

days' continuous journey, is indispensable. It occasioned us serious trouble, and we were not alone. Some cupboard, or special arrangement of some kind, ought to be provided. The porter, if pressed, puts your things away in the lavatory; but then *that* is incommoded; and, after all, to do this is an act of grace, whereas provision ought to be made as *a right*. The journey homewards by rail to Manitoba had been so recently traversed in our journey homeward to England, it presented few fresh features, only that now we saw many parts of the line that previously we passed at night. All that portion of it, particularly that skirts Lake Superior from Heron Bay to Port Arthur, including Jack Fish Tunnel, and the singular S-like windings of the road, and cuttings thereabout, which were now seen to considerable advantage, and are very picturesque. The entire way from Montreal the conditions of the climate had varied almost daily. The ground, for the first day and a-half, had a fair fall of snow on it, which after this diminished again to very little. Then we passed very deep snow for many miles, leading to the impression that winter had set in in earnest, and that we were fast running into it. From Port Arthur, however, there was very little; and, long before we reached Winnipeg, every trace of snow had disappeared. Unfortunately here, instead of being met, as we confidently expected, through the failure of the post, and culpable ignorance, at the Steamer Railway Offices in Winnipeg, of the arrival of "The Parisian" at Montreal—which to enquiries on previous days they denied to have taken place—we were for a time placed in a very awkward position, aggravated by the fact that, though beautifully clear and bright overhead, it was blowing a gale, and with it such a terrible amount of dust—(think of dust blowing in November in these supposed Arctic regions!)—as to make it most unpleasant to get about. Finally, after some difficulty in securing a pair-horse trap, light and easy enough for us to ride in, and yet strong enough to carry our somewhat serious amount of luggage, we started for Headingley, where our most unexpected appearance was as startling as it was welcome. I find, on return here, that Manitoba and the North-West generally have enjoyed a remarkably good harvest season—the best for some years past. And although this is not so