

Manitoba on the top of the heap, so to speak. No other Canadian Province will have the advantages we have, and it is safe to say that no other country will receive so much attention.

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As a great deal of interest will centre in Manitoba at the World's Fair, the publishers of the MANITOBAN, intend issuing a special number in June, which will be specially written and illustrated for that purpose. We have a large agricultural country to be peopled, and everyone who is interested, should put their shoulder to the wheel.

FROM
THE NORTH SASKATCHEWAN RIVER
TO
FORT MACLEOD

A Trip Across the Prairies.

(For the Manitoban.)

BY G. E. D. ELLIOTT.

(Continued.)

THAT afternoon, Bill remained to assist Dick smoke the venison, and Hawk and I started out to have a look through the country. After walking a short distance we caught sight of a high bluff, about six miles east of camp, and decided on walking this, hoping to obtain a bird's-eye view of the surrounding country. It was slow travelling, we were continually running into small bunches of deer; old Indian camping grounds were examined, and judging from the numerous bones laying about, they must have had a fat old time of it. We found two trees with initials carved on them, these were examined with great interest, and seemed to mark the resting place of some old-time hunter. It was impossible to make out all the letters except G.—H and M.—C, Nov., 1879; these delays, added to our desire to carry away a knowledge of the possible fertility of the soil if cultivated, killed time at such a rate that it was all of five by the time we reached the foot

of the bluff, ten minutes more and we were on the top. Here we were doomed to disappointment, for we could see but little better than on the level prairies below. After looking about we selected one of the tallest trees, and by its aid obtained our desired look at the country. Another difficulty arose, for it was large and not a friendly branch in reach. Each of us had been expert in tree climbing at one time when on the old homestead at home, particularly so in our neighbor's orchard, but alas, that was many years ago, and now the knack of skimming up seemed completely lost.

Finally Hawk made a rush for it like a mad bull towards a red rag, and succeeded in making it, after going through some of the most graceful movements imaginable. I followed, but had it not been for the friendly hand held out, would not have made it.

A loud "Hurrah" from him made me look up, to find him perched on one of the topmost branches, this bent and swaying, seemed as though the weight of another hair would cause it to send its burden spinning through space. A few more pulls and my head was on a level with his body. My first glance was towards the lake, the sun slowly sinking to rest cast its rays upon it, making it appear a perfect sheet of gold, bordered by a shore as white as snow, presented a picture that fully repaid us for the long tramp. Slowly my eyes left this to inspect the back ground, which in itself presented one almost as good. To the north, south and east stretched out boundless prairie, broken here and there, except in the south, by little silver like lakes surrounded by tall waving grass; to the west were the Natural Hills, the foot of which seemed to border on the lake shore, these were heavily timbered in parts, and seemed like gigantic mountains in comparison to the Nose Hills, almost their equal in height but further away.

To the north could be seen the Eye Hill creek crawling along the low level parts of the undulating plains; overhead slowly following up its course were a flock of geese in single file, appearing like unsuccessful, weary, hungry, fishermen returning from a day's outing.