

Out of a party numbering 166, no fewer than 46 were women; and this circumstance had much to do with the good temper and mutual consideration shown each other day-by-day. There were thirty persons from Montreal, several from the Province of Quebec, a dozen from the Maritime Provinces, two from Winnipeg, the remainder from various parts of Ontario. Very few had ever crossed the continent before, which served to heighten the wonder and delight with which the wonders of the trip were witnessed.

"We are a handful of Canadian citizens travelling for purposes of recreation, and incidentally to take observations." This is the sort of explanation given—in parody of the *Innocents Abroad*—sometimes when individuals of our party were "held up" at stations along the road, by people who wanted to know who and what we were. And really it was needful occasionally that account should be made of who we were—that we were not school-boys out on vacation, nor yet eightscore persons inebriated with anything except our own exuberance of outdoor ardor.

The fact is, we were excursionists in our own country, trying, at every chance, to escape confinement in a train; trying to see all we could of our great and so-little-known Canada; feeling more and more with every leap of 300 or 400 miles made by our relays of iron horses the intoxication of the Western air, the bounding impulses of new scenes and new thoughts. How, then, could we be quiet? True, there were some among us who will not thank me to class them with the boisterous nor yet with the gay, preferring as they did to maintain a nor-