

Saskatchewan river. You pass through some beautiful country, although the first part of the road is very bad, the land is wet with some alkaline beds and is almost enough to discourage immigrants coming into the country; in fact some do get discouraged and turn back, and give the country a bad name, and no doubt keep others back; but those who have pluck enough to get through to the Little Saskatchewan are well repaid for all the hardships endured. As you approach the river you will see Rapid City springing up in the valley. It is a splendid location, and already has four stores, blacksmith shop, and a number of dwelling-houses. Mr. Balkwell's grist mill will soon be in operation, and Dr. M'Intosh has the machinery for a saw mill on the ground, and expects to have it running in about two weeks. Six thousand saw logs are being floated down the river from the Riding Mountains, where there are immense forests of excellent timber which will last for hundreds of years. Rapid City is unequalled for water privileges, and the railway is expected to cross there. It is destined to be one of the most important cities in the West. It is surrounded on all sides by a splendid farming country. The land is fine rolling prairie, generally a rich black loam with clay subsoil unsurpassed for agricultural purposes. Ploughing commenced on the 9th of April, and on the 12th I saw flowers in full bloom on the prairie.

Scarcity of timber may be considered a drawback by a great many, but I think it is more than counterbalanced by having the land cleared all ready for the plough, as it is much easier to draw timber a few miles than to chop and clear a bush farm. A weekly mail will run to Rapid City by the first of October, and churches and schools will soon be established, so that settlers will be surrounded by all the conveniences of the other provinces in a short time. Every person I saw that had succeeded in getting over the bad roads were well pleased with the country, and all seem to predict a brilliant future in store for the Great North-west. On the 19th of June I picked some beautiful ripe strawberries on the open prairie, and I have no doubt that fruit of all descriptions can be grown to perfection, even in this frozen region, as some people choose to call it. In conclusion, I would advise any man who wishes to secure a home for himself not to be influenced by the lingo of those chicken-hearted fellows who turn back at the first mud-hole they come to, or can be chased by a mosquito. The man who is afraid of a mud-hole, or can't stand a mosquito bite, need not go to any new country. Any man with ordinary intelligence and a little pluck cannot fail to make himself a comfortable home in a few years by coming to the Great North-West.

FRANK MIDDLETON

Little Saskatchewan, June 21st.