

Another shake of the Canadian kaleidoscope lands me at Ottawa. Here, I think, we first realized the strange incongruities of Canada; the mixture of advanced civilization with provincial incompleteness, as shown by these rough unfinished Canadian roads lighted up by brilliant electric light. Streets here are reckoned by miles; but they dwindle away into what we should consider merely "tracks," and even in the cities themselves this curious anomaly is ever present: a handsome brick or stone house, and, next door to it, a wooden hovel; electric light, lighting up roads covered with "rocks" or impassable from mud or pools of water. But we toiled up above all these queer contrasts and the ugly provincial rectangular town, to Barrack Hill and the beautiful Government buildings of pink and cream sandstone; and a lovely autumn picture remains in my memory: on one side of the buildings a deep ravine, clothed with trees arrayed in all their autumn bravery; on the other a far-away stretch of wood and river, the Chaudière Falls as a background, and the famous lumber yards, looking quite picturesque, thanks to the enchantment of distance and the last lingering touch of a quickly sinking sun. The bright, crisp air turns suddenly grey and chill, and we hasten home to make final preparations