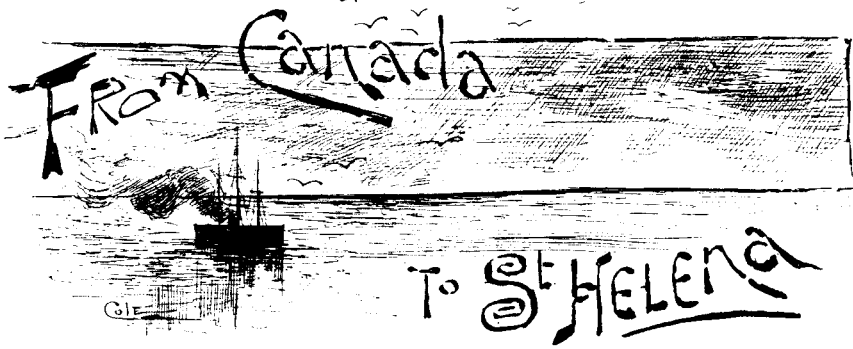




CONSIDERING the fact that nearly a moiety of the deaths in North America and Great Britain are caused by consumption, that most cruel of hereditary complaints, it seems more than passing strange that the historic island of St. Helena, which, like the Mecca of old, has become a veritable place of worship to many a European and American tourist on account of the great Bonaparte's tomb being here, has not been seized upon by some speculative disciple of Æsculapius as a sanatorium for people anxious to escape the winter months of their own climes in a country where snow has never been seen, and east winds are unknown.

With affected lungs, a dubious heart, and one's *affaires de famille* all knocked likewise out of gear, it was with very conflicting feelings, a chaotic mass of contradictory emotions, that the writer packed up what was left of his *impedimenta*—and, followed by a limited number of camp followers, proceeded to the C. P. R. station at Montreal for transportation to Quebec, where the SS. "Vancouver" was panting to steam off eastwards.

How true it is that one invariably meets more kindness at strangers' hands than from one's relations. After knocking about the world for some time, being driven hither and thither by the winds of adversity,—blown, I swear, by Dame Fortune, who must have married the star under which I was born, so as to ensure periodical ill-luck shadowing me, I have come to the very definite conclusion that it is your friends—not related by blood—who give a fellow a leg-up on his tedious way along life's decidedly thorny path, rather than those who should ever remember that "blood is thicker than water." And never was this more the

case than during my stay in dear old Canada—if I except my old school chum and quondam brother officer, Henry, now frizzling in India as a Deputy-Assistant Something-or-Other of Musketry at Bombay.

Did I not have a benefit? That demonstration of popularity has ever since been my Cross of Hope that has helped me keep alive through a long and very trying period of protracted sickness; the thousand and one kind acts of the St. George Snowshoe Club men to one who has never failed to remember them with pride and pleasure; the many courtesies from those who duty threw me amongst at the M.A.A. gatherings, at the lacrosse matches, or at the Vic's. Armory, or the Swiss chalet-like country rendezvous, the club house; all combines to prove what I assert, viz, that for kindness when you are hard put to it, give me strangers in general, and Canadians in particular, as men to help you.

I will pass over the journey by train, the sultry, bumping carriage with its hard seats that left an impression on us in more ways than one; our arrival, punctually on time—quite a weakness this of the C.P.R.—at the famous scene of Wolfe's death and Scottish valour; how after a weary wait we proceeded by tender—a veritable human offering of disjointed manhood, to the crack ship of the Dominion Line, where, as far as my party were concerned we were, under the kind auspices of Mr. Pellew of Liverpool, quickly shown to our cabins, where an active, auburn-haired stewardess without loss of time put our things straight. And then we sunk into the indulgent arms of Morpheus.

We had a big swell to sail on all the way home, and the ship had several swells on too. I can't remember their names,