

After securing good sleeping-berths for those of our party who could not be accommodated in our car, we proceeded on the journey by the night express, reaching Chicago about 8 o'clock on the morning of the 30th.

Here I had the happiness of meeting my son Fraser at the station, but, as we were making a somewhat close connection, our stay was short and we had not much time for conversation.

As the car was being taken around the city to the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul station, I started off in a cab to lay in a stock of ripe fruit for the journey, making quite a sensation in the spot "where fruit men most do congregate." I bought an abundant supply of peaches, California pears, grapes, plums, melons, Vienna bread, etc. When the rest of our party reached the station, their delight at seeing the luscious fruit was indescribable. James, who had charge of the car, and whose civility and attention to our comfort cannot be forgotten, having safely placed the fruit where it was not likely to spoil, we all got settled down ready for a new departure on our long journey. I may mention here that an official of the railway very politely addressed me, and said that he would be glad to be of any service to myself and party. Some of us availed ourselves of his politeness, and he showed us through all their magnificent station, some of the rooms of which are perfectly palatial. On our return from the Northwest I saw the same gentleman again, and felt sufficiently interested in him to ask him his name and his antecedents, and he then told me that he had recognized me as having seen me in Hamilton, when he was stationed there as a private in H. M. Rifle Brigade.

Leaving Chicago by St. Paul, M. & M. Railway, we almost immediately entered upon a splendid country ; on either side of the track we saw cosy homesteads, large fields with the wheat stacked ready to be gathered in. The corn and root crop looked most promising, the vast extent of "corn fields, green and shining," was a fine sight.

The cuttings on either side of the track for a hundred miles and more were simply beautiful with flowers ; the wild hyacinth, the pretty wild sunflower and a yellow spiral plant like gorse, all reminded our Scotch friends somewhat of hedges at home. We arrived at St. Paul next morning, and laid in a further supply of bread and beautiful butter, and as we had a good deal of musical talent among the