

Books were, before the war, the very best references, and are, I should think, still available.

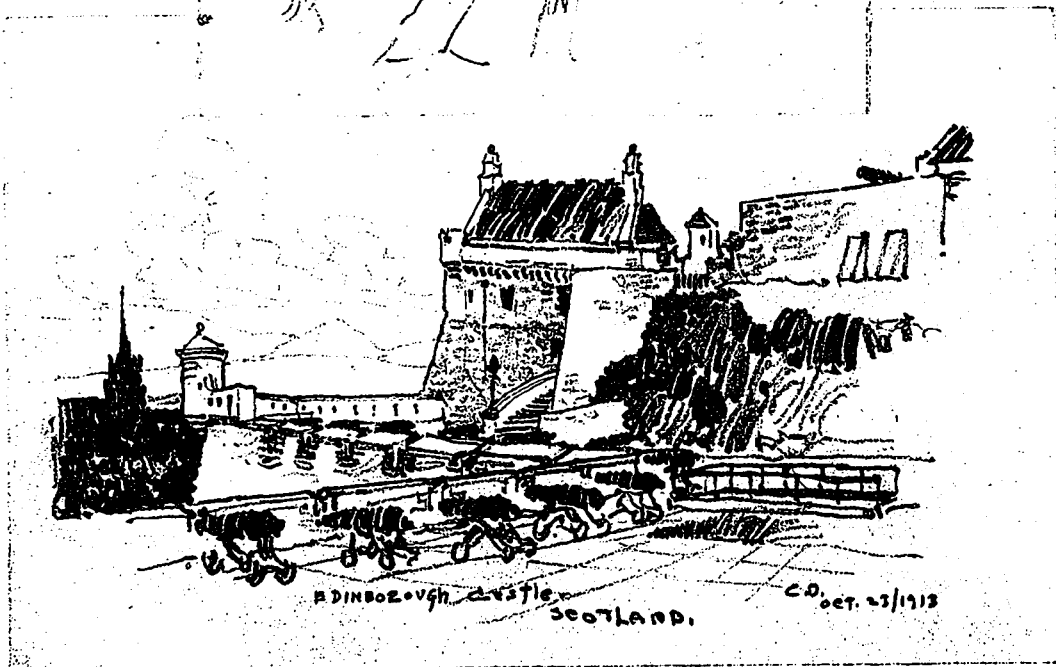
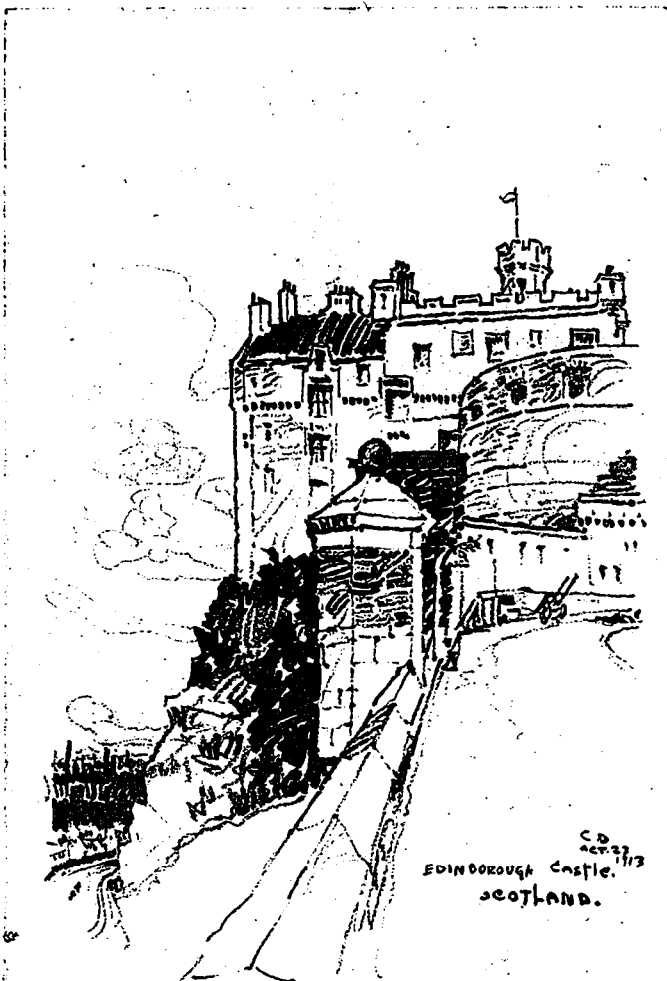
Sailing from Montreal, I had an opportunity of seeing the famous Quebec Bridge, then in course of erection, and I mention this fact because it impressed me very forcibly at the time—here was I, on my way to see the wonders of the Old World, and yet at the very start, I had an opportunity of viewing one of the wonders of the New World in the making, and many a time during my subsequent travels, I recalled the great bridge to mind when looking at some masterpiece of the ancients.

I should advise taking the Montreal route if for no other reason than the impression left in one's mind after leaving the mighty St. Lawrence behind.

race for armaments prior to the Great War that was coming really meant, and I was to receive more than one warning of it before I returned to Canada.

We passed close by the stern of the giant liner "Aquitania" as she rested high in the air upon the stocks, and I little thought at the moment as I gazed in wonder at her gigantic proportions that, in the very near future, that great ship would be sent to the bottom by an enemy torpedo, fired in the greatest of all wars, and in which I was destined to take an active part myself. I have often thought since the war of that splendid ship as I saw her in the making and what a terrible waste war really is.

I would like to mention as a warning to others that upon landing (it was dark)



EDINBURGH CASTLE FROM TWO VIEWPOINTS.

As Glasgow was our port of disembarkation, I was very much impressed by the miles and miles of shipyards along the Clyde, and I understood, I think, a little more fully what the

that although the Midland Hotel to which we were bound is not a great distance from the docks, our cabby must have lost his way, for it took us nearly an hour to get there. Of course,