

began to feel that we had almost completed our long and interesting trip. This new depot of the Canadian Pacific Railway is probably one of the finest passenger depots in the country.

Immediately on our arrival we went to the Windsor Hotel for dinner, and there met the genial manager, Mr. Swett, who gave us a very cordial reception, as usual. In the evening we walked around the city, getting back to the train about bedtime.

Our train was taken around to the Grand Trunk Depot, and, on the morning of Monday, June 10th, Mr. Flagg, Mr. Louis Webb, and Mr. Smith arrived from New York to welcome our return. We had intended to stay all day in Montreal, but towards noon the weather became warm and sultry, and, as the party became a little restless and anxious to go to Shelburne, the writer telegraphed to St. Albans for an engine, and we left at five o'clock, reaching home about three hours later. The people of the whole town turned out to greet us on our arrival, and gave us an old-fashioned and right hearty welcome.

Before closing this record of our western trip, it is only proper to say that the whole party were unanimous in the opinion that the