

pair of side logs were put on, also a foot and a half nearer the centre of the building than the last pair, and thus the construction went on until the building was closed at the top; elm bark was then placed on this slanting roof and all the seams filled up with clay, while a stove-pipe projected through the pitch of the roof. Below is a rough sketch of the frame of this building:



In this drawing 1 are the regular end logs about 12 feet long; 2 are the side logs 14 feet long; 3 are the roof-logs which support the elm bark, they are 14 feet long; 4 are the short end logs which go to construct the gable-end of the house; 5 is a part of the completed roof, two lengths of bark reaching from the eaves to the ridgeboard; 6 is the window; the door being on the other side of the house and having a small porch of rough boards. If the poles could be got convenient to the place where the house was to be built, four men with a pair of oxen could cut the timber, draw it to its place, and erect the building, roofing, plastering and all, in less than a week.

While I was making my observations here, I heard

CRIES OF DISTRESS

among the bushes down near the river, and observed a boy about nine years old coming up carrying a pail of water. As the thermometer was about zero, and a keen north wind was blowing, I did not wonder at the poor boy crying with the cold; but I did wonder at the people who say that you do not feel the cold here as you do in Quebec. Although I have been but a few days in Manitoba, I have felt the cold worse in the month of April here, than I remember having ever felt it in the month of March in the Province of Quebec. At the hotel where I stopped, I was obliged to sleep with my clothes on while in bed, and yet was so cold that to keep from shivering I had to place my big overcoat on top of the bed-clothes. I may say that the houses here are chiefly constructed on the balloon fashion, and are not finished with care, so that the cold wind finds a too easy ingress.

Before I left Montreal I heard a good deal about what they call here "croakers." They are people who have paid a short visit to Manitoba and, becoming disgusted, have returned to old Canada, bringing an evil report of the good land. I have not met with any of this class yet; although I have met with several who on coming to Manitoba and seeing the difficulties of travelling at this season of the year, and also the way they were being fleeced on every hand, have abandoned the idea of travel-

ling over one hundred miles to the Little Saskatchewan on Rock Lake, and are going to take up land in the State of Dakota, as it can be got without much travelling. I am convinced that until all the land in the Red River valley, in the States of Dakota and Minnesota, is taken up, a good many Canadian immigrants will be content to remain there instead of proceeding to the Canadian North-West territories.

Although I have not yet met with "croakers," I have met a good many of another class, whom for want of a better name I shall designate as

"PUFFERS."

These individuals hang around taverns and drink and swear like troopers, and are ready to assist immigrants when paid exorbitant wages for their services. When one of these puffers overhears an immigrant complaining of the excessive charges, or any other inconvenience arising from the people, country, climate, or water, Mr. Puffer begins to taunt him with cowardice, and tells him he had better go back to Ontario, as he is too much of a green-horn to get along in Manitoba, where he "will likely be lost in the mud or eaten up by mosquitoes." Some of the Government officials are of this class, and do more to disgust intending settlers with the country than almost any other thing that I know of. I have on several occasions begun to complain of Manitoba in the presence of some puffer, just for the fun of hearing him rage and rave at the cowardice of "some people," which of course includes myself. In justice to the country, I must say that, from all I have seen, it is fully equal to my most sanguine expectations, except in the exceedingly small amount which has yet been brought under cultivation, and also the large area which is at present under water (I should say under ice). The water has an unpleasant taste, but seems to be quite healthy, and the soil is such as would make almost any farmer's eyes sparkle.

On Thursday evening all the immigrants around Emerson who wished to cross the river had got over to Duflerin with their live stock and baggage, and not a few had started for the Pembina Mountains, so I returned the planks which we borrowed from Mr. Carney, and that gentleman would accept nothing for their use, except twenty-five cents for one which had got broken. I am sure a good many of the new settlers in Pembina Mountains will remember with pleasure

MR. CARNEY'S KINDNESS,

the more so as such conduct is not common in these parts. During the three days in which we had these planks, we assisted about three hundred people to cross the river with their effects, which consisted of about one hundred horses, forty waggons, about eight sleighs, a dozen yoke of oxen, thirty other beef critters, and I don't know how many sheep and poultry of various kinds, including a pig from Ottawa, and various dogs and cats from different places in Ontario. The cars from South going to Winnipeg should reach Emerson Station at 7 p.m., but this evening (Thursday) they did not arrive until after nine, and as there is no telegraph on the line nor any means of telling when the train would arrive, we remained with a good many others walking up and down the track to keep ourselves warm with the thermometer about zero, and no place where we could sit down except on a pile of ties or on somebody's luggage. The