

THE LETTERS OF RUSTICUS.

ON THE WAY TO THE NORTH-WEST.

THE TRIP THROUGH CANADA—THE SMOKERS' PARADISE—A RAILWAY CONDUCTOR WHO UNDERSTANDS HIS BUSINESS—TRAVELLERS' NOTES IN THE UNITED STATES—TO BE REMEMBERED.

St. Paul, March 28.

SIR,—Having for some time been affected, more or less, with the "Manitoba fever," which has been increasing in virulence throughout the greater part of the older provinces of Canada, and is now spreading to the United States, I accepted with pleasure a favorable opportunity of visiting the Great North-West. On the evening of Tuesday, 25th inst., I purchased for \$20 a second-class ticket from Montreal to St. Vincent, near Emerson, Manitoba, and left the Beauaventure Depot at ten o'clock p.m. The journey over the Grand Trunk Railway to Detroit was made in twenty-five hours, including a detention of two and a half hours on the track near Scarborough, owing to the engine of a freight train having become disabled. Unfortunately for myself, I have a great aversion to the smell of tobacco, and in the close, crowded second-class cars of the Grand Trunk Railway an

ANTI TOBACCO STOMACH

has but a poor chance, and mine being of this sort very soon began to cause me considerable uneasiness. I endeavored for some time to induce the smokers in the second-class car to abstain from their incense offerings, or else go to the smoking car while at their devotions, as my health was not good and the smoking made me sick. Some of them were considerate enough to cease smoking, but others would not; so I complained to the conductor, but he good-naturedly told me that he could not help it, but if I paid \$1.35 additional he would allow me to occupy the first-class car. When we reached Sarnia, the cars with all their occupants were shunted on board a boat and ferried over to Port Huron, and during the passage custom-house officials examined our satchels and valises, which was more a matter of form to the Manitoba travellers than anything else. At Port Huron our baggage had to undergo a similar examination; every box, trunk or bundle had to be opened, but a very strict search was not made.

We reached Detroit Junction at a little after 11 p.m., and there transferred ourselves to the cars of the Michigan Central Railway. I soon made the discovery that there were no second-class cars attached, and we had very superior travelling accommodations the only objection being to the crowded state of the car, and the impossibility of letting in fresh air except by the door. A very

OBLIGING AMERICAN BRAKESMAN

kept going around, and if he saw any one standing (although of humble appearance) he would say to him, "You come right along with me

and I'll get you a seat." He would then march along until he found a seat with only one human occupant. Then, no matter how many valises or overcoats there might be on it, he would call out, "Here's a seat, sir," and if the former occupant made any objections to company, he would answer, "Let this gentleman sit down," and would not take "no" for an answer. I could not but admire the good sense displayed by this brakeman in discriminating between a man who is a gentleman and one who is not. He never asked what kind of a ticket a man had, but if he was well-behaved he got a first-class seat; if, on the contrary, he showed signs of intoxication, he had to march to the smoking-car. A seedy-looking individual, with two or three sheets in the wind, gave symptoms of "casting up his accounts," when the watchful brakeman said to him, without enquiring what kind of ticket he held, "If you take so much aboard that you can't stand the pressure, you had better get into the second class car," and as he did not obey readily, the brakeman took him by the coat collar and marched him to the smoking-car.

It was about 9.30 a.m. when we reached Chicago, where not a vestige of snow was to be seen. We were then transferred to city omnibuses and driven about a mile and a half to the depot of the Chicago, St. Paul & Minneapolis Railway, and at 10.10 started North westward, leaving our baggage in Chicago to follow by the next train, as there was not time to transfer it across the city, and these trains seem to be very punctual on time. While we were in and around Chicago, the weather was quite foggy, but it soon afterwards cleared up, and the sun shone out beautifully over

THE PRETTIEST FARMING COUNTRY

that I have ever seen. The beautiful prairies, at first level but afterwards rolling, seemed to be a delightful place for a farmer. The dwelling-houses were mostly fine, but the barns and other buildings small and often not very good. The farm-yard was generally disfigured with one or more unsightly stacks of straw or hay, which seem to be an eye-sore in these Western States, and are not unfrequent in Canada. These stacks look more natural than artistic in shape, and are of various sizes and physical features, a very common form being that of an enormous "grave-mound" at the sides of which

A PACK OF HUNGRY HYENAS

had been endeavoring to bring about the premature resurrection of the dead (the cattle having made similar excavations in the sides of the stack). The prairie got quite rolling as we drew towards the southern boundary of Wisconsin. It was generally very fertile, but I was told that