

corruption. Two or three knighthoods are the sole fruit of the business, and form our only consolation.

The collapse of two hundred and eighty out of three hundred Colonization Companies, and the sickly condition of some of those which remain, may be taken as a welcome indication that the worst of the gambling fit is over. Still land-sharking goes on to the detriment of the honest settler. It is interesting to know the land shark's game, the more so as the knowledge throws light on some regulations of the Government which have been undeservedly taxed with injustice. The great shark, we are told, hires a number of half-breeds or other wanderers by the month, and sends them out to squat on promising town sites, and on spots where it is likely that the Pacific Railway will cross rivers. An Order in Council was passed, in the May of 1880, warning squatters on town sites that their claims would not thereafter be respected; but that Order seems not to be enforced with inflexible rigour. The small shark goes out himself and takes up his position on the best section or half-section that he can find; pitches his tent; makes a pretence of ploughing by scraping up a few yards of sod; and sits down to await his victim, the genuine settler whom he blackmails; then he goes on to another lot and repeats the operation. Not a few genuine settlers, we are assured, were driven back in the spring and summer of this year from the Qu'Appelle valley by disgust at these impositions. The great shark robs the Government, the small shark robs the settler: vigorous efforts are being made to extirpate the small shark: the great shark, like the great of every species, has his friends.

Other grievances the settlers have besides the buying up of lands and the want of railways to bring their crops to market. We are told they already wince under the Tariff, which adds the cost of transportation to the price of goods, taxes the canned eatables which are an important part of their dietary, and forces them to import much of their lumber from far distant mills in Canada, instead of buying it freely at those of St. Paul and Minneapolis. For want of lumber to build houses the settler has to pass the winter under canvas; for want of lumber to build