

or even moonlight, for then I could have seen everything to greater advantage. Returning to the car, I passed the incredulous Scotchman standing open-mouthed near the machinery, and watched him as he walked to the gangway muttering, "Ay, it is a boat, after a'! Weel, weel, wonders wull never cease." On Canadian soil again, and speeding on to the end of our journey, we stopped nowhere until we reached Hamilton, at three o'clock in the morning of Wednesday, October 16th. There my brother met us, and after spending the remainder of the night, or rather morning, at the Royal Hotel, we went on to Toronto by the nine o'clock train, reaching that place before noon. There, too, I will leave my readers, asking their indulgence for this simple account of my trip to Manitoba.

THE END.