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A HOLIDAY
TRIP TO CANADA

By MARY J. SANSOM

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A HOLIDAY TRIP TO CANADA

CHAPTER I

I BELIEVE that very few English people of the working class, or rather that section of the working class who can afford themselves an annual holiday, of, say, three weeks, conceive it possible to go far beyond the confines of these islands, in the time at their disposal. I am certain that still fewer have in their minds the possibility of a short visit to Canada, so that one does not often hear anything, either of what a journey across the Atlantic is like, or of first impressions of Canada and Canadians. Of course there are many elaborate books of travel through Canada, to the Rockies, British Columbia,

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and other distant parts of the Dominion; these are all of very great interest, but they exist only for the wealthy traveller and globe trotter, and are useless to anyone whose time and finances are, like my own, very limited.

Although yearly increasing numbers of our surplus population are making new homes and interests in the daughter country, and there are very few of our British families but have some member or friend, either going, or already settled there, yet it struck me as remarkable how little Canada was known to me, or to the average Englishman; so, being about to start on a short holiday, I thought I would like to experience for myself the hundred and one trivial details connected with an ocean journey, and make an acquaintance, however slight, with some of the nearer towns and famous cities of Canada, and thereby gain some knowledge

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of Canadian ideas and opinions, whilst taking a well earned rest.

I was fortunate enough to secure, by telephone, just the one berth left in the second class on R.M.S. "Royal Edward," 12,000 tons, 18,000 horse power, of the Royal line, only three days before the date of her departure from Bristol. The "Royal" is a comparatively new line, run in connexion with the Canadian Northern Railway, whose branches are extending in all directions up and across the country; out across "the Great Lone Land" to Hudson Bay, carrying settlers and civilization to those remote territories, where, until quite recently, the Indian hunter and the forts of the Hudson Bay Company reigned supreme.

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CHAPTER II

I LEFT Paddington by the Canadian Northern Special for Bristol, on an afternoon towards the end of July, 1911. There was, of course, the usual bustle and confusion pertaining to these specials; heavy vans of postal bags, and piles of luggage, threatening to fall upon and overwhelm the scurrying crowd of passengers, who, like myself, were no doubt looking forward with pleasure to being on the water, meeting the cool sea breeze, and leaving the great heat of 94° in the shade behind in London.

On arrival at Avonmouth we at once went on board; there were over eleven hundred passengers all told. The dock strike had not yet been settled, and several of the firemen were clamouring to get ashore again; but as

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they had "signed on," their desertion would have been a criminal offence, and the police kept them from going with their kitbags down the gangway. They looked very determined, and one or two seemed rather as if they had been coerced into leaving, but they were all kept on board except three, who left by the pilot boat later in the evening.

At last, the mails were all aboard, the last farewells waved from friends on shore, and we cast off, steaming very slowly out of dock.

All was bustle for awhile, every one getting his bearings about the ship. The hand baggage, as well as the heavier luggage, had been carefully labelled with different coloured labels for first, second, and third class, number of cabin, number of berth, and a special label bearing a large initial of the surname of the passenger, so that all one's

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belongings for cabin use were conveyed by stewards on the boat to their proper place without confusion or delay.

Fortunately I had been given a berth in a first-class state-room which was a deck higher up than the second, and where it was not so intolerably hot as on the lower deck.

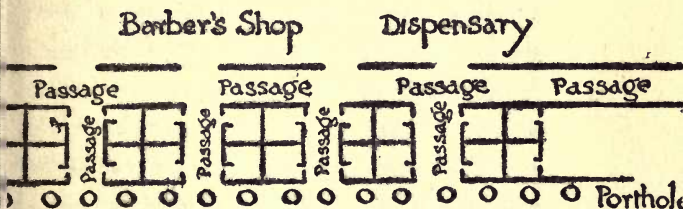
After a good dinner, I at once betook myself on deck to get a little accustomed to my surroundings, and to see the last, for awhile, of old England. It was so hot that I remained on deck until night came, and we could only distinguish the towns by their lights, and, when we had passed Ilfracombe, I turned in.

The state-room and the passages leading to it were very hot, my room being an inside one. I will here describe, as well as I can, the arrangements and positions of the cabins. They reminded me somewhat of the

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formation of the bookcases in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, which are built in blocks, dissected by seemingly interminable narrow passages. In something the same way were the cabins arranged.

Imagine long narrow passages lengthways through the vessel, the inner sides being used principally for the staff; the outer side, consisting of blocks of four cabins, forming a square with a short passage between each block; thus two of each block of four must necessarily be inside cabins without a porthole; for example:



so that the inside cabins have practically no air, and only artificial light. We had two

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fixed lights and one movable one, to the latter of which could be attached a fan. The cabins are most luxuriously fitted, and were, I should judge, about seven feet by eight, each cabin accommodating three passengers, two berths being on one side and a couch on the other. A wardrobe (hanging), with a cheval-glass door, and a deep drawer at the bottom, was placed at the foot of the berths, and a second one at the foot of the couch, and opposite the entrance to the cabin was a mock chest of drawers, which, when pulled out or let down, contained every possible toilet requisite. The bunks were made with wire springs under the hair mattresses, and were fitted with sweet little cream curtains with a quaint design in pale green and pink, to draw along your bunk at will. Towels were never left to be used a second time and the cabins were kept delightfully fresh and clean; the walls were

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enamelled white, and the furniture, I think, was of mahogany with silver-plated mountings.

The boat having its full complement of passengers, we were three in the cabin, the sofa having to be used for a berth, but by arranging amongst ourselves that we would not all dress at the same time, we managed very comfortably, and it will be a very long time before I forget the delightful times we had in that cabin.

My two companions were a merry couple, one, who was, I should think, nearing middle age, was going out to Peterborough to be married; the second was a young schoolmistress, a very bright and refined girl of about twenty-two, going out on the advice of, and with, some friends she had accidentally met at home; that she should be going at all seemed rather pathetic, as she was the only child of a widowed mother for

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whom my heart sometimes ached when thoughts of her, without her girl, left by herself in the homeland, crossed my mind.

In spite of everything being new and strange I slept fairly well; though the ship was ploughing through the water at a great rate, the movement was scarcely perceptible, and, on waking up I had to wait, breathless for a second or two, to be sure that we were moving at all.

In the morning I was more surprised than I can say, to find that I had the dreaded *mal de mer*, as also had my two companions, and we were altogether a sad trio. We could not account for this sickness in any way; I have been many short, rough sea passages—across the North Sea to Norway, round the coast of Scotland from Leith to Liverpool, from London to Edinburgh, across the Bay of Biscay, and have had many stormy journeys across the Irish

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and English Channels, but have never even felt ill, whilst here, with the sea like the proverbial mill pond, we were, all three, too ill to dress. Later in the day two of us crawled up on deck, but I could not take any kind of food, nor even a sip of tea or water, for forty-eight hours.

How I bemoaned the utter loss of two whole days' enjoyment of my ocean journey! I did not like this enforced rest—it was not at all the kind of rest that I sought. The attendance in our cabin was everything we could desire; the stewardess and the bedroom steward vied with each other in their kind ministrations; the latter was quite a humorist, threatening all kinds of penalties if we did not rise, and yet kindness itself in getting and doing everything possible for our comfort. We named him the "fairy" as he was always popping in and out, to have a look round and see if we were quite com-

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fortable or needed anything. The stewardess was a certificated nurse and cheerful under all conditions. We were always the brighter for her visits, even whilst we were ill. By the third morning we were quite ourselves again, and began thoroughly to enjoy our very excellent meals, usually with the keenest appetites, waiting for the gong to sound to get to our places in good time for the first course.

It was the clear bracing air which made us so hungry, not lack of food. Tea or coffee were brought to our cabin as early as we cared to ring for it, an ample breakfast was served at eight o'clock, delicious beef tea brought on deck at eleven o'clock, luncheon at twelve-thirty, tea at four o'clock, dinner at six-thirty, supper at nine p.m., and anything within reason that one might ask for between meals, without extra charge. How liberally we fared

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may be seen from the copy of the menu of our first lunch and dinner on board, which I give below:

LUNCH.

Lamb's Head Broth.

Fried Haddock, Italian Sauce—Singapore
Curry and Rice.

Boiled Leg of Mutton and Caper Sauce.

Rice Espagnoli—Mashed and Plain Potatoes.

COLD.

Soused Salmon.

Roast Ribs of Beef—Canadian Ham.

Galantine of Veal—Corned Brisket of Beef.

Forequarter of Lamb and Mint Sauce.

Salad.

Stewed Peaches and Custard—Eccles Cakes.

Cheese—Fruit—Tea—Coffee.

DINNER.

Consommé Julienne.

Halibut, Syrienne Sauce.

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Epigrammes of Mutton, Jardiniere.

Compôte of Pigeons—Roast Chicken, Bread
Sauce.

Roast Ribs of Beef and Yorkshire Pudding.

Turnips—Broad Beans—Roast and Plain
Potatoes. Salad.

Turkish Pudding. Swiss Roll. French Ice
Cream and Wafers

Desert—Cheese—Coffee.

All this served beautifully and delicately, quickly and hot. A bugle is sounded for first class saloon meals, a gong for second class, and a bell for third class. The meals are informal, and you need not sit through a long wearisome meal; everything is ready, and you may order what you please from the menu, instead of waiting its service in turn, as at a table d'hôte meal.

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CHAPTER III

I FOUND amongst my fellow passengers a great many Canadians who were returning from a round of gaieties connected with the Coronation of King George V and Queen Mary.

There is no difficulty in distinguishing Canadians from tourists or intending settlers, for even though they may have been only a short time in Canada, they seem at once to acquire a great affection for their adopted home, and would soon enlighten one as to their nationality, if it were doubted, especially if one spoke of them, or to them, as "Americans"; for instance, a Canadian on board, in the course of conversation, said to me "I can't think why the people in England will insist on calling me an 'Ameri-

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can'; I told them 'I am not an American! I am a Canadian!' " although he certainly gave me the impression of being an American; later on I found that he had been in Alberta only four years, and that his parents still lived in Chicago, which had been his home.

An officer of the Canadian Artillery (Militia) said to one of his men, who bore an unpronounceable name: "I hear you are a Russian?" "No, sir, I'm not! I am a Canadian, from Halifax!" "Oh," replied the officer, "I was told that you came from Moscow, and that your father was an officer in the Imperial Army there!" "Ah! If you ask me where my *native* place is, certainly, Russia, but I'm not a Russian, I'm a Canadian, a properly naturalized Canadian!" And this man had translated his name from "Femcapapfor" to "Esther," as being easier to pronounce, and as near the meaning of his own name as he could possibly get in

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English. I have no doubt that the change was made to make him appear of true Canadian nationality, although to the French Canadian of Nova Scotia, many of whom are unable to speak English, his accent would sound strange and foreign, particularly as Mr Femcapapfor himself spoke ten different languages.

We also had on board a party of Boy Scouts, bound for home after a real good time in England, and some of the Canadian riflemen who had been over for the National Rifle Association Meeting at Bisley, very proud that their comrade Clifford had won, and was taking the King's Cup with him to Canada.

The majority, however, were journeying to the Dominion for the first time; women going out to marry lovers who had preceded them; or settlers seeking a new home in the land of promise.

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Having in mind the tales one hears as to the unpreparedness of the average settler, and the unsuitable way in which he clothes himself, I was astonished to see how well and fittingly dressed they were for their long journey and the life before them. Families of four or five, including babies in arms, one infant being as young as two months old, all were carefully tended and looked after. I wondered how these mothers had been able to manage during the first two days, when freedom from sickness was exceptional. I was condoling with one mother, and found that she had had no trouble; children were ill only just a very short time, she said, and supposed it was because they were too young to think about themselves. I felt I should like to know exactly how far a Christian Scientist would have been ill in the same circumstances; the two ideas seemed remarkably similar, and a comparison would have been interesting.

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Altogether we were a motley crowd: elderly folk and maidens, young men and children, Britishers, Americans, Canadians, & Japanese.

A lady on board, wearing the braided coat of an officer, is called the "matron of the ship," and gives special attention and help to young girls going out alone; she advises them, and often puts them in the way of obtaining situations, and gives them letters of introduction to people in the towns to which they have booked.

Our commander is exceedingly courteous and kind, but our intercourse with him is very limited. He lives almost entirely in his very comfortable quarters on the bridge deck, and is not often seen about the ship.

Concerning clothes; there is very little need for dressing; one may go in to luncheon and even dinner in ordinary deck clothes, only at a concert, or on some special occasion, does a smart high frock or blouse appear. It

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is good to find that comfort is the first consideration, and one need take but very little for a voyage like this, but *very* warm wraps are an absolute necessity.

When we left England we were wearing the thinnest of clothes; two days after we were in heavy wraps, warm headgear and rugs; on the third day it was very cold, as we were nearing the region of icebergs, and there was a slight fog, for fog seems inseparable from icebergs.

As for entertainment, there is always something to be seen or done. To-day we have seen whales and the sporting of shoals of porpoises; to-night a concert is to be held in the second-class saloon, for which the Scouts sell programmes and make themselves generally useful; on the third deck the passengers have been amusing themselves with games, and have ended by dancing to the strains of a concertina. The games are in-

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teresting and amusing, deck billiards being, usually, the favourite; then the Scouts have to be paraded, and the ship's staff inspected daily, when each person must be at his respective post.

The concerts given in the evenings were sources of much pleasure, and one could not but remark how, during these concerts, everything connected with Canada, whether in the songs or speeches, was applauded; the Scouts' national songs especially so. To such an extent was this carried, that, as an Englishwoman, I felt a little bit "out of it"; however, after the Scouts had sung their own chorus and the "Maple Leaf," they finished up with our grand old National Anthem, and all was well again.

I must say I was impressed when I heard them sing the "Maple Leaf," very seriously and heartily,

**GOD SAVE OUR KING, AND HEAVEN BLESS
THE MAPLE LEAF FOR EVER.**

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In talking to some of these Canadian youths afterwards, I found them intensely loyal, so loyal as would astonish most English people, who are, I fear, more inclined to apathy in such matters.

These jolly Boy Scouts have had the time of their lives, and are getting very excited now that they are nearing home. There are only about forty of them here on board, the chief body having returned much earlier. These few, left behind by the main body, have been taken all over England, have been to Ireland, Scotland, and even to the Isle of Man; every moment of their time has been so variously occupied that, I fear, it has been almost too much for them to have remembered half they have seen and heard; they have fared right royally.

It is quite a fair walk round the ship's deck, up one side and back the other, the "Royal Edward" being 540 feet from bow

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to stern. I believe that she and her sister ship, the "Royal George," were built for the Mediterranean service, and it was intended that only first-class passengers should be carried; this explains the very splendid state-rooms, which, except for position, are much the same throughout the ship; there are also special suites of rooms, consisting of bed, sitting, and bath rooms.

I am told that the company are building ships on similar lines to supplement the service of these boats, which, for comfort, attendance, and a good table, are second to none. Many passengers compared the "Royal" with other better known lines, usually not to the advantage of the latter. These boats, besides a general overhauling, had to have one deck taken away before a voyage was made across the Atlantic.

This voyage seems particularly short to those, who, like myself, love the sea, for the journey across, from Bristol to Belle Isle,

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takes but four days, then one day in the Gulf of St Lawrence, and two days up the river, past Quebec to Montreal, sees us at our destination.

It is curious to an untravelled person to find that each day lengthens by forty-eight minutes, so that watches have to be corrected to that extent every day. I have no doubt that, later on, this will be simplified, and that perhaps the time, as now in France, will be Greenwich time everywhere.

I hear that, to those who are going on the railway journey out West, time is scheduled in the time-tables from one to twenty-four hours; thus, eleven-thirty o'clock p.m. would be twenty-three thirty o'clock.

Sunday is our first really beautiful day, the sun is quite hot, the sea calm and of the deepest blue. It is worth enduring two or more days of sea-sickness to enjoy such a

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day as this, and one wishes that the voyage could continue indefinitely.

Divine service was held this morning in the "First" saloon, and was read by the ship's doctor, Dr Evans. The service was simple and impressive, the singing very good, and the unthought of risks of sea-travel were brought to our minds by the special prayer to the Almighty to "Protect this ship, and all in it, from the danger of the elements."

Later, in the afternoon, a service conducted by a Salvation Army official was held on the "third" deck, and to it, I should think, every one came. It was all very primitive, and the dear old familiar hymns, "Nearer to Thee," "Lead Kindly Light," and "There is a Green Hill," were sung unaccompanied, but with a fervour and heartiness that brought tears to the eyes of many.

As an epilogue to the service, Canadians

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told their experiences of earlier days, and bade those seeking a home in the new land, take good heart, for, with perseverance and "grit," they would not fail to secure a bright future for themselves and their loved ones.

We passed our sister ship, about sixty miles away, this morning, and communication was made by "wireless."

Any news that is at all interesting is put on the notice board, and it is wonderful what a variety of news reached us.

The notice board is quite a centre of interest, for here are all announcements of sports, concerts, articles lost or found, and even notice of a baby show.

We were ahead of the scheduled time by several hours, and were expecting to pass Belle Isle and Newfoundland on the following day, when great excitement was caused by the sighting of an iceberg, probably twelve or fifteen miles away. Field glasses are at

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once in use, and, through them, the berg looks like a huge white ship, very high out of the water, having three distinct pinnacles glistening white in the sun.

This was followed by another, this time a little nearer; it was judged to be about a quarter of a mile in length, and looked just a solid, square block of ice.

Later, we again got into a group of icebergs, dotted about; some were of the most fantastic shape, and of varying size. They are well known to be a source of danger to shipping, particularly when they have melted down nearly to the water's level, for there is still the huge water-logged mass under water;* we all but struck one of them at about 3 a.m., but our engines were promptly reversed, and we escaped. I fortunately managed to secure some fairly good photographs of several of the bergs we passed.

* Since writing the above, the terrible tragedy of the *Titanic* proves how dangerous these icebergs are.

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I was told that one of these large icebergs was sighted not long since, with three bears upon it tramping round and round; poor beasts, they were no doubt finally starved to death.

When these ice blocks are first separated from the icefields, they are three parts underwater to one part above; later, when they get thoroughly waterlogged the ratio increases, and they become seven times deeper under water than they are above it.

One must needs feel compassion for the man in the "crow's nest," a look-out, high up on the front mast. When he sees anything he rings a bell to call the captain's attention to whatever it may be. It must be bitterly cold aloft in the "crow's nest" in this region of icebergs and fog-bank, for even below, on deck, plenty of warm wraps are an imperative necessity.

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CHAPTER IV

WE passed Labrador early in the morning, and entered the Gulf of St Lawrence. Tomorrow afternoon we expect to arrive at Quebec. I hope we may be allowed to land there, but I hear that "red tape" is the rule at the ports, and it is a question whether we shall be permitted to leave the ship. Anyhow there are many passengers whose homes are in Quebec, and all the "settlers" who are going out West, are always disembarked there in the summer, where they entrain for their long journey, the same train taking them through without change.

In the morning we had all to attend in the saloon to receive a card, bearing our name. Later, these cards were completed by

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government officials and doctors after our examination.

For third-class passengers this examination takes place at Quebec, ashore, before they board the train, but for passengers proceeding further, the examination is made on board the ship.

I learn that if there is any doubt of a tourist passing the doctor, it is by far the wiser plan to be medically examined before leaving England, because, if disease of any kind is detected, the person is not allowed to land at all, but has to be taken back again on the same boat, his passage being paid for by the Government.

The examination is very thorough, and one felt inclined to protest against it, but if one complained to a Canadian, he would shrug his shoulders and speak disdainfully of our "open door," and as though we lacked ordinary common sense in not closing it to

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every one but eminently desirables. "If you choose to take in paupers and weaklings from other countries, well, do so; we are not taking any but the fit."

If the cards which I have mentioned are eventually stamped by the Government and medical officials, well and good, one feels free, but it is necessary to keep the card carefully, as a kind of passport. A passenger can always be traced, and if any disease appears, or the passenger, for any reason, becomes chargeable to the Government, any time during the three years following his entrance into the country, he is liable to deportation.

There are no workhouses in Canada, nor, I believe, any free hospitals.

Prairie lands are simply great grass plains thousands of miles in extent; land ready for ploughing, calling for men to do it. Land along the beaten track, or railway track,

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is soon taken; it is the "back blocks" that wait so long to be tilled. There it is, miles away from any other habitation, that the settler finds life so hard and so lonely, for he and his family must live in utter isolation.

I had, of course, learned much of Canada during my few days at sea, and had long talks with Canadians about farming. One man who had been only five years in Canada, declared that there was work for any number of men who may go to Canada, for many years to come.

I asked why English newspapers so often advised young men not to go to Canada, as there was as much unemployment there as in England; to which I received the reply: "Quite right! Because men here, as in England, flock to the towns, particularly those men who are clerks and have lived in towns in England. They go out as far as Winnipeg or Regina, where trains pour thousands of

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men into the towns; these men, after their journey, will often have very little money left; they probably fail to find employment, and are soon in a state of starvation and despair, especially if winter be coming on, and yet these men are wanted on every mile of the country they have passed through.

“Farmers will even go to the stopping stations along the railway track, and walk up and down, asking if there are any men wanting work; but no, they are booked to some great town, and to the town they will go. They could, if it were harvest time, get off the train, earn for themselves two and a half or three dollars per day in addition to their board, and if they pleased, earn sufficient during the summer to keep them through the winter.”

Said my friend: “Take myself, for instance, I went to Regina when I left home;

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I stayed there three months and got only three weeks' work; I had a little money, but living was costly, and I very soon became 'stoneybroke.' I considered whether I should not at once write for sufficient money to take me home, but, fortunately, I didn't. I started with only one dollar, and went about forty miles into the country, where I was received with open arms.

" That was five years ago, I haven't done very great things, but, you see, I have taken a holiday. I have gone comfortably to England, have seen most of your big towns, and have been to Ireland and Scotland. I have seen the Coronation processions and all the sights I cared to see, and I am going into the States to stay a couple of months with my mother. After that, I shall go back, take up my work, flax farming, again. So you see what can be done. At the same time if, instead of going into the wilds, I had

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returned home, I should probably have said as your papers say: 'It is of no use going to Canada.' I should not have thought or spoken of Canada as I can now.

"There is work for thousands, there are great possibilities, there is fabulous wealth both on and under the soil, there is every kind of climate—men and women are wanted everywhere. For women there is always work not only in the homesteads, but in almost every kind of occupation; for nurses and schoolmistresses especially; only, the newcomer should not crowd into the towns, and it is very necessary, with or without capital, to have plenty of pluck and backbone. One must expect uphill work at first, and take, for a start, anything that turns up. No man or woman will lose caste by so doing."

I asked my friend what a man would do as regards food and supplies in the winter,

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alone in the back plots, and he replied: "Near Regina it is so cold that if one gets a good supply of food—eggs, butter, or bread—it will all freeze and so keep as long as the frosts last; not much trouble that, is it? One just unfreezes the things as one requires them. No! there's not much trouble in keeping food in our climate," he said, with a shrug of his shoulders and a determined sort of smile. "The possibilities for men determined to get on, are immense.

"The wealthy people of England should invest their money in millions, for railways and buildings, for people are settling in all directions. A railway here does not need to open up the country by building branch lines and bringing people; on the contrary, the people are already there, almost isolated from the world, waiting for the railway to come and carry their corn, coal, timber and all the riches of the land to the markets of the world.

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“ Of course, as soon as a new branch of railway is open, it brings new settlers. Townships spring up as if by magic, never mind if the buildings be just ‘dug-outs’—or wooden shanties—and there are no roads or lighting. There is not time yet to build proper houses. There are probably, at first, no masons, no builders, no material, until the railway brings them; stores though, however rough, are opened at once.

“ Later on, when better buildings are erected, they are generally of the most up-to-date kind; everything is of the newest design and embodies the latest improvements.

“ It is almost impossible to realize the immensity of the country with its millions of acres of bare, uninhabited prairie. Why! even the greater part of the Province of Quebec is still a barren waste, waiting to be taken up, without going thousands of miles into the interior of the Dominion; how then,

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can one hesitate to make a home in Canada? Besides, compared with the hardships of the pioneers of fifty years ago, it is now all plain sailing. A man or woman can find out beforehand exactly what the climate and the country are like, whatever be the part to which they may wish to go.

“ It is not like going into an unexplored country, entirely ignorant of what it is like, or what you may find when you get there.”

Many other very interesting conversations I had with people living in different parts of Canada, but, as information can always be had at the Canadian Government offices, I need not enter upon them here.

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CHAPTER V

ONE morning a notice appears on the board intimating that telegraphic communication has been established, and passengers may wire to Canada or home, by applying at the Marconi office on the upper deck.

The following morning we are awakened by the almost continual hoot of the fog-horn, the boat has been proceeding very slowly, and we are told that instead of getting into Quebec by about five p.m., we cannot get in until much later. If we arrive late in the evening we shall not be allowed to land, as the officials would not come on board at so late an hour to "pass" the passengers. The baggage, mostly marked "settlers' effects," has been brought up out of the hold, ready to be taken off, but residents of the

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city who hoped to arrive home in the evening, will, I fear, be obliged to remain on board another night. -

Prizes for the successful competitors in the sports were presented by Mr Smith, an ex-mayor of Chatham, Ontario. He had been in London in connexion with the "Sons of England" Society, sent by them as its representative at the Coronation. He was one of a party of seven, who, realizing that Englishmen were being neglected and rather made to take a "back seat" in the new country, formed a society with the object of remedying this. Hearing that I was going on, later, to Toronto, he gave me a letter of introduction to a friend of his living in that city, and begged me to call on, or 'phone to, him if he could be of the least service to me. He was a man exceedingly proud of his adopted country, and seemed very anxious

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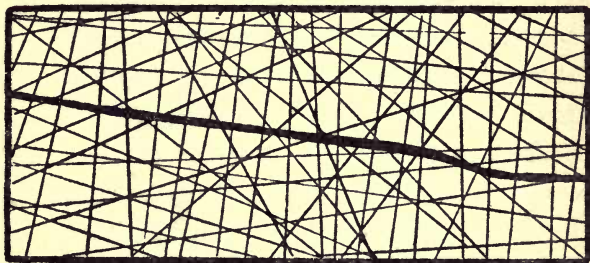
that I should carry away a good impression of it, as I most certainly have done.

I found its people kind and hospitable, most loyal to their new country, yet with a great affection for the old Motherland, its King, and people, and whilst there were some things they deplored in the Old Country, they readily admitted that there were great and perplexing problems always arising, due partly to the difficulty of reconciling long established practices and prejudices with present-day needs—problems of which a new country knows nothing.

I went to the upper deck to send a Marconigram home, as I particularly wanted to see how a message was sent; the wonder of the invention strikes one with particular force when at sea. The chart showing the lines of the different ocean steamers was most interesting. Although a vessel is not often sighted, yet, from this very condensed

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chart, the ocean would seem to be covered with lines of steamers crossing and recrossing in all directions. The chart somewhat resembles this sketch, the thick line representing the track of our own vessel. There was only one operator on board, so we were not in constant touch with all the ships



around us, but even this service afforded those on board a feeling of safety, whilst with two operators and consequently continual communication, the sense of security would be almost complete.

Steaming up the St Lawrence, the country,

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seen from the boat, is very pretty; the mountains in the distance forming a second sharp line behind the line of the banks, and, as it were, a frame to the beauty of the countryside. I did not realize I was in a Province professing the Roman Catholic faith, until noticing, in the advancing twilight, certain twinkling lights, I was informed that they were lights burning at various little shrines, a great number of which are dedicated to St Anne, the Mother of Our Lady.

The sunset earlier in the evening was very beautiful; a low line of fog lay over the land, above which the mountains rose quite clear, their peaks illumined by the setting sun with a pale pink light, and where there was an occasional break in these hills, one caught a glimpse of deep flame, red, in brilliant contrast to the dark and sombre sides of the hills in front.

The scene when entering Quebec was

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indescribably lovely, and like nothing I have ever seen before. The lower town lies very near the water's edge, whilst immediately behind rise the Heights of Abraham, crowned by the citadel and the upper town, which slope slightly upwards to the Plains of Abraham. Seen from the river, after dark, the city is a glorious blaze of lights in varied colours, and on this night the clear sky and a rising moon behind the heights, completed a scene, which, to me, was fairyland itself.

Doctors had come on board lower down the river, but none of the residents of Quebec had been examined. We were brought alongside the landing stage at about nine o'clock; a small knot of people cheered, and, like us, waited to see what would happen. Then the news went round that nobody was to leave the ship, and the small crowd on shore, after waiting for some considerable time, dwindled

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away. The place seemed very foreign to me; one heard French spoken by those on shore. Even the crack of the drivers' whips seemed to have a French accent; everybody on deck was too excited to turn in, and we did not go to bed until after midnight.

I think every one on board had enjoyed the voyage and wished it could have continued much longer; friendships had been formed, and a delightful intimacy had sprung up between many of us during the voyage; now, all were going their different ways, and the morrow would see the first break in what had seemed to be a big family travelling from one side of the Atlantic to the other; in another week some of them would be across the big country and on the shores of the Pacific.

We intended to get up very early next morning to see the third-class passengers and their baggage taken off, but, although we

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were called at five o'clock, the landing had already taken place, and the train would soon be starting; anyhow, not a sight of either the passengers or baggage could be seen. At half-past five the stewardess came to hurry us to the saloon to undergo the official examination. So hurried were we, that some who had infants had to take them out of bed, asleep, and wrap them in shawls; every soul on the ship having to be examined.

We were arranged in groups, each group bearing a number; my group was numbered thirteen, but I got into the saloon before my number was called so that I could take some note of the procedure. Each person presented his card and was brought before a table at which four officials were seated; an official of the ship was also present, I suppose to identify us. Two of the officials were, I think, doctors, the others saw that the Government sheets were properly filled up,

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compared the cards and asked a number of questions, of which the following are an example:

What's your name?

Been in Canada before?

You intend to reside here?

To what part are you going?

How much money have you?

Have you your railway ticket paid through to your destination?

If a woman was going out to be married, or to her husband, they required to know the man's occupation; all children's names and ages were registered. Already, during the voyage, our name, age, next of kin, nationality, place of destination, and a number of other particulars, which I cannot now remember, had been taken whilst under cross-examination in the saloon. Every person as he passed was closely scrutinized by the two keen doctors. If any doubt arose,

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the passenger was sent back; those that passed seemed much relieved, because then their card was stamped by both doctor and other Government officials, and they were free.

One family was kept back, I do not know for what reason, and two Japanese men also were not allowed to land. They were travelling round the world, but not having a certain sum in cash in their possession, they had to stay on the boat until they received bank drafts from New York where money was awaiting them. They then had to take their ticket through Canada and the United States, and for the steamer to take them out of the country again. I was told that Chinamen and Japanese residing in Canada have to pay a poll tax, but no newcomers are now allowed to stay in the country.

An English adult must have a clean bill of health, a ticket to his destination, and

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£5, and for each child or infant £2 10s.

In winter the St Lawrence is frozen over, generally from November till April or May; so thick is the ice, that a light railway is thrown across from Quebec to Levis; the river is kept open for navigation as long as possible, but whilst the stream carries down the broken ice, the tide carries it back again, and forces it together into all sorts of fantastic shapes. Boats, during the winter, have to land their passengers and cargo at Halifax, N.S., whence they are carried by train to Montreal.

The weather growing very warm again, we were compelled to take to thinner clothing. The temperature rose as we got further up the river, until, when Montreal was reached, it was extremely hot.

At Montreal we were accorded a rousing welcome from a crowd of people assembled at the docks. Boy Scouts in particular had

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mustered in strength to greet their comrades coming home from England, and were very busy with a doggerel chorus which runs something as follows:

“ Ra-ro-ra, ra-re-ra,
We are the Scouts from Ca-na-da;
Rickety, rickety russ
We're not afraid to fuss,
But never-the-less
We must confess,
There's nothing the matter with us.
C-A-N-A-D-A,
Ca-na-da.”

The heat on the deck after the vessel was docked, and we were assembled together awaiting permission to land, was intense, and we had to wait, sweltering, for what seemed like hours, whilst all the baggage was taken ashore, the heavy baggage from the hold, as well as the piles of smaller baggage from the cabins.

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It was with the deepest regret that I bade farewell to the many friends I had made on that pleasant, interesting, and all too short voyage. I say friends, for they seemed old friends to me, and now we were all about to separate, probably never to meet again. Many, starting a new life here, are radiant with hope, a stimulating, uplifting hope which augurs well for their success, and I pray that to none of them may come that failure, so often undeserved, which makes a desert of lives, which, in happier circumstances, might have been full of usefulness and joy. That I was not alone in my earnest good wishes for these friends was very evident, for many a heartfelt "God bless you!" was mingled with protestations of friendship, and the saying of farewell. For myself, I was travelling as far as Niagara, and sought for some one who might possibly be glad to join me, but alas! I was doomed

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to disappointment; so, after enjoying six days of good company and good fellowship, it seemed I had to continue my journey and complete my holiday alone.

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CHAPTER VI

THERE was the usual bustle and confusion in the huge Customs house or shed, and on the landing stage. The meeting of friends and relations, the many farewells, the hundreds of passengers, the piles of luggage, the railway officials checking the baggage for the different railways, and the custom house officials wanted by everybody at the same time.

I was in no hurry, as I was remaining in Montreal and had not to catch a train. Everything seemed very strange, but I found some distraction in three girls travelling alone and each in a different direction, who were getting very flurried, and I was glad to be able to busy myself in helping them. I found that around the large covered shed

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were posts with a letter of the alphabet on each of them, and that the baggage of anyone with a corresponding initial was placed at its particular post. It was now ten p.m., and, in the confusion, it was a little difficult to find out what was to be done; however, we soon discovered what was necessary, and I at last, with difficulty, got a Customs officer to pass one lot of luggage, whilst its owner went in search of a Canadian Pacific Railway official to "check" it. This was rather difficult, for it was so hot, that these men had their hats pushed back off their foreheads, and one could not tell which was a "Grand Trunk," "Canadian Northern," or "Canadian Pacific" man, the peak of the caps hiding the badges of the different companies. I went to see if I could get the other luggage passed, but it took a long time and I feared

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that my girls would really miss their several trains.

One of these girls had six big cases, stoutly nailed down, and one of these cases was to be opened, but when I explained to the officer that she was going out with all her belongings, to be married and settled in Canada, and that she had nothing but her own personal luggage, he proved to be a very human soul, for a Customs man, and was good enough to pass the larger packages and examine her travelling bag only.

At this point I, fortunately, came across our fellow voyager, the ex-mayor of Chatham, who knew the ropes well, and I was very glad when he kindly offered to help these girls, and introduced them to a young clergyman who took them in his charge and piloted them safely through their difficulties.

As regards this, I was told I need not feel under any obligation whatever, as this

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clergyman was at the docks for the purpose of helping any young girls who were alone. This was a relief to me, as the hour was late and everything was strange to them.

I had only just left these girls in the clergyman's care, when a lady superintendent of the Girls' Friendly Society asked me about them. She told me that there was great need for keeping a protecting eye upon girls when landing, for Montreal was not a desirable place for a strange woman to be in alone, and great care was necessary.

At last I thought it was time that I should see to my own luggage, which, fortunately, consisted of one cabin trunk only, my other baggage having been left on board for the return journey, or to be sent on should I require it. Going to the post bearing my initial letter, no trunk was to be found, but after some hunting round, as most of the baggage had been taken off to the different

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railways, I soon found it. It had been mis-sorted and placed, by mistake, under the wrong letter.

I was beginning to feel somewhat lonely, for, by this time, most of the people had left, and I had rather a dread of going off to an hotel by myself. However, happily for me, I was hailed by one of my state-room companions, who told me that as her friends had not met her, she had decided not to go beyond Montreal that night, and would very much like to go with me to my hotel.

We were both mutually relieved to find that neither of us, after all, was utterly alone; somehow I felt more strange than I had ever done before on a first visit to any country I had visited in Europe. On our way in the omnibus I found myself sitting beside another fellow passenger, who had been most kind to us on the boat. In the course of conversation I learned that he was leaving

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Montreal for Toronto in the morning *en route* to Chicago. This would take him very near Niagara, and as he had not seen the Falls, and I was alone, he was kind enough to suggest that he should break his journey and see the Falls, and offered me his escort, expressing the pleasure it would afford him if he could help me in any way. Needless to say I very thankfully accepted this proposition, and I was particularly glad to think that I had now two friends at hand when I had expected none.

The hotel at which I had been advised to stay, in St James's Street, was not at all calculated to inspire one with confidence, but I was far too tired and it was too late for me to seek another. There was such a free and easy air about it, and it was so unlike any hotel I had ever stayed in before, that, had I been alone, I should have felt positively uncomfortable, for, so far as I

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could judge, Canadian hotels seemed decidedly rough.

I hear that the Canadian Pacific Railway hotels, such as the "Frontenac" at Quebec, or the "Windsor" at Montreal, are very good, but I did not then know of the latter, so I can only speak at present of this, the first hotel at which I stayed in Canada.

In the corner of the entrance hall was a sort of counter, behind which was a man in his shirt sleeves. I took a room which, with breakfast, was to cost two and a half dollars. He then called a slovenly-looking lad, also in his shirt sleeves, to take our luggage up to our room, for my friend begged that she might share my room.

We went down almost immediately and asked for some food.

"You can't have anything to eat tonight!" said the man behind the counter; I don't know if he was hall porter, manager,

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or proprietor, but he was the only person about. I told him we were very hungry and must have some food.

“ We never serve anything after dinner,” he replied.

“ But,” said I, “ surely you can give us some cold meat and a cup of tea? ”

“ No! ” he answered, “ you can't have anything here. There's a restaurant a few doors up, across the street; I dare say you can get something there.”

“ Do you mean that you would send guests, who are strangers in the town, out at eleven o'clock at night to search for food? Couldn't you give us a glass of milk and a biscuit? ”

“ Well,” said he, “ you can go into that room and ask, but we don't serve meals at all hours like this.”

We turned in disgust and went into what appeared to be a dining room; here I humbly begged a man to get us a glass of milk and

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a biscuit. He said he'd "see." After awhile he brought us a glass of milk and asked if we would like a sandwich. I was so brightened up by the prospect that I felt I could have embraced that young man.

He brought two sandwiches, one each; judge of our dismay, when, on tasting it, we found between two thick pieces of bread, a slice of very nasty cheese; such fare might be expected on the prairie, but in an old and big city like Montreal we were surprised, to say the least of it.

We were very tired, hot, hungry and thirsty, and we went supperless to a very indifferent bed, in a not too cleanly room.

Breakfast was a contrast to our overnight's fighting for food, for it was really a very excellent meal.

On my way out I had heard many bitter complaints of the "tip" system as practised in England and on the Continent, and the

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way in which strangers were "fleece'd" by it at every turn. People of small means, who had experienced only the limited amount of tipping in vogue in Canada, were loud in their condemnation of this custom. This led me to inquire as to what I should be expected to do in this respect after landing, and I was assured that, at hotels, if I wanted special services performed for me, I would, of course, be expected to pay for them, but that tipping, as known in England, was not to be thought of. "Ask the tariff, pay your bill, and walk out; you won't find half a dozen or more people buzzing round you as you leave, anxious to open the door, bow you out, or carry your umbrella to the carriage"; and, so far, I have found this to be the case.

When disembarking, amongst the porters carrying small baggage ashore, railway men, officials upon whom one necessarily has to

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depend for help, not one seemed to wait, or expect, to be tipped; on the contrary, they acted as paid men whose duty it was to do this, their allotted work. Of course, on the boat, it is customary to give a substantial tip to the stewards and stewardess, as payment for services rendered, but, beyond that, as yet, I have not been expected to open my purse for the purpose of a tip. Fancy a porter at the docks, at eleven o'clock in the evening, after most of the passengers had left, carrying my things out of the dock shed, finding a conveyance and packing me into it, saying, "Good evening," and walking away, without giving me a chance to tip him! How much more manly and independent than the everlasting and degrading system existing in England, of asking for a tip, or standing expectant, waiting for it!

I found, too, that in the morning, we walked out of the hotel, without any attend-

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ants looking after us, only wishing the man in the office, "Good day," and paying the lad for taking our things to the railway station close by.

The heat in Montreal, the day after our arrival, was registered as 98° in the shade; it was almost too hot to go out and see the city, and worse still to travel by day, so we stayed the day to see the city, and travelled on to Toronto and Niagara by the night train.

Everything in and about the city had some touch of novelty and was interesting to me. Tram drivers and men driving motor cars were dressed as they would have been here if spending a hot day on the Thames, in a shirt falling loosely over the waist, with sleeves turned above the elbow, and, if driving under a shelter, they wore no hat.

Girls in the restaurants wore, generally, thin white muslin frocks, without neckbands,

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and with very short sleeves, whilst electric fans were in evidence everywhere.

In the restaurants, iced water is given you at once, even before your order is given. No wonder that when such great heat is experienced every summer, iced drinks are so popular, and ice-cream soda in special demand.

All houses and shops, especially restaurants, have fly doors and windows, as well as storm windows. The fly and mosquito doors, made of gauze put into window or door frames, are kept carefully closed, and, judging from the myriads of winged insects of all kinds one sees in clouds around every street lamp, this precaution is very necessary. Storm windows in houses and trains speak for themselves. It would be impossible to keep a railway car warm, with half an inch of frost on the inside of the window; the air between the two windows, in winter, pre-

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vents this dampness arising, and consequently the frost is kept outside.

In Montreal, I believe that two-thirds of the inhabitants are French, the remaining third being a conglomeration of almost every nationality under the sun.

Everything is free and easy, as one would expect to find only in the United States. There are many handsome buildings in the city, but the roads are bad and pavements ill-kept. Many streets have a very untidy appearance, arising from the network of wires that run along and over them in all directions, so much so as to obscure the houses entirely, if you look down a street from the end, when little but wires and their unsightly supports are visible.

A Montreal man will tell you that, as yet, there has not been time to do as they would do; bye and bye, all the wires will be put underground.

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The telegraph or telephone posts, I am not sure which, are simply trunks of trees, the lower part of which would be from three to four feet in circumference; on these are nailed the post boxes for the collecting of letters; in addition to these there are the posts for carrying the overhead wires for the tram service. Even after seeing the maze of wires under a London street pavement, one is curious to know what need there can be for so many wires as are seen in a principal street of an old town like Montreal.

The impression of my first excursion round the city was a very mixed one. I could not imagine myself in Canada, a daughter country of old England; there is so very little of what is English there; on the other hand, it certainly does not give one the idea of being American, it would strike one more as being French, and yet it is entirely unlike any city I have visited in France.

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The railway stations are perhaps more French than any other part of the city. Here they are very handsome buildings; the platforms are like those on the Continent, not elevated; in fact, as platforms, they don't exist; one has to clamber up into the carriages, and is directed to No. 1 or 2 track, not to No. 1 or 2 platform.

You register your luggage as is done on the Continent, or rather, you "check your baggage," and you go "aboard your train." The railway official "on board" the train is a very useful and helpful individual; he looks after the passengers splendidly and seems to consider them as his especial charge.

On long-journey trains, coloured men fill these posts. I cannot speak too well of the way in which the conductor of our train studied the comfort of his passengers. He positively begged us to go by a later

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train because it would be a far more comfortable one and better equipped than his own, but, as this train would allow of our getting to Niagara more than an hour earlier than the special, we decided to go on by it, for we could not have too long a time in which to see and admire the wonders of Niagara.

The trains are heavier, much larger, and altogether different from our English trains. There are doors only at each end, as in our Pulman carriages. At one end there is fitted up a box-like room for smokers; on entering, you go round this room through a narrow passage at the side into the carriage proper. Here the seats are arranged much as the seats are in English restaurant cars, with a passage down the centre, the seats on either side holding two persons; the upholstered backs can be turned, so that you can face either way. If the seat in front of you happens to

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be empty, you can push the back forward, and so have it either to put your feet upon at night, if you are not having a sleeper, or for your travelling bags and rugs. At the opposite end from the smoke room is always a tap with iced water which, in this very hot weather, is a great boon.

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CHAPTER VII

THE journey from Montreal to Niagara is nearly 400 miles; we left the former place at seven-thirty in the evening and arrived at Niagara about nine o'clock in the morning, after waiting long enough to have breakfast and a wash at Toronto.

They have an excellent plan for the examination of tickets with a minimum of inconvenience to the passenger, a system which can best be appreciated when travelling during the night. Railway tickets are issued in long strips of perforated coupons; I have seen tickets quite a yard long for passengers going a long journey out West. The attendant looks at your ticket; you then put it carefully away, and he gives you a small duplicate ticket which you put in your

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hatband or pin to the back of your seat. This saves any further examination, and the attendant can at once see your destination.

The conductor comes to the door and shouts the name of the place at which we are next stopping, and if anybody leaves the train for refreshments he makes it his business to go and see for himself that he is not left behind.

The luggage or freight train cars are huge in every way, compared with ours; most of these cars are thirty-eight feet in length, and after seeing the immense cases landed from steamers at the docks, one realizes that the carrying capacity of the trucks must needs be enormous.

Instead of the shrill whistle we have for use on our trains, they have heavy bells at the back of the funnel of the engine. These bells are, I should judge, about sixteen to eighteen inches in height, and they are

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constantly clanging, although when travelling at any speed, they cannot be heard from the inside of the train.

We reached Niagara at last, and lost no time in finding the best way of seeing the Falls, and as much as we could of their surroundings in the short space of time at our disposal.

I find that most towns in Ontario have a good service of trams, and one line, called the "Belt Line," takes you really round the town, and shows you much that, else, you would probably not see. This is a circular route, and it will either set you down at any place you may wish *en route*, or bring you back, setting you down at the place from which you started; whilst, if you prefer to change before you complete your journey, you are given transfer tickets to cover the unused part of your fare.

To me Niagara itself is just impossible to

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describe. It frequently happens that when a famous beauty spot is visited, its glory and charm seem to have been very much overpraised, and a sense of keen disappointment is experienced, but no brush or pen could paint or describe anything approaching the immensity and glory of the Falls of Niagara, or the beauty of its environs.

The two largest Falls come thundering down, their spray creating clouds of mist, and smaller falls are everywhere; one cannot get away from the refreshing sound of the splash and rush of water, and, wherever you may glance, shady dells and cool greenery meet your eye, creating an atmosphere which is indeed grateful and pleasant in the intense heat of a brilliant summer day.

Lake Erie is 573 feet, and Lake Ontario 247 feet above the level of the sea, and a rushing torrent carries fifteen millions of cubic feet of water per minute over the

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precipice from Lake Erie, down through a deep ravine, widening slightly at the Whirlpool Rapids, into Lake Ontario, from which flows that mighty volume of water, the great St Lawrence River. This stupendous flow of water is, it is said, perceptibly decreasing, owing to the large quantities taken from it for power purposes.

A steel arch bridge, 1,280 feet long, crosses the ravine, over which one can walk from the Canadian to New York State territory, where the town of Niagara is situated. The span of this bridge is 840 feet, and it is 192 feet above the water. The contour of the American falls (New York side) is 1,060 feet, the height 167 feet, whilst the larger or Horseshoe falls, on the Canadian side have a contour of 3,010 feet, and a height of 158 feet. The river, between the two lakes of Erie and Ontario, averages a depth of 180 feet.

The circular car, or belt line tram, took us

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down one side of the river, past the Whirlpool Rapids, and back the other side to Niagara Town, where we had luncheon.

After luncheon we took a carriage, driven by a man of remarkable loquacity, who was very anxious to show us the beauties of *his* famous town and falls. He set us down several times, that we might walk across bridges or rocks to get to different views of the lovely place. One of the surprises of Niagara is the freedom with which a visitor can roam about without being pestered by the guides and curio-vendors usually associated with such a place as this.

I strongly recommend anyone going to Niagara to arrange to spend at least one or more weeks there; I cannot imagine a more ideal place for a holiday, especially during a hot summer, unless it be spent on one of the Thousand Islands of the river below Kingston; but then one would be away

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from the refreshing roar of water; away from the most wonderful sight I have ever seen, or can ever expect to see.

I was told that, some years since, visitors suffered from a veritable plague of importunate touts, but that the Ontario and New York State authorities eventually took action, and put a stop to the nuisance; and to them, for the peaceful quiet which obtains everywhere, and for the beautiful public parks which surround these glorious Falls, the thanks of the whole world are due.

After we had taken tea, and had made some purchases, I had, very reluctantly, to bid farewell to my travelling companion, to whose courtesy and kindness I was so much indebted, and make my return journey to Toronto, where I arrived on the eve of a "civic holiday."

The "civic holiday" is a day corresponding to an English "Bank Holiday."

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The town was very full of visitors, and I had some difficulty in finding hotel accommodation. However, I at last settled in at the "Empress Hotel," in Young Street.

It was whilst in Toronto that I first realized the convenience of the town planning system of building streets at right angles to each other, North to South, and East to West. It saves the confusion experienced by strangers in such cities as London and Paris, where, unless one's bump of locality be abnormally developed, one must at first inevitably be puzzled and vexed by the bewildering arrangement of the streets.

If the topography of the town was easily understood, it is more than can be said of any verbal directions, however courteously given, by the good people of Toronto.

The practice of contraction in regard to proper names, to anyone unused to it, is confusing in the extreme. Inquiring which

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direction I must take to reach my hotel when I was out one day, I was told very politely, but in a rapid stream of words, "Go on tram King West to Younge, ask for transfer Young South." This was rather staggering, but I learned that it was necessary for one to know thoroughly the points of the compass in Canadian towns.

The streets of Toronto have much the same untidy look as those of Montreal, but they are better kept, and there are some very fine shops. The larger drapery stores are arranged and run on the same lines as Selfridge's, in Oxford Street. The hotels are more comfortable, and the general appearance of the town is much better than that of Montreal. The street lighting is particularly good.

In the residential part of the town it seems odd to see the well-kept lawns of the larger houses unenclosed and extending to the

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side walks of the public roads; and, to the credit of the public be it said, these lawns are no more trespassed upon by passers-by than they would be if fenced in by high walls and railings. The flower beds and the fresh green of the lawns impart an air of refinement to the place, and the effect is so pleasing as to make one wish that such a thing were possible in our English towns.

A feature of town life in the Western Continent is the "shine parlours." It is unusual to have your boots cleaned in the hotels. No! you must take yourself to a shine parlour, or send your boots there. These shine parlours are narrow shops, with three or four shelf-like arrangements at the sides. The customer sits on a seat on one of the higher shelves, and places his feet on a lower shelf, and has a five cent shine. At first sight these places seemed a little ludicrous, but it must be confessed that they

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are a great advance on the European shoe-black arrangement.

Toronto is called the "Queen City," and also the "City of Churches"; it well deserves the latter title, for there are churches and chapels of every denomination in abundance, and on Sunday it was, so far as appearance went, more like a Scottish city, with its air of religious abnegation, rather than a young city with which one would associate irresponsible freedom in regard to such matters; but from what I could glean in so short a space of time, I am of opinion that Canadians, besides being an intensely loyal people, are as religious as they are loyal.

I was sorry to find that, as in many churches in England, only when Services were in progress were the doors open; they were closed immediately afterwards. I was disappointed at finding the English cathedral

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closed; in outward appearance it somewhat resembles that of St Giles, in Edinburgh.

I like the speech and accent of the Toronto people; the rather drawled out sentences, with the dropping voice at the end, sounded very agreeable to my ear.

Ontario is almost entirely a fruit growing province, and the shops are temptingly stocked with fruit of all kinds, and not only are the shop windows fitted with gauze to keep off the myriads of flies, but you can buy small baskets of mixed fruits entirely wrapped in pink or white gauze, for the same purpose. The fruit farms I passed in the train are much the same as the fruit orchards in England or the South of France, but instead of being apples or orange trees, they contained mainly peach trees.

On the Saturday evening I went to the Alexandra Theatre. It was a very homely

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affair, just a large hall filled with stalls, and a gallery at the back; for 75 cents I secured a seat in the second row of the stalls. During the interval, the lady who was running the show was called to the front, and made a little farewell speech, in the course of which "she wished she need not leave all her friends who had been so good to her, but in fairy tales we are told that if we wish hard enough, we shall get what we want, so she should wish 'vurry hard,' and she hoped her friends there would wish hard too, and then she would be sure to come back next season." Just a sample of the country—free, kindhearted, simple and genuine.

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CHAPTER VIII

I HAD planned to take the trip through the Thousand Islands in the St Lawrence River, and my plans were almost brought to naught by my inexperience in a trifling matter. When ready to depart, I thought a cab could be hailed from the street, but this you cannot do in Toronto; you must telephone to the depôt for one.

A quarter of an hour elapsed before one came, and I gave up my train as lost; however, I managed to get to the "Union" Station in time.

The Union Station is so called because it is the junction of all the railways in that district.

I was once more struck by the care which is taken by the railway officials to save the

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public from going astray; before a train leaves the Union Station an official walks through calling, " Only Grand Trunk available on this train "; or, " Only those having C.P.R. tickets allowed on this train."

Under the guidance of one of these courteous officials I was soon comfortably seated and travelling towards Kingston Junction, at which place I found myself deposited at some unearthly hour in the morning, with a few other sleepy passengers. Here we sat on high office stools round an open bar on the platform, eating sandwiches and sipping coffee.

I did not hurry, but finding the other passengers had all left, I asked a conductor standing near, at what time the train left for the Pier; he answered, " We're waiting for you now," and took my bag, which I followed, to another platform, and scarcely had I got " on board " before we started

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for the Pier Station, where we were to wait until the boat came in at five o'clock a.m.

The boat had come down the Lake Ontario from Toronto, through a not particularly interesting country, during the night. I had elected to come by train thus far, as it gave me an extra day in Toronto. Anyone making the whole journey from Toronto to Montreal by boat, would find good sleeping accommodation and good food on board.

Are there words in our language which will adequately convey a notion of the magnificence of the St Lawrence? I had expected to see something beautiful in going through the Thousand Islands, but my expectations fell far short of the reality, which is a fairy archipelago.

It was a glorious day, and the water was still, and shone like a mirror. Islands were everywhere, but, reflected as they were in the stream, which resembled a lake rather

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than a stream, they seemed innumerable, and I felt thankful to have been permitted to see the lovely sight.

Some few of them are only a rock, but generally they are wooded to the water's edge; nearly all are small, and only bear a pretty cottage and garden sheltered in the trees; some larger ones are occupied by the handsome mansions of millionaires; whilst one or two have magnificent hotels perched upon them, with beautifully laid out gardens and lawns sloping down to the river's brink. These are the summer homes of moneyed men, and the holiday haunts of the less wealthy, but probably happier, mortals.

The broad bosom of the great sleepy river is the cradle of a fleet of canoes and dainty boats, which flit here and there, and give that touch of life, without which, even Nature in its most lovely form seems lacking in an essential.

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I quote the following from a book which I read on the journey down, and which appealed to me very strongly:

“ Region Grand and beautiful,
Where the red man once roamed free,
Would that we knew thy history old;
All that is known of thee.

Would that thy Islands had a voice
To tell of romance wild;
To tell of deeds that happened there,
Where dreamy Nature smiled.”

We left the Islands behind us, and steamed into a part of the river where we could see its banks on either side; the right bank, of course, being New York State and the left, Canada.

On the way down we passed a monument of great interest, in an old landmark, where the so-called “ Patriots ” rallied in 1837 to assist the Canadians in throwing off the yoke

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of English rule; to their great surprise they were soon convinced that the Canadians loved the yoke; anyhow, they made short work of their would-be benefactors.

The close association of Canada with Britain is in evidence, even on the river, where, on flagstaffs belonging to the little bungalows and camps, you will see two flags flying, side by side, the flag of Canada and the Union Jack.

At this stage of our journey we had to change from our steamer into a much smaller one, as very few, and certainly not large boats, can be navigated down the St Lawrence to Montreal, because of the rapids.

There was great excitement as we neared the first rapid, the river is running as placidly and still as possible, but when the boat draws nearer the fall, her engines are stopped, then, when almost close, they are reversed, a curious grating sound is heard, as though

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the bottom of the boat were scraping on rocks; then, suddenly, we shoot down, passing rocks within about a yard of the boat; the water is dashing, swirling and foaming to such an extent that one wonders how the little steamer can possibly keep her course, and looking back, one sees a sharp line across the river, almost as though a wall had been built underneath the surface; over this the waters rush and tumble, making the river for some distance down, a seething whirlpool.

Great rafts of lumber are floating down the river to the pulp mills. The economy of transport by this method is, I suppose, beyond estimation. Lately, much of the pulp wood has gone to the States, only to be taken back to Canada as manufactured paper; I do hope that Canadians will wake up to the seriousness of permitting the States to share in an industry which should be all her own.

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This river journey is most delightful; the soft cool air after the terrible heat of the towns is quite invigorating, but I must confess to feeling a little sad, when I realize that I am on my return journey. We are fast approaching the second rapid, and before long we shall be in Montreal, and my experience of Canada will be drawing to its end.

One can scarcely imagine that, barely one hundred years ago, these were wild regions, uninhabited except by the Red Indian, and that they alone were at home in and about these rapids, in their canoes. They have been driven farther and farther back, by the advance of civilization, into the interior of the country and are, I hear, a fast dying race.

The Government now reserves tracts of land for them; land which may not be sold, so that they may live unmolested. Some grow corn in small quantities, and if they

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can fish or obtain a little game, just sufficient to live on, they are content.

They are a brave, but lazy, people; a few here and there live quite civilized lives, but it does not suit them, they do not retain the robust health and vim they had in the old days when they lived in the wilds, and I suppose they will degenerate and decay until they are no more.

I am back again in Montreal, where I receive my first batch of letters from home. The charm of arriving here again was the meeting of several friends who came out upon the "Royal Edward" with me. They, with a kindness of which I cannot sufficiently express my appreciation, met me at the landing stage and gave me a welcome as warm as it was sincere.

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One of these ladies constituted herself my guide to Montreal, but, on the whole, it is a city for which I cannot raise any enthusiasm.

To my friendly guide I had much to relate, as also had she to me. In this exchange of confidences I learned that her voyage out was likely to have a romantic issue, a romance not unconnected with the gentleman who had been my kindly escort to Niagara.

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CHAPTER IX

I FELT just a little sad at finding myself once more on board the "Royal Edward," leaving behind so pleasing an experience as mine had been. This sense of sadness was aggravated by the fact that, as regards passengers, I was again amongst complete strangers; it was really good to see the familiar faces of the boat's officials and crew, and my heart warmed to them as to old friends.

We slipped out quietly from the docks in the very early morning; so quietly that, when I awoke, we were well down the river. Three days in the river accustoms one to the slight movement of the boat, and I am hoping that there is less chance of being ill on the homeward voyage.

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Happily it is not long before the ice of formality is broken on board a vessel, and I was soon on friendly terms with many of our passengers.

My cabin companion was a lady from British Columbia, who was going on a visit of several months duration to the Old Country, with her brother.

Compared with the number of passengers on the outward journey, there were very few coming home, and they were of a very different type from those who were on the boat going out.

These were people whose fight had been fought, or who had an ordinary life before them. Those going out had, most of them, a big fight to face, and therefore seemed to draw one's sympathies and interest.

Among our passengers was a party of about forty Canadians, volunteer artillerymen, who were coming over for firing competitions on

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Salisbury Plain and elsewhere. They came from all parts—from Nova Scotia, from Quebec, from Ontario, from Prince Edward Island, and some all the way from British Columbia. They had met and trained together in camp, so they were very fit and knew each other well.

Quite a dozen of these men from the Province of Quebec, could not speak English at all, and one of them had to act as interpreter.

It redounds to the credit of these artillerymen, and I am glad to say that, despite the fact that in England the competitions had, in many cases, to be fired with guns which were obsolete in Canada, and that the men had therefore to learn again how to handle these old guns, they succeeded in carrying off the prizes in nearly all of the competitions for which they entered.

Being now intensely interested in every-

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thing relating to Canada, the voyage home with so many Canadians from all parts of the Dominion promised particular pleasure.

Talking one day to the lady who shared my cabin, I was not a little surprised to hear that many of the older and richer families of British Columbia are descended, on the distaff side, from Indian blood, and are proud to admit this even when evidence of it is not apparent.

When the pioneers went out in the service of the Hudson Bay Company, there were no women, except Indians, and I believe that this all-powerful company rightly insisted on the men honourably marrying the Indian women, whom they had taken away from their tribe.

Yarns of the hardships of the earlier settlers, and indeed of settlers in these days, especially when away from the beaten track, appealed to me very forcibly, particularly

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as the narrator was, in most cases, connected with the yarn, or had known those of whom he was speaking.

Who can fail to admire the grit of a man and his wife who would have to fell trees, build their own hut or "dug-out," carry their provisions on their backs for many weary miles from the nearest place of purchase, to their shanty; wander through forests in search of food, and contend with winter snows and frosts of almost arctic severity?

What townsman, used to close association with his fellow men and to the luxuries and conveniences of a town life, but will shudder at the loneliness of a family, most of whom had been born in one of the back blocks in Vancouver; who, when the father and mother had sufficient money to take them to the nearest town to be baptized, could barely make themselves understood? So lonely had

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been their life, and so limited their intercourse with human beings, that they were scarcely able to speak their own language intelligently.

One man told me of a hunting expedition upon which he went with other youths not many years ago. Chopping pieces of bark off trees as they went was the only way in which they were able to mark the track by which they should return.

On the way back to camp at night, one of them slipped into a badger hole and hurt his foot badly. They carried him as far as they could, until they were too exhausted to take him further; then they left him, and hastened to camp to bring the necessary help. When they returned they found that the poor fellow had been attacked and almost eaten by wolves.

On another occasion, one of the party lagged behind and missed the track, and

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having altogether lost his bearings, could not find it again. After a long search they came across him, frozen to death, not far from the track which they had made the previous day.

I also heard of a girl, the sister of my informant, who, crossing the ice of the St Lawrence river, going from Quebec to Levis, to school, in the early winter, met with an unusual adventure; unfortunately the ice broke away, possibly by force of the tide, and the child was carried away down stream on an ice floe. Happily she was rescued, but only after almost superhuman exertion and with great difficulty.

Despite my friend's terrible story about the wolves, I believe it is rarely that anybody is attacked by them; indeed, they would probably attack only when driven to bay, or when very hungry. The grey wolf of the prairie has not been known to attack man.

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Speaking of animals of the wilds, I had always thought that the pelts of animals were only satisfactory if trapped in a wild state, but I hear that black, grey, and silver fox, the former especially, are being reared in partial confinement, and that experiments covering the last two years have, so far, been quite satisfactory. A particular kind of soil is chosen, a large tract enclosed, and care has to be taken that the animals do not escape by burrowing.

I had intended making some purchases of fur whilst in Canada, but the price asked was greatly in advance of that in London, London being, as they told me, the fur market of the world.

When we reached Quebec, I was delighted to find that we had permission to land for a few hours. I had again the good luck to meet some of the kind friends who had come over from England with me.

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Desiring to see as much of Quebec as possible, we took a carriage and drove round the old and the new towns, and over the battlefields, looking very peaceful and perhaps rather desolate now, with Wolfe's monument alone on the solitary plain.

The authorities have enclosed this monument with a hideous high railing, for visitors had chipped off scraps of the stone to carry away as mementoes to such an extent, that, at last, it was so defaced, that what was left of it was broken up and buried and a new monument erected on the same spot.

I, of course, also visited the monuments erected in front of the Château Frontenac, to the memory of the two brave men Wolfe and Montcalm.

I was rather alarmed when driving up and down over the streets of Quebec; they are so steep and so bad, but both driver and

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horse were accustomed to the roads and we came through the ordeal in safety. I suppose it is impossible that the roads can be kept in good condition, because of their steepness and the effect of the winter's frost and snow upon them.

The streets in the older part of the city are quaint and narrow, and Quebec, to me, was an altogether delightful place.

We went through the fort or citadel which is garrisoned by 200 artillerymen, and is fitted with a "wireless" installation.

From the citadel we had a glorious view of the surrounding country. Looking down on the grand river, and across it to Levis, one could not help being impressed by its beauty now, or imagining how different the scene would be in winter, when, instead of shipping, one would see sleighs, carriages, and even a railway train, making a causeway of the water which was now like burnished

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gold under the brilliant rays of an almost tropical sun.

Our first two days on the homeward voyage were delightful and remarkable for a beauty of atmosphere which I had never before experienced. The nights, with a full harvest moon, and stars which looked double their ordinary size, were such as are not easily forgotten.

The sky being cloudless and the atmosphere clear we had a splendid view of the Newfoundland coast as we passed it, and we could see one of the famous fleets of fishing boats with their sails glittering white in the sun.

Canada is, I believe, desirous of annexing Newfoundland, but the latter is of course the older country, and the Newfoundlanders object to Canada's designs, preferring to have their own governor and be independent.

Canada, too, is anxious to have a navy and

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her own coast defence, and is making strides in that direction; when she has accomplished this, as accomplish it she will, I have no doubt that her ships will be manned chiefly by these hardy fishermen, who, when called upon, will render a good account of themselves.

There is in course of being built, a very large Marconi station in Newfoundland, and I understand that Messrs Harmsworth have built large paper mills there, for the pulp or pulp wood can be procured and the paper manufactured and carried to England more cheaply than it can be produced in the latter country.

We sighted a number of icebergs after passing Belle Isle, as many as seven being in sight at one time.

Several stowaways have been found in the coal bunkers; they have been seen by the engineers, but as these bunkers open one

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into the other, the stowaways cannot very well be got at until much of the coal has been consumed.

On one voyage, as many as thirteen stowaways were found, but instead of keeping them to prosecute on arrival in port, they were set to work to earn their passage by stoking, and anyone who has seen a stoker come up from the engine room will realize how heavy a toll these stowaways paid for their passage, for of wages there would be none.

There would seem to be no end to the wonders of science as applied to safeguarding navigation. Chatting to the Marconi operator one day, he went to much trouble to explain to me the method of submarine signalling, now in use on most well regulated vessels. I would not repeat the technical details with which he favoured me even if I could, but he told me that if the ship is in a fog,

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the operator, by placing a certain receiver to his ear, can at once tell, not only whether another ship is near, but also its position; and by a still newer and more wonderful invention, sounds can be transmitted under water, caught by a recorder on the ship's bottom, and sent on to the captain on his bridge, so that even a bell-buoy, otherwise inaudible, can be heard and its warning heeded.

With so many safeguards one might easily be lulled into a sense of absolute safety on a modern, up-to-date passenger boat, and though the protection afforded by science, which is so wonderful, can be rendered useless in a moment by the smallest error, which is so human, yet, thanks to the splendid men who command the ships of the maritime nations, that sense of safety is rarely shocked, and the traveller heeds nothing, but goes his way in comfort and confidence.

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I had mentioned that I should like to be shown over the ship, and with the usual courtesy with which every request was met on board the "Royal Edward," I was informed that at four o'clock in the afternoon I should be taken round.

The kitchens were a marvel of cleanliness, spacious and with plenty of air; the bakehouse, where three master bakers are required, still-room and serving room, are apart from the cook's galley. In the latter the dinner was placed ready for cooking; huge copper vessels with potatoes ready to be boiled; large square tins, some holding perhaps a dozen ducks, others containing joints of meat all ready for the oven. We were also shown a culinary novelty in the shape of an automatic egg boiler, which, when the eggs had been boiling the correct length of time, was lifted up out of the water.

I forgot to ask how many cooks there were,

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but there must be quite a small army of them, for there are about 1,200 passengers aboard besides the officers and crew, and the dining tables are scarcely cleared before it is time to set them again.

I have lately come to the conclusion that, in these days, the average child is coddled and sheltered to an unreasonable extent by adoring and over-anxious parents, and I wonder what the majority of these good folk would think of a child of eight or nine years of age being sent on a journey across the Atlantic alone.

We had on board a little fellow of this tender age, who had been placed in charge of the stewardess, and a real good time he had. The passengers, especially the men folk, laid themselves out to amuse him and make him happy.

I am told that it is no uncommon occurrence for a child to take, not only this

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journey, but also the journey across the Canadian continent, "out West." On the latter trip, a ticket bearing its name, address, destination and other particulars, is sewn to its clothes, and it is always well looked after by everybody, and, without exception, is always handed over in safety to the person to whom it is going.

I cannot help but think that journeys taken under these conditions, given certain qualities in the child, must tend to create a spirit of independence and self-reliance which serve it in good stead in its inevitable fight for existence in after years.

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CHAPTER X

WHEN disembarking at Avonmouth, I could not but remark the difference in the facility with which landing in England was effected, compared with the strict examination enforced by the Governments of Canada and the United States.

Here they do not even trouble to question persons individually; an official simply calls out: "Are you a British subject?" as the disembarking passengers crowd down the gangways, not one in six of whom troubles to answer at all. It is not only ineffective, it is ludicrous.

And now, once again, I am on English soil. A company of artillerymen and a band have come to greet their comrades from across the Atlantic.

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I felt ashamed to see men on the landing stage standing with their heads covered whilst the band played the National Anthem. How astonished the Canadians must have been, for the observation of the outward and visible signs of loyalty is no more lacking in them, than is a deep and true sense of it an inherent part of them, and a national characteristic.

We had not received any news for some days, and were disturbed and distressed to find that we had arrived only just in time to get to London before the great railway strike began. Already the military were guarding the stations and railway lines, and the place seemed like an armed camp, so very unlike our steady, stolid, regular old England.

The great heat still continues, the burnt-up fields with not a vestige of grass for the poor cattle, and pasture as brown as a

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ploughed field is seen everywhere, and is eloquent of the extreme drought from which England has suffered during this summer.

Glancing through a newspaper on my journey to London, I noticed the report of a lecture given by a certain Radical M.P., in which he laid great stress upon the number of slums to be found in the cities of Canada, and the enormous rents demanded from the poorer classes for the most wretched little tenements. He also spoke very strongly as to the undesirability of sending our best men to Canada. Incidentally he mentioned that he himself should go out again, probably to stay.

Whilst admitting that my own experience is very limited, yet it did include three of the oldest and largest towns, Montreal, Toronto, and Quebec, where slums and poverty would, if anywhere, be found; and although I made a point in every case, of

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seeing the poorer parts of the towns, I saw nothing approaching the squalid and abject poverty to be found in this country, nor did I see a wretchedly fed or raggedly clothed person or child; above all, I did not once see a person the worse for liquor.

Comparisons are proverbially odious, but even to any person who has never left these islands, it must be perfectly obvious that poverty and misery cannot be so rife in a young country which began to make history only about 150 years ago, as it is in Britain.

I am, and have always been very conservative, proud of Britain and what she has done; I would I could also say, what she is doing; but I think it decidedly illogical for any Englishman, when comparing England with her colonies or any other country, to mention high rents as a check to emigration, having in mind the fact that our land system

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and the evils arising therefrom, are a source of amazement to foreigners and strangers.

But à propos of abject poverty with all its hideous consequences, the question arises how far is not this, if not the outcome of, at least terribly aggravated by, the curse of alcoholism?

Now, in Canada, public houses, as they are known in England, do not exist, and in my short experience of the Dominion, drinking, as indulged in in England, is not known, though undoubtedly drinking does exist in every country. Canadians, recently returned from England, remarked, almost without exception, the evil effect which public houses, as they are in England, must have on the people, and they were particularly shocked at the sight of women openly drinking at these places.

As to keeping our best men at home; it is naturally and economically the wisest

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thing we can do, but thousands of them plod on here, battling with high taxation, competition, and low wages, caused, in the main, by the unrestricted influx of poverty-stricken and undesirable aliens.

These thrifty bread-winners toil on pluckily and stolidly until the breaking point arrives, and they look longingly and hopefully to a new land, where their hard toil and dogged perseverance may hope for some reward. These are the men that need Canada, and these are the men that Canada needs; and these are the men who will keep Canada as surely ours in the future, as she is ours to-day.

On the voyage out I took a snapshot of a boy, and promised to send him the photograph when finished, for which purpose he gave me his father's address in the town of Toronto. In due course I redeemed my promise, and I quote an extract from a letter of thanks which his father sent me, and

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which I leave to speak for itself. " My wife and son were returning from a three months' holiday in England; we have been in this country nearly five years, during which time we have been able to build a little house for ourselves, a thing impossible to do in England, where competition is so keen. I am a bricklayer by trade, have been able to get plenty of work, but have to provide during the summer for our needs in winter. I have no cause to regret leaving England. It is the best thing I ever did. It is cold in the winter, but the climate suits us."

Our policy of the open door no doubt stood us in good stead, when men were glad to flee to us from political or religious persecution in their own country. These were generally their best men, often skilled craftsmen, bringing trade in their train; but in these days the obvious duty of every nation is to keep its best men; they care little where

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their wastrels or unemployables go; indeed, they are only too glad to aid them to emigrate to fresh woods and pastures new. We ourselves are practised at this, and our favourite dumping ground is our colonies. It is this class of emigrant who has brought contumely upon the once honoured name of Englishman, and we complain that he is looked upon by Canadians with extreme disfavour. Canada now will not have him within her borders; would that we could but follow so wise and prudent an example; for, if she, with her untold miles of virgin soil and unknown stores of wealth, will refuse any but the fit and thrifty worker, how much more then should we, in these densely peopled islands, close our doors to the crowd of worthless, destitute criminals and aliens who, unrestrained, enter our ports, drive out many of the best from this England of ours, and hang round our neck like the Old Man of the Sea.

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Now I am home once more, and have come to the end of my splendid holiday. I have seen and learned many things, and have made many friends during my three weeks' journey of nearly eight thousand miles. So pleasant has my experience been and so charmed and impressed am I by the beauty and possibilities of Canada, that, although the days of youth are no longer with me, I could find it in my heart to leave the Motherland, with all its close and dear associations, and take up my abode in the Daughter Country. She has a great fascination for me and seems to call me back.

I wish that more of my countrymen and women would make an effort to see something of Canada as I have done, and realize for themselves the great opportunities which are open to anyone, who honestly intends to succeed and make a home there.

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I cannot finish this little account of my visit to our kindly kinsmen across the sea, without repeating reverently, as I have been taught by their example to do,

“GOD SAVE OUR KING, AND HEAVEN BLESS
THE MAPLE LEAF FOR EVER.”





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