

"I've been all over the Intermediate, too; the best of food supplied, and less than half what *zee* pay. The Steerage has capital fare, and is clean and comfortable. It is washed and ventilated every morning, and inspected every day by the captain and the doctor. The 'Derry Emigration Officer also inspects it and the hospital arrangements before leaving Moville. The men are in one part and the women and children in another. They bring their own bedding and mess dishes, but the food is prepared by the ship's cooks. I guess many of them seldom have such a good time. Two babies were born since we left Liverpool. I heard them bawling like the mischief; wanted on deck, I suppose."

"I have done the hold pretty well too. Iron from Staffordshire, in bars and pigs, sheets and plates, laid at the bottom; tin from Cornwall; tea from London; fine goods from Yorkshire and Lancashire; chemicals from Widnes; steam pumps and machinery for punching, drilling, rolling, and every imaginable process under the sun. Our heavy machinery comes from Britain. We make the light ourselves."

"Crossing the other way we had grain from the West; flour, apples, leather, butter, cheese, bacon, etc., from Ontario; lumber, ploughs, threshing machines, match splints, and spool wood from Quebec; and I counted 40 parlour organs. But come to the concert. There's always good music at sea. It is for the benefit of the Liverpool Seamen's Orphanage. Every ship has one every voyage, and generally a handsome sum is made."

"Never knew the like of it; in a fog all night, and hit The Straits like a die. Something magical. Now we shall steam up our own lovely Gulf, 1,000 miles of the most exquisite river sailing in the world. With the pine scented air, the pretty little French churches, the passing craft of all kinds; no wonder that merchants, professional men, Statesmen, Premiers, Governor-Generals, and Princes and Princesses of the Realm prefer the St. Lawrence route to any other. I should just think that the Captain that first brought an Allan Liner up here had his head on, that's all. I have a mind to hunt him up. He must have a statue erected on the cliff there. No channel mapped out; lights and buoys still undreamt of. My goodness! only think of it. Well does the Company deserve its present success. The early bird got the early worm then, eh, dad? So much for Canadian pluck and seamanship."



A PEEP INTO THE FUTURE.



Montreal, via 'Derry in summer, and Halifax and Portland in winter, there is the Glasgow service every week to Montreal in summer, and to Halifax in winter. Every two weeks a steamer runs from Glasgow to Boston, and from Glasgow to Philadelphia; another from Liverpool, via Queenstown, to Baltimore, St. John's Newfoundland, and Halifax; and still another from London to Montreal direct."

"Passengers from every country in the world are accommodated by these routes: from Norway, Sweden, Denmark, France, Germany, Switzerland, etc., by Hull and Liverpool when bound for Quebec or Baltimore; by Glasgow when bound for New York and the New Eng-

land States. Great Britain has the choice of three ports,

Liverpool, Glasgow, and London, en route for Halifax, St. John's, Portland, Boston, Baltimore, Quebec, or Montreal. From the South of Ireland, Queenstown will take the passenger to Baltimore, and from the West, about Galway, the Allans provide the only service which runs all the year round, except December, January, and February, when the traveller is forwarded to 'Derry free. From the North, 'Derry will take him to Quebec, Montreal, Halifax, Portland, Boston, or Philadelphia. Boston is the point for the New England States; Philadelphia for the Middle and Western; and our own Canadian ports open up the highway not only to the older parts of the Dominion, but to the North-West, British Columbia, China, Japan, Australia, and New Zealand."

"All we have left to desire is our letters and telegrams by the way stations heaving on the surging waters; men in uniform, white with salted spray; bags thrown off and on by electricity; and mid-ocean post-marks handed into our rooms with our morning coffee, telling of friends behind and friends before."

"The great matter is to get the most direct route to our destination. Experience is, of course, the best teacher. The next best is the advice of a good company. In these days of much lugging about of household goods, steamships are most liberal in their baggage arrangements, but people that travel much learn to do with little. One small trunk shallow enough to be stuffed under the berth suffices for the voyage. The rest goes in the hold, and in the case of absolute necessity may be reached during the journey. Labels, 'Wanted' and 'Not Wanted,' are supplied by the Company. I have always found ship servants most obliging. Still, passengers can do much to lighten their labours in the pressure of starting. Remember the number of your stateroom. Go straight to it. Leave your small bags there. Go on deck to make room for less considerate people. Don't bother the stewards with needless questions, nor the officers with your own original speculations about the weather. Take plenty of exercise on board. Make yourself agreeable to your fellow-passengers, and

LEAVE THE REST TO THE 'PARSIAN.'"

"Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye! Upon my word, dearly as I love Canada, I'm sorry to quit the good old ship."

INDUSTRIA.

## ONLY A SNOW FLAKE.

HERE it is; just one; the very first; then another and another! How light, how tiny, how noiseless! How timid, how shy, how modest! Half-inclined to change their minds about coming! How little they seem to relish our cold brown earth!

On they come, faster and thicker. The ground is mottled, sprinkled, then covered; still so peaceful, so soft, so gentle!

Next morning, lo! the steaming and hissing engines on the trains from east and west are stopped—stopped by the tiny, silent snow-flakes. Why? Because they kept at it all night. One by one, one by one; falling, lighting, resting, spreading, covering, mounting, packing and the train, the great roaring steam, with its load of cars and people, of freight and mails, has to stop.

So will our YOUNG CANADIAN. It will come one by one; and light, and rest, and spread, and cover, and mount, and pack, like a snow-wreath against all the forces that say we do not love our country, and that we are no nation among the nations of the earth.