those who never intend, personally, anything in the line; as to become acquainted with his views on the subject is an addition to one's knowledge, which no one would spare for treble the time and expense of hearing it, should it come reasonably within their reach.—J. L. WHEATSEAD, stipendiary magistrate, Ft. Co., Haliburton.