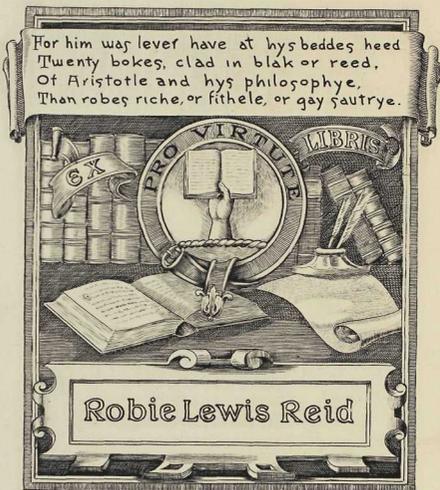


**TOUR**  
OF A  
**LADY**  
**OCTOGENARIAN.**

**Mrs A. J. STOCKS.**

For him was lever have at hys beddes heed  
Twenty bokes, clad in blak or reed,  
Of Aristotle and hys philosophye,  
Than robes riche, or fithele, or gay sautrye.



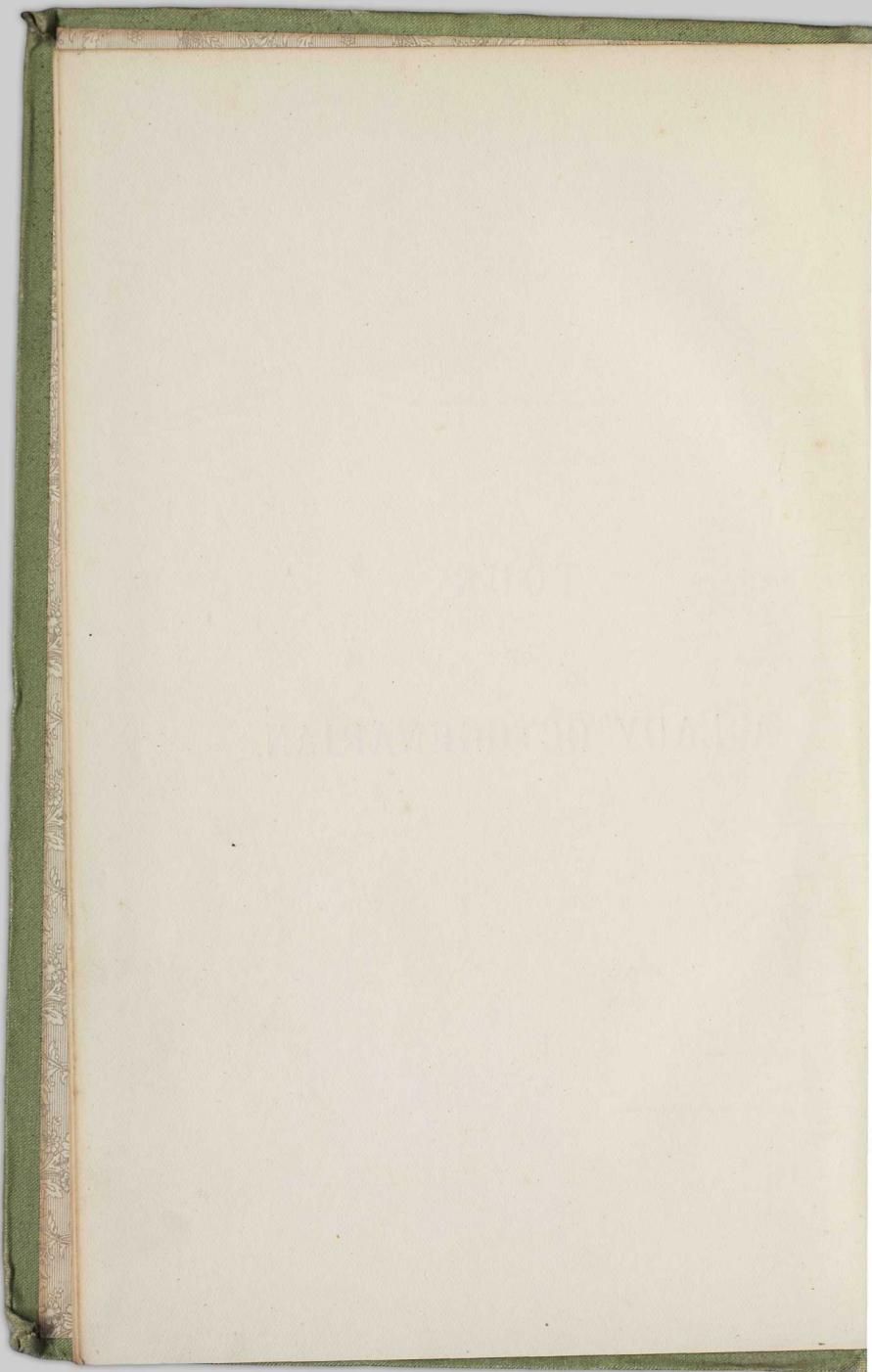
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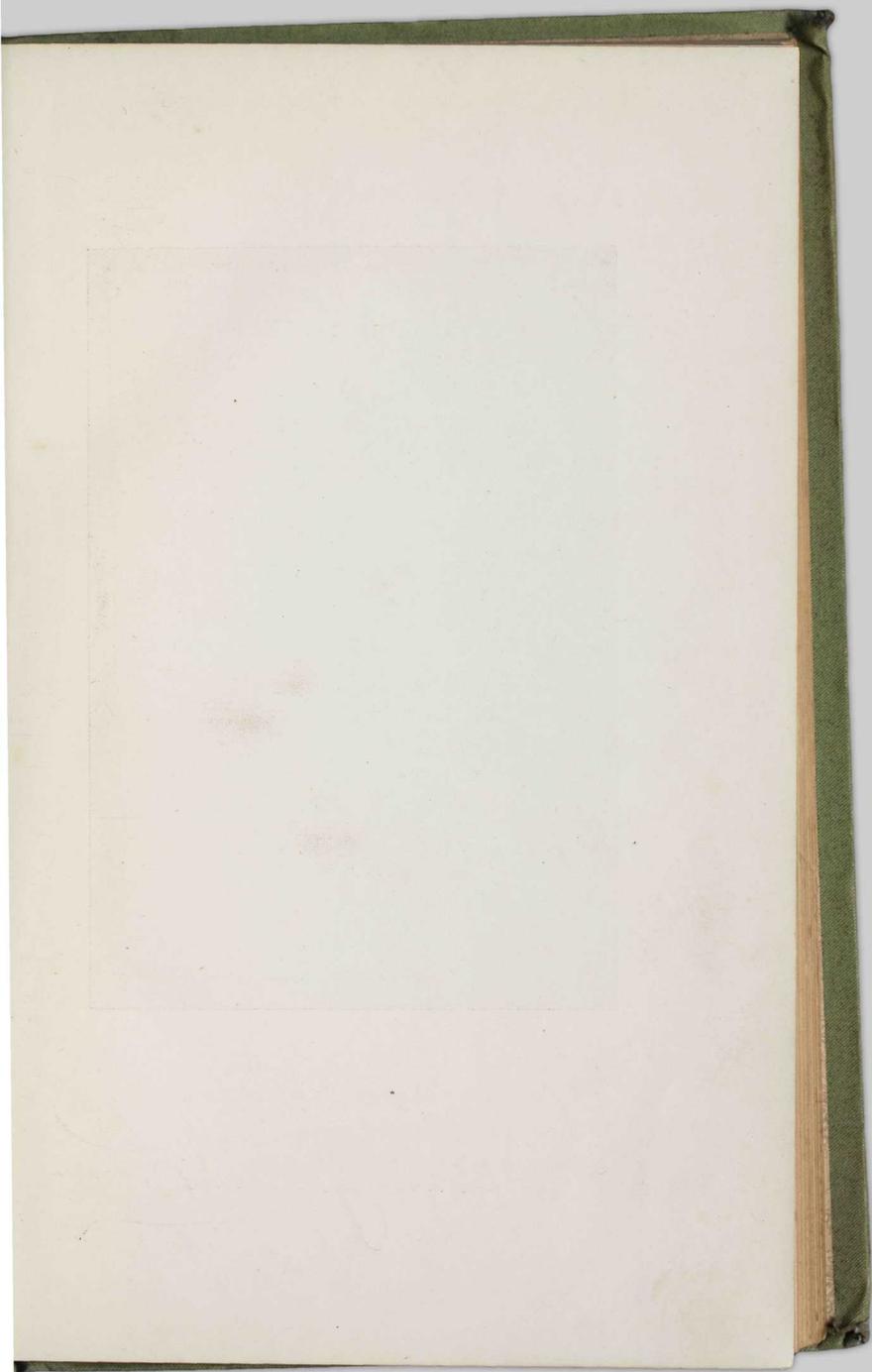
*The F. W. Howay and R. L. Reid  
Collection of Canadiana  
The University of British Columbia*





TOUR  
OF  
A LADY OCTOGENARIAN.







Yours most sincerely  
Anne J. Stockes

JOURNAL OF A  
SIX MONTHS' TOUR

BY

A LADY OCTOGENARIAN.

*FROM SCOTLAND TO BRITISH COLUMBIA AND  
BACK.*

~~~~~  
WITH VIEWS AND PORTRAITS.  
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Girkealdy:

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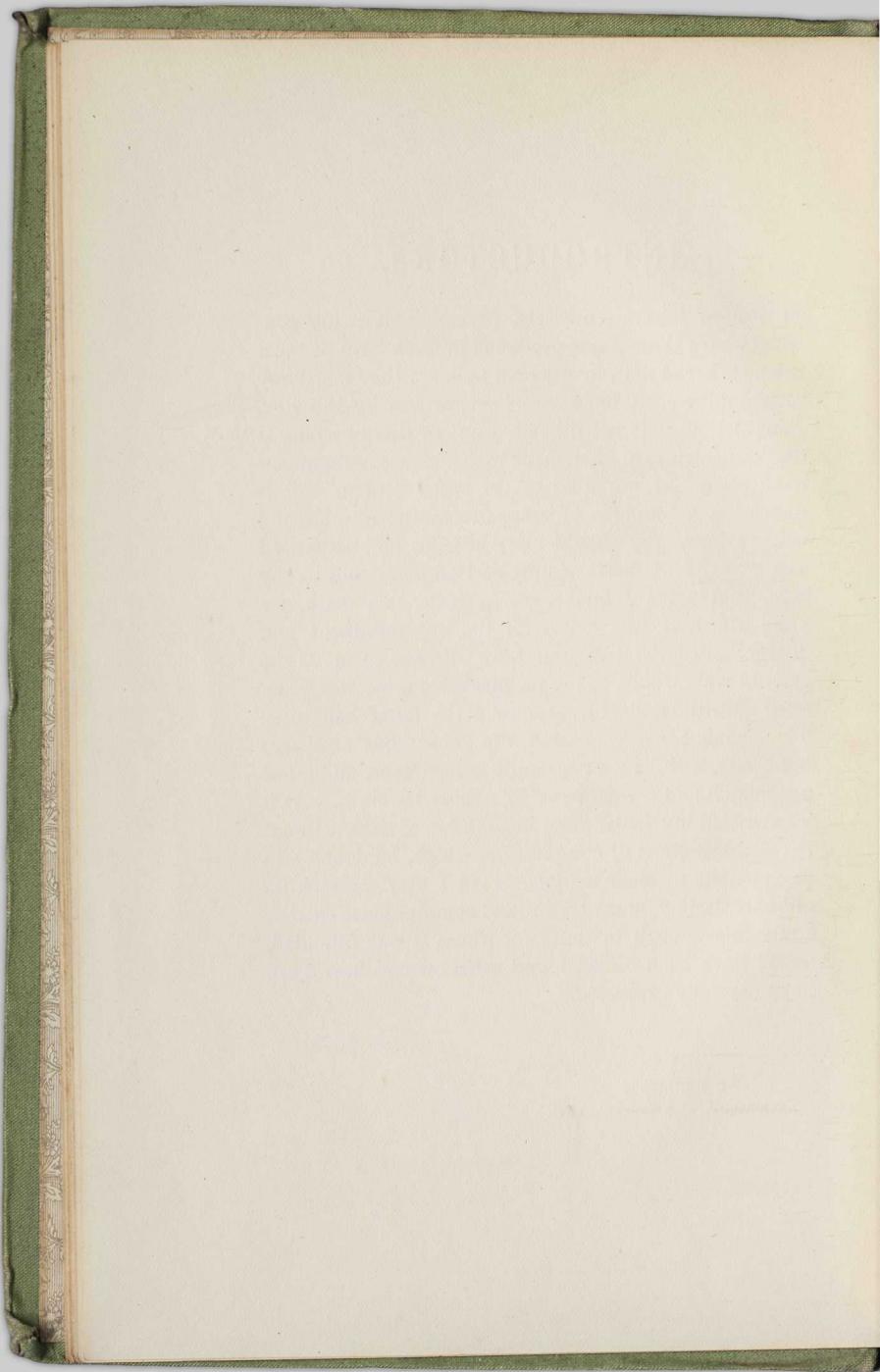
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## INTRODUCTORY.

ALTHOUGH I have—unwisely, perhaps—given my consent to have these pages produced in book form, it must not be inferred that, in my own opinion, they merit any such publicity. I have read in a sermon by the Rev. John M'Neill, "It is said the 'vice' of diary keeping is that the entries are often made with a view to subsequent publication." I am glad of the word "often," for it leaves me a loophole of escape from the insinuation; but, anyhow, why should diary keeping be stigmatised as a "vice"? I desire simply and emphatically to say here, that when I undertook to write this Diary, MY VERY FIRST, it was solely for the entertainment and instruction of the two dear boys referred to in it, the elder of whom, alas, to my inexpressible grief, was taken from us without having ever seen the latter half of it. The thought never entered my mind that any eyes but theirs, with, of course, family connections, and a few personal friends, would see it, or *care* to see it. So it was written hurriedly, often in snatches of time, without the slightest effort of composition, which, no doubt, will be apparent to most readers. Had I ever foreseen its ultimate destiny, many trifling and commonplace entries, interesting enough to those for whom it was intended, would have been omitted, and others would have been more carefully expressed.

A. J. S.

ST MICHAEL'S,  
KIRKCALDY, 15th January, 1901.



## TOUR OF A LADY-OCTOGENARIAN.

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This journal is to be written chiefly for the benefit of the two dear boys who presented the book to Grannie on her 81st birthday, and but for whom I do not believe a word would ever have been written. But I fear very much my ability to write down anything interesting to them, as I have to confess with blushes—if you could only see them—this is my very first attempt to commit to paper any thoughts or remarks in the shape of a journal. This is quite sufficient by way of preface. I must now launch my bark before the tide turns.

### **Leaving Kirkcaldy.**

29<sup>TH</sup> MAY, 1900.—Left home and friends and our (once called) “Lang Toon” at 1.15 P.M. No wonder a few solemn if not sad feelings were present, which, no doubt, would have been more evident but for the fact that, while three daughters are left behind, three equally dear are my companions in travel. After a comfortable and uneventful journey, arrived at Liverpool at 9.30. The Station Hotel being full, we drove to the North Western, where we stayed two years ago, when Jack and Rosie sailed in s.s. “Labrador” for Montreal, en route for B.C. That was indeed a sad experience. Now I have the bright prospect of visiting them in their new home, and of passing some months in their society.

### **Liverpool.**

30<sup>TH</sup> MAY.—Awoke this morning feeling refreshed and strong and hopeful, but for a few seconds could not realise my whereabouts. Weather very promising, glass

steadily rising. Drove to the Pier at 3 o'clock, and were soon after admitted on board the "Oceanic," the largest steamer ever afloat. It was really a stirring scene to see the hundreds of passengers crowding on board, and the huge, enormous trunks being hauled on and deposited in the hold by the sailors with ropes and pulleys. As we stood gazing down on the crowd below us waving handkerchiefs and hands to the dear ones they had just parted from, I got into conversation with a young man at my side, and found he was returning to Rossland, near Nelson, our destination, which he knows quite well. His name is Dr Senior, and he lives at Rossland, but left so lately as the 15th of April to visit his mother in England. He told me that Nelson is a beautiful place, and that we are sure to enjoy it. Punctually to the moment fixed (4.30), the gangways were removed, and the huge "Oceanic" made her start, being towed a short distance out by a steamer, and there remained, to our surprise, for several hours, on account of low water. It was between 8 and 9 o'clock when we were actually under weigh. By that time, we had dressed and dined, and familiarized ourselves in a slight degree with the windings and turnings, the stairs and endless passages of our temporary abode. But it would take your stupid Grannie 6 weeks, instead of 6 days, to learn this lesson thoroughly—I am always losing myself, and have to get others to find me, which they invariably do with wonderful alacrity and civility.

**Afloat.**

31ST MAY.—Passed a most astonishingly good night—much better than I expected, with Aunty Maggie above me, who also slept well. But I think a bedroom of the dimensions and accommodation of No. 68 is well calculated to teach and enforce tidiness and attention to details, for woe betide the passenger who is careless in

these matters, although, no doubt, the "Oceanic" is superior in many respects to smaller vessels. The principal event to be recorded here is that Lord Roberts entered Pretoria yesterday!! I had not written many sentences of this journal, sitting on deck, when a gentleman came up and introduced himself as Mr Norrie Miller from Perth, a friend of Mr Wilson of the Bank of Scotland, who had told him we were passengers, and bid him look for us. He sat down between Auntie Lizzie and me, and was very frank and kind, and soon electrified us with the unexpected tidings that had come through Lord Rosslyn, special correspondent of the "Daily Mail," that Lord Roberts was expected to enter Pretoria yesterday about 2 o'clock!! He also presented me with the "Cork Daily Herald," for which he had actually paid 3d. So the 30th May will henceforth be remarkable as the day on which your Grannie sailed for New York in the "Oceanic," and the day on which Lord Roberts took Pretoria!! We have passed a most pleasant day, the sea so blue and calm and tranquil, with a refreshing, but not cold, wind blowing—indeed, we have made an extremely favourable start, and, if only we go on like this all the way (which Mr Norrie Miller thinks not unlikely), we shall have been very highly favoured, but it will not do to anticipate yet. I have not had the faintest hint of sickness. Auntie Lizzie did not feel altogether well this evening, and wisely did not go to table d' hote, but had her dinner on deck. I am beginning now to feel *very far* away from home and friends and dear ones, and wonder what has been going on in the world left behind us, and what tidings may await us at the end of our sea voyage and our landing on *terra firma*. It seems incomprehensible how this enormous vessel, with over two thousand people on board, can find her way over that boundless, trackless

ocean, and it is so difficult to find one's way from here to there or from up to down inside her. Now, I must go for my evening promenade. There is the new moon in the distant horizon, and, an hour ago, we witnessed a most magnificent sunset. Good night, dear Malcolm and Kenneth.

**Friends on Board.**

1ST JUNE.—I was awakened this morning very early by the groanings and gruntings of the fog horn, and concluded we were sailing in a fog, greater or less. Several pictures rose up before me, such as the "Stella," though, of course, on the wide Atlantic, we could not meet her fate. We are all well, and all at the breakfast table this morning, the fog horn still sounding occasionally, though the fog seems a good bit away. We have now sailed 900 miles from Liverpool, and are going on at full speed, so Mr Norrie Miller tried to console me that, if a collision should happen, we should certainly have the best of it, since our great "Oceanic" would be more than a match for any obstacle that might come in our way. I met on deck this morning a dear little boy of three, with the largest, blackest eyes I ever saw. He told me his name is Kenneth Shee, and I informed him that one of my grandsons, who gave me this book, was called Kenneth, and that I would tell him about his black eyes. He insisted on me putting smoke into the train he was hurling up and down on deck. I also had a short dialogue with Dr Senior from Rossland. He says Nelson is a very stuck-up place, and that the people at Rossland are much franker and friendlier. I have seen Captain Cameron for the first time this evening at the dinner table. He is quite bald, but looks young with his hat on. The gentleman next me at table is a Mr Fraser from near Aberdeen. His home is in Adelaide, and he knows Mr Barr Smith very well, and also knew Sir

Thomas Elder, and was much interested to hear a few particulars of their family history. Then the gentleman opposite me is a Mr Collins, proprietor of the Royal Hotel, Kettering, near Leicester. He has been most attentive, and gave me his card. He has a friend with him who sits next Aunty Maggie, and carries on a lively conversation with her. Aunty Chrissie sits at my right, and Aunty Lizzie on her right. I am sorry to say the latter is rather upset. She came to dinner, but only stayed a short time. I begin to think we are going to have a stiff breeze. One good thing is that the fog cleared off about 3 o'clock, and that horrible horn ceased to disturb our equanimity. You will see by Grannie's writing that I am not very steady; so, good night, dear boys, I must stop.

**Disappointed Fears.**

SATURDAY, 2ND JUNE.—I had a little fright last night. I could not steady my legs down to my little house, so Chrissie kindly accompanied me. But, oh! dear, *the* horrid sensation came over me, so I began to fear the night's experience. However, I took very little time to undress, and poured out a drop of brandy, which I swallowed as soon as I got into my berth. But for a long time I swayed up and down, while the creaking, rasping noises convinced me that we were to have it rough and choppy. But my fears were disappointed (a common but strange expression), and I passed a most comfortable night, and I slept on till 7 this morning, and found my cup of hot water standing ready at my side. To-day it is simply lovely, clear, and fresh, and I have so enjoyed a walk round the deck, occasionally standing looking over the bulwarks and watching the varying shades and manœuvres of the waves. Oh, it is a wonderful sea that God holds in the hollow of his hand! I am glad to say Aunty Lizzie has, with some difficulty,

got up and dressed, and is now also reclining in her deck chair. We have sailed 524 miles since 12 o'clock yesterday, and are proceeding splendidly on our voyage. 6 P.M.—This has been a splendid day, uninterrupted careering over the trackless ocean. In the forenoon, we were all enjoying our books, resting, and wrapped up in our rugs on our deck chairs, with an occasional promenade round and round, or forwards and backwards on the deck. After lunch, the same proceeding till it became rather cold, and we adjourned to the saloon about 4 o'clock and had tea and some pleasant conversation with Mr Norrie Miller, who is always most attentive and kind.

**A Musical Passenger.**

Indeed, we are much indebted to Mr Wilson for introducing us to him. He is really the only person who takes any interest in us, and, with the exception of Dr Senior from Rossland, the only person we know. The passengers generally seem to keep themselves to themselves, and the Captain and Officers of the ship do the same. Maggie contrasts it unfavourably in this respect with the "Austral," in which she sailed to Australia, when they had games and amusements, and intercourse with each other. The only thing in the shape of entertainment we have had is a musical performance by a professional pianiste yesterday and to-day, while we were assembled at afternoon tea. I have not heard his name. Yesterday he began to play that lovely, touching air by Paderewski I am so fond of that Chrissie plays, but after a few bars he stopped and began another. After a while, I summoned courage to ask him to play it, and he very kindly agreed, and said he was very glad I liked it, but he was only playing it from memory. He did attempt it again at my request, but could not go on to the end. He plays wonderfully, but I don't like *all* his pieces. In some he dashes his hands with such a

vengeance on the notes, as if he were in a towering passion. I suppose my not enjoying that is a proof of my want of cultivation. We have now had three wonderful days of sailing, and this evening we shall have got half way across. Sometimes, oh! very often, my thoughts wander homeward, and I wonder what is going on, and what you, dear Malcolm and Kenneth, are about.

**Sunday at Sea.**

SUNDAY MORNING, 3RD JUNE.—Had another comfortable night. At 7 o'clock, the stewardess brought our cups of hot water, and gave us the welcome information that it was a bright, lovely morning. All well to-day, glad to say. Aunty Lizzie very much better, but did not get up to breakfast. I said to Messrs Collins and Payne at breakfast time—"Do you know what I intend to do to-day?" "No, Mrs Stocks." So I said, "Well, I am going to read one of Dr McLaren's sermons to you." To my surprise, for I never meant it seriously, they both said they would be delighted to listen, and so we fixed to meet in the corner of the dining saloon when the tables were cleared after lunch. We had a religious service at 10.30. The Purser (Mr Russell) read prayers, and a lady played the organ. A young lady led the singing. I dare say a majority of the passengers were present, but *not* Mr Fraser. However, to my great astonishment, he told me at luncheon that Mr Collins had told him I was going to read a sermon, and that he was coming to listen. And so he did! They all thanked me most cordially, and listened most attentively.. I trust and pray that a blessing may follow. We had a little talk over it afterwards. We are now sailing along the banks of Newfoundland, having accomplished 2356 miles since leaving Liverpool. Mr Collins amused us at breakfast time by saying there were traces of a lady

having been in his cabin, for the Steward had told him he had found a hair-pin in his bed, and he himself had found another. I said it certainly looked suspicious. It turned out that in the gale on Friday his cap had blown off into the sea, and he hadn't another. So, a young American girl, who sits at our table, gave him one she had worn, and it is supposed the hair-pins came out of it. A lady's hat blew off to-day while Lizzie and I were promenading on deck. It really is very breezy, but not at all cold. Every one seems to think we have had an exceptionally good voyage. As far as we have gone, we are realizing that gentleman's wish who said to Aunty Maggie, "I hope you may have a good *tower*, and that you'll keep a "*Cairy!*"

**Sea Baths.**

MONDAY, 4TH JUNE.—Another comfortable, quiet night. It got very foggy last evening, and the odious and alarming horn went incessantly from 7 o'clock, so I hardly expected to sleep. The sea air makes one sleepy, and, as I have not winked all day, I got very drowsy about 9; indeed, went into a doze over my book in the drawing room. I descended to my cabin at 9.30, and went into bed, but heard the most terrific snoring just at my ears. Of course, the horn and the snoring accompaniment were overpowering, but first the one ceased, and, when Aunty Maggie came in at 11, she having already been some time asleep upstairs, she told me the fog was clearing away, and, accordingly, almost immediately the obnoxious horn stopped. This morning I rose first, as we have to dress in turn, and, on coming up to the deck at 8 o'clock—it was soaking wet—I learned from a sailor that it had rained incessantly all night, and a small rain was still falling. This, I suppose, is our last but one day on board. It seems uncertain whether we shall land to-morrow evening or Wednesday morning.

Really, we have much cause for thankfulness, and I am beginning easily to accommodate myself to all the various things that were at first irksome, and I am filled with admiration at the ingenious devices for promoting the comfort of dressing in such a limited space, and for utilizing the walls with endless pegs and pockets and wee drawers. I have greatly enjoyed also several hot baths in water from the Atlantic Ocean !! And, the Stewardess is *so* pleasant and obliging.

**Last Day on Board.**

5TH JUNE.—We have now arrived at the last day of our sea voyage, and I cannot say it causes me regret, for at present my uppermost feeling is to reach the goal for which we started on this journey. But I feel sure that, if we *had* to remain on board the “Oceanic” for another week, there would be some additional pleasure in making new friendships. As I was stepping out on deck this morning, a pleasant-looking lady accosted me, and I sat down beside her and her friend. We had a most interesting chat. Her husband is a clergyman in San Raphael, California, and they seem to have been touring in England and Scotland. She told me she had been staying with Rev. Mr Gordon, in Kettle, and had been at tea with some friends of his in *Frouthy* (Freuchie), and had also visited Falkland. I remarked that I had passed Falkland in October when my eldest daughter and I were on a cycling excursion to Strathmiglo. “Cycling,” she said; “*you* cycling!” “Oh, yes,” I said; “why not?” “Well, I am astonished that a lady of your age can venture to cycle.” “But, you do not know my age, do you?” “No, I don’t; but, from your pretty white hair, I should guess you might be 60, though your erect figure does not indicate that.” I pretended to wonder she could think me so much, but, after a little, told my exact age—past 81. She and her

friend were unable to express their surprise. "Oh, do give us your secret," they said. Then Maggie came in, and I introduced her; in a little, Lizzie came, and I introduced her also. I was very early awake this morning, with that roaring lion of the desert, and knew we were befogged. It went on all the morning, and, except during a short interval when it seemed clearer, it has gone on ever since. But I seem now hardened to it in the daytime. Chrissie and Lizzie and I have been for an hour or two lying on our deck chairs reading, gliding over the ocean stretched out in front of us—very delightful it is, and I did feel almost sorry to think all this would soon be a thing of the past; I must say the voyage has been to me a much greater pleasure than I ever expected. I am the only one of the party who has *entirely* escaped an ache or a pain. Lizzie was upset, Chrissie has had bilious turns, and even Maggie has not been quite free of little ailments, but I have been *perfectly* well all the time, and I have slept well, and ate well, though I do not go in for anything like the quantities that some do. I told you about meeting Dr Senior, who is going to Rossland. Well, his home in this country is at Streatham, where his mother lives, and I find that he knew the Kemp Welch's, with whom I used to stay, and, very funny isn't it, Mr and Mrs Westall, with whom we lived 15 months ago in London, are his uncle and aunt!! Mr Westall lost all his money in China, and his wife, who is a very charming person, undertook to retrieve their fortunes by this boarding house. We have now sailed 507 miles since yesterday at 12, and had 305 more miles to go at 12 to-day. We expect to go ashore to-morrow morning at 9. That will conclude the second stage in our journey.

Farewell to the "Oceanic."

WEDNESDAY, 6TH JUNE.—Awoke very early, about

3 o'clock, with the noise of the pilot coming on board, and got dressed by 5.30, and went upstairs on deck. Such a lovely, bright morning—the "Oceanic" at anchor, numbers of all sorts and sizes of vessels lying or sailing around, and a little bit away, right opposite, the villas and gardens and churches of Staten Island. My first glimpse of America!! We had not made many acquaintances—but the few we knew were very cordial, and now came the adieus, the kind wishes, the exchange of addresses, and handshakings. and, then, the last meal together!—Dr and Mrs Alexander, from California; Dr Senior, Rossland; Mrs Parsons, New York; Mr Collins, Mr Paine, Mr Fraser, and Mr Norrie Miller, and a number more whose names I never learned. Breakfast over, we assembled to await our departure, sometimes watching the proceedings on deck, eight tug steamers being employed to move our huge "Oceanic" along to its destined point. At last, the landing began, and we were all deposited in a huge shed, and moved to the place marked "A," as our luggage was all marked to go there. *This was an ordeal!* The noise, the shouting, the sailors landing hundreds of huge trunks and boxes, wheeling them up and down!! Here we had to wait over two hours, some having been taken to a wrong place. My head did begin to ache for the first time, but our Officer was most considerate and merciful, rummaged scarcely any and chalked all our belongings. So, at last, we left them all, some to be sent to Grand Union Hotel, the big ones to be sent to the Station, where we were to start next morning. I must not state my impressions of New York. Very hot, very bustling, very noisy; huge buildings, picturesque churches, innumerable cars, wide streets, splendid parks, and *very dear* drives! We had a delightful drive round the Central Park (7 miles), a most beautiful spot, for which we *paid!*

**By Rail to Niagara.**

THURSDAY, 7TH JUNE.—After a very hurried breakfast, we left New York this morning at 8.30. Lizzie's large box could not be found, and caused so much delay that we nearly lost the train. We were not even *seated* when it moved off, and had all to sit separately for the first stage. We arrived at Niagara at 6.30, having travelled 646 miles in the fastest train in the world—60, sometimes 70, miles an hour. The seats were comfortable, and the carriage was cool and airy, and refreshments were served as we went along. The first part of the journey was alongside the great Hudson River, most picturesque and interesting—rocky cliffs towering high, and the great river rolling along, conscious of nothing but itself. First stop was at Albany, and there we left the Hudson, and travelled due west. The train stopped at Uttiea, Rochester, Syracuse, and Buffalo, but only for a few seconds. We changed carriages at Buffalo, and in about half-an-hour we arrived at Niagara, and found that none of our luggage had come. Mr and Mrs Bright, a most agreeable young couple, fellow-passengers on the "Oceanic," were also in the train. Mr Bright accompanied, first, Maggie, and later on at 10 o'clock, Chrissie, to the Station to enquire after our boxes, but none were there, so we had to do our best without them. Maggie went down early to the Station on Friday, and found them all right, except Lizzie's largest one, which she does not expect to see till we reach Toronto. After our long journey, we could not do much, but went out after dinner to get our first view of the Falls. The scene was entrancing—beautiful lawns, fresh green trees, rare flowering shrubs, moon shining, wild fire flitting across, the spray from the great volume of waters dashing in our face, numbers of seats up and down the fresh grass, and the deafening roar of Niagara, was far beyond any

thing I had ever expected. It came on heavy rain about 10 p.m.

**The Famous Falls.**

FRIDAY, 8TH JUNE.—This was indeed *the* crowning day! Oh, Niagara, Niagara! Can I ever forget the awe-inspiring scene? No picture, no description can ever convey a faint idea of its magnitude, of its unimagined extent, of the indescribable fury of its rapids and whirlpools, and the lovely grounds and walks surrounding and contrasting in their peaceful beauty with the boisterous wildness and grandeur of Niagara Falls and its clouds of spray, sometimes rising to a height of 45 feet. We went out this morning, accompanied by Mr and Mrs Bright, from Rochdale, to explore further the wonders of this truly wonderful place; walked across a bridge near, where the water below us was foaming and tumbling. I could not help feeling how refreshing it would be to have *one* dip. We gazed first at the American Falls from all the different points of view. They are very wide across, and, for that reason, do not appear so high as they really are; they are in reality 167 feet high, and 1060 feet wide. Quite near is the Horse Shoe Fall, on the Canadian side—by far the grandest and *greenest*, owing to its great depth. Its height is 158 feet, and its contour line, 3010 feet. It is estimated that 107 million gallons of water pass over the Falls each minute, 7-10ths of which pass over the Horse Shoe! We got into a car, and crossed over to the Canadian side, and the first thing to be noticed was the British flag waving in the breeze. This is where visitors can be dressed and disguised in waterproof attire, in order to descend to the very brim of the water, and walk along and even *behind* the Fall, where one gets a complete baptism of Niagara. At first, none of our party wanted to go but myself. However, Mrs Bright

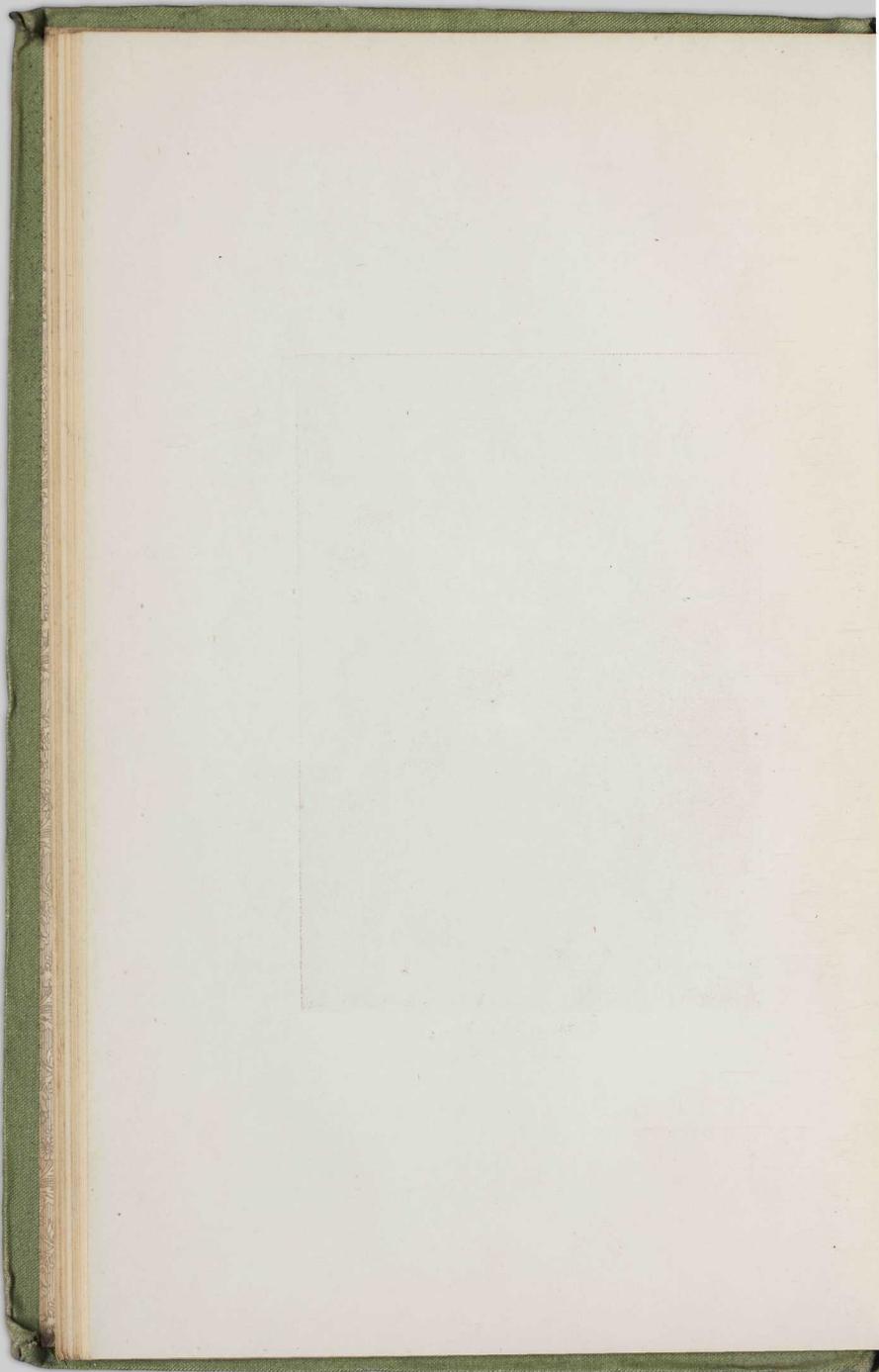
volunteered to accompany me, and, eventually, Chrissie came. Mrs Beveridge had experienced it three years ago. Well, having dropped off our skirts, we got into huge leggings, and over all a most ample cloak, and finally, overshoes and most becoming hood, enclosing our heads and faces, and off we started. *We were guys!* you may believe. Mr Bright had his camera ready to photograph us in this bewitching costume. Down, down we went in the elevator, and, at first sight, it required some courage to proceed. Of course, we had a guide—a strong, stalwart man—and, clinging to him, I ventured into the blinding spray. I discovered he was from Edinburgh; his name, John M'Leod, and I really think he was captivated with me in my Niagarian attire. When he knew I came from Kirkcaldy, he said, "I intend to go back to Edinburgh soon, and I will be sure to come and see you." So, of course, I gave him my address. It was quite romantic to meet and part in such *peculiar* circumstances, and we took an affecting farewell.

**Another Brither Scot.**

The moment we ascended, all wet and dripping, Lizzie was waiting to photograph us a second time, and we hastened to throw off our temporary disguise and rejoin our friends, returning to the Cataract Hotel. We had decided to drive after lunch to all the places of interest around, and had engaged a carriage and pair for that purpose. Punctually at 2.30, our carriage appeared, and I got on the box-seat and soon got into conversation with our coachman. I found he was from Aberdeen; his name, William Adams. He has been away from his native country 20 years, but seems a young man yet, and has a wife and family here. Quite familiar with all the windings and turnings, with all the points of interest and places of note, he drove us 4 hours, and, if our impressions were deep and vivid and awe-inspiring before,



THE NIAGARAN COSTUMES.



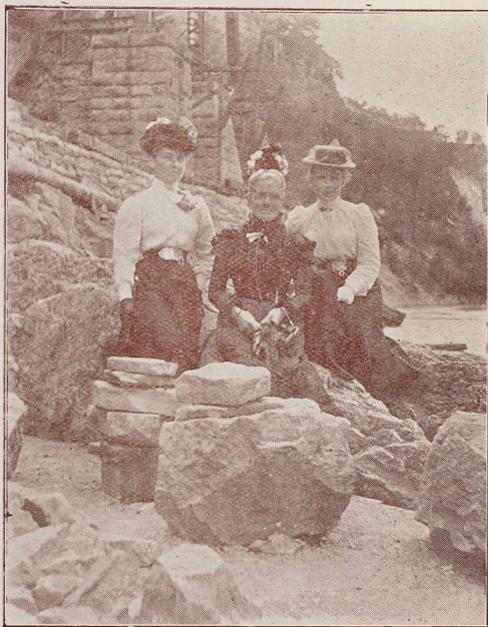


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Mrs AITKEN.      Mrs STOCKS.      Mrs DEVERIDGE.

NEAR THE WHIRLPOOL,  
NIAGARA.

oh, how can I express our experience of this interesting drive? The Rapids below the Falls, and, still more, the Rapids above the Falls, a wide extensive field of foaming, dashing water—the place where Captain Webb attempted to swim across Niagara, but was drawn into the Rapids and perished (his body being recovered 2 days after)—for a full mile the angry, seething waters pitch, roar and leap in fury as they sweep into that great basin, “The Whirlpool!!” Our coachman also drove us across a bridge right over the great Rapids above the Falls, and, though one of our horses was very nervous and apt to shy, they took us quite calmly over and back again. On our return, the sun shone out brightly, and we had the pleasure of seeing the wonderful and beautiful effect in several rainbows of most dazzling hues. We returned to our hotel, charmed and delighted, with a promise to our obliging coachman that, if it were ever in my power, I would go to see his parents at 32 Richmond Street, Aberdeen, and tell them of their son’s welfare and apparent happiness and comfort. †

**Off to Toronto.**

SATURDAY, 9TH JUNE.—To-day, with much regret, we left Niagara, and I bless God that, most unexpectedly, in my old age, I have had the great gratification of seeing its glories and wonders. I honestly think that it is worth coming all the way from Kirkcaldy to see it. After arranging and settling with the officials at the Station about our baggage (as it is called here), Maggie and I set out by the Great Gorge Electric Railway for Lewiston, where we were to take the steamer for Toronto, Lizzie and Chrissie travelling in charge of our traps and trunks by the railway direct. The Great Gorge Railway is a marvel of skilled ingenuity in electric railroad building. It passes along the wonderful Whirlpool Rapids, where they can be seen completely from end to

† Have fulfilled this promise.

end, General Brock's monument, the Devil's Hole, the caves along the road, the Suspension Bridge, and all the romantic scenery passing before one's gaze, ending up at the historic old village of Lewiston. Arriving there, we waited about half-an-hour for Lizzie and Chrissie, and soon embarked on the "Corona" for Toronto, where, after a 7 miles sail on a perfectly calm sea, and after again encountering the inspection of Custom House Officials on our entrance into Canada (even more considerate and courteous than at New York), we landed at Toronto, and drove to the Queen's Hotel.

**Canadian Preachers.**

SUNDAY, 10TH JUNE.—Having unintentionally missed these two pages, I have come back in order to record our experience of our only Sunday in this fine city, Toronto. I am glad to say that the others passed a good night—Lizzie and Maggie say the best since we left home. I am most comfortable in my room, but was awfully and provokingly disturbed by a dog barking till far on in the night and early in the morning. However, I complained to one of the officials, and he very civilly promised to enquire into it. We all walked to St Andrews Church, which is quite near; the service was delightful. A Mr Macmillan preached a most admirable sermon from the text, "But whom say ye that I am," Mark viii. 29. He opened up the context to begin with, and brought out the divinity of Christ in a very forcible way. I was particularly struck with his earnest prayer for the Queen, so different from the stereotyped words in which it is generally expressed. But what added greatly to our enjoyment of the service was the lovely music. I do not think I ever heard an organ played so exquisitely, so soft, so inspiring, so elevating. There is an excellently trained choir, which the organist keeps well in hand. During the collection

a solo was sung by a young lady with a magnificent voice, and we were so pleased that we all agreed to return to the evening service, when the minister of the church—Rev. Dr. Armstrong Black—was to preach. We had a pleasant walk before going in for dinner at 2 o'clock, and rested in the afternoon. Just as we were leaving for the evening service, a detachment of the Salvation Army drew up in front of "The Queen's," and began singing. Then followed a short prayer, after which a family of six girls and a boy, led by their father with a concertina, played very nicely together. Two of the biggest girls had violins, one had a 'cello, one played a mandoline, and a wee morsel of a child sounded a cymbal very emphatically. Of course, they all sang to these accompaniments. We were much pleased with the evening service. Dr. Armstrong Black is a handsome man, with a sonorous voice. He preached from and expounded the second chapter of Ruth. It was very able, and showed a most acute intellect and great power of discrimination. He was pretty hard on poor Naomi, "foolish old woman, with her schemes and manœuvres; she came very near marring the happiness of two lives." We were very much pleased with our Sunday in Toronto. The weather was cool and pleasant.

**Preparing to Advance.**

MONDAY, 11TH JUNE.—This day has passed without any special effort. The weather is much hotter than yesterday, and the crowds on the streets, the innumerable bicycles gliding in all directions, and the vehicles crossing and re-crossing make it necessary to have all one's wits at hand. The forenoon was chiefly devoted to arrangements for our long railway journey, making enquiries, and getting our tickets. In the afternoon, we did some shopping, and found the articles we bought most reasonable. We start for Winnipeg to-morrow at 1 p.m., and expect to reach it on Thursday morning.

**A Duty.**

TUESDAY, 12TH JUNE.—Left Toronto at 1 p.m., and took up our quarters on the Grand Trunk Railway. Were agreeably surprised at the appearance of comfort in our carriage, being roomy and elegant. Our *coloured* attendant was most attentive to us in every way. His name was James Duty—very clever, but not a beauty.

**A Long Ride.**

SATURDAY, 16TH JUNE.—I made an attempt on Tuesday to write in the train, but found it impossible to make it legible, and thought it better to delay. We arrived to-day at Banff, in the very heart of the Rocky Mountains, but, before entering upon its beauties and attractions, I must devote a page or so in describing our experiences during our railway journey since Tuesday. I must say we have all stood the night and day travel much better than I ever expected, and, notwithstanding the deafening noise and unpleasant motion, swaying from side to side, we all slept wonderfully, and enjoyed our meals at the table, as well as a private lunch. James Duty most obligingly brought us boiling water to make tea, and set a temporary table. He made and unmade our sleeping quarters, and, as there were not many passengers, we got privileges which otherwise we could not have got, such as dressing and doing our toilets in the gentlemen's room. We were really very well off. There is not much I can say now about the scenery. At first, we passed some pretty towns and villages, and wooded forests and lakes, some of a considerable size, but the one outstanding object during our journey on Wednesday was Lake Superior, the greatest of inland lakes—the largest body of fresh water in the world! For hours and hours we careered along its lovely north shore, where the railway line is notched out of frowning cliffs or surmounts them, and, from the windows, one can survey the sea-like expanse of blue

waves, and beautiful wooded islands. This part of the journey reveals very grand scenery, the lake often disappearing and re-appearing till it seems almost interminable. On Tuesday evening we reached North Bay, where the C.P.R. from Montreal joins the Grand Trunk Line from Toronto. Next evening we arrived at Fort William, where the travellers across the lakes joined the train.

**Weary Winnipeg.**

Our principal stop was at Winnipeg, where we left the train, partly for a rest from the noise and whirl, partly to see the city, and partly to call on Dr. Kilpatrick, of Burntisland, and lately of Aberdeen. We had rather a disagreeable experience there. Our baggage and ourselves were deposited right on to the platform, but we could find no cab, no porter, no way of moving one step further, and there we waited and better waited, at last patiently sitting down on our portmanteaus, with a scorching sun overhead. Over and over, Maggie and Lizzie walked up the platform to make enquiries, and came back with the reply that a 'bus would be here soon. All the same, I am sure we sat a full hour, even more, in these circumstances—people passing and staring and wondering at such woe begone travellers! We had been three days and two nights on the train. However, the 'bus did come, and we were at last landed at the Clarendon Hotel, about 6.30 a.m. We had a great pleasure in store for us. After a proper and refreshing toilet, and a satisfactory breakfast, we set out to find Dr. Kilpatrick's house, and, most fortunately, we were just in time to see him before going to his duties at the College. He *was* astonished on receiving my card! He could not find words to express his surprise at me undertaking such a tedious journey. But he lost no time in coming downstairs with his wife (whom we

didn't know before) to welcome us, and, after our experience at the station, their great cordiality and kindness were all the more appreciated. They seemed to think of nothing but how to be kind and how to entertain us. First, Dr. Kilpatrick took us over to the College, and showed us all over the various rooms, and introduced us to Dr. Patrick, the Principal, who came quite recently from St. Paul's, Dundee. He (Dr. Patrick) sat and chatted with us while Dr. Kilpatrick went to his class.

**Hospitably Entertained.**

Then we returned to the house, and found Mrs Kilpatrick ready to accompany us in a car out to see the Cathedral—a very puny edifice, but extremely pretty in its surroundings, with the Red River flowing close by. I must say a word about Mrs Kilpatrick. She is an Aberdeen lady, and is a delightful, clever, intelligent person—seems devoted to her husband Professor, and three dear good children. Dr Kilpatrick was going on some mission duty in the afternoon, but we were invited back to afternoon tea. Oh! what a treat it was, but, instead of going to see her husband off as she intended, Mrs Kilpatrick remained with us, and, along with her two girls, Bessie and Dorothy, accompanied us on a long excursion to a lovely park, across the most extraordinary bridge erected over the deep, rolling Red River. We sat and chatted, and strolled, and admired, till the time came when we had to return to the Clarendon for dinner, and we took our journey back to Winnipeg, where we parted with mutual expressions of regret, and many thanks on our part for kindness received. I have said nothing about Winnipeg!!! Well, it is now a large town, *very* flat, just laid down in the middle of a prairie. Thirty years ago there was only 200 or 300 of a population; now there are 55,000!! The day was broiling hot; no such thing as a shelter

from trees, and, what seemed so strange (we saw the same in Toronto) the pavement to walk on consists of spars of wood firmly laid across, and the broad road still unmade or in process of being made. We saw cyclists steering their wheels over the roughest roads, and one man had a wee baby seated in front of him, and the young mother pushing the *rough* tenor of her way in advance. Then, the ground is such a flat, level prairie for miles and miles, that, if you look back, you see a long, long straight vista, over which you have just passed.

**Off to Banff.**

This must be enough for Winnipeg. We had to start on Friday morning at half-past five, in order to be down at the station in time to catch the train for Banff, and, after the usual difficulties about baggage, checks and tickets (for, really, that has all along been our *bête noir*, though *I* have been saved all the trouble). We were again accommodated with comfortable places in the Canadian Pacific Railway, and were soon after summoned to breakfast. For hours before reaching Winnipeg, and for miles and miles after leaving it, the view is nothing but a bare measureless expanse of prairie, with nothing to arrest the attention but an occasional stop at a station of more or less importance, where at times we could stretch our legs and have a breath of fresh air. So there was nothing for it but to read or sleep, and thus Friday was passed. Then came our last night in the train, and we had to undress and sleep within the curtain hung in front, sometimes getting a good hard bump on the head. But it is wonderful how one learns to manage. I awoke early, and took possession of the ladies' toilet, and had all my dressing done before any one was stirring. Soon after breakfast we began to see a threatening of mountains, and a fore-

taste of different scenery, and at 12 o'clock the train stopped at Banff station amid a deluge of rain. We fared better here than at Winnipeg, for a roomy conveyance awaited us, and we were at once driven, with a number of other passengers, to the hotel—large and luxuriously appointed—perched on a lofty promontory, commanding not only an uninterrupted view of the Bow river and valley, but of peaks and stretches of the Rockies in every direction.

**Some Scenery.**

*This* Banff is situated in what is called "The Canadian National Park," though it seems strange to my ears to hear, not one mountain or two, but far more than can be counted, called a "National Park." They stretch as far away as one's eye can follow them, and roll upon one another in chaotic disorder. I do not suppose any mountain scenery in the world can be compared to the mountain heights to be found here, beside whose immense jagged heights the crags and peaks of the Alps sink into insignificance.

**Lang Toon Memories.**

After making ourselves comfortable and clean, for the dust from the train was both polluting and penetrating, we descended to the dining hall and had lunch. By this time the rain had cleared away; and, in order to make the best use of our time, we ordered a carriage and pair and went for a most delightful drive. Our driver on this occasion was an Irishman from Limerick, and he gave us many particulars in the course of our excursion; drove us up a mountain side by what he called a cork-screw road, six turns close one after another—exactly like *The Path* at the east end of Kirkcaldy, only *quite narrow* in comparison. But our horses, "Nigg" and "Dandy," were seemingly well used to it, and never swerved a single hair's breadth, nor caused

us the slightest fear. Some of my friends at home were much afraid I would be awfully knocked up by my long railway journey, but after our four days and three nights incessant travelling, except our stop at Winnipeg, instead of indulging in a long rest, the first thing we did was to have a drive of four hours through the hills to see waterfalls and canyons and caves, and sulphur springs where rheumatic patients bathe. The coachman stopped, and let us out to see a wonderful natural cave scooped through a sort of tunnel. The water was clear and blue and tepid, and in proportion as it fills it goes on emptying. The man in charge at once detected my Scotch tongue, and begged to shake hands on the spot. He enquired where I came from. "Kirkcaldy," I replied. "Oh!" says he, "I was once very nearly settled in the 'Lang Toon.' It was in the year '74, and I was a candidate for the precentorship in Bethelfield Church. I went through all my facings. There was a Mr Wyllie who had a deal to do with it, and I was approved, and allowed to conduct the singing next day in Bethelfield." He could not remember whom he was to succeed, but said he was a colporteur and a missionary. When James Walker was named, "Yes," he said, "that was the very man." There were about thirteen candidates, and two were selected, of whom he was first. Just at that time a brother of his came home from Australia, and was going to America; and, after all, instead of going to Bethelfield he went with his brother, and has been employed as precentor in Montreal and other cities—I forget where else. Now he seems to be a leader of the Psalmody in the Presbyterian Church here, and his daughter plays the harmonium. His name is J. Drummond Gellatly. We also saw his wife, a nice, tidy, plain woman! I may also mention here another circumstance I heard having some reference to Kirk-

caldy. At Niagara I accidentally met a Mrs Hamlin. She told me her sister was married to a Mr Aitkenhead, grandson of Mr Aitkenhead, who was Congregational minister at Kirkcaldy. They lived at Niagara, but in following his business, whatever it was, he had occasion to go to Rochester, a station *third* between New York and Niagara. He had not been more than a week away, and had telegraphed his return. Mrs Aitkenhead was expecting his return every moment, when she received intimation of his death! Robert Stewart Aitkenhead died on the 30th May, and was buried at Niagara Falls on the 2nd June, and has left two children. His wife's name was Whiteing.

**More Scots and Scotch Showers.**

SUNDAY, 17TH JUNE.—To-day since six o'clock—indeed, I rather think all night—it has been an incessant down pour of rain. We had no waterproofs nor umbrellas, having sent them on to Nelson with our heavy baggage and our wraps, so there was no church for us, as the roads were almost impassable. It seems there was a train due yesterday, which was delayed on account of the rain having broken down a bridge between here and Revelstoke, and otherwise interfered with the line. However, I understand the passengers by it arrived before lunch, among them Antoinette Trebelli, a famous singer, who is to have a concert in this hotel to-morrow evening. Mrs Aitken has heard her sing both in Australia and Edinburgh. We intended to leave here to-morrow, and go on to Revelstoke, but we are hesitating, never having got out of doors to-day, and uncertain if the line will be in a safe condition; and, besides, there is the inducement to hear this celebrated vocalist. I just hope it will fair soon, that we may get to the evening service. There are four Churches in this little place, Presbyterian, Episcopalian, Methodist, and

Roman Catholic, There is a Mr and Mr Lowe here with their two sons ; they come from Colorado Springs, and are having a pleasure trip into Alaska. Mr Lowe had seen our names in the visitors' book, and spoke to me in the terrace last evening. He is Scotch, born in Alloa, and was so glad to meet some Scotch people. He left Scotland when he was nine years old. He had an uncle (Rev. Mr Cowie) who was Free Church minister of Denny.

**A Nervous Preacher.**

9 P.M.—It fared up considerably, and Mr and Mrs Lowe, Maggie, Lizzie, and I went in the 'bus to the evening service in the Presbyterian Church. It was rather interesting in a place like this. Of course, the congregation was small, and there was an awkward pause at the beginning. The young—very young—minister came in unpreceded by beadle, and sat down in the front pew. Then he waited and waited, and looked anxiously round, but no precentor or organist appeared. What could have come over our friend Mr Gellatly, or his daughter who plays the harmonium? At last he ascended the pulpit and began the service: a short prayer and 23rd Psalm. He raised the tune himself, and the people soon took it up; but I told him after, if he had asked her, Mrs Aitken could have not only played the tunes but led the singing. He was very nervous, which Mr Lowe attributed to such a *row of ladies* in our pew. He came and shook hands with us afterwards; his name is Ronald. The 'bus was waiting for us, so we drove back to the hotel,

**An Outing at Banff.**

MONDAY, 18TH.—This was a lovely morning, and gave promise of a fine day. We had decided to remain till Tuesday, and enjoy it, as well as see some more of the magnificent scenery, and attend the concert in the

evening. Accordingly, I was downstairs at 7.30, for Mr Lowe had asked me to drive in their carriage to Lake Minnewanka, popularly called the "Devil's Lake," which seems a complete misnomer. The three girls were to drive in a carriage for three, and did not leave till ten o'clock. It was indeed a most lovely drive, surrounded by a perfect amphitheatre of great rugged mountains: Cascade Mountain, Tunnel Mountain, Rundel Mountain, Assinaboine, Sawback, Mount Edith, Vermillion Range, and hosts more, all towering one above another.

I had a row on the lovely lake. Harry Lowe rowed his mother and me; and later on the two sons, Harry and Irving, went out to fish under the care of a guide. On our way home we went into the Buffalo Park to see a small herd of buffaloes. They are regarded as a sort of curiosity now, being nearly killed out. Poor things, they did not look up to much; very different from former days when they roamed at large over hundreds of miles at their own sweet will. Chrissie was able to take a photo. of them, but I do not think they appreciated the honour.

In the evening we attended Mdlle. Trebelli's concert in the drawing-room of the hotel. She is a very pleasing, attractive young woman, has a lovely voice, and sings with great facility and taste. "My mother bids me bind my hair" was exquisitely rendered, and "Comin' through the rye" was given as an encore.

#### **Through the Mountains.**

TUESDAY, 19th JUNE.—This forenoon we left with much regret our delightful quarters at Banff hotel, our friends, Mr and Mrs Lowe, and their two nice boys, expressing great reluctance to part with us, which was mutual. They gave us very cordial invitations to visit them at Colorado Springs on our way home, which I

feel much inclined to do; and probably we shall, as Mr Lowe assured us it is not at all out of our way. They came down to the station to see us away, and waited nearly an hour on the platform, the train being all that behind time. And now we started on the crowning stage of our journey. I was previously inclined to believe that nothing could exceed the wonders and glories of Niagara, but on *this* day we travelled through five hundred miles of the wildest, most picturesque, and *awe-inspiring* scenery we have yet witnessed—the rugged, bare, fantastic monsters of the Rocky Mountains, and after them the verdure-clad, snow-capped heights of the “Selkirks,” with their precipices and glaciers, silent of all life except mountain game, and overlooking the jumping, splashing, roaring Illicilliwaet and Beaver Rivers, tearing out and in through the valleys. No written description can adequately convey the terrific grandeur of this route. Here is realized the poet’s lines:—

“To those who know thee not, no words can paint;  
And those who know thee, know all words are faint.”

For it is awful to gaze on this mighty display of the Creator’s handiwork; and one cannot help a shudder at the bare thought of what might be the result of the slightest deviation while the train pursues its course up or down these awful precipices. For a considerable distance it seems literally to *creep*, and I am told that a man *walks ahead* to make sure that no obstacle lies in front to endanger the safety of the travellers. After a most wonderful journey we reached Revelstoke about 10 o’clock, *very tired* in mind and body. Rain was falling, and in the darkness and damp it was a little difficult to pilot our way to the C. P. R. Hotel; fortunately it was not far, but a pretty steep ascent. After entering our names in the hotel book, we got to our rooms with as little delay as possible. We were to be called at 4.15 next morning.

WEDNESDAY, 20TH.—We were accordingly roused up at the hour, 4 o'clock, and after a hurried cup of tea we actually started on our last stage. It was not without a feeling of gratitude for many travelling mercies, and eager expectation at the thought of meeting our dear ones, and reaching the goal of our efforts, that we entered the train for Arrowhead, where a well-appointed steamer, the "Kootenay," waited to conduct us down the Arrow Lake and Columbia River. The first thing I said on entering the train that morning was, "*See, there is Malcolm;*" and Maggie answered, "*So it is.*" A boy about twelve or thirteen was sitting beside his father, bearing a very strong resemblance to my eldest grandson, and I could not resist speaking to him, so as to get a little of his history. The very expression of his face was like dear Malcolm. He had been at school at Vancouver, and was on his way home for holidays.

**A Happy Meeting—the Goal reached.**

Our sail down the Arrow Lake to-day was perfectly lovely, so calm, so peaceful, hardly a ripple on the placid waters—a striking contrast to our ever-varying and exciting experiences of yesterday. The scenery on each bank, as well as the clouds above, was vividly reflected below, and truly it was one of the most beautiful sails I ever enjoyed. We had not gone far when a gentleman (who had seen our names in the hotel book) introduced himself to us as a nephew of the late Dr Hardy, and a son of a Mr Johnstone whom I knew well, and who was a frequent visitor at Provost Swan's. How very singular it seemed that we should everywhere be encountering people connected in some way or other with Kirkcaldy, or, at any rate, some place in dear Scotland! Mr Johnstone seemed very delighted to meet us, and certainly helped to relieve the tediousness of our long sail. He left the "Kootenay" on our arrival at

at Robson, and took train for Rossland, but expects to be in Nelson in a week. We reached the terminus of our voyage about 4.30, and I eagerly looked out for Jack, as I had always prophesied he would come there to meet us. The girls had not agreed with me in this opinion, and it seemed as if I were to be mistaken. However, after sitting on deck a good while, chatting with two brothers, passengers, one just from India, the other from Calgary, a train drew up, and *there was Jack!!!* coolly reading a paper, never thinking we were there before him, and gazing at him. We soon ran to the other end of the deck, and dear Jack did not take a second to pick us up, and knocked down a huge barrier in his eagerness to reach us!

The first salutations over, and the train ready, we transferred ourselves and our belongings to the train for Nelson. It runs the whole way alongside the Kootenay River, and in many respects was really a repetition of former scenes—waterfalls, rapids, canyons, wooded mountains, and quantities of ferns and wild flowers, till at last we arrived at the depôt of Nelson, three weeks and a day after having said good-bye to our home in Kirkcaldy! Jack had a carriage and pair in readiness, and we were driven up a pretty rough and steep ascent to "Kilcruik," where Rosie was waiting to receive and welcome us. And now, in conclusion to this part of my story, in the words of a certain well-wisher, we have had a splendid "tower" and I have kept a "dairy."

Any one who chooses to take the trouble may read the foregoing account of our journey hither, but I certainly request that it will be remembered that it was written in snatches of time, often very hurriedly, and without taking time to study the composition. As I have said in the preface, it was written for my two dear grandsons, Malcolm and Kenneth, who, on my 81st

birthday, presented me with this Diary, in the prospect of our journey to British Columbia.

**An Ocean Liner.**

It has occurred to me that a few particulars about the Oceanic might be interesting to some who may read this Diary, as I feel sure Malcolm will read them with real interest. As I did not chronicle these details at the proper time and place, it has occurred to me to add one or two sentences at the end. In length the Oceanic surpasses any other vessel afloat by more than fifty feet. I am told that to walk seven times round her deck is one mile. She has ninety-six mouths or furnaces, and into these ninety-six mouths a solid ton of coal disappears every three minutes. She consumes 500 tons of coal each day. One ton and a half an hour must be burned beneath each of the large boilers in order to turn seven-teen tons of water into steam every hour. There are fifteen boilers. One does not comment on these facts; he holds his tongue and looks. Fifty gallons of oil a day are required to keep all the machinery running smoothly, and it does run smoothly. Two lengths and a half of the Oceanic means a third of a mile.

The Oceanic carries a crew of 500 men—60 sailors, 200 engineers; to look after and provide for the wants of passengers, there are 200 men, presided over by the purser and chief steward, nine stewardesses, cooks, scullions, store-keepers, linen-keepers, and half-day bootblacks.

The list of stores required for a single journey contains 31,000 pounds of fresh meat, 2000 head of chickens and ducks, 1000 head of game, 25 tons of potatoes, 150 barrels of flour, 6000 pounds of ham and bacon, 10,000 eggs, 640 lbs. of sugar, 3000 quarts of milk and cream, 5000 lbs. of butter, and 3000 lbs. of ice cream. There is a device for boiling eggs by which the eggs, after

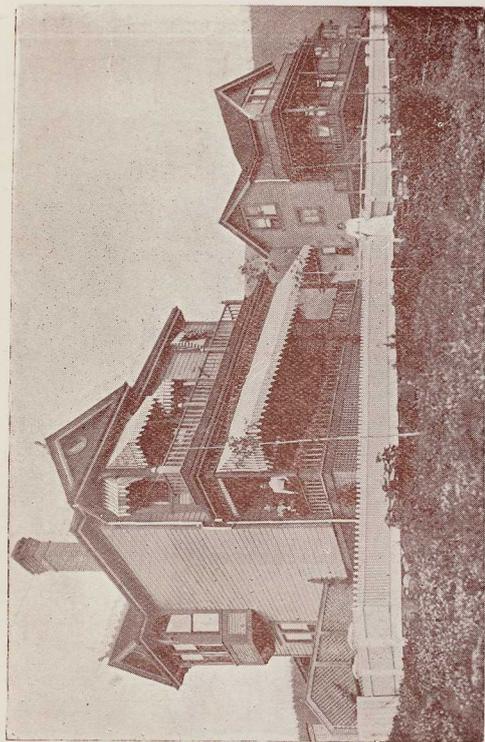
remaining in the water the proper time, are brought automatically to the surface. No less than twenty meals a day are served on the Oceanic, which, of course, requires an immense number of dishes. There are 2500 each of the several varieties of plates, cups and saucers most in use ; of silver knives, forks, and spoons there are 1500 each. In the course of one voyage about 3000 pieces of china are broken. They are mostly washed by machinery, but all wiped by hand. The silver and the more fragile china is also washed by hand, an employment that keeps fifteen men busy through the entire day.

The maximum earning capacity of the Oceanic is about 90,000 dollars a month, and it will thus be seen that the income from the greatest of ocean vessels is no more than an ordinary return on the 4,500,000 dollars which she represents.

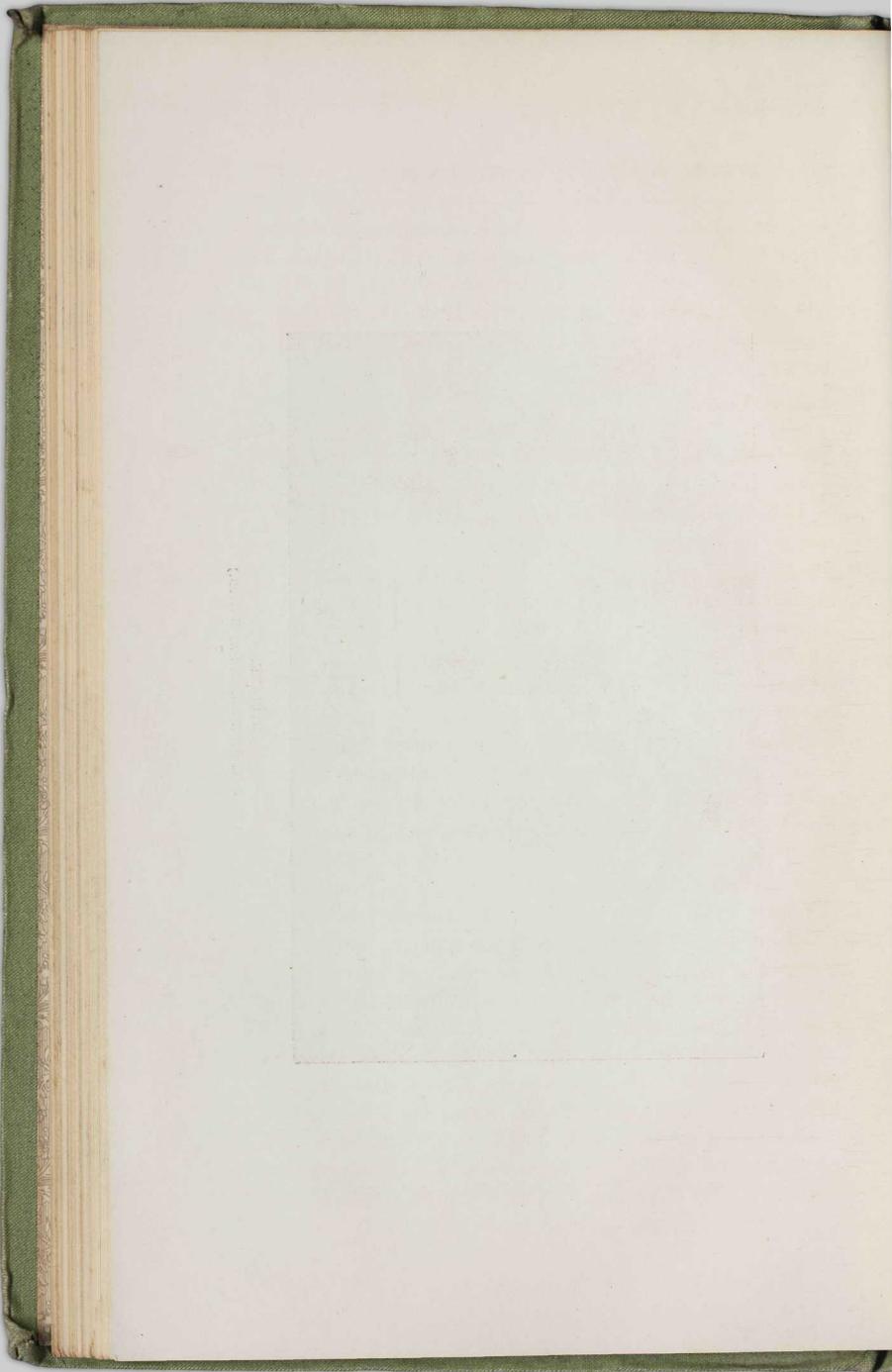


PART II.  
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KILCRUIK, NELSON, 28TH JUNE.—A week has now passed since the termination of our journey and our arrival at this abode, where we received a truly warm welcome from Jack and Rosie, and a broiling hot one both externally and internally. I have not yet resumed my chronicles, and am uncertain whether I shall continue to record our doings and experiences while we remain here; but I think in after years it might be interesting to look back on even the trifling events that occasionally meet us as the days pass over our heads. We have received a kind welcome also from many of Jack's friends, several of whom have called to make our acquaintance. I shall, no doubt, have occasion to introduce them to my Diary should I continue to write it. One evening we had Mr and Mrs Sims; another evening Mr and Mrs Robertson spent a few hours with us—they are our next door neighbours, and Maggie has a bedroom in their pretty home, and comes across here to breakfast and for the day. Last evening we had Mr and Mrs Beer, a very pleasant couple, who came here from St Edward's Island soon after Jack and Rosie came. On Monday the Rev. Mr White called; we heard him preach an excellent sermon in the Baptist Church, the minister of which has left in bad health, and is not to return. The heat was rather oppressive last week, but there was a severe thunderstorm on Sunday evening, with lots of thunder and heavy rain, which cooled the atmosphere and made it delightful these two days past. To-day it is so hot we shall soon require another thunderstorm. We had our first real



KIUCRUIK.  
(MR. J. L. STOCK'S HOUSE AT NELSON.)



walk on Monday evening, and the lightning was flashing around us the whole time. By some mishap the telephone office went on fire to-day, so I expect our bell will have a rest for a day or two. Some days it goes incessantly. Rosie has always to be running to "halloa" back.

#### Meeting Friends.

29TH.—To-day it is much cooler and even breezy. There have also been one or two showers. I have received a very nice letter from you, dear Malcolm, to-day, in which you describe the celebrations at Kirkcaldy in honour of Pretoria; thanks, dear. We had a very pleasant evening yesterday. Mr Kidd came to dinner and Mr and Mrs Woakes; Mr and Mrs Robertson came in later. We had quite a musical evening, as both Mr Kidd and Mr Robertson sing remarkably well, and we all had a turn or two. Mr Kidd came from Dundee eighteen years ago, and has a sister who keeps a school in Broughty-Ferry; he is a banker here. Maggie, Lizzie, and I went down to Baker Street this morning, and did some shopping. We were quite surprised to see the decorations in the streets already, and in some of the shop windows also. There is evidently to be a great display on Dominion Day, and great preparations are being made. Next Monday and Tuesday the city will be *en fete*. Then we walked up past the Smelter, across the river, and past a succession of waterfalls, which are most picturesque, and will ultimately prove a great ornament to the city.

In the afternoon we went down again to Baker Street, picked up Jack, who took us down to the wharf, hired a boat, and took us for a sail on the Kootenay. It was lovely to begin with, but we had not rowed far when it came on a heavy shower and a kind of squall, which was not too pleasant. Jack rowed us into a place

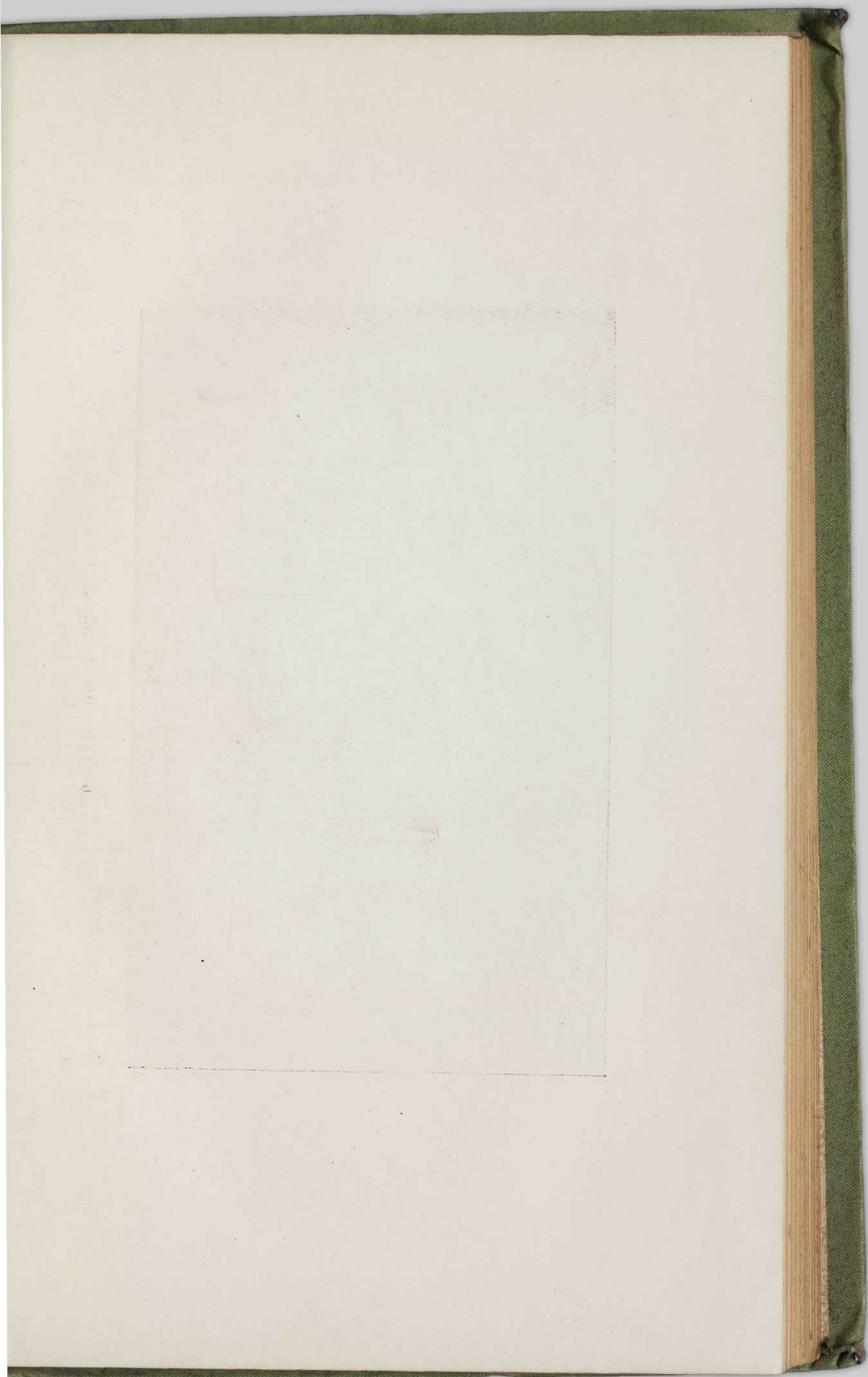
of shelter, and we waited quietly there till the shower was almost past, and we saw a lovely rainbow, the brightest and biggest I ever saw. After we landed we called at Mr Robertson's great warehouse, and had ourselves weighed, I weighed 127 lbs. (9 st. 1 lb.), Lizzie 127½ lbs., Chrissie 119 lbs., and Jack 196 lbs. Finally, we got into an electric car, which brought us up these steep streets most comfortably. The Robertsons and M'Diarmids are coming in this evening. Mr M'Diarmid is in Jack's office; he seems a very pleasant man.

**A Storm.**

30TH.—We had a sudden and complete change of weather this morning. The wind blew a hurricane during the night, and we had all put on extra clothing when we met for breakfast. It continued very chilly all day, with occasional squalls of heavy rain and wind. Rosie at last had the fire lighted in the drawing-room, and we were all glad to draw near and enjoy the comfort. Mrs Lang Todd called, and was stormstayed for a very long time, in the end having to go, though still wet. Many of the decorations for the approaching carnival have been seriously injured, and great hopes are expressed that the weather may improve before Monday, when the celebrations are to be carried on on a great scale of magnificence.

**Dominion Sunday.**

1ST JULY, 1900.—This is Dominion Day! Several flags are flying, but otherwise the festivities are delayed till to-morrow. Went to Baptist Church this morning, Mr White preached a very good sermon on Rom. vii., 24-25. Very small congregation; much to be regretted. Weather continues cold—such a change from a week ago! But the rain has kept off fortunately, and we hope to get out to the evening service. A heavy shower now!



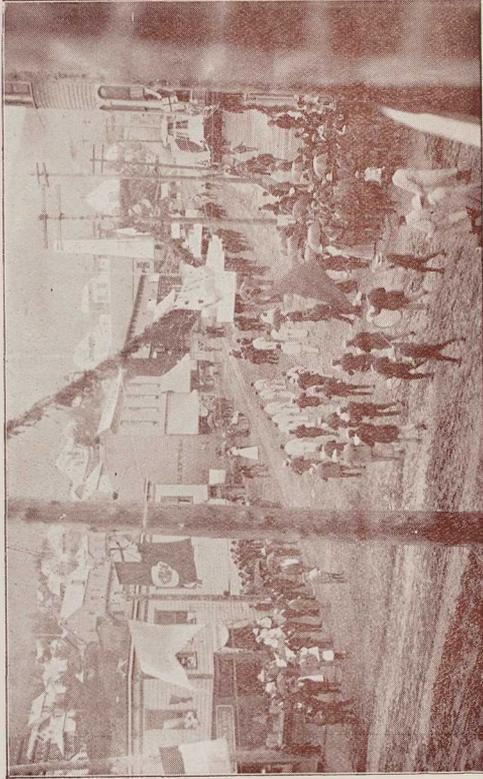


Photo. by Mr. J. L. STOCKES.]

DOMINION DAY AT NELSON.

**Dominion Day.**

2ND JULY.—Everyone is rejoiced to-day that the weather has been so favourable. With the exception of one or two slight showers it has been all that could be desired, and all the programmes have been carried out without a hitch. The only misfortune was that a carriage (they call them floats) on which a number of children were arranged, all beautifully draped, one representing the Queen, and others the different colonies, broke down, causing great disappointment and some alarm. Most fortunately there was no injury to any one, and the children were transferred to a car, and appeared in the procession, but not as they were expected to be. We were all rigged out in our best, and went down to Jack's office in Baker Street at 11, when the procession was to commence, and had an excellent view. A good many friends had been invited to come, as there are several windows overlooking the scene, and we were treated to sandwiches and ice cream in abundance, cakes, and drinks of various kinds. It was really a lively scene—flags, banners, and all sorts of decorations.

TUESDAY, 3RD.—To-day the contests, games, and celebrations are going on with enthusiasm. All went down to Baker Street except myself. We are invited to Judge Forin's this evening to see the illuminations, which are expected to be very fine, and on a great scale.

**A Gala.**

WEDNESDAY, 4TH.—We spent a very pleasant evening yesterday with Mr and Mrs Forin, and enjoyed a splendid view of the water carnival from their verandah, which overlooks the Kootenay Lake. It was really a beautiful and rare sight, scores and scores of vessels, all sizes and shapes and kinds, illuminated, and moving up and down, while every now and then fire-

works were being exhibited and rockets sent up, overtopping the mountain, which formed a dark and suitable background to the scene. Mr and Mrs Forin are extremely pleasant, intelligent people. I was rather surprised to learn that Judge Forin has not yet been across the Atlantic ; as a rule the Canadians seem great travellers, and think much less of long railway journeys or sea voyages than we Scotch people do. We did not get home till 11.30. To-day was very wet all the morning, and we settled down to our books and work. After lunch Mrs Bird and Mrs Campbell called ; the former told me she had seen me on board the Labrador the day that Jack and Rosie sailed for Montreal, and had felt so much for me parting with them, as she had just gone through the same ordeal, parting from her mother in Ireland. We also had a visit from the Rev. Mr Sutherland, who is at present officiating in the Presbyterian Church instead of Mr Frew, who has left for a month or two to recruit his health. After they all left, Maggie and I went down to Baker Street, and had a pleasant walk round by the Smelter and the waterfalls, coming in in time for dinner. The evening passed with music and work.

**Wet.**

THURSDAY, 5th.—This forenoon Maggie, Lizzie, and I were all ready to go out, intending to take the car, and go to see the City Park, and walk home, but it came on very heavy rain, which has kept us indoors. It is something really to be thankful for that the two days, to celebrate Dominion Day, were so fine, with comparatively very slight showers, and the two days which preceded, as well as the two which have followed, have been so wet and unfavourable, so much so that Rosie has lighted the drawing-room fire all these days. We were dreadfully shocked yesterday to hear of the awful doings in China.

**Gold Bricks.**

FRIDAY 6th.—Again wet and cloudy morning; went down to Jack's office in Baker Street to see two gold bricks that had come direct from the mines; they weighed 204 oz., and were worth £700 each. I tried, but could hardly hold one of them. Last night we were so glad to receive a bundle of letters and papers. I had a long one from Annie, Lizzie from Jeanie, and Maggie from Miss Luke. To-day Chrissie had another from Annie—all most welcome, on the whole good news, but you, Kenneth, seem again to have been poorly. The rain cleared off in the afternoon, and Rosie, Lizzie, and I called on Mrs M'Diarmid and Mrs Bird. Mr Taylor, a friend of Jack's came in after dinner and spent the evening. Mrs Robertson also joined us, and her husband called for her on the way from his office. Mr Taylor is very good-looking, quiet, and sensible. He discovered a gold mine somewhere, and came into a fortune, so he is very well off. His mother and sisters live in Ontario, near Toronto.

**A Unique Town.**

SATURDAY, 7TH JULY.—This is a bright, sunny day. Maggie, Lizzie, and I had a walk round some of the streets before lunch; they can hardly be called "streets," the broad part of the road is quite rough, all ups and downs, and the footpath consists of planks of wood, often laid over deep, deep dells, and sometimes through thickets of bushes, and everywhere you go there are quantities of clover, mostly white, interspersed with dark purple. It is indeed a most unique town, but no doubt some day will be a beautiful place, surrounded as it is with high hills, and winding at their feet, the lovely Kootenay Lake. Some of the houses are most artistic, inside and outside, all wooden, of course, and painted all varieties of colour, with pretty lawns and

gardens, and shady verandahs—so different to what we are accustomed to. Quite close to a very pretty house may be often seen a large piece of ground in its wild and wilderness condition, with a horse or two, and sometimes a cow, grazing happily in the centre. Rosie and some of us intend going out this afternoon to call on Mrs M'Culloch, and perhaps on one or two more.

**Sunday at Nelson.**

SUNDAY, 8TH.—This morning, Rosie, Maggie, and I went down to the Methodist Church. On our way, the bell was rung a few minutes, and sounded exactly like the bell at Lumphanan, and reminded me of the great distance between. Mr and Mrs Ellis came last evening, and we had a pleasant time with music and a game I never saw or heard of before, called "Carrums." Like most games, it requires a degree of skill—a knack of its own. Rosie and I were ready, intending to walk out to the Hospital, but it came on torrents of heavy rain, accompanied by peals of thunder, which continued the whole afternoon, so we did not go.

The evening was fine, and Jack, Lizzie and I went to the Presbyterian Church, while Rosie and Chrissie went to the Methodist Church. Mr Sutherland and Mr White had exchanged pulpits in the morning, and preached in their own this evening. Mr Sutherland's subject was "The Theology of a Woman" (2 Sam. xiv. 14). It was very able, evangelical, and earnest, and he started by saying that "no one could keep you out of a difficulty as well as a woman," adding, "if ever you have a delicate bit of business to be done, you should get the help of a woman"!! There was a very good congregation, but I cannot say much for the singing. At the close the choir sang a quartette, but all sang flat, and their voices did not blend.

**More about Nelson.**

TUESDAY, 10TH.—This has been a lovely day, *very hot* in the afternoon. Maggie and I walked out to the Lake Park before lunch, and came home in the electric car; in the afternoon I went with Rosie and Lizzie to call on Mrs Beer, and met some very pleasant people at her house. In the evening Maggie and I went for a turn, and landed at Enfield, where we had promised to meet Rosie, who had gone to a meeting in connection with the Hospital. Mr Sims had just returned from his little tour, having gone so far with Ella, who had gone to Boston to meet her mother, and bring her back to Nelson. Rosie was an hour behind the time she expected, and we enjoyed a long chat with Mr Sims about the wonderful advance Nelson and other places around have made in the last few years. Two years ago the population was 4000, now it is estimated at 8000.

**A New World Cemetery.**

WEDNESDAY, 11TH.—To-day was quite breezy, and at the same time warm. Maggie, Lizzie, and I went a long walk up a hill, where the cemetery is—about three miles from the city, on a level plain, but on the very top of a hill. Nelson is 1700 feet above sea level; where this house is situated it is about 1900 feet high, and the cemetery is quite 2400 feet. It is 40 acres in extent, one part the Episcopalian, another part Presbyterian, another Roman Catholic, and so on, and the graves and tombstones are just placed among the wild bushes and wildflowers. A man and his wife live in a neat house, and take charge of the place. His name is Allan, and he comes from Stirlingshire, where he had a farm called Campsie Glen. They must have a lonely life up there, but they have two sons in Nelson doing well. On the table, to my surprise, I saw a Shorter

Catechism lying beside a photograph album. We had a very pleasant rest and chat in their house, and enjoyed our walk home to lunch.

It is now decided that we *all* leave on Monday morning for Vancouver, and expect to be away about a fortnight. We had a Mrs Scott and her baby in the drawing-room for more than an hour this afternoon. She is the wife of the manager at Queen Bess Mines, and is a native of Utah. She interested me very much. She is quite young, and was very nicely and fashionably dressed, and seemed very capable and self-confident. Among other things, she quite coolly informed us that she had eloped with Mr Scott when she was 18!—and managed to justify herself. She said parents had no right to oppose their children marrying the man of their choice, simply because he was not wealthy. I said, "How would you like it, if your little girl grows up and elopes, contrary to your wishes?" "Oh!" she replied, "I shall take care to prevent that."

Maggie and Chrissie have gone down to the Lake Park. It is now near ten o'clock, and no appearance of them; but they will drive back all the way in the electric car. Here they are!

Mrs Scott also mentioned that Mr Heal, cousin to the Osborne Stocks, has a post at the Queen Bess Mines, and lives in their house. She seemed to like him very much, chiefly because he was so kind to the baby!!

#### **An Evening Party.**

THURSDAY, 12TH.—We went down to Baker Street this forenoon, and called at Jack's office. He was not in, but we had a chat with Mr M'Diarmid, and also with Captain Duncan, who had returned from his trip the evening before. Soon after, Jack came in, and accompanied us to the Halifax Bank, where we had our money papers exchanged by Mr Kidd. In the evening

we had Mr Sims and Mr Taylor to dinner, and later on Mr and Mrs M'Culloch, Miss Kynoch, Dr and Mrs Dr Arthur, and Mrs Raisin, along with ourselves, making a party of fourteen. I played several times. Maggie also played, and Lizzie sang several times. Chrissie played, and sang, and "whistled!" None of the visitors did either, but all were most agreeable and pleasant, and they did not leave till 12 o'clock. Mrs Dr Arthur is such a pretty, elegant woman, and practises as a doctor here. She has a pretty fair number of patients, of whom Rosie is one. Dr Arthur came here ten years ago, when Nelson was hardly begun to be anything. I cannot think what he could get to do. Several of them played at "Carrums," and seemed to get lots of fun. Coffee, icecream and cakes, also sandwiches, were served during the evening.

**More Visits.**

FRIDAY, 13TH.—None of us went out before lunch. In the afternoon Maggie and I walked along Victoria Street, and called on Mrs Judge Forin. She was so pleased to see us, and wished us to spend the afternoon. On our return, Rosie went with us to call on Mrs Harry Bird, and found her at home. We also saw her husband—such a jolly nice couple, with a pretty home and garden, of which they are very proud, as they work it themselves. It was they who saw me on the wharf at Liverpool, and also on the steamship Labrador, when Jack and Rosie were sailing for Montreal. Jack has done some splendid photos of this house, with us all standing on the verandah, and also some very comical ones of the processions on Dominion Day.

SATURDAY, 14TH JULY.—Excessively hot. Wrote to Jeanie. Spent evening very pleasantly at Mr and Mrs Stoakes—such a pretty, artistic house.

SUNDAY, 15TH.—Went to Baptist Church in the morning—very good sermon, minister from Nova Scotia. Mr and Mrs Scott from Queen Bess Mines, with baby, came to dinner. Attended Presbyterian Church in the evening. Mr Sutherland preached, “An Unfortunate Marriage.” (Esau’s!!) Very warm and sultry all day.

**A Narrow Escape.**

MONDAY, 16TH.—All six started at seven this morning for Depot, trained to Robson, where steamer Rossland was waiting, and we sailed up the Arrow Lake. It is surrounded with forests, and in some places the banks rise in perpendicular cliffs. The Lake is 135 miles long, and at Arrowhead our train was waiting. We secured sleeping berths at once, but Jack and Rosie did not, as they had decided to leave the train at Kamloops. The mosquitoes were dreadful, and for a long time we did nothing but hunt and kill them. At last a deluge of rain, with peals of thunder and flashes of lightning, must have annihilated all outside ones, but not until we had all, some more than others, received marks of their “regard” to last for a week. We settled down in our berths, and tried to sleep. About 3 A.M. the train suddenly stopped, the driver having been warned that a portion of the line had given way. The earth was actually quite washed off from under the sleepers, and most certainly, had we not been warned in time, the whole train and its occupants would have been precipitated into the Thompson River, lying 60 feet below, and 100 feet deep. We were within an inch or two of the edge, where I looked out from my window, but I knew nothing about it till the repair was nearly accomplished. It occupied the men nearly 3½ hours, and we proceeded very slowly and cautiously over the mended place, after which we could breathe freely. The rest of our journey was along the banks of the

Thompson and Fraser Rivers, passing through several deep rocky canyons, the river rushing tumultuously through its narrow rock-cribbed bed, 200 feet below the railway. We also passed several tunnels, one called "Hell Gate Rapids," another "Black Canyon." As we approached Vancouver, the river became wider and more placid. On the shore of Harrison Lake a well-preserved mummy of an Indian chief, probably 1000 years old, was found as lately as 1899. At last we arrived safely at Vancouver about 5 P.M. on Tuesday, 17th, three hours and a half behind time, and drove to the Vancouver Hotel, C.P.R.

**At Vancouver.**

WEDNESDAY, 18TH.—After breakfast we got into a car, and drove to English Bay, a delightful spot for bathing, with a lovely beach. Numbers of boys were enjoying themselves leaping into the water from a huge raft, climbing up again, and repeating the process, and among the bathers we saw a very fat negro disporting himself. I gathered a few shells as a memento. We had a pleasant walk back to the hotel, and passed a number of elegant villas, with gorgeous flowers and well-kept lawns, and rowan trees covered with bunches of bright berries. Vancouver dates from 1885, when it was chosen as the terminus of the C.P.R. In 1886, when it contained 600 inhabitants, the whole town was destroyed by fire except one house, considering which, one is amazed to see the size of its buildings, and the extent of its streets. In 1899 the population was 25,000, but now it has greatly increased. It is surrounded by water on three sides, most beautiful hills (some of them snow capped) in the distance, and is certainly a remarkably pretty town. On our return to the "Vancouver," we found the 'bus had gone to the station, and in a short time Jack and Rosie appeared, very much delighted

with their excursion and stay at Kamloops, excepting that these mosquito wretches had tried to devour them, and were actually swarming everywhere. After lunch, we all set out for New Westminster, a town situated 15 miles from the mouth of the Fraser River, on its right bank. A large business in salmon canning and lumber sawing and shipping is carried on, besides several other industries. There are about 40 salmon canning factories, and we expected to have seen the process by going through one, but unfortunately there was a strike on at the time, and they were all closed. The business part of the city was totally burned down in 1898, but one would never suppose such a thing to see it now, it has been so completely rebuilt. New Westminster is the oldest settlement in this region, and dates from 1853. We returned as we came, in the electric car, a drive of nine miles, through thick bushes and scrub, as straight as a line could be drawn, and reached the hotel in time for dinner.

**Off to Victoria.**

THURSDAY, 19TH.—Our plan being to leave by steamer for Victoria at 1 P.M., we decided to hire a carriage and drive to the Stanley Park, one of the great, perhaps *the* greatest attraction of Vancouver. Jack and Chrissie cycled. The day was specially fine. In this respect we were indeed highly favoured, for I am told this city is remarkable for the amount of rain that falls to its share, only 27 out of the 365 days having been free from it during last year. Our drive was most enjoyable, partly skirting the Gulf of Georgia, which we crossed on a long bridge, passing through forests of magnificent trees, pines, cedars, firs, etc. Our coachman pointed out a spruce fir 44 feet in girth, and also a cedar 47 feet. Many of the private residences, with their lawns and gardens, are very handsome. We left Vancouver with regret, but

since we must return thither on our way back, we may see a little more of it. We embarked on board the ss. *Islander* at the time appointed, but did not sail immediately. The *Empress of India*, one of the Japan liners, happened to be lying in the harbour at the time, and Chrissie availed herself of the opportunity to photograph the huge steamer. I may say this was the most delightful sail I ever had in my life, the air so balmy, yet cool and breezy, the dark blue Vancouver hills, less aspiring and ambitious than the towering, precipitous, stupendous mountains we had for days been accustomed to behold (sometimes giving one the impression that an inch or two higher would bring them into collision with the sky or perhaps some star!). We passed several lovely islands, some seemingly uninhabited, others with a few Indian huts; to the south-east, the conical snow peak of Mount Baker, 60 miles distant, and ahead, beyond the Straits of San Juan de Luca, the Olympic Mountains. I have not seen yet the whole world, nor even a great part of it, but I am certain it would not be easy to exceed the surpassing beauty of this sail. About 7 P.M. the *Islander* entered the fine harbour of Victoria, and we landed on the pier. Leaving our belongings to be sent on, we walked a little way, and took up our quarters at Hotel Dallas. As we approached Victoria, we saw shoals of porpoises amusing themselves in the water, some 20 feet long, but they only allowed us a momentary view. At times five or six would leap up at the same time, then instantly disappear.

**Victoria.**

FRIDAY, 20TH JULY.—We have delightful rooms at this hotel. It is very pleasantly situated, facing the sea, which was last evening so perfectly calm, that though quite close to our window, I could hardly hear the ripple of the waves on the shore. It was indeed a most

inspiring scene. Maggie and I sauntered fully a mile along the sea shore, which seems to be the regular promenade, not, however, for pedestrians, but for cycling and driving, carriages and cycles following and meeting each other in quick succession. We met a number of ladies driving, indeed it seems much commoner here than with us. I suppose we have now reached the *western* limit of our wanderings, and after our sojourn here, which we expect to be about ten days (extended to three weeks), we shall turn our steps eastward, and complete our visit at Nelson before starting for home. Victoria is quite an important city, being the capital of British Columbia, and seat of the Lieutenant-Governor. The population is 25,000. It has a much more finished, old-world air than Vancouver, but the latter is, to my mind, a much prettier town in its situation and surroundings.\* There are a great many splendid residences, mostly built of wood, in all styles and shapes and sizes, and the flower gardens are really gorgeous, roses, dahlias, sweet Williams, honeysuckles, and virginia creepers, adorning every house, however small. The climate is splendid (seldom rising above 75 Fahr., and seldom falling below freezing point); is considered to rival that of the south of England. This morning Maggie and I walked into town, or rather took the car part of the way. We took a look, in passing, of the Government buildings, a most imposing structure; and as we found an open door, we entered and ascended the stair, and asked the first gentleman we met if we might be permitted to see the hall where the Legislative Assembly meets. He politely turned with us, and called the Sergeant, who at once told us to walk in. On hearing we were from Scotland, he very kindly offered, if we could return in the afternoon, to send a boy round to show us all the different rooms.

\* Afterwards changed this opinion.

I said there were others of our party, and it might suit us all better to come next morning at 10.30, to which he at once agreed.

This evening there was a band concert directly opposite our windows. It was provided by Mrs Walt, the enterprising lady at the head of this hotel, and the performance was excellent. There were crowds present, standing all the time, many of them, and one interesting feature was a bonfire which blazed quite near, and shed a lurid glow over the whole scene. The concert was held in a temporary erection, got up this very day by Mrs Walt, and lasted from 8.30 till 11.

**The Government Buildings.**

SATURDAY, 21ST.—According to arrangement, we all went this morning, at the appointed time, to the Government buildings. They were only completed in 1898, and cost 1,000,000 dollars. First we saw the Parliament House, where the sittings of the Legislature are held. It is really a magnificent room. There are 18 massive pillars (white marble), each weighing 5 tons, which were brought from Italy; the pedestals and other parts are composed of variegated marble, very rare and beautiful, which came from Spain, and the brown marble in many places was brought from the States. The chairs are covered with rich velvet, made to swing round, and each seat has a writing table in front. There is a gallery all round, where visitors (ladies as well as gentlemen) are admitted at any time, except the opening day, when they are only admitted by order. Next we saw the various Government offices, one called the maple room, one cedar room, another the oak room, where the floors and tables and walls are all made of oak, cedar, and maple. Next we saw the library, which contains a very large and fine collection of books, some very tempting

even to ordinary minds. In one of the lobbies we saw a table inlaid with 2910 pieces of native wood, besides a number of portraits of eminent statesmen. The building is very handsome and imposing. It is composed of stone brought from Haddington Island, 70 miles from Victoria, and in front there is a wide grassy lawn, at the front edge of which stands a monument commemorating Sir James Douglas, the first Governor of the Colony. Next we went to see the collection of stuffed animals, which is most interesting. Such a variety! yet all the specimens have been somewhere found in British Columbia. There is also a very large collection of birds, from a *real nest* of eagles, male and female, with their young ones, down to the tiny humming-bird. In another compartment there is a varied collection of fishes, all of them brought from the sea or other streams and rivers of British Columbia. One could spend many hours examining and admiring this splendid large collection illustrating the natural history of this wonderful Colony. But we had yet to see the geological specimens, and found a spacious apartment devoted to the different mines, with specimens of each classified under glass cases, in which Jack was very much interested, as he is now well acquainted with the different mines of British Columbia. We left the Government buildings, all extremely gratified with what we had seen and heard. For my part, I don't usually care to see museums, but I was much interested and delighted with this one, and could not help wishing that you, my two dear grandsons, Malcolm and Kenneth, had been there to see all we saw. I am sure it would have been a great treat to both of you. We had a visit from Mrs Taylor in the afternoon (wife of the banker at present in Nelson), a lively, pleasant woman. After dinner Maggie and I walked along the shore.

SUNDAY, 22ND.—We all walked to the Presbyterian Church this morning, and listened to a most excellent sermon. The minister of the Church is away from home at present, but Rev. Mr Winchester, a missionary to the Chinese and Indians, gave a very able exposition of the 73rd Psalm. He seems a very devoted Christian man. We went back to the evening service, and were equally well pleased. He preached from Matt. xvi. 24-26. We had a delightful walk home. Dallas Hotel is some distance from the centre of the town.

**Oak Bay.**

MONDAY, 23RD.—We took three cars in succession this morning, and drove to Oak Bay. Mount Baker Hotel is the chief, indeed only, object to be seen there, and is certainly a very handsome building. It seems Lord Minto has engaged most of the hotel for himself and his suite. They are expected here in a few days. The Oak Bay Hotel contains 100 bedrooms. We decided to walk back to Victoria by the sea-shore. It was most delightful, but we went out of our way a little, and walked fully eight miles without sitting down, so were an hour too late for luncheon, and all very hungry. There were a great many arrivals this evening. Some American ladies asked me to play, which I gladly did, and, unknown to me, a good many people had gathered into the room, so when I stopped, they all applauded and thanked me cordially. One of my audience was Senator Mason, who is staying here, with his wife and three daughters and one son. I said, "I did not know I had such a distinguished audience listening," to which he replied, "Not great in numbers, but considerable in bulk." He is an immense, fat man. I am sure he must weigh 19 or 20 stone. When he came in to the breakfast room next morning, he wished me good morning, asked if I had rested well, and referred to the pleasure he had in hearing me play last evening.

**The "Women of Canada."**

TUESDAY, 24TH.—To-day we went, after breakfast, to the meeting of the National Council of Women of Canada. Rosie is here as a delegate, and we all qualified as members. Lady Taylor is president. She is some connection of Maggie's through Mr Aitken, and visited her in Edinburgh two years ago. She gave an excellent address at the meeting this morning. This afternoon we had a delightful drive to different places in the vicinity, leaving at 2.30 and returning at 5. The others have all gone to the meeting of the Women's Council. but I remained, and have spent the evening chatting with Miss Ashlin in the drawing-room. She presented me with a lovely fan, which she begged me to accept from her. It is now 10.30, and they have not yet returned from the meeting.

**A Letter from Home.**

WEDNESDAY, 25TH.—On their return from the Women's Council last evening, I received a most welcome letter from dear Annie, in answer to mine announcing our safe arrival at Nelson. I read it aloud to the others in the drawing-room, but had a second perusal of it in my own room. The result of this was, that I went off my sleep from the excitement. The house looks very deserted this morning, Senator Mason and all his family having left by some steamer during the night. It seems they made a terrible commotion. I have learned they did not leave till about six this morning by the "Queen," which sailed for Alaska. Jack had a letter this morning from Mr Robertson, telling us that the heat is *terrific* at Nelson; and advising any of us who can to stay on here, where it is certainly delightfully cool.' Jack *must* go back to Nelson, and will leave on Monday at latest.

**Life al Fresco.**

THURSDAY, 26TH.—Maggie, Rosie, and I went this morning to the meeting of the Women's Council. We heard a very excellent paper on the advantages of Kindergarten schools for young children, followed by a number of practical suggestions from other delegates. At the close, I was introduced to Lady Taylor, the President, who, though very busy, found time to speak to us for a few minutes, gave us her address, and invited us to visit her in Toronto, which we may probably do. We were invited this afternoon to visit Mr and Mrs Adams out in the country. Accordingly we *all* went in the car about three miles, and found them camping in a wood overlooking a lovely bay. They have two tents and a Klondyke stove, and kitchen utensils, cups, plates, etc., etc., all displayed outside. It does seem a funny life. Mrs Adams does everything herself, with the help of a little nephew. Her husband goes to town every day for business. She is a sister of Mrs Robertson, our near neighbour at Nelson, and at one time they lived in great wealth and splendour near Glasgow, with numerous servants to do everything for them, but lost all their means through the City Bank failure. Now neither of them has a servant, do all their cooking and cleaning, but always so tidy and ladylike. Mrs Adams is so bright and cheery, and her husband is quiet, but sensible and kind. We rambled through the lovely wood and along the shore. Chrissie and Lizzie helped to make sandwiches, and cut up cake, and in due time we sat down to a sumptuous tea, which we all enjoyed and did ample justice to. I must not forget to record the photographing operations, Jack, Lizzie, and Chrissie each experimenting upon us in various attitudes and occupations, all promising to serve as interesting mementoes of this happy and unique visit. We returned to town in

time to attend the prayer meeting in St. Andrews Church, which was intimated on Sunday, after which Maggie and I walked, Jack and Chrissie cycled, the others carried home to the Dallas Hotel.

**Funny Incidents.**

FRIDAY, 27TH.—As usual, the weather this morning is splendid. What a lovely view from my bedroom window! Quite an amphitheatre of distant hills—the Olympian range—with the sea and fine harbour in the foreground, the centre hill, white on the top with everlasting snow, and quantities of fleecy clouds overtopping the whole. Rosie went to the ladies' meeting. She was to give her report to the meeting as a delegate. I wished very much to go, but she seemed to object, so I did not go, lest I should make her nervous. Maggie, Lizzie, and I took the car to the Beacon Hill, where the Park is situated. There is a small collection of living things there—golden pheasants, guinea pigs, with five or six little babies, such dear little things, not larger than mice, and two splendid eagles. One of them, sitting in stately dignity, so grave and self-conscious, with his white bands and black gown, strikingly reminded me of some of our D.D.'s or Professors. There were also nine or ten geese swimming in a pond, and at a distance, studiously apart, a large flock of pure white swans, with their graceful motion and long necks. Then we found at a little distance three bears—one brown, two black—enclosed in their deep prison. While we were looking at them, a rather dignified policeman appeared. He volunteered to get them to mount their pole, and gathering some branches of a tree, he flung one on the top. This had the desired effect. The little black one climbed up, and seemed proud of the feat; but when another tried to follow, he came down one step, and dared him to come up. Finally, he gathered up all the

loose branches, and in a very adroit manner descended with them. I gave the policeman quite a fright. One of the bears having retired into his hole, I whistled my "Truro" whistle, as I do when Joe loses me on the street, in order to bring the bear out. He (the policeman) looked round about, *quite alarmed*. Not aware of this, I whistled a second time—louder; and he turned about, saying, "*What CAN that be?*" Maggie replied, "Oh, it's just this lady," which amused and relieved him, for he had evidently concluded there was some row not far off. There are a number of fine trees in the Park, and several swings for children, so Maggie and I thought we would treat ourselves to a "swing," and a nice little girl came forward and offered to swing us. But another, seeing this, ran forward, and looking at me said, "*Are you not over TEN?*" No one is allowed to go in the swing that is over ten. Look, you'll see it printed up there." So, to be sure, we came out and saw the prohibition very distinctly. Thinking it was time to come back for lunch, we crossed the Beacon Hill and came down to the shore. On our way Jack and Chrissie overtook us on their cycles.

#### **Discovery of an Old Friend.**

When we assembled for lunch, Rosie, having returned from her meeting, told us a very extraordinary thing had happened. She had met Fraulein Peters, who was the German governess at Kinnoull House, where she and my girls were at school in London *years ago!* It was such a mutual surprise. About 25 years ago she paid us a visit at Inveriel Bank, and we had not seen her since. She has lived in Vancouver 13 years, and is here as a delegate to the Women's Council also. Maggie and I met her at the afternoon meeting, and brought her back with us to dinner. Oh, she was so happy to meet us again, she could scarcely restrain her

joy, and hugged and kissed me. Maggie and I went to the evening meeting. None of the others went, and by the time we returned, Fraulein had left.

**Chinese.**

SATURDAY, 28TH.—An American man-of-war arrived in the harbour yesterday forenoon, the "Iowa," and anchored just opposite our windows. She was welcomed by a salute of 21 guns. The Admiral sent an invitation for all the ladies of the Council to go on board to see over the ship. So it was arranged that we should all assemble on the outer wharf, where we landed from "The Islander." But we were doomed to disappointment to-day. In the morning we went to "China Town," and bought a good many things out of their shops, kept by "Yee Yich & Co.," "Yung Chong & Co.," "Hang Ho Hing Kee," "Lai Soong & Co.," "Chu Chung & Co."—these are some of their sign boards. I omitted to mention that when we were in the car, going to New Westminster, we had opposite to us a *real Chinese lady*, gorgeously dressed in great variety of colours. She had a child in her arms, also, like Joseph, in a coat of many colours; and her husband, who had rather nice features, and a kind face. But she, poor thing, looked desolate and unhappy. We were interested to see her tiny poor feet when they got out of the car. How could she walk with them? Certainly not far, But I have digressed from my story. We hurried home to lunch, to be ready for our sail to the "Iowa," and a crowd of ladies, ourselves and Fraulein Peters among them, assembled on the wharf. To our dismay, when the steam launch arrived to convey us, we were told it was not considered safe to go, and we had reluctantly to give it up. There certainly is a very high wind, and the sea is very rough, so with such a number of ladies, it was just possible an accident might occur.

Among so many there would possibly be one or two foolish ones. Jack and Chrissie went on their own hook and came back safely, but it was very rough.

**A Full Sunday.**

SUNDAY, 29TH.—A most lovely day! the sea calm and peaceful; so different from yesterday. We all walked in the morning to St. Andrew's Church. The minister, Mr Leslie Clay, is still absent, but we had a most energetic and eloquent substitute in Dr Bryce, from Winnipeg. He preached from Phil. ii. 10. In the afternoon we were writing, reading, and resting. I went out half an hour before dinner to have a blow on the picturesque rocks, and on coming in found Fraulein Peters had arrived. She remained to dinner, but Maggie, Chrissie, and I hurried away to the evening service, and had to take the car. We were again much delighted with that vigorous old man. He was most fluent and animated, explaining, evidently by appointment, the Century Fund Scheme, which is to raise a million dollars. A considerable sum has already been got. On reaching the hotel, we found the cab waiting at the door, as for some reason or other Jack was to leave earlier for Nelson than he expected. So we had just to bid them a hurried good-bye, and they were off. I could not help feeling rather sad, for it made me think of the next parting, and besides, we shall miss Jack and Rosie very much here. We intend to remain till Saturday morning, and go on to Vancouver for a day or two.

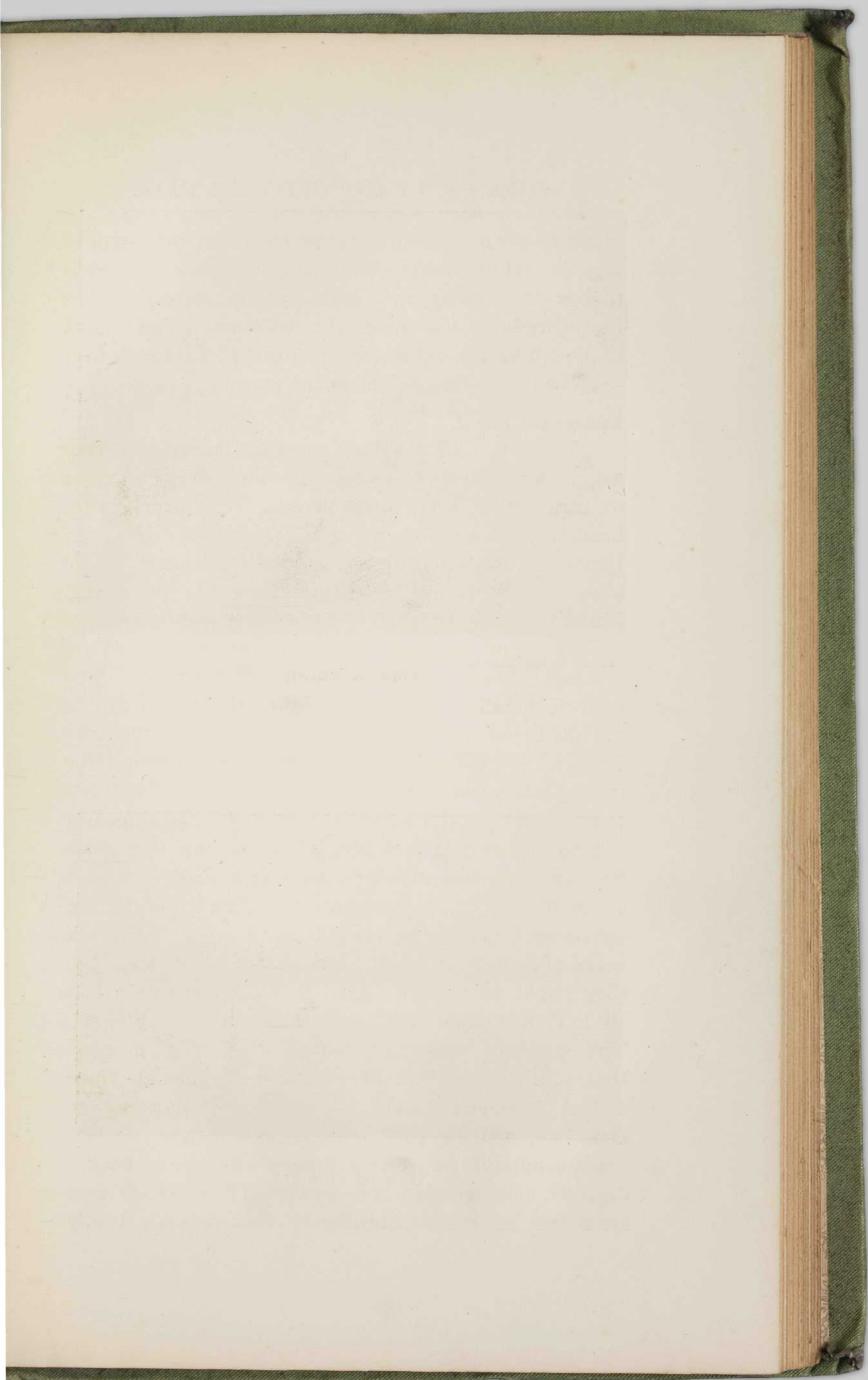
**Preparing to Return.**

MONDAY, 30TH.—We all went to town this morning, and arranged to take a boat and have a sail in the afternoon, after which we went to the C.P.R. office, and took our tickets for our return to Nelson. According to arrangement, we went to the wharf at 3 o'clock, but

much to our disappointment, we could not get a man to row us, and did not like to venture ourselves. There is a large dance going on down stairs this evening, and as my bedroom is just above the ballroom, I don't think there will be any use in me going to bed until it is over—about one or two o'clock in the morning.

**Another Old Friend.**

TUESDAY, 31ST.—Much warmer to-day, sea very calm. Made a discovery this morning, which I expect to turn out a very pleasant one. Happening, after breakfast, to go into the office to get a newspaper, I noticed a framed advertisement of a collegiate school here, and saw below, "Headmaster, J. W. Laing, Christ Church, Oxford." I was at first merely arrested by the name "Laing," which I always admire; on looking further, "Christ Church, Oxford," and along with the initials, "J. W." I said to myself, *Can* this be my old friend and cousin, John Laing of Blackheath? I was really excited over it, and the more I thought the more I was inclined to believe it really was, and resolved to write and put the question to himself. Talking over this to Mrs and Miss Ashlin, they told me that some time ago they had called on Mr Laing to see two boys under his care. From what they said, I was all but convinced I had found my old friend, whom I had not heard of or seen for years. But as Mrs Ashlin suggested they might be away on holiday, I decided to get Mrs Walt to telephone and ask if Mr Laing was at home. The answer being *affirmative*, I sent a message that some friends would call to see him at three o'clock. Maggie and I went this morning to Oak Bay, walking part and carrying the rest. It was oppressively hot, so we took the car all the way back—eight or nine miles for five cents. (These electric cars are a most delightful institution!) Oak Bay is a lovely



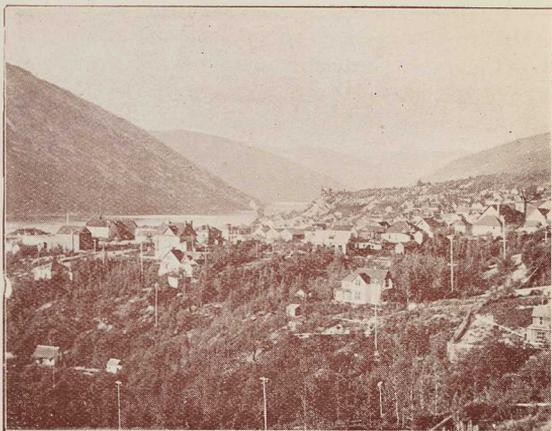


Photo. by Miss STOCKS.]

VIEW OF NELSON.

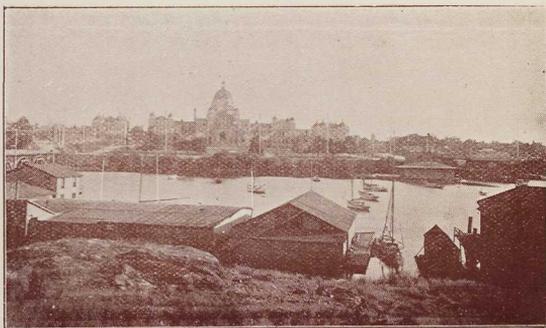


Photo. by Miss STOCKS.]

VIEW OF VICTORIA.

spot. Mount Baker Hotel is a spacious and handsome building. Lord and Lady Minto and suite are to stay there, and will arrive here this evening in the "War-spite." There was to have been a formal and public reception, the town is gaily decorated, and the drill hall in readiness with banners, mottoes, etc., but the sad news of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg's death has put a stop to it all. Maggie and I found our way to the Collegiate School after lunch, and had a most cordial reception from John Laing and his wife. He was certainly very much surprised to see *me* in this far away region of the world, but seemed to know me at once. Mrs Laing is a very nice creature, and was extremely kind. They invited us, all four, to lunch on Thursday. This has been an extraordinary and pleasant incident. Since dinner we have been outside a little way making the acquaintance of a living seal. It was caught in the bay last evening, and put into an enclosed pond off the sea. It had climbed up on the bank, so we were quite close to it. I never saw one so near before.

**Delightful Victoria.**

WEDNESDAY, 1ST AUGUST.— There was a good shower of rain last night, and to-day was much cooler and fresher. Lizzie and Chrissie and I went up to town in the forenoon, and made some purchases in a Japanese store. John Laing had telephoned down that he would be here to lunch, so when Chrissie and I got into the car, we found him there before us. We had a very pleasant time together, but he had to leave soon after lunch, reminding us that he and Mrs Laing expected us there to-morrow. In the afternoon Maggie, Lizzie, and I paid a visit to Mrs Taylor, and met some nice people. I do think Victoria a very pleasant and pretty place. The flowers are luxuriant. Sweet peas, dahlias, roses, honeysuckles, clematis, and stocks,

pansies of all kinds and colours, abound everywhere, and there are any number of rowan trees, covered with bright bunches of berries. We were at Oak Bay yesterday morning. On the way there are *forests* of great dark oaks, from which it is named. What I wonder at is that, with all their fine trees and wonderful vegetation, I have only seen three Aurocarias, and they are mere shrubs. Mrs Walt has just been in speaking to us. She is a very energetic woman, only thirty-five, and has this great hotel, and another in town, chiefly patronised by business men. She has a large dinner party to-night. They had fourteen courses.

**Gaieties.**

THURSDAY, 2ND AUGUST.—Did not go out this morning—had some mending and writing to do. We all went to lunch with John Laing and his wife. She is really a charming creature. He is very clever, and evidently holds a good position here. It is so extraordinary meeting him here after so long an interval. He was [the champion runner of England in the days when he was at Christ Church, Oxford, and used to come to see us at Invertiel Bank. There is a great ball on here to-night, about 260 young ladies and gentlemen, all dressed in the height of Victorian fashion. The four of us went down and looked on a few minutes at the whirling and dancing. It is not often, certainly that we come in contact with this phase of life, and I cannot say that it impressed me very favourably. Some scenes were rather amusing. It is the annual tennis ball. I had to change my bedroom for the night, and go to a back room upstairs to get away from the din.

FRIDAY, 3RD AUGUST.—Lizzie and I went in the car to ESQUIMALT this morning, and spent an hour very pleasantly with Mrs Adams. After lunch Chrissie and I took the car to Government Street, and went on to the

tennis ground, where we had fixed to meet John and Mrs Laing. There was a tennis tournament on, and all the elite and fashion of Victoria were assembled. Oh, such gay and magnificent costumes!! I almost think it beats the old country, and I have remarked often what a number of pretty girls are in Victoria, and such sweet little children. There were two young ladies playing against each other, one Victorian and one Vancouver. They were extremely well matched, which prolonged the sets, but finally Miss Kitto, the Victorian, beat, and to all appearance she will become the champion. She plays with her left hand. After dinner Maggie, Chrissie, and I went to the Methodist Church to hear Miss Ethel Webb give her recitations. There were organ recitations, and a gentleman vocalist, but Miss Webb was the great attraction. She has a splendid voice, and sings as well as recites beautifully.

#### More Surprises.

We had rather an adventure coming home. We lost our way, and wandered into unknown regions, not a creature to be seen, and no houses. We turned and got into a car line, but not knowing where we were, we just went directly *opposite* to the right course. It was also very lonely, no one to be seen, and I really got nervous. At last a cyclist came flying past, and I shouted out to him to stop and speak to us, which he did. So I told him we were strangers, and had lost ourselves. He was most kind, and turned out to be the very man that Jack had told us of having met, and that he had once lived in *Kirkcaldy* for two years. He advised us to wait there till the car for Government Street came up, and waited beside us till it came in sight. We were very fortunate in meeting him, and getting put right. The car put us down in Government Street, and the conductor told us we would find another car in connection, but to our

dismay, it went off just as we alighted. There were other three ladies came out of the car, and as they were going in the same direction, we decided to walk to the Dallas rather than wait twenty minutes for the next car. Off we started, and to my surprise, the young lady who walked with me turned and said, "Aren't you Mrs Stocks from Kirkcaldy?" "Dear me," I replied, "I never saw you in my life. How can you know me?" So she told me that a lady from Kirkcaldy, who was married to a relation of theirs, had seen me from the car, and knew me at once. I was very much surprised, and asked her name. It turned out to be a daughter of Mr Chalmers, who was the headmaster in Philp's School, and taught my daughters singing in Miss Black's school. Her name is Mrs Morrison, and she is only visiting an aunt in Victoria, and had said to these young ladies how much she would have liked to speak to us. Chrissie cycled to her address this morning, and invited her to call on Monday afternoon. So this is one good result of having lost our way, but we did not reach the Dallas till a good while past eleven, and Lizzie was getting quite anxious.

#### **Last Days at Victoria.**

SATURDAY, 4TH AUGUST.—I did not go out before lunch, having some mending to do. The day was very fine, as every day has been since we came. After lunch Maggie and I had a good walk to Beacon Hill, and called on Mrs Schwanger, where we remained quite an hour. Mr and Mrs Laing came to dinner, and we spent a very pleasant evening. John Laing is quite a distinguished man, "F.R.S.E.," and I don't know all what. He said at the dinner table, the pleasure of meeting us had been so great, he was sure it had added five years to his life.

SUNDAY, 5TH AUGUST.—Went to the Presbyterian Church this morning. Dr Campbell, minister of the other Presbyterian Church, preached a delightful sermon. His text was—well, I forget. In the evening Chrissie and I went in car to Pandora Avenue, and walked to Metropolitan Methodist Church. Rev. Mr Row preached a most rousing sermon. No minister here, that we have heard, uses notes. They seem all to be very able men. We had the pleasure of speaking to Mr Row, as I had taken the hymn book away in my hand, and going back with it met him at the door. He was very frank and nice, and said he was very pleased to have met me. We had a pleasant walk home, and did not lose our way this time. What seems to us rather strange is that although only nine o'clock the roads and streets seemed quite deserted, not a creature to be seen.

MONDAY, 6TH AUGUST.—This is our last day at the Dallas Hotel. How sorry I am to leave all these lovely rocks and the beautiful bay, the Olympian hills beyond, with their snow caps, blowing fresh cool breezes over here!! I shall never forget our delightful visit to Victoria, with its profusion of flowers and fruits, fine artistic villas in endless variety of style, its tempting Chinese shops, and many other attractions. The air is so clear and bracing, that I feel as if I had inhaled fresh vigour, so that I am never *tired!* In the forenoon Maggie and I made our last pilgrimage to the city, wandered over many of its open spacious streets, took a look into the Roman Catholic Church, did a little shopping, and walked all the way home, as we had done all the way up. After lunch I set at once to my packing, which was rather a work of skill, as my purchases had increased my need of room considerably. I had just finished and dressed when Mrs Morrison

called, and shortly after my cousins, Mr and Mrs Laing, came to see us for the last time. After tea, they proposed to have a sail in the bay, to which I gladly consented. Accordingly, Lizzie and I accompanied them in the boat, and had a delightful sail, and Mrs Laing actually caught a splendid salmon, 17 lbs. weight. We came ashore at seven to dinner, and had to take our final leave of our dear friends, Mr and Mrs Laing, which we did with much regret, but with mutual expressions of gladness that we had had the great pleasure of meeting again.

**Back to Vancouver.**

VANCOUVER, 9 P.M., TUESDAY, 7TH AUGUST.—Here we are, back to Vancouver Hotel! Were roused at six o'clock this morning, and set sail on the "Islander" punctually at seven o'clock. I do not remember *ever* leaving a holiday resting place with so much regret. I felt almost sad. We sat on deck and waved our farewells to the Dallas, though no one was looking, for our friends were still in the arms of Morpheus, and we had said our adieus last night. Oh, I *was* sorry to leave those delicious breezes, picturesque rocks, the sound of the waves rippling on the shore, and many other attractions of dear Victoria, and the impression that I should never again behold it added to my sadness. We enjoyed a lovely sail. The sea was as calm as a mill pond, and as we approached Vancouver it was interesting to see the hundreds (I ought to say *thousands*) of fishing boats all spread out over the waters, with sails waving, and nets cast, indicated by corks and buoys, all intent on catching salmon. It seems the fishing season only lasts one month in that bay, so they have to take advantage of it, and at New Westminster and many other places there are great canneries for disposing of the fish. We arrived up to time. Maggie had decided

to go on to Nelson, and after sending off our baggage, we waited to see her start in the C.P.R. train, which I could not help feeling, being the first time we had separated since leaving home. We had made a promise to Fraulein Peters and also to Mr Healey to see them in Vancouver, and were in a manner bound to stay a day or two; but what with the pang of leaving Victoria, then seeing Maggie set off alone, and no Jack and Rosie here as on our previous visit, I have been more sobered than any day since leaving home. Perhaps a slight headache has added to that result.

WEDNESDAY, 8TH AUGUST.—This morning felt much better, and had recovered my spirits. In the morning we took the car to English Bay, which is a favourite resort. We watched the children playing about in the water, and among them we saw our old friend the fat negro, who seemed to enjoy it as much as any. He seemed to have some charge of them, and I rather think was teaching them to swim. Lizzie and I could not resist the temptation of having a wade, of course taking off our shoes and stockings, and Chrissie, I suppose, thought us so picturesque that she could not resist having a snapshot at us. We enjoyed the walk back to the Vancouver, and picked some lovely maple leaves on the way. Fraulein Peters came to lunch, after which we went to see a fruit and flower show, which we were told was to be opened by Sir Henri Joli.

The show was very poor, and there were very few people there. Then we went to afternoon tea at her minister's house, and met a number of ladies there, after which Miss Peters took us on board the "Empress of Japan," which had just come in the previous night. She is very intimate with the chief engineer, Mr Auld, from Glasgow. It was then time for us to come in to dinner. Miss Peters called for us again about 7.30.

Lizzie and I accompanied her on board a steamer, which carried us across to North Vancouver. It was a beautiful evening, the full moon looking down benignly on us, her soft beams reflected on the smooth water, the very same moon that was looking down on our dear ones at Nelson, Kirkcaldy, and everywhere. We have a fine view of Vancouver from the north side, all lighted up with electricity. It was like a fairy scene. After landing one or two passengers, and calling at a place further down, where there is a great lumber work, we returned to our own side; and bidding Fraulein good-night, we reached Vancouver Hotel about 9.30.

**A Big Industry.**

THURSDAY, 9TH AUGUST.—It looked rather cloudy this morning. We had promised to be ready at 9.30, to go to Steveston with Fraulein Peters, partly to see something of the country around Vancouver, but chiefly to see through one of the canneries there, where is carried on the great operation of preserving and canning the quantities of salmon that abound in these waters. Fraulein arrived exactly to time, with a nice carriage and fine team of horses, driving herself, which she is quite accustomed to. It was a distance of eighteen miles, and in some places the roads were not all that could be desired, but on the whole wonderfully good for this young country. The air was delightful, the sun not too demonstrative, and as we proceeded, the symptoms of rain entirely disappeared. We passed several fields of oats in different stages of maturity, but judging from its appearance, the soil does not seem very productive. We reached our destination about twelve, and having disposed of our rig, proceeded at once to the inspection of one of the canneries, of which there are now thirty-five. We were told they had *only* (!) 8000 salmon that morning, but some one mentioned that on one occasion

lately 40,000 had been caught before twelve o'clock!! The process is simply perfect, and no one having seen it, can have any scruples about eating tinned salmon, every impurity and trace of oil being completely removed, various ways of testing the thoroughness of the work being put in operation. They are almost entirely Chinamen who are employed, and one cannot but admire the rapidity and assiduity with which each individual did his part in the operation. So intent were they on duty, they never deigned even to look at us. The universal testimony is, that whenever a Chinaman *knows* his work, you may depend on him doing it. In this country they are largely employed in domestic service, and thus a felt want is frequently met. On leaving the cannery, we took a look about the place, then adjourned to the hotel for lunch, which certainly was not so satisfactory as the canning. Then our horses were yoked, and we enjoyed immensely our drive back to Vancouver, which we reached about five o'clock.

In the evening we went with Miss Peters to a garden party in the Hospital grounds. The scene was very picturesque, a number of booths with ices, fruits, coffee, etc., and everywhere illuminated with Chinese lanterns, groups of visitors sitting and moving about. From there we went to Fraulein's home, where we remained some time. It is a very pretty street, sometimes jocularly called "The Hill of Holiness," because there are three large churches quite near, on the opposite side of the street.

#### Journey Back to Nelson.

FRIDAY, 10TH AUGUST.—Left Vancouver to-day at 1 P.M. Fraulein Peters came to the depot to bid us farewell, and brought us a bouquet each. We all expressed a hope to meet again, but secretly I felt it was very doubtful. We had again the pleasure of travelling

through the wonderful region of the Fraser and Thomson rivers. At first the river is compressed into a narrow bed, and rushes with tremendous rapidity. The canyon grows narrower and deeper. One terrific, weird place where the river rushes tumultuously through its rock-cribbed bed was pointed out to me as "Hell's Gate Rapids," and a *very narrow path* on the opposite side of the gorge was shown where Lady Dufferin had walked down on one occasion. I asked my informant how she got over there, but the noise and shaking of the observation car were so great that I never could hear his reply. We reached North Bend about six o'clock, and were all marched into the hotel there for dinner, and an excellent dinner they gave us, the only drawback being that we had to gobble it in a rather limited time. When we entered the dining-room, on every cover was placed a small basin of *real* Scotch broth, which was a *great* treat. The tables were decorated tastefully with flowers. One in the centre of the hall was literally covered with vases of sweet peas, pansies, etc., and in the middle there was actually a bush of maple with its variegated green, brown, and crimson leaves. We were soon again in our car, and about nine our negro attendant, a most disagreeable, surly man, came to arrange our berths for the night, which we passed in these confined spaces, curtained in, the process of undressing and dressing being accomplished under difficulties and occasional bumping of one's head against the roof. It was a lovely night, the full moon looking down, the sky covered with innumerable fleecy clouds. I dozed occasionally, but could not sleep as I did on former night journeys, so I got up about five, and had all my toilet over before any other passenger stirred. In due time we reached Revelstoke, from there went to Arrowhead, where the steamer "Kootenay" and a host of "vicious mosquitoes"

were waiting to *welcome* us. The Arrow Lake was calm, and after a pleasant sail, though at times tedious, we arrived at Robson, and proceeded on our journey by train to Nelson, where we met Jack at seven o'clock with a carriage and pair of spanking horses, and in a short period were safely landed once more at Kilcruik, and so ended our delightful trip to the westmost west of British Columbia!!! It seems they have had a week or two of intensely hot weather while we have been at the coast these last four weeks, which we have luckily escaped. It was really very bracing and cool at Victoria.

**Quiet Days at Nelson.**

SUNDAY, 12TH AUGUST.—To-day our friend Dr Spencer was preaching in the Baptist Church both morning and evening. We met him frequently in our journey to Victoria and Vancouver, and he called on us and sat a long time in the afternoon. I did not go out in the morning, but I heard him preach in the evening on "Signs of the Times." He seems a very able man, and has resigned his church at Brantford, near Toronto, because he has been appointed to visit through all the churches in the Dominion.

MONDAY, 13TH AUGUST.—To-day Jack had planned an excursion and picnic up the Kootenay to his ranch, and had invited some friends. We went in a nice little steam launch, driven by gaseline, six miles up the lake. It was very delightful, and the scenery is fine. We had taken lunch with us, and enjoyed it in a tent which some Nelson people had used for camping out in the woods. Some of us wandered about the woods and hills. Jack and another gentleman went over the ranch, with a view to future possibilities of management. We did not get home till near eight o'clock. In sailing down the river, we came up to a real Indian in his

canoe, with very long lanky hair and swarthy face. He had some sort of grouse or prairie chickens, which some of our party bought from him. How he got them, I did not hear.

TUESDAY, 14TH AUGUST.—Again we enjoyed a most enjoyable sail on the Kootenay. Mr Sims had invited us to go with an excursion of Sunday School children and their teachers, of which he is the superintendent. On this occasion we sailed in a fine steamer as far as twenty miles to a place called Balfour. It is a most lovely spot. The outline of the hills is specially attractive, some of them 700 or 890 feet high, and one or two peaks so near the sky that I thought, if I were at the top, I could reach up and touch it. The Sunday School party had their lunch on the grass, and all seemed very happy, playing games of all sorts, some bathing, some wading, some boating, etc. Mr Sims entertained his party to an excellent lunch in the hotel. The weather was perfect, very bright and sunny, but cool breezes, and the mountains on each side towering high, with shacks and villas dotted at intervals on the edge of the water. We left Balfour in "The Moyie" on our return journey at five o'clock, and after a delightful sail, we reached Kilcruik in good time for dinner.

WEDNESDAY, 15TH AUGUST.—After so much gadding about, it was time to rest at home. Spent most of the day writing letters. Went down to Enfield about five to call on Mrs Cover, whom I had not seen since she arrived from Jamaica. It has been unusually hot to-day, but this evening the rain falls heavily, so I expect it will be a cooler temperature to-morrow.

THURSDAY, 16TH AUGUST.—Judge Forin and Mr Hunt came to dinner this evening, also Dr du Fal, from Winnipeg. The latter is a most entertaining man, full

of life and vigour, and a wide fund of information on many subjects. Later in the evening Mr and Mrs Sims and Mr Kidd came in, and we had music and lively conversation. Mrs Captain Duncan called in the afternoon.

FRIDAY, 17TH.—Incessant rain this whole day, and very cold weather. Hym lighted the drawing-room fire, and we sat busy at our work. Jack brought letters when he came to lunch, and they were all read aloud, which was a delightful entertainment for a wet day. We all six of us dined at six with Captain and Mrs Duncan, and spent a quiet evening. Captain Duncan plays very well on the concertina. It was quite fair when we walked home in the evening.

SATURDAY, 18TH.—Went down this forenoon to Baker Street, and did some shopping. Jack proposed a row up the river as far as his ranche, and a number of friends went, Lizzie and Chrissie along with them. It has been a very wet afternoon, and I have been quite concerned about our excursionists, thinking they would be soaked. To my surprise and pleasure, they have not had a drop of rain, but, on the contrary, enjoyed a very delightful time, and did not come home till after nine o'clock. Some misfortune has happened to the dam which is used for producing the electric light, and we have been in darkness most of the evening, which is by no means a pleasant experience. What is worse, it seems it will be several weeks before the damage can be repaired. Rosie, however, lost no time in providing substitutes in the shape of lamps and candles, so we really have not been very badly off. What an awful experience the Egyptians must have had! What must it be to be condemned to "outer darkness"?

SUNDAY, 19TH.—Maggie and I went this morning to the Presbyterian Church. Dr Du Fal preached from

the 128th Psalm. It was a very heroic and inspiring sermon, especially to young men, but certainly not exactly evangelical. It has been a beautiful day, bright but not hot. Mr Hickling called before dinner. We met him in the Oceanic, and also in Victoria.

Lizzie and I went to the Presbyterian Church this evening. It was quite crowded, and most beautifully decorated with a quantity of choice flowers. Dr Du Fal preached a most excellent and evangelical sermon from Rev. iii. 8, "I have set before thee an open door." It was so dark when we came out, for want of the electric light, that I was rather nervous about walking over these narrow planks. Mr Kidd very kindly offered me his arm, and came with us to the door, but could not come in.

MONDAY, 20TH.—Very hot all day. Did some sewing, and finished a book, "Joan of the Sword Hand," by Crockett. Several friends were in during the evening. Mr Taylor presented me with a very good specimen of their mine as a reward for my playing.

TUESDAY, 21ST.—To-day was also very hot. Went down to Dover's for my watch, and had to pay 4 dollars 50 cents, which I thought an extreme charge for all that it needed. After lunch we all, and a number of invited friends, went by train to the Granite Mill, where the broken rock is brought to be crushed in a huge mill, and the gold separated from the other ingredients. (Not sure if that is a suitable word.) When we left the train, there was a very rustic carriage and pair waiting for us, into which we all (14) entered, and were driven over a *very rough* road; but our team were huge animals, strong and patient, and our driver knew how to guide them. So with a great deal of merriment and some shouting, we arrived safely at our destination. Oh, the din was terrific, that awful machinery going at such a rate, no

other sound could be heard. I cannot think how any one can live near it. One young man, an overseer engineer, told me they get used to it. He is from Glasgow. It was very interesting to watch the process, but owing to the noise it was impossible to put a question or get an explanation. Rosie had provided a sumptuous tea, which all did justice to. We did not require the carriage and pair on our return journey, but being cool, we enjoyed the walk through the bush, and got the train, which landed us all at Nelson. There are three mines, the Granite, the Poor Man Mine, and the Royal Canadian.

WEDNESDAY, 22ND.—It was again very hot, but there was a good breeze. Maggie and I walked round by the Smelter, where there is a fine view of Nelson, and we climbed up 120 steps to get to the road. On our way home we called on Mrs Cover, and found her at home. She seldom or never goes out. Rosie and Ella came in soon after. In the evening we all dined at Mrs M'Diarmid's.

THURSDAY, 23RD.—Much cooler to-day; writing in the forenoon. Mrs Roderick Robertson came to lunch. She is an Edinburgh lady, and is very intimate with the Brown Douglas family. Mr Craig came in to tell us that he had been summoned to Grand Forks, and would have to go at once. Consequently the picnic party he had invited, and meant to entertain to-morrow, would not take place, for which he expressed regret. This was rather a disappointment, as we were looking forward to a bachelor party. I had promised to spend an hour or two this afternoon with Mrs Captain Duncan, in the absence of her husband, who has gone to Vancouver on business. Came home to dinner, and we spent the evening quietly at our work — not a very frequent occurrence.

FRIDAY, 24TH.—Jack proposed to take us to dine at the Waverley Hotel this evening. Lizzie, Chrissie, and I went. It was a very wet afternoon, and rained heavily all the evening. We called on Dr La Beau, but did not see him. He has splendid large rooms at the corner of Baker Street. We were very pleased with the appearance of things at the Temperance Hotel. It seems extremely well conducted, and we had a most sumptuous dinner for the moderate charge of 1s. Mr Stevens asked us to go upstairs to the drawing-room to try his grand piano, which we did. It was quite fair when we walked home, but during the night a great deal of rain fell, accompanied by thunder and lightning,

SATURDAY, 25TH.—Much colder this morning. Maggie and I walked down to the Lake Park, about two miles distant. In some places the road is very rough, full of heichs and howes, with great pools of water, but considering the quantity of rain that had fallen, it was wonderfully dry, and even at the worst, one could always find dry footing at the side. There are houses and villas at intervals all along, and no doubt Nelson will be a large place some day. There is building going on in every direction, and great improvements are at the present moment being carried out in Baker Street. On each side of the car line, the street is being macadamised. We sat down for ten minutes by the water side, where it is a lovely spot, but walked back to the car terminus in time to get a drive back. These electric cars have been running since January last. Sometimes, indeed often, they have few or no passengers, but the conductor told me they are paying better than the directors expected, and as the population increases and villas multiply, it is expected they will prove remunerative. Their course extends three miles, and each day they run 32 times both ways, fifteen minutes being taken from the start to the terminus.

After lunch Mrs Cane (formerly Harriet Williamson) came and sat till five o'clock. In the evening Mr and Mrs Robertson came in for an hour and a half.

SUNDAY, 26TH.—This has been a perfectly glorious day. The air clear, sharp, and bright, the lake a lovely blue and also green, the hills reflecting the sunlight in various shades. Chrissie and I went to the Presbyterian Church in the morning. The floral decorations are really wonderful. The service was conducted by Rev. Mr Gray, who preached an excellent sermon from Titus ii. 11-14. The others went to the Baptist Church, and brought the minister, the Rev. Mr M'Ewen, back with them to lunch. He is from New Westminster, and is the superintendent of Baptist Missions. In the evening went to the Baptist Church, and heard Mr M'Ewen preach a good sermon on Zaccheus.

MONDAY, 27TH.—Maggie and I took a walk this forenoon up the road to the Athabaska mine. It was very much warmer than it has been for several days. In the afternoon went to Mrs Harry Bird's for afternoon tea, and called on Mrs M'Diarmid and Mrs Duncan. Mr Joudan and Mr and Mrs Sims were in during the evening.

**Queen Bess Mine.**

TUESDAY, 28TH.—Jack had for some time planned an excursion to the Queen Bess Mine, and Mrs Scott had given us a most pressing invitation. Accordingly, all being arranged, we started this morning at 7 o'clock after an early breakfast. It looked rather dull in the morning, but turned out a fine favourable day, and we have enjoyed our novel experiences even more than we expected. First we trained to Slocan City, where the steamer waited our arrival. Embarking immediately, we sailed along the Slocan Lake, passing various little stations, or hamlets, and arrived at New Denver, where

Auntie Rosie and Mrs Robertson left us, as they did not wish to ride up to Queen Bess. Slocan Lake is a beautiful sheet of water, its banks lined on each side by wooded mountains, snowcapped in many places. We left the Slocan s.s. at Roseberry, a small settlement with a few wooden shanties, and went on board the train. After a very long and dangerous looking ascent, we arrived at Alamo, where the concentrator is. Here we left the train, and were most kindly and hospitably received by Mr Hughes, who had invited us to stop at his house. He has a female housekeeper (rather a rare commodity in this country), and two young men employed in the Idaho mine live with him. We had a sumptuous lunch there, after which Jack took a photo of the wonderful scenery from the front of the house. It had been arranged that our horses, with side saddles, were to assemble at this point. Accordingly, in due time, they all appeared, and I was the first to mount after all were quite ready. Jack started on his white horse, and I followed on the roan. Next came Chrissie, then Lizzie on the mule, Maggie following on a great charger, with such a broad back that Jack said she could not tumble off if she tried. But neither she nor any one had any thought of tumbling. I don't suppose that such a cavalcade ever made the ascent of that mountain before. It was really so comical, we could not help being merry over it. Mr Muir came last, and brought up the rear. Just as we rounded the first turn in our ascent, there were symptoms at Carpenter Creek house of a camera being placed in position, and a signal was given to halt, which of course we did. But we were so high up and at too great a distance to be very visible, though the landscape, no doubt, might appear to greater advantage by six equestrians in single file, even though diminutive. We rode up, up, up, the road somewhat

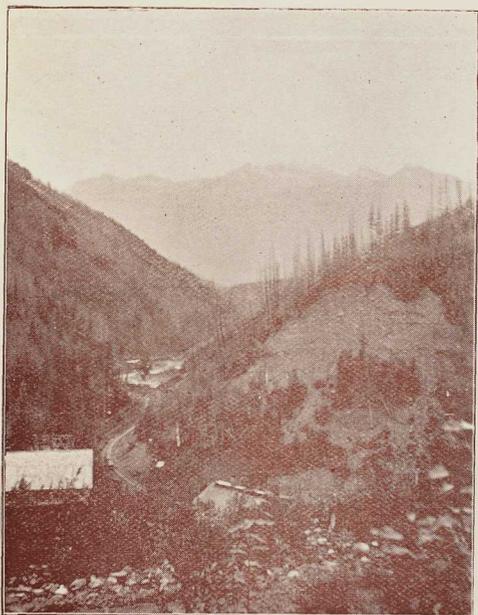
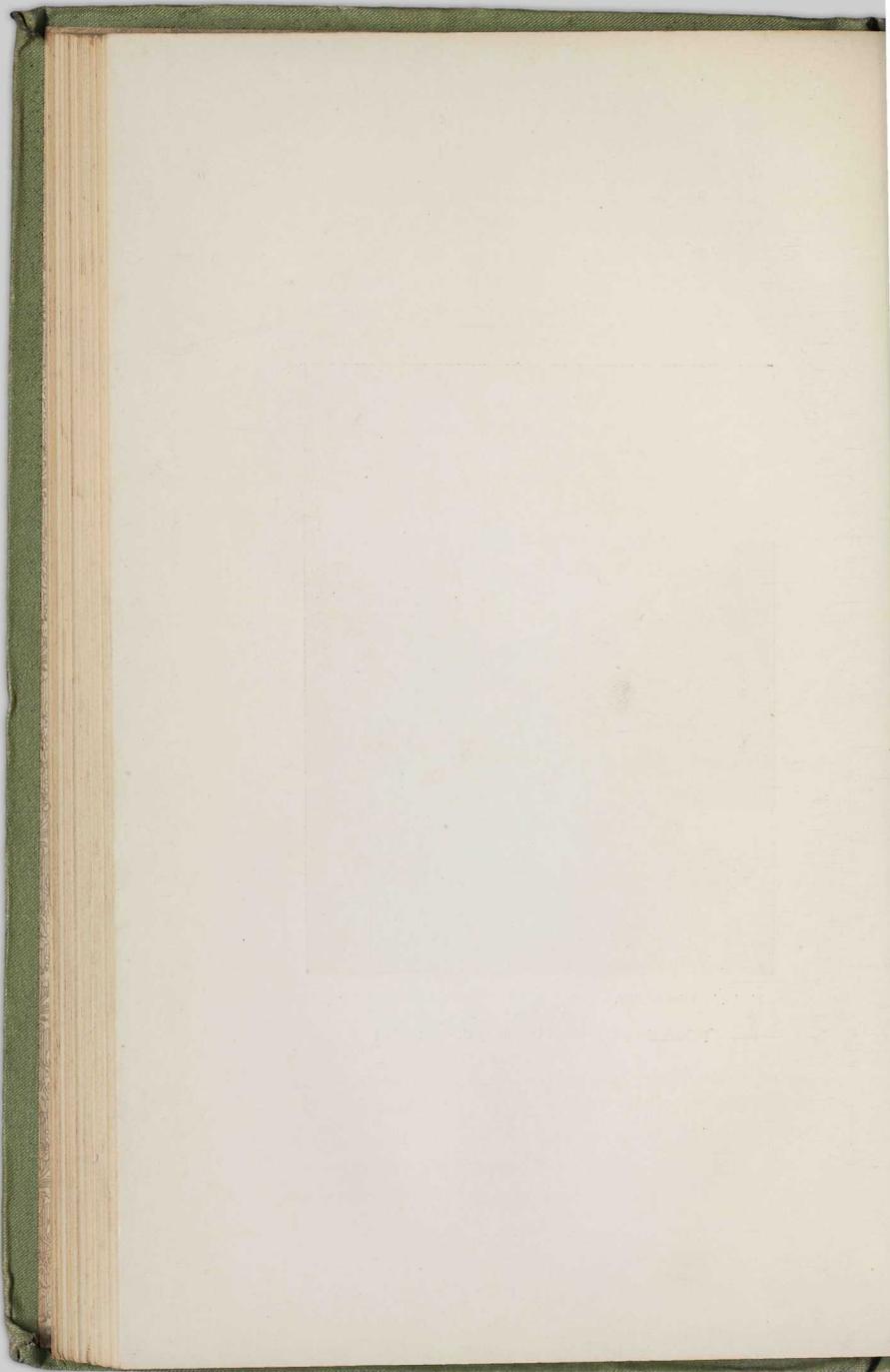


Photo. by Miss SROCKS.

ALAMO.

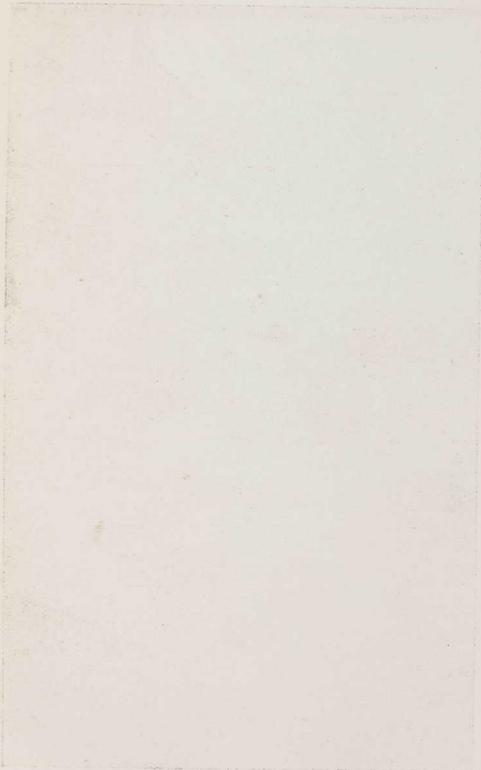
[Where the party started to ride up the mountain.]



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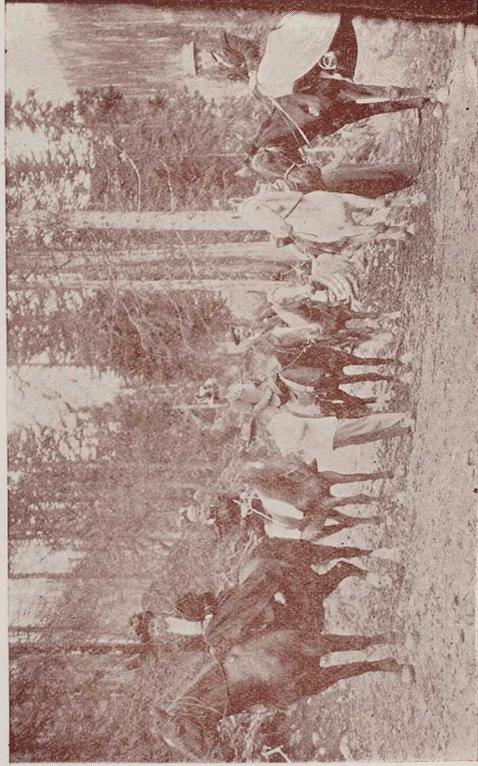


Photo. by Mt. Stocks.]

Mrs AITKEN, Mrs STOCKS, Mr HEAL, Miss STOCKS, Mr MUIR, Mr SCOTT, Mrs BEVERIDGE,  
THE RIDING PARTY.  
(NEAR QUEEN BESS MINE.)

rough, winding and turning, and looking down, the Carpenter Creek river rushing with great velocity at the bottom of the ravine, hundreds of feet deep. It was indeed a strange sensation to find ourselves on a level with the tops of great stately Douglas pines, probably a hundred feet high. But it was quite delightful as well as novel, and we were most fortunate in the weather having kept fair without being too sunny. At last we arrived at the desired pinnacle! Six thousand feet! I shall never forget it! Mr and Mrs Scott and Mr Heal came out to welcome us, and it was quite a scene. Jack told us not to dismount until he had photographed the equestrian group, which he did successfully.

Our host and hostess were extremely kind, and so pleased we had come so far to visit them. We spent a very pleasant afternoon and evening, seeing around the place, and were much interested in a number of creatures like squirrels running up and down, so tame and pretty. It was quite a pleasure also to meet Mr Heal in that out-of-the-way altitude. He is a cousin of our cousins at Osborne House, and I have often visited his grandmother, Mrs Heal, at her residence near London.

WEDNESDAY, 29TH.—Awoke this morning refreshed and well, all of us. On going down stairs, I found Mr Scott busy stirring the porridge, and his wife superintending the rest of the breakfast, Aileen, their baby, sitting in her own chair, playing with tops. It was a lovely morning, and gave promise of a favourable day. Mrs Scott expressed great regret that we meant to leave, and did all she could to persuade us to remain at least one day longer. However, our programme was all made out, and we must adhere to it. So after a leisurely breakfast, and all the morning civilities and speeches, we went, Mr and Mrs Scott accompanying us,

to see the cook house, where Mr George Aspen, a Russian, presides, along with the two waiters, all so clean and tidy; and alongside is the miners' dining hall, with a nice long table ready laid for their dinner, and prettily covered shelves on the wall. Then we were shown the meat house and the stores house, and a lot of other curiosities in the mining line. Before our departure, Jack photographed these three functionaries, and also little Aileen. But we had to catch the train at Carpenter Creek house, or rather Alamo Station, where Rosie and Mrs Robertson were to meet us, so we could not afford to dawdle our time. We had only *two* horses between the four of us on which to make the descent, for on the previous day, no sooner were the side saddles taken from the roan horse and Chrissie's, than off they set at full speed, and ran home to "Three Forks," where they had been borrowed for the occasion. We had, therefore, to ride two the first half, the other two walking, and two the second half, by turns. But oh, it was broiling hot, and we had no sunshades, having left them behind us the day before. We arrived in good time, however, and were again most hospitably entertained to lunch by Mr Hughes, who accompanied us down to the station, and saw us off in the train. There are about 500 miners employed at Queen Bess Mine. They receive from  $3\frac{1}{2}$  to 4 dollars per day, and are charged 1 dollar for board. But they are well fed, judging from the stores of everything we saw. Their Russian cook seems well qualified for his position. We saw beautiful loaves of bread, quantities of pastry, and nice cake, as well as hams and no end of tinned provisions, and even preserved fruits. To proceed on our journey. Having joined the train at Alamo Station, where we found Mrs J. L. Stocks and Mrs Robertson, we were conveyed over a most picturesque route to

Sandon, where we alighted and changed carriages. It is composed chiefly of a few stores and shack dwellings, scattered here and there, up and down, without any plan, and had been nearly burnt down a year ago. Now the houses are nearly all rebuilt, and the charred remains of their former homes are visible everywhere.

**Kaslo.**

Here we entered a narrow gauge train, just one carriage, which was ample, and oh what a journey it was! We actually careered over the summit of a hill, and crossed bridges like *card castles*, sometimes looking down precipices where the slightest slip would be certain destruction. But our conductor was a cheery, jolly fellow, and the very sight of him inspired confidence. It is indeed wonderful to think of these perilous daily journeys, and that seldom or never any accident occurs. In due time we arrived at Kaslo, situated on the Kootenay Lake, the last part of our journey having been alongside of the Kaslo Creek river, a wild, foaming stream, tumbling over huge rocks and boulders till it ends its career in peace and composure in the lake. Of all the places we have visited, I was greatly taken with Kaslo. It is beautifully situated, surrounded by the Selkirk range of hills, which are exquisitely peaked, with the lovely lake lying at their feet, and on the other side of the town, the Kaslo Creek rolling along. It is a town of between one and two thousand inhabitants. The principal street is broad, and the Royal Hotel occupies a large space, one large room containing four billiard tables. In the evening, after dinner, some of our party had a row on the lake. Others went to explore the town, and we found in our walk four churches, the largest of which is the Presbyterian, with a pretty manse alongside. The smaller churches are the Methodist, the English, and Roman Catholic. Nearly opposite the Presbyterian

Church is the Town Hall, which has a double flight of stairs up to the entrance. We had the curiosity to ascend, and seeing the door open, went in and found a person sitting in a reading room. I apologised for intruding, but he very politely came out and chatted with us, took us to the council room, etc., and finally walked home with us to our hotel. He told us his father was Scotch, and had come from some place near Kilmarnock; that two years ago he had worked with Mr Scott at the Queen Bess Mine, and that for a whole winter he had worked at a mine 9000 feet high. In our walk we passed some very pretty dwellings with verandahs, and festooned with hop plants and other creepers, and we also passed a nice quiet-looking hotel called "The Langham." Kaslo is quite remarkable for its wonderful vegetation, fruits, especially strawberries growing to a great size, almost without cultivation, and I saw at a shop door huge cauliflowers weighing six pounds, I should like much to spend a week or two at Kaslo, and to gaze on these delightful hills. They keep at a respectful distance, and do not overwhelm one with their magnitude and nearness as the Nelson ones do.

**The Highland Mine.**

THURSDAY, 30TH.—This morning we were called early, for we were to go on board the "Kokanee" by seven o'clock and sail for Ainsworth, whither Jack and Rosie had preceded us by an earlier boat. It was a lovely morning, and we congratulated ourselves on having been so favoured with fine weather in our excursion, but before the end of the day we were not so well off. On landing at Ainsworth, we were met by Mrs J. L. Stocks and Mrs Robertson, who guided us to the King Hotel, where rooms had been secured. Having breakfasted on board the "Kokanee," we were quite ready to start on our journey up the hill to the Highland

mine, so off we set. It was a lovely walk, though only a rough waggon road, and a continuous climb for at least three miles. The sun came out very hot, which added to the fatigue, but we accomplished it wonderfully, resting now and again to cool. Near the top the scenery was magnificent, and we passed miners busy blasting the rocks to make the road for future operations. The mine itself is 1200 feet above the lake, and the latter is 1700 feet above sea level, so we were again elevated. It was indeed a most interesting sight, but would require a more scientific pen to describe it. We were all ready to help ourselves to specimens of the shining, glittering ore, with which we filled our pocket handkerchiefs. The last part of our climb was almost perpendicular, over stumps of trees and big stones, but was well worth the effort, as we saw the process of mining better than ever before. It came on a heavy thunder storm while we were at the highest point, and we had to shelter in the mouth of a tunnel, from the lightning, and also while the men were blasting the huge stumps of trees down a little space from where we stood, which was rather alarming. The rain poured in a deluge, but we took refuge for a good while beside the forge along with some of the miners at that spot, joking and making fun with them. At last the storm abated, and the sun shone out, and after we had seen tunnels and mines and all that was to be seen, we climbed down again to the dining hall. Here we found the table nicely laid for our dinner, and seated ourselves willingly to partake of their hospitality. And for such a place we had good cheer, wonderful indeed. The cook and his assistants supplied us with vermicelli soup, stewed steak, cold ham, potatoes, cabbage, mince, white and brown bread, pastries, pudding, preserved peas, cheese, and I don't know all what, to which we did ample justice,

also excellent tea and coffee. After dinner, Jack proposed that I should rest for an hour before starting on our descent, but this turned out a mistake. However, we set out at three o'clock, and had not gone far when the rain came down in torrents. We took shelter for a while under trees, but the thunder rolled and lightning flashed, and the rain came on us through the trees, so there was nothing for it but to peg on and on, through mud and stones and rain, till we reached the King Hotel at Ainsworth, in a very bedraggled condition about half-past four o'clock.

One or two of our party were rather the worse for this wetting, I am sorry to say, but the consequences were by no means so serious as they might have been, and we managed to pass the remainder of the day as comfortably as possible in the circumstances, for the King Hotel is by no means so palatial as its royal designation would lead us to infer.

FRIDAY, 31ST.—This morning we again went on board the "Kokanee" from Kaslo, and left Ainsworth, which consists of a dozen or two shacks and huts and stores, scattered up and down the face of a hill. There are several hot springs quite near, the water in one place being 160 degrees, and on our way up the hill on Thursday we saw a spring coming out of the ground, which was found to be quite hot. There is also a Presbyterian Church, and I made the acquaintance on our way from Kaslo on the steamer of a young student from Toronto, a Mr M'Clintock, who is stationed there for three months, to minister to the spiritual wants of the people in that region.

We enjoyed a delightful sail down the Kootenay to Nelson, which we reached about 11 o'clock, having breakfasted on the journey, and so ended our pleasant and not uneventful trip to Queen Bess Mine, Kaslo,

Ainsworth, and the Highland Mine, where, at the latter especially, we were in a slight degree initiated into the mysteries of mining life, and the wonders and riches contained in the bowels of the earth.

**Back to Nelson.**

SATURDAY, 1ST SEPTEMBER.—Rosie and Lizzie are confined to bed to-day from cold, the consequence of the ducking on Monday, but a day's nursing will probably put them right. Maggie and I went down to Baker Street this morning and made some inquiries about trains and steamers in regard to our home journey. Nelson seems a large, important, busy place, after the little sequestered spots we have sojourned in. It is certainly a business centre, and very go-ahead. Even during our three days' absence, it is marvellous to see the progress of buildings in Josephine Street, and the improvements in Baker Street. To think that ten years ago there was scarcely a house in the place! In the afternoon Lizzie was better, and I went out with her again. She chose a useful dress at Irvine's shop, or rather store (there are no shops in this country), and called at Enfield to see Ella and Mrs Cover. Mr and Mrs Sims were up in the evening.

SUNDAY, 2ND.—All went to the Baptist Church this morning, except Rosie, who is still suffering from cold. Mr M'Ewan, from New Westminster, preached. His text was "Written with the Finger of God," in Exodus. This has been one of the loveliest of lovely days. In the evening we went to the Presbyterian Church. Mr Gray preached from the 3rd chapter of John's first letter, and 1st verse, on "The Love of God." Both ministers were very earnest and evangelical, and neither used written notes.

**Falls and Electric Power.**

MONDAY, 3RD.—Writing this morning. In the  
[P.]

afternoon we all went by train to Bonnington Falls to see the electric works and splendid waterfalls, which supply the power for lighting one part of Nelson City, and also for driving the electric cars. This is called "Labour Day" in America, which means *no labour*, in other words, "holiday." Mr and Mrs Sims went with us, also Mrs Cover, so we were nine of a party. Mr Hunt is the managing electrician at the place, and is rather distinguished in his profession. He is a nephew of the celebrated artist Holman Hunt, but is very quiet and unassuming in manner. He did his best to enlighten us in the mysteries of electricity, and showed us three wonderful wheels revolving with marvellous velocity night and day, and various other operations. I am ashamed to say that my intellect is too unscientific to take it all in, but I *believed* all he said without literally *seeing* it. We spent some very pleasant hours admiring the scenery, and enjoyed a refreshing tea. Jack, as usual, photographed various fine views—waterfalls, woods, and hills. We were all ready for the train from Slocan Junction at six o'clock, but waited quite an hour before it appeared. We were told on entering the train that there had been a break down of one of the bridges between us and Nelson, and various conjectures were entertained as to how we might get over this difficulty and danger. At last we reached the bridge in question, and came to a complete standstill. Several of the passengers went out to see what was the real obstacle, and all came in with different versions—some that we should be delayed five hours, others half an hour, and so on. Ultimately we found that there was really no break down of the bridge, which was a great relief, but that some (I think two) of the waggons of a very long freight train we had passed on our way to the falls had become derailed. One had actually jumped over the

edge, and the other was lying on the top, blocking up the line. One could not help feeling uneasy. No doubt some were alarmed, but most kept composed, and some tried to beguile the tedium and suspense with jokes and fun of a harmless nature. We must have waited a full hour, but it came to an end, and we were at last steamed safely over the bridge, which, on looking out, I saw was so narrow that the workmen had barely room to stand till we passed. We had certainly room for thankfulness that our accident had been so easily remedied, and we arrived at Nelson station two hours behind time, greatly to the relief of some friends, who knew something had gone wrong, but did not know what.

**A Wetting.**

TUESDAY, 4TH.—Maggie, Lizzie, and I discovered a new walk this afternoon, both pretty and pleasant. It was in the direction of the Athabasca Mine, but instead of climbing we walked along the side of the "Cotton Wood Creek," a rolling, rumbling stream at the bottom of the ravine. But we did not go so far as we might, for rain came on and we had no sooner reached home than it poured heavily, and continued a long time. We passed the evening quietly with our work, and reading home letters, which Jack brought up at dinner time.

**A Wedding.**

WEDNESDAY, 5TH.—There was to be a swell wedding in the English Church to-day, and a good deal of gossip was in circulation about the bride and her trousseau. So we went to see what was to be seen. The church was tastefully decorated, a mass of flowers in the form of a huge bell hanging in front of the altar, with a large heart on one side, and two smaller hearts in the act of uniting inside the big one. The bridegroom was a

Mr Irvine, the younger partner in one of the drapery stores in Baker Street, a good-looking fellow. The bride was a Miss Catherine M<sup>c</sup>Leod, and was both pretty and handsome, and very composed. Her dress was composed of ivory satin, beautifully made, with a train, and very handsome, but certainly nothing to indicate that it cost 500 dollars (£100 !), and it was also said that it had been sent from New York, and had been charged £100 of duty ! It was certainly a very quiet wedding. The Wedding March was played before and while the bridal procession advanced, but the instant she reached the spot and took her position, the music stopped in the middle of a bar !! Not one hymn was sung, a most unusual proceeding at a wedding. No demonstration whatever was made, no attempt at a cheer even when the newly married pair drove off.

**A Surgeon.**

Afterwards we drove down to Baker Street, and looked in to see Jack. He took us to call on Dr La Beau, who has a very grand suite of rooms, fitted up with every medical apparatus and appliance that were ever invented. He is a very accomplished and skilful surgeon, and was at a great deal of pains to show us a number of his instruments, and to explain their uses and results. He is a large benevolent looking man, not French looking, as his name leads one to expect, and he drives a nice trap with two beautiful black horses. In the evening we went down to Enfield, having been invited by Mrs Sims to meet Mr Hunt. He was to assist Jack in managing the electric light, to show us a number of views the latter had taken in Jamaica, and also some from Scotland. The light was super-excellent and the slides remarkably good. Mr Sims varied the entertainment with occasional performances on the phonograph. Mr Taylor happened to come in just as

we were leaving, and accompanied us. We did not get home till after eleven, but it was a fine moonlight night.

**A Cemetery.**

THURSDAY, 6TH.—Maggie and I walked up to the cemetery this afternoon. It has been a very hot day, so we did not go out till after four. Mr Allan, the cemetery keeper, who comes from Campsie Glen, Stirlingshire, overtook us on the way, carrying a gun, and explained they had a visit from a bear the night before, and he meant to shoot him if he came back. He showed us where the bear had scraped down the wood at his door trying to get in. It is a lonely place, and I am sure Mrs Allan must have a very isolated life, as she never goes into Nelson, and sees no one but her husband and one son who lives there. They are very Scotch, and seem very nice decent people. We walked a good way further on, but got back without having encountered the bear.

**Walking Round.**

FRIDAY, 7TH.—I walked out alone to Judge Forin's this afternoon. Mrs Forin was delighted to see me, as she is not going out at present, and her husband was away at Rossland for the day, holding a Court. In the evening we went to a concert, for which we had taken tickets, in aid of the new Congregational Church, but we did not think much of what we had heard, and came away at the interval. It was again extremely hot to-day, but wet in the evening and during the night, so it will likely be cooler to-morrow.

SATURDAY, 8TH.—Much cooler this morning. Maggie and I walked down to the Lake Park, which is very pretty. It was very still and quiet, and what I often wonder at is, that there is never a bird of any description to be seen. I have remarked that all over

Canada. I have seen a few crows, and at Victoria a few sea-gulls, but however many and lovely may be the trees, there are no singing birds. I have also been told that cats don't thrive here, though I have seen one or two well grown, but it seems understood that they do not live. It came on to rain, so we availed ourselves of the electric car, and came home to lunch. In the afternoon Lizzie, Chrissie, and I went down to the Post Office, and then walked up and round by the Smelter. After dinner, we all sat at our work, and Jack did some toning.

**Church.**

SUNDAY, 9TH.—Lizzie and I went to the Presbyterian Church this morning. It came on heavy rain after breakfast, so the congregation was small. Mr Gray preached a very good, rather a peculiar sermon, on "The Divisions of God." The service only lasted an hour, and when we came out of church it was quite fine, so we had a turn along the Cotton Wood Creek before lunch. In the evening Jack and I went to the Presbyterian Church. Mr Hogg, from Winnipeg, preached a very vigorous sermon from Isaiah lxiii. 16. The church was quite crowded. We spoke to Mr Kidd as we came out, and he told us he had a letter from Mr Frew, and he was to leave England in the "Corinthian" on the 6th of September for Montreal, and expected to be in Nelson by the beginning of October. So he will be coming back just when we are leaving. Mr Frew is the Presbyterian minister. He has been away in Scotland and Paris ever since we came.

MONDAY, 10TH.—We are having extremely hot weather again. Lizzie and I went down town this morning, and did some errands, but I was very thankful to get back again, it was overpoweringly hot. In the evening spent an hour or two with Mr and Mrs H. Beer.

They have such a pretty house, which Mr Beer built when they came here from Prince Edward's Island two years ago. We walked home in the full moonlight, and saw Nelson to advantage.

TUESDAY, 11TH.—Mrs Cane called early this morning, and invited Maggie and me to spend the evening with them in their house at Bogus Town. Another very hot day. None of us went out, except Rosie, who is greatly taken up with the arrangements in connection with the expected visit of Lord and Lady Minto to this city of Nelson. Maggie and I went off to Mrs Cane's at 4.30, and on our way we met Mrs Scott from Queen Bess in Baker Street. She had come down from Queen Bess yesterday to see a dentist. We had tea with Mr and Mrs Cane and Miss Williamson. They entertained us with a number of pictures from India and elsewhere, which Mr Cane has collected in his travels. He told us he had had 45 different homes, never having been longer than three years in one. He is an artist and architect, and seems clever and neat handed. Mr Cane walked home with us to our very door.

**The Governor-General.**

WEDNESDAY, 12TH.—The Governor-General's visit to-day !! This great event has come and gone, and has given great satisfaction not only to the chief performers, Lord and Lady Minto, but also to the city and inhabitants of Nelson. The sun shone with all his might upon the opening scene, which was the presentation of addresses of welcome to their Excellencies. This took place at the school ground, where a suitable platform was erected, to which the vice-regal party was driven immediately on their arrival at the depot. A large number of ladies and gentlemen were assembled, and cheered a little, but, it seemed to me, not as a Kirkcaldy audience would have done. This. it seems, was

accounted for by the personal indifference of the chief magistrate, who kept aloof from the whole affair. Alderman Irvine did his best to act as substitute for the Mayor, and gave general satisfaction. The school children sang "The Red, White, and Blue," and "The Maple Leaf for ever," and waved their little arms vigorously. At the conclusion of this ceremony, Lord and Lady Minto were accompanied in the fine electric car by the leading citizens, (among whom were Jack and Rosie) to a drive along the whole extent of the car line, in the course of which they were loudly cheered. On leaving the car, the whole party went on board the "Moyie," and sailed up the Kootenay to Five Mile Point, from which they would have a fine view of Nelson. This arrangement was greatly enjoyed by them and their two daughters, who accompanied them to all the day celebrations. Tea and cake were served on board the "Moyie." At 8.30 the Phair Hotel was the scene of a very animated assembly, and was ablaze with light and splendid decorations. We were all, though only visitors in Nelson, invited to be present, as, of course, we had been at the reception in the school ground. First, Lady Minto was received in private by the members of the Women's Council, when everyone present was introduced to her Ladyship by Mrs Roderick Robertson. After this, an address was read to her by Mrs M'Culloch, and presented by Rosie, who had composed it, and a magnificent bouquet of roses was presented to her by acting Mayor Irvine's little daughter. Her Ladyship made a very sensible and suitable reply, and expressed herself much gratified by the address, and also the lovely bouquet. Then her Ladyship was conducted to the dining-room down stairs, which had been completely metamorphosed and profusely decorated. Here Lord and Lady Minto received the whole

assemblage individually, and we were each presented again, and announced by their aide-de-camp, Captain Graham, dressed in full Court costume. After shaking hands, we just passed over to the other end of the room, and chatted and moved up and down as we felt inclined. But greatly to my surprise, Mrs Roderick Robertson, who had acted all along as Lady Minto's assistant, came across the room, and invited me to sit on one of the two chairs beside the vice regal party, which I was only too pleased to do. I was not more than a minute seated, when her Ladyship came beside me, and engaged in conversation in the most affable and easy manner. This she did a second time during the course of the evening. Lord Minto also came twice beside me, and chatted in the most familiar way, telling me stories of his experience during his recent visit to Victoria and Dawson City. I could not but feel myself greatly honoured, especially as I was the only one among all present who had received such a distinction, to me most unaccountable.

But what surprised me still more was this. I had moved to a different part of the room, near the end. The Queen's Anthem had been sung, and things were drawing to a close; and, before leaving the room, first Lord Minto came and shook hands with me and said Good-bye, and immediately Lady Minto did so likewise! Her Ladyship was splendidly attired and glittering with diamonds. During the evening several solos were sung, one by a Mrs Parry, two others by our friend Mr Kidd (who has a magnificent voice), and another by Mr Booth, to which Chrissie played the accompaniments, and for which she was invited to supper with a select party along with Lord and Lady Minto. The Nelson orchestra, under the direction of Mr Hambold, also contributed several selections of music, and before their departure Lord and Lady Minto expressed the great

pleasure they had derived from their music, and said Nelson should be proud of such an orchestra. About 10 o'clock the party left the hotel with three ringing cheers and a tiger (?) ringing in their ears, and drove to the boat accompanied by Alderman and Mrs Irvine, the Rocky Mountain Rangers, the Salvation Army Band, and hundreds of citizens, and so concluded their memorable visit to Nelson.

**Change of Weather.**

THURSDAY, 13TH.—All feeling tired this morning after the excitement and great heat of yesterday. Nothing talked of but the various doings and sayings in connection with the interesting visit of Lord and Lady Minto, their charming affability, and their two pleasing and unaffected daughters, Lady Aileen Elliot and her sister. Mrs Scott, our hostess at Queen Bess Mine, came with her baby to pay us a visit in the afternoon. She expressed a great desire for me to visit her again before we leave Nelson, which I fully reciprocate, but I do not think it will be possible. After she left, Maggie, Lizzie, and I walked round by the Smelter. It was quite cool and pleasant, and we reached home without rain, though it threatened at times. Spent a pleasant evening at our work with Jack and Rosie.

FRIDAY, 14TH.—Much colder to-day, but bright and breezy. Went twice down to town and made some calls. Building goes on briskly in every direction, fine houses spring up like magic. Maggie and Chrissie walked up to the Athabasca Mine, and called on Mr Fell. Unfortunately Mrs Fell and the children had come down to Nelson, but missed them by coming a different road. They took three hours to go up, and were two hours coming down. We were getting anxious about them, so Jack 'phoned up to ask, and was

informed they had arrived all right, but had left an hour ago, which quite relieved us. Spent the evening pleasantly at home. Had a nice long letter from Mrs Dale, which was read aloud.

SATURDAY, 15TH.—Unusually windy to-day, and even cold—probably the equinoctial gales. Wrote for a while after breakfast, then ran down to the post with some newspapers, to warm my feet, and on my way up looked in to see Mrs Woakes, and sat with her a good while. In the afternoon Maggie and I called on Mrs Campbell, Mrs M'Diarmid, and Mrs M'Culloch. We were most kindly received and welcomed, and everywhere great regret was expressed that we were about to leave so soon. After dinner, sat at our work in the dining-room. Mr Swanell called, and chatted with us for an hour or so. He is a very intelligent person, and told us many things regarding the early days of Nelson. He has lived here the last seven years.

SUNDAY, 16TH.—This day was quite a change. It was so cold we were all shivering. Jack went down to the lower regions and lighted the great furnace, which is a splendid arrangement for heating the whole house. It requires to be attended to each morning and evening, and once set agoing, keeps burning the whole winter without any more trouble. Did not go to morning service. Mr and Mrs Robertson came in and remained to dinner. We all went to evening service in the Methodist Church. Mr Whyte did not preach, but we had an excellent sermon from the text, "For me to live is Christ."

**A Happy Day.**

MONDAY, 17TH.—This has been a delightful day, neither too hot nor too cold. Lizzie and I went down to Baker Street. Took my watch to Dover's, and had it

put right, then looked in for a little into Jack's office. We also went for a long walk up Silica Street, and up the steep hill beyond, wandering through the bushes and following the different trails, which reminded me of the Maze at Hampton Court. We ultimately came down to the Lake Park, and found a good plank footpath all the way home. In the evening we had a number of invited guests, Mr and Mrs Bird, Mr and Mrs Campbell, Mr Wilson and his son from Blackheath, Mr and Mrs Robertson, Mr Sims, and six of ourselves. They are all delightful people, and the time passed most pleasantly.

TUESDAY, 18TH.—Chrissie and I had a very long walk this morning. We went out at 10.40 and did not return till 1.15. The truth is, we started to go to the Lake Park, but wandered into bye-path meadows (of which there are many in this neighbourhood), and lost our way, thus prolonging our promenade. Immediately after lunch I got ready, and went to spend the afternoon with Mrs Captain Duncan, according to arrangement. It was her day at home, and several ladies came in to tea, among others, Mrs Fletcher, a very nice looking lady, and Mrs Campbell Johnstone, whose husband is a grandson of the late Duchess of Argyle, and consequently first cousin to the present Duke. I remained till six o'clock, and came home to dinner. Mr Robertson came in about nine o'clock, and we had a great consultation about the different routes, vessels, and ports by which we might journey home.

**Smelting.**

WEDNESDAY, 19TH.—Went down to Jack's office. He had 'phoned up that there were home letters, and we could not wait till he brought them. We all got two or three each, except Maggie, who received an empty

envelope! Went to the C.P.R. office, as we had almost decided to take our berths in the "Corinthian" for the 27th October, but from what our friends say, I think it will end in us prolonging our stay till the 7th of November, and sail from Boston in the "New England," which will give us a week longer. We then went with Jack to see the Nelson Smelter, which is certainly the most prominent object in this city, for the huge chimney is seen everywhere and at all times, emitting great volumes of smoke. There the ore is sent from the surrounding and abounding mines to be *smelted* (which, I suppose, means melted?) and purified and converted into its component parts. It was a very interesting sight. There are about 80 men employed, and the machinery is kept going night and day without ever feeling tired. The furnacemen get 3 dollars 50 cents a day, others are paid 3 dollars 25 cents, and others get 3 dollars, and they are paid monthly. I had just received some sprigs of Scotch heather in one of my home letters, and presented Mr Snowdon, who showed us over, with one of them, with which he was delighted, and thanked me effusively. It was quite hot in the sun to-day again, with a bright, clear atmosphere. Jack is never done boasting of their fine climate, and it is really something to speak of.

Mr Taylor and a Mr Peters came in for an hour in the evening, also our neighbours, the Robertsons.

#### **Walks and Calls.**

THURSDAY, 20TH.—Went down to Jack's office, and had a long talk and rest. Mr M'Diarmid kindly invited me to spend Monday afternoon with his wife, and stay to dinner, which I agreed to. Jack and I came up in the electric car, and found Dr La Beau sitting. He was very polite, and offered Jack his black horses and trap to give me a drive round about the city. In the after-

noon, Mrs M'Culloch and Miss Kynoch and Mrs Crofts called. After they left, Lizzie and I walked out to Judge Forin's, and made our P.P.C. call. Everyone expresses great regret that we are leaving, and hopes we may return again next summer. Spent the evening working and reading.

FRIDAY, 21ST.—We all accompanied Mrs Harry Bird to find out a road to the Granite Mine. Had some difficulty in finding where to begin, but after wandering and wondering whether to go upwards or downwards, we fell in with an Irishman from Galway, who put us on the road, and certainly it was sufficiently rough to test us. Some did speak of turning, but we all persevered, and soon came to a beaten trail, along which we walked about two miles. It was lovely by the side of the Kootenay, and we enjoyed the view up and down the lake, above which we were several hundred feet. We came home very hot and tired. In the evening we went to a concert given by a Miss Edith Miller and Company, which consisted of herself and two young gentlemen. It was quite a small hall, and a much smaller audience. The ticket was a dollar, and perhaps accounted for it, for really they sang so loud, it was more roaring than singing. But they had very good voices, and every song was encored, so the audience seemed determined to get value for their money. The tenor gave "Flow gently, sweet Afton" as an encore, and sang that so softly and pathetically, it was delightful, and showed what a pleasant effect he could produce.

**More Gold.**

SATURDAY, 22ND.—Cold in the morning. Came on rain about noon, and literally deluged all the afternoon and evening. The fog above and around the hills was quite a sight to us. It was so dark in the dining-room,

I could not see to write. It was a dismal, bleak day, but we have had so many bright, clear, warm days that this was a pleasant variety, seeing we were under no necessity to be out of doors.

SUNDAY, 23RD.—We all went to the Baptist Church, this morning, as we understood Mr White was to preach, Very wet still, and very cold for September. Mr M'Diarmid asked me to come to their Sunday School at 2.30 and speak to the children, which I agreed to do, and likewise dined with him and Mrs M'Diarmid. Returned to church in the evening. Mr White preached in the morning on Christ's second coming, and in the evening on Christ's feeding the five thousand. I did not think him very clear on either topic. Very nice letters from John Laing and Alick Fraser.

**Walks about Nelson.**

MONDAY, 24TH.—Bright and fair, but very cold. Have now taken out our berths in the "New England," which sails from Boston on the 7th November. Must now begin our preparations for leaving here in a week. I cannot bear to think of it. Mrs M'Culloch and Miss Kynoch called in the afternoon, also Mrs Raisin and Miss Ben Susan came to try over her songs with Chrissie, who is to play her accompaniments on Wednesday evening. After they left, Maggie and I walked down to Baker Street, and thence to the cemetery up the mountain. We sat a short time with Mrs Allan, and met her husband coming up from Nelson. They both wished they were going back with us to the Old Country. Allan said he often thinks he should never have left Campsie Glen, where he had a farm; and they most kindly took farewell of us, and wished us a pleasant and safe journey. The air to-day is quite sharp and autumnal, and the Kokanee is again covered with snow.

Coming down from the cemetery, we witnessed a magnificent, brilliant sky in the west, which, with the dark mountains all around and the Kootenay at their feet, along with the impressive silence everywhere, made our walk memorable, being the last time we shall turn our steps in that direction.

TUESDAY, 25TH.—Lizzie and I started for our forenoon walk without any definite idea where. Turning up Latimer Street, we climbed up and up by the waggon road till we came to the mountain station (hardly a station) on the brow of the hill behind this house. The day was superb, the air clear, sharp, and invigorating, the sun bright and warm. We had a splendid view of the city, its villas, hotels, and churches down below, with the calm Kootenay and the pier beyond, and the dark overhanging mountains bounding the whole. The sight was well worth the effort, and we then walked along the railway track down to the Lake Park, the route we shall travel by next Tuesday when we go to Spokane. I hardly liked the idea of going by train up that mountain, but after our terrific ride from Sandon to Kaslo, it appeared quite simple, and the line seems well kept in repair. We found a track down through the scrub, and got into a good plank pathway, which brought us back to Baker Street pretty tired and hot, after which we had to *climb up* Josephine Street before we got to Kilcruik, and found them all seated at lunch. In the afternoon, Maggie, Lizzie, and I went to the extremity of Baker Street to call on Mrs Roderick Robertson, but could not get admittance, and after several vain attempts, left our cards at the door and came away. I wanted to see Jack, and went to his office at the west end of Baker Street. While sitting there, Mrs Robertson 'phoned that she was in the house all the time, but no one had heard the bell, which had gone wrong some way. So I

just walked along Baker Street a third time and made my visit, after which I came home, changed my dress, and went with Maggie to dine with the Sims at 6.30. Mr Sims entertained us with an excellent performance on his phonograph, which is a very superior one, the best I have ever heard.

#### A Successful Entertainment.

WEDNESDAY, 26TH.—Busy this forenoon with sundry preparations for our approaching departure; nearly finished packing my big box. Went out for a turn in the afternoon, and called on Mrs Captain Duncan. In the evening we all went to a splendid entertainment in the Opera House in aid of the funds of the Hospital. For the first time in the history of Nelson, the hall was quite crowded, lots of people standing and could not even find room to stand, and all the performers gave universal satisfaction. They were all local—Mrs Woakes, Mrs Archbald, and Chrissie, instrumental (the mandoline, violin, and piano); Mrs Parry, Miss Ben Susan, and Mr Kidd, vocalists; and Mr Crofts gave a splendid and really wonderful recitation. In addition to all this, Mr Hunt, from the Bonnington Falls, gave two exhibitions of the anemato-graph, which elicited vociferous applause. The pictures were splendid. There were 33,000 required to produce the result. Mr Hunt, I was told, is the original inventor of this wonderful instrument, though I believe others have been associated with him in the improvements made since.

The promoters of this entertainment (of which my daughter-in-law has been the moving spring, and has taken no end of trouble) may be congratulated on the financial result, having realised for the Hospital, after all expenses have been paid, the handsome sum of 250 dollars! It may be regarded as quite a triumph for

a young city like this, where, ten years ago, there was not one house!

**Good-bye to Nelson.**

THURSDAY, 27TH.—A lovely morning. In the afternoon went to Bogus Town with Lizzie to say good-bye to Mrs Cane. She is a cousin of Mr Williamson of the Commercial Bank, and was much interested in the notice of Mrs Williamson's death in the *Fifeshire Advertiser*, which we took to her. In the evening Mr and Mrs Willie Beer, Mr Kidd, and Mr and Mrs M'Diarmid, with little Doris, were with us. We had several songs from Mr Kidd, and also from Lizzie and Chrissie. The others played at "Carums."

FRIDAY, 18TH.—Went over this morning to say good-bye to Mrs Woakes. She was very cordial, and expressed great regret that we were soon to leave Nelson, and said she would come to the station and see us away. I am indeed very sorry that our visit is so near an end. We are just getting to know the people better, and the place also, and we shall have pleasant memories to recall. In the afternoon we went to tea at Mrs Roderick Robertson's and met a number of ladies, the *elite* of Nelson, at her house. I also discovered that Mrs Robertson is the daughter of the late Rev. W. Wallace Duncan, of Peebles, and the sister of my friend, the Rev. Henry Duncan, now Presbyterian minister at Liss, in Hampshire. He has twice, or oftener, been my guest at Inveriel Bank, and I met him once very unexpectedly in London, and once when on a visit to some friends at Havelock House, near Liss. So here he has turned up again in the person of his sister. We were also astonished to hear that Mary Christie, a tall, slender, fair girl once, when I met her at Durie House, had married another brother of Mrs R. Robertson, and is now a

comely, matronly woman, and the mother of nine daughters! all of whose photos she showed us.

In the evening, we all six of us went to Mrs M'Culloch's, and met a number of friends—Dr and Mrs Arthur, Mrs Raisin, Mr Kidd, Mr Gracie, Mr and Mrs Sims, etc. We enjoyed ourselves very much, had some nice music, and whist for the first time in Nelson. We did not leave till twelve o'clock.

SATURDAY, 29TH.—Our stay here is drawing to a close. Lovely weather at present. Maggie and I called on Mr and Mrs Johnstone, and had a long talk over old times and people in Dalkeith and neighbourhood. Went to afternoon tea at Mrs Dr Arthur's, then called on Mrs Captain Duncan, and from there to Mrs M'Diarmid's. Mr Mackintosh had arrived from Toronto, and was leaving with little Doris same evening. She is a dear, little, motherless child, most engaging, and has been under Mrs M'Diarmid's charge for four months, so she will miss her terribly. Mr and Mrs Robertson and Mr Cross were in during the evening.

SUNDAY, 30TH.—We all went to the Baptist Church this morning. Rev. Mr Whyte preached from Matt. v. 16. Very bright sunshine, but quite breezy. Captain and Mrs Duncan called to bid us good-bye, and sat a long time. Wrote to Jeanie, and gave her the programme of our movements for the next six weeks, about which time we expect to arrive in Kirkcaldy. Found later on that I had lost my gold spectacles and silver case when Maggie and I had gone a little walk after the morning service. To be sure, I was rather upset, but it was nearly dark, and I could not see to look for them, so just tried to bear the disappointment philosophically. Maggie and I attended the evening service. Mr Whyte preached a very evangelical sermon from the words, "Rise, He calleth thee."

MONDAY, 1ST OCTOBER.—My first thoughts this morning were about my poor lost spectacles. So I rose earlier, and went out the moment I was dressed, just to *look*, but with very faint expectations of finding. Jack went down to the *Tribune* office last night, and put an advertisement into the paper. Still, I was far from sanguine, and did not like the idea of leaving them behind me in Nelson. What was my joy, having gone a very little way, to see the poor things lying on the grass, waiting for their owner. I came back triumphant, and everyone shared my joy, which was all the greater, that I once lost a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles in the Campagna at Rome, where it was impossible to look for them, so they probably had a sad fate. All this forenoon we were busy packing, to be ready for our journey to-morrow. We start for Spokane about ten o'clock. Oh, I am sorry our visit has come to an end. It has been a great success. In the afternoon Jack came up here with Dr La Beau's buggy and splendid black horses, and took me a delightful drive all over Nelson, up and down, north and south, east and west. We also drove to the site of the new depot at the west end of Baker Street, and from there to the east end. Finally, Jack drove up the mountain to the high station, where we are to train to-morrow morning. I must say Nelson is a mountainous city, for the streets are universally hilly, Baker Street being about the only exception. It was quite a nice finish up to have this pleasant drive with Dr La Beau's splendid team. Chrissie took a photo of the whole rig, which I hope will be good. We have had quite a levee of visitors this evening to bid us farewell, and wish us a good journey. Now all is past and over, and we have only to pass one more night, and then comes the parting. Alas! alas!

**A Week's Travels.**

COLORADO SPRINGS, MONDAY, 8TH OCTOBER.—My poor Diary has been sadly neglected during the past week. Now, I fear, it will not be easy to gather up the lost threads. Unfortunately, before leaving Nelson, I packed it into my little portmanteau, oblivious of the fact that all our luggage, except what we could carry, was to be expressed on to Colorado Springs. Consequently, I could not make daily records of our travels, or of the interesting places we visited, and all that can be done now is to write it down as it is recorded in my memory.

On Tuesday, 2nd October, at 10 o'clock we left Nelson and our dear ones there with much regret, and probably a few irrepressible tears, surely not inexcusable under the circumstances. We were accompanied to the mountain station by dear Jack and Rosie, and a number of kind friends, who came to see us away, and bid us a last farewell. I must not even now dwell on that parting scene, but rather recall the innumerable occasions of real heartfelt pleasure and enjoyment which preceded it during our delightful long visit to Nelson. Our train climbed steadily upwards over a beautifully wooded mountain, the autumn tints adding greatly to the effect. After passing several stations, we reached Wanita, the last station in Canada, and for a long way the Columbia River flowed gently alongside of us. At Northport we underwent the ordeal of having all our baggage opened and examined, the chief discomfort being that we were crammed into such a narrow space that it was next to impossible to move past one another, and as for stooping to open our trunks, it was like to squeeze the life out of us. However, the officials were not exacting, and we survived the ordeal, and were glad to have it over. Dinner at Bosbury. We were late of

reaching Spokane, and being still conscious of the pain of parting, were rather willing to forget it in sleep, and after some refreshment, retired to rest. My bedroom being very close to the railway, my slumbers were frequently disturbed by shrieks and bells and all sorts of unearthly noises, so I gave it up at last in despair, rose and dressed at five o'clock, and sat down to write to the dear ones we had left behind. On looking out, the town seemed very dull and dreary. A good deal of rain had fallen, and it was still pouring down. We drove to the depot in a heavy rain, and started on the second stage of our journey after a hurried breakfast. Soon we were rattling on through a most uninteresting country, hundreds and hundreds of miles of sandy desert, and though the carriage was insufferably close, we could not have a chink of the window opened for fear of being choked and covered with dust. A very courteous and pleasant young man who was beside us a good way at the commencement of our journey said we might be thankful there had been some rain, for it was the hottest, dustiest, dirtiest, nastiest journey we could have between Spokane and Pocatello. But the benefit of the rain did not last far on, and we experienced the truth of his statement. Contrary to our expectation, we were stranded at Pocatello for three hours, with nothing to do and nowhere to go, and the certainty of being late of arriving at Salt Lake City. We just sauntered up and down, and amused ourselves staring at some rather aristocratic looking Indians, with their heavy blankets wrapped round their shoulders, heedless of the broiling sun. They were actually driving in a carriage and pair, and alighted at a shop door, where there was in the window a lot of Indian curios and quantities of beads. Some of them entered the shop, and seemed quite familiar. We followed, and tried to converse a little

with them, but did not succeed much. Indeed, Chrissie made several attempts to photograph them. They were certainly very superior looking to any Indians we had seen at Nelson or elsewhere, and it seems they are very fond of driving, and emulate one another in trying which shall have the best turnout. They are regularly paid considerable sums of money by the Government, and one old ambitious Indian, having received his allowance, determined to outdo all the others in the splendour of his equipage. So he bought a hearse, into which he put his wife and family, and drove around everywhere in great state!! It was some time before he became convinced that the onlookers were ridiculing this procedure, and at last went and traded for an exchange of vehicles. After wandering up and down the streets and crossing the bridges over the Porteneuf, a rapidly flowing river, we returned to the hotel, and were served to a very good luncheon. In due time our train drew up at the station (depot, I ought to say), and we and our belongings were handed in. To our utter dismay, the car was crowded with men, women, and children, even scores of babies. Not a corner could we find to sit down, and the atmosphere was perfectly stifling. What were we to do? I never doubted that on appealing to the conductor another car would have been put on, but no such thing. The only alternative was to transfer ourselves and our traps to the sleeping car, for which, of course, we had to pay extra! But it was no matter for hesitation. We learned that there was a semi-annual conference on next day at Salt Lake City, and these crowds of passengers were Mormon pilgrims from all quarters on their way to attend it. In our country, preparatory arrangements would have been made for such an emergency. However, we were now rattling on at a rapid pace on the Rio Grand Western Railway

toward the wonderful, far-famed Salt Lake City. The very thought was inspiring! We found, however, another change of car had to be made at Ogden, a picturesque and most prosperous city, with a population of over 20,000 in 1899. It has 20 miles of electric street railways, waterworks with a capacity of 10,000,000 gallons a day, electric light, gasworks, and telephone. It is said to be growing at racehorse speed, and is destined to become one of the most important towns between the Missouri River and the Pacific coast. This is a digression I could hardly avoid. We made our last change successfully, but with some difficulty avoided having to pay a second time for the sleeping car, our former conductor having neglected to give us transfer tickets. These conductors are sharp fellows. No doubt they need to be. At last our rather tiresome and troublesome journey came to an end. We arrived at Salt Lake City hours later than we were led to expect, and drove to the Knutsford Hotel. As soon as we had registered our names and secured our rooms, we set out to see the Salt Palace as it is seen to the greatest advantage, at night, all brilliantly lighted up and glittering. We were fortunate in meeting a most obliging and courteous policeman, a tall, stalwart fellow, who very kindly directed us where to find a car, and which to take.

**Salt Lake City.**

Our first impressions of this city were most favourable. We were landed at the entrance gate, and advanced to the Salt Palace by a broad walk, having on each side a row of the most gigantic poplars I ever saw in my life. We could not but admire the Salt Palace, a most beautiful structure, glittering and white, and we went inside and watched for a few minutes the dancers careering round the spacious hall,

I could not help noticing they had a very plebeian look, and concluded that the better classes did not frequent this place of amusement. The moment ten o'clock struck, the music stopped, and the dancing ceased. We returned to the city in the car, and found our friendly policeman standing quite near the spot where we left him, thanked him for his courtesy, and bade him good-night. In a few minutes we reached the Knutsford, a very handsome, spacious building, with 300 rooms, very elegantly fitted up. The evening air was delightfully bracing and breezy, so that we quite enjoyed our walk, all the more that we had such a long seat in the train. Next morning was a great contrast, much colder and damp, a good deal of rain having fallen during the night, the first for SEVEN months! However, having only one day to see the sights, we could not afford to waste our time. Having first called at the Rio Grande office to secure our sleeping berths, not a moment too soon, for we got the very last four that were to be had (only one down and three upper shelves), we turned our steps in the direction of the great Mormon Temple, all the outer walls and towers of which are built of white granite, quarried some twenty miles from the city. The building is 186 feet long, and 99 feet in width, and it was solemnly dedicated to God on April 6th, 1893, when 75,000 persons attended the imposing ceremonials, which continued over three weeks. The foundation and corner stones were laid by Professor Brigham Young himself on April 6th, 1852. We could only gaze, admire, and wonder. We next turned to the Tabernacle, and, fortunately for us, being the semi-annual conference, and service being held, we entered without difficulty. This was truly an overawing sight, nearly 12,000 people seated in perfect silence, listening to an address. We stood a few minutes, but finally got seated, and listened to a second

address from the president, Lorenzo Snow, a venerable looking man. His chief topic was about the paying of tithes, and *praying* and *paying* for the dead, which I did not think very edifying. However, we sat on to the end, so that we might hear the organ played in the closing hymn. It was exceedingly fine. I never heard an organ with such an exquisitely rich tone, and the singing so harmonious and hearty. The full choir was not present that day, but on Sundays it consists of 600 voices, equal numbers of male and female, and the music is glorious. The organ is 58 feet high, has 57 stops, and contains 2684 pipes, some of them as large as the chimneys of a river steamboat. The Tabernacle seats 13,462 people, and its acoustic properties are so marvellously perfect that a whisper, or the dropping of a pin can be heard all over it! So I was informed. I did not experience it. Think of seeing the Holy Communion (broken bread and water from the Jordan instead of wine) administered to from six to eight thousand communicants at one time! And fancy the old-time Mormons—apostles, bishops, elders, and warriors—marching in with from five to twenty wives, and from thirty-five to seventy-five children apiece! The Tabernacle is built wholly of iron, glass, and stone. It is 250 feet long, 150 feet wide, and 100 feet high in the centre of the roof, which is a single mighty arch, unsupported by pillar or post, and is said to have but one counterpart on the globe. The walls are twelve feet thick, and there are twenty huge double doors for entrance and exit. But I must hurry on to other places of interest which we saw—Brigham Young's residence, including the famous Lion House and Beehive House, where eighteen of his wives lived. Across the street there is the school-house of his seventy-eight children, and to the south of the Lion and Beehive Houses is the

superb Amelia palace, which he built for his nineteenth wife, Amelia Polson, who was a cousin of Mrs Cleveland, the U.S. President's beautiful and amiable wife. Then we went up a block to see Brigham's grave and his private graveyard, where all his wives, with one exception, will ultimately be buried around him in the order of their marriages. Having spent the whole forenoon exploring all these wonders, too numerous to be mentioned here, we returned to the Knutsford for lunch. We had still to visit the great Salt Lake, the most wonderful feature of this wonderland. Accordingly we set out without delay, got the train for Saltair, a distance of fourteen miles, and in half an hour we reached the "Dead Sea of America." There is a magnificent pavilion erected on the spot, also 720 baths stretching out like wings from each side, to which thousands of bathers resort in the summer. On one day last summer as many as 325 bathed in this ideal sea, and 720 bathers came on one day to enjoy its exhilarating air and entrancing beauty. The Salt Lake is from 2500 to 3000 square miles in area, at an altitude of 4250 feet above sea level, and its waters are six times as salt as those of the ocean, and while it has no outlet, four large rivers pour their ceaseless floods of fresh water into it without raising its waters in the least, or diminishing its indescribable saltness. Where does all the water go? Where does all the salt that no streams can freshen come from? One may stand on its shore and ask many similar questions, but no answer comes from its mysterious depths, in which nothing lives but death and silence. But as a bathing place it surpasses every other in its curative and medicinal nature, benefitting many forms of rheumatism, gout, dyspepsia, nervous disorders, and cutaneous diseases, and what is a special desideratum, the human body will not and cannot sink it. It was

bitterly cold, a high wind blowing while we were there, and after seeing all that was to be seen, we were rather pleased to see our train return to convey us back to the Salt Lake City. On our return, we had time before dinner to have a ramble through some of the fine streets, and especially to see the city and county buildings, erected at an expense of 1,000,000 dollars. It is one of the most handsome structures I have seen, even surpassing, in size at least, and also in its beautiful surroundings and lovely grounds, the city buildings in Victoria, I admired so much. The city has 65 miles of electric street railways, 100 miles of admirable streets and drives, 20 miles of 20-foot side walk, gas and electric lighting systems. On the east, the giant Wasatch Mountains, with their crowns of everlasting snow, towering from six to eight thousand feet above it, form a background unsurpassed in grandeur. If time permitted, I should like to add a great deal more about this ideal city, its salubrious climate, its wonderful salt lake, which is the ideal bathing place of the world, in which there is nothing that lives, moves, swims, crawls, or wriggles to scare the timid bather or swimmer, but I must hasten on with my tale. We dined before leaving the Knutsford, then prepared to start on the last stage of our journey, which was to land us next evening at an equally delightful, and, in one sense, more attractive region, being the home of our kind and hospitable friends, Mr and Mrs Lowe, at Colorado Springs. A telegram informed us that our train was an hour and a half late, so it was about nine o'clock when we got fairly under weigh, and, I should think, an hour later till we could retire behind our curtains, and stretch ourselves out on these shelves. The night was, however, passed in tolerable comfort, and the difficulties of our toilet surmounted, we set ourselves next day to enjoy the enchanting scenery

through which the Rio Grande Railway was whirling us, contrasting delightfully with the sandy deserts covered with miles and miles of sage brush through which we had travelled after leaving Spokane. Our course now lay through another range of the Rockies, differing somewhat in their formation, but equally wonderful and wild with those we saw between Banff and Vancouver, one difference being that while on that line we careered over the tops of mountains, and looked down over the precipices into the abysmal gorges and canyons beneath, now we were whirling along by the side of the river, sometimes flowing peacefully through smiling valleys, at other times rushing with savage fury in their wild race through their rocky channels, as if on some errand of momentous import, and gazing up at these great mountain peaks, caverns, and rocks, rearing their majestic crests almost to reach the clouds. But the climax of our journey was reached when we came to the Royal Gorge, the Rio Grande River canyon, which is blocked by walls varying from black to glowing crimson.

“ God was good to make the mountains, the valleys, and the hills,  
To put the rose upon the cactus, the ripple on the rills ;  
But had I all the words of all the worlds at my command,  
I couldn't paint a picture of the “Canyon of the Grande !”

Nor could any one. It is indescribable, and I shall not attempt such a feat.

#### **Colorado Springs.**

We had a number of most agreeable fellow-travellers with us, among them Mr and Mrs Fenn, missionaries from China, who gave us some interesting details of the events during their three weeks' siege at Peking. Poor Mr Fenn looked very emaciated and enfeebled, and no wonder, for he had not only experienced all the horrors, anxieties and suspenses of that siege, but had an attack of typhoid fever during their voyage from China to San

Francisco. They had two children, one a baby requiring a great amount of care and nursing, which he seemed to share equally with Mrs Fenn. They were to leave the train with us at Colorado Springs, where we were all safely landed about nine o'clock, and found our kind friend Mr Lowe awaiting our arrival at the depot. How delightfully cheering to hear his voice as the first of us emerged from the train! A carriage being in attendance, no time was lost in conveying us and our belongings to their elegant and beautiful home, and nothing could exceed the heartiness and kindness and cordiality of the welcome accorded to us by Mr and Mrs Lowe and their two fine boys, the eldest having just entered into manhood, and in business for himself. Indeed, we were welcomed so affectionately that one would have imagined instead of being mere acquaintances of three days when we met at Banff Hotel in the Rockies, we were friends of fifty years' standing.

SUNDAY, 12TH OCTOBER.—Our sojourn in this delightful city, and especially in this hospitable home with our truly charming host and hostess, has been so full of incident that it has been quite impossible to make a daily record. After a good night's rest, we awoke on Sunday morning, and looked out on a spacious, well-kept lawn, and immediately beyond a broad, tree-bordered avenue, called Cascade Avenue, in which this house is located. In the near distance, we had a splendid view of Pike's Peak Range, part of the Rockies, the topmost of which rises to 8000 feet above the city, which is 6000 feet above sea level. Going down to breakfast, our hearty welcomes of the night previous were renewed, and everything was done to make us glad and grateful to be here. We went to the Presbyterian Church, of which Dr Boyle is the pastor, and had the privilege of hearing Mr Fenn, our missionary fellow-traveller of the

previous day, give a most graphic account of the trials and experiences of the unfortunate victims of the siege of Pekin. What he emphasised chiefly was not the sufferings and privations they were subjected to, but the wonderful and marked instances of God's far-seeing and watchful Providence, of which he gave one or two striking illustrations. The church was crowded with most attentive listeners, but, poor man, he was completely exhausted, and when I went forward to shake hands with him once more, I found he could not stand from weakness. They had lost all their belongings in China. This fact coming to be known in the train, I am glad to think that those who were made aware of it united to contribute a little present as a practical proof of their sympathy. It has been said that "Colorado is the Switzerland of America." The comparison would be truer if it were put thus, "Switzerland is the Colorado of Europe." No doubt a spell has been cast over the hills of Switzerland, and the Alps have become the synonym for grandeur. I have never been in Switzerland, but I believe all that has been written and said of its scenery and beauty. But "Cast the glamour of romance over the mountains of Colorado, and strip the Alpine heights of their garniture of tradition and legendary lore, and with unbiassed mind measure their magnificence with that of the great Rocky Range. Then and then only can a just comparison be made."

Colorado Springs is a city of 25,000 inhabitants. In 1871 there was not one house built in the prairie where this delightful city now stands. It can boast of broad avenues and streets bordered with trees, costly and elegant mansions, and cosy cottages. It is environed by superb roads and boulevards, wonderful canyons and gorges, lines of electric railway leading to the great canyons, to Manitou, the "Saratoga of the West"

(famous for the variety of its springs), to the Garden of the Gods, and other points of supreme interest. The climate here is considered a complete specific in pulmonary complaints, and invalids frequently come here, and after a year's experience of the sunshine and air, find their health completely restored. There are only about thirteen or fourteen days in the whole year that are cloudy, without sunshine. But this is neither a time nor a place to make a summary of the advantages of a residence in Colorado Springs, though it is a unique place. We have, during our fortnight's sojourn, received great kindness from many of its inhabitants, have been invited to lunch, afternoon teas, evening receptions, and our kind friends, Mr and Mrs Lowe, have spared no pains in driving us around, sometimes in their carriage and fine horses, sometimes in electric cars, at other times by train, to see the wonders of scenery, mountains and plains, canyons and gorges, rocks and peaks, so that we have been in a perpetual whirl. One great pleasure we have had is to meet again my niece, Mrs Hill (formerly Agnes Stocks Beveridge of Grangehill). Her home is in Idaho Springs, but she came to Colorado Springs to meet us, and also to see her daughter Muriel, who is a student at the first class college here. We have, through Mrs Lowe's kindness, seen her frequently here, and had her with us in our excursions, and it has been a very great pleasure to her as well as to us, not having met for twenty-five years.

SATURDAY, 13TH OCTOBER.—Our visit here is drawing to a close. I have to-day been a long drive with Mr Chisholm through an extensive prairie, some miles outside the city. He also drove me past a picturesque ranche. The air was delightfully mild, and and the sun not too demonstrative, but the distant view was a little hazy for Colorado, where it is usually so

clear that one can see far distant objects as if they were quite near. The roads in some places were left to Nature, but it seems the practice, when a road gives way at one place, just to strike out and move to another. In the afternoon we attended a reception at the house of a Mrs Goddard, held in honour of General Woodford and his young bride, to whom he was married a week ago. It seems she is his third wife. General Woodford was the American Minister at Madrid during the Cuban War, and distinguished himself greatly on that occasion. I found him a most affable and agreeable man, and he looked as if he could enjoy and also display a little humour. We were also introduced to Captain and Mrs Koglin, who called to see us. He was commander of the s.s. "Raleigh," under Admiral Dewey, and was stationed at Manilla. When the German fleet were approaching, he ordered them peremptorily to retire or he would fire on them, and they had to obey. In the evening we were invited to meet some friends at Mr and Mrs Chisholm's, the gentleman who drove me through the prairie in the morning, and met some of the *elite* of Colorado Springs.

SUNDAY, 14TH.—Lovely bright day. Went to the Presbyterian Church with Mrs Lowe, and met General Woodford and his young wife on our way. They stopped and chatted a few minutes, and asked the way to the Episcopal Church. A Mr Wilson preached. His text was, "Neglect not the gift that is in thee," but there was no gospel in it. I did not return in the evening because I was longing to write to our dear ones at Nelson.

**Leaving Colorado Springs.**

MONDAY, 15TH.—To our surprise, it rained heavily this morning. I never suspected Colorado Springs was capable of such weather, a regular Scotch rain. Mrs

Lowe said the heavens were weeping in sympathy with them in their great sorrow at our departure. I am sure the feeling was mutual. During our delightful visit, the friendship begun at Banff has increased and ripened into a sincere attachment, and the only consolation we had in parting is that Mr and Mrs Lowe promised to visit us next summer. Probably their youngest son, Irving, will accompany them. Harry is quite a business man, but he made time to come to the station to say good-bye. Of course, his father and mother were there also. Before we left Craigievar, Mrs Dr Muir called to say good-bye to us. We had spent a very pleasant evening with them. Mrs Muir is an M.D. as well as her husband, who is a son of Sir W. Muir, Edinburgh, and, I think, a brother-in-law of the late General Wauchope who was killed in Africa. In course of conversation, we discovered that Sir William Muir was born in the same year, same month, and even the same day as myself—27th April, 1819! I promised, at their request, to go and call on the old gentleman at his house in Dean Park. After repeated handshakings and waving of adieus, we steamed out of the station. We had a journey of  $2\frac{3}{4}$  hours, through a bare prairie country, with occasional picturesque bluffs and golden cotton wood trees, and arriving at Denver, we found my niece waiting for us. She had engaged rooms for us at the Metropole Hotel, to which we drove at once, and where I am now writing this record. Having dined, we all went to a political meeting where General Woodford was to speak in reference to the approaching election; but as it is now late, I shall leave my remarks on that event till a future occasion.

**Sad News from Home.**

MANITOWOC, WISCONSIN, FRIDAY EVENING, 19TH OCTOBER.—When I wrote the above last Monday even-

ing, I little dreamed of the agonising sorrow in store for me. The Lord only knows what anguish has wrung my heart. Oh, my dear beloved Malcolm! my first and dearest and precious grandson! Am I never to meet you again on this earthly scene? My dear, loving, considerate daughters had received the awful news a week ago, but in consideration for me (I can't think how they did it), suppressed their feelings, and resolved to keep it from me till our visit to the Lowes was past. The night at Denver in which I made the above entry, was almost sleepless, for I had a slight bilious attack, I may say the first indisposition since I left home on 29th May. But I was quite well in the morning, only tired from want of sleep, and went on an excursion round and round the great city of Denver, which covers an area of  $44\frac{1}{2}$  square miles, and has a population of 140,000. It was our last day with dear Agnes Stocks Beveridge (Mrs Hill), and for her sake I did my best to feel well. But I had to retire after lunch for a rest. I had hardly lain down when a thundering knock came to my door, and a card was handed in. "Mr George Prentice"! I went down immediately to the office, and among a number of gentlemen at once picked out the eldest son of Mr George Prentice of Strathore, whose mother was so markedly attentive to me last August at Inchdairnie. I asked him to come with me (which he did) to the drawing-room, and in a very short time my daughters and niece came in. After a pleasant chat, Mr Prentice left, saying he would call again before we left, which he did, and sat nearly an hour. About 9 P.M. we left for the depot, and said good-bye to Mr Prentice and Mrs Hill and her daughter, Heather Hill. Being thoroughly tired, I went to bed before our train started, and had a most refreshing night's rest, which was a good preparation for what awaited me. In the afternoon of Wednesday,

the 17th, my daughter in the most careful and gentle manner broke the sad news to me of what had happened at Craigower so long ago as the 31st September. I do not think any other calamity which might have happened could have unnerved me as this has done, but this is not the place nor time to dwell on my suffering or the bitterness of my sorrow. Rather I must say, and try to *feel*, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

**Manitowoc.**

SATURDAY, 20TH OCTOBER.—It is now a matter of debate with me whether or not to make any further entries in this Diary, since the much loved boy for whose sake it was begun is removed to a better world, and his dear eyes shall never rest on its pages. And my own heart is so sad and bowed down! Oh, that I could even now fly home to the dear mother of my boy Malcolm! It cannot be, however. Even though we *would* have done it, I do not suppose we could have changed our plans, since our berths have been taken and paid for in the s.s. "New England" from Boston on the 7th November. After a *very* VERY sad journey, we arrived at Manitowoc (*via* Chicago, where we waited three hours) on Thursday, the 18th, about 4.30. Dr Alick Fraser met us at the station with a handsome carriage and spanking horses, into which three of us were deposited, and Mrs Beveridge and himself led the way in a buggy to this beautiful large house, where we were received with every demonstration of cordiality and affection. Cousin Alick and his handsome wife are most kind and sympathetic, and wish us to feel perfectly at home. As yet, I have been a great deal confined to my room, my strength being thoroughly pulled down. Manitowoc is an Indian name, and means "the dwelling place of God"!! This morning the

doctor took us a long drive along the shore of Lake Michigan. The air was refreshing and invigorating, and did me good. The city has a population of 13,000. It is quite flat, and the lovely, majestic hills we were accustomed to are nowhere. I do miss them. I have been out only once, but as far as I have seen the streets and villas are not to be compared to Colorado Springs, or even Nelson. But the people seem most cordial, and both last evening and this there has been quite a levee of visitors to see *the Scotch cousins*, which, in my present low spirits, has been rather trying, but, of course, I endeavour to put aside my own feelings as much as possible, for it is certainly meant for kindness, not only to us, but to our kind host and hostess.

SUNDAY, 21ST OCTOBER.—This has been a beautiful, bright, breezy day, and but for the burden of sorrow lying on my heart, our visit here would have been full of pleasure and enjoyment. Oh, I have been for several days in deep waters of sorrow, yet I do see God's merciful kindness in bringing me to this haven of rest, among such considerate and kind relations, who have entered into my grief, and given me so much quiet sympathy. I am beginning to feel rested, and even to recover my usual tone. Cousin Ida went with us to the Presbyterian Church this morning. The pastor, Mr Johnstone, has gone away for a week, so we had a substitute who preached very well, though his manner was rather noisy. After the service, we had a little walk in the outskirts of the city, and saw some fine large houses, some of them owned by Norwegians, of whom a considerable part of the population is composed. There are also a great many Germans here, and the mayor at present is a German. There are two Norwegian Churches here, and several Lutheran German, two Catholics, one Episcopalian, etc. Cousin Alick

went this evening with the three girls to a Norwegian Church. The service was in English, and they came home very much pleased. Usually the service is in Norwegian, but sometimes it is in English on Sunday evening.

MONDAY, 22ND OCTOBER. — This has been an almost continuously rainy day. Mrs Conley came to call, and presented me with a lovely bouquet of roses and also her photo, "as a feeble expression of my love and admiration for Mrs Stocks." Chrissie went with a Miss Anderson to a musical club in the afternoon, and the others went out a little. We all spent an hour or two in the evening with our neighbours next door. The weather has improved.

TUESDAY, 23RD.—I seem to be going on making short records of our pleasant visit here. Cousin Alick drove me a long way in the country to visit a lady patient who has typhoid fever. She is doing well. The air was delightful, and we had a long talk about dear, beloved Malcolm! Alick tried to convince me that his death was most mercifully ordered, that it was utterly painless, and just a momentary passing out of this world into another, and as dear Mary Dale says in a letter received this morning, "Dear Malcolm would know nothing till he found himself safe in the arms of Jesus"! Dear, much loved boy! I may record here that Cousin Alick's grandmother was a Miss Stocks, a sister of Uncle Robert's at Osborne House, and likewise a sister of my dear husband's father. It has been a great pleasure to meet him again, and to make the acquaintance of his dear wife. This evening we had a number of leading citizens to meet us, Judge Anderson and his wife, a military, fine-looking man, from Campsie Glen, Scotland; Mr and Mrs Nash, Mrs Conley, Mr

and Mrs Couper, etc. They were all very musical, and as a proof of that, whenever anyone was playing or singing, perfect silence was observed, contrary to the custom with us, for whenever any one sits down to play, even by request, it is the signal for a volley of chattering to begin.

**Drives at Manitowoc.**

WEDNESDAY, 24TH.—Dr Fraser and Ida went with us this morning to see the Hospital. It is a very large building, and can accommodate sixty patients or even more. It is entirely owned by the nuns, who have a convent a few miles from the city. There is a very remarkable musical instrument standing in the hall, which Dr Fraser wanted us to hear. It is called an Æolian, and is like an ornamented American organ, but much larger. Indeed, it stood for a year in this house, but took up so much room that it had to be sent to the Hospital. It is played with the feet on pedals, and performs all sorts of oratorios, operas, and symphonies, by putting in what seems a roll of paper containing the music to be played. It is not entirely mechanical either, but depends on the performer for suitable expression and increase of sound, or the reverse. It has a magnificent sound. One can hear occasionally the various instruments in an orchestra. We were shown through several of the rooms by one of the nuns, the operating room and the little chapel, all very chaste and tasteful. It stands in an elevated location about a mile and a half from here, but we drove in a nice trap, Ida having the reins, and Dr Fraser and Lizzie went in his buggy. In the afternoon, Ida took Maggie and me to call on Mrs Landreth, a sweet, delicate friend of hers who lives two blocks from this in a beautiful large house. She is a widow and has three children. The eldest is at school. We are to dine there on Saturday. In the evening

Mr Brooks and the two Landreth children came over to call, and later on Mr and Mrs Nash came in from next door, and stayed chatting till ten o'clock. There seems to be a great deal of easy unceremonious visiting going on here. It is very pleasant, and promotive of friendliness.

THURSDAY, 25TH.—Dr Fraser had the carriage here at 10 o'clock to take some of us a long drive. I was invited to go, but being anxious to write to dear Mary Dale, in reply to a very sympathetic letter received from her, I declined. The others enjoyed the drive. It has been a very fine day. We had decided to leave here in the beginning of next week and go to Sarnia, where Alick's eldest brother lives. He is Dr Anson Fraser, and was extremely anxious to meet us. We expected also to meet several other members of the family, who live at Wallaceburg and Detroit. But a telegram came to-day saying that Anson is very ill, too ill to receive us, so our visit there will not take place. We are very disappointed not to see these unknown cousins of ours. Of course they will all be taken up with their brother's dangerous illness. Alick does not expect his brother will ever be better.

In the afternoon we were all invited to a great entertainment at the house of Mrs Banhoff (a German lady), from three to six. There were about forty-five ladies, and I must say the clattering was considerable. All the houses in this country have suites of rooms opening out from one another, so they do not become overcrowded. This afternoon there were four separate rooms, tastefully decorated, and refreshments were served on small tables carried in for the occasion—salads, coffee, sandwiches, ices, cakes, &c., &c. Being strangers in the city, we were regarded as worthy of extra attention, and received many polite speeches and com-

pliments. Left at six and spent the evening quietly, the first, I think, that we have not had visitors.

FRIDAY, 26TH.—Nice letter from Jeanie to-day. Seems quick, and makes me feel nearer home. To think that letter was written the day we left Colorado Springs, and is here already. Ida took me into town this forenoon, Maggie went driving with Alec, and we met L. and C. in Manitowoc. There are very good shops in town, and the windows are filled with the fashions. On our return, Chrissie and I looked in to see Mrs Endriss and Mrs Nash. After lunch, the carriage and pair arrived. Dr Fraser drove L., C., and me round the country a long way, and called to see that young lady with typhoid fever. We started at two o'clock, and did not get back till 5.30. The country we passed through resembles Fife in some places, but the farm houses are very inferior and the ploughed fields much rougher. It has been a lovely, bright, warm day, quite summery; and Jeanie says it was so cold at Lumphanan, with showers of snow!! Mrs Jones and her friend called, and asked me to play for them. They left at eight o'clock, and the remainder of the evening was pleasantly spent without visitors.

**Notes on Manitowoc.**

SATURDAY, 27TH.—Writing this morning. About 11 Maggie and I went out to walk, and, proceeding through the town, came to the river and found the bridge had disappeared, so that another step would have landed us in the water. It looked rather alarming, but the bridge had just been wheeled round so as to let a vessel pass through one way and another vessel pass down the opposite way. I never saw that operation before anywhere. It seems, a year or two since, a person was driving his wife through the town on a very dark night and forgot to keep a look-out on the bridge,

and went, horse and trap and all, into the Manitowoc ; and not very long since a cyclist met with the same fate. Of course there are red lights to warn people, but they are sometimes preoccupied and forget to look out. Two days ago we saw another unusual sight, viz.—a whole house moving along and across the street with all the people inside, some looking out of the window. It was a slow process, but I conclude they arrived ultimately at their destination. Another thing that strikes me as peculiar to this city is that none of the fine residences, nor indeed any of the villas, have such a thing as a fence to enclose their gardens or lawns. Everything is open and undefined ; it looks to me so untidy. But they are far ahead of us in the matter of light. All their streets, houses, schools, and shops are lighted by electricity. They seem to go in for very large houses, with three, often four, rooms opening out the one from the other ; some very tastefully and elaborately furnished. And all well-to-do people seem to keep a horse and trap. One sees scores of ladies driving about in their own buggies. As we were returning from our forenoon walk, we came to another bridge, and were just a second too late to have ourselves swung right round on the top of the bridge, so of course had to wait patiently till we could get across. This made us a few minutes late for lunch. In the afternoon we made a few return calls, but found every one out but Mrs Nash, who lives about a mile out in a beautiful house, most elegantly fitted up. I remarked to her that it did not seem customary for people in this country to have names for their residences. We found the same in Colorado Springs and in Nelson. She fully agreed with me, saying they ought to have names ; but, she added, “ This house has been named, but it has never been written.” I said “ Oh, really, what is the name ?” She replied, “ The name is ‘ Do drop

in,' which is assuredly original and uncommon." This evening we all dined with Mrs Landreth and met some very agreeable people, and spent a pleasant evening. She is a very intimate friend of Dr and Mrs Fraser, and was very much interested in our visit. Before we came, she put her carriages and horses at Dr Fraser's service for our use, so we have had drives miles and miles round the country, and have seen some interesting scenery.

SUNDAY, 28TH.—Attended the Presbyterian Church this morning. Mr Johnstone, the pastor, preached from Romans 12-2. The congregation was small, but there are so many Germans and Norwegians here that it is easily accounted for. There is also a large Polish Church, an Episcopalian, and Roman Catholic. There was quite a cold wind blowing off the Lake to-day. The spring months are extremely cold here. In the evening Dr Fraser accompanied us to church, and Mr Johnstone preached a very able sermon on Balaam.

MONDAY, 29TH.—Went into town this morning with Lizzie, and did some shopping in Schutte's. They have a splendid store, far beyond any Kirkcaldy shop. In the afternoon Dr Fraser ordered a trap to hold six; Maggie and himself in front, Ida and I behind them, and Lizzie and Chrissie behind us. The rain was pouring down, but we did not seem to mind for we had a roof above us, so we drove miles and miles into the country, through mud never so deep in some places, and the rain pelting on us. Our team, unfortunately, were rather tired to begin with, but we reached our destination. The Dr saw his patients, and we started on our return journey. No joke certainly to steer through such masses of mud and slush, a distance of seven or eight miles, and rain falling nearly all the time. But we all enjoyed the drive, and would have enjoyed it still better if the

weather had been fine. On coming back through the town we found the bridge swung back to let a steamer through, and of course had to wait till it was restored to its place. The red light was then immediately extinguished. The men have to be there night and day, and there is a little house on the top of the bridge where they retire during the night. After dinner Ida and I went over to our neighbours for an hour, and found Mr and Mrs Nash, Mr and Mrs Endriss, Mr and Mrs G—— all assembled. The three ladies are sisters, and with their husbands are very delightful people.

TUESDAY, 30TH.—Very sorry to think this is our last day in Manitowoc, where we have been so cordially welcomed and most kindly entertained. It has indeed been a pleasant visit, although a dark shadow has been cast over everything by the much lamented death of my darling Malcolm. We made a good many farewell calls in the afternoon, and several friends came in this evening to say “Goodbye,” every one regretting our departure, and inviting us to return next year. We leave tomorrow early for Chicago, and cousin Alec intends to accompany us so far on our homeward way, which will be a great pleasure.

**Chicago.**

31ST.—Left Manitowoc this morning early; these sore partings continually recurring make one look forward eagerly to that happy period, or rather state, when partings will be unknown! Cousin Alick accompanied us to Chicago, and showed us around; everything there is enormous; one establishment some of us went to see (Marshall Field) has in its employment 7000 people, nearly as many as all the population of Nelson. We rode in the Elevator train round the City, fully an hour for 10 cents; this gave us a good idea of its magnitude, and at the same time an insight into its towering edifices, its

parks, and its numerous dilapidated looking homes. I think one of its streets is 24 miles in length. In point of population, Chicago is the 6th City of the world, taking its place with London, Paris, Vienna, Berlin, and New York. In 1895 it was estimated at 1,700,000. In the year 1800 this great metropolis was only a swamp; in 1812 a struggling military post, and the scene of a terrible Indian massacre; in 1830 a group of a dozen houses, without Post Office or mail routes; in 1840 an incorporated city with 5,500 inhabitants; in 1850 arrangements were nearly completed for railway communication with New York; in 1871—the year of the great fire—magnificent, rich, and promising to vie with the commercial cities of either hemisphere. Arising from her ashes, Chicago is now the greatest railroad centre, the largest market for live stock, and the first grain port in the world!!

**Toronto.**

1ST NOVEMBER, 1900.—Queen's Hotel, Toronto. Arrived here at 2.30 (an hour late), after a very comfortable night journey from Chicago. Dr A. C. Fraser saw Maggie and me settled in our "sleepers," and went back to "The Auditorium Hotel" to do the same office for L. and C., who went to Detroit to see some more cousins (Fraser's) who live there, this being our first separation since we left home! (on 29th May). Rain fell in torrents ever since we left Chicago, and continued on our arrival in Toronto. It seems so strange to be here again, the very spot we started from on 13th June to prosecute our Tour towards the Western Dominions, and what a round we have made, and what sights we have seen!! Being too late for lunch, we went outside for it, and, having satisfied the claims of nature, we proceeded to Madison Avenue to call on our friend, Lady Taylor, whom we had met at Victoria. She received us most

warmly, and at once insisted on our remaining to dinner, which we were prevailed on to do, and enjoyed our visit so much. Sir Thomas Taylor was likewise most attentive and entertaining, and their two youngest sons joined us for dinner. Lady Taylor accompanied us back to "The Queen's," and left us there, promising to call to-morrow early to take us round some of the chief sights of Toronto. We finished our day writing letters.

FRIDAY, 2ND NOVEMBER.—This has been a bright, sunny day, the air sharp, so different from our day at Chicago, where it was oppressively hot. Our fellow traveller from Chicago, Mr Irwin, who lives here, called after breakfast, and while he was sitting with us, Sir Thomas and Lady Taylor came to take us out. First we went to see the City Hall, a very magnificent building, with a tower 280 feet high. It was erected at a cost of 3,000,000 dollars. Sir Thomas guided us to several of the halls inside; the stairs are all made of white marble. We also saw the various University Buildings and the Parliament House, all very interesting; and great efforts were being made in the way of decoration, to welcome home the Canadian soldiers from Africa; they are expected to reach Toronto on Monday. We returned to "The Queen's" for lunch, but promised to spend an hour or two in the afternoon with the Taylor's at their home, which we did, and met with a number of Toronto people, being Lady Taylor's "at home." But, as invariably happens, the moment arrived for saying "Adieu" to our kind friends, and we got into the Bloar Car, which landed us close to our hotel. Having dined and packed, we have now just to wait till the time comes to leave for our train, which starts for Montreal at 10 P.M. Farewell to Toronto and the Queen's Hotel, where we have been most comfortable on both our visits.

**Montreal.**

SATURDAY, 3RD NOVEMBER.—Windsor Hotel, Montreal.—Arrived here from Toronto this morning. Our old friend, Mr Bell, met us at the depot, and accompanied us to this hotel, which is too magnificent. Leaving us to refresh and breakfast, he came at 10 o'clock with a trap and fine horse, and drove us to the top of Mount Royal, where we had a magnificent view of this grand City and its splendid cathedrals, hospitals, colleges and hotels. Mr Bell also drove through the principal streets, pointing out the various places of interest, and landed us back at "The Windsor" in time for lunch. The streets and public buildings were elaborately decorated in honour of the return of the Canadian soldiers from Africa, and we witnessed the procession from a balcony of the hotel, and the enthusiasm of the crowd below. No doubt there would be some sore hearts also, mourning for those dear ones who would never return. After a short rest we went out and looked into a very handsome building near, St James' Cathedral (Roman Catholic), which has been 25 years building, and is a model of the immense St Peter's at Rome, only about half the size. The dome is an exact copy of the famous dome of St Peter's, Rome. It is expected to cost, when finished, 2,500,000 dollars! We then looked into the Y.M.C.A., which was, of course, a down-come, but probably more productive of practical results. Mr Bell called for us at 4.30 to take us to his house for tea, where we met his nice little wife, his mother, and Mr and Mrs Tease, his wife's mother and father. There we spent a pleasant hour or two, and had the pleasure of hearing our old friend sing several new hymns, with his former expressive musical talent and splendid voice. Mr Bell accompanied us back to the hotel. The streets were now quiet, the spontaneous

outburst of popular enthusiasm which marked the triumphant progress of the khaki clad heroes having spent itself. Certainly Montreal was fairly wild with patriotic fervour. There were Union Jacks and ensigns flaunting the air by tens of thousands. The national colours were everywhere—on lofty flag staffs, hanging from windows, forming wall draperies, and carried by men, women, and children on staffs, over their hats, on their breasts, and as neck ties. The whole City, animate and inanimate, seemed a mass of red, white, and blue!!

**A Montreal Sunday.**

SUNDAY EVENING, 4TH NOVEMBER.—This has been a most lovely day; very bright, and much warmer than yesterday, when I was thankful to have recourse to my fur cape. Mr Bell very kindly called for us at 10.30, and we accompanied him and Mrs Bell to a Methodist Church where he was to officiate, the pastor, Mr Winter, being engaged elsewhere. The service was short, the discourse being more a Bible reading than a sermon, but very good, and I enjoyed seeing and listening to our old friend for the *first* time in a pulpit. When he visited Kirkcaldy a number of years ago along with Merton Smith, and was my guest, his *role* was to *sing* the gospel, which he did admirably and impressively. We enjoyed the walk to and from the church, and returned for lunch. Mr and Mrs Bell called for us again at 4 o'clock, and took us to St James' Methodist Church, where what is called the "Annual Brewery Mission" is going on, and Sam H. Hadley, a reformed drunkard, was to speak. St James' Methodist Church is a most imposing structure outside, and inside it is very beautiful. There are two large churches quite close to it; indeed Montreal might be called a city of churches, so numerous, so large, and so handsome are they all. Dr Williams, the pastor, presided, and introduced Mr Hadley, who gave a most

effective and winning address, chiefly dwelling on God's great love for sinners, for outcasts, and for drunkards!! I could not help wishing that my daughter, Mrs Dale, had been present; she would have so enjoyed hearing Mr Hadley's account of what the Lord had done for him, and how he had been saved. He intimated a collection for the Mission, and told his hearers, "they were rich in what they gave to the Lord, not in what they *kept* to themselves!" We were introduced to Mr Hadley at the end, and also to a Mr M'Chonicha, another reformed drunkard and evangelist, both engaged in the rescue Mission formerly carried on in New York by Jerry M'Cauley (the river thief). In the evening we returned to "St James'," as there was to be a service of song, and an address by Dr Williams, and we enjoyed both extremely. One of the pieces sung by the choir, "Hark, hark, my soul, angelic songs are swelling," was simply exquisite—the most lovely anthem I ever heard from a church choir!! Mr Bell was engaged at his own special work at the Sailors' Institute, which he had taken us to see on Saturday, after our return from Mount Royal—a most complete and interesting Institution, where a really good work is carried on, chiefly during the summer months.

#### Sights of Montreal.

MONDAY, 5TH NOVEMBER.—To-day has been dreary, dark, and dismal. Our friend, Mr Bell, characterised it as a regular Scotch mist and rain. Mrs Bell was to come and take us to see some of the Montreal shops and streets, but of course we could not expect her. However, about noon, it looked better, and we ventured out and got into a car, which put us down at one of the chief landmarks of Montreal, the Roman Catholic Church of Notre Dame. It is seated for 12,000, and was erected in 1829. It has two high towers, 227 feet

high, in one of which is the great bell, "Le Gros Bourdon," which weighs 29,400 lbs. Ten other bells are in the opposite tower, and 18 men are required to ring them. The view from the main entrance to the gorgeous altar of this magnificent edifice is an inspiring one. To visit Montreal, and not to have seen Notre Dame, is certainly to have missed something worth seeing, but beyond description by me. The architect was an Irishman named O'Donnell, who is buried in one of the vaults of the church. The organ, said to be the finest in America, cost over 50,000 dollars. By the time we had explored the wondrous workmanship, we had to return to the Windsor for lunch, as we expected Mr Bell to call at 2 P.M., which he did. It still rained, but we got into a car which took us to the old part of Montreal, chiefly inhabited by French people, with French signs and French shops, and French looking houses, with green outside shuttered windows, said to resemble closely the town of Caen, in Normandy, where I was at school when a girl of 15. Only there were then in Caen no electric cars, nor motor cars careering through its streets, only the Cour Cafferella, where we walked on Thursdays (the weekly holiday) in boarding school procession. We alighted from the car at the Drill Hall, and looked in to see the decorations and flags, also the names of the different battles where the British and Canadian troops had distinguished themselves in South Africa, all inscribed round and round the front of the gallery. It was in this hall the grand reception to the Canadians was held last Saturday. Lord Strathcona and other magnates, civil and military, were present, and rousing orations were delivered. Next Mr Bell took us to the city buildings, which seemed to me a great contrast to the massive magnificence of those we had seen in Toronto. We actually went into a place where a police court was

being held, and five or six prisoners were being tried for stealing a 300 or 400 dollar bill, and dividing the spoil. One of them had turned Queen's evidence, and they were all seated in the court (out on bail) and their advocate yattering away in French, and being continually interrupted. The judge also spoke in French, but the British Arms were erected above his head!! Mr Bell seemed interested in the proceedings, but I got tired of standing, and helped myself to a seat in an empty pew, which turned out to be the prisoner's dock! After this, we got into the Bank of Montreal, and saw the young gentlemen finishing up their day's work, and putting these dirty bits of paper through their hands like magic. And lastly, we ascended, partly in an elevator and partly by a spiral stair, to a giddifying height, almost opposite the towers of Notre Dame, where we had a grand view of the harbour, and the river, and the domes, etc., and on looking down to the street below, the people seemed midgets. Now the rain poured, so we said good-bye to Mr Bell, who promised to see us for a parting adieu at the depot, and took a car for the Windsor, where we had still to dine and pack, having booked ourselves for Boston by train at 9 P.M. Mrs Bell called at 7.30 to say good-bye to us, and Mr Bell very kindly came to see us at the station before starting.

**Boston.**

TUESDAY, 6TH.—Arrived at Boston this morning at eight o'clock. It was a lovely, bright morning, such a contrast from yesterday in Montreal. Our big luggage had been expressed on from Manitowoc, and our bigger luggage had been expressed on by Jack after our departure from Nelson, so our first business was to enquire after it, and find it, and pay for it, no small sum, amounting in all to 12 dollars. They do make you pay

in America! Then got a cab and drove to "Adam's House" (not in the Garden of Eden, however), where Mrs Beveridge and Chrissie were to arrive from Detroit on Saturday. We drove through narrow, crowded streets and innumerable turnings, but at last our coachman drew up and we alighted. The fare was just one dollar. After registering our names, we were waiting for the elevator to hoist us, when the door opened, and out came Chrissie. So she turned with us, and we found Lizzie in her room, and had a mutual rehearsal of our experiences since we parted. Our night journey from Montreal had been rather rough and unrestful, so I was not able for great doings, but had a walk with Chrissie through a nice park opposite the back entrance of the hotel, while Maggie and Lizzie went to the wharf to arrange matters there about luggage, etc. We had a very long drive, miles out of the town, in the afternoon, for five cents. There was a double line of car rails, in the centre covered with very green grass, and a wide space on each side for carriages, bicycles, etc. I also had a turn through several of the principal streets, and a gaze into the shop windows, but Boston streets are considerably narrower than the High Street of Kirkcaldy, and yet it has a double line of cars careering, crossing, and recrossing through it. This is a funny old hotel, with long narrow passages and endless windings and turnings, so different from the spacious, wide, handsome halls, richly carpeted and elegantly furnished in the Windsor at Montreal, where you could hardly see the one end from the other! Indeed, it may be called a "grand promenade," with rows of handsome pillars, and statuettes, and couches. But of course "Adam's House" is a much older institution, and so is Boston itself, but that does not prevent it being a very comfortable and first-class hotel in regard to its arrangements

and provisions. The fish we had for breakfast this morning was quite superior to anything we have tasted since we left Kirkcaldy.

**Farewell to America.**

WEDNESDAY, 7TH.—To-day our sojourn in America is ended, and we embarked at 9 o'clock on board the s.s. "New England" for Liverpool. The morning was bright and mild, the sun shining gloriously, and but for the sad event which has so clouded my life for the last few weeks, my heart would have leapt at the thought of home and loved ones, now so near. We have, no doubt, left dear Jack and Rosie behind us, besides many true and tried friends, but the pain of parting is alleviated by the sweetest memories of new and lasting friendships. I think we shall be most comfortable on board this ship, it seems very steady. Indeed, as yet I should hardly have known we are actually on the wide ocean, the motion is so imperceptible. Our berths are much more commodious than those we had in the "Oceanic," and we certainly shall not be overcrowded, for according to the passenger list, we have only 24 saloon passengers, and not even so many at table as yet. It was delightful walking round the deck to-day—a most gorgeous sunset, and later we watched the full moon struggling to peep out and show her face from behind a very black cloud. We shall have plenty time to collect our thoughts for the next eight days. To-day I have been reading Marie Corelli's last book. "The Master Christian," dedicated "To all those Churches who quarrel in the name of Christ"!

**The Stormy Atlantic.**

THURSDAY MORNING, 9TH.—Passed a quiet night. To-day there seems more motion, but everything goes on favourably. Have made 357 miles since noon yester-

day. The sea is getting rough and squally, and we seem getting uncomfortable. We are tempted to resolve not to visit America again. Still, it is wonderful how steadily the vessel moves forward on her course. Spoke to Captain James to-day, and delivered Sir Thomas Taylor's and Mr Bell's messages to him. He expects to reach Liverpool on Thursday morning, the 15th. I shall be glad to be on *terra firma* again.

FRIDAY, 9TH.—The sea got wilder yesterday as the day advanced, and rain fell in torrents. To-day there is a heavy swell, and some of us have enough to do to keep right. Lizzie has remained in bed, and Chrissie keeps on her deck chair. The howling of the wind, and the rattling of shutters, and other noises, have driven me inside. Maggie is unaffected by the warring elements or the swaying sensation. Captain James says it will be fine to-morrow, which is cheering! Have made 346 miles since noon yesterday.

SATURDAY, 10TH, 4 P.M.—Towards evening yesterday, the sea grew quieter, but the fog surrounded us, and all night we had the harrowing, rasping noise of the foghorn. In spite of that, however, we passed a fairly good night, and are all of us well to-day, and have been present at breakfast and lunch. It is very much colder also. We have to be well wrapped up in rugs and furs to be safe on deck. For the space of an hour and a half the fog cleared off this forenoon, the sea was calm and lovely, with nothing to intercept the view as far as the horizon. It was such a delight to look over the wide expanse and be relieved of that "roaring bull of Bashan" sounding every minute in one's ears, and monopolising one's attention. The distance is calculated at 367 miles since noon yesterday, so we are getting over the ground, rather, I should say, space. At the

best, it is very monotonous, and one does get tired of continuous reading, even though it is Marie Corelli. I have not yet fallen in with any interesting person to talk to, so we must either read or sleep, with a short promenade on deck between. Have not seen the Captain to-day. Suppose he does not like to leave his post when it is so foggy. We have had it now about thirty-six hours continuously, except a short interval this forenoon. Still the fog has neither been so dense or so near as we had it last June in the "Oceanic."

**Sabbath Calm.**

SUNDAY, 11TH.—To the relief of everyone, the fog cleared off, and the horn ceased roaring last night about 10.30. The sea was calm and the night peaceful. This morning we are sailing over a perfectly calm sea, hardly a breath of air, even on deck. We are hoping this will continue till we reach our destination. I met Captain James this morning on our way to lunch. He is such a pleasant man, and very exceptionally good looking. I understand he is a bachelor. We have done 372 miles since yesterday. We have got acquainted with a gentleman from the island of Cape Breton, who is a good talker, and also a good arguer. His name is Colin Ochiltree Macdonald, which sounds extra Scotch, and what has interested us very much was to learn that in 1878 he passed a night in the George Hotel, Kirkcaldy, and met several gentlemen there, among whom were Mr Wishart, Pathhead, and Mr Muir, banker. He is very sensible, intelligent, and gentlemanly, and carries on a good deal of banter with the girls. I have also chatted with two very pleasant ladies from Boston. One is a Mrs Shaw, and she had with her a very nice looking boy, exactly the age and appearance of my beloved Malcolm, of whom he reminded me. He amuses himself drawing horses and other animals, in which he is quite an expert.

The weather to-day is extremely warm. Every one is complaining of heat, for, of course, we have all donned our winter garments. It is certainly much milder than it was going to New York in June. There was a religious service held in the saloon this morning at 10.45. Prayers were read by the doctor, who asked Chrissie to play the hymns, which she did. The audience was, of course, very small, and not many of them being Episcopalians, the responses were feeble. It seems the reason assigned for the small number of passengers on this voyage is that the election of President for the United States was fixed for the 6th, and the "New England" sailed on the 7th. I am told that hundreds are already booked for her next voyage. 3.30 P.M.—This day has been delightful. A good breeze has sprung up, and the steamer is gliding over the waves in the most graceful fashion. If one could be always sure of weather like this, I should not object to a voyage every month, and, I must say, this vessel is remarkably steady. I have just performed the feat of walking round the deck ALONE twenty times, which is considered equivalent to a mile and a half, some say two miles! Several here did not think I could walk steadily round alone even once, but, like everything else, practice brings perfection. Evening.—How calm and lovely the sea is now! Two days ago it was comparatively stormy. "He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still." In this unbroken stillness, one can say from the heart,

"These are Thy glorious works, Parent of Good,  
Almighty! Thine this universal frame,  
Thus wondrous fair! Thyself how wondrous then!  
Unspeakable! Who sits above these heavens,  
To us invisible, or dimly seen,  
In these Thy lowest works; yet these  
Declare Thy goodness beyond thought,  
And Power Divine!"

End of the Ocean Voyage.

MONDAY, 12TH.—This has been a perfectly glorious day. Considerable fresh breeze blowing, and over all the boundless extent of sea over which the eye can gaze, innumerable thousands of white frothy waves chasing each other as if in frolic, with the benignant sun shining down over the whole expanse, as if enjoying and approving the sport. The air is quite bracing, and the sun warm and brilliant for the first time since we left Boston, therefore doubly welcome. Walking on deck after breakfast, we met our genial and gentlemanly Captain, who very kindly offered to take us upstairs to his elevated retreat, and invited us to sit down in his snug little room, which we did for a few minutes. Captain James then showed us his chart, and pointed out the exact course of our steamer on the outward and the return voyage, clearly defined by different lines. "But," I said, "you haven't a distinct line like that across the ocean. How can you know where the road is?" to which query he replied by a hearty laugh! Captain James has been navigating for 25 years at sea, which is a long experience. He says there is really little or no danger in a storm in these strong, large steamers, but he never leaves his post in a fog. So it is to be hoped we shall have no more of such dangers. The distance run from noon yesterday to noon to-day is 355 miles.

TUESDAY, 13TH.—To-day there is a strong north-west wind blowing. The sea is rough and squally. Those of us who were wishing to see huge waves in the Atlantic Ocean have certainly been gratified. It is really grand to see these great breakers tossing themselves up in clouds of white spray, and to watch the varying hues of the waves, resplendent with shades of transparent green, blue, and purple. But I cannot say it is very

comfortable. This morning, for instance, I narrowly escaped having the contents of my tea cup and breakfast plate transferred to my lap. I do hope the gale will moderate as we approach the shores of Ireland. The Captain expects to reach Queenstown to-morrow evening. Several of the passengers are to-day in a decidedly subdued frame of mind, and I find it will be advisable in my own case to pause in my present record. The run recorded to-day is 363 miles. Later—The sea became calmer, and the roaring wind quieter towards evening, the dinner table steadier, and passengers generally congratulating themselves and each other that the period of their imprisonment was drawing near an end. I played with much pleasure on the Steinway piano this evening. An elderly gentleman thanked me cordially (so did others), and told me he was compelled to get up and dance!

WEDNESDAY, 14TH.—This is the last day, our last day, on board the "New England," and it is so exquisite, so enjoyable, that we are beginning to regret it is so near an end. At 11 o'clock this forenoon we first sighted land, at first a mere speck, requiring a measure of faith in order to see it with the naked eye; but to reward our faith, the doctor kindly brought me his glass, by which I discerned it clearly. Now we are skirting along the coast of Ireland. The hills and bluffs along the coast are very interesting, and one object plainly seen bore a strong resemblance to our own Bass Rock. The figure registered to-day is 369 miles, and what remains of our journey to Liverpool is 332 miles, which we hope to accomplish by 10 o'clock to-morrow morning, perhaps sooner. We have indeed much cause to congratulate our careful captain and ourselves on the pleasant voyage—the exceptionally pleasant voyage—we have had, the only discomfort being the fogs we experienced for a

good many hours, and the roar of the foghorn. But off the coast of Newfoundland that is to be expected. It is said to be "distinguished for fogs, and dogs, and cod"! We have become quite chummy with a good many passengers, and soon will come all the good-byes. I am quite surprised at the bareness and barrenness of the Irish coast, near which we are sailing—not a hut, or a tree, or even a rock to be seen, but just a long stretch of bare, low, hilly ground. Touched at Queenstown at 6.30. Several passengers went ashore, and newspaper boys came on board selling their wares, and charging double price for them. Every one seems impressed with the feeling that our companionship here is drawing to a close. We have much reason to feel thankful for our safe and pleasant voyage, and there is something solemn in the thought that few if any of us may meet again.

THURSDAY, 15TH.—All were early astir this morning. Breakfast bugle sounded at 8 o'clock, and waiters seemed anxious to have the table cleared as quick as possible. One or two passengers who had not appeared during the voyage now came into the saloon, and farewell chats were quite general. A steamer came alongside with letters, and I had several welcoming us to the shores of England, and anticipating our speedy arrival in our native land. Unfortunately the morning was wet and dreary, and our home letters unavoidably reminded us of the sad bereavement in our home circle which would make our arrival very different from what otherwise it would have been.

We landed at Liverpool about ten o'clock, and after all necessary delays, claiming our numerous trunks and boxes, and getting them clear of Custom House officials, we drove direct to the station. Leaving our luggage in

charge. we drove to the Great Northern Hotel, where we found our friend Mr Cameron, whom we had met on our journey through the Rockies, and also on the "Islander," and in Victoria. It was very pleasant to meet again, and after having lunch together, we proceeded to the station, where Mr Cameron took leave of us, and we started at 2.20 for Edinburgh. Mrs Aitken left ten minutes later for Manchester, and arrived safely at her destination. After a most uninteresting journey in a pouring rain, we reached the Waverley Station, Edinburgh, at 8.30, and drove direct to the Regent Hotel, where we remained for the night.

**Conclusion.**

HOME! HOME! NO PLACE LIKE HOME!!

FRIDAY, 16TH NOVEMBER.—It does seem rather a singular coincidence that this Diary, the gift of my dearly loved and deeply mourned Malcolm and his brother, my travelling companion through almost six months of wandering, should, without any planning or aim, have reached its last page on the very same day that we have reached our dear home. Such is the fact. But oh, the sad, sad blank! How my heart aches and hungers for one loved face, for one welcome kiss, and amid so much to fill us with gratitude and praise, how overpowering is the sorrow that our beloved, precious boy is gone, gone out of our earthly life, and that we shall see his face no more! May the good and loving Father who has seen meet to remove our loved one, sanctify this sore affliction, and forgive our tears, and bind up our torn hearts! His end seems like a translation. "He was not, for God took him." Having passed a most comfortable and refreshing night in Miss Darling's delightful, home-like hotel (where, most unexpectedly, a very welcome friend was present to greet us), we set out in a pouring rain this morning to do some

necessary shopping, and spent an hour or two with my sisters, who were both surprised and delighted to see us safe back in "Auld Reekie," though these words sound like a nickname for beautiful Edinburgh. And at the appointed hour, along with Mrs Dale, who came to meet us at the Regent Hotel, we left Waverley Station, and in a wonderfully short time found ourselves luxuriating in the comforts so kindly and plentifully provided for us at our own cheery firesides, Beechwood and St Michael's. And thus has ended our Canadian and American tour, full of pleasant memories, delightful friendships, joyful experiences, and lasting impressions. Truly, as the Americans say, "We have had a lovely time."

"I hear the tread of Pioneers,  
Of nations yet to be,  
The first low wash of waves where soon  
Shall roll a human sea."

— WHITTIER.

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"Canada! maple land, land of great mountains,  
Lake land and river land, land 'twixt the seas,  
Grant us, Lord, hearts that are large as our heritage,  
Spirits that are free as the breeze!

Grant us Thy fear, that we may walk in humility,  
Fear that is rev'rent, not fear that is base,  
Grant us Thy righteousness, wisdom, prosperity,  
Peace—if unstair'd by disgrace.

Grant us Thy love, and the love of our country,  
Grant us Thy strength, for our strength 's in Thy name,  
Shield us from danger, from every adversity,  
Shield us, O Father, from shame.

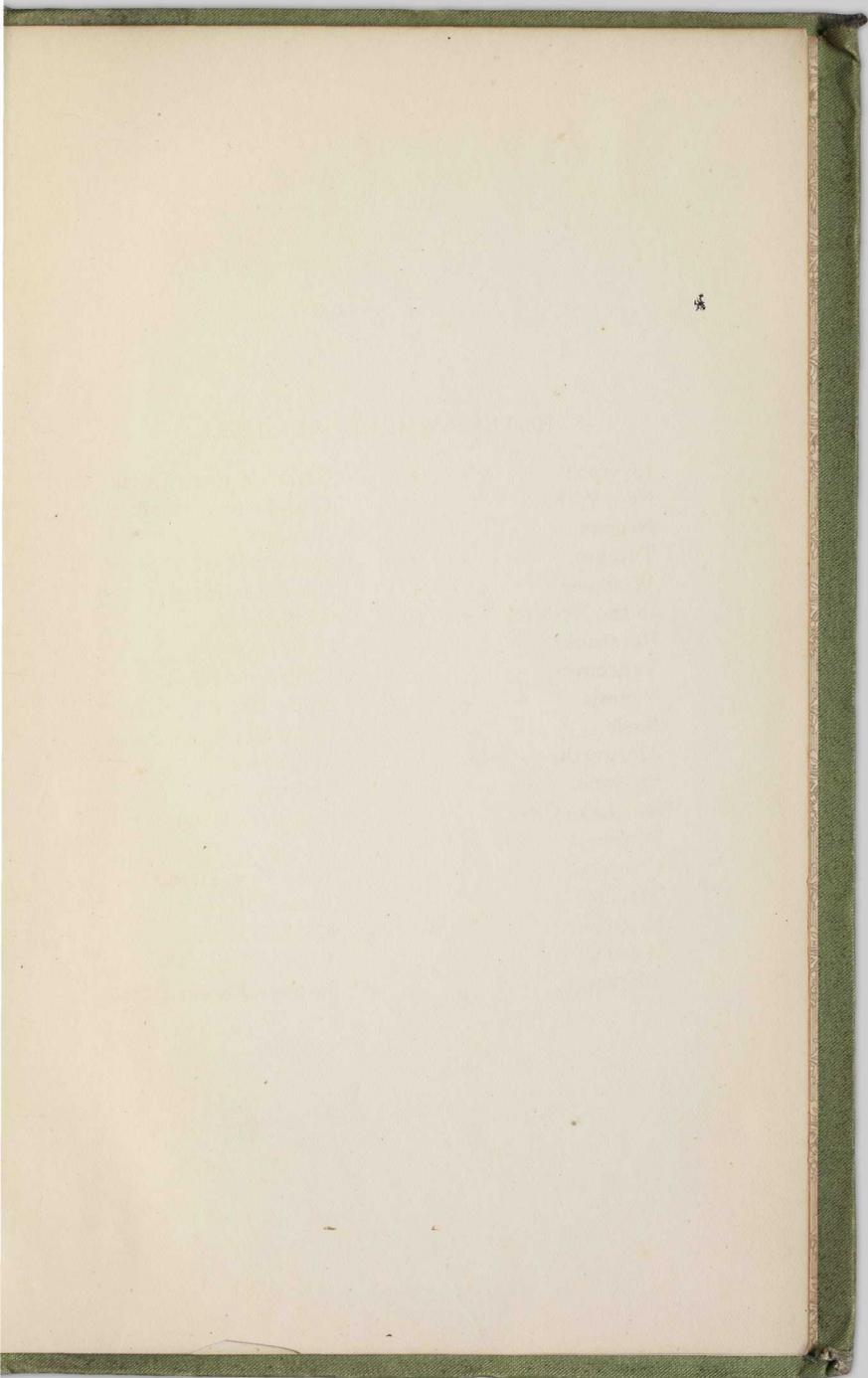
Lest born of nations! the offspring of freedom,  
Heir to wide prairies, thick forests, red gold,  
God grant us wisdom to value our heirdom,  
Courage to guard what we hold!

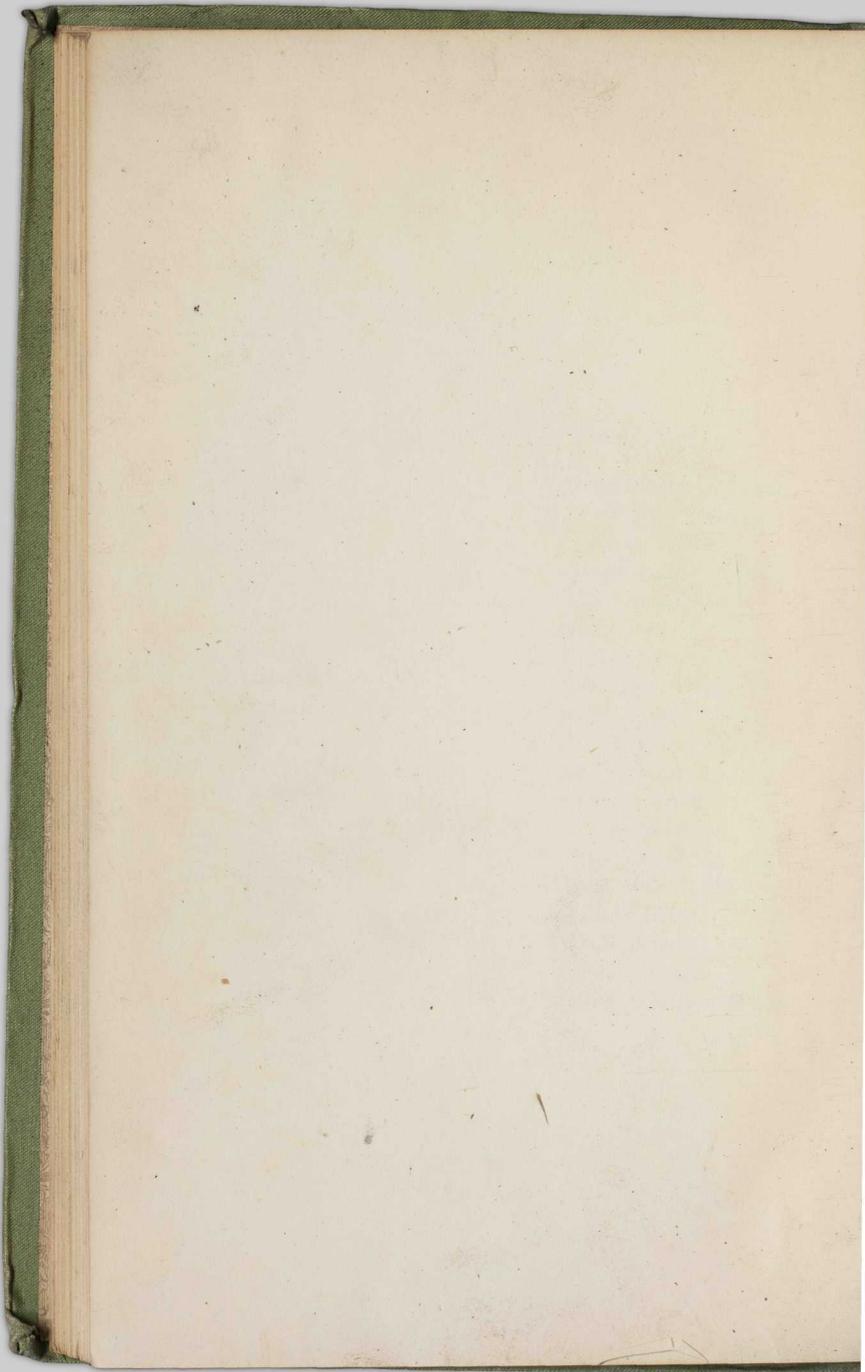
Canada, Africa, Zealand, Australia,  
India, Continents, Isles of the sea,  
Adding your jewels to Britain's regalia,  
One with Old England, the home of the free."

THE END.

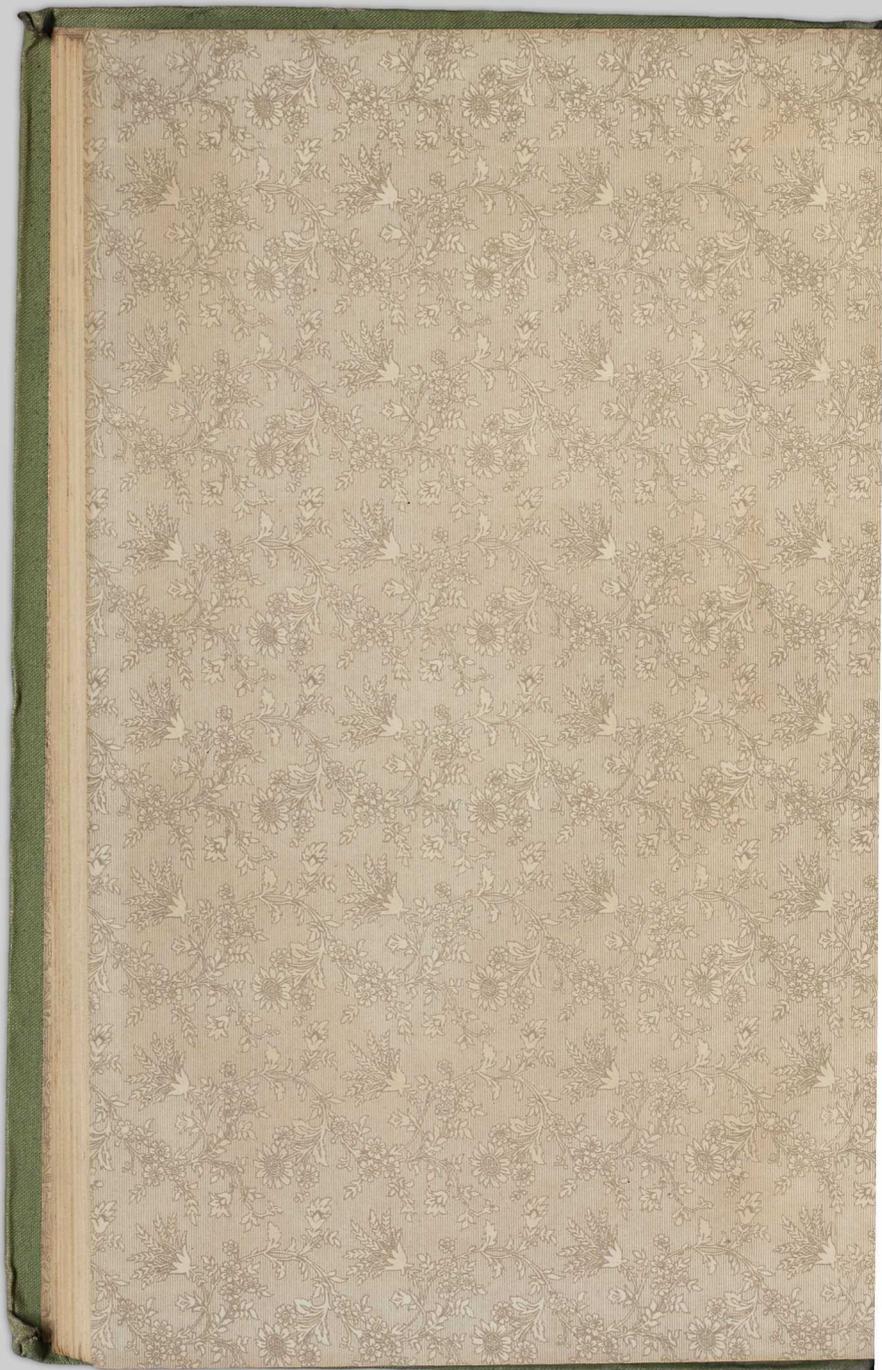
### HOTELS WHERE WE SLEPT.

Liverpool,	-	-	-	-	Great Northern Hotel.
New York,	-	-	-	-	Grand Union Hotel.
Niagara,	-	-	-	-	Cataract Hotel.
Toronto,	-	-	-	-	Queen's Hotel.
Winnipeg,	-	-	-	-	Clarendon Hotel.
In the Rockies,	-	-	-	-	Banff Hotel.
Revelstoke,	-	-	-	-	C. P. R. Hotel.
Vancouver,	-	-	-	-	Vancouver Hotel.
Victoria,	-	-	-	-	Dallas Hotel.
Kaslo,	-	-	-	-	Royal Hotel.
Ainsworth,	-	-	-	-	King's Hotel.
Spokane,	-	-	-	-	Spokane Hotel.
Salt Lake City,	-	-	-	-	Knutsford Hotel.
Denver,	-	-	-	-	Metropole Hotel.
Chicago,	-	-	-	-	Auditorium Hotel.
Toronto,	-	-	-	-	Queen's Hotel.
Montreal,	-	-	-	-	Windsor Hotel.
Boston,	-	-	-	-	Adam's House.
Edinburgh,	-	-	-	-	Darling's Regent Hotel.





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