

fore did not remonstrate when I was driven through the village, which, indeed, presented nothing worthy of inspection. I saw a stream of cars with my fellow victims on them in front, so I merely asked the driver where he was taking me. "Where would I go," said he, "but to the old castle, sure everybody likes to see that: it's the finest sight in Ireland." His tongue never ceased. He told wonderful stories about the eccentricities of the mare, the badness of the roads in every other direction than that in which he was taking me, the hard times, and I know not what else.

"The finest sight in Ireland," when at last I got to it, turned out to be some remnants of the walls of a plain building never of any great size. A woman was there collecting a fee for inspecting the ruins and offering for sale a pamphlet purporting to contain a history of the castle, from which I learned that it was built in 1305 by Richard de Burgo, earl of Ulster, in order to protect his estates from the Irish chiefs in the neighbourhood. There is a good view from some high ground at no great distance from the ruin, but nothing to go into ecstasy over, and if it were even the grandest sight in the world it would be utterly spoiled by the people who pester visitors to buy shell necklaces and blackthorn sticks, though it is true these are to the car drivers only as house-flies to hornets.

On the way back to Moville the driver pointed out a circular dyke of earth, where a Danish round tower had stood in times long gone, but I did not stop to inspect it. When we reached the village and I had paid the exorbitant fare which was asked, I purchased a few trifles in a shop at about double London prices, and then tried again to look at the place, but the pestering recommenced and I gave it up. With some others I made the best of my way to the landing place, where we waited until the boatmen appeared, keeping our tormentors at bay as best we could, and very glad were we when we got again on board the *Vancouver*. In justice to the boatmen I must add that their charges were most reasonable and their conduct all that could be desired. But as for Moville, it may be my fate to be in Lough Foyle again,—I was there when returning to England in the *Labrador*,—but no more shall I be seen among the car drivers on that spot of Irish soil, no, not if I know it.

At two in the afternoon we steamed out of Lough Foyle, passed inside of Innistrabull Island, on which is a lighthouse, nineteen miles from Moville, and had a view of the coast of Scotland across the channel. Beyond Malin Head, the northern point of Ireland, the land rises in ranges of hills that almost aspire to the dignity of mountains, but darkness set in shortly, and we saw nothing more except the light on Tory Island later in the evening.

The next day was stormy, and a heavy sea was running, so that very few of the passengers left their rooms. But on the following morning there was a large party about, and I found that we had people on board from half the countries of Europe, besides a thick sprinkling



Rue de O'Connell

of Canadians returning to their homes. From some of these I obtained much information concerning the far west, the present condition of the country beyond Winnipeg, and the prospects of settlers on the Pacific slope. A couple of farmers from Manitoba informed me that they were at present not doing very well, as wheat—the great staple of the West—had been produced in excessive quantities, and was therefore worth only thirty-eight to forty cents a bushel. At that rate—equal to 4s. 9d. to 5s. a muid—it does not pay to grow it, fifty cents a bushel, or 6s. 3d. a muid, being the lowest profitable price. In South Africa it cannot be raised for even double the last named figures.

On the 24th of October we passed Belle Isle, and near its western extremity, between the island and the coast of Labrador, lay, dazzling white in the rays of the setting sun, an iceberg that had drifted down from the north too late

in the se
bove w
ize of t
Newfoun
coast of
extreme
ve had
not on a

The f
on the n
f the g
highway
Cartier
farther
At ten
and slac
side to
the Mar
eastward
railway.
the St. L
and at I
to Halifax

Keep
banks g
and the
clusters
Steamer
vessels
in every
course,
ten in th
to a pier

This
civilisat
promon
until it
distant
Port E
Africa

contour
devoted
high bu
are ere
popula
are of
safe ri
has on

The
and th
kept l
munit
barrac
imper
Halifa
Louis,
early
destr
hotel