

Or if I happened to be in the Pullman when we were approaching an interesting bit of scenery, he would come and notify me of that fact and suggest that I come out to enjoy it. He had travelled the road for sixteen years and knew every inch of track. I told him I should think he would have pet names for all the telegraph poles. So we became good friends. He introduced me to the Superintendent of Bridges when the latter boarded the train, and from him I learned some things about concrete bridge construction that I hadn't known before. In fact, what I don't know about concrete bridge construction would take a long time to tell.

In passing through one of the little French villages East of Port Arthur, we crossed what appeared to me to be an insignificant stream, but the men told me of a speckled trout caught in that stream last summer by a Miss Clay of Chicago, said to weigh not less than seven pounds and fourteen ounces.

At Winnipeg I found that owing to the fact that the day was July first, and therefore Dominion Day, and therefore a holiday, everybody who could possibly do so had gone or was going on a picnic. As I attempted to pass through a certain gate at the station, the attendant inquired: "Are you going to the picnic?" This seemed a wee bit abrupt, even for a Canadian, but I didn't want to offend him, so I merely said: "I haven't been invited," and retraced my steps. Owing to the holiday, it looked very much as if I were not going to have my trunk transferred from one station to the other, so I spent most of the afternoon holding hands with the baggage agent, and finally persuaded him to send it over "specially" for me, somewhat to the surprise and chagrin of some other ladies who had been my travelling companions en route, and who were equally solicitous about their own baggage, but had given up in despair while I stayed on the job.

From Winnipeg to Saskatoon is a fourteen-hour run, but I enjoyed it thoroughly. Leaving Winnipeg at six in the afternoon I sat in the dining car and ate a very good supper as we travelled toward the sunset. But the sun didn't set until 8.30, and when I went to bed at 9.30 it was still daylight. Somewhere about one o'clock in the morning we crossed the Saskatchewan boundary, and at 8.30 o'clock we arrived at Saskatoon. The little station appeared to be set down in the middle of a barren waste. Nevertheless, there were five barges and two automobiles to meet the train, all of which were immediately filled with passengers. I was still