

problem was left by him unsolved, although he was not the member of the party who had the supreme impudence to lean across the counter of a shop in Victoria and innocently ask the salesman: "Pray, sir, could you tell me why the people in Vancouver call the people in Victoria Moss-backs?"

And so, home again once more, the happy party broke up. The Manager went back to his newspaper, the Judge to his office, the Secretary to his parish work, and the Canon to a careful revision of the proofs of the report of the Synod of the Diocese of Montreal for the year 1888. Back they went from pleasure to duty, after three weeks of unruffled good-fellowship on the longest, the most punctual, and (I think I may fairly say) the best-equipped line on this continent—the Canadian Pacific Railway. Success to it.