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LITTLE MEMORIES
OF A
GREAT JAUNT



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LITTLE MEMORIES
OF A
GREAT JAUNT

BEING MEMORANDA OF A TRIP
FROM TORONTO TO VANCOUVER
AND RETURN, WITH THE
CANADIAN MANUFACTURERS
ASSOCIATION IN SEPTEMBER
AND OCTOBER, NINETEEN
HUNDRED AND THREE.



PRINTED FOR PRIVATE
CIRCULATION



Toronto, November, 1903
The Monetary Times Printing Company
of Canada, Limited



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PREFATORY NOTE.

The suggestion was made, on the way home from the C. M. A. excursion, that some printed record of scenes on our trip to the Pacific and back would be welcome. Pleased with the notion, the writer put pen to paper on his return, intending to incorporate a part of the contents of "On-the-Go," our train daily, with a somewhat connected record of occurrences that might help to fix our delightful journey in the general memory. On October 20th, however, he heard of the intention of Mr. Lloyd Harris to reproduce the full series of "On-the-Go," which being done would forestall part of the intended story. He, therefore, confines his efforts to narrating what seemed to him most instructive and amusing among the many occurrences of a three weeks' Western tour, trying very hard to keep out anything statistical or otherwise wearisome.

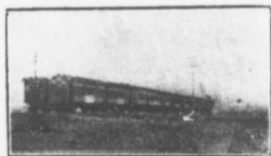
I shall be greatly pleased if these pages prove to have an interest for the other members of the excursion. As in a journey on board ship things otherwise trivial prove interesting because of the hemmed-in character of one's surroundings, so here, when we were "bound by circumstance," so to speak, the slight occurrences I have tried to notice become, perhaps, worthy of note or comment in default of graver ones.

JAMES HEDLEY.

79 St. Joseph Street, Toronto,
October, 1903.

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Toronto to Vancouver and Back Again.



THE "SEEPIAR" TRAIN

Our trip was not exactly from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It lacked a thousand miles of that magnificent distance, for we began and ended at Toronto, far away from tide-water. But the distance we traversed was great, since it is officially announced at 3,237 miles going and 3,245 returning—in all 6,482 miles, mainly by rail. Circumstances prevented our following the exact route prescribed on the return, but the distance mentioned was practically covered. And no one who has not made a similar journey can imagine its wonderful variety—rock and lake—prairie—plain—mountain, canyon, and rushing river—ocean archipelago. The incidents were as varied as the scenes. We encountered raftsman, miner, ranchman, lumberer, farmer, fisherman, Chinaman, merchant—all these came within our horizon from day to day. We were still within the boundaries of Canada; we were still under the Union Jack, with the Canadian shield, and not a man or a woman of us but felt prouder of our country, after we had seen its length and breadth, than we had ever done before

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 traveling 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 eight-score 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-

mal state of unemotional calm, as being most favorable to business-like reflection. These, clearly, I must leave, as the lady in Dean Ramsay's story did the hard-headed professor at dessert. For, when she tactfully changed from graver subjects they had been discussing to the topic of love, this North-British Gradgrind proclaimed his belief that: "Love, Madame, in the abstract may be, as you say;—." But here the lady rose and left him.

It would be most unfair, however, if I did not record the change effected by this trip in the demeanor of a number who might have been at first classed as unapproachable. Many travellers who are so described are not so at all, but merely shy. But even the quietest persons were thawed out by the perpetually bubbling and chatting good-nature all around them, and we became in a surprisingly few days, a happy family party.

On the first day or two out the landscape offered little of novelty. The long barren stretches from North Bay to Jackfish and beyond having too much the rock-and-lake character of Muskoka, with Muskoka's beauty left out of the picture. In fact a monotony of solitariness. This threw the occupants of each car upon their own resources. Quite properly the Sabbath Day was celebrated by sacred readings and songs. As we approached Winnipeg the curiosity of the party grew. Now we should see that wonder of the plains, which some of us had not seen since the insurrectionary days of 1885 and which most of us had never seen at all. Should we hear, a woman wondered,

The bells of the Roman mission,
That call from their turrets twain
To the boatman on the river,
To the hunter on the plain.

Plenty of us had come away equipped with diaries and note-books, resolved to describe each day's happenings. But it is curious how the devotion to this sort of thing wears off, even among women, when scenes change and acquaintances multiply. The play of human interest and fancy becomes absorbing, and while pencil and book may take note of fact they cannot keep pace with the interchange of thought which is the most delightful feature of friendly travel. Besides this, we saw so much, learned so much, were so often made ashamed of our ignorance of our country, that some of us resolved that to put down in note-books fragmentary items of statistics or news was a less worthy means of storing our minds than to read up when we reached home what we had so neglected. Were we not being taught all the time? And was not our journey itself tuition in an out-of-doors university—higher education on wheels? As the shrewd old travelled Yankee said to his son, who was recounting his lessons in geography: "Say, Hiram, jest you hearken to me; That's all very good, but the best way to learn geography is to go thar."

If it were not treason toward the many bright and pleasant women of the party, who were never other than sociable from first to last, I should be disposed to say that most of the fun of the trip originated in the smoking rooms. Charles Lamb—or is it Byron?—has told us something about the stimulus to invention of pleasantry which tobacco



STREET IN BRANDON

exercises. Was it not in one of the bachelor cars, Car 6, namely, that the idea of publishing a paper en route arose? Anyhow it took but a surprisingly short time to make the dim notion a fact, and on 21st of September appeared the first number of "On-the-Go," whose daily issues for a period of three weeks did so much to lighten our journey. Perhaps it was the announcement on the title page that the new family journal was "conducted by the Single-Married-Men of the C. M. A., en route to the Coast" that deterred the ladies at first from active contributions to its pages. This was to be regretted but the fault was amended later.

Some of our passengers are to this day, I am told, unaware of the method by which this unique paper, varying from two pages to four pages per

day, was produced. The business manager, Mr. J. M. Taylor, "Our Jack," as the President called him, would go through the cars soliciting and afterwards collecting manuscript "copy" for the columns of the paper, or would steal an hour from the night (since no one could catch him at it in the day) to produce some of his own, in the style and spelling that gave himself so much satisfaction and his editors so much trouble. He really did a great deal of valuable work. The editors aforesaid, Messrs. Edmonds and Hedley, would censor these proffered contributions and revise those accepted. The chief of the reportorial staff was Mr. Lloyd Harris, whose nickname of "Senator" suits him, for he comes up to Lowell's description of Zekle, who was Huldah's beau :

"He was six feet 'o man, A 1,
Clear grit an' human nater."

The newsgirls, who either volunteered or through some one's happy thought were in the closing week appointed to distribute the paper, were Mesdames Drummond, Forbes, Gray and Wright. But the most laborious tasks fell to the cartoonist, Mr. T. L. Moffatt, Jr., of Weston, and to the Messrs. Shaw, of Toronto, father and son, who actually printed the welcome little paper. Mr. Moffatt would draw his ingenious title pages and apt cartoons with a stylus on silk tissue ; and that he was able to do them so clearly with all the jostling of the moving train, indicates marked skill and patience. When completed they were transferred by the neostyle to as many successive pages as each edition required. The manuscript pages in prose or rhyme were copied on the type-writer by Mr. Roy

Shaw, word for word, and then transferred per neostyle under the superintendence of Mr. W. H. Shaw. It would not be easy to overstate the feeling of obligation felt by the projectors of "On-the-Go" toward these two gentlemen for their patience and suavity. There were others who assisted in the printing office as "devils" or co-ordinate typos and hangers-on, but these do not wish their names mentioned.

Who the contributors were I shall not say: wild horses cannot drag the secret from me. As a matter of fact, though, I do not know them all. One especially neat handwriting produced some of the best "stuff"—this I hasten to explain is the printer's term for material offered for publication. As Edmonds put it to the writer: "This stuff is delightful; it puts you and me to no trouble whatever." Such a compliment can be paid to mighty few contributors. Thackeray has told graphically, recounting his experience while in charge of a magazine, how friendships are destroyed and enemies are created by editors who refuse contributions. I confess to having had uneasy feelings, for a while on the trip, on being asked—more often by the eye than by the tongue—"Why did you not print what I wrote?" And indeed one bright little woman who seemed to me to have the very style for such a touch-and-go paper, replied to my expressed hope that she would contribute, "Well, I wrote something for the paper already but they have not put it in. So I don't feel a bit encouraged to write more." But she did, I am happy to say. The regularly printed issues, per type on common paper, of Nos. 1 and 2 were done at Winnipeg on our arrival, 1,000 copies of each, or

there about, being struck off "for fun," which means for wider circulation and wondering comment on behalf of other journals and new readers. It cost our Jack something, no doubt, in loss of sleep, et cetera, to get this done.

What did we do with ourselves on so long a day-and-night journey, I hear someone ask. According to my observation, and I was through the train often from end to end in pursuance of my temporary vocation (which was decidedly not self-conferred) the party played draughts, dominoes and cards, "bridge" apparently having the preference; they chatted, recited and sang, the occupants of two cars collecting sometimes in one for these purposes; ladies did needlework, beadwork and sketching; both men and women took notes; private calls were given and returned, also visits of a larger, more ceremonious kind took place by invitation. The men smoked a great deal. There was not much reading, the striking changes of scene and event would not permit one's attention to be long fixed on a book. Some indulged in letter-writing but the men often found it easier to dictate their letters to the Official Stenographer in Car 6.

I have mentioned ceremonious visits. The most memorable one of these, as it was described to me by some women who were present, was that on which the bachelors and single-married men of Car 7 invited the women of the party, 46 in number, to visit their car. Many of the male denizens of Cars 1 to 5 must have wondered what spirit of unrest possessed the females that day. Back and forth they marched between their residences

and the baggage-car, sometimes laughing, sometimes blushing, as they returned with armfuls of costume, more or less successfully concealed. Then they would hie *two at a time* even, to the dressing rooms to tittivate. When it is remembered that the baggage car was next the engine, and that two dining cars and a tourist car in the train had to be passed through, it will be seen that each of the dear creatures had to walk from 150 feet to 600 feet per trip! But they never flinched. In the interest of proper appearance at a social function greater fatigues than this have been borne. Assuredly, I would like to ascertain what inconsiderate person it



A SOCIAL TRAMP ON THE PRAIRIE

was who bothered the most obliging baggage-man *eleven times* in one day to find and open a certain group of trunks. But I have not been able to find out.

When the final procession of well-dressed women, stately and gay, prim and coquettish,

began to file past the smoking-room windows, cards were abandoned, drowsiness disappeared—but no man dared to follow : male chaperones were not needed. The scene in No. 6 was almost dramatic in intensity of quiet as the splendid pageant passed along its aisle. "The boys" were partly awed and partly shamed into unwonted stillness. Awed, because they had never before seen our ladies "dressed up." Shamed, because No. 7 had got the start of them and organized the first afternoon tea. Still, their mother wit flashed with its wonted quickness, and on the return of the ladies, behold an organized welcome, the bazoo-saltery-sackbut-and-tin-trumpet band performing, the remaining dwellers mounting the seats and hurrahing. The rock-bound poet of the day had written and drilled the boys into singing a stanza something like :

" Good bye, ladies, you've gone to visit Seven ;
But now you're coming back to Six,
You're coming back to Heaven."

In the interval the fair ones had been served in Car 7 with the tea, cake, candy, conversation and music, which items we are given to understand make up the usual programme of afternoon teas in the cities ; and great was the delight of matron and maid therewith. The duration of the function is the best evidence of its welcome character, for it was almost dark when the dear creatures dispersed to their homes.

As we grew better acquainted it became possible for the 166 inhabitants of Drummond town, as a wag christened our train in compliment to the excellent President of the C.M.A., to fraternize the

more easily and to effect interchanges of civility by files or in brigades, so to speak. The men in Car 3 for instance, sent each lady in the party a uniform present. The ladies quite overpaid them in courtesies, not the least prized of which was a joint note for each man, signed by every woman in the party. What other cars may have done in a similar direction I do not know.

It was not found practicable for the President or other officers, though willing enough, to pay frequent visits of ceremony to the other cars. They had plenty of fatigues without that. But, as announced more than once in the universal organ, the Czar of all the Tall Chimneys held daily court in No. 4, the Royal Car, where, surrounded by his suite, he dispensed hospitality to all comers. Shrewdly he knew what the most real attraction was, and so he always had a couple of good-looking ladies, sometimes more, seated opposite his throne. And small blame to him, for they were easily to be had. Indeed, considering the small area of the drawing-room, its constant use as a passage-way, the goodly size of the President's body—and of his warm Irish heart—and the fondness of visitors for Car 4, our perspiring Czar might have voiced the shrinking Cowper's lonely fancy that he would "Rather dwell in the midst of alarms than reign in this circumscribed place." However, his homelike plan of an entourage of women lessened the tedium of limited space.

Yet a more embarrassed man must often have been the General Secretary, Mr. Younge, though no one could get him to admit it. Housed with two assistants and a constant retinue of industrious or gassy callers in a state-room five by six; his

table littered and his shelves filled with every kind of literature from the peremptory municipal telegram asking impossible things to the individual complaint or the voluminous bundle of illustrated pamphlets, as big and beautiful as the Great Western outdoors; the atmosphere of the room kept at bronchially-trying fever pitch by lamp heat and cigar smoke, how those fellows stood it and got their work done is a marvel. Freddy Stewart we know is a Shetland pony—of some mettle, by the way—for strength, and Adair Younge does not waste his nerve force in either speech or chafing. But the trials of R. J. must have been many and he must have longed for a lodge in some vast wilderness, where labor wars and missed connections, rumors of lost bags or mislaid washing could never reach him more. But there he was, as debcnair on Sunday night as on the preceding Monday morning.

Let us now look out of doors a little. The Executive had decided, when it was found that our heavy train was losing time, to spend Sunday amid the glories of Banff instead of only the fifteen hours, 5.30 Saturday to 6.30 Sunday, laid down in the itinerary. We had lost ground on the way from Calgary to Edmonton and Strathcona, it is true, but who would have missed seeing that extraordinary country and those two remarkable towns and that most striking river. Here was another instance where the actuality far surpassed anything our minds had conjured up from description. The exhibit of local products and manufactures at Strathcona was an eye-opener. It may be mentioned, *en passant*, that while the men of the party were off

looking at real estate worth \$300 per foot front in Edmonton main street, (no pretense of minerals in it but just plain black Edmonton mud) the women were mostly examining shops and dwellings as well as wonderful collections of still more wonderful furs. Imagine seeing a pile of 7,000 marten skins in one pile at the curling rink ! And imagine silver fox and red fox skins worth from \$300 to \$700 each ! The genial Irishman who owned them and showed them to us had whole novels of North-West adventure in his face and speech, for he had followed the Mackenzie River to the Arctic Ocean.

It will be long before we forget Winnipeg—so much was there to attract the eye and win the heart ; for it was there that Sanford Evans in his address at the banquet so fascinated a group of visiting women, and it was there that we picked up Charles N. Bell, Secretary of the Manitoba Branch of the C.M.A., "that delightful and invaluable Mr. Bell," as a lady was heard to call him in his absence. But he was delightful as a raconteur, mainly because his tales of novelty and wonder are based upon a thirty years' actual residence in the prairie country as hunter, trader, scientist. And the figures he carries in his head and the opinions he expressed with such Western freedom are valuable because they describe graphically the elusive rapidity of growth in our great West and the trend of belief prevailing among its denizens. Granted that he is an enthusiast, who will blame him ? Has he not seen enough to make him an ardent believer in the greatness of his country ? It is scarcely becoming, at any rate, to belittle his conclusions unless one is able to controvert his

figures. Says a writer on the United States Civil War: "The East does not at all comprehend the passionate enthusiasm of the people of the North-West for the Mississippi. If they do not wed it annually with ring and stately ceremonial, they still love the muddy river as old Venetians did the



BELL AND HIS BABY

shining Adriatic." May not the Red River, the same which Whittier described where "out and in the river is winding the links of its long red chain"

have the same sort of fascination for the Manitoba resident ?

There was another secretary with the party, Mr. R. M. Hattie of the Nova Scotia branch. He had surprisingly little to say but seemed to have a lot to do—of his own making, largely, however. He is said not to know the meaning of the word recreation, and to have taken seriously, and as a daily text, the uncouth remonstrance of Carlyle to William Black : “ O, man, when are ye gaun to dae some wark.” We regretted to part prematurely with the conscientious Hattie, who went south and east via St. Paul, for the ladies were beginning to take an interest in him.

And then there was Major Hamilton—as the school-boys say, “ he was just great.” See him in command of the musical parade at Swift Current, hear him at Lethbridge, remember him at Port Arthur ! Dickens might have had him in mind when describing the guard of the London coach that took Tom Pinch up. “ Seventy breezy miles a day were written in his very whiskers. His manners were a canter ; his conversation a round trot. He was a fast coach upon a down-hill turnpike road—he was all pace.” But I have mentioned Lethbridge, which reminds me. When it was made known that the train stopped an hour or two here, most of us started for the Fair, where were to be seen horse races, roping of steers, and the subjugation or otherwise of bucking bronchos. It was a long way to walk, the scene appeared in that clear air a mile distant, but it was said to be two. Some of the party stopped half-way, and among the queer sights they saw was this : Two Indian ponies, one

carrying a middle-aged squaw and a baby, the other an elder squaw and a young girl; the squaws dressed in a profusion of colored cotton garments, blankets, bead and buckskin work. They came towards us and began to ask for money, holding out their fingers and making guttural noises, the elder one smiling with fun but the other one in dead earnest. She was "on the make." Not a few silver pieces did they get from the group of us who stood watching them. After many attempts by clever young Eastern men to interpret what they said, Major Hamilton came forward and soon managed to elicit that the women wanted to smoke. There were no pipes about, but cigars were instantly offered. Cigars were of no use to them, however, unless lighted, accordingly they motioned to have them lighted. And so behold the Major, lighting one cigar after another and handing it with a military bow to Minnehaha and Nokomis in turn, accompanying his presents with appropriate gestures and a great deal of language, Indian or otherwise. At last the women went off at a canter, each smoking like a furnace. I forgot to say that one of the squaws was good-looking.

It would be unfair to omit mention of what may be termed the College Yell of the party. If the idea did not originate with the Vice-President he certainly exemplified it, for time and again a hundred throats rang it out to the western air under his leadership. We had preliminary shouting drills, when sometimes the train stopped to water the engine or—a much longer operation—to water the cars. Standing on a railway truck or a commercial traveller's trunk, Mr. George would bare his brow,

raise his hand, and proceed to utter the following stanza, with pauses as marked :

The wheat that is raised in Canada—
Is the wheat of a princely land—
And the goods that are made in Canada—
Are the goods that her sons demand.
C. M. A , Hip, Hip, Hurrah!

With a lusty emphasis on "wheat" and "goods;" also on "land" and "demand." After various instructions and drillings in the required pitch and emphasis and tempo ("tempo" is good, my little daughter interjects, just here) we learned how to give these cabalistic words with striking effect. Once, when I had gone to a telegraph office across the way, I listened to the out-burst and then heard one resident ask another : "What the — are them fellers screechin' about, anyway?"

This was stentorian work, for the most part, but members of the party were capable of some really excellent singing. Mr. Gurd, of Montreal, for example, treated us to occasional patriotic and sentimental songs in excellent style. And on the last night but one, when a large number gathered in No. 6, we happily discovered a retiring young lady from Lindsay who had a sweet voice and knew well how to use it. The male quartette consisting of Messrs. Spratt, Layborn, Gartshore and Steedman favored us with some admirable selections. Mr. Spratt, indeed, is quite an uncommon singer, while Mr. Wright and Major Gartshore were at their best perhaps in Scottish songs. We felt convinced, after having coaxed one of their number, Mr. McKinlay, to give us a ballad, that the Halifax contingent contained some good musical talent.

But as we know that "On their own merits modest men are dumb," we could get from them no concerted admission of their skill. The handsomest man of their party, Mr. Henderson, we lost midway of the trip. Efforts were made to get Mr. Wildman to let himself go in a solo, but he demurred, declaring that it would shake the car too much. Recitations we had, too. I wish I could recall the name of that delightful cockney Scotchman of Vancouver who brought down the house at the smoking concert with "Jean Jamieson's Bonnet" and "The Cork Arm." Handsome McMichael, who had, we knew, a good voice, could not be got to come out of his shell. Nor was the sombre humor of Mr. Edward Gurney available in either speech or story, for he was strictly held down by his Mentor, who travelled with him.

Assuming the bashful mien and the modest language of "Parson" Waterous, I would say with respect to Banff, that I am absolutely unequal to the task of describing either the out-door wonders to be seen there or the drawing-room marvels which the advent of some of our ladies produced at the hotel. Among the greatest treats was the visit to the National Park, where we saw the family of moose and the herd of buffalo. The array of eastern dudes and millionaires setting out on donkeys was one of the sights of the day. As is said of the opposite sex in *Life among the Mormons* :

"Sum wos pretty and sum wos plain;
Sum wos youthful and sum was on the wane."

None, however, braved the fatigues of the trip with more pluck than Mr. Ramsay, whose too great confidence in his ability at the long jump resulted in a sprained ankle.

Has anything been said yet about Laggan, the station hard by that lake above the clouds, beautiful, enrapturing Louise! The great altitude—the radiant air—the earthly rainbow of color—the majestic surroundings. Ah! what power of * * * * “Say, old man, come off your perch. You’re all in a perspiration like the rest of us. Quick march into the chalet here and get some hot whiskey.” Such was the interruption by a base mercantile mind of a philosopher’s admiring contemplation of the scene—not of mine, for I had not seen the lake since 1888, for on this trip I had stuck in the mud on the upward climb, 2½ miles from the starting place and came ingloriously back. But it was mean to interrupt a poet’s reverie, all the same.

One bright and breezy day, going by boat from Vancouver to Victoria, the writer recognized, among a group of Japanese gentlemen conversing in the cabin, Hon. T. Nosse, Consul-general in Canada for the Empire of Japan, whose acquaintance he had made in Ontario. The privilege is great of conversing with this able and well-informed diplomat, who knows the East from Hong Kong to Seoul and knows America from San Francisco to Washington. But Mr. Nosse was on his vacation, and it was scarcely fair to disturb him with business talk.

A man who had happened to travel for a while with both our party and the Chambers of Commerce excursion party across the continent, remarked that the English people did not appreciate to the same degree as the C.M.A. the attentions of the Divisional Superintendents of the railway. They did not appear to see that the very presence of these import-

ant officials, absolute autocrats over tracts of 200 to 400 miles, was a tremendous compliment. But your Britisher looked upon the Superintendents with a sort of half good-natured but more or less stern tolerance. They are a fine lot of men, these heads of divisions ; we had time to observe them, for we had at least half a dozen different ones with us at various stages of the journey.

Brantford is a place in Ontario, founded in 1830, and by 1845 it had, according to W. H. Smith's GAZETTEER, four distilleries, two breweries and fourteen taverns. It was in later years much improved by the efforts of two Presbyterian divines, Revd. Messrs. Kemp and Cochrane, but its real refounding and rise in the scale of cities comes from the discovery there of a man named W. F. Cockshutt. He first told Lord Salisbury about things, and then took the opportunity to inoculate Chamberlain with the Imperial Preference idea. Of late the town seems to be very much given over to Harrises, Waterouses, Cockshutts and Watts, but as they pay good wages to the men they employ their own vagaries are but little heeded. A strong theological bent is discoverable in the latest generation of these families. This is perhaps most pronounced in Dave, who is as smooth and domesticated as a led bear.

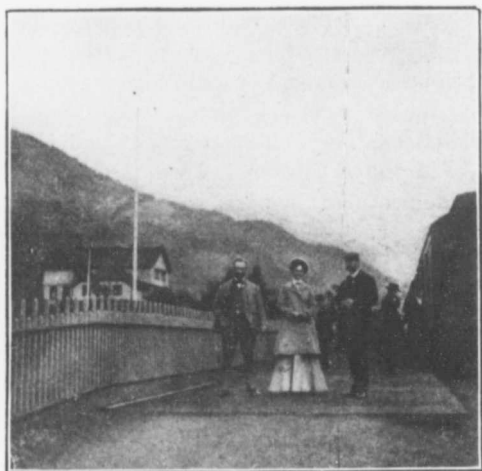
There were not many among our party who were absolutely proof against the meaning of a joke or a verbal pleasantry that was plainly meant to be ironical; but it is true that the editors were sometimes asked whether such-and-such an item found in "On-the-Go" was true. This was enough to make one ask himself, in the words of Matt.

Prior, "Odds life! must one swear to the truth of a song." Now it cannot be said that the alleged Marconigrams were true in the sense of being authentically transmitted over 5,000 or 6,000 miles of distance, but they were sometimes mighty apt.

As to the half-dozen presentations described on October 10th, I know nothing except that I have seen the parson's curry-comb. To find a parallel to the scene when Parson Waterous came through the cars with that curry-comb on his watch chain, one must go back to Sara Jeanette Duncan's story, in her "Social Departure," where Orthodocia discovers, upon the watch chain of a young fellow at a dance, the self-same shilling she had rewarded him with that morning in his capacity of landing waiter of Her Majesty's Customs. I would not be held to the statement that the paragraph headed "Trouble in the Sanctum" on 24th September, was authentic, since the editors never got, and the general manager never asked, such generous salaries as were expressed by those numerous noughts. Neither would I venture, with my limited knowledge of millinery, to say that the clever descriptions of costume Mr. Jacobs and others sometimes worked off on us were strictly accurate. To say that a Toronto lady wore "a forest belt of rocks around her waist" was trifling with even a man's intelligence, and to describe the "collar of deep coal dust lace a la train" which distinguished a Montreal lady was to take an unpardonable liberty under circumstances for which she was not to blame.

One of the prettiest places on the journey is North Bend, British Columbia, in the midst of an absolute circle of lofty green-clad mountains, the

Fraser flowing past at their bases. Here are green-houses from which flowers are sent to other dining-places of the railway en route. Twin fountains, fed from the nearest mountain, spout in front of the station, behind them are fruit trees and flowering shrubs. The station has a very home-like look and the party scattered over it like school girls and boys. One of Mr. Edmonds' snap shots illustrates this exceedingly attractive place. Half a dozen of



THREE GOOD-LOOKING PASSENGERS AT NORTH BEND

us went to visit the school house, to find therein thirty pupils of six to ten years, most of them pretty and all bright-eyed. We wrote our names in the visitors' book ; and on leaving, the lady teacher, who reads the daily papers and has a *penchant* for sport, warned the young men of the party that they

should arrange so as not to miss the lacrosse match at New Westminster this afternoon—Sept. 29th.

Residents of the various "Avenues," as the different cars were called, will remember with gratitude the men who composed the Information Committee. But every one does not know the whole seven. These gentlemen were:—Car 1, F. C. Simson of Halifax. Car 2, H. G. Smith of Dundas. Car 3, C. N. Bell of Winnipeg. Car 4, J. F. M. Stewart, *citizen of the world. Car 5, Chas. Marriott, of Paris, France. Car 6, John Westren of Toronto. Car 7, Lt.-Col. Gartshore of Hamilton. They were usually, though not always, welcome, the exceptions arising when they came to announce changes in the itinerary caused by our train having lost time, or when the Marshal, or some other person in gold-laced garb, saw fit to levy another assessment.

A sense of wonder comes over me now (this is written on the 22nd October) that the clever people who imagined the Marconigrams of a fortnight ago had not foreseen some such fiasco as this now announced whereby the Canadian pretensions in the Alaska boundary case are brought to nought. And yet, we Canucks ought to be used to "getting it in the neck" whenever the dear Old Country or her negotiators or arbiters have the disposition of our territory. Why, on a lovely September day, our party on the way from Vancouver to Victoria sailed past the once celebrated island of San Juan, which some quarter century ago was declared by the Emperor of Germany, the British arbitrator of that

*Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind
And to (our) party gave up what was meant for mankind.

occasion in a dispute about territory with Uncle Sam, to belong to the United States. This gave rise to a topical song heard by the writer in a Glasgow music hall, one verse of which ran thus :

The Emp'ror William, in his wisdom,
Had bethought him of a plan,
To run us in by arbitration
For the isle of San Juan.

With a staccato chorus of "To run us in"—"To run us in," tremendously applauded, indicating popular belief that we were being "done."

But I had begun to say something about the members of the Information Committee. The one I was most acquainted with was, naturally, Bell, for he lived in our Avenue. He was a delightful fellow, but information leaked out of him as otto of roses leaks out of the otter. That is to say, if one asked him a question he got an illustrated and probably radical lecture in reply. But we forgave him much because of his dear young daughter. Mr. Simson was not only a harmless and amiable bachelor, but a public benefactor. His official announcements were made with almost "whispered humbleness" and an air of "please don't blame me, ladies, I couldn't possibly help it, don't ye know." And then what budgets of thanks we owe him for getting out at Brandon and shooting prairie chickens enough in one day to feed 166 people. Smith of Dundas was pronounced "all right" and so was Westren of Toronto, but it was objected against Marriott of Avenue 5 that his language was foreign to his purpose. The greatest title of Gartshore to distinction was that he belonged to the celebrated vocal quartette of the equally celebrated Avenue 7. When

he arose in his car to make an announcement a great compliment was paid him : he was met by the cry, said to have been used by Charles Lamb on one occasion when a stammering man was asked by a lot of mischievous roysterers to tell a certain story. When he shyly demurred, Charles called out " Couldn't you sing it, Tom ? "

The report of Miss Mollie Glenn, of the Winnipeg Free Press, upon the views and impressions of the West held by the lady members of the party, was looked for, I am safe in saying, with decided interest. As it did not appear when expected, the copy placed in my hands in Toronto on October 15th or thereabout caused some curious comment. There was a column or more from half a dozen ladies who were nearly all nervously afraid of being " interviewed." But Miss Glenn succeeded very well in giving the general impressions of the various women she encountered. She had amplified of course, as was her right, but she did not misrepresent anyone. Mrs. Drummond, Mrs. George, Mrs. McLaughlin, Mrs. Hedley, Mrs. Hewton, Mrs. Forbes, were all reported and if the reporter did not get every one's words in their proper sequence she certainly gave a very fair synopsis of the general opinion. One paragraph of her report I subjoin as fairly expressive of the general feeling : " The train was like a large house party ; everybody was happy ; everyone full of the grandeur and vastness of the west, and many were somewhat sorry that they had not their youth again that they might begin life over in the young invigorating west."

When, on Sunday night on the north east shore of Superior, after having sung our usual hymns and

listened to sacred solos, we began to look forward to our parting, various plans of saying good-bye when we should near Toronto at 5 or 6 o'clock on Monday were made. Bed-time was a late hour for the most of us that night. Awakened on Monday morning when we should have neared Cartier, what consternation was ours to find that we were only at Chapleau, the engine having broken down during the night, on an up-grade curve! All our kindly regard for the excellent Mr. Rose, the travelling superintendent who had been with us all the trip, could not restrain exclamations of impatience and heat. Evidently "some one had blundered." When the train lost time on the way west, and made us a day behind our itinerary, we forgave much on account of the heavy weight of the train. But whoever is responsible for the motive power of the C. P. R. must be prepared to hear, and indeed ought to hear, strong satirical comment upon the inadequacy of the engines that were often supplied us. "In three weeks," said one angry man, who had a business appointment of moment in Montreal on Monday, "the people of this road should have learned what power it takes to pull this train, and should have supplied it."

Evidence of how largely the population of our new western cities and towns is made up of former residents of Eastern provinces beset us at every turn. Each observer saw in this fact proof that his own Eastern locality furnished the largest percentage. For instance, a Brantford man never tired of declaring that every town in Manitoba has Brantford folks in it—and he offered to prove it. Our Montreal contingent were constantly discovering

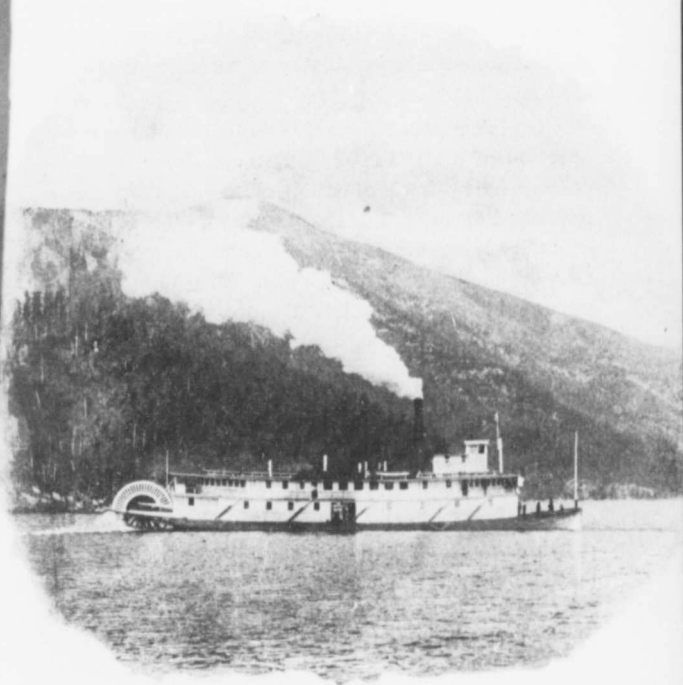
testimony of the numbers of people the province of Quebec furnished to the growing West. Going down street one day from the C.P.R. hotel in Vancouver, I met within half an hour two former members of the Toronto Granite Club, Mr. Walter Taylor and Mr. E. F. Garrow; and at Regina had an hour with Mr. James Brown, formerly of the Montreal Thistle Club; on the platform at Golden we found that unceasing traveller, Mr. John A. Wood, formerly of Guelph; at New Westminster Fair, two persons, one a former Montreal and one a Toronto acquaintance, came and addressed me by name. At Vancouver, on arrival, and again at Winnipeg, on the return, it was a great pleasure to several of us to find Charles H. Baird, for months a Western exile. It was like a bit of Toronto, transplanted, to see on the railway platform, Our Charlie, wearing his ruddy smile, and wishing he were travelling with us. In Winnipeg, time failed me to chat as one would like to do with old friends now settled there. Doubtless others of our party had similar experiences, going to establish the general rule.

The residents of places on the prairies or in the mountains, where our excursion made unofficial stops, who saw us with our blue-and-gold enamel C. M. A. badges on, seemed at first to think we were scientists, or else some queer foreign folk from the way they at first looked at us. But it was amusing to see faces change from a stolid to an interested look, when a storekeeper would dash out of his doorway with, "Why, how do you do, Mr. L.———"; or a farmer-looking man on a corner would seize one of our party and call out: "Hello,

Dave, old man, how's everything? Say, I hain't seen you sence last election down in South Waterloo." And then, introductions would follow. But manifestly the surprise of our Pacific Coast dwellers was genuine when they saw as it were sections of the down-town streets of Halifax, Montreal, Toronto, London, suddenly planted in their midst—that is to say, the frequenters of Hollis Street, of Front Street, of St. James Street were before their eyes in half-dozens. This was very noticeable in Vancouver.

Nelson will be remembered with a peculiar relish, for its reception of us was unique, as well as hearty. It is in many respects an attractive place. Above and behind the town towers Toad Mountain, in a huge cleft of which lies the Silver King mine, so long worked by the Hall Mines Co. Their travelling cable could be seen as we gazed from the wharf, stretching from the smelter nine miles away, to the mine. On a shoulder of the mountain, off to the westward, a keen eye could distinguish the buildings of the Athabasca Mine. But it was raining, and we could not go to inspect mines, even had they been nearer than these appeared to be. Numbers did go, however, to visit the smelter of the Hail Mines Company, through which they were escorted by Mr. R. R. Hedley, Mr. Campbell, or their assistants. At night the hospitable Nelson people entertained us socially, in Fraternity Hall. It would be idle to deny that our ladies felt at a disadvantage in appearing without dancing costumes in the midst of so handsomely appointed a bevy of Nelson dames and demoiselles as there assembled to meet us. But the feeling was only momentary,

so kindly was the reception. Mr. Selous and Mr. Jowett did wonders in arranging with such quickness for a totally unlooked-for condition of things--for the programme was to have been entirely differ-



OUR STEAMER (WE ARE ALL INSIDE) ON ARROW LAKE

ent, municipal in fact, had our train arrived on time. A pretty incident of this occasion was the Scotch reel, danced by a graceful woman in a crushed strawberry gown and a tall man, recently imported,

equally at home in this engaging form of lively motion. We were quite willing to believe, on leaving in the early morning, in what had been told us of the beauty of Nelson's situation. We had been full of anticipation, too, of witnessing the famed charms of the Arrow Lakes. But mist and rain prevented us. The Kootenay Lake and River showed to somewhat better advantage as the day cleared.

I think it was Edmonds who made the remark, apropos of the unexpected aptness shown by many of our party in connection with the daily paper published on the train, that there was "a good deal of ability lying around loose," and he might have added, easily trained ability. President Lincoln once said that in his belief there was no volunteer regiment in the United States service during their civil war which did not number among its strength persons able to direct any department of government, executive, judicial or legislative. And it was the opinion of General Grant, expressed in the hearing of one of his biographers, that almost every company in the army of the Mississippi could provide from its ranks for campaign purposes, bridge-builders, surveyors, engine-drivers, telegraphers, pilots, writers—so wide was the variety of occupations from which the privates had been drawn.

I question if an excursion of the kind could be more successful in a social direction. Here were six score business men residing great distances apart, some of them acquainted intimately, some distantly, many absolute strangers to each other. Yet in a week or two they became like a family.

When are we likely to find another hundred men, rivals in business, keenly jealous not to say suspicious of each other in the grinding life of counting house and factory, come together and be sociable for the best part of a month. The thing was of itself an achievement. And the fact that they brought wives and daughters with them helped to make it possible. I make this remark apart entirely from the commercial aspect of the excursion, which may, I should think, be expected to answer well its immediate purpose of making manufacturers personally known to their customers and giving them a better idea of the nature and the wants of our newer territory.

One day, the silent man of the party was found reading "The Habitant," a copy of which the President had brought along. "It is very odd," said he, "how this professional man, Dr. Drummond, is so apt at describing things and people. He fairly makes you see things." Now this, from an unimaginative person is a compliment to the author that is worth setting down. Occasionally, too seldom in fact, Mr. George E. Drummond would read for us selections from his brother's books. At Vancouver Hotel he read "Napoleon Doré."

Will it be permissible, I wonder, to submit a few specimens of "Held-over Matter" intended for the daily pages of "On-the-Go"? I find them in a light green C.M.A. envelope placed carefully away in an inside pocket. If I can get permission from my co-adjutor, Edmonds, and from the Secretary, they shall be used. I beg that no one will consider them as Tom Moore has it, fragments of

“ * * * Some banquet-hall deserted
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,”

or, look you, it is not impossible that future years may see future excursions, and daily contributions to daily papers thereat. So let no one say with Sir Toby,

“Dost thou think, because thou are virtuous,
there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Yes, by St. Anne, and ginger shall be hot
i' the mouth, too.”

I subjoin these specimens. It will be observed that there are no Marconigrams amongst them. These valuable despatches were invariably used on the day they were received.

HELD OVER MATTER FOR “ON THE GO”

TRAIN HITS

North West Mounted Police will meet all trains to avoid the possibility of the Indians confiscating any of our lady friends.

Sixth Avenue was beautifully decorated yesterday, in honor of the ladies who drove through it on their way to visit the aged-men's-home. The boys on Sixth are always up and doing something to help out the “never-weres,” but always in a spirit of friendliness. At the entrance to the Avenue, as opener of the gates, was stationed James Washington, 1st King of Africa, wearing all his war medals and his placid smile.

The residents of 5th Avenue are indebted for the handsome decorations of their thoroughfare to the Canadian Bank of Commerce and the taste and energy of its popular representative, Mr. Williams.

LOST AND FOUND COLUMN

One of the single married men, a resident of Third Avenue, writes complaining that a handsome silk hosiery mending bag, presented by a sympathetic lady, has been taken from his home. The bag is striped in green, red, white and blue. Will the finder kindly return to the editors?

SPORTS AT PERKBEG

At Perkbeg, on Thursday morning, the young men held their open-air sports, to the enjoyment of their friends. In the high jump, J. Westren won by a thread. Senator Long-fellow Harris was a close second, but could not get himself all-over-at-once. The long jump was won by Elder John Bertram, putting the shot by G. H. Muntz, who made a new record of 97 ft. $3\frac{1}{4}$ in. Mr. Muntz was presented with a handsome home-made gold medal on behalf of the citizens of the town, by Senator Harris, who in a brief speech referred to the many great men who had in ancient times been similarly honored. Mr. Hy. Wright, having been out of practice for two days, nearly took second place in this competition.

RED DEER

On arrival at Red Deer, Mr. Bob Gray met his old chum, Lawyer Carscallan. Bob suggested that Deer Roads were bad, but Cass got back by saying that they were not half so bad as those around Chatham.

LOCAL

The Daughters of the Empire Lodge 01903, presented Lt.-Col. Gartshore, who commanded the "Fair Brigade" at the review on Thursday last, with a beautiful "sword" mounted with diamonds and other precious stones. An address was made by Major Cockshutt, who at some length related the many deeds of heroism performed at Waterloo and Manitoba, the sword was then placed on the gallant soldier on behalf of the ladies by the Hon. Senator Harris, who spoke with unusual earnestness of the great care and trouble (as well as expense) of the fair ones in sending so far as India for the choicest gems of that land to be mounted on the scabbard, some of which are said to be 2,050 years old. Parson Waterous then presented the freedom of the town to the Colonel, who was much embarrassed.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

William—You are quite correct in removing the lemon from your finger bowl before taking a drink.

Mark—It is not considered good form to put on another man's overcoat when leaving the barber shop.

Milly S.—The surest way to keep pies from burning is to put the fire out before you start.

Curious—The shape has nothing to do with the number of sides there are to a bottle. We have only discovered two, the inside and the outside.

COMMUNICATED.

Soliloquy of a man on the C. M. A. excursion
who stubbornly refused to apply to the doctor :

In the woeful poet's diction,
I'm the man who's seen affliction ;
'Whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster.'
First I had a beastly pain,
And then a beastly mustard plaster.

NEW BOOKS, ETC.

The Ethics of Recreation : by Fortier, Neill & Co. Tenth edition, with an additional chapter by S. A. Jacobs, B.A., on The Dynamic Effect of Experience.—Montreal, half calf, gilt edges, \$7.50.

Philosophy for Everyday Use.—Translated from the French by F. A. Ritchie and applied to the circumstances of those who are born tired. 8vo. pamphlet, 30c.

Left-Handed Justice.—An essay by J. S. Gould.

The Sadness of Parting.—Poem by O. Rolland. The first four stanzas set to music by M. D. Ioubert. This very attractive work is to be had at present only by subscription. Apply to D. W. McLaren and A. E. Wright in Montreal.

REJECTED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Hedley & Edmonds : Butchers, Fleshers and Dry Salters ; Canners of Immature Meat ; Shearers of (poetic) Spring Lambs ; Refrigerators of Literary Hopes ; Dealers in Nutritive Meat Refuse and Fertilizers.—Nos. 3 and 5 Avenue Three, Drummond Town. Office Telephone 166, Avenue Six—side line.



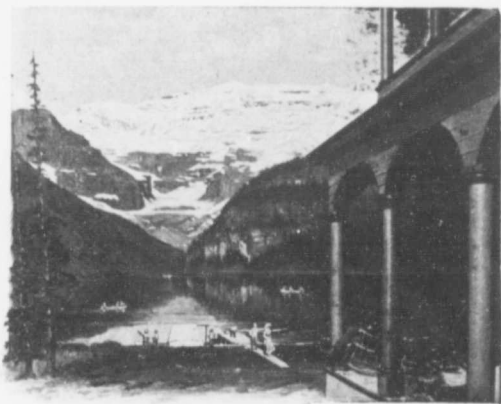
LOOK-OUT TOWER AT GLACIER

An odd little incident befell at Regina, where two ladies of the party went shopping. Attracted by some souvenir spoons which bore Canadian devices, one of the ladies looked curiously at a spoon which bore stamped upon it a representation of the Regina Court-house, and then showed it to her companion. "Here," said that lady, who has a habit of speaking her mind, "what is the meaning of this? You show on this spoon the British Territorial Court-house with a Yankee flag floating over it. Do you call that right?" The answer my wife

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got from the saleswoman was: "Well, you see, some people like them that way." But she did not explain what sort of people these were. Perhaps if Algernon Sartoris, now of Port Hope, late Lieut. and Capt. U. S. Army, had been present he might have found in this incident, especially in the saleswoman's reply, proof that there is annexation sentiment in Canada. Were these immigrants from the American North Western States, that liked to see the stars and stripes "on top" even in a joke?



THE CHALET AT LAKE LOUISE

No attempt is made in these pages to describe in any detail the vastness and variety of this transcontinental journey. Its diversity of scenic beauty, from expansive prairie to awe-inspiring mountain, has been the theme of many a better pen than mine. The Annotated Time Tables of the Canadian Pacific Railway supply minute particulars of landscapes and industrial views which have awakened

the interest of thousands during the last twenty years. And here I wish to mention as worthy of especial admiration the Time Tables of the Grand Trunk Railway, prepared for the Chambers of Commerce delegates upon the occasion of their trip around South West Ontario. A number of these were distributed to us on this trip, and nothing more admirable has ever, to my knowledge, appeared in Canada.

Any Canadian who wishes to have an adequate idea of his country should journey from ocean to ocean. I have been preaching this by voice and pen ever since I first made the journey and was impressed by it. Whether he goes in the Spring time of the year, when first greens are tender and the air is balmy, or in October, as we did, when as Hood has it :

Boughs are daily rifled
By the gusty thieves,
And the book of nature
Getteth short of leaves,

He may see visions and even dream dreams.

"Didn't we have a lot of fun?" was the salutation to me of a manufacturer on meeting a week after we reached home. He is one of those agreeable mortals who, sunny himself, expects to find, and helps to make, other people happy. Impossible to differ from his proposition, it would have been absurd to analyse the sources of our pleasure; but we could, and did, go over some of the funny scenes until our laughter attracted public attention in the street car and the proprieties had to be observed.

"I always thought bankers were grave and dignified people," a lady was heard to say on the

trip. "But there was one on our car, and he was not a bit stuck-up; he was nice, and even playful." She had never seen that same man, I venture to say,



THE GREAT DIVIDE

with his bank face and manner on, else she might have been otherwise impressed. However it is good for even Saturnine bankers to get a day off; and I contend that it is no harm for one of them to create amusement for a group of merry young women,

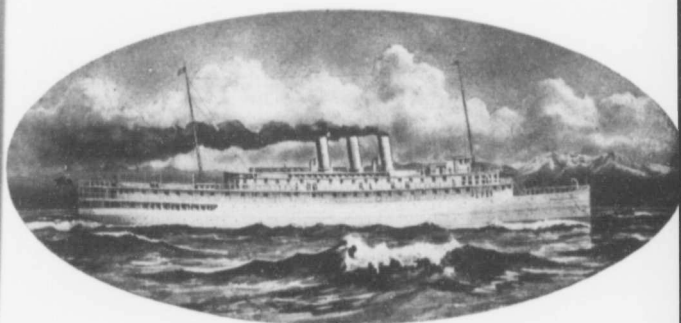
whether he finds them in Avenue 3 or in Avenue 2—and there were some in both. Some of us were reminded occasionally of the 1902 trip of the C. M. A. to the Maritime Provinces, where the ladies—two in particular—added so much to the pleasure of the journey by their sprightliness and grace. My word for it, neither Mr. Longley nor Mr. Tarte will ever forget the enchanting excursion on Halifax harbor, nor the Ontario and Nova Scotia women they met there. Mr. Munro, the then President, and Mr. Birge, an ex-President, pass when at home for sedate persons, but even they proved that each could assume, upon occasion, that

* * * the world,
Its customs and its business,
Is no concern at all of his,

and could go in for a good time. And this, speaking generally, is what we all did—and “sae will we yet,” I hope and believe.

But beyond all scenic interest, and in addition to the social benefit derivable from congenial close acquaintanceship, is the practical advantage of the trip. What he saw and learned in these twenty-four days has opened the eyes of many a manufacturer to the remarkable growth of the country. It has enabled him to see his customers and agents and to understand better their wants and needs. And beyond all, it has, I firmly believe, impressed every man of the party, having an open mind, with the future greatness of this Canada of ours.

J. H.



STEAMER " PRINCESS VICTORIA "



MONETARY TIMES PRINT, TORONTO

