

from both these gentlemen, and officers of their staffs. Nor must I omit to mention my jolly friend Guthrie, of the Waverley House, who, although he had his house full to the ceiling, had time to prove a very agreeable landlord. His house will be found the head-quarters for all Canadians, and if he is not wonderfully changed, will prove as agreeable a host as I have stated him to be.

I was fortunate, on leaving St. John, to catch the fine steamer "New York" again, and on a lovely morning we steamed out of the harbour of St. John. The good old city is left behind, and the steamer is smoothly rushing through the water on her way to Portland. A pleasant and smooth passage brings us to Portland at five a.m. The glad intelligence reaches us that a train will start for Montreal at seven, which gives us only two hours to wait.

Seven o'clock found us on board the cars, and a few minutes more we are rattling on our way home. The incidents of the journey on this route, have already been given. As we neared the White Mountains, the crinoline was still waving. Alas! Crinoline. Island Pond, with its usual weary stay is endured. Richmond, St. Hyacinthe, St. Hilaire, are passed. A little while longer St. Lambert is reached, and soon the lights of the city are seen twinkling through the darkness. Rushing through the Victoria Bridge, once more we are at the Bonaventure Station. Stepping on the platform, "Here's yer *Evening Telegraph*," is shouted in our ear. Montreal and the *Evening Telegraph*. What more can we desire. We are indeed at home at last.

To the public I would say, if you wish a delightful journey—a health-giving excursion by rail and ocean,—go to St. John, and by all means take the round trip by Halifax, Pictou, Charlottetown, Shediac, and back again to St. John.

