

making for herself, a fact that will stand her in good stead in Canada. In many houses there, there is no servant at all, but the study of how to save labour has been brought to a fine art.

Even in the homes of the well-to-do, where there are maids, there is less personal attendance than is expected (or *was* expected) in England. Early morning tea, for example, brought to one's bed is an unheard-of luxury, and even afternoon tea is not the fixture which it is in this country; while the putting of boots and shoes outside a bedroom door to be cleaned is unusual, where shoes are "shined" in public, or treated with a liquid dressing applied with a small sponge.

The dear, familiar motor-bus, lurching and pounding through the traffic, all glorious with dazzling advertisements of three modern needs, whisky, motor tyres, and *revues*, is not to be seen in Canada. There the trolley car runs decorously on rails through the length and breadth of the larger towns, carrying the passengers long or short distances for a fixed sum. Like the labourers, who all received a penny a day, the car takes you two "blocks," or to the end of the line, for one coin.

A Canadian peculiarity which the visitor will notice is that so many private houses have their grounds open to the street. The Canadian often shares his good things in the way of lawn or garden with all who pass by, for no wall nor fence keeps cats and kings alike from admiring their beauties. Nor is this publicity confined to the open-air, for the visiting Englishman or woman is often surprised, and even embarrassed, by the manner in which the doors are left open as one enters and leaves drawing-room, dining-room, and library. To shut the door is not the matter of course it is in England. As to whether this is due to an even temperature or to a frankness of disposition which disdains private conversation, I decline to offer any suggestion.

One of the shocks awaiting the travelling Englishwoman is the sleeping-car.

"Is it true that all the passengers, men and women, sleep on shelves in one long car with only curtains between?" asks the amused visitor.

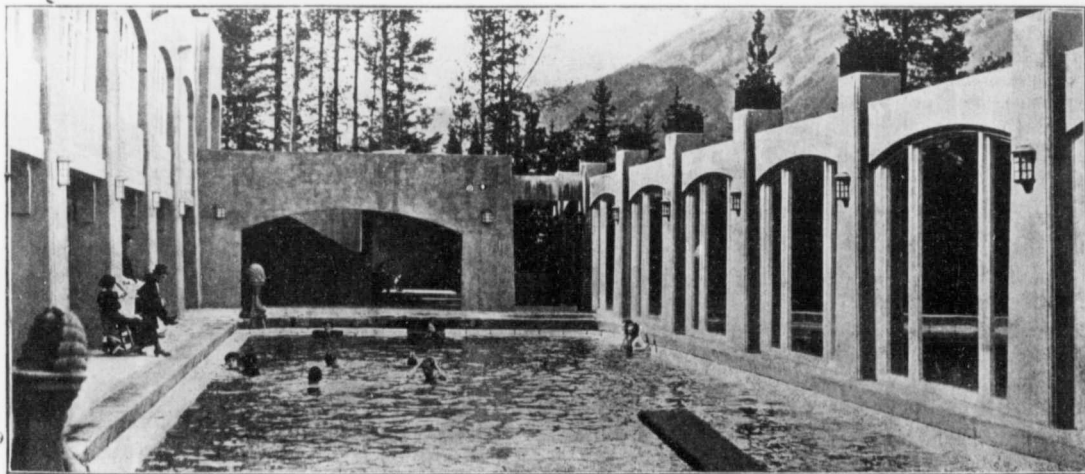
Described thus bluntly I admit it has a lurid sound, but the sleeping-car is a most comfortable place in which to pass a night, unless it be very overheated, when the unhappy victim longs to break a window to get a little fresh air.

The fortunate possessor of the state-room makes the journey in privacy and comfort, and emerges in the morning fresh and neat. Those who have slept in berths which, numbered for upper and lower and curtained, are allotted to passengers for about half-a-guinea extra, dress partly in their berths, and finish the ceremony in the dressing-rooms for men and for women at either end of the car. As soon as the passengers are dressed the berths are again arranged as seats, and breakfast may be served by the "coloured" men who act as porters and waiters. Tipping, by the way, is not as general as in this country, but all waiters and porters expect to be tipped well.

Good meals are served on the trains, but the lunch and tea-baskets of England are not to be had at the stations.

Social life in Canada is too large a subject for the end of an article. Few people now go from England believing that there are no gentlefolk, unless, indeed, one excludes those whose knowledge of Canada is gained from "The Land of Promise," "The Man from Toronto," and "Tiger Rose"!

The links between the Mother Country and the Dominion are many and firm. Canadian soldiers of all ranks have taught much about Canada, and they return to their own land with a personal affection for England, which must influence the future. And among the links that bind closely the Englishwoman and her Canadian sister is the fact that in so many instances the hearts of both are in the sacred small corners of "a foreign field" which is now forever British, in its wider sense.



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