

deluge pours down upon you, which takes away your breath. Your guide holds your hand firmly, and you follow on step by step through the terrific shower, and then, rising by slippery ledges of rock, to the Cave of the Winds. The noise of water and the rush of wind is deafening. You can hardly look up for the pelting showers, which fill your eyes and beat upon your face. But in time you get more accustomed to it, and can note the vast cataract which forms a white veil between you and the world. And now your guide takes you forward, and you thread your way from rock to rock and stone to stone, but into the open once more, until you arrive by another path at the point where the Falls are first entered. When we had finished our circuit I threw off the oilskin and went to the Falls again to get a proper shower bath, and I can safely say I never enjoyed one more. A shower bath in Niagara is not an every day experience, and I got the most out of my opportunity. In dressing, I observed that the wooden walls of the dressing-room and the back of the door were covered over with names of visitors, written in pencil. Englishmen are fond of testifying in this way to their existence. There was one inscription thus pencilled up behind the door which struck me at once. It ran, "John Potts, Macclesfield, England, September 15, 1884." I did not leave my name underneath it, though, of course, I entered it in the visitors' book. There is always one source of annoyance at every place of interest at Niagara, to which the visitor is subjected. He is perpetually tormented by photographers who wish to take his photograph with the Falls in the background. Imagine anyone placing himself as the foreground of a picture of Niagara!

A few words about Ottawa must bring my story to an end. There is no place in which I have been so agreeably disappointed. I looked for a city of wooden houses, with here and there one of a better class, and with nothing worth looking at but the Government Buildings. I found a large and flourishing city, built of stone, with handsome churches and public buildings, and with only a wooden house here and there. Ottawa, as everyone knows, is the capital of Canada. It was probably chosen for this honour because neither Montreal nor Toronto could brook to see the other have this