

paid my first visit to Winnipeg. I travelled over the piebald and piecemeal Dawson Road, with all its water stretches, simply to find out whether Canada was doomed to end in Lake Huron, or whether there was a country for our children beyond the great Lakes, and all the way to the Pacific. One sight of the prairie was enough for me. We got to Point du Chêne in the night; wet, wearied, maddened by the mosquitoes of the marshes, and threw ourselves down to sleep on the floor of an unfinished building that stood some way out on the prairie. In the morning I awakened, and, looking out, found myself in Paradise. "A floral garden," as Mr. Maccoun called it, extended far away to the horizon on every side. "Yes," said an enthusiast who had joined our party, "you may stick a plough in here, and draw an unbroken furrow to the Rocky Mountains." That was a slight exaggeration, but on the right side. In the main he was not so far out. The question I had been asking myself was settled. And every day that I rode deeper into the heart of this great North-West, it was settled more absolutely. Beautiful was the prairie in those days, but more beautiful has it seemed to me all this week, as I travelled over the four hundred miles between this and Moosejaw. The expanding towns and villages, the shack and shanty giving place to the comfortable house and ample barn, stacks of golden grain out in the fields or flanking the buildings right and left, the reapers and the threshers, the sturdy yeomanry busy as beavers, the abundance everywhere, even in this dry season, for man and beast, filled my heart with gratitude to the bountiful Giver of all. But, even so recently as 1872, few of the men I met in Winnipeg had faith in the future of the North-West. Few thought of it as a country in which men could enjoy life. Speculators, indeed, hoped to raise "a boom" for their own benefit, but those who professed to know the country declared that there had never been a good crop even in the Red River Valley. But three men at least blew the trumpet of the North-West. These were Adams G. Archibald, the then Governor, Dr. Schultz, now Governor of the Province in which he made his home in its dark days, and Consul-General Taylor. All honour to these, and to all men who see farther ahead than their noses, who have faith in their own country, and who refuse to give heed to the moans of the pessimist!

I may say that never had I so much faith in the future of the North-West as I have now, and not in the country alone but in the