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24  
8

And so -- west -- and further west --  
the spacious plains of Saskatchewan --  
with its inevitable pioneers -- the  
men who broke the virgin soil --  
and through those Northern spaces the  
fur traders reached out along lonely  
trails and lakes and streams -- to  
gather the wealth of the North.

And in Saskatchewan -- the Province  
of the Red, Heber -- I felt I had  
received my Bill of Rights.

64