

colour. By four o'clock we were at anchor in King George Sound, which reminded us much of Pictou, in Nova Scotia.

Albany is a clean-looking little town, containing some 2,000 inhabitants. Carriages were not to be hired, but we found an obliging carter, who had come to fetch hay from the wharf, and who consented to carry me, instead of a bundle of hay, up to the house of Mr. Loftie, the Government Resident. We have decided to remain a week, in order to give me a chance of recruiting. Most of the party stayed on shore to dinner, for the kitchen-range on board the *Sunbeam* had got rather damaged by the knocking about of the last few days. In the course of the afternoon a large sackful of letters and newspapers from England was delivered on board, much to our delight.

*Tuesday, May 10th.*—A busy morning with letters and telegrams. A little before one o'clock we landed at the pier, where Mr. Loftie met us, and drove us to the Residency to lunch. It was a treat to taste fresh bread and butter and cream once more, especially to me, for these are among the few things I am able to eat. I was sorry to hear that a terrible epidemic of typhoid fever seems to be ravaging this little town. Built as it is on the side of a hill overlooking the sea, and with a deliciously invigorating air always blowing, Albany ought to be the most perfect sanatorium in the world. Later in the afternoon I went for a drive with Mrs. Loftie all round the place, seeing the church, schools, and new town hall, as well as the best and worst parts of the town. It was no longer a mystery why the place should be unhealthy, for the water-supply seems very bad, although the hills above abound with pure springs. The drainage from stables, farm-buildings, poultry-yards, and various detached houses apparently has been so arranged as to fall into the wells which supply each house. The effect of this fatal mistake can easily be imagined, and it is sad to hear of the valuable young lives that have been cut off in their prime by this terrible disease.

In the course of our drive we passed near an encampment of aborigines, but did not see any of the people themselves. We also passed several large heaps of whales' bones, collected, in the days when whales were numerous here, by a German, with the intention of burning or grinding them into manure. Formerly this part of the coast used to be a good ground for whalers, and there were always five or six vessels in or out of the harbour all the year round. But the crews, with their usual shortsightedness, not content with killing their prey in the ordinary manner, took to blowing them up with dynamite; the result being that they killed more than they could deal with, and frightened the remainder away.