

ing brass chains and the polished harness set with bright metal mountings. This sleigh-like carriage is often finished in broadcloth, has a hood, and holds four people. The driver generally walks beside the vehicle and prods the oxen with a long bamboo, while a boy or man runs ahead to warn pedestrians and to place under the runners a sort of greased mop when a steep or dusty part of the road is reached. With such a conveyance one may make, according to local standards, a fairly expeditious and comfortable journey up and down the hills, at a rate not to exceed three miles an hour. But nobody seems to hurry in Madeira.

Another imitation of our winter transportation is the Madeira toboggan. A couple of miles of greased pebble roadway has been built up the mountain side and down it sleigh-like vehicles are guided-by a man on either side holding a rope attached to the forward end of each runner—right into the centre of the town. Before a start is made the pleasure seeker is asked whether he wishes to ride slowly or “to let her go.” We voted for a mixture of sensations—and got them. Although the fastest rate is, perhaps, not equal to that of the Canadian prototype yet it was fast enough for enjoyment. With the temperature, sunshine and surroundings of an American June, it was an experience to be remembered. E.’s enjoyment of it was rather beclouded by the fact that the men had to carry the basket-like sleigh (weighing about 100 pounds) on the return journey, two miles up the hill.

We took luncheon at the Bella Vista (never was hotel better named) and walked all over the quaint old town before returning to the *Arabic* with our fellow passengers, tired out but happy in the possession of many “snap-shots,” bottles of old Madeira, embroideries, cane chairs (they make wonderful wicker baskets here) and loads of flowers.

Among the pictures I took were some of E. standing in front of a *rede*, or hammock. I wished to take her *in* one but a kindly English woman told her that these public conveyances are also patronized by humbler forms of life, after which I could not induce her to enter one!

There are many English residents here and the street signs, notices and advertisements are mostly in that language. Our Canadian fellow-travellers, of which there are about thirty on board, did not fail to point out that the only warship in the harbor besides a Portuguese gunboat was a four-funnel British cruiser with several long guns pointing ominously from their turrets—in case the *insurrectos* might become troublesome.

Among our first visitors were native divers—boys from five to twenty years of age,—the most graceful and expert swimmers I have