CANADA WEST.

King Wheat in Manitoba—Morning on the Prairie.

The Town of Wolseley and the Country Round About—Road Making in the West—Senator Perley's Farm—Personal Explanation.

(No. 2.)

Calgary, July 9.—So fast are we speeding to the west, that at present we must leave the good province of Manitoba till when on our return we have time to do it full justice to the best of our poor powers. No doubt there are many to whom Manitoba is only famous as the home of the school question, and we trust that we may be able to show somewhat satisfactorily that in many ways Manitoba is a great producing province. So great is its fertility and exuberance, that no one who knows the prodigality with which it pours forth from its fertile bosom things good and bad, will wonder that when it produced a school question it did so with so much vigor that the school question which Manitoba produced was a record breaker. No doubt some irreverent person No doubt some irreverent person might here feel disposed to break in profanely with the remark that it broke more than records, but we wish it distinctly understood that no such remark will be received with approval. These letters are serious productions, and the punster, a sinner whom we much condemn, must treat them with decorous respect. To the school question, and to the grim days and sunny ways so intimately associated with it, we shall hope to devote some attention with profit, and in addition we shall endeavor to do some small measure of justice to this most fertile province. But at present we cannot hold the train and we are far beyond the confines of Manitoba.

Flying west from Winnipeg we have the good fortune to have as travelling companion Hon. Hugh John Macdonald, now leader of the opposition in the province. Hugh John — that is his title in Manitoba and largely so in all Canada—is now busily engaged in organizing the conservative forces for the next provincial election. The universal feeling of attachement to him, a feature of Canadian politics that soon strikes the visitor to Ontario or the west, augurs well, and in parting we wished him every success in restoring to the conservative party the control of Manitoba affairs. From him and his friends we learn much of interest about the prospect of the wheat crop. In Manitoba men talk wheat for the most part. Adventurers and restless reformers advise mixed farming, and no doubt the day will come when diversity of product will be called upon to guarantee a more uniform success. But at present wheat is king.

We were feeling a little sad on reaching Brandon to realize that we would arrive at Wolseley in Assiniboia East at 4.50 a. m., and that it was now nearly 12 o'clock, midnight. Not much time to sleep, truly. At that instant of depression we had the unspeakable pleasure of hearing a lady passenger remark: "Yes, you change to mountain time at Brandon." Inquiry showed that she was speaking from full knowledge, and we proceeded to set our watches back one hour, gaily rejoicing in the fact that we had beaten the common enemy by one full hour. Of course Father Time will take that hour out of us on our return, but we have the satisfaction at present of gaining one hour's sleep. Morning on the prairie in the Territory finds some little change from the conditions of the evening before in Manitoba. There is not the same level sweep to the horizon so closely resembling that of the ocean. Instead the land rises slowly as it recedes from the track; not into hills but into a long slope. No longer is the earth bare of trees except where a river bank, or the course of a brook, or a pool of standing water is outlined by a fringe of bushes. All over this extent of country, as far as the eye can see, east or west, along the course of the rails, and for a distance of three or four or many more miles, in many places, on either hand, lies a country covered with clumps of bushes, here called bluffs, dotted over with stones, of varying sizes, and covered for the most part with a dry herbage which is last year's grass dried into hay. Here and there, and usually from a half mile to one mile from the track, are to be observed edifices which prove to be the houses and farm buildings of the settlers.

At this hour before sunrise the train runs on steadily without any human being appearing in sight, and our only visitors are a bird resembling a hawk, one of which rises about every mile as we proceed, and we never see but one of these birds at a time. They appear to patrol the prairie, and to avoid treaspass on a neighbor. A few small birds rise and fly a few yards, then drop into the furrow which runs ever beside the track; the fire break without which the country is ever exposed to the danger of fire. Now we pass a small pen fenced with poles, in which are about 50 horses of all ages. This is the town corral, in which the town horses are corralled at night, and from which they are taken in the morning or dismissed to graze for the day. Now we stop for a moment, descend on the platform of Wolseley station, and are received by a hotel boy who expected us, and precedes with our grips to the principal hotel. Wolseley is quite an important town. On the side of the track is an elevator owned by Ogilvie, the great miller, who has some fifty of these storehouses at the station in the wheat country of the Northwest. Next comes the station house, then a flour mill with elevator attached.

The main street of the town runs parallel to the railway on its northern side. On it are some ten or twelve buildings, of which one or two are built of the white brick of the country, and looking across the track we see the brick yard on the farther side. This main street contains the hotels, two of the larger stores, a drug store, a lawyer's office, a small building in whose single window is a display of straw hats—the Milliner. Then comes a small building. Against the wall leans a narrow board containing the magic words, Post Office. In winter, if there be any snow, this sign board will be invisible, but it is loose and light, easily moved, and no doubt the enterprise of the department will keep it prominently displayed. After this comes a dwelling, and then at an interval of about a hundred yards, is placed that dangerous and destructive machine, the press. Wolseley has its weekly paper and its job office. There are besides these buildings on streets extending back into the prairie, and at right angles to Main street. In all Wolseley contains two churches, a good school, some very nice framed houses, and at least one brick residence. The court house is very well planned, and very well built, and is really a model of convenience. Wolseley enjoys the distinction of possessing a jail for three years without ever having a prisoner. It is reported of many western points that they were so healthy that it was necessary to kill a man in order to give the cemetery a start in business. It would appear that some wilful crime must be committed or arranged for in Wolseley before that part of the court house intended for the confinement of prisoners can be utilized.

After inspecting the town casually, and discovering the inevitable establishments of the Massey-Harris and the McCormick agricultural implement agents, we were ready for the visit to the surrounding country which had been planned for us by Senator Perley. In a strong two horse carriage driven by a pair of good ones, we trotted down the street, till we reached the newspaper office. There the street ended, and there our drive really began. Swinging to the north we found ourselves spinning along a smooth track, whose black lines stretching ahead of us showed a well beaten track. "This," said the senator, "is a regular prairie trail. That," pointing to one beside it, whose lines, more deeply beaten into the soil than the one on which we were travelling, were gradually being overgrown with herbage, "is the older trail. It began to be too deep and some one struck out a new track." The example followed for a few days provided the beautiful, smooth, springy and elastic track over which we were bowling along. In a moment, having passed a good sized plot devoted to vegetables, a market garden, a new industry of this year, we diverged from our track, and found ourselves running along a road concession, going due north, while our former course went angling across a newly formed field. The senator explained: The proprietor had just fenced this piece of land, and we were now with the rest of the public, under the necessity of following the proper road concessions, and were losing the advantage of the hypothenuse line of communication, which in the early days, and when there were no fences, was universally used.

It was a good opportunity to see the system of road making of the Northwest. The first comer who had encountered that fence had pulled his horses to the right, and had continued to trot along due north till he reached the road concession which at intervals of two miles passes east and west, dividing the sections into blocks two miles deep. Into this he had turned and followed it until after going a mile he reached the open prairie again, and could once more pick up the trail he had been forced to leave by the intruding fence. Several others had followed his course as we now did, and already the track was plainly marked and the carriage swung along with easy motion. At several points on this new trail we passed through small patches of the wolf willow, growing to a height from one to four feet. No attention had been paid to these. The horses trotted along. The willows were thrashed bare and dying. In a week or two neither grass nor willow would remain to show that it was a new trail. That will serve to show how much labor and engineering skill is required for road making in the Northwest. Looking large-eyed at this active work of road making, in which I was ably assisting, by holding down the carriage wheels with all my weight, I could not prevent the thought. Shades of Crerar and of all the McKenzies who laid out the roads of eastern Nova Scotia, and of all the pioneers of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, who wrestled with the forests and rocks, and the trawling mountain streams of these provinces! How ye would have smiled to see highways constructed by the unshod foot of the prairie horse or ox, and how ye would have pitied the labor and sweat of the hardy men who had really to conquer nature in her sterner moods.

We do not envy our western brothers, but knowing as we do the cost of roads in the older provinces, we rejoice to know of their better fortune.

Still there is a little work done on the concession roads, and in places where at rare intervals it is necessary to grade the approaches to one of the so-called creeks, or of the coulees branching out from them.

Pointing to a wire fence, the senator said: That is the corner of my horse pasture. It is a section of land where I keep my young cattle and my horses. A section of land is a square mile, containing 640 acres. We now drove along the road concession beside the horse pasture. After going a mile, the senator said, pointing to the wire fence stretching away at right angles to the one which we were following: "We are now come to the pasture for my milch cows. That is a section of land also." How simple it is, and how nicely regular. You set men at work with cedar posts imported from a distance, for there is no wood growing here except small poplars, perhaps four inches in diameter, and they, following the marks made by the dominion land surveyors, enclose a square mile, and then another square mile, and you have your pasture, on all of which there is not a foot unfit for cultivation. This pasture of the senator is peculiarly valuable, because along each side of it runs a so-called creek. These unite near the northern end of the second section, and then continue on into the valley of the Qu'Apelle River. A creek is one of the features of this country. On the level prairie, a run-way like the course of a small brook starts. As you follow it, its depth and width increase till you call it a small valley. In its first estate it is a coulee. Your valley now runs into another valley and this into another, until you have at length a valley with steep sides, and a wide bottom, and in the bottoms trickling a small stream or brook. The whole finally, in the case under our observation, debouching into the valley of the Qu'Appelle, which is just such a valley on a large scale, running along for hundreds of miles, while in the valley bottom, which is from one to two miles wide, the Qu'Appelle river meanders along in the most deliberate fashion. The valley is beautiful and the stream crosses and re-crosses it hundreds of times, and all the time flows with a very gentle current.

It may well require a word of explanation to the reader, who observes with astonishment, and no doubt with regret, that the letters of S. D. S. from this, the original Great Lone Land, are signed, A.C.B. For several years S. D. S. has been in the habit of announcing that he was making walking tours in various directions and was recording his views and impressions derived from these tours in a series of letters to the St. John Sun. Now neither of these statements can be safely accepted without qualification. In the first place, a walking tour as understood by the editor of the Sun, must be held to bind him to the actual tramping over every mile of the journey proposed. A little reflection will show how it would be inconvenient and embarrassing to bind any one to such a hard and fast construction of the conventional term walking. For instance, in crossing the island of Cape Breton you encounter the Bras d'Or lakes. Here for even so good a man as the editor of the St. John Sun, walking would present a difficulty which could be most easily disposed of or overcome, to use an appropriate word, with aid of a boat, a row-boat or a steam-boat, or a sail-boat. Hence, as the reader will perceive, it is to be understood that in a walking tour, the editor shall not be bound to walk the whole way with his own feet. By a similar process of reasoning pursued pari passu, the editor has attained to similar conclusions in regard to the writing of his letters, and has satisfied himself that it is a reasonable fulfilment of the contract if he procures the writing of them by some member of the walking party who walks in the same manner and with the same understanding as himself. Hence it has always in the past devolved on the companions of the editor to do some part of the writing, and in the present case the companion has yielded after a struggle to the force of tradition, and now the gentle reader knows how the letters of S. D. S. are found with the initials A. C. B. subjoined.

A. C. B.

Banff, July 10.—Our last letter left us in the valley of the Q'Appelle, where we had arrived by following a river into a creek, a creek into the larger creek, which is known as the valley of the Q'Appelle. We made this journey not in a boat, but in a wagon drawn by a pair of horses. The terms employed in describing the features of prairie scenery, or of the scenery of the more rolling country found in the Northwest, in Assiniboia and Alberta, and which is usually held as something different from the flat prairie of Manitoba, are those derived from the language of the dweller on the shore of the river or ocean. A bluff in the sense held till we hear it used here is a high bank of a river, such as any of the great American rivers, which rises from the flat intervale lands of the river side to the level of the surrounding country. A creek is a small arm of the sea, whose existence and right to the name depend on the presence of water, salt or fresh. In the Northwest these terms are otherwise appropriated. A bluff in the ordinary use of the word implies an upstanding and prominent object, which from one side rises in the form of a hill. As there is no such thing as a hill in Manitoba or the Northwest, the term bluff is applied to that substitute which catches the eye by upstanding from the surrounding level. That substitute is a grove of trees or bushes. Our regard for truth, carefully wrought into us in the good county of Pictou, where the diet of oatmeal and shorter catechism supplies the material for the building of men, makes us hesitate to use the word trees without giving a constant reader a chance to use a more correct term. The term bluff is, I am told, also employed by those who play a game known as poker, in the sense of putting up an appearance of superiority or high and commanding strength. This sort of bluff, I am informed, is sometimes successful in one holding a really strong hand, but at other times it sinks down and utterly disappears before even a small pair. If this be so, it is probable that a bluff of this kind partakes of the nature of the mirage which is frequently observed on the plains of the Northwest. I am also informed by an authority whose modesty induces him to withhold his name, that those who frequently resort to bluffs of this kind often become sojourners up Salt Creek. The conjoined use of the terms bluff and creek, and the resemblance above noted to the mirage, lend probability to the theory that these terms were not first applied by settlers from the shore of river or of ocean, but by some early visitor who had an acquaintance with the game known as poker; and I am told that some of the early settlers were adepts at this game.

A creek here refers to such a depression as we have already described, and which has apparently been carved out of the level country by the action of running water. At present very little water is to be found in them, and where it does occur the settlers make small dams, by which the water is retained in ponds, where the cattle find their supplies. The greater part of the wood to be seen grows on the southern sides of these creeks, that is on the side facing towards the north. The opposite side, facing the south, is almost completely bare, only a few bushes growing along the centre of the coulees, which are graven into the face of the slopes. But Q'Appelle valley is really very beautiful. The broad floor of the valley is covered with grass, and where there is a damp, low lying spot, called in the language of the west a slough, there is a surrounding fringe of bushes. The southern slope is park like, being a charming mixture of wood and grass in endless diversity. The patches of wood in many cases show such firmness and regularity of outline as to give the impression that the whole is designed by some master of landscape gardening. To this the opposite side of the valley presents a charming contrast, with its bare banks of gravel, showing ruddy in the sun, and presenting an approach to correct geometrical figure, scarped as they are into a series of salient and retreating angles, so that one seems to see a succession of pyramids following into distance and presenting the angle of the base and the retreating line of that angle as it recedes upwards to the summit. Altogether a beautiful scene.

Now we climb out of the valley towards the south and retrace our steps to Wolseley, not over the same ground but over similar lands, and all marked by the same features. Everywhere one follows a trail or strikes out a new one for himself, turning in any direction he wishes and driving straight on over springy turf, through bluffs, whose slight bushes furnish no obstruction to the horses, and through which they trot on without change of stride. So we return to Wolseley about noon, having covered about 25 miles, and having seen a tract of land about nine or ten miles deep, lying north of the C. P. R. In the afternoon we start again. And now we cross the railway track, for we go to visit the country south of the line, which rises somewhat higher than that on the north, into what are known as the Wolf Hills. Here again we follow a trail, only diverging from it now and then, when we find that some farmer has ploughed it up in working his section. After driving several miles we have apparently risen some 75 or 100 feet, and can look down on the town of Wolseley. Here on the higher ground the bluffs become much more numerous and the trees larger until finally we are surrounded by bluffs in all directions. The country is still a great plain and we pass over many swales or low lying patches, sometimes hundreds or even thousand of acres in extent, on which the wild hay is even now just ready for the mower. We pass through an Indian reserve, where we see many tepees and houses of one story, built of poles, whose spaces are filled with clay, and whose roof is made of sods. But we see only two Indian men and two Indian women. We also encounter the missionary and learn from him that nearly all the natives have left the reservation, that they have put in little or no crop, and that they have put up no hay. He further tells us that the Indians are all pagans, and that the work of Christianizing is being attempted by taking the children away to schools. Apparently it is necessary to catch them young. It seems as though it would well pay the church to set some of its brightest men to this problem of missionary work for the Indians. The investigating commission should include an equal number of laymen with sound views of business methods.

Our return course to Wolseley was made through the bluffs, swales, sloughs and open prairie, as in the morning. Now and again we saw a wheat field, but we certainly skirted or passed through 5,000 or 6,000 acres where there was no human being to be seen; no trace of occupation or improvement, but everywhere a black, fertile soil, grass, wild peas, wild hay, luxuriant vegetation, food for thousands of cattle, riches unmeasured lying open to the hand of the first occupier—a land open, flowing with the materials from which milk and honey would flow; a land crying out for a people to occupy it. Again as we returned towards the railway, and after reaching a point where we could look scores of miles away; away along the line of the C. P. R. east and west; away over and beyond the town of Wolseley to the plains which we had passed over in the forenoon, we found settlers and wheat fields, and herds of cows being driven home by boys on ponys. These settlers are not crowded. They have elbow room, and need not complain that they have not space to breathe. As a rule, I think, the houses are at least a mile apart on the average. Still this land is in a sense occupied. To show what the people are doing, we were told that from Wolseley, Sintaluta and Indian Head 1,000,000 bushels of wheat were shipped last year. Wheat has been the great product, but from this station of Wolseley last year went 80 tons of butter.

Speaking of butter, naturally suggests the idea of bread and butter, and that association carries you to the wheat field and pasture whence we derive that most desirable pair. I found that the opinion of the territories was running in the direction of this combination. In a word, the people of the Northwest are now turning from the idea of "wheat, always wheat," to the idea of mixed farming. Our host, Senator Perley, is the most notable exponent of this system. There can be no doubt that in showing an example of how a farm can be made to pay when mixed farming is the system adapted, he is doing a work of immense value. Now, the senator does not wish to be regarded as a fancy farmer, nor as a gentleman farmer. He is a practical farmer, and if his farming does not pay, he will not continue in it. He has as good a chance to lose money as any others who started out to farm on a large scale, and who have made a succession of castly failures. He has 5 3-4 sections of land, 3,680 acres, of fertile virgin soil, nearly all in one block. He has not covered this with men and teams and gone to work to astonish the world by the number of bushels of wheat which he can raise in a good year, and to astonish himself by the number of dollars he can lose in a bad year. He is going on gradually and safely to bring his fertile acres into cultivation under a system of mixed farming. This year he has 201 acres under wheat, a beautiful crop, which promises at least 30 bushels to the acre, but the senator says he will be glad to have 20 bushels, and so would many an eastern farmer be glad to see in his garner 4,000 bushels of the finest wheat in the world as the result of one year's labor, and from one-eighteenth part of his land. Then the senator has a herd of 33 milking cows, some 70 herd of young cattle, soon to be doubled as all the calves are kept and raised, a band of about 30 horses and about 50 pigs, nearly all Berkshires. He keeps a pure Short Horn bull, and a grade Percheron stallion, and may invest in a thoroughbred horse. His aim is to raise the number of his cattle to 400, and using these as a dairy herd to sell number one butter, number one beef, number one pork, and number one wheat. In all he proposes to raise four products instead of one only. In this way he will be able to survive the failure of one or two wheat crops, as only one-fourth of his income will be thereby affected.

The senator is going on slowly and surely. He makes improvements as fast as the farm will pay for them, and does everything as well as possible. From his cows he produces butter. The butter made is sold to the C. P. R. for use on its dining cars, and is of superb quality. For the purpose of butter making, the senator has erected a stone creamery large enough to handle the product of this farm. The building is divided into two parts, a but and a ben. I don't know that the senator knew he was constructing a but and a ben, but he will not be grieved to know it now. The outer part has near the door a tread horse power, which supplies power to run a separator and a churn of the barrel pattern. The inner part contains the refrigerator and the ripening vats for the cream. About 200 pounds per week are now produced, and this amount will in course of time be trebled. The senator has a stone basement now completed 133 feet by 53 feet, on which a large barn is to be erected. At present this basement is covered over with straw, and is used as a stable. To a native of the east nothing is more surprising than the sight of barns covered over with straw, not thatched, and of houses covered with flat roofs made of sods. In the east these would furnish no protection, and the rains would soon penetrate and destroy them. Here, however, the feature of the climate is its dryness. All winter through no rain falls, and in many years from the fall until the next June there is no rainfall. To this dryness apparently is owing the absence of trees, and many other of the characteristics of the country.

The system of cultivation almost universally employed is to break the prairie in summer with a breaking plough which turns a furrow of fifteen to seventeen inches. This is worked over with a disk harrow till completely pulverised. The following spring as soon as the frost is out of the soil to the depth of three of four inches, wheat is sown. The frost gradually coming out beneath supplies enough moisture to carry forward the crop, and if a good rainfall occurs in June the crop will do without further moisture. The only danger then is from frost, which may occur in August. The following spring, being the second year after breaking a crop of wheat is again drilled into the stubble without further preparation and as a rule a good crop is obtained. The third year the land is summer fallowed to destroy weeds and wheat follows again.

The large breaking plough is drawn by three heavy horses, and the usual length of furrow is a half mile. Sixteen rounds make a day's work, in which the team travels sixteen miles in about ten hours, and in that time from 1 1-2 to 2 acres are ploughed. All work is done with the best machinery, and the treshing is done in the open field by steam. The straw is stacked, or burned, usually burned, and at one or two places we saw piles of manure being burned. Shade of Agricola—think of a country so rich that manure is a nuisance!

On the prairie, and on the rolling lands, not many birds are to be seen, but there are a few always in sight. Hawks of two or three varieties, a plover and many blackbirds, some with crimson or yellow, or orange markings are almost always in sight. From the occasional small wet sloughs a pair of ducks may fly, and we saw several young broods of wild ducks in the ponds for the watering of cattle. Only one prairie hen and one coyote did we see, but the gopher was always in sight. At Senator Perley's farm I saw a rat, as I thought, standing and reaching up towards the threshhold of the grainary. "There is a rat," I said. "No," said the senator; "there is not a rat in the country; that is a gopher." What is a gopher? It is a little creature about the size of a rat, but with the quickness of a squirrel. When approached they run in a straight line to their burrow, and then rise on their hind legs to examine the new comer. If not satisfied they whirl as quickly as a squirrel and disappear, waving a good-bye with a tuft of hair at the tip of the tail, which flicks up into sight as they disappear. The name gopher gives rise to many bad puns, to which a visitor is treated until there is no fear that he will forget the name. You are told that they are called gophers because they go for the wheat, or because they go for their holes, or because the hawks and foxes and coyotes go for them. And one of these alleged jokes is calculated to go far enough to make you ready to drop the subject, and a frequent repetition makes you feel like to go for some strong language on remonstrance. The habit of making villainous puns seems to accompany the Anglo-Saxon to every quarter of the globe.

The mosquito of the Northwest is not to be despised, and yet he does not seem to have such size or power as his eastern cousin. They certainly are not so large as the New Jersey mosquitoes, which, we are told, are frequently mistaken by new comers for chickens of the Shang Hale variety. However, here you hear the legend of the man who, taking refuge beneath an iron boiler, found that the mosquitoes in pursuing him, had driven their stings through the pot, and who came out triumphant by clinching the stings on the inside. The mosquitoes in this way became so attached to the iron pot that they could not tear themselves away. This story probably came from one of the sons of Noah in the first place, as it has always accompanied the Aryans in their migrations.

We returned to Wolseley and were kindly entertained by Levi Thompson, Esq., prosecuting attorney for the district, whose hospitable home is presided over by a daughter of Senator Perley. In the evening we found the town had enjoyed a pleasant day, with certain drawbacks. There had been a cricket match in which the Sintalutians had prevailed over the people of Wolseley. There had been a horse race, and generally people had been enjoying the interval of rest and amusement which precedes harvest. When harvesting begins it is a very absorbing subject, and cricket bats and racing saddles get a rest. This is a great country for athletes. At almost every town you pass you find a match of some kind in progress, and I think it is sure that the skill at cricket which is shown by our cousins in Australia will be rivalled or surpassed by the people of the Northwest.

Of course Wolseley has some Nova Scotians. We found two young men, nephews of A. C. Thompson of New Glasgow, and now of North Sydney, carrying on a tinware and hardware business. Frank Hockin, a son of John Hockin of Pictou, and grandson of the well known Custos of Pictou county, is settled here and doing well. Mr. Hockin, and at least one of the Thompsons, is married and have made good homes. It is a pleasure to meet Nova Scotians and to find them prosperous, and a pleasure indeed to give them news from home of the doings of their friends. This is a goodly country, but none too good for the sons of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and well will it be for Canada if it be filled up with the descendants of those British sires who have made the maritime provinces what they are today, perhaps the most prosperous portions of Canada. Here there are great opportunities, and the hardihood, industry and frugality which conquered the forests of the east, and the difficulties of the climate which there occur, cannot fail in the Northwest to reap a rich reward of success.

A. C. B.

(No. 4.)

Banff, July 12.—In the early dawn of a bright morning we left behind the hospitable shelter of Wolseley, and looking back saw the last of its cluster of village houses and the small pioneer cabins which lie scattered about the plains. Not many people were stirring. The cunning gopher was already on the hop in the fields and the horses in their pen were looking earnestly for the care taker to let them go. Westward we go, the prairie opening out into an expanse on which the horizon shuts down at some unknown distance. Though the season has been dry the grass looks green and fresh enough. Miles and miles of it lie spread out before us, asking for the hungry beast to come and help himself. Miles and miles of land anxious to give the farmer twenty bushels or more per acre invite the husbandman and the plough. They cannot have him for many years to come, for all the immigration that goes west is but a trifle to the infinite possibilities of this western country. Every hour's ride over his great plateau strengthens the impression that Canada is destined to feed the hungry millions of the world's population. Some few millions will come here and feed themselves on their own estates. Many millions will remain in the far east, in Europe, and perhaps in Asia and Africa, taking of the produce of these wide areas. Every acre of wheat land in this country is feeding a family somewhere with bread for a year. The man with a hundred acres of wheat is not a large farmer in Assiniboia, yet he is feeding five hundred human beings. The farmer who last year brought into Wolseley 24,000 bushels of wheat of his own growth provided bread for the whole of a town like Amherst or St. Stephen.

Wolseley is not much of a village to look at. Perhaps Sintaluta and Indian Head may have a population in the aggregate of 1,200 people. Yet more wheat was shipped last year from these three points than would make bread for half of Nova Scotia or New Brunswick for the year. When we come back this way, if our time and money is not all gone, we may make further investigation of this country. The government farm at Indian Head could only be passed with such a resolve. It sufficeth to say now that the Bell farm was a magnificent experiment and a splendid failure. The land is good and it seems to be well farmed. But farming in this country cannot be done successfully by people who organize too expensively and who do not use their own experience in the development of their enterprise. Farming by deputy and by foremen has usually been a failure, even under the best conditions. While it seems to be easy to make a good farm on these prairies, and to make a good living at the same time, it is still easier for a man with money to get rid of it in Northwest farming, and the more he has the easier it seems to be to get clear of it all. Here, for instance, was Mr. Conmee, an Ontario politician, not unknown in connection with mining enterprises in his own province. He concluded to make some money in wheat farming at Wolseley. He acquired 6,000 acres of land, which may have cost him $15,000. He put on a great gang of men to plough and do other things. He would try to raise nothing but wheat and when his wheat was late enough to catch the frost he had not even a pig to eat it. The splendid farm buildings were a pride to the place, but they were placed on top of a hill and as far as possible from good water. In dry seasons his teams were hauling water two miles for use, while he might have had a supply at his door. He sent a
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is no wheat for sa
the farmers now a
getting ready to pu
this year. Buyers
to get the refusal
current price or fo
tle lower. Three o
buying concerns a
agents. The Ogilvi
toba and the No
elevators, the La
company over fort
ern Elevator comp

This year a new
only last week by
have thirty eleva
Each town has an
to one of these c
have two, three o
for storing grain.
petition among buy
up to the highest
sumers' market w
this year the farm
if only his crop ri
year does he have
ting his wheat to
He is not far fro
which he can deliv
from which the rec
indicating the numb
the grade of the wh
these certificates h
vances or trade in
reasonable margin
crop, and when he
he can receive wha
due. At present a
tors are under co
west, and represent
ous purchasing and
moving about maki
ments.

There are as yet
new national policy
western farmers ri
articles which the f
been reduced. Th
for East Assiniboia,
canvassed the cons
oil, free implements
ties on clothing. W
government took
who had been persu
full of high hope.
they saw the end
and were sure that
binders would come
twenty-five dollars.
Wolseley the farm
Scotch settler nam
gentleman was a
Mr. Laurier and
when the party ca
he saw a chance
penny by selling h
chinery at considera
the market value.
price of these goods
and perceived that
machinery for less
ceived for the old.
is far advanced. H
to buy a new outf
he is a good many
transaction. The
actly what it was b
reduction of duty
forty cents per gallo
now. There has be
the price of anythi
the change of tariff,
article of tobacco,
high as it was bef

This same new te
a special source o
good German citaze
He heard Laurier
was impressed wit
the liberal ticket an
mium picture of the
up at his house. O
had occasion to buy
co. Smoking being
tion he takes it
purchase of tobacco
ligious duties. W
asked him to pay
price the good farm
all about it. Next
had burned Laurie
never vote for one
Fortunately it was
of Laurier that was
as the premier hi
suffered. It may
the price of the pl
be exactly doubled
new duty, but tha
works in the territo
the fact that they
cents in this region
than five cents co
the same reason a
cent in the oil du
the price of that c
whole it does not
Northwest has got
Fielding tariff, thou
was promised so m

And speaking of
is not a bad time
other features of
istration that are
tween Manitoba an
tains. We heard
ley, at Moose Jaw,
Edmunton and all
wherever we got

The first refers
vice. Mr. Sifton
changes in the staff
of Indian affairs.
decidedly unpopular
some of the agent
with the Indians o
many years, who
tions of the people
and had learned ho
them. In some ca
been reduced. In s
men have been rep
inexperienced men
al pull. Sometimes
been long on one
tribe of Indians,
has become accusto