

now I had no chance of getting anything, and, besides, I heard the landlord say he had no milk or cream, without which I should not care for tea: so I left and, seeing a great many carioles, and fortunately for me being a good judge of horses, I chose one with a capital looking pony. I must describe a cariole, in Norwegian kariol, as everyone has not seen them. In the middle of two large wheels is hung a little seat, something in shape like a spoon, one sits in the bowl and one's feet rest on the handle. It is just large enough for one person. In fact, anyone who was very fat could not fit into the seat; behind there is a board much lower than the front seat, where the man or boy who accompanies one, sits, and if you wish they drive from behind like a hausom. It must be very uncomfortable there, but they are accustomed to it.

A double cariole holds two in the front seat, but they are much rougher and not half so pleasant. I tried vainly to make the man understand that I wanted to have a little drive, but he probably thought that I was going on, like the people who had just landed, to sleep at one of the inns on my way to the waterfall of the Slettafos, but when I started I had no idea of doing so. I got into the cariole with some little trepidation as to how I was to fit in, and when in, how I was to stay there. I had hardly time to take the reins in my hand when away the pony flew down hill like lightning. The reins were new, hard as iron, and as slippery as ice. For a moment I felt I must fall out, but it was wonderful how soon I got accustomed to it, and how very comfortable it was. Up hill and down hill we went, until at last I succeeded in stopping him, as I wanted to speak to two of my fellow-passengers I saw at some little distance in front. When I came up with them I told them how sorry I was I had not arranged to sleep on shore. It was such a bore to have to go back to the ship and start again in the morning. Besides it was such an exquisitely lovely evening. They strongly advised me to go on and to sleep at any little inn where I could find a bed. This I decided to do, though I had no luggage with me except a kneddecker, and all the people who had intended to sleep on shore had, of course, taken some things with them. So away I went at I don't know how many miles an hour, until I got to Horgheim, the first station, when I got out and went in to have some tea, but when I looked into the sitting room I saw such a crowd of people that I fled and got into my cariole and went on to the next station. A station in Norway means a place where, when one is posting one can change ponies, and they are bound to provide fresh ones at so much a kilometre. These charges are very moderate, and I believe the ponies are generally good, though of course it is rare anywhere to find such a splendid one as I had. He was very like a Pegu pony I had in Burmah, and his mane was hogged just in the same way. They say at most stations there are comfortable clean ones, and, indeed, judging from that at Flatmark, where I spent the night, I should say so. It was the most lovely drive I ever remember, except, perhaps, the Corniche Road from Nice to Genoa.

The road, which is a capital one, follows the course of the Rauma, beautiful name of a still more beautiful river, and there is such a variety of scenery. At the entrance to the valley of the Romsdal on one side stands the weird, bare, jagged Trollinder or Witches Mountain, on the other the Romsdalshorn towers to the sky. The road winds in and out, sometimes through pine woods, past huge boulders and immense landslips from the mountains above (in the winter avalanches are frequent), and the waterfalls are endless, of every size and form, sometimes in the sunlight iridescent with every color. The river too is never the same, sometimes flowing wide and calm, like a lake, then in a narrow gorge rushing along, forming a waterfall, or dividing itself, when it meets an island, and flowing round it. I was anxious to reach an inn before the rest of the travellers, and as my pony fortunately was so fast I did so easily, and got to Flatmark about 7.30 p. m. I was also anxious to rest the pony, as he had gone quite fifteen miles.

The woman of the house was not young, but had a charming face. She could only speak a word or two of English, but a young man, I suppose her son, whom they sent out for, spoke it very well. I ordered dinner and looked at a little bedroom, which seemed very clean. I asked for fish, so they sent a boy out to fish in the Rauma, which was quite close, but they said the weather was too clear, so he caught nothing. I had coffee, bread, butter and biscuits, wild strawberry jam, and as much cream as I liked. Everything was excellent. There was also Norwegian cheese, looking like soap, which I did not want, but tasted from curiosity. It was sweet and I did not like it. It was all so beautifully served, old silver spoons, the eggs in a china hen to keep them hot, the coffee pot so quaint, the table cloth was so white, altogether I felt that I was lucky, especially as I thought it probable the others would go on to Ormeim, the next station, eight miles further on, with a much larger inn, which they did. There only came to mine a lady and her husband, and they were very kind, offering to lend me anything they could, soap among the number, but that I did not want, as there was already some very sweet glycerine soap in my room. Late at night two gentlemen arrived, who had walked all the way; they gave them a room upstairs. Though I ought to have been tired after climbing that mountain at Molde in the morning, and the long drive in the afternoon, I never felt it in that intoxicating air. Indeed, I could hardly make up my mind to go to bed, it was so lovely outside. I wandered about and spoke to my pony, who was as charming out of harness as in it. He rubbed his head against me, and when I went away pined until I came back again. When I did go to bed, I found it most comfortable, very clean and the sheets white as snow. I could see two waterfalls, and the Rauma, which looked silvery as the moon at last got a chance of shining for an hour or two. My neighbors got up very early, and, as the partition between the rooms was so thin, I could sleep no more, so got up too. We had breakfast at 7 a. m., coffee, cream, etc., as last night, but with pancakes, which are wonderfully good. They are quite a speciality in Norway, I find. I liked them best with salt. There were also rissoles, which looked very nice.

When I asked my hostess what I had to pay, she said 1½ krono, about 1s. 8d. of English money, for dinner, bed and breakfast. I read in a guide book that the servants at the stations expect a little present: and it is well to remember this when they charge so little.

At once after breakfast we started for the Slettafos (fos is Norwegian for waterfall), it is formed by the Rauma, and is about eleven miles further on. On the way I passed Ormeim, but did not stop there until my return from the waterfall. I heard that everyone was very comfortable there, but it was as I expected, so full that some people had to sleep at a farmhouse near, so it was well that I stayed at Flatmark. There is a most lovely view from the back windows of a waterfall and high mountain beyond it. The scenery looked lovely in the clear morning light. It was chilly under the shadow of the hills, but very hot in the sun, and it continued so all day.

ALBION MURRAY ROLLAND.

(To be continued.)

OUR WINNIPEG LETTER.

DEAR CRITIC,—When a person has settled down for any length of time in a place, the novelty of surroundings wears off, and events which would otherwise strike a stranger as being worthy of particular attention, we pass by with but a slight comment, and often only hint at a recognition. Everything happening in our midst becomes absorbed into our every day nature. It is thus our perceptions become dulled. To open one's eyes, it is necessary to travel—new faces and new scenes refresh the mind, and seem to put a keener edge on our capabilities. To write interestingly about a place, one should be almost a perfect stranger; he should come and go, and not even remain long enough to allow his sympathies to become tinged with local ideas or tendencies.

No doubt, a great number of those who attended the late Presbyterian Assembly here will be able to enlighten you on the wonderful progress of this country better than I can, from what I have stated. I saw a number of familiar faces from Nova Scotia on the streets amongst the ministers. Dr. Burns I recognized at once, though he was some distance off at the time. They all seemed to be remarkably well pleased with their visit, and smiling cheerful faces were the rule, seriousness the exception, much different in fact from what one would note under similar circumstances in other cities. They all seemed for the time to have become infused with western enthusiasm. The same old story accounts for it. It was our dry, invigorating atmosphere. They will give many of their friends glowing accounts of how we are building up a city; our beautiful wide and long Main Street; the clean and compact wood pavement, so easy and noiseless to travel over; the facility with which excavations are made in the clay soil for laying pipes, sewerage and foundations, and how it can be cut like cheese, and pared down to the sixteenth of an inch to get a correct level; our beautiful stylish buildings, shops, handsome private residences, and elegant churches, and the flatness of general surroundings; but they won't tell you that nine-tenths of these beautiful buildings have been built on unsafe foundations, some of them settling yearly, and likely to do so, till they require the application of screw jacks to right them, and build proper walls under; and they won't be able to describe how horses and teams were wont to go out of sight on the mud of Main Street, before it was blocked paved, and how the traces and shafts of each vehicle in that predicament had to be thrown down, and by the united aid of strong arms the imprisoned horse pulled and coaxed out onto the planking, and then led away to safer ground; and then how the vehicle was approached and wheeled away, with mud filling up the spokes to the hub. These and other peculiarities belonged to boom days—everything was booming then, buildings were put up for a few years only when it was expected every one would become so rich that palaces would take their place; and cathedrals would be built where shaky churches now stand; but those rich days with the shining gold and fabled enchantments of Arabian Nights never came. Poor weak, enfeebled human nature, we still have to scheme and cheat our fellows—adulterate our food, drink muddy Red River water, and work with the sweat of our brow. This last, the only legitimate trade that was left to us from old Adam, we thought we could shirk, but we found out our mistake, only, however, through failures and experience, that the laws of nature and society must and would be obeyed. Men, as a general rule, are not born philosophers enough to see this reasoning without a practical view, and there has been too much of that vile sermon preached here that we always find setting the minds of western folks a'throbbing. "The great end and aim of man's existence is to make money and get rich. No matter how you make it, but make it."

The burning question of the day, of course, is the Railway to the Boundary. Are we to have it, or are we not? After much foolish threatening by the C. P. R. magnates, Sir Geo. Stephen in particular, and the manner in which our Winnipeg member at Ottawa has shuffled himself clear of the responsibility of acting against the Government, it has been at last decided that the Province shall construct the line, if we are to break the back bone of monopoly which will bind us for the next fifteen years. The contract has at last been let, and work has commenced, the first sod having been turned on Dominion Day. There are numbers, however, particularly Conservatives, who voted for Mr. Scarth, and believed in his professions on the public platform, and finding out he has not justified them, now express little faith in the Province being able to carry out the scheme. They think we are only playing the part of a farce, and say, if the road is finished, it will never be used. However, a short time will tell. No doubt, many hitches will occur before we are able to obtain our right. Nothing but the sight of a locomotive, however, with the letters G. T. R., or N. P. R., on its sides entering the city, will ever satisfy the community. Why the Government should refuse to allow us the line, when their Province was not included in the charter, is beyond comprehension. It only shows what a huge monopoly