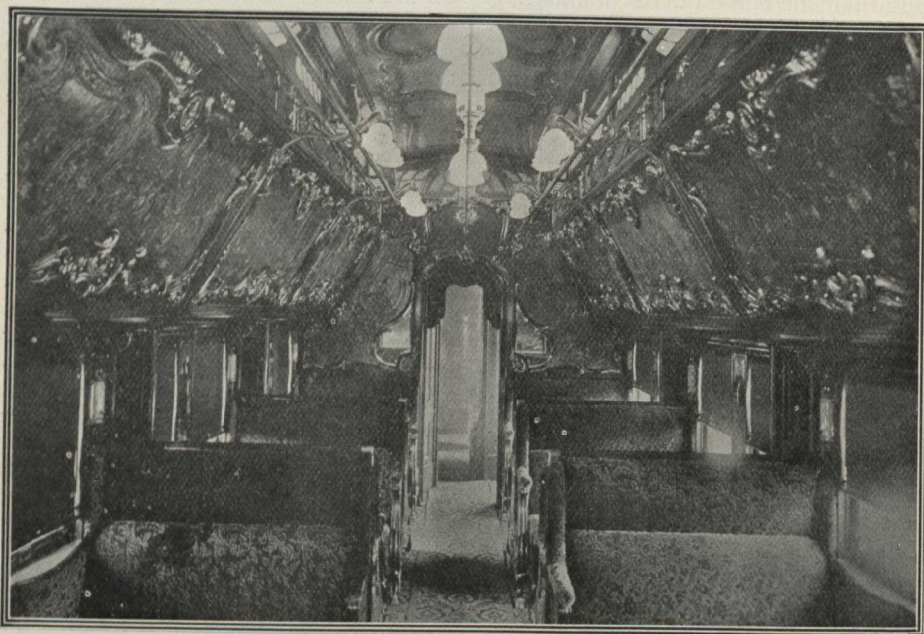


of my journey. It carried me back quite a few years now to my first railway journey as a boy not yet in my teens, from Toronto to Owen Sound, on the "old narrow gauge," the Toronto, Grey and Bruce Railway. Twelve long mortal hours it took to perform the hundred and odd miles, and at the Horseshoe curve in the Caledon Hills, some adventuresome men—so I considered them then—walked across the short cut and gathered apples in an orchard, boarding the train on the other side.

as I surveyed the one awaiting us at Grenville. It was a living epitome of the railways of our fathers, fifty or more years ago. Then this was as other railways in Canada, but isolated from them entirely it has felt none of the changes and reforms which have marked the evolution of trains in Canada from jolting, comfortless carriages to palaces on wheels. This railway runs from nowhere to nowhere, and has no junction points. Its termini are Cape Content and Harbour of Rest. Its rails are five feet six inches



A MODERN SLEEPING CAR AS IT APPEARS IN DAY-TIME

It was a long jump from the platform of one car to another, a feat which I was proud of performing, and as there was no buffers, the passengers were given an unmerciful jolt when the train started suddenly. Well, no! it never did start suddenly, but when it started at all. I remember speculating on how long the thin, scrawny neck of an attenuated old lady sitting opposite me would stand the strain of those jerks, and laid bets with myself that her head would fly off at the next jerk. It was of this train that I thought

apart, and the grass grows up unmolested between them. The train consists of two cars and an engine. "Carmichael & Brown, Makers, Montreal," is the inscription on the doors of the cars. The firm name is not even a legend to the present generation of Montrealers, but that they did their work well it still remains to testify. The engine is of the old wood-burning type, which was the wonder of our fathers, and half a century has not passed since then. Its name is the "Carillon," and Mr. R. W. Shepherd, the