

motion informed me that the engine had started again, the men strolled in, remarking that it was a bother, this having to get out and push. We had proceeded on our journey about another mile, when a sudden crash and tearing convinced me that there was going to be a smash-up. The other passengers, however, seemed to take the disturbance very philosophically, and, when the engine came to a somewhat abrupt standstill, they sauntered out. I hardly liked to follow, but found, by carefully sticking my head out of the window, that we had just knocked down the Gooderham fence. I never learned whether the fence had moved since the train last passed, or had been put up since then in a spirit of evident faith that the old engine would be powerless to harm it.

When we got near Deer Lake, a rather merry looking old gentleman broke in upon my comparative peace of mind by inviting me out on to the back platform of the car, because, as he said, if we fell through the bridge, it would be easier to jump. I was not sure how to treat this advance, but, in my ignorance, decided that the man was a gentle joker. However, the conductor and the rest of my companions undertook to enlighten me. They said that the Deer Lake bridge was hardly safe, and, in fact, that the reason of our travelling with the old G. T. R. engine was that the other engine (there were only two on the line) had fallen through the bridge the week before.

The last shred of conventionality was gone, and I felt a melancholy comfort in telling my fears to my country friends. They laughed at my saying I should be glad to get off that train, and, when I told them my final destination, they smiled with a pity most aggravating to the person for whom it was felt. They feelingly informed me that inside of a week I should be dead with loneliness out on the quiet farm where my school-teacher friend was boarding. To my no small astonishment and consternation I learned that, after leaving the train, I should have to drive over twenty miles.

By this time we had reached the end of the line, Baptiste Station, and, although in the dark, I saw no station, I suppose it was there. There was not even a lantern to point out the situation of any tiny platform, and I stepped out into the mud at the edge of a forest. However, a man and a stage, which was neither more nor less than a "double-seated rig" appeared. Into this vehicle I was wedged between the two illustrious members of the company, the hotel-keeper and the doctor.

The way was dreary, dark, and decidedly rough. Corduroy roads were really an occasional comfort, but, for the greater part of the time, I gave myself up to melancholy reflections about what my relatives and friends at home would say, when they heard of my sudden and violent