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A HOLIDAY TRIP.

Montreal ✳ ✳ To ⁘ Victoria ✳ ✳ And ⁘ Return.

✳ ✳ ✳ ✳ Via the ✳ ✳ ✳ ✳

Canadian ⁘ Pacific ⁘ Railway

Midsummer, ⁘ 1888.

FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

A HOLIDAY TRIP

VIA

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

SCENE.—The Station of the Canadian Pacific Railway, Montreal, 27th June, 1888. Hour, 20 o'clock (8 p.m.)

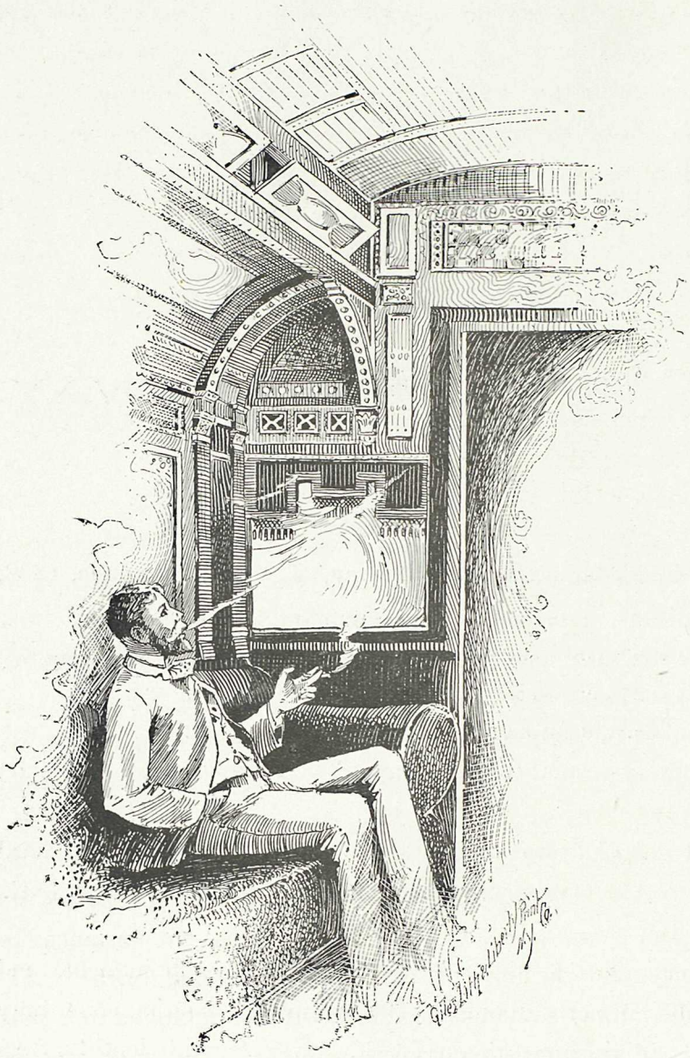
Cab No. 1 drives up and deposits an Anglican parson, carrying a walking-stick, portmanteau and satchel—first on the ground—Dean Carmichael.

Cab No. 2 drives up and deposits another Anglican parson, carrying light overcoat, portmanteau and sundry satchels—second on the ground—Canon Empson, Secretary of the Diocese of Montreal.

Cab No. 3 drives up and deposits two lay gentlemen, well luggaged—Mr. Richard White, of Montreal, Manager of the GAZETTE Printing Co., and Mr. Wm. White, Q.C., of Sherbrooke.

It is plain, from the greetings, that these gentlemen meet by appointment, and equally plain that they constitute a party about to take the longest continuous railway trip that can be taken, namely, from Montreal, on the St. Lawrence, with its tides from the Atlantic, to Burrard Inlet, British Columbia, whose tides roll in from the Pacific; thence down the inlet by steamer to Victoria, the capital of Vancouver Island—an island on whose further shore one can stand with the happy thought that nothing lies between him and Japan or China, save the deep blue sea.

At the start of the journey, some formal business was informally transacted. Mr. Richard White was unanimously appointed guide, Chancellor of the Exchequer and General Traffic Manager of the party; Mr. W. White, Q.C., was appointed Judge of the Supreme Court, in order to decide any questions of a legal character that might arise during the journey; Dean Carmichael was appointed Secretary, taking notes of travel, which it was unanimously agreed should be printed, at the expense of the General Manager, for private distribution; and Canon Empson was appointed the friend and companion of all concerned. It was also agreed that, as far as practicable, the party should keep together, on the distinct understanding that the utmost freedom should be allowed to all. After the transaction of this business, the Manager and the Judge



disappeared into the smoking-room at the end of the car, and the clerical members went to bed.

For the benefit of friends in the Mother Country into whose hands this record may fall, it is necessary to say something about the two thousand nine hundred-mile railroad on which we travelled, the Canadian Pacific Railway — commonly called "The C. P. R."

When I came to this country, in 1859, Canada was practically confined to the country watered by the great River St. Lawrence, and Lakes Ontario, Erie and Huron; and the town of Pembroke, north of the city of Ottawa, Owen Sound and Collingwood, north of Toronto, and like places, were regarded as the frontier towns of civilization, or, as they were called, "jumping off places." Beyond these lay the Canada of the Indian and the trapper; and yet further west, the Indian, the trapper and the buffalo; and yet further, the Rocky Mountains, known only to the Indian and trader; and yet further, the wild region leading to the Pacific. Then north lay the land of Indian, trader and buffalo; right on to the frozen North, the whole, east, west and north dominated by that company of skins and pelts—the Hudson's Bay Company—which ruled and traded and piled up money, as in another hemisphere, the East India Company ruled India. Of course, it was not in the interests of that company to disclose the secrets of this practically untrodden country, and all reports reaching civilization were antagonistic to settlement—the cold was made colder, the rivers were impassable, the prairies as graves for white men — and wise men showed their wisdom by remaining on the fringe of Canada; whilst the real Canada—the coming El Dorado of the coming wheat buyer, rancher and miner—was left to Nature and the Hudson's Bay Company.

Then in 1867, Canada was confederated into one vast Dominion, and the necessity became apparent of binding the huge country together by one leading trunk line, which would unite the East and West and become in time the parent of other lines of railway. The extended charter of the Hudson's Bay Company had expired, and the Government came to terms with it, paying one million and a half of dollars for remnant rights which it claimed, and allowing it one-twentieth of the land in perpetuity, and a certain amount of land around the forts and stations of the company which were widely scattered through the region over which it had ruled for years with sovereign power.

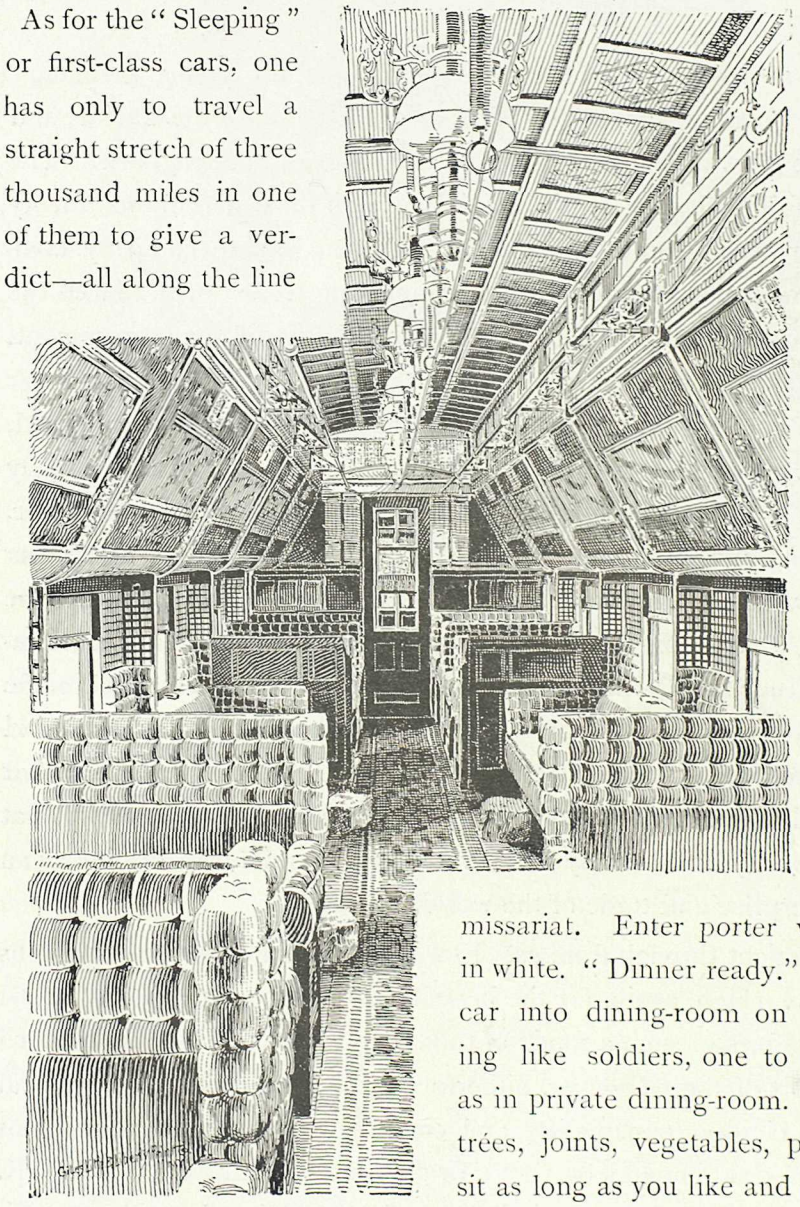
Thus the doors of this sealed territory were opened, and the idea of a great connecting line of railway came within view of possibility.

The problem for solution which lay before the enterprise of the young Dominion was that of uniting together a country that stretched from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and that presented formidable barriers in the way of both the explorer and engineer. The problem was in every way a difficult one, but it had to be met, if the constitutional theory of Confederation should ever become an established fact. First a private company composed of Canadians and Americans, assisted by the Dominion Government, faced the problem; but through political strictures and the consequent defeat of the Government, it failed to carry out its scheme. Then a new Government proposed using the great water stretches in connection with rail links, but after building some sections, this effort collapsed, mainly by the death of the Government itself. Finally a Canadian company, largely aided by vast grants of money and land voted by the older Government restored to power, began the work in determined earnest in the year 1881, and on the 7th day of November 1885, the last rail was laid and the first through train passed over the line. During the following winter trains were run from the Atlantic to the Pacific as circumstances required; but on the 28th of June, 1886, the first daily passenger train bound for the Pacific coast quietly steamed out of the railway station at Montreal, with an unbroken iron road of two thousand nine hundred and six miles stretching out before it. The writer saw that train start, and as he joined his voice in a speeding cheer, he realized that Canada was at last developing—and that boldly and bravely—a new-born faith in its own destiny as an important factor in the enterprise and trade of the world.

It was by this road, straight through from east to west, that the before-named persons were to make their journey. Here again, for the benefit of Old-Country friends, let me say something as to the comforts of such a mode of travelling. The C. P. R. inaugurated three elements in the comfort of the passenger, hitherto largely unknown to the general Canadian public, namely: civility, punctuality, and comfortable quarters for emigrant travellers. Railway porters or attendants on parlor or sleeping cars, up to the C.P. R. revolution, were, as a rule, amongst the most irritating of Her Majesty's subjects, their manner constantly ranging from the coolly impertinent to the servilely civil, the latter stage being reached as each despised passenger neared the close of his journey and shillings became the order of the day. Now all this is changed. The civility, always characteristic of the C. P. R. porter, has already influenced the conduct of servants on other

leading lines, and a traveller can now assert his rights as a white man even in the presence of a negro porter—nay, he can get his wishes carried out with lightning expedition.

Then the C. P. R. revolution produced "The Colonist Car," comfortably seated, well ventilated and with reasonable arrangements for sleeping. One has only to travel with a train of modern emigrants, and revive his memory of ancient emigrants huddled together and crowded, to realize how thankfully he may "let the dead past bury its dead," and accept the "living present" as an evidence that Canada at long last is being made attractive to the emigrant, and better still to the emigrant's little children.



As for the "Sleeping" or first-class cars, one has only to travel a straight stretch of three thousand miles in one of them to give a verdict—all along the line—in their favor. Each car is a luxuriously furnished drawing-room, well ventilated and lighted, with large plate glass windows giving a wide field of vision — with bath-rooms and wash-rooms, and smoking-room, electric bells and hot air heating apparatus, and in the night, each compartment changed into a sleeping-room that one has only to get accustomed to, to rest in soundly. Lasting luxury, cool comfort, such, in fine, is the C. P. R. day car for the first-class passenger.

Then comes the Commissariat. Enter porter vested as to his upper man in white. "Dinner ready." Rush out of drawing-room car into dining-room on wheels; with waiters standing like soldiers, one to two tables, each table set as in private dining-room. Bill of fare—soup, fish, entrées, joints, vegetables, pastry, fruit, tea and coffee; sit as long as you like and pay three shillings stg. for as good a breakfast, dinner and tea as any reasonable man would ask to have laid before him.

The third blessing of the C. P. R. revolution is punctuality. The day has past when express trains pulled up to allow officials to pick blackberries or to "liquor up," when travellers waited five or ten hours at leading stations, or built up fires in a box stove in

the waiting-room of way stations, or lay full-stretch on a form, with a portmanteau for a pillow. These are memories of the past.

"Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,"

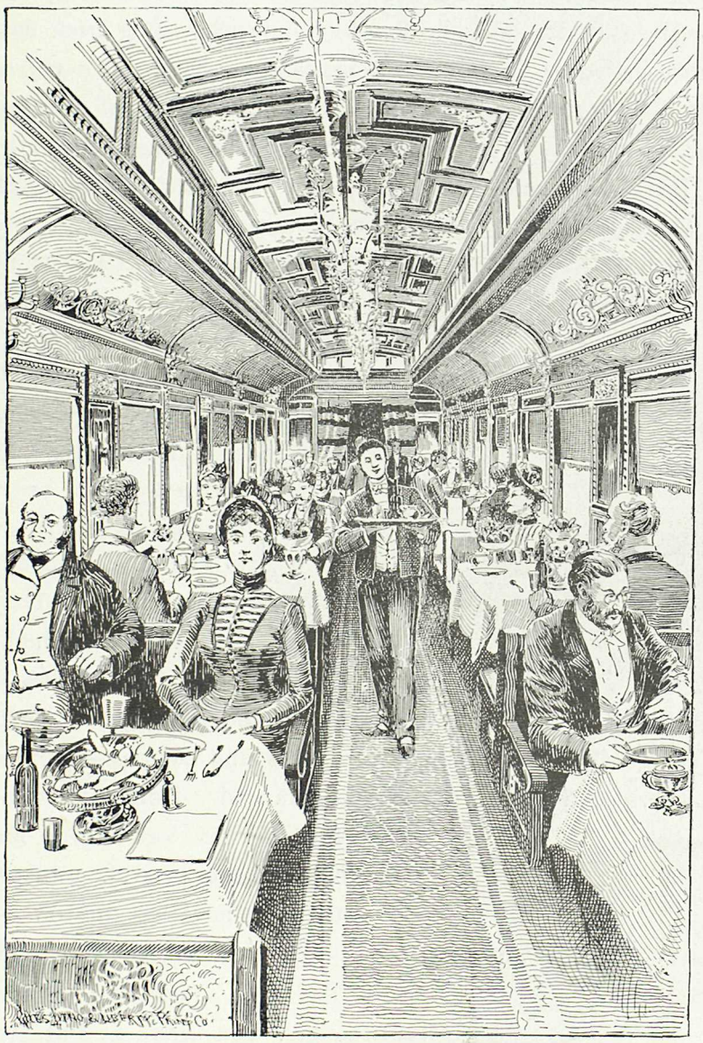
faithful Scotchmen may sing a Coronach over them, for,

"Like the bubble on the fountain,"

as far as the C. P. R. express trains are concerned,

"They are gone, and forever."

Of course I can only speak from experience, and I know little of local traffic on this wondrous line. I only know that the C. P. R. serpent started from Montreal sharp at 8.20 p.m., arrived sharp at North Bay 9.55 on the second day, touched every way station timed to the very minute — reached Winnipeg on time, reached Banff on time, reached North Bend on time, and steamed into Vancouver sharp 1.30 p.m., leaving a trail behind it of two thousand nine hundred and eighty-six miles, with a correct record all the way along. It was just the same all the way back from Vancouver to Port Arthur. In fact both going and coming, if one wished to know where he was, all he had to do was to look at his watch, and then at the time table, and he fixed his location straight off.

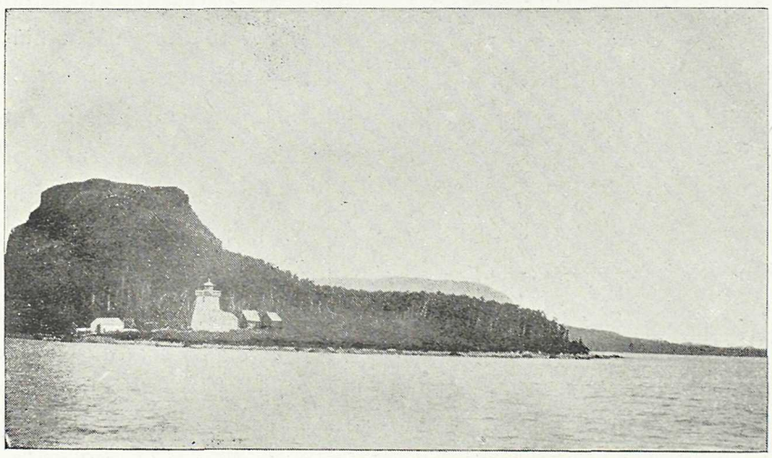


INTERIOR C. P. R. DINING CAR.

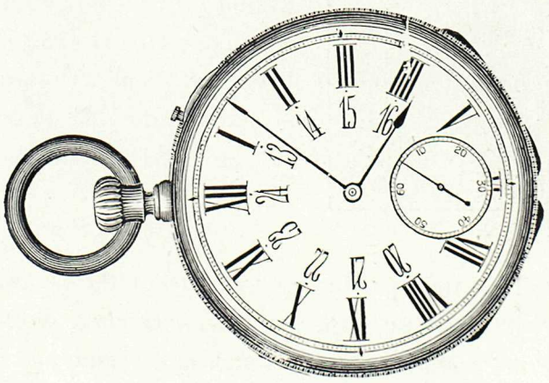
THURSDAY, June 27.—Woke up to find the train passing by the side of the Ottawa river, through an uncultivated country. Nothing of much interest till we reached North Bay, on Lake Nipissing. From this out the country becomes rough and rocky, and is

studded with a number of beautiful lakes apparently running into one another. At Sudbury Junction came across Dr. Wylde, who has charge of a section of the railway; Dr. Williams, his college chum, having charge of another section on the Algoma branch. Both of them like their work, and Wylde was looking strong and hearty. Arrived (8.45 p.m) at Chapleau—a divisional railway centre and a very pretty spot. The light was as clear and bright as if it were only 3 o'clock instead of nearly 9.

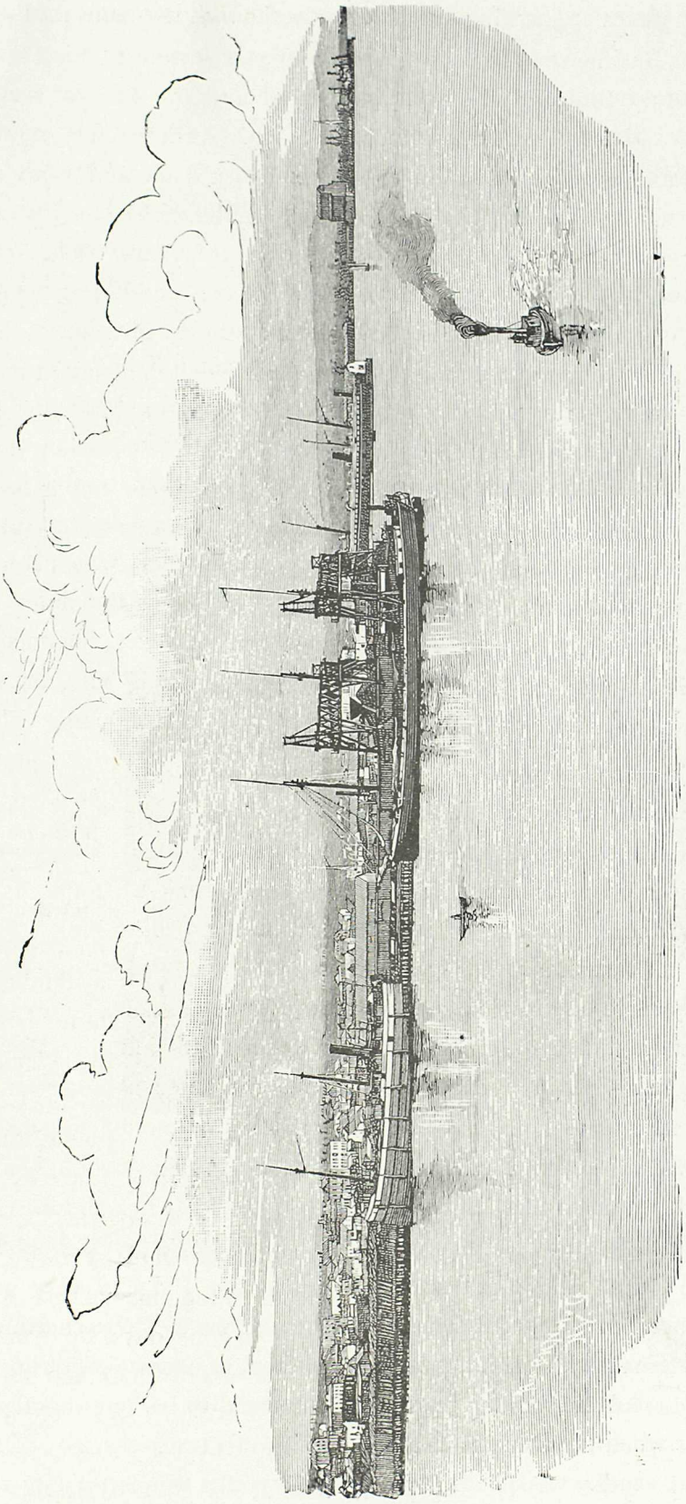
FRIDAY, 29.—Woke up on shores of Lake Superior; air delightfully cool and morning beautiful. The scenery all along this section is charming, and sometimes strikingly grand, the rail following the coast line very closely. The waters of the lake are of the bluest blue, and close to the shore are as clear as crystal. No chance, I should say, for the farmer here, but glorious ground for the photographer and painter—the clear sky, the curving coast line, the blue water, the rich salmon-colored granite rocks rising from flats into mountains that rear their rounded heads to meet the brilliant sunlight. The curves and twists and turns of the rail are wonderful, giving a ceaseless variety of scenery, with the lovely lake or inland ocean always present. This scenery which runs through the scale of—pretty, very pretty, beautiful, grand—runs up and down the notes till we reach Port Arthur, at the head of Thunder Bay, a glorious sheet of water, hemmed in by lofty hills, foremost of which looms Thunder Cape — a great frowning headland that stands sentinel-like guarding the entrance of the Bay. Port Arthur is a brisk, bustling little town with, no doubt, a large city future before it. Here the boats belonging to the C. P. Railway, plying between Owen Sound and Port Arthur, discharge and take in their passengers and cargoes—splendid vessels, large as ocean steamers and most comfortably arranged. Here also is the cemetery where Mr. Van Horne has buried the time honored A.M. and P.M. of bygone days, for from this on we talk of 13 o'clock and 22 o'clock, right out to Vancouver. Here also the time itself changes. You arrive at Port Arthur at 3.15 and leave it at 2.25 or 14.25 o'clock. Back go most watches one hour, but I keep mine at Montreal time, and deduct the dead hours as we leave time behind.



THUNDER CAPE.



OUR 24-HOUR WATCH.



PORT ARTHUR.

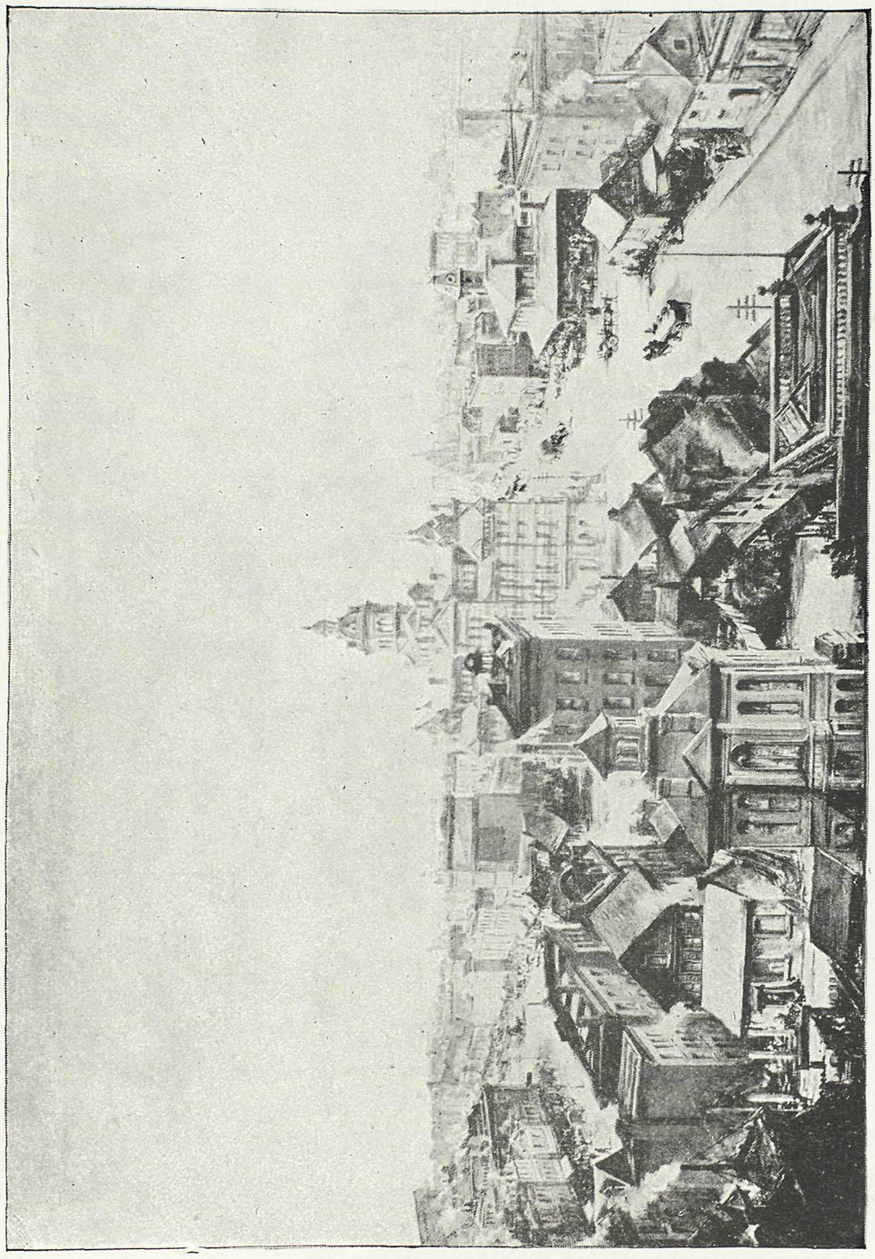
From Port Arthur onward to Selkirk, the country is singularly monotonous—an interminable swamp composed of a stuff called muskeg, that no doubt in a few geologic periods would produce good peat. Not one settler's house to be seen for miles, and

at some stopping places are neatly painted water tanks with the name of the suppositious station on them. But the road is in as perfect order as if it were running through a richly settled country, all the bridges and culverts numbered and the different sections marked; the travelling easy and everything in first-class condition. After tea the Canon and I sat out on the hind platform of the car and saw muskeg in every shape and form and depth of coloring, and the boats, left behind by Lord Wolseley in the Red River Expedition, rotting away the balance of their lives, no settlers near to break them up. The sun did not go down till a quarter to nine, Montreal time. There was a good deal of good humored chaffing as night came on about the berths. There was an invasion of the old settlers in the train at Port Arthur, and a number of ladies and children squatted on our sections. It did not matter much during the evening, but there was an unpleasant feeling amongst the original settlers as to whether the squatters would remain squatted during sleeping hours. However, it turned out that all the squatters had obtained upper berths, and then the lower berth gentlemen were taught a lesson in the virtue of resignation. I had an upper berth all along (memo.—always take an upper berth, it is cool and you can go to bed early and read) so I had to resign nothing, but our manager, Mr. White, resigned with spontaneous gracefulness.

The beds were not all made up till 11 o'clock, and when I turned in I was dead tired, and so was the Canon.

SATURDAY, June 29.—Up at 6 o'clock—pouring rain and passing still through muskeg—but train on time to the minute at every water tank. The Canon was up before me, and I found him looking muskegish in the smoking-room, longing for Winnipeg. Arrived at Winnipeg sharp on time. The car was so full that we found it hard to sort out our traps, and the Judge came off leaving his umbrella behind him. The station was a scene of wondrous bustle, and was crowded along the whole platform, which is a very large one. Everywhere one saw faces well known, and sometimes not seen for years. Archdeacon Fortin and his curate, and the Rev. Joseph Merrick and Capt. W. Johnston were waiting for us. Fortin opened fire at once for three sermons on Sunday, Mr. Merrick came to take us to his house, and Capt. Johnson came to see that the faintest wish on our part would be carried out. After a very short delay—for our General Manager is a rusher—we drove up to the Clarendon, a fine looking Hotel within sight of Fortin's church, which is well worthy of Montreal, or New York, as far as architectural beauty is concerned. The Canon and I got splendid rooms, the Judge a very good one, but someway our General Manager got inferior quarters. Just as I was shutting my door, he darted past me—tomahawk in hand, paint and feathers of course—right on the war path for the landlord,—a solemn looking man not accustomed to be run round as he will be in a few moments when the General Manager gets on his trail.

Saturday and Sunday we spent in Winnipeg—a really wonderful city considering its history. In 1859 it consisted of a Hudson's Bay Co. Fort, a hotel and few buildings; in 1871 the whole population was 100, and it was known as Fort Garry, and to-day it numbers a population of 25,000, is a real live city, lighted from end to end with electricity; the



City of Winnipeg.

main streets laid down in block pavement, street cars running all over, mills, elevators and first-class business buildings everywhere, proving the reality of trade. The only drunken man I came across on the whole journey told me in a gush of whiskified confidence that Winnipeg would not be worth a blade of grass till it developed manufactories —but, my goodness, even Winnipeg, I should fancy, requires time to breathe. On Saturday we took the cars out to St. John's, and saw the old Cathedral, built by Bishop Anderson, and the Church of England College, built by Bishop Machray—the former a singularly modest edifice with a lovely graveyard round it, the latter a splendid building,

CITY HALL, WINNIPEG.

wonderfully endowed and equipped for a new country. Then we took the cars to the old Hudson's Bay Fort which, instead of being preserved as a monument of early settlement, has been ruthlessly destroyed. We spent the balance of Saturday receiving callers and old friends, every face reviving a string of memories long buried under the events of intervening years. Sunday was a lovely day, and we spent it very happily. Went to Christ Church in the morning, where I read prayers, and the Rector, Canon Pentreath, preached a faithful and earnest sermon. Considering the heat of the morning, there was a very good congregation. The choir was composed of boys and men in sur-

plices and purple and black cassocks, and a fringe of ladies in the back stalls. After dinner I went to visit some old Clinton friends, the Canon rested, and the General Manager and the Judge went off with the Lieutenant-Governor, who kindly called and invited us to stay with him on our return trip. In the night I preached in Fortin's beautiful church. The service was semi-choral, and the anthem was really splendidly rendered. There was a crowded congregation, and at the close of the service another batch of old friends turned up to shake hands and start another series of old memories. One thing struck me forcibly in connection with the congregation—namely, the magnificent young life of which it was composed. I suppose there must have been from seven to eight hundred persons present, and yet I doubt if there were one hundred old or even aged people within the walls. Magnificent, vigorous, young life everywhere—the hymns shouted with the strength of youth—a splendid gathering, full of promise for the welfare of the country. And the mosquitoes were full of vigorous young life. In older Canada they make love to you with their deadly "Zooning"—one at a time—but outside of Holy Trinity, Winnipeg, they rushed at you in a cloud, and settled on you in dozens, and brushed off, followed you with freshly invigorated blood thirstiness, as if they were passing round the word, "Go for them, boys, they are tenderfeet, Quebec greenhorns—don't spare the bayonet—Zoon-Zoon-Zoon." Of course all this, we were told, was most unusual. As a rule, the Winnipeg mosquitoes are tame, gentle creatures, musical rather than murderous. Archdeacon Fortin was very much astonished, so was every Winnipegger, but the well cultivated sweep of the Archdeacon's hand, and the calm way in which he unconsciously tied a white pocket handkerchief round his neck, created a suspicion in my mind that he was more than well drilled in averting what in old Egyptian days might have been regarded as something approaching a plague.

MONDAY, July 2.—Up at 7, down at 10 o'clock, and before long we are out on the prairie—indeed at once, for every western street in Winnipeg ends in it. Passed Portage la Prairie, a well built city; on through well cultivated fields of grain; on through rolling land studded with groves of trees; passed Brandon, a wonderful little city with a population of close on 5,000, with fields of grain covering 800 and 1,000 acres; out into the rolling prairie, with signs of prosperous settlement all through it; past Virden, where I had a shake-hands with my old friend and second churchwarden in Clinton—Russel Read; passed the little station of Moosomin, sixty miles from which there is a prosperous settlement of Crofters from the Isle of Skye, hunger and poverty and misery all left behind them in the Old Hebrides, where it rains nine days out of ten, and where meat is a luxury not meant for the Crofters.

This is Dominion Day, and every little village along the line has its celebration. It gave us a good opportunity of seeing the settlers, for all crowded to the stations along the line, and after eyeing them over we came to the following conclusions: 1st, They were all young men and young women. 2nd. They were all sober. 3rd. They were all strong and healthy looking and well dressed. 4th. They were in every way far ahead (if appearance be a sign of prosperity) of the men who originally settled the coun-

ties of Huron, Bruce, and Grey, in Ontario. In fact, I never saw in rural Canada a more respectable looking crowd of people, and the palpable evidence of the absence of King Whiskey was singularly refreshing.

TUESDAY, July 3.—Up at 6.30—lovely morning, bright sunshine, and warm. The appearance of the prairie had wholly changed. The first sight I got of it this morning looked in the sunlight like an Arabian desert, the effect arising from the varied tints of the short grass—yellow, red, and brown. All along the line, for miles upon miles, it varied in aspect, until we came into wheat-bearing soil again. How anyone can say that this part of the journey is uninteresting I cannot think. We saw glorious flocks of wild fowl, numberless lakelets fringed with golden flowers, regular as if sown by hand, gophers and squirrels by the thousand, and here and there a party of genuine Indians riding their ponies, gun in hand. The prairie we are now passing through (11 o'clock) is in Assiniboia, and is rich and fertile, but very thinly settled, miles upon miles of glorious land waiting for the coming emigrant. Beautiful lakes flit by us, with flocks of gulls screaming over head, and flocks of ducks floating on the water close to the shore. The prairie here is rolling, rising sometimes into long ranges of grass-green hills, stretching out like waves, and far beyond, bright and blue like the sea, a long, low range of mountains, called the Cypress Hills. A wonderful country, wanting only man to make it bright with happy homes. How is it that things do not come together? There are thousands and tens of thousands in Great Britain crying out for land, and here is the richest land, I suppose, in the world crying out for men, and yet the distinct cries go up and someway never mingle.

12.30 o'clock.—We get out at the railway station at Maple Creek for a few minutes to take stock in the real live Indian men, women and children (Crees) that were scattered over the platform. The men were painted lavishly, vermilion and brick-colored faces, toned down with blue and yellow streaks. The women were remarkable for brilliant blankets, and some of the girls had large slabs of mother-of-pearl hanging from their ears. As far as the men and women were concerned, they might as well have been inmates of a deaf and dumb asylum. There they sat, or leaned against the station, or stood out on the platform, straight as a Douglas pine, silent and quiet as clams. Two splendid looking fellows sat with their chins in their hands and their eyes fixed on the brass work of the steam-engine glittering in the sunlight, and never seemed to move them once. I should not think that the Crees would make good commercial travellers. Each Indian had a pair of polished buffalo horns for sale, but they never offered them to anyone; indeed, for the matter of that, they appeared as if it was perfectly immaterial whether they sold them or not. If you thirsted for a buffalo horn, you had to open up negotiations. "What do you charge for these?" Up would go two or three Indian fingers, coupled with the words "bits," implying two or three quarters. Then, if the bargain was completed, the horns changed hands; but if not, the Indian looked far away out on the prairie, ignoring your existence, calmly waiting some other claimant for his wares.

Here also on the platform are members of the Mounted Police, as soldier-like

cavalrymen as you would find anywhere in the British army. Major Antrobus—every inch a soldier—boarded the cars here, in company with his wife, and we had a very pleasant chat with him between Maple Creek and Forres, the next station, where he left the cars. These police represent the strong arm of the law through the whole of the North-West Territory. This territory is under prohibitory law as to all forms of intoxicating drinks, and the police enforce the excise regulations, watch over the Indians, guard the borders and run down horse-thieves. Certainly, as far as a passing traveller can see, the whole country is remarkable for sobriety; but one of the mounted police told me that there was enough drinking done in Calgary to do credit to a good-sized city, and that it was next to impossible to enforce the law in centres of population as long as ever the magistrates gave permits to private individuals to bring in drink, the result being that each permit finds its way into a tavern, where, if it be raided, the permits of a number of private individuals are at once produced, and the drink is claimed to be private property. My informant went in for a license law with heavy fees, and imprisonment for violation. The present law, he claimed, worked well in the open country and amongst the Indians, but failed miserably in centres, where magistrates and citizens and tavern-keepers were banded against the excise, and the police officer that did his duty bravely always suffered for it in the long run.

At 15 o'clock we reach Dunmore, where a branch line strikes out for Lethbridge, one hundred and ten miles south-west, the centre of a large coal deposit which supplies the whole country east as far as Winnipeg. Lethbridge lay altogether out of our course, but we were told that it is a flourishing town having one hundred mounted police stationed in it, is close to a large reserve of Blackfeet Indians, and that there are splendid ranches all about it. But our journey lay due west, and on we go till the scenery changes as we draw near to Medicine Hat, where the prairie is thrown up in rounded and cone-shaped hills, the soil gravel, and covered richly with wild roses and strikingly beautiful blue flowers. Here and there you can see the teepees of Indians, and Indians riding on their ponies.

At 16 o'clock we reach Medicine Hat, situated on the South Saskatchewan river, quite a pretty little village, with about 100 houses in it, and two churches, one evidently Anglican. The station platform was covered with Blood and Blackfeet Indians, got up in paint and feathers, and in every way a more jovial party than our friends the Crees. One strapping fellow had a tame thrush roosting on his hat, and appeared to enjoy the fun that this novel head-dress produced. Another fellow was got up in most gorgeous style—paint and feathers, bright blanket, embroidered sleeves and leggings, dandy shells, and such like. I felt like asking him: "Pray, sir, are you anybody in particular?" But on more private enquiry I was told that the Indians, like the white men, had their "dudes," and that this was the "boss dude" of Medicine Hat. All of them had buffalo horns for sale, but, like the Crees, they never offered to sell, but waited calmly for negotiations to be opened by the passengers.

Outside of Medicine Hat, on the far side of the river, we saw a ranch, with two large herds of horses feeding, and further on a large Indian encampment. The day, so

far, has been delightfully cool, so cool that at a quarter past five o'clock (17.15) I had to close the window, which had been raised all day. Magnificent prairie everywhere stretching away like a vast sea. Just now we passed an enormous flock of sheep (said to number 5,000), attended by a gigantic Indian and sheep-dogs, and wherever you look there is grass, grass, grass, calling out for more sheep and horses and settlers.

All through to-day's journey, piled up at the leading stations along the road, were vast heaps of the bones of the earliest owners of the prairie—the buffalo. Giant heads and ribs and thigh bones, without one pick of meat on them, clean as a well-washed plate, white as driven snow, there they lay, a giant sacrifice on the altar of trade and civilization. A leading and well-known Roman Catholic missionary told our General Manager, Mr. White (who picks up information everywhere and from everybody), that he often longed for the old days when the buffalo marched in stately strides along its trail, and the Indian lived out his wild and natural life. One can easily realize the feeling; but surely one railway whistle—full of prophecy for Church, for State, for Indian and white man—must in the long run atone a thousand-fold for the loss of all that herds of buffalo implied. The buffalo, lord of the prairie, meant this magnificent heritage a wild and useless waste; the whistle means education and religion, and law and order, and, best of all, the grass supporting men, women and children, instead of herds of beasts. And the stately buffalo departed this life just at the right time, when utilitarianism marks everything, for every white bone is worth money. The Indian gathers the relics of his old friends, deposits them at railway stations, receives their value in current coin of the realm; the Canadian Pacific Railway swallows them up as freight; and eventually the king of the prairie goes back "dust to dust" as a fertilizer of the soil, or, as one person told me, is used in connection with refining sugar.

To-night we bid good-bye to the prairies, and the morning will find us in the Rockies, and before leaving them one naturally thinks of the possible future that lies out before these mighty stretches. In such a gigantic country, as in widespread human society, it is only natural that one might expect to find the good and bad mixed, and hence the whole prairie should not be regarded as one possible garden. West of the Red River to the bounds of the Province of Manitoba the country seems providentially formed for rich and prosperous settlement. Better wheat-growing and cattle-raising land it would be hard to find, and the same may be said of the North-West Territory from Fleming station, which stands on the borders of the province of Assiniboia, on to Regina. From Regina on to Medicine Hat the land is plainly inferior, but inferior only by comparison with the rich soil further east. Then comes the great ranch country of Alberta, with its four million acres stretching south along the eastern slopes of the Rockies, regarded by those entitled to judge as unequalled both for richness of grass and purity of water; whilst north of Calgary stretches the great valley of the North Saskatchewan, with land equal, it is said, to that in the province of Manitoba. Of course, all this is the result of enquiry and reading rather than experience, for all that we could take in was the wide country on each side of us as we passed along—farm and ranch and

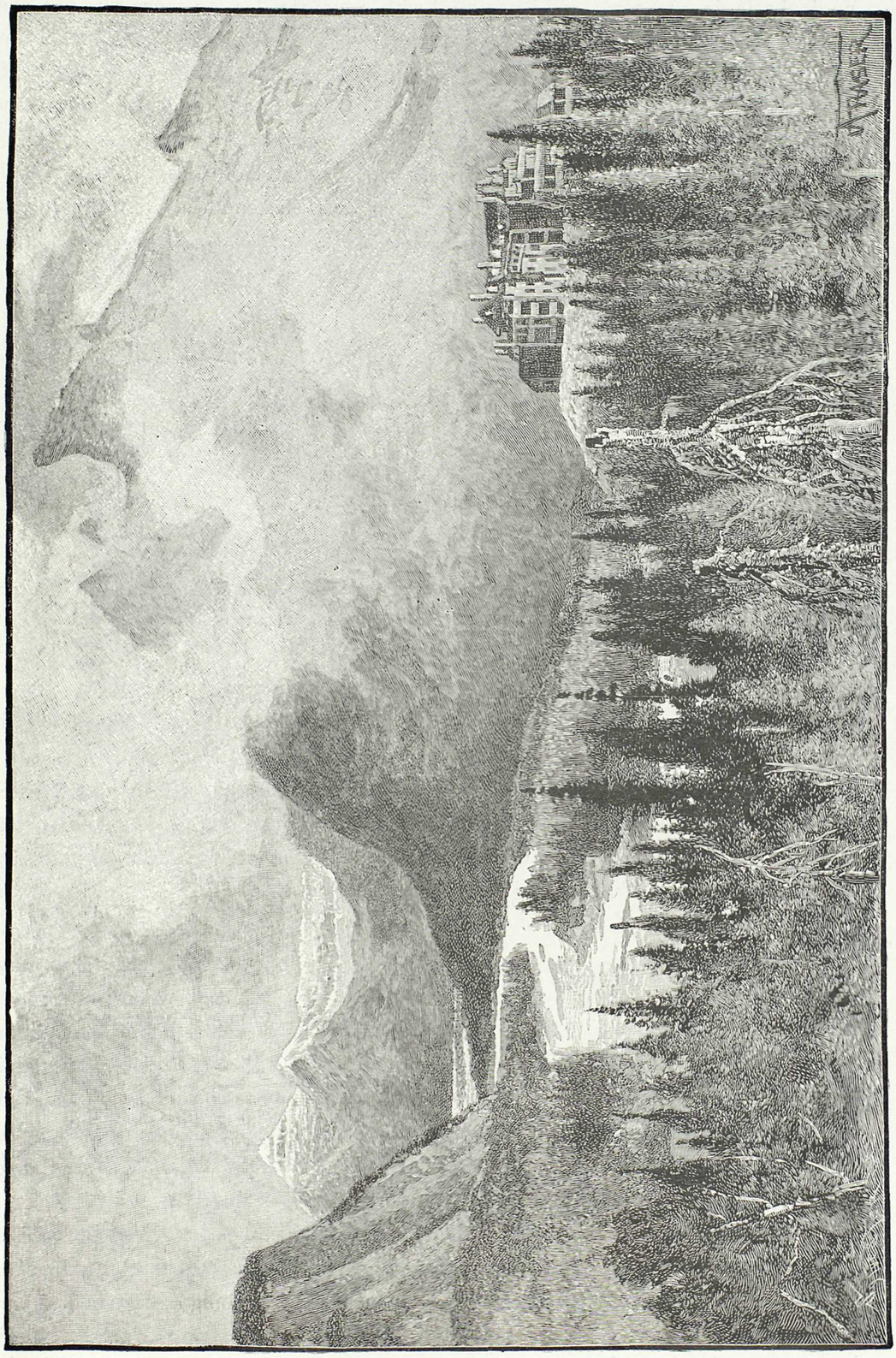
specimen gardens, the latter being undeniable witnesses to the fertility of the soil. Outside of all the leading stations a patch of the prairie has been neatly fenced off as a garden, and each one stands as "a specimen brick" of the whole prairie about it; a patch of wheat, a patch of potatoes, a patch of tomatoes, and so on. Most of these gardens spoke eloquently of the richness of the soil, and even the poorest would not be counted bad in not a few places in Ontario and Quebec.

Surely, it is impossible to suppose that, as the years roll on, such a country can bear on its fertile bosom these millions of unused acres; that these wondrous fertilizing streams will rush on through a vast homeless country. Some day must come when these giant stretches will bear their weight of human life, farm touching farm and ranch ranch; when villages and towns, and even cities, will gather round them those smaller holdings which testify to lasting settlement; and when that day comes, who can doubt but that the real heart of Canada will beat and throb, not as it does now, close to the mighty lakes, but in the land over which the buffalo once roamed, and by whose watercourses the Indian pitched his tent.

July 4.—This has been a white-stone day in our lives, for when we awoke, at 4.50, we found ourselves right into the Rocky Mountains, drawing near to Banff. I had gone to bed very sleepy, and had slept like a top, and had tumbled out with but one idea on my mind, namely, that of being first in the wash-room. The same idea, however, had long before struck the Canon and several other gentlemen; so, in that flannel-headed state of brain that getting up at 4.50 is apt to bring about, I went into the smoking-room and looked in a stupid way out of the windows. I tell you, the stupidity left me in an instant, as one glance reminded me where I was. There they were, the most gigantic and roughest mountains I ever looked at, and so close to you that you felt instinctively as if you were within walls. Mountains like giant saws, like lonely castles, like hump-backed camels, like the great masses of slate-grey cloud that in summer time, when rain is coming, loom up grandly over our own mountain in Montreal; mountains that seemed as if some Devonian or Carboniferous giant had piled them up in a fit of wild and savage passion, and had then beaten in their faces with his giant hammer; no sloping sides or graceful peaks—nothing but chaos piled up on chaos, till lost in the early morning clouds. The pine trees run up to a given line, or steal in lonely streaks to greater heights, but as a rule there is nothing beyond the line of vegetation but the bare, cruel-looking rock, its mighty ravines filled with ice and snow, and its grey, rugged sides shining like burnished steel when the sunlight falls on them. I never saw or hoped to see anything so awfully grand, and I suppose I could never feel again the same feelings in connection with the same view, though the sense of awfulness never wholly left me as long as ever we were under the shadows of these giant piles of rock which seemed to rise and swell like the waves of an infuriated Atlantic, for over a hundred miles along the railroad track. Because the railway is right in the mountains, rising sometimes over five thousand feet in altitude, with the mountains themselves towering four and five and even eight

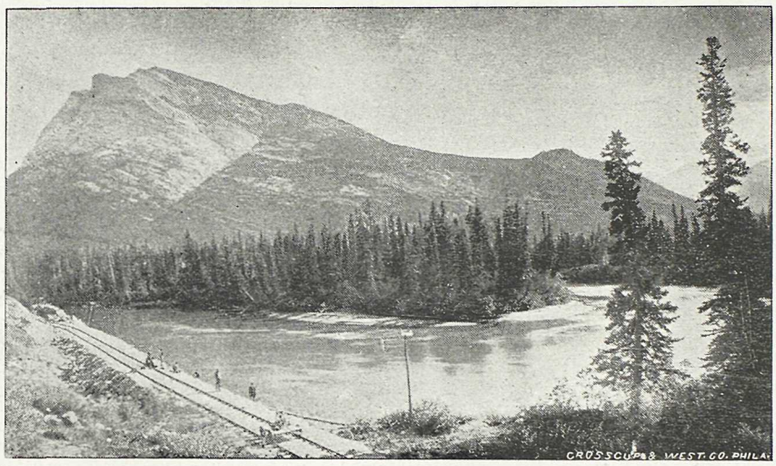
thousand feet above your head. How in the world any engineer ever had the courage to plan a railroad in such a country is what amazes me.

We arrived at Banff right on time, and were driven in an omnibus along a good road up to a palatial hotel, standing on a lofty elevation and belonging to the C. P. R. It was very cold driving up, and the empty grate in the large hall seemed to make it colder, but after a good wash, and a hearty breakfast, we sat out on the sunny side of the house, at an altitude of four thousand five hundred feet, with the grandest view of mountain scenery we could ask to see, lying out at our feet, the valley of the Bow, hemmed in with its attendant mountains, a view that would repay a person for the whole journey. In the meantime, our ever moving Manager, Mr. White, had hunted up Mr. Stewart, the superintendent of the National Park in which the hotel is situated, who kindly undertook to guide us through his territory. This park is the property of the Dominion Government, is twenty-five miles by ten, and contains within it some of the most striking windings and torrents of the Bow and Spray rivers, and some of the grandest mountains in the Rocky range. It has been placed under the charge of Mr. Stewart, who is fast opening it all up with splendid roads, bringing the natural beauties of the place to the front in a truly artistic manner. The whole party started under his guidance at nine o'clock, behind two good horses, and drove up the steadily ascending road, higher and higher, until the hotel lay in diminished proportions far beneath us. Up we went, higher and higher, until at last at a glorious elevation of five thousand two hundred feet (that dwarfed what to us from the hotel seemed lofty mountains) we pulled up at the Sulphur Baths. Here, no doubt, in a short time, well planned buildings will take the place of the somewhat rough ones in which the baths are at present. These hot baths are fed from springs that burst out of the mountain side, and are conveyed by pipes into the buildings ; and, judging by the springs all about, running over the roads and making cascades for themselves here and there, there is a sufficient supply of sulphur water to eradicate the pains and aches of all the rheumatic patients that this continent can supply. Turning back on our road, we then drove to other springs, over which Mr. Stewart has erected pretty Swiss-like bathing houses. One of these baths is entered by a passage made through the rock, dark and gloomy, but opening out into a splendid chamber of stone, within which lies the clear water with its bubbles rising to the top with the regularity of a watch tick, as weird looking a chamber as any one could ask to see, making a picture that would give Haggard (if he only got a sight of it) a location for a startling story. The other bath is splendid in its proportions, and is fed by a giant spring in the bath itself—a spring whose depth has never been plumbed, and of such force that a strong man can fling himself into it and yet float like a cork on its surface. The General Manager and the Judge, who were the daring members of the party, drank deeply of the waters and also bathed, and gave a unanimous verdict on the sulphureousness of the drink, and the refreshing delights of the bath. Then our horses' heads were turned towards the valley, and we drove at a slapping pace to the junction of the Rivers Bow and Spray, a charming spot, and one that



BANFF SPRINGS HOTEL, CANADIAN NATIONAL PARK.

no doubt, in days to come, will be covered with summer villas for those who can afford such luxuries. Then came luncheon, where we met Mr. Cochrane, a charming specimen of a young rancher, whose rough life seems to agree with him in every way. After luncheon we started for a ten mile sail in a steam yacht up the River Bow. It was pouring rain when we left, but young Cochrane changed coats with me, and I sat in an oilskin covering in one place, very like a sailor in a storm, and Cochrane sat in another place very like a handsome young clergyman in the same condition. After a little the

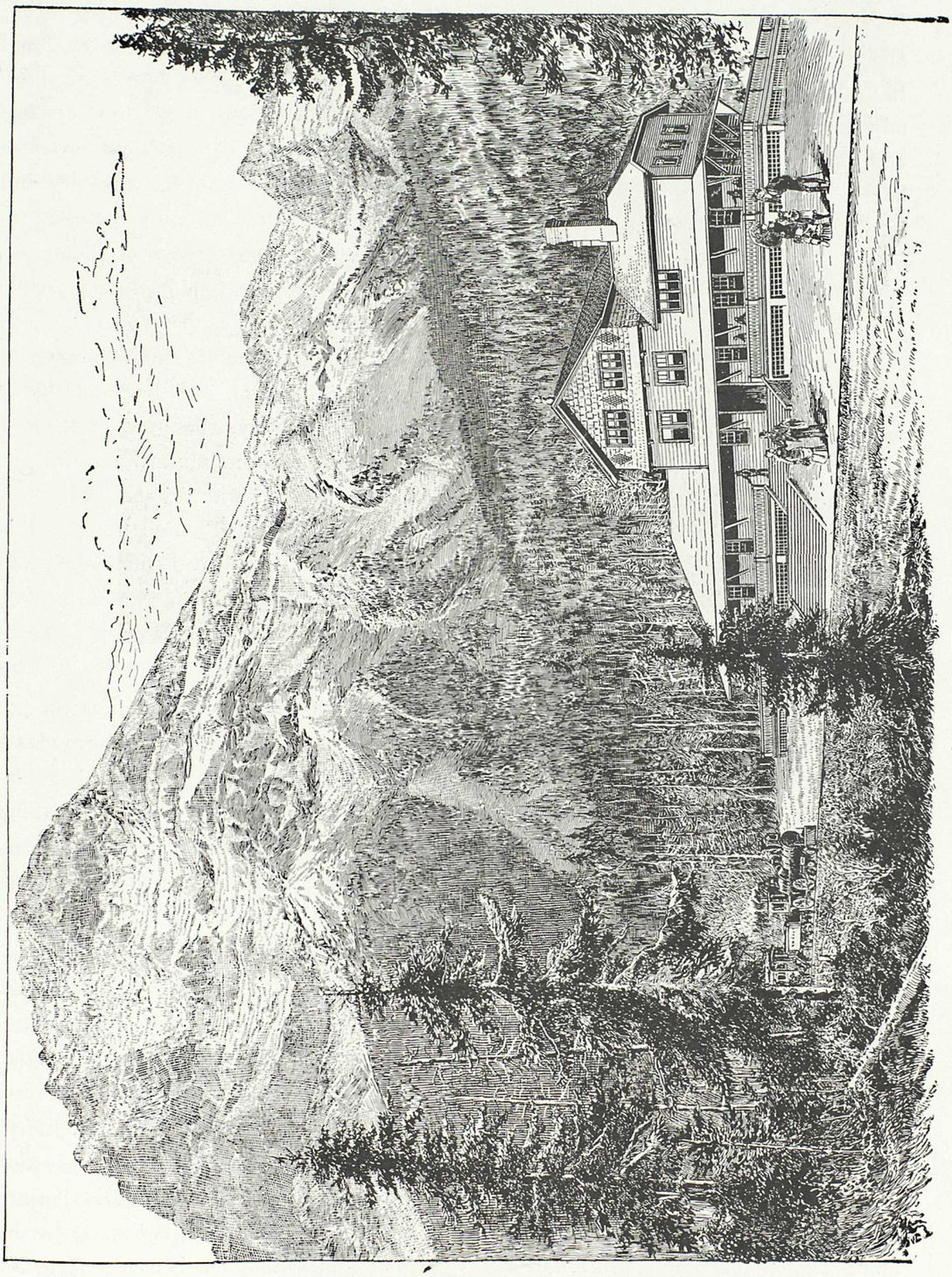


Along the Bow River, Rocky Mountains.

rain stopped, the sun shone out, and we steamed rapidly right to the base of some of the giant mountains, and up and down a river that presented at every turn a fresh vision of the grand sombre scenery that hemmed us in no matter where we went.

During the evening a bright log fire roared and crackled in the wide-mouthed grate in the hall of the hotel, and round it sat the guests talking and chatting till one by one the circle became less, the fire became low, our party making for bed with the prospect of an early start to catch the morning train.

Thursday, July 5.—Up at 4.50—coffee—left Banff 5.10, sharp on time. Our journey this morning brings us to the summit of the Rockies, but the grade for a long way is comparatively gentle, and one scarcely realizes, when we reach the loftiest altitude, that the great heavy train has climbed nineteen hundred feet within about one hundred miles. As we ascend, the mountains seem to hem us in closer and closer, maintaining their fantastic shapes, Castle Mountain towering up like a great fortified wall, whilst Mt. Lefroy stands out as if it were determined to block our way and end our journey suddenly. Here we enter on the gem of the Rockies—the Kicking Horse Pass and Canyons —so called because an original explorer, Dr. Hector, was suddenly deposited by his beast some distance from his saddle. It would be altogether out of place, even if one could do it, to attempt to picture closely the awful grandeur of this portion of our journey. The Pass, up to which the engine climbs, as if straining every bolt and bar in it, stands at an altitude of five thousand two hundred and ninety-six feet, with wild, bare masses of rock six thousand and ten thousand feet above our heads, and out before us.



C. P. R. Hotel, Field.

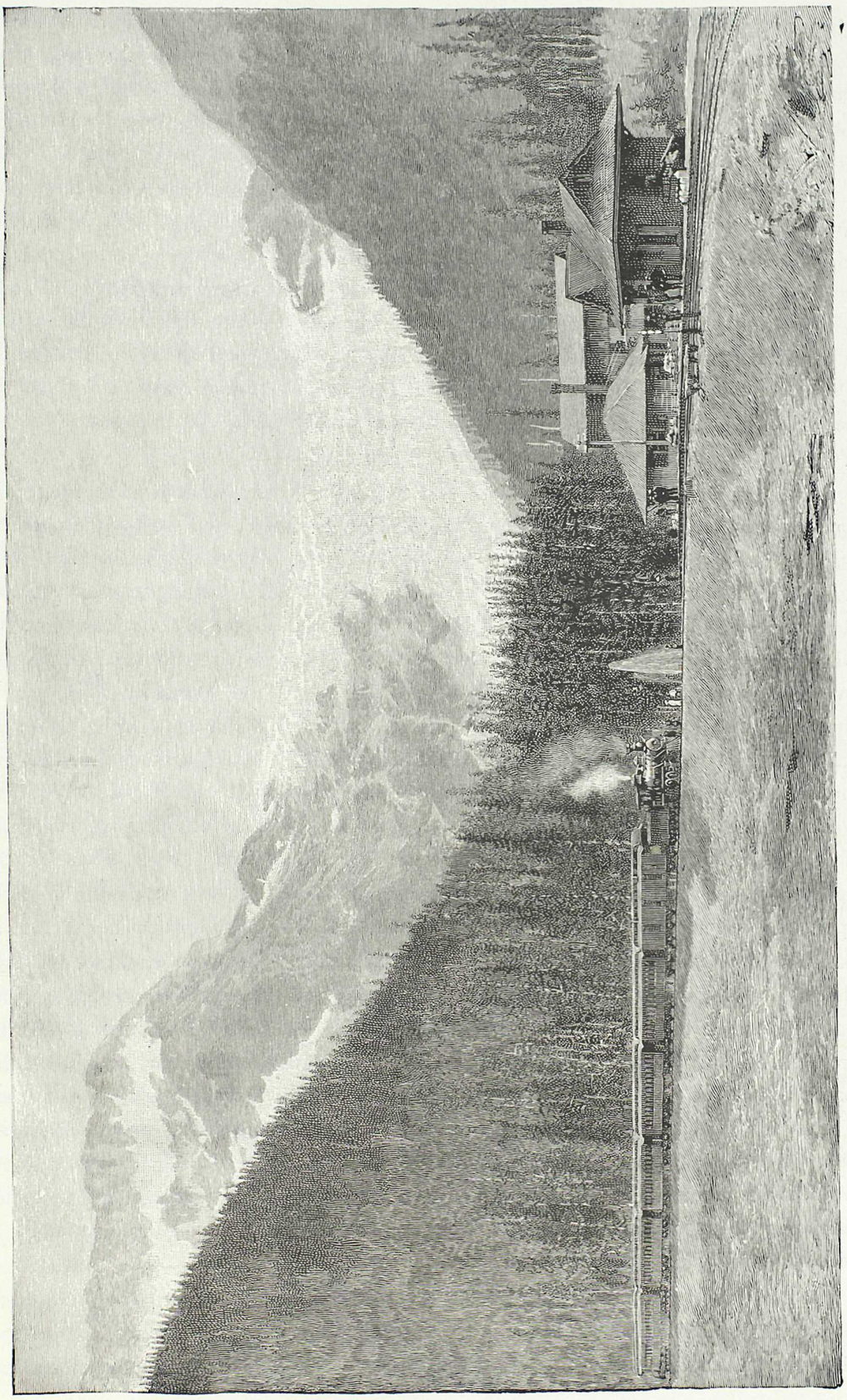
Up we go, the engine breathing like a hard-run man, until we reach the summit, where from a lake there issues the Kicking Horse Stream, which gradually grows into a river, and the maddest, the most passionate, the most uncontrollable river for its size that one could well find. Soon we glide into the great canyon, and begin to run down a gradient of

one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet to the mile, above us the awful looking rocks, and far down below, the boiling, raging little river. One could fancy a deadly feud between the railroad and the river, as if the wild passion of the latter were a protest against advancing civilization, and the invasion of primeval rights. Give a voice to the water, and it seems to say to the railroad: "How dare you come near me, what right have you here? Don't you know that I have spent ages on ages in carving out this cramped and lonely passage for myself, and here you come haunting my course with your cruel shadow, and at times even running by my very side and driving me into narrow bounds—you thief, you robber of ground that I had cut out and hollowed and fashioned for myself—I hate you."

From the upper canyon past the pretty hotel at Field, at the base of Mt. Stephen, we enter a valley where the railway crosses and recrosses the river, and then we plunge into the lower canyon where the rail really pushes the river closely, where the giant rocks become more perpendicular, and draw their sides closer and closer, until at last we are running on the bare ledge of the mountains on our left, following with dogged persistency all their curves and twists and juttings, whilst the mad, boiling river, curled up in narrow bounds, rushes on beneath us, white with rage, its hatred of the railroad culminating into fury. On and down, lower and lower, until at last we dash out into a glorious valley, with the Columbia River flowing through softest stretches of brightest green, and a choice of giant mountains to feast our eyes on—on one side the great chaotic Rockies, and on the other those graceful giants that constitute the Selkirk range.

At Golden, the mad little Kicking Horse river runs into the larger and more sedate Columbia, whilst to the right loom out the Selkirks. This range appears to differ from the Rockies, in being less savage looking and massive, but far more graceful, breaking up into a number of sharp-pointed peaks, springing from well defined sloping sides, peaks covered with snow and ice, and stretching on ahead of us like a well drilled regiment standing on review.

13 o'clock.—For the last hour we have been passing through wondrous scenery. The line keeps steadily climbing up the Selkirk range at the rate of one hundred feet to the mile, and we finally strike an exquisite and long continued picture. Far down, one thousand feet below the rail, the bright green water of the Beaver River, winds its curving way through a valley of surpassing beauty. Sometimes this valley looks a mile beneath us as the train runs over a bridge, that left behind, seems to the eye as if it were hung in mid air. Here we begin to come on the snow sheds, wondrous structures of massive strength, covering in the line in order to preserve it from avalanches. One should see this part of the journey to realize its wonders. The train steals along the ledge of the mountains with just room for itself and nothing more, whilst the lonely valley lies one thousand feet beneath. Here and there on the steep mountain side above our heads, you see the well worn track of the avalanche, and under it, covering in the line right in the track of the deadly slide itself, is the snow shed. One can fancy the train about to enter, and the avalanche starting. On it comes, carrying everything before it, until it reaches the sloping roof of the shed,



GLACIER HOUSE.

which it shoots over with ease—the train all the time running on inside as if an avalanche deserved no more consideration than an ordinary snow storm. On reaching these snow sheds, the porter lights the lamps in the car, for it is one continued plunge in and out of darkness for about twenty miles, and after a little—as no avalanches are moving to get up an excitement—it becomes rather monotonous.

We now get into such a regular jungle of mountains, that one begins to wonder how we are ever going to get out of them. Up we go, higher and higher, with the Hermit Mountain on one side and Mount Carroll on the other, and precipices of awful depth beneath and over us—rock, rock, rock, towering over five thousand feet above the track, with rivers of ice breaking the whiteness of the snow-drifts—and here, at last, we are in the Rogers Pass, and out of it, down, down, down, till we pull up at the base of Sir Donald, a bare, awful-looking mountain, rising, it is said, a mile and a half above the beautiful little Swiss-like hotel which we storm, hunger-smitten, at 2 minutes past 14 o'clock, or, according to fossil time records, 2 minutes past 2.

Standing at the door of this hotel, and looking up the mountain to the right, one can see with ease the clear outline of the giant glacier, the source and spring of the Illicilliwaet River. We all desired to stop and explore this glacier, but to stay meant twenty-four hours added to our trip, so we agreed to push ahead. I had a longing to be allowed on the engine, and liberty was given to myself and our Manager to shift our quarters; but when I saw that "on the engine" meant sitting on a hot iron seat, with our feet hanging over the cow-catcher, and nothing to hold on to but a brass rod, I transferred my pass to the Judge, and, after taking a tender farewell of Judge and Manager, went back into the car; and right glad I was I did so, for I firmly believe I would have dropped off the engine on the road through sheer giddiness. Leaving the Glacier House, we got on what is called "The Loops," one of the most striking feats of engineering, where the line, running on lofty trestles, keeps turning back on itself in order to get down into the valley. On it goes, making a trestled curve, then back on a lower level parallel with the spot started from, then another curve and a lower level touched, until six lines of railway hang over one another, and a descent of six hundred feet is gained. Looking out from the back of the car, again and again I saw the Manager and Judge holding on bravely as the engine rounded the curves, with nothing but the bare line before them and the terrible trestles beneath. It may be a very nice thing to be a Q.C. or the manager of a leading paper, but as I saw these lights of law and the press "flying through the air" ahead of me, I really felt as if I would sooner be a Blackfoot Indian, with the solid prairie under my feet, than either of those gentlemen graduating on a cow-catcher. They returned to the car at the first station, of course delighted with their trip, and the other members of the party were equally pleased, for the graduates were restored to us whole, and not in pieces, as once I expected they would be.

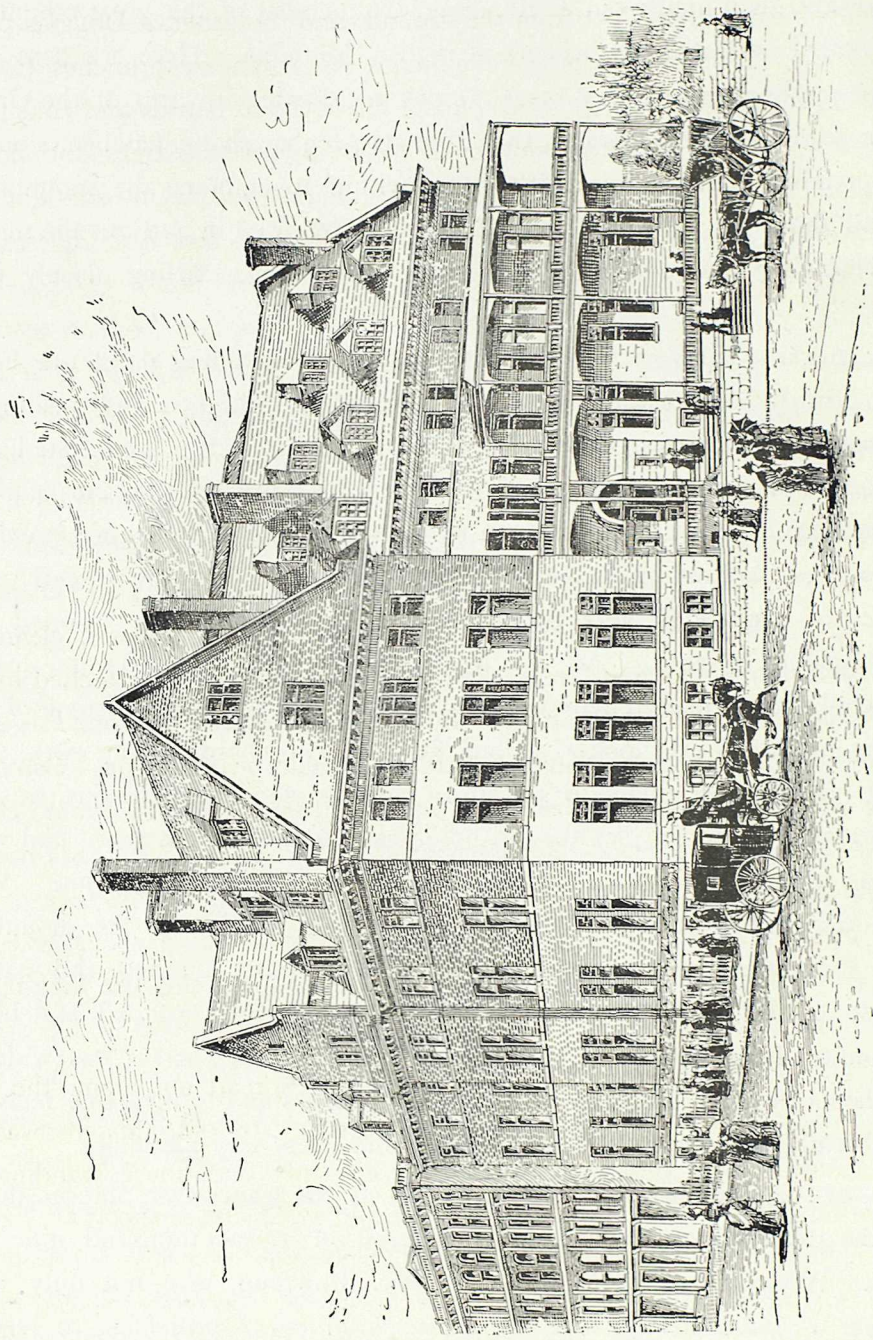
From this out we run along by the side of the Illicilliwaet, through canyons and snow-slides, and over dizzy bridges, into the Albert Canyon, where the train stopped to allow the passengers to look down into the gorge—an awful spot of gloomy shades and

fearful depth—and then finally out of the close confinement of the great mountains into the lovely wooded and watered scenery of British Columbia. Here we pass lake after lake of surpassing beauty, and at 8 or 20 o'clock are skirting an arm of the Great Shuswap Lake—a glorious sheet of water, that from its peculiar shape has been compared to an octopus spreading its arms out as if to drag within its embrace the mountain ridges that rise up all about it. The sun was setting as we followed in and out the many windings of this charming lake, and night closed in as we were skirting closely its sandy beach.

FRIDAY, July 6.—Up very early, to find ourselves travelling along the Fraser, the chief river of British Columbia, rapid in flow, muddy in appearance, and pushing its way through a magnificent canyon called the Fraser Canyon. We breakfasted at North Bend at 7.30 and had a rich banquet of fruit, peaches, apricots, large purple plums and oranges. Leaving the Bend sharp on time we passed through a series of tunnels cut out of the rocks on the bare mountain side, the river running deep down beneath us. This whole section of country is very beautiful, as the mountains are wooded in some places from base to summit. All the workmen you see along the line are Chinamen—melancholy-faced, plaited-haired, low stunted looking Chinamen—some of them the ugliest looking mortals I ever looked at, but, for men doing hard railway work, unusually clean looking. At Yale, a village locked up in glorious wooded mountains, we saw from the track a modest Joss house, just like any other frame house, except that it had vermilion colored boards, all covered with Chinese characters, hung up on its front. Yale is a lovely spot, and from this on past Nicomen the scenery is exquisite. The mountains are much smaller than those we have been passing through, more rounded, and stand apart from each side of the track far from each other, with a richly wooded and broken up undulating country lying between the ranges, whilst the Fraser River has widened out into a large sheet of water. After the canyons and gorges and tunnels one feels as if at last we were breathing naturally, and the change is in every way pleasing.

At 13.30, to the moment of time, we drew up at the Vancouver Station, the Pacific terminus of the great railway that we had journeyed on for two thousand nine hundred and six miles. We were met at the station by Mr. Browning, who not only was kind enough to meet us, but added to that, the greater kindness of promising to remain with us and pilot us about Vancouver. Here let me say that it is a capital thing to travel, as we are doing, under the charge of our General Manager. He knows everybody; everybody knows him, and everywhere his friends adopted the whole crowd straight off.

The C. P. R. Hotel, in every way a first-class house, gave us splendid accommodation, and when we went into the luncheon room, instead of finding ourselves in a strange place, we discovered familiar faces from east and west and north and south. The legal profession was strongly represented, as a great arbitration case between the C.P.R. and the Government was in process of investigation, and I was glad to meet Mr. B. B. Osler, of Toronto, and other old friends and parishioners. After luncheon, Mr. Browning had a carriage and pair ready and we started for the park. This park, obtained from the



HOTEL VANCOUVER, VANCOUVER, B. C.

Government, contains one thousand acres, and the corporation of the city are opening it up with first-class roads, like those of the Mountain Park in Montreal. Nothing gives one a clearer idea of the push and energy of Vancouver than the making of this park, for fancy a city, three years old, levelling and making roads through a stretch of one thousand acres for the benefit of a community yet largely to be formed. I always loved the bush, but I never realized what its full beauty was until I took this drive. The roads wind in and out of a forest of brightest foliage, studded with trees that might be styled monarchs, emperors, mikados of forest royalty, from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet high and of proportionate girth. Mr. Browning pulled out a tape line and measured two of these giants. One, a cedar, measured sixty-five feet three inches at four from the base, fifty

feet round when measured ten feet from the ground, and the other, a Douglas pine, forty-five feet some feet from the base. We pulled down raspberry branches from bushes, standing ten and fifteen feet high, and picked these aerial berries and consumed them on the spot. In short, we never saw such luxurious growth, trees and flowers and ferns all bearing testimony to the teeming life of the soil. On our way into the park Mr. Browning showed us what I certainly thought was a collection of styes for a large breed of British Columbian pig, but he informed us that it was a Chinese squatter settlement, put up by Chinese workmen. We got out of the carriage to explore the settlement, and a queerer place I was never in. The houses were made of common slab-boards run into the ground and roofed over either with loose slabs or sticks, and were so low that a five-foot man would, I fancy, have to bend his head when moving inside of them. Every house had the owner's name (I suppose) written on a piece of paper in Chinese characters pasted on the door, and every door was locked. I looked into one of these Liliputian shanties through one of the wide cracks in the boards and could see a slab table and a slab chair, but no sign of a bed. It was clean and tidy looking, the mud floor swept and level. Every shanty had a garden attached to it, and I came to the conclusion that, if Canadians only cultivated patches of ground as Chinamen do, every inch that belonged to a market gardener would bear its crop. Some of these gardens were not larger than the cover of a piano, and even the banks that held up the shanties were cultivated, growing salad, parsley, etc. On our way back we met the owners of the shanties returning from work. They were a much brighter crowd than their brethren whom we saw working on the track. They were all young, walked quick, and had a happy, contented look about them, and were the cleanest looking body of workmen returning from a day's work I ever saw.

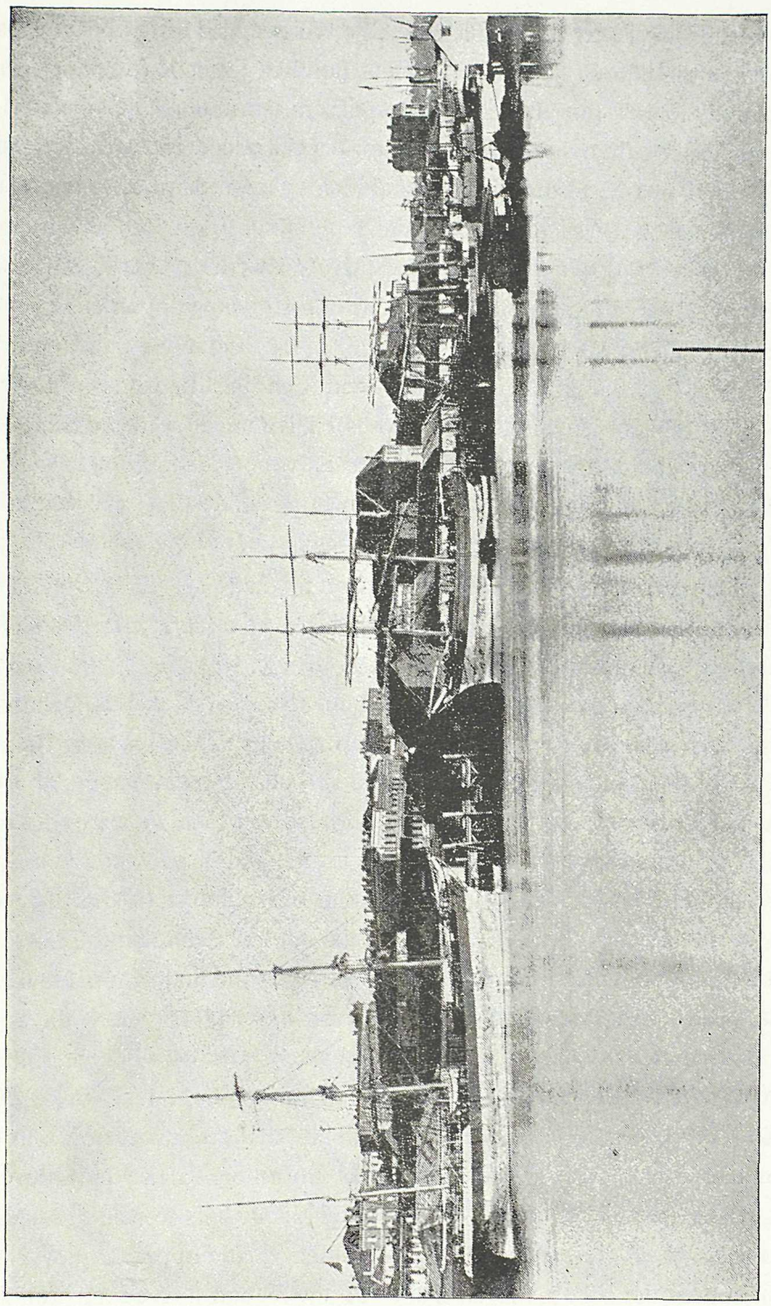
After dinner we walked over Vancouver, which lies spread out along the waters of Coal Harbor, but is stretching back its streets every day. In 1886 this city was a forest, and the first buildings were destroyed by fire, leaving only one house standing. It has now a population of nearly nine thousand, its wide and well planked streets are lighted both by gas and electricity, the side-walks are broad and well laid, fine brick and stone blocks of buildings are in course of erection, the private residences are very pretty, and the hotel is well worthy of either Montreal or Toronto. The harbor accommodation is splendid, allowing the largest steamers to discharge their cargoes, and the buildings of the C. P. R. sheds, store-houses, etc., testify to the living faith that the company must have in the future of the city. During our walk I could not help thinking that Montreal might learn not a little from Vancouver with regard to the Vancouver method of naming the streets. At every street corner there are black boards pointing east and west and north and south, with the names of the streets painted on them in clean white letters that the most near-sighted man could read with ease. Everywhere there are evidences of life and energy and vigor. In fact the streets thrill with signs of determination to push on and make Vancouver, what I think it is very likely it will yet be, a great Canadian city binding the east and west of the world together.

SATURDAY, July 7.—Up at 8, breakfast at 9 o'clock, and after breakfast walked down to visit the S. S. "Parthia," which arrived during the night straight from China, with seven hundred Chinamen on board, the bulk of them going to San Francisco. It seemed strange, this palpable evidence of the C. P. R.'s success in bringing Canada into touch with the East. Thirteen days ago this ship left China with her cargo of China tea and Chinamen, and this morning the tea is piling up on the wharf, and the Chinamen about to land in Canada are passing the Custom House officer and getting "out of bond," for tea and men alike are articles subject to duty. We were allowed on board at once, and went through the vessel. Some of the Chinamen were lying in their bunks, smoking long opium pipes; others were getting their heads shaved—dry shaving—the hair being neatly caught in a spread out fan, held by the gentleman getting shaved; others were getting their pigtails ornamented, and others were leaning over the sides of the ship, chattering like monkeys, or crowded round the gangway striving to dodge the Custom House officers, and land without the usual formalities. As a rule, these men were great strapping fellows, six feet high and well proportioned. On enquiry I found that they came from the north of China and from a part of the north renowned for the strength and stature of its children.

Here I came across George Brown, of Hamilton, who fills a responsible position in the C. P. R.—being station master and accountable for Chinese emigrants. He was so busy that I did not want to bother him, but made an appointment to see him on my return.

At 2.30—14.30 o'clock—we left Vancouver in the S. S. "Yosemite" for Victoria, the capital of British Columbia. The sail is very beautiful once you strike the islands, which put one in mind of the islands in the St. Lawrence. Here we got a magnificent view of Mt. Baker, in Washington territory, thirteen thousand feet high, and covered with snow, and also of the Olympian range lying along the peninsula, running out into the Pacific. The captain of the ship, it turned out, was well acquainted with my old friend Roberts, who, spite of his weak health, is working amongst and greatly beloved by the Indians on Cupper Island and along the coast.

We arrived in Victoria at 8 o'clock, and walked up to the Driard House, which turned out to be the most comfortable hotel I ever stopped in. We had lofty well-ventilated rooms, admirable attendance in room and at table, and the cookery would have done credit to the best managed club. After we had washed and rubbed off marks of journeying we started to see the sights by gas light. Victoria struck us as a calm, take-it-easy kind of a city, as compared with Vancouver. It is full of Chinese, all the servants and cooks and laborers in the streets, and even sailors are Chinese; in fact, if you deduct Chinese life from Victoria, you would, I fancy, leave it outwardly at all events rather a slow place. As it is, the Vancouverites call the Victorians "Moss-backs," because they move so slowly the moss is apt to break out on them. This of course is libellous, but Victoria gave us the idea of a staid English city rather than a rushing Canadian one. Nature has done a great deal for Victoria, which is most beautifully



VICTORIA, B. C.

situated, with the sea three parts about it in inlets. The buildings, as compared with those of Winnipeg, are poor, but the streets are wide and well side-walked, and lighted with electricity.

SUNDAY, 8th July.—The air of Victoria is very balmy, but as Mrs. Malaprop would say, I think it is "debiliating" for strangers, so much so that none of us moved in our respective beds till half-past 8 o'clock. After breakfast we went to service at the Cathedral which is "highish" rather than "high." There was a fair congregation, boys' choir, &c. The service was intoned, and Archdeacon Scriven preached a good practical

sermon on the text—"I saw no temple there." We rested during the afternoon, and at 7 o'clock went to the church of which the Rev. Percival Jenns is rector. To the eye this church appears "high," but there was a regular old-fashioned service, and the rector preached a splendidly thought out sermon on—"Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." He is a handsome, intellectual-looking man of uncertain age, and his delivery, although peculiar, was to me singularly pleasing. After church we took a long walk up to the part of the town where the private dwellings are. There are no very grand houses, but a large number of very comfortable ones with gardens about them. It is plain that the Victorian climate is very mild, for ivy, holly, and woodbine grow luxuriantly, and the arbutus is quite a common tree in the woods. Everywhere the gardens looked lovely, and such a show of roses I have never seen outside of England.

Twice during the day we came across the Salvation Army, but the climate I think tells even on it, for the big drum was by no means noisy, the girls' voices were toned down, the recruits few, and in fact, the whole thing appeared "debiliated."

MONDAY, 9th July.—Slept like a graven image till half-past eight, when I was awoke by some one knocking at my door as if the house was on fire. It turned out to be a morning call by Dr. Walkem on Canon Empson—an old Sunday School scholar hunting up his old Sunday School teacher. At 10 o'clock, the Rev. Mr. Beanfield, the Rector of the Cathedral, called to bring us through Chinatown and to the Joss House. Chinatown consists of three cross streets running between two of the main streets of the city; one part is poor-looking, consisting of old sheds and houses, which we were told are crammed with the lowest of the Chinese, but the shops in the other part are just as respectable looking, as clean and business-like, as any of the other shops in the city—doctors, dry goods, hardware, brass workers, jewellers, barbers, etc. Some of the men we saw were splendid-looking fellows, and not a few handsome; but the majority made a panorama of the most wizened, wrinkled, saddest faces I ever looked at. They all appeared very civil and good-humored, answering good-naturedly any question you asked them. Under the kind escort of Mr. Beanfield, we went into the Joss or idol house—a long room that at first sight had the general appearance of a small ritualistic church, from the banners and hangings on the walls, and the general glitter of the whole affair; indeed, we could not help feeling that we were in a place of worship, and all our hats went off naturally. On the left of the door as you enter, there is a holy umbrella, made apparently of costly material and most elaborately worked; this hangs from the ceiling. Next, going towards what might be called the chancel, is a large metal bell, without a tongue, richly painted in brilliant colors, and then a double row of spears and dragon-headed weapons. On the other side of the room there is a large painted drum, and beyond that, towards the chancel, another line of spears and weapons. Then crossing the room at the top are three wooden structures. The first is an elaborately worked slab, with table top. The slab is crowded with carved figures descriptive of some holy story from the sacred classics, and the table top is covered with sacred sticks in cases, illuminated scrolls, shining ornaments, banners, etc. Each sacred stick has a chapter and verse of Chinese

Scripture written on it; and the proper thing to do is to take one of these sticks and bring it over to a pigeon-holed case, in which the whole written text may be found. This, when drawn out, tells the fortune of the worshipper for that day. Behind this table is another, bright and glittering, with a sacred lamp burning in front of it, the whole arrangement having the general appearance of a Roman Catholic altar. Behind this again is a kind of sacred grotto, in the middle of which is seated a large figure of a man, with almond-shaped eyes and long hair, and a regular old-fashioned Chinese hat on his head. We could find out nothing as to what form of Chinese faith this Joss was connected with; but as it certainly was not Buddhist, I suppose it was Taoist, and that the figure was that of Lao Tsze, the old philosopher. This, however, is mere conjecture on my part. Mr. Beanfield says that the Chinese walk in and out of the place without the slightest appearance of reverence, but all this may be assumed, for, according to De Quatrefages, idolaters often purposely assume in the presence of strangers a manner wholly different from that which is natural, in order to keep their real religious views hidden from outsiders.

After our visit to Chinatown we went up to the courts and the Parliament Houses, strange Chinese looking buildings of brick, situated in very beautifully kept gardens. The Legislative Chambers were given up to an examination of school-teachers, so we only looked in, but really there was nothing to see beyond a plain room, very old fashioned in appearance. We then went to the courts where a special court of appeal was being held. The judges and lawyers were got up in regular Old Country style, wigs and gowns and bands, but a general spirit of legal languor appeared to rule throughout the precincts. The judges entered, the Bar, consisting of three lawyers, and the public, consisting of the Montreal four, all rose to their feet and then an effort was made to begin business. Calmly the clerk called case after case, with modest gentleness each lawyer stated he was not exactly ready to proceed, or not at all ready, or being partially ready was willing to postpone, and in quiet tones the Bench asked the Bar when it would be convenient to go on; one judge with just a ripple of authority passing over his voice stating "that it was really too bad to bring the Bench such distances for nothing, but that it was always so in Victoria," or words to that effect. Finally, after sundry efforts on the part of every one to oblige everybody else, I think it was decided to adjourn till August, and as none of the clients were in court, everybody appeared pleased and the Bench bowed to the Bar and the Bar to the Bench and the crowd dispersed.

After luncheon, Mr. Baker, M.P., called with a carriage and pair, and drove the whole party to Esquimault, where there is a fine graving dock, four hundred and fifty feet long and ninety feet wide, with a depth of twenty-six feet. It is a magnificent piece of stonework, and the machinery in connection with it is well worth seeing. From the dock we went to the arsenal, whence we had some glorious views. Indeed one could easily fancy one's self in England, houses and flowers, and the rich green grass, and soft sweet air, and beautiful harbour all combining to make one fancy he was in the old world once again. We drove back along a well made road, winding in and out through a rich

forest and reached our hotel, full of gratitude to Mr. Baker, who not only had given us one of the loveliest drives a party could well take, but the pleasure of his company which was a treat in itself.

TUESDAY, 10th July.—On board the Yosemite again with faces turned homeward, ready to retrace our steps to Port Arthur, where we had made up our minds to take the C. P. R. boat across Lakes Superior and Huron to Owen Sound, and come home by Toronto. Left Victoria at 2 o'clock a.m., having gone on board at 9 o'clock, and reached Vancouver at about 9 o'clock on Tuesday morning. After breakfast a number of visitors called, and at 11 o'clock we brought down our traps to the station, visited George Brown, and loafed round about the harbour till one o'clock, when the train left. Just as we left, a kind friend of Mr. White's, Mr. Winch, brought a large box of fruit into the car for our special comfort along the road—cherries, plums, peaches, apricots, pears, apples—a lavish present that not only kept us going during the journey, but also our fellow passengers.

Our journey home was just as pleasant as the journey out, for although we passed over the same ground, we did so with a knowledge of our ever changing surroundings, and were in a position to look out for special places and things that we had previously left unnoticed.

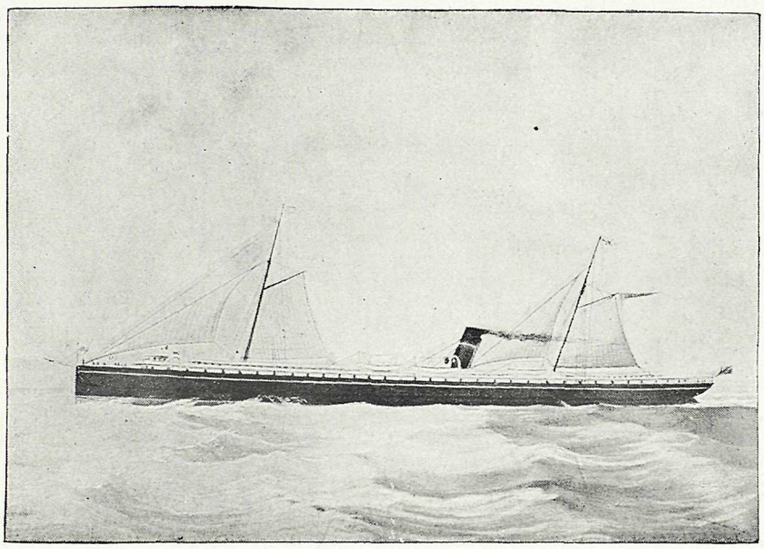
I have said little about the social aspects of the journey, which are many and very pleasureable, for just as in an Atlantic steamer, the passengers in due time get chatty and agreeable, books become common property, and seats lose the aspect of proprietorship so plainly visible at the start. The smoking-room, however, is the great resort for smoking purposes, continued conversation, and also for getting a clear view of the country. On our way out the platform was crowded with ladies all through the mountains, the gentlemen, of course, taking back seats or hanging on to the lower step of the carriage. But the smoking-room, whether you smoke or not, is the pleasantest part of the car, if only to hear the cosmopolitan conversation carried on in it. One day a gentleman gave us a long description of the railway system in India and of the license laws in New Zealand. We had descriptions of Bismarck, the deceased Emperors, the present Emperor and Von Moltke from a German gentleman who might well have passed himself off as Bismarck's brother. We had chats about sleighing in Northern Russia, about sunsets in Norway, and bush life in Australia, and one would fancy that England, France, Germany, Japan and China were stations on the road, one heard so much about them. A straw shows how the wind blows, and no one could ask for clearer evidence of the way in which the C. P. R. has brought Canada into touch with the most widely separated parts of the world than the cosmopolitan talk that a silent man can listen to in the well-cushioned smoking-room of a C. P. R. parlor car.

It is wonderful how the time flies on so long a journey. One can read most comfortably both day and night, and pillows are provided for day snoozers. Those who like cards, play cards, either in their compartments or in the smoking room ; little children run about the long car just as in their parlors at home ; the ladies sew and work, and others

write long letters or make notes of the journey. In fact, once the hand luggage is stowed away, it is hard to realize that you are travelling by train at all.

The return journey has one advantage about it not found when outward bound, namely, the superior view that one gets of such places as the Albert Canyon and the Kicking Horse Pass. On the return, the grade is continuously heavy, and the train has to travel very slowly. Then one is prepared for the wonders of these startling places, and more careful attention can be given to them.

At Port Arthur we changed to the steamer, which left at 3 o'clock on Saturday, and reached Owen Sound on Monday morning at 11 o'clock, having been delayed by a



CANADIAN PACIFIC LAKE STEAMER : OWEN SOUND AND PORT ARTHUR.

fog hanging round the entrance to the Sound. The line of boats running between Port Arthur and Owen Sound have the appearance of ocean-going steamers, and are almost as long, and the passengers are accommodated with the finest, airest saloons I ever saw on any steamboat. The private cabins are large and the berths wide; in fact, nothing is left undone to make what is at times, I fancy, a rough voyage as comfortable for the passenger as it can be made. On Sunday we had service at 10.30 a.m. and at 8 o'clock p.m., and the day passed over very happily. We reached Toronto about 3 o'clock, left at 8.30, and arrived safe, sound, thankful and happy at our starting-point in Montreal on Wednesday morning at 8 o'clock, having travelled close on six thousand miles between 8 o'clock p.m. Wednesday, the 27th of June, and 8 o'clock a.m. Tuesday, the 17th of July.

The party realized all through the journey, and above all, at the close, when accounts had to be squared, the wisdom they displayed in their appointment of the General Manager, who 'ran" the whole trip from start to finish. Nothing could have been better done (and nothing was left undone) to make things run smooth. He asked questions, laid out trips, hunted up advisers, paid the bills, and kept up his spirits all the time. No curious

problem was left by him unsolved, although he was not the member of the party who had the supreme impudence to lean across the counter of a shop in Victoria and innocently ask the salesman: "Pray, sir, could you tell me why the people in Vancouver call the people in Victoria Moss-backs?"

And so, home again once more, the happy party broke up. The Manager went back to his newspaper, the Judge to his office, the Secretary to his parish work, and the Canon to a careful revision of the proofs of the report of the Synod of the Diocese of Montreal for the year 1888. Back they went from pleasure to duty, after three weeks of unruffled good-fellowship on the longest, the most punctual, and (I think I may fairly say) the best-equipped line on this continent—the Canadian Pacific Railway. Success to it.