

Trunk, from its magnitude, the visits of the Managing Director are few and far between ; and when he does go, it is more after the style of an Eastern Prince, in his car of state, with a crowd of guests and retinue of servants, resting upon the softest of couches, drinking the choicest of wines, and eating the daintiest food, whilst the passengers, from whom the Railway must derive a great portion of its revenue, are drawn along over a wretched road at a snail's pace, huddled together in cars little better than hog-pens, and compelled by necessity to eat at the Company's "refreshment rooms" in many cases the most abominable food, such as would be rejected by the stomach of any well-bred dog.

The Managing Director advertises the line as the "Great International Route;" and I will proceed to give an illustration, from personal experience, how the passengers and mails are treated the moment they reach the Grand Trunk Railway. We sailed from Liverpool last July, in one of the Canadian Royal mail steamers ; we called at Londonderry to take on board the latest mails for Canada and the United States, which had been brought express from London and other places, at a speed of forty miles an hour ; we made all speed across the Atlantic, scarcely deigning to assist a poor wrecked sister ship. We were telegraphed at Farther Point to the Grand Trunk officials at Quebec at six o'clock on the Sunday morning, and they therefore knew that we should in the ordinary course reach Quebec between five and six o'clock the same evening, which we did. The passengers were all ashore, the baggage passed at the Customs and on the railway van, and the mail agent with the mails for the "Great West" all ready to start, at seven o'clock. Hour after hour, however, passed, without the sign of a locomotive ; and at last we were told that the Company had not one ready, but had sent for one distant about forty miles. On its arrival, about eleven o'clock, the train started. The passengers congratulated one another that, being Sunday night, they would have a clear track, and in any case other trains would have to give way for Her Majesty's ocean mail by the "Great International Route," and that we should reach Montreal before the departure of the train to the West at half-past nine the following morning ; but we were altogether mistaken, for Her Majesty's mail was ignominiously shunted for every train we met between Quebec and Montreal, including wood and construction trains, so that we did not reach Montreal until half-past one o'clock the following afternoon, and found no train going West until half-past nine that night. At Quebec we were told that a telegram had been sent to Richmond to have breakfast ready on our arrival there, but such was not the case. The place was closed, and we could get nothing to eat, and only hot, foetid water to drink, until we reached Montreal. On recruiting at the hotel and going down to the Grand Trunk Railway Station to take the