

FIVE WEEKS IN CANADA.

It was in the summer of 1882 that I determined to vary the accustomed routine of Continental travel by seeking "pastures new" in Western Canada. Being myself a Colonist, and having already travelled far afield in Australia, New Zealand, the Cape of Good Hope, and some of the minor Colonies, I naturally felt a strong desire to make myself personally acquainted with the great Dominion. Accompanied by a well-tried and trusty comrade, I crossed the Atlantic without encountering any other than the usual experiences of so everyday a passage. Suffice it to say that our party of nearly a thousand souls embraced representatives of every class—including members of the Legislature and the learned professions, the Universities and public schools, homeward-bound Colonists, and others in search of a new home amongst their countrymen beyond the seas. Not the least interesting units were contributed by Cardinal Manning's and Dr. Barnardo's training schools, and I rejoiced to hear since my return that these promising lads speedily found remunerative employment at Ottawa and Hamilton.

I will not weary my readers by attempting to describe the voyage up the mighty St. Lawrence, the picturesque quaintness of Quebec, the hospitality of the merchant-princes of Montreal, official life at Ottawa, the intellectual life of Toronto, or the thunders of Niagara—as to do so would be but repeating an oft-told tale. It will be my endeavour briefly to relate my impressions of the world beyond. From Quebec we proceeded by Grand Trunk Railway 670 miles to Port Edward, at the junction of Lake Erie and Lake Huron. Thence we crossed the great Lakes Huron and Superior in one of the comfortable steamships of the North-West Transportation Company, touching at