

numerous little *bon mots* heard on all sides prove continual sources of amusement.

The officers and crew of our splendid steamer were for the most part French, with the exception of an English orchestra, which, dispensing Wagnerian and Italian airs, might also be said to speak to us in foreign accents. Each official connected with the boat was as courteous as he could be, from the head officer to the porter. The genial little captain was ever the centre of an enquiring group of faces, pointing out places of interest and answering all sorts of absurd questions with a thorough good will that we all remarked, while the purser was indefatigable in his efforts to make people comfortable.

Our own little party from Toronto to Riviere du Loup, which consisted of three members, was a unique one, wholly in keeping with the diverse surroundings. Constituted of a correspondent, who did scarce any thing but eat, an artist whose chief aim was talking, and a merry chaperon, whose amiable disposition and sunny buoyancy offset to a degree those adverse conditions noticeable in the other members of the party, we had all the requisites

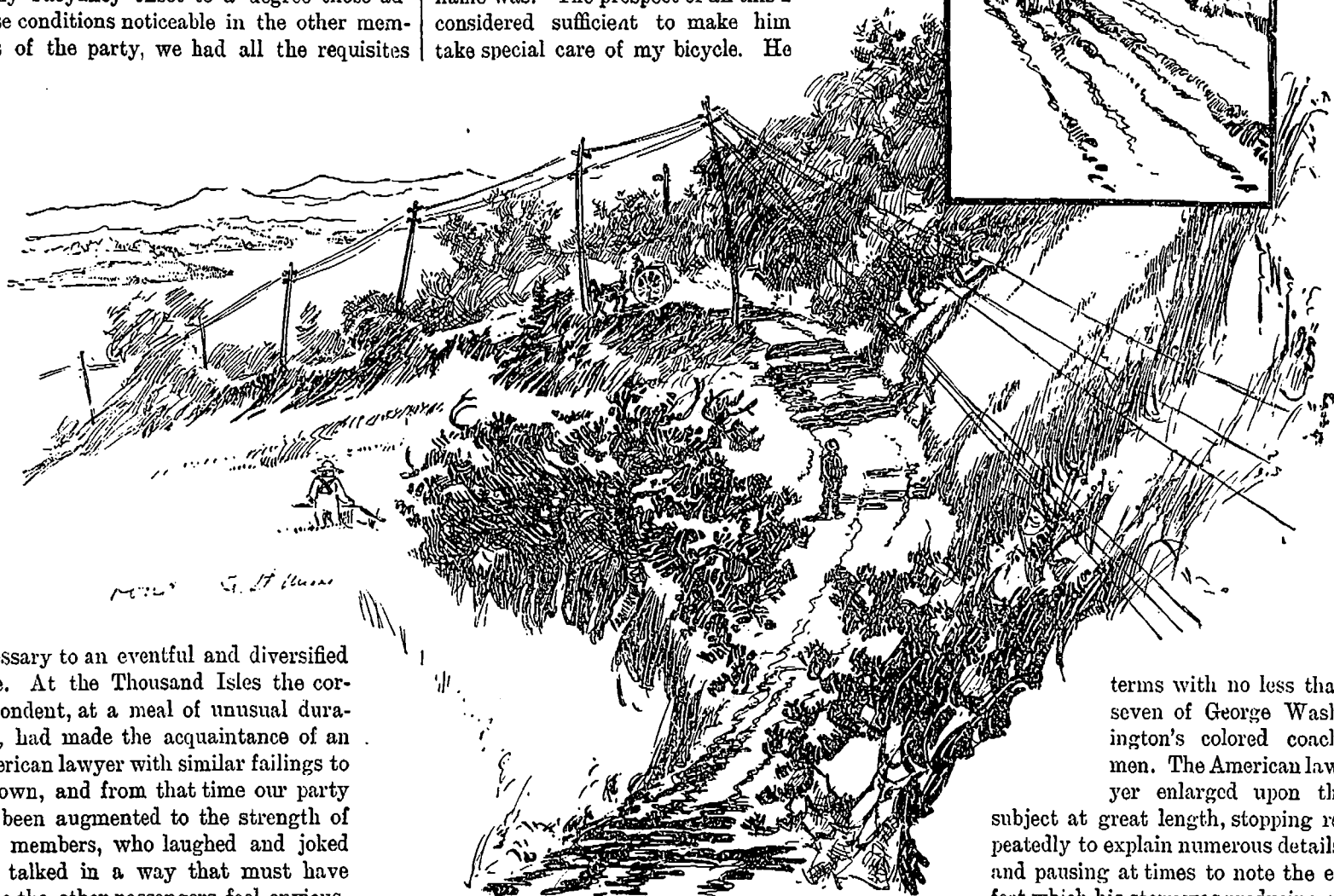
"Mine is the good one, this one here!" said the correspondent.

"That's right, when you have an opportunity always take your choice. In a case of this kind I invariably pick the best." So saying, he removed our correspondent's wheel to a safer corner, with the assurance that he would "keep a special eye on it," and that individual returned to the rendezvous on the promenade deck thoroughly pacified and reassured.

"How did you get along with the baggageman?" queried the chaperon, with a smile.

"Admirably! I fixed him all right. I began by telling him I represented a paper and was going to write a description of the trip, that it was my intention to deal with the civility of the company's employes, etc., and in many ways led him to infer that possibly he would be mentioned. I even went so far as to tell him that we had an artist on board who would doubtless be pleased to sketch him, being careful not to let him know what the artist's name was. The prospect of all this I considered sufficient to make him take special care of my bicycle. He

girl the name of whom he never knew, and being married secretly by a clergyman unknown to both, but who had a parish in the uncertain district of nowhere, and who claimed to be the son of a man who was on intimate



ON THE ROAD TO ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ.

necessary to an eventful and diversified time. At the Thousand Isles the correspondent, at a meal of unusual duration, had made the acquaintance of an American lawyer with similar failings to his own, and from that time our party had been augmented to the strength of four members, who laughed and joked and talked in a way that must have made the other passengers feel envious. It was during the run to Baie St. Paul that we were seated on the deck of the steamer, well up in the bow, listening to some old yarns which the American lawyer, in a facetious mood, was presuming on the ignorance of the rest of us by spinning, that our correspondent, who is also a bicycle rider, felt some unwarrantable anxiety concerning his silent steed, and excused himself to interview the baggageman in regard to it. Proceeding downstairs he encountered a big, strapping fellow, whose politeness and desire to please were oppressive.

"Which is your wheel?" demanded that individual, eagerly surveying the half dozen bicycles which stood before him.

looked down at me good naturedly a moment, taking it all in in a mild way, and then answered that it generally paid him best to be civil. I took the hint and handed him a quarter."

The recitation of this event having restored the American lawyer to a reminiscent mood, that gentleman declared his intention of forthwith inflicting the company with the narration of a story which the foregoing experience of our correspondent put him "in mind of," and thereupon began a seemingly inexhaustible yarn, with devious turnings and innumerable side thoughts, about a certain individual whose name he had forgotten falling in love with a

terms with no less than seven of George Washington's colored coachmen. The American lawyer enlarged upon the

subject at great length, stopping repeatedly to explain numerous details, and pausing at times to note the effect which his story was producing on his hearers, as indicated by the expression of their faces, but for the life

of him couldn't just recollect what the point was, or where the story ended, although it was his best story, which he had been in the habit of telling with great applause for many years past. Just at the moment the patience of the audience seemed to be exhausted, and the correspondent, who has an infallible way of mixing things himself somewhat, called to mind another experience he had while touring in Western Ontario with a fellow cyclist named Brown, the leading thought of which seemed to be as follows. "We had covered about twenty or thirty miles already that day over a very rough road," said the cor-