

while in the latter it is an ever varying change, a picture of human life, at each station some disappearing, in so far as you are concerned, for all time, while others embark on the journey to disappear again in their turn. The passengers in the aggregate on a railway train are not a matter of much account to the individual passenger; while on board a ship a human hog in petticoats or breeches can make a whole ship's passengers miserable, until in very desperation they turn upon the animal and crush it. But railway travelling owes much of its comfort to the factor of companionship. I was fortunate in this respect. My first was a Chicago Canadian, and that is saying a good deal for him, for Canada has no reason to blush for the record which her sons are making in the great centre of commerce and vice. He was an old ship's companion, who had shared with me the discomforts of that wretched fourteen days' voyage in the City of London, which followed immediately upon that in which the ill-fated "City of Boston" so mysteriously disappeared. After recalling the incidents of the voyage for a while, we lapsed into a conversation on the country and its prospects. My friend is an intense western man. With that enthusiasm, which is at once the cause and consequence of western development, he argues every question from the standpoint of the great west. "There is a levelling process going on," said he, as he looked out upon the magnificent fields, giving evidence of the abundant harvest they had or were yielding, and the comfortable homesteads and out-buildings which showed forth the thrift of the husbandman. "There is a levelling process going on, not only here but all over the continent, and even in Europe. Their farmers can't maintain the high price of their lands which is the measure of their wealth, in presence of events in the Great West. They hold their lands at from seventy-five to a hundred and fifty or two hundred dollars an acre. But that can't last. Who will pay that, when with the price of a good sized garden patch he can have his pick of a farm in the Western territories or Manitoba." "The increasing facilities of transportation," he continued, "are removing the objections of distance, and the cost is infinitely more than made up by the greater productiveness, and the superior quality of the production in the Western Country, and depend upon it, it is a case of there we go

up, up, up, and here, and in Europe, we go down, down, down." That is the Western idea in a nutshell, and any one can judge for himself how much there is in it. Of course it will be remembered that coming from Chicago, my friend takes wheat as the basis of all argument in relation to the value of land. If he could get rid of this idea—to a Chicagoan an impossibility—he might, perhaps, modify somewhat his opinion as to the inevitable decadence of the eastern farmer.

At Toronto, I fell in with a couple of gentlemen whose destination was Manitoba; one was a well-known Nova Scotian,—a man who adds to a strong vigorous ability in public matters, a fund of anecdote, and a familiarity with the poets, whom he quotes at will without the slightest affectation or pedantry, and the other a young Canadian who has recently passed creditable examinations in European schools of mines. I was glad to meet them; and have had still greater reason for satisfaction, as the incidents of the journey have developed. This morning, on nearing St. Paul, I asked the sleeping car porter at what time the train by the St. Paul & Pacific left for St. Vincent. "Seven twenty," he replied, sentimentally. How far is the station from that at which we stop "Two squares," and the porter having thus relieved himself of what turned out not to be very valuable information went on with his work, putting up the berths. Presently the inevitable baggage porter came along. "Want any baggage checked for hotels or any part of the city?" "At what hour does the train on the St. Paul and Pacific start for St. Vincent?" I inquired. "To-morrow night at five o'clock; any baggage to check?" "But I mean the first train." "That's the first train; only one train a day, every evening at five o'clock, except Saturday. No train leaves on Saturday." Here was a pleasant surprise for us! We were due in Winnipeg on Sunday morning, according to the general statement, three days and a half from Montreal to Manitoba, and here was a thirty-six hours' detention! We made the best of it, however; got breakfast at the Merchants' Hotel, did the city in the morning, and came on to this more important point—as the Minneapolisians call it—by the noon train.

Minneapolis is a very flourishing city, with all the evidences of commercial activity and of increasing individual wealth. It is the centre of the saw mill and flour mill interest

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