



REVILLE! I do not know that the lads are particularly fond of this bugle call. However, loved or unloved, around it comes every twenty-four hours at the Farm Home, and right loud and clear our official bugler sounds it, too, in the big, bright dormitory as the clock strikes five, Central Standard Time. Sleep is a fine restorer, even the impractical poet admits; but once the notes of that swinging tune are let loose and go echoing through the clear, frosty air, all hands must be up and astir for the business of the day. When we consider the seasons of our northern latitudes, have we not a similar awakening? The earth, asleep during the long, still winter, suddenly awakens to the sounds of returning wild birds, the whirr of thousands of wings overhead, and the resonant drumming of the soldierly partridge as he struts in the thicket beneath.

Spring has come, and nature, well restored, begins her work. The winter of 1898-1899 is one which will long be remembered by all the residents of North America. Low temperatures have bothered the average thermometers of North Western Canada to keep the record, as the meteorological reports from all parts will show. However, in

Manitoba, although the mercury has been obliged often to hide its head in shame over the eccentricities of the clerk of the weather, our sufferings have been slight, cattle have come through in splendid condition, and while we read in such reliable journals as *Harper's Weekly* of the frightful conditions prevailing for nearly two weeks in that well-equipped and modern city of New York, where the armouries had to be thrown open to offer protection to the freezing poor, where food and fuel could not be obtained at any price, and wealthy families were driven from their fine houses through the blinding sleet to seek shelter in hotels, owing to frozen water heaters, gas mains, and other calamities arising from the severe cold, we can sincerely express our thanks that we live under happier conditions, and seldom have to endure the miseries of such combinations as slush under foot and a cyclone overhead with a velocity of sixty miles an hour, driving before it clouds of damp, heavy snow, which, accumulating in such quantities in the streets, causes traffic of all kinds to become completely suspended. The sufferings of the poor in the city of New York, from February 11th to 27th, according to