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ablutions as best you may, with a rocking, jolting motion that drives you from side to side all the time, and the horrible conviction that four or five impatient or reproachful females are standing outside the door, ready to take your place the moment you can be induced, by knocking or twisting at the handle, to vacate it.

Of course, when it is merely a question of one night on board, washing becomes a minor consideration, and can be supplemented to any extent at home or in your hotel. But the peculiar boast of the American or Canadian car system is, its adaptability to long railway journeys extending over several days.

Having received many really well-earned compliments from various "sleeping porters" on what I may call "Non Lavatory Monopoly," I feel more entitled to speak on the subject than many ladies would be, who spend an unconscionable half-hour in an elaborate arrangement of their "bangs," while some poor wretch is waiting outside for the chance of washing her hands after the long, black night journey.

In addition to greater space for toilette arrangements, men have another advantage on board these cars, namely, that their clothes are much more easily taken off or put on, sitting on a berth with the board