



The beautiful Town of Hamilton, Bermuda, the first port of call for Canadian Steamers engaged in the West India Trade.

EN ROUTE TO DEMARARA

This is the second in the Series of Six Letters written by our Staff Correspondent, descriptive of her trip through Bermuda and the West Indies. In this letter Miss Gibson tells of the sail from Halifax, the arrival at Hamilton, and a day spent in this land of super-abundance and filled with interest at every turn. It will be interesting to follow Miss Gibson on her Journey, to Demarara, and note the impressions gathered, and the experiences encountered.

S.S. "Dahone."

19th April, 1909

Dear Mr. Editor:

I cut short my last letter in order that, as I told you, I might see what I could of Halifax, and have come away with very agreeable impressions of that city which far exceeded my expectations as regards its surroundings. In summer its environs must be really beautiful and remind one greatly of Vancouver and Victoria. We expected to have left immediately after midnight on the 16th, but it was only about 6 a.m. of the 17th that unmistakable noises overhead warned me that we were getting ready to depart; so hurriedly dressing I got on deck to find that we were going at fairly good speed down the sound, or Arm is, I believe, the correct name. It was a lovely sunny morning, and promised well for the coming voyage. In another hour the pilot had left us and we were started well out to sea.

Since then there has been little to record, we

are a small company on board, as after April the season for tourists is practically over; but the steamer is most comfortable, which to my mind makes ample amends for the absence of a large number of passengers. The state rooms are particularly roomy, mine, indeed, being quite as good as a small room in a hotel, and if I mistake not, the berths are wider than the usual bunks on board ship. To-day the temperature is much higher than it has been, and by to-morrow when we are due to arrive in Bermuda, I expect we shall be warm enough. The steam heating is still on in the cabin but will probably be turned off to-night.

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20th April. Although we have been off Bermuda for the best part of the day, it was only this afternoon that we were able to land, owing to some steamer being in our way at the wharf. However, since then I have endeavoured to see what I could of this "Beautiful Bermuda." Unfortunately, my descriptive powers fall far short of giving you any real idea of its loveliness. Perhaps if I say, "I have fallen in love with it," you may get some faint conception of what I would convey.

First of all, imagine the wonderful clear blue sea, then innumerable islets, they say there are three hundred and sixty-five! The main land, studded with tall cedar trees, the white walls and glistening white roofs of the numerous bungalows and villas showing conspicuously among the foliage. Then high above and behind the landing stage the tower of the cathedral and other public buildings, the busy wharves, on which, as the "Dahone" approaches, so many of our black brethren stand waiting to receive us. The stream of vehicular traffic and bright-robed pedestrians passing along the marine promenade, the very British-looking policemen stationed under the shed, with evidently nothing

very particular to do, even to the white fox terrier—somehow there is always a small dog in every crowd. These are some of the pictures I saw as we waited to disembark. But once ashore, it was hard to realise that it was only four days since I had vainly endeavoured to see the surrounding scenery through the blinding rain and steam which obscured the windows of the train as it journeyed to St. John and Halifax, while now I found myself in the land of bright sunshine, singing birds, ripening fruit and brilliant flowers. Bright-hued oleanders, in some instances growing down quite close to the coral reefs which the waves of the Atlantic had hollowed into fantastic caves. Not far off a large bed of strawberries seemed to invite picking, while the magnolia tree and prickly pear cactus brought back memories of far distant Italy; and the delicious scent of the lilies, growing as they do in large plots of ground, convinced us that there is nothing exaggerated in the pictures of the numerous "brochures" of this delightful land. Then the inhabitants are so genial and friendly, and the officials of the different public buildings so pleasant and courteous, the black population so intelligent, and shall I add respectful, that I thoroughly enjoyed my visit ashore at Hamilton, and returned to the "Dahone" with my hands laden with the flowers with which I had been presented.

There are some wonderful caves to be seen about eight miles away and I had intended to visit them this afternoon, but time failed. If I ever come back to Bermuda, as I hope to do some day, for a longer visit, I may be able to tell you something of them.

To-morrow we expect to leave for St. Kitts, which will be one of our longest runs, not being due to arrive there until the 25th.

Yours truly,
Sidney A. Gibson.

Natural Resources

THAT movement inaugurated by ex-President Roosevelt to conserve the natural resources of the North American continent has had considerable influence in the Dominion. The Hon. Sydney Fisher, Minister of Agriculture, is bringing in a Bill to create a permanent commission which will superintend this economic feature. The commission will comprise some thirty representative Canadians and be non-partisan in character.



Pau-Pau Tree, Bermuda.

Since then there has been little to record, we



A quiet Pathway in Bermuda, bordered by Oleander Trees in full bloom.



One of the white-roofed Residences that help to make Bermuda beautiful.