

as we left one shop in which we were attended to by the mistress only, her husband being out, Mr. Hind asked me if I had not been struck by her appearance. I said I noticed that she had not only a handsome, but a remarkably long and oval face. He replied that she had all the marks of the most aristocratic Japanese type, and he was determined to find out who she was. Upon inquiry it was ascertained that she was the daughter of a Daimio of high rank, who had been ruined in the Satsuma rebellion.

From Fukuoka my face was turned homeward, or rather further from home, across the Pacific to Vancouver. We retraced our steps to Mōji, and crossed the famous Straits of Shimonoseki to Bakan, the town on main island side, where we rested a night waiting for the steamer; then through the Inland Sea, of which the traveller can never tire, though the reader may; a few days at Osaka; a halt at Kyoto, and then at Tokio for farewell visits; and I am once more embarked on a Canadian Pacific boat, and reluctantly bid farewell to the enchanting Land of the Rising Sun as we steer towards Columbia's western shore.