

EXCURSION TO HALIFAX.

INCIDENTS ON THE ROUTE—AMERICAN GIRLS—CRINOLINE EXALTED

For Portland, ho ! There was the usual hurry and bustle peculiar to a railway station as the hour drew near for the departure of the 10.10 p.m. train from the Bonaventure Station for Quebec and Portland. There was Paterfamilias, his better half, his grown-up daughters, and the luggage. The young ladies are a little nervous, and with much peevishness insist "that it is time to get on the train and get a good seat, or they wouldn't have any at all." Paterfamilias, with the air of an old traveller, pooh-poohs this, and declares there is no hurry, while, between the urgent entreaties and frequent tugs of her dutiful daughters and the important air of her liege lord, the maternal authority is very uncomfortable and very hot. Then there is the independent gentleman, with his small valise and satchel (sources of no care) smoking his pipe with a smile of complacency and coolness of demeanor in provoking contrast with the party and baggage. As he walks past the fretting young ladies, a glance of commiseration is bestowed on them, which at once calls forth their indignation, and, with renewed nudges, they declare "that horrid fellow is laughing at them." Then comes the spinster, or rather the single lady, with her bandbox and huge trunk ; the latter she submits to be checked, but the former is a treasure to her too precious to depart from the safe-keeping of her own hands. Before entering the carriage, many times she asks "if this is the right train," and as many times is she answered in the affirmative. At last all are on board ; the young ladies are contented, Paterfamilias wipes his perspiring brow ; the