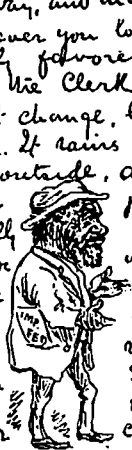


DIARY OF OUR MAN ABROAD.



Sep 28 - All aboard for the Island. The splendid upper-cabin steel-built turn-screw steamer "Islander" is waiting to perform the contract of taking us - and any others - across the Strait. "Beautiful trip," they tell us - "calm as a mill-pond all the way, and magnificent scenery. Whenever you look." We have been so highly favored in this way, however, that the Clerk of the Weather orders a slight change, but we should become proud. It rains so that we can see anything outside, and the latter portion of our journey is through a sea (ironically called Pacific) with all things movable, stomachs of most of the Terrific Officers afloat. Such is our introduction to the most beautiful and cities out of Toronto.



Sep 29 - Still raining; but it matters not. We are in the comfortable "Clarence," kept by you brant Scotchman, Willie Anderson. - a pleasant place to be whether it rains or



chimes out-door. It is Sunday, and a little wetness shall not keep us in the house. When we can do ourselves the pleasure of hearing the noted pulpit orator, Rev J. E. Starr. We do morning and evening. The crowd at night is as great as that which waits upon the prophesying of our Dr. Wild. Starr is a splendid fellow.



boats in and out of the pulpit, and Rev St. Methodism may well rejoice in the prospect of getting him next May. There is a Chinese funeral today, and all Chinatown seems to be reposing. At least there is a marked absence of tears among the crowding rattle past Cemetery, and general Mongolian a Chinese of 5000. We pay a visit to the Rescue Home, where we find a lot of bright young girls, who have been snatched from slavery through the efforts of W. J. E. Gardner (a young gentleman who speaks Chinese better than any Chinaman in town, and is in all respects a jewel) and the aforementioned ministerial ruler, Starr.



Sep 30. Ah! what Victoria Shining & a fine day like this with the rain and frost," says Mr. Bennett. We learn that amongst the hitherto uncounted defects of Chinamen is an abnormal sense of gratitude and an excess of kindness.



now we begin to see is really like! The sun in the weather reminds us of in Toronto. "And Sir, it's repeat through the year, exception of a little or a few days of mild. Every citizen you talk to to our Chinese studies, and we learn that amongst the hitherto uncounted defects of Chinamen is an abnormal sense of gratitude and an excess of kindness. For see this:

"Grip" Among the Chinamen.

Mr. J. W. Bengough yesterday afternoon paid a visit to the Chinese boys' school, where he delighted the scholars by making pictures for them. In return for the entertainment given them, the boys when the funny man was leaving presented him with a collection of Chinese articles, - shawls, a sword, a couple of fans, and many little pieces of bric-a-brac. When Bengough comes to Victoria again, as everybody hopes he will soon, he will find that even the Chinese here are his friends. - Col on 1st

all Chinamen are "Boys." There were all grown men.



Oct 1. - The visitor who sums up Victoria before he has taken in its famous drives to the Gorge to Esquimaux, around Beacon Hill Park etc, does the city a gross injustice, pleasant and attractive as the town itself undoubtedly is. At Esquimaux, which we reach after a lovely drive along the river bank, we find the graving dock and the Squadron. Out of respect for the flag that braved it, we go aboard the flag-ship "Swiftsure," where we are shown all the Admiral. Sir no - Mr. Henage is never visible not even those in Behring Sea.



adequate description interest in and mention must be made of Hon. John Robson, Premier of the INS, Mr. Goodacre, the local Piper, with his 300, Bulletin Corner Campbell and Chief Justice Sir Matthew Begbie. Also the Chief Justice's Pipe. More over the Chief Justice his Dog, M. Amor de Cosmos, X.M.P. still lives, while Shakespeare has gone out of the tragedy & comedy business at Ottawa and is now performing the modest but useful role of Postmaster. Mr. E. Crow Barker has resigned his seat at Ottawa. John A. is the Crow which he feels like barking. Tomorrow we go to Nanaimo to see the coal fields all revoir.

