

bottle is also grimy; the contents are sickly looking and watery; the vinegar is the color of muddy water and there is a dead fly at the bottom. The pepper castor contains a little greyish mixture, but the holes in the top are grimed up so that it is impossible to persuade any pepper to pass through. When I see such a cruets-stand as this I know what I am to expect in the way of food and general accommodation. The regular accompaniments to such a cruets are dishes of very large and very green cucumbers and very pale pickled cabbage. The traveller perhaps, comforts himself with the thought that he can at least break his fast with a cup of tea and some toast. Vain delusion! The toast is made of lumpy, clayey bread, and the tea tastes like what one's fancy suggests as a decoction of chopped birch-broom. Whether you will or no, the sad-looking waitress dabs down a small dish of slate colored meat, almost swimming in greasy water. This is called "beefsteak!" Then the dinner. With a dread foreboding of what is to come, the traveller takes his seat for the mid-day meal. "Pork or roast beef," whispers the waitress. If pork is decided upon, there is brought a chunk of half-boiled pig, dreadfully salt and exceedingly tough. Cabbage is served with a liberal allowance of the water in which it was boiled. If roast beef is chosen, the slice will be nearly three-quarters of an inch thick. Ten to one, it is either cooked till every drop of juice is burned out of it, or else it is so rare that the first touch of the knife reveals the raw flesh. There are always "pie" and "pudding." The former has a crust like unto sole leather that has been soaked in sugar and water for a week; the latter is a medley, I will not trust myself to describe. The bedrooms are quite in keeping with the rest of the establishment. Small, with dingy wall-paper, a low bed with a depression in the middle as though its back were broken, the clothes looking as though they needed changing; a rickety washstand, no water bottle; the water-pitcher, probably minus its handle or half its lip; the water, dusty on top and muddy below; the windows, smeary and hung either with dirty cotton blinds or pieces of paper hangings of dismal patterns. The looking-glass is invariably one that has a number of waves and streaks over its face, which have the effect of misplacing one's features in the most alarming manner. To other matters which may be summed up under the head, "modern conveniences," the landlord pays not the slightest heed. The outbuildings are invariably abominable. Such is a pen picture of nine out of ten of the country hotels to be found in Canada. So well are these places known, and so greatly are they dreaded, that it is a common practice for travellers to time their visits so that they can avoid staying over night, and if such a course is impossible, they will travel many miles by rail to reach a town where they know they can get decent accommodation, returning next day to finish their business.

Now there is no excuse for this state of affairs. It is due to sheer laziness and lack of enterprize. Many of the places which are now avoided by the travelling public would afford a good living to a man really capable of "running a hotel." We hear much about there being a lack of "openings" for men desirous of starting in business, but there are a great number of places which are sadly in need of a decent hotel, where the sale of liquor shall have nothing to do with the accommodation for "man and beast." There is no doubt that a great deal of drinking is due to the knowledge that a bar-room is attached to the hotel. Custom has taught men to think that they are in duty bound to buy some of the gin, rum or brandy which the landlord has to sell, and thus one glass leads on to another, and by dint of the treating system a man who had no intention of