

very comical results. One wore a blue pair of trousers, thick black coat, large plaid waistcoat (which almost required two to show the pattern), stand-up collar and green tie, big top hat and sea-side shoes! He was a queer-looking object. While I was here, an Indian came to one of the saw mills, and never having seen a circular saw before, put his finger to it, and off came the end of that unfortunate member. The manager hearing him shout, asked him how he did it. "This way," said he, indicating with another finger, when off came number two! Notwithstanding the heavy penalty imposed for supplying the Indians with intoxicating drink, they manage to get it sometimes from unscrupulous people, who make money by selling bottles for £1 which only cost one dollar. It is risky work, for the Indians themselves will often inform against them. In the city are between 2,000 and 3,000 Chinese, who are a very quiet, steady, and industrious people, not generally liked by the labouring classes, as they work for smaller wages. Each has to pay a duty of fifty dollars or £10 on landing and if they have no money, they are put in pound in a large wooden shed and



*Log Hut.*

kept there until a steamer goes back to China. These Chinese make capital servants, as a white servant cannot be obtained for less than thirty dollars per month, and a good man will earn 80 to 100 dollars per month. If a white female servant is brought into the place, somebody picks her up, and she gets married. Whilst here I called upon the Rev. Mr. Hobson, Vicar of Christ Church, Vancouver, nephew of the late Mr. Henry Pooley, of Wisbech. I may also mention that Vancouver is lighted with the electric light, the roads being new, bicycles are rarely to be seen. Bears and panthers still inhabit the woods and are frequently killed. While here five bears were shot close to where I was staying. Amongst others, I visited a Mr. Blackburn, who was apprenticed to Mr. Thirkell, of Wisbech. He is manager of a nursery, a pretty place called "The Cedars," and we had many long chats together about Wisbech and Sutton Bridge. In Stanley Park, close to Vancouver, is the Siwash Rock, where the Indians meet to dance. It is a wilderness indeed; they call it a bush. I call it a