

CANADA:

A Monthly Magazine for Canadians at Home and Abroad.

"Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people."

Vol. II.—Nos. 7—8.

JULY—AUGUST, 1892.

One Dollar a Year.

For Table of Contents see page 152.

IF Subscribers will examine the wrapper in which each number of CANADA is received, they will find plainly marked in figures the date up to which their subscriptions are paid; and, if that date has expired, they are respectfully asked to renew promptly, as the magazine cannot be made a success without attention to this matter. For example, the figures 6—92 after your address mean that your subscription is paid up to and including June, 1892: the figures 3—92 mean that your subscription is paid up to and including March, 1892.

We would respectfully remind those who do not wish to receive CANADA any longer, that we cannot in any case discontinue the magazine until all arrearages, however small, are paid. If you owe us for one number only, remit 10 cents; if for two numbers, remit 17 cts.; if for three numbers, remit 25 cents; if for four numbers remit 34 cents; if for five numbers, remit 42 cents; if for six numbers, remit 50 cents; if for seven numbers, remit 59 cents; if for eight numbers, remit 67 cents; if for nine numbers, remit 75 cents; if for ten numbers, remit 84 cents; and if for eleven numbers, remit 92 cts.

By reading the above two paragraphs and consulting the wrapper of your magazine, you can tell at any time exactly how much you owe us. This will save correspondence, which costs money for postage.

Address: MATTHEW R. KNIGHT,
HAMPTON, NEW BRUNSWICK.

[FOR CANADA.]

FROM TORONTO TO MANITOBA IN 1891.

WE arrived at the station a quarter of an hour before the train left; the Union Station it is called, probably because everything is so far apart and it is only those who are adepts in the art who can find both their train and baggage on the same trip.

I being the traveller, all sorts and manner of duties fell upon me. There were people there to say farewell, some to send parcels to be dropped to relatives on the road, others because they had a morbid weakness for seeing people off. It is always an anxious time, especially when the seeing to one's own baggage at a station like the Union devolves upon oneself. I was quite prepared to be agreeable and spend five precious moments with a smile on my face promising letters and indulging in other small talk that belongs

wholly and solely to the platform of a railway station. I saw none of the numerous uncles and cousins of the sterner sex, which Providence lavished so plentifully upon me, and the question of baggage and checks grew momentarily stronger upon me until I felt compelled to tear myself away from the fair bevy and bring my mind to things more practical. I was going to Manitoba, had never been there before, and walked to the C. P. R. baggage room to check my trunks; no trunks were there, and I wandered calmly to the other end of the station, almost a block away, without any qualms as to their whereabouts. I asked an official looking man with a peaked hat and brass buttons where my trunks were, and described them—they were peculiar, with one exception, and easily described, but he told me he had never seen them; I did not believe him, I had sent them down with instructions for them to be left at one or the other of the C. P. R. baggage rooms, and at one or the other they must be; I went in and looked myself but came out without having seen them. I could not have looked thoroughly in the first room, and hurried back to look again; no trunk was left there at all, all had been carried to the far end; here was a dilemma! I walked quickly to my group of friends, only one or two of whom had accompanied me, and said I could not find my trunks; fatal mistake, I was kept fully three minutes to answer the questions as to where they were? What was in them? Who brought them down? What would I do? I rushed away to the nearest baggage room on the other side of the tracks, nothing was there, ran to the freight shed at the entrance to station, ransacked the unclaimed baggage that had been accumulating for months, away to the far end where the G. T. R. baggage is deposited, and hearing the warning bell for my train, ran over the half dozen tracks to expostulate with the ringer,—the train could not possibly go for I could not find my trunks, and upon assuring him that I had been at the station a full quarter of an hour the

man looked less severe and told me to hurry up and he would see what he could do. Excitement waxed warm, friends were running frantically from one end of the station to the other, dodging in and out among the trains in a most dangerous way, all looking for trunks, and every time a new one came in sight I was called to inspect it; the baggage men and conductors got worked up to the occasion, and the people at the car windows were glad of a little amusement to pass away the time; what an immense place that station seemed, and how many hundreds of places for stowing away luggage came to light. I was about to give up in despair and the bell ringer said he could wait no longer, when one of my aunts—a most retiring woman—shouted in loud tones from the far end of the tracks, that she had found them, the cousins waved their hands with excitement and the people at the windows leaned far out. I made one dash and landed on the other side before the engine had time to puff. I saw them, they were in a cart, the identical cart into which they had been gathered a full hour before, and the man to whom I had given such implicit instructions was calmly swinging his feet from the box, sweetly humming Annie Rooney as he gazed contemplatively over the brown-green waters of Toronto Bay. I think I told him he was stupid, it was something to that point anyway, and he stirred himself together and whipped up his horses to get to the side of the station where the train was; he was evidently a stranger in the City and gave Toronto the credit of being like other places. The engine gave a preliminary toot and I ran over and stepped on the platform, determined that I would not be left even if my baggage was; a man ran to the cart and got out my valises—three in number—two of which I intended to check; the Conductor requested me to ascend to the next step, the train started, and without a good-bye, I was whisked away. A few minutes after, when I found myself seated among my hand baggage, a man came through, and handed me some checks;