

A VISIT TO TWO NEW STATES.

BY AN UNDERGRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY.

THE Canadian Pacific Railway has, during the season now drawing to a close, been offering temptingly cheap excursion rates over the Great Lakes. Besides, your correspondent had friends who, allured by the prospect of a distant paradise in Dakota, had left their old homes in Ontario, and with their household gods had gone to make new homes in the midst of the western prairies. So it happened that he was induced to start on his journey over the great water highway which stretches half across the Continent to its western terminus at Duluth.

As we steamed out of the fair harbour of Owen Sound, drenching torrents of rain and gusts of wind prevented us from seeing to advantage what we could imagine must, under favourable weather, be a very beautiful prospect. But this was more than made up, when we were able to gaze on that triumph of Canadian ship-building—the new iron steamship *Manitoba*—which was then in dock fast approaching completion, and appeared no mean companion for the splendid Clyde-built *Athabaska* moored opposite. Our own boat was the *Cambria*, one of the local steamers plying between Owen Sound and Sault Ste. Marie, which call on their way at various points on Manitoulin Island and the north shore of Lake Huron.

As the vessel passed out into the Georgian Bay we saw the mist gathering in white patches on the water, and soon we were enveloped in a white drenching spray and the air became icy cold; but overhead, as night came on, we could see the stars shining. While the fog lasted the steamer had to feel her way along slowly, the whistle giving forth shrill screams every few

seconds. Occasionally another vessel would pass us, and the answering whistles sounded very weird indeed across the misty water. Luckily, the air cleared up in a short time, and our vessel was able to pursue her voyage safely.

Early next morning when we got on deck we found the vessel moving about among the various places—some of them of fair size, considering the barren shore on which they are placed—which are set down as stations on the vessel's time-table. The land on the Island and neighbouring shore is not generally much elevated above the level of the lake, but, as on Lake Ontario, we see traces of higher ridges running along inland, apparently marking former coast lines. The principal industries of the district are lumbering and fishing. We were told the number of thousands of feet of nets then spread in the Georgian Bay, but it was too great to remember.

The summers here are usually warm, but the present, at least the early part of it, was an exception, and we found the air somewhat chilly, although for the rest of our voyage it was bright and pleasant. A certain amount of farming is carried on, but there is so much more rock than soil that agriculture is at a serious disadvantage. Most of the country is timbered, and large areas of this have been passed over by forest fires, leaving the blackened skeletons of the old trees as funeral monuments to the dead forest. But these are fast being covered up by a rapid growth of willow and poplar, which seems to spring up everywhere under similar circumstances. Willow and poplar certainly give a fresher tint and brighter colour to the landscape, but are of very little value