

"Doubtless, though I don't think——" began Bramley. "Oh! well, gentlemen, you're prejudiced, naturally prejudiced in favor of your own institutions," interrupted the stranger; and then consulting his watch, he added, "but I must leave you for the present, as I have an engagement. Take something in the fluid line?" His invitation having been declined with thanks, he left our friends and departed, having handed them his card before he went, on which were the words, "Cyrus Peabody, Commission Merchant, Chicago," with a pressing invitation to them to look him up if they ever got so far west as the city mentioned on the card, which they promised faithfully to do.

"Not a bad sort of fellow" said Yubbits when the stranger had gone, "but terribly biased in his views, eh?"

"Well," returned Bramley, "I don't know; remember *Punch*, Yubbits, and what came of your expressing your views."

"Oh! hang it, don't mention that *Punch* affair any more. By Jove! after this I'm going to praise every Canadian and American 'institution' to the skies in the presence of strangers; it won't do to be tramping on people's corns all the time; but, I say, I vote we turn in pretty soon; I'm sleepy, and our train leaves for Ottawa at 7.15, remember."

"Well, it wouldn't be a bad move," assented Bramley.

"I really think though," remarked Mr. Yubbits, "that we are cutting from Montreal rather too soon. There must be lots to see here, and we have seen nothing."

"For my part," said Bramley, "after the indignities to which we have been submitted by that impertinent Jack-an-apes at the Calathumpian, I don't care how soon we leave the place."

"By all means," interposed Crinkle. "let us get to Ottawa; I long to see that river which Moore's melodies have immortalized."

"So be it," rejoined Bramley, and the four separated for the night.

Early next morning they found themselves at the station of the Occidental Railway, and before long were speeding away from Montreal. None of them had ever before ridden on a "railroad car," though they had seen similar vehicles in England, where they were just being introduced. For a wonder, they were unanimous in their sentiments of approval of the American style, and compared the large roomy car with the close stuffy English carriages, very much to the advantage of the former.

They were much impressed whilst on the three hours run between Montreal and Ottawa, by the appearance and manner of a young man seated just in front of them, who was very stylishly dressed, and who seemed, in his own estimation at least, to be some one of vast importance.

"Probably," remarked Coddleby in an undertone to Bramley, "probably he is some *attaché* of the Governor General; possibly an aide-de-camp. He has a military cut, and I should't wonder a bit if he was some young English swell; and quite likely a sprig of nobility."

"I've no doubt you're right," said Bramley, who entertained a deep veneration for anything in the shape of an aristocrat. "I should like to become acquainted with him. He might be useful to us, you know; his influence at Rideau Hall might be of great service to us."

"Well," said Yubbits, "these military fellows don't like everyone to make too free with them, and I would not venture to address him; it might result in a snub, and we've had enough of that sort of thing for a while, I hope."



"Very true, we had better run no risks," returned Bramley.

At this moment the train stopped at a small station, and another young fellow entered the car, and catching sight of the subject of the foregoing remarks, walked up to him with a smile of recognition and extended his hand. "Glad to see you, old fellow," said the new comer. "Didn't expect to find you down here; didn't know, in fact, you were on the road just now. Been out long?"

"Three weeks," replied the other.

"Still with the same house, I suppose?" asked his acquaintance.

"Oh! yes; first rate lot, you know; highest tone merchant tailoring establishment in the country."

All this was said in so loud a tone that our friends could not fail to hear every word, and the conversation equally "shoppy" was still carried on in the same strain.

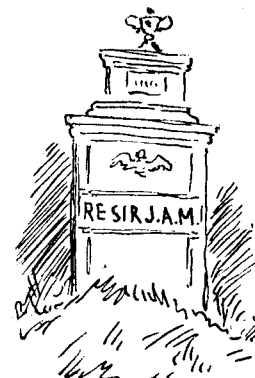
"By Jove!" exclaimed Yubbits to his companions, "if they ain't a couple of bagmen; ho, ho, ho. Tailor's bagmen; ha! ha! ha! How about your 'sprig of nobility,' Coddleby?"

"Well, Yubbits, you know you took him for a military man, yourself," retorted the person addressed.

"Pooh! pooh!" said Mr. Yubbits loftily, "I could tell the fellow was a cad directly I looked closely at him; and when he began to talk 'shop' to his friend I knew it."

The disagreeable subject was allowed to drop. The journey was continued without further incident, and before half-past ten the four stepped out of the car on to the platform at Ottawa.

(To be continued.)



SUGGESTED MONUMENT

For a certain eminent statesman—tho' we hope he'll never need it.