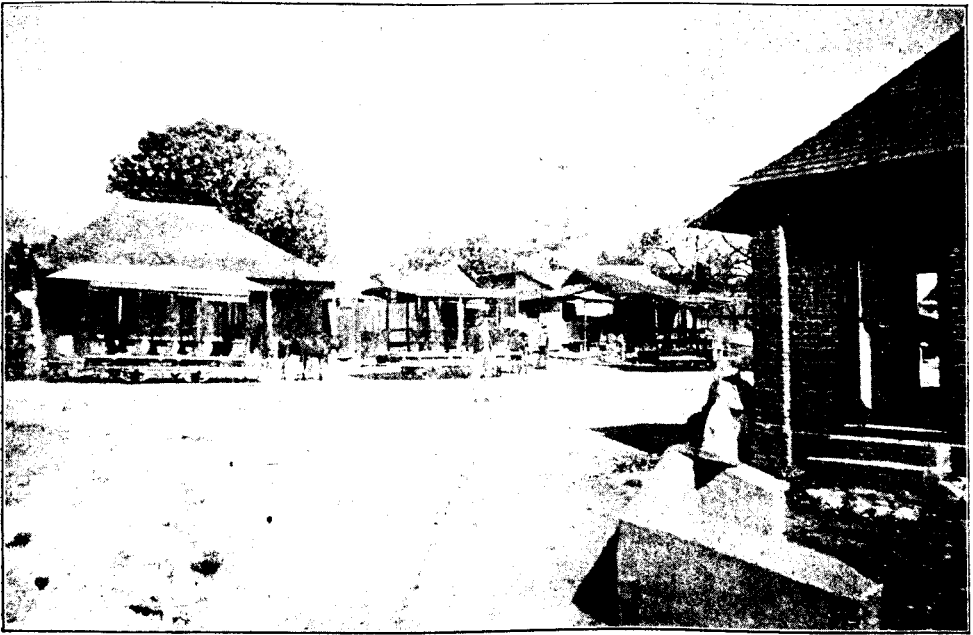




Tram-cars, Half-way Tree.

Ewarton, thence to Kingston. Getting up at half-past three is simply heathenish, but there was no remedy, and at that barbaric hour we were called, had early coffee, and awaited the carriage.

The hotel and all its surroundings were enveloped in a thick mountain haze or fog. It shut out everything save the sounds of a remarkable forest concert. The noises that came out of it were simply remarkable. One could have fancied that all the insect and frog life of the mountains were having a truly tropical "High Jinks." It was about as musical as an Irish or Colombian wake. The tree toads of Jamaica have fine voices—slightly Wagnerian—but to be Wagnerian is to be fashionable—fine voices for those who like frog music. A slight amplification of their vocal cords would make them invaluable as fog horns on the coast.

Later came the carriage; it emerged from the soup-like haze, and we, warmly wrapped, embarked for our trip across the mountain—one of the finest trips in Jamaica. About half-past four the grey of dawn commenced showing itself. Our winding road led up the steep sides of the mountain, the air got cooler, and our warm coats were none too warm. Later our driver made way for His Excellency the Governor, who was accompanied by his private secretary, Lord George Fitz-

Gerald, when we exchanged greetings, and they lead the way into Ewarton.

It was onward and ever upward, amid bold and picturesque scenery, as mountains in the tropics are noted for the grand and impressive. On a turn to the left we reached the crest or "divide" of Mount Diabolo. The valleys below us were buried in masses of white fleecy clouds, for everything resembling snow-clad valleys at home in Canada. Here and there a blue peak stood up sentinel-like from the fleecy masses, rendering the snow illusion very realistic. It was a grand



Country Shops.