

CANADA  
HERE AND BACK  
HARRY E. BRITTAIN

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CANADA : THERE AND BACK

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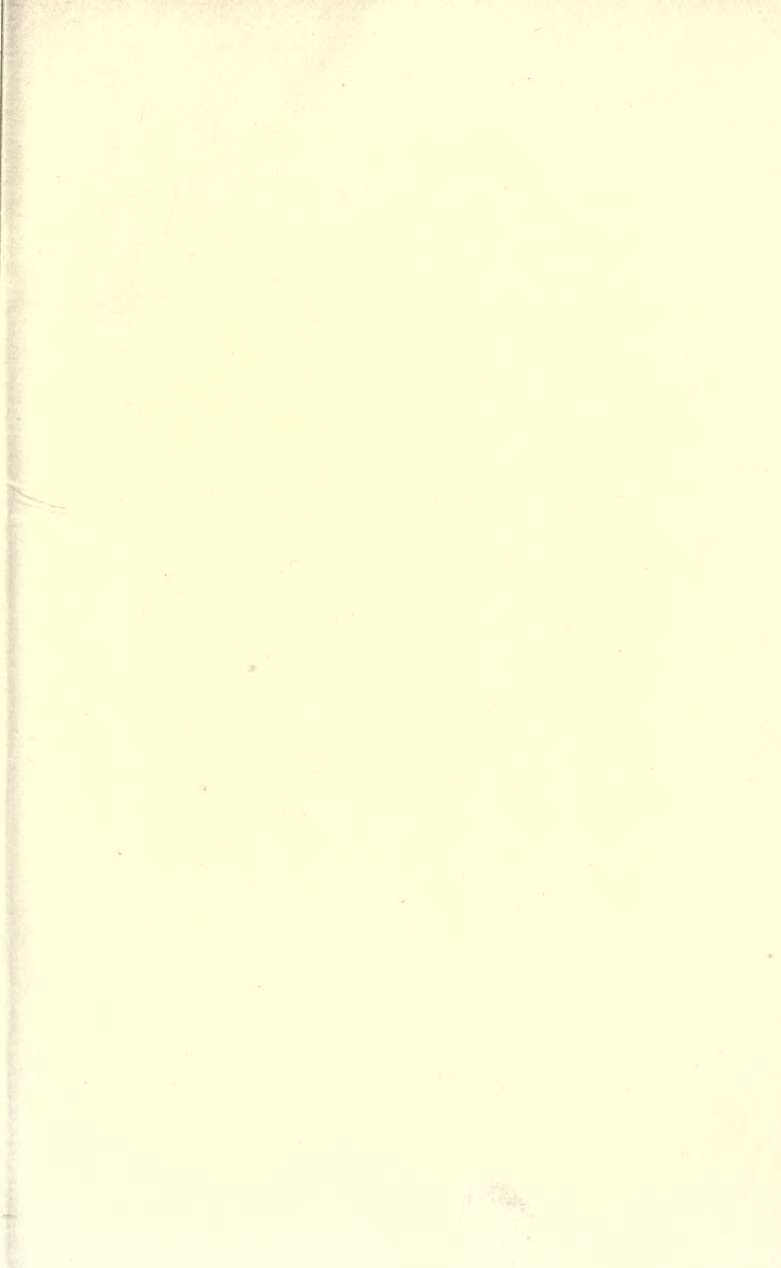
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with the author  
of the book

July 27-28









EMIGRANTS DANCING A SCOTS REEL.

The Scots element is very marked all over Canada, and in some places Gaelic is actually spoken



CANADA  
THERE AND BACK  
BY HARRY BRITTAIN

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TO  
LORD STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL

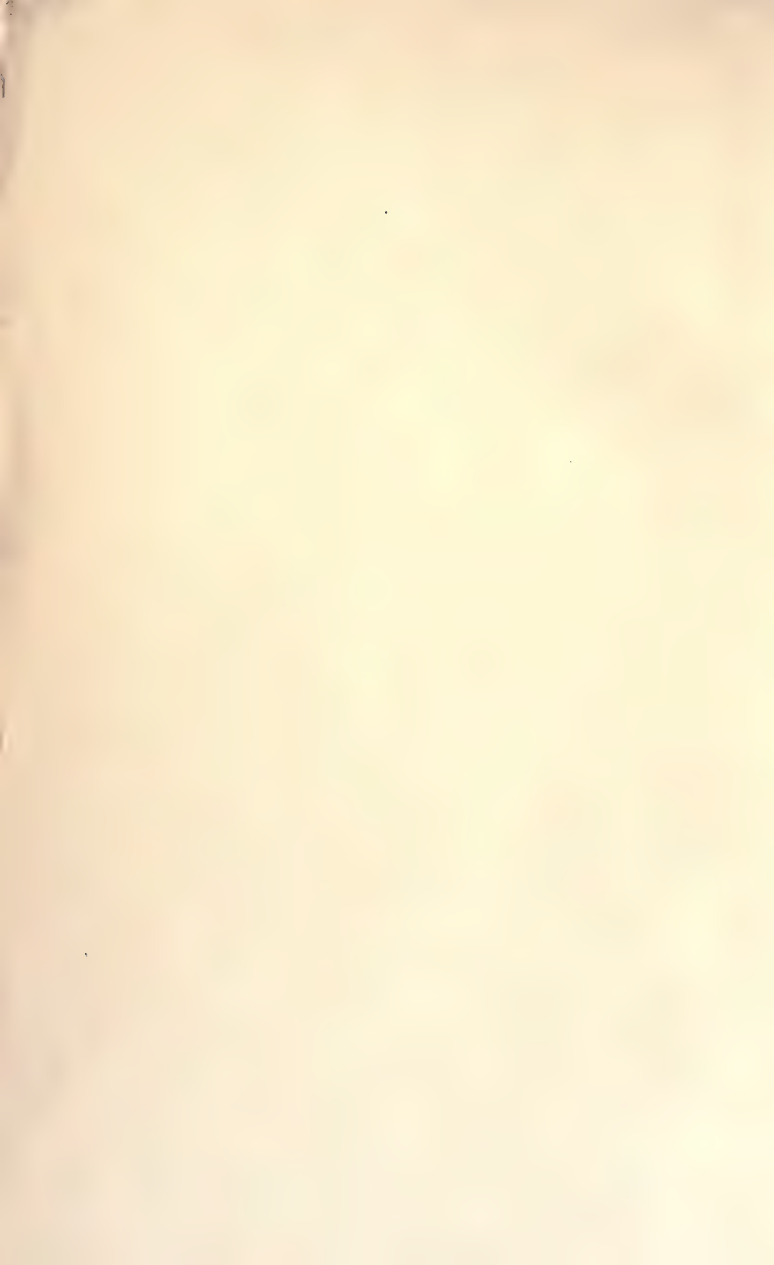
FOR WHOM, WITH EVERY CITIZEN OF THE EMPIRE, I  
ENTERTAIN THE SINCEREST ADMIRATION AND  
WHOSE MANY KINDNESSES DID SO MUCH TO  
MAKE THE MEMORY OF OUR TRIP IN  
CANADA A LASTING PLEASURE,  
THESE FEW BRIEF NOTES ARE  
BY HIS PERMISSION  
DEDICATED





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## PREFATORY NOTE

THE hasty impressions of an average tourist, together with a few odd photographs, is all that this somewhat short account pretends to be ; but if by means of it I am able to persuade one or two friends, who have yet to learn the delights of Britain beyond the seas, to try a tour in the great Dominion, I shall be more than satisfied.



CANADA : THERE AND BACK





## CHAPTER I

### THE ATLANTIC VOYAGE

To the British tourist who intends to put in a holiday in the great Dominion, the first two items of advice are—go by a Canadian boat and book early. There are no better boats afloat than those of the Canadian Pacific Railway, or the Allan Line, and there is no better introduction to Canada than that of the mighty St. Lawrence. That this is duly appreciated the “last moment” man is apt to discover when attempting to purchase a stateroom on one of these popular ships a day or so before sailing.

One of the most delightful months to spend in the country is September, and the visitor could not do better than leave London about the middle of August, returning home again at the end of the Canadian autumn.

At this time of the year one has to take a

rather large assortment of clothes, for in this vast territory and at many varying degrees of altitude a wide range of temperature is met with. It is also a good thing to have a few large and strong—very strong—boxes, instead of a more numerous variety of the smaller and lighter kind used for European travel. A compressed cane trunk, excellent for Europe and the East, stands a poor chance on the average North-American railway, surrounded by its solid semi-armour-plated companions. A large box in the place of two or three smaller ones also saves expense, for in the delivery or collection of "checked baggage" the charge made is usually twenty-five cents—or, roughly, one shilling per "package," irrespective of size, so that when one is continually moving from place to place with a numerous assortment of small trunks the baggage item is by no means inconsiderable. All that is allowed in the car is a dressing case or "grip." Everything else must be checked; therefore the grip should be as light and compact as possible, for outside the larger towns such a thing as a porter is almost unknown, and the married man must be prepared to make

his exit from the car with a grip on each side!

As far as money is concerned, one cannot do better than take Cook's circular notes. These should be made out in multiples of dollars and not in pounds, for in the later currency one is apt to lose a certain amount when cashing them in out-of-the-way places.

Having succeeded in getting accommodation on the *Empress of Britain* for my wife and myself, one bright August morning we left Euston by the special boat train for Liverpool, and a few hours later were aboard the great liner.

We were delighted with the *Empress*; our state room could not have been more comfortable, and the whole arrangements of the ship were all that could be desired.

One transatlantic trip is very much like another, for nowadays the question of weather is not so vital to these great ocean liners as it once was; still sunshine is always pleasant, and this we were fortunate enough to enjoy all the way across.

We had a very merry party on board, and the usual games, sports and sweeps, also the

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usual concert, in which many excellent singers entertained us, and several who thought they could sing, perhaps entertained us even more. We were mostly British or Canadian, with a sprinkling of Americans bound for the middle West. One or two were going over to assist in the gigantic schemes of which Canada offers so many chances ; not the least interesting was Sir R. W. Perks, the Million-fund Methodist M.P., whose mind was fixed on the building of the Georgian Bay Canal, and who proved a most entertaining fellow passenger. Then there were representatives of the Dominion at home—Mr. Duff Miller and the Hon. J. H. Turner, who look after the interests of the seagirt provinces of New Brunswick and British Columbia—three thousand miles apart. Some Canadians were returning home after a season spent in England, among them Mrs. Fielding, whose husband, the able Minister of Finance, in company with Mr. Brodeur, had remained behind in Paris to arrange with France the most important treaty which has yet been effected between Ottawa and a foreign country. Lastly, there was a contingent of tourists from the old country who

wished to see something of that newer land which is now looming so large in the public eye.

So much for the saloon ; but there was another part of the ship with 800 souls which was full of the greatest interest. Many instructive hours I spent among the emigrants, and listened to their high hopes and expectations of the promised land. A splendid, strong, well-dressed lot they were, and it would have been hard to have come across a finer type of prospective settler. The downtrodden, dirty outcast from Southern Europe was conspicuously absent, and in his place one met on every side fine determined specimens of Scandinavia and the Anglo-Saxon race. On the sunny afternoons many weird forms of musical instruments appeared, dancers were encouraged by a cohort of concertinas, and the skirl of the pipes soon had a Highland reel in full swing.

I wandered all over the third-class quarters ("steerage" is now a dying word), and except for the fact that one is confined to a particular part of the ship, one might put in a week in many worse places and at a



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considerably higher cost. Plenty to eat, plenty of room, delightfully clean, and oceans of fresh air.

The *Empress of Britain* is a boat of 14,500 tons, and her fine upper deck is a long way from the water. Far above this was the home of our skipper, Captain Murray, who at this somewhat giddy height, has most comfortable quarters. Here he showed us various scientific instruments (difficult to the landsman's understanding), amongst them, the submarine telephone, connected with both port and starboard side, by means of which he is able to detect and locate the sound of the bell on a rolling buoy, many a mile away. From this lofty spot we had the pleasure of watching a dot on the horizon gradually turn into a Dominion liner, which we overhauled, passed and saw fade away until it became a dot behind; such is the smug satisfaction of a few extra knots on the sea.

Three sights of the North Atlantic we were promised on our way over, a whale, an iceberg, and the Northern lights; all of which duly occurred; the whales and icebergs appeared



together, three specimens of each, the former quite near and blowing in the most approved style, the latter further away and somewhat meagre. On our last night in the open sea we had the Northern lights, the beautiful effects of which roused us all to enthusiasm.

On the thirteenth, four days after leaving Liverpool, we got our first glimpse of the New World, but not a very attractive one. Far away to the North stretched the gloomy rock-bound coast of Labrador, the abode of the Christianised Eskimo, and the temporary home each year of thousands of fishermen whose lot in life must often be a dangerous and dreary one. For many years in case of sickness or accident it was almost impossible for them to get any sort of medical assistance, but now, thanks to the Deep Sea Mission, there are two splendidly equipped hospitals on the coast. But it will probably be many years before the tourist attempts to roam round Labrador, though I am told that some way behind those forbidding rocks is to be seen one of the most magnificent waterfalls in the world.

We were now up to, and passing, the rocky

little Belle Isle, once known to the early navigators as the Isle of Demons, from the weird and mournful sounds which were supposed to issue from it ; later and less superstitious folk have suggested that these terrifying noises were caused by the grinding together of neighbouring icebergs.

Up to now we had made a faster trip than any previous one on this route, and Captain Murray was naturally anxious to lower the record between Liverpool and Quebec ; but it was not to be, for on entering the Straits we encountered a sea-fog, and engines were stopped till early in the morning, when the sun forced his way through and all was clear again.

The north coast of Newfoundland has a barren, wind-swept appearance, and very few signs of life are to be seen, beyond a lighthouse or two, and here and there a fisherman's cottage. The whole day we spent in the great Gulf of St. Lawrence revelling in a blazing sun and glassy sea, passing one or two schooners, and later, the Island of Anticosti (some 140 miles by about 20), the property of M. Menier the great chocolate king, who has

stocked it with all manner of game, and is also making a success of its fisheries and agriculture.

Early next morning we were greeted by the first sight of the long-looked-for St. Lawrence, and spent the whole of the day in cruising along its southern shore. Well may Canadians be proud of this noble gateway to their kingdom, which, carved out by Nature's hand from the primeval rock, pours out in its single channel a mass of water drawn from an area of half a million square miles. As we ascend, the rugged cliffs and distant hills covered with spruce and pine, gradually give way to a less stern type of country, and here and there are dotted about the little farms of the industrious "habitants," descendants of the day when the Tricolour reigned in Lower Canada. Still further up, the scattered farms give place to neat little villages, for all the world like Breton hamlets, put down on a coast half Scotch and half Norwegian, while here and there we get a glimpse of the distant Northern bank, still some twenty to thirty miles away.

At Rimouski we come in touch for the first time with the Canadian world, for after passing

the bright little town, engines are stopped, and in mid-stream the *Empress* awaits the arrival of a stout little tug which brings on board our pilot, takes the mail, and with it some of our fellow travellers who are bound for the maritime provinces.

## CHAPTER II

### QUEBEC

THE last day aboard every one was up early and on deck, eager to catch the first sight of Quebec. During the night the river had narrowed considerably, both banks now looking delightfully attractive, and bearing all the outward signs of a prosperous people. The land is divided into long strips, some broad, some very narrow, and all at right angles to the stream. This is the manner in which the St. Lawrence farmer cuts up his property among his numerous progeny, so that each child, though his piece may be of length without much breadth, still has his strip of river frontage. One or two more turns of the river, a distant glimpse of Montmorency Falls, and then at last, Quebec. With the most astounding suddenness the historic rock seems to rise up from the water—at first grey in the morning

haze, like some mysterious sentinel guarding the still sleeping city. Slowly through the rising mist stand out the details of this Queen among the New World cities. Monumental buildings and stately spires crown the lower town and part of the massive rock, while far above all, towers the world-famed fortress. Soon we are alongside the wharf, the great liner is quickly made fast, and in a moment passengers and their goods are pouring over the side. Those who were continuing their journey found a train awaiting them and are soon "all aboard"; those of us who had still to see Quebec spent some time wandering about the interior of the long tin shed, and in the hunt for baggage, realised that tin sheds in an August sun become uncomfortably warm.

Before long, however, the hotel porter had marked down our trunks, and taking along our grips and a portly roll of rugs and coats, we drove off to our first Canadian Pacific Railway hotel. Magnificent in situation, attractive in its château style, fitted up with perfect taste and containing every comfort, it would be difficult to find a finer hotel in North America than the Frontenac. As advised before leaving



England, we found it very full (during the summer months Quebec is crowded with visitors from the States), and were glad to have made arrangements for rooms beforehand.

As it was still an early hour, there was time to see some of the sights of Quebec before luncheon; so out we went, and among the various vehicles waiting, discovered the *calèche*. This quaint, high, two-wheeled trap we found most comfortable, and on a springy double seat enjoyed the scenery, which the driver, perched in front on a seat of smaller size, described.

All over the upper town our voluble Frenchman took us, pointing out cathedrals, hospitals, the imposing Parliament buildings and the great University of Laval, and then we proceeded to climb up to the citadel. At the gate we were met by a young French Canadian soldier who took us round. But far more interesting even than anything on the citadel was the superb view from the King's bastion. All Quebec lay spread out underneath us, with Levis across the water, a mass of picturesque churches and convents, whilst dominating everything the noble river swept across a landscape as fair as one could wish to see.

From the upper town we made our way to the lower, down one or two more than stiff hills. When I suggested to our "calechier" that we were going at a somewhat smart pace for such a gradient, he replied that I might be sure it was all right, for "it didn't pay them to fall, for something always breaks"; and certainly our surefooted little horse showed no signs of doing so. Quebec's lower town has no imposing buildings, but is a maze of quaint and narrow streets like those in so many of the smaller towns of France. We were taken to see Notre Dame des Victoires, where on a tablet by the door, we saw inscribed the battles won against the English, a tablet which the ultimate victors and possessors of the soil can well afford to leave.

Here dismissing our vehicle, we wandered about for some time along the wharves and through the Champlain market, and then went up to our hotel in an elevator which brought us almost to the door. Notwithstanding the crowded state of the Frontenac, luncheon was well and quickly served, with the very large variety of dishes one finds in the hotels of Canada and the States.

During the afternoon I made my first acquaintance with the delightful clubs of Canada, and had the pleasure of meeting at the Garrison two or three members to whom I had letters from England. The wandering stranger is not greeted in the Canadian clubs with the stony stare which I'm afraid is often his lot in those of the Old Country, even in the very few which grant the privilege of temporary membership to visitors.

In the afternoon we were invited to go and dine at Montmorency, and with our host set off for the primitive little station of the Quebec Railway Company. We were soon speeding across country at a very merry pace, through a district ever memorable as the scene of the early struggles between Montcalm and Wolfe, and in a very short time were at the Falls Station, where we spent half an hour or so gazing at the stupendous waterfall which rushes crashing over the rocks—a drop of 270 feet. Fine as it was, it was finer still, we were told, before so much of the water was taken away to generate the city's electric supply. From the bottom of the Falls an elevator took us up

to a path near the Kent House Hotel, where a cool lemon squash seemed to come at the right time.

After this light refreshment, a very pleasant walk through the woods brought us to the Natural Steps, which we were very fortunate in seeing, for next week they would no longer be among the sights of Quebec. For a mile or more the river rushes along through a narrow rocky bed, bound in by smooth steps of stone, which are in turn bordered on both sides by the densest of woods, and form a very attractive spot. Unfortunately for the seeker of the picturesque, a large dam has been built at the bottom of the ravine, and in a very few days a deep reservoir was to cover everything.

On the way to the little inn where we were to dine, we crossed the river by a bridge above the Falls, and looking down the stream could see the Montmorency making its way through the plain below to join the greater river, though in the twilight it was impossible to realise that this broad, smoothly-flowing stream, the whole course of which one could apparently follow, was hurled into the plains

below, over a mighty drop of almost three hundred feet.

The inn of M. Bureau proved an excellent retreat, and the dishes he placed before us left nothing to be desired. Before returning home we attempted to walk through the wood in front of the inn to get a glimpse of the Falls from the eastern side, but a void created by a bridge which had disappeared turned us back. On the western side we were more fortunate, and after wandering along a winding path and down two or three flights of steps we came out on a little platform and found ourselves face to face with the great white wall of foam and spray, the effect in the dim light being most imposing.

Before boarding our little electric train for the return journey, we saw the lights of distant Quebec shimmering brightly in the distance.

On the morning following, the sunshine was temporarily eclipsed and a fairly heavy rain falling. This proved to be one of the very few wet days—or even partly wet days—we experienced during our stay in Canada, for only on three occasions between the middle of



August and the middle of October did the rain trouble us at all, and then for not more than a very few hours each time. However, on this occasion it came down long enough and hard enough to stop the proposed excursion to St. Anne de Beaupré, a shrine some twenty miles from the city, visited each year by many thousands of the faithful, for the purpose of effecting every kind of cure.

In place of Beaupré, our pilgrimage was to be to a charming Canadian home, where we lunched and spent a most enjoyable afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. Molson Macpherson. Mr. Macpherson is President of the Molson Bank, and we soon became accustomed to seeing his features in various parts of the country on wandering dollar bills. As to his merits as a private citizen, we heartily agree with the theory suggested a week or two later in Toronto, that both he and his charming wife have been placed by a benign Providence at the gateway of the Dominion, so that the visitor may know, and at once, what delightful people Canadians are.

Apart from the theory, there is a great deal in first impressions, and to not a few Britishers



the hospitable house in St. Ursula Street has been a happy introduction to the Canadian home. While the afternoon was young, another stranger arrived—a learned-looking individual from the Foreign Office, bearing also a letter of introduction. He had come, it appeared, by the Dominion Liner we had passed with a smile some days ago.

The weather now having become all that was desirable, we were taken for a drive across the Plains of Abraham, and out into the country round Quebec, where we pulled up for tea at a quaint old house in one of the loveliest gardens imaginable. In the upper part the most gorgeous flowers were surrounded by every variety of foliage, while in front of the house stretched lawns of a vivid green which even Ireland might envy. The owner, who was the most enthusiastic of gardeners, after showing us her flowers, took us down to the woods from where, through the trees, we could occasionally get a glimpse of the river below. For some way we wandered down the chine, attracted not only by its beauty, but still more so by the fact that it was up this very ravine Wolfe's army climbed when, after stealing down the

St. Lawrence in their boats, they surprised the enemy by overcoming a hill till then deemed impregnable, and won the decisive battle on the Plains of Abraham.

From this retreat, where history and beauty are so happily blended, we drove through the gardens of Government House and to the country home of our host of yesterday, much admiring the delightful situation and sunny southern aspect of these and other houses in the neighbourhood ; after which our horses' heads were turned homewards again.

In the evening we spent some time on the broad Dufferin Terrace. There are surely few cities in the world with a finer walk than this. By day the view is wonderful, but by night the numberless glittering lights at Levis and around us, the mysterious river gliding dimly far below, the merry strains of the Garrison Band, and the crowds of happy, well-dressed promenaders, combine to make the scene one very hard to equal. We ran into several friends, and among them an eminent and entertaining French Canadian K.C. who had been one of our companions on the voyage. From his gay debonair manner and youthful appearance, and

from the report that he had also been seen toying with a feminine ring, we had pictured a returning *fiancé*, and could hardly believe it when we were told that he was a family man, and that the family consisted of no fewer than ten. It is hardly ever safe to guess! Among French Canadians a happy quiverful is the rule. Both men and women marry at an early age, and it is by no means uncommon to come across families of twenty and upwards.

### CHAPTER III

### MONTREAL

HAVING spent three or four days at Quebec, we left for Montreal, and had our first run on a Canadian train, after a final drive down the steep hill to the station at a somewhat alarming speed, four of us in a trap, and an assortment of grips and coats, which totalled a fairly considerable weight. The American train is quite a different species of vehicle from the British or European variety. Which is the better is a matter of opinion, for undoubtedly both have their strong points as well as their weak.

Being new to the land, we took a drawing-room, of which there is usually one at the end of each coach. But we soon came to the conclusion that for short trips by day, it was not the most ideal spot for the traveller who wishes to see the country, for, although the

windows on one side are delightfully large, the other usually contains either one of stained glass or merely a wooden partition. There is therefore always the feeling that half the scenery and, as one is apt to imagine, the finest part is continually being missed. However, by night the drawing-room is a great boon and well worth the few extra dollars demanded for it. The additional space for odds and ends, the comfort in dressing, and general privacy, are a delight after sleeping in "layers" and dressing in a somewhat huddled-up position behind a curtain. As the number of drawing-rooms on each train is very limited, one should endeavour to fix the dates of the journeys—particularly the longer ones—in good time.

We found our first run on the Canadian Pacific Railway very delightful. The scenery was quite attractive, and the woods seemed to contain every variety of forest tree. As it was Sunday the "habitants" were in their gayest and smartest clothes, and for the most part sunning themselves on their own, or their neighbour's, doorsteps, the number of children attached to almost every gathering being truly remarkable.

After covering 170 miles in good time, we pulled up at the very edge of Montreal, among a few scattered wooden shanties which looked as if they had been dumped down among the fields in the most casual way and at every odd angle. But we were soon running past houses of a different kind, and entered the great city as the setting sun poured the loveliest rays of colour across the heights of Mount Royal.

From the Place Viger Station, which is right in the heart of the French quarter, we had a somewhat long drive to the hotel, eventually getting there in time for dinner. The Windsor Hotel, our headquarters for the next week or so, an imposing-looking building, is finely situated in Dominion Square. That, as far as our experience went, sums up most of its strong points; in many other respects it is not quite up to the standard one would expect to find in this splendid city, where the art of comfort is so thoroughly understood.

After dinner I strolled up to the Mount Royal Club, where I found my name down, and spent some time looking at the English papers, as well as the interesting building itself. The Club was



designed by the late Stanford White and is in exquisitely simple taste with beautiful lofty rooms; when the August sun proved rather too warm, one could not wish for a more delightful retreat.

The first drive taken by the visitor to Montreal is generally to the top of the mountain, and we followed the usual rule. Cabs we found to be comfortable, cheap, and numerous; in fact it is as easy to pick up a carriage here as a hansom in London. We drove along first through one or two of the principal streets in the residential quarter, and were very much struck by the beauty and variety of the houses. In a wealthy city of this size one naturally expects to see many splendid homes, but these were far finer than anything we had imagined. Hardly two of them are alike—so different from the greater part of fashionable London where there are rows of houses so similar that a dweller in one could with the greatest ease wander blindfold over any other in his square or street.

From Sherbrooke Street (one of the most beautiful) road after road runs at right angles up the slopes of the mountain (never call Mount Royal

a hill !) lined on both sides with stately dwellings, each surrounded with the gayest of flowers and cool shady trees. Up one of these roads we went, and then by an easy gradient began to climb the serpentine road which runs up through the park itself. Passing a signpost or two (with directions in both English and French) we came first to the Ranger's house, and pulled up for a few minutes to admire the Union Jack in flowered form, and many other vivid masses—a feast of floral colouring.

Through forest trees and park-like slopes, we reached our goal, and drove to the edge of the lookout terrace. The view one sees is worth driving up many mountains to enjoy. A beautiful slope of trees, of every shade of green, rolls away from the terrace to the majestic city far below ; through a thin haze of gently drifting smoke stand out the domes and spires of countless churches, with the outlines of giant buildings devoted to every form of religion, science, commerce and art. Along the city's furthest edge sweeps by the vast St. Lawrence, here spanned by the Grand Trunk Railway bridge, an engineering triumph two miles in length. The river beneath us was the deepest

blue, and we were able to follow it till it disappeared on the skyline, a streak of palest grey.

After feasting on this loveliness for some time, we made for more material things, chiefly centred round a pleasant little luncheon party at the Mount Royal Club.

In the afternoon I spent a few hours with a fellow countryman in the business section of the city, and was much struck by the general aspect of bustling prosperity, the splendid offices, warehouses, and shops, and the entire absence of any wandering paupers. This latter feature is one which probably strikes the visitor from the old country more forcibly than any other. A land with no slums, no unemployed, no workhouses, ever-increasing trade, population, and general prosperity, cannot have very much the matter with it. One enormous dry goods warehouse—that of Messrs. Greenshields—we went into and were taken round, and later returned with one of the directors to the St. James's Club, where we were introduced to a very genial gathering. The St. James's is without doubt the popular club of Montreal, and every day after business hours—there are very few all-day club loafers in Canada—one is sure

to meet a large number of interesting and, as the Yankees say, "lovely" men.

On returning to the hotel after wrestling with an interviewer, I found a letter from Lord Strathcona asking us to dine with him. We drove to Dorchester Street and were delighted to find the grand old man of Canada looking even better than when we saw him last in London. Despite his 87 years of age, he thinks nothing of a flying trip across the Atlantic, and had come over a few weeks ago, accompanied by his daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Howard. He appears to work here just as hard as he does in England, his pet project at the present moment being the "All Red Line." Besides one or two visiting Aberdonians, we had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Chipman of Winnipeg who guides the destinies of the Hudson Bay Company, and Mr. Robert Meighen, a leader of the Canadian Milling Industry. 1157 Dorchester Street is a beautiful house, and when dinner was over, our host showed us various treasures of art from different parts of the world.

Although we found it delightfully pleasant, August is supposed to be a warm month in Montreal, and a great many people spend it

away; some at St. Andrew's on the New Brunswick coast (which, from all accounts, must be quite an attractive spot), others in the Laurentian Mountains, but far more at their country homes in the many lovely districts round the city. Of these one of the most popular of all is Dorval, situated on a broad part of the St. Lawrence called Lake St. Louis, with an excellent service of trains from and to the city and within easy motoring distance; it also possesses one of those pleasant features of Canadian life, a country club.

We were delighted to accept an invitation to luncheon at the "Forest and Stream" (could any club have a more refreshing name?), and on the brightest and crispest of mornings started off with our hosts. After a very short run we reached Dorval Station, and then a drive, well inside a mile, brought us to the most delicious little promontory, in the middle of which stood the club house. On each side the lake shore was dotted with pleasant country homes, gay with flowers, and with beautiful well-kept lawns running down to the water's edge. All the houses appeared to be of wood, and there were types of many different styles.



In one point, however, they were alike ; each possessed, and was often entirely surrounded by, a lofty broad verandah fitted up with most reposeful swinging chairs and hammocks, whilst large doors of wire gauze let in the breeze and kept out the flies. All these joys and many others we found in the club, and after luncheon made our way on to the shady lawn and watched a series of big craft and small manœuvring about on the lake, among them being several smart little sailing-boats from the Yacht Club close by. We finished the afternoon by returning home viâ the Rapids of Lachine, which we were told the visitor to Montreal positively had to do. The drive from the "Forest and Stream" along the lakeside to Lachine was a very pleasant one, and the trip in the boat from Lachine is quite of the exciting order. She was a good-sized double-deck steamer and an old hand at the trip, and we were soon in the rapids. A short run through smooth water, a dive under the Canadian-Pacific Railway bridge, and the boat assumed all kinds of angles with the rapidly rushing water foaming all round. To add to the effect, we could see here and there ominous black





LACHINE RAPIDS FROM THE BOAT  
These rapids are on the St. Lawrence, a short distance above Montreal, and form an exciting finish to the river trip from Toronto



rocks as we swung quickly by. The thrill is soon over, but it is great fun while it lasts and perfectly safe.

The sun was just setting with a deep crimson glow behind the city's spires as we glided quickly to our wharf, and a jehu of the Montreal Hackmen's Union soon ran us up hotelwards, and in time to get out to dine with a bachelor at the St. James's, one of the "salt of the earth" kind, whom no one thinks of calling by the name he was christened by, for whom every one we met in Montreal had many good words, and who would be well worthy of a couple of stars in a Bædeker Handbook. I met an unexpected friend at the St. James's among the waiters, one who used to look after me—and very well too—in a London club. I suppose the cry, "Young man, go West!" came his way also; anyhow, he seemed to be prospering and told me that he in no way regretted the change.

I was out early the next morning and made my way to the Montreal Athletic Association for a swim. This athletic association, of which I enjoyed temporary membership, is by no means the least attractive institution in

Montreal on a bright summer morning. The building is a first-rate one, very get-at-able, and the swimming-tank excellent. Beside this central meeting-place, the association possesses splendid grounds within a short distance of the centre of the city, and is the ruling body of outdoor amateur sports.

During the morning I made my way to the vast, fortress-like building in Windsor Street, the headquarters of the world's greatest railway system, and after admiring the great lofty waiting-room, with its fine columns of polished granite, went up by the elevator to a floor where the chief executive officers are to be found. A very few seconds sufficed to prove to one that business moves somewhat more than quickly round the brains of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and notwithstanding the pleasant telephonic invitation I had received earlier in the day, there was the feeling of the intruding tourist as I sent in my card. Mr. W. R. Baker, whose official title is Secretary of the Road, but who, as "Diplomat of the Line," takes in hand the many visiting princes and potentates, proved that he could be equally delightful to humbler mortals too. The next

half-hour slipped by at a very rapid rate while we discussed a variety of subjects, and I picked up many useful hints for our trip across the continent.

I then had the pleasure of again meeting Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, whom I had met in England a year before. The President of the Canadian Pacific Railway is a vigorous, striking personality, and it requires no expert phrenologist to find the signs of energy, determination and force in his fine, expressive face. Here is a man whose name is known from London to Hong Kong as the active head of the world's greatest line, the chief in his own country of an army of 80,000 employees, and of a company whose territory is greater than that of many a potentate. Sir Thomas is a brilliant administrator and a firm believer in discipline ; if one word will do he never wastes time with two, and can run through a series of sentences at an amazingly rapid rate. Behind all these qualities, in his clear keen eyes the humour of the Irish race constantly shines. In his office a wise man wastes no time with the President, but comes to the point, and gets through his business

with the least possible delay. In private life, as we soon had an opportunity of finding, a more delightful companion and interesting raconteur it would be impossible to meet.

This was a Canadian Pacific Railway day, for we then went along to the Mount Royal Club, where we had a most enjoyable luncheon with Mr. A. L. Creelman, the line's chief solicitor, and a party of friends. Mr. Creelman, however, was no new acquaintance but a friend of almost two weeks' standing! We had crossed together on the *Empress*, where I early waylaid him with a letter of introduction. Like many men who have risen to the front in Canada, he was born in the Maritime provinces, at a small town in New Brunswick. Bonar Law came from the same small place, and Mr. Creelman's earliest recollection was being taken to the latter's christening, and asking his mother, why Bonar? He told me the answer, but I've forgotten it.

One of the most beautiful houses in Montreal is that of Mr. Robert Meighen, which he took over from his brother-in-law, Lord Mount-Stephen. We spent a very pleasant hour or two with him hearing about earlier days in



Canada, and were shown a little room where many anxious consultations took place during the construction of the railway, and where history was made, when far-off British Columbia was linked to her sister provinces with a band of steel. A distinctive feature about the house is a very fine conservatory and aviary, an attractive spot in winter-time. In these sunny days it is empty, the plants revelling in their summer outing, and the birds away for a "rest cure."

A second visit we paid to the "Forest and Stream," this time in the evening, and it is hard to say whether the little point is more alluring in the brightness of the midday sun or when the August moon steals across the waters of the lake. Dinner over at the club, we all went across to our host's bungalow and listened to some delightful music, finally bringing the evening to a close with a midnight motor run back to Montreal.

Early next morning a very bright young man from the Canadian Pacific Railway called to see us and went to endless trouble in explaining the points of different routes and the best places to stop over. The itinerary was

eventually drawn up, the dates for the "drawing-rooms," which we should want on the westward trip arranged, and a promise given to write to the various mountain hotels, which at this time of the year are apt to be very full.

We then went off for a drive in the lower part of the town, looking at one or two of the many churches and big public buildings, and continuing far beyond the Place Viger into the outskirts of the French quarter ; we imagined them to be outskirts, but were probably some way from the city's boundaries, for one or two of the roads running in this direction appeared to go on to interminable lengths with no trace of houses decreasing in number. From the architecture, general aspect, and appearance of the people, we were obviously in the Gallic quarter, and were again interested in the healthy appearance and general air of alertness of the people, and particularly the bright, clean and neatly dressed children ; and yet we were in the workers' quarters, and Montreal is second to none in size amongst the great manufacturing centres of Canada.

On returning, we drove to the Place d'Armes,

and walked across to the Bank of Montreal where we happened to meet Lord Strathcona, who took us in to see the building of which the people of the city are justly proud. We were fortunate in meeting Mr. E. S. Clouston, the Vice-President and General Manager, who pointed out to us the beauties of the interior, the great dome, the lofty columns of darkest green, and the roof so richly decorated with gold that a distinguished visiting banker suggested that it was surely part of the reserve fund! Below, we saw wonderful mechanical everything-resisting doors of gigantic weight, and toyed about with untold millions of dollars. A bank like this makes one feel outrageously poor!

Before leaving Montreal I put in another morning on the beloved mountain, exploring it this time on horseback. There was a certain amount of difficulty in discovering a horse, for the day being Sunday, many hardworking citizens had thought of my scheme and thought of it first. Eventually a friendly cabman dived down into some far-off mews and reappeared leading a curious-looking beast which went better than he looked. Half way up the mount

is a first-rate circular track and not, *à la* Hyde Park, trimmed with mounted police to keep the pace down to a rocking-horse canter. I soon saw why it had been so difficult to find any sort of a horse, for the track was gay with people hunting exercise and morning air on every variety of the noble beast.

After a good turn round, Rameses and I—that was his name—wandered up to the summit, trotted across to the lookout, where I once again took in the glorious view, and then sauntered along through many delicious by-paths which might have been on some distant forest trail instead of the edge of a city's park. Small wonder Montrealers swear by their mountain.

From sylvan retreats we passed to civilisation and a cemetery, *viâ* a five-cent toll, and then away into a bright and attractive country, where I passed many French Canadians going out in large—very large—family parties, and all in their Sunday best.

At a junction of several roads, where passing electric cars shot still further into rural solitudes, sat a typical old French lady with a little six-foot-square shop behind her, and doing a

roaring business in ginger-beer, apples, and other delicacies—they were excellent apples.

My way home was on a lower road, by the side of which were several huge institutions of the school and asylum order, and again, many French Canadian contingents making for the country. Eventually, after a most enjoyable morning, on which first appearances had been deceptive, I said adieu to the gallant Rameses.

On our last day in Montreal we lunched and, for the second time, spent several hours with one of the most interesting of Canadians, Sir William van Horne. This many-sided man was born a citizen of the great neighbouring Republic, and began life at the bottom of the railway ladder. But natural aptitude, energy, and determination soon put the lower rungs out of sight, and he made a name for himself in the railway world, when the early pioneers of the Canadian Pacific Railway invited him across the border to grapple with the problems that lay before them. How Van Horne dealt with those problems, completed the great system, and became its President, are now matters of history. If he hadn't built a mighty road across the continent, he would have done



something else equally great. Even as it is, he seems to have found time to crowd into his life all kinds of interests, and hardly conveys the idea that he is finished yet.

At his beautiful house in Sherbrooke Street is a most valuable and varied collection of old Masters, and a more entertaining guide there couldn't be. We wandered round amongst the Corots, Lawrences, and Constables listening to our host, and more or less oblivious to the fact that the butler duly appeared at certain intervals to venture the suggestion that luncheon was served. A large studio upstairs was crowded with paintings, and these we found had been painted by our host himself during odd moments (mostly all night sittings) of his busy life; some were themselves vivid effects of night scenes, and others beautiful bits of his island retreat off the coast of New Brunswick. Another collection, attractive even to the uninstructed, was a marvellous assortment of old Japanese tea jars of every form and shade, the colours of some being beautiful. Sir William explained to us their different points, history, and inscriptions, and then showed us a catalogue he had written, with a reproduction of



each jar exquisitely painted in water-colours, together with a miniature reduction of each for reference purposes, a perfectly microscopic work. A month or two ago Prince Fushimi was in this room, and with true Japanese modesty professed an absence of knowledge of his country's lost art, but it was noticed that it was only the most precious gems of the collection he picked up to look at. From tea jars we drifted to Eastern rugs, and thence to mediæval ships, with interludes on farming, paper-making, cattle-breeding, and so on, all additional pursuits of this many-sided man.

Our few remaining hours in the city we put in saying *au revoir* to some of the delightful friends we had met during our all too short ten days, and then went along to a merry farewell dinner at the St. James's Club.

## CHAPTER IV

### TORONTO

OUR Toronto train left the Windsor Station, so the departure drive was shorter than the arrival. When we got there, we saw three long trains drawn up in a row, each with its destination writ large. The names of the towns on the three white boards brought vividly to one's mind the vast distances the iron horse can wander on this continent. No. 1 was down for Ottawa, North Bay, Sault Ste. Marie, St. Paul, Minneapolis, and all North-West States. No. 2 started soon after for Fort William, Winnipeg, Calgary, and Vancouver. Whilst No. 3, after its one-night journey to Toronto, pushed forward to London, Detroit, Chicago, and the West. Before any one of these could get to its destination, there must be quite a succession of followers chasing it day after day along the same line. The



TORONTO, THE CAPITAL OF ONTARIO—A GENERAL VIEW  
Toronto is the second largest city in Canada, and next to Montreal the chief railway centre of the C.P.R. It covers 16'2 square miles, exclusive of the harbour and island of the same name



thought gave one a fine expansive feeling, though there are certain advantages in living in a country so compact that even a single day's straight run is neither practicable nor necessary.

Our drawing-room we found quite comfortable, and took no further interest in worldly affairs till we discovered a pleasant rolling country and a good bright sun about breakfast time next morning. There were, however, but few minutes to study the scenery, for running on time, we rattled through the outskirts of the Queen City and pulled up in the Union Station.

Unlike Montreal, which is as well served as any city in the world, Toronto has few cabs, and outside the station the King Edward 'bus was the only vehicle which "blocked the way." Into it we jumped and with "grips" and light tackle on the roof, bumped along over a somewhat uneven road to the hotel.

We found the King Edward very full, and there were quite sixty to seventy people "queued" out in the hall waiting to register, the extra rush being caused by the approaching National Exhibition which was to be opened in

a couple of days, although at this time of the year the hotel is said to be usually pretty full. An excellent breakfast occupied the next half-hour, after which we found the registering battle over, and the very affable Manager (who turned out afterwards to be a mine of information on matters Torontonion), allotted us delightful rooms with a splendid view over the lake and part of the city. Looking out on this area of water gave one the impression of a sea view rather than a lake, especially as a fairish breeze had worked up a lot of "white horses."

The general aspect of Toronto is essentially American, with its long right-angled streets and occasional sky-scrapers, together with an endless succession of street cars bustling and clanging in every direction. This service is a splendid one, and somewhat atones for the absence of cabs. Of the many handsome streets, Yonge is *facile princeps* as to length, for after dividing the city into two parts, it dives off into the country for about thirty or forty miles. On more than one occasion we heard of the young man who strolled out of the Hotel to look up a man "on Yonge," and found



his number after a saunter of some nineteen miles. But in one respect at any rate Montreal and Toronto are alike in that one finds no difference in their thoroughly genuine hospitality—and although the first appearance of the latter city strikes one as so forcibly American, a very short stay brings out the fact that the citizens are the old British stock (with perhaps a little ginger added), and form an enthusiastically loyal centre of the Empire. I have never heard “God save the King” sung as we heard it in Toronto.

Before we had filled in many minutes taking in the view from our window and wondering which section of the city to go and look at first, we were discovered by one or two friends and were soon enjoying Toronto from a less exalted height than Floor Five.

I made my first acquaintance with Clubland at luncheon, being taken off to the National by Mr. W. K. George. Notwithstanding the fact that he was President of the Canadian National Exhibition (to open in two days), and probably at that moment about the busiest man in Ontario, he and Mrs. George found all sorts of time to take in and be more than kind

to two wanderers, and many delightful expeditions we made with them.

The first one we enjoyed that same afternoon—a very merry trip on the lake, on board the *s.y. Cleopatra*, a trim 16-knotter belonging to Colonel Gooderham. At about three o'clock we were aboard and soon steaming across the splendid harbour which extends right out in front of the city, covering an area of over three miles. Between the harbour and the lake is a good-sized island of the sandbank kind, where in summer all sorts of amusements for the people are to be found in full swing. On our way through the channel, we passed a many horse-powered automatic fog-horn which was in full blast, saddening the air with a particularly dreary wail. As the day was a glorious one with no suggestion of fog, we came to the conclusion it must be rehearsing.

From the water one gets a very good idea of the size of the city which skirts the lake for about six or eight miles.

Leaving the harbour, the *Cleopatra* turned her nose to the sunrise, and was soon skimming through the "white horses" at a rattling pace

in the teeth of a blustering breeze. This same breeze had cut short the successful career of a dinghy race which was then by way of being half over; several of the competitors had already finished at more than that angle, and were bearing a very wreckly appearance. Needless to say, in each case the passengers had left.

Beyond the outskirts of the city we saw the lofty Scarborough cliffs. Hardly so rugged as their Yorkshire namesake, they were more like those of the Hampshire coast, and were most attractively wooded. From Scarborough cliffs we took a westward run, and were shown all the interesting points along the shore, till we were again facing the open country on Toronto's other side, after which we turned for home and harbour.

The evening we spent in an atmosphere of solid Imperialism, dining with one of the most energetic and deservedly popular public men of Toronto, Colonel George T. Denison, now the city's chief magistrate. Colonel Denison comes from a family of soldiers which has put in some splendid work for the Union Jack since the day of the United Empire Loyalists, and

since Ontario was Ontario, a Denison has, I believe, always been the Lt.-Governor's A.D.C. There is no more stirring story in history than that of the early days of the United Empire Loyalists, who, in their allegiance to the old flag, suffered every kind of hardship and privation, and finally carved out for themselves a home in the forests of Canada. Our host seemed so youthfully brisk and alert that it was somewhat difficult to realise that ten years ago he was retired on the age limit from the command of the Governor-General's Body-guard. He is an enthusiastic Tariff reformer, and was in touch with Mr. Chamberlain long before the active campaign started in England. As an administrator of the law, I heard from many more than one of his admiring fellow citizens that there isn't a finer, sounder magistrate in the Dominion, and he deals out law without wasting a minute. Before we left, he gave me an interesting little book of his, "Soldiering in Canada," which I read later with the greatest interest; but with greater interest I remember his vivid accounts of Canada's past, and enthusiastic prophecies of the Dominion's future. For any member of

the species of pessimistic Briton, an hour with Colonel Denison would act like an electric tonic.

We had arrived in Toronto on Saturday, and gathered our first impression of the city on a busy working day. How different everything was the next morning—all the hustle and bustle gone, the shops shut, the streets almost deserted, and the only sounds which filled the air coming from innumerable peals of bells. There was no feeling of a foreign land here, but rather the recollection of a Sunday morning at Oxford.

I went into the service at St. James's Cathedral, and there again it was hard to realise that one was some thousands of miles from Westminster, the general atmosphere, the service, the people, even the old worn Union Jack over the pulpit, seemed so like England. But there was one difference, for when the familiar hymns rolled out on the splendid organ, the congregation didn't leave all the singing to the choir, as is so often done in the Old Country, but joined in with the most thorough and effective heartiness. After the service we drove out to lunch to Rosedale, which is most deservedly



one of the favourite residential quarters. In every direction are wide, shady roads and beautiful green lawns on which the fine, well-built houses display pretty nearly every kind of architecture. The Canadian does not appear to believe in the type of house turned out by the dozen, the result being that he generally has something considerably different to the man next door. Another noticeable point is in the absence, for the most part, of an aggressive fence or stone wall round his property. At home custom has it that this is indispensable to keep out intruders, but the Canadian seems to get on quite well without these feudal relics, and no one seems to take advantage of their absence to wander about through his neighbour's flower-beds. The effect of these same flower-beds and well-kept lawns running right down to the footpath is quite delightful.

At last, after a most attractive drive, we pulled up at the house of Mr. E. B. Osler, with whom we lunched and afterwards spent a very pleasant hour or two in the shade of his woods, a pleasant retreat from the August sun. Mr. Osler, who has many interests in Canada, is a Director of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and



a member of a family who have a habit of achieving distinction ; one of his brothers is well-known in England as the Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford.

Leaving about four o'clock, we drove away to look up some friends at the west side of the city. As Rosedale lies right away on the east, during the drive we were able to appreciate that this city is no mean one : that it is really something of a journey from east to west, and that its 260,000 people are not unnecessarily overcrowded.

On our way we pulled up and strolled round the many imposing buildings of the University, the general effect of which is magnificent, and a worthy centre of the thorough system of education of which Ontario is so justly proud. A little later we were looking down on the University (and incidentally most other things) from the top of the Alexandra, a fairly high pile of flats, from which point we could see the somewhat sombre buildings of the Provincial Parliament, slumland, where the Italians live—and where, by-the-bye, they're better off than they are in Soho—"Sleepy Hollow," the oldest house, and many another object of interest

dotted about between Toronto's countless trees.

The day appointed for the National Exposition's opening brought along innumerable people, and during the morning the streets were full of visitors not only from all parts of the Province, but from other parts of Canada and the United States. The Canadian National Exhibition is not of the "here to-day and gone to-morrow" kind, but is a regular annual fixture, usually held about the end of August and lasting a fortnight. It is now in its thirtieth year, and from small beginnings has grown until its reputation is wider even than a national one. Every form of industry is illustrated, and visitors crowd in from all over the continent.

At twelve o'clock we drifted along with the multitude, and at length, through lanes of flags, found our way to the central buildings and committee rooms. Like many other excellent functions in Anglo-Saxondom, the proceedings were to start with a lunch, to which President George had kindly invited me. The attendance was male, the gathering cheery, and the room quite full. My companions were the

Speaker and Sir Daniel Morris, and were both entertaining neighbours. Sir Daniel, who was making Toronto his headquarters during the time of the Exhibition, is a representative of the West Indies, and knows all there is to know about agriculture. The Governor-General arrived to the minute, was very warmly welcomed, and was followed by the Lt.-Governor of Ontario—Sir Mortimer Clarke.

Lunch over, we wandered off in procession to a large circular hall, where we found the ladies and a big crowd, and where the business of the day began. Lord Grey, who made a first-rate speech, crisp, eloquent, and to the point, received a volley of hearty Anglo-Saxon cheers, pressed a button, which put in motion everything electric, and the Exhibition of 1907 was opened. We then walked along in procession to the grand stand, where His Excellency asked us to join him in the vice-regal box, and for the next hour or so we watched a quite diverting variety show in the huge arena.

After a short talk with Lord Grey, one can easily understand why he is so extremely popular throughout the Dominion, a fact

which was impressed upon us many times between Quebec and Victoria. The Governor-Generalship of Canada is no easy post, and the free and independent members of our sister nation have an equally free and independent method of saying exactly what they think concerning each occupant of that exalted position. I am bound to say I had my ideas changed as to the merits of one or two of the present Governor-General's predecessors ; in this particular what we hear in England does not always coincide with the opinion on the spot. Abundance of tact, energy, ability, and an easy and pleasant democratic manner are unfortunately not always found in combination, and when the time comes for Earl Grey to leave, the gap will be no easy one to fill.

To the Canadian this annual Exhibition is of great interest and keenly looked forward to, but to the travelling Briton it is, if possible, even more interesting, and every tourist should endeavour to be in Toronto when it is being held, for it gives one an opportunity of seeing in the shortest time and most pleasant way, the extraordinary growth of Canadian industries. All the exhibits are home made, appear to

cover every field, and show numberless examples of first rate workmanship. To the many, and I confess to having once been one, who have vaguely looked upon the country as almost wholly a series of great agricultural centres, a stroll round these Exhibition buildings comes as a somewhat vivid surprise. Each visitor I met I found astonished at the manner in which some particular product was turned out, my own principal surprises being biscuits and pianos. The former in truly wonderful variety, and the latter exquisite examples of taste and finish, and by no means the work of one single firm. When a country begins to excel in turning out such comparative luxuries as pianos, one is probably right in concluding that she has succeeded in putting on the market the greater part of life's ordinary necessities.

We made several visits to the Exhibition, learning something new each time, as well as seeing all kinds of gatherings of Canadians, for the powers that be have an excellent way of attracting the many varied interests by dedicating certain days to different classes—one day being the manufacturers' day ; another



the Pressmen's day ; a third the children's day, and so on. The last was a very pretty sight, when young Ontario in its brightest, whitest dresses and its smartest suits turned up in its thousands and enjoyed everything hugely.

The largely attended luncheon is also a recurring factor, and on two or three occasions, as Mr. George's guest, I had the pleasure of meeting representative men of different industries and professions. At these luncheons there was a constant stream of oratory, and we were all liable at a moment's notice to find ourselves addressing the gatherings. Here one soon found that the average Canadian, like our American cousin, has a far readier tongue than the average home-made Britisher.

The Pressmen's luncheon was an interesting gathering, and each man when called on made us as good a speech as if he had been reading out a carefully written "leader." Ontario possesses, so I was informed, no less than 700 newspapers, so that literature is by no means one of the smaller industries. Toronto itself offers an amazing variety of papers for a city of upwards of 300,000. The *Globe*, the *World*, the *News*, the *Star*, and the *Mail and Empire*



are among the daily productions, with weekly papers galore, one of the most attractive of the latter being the *Saturday Night*, the "Front Page" of which I found so entertaining that I immediately became an annual subscriber.

On the evening of the Exhibition's opening, Sir Mortimer Clarke, who is Lt.-Governor of the Province, gave a dinner in His Excellency's honour at Government House, which is a charming old building in a delightful garden. There I had an opportunity of studying Toronto's Elders—for there were only about two or three strangers out of about twenty-five guests.

Here, as at many another gathering, I could not help being forcibly struck by the strong keen type of face which marks the successful Canadian—he always gives one an idea of latent force, restrained energy and lots of it; a man who is good to tackle anything from an intricate commercial proposition to hacking out a home in a British Columbian forest.

Government House is situated on King Street, not far from the heart of the city, and one would imagine that the Civic Authorities would see to it that the main road in the

immediate neighbourhood left nothing to be desired. But that is not the case, and a single drive along it, particularly at night, soon teaches the passenger to hold on to the carriage seat amazingly tight. Into so many holes did we flop driving back to the Hotel that I sauntered along the next morning to study the route by daylight. The holes were there all right, and we had fortunately avoided several. I didn't discover which authority ruled the road; perhaps several do, and each hopes something from another! However, the condition in the city is as heaven when compared to that of the suburban highways, some of which are marvels of undulation, and 'tis a brave car which exceeds the speed limit on them. Now several fascinating spots lie out (and some miles out) over these fearsome roads, and to one in particular—the Hunt Club—we paid several visits, and I am bound to say if the road had been twice as bad, it was well worth the bumping. Besides, apart from the pleasant feeling of independence, there is no need to bump by motor, for a street car (with one change) runs one on rails right up to the gates, leaving only a short walk

through pleasant park-like grounds to the Club House.

It would be difficult to imagine a more beautiful situation than this attractive club enjoys. Perched up high on towering cliffs, one can sit on the broad verandah, and glancing across the well-kept lawns, look out over the vast expanse of the glittering lake below; on every side are pleasant walks and shady trees, and when one has strolled enough, those in authority within the hospitable walls, know well how to look after the varied wishes of the inner man.

During the summer months polo reigns supreme, and on our first visit we were lucky enough to see an interesting game against Montreal. There is naturally considerable rivalry between these two great cities, and a large crowd of fair Torontonians came up to the beautiful ground to cheer on the home team. The polo was first-rate, the crowd full of enthusiasm, and the dresses (though as a non-expert I can only hazard a guess) the last word in smartness.

For dinner a series of merry parties filled every table, several staying after the Polo,

whilst others drove out from the city. Among the latter was the Governor-General, who with his staff was returning later the same night to Quebec.

During the evening we learnt that all visitors should make the acquaintance of a spot called Scarbro' Beach, so about 9.30 several of us found our way into cars and motored down to see the sights. Scarbro' Beach is something of a mixture of Earl's Court with a touch of Blackpool, and goes in for giving plenty for the money. Wonderfully lighted (for electricity is cheap in Toronto), there appears to be no sort of amusement missing, and we wandered round for an hour or two looking at somersaulting autos, wobbling staircases, dizzy dashing flip-flaps, and having a turn at shooting galleries as well as other trials of skill. If the crowd we saw that night is any criterion, I guess Scarbro' Beach pays.

At another visit to the Hunt Club, we came in for a well attended gymkhana, where everybody made most sporting attempts at everything. We rattled out in a 60 h.p. Duryea under the guidance of an interesting Railroad pioneer, Mr. Dan Mann, one of the

powers behind the Canadian Northern. He has a delightful property of about fifty to sixty acres running alongside the Hunt Club, and a splendid house which is now being furnished by the long arm of Waring, who are certainly turning out a model of complete comfort. Over a cigar after lunch, I learnt many fascinating points of Railroad romance told in a quiet impressive way by one who apparently knew his subject from A. to Z.

Besides the Hunt Club, there are two first-rate Golf Clubs just outside Toronto, one of which—Lambton—I made the acquaintance of. Mr. George called for us one morning and we motored out there picking up the Club's President, Mr. Austin, on the way. For some time we ran along the edge of the Lake, which on this occasion looked for all the world like a stormy sea. Then turning off, we drove over an excellent road through High Park—a wooded spot, just made for picnics. On the other side of the Park, the road rapidly degenerated, as if the effort for a mile or two had been too much for it. However, we hadn't very far to pick our way, and soon pulled up near the first Tee.



With the exception of those Clubs at home which have annexed some old country house, fallen from its former estate, I have not yet come across a course with a more imposing Club House than Lambton. The winter dining-room, the summer ditto, the great Baronial-like hall, in soft soothing colours, decorated with mighty heads, and filled with vast seductive chairs, are something *like* a Golfer's rest, and from the number of visitors they appear to be duly appreciated.

I had a round with "President" Austin, and found the course a thoroughly sporting one ; over-sporting sometimes, for a particularly curly stream has a recurring knack of getting in the way. I finished by holing a 30 feet putt in the presence of a "gallery," unaware of my many previous flounders in the stream. After which comforting fluke we went in, and the tea tasted good.

Just above the Club House, I found a lengthy series of big arc lamps swinging in a wood, whilst underneath and squirming in and out between the trees, was a well-rolled circular lawn. Here was an unheard-of luxury ; an after dinner putting-green under the lights of



many a thousand candle power ; and so the Toronto player may wander out at dead of night, switch on the lights and find out, why he really missed that short two-footer. What a useful thing is a neighbouring Niagara ! On our way home we paid a visit to Upper Canada College, and, although an hour or so late for the annual prize-giving, we spent some time looking round the large substantial buildings, and watching young Canada walk about with its parents and—perhaps—other people's sisters. This college is often called the Eton of Canada, and is run very much on the lines of one of our public schools. The headmaster is a Cambridge man, and about half the masters are Canadian, and half English. In the matter of education from Kindergarten to University, the "Queen City" seems to leave very little to chance.

## CHAPTER V

### A DASH FOR NIAGARA

BEFORE leaving for the West, we made our pilgrimage to that wonder of Nature, which no tourist would dream of passing by. From Toronto the way to Niagara is either round by rail some eighty odd miles, or about half that distance straight across Ontario. Called early, and finding the morning fine, we drove down to the wharf, and boarded the steamer *Cayuga*, a fine boat fitted up in a sort of new art style; as soon as she was underweigh an excellent breakfast was served, after which we sat in the sunshine and watched Toronto fade out of sight behind the glassy surface of the lake. In about 1½ hours we steamed into Niagara River, with Niagara-on-the-Lake our first stopping place, and after that a run of a few miles between wooded banks to Queenstown, where we left our new art boat for an electric car.

Up went the car in curly stages along the side of Queenstown Heights, the summit of which is crowned by a statue to General Brock, a Canadian hero of 1812, who led his men to victory, but paid for it with his own life. Along the top of the hill we ran, catching a glimpse now and then of the whirlpool and rapids far below, and finally pulled up at our destination. We walked across to the Clifton Hotel and deposited our "grips," which we had brought in case we decided to stay the night; the hotel looked so comfortable and the day so bright that we at once decided, and then strolled out to see what we could.

The Niagara cab drivers used to enjoy somewhat the same reputation as that which is now the well earned possession of the Donkey Boys and Guides at the Pyramids; perhaps the biggest things of nature and man incite the native mind to fees in proportion. Anyway, Mena now seems to be well ahead in the extortion race, for after a short argumentative chat of a minute or so, we engaged a trap and a couple of good horses at quite a reasonable rate.

If one has the time, I have no doubt the

best way to explore the many points of interest at Niagara is on foot, but to see as much as possible in one day, the better plan is to drive, for there many things to look at which are scattered over a pretty considerable area.

We sat for nearly an hour by the Horseshoe Fall, just simply looking at it. Perhaps a committee of Homer, Shakespeare, and Dante might between them get up some sort of description which could convey a vague idea of this roll of a thousand thunderstorms; the ordinary mortal can just stand beside the drifting spray, and realise he is but a microbe.

On the American side there is quite a large town which goes in for sightseer-catering and general manufacture, the latter continuing to increase as more power is available. These factories don't help to improve the surrounding scenery, and even Prospect Park has a fenced in, keep-on-the-path, artificial look which jars a little at the side of the mighty waters. What a spot it must have been three hundred years ago, before the days of power houses and notice boards!

Before leaving the American side our driver

was terribly anxious that we should go over a vast model factory dedicated to shredded wheat, where the employees revel in a marble bath and the visitor is escorted round without a charge—the latter a rare attraction in these parts ; but we refrained, and adjourned to the Clifton House for lunch. Here we met two of our *Empress'* fellow travellers, members of the English rifle-team, who had come over to shoot against Canada. We were now to see the Falls from another point of view, and were taken off to a little building near Table Rock, where we were decorated with oil-skins, marched into an elevator, and dropped down into a spot something like the tombs of the Apis Bulls at Sakhara, only here the atmosphere was searchingly damp. Along the slippery rock we crawled, and eventually looked out through many holes into a pandemonium of raging roaring waters ; that was the back of Niagara.

A rest cure followed in the peaceful drive through quiet woods above the Canadian bank until we came to another elevator—this time in the open—which took us down to the whirlpool rapids. Here we watched this harassed river hurling itself through a gorge so narrow that



its waters were forced up into white-crested waves like those of a storm at sea. And this was the course a mortal tried to swim!

After this lengthy conducted tour we left our Jehu, and finding a quiet path a short distance below the Hotel, strolled down it to the edge of the river. There we met the *Maid of the Mist*; we hadn't thought about her at all, but, having experienced all the other thrilling sensations, it seemed a pity not to patronise the little steamer, so on we went, and off steamed the *Maid*. The view from the water's edge is certainly wonderful and the tarpaulins keep off most of the spray. However, the *Maid* bobbed a bit too gaily under the great Horse-shoe, and I got in the way of something more penetrating than spray and finished the trip wondrous damp.

We got by far our most impressive vision of the Falls by night. The moon rose about ten o'clock, and we walked along through the Park to Table Rock. Except for the dull eternal roar, everything was still. There was not a soul about, not a breath of wind, and the pale light of the half-grown moon just struck the line where the river bends over thick and





A GREAT GRAIN CARRIER: A WHALEBACK ON LAKE SUPERIOR. It has a vast cargo capacity having the main decks covered in and rounded over.



heavy like an arc of liquid steel. Niagara must be wonderful under all conditions, but by night it is overwhelming.

Before we left the next day we saw it under still another aspect; the bright sun and blue sky had vanished, and in their place we had thin drizzling rain and dark grey clouds. This colour-scheme suited the Falls admirably and seemed more in keeping with them than summer sunshine.

The change in the weather induced us to give up the Lake trip and to return by train. We didn't gain much in the matter of time, for the train was late, but we did get an opportunity for a hasty glance at the "Garden of Canada." On this little peninsula are grown the most delicious apples, peaches, pears, and plums, many of which now find their way (via cold storage) to the English market. It is not many years since Canada started the exporting of fruit, but now that trade is a large and ever-increasing one, and vast orchards have sprung up in many sections of the country. The Government, with characteristic energy, is doing all it can to assist, and every sort of scientific test is being carried out on the many

experimental farms. Leaving the fruit for a few minutes, we ran through the busy manufacturing city of Hamilton, and then taking an easterly turn, made our way through further orchards to Toronto, along the north shore of the Lake.

## CHAPTER VI

### THE GREAT LAKES

JUST as we had left Montreal with the greatest regret, so we turned westward from Toronto. Our ten days' stay had gone far too quickly and been much too short, to see all one would have liked in the Queen City of Ontario. When we left Montreal we decided that there could be no other spot in the Dominion so attractive, but after a week or so at Toronto one was forced to think again, and the impartial visitor would probably find it extremely difficult to decide which was the more pleasant place, when each has so many alluring claims. Whatever I may forget about Toronto, I shall always remember it as a vision of Union Jacks, and unbounded infectious loyalty to the Empire, the very spot to go to for a tonic when the Little Englander and the Socialist at home become too drearily oppressive.



From Toronto there is a choice of ways to the West, the all rail for those in a hurry, the 'Lake Route' for the rest. As we were particularly anxious to see something of the great Lakes, and didn't at all mind putting in the few extra hours en route to Fort William, we took no time to decide, and at the hour appointed went down to find our train for Owen Sound. Everybody seemed to be going West, for there was a huge crowd at the station and piled up tons of baggage. Amongst the passengers were a pair of shy bridal couples in aggressively new clothes ; each pair had its contingent of boisterous friends to cheer it off.

The run to Owen Sound is only about 120 miles, through a pleasant undulating country dotted with several lakes. We pulled up alongside the Canadian Pacific Railway steamer *Manitoba* and were soon fixed up on board. The *Manitoba*, long and thin, towers above the water, and has a large and lofty saloon and innumerable cabins. There was a full complement on board, and on occasions the saloon somewhat resembled a crèche, so numerous were the children, many of whom were returning after the holidays, some (from

the labels on their grips) to a spot called Kallamazoo, and some to Canadian towns.

Before the sun went down our "floating palace" was well out into Georgian Bay. It was a perfect evening and we spent most of our time on the curiously shaped upper deck. Various craft of weird shape slipped past us in the dark, some carrying ore, and others laden with grain; there is something quite distinctive about the look of the 'whalebacks' with their long semi-submarine bodies and the humpy little deck over the screw; they have mammoth appetites for grain. The next morning we were running along beside the Grand Manitoulin and a series of smaller isles, on several of which were neat little summer chalets where the over-worked American can put in a needed rest cure. As we drew nearer the famous "Soo" Canal, the procession of whalebacks so increased that before we reached the Western shores of Huron they were coming past in perfect droves. Among the many topics of conversation we had listened to during the morning two favourites were constantly cropping up, the first being that twice as much traffic gets through the five million dollar "Soo" as through Suez, secondly we

were assured that England could be dropped and drowned in Lake Superior. Point No. 1 is I believe, quite correct ; as for No. 2, though England is no vast country and Superior is the greatest thing in Lakes, there would be quite a lot of the mother country overlapping on every side.

After a very pretty run through St. Mary's River (which joins together Huron and Superior) we reached the famous canal and were pulled up outside the lock between the two towns of Sault-Ste-Marie. On one side we saw the Union Jack, and on the other "Old Glory." The towns are both prosperous, and commercially important, but to the casual transient observer not thrillingly attractive. The jaws of the giant lock slowly opened ; in we dropped ; and in a very short time were lifted up to the higher level, let out, and away to the waters of Whitefish Bay.

On board the *Manitoba* we had every sort of traveller, commercial and otherwise. One bright young fellow of the former class was full of information. He had been brought up in the furniture trade in Toronto, but finding that in the settled Eastern city the dollars did not

roll up quite so fast as he liked, did the usual thing and quick marched to the West. He was now employed in persuading the people of Edmonton to invest in high class furniture, told me business was booming, and for a young man with push Edmonton was just IT. Like so many of the citizens of the West, he seemed to know the figure at which every foot of Real Estate in his city had changed hands during the past six months. Another passenger was an interesting Australian parson who was on his way home after a visit to England, where he had been going into the question of getting out to Australia a supply of good class English workmen. He certainly had a way of making everything 'down under' appear more than rosy, and was a great believer in the future of his native Commonwealth. The day being Sunday, he conducted a service in the saloon; the attendance was large, but the wails of weary infants mixed up sadly with the hymns.

The temperature on Superior was noticeably lower than on Lake Huron, indeed it is a fearsome spot for the man overboard, for the water is so terribly cold that the strongest swimmer has a very remote chance of keeping

afloat till he is picked up. For hours we pushed along out of sight of land, but the air was so still and the surface so smooth, it was difficult to realise how the same trip can be made through the most appalling gales.

During the day we paid a visit to the baggage master to find that one of our trunks was missing, and that of course the one in which was an assortment of kit for the mountains, in fact the only one we really wanted; but we lived in hopes of meeting it at Winnipeg. Another somewhat tragic discovery was a gaping hole in a light compressed cane trunk : quite the wrong kind of luggage for Canada or the States. This was caused by a solid steel box, which from its weight might have been filled with samples of armour plate, having been bounced on to its fragile companion. The baggage master duly sympathised, and kindly gave us a note to his colleague at Winnipeg who, he said, would soon "fix us."

Another night on an even keel, and in the morning the first glimpse of Thunder Cape, a huge mass of rock standing out black against the sky. We were now close to the land and entering Thunder Bay were soon at Port



Arthur, where we dropped some of our passengers and baggage, and spent about half an hour on deck taking in the prosperous looking town on the hill. Another two or three miles, during which we passed the biggest grain elevator on earth, and our journey through the great Lakes was at an end.



## CHAPTER VII

### ON THE PRAIRIE

As the West bound train was not due for some six or eight hours we got a certain amount of exercise at Fort William, having first left our hand luggage at a hotel bearing the somewhat overwhelming name of Kaministikwia. I am fully persuaded that Fort William is to be one of the greatest cities on earth, and that through the jaws of its mighty elevators will pass the grain for half Europe ; but at present it has a decidedly "one horse" appearance, and seems to cry hard for a wash and brush up. On each side of its wide streets are dotted at uneven intervals tin and wooden buildings of every shape and size. First we saw a properous looking store, its windows filled with an assortment of goods from straw hats to tomatoes, with a bunch of busy fly-papers festooned behind. Then would come a primitive log hut, with a



THE RAILWAY ACROSS THE PRAIRIE: REPAIRING THE LINE



suburban like villa next door, the two divided by a patch of virgin prairie marked "to let"—or words to that effect. Above the lot is a forest of rough unfinished poles, leading about tons of telegraph wires.

There was very little work being done as the day was devoted to some sort of Labour celebration, and the street cars bound for Port Arthur were so tightly packed that passengers on the middle seats appeared to be having a bad time of it. Wandering round the outskirts, we met a few of the inhabitants, and had a chat with a middle-aged woman who was standing at the door of a little house which looked like a cigar-box painted green. She was a native of Gloucestershire, had been out about six months, and was very home-sick; but her husband, she said, liked the place immensely and had found good work and wages. Several times we ran into emigrants putting in their first few months and for the most part somewhat doleful, but of those we met who had been in the new land over 12 months I'm bound to say the invariable answer was, that nothing would induce them to go back again. The newcomer from the

suburbs of London, or even the small provincial towns, naturally finds the new life somewhat strange and is apt at the beginning to brood over the quondam joys he thinks he has lost ; the happy hours passed with cronies at the brightly lighted bars of the Rose and Crown, the odd evenings at his local music hall, and the thrills of a First League Football match. He entirely forgets the day when work was short, and the hopeless prospects he had of getting on in the world. As time runs on, he makes new friends, finds fresh interests, and before many months have passed would not go back to the old conditions for any consideration.

Having made a complete circular tour of the half-grown city, which in a very few years will probably become one of the most important in the Empire, we returned to our hotel with the weird name, where we dined, being waited upon by a haughty young damsel, who, very obviously, was bored to distraction with her present rôle in life. Dinner over, we sat on the steps of the Kaministikwia waiting for the West bound train, and at about 7.30, at the sign of a distant puff of smoke and the sound

of an increasing rattle, walked across to the platform, and were soon "all aboard" and tucked away in our pleasant drawing-room.

The next morning we were rushing along through a region for the most part rugged and rocky, with here and there attractive woods and a glimpse of distant lakes. A little further on flat grassy country began to mix itself up with the rocks and the ever increasing patches of ripened corn: at length shortly before noon we pulled up in the lofty station of the great Boom City.

As summer was rapidly melting into autumn we were advised to get along to the mountains as soon as possible, and so had decided to run through Winnipeg and put in a few days there on our return by the Crow's Nest route. So we stopped over for one train only, and in the interim the obliging baggage master had our wounded trunk promptly and neatly repaired, and was more than patient in helping us to track down the one which was missing, and which we wanted to make a certainty of having at Banff as soon as we got there. It was discovered in the evening in the midst of a baggage car which had arrived from Toronto



direct, and we managed to get it scooped out and shot into No. 96 (our moving home for the next two days) a minute or so before she pulled out. This was the only occasion on which any piece of luggage was delayed a single train, and considering how closely the Canadian Pacific Railway has to follow up the ever growing traffic, to say nothing of the overwhelming westward rush about harvest time, the prompt manner in which these mountains of trunks are handled is quite wonderful.

When the next sun rose we were really out on the rolling prairie, forging ahead along a line as straight as an arrow, with interminable fields of grain on every side. Sometimes the land was flat to the sky line ; at other times it rolled away in great undulating waves ; while everywhere there was a look of healthy activity and prosperity. At short and irregular intervals we heard the rattle of the binders, and saw the many Massey Harris reaping-machines eating their way through the sea of grain, the loose limbed sunburnt farmers here there and everywhere piling into this busy season some of their most strenuous days of the year. It

was hard to imagine that barely a generation ago all these millions of acres of Europe's food were wild open country, with vast herds of buffalo.

We found on the map that we had left Manitoba and were careering through the province of Saskatchewan (a section of Canada about the size of France), and in due course reached its capital, Regina. Here we had about two hours exercise owing to some slight breakdown blocking the line ahead, but as we were always expecting to hear the whistle we dare not wander many hundred yards away. After the comparatively treeless state of the prairie we welcomed the sight of a few at Regina. The station also rejoiced in quite a pretty garden, with the country's motto "The Maple Leaf for ever" worked into a flower bed. In 1900 the population of Regina was about 2000 ; it is now something like 10,000, and expects to grow. It has one or two very fine stores, which supply not only the immediate neighbourhood but all the huge province. We wandered into one of the stores, where the boss of the establishment reeled off to us some of the wonders and possibilities

of his city, and informed us that there were no wheat fields like the wheat fields near Regina. We also saw some of the North-West Mounted Police, that splendid body of men, who for many years have done so much to insist on a respect for the law in the North-West Territories, and whose headquarters were just outside the city.

Away again, and always more wheat and more prairie. The mighty area is stupendous, but as one goes on hour after hour till the hours turn into days an overwhelming feeling of sameness comes on, and the idea incessantly crops up that life on these rolling plains would be terribly monotonous to one who had been brought up in any other kind of land. That this is not really the case I heard over and over again from those who had gone to the great wheat belt from say England, or Eastern Canada. Not only was the slightest feeling of monotony vehemently denied, but one learned incidentally that after the free open life of the plains no other part of the world was worth living in. So much for making guesses from a train !

At any station where we stopped for more



REGINA, THE CAPITAL OF SASKATCHEWAN : THE MAIN STREET  
Regina is 357 miles west of Winnipeg, standing 1,885 ft. above the sea. It is the head-quarters of the North-West Mounted Police



than a minute or two was a general exodus for "constitutionals," and before the end of the day one seemed to be on speaking terms with everybody on board. There is no rigid German formality about getting in and out of trains in Canada ; out you jump and take your walk, and if you're left behind, it's your own fault. In each car the roomy smoking rooms were merry meeting-places, and many an experience is exchanged, many a valuable hint picked up from one's fellow travellers. There's no waste of time in launching into a conversation, and should the new comer happen to be from any other land, he is soon made to feel, quietly and quite politely, that the land he is now in is way up on top of everything, and that never mind who happened to own last century, this one is Canada's.

The Canadian is a glorious refreshing optimist and always ready to back his province or his city against that of any other rival from any other part of the Dominion. Time after time I listened to the most entertaining arguments between champions of places which, to my shame, I had never even heard of ; and the



way in which each one was up in his local details was surprising. If A was 1500 ahead of B on population, why B had come 1700 since the census, and anyway B had 180 more buildings and a couple more churches. Whatever it was—policemen, telephones, factories, or miles of side-walk, each point was down to a decimal. One couldn't help wondering how long a Liverpudlian could keep going on the same line of argument if tackled by a man from Manchester.

That evening we were treated to a most wonderful prairie sunset, and for almost an hour we watched the blood-red sky from the windows of the dining car. Through the night we kept on running West, and early next morning were just outside Calgary in the province of Alberta. At last we were nearing the end of the plains. In front of us the hills began, and far ahead stood out the jagged peaks of the Rockies.

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE PROVINCE OF ALBERTA

CALGARY, from the very fleeting glance we had of it, looked a bright attractive little town, the number of stone buildings giving it a more solid and permanent appearance in comparison with some of the more flimsy towns we had left. We were now right in the "Boom" country, in the thick of the hustlers' heaven, where every one is an optimist screwed up to the top note. Time after time one had found pamphlets on the train (they are scattered broadcast everywhere) just mentioning a few points about incomparable Alberta. After reading some of them through the only logical conclusion possible was that it was a gross waste of time and almost a crime to live anywhere else. But it's the proper kind of spirit, the kind that helps the Albertan to "get there," and as he will tell you in the racy vernacular, "Yes, siree,

right on both feet, and don't you forget it." If we had had time we should very much have liked a few days in this district with a run up to Edmonton, a couple of hundred miles North, where the boom is on the boil and the citizen turns in each night to dream of appreciation in his Real Estate.

The vast region round Calgary is one great elevated plateau some 3000 feet high, and is one of the finest centres in the world for stock raising, besides turning out some millions of bushels of wheat. Although at a much higher level the winters are milder than those of Manitoba and the more Easterly provinces, owing to the soft warm wind known as the Chinook, which drifts across the snow-clad mountains from the land of the Chinook Indians, and runs up the temperature of fortunate Alberta. After leaving Calgary we at once began to rise, twisting and turning about among the foot hills, the scenery improving every mile. Two or three days spent crossing the prairie were a fine prelude to the appreciations of the foothills, though the Rockies needed no such overture. We were now at the entrance to this glorious range, though we

seemed to be running straight into an impassable group of piled up mountains. Another turn, however, and the "Gap" was open before us, leaving just room for the line and the tumbling Bow River to squeeze their way between the mighty rocks. Up, slowly up, with great bare rugged rocks of every shape towering up to 10,000 feet, and below us, sometimes on one side sometimes on the other, the many coloured Bow.

There are magnificent mountains in many parts of the world, and some far higher than the giants of Alberta and B.C., but the first sight of the Rockies impressed me more than any other range I have yet seen. The great naked peaks torn into every fantastic form, and sparsely scattered with the burnt and blackened firs have a vivid individuality of their own and are like nothing else on earth; while around are just a few out of hundreds of square miles of this sea of mountains, with its thousands of peaks yet to be climbed by mortal man.

We had come along some thirteen hundred miles since leaving the Lakes, and the name of Banff looked comforting as we rolled into the

station shortly before noon. Here we were met by the Banff Springs bus, and, together with several train companions (who by this time seemed like old friends), drove over about a mile and a half of quite good road to the hotel. Whatever may be one's opinions about the Rockies there can't be two about the Banff Springs Hotel, which is right up to Canadian Pacific Railway top standard, and as fine a specimen of a mountain hotel as a tourist is likely to meet. Our rooms were everything we could wish, and a wallow in a real large bath felt pretty good after two or three days of train. This was followed by a luncheon which couldn't be beaten in the Place Vendôme, and served in a room with a view across a wondrous panorama of mountain, forest, and stream. The man who chose the site for this hotel had the right sort of nose for location.

In the afternoon we hired a "Rig," the light spider-like local four-wheeler, and had a delightful drive in the Park; none of your railed in, don't-get-out-of-a-canter kind of parks, but a geographical expression of over 5000 square miles. Here we saw the famous herd of buffalo no longer roaming on the boundless





SUNSET ON THE BOW RIVER, IN THE HEART OF THE ROCKIES





prairie, but dotted out in a fenced enclosure and solemnly gazing at the wandering visitor who invariably takes a photograph of them. We met an elk too, but he apparently didn't like us at all, for he went off snuffling with disgust.

On our return we found our way into the sulphur swimming tank just below the hotel and thoroughly enjoyed a swim in the warm water. Those hot springs bubble up all over this district, and are said to rapidly get the better of rheumatism and various other complaints. In the evening there was a decided touch of cool in the air, and a general gathering round the great pine logs which crackled in the old fashioned open hearth of the large and lofty hall, whilst an excellent orchestra played the latest waltz.

There are excursions galore from Banff, and many a day can be spent exploring in every direction. The "trails" are legion and kept in good order by the Dominion Government. One of the most favourite ways of getting about is on horseback, and there seems to be no scarcity of hacks; side-saddles are not the thing, for all ladies ride astride. One delight-

ful ride we had along the valley of the Bow right underneath the mountains. The air was crisp, the horses fit, and the springy turf a joy to gallop over. On the opposite bank of the Bow we saw the "Hoodoos" standing out like sandy ghosts, a series of curiously shaped stalagmitic remains from the river's crumbling banks. We also saw some "Association" goal-posts in the middle of the flower covered meadow, showing that the thrills of football had reached even these heights.

Another day I rode up to the top of Sulphur Mountain with an Englishman (the only other Britisher in the hotel, and he had forsaken his native land for B.C's magnet charms). It would have done us more good to have walked, but there was a hot sun and an absence of breeze, and we were rather over festooned with Rucksacks (full of lunch) and Thermos Bottles. A first-rate zigzag path ran up the mountain, driving its way through the densest of firs till we eventually reached the topmost clump. Here we tied up the nags, lightened the Rucksacks and blessed the fellow who invented the Thermos bottle. At the very top of the mountain on a craggy little pinnacle is a small



'THE HOODOOS' AT BANFF  
Banff is the station for the Rocky Mountains Park, which is 5,400 square miles, and one of the most delightful summer resorts.  
The Hoodoos are curious ghostlike rocks which the river has failed to wash away.



observatory to which we scrambled up, and for half an hour sat and took in the marvellous all-round view. The horses had come up well, but the procession down was a little slow as they resolutely refused to take any slipping risks. Having decided that walking would be quicker we jumped off and drove the animals along down the multi-twisting path. All went well for many a turn till suddenly we came to a black robed object sitting near a tree ; it was merely a somewhat tired priest taking a rest, but unfortunately he chose that particular second for a move ; up went our horses' heads, and with a swish of their tails they turned off right-handed into the woods. My companion suggested to me that this walking scheme had been my idea, which I had sadly to admit, as well as recognise that I was the slimmer and younger of the party, and that from every point of view it was up to me to chase the beasts. Till then I had always considered squash racquets the warmest game there was ! Half an hour later we got on those blessed horses again, and didn't dismount till we reached the hotel door.

A climb almost every one makes is up Tunnel



Mountain, a short and easy expedition, but with a view at the top that is not easy to forget. I walked up there one afternoon with two friends of the train, one a New South Waler and the other from Toronto. The Toronto man had never seen mountains before, and his unrestrained enthusiasm was nearly as fine as the scenery. For a long time we sat on the mountain top and let the exquisite scenery slowly soak in. From the distant west, the Bow River, like a pale green snake, wound its way through the fertile plain, surrounded on three sides by a great barrier of mountain, while immediately beneath us lay the little town of Banff. On the Eastern side we stood on the edge of a precipice and looked down into the meadows where the buffalo roam far below. Far down the valley we could trace the thin steel streak over which an East bound train was gliding to the Prairie, and again the outlook finished in a mass of gorgeous coloured snow clad peaks. We tried a short cut home, but it took three quarters of an hour longer.

A glorious drive is to a lake with the alluring name of Minnewanka about nine miles away. One brilliant morning we got our rig and

rattled off—blessing the land which got such continued samples of heavenly weather—and were soon through the little town and between our friends the shaggy buffalo and the angry elk. Then the road took us round the base of the lofty Cascade mountain, on which we noticed some of the undergrowth just beginning to turn to autumn tints. Every inch of the way was fine and even a large anthracite colliery (which like most other things in the neighbourhood appeared to belong to the Canadian Pacific Railway) isn't at all unpicturesque. By the time we had got to Devil's Creek we had run out of every sort of adjective, but we pulled up on the little wooden bridge and just thought of a few long German ones. The reverie was a bit disturbed by the arrival of another rig which made the bridge creak. It was probably quite safe, but there was a very boiling river underneath, and so, not hunting for any risks, we passed on. An intense blue line between the firs was our first glimpse of Minnewanka, and as we drew gradually nearer the intensity increased.

We drove down to the edge of the water, and then on lunch intent, and with the help of

a sign-post, discovered the chalet we were looking for. The good lady of the house came out to meet us, and didn't waste any time finding food for the hungry. Just after we had commenced to tackle some excellent soup two other young people appeared with a note to us from the manager of the Banff Hotel, and so the party became four. They were a delightful couple from Winnipeg, and (though they skilfully kept it dark and we showed no brilliancy in discovering the fact) were on their honeymoon.

There is a steamer on Minnewanka called the *Lady of the Lake*. She is fifteen years old, and is frequently enlarged. We had between us a note to the skipper, and found him with the *Lady* on the lake. He was an affable individual, and was busily engaged stoking the wood fire and getting up steam. We were the only passengers, the *Lady's* screeches for more being merely answered by echoes from the hills. So we settled down in the saloon (the entrance being through a window), and were soon speeding through scenery very much like some of the Fjords of Norway.

Having run down to the opposite end (about



THE DEVIL'S CREEK NEAR MINNEWANKA  
A beautiful view up the Cascade River in the Rocky Mountains Park



ten or a dozen miles) our little boat was tied up to a trunk and we scrambled about over the rocks and through the trees, many of the latter, unfortunately, just charred remains of forest fires. During the last blaze our skipper was a heavy loser, tons of fuel for the launch, which had been piled up into convenient heaps, having been consumed by the flames which licked up the mountain side. Scattered about in every direction were any number of raspberry bushes just covered with fruit; we attacked them vigorously, and took back as many as we could carry. They were delicious raspberries, but had the invariable failing of their kind in the matter of oozing juice, and somewhat changed the colour of the bridegroom's new straw hat. After a most thoroughly enjoyable day we pulled up at our hotel again about an hour after sundown.

Banff is a pretty hard place to leave, and one could very well spend a fortnight there exploring its many attractions. Our next run was a short one (just to Laggan—one of the names dear to the north country Scot), and we went along by the evening train, leaving about 11 P.M. and pulling into Laggan shortly after



midnight. Only one other passenger got out, and together we walked through the station and found a trap waiting for us. The air was uncommonly keen, and the stars, though aggressively twinkling and crowded together, seemed to make the general darkness darker still.

Leaving our heavy luggage in the depôt, we packed ourselves into the trap under all the rugs and coats available, and set out for the chalet. It was collar work most of the way, the road winding up at the side of a river. We could see nothing, however, except the ghostly outlines of the white painted stones on the precipice-side of the road, which continually warned us to keep on the inside of the track. We reached the chalet at about 1.30 A.M., somewhat cold and very hungry. A roaring fire in the hall thawed out one complaint, and a few crackers and a pot of cheese worked wonders with the other. As it had been pitch dark when we arrived at the Chalet (which, by-the-bye, is a large and comfortable hotel), we had no idea how it was situated. Never shall I forget the view the next morning from the balcony of my room. This perfect masterpiece

of Nature must surely be the loveliest lake in the world ; one cannot imagine a single improvement in any of the features of mountain, forest and glacier which go to make up the whole indescribable scene, and the marvellous and ever changing colour is a sight to be remembered.

There are of course numerous excursions from Laggan. That which the majority of tourists take first is to the Lakes in the Clouds, quite an easy walk or ride straight up the mountain side from the Chalet. Feeling energetic, we walked, and followed the good but steepish trail between the straight tall trees. The air was still and the sun was warm, but the firs were so close together that we were nearly all the time in their shade. Mirror Lake we found first, a pale green pool buried in the pines ; then a steep climb upwards, with several rests on the way, during one of which we were overtaken by a party of three Americans—Poppa, Mommer, and daughter, with a guide in attendance. They were on stiff little ponies, and were having trouble with Mommer's ; she was, I think, the stoutest lady I have ever seen riding anything,

and told us what trouble she had in getting on ; since then the trouble had been apparently transferred to the unhappy pony.

Right in the clouds is Lake Agnes, a delicious little sheet of water tucked away just under the snow in a circular natural basin. From the edge of this lake one could look down upon the others, far below among the woods, and trace out the now diminutive Chalet beside the every coloured Louise. The last bit of the climb was fairly steep, with here and there a series of steps, and "Mommer's" pony for a time enjoyed relief ; but it took a lot of persuasion and our united effort to effect the movement.

We got back to the chalet again about three quite ready for luncheon, which was brought along by quiet-moving Chinamen arrayed in snowy white with gay red facings. After that we basked in the sun on the broad verandah, and chatted with some Philadelphians, who were also seeing the Rockies for the first time. We then joined forces with them, and spent two or three hours rowing about on the lake, which we found a good deal larger than it appeared to be from the hotel. The view from the far end was very attractive, and for some



THE TRAIL TO THE LAKES IN THE CLOUDS  
These lakes, which are at Laggan, in Alberta, consist of three separate sheets of water on the side of Mount Whyte



time we wandered about among the rocks till all that was left of the setting sun were streaks of palest pink across the mountain tops.

The night was a perfect one, and we looked forward to seeing Field in ideal weather the next day ; but it was a white world we woke up in, with snow still falling heavily, and curiously enough at the same time we were treated to a most theatrical thunder-storm. The effect was quite weird, brilliant flashes behind the falling flakes, and heavy rolls of stage-like thunder clattering round the mountains above Louise. Under such meteorological surroundings we drove down to the station, but being comfortably covered with tarpaulins quite enjoyed the drive. We needn't have been in quite such a hurry to leave the warm, home-like Chalet, for as the snow had delayed the train for an hour or two, we had ample time to cool our heels on the platform at Laggan. We were a waiting party of twenty or thirty, the effect of the sudden change having decided a good many visitors to look at the next resort. At about 11.30 we greeted the train, a picturesque study in black and white, the huge powerful engines being the only dark patch in a snowy background. There



is no brilliant paintwork or highly-polished brass about these monsters of the Canadian Pacific Railway, but no sort of weather seems to prevent them forging ahead over the stiffest mountain passes or across endless tracks of the plains.

The run between Laggan and Field is under twenty miles, but in that short distance is crowded together a variety of magnificent scenery almost bewildering in its rugged grandeur, and as we saw it, under a thick white mantle of snow, it was if possible more impressive. We started off in the Province of Alberta, but soon left it after crossing the summit of the Rockies and passing the "Great Divide." The latter name sounded most imposing, and many of us new to the line spent a chilly time hanging on to the steps, with our necks craned out and snow in our eyes, taking no chances of missing it. At last it came, a slender stream branching off in two directions, a large label in wood informing the world what it was. There wasn't much to look at, but from small beginnings those little streams increase in volume and finish far apart—one in the waters of Hudson Bay, and the other in the Pacific Ocean.

When we got to Field it was still snowing, and so we reluctantly decided to forego the glories of the Yoho Valley and push along to Glacier, eighty miles further on. The train stopped at Field for about forty minutes, and we all made a rapid rush for lunch at the station hotel, and in the few spare moments at the finish gave buns to two energetic black bears which were attached to the establishment ; then, returning, took up our favourite position with a couple of campstools on the platform of the last car, and continued the journey down the glorious valley of the Kicking Horse. Backwards and forwards went the train across this gorge with the restless name as we cautiously descended, brakes all on, down the amazing gradient. The pace was often a four mile an hour crawl, delightful for those who wanted to take in all they could of the scenery. At last we reached the valley, the Rocky Mountains were left behind, and the first of our climbing stages over.

## CHAPTER IX

### BRITISH COLUMBIA

BEFORE this trip to British Columbia my ideas of this great Canadian backbone were ignorantly vague. I imagined (and since returning have found some equally uninformed friends) that somewhere on the far side of Alberta a great range of mountains rose out of the plains, and after piercing the sky at dizzy heights slowly descended on the western side to a normal level again, these lowlands running along to the coast of British Columbia. I had no idea that the Rockies were merely one of four distinct ranges, and that after laboriously climbing them one had still to surmount the Selkirks, the Gold, and the Cascade (or Coast) mountains. And so, after a very short breather, we began again to battle up another mighty pile. By this time the snow had stopped and for some time we were able to see every detail

across the vast yawning valleys ; but this didn't last for very long, for we spent quite a time running through necessary, but most annoying, snow-sheds which effectually block the view. We were just out in the open long enough each time to begin to realise what we were missing.

At length after a climb of about 2000 feet we reached Selkirk summit, and descending by means of many wonderful twists and twirls pulled into Glacier about five o'clock, after a really thrilling day's run. The evening was fine, the surroundings looked gorgeous, and Glacier House so enticing that we decided at once to get out and stay ; and before ten minutes had passed had handed over our baggagechecks, secured excellent rooms, and were on the trail to the great Illecilliwaet glacier, the huge snout of which appeared to be only a few hundred yards away. We walked for about a mile through woods which might have figured in a Grimms' Fairy Tale, and finally came out in an open patch where we climbed on to a mighty boulder and had a nearer look at this great river of ice. While we were debating whether to go on, an Australian and his daughter came down the hill and told us we were still some way off : so we

decided in favour of dinner to-night and glacier to-morrow. There was a very merry party at Glacier House and we spent quite a cheery evening. As at Banff, almost all the visitors were Canadian or American, and at Glacier we were the only Britishers. One is glad to learn, however, that more and more English people are going over every year to see the wonders of the Dominion : it is a habit which ought to be energetically encouraged.

Many of the great hotels of Canada we were surprised to find managed, and extremely well managed, by our fellow countrymen. I don't see any particular reason why this should be out of John Bull's line, but that is apparently the rooted idea "at home," at any rate so far as the "plums" of the profession are concerned. The manager of Glacier House, Mr. Flindt, has been in the service of the Canadian Pacific Railway for years, and there was nothing in the way of comfort for the dusty traveller which he and Mrs. Flindt seemed to forget.

We didn't succeed in getting our walk to the Illecillewaet the next morning, for the snow, still on the Westward move, had overtaken us and was sweeping down fairly fast. We also





THE ASULKAN GLACIER IN THE SELKIRKS  
This glacier leads to the Asulkan Pass (7,716 ft.)





learnt that our train (No. 97) due at 2.40 was laboriously pushing its way through these difficulties some nine hours late, and so we settled down for the day. Luckily the snow stopped just before lunch, and immediately that was over a party of eight of us started away for the climb to the Asulkan Glacier. We were a cosmopolitan crowd of mountaineers—our Australian friend and his small daughter, a South African, a Scot from Toronto, two men from Georgia, Mr. "Manager" Flindt and myself. The little Australian girl was a thoroughgoing sportswoman, and tackled the somewhat stiff snowcovered trail in the only shoes she had with her, which were of the very thin order. She said she had never been in snow and this was her only chance. The shoes were killed off all right, but she got up to the glacier.

The trail took us up a good steep four and a half mile climb, but it was well worth it, and the view from the glacier when we reached it was great. On the way down we came across two large porcupines, and one of the old gentlemen from Georgia made strenuous efforts to photograph them. His knowledge of the art was scrappy, but he possessed a

Kodak, and regardless of the fact that it was nearly dusk had bright hopes of a snapshot. The porcupine made off, and promptly swung his tail round each time the American executed a rapid flank movement. We watched this for some time with much amusement, till finally the ardent Kodaker levelled on his victim, took a step back for a bit more foreground, and almost shot out of sight into a swamp. He appeared again dripping and disconsolate having cheered us up a lot ; but he didn't see the humour till dinner-time.

During the evening we made several journeys out to the little office on the line to learn the train's whereabouts and secure a drawing-room. We heard that she was coming along all right, and expected shortly after midnight, and also that there was about a foot of snow at Banff. In September one is, of course, always liable to a fall like this, though it usually soon clears up and fine weather succeeds, but in the meantime the descending trains are apt to be pretty full ; and so when the lights of No. 97 duly appeared far above us in the mountains we were out on the platform to watch her slowly looming nearer, and on her



LYTTON FROM THE LINE  
At Lytton, in British Columbia, the Thompson river, which is green, joins the Fraser, which is yellow



arrival more than pleased to find that we were comfortably fixed up in a more than usually appreciated drawing-room.

Unfortunately during the night we passed through and missed a lot of beautiful scenery, but we got almost as much as we could take in the next day. In fact the last part of the run is perhaps the finest bit of the whole journey. From a series of pleasant placid lakes we ran through a sort of Dante's Inferno, awesome clefts in the mountains through which mighty rivers rush boiling down, and all the time the train is crossing and recrossing from one narrow ledge to another. The grand cañon of the Fraser is worth going all the way across Canada to see.



## CHAPTER X

### VANCOUVER

THE approach to Vancouver was quite beautiful. The country had lost its rugged grandeur, and was now a peaceful land of forest and lake, with the broad Fraser flowing leisurely along, and lighted up with a most exquisite sunset. At last we reached the terminus of the line, pulling into "Sunset City" at about nine o'clock. We had been travelling, off and on, for such a distance that it was almost hard to realise that the buffers facing the engine were really hanging out over the finish of the Canadian Pacific Railway's many thousand miles of track. We were soon out of the massive fortress-like station, and driving up the main street to Hotel Vancouver where we put in the next week.

Western Canada is full of wonderful cities, but none more so than this restlessly progres-

sive port. From 600 people in '86 it has jumped to 70,000, and is still full steam ahead. It seems to have both eyes on the day after to-morrow and the great business buildings with which its streets are lined give one more the impression of a town of a quarter of a million than its present population. Every one talks and thinks in superlatives, and there isn't a citizen who is not certain that before many years have elapsed Vancouver will be the largest city in the Dominion. There is an extraordinary business buzz going on all the time. Timber propositions, mines, fruit farms, salmon-canning, banking, and coal are every minute topics, and even the tourist can hardly avoid a minor speculation in Real Estate, the agents for which are legion. Among many enviable possessions there is one natural attraction which few, if any, cities can rival, and which is without doubt the pride of Vancouver; that is the beautiful Stanley Park. We made all sorts of trips round this wonderful little peninsula, motoring round by day and again under the pale light of a full moon; but the best way to appreciate its beauties is not in a straight run round its nine miles of excellent track, but by slowly wandering about through

its endless quiet paths, and gradually exploring the thousand acres of this British Columbia in parvo. It was always a delight to sit out on Prospect Point and watch the eddies of the turning tide swinging through the narrows, to see vessels from every land coming through the harbour which might hold the navies of the world, and from there to drift into the shade of the forest between the great towering Douglas firs, the giants of their kind.

We arrived in Vancouver on the day of the so called Chinese Riots, but were quite unaware of it. As is so often the case, we found out afterwards that they had caused far more commotion in other parts of the earth than they had on the spot. The following day I met Mr. Chamberlain, the energetic chief of the police, from whom I learnt what had happened, and who kindly sent one of his men to take me round Chinatown; beyond a few broken panes of glass, there seemed to have been very little damage done. Both Japtown and Chinatown are some way from the heart of the city, and each is quite a separate community. The rioters, very much of a hooligan crowd, filled with a desire to down the hated

celestial, marched first upon the latter and vented their rage on the windows, peaceful John Chinaman offering no resistance. This destruction accomplished, a start was then made for Japtown. Mr. Jap, however, is made of different stuff. Having got wind of what was happening, he arrayed himself with broken bottles, table cutlery, or anything that hurt, and came out to meet the foe. This he did so thoroughly that I was informed, the roughs, returned to Vancouver considerably quicker than they had left it. Apart from battered windows, the Chinese quarter was full of interest, a very slice of the Orient dumped down on alien soil.

The labour question is, of course, *the* question in British Columbia, and appears to bristle with difficulties. The working man at present rules the roost, and he knows it, and the politician has to think of the next election very carefully before he says anything. I had many chats with working men, and, as far as I could make out, they didn't want any additional labour descending on the market in Chinese form or otherwise. They offer no welcome to British workmen, or even their fellow countrymen from the Eastern Provinces—a first rate

dog-in-the-manger attitude. There may, however, be points on their side which a casual visitor wouldn't observe.

Another topic, not so widely discussed in the streets, but ever recurring in the family circle, is the great problem of procuring and retaining domestic servants. They are, indeed, rare in this land, and when found the wages they command would cause a flutter in the heart of the London "general." And it is apparently not very much use bringing one or two over, for the demand for wives in that station of life is so keen that their stay is usually short. One lady we met who had paid the passage of a girl from Scotland and her railway fare from Quebec. She had arrived on a Monday, was married on Tuesday, and was looking for a servant herself on the Wednesday. Now whatever John Chinaman's faults may be in other respects, he makes a most perfect servant, and might amply fill the want; but the legislation has made his initial cost somewhat high by putting on a \$500 poll-tax, a somewhat formidable obstacle to the man with the slender purse. A single Chinaman will get through work which would occupy the time of several



servants in England, and through it all appears perpetually cheerful. On one occasion we were lunching with a small party of eight or nine in a pretty little house overlooking the harbour. The luncheon was excellently cooked and rapidly served without the slightest hitch or delay. One Chinaman had done it all, and this after making the beds, doing the marketing and attending to other domestic work. He seems quite content to remain a faithful servant, and unlike the Jap has no desire to be constantly improving his position or poking his nose into his adopted country's politics.

I found the Club a pleasant haven of rest, and the members just as kind and hospitable as they could be. Soon after our arrival I met our friends of the English Rifle Team again, now joined by the Canadian contingent, and took part in a send-off luncheon to them before they left for Australia. We went down to the harbour to see them off on the *Aurangi*, and then inspected the Canadian Pacific Railway boat, which was about to sail for Japan; the large white yacht-like *Empress* looked most inviting, and was a strong inducement to continue the trip westward. We did continue it,



but only in a small boat as far as the narrows, where we industriously fished for salmon. There were dozens of them about, but unfortunately the water was so clear that they refused to be tempted.

On returning I met Mr. Walter Nicholl, the proprietor of the *Vancouver Province*, who took me off to look at the last word in machinery then being installed for his paper. I should imagine that no enterprise in the city is moving any faster than this live progressive paper, which has the latest of the lightning presses pouring out the news of the hour. On this particular day they were responsible for a weighty production of about 120 pages proclaiming in no uncertain manner the resources of the Land of Opportunity.

Somewhat eclipsed by its famous neighbour, but nevertheless of a most go-ahead type is the City of New Westminster which dates back to the distant period of the fifties and rejoices in the name of the Royal City. We drove there one day with a couple of Vancouver friends in a fairly high-powered car which bumped about a bit over the uneven roads, but the scenery en route was very fine, and particu-



A BIT OF NEW WESTMINSTER  
New Westminster is at the mouth of the Fraser, and is the head-quarters of the  
canning industry



larly so when we ran along the banks of the Fraser. Westminster Bridge we found a good deal larger than its ancient namesake, and spanning a river broader than old Father Thames. A centre of the lumbering industry, and a growing manufacturing town, New Westminster is best known to the world as the headquarters of the great canning trade, where the countless millions of salmon which yearly come up the river, are packed and kept in cold storage to be shipped in due course to European markets. There are some thirty or forty of these canneries, and the trade is one of the greatest of the Pacific province.

On the way back I sat by the driver and learnt that he was a Cornishman who had emigrated as a boy about a dozen years ago. He was the son of a village blacksmith, and found that as his father's assistant he was not in receipt of a particularly thrilling income, and so he made for Canada and worked his way West. After a strenuous year or so he picked up one or two cheap bicycles, let them out on hire, and gradually extended his business, so that when motors came along he was able to be among the first in the field to

supply the want. He now owns the excellent garage we had started from and other property, has a good income, has dealt profitably in real estate, and is thinking of taking a car across for a trip round Europe. His father is still a Cornish blacksmith. We met a good many of these young men who had succeeded, several in a very short space of time, and needless to say each one was a fervent advocate of the openings in the "land of opportunity."

## CHAPTER XI

### VICTORIA

AFTER an instructive week in hustling Vancouver we set off one afternoon about one o'clock for British Columbia's capital. The distance of eighty miles is quickly accomplished by the Canadian Pacific Railway's three-funnelled flyer *Princess Victoria*, which forges along at about twenty knots. The trip is a very pretty one. Crossing first the Gulf of Georgia the boat threads her way through numerous islands which are thickly wooded, and here and there studded with little houses (the homes of those who like to live apart from the world) and then out again into the more open water of the Straits of San Juan de Fuca. Here we witnessed a hard fought fight between a whale and a thrasher, the whale apparently getting much the worst of it and churning up the water in his efforts to escape.



Right over the water we could see the snow capped mountains of the State of Washington, and far ahead the deep blue of the Pacific. Finally, after one more turn round a rocky promontory, we swept into the well protected harbour.

There is an air of leisurely peace about Victoria, a kind of half-pay-officer Bath or Cheltenham feeling, and a vivid contrast to its pushful restless neighbour on the mainland. Vancouver perhaps looks upon the capital as a trifle passé, while no doubt Victoria considers the younger city somewhat of an aggressive upstart. The former certainly possesses many fine handsome buildings, beautiful houses and well laid out gardens, and after a series of boom cities the atmosphere of quietude is not an unpleasant change. We arrived unfortunately just before the opening of the new Empress Hotel, which will assuredly fill a long-felt want. I am sure they did their best for us, but it was desperately uncomfortable at the little spot where we stayed. There was, however, a delightful oasis quite near in the shape of the Union Club, a very favourite meeting spot, where in addition to the usual attractive fea-

tures, exercise was offered in the form of squash racquets.

Our first expedition from Victoria was with Colonel Grant and one or two officers of the garrison in the Engineers' launch. We steamed across to the barracks, quite a considerable pile of buildings with accommodation for 800 men, situated on a little point between West and Rose Bay. When the Imperial forces were stationed here in the nineties there was a full complement of Royal Engineers and Royal Marine Artillery, since then, as in other parts of the Dominion, Imperial have been replaced by Canadian troops, and the number of men now amounts only to about eighty. We learnt that it was extremely difficult to get recruits in British Columbia for the ordinary wages are so high that the temptation to remain a civilian is too strong.

From the barracks we had a delightful run along the coast, putting in to the magnificent land-locked harbour of Esquimalt, until a year or two ago the headquarters of our Pacific Squadron. It has since been handed over to the Canadian Government, and now has a rather dreary dismantled appearance. More than

once one heard the hope expressed that the white ensign might again be seen there at no distant date. The little village of Esquimalt is very prettily situated, though it was probably a merrier spot before the departure of the British tar. Having lunched with our hosts in a charming little house overlooking the Straits, we returned by car to the city, and put in the rest of the afternoon with some friends in Oak Bay, where we discovered a delightful little hotel which we much wished we had known of before.

Like Vancouver, Victoria has its Chinatown and we were very fortunate in being taken there (as well as to other interesting spots) by a philosopher and friend who knew his city like a book. The Chinese schools were entertaining, though how the learned looking teacher knew what was happening was not easy to understand. A young lady in trousers was standing up before him apparently repeating her lessons, while the remainder of the class were reading their books and shouting what they read. To an occidental this would have been a little distracting, but it didn't seem to worry the professor at all. We went into two or three Joss Houses, where

Canon Beanlands pointed out to us the meaning of their curious looking contents. They were for the most part ornately gorgeous, though in one instance the oriental splendour was somewhat marred by the presence of a most common chandelier. We also visited a prosperous Chinese merchant and made several purchases ; the old gentleman gave us delicious tea and made many quaint remarks.

From Chinatown we drove to the museum where they have a fine collection of Indian "Totem" Poles, a great number of birds, and many excellent models of fish, and then returned with our guide to see his cathedral and to lunch. The cathedral is at present a wooden one, but a scheme for a fine stone building has been prepared, though at present it only exists on paper. In the afternoon we had a most enjoyable motor run round Beacon Hill, and inland to Cordova Bay through a beautiful valley country over roads lined with English oaks, maple and pine.

Of the many interesting people we met in British Columbia none was more so than the very "live" and active Premier, Mr. Richard McBride. As a casual visitor it was not for me

to attempt to master the intricacies of party politics on the Pacific slope, but, whatever the programme of the Government now in power may be, they have at their head a man who, I should imagine, would see it through or know the reason why. After lunching one day with Mr. McBride and several of his ministers at the Union Club, we went along to look over the Parliament Buildings of which the city is justly and hugely proud. The architect was a young Bradford man and the result of his work is certainly very pleasing; also for the amount expended the capital got its full money's worth, which in such matters is not always an invariable rule.

Victoria is a pleasing spot to loiter in, and many excursions can be made both by land and water, and for those who can put in a longer stay at the proper seasons there is close at hand every variety of shooting and fishing. We returned to Vancouver by the same flying *Princess*, again enjoying the run through the numerous islands, and after spending one more night there, were up with the lark and on the station platform about 7 A.M. the next day ready to begin our long trip eastward.



## CHAPTER XII

### THE JOURNEY EAST FOR HOME

HAVING come by the lakes and through the mountains direct we intended to return by the lower loop of the Canadian Pacific Railway through the Crows Nest Pass, and then by the main line north of the lakes to Ottawa, in this way going through as much new country as possible. The weather was still up to the brilliant sample we had had in British Columbia, though at that early hour there was a coolish white mist hanging over the lowlands, which the sun very soon dispersed. Having checked our heavy baggage to Winnipeg direct, we got up into the observation car and started off to the minute. Although we retraced our tracks all that day the scenery taken in the opposite direction seemed altogether different, while the autumn colouring during our short stay on



the coast had assumed even more brilliant tints.

At a gorgeous spot bearing the unpoetic name of Spuzzum we saw quite a horde of Indians, for the most part a dreary and tired looking gang. One she-Indian was carrying a baby which was fastened down onto a stiff apparatus of wood and bundled up on her back like a knapsack, but, notwithstanding, appeared to be quite contented. Four dear old Californian ladies who were in our carriage pursued it closely with Kodaks and got in a good series of clicks.

At North Bend we had a little time, and again admired the pretty garden with the flowers and fountain, and the grass of Irish green. The little hotel there would be a delightful place to break the journey, and see, more leisurely than is possible from the train, the wonders of the Fraser Cañon. On we went by the Thompson and the waters of the Shuswap Lake, and through the little station of Craigellachie, where twenty-three years ago Lord Strathcona drove in the last spike of the line (so linking up British Columbia with the Prairies and the East), and shortly after dusk

our train pulled into Revelstoke, where we left it for a night at the little hotel.

During the next two or three days we travelled along through new and delightful country by both rail and lake. Leaving Revelstoke early in the morning we had a short run of about thirty miles through a pleasant wooded country to Arrowhead where we found the s.s. *Rossland* waiting for us.

Our train ran right down to the siding until her hind wheels were in the water and we were just opposite the boat. The *Rossland* was of the stern wheeler type, roomy and comfortable, and we were quite a happy party on board. Why the lakes take the name of Arrow, which is proverbially straight, is not apparent, for they are a pair of remarkably twisty sheets of water joined together in the middle by a twenty-mile stretch of river. Every inch of the journey is beautiful, between thickly wooded hills backed by the snow-capped peaks of the Gold range. Little hamlets at which we called, dot the shores, and in some cases a single house seems to be the only reason for a stop. The method of disembarking was very simple; a gangway slid out and a couple of

extensions, shooting forward, landed on the shingle. Down these the departing made their way, and once or twice when the last extension was a foot or two short found it necessary, amidst applause, to execute a short water jump. One very bright little spot we passed, called Halcyon Springs, possessed a trim and neat hotel which looked as if it would make an ideal rest house for a short stay. After dinner we sat between the two big searchlights which, as we steamed along, lighted up the banks in an extraordinary manner.

At length, late in the evening, we got into Robson, where we boarded a train for the next short run. This was about 30 miles along the banks of the Kootenay River, and on the way we got a glimpse by moonlight of the foaming falls, before reaching Nelson. Here we again took to a boat, on which we were allotted cool and airy cabins. The night was quite perfect, and before turning in we sat on deck for half an hour looking at the little city of Nelson which in its picturesque situation looked quite entrancing under the clear moonlight. As the run to Kootenay landing was such a short one our gallant ship was not



PASSENGERS DISEMBARKING ON THE ARROW LAKE  
The lake is on the lower loop of C. P. R., between Revelstoke and the  
Crow's Nest Pass



## THE JOURNEY EAST FOR HOME 131

fitted up with a supply of baths, but with the assistance of the obliging skipper I found on the baggage deck what might have been a "shower," and after removing a handcart, a few boxes and some ice, enjoyed a first rate bath. Almost before we had finished breakfast, at which we were served with the most delicious local fruit, the run was over, and we drew up alongside the Landing leaving with regret the last of the lakes.

During that day's journey one saw and appreciated Canada in the making. Up and up we went through a country of the grandest description lit with all the glorious tints of a Canadian autumn, passing along through one little "city" after another in every stage of formation; and this line of ever-increasing prosperity was nine years ago but an Indian Trail. There were several "old-timers" on the train, men who had been out in British Columbia for twenty years, one or two of whom had not been along the line since the old days of nine or ten years ago, and every mile or two brought out some reminiscence of pioneer days. In these early times life must have been very lonely in the solitary



shacks, and the fair sex were for the most part conspicuously absent. One old-timer pointed out a little clearing where a friend of his had lived and for many years attempted to ensnare a bride. At last a prospective wife replied to his advertisement, and after a lengthy journey reached his little patch. He had unfortunately forgotten to mention that his age was seventy, which coupled with the feelings of being off the map, persuaded the lady after a week's experiment that single bliss elsewhere was preferable. Now, however, all is bustle and activity, and real estate is bouncing up.

As the daylight slowly faded the scenery became even finer, and the line before reaching the pass twisted about in the most marvellous loops. In the dusk we passed mile after mile of coke ovens, and sites for towns in the process of clearing, where large bonfires scattered around lit up what had lately been forest land. After dinner we sat outside the car to see what we could of the remains of the great slide at Frank which occurred in 1903. Although we had only the light of the moon one could easily realise something of the magnitude of the catastrophe. Early one morning almost

the entire front of a mountain 4000 feet high had broken away and fallen with a crash into the valley covering an area of a couple of miles and burying half the little town. We could see the great gaping void in the mountain side, and as far as the eye could reach lay huge pale coloured rocks and débris. The roar of that fall must have been colossal, and small wonder that the survivors of Frank on that eventful morn never ceased running until they reached the next town.

Early the next day we were again on the main line at Dunmore Junction with our old friend No. 96 running in on time, and ready to take us along. Twenty-four hours of the prairie and at about the same hour the next day we pulled up in the lofty station of Winnipeg.

## CHAPTER XIII

### WINNIPEG

THE first impression of Canada's great half-way house is that the very most has been made out of a situation which does not owe too much to the lavish hand of Nature. Although it is placed on a flat open plain, between two sluggish unattractive rivers, with an entire absence of hills, and at one time marked scarcity of trees, the vast, prosperous City cannot fail to favourably impress the visitor, for the atmosphere is bright and clear, the principal streets extraordinarily wide, and the large Municipal and business buildings both imposing and handsome, while in addition there is an air of "go" and cosmopolitanism which is unequalled in any other spot in the Dominion. Even in and around the station itself one seemed to hear the languages and see the representatives of half the Nations of Europe. The emigrants

from every land assemble at Winnipeg, whence they are distributed throughout the whole of the wide North-West. From the same North-West comes train after train laden with wheat, which, passing through this busy centre, finds its way to feed the hungry millions across the Atlantic. The traffic each way therefore is enormous, and the Canadian Pacific Railway yards, even with their one hundred and twenty miles of track, are being constantly enlarged. The population of one hundred in the early seventies has now reached a thousand times that number, and is increasing every year in leaps and bounds.

Leaving the Station we made our way to the palatial hotel which the Railway Company has built, and from our rooms, high up on the sixth floor, enjoyed a splendid view over all the North and West of the city. The Royal Alexandra, where again we found an Englishman in command, is one of the finest Hotels in Canada, and fitted up in delightful taste. The dining-room is one of the most attractive I have ever been in, and every detail, down to finger-bowls, is worked out on artistic lines, while a

band of German Manitobans discourses first rate music.

The Alexandra stands at the side of Main Street which must surely be one of the widest business thoroughfares in existence. It is splendidly paved and contains many important buildings, conspicuous among them being the Union Bank, a large square sky-scraper to the top of which one is taken in an elevator, for the purpose of seeing from the roof the principal landmarks of the City. But the buildings are not all large and impressive and the most tumble-down little shanties are to be seen dotted about among their imposing neighbours. We noticed particularly one sumptuous Bank with snow white classic pillars on a background of delicate green, standing between two most forlorn little wooden stores, one of which was of the most aggressive "Reckitt" blue. At the far end of Main Street are the Hudson Bay Stores, the headquarters of the historic and picturesque company, which for two hundred years held sway over a country about the size of Europe.

There is another huge Departmental Store owned by Messrs. Eaton, which stands out as



the mammoth of Portage Avenue. This colossal building looks as if it could supply the needs of many cities the size of Winnipeg, and doubtless it sends out goods to every part of the Prairie and the far North-West. We went in there one afternoon and found a sale in full swing, with a vast crowd of fair and excited purchasers ferreting through everything. Many had apparently come in from a distance and were laying up a store for months to come. Eatons keep goods to suit every taste, and it was interesting to watch some of the selections. One dear old lady, for instance, was taking back some of the gayest lampshades, oleographs and multi-coloured tea cups I have ever seen ; apparently warmth was preferred to new art in her far off homestead. Among the world of women buying, almost every type of race could be seen, and the proprietors seemed to know exactly the most attractive bait for each. The moss grown motto of "what was good enough for my grandfather" and the "take it or leave it" theory, one comes across far too frequently in business at home, does not hold good in the newer country, where the seller is always ready



to put in any amount of ingenuity and thought, to work out the purchaser's requirements.

Winnipeg is a City with plenty of elbow-room and covers a large area. Its streets are wide, particularly Main, Portage Avenue, and Broadway, and for the most part well paved. But this was not always the case, for not many years ago, to cross the principal thoroughfares after a fall of rain meant annexing no small quantity of the native soil. A favourite story relates how once upon a time a man sent his boy into the middle of Main Street to pick up a hat. Under the hat the boy discovered a man sitting on a load of hay, with a team of horses in front of him; but the true Winnipegger is proud even of his mud, and tells you that there is no mud like it, a statement the average visitor is quite ready to believe. During our short stay in the City the weather was fine, so that any mud stories we had to take on trust.

Like Toronto and Montreal, Winnipeg has its Country Club some few miles outside the city. We were taken out there our first afternoon, after a drive round the suburbs to see residential Winnipeg. The houses which are



WINNIPEG, THE CAPITAL OF MANITOBA, FROM THE C.P.R. HOTEL.  
The city stands midway between the Atlantic and Pacific, on the site of the old Fort Garry, and is growing rapidly



usually of wood, seem to have been built for the most part for comfort rather than architectural effect, though here and there one sees something ornate in brick or stone. The gardens, however, are very pretty, and during the city's short career trees have been planted in every direction and have grown up fast. After a run of a few miles across a prairie road, where for a great part of the way there was a choice of three tracks, we came to the gate of the club, which has large grounds alongside the river, a good golf course, and an excellent Club house. A touch of frost and a keen wind had made the run a coldish one so that hot tea and toast were agreeably welcome, as well as a roaring fire in one of the rooms. We had a fine run back with the wind behind us, and arrived in time for dinner and a good entertainment at the new Walker Theatre.

Winnipeg is well served with newspapers, and in the *Free Press* has one of the strongest and most up-to-date journals in the country. I spent a very pleasant hour one morning in the office and then went off with the Editor to lunch at the Manitoba Club, at which comfortable retreat we found many of the City's

well-known men congregated ; some I had the pleasure of meeting and learnt instructive details of others.

A new, prosperous, and progressive region brings to the front a fine strong species of citizen, and during our too brief stay in the Manitoban Capital we could not help being struck by the many interesting personalities we met. As elsewhere, we found the Canadian Pacific Railway chief at Winnipeg a splendid type of Canadian. Mr. William Whyte, now a Vice President of the line, has for many years directed its operations from the Prairie City, and is both physically and mentally a giant among the captains of industry.

At his sons' home in the outskirts of the City we had the privilege of meeting the grand old man of Canadian politics, Sir Charles Tupper. Born in the early twenties, he has held in turn nearly every important post in the Cabinet, twice High Commissioner in London, and, finally, Prime Minister of the Dominion. In spite of his eighty-seven years, Sir Charles has a mind as bright, quick, and clear as a man half his age, and his advancing years seem in no way to have damped his unwavering

optimism. It was rather like talking to History to listen to one who was well in front of the fighting line, relating reminiscences of over half a century ago. On topics of a later date, such as the All Red Line, his opinions were equally precise and definite. He is no believer in any danger from the thousands of Americans now pouring into the North-West, asserting that after six months residence they prefer the benefits of British Institutions. He has strong ideas against the exporting of another ounce of wood pulp, holding that if the Americans have to have it they should be made to erect paper mills in the Dominion and employ Canadian labour, as they were being forced to do in so many other directions. An hour or two with Sir Charles passed very quickly, for to listen to a man who has done things, and who within three years of ninety can talk of his country's growth with the energy and vigour of a youth, is not an every-day experience.

At Government House we enjoyed the hospitality of Sir Daniel and Lady McMillan and found in the genial Lt.-Governor a delightful example of that old polished school



which is unfortunately not met with everywhere nowadays. Sir Daniel saw considerable service in the field in the Red River Expedition, the Fenian Raid, and the North-Western Rebellion, and took his part in the politics of the Province before being appointed Lt.-Governor over an area about the size of England and Scotland.

Sir Daniel's son-in-law, Major Evans, who was also dining the same evening, is a most interesting companion. He was through the early Yukon days when Dawson was on the fringe of humanity, and soldiering in the far North-West was hardly a Church parade affair. Of the many little side-lights on Yukon life one short story had a touch of real Imperialism which appealed to me. He told us how an officer and his serjeant had rowed against time a hundred and fifty miles up stream, through intense cold and drifting ice floes, to join their little detachment, for the purpose of being present to fire a good salute on May 24, and prove to the foreigners at Dawson that even out on the very edge of the Empire Greater Britain knew how on that day to honour the birthday of the old Empress Queen.

## CHAPTER XIV

### OTTAWA

WE left Winnipeg one evening about 6.30 direct for Ottawa, which we expected to reach at 3 P.M. the day but one after. Early the next morning we found ourselves opposite our old friend Fort William and once more in the province of Ontario. From this point we skirted the northern bank of Superior for about a couple of hundred miles, enjoying the most delightful scenery, sometimes following the many turns of the shore, at others diving inland for a mile or two, but for the greater part of the time the dark blue waters of the Lake were in sight, and its enormous expanse seemed never ending.

After breakfast on the first morning I adjourned to the smokeroom, where I found happily engaged in an animated conversation two Archbishops, a French Canadian lawyer,

and a stout Commercial Traveller from Chicago. The leaders of the Church were both from Winnipeg, one being Archbishop Langevin, the head of the Roman Catholics, and the other the Protestant Archbishop of Rupertsland, who was taking a flying journey to Montreal and back to officiate at the marriage of an old friend's daughter. They were both most interesting and instructive companions, and had grown up with the great Dominion. Archbishop Matheson, who was born at Winnipeg (then the small Fort Garry), told me that it had been the birthplace of his Mother as well, right back in the early days of the Selkirk settlers, so that his family connection with the district dated from the very eve of British occupation there. With Archbishop Langevin was his Secretary, Father La Casse, whose life of toil as a Missionary in the wilds of Labrador and among the Indians of the North-West had apparently in no way affected a most breezily cheery manner and an unending fund of anecdote.

Another night came and went. Still we were forging ahead in the same Ontario. It was a discovery which again impressed one with the

amazing size of this great country, when one realised that all this time we had been rushing along through one Province only, and we were still far from the Eastern borders ; and yet Ontario, though about equal in size to France and Germany, is not the largest Province in Canada.

We were now in a land of big stones and trees, a wild rugged district with few houses and scant signs of humanity. The famous Autumn colouring was in its prime, and every tint immortalised by Turner seemed to be splashed about among the sun-lit trees. The country's emblem, the maple leaf, was a blood red blaze and every tree of the forest emulated the rival favourite in a wondrous range of shades.

Shortly before noon the region through which we were travelling began to assume a more settled and cultivated appearance, and in rapid succession we passed a series of bustling little towns, the greater number of which appeared to be engaged in the lumber trade.

From this point to Ottawa a constant succession of saw-mills were to be seen, and in many

places the surface of the broad river, along the banks of which we ran, was almost completely hidden by an enormous quantity of floating logs, which were waiting their turn to pass through the many mills below.

Finally, at about three o'clock, the towers of the Capital appeared in the distance, and in a very short time we had come to a standstill in the Union Station.

But our run of forty-five hours was not quite complete, and from the Union to our destination, the Central Station, we swept in almost a circle round the City, enjoying in the process admirable views of its many points of interest and the great River on which it stands.

We had now almost reached our last day on Canadian soil, the week or so we had intended to spend in Ottawa, together with the same time at Winnipeg, having been reduced to less than half owing to the difficulty in tearing ourselves away from the alluring mountains ; the distant West is so attractive that it is dangerous for the visitor to leave anything for the return journey, if he is at all tied to time.

As soon as we had arranged the matter of rooms at our hotel—which, by-the-by, was



hardly up to the standard one would expect in a Capital—we went out and spent an hour or two walking round the magnificent Government buildings.

Crowning a lofty hill which overlooks the broad waters of the Ottawa, this beautiful Gothic pile is indeed a worthy meeting-place for the makers of the nation's laws, the glorious site and noble architecture affording a combination which is certainly unexcelled by any of the Capitals of the Old World.

Ottawa is now no longer the centre of a struggling dependent colony, but of a strong virile people, which has demanded and obtained a place in the concert of the Powers.

During the few days we were in the City we heard a good deal about two important events which were about to take place, and which in future years will be put down as red letter days in the country's history.

The first was to be the triumphant homecoming of Mr. Fielding, the Minister of Finance, and his colleague, M. Brodeur, after having completed the commercial treaty between Canada and France, the first direct



negotiation which has been carried through between the Dominion and a Foreign Power.

These two popular Ministers were expected to reach Quebec in two days time, and great preparations were in hand to worthily welcome them.

The second was the impending departure of another member of the Cabinet, M. Lemieux, for Japan, there to discuss with the powers-that-be, and if possible to satisfactorily settle, the burning question of Oriental immigration on the Pacific Coast.

So one felt oneself to be an onlooker in the Capital at the time when Canada was taking her duly appointed place as a sister nation at the side of the Old Country.

We spent our last morning in a delightful drive through and round the city, the Misses Fielding, with whom we had the pleasure of going, pointing out to us endless points of interest.

We were taken first through the Parliament buildings (having the day before seen the exterior only), and duly admired the simple and businesslike appearance of the House of Commons and the Senate.

Some of the portraits in the corridors were not quite so admirable, one in particular, of a past Governor-General, who in real life is of a singularly mild and amiable disposition, being portrayed with the expression and general appearance of a fierce matador. From the two Chambers we went to the Library, where Mr. Griffin, who is the joint Librarian with Mr. A. D. De Celles, kindly took us round.

The interior of this beautiful building is as fine as the exterior, and is apparently as convenient as it is good to look upon.

At the side of the Library are Public Reading rooms, where most of the world's leading papers may be found.

After enjoying the view from the Lover's Walk, we drove away through the heart of the city to the Driveway along the side of the Rideau Canal, passing more than one new park which the authorities were laying out, in their determination to beautify the Capital in every possible way. From the Driveway we continued until we reached the Government Experimental Farm, a peaceful spot, where carefully labelled trees and every product of the soil go through exhaustive tests, and where

the Director and his staff keep in close touch with farmers all over the Dominion.

From the farm, which stands on hilly ground, the view of the distant city is very fine, a cluster of roofs and graceful turrets crowned by the Parliament's central tower.

On our way back we stopped for a short time on Chaudière Bridge, and looked at the fifty foot falls down which the Ottawa tumbles over ridges of jagged rock. Man has made use of some of this volume of horse power, but the resulting mills have somewhat marred the simplicity of the scene.

Before returning to the hotel we drove through residential Ottawa, and saw the homes of many of the law makers.

With one of them, M. Lemieux, I had the pleasure of lunching almost immediately afterwards at the Rideau Club. The Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, appointed Solicitor-General in 1904, and now Postmaster-General, is a good type of the able French Canadian, to whom the pursuit of law or politics seems to come like second nature; with him were two or three French Canadian friends, and a Judge from Cape Colony. I was much interested to learn from



OTTAWA, THE CAPITAL OF THE DOMINION: THE LIBRARY OF PARLIAMENT  
The library is a beautiful polygonal structure. It contains 250,000 books



the Postmaster-General that since the postage on British periodicals had been reduced, there had been a considerable increase in their circulation in Canada ; it is very important that news and comments relating to the happenings in Great Britain should be sent across direct, instead of filtering through other and perhaps unfavourable sources.

We put in the afternoon at Rideau Hall, where we watched a team of the M.C.C., which had been touring in the States, play an eleven of Canada. Cricket is of course, in no sense a national game in the Dominion, Lacrosse being the first favourite with baseball some little way behind, still there was quite a considerable gathering there to see the fun.

The Governor-General's residence is a roomy comfortable house, but does not boast any particular architectural merit. It has the appearance of having been constantly altered and enlarged to suit the ever growing requirements. The grounds, however, are very pretty and heavily wooded.

We had the pleasure once more of meeting his Excellency, who had been over for a couple of days on business and was leaving



again for Quebec. We were unable to wait for the finish of the cricket match, and after a general foregathering in the tea tent said good-bye to Colonel and Mrs. Hanbury Williams, and drove back to the hotel. An hour after we were in the train, and from our carriage took a last look at the clustered towers of fair Ottawa, which stood out bold and clear in the rays of the setting sun.

## CHAPTER XV

### THE ENVOI

THE average visitor probably goes to Canada with the idea that he is to spend some time on a great railway system, but until he has been or seen for himself he can in no way appreciate what those magic initials, C.P.R., really mean.

However, after he has spent a week or two in the country, having arrived in a Canadian Pacific Railway Liner, and has travelled far on luxurious trains, crossed the mighty Lakes, put up at palatial hotels with the three same letters ever before his eyes, he realises at length that he is paying his dollars to a system which is indeed something out of the ordinary, and without the faintest suggestion of exaggeration, one of the modern wonders of the world.

Canada is proud of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and well she may be! In these days of

increasing prosperity, one is apt to forget the enormous difficulties which those master minds who conceived this great enterprise had to contend against—little more than twenty years ago. At that time the population of the country was just over four millions, for the most part scattered about the Eastern side ; while right away on the Pacific slope was a small contingent of settlers numbering in all not more than four thousand.

It was a project of splendid audacity to drive a line through an almost unknown wilderness, across the limitless prairie, and over four mighty mountain ranges, to link up to the newly formed Federation this handful of men in British Columbia's forests.

But it was done, and the line completed five years before the time specified in the contract. The history of this railway's making reads like a romance, and the way in which it was carried out reflects the very greatest credit on those responsible.

In a recent number of a railway magazine, published in New York, I came across many interesting facts and figures of those early days, wherein the writer says :

“In one particular the building of the Canadian Pacific was very different from the beginning of any other road in the wilderness. There was no rowdyism, no drunkenness, no gambling, no daily murder. As one of the delighted American sub-contractors enthusiastically expressed it, this was due, “not to rough usage and old-fashioned Western lynch law, but to law made by the Queen and lived up to and enforced by her people. No liquor is allowed in the country, and under no pretext can any be smuggled in. There are none of the roughs and rowdies hanging around the camp so common on the other side of the line. When a man breaks the law here, justice is dealt out to him a heap quicker, and in larger chunks than he has been accustomed to in the States, and he has a small show when his guilt is once fastened home. All trains are examined and every arrival is known. If a man’s reasons for being in camp are not satisfactory, his stay is very brief. I tell you there is a way to do it, and they are doing it right from the scratch.”

As the Canadian Pacific Railway was built so it has since been run, and there is not a

detail, however small, which escapes the watchful eye in the headquarters of Montreal.

Concerning those chiefly responsible, the palm must certainly be awarded to that hard-working frugal nation north of the Tweed ; Strathcona, Mount-Stephen, Angus, McNicoll, McIntire, Drummond, and Whyte are a few among many of those who made possible the carrying out of this vast enterprise ; and as it was twenty years ago so to-day it will be found that the men to whom most credit is due are, with a few brilliant exceptions, men of the Scottish race ; happy is the prospective tourist who owns a name commencing with Mac, and even the South Country Briton must return home with his admiration increased for his indomitable Northern partner.

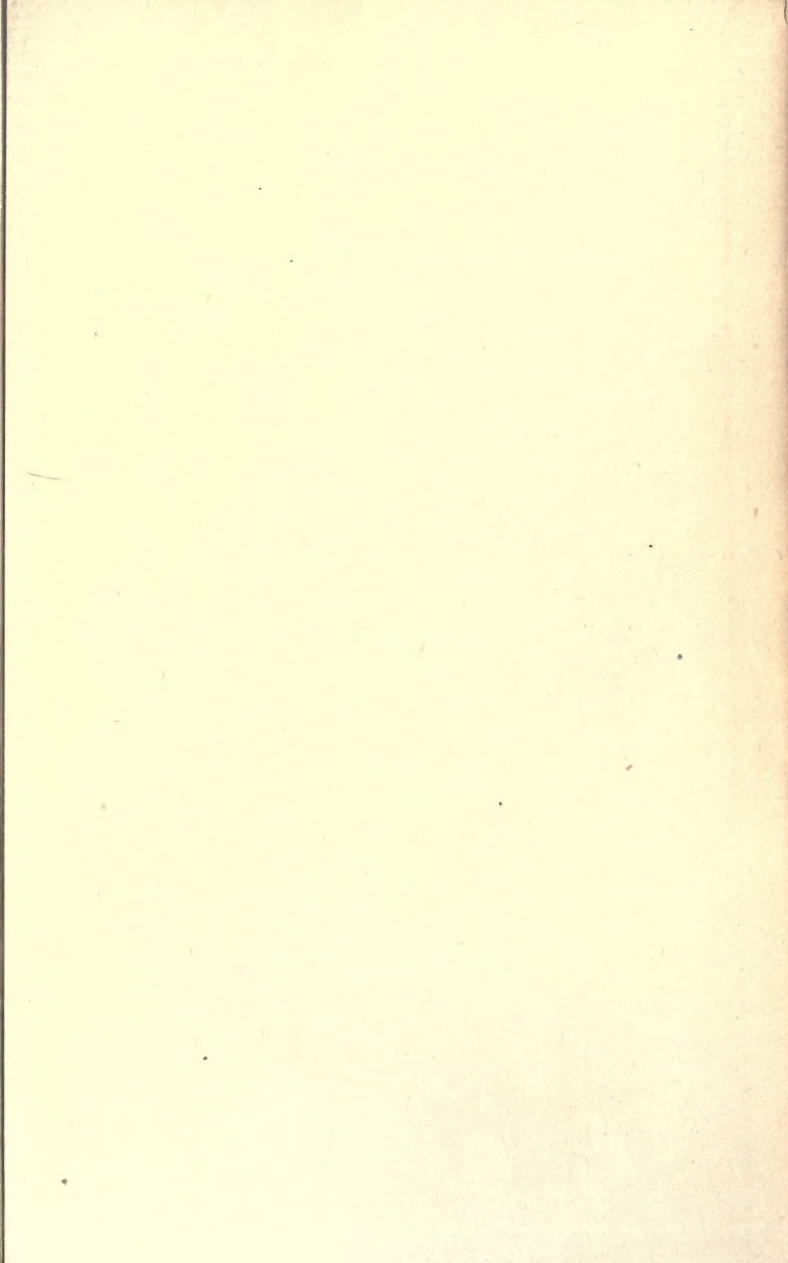
In a short trip of two or three months it is, of course, impossible to see more than the fringe of this magnificent country ; there were many sections, including the whole of the Maritime Provinces we were forced to leave out, but having once tasted the delights of travel in the Dominion the visitor from the older lands will invariably wish to return and on each successive visit learn more and more

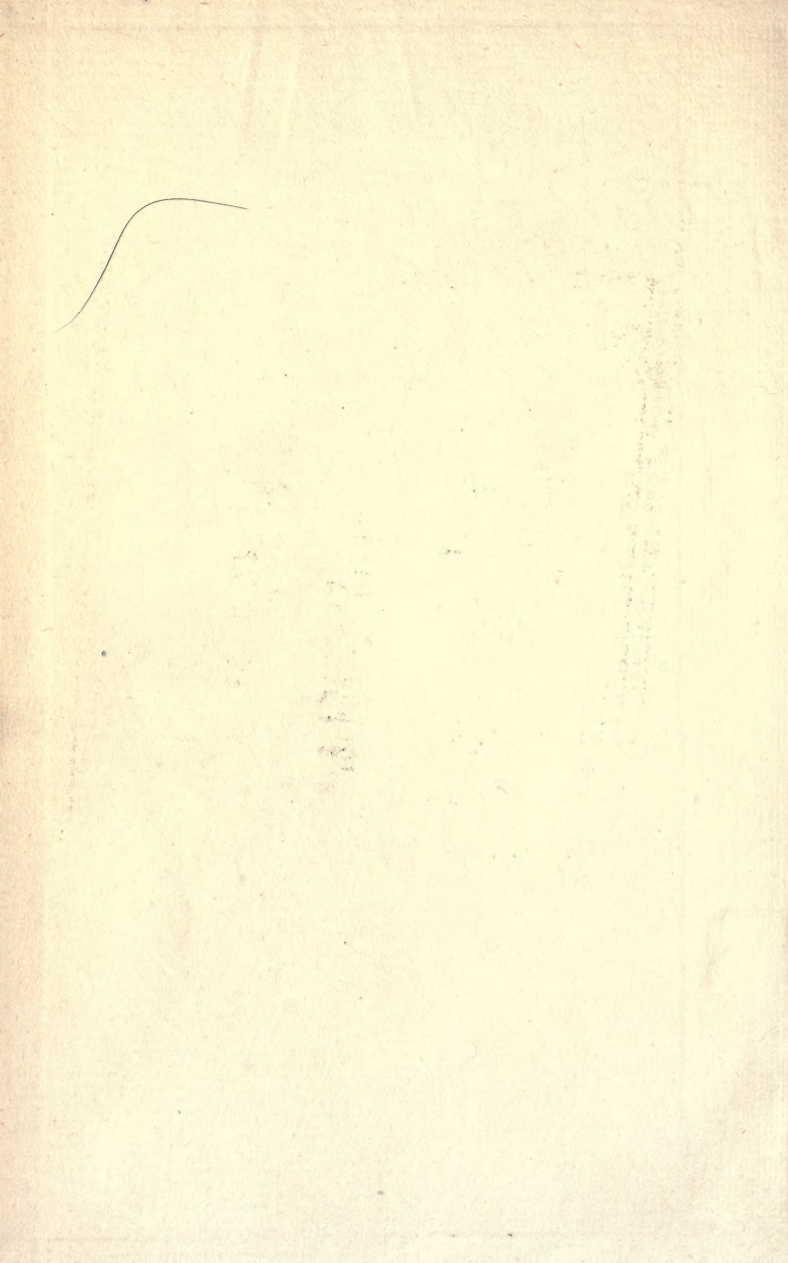
of the panorama of men and scenery this wonderful country affords.

At no time in her history has Canada offered to men of the British race so many enthralling points of interest to study and appreciate. Let every Englishman who can, seize the opportunity of seeing for himself this virile sister-nation and in accepting the hand of welcome so freely offered individually help in strengthening the mutual understanding, sympathy, and respect without which our Imperial heritage must surely fail.









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