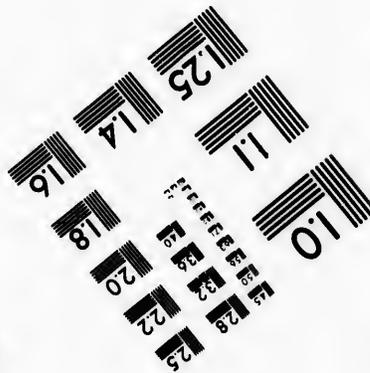
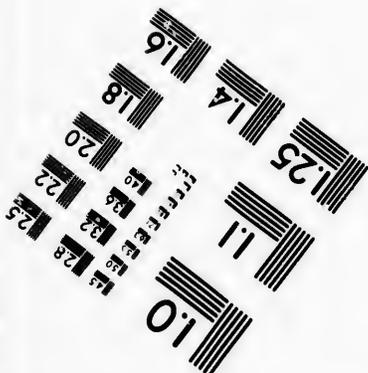
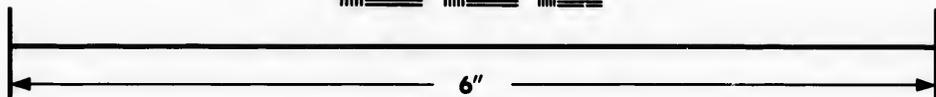
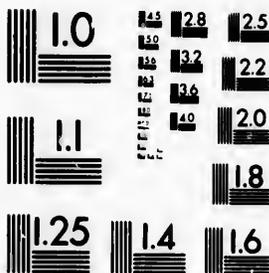


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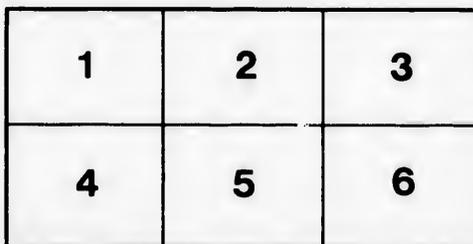
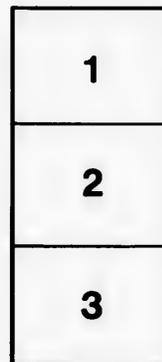
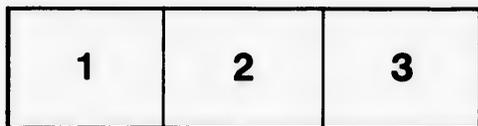
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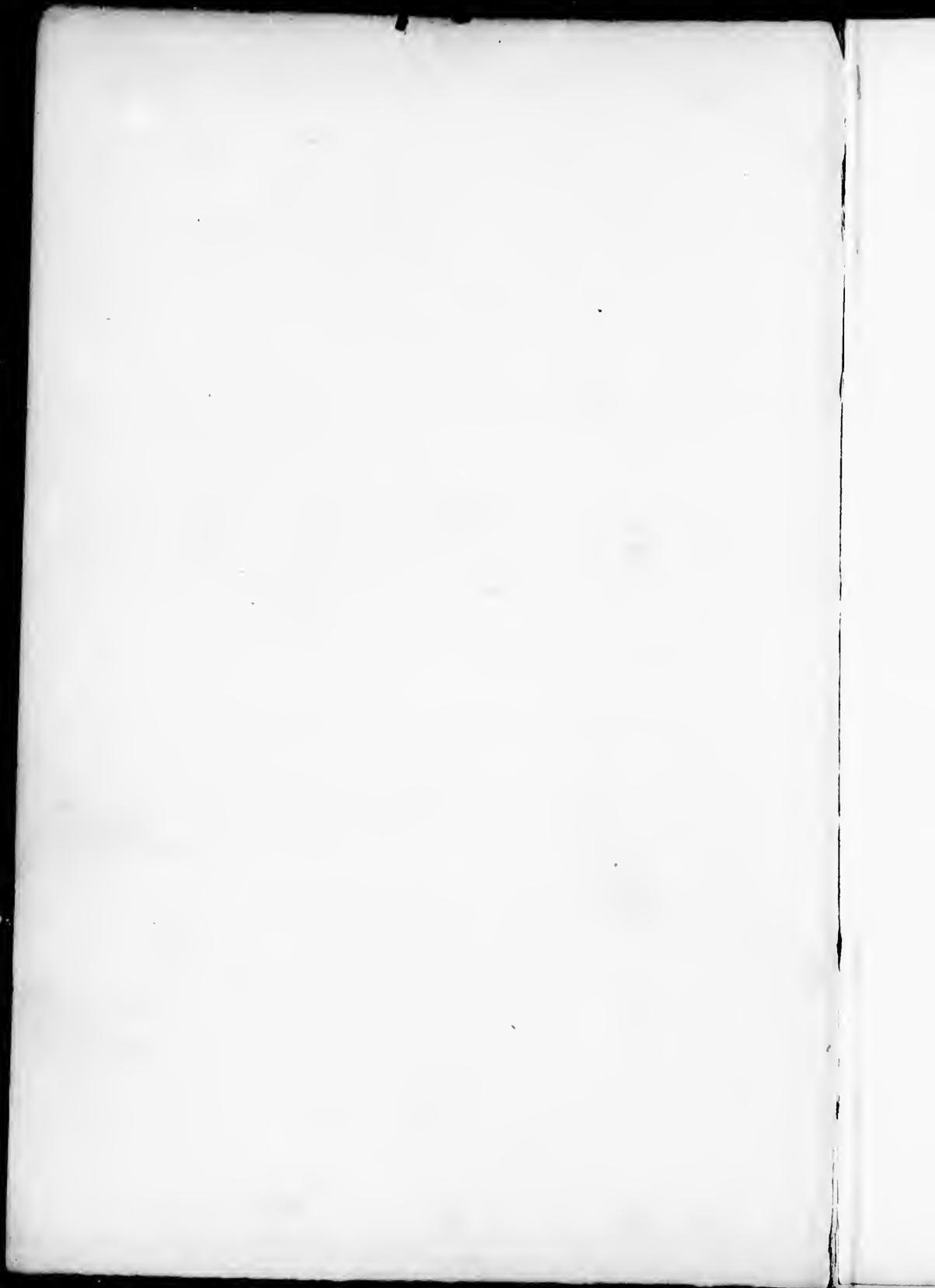
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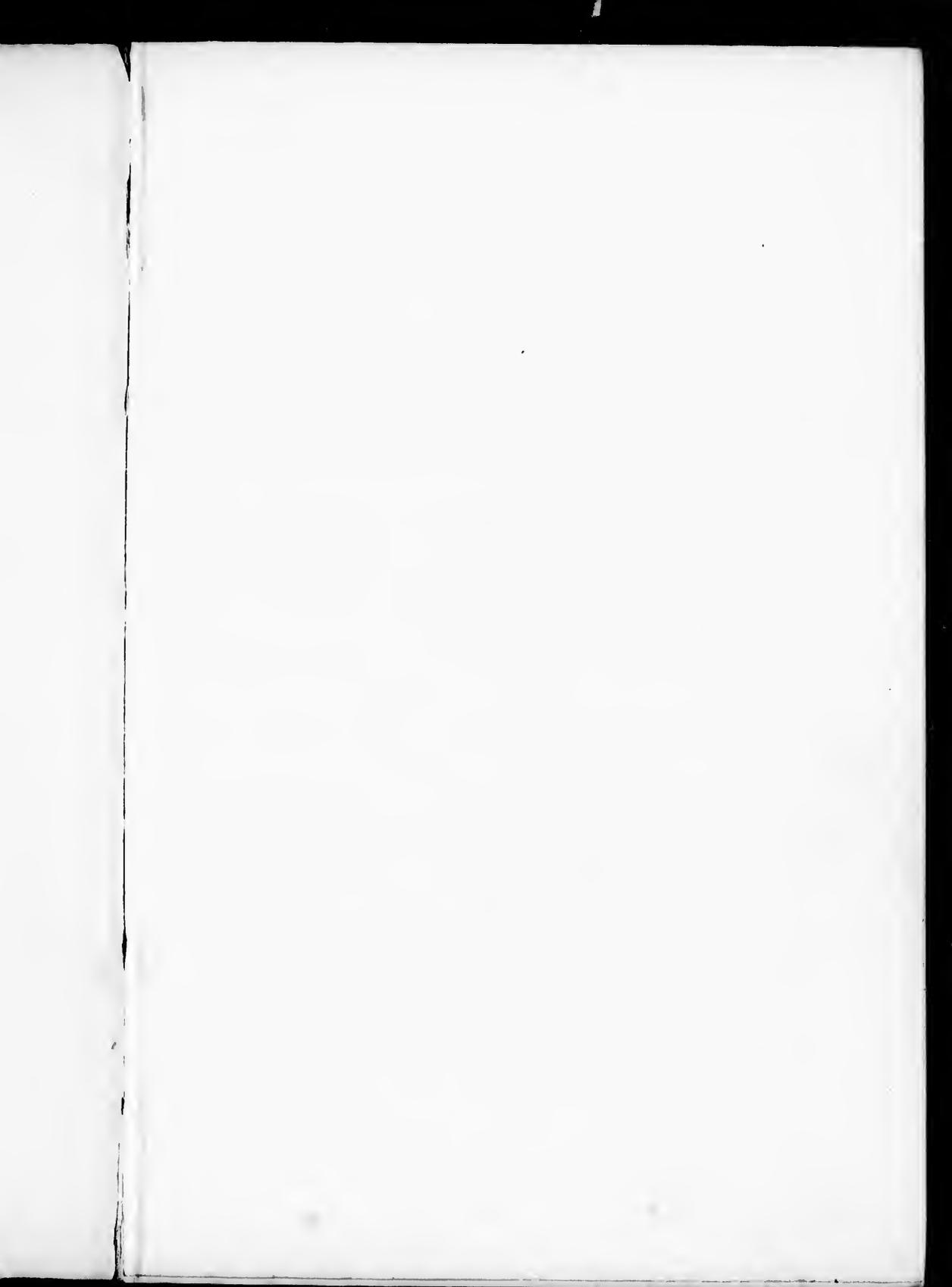
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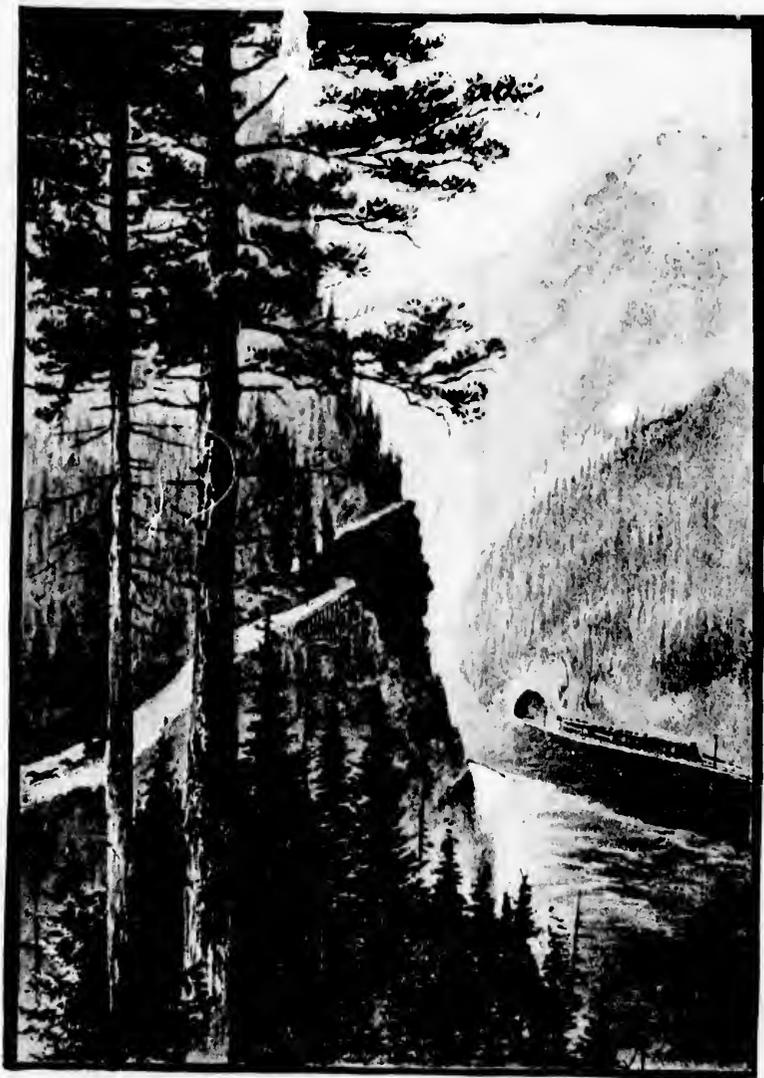
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BY TRACK AND TRAIL.

CHAPTER I.

OUTWARD BOUND.

The *Parmesian* and her Passengers.—Fine Weather at Sea.—About the Decks.—Captain Jones's Gallantries.—Captain Jones's Dignity.—Astronomy Lessons.—Varieties of Life.—Father Terry.—A Negro "Jubilee" Troupe.—A quadroon Beauty.—Mr. Selby.—Plans and Prospects.—Introductions.—The Selby Family.—The Belles of the Ship.—Emigrant Types.—Eating and Drinking.—In the Smoking-room.—Yarns and Songs.—Flirtation by Moonlight.—A Change of Scenery.—Foggy Weather.—Icebergs.—The Bears of Anticosti.—A Concert on Board.—A Love-lorn Swain.—Mr. Charles Donald.—Up the St. Lawrence.—In Port.

FIVE days out from Liverpool; fifteen hundred miles from land; a clear blue sky, flecked with slowly-moving, snow-white clouds; a sea just broken into ripples; what little wind there is, with us. It is a cheerful, an exhilarating day.

Everyone is on deck. There has been little illness on the passage, and all are well now; so we are thoroughly enjoying ourselves. Leaning against the rail on the upper deck of the crack Allan liner, the *Parmesian*, watching the groups seated about me, talking, laughing, reading, and the continual stream of walkers passing me, it is not easy to realize from appearances that but few of us are altogether on pleasure bent. An Atlantic liner heading West, especially in spring, is always full of people, the majority of whom are anxious, though generally hopeful. No question about that being the case with us.

Let me describe the passers-by. Some of them I know already; for five days at sea is quite long enough to make friends in. Oh,

yes! I know quite well with what object a number of my fellow voyagers are bound to Canada: some few for pleasure, certainly, but nine hundred out of the thousand on board are going "to better themselves;" at any rate, they hope so.

The ship heaves gently as she ploughs her way due West; there is just enough motion to make it necessary for that bright English girl to cling tightly to the young fellow who is conveying her up and down the ample deck. I had a talk with her this morning. She has never been to sea before. She is going to some place in Manitoba to visit her brother for two years, and I told her that she would not come back then, I thought; for, if she liked it, *she* could easily arrange to stay.

And her companion? Well, he says he is going out to "take up land." Asked what he is going to do with it, "Oh! farm it, of course," he replies. What has he been? In an office in London, but he is sick of such work. He is a fine manly-looking young fellow of eighteen to twenty. He means well, and his hopes run high. He tells me he purposes coming home every few years, and doesn't think he will be at all lonely out there. We shall see by and by; for I am going to find out, just to satisfy myself and a few others, what happens to such young men and maidens in the "land of promise."

After these come two others, a mother and her daughter, surely English; and they both look bright and hopeful. What are they going for? "To see my son, who is farming in Canada," the mother tells me subsequently. "Whereabouts?" I inquire. "Oh! in Muskoka." And when I say I know Muskoka, and speak in praise of its picturesqueness, she is delighted. Just as though a man could live on the picturesque in Canada!

After them Captain Jones comes gaily along, a lady on each arm, laughing, talking, and shouting with glee. For our gallant Captain is splendid company, an excellent story-teller. Sea-sick ladies forget their woes when he holds out a gold-laced arm, and they never refuse to take it. He rushes them round the deck for ten minutes, and then picks up another and another pair. And so, by and by, it is all smiles and jollity where Captain Jones has been. Yes, a most popular man is our Captain, and he knows it, revels in it. How many times he has crossed I forget, but for thirty years he has been going backwards and forwards.

"Monotonous? Not a bit of it," he says. "Most of the passengers are nice; many are capital people. There is always something new and fresh on board."

But now he is trotting two ladies around. He suddenly drops them into a seat, rushes up on to the bridge, says a word or two to the officer, and is down again, picks up another lady, and commences very decorously marching her round. Who is she? Ask the Captain, and he'll say—

"She? Oh! that's Lord Lovell's daughter."

You see, if he said simply *Miss Lovell*, we should not be so impressed with his grandeur.

Last Sunday at Church, when the saloon was full of worshippers, and two clergymen were ready to conduct the service in full canonicals, the last arrival was our resplendent Captain, glittering in blue and gold, epaulets, cockèd hat, and a real sword by his side. A way had to be made to a spot near the mizen-mast for him to perform his devotions, in earnestness I verily believe, but in the dignified style of a commander, not only of the famed *Parmesian*, but of the R.N.R. (Royal Naval Reserve).

Captain Jones is great on astronomy. From his pulpit, the bridge, he holds forth to a crowd of admiring passengers below him.

"Do you see that star? Well now, that is Sirius. It is twelve billions, seven hundred and sixty thousand, five hundred and forty millions, eight hundred and three thousand, nine hundred and thirty-two miles from this earth!"

"Oh! never mind the *two* miles, Captain dear," says a voice from under the bridge. Does that put him out? Not a bit of it; he goes over it again "pat," and explains with many learned words *how* he knows that is the distance. Then he tells the way in which he is going to use that star to verify the ship's position; and then one or two of the "nicest girls" are called up to the bridge, are allowed to look through his sextant, and he shows them, confidentially, "how it is done."

But I am wandering. After the Captain and Lord Lovell's daughter have passed me, come along a loving couple, in a sort of "come under my plaidie" style; a young man and woman. They are one of our bridal pairs, that we are *sure* of; we have several other couples in the saloon whom we *suspect*. No doubt they are congratulating themselves mightily on their, so far, successfully disguised honeymoon trip "across the Western Ocean."

After them comes another pair, a parson puffing at a briar-root and talking rapidly to another man. He is a good man, a good preacher too, and many of the young people on board are proud to say "We are going out under Mr. Murray's care."

Then follow more young people, a couple of "bonnie Highland lassies" I should say, one very pretty, one very sensible-looking. Ah! they'll both be welcomed in Calgary, on the Western Prairies, where they tell me they are going.

Now comes a couple of middle-aged men; serious, but very pleasant-looking, talking, too, in a most animated way. As they pass me I hear one say, "Thirty years in Victoria." His companion responds—"And I some twenty in New Zealand." They are evidently comparing notes.

Then follows a big jovial-looking Catholic priest. It is Father Terry. The first two or three days of the passage he spoke to no one, just walked the decks, with eyes on Breviary, but lately he has become quite sociable. With him is a tall, gaunt, happy-looking individual, who told me yesterday that he is going out in charge of "Wuifs and Strays." This gentleman is never without a cigar in his mouth. He does not smoke it though; it is consumed by the breeze, which is always prevailing on deck. For our ship is travelling at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, hence there is always "quite a breeze." But a right good man is our tall friend, the Honourable Arthur Welldon; of whom Captain Jones usually speaks as "Lord Maltavers' brother." And then more young people pass me, and then some elderly ladies; and another clergyman with, I suppose, his wife; then another bridal pair. Round and round, and up and down they go, a bright, a cheerful throng. I wonder what many of our stay-at-home friends would say, could they see us; not much suffering, so far, on our voyage.

But presently, from the saloon stairway, issues laughter and a loud voice. You can't mistake that laughter, if you have ever heard a—well—a "nigger" laugh; nor is that rich, rolling, peculiar tone possible but from "a lady of colour." Yet when the speaker steps on deck, it is a magnificent woman we behold. If she would but hold her tongue, if she would but be a little quieter when she laughs, she would be perfect. A really beautiful woman is Miss Sophia Marter. She is not black, nor has she woolly hair. In carriage, in figure, in physiognomy, in physique, and in complexion too, she is really a most striking person, and all the young white fellows seem to be of that opinion. One rushes for her chair, and one produces a rug, and another offers his arm to the charming quadron; so I follow, to see what comes of it. I find that, in the most sheltered place abaft the house, out of all wind, in the full sun, whose rays are tempered to the complexions of the group by sundry parasols and sunshades, is a bevy of "Bredren"; black

mostly, very black some are, a few "yellow people," but all surrounded and waited on by the young white men.

Our engaging friends are a "Jubilee troupe" going home, and are the most interesting to look at, the most noisy, and apparently the happiest people on board. The biggest and blackest of the party is the leader. A very great swell he is, no doubt. He sits in the midst of his troupe like a Grand Turk in his harem, and is fed with choice sandwiches, with soft and cooling drinks, with dainty fruits and confections. So, altogether, he is having such a grand time of it that there is no wonder he still feels—

"De rockin' of de ship, which causes me some nawshea, sah!"

I guess that "nawshea" will last out the passage! Farther aft, there is one group of "young men and maidens" playing shuffle board, and another rope quoits; and always there is a procession walking up and down, round and round the deck.

Now I take my seat beside a man with whom I have become quite friendly since I came on board. He makes room for me as I light my pipe, and says—

"Let us go on with what we were talking about a while ago. You have had some experience of both North America and Australia, and I expect you have known a good many such cases as mine. Do you really think my plan is good? Or do you believe it would have been wiser if I had realized all my property in England and had brought it out now, and had decided to settle down at once for good and all when we get to Canada. This trip will cost me quite £400. I am not rich, and yet I confess that I have not, from the beginning, felt enough certainty of our liking the country, to determine finally. I had rather 'look before I leap.'"

To which I make answer—

"I think you are doing wisely. This outlay is a good investment; for if, in the end, you *do* decide to settle in Canada, you will thus have gained such a knowledge of the country that you will be able to say certainly, *here* I should like to live, and *there* I would not. For Canada is such a big country, there is such a great variety in the different parts too. I have known many instances in which people with some means have gone out to a certain part, whither interested persons at home have recommended them, and there have settled, knowing only the one place. Almost invariably they have been disappointed and have mostly come to grief. I have always advised anyone contemplating such a move as yours, with or without means, to settle nothing absolutely at home, nor until they have been some time in the country. One who has means, like you, can move about

and 'prospect.' He who has not, can as well get employment in one place as another. I say, let either look about, and only take up land and really settle down when he is sure that he has found the place to suit him; and even a few months residence in the country will help him to decide. Certainly, I think you are doing a very wise thing."

Then he goes on—"And I have to think of the likes and dislikes of the girls too. Tom was enthusiastic, and would long since have had me sell all my property at home, and write out to Canada to buy land and have a house built ready for us. If I had done that, we should now be going to settle in the Great North-West, without knowing more about it than steamship and railroad companies publish in their pamphlets, and land agents advertise for our information."

"True enough," I rejoined; "admitting that most of what we read in such publications is true, there is as much equally true which is not found in them, and which only hard experience can teach. But really, the greater part of the troubles and disappointments which surround new settlers, especially those who go with a little money, could be avoided, if they would not be in such a hurry to buy land and settle. It is so in Ontario, which province I know well, and I do not doubt that in the North-West Territory and in British Columbia we shall find the same fact holds good."

And then, for a little while, we wandered off into recitals of incidents and adventures of the past. He had lived a life of quiet retirement in an English country town, and I have lived a somewhat roving life in various lands, so that each was able to interest the other. But now his two daughters ceased their walk and joined us. I must describe these good people, shortly, for their story is interwoven closely with what I have to tell. They added greatly to the pleasure and interest of my journey, and I flatter myself that what experience I had had in the past, helped a little to the happy settlement which we all think now will result from our trip.

Mr. Selby is a thorough Englishman, somewhat over fifty. He is yet as hale and hearty as most younger men. He has passed his life in a provincial town, where he appears to have hitherto held a partnership in some manufacturing business, where very little more was required of him than to receive an income, moderate, but enough to keep him and his in all the refinements, if not the luxuries, of life. But now, from what I can make out, his connection with this business has to be given up; I don't know why, but so it is. He has

to retire from the business with some few thousands, not enough, he thinks, to keep up the style they have been used to. And so, having had an idea for many years that he would like to emigrate, he is now—very sensibly, I think—on his way to see what Canada is like before deciding whether to reduce expenses at home or to begin life over again in a new country. He appears to be a very genial, open-hearted man, full of information, a great reader, has much love for nature and for natural history and country pursuits generally, talks of being a fair shot, enjoys a walk and a talk, and is a very pleasant companion. Most of the young fellows on board seem to like him as well as the elders do, which means much. He tells me his wife died some years ago; since then his daughter Maud has been housekeeper. Maggie, the younger girl, has left school only two or three years. Both of them are just as good examples of English girls as could be found.

Maud, the elder, is about twenty-four, tall and fair, with clear grey, truthful eyes. You cannot call her beautiful, and yet her expression of good nature and good sense makes hers a pleasant face to look upon. Her easy walk and carriage, the pose of her head, the action of her hands, and, beyond all, her voice, mark her as the young gentlewoman.

Maggie is the beauty, so her father and sister think. I'm sure, too, judging by the attention she receives, and the heads that turn as she passes, most people agree with them. I know I do. I don't pretend to be able to describe her. If you can fancy Millais' "Little Red Riding Hood" grown up, I think you have her portrait. She is shorter than her sister, and of a merrier disposition. Her pretty mouth is generally curved in smiles, and her eyes respond to every touch of oddity or comicality which passes before them. She also has the clear and bell-like voice which marks her sister. No slang does either permit herself, and yet they are both first-rate and amusing talkers.

When these two charming girls joined us, they were not alone. Two or three of the young men accompanied them, and the talk became general. Then the son, Tom Selby, came up, and when I have said a few words about him, the family portraits will be complete.

Tom is, I know, just twenty-one, a tall, good-looking, blue-eyed fellow. He wears close-cut curly brown hair, and a short moustache. He is very quiet-mannered, and is not ashamed to walk arm-in-arm with his father, as I had often seen him do, nor to trot his sisters round, with evident enjoyment, too; rather a rare trait in many young Englishmen of to-day, I grieve to see. I have a notion Tom

is rather troubled with want of decision of character, but it is hardly fair to judge him yet. As we journey on, I shall perhaps think differently. Just now he strikes me as being like a certain prominent politician, possessed of "an open mind." I'm sure he has great capabilities, and already I like him well.

After a little, Tom and I walk to the end of our promenade, and looking aft over the steerage we see there every space covered with human beings, who are mostly "resting." On a hatchway, fenced round with rope like a prize-ring, are twenty or thirty young girls attired alike in blue dresses and scarlet woollen hoods, with a lady in charge of them. Very pretty and very proper they all look. They are orphans, or "rescued" waifs, and are being taken out to be "settled." Near them is a mixed group with an accordion, singing and beating time; "Salvation Army" people, I hear. Here and there a few men are playing cards, and groups of parents and children, parties of young and old, are everywhere. From the East End of London, I should say, most of them are, and as many of them are continually eating, it is very amusing to watch them. I suppose the majority have never had so good a time before, plenty of food, plenty of fresh air, and, for all the steady ones at any rate, the best of prospects ahead.

I was upon deck this morning about six, when to hear the racket in that part of the ship was very funny. One fellow was shouting "Water-creases!" another "Fish alive, oh!" and many other of the various street cries so familiar at home were to be heard. One was repeating in the solemn, hoarse tones of the gutter huckster, "Ownly a penny—ownly a penny; a cock and a hen in a box," &c., &c. Certainly he was not a new hand at that performance.

At the other end of our promenade, we overlook the intermediate and second-class passengers. Here, barring the room to move about, is the same sort of thing going on as among us saloon people—singing, flirting, spooning.

But now a bell rings, a very welcome sound. It is first bell for dinner, and we are glad, for we are always hungry, and our seven meals a day are always well attended.

"Seven meals!" you exclaim. Well, yes: for at 7 a.m. coffee and tea is to be had, biscuits, and bread and butter too, and some make as hearty a breakfast then as plenty do ashore. Then, at 8.30, the regular breakfast is served, and a good one it is. Everything, from fruit and porridge up to the most elaborate breakfast dishes. At 1 p.m. we have luncheon, usually two kinds of soup, and a great variety of cold dishes, and at 4 there is afternoon tea and

cakes for all who wish it. At 6 there is dinner, and after that tea again; and up to 10 you can order what you please, and it is just astonishing the quantity of poached eggs, sardines on toast, Welsh rarebits, hot lemonade, &c., those poor stewards have to worry with until 11 p.m., when lights are put out in the saloon.

But the bell rings for dinner, and we are not ashamed to hasten down and take our seats; and then, for nearly an hour, there is a rattle and a clatter, and a very lively time for all, the stewards especially.

What do we have for dinner, you perhaps ask. Everything that is good, and generally a magnificent appetite, for, you understand, we are having a splendid passage. It is not always thus, alas!

After dinner, more walking and smoking, and talking and flirting, and, of course, a good deal of spooning; for anyway the night is cool and rugs are very comfortable, and one good big one is plenty for two, you know.

And then I pay a visit to the smoking-room, where are gathered a company of men who generally pass their time talking. A few play whist, but there is nothing, on the Allan steamers, at any rate, worthy to be called gambling.

It is surprising what an interesting lot of people one meets in the smoking-room. Assembled this evening are some fourteen or fifteen men at least, a dozen of whom are old travellers. Here is one who has been for thirty years in Victoria, Vancouver's Island, a most interesting and intelligent man, and he tells us much that is new about the place we hope ere long to see. By his side is one who has been in the Hudson Bay Company's service, and who is returning now from the first six months' leave, after having been for twenty-one years at one of the Company's factories in the far north. During that time he had rarely seen a white man, only once a year, at any rate. He tells me of his life up there, and speaks of his wife and children, and I say—

"Your wife must find it very dull."

And he replies, "Oh, she has her children, and she has got used to it."

But when he leaves his seat to get a light, my neighbour whispers, "Squaw!"

I say, "What do you mean?"

And he replies, "Why, his wife is a squaw—an Indian. Don't you understand?"

"Oh, I see!" I remark in astonishment. Yet he seems a man of breeding, is well read and quite civilized.

Farther on sits a fine young Scotchman, "a rancher" in Alberta. He, too, tells me much about that part. He has two sisters on board, who are going to spend a year or so with him in his distant home. They will be welcomed there, for white girls are scarce in the far North-West.

Then there is the Colonel, a rare good sort; he is simply going on a trip for change of air and scene. His duties lie in a part of the United Kingdom where the work is most trying, and he thinks a three months' tour in Canada will be a rest. A very quiet man, he smokes vast quantities of tobacco, never speaks on politics; but when, as is rarely the case in the smoke-room, "Home Rule" is mentioned, only to be scoffed at as a piece of folly which no one who knows the world believes in for a moment, and, as is sometimes the case, a witty or a wise remark is made anent it, then you will see the colonel's eyes sparkle, and may feel quite assured as to what *his* views are. Another man is going to Japan. He has been often backwards and forwards by various routes, and now is trying this one; and he says that if the accommodation is anything like what the advertisements promise, this way through Canada will be a favourite one to the Far East.

Here is an Englishman who was in Canada some twenty years ago. He speaks of things out there in a way that makes Canadians laugh, he having no idea how they have gone ahead there since the National Policy has been the order of the day. Then one of the party who is declared to be a good singer is urged to tune up. His friends warn us to desist, though admitting he can do it well. Therefore, of course, we urge him all the more, until at last he starts this very doleful ditty—

One blew-bottell sat on a milestone,
Tew blew-bottells sat on a milestone.
Three, &c.
One blew-bottell flew off the milestone,
Tew blew-bottells flew off the milestone—

and so on *ad lib.*

This exasperating song he keeps going in spite of everything, threats included, till we are all driven out of the room on deck.

All the time Mr. Selby has been with us, drinking in information. He tells me, by and by, that it seems very hard to judge, from what he hears, which is the best part of Canada to live in, what is the best business to engage in, and what will be best, generally speaking, for him to do. I tell him nothing could be wiser than just what he *is* doing, going to look about for himself, and so form

his own judgment. Then, when later on we are taking a last look round on deck, we still hear many a gay exclamation and happy laugh, for all the cosy corners are still occupied, and all the young people appear to be enjoying the glorious moonlight.

I take a short walk with one of my young lady acquaintances.

"Well, how do you like it?" I inquire.

"Oh, it's splendid! Why, I have always dreaded the sea, and I find it most delightful. The only drawback is, it will be so soon over. We are more than half-way across already, and to-morrow the Captain says we shall be near the Banks, and the land should be in sight next day. I wish it could last a month."

"Well," said I, "let us hope you will be able to say the same to-morrow night. It is very enjoyable now, I don't deny; but wait. We have a good way to go yet, you know."

"What do you mean? Is there any danger?"

"Danger! Oh, no; but if all be well, you and I will have a walk to-morrow night, and I hope it may be as fine as it is now."

And then to bed, "rocked in the cradle of the deep."

I awoke about six next morning. It was very quiet, and one could but just detect the motion of the screw, so easily does the *Parmesian* travel. But for the rushing of the water past her side, it would have been very hard to tell we were moving. And so, as I lay half awake, I heard for the first time that voyage a most unearthly roar on deck. The fog-horn—alas! I knew it well. In another minute again it bellowed forth, and the engines stopped. Then the electric bells began to sound for the stewards, and the fact was made known below that there was dense fog all round us.

Being an old stager, I knew I could do no better than remain where I was, and trust for safety. However, I know several men went on deck, but they soon gladly came below again.

All that day we were enveloped in a dense wet fog. The routine of the ship went on as usual, while every minute the dread fog-horn yelled. There was no pleasure in being on deck, and nothing to be done but to wander from saloon to music-room, from there to smoke-room, and back again. At night it was the same. But when I awoke next morning the fog-horn was still. I went on deck, and found there was a partial clearance. We were on the "Flemish Cap," and going ahead full speed. Shortly after, we passed close to a fishing schooner at anchor. She had a number of small boats down, and the men in them were catching halibut in fine style; and then we saw some ice. It cleared up more and more, and by the time breakfast was over, and all had gathered once again on deck,

hoping for a bright day, we were surrounded by fifty or sixty bergs. Till noon it was a brilliant enough sight; but then the fog shut down on us once more, the fog-horn howled again, and the engines were stopped dead. It was a dry fog this time, however, and a few feet up it was still a brilliant day; for we could see the sun shining brightly on our mast-heads.

Father Terry, walking disconsolately up and down the deck, remarked to me he hoped at any rate it would be clear when we passed Anticosti, for, said he—

“A friend of mine, passing there lately, saw two bears come down for a drink, and I would like to see that same meself.”

“Oh, then, bears drink sea-water in Anticosti, do they?”

“Faith, then, I don’t know,” he said, “but that’s what me friend tould me.”

“Travellers see strange sights indeed,” said I.

This night a concert had been got up, and, in spite of outside troubles, it was a great success. We had some very good music from the Jubilee singers. The mail agent recited “There was a sound of revelry by night,” with a fine old brogue. Miss Selby gave us one or two beautiful songs, and so did pretty Maggie. But our “Blew Bottell” friend came out in grand style, and fairly brought down the house. I heard it was an original composition he sung; anyway, I had not heard it before. To the tune of “In the Gloaming,” he sang, with a very charming voice, the words—

On the steamer, O my darling, when the fog-horn screams and blows,
And the steward’s gentle footstep softly comes and softly goes,
When the passengers are groaning in the midst of pain and woe,
Will you think of me and love me, as you did not long ago?
In the cabin, O my darling, think not bitterly of me,
Tho’ I rushed away and left you, in the middle of your tea:
I was seized with sudden longing just to gaze upon the sea,
It was best to leave you thus, dear, best for you and best for me.

When he finished, the applause was so enthusiastic that it brought in the Captain from the bridge, who, in oil-skins and sou’-wester, gave us a few hearty words, and then skipped upon deck again. Result, some £10 for the Liverpool Sailors’ Orphanage.

Next noon we found we had made but a very few miles, and my fair friend of an evening or two before said to me—

“I wish we were there.”

The next day it was no better, and the grumbling about that ship’s decks was amazing. One would have thought it was the *Parmesian’s* fault, or at any rate the Allans’, or the Captain’s. All deck-walking

amongst the younger people had ceased, and there was no cosy dry corner to be found, for the dry fog had turned to a wet and very cold one. The fun and the flirtations had to be confined to the saloon, or to the music-room, and did not appear to answer. The smoking-room was always full, and whenever the fog-horn was longer than usual in howling, someone went outside to take a look, and so hour after hour wore on.

Don't suppose, however, that everyone is miserable, that all our passengers are in a hurry to get ashore; not a bit of it. I was walking this morning with a youth who confided to me that *he* could go on sailing thus for ever.

I may as well explain here, that I was tolerably sure this young man was so confiding to *me* because he saw that I was very much in Mr. Selby's society, and that I appeared to be on very friendly terms with his daughters. It was already "Maud" and "Maggie" between us. For, amongst other queer coincidences which have happened to me time and again, one of the queerest was that, a couple of days ago, Mr. Selby discovered that I was related to him; a long way off, no doubt, but still, as he chose to recognize it, I did not object to accepting the position, for I foresaw that, with such a genial, pleasant family, I might look for much pleasant intercourse on our journey across to the Pacific.

This young fellow with whom I was talking is named Charles Donald, and, from the first day on board, it was quite clear he had been mightily struck with Maggie Selby. Every day since, and every evening too, he has been her close attendant. Wet or dry, fog or fair, there is Master Charlie on the look-out, hanging about the saloon stairway if she is below, or watching a chance to get beside her if she is already on deck. A very good-looking fellow is this Charlie. Maggie does not appear at all indisposed to accept his attentions, and there is no wonder that he should incline to a pretty girl like her. He, however, is really in downright earnest, one can but see *that*. Maggie, I think, treats it as a joke merely. As a consequence of all this, he has shown me more than once that he would like to talk to me in a confidential way, and now this romantic touch about "sailing thus for ever" breaks the ice, and I let him talk. It all comes to this; he is head over ears in love, &c. &c. Well, I show myself to be very sympathetic, though I hope I talk sensibly to him, for I don't believe it is a bit of use going dead against young people when they think they are in love. Of course I reason with him, and I talk of ways and means, and, before long, find him admitting the absurdity of his thinking of such a thing.

For, mark you, this young man is going out to join one Jack Hardy, who, he tells me, has got a quarter-section of land somewhere near Broadview, on the Prairies, where he is living by himself. He, Charlie Donald, is taking out a couple of hundred pounds to join his friend and to buy stock, and those two are going to live together there and farm. This is all the prospect he has in life, not a bad one for him alone, doubtless. But to ask a girl like Maggie Selby to join him at it! "Oh, yes," he says, "of course it *is* absurd," and I perfectly agree with him. He remarks next that he has often heard of men making quite a splendid home in America in a very short time, and that sort of thing. To which I can only demur, with—

"Wait, my boy, wait; you don't know what you are talking about. I think I *do*. I propose staying some days in or near Broadview before long, and I'll come and see you; then you can tell me what you think about it all."

No doubt this good fellow sees the sense of what I say, but he talks to me about it whenever he has the chance. I like him immensely; yet I hope he does not think that I am likely to help him urge his suit, or that I am foolish enough to persuade Maggie or any other girl to listen to him, for the present.

However, the next day, at noon, the fog suddenly rolled away, and we had it clear and bright right up to the end of the voyage. We had some hours in field ice off Gaspé, a weird enough experience. We saw Anticosti, but Father Terry was not in luck with bears. We saw white whales and right whales in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and, generally, we had a very good and enjoyable trip up the river. Then, on a beautiful morning, the eleventh day from Liverpool, we arrived, and were made fast alongside the wharf at Point Levis, opposite Quebec.

It is just astonishing how friendly we had got in eleven days, how anxious we all were to help each other, how sorry to part. I don't mean merely our own party, myself and the Selbys, and Charlie Donald—it would have been natural enough for us—but people to whom one had hardly spoken during the passage were now on quite friendly, almost loving, terms with us and everybody else, and partings were quite touching. And I, who have made this passage often before, and am quite at home in Canada, find myself greatly in request.

CHAPTER II.

QUEBEC AND MONTREAL.

Getting Ashore.—First Troubles.—The Baggage Difficulty.—A Friend in Need.—A Quebec "Bus."—The St. Martin's Hotel.—Our Reception.—The "gentlemanly" Clerk.—Sky Parlours.—Amply provided with every necessary.—Remonstrances.—An "elegant" Dinner *à la Parisienne*.—Famished Travellers.—My Toilet Glass.—Paternal Cares.—A Detrimental.—Conversation thereon.—The Colonel's Dessert-spoon.—Seeing Quebec.—More Omnibus Experience.—Off to Montreal, and glad to go.—"Canadian Minstrels."—Better Quarters.—Disgraceful Roadways.—An enlightened Irish Boot-black. Strange Arguments for Home Rule.—Montreal and its People.—The young Couple in Disgrace.—A "Colonial Sleeper."—Master Charlie pucked off.

Of all the bad management it has ever been my lot to witness, I think what I saw that day at Point Levis and Quebec beats all. It appeared that the Grand Trunk Railway, the G. T. R., starts from Point Levis, whilst the Canadian Pacific Railway, the C. P. R., does so from Quebec across the river. So the trouble was to divide the luggage (which now became "baggage") properly, and, after that was done, there came the Customs to pass, and that *was* a teaser to many.

It is true, all packages were addressed by order, and we had been furnished with conspicuous labels to put on them, stating by which route we were going. Yet it seemed as if none of those handling the goods could read; for they paid no attention at all to either labels or addresses. Most of these men were French Canadians, or Irish, and a horrid mess they had made of things ten minutes after the hatches were off and the donkey engine had begun hoisting from the hold.

Miss — Liverpool, I will call her, for she hailed from there, came to me in great trouble. She had "heaps" of baggage. Men from the shore and men on the ship were hauling and shoving things about, speaking to her an unknown tongue. Some of her goods were being loaded into a tender on one side, and other articles were being dumped on the wharf on the other. No one appeared to be in

much authority, and she could not make anyone attend to her. I did my best to help her, but with small success. By and by she told me she had a letter of introduction to a man there, who, she had been assured, could help her greatly out of just such a fix as this. She showed me the letter. It was addressed to a person named Moran, but then it was impossible for her to leave the spot to find him. Just at that moment a very strange thing happened, for, as I read the name Moran in the letter, I heard some of the labourers shouting it out, and he who seemed to respond appeared to be in some kind of authority. He was certainly a rough-looking customer enough; but old experience has taught me not to think too much of appearances in Canada, and in other lands as well. So, when I told her I dared say that might be the man, she was afraid to speak to him. But I, hoping to do her a good turn, got near, and asked him if he knew this lady's friend. He said he did, and then I made him come and speak to her. He came, he read his letter, shook hands with her and with me, and in five minutes all her troubles ceased. Said he at parting, "And when you get across to the C. P. R. just mention my name to M. Morrison, and he will put you through."

Then I and my friends crossed in the ferry to Quebec, where all was in equal confusion. Heaps upon heaps of baggage; crowds of emigrants perched all over it; a string of hundreds waiting to get up to the ticket office to have their coupons stamped; a broiling hot day; people talking and arguing; babies crying; English, Scotch, Irish, German, and French jabbering at once; and the only man in uniform present a policeman, who kept shouting out, "I tell yez to be *quite*, an it 'll all come right." No doubt to strangers it was a terrible time. All the confusion could have been easily avoided by a very little system, and at the expense of a few uniform caps, or badges, to show the people who were connected with the railway.

We were naturally anxious to escape from the wretched turmoil too, but where was *our* baggage? Amongst the packages piled around we had a hard time to discover it, and when found what were we to do with it? Tired, hungry, hot, and dusty, we were on the point of leaving it to its fate, for as it was all addressed we knew it would be safe, when it occurred to me to ask for Morrison. I found him, and this is what occurred—

"What's the trouble?" he asked, and I told him.

"That all! Come on. Where are you going? Here, I'll check it for you. Customs House officer! Oh, well—do you *want* to see him?"

"Certainly not; but we thought ——"

"Oh, we don't mind those fellows here. Here are your checks. Off you go! So-long! Glad to have been of use to you."

Thus, in about ten minutes, with a shake of the hand, I was off with my friends, and *that* trouble was past.

Don't tell me that letters of introduction are useless. Why, Miss Liverpool's letter saved us all hours of worry.

Then we got into the Hotel 'bus, which was waiting—and oh, that 'bus! It was not my first experience of such a vehicle, nor my first drive along an American road, but my friends had not tried either before. Such a rattle and jerk with which we started; such ruts and gullies which we were galloped through; such logs and rubbish we were hurried over; such springs and seats, such dirt and dust, and heat and snow! We were quickly into the city though, a quaint old-world place enough; and then, in a few minutes more, we drew up at the St. Martin's Hotel.

Before we got there though, a man stepped from the road on to the back of the 'bus, and put his hand in at the back of the window, and said —

"Fares, fifty cents."

Said I, "My fine fellow, who are you?"

To which he politely replied—

"It don't make no odds who I am; pay your fare—fifty cents!"

I asked the people at the hotel afterwards if this was all right. They told me that it was, and that the man was "Bill." A queer country! My friends were finding it to be so already.

"But, gentlemen," said the "gentleman" who drove the 'bus, "won't you walk right into the Rotunda and register? I guess there ain't no time to lose."

With much trepidation we entered. We had heard so much of this hotel, all the way from Liverpool, that we were agreeably surprised to find it was not so "awfully" grand after all. In fact, the Rotunda was just an ordinary, circular room, paved with marble, and of no great size. Then we "registered."

The clerk condescended to turn the book round to us, but he spoke not. The Colonel wrote his name and address in it first, then I did, then Mr. Selby and his family, then Father Terry; about a dozen of us altogether. When we had done—

"From Eurrop?" said the clerk.

"From England—yes," we replied.

"From Eurrop?" he repeated interrogatively; so we admitted the offence. Then calmly and very slowly, and with much examination

of a chart which hung behind him, he put figures to each of our names. When this was done, he struck a bell, and, looking up to the ceiling, waited in dignified repose till a man came. He turned the book to this person, pointed gracefully to the row of figures, then picked up a newspaper and a half-consumed cigar, which he lit. Finally, he turned his back to us, sat down, and resumed his original occupation of smoking and reading the news.

Father Terry said, "Be Japers!"

The Colonel—well, his moustache fairly curled up with scorn, and he said—"My fine boy, if I had ye in Skibbereen, but I'd show ye!" However, he said this *sotto voce*, mind you, for we had an idea this dandy clerk had not sprung far from County Cork. Such was our welcome to Canada!

"My friends," said I, "I'm almost a Canadian, let *me* welcome you. Quebec is not the whole of Canada, neither is the St. Martin's the only hotel in it. But it will do for one night."

And that sleek clerk did not move a hair, but calmly smoked on and read the news.

"Porter, show us to our rooms!" we said in dudgeon. Then the porter took us up, up, up, and the higher we went the more "wrathy" we got, especially the Colonel.

On the topmost floor of all, the porter unlocked some rooms. I went into but one, it was mine; and it was enough. There was a window, but not a blind; there was a floor but not a carpet; there was a wooden chair, there was a bed, also a jug and a basin, and that was all, absolutely all!

Well, there was some pretty "tall" language used on the top floor of that hotel during the next few minutes, and then the porter spoke.

"Well, I guess them's all the rooms we've got vacant. You'll get no others." Then he left, but I think most of us were down to the office quicker than he was, and we surrounded that clerk with a clamour which made him pay attention, but that was all we got from him.

We told him we *must* have this and that. He promised everything. I said—

"I want a blind to my window."

"Oh, a curtain you mane," said he.

"Call it what you please; I want a window covering. Also I want a looking-glass; I want water, towels, soap; I want a tumbler, and a lot of things; and we *all* want better rooms."

But this latter none of us got. We had to put up with the

arrangements made, and at 3.50 dols. or 14s. per day. How the Selby girls fared I never distinctly knew; but they had *some* dark experiences I reckon.

Dinner was ready, and we partook. It consisted principally of some very "fine and large" swallow-tail coats and pants and big limp white neckties to match. There was also a beautiful bill of fare—I beg pardon—*Menu*. The courses came in slowly and departed quickly. The dishes were so grandly named we were half afraid to venture, but we chose those we thought we were familiar with, and failed to recognize them. We got enough to eat, however, of some kind; to this day, we don't know what.

Father Terry remarked, "Sure I expected that the Gresham, in Dublin, would be nothing to this," and he was right, though in an opposite sense.

This St. Martin's Hotel, you must understand, is supposed to be conducted on the European plan; that is, they mean the Parisian plan. We were much struck with the stylishness of the waiters, and of the whole affair generally; so much so, that we made up our minds to advise one or two Parisian hotel-keepers we know (in Paris) to adopt the St. Martin's style forthwith.

Then we went out in the cool of the evening, and sat awhile on Dufferin Terrace.

"Faith," said Father Terry, "this bates St. Martin's Hotel."

It was indeed a grand scene that stretched before us. We were high up over the river. At our feet lay old Quebec, with its quaint buildings, its wharves and curious craft lying by them. Across the river was Point Levis, and up and down, to right and left of us, was no doubt the most picturesque view in America. But what a pity it is they do not sweep Dufferin Terrace up sometimes!

Then we went to the Depôt (the Railway Station), thinking we might meet again some of our *Parmesian* friends, and we did. Some of them were still struggling with their baggage. There was a special train to start for the West some time that night, and they were all to go with it. But they were hungry, and, it being past meal-time at the hotels, they could get nothing to eat. We met two of our newly-married pairs, and woebegone they were, for they were hungry now. So some of us volunteered to go about the town with them, hoping that, for love or money, food could be procured. But the best we could do was cakes and lemonade, at a sort of German confectionery, and then we left them. We met some of the lady passengers, too, and they wanted to join us at St. Martin's Hotel. We were not sorry to have to tell them there was no room, which

resulted in their going to a real French Canadian House, where, for half our charges, they had quaint but comfortable entertainment.

When I got back to my room that night, I found soap, water, and a towel, but neither blind, looking-glass, nor drinking-glass. Whereupon I marched down to the office in the "Rotunda," and interviewed the "gentlemanly clerk" once more. He got angry this time, and said the looking-glass in the "wash-room" was good enough for me. I had one of my own, luckily.

"But I want a drinking-glass," said I, "and I'm bound to have one."

"Arrah, what for?" said he.

"That's none of your business," said I, "but have one I will." Then he gave in, and said he'd send one up to me.

By and by, a boy came up to my room, walked in and examined all the things I had taken from my bag, looked carefully at my washstand and its arrangements, and then said—

"And yez want a glass?"

Then he retired, and shortly came back with an ordinary tumbler, a goblet on a foot, and a lager-beer mug. He held these out to me, and remarked—

"Will ye chuse the wan ye want?"

I went to bed that night tired enough. Fortunately there was a bolt upon my door, so I felt safe from intrusion. I believe if they could have got in they would have had a crowd of the natives (Irish) to see the "Quare man, who couldn't schlape widout a drinking-glass, bedad!"

But before I went to bed, Mr. Selby and I, smoking a pipe together, had something like the following conversation.

"I say, what is that young Donald doing here? He said that he was going on as quickly as he could to his place out West; doesn't his train go on to-night? What is he stopping here for, at heavy cost, too?"

"Oh," said I, "he tells me he is in no such great hurry as all that. He would like to travel with us as far as he can."

"He certainly is a very prepossessing young man," continued Mr. Selby. "The girls like him, and so does Tom; but really, he seems to me to be a little too attentive to Maggie. What think you?"

To which I could only say that it would be over in a very few days, and that I could hardly blame him for getting as much pleasure as he could from the society of such girls as the Misses Selby, and that I didn't believe any harm would come of it, and so on.

Before we parted, however, Mr. Selby got me to promise that I

would find out as much as I could about Donald's position and antecedents, adding—

“One can't be rude to him; and yet, if he is going to stay with us till we arrive at Winnipeg, for eight or ten days more I suppose, one would like to know some little more about him than we do.”

In the morning there was a terrible to-do on our floor. I peeped out and saw the Colonel in his pyjamas, prancing up and down the passage, blessing in no niggardly spirit two of the hotel boys, who, pale and trembling, stood ready to retreat when he gave them a chance. The Colonel's pyjamas were in colour startling—broad bars of brilliant orange, purple, and white. I doubt if those youths had ever seen such a dress. His long moustache, unkempt, was curling fiercely up. His eyes shot fire, as he muttered maledictions and horrible threats.

Each boy held out a spoon—a gravy-spoon one, a tea-spoon the other—while the Colonel stamped and groaned and swore.

“It's a DESSERT spoon I want, by all that's great! Don't you know what a dessert spoon is? How many more journeys are you going to make up and down the stairs of this beggarly establishment, just to provide me with a spoon, a *spoon*, a DESSERT spoon, you idiots? Down you go again, and if I don't get what I want in three minutes, I'll have your blood!”

They were glad enough to go out of the raging Colonel's presence. And in a minute they returned, bringing with them large handfuls of spoons of all sorts and sizes. So the Colonel selected what he wanted and was appeased. Yet I could hear him growling to himself for half an hour afterwards, like a bear with a sore head. When we all met at breakfast, he explained that he had felt a touch of the gout coming on, and had been put to considerable trouble to obtain a dessert spoon to take some medicine in.

“By Jove,” he said, “I don't think these people know what a dessert spoon is;” and I had to agree with him that most probably they didn't.

A large party of us sallied out later on to see Quebec, and we had a merry time. Charlie Donald was radiant, and I can't say with truth that Miss Maggie looked a bit displeased at his company. The Colonel was rather grumpy. Maud said he was “Peter grievous.” Break-Neck Stairs he looked at with disgust, Little Champlain Street too; and as for Mountain Hill, he raged to have to climb up there. However, we actually got him up into the citadel, and there he sat down on one of the bastions and was content. The rest of us saw Wolfe's and Montcalm's monuments, and Montgomery's too, I

believe. At any rate, we saw all the show places, and then we returned for lunch. The Colonel wouldn't stir out again after that meal was over, and the last we saw of him he was growling audibly at the beastly climate, and the country, and at Canada generally.

Mr. Selby said to me, "I'm quite sure I should not like to live here."

It was over ninety in the shade; yet in every narrow alley and shady corner there were heaps of snow. Nothing green was visible, no tree in leaf, and yet it was about the middle of May!

No doubt at all Quebec is a most picturesque city, but we were not sorry to leave it. So we paid our bills and thanked the courteous clerk for the great attention he had failed to pay us, which seemed to astonish him a good deal, and then we left in the same rickety old 'bus we came in. That is to say, we got into it—and waited.

"Now then, driver, why don't you start?"

No reply.

"Say, driver, the train leaves in five minutes. Get on, will you?"

Still not a sign.

Mr. Selby tried giving him a touch of English politeness, and then Tom tried. They might have been speaking to a wooden man.

Then I, the only old Canadian resident present, said I would give him a few words in a style which would wake him up, and I did. I let him know that all his passengers were not "Greenhorns" (new comers), as he supposed. Then said he—

"Och, why didn't ye say ye lived in Canady? Sure then I'd attend to yez at onst. We have hapens of the granest people come across from beyant, and I niver spakes to thim more nor I can hilp. Don't I know when the kyars goes out, sure, as well as any man, and I'll get yez there in time; but 'tis the Governor we're waiting for. We can't lave widout the Governor, d'ye moind?"

"What Governor?" I asked.

"Why, who but the Governor of Canady, av coorse?"

"Is that so?"

"Is it a lie ye think I'm telling yez? But here he comes; hurry up, we're off," and into the 'bus got Lord Alexander Russell, Commander of the Forces in Canada. That was quite near enough for Paddy on the box.

On the way "Bill" put his hand into the 'bus and demanded his fifty cents each again.

What a blessing the checking system is on the railways in America. We had no anxiety about our belongings. Just the two or three brass labels in our purses, and our goods were safe until we claimed them in Winnipeg; nothing to look after but what they call there "personal baggage," *i.e.*, what one can carry. There are no porters there, as in England.

The St. Lawrence was in flood. I cannot say very much in favour of the scenery between Quebec and Montreal; certainly there were bits here and there which were fine, but as we saw it that day it was not enchanting.

The train stopped during the evening beside a swamp, and I called attention to a peculiar noise, a continuous hum-m-m, varied with sounds which seemed to shape themselves into "More-rum, more-rum, more-rum," oft repeated, whilst at intervals broke in a sharp and squeaky voice "You-won't-get-it, you-won't-get-it." My companions were much puzzled, and more so when I told them it was the far-famed Canadian minstrels; that is, the frogs. All through Canada in spring, near water, that noise never ceases at night. Farther on, the train standing near some thick woods, we heard distinctly the noise of "Whip-poor-Will." And then we got to Montreal.

The St. Lawrence Hall is a good hotel, really. No doubt there are some customs which differ from ours. As in all American hotels, it seems too much as if one were being dealt with by machinery. Usually the clerks are entirely devoid of politeness and urbanity, as Mark Twain so frequently complains of in *his* works. But the clerk here is, or was, a capital fellow. He always had a decent word to say to one, and was anxious to help to make things pleasant, especially when he knew we were from England. The rooms are comfortably furnished; there is an elevator, and the meals are good.

At breakfast next morning, on the bill of fare, we found "New York soles," which we incredulously ordered. They were *fish*, no doubt. Said I to our attendant—

"What is this?"

He pointed to the bill of fare and smiled.

I said, "What part of the Old Country do you come from?"

"From Dover," said he.

Then again I asked, "What fish is this?"

And then he answered, "*Dabs!*"

After that he became our friend, and bore us buckwheat cakes, and Johnny cakes, and scrambled eggs, milk toast, and many favourite Canadian niceties, which I was glad to enjoy once more

myself, and to see my friends taste too. He served us well, for I had said to him—

“I, too, have come from Kent, and not two weeks ago.”

There are some very fine buildings in Montreal, both public and private. I like the private streets, the shady trees, and the pretty houses. But oh! the roads, the horrid, ratty, dirty, muddy, dusty roads, unswept for months surely. Do they ever sweep them, I wonder? To a person straight out from England it looks almost absurd to notice ladies, *really* as elegantly dressed as you will see them anywhere at home, picking their way amongst it all. The Selby girls were very much amused at it; their father seemed annoyed.

We drove up the Mountain, and round it, and through the cemeteries, and from the “look-out” saw Victoria Bridge, and, from that side of the Mountain which looks away from the city, we were much struck with the English aspect of the landscape. I said it looked like the Weald of Kent, as seen from Sutton Valence.

Another time we went to the “Windsor Hotel,” and gazed with awe at the sumptuous dining-hall.

“Remark the beautiful painted ceiling,” said our Canadian guide, which we did, and admitted it was “fine.” Then we walked in Dominion Square, saw where the Ice Palace is built, and admired the Place d’Armes, and the Champ de Mars, and Nelson’s monument; and we visited some really elegant shops, and altogether we very successfully tired ourselves out.

Another day we visited the Church of Notre Dame, which is the largest edifice of the kind in America, they say, except one in Mexico. It is like most Roman Catholic churches, much decorated. Of course, we went up the tower and had a good view. We were surprised to find that Father Terry did not at all fraternize with any of the hundreds of priests we saw about the streets. As for nuns, there seemed no end to them. Our friend remarked—

“There’s a sight too many of them; they’ll ate each other up.”

A bootblack hailed me on a street corner with the usual “Shine, Sir, shine! Tin cints ($5\frac{1}{2}$ d.).” I said, “I’ll shine.” Then, in an alcove in the wall, behold a sort of bench of stone some three feet high; on that a wooden chair, well stuffed. On this throne I sat in comfort whilst my friend polished me off, he standing nearly upright.

But when he touched my boots he looked at me and smiled.

“Sure, them ’s ould counthry built.”

I said, “They are.”

“An’ have ye bin there lately?”

"Only late last night did I arrive in Montreal."

"And did ye see ould Ireland lately?"

"Yes, a few weeks ago."

"And how's the poor ould sod?"

"Well enough," said I; "as charming still as ever."

"An' how's the boys?" queried he.

"Boys—what boys?"

"Och, sure, you know the boys who is going to set things right in Oirland."

"Oh! those boys. *They're* all well; they are having a fine time, thanks to the money you and your sisters are continually sending them from here."

"I'm mighty proud to hear it. Ah, the poor ould sod!" he soliloquized. "Sure, it's a bad day she's having now, bad cess to the Shpaniards!"

"Spaniards! What do you mean? What have they been doing?"

"Och, sure, d'ye moind, 'tis the Philistians I maene."

"Well, they have no more to do with it than the others."

"But 'tis hard times there is there now, anyhow," he continued, as he brushed away.

"Aye, you're right enough there," said I.

"Ah, be the powers, 'tis O'Brien and Parnell and the likes o' thim will save her yit. 'Tis a free countrie ould Ireland will be directly; they've almost got enough money now, they say, to finish her off, and then the Philistians may look out." Subsequent conversations with this very intelligent bootblack convinced me that he really understood that some nation, whom he called Philistines or Spaniards indiscriminately, are the tyrants who cause all the trouble and distress in Ireland. He seemed to have no dislike to the British Government. "Sure," said he, "isn't it British Government here?" He blamed it, however, for not clearing the country of these "tyrants." Parnell, he seemed to think, was a sort of governor of Ireland, who needed money to help the head government to do its duty, and he considered every friend of Ireland should subscribe every cent he could spare to this good cause.

From more than one Hibernian servant-girl in Canada I heard explanations of the state of the case showing at least as great ignorance as this.

Montreal is using the electric light very generally. It did not strike us as being very successful; the lamps are hung too low, and they are dazzling.

We were struck with the peculiar contrast there is between the

ancient and the modern in this city. We would come to a group of houses and people, old French, of the beginning of last century, and a few minutes after would be amongst people and their residences as advanced in all modern refinements, in appearance—in reality, too—as the same classes are in Paris, New York, or London. Many thousands of people in Montreal do not speak one word of English. There are more there who do not speak one word of French. The two races go on side by side without much intercourse, either in business or socially. This sharp distinction interests whilst it surprises a stranger.

Many of the modern business streets are fine. Some of the buildings are magnificent, but we thought the great number of hanging signs and advertising arrangements spoil them much. There was a tawdry, an untidy look almost everywhere. A very few hours of street peregrinations satisfied us, so we took suburban walks. Wherever we went, Master Charles Donald was with us.

I more than once advised him to go and leave us, and at last he said he would start for the West the following day. Mr. Selby was very much pleased when I told him of this decision. Maggie joked a good deal about it that day, but I fancied, and I am sure Charlie did, that she put on a great deal of this apparent lightheartedness.

We took a long walk together the day that Charlie was to leave Montreal, up to Mount Royal, where we were told we should find plenty of Trilliums. It was really too early in the year to enjoy woodland walks; the roads and paths were mud. But we gathered a quantity of these lovely Canada lilies (*Trillium grandiflorum*, "Trail"). They are the earliest of Canadian flowers. What we found that day were white. In Ontario, I have met with them pink, and occasionally purple.

On the way back to the city, Charlie and Maggie wandered off by themselves, and did not appear at the hotel till long after the rest of us. Mr. Selby was annoyed, and took the young man on one side and talked to him, I expect rather seriously. Maggie, too, was in disgrace; but it was not in human nature to be long angry with them.

We all went to the depôt to see him off that evening, about nine. Naturally, as we were soon to travel in a similar train, along the same road, we were much interested, in the carriages especially.



TRILLIUMS.

Charlie was going in the "colonist sleeper"; a new arrangement to me, but a very good one. Second-class fare entitles a passenger to use this car. There is an arrangement to turn the seats into sleeping couches, whilst from above is lowered another sleeping shelf. The idea is based on the ordinary first-class sleeping-car, but in this case there is no upholstery or bedding. A few blankets, however, make these beds comfortable enough for the hardy colonist, *in posse* or *in esse*. There is a lavatory, and drinking water in a cistern. Passengers can eat in the dining-car with the first-class passengers, and, in a word, there is ample provision for their comfort and necessities.

Of the first-class "sleeping-car," I shall have more to say when we are on the road to the West ourselves.

We were all very sorry to part with this young fellow, who had endeared himself to us during the fortnight we had been together by many little traits of character. No doubt Maggie felt the parting more keenly than we did, but she kept up bravely. At last he got off, hanging on to the last platform of the cars till they were out of sight.

For a day or two after this Miss Maggie was very full of fun and good spirits, and Mr. Selby and her sister were quite certain there was nothing serious in this episode. Still, I thought I knew differently, while Tom told me he was sure there was more in it than met the eye. He talked to me, indeed, as if he quite hoped Charlie Donald would press his suit. For this lad Tom had quite made up *his* mind that life in the North-West Territory was his ideal. Already he talked of vast fields of grain, of herds of cattle, of days of sport amongst the moose and bear which scoured the plains, and his father sometimes seemed to agree with him. But I kept saying—

"We'd better bide a wee."

Business of some importance kept me in Montreal, and the Selbys were good enough to say, as they were in no hurry really, they would wait for me; but at last the evening came for us, too, to move on.

We had procured sleeping-car tickets to Winnipeg at the R. R. office in the hotel, which cost us 8 dols. each = 36s., and entitled us to the use of the car, as a sitting-room by day and a "well-appointed sleeping-room at night." See advertisements.

CHAPTER III.

ON TO MANITOBA.

Canadian Contractions.—“ All on board going West ! ” —Our Sleeping-Car.—First Night Experiences.—The Ottawa Valley.—The Dining-Car and its Resources.—“ They ’re English Girls ! ”—How we Fared.—A Halt by the Way.—Lake Nipissing.—A very new Hotel.—Backwoods Economy.—Primitive Manners. Settlers at Home.—Astonishing the Natives.—Girls’ Opinions.—On the Track again.—“ Where are we now ? ”—The old Tote-road.—Burnt Forests.—Along Lake Superior.—Beauties of the Scenery.—Port Arthur and Thunder Bay.—Fort William.—The Keewatin District.—Timber, Gold and Silver, Game.—The Lake of the Woods.—We enter Manitoba.—The Red River.—Arrival at Winnipeg.

It is very strange how fond they are in Canada, and also in the United States, of using initials, or contractions, to designate persons and institutions of all sorts. To a new-comer this custom is very puzzling. I am convinced that, from a business point of view, too, it is a mistake, especially when employed in labelling goods for exportation. To speak or write of many public companies and railways thus is comprehensible and useful enough. The Canadian Pacific Railway is always shortened into C.P.R. ; the Grand Trunk Railway into G.T.R. ; and the Bank of British North American into B.B.N.A. But when they treat institutions and companies only locally known in this way it is absurd. I noticed once some packages of goods for foreign market marked like this—

The Æ. D. Smith Man. Co. Oshawa Ont. Can.

New, who but the really initiated could know that meant “ The Æneas David Smith Manufacturing Company, Oshawa, Ontario, Canada ” ? They always write England, Eng. Province of Ontario is Ont. Province of Quebec is P. Q. Manitoba is Man. Some of these contractions are time-saving and excusable, but many of them are certainly not so.

But the letters C.P.R. sufficiently describe the line of railway we

are now to travel so far on, and N.W.T. is a suitable curtailment of North-West Territory, that great stretch of country lying between Manitoba and the summit of the Rocky Mountains, so I shall use them in the future to save printers' ink.

Returning to our proceedings. We were on the platform of the depôt, the Montreal Terminus of the C.P.R. Quite a gathering of Canadian friends were there to see us off, and say "Good-bye"; and sharp at 8.20 p.m., the conductor of our train cried, "All on board going West," and we were off.

They are most particular to have all trains on the C.P.R. punctual, or, as they call it, "*on* time," at starting and arriving at the termini. I say but little now about the time they keep at intermediate stations.

And so we were off at last, commencing our long, long journey West. We went at once into the "sleeper," by which name is understood the sleeping-car, and also the passengers who travel in it. For example, at a stopping-place, when out of the train, a person on the platform might ask, "Are you a 'sleeper'?" meaning, "Are you a passenger in the sleeping-car?"

Nothing can be more luxurious than the sleeping-cars on the C.P.R. For the first few miles we were fully occupied in examining thoroughly and admiring greatly the many appliances for comfort, as well as the great taste displayed in the decoration of this carriage. There was but one passenger besides our party of five, and, as he appeared to be a very meek, retiring individual, we practically had it to ourselves. The coloured attendant, or porter, was polite—very different to former experiences of mine on American railroads.

This car was lined with beautifully carved mahogany, and was upholstered with rich green plush. There was much plate-glass about, mirrors, and brass-work. The floor was richly carpeted, and the seats were formed like sofas. The windows were double and very large, and the height of the car seemed considerable compared with English railway carriages. At each end was a dressing-room and a lavatory, and at the rear a bath-room, though that is almost useless, being too small by far. Last of all, there was a cosy smoking-room and lounge. Electric bells were attached to every seat, also in the smoke-room, communicating with our attendant. A continual supply of water for drinking and for washing purposes, with fresh towels as often as we wished, were obtainable. Indeed, nothing seemed forgotten to render travelling as little tedious as possible.

It would have been much better, however, if the motion had been easier. This car shook and heaved and rolled and pitched like a ship

in a heavy sea. It was impossible to stand without holding on to something. I wonder we were not "sea-sick." This continued for some hours, but gradually the motion became easier, or else we got accustomed to it. It was dark very shortly after we left Montreal, and then the car was well lit with many hanging lamps; but as we were tired, and nothing was to be seen outside, we soon had our beds made up.

There being so few of us, we all had lower berths—a great advantage. The making of the beds was great fun for the Selby girls, who took much interest in all the clever arrangements, praising the provision made for our comfort, and declaring that the bedding was first-rate. So, when all was done, the curtains hung, and everything complete, we men left the ladies and went to the smoke-room to indulge in a quiet pipe, after which we also "went to bed." And I think, considering it was the first experience of the kind my companions had ever had, and a long while since I had travelled so, that we all enjoyed a very fair night's rest.

I could see nothing of Ottawa, which we passed about midnight, from my window. I merely detected electric and gas lights, and signs of a big town. When I awoke at daylight, I found we were travelling rapidly and smoothly along what I knew to be the Ottawa valley. I lay there for an hour or two watching the landscape we rushed through; and rough enough it was—some timber cutting, a few saw mills, and the C.P.R. stations being the only signs that we were in an inhabited land at all. By and by we rose, our beds were neatly folded out of sight, and the car assumed its every-day aspect again. We soon all gathered on the rear platform to enjoy the novel scene—which it was to my companions, though not new to me. One could not call it beautiful, or even picturesque, scenery. It was just mile after mile of rough, rocky land covered with shabby, scraggy trees, old rotting logs, and bushes. Here and there were stagnant patches of water, swamps, and bogs. Sometimes we ran beside the river, flowing swiftly, with rocky hills upon the farther side—the Laurentian Hills, in fact—but nothing wonderful at all to see. About 8 o'clock we reached Mattawa, where it was rockier still, with big boulders strewn about—a wilderness, indeed. Here they put us on a "dining-car;" shortly after which a white-coated waiter came through, announcing "Breakfast is ready in the dining-car," and we were not long before we were seated therein.

Of course the Selbys, the girls especially, were delighted with all the novelties they were experiencing. The sleeping arrangements took their fancy immensely, and now the "dining-car" received *its*

need of praise. Both the girls looked charming this morning, and I must say I felt gratified at being identified with their party, for, when a number of Canadians came in from the first-class car to breakfast, Maggie's charming face and manner and Maud's peculiarly refined style were, I could see, attracting much attention. I heard a whisper, more than once, "They're English." There were some Canadian ladies amongst the breakfasters, and charming they were too. However, there was something irresistible about these English girls which could not be denied. I'm sure Mr. Selby felt proud of them that morning, if he never did before.

This our first meal on a railway train merits some description. So, as it is the same experience we shall meet with daily during our journey across Canada, or so they say, I may as well describe it now.

The "diner" itself is just as handsome in its way as the "sleeper." On either side a passage, nicely carpeted, is a row of tables; some seat two, some four. At one end is a kitchen, which must be very perfect in its arrangements, for they appear to be able to do any kind of cooking in it, from baking fancy bread and cakes and roasting meat to all the niceties that one could find "ashore."

They talk of a train in America, and in Canada too, as they would of a ship. It is "All aboard!" where in England it would be "Take your seats!" and, consequently, "Get on board," "Come on board," &c. They say "Ship some freight"; for the goods, you see, become "freight" here. It is a "freight train" which is loaded with goods. One speaks of "ahead" and "astern" of the train; so why not "ashore," to keep up the metaphor?

The table furniture of the dining-car is quite complete, the service excellent, and decidedly better than in most hotels in that country. The waiters are polite, there is no hurry, the cooking is excellent, and the charge is uniformly 75 cents (3s.); considering everything, a most reasonable charge.

The bill of fare does not vary greatly, except with the season and locality. For example, here in Ontario, the white fish (very delicious) and lake trout take the place of salmon farther west on the the Pacific slope. The fruits here are only oranges and apples now, but as we draw near the end of our journey we shall probably find bananas, apricots, and peaches.

We had already adopted the general Canadian custom of beginning breakfast with fruit. Most people take also porridge and milk, usually spoken of there as "oatmeal," but we English did not seem to relish it. After that came *lamb* chops (which it is not Canadian

etiquette to call *mutton*), fried *chicken* (you must not say *fowl*), beef-steak, veal cutlets, ham, which last is far from good in Canada, and what they call English breakfast bacon, which is seldom so good as what we are accustomed to in England. Eggs, of course, in every style, various kinds of bread, rolls, Johnny cakes, buck-wheat cakes, and buns, with coffee, chocolate, and "English breakfast tea." It is evident, therefore, that we had a very fair choice of viands, and I believe that we were well pleased with our first "square" meal on wheels.

That the Selbys might be able to form an idea of what a settler's life is in the backwoods of Canada, where there is some beauty in the scenery and some variety in the life and employment, instead of the terrible monotony of it in the deep woods away from lakes and rivers, it was suggested in Montreal that we should "stay over" a day or two, at some place at or near Lake Nipissing. So, by the advice of the conductor, we alighted about ten o'clock that morning at a stopping-place near North Bay.

He shouted out to a man in the distance, "These people want to stay awhile. Look out for them."

It was a bright sunny day when we found ourselves standing beside the track, our bags and bundles with us, and this man looking on. We told him we wanted an hotel, and he said the nearest was two miles away, down on the shore of the lake. This was not very promising, but as there is only one train a day each way on the C.P.R., we were forced to find some quarters for one night, at least. So we left our impedimenta at a shanty near, and took what the man called the *road* to the place, which proved to be just a rough pathway winding amongst the stumps and logs, through which ruts showed that there was a vehicle of some kind in the neighbourhood.

Our way lay through rather heavily timbered country, nearly all hardwood, and it really did appear as if, when it was cleared, something might be grown there. We very soon reached the shore of the lake, a pleasing sight. The beach was very like a sea beach, the water clear and calm, reflecting several islands which seemed to float in the hazy distance. There was a brightness and freshness on the shore, along which we strolled some distance, until at length we discovered what proved to be the "hotel."

I think we rather astonished the proprietor by asking him for quarters. He told us they were not prepared for boarders yet; it was too early in the season. But it ended in our being taken in.

This house had been built but one year, and, to our notions, it

was hardly to be called built then, being about as slight and fragile an affair as could be put together. We were puzzled as to how they could keep themselves from freezing during the long cold winter. There was not a vestige of taste in the design of the place; it was just a box, divided off into floors and rooms in the cheapest, flimsiest way possible. There was not a particle of metal about it, except the nails that held the boards together. A verandah ran along that side fronting on the lake, roofed, like the house, with shingles. These, be it understood, are roughly split sections of pine or cedar logs, and are about the size and thickness of slates.

The furniture was very scanty, plain wooden factory chairs, rocking chairs, tables, and a wooden-seated couch or two. One of these, even, was on rockers. The window-blinds, or shades, were of stiff grey paper, and had to be rolled up by hand from below and pinned. The pins constantly broke out, and so there was a perforated pattern down the centre of each blind. The windows could be kept open only by propping them with a stick or log of wood, and if that was not available, a boot, your hairbrush, or anything at hand. The floors were uncarpeted, and the place was warmed by iron stoves, the pipes of which meandered cheerfully about the house, the ends protruding apparently at their own sweet will where they fancied to, some through the roof, some through the wall, and one through a window-pane. There was little attempt at ornamentation inside, an advertising sheet or two with gaudy pictures, a few paper flowers in vases on brackets, a looking-glass or two of the commonest, the stuffed head of a deer, and an American clock. But, of course, there were numbers of elaborate antimacassars, spread wherever they could be put. This was the sitting-room I have been describing, the "dining hall" was simply bare of everything but table and chairs, and a shelf to put hats on.

Outside, no attempt at all had been made even to clean things up. Chips, ends of logs, broken shingles, all sorts of *débris* remaining from the building of the house, which could have been cleared up in two hours with a rake or broom. But no; there it was, just a dwelling-place planted amongst stumps and logs and rubbish. There was a log barn near, and a shelter for some horses. A bit of land, intended for cultivation, was surrounded with a rough snake fence; but stumps and logs and fallen trees, *uproots* and old dead weeds, were all its crops so far.

The people living here were a man, his wife, two or three big daughters and a son. We found that in a few weeks they expected to have the house as full of people as it could hold, with many more

camped near. At present they did not pretend to entertain guests, but as we were circumstanced they kindly took us in and did their best for us. They were Canadians, from lower Canada, who "ran" this place, and did a little "farming" besides. That is, I suppose, they grew a few potatoes and oats, to provide something towards the keep of the "summer boarders," and I quite expect they would soon be doing very well. It was a very good example of a pioneer Canadian summer hotel. A few years hence, I daresay, a fine building will take the place of the present ramshackle affair, and it will be heard of as a fashionable summer resort.

To the Selbys this seemed, I have no doubt, a very primitive and unpromising affair, but I told them I expected we should have to put up in far worse quarters before we sighted the Pacific, and as the weather was fine we were not badly off. They sent the boy with the "Express waggon" to fetch our left luggage, whilst we were crasing round examining things.

We dined at noon, we supped at six, and about 8 p.m. we heard that the landlord and his "folks" reckoned to go to bed. Between dinner and supper we did a great deal of exploring. Finding they had a very decent boat, we rowed out into the lake and along the shore, and thus got a more comprehensive view of our surroundings.

Lake Nipissing has only been visited by summer tourists quite lately. Until the C.P.R. came through it was practically unknown, except to hunters and lumber men. This lake is something more than fifty miles long, and fifteen to twenty broad. At present there are two or three settlements around it, for they aver some of the best farming land in Ontario is upon its shores. Already, at North Bay, there is a town of 1,500 or 2,000 people, with good stores and hotels, and churches; yet it cannot be much more than two years since the first house was built. Where we were staying was a still newer settlement, of course.

A mile or so from our hotel, upon the banks of the lake, we saw a shanty quite newly erected, with a bit of land chopped and fenced around it, all among the stumps. Here lived a young man and his wife, who had only been settled there about a month. They were from the south of England, of the labouring class at home, and a very decent pair. We were amused and pleased to see the way they had tried to beautify the inside of their little home. Pictures from the *Illustrated News* were the principal decorative items, but there were also photographs and knick-nacks from the old home beyond the sea; and the contents of the two big boxes, which they used as tables, were spread about and gave an air of comfort to even that

poor spot. They were not merely hopeful, they were delighted with their prospects, for though admitting they felt it terribly lonely sometimes, yet, as the man said, "We shall have neighbours before long, no doubt, and every stroke of work I do is for myself and missis; so, please God, we'll do well."

We tried to find out if anyone of a superior station in life had settled in the neighbourhood, or anyone who had come there with means, or who was proposing any large undertaking in the farming line, but could not hear of anyone many degrees superior to these people. A few storekeepers, the people who "run" summer hotels, and the C.P.R. *employés*, were the "swells" of those parts, whilst a lawyer, a doctor, and the clergy of North Bay village, were the heads of all society.



A SETTLER'S FIRST HOME.

Mr. Selby and Tom prowled about, and the girls and I did some sketching and botanizing. That evening, before we went to bed, we had some fun on the verandah. I expect those people will not easily forget us, for the two girls sang, we told some stories, performed some simple tricks, and generally went on as if we had some children to amuse. On account of these proceedings, we found ourselves looked upon as wonders; and I often think they took us for a variety entertainment troupe upon our travels. The whole family was gathered there with us, saying but little, though with their astonished eyes and ears open wide. They stayed up till nine, a wonderful occurrence so early in the season, so they said.

Breakfast at 6 a.m.!—to which none of us descended. About

eight they gave us food, however. All meals were exactly the same—ham and eggs, potatoes, bread and butter, fried wheaten cakes and molasses, dried apple sauce and pie. The coffee was a most mysterious concoction; tea a little better. There was, however, any quantity of first-rate milk and butter. The charges were 1 dol. (4s.) per day, each person.

I asked Maggie Selby if this sort of life didn't make her hanker after a settler's life. She said it didn't, *much*. "And yet I quite expect," said I, "that life in the N.W.T. is not so comfortable as it is here; for, at any rate, in these parts they have abundance of good wood and water, they are nearer market, the winter is not so long and cold, there is much more variety in the scenery, and, generally, I fancy it is better here than where your brother wants to go and live."

Said Maggie, "Do you think, then, that where Charlie Donald has gone to settle it is rough like this?"

To which I could only reply—

"I do think so, but we must wait and see."

We met the train at 10 a.m. that day, and were whirled off farther west, not sorry we had stopped. It was one more experience. Mr. Selby told me he could not settle in the bush. What would he say to the *real* backwoods, which this could hardly be called?

Not far west from North Bay we came to broken, rocky land again, and then to miles on miles of flatter and most monotonous country, burnt timber, gaunt dead pine-trees, swamps, muskegs, a few clear ponds and streams, and on our left some peeps of Lake Nipissing. They told us that there is plenty of very good fishing about there—trout and black bass in plenty; and no doubt fur-bearing animals are abundant, too.

We passed Onaping, where there is a very pretty water-fall, and Pogamasing, Metagama, Biscotasing, and several other Indian-named stations, but all so little remarkable, so very much alike, it is useless to describe them.

Just as we left Biscotasing station, Mr. Selby, who was standing out on the platform of the car, lost his hat. It was one he valued. He was for stopping the train by pulling the cord which passes through from end to end of the train, overhead, and is attached to the engine-bell. As he was about to do so, a man who was lounging at the station caught the hat, chased the train, overtook it in a hundred yards or so, and handed it up to him. We had no chance to do more than wave him thanks. Trains do not travel very quickly—when they first start, at any rate—in Canada.

The conductor fell asleep in the smoke-room. When he awoke, someone asked him where we were then. He looked out of the window, went out to the platform, and laughingly replied he really did not know; he thought at "Woman River," but he went through the train to ask the engineer (the driver), who of course would know, and then told us we were very near Nemagosenda. I think this proves there must be a good deal of sameness about that country.

Until the C.P.R. came through, this, too, was a practically uninhabited land. The stations we stopped at, from time to time, were mere wood and water depôts; a shanty or two of logs or boards to shelter the workmen on the line was generally all that was to be seen there, and whenever we entered into conversation with the inhabitants it appeared they had but two ideas—timber and mines.

Beside the railroad track hereabouts, we often noticed the old "Tote-road," which we hear cost nearly as much to build as the railroad itself. It was a necessary work, though, to bring in men, machinery, and stores, for constructing the line. Now it was disappearing, its value past.

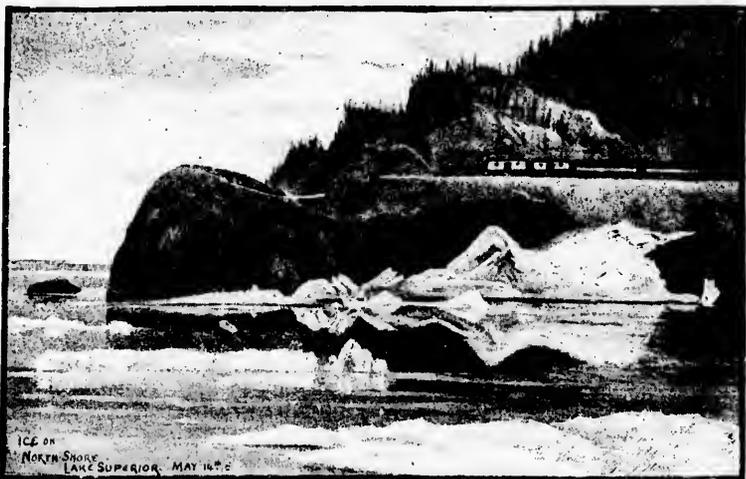
We had more passengers in the "sleeper" now. Some ladies and children had joined us at North Bay, coming from Toronto, and were *en route* to join their husbands, two hundred miles back from "Medicine Hat," a long way west.

On the whole, I'm sure we spent a very pleasant day. Here and there the road was very rough; but the meals were good, the car most comfortable, and there was always something to see outside. We passed most of our time in the saloon at the end of the car, a great part of it, too, on camp stools on the platform. The Canadian ladies, I suppose, considered it "not proper" for them to do this, for they rarely stirred from their seats inside. Maud and Maggie Selby, however, were with us all the time; and perfectly right, too. It was very hot and dusty, but our coloured porter kept us well supplied with clean water and towels, and whenever we came inside brushed us down; so we took no great harm.

For a long time we had been passing miles and miles of dead burnt pine-trees, sticking up gaunt and bare from ground covered with grey granite boulders, interspersed with low scraggy bushes, and everywhere over everything lay a jumble of broken and burnt timber of every conceivable form and size. At intervals were groups of ruined shanties, sod-roofed, bark-roofed, covered anyhow. There were dug-outs too, broken used-up barrels, old boots, old bottles, rotting clothes and rags; here a dirty blanket waving from a bush, there the remains of a dead horse, there what looked like a dead pig

—everything under heaven of a dismal aspect. These were the remains of camping-places of the "construction hands." Not a bird, not a flower, was visible; but it was early spring. I daresay in summer things would look a little better.

That night the frogs croaked round us in millions. In the morning, we found we were travelling close beside the north shore of Lake Superior. A great change had come over the scene; everything was on a much grander scale—boulders of immense size, with large trees growing on them; hills of no inconsiderable magnitude, composed apparently of these boulders piled one on the other; big cedars and pines amongst them; more colour, too, the boulders being often tinted with bright red and orange. Big mossy knolls were often seen,



and patches of soft grey knee-high lichen, pools of clear water, running streams, sometimes respectable water-falls, and overhead a clear blue sky, while to our left, far down below, and visible at intervals, lay the beautiful lake. Now we passed islands, timber covered, rocky; then we came to quite imposing headlands, red and grey, dipping sheer down into the lake. Sometimes we passed great fields of ice, stranded in the bays; then more islands, headlands, and more ice, for miles on miles.

The ice had a very beautiful effect. On the upper side it was snow, no doubt, which shone brilliantly in the sun; but under water it was a striking turquoise blue. The water was so transparent we could see the many-coloured rocks which form the bottom of the

lake; and that, with the ice, the overhanging trees, the brilliant granite bluffs, all reflected on the surface, with the waves breaking on the beach, gave us no little delight.

About sixteen o'clock we arrived at Port Arthur. It is prettily situated at the head of the lake. Called "Prince Arthur's landing" when first settled, about 1867, it is now a town of something like 4,000 inhabitants; and since the opening of the C.P.R. has assumed considerable importance, for here is the connecting point between the railroad system of the North-West and the inland water route of Canada. There are extensive wharves and docks, some enormous grain elevators, one of 400,000 bushels capacity, warehouses, and stations. Doubtless there is some very pretty scenery in the neighbourhood, but it is all in a state of nature, which, in Canada, means that everything is "rough." Thunder Bay, with its islands and capes, must be a most enchanting locality for yachting and pic-nics; but when we arrived the weather had turned cold and foggy, so we saw little of it. We made but a short stay, and then moved on west.

Fort William, the next station to Port Arthur, is just 1,000 miles west of Montreal. It is the oldest trading-post on Lake Superior, and is upon the Kaministiquia River. The railroad people are making it one of their most famous points. They have already built there what is, perhaps, the largest grain elevator in the world, which has 1,350,000 bushels capacity. Mount Mackay towers behind the town, being the nearest approach to a real mountain any of us had yet seen in Canada. The land about is very good, we hear.

But soon we left all this behind us and entered a rough, wild country again, where the timber is of importance. Railway ties, or sleepers, and immense quantities of cord-wood (firug) are here cut, and mineral wealth also abounds. At Savanne, they told us, there is a profitable gold mine. The rivers hereabouts are certainly most romantic; and there is every inducement for fishermen and canoeists to visit the part. I was assured that there is plenty of deer and big game in the woods, and that, in the season, ducks and geese throng the lakes.

Through this kind of country we travelled most of the ensuing night, passing Rat Portage about four. This town contains, I believe, 1,000 inhabitants, and is situated on the north end of "Lake of the Woods," one of the most beautiful lakes in the North-West, which, though similar to all the smaller Canadian lakes, has peculiar beauties of its own. The wild fruits of the country are exceedingly plentiful here in the fall, cranberries being sent away in quantities.

The Lake of the Woods is already a famous play place for Winni-

peg folk. At Rat Portage all camping requisites are to be obtained, and from there the start is usually made. The lake is full of islands. There are thousands of them, principally at the northern end. It is seventy miles long, and about the same width. Coney Island is a famous camping-place. The very best of canoeing and fishing is to be had, and no more delightful locality for the young people of Winnipeg and Port Arthur to spend their holidays in can be desired.

As usual, gold and silver are said to be very common in this part. Indeed, if one is to believe all one hears, the precious metals are to be found all over the Dominion except on the prairies. There must be a grain of truth in this; yet, surely, if one mine out of a hundred were paying well, Canada's wealth would be untold, and there ought to be an end made of that talk about the poverty of the country which prevails, and that a traveller hears so much of. In the east, particularly, they grumble more than any people I have ever heard.

During the early morning we gathered again on the platform at the rear, stopping there until the cold winds drove us in. We passed Keewatin, Deception, Kalmar, Ingolf—all rocks and forest as before. We hoped when we left Lake Superior to have done with the monotonous procession of gigantic, half-burnt hop-poles which seemed to have been *the* dismal feature of the 1,300 miles we had come; but here they were, in gaunt array—surely one of the most tiring sights imaginable.

The land was, however, much *flatter* than we had yet had it, and we saw here and there indications of prairie, whilst the cord-wood and railway ties stacked along the track side proved that the country thereabouts is far from valueless. We entered the far-famed province of Manitoba at Cross Lake.

Fourteen hundred and two miles west of Montreal we arrived at Selkirk, the station nearest to the oldest colony in this part of British America, which was established on the banks of the Red River in 1812, we were told. It appears to have been very slow in growth until the C.P.R. was talked of. From that time it has, with the rest of the province, progressed rapidly in importance.

The change in the scenery was now very great. At first it seemed a great improvement too, there being more green visible, more evidences of humanity; here and there a trail, now a sort of house, some fenced land, a distant view of what might be a church, sometimes a herd of cattle; and here we saw our first "cowboy" scouring the plain. Indeed, there was always something of interest in sight now to see and to be surprised at.

After crossing the Red River, we approached Winnipeg. The

country here is so flat one is disappointed; yet it was very clear we were nearing some place of very much greater importance than we had seen since we left Montreal. About ten we arrived at the Winnipeg station. Though the middle of May, it was a bitterly cold morning, with a strong wind blowing. We heard they had had it scorching hot until a day or two before. One could well believe it, for everything was parched up, and the dust was terrible. Winnipeg is 1,423 miles west of Montreal and 430 miles from Port Arthur.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CITY OF WINNIPEG.

Our Arrival.—First Impressions.—Genial Welcomes.—We are Invited to Invest.—“Lots.”—“The Boom.”—Local Politics.—The Manitoba Club.—The Mount Family, their Story and Difficulties.—English Settlers in Manitoba.—Disappointment.—The Boarding-house in Winnipeg.—“This will not do for us.”—Tom’s Anticipations.—My Sage Advice.—An Excursion to Stony Mountain.—Our “rig.”—“Call *that* a Mountain!”—Penitentiary and Convicts.—The Last Herd of Buffalo in Canada.—People and Shops in Winnipeg.—St. Boniface, and the Roman Catholic Cathedral.—I leave the Selhys and go on West.

THE friends who promised to meet us at Winnipeg station did not turn up there, so we five were rather at a loss when we landed on that spacious platform that Sunday morning. We found a room where we could leave our luggage, as in a cloak-room at home (ten cents each article, though), and then we sallied forth to make discoveries, getting a very good idea of the city before we found our friends. When at last we met them, we went to the hotel where it had been arranged that we should stay. Though then exceedingly cold, we heard that only a few days before it had been 93° in the shade.

There is very great sameness about new American and Canadian towns. The most remarkable feature in Winnipeg is its Main Street, which is about 140 feet wide, and extends for two miles, having on either side fair wooden side-walks. The buildings vary greatly; some are good, of brick and stone, notably the Post Office, City Hall, and Hudson’s Bay Stores, but most are merely wooden structures of all sorts and sizes. The road is block-paved, that is, cedar-logs, cut transversely about a foot long, are placed on end close together, with gravel rammed between them. This makes a capital carriage way, and, strangely, is not here affected by the intense frost as the same kind of paving is in the milder east. There

is a tram line, a street railway, on the crown of this road. The horse-cars pay well, since few Canadians will walk anywhere when they can be carried for five cents (3d.).

Our advent created some little excitement. We had really very few acquaintances when we got there that morning; by night, we felt we had many friends. It is not often that two such girls as Maud and Maggie Selby arrive there in one day, and the young Englishmen we were introduced to were delightfully ready to plan all kinds of pleasures.

"Rigs" were offered—that is, horses and carriages; teas innumerable were planned; the good folks about St. John's at one, and of Fort Rouge at the other, end of the city, were profuse in proffered kindness; so we all, the young folks especially, looked forward to no end of a good time.

Mr. Selby—and I, too, for that matter—at first seemed rather disappointed. So much is always being said in Canada about Winnipeg, that one is apt to expect too much. It is only after staying there awhile that one begins to realize what a wonderful place it is, and to understand why those who live there permanently, and have seen it grow in thirteen years to what we see, are never tired of expatiating on its manifold beauties and wonders.

Mr. Selby and I had come to spy out the land, and we got very much perplexed during the first few days there. One man would tell us "everything is lovely"; another, that the country, and Winnipeg especially, is "played out." One man would take us into his office, open grand schemes, propose big investments, and offer immense profits for very trifling outlays. Another would drive us out across the prairies, to see what he described beforehand as most lovely spots, "just like bits of England," where money was to be made hand over hand. When we got there, it would prove to be just like every other place, lonely, new, and un-English in the extreme. Then another would show us a house in the city, and strongly advise us to double our money in a few weeks. They "went for us" in such a way that Mr. Selby became so perplexed and bothered as to declare he hated the place. But we found one good friend there, a young lawyer, who, when he saw what troubled us so much, soon put things right. He gave it out that we had not come to *invest* in anything, and it was truly surprising how quickly we had peace. Till then, by far the greater number of people we had met had talked "lots" and "investments." Indeed, they seemed to have them on the brain. Evidently this is a relic of the "boom" which was in Winnipeg not very long ago, when, surely, people went

mad for a time, if all we hear be true. That time is passed, and, whether it really did good to Winnipeg or not, I am unable to say. Opinions differ on the point.

Where the timber business, "the lumber trade" of Canada is carried out, where the streams and lakes provide the means of floating the logs cut back in the "timber limits" to the saw mills, groups of houses, villages, have sprung up beside these streams, by narrows, chutes, and saults. All the winter, and late on into the spring, the male inhabitants are almost all away from home, first cutting out the logs, then, when the ice breaks up, floating them down the streams till they can be formed into "tows" and "booms," that is to say, big collections of floating logs surrounded by a fence of long thin timbers and chains to keep them together. These booms are then towed or hauled down past the villages, out into the big lakes, and so to the saw mills.

What more natural, then, than that the villagers shall look forward with anxiety to the time when the sons and fathers shall arrive, when the houses will be full of mirth and plenty, the stores will do a roaring trade, and, alas! the taverns and saloons as well. So, as might be expected, there is great excitement when the long wished for boom comes along, and when it may be said that there is a boom in the village.

This, then, is the origin of the expression now so general everywhere. When from any cause an excitement arises in a town, generally when business is advancing "with leaps and bounds," it is said the town is "booming," or the "boom is in the town." And as this results usually in much trade in "real estate," it seems to me when that takes place it is, *par excellence*, "a boom." I don't believe such excitements are always desirable; the after effects are often severely felt.

When we were in Winnipeg, the excitement was the "disallowance" trouble. It is a long story, quite uninteresting to an outsider; but all Winnipeggers were full of it, some for, and some against it. No doubt those who made the most noise, who talked rebellion, armed resistance and other terrible things, meant, in some way, money for their own pockets, although their cry was always for the good of their beloved city.

In the Manitoba Club one day, a person was making a great to-do. "Unless the Government would allow this railway to be built, the country was ruined, Winnipeg a failure, and he himself had no more patience, and intended to clear out 'right away.'" Some people looked as if the loss of this valuable citizen would be a great blow

to Winnipeg, and others smiled. My young lawyer friend told me this—

“Three years ago that man came here without a cent; he has made 8,000 or 10,000 dols. since, and now, because there is an end to his game for a while, he threatens all these terrors. Let him go; he is bound to, as soon as he sees he can make no more. He cares nothing for the prosperity of this city, and we could do with still fewer of such fellows.”

A deal of truth in this, no doubt.

Mr. Selby and I had been made members of the Manitoba Club. A very complete and comfortable one it is, indeed; and we had reason to congratulate ourselves on our good fortune in becoming entitled to use it.

After the first day at the hotel, we made our home at a private boarding-house. The occasion of this is worth recounting, as it shows a phase of life far from unusual in a new country.

Amongst the two or three people the Selbys knew in Canada before they arrived, there was a lady who left England about four years ago, and was now living in this city. They soon found her address, and Mr. Selby went to see her. On his return to the hotel, he told us he should like us to go and stay at her house, and as we were not really very comfortable, we willingly went.

Subsequently I found out her history. She was the widow of an English clergyman, who died four years ago, leaving her with two sons and two daughters, and a few hundreds of pounds. She was not young; both daughters were grown up; her sons were on the verge of manhood. She bravely made up her mind to begin life again, for their sakes, in a new country. Manitoba was then “booming.” The sound of it reached even to the quiet English village where Mrs. Mount and her children lived. Her idea was the same as that with which nine hundred out of every thousand who emigrate start, namely, to “take up land.”

They were unfitted in every way for such a life, but no one was able to persuade them of the fact; and so they got to Winnipeg. Only staying there a few days, they hurried on a few miles farther west, and not very close to the “track” (the railroad) carried out what they had come to do, and chose their land, paying for it right out. Then they had built a pretty but most useless sort of house, and a very expensive one too, also purchasing machinery, cattle, good furniture (for which, depend upon it, they did not pay the lowest prices), and they laid in a good stock of provisions.

It is quite impossible for people who have not had some expe-

rience themselves to fully understand what this family suffered. Highly educated, never used to work of any kind, absolutely ignorant of how to do the simplest thing properly, they were completely lost; and, as soon as the excitement of the settling, the building, and the buying was over, began to realize, I think, that they had made a great mistake. The first winter passed with some degree of comfort, for they had plenty of food and firing. In the spring they *ought* to have put in crops, but they knew nothing about it, whilst their money was vanishing rapidly and they could not afford to hire help. Moreover, these people were rather "proud," or so the neighbours called them. Perhaps it was not really so; but they could not bring themselves to be "hail, fellow, well met" with every person round them, as is the custom there. Their house was not like others, open day and night to all who chose to enter, with food and bed, without so much as asking. Hence they did not make friends, but rather enemies instead. Thus the first summer passed, and so little had been grown that they had barely enough to keep them through the next winter. Then the cattle strayed, or got hurt. The cows went dry, through ignorant attention, or want of any; and when spring arrived they were in a miserable plight. Worse than all, the eldest son soon got disgusted. He wandered into Winnipeg more often than he had need to, got into loose company, drank too much strong liquor—the curse of this and every other land—and quickly went entirely to the bad, till now his mother did not know really where he was, or if he were living or dead.

I heard from people who knew them at that time that the younger son used to wander about the farm (?), doing a little bit here and there, without system or sense; that none of them would take advice from the people they knew, taking more trouble to make the few flower-beds pretty around the house than to cultivate the land and crop it. The girls and their mother used to take it turn about to read Shakespeare or Browning and, some said, Greek plays to the other two, who were doing the scrubbing and the cooking. Gradually their cattle were sold, their machinery too, and the third autumn found the one son left invalided. He had lost heart, and no wonder. Without prospects, with no ability to persevere in such a life, he simply "caved in," as they say there.

After that there was no one to work the land, which up to then had given them such a bare subsistence. At last they found a chance of letting it "on shares," and, bringing in their furniture, had taken a house in Winnipeg a few months before, which they had started as a boarding-house.

Poor Mrs. Mount herself had bravely struggled through the four years. Her daughters, fine girls too, had done their best to keep things going. The invalid son was the drag on them, although, no doubt, the elder son's fate added the sharpest sting of all.

When we went to Mrs. Mount's house she had but two or three permanent boarders, and we knew that she was not making both ends meet. Mother and daughters were doing all the work between them. So when Mr. Selby found out that our stay there would be a help to them, we gladly fell in to the arrangement.

It is very probable that these people will soon be better off, and will ultimately do very well. As Mrs. Mount said, "It is a capital country to struggle in." No matter what you do that is honourable, you will not lose caste. Already I could see signs of dawning better fortune. Their church people were interested in them. There were rumours of openings for the son, if he got back his health. One daughter hoped to get some suitable situation, and so to bring in dollars; and I have no fear but that, in time to come, they will attain to some degree of comfort at least, and if the elder son could but be found and rescued, they may even reach to happiness. But few know all their trials, of the present and the past.

There are numerous such incidents in Canada; but there is always there a possibility of recovery, and a hope for better things.

We had not been a week in Winnipeg before Mr. Selby and Maud were quite convinced that nothing would be gained by exchanging life in England, on a much reduced scale even from their old style, to one in a new Canadian city. No doubt the young ones enjoyed themselves, but they were sensible and knew that that could not last. Maggie was full of the life on the prairie—we heard so much of it—and she and her brother were most anxious to persuade their father to hurry on west, to settle there. Maud, on the contrary, saw nothing bright so far in Canada, nothing, as she truly said, that could compare with life people with even small means can enjoy at home.

About this time our first letter came from Charlie Donald, addressed to me. He said very little about his doings, or the country, or his prospects, but he was anxious to know when I was going to Broadview and would see him. His message to Maggie was short and manly; but reading between the lines, it was easy to tell where his heart was. To Maud and Mr. Selby he sent quite loving messages though.

For a few days after that Maggie was very quiet and subdued, her thoughts being with Master Charlie it was clear. I used to talk to

her those days a great deal. She tried so much to see brightness in the life that young man had before him, and to make herself believe that she would like it too. I also used to have long confabulations with her brother Tom. There was not a bit of romance about *him*; his views were business-like and sensible. But to both of them I used to say—

“Wait; you don't yet really know what the life is. Few of these people here to whom you talk have any notion how you will be impressed. Your ideas of comfort and civilization are so different from theirs. You know you are not without means; you are not obliged to put up with any opening that may occur, to take the first offer that may turn up. Tom can return to Blankshire any day, and take a post which will give him an ample income for the future.”

“Oh, ah!” interpolated Tom. “Catch me sitting on a high stool in an office all day—for that's what you mean. No; I'll not do that.”

“And,” I continued, “think how you would feel if your father was, without more ado, to give up all at home and settle some such way as the Mounts did; and suppose in a few months, or even years, you should all dislike it, you would then surely make a failure of it, much as they did. How would you feel then? No; be persuaded by me. I have seen too much of this sort of thing in Canada, the United States, Australia, and New Zealand. You are exceptionally fortunate, have the means of really examining for yourselves before deciding; therefore I beg of you don't do so until we have seen what the Nor'-West life is, and have seen British Columbia too. I really do not know what it will prove to be out there; but having lived in wild countries before, I do most strongly advise you to put off awhile all thoughts of settling this, perhaps the most important question in all your lives, until you know much more than you do now.”

Then, after such a preachment, I would have a talk with Mr. Selby, who seemed to be quite of Maud's opinion, and I had no difficulty with him, except to beg him not to say positively yet that Tom should *not* settle in the great North-West, and that Maggie should *not* keep his house there for him.

We wrote most friendly and encouraging letters to Charlie, and I told him I purposed soon to be his way.

The “cold spell” had passed and we were now having very nice weather, bright, sparkling sunshine and fresh, cool breezes. The prairie was getting greener, and the few trees and bushes at Fort Rouge and St. John's were showing signs of leaf. Certainly, if the

weather was frequently like this, Manitoba would be a very enjoyable climate.

One morning in weather such as this we arranged to take a trip to Stony Mountain, some twelve miles away, to see the herd of buffalo which the governor of the Penitentiary is preserving thereabouts, the prospect of seeing a "mountain" being an additional inducement. And we were going alone, and to manage in our own way as best we could.

The first move was to obtain a "rig," that is, a carriage and horses. Going to the "Livery and Board Stables," I found a man, apparently an ostler, in charge, and said—

"I want a rig; one to carry five."

Returning no answer to *me*, he shouted to a man in the interior of the stables—

"Oh! Boss! there's a fellow here who wants a rig. Which one shall I give him?"

The boss came.

"Yes. How long?"

I told him. A pair of horses were brought out, harnessed very lightly, as we should consider at home, then put into a vehicle, a double buggy. Some dusters (that is, light holland sheets, to protect from the dust) and rugs were thrown in, my name was asked, and I then was off.

Our carriage merits a short description. It was exceedingly wide between the wheels, which were about one height, back and front; consequently, there is no fear of locking them, as with our vehicles. One had to take plenty of room and make a *large* circle to turn round, and to beware of sharp corners. The wheels were very light and spider-webby, but experience soon teaches one that such are very reliable and strong. The body hung low, the seats were very comfortable, and the whole affair was eminently suitable to the country and the work to be done. The horses were yoked very widely apart; the pole or "tongue" hung very low. In this rig, then, we started.

Large numbers of cattle were grazing near the city, the railway line being protected by wire fencing. The land is arable and good; but they tell us that the owners hold it "on spec," at so high a figure, that farmers cannot buy it. These lands are level and treeless, except along the river courses, which have been washed down deep, usually with steep banks.

Knowing the general direction, we drove along the trail, which was not unpleasant, generally soft and springy turf; and we soon left all vestige of the town behind, and ahead of us, all round us, was just

vastness, flatness. It was too early in the year for flowers, and the grass was only starting into growth. We met a few "teams"—pairs of horses in the light-looking waggons of the country—laden with various produce for the city, and sometimes "a yoke" (a pair) of oxen doing the same duty, and one or two ox-carts—merely one ox harnessed to a light rough dray.

We drove merrily along for what we took to be about eight miles, and then began to look out for "a mountain." I had my suspicions, which were confirmed when the next man we met told us the ridge a few miles ahead was "Stony Mountain." He was quite serious, and would have thought us very rude if we had laughed. That, however, we *did*, when we had left him far behind.

"Call *that* a mountain? How absurd!" we said.

But you see, in that flat land, *any* rising ground is called a hill, and what we should call a knoll, or very light eminence, they dignify with the appellation of "mountain."

We found, when we had driven close and on to this one, it was certainly not more than fifty feet above the level of the plain.

On the summit of this "mountain" is the Penitentiary, conspicuous to all the country round, a warning to all evil-doers, white and red, for in it are confined some two hundred convicts, many of whom are Indians.

It seemed to us a very insecure sort of building for such a purpose, there appearing to be no wall round it, and hardly even a fence. The convicts were about outside at various occupations—gardening, brickmaking, and so forth—though, as we supposed, under guard.

Inside, there was not very much to see. An old Indian, a chief they called him, though he was in convict garb, of course, seemed happy, as keeper of some bears they had in a pen. This man had been concerned in the late "Riel's rebellion." I believe it was here the celebrated chief, Poundmaker, was shut up for some time before his death.

These were the first *live* Indians we had seen "upon their native heath," so to speak. They struck us as being, on the whole, as good-looking and as clean as the other convicts, and, mind you, that is not saying too much in their favour.

On Stony Mountain are the celebrated quarries, from which the building-stone is got that they use in Winnipeg. White bricks are made there also. But it is not for such material matters we came to Stony Mountain. We went there to behold the country around principally, and when we saw it, we concluded that loneliness and monotony are really the chief features of the landscape.

Another thing, and, indeed, the principal thing, we came to see, was the herd of buffalo. So, upon the mountain's "topmost peak" (fifty feet up), we stood and gazed around. A warder became our guardian, and said "he'd find them buffaloes right away." So he did, eventually, pointing out to us, three or four miles off, a group of black specks, which he declared were the animals, assuring us we could drive to within two hundred or three hundred yards of them with safety, and without alarming them.

Taking their bearings from the elevation we were on, we drove off. The trail proved good, no obstacles occurring in the way, and in a very short time, we came up with the herd. Our horses snorted a little, while the buffaloes stared at us, much as tame cattle would, the young ones trotting towards us; and really it was a most commonplace meeting we had that day with "the last of the buffalo." For, it seems that this is really the last herd in Canada, and it is very doubtful if there is a single straggler extant outside of it. There are about sixty in the herd; and although, no doubt, it is a most interesting sight, yet they looked so exactly like their fellows in "the Zoo" at home, and in the pictures of them one sees the world over, and they were so very tame, that I don't believe we half did our duty, and appreciated them as we otherwise might have done. We got to within some two hundred yards of them, and then they lifted up their shaggy, fierce-looking heads, and gazed in wonder at us, till the girls got "scared," and we had to drive away.

When we got back to Winnipeg, a man remarked to us, "I guess you didn't see much worth looking at; there's a good deal more scenery wanted in this country, ain't there?"

Well, there is. Even a Winnipegger must admit as much.

It is but a small place, after all, this *city* I am telling about. Of course it would not do for me to mention names, since, some day, I may have to go there again, and so I must be careful. I might offend some by too scant praise, and others might think that I piled it on "too thick." However, this I will say, I found a very large proportion of good, kind people there, people who have lived in, or who have visited other lands, and who know what's what. There were others we met, good kind folks too, who yet were quite indignant, or appeared to be so, if we did not declare right off that this ten-year-old city was far ahead of any other place we had ever seen in the New World or the Old.

There are some wonderfully good shops in the place. The Hudson Bay Stores, for example, are very like the Civil Service Stores in

London; but not *in prices*, remember. I cannot say much for the hotels. The churches are really wonderfully fine, and represent numerous denominations. The Salvation Army is there in full force, and has most commanding head-quarters.

I don't know how old St. John's Church is, which is in effect the Anglican Cathedral, but it resembles an old English village church more than anything else. They will be building a grand new cathedral soon, no doubt, but this quaint little church will still be useful, and I hope will long be allowed to stand.

The Roman Catholics have a very complete organization at Winnipeg. Across the river, at Boniface's, stands their cathedral, with its tin-covered spire, their archbishop's modest house close to it, their college, and the Grey Nun's school and convent. In the graveyard of St. Boniface there rests the body of Riel, the unhappy half-breed who headed the last two rebellious outbreaks of malcontents and misdoers.

The Roman Catholic Cathedral has a very fine peal of bells. In the original church, which was burned down in 1859, the bells were shattered into fragments. These remains being collected, were returned to London, where they had originally come from, and there the bells were recast and sent out again *via* the Mississippi, being brought up overland by ox-teams from St. Paul's to Winnipeg.

Not many years ago, dogs were here the usual locomotive agents employed during winter for the transit of men and goods. Now things are altogether changed. The only dog-train we saw was one owned by a half-breed laundryman, who, to advertise himself, collected soiled linen in a small waggon drawn by six pairs of dogs.

It was arranged that, as I had to pay a visit to Broadview, I should go on ahead, the Selbys staying on at Winnipeg, to come and see me by and by, when all should go west together from there. I was to take messages to Charlie Donald, and had orders to tell them all about him and his doings when I wrote. Maggie was more anxious than the rest, one could easily see, to transmit without actual words her concealed interest in him. Mr. Selby talked seriously to me about this love affair, for by this time even he had come to the conclusion that it was something more serious than a passing flirtation.

I promised him I would do all in my power to persuade Charlie not to go to extremes. However, Mr. Selby observed, when ending his consultation with me—

“If, in time to come, it becomes certain that those two are really and unalterably attached to each other, then something will have to

be done. We shall have to find some opening for him at home, I suppose. We have seen nothing yet to induce us to live here, and I cannot bring myself to contemplate with pleasure the idea of any of my children being separated from me."

That Maud thought much as her father did was very evident. Her dislike to the country, and to her sister's predilection for poor Charles Donald was, though discreetly veiled, very manifest to me.

So, about the end of May, I packed my bag and started one morning for the cars, all our friends coming to see me off.

Naturally enough, I felt sorry to part from so many good friends, but soon I hoped some of us would meet again, and would travel on west together, as it had been proposed, and indeed arranged, that we should do.

CHAPTER V.

ACROSS THE WHEAT COUNTRY.

Old Shipmates.—An Immigrant Family.—“Innocents Abroad.”—Portage-la-Prairie.—The “Beautiful Plains.”—A Settler from Devon.—“Wouldn't I like to go Home again!”—Farmers' Prospects.—A New and Go-ahead Prairie Town.—I reach Broadview.—How they welcome Travellers in Canada.—The Dining Hall.—Poor Prospects of Supper.—“It's Real Mean!”—The Servant Difficulty.—Interviewing “the Ladies.”—Elegance and Hauteur.—Pleading for Food.—Softening the “Prairie Flower.”—Pie!—On Charlie's Trail.—Rough Accommodation.—Looking for Meadows's Farm.—A queer Inhabitant.—Found at Last.—Bluffs, Sleughs, Shacks, and Dug-outs.—Meadows's Home.—My Friend's Experiences of the N.W.T.—Cattle *versus* Wheat.—A Drive in an Ox-cart.—The Town of Broadview.—The Liquor Prohibition Law.—New Acquaintances.—Bruce.—Wild Beasts and Birds.—Some Skunk Stories.—Insects and Flowers.

THE train was certainly two hours late, and was impatiently awaited by a crowd of people on the platform at the depôt. It was a large crowd, too—for Winnipeg, and one had scarcely room enough to move about freely. Quite a number of “Parmesians” turned up in the throng, and there was a constant repetition of greetings, the general refrain being—

“Hello! you here?”

“Well, what do you really think of it?”

A few of these old shipmates intended to remain in Winnipeg, more of them were going farther west, and of these some meant, as I did, to go right through to the Pacific and return at once. I took my seat in a first-class carriage this time, for I had not to pass a night on this journey, and at length we got off. The carriage was comfortable enough, but not so grand as the “sleeper.” There was more company in it, however, though one had to go into the “colonists' sleeping-car” when one wanted to smoke. The appointments of the car I was in—or “coach,” as the new style is—were good,

except that the backs of the seats were too low to be as comfortable as one might have wished.

Finding the people in this coach not particularly interesting, I moved into the "colonial sleeper," where there seemed better promise of sociability. Here my eyes were at once attracted to an Indian, who sat silently smoking, yet evidently taking pleasure in his surroundings. I suppose he was a swell in his way, judging from his get-up. He wore ordinary English clothes, but in addition he sported a pair of gorgeous new mocassins and a resplendent scarlet blanket, with earrings and finger-rings of great magnificence. There were several families in the car unmistakably fresh from the old country. As I passed one of them, a man touched his hat to me. Evidence enough, that simple act of courtesy, of the new-comer. I wondered how long it would take him to discard his old manners and adopt the new—that is, the absence of any. Not long, I guess.

This man proved to be one of our "Parmesians," though I did not remember having seen him on board.

"Well, and where are you going to?" I inquired.

"To Regina," he replied dismally; adding, "How long before we get there?"

As we had but just left Winnipeg, this seemed rather a stupid question to ask. I said—

"The train isn't due there till 23.45, you know, that is a quarter to twelve midnight. Besides, we are two hours behind time, and I suppose there'll be small chance of making that up."

I thought the poor man would have shed tears when I had explained this to him. He went over to his wife, and consulted with her and with a big daughter—a more sorrowful and hopeless-looking trio it would be difficult to imagine. Strangers in a strange land they were indeed! I joined in their conversation, and soon had all their little story. They were from Bedfordshire, and belonged to the farm-labourer class. They had had some work in Montreal, and had earned enough to pay their fares west. They were going now to join a brother who was settled some miles back from Regina, they did not know exactly where. Moreover, they had sent him no definite intimation of the time of their coming. Worst of all, they had spent every farthing of the little stock of money they had brought with them from Montreal, and were hungry then. The last trouble was soon got over, for I had provisions with me, and procured them some coffee from the dining-car.

I suppose someone had been chaffing these poor innocents, and cramming them with Heaven knows what all, for I discovered that

they were dreadfully alarmed at the fancied prospect of being left by themselves on the lonely prairie in the middle of the night, without food or refuge or assistance. I did my best to relieve their anxieties on this score, and our conversation soon attracted others of the passengers. Before long everyone in the car was interested in them; they were cheered up, well fed, and I believe they would find quarters at Regina until the brother could be discovered. Indeed, I overheard one and another offering engagements to the man. There seemed to be almost a competition as to who should get him. And it turned out, curiously enough, that everybody in the car, except the Indian swell, hailed from Old England. So I felt that what farther help I could have given to these poor folks was no longer required.

All this time we had been rushing along, at a very fair rate, across the dead level of the prairie. Near Winnipeg there seemed to be little cultivation; but herds of cattle were dotted about the plain. We were seldom out of sight of a—habitation; I prefer not to say *house*. The first place of note we stopped at was Portage-la-Prairie, a town of stirring and prosperous appearance. It was a clear bright day, the sky was blue, and the distance still more blue; near at hand, the grassy plain shone brilliantly in the sunlight; there was a brisk breeze blowing, and there seemed to be a corresponding liveliness and "go" among the people. I suppose this prairie town would cover about a square mile altogether, but many of the houses stood widely apart. Among them were some very nice, well-built, comfortable-looking houses, and there were churches, hotels, stores, windmills; and facing the track stood warehouses, elevators, and factories—prosperity was evident everywhere. Here, too, the Manitoba and North-Western Railway intersects the C.P.R.

Beyond this point we passed through various small stations and some villages. Chief among these were Sydney and Melbourne. (Why *will* they go on imposing names already attached to other towns upon these new places?) Carberry, next, seemed a thriving place, and there was a great deal of cultivation around it; but it was flat, dreadfully flat.

Out on the platform of the car, where I had gone for a smoke after dinner in the dining-car, I dropped into conversation with a fellow-passenger.

"You're just out, I expect," he said, to which I assented.

"Well, Sir, and what do you think of our country?"

"It's a great country, a great country," I replied, endeavouring to assume an air of giving a wholly original answer to a question I had never heard before, or was likely to be asked again.

"I'm glad you think so," he went on. "We call this part 'the beautiful plains.' I'm from the old country myself, and have only been out here four years. Whereabouts do you come from?"

"From Kent," I told him.

"Ah, well, I come from Devonsheer. I guess that's not far off you."

"Why no, reckoning distances as you do here. But now tell me. How do you like the life? What are you doing? Farming?"

"Oh, yes," he responded heartily. "I came out here with my wife and six children, and had two or three hundred pounds when I arrived. Now I've got a quarter section, all paid for and in crop. I've got a lot of cattle, too, and I'm doing well. I like it. This is the best wheat country in the world, you know, *bar!*"

"Wouldn't go home again, I suppose?"

"To-morrow, if I could."

"What! I thought you said you liked it?"

"Ah, but there's no place like England, after all. Here you can get on better, no mistake about that. I'm better off now after four years' work than I should have been in a lifetime at home. Still, I'd rather live in England, of course, and so would the wife. The women have to suffer most out here, especially at first. However, if we get a good harvest this year, I reckon we shall make things more comfortable. Where are you going? Intending to settle?"

"Oh, no. I'm only making a trip across the country *back.*"

"What! going right home again after you've been *back*?"

"Yes."

"Well, you *are* a lucky man! Wouldn't my missus like to have a talk with you. Shall you be going down our way after you get home?"

"Hardly likely, I think."

"But if you should, anyhow, just go and see my old father and mother, and tell 'em you've seen me."

So I took down names and addresses, and if ever I find myself in "Devonsheer" I shall certainly give the old people a call. This man gave me a great deal of information about Manitoba, which I believe was entirely trustworthy. His accounts were very interesting, and seemed to show clearly that wheat-growing is a profitable industry here. Southern Manitoba, he said, was ahead of any place he had ever seen as a wheat-growing country. He wished that English farmers could really *see* for themselves what is being done there. He said that in winter it was generally very bright, clear weather, and that the cold rarely troubled them. From the middle of June

to the end of September, nothing could be brighter and more lively than it was throughout the province. He was pleased that I intended making a longer stay here on my way back. Harvest-time was short, but was an extremely busy and anxious period, as it is elsewhere.

"If we don't have drought," he observed with regard to it, "or frost, or grasshoppers, we generally come out O.K."

He left the train at Brandon, and anyone would have thought we were old friends, so impressive were our farewells.

This Brandon is really a very important place; and it is no wonder that the inhabitants of it, and all the country thereabouts, consider it so. In 1881, the very first building of any kind was erected. Seven years have elapsed since then, and the town has now over four thousand inhabitants. It possesses churches and chapels of various denominations, more than a hundred stores, seven grain elevators, with a capacity of above sixty thousand bushels; three banks, several implement factories, eight hotels, high and common schools, and there are three branch railways under construction. It is lighted by electricity, has a very well organized fire department, twelve or fifteen miles of graded and gravelled roads, has a mayor and corporation, and is the largest grain market for producers in Canada. Such a place illustrates well how they go ahead in the great North-West of Canada; and, bear in mind, the large majority of these Brandon folk are *our own* people. They are not Americans, whom we in England are accustomed to suppose the smartest and cleverest people in the world. No! Four-fifths of the settlers in Western Canada are British-born, belonging to the farm-labourer or artisan class. But out yonder they have a chance to show what they can do; there is *room* for them out there.

It was a little west of Carbery that the plain began to assume a different aspect. Scattered spruce firs gave some pretty effects, though they soon ceased; but there was a more park-like semblance generally. Clumps of trees came into sight frequently, and we passed through some of these that were a mile or two in extent. The ground was no longer level, but rolling and undulating. And as we swiftly travelled on over this swelling prairie, the motion of the cars was very much like that of a ship at sea. Here and there were ponds, reflecting the blue sky in their still depths, and all around the sere yellow grass of the prairie intensified the colouring of the scene. We passed through Verden, Elkhorn, Moosomin, still in the same kind of country. Settlement and signs of habitation gradually disappeared, until at last it seemed as if we had left them all behind

us. Wapella and Whitewood proved to be mere wayside stations, and I began to be fearful lest I should find my destination, Broadview, no better when I got there. And I had reason to be anxious and uneasy about it, for it was past twenty-one o'clock (nine at night), and I was tired and hungry.

At last we came to Broadview, and here I and my baggage were safely landed. I was much relieved to find that it was an inhabited place. I saw a large white brick house adjoining the platform, with various stores and dwellings beyond. But, to my dismay, I could see no signs of Meadows, who I had hoped would have met me. So I began making inquiries, and found that I had created quite a sensation.

"Where have you come from?"

"Where are you going to?"

"Have you come here to settle?"

Such were the questions with which I was plied on all sides. Evidently the arrival of a stranger at Broadview was not an everyday occurrence, however many might *pass* it in the train. When I explained that I had come to visit Meadows, plenty of people assured me they knew him, and offered advice as to how I should find his place. But it was useless to think of looking for it that night, so I inquired if I could get quarters. Certainly, at the Dining Hall, I was told at once by everybody. Presently the manager of this establishment appeared, and of him I asked—

"Can you give me a bed?"

"Oh, yes."

"And some supper?"

"Supper! Why, don't you know what the time is? Supper's been over hours."

"Well, call it what you like; but something to eat I must have."

"Guess you'll get nothing to eat in this town till morning."

"What! And that a dining-hall! Is there no hotel here? Is there no place where one can get food?"

"I reckon not at this time of night. You should have come earlier."

"It was not my fault that the train was late. Surely such cases must occur often enough. Have you *got* no food?"

"Oh, lots; but not at this time of night. No, Sir. This is not the old country; you can't have things as you like here."

"So it seems; but surely you are not such an uncivilized set as to allow a stranger to go hungry to bed in this grand country? Can't

you give me anything at all to eat? I'm too famished to be particular."

"No, Sir," grimly replied the manager of the C.P.R. Dining Hall. "I can give you nothing whatever to-night."

This seemed a very extraordinary arrangement, and to me a decidedly unpleasant one. I stormed and raged about a bit; but that only made them all laugh. I was really faint with hunger, for I had not supped on board the train, expecting to do so on my arrival in port. The manager looked a decent fellow enough, and I thought he spoke with something of a Yorkshire accent, so I said—

"Come now, I believe you are an Englishman yourself?"

"Oh, yes, I am," he replied, with a laugh; "I'm English enough."

"Well, then, what would you have thought of this sort of thing, if it had happened to you at home, eh?"

"Why, I expect I should have thought it real mean."

"Ah! And why isn't it so here?"

He shrugged his shoulders, and came up close to me—

"Look here, I suppose it ain't your fault you don't know the ways of this country. Fact is, I'm sorry to treat you like this; but I can't help myself. It's the servants. They're our masters and mistresses here, and I simply dare not ask one of them to serve you. But you take my advice; go right up into the hall, make up to one of the young ladies, and see if you can't manage to coax her into giving you something."

So I presently found my way into the large room in the white brick building dignified by the title of Dining Hall. Numerous tables stood about, spread with knives and forks, cruets, &c., and at one of them I took my seat. Up at the farther end of the room a group of girls were gathered round the stove, gossiping. These were the "young ladies." I suppose, in England, one would have called them the serv—but, no; I dare not write it, even at this distance. They were all dressed in the most stylish and ultra-fashionable manner, their hair arranged to correspond with the magnificence of their attire. My! weren't they just dazzling swells.

After a little, my intrusion was noticed by these superior creatures, and one of them at length deigned to rise languidly, and came sweeping and rustling grandly down to me. With cold dignity, she demanded what I required. When I mildly returned that I was in extreme want of some supper, she looked positively horror-stricken, while her elegant companions at the other end of the room looked at one another and at me, as much as to say, "What next, indeed!"

"You want supper!" exclaimed the engaging damsel before me, with words of disdain in her voice. "Don't you know it is past twenty-one o'clock? Supper was over hours ago."

"I know all that," I said impatiently; "but, my good girl, I want food of some sort—any sort. I'm hungry."

"Food! at this time of night!" and she drew herself up haughtily, regarding me as if I were crazy. I perceived I had made a mistake in my mode of addressing this duchess. That "good girl" was a sad blunder in tact. I saw I must resort to diplomacy, or else continue to starve. So, though inwardly fuming, I compelled



IN THE DINING HALL.

myself to plead. There was no help for it. Putting on the most dejected and humble air I could muster, I said—

"I beg your pardon, Miss"—observe my artfulness—"but the train was late, and I have eaten nothing since the morning. I am a stranger, just out from England, or I should have known better than to cause you such inconvenience."

She softened considerably at this, and condescended to eye me a little more graciously.

"Oh, you are a stranger. Well, you see, we make it a rule not to serve meals except at the proper times."

Thinking I was gaining ground, I ventured a little farther.

"Yes, but there is no rule without an exception to it, you know; and circumstances alter cases, I'm sure you will admit."

What woman was ever proof against proverb or axiom? My prairie princess shook her head, but there was a faint smile on her face—a very pretty one it was, too—as she murmured perfunctorily—

"That may be; but we can't alter our regulations to suit everybody. It would never do."

I began to think she was yielding, and threw as much persuasion as I could into my voice and manner.

"But I am not everybody. Surely your good nature will allow you to oblige a famishing man, just for once?"

"No, no: it's really out of the question."

But her manner indicated hesitation. I threw all my forces into a final effort. Assuming an exaggerated appearance of faintness, and speaking in a small voice, I said—

"I know I'm very much in fault, but, my dear young lady, I'm sure your kind heart must plead for me. Look at me; I'm really ill for want of food. Can you not just manage to oblige me so far as to give me a morsel of food? My friend, who stayed here a night a short time ago, told me I should find one of the ladies here most kind."

"Then you have friends about here? Who are they?"

"Meadows is the name of one, but it was a young man called Donald I was referring to."

"Charlie Donald! My! why didn't you say before that you knew him?"

"Well, it never struck me, you see. So you do remember my shipmate, it appears?"

"Why, certainly. Of course, then, since you're to be a friend, I suppose I must get you some supper."

And she hurried off, while the rest of the resplendent sisterhood stared at me and at her as if something very extraordinary had occurred.

All this fuss and nonsense about getting a mouthful of chance victuals, in an establishment the only *raison d'être* of which was to supply the wants of travellers! But this is a fair sample of the way in which equality and freedom come to be construed in the North-West Territory, and in like places elsewhere. For my part, I prefer the "bloated despotisms" of Europe—when I am hungry, at any rate.

Presently my fascinating friend reappeared, and set down before me a plate of "pie" and a cup of half-cold coffee, remarking—

"There, it's not everybody I'd do as much for; but as you're a friend of a friend of mine I don't mind making an exception, for once in a way."

"For this great favour accept a thousand thanks, fair lady," I ejaculated, throwing what I intended to be a look of rapturous gratitude upon her. And then I attacked the viands as only a hungry man can do.

But, reader, have you any idea of what the American or Canadian "pie" is like. If you have not, I'll tell you. Take two slabs of heavy, sodden dough; between them spread a thin layer of fruit, or what not; place the whole on a plate, and *half* bake it. The result is "pie," according to Transatlantic notions. It was with visions of indigestion and nightmare before me that I went to work at mine: but I ate it—I had to. And I filled up interstices with crackers and butter, which my last remark had produced from the complaisance of my elegant attendant. And then I was mulcted in the sum of fifty cents for this unsatisfactory repast. Expensive, rather!



After I had made some progress with my meal, my fair attendant drew near as if she wished to talk to me. For this I was not sorry, as I was naturally curious to ascertain how she had managed, in so short a time, to get to know Charlie Donald apparently so well.

"Have you seen Donald lately?" I asked her.

"He was in here two days ago. Does he come from the same place as you do in the old country?"

"No; I only met him on shipboard, coming across. A nice young fellow, isn't he? But I suppose you have many young Englishmen of that sort about here?"

"Oh, there are plenty of young Englishmen, but I don't remember one like him altogether. I guess most of those we see hereabouts are not much account, whatever they might have been at home; pretty rough, you know, and we don't take much stock in them."

"Well, I don't believe Charlie Donald will deteriorate, for I have a very high opinion of him. How does he get on, do you know?"

"I can't say. He's hardly been long enough around to know yet. I think he must be pretty dull, for he's just batching it with a man named Hardy some miles out. Do you know *him* as well?"

"No. What sort of a man is he?"

"Right enough, I imagine, but a different kind to the other. He's a good deal older, and seldom comes in here. There isn't much

society here, yet there are two or three people about glad enough to see a strange face around occasionally. It's a terribly rough and lonesome country, so it is a great pleasure to meet a decent young fellow sometimes. I came from Ontario, where things are very different. Did you stay in Toronto or Hamilton at all?"

"Not this time. But I know them pretty well. This is not my first visit to Canada by many. I have many friends in those two cities."

"Do you know Stratford? I come from there."

"Why, yes; I lived there many years ago."

And then this young lady mentioned several names, some of which I knew. So by and by we got quite friendly, and the other girls could see no farther reason for looking on me as a kind of wild animal. And I congratulated myself that I had already made at least *one* friend in Broadview.

After that I got my baggage in, and saw it safely bestowed. Then I found out and took possession of the bed-room assigned to me. The less said about *it* the better.

I came prepared to "rough it," but my experience here was unnecessarily wretched, and there was no rhyme or reason for it. In this grandly named "Canadian Pacific Railway Dining Hall" one would have expected decent comfort, at least. Instead of that it was all wretched and miserable in the extreme—not an encouraging commencement to my sojourn in the famous No. th-West Territory.

About 5 a.m. I was aroused by the shrieking and groaning of a freight-train. The pleasant odour of cooking assailed my nostrils, and, as I was still hungry, I thought it expedient to get up and prospect a little after the source of the smell. Descending into the room of pretentious designation, I found it already pretty full of people. I was served with breakfast by the same girl who attended to me the night before, but now it was with pleasure she did it. Yet it was a tasteless and tepid meal, such as one gets in most N.W.T. eating-houses. This one professed to be under the management of the C.P.R., but was no better than the independent ones.

"Shall you see Charlie Donald soon?" she asked me when there was an opportunity. "Have you come to stop with him?"

"Yes, I shall see him soon, no doubt; but I have come to stay with an old friend of mine named Meadows. I believe he lives about four miles away. Are you acquainted with him?"

"I know him, but not where he lives. I guess Mr. York, the manager, can tell you. But, I say, when you see Mr. Donald, tell him you saw me, and that I did what I could for you here."

"Oh, certainly ; but you must let me know how I'm to name you to him."

"Say it was Lena Lloyd, for that's my name."

So I said good-bye to this "prairie-flower," and after breakfast I began more inquiries about Meadows, but it was not until I had encountered an intelligent Scotch store-keeper that I got comprehensible directions as to how I should find his place. I started off under the exhilarating influences of a fine bright sky and a fresh breeze, and made my way along the trail shown me. After crossing the track and finding a cross-trail as directed, I trudged on into the open prairie, leaving all signs of humanity behind me. The trail was a mere path worn by pedestrians, with the occasional marks of waggon-wheels beside it, and wound about to avoid bogs and bushes.



ASKING THE WAY.

The prairie, now I was on it, appeared less ugly and monotonous than I had expected. The ground was covered with vegetation, but not thickly or luxuriantly, and there was very little grass and none of the turf one associates with it in England. I saw but one flower in bloom, a pale blueish anemone, not very striking. Here and there were a few small trees, which gave the scene a home-like aspect. But the general prospect was grey and melancholy, and I could scarcely believe I was actually wending my way across the prairies of the Great North-West.

When I had made some two miles I came upon a new feature. What looked like a heap of manure rose up before me, and beside it was a big square packing-case. A trail led up to these objects, and I approached to investigate them. Coming nearer I saw a stove-pipe projecting from the top of the packing-case, and then a door in the

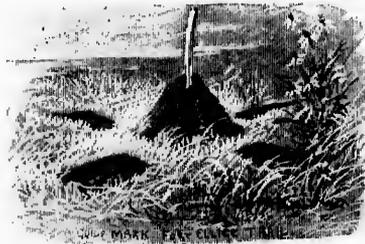
side of it. I should say the concern was some ten by eight feet square.

I knocked at the door, and presently a man appeared. I was quite taken aback, for I thought it was an Indian. He was blacker than one, and appeared to be encased in leather garments. These turned out to be of canvas, however, merely browned by smoke and saturated with dirt and grease. Evidently strangers were an unaccustomed sight about there. This grimy individual stood and stared at me as if he had never seen a fellow-creature before.

"Can you put me in the way to Meadows's place?" I asked.

"To Meadows's place, is it? Ah, sure thin, I can," he replied, in a strong Irish accent; and he gave me directions how to find a trail which would lead me there. Then he shut the door quickly, as though glad to be alone again.

I went forward, round patches of trees and bushes, but not a sign of life visible for another mile or two. After that I came to a spot where seven or eight trails met, and which I ought to take now was more than my inexperience could tell me. In the middle of the crossings a stick had been planted upright, supported by black sods thrown up around it. I had read somewhere that Indians were accustomed to make signs of such a sort, and I thought possibly Meadows had put this up as an indication for me. But, after long puzzling over it, I



A PRAIRIE SIGN-POST.

had to give up the attempt to make anything of it. I learned subsequently it was one of the landmarks on the old Fort Ellice trail, the highway of these parts before the railway track was laid; for these trails are the only kind of road existing as yet in the N.W.T.

I concluded to take the trail which, as far as I could judge, was a continuation of the one I had been following, and along which I proceeded perhaps another mile or two. Then I bethought me that Meadows had been in Australia as I had, and so I went up a bit of rising ground and exercised my lungs with a "Coo-ee!" such as we used to signal with in the Australian bush. It was no use; but I walked on, and tried it again and again. At last came a most welcome answer, and then a man came running towards me, and Meadows and I once more clasped hands together.

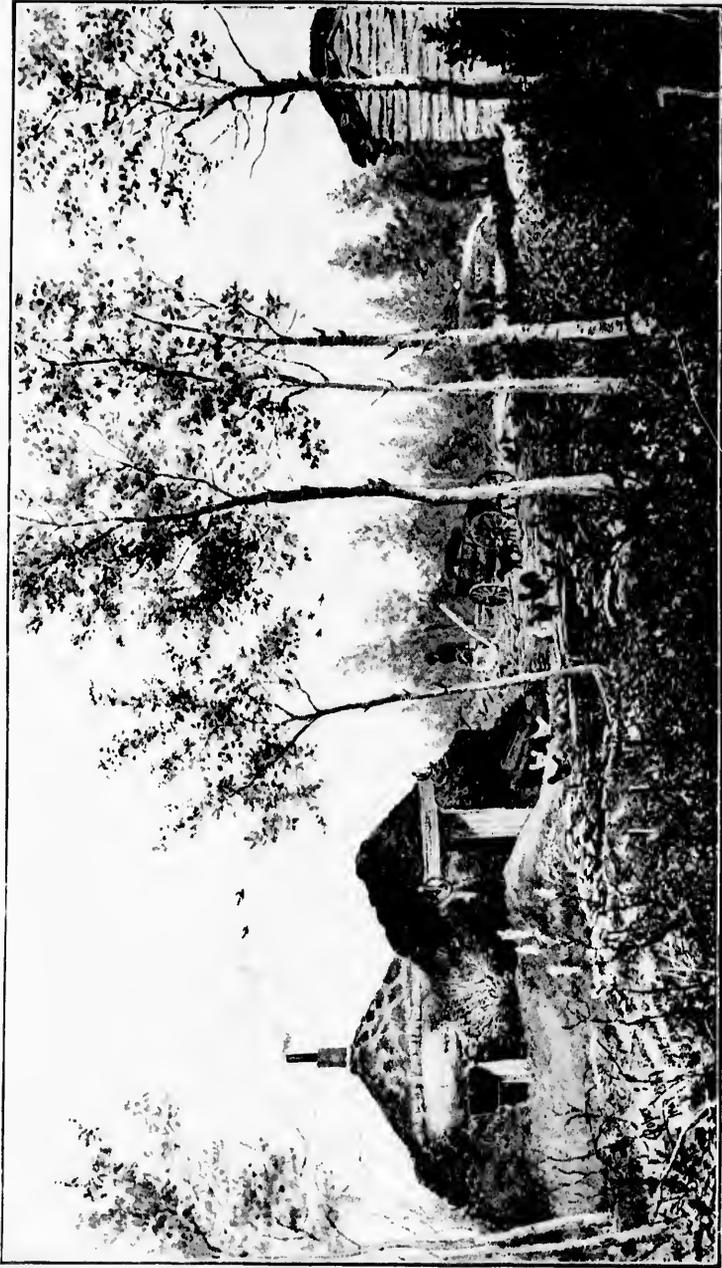
I was close to his place, having luckily kept on the right trail.

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MEADOWS'S DIG-OUT.

As we walked on to the house, I was obliged to admit that the situation was not devoid of charm. The view was extensive and really pretty. Hereabouts the prairie was by no means flat, but broken by shallow dells and gullies, with gentle rising ground between. The scene had a park-like aspect, being diversified by plentiful patches of copse and grove, "bluffs," as they call them; while in the bottoms were numerous "sleughs," sedgy pools and ponds of various sizes.

Meadows's "shack," the local name for a shanty or any habitation of the rough-and-ready sort, proved to be of the kind more particularly known as a "dug-out." I will attempt to describe how it was constructed, and the illustrations will show what it looked like as I saw it. First of all, a suitable hillock was selected, and a trench cut straight into it. This trench or passage would be some four feet wide, and, starting on the level of the bottom of the hillock, pierced inwards for some thirty feet, till its sides were five or six feet high. Here a larger excavation was made, some fifteen feet square, to form the interior chamber of the house. Both chamber and passage were next roofed in with poles as rafters; on these was laid three feet of prairie hay, and on the top of that four feet of thick sods. There was a door to the passage and another to the room, and there were actually two real glass windows, these items being all that had cost Meadows and his son anything beyond their personal labour.

Inside, the earthen floor had been stamped and worn into such unevenness, that it was not easy to find a spot flat enough for one's seat, and navigation at night was hazardous. An iron cooking-stove occupied the centre of the room, its pipe being carried up through the roof. At one end was a row of three wide bunks, and there were plenty of shelves all round. There was a big rough table, and the rest of the furniture consisted of three cranky, curious articles, known as "nor'-west chairs," with an assortment of old boxes, cases, and kegs. This dismal hovel, made entirely by themselves, was the home of two men who had formerly lived in affluence in England. They said it was warm and dry in winter, however, and cool in summer, and appeared quite satisfied with it as their only abode.

The agricultural depression in England had ruined these folks some years ago. They came out here, and here they are likely to remain. They say they like it, and see bright prospects ahead. I hope it is so; for to enumerate all they have to do and to suffer now, is beyond my powers of description. I only know that settlers in a new country, commencing without capital, deserve all, and more, than the success they eventually achieve—if they do achieve it.

Meadows is a man of about fifty; his son is twenty-one. They

arrived here in the spring of 1884, and each selected his quarter-section (160 acres) of land. There was plenty to choose from—hundreds of square miles, in fact. I should mention here, that any British subject, who is over eighteen years of age, may select and enter upon a homestead section, quarter of a square mile as surveyed and numbered, on payment of a fee of ten dollars for registration. When he has resided three years on this homestead, and has broken at least thirty acres of prairie, he is entitled to receive a free grant of the section, which then becomes absolutely his own property. This system prevails in Manitoba, and in the four new provinces of the N.W.T., namely, Assiniboia, where I now was, Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Athabasca. I speak with regard to the Government agricultural blocks; those assigned to the C.P.R. and the Hudson Bay Company are disposed of on different terms.

During the first summer on their land, Meadows and his son lived in a tent. They constructed their "dug-out," ready for the winter. broke up some prairie, and put in a few potatoes and oats. When winter came, they had to learn how to cut and carry firewood. They finished the inside of their habitation, and also cut firewood for sale in the village. They did not suffer much from the cold, though the frost was often 40° or 50° below zero, but were put to all sorts of shifts, and were quite alone, not even having a dog or cat for company.

The weather in winter is generally calm, which accounts for people's ability to stand the intense cold. If a blow comes on, however—a "blizzard" they call it—you must take shelter at once, wherever you are, or you will be frozen to death in a minute. There is no damp at all; it is perfectly dry; and cleaned wheat is not harmed if left out under the snow. Dwellings are usually roofed with sods, or with one layer of tarred paper. People wear no boots in winter, but two pairs of woollen stockings and mocassins. On coming in, they can shake the snow off as easily as if it were dry sand.

When spring came, my friends got a yoke of oxen of their own. The frost goes six or seven feet into the ground; but as soon as the surface was thawed, they began to plough, and put in some twenty acres of grain and potatoes. They dug out a capital stable for their oxen, and added a pig and some fowls to their live stock. But the summer was short; winter came again before harvest was ready, and the grain crop was a failure. There was no wheat to sell; oats and barley just enough to feed the chickens; but potatoes sufficient to keep them alive through the winter. Not a cheerful prospect; but they were bound to stick to it.

The second spring they got about forty acres under crop, and worked hard, hoping for some return this time. Unfortunately, it was a scorching hot summer, the sleughs were dried up, and there was not a drop of rain. Harvest again brought them nothing more than a bare subsistence for the winter. They had passed through that season, still unflinchingly struggling on, and now it was May. I found them cheerful and hopeful, however. They had each completed their three years of residence, had got the requisite thirty acres apiece broken up, and accordingly had claimed and received the deeds which made their land their own. I think that was something to have done, considering the arduous unceasing labour and the terrible privations by which it had been accomplished.

"And, truthfully, now, do you really like it?" I asked.

"Yes, I do," replied Meadows. "We feel quite at home here, and are satisfied we did wisely in coming. We like the climate, and find the winter no hardship at all. If we had but two or three hundred pounds, we could make fortunes in no time."

"And as you haven't?"

"It will take longer, that's all. We must expect hardish times yet, for a bit; but we shall improve each year, and come out all right at the end of eight or ten."

"By growing wheat?"

"No, no; you can't *depend* on wheat in the North-West. By cattle."

"You think cattle will pay better?"

"Not a doubt of it. If they don't, we may as well all say good-bye to the country."

"Meantime, being without capital, I suppose you must still rely on grain crops to some extent?"

"Unfortunately, yes. But if we win a good harvest this year, we shall be able to buy a few cows and make a start. Then things will improve by degrees, and prosperity be more certainly ahead of us."

"By and by, too, I suppose there'll be more people about; so that you will be able to have society and enjoy life more?"

"Yes. But there'll never be neighbours close together as at home. We have some now within a mile or two, and that's near enough."

The day after my arrival we went into Broadview in the ox-waggon, to fetch my traps. Buck and Bright were good specimens of draught-oxen, gentle, obedient animals, as tame as dogs. They do not use the yoke here, as in Eastern Canada, but rough harness. The

oxen are driven by word of command; "Haw!" turns them to the left, "Gee!" to the right. There are no reins; but sometimes a line to the near beast's horn, just to attract his attention with if he happens to go to sleep by the way. The waggons, though strong and handy, are lighter than any used in England.

I enjoyed the drive, though it was slow work, of course. It was a bright, breezy morning, like an English spring day. Meadows talked much about the country and the people, and seemed to have lost all interest in English topics. He had, I found, quite fallen into the prevailing fashion of the country. For, out here, nobody cares for anything beyond merely local matters.

I noticed many holes in the ground, which Meadows informed me were the burrows of prairie-dogs, gophers, and badgers. These animals are very tame—at least, if you are riding or driving, or even walking beside an ox or a horse, you can approach quite close to them. We saw a prairie-dog presently, a funny little chap. He sat bolt upright beside his hole, and stared at us till we were almost near enough to touch him; then he turned a somersault into his burrow, his tail wagging a last defiance of us as he disappeared. I have often watched these creatures since, and regard them as the merriest—perhaps the only merry—things on the prairie. They never walk, they waltz, skipping and frisking about, and seemingly getting through all the business of their lives in a dance. We saw but few birds, and those were not remarkable.

Broadview did not improve much on nearer acquaintance. I found it possessed three stores, where anything or everything was sold or bought. One of them was also the post-office. There were a couple of bakers, and, I believe, a butcher. Once there was a doctor, but he had gone, leaving the only decent house in the place, the only one that was painted or had an attempt at garden about it. It was now a boarding-house. I understood there was a lawyer in the place, however. Two tumble-down shanties were styled "hotels," but as they had no patrons the title could only be intended as one of courtesy, I presume. There was a school-house, and a place of worship—I don't know of what denomination. There were many dwellings, rough wooden houses of all sizes, unpainted, and devoid of gardens, many dilapidated, and all stuck about promiscuously; for of road or street there was little indication visible to me. Beside the track were two brick buildings, one of them the Dining Hall I have previously mentioned, the other known as the C.P.R. Round-house, where are railway workshops, engine sheds, and depositories.

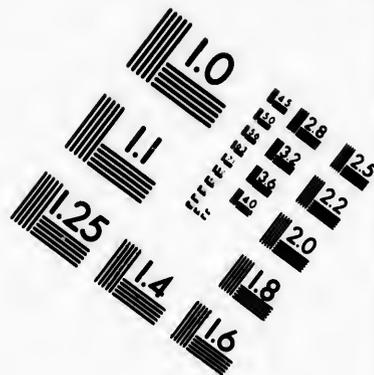
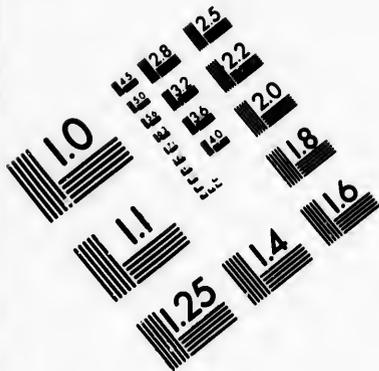
I should call Broadview a fair type of the villages along the

prairie section of the C.P.R., were I not fearful of arousing resentment. Every commencement of a town, and every collection of shanties, deems itself the gem of the whole North-West, and is highly indignant at praise bestowed upon others. Grenfell, I remember, was excessively proud and "stuck up" because its houses were all brightly painted; Broadview plumed itself on its simplicity and disdain of all "nonsense." I daresay it was prosperous enough, but it seemed to me anything but a lively place, and I should be sorry to call it my home.

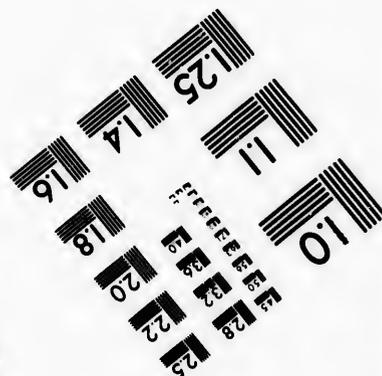
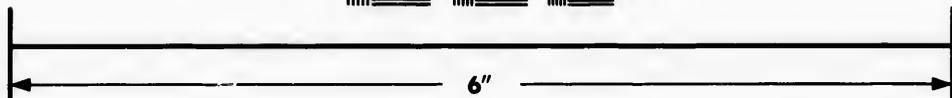
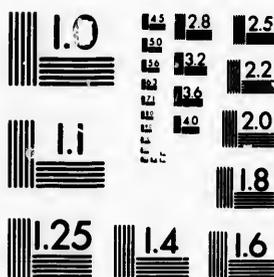
What they lack in other respects they make up for by the magnificence of their nomenclature. I found in Broadview a "City Bakery," an "Ice-Cream Parlour," and a "Billiard Hall." Now, in the N.W.T. they have a law totally prohibiting all traffic in intoxicating drink of every sort, and to enforce this a Mounted Police, over a thousand strong, has been almost exclusively organized. What utter and preposterous nonsense it is to make laws which three-fourths of the citizens break whenever they can, and which the very officers appointed to carry them out are bound to be blind to evasions of, will appear from this. In the Billiard Hall I found a number of people, among them several policemen, smoking cigars and drinking something which had all the appearance of beer. I was asked to try a glass, being told it was merely innocent "hop-beer," and therefore not prohibited liquor. I drank, and could pronounce this beverage, despite its euphemistic title, a very fair ale indeed. I have not the slightest doubt that, had I so desired, I could have got as happily inebriated upon it as upon the "bitter" of Bass, and in as short a space of time. Now I understood how it was that so many inhabitants of the N.W.T. are said to be hard drinkers.

I now made acquaintance with various citizens of Broadview. Among these was "Judge" Smith (any name will do), who was the local justice of the peace, or resident magistrate. He was an Englishman, a pleasant and intelligent man. He told me he had formerly been editor of an English provincial newspaper, had come here in search of health, and had most emphatically found it. I afterwards heard something of him which will serve to illustrate a curious phase of colonial life. Later, in the summer, this gentleman—and I use that title advisedly—engaged himself to a party working on the C.P.R. in the mountains in the capacity of—*cook!* What do you think of that for a legally-constituted J.P.? It would not be considered at all remarkable or extraordinary out there. Any occupation is deemed equally honourable—so long as it is sufficiently lucrative.





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I was very much pleased with another of my Broadview acquaintances, Bruce, a hearty, jovial, wholesome-natured Englishman. He was about the only man I met in these parts who had an opinion of his own, and who was not afraid to shout it out so that all the world might hear. When he knew that I had just come out, he cried—



BRUCE.

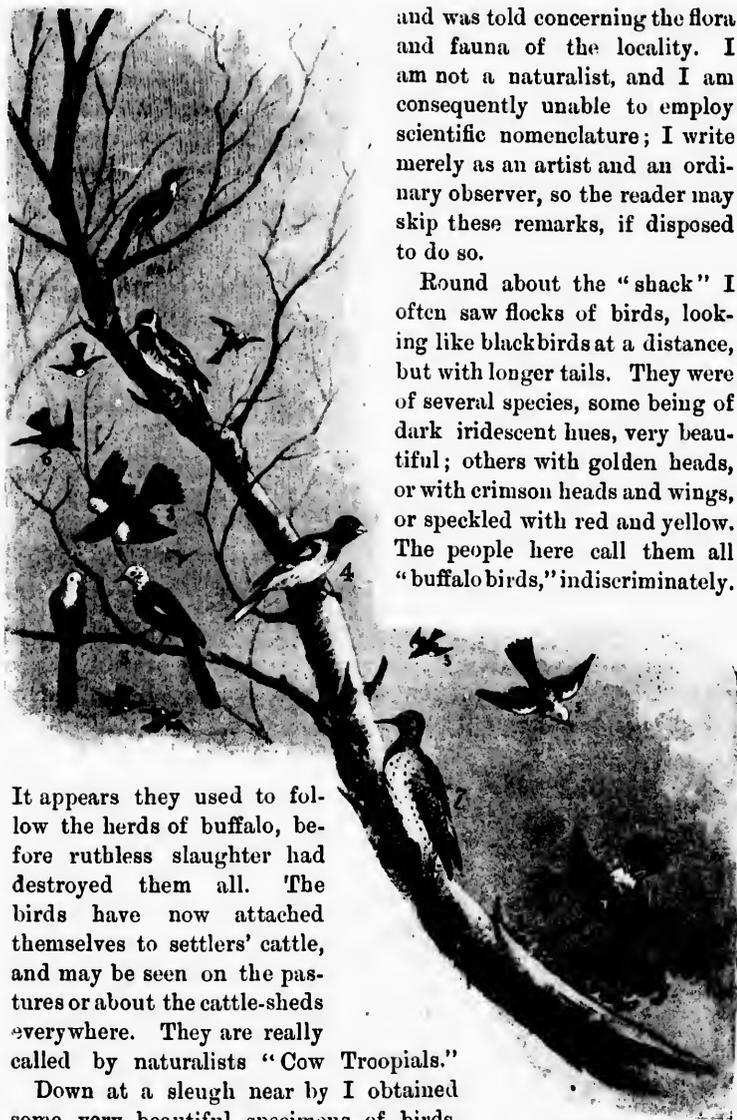
“You’re an Englishman, are you? So am I. Shake hands.”

When he presently discovered that I had been in New Zealand, where it would seem he had lived for a time, he was uproariously delighted. Nothing would do but that Meadows and I must pay him a visit, which we faithfully promised we would before I left.

Two trains pass Broadview daily, one going east early in the morning, one going west about twenty o’clock in the evening—when it is punctual. The latter is the event of the day, and all the rank and fashion, tag-rag and bobtail, Indians and pale-faces, too, turn out to see it. At this station, time aboard the train is altered by an hour. Need I explain that for every thousand miles travelled east (speaking roughly) an hour is gained; for an equal distance westward, an hour lost. So here the train’s time is adjusted, put back or forward one hour, as a matter of convenience, changing from “prairie time” to “mountain time,” or the reverse. Three such changes are necessary between Montreal and Vancouver, the whole distance being nearly three thousand miles, representing three hours’ difference in time.

Well, I stood on the platform among the *élite* of Broadview during the forty minutes or so for which the train remained. I stood, and sauntered, and stared, along with my Broadview friends, endeavouring to assume the calm superior airs of an old settler, criticizing tourists and new immigrants with all the assurance I could muster. After the spectacle was over, everybody went home. Meadows and I got into our ox-waggon and set off across the prairie, Buck and Bright put their best legs foremost, but I was thankful when I found myself beside the glowing stove in the “dug-out,” for the evening had turned pretty chilly.

I may as well close this chapter with some mention of what I saw



PRAIRIE BIRDS.

It appears they used to follow the herds of buffalo, before ruthless slaughter had destroyed them all. The birds have now attached themselves to settlers' cattle, and may be seen on the pastures or about the cattle-sheds everywhere. They are really called by naturalists "Cow Troopials."

Down at a sleugh near by I obtained some very beautiful specimens of birds, among them a rosy grosbeak, two species of woodpecker, one an eye-carrier, or high carrier, a lovely golden-winged bird. I saw hawks now and then, and once or twice an eagle. Game birds are very plentiful, but, it being the breeding

and was told concerning the flora and fauna of the locality. I am not a naturalist, and I am consequently unable to employ scientific nomenclature; I write merely as an artist and an ordinary observer, so the reader may skip these remarks, if disposed to do so.

Round about the "shack" I often saw flocks of birds, looking like blackbirds at a distance, but with longer tails. They were of several species, some being of dark iridescent hues, very beautiful; others with golden heads, or with crimson heads and wings, or speckled with red and yellow. The people here call them all "buffalo birds," indiscriminately.

season, they were all closely hidden in the "bluffs," and I saw none.

Prairie-dogs are very numerous, as I have mentioned. Besides them are gophers, a smaller burrowing animal, still more common (Hood's Marmot, I believe). This name "gopher," by the way, is misleading, as in other parts it is applied to different animals. Sometimes it has been given to the grey burrowing squirrels, of which I saw plenty here, and thought they looked exactly the same as the grey tree-squirrels of eastern forests. The badgers I saw appeared much like our British species, but are less sharply marked. All these are harmless, innocent creatures, though in parts prairie-dogs and gophers are very destructive to crops of grain.

Noxious animals comprise the common wolf and the black or timber wolf. But these, as also black and brown bears, were very seldom met with in this district. The most troublesome beast is the coyote, or prairie-wolf. He is a cowardly brute, and attacks all weak and defenceless creatures, such as new-born calves, chickens, and so forth. Coyotes are only too common, and seem to be always prowling about. I heard and saw them often, and once or twice shot one. They are a sad nuisance to settlers, much as foxes are elsewhere.

But there is an animal dreaded by everyone far more than the fiercest wolf or bear, and that is the famous skunk. I hardly know a more beautiful-looking creature as he trots along, deliberately indifferent to your presence, and fully aware of his tremendous power. You know what that is, of course. Whenever I saw a skunk I carefully got out of his lordship's way, and so escaped molestation. Skunk stories are rife among settlers. A family near here were seated at dinner one day, when a skunk walked calmly in to pay them a visit. Very rashly they tried to drive out the intruder, and he resented the indignity by making use of his peculiar weapon. It was a notice of ejection of the most imperious kind. They had to build a new "shack" afterwards, for the old one could never more be habitable; and they had to burn or bury all their infected clothing. Another family were wiser. A skunk having got into their cellar, they let him alone, but kept ceaseless watch night and day until it suited him to go out for a constitutional. Then they closed up the hole by which he had entered, and so saved the habitation from irreparable disaster. A skunk fell down a well once, and could not get out. So, in revenge, he perfumed it. The owners were obliged to fill the well up, and go to the trouble of

digging another at some distance. Of such tales everyone here is full.

There are several kinds of deer on the prairie, but they are seldom seen, and settlers are mostly too busy to go hunting them. Principal among them are the jumping deer, perhaps the same as the red or Virginian deer of Ontario; the wapiti, which they call elk; and the true elk, or moose. But at Moose Mountain, a hilly district some fifty miles from Broadview, I could not discover that any of these noble creatures had been recently, if ever, seen.

The only reptile I came across was a black, yellow-spotted lizard, three to seven inches long. I suppose it was really a species of



newt, eft, or salamander. It burrows, and throws up mounds like mole-hills, and is frequently turned up by the plough. As there are no earthworms in the prairie soil, I conclude that all these burrowing creatures fulfil the office which Darwin has told us belongs to worms elsewhere. I noticed few kinds of insects, except flies, in the North-West Territory. Some butterflies there were, species like the Camberwell Beauty and the Swallowtail; fireflies in hot weather, and, of course, mosquitoes!

At that season (spring) the only flowers visible were the blueish anemones I have alluded to, a pale yellow vetch, and a deep orange-coloured flower, all of them small and inconspicuous. Fish are not



PRAIRIE ANIMALS.

found near Broadview, but in winter Indians bring plenty of white fish for sale. I fancy it is the "sucker" of the East. The bottoms of dried-up "sleughs" were now thickly encrusted with the shells of water-snails which had perished from drought, and were bleached from exposure. This seemed to bear out the assertions of Indians and old settlers, that the last year's drought was without precedent in living memory.



THE MOLE-LIKE AMBYSTONE.

CHAPTER VI.

LIFE IN THE NOR'-WEST.

Meadows's Neighbours.—A Sunday Visitor.—Friend Brown's Loquacity.—Canadian Habits.—Miserable System of keeping Cattle.—Shiftless Ways.—A Prairie Walk.—Fire-guards.—Hardy und Donald "At Home."—The House.—Charlie's Cookery.—Prospects.—A Chat about the Love Affair.—Despondency.—Cattle *versus* Wheat.—Bad Seasons.—Nothing like Cows.—I enjoy my Life.—Want of Society.—Apathy of the Settlers.—A Drive on a "Buckboard."—Jovial Bruce.—His comfortable Home.—Why the Neighbours called him a "Crank."—The English Style and the Canadian Style—a Comparison.—Nor'-West Form.—The Result of Five Years' Work.—Lady Dairy-maids.—What Girls can do in the N.W.T.—The Price of a made Farm.—Bruce's Daughters.—Effect of the Climate on Health.

MEADOWS had few neighbours; *we* should say he had none. The nearest lived a mile away. He was a Canadian from Quebec province, with a wife, two sons, and two daughters. They inhabited a log house, situated in the most bleak, bare position, and had to go a long way for every stick of fire-wood, besides being without any water near. He was always *going* to dig a well some day. Once he did start one, a year or so ago, but it caved in before he came to water; so he said he guessed the boys could fetch it in a "bar'l" he had rigged up with wheels.

The first Sunday morning I was at Meadows's place, before I had turned out of my bunk, a man walked in, said "Good-day," and sat down. They asked him a few questions, which he answered in monosyllables. When I began to stir in my blankets he looked up in apparent surprise, then shook hands with me, and stated that having heard of my arrival "he'd come to bid me welcome." I thanked him for his courtesy, and then he relapsed into silence. After a while, when I got up, he scrutinized my English clothing and my mode of procedure, and, I am sure, thought my ablutions were a great waste of water.

In the meantime Meadows had got breakfast ready ; then he said, " Friend Brown, draw up ; come on," and Brown " came on."

After breakfast there was some little conversation about rains and crops, of wells and how to sink them, and when I got tired of it I took a book and sat outside. An hour went by, then another, and still friend Brown sat there, and he " kept on sayin' nothin'." At noon Meadows announced dinner, adding, " Friend Brown, draw up," and Brown drew up.

After dinner Brown turned to me and said, " I guess you 'll like to see my house and people ; will you come to supper on Wednesday night ?"



MEADOWS AT HOME.

I said, " I 'll be most happy." Then he " shook " all round, and slowly went away.

Meadows assured me this was his usual style, in spite of which he is not a bad fellow. He is a prospering farmer, but like many of the Canadians from the east below Quebec, he is slow, shiftless, and very self-opinionated. Then he told me sundry anecdotes, illustrating the dreadfully old-fashioned, stupid way in which so many of those people go on who are settled in the N.W.T.

The fact is, no doubt, that in the eastern provinces life is very hard ; the inhabitants have just as much as they can do to make a bare subsistence. They know about nothing more than they can see —the sterile fields and the dense forests, the ice and snow which shuts

them up for more than half the year. There they resort to every stratagem to lighten labour and cut expenses down to the bottom cent. Their cattle are ill-fed, wintered anyhow; if they be but kept alive, it is reckoned they do well. Implements, machines, vehicles are left out anywhere, in all seasons. And so they lead a miserable, sordid existence, and call it "the custom of the country." So when one of these men comes to the Nor'-West, he goes on for a while in the same careless way. He laughs and jeers, at first, at most things that he sees there, especially at every English way; but by and by he sees the sense of much that is done there, and follows suit.

That Sunday young Meadows brought his oxen up to the house, and Brown remarked, "Why, they 're beef; mine ain't half so fit!"

Said Meadows, "They worked all winter too, and have been 'breaking' since the frost allowed it; but we feed them well."

After he left, Meadows told me that he considered the way the Canadian settlers use their cattle is simple cruelty. They turn them out in spring like skeletons, if they turn them out alive, and it takes months for them to recover. But since so many old-country people have settled in this part there has been a great improvement amongst those who are *able* to do differently. Unfortunately there are many there so poor, so short of help, that they barely scratch out a living for themselves, and such folk *have* to let their cattle suffer thus, in spite of the plentiful wild hay which only costs labour. But, of course, that is the scarcest and most valuable commodity in the country.

Naturally, I was not long with Meadows before I asked about Charlie Donald, and his friend Jack Hardy. "Oh, yes," Meadows knew the latter well, called him a neighbour, though he was about two miles away, and suggested that the next Sunday evening we would go over and see them. He knew that Donald had arrived, but had not seen him yet. He spoke very well of Hardy, who was, he said, like most people there, short of capital; but for that, he considered him the sort of fellow to do.

Meadows is a man of considerable experience, a farmer from a boy in England, and now he has had nearly four years' experience of the N.W.T. He is a capital judge of horses and cattle, and knows a lot about them. I was anxious to make Charlie well acquainted with him; so, after Brown had "cleared out," we were soon ready to start off to see these youths. I proposed taking a gun, but was assured it was quite useless; and I found it would have been so, since we saw nothing living but a prairie-dog.

It was a delightful walk, much of the scene being like some parts

of the New Forest, Hampshire. The ground was sparsely covered with vegetation, many vetches springing up, but very little grass. We kept no trail; but, knowing the direction of their place, went as straight as we could for it, across the prairie, through bluffs, and over dry sleughs, nearly all of which showed signs of having been burnt, and much of the bluff was scorched too. I am told that nearly every fall the fire runs, and those who recklessly neglect to make a "fire-guard" suffer dreadful loss.

"Fire-guards" are made by ploughing some ten feet of ground all round what it is desired to protect—house, stable, hay-stack, barn—at a little distance off, say fifty yards for a homestead. Prudent people have two such guards ploughed, one inside the other, carefully burning away the vegetation between, and so secure perfect safety. The ploughed guards must be kept free of weeds, for when these die and dry to tinder in the fall they may, if left, easily convey the fire across.

All this, and much more, was explained to me as we trudged across the prairie to Jack Hardy's place. At length we came to a very pretty slough, a pond of perhaps ten acres, surrounded by growing rushes and short willow bushes. On the farther side of this was a pretty bluff, a smooth green slope about a hundred yards wide, lying between the trees and the water, and there had been erected the house, the shanty, hut, or "shack." Three cows were tethered by the slough-side, and on the slope some poultry made things look home-like.

The two young men gave us a warm welcome. Charlie we know. Jack Hardy proved to be a big honest-looking Englishman, just the sort of man to be a pioneer. Unlike most nor'-westers I had yet met, he was clearly not afraid of soap and water; his dress was rough, no doubt, but clean and presentable, and he gave one the idea of being a right good fellow, which I'm sure he is.

The house was merely a single big square room, about sixteen by eighteen feet, built of lumber, *i.e.* sawn boards. It had two good windows, that would really open and shut, not like many I came across there, which were fixtures, because it was too much "bother" to make them work. This big room was first lined with tar-paper, then with boards again, and then with brown paper, on which coloured pictures from the *Graphic* and other periodicals were tastefully arranged. Overhead was a loft, and underneath they had a splendid cellar. The roof was composed of shingles.

Inside, there were two comfortable proper beds; at the other end some tables, a chair or two, and a sort of sofa; some book-shelves and

a clock upon the walls, and in the midst of all, the stove. All but the stove and the chairs and the clock, they told me, were home-made; and all was clean and neat, a model to the rest of the young men around that country who were "batching it."

The first question I asked was the usual, "How do you like it?"

They said it was not so bad; some day [it would be better. Hardy felt at home, he had got used to it; but Charlie was too new an arrival to decide as yet. They both admitted it was lonely, very lonely, just the two of them, and they never saw a fresh face.

"Oh, come," said I, "you sometimes go into Broadview; that's a change."



HARDY AND DONALD'S SHACK.

"Oh, yes," Charlie laughed; "that's a lively place, and no mistake. There are not half a dozen people there one can talk to."

"But the Dining Hall; there's a very nice girl there, whom you know, Charlie—at least, she tells me you do—Lena Lloyd, eh?"

"Yes, I know her; she was very good to me when I arrived. I like her. Did she treat you well?"

Then I told them the story of the way I was served on my arrival, what Lena said and did, and caused much laughter.

Charlie declared she was the only person in the village he had cared to speak to yet, but that he very seldom went in; the fact is, said he, "We have no time to waste so."

"Charlie, get supper ready," cried out Hardy; then, turning to me, he told me that though Charlie had been there but a fortnight,

he had taught him a lot. "Already," said he, "he is a capital cook; he can milk, make butter, and bake bread. He can't chop yet, but I'll soon teach him that, and he finds some difficulty with the bulls; but he'll soon be a regular Nor'-Wester, and now he'll show you what he can do for supper."

Charlie himself was very quiet, but he went through his duties well, I must say. He produced a large dish of fried potatoes, done to a turn; that comprised our first course. Then he gave us some poached eggs and cold ham, with some first-rate bread and butter. "He made the bread himself," said Hardy.

Of course there was tea, and after that we lit our pipes and strolled about, and sat on logs, and "yarned." But I got Charlie to myself awhile, for a bit of private gossip.

"Well, Charlie," I began, "what do you think of your prospects here? What we have been saying is all very well, but I should like really to understand if the chances of prosperity are good."

Charlie replied, "I am too lately come. I don't know very much about it yet; but it seems to me it will be years and years before I can be at all well off. It will take me a long time to learn how to work here, and then I fear that it is not certain, work how I may, whether success will come to me. I hear so much about the seasons; weather seems as precarious here as at home; more so, indeed. A man told me yesterday that if we have another one like the last, there will be an exodus from the N.W.T. Now I am here and look around me and see what it is, really what a great piece of land I own, and think that here, and out of it, I've got to make my fortune, I begin to fancy I've done wrong in coming. Then the loneliness, the utter want of congenial society, the roughness, the immense distances, and the prospect of the dreadful winter. Oh, it is all very fine, when I was at home, reading about this sort of thing; but I confess the reality sometimes appals me."

"Not the sort of place you'd like to bring a girl like Maggie Selby to," said I.

"No, no, indeed," he went on; "and that is what adds greatly to my trouble. I have been buoying myself up all along with the hope that, when I got here, I should quickly see some way of making money fast and finding success; but now I see things as they really are, and know that, at the very best, years and years must pass before I can say I've got a home, a real one. No; I shall never make a home here fit for Maggie Selby, never."

"Never is a long day," I continued. "You are both young yet; things move very quickly in this great country, and I would not begin

to despair, if I were you. However, so far as concerns Maggie Selby; tell me, now, have you said anything to her yet?"

"Well, no," he answered, "not exactly. We have certainly painted mental pictures together, of a future life out here, and I think it is pretty clear to each of us how things are."

"Do you propose to keep up a correspondence with her? Don't you think it would be a proof of your affection for her if you let it drop? I don't think she is 'terribly' in love. I fancy that with change of scene she will soon get over her little romance, whilst you, with hard work, and, I expect, a hard life too, will quickly forget your share of the trouble. You cannot think of bringing her to such a home as this; nice as it is compared to other people's hereabouts, I don't deny. How could she live here? She is not used to work—she has no need to; she would be useless as a Nor'-West wife, good as she is."

"It's true, quite true," poor Charlie muttered. "I know all this so well; there is no hope. I don't intend to say another word, but don't think I'll forget her; not a bit. Here I shall see no one but the settlers round, and sometimes at Broadview I'll see a civilized woman pass by in the train, and that is all. No, I'm not likely to forget that I was once by Maggie's side, and dreamt of being by her side for ever!"

"Oh, come, that's nonsense: you'll often have a pleasant talk with some woman—Lena Lloyd, for instance. She's a nice girl enough, and very pretty too; she'd make you a far better wife than Maggie would out here, being used to the country and the ways. You'd better think of this; I fancy you could soon get fond of her, eh?"

"Not I," he cried; "Maggie, or no one. I'm determined on that."

"You'll forget Maggie soon. The chances are you may never see her again, except, perhaps, for half an hour as they pass through."

"That may be; I think I shall though. Yet I shall not forget her, and shall never give up hoping. Besides, Tom writes to me as if he would like to come here too; if he does, there is no telling what may happen. If I could only get on well here, I would try for her at any rate. Why, Lena Lloyd—it is absurd! The idea of comparing her to Maggie Selby!"

I let the lad run on thus for a long time, knowing quite well that it was a great comfort to him to "unload" his mind to me, as he could not do it to another soul in Canada; but the more he talked

the more despondent he seemed to get, so I brought him up by telling him that this way of looking at matters would not do much good to him or her; that he could only mend things by plucking up heart and facing the actualities of life, and trust that if he should be blessed with a measure of success, some happiness would surely come his way, and that I would do all I could to help him.

He knew that I was to tell the Selbys all about him, and I asked him what I should say to Tom Selby. He begged me not to make things out worse than they were, but to persuade Tom against taking up this life.

Of course I knew that Charlie was looking at the darkest side of all things, just because he couldn't possibly hope to have Maggie Selby for a wife; so I paid little attention to his hastily formed opinions on the prospect a settler has before him there. By and by, we joined the others.

Meadows and Hardy had been having a long conversation, we found, about the one subject of interest in that country, "the prospects of settlers." I had told Charlie that I had great faith in Meadows's judgment, and should rely very much on his opinions about such matters; and very soon we had his views. These were but a repetition of the statements he had already made to me, and which I, some pages back, have set forth. That wheat-growing is *not* reliable in that territory, and that money can be made with reasonable quickness and not in an unpleasant way, rather the reverse, by cattle-breeding. He told those two young men his views in detail, and his conclusion was something like this: "Any man *understanding the business*, with £200, can in ten years make such an amount of money that he can live the rest of his life in comfort."

I am not prepared to put into print the calculations my friend made to prove this. But what I heard that evening at Jack Hardy's made things look to me a good deal brighter than they did before.

Charlie told Meadows straight out that he had brought £200 with him, that he and Hardy were going to work together, and that they intended to do as most settlers do—"break prairie," put in wheat, and rely on that. To be sure, they were going to buy some cows, but till then they had not thought of going in for cattle as the main business.

Hardy, who unquestionably knew much more about such a subject than Charlie did, argued that the wiser way was to keep money in hand to tide over bad times, better than to sink it in cattle. He said he felt sure that, if they had a few good seasons, the returns

from wheat would be so large that they would make money faster, and more of it, than in any other way. He instanced people in Manitoba who, in two or three years, had made very large sums by growing wheat alone; and he ended by saying—

“Surely, we shall not have seasons like the past two have been so very often; but, even if we only get a crop of wheat once in three times, it will pay, and that is the safest game.”

Meadows, replying, said he admitted much that Hardy had said was true.

“But,” said he, “you are evidently resting all your hopes and arguments on the recurrence of good seasons. Now, suppose we don't have them for a few years, where will you be? Your capital will be gone, for £200 will not last for ever, even here. Besides, we really do not know positively what the *reliable* character of the climate is as yet. Much that is said about it is only conjecture, I consider. It is true, the first season I was in the Territory was good enough, though *we* got no good from it, arriving too late to put in a crop. But the two seasons since have been wretched failures. Suppose we have another like them this year, how many farmers will be left in this neighbourhood?” (Here Charlie looked at me, as much as to say, “I told you this.”) “No; I am quite convinced that, instead of relying entirely on wheat, mixed farming is a wiser way of proceeding hereabouts, but wisest of all is to go in for cattle and their produce. Barley does well here; I think it will pay to grow flax; we know potatoes and roots do well; and if the C.P.R. would only take what we raise to market at a reasonable rate—which it will have to do some day soon, you will see—we should do fairly well out of some of the crops we raise. Out of the lot some one will surely prove a success.”

“But look here,” he went on, “supposing you put your money, or most of it, into cows, there will not be such a mighty big mob that they will take all your time to attend to them at first. You can do a deal of work upon the land as well; and supposing next harvest you get no crop, and when spring comes you *must* have money, you will then have your cows, and probably their calves beside them. They are always saleable if kept properly during the winter, and not as the Canadians do. They will then be as good as gold to you; and what have you lost, or what will their keep have cost? Nothing but the labour of cutting hay, which is usually ready before harvest, and that costs nothing but the getting. What will it cost to dig out a stable? Only labour. I'll tell you what, if I were you, I should take a few days—you've got a pony—ride

round, and buy up all the cows you can. You'll get them dry for thirty or forty dollars each. Get plenty of hay, winter them well, and they'll come out fat, and each with a calf by her side in spring, and you'll get fifty dollars each for them. Of course, if you should get a good crop this fall, you'll be well off, and need not then sell your cows in spring."

This plan seemed to strike Hardy as not at all a bad one, and he and Meadows had further sensible talk about it. They became quite enthusiastic, indeed, and Charlie talked well too. But the trouble seemed to be, how could these two—Hardy, who had some practical knowledge of the work, and Charlie, who had none—undertake to cope with the huge amount of labour required?

Then Meadows carefully explained, for Charlie's benefit and for my information, how they should get hay, and how they, generally, ought to work along. He ended by declaring that, with the cash they had in hand, they should surely do as he advised, even if it became necessary to hire an experienced man for a month or so to help them.

And he laid it all out so plainly that we went home that night in very good spirits about the prospects of the two young men. Meadows had taken to them, and told me he would help them all he could.

So the next day I wrote to the Selbys, recounted my adventures so far, described the life Charlie Donald was leading, and what his future prospects were; yet I gave them fully to understand that it was a rough enough life he had before him for some years to come. This was for Miss Maggie's special benefit.

Three or four days after that I had a letter from Tom. I did not know that my letter gave such a very hopeful account of matters, but this young man seemed to think that it did, for he wrote asking me to inform him fully on some points, to tell him how much money it would take to settle well in that part. Moreover, I was requested to write to his father, begging him to let Tom come to me at once. He ended by assuring me that he was tired out at Winnipeg, that he would never return to "office work" in England, and that the more he heard the more he was determined to settle in the N.W.T.

I did not reply to this at once. I took time to think of it, and in the meantime I had a letter from his father. He, too, told me they were getting tired of the city and wanted to move on, and he begged to know when I would be ready for a start. There were kind messages from them all to Charlie.

All this time I was enjoying myself fairly well, barring the dis-

comforts of the "dug-out." There was nothing very serious to prevent me from doing so. There was plenty of good bacon, eggs, butter, milk, and bread, with tea, of course, unceasingly, hot and cold, and always strong. I saw and heard and sketched much that I value, and generally did what I went there to do. Frequently in the long twilight evenings, which prevail *there* much as they do in England, though not in Eastern Canada, Charlie and his friend would wander our way, and quite as often we found ourselves at their place.

There was really no other congenial society there. In Broadview I met no one I cared to see or talk to. With the exception of Bruce, all the good folks there seemed to be of the most common-place order. Of intellectual society there was absolutely none, so far as I could see. It was of local gossip, local trifles alone, that they talked; not one word about anything like sport, or fun, or any kind of enjoyment. No one took the slightest interest in the fauna or the flora of the country. Nothing much was ever said about the Indians, who were often to be seen about. The events occurring in the old world did not occupy men's minds a moment, nor did even the occurrences ten miles away. It seemed to me that the most sordid cares, the incessant requirements of the land and animals, with, as a rule, but one pair of hands to do all the work, had made the vast majority of people I met the most uninteresting set it had yet been my lot to come across in that or any other land. Certainly there were exceptions, but only two or three. As I found it, so I describe it. I am told that, in some other parts of the N.W.T., there *is* a brighter, happier class of people in existence, who sometimes laugh and sing and have a little pleasure. I can't say myself whether it is true or not, for, judging by the inhabitants of various parts I visited, the Nor'-Westers are very far from being a jovial race.

About a week after my advent, Meadows and I went to pay our promised visit to Bruce, who met us in Broadview with his "buck-board."

A buck-board is simply four buggy wheels and axles, joined by a thin, springy flooring, upon which the seat is fastened. It has a pole, or shafts, as the case may be. These carriages are stronger, cheaper, and less liable to breakages, than any others, being without metal springs; indeed, there is very little iron about them except the tyres. They are almost universally used on the prairies. Bruce's was drawn by one horse. I can't say much for the beauty of the horse, which was really an Indian pony. Its tail was long and ragged, its mane hung in straggling locks, and I expect a curry-comb or brush

had never touched the beast. However, it was a good one. The way it rushed us up and down the little hills, and whirled across the flats, was fine. Bruce himself was full of fun, shouting to his pony, yelling to his dogs, and driving full speed away from track and trail to show me round the farm and let me see his cattle.

When we at last got to his home, his good wife and his daughters were seemingly as glad to see "the Englishman who'd just come out and soon was going home again" as he himself was.

I heard that the neighbours are in the habit of laughing at the Bruces, saying they are too high in their notions for that country. But Bruce himself laughs when they tell him he has been foolish to build such a house, and to furnish it as he has done. "Look," they say, "at the extravagance of your house-keeping. Oh, it is a shame to sink so much money as you have done in simple comfort."

Well, of course, in comparison with the habitations of most people who reside on the land and make their living on it, this place we had gone to visit did seem rather a gorgeous affair. Let me describe it, and then let me tell you afterwards what you or I, reader, can buy this place for to-day; you can judge then, perhaps, what it really is.

First, you enter straight into the sitting-room; there is actually a carpet on the floor, and proper curtains to the windows, easy chairs about, a sofa, framed pictures on the walls, which are covered with proper paper hangings, a clock, some stuffed birds, some wax flowers under a glass shade, and other items, relics of "the effete civilization of Eurrop." In the dining-room are a proper table and chairs, and we ate off china plates, with a real clean tablecloth beneath them. We had silver-plated spoons and forks, and we had tumblers to drink from. There was mustard in a proper mustard-pot, and pepper in a castor. Yes, it was a most luxurious style, in which, as the neighbours said, this Nor'-West farmer lived. Then there were *real* bedrooms, the beds had sheets, clean towels on a horse, and, yes—but, oh! what sinful, wicked waste!—a bath-tub, which we saw was actually used.

No wonder that the ordinary settler, coming into such a house from his own absurd rough style of living, feels a little cowed, and tries to make out our friend Bruce to be mad. This is about *their* style:—

A box of boards, or logs, or turfs, a few feet square, a hole in the wall covered with glass, and not always that; a roof of turfs, or paper-covered boards, a floor of beaten mud; for beds, some troughs or shelves roughly propped up with forked poles and stakes, old flour

bags, stuffed with leaves or coarse wild hay, for mattresses; for pillows, anything—old boots, perhaps—some worn-out clothes, or a bunch of rushes. Blankets must be good and thick, their cleanliness is quite another matter. Sometimes the table is a box turned bottom up, a barrel set on end, more often none at all; nor have they chairs. At times we saw a cross-cut log of wood, an empty box, or a trunk brought out from home. Of course, there is a stove, usually red with rust, if not black with grease and dirt. They do all cooking in a frying-pan and a kettle, which last acts as teapot too. Sometimes they make some bread upon a board, in the bottom of a pail, or in the mouth of the flour-bag, anywhere they can. I heard of one who made it in an old straw hat. Their table furniture is just a rough tin plate or two, a pint tin mug, well battered, sometimes a knife and fork. Mustard is mixed upon a chip, salt in a match-box, pepper—where you please.

It is not poverty which makes them live thus, invariably; it is thought by many to be good "Nor'-West" form.

Wonderful to relate, too, those who so live are often men of decent birth and breeding, and frequently, alas! are Englishmen.

They say they like that mode of life, and try to make one think they speak the truth. The fact is simply this: unused to work, they find what *must* be done taxes all their powers. They must do something on their land or starve, and so they do just as little as possible in the house beyond merely getting food enough to eat. They soon get hardened to this style, and jeer at those who "go for" better things.

Those whom I thus describe are, no doubt, principally men who, singly, or in twos and threes, are "batching it." But I can't deny that I called at several places where married folks lived, and found them much the same, grubbing along in misery and dirt. There is no possible excuse for this, and I felt ashamed when, as often happened, Canadians said to me, "Oh, you ought to go and see So-and-So; they were swells at home. At any rate, they're countrymen of yours!"

So, when these kind of folks came to see friend Bruce, they must have felt ashamed, and so tried to make him out to be "a crank" because he lived in such comfort.

And, after all this description, I must explain that Bruce's is just an ordinary respectable English family, who try to live as people of their station would at home. They have a nice little wooden house, comfortably furnished. They are trying to make a garden round it, but the only home flower they appear to find answer yet is mignonette.

And here is Bruce's own description of his place, which he wrote out for me.

"My farm consists of 320 acres, secured to me by deed, Crown patent. Forty acres are wire-fenced and in crop; five acres more wire-fenced for calves. The remainder as yet a run for my cattle, and contains plenty of hay sleughs. At present my animals can graze for miles about. I have a cow-barn, 50 by 24 feet, with loft above to hold fifteen tons of hay; a good horse-stable, also with a loft, and a first-rate hennery. My house contains a sitting-room, a dining-room, three bed-rooms, and a kitchen, together with a very well-equipped dairy. I have now twenty *grade* cows, a 'pedigree' short-horn bull, ten yearling calves, ten two-year-olds, and three fit for the butcher. I have four breeding sows, a good Berkshire boar, and forty hens."

"How long have you been here?" I asked.

"Five years," was his reply. "I brought enough to stock the land and build a house—about two hundred pounds. Since then I've got my deeds, have enlarged my stock to what I tell you, and have got a little saved besides."

"Have you done this all alone?"

"No! no!" Bruce cried; "the girls have helped me do it, and Willie, too—my son. He's left us now, and gone to learn a trade. And now, too, the girls are married, both have got their own homes to look after; and so, as a rule, the missus and I are alone here. Don't like it a bit; wish I could sell out and go."

"But, stop a bit," I exclaimed; "do you mean to tell me that Mrs. Port and Mrs. Starboard"—they sat to right and left of me, so those names will do—"helped you to do all this? Why, they don't look much like farm-hands, do they?"

Of course Bruce laughed aloud at this, and so did the two ladies, Mrs. Port saying, "Oh, yes; we used to do all the herding and the milking and the butter-making, while father and Willie used to plough and attend to the crops and cut the hay, and so on; and we could do it still, if needs be."

Then she went to the piano with her sister, and gave us some really good music; and then sang a song or two. And, indeed, these two "girls" were just as lady-like and sweet, and looked as nice, as if they had passed their lives in drawing-rooms at home.

"You remarked just now," I said by and by to their father, "that you wished you could sell out; do you really mean it?"

He answered, "Yes, I do; for see, I am getting on in life, both girls are married, Mrs. B.'s not strong, the place is too much

for me, and I can't get help. I like it well enough, and if I could hire someone—I'd pay good wages, too—we might go on a while longer; but as it is, I'll sell the first good chance I get."

Said I, "Do you mind telling me the price? Not that I want to buy, but I should like to know what such a place is worth out here. I should like to be able to tell people at home too."

Then Bruce, "I will sell the whole concern, which consists of what I told you just now, for 4,500 dollars (say £900). I must have 2,500 dollars (say £500) down, the balance in three or five years at seven per cent. interest per annum."

Then he went on thus: "I tell you this is a chance for an energetic Englishman with a big family. Let a man work in England on the amount he can buy this place for, let him put it into a rented farm there for three or five years, and I warrant at the end of that time he will not be £100 better off, for all his work. Now let him come out here to this N.W.T., buy a place like this already made for him, paying, say, half the money down. In three years he will easily have paid off the balance by the cattle alone, saying nothing of the crops he may raise. I speak from experience. I am a thorough English farmer. I have been in Manitoba four years, and here I have been five, and I ought to know."

Here Meadows chimed in with, "I'm sure you do; no one around these parts better."

Then Bruce went on: "My advice to people at home, especially to the younger ones, is, do not go on slaving on a rented farm for a lifetime, when you can come to a country like this and be land-owners right away; where you can get your children educated at less cost than at home; where there is no difficulty in finding a good market, at a good price, for all your produce. I wish I had the chance of seeing my fellow-countrymen at home, and telling them all this."

Certainly I was not able either to agree with or deny all that he said, but Meadows and his son assured me all was true enough. I merely repeat these statements; and I heard many to the same effect when I was in the country. I'm sure of this—no more—that what these men told me they believed was the truth.

Now, whilst all this talking had been going on, the two younger ladies had left the room and were absent perhaps an hour. When they returned it was nearly six o'clock, so Bruce said he must go and milk the cows and skim the cream, but promised to return very soon, unless, he added, "You'd like to come and see it done."

Then his two daughters laughed, and said, "Father, it is all done;

we thought it would be fun to do it once more, and I think we've done all right."

Bruce fairly roared with pleasure, praised them up sky-high, declaring there never were two better girls than his, and wishing their respective husbands had never left their native land to steal them from him. Indeed, he generally conducted himself in a way that showed how proud he was to show them off to me.

Then we had tea, and both the ladies there were just as nice as if they had never seen a cow, much less had each within an hour milked eight of them, and "fixed" things in the dairy too! They explained to me that they had proper milking dresses, with suitable over-boots, and cuffs round their wrists; that the dairy work itself was clean enough, indeed, *nice* "ladies' work." A windmill worked their churn. Cheese-making was the heaviest task, but their father helped at that.

Do you suppose that these ladies were coarse, rough, and different from others? I declare they were not; that in appearance, conversation, manners, and accomplishments they were everything that was nice.

One of them, I heard, was twenty-four, the other twenty-five. They had been well educated in the West of England up to fifteen or sixteen years of age. I attribute much of their refinement to their comparative isolation. Doing all their work amongst themselves, they lost no self-respect, picked up no bad habits or ideas, as they might have done by having to work with persons socially beneath them. They are, I'm sure, a credit to their parents and their country.

The most congenial friends they had made since they had come to live there were two young Englishmen. One of these was the son of a clergyman at home; the other had been in a mercantile office in London. Both had ample means, but, suffering from bad health, had come to the N.W.T. to recover it, with satisfactory results. So now, each of these gentlemen had got a good place some ten or fifteen miles away, had fallen in love with the Bruce sisters, and had married them shortly before my visit.

I only met one of these two men, and he told me much that was interesting about the life he led there. He said it was a particularly healthy country. It was very lonely though, especially in winter. Having enough income from other sources, he took little interest in the produce of his land, and seemed contented enough. This may do very well for a few years, but I fancy that if these folks have children they will have to move to some more populous part, to

secure better education for them, for I cannot believe that the N.W.T. is suitable for such people as a permanent home.

We went back in the buck-board to Broadview, and walked the rest of the way. It was a splendid moonlight night. We heard some wolves howling as we drew near to Meadows's "dug-out," but found all safe when we got in, and, well pleased, went to "bunk." And as I laid me down to rest that night, I hit upon an idea, of which more anon.

CHAPTER VII.

ENGLISH TOURISTS AND NOR'-WEST SETTLERS.

"Cotton Snow."—Gardening.—More about the Climate.—Breaking Prairie.—Nor'-West Form.—A Visit from Yellowcalf.—Indian Princesses.—I induce the Selbys to come to Broadview.—How about Accommodation!—Difficulties.—The Manager of the Dining Hall.—Important Consultation with "the Ladies."—Preparations and Plans.—Arrival of the Selbys.—Inspection of Meadows's Place.—General Consternation.—Visit to Hardy and Donald.—"Do you always live like this?"—Lovemaking, Advising, Speculating.—Weighing Pros and Cons.—Laying Plans.—My Expectations totally defeated.—The Selbys in Broadview.—"Why are the Settlers so Wretched?"—Another Visit to Bruce.—A Family Council.—Packing up.—Good-bye!—Onward!

WHEN I emerged from the burrow next morning—it always seemed like that to me—one would have thought it had been snowing. All about the bluffs it was white. I found the appearance was caused by down, exactly like flakes of cotton, which had fallen from the poplars. They shed this during a few days every spring. These bluffs were composed entirely of poplars, rarely more than a foot in diameter, and thirty or forty feet high. At a short distance they resemble silver birch, the stems especially so. The wood makes excellent fuel, and it answers for every rough purpose—log buildings, fences, stakes, &c.

The under-brush in the bluffs is composed of choke-cherry and plum, the fruit of neither being worth eating. There are also a large number of suscatoon bushes, of which the fruit is something like a blueberry or huckleberry, or a grocer's currant, but does not possess so much flavour even as that tempting fruit.

Meadows had tried gardening, finding that most annual vegetables do fairly well, roots particularly. Some lettuce seed he brought from home was a wonderful success, and onions also; but rhubarb, asparagus, anything that has to stand the winter, is almost a failure, I

think. They tried to make me believe at Winnipeg that some little sticks of rhubarb were fine, but I could *not* agree with that, and all I saw in the N.W.T. was still smaller. It is possible that currants and gooseberries may do. I think it probable that, in course of time, certain kinds of all *small* fruits may be found to grow and thrive there.

There were no two opinions as to the healthiness of the country, in spite of the cold. Chest complaints, they declare, disappear like magic, while a few years residence in the country will make weakly people robust. It looks like being true, for persons I knew in England, who were anything but strong, I met *there* in perfect health, and, as they styled it, "as hard as nails."

Certainly, I don't think it is an enjoyable climate. In May there was quite as much change in the weather as there is in any part of Great Britain. Two or three days warm, if not hot, then days varying from cool to bitterly cold. Moreover, it was always blowing in the day time. I don't remember ever being able to use my sketching umbrella without elaborate anchoring and guying. But the nights were usually quiet, and almost invariably there was a grand display of Northern Lights. There were frequent showers, the sky being seldom clear of clouds. One could almost always go to high ground, look around, as if at sea, and see a storm raging somewhere. The distant prairie always has a sea-like appearance, the horizon usually sharply defined, like an ocean horizon in colour.

For five months of the twelve, they have much the same sort of weather as we have in England; the rest of the year is practically winter. Four months, at least, the intensely cold weather lasts, when the thermometer frequently goes down to 40° and 50° below zero. Then it is usually calm, but if a blizzard rages, it is serious. Horned cattle, pigs, and poultry, have to be closely housed and fed: horses will do out sometimes, as they can scrape the snow away and get some food, and they are much hardier than cows.

All the settlers do not praise the climate. One man told me that there are nine months winter and three months mosquitoes. But that is as much an exaggeration as to say it is a charming climate. It is simply a "good enough" one for those who are doing well there; bad enough for the rest.

Young Meadows was at this time always "breaking prairie." I was surprised to find it such an easy task. One yoke of oxen, and the proper plough for the purpose, was used. He turned over a sod about two inches thick, under which was usually black soil. Many sow at once on this overturned sod and harrow in the seed; indeed,

some, "to save work," sow their grain on the bare prairie, turn the furrow over on it, and expect a crop. Sometimes they get one, and sometimes they don't. But, I believe, the proper way is to leave it alone all summer and winter, "back setting" it in spring—that is, turning the sod over again, right side up once more. A very nice seed-bed is thus secured, which can be cultivated in the usual way. They have a great variety of machines for expediting work there, and these are surprisingly low-priced. Men could not farm so much as they do, without any outside help, if this was not the case.

One day, when I was working near the house, I saw a man drive up in a light, rickety-looking, dirty waggon, with a "span" of horses,



YOUNG MEADOWS BREAKING PRAIRIE.

which were as wild and shaggy-looking a pair of animals as you can imagine. The man "hitched" them to a stump, and I went to see what he wanted. He was as black and as dirty as a coal-heaver, and looked like a travelling tinker. All his clothing was ragged and of a dust colour. He had an old high boot on one foot, and had tucked his trouser into that; on the other, he wore an old broken side-spring, out of which his toes protruded. His hair was long and black. I thought, "Well, here's an Indian, no doubt," and began to speak to him in "pigeon English," or something like it. He made no reply to me, and did not even smile. Then I demanded, in plain English,

did he want to see Mr. Meadows? He shook his head. Well, as I didn't know what the etiquette is in such a case in those parts, I cooe'd to Meadows, who was not far away, and, going to meet him, I said—

"Here's a Nitchi (an Indian brother) at last."

When he saw who it was, he roared, and the two men shook hands warmly. Then, turning to me, Meadows said—

"And you don't know him, eh? Oh, lor!"

When I heard the stranger's voice, it seemed familiar; but it was a long time before I could realize that he was an old English acquaintance, who had driven twenty-five miles especially to call upon me. He prided himself upon being "a regular Nor'-Wester," and really, so far as appearance went, his desire was carried out.

Another day, an Indian really did come. A quiet, decent-looking individual, dressed *very* much better than our last visitor, and in "European" dress too; besides which, he really looked as if he washed his face—sometimes. He wore mocassins, and big pearl-shell earrings, his hair being plaited into a tail like a Chinaman's, but finished off with large white beads. He pointed to himself and stated—

"Me Yellowcalf."

Then he made us understand he wanted some drinking-water, and that he had a squaw and papoose near. We took him to the well, which Meadows has very nicely arranged, so differently from most people there, and the Indian looked at it steadily and declared it was "Shin, shin," which we took to mean that he approved of it. I went to see his squaw, and found he had a very nice waggon, drawn by a first-rate yoke of oxen, with his wife and baby in it. They were quite respectable looking. The woman had a thin line tattooed round her mouth. I did not know before that tattooing was practised by the North American Indians.

Yellowcalf said they were Chippewas, civilized Indians, on a journey, but we could not make out where to.

Of "wild" Indians up to this time I had seen very few. There were half-a-dozen about Broadview, but I had missed them. Once I came across two young squaws there, who seemed to be swells, chief's daughters, princesses, *perhaps*. One was a very handsome girl, very *red*, but her features and figure were good. Her companion was much darker, almost black, and she had a very savage-looking face. They were both resplendent in gay blankets and skirts, very handsome leggings and mocassins, brass jewellery glittering in the sun, while their hair shone like polished jet. They strutted up and down before the stores, to show off their finery, much as their pale-

faced sisters would do. They spoke to no ordinary citizens, but when a C.P.R. conductor came along, with his gold-laced cap and brass buttons, they considered him worth notice, and talked and laughed with him freely enough. They had a "tepee" (a wigwam) on the prairie, not far off. I suppose they were not much good.

Letters had been frequently passing between me and the Selbys. I had not done as Tom wished. I had not urged his father to let him join me; but, in my last letter, I had proposed that they should all come on to Broadview. I said that it had occurred to me that, as this appeared to be a typical N.W.T. locality, and I knew several settlers about, as well as Charlie Donald and his friend Hardy, that a few days spent there would enable them to judge pretty well how they would like to live in such a place. I undertook to make the best arrangements I could for their comfort, yet I warned them what to expect; and I added that I would be able to go on with them by the time their visit was ended, my idea being that if they, Maggie especially, could see actually what the country was like, and the settler's life as it really is, that it would put an end to all romance.

I told Charlie what I had done next time he came, and he was delighted, and began to thank me.

"Well," said I, "my object is to satisfy our friends that this is no place for them to settle in, and I fancy their visit here will put an end to any notion of the sort that *any* of them may have, Tom or his father; and I believe it will be a mighty good thing for you, my boy, to have this dream of yours ended."

Then Charlie became very despondent. However, the deed was done, and he began to calculate how soon we could hear their decision. So, when I went to Broadview two days after for letters, he was in the Dining Hall, if you please, talking to Lena Lloyd, telling her all about his English friends who were coming there, he hoped, and about the English girls. I guess that Lena must have listened with mingled feelings, and she *may* have thought that there was no chance for her now. She asked me afterwards if I expected the party would stay there long, and when I said it was not likely, seemed pleased. I expect she thought that if she had him alone in that wild country she could catch him. Perhaps it may have been her idea, as I thought it was, but how she acted we shall see hereafter.

In due time I heard from Winnipeg. They quite approved my plan, and had arranged to arrive in two days.

Charlie was radiant, and I was rather perplexed, for I had promised to find them comfortable quarters. Now the moment had come, I felt doubtful of my success. I went first to the Boarding

House, and found there was no room there; to the hotels next—well, they had no accommodation for men, let alone for ladies. My last resource was the Dining Hall.

It should have been the proper place at which to apply, if it carried out what it was built for; but the two meals I had had there, and the night I had passed in it, discouraged me. However, it was there or nowhere now. Since I arrived in that part I had often met York, the manager, who proved to be not a bad fellow, and I had also become pretty well acquainted with Miss Lena Lloyd. So, when I got hold of York, and told him what I wanted, he said—

“Oh, of course I can accommodate them, or any number of people.”

“Yes,” I explained, “I know, but I want it done well. Their rooms must really be nicer than mine was, you know; the meals must be served up in a rather more refined style; I’m sure you know what I mean. You used to have things right enough in the Old Country, I think; why can’t you give us entertainment something like what we should receive at a little country inn in England?”

“As I told you before,” he answered, “I should like to do things so, of course, but I can’t promise unless these girls like. If they will do their part, I can easily arrange.”

“How would it be,” I asked, “to get the four together, and talk the matter over in a friendly way? I can depend on Lena Lloyd.”

He agreed to this; so we invited the four fair ladies to confer with us, and I explained to them what I wanted to be done.

One was an Irish girl, who said at once—

“It will be a trate to see rale ladies and gintlemen again.”

This unlucky speech made the other three angry, of course. Weren’t *they* real ladies, indeed!

There was an English girl, too, who, I am ashamed to own, was the most troublesome, though, as they say out there, she completely “gave herself away.”

“I left home”—this is what she said—“to get away from all the nonsense about aristocracy. I am as good as anyone else, and I am not going to be anyone’s servant,” with a lot more to the same effect. It was very clear to me that this young lady *had been* a servant at home, and was very angry that she was really a servant still. But I declared nothing more would be required than that my friends’ rooms should be attended to properly, and that meals should be served in some degree of comfort, something like English style. Lena and the other two seemed to enjoy this argument between members of a nation which they considered ever so much beneath them in all

civilized matters (as a matter of fact, Canadians do think so, I am told). When Lena said she was ready to do her part, whatever was decided on, the others agreed with her, though it took a lot of arguing to get that stupid English girl to be reasonable. However, after some time she consented to do her part, and so it was settled that four rooms should be "fixed up" nicely, and, as they had no private room, the meals of the Selbys should be served in a certain corner of the Hall, and at hours when the station hands who "grubbed" there would be at work.

To many people, I daresay, the trouble I took about this matter will seem very absurd. I can only say, if they knew what I do, they would not think so. It is simply marvellous how uncouthly they do things in many such places in Canada, east and west, and in the United States it is very much worse.

This matter, then, being arranged, Charlie and I left, he to his shanty, along the track nearly all the way, I with him till it was time to leave it for the trail to our "dug-out." I need not explain that "track" means the railroad in the west, and, from where I then was, right away through to the Pacific, "the track" means the C.P.R., the one line of railway, the one road, the one only way for men to communicate with each other. For the whole distance, say 1,200 miles west, there is practically no other means of getting about—no waggon-road, no path, even; it is the C.P.R. or nothing. In mountain parts it is the only place where one can take exercise at all. If a young man wishes to take his sweetheart for the ideal lover's walk, it has to be done "along the track"; and, when you know how a track is laid, you will understand what a funny sight it is to see a lad and lass, arm-in-arm, keeping step thus—two short strides, then a long one, then almost a leap, then a short step, then perhaps several long ones, no regularity. If their conversation is as jerky as their gait, it must be lively.

The next day the Meadowses had a grand clear up in the shanty. It was swept out, some of the old boxes and rubbish were turned adrift, heaps of old clothes were thrown into the bluff, the chips and garbage round outside were cleared away too, and everything made as shipshape as possible—a preparation in case the Selbys might like to come there and have a look.

Charlie came over with Jack Hardy that day, and both were full of grand ideas. The Selbys must go and spend a day at their shanty; they must be driven to the Reserve to see the Indians; they must go the Pipestone, to the Qu'Appelle, and I don't know what more was not to be done; some ideas were practicable, some not.

When the time came for these good folks to arrive, we were all at the station—Meadows and his son, Charlie and Jack Hardy; and Bruce, hearing that we had English friends coming to stay a day or two, was there also to give them a welcome. He hoped I would bring them up to his place, and he offered everything he possessed to help to make their stay pleasant—horses, buckboards, saddles, side-saddles; and ended by assuring me that if there was anything they wanted that he hadn't got, I was to let him know, and he'd beg, borrow, or steal it for them, by Jove he would!

As usual, there were two of the N.W.T. mounted police on the platform, resplendent in scarlet and gold, with their caps on their ears, exactly like lifeguardsmen at home—as tall and as soldier-like—and there was one of their officers, and there was quite a crowd of citizens, for it had got about that some English swells were to arrive, and you may depend upon it that no one who could be there that day was missing. I overheard one man tell another it was “as good as a circus.”

After about half an hour's delay the train came in, the engine-bell clanging as usual. I was soon “on board,” and Charlie was not far behind me. Evidently they were pleased to see him, and Maggie didn't look the least glad of the party. We soon had them out, their baggage seen to, and they were quickly introduced to all the friends around. Then we ushered them into the “Dining Hall.”

York, the manager, had done his “level best”; and they told me afterwards that they were much better off than they had expected, from my description. So that was all right. We *all* dined together at the corner table, or, rather, took supper, as the inhabitants call it.

Lena waited on us, with the others, and was very attentive. I noticed that she watched Charlie closely, and Maggie too. I think she clearly saw that she would have no chance whilst the English girl was there.

The following three days were lively with us all. We brought the ox-waggon in the first morning, and took the party for a drive in it. It was a novelty to travel thus, of course, but, after the first mile, we scattered off to right and left of the trail. There was always something worth examining—some plant or flower, a bird to try and approach nearer to, or prairie-dogs to be watched, and, as it was a glorious day, I believe all much enjoyed the jaunt. We took, generally, the trail which led towards Meadows's “dug-out,” and by slow degrees got there.

All went inside, and, whilst they gave Meadows great credit for his ingenious construction, I can't say that anyone expressed admira-

tion at the cheerfulness of the habitation. The stable, a "dug-out," too, as most N.W.T. stables are, was surveyed, the well-house admired, and all the ins and outs and contrivances inspected and explained. A very good insight was thus obtained by those interested into what has to be done by a *poor* settler. Maud was the most outspoken in her sentiments. She asked me how they *could* live in such a place, and if such a mode of life is necessary or general. I could only reply that poor people, there as elsewhere, have no great chance of choosing. She said she could never feel at home there, which was not wonderful.

Mr. Selby was curious, made many inquiries, but did not talk as if he had the slightest desire to be a settler. Tom seemed to have completely lost all his enthusiasm from the moment he saw the "dug-out," and had come into actual contact with the real life and work of that country. Charlie and Maggie were very silent. Yet conversation, which was ceaseless between the elders, seemed to prove that the prospects of settlers were not bad.

We picnicked near the homestead, Meadows providing tea and good bread and butter and milk. He got great praise for his bread-making. By and by we all walked back to Broadview for a late dinner, taking it easily, and making numbers of stoppages on the trail.

We arranged to have horses the next day, and, taking some provisions with us, started off for a cruise in the immediate neighbourhood. We saw several settlers' places, but called nowhere, and took our meal on the bank of Weed Lake, a few miles south of the village. This lake, which we had heard much of, is just a big sleugh, not in the least picturesque. The views around were admired for their vastness, but no one, except those amongst us who lived there, "enthused" at all. Mr. Selby agreed with me that it was difficult to feel that this was a wild, a new, a practically uninhabited country; for, although we were nearly always out of sight of human life, yet the green plains, the patches of water, the park-like clumps of small trees, gave the land a homelike, if not a very picturesque look. Still, the prevailing feeling was loneliness.

Our day was to wind up by a visit to Jack Hardy and Charlie Donald's place. These two had not been with us since the day before, but had told us that we should find them at home, and we were to expect a Nor'-West meal there.

The Selbys were all charmed with the situation of the shanty, which looked quite cheerful and bright that afternoon against the sunlit bluff behind, all reflected in the pretty little lake. Every animal the young men possessed was tethered near, or fed around

the place. Some bright blankets hung about, and one old red one was hoisted to a tree-top for a flag of welcome; so it was evident that the boys were *en fête*.

Inside I noticed that the beds had been removed, and the one big room tastefully arranged. The table, for this auspicious occasion, was much enlarged with boards and boxes, doubtless, but it was neatly done. The neighbourhood for ten miles round had been scoured for a table-cloth, for spoons, knives, forks, and plates. The stores in Broadview had yielded up their choicest delicacies; there was a table spread with a glorious feast; and, as we were all blessed with healthy appetites, we soon attacked it.

There was splendid ham, which Jack Hardy had cured, the best of bread, which Charlie had made, milk and cream, butter and eggs, tea and coffee, and no end of fruit and vegetables, fresh from their cans! Hardy was a capital cook, and confectioner too, it appeared, for there were cakes of various kinds, buns and tarts, enough to satisfy half a regiment. Evidently our hosts were determined to show us what they could do.

"So this is a Nor'-West meal," remarked Mr. Selby; "do you always live like this?"

Jack Hardy laughed, and answered, "No, not always; only when we have visitors—rather a rare event, worse luck! I don't believe in all the time I'm settled here I've had a dozen; certainly I've never had anyone but a neighbour settler. We don't see very many friends, and never ladies."

Hardy and Charlie attended to us, and Bruce was there to keep things lively. We regretted that Mrs. Port and Mrs. Starboard could not have been there too. We had great fun, and I think none of that party will ever forget that afternoon and evening; I'm sure those two young men will not.

After supper, whilst we elders sat out in front and smoked our pipes and talked of our surroundings, the young ones wandered round and saw everything.

The cows had to be milked, and Charlie, who had just mastered the difficult art, was very careful that Maggie should try her hand. Then the dairy had to be visited, their way of working shown, and their contrivances to be admired. As evening drew on, all the party collected round the little home, enjoying the beautiful sunset and the scene around us, which was undeniably pretty, to say the least of it. One could easily believe, that in time to come, when the land is fully settled with prosperous people, when such gatherings of friends as that now met together can be more frequent, can

be possible at all, that this may be a very pleasant land. But it is not always summer there; and I should dread the fearful winter. However, everyone says that is a most delightful season too; so we must trust that those who have to live there will always find it so.

Charlie and Maggie were very much together, and apart from the rest of us as much as possible. I don't know what Mr. Selby thought about it, but it was very plain to me that those two young people were getting very fond of each other. I noticed that Maud seldom praised anything in or connected with the N.W.T.; indeed, she found fault with everything she could, without being rude. But Miss Maggie was very independent, and made sundry rather telling speeches. She said, for instance, how very much more manly she considered a life such as these two were leading compared to that so many of their class at home were living, especially those in the larger cities of Great Britain. At this, and at several such remarks, Charlie smiled, but Maud looked troubled.

Jack Hardy and Maud sat side by side awhile, and she told me afterwards that he had tried to make her see beauties in the life he had adopted, but she was blind to them.

As for Tom, since he had caught sight of the shanty when we rode up, he had been in great spirits, declaring he saw nothing but delights in such a way of living. He went on at such a rate that Charlie had to try to bring him round to sense, begging him to remember that it is not always thus; that there are certain very hard nuts to crack, some terrible experiences to undergo.

"For instance," said he, "this is the first time we have seen a white woman within a mile of the shack since I have been here."

Jack Hardy added there had not been one seen there since the place was made.

Tom said, "Oh! that's no great matter."

"Well," said Hardy, "if you had the experience that I have had, you'd tell a different story. When you have to do everything yourself, indoors and out, you soon discover the worth of a woman. I have been here alone, at times, for weeks, and never saw a human being. I have lost all count of time, forgotten the day of the week even. It will be better now that Charlie has arrived, and it would be better still if all of us here now could often meet, were neighbours really; but as it is, one may live a lifetime here and not see such another gathering as this. Nay, there never will be such another, what do you say, Charlie?"

Charlie said he thought it quite impossible.

Mr. Selby, Bruce, and Meadows had long conferences. Already I

heard the question of cattle-raising being warmly discussed. Facts and figures were brought to bear, and Mr. Selby was beginning to believe that there are worse prospects for a man than what the North-West of Canada offers. Presently, however, he said, "But, stop; we'll say no more just now, for if that son of mine were to hear all this I should have no peace; he'd want to settle here at once. Certainly I begin to look at things a little differently, but I'm not going to settle here myself, and I don't want him to do so."

During this time, Charlie, Tom, Maud, Maggie, and Jack Hardy were talking of the same subject, much in the same way, and laying plans which made Maud quite miserable, for she feared, and with very good cause, that this sort of thing would result in a permanent settlement in Canada, which prospect she had great dislike to.

For my own part, I felt very sorry that I had brought all this about. I had expected that what they would see there would have acted on them in a very different manner from what it appeared to be doing. For, to my judgment, it appeared a great mistake for Mr. Selby to attempt a settler's life, especially in the N.W.T. Then I began to say all the hard things I could against the country. I told what I knew about the dreadful winter. Here the settlers soon settled me, averring that they liked it, and that they had never met a person who did not. I spoke of the loneliness. Oh, that would soon be all right; see what a number of friends we have about us even now, and every year will improve that. No ladies! Oh, but they had heard of Mr. Bruce's daughters; and I mentioned Lena Lloyd, which caused Charlie to look quite angrily at me. I talked of mosquitoes. "Pshaw!" they said; "they're only gnats; who cares for gnats?" To which I answered, "I know them well; those don't who scoff at those entertaining insects." But I found no supporter except Maud.

Then, when night drew on, we saddled up and went leisurely back to Broadview with them. Meadows and I, as we afterwards trotted slowly home together, had a long long talk of home beyond the sea, of distant friends and other days, of pleasures past, of trials and difficulties in that new land where he was fighting so hard to win, of prospects, hopes, and fears. When we turned into our bunks that night, we had made up our minds to one thing sure, at any rate, that in the Canadian North-West, a man who is short of means has a harder battle with fortune than the people at home have the slightest idea of.

The next day was to be spent at Bruce's, so, about noon, most of us gathered at the Dining Hall, ready to escort the party out.

It appeared that the Selbys had visited most of the stores, of

which there were but three, though, I believe, and the other notable institutions of the village. They had unanimously concluded that, whatever pleasures might be looked for in a rural life in North-Western Canada, in a prairie village there would certainly be none at all, declaring *that* would be beyond endurance. Few whom they had met seemed to have the most remote idea of *our* civilization. The Canadians were generally friendly enough, asked no end of questions, and were anxious to be agreeable; but they found it almost impossible to carry on conversation for a few minutes without offending them. If the Canadians thought any remark made went to show that there was any place or people under heaven more beautiful, civilized, or refined than Canada and its inhabitants, and especially if any place was thought to be better than Broadview, they were angry. What a blessed thing it must be to have the usual Canadian's power of flattering oneself into the belief that the spot where one has for the time being settled, is, *therefore*, the best place in the world. They usually speak of the world as if they knew it all well.

The rest of the inhabitants, English, Irish, Scotch, and Scandinavians, were all very worthy and respectable folks in their way; but not of a class which would favourably impress such people as our friends, or make them yearn for more intimate acquaintance.

They had seen a few farmers about, and said they could easily recognize them by their extremely wretched and forlorn appearance. But that was hardly fair. A few, many more than there should be, do look so; usually, if not invariably, from choice.

"Why is it," Maud asked me, "that their clothes are always torn, tied on with strings, fastened somehow with wooden skewers? Why do they always wear them the same colour, and that the colour of the earth? Why are their waggons, their horses and oxen, always so wretchedly dirty and rough? Why is their harness usually broken and patched, or tied together with bits of old rope? If we were to meet one of these settlers on the road at home, looking as he does here, we should put him down as a starving and dangerous tramp, and yet they tell us these are most respectable farmers. Why is this? There must be some good reason to cause them to present such a deplorable appearance. It says very little for the country, *I* think."

As clearly as I could, I explained to her how it was. Naturally, she could not believe that people would dress and look like that from choice. She was certain, she declared, that those who lived on the prairies were in a very wretched state.

We had a very pleasant day at Bruce's, much as we had when Meadows and I were there a few days before. Nearly the same

things were said and done, except that, as there were more young people, there was more fun and joviality.

Bruce went over the cattle subject again, and he told them all about his place; his desire to sell it, and why, and what he wanted for it.

Tom Selby heard all, and it was plain it made him more than ever anxious to try his hand at a settler's life. So, by the time we were ready to leave that night, I thought I knew very well what *his* plans were. His father told me, as we went back to the village, that what he had seen and heard had very much impressed him. He declared that, if he were ten or fifteen years younger, nothing would please him better than to start afresh, settling somewhere near where we were then; for he felt sure that, with a very few hundreds of pounds, and a few years' work, sufficient could be realized to bring in a very excellent income. So he did not at all blame Tom for wishing to try it. Clearly, Mr. Selby was looking at things in the N.W.T. in a too hopeful way—very much so, I thought—but I persuaded him to *do* nothing yet, for I still held with his going the whole journey, and deciding nothing till we had seen more.

Everyone had assured us that if we thought the country thereabouts pleasant then, we should be charmed with it later. They told us about the flowers, and the shooting, and the glorious autumn weather, and we had to promise to stay there again on our way back east, later in the year. Then we should see the harvest ready, or perhaps cut, and we should see the Indians on the Crooked Lakes Reserve; and, indeed, a number of plans were proposed and pleasures promised, if we would but come again later on.

It had been my intention to "stop over" here and there, after getting to the Rocky Mountains, to make sketches and notes, but now we were strongly advised by all who had travelled through, to make no stay yet, but to go right on to Vancouver. We were told it was still winter in the mountain country. Letters we had received from some of our fellow-passengers who had gone on ahead bore this out. So, after much consideration, we determined to act as advised, merely resting for a day here and there to break the journey.

When I got in to Broadview next morning, I was surprised to hear that the Selbys had made up their minds to go on, just as soon as I was ready to depart. I was not unprepared for this, having my gear pretty well ready; so I hurried back to Meadows's shanty to pack up, though I was surprised at the suddenness of the decision.

Charlie I left in the village, sore distressed and much perplexed. Mr. Selby had said privately to me that he would explain all when

we had got away, on the train. For they all seemed to me to be very serious that morning, and I felt satisfied a grand family council had been held, and some resolve made.

It took no great time for me to do my packing, before which I had my hair cut as short as possible. I was so sure it was a grand idea, that I would have had my head shaved if I could, for cleanliness and for comfort's sake. I never made a greater mistake. I took only a light waterproof coat, whilst a very warm one would have been a greater comfort. With these exceptions, all my plans were successful, and I had no trouble with the small amount of baggage I carried.

When I got back to the station the train was in, and all our friends were there. Bruce left us, to get home with all speed, promising, if we would stay on the platform of the "sleeper" till we passed his place, he would bid us "good-bye" there. His house is within a stone's throw of the track.

The manager of the Dining Hall was on the platform, with Lena and the other young lady waitresses. She told me that the Selbys had not given them as much trouble as many a "drummer" (a commercial traveller) had done; that it was really quite nice to attend on them, that they were so much obliged for every little attention paid them, and that they went on just as if they were visitors and not paying boarders. I told her—she was a Canadian, you know—always to think of English gentlefolk so, because that is the way they always go on in their own country. Perhaps I was drawing a rather long bow, but when one is in the colonies, or in the United States, one must crack up England and the English when one has a chance, for whenever the inhabitants of those countries can find any sort of excuse, they say some pretty hard things about our country and our wicked ways. So the Dining Hall episode had passed off well, to the mutual satisfaction of all concerned; and York hoped we'd come again and stay awhile before we returned to the "old country." Lena, no doubt, thought the less she saw of Maggie in those parts the better it would please her.

Then, when the forty minutes had expired which the train usually stops at Broadview, the conductor called out, "All aboard!" the coloured porter of the "sleeper" was ready with his stool to assist the ladies up the steps of the platform, and then the bell on the engine began to toll, and we moved off again to the west.

CHAPTER VIII.

ACROSS ASSINIBOIA.

Bruce's Farewell to us.—Some Fellow-passengers.—Mr. Selby's Explanations.—Trouble about our young Lovers.—Life on the Cars.—Comforts of the "Sleeper."—Indian Head.—The celebrated Bell Farm, and what I learnt about it.—The great "Drink Question."—Regina.—Our sleepless Porter.—A Conversation.—Tom Selby's Ideas.—"So that's why Maud objects!"—Buffalo Bones.—How Englishmen are metamorphosed on the Prairies.—"Tame Injuns" at Maple Creek.—Antelopes.—Medicine Hat.—A Prairie Fog.—Coal and Iron.—The Saskatchewan Bridge.—"Wild Injuns" at Gleichen.—Difficulty of distinguishing Sexes.—Their Grace and Beauty.—Cannuck's Attempt to enlighten Me.—Anticipations of the Rockies.—But Trouble Ahead.

A FEW minutes after leaving the station we passed Bruce's house. There he had the British flag hoisted on high in front, whilst he and all his family were waving to us, and his son Willie was blazing away with an old musket as quickly as he could load and fire, keeping it going too, as we could see by the puffs of smoke, so long as we were in sight.

No doubt the few passengers on board considered we were a party of very celebrated people—earls or dukes, at least; and I noticed, for a good while after, we were regarded with much curiosity and awe by the natives who were travelling with us. The fact seems to be that enthusiasm of any such kind as Bruce displayed is so rare on the prairies that its exhibition is looked upon as most marvellous.

We had now to choose our sleeping berths, the charge being eleven dollars each person, from Broadview to Vancouver, which entitled us to the use of the carriage day and night.

Then we had to make acquaintance with our fellow-passengers, for travelling in this way is a much more social affair than in our way of going about by rail at home. It is, indeed, very much like being at sea.

There were very few passengers in the "sleeper." An Englishman

and his son—taking the trip to Vancouver and Victoria, and thence by sea to San Francisco; from thence by rail to New York, and so home—had chosen this way of spending eight weeks' holiday from business. Then there was a Scotchman, named Moffat, who had lived in Canada from childhood, and a Canadian, whose name we never knew, but who was usually called "Cannuck," a good-natured, simple-minded man, as verdant as men only can be who have been bred in new countries. Besides these people, there was a railway official of some kind, returning to Vancouver after a three months' vacation (holiday, we should say) in the east, who added much to our pleasure, for he knew a good deal about the country, and could explain much that we saw.

One station we came to soon after we started was very bright and cheerful, it and the few houses about it being made so by the free use of bright-coloured paint. What a pity they don't use more paint on the prairies! After that, we saw nothing remarkable till night, seeing nothing but the same everlasting prairie, settlers' habitations seeming farther apart than ever; so we just sat about in great comfort, very much as one would do on board ship. The two girls were with us generally in the smoke-room, or on the platform outside the car, there being no other ladies present with us to be critical. These were the best parts of the carriage to lounge in and to see the view from. Mr. Selby and Tom were with the girls, so what could be said against it?

Mr. Selby and I had a little time to ourselves during the evening, and then he told me about their sudden resolve to leave Broadview. It appeared that after leaving Bruce's the evening before, Tom had been most energetic in his appeals to his father to let him settle in the Nor'-West, urging all that had been said about cattle, and declaring that he was sure he should like it. Maud was dead against it, but Maggie thought she should like it, too; indeed, it seemed pretty clear that she and Tom had gone into the subject, and had planned that they two should keep house together, if the other two would not stop. Their father could not conscientiously condemn this idea as absurd, after all he had said, in their hearing too; but he and Maud put it to them, forcibly, that this proceeding would be the means of dividing the family, for neither he nor Maud could bring their minds to giving up all at home to settle there. But they were very persistent in declaring that this was what they wished to do. In a few months it appeared that Tom would come in to £500, and he said he desired to buy Bruce's place. Maggie had already received her £500, and she wished to put it to Tom's, and so the pair could

start famously. They were very enthusiastic about it. When they were told how dreary it would be there, how they would suffer for want of congenial society, Maggie was sure there would be enough to satisfy *her*, and when the name of Charlie Donald came up, she blushed deeply.

Her father spoke to her very seriously on this point, and Maggie was very silent, but finally admitted that the fact of Charlie being a neighbour had some effect on her choice. This, of course, led to more explanations, and confessions on the part of the young woman. So then Mr. Selby suggested that it would be advisable for them to leave as quickly as possible, for, as he said, they had seen enough of the locality and the inhabitants to give them full knowledge of what life *there* would be; that, for his part, though he could not deny there were many good points about the idea, yet *he* had seen nothing yet to make him give up England and settle there, and that they had better keep to the plan they had started from England with, and after they had seen the country farther west, and British Columbia, then they might on their way back stay again for a little at Broadview, and take things into very serious consideration. Should they have seen nothing better beyond to satisfy them, it might then be wise to make their home there.

These arguments were wise, and his children were sensible; so, after some little further discussion, his plan was adopted.

The subject of Charlie Donald seemed the greatest trouble to Mr. Selby. He could not say a word against the young man, and told me, too, that he could not exactly blame Maggie; yet it caused him grave vexation. Charlie was practically without means, though, perhaps, in a few years he might be better off. But the idea of Maggie marrying him and becoming the slave which a Nor'-West farmer's wife *must* be, for a long time to come, was a thing Mr. Selby could not consent to; yet he saw no way of preventing it.

I could offer very little advice, whilst I could enter fully into his views. Maggie would not be in a very great hurry to wed, I suggested; probably in a short time Charlie, if not doing well enough to promise ability to marry early, would get tired of the life and give it up, and some better and more cultivated occupation would open for him. Tom, too, might shortly find out everything was not so very charming as he seemed now to think, and he, too, might desire to change, and live in a more civilized locality.

"Yes," urged Mr. Selby, "after sinking his and his sister's money in that place."

But then, I asked him to note, that in all human probability, if

Tom did buy Bruce's place and live on it only a couple of years, he could sell it again at a much increased price. So that argument also fell through.

There seemed to me to be but little doubt that if Maggie went to live with her brother, three miles west of Broadview, and Charlie lived five miles east of it, within an hour's ride of each other, it would be a very strange thing if these two did not ultimately become engaged to marry. If they had never met before, it would be a very likely thing to occur, where inhabitants are so few; but now that they were already intimate, it was a certainty. I could only end by saying that I thought the wisest thing to be done was just what we were then doing. We might hope that the excitement of travelling, and the many wonderful things we were going to see, would cause a change of desire on the part of the two young people, Tom and Maggie.

Travelling on thus hour after hour by rail, you may ask what we did with ourselves. Did we simply stand and sit about in the car or on the platform, and gaze at the scenery? Not altogether; and yet, monotonous as the view was, there was a fascination in watching the endless stretch of prairie unrolling itself before us and around us. We tried to read, but it was hard to fix one's attention on a book, when every bush we passed might hide a wolf, and every sleugh might have something new to exhibit in the way of ducks or geese. Many of them did; indeed, it was rare to pass a bit of water without startling two or three ducks, and prairie-wolves were very often seen. Some of us tried cards, but whist was impossible, so our C.P.R. passenger tried to initiate the girls into euchre, and for a time they kept to it. But an outcry from one side of the car, "There's a wolf!" or from the other, "See that queer duck!" did not allow of much steady attention to the game.

Really, the comfort and the cleanliness of the sleeping-car that night seemed very great after our stay at Broadview and its neighbourhood. For, with the exception of Bruce's, no place I or any of us visited had even a comfortable seat. The Dining Hall was clean enough, but I don't remember an easy-chair in it, not even a rocking-chair; whilst as for the shanties and cabins I went to, the ground, or a log, or a turned-up keg, afforded all the comfort available. Consequently, the luxurious couches we enjoyed in the cars were indeed a treat.

I know no more delightful mode of travelling than by "sleeper" on the C.P.R. Certainly, on other railways in America, the same kind of carriages are to be found, but the C.P.R. cars are the newest,

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BY TRACK ACROSS THE PRAIRIE.

and have all the latest inventions and improvements. They are seldom inconveniently crowded, while, more than all, the porter is invariably very much more civil and attentive than I ever found him on any other railway across the Atlantic. One who has had no experience of American travelling can hardly appreciate what that item adds to one's pleasure. There is a coloured porter to every sleeping-car, who takes pride in keeping it well swept, and pays special attention to the toilet department. He is always on hand with his whisk to brush you down, and whenever the train stops, he is there to help you on or off, and to keep strangers out. In a word, he does all he can to make things agreeable. These men, I understand, go right through with the car, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and back again, six thousand miles, every two weeks.

As darkness drew on that night, we were still rolling along across the very monotonous plains. We passed Indian Head, which station being the one for the celebrated Bell Farm, caused a good deal of conversation in the smoke-room.

I suppose this wonderful farm has been heard of all over the world by those interested in agriculture. We were told that evening it is the *largest farm on earth*, consisting of about a hundred square miles of land. The railway cuts right across it, Indian Head lying at about the centre. The buildings, machinery, equipments, and mode of working were described and highly approved of. The land, too, was said to be first-rate, and yet we were assured—I don't know with how much truth—that the whole affair is a failure.

Many of the inhabitants of the North-West, I believe, scoff at the Bell Farm and all done there; but, then, I feel very sure these same men would jeer at all ways of doing things that were different from their own careless, hit-or-miss style of so-called farming.

If the Bell Farm is a failure, then the fact must be an ominous one for that country; because, if land worked scientifically, economically, and in a most business-like way, will not pay, how can the usual way of proceeding ever become profitable? Besides, they seem to me very much to need some really good example of how to do things properly; yet I frequently heard of men who settled there with means, and set to work in a sensible, business-like way upon the land, but I was informed they invariably failed to make it remunerative.

So short a time has elapsed since the province of Assiniboia was first settled, that one can hardly believe a fair trial has yet been made. I should say that even yet very few settlers are working on a *proved* system. Old agriculturists are just going on as they did

in Ontario and the east, or in other countries, and those who knew nothing about cultivating land before they got there (and they are *too* numerous) follow the advice and the style of the settlers around them. A man going amongst them with any new idea, any really good mode of working even, is put down, at first, as a "crank," or, as we should say, a "faddist."

If the Bell Farm is a failure, it is probably on account of its huge size, and the attempt was made to do too much, though, I understood, no such extensive working was undertaken as the newspaper accounts have led people to believe. Moreover, as proof of the worthlessness of the enterprise, Mr. Moffat told us that the Company is already disposing of portions of its land at a profit, which I rather think goes to show that the Company, financially, at any rate, is likely to be anything but a non-success.

Another interesting subject came up that evening. The "drink question," with the usefulness of the North-Western mounted police, and their success in keeping liquor out of the Territories. All were of one mind; that, if the law could *really* be enforced, it would be a good thing for all. Even as it is, it was admitted that liquor is very successfully kept from the Indians, mainly by the services of the police; but many anecdotes were told, showing it was easy for settlers so minded to procure it.

Then the different kinds of drink used in Canada were discussed, and we Englishmen decided we did not care for the old rye which we had tasted. Mr. Moffat here produced a large stone jar, which he declared contained some very super-excellent whiskey, and after sampling it, we concluded that *some* old-rye whiskey *is* good.

About 22 o'clock we "turned in," shortly after passing Qu'Appelle, said to be a very fine place indeed—by the inhabitants thereof. A little after midnight we stopped at Regina, and from my window I could see a number of people about, with the appearance of a stirring place. It is the capital of the Province of Assiniboia, and, at present, of the Territories generally. No one was allowed on board the "sleeper" here, which is so different to the way it used to be, on other lines of railway, at any rate, where, at every station, day and night, it was the custom for all the loafers about to enter at one end of the train and march through to the other, talking and shouting, generally leaving all the doors open, or, if they did shut them, doing it with such noise that it was quite out of the question to sleep.

After leaving Regina, I believe we all went to sleep. I know I did, and knew no more till daylight. I saw nothing of Moosejaw, and I don't believe I missed any very enchanting spectacle.

When I arose next morning, the sun was just rising into a pale saffron sky, without a cloud, the air was perfectly clear, and there was no wind. The prairie was identical in appearance with that we were passing across when the daylight left us east of Qu'Appelle. The porter said we were near Chaplin and the Old Wives Lakes. There was no appearance of settlement; just greenish-brown and perfectly flat land, a few small, uninteresting lakes, and a brook or two—not a tree, nor even a bush, to break the utter sameness and loneliness of the scene.

I had made it a point to rise early on the cars; thus I had the monopoly of the wash-room. The porter was always up, and was usually wide awake. It seemed as if he never slept, and if he did, where? Half an hour after, I was joined by Tom Selby.

"What do you say? Does this look like a nice country to settle in?" I asked him.

"Oh, no; too flat. Altogether too bare and lonely. I don't believe the land is much good either, though it may do for cattle ranches when all the better country is taken up. What are those grey plants in patches all over the place?"

"Sage-brush, I think. There is not so much of it, though, as there is on the railway to San Francisco; neither is there so much alkali here as on that road. The white deposit round the edges of the drying sleughs is alkali, I suppose. Yes, I think the country around Broadview is much more hopeful-looking than it is hereabouts."

"You are right," went on Tom; "I think that was the best country we have seen since we left Montreal. It may not be grand, or very beautiful; but it looks more like being a pleasant land to make a home in than anything I have yet seen in Canada."

"But you don't know Ontario at all," said I; "nor anything of Manitoba, except just what the C.P.R. passes through, so you cannot really tell. Still, I agree with you, that, for appearance, if for no other reason, when the country from, say, Carberry to Indian Head, is as thickly settled as Ontario and some parts of Manitoba, it will be more home-like than they are."

"Certainly," Tom went on; "I can imagine that many parts of Canada, east and west of us, are prettier, more settled, and offer more finished homes now; but do any of them show such openings for men without a lot of money? If I am to begin this life, I must do it where there is the best chance for me, with my means, of getting on quickest; and I have not yet heard of, or seen, a better place than where we have been stopping. You know I really am determined to be a settler. I like the prospect, and see possibilities before me; and

I believe father would like it too. It is merely Maud who influences him against it."

"Why should Maud do so, do you think?"

"Oh, it's all that man at home, who, she thinks, cares for her; but I am sure if he had meant anything he would have said so long ago. He has had chance enough."

This was something like what I had fancied was the case, but I said to Tom that I thought Maud really disliked the idea of settling in Canada at all, apart from that reason.

"So she does now, no doubt," he continued; "but we have all talked at home, for as long as I can remember, of coming to settle in Canada, when father had to retire from business. He was more in favour of it than any of us, except Maud. However, since this lover turned up, she became quite different. It is too bad that, now we are here, and find it even better than we expected, she should influence father to change his mind so. I am determined not to go back to England, to be a drudge in an office, in a bank, or something of that sort, the very thought of which disgusts me. Just think of what most of those fellows are at home; they spend one half their lives at a desk, the other half fadding about their dress or their appearance. Why, they are mostly as soft as girls, and know nothing but about dancing, and theatres, and music-hall singers."

"Oh, come, come!" I interrupted him, "it's not quite so bad as that. There are plenty of young fellows at home just as manly as you can desire, cricketing, rowing, cycling, volunteering, playing tennis. Many such are to be found in all public offices. You can't find in the wide world such a number of fine, healthy, athletic men, as in England. That's acknowledged by everyone."

"Well, perhaps, that may be true enough; but there are far too many, and the better-off ones, too, who just disgust me, and I will not go back and run the slightest chance of becoming one of them. Here, in this life, there is a freedom, a something ahead, a promise of adventure, an opening for enterprise. I'm determined, somehow, to live it; and it is not as if we had no money. I believe we have plenty amongst us to make a splendid start—to make what will, in a few years, be a most delightful home."

To which I could only say that I feared some of his ideas were rather too rosy; but, on the whole, I admitted he was right, and that he had my hearty sympathy.

When the sun had well risen right "astern" of us, the rest of our party and the other passengers had gathered round us. The girls,

fresh as daisies, looked charming in the clear light of the morning. Said our official companion—

“Those white things, here and there, are buffalo bones, which are scattered all over the prairies, marking where one was shot for his skin, his carcase being left to rot, or for the wolves to devour. Too bad! But note those depressed lines on the prairie, which we occasionally cross, running usually straight north and south. They are buffalo trails, used by the herds for ages past as paths from one good feeding-ground to another. Here and there, too, are peculiar hollow places, now grass-grown, which are called “buffalo wallows,” where the great beasts used to roll themselves, in the hot weather, in the mud and water. Now that is all ended for ever; there is not a wild buffalo left in the country. It is sad, but it was inevitable.”

Shortly after this, we stopped at a station for water. The big tank there was the principal object to look at, but there was a pile of many tons of buffalo bones beside the track, and some of us got off and examined them, and found some huge skulls with horns still attached, which we knocked off and brought into the car as trophies.

These bones are all white as chalk; they are taken east, and used in fertilizing, bringing something like five dollars per ton.

Then on again, mile after mile of the same monotonous expanse, and we began to hope for breakfast. At length, at Swift Current, they attached a dining-car, and shortly after we were cheered by the usual announcement, “Breakfast is ready in the dining key-car.”

The “diner” was full that morning, numbers of passengers coming in from the other cars. We had the usual excellent repast, the fruit now being oranges and bananas.

Then we gathered again in our own car, quite a friendly party. Some of us used occasionally to go into the “colonial sleeper,” where most of the passengers were “old-country” people. You could hear many of our home dialects, and it was an odd thing to see a man, shaved and shorn in true American style, dressed so, too, wearing a broad felt hat, leather-bound, with a strap buckled round it in place of ribbons, which is there the almost universal head-gear, sometimes with a revolver peeping from his hip-pocket; and yet, when this same man spoke, instead of the true “United States’ language”—which, by the way, is neither English *nor* American—you heard the accents of Northumberland or York. Many of them were going to the coal-mining districts farther west. But in those cars there was generally a great deal going on, not of the most entertaining kind—in fact, what you would hear amongst the Black Country folk at home; and we were better off in our own car, very much.

At Maple Creek, over two thousand miles west of Montreal, we made rather a long stop. This we did not mind, for there were large numbers of Blackfoot Indians about, braves, squaws, and children. They were generally squatting around the neighbourhood of the track, gazing stolidly at the train, and taking little notice, it appeared to me, of what they saw. The younger ones seemed a trifle more inclined for conversation, but we could make little of them in either English or French. Mr. Moffat tried them with one or two Indian dialects, but he got small response; they seemed so perfectly listless. Many of them were partly civilized in dress, though ragged and dirty, and there was very little of the picturesque about them. Some few had good faces, but the ideal Red Indian was not there. We were told that they belonged to the Blackfoot Reserve near, and that these were "civilized Injuns."

We Britishers took a deal of interest in them, and asked many questions from our fellow-travellers, and of some residents loafing about the station, but we were told nothing new or worth repeating. The Canadians seemed to regard them as a race of animals which were neither benefit nor harm to anyone, mentioning that they were surely dying out, and that when they were all gone it would be a good thing.

It was somewhere hereabouts that we saw our first and only herd of antelopes. They were standing four or five hundred yards away—I daresay a hundred of them—staring fixedly at us till we were abreast of them, and then scurrying away, too far to make much of. They gave rise to some conversation. We heard that the plan of enticing them within gunshot by a bit of coloured rag on a stick, which they would approach from curiosity, is about "played out." The only way any of those with us had ever got within shot was by stalking, and that is next to impossible where the plains are as bare of all cover as in the district where we saw them that day. Farther north and south, right away from track and trail, and where there are more bushes and rushes and tall herbage, it may be possible to have good sport.

Early in the afternoon we arrived at Medicine Hat, a big ramshackle village, consisting of stores, saloons (drinking places), the Grand Pacific Hotel, with a calico roof, the Hotel Metropole, with a turf one, the City Bakery, the Daisy Ice-Cream Parlour, the International Billiard Hall, and many other pretentious structures of the flimsiest materials, standing in a long row near the track. Many wild-looking loafers were about, several seemingly bloodthirsty ruffians, driving at full gallop wretched-looking screws, in the

lightest, weakest-looking, dirtiest of buggies and buck-boards, tearing up and down for no apparent reason but to raise a dust, and looking, for all the world, as most of those western residents do, as if all the trouble of the universe was on their shoulders. Yet, I daresay every one of these characters was a respectable individual, and, more than likely, half of them were Englishmen.

The distant prairie, the hills beyond the river, and the sky, were partially hidden from us now by a thick reddish fog. A resident wanted me to believe that it was smoke from bush-fires in Montana—a statement which I did not credit, for surely, in that case, one would have detected the smell of it, and it had none, while Montana is a long way south of Medicine Hat.

Coal and iron are abundant in that neighbourhood. At Lethbridge there is a flourishing colliery, with a large settlement around it, and a great future is ahead of it. The coal is brought by a narrow-gauge line from there to the station east of Medicine Hat, named Dunmore.

At "the Hat" is the wonderful steel bridge across the Saskatchewan, 1,010 feet long, and *very* ugly. When we had crossed it, we at once made a considerable rise in our level, there being here a sort of bench in the prairie; then the road goes more to the northward, keeping along a slope of the slight valley in which runs the Bow River, a tributary of the Saskatchewan, and beside or near this we had to travel to its source in the Rocky Mountains.

That afternoon was passed by us in a very drowsy condition; the scenery, or want of it, is so very tiring, and the couches were so very encouraging that we most of us fell asleep till supper-time.

After that we stopped at Gleichen, and here we saw plenty that was new, for here was gathered a most picturesque band of Crowfoot Indians. There were several hundreds of them, in the gayest of blankets, and the liveliest of moods. All but the old men and aged squaws were dancing, laughing, and carrying on around us like a pack of children.

They had but lately "come in," that is, had given up their roving life, and agreed to settle on the Reserve, a few miles back, and to be supported in idleness, and perhaps in mischief, by Government.

These Indians were quite "wild," we were told, which means that they were still quite uncontaminated by contact with their pale-faced brethren. To my mind, they looked, in all their savageness, in their paint and feathers, with their really happy faces, and, I

thought, clean appearance, miles ahead in refinement to the "tame Injuns" we had lately seen at Maple Creek.

Most of the young ones were grouped around the tail of the train, and we made them scramble for small coins, and oranges, which they seemed to value more. Most of all, a bit of plug tobacco appeared to excite them, even the old men looked as if they would like to struggle with the young ones for that prize. We offered one of them a banana; he refused to take it, and looked at it with suspicion. Then Mr. Moffat peeled one and bit a piece off, and offered the rest of it to the Nitchi; but no, he wouldn't take it. So, much to our amusement, Mr. Moffat jumped off the car, chased, held him, and pushed it into his mouth, to make him taste it, whilst all his fellows danced around us with glee. Evidently his report was favourable, for then they all crowded round for more.

One very queer thing was, most of us found it almost impossible to tell the young men and women apart; they were exactly alike in face, and being generally enveloped in blankets, the difficulty was increased. All had very small and nicely-formed hands and feet, and nearly all had coils of thick brass wire round their arms, which looked like a great number of bangles, worn in many cases from wrist to elbow. Their fingers, too, were decorated similarly. They kept the brass brightly polished, and most of them wore ear-rings. All wore mocassins, which were beautifully decorated. I got rather into trouble, for one of the young Indians came up on the car, and I, thinking it was a woman, took the hand to examine it, and see how the brass wire was managed. Then I began to dilate on its beauty—I mean the hand—in true artistic style. I said, "Remark the grace of it; what tapering fingers and nice shaped nails. It is a little brown, perhaps, but that is nothing. There's many a fine lady at home would be proud of this girl's hand."

"Git out," said Cannuck, "that ain't no gal; that's a buck!"

"Nonsense," I said; "just as if one can't tell a girl from a boy. Why, look at her face; surely it's a girl!"

A very nice-looking face, too, it was. But all the people round who had "experience" laughed, and the Indian, man or woman, thought there had been enough of it, I suppose, for he, or she, laughed heartily, too, as if "it" understood the fun, and rolled off the car.

"Now tell us how you know them, Cannuck," I demanded.

"Wall, that's a gal," he said, pointing to one standing just below me.

So I reached down and took hold of *her* hand, to induce her to come up on the platform to be scrutinized. But all her people—there

being no doubt at all this *was* a girl—set up a shout, and one old brave cried out, "No, no!"

"Well, tell me how you know," again I asked Cannuck.

"Wall," said he, "the old ones there ain't no trouble about, because they mostly dress in duller-coloured blankets than the men, but the young men, wall, they have two long locks in front, and some on 'um has them bound around with wire or bits o' rabbit-fur, and they never cut their hair behind. But the young squaws, see, they seem to always have the idea of partin' their hair down the middle, and they generally cuts their hair. The old bucks have pig-tails like the Chinese, too; besides—oh, pshaw! anyone can tell who wants ter!"

I daresay after a little practice I should be able to pick them out; but there is difficulty, I 'm sure, for Moffat and an official were arguing over one Indian who stood near, and it was not settled till Moffat asked one in his own tongue, and the supposed woman was declared to be a man. The men have no appearance of beards or whiskers, and I don't believe that they pluck the hair out, as the old story goes.

Some of these people are really very good-looking, and amongst them was one squaw, unmistakable, a really handsome woman. She had a particularly intelligent and happy face, though it looked very absurd for her to have a broad stripe of red paint from temple to chin, diagonally, across it. There were some fine, tall, athletic people amongst them, and all looked fairly clean and happy. Comparing a crowd of Kentish hop-pickers with a band of uncivilized Indians, decidedly the latter would bear away the prize for cleanliness and decency.

When we started on again, quite a number chased the train with laughter and shouts. Evidently they were trying who could hold out the longest; but we soon outran them, and lost sight of them in the gathering gloom, for now night was coming on apace.

We were a merry party in the car that evening. The little excitement at Gleichen had stirred us up, and we were full of anticipation; for to-morrow morning, if all went well, we should have left the plains and be amongst the Rocky Mountains, and then, we were assured, there would not be a moment, day or night, but would be full of interest and excitement.

The sky was densely clouded when the sun set. It was a red and stormy-looking evening, and those who knew the weather signs in that region thought that there was likely to be trouble in the mountains. It was hot and close when we went to bed that night. The

porter promised to call us directly it was light enough to see our surroundings.

From Calgary, which we were due to pass at 22.50, there is said to be in clear weather a very fine view of the Rockies, and Calgary itself was well worth seeing, we were often told. However, we had determined not to stay there then, but to push right on and visit it on our way back later in the summer. Our plan was to stay a night at Banff—which everyone assured us was *the* place for everything that's grand in nature and in art—amongst the Rocky Mountains.

Just as I was turning in, the conductor came through the car, and said to me quietly, "I've just had a despatch (*i.e.* a telegram), and there's something wrong ahead—a bridge down or a 'wash-out'; haven't heard what yet."

CHAPTER IX.

MISHAPS IN THE MOUNTAINS.

Stopped by Snow.—A Bridge down ahead.—Cannuck's Criticisms.—Enjoyment under Adverse Circumstances.—Terrible Tales.—Mending the Bridge.—A Perilous Crossing.—Another Bridge down.—Trans-shipment necessary.—Mutiny.—Walking the Planks.—Waiting in the Snow.—A Hungry Crowd.—The Glory of the Mountains suddenly Revealed.—Relief.—A Colliery Village in the Rockies.—Cascade Mountain and the Devil's Head.—Bunff and Disappointment.—No Food and no Sleeping-car.—An Invasion of Mountain Ladies.—Magnificence of their Attire.—Inferiority of their Escort.—I propose to exact Damages from the C.P.R.—Warned not to "try that on."—A Stone Avalanche.—Risky Moments.—Kicking Horse Valley.—We arrive at Field, in British Columbia.

THERE was dead silence in the sleeping-car "Canton" when I awoke and slowly realized where I was. I peeped through my curtains and saw a glimmer of lamp-light, and when I lifted the blind at my window, behold, it was a white world which lay before me. I touched the electric bell, and the porter came.

"Where are we? What is up? How long have we been here? What time is it?"

"Four o'clock, Sah," replied my coloured friend; "we bin heah half-an-hour; we're stopped by de snow. But, sure enuf, dere's a bridge down ahead, and I guess we boun' to stay heah till dey build a new one!"

"Nothing to be seen outside, I suppose? Mr. Moffat or the other gentlemen turned out yet?"

"Dunno, Sah; guess I'll go and see."

This conversation awoke all in the car, and pretty soon there was plenty of "talk" from the scattered bunks up and down. When the porter returned, he reported that it was "jist tar'ble outside," and that the conductor said, "He s'pos'd we'd get through de snow by daylight"; that he couldn't find out much about "de wash-out,"

but he suggested that, as nothing could run into us, we should "take things easy, an' lie low till mornin'."

This wise counsel we followed to the best of our ability, and I expect some of us would have got to sleep again but for the irrepressible Cannuck, who got up an argument with the man in the berth above him about the dividend the C.P.R. shares were paying. Cannuck's idea was that it should be larger, and could be, but for the very extravagant way in which they conducted things, especially the ornaments and fittings of the sleeping-cars, which he declared were absurd. In the matter of blankets alone, he argued that the saving would be immense if they used a poorer quality, which would still be "good enough." As a shareholder, he felt he was being done.

Someone asked, "How many shares do *you* hold?"

But no reply was given. From that he got to the carving and the general decorations. The brass-work he took great exception to.

"What in thunder," asked he, "is the use of putting the same name under every looking-glass in the car, and in very bad letters too? *Tuum Est* may be a very good maker, but I can't see any sense or beauty in putting his darned name on so often. And say! what a queer name *Tuum* or *Tum*, or whatever you call it, is. What's it short for, anyhow?"

Someone sniggered under his blankets, and Cannuck heard him. "Wall, say, boys, that ain't anything to laugh at—eh?"

By and by someone explained that *Tuum est* is Latin, meaning "It is thine," as applied to a person's own reflection in the mirror. This set our friend off worse than ever, and he raved away against the management of the C.P.R.

"Latin, indeed! Railroadin' is come to suthin' big if English ain't good enough to ornament the cars with!"

Then someone started a comic song, and another quoted poetry, and Moffat suggested a visit to the smoking-room, where he declared he had still another store of "old rye," which he was anxious we English should give our opinion about, declaring that an early "horn" in the mountains would do us no harm. However, we declined his polite offer; and this sort of thing was kept going till daylight crept in, when, one by one, we rolled out, visited the wash-room, and made ready for what might be in store for us.

As soon as we could see around us, we made out that we were in a dense pine forest, every tree of which was closely shrouded in snow, which was still falling steadily. No track was visible, and we were already completely enveloped in the soft white covering,

The conductor and brakesman came through, but we could get no information from them.

The railroad man of experience among us was encouraged to talk, but his accounts were not cheering. He had only dismal tales to tell about snowed-up trains, starved and frozen passengers, and cannibalism in the cars. However, we knew where he got that last story from. He ended by telling us we were all right, as there was a dining-car attached to the train, and plenty of fuel growing near, so that all we need do was to keep ourselves as jolly as we could. Still, the snow was falling fast, and there was no appearance of a "let-up."

About eight the welcome white-coated waiter came in and assured us "Breakfast was ready." We all adjourned to the dining-car gladly, and had a very merry time, and, as usual, a capital breakfast, which we made last as long as we could. The girls were as full of fun as any of us, and I don't remember a more enjoyable meal than we had that morning, snowed-up somewhere near the fifth crossing of the Bow River, in the Rocky Mountains.

Afterwards, too, in our own car, we "sleepers" had a pretty good time. The car was nicely warm, and we were pretty comfortable, only anxious to get on.

"I guess this snow will pretty soon turn to rain, and then look out for snow-slides?" remarked Cannuck.

"What are snow-slides?" Maggie asked.

"Oh, avalanches; snow comin' down, and mud, and stones, and things," he answered.

But Moffat broke in, "Just stop that sort of talk"; and, turning to the ladies, he asked them not to be frightened, to which the ladies both replied that, so long as they saw so many laughing faces around them, they would try to keep up their courage.

But it really was very tiresome, till someone suggested euchre, when we smokers left them and took up our quarters in our proper place, the smoke-room. There, indeed, we heard some terrible stories of disasters; how trains had been crushed, blown away, and all sorts of dreadful things, which had happened through "slides." Accidents have occurred, it would appear, which had never been reported in the newspapers. I really did not believe half we were told was true. Probably these tales sprang from that love of the marvellous and the horrible which sailors, and railroad-men too, seem to enjoy exercising when things around have rather a melancholy look.

We carried on one thing and another till about one o'clock, when

it still was snowing; but by the active movements of the officials we perceived that something was about to be done. There was not much need for the conductor's cry of "All aboard!" for no one had left the ship. Then the train was backed a few feet, then drawn ahead, then back again, till at last a little way was got on it, with a great deal of bumping and jerking, after which we went very slowly ahead. There was no view, and but for the pine trees beside the track, we might as well have been on a snow-covered prairie, for all we could see.

After half-an-hour's slow movement, we came to a dead stop again. This time there were some signs of a change, the snow being trodden down about the track. Some of us got out and walked to the front, and there was the trouble close to us.

It appeared that the Bow River was jammed full of logs and broken ice; that a freshet had arisen, and that all this accumulation had been washed down against the bridge, which, two nights ago, had partly broken away. Fortunately, pile-driving machinery and plenty of help were near, and with the extraordinary vigour which seems to actuate these people whenever their utmost energies are really called upon, they had already so far mended matters that we should be able to cross in a very few minutes, and to resume our journey.

It was a wonderful sight. The river, now in flood, was fully a quarter of a mile wide, a muddy, raging stream, dashing along, they said, at thirty miles an hour. Across it stretched the long timber bridge, built on piles, of which about eight new ones were visible. Probably a hundred men were then employed on it, wet through, bitterly cold, working in a strong wind, with no sort of shelter. Yet these men had been labouring at the repairs without cessation for the past twenty-four hours at least, and now they were just driving the last spikes, and making the way clear for us to cross.

In due time, slowly, inch by inch, we crept on to this bridge. Anyone who could find any foothold outside the cars was hanging on, gazing steadily at the timbers of the bridge. The engine went on and nothing gave way. It reached the new part, and then a perceptible bend was felt. We held our breath, but on and on our engine crept; the bearings were found—it reached the opposite bank, and we all breathed freer, for where *it* could go in safety *we* could surely follow. And so we did, and in a very few moments we were safe on the other side of the river. We heard the final cry of "All aboard!" with elation, and with considerable thankfulness.

"And the dining-car with us too, hurrah!" cried somebody.

We got ourselves comfortably settled after this business, and were just saying how nice it would be if the view could be seen, for we knew we were then passing through some exceedingly grand scenery—and we had gone but a mile or two, when suddenly there was a rumble and a bang! Most of us were flung from our seats, and that there were instantly pale faces and startled looks amongst us I don't deny; for, although the air brake is a very valuable institution, its employment cannot be called anything but "shocking."

After a minute or two we felt that, whatever was wrong, we had nothing immediately to fear. The wise and knowing ones were out on the track in a jiffy; and soon, too soon, we discovered that the bridge at the next crossing of the Bow River was down too. We had, indeed, only pulled up in time to avoid a terrible accident.

Now, what was to be done? The officials looked serious; we could see them disappearing ahead into the snow, which was still falling, and through which we could only dimly descry the bridge and the roaring river. It was blowing too; the weather was terrible; and the total alteration from our recent experience on the plains was too sudden to be pleasant.

A long time elapsed, and then the conductor came back and passed the word, "The bridge has not gone, but it is so damaged that the train cannot be taken across. All passengers must trans-ship!"

Some of us began to grumble, of whom Mr. Selby was one; but the two girls were surprisingly cheerful, not realizing what an uncomfortable business lay ahead of us. Some people said that it was a great shame of the Company to allow passengers to be carried before the road was safe; others growled in various strains, whilst we were all hurriedly collecting our belongings and rolling up our rugs.

How are we to go? Where are we to go? Must we walk? How are our things to be carried? were a few of the questions we asked of each other, of the porter, and of the conductor.

Then some of us got off the cars and waded through the snow and slush to see where we really had to go and what we had to do, and it was not at all a reassuring prospect. We were told that we should have to walk across the trestle bridge, which extended, I should say, four hundred yards from bank to bank. Then we were to wait for a train to come for us on the farther side.

This bridge, like nearly all those along the track through the Rockies, was constructed in this wise:—A series of piles were first driven into the bed of the river; upon these square timbers were laid, which were crossed by "sleepers" about nine inches wide and

eighteen inches apart, and on this framework the rails were laid, the under timbers and the piles being no doubt braced and tied as safely as practicable.

At the present moment the track was twisted out of form by the accumulation of ice and logs piled against the upper side. The roadway was something like eighteen feet above the raging torrent, and was wet and slippery with half-melted snow, while there was blowing a hard, cold gale. Across this shaky scaffolding we were all told we must walk, *and carry our goods!*

We protested strongly against such a proceeding. The Selby family and I declared point-blank we would *not* do it. We would not leave the cars. They might carry us back, do what they pleased, but we certainly would not agree to the risk of walking across such



A TRANS-SHIPMENT.

a dangerous bridge, to say nothing of carrying things as well. As for our ladies, we determined they should not attempt it.

I have no doubt that, to people like the Selbys, who had never seen such a sight as the one before us, who had never walked a trestle bridge even in fine weather, the idea of doing it under such circumstances of wind, weather, and torrent, must have looked as impossible as to cross Niagara on a tight-rope *à la Blondin*, and I don't wonder at it. I had had in previous years some similar experiences, and had traversed many a trestle bridge in days gone by, but I felt very shaky now, in prospect of the task, being altogether out of practice. Maggie and Maud declared they could not do it, and some other ladies from the first-class car joined with them in their protest; so what was to be done?

In the end, the railroad people found a "hand car" on the other side of the river, brought it across, and on it loaded the light baggage and the ladies, and in two or three trips got them safely over, for the rails were not so badly twisted as to prevent this. But we men had to walk it, after all.

I shall not easily forget that *mauvaise quart d'heure*. Stepping gingerly from cross timber to cross timber would have been a serious task enough to those accustomed to it, even in fair weather; but to us, who were entirely fresh to such an undertaking, on a bitterly cold day, with a strong wind, and with snow falling fast around us, with a river rushing under our feet at thirty miles an hour, it was a perilous feat indeed, and no joke at all. I am surprised that no accident happened. However, we all got safely across, and then they fetched the heavy baggage in the hand car, and "dumped" it by the track-side, where we were, just anyhow, anywhere. So there we stood and shivered, as much with the fear of consequences to our belongings as with the cold wind that nearly cut us in two.

We had no shelter, not even a rock or some bushes to get under the lee of. We prayed that a car, something, anything, would come to our relief. There were sick and feeble people amongst the passengers, and there were babies and children too. A miserable assemblage we were.

Many were our regrets, alas! Our comfortable sleeper was at the tail of the train across the river. Our dining-car was there too; and oh! how hungry we were when we thought of it. I tried to sketch the scene, but what with cold, wet, wind, and snow, I could not.

I suppose we must have been clustered together there on the mud and snow for more than an hour. Some tried to light a fire, but there was more smoke than warmth came from it; and we were getting chilled more and more to the very marrow, when the dismal groan of a locomotive whistle in the distant west put fresh heart into us. Oh, what a welcome sound it was at that moment!

Just about that time there was a change in the weather too, a break in the clouds; and presently one of us, looking up, descried a something shining white overhead; and then another, and another, similar appearance. What were these strange effects? we asked. Clouds? Nay! "Mountain-tops and snow-clad peaks," a voice declared. Behold, in less time almost than it takes me to write of it, we found ourselves surrounded by peaks and pinnacles, brilliant with the sunlight reflected from their ice-clad sides and snow-capped domes!

It was enough to take one's breath away. Awe seemed to steal over us; for, remember, when last we saw the sunshine, it was on the far-spreading prairie a long way east of Calgary. Now how changed was the scene!

There we had left the tamest kind of landscape, as monotonous and uninteresting, surely, as the earth can show. Here we were, a party of shivering, hungry mortals, huddled beside a roaring, raging river, many of us never having even seen a mountain, and now surrounded by one of the most soul-stirring, exalting spectacles eyes could gaze on. Words fail me in trying to describe the grandeur, the beauty of the scene, as snow-peak after snow-peak took up



A TRANSFORMATION SCENE.

the glorious sunlight. High over head they flashed and flamed, their sides in deeper shadow, the sombre pines, hanging thick with snow, marshalled against them in dark and serried ranks.

It was long before anyone spoke, then Cannuck said, "Wall, I guess that beats them transformation scenes at the London theaytre you Englishmen were telling about a while ago!"

It is not often, I think, that travellers by the C.P.R. get such a first glimpse of the glorious Rockies.

We had little time to enjoy the scene before the longed-for train came up. The baggage was thrown on board, and, in a very few minutes, we were off again, heading west.

The change in the weather had been sudden and complete, and so was the change in our accommodation. Up till now there had been ten of us, who had the whole of the sleeping-car to make ourselves comfortable in. In the first-class car there had been twenty or thirty, and quite as large a number in the "colonial sleeper." Now, we all had to pile into the one coach which had been sent for us. There was no help for it, so we settled ourselves down to make the best we could of it, being assured by the new conductor that it would not be for long; that at Banff, a few stations ahead, we should get a sleeper, a diner, and every C.P.R. luxury.

Our party having decided to stay over a night at least at this renowned Banff, we did not trouble ourselves very much, although it was not on the whole a very pleasant crowd we were with. Most of the "colonial sleeper" passengers had come from Durham and Northumberland, and were very noisy, whilst their vernacular was not a pleasant one. They were bound to Anthracite, a new station, near a newly-discovered coal-mine which promises to be a great success, the coal being easily worked, and, "they say," equal to the eastern anthracite.

It was not long before we arrived at that station, where these noisy passengers were landed, having completed their journey of something like 5,500 miles from Durham.

The entrance to the tunnel of the mine was close to the track, and the village had been quite recently started. Log huts, tents, dug-outs, turf hovels, and all sorts of "dodges" were to be seen; anything that could be called a sheiter at all was in use. There were canvas saloons with grandiloquent names, and slouching about the place were a number of unhappy-looking mortals.

I think it was very excusable that they did look miserable, for they told us they had had many nights and days of snow and storm, and their living-places were surely but slight protection from the weather, which, even now, had turned bad again—rain and wind, the mountain-tops hidden by the low-lying, swiftly-flying clouds.

We were amongst the mountains now, sure enough, yet we could see little of them, and it was wet, cold, miserable. We still felt the effect of our trans-shipment adventures, wet feet and clothing being some of our troubles, and I believe that the glimpse of the mountain glories we had then, and which we had hoped to keep with us, had, on their disappearance, taken with them all the good spirits we had left.

The girls were very doleful, Mr. Selby was not very bright, Tom

and I keeping things as lively as we could, while Moffat and Cannuck helped us, though the latter seemed to take a pleasure in prognosticating unpleasant things, in spite of being often ordered by his friend to "shut up."

However, when we moved on again, things brightened up a little. We were now heading for Cascade Mountain, which is ten thousand feet high. It looked huge enough in the sombre light, and seemed to completely bar the way ahead. North of it we saw that singular peak, the Devil's Head, towering up.

Then the sky cleared up again, the sun was near his setting, and the colours of the peaks and domes were splendid. The shadows were purpling. Not only were the snow and ice brilliant in the sun's declining rays, but the jagged rocks and clear-cut cliffs, the very clouds and mists that hung about the ranges, were donning the brightest crimson in reflection of the glories of the West. Our position was in shadow, and most of Cascade Mountain was enveloped in that indescribable rosy purple mist which always seems to give the sunlight additional glory. We were disappointed in not being able to see the Devil's Head Lake, which is fed by a beautiful torrent dashing gracefully down the side of Cascade Mountain.

The conductor and those passengers who had often travelled this road before, pointed out what they thought would interest us most, giving us all the information they could; but I believe they knew little more than the time-tables told them, though they had probably learnt something from the charming articles Lady Macdonald had then just published about the famous journey she made through these mountains "on a cowcatcher."

However, it really makes very little difference whether, here or there, the name of a mountain is correctly given, when the vast majority of them are quite unexplored and nameless. We were told that "through yonder cañon" Ghost River flowed; and we quite believed it, for, indeed, it looked very ghost-like and weird. Soon after that, the train turned sharply to the left and drew up at Banff station.

For hundreds of miles from Montreal, indeed, every few hours, some chance acquaintance had been holding forth to us upon the glories of Banff. We had really heard so much of it that, as is often the case, we felt we should be disappointed when we got there, and I'm sure we were. It was nearly dark, yet the last rays of the afterglow lit up the shining peaks of some mountains to the south, which towered above the dense dark pines. The crest of Cascade Mountain was glowing too. But these effects seemed to be all

the attractions of the place. There was no station to speak of, all being deep rough mire beyond the little platform, which was crowded that evening with what, to our eyes, seemed a very miserable lot of mortals. Consequently, we did not take much fancy to the locality.

"Where is the hotel?" we asked.

Some of the people standing about pointed to a rough log house across a sea of mud.

"But that cannot be the best place, the—'Hot Springs,' is it?"

"Oh, you mean Brett's. That's four miles up the mountains yonder."

"There is a road to it, I suppose, or how do you get there?"

"Well, you just hire a rig. Generally, there's a 'bus comes down if Brett expects anyone; but I guess you didn't tell him you were coming, eh?"

Further inquiry elicited that it was hardly spring up there yet, and that summer was the only time to visit Banff. In the half light it looked so very dreary too, and no one seeming to give us much encouragement to stay, we gradually came to the conclusion that we would give it up till later. So we got on board again, and prepared for the further journey.

I think we were more annoyed, though, when we found that there was neither dining-car nor sleeper to be had there, and, as far as any of us could make out, not a mouthful of food to be got. I went on a forage, and found a store across the mud which the loafers said was the road; but all I could get was some crackers (biscuits) and cheese. Of these comestibles I laid in a stock, very fortunately, as it happened.

Thus, instead of finding a commodious hotel and nice quarters at this place, which is one that most Canadians "enthus" about very vigorously, here we were in the corner of a car, eating crackers and cheese, washed down with water from the car filter. These provisions composed our dinner, and our supper too; but we contrived to be merry, and afterwards made ourselves as snug as possible with rugs and coats; for it was none too warm. They said now it was impossible to get a sleeper till we got to Donald, more than a hundred miles ahead! To this intelligence one of the local worthies added, "And the worst bit of road in the mountains, too!"

I don't know how it was with the others, but I went to sleep, and have no recollection of leaving Banff. The clang of the engine-bell at length aroused me, and when I awoke I found the train was in motion, and the one car as full as it could hold of passengers. Amongst these were a number of local ladies.

I wish I could do proper justice to these Rocky Mountain belles. Who or what they were we travellers could only conjecture. We imagined they might be saloon-keepers' wives or assistants—barmaids, as we should say in England—but perhaps they were only miners' wives, after all! At any rate, every one of them was exceedingly well dressed. Maud Selby assured me that the ostrich feathers they all wore in their hats were magnificent, and were such as would cost a great deal even in London; and so with the rest of their apparel. She told me the silks and satins and velvets were not only real, but first-rate of their kind, while I could see for myself that these elegant and astonishing beings were gorgeously caparisoned with gold chains, rings, and bangles. Each of them, of course, carried a most elaborate and magnificent satchel, an item without which no Canadian lady, of high or low degree, considers herself completely equipped when abroad. They were also provided with very fine parasols and scent-bottles, and, as far as I could judge, with every other fashionable female adornment in vogue. Truly, they were a most startling and surprising show to meet with in such an unlikely place.

The male companions of these ladies, their husbands, brothers, suitors, or what not, were extremely ordinary and unhappy-looking men, mostly dressed in black, and very shabbily too. Generally speaking, their clothes were ill-fitting and dirty, looking as if the wearers slept in them, which, probably, most of them actually did. Every man had a large white shirt-front, in some cases decorated with a huge gold brooch. Their hats were of the sombrero order, and their general appearance was not cheering.

The conversation between these ladies and gentlemen was not very musical in tone, and the subjects chosen were not of the most elevating kind. We gathered that they had all been to Banff for a day's pleasuring, and were returning to their homes, somewhere north of the track, from a station fortunately not far ahead.

Most of the ladies spoke decided "United States;" one was "Dutch," which in America means German, French, Italian, Scandinavian, as you please; and one or two at least had a decided British accent. Their cavaliers were nearly all, as I concluded from their speech, natives of the North of England. We were not sorry when this party left us.

One or two of us tried to sit outside on the platform to smoke, but it was too cold; so we came in again and grumbled—an Englishman's privilege.

It was most annoying to be continually told that "Just here the

scenery is perfectly grand," or "There, if you could only see it, is a charming lake"; for the night was as dark as "the inside of a cow," as the eloquent Cannuck was pleased to express it.

Maud and Maggie, comfortably rolled up on one of the seats, were very patient and pleasant throughout all this inconvenience. Of course they were well attended to by all of us, and great hopes were held out to them that very soon we should be in a sleeping-car again, when all would once more be well.

I said during the night that at Donald I intended to apply for the return of a portion of the money I had paid for my sleeping-car berth; for it was distinctly stated on the ticket that the holder could claim a proportionate return if, from *any* cause, he was not provided with the accommodation he had paid for.

"You'll not ask for it," said Moffat.

"I guess they don't give no money back on *this* railroad," said the irrepressible Cannuck.

"Well, but," I urged, "what do they put that on the tickets for, then?"

"Oh! you wait, anyhow, till you get to Vancouver. Don't try it on till then, and may be before that you'll think better of it." And sundry nods and smiles passed between the initiated.

We were travelling along very slowly. Half the time the brakes were on, and we were grinding tediously down a grade. Then we could hear and feel the engines working their hardest as we were pulled and pushed up the next one. For we had taken on another engine now behind, a "Mogul," an immensely powerful affair; and it was easy to tell we were passing through some very rough part, requiring great care. Things were not at all enjoyable. They might have been by daylight, but in the darkness our experience was not a pleasant one.

We talked and dozed, woke up and talked again, until it was past midnight. Then suddenly the train was brought up with a jerk by the air brake. As usual on such occasions, we left our seats with agility. One man went so far as to declare that his teeth were knocked out by the shock. As they were false ones, he may possibly have told the truth.

It was just as well some of the people did leave their seats quickly, for a stone as big as a man's head came crashing through a window of the car, fortunately without harming anyone. Then we heard stones pouring down the mountain-side on our left, thundering against the wheels of our car, and bombarding the side of it. For some moments the sounds were appalling. Terror was visible in

every face. Maud and Maggie were naturally our first care, and we pushed them to the far side of the carriage, standing by with rugs and cushions to protect ourselves and them if, unfortunately, any more stones should come through.

"A stone avalanche," Cannuck said. "If there's much more of it, it will upset the train and drive us down the bank into the river."

I think he was the most terrified of the party; but there is no doubt it was, whilst it lasted, a most alarming experience.

Providentially, nothing worse occurred. In a few minutes the slide had ceased, and the train men came around with lights to see what damage had been done. The whole train, from end to end, was imbedded up to the axles in stones of all sizes, and with pieces of timber, logs, and branches of trees. It took several hours to clear all the stuff away, enough to enable us to move on again. Fortunately, no damage had been done to cars or engine. So, when we did go on again, day was breaking and we could get some idea of our surroundings.

As the saffron dawn crept up the sky and tinted the mountain-tops opposite to us, we made the discovery that we were travelling along a bench or shelf cut out upon the face of a mountain, whilst below us, on our right, lay a deep wide valley, with a broad, white, muddy flat occupying the centre of it. The flat below was covered with whitened stumps, logs, roots, and rocks, through which flowed rapidly a chalky white stream. Beyond the valley was the dense pine-forest climbing up the opposite slopes, up to where grey mountains rose in sheer precipices, with torn and jagged peaks and rounded domes, snow-seamed, snow-crowned summits, looking pale and ghastly in the morning light. They told us we were in the Kicking Horse Valley, and that the stream below was the Kicking Horse River.

We had now, in fact, passed the summit of the Rockies, our last stopping-place, which we had passed in the dark, being the highest point the C.P.R. reaches on the whole route between ocean and ocean. The station is named Stephen, after Sir George Stephen, Bart., president of the Company, and is 5,290 ft. above the sea-level. It is the lowest pass by which *any* railroad traverses the Rocky Mountains.

Soon after we passed through a short tunnel, and, a mile or two farther on, brought up at Field Station. This is the first stoppage made in British Columbia, which we had now entered.

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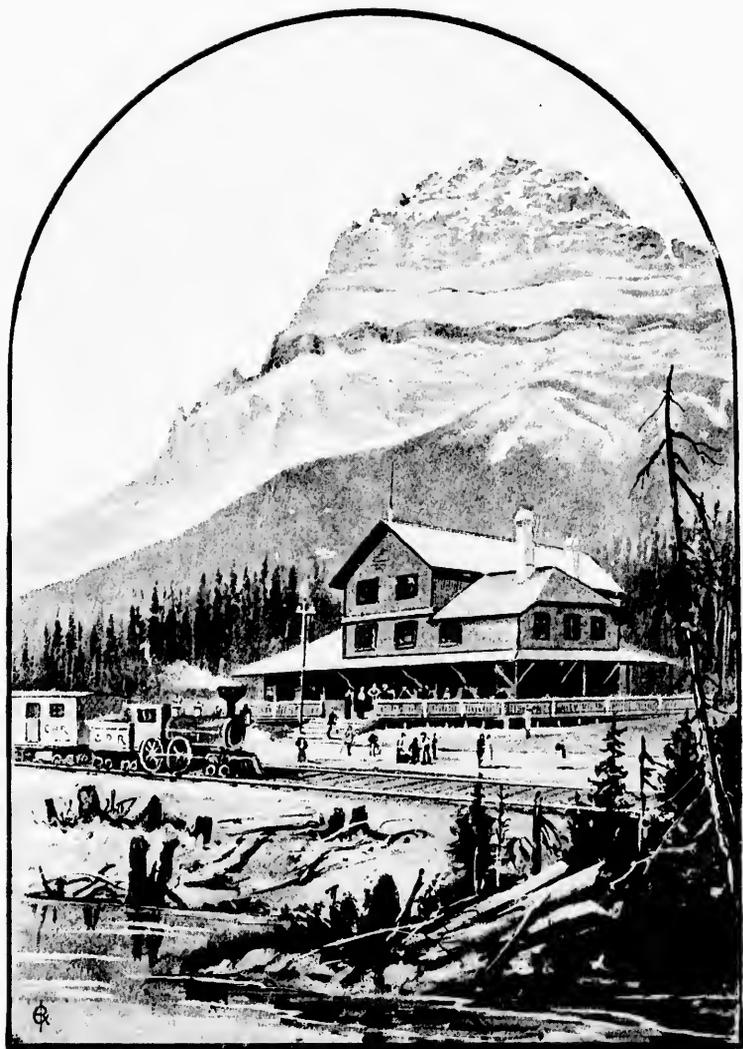
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FIELD HOTEL AND MOUNT STEPHEN.

CHAPTER X.

OVER THE ROCKIES.

Field Hotel.—A welcome Breakfast.—Views in Kicking Horse Valley.—Burning Forests.—The old "Tote Road."—A burning Tree across the Bridge.—Cannuck's Philosophy and my Lament.—Golden.—First View of the Selkirks.—Arrival at Donald.—Aspects of the Town.—Phases of Humanity.—Vegetation.—A Visitor to the Cars.—Views of an English Lady concerning Life in the Rockies.—Expenses.—Horrible state of Things socially.—Invitations to speculate.—Whistling Billy's Gold Mine.—A Conversation.—I argue the Point.—And speak my Mind on the Gold-mining Question.—Onward again.—Ascending the Selkirks.—Grandeur of the Scenery.—In Roger's Pass.—More Vexation.—"By the Company's Orders."—Glacier House.—A Haven of Refuge at last.

I do not suppose a more hungry and tired party ever rushed up the steps of the Field Hotel, or seated themselves more eagerly there before a good breakfast, than we did that early morning. Any kind of "square meal" would have pleased us, but we really had reason to praise our repast that morning. I have eaten many a one there since, and I never remember to have had a bad one.

When our appetites were appeased, we took a survey of our surroundings, and found that we were really in a beautiful situation. We were near the Kicking Horse River, close under Mount Stephen, the highest peak in the Rockies. It is 10,806 feet above sea-level, 8,240 feet above the track, and 2,395 miles west of Montreal.

The hotel itself is a most picturesque building, designed very appropriately, and quite in keeping with its surroundings, by Mr. Thos. C. Sorby, an English architect, who is now living in Victoria, Vancouver's Island. It somewhat resembles a Swiss chalet in style, which, added to its position, makes it one of the most strikingly handsome hotels in Canada. The dining-room is especially convenient, and in design very original, displaying no ornament but what is obtained from the contrasting beauties of the various timbers with which it is lined, beamed, and bracketed. It is some sixty feet square ;

and the food served in it, the cooking, and attention also, are excellent.

In front of this building, across the river, rose high precipitous mountains, timbered, but scored with snow-slides. Behind the house Mount Stephen loomed up vast and bare, his sides so sheer, his crest so saw-like and broken, that little snow could find a hold there, though down his front glaciers were gleaming in the morning light.

The view from the verandah of the hotel, looking back along the road we had traversed, was very fine; whilst to the west, the way we had yet to go looked gloriously beautiful. The grey morning was brightening, with every promise of a clear and sunny day, and we felt quite elated as we left Field Station.

For some miles we travelled over the quiet flats of the Kicking Horse Valley. Here and there broad pools of lovely turquoise water lay beside the track, which reflected the magnificent landscape in their serene depths. On our right was the Van Horne range, its peaks and cañons, snow-capped domes, and sparkling glaciers, brilliant in the sunlight.

Then we ascended a little, and came into the densely wooded country. But oh! what a forlorn, what a miserable, desolate scene! All around us stretched miles of burnt and still burning woods. Everything was black and scorched, not a green thing left, nothing besides bare black trees and logs, grim rocks, and snow-topped mountains!

The smoke hung heavily about once beautiful valleys, where the fire was still raging. Burnt logs, burnt trees, charred and smoking ruin, met our eyes on every side. The telegraph poles were in flames here and there, and the bridges we crossed were only saved from destruction by the utmost exertions of the "section men," who are stationed in gangs along the line to protect them. Every bridge, however short, was provided with extra long cross timbers at intervals, and on these barrels of water always stood in readiness to be used in extinguishing fire.

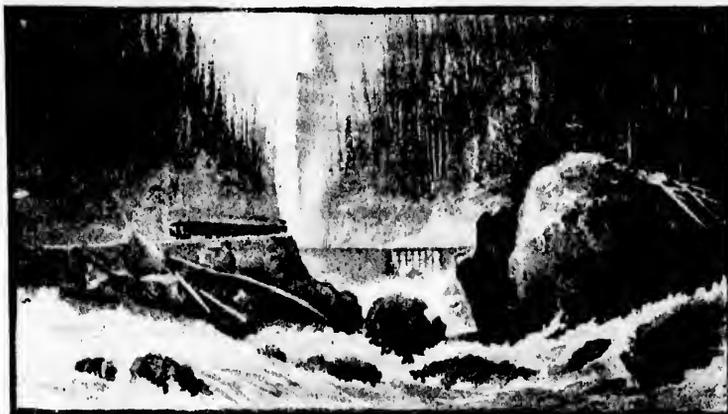
Our train had to move on very slowly, and no gorge was crossed without the bridge over it being first well examined ere the train ventured upon it. I cannot speak too highly of the care with which trains are driven through this part of the journey, though, truly, watchful caution is exercised all along the line.

No more exquisite scenery can be imagined than that of the lower cañon of the Kicking Horse. The river runs suddenly down from the broad flats into a narrow gorge, little more than a crevice through the mountains. Originally there was only room, and no more, for

the rushing stream to pass; but now a shelf has been grooved out for the track as well. So, beside the roaring flood we moved along, now crossing it by a trestle bridge, then passing through a tunnel, then crossing again, twisting and turning, with the cliffs always towering overhead. Altogether, it was a most entrancing, bewildering episode of our journey. Yet, but a short distance away from the rocks and the water all was fire and smoke and desolation.

Out on the platform of the hindmost car we most of us assembled and spent hours, scarcely speaking to one another, a wave of the hand or a look showing where our thoughts were. All our attention was bestowed upon the awe-inspiring scene.

Here and there, generally above us, were seen remains of the "old



CAÑON OF THE KICKING HORSE.

tote road." It was along it that all the people and appliances were conveyed for the construction of the railroad; and a more desperately rough way, through woods, over spurs, and around the rocks, can hardly be imagined. At intervals, too, we passed the charred remains of shanties and cabins which had been the homes of the constructors of the line. A wretched aspect they presented now.

This sort of scenery was all we saw till well past noon. Then we were slowed up, and finally stopped short, a burning tree having fallen across a bridge in front of us.

Hours were occupied in removing this obstruction. Where the number of men came from to do it was a mystery to us; but come they did, and with axe and handspike laboured hard, in the midst of smoke and fire, until the job was accomplished. Fortunately for us,

the bridge was quite unharmed. We were not sorry to leave this dismal spot, for the smoke and heat were trying enough to us who had nothing to do but to look on, and to those poor fellows, who had to work amongst it all, must have been terrible.

Soon after that the cañon ended, and we rushed out of a narrow ravine into the Columbia Valley. And now we were through the passes and had really crossed the Rocky Mountains.

"Well," said Cannuck, when we were at last clear of the fire and smoke, "what did you think of that?"

"The saddest sight I have seen of the kind," I made answer. "The spectacle of a grand forest destroyed by fire as this has been, and as hundreds of miles also have been along the north shore of Lake Superior, is bad enough; but when you consider that this, probably the most sublime mountain scenery on the continent, has been ruined by it, it is a pitiable sight indeed."

"Oh," said he, "what's the odds; there ain't no money in it."

And this is about all that the ordinary natives seemed to think of the matter. Could this damage have been prevented, the reader will ask? Yes, I think so. Most of it has occurred through mere wantonness—sheer carelessness, at any rate.

The train now moved speedily along through the broad and comparatively level valley. A few small houses could be seen here and there, very primitive, of course, but affording a pleasant change in the outlook. A little farther on we came to Golden, and, being here delayed some time, we took a look around with particular interest, because it was from here that, later on, we were to go in the steamer *Duchess* up the Columbia lakes, and into the Kootenay country. Everyone told us it was too early yet to see it to advantage, and that we would be wiser to postpone the trip until we were returning east again. Golden consists of merely a dozen wood and canvas "shacks," on the banks of the Columbia river. One of these, the Queen's Hotel, was built of logs, and, being new, was therefore clean. At it we agreed we would stay, if all were well, when we returned, though the proprietor, who seemed a very decent man, told us he had another place in the village, where we could all be together if we pleased, only coming into the noise and racket of the hotel for meals. Doubtless, on account of its position, Golden will be a place of some importance eventually. It certainly will make a very pretty place, if the forest should not all get burnt away.

After leaving Golden, we ran on again beside the river, and it was somewhere here that we got our first view of the Selkirks, the next mountain range we had to cross.

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THE SELKIE.

From dark, almost black, pine-covered foot-hills, the Selkirks rise ; a glorious mass of pinnacled, serrated mountains, to my mind far more beautiful than anything we had yet seen of the Rockies. The forest climbs much higher up their sides, which are scored and seamed with avalanche slides, and their peaks are covered with eternal snow.

The sky behind them was deep azure when we first saw them, their peaks sharp cut against the blue, whilst their bases seemed to float in a transparent golden mist.

The Columbia river flowed quietly along in many channels, divided thus, we thought, by islands. The scene was altogether a delightful one, and will dwell long in *my* memory, at any rate.

Then we passed Moberley, and Moffat declared he saw the house which is the oldest white man's dwelling in the mountains ; but, I confess, I really couldn't make it out.

About 17 o'clock, or 5 p.m., we arrived at the little famous town of Donald. The railroad company have established there engine houses, machine shops, and the headquarters for that section of the line. No doubt, ere long, there will be a flourishing city here, worthy of its godfather, Sir Donald Smith, a director of the C.P.R. When we got there, it was only a few months old.

They have cut a line of clearing around a piece of the forest in such a way that, they say, there is no need to dread fire. Yet, on several of the houses we saw, along the ridge of the roof, gaily-painted barrels placed, which are kept full of water, ready at a moment's notice to be used in putting out conflagrations. There are numerous tracks and sidings there, and large freight houses. It seemed, indeed, a stirring, lively place.

At the eastern end of the settlement, the few better class folks reside in log houses of quaint and sometimes picturesque design. These mansions are scattered through the pine woods, which have been cleared of undergrowth, and this part is called "Quality Hill." But the business part of the town, the place where a sort of street had been formed, was a strange affair indeed. It consisted almost entirely of a row of "shacks," which I have already explained to be the western name for shanties, huts, cabins, or any rough-and-ready kind of building. These shacks were constructed of wood and paper, turf and straw, calico and mud, old boards and barrels, tin cases, tents, of everything and anything that could be made use of by any possibility. There were a few log stores with canvas roofs, and two or three hotels. One of these was named the "Selkirk," another "The Hub," and still another was "The Woodbine." There were also restaurants, "The Ideal," "Delmonico's," with lunch-houses

and saloons in numbers. But there were no roads, no pathways, only trails winding about amongst the buildings. It was hot and dusty, though fortunately calm.

We had forty minutes stay here, and we very soon discovered that, even now, there was not any "sleeper" or "diner" to be had, and that we must continue our journey, for another night at least, as we had done the last. This disheartening prospect made us more than ever determined to get some money back on our sleeping-car tickets; but still our friends urged us not to try to do so, till we reached Vancouver.

As it was now necessary for us to see about getting some food, we hurried into the first promising place we could find, and there partook of a meal. A queer one it was, too, a medley of fish, flesh, fowl, sweets, and fruit, all on the table together, in saucers, plates, small dishes, cups, and cans; some things hot and some cold. A very funny meal was that, but such repasts were very expensive in Donald. We finished quickly, then wandered round the town, meeting with much that was at least interesting.

All countries, and every phase of humanity, seemed to be represented. There were a few Celestials, and we saw one Chinawoman, who *appeared* to be the most respectable of the fair sex visible about any of the saloons. However, I learned afterwards that appearances are deceitful there, as in other parts of the habitable globe! A black woman and her daughter were notorious at that time, their saloon and its furniture being the theme of much gossip amongst a certain class, very numerously represented in that locality, I suppose. We did not see either the saloon or its mistresses, but we saw plenty to assure us that, in those days, Donald was not a highly moral place. Beer, whiskey, and every other drink was 25 cents a glass. The whiskey, wretched stuff, was sold at 2 dols. per bottle; or we could get real Bass and Guinness at 5 dols. per doz.

There is a Chinese laundry there, where washing costs 2 dols. per dozen, single pieces, 25 cents—a shilling!

Vegetation appeared to be rather scanty, but, of course, it was too early in the season to form a correct judgment. The grass was coarse and scattered in clumps, forming no turf like ours. A few commonplace ferns were struggling up, and there were many large luxuriant-looking plants, like immense lettuces, with a yellow flower-bud in the centre. When I got hold of one, I had no difficulty in making it out to be an arum, and from the charming perfume (?) I recognized the "skunk cabbage" of the east and west.

We had left the two girls in the car when going on our little cruise

amongst the shanties, and when we joined them again we found they had spent their time rather pleasantly. An English lady, a resident of Donald, hearing that there were two of her country-women in the train, had kindly come to see them, and was with them then. No doubt it was a mutual pleasure, she being as glad to talk once more with two bright English girls as they were charmed to find one of their own class in that unlikely place. Still it was a kind and thoughtful thing for her to do, "so English, you know!"

This lady was evidently a personage of some consequence in the place, judging from the rather deferential way in which officials bowed to her as they passed the open car window at which she sat. She asked the conductor of our train if it would be safe for us to leave it for an hour; for, evidently, there was some delay somewhere, and we had already much exceeded our proper stopping-time. "For," said she, "if there is time, you shall all come with me to my place; it is not far, and there we'll have a cup of tea in English style, and you shall see the sort of homes we 'upper ten' reside in on 'Quality Hill.'" But, much to our regret, the conductor said there was no certainty about the time we should stay there.

She told us that she was the wife of an official, though we could not understand of what description. They had a nice little society of their own kind around them, she said, and a good deal of innocent social amusement. The climate generally, so far as her short experience went, was very pleasant. But it is very expensive living there. Beef, mutton, and salmon, are good and cheap, about 15 to 20 cents per lb. On the other hand, butter, eggs, and poultry, are poor, dear, and hard to get, and fruit from California, though plentiful, is very costly. Her account of the social life of the mass of the inhabitants was dreadful. All the terrors that we read of in the writings of Mark Twain and Bret Harte, actually exist, or did then, at Donald. She declared that, if things were not altered soon the sights and sounds would drive all decent folks away.

When she left us, it was with many mutual regrets. We promised, though, that if we ever stayed at Donald again we would renew our acquaintance. Although night was now drawing on, there was no appearance of a move, and the conductor was mysterious and unsatisfactory in his replies to questions. Rumours began to spread amongst us about stoppages in the mountains ahead. A bridge was down, or a snow-slide had occurred, and some said there was a train off the track. All sorts of tales were current amongst the people who came down "after supper" to stand in groups and stare at us. They were generally a silent, melancholy lot.

We were becoming tired of it, not daring to leave the platform for a moment for fear the train might move on. Conversation amongst ourselves was ended, as we had already, it seemed, talked out every subject under heaven, while the inhabitants of Donald who were standing around us were clearly a very silent sort. We tried to get one or two of them to say something, but it was no use, unless we started them on the two topics of the C.P.R. or of mining.

Of the former subject we seemed to be completely tired, and of the latter we knew so little that we could only keep expressing our surprise at the very immense fortunes which here, as elsewhere along the road we had come, the inhabitants assured us were lying ready to be picked up by whoever was wise enough to invest a few dollars in Bill the Nailor's gold mine, or in Tom the Tinker's silver lode.

There was one gaunt individual standing there whose fierce look and general appearance would lead you to expect that his first word would be an oath, and whose first action would probably be a pistol-shot. But his falsetto voice, when at last he did speak, belied him considerably.

Said he, "How is it you English people don't invest some o' your wealth in Canada, instead of piling it all on in the States?"

Mr. Selby replied to him, "Show us the safe investments here that they offer us there, and we shall do so. But it is not true that British capital is not invested in Canada. How was this very railway built, do you suppose?"

"Why, Canada built it. Good Canadian money did this. I guess Canadians know that!" several voices at once exclaimed.

"And where did the Canadians get the money? Why, from Britain. Canada guarantees the safety of the investment, sure enough. So with mining, or any other undertaking you may wish to develop here; only give the British, or the French, or any other nation, fair guarantees, and you'll get plenty of cash to work with. In mining, it is necessary to have the assurance of someone we have faith in, someone whose knowledge of such matters we can rely on, that there is a reasonable hope of profit, and then we invest."

"Wall, I can show you a pretty good thing if you'll come with me, you bet."

To which a number of the crowd added, "That's so."

"Where is it?" one of us asked.

"Oh, it's just away in yonder a few miles; and you bet it's worth going to see."

"But what is it, anyhow?" I inquired, for I had seen something

of gold mining in Australia, and I began to think I was the only "expert" in our party.

"Well, it's a gold mine."

"Ah, yes; I thought so. Any gold got from it yet?"

"You bet there is."

"How much? How was it got? Who got it?"

"I got it," replied the meek-voiced ruffian.

"Got it about you? Mind letting me see it?" I asked.

"No, I guess it's up in the shanty yonder."

"Well, come now, tell us about it. If you want money, or to make arrangements for selling, it seems to me the very least you can do is to speak out about it. Perhaps you don't want to talk publicly; if so, come on board the train with me. We can find a quiet corner where we can go into business."

At this there was a general laugh, and someone said—

"I reckon we all know as much about it as 'Whistling Billy' knows. It's just this way, Mister. We are all in it. It's a reg'lar gold mine—guess we know it is, for Sam Harden from 'Trisco—he's a mining feller if you like—he was through here prospectin' two weeks ago, and he sez, sez he, whenever you find them indications, there's gold there, sure pop, you bet there is, sez he."

"Just so," I remarked. "Has Sam Harden got any money?"

"Money? Why, great Scott! he's one o' the wealthiest miners in the States."

"So, then; did he put any money on this thing?"

"Well, no; he said he guessed he'd come along this summer, or maybe late in fall, and look into it; and he told us to wire in, and we'd get it sure."

"But, I thought your friend there," pointing to Whistling Billy, "said he *had* got it."

"Oh, yes, I guess he has got *gold*; but, of course, without money we can't get at it 'rich,' you know."

So then I spoke my mind to them thus: "And on the chance of



WHISTLING BILLY.

there being gold there to pay, you fellows are, I suppose, waiting around here till the 'boom comes along' in the shape of a green Englishman, who will plunk down two or three thousand dollars for you to experiment with, eh? It seems to me, boys, that if that 's the case, you won't succeed in getting five dollars. You've got first to show that there is something really good to invest in. You must get some local millionaires to help you prospect, or you must band together, some of you work on the line to pay the expenses, while others of you work at your gold mine. Prove it, show you've got it, and then you'll find even less difficulty in getting money out of us Britishers than the Yankees do."

Someone in the crowd shouted out, "Hear, hear! Good for the Englishman!" Another one called for "Three cheers for Queen Victoria!" and another announced that he was going to leave the derved country, for it was "played out."

Naturally the conversation came to an end amongst laughter and jokes, and Moffat quietly remarked to Mr. Selby—

"I'll bet you can't stop an hour at any station from here to the Pacific Coast, without finding there's a man about it who has got a gold mine, or some sort of a mine, to sell."

"But is it *all* moonshine?" Mr. Selby asked. "I suppose there *are* good gold and silver mines in this country? There have been, surely, some very large finds, and some *bona fide* rich mines are working?"

"It is not all talk. We know there is some very remunerative mining going on here; but it is a very strange thing that, although in British Columbia some extraordinary placer, or alluvial, gold-finds have been discovered,* yet, I believe, up to this day, there is not one quartz lode being successfully worked. Throughout this country, wherever I have been, are indications of gold-bearing quartz. Many men with—and more without—money, are working hard to prove them rich, but nothing of any consequence has resulted, yet, I think. No doubt some of them will by and by pay. No doubt at all, to my mind, there will be a 'big boom' here in mining some day, and very likely soon. Everyone thinks this, and that is why it is that, go where you will, you find the people just as they are here, intensely excited, 'sure they've got it,' like our friend Whistling Billy. No doubt he has found something, probably mica, probably pyrites.

* Canada yields about 50,000 ounces of gold annually, of which by far the greatest quantity is got in British Columbia.—EMOR.

perhaps silver, very possibly gold; one don't know what, and he don't really know either."

But our gossip was put an end to here by the welcome cry, "All aboard!" The bell began to ring, and we were off from Donald.

It was a fine moonlight night now, not at all cold in the valley; so a few of us sat outside, and smoked and mused and enjoyed the charming scenes that we passed through. As we got farther along the valley, the moonbeams fell full upon the glittering ice-peaks that hemmed us in. Distances were lost; we appeared to be close to the mountains, which did really gradually surround us as we turned more to the south, twelve miles or so down the river. We then began the ascent of the Beaver River Cañon, which would ultimately lead us to Rogers's Pass, by which we were to get through the Selkirks, and so cut across the big bend of the Columbia.

It was very evident now that we were ascending a stiff grade. Beside us the Beaver River was roaring and rushing over its boulder-strewn course. It became perceptibly colder too, so cold, indeed, that we had to retreat inside the car for shelter, though there was very little luxury there. It was warm, but we "sleepers" did little more than grumble at our luck, blaming the Company bitterly for not putting us on a sleeping-car at Donald.

From the window we could see that we were still passing through a grandly wild country. The moonlight flashed on snow-peak and on torrent, the noise of some of the waterfalls we passed quite deadening that of the train.

Somewhere hereabouts we passed through the first snow-shed, then came a tunnel cut in snow, then high banks of it were piled beside the track, so close, their sides seemed to be but a few inches from the windows.

I ventured on the platform in spite of the cold; there was such a fascination about this slow and solemn night journey that I could not rest.

Now we were traversing deep cañons, by terrible trestle bridges, the bottoms of which could not be seen, and ever and anon a rushing stream would dive under the line. We passed more mountains of ice and snow, and then we stopped. We were at Bear Creek station, close to Mount Carrol, heading for the Hermit Range, they told us.

It was very tantalizing not to be able to see all this grandeur plainly; but we determined, then and there, that when we came back this way, by hook or by crook, we would see it all by daylight.

Shortly after leaving Bear Creek we had a long wait, whilst a road

was being cleared through the remains of an avalanche which had just come down. Then, by and by, we crept slowly on again to Rogers's Pass, the summit of the Selkirks, 4,300 feet altitude. Summit, in railway parlance, means the highest point attained by the line in crossing a mountain, having no reference at all to the height of the actual mountain-top.

Here we had a long, long delay. The conductor told us they had just heard, by wire, of course, that there was an immense quantity of snow down, "immediately beyond the loop." Presently he came again, and said, "The train will not get through *this* night."

We were terribly annoyed, and tired out with this our second night of discomfort. We had been hoping that, long before this, we should have either had a sleeper or have found some decent place to "stop over" at; but now it looked like staying where we were all night, and very little certainty of better fare to-morrow.

I think some of us rather thought we had been foolish to come. For my own part, I felt sure the game had been a paying one so far; that what we had seen already, and what we hoped to see before the trip was done, would well repay us for our temporary troubles, which, nevertheless, were hard to bear. We were tired, hungry, sleepy, and the excitement of the journey was telling on us.

Maud and Maggie held up well. They were full of spirits still, and kept us all from breaking down. And so an hour went by.

Then the conductor came into the car, and announced in a loud and cheery voice, "By the Company's orders, and at their expense, all 'sleepers' are to take up their quarters at the Glacier House till the road is clear. Glacier House is next stoppage."

Then the bell began to clang, echoing grandly amongst the ice-bound hills around us. The train crept on and on, through a very long snowshed, and across a roaring torrent, then drew up at a platform, and stopped at Glacier House.

Now, strange as it may appear, this place had not been described to us. We had thought all along that it was very likely some wretched shack, probably like one of the Golden or Donald hotels; for they generally use such "big" words over there that it is impossible to feel sure of any place, especially of a hotel, until you have seen it. Still, we were very glad of any place to rest in, and so stood ready, with our bags and wraps, to leave the car the moment it drew up.

I never heard what they did with the other passengers that night. They took them on to some station ahead, where they could give them rough accommodation, I suppose. But we "sleepers" very

soon found our way across the wide platform to the door of the Hotel.

It was a glass door; and, looking through it, we saw a brightly-lighted, most capacious hall.

"Why, boys," said the brave Cannuck, "I guess we've fallen on our feet this time. My! it's as good as that hotel at Field!"

Then the manager appeared to let us in. He took charge of us, recognized that we were human, and did his best for us. He was an Englishman, had been chief steward on one of the Allan ships, and knew how to make himself agreeable.

As usual, though, in Canada, also in the States, there was nothing to be had to eat, it being past supper time—midnight, indeed; so, *of course*, we must go to bed supperless.

When will those who are supposed to provide for the comfort of their guests, hotel-keepers especially, remember that there are circumstances under which "something to eat" is a necessity at other times than at regular meal hours? But in public places, and in private too, often and often, such a want is looked upon as an absurd and almost unnatural desire.

The "base-burner" (a heating-stove so called) was in full swing in the hall, as it always is, I understand, day and night, summer and winter; for at that altitude there is not often warmth enough to be had by natural means. It was a pleasure to have a fire that night, at any rate.

We had capital rooms allotted to us, and it *was* a treat to lie down in a proper bed again, and to know that all civilized necessities were ready for us in the morning.

CHAPTER XI.

IN THE SELKIRKS.

Our first Morning at Glacier House.—Breakfast.—The Station-master.—What News?—The glorious Scenery around.—At length the Wires “speak.”—Walking on the Track.—We interview the Section Men.—A Gentleman Navy.—His Experiences.—An Anecdote.—How a Canadian Farm-labourer turned out to be a Nobleman.—Descent into the Illecillewaet Cañon.—Some Canadian Fellow-passengers.—Their insatiable Appetites and Inhospitability.—Albert Cañon.—Revelstoke.—A miserable Scene.—We are “Dined” by the Company.—Ascent of the Gold Range.—Eagle Pass.—An actual Pioneer tells us the true Story.—Engineering Difficulties in the Early Days.—Feats of Mohun and Moberly.—Lake Scenery in Columbia Valley.—Chinese Labourers.—Kamloops.—A Beef-raising District.

“Hot water and a tub!” was the announcement that aroused me at eight next morning. I jumped up, and from my window beheld a glorious view. Right down below, a deep sweep of pine-clad, unburnt valley; farther away, across miles of primæval forest, with just mist enough hanging about to give it distance, there rose on high a range of lofty mountains, pink in the morning light. To the right they were almost covered with pure snow; to the left sharp, bare peaks cleft the sky—all beautiful, sublime.

I was quickly down, and joined by the rest of our party. The natives at once began to pry about, to give their ideas of the cost of the hotel, the prospects of its paying, what chance there would be to run a mill with the water-power yonder, how money could be made of it when started, and so on. Egregious beings! For we English were soon enjoying to the utmost the glorious manifestation of Nature around us, the glacier and the valley, the mountains and the trees, and I don't believe the question of “pay” ever entered into one of our minds. The scene to us was too awe-inspiring for anything so mundane as the “almighty dollar” to be thought of just then.

The two girls were with us shortly after, full of delight with their quarters, and with the scenery about us. It was a charming morning,

but quite cold enough for comfort. How could it be otherwise, if all were true that they told us? We were informed that the glacier is only a mile away, and that there are three hundred square miles of ice, *one thousand* feet thick, in it! Surely that must be enough to cool the country for many miles around. But it struck us then, and I'm sure of it now, that they knew very little about it.

We had the usual capital breakfast. There was salmon, but it was very white; there were apricots from California, very small ones, however, no bigger than marbles, and nearly as hard—a bad sample, surely! The dining-room was similar to the one at Field Hotel; indeed, both houses were designed by Mr. Sorby. Around the hotel a clearing had been made, but the felled timber had only been moved away for a few yards from it. There was no road, no means of going about, except by walking along the track itself. They told us that there was a trail up to the glacier, and we were desirous of going up it to the ice; but the manager advised us not to venture far away, as, most likely, there would be a train along soon.

The station proper was just a little wooden office, close to the hotel, where the C.P.R. agent, telegraph operator, postmaster, and express agent did his business. A single one-armed man carried all this weight of work on his shoulders, and, as a rule, it was not very much he had to do. We interviewed him shortly after breakfast. He told us that the lines were down, and that he had no more knowledge than we had about the trains. There might be one at any moment, and there might not be one for days! He added that we had better not go far away, for if a train did come, it could only stay a few minutes. The last message he had was from head-quarters, about last midnight, telling him that we were to stop there till further orders. Before that he had been told that there was a great snow-slide a few miles west, and that there was no traffic in that direction, that a bridge was down upon the Bow, and so no trains could come from the east; that there was fire in the Rockies and the line would go, since which it had gone, and that is all he could tell us.

We felt very much isolated, but it did not matter for the present. We had a charming residence, and the grandest possible surroundings; so, all the forenoon, we found plenty to do and to enjoy in examining them. Indeed, the whole day was passed delightfully in watching the changes that came over the novel scene. The sky at midday was cloudless, a deep, intense blue, and though the sun was hot, in the shade it was cool enough, the air being fresh and bracing. Across the valley, sombre in the gloom of pines, trailed, in many a bend, the rapid glacier stream. Beyond it, in unapproachable gran-

deur, lay the Hermit range, with its outlying spurs heavily timbered slashed with stupendous cañons lying deep in purple gloom.

I, of course, have always my own resources to pass time, and I began to sketch, but it was really too cold, except at noon, to work outside with pleasure. Still, as we had heaps of books inside, easy chairs, and good warm stoves, we did not suffer greatly.

At evening, the hills and mountains, which had been grey all day, blushed rosy pink, which deepened into rose, and then to crimson, while all things solid in the distance seemed to melt away into a dark rich blue, until a strange atmospheric effect blended all into an enthralling picture, when the upper peaks, ice-needles, turned to points of fire and burnt against the sky; and under all, the sombre pines were thrown sharply into black relief against the mystic background.

How "small" an artist feels before a sight like this! And then, when all was wan and pale as death, the stars came out, and, by and by, the moon silvered the same snow-peaks, and there was another picture. Surely we were in dreamland! And so we actually were, not very long after this, for we were anxious to make sure of sleep, not knowing at what moment we might be called upon to resume our journey.

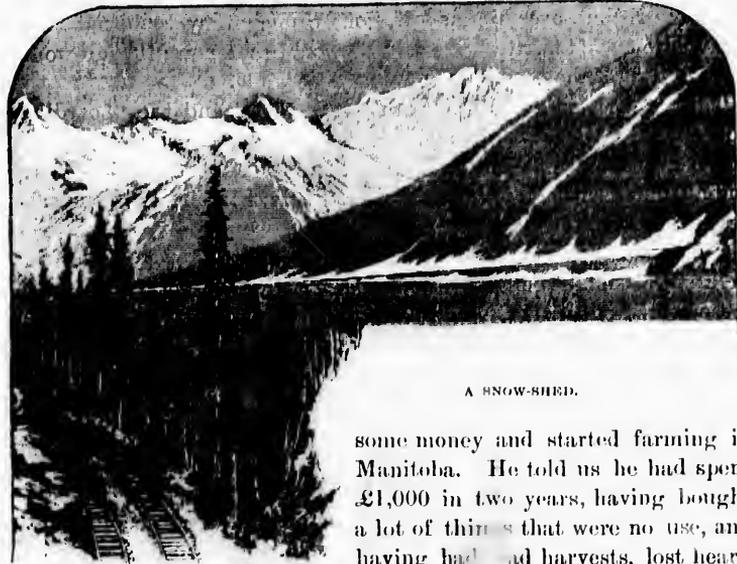
Next day, towards noon, one of the wires "spoke"—that which came from the west. The track was cleared, it informed us, the lines were up ahead as far as Revelstoke, but west of that there was still something wrong.

Then, later on, the eastern line woke up, and a message came, "No train to-day." So then we felt it safe to take a longer walk, going along the track to the east, and having some glorious views and fun as well.

The "fun" lay chiefly in the walking on the track, but, as a joke, it lasted for a very short time. It was about the most tiring mode of progression I ever experienced. If the men who laid the track had only put the ties at regular distances apart it would have been better, and why they did not, and never do, it puzzled us to understand. We walked some distance through a very long snow-shed, but crept out through a hole in the side of it at the first opportunity, for the cold within was most intense, and we preferred to continue our walk upon the snow which lay deep and solid all along beside it. Presently we came across a lot of men at work, the "section men," plate-layers, I suppose, we should call them in England. They seemed a very decent lot of fellows, and, as we had ladies with us, their language was quite choice. They were "all sorts and conditions of men," no

doubt. There were several Italians, two were French, and when we talked to them in their native tongue were enchanted, and there was a Norwegian who seemed to be the "boss."

Amongst the Englishmen were two or three who did not speak at first, but when they did, their voices clearly showed they were no common men. One was a particularly refined-looking fellow, and when he did speak to us, after the others had moved on, we had quite a chat. He told us he came from Lincolnshire, but we did not learn his name. He had been in Canada three years, had brought out



A SNOW-SHED.

some money and started farming in Manitoba. He told us he had spent £1,000 in two years, having bought a lot of things that were no use, and having had bad harvests, lost heart. So one morning, he packed all his

valuables in his waggon, drove away, and had not seen or heard a word of the concern since.

"What then?" we asked.

"Oh, then"—well, he had been messing about Winnipeg till all his means were gone; he could not get anything to do he liked, or could undertake, so he had been working along since towards the west, and hoped to get on to Victoria by and by. He had been working on the line, in fact, where we found him, as a navvy.

He told us that it was not very hard work, and the pay was 2.50 dols. (=10s.) per day. It cost them 4 dols. (=16s.) a week for board. There were several very decent fellows in the crowd, and the life was not nearly so unpleasant as one would think. He mentioned,

too, that there is one great advantage in that country, namely, that a man does not lose caste by what he does. He proposed to stick to this work until he had made a sufficient "raise," and then he would be off to Victoria, where he had friends, but he could not appear before them in his present guise.

"Did his people at home know where he was?"

"Oh dear, no; that would never do."

Maud asked him, "Had he a mother?"

"Yes, oh yes; and a father—sisters too, at home."

Then why didn't he write to them? It was too bad. They were possibly grieving over him as lost, gone wrong; they could not know what. He *ought* to write. He said he would soon now; that all would come out right, he thought, before a great while.

This young man showed us their living-places and their boarding-house. The latter was a freight-car, which was furnished with table and benches, and was not half bad. There was a boarding-master and a Chinese cook, who laughed delightedly, bobbing his pig-tailed head to the lady visitors.

This new acquaintance of ours told us that they lived wonderfully well. We should be surprised, he said, if we knew how fastidious these workmen are. He had known gangs to strike, because they were not supplied with some delicacy they thought they had a right to.

Then he walked with us some distance along the track, and pointed out to us views which he thought good, and then, as it was "knocking off time" on the line, he walked back with us to the house. We made him stay to dinner, and, rough as his dress was, his manners were such that we felt his place in life was not with working-men.

The girls were very much taken with him, and he with them, no doubt. After dinner, he and they had a good deal of confidential talk together; but they never would tell us what he said. So, ever after, we used to speak of him as the "disguised duke," and they used to declare we were not so far wrong as we might think.

No doubt, if one could find out the private history of a great many of the rough-looking customers one meets with out there, some very romantic stories could be told. Here is one that occurred to a man I know, not many years ago, and I can vouch for part of it being true, for I knew the hero.

In Eastern Canada—no matter where—there used to live a tall, good-looking young Scotchman, who was hired by a farmer to drive his oxen, and generally do the roughest work about the place. We called him "Skye," because he said he came from that romantic isle.

We knew he was not an ignorant man, by any means, and there was always something winning in his style and address when he came into contact with anyone of some breeding, and often I have heard it said, "Skye is no common man."

Well, five years since, let us say, a man I knew very well was going home for a visit to England. He happened to tell "Skye" this, and that worthy declared at once that he was going too, on business. My friend said, "Well, all right," not seeming to like the idea very much of travelling with "Skye." However, when he got to Montreal, behold there was Mr. "Skye," in decent dress, looking quite a stylish sort of man, and he showed my friend his "first-class" ticket home, by the same ship too. In the end, they went together, in the same state-room. A day or two before they got to Liverpool, so my friend told me, this is what occurred. They were below alone.

Said "Skye," "I don't know if you'll be surprised to hear my name is Macdonald." (That was not the name he gave, but will suffice for the purpose of this narrative.)

"No," answered my friend, "I'm not surprised. I never supposed your name was 'Skye,' you know; but thought you had some private reason for keeping dark."

"Well, I had. I had a row with my people years ago, and ran away to Canada, and I have roughed it there for years, as you know well enough."

"Yes, I know that; and now?"

"A few weeks ago I got to know that my governor was dead, and so now I'm going to take my proper name and place. My father did not mean badly, I'm sure; but he took the wrong course with me. Now he's dead and gone we'll say no more about that. My mother and my sisters live in London, and there I shall live, I think. You'll come and see me when you're there, I'm sure?"

And my friend said, "I will. Give me your full name and your address? I'll write them down and come and see you, sure."

And then the whilom "Skye" announced that he was Lord Macdonald, nothing less.

My friend said, "Oh, get out; you're only joking."

But it was no joke, for, sure enough, he went after a bit to the address "Skye" gave him in Mayfair, and there "my lord" was, no mistake at all, and he was introduced to the Honourable Flora Macdonald, and the Honourable Eva, his two sisters, and to the Lady Macdonald, his mother, and he was asked to go and stay with them a while and was made a great fuss with.

"And did you go and stay there?" I asked.

"No," said my friend; "I dined there once or twice, but they were too 'toney' for me. I tell you what it is, though; ever since, I've always been very careful how I have treated any mysterious character I have met about the country, and I advise you to act in the same way; for you can't tell how queer I felt when I thought of the way I used to speak to 'Skye,' before I knew that he was Lord Macdonald."

Before we went to bed that night, a telegram had come to tell us that the train would be along next morning about nine.

After leaving Glacier House, we entered at once on the scene of the engineering feat which is celebrated from end to end of the C.P.R., and throughout Canada.

The line descends 600 feet, and so gets down the pass, by a series of double loops, some six miles long in all, accomplishing, however, barely two miles of actual distance.

There are four, or more, parallel lines of railway, running closely to each other generally, but each at a different level. The line is carried largely upon trestle work, crossing and recrossing the river which runs down the cañon, and finally resumes its proper course along the Illecillewaet (Indian for "swift current").

It is a very deep and tortuous valley that this rapid torrent of green glacier-water thunders through. Tunnels and snow-sheds along its course are numerous, and trestle bridges very frequent. I think we must have crossed this stream from bank to bank a dozen times at least, and often on a timber bridge 150 feet above it.

Looking back to the heights from whence we had come, the cluster of mountains of which Mount Sir Donald is the chief, showed us a magnificent sight. Clouds were hanging about their bases, and their peaks were sharply defined against the deep blue sky.

We were in a sleeping-car again now, and there were more passengers, a doctor with his wife and sister among them. These new acquaintances were not as full of excitement and delight as we were, at what we were passing through. They had been snowed up at the Bow for two days, until the same bridge we walked over was repaired, and they were stopped for two days more at Field, whilst some burnt bridges over Beaver River were made safe to cross. Their experience had been, so far, very much like ours; but they seemed to think nothing of it, and to care less.

It was not the first time the Doctor had made this journey, so they had come prepared with everything they could help to make things pleasant, conspicuous amongst their heap of goods, piled in a corner of the car, being a big square hamper. It was not long before we

saw what it contained. Nothing less than all sorts of food, with tablecloths and tableware, wine and whiskey, a stove for making tea, and a most amazing store of appetizing good things.

Talk about English people being fond of eating, that Canadian party beat all I had ever seen. Some of them seemed to be always at it. The cloth was continually laid on one of the tables, which can be conveniently fixed between each group of seats, and there was a ham, always in cut, on it, and a bottle always uncorked.

Yet, one very strange thing, to our ideas, was that they never asked anyone else to partake. We were most friendly and sociable together. They must have heard us say we were hungry more than once, at different points of our journey together, yet they never even offered one of us, not even the girls, a biscuit or a glass of wine. I think the old hospitable Canadian customs are dying out, nay, I'm sure they are; more's the pity! I don't believe we English could have feasted comfortably as those good people did, with hungry companions looking on.

Another queer thing was that, whenever a meal was served in the dining-car, they went there and partook. It appeared as if they thought no opportunity of consuming a "square meal" should be lost. The "lunches" they were always taking in between times didn't count.

The gorge through which the Illecillewaet runs is wide in some places, and there it is filled with a forest of grand cedars, firs and pines. Here we first saw the Douglas pines for which British Columbia is so famous. Near the station at Illecillewaet, which is a water-tank and telegraph office, there is a silver mine at work, but whether it pays or not we could not hear.

Albert Cañon was perhaps the most striking of many we passed, with its cataract falling from at least two hundred feet above to hundreds of feet below the track, which runs close in front of it on trestle-work.

Soon we came to a more level country, seeing, above the burnt forest, Mount Begbie and Twin Butte towering on high. Then we stopped at Revelstoke, close to where this strangely named river we had travelled down joins the Columbia, the banks of which we were now on again; and so we had crossed the Selkirks.

The "something wrong ahead" we heard of at the Glacier Hotel was a fact, as we ascertained here. What it really was we never heard, and it was a long time before we could find out how long we were likely to be delayed at that charming spot. I speak sarcastically this time, for it was a wretched hole; the most forlorn-looking

collection of shacks and shanties, rotten tents, and booths of boughs and mud, we ever saw, planted on swampy ground, with stagnant water, black and fetid pools, rank growths of skunk cabbages, old rotten logs and broken pots and tins, empty bottles, old clothes, steaming and festering in the hot sun, all about it. Flies swarmed in millions, mosquitoes not a few; several butterflies were seen, but were nothing much to look at. After the grand natural scenes we had just come from, this forlorn affair was simply awful. It was hot, too, and not a breath of wind. Through the forest of gaunt trees, littered with broken logs and stumps, there ran a trail to the river, something under a mile away. So, when the conductor at last assured us that we should not leave till 15 o'clock, at soonest, a number of us went along this path to see the river, and there we found the mining town of Fargo. It consisted of a row of little lumber houses along the river-bank—a sort of street—a few rough hotels and stores, dancing-rooms and grogeries; but it was airy, open, and fairly clean, and there was the beautiful river near.

One of our party bought a bear-skin for thirty dollars. They said it was a grizzly, but I doubt it. For elk-skins (wapiti) they asked us fifteen dollars, properly dressed for use.

On a bank, amongst the half-burnt trees and stumps, I found a place to sketch, but I had not been at work half-an-hour before the woods were filled with shouts of "All aboard!" Making haste back to the station, I found it was a hoax—"a high old joke," they called it. It was, however, too hot, and the scene was so little worth doing, that I concluded to take my ease in the car for the rest of our stay.

During the early afternoon it was announced that the Company, regretting our delay, had ordered dinner for all the passengers; so, by and by, we found a plentiful, if not a very refined, repast spread for us in a shanty near. Good bread and butter, fair tea, and every tinned article that the stores could supply.

We were waited on by men in long boots and jerseys, some of whom had revolvers in their hip pockets, and some had formidable knives. Despite of these adornments, they were all quite harmless, and did their best to attend to our wants.

Our two young ladies were the centre of attraction. I believe that all the inhabitants of the vicinity made some excuse or other for coming in and having a look at them. Our gormandizing fellow-passengers preferred their own provisions, and, for the first and only time that journey, neglected to share the table provided by the C.P.R.

The Columbia river at Revelstoke is navigable for steamers, but we did not hear that there were any steamers navigating it.

It was 16 o'clock (4 p.m.) when word came that we could go ahead, and soon after we started. We then had to cross the Gold Range.

These mountains differ considerably from the Selkirks and the Rockies, not being so lofty. Their summits are usually dome-shaped, and are frequently crowned with snow. They are much more broken in their formation, and looser in their structure. I have no doubt that, before the fire ravaged them, they were very beautiful, for bits are so still that have escaped, though not so *grand*, so awe-inspiring, as the other mountains we had traversed.

Alluvial, or placer-mining, for gold, is the occupation of most of the few inhabitants, the rest are prospecting for gold, or providing in some way for miners' wants.

We ascended this Gold Range by moderate cuttings and easy gradients, till we got, in less than ten miles, to Summit Lake, some two thousand feet in altitude. Here we were on the ridge dividing the waters flowing to the Pacific, part going south by the Columbia, and the rest going north by the Fraser. It is said that there was very great difficulty in finding a route through these mountains, and much credit is given to those who, in the end, discovered the route the railroad has been laid through. When we were ascending the slope that day, Moffat told us the story, which has been printed and published the world over, I suppose, about the C.P.R. engineers not knowing what direction to take to find a pass. Seeing an eagle flying out of a valley, or into one, they followed it, and thus found the Eagle River and the Eagle Pass.

There was a man in the car with us, who then remarked, "Which is all a romance, a very pretty story, but not a word of truth in it. How *could* they follow an eagle through such a country as this—through any country, indeed?"

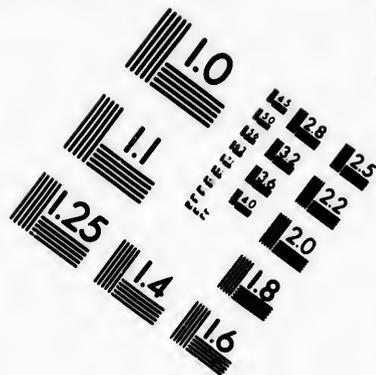
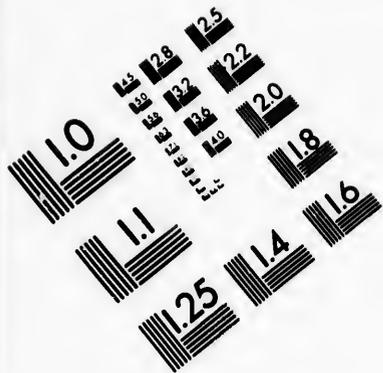
"Do you know the truth, then?" someone asked him.

"Yes, I do," he replied. "It's just this. Many years ago the pass was known and surveyed by British Columbian engineers, but, of course, when the swell Canadians from the East came along, they ignored what we had done, and claimed to have discovered everything anew. I do know a little about it; and, if you like, I'll tell you the true story."

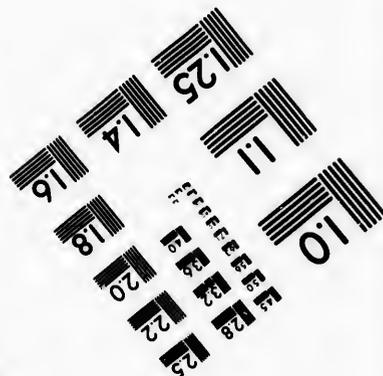
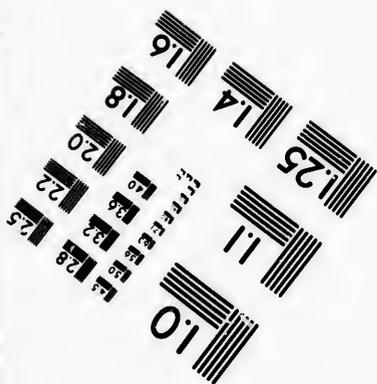
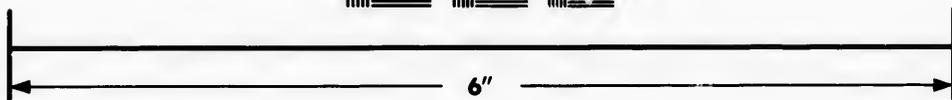
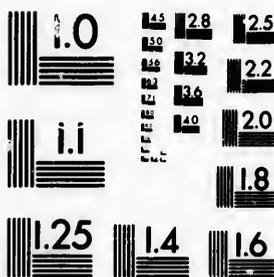
We said we should very much like to hear it, and so he went on as follows:

"You know that British Columbia joined the Dominion on the





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distinct understanding that, within ten years, a railway from ocean to ocean should be constructed. That union was entered into on July 1st, 1871. The same month, Messrs. W. Moberly and R. McLennan, district engineers, were sent by the chief Dominion engineer, Mr. Sandford Fleming, to begin operations, which showed how anxious the Dominion Government was to redeem its pledge.

"One of the parties organized by these engineers was commanded by Mr. Mohun, who was directed to *survey* the Eagle Pass, not to *discover* it, mark you, for that had been done by Mr. Moberly as early as 1865. He first explored that pass, though Mohun surveyed it for the railway, which was then being built from the Pacific coast eastwards. On the 14th of August, 1871, Mohun drove the first stake of the C.P.R. at the mouth of the Eagle River, near the end of the bridge which we shall cross pretty soon; and fourteen years later, November 7th, 1885, Mr. Sandford Fleming or Sir Donald Smith—I don't know which—drove the last spike of the railway only a few miles from the same spot. Yet they claim that, within a couple of years or so, the Eagle Pass was first known. That won't do; it is too thin."

"But the *London Times* tells a different story."

"Very likely; I know nothing about that. However, it seems to me only right that Mr. Moberly and Mr. Mohun should receive the credit that is really due to them. You see, some time in 1872, the idea of carrying the road through that way at all was abandoned. It was proposed then to carry it by the Yellow Head Pass. Then was the time when the exploration of the Illecillewaet, or Moberly Pass, was made, which was carried out by Mr. Mohun under Mr. Moberly's instructions. But not till May 1881 was the Illecillewaet traversed from end to end, and Major Rogers was the first white man who went through it. In 1880 the Government finally decided to adopt the Fraser route to the coast; the Illecillewaet was chosen, and was re-named 'Rogers's Pass,' while Eagle Pass, which had been known for many years, was taken in, too, on the line of route."

"You seem to take a great interest in this subject," we remarked.

"Most British Columbians do," he answered; "but I was one of the party who did this survey, and I feel that we ought to have the credit due to us."

At this there was a general shout of applause.

He was just a quiet, ordinary-looking individual. We never heard his name, but he said he had been a resident in Victoria from very early days. Later on, he told us more of the adventures of the early explorers, in some such strain as this—

"Those now traversing this road in comfortable carriages cannot easily realize the difficulties we engineers had to encounter in the early days of the surveys. Every care was taken, and Government did not spare any expense in furnishing the parties with all necessities. But when you come to consider that these parties were cut off for months at a time from the outer world, were hemmed in by inhospitable mountains, and were separated by hundreds of miles, often of trackless forest, from their camps and their base of supplies, you may suppose that they had hardships enough to endure. Yet they did their work, rain or shine, heat or cold, and what they did has at



GRIFFIN LAKE.

last culminated in one of the greatest engineering feats of this century. For example, on December the 22nd, 1871, Moberly reached camp from Howe Pass. He had crossed the terrific Selkirk range on snow-shoes, resting a day or two only, and then continuing his journey, every step on snow-shoes, by way of, mark you—*by way of the Eagle Pass* to Kamloops! Oh, I know a lot about this business."

Then there were other tokens of approval, soon after which the man I have been quoting left the train, and we saw him no more. I have no positive personal knowledge of the truth of what he told us; but as I subsequently became acquainted with a Mr. Morland,

who knew Mr. Mohun in Vancouver, and as he corroborated all I have just put down, the tale seems very likely indeed to be true; and, if true, it certainly should be recorded.

Summit Lake is long and narrow, the water being beautifully clear. When we passed it the woods on the further side were on fire, and the smoke, the burning forest, and the mountains over all were reflected sharply in it, making a very striking picture.

Down from this lake the Eagle River escapes, really passing through, or forming, a succession of narrow lakes, all joined together by the stream. The railroad crosses from one side to the other as need may be. We were much struck with Griffin Lake; and then we came to Shuswap, which is a most peculiar sheet of water, in that it has numerous arms running in and around the mountains and hills in every direction. The railroad runs across some of them and around others. At Shicamous Arm we crossed on a bridge at the narrows, where we were attracted by a most charmingly situated little inn, at which I ascertained fair accommodation is to be had; so I proposed to stay there, by and by, for a few days' sketching and fishing. The rivers and lakes hereabouts are full of fish; and, in the proper season, ducks and geese are found there in immense numbers. However, a man on the platform at the station whispered to me, "Don't come here in mosquito time, mind!" I remembered his words some time afterwards.

We travelled beside the Salmon Arm of Lake Shuswap for many miles—fifty, at least—turning as it turned in almost every direction. The sun was setting as we passed a very beautiful part of this Arm, and the smoke from a burning headland rose between us and the west. All was, as in Summit, and in all the other lakes, reflected perfectly, and the scene was most striking. The glorious colours of the sunset, veiled and coloured by the smoke, the deep purple and indigo of the dense pine woods, the distant lilac mountains, all reflected in the smooth water-mirror, formed a scene we shall not easily forget.

On the whole, I think what we saw this afternoon and evening was more like Scottish, and, in a few places, English lake scenery, than anything we had yet seen in America. But the dense purple-black forests of pines—in many cases, I am sorry to say, wrecked and made horrible by fire—gave the landscape a character of its own, purely Canadian, or, perhaps I should say, peculiarly British Columbian.

We were told that there are many Indians in these parts. If we saw any, as I suppose we did, we did not recognize them as such,

for they are not at all like the Indians of the plains. They dress in white man's style; they work along the line, and generally are not easily distinguishable from the Italians, many of whom are employed in the same way as they are.

In the forests here, and for many miles back, even into the Selkirks, we were much amused by the gangs of Chinese, which, right away to the Pacific coast, are much employed by the C.P.R. Our two young ladies were greatly interested in them, and always when we passed a crowd, or even a single one, they waved a handkerchief or something to them, and "John" always replied by a smile or some



THE REAR PLATFORM.

token of interest. We never did this to any of the white parties we passed; somehow they always looked too solemn and serious, as if they would not care at all for a passing salute. But John Chinaman always looked happy, and always smiled when spoken to or noticed.

I need not explain that most of the time our party assembled on the platform outside the car, on camp-stools or on the steps; and, as we did not travel at such a great rate as an English express train does, this sort of amusement was generally possible.

As I before remarked, after our late experiences in the Selkirks and the Rockies, the scenery of the Gold Range and the Eagle River Pass did not appear so terribly grand. There were none of

the towering ice-clad peaks, though snow-caps were seldom out of sight.

There were no awful cañons, no roaring, raging rivers and imposing cataracts, no splintered craigs and awe-inspiring valleys; yet I believe that for beauty, for picturesque scenery, for pictures, in a word, what we witnessed that afternoon and evening after we left Revelstoke surpassed all.

We passed Shuswap station about dark, and then Duck's, shortly after which we went to rest, giving instructions to the porter to call us at day-break without fail, for then we knew we should be passing some very interesting parts.

We passed Kamloops during the night, and therefore did not see that town, which is quite an old one for those parts. It must be fifteen or twenty years since it was started, round a post of the Hudson's Bay Co. It is the head-quarters of the ranching country, grazing being *the* business of the district, and always must be, though we heard of saw-mills and other industries being carried on; but, this being a "bunch-grass" country, cattle-farming, or ranching, is its mainstay. Here, we were told, is produced "the best beef in the world"; but we had heard that in so many places already.

CHAPTER XII.

DOWN THE PACIFIC SLOPE.

Father Terry turns up.—A Little Mystification.—Morning on the Thompson River.—Father Terry forgets his Breviary.—His Description of Kamloops, and Opinions thereon.—What we saw from the Train.—The "City" of Lytton.—The Fraser Cañons and the Cascade Mountains.—Feats of Engineering.—Changefulness of the Scenery.—Siaco Bridge.—Luxuriance of the Vegetation.—The Yale and Cariboo Trail.—What British Columbia was in "the Early Days."—Present Decay of once Flourishing Settlements.—Habitations and their Inhabitants.—My Opinion of the Chinese.—Breakfast at North Bend.—More Delightful Scenery.—An Indian Cemetery.—The Trutch Suspension Bridge.—An Indian Fisherman.—Our two Fair Ladies.—Maggie's Love and Mand's Objections.—Boston Bar.—Yale.—A Perishing City.—Hope.—Port Moody and Disappointment.—The Sea! The Sea!—Glorious Views.—Vancouver City reached.

AFTER we were all in our berths at Kamloops several new passengers came on board, and into our "sleeper" entered one whose jovial brogue sounded very familiar to me. I was half-asleep when I first heard it, but I soon awoke, fully alive to the situation. So, from behind my curtains, and in a disguised voice, I called out—

"Is that Father Terry?"

"Indade, thin, it is," he replied, quickly, from a berth near, where he had been located by the porter; "and I'd loike to know, so I would, who it is that knows me here."

"Faith, thin," I answered, "you're well known here, Father Terry; and there's more here nor me who knows you."

"An' who may I have the hanner of talkin' with? Sure, it's proud I am to know I'm travelling with frinds. But would yez kindly tell me yere name?"

"Oh! wait, Father Terry, till morning. You'll be surprised and pleased too."

"Ah, thin, tell me now, who is it that's spakin'? Sure, I can't slape aisy till I know."

"Then if you can't sleep, you'll be up bright and early; so please call me, for I don't want to miss seeing anything, you know."

"An' who will I call " he asked, with an innocent voice as if he were a sucking dove.

"No you don't, Father Terry," I answered. "You get up by daylight, and you'll see."

Then someone in the next berth began to grumble about the talking, so we said good-night to each other, and I fell asleep.

The day had but just broken when I got out to my usual post of observation. I was the first "on deck," and had a very enjoyable half-hour before any others joined me. I found we were passing along the banks of the Thompson River, through a most peculiar country, very difficult to describe.

I think we were near a station called Ashcroft when it became quite light. The cañon through which the river rushes is very tortuous in its course. Here steep and rocky ridges nearly cross it, leaving only a passage for the swiftly-flowing flood; there it widens, enclosing spaces of bottom land on which I saw some cattle grazing, and on which a few weather-beaten habitations could be distinguished, generally far below us. Then there would occur a kind of embankment of alluvial soil, usually covered with bushes and what looked like the remains of heavy forest. Here, too, were visible some few shanties, with evidences of man's labour in the shape of cuttings and washed-out sluices. These were the celebrated "bars," the "placer" diggings, which in the past have yielded large quantities of gold, and even now it is said they are very rich. But it seems that, at present, Chinamen and Indians are the principal workers; for the daily average return from the cradling and the sluicing is not sufficient to pay a white man's wages as estimated in that country.

Beyond, the cañon narrowed up, the hills beside it became steeper and stranger still in form, and as the sun began to touch with gold the topmost peaks of the mountains, and to make the distant snow-caps blush at his presence, I saw Father Terry coming through the car. Directly he saw me, there was a right hearty greeting between us. Of course he declared he knew perfectly well who it was who had spoken to him in the night, though I'm sure he didn't; and he declared positively he knew who was with me, which I daresay he did, for, seeing me, he could easily guess who the others were. Evidently he was delighted at our meeting; and so was I, for Father Terry is a real good sort, in his private capacity at any rate, and I believe that if there were more like him in what he always called

"Ould Ireland" there would be more peace and contentment in that much-trying land.

"An' how is Mr. Selby? And how are the young leddies and Mr. Tom—and how are you?" he asked me, with a hundred and one other questions, as quickly as he could rattle them out; and "Where do you come from?" "Where are you going to stay next?"

But before I could answer him Mr. Selby and Tom made their appearance, and very soon Maud and Maggie followed, all smiles and welcomes; and he got so excited with pleasure that I believe he quite forgot his Breviary that morning.

It was not long before all the passengers were about, and conversation became general. The air was so clear, the morning sun so bright and cheerful, and our surroundings, which were changing every moment from one strange scene to another, were so attractive as to cause frequent outbursts of delight and interest; at least, from among us "old-country people." The Canadians present seemed much less enthusiastic, and generally, I noticed, seemed to be far less outspoken about the beauties and grandeur of the scenery than we "Britishers" were; so I don't know what they felt.

"You joined the train at Kamloops, Father Terry, I think. How long were you there?" Mr. Selby asked him.

"Nearly a week," he answered; "an' a most deloiftful week it was. It's a foine country round there, bedad; I've never seen the loike of it. It's a land to do the heart of a man good; and, faith, there's plenty av it too."

"Many settlers?"

"No, not so many. There's plenty of room for more, anyway, but it's mostly cattle is in it, you know—ranching, they call it; and there's no end of room for 'em all around. It's what they call a 'bunch-grass' country. Oh! 'tis a moighty purty place; all about Kamloops Lake, and up and down the river, wherever there's water, it's foine—just that, wherever there's water; but I believe it's a moighty dhry country all summer!"

"Some nice people settled about there, I suppose?"

"Indade then, there is; for, you see, the loife of the ranchers is a bould and a stirrin' one, and there's lots of ould-country people there who came with money and have gone into the business big. There's a foine prospect ahead for the Kamloops district, so I'm tould by everyone that's in it; and I believe it's the thruth, so I do."

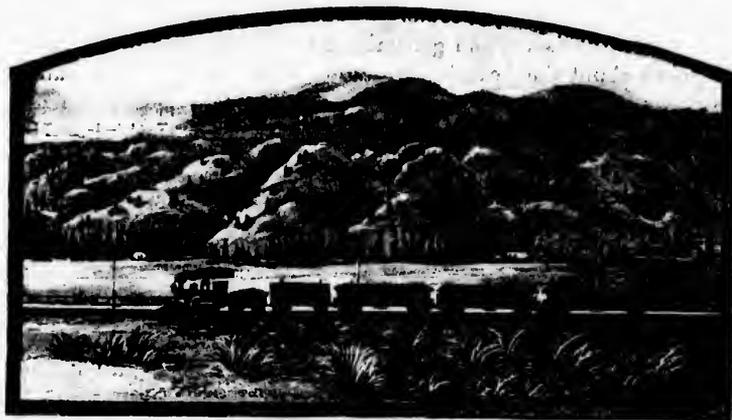
"Did you stay at all on the prairies, Father Terry?" someone asked.

"Well then, I did not," he answered sharply. "I didn't like the appearance of that part. Sure, there's nothing to look at—just the sky and the grass. Oh, it may be a very grand place, but *Oi* didn't admire it, an' I wouldn't stop in it. But there, about Kamloops, there's beautiful scenery and foine pasture: it's a pleasant land to the eye, it looks like a country to make one's home in and work—at laste, it does look so now; but I heard that that is only near water, to be sure. I think there's some benefit in that, d'ye moind."

"Any mosquitoes there, Father Terry?" I asked, for those animals interest *me* very greatly, much more than cattle or sheep, I'm sure.

"Well, then," he replied, "I'll say nothing on that point. Sure, I'll lave them in pace; and, bedad, it's more than they left me."

I quite understood him.



ON THE THOMPSON RIVER.

Then most of the friends present began a discussion on the advantages of the different parts of Canada. Some were for the prairies, and some for the forest-covered districts; some were for the east, some for the west. Tom Selby and his father were not the least interested, either; but the girls and I seemed to care more about our present surroundings, and, as we sat on camp-stools on the tail of the train, this is some slight description of what we saw.

The train was still running beside the Thompson river, but, far above it, on our left, was a range of most peculiar hills, almost mountains. They seemed to consist of immense heaps of grey shingle,

which had been cut by wind and rain into the most peculiar forms, as shown in my sketch. On the flat tops were some scattered fir-trees, generally spruces—like them in form, at any rate—and there were a few here and there in the gullies. Occasionally there were some bushes to be seen, but there was no grass, and very little green of any kind. A most parched up, weird-looking scene it was, and as we travelled through it, the loose shingle seemed to be always trickling down beside us, loosened by the vibration of the passing train. We passed over many lofty trestle bridges, crossing deep gullies cut into the sides of the cañon. Below us, on the right, the river hurried on, its banks clothed but sparsely with pines and bushes, whilst across it, on the further side, the same description of country prevailed, though not so high or broken. In the distance, we had always mountain ranges in sight, and very frequently snow-caps.

We frequently passed patches of flowers, generally growing close to the track; but it so happened that, at the stopping-places there were none, and we were quite unable to judge what they were without handling them. Shortly, away down in the bottom of the cañon on our right, we passed a bridge spanning the river. A slight enough structure it appeared, and the road leading down to it was a strangely dangerous-looking affair too, which we saw when it passed under the track, and went twisting and winding away up into the mountains above us. This was at Spence's Bridge. After that the river became a wild torrent; trestle bridges were more numerous and lofty; we rushed through many short tunnels, timber became still more scattered, and the whole scene seemed to be more and more barren and dry and uninviting. At length we stopped, after quite an hour's steaming, at the town of Lytton.

Lytton is situated on a large flat space at the junction of the Thompson and the Fraser Rivers. It consists, now-a-days, of a number of weather-beaten cabins, scattered widely apart on high land overlooking both streams. There were, perhaps, half a dozen buildings which could honestly be called houses, and there were stores, no doubt. I asked about a stopping-place, and was told that there is just one inn there, and the conductor of our train warned me that it would be rather a risky place to stay at.

At one time Lytton was a flourishing village—they called it a city, I understand. It had a white population, in those famous days, of quite a thousand souls, besides several hundred Indians. There was an Episcopal and also a Catholic church, and a public school, and there was a fire-engine. But this was in the days of the gold-

diggings, when the bars across and along the Fraser were yielding their pounds weight of gold per day, and everything was flourishing. Now, alas, the "pay dirt has petered out." Only a few Indians and Chinese potter about, and Lytton, to all appearance, has followed in the steps of the Golden Bars. However, I am informed that, even yet, a very considerable trade is done by the wholesale stores in distributing merchandise to the settlements and ranches north and south, and that there is still a large band of Indians up and down the rivers and lakes of those regions, who ever year require more and more of the white man's goods. So, it is more than probable, in years to come, Lytton may again resume its proud position of a city, with a thousand white inhabitants.

This miserable-looking collection of tumble-down shacks and dilapidated habitations, is even now the fifth city, town, village, hamlet, call it what you will, of British Columbia, though, I suppose, Donald and Revelstoke will be very angry when they see this assertion in print; but they are of to-day. Lytton is ancient, at least twenty-five years old.

The scenery round Lytton is fine of its kind. From a little to the west of north, there comes in the Fraser River, which rises some hundreds of miles away northwards, having its sources in the Rocky Mountains. It is here a rapid clay-coloured stream, of considerable width, and when it is joined by the Thompson becomes of still greater volume, of a still more turbulent character; and it hurries down through its famous cañons to the Straits of Georgia and to the Pacific, a river of very respectable dimensions indeed.

A very few minutes after leaving this town, we also left the Thompson, with its strange surroundings, which are, to my ideas, of a particularly uninviting aspect as a place to settle in; and we were about to pass along the great gorge by which the Fraser makes its way through the Cascade or Coast Range of mountains. We travelled down the left, or east, bank of the river. The scene was greatly changed; the mountains on either side of this famous river were magnificent, in size and form as well. They were generally well-timbered to their bases, where not torn open by the stream, and exhibited bare rocky cliffs full of colour and beauty. It was not all pine and fir timber now; there were many deciduous trees amongst them, some quite new to us, and there were clumps of bushes, and creepers trailing down the cliffs. Exclamations of delight and wonder were continually escaping from my two fair and enthusiastic companions.

The engineering feats so successfully performed in the Rocky and Selkirk Mountains, and in the Gold Range, seemed to me to be sur-

passed by the skill displayed in conveying the C.P.R. down the Thompson and the Fraser. It may be, and it probably is, because the results accomplished in this latter portion are so very evident to the passenger passing by and over them—the occurrence of stupendous bridges, of remarkable cuttings, of sharp turns and tunnelings being so frequent—that one is apt to be more struck with the amazing skill displayed by the designers and builders of this part of the line, and to give them more credit for their work than is extended towards those who constructed the other portions of this wonderful railway.

Also, it seems to me that the scenery all through the cañons of the Fraser surpassed that in any part of the journey we had come. True, the mountains were not high, yet many of their summits were in the clouds, and all summer through they are capped with snow, while we could view them from their bases to their summits, from the magnificent Fraser River at their feet to the ice-crowns on their heads, from the hot summer's day at the river's edge to the cold of the everlasting snow on their glistening peaks. They looked as lofty as did any in the Rockies, and, if not so grand, were, to my mind, far more beautiful.

Then the changefulness of the scene was so enthralling. Now we were rushing along a bench cut out of the mountain-side, many feet above the river, which was tumbling along beneath us in ever varying speed. Then came from the heights above another roaring stream, thundering down to join it, and we crossed it just where it formed a magnificent cascade, and on what looked like a very fragile wooden bridge. For, at that point, an immense boulder, half as big as many an English parish, had fallen from the side of a mountain into the stream and dammed it up, hence the whole river had to find a way over it, with the noise of a thousand thunders, in a cataract of surpassing grandeur. From cliff to cape we travelled across trestle bridges, and through tunnels in the rocky headlands, then on again past whirlpools, narrows, raging rapids, and calm eddies, over more bridges, through more tunnels, and along dizzy ledges on the cliff-sides. It was always a varying, a magnificent spectacle, which caused the two young girls, if it did not me, to tremble at the quick recurring scenes of bewilderment and terror.

At Sisco we crossed the Fraser on a cantilever bridge, and then followed down its western bank through the same wild scenery.

Our party had quite given up discussing the country, for they had enough to do to remark all that we were passing through, and to gain information on what they saw. I do not remember noticing

any burnt country along the Thompson or the Fraser, and the greenness, the luxuriance of the foliage, was in strong contrast to our mountain experience, and therefore very striking.

Flowers of many kinds were plentiful, roses especially so, many of them being dark red, and growing in great luxuriance. There was a very fine orange and scarlet honeysuckle, extremely plentiful, hanging in many graceful curves along the cliffs and down the cuttings of the track; and there were flowers like asters, and like marigolds, and hundreds of others, in a wealth of colours, the names of which we did not know. There were ferns, too, and lovely grasses, and every time the train stopped, one or other of us went off to collect an armful, which was brought into the car to be discussed and admired.

"Look up to the top of the cliff yonder, across the cañon. Do you see that faint line, which looks like a trail?"

We said we did see a mark, an indication of something up there.

"Well, then," went on our informant, "that is the great Yale and Cariboo waggon-road."

I doubt very much if any of us English, or even if the Canadians from the east, had ever heard of this road before; and I'm sure the British Columbians present put us down to be a very ignorant lot of people. It is quite natural that this should be so, and yet it is very funny how the dwellers in any of our colonies, and in every different part of those colonies, thinking that *their* famous institutions are beyond all others the greatest in the world, look upon all strangers who know little or nothing about them, as wilfully neglecting them, and seem to feel sore in consequence.

But this wonderful road we were then surprised at is *really* a thing to be proud of, and no wonder one and another was continually drawing attention to it. Indeed, I got in time to consider it almost a greater achievement than the C.P.R. itself.

It was hard to believe that the mere scratch we could see on the cliff-side *was* a road; but, by following it carefully, one began to realize that it was so. In places it appeared to be a thousand feet or so above the river, in others it came lower down; but it was always in sight, now hovering amongst the precipices, clinging to the mountain's side, hanging in mid air, a very fragile-looking shelf of logs, right over the raging river; but generally it was so far above us that it took a good glass to make out its details. Yet along that road, they told us, in times not long gone by, a six-horse mail coach was driven galloping, by day and night. We asked one of our companions, who

appeared to know the country well, to tell us about it, and this is what he said :—

“In the early days of gold-mining in British Columbia, the all-absorbing question was, the best way into the interior. You see before you what this Fraser valley is. Think of it without a railroad ; indeed, without a trail or path of any kind, in a perfect state of nature, as that is there and there, which we now pass,” and our friend pointed across the river at the sort of scene he meant. Such scenes were plentiful enough ; indeed, all our surroundings, taking away the railroad, were wild in the extreme. Then he went on—

“Well, over those rocks and streams, through that rough forest there, along those cliffs, and over those mountain-tops, the early miners had to *pack* all their supplies, that is, to carry them on their backs. For, at any rate, they could only do it themselves, or hire Indians to do it for them. By and by a chain of lakes, from the head of Harrison Lake—which joins the Fraser lower down, much nearer to the sea—up to Lilloet, was found to present a better line of travel. Steamboats—very primitive ones, you may be sure—were built on each of the lakes, and rough waggon roads were made along the portages between them, and it was by that route that supplies were taken to the mines from 1860 to 1863. But the importance of a continuous waggon-road to the gold-fields was so obvious that, as soon as the richness of the mines was beyond a doubt, this great road from Yale to Barkerville (399 miles), which is in the centre of the mining country, was determined on, and it was completed by about 1864. It cost over 500,000 dollars to construct, and it has cost many thousands of dollars every year since to keep it in order. Naturally, as soon as this road was open, the other route by the lakes was abandoned. A singular thing for a new country. I suppose now there is not a soul living on the whole route, which, I remember, twenty-five years ago, was alive with traffic. At Douglas, by the head of Harrison Lake, there was a busy little town ; saw-mills, forges, stores, churches, &c., &c. Now it is all abandoned, and has gone back to a state of nature, and you can see what that is, in this British Columbia. I will point out to you, from time to time, as we travel on, scenes of particular interest on that road ; and now, I don't think you will be surprised that we British Columbians are proud of our achievements. When you think what a very few of us there are even now, how young we are, and how poor, I consider we, as a people, are worthy of immense praise for the tremendous engineering feats we have accomplished—viz., this Carriboo waggon-road, and our section of the C.P.R.”

"But," we asked, "is that road still used?"

"No," he replied; "only for purely local traffic. As you see, there are a few settlers along it here and there. In some places there are tracts of flat arable land, which have been farmed for twenty years and more, so that the people there consider themselves quite ancients, almost aborigines. The road is falling into ruin in many places, and will gradually be overgrown and disappear, I suppose—where it runs parallel with the C.P.R., at any rate—but from Lytton, which we passed an hour or two ago, it is still kept up. There, and at Spence's Bridge, goods and passengers are delivered by the railway to be conveyed by "prairie schooners" over this road to the mining country, and to the ranches, and to the Indian villages



PRAIRIE SCHOONERS ON THE CARRIBOO ROAD.

scattered throughout that northern country, the business done being large and always on the increase."

We passed no settlers on the side of the river we were on, but across it, from time to time, we saw a fenced-in field, a bit of cultivation, a shanty or two, and sometimes, at rare intervals, what we supposed to be a church.

But there was no lack of people. In every little ravine beside the track, where a level space was seen, beside a stream falling gracefully down the mountain-side, or far beneath us on the banks of the Fraser, were huts and tents, and turf and log hovels, their inhabitants being generally Chinese. Sometimes, oftener, as we got farther down the river, there were Indians, but the Chinese were most numerous, and I expect I shall be considered a very peculiar person

when I say that I think very highly of this much-abused race. Many of these people were miners, no doubt; others were working on the line; but, whenever and wherever we saw them, they always appeared to us to compare most favourably with the white men around them who were following the same avocations—in regard to cleanliness, at any rate; and to industry, unquestionably. A dirty Chinaman was a rare sight. The space outside their huts was invariably kept neat and well-swept. There was frequently some little idea of decoration, and, almost invariably, at every collection of shanties we observed an attempt at a garden, and wherever a Celestial tries *that* he succeeds. We saw some splendid patches of lettuce and green vegetables that morning—mere patches I admit; but where is the white man in the mountains who would bother with such a little matter? Where is the pale-faced pioneer-settler in Canada who would think of sweeping the chips and rubbish from around his dwelling, or who would use the slightest means of making his shanty look anything more than it is—the roughest of rough shelters from the elements. But John Chinaman thinks otherwise, and I admire his taste. They were never in rags, while in person, as I have said, they were apparently far more cleanly than their white brethren. I can affirm that I saw more soap and water being used by Chinamen on the Fraser River that morning than I had seen all the time of my stay in the N.W.T. Yet it is the fashion to say all sorts of nasty things about these people—why, I cannot say; for, at any rate, without them the Pacific coast of British North America would be almost uninhabitable; without them, and the Indians, it is doubtful if the C.P.R. would have been built; and, certainly, as things are at present, it would be quite out of the question to get on without them.*

But, all this time, depend upon it, we were getting more and more famished with hunger. At every station we hoped to find a dining-car; but none turned up, so it was with no little pleasure that, about 7 o'clock, we stopped for breakfast at North Bend. Here we found quite a C.P.R. settlement. An hotel, nearly finished, very like Field and Glacier; beside it were two or three stores, a post-office,

* What Mr. Roper has to say, in this place and elsewhere throughout these pages, concerning the Chinese in British Columbia, is undeniably correct, and will be borne out by everyone who knows these people as he has described them. But, in defending them from aspersion, he seems to have overlooked the *political* aspects of "the Chinese Question," which is a vital one to every Pacific state or colony. Into the merits of *that* we cannot here enter, but would merely remind the reader that it is a subject involving points quite distinct from those touched upon in the text of this book.—EDITOR.

and, across the track, a large boarding-house, with some decent cottages, all nicely painted in "art" colours. Here are workshops also; hence quite a number of railway officials and workpeople have to make their homes around, and so it is rather a lively place. We did not waste much time at North Bend. We had a good breakfast, as usual, and then it was "All aboard!" and we were off again on the last stage of our trans-continental journey; for, if all should go well, we were due at the terminus of the C.P.R., Vancouver City, at 13.30 (1.30 p.m.) o'clock that day.

The run from North Bend to Yale, on the Fraser, occupied about two hours, and I cannot conceive a more delightful journey. The scenery was, if anything, more sublime than that we had already passed through. In places the cliffs which hem in the river are thousands of feet high, sheer precipices, standing up like solid walls, jutting out into the stream, and so barring its passage that it has to narrow itself and go roaring past at race-horse speed. Here and there great rocks have fallen which divide the stream; and then, for a mile or two, it often widens out and hurries to the sea in a quieter mood, but still full of rapids, eddies, and whirlpools. Sometimes it appeared to be nearly half a mile wide, and presently it would be jammed into a passage between the towering cliffs, almost, one would think, narrow enough to jump across. Nearly always, on the farther side of the river, one could trace the waggon-road, at one point high, high over head, clinging, at another place, to the face of an almost overhanging cliff, then descending nearly to the river's brink, only to rise again within a mile or less to some other dizzy height. Sometimes it disappeared inland, having found an easier way, but always, in a few minutes it came in sight again, closely following the river's course.

Here and there we passed by Indian rancheries, or villages, composed of huts built of split cedar, and sometimes tents, with occasional potato patches, sometimes a bit of other cultivation about them. Once we saw an Indian woman squatted between a row of vegetables, hoeing; and next we saw some Indian men chopping timber by the track side.

Shortly after leaving North Bend we passed a very picturesque point jutting out into the river, on which was an Indian burying-place, consisting of a few bark or wooden sheds, in which we understood that the bodies of the dead were laid. Beside them were two or three wooden crosses, thirty feet high or so, painted black and white; while on either side were very tall flagstaves, on which were hung long white streamers with a blood-red cross on each. The

Indians say they put them there because "Debbil no likey red flag." These people are all Roman Catholics hereabouts.

And now, as we travel rapidly down the river, the vegetation increases in luxuriance and variety, and, by and by, we come to Spuzzum, where, at a most picturesque turn, the river is crossed by the "Trutch Suspension Bridge," which, they told us, cost 50,000 dollars (?). It stands some sixty feet above the river, carrying the waggon-road over. As we proceed, that road meanders along beside us, above us, or below us, and on nearer acquaintance we recognize that it is not half a bad one; indeed, for Canada, being a very good road indeed.



THE TRUTCH SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

Sometimes, upon the rocks beside the river, we saw arrangements of light poles, which they told us are used by the Indians to dry salmon on, and once we caught a glimpse of a party of them fishing. On a stage, suspended down a cliff a few feet above the swiftly-flowing tide, stood an Indian. He was naked to his waist-cloth, his bronzed limbs shining in the brilliant sunlight. He had a big scoop-net in his hands, and, as we hurried by, we saw him plunge it in. But we saw no more at that time, though the people with us explained the process to us. Afterwards we had many opportunities of watching the operation.

Now, all these wonders and interesting sights caused our friends to get into a very excited state indeed. Tom Selby was always asking questions, and his father was all eyes and ears. As for Maud and

Maggie, they were well looked after by Father Terry and myself. He was enjoying things most thoroughly, as happy and as full of fun as a school-boy, and kept us constantly laughing with his quaint Irish sayings, and his "Be japers!" and "By the powers!" and "Howly Mother!" were so new to our two girls that there was no end to their amusement.

There were several young men on the train now—some of them Canadians, some English, and many a sly glance was stolen at these fair ladies, and many a remark I overheard as to their appearance and style. Father Terry remarked to me, "Faix, I feel proud to be identified with this party, so I do."

Our gormandizing friends were still with us. I have no recollection of any apparent "let up" in their feeding arrangements, and I cannot call to mind an instance of any remark falling from them as to the beauty of the scenery, or about anything else, but the state of the provision hamper or the weather. For it was hot now—a regular summer's day we should have called it at home.

Once I remarked to Maggie, "I wish Charlie Donald was here, don't you?"

Said Maggie to me, "He's better where he is."

And when I told her that I quite agreed with her, for he would stand no chance at all if he could see her just then, she blushed rosy red, which added greatly to her beauty. So I added that I really must refrain from further comments of that nature, or the effect of them might be terrible.

"For," said I, "there are other people in the world besides our friend Charlie who may fall victims to a pretty face."

Maggie quickly changed the subject, but Maud whispered to me,

"I really wish you would not broach that theme. It is three days, now, since Maggie spoke his name, and I had hoped she was forgetting."

But I'm quite sure Maggie had not forgotten Charlie, nor anything like it. I'm sure that, through all our late exciting scenes, her thoughts were always with that young man, in his neat shanty beside the pretty sleugh in the N.W.T.

After a little we passed by Boston Bar, a row of shanties on the hill-side, where the miners lived who robbed the "bar" of its golden riches some twenty years ago. Then, on through a grand, terrible jumble of rocks and streams, of mountains densely forest clothed, of snow-capped domes and waterfalls, through narrow gorges, past thundering torrents, and, quickly rushing through a short tunnel, we were at Yale, and had left the mountains.

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YALE, AND THE GATE OF THE FRASER CANYON.

Yale is, perhaps, the most picturesquely placed town in British Columbia. There is a little bit of land there level enough to build houses on, and to make gardens, and it is situated at the very gate of the cañons of the Fraser, and at the head of the navigation, such as it is, of that river. But the C.P.R. has taken away its trade, and now it is only inhabited by Chinamen, Indians, and a few railway men. It is a sad sight, in that new country, to see pretty houses, gardens, and a charming little village church, falling rapidly into decay. Can nothing be done to make it pay to live there? I fear not. I am afraid that in a few years the pretty flower-gardens, which were already in a very weed-grown, wild condition, and the charming little houses, will all have become complete ruins. Behind Yale rise some very fine mountains, and the scene as we left, looking back from the end of the train, was lovely.

If we had not seen the Fraser cañons and the other beautiful and grand country we had lately traversed, I suppose we should have pronounced that which we travelled through after leaving Yale very fine. As it is, I can remember little distinctly except Hope, which is a village on the opposite side of the Fraser, situated under a mountain which, they say, exhibits at certain seasons the distinct form of an anchor in snow, on its side. I remember that the timber, and the vegetation generally, struck me as being far more luxuriant than anything I had seen before in North America, and that the flowers were becoming more and more numerous. It was quite clear, indeed, that we were in a land where there is plenty of rain, and not nearly so much cold as in eastern Canada.

We travelled beside lakes, across narrow streams, and, with the Fraser generally on our left, we cut across bends of it, struck it again, or passed along its margin. We admired Harrison Lake, a lovely sheet of pure clear water, and then passed Mission, where were the first really substantial buildings we had seen since we left Winnipeg. It is there that the Roman Catholic Church has its headquarters amongst the Indians of those parts. Then we came to Hammond, a village on the Fraser, and then over a long, long trestle bridge across the River Pitt, and then arrived at Port Moody.

Now, all the way from Montreal, nay, from Liverpool, I believe, we had heard of Port Moody as being the town at the terminus of the C.P.R., and, naturally, we expected to see some houses there. But when the conductor announced its name, I think he felt ashamed, for he quickly left the car and hid himself. Certainly there was a

house or two, and a few shanties; but that was all. I think most of us felt rather queer; for, as somebody said, "If this celebrated Port Moody, which is two or three years old, at any rate, is such a 'sell,' what *can* Vancouver be. It is but a year old, and even then, was burnt entirely up, so they say, only a few months ago."

We began to fancy that we should find no town at all there, and that if we discovered a roof to cover our heads, we should have to be thankful.

We did not stay long at Port Moody. In the near distance now, we saw a large expanse of quiet water, and beyond it was a range of veritable mountains, snow-clad. Trees of immense size rose between us and this water, with ferns, and a wilderness of shrubs, vines, and creepers, altogether a lovely view. And suddenly my eyes lit upon a ship at anchor.

"Why, there's the sea!" I cried. "There's the Pacific Ocean!"

"Well, hardly the ocean yet, though that is the sea, sure enough," some-one volunteered. "That is Burrard Inlet, and across there is Moodyville, and now we're running close beside the water, and this is Hastings saw-mills, and there's Vancouver."

Well, it is no use trying to describe all we saw during the next five minutes. We could tell, though, that we had come to an inhabited land. Amongst the gigantic pine-trees to our left were houses of all sorts and sizes. Close to us were piles of logs, burnt stumps of most gigantic size. On our right was what looked like a vast lake, but on it ships were sailing and at anchor, steamers big and little hurrying about, sailing boats, row boats, and peculiar canoes paddled by peculiar people; whilst, ahead of us, jutting out into the sea, were a number of wooden wharves and warehouses. Very soon our train slowed up and stopped, and we had at length accomplished our journey across the continent, and had arrived at Vancouver City, the Pacific terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

On the platform was one of the tip-top C.P.R. officials, whom I knew, and his greeting to me was—

"On time, you see. I told you in Montreal our trains were always on time. They *always* arrive here at 12.50, after nearly a three thousand mile trip."

And so had we, so we couldn't gainsay *that*. But I wonder what can be said about the many *days* we were behind time in reality.

CHAPTER XIII.

A YEAR-OLD CITY.

Vancouver City.—On the Platform of the Depôt.—The advantage of having Pretty Girls in a Travelling Party.—The Le Grand House.—The Manager makes Difficulties.—The Lady Proprietress.—The Food Difficulty as usual.—A Friend in Need.—View from our Windows.—The Felled Forest.—Enormous Trees.—Douglas Pines.—China-town, and what we saw from it.—A Dinner Party.—The German "Nobleman" who waited.—Boots, and how to black Them.—I "let out" at the Manager.—And speak my mind.—He offers to Trade, and I sell Him my Coat.—The Philosophy of Weather-grumbling.—Rapidly of House-building.—The C.P.R. Hotel.—The Houses and Stores.—The Site of Vancouver.—Roadways and Streets.—Churches and Public Buildings.—The Wonderful Enterprise exhibited.—Lots and Investments again.—Arrival of the *Abyssinia* from China and Japan.—Excitement in the Town.—The Pilot's "News."—The Captain Interviewed.

THERE seemed to be extraordinary animation that day on the platform at Vancouver; surely, we thought, all the male inhabitants of the place must be there. We were not used to such gatherings, and most of the people were well-dressed, several in tall black hats and coats complete, as they would be in the City at home. A crowd there is a daily occurrence, we afterwards discovered; but our train being the only arrival from the east (they cannot come from any other direction, though) for several days, this was doubtless a special meeting.

Near us, then, was an unearthly shouting and howling. Could it be the Chinook Indians, of whom we had heard so much, broken loose? Oh, no; I recognized it. It was only the hotel touts, yelling for customers. I thought that lively little game had been stopped long ago; but they have only been forced to keep clear of the platform. Off it they can do as they like; so they still continue the nuisance and absurdity—the last here especially, for there were but half a dozen hotels worth calling so at that time in Vancouver City, and all the racket made was quite uncalled for.

We were met by an old English friend of mine, who had promised to secure us rooms in what he thought the quietest hotel. He began at once to introduce us right and left, and in the first five minutes I had shaken hands with at least a dozen; but to this day I am not sure who they all were. I only remember that everyone appeared quite anxious to make acquaintance.

Yes, it certainly was a bewildering ten minutes to us poor, half-dazed travellers, who had just finished crossing "the Great Lone Land."

However, it was soon over. We handed the "checks" we had received at Broadview to a man our friend indicated, and began our walk to our hotel close by. Already our two charming girls had attracted much attention, and some of the young men who had been introduced were glad enough to walk with them and carry bags and bundles, whilst I, as a friend of the family, and Father Terry too, came in for a share of their kind assistance. There were no porters or cabs, as we should understand them.

It is worth remarking that, when a pretty girl is a member of a party of travellers, it is a great advantage to her companions. When you have two attractive women, as we had, all are sure of great consideration. This holds good in every civilized land, I suppose, but in British North America, especially on the Pacific coast, there is no mistake about it, except at hotels. I draw a line at hotels, which are, in British Columbia, as elsewhere in America, peculiar institutions, as a rule.

But we got to the hotel—the Le Grand House—a large four-storey wooden building of cheerful aspect, with verandahs and balconies in tiers up the front. The office was a spacious room with velvet-covered lounges round it, and here we were all formally introduced to the manager by name, who stated solemnly, as he shook our hands in turn—

"I'm happy to make your acquaintance."

On the mention of rooms, however, there appeared to be some difficulty, and he entered into a long explanation of how he had promised Mr. S., my friend, to retain enough for us, and how he intended to keep his promise, ending with—

"Well, Sah, you shall have rooms, if I have to give up my own to accommodate you. Yes, Sah, for that's the sort of man I am."

Seeing that our party required six rooms altogether, we did not see that a single one would be of much use.

"Is the house full, then?" we asked.

"Oh, no, Sah; plenty of room."

"Then what's the difficulty?"

"Oh, there is none; only——" and he wandered off again into a long rigmarole, which I cut short by observing that we would go to the Macdonald, or to the Silver House, if they did not wish to have us here, for I couldn't see the point of all this palaver. In the midst of the trouble, however, there entered from behind "a tall gaunt femail," as poor Artemus Ward would have said, who, severe in aspect, spoke a word or two, at which the manager subsided, and we were granted rooms. But, mark you, as a favour! This "lady" was the proprietress of the hotel, who did not wish to lose our party, who made her daily bread by the business, and who grumbled sadly, as we afterwards found out, that she made so little of it. Yet she had no word of welcome for us, no expression of pleasure at receiving us as guests for a lengthened stay; she just strode behind the desk, "granted" us rooms with a most forbiddingly sour aspect, put numbers to our names, told the manager to see to us, and vanished. This was an unpromising beginning.

Truly, hotel-keepers in the fair land of Canada are a curious people!

We found our rooms habitable, much decorated with frills and furbelows, with pillow-shams and antimacassars, but of *real* comfort just as little as could be. Then we asked for lunch; but that meal was over. Dinner was at six.

"But we want food now," we said.

"Wall, the dining-room is closed; I guess there ain't no food to be had till six," was the manager's reply.

Fortunately, however, the "bar-tender" overheard our request, and the manager's refusal, and *he* said—

"Eh, mon, bide a wee; I ken the gurls. I'll see ye get some food."

He was a young Scotchman, and had some civilized ideas, which he had gathered in the far off "land o' cakes." So, in this round-about way, we got attention.

From one of the upper balconies we made a survey of our position. Spread before us, in the distance, was a range of mountains, densely pine-clad and capped with snow, which barred their sides in streaks and scored their valleys. The pine-trees came down to the sea—which was, perhaps, three miles across—in grey-stemmed serried ranks, only broken in one spot by a cluster of white cottages, with the sharp spire of a church conspicuous above them. This, we were told, was an Indian village. To the left, and nearer, came in a point

of land and an island, all pine-clad, but with huts and signs of life between the trees. Beyond this point appeared a narrow passage, which is the outlet from the harbour to the sea. To our right the water runs in for miles and miles, a range of mountains closing it in at last.

Across the water, to our right, some miles away, were steam and smoke, and several ships at anchor; whilst nearer, on our side, were houses, chimneys, warehouses, and wharves, all backed by tall straight pines in close ranks. Nearer still were more groups of houses, and close at hand, private buildings, dwellings, graded roads and side-walks, all of wood, and new, with tents and turf constructions, shacks and shanties, in between. The earth was scarcely visible anywhere, except where cuttings had been made. Everywhere else, close up to the buildings, was a jumble, impossible to describe in words, of gigantic logs, and stumps to match, broken trees and branches, all burnt as black as fire could make them. Amongst them, here and there, grew tall clumps of ferns and rank skunk cabbage.

The water before us was Burrard Inlet, the distant passage to the left being the narrows leading to the open straits, really to the open sea, to the Pacific. The houses on this side were a portion of the city of Vancouver, which was not then a twelvemonth old; for, on June 13th, the year before, all but two houses had been swept away by fire, and all before us and around us had been rebuilt since then!

Upon the sea were several vessels sailing—coasting steamers, tugs, small boats, and Indian canoes. On shore the scene was busy too—strange waggons, lumber-laden, continually rumbled by, and loose and sprawling carriages, drawn at a rapid rate by small and shabby horses, drove past below us in numbers. There were many people about, some well-dressed ladies, sundry Chinamen in Celestial clothing, but generally with English hats upon their shiny polls, some Indians dressed like whites, many business men, and crowds of working men. Above all rose the unceasing noise of sawing and nail-driving, the ring of the bricklayer's trowel, and the stroke of the lumberer's axe; for everyone was busy, in one way or another, building up the city.

Later on we sallied forth to view our strange surroundings in greater detail. Close to our hotel began the logs and stumps, and soon the side-walk ceased, and we followed a trail and walked and climbed amid a chaos of burnt timber, black and charred.

The first thing that struck us was the immense size of these stumps and logs. We examined many of the former, which were

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BUREARD INLET FROM COAL HARBOUR.

quite twelve feet across. Some stood up high, like ebony martello towers, and we were puzzled to know how they had been felled so far from the ground, thinking, perhaps, that a scaffold had been erected to accomplish it, as is done to cut down the giant Australian gum-trees. Afterwards we saw that the felling is not done in that way here; we saw the operation and understood it.

Another thing which surprised us was the small space between the trees; there hardly seemed to have been room enough to pass between them. There were but two standing anywhere near our trail, and to us they looked like giants, but we were told that they were nothing to the tree named after the Princess Louise, who, when she was there, had seen it and had desired that it might be spared. Lately, as streets were being laid out round it, and houses being built, it was thought to be a dangerous neighbour, and had been sacrificed. We saw it subsequently, a mammoth surely, lying its length across a heap of other giants, the largest of the army which once stood marshalled there, but now, alas! no doubt, not a vestige of its magnificence remains, no memorial either, except in photograph or sketch.

These big trees are the renowned Douglas firs, for which British Columbia is famous; and we were told that the largest of their tribe, growing closer together than elsewhere on the coast, were those which had to be removed to make room for this Vancouver. Many still standing around the city are from 250 to 350 feet high, and, as we found for ourselves, 12 feet through at the base, or about 36 feet in girth.

We followed our trail till it led us to Coal Harbour, a small bay near, on which the north-east portion of the city, when it is built, will front. When we saw it, it was all a chaos of logs and rubbish, the beach as well. Close here we found was "China-town," a cluster of huts of all kinds jammed closely together, built of split cedar, boards and logs, roofed anyhow with canvas, blankets, China mats, or turfs, and sometimes only paper oiled and tarred. John Chinaman, who worked upon the C.P.R., lived here in his own sweet way.

From this point, looking due east, we had a lovely view right up Burrard Inlet. To the left, across the quiet water, were the narrows, and just inside the inlet nestled the pretty sunlit Indian mission village, with its tiny church, and, farther on the same side, Moodyville and its saw-mills; whilst the Hastings saw-mills and the wharves and buildings of the C.P.R., and portions visible of Vancouver City, were on our right. In the far distance were the Golden Ears, two mountain peaks, well named.

Then we retraced our steps to the Le Grand House, and dressed for dinner! What! Swallow-tails out there? Well, not quite that; but still we put our black coats on, and made ourselves look smart, for Mr. S—— had kindly asked us to dine with him at his hotel, the Macdonald. There we met some well-known Vancouver people and had a splendid dinner, made memorable to all of us, I'm sure, by the flow of interesting conversation which unceasingly went on. Nearly all the men we met had passed adventurous lives, and had much to recount about them; while the ladies present were not far behind in the stories they could tell of what they had seen and done in days gone by, and still were doing, and hoped to do directly. Everyone was full of faith in the bright prospects of their city, proud, as well they may be, of the conquests over Nature they had already obtained, and confident of the future.

Thus, with all this bright talk, with ladies' sunny smiles—and, mind you, our two particular ladies were not the least charming of the party, I am sure—we passed a very pleasant evening, our first on the Pacific coast.

We were waited on by a German, whom they called Baron. We thought that was his name, but after he had left us, we were told he was a baron bold, and no mistake; a baron who had fallen from his high estate at home in Faderland, content out there, in British Columbia, for temporary reasons, let us hope, to be a waiter. But he was a good one. He made us very curious and refreshing drinks, and generally treated us in a polite and attentive way one does not commonly experience in America.

There was no *grand* style about this evening's entertainment which Mr. S—— gave us. The ladies did not leave the table with the dessert; and I doubt if there was any other room for them to go to. They stayed with us, put up with our cigars, and, like sensible women, which they were, enjoyed themselves with us; and none of us were one whit the worse—nay, I daresay, we men were better.

We naturally put our boots outside our rooms that night, but in the morning they were there still—uncleaned. We did not care much about this, though, for it was a thoroughly wet day. The sea was covered with a dense mist; no mountains were visible, not even the opposite shore. We thought that doubtless the utilitarian Canadians did not see the sense of blacking boots which would be spoilt in five minutes by the rain and mud outside. However, when we found, as days went by, that, rain or shine, our boots were still neglected, we had a bit of talk with the manager on the point.

We said, "What do you do about blacking boots here?"

He looked at us pityingly, then he replied slowly, "Gentlemen, Mrs. Black (the proprietress) she allows to make this yer bizness over, she does, and she calkerlates to have a heap of towerists stay here right along, when the China ships is in, and when the people from the East and Eurrop gets to taking a tower by this rout; an' she ses she's bound to do all she can to make things pleasant. But, gentlemen, it's no use talkin', we ain't got no man low enough down in this yer city to black no man's boots; guess it ain't to be done nohow."

"But can't you get a Chinaman to do it?"

"Wall, mebbe; but hotel-keepin' ain't no big thing yere just yet, and I guess it won't run to it."

"Then it's a question of pay, is it? You can get people to black boots or anything else if you pay enough, eh?"

"That's so."

"Then I can tell you, if Mrs. Black, or any other person in these parts, expects tourists—at any rate, from the old country—to come here and stay and enjoy themselves, they've got to treat them properly. It is all very well for you people to laugh at us for what you call our peculiar ideas of refinement and comfort, but if you want to make this a popular tourists' route, and to make the 'Queen's high-way from ocean to ocean' a favourite one with travellers, you must cease to treat us as if we are simply curious animals, to be fed and passed on as quickly as possible; you must hold out to us the hand of welcome—metaphorically, I mean. You are too fond of doing that, and nothing *but* that, actually, now. You must show us that you are really glad to see us. You must black our boots; you must furnish our rooms; you must cook our food, and serve it to us properly; you must be as sensible as the Swiss and the French are, and cater to our wants, if you want to make us like your country and your style. Whatever you may think of us in private, however fastidious you may consider our habits to be, you had better keep to yourselves; but to make money of us, to make us come and see you, and *stay with you*, you must give us what we want, and not jeer at us as you do, many of you, now."

"Wall, Sir, there's a heap of truth in what you say; but, remember, this yer city had no existence one year ago. Think how young we air. Why, there warn't no hotel at all here eight months ago, and now, see. 'I'm a 'Merican myself, but still I guess this people,' &c., &c."

When he got on this argument I dropped the subject, for, east or west, it is the same, directly you get one of the inhabitants in a corner, he always backs into that position, "What can you expect from

so new a country?" Well, I *could* say many things on that head. I could say, for example, that there are newer countries than Canada where many of the amenities of life are considered and respected far better than they are even in Eastern Canada. I could say that it is quite possible, even in a new country—Australia, for instance, which is very much younger than Canada—to have your food cooked and served sensibly, to have some respect shown for your toilet appliances. To be obliged to lock up your combs and brushes in your bed-rooms, and to have to be particularly careful of your tooth-brush, is not a pleasant style of things. Neither is it nice to see hung beside the wash-room basins in a first-class hotel, so called, combs and brushes for public use; and I could add that, if they did not boast so very much about their palatial hotels and their generally luxurious and refined way of going on, we should not think half so much about it.

But we didn't *say* all this, nor any of it; we just went out and bought a blacking-brush and blacking, polished our own boots, and were independent.

As I was leaving the office, Mr. Manager called me back and whispered to me, "Excuse me, Sah, but would you sell your coat?"

I suppose I looked surprised, for he added quickly, and quite seriously: "Wall, Sah, since I've seen you wearing that coat I've greatly desired to possess it. I should *admire* to have it. Will you sell it?"

"What will you give for it?"

"Wall, twenty dollars. Will that fetch it?"

My first impulse was to laugh and reject the offer, for the whole suit had not cost me more than half the sum he offered for the coat alone. But such an opportunity of spoiling these Egyptians could not be passed by, and I had another coat or two in my valise; besides which, this was a rough, ill-fitting concern as ever I wore. So I said—

"Really, I don't know. You see, it cost much less at home—though, to be sure, this is Vancouver; and twenty dollars is hardly too much for——"

"Wall, Sah," he interrupted eagerly, "I've took a fancy to the thing, an' if twenty-five 'll fetch it, I don't mind rising to that. Is it a trade?"

It was; and I went upstairs in my shirt-sleeves chuckling, with twenty-five dollars in my pocket, to get another coat out of my baggage. How the Selbys roared with laughter when I told them of the "deal."

Wherever it has been my lot to travel, east, west, north, or south,

the occurrence of bad weather has always been declared to be exceptional. It is marvellous what a great deal of this weather I have met with out of England, and the worst of it is that, when any of my Canadian or Australian friends come to see me at home, and find the sun shining, or the weather enjoyable, they always congratulate themselves on having had *such* exceptional weather. When I tell them that such is not the case, that fine weather is frequent in Great Britain, that we have, perhaps, more thoroughly enjoyable days in a year than in any other land, they simply don't believe me; they say, "Oh, no; your books, your papers, you yourselves, are so full of complaints about your climate, this must be a rare occurrence—this season, this month, or even week, of fine weather, that we have had in England." In spite of this, though, I repeat that no country in the world has a greater number of thoroughly enjoyable days in the 365 than we have in the south of England—no country, at least, except Vancouver Island, British Columbia. But this is by the way; we have not got there yet, and I shall have more to say on that head by and by. We were now on the main-land, and the changes in the weather there were sudden, frequent, and unexpected. It was never safe to be without an umbrella, which is quite as indispensable there as in London or Manchester. There would be a lovely evening, the sea as smooth as glass, the mountains and all the lovely view reflected sharply in it, the surface broken only by the dip of a passing gull, or by the paddle of an Indian's canoe; the sky would be cloudless, and all Nature in profound repose and beauty. In the morning there would be mist and fog, or rain in torrents, or a morning of rain and storm would turn in an hour to a day of brilliant sunshine and calm. I did not complain, far from it; from an artist's point of view it was perfection, for in June it was seldom too cool to sit out of doors and work, and quite as rarely too hot. But I do want to prove that we in England have not got the worst climate in the world, as sundry Englishmen, who know no better, are continually affirming.

We met many nice people in Vancouver, though there were very few there with settled homes. Nearly everyone was living anyhow, until houses were finished for them; some in hotels, some in temporary shacks upon their lots, whilst their proper houses were building, and some few camped in tents.

It was amazing how quickly they would run up a house, a good one too. We used to amuse ourselves with watching one in course of erection close to our hotel. It seemed that in a week from commencement of work a three-storeyed six-roomed house was made habitable, walls up, floors laid, roof on, and windows in; the finishing came

afterwards. It was only lumber, scantling, and boards, no doubt; but beautiful houses are built thus, and with wonderful cheapness. Anything would let in those days, rents being very high. We were assured that, supposing the lot, the clearing of it, and the building on it, altogether cost, say, a thousand dollars, that the rent would be the same for the first year. I doubt if this could be general, though such cases *may* have occurred. In less than a year since that time those matters were greatly altered, so that now rents are much as they are in other Canadian towns. However, that is how they were one year from the birth of the city, which had risen, was then still rising, and is to this day rising, from the ashes, literally, of the former one, which also was but one year old when it received its baptism of fire.

And the fire was not out when we were there either. In many places round the town, in the bush, it still smouldered, and amongst the heaps of log and lumber towards English Bay, smoke was always rising. The ground itself was burning, or, I suppose, it was the thick layer of vegetable soil, the roots and mosses, that held the fire; and whenever a dry day or two occurred, the smoke would rise and show its presence.

But there were also many really good houses and stores of brick and stone going up, and a few were finished. There were several exceedingly nice private dwellings just completed when we got there. One, belonging to Mr. Harry Abbott, a high official on the railway, I particularly admired. The Hudson's Bay Company had put up capital stores, unique in design, a great change, and I think improvement, on the usual Canadian business structures.

The C.P.R. Hotel, then drawing towards completion, was *the* great building of Vancouver City. They told us, and it is announced in print, I understand, that it is a 500,000 dollar building (£100,000), and the inhabitants declare they quite believe that to be its cost. Well, this is how I understand the affair. They gave a certain architect from England (the same man who drew plans for the pretty chalet hotels in the mountains) orders to design a 500,000 dollar hotel. He did so, and they accepted his plans. I have seen them, and they are very handsome. Then they proceeded to put up the building, but, as Mr. S— explained, "without the architecture," and the result promised to be an exceedingly ugly workhouse or asylum-looking structure.

Inside, no doubt, it will be all right, and let us hope, for the benefit of future travellers, that it will be conducted on a *really* European plan, eschewing many Canadian and American so-called refinements.

It was very hard to realize that this city was so new. How it came

about I cannot say, but many of the buildings had quite an ancient look, many, too, that were not six months old. I often wondered if the faded paint they used was the secret. For a long time, indeed until I became acquainted with people I could really believe, I did not think that it was absolutely true that every building in the town but two was burnt the June before. I thought these ancient-looking buildings had been scorched perhaps, but spared, and that they had stood there for years, the remains of the village of Granville, which for some time previously had occupied the site of the present and the previous city. But no, it seemed that everything was new!

What renders this town so very wonderful is the enormous difficulties of the site as a place for building on. We should think it marvellous enough, in all conscience, to see such a town put up in so short a time upon a level or a cleared field, with every facility for work; but here they had first of all to *clear* the land; they had to knock down, cut up, and do away with a forest, such as is not to be found, I suppose, anywhere else on earth but on the Pacific coast of British North America.

This forest was, and is still, all round the town site. It is composed principally of Douglas firs and cedars, some of the largest trees in existence. They grow very closely, their roots twisted and matted together. Amongst them are fallen trees, decaying logs, gigantic ferns, creepers, and plants of all kinds. Immense beds of lichen, knee-deep, cover the few open spaces, long streamers of grey moss hang from the limbs and trunks, and there is a bewilderment of luxuriant vegetation, impossible for people who have not seen what a British Columbian forest is to realize. So, in such a forest as this, they had to clear away a space to build Vancouver, and they have done it, and are still doing it. Some of the suburban streets are still in the forest, merely surveyed, and the lots marked out and sold, and the owners are clearing them up and building. They say it costs now (1889) 500 dollars, at least, to clear the bush from a one-acre lot and leave it ready for the builders! What it cost two years ago, when labour was scarce, it is impossible to say.

A road is cut through first, trees felled, stumps dug up and grubbed and blasted out, an awful task. Then all the *débris* has to be destroyed, burnt, carried away, got rid of somehow, and then the roadway is made fairly level. Upon it timbers are laid, running lengthways, and on them thick lumber, boards, say 18 feet long, crossways. This forms a plank-road, and that is what all the roadways in Vancouver City are. A narrower pathway is constructed on the same principles for a side-walk. Then the owners of the lots can get to

work, can clear their land, remove the *débris*, and put up their houses; and it is perfectly marvellous in how short a time a street of houses takes the place of the forest.

In June, 1888, the accompanying sketch was made. It is an extension of one of the principal Vancouver streets, either Carrol Street or Columbia Street. In August not a tree or stump stood there; but a splendid plank-road was laid down, a wide side-walk being on either side, and rows of comfortable dwellings, side by side, for half a mile beyond.

When we were there, St. James's, the English church, was opened; wooden of course—a very original and picturesque edifice too. It is lined with different coloured native woods; the font is a rough grey granite boulder, found upon its site, set up on end, with a bowl scooped out—a very novel and successful arrangement.

There were several other churches, Presbyterian, Methodist, Catholic; and there was a fine public school, and several private ones. There were public halls, in which many societies met—Masons, Oddfellows, Knights of Pythias, Y.M.C.A., Knights of Labour, St. Andrew's, Caledonian, and St. George's Societies. They had a city band and a fire brigade. There were already four or five furniture manufactories and boat-builders. There were doctors, lawyers, architects, engineers, stevedores, livery stables, booksellers' and music stores, milliners and jewellers, tailors, fruiterers, barbers, and laundries. There were at least two dozen so-called hotels, but only six or eight worth naming; and there was an equal number of saloons, that is, drinking and gambling places, with many fancy names—the Bodega, the Fountain, the Hole in the Wall, the Mascotte, and the Woodbine.

In June of 1886 the population of the place was not 300; in June of 1887 it was at least 5,000, and every train and steamer added its quota to it.

Such was Vancouver when we saw it, and it made one feel proud to be a Briton, to own as fellow-countrymen this enterprising people who had made such a city, in such a place, in just one year.

In November, 1889, the population of Vancouver City was at least 14,000, most probably more. They had got gas, electric light, water-works and sewerage, completed and in full work; also street tramways, a perfect network of telephones and telegraphs. They have started five or six large new saw-mills, a foundry, four breweries, smelting and lime works, two furniture factories, and numerous smaller undertakings. There are countless new streets cleared,

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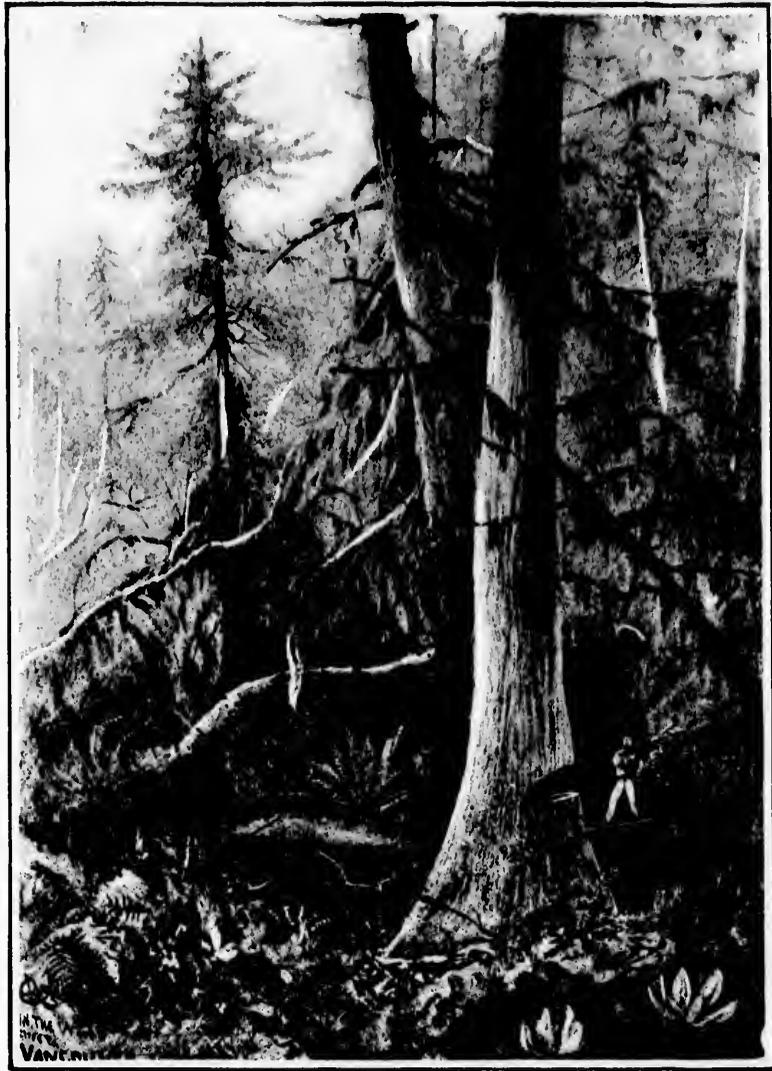
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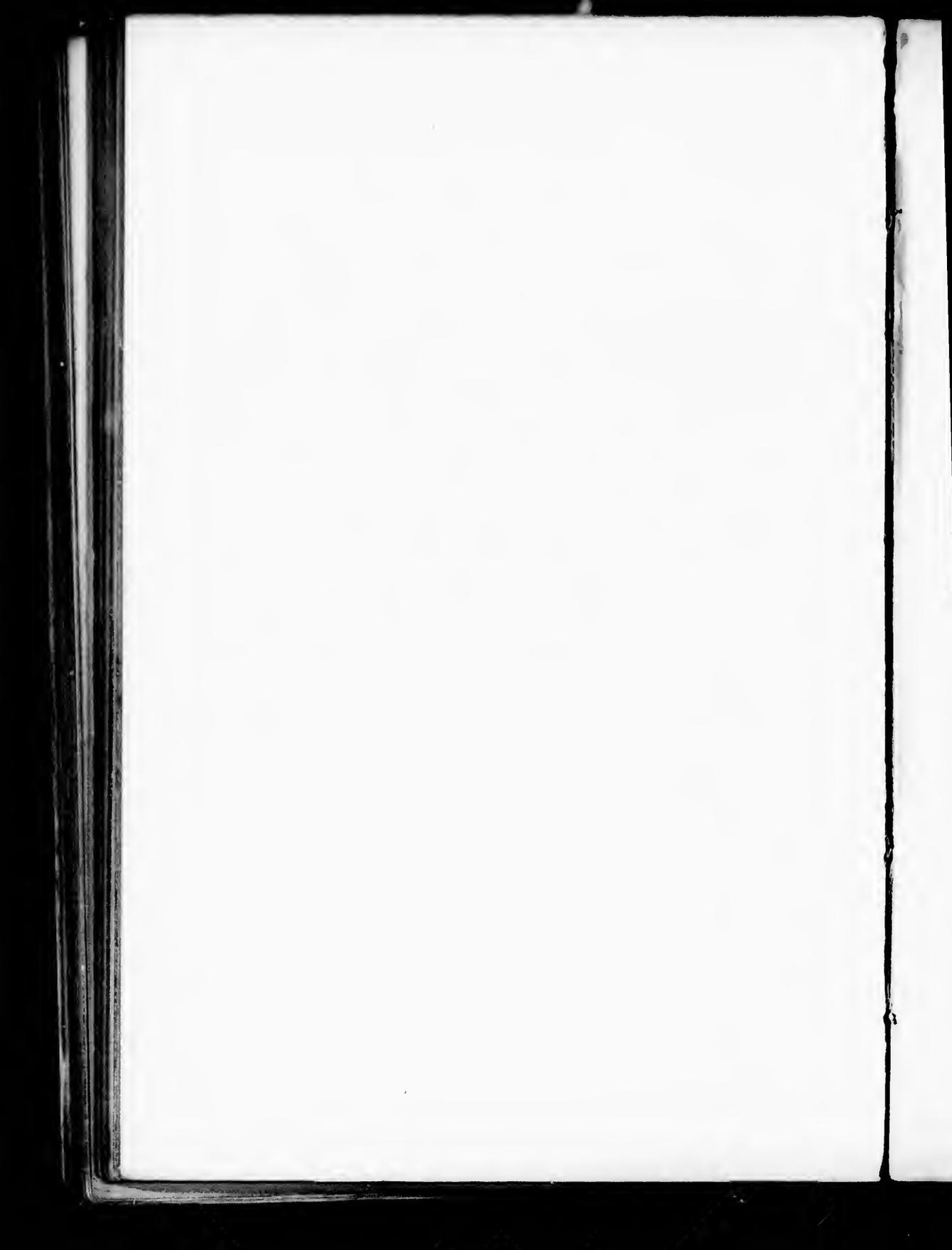
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A VANCOUVER STREET



built on, graded, and inhabited. The city was being very substantially built. The trade of the port is increasing by leaps and bounds. Victoria, in Vancouver Island, is progressing at the same rate; so is New Westminster, which has now a population of 5,000 or 6,000; and, as Professor Blaikie of Edinburgh, who has lately paid our Pacific coast province a visit, says, "a man must be as blind as a mole if he does not foresee that such regions as these must have a remarkable future."

But, as it was in Winnipeg, so it was there. Certain of the inhabitants of Vancouver City made a dead set on Mr. Selby, and on me too, for that matter, on the lot and investment question. For, you must understand that nearly every man you met was interested, more or less, in real estate; and no matter when or where you got into conversation with one, no matter on what subject you started, before many minutes the word "lots" came up, and then good-bye to every other subject.

I suppose it was natural, but Mr. Selby got very tired of it; for although he had given out on our arrival that he did not intend to invest one penny in the place, yet first one and then another tried to break his resolution, and, as I say, he got heartily sick of the unending arguments. It was customary for everyone who could to go down to the depôt every noon, to see the train come in, to inspect the arrivals; and we had many a laugh at the excitement which was caused when anyone alighted whom they thought a British swell.

"Does he look like an investor?" "Do you think he's come to stay?" were questions they were continually asking us.

The first of the China ships, the old *Abyssinia*, of Cunard fame, arrived from Yokohama when we were there. The whole city, and the city band, went down to welcome her. They thought me very strange to keep so cool amidst such great excitement. I told them I had seen that ship before, upon the Atlantic, and then I became an authority worth consulting about the China fleet. Was this expected vessel a fine ship? Was she likely to be a very favourite passenger vessel? Did I think she could make the passage in so many days? And no end of other similar queries were put to me.

I took my seat upon a stump upon a hill, and watched the scene till dark, and then we heard the *Abyssinia* had anchored in the straits, would not be in till morning, and Vancouver went to bed.

By daylight, they told me, crowds were down again. The ship

had come in, and was made fast to the wharf, and the few passengers were ashore. Some of them came to our hotel, and then the many residents came in to interview them.

"Well, what do you think of our city? What do you think of the new route to Europe? What do you think of the future prospects of this province?"

Naturally, most of these poor new arrivals were quite dazed. They had heard of Vancouver, in China and Japan, as a place they had to take train at, when they got across, for Montreal or New York. But whether Vancouver was an island, or a city, or a city on an island, or an island in a city, they didn't seem to know; and I don't think they cared very much. So the real estate men, and nearly all were that about those parts, thought these China passengers a miserably ignorant lot, not worth consulting.

You see, they, the residents, I suppose naturally, thought the world was ringing with the word "Vancouver," for the deeds they had done, and were about to do, were in all *their* little world the one unceasing theme; and they could not understand how Englishmen could exist, and yet be ignorant of all the beauties and all the splendid prospects centred there.

One of these China passengers told me that when the pilot came on board outside the narrows, he asked him for the news.

"Great news," the pilot said; "Capilano's got it."

"Got it! Got what? Capilano—who the devil's he?"

"Well," said the pilot, "you must be a very strange man not to know that all Vancouver is divided as to which water-works company scheme shall gain the city patronage, and they have been voting to-day, and Capilano's got it;" and he retired to the steamer's bridge in great disdain, to think a Britisher should be so ignorant.

By and by the captain of the ship came ashore, and the best that the best hotels of the city could supply was his. If he accepted a cigar from a man, that man was famous. If he shook his hand, what bliss; and if he whispered in the captain's ear, "What think you of our city?" and the captain said "It's wonderful; I'm sure the prospect must be good before you," then was his fortune, surely, nearly made, for he would go about the streets, retail the wise remarks, put up the price of all *his* real estate forthwith, and think himself a very lucky man. Had not the Captain of the first of the China fleet said so? Hadn't he declared Vancouver must go ahead? Well, then, what more do you want, I'd like to know, eh?

And the poor Captain, simple sailor, didn't know what was the matter with them all. I think he must have thought Vancouverites

were mad, which they were, to a limited extent, I'm sure; but there was method in their madness. Go then, reader, with a couple of thousand pounds in a bag, and let them know you want to invest it; *then* tell me what you think.

But we did not ask for any of our money back on our sleeping-car tickets. We considered it would be mean to ask for it after the very handsome way in which the C.P.R. had treated us at Glacier House and Revelstoke.

CHAPTER XIV.

SOME ASPECTS OF VANCOUVER CITY.

Canadian Hotel-life.—Contrast with English Manners.—Curiosities of the Service.—Peculiarities of the Table Equipage.—The Bill of Fare.—Old English Settlers.—Business Manners and Customs.—We are "Mentioned in the Papers."—Letters from Broadview.—Division of Opinions.—Mr. Selby's Troubles.—Maggie's Message to Young Donald.—New Acquaintances.—The Morland Girls.—Englishmen "at Home."—View of the Mountains.—We Start on a Picnic.—Moodyville.—Saw-mills.—By Trail through the Woods.—"The most glorious walk we ever had!"—What the Le Grand House provided for our Luncheon.—We leave it for the Beasts of Prey.—The Indian Village.—Attempts at Conversation.—"Yon King George?"—Friendly Redskins.—We try to Hire a Boat.—Difficulties.—"Kloshe Canim."—An Interpreter at Last.—Trouble Dissipated.—We embark in a Canoe.—"Kla-how-ya!"—"Whit till you see Victoria."—Local Jealousies.—A Temporary Separation.—I prepare for an Excursion.

WE did not like life in Canadian hotels, there being not nearly the refinement and comfort to be obtained in them which may be found in many small English country inns.

We were dining one day with friends, all either Canadians or Americans, when, as usual, someone asked how we liked their country, which we replied to in the usual way. Then we were asked, "How do you like our hotels? Guess you haven't anything like 'em in your country," and we eagerly owned we had not. A man present added this comment,

"No, and they don't want them either!"

Then he began praising our inns, declaring that both Canadians and Americans who had never been from their own country were quite ignorant of what delightful stopping-places they are; adding, that he wished heartily they had some like them there.

Naturally, we were well pleased to have found a native who did not think his country possessed all the good things on earth, and then ensued much lively talk and argument on this, with many

another topic, the points of dissimilarity between British and Canadian customs being well discussed.

Father Terry, who was present, spoke of the Gresham Hotel, in Dublin, which was his *beau idéal* of a hotel. The Selbys were much in favour of Riggs's, at Windermere; whilst I backed up the Peacock, Rowsley, and a certain hostelry in the Lancashire Dales, both of which carried out my notions of comfortable stopping-places.

They don't seem to know what a dish-cover is in America; they certainly did not at the Le Grand House. Nor did we ever see a joint there, or at any other hotel. For breakfast, fruit is generally eaten first, if there is any on the table; but oatmeal porridge always follows. Then, the attendant having very gently whispered in your ear what is provided, you give your order. A curious thing, I don't remember a waitress in the Great North-West who spoke above a whisper. They evidently thought that speaking out plainly would be rough, or rude; and, mind you, Canadians are great on "tone."

Having made out what it is the girl has said, you give your order. West of Calgary, salmon is sure to be an item, three times a day. You choose, then, salmon, with ham and eggs to follow. In time, not hurriedly, she will come in with a tray, on which will be, at least a dozen small oval white pie-dishes, in each of which will be some different food. Salmon in one, which was invariably baked till a crust had formed all round it like a shell, and we had to crack it to get to the edible portion, which, when we reached it, proved so dry and tasteless that it was little wonder we quickly got "so tired of salmon." The fish was good enough when properly cooked, but, at the Le Grand House, they never gave us sauce or trimmings, just the hard baked fish. In another of these small oval dishes would be ham, in another eggs; one would contain a piece of toast, another potatoes in their skins, the next one apple sauce, several with different kinds of bread or buckwheat cakes, molasses in another, or maple syrup, and, perhaps, there will be a slice or two of flat American pie.

This row of little dishes will be placed in a semicircle round you, with a cup of coffee, strange in flavour. They never use hot milk there, and the cups are without handles, much skill being needed to get one safely to your mouth. They will give you one large plated fork of heavy make, with a metal-handled knife, the blade of which is steel that was once silvered over, but the silver having worn off in patches, and the steel become black and corroded, the result is a very unpleasant implement to eat with, which most people there consider the proper purpose of a knife, as well as to cut with. They never use steel knives unsilvered; to save the trouble of cleaning, doubt-

less. You are provided with a clean serviette, the size of your hand, at every meal; you will get a monstrous spoon; tea-spoons stand up in tumblers for general use. One knife and fork, spoon, and plate, are supposed to suffice for all your various viands; but we generally managed to get more than one set apiece.

They do not use egg-cups like ours, but provide you with a glass affair, one end of which is like a tumbler, the other like an egg-cup; for their custom is to break half a dozen eggs into the larger end, stir them up with some butter, pepper, and salt, and eat them as an accompaniment to other food, as a sort of sauce. They give you salt in a small castor, in which is a branched iron affair, that rattles as you shake it and keeps the contents from caking.

It will thus be seen that a breakfast in that country is quite comprehensive. People like it to be so; they dip from fish to flesh, from apple sauce to bacon, from eggs to oysters. They pick a bit from one dish and another and damage them all. They drink iced water, milk, coffee, or "English breakfast tea," jumping up when done, and usually sitting gracefully on a chair or *two*, on the verandah in front, whilst they wield a wooden toothpick, small tumblers of which are placed on every table.

There is always a lavish supply of food, and though Canadians are great eaters, invariably one-half of what the waitress brings is unconsumed. What becomes of all that is left? There are no poor out there; no one but, perhaps, some Indian, who would thank them for a meal of broken victuals.

Dinner is much the same as other meals, but they have a "bill of fare" to that, and soup. To read the *menu*, you would think you were in for a luxurious repast. Really it was never so. One Englishman we met told us he had lived at that house for six months, had asked for rump-steak—I beg pardon, *beef-steak*—pudding, whenever it was on the *carte*, and had never got it yet, at least, in a recognizable form. They do not *carve* the meat; they cut a chunk off anywhere, and send it to you anyhow.

Our bed-rooms were seldom touched till afternoon, and never more than once; yet there were girls and Chinamen detailed for the work. If you asked for an extra jug of water, they looked aghast at you; as for hot water, *that* was quite impossible.

There was a very fanciful ladies' drawing-room in the interior of the building, so placed that it had no window from which the beautiful views around could be seen. When the weather admitted of it, if at home, we spent our time on the verandah.

We met some very nice people at that hotel, many of whom had

been out for twenty, and some for thirty years, not having come through Canada, but round Cape Horn, a five months' voyage in former days. They were usually quite English in their ways and words, and would sit for hours of an evening listening to our description of the changes at home, for it appeared that most of them came from London and its neighbourhood.

In the daytime we were rarely able to find anyone with leisure to go about with us, so we did most of our roving alone.

The Selbys had quickly come to the conclusion that there was nothing to make them wish to settle in or near Vancouver City. There was no chance, they believed, for extensive farming or for ranching, though, it could be seen easily, there were grand openings for business of other kinds. Still, Mr. Selby would not listen to any of the suggestions made to him of that sort. What we saw of business generally, storekeeping especially, struck us as very curious. The loose, seemingly careless, way in which everything was done, from banking down to bricklaying, was, indeed peculiar. They told us it was "all right"; that they had no time to spend over the little niceties and amenities of old English business methods, and, I dare say, they were quite correct; but it astonished us no little.

We men had become acquainted with one of the high city officials. His office being open to the street, we used to wander in sometimes, and though he might be full of work of great importance, yet around him sat all sorts of men in every kind of dress and undress, on tables, chairs, safe or stools, smoking and talking.

If we went into a store to make a purchase, ten to one the man who "ran it" would be sitting on the counter smoking a cigar. He would shake hands with all of us, talking of forty things before attending to our wants. Suppose we required a few biscuits to eke out our hotel fare, the mention of them, the biscuits, gave the opening for going into the merits of the various makers in Canada and England; this might lead to flour, and that to farming, and that, probably to English politics, and so to Ireland; so, frequently it took an hour or two to do a very simple bit of shopping.

It was not always thus, but very often. For we were famous people. We walked about in a party, and our girls looked so different from the people one generally saw there, that it was not wonderful the residents came to their doors and windows to look at them. So, if we went inside a store, they often tried to keep us for a while to get at some of our ideas, which they retailed amongst their friends, and, in many a fanciful guise, we recognized in one place what one or other of us had said somewhere else.

We were mentioned in the papers under the heading "Personal"; our biographies were given, our business was described. Maggie was spoken of as the "beautiful Briton"; Maud had some other brilliant name. Tom was advised in print to settle somewhere there, and not in the N.W.T.; some of his opinions having been reported, it was clear. Mr. Selby was interviewed, and much information gained, which was duly printed, his opinions of the country and its prospects being given at length. He was stated to be a millionaire, his palatial home in England was described, his connection with certain members of the "British aristocracy" fully detailed; and then he was finished off with the compliment that he was "an urbane English gentleman."

As for me, I gave my interviewer certain "points." I was credited with being an official of some kind—on a "Government survey"—a "reader at the British Museum"—holding a commission from the *Graphic*, the *Illustrated London News*, *Punch*, and many high and mighty positions besides. These personal items about us did not all come out at once, but in paragraphs, every day or two, and so kept up the interest. If we came or went, it was duly chronicled. It was not the slightest use to deny these statements; they were seen in print, that was enough. At first this amused the Selbys, then disgusted them. Father Terry did not stay long in Vancouver City; he went on to Victoria. From there he wrote that all we had heard was true; it was a charming place, "it bate Ould Oirland." He bade us hurry and join him before he went on to "'Frisco."

We were not long in Vancouver City before we got letters from Broadview. Meadows reported to us of his doings, and about Charlie and Jack Hardy. They were all hopeful now, for the season promised so well. There was a letter, too, from Bruce, telling Mr. Selby once more about his place, begging him to try to sell it for him, which made Tom more wishful still to buy it and live there. We used to have strong arguments about it. Maggie and Tom were for it still; Maud and her father dead against it. I seemed to have the casting vote.

Sometimes it was quite settled one way; in a few hours all would be upset again. Maggie used to tell me her private views, Maud hers. Maggie was all for the free and glorious life upon the prairies.

"With Charlie?" I would say. But she would answer—

"No, that's not the reason. I'm sure I'd like the life, and so would Tom, I'm certain."

But Maud would tell me she knew it would not do at all, urging

me to stamp out the idea. How could I? For her father was himself really undecided, and her brother was too sure about it all; besides, I could not say that all was a mistake, that all we had heard and seen was false. If Tom and Maggie *really* wished it, and their father gave consent, what could I do or say?

I brought up all I had ever heard against the life, and argued long and strongly for England, even on much smaller means than they had; but it was no use, Maggie and Tom declared they *would not* live in England, and prairie land and prairie life was all they cared for.

I declare I quite pitied Mr. Selby, and Maud, too, about that time. Often they declared they wished they hadn't come; but then, as I said, they would still have been unsettled, and, very likely, much worse would have resulted than there would now. At one time I quite thought Mr. Selby would give his final consent to Tom and Maggie's plan, that he would himself resolve to be a Nor'-West settler; but to the latter idea I offered every resistance in my power, feeling it would never do for *him*, and there Maud backed me up.

I used to talk rather warmly to Miss Maggie on *this* phase of it in private. I told her that I thought the N.W. life would kill her father; that I considered it hardly kind of her, merely for her own gratification, to back Tom up as she was doing. She assured me that I did not know her brother; that he was perfectly determined to carry out his views; also, that she was certain neither her father nor Maud would think it right to leave him there alone.

One day she told me Tom was going to write to Bruce without his father's knowledge, offering to buy that place and pay for it in instalments. That plan, however, I stopped, promising him that if *he* would be patient, I would see what could be done.

I wrote to Charlie Donald, and Maggie sent him a very cool message. I think, poor girl, she imagined that she would thus show me that her heart was not so set on him as I supposed. Just as if I could not see it all, as plain as plain.

Very quickly Charlie wrote to me again, in awful grief. When I told Maggie, she burst into tears, said she did not mean what she had said, and would I tell him so? It came to this at last; I had as much on my hands with this very interesting family, father and all, as if they really were my own. I was troubled accordingly.

Much of our time in Vancouver City was spent in a very different way; only about every other day, these questions about plans cropped up. We had a lively argument for an hour or so, then we dropped it; it would come up again, though, when something *apropos* arose to start it.

Naturally, there were two or three young fellows whom we got to know, who paid the girls attention. There were frequent concerts and shows held in the city even then. Our girls could have gone to most of them had they been so minded. They did not take to these youths, however. I have no doubt most of them were very good and reliable, but I must admit their ways and general style were not of the sort to captivate English girls; at any rate, until they had been long enough in the country to discover the young men's good points, which I daresay were many.

We became acquainted with a Mr. Morland, who was an engineer, and had some big contract for the city. He was an Englishman, and lived in the same hotel as we did at the first, but afterwards took up his abode in a cottage in the town, where two daughters kept house for him, with whom our two girls struck up quite a friendship.

In Eastern Canada, if I had to describe two girls brought up in the bush, who had never seen a city, who had seen, indeed, more red men than white from their childhood up, I should have to speak of them as very different from these young ladies. Their accent, thoughts, and style might be very nice, no doubt—clever, proper, good, but there would be the backwoods style. The Misses Morland, however, were just like any girls who had been born in Kent or Sussex. They used no Canadian or Yankee phrases; they dressed, they talked, they acted, like British girls. It seemed incredible that they were born and bred on a wild farm on an inland river, and had never seen a city, except New Westminster, till they came to live in Vancouver.

This seemed to us to speak volumes for the good sense of the early settlers in British Columbia, who proudly kept up the old British ideas. The result is, so far as we could judge, that a very much higher style of tone and thought prevails amongst the better classes on the Pacific coast than there did, until quite recently, in the rest of Canada.

We used to spend our pleasantest evenings, all of us, at a pretty little cottage on the bank overlooking Burrard Inlet, which had been rented by two young Englishmen. They had a man-servant from home with them and a Chinese cook, and seemed to live in clover. We did not know what they were doing there. My own impression was they were waiting for some good thing to turn up in mines, or other business, were living quietly, and watching chances. Be that as it may, under their verandah, in easy chairs and hammocks, we used to spend evenings in thorough English style; and only when Ah Sin came in with the soda or the whisky did we realize that we were not in an English home.

Yet the view from the verandah was not like a British view. As we looked to the west, the sunsets behind the mountains of Capilano were frequently sublime. I have seen them look like velvet in the gloaming, black and purple; above them the snow-peaks, soaring grey and ghastly against a blood-red sky, and all reflected in the glassy sea in equal splendour; whilst across the distance would be drawn a flash of light from some incoming vessel, or the stillness of the water would be broken by an Indian's paddle or a leaping fish.

It was rarely too cold at that time of the year (June), but there was a great deal too much rain and mist. On the whole, though, we enjoyed the climate, but especially the scenery and our rambles.

From the C.P.R. hotel, then building, we had at evening a very fine view of Mount Baker, in Washington Territory, U.S. It is, I understand, the highest mountain visible from that place; it lies S.E. from that point, distant about sixty-five miles. It is 10,682 feet high. Across the dark pines and intervening mountains it frequently shone up, a peak of living fire. Farther south, visible sometimes from Victoria, are Mounts Rainier, Hood, and St. Helen's, all loftier than Mount Baker.

Here and there about the city they were digging pits, as reservoirs for water for the engines, in case of fire, until the water-works were finished.

The business part of Vancouver City was very curious, being all so very new. Close beside a few good buildings were all sorts of sheds, and any sort of shelter that could in any way be turned to use for trading in. The streets were crowded. There were many Indians about too, most of them decently dressed, the women always wearing gay handkerchieves or shawls instead of hats or bonnets. These people sauntered about in groups, and seemed to do a large amount of shopping.

One day we took a very interesting jaunt, starting directly after breakfast, taking some luncheon with us. This last consisted of a bundle done up by the hotel people, wrapped in an old newspaper. I did not much like the look of it, but I put it in my bag, hoping that when we were hungry it would turn out well.

We crossed the Inlet in a ferry-boat, "The Senator," a *one-horse* steamer, to Moodyville. There we inspected the saw-mills and the way they make those big pine-logs into boards of all kinds. Sixty or seventy men were at work, principally Chinamen and Indians. At that mill they saw every day *one hundred thousand* feet of boards. Last year they sent away to Australia, China, Japan, and South

America fifteen million feet of timber, and from Hastings Mills, across the water, nearly as much too. There are other mills about, and all employ large numbers of Indians, who were described to us as most reliable workers. In the woods too, up the arms and inlets, many are at work cutting the logs and floating them to the mills.

At Moodyville there were many cosy little buildings where the workmen lived, embowered amongst creepers, flowers, and ferns. There were some sheds in which Indians stopped, some pretty villas too, where managers resided. Most habitations were surrounded by lovely gardens, and there was an hotel which looked quite charming; it was, I'm sure, better than many pretentious city ones. We spent an hour or so most pleasantly at Moodyville, then found out and started on the trail they said would lead us to the Indian village.

I suppose the distance is less than two miles. It was our first experience of a real forest trail in British Columbia. We were told it was a good trail; so it was, if distinctness was meant, but as to its being an easy one to travel—before we had got half-way we concluded it was not *that*, at any rate.

At first it was fairly smooth, soon it carried us into the dense pine-woods, where all was dark and silent, nothing to disturb the stillness, not an animal, bird, or insect. Through the tree-tops, high aloft, were seen patches of blue sky, and up there one heard the murmur of the breeze, like distant music; but below, amongst the great tree-stems, a solemn quietness prevailed.

We were a long time doing the first hundred yards. Between the great trees, and round the rocks and hillocks, the trail wound, over rotting logs, green and grey with moss and lichens, beside great clumps of ferns; there was much to see, to revel in. None of us knew the name of anything; we could only conjecture, wonder, and admire. Certainly, it was a perfect Paradise, giving a new sensation to all of us.

The perfume of the pines, the scents from certain bushes which we crushed in passing, the warm and balmy air, were enchanting. A kind of intoxication crept over us. So, when, after quite an hour in the bush, the trail led out to the beach, we sat down in the shadow of a rock, exhausted, yet declaring it had been as glorious a walk as we had ever had.

But that hotel lunch *was* a caution! There were chunks of bread, some inches thick, daubed with butter, between every two slabs of which was laid a chunk of leather-like steak, without pepper, salt, or mustard. Besides these very appetizing sandwiches, were several triangles of American pie, smashed and sodden. The idea of giving

a party of ladies and gentlemen such a parcel of stuff to eat! We devoured very little; it was too absurd. We left the rest on the rock for the beasts of prey of that region, if there are any.

Then we moved on again, walking along the rough beach, and by and by we got to the Indian village. It was really much better than we expected. There were fifty or sixty nice little one-storeyed houses, most of them in a row, with the little church in the middle, all whitened. In front of them was a high side-walk, on piles, and very rickety, sadly out of order, not good travelling for a drunken Indian; but there are none such there, they say.

There were quite a number of the inhabitants about, men and women. All, as we passed them, gave us the Indian greeting, "Klahow-ya?"* which we returned in kind.

Some men were mending nets, or sorting lines for fishing. The women sat staring at us in rather a stupid way, but many of them were busy over domestic matters, or nursing children, who were visible in crowds. These mostly scuttled out of sight as we drew near, though we could see their bright eyes through many a chink and cranny, eyeing the strange pale-faces.

These people were not at all unpleasant-looking, some being decidedly the reverse. At first they seemed to take very little interest in us. They were polite enough when spoken to, but neither they nor we could understand what the other said. We were told afterwards that they usually know more English than they show, all conversation with them being carried on by means of the "Chinook jargon," and that was all the same as gibberish to us.

For some time, that day, we only came across one klootchman (woman) who could or would utter a word of English, and it was very few she spoke. But the girls made friends with her immediately, and went into her house. They said it was not any more bare of comfort than many a cottage of our own farm-hands at home, and it was clean.

Certainly, all the women we saw that day were so too. They looked modest and respectable, and the men were well dressed. They are all Roman Catholics, are well looked after by their priest, and that they do him immense credit is the conclusion we came to.

Some of the children were really quite handsome. A few women were tolerably comely, their mouths, we thought, being their worst

* "Clark, how are you?" "How do you do?" "Good-bye." It originated from the Indians hearing Mr. (afterwards Sir James) Douglas address his second in command with "Clark, how are you?"

features. Some few old ones were terribly wrinkled and repulsive. They gave us, on the whole, the feeling that we were amongst a crowd of low-caste Japanese.

We could not make friends with the babies, who yelled when we approached them; only by great persuasion could we get one to take a bit (ten cents).

One man, who tried hard to make himself intelligible, said, "He-kwass-t-koep klootchman."*

Then, clearly asking a question, he said, "You King George?"†

We said, "No," not understanding what he meant.

Then he said, "Boston?"‡

We shook our heads again, and laughed. We gave it up, regretting we had no one with us to interpret.

We endeavoured to find out where their priest lived, thinking he might be of use to us. One of them understood the French *Le Prêt*, which he pronounced "La play," and shook his head, pointing across the Inlet. We supposed the priest lived there, or had gone over there that day.

After staying some time, and looking well about, giving a few coins to those children who would take them, we thought it well to make arrangements for departure. We had been assured we could easily get a boat to take us back to town; so we said to an Indian, "Boat," and pointed to the wharves upon the other side.

He understood perfectly what we meant by that, but shook his head, and cried out, "Canim, canim!"§ several times. Then some of his brethren began to rush about, and very soon we saw what they were after, preparing to launch a large canoe, which was lying on the beach, carefully covered up with mats. The man to whom we had spoken said several times, "Kloshe canim, kloshe hyas kloshe, kula-kula."||

I suppose we five white folks felt a little nervous; the girls did, I'm sure, saying they would rather walk than venture to cross the sea in that canoe. Yet we could not see a better way. No doubt it was safe enough; they would not play any tricks on us, for, though we could not understand them, it was quite evident they were very friendly.

* "He, or it, or she, is afraid of a white woman."

† "Are you English?"

‡ "American?"

§ "Canoe, canoe."

|| "Good canoe, very good canoe; like a bird."

All this time the women stood about us, laughing. Their husbands cleared the canoe away, partly launched it, then signed to us to get in. I don't know if they understood what our difficulty was; I suppose it did not enter into their heads to think we were afraid to trust ourselves in their favourite canoe. Indeed, it was clear they thought it to be a question of finance, for one man held up three fingers, and said, "Dolla!"—than which nothing could be plainer. So, when we nodded consent and approval, they were still more anxious for us to embark. The girls hung back, however, and the Indians became much perplexed.

In the midst of this "quandary" another Indian came up the trail—from working at the mill, no doubt. Around him all his people

gathered, shouting vehemently, no doubt explaining to him what

their view of the trouble was. Then

he spoke to us in fairly good

English, only using a few words we did

not understand. He

said their priest and

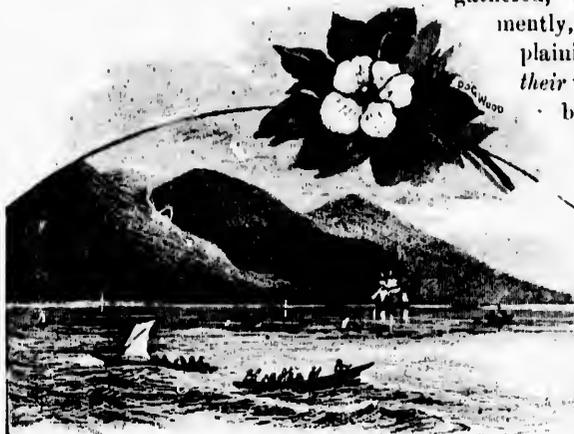
bishop and many pale-

faced ladies had

crossed the Inlet

in that "kloshe canoe," and that we need not fear. So at last the girls consented, and we got on board, and were soon experiencing our first trip in an Indian's canoe.

We had already seen many, some larger, some much smaller than the one we were in. It was *about* twenty-five feet long, perhaps three feet broad, tapering to the ends. The stern was upright, but the bow stood out four or five feet in front. These canoes always seemed to us to be going stern foremost. It was, like all others, dug out of a solid log of cedar. The bow or head of it was roughly carved into the resemblance of the head and ears of an animal. It was coloured red and blue, and on each side was painted a little round eye.



ON BOARD A CHINOOK CANOE.

We had four paddlers, and got on rapidly and very smoothly. They were very talkative, addressed us often, but only here and there could we make out a word.

Every boat or canoe we passed was greeted with shouts of "Kla-how-ya!" and many laughs and jokes, which were launched, undoubtedly, at our crew in reference to their passengers.

Soon they landed us upon the wharf at Vancouver City, took their three dollars with laughter, and left us, shouting "Kla-how-ya!" which we, girls and all, much to the Indians' delight, replied to heartily.

We were all much pleased with the Indians. We were told that those we had seen that day were much better than the majority; they are so well looked after by their priests. Be that as it may, we found that those who know them best spoke most favourably of them.

That evening we had a lesson in "Chinook" from one who knew it; and we felt that, if we came across some red-skinned friends again, we should not be so very much nonplussed. Besides, I bought a little book entitled *A Dictionary of the Chinook Jargon, the Indian Trade Language of the Pacific Coast*.

We often heard much about Victoria. If we praised the scenery about Vancouver City, folks would say, "Oh! it is nothing. Wait till you see Victoria." If we found fault with the rain, with the heat or the cold, or the roads, we were always told, "Ah! Victoria will suit you; they have all these things different there." So that we were all getting quite anxious to see the place.

It was very funny to notice how very jealous the Vancouver people were of it, though—in its business aspect, I mean; and although Vancouver was but a year old, yet those who lived there claimed for it already much superior trade and prospects than Victoria ever had or could have; whilst the inhabitants of Victoria to whom we spoke—people visiting Vancouver—rarely called the latter by its name, but spoke of it as "the mainland," quite ignoring that there was a city there at all. These local jealousies are amusing, but very good for rising places. Each trying to outvie the other, causes both to go ahead.

I had been introduced to an official of the C.P.R., who offered to take me with him up North Arm, "on a survey," before very long. The coast of British Columbia, right up to Alaska, is indented with arms and inlets in a very wonderful way, much the same as Norway is with fiords, but more extensively. The western coast of Vancouver Island is similarly broken by the sea. I was anxious to make some

pictures of these fiords. They were said to be very much alike, and that my best way to see them was to hire some Indians and a canoe, take tent and blankets, and go out camping for a week or two. But when this offer came to go with a company of friends who knew the place, and when I was told that the North Arm of Burrard Inlet is a very characteristic one, and would be as good an one for me to visit as any much farther away, I gladly accepted the kind invitation. The expedition was not to start for a few days, though. We thus had time to take more jaunts about the neighbourhood we were then in. So I got some interesting sketches here and there, and some insight into the way they do things in that country.

One day we saw a party felling trees—the big ones. If the reader will turn to my sketch of a Vancouver street, he will notice a man chopping, standing on a piece of timber projecting from a tree. This they call a "chopping-board." It is simply a piece of wood, say three by nine inches, and six feet long, with an iron end, curved slightly. The chopper cuts a hole with his axe as high as he pleases or can, into which he drives the ironed end of his board. Then, standing on this rest, he chops away. The end in view is to have less chopping to do. Trees are usually very much greater in diameter near the ground, and three or four feet from it, than they are, say, six feet up.

Another day we sat beside a gang of men making a road, cutting and grubbing out the stumps, and blasting them.

And often—very often—as we walked along a public way, amongst the houses and the traffic, a man in no great voice would cry, "Look out—a shot!" The foot passengers would stop, the vehicles draw up, and, perhaps in front of us, quite close, we would see a great tree-root and a cloud of dust, logs, and chips fly up, perhaps in the centre of the road, and hear the boom of a blast, and see the stuff come rattling down all round that part. No one was alarmed, and even the horses were used to it. To us, of course, it looked most reckless, but the natives said, "I guess we have to take the chances in a new country." It was not at all an uncommon thing to hear a dozen blasts go off close round the Le Grand House within an hour. I cannot conceive a worse place for a nervous person than Vancouver was at that time.

It was arranged that, when the time came for me to depart on my North Arm expedition, the Selbys should go on to Victoria, and I should join them there on my return. So, one day, about two o'clock, they started in the steamer *Yosemite*.

There was a "big crowd" on the wharf to see them off—most of

the English people in Vancouver, surely; and we waved and cheered them as they sailed away, whilst the calmer, more serious-minded residents looked on—perhaps thinking us slightly cracked.

Next afternoon our party gathered on the wharf to go off on the survey expedition. There were quite a number of us, and heaps of bundles, bags, blankets, boxes of provisions, and ample cooking gear. We were to go up in a tug, that is, a sort of coasting steamer. And great work we had to get on board it, for there were some ladies in the party, and Charlie Fook, the Chinese cook, was flying round, gathering up his tools; and for a while there was a lively time. But finally we started.

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CHAPTER XV.

UP BURREARD INLET.

Bread Missing.—Our Craft.—Its Passengers.—Entrance of the North Arm.—Voyage up.—Landing in the Wilds.—A Walk in the Woods.—I discover a Kentish Neighbour.—The Surveyors' Camp.—Comfortable Quarters.—Glorious Surroundings.—British Columbian Fiords.—The Admiral, and other Chums.—A rainy Morning.—A Fishing Excursion proposed. A Row and a Clamber.—Indian Discouragement.—Plenty of Fish, but no Sport.—An Artist's Paradise.—Flora and Fauna.—The Surveyor's Experience.—“Muck-a-Muck.”—A Row up the Arm.—A Chat about Trees.—Naming Mount Elephanta.—My first Sight of a wild “Big-horn.”—Terrible Grandeur of the Scenery.—Charlie's Suppers.—Extensive Tea-drinking.—“Now, Boys, we'll go.”—A risky Voyage.—Back to Vancouver City.

“OH, Charlie!” cried the leader of our party, a few minutes after we had left the wharf, “have got bread?”

Chinese Charlie looked in a horrified way at the bundles and boxes which surrounded him, and replied solemnly, “No got!”

Then there was a consultation with the captain of the *Fairy*; her head was slewed round, and we made for the wharf again, but, passing near Hastings Saw-Mills, a man waved to us. We ran in, and a sackful of loaves was rolled on board. Then we went off again up the Inlet.

Beside the survey party and myself, some ladies and gentlemen accompanied us, going up to see us camped. The boat's crew consisted of a man to work the engine, a boy to haul about the ropes when we made fast, and the captain to steer and do the navigation.

This tug—so they call such vessels—was a wonderful “contraption,” as someone styled her, a good example of the crazy craft they go to sea in in those parts. The hull was about the size of a good ship's

quarter-boat, in which was the engine and space for fuel. Then all around it was a deck, reaching some distance out beyond the sides, the stem, and stern; and on it was a "house," leaving a narrow passage at each side, and more room forward and aft. In the forepart of the house the captain did the steering, looking through an opening in front. She was a propeller, and had once been painted white with a red streak. The house was blue, with a red roof and a black funnel. She was indeed no *fairy*, but she could go; no mistake at all about that.

At the bow end we passengers were congregated on stools, boxes of provisions, bundles of blankets, on anything. At the stern end sat the workmen, looking to the heavier goods stored there.



THE "FAIRY" PASSING SEYMOUR VALLEY.

There were three gentlemen who really belonged to the expedition, and I was the guest. There were two men to do the axe-work, and there was Charlie, the Chinese cook. The friends along with us would see our camp, and then return to Vancouver towards night.

It was not a bright day; the wise ones said it would keep dry though. A good breeze was blowing. We passed several small vessels making the most of the wind, and there were a couple of white-sailed yachts, another tug or two like our *Fairy*, and many Indian canoes paddled by *siwash* or by *klotchman*.

The ladies of our party were English and Canadians from the

east, who were greatly interested in this trip; and we had a splendid time.

I was the latest comer, the stranger in the country, so made much of by these good folk; and everything was said and done to make the excursion agreeable to me. I was frequently asked what I thought of the place, how the mountains compared with Swiss ones, and the usual stock questions. Fortunately, I was able to speak strongly in favour of the beauty of the country, but I could not give great praise to the climate. In this they all seemed to agree with me, that the weather then, and for some weeks past, had not been good; but then, they said, it had been quite exceptional, *as usual*, and then they ended, as everybody seemed to do, with "Wait till you get to Victoria; *that's* the place to suit you."

The ladies were unanimous in expressing their dislike of Vancouver City, but merely on account of its then unsettled style of living. A very short time will make that right. I think that this was the first party of people I had been with on the coast who did not, within ten minutes, begin to talk of "lots" and "dollars"; indeed, I do not recollect that one or other of these fascinating themes was broached whilst I was with them. I knew that all had little "specs" in land; but all had faith in the future of Vancouver City, and were well content.

A few miles up we passed Seymour Valley on our left, overhung with deep dark thunder-clouds (but it rarely thunders there). The distant mountains were shrouded in mist and rain, whilst some of the nearer ones, and the foreground of tall pines, were dashed with sunlight. All was reflected in the sea, which here was smooth as glass.

The leader sat high up on the bow, calling my attention to what he thought I should like to see. He was himself a sketcher, and was enthusiastic about Art and Nature.

Then the remains of Port Moody hove in sight on our right. The forest had been cut down and burnt, and the bare brown earth looked what it was—the grave of innumerable dollars. I suppose it will never be known what money was lost, and made too, when "the boom" was in Port Moody.

Not long after this, turning to the left, we entered the North Arm, the view up which was very fine, mountains springing from the sea to right and left, sheer up to snow. There was hardly any beach, and only here and there on our left was there a level spot where a house could be built.

To our right, shortly after entering this Arm, which was perhaps

two miles wide at that point, a group of pretty pine-clad islands appeared, one of them having a strangely-pierced piece of rock jutting from its side, which made its name, "Jug Island," quite appropriate.

Then we passed a "logging camp," where a number of men were cutting down all trees fit to be sawn up, which could be rolled down the banks and cliffs by means of crowbars and jackscrews, into the sea, where a "boom" of logs chained end to end formed a sort of floating pen from which the saw-logs could not well escape. When sufficient were collected thus they formed a "tow," which would be floated down to the saw-mills in Vancouver City. This was the last sign of humanity we met with going up North Arm that day.

All this time the mountains were closing in about us; the Arm was getting narrower; and then, after steaming some twenty-five or thirty miles from the city, the landing-place was reached, which was the only flat space in the district.

The cliffs here are composed of granite; and it was to survey a quarry that our expedition had been undertaken. Experiments had been made with the stone, which had already been used in the city, and there is no doubt it will soon be in common use. It is grey, very like Aberdeen granite, and, to the uninitiated, looked just as good a stone.

We made fast alongside a "crib," a framing of logs filled with rocks and boulders. Our gear was very quickly piled up on the rocks, and we went off prospecting. All landed. Those who were returning by the tug could stay but half an hour ashore, the captain said; no great time for exploring.

A trail led from the landing-place through the woods of cedar, Douglas firs, hemlocks, and maples, all of gigantic size, matted together with ferns of many kinds, with mosses, lichens, hanging moss, and trailing plants. We had to keep the trail, and, in a quarter of a mile, we came to a fine fresh-water stream, which ran down roaring from the heights to join the sea; and at this spot we found the camp. No one was there, nor had anyone been there for months. We just peeped inside the shanties, then hurried to the shore, which was accessible for a space here, a beach covered with boulders and long sea-grass.

The ladies "went for" what few flowers there were, and soon they had their arms full of feathery, sword-like ferns, grasses, mosses, cones, and I don't know what besides.

Before they had half done gathering and gazing, the whistle of

the tug began to make the mountains ring with its unearthly noise, and they had to hurry back.

Said one lady to me, as I helped her over a log, "I wish I had some of these lovely things in England."

I replied, "It would be very nice; but, if they will grow there, no doubt they have them there already. I have often taken things home at infinite trouble, only to find them well known. I'm sure you'll find all these things at Kew."



THE CAMP.

"But I am sure," she answered, "they will grow in Kent; the climate there is very much like this, only not so rainy, as far as I can see, as it is here. I shall take some when I go home; it would be very pleasant to have some growing there that I had brought myself from this far-distant land."

"You don't live here then?" I asked, as we hurried along the trail.

"Oh dear, no," she exclaimed. "I'm only here visiting. I live at Amblehurst. Do you know it? Do you know Kent?"

So then I told her I lived there, adding that, from my garden, I could see the steeple of her parish church.

We were pretty well out of breath then, for the trail was very rough, and the shrieks of the tug were getting more and more impatient, causing us to hurry.

"Oh, what a pity we did not find this out before!" she cried at last. "When do you return?" and many another question and answer passed between us, the last of them in shouts across the water as the tug bore her and the rest of them away.

This is a sort of thing which often happens as one is cruising about the world. A chance word brings up a conversation which ends in the discovery that people are, or ought to be, known to each other, or have mutual friends. Who would have dreamed of meeting, up a fiord on the North Pacific coast, a fair lady who was a near neighbour in England?

Our camp was on a point jutting out into the Arm, on the upper shore of the promontory, and the trail led across to it from the landing-place. We had brought a boat with us, so, whilst the men were carrying our gear around by water, we sauntered along the trail, investigating as we went. It was a mere path, often almost invisible, crossing rocks and moss-covered logs, along by big fallen trees, through narrow streams, and over tree-roots, twisting round standing trees, descending ravines, and going up short hills. Finally, we mounted a big fallen Douglas fir, the upper side of which was chopped flat into a good raised side-walk, which ended at the camp.

Here there were two rough shanties; one a living-place, the other a kitchen. There was a big sheet-iron stove and a number of bunks in the former, and there was a space divided off to eat in, with a table and some benches.

The kitchen had a cooking-stove, some tables, and the cook's bunk. There were good sound roofs of shingles on these shacks. We called it "camping," but it was a much more comfortable arrangement than living under canvas would have been in that damp climate, for up the North Arm much more rain falls than in many parts out there.

Fires were soon started, which we needed, for it was far from warm; and, besides, we wanted to dry up the place a bit.

We quickly got our house swept out and garnished, and made up soft beds of an old tent we found there, and our gay camping-blankets hung about gave it an air of home at once; by the time we were straight our Chinese cook had got our supper ready. After

that, towards nightfall, we gathered at the water's edge, and, sitting there on rocks, we smoked our pipes and revelled in the glorious scene before us.

"Are you disappointed? Does it come up to your expectations? Are there not good pictures here?"

To which I did most willingly reply, that nothing to my mind would suit me so well as to spend at least a month there.

It was, indeed, a magnificent spectacle that was spread before us, grand in the extreme. Around that inland sea the shadows were deepening into gloom. Slowly up the slopes of the mountains they chased the lessening light, whilst beneath the dark reflections of the pines was stretched the shining water, reflecting the brilliant sky, which gleamed in gold and purple overhead.

The sea, for that it really was, though hard to credit—lay smooth as glass and black as ink, where land and water met. Not a breath disturbed the silence, the mountain walls stretching up to heaven in solemn stillness. We sat there long, watching the deepening night creep over the landscape, until the stars came out and our leader had to get his theodolite out and set, to take an altitude.

"This," said he, as we stood around watching his work, "is a good example of the innumerable fiords, or inlets, or sounds, which indent this coast, right away up to Alaska. Some run deeper into the land, a few are narrower all the way in, but they are very similar in character, and I think that in this, the North Arm of Burrard Inlet, we have as good a specimen of them as we should have if we went many miles away. It is the nearest to Vancouver City, but it is none the less a typical British Columbian inlet."

"Have you been up many of them?" I asked.

"Yes, very many, and I hope to go up many more; but I think there are better views in this one than in most of them farther up the coast. Higher up this one, where I hope to go with you before we leave, there are some of the most sublime scenes I have looked on anywhere; and I have travelled some, too."

But the clouds came up, and hid the stars; there was no observation to be got that night, and so we went inside, sitting round the stove talking until we turned in.

One of our party, whom we called the "Admiral" because he had been a sailor, though he said he had finally left the sea, was a great acquisition to us. Handy, as all good sailors are, he had been most careful of the ladies' comfort whilst coming up. Now he helped to load and unload boats, and it was he who arranged our beds and planned our mattresses. He was the first on hand when work or

smartness was required, and the last to give in when any difficulty was to be overcome.

Another of my companions was a young fellow from the States, a Canadian by birth though.

The two workmen were very decent fellows. They were never known to speak to each other, or to us, unless first spoken to, and were undoubtedly the most silent men I ever met. They ate with us, slept in bunks beside us, and sat with us about the stove at nights, but they never laughed, or noticed anything they heard; and in all respects, except as to the work they did, were absolute cyphers. We called them "the chain gang."

Then there was Charlie, the cook, so called because his Chinese name was unpronounceable. He was a capital cook, indeed, and a most attentive servant; as clean a Chinaman as I ever met. His bed, as I have mentioned, was in the cook-house. We used to go and look at it. He always kept it in perfect order; had a feather pillow with him, and a looking-glass, and much more toilet apparatus than any of us considered necessary for ourselves. He was particularly nice in dress and person, and he always came up to the mark with a smile, though his language was mysterious; for he had thrown over "pigeon English" as *low*, and now spoke what he called "ploppa Inglis." It was a mixture of certain words of our tongue, mispronounced, and "Chinook Jargon." But he well understood what we said to him, rarely made a mistake, and was a favourite with all of us.

I should think it was about 11 p.m. when we turned in that night. By and by the rain came down, and the Admiral turned out to stop some leaks in the roof. When the morning dawned, wet and grey, there appeared small prospect of either work or drawing.

"Let's go a-fishing," said the Admiral.

"Agreed," replied our leader; "I know a rattling place."

"What about rods and things?" I asked.

"Oh, trust an old campaigner. Come and see." He took me into the eating-room, where, across the beams were laid bundles of "poles," with hooks and lines and everything complete.

I believe the Admiral was only joking when he started this idea, but we all took it in earnest, and before breakfast was over our plans were settled. We were to take the boat down and across the Arm, two miles or so, then to climb up the mountain-side for about a quarter of a mile, and there we were to find a lovely lake, "just full of trout."

"And on such a day as this they'll surely rise," said I.

"Rise!" someone laughed. "They don't 'rise' in this great country; they are just caught like other fish."

"Well, then, how do you get them? Worms?"

"Ha, ha! Worms, indeed! We have no worms in British Columbia. We get them with a spoon, a bit of raw beef; a grub of any kind is best, and a grass-hopper is good."

So we went in search of grubs, or grass-hoppers, but I could find none. I never was in a country so bare of insect life as that appeared to be, barring mosquitoes, and happily there were very few of them up there.

I was very glad to see a landing-net on hand, my fishing experiences in eastern waters without one having often been very provoking. We always used to lose the biggest fish, trying to lug them out upon the line.

It still rained steadily, and there was no sign of it clearing as we went off, leaving Charlie and "the chain gang" to keep house for us. There was little to be seen that morning. The mountains were shrouded in a real Scotch mist, only their bases being visible. The sea was perfectly still, for not a breath of air was moving. The two miles we had to pull seemed fully four, the boat leaked badly, and when we



OUR FISHING EXCURSION.

reached the landing-place we could find no trail. We hauled the boat up well above high-water mark, and began the ascent, for our leader knew the way.

The side of a house is at about the same angle as that of the cliff which we had to climb, and but for the crevices and jagged bits of rock standing out here and there, we never should have done it. We had no alpenstocks, and the fish-poles were more hindrance than help to us. But, fortunately, after two hundred feet or so of ascent, the cliff became more "slantindicular"; there were some bushes to

hold on to, and I, for one, was very glad when we struck the trail, and found easier going. Up there, we met some Indians, who, after "Kln-how-ya" and certain Chinook mysteries had been gone through, explained that fishing that day was useless; *they* had caught none.

But my friends were kindly determined that, as we had come so far, I should at least see the lake. So we scrambled to it along a pretty steep and rocky path.

This lake was very like many a Scottish tarn. It comprised two or three hundred acres, perhaps, of deep green water, not a tree around it, only mountains towering up to snow-caps. It looked a lonely, ghastly piece of water that day; and I don't believe that any effect of light and shade could make it picturesque.

The very first cast that the Admiral made with his spoon, he caught a two-pound trout. There was no sport whatever; the fish was dragged in and was landed like a log. Then the leader got one with a bit of beef. I was successful with a spoon; our friend from Chicago got several "right off the reel," as the Admiral put it, and then we all hooked several more. So, in about an hour we had made a decent basket. Then a little movement in the air was felt; the mist began to lift, the fish left off biting, and we got no more.

We found a better way to get down the cliff again, and so pulled back to camp, a tired, hungry, wet, but merry crowd.

We dried our clothes, and Charlie had, as usual, a good dinner for us; and then, as the sky had cleared a little, and we could work, the survey party started to begin their task and I to do some sketching.

I took up my position in the glorious woods, not far from the shanties. My distance was some of the closer mountains, with snow seams down their sides like waterfalls, which came down nearly to the sea, not half a mile across; and against this rose the giant cedars, pines and hemlocks, the soft and vine maples, the arbutus, here a forest tree, the cypress, yellow cedar, balsam fir, and spruce. Amongst them were the alder, dogwood, crab-tree, smaller trees, and bushes of the sal-lal, the Columbian laurel, and the berberis, there called the Oregon grape, and many others.

All were growing closely packed together, so near that a man could sometimes hardly squeeze between the trees; most of them were moss-draped—all dead branches thickly cushioned with it in great clumps of brilliant yellow-green; from pumbers of the branches, too, hung long loose streamers of soft grey hairy moss, like old men's beards.

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IN THE GLORIOUS WOODS.

The ground was a mass of granite boulders, but so thickly were they covered with luxuriant mosses and green plants that the stones were mostly hidden; logs and branches, rotting logs and stumps, were scattered everywhere about, all festooned and rounded into beauty by the same green mantle.

Ferns everywhere. Up the trees, amongst the tufts of moss and on the ground, in every crevice; anywhere where root-hold could be got. There was maiden-hair up to my waist, and one fern with fronds from four to five feet long was all about; it was very like a holly-fern, and occurred in masses. Amongst the smaller ones were some which looked like oak-fern and lady-fern. I don't know what they *really* were, but that is what they looked like.

And there, too, was a very awful creeper. Though innocent enough it looked—the Devil's Club, they call it—it is covered with small thorns. You would think it trifling, but do not trust it; you will never do so again if you get a few of the prickles into your flesh.

There were very few flowers; a vetch with pale pink bloom, and a few orange Turk's-cap lilies. Close to the salt water I found a strange dark flower, nearly black, a kind of lily I think, but no one knew the name; and by and by there promised to be roses.

There are no snakes there, no poisonous reptiles, and, so far as I could learn, no insects hurtful to man, only mosquitoes, and when I was there they were very seldom seen or heard. It was quiet—still, indeed—not a bird to be seen or heard, not a quadruped either. Indeed, the whole time I was up the Arm we only saw two crows, two eagles, and a woodpecker on shore, but there were seals about.

After a while we all collected at the camp, the surveyors wet through again, torn and bleeding, too, for they had had a fearful time up there, running a line almost straight up and down. They reported plenty of snow within a few minutes of camp; had seen no living thing, but plenty of traces of the mountain goats and sheep. Only one flower, a pale, straw-coloured lily; they tried to bring it to me safely, but failed.

A dip into the sea put all to rights and ready for Charlie's cry of "Muck-a-muck!" which he supposed meant supper; but it really is the Chinook word for food of any kind.

After that, having an hour of daylight still, the chief and I pulled up the Arm a mile or two, and saw a beautiful cascade which was falling white and free, between grey granite walls, two thousand feet in height, from a glacier hung aloft. Then we went up farther, till the mountains seemed to overhang us and the darkness drove us back. Quiet and loneliness were the features of the scene which

struck us most as we rowed down. We heard a seal splash close to us sometimes, and we passed right under an eagle's nest, the old birds roosting near. That night was clear and calm, so the proper star was observed and the future survey work made clear.

Then we sat inside talking by the stove, and naturally the conversation fell on our surroundings; and when we got to trees, the leader said, "I have measured cedars here myself sixteen feet *across* the stump. One Douglas fir was eleven feet nine inches—not on the ground, across the stump, say six feet up, and most of them are more than three hundred feet high."

"Are many such trees standing now?" I asked.



MOUNT ELEPHANTA.

"Yes, but not very near the water. The loggers, like those we passed the other day, have been all through and culled the best; but in places where it is impossible to get them out and float them, there are many yet. Up north, of course, the forest is practically untouched."

The next morning was brilliant and I began a picture, looking up the Arm from camp; at noon the rain came down in sheets, and when the boys came home to dinner it was a wretched day. My work was naturally very interesting to them all, and especially to the chief, who was charmed to find that I had seen an effect amongst the mountains which he had seen before. One of them stood out

like an elephant's head and trunk complete, with eye and ear to perfection.

"Has it a name?" I asked.

"Oh, no; I don't think one of them around this part is named yet."

"Then let us call it 'Mount Elephanta'"; and at once, in hot, strong tea, we christened it. I wonder if the name will stick?

The survey party said that they had seen some mountain sheep that day; and as I was very anxious to have that pleasure, too, I went up with them after dinner, taking the only gun we had, and my telescope.

A grand, though a very hard, climb I had to where the boys were working near the snow. It could not be permanent, for small fir trees were growing in it; but it was near midsummer then, and the snow was still quite deep.

I wandered quietly away from the party up to the mountain-top, which was flatter than I expected, getting peeps through the trees;



A SEA OF SNOWY MOUNTAIN-TOPS.

the views were fine, of course, but not extensive—just a sea of snowy mountain-tops. Here and there where I walked were places bare of snow; patches covered thickly with pale grey moss, knee-deep, a little coarse dry grass, a few rough weeds, but not a flower.

Looking across a kind of ravine, I suddenly espied a mountain sheep. He stood alone upon a bare grey rock, looking steadily at me, too far for a shot with the gun I had; yet I was well content to watch him, and through my glass I did so to perfection. Later, in the Selkirks, I saw them often; but this was my first good view of a real wild "big-horn," and I eagerly remarked his noble form, his bold, upstanding head and grandly curving horns.

When he moved, at length, I followed every gesture. With graceful bounds he leapt from rock to rock, until his form was outlined against snow. He did not seem to me to be at all alarmed, but

merely curious. He disappeared at last across a point ahead, and I went back to the boys delighted.

That night, in camp, we talked of mountain sheep and goats, and some queer tales were told; then we got to bears, both black and brown, to wolves and deer, and "lions" (they are cougars, pumas, I suppose), and game of every kind. All are in these woods and mountains, it appears; but as no one in our party—and some had



A DREAM-LIKE SCENE.

often been into the bush before, and knew the mountains well—had hardly ever seen anything except a mountain sheep, they must be very scarce.

Next day two of us went up the Arm for many miles, passing on the way the waterfall we had visited an evening or two before.

No words of mine can convey an idea of the terrible beauty of the scene. It was quite dark up there when the mountains closed in on us, but towards the head of the Arm it widened out again, and there was some level land, which is said to be arable. When will there be settlers up there, I wonder? There were streams flowing into it from the mountains, generally very tiny ones, but here and there a torrent rushed as from the sky; and yet their distance from us was so great, the mountains

around were so stupendous, we scarcely heard the sound of all that falling water, and that was all there was to hear the livelong day; not an animal, not a bird of any kind, not a fly, not even a mosquito, to disturb the absolute quiet.

When the tide was out, at the narrowest part, it left a narrow ledge of beach at intervals; we ate our lunch on one, and then I made a sketch.

Then we pulled slowly back, through a dream-like magic scene—a grand experience. It was hard to realize that still water was the sea; so hard that once I tasted, to make sure.

That night Charlie said, "The bleed is high!"—he meant stale, but he added, "Allee same, I toast him; he be welly good"; and so we had hot buttered toast to supper, and much good food besides. For Charlie made us cakes and boiled ham and fried eggs, and gave us potted meats and fruits, and our needs were well supplied. Indeed, our only want was milk for tea—and oh, we *did* drink tea.

The reader will have noticed that I make no mention of anything like strong drink. It is the very last thing anyone thinks about on such an expedition—anyone who considers himself respectable, I mean. I don't suppose any of us were teetotallers, but temperance is clearly the rule in that country; and I believe none of us even

thought of anything stronger than tea, which we drank in large quantities, hot and cold, but always "potent." Charlie always had it ready, and nothing seemed to please him more than to hurry in, smiling, with the huge pot, at the cry of "Charlie, tea!"



CHARLIE! TEA!

The survey was not done yet. Another day was required to finish, but the tug was due, they said, next morning, so by break of day the Admiral called, "All hands, ahoy!" and all turned out. I worked away at a bit I had down stream, and was fortunate enough to see a seal come out on to the rocks close to me; and the other people, except Charlie, went up the mountain.

But no tug came, and I was really glad. Dinner-time went by, and still none came;

and so it went on till night fell again.

This dream-like, quiet life so suited me that I was not in the least bit of a hurry to depart; so when the boys came down from work, and said the survey was not finished yet, I was inwardly well pleased.

Then another day arose, and part was spent in finishing the survey; then down they came, and the leader said, "Now, boys, we'll go."

But there was no tug to go in. "Go!" I said; "why, how? There is no tug, no road; how *can* we go?"

"Oh, yes; I guess we can," he answered, "by boat."

"What, go down the Arm in that frail, leaky boat!" I laughed. "You surely are in jest," for it seemed to me that we could not all of us do more than get into it; with our bags and other gear, it seemed impossible.

However, I very soon saw it was no joke at all; the Admiral was anxious to get home I knew, and as he said it was all right, I made no objection, feeling satisfied that if they could manage, I could.

So then we packed our bundles, and loaded up the boat, and finally got in ourselves. There was just one inch of freeboard, not a hair's breadth more; one could barely move a leg, we were jammed so closely with tents and blankets, "grip sacks" (Gladstone bags),



A BIG-HORN.

and unused stores, a tin pail here rammed in between one's feet, and there a frying-pan, which one man sat upon.

The chief sat aft, high on the stern of the boat; Charlie was perched up in front upon a pile of bedding, with his pigtail coiled "fair amidships" by command. He looked very solemn that day; we could not make him laugh, no matter how we tried.

First the "chain gang" rowed an hour, then another two took the oars, and so we changed about, which was a very ticklish proceeding. We had to bail her out every few minutes, and had to stop rowing to do it. Once we stopped for lunch and "let her drift." It was a merry journey, though a very queer one; we were

"taking the chances," a custom usual in the east and west of Canada.

I was not sorry when we touched the wharf at Vancouver City, glad, surely, after such a trip, to be once more on *terra firma*, but sorry enough to part from those kind friends who had done so much to make the trip a grand success. We had had, indeed, a "splendid," a delightful time; so said the "Cannucks," and so said I.

So about six I got safely up to the Le Grand House again, with bag and baggage, and the manager greeted me almost with affection as he cried—

"Walk right in, Sah; walk right in! Dinner 's in session!"

CHAPTER XVI.

VANCOUVER ISLAND.

To Victoria in the *Yosemite*.—The Siwash Rock.—Indian Sepulture.—The Straits of Georgia.—Arrival at Victoria.—English Habits prevail.—A Chat with Maggie in the Morning.—Father Torry's last Breakfast with us.—His View of Irish Politics.—Farewell!—Beacon Hill.—Splendour of the View.—The Angels' Stairs.—The City of Victoria.—Its English Character and Homeliness.—The Shops and Institutions.—Hotels.—The Streets and the People.—Ladies' Dress.—Ferns and Roses.—A Row up Victoria Arm.—The Gorge.—An Exploration of Indian Kitchen Middens.—A most enchanting Pic-nic.—Master Tom's Ideas.—A trifling Difficulty.—The Tide in the Gorge.—Beaten.—Rescued.—An Indian Lady.—A Chinook Belle.—The social Status of educated Chinooks in British Columbia.—A Reminiscence of Mine.—An Indian Judge.—I mistake an Indian Lady for an Englishwoman.—High Qualities of the Race.

I FOUND letters waiting at the hotel from the Selbys; others, too, from Broadview, of which latter more anon. Our friends in Victoria were charmed with the place, and urged me to come at once and join them at a very nice boarding-house, where they had taken up their quarters. So I wired them that I would take the boat next day.

The train from the east was due at 12.50. It is said to be *always* on time; but somehow it was generally late when I was in Vancouver. This was, like the weather, "exceptional," no doubt; indeed, the day I left, it was three hours after time.

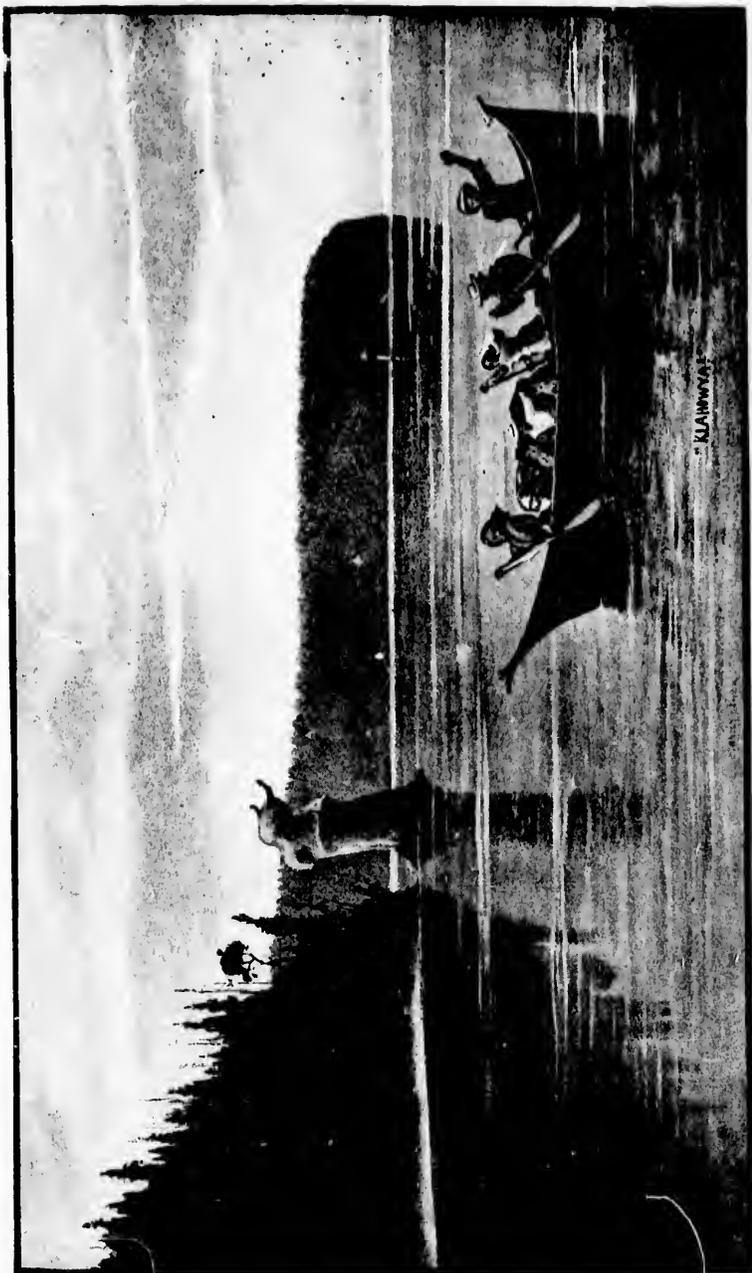
But when we did get off, there began a very charming cruise of about ninety miles, in the *Yosemite*, a vessel of thoroughly American type, with paddle-wheels and walking beam. The accommodation on board was really excellent, much better than in any steamer on the British coasts. There were most spacious richly-carpeted saloons, with lounges everywhere; on each side a row of

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THE SIWASH ROCK.

snug state-rooms, most scrupulously clean; and in balconies outside the cabins were most comfortable seats. Nothing, surely, could be nicer. Nevertheless, it is a question if this sort of vessel is very safe. I should not like to be at sea in one such in rough weather. They told me they "tied up" under the lee of an island when it blew too hard; but I suppose that in these land-surrounded waters there never is a really heavy sea. The motion of the engines when the *Yosemite* went full speed was felt in every fibre of her being; it made one's teeth chatter, but otherwise she was everything that is pleasant.

We soon passed through the Narrows, leading out of Burrard Inlet into the Straits of Georgia, passing on our left the famous Siwash Rock, which looked very much as if the hand of man in days long past had had something to do with its strange shape and aspect. We also passed some Indian graves, just bark, or, perhaps, split-wood erections, some of them raised on posts.

It is a very strange thing how little one can learn on that journey about these Indians from one's fellow-passengers. They tell you plenty, and, from much that I have seen in print, some people have believed their "yarns"; but it is plain to me that where so many different stories are told, there can be very little truth in any. I do not, therefore, set down here as facts what I heard about them, then, or at any other time. I asked a high official in the Indian department for facts about this very interesting race, their history, their customs, and he told me candidly nothing really authentic is known, that most of what we hear is pure romance or very clever guessing.

For instance, it is said this Siwash Rock is that on which the Indians used to make sacrifices to their god, and one man showed me some slight discolorations which he said had been caused by fire. For certain this was nonsense, because, if fires had been used thus recently, enough to cause such markings, there would be Indians still living who could tell us really what was done. The only point that all seemed to agree on was that these people regard the rock as something weird, uncanny, hardly sacred. There are others near of the same formation, but none so large and high. "Siwash" is Chinook for "man," and the shape of the rock seems to indicate a phallic origin for its accredited sanctity.

Another person told me that these Indians, when pagans, used to *salt* their dead and place them in the wooden sepulchres I have mentioned. Others told me that the practice was to cremate the remains and keep the ashes in the "totems," which I shall have

to say more about farther ahead. This, some told me, is done in the north to this day. I repeat, it is very strange that nothing definite is on record about this people; but so it is.

Passing clear of the Narrows, on our left lay English Bay, where the railway will be carried shortly, and the bay will soon be dotted with the villas of Vancouver citizens, for I cannot imagine more charming situations than that place offers for the purpose. To our right the mainland ran on towards Bowen Island and Howe Sound. Along the land were, here and there, some little huts and shanties where they told me Indians lived. Then ahead of us rose the mountains of Vancouver Island, and we turned southward across or down the Gulf of Georgia, passing on our left, but distantly, the low land lying at the mouth of Fraser River, with Lu-lu Island dividing it in twain.

Whilst running through the open water of the Straits they gave us supper, a very good one, the best I ate in Canada, out of the jurisdiction of the C.P.R. It cost 50 cents.

Then, as the lights were waning towards sundown, we came to a maze of smaller islands and entered Plumper's Pass.

This is a very beautiful channel, winding amidst an archipelago of rocky islets. They were very rich in colour, chocolates and purples, seamed and scored with grass which, being dry and yellow, gave them a peculiar, but fine appearance. They were mostly timbered, many of them closely, to their shores, with pines of various kinds, and oaks, hemlocks, maples, and many large *madroñas* (*arbutus*), the almost scarlet stems of the latter making quite a feature in the landscape. There seemed to be few settlers on these islands, probably because they were generally very rocky.

Then, towards nightfall, in the gloaming, we sailed between San Juan and Sidney, and passed by Chatham and Discovery Islands, and had the south end of Vancouver on our right. Here it is lower than it is to the northward, but we made out charming country, broken but fertile-looking. Groups of trees and denser forest, interspersed with open glades and stretches of what looked like pasture, and houses stood about; we passed a sail or two, and then, when night had really fallen, we saw the electric lights on shore, passed by a lighthouse on a point of land, entered a bay, and through a crowd of shipping came to a wharf, and had arrived at the fair Island City.

The Selbys and Father Terry were all down upon the wharf to welcome me, and we soon had my baggage brought on shore, and went to Roccabella, not far away.

Although it was near midnight, yet I found a little supper was prepared for me, and I at once discovered that the strange Canadian ways did not prevail here. My bed-room was quite English, and all the doings at this boarding-house were, I may as well say once for all, quite nice and home-like. After our experiences in the mountains and Vancouver City, we were charmed to find so good a stopping-place.

In the morning, when I saw my surroundings, I was pleased indeed. From my window I looked across a garden filled with our own flowers. There was an ivy-covered stump close by, and a proper poplar; on the lawn were real English daisies growing wild; over the road some pretty villas nestled in cosy gardens, embowered in trees, and then beyond, over the picturesque primeval pine-trees and the warm brown rocks, stretched a grand wall of snow-capped, ice-crowned mountains.

Maggie looked as usual, lovely, when I met her in the garden, she being the first one down. She told me of their doings, and how charmed they were with Victoria. They were waiting for me to go on long excursions, and had only yet been to spots about the town. She told me that her father was so pleased that he felt inclined to live there, and really it was not a very mad idea she thought.

"What does Maud say to this?" I asked.

"Oh, she likes this place, but has no wish to live so far from England, so she says."

"And what says Tom?"

"Well, Tom, he's perfectly enchanted, with weather, scenery, and everything, but he says there is not land enough for him to have the quantity he wants round here. He has not changed a bit in his desire to settle at Broadview; declares he knows quite well that this and many places are far prettier and more pleasant to live in than that can be, and yet he says—and I cannot think that he is wrong either—that there is not a chance here for him like there is in the North-West."

"So you think as he does, Maggie?"

"Yes, where Tom goes, I go; what he does, I do."

"So, then, that's settled, eh?"

She said it was. Then came Mr. Selby, and pointed out to me the points of interest round, showed me some English flowers, some ordinary pinks and sweet peas, and with such *impressemens*, you would have surely thought he had not seen his native land for forty years. Thought I, if but a few weeks' absence makes him think so highly of some trifling things like these, what will it be if he comes

here to settle? No; I felt certain it would never do, and I said so after that, at every chance I found.

A man who has lived amongst the comforts of an English home till he is fifty had better not turn emigrant, unless he is obliged to, and Mr. Selby was not.

At breakfast Tom and Maud were present. Two Chinamen attended at table—clean, quiet, and very handy men. They understood their work, and did it well. And Father Terry was there. Worthy man, he was in a disconsolate state of mind, for, to all our sorrow, this was his last meal with us, since he was to leave that morning for San Francisco. His amusing remarks, uttered with the rich Irish accent usual to him, were accompanied by such doleful looks that it was essentially funny, and in spite of our being so sorry to lose his company, there was really more than the usual amount of laughter amongst us.

“On the whole, then,” someone asked, “have you been pleased with what you’ve seen and heard in this great country?”

“Bedad, thin,” he replied, “Oi’m more than pleased; Oi’m delighted, so Oi am, and proud to be able to say Oi’m at home in it.”

“In spite of its being under the British flag, which your countrymen are supposed to hate so, eh?”

“Ah, hould yer whisht!” he exclaimed. “Sure, it’s all talk. Can an Oirishman be aisy anywhere? Bedad, I think, if he can, it’s under the British flag he should be aisiest, and in this beautiful Dominion of Canada, beyond most other places. But it’s no use talking, me countrymen can’t be aisy; they must have a bit of a rumpus wherever they are, and as long as there’s agitators—bad luck to them—to *palaver* them, sure they’ll be trouble and bothera-shun. Kill off the agitators, like they do the potato bugs in Ontario, and sure they’ll be as peaceable as other people.”

“Well, well, Father Terry,” said Mr. Selby, “you’re going now to see things as they are in the great Republic; under the Star-Spaugled Banner, you’ll find your countrymen in possession of all the liberty, yet not more, than they have here, and in Ireland for that matter, but with no British flag to annoy them though. Do you think that you’ll find them happier there and more peaceable?”

“I think not,” he answered; “not happier, certainly, and only that they’re surrounded by so many nationalities, and that the Yankees don’t stand much nonsense, especially anything that affects business and the material prosperity of the people; bedad, Oi believe

the agitators would be amongst them, and maybe get up a bigger 'ruction' than they have done in the ould sod."

"Well, well," we all exclaimed, "what a pity that all do not think like you in that same old sod."

Then we all went to the wharf, to see this good friend off. There were many hearty good wishes uttered on both sides, sincere regrets at parting for good and all; and, as the big steamer, with her huge walking beam "pumped" herself out towards the Narrows and to sea, our handkerchieves were signalling farewells, whilst Father Terry's towering form looked like a windmill on the hurricane deck, as he waved his hat round and round frantically in a long "Good-bye."

After that, our first excursion was a walk to Beacon Hill, which is in the public park, a suburb of Victoria. Who that has visited that city, or any part of the Pacific coast, has not heard of Beacon Hill? It is an easy matter to tell what it is, but words, mere words, are vain to make a stranger to it understand the beauty to be found there. It is just a hill, not very high, but bare of trees, and on its summit are some seats and an old flagstaff. But looking down a grassy slope due south, one sees the sea—a gunshot from one—and across it, some twenty miles away, is stretched a glorious range of mountains. That is all. The water is the Straits of San Juan de Fuca. The mountains are the Olympian Range in Washington Territory, United States.

Sit there for an hour in the morning, and come again at noon, at evening, or when there is pale moonlight—I don't care when it is, so that the Straits be clear of smoke, with not too many clouds about—and you will say the eye of man has never rested on a more enchanting scene.

The colour of the sea is always most delightful and ever changing, the lights upon the mountains vary every moment. Now the ice-crowned Mount Olympus, highest of the range—his crest being more than forty or fifty miles away—shines out in sunlight; then a shadow comes across and veils his splendour, but other peaks come flashing into view. And then the valleys running up their sides are filled with soft blue mist, which, as the sun sets, turns to purple, and the snowy peaks shine out in gold and fire.

There is one cañon, seen well from Beacon Hill, they call "The Angels' Stairs"; and verily, at times, one almost feels as if the blue mist-filled valley could only lead to heaven.

No picture can be painted to do this scene a particle of justice. From other points, some telling sketches may be made, but I believe

the view from Beacon Hill will never be successfully portrayed by the hand of man.

These mountains stretched from the east as far as we could see, and away to the west they sank into the ocean.

Along the margin of the sea were low cliffs, running out into a low promontory at Clover Point, where are rifle-ranges used by the Victoria Volunteers. Turning now to the westward, we see the entrance to Victoria Harbour; beyond that a projecting point of land, Macaulay's Point, and beyond that, about four miles from us, another bay, the entrance to Esquimalt Harbour. Beyond Esquimalt, the coast turns to the south-west, and is lost sight of at Rocky Point, some ten miles away, off which lie the Race Rocks, with a lighthouse on the largest of them.

From the Race Rocks the American shore is about ten miles distant; the channel between is the Strait of San Juan de Fuca, and it continues about the same breadth till the Pacific Ocean is reached at Cape Flattery, fifty miles from Race Rocks, sixty miles from Victoria.

That morning we sat an hour there entranced; then turning northwards, we looked inland towards Carey's Castle, really the Lieutenant-Governor's residence, and to Mr. Harvey's house, delightfully located, and then, beyond the hill on which they stood, across more ranges and more valleys, arose the icy crown of Mount Baker, which we had seen before when in Vancouver City. The sketch I made gives a faint idea of the fair scene.

The ground at our feet was gemmed with flowers of many kinds; the bushes were pink and red and white with roses and sweetbriar; there was much fern about, the common English brake and English broom had settled there and prospered; and the great clumps of gold dotting the scene towards the city were most striking.

The city of Victoria contains at least 12,000 people, of which it is supposed 3,000 are Chinese. It is said by some writers to be an essentially American city. I cannot agree with them. To my mind, it is the most English one I have visited in America. Many American customs prevail there, which is natural, considering that until quite recently all, or nearly all, the trade and travel came through the United States, *via* California; but, apart from these customs, I doubt if there is a place on that continent containing more people so essentially English, who in language, appearance, and actions differ little from their countrymen in Great Britain.

No doubt I speak of what are called the upper classes, merchants, professional men, and Government officials; but even amongst

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MOUNT BAKER, SEEN FROM BEACON HILL.

mechanics and labouring men, by whom United States fashions seem more likely to be adopted, I found the prevailing style was "Old Country." It was the one thing which struck us more than any other, the intensely English feeling which pervaded society.

Many of the private houses are very charming, surrounded generally by lovely gardens filled with our British shrubs and flowers; for ivy, laurel, holly, hawthorn flourished there, and roses can be grown there, as successfully as they are at home; such roses as quite astonish eastern Canadians. There is not the showiness, the lavish display, about these homes, inside or out, that you will find across the border; but for comfort, true refinement, pure beauty, finish, and completeness, they cannot be approached by their American neighbours.

It appeared to us that every house was built by someone who purposed to live in it for the rest of his days; in fact, all the residential parts of the place gave one the idea that people were really at home there and proposed to stay.

The roads are macadamized, and well kept; although the paths or side-walks are usually of wood, they are generally in good order, and not, as in many more pretentious cities, dangerous to walk on.

In the business parts there are some very good buildings, but nothing like so showy as such houses are in an American city; they are finished, though, and are kept in order, and are swept sometimes.

I must refer my readers to the many guide books that are published by the railway and steamship companies, if they wish to study the details of business matters in Victoria. I have enough to do to recount what we saw and did there, and to tell of things which will, or should, at any rate, interest all classes of English people.

The shops are very good, everything that can be found in London is sold there apparently, and not very much dearer than in Toronto or Montreal. The lowest current coin is a "bit" (ten cents). Food is high in price, with the exception of salmon, and game; when in season, I believe these are very cheap. Everything that has to be handled is expensive, even fruit, though so very plentiful, is dear to buy; the labour, so scarce and valuable here, which must be employed to pick it and carry it to market, adds very greatly to its cost.

There were four daily papers then published in the city, which speaks well for such a small community, consisting of no more than 9,000 English-speaking people of all ages. Every day, however, is adding to the population.

There is an excellent club there, of which Mr. Selby and I were soon made members. There are many churches, well attended.

Sunday appears to be respected there as much as anywhere in Canada, and nowhere in the world is the day kept in such a quiet and orderly way as in that country. Certainly, with one-fourth of the population pagans, and a large number of Indians, who are little better, there is likely to be much immorality prevailing; yet, going about a great deal, both day and night, in Victoria, Sundays and week-days, I think I saw less evil going on than I have seen in any other place.

There are many hotels; some they call very good ones. I did not stay at any. I do not like American hotels, and few Canadian ones. They are always run on the American plan, which rarely suits an Englishman's ideas. I called at one, though, said to be the best, and a very fine one. I went to see if a Vancouver friend had put up there, and wished to look at the register, but the clerk, as is generally the case in such places, was rude, uncouth to say the least of it. I ventured to upbraid his highness, and told him that so far as I could influence my friends, not one should stay there. Telling a Canadian afterwards about my treatment, he exclaimed, "Sir, the hogs are not all dead yet!"

This city is wonderfully well illuminated by electricity. Groups of lamps are suspended aloft on high masts, which seemed to us to answer most successfully, giving light over an immense area.

The streets of Victoria are wide, very well kept for a Canadian town. There did not appear to be many "slums"; and even in the Chinese quarter there was not that crowding and squalor which we had always been led to conclude prevails where John lives.

The people one met about the streets looked very much the same as one would meet in a provincial town at home, adding thereto a large number of Chinese, who were always to be met, decently dressed, and Indians, a few of whom were usually present. The dress and habits of the men seemed very much the same as the white man's, and the women only differed from their pale-faced sisters in being generally shorter, stouter, and wearing gay handkerchieves upon their heads instead of hats or bonnets. Sometimes one met, or saw squatted by the side of the street, some very miserable-looking specimens of klotchman, but they were rare.

There were apparently no poor people about; no white man or Indian or Chinaman seemed to be hard up; no rags and squalor. No doubt at all, there was trouble and poverty there as elsewhere, but ill-health or dissipation would be the sole cause of them; for I heard it stated frequently that no *steady* labouring or working man

had up to that time failed to make a comfortable livelihood, and in most cases more than that, in British Columbia.

There were many really stylish people about, walking and driving; their dress, in fashion, was quite up to date, the Selby girls decided, and were much surprised thereat; but if there is one thing which Canadian ladies do know, it is how to dress. To be out of the prevailing style there, even in a backwoods village, is to be lost!

On the south side of James's Bay the Government buildings stand. They make little show, being simple detached chalet-like edifices. A bridge across the bay leads into the business part of the town.

The walks and drives around Victoria are very numerous, and all are picturesque; it seemed impossible to go in any direction without finding beauty. The roads for many miles about are excellent; they were dusty then, though, for there is very little rain for six months of the twelve.

Bracken grows everywhere; every roadside was a mass of it. Wild roses were a wonder; the flowers varied from white to deep crimson in colour, and in size from a shilling to four inches across. They, too, were all about the place, even beside the fences in the city, and often growing so vigorously that they might fairly be called trees. Their perfume was as sweet as that of roses is at home. The English yellow broom is spreading rapidly; it is becoming, they told us, something of a nuisance, but it and wild roses in some suburban streets were very striking and beautiful.

The facilities for picnicking and boating round the city are really unsurpassed. One of the most delightful trips we made was by water up Victoria Arm, which is a continuation of the bay or harbour on which Victoria stands. We passed wharves with many vessels lying at them, big saw-mills, foundries, and machine shops. Across the water was an Indian reserve, and native canoes were being continually paddled to and fro from side to side; the rancheries, or dwellings, being near the water's edge. Upon the beach numerous canoes were lying, those not in use being carefully covered with mats. Many Indians were about, generally women; the men were away at work, for they are not such an idle race as the Indians of the east. They lived on this reserve in a semi-civilized state, their appearance not being very interesting. As we passed we noticed a very large canoe, lying beside a sort of jetty, in which were a number of men and women; some of them were in gay blankets, and there was an air of picturesqueness about them. They were unloading this canoe of bundles done up in mats and baskets,

and were generally quite excited; and so were a number of their countrymen and women who helped them. We heard afterwards that this was a party from some northern village, just arrived. They had a somewhat wilder and more uncivilized look than any Indians we had yet seen; their canoe was large enough to carry forty men or more, and carried quite a cargo.

But a short distance up the Arm business buildings ceased, and for a space on either side were scattered dwellings, always with gardens round them. Then we rowed under a serviceable but not a handsome bridge, which crossed where the Arm narrows a little. The water now widened out again, the scene was somewhat wilder, the banks were forest-clad, except where here and there a clearing had been made for a pretty home. There does not appear to have been much indiscriminate felling of the woods, or if there was, in the early days, the second growth of trees has made good the damage. Much taller firs towered above the rest very frequently, which are doubtless remnants of the original forest.

In a wider part is Deadman's Island, from the summit of which we got some lovely views both up and down the Arm.

Near the shore some beautiful villas stood; from one of their gardens the accompanying view was taken, across Deadman's Island, with Victoria in the distance.

Here again the Arm narrows somewhat, and but a short distance farther on we came to a much wilder part, a lake, surrounded by sunny banks and trees, with only one rocky opening up the Arm, quite narrow, over which an ugly bridge has been thrown.

This bridge crosses the Gorge, which everyone who knows Victoria is acquainted with; it is one of the show-places which every visitor must see. One can drive along a lovely road which runs around it, crossing this bridge, or go up the Gorge, as we were doing—which is, I think, the better way—by water.

It seemed impossible to all of us that this lovely lake, with vegetation down to the water's edge, could be the sea; it was so very different from any of our former experiences. The banks were crowded with trees of many kinds, with pines of graceful form standing here and there, towering high above the others, and there were many large arbutus trees about, which flourish well close to the salt sea.

It was about half-tide, and the water being about the same level on both sides of the Gorge, we easily rowed through and entered another charming lake. Here it was shallower; we could usually see the bottom, which was covered with oyster-shells. Oysters had been

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DEADMAN'S ISLAND.

planted there not long ago, as it was thought that they would prosper, but it proved a delusion.

Then up the Arm still farther we came to Craig Flour-mill, built many years ago by the Hudson's Bay Company. I believe it is not now in use. Here we landed and prowled about, gathering flowers and ferns, which abounded; and here we saw one of the numerous shell-mounds (kitchen middens) where in bygone days the Indians had villages. They must have been very numerous once, and have lived there many generations too, for there were large accumulations of ashes, shells, and bones. Large trees were growing on the heap here, which covered several acres. We raked amongst it for some time, hoping to be rewarded by finding some bone or stone relics, but nothing that we could identify as human work turned up.

Then on again under a bridge, over which the road is carried, and some distance farther up, through country wilder still, we picnicked in a perfect Paradise of wood and water, flowers and ferns, rocks and ravines, with a peep due south of the grand Olympian Range of snow-capped mountains. No fairer spot for an *al fresco* meal was ever made. There are no harmful snakes, no poisonous insects; we did not see or hear a mosquito, very little life at all, indeed. A big grey crane settled near us and began to fish, and one or two small birds; and once a racoon crept from under a log and sat a while scrutinizing us—that was all.

We made some tea and had our lunch, and finished off with strawberries and peaches. The former were then ripe around Vancouver's Island, the latter came from California, farther south.

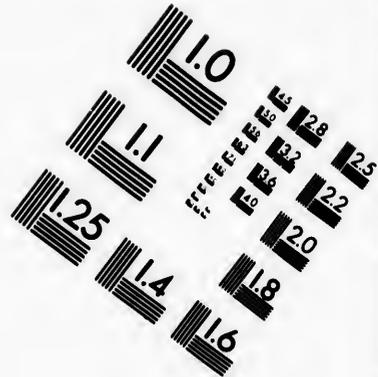
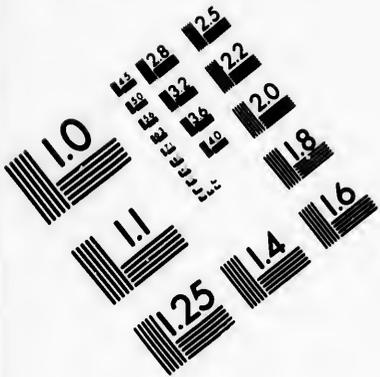
"Who could desire a more enchanting land to live in?" someone asked. We all declared that nothing could be more delightful; if only it was nearer home it would be perfect.

"If you had only such a place as this," I said to Tom, "near Broadview, and such a climate, even I should feel inclined to make my home there."

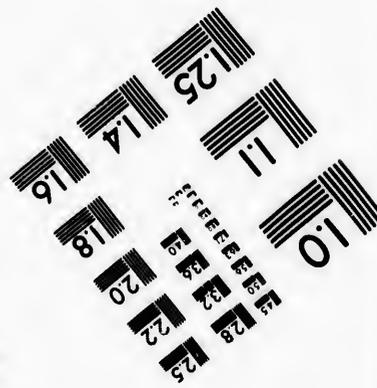
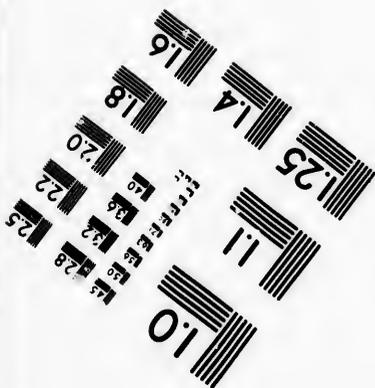
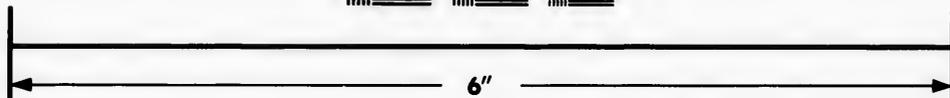
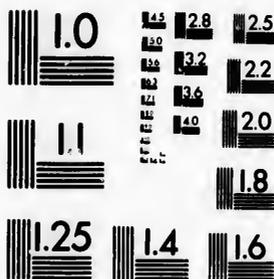
"All very well," he answered; "I admit the beauty of this delightful land, but how could we live here, to do any business, I mean? Father and the girls could live in Victoria, I know, with everything enjoyable around them; but what could I do? If I took up land here and started farming, I could never make anything great out of it; there is no scope here that I can see."

"Well, but everyone says that this country, this British Columbia—and round this part especially—is going ahead; going to 'boom,' they call it. If you bought land here, don't you think that very shortly it will much increase in value; so that in a few years here





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you would make more money than by many years of hard work and hard fare in the prairies?"

"It may be so, but still I should prefer the N.W.T. There seems a want of space here; there is no room to spread oneself, I think. Besides, look what a long way it is from anywhere, here."

"You mean from England, I suppose. Broadview is, say, fifteen days from London; this is but eighteen. Now, when you are about it, by travelling only three days farther west, you get to this glorious land. Don't you think it would be wiser to stay here? For my own part, I would sooner spend ten years here in making a fortune than five on the prairies; for during the making here, I could live with pleasure. How could I there?"

"Tastes differ. I would rather live the prairie life," he said; and Mr. Selby seemed to think his son was right, and Maggie thought so too; but Maud declared that, after all, with all its beauty, all the charms of that fair country, there is no place like dear old England, and so I said. But Tom and Maggie held to their opinion, and declared for prairie life.

Here we found numbers of wild fruits ripening. The salmon-berry was new to us. It is a species of blackberry, but larger in fruit and leaf and flower, which is a very light purple. From the colour of the ripe berry it gets its name. We thought it quite insipid. There were strawberries, larger than our wild ones and of good flavour. There were huckleberries, blackberries, and raspberries, very much the same as those which grow in England. We found that our "flowering currant" is a native here, and we got some orange Turk's-cap lilies, and a few flowers new to us as well.

Then, after we had finished our discussion and our prospecting, we started down the Arm again. We had not been quite to the head of it; that was too far for one day's cruise.

At the Gorge we found the tide was running in with speed. We thought we could easily stem the current, though; so two of us pulled hard, but were driven back when we were half-way through. No time was to be lost, we knew, if we did not wish to spend some hours there; and so we had another try, putting on all strength. We did our very best, and for a minute, in the narrowest part, we held our own. If we could have had another oar for fifteen seconds, we should have managed it. But after striving very hard, with the girls cheering us, it was all in vain. One of us gave in, and we were driven back again. We could *not* pull through.

Now, all the time, upon the rocks above us, there was a man who

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THE GORGE.



watched us very closely and smiled sagaciously at our endeavours; and, when we had pulled back into a quiet nook, he shouted to us :

“I knew you couldn't do it. You 'll have to land and wait another tide!”

We landed, and this worthy man then told us of various accidents which had happened there. He pointed out a rock in the middle of the Gorge, just under water, and remarked :

“If you had run on that you would have capsized, sure pop; yes, Sir.”

Altogether, he made us feel that we had had a narrow escape from serious disaster, and the two girls turned pale at his description. At the time we thought he was just romancing, but afterwards we heard that much of what he told us was quite true.

“Is nothing to be done but wait?” we asked.

And he replied, “Why, if you really want to get the boat through, it can easily be done; you must all walk across, though.” Then he got a long rope from his house, and towed the boat through without great difficulty, warding it off the rocks with an oar; and then we had a clear course before us.

We considered this man worthy of reward, and offered him a tip. This he refused; said he 'd done nothing really, but asked us to go up to his house and rest; and, when we got there, we saw it was a tavern; so a few “drinks” made things square.

Then we had a merry row down to Victoria, and got back in time for dinner.

At dinner that evening there was a strange lady at table. She was not exactly handsome, but she had a pleasant face, was of rather dark complexion, with a slightly Chinese look about the eyes, I thought. She was not remarkable, though, in any way, speaking with a very English accent, and conducting herself as an English lady would. A friend sitting near me whispered in my ear, “Don't mention Indians; there's one present,” and he glanced at the stranger.

Naturally, after that, I watched her closely; but with the exception of what I have already noted, I saw nothing about her remarkable.

I subsequently heard that there are many people in society in British Columbia who are full-blooded, or half-breed Indians. They dress and conduct themselves like other people, and are, in most respects, the same as if they were English.

One evening I was standing in front of a shop on Fort Street, when a very pretty phaeton drew up, with a lady in it, charming enough

in look and dress and style for Rotten Row. This lady commenced a conversation with a friend upon the side-walk, and I heard what was said. She spoke with a decided London accent, certainly, but in perfectly cultured tones.

A man near me, whom I slightly knew, said to me, as she drove away—

“Well, what do you think of that for an Indian?”

I expressed unbounded surprise, at which he laughed, remarking, “Oh, you Britishers, what ideas you have! Why, some of the loveliest and most delightful women here have Indian blood. That lady is only one of many; they are as much thought of as others. She has several children, and they are pretty, too. I could show you many such, who are half, three-quarters, whole Indian. When they are young, they are usually very pretty, and generally extremely fascinating. I cannot say so much of them when they grow old; they get stout and coarse, but there is very little difference between them and white folks.”

“What about the men?” I asked.

And he answered me, “There is nothing very wonderful about them either, only I do not think they so often take the place the women do; perhaps they are not thought so well of. I fancy they are rather inclined to dissipation; at any rate, we do not so often hear of Indian men taking leading places.”

In a certain city in Canada, I had once spent an evening, in very pleasant company; all were new-made friends though. There was one, a rather handsome man, who, I thought, was rather too loquacious. They called him Judge Blank. That was not his name or title, but his real rank was, I suppose, equivalent to that; at any rate, the position he held had been gained by dint of study. He talked of Indians greatly, said some nasty things about their customs and their habits, and told us Cooper's tales were quite absurd, which we all knew well enough; that he had been intimate with thousands, and had never met an Indian who was even a distant likeness of any one Fenimore Cooper portrayed. He called an Indian “Lo,” which is a common way of speaking of them in the West, originating in the line from Pope's *Essay on Man*, which begins—

Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutor'd mind—

I left that house with a friend, who said—

“How did Judge Blank strike you?”

I told him he appeared to me to be a very clever man, but I thought he had a very poor opinion of Indians; that I had been

told never to speak of them in company in Canada. And how did Judge Blank know but some were present? It seemed to me to be rather bad form.

At that my companion laughed heartily. "Why," said he, "we all know Judge Blank. He is really one of our most learned men. A famous Greek and Latin scholar, a capital public speaker, and splendid company; but he himself is *nearly* a full-blood Indian!"

Another day, I fell into the society of a very charming lady, who seemed to me to be about five or eight and twenty. She had with her a very lovely child, her daughter. It was in the morning-room of an acquaintance I met her. We discussed flowers and books and many topics of that kind, and, by and by, we began to talk of England, and she seemed to know a deal about it, and the style in which they do things there.

"Have you never been?" I asked her.

"Oh, no," she said; "I was born here. I have never been out of this country. I should dearly like to go to England."

Then I remarked to her how wonderfully the people seemed to keep up the old-country style and speech in British Columbia, and I added—

"No one would suppose that you are not English, born and bred. You have the very accent of an Englishwoman, so different from the Canadians of the east."

"Well," she exclaimed, "you gratify me greatly; but I am not even a Canadian!"

"What are you, then?" I queried. "Not an American?"

"No. I'm not a Yankee."

"What can you be, then? Born here, yet neither Canadian nor American nor English! You certainly are not French or German."

"Oh, no; can't you guess?"

I thought long and deeply, yet I could not see through the puzzle. She was pale, had well-formed features, rather of a Grecian type; her eyes and hair were black, but not strikingly so; she was more than pretty—she was a very beautiful woman. Her hands were small and well formed. At last an idea occurred to me. Could she be, in any small degree, of African blood? But when that thought struck me, I suppose I must have made some outward sign, for then she laughed aloud and said—

"I'm sure you've guessed; I may as well admit it. Yes, I am an Indian—a kloodchman."

I assured her I had *not* guessed it; but I did *not* tell her what the thought was which occurred to me, for at the "darkie" blood all

people there, both white and red, would draw a line, I *guess*. However, I confess that my surprise to find this lady fair an Indian was so great that I was quite "dumb-founded"; and what more I said, I'm sure I hardly know. But I think she was really flattered, pleased that I thought her a pure-blooded countrywoman of my own.

It was but partly true; I heard subsequently that she had much Indian blood, but she was not a pure klootchman. She said so to surprise me, and I suppose would have been very indignant indeed if I had called her that.

But ever after, when people talk to me, as many do, about the Indians, my mind reverts to this and several other fair ladies I have met, both east and west in Canada, and I conclude that there must be something really good in a race which can, if only here and there, produce such specimens.

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THE ROAD TO GOVERNMENT HOUSE, VICTORIA.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE GARDEN OF THE DOMINION.

The Road to Esquimalt.—The Navy Yard.—Description of It.—The View.—The Ships.—Carey's Castle.—Looking across the Straits.—English People and English Habits.—Chinese Servants.—A Yankee Lady.—Victoria the civilizing Centre of the Pacific Coast.—Gonzales Rocks and McNeil's Bay.—Wild-flowers.—Farming.—Fruit-growing.—Land, Settling, Climate.—Some Remarks on Vancouver Island.—Nanaimo.—The Coal-mines.—Gold.—Fish and Fisheries.—The Oolachan.—Trout-fishing.—Big Game.—The Chinese in Victoria.—*My* Opinion of them.—A Defence of the Race.—Comparison with White Labourers.—Wages and Prices.—Manners.—Work *versus* Beer.—Drink in Canada.—The Selbys' Plans.—A Decision at length arrived at.—Poor Maud!

ESQUIMALT is three miles and a half from Victoria. The road thither is an exceedingly pretty one; the hedges of woodbine and roses, and the comfortable, cheerful-looking houses we passed on the way, were very homelike. There are two or three ricketty omnibuses plying between the two places. Riding in one of them we were charged twenty-five cents each; but, when we had paid it, we noticed on the side of the 'bus, "Fare 15 cents." The driver merely laughed, and drove away, when we called his attention to it.

The town or village of Esquimalt is hardly worth mentioning; the Navy Yard is all one goes to see there, and well worth a visit it is. It is about as little like what one would expect a Navy Yard to be as can be imagined. On entering the gate, where there is a sentry on duty, you perceive a winding road, shaded by an avenue of broad-leaved maples; to right and left are several well-kept buildings, embowered amongst trees and flowers; then you enter

on a space of undulating land, on which are grouped, in most artistic fashion, a great variety of trees, principally maples, oaks, and pines, and many fine arbutus trees amongst them. The ground is ridged and seamed with finely-coloured rocks, deep browns, and purples, chocolates and reds, on which, in great profusion, grow creepers, ferns, and many tiny plants like miniature *cheveria*. Amongst these rocks are rose-bushes, sweet-briar, and many clumps of sumach and dwarf firs.

Turning to the left, you pass a row of offices, each with its vine and rose-covered verandah in front, and, farther on, a very pretty house. This is the residence of the head official. But, moving on a hundred yards or so, you get to a high point on the rocks, from which you get an admirable view of our surroundings. You find now that the Navy Yard occupies the tongue of land which separates Esquimalt Harbour from the Straits of Fuca, and which, in fact, makes it a harbour.

Opposite to us, on Fishguard Island, which divides the entrance to the harbour in two, is a lighthouse; to our left, or southwards, the view extends over Royal Roads (a favourite anchorage for vessels that do not need to come into the harbour, and where they are almost as safe as inside), across the Straits of Fuca, to the Olympian Range, taking in Albert Head, famous for pic-nics, and the Race Rocks. Much the same prospect we had before from Beacon Hill, but from a different point of view.

That day the sea was blue and rose, purple and green; an endless variety of beautiful tints. Indians paddled their canoes, and several white-sailed yachts hovered about.

Turning now to the right, and facing north, we had spread out before us like a mirror the full extent of Esquimalt Harbour, a perfectly land-locked natural basin, about three miles long by two broad, where were lying the ironclad *Triumph*, the flagship, and H.M.S.S. *Condor* and *Caroline*, besides several merchant ships.

This basin of blue and tranquil water is surrounded by rocky hills and trees and flowers. Sailors coming there from a lengthened cruise must surely think that they have found an earthly Paradise, for it looked more like that to us to-day than a naval station fully armed for war.

An arsenal is there, a naval hospital, and a grand dry dock, just finished; there are wharves and landing-stages, guns, and piles of shot, red-coated sentinels and blue-jackets; and thus, with a mixture of green grass and roses, flowering bushes, graceful trees, guns,

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ESQUIMALT.

soldiers, sailors, flags, and banners, we saw a very lively scene that day.

As for the strategic value of that naval station to the empire, as to its fortification, and so forth, so much has been, and will be said and written by others whose opinion is of value, that I say nothing. I could fill pages, I suppose, with the sayings of the people living thereabouts, who naturally think that the existence of the British people as a nation rests greatly on the harbour and the station of Esquimalt.

I offer no opinion; all *I* can say is, that we were perfectly enchanted with our visit.

We stayed in the Navy Yard some time and I made some sketches, then we went to a store and bought some food and picnicked on the margin of the sea outside the village, close to the pretty little English church of stone. From there we had another picture-view over a group of bright and rocky islets; some were bare, some tree-covered, but always in the distance stretched the lovely snow-crowned mountains.

Then we walked back to town by winding roads and shady lanes, all pleasant, yet very dusty, and but for the old snake fences here and there, the tall stumps we sometimes saw beside the road, and the towering Douglas firs, we could easily believe we were somewhere in England.

We passed several farm-houses that day, quite old for Canada; they were always moss-grown, grey, and flower-surrounded.

Another day we went a charming walk to Carey's Castle, the Governor's residence. It is less than two miles from the city, along a road I have sketched. Note the electric-light arrangement. In the grounds around Government House we spent hours, for the Governor was absent, and they let us wander where we pleased. The house itself is nothing very grand, of no particular beauty, no design at all about it; yet it is a very nice abode, no doubt a very comfortable mansion. It is the view from it which is the glory of it. Across a space of broken ground, through which wind paths bordered with wild flowers and ferns, are scattered coloured rocks and bushes; beyond them lie open fields and pasture, leading to a line of pines standing along the margin of the sea, which marks the Straits of San Juan de Fuca again, the distance being formed by that glorious line of mountains, which is so great an item in the scenery of Victoria, monotonous, perhaps, to read so much about, but in reality one never tires of it, for with truth indeed that mountain range may be said to be "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever." To the right,

close by the sea, amidst the pines and other trees, are Pemberton's Rocks, a striking rocky hill lying red in the sunlight.

One day we dined with friends who lived near Carey's Castle, a most delightful house in a perfect position. It commanded almost the same views as did Government House. Here dwells a family of English people, English in every way, and yet I think it might be nigh thirty years since any one of them had seen Great Britain. The house was managed just as such an one would be at home; the very books and nicknacks round the rooms were identical with those we are familiar with in Britain. *Punch* and the *Graphic* lay upon one table—not last week's, certainly, but, thanks to the C.P.R., very recent numbers; the *London Times* was there, and the *Standard*, neither of them more than three weeks old, I think. The only exception to this *ménage Anglais* was the Chinese servants, and they were everything that could be wished for, in appearance, anyway, dressed in pure white, with thick-soled Chinese shoes, their tails coiled neatly round their shaven heads. They waited on us with clean hands and great seriousness; they never handed us the salt for mustard, or gave us bread when we asked for pickles, or even made the most natural mistakes: yet our hostess told us that these men could speak but little English, and what they did speak was to us almost as mysterious as Chinese. After dinner, in the evening, we had English songs accompanied on an English piano, and before we parted we had, some of us, a taste of real Scotch whiskey, eschewing "old rye" that night entirely; and when we said "good-bye" to our kind host and hostess, someone, in thanking them, declared that we had spent a real old English evening, which I know pleased them.

There was a lady there, a charming lady; she declared she was a "Yankee" born in Boston, but I did not at first quite believe her, she appeared so very much like one of *our* countrywomen of the best class. She had lived there only twelve months, she informed me. "But," said I, "you speak and act as if you were an Englishwoman, and you must like our style and ways to have so quickly adopted them."

"That's just it," she answered me. "I liked them; they were, therefore, easy to adopt."

I really think the upper classes in Victoria, by keeping up our old home customs, and most of our opinions, will be the means, if they are not already, of causing a very superior style of social life to grow up on the Pacific Coast, both in Canada and California; for I noticed, more than once, that Americans of a certain class who

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VIEW OF THE STRAITS.

visited Victoria were much impressed by the air of refinement which pervaded what may be called society there; and one man told me that he heartily desired that, amongst the American "upper ten," such modes could be adopted.

About an hour's walk west of the city lie Gonzales Rocks. One day we went to them for a picnic, and from one point I got the sketch accompanying. The land to the left is part of the island of San Juan, which is now United States territory; the small one towards centre of sketch is Chatham Island; behind the dark pines to the right lies Discovery Island; the distant land is Washington Territory, U.S.; in the extreme distance is Mount Baker.

This was the most extensive view we had that day, but every way one turned there was beauty. Then we went past farmed land and pasture to McNiel's Bay, and here again was everything to please the eye of man. After that, we walked some miles along an old road by the sea, each turn we made revealing something new and charming. Here, a group of stately pine-trees hid the sea; there, a clump of maples—leaves a foot or more across—kept up a screen between us and the Straits of Fuca; and now a break between the trees gives us a glimpse of all that lies beyond, and I fall to and make a drawing of it, for it is surpassingly beautiful, we all think.

The flowers we noticed that day were more varied than ever. The woods were full of lovely blue larkspur, yellow and blue lupins abounded, the brilliant scarlet "painter's brush" or "painted cup" was scattered in profusion, groups of pink and yellow columbine, graceful Solomon's seal, "spectabilis," the wild "pierced heart," pink spiræa in bushes, "the meadow-sweet," and pink-and-white-flowered onions.

Then there was "kamass," a very fine purple flower, growing on tall spikes like monkshood somewhat, Turks'-cap lilies; and there were bushes with white rose-like flowers, known as "dogwood." Many vetches of many colours were met with, "mocassin flowers," "ladies' slippers," wild blue flax-like hare-bells, small irises about the size of violets, with many star-like asters, or so we thought them, but everywhere, wherever room could be found, grew the wild roses and woodbine, climbing fences, running on the ground or over rocks, twining round stumps and trees, shedding their perfume and their beauty.

We saw no living animals or birds around Victoria that day, except a brace of English pheasants. These birds had lately been introduced, and promise to do well. They say the land is well supplied

with game of various kinds, but we saw nothing of it in all our tramps abroad.

Close to the beach we often came to shell-mounds, but all our searchings for stone implements or bone ones were without reward.

The small part of Vancouver Island lying west of Victoria appeared to be but thinly inhabited, though the land was all owned and farmed, though but by few people. Everywhere we went from time to time, we passed fields of grain or cattle pasturing; it was not wild, unsettled country. But north and east of the city and Esquimalt the land was being utilized wherever it could be. We saw many prosperous-looking farms, and heard that there are many well-to-do old settlers on the Island. But I think it is essentially a country of small farms.

The growing of fruit on Vancouver Island has long passed the experimental stage. It can be undertaken on a large scale undoubtedly. I know of one tree in the suburbs of Victoria which grew half a ton of apples for three years in succession. Another, growing near it, produced 600 pounds of fruit as often. In 1887, a tree growing in the garden of the captain of the *Yosemite* yielded exactly one ton of pears. These are facts; the only question is, can it be made to pay?

Fruit can be grown there equal to if not better in quality than any in the world. I really think this assertion is true. Now, if they can bring apples from Australia and pears from California to the London market in perfection, why can't they bring them from Vancouver Island?

Land, where available, is to be purchased on very easy terms from Government; so for small families with a little capital, with a knowledge of farm-work and fruit-growing, and not too ambitious, I cannot imagine a more desirable land to settle in.

In Victoria and the southern portion of Vancouver Island the climate is very much the same as that of southern England, but there are no east winds. The winters vary, much like British winters do. One who had lived in Victoria, and knew the country well, assured me he had known one winter in thirty years when no snow fell, and once during that time it lay for seven or eight weeks. These are the extremes. The climate is variable in the winter, but in the other three-quarters of the year the thermometer seldom goes below 40°. The heat of summer is never intense; the nights are always cool. Flowers, as a rule, of some kinds, are blooming all the year round. There is nothing like so large a rainfall as on the mainland.

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VIEW FROM GONZALES ROCKS.

They rarely have thunderstorms near Victoria. Once only, in thirty years, did the same informant assure me that he heard distant thunder, and saw lightning playing about Mount Olympus, across the Straits of Fuca, thirty miles away, so that it is certainly safe to say they very rarely have thunder and lightning in Victoria.

They occur, I believe, on other portions of the Island of Vancouver and on the mainland. No doubt the peculiar position of Victoria accounts for this, lying as it does between the great Olympian Range to the south and the Cascade Range to the north.

There is a railway on the island, extending from Victoria to Nanaimo. It is the intention of the company to carry it north to Comox, a further sixty miles, and southward to a point opposite to Port Angeles in the States.

Most of the country this line traverses is wild and rocky. There are very beautiful lakes among the hills, and there are some good farming tracts, as at Cowichan, Maple Bay, and Chemainus, where prosperous farmers abound. These parts have been settled many years, and all the land available for farming has been taken up.

New comers will have to go farther north, along the coast, or to explore the interior of the island, if they want to discover fresh sites for farms. It must always be borne in mind that, though the soil of Vancouver Island is excellent where it is cultivated at all, yet the amount of such land bears a small proportion to that of the mountainous, rocky, or densely-timbered country, that no one can cultivate.

The Island of Vancouver is about three hundred miles long; its average width is about fifty miles. It is exceedingly mountainous, the highest points rising to 7,000 or 8,000 feet. The interior has not been thoroughly explored, but the principal streams have been followed up, and generally lead to large and very beautiful lakes. The two ends of the island are comparatively level, and about Victoria there is some good agricultural land. Speaking generally, land suitable for cultivation is only found in small patches. The best tracts known are along the north-east coast of the island. The south-west coast, facing the Pacific, is generally rocky and forbidding.

Nanaimo, the terminus of the Island Railway, when we were there, is seventy miles north of Victoria. It had then a population of more than four thousand. Nearly everyone is engaged in or connected with the coal business, though we heard of some other enterprises, notably a saw-mill, which has sent cargoes to all parts of the Pacific and to the Cape of Good Hope.

The harbour of Nanaimo is connected by a deep channel with Departure Bay, and into that harbour the largest ships can enter; it is there ships trading in the Pacific get their fuel. The coal is bituminous, and better than any other available along that coast; large quantities of it are used in San Francisco and other American Pacific cities, for, in spite of the heavy duty levied on its import, it is much preferred to any other coal; hence the future of Nanaimo is assured. The value of this coal deposit is incalculable, especially to our Pacific fleet, with its head-quarters at Esquimalt, which is on the line between Victoria and Nanaimo. Besides home consumption, and what is furnished to our own fleet, mercantile and naval, the amount of coal shipped to California has averaged for the past six years *one hundred and sixty thousand* tons per annum, and the output and sale is unceasingly increasing.

The whole island appears to be most diversified in scenery; it is, I suppose, one of the most beautiful in the world. It is capable of carrying a considerable population, which will no doubt before long occupy every available acre, for, owing to the very abundant resources of the country, mining, manufacturing, and fishing industries will be established, which will make it a most prosperous community; and although farming can never be carried out on the island in anything like the way it is on the prairies and in the east of Canada—the formation of the country forbids it—yet it will, I should say, at an early day, be the garden of the Canadian Dominion, where all its choicest fruits and vegetables will be grown; it will also be the favourite holiday resort and winter refuge for people dwelling east of the Rocky Mountains.

Gold has been got on the island. Twenty-three years ago a quantity was found on Sooke and Leech rivers, some nuggets too; even now, here and there, finds are made, but nothing great. On Gold Stream, a very favourite resort a few miles north of Esquimalt upon the Island Railway, they got some too, hence its name; and even now, I understand, Chinamen and Indians potter about and get a little.

This Gold Stream is a pretty little rivulet which wanders through the hills. We spent a day upon its banks. One little water-fall was very charming, but is a terrible place to get at. Our girls were much excited at the mass of maiden-hair fern which clings to the sides of the rocks down which the water leaps. But really, I am much surprised that Victoria people make so much of Gold Stream; they have infinitely prettier ones, besides lakes and coves and bays, to boast of.

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MOUNT OLYMPUS FROM MCNIEL'S BAY.

Besides gold there is iron and coal enough for half the world upon the island.

The fish supply is most abundant—salmon in shoals, the cheapest, commonest fish; but it is very good. It will not rise to a fly, except at sea. A person told us he had taken many just off Clover Point, near Beacon Hill, with rod and line and fly. In the arms and inlets they can be taken with a spoon.

Halibut are very plentiful and good, and, the Indians say, so are octopus! There is black cod up North Arm, and in Esquimalt Harbour are whiting, and probably outside too. Sturgeon is frequently caught in the lower Fraser River.

Then there is the oolachan, that daintiest of fishes, which is like a smelt or large sardine. It is caught in great numbers on the north coast of the island, but I believe is also found in many places round it. Pickled these little fish are most delicious, but too rich for many people; they are so full of oil. The Indians dry them, and call them candle-fish. It is no uncommon thing at night to see, in one of their rancheries, an oolachan stuck tail up in a cleft stick, which the siwash has kindled, and there it burns for long enough to suit his purpose, giving light, but not equal to a common candle.

The Indians value the oil of this fish greatly, expressing quantities of it and storing it, considering its medicinal properties most wonderful. It is possibly of the same nature as cod-liver oil. Fresh oolachan, fried in its own oil, makes a feast fit for the gods—to those who dare eat it—whitebait is nowhere to it.

There are small, tolerably good oysters to be had, plenty of crabs, magnificent prawns, but no lobsters.

In the inland waters there are trout. We went to Cowichan Lake, forty miles from the city. From a boat we killed four dozen rather pink fish. They rose to a fly, a small black gnat, but were not game at all; one pull, and then all was over.

There are no venomous snakes upon the island, so far as is known. Till lately there were supposed to be no earth-worms, but now they can be found, though not plentifully.

There are several kinds of grouse, and deer, elk (wapiti), bear, both black and cinnamon, panther or cougars (they call them lions), wolves, ursons (Canada porcupines), a species of lynx, which I think is what they call a "catamount," wolverines (or gluttons), beavers, and a great number of other fur-bearers.

There is said to be a species of mountain buffalo, but I could get no clear description of it. In the higher mountains there are wild

sheep (the Bighorns) and goats. From what I could learn, however, the existence of the three latter animals on the island is very problematical. They are all on the mainland though. But all these larger animals are very rarely found, I am sure; we never met a man who had seen more than one or two of any I have mentioned. If a bear was killed, or a lynx, or anything of any size at all, it was heard of throughout the country; the newspapers reported it again and again, as something very wonderful.

Berries of many kinds are very plentiful; so are hazel-nuts in places.

The Chinese, in Victoria especially, demand some notice. I may say, I think, without anyone dissenting, that the city could not get along without them. They perform all domestic duties; they are the cooks and chamber-maids, the laundresses, the nurses; they do the gardening; they are grooms; they saw wood, run errands, and do all kinds of work, unless I have been ill-informed by those who know them best, with the greatest satisfaction to their employers.

There is much prejudice against them amongst certain classes in America and Australia—all the world knows that. It has always seemed strange to me that white men, with their far superior physique, their greater mechanical and mental powers, should be so jealous of this comparatively weak and effeminate race; but so it is. They say that they are dirty. I maintain that they are quite as clean as white folks of the same class are away from home. John is always clean, in appearance at any rate. In private houses where he is employed, I never saw him anything but scrupulously so in dress and person. Watch a gang of Chinese navvies on the railroad line; they leave off work, go home, wash themselves, change their working clothes, and strut about in dignified content, but always with a smile for those who greet them. The white navvy laughs at this. He calls them dirty. But go to the white man's camp; see how he behaves when his day's work is done. There is no comparison.

They tell us that the Chinamen are heathens, that their ways are very immoral. But I do not think our people, about great cities, or in gangs at large engineering works, can be held up as models of propriety—that *they* set much of an example of morality to their Celestial brothers.

A drunken Chinaman is, I believe, entirely unknown; and so is an idle one. They are honest, and those who have known them longest tell me they are far from ungrateful for kindness shown them.

A friend, who had been in business in Victoria for more than

twenty years, told me that he had never refused to give a Chinaman credit; yet, during all that time, he had never lost a cent by one, and, he added, "I wish that I could say the same of white men." The Chinaman's work does not compete with any but the simplest kind of white labour. Avocations demanding anything like a high order of intellectual or physical work, are unaffected by it. The very working men who grumble most about "Chinese cheap labour," are the first to employ it when they take a contract themselves, or in any form require *reliable* help; for Ah Sin loses no time in holiday, he does not drink himself into a nuisance, he has no St. Mondays; he is preferred by all because, up to his physical and mental ability, he is always to be relied on.

Laundry-work, digging and shovelling earth, sawing wood, and such-like matters, John can do to perfection. It seemed to us to be a great advantage to the white worker, that he could himself employ these people to do for him anything that needed no training or special knowledge, whilst he, with his superior gifts, could earn more money and have greater leisure.

In a word, to render domestic life pleasant, domestic servants are required. The Chinese in British Columbia fill this position to perfection; if they were removed, there would be an end to much that makes life pleasant there, for there is no one to take their place. Even the female servants in the older provinces, the majority of them in England too, are not comparable to the "Heathen Chinese" as a domestic. And we could not help thinking that the Australians at any rate, would do well to introduce them into household service, for there, beyond most places, the "servant" question needs solution.

A tax of 50 dols. (£10) has to be paid by every Chinese subject entering the country. Their wages are, for out-door work, about 1 dol. to 1.25 dol. per day; as house-servants, they obtain from 15 dols. to 25 dols. per month, with board and lodging.

The lowest white man's pay for out-door work is 1.50 dol. a day; a good man earns 2 dols. Carpenters, painters, shoemakers, masons, get from 3 dols. to 5 dols. for a day's work.

It did not seem to me to cost much more to live in Victoria than in Toronto. Clothing was, perhaps, a little higher priced, but rents were lower.

The best of boarding can be had in a private house for 10 dols., or £2, per week.

To us the people seemed extremely lavish with money. A "bit," 10 cents, or 12½, as you please, appeared to be regarded there as we

should here a penny, for, with the exception of postage stamps and newspapers, nothing can be bought at any lower price.

A cigar costs a bit, or 6d., yet every labouring man smoked one often; pipes, out of doors at any rate, being counted vulgar, and people lately from the slums of London or rural English villages, who were thankful when at home to earn a bare subsistence, out there were most fastidious in their food and dress and conduct. The good result is certainly quite plain, so far as they are physically concerned; but we often felt a little more politeness to their fellow-beings, a little more refinement in their actions, keeping pace with their improved position, would be not altogether undesirable.

The first thing that a "low caste" Englishman (or any countryman—but Englishmen are worst, I must admit; besides, they really should know better) usually does when he gets to one of our colonies or to the United States, and betters his condition, is to treat those whom he knows are above him in social status with rudeness, whenever he has the opportunity.

A man must *really* work in Canada to succeed. The old-country idea must be abandoned, that of obtaining for the smallest day's work the highest day's pay. Such is the notion which apparently prevails amongst British workmen, especially farm-labourers; it is, no doubt, the cause of much of the distress amongst them. Why is such an immense amount of work sent out of England to be done, or given to foreign workers in England to do? Because the British workman is not reliable; he will not take a manly view of his position, and do his work as faithfully when his employer's eyes are off him as when they are on him.

Besides this, the amount of beer he drinks is very much against him. The absurdity of it is beyond question. In Canada there is, perhaps, as much drunkenness as in England; but there certainly is not that constant "boozing"; men do not stupify themselves with beer there. A British workman seems to think it is his bounden duty to consume all the beer he can get. There are, fortunately, many, very many, exceptions; but it must be acknowledged that what I have said is characteristic of the masses.

In Canada this is not the case. Large districts are entirely without places where beer is sold, and even where it is not so, where people can get what they choose to drink, they do not soak themselves in beer. If anyone did, he would be looked on as a very black sheep indeed, even by his mates; would not be trusted, and would not be employed.

So it is that when our people get there, if they are not lost to all

that is good, they fall into Canadian ways, and become very quickly far more respectable members of society than they ever were before; either that, or they go headlong to the dogs. There seems to be small chance of any middle course out there.

In Victoria, plenty of drink could be got with ease, just as in England, yet amongst the working-people, old-country people principally, there was usually a smartness, clearness of perception, which I attribute greatly to that pernicious custom of beer-drinking being out of fashion there. No woman, not the very lowest, ever enters a bar-room or drinking saloon in any part of Canada. They set themselves up very greatly, men and women, on the proprieties. We laugh at this; but it has a very valuable effect. You will hear a man and woman talking—they had been, perhaps, farm hands at home, or costermongers, who can tell?—about the style, the fashion, the custom of the country, which, if they value their social position they must maintain, just as if they were what we call society people. Laughable—yes, I admit it; but when people begin to have a pride in dress, in home, in “tone,” they are, at any rate, on the way to better things.

Now, all this time I have not mentioned the Selbys' plans; really, they had no fresh ideas or wishes. We had letters often from Charlie and from Bruce; Meadows, too, had written to me. It seemed that everything was looking well with them; they quite expected that they would have a good harvest. If that should be so, then, they said, there would be a “boom” in the N.W.T.

Tom had got quite out of patience at the uncertainty about his own future; he often urged his father to come to a decision; he talked to me, I must confess, quite wisely. Really, I often wondered that he did not get things settled in his own way sooner than he did. But these latter letters we had received from them brought things to a point, also our stay on the coast was drawing to a close; all our future plans had to be defined, so it became absolutely necessary to settle what Tom was to do.

At length, after all the arguments had been gone over again and again, the result of the conferences and consultations was declared to be that Tom should buy the place at Broadview and settle there, and that Maggie should live with him!

Mr. Selby undertook to write to Bruce and make final arrangements. It was arranged that Tom should leave us shortly and go back alone to stay with Bruce until the rest of us should join him there, on the conclusion of our further travels.

In the meantime Bruce was to initiate him into Nor'-West work, and teach him Nor'-West ways.

In the parts the rest of us were still to visit, if Mr. Selby deemed it wise to buy a place and live in Canada, why, then some suitable arrangement could be made to please all parties.

No, hardly all, for Maud was dead against the whole arrangement, and it was very much against her wish that this scheme was finally adopted.

We calculated that it would take ten days at least before we could get a letter from Bruce agreeing to the offered arrangement for the purchase, and his acceptance of the rest of the proposed plans; so we had to make the best disposal we could of the time remaining to us of our stay on Vancouver Island and the Pacific Coast.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

ABOUT THE CHINOOKS.

Diffusion of Indian Blood among the British Columbians.—The Indians Themselves.—Their tribal Divisions.—The Hydahs.—General Loyalty.—Mode of Life.—Houses and Boats.—Totems.—Features of an Indian Village.—Personal Adornments.—Carvings in Wood, Stone, and Silver.—Possible Japanese Origin.—A Yankee Tourist.—A little argumentative Discourse with Him.—Trees and Cows.—How I floored my Man over Jersey Cattle.—And Crockery. Last Days in Victoria.—Business done in the City.—Prospects.—*But* the Hotels!—The villainous Management of Canadian and American Hotels.—My Appeal to all concerned.—Improvements in the C.P.R. Establishments.—Salt Spring Island.—Views there.—On Board the *Yosemite*.—Uninviting Aspect of Vancouver City after Victoria.—Tom Selby's Arrangements.—A new Proposal.—English Bay.—A Pic-nic.

To one well acquainted with the social life of the eastern parts of Canada, it is a surprise when the Pacific Coast is visited to find so many people of Indian blood amongst the inhabitants; and what is more surprising, not only amongst the body of the people, but in the best society.

The reason of this lies in the history of the country. Emigrants to the east were at all times accompanied by their wives and families. The early settlers on the Pacific coast were the solitary factors and traders of the Hudson's Bay or North-West Fur Companies. These men had to marry Indian women, or have no wives; there were no other women there. No doubt they had the best of the Indian women to choose from, and choose they did.

Another generation of officials of these Companies arrived upon the scene; they married, as their predecessors had done, Indian women, or their predecessors' half-breed daughters, and so on, until in our day we find the Pacific Coast, with all its grand future, is open for settlement, and we discover on the spot, already in possession, as it were—certainly in possession of the most valuable town and

country estates—the descendants of these people, moving often, and well deserving to move, in the best society; all having more or less Indian blood in their veins, but which is often quite undistinguishable in their appearance and manners.

That is the present position of this matter. As for the general state of the Indian nations and tribes of British Columbia at present, it is known well enough; so are their habits, but apparently their past is a closed book.

One very intelligent man who had been many years in the country, and had had a great deal to do with these people, was good enough to give me an account of what he knew, which I took down from his dictation. He had made a few photographs and sketches, which he allowed me to select from. I have the more confidence in offering the following remarks on the Indians of British Columbia, because my informant was a man very highly thought of in the community, and he assured me that what he told me was reliable.

He began by telling me that it is thought the Indians of British Columbia number about thirty thousand. They are divided into many nations, speaking different languages. One of the chief of these nations is the Kootenay. Their district is bounded on the east by the Rocky Mountains, extending from the headwaters of the Columbia River down to the boundary line at Montana.

The Shuswap is another great nation, inhabiting an immense tract of country from the 49th to 52nd parallels of north latitude; that nation includes a number of smaller tribes: the Okangan, Nicola, Bonaparte, and Kamloops. It is amongst this race that the Indians of the interior have made the greatest advances in civilization.

There are the Tokali and the Tsic-kalmie, the Tahcully and the Nah-hah-nie nations. It was a branch or tribe of the first of these, the Tchilcotins, which was guilty of the terrible massacre in Bute Inlet in 1863. The Tsimpshewan nation, inhabiting the coast from Alaska to Millbank Sound, have made the greatest advance of all in the arts of peace of the coast tribes. Here is the village of Metlakahtha, with grist mills and saw mills, and a salmon cannery and several other industries, owned and carried on by intelligent and clean Indians, inhabiting neat houses. All this is due to the unwearied efforts and energy of Mr. Duncan, the civilizer of that settlement, proving what can be made of this people by the judicious teaching of a combination of temporal and spiritual matters.

There are numerous other nations: the Kwah-kewlth, which occupies the north-eastern portion of Vancouver Island, and some parts of the mainland opposite. South of them, on the island, is the

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Puntlach or Comox nation; then there is the Cowichan, a very powerful nation, which occupies the whole of the south-eastern portion of the island. It includes the tribes of Skwawmish, Nanaimo, Chemainis, Saanich, Songees, and Sooke. The Aht nation includes the Indians from Port San Juan, near the entrance to the Straits of San Juan de Fuca, to Cape Cook near Quatsino Sound. But it is on Queen Charlotte's Islands, lying north of Vancouver Island, where perhaps the most interesting of all these nations reside, the Hydahs. They are a fine athletic race; they bear the character of having been the most cruel and treacherous of all the Indian nations. Not many years ago, the course of a powerful fleet of Hydahs could be traced along the coast by the ruin which they had wrought. They appear to have been every other Indian's enemy.

To the beneficent rule originated by the late Sir James Douglas may be attributed the fact that all these nations are now at peace. There has not been, since 1863, anything like a rising amongst them against the whites, and then it was not a general insurrection, merely a local outrage.

In 1877, the Indians of the same races, inhabiting the neighbouring United States, were carrying destruction through the American settlements; they earnestly appealed to their kindred in British Columbia to join in the rising, but those whom we may call the British Indians refused, declaring they had no quarrel with the British Government, no wrongs to avenge, nothing to gain, but very much to lose by revolting. Amongst those who objected were the Hydahs. They are now an orderly and well-disposed race; they have found that the law, equally ready as it is under the British flag to punish as to protect, is best for them, and if the demoralizing liquor traffic could but be entirely suppressed, it is indubitable that still greater improvements in their welfare and habits would be brought about.

"When I was in Queen Charlotte's Islands three years ago," my informant proceeded, "I found their villages beautifully situated, facing south, under sheltering rocks, fine beaches generally in front of them. They were always near halibut banks, and inexhaustible beds of clams and mussels lay along their shores. From the number and size of their houses, now unoccupied and in ruins—from forty to sixty in each village—from their burial-places, their houses for the dead, there must have been formerly at least ten times the population there is now. Small-pox, and the corruption of the whites, has been the cause of their destruction.

"The Hydah women are very good-looking, compared with other

tribes; they have been for twenty years the special prey of the white floating population. Nothing now can save the race from speedy extinction except the most careful rearing of the children. When I was there there were no missionaries in any of their villages, and they had seldom if ever been visited by any respectable white people. But now I hear, at Skidegate, some improvement is being made, a company having instituted a fish-oil factory there. The Indians have always been great oil people, catching large quantities of dog-fish and oolachan. Up till lately they had, of course, very primitive methods of getting the oil from the fish, but now this Skidegate Oil Company has put up proper furnaces and apparatus the result will be good for all. They employ, during the fishing season, all the men, women, and children they can get. I was there in the busiest time; the shore was covered with tents, camp-equipage, bedding, nets, fishing-tackle, dried halibut, canoes, and crowds of natives—it was a very stirring scene. They told me they make about 50,000 gallons of very pure oil there annually. I took a photo of the village before I left.

“The Hydahs are very clever with their tools. Nowadays they have those we use, but in old times, with only flint implements, they did wonderful work. Their canoes are celebrated everywhere along the coast for their grace and seaworthiness, each fashioned from one log of the cedar-tree (*Thuja occidentalis* or *gigantea*). One cannot fail to be impressed with admiration for the patient industry which, with apparently such very inadequate implements, has produced vessels of such graceful form and lines that they satisfy a most fastidious ship-builder.

“Every village appears to constitute a chieftaincy, each having its own symbol or crest. The Skidegate village crest is a shark or dog-fish. It is not considered proper for those to marry who are of one clan or village. The Sharks will marry with the Frogs or Eagles, but not with near related Sharks, and so on.

“I had always been under the impression that the Totem was held sacred by the tribe or family possessing it; that they would not injure, or allow to be injured, the object chosen as the symbol of their tribe. This I understood referred to the Indians of the present day, as well as to all others of the past and present who were or are Totem worshippers, or rather, who treated Totems as sacred. But here, at Skidegate, their Totem is the shark, yet this family of Indians, now, and as far back as anything is known of them, are famous shark-slayers, killing them, too, for profit. How does this affect the usual Totem theory?

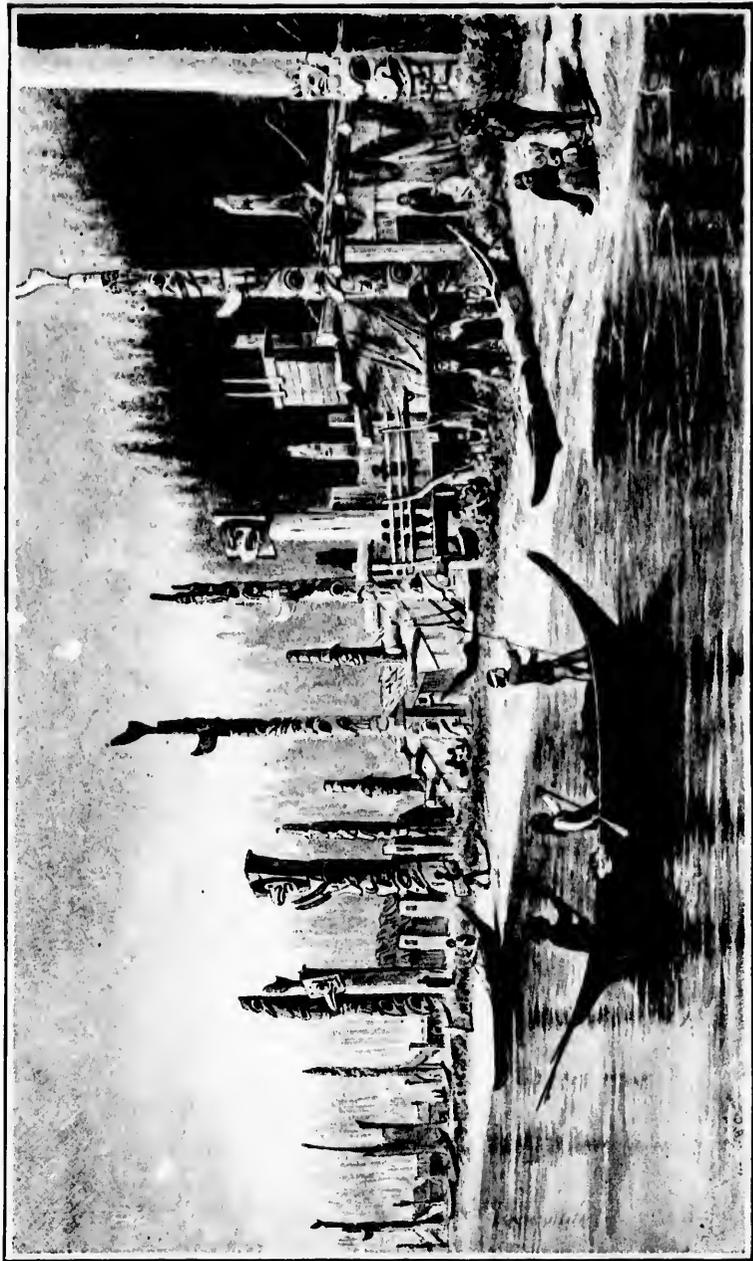
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SKIDEGATE, QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S ISLAND.

"The houses of the Hydahs were most substantially framed, much care being taken in fitting and ornamenting them. They are rectangular, often forty feet on every side, the walls formed of split slabs of cedar, as are the roofs. The door is often between two grotesque door-posts, or *through* one large one. Inside, the earth was generally removed in the centre, sometimes to a depth of six or eight feet; and when you got inside the door you had to go down some rough steps. They had wide shelves to hold their household goods and property; also for bed-places, it seemed. There was a large fire burning in the centre of the house, an opening in the roof above giving egress to the smoke. In these houses several families resided, each occupying a certain portion, all having the one central fire to use.

"It is very surprising what immense beams and timbers have been used in these constructions; it is only when we understand that they got up 'bees,' as the settlers do even now in eastern Canada, that one can understand how it was done. When an Indian wished to build a house, he collected all his tribe, distributing presents among them; this was called, and is still, a 'potlach.' Then they set to work, carrying big logs, putting them together; and thus the immense structure was erected.

"But it is the carved posts, the Totems, which constitute the chief features of an Indian village, especially a Hydah one. They are very various in size and height, sometimes three or four feet in diameter and forty feet high. Down the front they are carved with a mass of grotesque figures, in which the animal representing the clan, the Totem of the person or family who owns it, is represented in a most complicated and distorted way; yet very often with a certain taste and feeling. They introduce the human face, the eyes and mouth, most strangely. An Indian can often faithfully reproduce a given animal, or man even; but in these strange entanglements of ornament they are always introduced in some weird, peculiar way. These poles constitute, in fact, the coat-of-arms of the family; it is probable, also, recording incidents in the family history. They are generally coloured, but the old ones are grey with age and hoary with mosses and lichens.

"Many of them are hollowed out behind. It is most likely this was done for the sake of lightening the load the constructors had to lift up on end, to plant them where they stand; but it is said by some they used to burn their dead and place the ashes in these receptacles. I don't believe it is so. I never met a Chinook Indian who said he knew it was so. Indeed, the Indians I have met seem, strangely, to



be more ignorant about their customs and history than other people are.

"Most of the Hydahs, especially the women, painted; a few of the oldest wore anklets and had their noses pierced for ornaments. I had two guides with me, when I went, who painted their faces red and black. They urged me to do the same, declaring that it would not only improve my appearance but would prevent the sun and wind from blistering my skin. They told me that was their reason for



TOTEMS, HOUSE-FRONT, AND DANCING-BLANKET.

doing it. They are sometimes to be seen with the lower lip pierced for the *bung*-like ornament to be inserted, but very rarely, and only the very old people. I seldom saw one being worn; but from that group of Indian figures at the Crystal Palace, London, one can easily form an idea how it must have been in old times. Nowadays no such Indians are to be seen in British Columbia as those figures represent. They generally adopt European dress, though I have seen in more unsettled parts a native lady wrapped in a grey blanket, her charms set forth with big pearl ear-rings, a nose-ring and a lip arrangement—call it ornament if you please—which caused her lower lip to stand out at least an inch beyond her teeth.

"I met one once, unornamented, exceptionally good-looking. When she saw the white man coming, she quickly ran to some water near, washing from her face the mixture of charcoal and fat with which it had been coated, so that she might appear before me in her unsullied beauty.

"Once, on the north end of Vancouver Island, I saw some Indians, who had amongst them a few old people who had cone-shaped heads. I don't know how better to describe them. Evidently, in infancy, their skulls had been compressed to that form. Each woman, I remember,

had a red streak painted down the centre parting of her hair, across her forehead, to her eyes, when it was crossed by another red stripe above her eyebrows.

"The Hydahs and Tsimpsheans carve in wood and slate. They are the principal manufacturers of the silver bracelets and other Indian carvings which are sold to tourists in Victoria. They are made now to sell. It is very difficult, indeed, to get pure silver trinkets made by Indians as of old. Indeed, I have heard that they are made often in some English factory, and sent out here to sell.

"It seems probable that Japanese junks, in days gone by, have come to this coast, whether driven to it by stress of weather or for trading purposes, cannot be known; but it is conjectured, with some reason, that much Japanese blood mingles with the Indians'. It is, perhaps, from that cause that their skill with tools, their clever ornamental work, their wonderful boats and buildings, have been brought to such perfection."

In different parts I myself saw a great number of these people, many actively engaged in the same work that white men are employed in, round saw-mills, canneries, on the railway, in the forest. They dressed like their white brothers, and appeared to be quite as able men. I remember, particularly, a party I met up near the Gorge; they were, I suppose, in their best clothes. They were well dressed, too, and reminded me more of Italians or



CONE-SHAPED HEADS.

Spaniards than of any other people. Yet, the Japanese cast of features prevailed very extensively; especially was this noticeable when looking straight into an Indian's face. This peculiarity appeared also in several bands of Indians I met on the prairies, as far east as Regina, and seems to bear out the theory, which was mentioned to me frequently on the coast, that the Japanese have had much intercourse in ancient days with the aborigines of North America.

It was on this same occasion—I had been up there sketching—when returning, I fell in with an individual who was going my way. He was a tall, angular being, dressed in broadcloth from head to foot, and was very dusty. He wore what he called "chin whiskers," that is, a beard; also, he chewed tobacco. He said he had come with an excursion party from San Francisco. His first few words told me what was his nationality, and enabled me to make sure he was a character.

He asked me if I belonged there, and when I told him I did not, took it for granted, evidently, that I was, like himself, an American. He expressed great surprise, therefore, that I liked Victoria and the neighbourhood. He admitted they were "mighty pretty places," but said that he heard before he came they were inhabited by "North American Chinese," and that his experiences there had assured him it was so. Said he—

"What is wanted in this yer country is some real live Yankees. Why, Sir, if our people had had this yer island, we should have worked up the entire country long ago; you bet we should."

"No doubt of that," I replied; "but would you have made anything *better* of it than it is? You agree with me that it is pretty enough, a beautiful country to live in, and that the people have splendid houses, and enjoy great comforts and luxuries. What more do you want?"

"Oh, yes; all you say is right enough; but, my gracious, how slow they are! Now, they *do* seem to go in for comfort, as you call it, and pleasure, and all that. Why, Sir, our people go in for money; and I guess they make money."

"No doubt, and lose it too. But don't make too sure that this people are not making money. I've heard that, proportionately to population, there is as much wealth here as anywhere in the world. It is not always those who make the most fuss and show who make the most money, you know. Besides, what is man's end, anyway, but to lead a happy life? Mere money-making is not an end, only a means. You people over in the States seem to think money-making an end."

I don't think my companion quite understood my meaning; he poked fun at a lot that we saw on our road, and called my attention often to what he called "their derved old-fashioned ways."

Of course he bragged tremendously about the States, about their mountains, and their prairies, and everything else, and asked me if I had seen the big trees of California; because, said he, "These yere Douglas pines they make such a brag about in this British Columbia, are just nothing to them. No, Siree, nothing!"

I admitted I had not seen the trees in the Mariposa Grove, and had no doubt they were far larger than any on the coast we were on; but when I told him I had examined and measured some of the big gum trees in Australia, and gave him their heights and their girths, he was rather staggered, for he believed, as all Americans appear to do, that *they* have the biggest trees in the world.

We passed some cows on the road. He called my attention to

them. "Did you ever see such animals?" he asked. "Wall, for a so-called civilized people to have such critters around is a disgrace. I guess they have no good cattle in Canaday anyway."

"As for that," said I, "Mr. Delancey Fuller, of Oaklands, near Hamilton, in Ontario, claims to have the finest of all Guernsey cows, finer than any in Guernsey itself; and I suppose there are *some* other good animals in the Province."

"Wall," he continued, "that may be; but I believe in Jersey cows. Them's the finest of all. A man who lives where I come from in Ohio, has the best breed of them extant; and, you bet, I'll stick up for American cattle before all others."

"That's all right," said I; "but where did he get them?"

"Where? Why, of course, he got them from head-quarters—from Jersey, why cert'nly."

"Well, then, how can they be American cattle?"

"Why, of course they are. Good land! how can they be anything else? I guess I *do* know something about this business, anyhow. Don't I know the cows? Don't I know the man who owns them? No, Sirree, you can't fool me on this question."

"Just so," I replied. "But," I asked, "where *is* Jersey?"

"Jersey? Why, it's across the river from New York City—the State of New Jersey, of course. You bet I know whar that is. I've bin thar and know the cattle, I rackon."

"But, man alive," and I laughed, "that isn't the Jersey famous for its cows. The Jersey cattle come from a little island in the English Channel. Didn't you know that?"

"No, Sir-r-r! Are you certain?" he cried out, astonished. "Why, Great Scott! I always thought it was our Jersey! How do you know?"

I assured him I was right, and that I was an Englishman myself and *ought* to know. This surprised him greatly; but he believed me and was satisfied, though from time to time he muttered, "Jersey! Well I'm derved."

Just as we were getting into town, we passed a store where some crockery was exposed for sale. He examined it, and turning to me said—

"Whar I come from, Steubenville, Ohier (Ohio), they've got a factory started for making them things. I was over it last time I was east, and it's a moity pooty business, don't you think so?"

I told him I also had been over the same factory, not very long ago.

"Wall, then," he asked, "wer'n't you mightily astonished? Isn't

it a queer thing, to see them gals and fellers a-turning out them pots and things the way they do?"

I admitted that it was very interesting, when he immediately turned to me and said—

"Guess you hain't got anything like it in your country."

"Why, my friend," I replied, "that pottery in Ohio has only been started four or five years, has it?"

"No, that's so; that's all."

"Well, then, you had cups and saucers, plates and things before that pottery was started, eh?"

"I reckon."

"Where did you get them?"

Then he pondered for a while. Suddenly it seemed to dawn upon him, and he cried—

"Why, yer don't mean ter say you've bin makin' them things in the old country for many years, eh?"

I said that for two thousand years, at the very least, we had been making crockery, and I supposed that, until ten or twelve years ago, they had been supplied by us, and even now I thought that ninety-nine per cent. of all used in America was made in Britain.

"Good land!" he cried. "What an almighty big pottery there must be there, then!"

We parted at the door of the hotel he was staying at. In shaking hands with me, he assured me he had had a very pleasant talk and had learned a lot. It was the first time he had ever been out of his own country, and he told me he quite reckoned that travelling about in other countries opened a man's mind "considerable."

But our last days in Victoria had come. We occupied ourselves in visiting once more the many friends we had made, with strolls about the lovely neighbourhood. We bought photographs as mementoes of our visit at McMunn's, and a few at Mrs. Maynard's. We got some Indian curios on Johnson Street. I made some more sketches, we collected flowers and pressed them, passing our time most enjoyably. The weather was simply lovely; it was never too hot, yet every evening we found a thicker coat or a wrap pleasant. The south wind is the cold wind there. Coming first across the Japanese current, which acts the same kind office to the west coast of Canada as the Gulf Stream does to England, it gets warmed; but then it has to cross the snowy range of Olympus, where all the heat is taken from it, and it arrives in Victoria the coldest of all breezes. I do not remember a mosquito in Victoria.

The business done in that city is very large. There is an exten-

sive back country to supply. Until lately it was the only port of consequence in British Columbia. Now Vancouver City has arisen, hoping itself to be the chief port in the Province. Possibly it may be so some day. Victoria people declare they are convinced that their city will always take the lead. On this point opinions differ; but of this I am quite certain, that Victoria, with its delightful surroundings, its charming climate, which is far ahead of that of the mainland, its freedom from mosquitoes, and the general absence of most of the unpleasantnesses of a new American city, will, as a residential place, and as a pleasure resort, long lead the van on the Pacific Coast of North America. This seems to be regarded as a fact by everyone; that is to say, if the hotels there, and on the way there, are made quickly what they should be.

It is no use disguising the matter; the American hotels, big and little, the palaces in San Francisco, the gigantic hostelries in Chicago, "the finest in the world," as in Montreal and Toronto, are to English and other refined people's ideas, simply detestable places to stay in, as a rule. There are exceptions. Most inhabitants of Britain are very fond of travelling; those who have means are always going somewhere. They go again and again, and still again, to France, to Germany, to Switzerland, Italy, Spain, even to the West Indies and Australia. Do you ever hear of English people who have visited America for pleasure simply *once*, going back again unless they are obliged to? Hardly ever, I suppose, unless they have friends to visit. Why is this? Simply because of the wretched hotel accommodation from *their* point of view.

It is all very well for Americans and Canadians to point to their big hotels, to brag about their immense dining-rooms, to expatiate on their amazingly comprehensive bills of fare, when it is next to impossible to get a slice of properly cooked meat served hot, or to find a really correctly furnished and *attended* bed-room, or to be served even in a manner that a second-rate middle-class home would be in Britain.

Americans and Canadians, whatever *they* may prefer and think right themselves, must provide travellers who come to visit them for pleasure with the comforts and the luxuries said visitors desire, or they will not travel in those lands again.

Therefore, I hope that in Victoria and Vancouver City, in New Westminster, and stopping-places *en route* to them, such as Winnipeg, Port Arthur, Calgary, and Banff, or at Field and Glacier, and North Bend, ere long there will be hotels which persons of refined ideas can stay at and enjoy themselves in—hotels like some well-known country

inns in England and Scotland. Why not? There is nothing at all to prevent it but the obstinacy of the Canadian and American hotel-keepers *and their clerks*, who, taking it for granted that they, and they alone, know how to do things properly, refuse to listen to suggestions of change.

The C.P.R. have made immense strides in the right direction; their hotels are far and away the best that I have ever stayed at in America, East or West, with one or two exceptions. Meals served on their cars and steamers are delightful. What is the principal secret of this? They have a very superior system, but what has most to do with it, I think, is that they have good servants, generally men and women who are made to understand that they must treat their guests properly, who have been taught a lesson or two of the kind such as British innkeepers can teach them.

Mr. Van Horne is a wise man—no cleverer man in such matters as these anywhere, I suppose. If he once puts his hand really to this work, there will be a radical reform, and no mistake about it. He has touched it, and a great stride ahead has been made; when he really means it, it will be done.

For when that line of railway, the C.P.R., becomes the fashionable, the favourite route of travel from the East to West, which it is worthy of becoming from what can be seen *on* the journey, and what can be enjoyed at the end of it, then Victoria and Vancouver cities will “boom,” and all the lesser towns and stopping-places will have their share of popularity.

Lying between Vancouver Island and the mainland of British Columbia, and continuing up to Alaska, are a very great number of islands. They form a very peculiar and interesting feature of the coast of this portion of Canada. They are characterized by the same general geological and botanical features as the mainland near them. They are very mountainous, but are intersected by the most lovely fertile valleys, studded with lakes.

As typical of them, I will describe one of the largest, best known, and longest settled, namely Salt Spring Island. In the Admiralty charts this was first named Admiralty Island, but it received from its early settlers the name it now bears on account of the Salt Springs existing at its northern end.

This island is about twenty miles long, of irregular breadth, from two to six or eight miles. It is divided by mountains into three separate districts or settlements; one at its north end, the second occupying the valley extending from Vesuvius Bay on the west to Ganges Harbour on the east, the third in a similar valley extend-

ing from Burgoyne Bay on the west to Fulford Harbour on the east.

These districts have no roads connecting them, merely trails; they have little intercourse with each other, but as each is accessible from the sea, they are all brought by steamboat into regular communication with Victoria.

All the crops usually grown in England flourish in these valleys, and probably nowhere in the world do the fruits of the mother-land come to greater perfection. Apples, pears, plums, and cherries, are unsurpassed anywhere for size, flavour, and profusion, while currants, raspberries, and strawberries, are equally excellent.



MOUNT BAYNES, SALT SPRING ISLAND.

The mountainous tracts which separate the settlements are in parts thickly wooded with the Douglas fir, cypress (*Thuja gigantea*), and maples. The more open parts are used for cattle and sheep runs; the latter can be allowed to graze untended, for the wolves, which were formerly very numerous, have been exterminated. Fish are very plentiful in the bays, as everywhere on the coast of British Columbia. Trout are abundant in the lakes.

This island was first settled about 1859-1860, and several of the original settlers are there to this day. Within the past few years so

many others have come to seek a home there, that the island has been well searched over, and all available farming-land has been taken up. New comers will now have to go to other islands farther north to find such opportunities of founding homes as were to be had in Salt Spring Island twenty years ago.

No minerals of value have yet been found there; there is, however, every probability of coal being discovered in the northern part. The saline springs there seem to have no commercial value, the water containing but a small portion of chloride of sodium (common salt). Deer are plentiful; venison forms a large part of the food of the settlers. There are no venomous snakes, but hawks are very numerous, and are so destructive to young poultry that the inhabitants wage constant war upon them.

The scenery is often very beautiful; from high points the snowy peaks of Mount Baker and the Cascade Range on the mainland are visible to the west and north, while to the south are seen the glittering crests of the Olympian Range, across Vancouver Island. The highest points on Salt Spring Island are Mount Erskine, 1,597 feet; Mount Baynes, 1,953 feet; Mount Sullivan, 1,972 feet; and Mount Bruce, 2,329 feet. These are modest elevations for British Columbia, but they greatly diversify the landscape. The view of Foord's Lake and Mount Baynes is very typical of the scenery of the island; so is one looking from Fulford Harbour on Salt Spring Island across to Maple Bay or Vancouver Island. The fir-trees grow to an immense size there, but not to the dimensions of the noble trees on the mainland, about the low districts on the mouth of the Fraser River.

We became quite loth to leave Victoria. We did, indeed, think well of it; we called it "Flora's Paradise," "Fairy-land," the loveliest country we had ever seen out of dear England. But we had to go. We said good-bye to friends; we took one last fond view from Beacon Hill, and saw Mount Baker gloriously; we had our last row up the Gorge. Then we went down to the wharf after ten one night, and went quietly to sleep on board the *Yosemite*, but were quickly awakened about 2 a.m. by an outrageous rattling which nearly shook us out of bed. It was that charming steamer's lively way.

When we got up at daylight, the grey mountains were looming up ahead, and long stretches of pine-trees across the placid waters of the Gulf of Georgia; it was the mainland of British Columbia.

Vancouver City did look a new place after Victoria. People were busy as usual; sawing, hammering, chopping, and blasting was going on still, just as when we left. Houses had sprung up, were fur-

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THE MAINLAND OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

nished, and inhabited since we had been there, so short a time before.

The Le Grand House appeared still less inviting to us than ever. The manager was quite vexed when we told him how much we liked Victoria. When he found we had not stopped at the famed Driard House, but had preferred a private boarding-house, he was quite disgusted.

We only intended to stay one day here; but so many people wished us to prolong our visit that at last we consented to stay three.

A satisfactory letter had come from Bruce. It only now required Tom's signature, and he would become a N.W.T. land and cattle owner and all that appertains thereto.

This arrangement that Tom Selby was making was very well known to several friends in that place, but there was one man especially who seemed to regard it as not the wisest undertaking the young man could enter on. He often urged Tom and his father not to conclude the matter at Broadview, until they had at least seen a place which he was full of, where, he told us, the country is very beautiful, climate infinitely better than anything east of the Rockies, land low-priced, market very near, and growing rapidly in importance, so that very quickly land will rise enormously in value. Great engineering works were shortly to be undertaken in the neighbourhood, and our friend considered it would be a much wiser move for Tom and Maggie to settle there than in the N.W.T.

I had heard of the beauty of this locality in an artistic sense, so I was anxious to see it. The Selbys were not pressed for time, and though Tom and Maggie declared nothing now could tempt them to give up the Broadview plan, yet they would go with me. It was agreed, then, that when we left Vancouver City we should stay a day or so in New Westminster, which everybody said we ought to visit; then go on to Port Hammond, which is the station on the C.P.R. near which this promising country is situated.

This matter settled thus, we set out to visit all the places round Vancouver City which we had not seen already. The first we went to was English Bay. We walked there, carrying a basket of provisions. We passed the C.P.R. Hotel on Granville Street; but you must understand that beyond that building, till we reached False Creek, there were then no houses on that street, for beside the plank road, all the way on either side, as far as the eye could reach nearly, was nothing but big stumps, enormous logs and branches charred black, all lying in inextricable confusion—a most curious scene.

False Creek is a narrow arm of the sea which runs in from English Bay, and nearly cuts the city in two; four hundred yards farther, and it would do so; then a portion of Vancouver City would be on an island.

On the side of this water we found the railway works progressing, with a long trestle bridge crossing it. The view from this bridge, across the Straits or Gulf of Georgia, was very fine. We crossed it without great difficulty, for we had, all of us, had practice lately in walking over these constructions. Then we found the trail; it was plain enough, being in fact the avenue of trees chopped for the railway line, amongst which a narrow path went winding. There was nothing fresh or very striking on this walk, the same big trees, with logs and ferns and bushes, with vegetation rampant everywhere; then, in a mile or so, we came out on the beach at English Bay.



GRANVILLE STREET, VANCOUVER CITY.

It is extensive, a curve of shore, with beautiful soft sand and rocks around it; rather high banks surround it, which are covered with most beautiful trees of all kinds, whilst sheets of woodbine, roses, and many other trailing plants and creepers hang from them. Underneath maiden-hair (*Adiantum pedatum*) was growing in profusion up to one's middle, with many other ferns, mosses, lichens, and flowers. On the beach lay many giant logs, barkless and bleached; they had drifted in and lay there rotting. There were stumps there, too, lying in strange positions; one immense one, stranded in the bay, formed a conspicuous object.

We "camped" near; that is, we lit a fire, we boiled a little kettle we had with us, made some tea, and had a most delightful picnic.

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Few places I have ever seen appeared to me to offer such fine sites for houses. In time, and not a long time either, I believe, English Bay will be surrounded by charming homes; that is, if business is not started there and factories built. If that is done, then I suppose we must say "good-bye" to all its beauties. The trees will be mown down, to be replaced by tall brick chimneys; the lovely banks of flowers and ferns will give place to streets and houses; the beauty of the bay will have departed. But the scene from it will always remain; it is a fine one.

Bowen Island and Howe Sound were full in view across the gulf, some fifteen miles away. The distant mountains over there in the north-east had been clouded over; but now the clouds had dispersed, and the beautiful ice-peaks shone out beyond the slopes of the primeval forest in spotless majesty.

"I suppose," said I, to a friend who was with us—an old resident, one who had seen and done much in town and forest, on lake and river, from the very early days of the settlement of that land, who made himself agreeable to us all, and who had shown us great kindness and attention—"I suppose," said I, "not much is known of the mountainous parts of the country," pointing to the scene that had just unveiled itself.

"No," he replied, "not much; the difficulty of exploration is enormous; but adventurous men do, now and then, try to penetrate those forbidding regions. I had some adventures up there," pointing to the mountains beyond Howe Sound, "ten years ago."

"Oh! tell us about them," we all cried; we should so like to hear something you yourself have done will be so truly interesting."

So he agreed; but for that narrative I will begin a fresh chapter.

CHAPTER XIX.

REMINISCENCES.

An Explorer's Tale.—The Howe Sound Copper-mine.—Landing at Seechelt.—A deserted Village.—Finding a concealed Canoe.—Paddling up Salmon Arm.—Going up to the Mine.—A rough Ascent to the Snow-line.—Camping in a Storm.—Finding the Mine.—Descending.—“The Dark Timber.”—How to get Home.—Peterson's Plan.—A bold Venture.—The Sardines.—Effect of them on Peterson.—In the Rapids.—A Mistake.—Peterson's Dream.—Running the Rapids.—Camping on Texada.—Sails up.—Making for Nanaimo.—Crossing the Gulf in a little Boat.—Why the Gold-reefs are not easily found.—The Great Fire in Vancouver City in 1886.—A Resident's Account of It.—Sunday Afternoon.—Rush of the Fire from the burning Bush.—Flight of the Inhabitants.—Quick Spread of the Conflagration.—Rush for the Water.—The *Robert Dunsmuir*.—Roughs Loot the ruined City.—Loss of Life.—Incidents of the Fire.—Monday Morning.—Rebuilding begun.—A Tale of British Pluck and Energy.—A Visit to the Chinese Quarter.

WE were seated in a group around our friend on the soft sand of English Bay, and I was sketching the scene, when he began his tale, as follows:—

“Well, then, a discovery of copper ore had been made up there among the mountains. It was called the Howe Sound Copper Mine, although it was situated much nearer to the Salmon Arm of Seechelt Inlet than to any part of Howe Sound. Some of the owners made an expedition to it in the early summer of 1877, and I was invited to be one of the party. I went, and never enjoyed a week in the wilds more than I did that time; but it is not of that journey I'm going to speak now.

“I must explain that no one was living at the mine at the time of our visit, nor probably within forty miles of it, except Indians, of course. The owners had driven a tunnel a few yards into the vein, and that was all that had been done.

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ENGLISH BAY.

" But, after our return to Victoria, a party of men had been sent up to cut a trail from the landing-place at the head of Salmon Arm to the mine, to facilitate the carriage of supplies to it when it should be worked. These men were at work when, about the middle of September, one of the owners, who had not been able to join the expedition I have mentioned, but was anxious to see the mine, asked me to make another journey there with him, to which, remembering my late experience, I willingly agreed.

" Our preparations completed, Allen—as I shall call him—and I were soon on our way. It was a very difficult matter in those days to get conveyed to any place near the mine, but we found a steamer which was bound for Hastings Saw Mills—close to this City of Vancouver, you know—and from there she was going to Nanaimo on Vancouver Island. We agreed with the Captain that he should deviate from his direct course between these two places, stretch across the Gulf of Georgia to the right, and land us at the Indian village of Seechelt. We got there about 5 p.m., a boat was lowered, which put us and our belongings ashore, then pulled back; the steamer saluted us with a parting whistle and turned south for its twenty-two miles trip to Nanaimo.

" If you look at the map, you will see that Seechelt Peninsula is a mountainous mass about seventy miles round. It is united to the mainland by an isthmus, less than a mile across. The village is on the seaward side of the isthmus facing Nanaimo. Our intention was to carry our things across, then hire a canoe and paddle ourselves up the twenty or twenty-two miles to a landing-place at the head of Salmon Arm, where we should find Peterson, one of the owners of the mine, who was in charge of the trail-cutting party. But to our dismay we found the Indian village was deserted. We tried the doors of all the huts—they were fast; we cooe'd—we got no response. The steamer was disappearing in the distance, and we gradually understood that we were dropped on a desert, uninhabited shore, without the possibility of communicating with the outer world. We had never contemplated such an event, and felt we were fairly trapped.

" We looked at one another anxiously. 'Well,' said I, 'let us walk across, and take our ikta-hs (things) with us; if we don't find Indians across the isthmus, we *may* find a canoe, and so be able to go on.' This we did, but neither Indian nor canoe could we find for a very long time. At last an old, old siwash appeared on the scene, who was very distrustful at first; but when we told him our needs, and mentioned Peterson, he offered to find us a canoe. Peterson, we

found, was well known to and trusted by the Indians. We were curious to know where the promised canoe was to come from—we thought we had searched every place; but the old siwash took us back to the village, and there, most carefully hidden, he found a very small canoe, barely large enough to carry two. But we were very thankful to have it; so, putting it on our shoulders, we carried it across to the head of the Inlet.

“We could not go any farther that night, so we camped and ate our evening meal. We learnt from the old Indian that the rest of the tribe were away up the coast, fishing, leaving only him and a deaf and dumb boy at home.

“We made an early start next morning, and by noon got to the junction of the Salmon Arm. Here we found a logger’s deserted hut in a most romantic spot, shaded by giant maples, a spring of water gushing out close to the door. We had it all to ourselves, and here we made our meal; finally, towards evening, we got to the landing, and were heartily welcomed by Peterson, who was delighted enough to see anyone from the outside world. There was a rude hut here, in which they lived, four whites, a Chinese cook, and Peterson.

“We did not go up to the mine the next day; we were so used up with the paddling we had done. We merely went out along the new trail as far as they had cut it—about one mile—in which distance the country had risen about one thousand two hundred feet, by my barometer.

“On the day following, Allen, Peterson, and I started, and, as we should have to camp at least one night on the way, we had to carry blankets and a supply of provisions. Peterson also carried an axe.

“It was out of the question for us to go by way of the new trail, for we knew not what difficulties might lie ahead of the course it was laid on, so we went by the route the discoverer of the mine had used. We took Peterson’s boat and rowed, say two miles, to the extreme end of the Inlet, landed there, and hauled the boat ashore. I do not think we were then two miles and a half from the mine; but you know what the difficulty of travelling in this country is, and that two miles and a half might be a very good day’s journey.

“Well, we shouldered our packs and followed Peterson. The indications of the route were exceedingly faint, and had to be sharply looked for. Trail there was none. I kept a constant watch on the barometer, and at each rise of one hundred and fifty feet or so, I called a halt. Then we leant our loads against the mountain-side, or on a

fallen tree, and thus rested a few minutes. The first two thousand feet, in the thick forest, was the worst; but soon after that the trees became fewer, and we could see better where we were going and where to place our feet. At three thousand feet we came to heather; at three thousand eight hundred feet, to the first snow. By that time it was well on in the afternoon, and the weather began to look threatening. Peterson, a capital mountaineer and bushman, became anxious, knowing how furious the storms in the mountains often are, and advised that we should halt at once and make our camp all snug for the night. We bowed to his opinion, and chose a place under the lee of a big rock, where we spread a sheet of canvas across a pole, and made all well fast. Our beds were a layer of fresh pine twigs. Then Peterson went to work with his axe, and cut down trees for the fire.

“‘For,’ said he, ‘the dead wood, of which there is plenty about, is useless during heavy rain, such as I expect we shall have to-night. The green wood, though difficult to light, makes a more constant and fiercer fire, and if you only pile on plenty of logs, it will keep alight in spite of the heaviest rain.’

“The felled trees were cut into lengths and an enormous fire was made. Meanwhile, I fried bacon and made tea; and we had our meal over, and all snug before the storm burst over us.

“I had seen *some* weather in different parts of the world, but this storm was a new experience to me. The fierceness of the wind was terrific; only our sheltered position saved our camp from wreck. I never dreamed that a fire could survive the deluge of rain that fell.

“Towards midnight it ceased. I got up and looked around, and, to my surprise, the fire was still burning. I piled on fresh logs, and soon had a blaze that quickly dried the little wet that had reached us. We then slept comfortably till dawn.

“After an early breakfast, we began the most difficult part of our journey. We had to climb up another nine hundred feet, and when we reached about five thousand feet above sea-level, we had to traverse a plateau of about a mile, all covered with snow of uncertain depth, making every step painful and difficult. However, at last we got to the mine, and Allen had the satisfaction of inspecting his property and judging of its value, which took but a very little time to do.

“So that we might be able to come up as easily as possible, we had left our loads where we camped.

“The tunnel of the copper-mine was on the edge of a lake of some

acres in extent, which was covered with rotten ice, evidently that of the previous winter; a small glacier also came down from Mount Donaldson, at its southern end. To gain a good view of the country, we ascended this mountain, the weather being again fine and clear; we were rewarded for our trouble by a very magnificent view. Nanaimo was plainly visible across the Straits, whilst inland the prospect was grand in the extreme, the great Coast Range of mountains, many of them very lofty, covered with everlasting snow, stretched along one half of the horizon; not a sign of human life, not a beast or a bird, or even insect, was to be seen or heard; the loneliness and quiet had something awful about it.

"After we had enjoyed this panorama to our hearts' content, we began to think of our return to the landing-place. It was then about 2 p.m., and from the summit of Mount Donaldson we could make out two miles away, and three thousand five hundred feet below us, where the trail-cutters were at work, could see the smoke from their fire, and I really believe we could hear their axes. It looked so easy to go down just there and join them, that we were, indeed, half inclined to go to camp, have dinner, pack up, and plunge into the valley up which the trail was being cut. But second thoughts came to us. We were all old bushmen, and we finally agreed that the risk was too great to run. And you, my friends, who know by this time how impenetrable the coast forests of British Columbia are, will agree that we were right to adhere to the well-known bush maxim:—*Never leave a trail whilst there is a trail to stick to.*

"So, reluctantly, we returned to camp, cooked our last meal, saddled ourselves with our packs, and started down the way we had come up. We did not hurry; in consequence, only just escaped a peculiar danger which I had not before thought of, yet it was a very real one.

"Along the edge of the sea, where we had left our boat, lies a strip of land where the trees grow closer together, and the foliage is much more dense than on the slopes of the hills; so much so, that Peterson had named it the 'Dark Timber,' and the danger was that in the evening twilight the gloom would prevent our finding the very slight trail-marks which were our only guide. Suddenly, when half-way down, Peterson thought of this, and exclaimed, 'Oh, we must hurry, or we shall be lost in the Dark Timber!' So when we got within two hundred yards of the water's edge we entered this dismal grove, and I was astonished at the almost complete darkness which prevailed.

"Fortunately, Peterson well knew the trail, or we could hardly

have found our way through. We just managed to do so, after an anxious crawl—it was nothing else—of half an hour, then we emerged into daylight on the Arm and found our boat; a quiet pull to the landing, and, thoroughly tired, we were glad to be under a roof again.

“I have not told you how Allen and I had planned to get back to Victoria, for the fact is we *had* no plan. We were, in the language of this country, ‘taking the chances.’ At the worst, we reckoned we could get Indians to canoe us to Burrard Inlet—that is, to the site of this Vancouver City; but we had not thought that they would be all away from the village. We discussed the matter with Peterson, and he solved it finally thus: ‘These men,’ said he, ‘have had no meat but bacon for the last eight weeks; they are good fellows, but they are getting rather tired of this food. I have been thinking what I should do, and now I see my way. My boat is a good one; we three will cross the Gulf in her. So let us sail her to Nanaimo; you can take the steamer to Victoria; I can get a supply of fresh meat and vegetables and bring them back in her.’

“‘But,’ said Allen, ‘you can’t navigate the boat back yourself alone. We must take one of the men with us, that you may have a companion back.’

“Peterson replied that he would not do so, but would get an Indian he knew of in Nanaimo to help him bring the boat back. So it was settled. We made our arrangements, and started on the evening of the day after our return from the mine. The total length of the journey was eighty miles, fifty in narrow waters, thirty in one stretch across the Gulf of Georgia. This latter was the ticklish part, and we should have to watch for fair weather before we ventured on it.

“Also, there was a bit of very difficult navigation, the Narrows at the entrance to the Seechelt Arm, about twenty miles from the landing, and our intention was to row down to within a mile or so of them, and go ashore and camp till daylight.

“Now, none of you here know what those Narrows are, but you all know well what the Gorge at Victoria is. Well, the Seechelt Narrows are just the same on a hundred times the scale. The total length of water above them may be sixty to seventy miles, one to two miles in width. At these Narrows the passage contracts to sixty or eighty yards wide, and this immense body of water rushes through the passage inwards when the tide is going in, and outwards when it is going out, with incredible velocity. No steamer could go against it, and any sailing vessel attempting to do so would be swamped.

As the direction of the rapids changes with the tides, of course it alternates about every six hours. As no steamer can go *against* the stream, and only a very powerful one could go with it, a small vessel like our boat would come to grief at once on entering. But during a few minutes only, between each tide, when the waters on both sides of the Narrows are at the same level, is it possible for a boat or canoe to be taken through.

"Peterson was the only one of us who had ever done this, so we trusted to his guidance. There was no wind when we started from the landing, and we pulled down stream in the gathering darkness. Towards 10 p.m. we remembered we had no fresh water with us, but Peterson knew a spot a mile ahead of us where we could get it, and as it was the only opportunity we should have, we pulled along as closely to the north shore as we could, and heard by and by the sound of a waterfall; so with great difficulty, on account of the darkness, we pulled in, landed, and filled a bucket. We then resumed our voyage. We were all rather tired, not having yet recovered from our climb up and down the mountains. Allen and Peterson were more used up than I was, so they each took a little nap alternately, whilst I and the one not sleeping rowed down the channel at a moderate rate. We had the Admiralty chart with us; I had studied it well, and although it was very dark, I could just make out the outlines of the hills, and knew tolerably well where we were.

"Here Peterson, who was rowing with me, suddenly exclaimed, 'Didn't you say you had some sardines?'

"'Yes,' I answered; 'I have one box left.'

"'Oh! let us have them then; pray do!' he cried.

"So we roused up Allen, stopped rowing, and let our boat drift. Allen and I had some bread and cheese; Peterson stuck to the sardines. Some of you know of old with what avidity one takes to any, the slightest, change of diet after living for a length of time on one monotonous round of food. So it was with Peterson and the sardines. We had lit some pine splinters, which burnt up and gave us good light to eat supper by. I don't think I ever saw a man enjoy anything so much as Peterson did those little fish. He stopped when he got half through, but that was only his modesty. We begged him to finish them, and he did so; then he dozed off to sleep, a thoroughly contented man, Allen and I taking to the oars again.

"When we put out our torches, the darkness was really surprising. The water was as smooth as glass, and for some time, until our eyes became used to the change, we could not see the faintest outline of

anything. It was very solemn, almost terrifying; there was no sound but the deep breathing of Peterson and the dip of our oars.

"But after a time I could again see the dim outline of the hills, and I observed with much satisfaction that they sank down just where the chart (which I consulted, from time to time, by the aid of a match) showed the Narrows Arm came in from the north—for I knew that the gap in the hills indicated this—so we were safe to go on another two or three miles farther.

"Shortly after this, a bond in the channel brought us pretty close to the north shore. The water was still smooth, like glass. Peterson was still astern, asleep; but suddenly he awoke, and with a start, and cried to us, 'Hush! Listen!'

"Then he sprang to my seat, seized my oar, and sang out, 'You take the helm. Head her dead ashore; and now, Allen, let us pull—pull for our lives; we are in the rapids!'

"There was no time to discuss, to argue; he was our captain, and must be obeyed. Moreover, though I knew he was in error, I felt also that no harm could come of doing as he said; so dead ashore we went in a few seconds, bang against the rocks. When we could light some gum-sticks, we perceived we had got to a mighty rough landing; but we did manage to get ashore and tie up the boat.

"'Well,' said Peterson, 'thank God we are through the rapids; but I would not have run them this way, knowingly, for all you could give me.'

"Said I, 'No, Peterson, you are mistaken; we are still above the rapids, a mile or more.'

"'No, no,' he declared; 'I'm not mistaken. Why, when I awoke, they were roaring all around us! No; we slipped in unawares, and, by great good luck, have come through safely. You'll see, when daylight comes, where we are.'

"It was then about 2 a.m. There was no use arguing; the morning would settle it, so we turned in.

"When we awoke, Peterson still held to his opinion; but when day broke, one look around convinced him.

"'Well, boys, I'm wrong,' said he; 'how could I have been so mistaken?'

"'Nothing more natural,' we answered; 'you were probably dreaming about them, and when you awoke we were pretty close in shore, a slight breeze had sprung up, the southing of which through the tree-tops sounded to you like rapids.'

"'All very well,' he continued; 'but what *made* me mistake it?'

and he pondered deeply. 'I have it,' said he at last. 'I know now; it was those sardines!'

"And he stuck to it that they were the cause of his error, but how or why he never explained.

"Whilst I got breakfast ready, the other two rowed down to have a survey, and they found from the state of the tide that we should be able to make the passage by 10 a.m. When that time came we loaded the boat and rowed down, landing again just above the dangerous part, for Peterson to give me a good view of the Rapids, and to point out to me exactly what I had to do; for I was to be steersman, since he and Allen were more able at the oars than I was.

"It was necessary for us to go through with the very last of the tide, just before it turned; if we missed, then we should have to wait for another twelve hours.

"Between the rocky walls that formed the sides of the channel at its narrowest part, the water swept along at a tremendous pace—black, deep, and unbroken. This smooth water continued for about one hundred yards, when it ended in a boiling surge, which was the real point of danger.

"'Keep her in the black water as long as you can; and when we get into the breakers, we must just pull through and take no notice of any seas that may come on board.'

"Those were Peterson's injunctions. So, when the favourable moment came, we pulled slowly into the middle of the passage, and I headed her as directed.

"'Now, pull all you can!' I cried; and almost before I knew it we were in the boiling surges, and beyond them, and had only a very slight wetting.

"Then, after drawing a long breath or two, we pursued our journey. We rounded the north end of Seechelt Peninsula, getting a good view of Jarvis Inlet to the north, where the scenery must be very grand indeed, judging from the glimpse we had.

"Turning south, down Agamemnon Channel, we had Nelson Island on our right, and we went ashore on it for dinner.

"About 4 p.m. we got to Malaspina Strait, having Texada Island on its other side; we had a long pull across in smooth water. The north coast of Texada is very precipitous; there was absolutely no beach. We had to row along it for miles before we could find a place to haul the boat ashore, and even then we had to lift her bodily on to the rocks, prop her up as well as we could, and in her we had to sleep that night, for I declare there was not a bit of level

ground large enough for us to lie down on; a more rugged coast I never saw.

"Now, it was very important that we should by some means reach Nanaimo next day, as the steamer left for Victoria early the following morning; and, if we missed her, we should be detained a week. We made a start, therefore, before daylight, rowing down to the southern point of Texada, where we went ashore for breakfast. And now we had to cross the Gulf of Georgia, and wind, if we did not get too much of it, was what was wanted. We started rowing, not keeping the direct course for Nanaimo, and so lengthening the distance we had to go; but we thought it wise to hug the coasts of Lasquiti and the Ballinac Islands, where we could land if the breeze became too strong.

"Soon a pleasant wind sprang up from the north-west. This exactly suited for our port, but as we were heading, it was on our beam, and it helped us but little; at the same time making the motion very unpleasant and the rowing arduous.

"'What do you say, boys?' asked Peterson. 'It is going to be fine, I'm sure. Shall we run her straight for Nanaimo, or shall I take the chances?'

"'You haven't had a sardine this morning, have you?' queried Allen.

"'No such luck!' from Peterson.

"'Then there's no fear.'

"We declared we were willing; and so up went our sail, in came our oars, and we were soon bowling along merrily with the wind dead aft.

"The weather kept fine, sure enough, but the wind increased and increased. There was, however, nothing for it now but to keep before it. Our little bark fairly flew through the water, shipping none. Often enough, it seemed that the angry waves which followed us must come over her stern; but she rode over them all. It was quite exciting. We did not talk much, but sat watching the foaming seas that were pursuing us, and marking the distant points of shore which we were so rapidly passing.

"So about 11 a.m. we rounded a point, and were in smooth water; and before noon we were walking the streets of Nanaimo, well pleased to have so quickly accomplished the crossing of the Gulf, which we quite expected would take us all that day and the following night.

"In a few hours Peterson had found his Indian, had bought his supplies, and was on his way back to the mine. The last shout to him as he left was—

"Have you remembered to get some sardines?"

"And across the water came the cheery response—

"You bet!"

"Next day Allen and I took the steamer for Victoria and home.

"Now," said our friend, in conclusion, "that's the sort of experience which has to be gone through in British Columbia in exploring fresh country or in prospecting for minerals. Is it wonderful, then, that it takes so long to discover those rich gold-mines which we believe the country to be full of?"

We all thanked this good friend for his interesting narrative, and, looking across to the mountains where he had experienced these adventures—they were now growing warm in the afternoon light—we felt that now they had other interests in our eyes besides their beauty.

Only human interest is wanted to make many of those mountains in Western America as admirable and as loveable as most of the Swiss peaks are.

Returning that afternoon, we encountered the first and only snake I saw during that visit to Canada. I remember it well, for I broke my pet umbrella in two, foolishly making a blow at it; and it was a perfectly harmless snake, too.

Next day we walked some distance through the city to the southwest. Here we saw much clearing going on. Evidences of burning were all around us, which brought up the subject of the great fire in June 1886. We had with us two or three Vancouver friends that day. One was a Mr. Sully. He had known and lived in the first Vancouver City. He was there during the awful fire, and lost his all that day. He told us all about the terrible disaster; how, on that dread Sunday, June 13th, 1886—Pentecost Sunday it was, too—the infant city was destroyed.

He said that he had just returned from church. A pleasant breeze was blowing in the open, though in sheltered spots the heat and dryness was most oppressive. At 1 p.m. the wind increased, the smoke that was always rising from the burning bush around the city was denser, the air was hotter. It carried clouds of dust and smoke before it. He had lain down to read, when someone, rapping on his door, cried out, "The town's a-fire! It will be swept away!" Running out, he saw the air was filled with flying cinders, whilst in the distance there was a roar and crackling—portentous and unmistakable.

In every direction, people were flying with boxes, bedding, books, and all things portable, down towards the sea. Waggons were being

hastily loaded, horses in their fright were restive, jibbing. He hastily roused his neighbours to their danger, seized a few papers, and hurried down the street.

By that time the flames were in sight. They leapt from block to block, from house to house, licking them up on their way. The air seemed to be on fire. The furious wind whirled the live embers aloft and showered them around before its course. The heat was so intense that each building seemed to burst into flame spontaneously, even before the devastating fire reached it, whilst people running for their lives, with clothes and bedding on their backs, actually took fire as they rushed along. Most people dropped their burdens, fleeing for their lives; so the streets were strewn with bags and bundles, many of them on fire. People stumbled and fell, gasping for breath; then up and on again. Some did *not* rise again.

Mr. Sully had just time to note all this; then, looking back, he saw his own house and his neighbour's were wrapped in flame, whilst on every side the fire was burning furiously. The heat was so intense, fanned as it was by the furious gale into an incandescent sea, that the whole area of the town was soon ablaze, and in one short hour there was no building standing.

The Episcopal Church, which was well removed from all other buildings, was on fire, and consumed, too, within ten minutes of its bell ceasing to ring for the usual Sunday-school. So sudden was the sweep of fire, that the little boy was calmly ringing when his mother, flying for her life, dragged him away.

"We—all that could of us," continued Mr. Sully, "rushed down to the shore to get afloat by some means; that was our only chance of escape. The sea was very rough for Burrard Inlet. A regular surf beat upon the shore, rendering embarking very difficult. We reached the wharf at last, near which the steamer *Robert Dunsmuir* was anchored, and somehow—I hardly know how—got on board. On to her decks the fugitives crowded from every direction. Women and children, sobbing from fright and excitement, the children bearing their little treasures, dolls—and some of them had pet birds and dogs.

"Here another difficulty arose. Steam was down in the vessel's boilers; the wind might change at any moment, and the flames reach her, when all would be lost. Then a cry rose from the captain, 'In the house on deck are stowed forty kegs of powder!' Axes were called for, bulkheads broken down, the people shouted, and brave men flung the powder overboard.

"At last they got up steam, and we crossed to Moodyville.

When we got there, the people received us joyously; they thought we were a pleasure party, an 'excursion.' For though they had seen the smoke and fire over at Vancouver City, it was such a very usual sight that they had not imagined anything dreadful had occurred. But when they understood the truth, they made every effort to alleviate our distress, to do good to those thus thrown on their hospitality.

"During the evening I went back again to see what could be done, and view the dreadful havoc made in so short a time. The ruined streets were crowded with all the roughs about the country, holding high revelry. By the lurid light of the yet flaming *débris*, they hunted for plunder. Whiskey casks which had escaped the burning were rolled down to the water's edge and broached. Their contents increased the madness of the rough, wild crowd. With the postmaster I searched the ruins of his office. The safe was filled with carbonized papers; the silver and gold coin had run together. Five or six dead bodies were found close by, burnt almost to an undistinguishable mass. I myself picked up a dainty lady's boot, burnt from the foot of a poor little woman who fell a victim to the flames just there.

"The Hastings Mills were saved, so was the manager's house, by dint of indefatigable exertions on the part of those who worked at it, the Rev. Mr. Clinton, the Episcopal clergyman, Mr. Hamilton of the C.P.R., amongst them. Mrs. Alexander, the manager's wife, with courage of which few are capable, refused to flee. The husband was away from home, and she determined to fight the flames and conquered.

"Another man I knew quite well, 'Commodore' Johnson, and a friend of his, had helped their poor unfortunate friends about their business place until they could do no more, then started for their home near False Creek Bridge, but on their way the fiery blast overtook them; they had to bow to it, but seeing a heap of sand or ashes in a hollow place, they sank on it, face downwards, grovelling as far into the heap as possible; there they lay, the fire passing over them. Their clothing caught fire many times, but they contrived, again and again, to put each other out, and after nearly an hour of this agony, they escaped with their lives, and, staggering home, were for weeks disabled.

"One lady took refuge on a scow, a sort of barge, which drifted under a Chinese laundry. The laundry caught fire, and all on board the scow made up their minds that they were lost. This lady calmly sat there, waiting for death, until her clothes were alight.

Then someone caught her up and put her in the water, which was very deep, and there they held her till a small boat came and took them off. Probably twelve persons fell victims to the fire, and a vast number were fearfully burned.

"This happened on Sunday afternoon. By six o'clock on Monday morning, teams were at work bringing fresh lumber for rebuilding. By Tuesday morning numbers of houses and stores were roofed, and by night were occupied. Within a week, with comparatively little outside help, Vancouver City had arisen from its ashes, in a more or less crippled condition. Everyone was practically ruined when the week began. Tools, clothing, stores of provisions, all were gone, and yet, if you had gone there on the Saturday night, you could have procured nearly all the necessaries of life. You could have had hotel accommodation, too.

"Talk of British pluck, indeed, who that has seen Vancouver City, and knows its history, can doubt it?"

Another little trip we made one evening, without the ladies, was to the Chinese village on Coal Harbour.

Here was gathered a multitude of little huts and shacks of all kinds, built of every sort of materials. There were passages between them, just wide enough to traverse in single file.

We went into some of the huts, and found out how John Chinaman was living. Cooking was going on all over the place. We noticed that they seemed to be very cleanly about the process, too; here one man was peeling potatoes, putting them into a vessel of clean water as he did them; there another man was frying them. They looked as if they had been done by a French cook. There was rice in snowy heaps. Men were sitting round with little bowls full of it, which they ate with chop-sticks, picking occasionally from small saucers bits of fish and meat, which looked nice enough.

We saw some small cakes which another had been baking, and various other cooked provisions; but what struck us as most remarkable was that all had clean hands and faces, and soap and water was in constant use amongst them.

There was a large-sized store amongst the shanties. The man who ran it was a pleasant-looking fellow, dressed in English style. He spoke our language fairly well. He went about with us, explaining what we saw; talked to his countrymen, who received us quite politely, with smiles and offers of everything they fancied we should like in the way of eatables.

One party of Celestials were playing cards, something like ours; another man sat on his bed strumming a Chinese guitar; many were

smoking cigarettes. There did not appear to be one man there who was drunk or the worse for opium, and we left that village very much impressed with the decent look of those Pagans, Mr. Selby remarking to me, "Would that our 'so-called' Christian peasantry were as quiet and as well-behaved as these heathens are."

We only saw one party of Chinese ladies in Vancouver. They could not be called good looking, according to our notions. They were walking by the Gorge, and were quite resplendent. Their outer dress was some stiff and shiny material of a sombre hue, looking like indiarubber sheeting; but their heads and feet were very highly decorated. They carried paper parasols of gaudy colours, and as we passed them, greeted the English ladies with many smiles and nods, "Just like the Mandarin dolls we have at home," so Maggie said.

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CHAPTER XX.

NEW WESTMINSTER.

Advantages of Vancouver City.—Harbourage.—The C.P.R.—Pacific Routes.—Native Produce.—Its People and Past History.—Immense Energy Displayed.—What it has Become.—Its Certain Future.—Leaving with Regret.—Finding the Baggage-master.—His Nonchalance.—Politeness Disdained.—I try Rudeness.—And with Success.—How to get your Baggage Checked in Canada.—Port Moody.—Through the Glorious Woods.—Arrival at New Westminster.—The Colonial Hotel.—A Decent Waiter and a Good Dinner.—About the City.—Its Institutions and Business.—Charming Homes.—Indians Fishing.—Beautiful Scenery.—I sit Skotching by the Roadside.—The Passers-by.—Festivity in Prospect.

THE people of Vancouver City have much to be proud of, and are justified in boasting. Its natural advantages are very great; no finer site could have been chosen for a commercial town. They have in Burrard Inlet undoubtedly one of the finest harbours possible, and in English Bay they have a roadstead with the best of anchorage, which a short breakwater will make into as good a harbour as that inside the inlet. False Creek, running up behind, or south of the town, can with a little dredging be made a good harbour too, so that, as far as the shipping interest is concerned, it could hardly be improved.

Then, take the geographical position of this young city. It is the western terminus of the longest unbroken line of railway in existence, which reaches absolutely from ocean to ocean, being the shortest and easiest route across America, and decidedly the most desirable one to travel by, owing as much to the way passengers' comforts are attended to, as to the grand scenery on the route. It passes across the richest farming and ranching country that lies "out of doors."

From this city China, Japan, and our Eastern possessions can be reached more quickly and pleasantly than by any other route. Already lines of British-built steamships are plying regularly between Vancouver and the East, the British and Canadian Governments joining in handsomely subsidizing these lines of steamers, which proves that the authorities are alive to the value of the routes.

Coal, iron, gold, silver, fish, cattle, timber, and minerals of many descriptions are the natural and practically inexhaustible products of the country of which this city aims to be the commercial capital. Agricultural products, of sufficient amount to supply the wants of the inhabitants, are grown without difficulty. There is ample room for the cultivation of everything that can be needed for ages to come. The climate is everything that is desirable. What more can be required to insure the success and unbounded prosperity of this city? To crown all, the British flag floats over the country.

With these advantages, it only needs that the possessors of them shall be men of energy, resource, courage, "live men," as they say there.

Surely they have proved themselves to be that. Judging of the future of this place from its past, one may naturally expect that in a few years, a very few, it will be the chief commercial city on the Pacific Coast.

"Vancouver City's past! Why, it has no past," methinks I hear someone observe. "It is but two years old; how can it have a history, a past?"

True enough, to our old-country notions; but let me observe that, into these two years a life's history has been crowded. Three years ago the site of the city of Vancouver was forest, dense, impenetrable, primeval forest. I have already explained what such forest is, like that which still surrounds the place. This forest was cut down, and amidst the vast jumble of stumps and logs a little town was built, principally of wood.

In June, 1886, it was burnt down, *obliterated*. In June 1887, there was a flourishing city there, with regular railway and shipping communication with the rest of the world. Wharves, docks, warehouses, foundries, factories, public institutions, had been built, and first-rate stores, many hotels—said to be first-rate—numbers of really good private houses, and miles of good roads and side-walks. Water-works, sewage, gas, electric light had been planned, and many miles of public roads surveyed.

In June, 1888, every appliance of the most advanced civilization could be found there. There were eighteen miles of graded streets,

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IN STANLEY PARK.

twenty-four miles of excellent side-walks. The sewerage of the city was completed; the Capilano Water-Works Company would shortly be delivering an inexhaustible supply of the purest water. The electric light was everywhere, so was gas; a perfect system of telephonic communication existed. In the outskirts many miles of really good roads had been cut out of the forest and graded, giving charming drives around the end of the peninsula on which the city is built, round the Government Reserve, which is the Public Park, and round, too, and along English Bay, the whole being called Stanley Park.

During the past year hundreds of good dwelling-houses have been built, and many superb business buildings. Blocks of stores and shops have been finished. There are Lord Durham's, Lord Elphinstone's blocks, Lady Stephen's block of brick, Vanhorne's granite block, Sir Donald Smith's, the New York, Van Brenear, and many others. There is the C.P.R. Hotel, the "Hotel Vancouver." There are lines of wharf where ocean steamers lie, and many institutions, churches, and schools.

In June 1886 the inhabitants were a few hundreds only; in June 1888 they were at least 8,000.

So, am I not right in declaring that the inhabitants of Vancouver have something to be proud of in their now four-year-old city? And have they not a right to brag of what they have done in so short a time? And ought we not to feel satisfied that those who have done so much will do still more in the immediate future?

With all its advantages of situation, trade, and connections, it is impossible to doubt that the future of Vancouver City will come up to and surpass the most sanguine expectations of those who live there and believe in it. (Mind, I am writing of the time when I was there; but now, in 1890, I hear that the most sanguine expectations have already been fulfilled, and I am on the point of starting again to see the results for myself.)

Such thoughts as these filled our minds constantly when we were in the place; such ideas pervaded everyone's mind whom we met, it was quite evident, and I felt then, as I do now, that no one could stay a week in that place without feeling convinced that such a people as inhabit it are really "alive," and will make a big mark in the world at no very distant date.

So, when the time arrived for us to leave that ambitious little city, and we had to pack up our belongings and make ready for a start, we did so with regret. We had made acquaintance with so many friendly people, it was hard to say "good-bye."

We *could* not much regret the Le Grand House, the manager of which did not even shake hands all round at parting. Mrs. Black, the proprietess, did not speak one word to any of us during all our stay. We paid our bills and left; no one but the Scotch bar-tender having the decency to offer to help us get our trunks down from our rooms. *He* kindly gave a hand, going with us to the depôt, to see us off.

How can such people hope to make hotel-keeping pay? (N.B.—Since we left we heard that Mrs. Black had “sold out,” that some very decent old-country people have taken that hotel, and that it is much improved. All I can say is, if they “run it” properly—as an English country inn is run, for instance—a first-rate business can be done, I’m sure.)

When you are quite ready to start on a journey by train in any part of America, when your trunks and bundles are at the station, and you believe you have half an hour to spare before the cars leave, don’t flatter yourself you will be in time. Ten to one, just at the last, there will be a hitch. It was so with us.

This is what befell us at Vancouver Station. We got there fully an hour before the train was due to start, and had our baggage at the proper place. There are no porters there, like we have, only a “baggage master.”

The first thing was to find him out, for there does not seem to be any rule about uniform. Sometimes railway men wear some article of dress that you can recognize them by, sometimes they don’t; the man here didn’t. When we discovered him, we waited till he appeared to be at leisure, then said politely, “We should like to have our baggage checked.” He made no reply, yet I’m sure he heard us. After a time, we appealed to him again, and again—like “Brer Rabbit,” “he kept on saying nothing.”

Some other people came, to whom he attended quickly. We spoke again; naturally I began to get annoyed.

I said, “Look here, Mister, can we have this baggage checked?”

Slowly and solemnly, as if he had but just noticed that there was a party of English people waiting on his leisure, he answered, “Guess you caan.”

Then more time passed. We wanted to get done, to go into the city to say “good-bye” to one more friend, but this baggage-man would not be hurried, that was clear. He was either deplorably stupid, or else he wished to show his independent spirit to a party of English aristocrats, as they think all must be who dress decently or act politely. I incline to the latter view.

By and by a man came with a heap of baggage to be checked. He went up to Mr. Baggage-master, shouting—

“Now then, Boss, check them things right off to Winnipeg. I got to go up town agin; come hurry up!” When, behold, he had his things checked instantly.

So then I shouted out to him, “Look here, Governor, I want to be off too; just check those things quickly, will you?” At the same time I pushed my pass under his nose.

He altered his style immediately, on seeing that magic slip of paper. He gazed at it, took it in his hand, called a friend to him, and they read it over, word by word; then they turned it over, read the remarks made on the back—and this I may observe by the way, though all passes are alike with the exception of the name and destination. Then the idea seemed suddenly to strike him that he had better be attentive; so he held out his hand, “Why, how do you do, Mr. Roper? Have you some baggage to check?”

I said, “Certainly I have; I have been waiting on you half an hour, you know.”

“Why didn’t you show your pass? I would have attended on you right away.”

“Because I did not wish to take unfair advantage of you, you seemed so *very* busy. Besides, I did think that in this blessed country, where everyone is free and equal, and such very great attention is paid to strangers travelling, that it would not need for me to show authority to get such a little bit of attention as I wanted. I have always shown my pass before and had immediate notice taken. It is the first time on the C.P.R. that I have suffered thus; but I am sorry to see that it requires something special to insure politeness even on *this* line of railway.”

“Oh, pardon, I was very busy; but I’ll do it now.”

And he did pretty quickly, and helped to get us in the train, and was quite humble as we said good-bye to him.

I said, “Where do you come from?”

“In the old country, you mean? Oh, from London.” And I don’t think any of us thought any the better of him for that.

It was too late now to go into town, so we all got out on to the platform of the car, and sat there ruminating.

Then “on time” we started east again, along by the edge of Burrard Inlet, past Hastings Saw-mill, on to Port Moody, and there we left the sea behind us. The next salt water that our eyes would look on we hoped would be on the Atlantic coast.

We stopped at Port Moody for half an hour. The conductor and

train hands got off and sat on a log in a row beside the track. Some people came out of the shanties near and did the same, but no one spoke; they just sat there silently. Then, by and by, the conductor got up and shouted, "All aboard!" and we went on again.

We now passed through some deep dense British Columbian forest, a narrow way having been cut through it wide enough only for the train to pass. One could perhaps appreciate the grandeur of the bush better here than anywhere we had been, because travelling along a trail on foot is such laborious work; your attention is so taken up with climbing logs, jumping from root to root, tearing through ferns and moss, that when you do think of looking around, it is generally with a very poor appreciation of anything but the trouble it all is.

But, travelling comfortably in a cushioned railway carriage, slowly, very slowly, with frequent stops, between these rows of grand pines and cedars, one seemed better able to realize their size and beauty, could admire the glorious masses of ferns and mosses, and could enjoy at its full value the luxuriance, wealth, and grandeur of the vegetation on every side.

It was only a short journey. We were detained but a few minutes at a junction, then passed shortly after on to a branch line leading to the City of New Westminster. Then, very quickly, we were beside the Fraser River, and soon amongst houses. We travelled past loose, shaky-looking wharves on our left, a scattered street on our right containing a number of Chinese stores and warehouses; then we came to a stop, and had arrived.

There were few people at the station; no sort of excitement about the one event of the day there, the arrival of the train. We spied a boy sunning himself on a barrel. He took no trouble to come to us, but, as we passed, asked in a sleepy tone if we wanted "an express." When I said we did, he woke up, and became as smart as most boys, took our bags and checks, had our baggage on his waggon in no time, directed us to the Colonial Hotel, and was there two minutes after us with it. But what a way? Anywhere else but in America such a boy would have been wide awake when the train came in, would have been looking out for work. Here, though, the man who does work has to be looked up by him who wants it done, a state of things which may possibly be better for the masses, but which certainly strikes a stranger rather oddly.

We found the Colonial Hotel really very good. I don't mean to say it was the very best hotel I had ever stayed in, but it was ahead of any we had seen west of Montreal at that time, except

of course, the C.P.R. houses. We had dinner; there were actually handles to the tea-cups, which struck us as a great improvement on Vancouver style.

I had been told by one who knew, to sit near the front window of the dining-room, for, said my adviser, "The waiter who attends there understands his business; he's from the old country, I guess."

And so it proved to be. This waiter seemed to take an interest in us; he advised us what to have, and generally behaved himself as if he was a human being trying to make others of the same species as himself happy. He did not act as most of the same class usually do over there, regard themselves as a superior race, feeding hogs, or at best condescending to let you have what they, in their dignified position, consider fitting for you.

Here there was, undoubtedly, the inevitable salmon; but it was boiled, and there was sauce to it. Here, too, there was a steak that could be eaten. On the whole, then, we were pleased with our fresh quarters.

Sallying out for a cruise after midday dinner, we found New Westminster, or, as many of the inhabitants call and write it, "New West Minister," to be what we should call in England a fair-sized market-town. The principal business street runs parallel to Fraser River, which is, I suppose, a mile wide there, a clay-colored, swiftly-running stream. On the city side there is a row of wharves and jetties, and Indian rancheries, and such arrangements.

The business street has on each side of it, for perhaps three-eighths of a mile, shops and stores of all sorts; some of them as good as one could find anywhere, grocers especially so; booksellers and druggists, too, were very good. There were saloons, of course, and billiard-halls, and all things that a civilized town should possess. The streets were not crowded, but there was no lack of people, just an ordinary country town; plenty of Chinese, a large number of Indians.

At one end, down stream, we came to the Great Dominion Saw Mills, where they saw 40,000 feet of lumber, 12,000 laths, and 20,000 shingles daily. Just beyond, are the Royal City Planing Mills, which can turn out 35,000 feet of lumber, 8,000 laths, and 25,000 shingles in a day, besides a vast amount of sashes, doors, and furniture. These establishments gave us an explanation of what New Westminster's business is—lumber and timber products. We did not see a salmon cannery there, but there are several near, this being the headquarters of those connected with that industry.

Returning up stream, we found a little public reading-room and library, which, in the evening, was fairly patronized. It was past the Post Office and Custom House. We then proceeded along an exceedingly picturesque road, coming to private dwellings, several buildings, too, which looked like public institutions of some kind, beyond which was the open country, the bush, in fact, but here and there along the road were charming country houses.

This city occupies a considerable space elevated above the right or northern bank of the Fraser. Upon leaving the business street, we were charmed with the views leading up to and upon the high ground. There were such pretty houses there, too; certainly we had seen nothing in America, except in Victoria, to compare, for situation and appearance, with what we there beheld. No two houses were alike; they were chiefly wooden erections, but they had been designed most tastefully, had been finished properly; all had the air of being homes, not merely stopping-places.

The flowers and shrubs were quite as luxuriant and numerous, and of as great variety, as in Victoria, roses flourishing everywhere, as usual in that country, and very fine.

So, taking it altogether, we could plainly see, we were here, as in Victoria, amongst the "North-American Chinese," by which name Yankees call British Columbians.

On the river were numerous Indian canoes, a single man in each, anchored it seemed. They were fishing for sturgeon, we were told. They use a long lance with barbed head. On striking a fish the head comes off, being attached to a line and float. The Indian then follows the float, by and by capturing the fish. They get immense ones.

There were some white-sailed yachts, too. There were numbers of logs floating down the river; and from time to time we noticed parties of Indians paddle out, make fast to any very large one passing, tow it inshore, and make it fast there, so that it could be cut up and sold for firing, or serve them for winter fuel.

Across the river were some small houses, which looked like settlers' cabins; then came the usual forest lands, pines standing up higher than all the other trees. Looking straight south from New Westminster, it could not be termed very picturesque; but gazing up the river, you are filled with admiration, for there a glorious range of snow-capped mountains, with the Golden Ears conspicuous above them, is stretched across the distance.

Down the river the view was fine too. Lulu Island comes up close

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AT NEW WESTMINSTER.

to the city; one could look along both sides of it. Over it were to be seen the hills of Sea Island; beyond that, much high land and distant mountains, which were probably San Juan, Vancouver Island, and the Olympian Range.

There are not many walks of any length to be taken with pleasure about this place. Good roads soon cease, and walking along trails is toilsome; but for the lover of flowers and birds and insects there is plenty of enjoyment to be had in the vicinity of New Westminster. On the road between it and Vancouver City, distant twelve miles, much that is interesting may be found to study.

But I was told, over and over again, that anyone taking pleasure in Art or natural history, without any idea of making money out of it, was "a crank." That is what some knowing youths called me, I expect.

I was seated during that afternoon by a road-side, amongst ferns and rose-bushes, making a sketch up the river, and while there I was much amused with the strange diversity of people who passed by me along a side-walk across the road. First came by some ladies, dressed in the latest style, fit for Bond Street. Then two Celestials, with their pig-tails, their poles, and swinging baskets. After them came along, laughing and shouting, a number of school children—regular young Britishers, I was sure. Then two smug, well-dressed Chinese gentlemen, in complete Chinese dress, but wearing straw hats like ours, and each carrying an English silk umbrella neatly furled. By and by there passed by me some Indian men, followed by a party of gaily-shawled klootchmans, with their tenas (young ones). Then some more ladies, then some Indians; afterwards some white labourers, and so on—a continual procession of all kinds of people, but all looked well-to-do. I did not see in all that place one specimen of pauper humanity, such as you will see in a town at home so frequently.

Once there came over to me a young man in flannels, with his tennis racket, who spoke to me. He had left England since I had, and said he felt quite at home in New Westminster. He liked it, and the people there. He was in some house of business; had come out from England to fill the appointment, and had found things to his mind. So, for a quarter of an hour, we talked of England with great pleasure, and we parted with much hand-shaking and friendship.

Then, about supper time, the Selbys came for me. They had been cruising about the town, and shopping, and were full of admiration of the place.

Said Maggie, "Do you know what a 'fruit social' is?"

"I suppose," I answered, "it is something like a 'muffin worry,' or a 'toffy scrape.' But why?"

"Oh, there's a notice about on fences and places that to-night there will be a 'fruit social' in aid of the funds of a church here. It says 'All are welcome; admission twenty-five cents.' I should like to go."

"With all my heart; let us all go," which was agreed to. Then we went back to the hotel, found supper ready, and, about 8 p.m., started to find out the locality of the "fruit social."

CHAPTER XXI.

MOSQUITO TIME.

A "Fruit Social."—Surprise at our going Home again.—A pleasant Time.—What we thought of New Westminster.—On to Port Hammond.—Hospitable Hosts.—"Leather Jacket."—A Camping Expedition.—On the Fraser.—Salmon Fishing.—Up the Pitt and across Flooded Meadows.—Discomfort of the Hotel.—A Night of Terror.—"The Miskitties."—A wonderful Boating Excursion.—Floods.—Waiting for the "Boom."—Tom tempted.—Leather Jacket's Hunting Lodge.—No Fear of Thieves or Tramps.—A charmingly situated Hermitage.—Our Surroundings.—Sketching under Difficulties.—Battle with Mosquitoes.—I am Beaten.—"A Smudge."—Supper.—Sleeping in the Smoke.—Pitt Lake.—An Enchanted Scene.—More Mosquito-fighting.—Back to Port Hammond.—Mosquito-nets wanted.—Tom's Decision.—"I won't live Here among the Mosquitoes."—Purchase of Bruce's Place.—Starting for North Bend.

WE found that one of the most beautiful gardens on the hill-side was the scene of the "fruit social." At the front gate stood a lady or two, taking the quarters. They took ours and bowed us in; then we were as free, and were soon made to feel as much at home, as if we had been invited guests. *All* who paid their twenty-five cents were welcomed. Yet we saw no bad behaviour; everything was carried through as nicely as if it had been, what it had all the appearance of being, a private gathering of friends.

There was plenty of good fruit, ice cream, tea and coffee and cakes, of course; a little very nice singing, and a few tunes on a piano in a room opening on to a verandah, and some very pleasant conversations. When the people found we had but lately left England, and were soon "going home again," some few of us, they were very friendly to us indeed. It seemed to them such a very wonderful thing. They were quite used to people coming out, but the going home again so quickly was the novelty. They had not got used to

the idea of people just coming on a visit as yet; but, thanks to the C.P.R., that will soon cease to be looked upon as such a great wonder.

When we spoke of leaving, first one and then another begged us to stay a little longer. They were nearly all "old-country people," and had so much to hear, so many questions to ask about the dear old lands. But when it got really very late, we were forced to say "Good night." So, with many assurances of mutual pleasure at our meeting, we went our way. It really was very pleasant; it was hard to realize that it was not a party of old friends we had been spending the evening with; and yet we did not know the names of one of them.

So, now, Maggie and all of us know what a "church social" is. Sometimes it is called, like this one was, a "fruit social," sometimes a "strawberry social," or a "musical social," an "art social"—all much the same; what we at home should call a *conversazione*, if held in-doors, or a "garden party," out. There was nothing stronger than tea and coffee. Great quantities of fruit and cake were consumed, but the ice cream suffered most, I think.

We liked New Westminster, its situation, and people, as far as we saw them. But we were told we were much favoured with weather. An immense quantity of rain falls there, it being usual to have more or less every day, so the Vancouver people say; they are so anxious to show that their climate is better.

The population of New Westminster is about six thousand, but not all of whites. It is increasing rapidly.

From its situation on the Fraser River, the principal artery of the mainland, it secures most of the business of the settlements on the banks of that river. It has communication with Victoria at least three times a week, with Nanaimo and the towns on Puget Sound, by steamer frequently. To Yale also, about ninety miles up stream, there is an occasional steamer. This must be a very delightful trip, *but not in mosquito time*. So that, with its lumber and timber trade, its salmon-preserving, its being the commercial centre of the best agricultural district of the province, and with other sources of revenue, this city is now a very flourishing place. It promises to go on growing too.

The next day we went on to Port Hammond by train, only about ten miles farther up and on the bank of the Fraser. I had been promised some boating, sketching, and camping up the Pitt River, which joins the Fraser River a few miles to the east, and it was here our Vancouver friend was anxious that Tom Selby should take a look about him before actually deciding to settle in the N.W.T.

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VIEW ACROSS THE FRASER FROM FORT HAMMOND.



The station was just the usual C.P.R. building. A couple of stores, two hotels, so called, and a few other houses or shanties on flat land close to the river. It was not a very lively-looking place; but most of these road-side stopping-places are about the dullest on earth.

We were met by a very nice young fellow, who announced that he had been deputed by our Vancouver friend to direct and help us. It was his son, indeed.

First, we had to make arrangements at one of the hotels. They looked much alike. We chose one with a big verandah, and rather staggered the proprietor by our demand for rooms to stay some days in. The wife was taken into consultation; a pretty, useless, listless sort of woman. She came from Ontario, she said, and tried to make us see she was not used to life in this rough country. She looked upon us as a nuisance, I am sure, disturbing, as it did, the serenity of her daily life, which she preferred to spend sitting half-dressed in a rocking chair in her bed-room, the door of which opened on to the public-room of the place, and rock and rock, eat candies, and read "dime" novels.

We were shown the best bed-rooms—chambers, I beg pardon—they had; so, depositing our bags, we followed our guide, who was commissioned, so he said, to take us to his home for dinner.

A walk of half a mile beside the river took us there. It was a very pretty walk, amongst fine trees, green sward and shrubs between, the shining river near us always. There we found a good house for that part of the world, and a lady welcomed us. She had been in British Columbia, I think, for thirty years, yet one would have thought she had but lately left Great Britain. She had gathered no Canadian tone of voice, and none of their expressions.

Indoors we saw at once that British customs ruled, for, with the hospitality usual amongst our country people, dinner had first to be attended to. This good lady had prepared a very welcome repast for our party, who were absolute strangers to her. But we were English people; that was quite enough.

Here we met a man—a gentleman he was—from Hastings, Sussex. We found he had very kindly promised to take Tom and me for a trip to a camp he had up Pitt River, in the mountains, where we should spend some days, sketching and exploring.

Fenimore Cooper has called a character of his "Leather Stocking." Our new friend wore a coat of leather, so we will call him "Leather Jacket."

It is not often that one can find a man with leisure in the wilds

of Canada ; but this one seemed to have no particular business, or dwelling. He said he was "just staying there." He owned some quantity of land about. His time was ours, at any rate ; and he would take us around, show us the country, doing his best to make our trip a pleasure.

The Selbys proposed to have a thorough rest. They were to spend much of their time with our new friend, the English lady ; so all was settled nicely.

Then, having left our heaviest things behind us, and donned our camping rig, and packed up our necessaries, we went to the river bank and there discovered, hidden away amongst bushes, carefully wrapped in mats, the boat complete for our expedition. This we loaded up, and Tom and I and Leather Jacket started.

First we rowed six miles down Fraser River. Leaving Port Hammond, we passed an Indian ranchery—a number of the usual shanties of split cedar, a few fenced-in patches, and a little church, with a big white cross or two about it. These were civilized Indians, so much so, indeed, that one swell Indian hires a Chinaman to saw his firewood whilst he goes fishing. The men all work, at fishing salmon principally. There were very few about the village.

Both sides of the Fraser—here a mile across—are flat, bordered with trees, varied most charmingly in form and colours—tall pines most numerous ; but there were cedars, hemlocks, maples, oaks, cotton-woods, and crab-trees, too. In the distance, to the south, Mount Baker towered up. Occasionally we saw a bird, sometimes a butterfly ; but it was surprising that even there, where, if anywhere, we should expect to see it, how very little animal life is visible.

With the yellow river running swiftly, we got on famously, then we turned into the Pitt River. Here the slight current was against us. The scenery was very fine, the water clear and deep. There was a house or two beside it. We passed under a long railway bridge, which Tom and I had crossed over earlier in the day, and on the left-hand shore was Haig's Salmon Cannery.

The river was dotted here with salmon fishers. The illustration shows how it is managed. The nets have at the end a float made of an empty oil-can, for a buoy. When a boat has captured a load, they deliver it at the cannery, where it is preserved. Indians and whites and Chinese are employed at this work. The fishers sometimes get so much a fish, sometimes they are hired by the day. It was the "Sock-eye" salmon which was running then. There are three "runs" of fish each season, each of a different species. In some parts they are in countless millions, as I shall farther on narrate.

At the canneries the fish is cleaned and packed in the tins with which we in England, and the world at large, are so familiar.

Ahead of us was a beautiful range of mountains, snow-capped as usual. The river was in flood, its banks much overflowed; before us it widened out into an immense lake. This enabled us to turn off anywhere almost, and we did—to the right, and rowed along through long grass, over lily-beds, through bushes and groups of trees—a most peculiar voyage—until we came at last to a shallow spot behind the village of Port Hammond again. In fact, this little journey was only a preliminary canter as it were, to save the trouble, for one



HAIG'S SALMON CANNERY.

thing, of conveying the boat across the neck of higher land on which the village stood; but more to give Tom and me the pleasure of a row down the Fraser River and up the Pitt.

So here we were again at Port Hammond. That night we spent at the hotel, and a queer night it was. The people who kept the inn had but the slightest idea of making one comfortable. The rooms were decorated with all kinds of curious pictures, and so-called ornaments. The room I used had no end of gim-cracks and fal-lals about it, but the bed was a terror; the window would not close, the door could not be shut; there was not anything to wash one's hands in, no looking-glass. It was terribly hot, and *there*

were mosquitoes. Now if, instead of all this attempt at decoration, there had been mosquito curtains, it would have been infinitely better.

I shall not easily forget that night. My bed was too short for me; it was terribly hard, and much too narrow, so were the coverings. If I drew them up to protect my head, my feet were exposed; if I made one side safe, the other side was open to the attacks of those horrid creatures, whose angry hum and whiz was almost as bad, too, as their wretched stings.

I had a companion in my room, for there I had, for the first time, to "double up." He was an old inhabitant, he told me, yet he was troubled more than I was. All through the night I heard him cursing, low but deep, the vile "miskitties." From ten o'clock, when I turned in, till 3 or 4 a.m., it was just misery and nothing less. When I fell asleep at last, they had full play, as the state of my hands and face in the morning fully declared.

After a very early breakfast, which they thought, no doubt, was very good, but which Tom and I could eat little of, except the porridge and hot cakes, which a very decent Chinaman produced, we left. Mr. Selby and his daughters did not appear. We guessed that they had had a night with the mosquitoes as we had, and were glad to sleep. Tom was very silent; the knobs upon his face and hands proclaimed what he had had to bear. He did not any longer say, as he had done some time before, "Who cares for gnats?"

We went to a store to make a purchase of some "Myrtle Navy," the tobacco in most popular use there, and very good it is; manufactured in Hamilton, Ontario.

I suppose they sweep that store out sometimes; when they do, there surely must be excitement in the village. It did not happen during our stay. I could eat nothing coming from it but canned or bottled things.

When Mr. Leather Jacket appeared, we went back to our boat, and started, and then there began one of the most charming excursions we had ever taken in a boat.

We made a straight course back towards the mountains, across *flooded* meadows. The water was perfectly clear; one could nearly always see the bottom, and for many miles ahead, to right and left of us, lay a clear smooth *expanse*, unruffled by the slightest breeze, reflecting every detail of the mountains with an effect that was more than beautiful.

Here and there were lily-beds crossing our course, and sometimes bulrushes, which indicated permanent channels or ponds. Occasion-

ally we rowed through groups of submerged bushes, which Leather Jacket said were "hardhack," but which I discovered were a species of pink *Spiraea*. There were crab-apple trees, too.

The water had been higher than when we were there; it was receding a few inches every day. In two or three weeks the flooded land would be dry; a few weeks after that it would be covered with a crop of most luxuriant hay. This is the occurrence regularly every season; so soon as the summer heats melt the mountain snow the water comes down, the rivers rise and overflow their banks, and the whole country below a certain level is thus flooded. The crop of hay is always good; it could no doubt be made of great profit. Those living there get all they need, the rest is wasted.

It seemed, without much doubt, that the whole of this vast area which we could see, and much more beyond, could be made available for agriculture, if some means could be found to prevent the annual overflow. We were assured by Mr. Mohun, an eminent engineer of Vancouver City, that this could be done by a very small comparative outlay for dams and levees along the Pitt and Fraser. By this means many thousands of acres of the best land in the very best position in the Province could be made fit for settlement. That something of this sort is what they are waiting for in this locality was, I suppose, the case; for we saw little farming and less gardening being done. The most the few settlers appeared to do was to grow enough to keep them, and to prove what could be grown there. All seemed to be waiting for "something to turn up."

It is hereabouts that our Vancouver friend was so much of opinion that Tom should settle. We had long talks about it, as we rowed across it with friend Leather Jacket. He told us what would happen if all that land could be permanently drained, how a big town would surely rise at Hammond; that the farmers would be within a short distance of Vancouver City, where all their produce would find an excellent market.

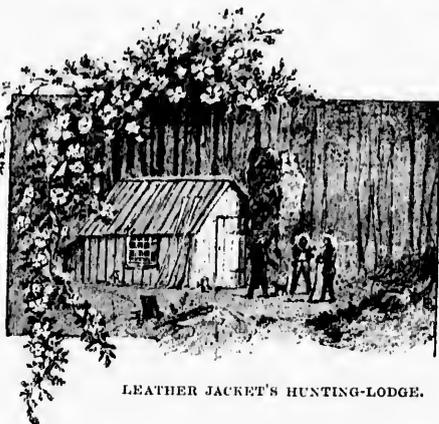
So, from what we heard and saw, there is little doubt that it would have been a good speculation for Tom to take up land and settle there. He seemed to think so, anyway, asked many questions, and I really think that, if he had not gone so far with Bruce, he would have made some land purchase thereabouts, and do as it seemed the few settlers there were doing. For it appeared, indeed, from what Leather Jacket told us, that they were just waiting for the "boom to come along."

There was no other boom that we could see but this: that when the meadows were drained, they would all be on hand and on the spot to

make much money from the land they owned; to take up more, and thus make a pile. In the meantime, they seemed to us to just "loaf" about, neglecting to do the best with what they had; in fact, were playing a waiting game.

Often that morning Tom said he wished his father could see this or that, for it was a glorious scene, no doubt at all about it. For a youth to know that he had but to say the word and some hundreds of acres of that country could be his for ever, that he could always have those glorious mountains near him, could so easily own a farm where everything, doubtless, will grow luxuriantly, I say it was a great temptation to our young friend Tom. Here all was grand and beautiful, a glorious climate, but little winter, market close, and English civilization within a few hours; whilst, on the prairies, it was comparative desolation, loneliness, and isolation.

I cannot say how far we rowed over this expanse of water, but many miles; there were pictures and fairy-land all round us. By and by, towards noon, we drew close to the land, turned into an opening



LEATHER JACKET'S HUNTING-LODGE.

in the tall grass, went along a crooked narrow passage through it, and at last came to a pine-tree that our friend had felled, and which was his wharf. A few hundred yards from here, up a bank, and through a grove, we found Leather Jacket's shanty.

It stood on a knoll, looking over an immense extent of country across the Fraser River. It was built of rough boards, roofed with shingles; it had a big stone chimney, and large-sized windows; it was really very snug indeed. The living-room was lined and covered with engravings from the *Graphic*; there were all sorts of domestic utensils, everything in perfect order; a clock which only wanted winding, a valuable gun, a telescope, a number of quite costly things in the way of blankets, clothing, books, and fishing-tackle. There were also a cat and kittens, and a good store of provisions.

"Well," said I, "this beats all! This *is* a grand arrangement;

who would have thought of finding such a place up here? Don't you run some risk leaving such precious things unguarded?"

"Oh, no," replied Leather Jacket; "I leave them here for weeks together."

"Are there no bad characters—no Indians? Don't you ever lose anything?"

"No," said he. "I built this place three years ago as a sort of shooting-box. I have brought most of my best belongings here. Sometimes I am away for months. I have never seen the sign of a visitor during my absence. All the people, Indians and whites, about these parts know this shanty and what is in it. I have people come when I am here sometimes; but when I am away, no one would even think of coming up even to look."

"Well, you astonish me. Surely this speaks volumes for the honesty of the inhabitants; and how about the cat?"

"Oh, she just forages for herself, and keeps me clear of mice."

There was a small sleeping-room attached, with bunks in it, plenty of good bedding, and everything to make an Indian envious, one would have thought.

"Do many Indians come around here?" Tom inquired.

"Oh, yes; siwash and klootchmans often come to fish, and when I'm here I ask them in and feed them. They are my friends, all of them, and would neither rob nor harm me, nor see me robbed or harmed."

Around the shanty an acre or two were cleared, and a bit was fenced. There were some fruit-trees, some potatoes, too, were growing; but all around this place was bush. Not thick, close forest, as in many parts; but immense pine-trees of various kinds towered aloft all round us, smaller trees, and flowering shrubs of many kinds. The ground was generally thick with bracken, rose-bushes, salmon-berry bushes, and sumach. There were immense red and grey granite boulders strewn about, covered with mosses, lichens, and creeping plants. There were very few living things about but insects; amongst them were a few butterflies. I saw some fine "Apollos," many immense dragon-flies flitted through the woods, and there was a continuous hum of flies and chirp of crickets.

All around us, wherever a break in the encircling forest allowed us to get a view, there was exquisite scenery. If one must lead a hermit's life, to all appearance this would be one of the most charming places in which to do it; plenty of wood and water, wild fruit in abundance, fish in the river, the best of trout and salmon. In the season, any amount of game: ducks, geese, swans, pelicans, plover,

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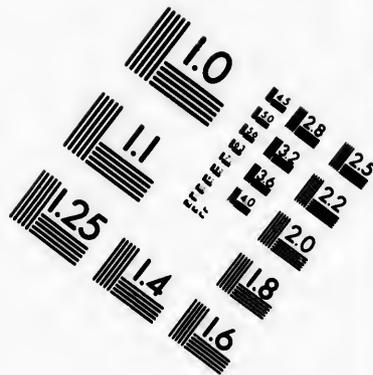
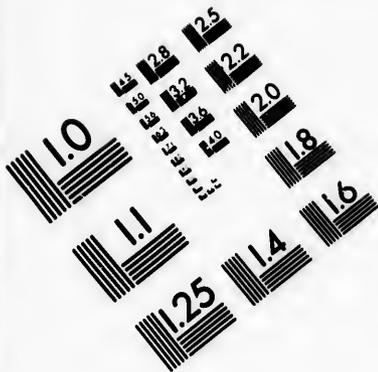
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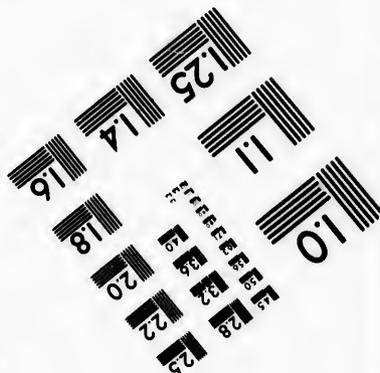
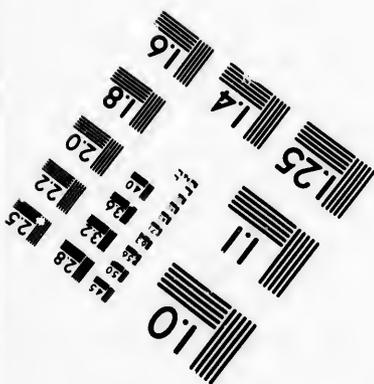
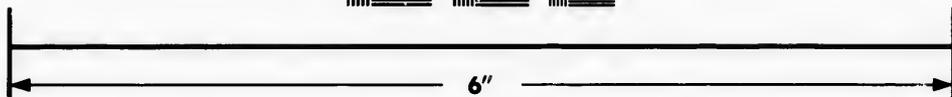
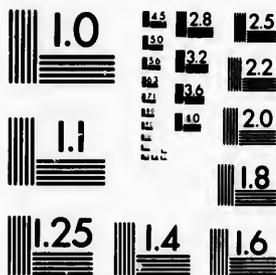
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and snipe; deer in the woods; wild sheep, big-horns, in the higher mountains; goats in the hills. What more could be desired?

People who come into the woods for a few days, as we had, without a man to do the cooking, the fetching and carrying, have a pretty busy time of it generally.

Our host, however, was a "host" in himself. "You just sit down, and take it easy," or "Go over to that rock, and see what you think of the view from there. I'll soon make the kettle boil. You just leave all to me, and enjoy yourselves."

This was his kind way of going on, and he soon had arranged on his table a wonderful repast. We had broiled ham, bread and butter, buckwheat cakes and syrup, plenty of good tea, and finished off with canned peaches for dessert.

Then we sallied forth in the boat to a very favourite place of his along the margin of the lake, which it was then to all appearance. There I set up my easel. In front of me were two finely-shaped mountains; that to the right was Mount Hammond, that to the left was Mount Mohun; between the two was the entrance to Pitt Lake, at least ten miles away, though *then* we thought it scarcely two—distances are so deceiving in that clear atmosphere—nearer was the overflowed Pitt River; the flooded meadows reflecting all.

Behind Mount Hammond the ground dipped and rose again to a still higher mountain, the crest of which was one of the Golden Ears which we had seen from Vancouver and New Westminster. Behind that mountain there rose another higher still; its crest was the other Golden Ear. Now we were near enough to see quite plainly that these two crests were cased with frozen, glistening snow; it was the reflection of the setting sun upon these peaks which gave them the effect so well described by their name.

Nearer to us still was a promontory of rock covered with timber, poplars and pines—the pines most picturesque. The foreground was a jumble of big red granite boulders, bushes, creepers, ferns, and mosses—a glorious confusion of form and colour. At my feet, in a cranny of the rock we stood on, I saw a big clump of parsley fern. There were scarlet lilies, columbines, and roses in profusion. It has seldom been my lot to set up my easel in a more charming position; everything to make a picture was before me. The day was lovely; the afternoon sun was lighting up mountain, lake, and glen with glory; the pure white snow-peaks on the distant ranges were just beginning to take on the warmth peculiar to that time of day; the mists among the hills were beginning to get rosy; the Golden Ears had a touch of light on them, just enough to show us what to

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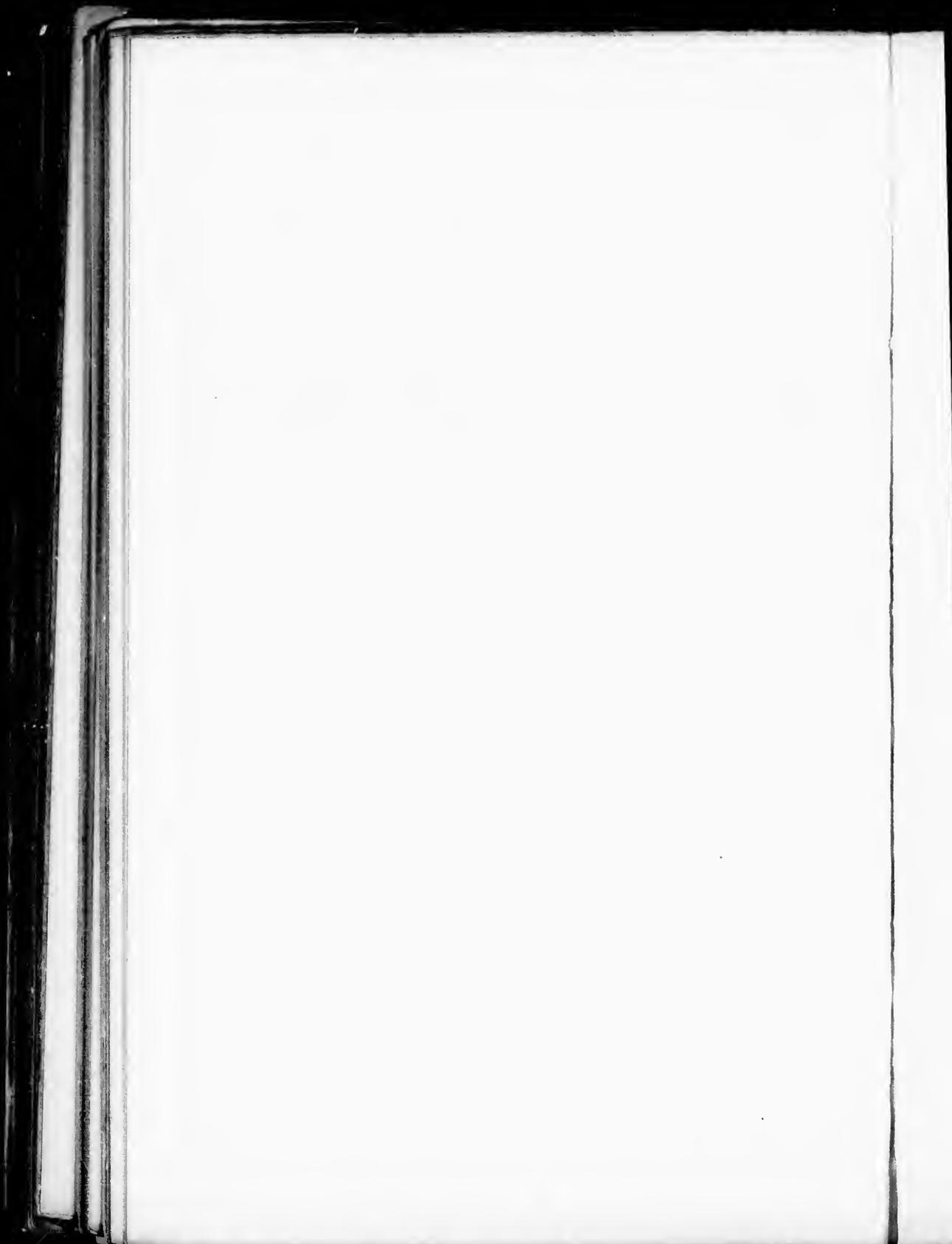
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MOUNTS MOHUN AND HAMMOND.



expect very shortly; the water was dead calm; every crack and fissure in the mountains was sharply reflected on it, every twig and leaf reflected, as in a looking-glass. My picture was coming on finely. I had already got the broad washes in, was commencing to put in certain details which are the telling points in such a subject, when, "B-z-z-z!" I heard a mosquito!

It was *only* one. I drove him off, and settled to my work again. "W-z-z-z!" There were two of them. Within five minutes the advance-guard had arrived; my troubles had begun.

I pulled the netting down from my helmet, I fastened my throat up closely, I put on gloves, I lit my pipe and smoked like Vesuvius, and went to work again. But it was useless; through my clothing, inside my netting, here, there, and everywhere were the unmitigated pests. I could *not* keep still.

Some people say, "Oh, mosquitoes don't bother me." Happy people! For my part, I *cannot* sit quietly, or stand or lie, with these pests round me in millions, as they were in half an hour from the arrival of the first one. To draw was simply impossible. My friends did all they could to help me, stood over me with bushes beating them away; but if one ceased for a moment, to drive them from himself, they had me, sure. Tom jumped about and used strong words, rubbed on tobacco juice, and tried to overcome the wretches; it was no use. Leather Jacket stood it, but at last admitted, "Well, they *are* very bad; there's no denying it."

I had to give up work, double up my easel, roll up my umbrella, and admit that I was beaten. So we retreated back to the shanty, where they followed us; at any rate, fresh armies of them met us everywhere on the way, and welcomed us when we arrived. Inside the shanty they were, if possible, more numerous still. Our host said, "We'll soon have 'em out o' that; we'll have a 'smudge.'"

So then he set to work, got an old tin dish, filled it with rotten wood, damp grass, and bits of rag and paper. Lighting it, he put it inside, shutting the door and window. This certainly drove them out, or smothered them. Tom and I sat outside, rolled in our waterproof sheets, with mosquito netting over our faces, pretending to enjoy it.

By and by we prepared supper—that is, Leather Jacket did, fighting mosquitoes all the time. We put the tin dish with the mouldering smudge therein under the table whilst we ate our meal, but even then had often to lay down knife and fork to smash a stubborn rascal who wouldn't let go his hold by any less appeal.

Eating was a misery; the prospects of sleep were poor, we

thought. After supper we sat outside, rolled in rugs and netting, and endeavoured to get a quiet smoke. It was a trying time. It was a still, warm evening; not a sound was to be heard but the hum and whiz of the terrible mosquitoes, except, occasionally, the gurgle and the wheeze and final explosion of a "thunder-pumper."* Then, as darkness crept over the scene, we heard the notes of the whip-poor-will, sometimes close to us, then far off in the distance, but always weird and striking.

We sat up talking of old times, of England, of politics, the prospects of that country, the haunts of years ago round London, where, it appeared, this new-found friend of ours had been at home once. There were many well-known places and mutual friends to talk about. We could have had a most enjoyable time but for these terrible insects, which are the pests, the curse of every place which they inhabit.

After a while Leather Jacket made a big and final smudge inside the hut, filled up all the crannies in the walls, closed the chimney, the door, and windows closely, and came outside. Half an hour after, we peeped in, saw the place was nicely filled with smoke; then we slipped inside. We somehow got to bed, and slept quite comfortably.

For a day of mixed enjoyment and misery, I don't think that one will be erased from my memory.

Just as we were falling asleep, Tom announced in a very positive tone, "I am not going to settle in this part of the country; not I."

The next morning dawned bright; the mists were soon cleared away from the mountains; another glorious view, under a fresh phase of light, was before us. After a bath in the adjacent lake, and a hearty breakfast, we were ready for the day's proceedings. This time they were to be a trip *into* Pitt Lake. It had seemed to us the day before that the entrance to that lake was at most two miles away—within an hour's pull, at any rate. But hour after hour went by—we must have started at seven—point after point was turned; fresh beauties, new mountains, new forms assumed by others; yet we were not there.

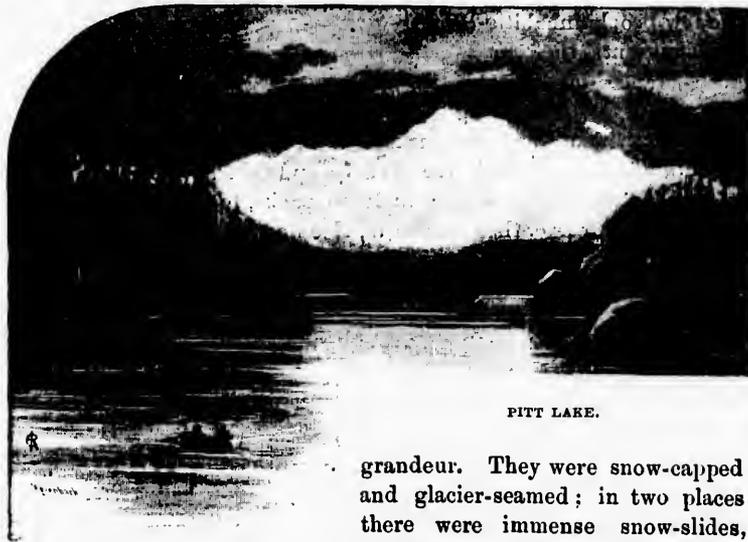
It must have been quite twelve o'clock when the water really widened out to right and left of us, so that we could say with certainty, "This is Pitt Lake."

Also, it seemed, before we started, that when we did enter the lake there would be but a short pull across, once being in it. However, it was plain that, unless we intended to camp the night on the other side, it would be folly to attempt the trip.

* The bitteru, which makes a noise best described by the above name.

If we had had our blankets and some food, we certainly should have done it; for the whole place looked so charming, so perfectly heavenly in its calm grandeur, in its absolute silence, its unearthly repose, that it seemed to Tom and me that it would have been a never-to-be-forgotten event to have passed a night upon the margin of that exquisite lake.

The range of mountains that appeared to come down sheer into it on its farther side were sublime in form; at that nearness, awful in



PITT LAKE.

grandeur. They were snow-capped and glacier-seamed; in two places there were immense snow-slides, which seemed to extend down close to the water; whilst to the right and left were valleys filled with rosy mist, melting away into the unknown, and I suppose unexplored, distance.

There was not a sound to break the quiet, not a ripple on the water, not even the hum of a hateful mosquito; one seemed afraid to speak above a whisper. It was an enchanted lake, surely, and we were trespassers; the quicker we got out of that the better, so we felt.

But, with the sketcher's usual weakness, I felt I must bring away something to remember the scene by. So I made what certainly recalls to *my* mind an idea of what we saw that glorious afternoon, though it cannot convey to anyone else more than a hint of the spectacle.

Then, as the sun got lower, we retreated. The feeling seemed to

lie on us to be as still as possible; we scarcely spoke to one another, using our oars gently. I remember feeling quite sorry when I made a careless splash.

Then we got into the narrower outlet again. There the mosquitoes met us. The spell was broken; we lit our pipes, pulled our hardest, talked and whistled, joked and sang, doing all we could to make things lively, for we knew we had another long evening's fight with our winged foes.

On this journey we got much information from our friend about the few people inhabiting that region, on the chances and prospects for emigrants there, about the sport, the salmon and its habits; about everything, in fact, that an observant man can have to tell about that very interesting country.

When the sun had set, and darkness had gathered over the mountains, we reached the wharf and shanty, made another "smudge," eating our supper in dense smoke, fought the mosquitoes for an hour or two, then turned in, sleeping till day.

That morning we discovered that there were plenty of ripe strawberries in Leather Jacket's garden, the finest we had had in the country. We feasted on them. Then I did some more sketching, collected insects, pressed some flowers. We smoked, we talked, we cooked, we ate, and we fought mosquitoes, passing the day delightfully, the night as best we could.

We rowed gradually back to Hammond the next day, stopping here and there as subjects came in view that were worth noting, enjoying it thoroughly.

On the way an Indian passed us in his canoe, muffled up as if it was the depth of winter, with big gloves on. Our friend talked Chinook to him. Tom and I were very glad to hear "He had been driven in from fishing by mosquitoes." So then it was no wonder we had suffered as we had. If an Indian was beaten by them, we need not be laughed at as greenhorns.

The Selbys were glad enough to see us back. They were thoroughly tired out. What with the horrid food and rooms—but, worse than all, the terrible mosquitoes—they were quite used up. If there had been a train that night we should have left, I'm sure; but there was none till past noon next day.

They reported that they had spent much of their time at our friend's house. She had been most kind to them; but the nights were what had tried them sorely.

There was no attempt to mitigate the annoyance the mosquitoes caused; the result was that they had suffered, and were suffering,

much as we did. For the irritation caused by their stings returns again and again for days, at intervals, so that even when none are about, one fancies that there are.

The most provoking thing, to my mind, is that though these people suffer just as much as we new-comers did, they did not take the slightest pains to prevent the trouble. In India and Australia, mosquitoes are not half so bad as in America, yet there people always use nets, and have peaceful nights at least. Here, the only net I saw, except in one house—our friend's here at Hammond—was what I carried with me, which I could not use everywhere I slept.

We spent that evening with this friend, who showed us much of interest. Stone implements used by the Indians, before the white man came, wonderful carvings done by them with these tools, insects peculiar to that locality, but nothing new to us. Rattles from the rattlesnakes, found somewhere in these mountains, some garnets and other minerals, and many curious things. Every window and door was covered with netting. All precautions were taken against mosquitoes; some few got in undoubtedly, but we had comparative peace.

We had, of course, to give an account of our doings. My sketches had to be exhibited and described, after which Mr. Selby called on his son, saying, "Now, Tom, my boy, what have you decided? Do you think it wise to stay here, or will you carry out the plan with Bruce? It rests with you; it must be settled now."

Here Maggie looked at Tom with gravest interest, and so did Maud; so did we all, for that matter, for we were all much concerned to hear what he would do.

Then he replied. "Father, *my* mind is quite made up. I think that in every respect but one, this is a charming place to live in; the climate, the appearance of the country, the delightful scenery, the quality of the soil, the fruit and garden produce we have seen, the game they talk about, the fishing, boating, all prove to me that we could make a happy and successful start here, or hereabouts; but all this is spoiled by the mosquitoes, and I cannot live here. I cannot choose this part, simply on that account."

Here friend Leather Jacket remarked that he had heard that they were bad, too, in the N.W.T.

Tom went on, "That may be. I don't know. They are not, cannot be, so bad at the place I am going to buy. Bruce told me candidly they sometimes have a few—nothing to trouble much. No, Father, I'm determined not to live here. They say they are only bad here for about three months, but to be wretched like this for a quarter of one's life is what I need not stand and will not."

To this, no doubt, his father and his sisters, and I too, could only say that we sympathized with him. Leather Jacket looked sorry, so did our kind friend, for I think she fancied it would have been very nice to have Tom and his sister settled near; but it was not to be, and so it was decided. Mr. Selby produced the documents, which were duly signed, and Tom became at once a landed proprietor. Of course we all congratulated him sincerely, wished him good luck and every blessing. Maggie was pleased and excited, too, and Maud was sorrowful.

My own opinion about the country round Port Hammond is very much like Tom's. If they want to get old-country people to come out and settle there, my advice is, don't let them come to view it in "mosquito time."

The next day it was arranged that Tom should leave with us, his baggage checked to Broadview. We should all travel together as far as North Bend, some five hours east of Hammond; there we should part with him, he going on to his future home, we to remain there for a time at the hotel, which, belonging to the C.P.R., we knew was a good one.

That night we fought mosquitoes again, but in the morning early got some sleep, I fancy, for all rose refreshed and happy that we were to resume our journey; sorry—heartily sorry—to bid good-bye to Leather Jacket, to Mrs. Blank and that kind youth, her son, but much relieved to hear that, up the Fraser, at North Bend at any rate, there were *no mosquitoes*.



"A MISKITTIE."

CHAPTER XXII.

ON THE FRASER.

At Mission.—Agassiz, on Harrison Lake.—No Accommodation for Ladies at Yale.—Parting with Tom at North Bend.—Difficulty in getting a Lodging there.—Mrs. Kerry of the C.P.R. Boarding House.—The Evening Promenades.—Pompousness of Officials.—Sending a Telegram.—Tom and Muggie's Prospects.—Mr. Selby and I talk and plan.—A Lucky Chance of hiring Good Servants for the Young Settlers.—An Indian Fishing Camp.—Methods of taking Salmon.—Profusion of Fish.—Indian Luxuries.—Indian Manners and Customs.—Conversing with them in Chinook Jargon.—Their Industry.—Flowers.—The Gateway of the Cañons.—Indians returning from Town.—Tale of a Lion.—Departure from Yale.—On the Cars again.—Conductor Newman.—A Sicamous Man's Experience of "them Miskitties."—Revelstoke.—American Fellow-travellers "enthuse."—Four Days in Wonderland.—The Advantages of Long Boots.—And of Long Hair in "Mosquito Time."

We left Port Hammond in the early afternoon. The scenery we passed through for some distance was very like that about that station—the Fraser River on our right. We crossed small tributary streams, ran beside lakes, timbered hills, through rocky gorges; then we stopped at Mission for a while.

On the river's banks were scores of canoes, tents, and temporary shelters. Here were met several hundred Indians. It was some special festival which caused this gathering; we could not make out what. They are Roman Catholics, Mission being the head-quarters of their Church in those parts.

Then we passed by Harrison Lake—a most delightful sheet of shining water, very like Pitt Lake, in its upper parts especially, I believe, though much larger. There are, on its shore, some very interesting hot springs. They are building a tramway there, from Agassiz station, four miles in length. There is an hotel at the Springs, which is said to possess "all modern improvements." There are cottages—read shanties—for invalids, and, according to

accounts we heard from people who had probably seen no better, every luxury and enjoyment to be had. I asked our informant if there were any mosquitoes. "Well," said he, "the miskitties was a bit fierce sometimes."

That was enough for us.

We stopped at Hope a minute, but again did *not* see the White Anchor on the mountain. At Yale we once more made inquiries about a stopping-place. The man we spoke to, a very decent fellow, said, "No, there is no place where you could take the ladies."

So we arranged to have a long day there from North Bend, for I could not leave the country without a sketch of Yale and its surroundings.

Then we passed Spuzzum again, with the Suspension Bridge, through glorious cliffs, by mountains, gorges, and cataracts, past Indian graves and rancheries and fishing-stations. The waggon road twining around the mountains. Then we stopped at North Bend.

When we got off the train, we took our time. We said we would wait till Tom and the train were gone on, then we should get attention at the hotel. However, we went over to it and had dinner together before parting.

After that, we saw Tom off. He went away gaily enough to begin life in earnest. We heartily wished him every happiness and fortune. He was to write to us directly he got to his destination, whilst we promised to keep him well informed of our doings. So we parted, he in first-rate spirits and great hope.

Then, when all was clear, we informed the manager we wanted rooms for several days. Fancy our discomfiture when he told us that he had not a single room to give us; that the hotel was not finished, only the dining-room and kitchen!

When we went through west some months before, he said that the place would be ready for visitors in a week; so we made no doubt at all that we should get accommodation there. We were terribly taken aback. "What can we do?" we asked. There is but one train a day, you understand.

The only place, they said, where we could get food and shelter was the C.P.R. boarding-house, across the track, where all the hands engaged upon the line lived. We must stay there or nowhere.

So over there we went to make discoveries; and we found the place, though rough, was very clean. The mistress had three bedrooms she could give us. There was no sitting-room of any kind in the house—nothing but a large dining-room, a kitchen, and a lot of bedrooms; but Mrs. Kerry arranged to furnish Mr. Selby's bed-

room with chairs and tables, so that we could sit in it if necessary ; and as there really was no other thing to do, we put up with that.

We found Mrs. Kerry to be a very superior woman. She had been ladies-maid to some great swell at one time, and knew how to behave, and what decent people needed. She made us very comfortable. We all liked her ; her language was so very elegant, it was quite refreshing. Her husband was a rough, uncouth individual ; did all she told him to, though, and we got on well enough with him. We used to have our meals served to us after the rush was over. The workpeople came in to theirs three times a day ; then there was a train going west early in the morning, another east in the evening. Out of each there was generally a room full of "feeders" from amongst the train hands and second-class people. But Mrs. Kerry fed us during the intervals. Her Chinese cook was good ; she herself was very obliging. The result was not so bad as we expected when we found the hotel a failure. Here we paid one dollar—four shillings—a day each person. At the hotel they would have charged us three dollars.

"Where can we go for a walk ?" we asked.

"Oh, right along the track ; no other road here," was the reply we got. So away we went ; a most amusing walk we had too. That is the public highway there, the only way about. There are some few trails, but none we could take that evening. The inhabitants of North Bend were taking their evening strolls along the track. We saw several pairs of lovers amongst the promenaders. Chinamen were taking their walks abroad—quite swells. There were some railway officials, too, dressed out to kill. My ! how they "put side on"—brakesmen and waiters, I suppose.

Before we went for our walk, we called at the telegraph office, as I desired to communicate with friends in Ontario. I had been given, for certain reasons, the free use of the wires. It was usually a disagreeable task for me to have to do with these petty officials ; yet there was some fun about it, too. With very few exceptions, they were exceedingly short with me when I first addressed them ; at times they were quite rude. I really don't believe they meant it ; I think they knew no better, or perhaps supposed that, in their dignified position, austerity was wise and becoming. I have watched them often with others. Decent people don't care to be addressed as if they were hogs or dogs. This evening, when I applied to the "big" official, I meekly said, "Can I send a message to Toronto ?"

He looked at me, went on with the paper he was reading, with his back turned to me, taking time before he replied—

"I guess you can."

"Is the line down anywhere? Can you put it through to-night?"

"No; I can't."

"When can you, then?"

"Leave it here; it will go some time."

"That will not suit me; it must go to-night, or not at all."

"Then it won't go at all, you bet!"

"Oh! the line *is* down, then, of course?"

"No; it ain't."

"Well, then, look here, my friend," said I, "*my* friend Mr. H——r told me, whenever I wished to wire by the C.P.T. (Canadian Pacific Telegraphs), by mentioning his name to an operator, with this bit of paper——" But here the gay official broke in with—

"Oh! excuse me; I was not aware," &c., &c. "Of course *your* message will go through at once; why, cert'nly."

"All right," said I, "put it through; but if I had not shown you this frank, I should have had no chance with you. If I had been a paying customer, by treating me as you tried to, you would have done your Company out of several dollars. Is that fair, now? What if I told Mr. H—— of this little incident? Don't you think you carry things with a rather high hand, you men?"

He looked very foolish; I'm sure he felt so. After that, I never saw him but he bowed profoundly. He sent my message, got the answer back before the morning, and actually condescended to deliver it to me himself with his own fair hands, begging to know if I had any message he could send for me—anywhere!

So, before I left, I really made him send a despatch home for me to England. He got the answer to it after we left, and promptly repeated it to every station where he fancied I might be; and I got it, considerably garbled, but comprehensible, at Field in the Rockies.

During that evening walk, Mr. Selby and I were sitting on a log beside the track, the girls being farther on, picking flowers, when I began to talk to him about Tom.

I liked that youth immensely, so I did Maggie. Well, it seemed to me rather a sad sort of arrangement, after all, that these two young things should be left to live alone on the prairie, without any friends really near; for Meadows was a long way off, and Charlie Donald too. We knew no woman at all. When Mr. and Mrs. Bruce had left them in possession, they would be quite alone; and when we had gone on to the east, and, very likely, home to England, I felt that they would soon get very lonesome. Moreover, after all, what did Maggie know, practically, about housekeeping? Could she cook and

scrub and wash, make butter and attend the dairy? We had talked of this before, of course. She had always said she could; that she would like it. In fact, they rather pooh-pooled my opinions. But I had, in my youth, seen much of this sort of thing, and felt that these young people, by and by, would feel it a very hard and lonely life, and get tired.

To-night, whether it was the late parting with Tom, and the early prospect of losing Maggie, that made Mr. Selby more attentive to my observations, I cannot say, but he *did* seem then to think there was much sense in what I said. So, after much talk, he asked me, "What would you do, then?"

Said I, "It seems to me that they should have help, some servants, some trusty persons to live with them."

"I think so, too. We'll write at once to Tom and tell him to find someone in Broadview—a servant, in fact. Of course, it would never do to have Maggie there alone without a woman servant."

"But, pardon me, I don't think it at all likely that Tom can find what is wanted at Broadview. I have a notion that the people about there are too independent to take service, as we should call it."

"What would *you* do, then? Yes, I quite see it as you do. What would you do?"

Said I, "Do you remember a young man and his wife and baby on board the *Parmesian* coming out? We used to say we thought them decent people; they came from Gloucestershire. Don't you remember?"

"You mean the man who said he had been someone's groom and gardener?"

"Yes; that's the man. Well, I had more talk with them than you had, perhaps. He told me he knew a great deal about cows and horses, gardening, and things like that. His wife had been a servant, was a good cook, and understood dairy-work. He told me this, and showed me testimonials, because he asked my aid to get him into something. He had paid his fare to Hamilton, where I have relatives, you know."

"Yes, I remember; his wife was a very decent body. Well, what is your idea?"

"Just this. To-day I have unexpectedly found a letter here from my people, and they tell me about this man. It seems they found a place for him directly he got there, but his employer has come to grief, or something has gone wrong, and the man we are talking of is now out of work. They have seen a good deal of him and his wife, speak very highly of them, and are now endeavouring to find

him a position, so this letter informs me," and I read to Mr. Selby what they wrote.

Said he, "Why, these would be the very people to live with Tom and Maggie. Here, girls," he cried, "look here. Our friend has been talking to me, and this is what we think." So he went over the whole thing to them, and Maggie, who, of course, was most interested in the matter, was quite delighted with the plan. It resulted in my wiring next morning to Hamilton, and by night I got a message, "Still disengaged, awaiting letter."

That evening Mr. Selby wrote, offering this man and his wife a year's engagement. They were to live with his son and daughter at



INDIANS SALMON-FISHING.

Broadview, to do all necessary work, and so forth. He proposed to pay them, besides their board and lodging, three hundred dollars for the year. We thought that was about the fair sum, according to what we had heard. The answer was to come to Field, in the Rockies.

During next morning we went along the track a couple of miles east, to where they said a trail led to the river. There we were to find an Indian encampment, where they were catching and drying salmon. We found it easily enough. The women and some men were on the bank cleaning and preparing the fish, hanging it in slices

across poles to dry in the sun and wind. We made out that it would keep a "long, long time."

The catching of the salmon was very interesting. I made a sketch of one mode, which explains it better than much writing. On a slight staging, hung down a cliff, close to the water, stood a siwash nearly naked. He plunged in his big scoop net, and when he got a fish, or sometimes two or three, the people on the top hauled them up, net and all, and returned it to him for more. Then he took another sweep. Whilst we were there—an hour or so—he must have scooped up twenty or thirty salmon of all sizes, as they came through the narrow passage.

There were half a dozen at this work within sight of us. Unfortunately, there was no Indian who could speak a word of English; but, thanks to our Chinook jargon book, we made out that they came here every year, caught and dried what they required, and retired somewhere inland, or where there were no salmon. They had camps and booths of boughs about, and again reminded us of the hop-pickers in Kent. These people were, however, very much quieter than our English Indians are, and, *we* thought, would be preferable to deal with. Probably, if we could have understood all they said, we should have thought differently. Some siwashes were catching salmon with spears, standing out on rocks, striking at them as they passed; but the netters seemed to get most. In one spot, to which an old Indian took us, there was a most wonderful sight. It was a sort of creek, or narrow passage of clearer water, and the fish were visible there in countless thousands. None of us had ever seen such a sight, except out in the English Channel amongst a shoal of mackerel. But these were large fish; they kept just below the surface of the water, moving up stream, but not so very quickly nor in a straight course; it was difficult to follow the movements of any particular fish, but they appeared to go from side to side, examining as they went. It seemed to us that one haul of a seine net would catch thousands, or a gill net hung across from rock to rock would be a capital means of taking them. We tried to get from the man who escorted us a reason for their not catching any there, but he shook his head and said "Pishock, pishock," *i.e.*, "Bad, bad." He speared one for us easily, and pointed out something about its head; but none of us were up in piscatorial lore, so could not make out what was wrong. The fish he got weighed fifteen pounds at least. He just left it on the bank. They are really of no money value thereabouts. We could buy one, as heavy as you could easily lift, up at the station, for 20 cents—or two bits.

The illustration of this scene is not an atom exaggerated, except that I have made the fish more visible, but they were even closer packed in the water than I have shown.

There seemed to be a large number of Indians about North Bend. At the west end of the place they had just completed a tiny wooden Catholic church, with their own contributions, nearly all their own work, too. Near by was a group of tents, where a clan or family were stopping. They had a large table, with chairs and benches round it, an awning over all. We used to see them taking meals there, and they seemed to have most civilized table furniture. There were some handsome trunks about, and a sewing-machine. But the greatest thing of all was a tent, the front of which was, in the daytime, always open. It was entirely occupied by a bedstead, with, seemingly, all proper bedding, pillows, and pillow shams, nicely frilled,



A "RUN" OF SALMON.

the counterpanes and valences snowy white. It did not look as if it was ever used; but that family, we were sure, were very proud of their tent and its contents. They waved their hands and laughed at us when we went by, and were greatly pleased, I am certain, we took such notice of it. The white inhabitants of those parts laughed at these people; they always do so—why?

Another trail, a mile or so west of the station, led down a steep bank of the river, past some Indian potato-patches, to the water. Here we passed a day. I made a sketch of the promontory and the Indian graves, with flags and crosses on it. On the other side of the river was a steep-sided, closely pine-clad mountain, up in the higher regions of which we could just trace the waggon-road. I made another sketch, looking down the Fraser, where lay Boston Bar, once a very famous placer diggings, and even now there is gold in all the banks and bars along the river.

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AN INDIAN CEMETERY.

There were some Indian tents and rancheries on the other side; men and women frequently crossing to and fro. They had to go upstream a long way, then start across, paddling with all possible vigour, reaching the other side generally much below the place they wished to land at, and then had to pole and paddle up to it.

A siwash with his klootchman and child came down the trail, one time, with packs and bundles, and signalled to the tents across the river for a canoe. They sat some time beside us whilst their friends brought one. The siwash could speak a little English, so the girls and Mr. Selby had some amusement with them, for with his little English and our "Jargon book," they made out famously. This man's name was Charles, his klootchman's was Eliza, the baby's was Maggie; so our Maggie gave that baby two bits, which her mother called "pot-latch" (gift). The siwash said they lived on the other side, "mamook pil chickamin," which we found meant "washing for gold." They had been to the "mahkook house" (store) for "muckamuck" (food). He told us, too, that times were not so good with Indians as when the C.P.R. (he called it so) was building, when he sometimes earned "Klone dolla la sun" (three dollars a day); now he could make more at washing gold than at railroad work.

"How much a day?"

"Oh, sometimes 'ikt dolla' (one dollar), sometimes 'mokst' (two), sometimes 'weght' (more), but 'tikegh' (he liked) to work on track 'clipkloshe' (best)."

"And your wife?" we asked. "What does she do?"

"Eh! Eliza? 'Mamook elan wash pil chickamin' (helps to wash for gold)."

The girls found out a number of their words were French. For instance, a plate was "la siet," a nail was "lecloo," a cock or hen "lapool," silk was "laswoy," sugar "lesook," mountain "lemonti," language "lalang," head "letet," devil "diaub" or "lejaub." Some words they used were of English root. For instance, "Boston" meant an American, "King George" meant an Englishman or English. Bark was, in Chinook, "stick-skin," bell was "tintin," broom is "bloom," Christmas-day is "Hyas (big) Sunday," cloth is "sail," day is "sun," fat is "glease," father "papa," mother "na-ah," fever "waum sick," fever and ague is "waum sick, cole sick"; heart, mind, inside, will, opinion—all are expressed by the word "tumtum." Indeed, most of the words used in this, the trade language of the coast, are corruptions of English and French.

After these people left us we saw them on the other side the

Fraser, working away most industriously; the woman with a cradle rocking the wash dirt for gold, the man with a shovel sluicing. They were not idle till we left the place at six or so.

One day I made the Indians take me over in a canoe, and then I mounted up a trail they showed me till I got upon the waggon-road; high up it was. There was the "old and the new" upon the Fraser River. The old waggon-road on one side, the C.P.R. upon the other. My sketch* describes the view I got better than many words.

All about at that time the syringa was in flower. Large bushes of it dotted the sides of the railway and the river, and were scattered plentifully on the mountains and the cliffs. The flowers were much larger and in greater profusion than I have ever seen them in English gardens, but the perfume, we decided, was not nearly so powerful.

Roses were plentiful, and many blooms we did not recognize. Berry bushes were in great profusion; and there did not seem to be a mosquito, which *was* a blessing.

Another day we went back to Yale, starting at 5.30 a.m. We had twenty-five miles to travel, through what to us was now familiar scenery, yet none the less enjoyable. We got there about eight, and took, first of all, a cruise about the town, which really is more than half deserted. The rest of the day we spent down by the river-side, where I sat sketching.

The view I got so well describes the scene, few words are needed. The rock in the distance, between the two headlands, is called "Lady Franklin Rock." It is named so in honour of her visit, we heard, when, by some means, she got on to it.†

The mountain to the left is Mount Lincoln; the other ones to the right and in the distance seemed to be nameless. The C.P.R. runs across the town, then through a tunnel in the left-hand mountain. Yale is called the gate of the cañons of the Fraser. The bank to right is alluvial soil; it is full of gold, "they say." Indians and Chinamen are always working at it. No great amount is got per man per day; it is so very fine. They have to use quicksilver in their Long Toms and cradles to save it.

On the beach or margin of the river some sheds may be noted. They are the landing-places of the New Westminster steamers, one of which is shown just starting on her trip down to New Westminster, eighty miles.

* See Frontispiece.

† See page 179.

We were passed by many canoes, generally heavily laden with stores and people. They had been down to New Westminster, or perhaps to Victoria, to trade their furs away for goods and provisions. Very curious articles we saw in these canoes; some of them would be of very little use in Indian homes, we should have thought. Besides several showy Saratoga trunks, we saw some rocking-chairs, fine bird-cages, a drum, several highly-decorated accordions; one woman had a tin horn, one wore a very showy bonnet—the only time we saw a klootelman wearing one whilst we were in the country. Nearly all wore new gay handkerchiefs and shawls, in very startling colours.

They all paddled and poled their canoes close to the shore where we were sitting, the stream being less rapid there, yet they had all that they could do to make the slow headway they did against the current.

We were greeted by the people in each canoe as it passed us with "Kla-how-ya," and we always returned the kindly salute.

Some Indians living at Yale came to see us, but they just sat and stared in silence. When two children came and we gave them some of our spare food they were delighted, but would or could not speak a word of English. One was dressed in brilliant scarlet, the other in brightest orange. They were rather handsome children, their eyes being very fine. They were not "awfully dirty," either.

A white boy came to see us once who had plenty to say, in fact was rather "cheeky." He said a horse had died the day before, that its body was thrown near where we were sitting, that a "lion" came down from the mountain behind us and was feeding on it.

"Well," we asked, "didn't they shoot the lion?"

"Oh! no. Every man who had a gun had a shot; but they all missed him, so the lion got away. I guess he'll be coming down again soon; you'd better look out!"

We thanked him for his kind caution, but said we were not afraid; there were no lions in America.

"I guess you'll say different pretty soon, if you stay here. Why, I seen it myself only yesterday."

"What was it like?"

"Oh, like a monstrous big cat, as big as a mule! My! it did run when them men shot at it."

I really don't believe this was true. I think that festive boy thought he would just try to scare the strangers a bit. But we only laughed at him, said he had been dreaming; at any rate, that it was only a cougar or a wild cat, and we were not afraid.

Said he, "What part do you 'uns come from?"

We said, "From England."

"England! Do they have lions there?"

"Oh! yes, in cages, like they have them here."

"But do they have wild ones, running round the woods and mountings, like we have?"

"About as many as you have," we replied.

So that youth departed. We were not in the slightest danger there; but I'm sure he told his friends that we were very curious people, not to be afraid of lions.

Four days of rest and thorough enjoyment we had at North Bend. On the fifth we said "good-bye" to Mrs. Kerry, and moved on. We purposed to stay a day or two at Sicamous, where we saw that pretty inn as we came west. So, at 19.30 that evening, or half-past seven, we went off in the train, getting good berths in the sleeping-car, in which there were but half a dozen passengers. Decidedly it was very pleasant to be on board again, where things are always kept so clean and cosy. Thus we passed up the beautiful Fraser, glad to see again what we had all enjoyed so much before.

There was an American and his wife with us—very superior people—whose home, they said, was in New York City. They had been across to San Francisco, were returning by this new railway—the C.P.R.—and, so far, they were delighted with British America, with Victoria especially, the car we then were in, with the diner at North Bend. They said that if things went like that all through to Montreal, that this line would quickly be the most popular in America.

That evening, in the smoking-room, we had some very pleasant talk about our different countries; for, like all of the best class of Americans I have ever met, they were charming people.

About dusk we crossed the Cantilever Bridge once more, and got to Lytton; then we went rushing up the Thompson River.

I was up at four, when we passed Kamloops. I had a grand view of the lake and valley of the Thomson; and I must say, it seemed to me, what Father Terry said must be quite right; it looked, indeed, like a "foine" country to live in. If one could forget once for all his home in England, could be reconciled to leave behind him many things he calls essential to happiness, it would undoubtedly be grand to live about Kamloops. So I thought; but, standing on the platform when we stopped at Ducks, which is the next station, the mosquitoes got me, and I concluded I was glad I hadn't got to stay there.

The girls were up at six, so was their father. Somewhere about that time they put a "diner" on the train; then by and by we had a

"lovely" breakfast, the best that any of us had had since we left Victoria. Shortly after that we began to think it time to roll our gear up ready to go ashore at Sicamous.

Near Salmon Arm—or on it, I am not quite sure which—there was a stoppage; a tree across the track some way ahead, they said. I was not sorry, for it was a most charming spot. The conductor, Newman, said we should be delayed two hours; so I got my tackle out and sketched from the smoke-room window a bit of Shuswap Lake.

In conversation with this very pleasant conductor, Mr. Newman—why can't they *all* be like him?—we happened to tell him where we purposed to "stop over."

"At Sicamous?" he asked us.

"Yes," we replied. "There is good fishing there and splendid scenery, and the inn is comfortable; isn't this all so?"

"Why, yes," said he. "There is no doubt at all that is true enough; but do you find mosquitoes trouble you much?"

"What!" we exclaimed in horror. "Are there any there?"

"Mosquitoes? Well, there are a few, I guess, just enough to swear by. Don't take my word for it. Just come with me; I'll introduce you to a man who lives there."

So Mr. Selby and I followed into the Colonist Sleeper, and then he "made us acquainted" with a man who said he *did* live at Sicamous, or used to—did still, sometimes.

"Well," asked Mr. S., "how is it for mosquitoes?"

"Why, Sir," said our friend, "I guess I'm no greenhorn. I've lived in this yer country from a boy. If you'll believe me, I'm just dar beaten by them miskitties. They are just tarrble thar now, I tell yer. Thar ain't no sleep thar; no sort of comfort thar in miskitty time, and that's just what it is thar now. Take ladies thar? What them two I seen paradin' out inter the dinin' car awhile ago? No, Sir, don't; if you think anythin' of them gals, don't take 'em thar—it's just outrageous!"

After that we couldn't take the risk, so passed by Sicamous Narrows and the little inn. It looked very peaceable and pretty, just as if we might have an "elegant" time; but from what this good man said, and from what we heard afterwards, it is just as well we didn't try it.

The scenery through the Gold Range was very charming. We seemed to enjoy it, I think, the second time we passed through it more than the first. For *then* we were always being surprised, always expecting; now we knew pretty well when to look out for the best.

It was a delicious day, not too warm. We had some nice companions, and were very happy.

Near Revelstoke it was very hot indeed. There another tree had fallen across the track, and we had to wait for half an hour whilst they cleared it away. As usual, we stayed outside on the platform. The mosquitoes found us and soon drove us inside. We had to keep all doors and windows closed till we moved on again.

At Twin Butte we were really once more amongst true mountains. I don't think they were one whit less imposing in our eyes because we were a little more familiar with them; rather the reverse. I believe, with all of Nature's wonders, such as these mountains, those in Switzerland, the ocean, Niagara Falls, the Yosemite, familiarity does *not* breed contempt. The more one sees of them, the more one wonders and admires.

The scenery along Albert Cañon, the Illecillewaet, and Ross Peak Siding, and going up the loop, twining about amongst those superb mountains, was glorious.

Our American fellow-travellers were certain they had seen no such views on the American Railway they had travelled west by. They were full of admiration and enthusiasm, quoted some of our own English poets, talked Ruskin, and generally showed how fully they appreciated all they saw; and were not ashamed, as they said, to "enthuse" when they were with congenial spirits. Our two girls were as full of pleasure as any of us. Their father and I were not a bit behind in enjoyment of this day's journey through one of the sublimest scenes in nature.

Then we slowed up, and had arrived at Glacier House again. The manager and his wife remembered us quite well. They gave us any rooms we liked; we were the only guests. Except when trains stopped there for the passengers to feed—two every day, at lunch time—we felt as if we owned the place.

Then began four days in wonderland. How we did enjoy it! There was but one alloy—those terrible mosquitoes. Still, they were not so very bad. By means of veils and mufflers, we could, when moving about, bear with them, and there were none at night or in the shadow. But when sitting sketching, if the sun came out, warming the ground a very little, there they were and kept one lively. I often blessed my stars that I had brought long boots. Here let me strongly advise all persons who contemplate travelling in that country to do as I did, especially if they purpose stopping anywhere to sketch or fish or shoot. Wear long Wellington boots with your trousers inside them. They are easily taken off and on, they are

the very greatest comfort; you are never troubled with insects biting around your ankles, with ants and other vermin creeping up your legs. They are far better than any sort of gaiters. Knickerbockers are a delusion. *Any bug* can nip you through your stockings. A mosquito's instrument of torture will pierce through the closest hose with ease; besides that, many of the grasses and vines and creepers are full of thorns and prickling arrangements. There is nothing like what they call there high boots. And do not have your hair cut very short, especially if you wear a helmet. The mosquitoes get inside, perch upon your head, and bite you without difficulty. If your hair is fairly long, they cannot manage it so easily.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

BIG-HORN SHOOTING.

Visiting the Glacier.—View from it.—Dismal Grandeur.—A fresh Bear's Track "Harry up, Girls!"—Glacier House a Tourist Centre.—Mount "Chops."—A Swedish Ganger.—News of Big-horns.—An Expedition Proposed.—Alpenstocks.—We start.—The Trail goes "Blind."—Following up a Mountain Stream.—The Snow-line reached.—A Scene of Dread and Mystery.—Waiting and Watching.—Big-horns in Sight.—My first Shot kills.—Another Down.—The Booty.—Camping on the Mountain.—Going Home in the Morning.—Onward.—The Bridge over Stony Creek.—Queer Quarters at Golden.—Up the Columbia in the *Duchess*.—Getting into the Lake.—An Immigrant Family.—Sioux Indians.—Policy of the Provincial Governments.—Country round Columbia Lake.—Gentlemen Navvies.—A Delightful Spot to Settle in.—Again at Field.

WE went up to the great glacier the very first thing. They said it was only a mile from the hotel; it is more like four. The trail became almost invisible a mile up. We floundered about amongst rocks and logs and bushes and tall pine trees. We got on to some extensive beds of snow, too; then we found a space chopped for a road. They are going to make a carriage-drive up there. It would be very much better if they made a good bridle-path at once, and kept some mountain ponies at the Glacier House, then visitors could go about with comfort.

At the stream we found a very fanciful bridge; it had only been built a few months, and was already in ruin. We had much ado to get across; the girls were hardly able to do it. It is a wide and very dangerous place. After that, the trail wound amongst rocks and bushes; then we came out in front of the glacier.

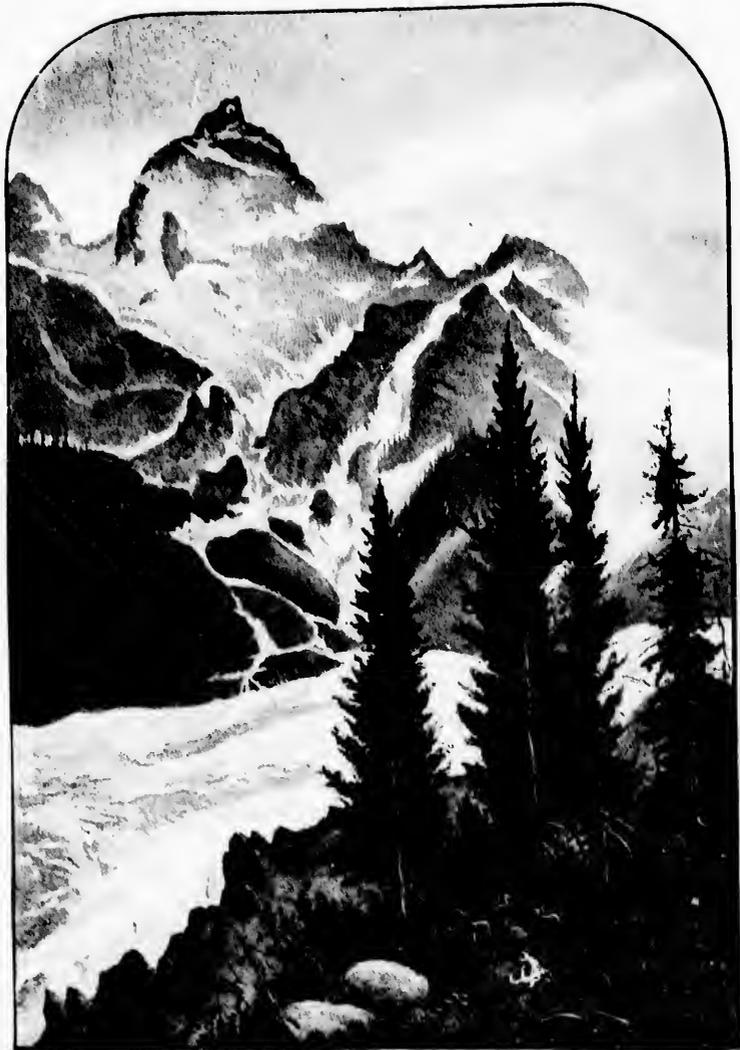
It is not broken, split, and rough like most glaciers are, it is simply a bank of ice, say two miles long—it may be four—varying in height from fifty to one hundred and fifty feet, we guessed; dirty

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THE GLACIER AND MOUNT SIR DONALD.

as most glaciers are. We saw bare ice here and there, but this glacier was, compared with many Swiss and New Zealand ones, very "slabby" looking. There was nothing grand about it from that point; just an immense slowly melting heap of dirty ice, with a broad milky torrent rushing from beneath it.

Higher up, looking down upon it, on it, we knew that we should see more worth seeing, but it was impossible to get up close beside it, the moraine was so soft and sandy, no foothold to be had. So we went some hundred yards away, climbing up rocks parallel to it. Then, when half a mile up, we struck for it again, at right angles, and thus, after a most trying climb, got up to where the whole thing was spread before us.

Certainly here was a fine scene enough, one that every Canadian and American ought to see. Across the glacier—we thought two miles, but they say at Glacier House that it is four—stands boldly up Mount Sir Donald (altitude above the sea, 10,645 feet), with his attendant peaks. It is said to be the highest point in the Selkirks. There is not much snow on any of them; they are too precipitous to hold it.

These mountains are extremely wild, savage, uncanny in appearance; they are anything but beautiful—not lovable like many Swiss peaks we know, and some in Western Canada too.

They told us that the ice is one thousand feet thick. It is mere guessing; no one knows. If any scientific examination of this glacier, or of the mountains generally has been made, they keep it very secret, for though I questioned many who ought to have known—C.P.R. officials and others—I got no authoritative information.

There were a few "crevasses" in the ice; their depths were blue like those on other glaciers. It was much like that at Grindelwald in the Bernese Alps in colour, but very much less broken. We did not go far on the ice; we had no alpenstocks, no ropes, no guides. I cannot say it was at all enjoyable, but it was an experience to be remembered. The utter loneliness, the dead silence, the awful mountains and dismal groves of grey and indigo pine-trees all round us, could not fail to make it so.

Beside the torrent coming from the glacier were rocks and willow bushes; amongst them we found some very lovely ferns, the oak and maiden-hair, and tiny holly ferns, we considered. There were some few flowers; notably, here we got two sorts of heather, red and white, the only time any of us had seen it in America, a little different from the English species.

Here, too, we saw some signs of mountain sheep having passed

that way but a short time before, and in some soft mud we were going over I saw the track of a beast I had not come across for many years; it was like the impression of a naked human foot, but broader, heavier. Maud saw it first, exclaiming that some man had been there; but I knew it was a bear that had been that way not half an hour before. I did not tell them so, but moved on hurriedly; I thought they would perhaps be so much alarmed. The two girls wanted much to loiter, gathering ferns and things, but I hurried them, pretending I was in haste to get to a spot I'd noticed where there was a very fine subject for a sketch. We had no arms, nothing but two sticks and two umbrellas. Though there really is no danger to be feared from bears, yet it would not, I thought, be a very pleasant thing to meet one on the trail.

I found my spot, and afterwards went up there alone and made my drawing. I saw no bears; I fancied once I heard a big animal tramping through the bush, that was all.

That afternoon I made a drawing of the glacier from the hotel. In the evening I told the girls the track which we had seen was made by a bear; they were not a bit alarmed, only curious. They said, indeed, that they wished that they had really seen Mr. Bruin. So it is quite plain Maud and Maggie Selby were the right sort for a wild country.

It was like spring up there. Indeed, I think they never have real summer. Yellow violets were coming into bloom; the stoves were going day and night in the hotel. In the shade it was too cold to sit; the sun was hot. I think it froze hard every night, and this was late in July. No gardening can be done there, but they were trying to get grass to grow from seed round the hotel.

Oh! what a chance is there to make a tourists' station. From that hotel excursions could be made up to the glacier and to many mountains round. There are magnificent ones near, well worth ascending.

In Switzerland I have seen American tourists spend heaps of money in hiring guides and porters, *chaises à porteurs*, and horses, to go up to examine a glacier. If they only took the proper course in these Selkirk Mountains, as many tourists would be spending their dollars there, for certainly the glacier seemed to me to be as big and its surroundings much more awful than most of the Swiss ones; and it is the only real one easily accessible that I have heard of in Canada or the United States.

Instead of expending all their energies in exploiting natural wonders, making the most of the glories ready to hand, they are wasting heaps of money in decorative (?) work around the hotel. When we

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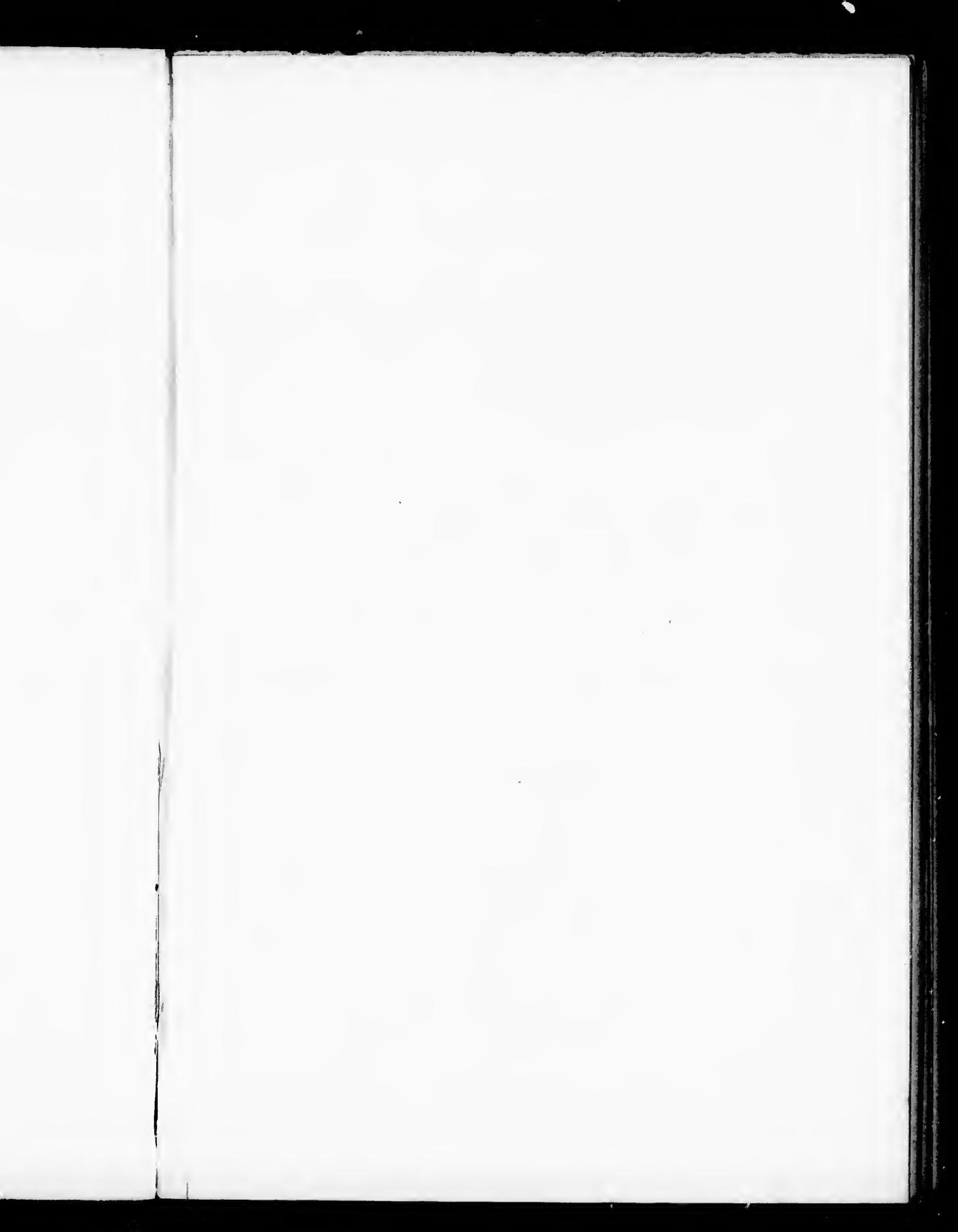
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THE GREAT GLACIER OF THE SELKIRKS.







MOUNT CHEOPS, FROM THE TRAIL TO THE GLACIER.

were there a gang of men were levelling the hill-side, making a dam across a gully which will be filled with water, and a mountain torrent near is to be utilized to work a fountain. All very well; but it seems to me that half the money this will cost would make practicable trails about the mountains, and render a stay there a most popular affair. Now people cannot get a quarter of a mile from the hotel in any sort of easy way.

In front of the hotel, across a deep valley, you can see a very fine snow-mountain. It appears in the engraving of the view from the trail to the glacier. I asked a man if it had a name.

"Oh! yes," said he; "that is Mount Chops."

"Why Chops?" I asked, but got no reason from him. However, when I was making the drawing of it, I discovered that the highest peak is a perfect pyramid, "The Pyramid of Cheops."

We got to know the boss, or head man, of the gang working at the adornments about Glacier House. He was a Swede, and used to wear a long red flannel shirt outside of everything in place of a coat. He was a very decent fellow, full of conversation. We asked him if he knew the Alps of Europe. He said he did quite well. Did he think the mountains here as fine?

"Vy, no," he said; "zey vas not halp zo high; zey iz one vraud, vat you gall a dake in; zey is like diz country—blayed out!"

This was quite refreshing.

"Do you mean to say, then, that Canada is used up? Why, it is hardly opened up yet, not half or a quarter settled."

"Ah, but zere is already doo much beeples; I must go furdur west."

"Where to—Victoria?"

"Oh! yez, furdur zan zat. I go to China; zat is ze country now, plenty of railroad zere; it iz all done here."

"Have you been up any of these mountains?"

"I? No, I would not take ze trouble; zey are nosin, nosin to ze mountains in my own country. I go up ze hill zondimes mit my gun for ship."

"Is there any game to be got round here, then; any sheep or bears?"

"You yoost go up zat hill zere," and he pointed; "you zitt zere on ze tep for two hour, you get a ship pretty zoon, you bet."

"But have you ever got one? Do you ever go?"

"I? Oh, yez; I often go on a Zunday. It is quite eazy. You yoost go along a trail; you get zere fine, vy suttently."

Mr. Selby and I questioned the manager of the hotel about this.



He assured us the man, who called himself Yack Yonson, did go occasionally, and sometimes got a sheep. He also offered to lend us a rifle, but warned us it was no easy task to get up the mountain indicated. Mr. Selby backed out, but I determined, if I could, to accomplish the feat, and if possible to get a sheep's head as a trophy, though I did not fancy going up alone. I could not find anyone at leisure about there; all were occupied.

But at the midday meal, the third day of our stay, when the west-bound train was in, two young fellows sat at our table and began to talk of sport. They were Englishmen, tourists. I told them all I knew about the chances thereabouts, saying that I was anxious to go up for a sheep, but had no companions. In the end, they volunteered to "stay over" till next day, and go with me. They had a rifle with them, looked fit enough, and were evidently superior men, out for the trip.

Arrangements were soon made. They got their baggage out of the train, went to their rooms, returning in half an hour dressed fit for mountaineering. They had done some in the Alps, and laughed at the surrounding mountains. We were to take two rifles only with us. The third man was to "pack" a bag of food, for we did not know how late we should be before we got back, and knew how wise it was to be provided. We wanted alpenstocks, but no one in the hotel knew what we meant; so I applied to Yack Yonson. He knew well enough—had made two for himself, and willingly lent them to us. A third one, the one I used, was my sketching umbrella-stick. We got, as we hoped, all needful directions, starting off at three.

A mile or more along the track, then by a certain boulder we would find a trail leading up a burnt mountain. So far all was clear enough. We found the trail and followed it a bit; then it got "blind," *i.e.* invisible. Now came in *my* little knowledge of bush-craft. I had been, for more years than I like to tell, away from all experiences of this kind. But when I was a youth I used to take much pleasure in such expeditions after deer and bear, though that was in Eastern Canada, near Lake Huron, in a flat country as I should call it now.

The two young men my companions had never set foot in Canadian bush before. They had not been in Canada ten days, and all the time had been in railways and steamboats; but they were full of go, and fit for anything.

I had to take the lead then, and by dint of careful observation I kept the trail which, every now and then, showed up enough to tell us that some human being had passed that way before. After half

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BIG-HORN STALKING IN THE SELKIRKS.

an hour's climbing from the track we were done up and took a rest, being out of training. This would never do. The mountain-side was very steep, but so far there had been no great obstacles. On again, another half-hour or so. We did not feel that we were half so tired; we had got our wind, and felt much better able to go on than when we started.

About two hours up we came to the torrent we had been directed to strike for. Up this we were to get somehow, and where its head was, up in the snow, we should surely find the sheep.

Following the curvings of this stream, over huge swelling points of mountain, up precipices, sometimes climbing on our hands and knees, then along bits of flatter ground, again over or round boulders, past cascades innumerable, the scenery became more and more alpine in its character. The pines got smaller; there were some rugged, stunted cedars, vast beds of grey and pink moss, soft and deep, very few flowers, and those small and not conspicuous. Up we went, stopping often to rest now, till we arrived at a comparatively bare part, where we came on snow. Then across a stream of no great width, which joined the larger one we had ascended, over a shallow valley free from vegetation; and all beyond was covered deep with snow.

To the westward were mountain-peaks in an endless procession. Many were bare, sharp-splintered rocks, some were beautifully wrapped in snow, looking from that height, and through that air, like cushions of the purest cotton wool, almost like white clouds. To the north and south were mountains, too, but east of us there stood only two or three. No doubt one of them was Mt. Sir Donald, but we could not tell; to us they were without name, quite unrecognizable, a wilderness of nameless peaks. Grand, sublime, the scene was, of course, past all my powers of description or portrayal, but hardly beautiful; it was more a scene of dread and mystery.

We sat down to take breath, to drink some cold tea, smoke a cigarette, and compare notes. We had seen no living thing yet. My companions asked me many questions, naturally, just now about animal life in particular. I told them all I knew, of the sheep I had seen near Burrard Inlet, and how little there is visible to a traveller through that country.

I now proposed that we should put in cartridges and prepare for action, for I supposed we were then in the locality for sheep or goats. This done, we started on again slowly and silently.

Here and there upon the snow we saw tracks, some seeming quite recent, others nearly gone with the melting snow. It was clear we

were where big-horns frequented. Slowly creeping on in silence, we came to a boulder-strewn stream rushing along amidst small pines, mossy rocks, and logs. We went up this a piece, and at its head came to a steep barrier of rock, which seemed to stop all farther progress. Here, just below the snow-line, we sat awhile, discussing quietly our further proceedings. Naturally, I was called upon to decide what they should be.

It seemed to me that if we took our time, concealed ourselves, and waited, we stood the best chance to see a sheep. By tramping round the mountain-top we should get on no better. We did not know the place; no human being did. I said that we should wait and watch awhile, at any rate, and to this my friends agreed.

We stationed ourselves some forty yards apart, we two with guns amongst some rocks and scrub near the edge of the snow, which was not far from either of us, or from the rocky barrier across the stream which I have mentioned, the man without a gun with me.

On the upper part of this precipice I had noticed a green growth; it looked like grass, it might be moss. I thought how grand a big-horn would look standing there, sharp against the deep blue of the sky, and motioned to the other man to watch that point.

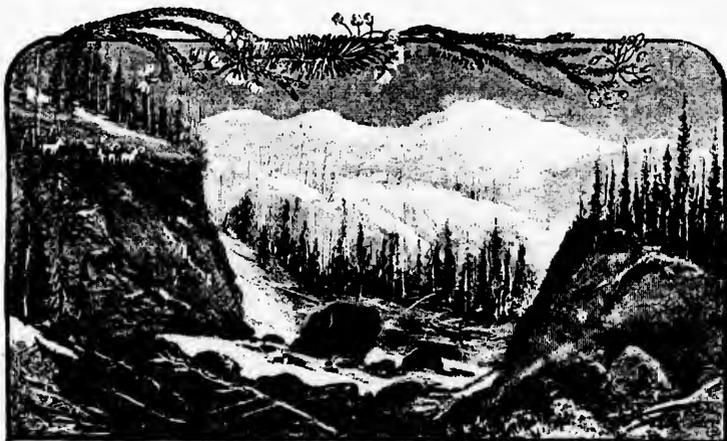
We had been sitting quietly there for ten minutes, not more, when we heard a noise, something like a stone rolling down a bank. We were all ears and eyes.

I chanced to look across the creek, and there stood four sheep quietly gazing in our direction. We all saw them. They were one hundred yards away, but across the torrent. If we killed one we knew we could not get it; so I shook my head gently when our friend, who was nearest to them, looked at me inquiringly; it was no use for him to shoot. Then the sheep moved off, slowly, not in fear at all, marching with much grace, their immense heads, which we think so heavy and awkward, being easily carried; they moved them as they walked, really with elegance, cropping here and there a leaf or blade of grass. They did not leave our neighbourhood, for, though they vanished from our view, in five minutes they were back near the same place. But now there were seven of them. One was a grand fellow; I could have killed him a dozen times, but I could not have got him if I had.

To our amazement, this sheep began to go up the face of the rocky cliff ahead of us. It seemed to us that there was not a cranny, not the slightest inequality in the rock, which looked as smooth as if it had been planed, and yet that animal just leapt from one invisible support to another with ease and grace, the other six following

quickly. When they got on top I knew our chance had come. They all stood there a moment. We were ready.

I don't think I had fired a shot with a rifle for ten years, but I felt no "tremble." They said my gun was good, and that I could depend upon it, so I took aim just behind the shoulder of the biggest of the lot, and before the smoke had cleared away he was rolling dead in the stream below. In a moment the carcass was being washed down; in an instant more would pass us. I dropped my gun; we both made for the stream across the rocks, and with our alpenstocks pinned it in a corner; but how to get it out of that, and on to our side, was the next question.



MY FIRST SHOT AT A BIG-HORN.

Our friend had fired the same moment that I did. Where was he? We held *our* sheep and shouted. No response. There was much noise, however, from the rushing water. *We* dared not let go our prize, for *one* could not hold it back from being carried over, away beyond our reach.

Just then, looking up to the top of the precipice where I had shot mine, behold, there was our companion, gesticulating wildly with cap and gun. Plainly he was shouting, and, by his look of pleasure he too had killed a sheep. At first he could not see what we were at, but when he did, he disappeared and came to us speedily. Then he helped us with our sheep, which we got landed safely, with much rejoicing. Then we heard what he had done.

His shot had told, he knew; he saw the animal roll over back-

wards. In his excitement he ran along the bank which we were on, and found the precipice on our side easy to scale, got to the top, and soon found the big-horn lying dead not thirty yards away.

This was grand luck; we felt so much elated that for half an hour we did nothing but talk. We lit our pipes, ate some trifle, then fell to measuring the sheep and praising them. Mine seemed to be, from tip to tip of horns, 2 feet 4 inches, but each horn measured along the curve, from base to tip, 2 feet 7 inches, and around the base of each horn was 14 inches. Our friend's was just a trifle less. We guessed the weight of mine to be 130 lbs.

Then the question arose, what should we do with them? Of course, their heads alone would be enough to carry, but my companions also wished for their skins. I did not see how we could manage it; besides, it was now getting towards evening. We could not possibly skin those sheep and get down again that night. We must off with their heads, and start at once, sharp, to do it.

These two young fellows were very loth to leave like that. "Well," said I, "we must decide without a moment's delay. If we hesitate, we shall have to stay up here all night."

"I'd sooner do that than go off leaving that skin. Why, I'd give ten pounds to have it safe at home." So said the one who had shot the sheep. The other man said, if he had *his* way, he'd also stay up there rather than lose it.

So I said that, so far as I was concerned, I would not object to stay. We had no blankets, but we could make a fire big enough to keep us warm and dry, and we had some food with us. Now we had loads of mutton, too, so we agreed to stay. It was a capital idea. We found a nook amongst some boulders, which we cleared from rubbish; then we cut, with a big knife one of us had, a quantity of cedar and pine boughs to lie upon, and across the opening we made a splendid fire. We skinned the sheep, cooked some mutton by skewering it on twigs and hanging it across the fire, declaring it was excellent. We cleaned all the flesh away from the heads; then we packed them both, and the best skin up in the smaller; with strips from the under parts we laced the bundle together, and with a short piece of cord found in one of our shoulder-bags, we arranged to drag our bundle down to the track in the morning.

It was quite dark when we had completed our task. We made up a tremendous fire, having brought much dead wood near to be handy during the night. We had plenty of tobacco, and plenty to talk about. First one fell asleep; then, when one of us got up to put on wood, he woke up; then the next one had a nap. We did not feel

the cold trouble us ; it was a dead calm night, and really it was very short too ; it seemed, before we had fully realized that we were camping out on a mountain-top, that it was daylight again and time to start. We ate a little of our provender, broiled another slice or two of mutton, lit our pipes, and started, keeping close to the stream until it joined the main one ; then we kept by that until we judged we had gone down to the right spot, turned off to our right, and gradually descended till we saw the track far below, and some section hands at work. We yelled to them, and rolled down our skins and heads, which they received with much amazement. Then we struggled down ourselves. Of course, it was a rough-and-tumble journey down the mountain-side, but it was a quick one. We got a Chinaman who was passing to help us pack our bundles to the Glacier House, and we reached there triumphantly in time for breakfast, which we ate amongst the congratulations of our friends, and of all about that section of country. I really don't know who my companions were. I knew their names, and that was all. We had a jolly and successful time together, anyway. If they should honour me by reading this account of that adventure, I'm sure it will give them as much pleasure to do so as it has given me to tell the story.

They left for the West by that day's train, taking one head and both skins with them. I sent my head on to Calgary to be attended to. Then I did some more sketching, and the next day we went on again.

We went through Rogers's Pass—this time by daylight—passed Bear Creek, then by Beaver Cañon. Magnificent, enchanting, beautiful ! There are not epithets enough ; one needs fresh ones to describe all that we saw with anything like correctness. The bridge across Stony Creek is a fearful affair ; it was bad enough to cross it, how they built it staggered us. It is two hundred and ninety feet above the torrent, seven hundred and fifty feet long, all trestle-work, *i.e.* timber. It is one of the loftiest in the world. It almost took one's breath away to look from the platform down to right and left, as we slowly crossed it.

Then we got to Donald. We had no delay there, or we should have looked up that kind lady who bade us do so when we passed that way again. But we stopped at Golden.

This place, which the reader will remember is on the banks of the Columbia River, tried to get itself called a city, but failed ; it is now Golden. Was it so called from the colour of the rocks about there in the evening light ? I fancy not, but from the gold found near, which the discoverers thought was going to turn out "grander"

than it did. This place consists of a dozen shanties or so, some stores, the Queen's Hotel, and its *annexe* or "branch." It is a very pretty place, Pilot Mountain behind it adding greatly to its appearance.

The Queen's Hotel was full, so the landlord gave us the branch establishment to ourselves, it being only requisite to go to headquarters for "grub." That was varied and clean, but "grubbing" was about the best description of the style in which things were done there. Our special quarters consisted of a big log shanty, lined and roofed with calico. There were "sections," called rooms, divided off with the same material, and each of us had one. In

many places the tacks with which the cloth was fastened had come out, the result being plenty of ventilation. We could lie in bed and converse with comfort, and there was an airiness about the place that was charming. And there were *no* mosquitoes.

The steamer *Duchess* should have started in the morning, but she did not arrive till one. She had been ashore somewhere, and we did not start till 2 p.m. Her landing-place was about a mile from the hotel; most picturesque it was.

The *Duchess* was a stern-wheel steamer, flat-bottomed. She could get along, the captain said, like one he had once before heard of, "where there was a heavy dew, or if the ground was a little damp." Really, though, any water over

two feet six inches deep, this "ship" could get through or over finely. She was fifty or sixty feet long, and, I suppose, eighteen feet across, had two decks, could carry at most thirty tons of cargo, and perhaps a dozen passengers.

The Columbia is a splendid river. The Rocky Mountains on one hand, the Selkirks on the other; the foot hills covered with dense pine. The current was strong. On the upper deck we sat and really enjoyed the trip immensely, though from time to time we felt rather "shaky" about the festive *Duchess*. They went a pretty good speed sometimes; then they slowed up, and some soundings would be taken with a pole. We passed some of the "natural monuments," which looked like "ruined castles, churches, or round towers," so they say, but I don't think those are good similes. They seemed to consist



ROCK MONUMENTS.

of hard sand and shingle cemented together. The wind and water had removed the softer earth from around them, and they stood up twenty, thirty, or forty feet high, in strange form and aspect. We had some Indians working on board. Thirty miles up we went. When it got dark, they "tied" the *Duchess* to a tree for the night. We slept well, and quietness pervaded the scene. Next morning we were off betimes, steaming and poling up the river. About mid-day we got to "Salmon Beds," which is half a mile below the lower Columbia Lake. Passing these, we struggled on till quite 6 p.m., passing across shallows, then getting on a bit with steam, then poling, getting ashore and off again. It was very difficult navigation, but the captain, who was a very jolly fellow, kept telling us it was all right, so none of us were very much alarmed at the many strange operations carried on. But soon after six there was nothing for it but to unload the boat. This they did. Indians appeared on the bank, I suppose in response to the shrieking *Duchess*, and helped; and so, by and by, with rough capstans, they hauled "her grace" over some shallows and we got into the lake.

Directly we got loaded up with what she could *then* carry, we went off again, and had hardly started before we carried away one of the stern-wheel cranks. Then we could only go half speed with the other one. At dark, we came to Windermere.

There was one store there and one hotel (!). We preferred to stay on board the *Duchess*. Two Government officials lived here, their "shanties" being about the only other habitations. Here we landed an English emigrant and his family, who were going to settle near. It seemed a melancholy sort of business. They had come straight through from England; they had no one to meet them, and appeared to know no one in the country. Why they had chosen to come there, we could not learn. The father and one daughter seemed smart and capable, and knew what they were doing. The mother and some big boys were stupid, seemingly, perfectly listless, unobservant, and forlorn. They put all their property on the river side. We lost sight of them in the dusk; in the morning, they and their belongings had quite disappeared. They had been absorbed into the wilderness. No doubt at all that they will make *their* mark there, and if one could see them in a few years from now, they will be a smart and prosperous family in all probability. They could not have chosen a more delightful land to settle in, so far as *we* could judge, from what we saw and what we were told over and over again.

I was up very early next morning and went a-fishing. I got any

quantity of "squa" fish. The water was very clear. I could see them lying in shoals on the bottom. A bit of beef was my bait, and they came up as fast as I put it in. They are slimy fish, very like the British tench, terribly bony; said to be very delicious, but we didn't care to have them cooked a second time.

On the east side of this lake there was a large band of Sioux Indians encamped, or settled, I suppose we must call it. Their lodges were visible in dozens. There were some really noble-looking red men amongst them. Some bucks and squaws were quite resplendent. They are not an idle race exactly, seeming to us very like the Arabs in their mode of life. They owned large herds of horses on the foot-hills; the bucks were continually riding backwards and forwards with a busy air. The squaws were full of work, too, around their tepees and with their needles.

The steamer *Duchess*, it will be remembered, had left a lot of cargo at Salmon Beds; she had to go back to fetch it. It was suggested that we should all go back in her, as it would be more comfortable than staying at Windermere. The others did so; I preferred to stay. I had met a man who offered to show me around a little, and I did not wish to lose such a chance. So, after a few hours there, the steamer left me, taking Mr. Selby and his daughters with her.

On the west side of the lake there are no Sioux. They never go there, so it is occupied by three small ranchers. The Government is making a waggon road along the east side, and Colonel Baker has got a charter to build a railway up to Kootenay. On the west side are British Columbian Indians. They get no allowance from the Government of their province, as the tribes in Alberta and the other provinces do.

The British Columbian Government argument is that, as it has not taken any of their lands from them, as the other Governments have from their Indians, so it is not obliged to make them a grant of money or rations. They have land reserved to them as the Indians in other parts of Canada have; but others think that a little more liberal policy would have made more contented Indians. How that may be, we were not able to say; but we saw that as the British Columbian Indians had to work to live, they did work, too, and looked to us throughout the parts we visited to be fairly well-to-do and contented.

We had a little rain up here. The country was very fine, and, in the ranges, bunch grass was plentiful; cattle and horses numerous. There is little doubt that a very few years hence, when communica-

tion is easier and the part gets settled, it will be a fine country to live in, and people going there now will not have long to wait till civilization comes to them. I do not greatly pity those who have to live thereabouts.

We saw a log house being built here, sixteen feet square. I was told that, from start to finish, from the laying of the first log to its being quite habitable, would take two days. I bought some bead-work and some pouches from the Sioux. One of them, a "fire-bag," in which they carry pipe and tobacco, and means for making fire, was very handsome, worked with moose (elk) hair on buckskin. I gave 1.00 dol. for it. The hotel, a mere shanty, was to me not half so bad as many more pretentious ones, but the company was rather unpleasant. However, there was one man there really very good to me. We rode up next day eight miles, one thousand feet above the lake, to the Hot Springs, much like those at Harrison Lake and Banff. Some day soon, they, too, will be a popular resort. Near by there is a store, where we stopped and got some food, then rode on to Upper Lake, which empties into the Lower Lake, through a swamp some two miles long. Up there we came across some Sioux, from whom I bought a lynx and a coyote skin, and a big-horn's head. I paid 2.50 dols. for the skins, 1.50 dol. for the head. The last would be worth £10 in England, I expect.

We heard up there—I don't remember how—that the *Duchess* would not get back to Windermere till next day; so, as some men camped beside a Government road they are "building" through there asked us to stay the night, we did so, sleeping in their tent. They were a capital lot of fellows. At home I should say they would be called gentlemen; out there they were "working on the road," and did not feel a bit that they had lowered themselves. One man said he had got terribly used up and short of "tin," and felt wonderfully thankful that such a chance of earning money was opened to him. They had tents holding four usually, but, on a pinch, as one did that night, they would hold six. There was a big tent where they fed. They paid a cook or caterer 16 dols. a month each, and he fed them well and yet made money of them. It was really not a bad life for a while. They were paid 2.50 dols. a day.

That night the Indians' dogs came round our camp. In the morning my sheep's head was torn to pieces; even the horns were spoiled, not worth carrying away.

Then, in the early part of the day, we came down to Windermere. The trail was rough in some places—very. No English horses could have been got along it at all. Swiss mountain ponies might have

managed it. We used no bit, reins *very* tenderly, letting our steeds pick their own steps, and so came down, slowly but safely.

We found the steamer had returned. The Selbys had had a very pleasant time, but had seen nothing remarkable.

Then they loaded up Her Grace the *Duchess*, and prepared to start; but first an Indian shot a beef for us, which was soon dragged on board. After that, by degrees, without any adventure worth recalling, we got back to Golden by noon.

Mr. Selby told me that, if he were twenty years younger, no place he had ever seen would suit him better than up the Columbia lakes somewhere. There seemed to be no end of scope there, such glorious scenery, such a capital climate; but he *couldn't* settle in such a place now—too far from anywhere; only fit for young and able people.

"Do you think Tom would have done better in some such place than where he has gone to?" I asked.

"No; I think he has chosen well. At Broadview there do seem to be some unbroken ties with the outer world. I daresay a few years hence, it will be the same where we have been; but now it is terribly out-of-the-way and lonesome. No; I couldn't live there. I think that, as Tom quite decided to settle in Canada, he could not, under all the circumstances, have chosen better than he has done."

After spending another night in our stalls, or airy rooms, at the Queen's Hotel, Golden, we took the train for Field, arriving there two hours afterwards, passing Palisser, Leachcoil, Ottertail, and through the dismal burnt, still-burning country which I have described before.

The Field Hotel we found, on more intimate acquaintance, to be even better than we thought. It possesses every provision for comfort and enjoyment, *except a sitting-room*. None of the three mountain hotels have one, which seemed to us an absurdity. The beautiful position of Field makes it one of the best places to stay at in the mountains. There are fine walks to be had along the track to east and west, some trails well worth exploring, too. Also, in the proper season, from what we could hear, there is plenty of hunting to be done. Hunting means "shooting" there.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ONCE MORE IN THE ROCKIES.

Letters from Broadview.—Miss Lloyd again.—Comments.—Views from Field.—Bears on Tree-tops and "Lobsters" on a Mountain.—A Walk up the Track.—Talk with an Irish "Protestant Boy."—Reports of a Rich Lode.—Interviewing the Owners.—White Eye and Blue-Eyed Bob.—Trying to Deal.—"Look here, Mister, I'm on the Drink."—No Deal.—Titled Guests at Field Hotel.—How they were Treated.—Leaving Field.—How to "do" the Rockies most Enjoyably.—Bauff.—Brett's Sanatorium.—An Impossible Breakfast.—Rich Colour of the Scenery.—The Canadian National Rocky Mountain Park.—The Hot Springs.—Analysis.—Junction of the Bow and Spray.—The Show-place of the Rockies.—*Ennui* of the Visitors.—The Mosquitoes keep us Alive.—Even at Church.—The Great Drawback of the Country.—Why don't they use the Commonest Precautions?—A Friend from Kent turns up.

THERE were letters waiting for us at Field. Tom had arrived at Broadview; was now located in his own domain. Bruce was showing him what he had to do. He was learning a great deal, and liked it. He said the appearance of the country was much changed since we were there: now the whole place was covered with flowers.

He had seen Charlie Donald, Jack Hardy, Meadows, and his son—everyone round about whom we knew; all said they were flourishing, and liked the country.

There were a few mosquitoes, we read with horror, but hardly any up at Tom's place, which henceforth was to be known as "Deneholme." This was in memory of a place he had once stayed at on the coast of Durham—Castle Eden Dene. He always said that the prairie, looking west, took at evening the same appearance as the sea did there.

He told us Charlie Donald had got well into Nor'-West work;

was quite certain of success, sometime, but wanted capital to make quick headway; he himself, Tom, was envied by these men because he had a little capital. £500 was deemed a large sum indeed thereabouts by settlers.

Lena Lloyd was mentioned several times in Tom's letter; she sent messages, too. Maud and Maggie thought this, as we should say, "great cheek" of that young woman, who was merely a waitress in an eating-house. They thought she was forgetting her place in putting herself forward thus, and in being on such free terms with these young men; and that "*these gentlemen*" were lowering themselves greatly to have anything to say to such a "person." I had some trouble to make "*these ladies*" understand that such matters are on a very different footing there to what they are at home. The farmers round about would not consider themselves a bit better in social position than this girl. As a matter of fact, the bulk of the settlers are drawn from the labouring and artisan class at home, whilst she might probably be of a very superior family from the east, choosing, for some good reason, or being obliged, to earn her own living thus. She would receive good pay, would most likely, too, be thought all the better of for doing this; so she would very naturally consider herself quite on an equality with the people round her, with us, indeed, with anyone in the land.

But she, and many like her, would doubtless receive more consideration from the really superior people—and there *are* some there—if she were not quite so demonstrative about this question of equality; if she would treat those she came in contact with in the way of business, not as she treated me that evening when I first arrived at Broadview, but as politely as she would her friends in private. But the Selbys, I'm sure, thought a strange state of things prevailed in the N.W.T.; and they were certainly right enough. It takes some little time for old-country people to get into the way of that country; and I don't know that it is a very good way to get into. But I suppose it is unavoidable.

There was a letter, too, from Hamilton. The people whom Mr. Selby had offered to engage agreed to his terms, and were ready to start when they received directions. That was, to my mind, and I think it was to the others, too, a great relief. We considered it would be well that they should arrive at Broadview a few days after we did; so a letter was despatched to that effect. So that matter was satisfactorily settled.

We made several short excursions in the neighbourhood of Field. We had grand views all about.

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THE VAN HORNE RANGE.

Mount Stephen, behind the house, was a ceaseless source of pleasure to us; but I think Mount Field, on the opposite side of the river, was a still more beautiful object; though not so lofty, its form was finer. About a mile west of the hotel, we had a grand view of the Van Horne Range, looking across the white stream of the Kicking Horse River rushing by. There was, in the foreground, a body of still water reflecting the scene. I made a drawing of this view. They told us to look out for bears; but we saw none. Occasionally we did see recent signs of their proximity; once or twice we thought we heard them in the woods behind us.

They often saw them on the "slide" opposite the hotel, so they declared. This was a strip of mountain, where some time back an avalanche had descended and had stripped all the trees off. It was now covered with thick green, which at that distance, say two miles, looked like grass. They were certain they had *often* seen bears, eight or ten in a herd, I understood, capering about on that "grassy slope."

I was suspicious. I got my telescope to bear. That which looked like grass proved to be really trees, not very small ones either—"second growth" such woods are termed—growing very closely. Bears could not possibly be distinguished amongst them, so we concluded that at Field Hotel they possessed very vivid imagination.

We were assured by one of the attendants that there were plenty of "lobsters" *up* Mount Stephen. He pointed out the very spot where they were, and told us that he and other of the waiters intended to get leave for a day to climb the mountain to get some. For a long time we could not make anything of this statement. He declared he had seen them, handled them. We suggested mole crickets, scorpions, all kinds of possible animals. No! He declared they were lobsters. Subsequently, he said that a professor from one of the United States colleges had been up Mount Stephen to examine the rocks. He had found these lobsters, and *he* said that is what they were. Then we got a clue.

"Were they stone?"

"Oh, yes."

"Were they embedded in the stone?"

"Yes, sometimes; then they were black. When loose they were just stone."

They went up the day after we got to Field, bringing some down with them; so we found out the secret. They were fossils, Trilobites. I have no doubt the professor had told them they were "a kind of lobster."

Another time we went east a little distance. It was a beautiful day; though when I looked out early in the morning everything was sheeted with ice. When the sun got up, it was lovely. The most delicate flowers and ferns dotted the rocks and hill-sides. There were a few mosquitoes, which at times were very annoying in the sun, but always disappeared at night or in the shadows. We went east along the track, coming at last to a very short but very picturesque tunnel. There was a glorious array of mountains; Mount Field, across the Kicking Horse River, and the spurs and buttresses of Cathedral Mountain.

On the side we were on, down in the valley far below us, were two miners' cabins. Beside the tunnel was a little hut, in which an ancient Irish gentleman resided, who had charge of it and of the trestle bridge near. He took great interest in my work, but thought it a great waste of time.

"What will ye do with that picture, now, when ye get it done?" he asked me.

"Why, take it home; show it to people — maybe sell it."

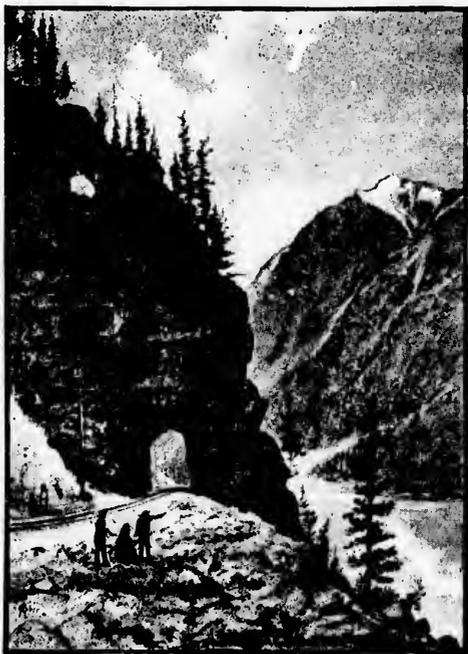
"Ah, thin, I don't see one blisshed thing worth takin' to Eurrop in that scenery. Now come wid me; I'll show you somethin' worth your while."

So we went a bit along the track, and he pointed to a cliff across the valley.

"Do you see that big black mark there beyant?"

"Yes," we saw it.

"Do you persave thim four black marks depinding from it? Don't it look like a horse, now? Can't you see the head av it and its tail, begor?"



THE TUNNEL.

"Well," we admitted, "there is something like the shape of a horse."

"Av coorse there is; and can't yez see a man on it? Sure, I does be here gazin' at it always; I can see it is a grand picture, so I can. It is like King William crossing the Boyne, so it is, bedad. An' I think if you 'd be affther takin' a draft of that home to the ould country, it 'ud plaze 'em more'n all this mountin and wilderness."

We laughed at this old man's idea, but only said—

"Ah, but they don't all believe in King William and the Boyne, you know."

"Bedad, thin, and they ought to; and I'd loike to see the man, so I would, who'd be comin' along this track and insultin' me wid his remarks fornenst King William. Sure, I'm one of the Protestant byes, so I am."

And really, before we knew what was wrong, this old fellow was abusing us as if we were pickpockets. We assured him over and over again that we were "Protestant byes" too; but it was of no use for a long while. He thought it was King William we were laughing at, and not his picture on the rocks.

I had a flask with a few drops of "Irish" in it; so I said—

"How long since you tasted the raal stuff from the ould sod?"

"Bedad," said he; "'tis more nor forty year."

So I poured him out all the flask contained, and he was happy. He would not forget, he said, the first drop of whisky from home that he had tasted all those years.

Then a miner came and sat beside us, watching me intently. He was a man of about thirty, who had been born in "Californy," had never seen anything bigger than a mining town, knew absolutely nothing of the niceties of life, had never seen anyone draw before, and had no idea, he said, how such things were done. The girls fascinated him; I'm sure they did. I expect that never till then had he been spoken to by such creatures. He blushed and stammered when they addressed him; but he was never rude or rough. He was a big handsome man, but as ignorant of the world's ways as a baby.

Talking of mines, he said, that about three hundred feet up the cliff over our heads there was a mine, a very rich one, too, he believed. It was a galena mine. There was an immense ledge of it up there, millions of tons, and it contained a large proportion of gold and silver. We asked why they did not work it, and he explained that they could not get the money to put up the mills to treat the ore. It would cost 150,000 dollars to do that (£30,000).

Mr. Selby said that was nothing; such a sum could easily be got

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in Europe, if it was as rich as he said. This struck the man as very probable, I suppose, for he merely said we had better talk to the owner of the mine, whose name was "Blue-Eyed Bob," and who was to be found in one of the shanties just west of Field Hotel.

When we got back that afternoon, the manager agreed that there were rumours like this always about; but he pointed the place out to us where "Blue-Eyed Bob" could be found. So, Mr. Selby and I strolled that way till we saw about a dozen men sitting on logs beside the track and generally loafing about. We bid them "Good-day."

They all replied, "Good-day."

"Is there a man here named 'Blue-Eyed Bob'?"

"Wall, no; but thar's 'White Eye,'" pointing to a tall gaunt fellow, who looked exceedingly abashed when I asked—

"Have you got a mine to sell?"

He looked round at everyone, then at me, then at Mr. Selby; then he replied—

"I hev."

"Where is it?"

"Yander," pointing in the direction we expected.

"Any gold in it?"

"You bet, some."

"Any silver?"

"I guess."

"Anything else?"

"Wall, there's *some* lead."

"And you want to sell?"

"Wall, you bet we do; you want to buy?"

"No; can't say *we* do, but we might know someone at home that would like to."

At that "White Eye" fired up, got quite eloquent, "pitched in" right and left about British capitalists, in the usual style.

"Why don't some on 'em put their money into Canady? Why don't they invest in mines right thar? Why don't they, &c. &c.?"

I cried out, "Why, boys, that is *just* what we want to talk about. If this is a good thing, tell us about it; prove it to us to be so, and we might do something. But really, you don't provide us with anything but the vaguest kind of talk. Do you own the mine?" I looked at "White Eye." "If so, tell us what you are doing, what you want to do, what it is really."

"White Eye" gazed around solemnly, with a half smile on his face, at all his companions, as much as to say, "See how deep I am, not to be taken in by this stranger;" but he said to us, very seriously—

This yer mine ain't no slouch. Ef you mean ter talk bizness, I guess you had better see the Boss; he fixes all them sort of things. You see 'Blue-Eyed Bob'; he'll mighty soon figure the whole thing out."

"All right," said I; "where is he? Fetch him along."

"Oh, he'll be along right away. You come around yere in an hour or so, I guess we'll have him here."

Accordingly, we bid them "So-long!" and left.

Returning in an hour, we found an individual there, dressed, we supposed, in his best clothes. He came forward, and announced himself thus—



BLUE-EYED BOB.

"I guess I'm the man you want to see; I'm 'Blue-Eyed Bob.'"

"We hear you have a mine to sell, Mr-r-r. Blue-Eye?" He seemed to approve the name. "We should like a few particulars. What do you call your mine?"

"You bet we've got a name for it; it is called 'The Monarch.'"

"Why?"

"Because there ain't no mine extant, I guess, that's equal to it."

"Oh, then, you have got it working? You are doing well out of it?"

"Oh, yes; we're doin' well enough."

"Then you don't want to sell, eh?"

"Well, yes; I guess we do."

"What is it paying, anyway? It's a galena mine, we hear."

"Well, you see," said he—and he pulled a piece of lead-coloured mineral out of his pocket—"this yere's a sample; you can hev it if yer like." (I have it still.) "This yere stuff is galena. We sent some on to Frisco to test. This is the assay we got. In a ton of it there is sixty per cent. of lead, sixteen ounces of silver, and five dollars gold! I guess that's about pretty much all a man'd want in a mine, seein' ther's millions of tons of the same stuff; only wants cartin' away, and there y'ar."

"What have you done with it then, so far. Have you tried to sell it?"

"Why, sertynly. There's a feller named Dowling. He comes along a while ago, and he sez, sez he, 'Here's two hundred dollars,' sez he;

'you keep things agoing along a bit,' sez he, 'an' I'll come along again pooty soon,' sez he, 'an' I'll buy that mine,' he says."

"Then you can't sell, if you are pledged to this man?"

"Wall, no, I guess not; 'n yet I reckon I will, too, if anyone'll buy."

"What'll you take for it, then? Will a thousand dollars buy it?"

I did not intend to buy, but merely wished to find out what they *would* take, after all the brag about the "Monarch" mine.

"Wall, I don't know. Cash down, Mister?"

"Yes. But now, then, come up to the hotel with us, and let us sit down and talk this matter out properly."

Then Blue-Eyed Bob took me by the arm and walked me away from the crowd; then he stopped, faced me, and said slowly, "Look yere, Mister; I'm on the drink. I make it a reg'lar rule not to speak to no man on business when I'm on the drink."

"Why, I'd no idea—you seem sober enough."

"Look here, Sir, I don't mean no man to insult me; I'm on the drink."

"All right," I replied, "put it so. How long will it continue?"

"Sir, I guess I shall be kinder sobered off in three days, and then I'll talk biz. Till then, so-long," and he put out a horny hand and left me.

I returned to his friends, and Mr. Solby, telling them what he had said; they looked quite seriously at the matter, and said it *was* so. Blue-Eyed Bob never concluded any business when he was drinking; he couldn't be disturbed. They really appeared to regard it as quite an important thing that their friend and leader should have peace during his periodical "bursts."

But we explained we had to leave next day; couldn't anyone deal, or explain? They all said "No"; it was out of the question; Blue-Eye was the man. He ran the show—he bossed the concern; if we couldn't wait, we couldn't have the mine. That was so, they all agreed.

And we left Field without getting a bit more information. The man at the hotel said some day something might come of it. So far as he knew, or had discovered, every few weeks they got a trifle of money, a hundred dollars or so, from some man in California. Then Blue-Eye, who was the head boss, got on the drink, stayed so till all was gone, when some of his satellites sent for more money. His idea was, that someone there was keeping the thing going, and that one day there would be a big thing done.

I have narrated in detail this incident, as it is typical of what occurs all over that country. If there really is valuable mineral present in payable quantity, the attention of some reliable local man gets attracted, and then he applies to monied men and something comes of it. British Columbia is full of such rumours and instances. Undoubtedly, where there is so much smoke there must be some fire. To this day there is no quartz reef working which contains free gold, nor has one been discovered. South of it, in California, there are many; north of it, in Alaska, there are several. It is hardly probable that in British Columbia there are none; yet, up to the present writing, none have been discovered, not one.

One afternoon the manager of our hotel told us he had received a telegram from Glacier House informing him that a certain noble lord and lady, with their two servants, were in the train which would arrive at Field that evening, and he thought that, by a little judicious management, they could be prevailed upon to stay a few days at our place; "but," said our manager, "I'm not used to taem kind of people. What can I do?"

We suggested that he should be polite to them, see that they had every attention; that he should tell the noble earl about the surroundings of the place, show him over the house, &c.

This, he said, he should do. He was an American, and professed to have no sort of respect for titles and those who held them, but he was "darned if he cared to speak to such folks."

In due time the train came in. We soon picked out the earl and countess—not that they put on the slightest airs. I pointed them out to the manager, and said, "Now, see they have everything very nice. Those are the kind of people you want along here. They will be the means of your hotels being filled with rich people; they will make the C.P.R. a fashionable tourists' route. That's what you want."

We had dined already. I walked past the dining-room outside, and peeped through the window. The tables were generally crowded, and well attended. In a corner sat the earl and countess, their servants at a table close to them, but no hotel attendant, and no attention was being given them. The manager was in his office!

Lord and Lady — were the first to leave the room, and came out on to the verandah. Lord — was tearing into fragments a paper, smiling sarcastically. Lady — went straight to the sleeping-car. Lord — lit his pipe, and stood on the platform of the car till the train moved on.

When the manager appeared, we asked, "Well, how did you get on? They did not stop over then?"

"Well, Sir," he answered, "I believe them people never got anything to eat. They got 'way off into a corner by themselves, and derved if I believe one of the waiters went near 'em."

"What did you do? What did you say to them?"

"Me? Oh, I was busy in my room. Fact is, I was making out a bill to present him. I thought it'd look more 'toney' to do that than to ask him for his money. I gave it to him, and he paid me. He didn't say anything, and I felt so darned mad that they should have been treated so, that I never said a word to 'em!"

"What did you put on the bill?"

"Oh, I just put it like this. Here, this is a copy of it—'His Highness the Earl — and Countess, to Field Hotel: 4 dinners, 3 dols.'!"

"No wonder they didn't stay," we thought. Comment is needless.

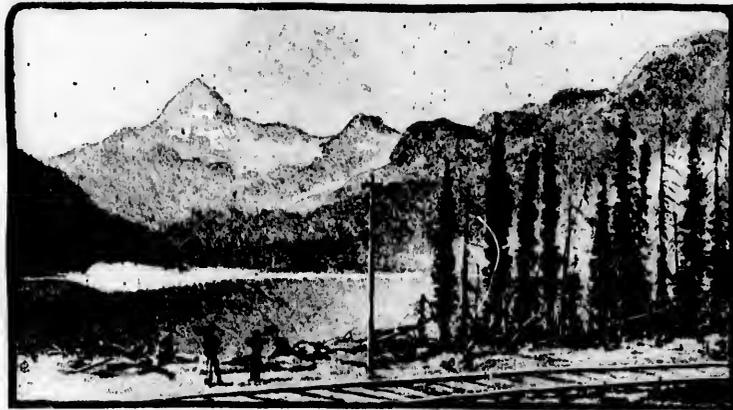
The next evening we left, too, having thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. For that house is most comfortable and complete; there is good food there, well cooked and served. They ought to black people's boots, though, and the *want* of a sitting-room is annoying. Some day, when they get better known, these two mountain houses at Glacier and Field will be always full of guests; then they must have more public rooms. If they but have managers who really *know* how to make guests comfortable, who will exert *themselves* to make them so.

The sun was nearly setting as we departed from Field. Soon after his dying rays were lighting up with beauty Mount Stephen and Cathedral Mountain, as we passed slowly through the deep indigo gloom of the pines which stood as usual in dense rows beside the track; on our right we got from time to time glorious glimpses of gorgeous crests brilliant with every tint of crimson, gold, and purple.

There was wall behind wall, range beyond range, rearing their splintered crowns sharp as knives against the grey-green sky. The snow lodging here and there shone out like living fire; the smoke and steam from the engine loitered amongst the tree-stems; there was no breath of wind. This was how we passed eastward out of British Columbia, how we again crossed the summit of the Rocky Mountains.

At Hector we had a short stay. Here was a deep green lake surrounded by black pines, with a background of snow-capped mountains, domed and pinnacled, purple, almost black, against an apple-green crimson-streaked sky, all sharply reflected in the quiet water. It was a strange combination of colour, beautiful but unearthly; it made one think of some of Doré's pictures. We only stopped a few

minutes at Laggan; it is merely a wood and water depôt. Near it, but considerably above the track, lies Lake Louise, one of the most romantic yet discovered in the Rockies. A party was encamped at Laggan; they had two living-tents and a cook's tent. There was a lady in the party, who told us that the life was most enjoyable; it was far better than stopping at hotels. They had a reliable man for cook, and found the men working along the C.P.R. most polite and helpful. The conductors of the trains brought them all they needed in the way of stores. We quite envied these people, and determined that if ever we go on another trip across British America we would do it that way, from ocean to ocean—at any rate, from Ottawa west to the Pacific.



LAKE HECTOR.

The western sky was full of light till quite twenty-two o'clock (10 p.m.), the grand outlines of the Rockies were sharply silhouetted against it until midnight; then we stopped at Banff. There was a little moon, the night was far from dark, and it was warmer.

When we were going west we had strange weather at this station. Our experiences then were not encouraging, but wherever we had been, east or west, we had heard so much of Banff that we felt we must examine for ourselves into its manifold beauties. We determined to risk it there for a few days, "anyhow."

We had taken the precaution this time to announce our advent, so the hotel 'bus was there to take us and two other passengers to "Brett's Sanatarium."

I suppose it is four miles from the station to this renowned hotel.

It is about the roughest road, too, we had ever travelled; but the driver assured us it was a good one, so we were forced to believe him; we only hoped the carriage was good as well. We drove rapidly along, experiencing a succession of the most severe bumps, lurches, pitches, and rollings imaginable, past a group of tents by and by, where we heard a number of the N.W. mounted police were encamped; then past tents and shanties, ghostly in the pale grey night; then over a floating bridge, across the Bow River. Five minutes after we were at a verar dah-fronted wooden house, and had arrived.

We entered our names and home addresses in the register, and were allotted rooms.

I can't say much for my room; it was very meagrely furnished, but it was "good enough."

The clang of a bell resounding through the house brought us all down to breakfast in the morning. The room was almost in darkness, and we could just see that the cruet-stands were enveloped in gauze, and each sugar-basin covered with a piece of muslin. Why is this thus, we asked, and why this dim religious light? "To keep out flies," was the rejoinder; "besides, it keeps the place cool."

When we got our food we did not rejoice, though we were hungry. The salmon was baked till it rattled on the plate as if it was a bare bone. The steak was dried to the consistency of a chip, ditto the mutton-chop. The English breakfast-bacon was a fraud; one couldn't bite it. The coffee was a delusion, and we always wondered of what rare herb they used to make the "English breakfast tea." But there were plenty of eggs. What a blessing it is they are always plentiful in that glorious land! There was very decent bread, so we did not starve.

Two young Englishmen sitting at our table remarked that they supposed we didn't think very much of the food, but added, "If you had been for twelve months in a shanty north of Calgary, and hadn't sat down to a proper meal all that time, you would think this splendid." Perhaps we should.

But the views from the front of the hotel, from all round it, indeed, were good enough to repay one for a lot of discomfort. Let me try to describe them, or some of them.

In front of the hotel the ground sloped down for a few hundred yards, covered with coarse grass, dotted with pines. Then came the Bow River, a very beautiful and rapid stream, say one hundred yards wide, the water coloured like many Swiss rivers. On the banks were rows of tall and graceful pines, beyond the stream was a closely wooded space; white tents were visible amongst the trees. To the

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VIEW FROM BRETT'S SANATORIUM.

right there sloped up sharply a densely pine-clad foot-hill of Cascade Mountain; to the left was a rocky shoulder, part of Stony Woman Mountain, the distance being filled in with the rocky snow-clad peaks of Saw Back—so they called it then; probably it has another name now.

But the *colour* of this view was its chief attraction. A picture in its *true* colours would be pronounced absurd—impossible. The turquoise blue, emerald green, rose and gold of the water, then the sombre red-stemmed pines, the dead grass, burning hot and orange in the sun, the margin of luxuriant green along the river, the bare grey mountains, splashed here and there with purple and vermilion, the snow-peaks round, the white tents and gay flags gave all a very beautiful but decidedly theatrical aspect, something entirely different from anything any of us had ever before seen in Canada. It seemed to us that here, if anywhere, in days to come, a place like Interlaken, Switzerland, might exist.

To our left we looked full at Stony Woman Mountain. Still farther to the left, the distance of a fine valley was ended with Castle Mountain. Right behind the hotel rose up Sulphur Mountain, whilst down the river, a short distance to our right, stood another called Peak, Hogsback, or Duthill Mountain.

All this could be seen from one spot. There were charming walks about this, the Canadian National Rocky Mountain Park. The Government is making roads about it, and already some are practicable to the most interesting spots. One of the most delightful is up to the hot springs.

There are many of these springs about Sulphur Mountain, some almost on a level with the "Sanatarium," about a mile to the west. They are building pretty wooden houses over and near them for the convenience of bathers, but the principal ones are about eight hundred feet higher than the hotel, and some miles away, along a road which winds up Sulphur Mountain. This road, like everything else there, is quite new; it promises some day to be a good one.

We went up there, as a matter of course. The baths are five thousand four hundred and fifty feet above sea-level. The buildings are of the most primitive kind; log and frame erections of the very roughest. They contain, no doubt, all that is absolutely necessary for the patients staying up there, though nothing *but* the barest accommodation. Probably nearly all who go there think it very fine and perfect, but to us who had seen the way such places are provided and managed in older lands, it looked supremely miserable.

Quoting from the prospectus of this great Western Canadian

health resort, I read, "It is elegantly fitted out and equipped with every appointment calculated to bring comfort to the tourist or invalid, and possessing every facility for giving the most successful treatment to health-seekers. Comfortable rooms, broad piazzas, shady walks, well-furnished tables, attentive servants, and skilful medical advisers, all contribute to make it a most excellent place of resort. The greatest variety of scenery, entertainment, and amusement, leave nothing to be desired in the way of occupying the mind and calling forth the energies."

No doubt it is wise to make such statements as the above to attract people there. *Some day*, perhaps, the promises made therein may be fulfilled.

But the view from just above the bath-houses is simply enchanting, it cannot be spoken of too highly, in too glowing terms; also, it cannot be described by either pen or pencil.

The hot mineral water rushes from the side of the mountain, and is confined in pipes and conveyed to the different houses as needed. From a wooden trough it discharges down the hill-side in one spot; here there are curious incrustations deposited by the water, but no great interest attaches to this.

That the curative effects of these hot springs are not mythical is clear. We talked to many patients up there, who were enthusiastic in praise of the good they had received from the use of the waters. Quoting again from the prospectus, I note: "The most striking benefits have come to those suffering from various forms of rheumatic affections, skin diseases, malarial poisoning of long standing, anæmia, and the countless troubles which have their seat in weakness of constitution . . . sciatica, and other neuralgias are greatly benefited."

Dr. Brett kindly furnished me with the following analysis of the water from the hottest spring, temperature 123° F.; 100,000 parts water contain—

Sulphuric anhydride	-	-	51.26
Calcium monoxide	-	-	24.48
Carbon dioxide	-	-	16.47
Magnesium oxide	-	-	4.14
Sodium oxide	-	-	27.53
Total solids per 100,000 in the water—			
Calcium sulphate	-	-	56.85
Magnesium sulphate	-	-	32.39
Calcium carbonate	-	-	3.29

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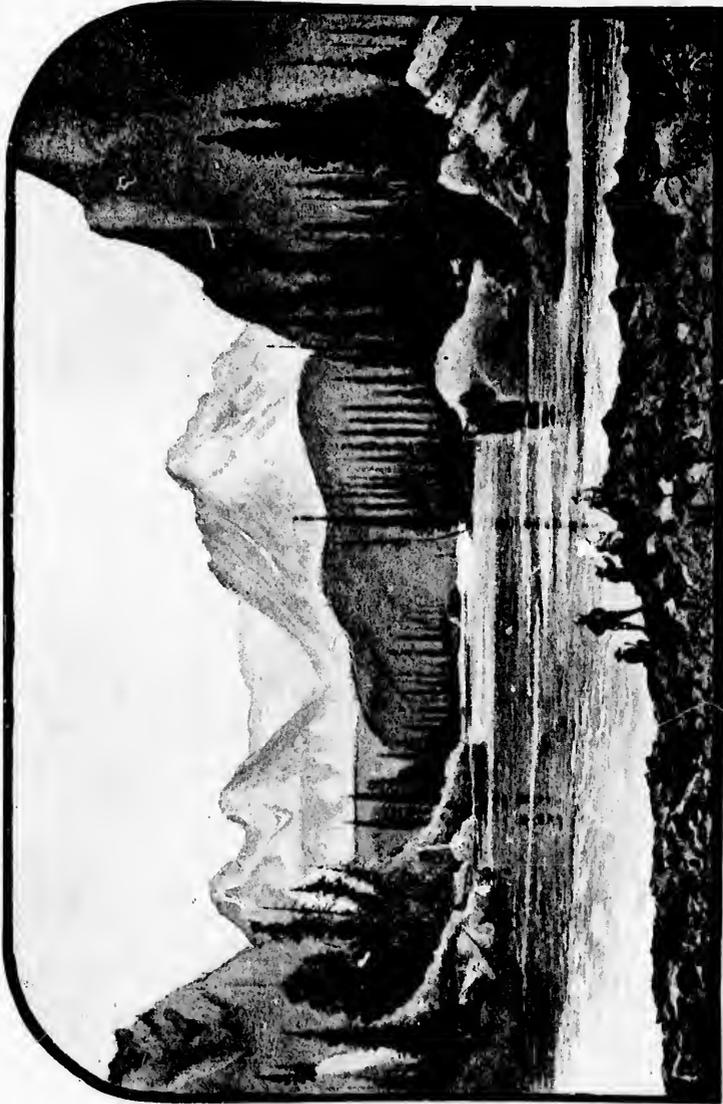
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JUNCTION OF THE BOW AND SPRAY.

Sodium sulphate	-	-	15.30
Sodium carbonate	-	-	35.73
Lithium carbonate	-	-	4.58
Silicia	-	-	traces
Organic matter	-	-	traces

There was another very lovely spot down the river. A few minutes walk along very pretty woodland paths took us to the junction of the Bow and Spray.

The Bow River, close to the junction, falls over a precipice, of no great height, say fifty feet, but it forms a very beautiful cascade. The Spray coming in briskly, joins the tumultuous waters just below the falls. On a tongue of flat sand, running out just there, we used to sit admiring the fascinating scene. There are many charming walks about everywhere; nothing can surpass the variety in the landscape, in the colours especially.

When we were there, the C.P.R. was just completing a magnificent hotel on a hill overlooking the Falls of Bow. A more appropriate position for such a building could not be found in the length and breadth of Canada, and if it be managed well, it will assuredly become one of the most popular resorts in the whole country. It put us much in mind, in position and surroundings, of the hotel Jung Frau Blick, at Interlaken. Let us hope that ere long it will be as pleasant a place to stay in.

The woods and roadsides were plentifully bedecked with flowers, painted cups, aster-like blossoms, lilies, and some other varieties. There were a few, a very few, butterflies about, and those quite common ones. We did not see a bird of any kind, nor a squirrel even.

Not far away is Devil's Head Lake, one of the most delightful sheets of green water in the Rockies; and there are a succession of very quiet reaches and lake-like expanses of the Bow above the floating bridge, where any amount of canoeing and fishing can be had.

Thus, I hope, I have given a sufficient description of this famous Canadian show-place. As for its social aspect, when we were there, every place was full of people, where accommodation was provided. There were many camped about as well. Most of the visitors were residents in Canada, with a few tourists, British and American; but they merely stayed a day and passed on.

There was a billiard-table at the hotel; of evenings a few games were played. Sometimes a person was seen riding, ostensibly for plea-

sure; rarely, a carriage would take a few for a drive to the hot springs. On the whole, though, I don't think I was ever amongst such a dull, uninteresting lot of people. They were not all "sick," far from it; they had merely come there for a holiday, for rest. The general occupation was to sit on the verandahs on the front of the hotel, doing nothing but smoking—staring straight ahead. A few—a very few—read newspapers. I only recollect one man who was reading a book, and he, I believe, was an Englishman. One or two men talked occasionally, generally early in the day; towards afternoon they all got so wearied that they appeared to become speechless. No one went fishing. No one took any interest in natural history; very few even plucked a flower. No one took the slightest notice of any natural object about, or if they did, they were ashamed of their weakness, and kept it very dark. I used to create a bit of wonderment by lighting my pipe with a burning-glass. They have nothing in that land but horrid sulphur matches, which have been out of date in Britain for ages, and I always used a burning-glass when I could. I thought nothing of it, till I noticed how all heads were turned to gaze at me when I did it. But this was general throughout Canada, and this amongst a people supposed to be famous for originality and smartness.

The Selbys and I used to press flowers, and our butterfly net was a wonder to all. More than once we were questioned by seemingly intelligent beings, as to *why* we did this? We were looked upon as a party of "cranks."

Take it all in all, it was the most *triste* place, socially, I have ever been to. I don't know if it is the climate or the nature of the people; I incline to think it is a little of both.

One day I saw a man sitting on a log beside the river—an English tourist whom I had met in Victoria, B.C. He was brisk and lively enough there. But he was different, decidedly, at Banff. He hardly had enough energy to shake hands. I proposed a stroll; he came, and was speechless, till suddenly he asked me—

"If I leave to-night, shall I catch the *Parmesian* at Quebec?"

I thought, and answered him he could. "Then," said he, "I'm off home; can't stand this any longer." And he went.

I think I have said that all the people visiting there were idle, resting. That is a great mistake of mine. No one was idle, no one really rested; day or night, except for a brief interval, say from 8 to 10 a.m. No one was quiet. Old residents, new-comers, old men and maidens, cowboys and ox-drivers, peers and parsons, yes, they were all busy with the mosquitoes.

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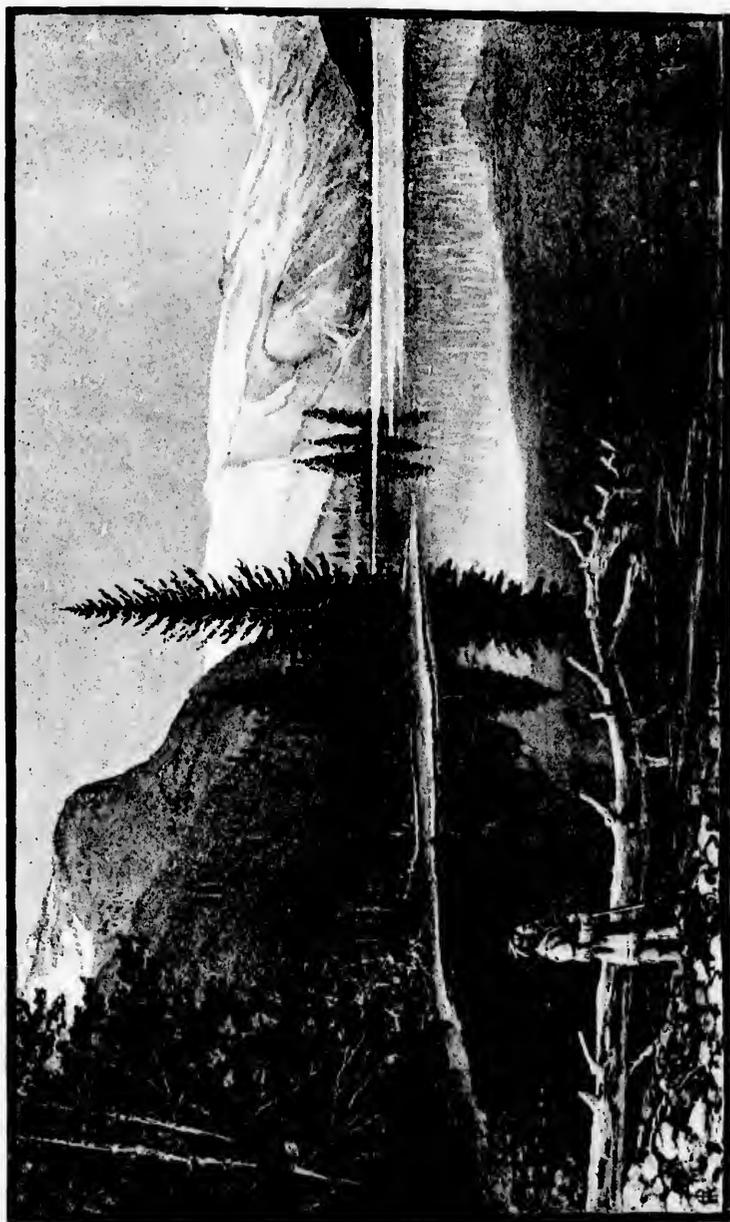
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DEVIL'S HEAD LAKE.



If I heard the remark once, I heard it five hundred times during our stay at Banff—"The miskitties *is* fierce to-day!" It was always that, with variations of grammar and pronunciation; but that was the usual formula.

It was a strange sight—everyone, walking, sitting, lying, had, every few seconds, to drive off or smash a mosquito.

The old hands, being used to it, regarding it as a natural thing in summer, professed not to mind. *But they did.* New-comers were made irritable, ill, with the annoyance. Up at the hot springs it was the same—worse. The patients sat on logs and rocks, whiling away the time squashing mosquitoes. Poor cripples on crutches would prop themselves against a tree or boulder whilst they slew those who were fast into them. How could they get their health benefited under such circumstances? That they did speaks greatly for the value of the treatment.

We went to church on Sunday in the Town Hall—a log shanty. The parson and the rest of us were hot and worried with these wretched insects. It was all we could do to keep our faces straight; it was such an absurdity—everyone flicking away or murdering the horrid things. An English lord and lady were staying there when we were. Mosquitoes evidently had no reverence for blue blood; perhaps its flavour may be better than the common puddle. Any way, his lordship wore low shoes—more foolish he—and the way those wretched "miskitties" worried round his ankles was a caution. His lordship said to me, "They certainly are very bad, but really nothing to what they were at Harrison Lake and Sicamous"; so we were thankful that we took good advice, and did *not* stay there.

The men roofing the C.P.R. Hotel wore veils and gloves, and yet could hardly work.

A coloured man remarked, "They're big and bad enough in Manitoba; here they are like pigeons!"

It was next to impossible to sit still enough to draw.

They began operations about 10 a.m., and they kept steadily at work till 6 a.m. next day.

"How long is this kept going?" I asked a resident. He said, "*Oh, they don't trouble in cold weather.*"

That is unquestionably the one great objection to the place; it is indeed the one great drawback to almost the entire country. No one who has suffered once there will ever willingly revisit it. Hence the more absurd it seems for those who, in hotels, sanatoria, and boarding-houses, desire to get visitors *for pleasure*, neglect the very simplest precautions against the misery.

A reasonable use of mosquito netting would prevent much of the trouble; at least one's nights might be made bearable. But they seem to have, in all public places, no idea of comfort, which is very strange, because Canadians, in their private houses, are most luxurious; easy chairs, rockers, hammocks, and every sort of "contraption" is in use. But in these western places there is merely the barest, most meagre furniture. At the Sanatorium there was not a decent chair, not even a lounge, except in the ladies' drawing-room.

The mosquito pest, however, is one that should be mitigated to the utmost. Now they take no trouble at all.

When we were at table the first day, a young man sat next to Mr. Selby. He was roughly but sensibly dressed, and looked superior. During dinner he suddenly addressed Mr. Selby with, "Well, Sir, how is Kent?"

"Kent?" said Mr. Selby. "Well, it's rather a large county; but, so far as I have heard lately, the corner I live in is all right. How did you know I hail from Kent?"

"Well, I saw it in the register. I come from Kent myself. Do you know Ravenhurst?"

"Oh, yes, and several people in it. Do you come from Ravenhurst?"

"No, but from near it. Do you know the Russells—the parson there?"

"Why, of course I do. Are you a Russell?"

"No; but my mother was. The parson is my uncle."

"Then, what's your name? You are not Walter Martin, are you?"

"Yes, that's my name. But what made you think of that—you never knew me at home, I think?"

"No; but I've heard of you. Are you not a great friend of Frederick Seagood's? We know him well; don't we, girls?" he said, turning to Maud, who was all attention, blushing like a rose.

"Yes, yes, indeed," said Walter Martin; "he is an intimate friend of mine. Why, surely—this cannot be! Why, how strange! Really, this is most remarkable."

"What is—particularly?" queried Mr. Selby.

But we'll have a new chapter for this *dénouement*.

CHAPTER XXV.

MAUD'S LOVE-STORY.

Our new Friend Puzzled.—A Waltzing Waitress.—A little Diplomacy.—Revelations.—An unlucky Remark makes a disappointed Swain.—At the River-meeting.—“I'm going to be a Brick-maker.”—Disgusted with civilized Life.—Mr. Martin's Views of Things.—Mention of Seagood.—Maud blushes, and I talk to Her.—It all comes out.—I enact the “heavy Father.”—Mr. Martin's “Sunday rig.”—Plans and Explanations.—Mr. Seiby's Tribulations.—His generous Disposition.—The Price of a Picture.—Native Ideas of Entomology.—A back-handed Compliment.—On to Calgary.—A great Prairie Centre.—About the Town.—A Drive on the Prairie.—Mother and Daughters at a Settler's House.—Our John and his Steeds.—Visit to a Bachelor's Ranche.—Climate.—Fishing.—Herding.—Shooting Lynx and Coyote.—Indians, civilized and savage.—Lots and Houses.—Leaving Calgary cold and hungry.—“The Hogs are not all dead yet!”

THE young man introduced at the end of the last chapter—Walter Martin—after having made the various remarks therein narrated which called forth Mr. Selby's “What is—particularly?” looked rather puzzled, as if he hardly knew how to reply to the question.

He looked first at the girls, then at their father, then at me; he was himself becoming rather “warm.”

Then he stammered out, “Oh! I think I must—yes, I'm sure I've made a mistake; only I thought it so very strange that you should know Ravenhurst and the Russells and Seagood. Yes, it *is* very odd.”

“It is,” said Mr. Selby; “but really, as one goes about the world, one discovers it is a very small place; one is constantly bumping against someone one knows, or ought to know. For instance, here, this friend”—and he pointed to me—“whom we most unexpectedly met at sea, turns out to be a relation. But it is pleasant, nevertheless, that you know people we do. How long have you been here?”

“Here only three months; in Canada, in the N.W.T. and Manitoba, three years.”

"Then you haven't seen Fred Seagood for that time? We saw him only a few weeks before we left home."

"No, I haven't seen him for three years; but I hear from him often."

All this time, Miss Maud was following the conversation most intently; so was Maggie. But there was a smile on *her* face. It occurred to me that we were on the point of a discovery, for our new friend was very "intense," Maud evidently, for some reason, taken aback, and her father quite serious. Maggie and I exchanged glances, but I had not yet got the clue she had. However, it was no use trying to talk there; the room was full of people dining, and the waitress who attended on us would be glad of our places for others. So she removed our plates and dishes with a waltz; she always moved with much grace, this charming waitress. How she contrived to deliver the armful of little messes without upsetting them was a caution. She waltzed in with a cup of tea, she waltzed out with an empty dish, and some of us got to keeping time to her motions. These were not ugly, nor troublesome, rather the reverse. Somewhat remarkable, though, we never knew her name; we called her "The Waltzing Waitress."

We all left the table together, Mr. Selby saying—

"Come, get your hats; let us go to our favourite haunt. And you, Mr. Martin, come too."

However, he had something to attend to first, and so had I; but we declared we could cut through the woods and be at the Falls of Bow as quickly as they could be.

Martin and I started together, and we had hardly got clear of the hotel when he began.

"You know these people well; do you know their affairs well?"

"Well, yes, pretty well; not *all*, you know."

"Do you know if the eldest daughter is engaged?"

"That I can answer. She is not; but that does not say that she ought not to be."

"Do you know the man's name? Is he in this country?"

"I should say, decidedly not. Indeed, within the last few seconds only I think I have guessed his name."

"We are strangers," went on Martin; "yet I think I shall not betray my friend's trust if I tell you a little story. If I am wrong in my surmises, forgive me for troubling you; but as we are in a few minutes to join Mr. Selby and his daughters, it will be well if I understand the position of things before I commit myself."

"That is true," I replied. "Let me hear; you may trust me."

"Well, then, a very great friend of mine, an old school-fellow (we were at Sutton-Valence School together)—his name is Fred Seagood—two years or so ago met and became very intimate and very much attached to the daughter of a gentleman named Selby. He had at one time, he told me, every reason to suppose that she was fond of him, but he did not propose to her."

"Why not?" I interjected.

"Why, because of his position. He was only an official in a large insurance office in London, and he dared not ask her to marry him with his small salary. Then he heard that her father was wealthy, and he did not wish to be looked upon as a fortune-hunter; but I think his love for this girl would have overcome the scruples—for that is really all they were—if it had not been for the following reason. At one time he was seeing a good deal of Miss Selby at the house of a mutual friend in town, where he and she were frequent visitors. About nine months ago, happening to be at this friend's house when Miss Selby was not there, they talked of that young lady, and his hostess told Fred Seagood that she was sure Miss Selby's 'affections were engaged.'"

"So they were—and to him, I expect," I remarked.

"I fancy so, too; but Fred certainly did not suppose their friend meant that. He never asked; so, with much tribulation, disappointment, and that sort of thing, he gave up hope, and saw but little of Miss Selby since. Now—I hear from him frequently—he tells me that his 'fate,' as he calls her, has come out with her family to settle in Canada; and he is doubly happy, because, he says, he can't believe she has given her affection to anyone there, and he fears he has made a mistake—a mess of it,' he calls it—in not asking her, once for all, before they left."

"No doubt of it," I said. "What a lot of trouble they would both have been saved, if he had spoken out; but it's not too late yet."

"Is this the same family, then? Seagood did not tell me they came from Ravenhurst, or near it. Where *do* they come from?"

"Oh, no doubt at all this is the same family. Their place is near Ravenhurst, that's all I know; I've never been there."

"And you think Miss Selby is favourable to Seagood?"

"Favourable! Well, I think so. She has someone on her mind, I'm sure; but I'll soon find that out. You leave it to me. Answer just 'yes' or 'no'—no more than that—to what they say to you. I'll report something to you to-morrow. But here they are, so 'let us dissemble'; you understand."

"All right."

Then we sat on our sandy point, at the junction of the Bow and Spray, and we had our talk out. I wonder if that was the first incident of the kind that ever occurred there? Did a dusky Indian squaw ever come to that lovely spot and bemoan her fate, sorrowing that the gaily-painted brave whom her fancy had pictured to her as the prince of men did not come to her and explain himself? Or did the great warrior, Ha-ken-waha-by, decked in his war-blanket and wampum, his fire-bag and string of scalps, fresh from a foray on the pale-faces, stand here and bemoan *his* fate, wondering why his wife, Min-nie-wa-wa, was not there to greet him, grieving and wondering, and at last getting somewhat angry, finally determining that the next time they moved their teepees, and everyone but he himself, even to the dogs and babies, would be carrying a pack, *this* special wife of his should carry *two*? "Ah, yes; he'd make her feel how he hated unpunctuality. She promised to be here to meet me and to greet me; as she has not come, she shall suffer!"

But if no such events *have* happened in the past, I feel quite sure that when this lovely National Park becomes the haunt of pleasure-seekers, which it undoubtedly will do, that many a lover's sigh, many a sweet salutation, many a sweetheart's meeting will take place on that charming spot where we were all sitting at the junction of the Bow and Spray.

Notice to all Concerned.—Arrange that all these sighs and salutations, meetings, &c. shall take place when it is not "mosquito season."

Martin had very little to tell, it seemed, about Seagood. Once Maud asked him if he had heard from him lately? Was he well? That was about all. But they talked a good deal about mutual acquaintances at home, the Russells, amongst others, though no' hing in connection with this story. Then we asked him what *he* (Martin) was doing there.

"Oh, you'll laugh, I suppose; but I'm going to be a brick-maker."

"Brickmaker!" we all exclaimed. "Why, do you understand it?"

"Oh, no; but I don't think there's much mystery about it. There's a good chance here, as I've got a permit from the Government. You know, no one can settle on the Park, and do business, without a Government licence. Well, I've got that, and it alone is a valuable possession, and I'm going to start directly. I'm going to build my shanty next week. You saw a heap of logs over by the road near the hotel?"

"Yes," we had noticed a pile there.

"Well, those are for my 'house.'"

"But how came you here? Why did you leave England?"

"Oh, I was in the same office as Seagood, you know; but I haven't got the brains he has. I couldn't see my way ahead; and I really couldn't stand the way fellows go on about London, so I determined to emigrate."

"How do you mean? What about fellows around London? Mr. Seagood is a good fellow, isn't he?"

"Yes, yes. He's one of a thousand; he's a splendid fellow—but I don't mean him. Half the fellows one meets in offices, banks, and such places, Government offices especially, are only half men. They lead such perfectly effeminate lives; dress and scents and collars seem to be all they think about. So I came away, rather than fall into their low condition."

"You don't look much of a 'dandy,' a 'masher,' now," I remarked. "Were you ever inclined that way?"

"Oh, yes. You wait till to-morrow; I've got my 'Sunday go-to-meeting clothes' with me, and I'll dress up, in honour of this event," he replied, laughing. "But, seriously," he continued, "I felt that a more manly, an out-door life, would suit me best; and here I am going to make bricks!"

"How did you hit on this place, then?"

"I had a few hundreds when I came to Canada. I went first to the N.W.T. and 'took up land.' I lived alone, a year of misery. Then I saw that would not do for me, so I sold my oxen and a horse or two, and left it; went to Winnipeg and stayed awhile, hoping for some post to suit me. I boarded at a Mrs. Mount's."

"Oh! we know her," exclaimed Maggie; "we stayed there."

"There," he resumed, "I met a man from here; he told me about it, and what a good chance there is to begin brick-making. So I applied for a permit, got it, and here I am, and I believe I'm going to do 'first-rate.' You see there is some *chance* here, in this wide land. Of course the fellows at home, most of them, would be quite indignant if such a thing were proposed to them. Imagine some of those fancy bankers' clerks, with their white hands and lady-like faces, knocking about here as we do! And yet I think there's ever so much more satisfaction in this life; don't you think so?"

"Yes, I do," answered Mr. Selby. Then he told him all about Tom. "But," said he, finally, "you mustn't put down all young Englishmen as milksops. There are too many like those you describe, but the large majority of our countrymen are fine manly fellows. Go to the Stock Exchange, to the park, to the hunt; tell

me if you can ever hope to see a finer looking, more manly lot of men than you can find amongst them? I believe there are more good-looking, fine specimens of young manhood in London than in any other place on earth."

"Well, you may be right; but I came away from it all, and I don't regret it yet. But," he went on, "talking about Seagood, I wrote to him not very long ago, telling him what I was about to do here, and—in fun, of course—I suggested that he should throw up the insurance business, and come out here and help me. Of course there's no fear of it; he has too good a position. Besides, they couldn't do without him in that office; and he'd never be silly enough to throw it up."

"What did he say to this? Have you heard from him since?"

"Yes; and, to my surprise, he says—I don't know what he means, though—if he was sure of a certain event, he would gladly throw up his post and come to me. I wonder if his father, who died lately, has left him any money. I can't make out what event, or circumstance, he means. Do you know?"

We none of us knew. How should we? But I glanced at Maud just then, and she was looking intently at a brilliant snow-peak blushing red in the evening light. I'm sure she did not see it; and I wondered if it was the same light which caused her face to be so rosy red too!

"Well, well; strange things *do* happen," I said to myself. "Suppose this Seagood *is* the man; suppose he *does* come to Canada, how will that affect matters? What will Maud say and do then? What will Mr. Selby do?" So I thought, and smoked several pipes over the enigma. Then, in the dusk, we walked backed thoughtfully, brushing aside mosquitoes, and occasionally slaying the fiercest ones as we went.

I got Maud to walk with me, and said, "Look here, Maud; I'm an old fellow to you, don't be afraid to talk to me. I will not tell secrets, anyway; but I think you are in trouble. I believe that I can help you; let me. Tom has given me a hint or so, Maggie has done the same; your father has said a little. I seem to have concocted a little romance about you. Am I correct—you have a little story?"

"Hm! yes, I suppose I have a story. What have you imagined? Tell me, and I'll confess if you are right."

So I began my little history.

"It seems to me that a couple of years or so ago, you met a young man whom you liked; you subsequently met him often at friends' in London, and there you fell in love with him. Oh, don't mind me,

I understand. Well, this man fell head over ears in love with you. Don't say 'No,' till you hear all. He didn't dare to speak, because he had a moderate salary, though he knew his abilities might one day land him at the top of his profession; also, he heard your father was very rich, and he didn't like to offer himself, fearing rejection." (Maud here murmured dissent.) "Then he heard from this mutual friend of yours that your heart was already engaged, and he never supposed it was engaged to *him*. Finally, he heard that you had all left England, and so hope forsook him. The result is, this good young man is now in a very peculiar position. If he only knew the truth, he would prosper where he is. He is getting unsettled though; he hears you are not engaged to anyone. His future is likely to be all upset. I shouldn't wonder if he comes off here in search of you, to satisfy himself once for all about you. If I were in his place, I should write; but there it is, there is bound to be much tribulation and bother, I'm afraid. You would not like your husband to be a brickmaker, for your home to be here, would you? However, all this can be prevented; I believe things can be set right yet. Is what I have told you true? Is it?"

Maud hesitatingly admitted it was, but added, "You have not mentioned his name; perhaps, after all, it may not be him."

"The name of the man I speak of is Frederick Seagood."

She blushing owned I was correct. Then she gave me her full confidence, and we had much talk. Finally, I begged her to let me help her; for if the mistakes had not gone farther than I saw, I believed all would yet be well. So we all parted for the night.

I had enough to think of at Banff Sanatorium to keep me awake, certainly; but what with mosquitoes and the noises of that house, it was a wretched night I passed. The way they slam doors, bang baggage about, shout and talk in that thin wooden hotel is terrible. There is one train leaves about midnight, another arrives about 3 a.m., where then is always a racket such as no common person can sleep through. It is a queer pleasure resort.

Next morning, at breakfast, Martin joined us dressed in his "London rig." Well, he was a fine, handsome fellow; but he looked incongruous there, and Maggie begged him to adopt, at any rate, his ordinary hat, which was a very broad felt one, bound and strapped with leather. So, for the rest of the day, this young man attended us dressed as a Bond Street swell with the head-gear of a "Buffalo Bill."

We went to church on Sunday evening, as I have stated. The other portion of the day we strolled about, wondering and admiring.

I got Martin alone once, and explained matters to him. He promised to write at once to Seagood, telling him as an unmistakable fact—that he believed he could have Maud Selby if he asked her; not in those words, of course, but that is the sense of what he was to say. Also, he was to tell him that she and her father would return to England in the late autumn, when, if he appealed to her, he would most likely be accepted. If he wished to write, he could do so to the care of a friend of mine; and I sent an address in Toronto.

Martin promised all this, but he declared if he thought that Seagood really meant to come to Canada, he should be inclined to refuse; and yet, he said—

“It would be a shame to put any obstacle in his path to happiness.”

Naturally, Maud and I had little bits of confidential gossip on these matters. I assured her I believed all would be well; that when she got home all difficulties would cease; but I did not tell her what I had told Martin to do.

Her father had occasional talks with me, too. He was, and had all along been, quite sure that Mr. Seagood greatly admired Maud, and had always wondered why he had never spoken. He had a very high opinion of him and his prospects, which it seemed he had made it his business to find out all about. This *rencontre* in the Rockies he hoped would result in his formally proposing, and in Maud accepting him. He told me that would be an event much to his liking.

But he was not half so well pleased at Maggie's position. If she really wished to marry Charlie ultimately, he would not say nay. Then where would *he* be, with half his family one side the Atlantic and half on the other. What did I think of that?

What could I say? I said that, perhaps, a very short time would satisfy Maggie that life in the N.W.T. was not all her fancy painted it. If she liked it, and Charlie Donald was getting on well, and they married, then what he had better do, was to spend part of his time in England, part in Canada. Travelling now-a-days was no hardship, rather a pleasure. He might do this for some years, at any rate. Then, as time went on, some other developments would occur. What he had better do for the present was simply to trust and hope all would come clearer than it looked for him. That is about what I said to him.

This, he said, was probably all he *could* do. But he was not at all satisfied with Charlie's prospects. He had thought a good deal about him lately. Maggie had been talking to him too. She had said that

as Tom would not take her £500 to help him, she wished to lend it to Charlie, as it would give him a good start she knew. Of course Mr. Selby would not consent to that, but he added—

“We shall see—we shall see when we get to Broadview again, and find out how they are all getting on and are likely to progress. I shall, I think, pay all up for Tom myself, and I daresay I shall be able to help Charlie. But of this not a word, my friend, not a word.”

I assured him that I would “keep dark,” but could not help saying—

“What a grand thing it is for a man to have a few thousand pounds available, and to be blessed with an open market! I think Mr. Selby, you must experience a great deal of pleasure and happiness.”

“Well,” he said, in reply to this, “you are right; but we all have our troubles. This proposed or probable settlement of affairs is not at all what I hoped for, or worked for; but doubtless all is ordered for the best. I try to be content and thankful. I *would* like, though, that we could all be nearer together than it looks now as if we should be.”

Maggie herself was very happy, or looked so, about this time, though Charlie's name was rarely mentioned. Once or twice I tried to find out what she thought about it, but got little satisfaction. She and Mr. Martin became great friends; and I'm sure he would have become a competitor with Charlie for this fair girl's favour, if our stay had been prolonged.

We had, on the whole, a good deal of pleasure at Banff, and no little fun with the oddities of the people about it.

One day I was sketching by the river—Mr. Selby being with me; several visitors came to see what I was about. One began to talk to my companion about “pictures” and “ile-paintins,” and said, alluding to me—

“Do he make his crust, now, by that ar drawin'?”

Mr. Selby assured him I did. The next question was—

“Do he sell them, then?”

“Oh, yes.”

“Now, who buys them kind o' things? Do the lords and dukes and them sort in the old country buy 'em?”

“Yes, sometimes.”

“Neow, what might be the figger for an ile-paintin like that?”

Mr. Selby referred to me about price. I stated, quite as a matter of course—

"Oh, that is my £500 size."

"What!" the good man exclaimed. "£500—2,500 dollars our money! Great Scott!" Then he got up, and the party left.

The girls and I were catching insects up near the springs, when a very respectable-looking party of tourists stood watching us. I caught a butterfly. One of them came to me, and said—

"You'll excuse me, but what are you a-catchin' them flies for?"

Said I, "We want to take them home. Look how beautiful they are?" and I showed him one or two I had pinned inside my helmet.

"Well," he exclaimed, "they air. I never seen the like of them before. Are there many so?"

"All are beautiful; some more so than others."

Then I made a sweep with my net over a clump of flowers, getting several small beetles and moths. I showed them to these people, for they were all gathered round us now. I called their attention to the most conspicuous points of beauty and wonder.

"Wall, it beats all," one remarked. "We ain't noticed any of them things before."

"Is there any money in it," another desired to know.

"No, not much," I answered, "unless one captured something very new or rare. But look at the pleasure and the glory of finding out some of the marvels of nature."

"Yes; but what's the good of it, if there ain't no money in it?"

"How would you have known how to protect your crops from potato bugs? How would the Cyprus people have discovered how to diminish the numbers of the locusts—what you call 'hopper grasses'? How would much of the most useful knowledge be made available, but for the researches of naturalists, people who go about as I and my friends here are doing, examining, collecting, observing, though *we* make no pretence to scientific knowledge. We are getting these things because they are so beautiful, and we shall take them home and preserve them in memory of our visit to Banff. Besides, see what an interesting hobby it is; see how much pleasure we get. Wherever we stay we look out for these things. I see you folks all sitting around doing nothing. You would be much happier if you did as we do."

They said they couldn't afford to waste time so, they had to attend to money-earning. We could not make them understand. At last one wise-looking old man said to me, "Wall, Sir, I admire them sort o' things greatly. Yes, Sir, an' ef I hed plenty o' money an' plenty

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A BLACKFOOT SQUAW.

o' time, I'm darned ef I just wouldn't be fool enough to be a 'crank' myself!"

After that little speech we left. I don't think one of them saw what a compliment we had been paid.

But the time came for us to resume our journey; we had spent nearly a week at Banff. It is an enchanted valley, full of delight, or would be if it were not quite so full of mosquitoes, and if the hotel arrangements were all right. The climate is fine, seldom too warm, rarely too cold. I fancy it is much like the Swiss Engadine. We could not ascertain if there is any crop but grass to be grown there. We saw no attempt at gardening, and, owing to the frosts which occur frequently all summer through, we supposed nothing of that kind would be successful.

We left for our rough ride to the station about midnight. Martin and several friends rode with us to see us off. We were not sorry when the train drew up and we were comfortably on board.

Mr. Martin and I had several final conversations about the Seagood-cum-Selby affair. We thought and hoped we had done wisely, and that all would turn out well.

About three hours in the cars, where we all fell fast asleep, and we were clear of the Rockies and at Calgary. Here we went to the Royal Hotel, and to bed about 4 a.m., but not to sleep. Oh! the wretched noise they make all night long in Canadian wooden hotels! In the morning we found Calgary to be very much like most places of the kind we had yet seen—new, rough, unhappy-looking, but decidedly prosperous.

There were only the prairie roads, with wooden side-walks, some excellent stores, all kinds of them, the best that exist between Winnipeg and Victoria. They tell us that, in proportion to its population, Calgary contains more wealth than any other town in Canada. Its situation is on the flat prairie, between the Bow and Elbow rivers; it is the central point of all the ranching country for hundreds of miles around, and therefore does an immense trade.

The streets were full of busy people. Cowboys were always in sight. Very peaceful men they seemed individually, but when a party comes in for a *spre*, then look out for lively times.

There were many Indians about, who rode slowly along the streets in great magnificence of dress and demeanour. Their squaws wandered up and down in parties, not half so dirty and wretched-looking as they are usually described. All had their hair in beautiful order, always shining like jet. They wore very brilliant blankets, too, and much brass nail and wire decoration; gay beads and ribbons were

not wanting either. They are Crees and Blackfeet. I got drawings of some of them.

In the forenoon, after we had trudded around the town, we crossed the river on a very curious ferry. I wish I could describe the roughness and the ingenuity of it. Then we mounted a knoll, about a mile from the town—it was the highest point about. Here we had a wide view, which the inhabitants call very beautiful. It is truly very interesting, strange, and vast, but the only beauties we could see were the shining rivers and the Rocky Mountains in the far distance, standing up like a wall to the west, a broken-topped wall, like a row of ruined castles.

After midday dinner at the strange Royal Hotel, where I believe they intend to treat you well, only they don't quite know how to do it, we got "a rig"—a carriage—for we had promised to pay a visit to a friend ranching out on the prairie. The livery-man drove us himself in a large four-wheeled buckboard, and a glorious drive it was, no doubt of that. We passed numerous mobs of horses, here and there a solitary horseman, sometimes a herd of cows. The scenery was nothing for a long way out, just prairie, prairie, nothing but prairie, covered with dry grass and flowers, bushes beside the little streams, cotton-wood trees beside the river, but nothing, absolutely nothing, to go into ecstacy about.

There were two or three houses, very forlorn affairs.

Half-way, about ten miles from Calgary, we stopped at a settler's house for a drink. It was very hot, and we were very "dry."

The lady of the house—she was a lady, too, an English lady, her voice and her demeanour proved that—came out to give us milk. She was very hearty in her welcome, much pleased to have ladies call on her, and would have kept us talking long enough of England. She was continually calling to her daughters to come, and was most pressing for us to wait and see them. Nice girls they were, too, when they did appear. They had evidently waited to "fix up" before showing themselves to strangers. That is what *we* thought, at any rate; but, after we had got away, the livery-man said the case was that their mother missed no chance of exhibiting their charms to all the men about. "She is so very anxious to get them off her hands," that was his version; and he added—

"Girls ain't wanted here; much as we men can do to keep ourselves," which showed that he pretended to possess no high opinion of that country.

It appeared these people came there "swells" not many years ago;

they had dropped into the country ways, and now did all the work themselves.

"Are they prospering?" we asked our driver.

"Well, I guess so—I dunno, maybe," was his reply.

The prairie after that became hilly; there were deep gullies, too, filled with brushwood. There was no road. One needed to know the country well, as our coachman did, to get the right direction, then go ahead over everything. We heard that the horses we had were new to harness, yet they went wonderfully well. People drive there "anyhow." No attempt is made to do anything but give the horses the direction. They know best themselves how to get on, and to avoid dog-holes, badger-holes, and rocks.

Down one very steep hill our driver "let 'em go." There was no holding back at all; they simply galloped all the way down. It seemed to us like going full speed down the side of one of the Malvern hills. We were thankful enough when we were safely down, and we begged the driver to take it easier. His reply was that it could not be helped; he had just to "let 'em went and they went." He saw nothing strange or formidable about such a proceeding, and was amused at our nervousness.

We got to our friend's ranche at last, a big, low, log house, some thirty by twenty-four feet square, with a cellar underneath. At one end was a cooking-place; there was a large sitting or general living-room, and two big bed-rooms. Here our bachelor friend lived, with one man as cook and general factotum.

We had a very hearty welcome; it being evident that Mr. H. and his man Claude had made grand preparations for the lady visitors.

We were to have brought some beef, but had quite forgotten it; so, as H. said, we must put up with the settler's "sheet-anchor"—pork.

The living-room was really quite picturesque; the log walls had been hewn smooth inside, and were covered with book-shelves, gun-racks, fishing appliances, saddles, harness, horns of buffalo and elk, amongst which were pictures from the *Graphic*, and a mixture of everything.

They gave us first-rate ham, porridge, potatoes, cakes and jams assorted, eggs by the peck, it seemed, cream, good milk and bread in abundance; but they hankered after beef, so we were very sorry we had forgotten it.

The situation of this house was really pretty. It stood on a hill beside a deep valley—deep, I mean, for that part of the world—with the river running through it. One bank was timbered; at the valley

end, some ninety miles away though, stood the battlemented ridge of the Rocky Mountains.

Our friend owned one hundred acres, but he had unlimited range for his cattle. His chief employment seemed to be to ride about to see that they were safe—a cowboy's work, in short.

After supper, I tried for a fish with a large red nameless fly I got in Calgary. I took several; some were about a quarter of a pound and some five pounds in weight. They were not game at all; one dash, then they were done. They were *white* trout.

One bed-room was given to the girls, the other Mr. Selby and I occupied; our host and Claude camped in the living-room on buffalo robes.

The day we got there was hot, not warm; the next day it was cold, not cool—indeed, there was some snow. Claude was to have ridden in to Calgary for some beef; but the weather was too bad. Besides, he and his master had to be out nearly all day herding the cattle, for in stormy weather, it appeared, they were apt to wander widely.

When they came back they brought a lynx which they had killed. It had been prowling round the herd, watching for a cow to leave her calf unprotected for a moment, when it would have got it.

The cowboys always carry rifles or revolvers to kill these beasts, and coyotes, which are a nuisance.

Towards evening it cleared up. We drove and rode round the ranche, and we had much interesting description of how they do things there. It is a very quiet life, but enjoyable to some extent. Mr. Selby declared he could not live there. Yet I, for my part, thought it infinitely preferable to anything I had seen or heard of round Broadview. What a good thing it is tastes differ so! I fished again that evening and caught a splendid lot of trout for supper.

Next day we were driven back to Calgary, and spent the afternoon looking about that charming city. Down by the Bow River we saw a *very* much civilized Indian, dressed all in black—coat, pants, and vest, with a high straw hat. By a short rope he led a fine big ox, harnessed in a good "Red River cart," that is, a wooden carriage—all wood, not a scrap of iron about it. In this carriage rode his squaw and papoose. He passed gravely along the trail, looking extremely grand in his own estimation doubtless, but to us supremely funny. A savage Indian and his squaw passed near them. It was odd to see the look of supercilious scorn with which "Red Cloud"—which was the savage Indian's name, we heard—regarded his civilized brother. The squaw, too, looked with a derisive smile at her sister squaw riding so happily whilst her lord and master walked.

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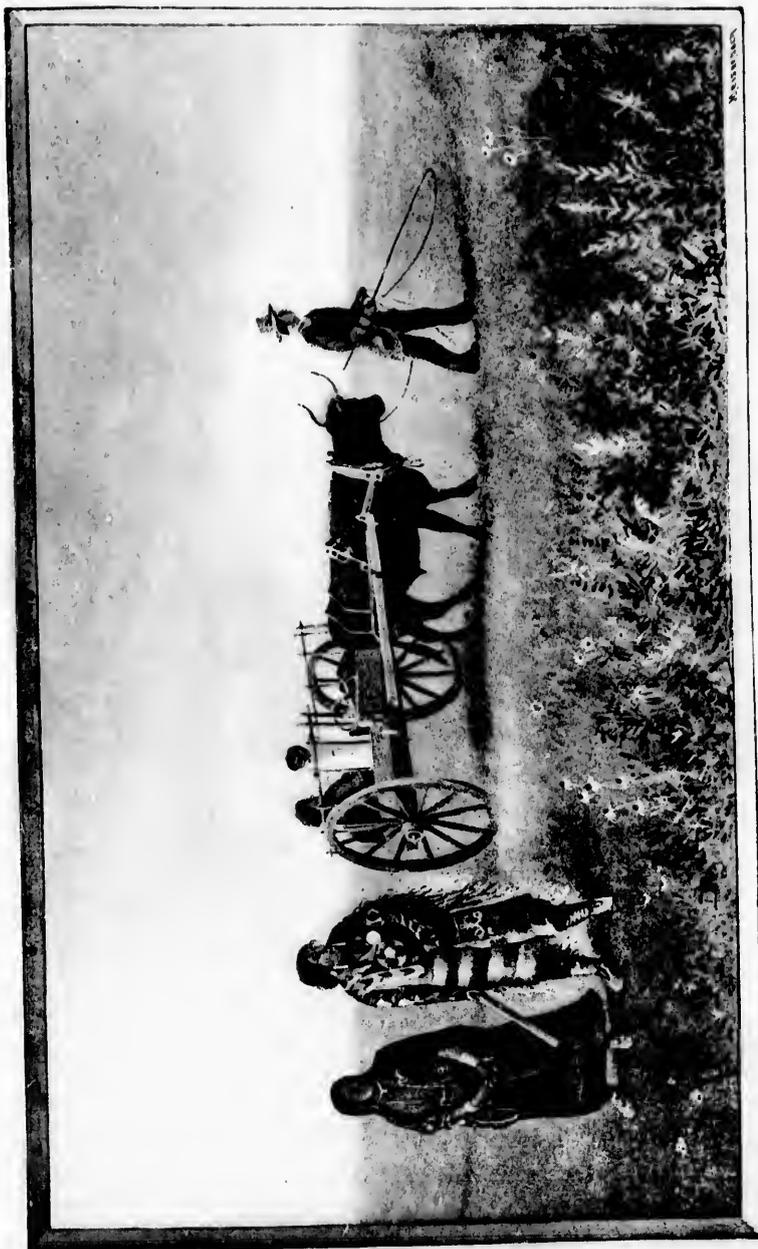
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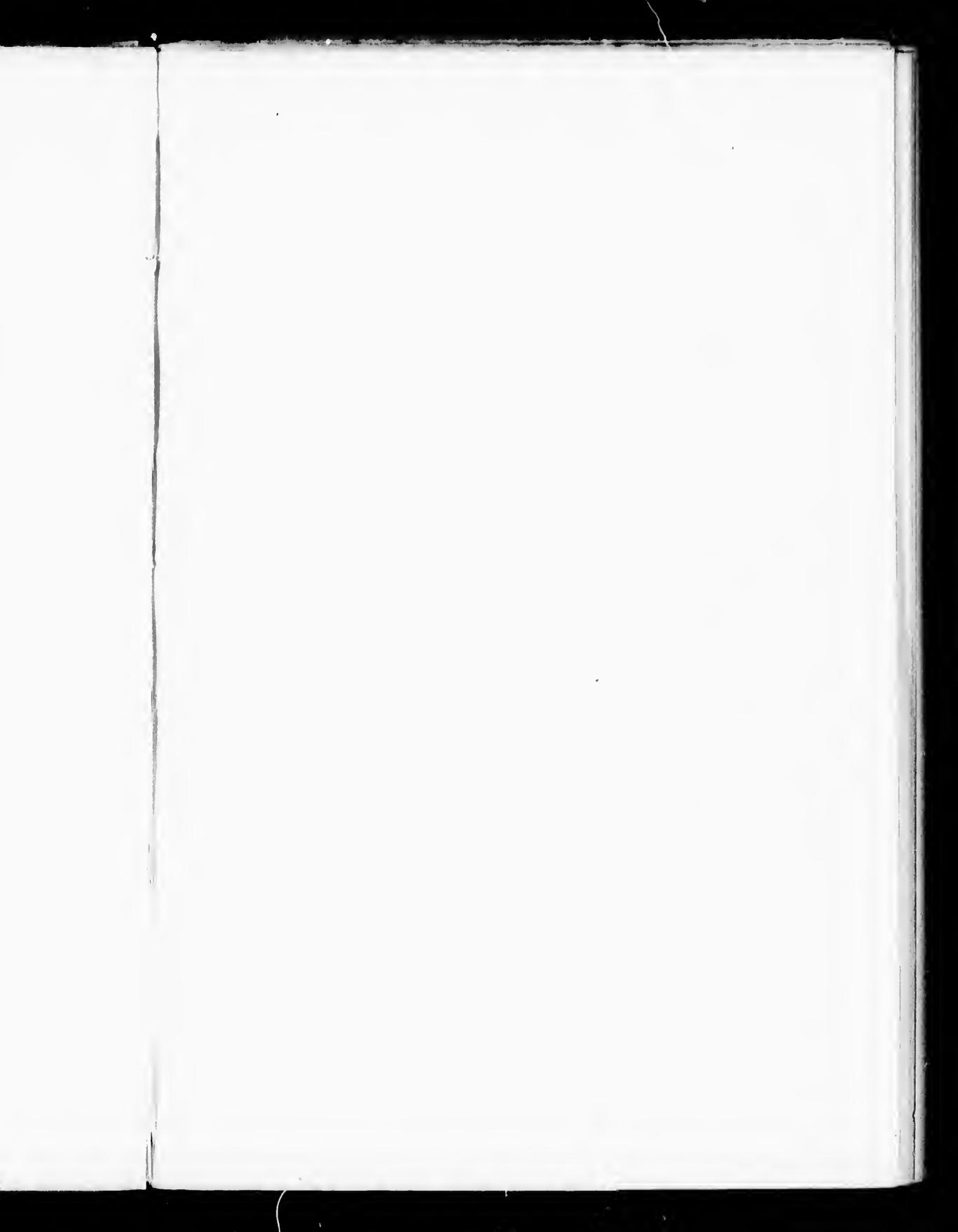
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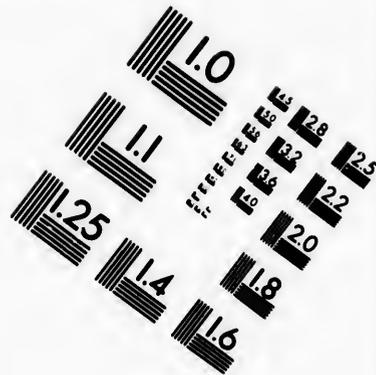
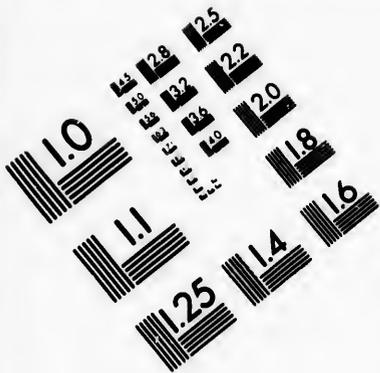


WILD AND TAME INDIANS—A CONTRAST.

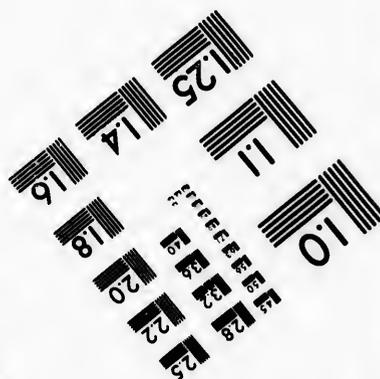
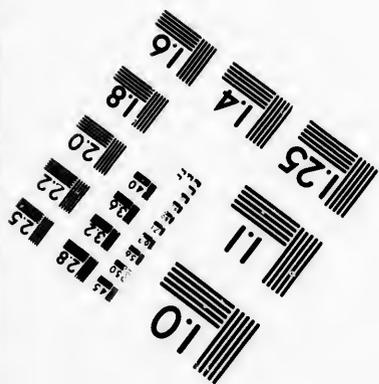
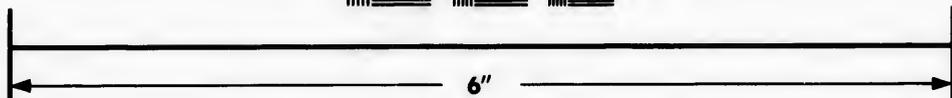
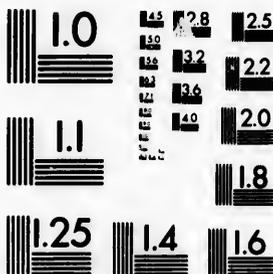








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A BLACKFOOT CHIEF.

We could not but admit that the wild Indians looked by far the better people. They had a freer, bolder aspect about them. Their blankets and their decorations, the red paint on the lady's face, her glittering bracelets, the keys she had hung round her neck and to her wrists as ornaments, the resplendent petticoat and mocassins, were childish, simple, doubtless. So were the strips of many-coloured stuffs, the medals, and the wampum which the man had hung about him. Still we looked with interest at this Red Indian, "Nitchi," sympathizing with his ideas much more than we did with his brother Indian whose name was merely Peter Jones.

In the town we were shown some building lots to be sold. They were said to be in good locations, with 25 feet frontage to a street, 130 feet deep. The owners asked about 250 dollars for them. I could have bought three small houses—a great bargain—from a man in need of ready money, including the land they stood on, for 1,000 dollars = £200. They told me these would let easily for £300 per annum. I think they must have meant dollars; but they stuck to it they meant pounds.

We went to our rooms that night quite early, for we had to start at three next morning for Broadview. But to sleep in that Royal Hotel was next to impossible.

One would have supposed that when we were called at 2.30 a.m. there would have been a cup of coffee for us, or some little thing of that kind. They knew we *could not* get food after leaving there till eight or nine. But no such luck for us. We asked for something, too, there being people up and about. But they laughed us to scorn; the very idea of such a thing seemed utterly beyond their comprehension. We should gladly have paid for it, of course. But no; we started cold and hungry. The people at the hotel never even wished us *bon voyage*. We often thought of that man's remark in Victoria—"The hogs are not all dead yet."

CHAPTER XXVI.

PHASES OF PRAIRIE LIFE.

From Calgary to Broadview. — Arrival — Welcomes. — Deneholme. — Thoma Selby, Esq., at Home; — Maggie quite satisfied. — And Charlie Donald, too. — That young Man's Ideas and Prospects. — Want of Capital. — The flowery Prairie. — Beauty and Luxuriance of the Vegetation. — At Meadows's Place. — Haymaking. — A Visit to the Pipestone. — Lena Lloyd makes a Call. — A Mosquito Yarn. — Gunning. — Stopped by Indians. — Misunderstanding. — Captured. — The mysterious Loop Rope. — "We must each shoot a Man, Tom, before we die." — But Tom runs for it. — A laughing Explanation. — Miss Lloyd's Antecedents discovered. — A Chat with Meadows. — Cattle the only sure Thing for Farmers. — Loneliness. — Visit to a Back-settler. — Children herding Cattle. — Hard Times. — "We like it." — Six Visitors in three Years. — What Settling in the N.W.T. really means.

THERE was plenty of room in the sleeping-car, and we got good berths. It was not worth while having beds made up at that hour, so we curled ourselves up on the couches till the sun got up. We had a thirty hours' run to Broadview before us. There were but three passengers in the sleeper beside ourselves, three young Englishmen, tourists, who had come across from China but a few days before.

The country looked most depressing, most monotonous, to us after our mountain and Pacific coast experiences. We travelled all day over the dead level prairie, with hardly a break. We should not have known, if we had not been told, that the blue streak we saw in the extreme west when we were at Gleichen was our last glimpse of the Rockies, but so it was. They gave us a dining-car there. There were a few Indians about, as usual. At Crowfoot there were a number of them, selling polished buffalo horns and bead-work.

We did much writing and reading that day, and whenever the train stopped we got flowers, for they were plentiful.

The same smoke, which we called fog, hung about Medicine Hat now as was there when we went west. There were more Indians at

Maple Creek and a few at Rush Lake. So we managed to pass the day, and at twenty-two o'clock we had our beds made up and turned in, giving the porter strict injunctions to call us in time for Broadview, where we were due at 5 a.m.

I awoke about 4.30. A good thing I did, for everyone else was asleep in the car—porter, conductor, everyone. I roused the porter. He rubbed his sleepy eyes, and said he guessed there was plenty of time.

"Where are we?" I asked.

"Dunno', Sah. Guess we ain't near Broadview."

It was a lovely morning; the same flat grassy plain surrounded us, the train rolling slowly, steadily over it. It seemed to be exactly the same expanse which we were encircled by all the day before.

By the time the girls were dressed and we were all presentable, we had passed Grenfell and Oakshela; then we went out on to the platform and passed Tom's place—"Deneholme." The Union Jack flew gaily from the staff in front; Bruce and his wife were waving frantically to us as we rolled by.

Broadview again. How familiar it all looked. Everyone we knew was there to welcome us—Tom Selby, Charlie Donald, Jack Hardy, Meadows and his son. York, the Dining-Hall manager, was there to greet us, and so was Lena Lloyd. Also, there was a group of the scarlet-jacketed N.W. police to give a bit of brilliant colour to the scene.

The train had not really stopped before the younger ones were on board, exclaiming and embracing; that is, Tom was. Charlie was only shaking hands again and again, especially with Maggie, who was brilliant. Tom Selby looked, as he said he was, "splendid." Charlie Donald was no whit behind him. The rest of them were well and hearty enough, that was clear.

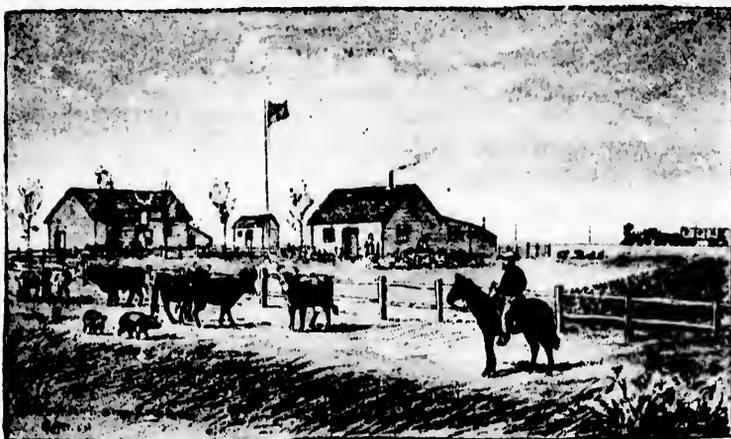
Really, Lena Lloyd was a very pretty girl. She came forward to welcome us. Our girls, I could see, were puzzled how to act towards her, but their father and I led off; then *they* too shook hands. Well, why not? She was the only woman there they knew anything of, except Mrs. Bruce, and, apart from certain little peculiarities, was a very nice girl indeed, though but a waitress.

Everyone who could was to come up at once to "Deneholme"; that was settled, so Tom declared. He had brought a buckboard to carry four; there were ponies for the rest, and the ox-waggon for the baggage. It was but a few minutes before the cavalcade started for Tom's new home.

Bruce welcomed us there with great enthusiasm; his wife was

jubilant. We had a glorious breakfast. Tom took the head of his own table for the first time, and Maggie took the other end; we were all their guests.

Depend upon it, there were not many minutes of silence all that morning. With what interest we all examined the place and its surroundings, the house and stables, garden and shade-trees. The views were discussed, and we admitted that what was wanting in grandeur was compensated for with space. The cattle were rounded in and criticized, and the crops were gone through. Then our own past doings had to be described. There was an unlimited supply of



DENEHOLME.

subjects; such a rattle of tongues, I'm sure, was seldom heard in the N.W.T.

"Now, Tom, my boy," said his father, when we three had contrived to get apart from the rest awhile, "what do you think of it now? Shall you like it? So far as you can see, is it up to your expectations?"

"Father," answered Tom, "I *am* quite satisfied. So far as I can see, we shall like it well and do well. Thanks, too, to your thoughtfulness in arranging with the Blewitts to come and live with us and help us, we shall be most comfortable, I am sure; and I believe, really, we shall prosper. Naturally there is much work; I have a deal to learn to do. Mr. Bruce has already shown me much; in all difficulties I have Meadows to refer to. I can ride over to his place

in an hour, and he knows everything. Oh, we shall do, Father, never fear."

Then we talked to Maggie; we asked her what *she* thought of it now that she was actually there, for better or for worse? Did it look home-like? She said it did, and that they should be quite happy there; and I'm sure *she* looked so, for Charlie Donald was at hand, and she and he had already had some private words together, and it was very evident those two understood their position towards each other.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce left us in the afternoon to drive across the prairie some twenty miles to one of their daughters' places. They were to stay there awhile, they told us.

Before they left, Mr. Selby and Bruce had a business interview, and before departing Bruce gave Tom many final words of instruction and advice. Young Meadows was to stay at Deneholme for some days, until the Blewitts (the man and wife engaged at Hamilton) had arrived and were settled into work.

Meadows and I, Charlie Donald, and Jack Hardy, took our departure during the evening, thus leaving the Selbys together. But before we left we planned meetings and excursions, for *my* stay, at any rate, in that part could not be greatly prolonged.

Charlie and I rode together. I was anxious to have a gossip with him. He opened his mind fully to me that evening. He had many hopes, many fears, but his great want was capital. If he only had money enough to do things properly, there was no doubt he could get on famously. Most things were *couleur de rose* with him that evening, for was not Maggie Selby near!

"You said not very long ago that the idea of making a fit home here for Maggie was out of the question, do you think so now, Charlie?" I asked.

"Yes, I'm afraid it is so, as I have not got the means. I could do it if I had. See what Jack Hardy and I have done already with the little I brought out. We have a very nice lot of cows, our hay is saved for the winter, we have a very good crop of barley and oats, and our potatoes are wonderful. Already I can see plainly enough that we shall do, but oh, so slowly; that is the trouble. I want to get on quicker, to be able to say that I can really offer Maggie a home fit for her; that is what troubles me."

"How much money would do that?"

"Five hundred pounds. With that, in three years I should be really well to do, and two years would give us an independence, so that we could live where we liked."

"Surely you are romancing. What ground have you for saying this?"

"Depend upon it, I have lost no chance of getting information, and I have heard and seen a great deal since I have been here; and I am sure that, with the capital mentioned, and ordinary good fortune, I can do so. That is, by attending principally to cattle-rearing and mixed farming. Oh, there is no doubt I could manage if I had the capital; but I haven't got it and I can't get it, so I must just get on as I can, and hope."

"Yes, keep up hope; something may turn up—who knows?"

"Look how Tom is fixed. He has only five hundred. He will be free of liabilities in three years, his cattle will have increased, his farm risen in value. Yes, there is every chance in this part of the country for a man with a small capital. It is hard work, hard fare, and slow progress indeed for a man without it; but it's sure, even then, I verily believe."



PRAIRIE FLOWERS.

We called at the post in Broadview for letters, then we parted, Jack and Charlie going to their shanty down the line, Meadows and I to his place.

What a change had come over that country since we went west in May! Then the ground was more or less covered with verdure certainly, but it was very sparse; bare ground was visible everywhere. But now the whole country was clothed densely with herbage,

coarse and rather ragged grass certainly, but green and luxuriant. The sleughs were one mass of vivid blue-green, which was hay ready for cutting. In many places we passed, though, the hay had been cut, and stood in small stacks about the mown sleughs. But, more than this, everywhere, except on these sleughs, was a sheet of flowers. This, then, was truly what Mayne Reid calls "the flowery prairie." We were in the very midst of it.

It was impossible to step off the trail without treading flowers down; far as the eye could reach, in every direction, it was sheet on sheet of blossom.

I cannot tell what they all were; their variety was extraordinary. Roses I knew, and wild blue flax-like harebells; many kinds of vetches, most plentiful and luxuriant. There were blue gentians, flowers like daisies, asters, marigolds, many sorts of mints, numerous onions of divers colours; tall sunflowers they called them, but they were not really that; wind-flowers, small iris, hundreds of others which I could not name.

Amongst them grew tall spikes of sage-brush, then in flower, its pale grey colour contrasting beautifully with the surrounding gaiety. Another very graceful herb, the same colour as the sage, grew beautifully; this, crushed in the hand, smelt exactly like "Sanitas." I believe it is a species of wormwood.

The bluffs had now their full leafage; they were always, where not burnt, brilliantly green.

Meadows's house was almost invisible for flowers. The sod roof of it was a lovely garden. If we could have such an one in England we should be envied. The potatoes round it were most luxuriant; the barley nearly fit to cut, a beautiful crop; the oats were coming on most promisingly, so was the wheat.

When we left at the end of May, the corn was hardly showing above ground; at the beginning of August it was ready to cut, or nearly so!

Meadows was charmed with the prospects of the crops; the dry seasons were passed; the Indians said so. They declared that the "musk-rats" were coming back, a sure sign. There would be a "boom" in the N.W.T.

The "dug-out" looked rather dismal inside, I must confess; but there was a hearty welcome, which brightened all.

Meadows's cows and oxen were fat now; they had revelled in magnificent feed for weeks. The fowls were swarming, their chickens were in hundreds, the little black pigs were revelling in plenty, really I thought for a little while that evening it would not be a bad place to live in, that N.W.T.

During the night there was a lot of thunder in the distance ; some rain fell, too. Next day it blew hard—indeed, it never ceased blowing by day the whole time we were there.

For two days Meadows and I were quite alone ; on the third, I kept my appointment with the Selbys. We met at the Dining Hall in Broadview, whence we rode and drove to Charlie's place, and found the two young men busy at hay-cutting.

They had a mower worked by a yoke of oxen. They began at the outside of a sleugh, round and round in ever-lessening circles, till the whole was mown, then they passed on to the next one. Jack Hardy was working at this. Charlie, with one ox harnessed to a hay-



HAY-MAKING.

rake, was turning over what was cut the day before. In three days, if no rain came on it, it would be fit to stack! Coarse hay it is, almost like rushes ; but it is, they all declare, wonderfully nutritious, and the cattle fatten on it readily.

We spent some hours here with these youths. Mr. Selby had a long private talk with Charlie, which caused them both to look very serious indeed. I guessed its purport, and found it out subsequently.

Then Charlie put a saddle on a pony they had and rode with us to the Pipestone, which we had heard so much about. It is nothing. Simply a wide water-worn gully running through the prairie, with timber on one side, having steep banks, perhaps one hundred feet above the narrow, twelve feet wide—Pipestone Creek. There are nice hay-meadows beside the stream. Some settlers were mowing there.

It was dusk as we rode home to Deneholme, where I spent the night. Tom and I camped in the hay-barn; with rugs and blankets we were all right. That evening, as we rode home from the Pipestone, we saw fire-flies. They were the first our friends had seen. There were mosquitoes about—not many; but Tom had already arranged a system of mosquito-nets, which gave us peace at night at any rate.

To our surprise, during the evening, who should come out from Broadview to see us but Lena Lloyd. She had got a young Englishman living there to drive her out in his buckboard. The Selbys looked a little bit annoyed at what they very naturally thought was forwardness; but it was so evident that she meant nothing but politeness and friendliness, that they could not but bid her welcome. She spent an hour or two with us, was exceedingly agreeable, and when she left they one and all said, "Come again; we shall be glad to see you." She had expressed herself so anxious to be helpful, told the girls so much about the ways and means of that locality, that, indeed, when she had gone, Mr. Selby said to Maggie, "My dear, I really think you'll find her a pleasant friend as well as a useful one," and Maggie said she thought he was right. Tom pretended he could not say he cared for her, yet he agreed she was pretty and very kind. However, I had noticed certain little passages between them which rather seemed to contradict his subsequent assumption of indifference.

Her friend was rather a "funny" youth. He told us anecdotes about the people, most of which were old or "prigged" from comic papers and localized. The best one, I remember, was about two Irishmen who, he said, had just arrived in Broadview, and were camped in a little tent outside the town. The mosquitoes were terribly bad the night when they first slept in their tent. They could not get peace. They had a candle burning. Pat suggested that perhaps it would be better to be in darkness, that possibly the mosquitoes would not find them without light. So they rolled themselves snugly in their blankets, blew out the candle, and for a time had no insects about them. Feeling bold and proud of their cuteness in thus getting the better of their foes, Mickie looked out from under his blanket, and happened to see for the first time a fire-fly. "Arrah, Pat," he cried, "sure we're kilt entirely; bedad there's a miskeeter come wid a lantern, so he has, to luk for us. Cover up quick; maybe he'll miss us, but I'm afeard not."

Next evening the Blewitts were to arrive. The upper room had been arranged for them, I understood. Tom and I took guns in the

morning, and walked back behind the village. I was anxious to get some prairie-dog and gopher skins, as specimens; some of the local birds too. We intended to be at the station when the train came in, and to bring these people out to "Denholm."

We must have wandered across the country quite three miles north of Broadview. We had got several specimens, but not many birds; they were very scarce. So were insects—all but mosquitoes; a very few moths, and a couple of butterflies, that was all. We had just gone through a patch of bluff—that is, small trees—after a woodpecker which I wanted, when, to our surprise, we saw a party of four Indians standing quietly observing us. Tom and I considered the best thing was to take no notice. We went on searching for the bird, but the Indians drew closer, and at last came right up to us. They spoke rapidly to us. Of course we could not understand. They seemed cross, or annoyed at something. They had no fire-arms that we could see. One had his hunting-knife. Tom looked to me for advice. All that I could think of was that we might be straying on the reserve, had no right to be shooting there; so I suggested that we should start off south, which I knew would take us clear of it, if that was the case.

We made signs, pointing in that direction, to the Indians, who seemed to approve. We then walked off. But they quickly followed us; nay, one of them stood before me and motioned me back. I think we were a little bit alarmed. Of course, we had all heard these Indians were quite harmless—friendly, indeed; still there might be bad ones about, and it occurred to us that it would be pleasanter to be out of their company. They did not exactly menace us, but they looked stern as they pointed north, evidently meaning that we were to move on that way.

Then one Indian, who had a rope like those they tether horses with, made a loop and passed it round a brother Indian's neck, and began to lead him as if *he* were a horse, all the time motioning us to follow, and pointing to this performance, talking and gesticulating. Tom and I shook our heads at them, but followed for a bit.

Said Tom to me, "Do you think they mean mischief?"

"No; I fancy they are trying to explain something."

"I wish we understood. I don't like this!"

"Neither do I; but I know that not far north from here there are quite a large number of Indians, and they are under the charge of white men. I don't think these fellows mean harm, but if they do try to hurt us, we each have our guns, and both are loaded; we must use them."

Just then we saw in a hollow place a couple of teepees, with some squaws about, and our conductors pointed to them, motioning that we had to go there.

Well, we went and they directed us to get inside one. There were a lot of bundles of hay and some old blankets and rugs about, and it was not a very sweet-smelling place either. There was one poor old squaw there, squatting in a heap rolled up in a blanket. She had a short clay pipe in her hand, which seemed to be empty, so I suggested to Tom that we would try to cultivate friendly relations,



A MISUNDERSTANDING.

and produced my tobacco pouch, proceeding to give her some cut tobacco from it. When I did so, her black eyes sparkled. Then I filled my pipe, handed it to Tom, who filled his, and told him to hand it on to one of the men, who did the same. I had a few English fuses still left, so I struck one. This attracted much attention. I gave

each man one to do the same. Evidently they thought this quite interesting, and there was much talk amongst them.

Tom and I were getting about tired of this, and made motions to go. But one Indian shook his head, produced the rope with a loop to it, and made a coil on the floor in the centre of the teepee, all around the fire-hole. Then he pointed to my neck, and put on a look of inquiry. I did not understand, but I felt that things were getting rather serious.

"Look here, Tom," I said, "if these beggars take any serious liberties, you understand, we must each shoot a man, that is clear; they are not going to murder us with impunity."

Tom looked rather pale, as I expect I did, but he answered

me, "All right; I'm good for a couple." Were we not very brave?

This sort of thing kept going on for some little time.

The entrance-hole of the teepee was open at last. Tom lost all patience, and said, "I'm going to run just as hard as I can. They have no guns. I'm off for help," and before I could remonstrate, he had leapt through the hole and was off like a shot.

I must say I laughed heartily when I saw him racing away thus, and the Indians who were with me laughed too, in a grim sort of way. So now I was left all alone. Well, the upshot of it all was that, in ten minutes or so, Tom came back again with another Indian. They were both laughing heartily. The new Indian began, directly he was within hearing, to talk to his brethren, who very soon were laughing as heartily as the rest.

Tom shouted to me, "Oh, it's all right; they have found a horse somewhere about here, with a rope round its neck. They think it belongs to us, and they want us to wait till they fetch it. This man speaks English; he'll explain."

It resulted in a very friendly shake hands all round, and the English-speaking Indian walked with us some way to put us on the right trail for Broadview. But we had many a hearty laugh at this little adventure, and the way Tom cut down the slope beside the teepees to go and fetch help.

These Indians really meant kindness. The little gift I offered for their trouble was gratefully accepted.

At the Dining Hall we got some food. Things were rather changed there now. I used to chaff Lena a good deal about the way she treated me that first night when I was so hungry. Her explanation was, that if they allowed people to get food out of meal hours, there would be no end of trouble, which is true enough; and yet travellers and people coming late by train ought certainly to be able to get it when wanted. She did not see it as we did. Canadians never do see that matter in the light we do in England.

But we got all we required. Lena was glad to attend on us.

I was telling her that afternoon that my time to leave that part was drawing near, and that for many reasons I should be sorry. I did not like to say "Good-bye" to Tom and Maggie Selby, for instance.

"Are you going right home to England?" she asked.

"No; I go first to see my people in Hamilton."

"I know Hamilton very well indeed; I know people of your name there."

"Yes? They are my relations, doubtless. Is your home there?"

"No; but my mother's is. We come from Stratford, as I told you. Perhaps you knew James Lloyd there; he had the mills and a large store across the river."

"Yes, I knew him well, but twenty years since. Is he a relative?"

"He was my father. He died ten years ago. Things did not turn out right, and we had to sell everything and go to work for ourselves; that's why I am here. Mother lives now in Hamilton with my youngest sister. We all do what we can for her. I'm glad you knew my father."

Naturally, I expressed surprise at this, and sorrow at what she told me. I remembered her father well. He was at one time a leading man in the place, and much respected; but I was glad to know the truth about Lena Lloyd. I thought she was rather reticent when we talked before about Stratford, but she did not know me well then. We had a good long talk before the train came in. I heard about old friends of my boyhood, and had reasons now for thinking highly of Lena.

Then Tom and I met the Blewitts and their baby, who were glad enough to have ended their long journey.

They seemed very bright and cheerful, rejoicing exceedingly to have found a home with English people where, Mrs. Blewitt said, "Things will be done *somehow*. Where we have been, in that Canadian family near Hamilton, they do them *nohow*."

Tom and I, comparing ideas, concluded this couple and the baby would be a welcome addition to his N.W. home.

I went to Meadows's that night. I found him milking his cows. The mosquitoes had been very bad indeed on my way out there. He had a big "smudge" of wet straw and grass smoking finely when I arrived, and the cows stood in the smoke to be milked, which was the only way they could be got to stand still, the mosquitoes tormented them so. The cows would leave their food of their own accord to get into the smoke, and be safe from those pestiferous insects.

They (the mosquitoes) did not come inside the dug-out; so Meadows and I had a long, long talk there, far into the night.

We talked principally of the settlers' chances in that land, which, with the weather, are the stock subjects. He was dead against wheat-growing as a crop to rely on; that I knew. He considered mixed farming the better chance, but cattle as the only reliable business.

"Then you think Tom Selby will do well?" I asked.

"Not a doubt of it. For some years to come, he and such as he,

with some means, can, if they are steady and sensible, get on here, and all through the N.W.T., well; but of course you know that there will come a time when the land will be all taken up, when there will be no more free grazing or free hay-cutting. Then I don't know what will occur."

"Would it not be wise, then, for those who can to buy land round their homestead?"

"Decidedly it would be the thing to do, now it is cheap; the sooner the better. If Tom Selby likes it in a year or two, and means to live here permanently, Mr. Selby ought to buy all the land he can about here. The value will quickly rise. It would be a grand spec. as well as a great help to Tom, who could rent it from his father. He could then become a big cattle-breeder."

"Will the value of cattle, if many go into it, be greatly reduced soon?"

"I don't think so. By going in for what they call "graded" stock, that is, well-bred cattle, going in for raising cows as well as beef, the price will, I think, be always as high as it is now. In Ontario you have to give at least fifty dollars for a fair cow, and that is just the price here."

Then we talked of various crops. Meadows said some advocated barley, some flax; about roots there was a great diversity of opinion. Potatoes undoubtedly grew splendidly in the N.W.T.; he considered swedes and mangolds would, too, but the difficulty of keeping them through the frost-bound season would be almost insurmountable. One set of men would declare it was easy enough, others would say it was impossible.

I saw no sort of root-crop growing but potatoes. There were a few patches of plants here and there—experiments—but nothing like a crop. Indeed, taking altogether what I heard and saw in that country, I concluded that the whole affair was purely experimental; that the only "certain" occupation is, according to the best men I met, "cattle."

I heard little about sheep. A few are trying them north of the track. The winter feed is the difficulty. The scarcity of labour to collect hay will certainly preclude any large flocks being kept.

We had not yet been to visit any settlers in the back country. How do those people get on who are many miles from villages, which means railway stations?

There was a family I knew living south, on the Weed Hills. I had not seen them yet. They were old English friends. We made a plan, and drove there, all of us.

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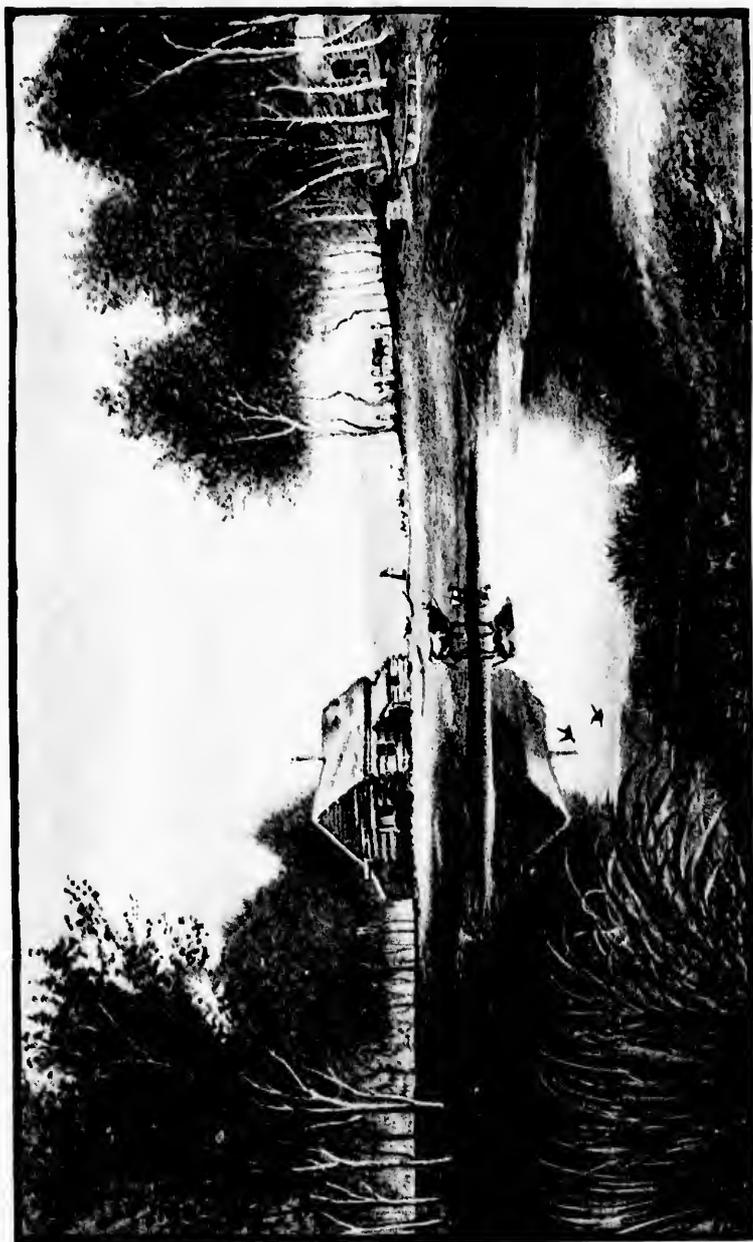
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JONES'S PLACE.

We had a twenty-five miles journey. We started early, driving merrily over the prairie, past Weed Lake, thence to the Pipestone, which we had lately seen. We passed a very few settlers' places, a hut or two, some mere packing-cases on the bare prairie, a better built house or two of lumber, cold, bare, bleak in the extreme—no trees, no gardens, no fences, no roads; a few, very few, cows wandering about; here a solitary man and oxen getting hay; there another, with a span of horses, going or coming from Broadview, but miles apart. Loneliness, utter loneliness. A brisk breeze, as usual; flowers, flowers everywhere.

Then we got into bluff again; here we passed a much more home-like looking habitation, but it was all new and rough in the extreme. There was a woman in sight, but she cleared out and hid herself.

We had come twenty-five miles, surely, yet had seen no hills.

"Where are the Weed Hills?" we asked Meadows, who was our guide.

"Well, we are on them now," he laughingly replied.

"Why, hills?"

We got no answer. However, we expressed deep satisfaction at having been permitted to see so great a wonder.

Shortly we hove in sight of a big field of oats. "That is Jones's," Meadows said.

Then we crossed a fire-guard. There was the house, the colour of the earth, or of burnt bluff—hard to see.

I refer the reader to the sketch of it from across the sleugh. I made the most picturesque sketch possible. The roof was of turf. There were clumps of flowers on it in full bloom. The logs were plastered with tempered clay. Inside, it was lined with boards, which were nearly covered with pictures from the papers. There was some very rough furniture and a big cooking-stove. A bedroom off the living-room, and, overhead, a loft where the children slept.

Here I met old friends. People who in England had led a city life, who knew nothing at all of farming—a husband, wife, seven or eight children, the eldest a girl of sixteen, the youngest a baby just born. They had been three years there. Certainly there could not be more *unsuitable* people for the N.W.T. than these were.

They were all the picture of health. They had not all been so in England; which was one good thing, surely.

The younger children ran about barefooted, herding the cows; that is, simply keeping them from straying or from getting on the

crops. Cattle, everything wild and tame, are wonderfully quiet, docile, in that country. I have seen a little girl of five driving a bull big enough to eat her.

The elder children, those over ten, girls and boys, were helping to farm. The mother, a most exemplary woman, was doing her best to render life as little irksome as possible. When we arrived, the father was busy hay-cutting, winter provender for their two cows. They had no oxen, no means of hauling the hay home when cut. They had to rely on the kindness of neighbours, none nearer than two miles, and only a couple then.

They had a garden, in which they grew a great variety of vegetables and salads.

This "Clapham Farm" was twenty-five miles from a store or post-office, and the same from market.

They were two miles and a half from drinking-water. Mrs. Jones and her daughter went every other day with pails to *carry* it home! Think of this, ye city dames! They had sleugh-water for washing purposes close to the house. Wood in plenty, for fuel, around them.

In the half-day which we spent with these people, we could not hear and see everything, but we easily concluded that they had been most absurdly unwise to settle there. They agreed with me, I'm certain.

"Why did you settle here?" we asked.

"We had a little money when we came, you know. It was so pretty here, and we thought it would be nice to live away from everyone—just our own family to ourselves. I'm afraid we were too romantic."

"Do you like it, really?"

"Oh, yes, immensely; we shall never regret leaving England, and the constraints and struggles of a city life."

"Are you doing pretty well here, then?"

"No; we are not making anything—barely a living. You see, we have been sadly unfortunate. We spent all the money we brought with us before last winter. We had to sell the cows for flour!"

"Then how did you get on last winter?"

"Oh, well, we had plenty of firewood."

"Yes; but you can't eat firewood."

And then it came out that the last winter, from November, when they had eaten all their potatoes, till the end of April, those parents and children had had nothing to eat but bread without butter, nothing to drink but tea without either sugar or milk!

"And, now, what are your prospects for next winter?"

"We shall do well. We have a pretty good crop of oats, a lot of potatoes. We have managed to get two cows again, so we look forward without dread. We shall have plenty to eat, and plenty of milk for the children."

They assured us, over and over again, that they were happy, contented. One can't really believe it. It must be pride, or English bull-dog pertinacity, which will enable carefully-nurtured people to say this.

What *are* their prospects really? Merely to drag on a few years of such misery, then when the children get big enough, some work may be done; or else they will leave home, seeking their fortunes in some more extended sphere, and may, perhaps, be the means of drawing their parents to them.

There was no need of this family living in such low water. Within a mile or two of many a station on the C.P.R., land was to be had when they got there just as easily as that they had chosen. There the father's clerical abilities, the mother's industry, might have been made remunerative. Then, near a village, the children might have had some sort of education. There would be a place of worship; some hints of civilization would be found. Now they were twenty-five miles from anywhere; several miles from a friend, even.

They knew nothing of Canada. They paid their fare from Liverpool to Broadview. They and their goods were dumped down on the prairie beside the track; they wandered out to where they are, and *there* they are. For three years mother and children have not been three miles away, and during that time have seen, exclusive of ourselves, *six strange persons*.

Think of this, ye advocates of promiscuous emigration! Think what it means, when you say of those unfortunates who don't succeed at home, "Oh! they should emigrate."

There is no need for all this misery, though. Why do not all people who go to settle in a new country, on their arrival wait a bit and look around them before they rush and take up land, permanently fixing themselves before they know one thing about the country?

With people who have even a little means, this is an easy matter. Those who have none had better, a thousand times better, work for someone (work of some kind—anything must be done—can usually be got, as well in one place as another, easily in the N.W.T.) for a few months, until they know a little about the country.

There, where in winter, for months, there are seventy degrees of frost, when generous food and plenty of it is needed, these people had lived and suffered, and are still living.

Of course they were most unfitted for the life; but *they* don't complain, not a bit of it.

Many, though, come home at last, and grumble fearfully about the country. No wonder. Here, as elsewhere, there are two ways of looking at it.



CHAPTER XXVII.

HARVEST-TIME IN MANITOBA.

Tom and Maggie settling down.—Neighbours and their Ways.—A Trip to the Indian Reserve.—The Crooked Lakes.—Idleness of the "tame" Indians.—Wandering about the Reserve.—Vain Search in the Rain for Colonel McDonald's.—The Qu'Appelle.—Indians Journeying.—I depart alone for the East.—In Manitoba.—About Carbery.—Narrative of a Farmer.—Twenty Years in Canada.—The Result of Nine Years' Work.—A successful Experience.—Some Statistics.—Methods of Work.—Secrets of Success and Failure.—Manitoban Woods and Game Grounds.—Improved Appearance of the Country.—Winnipeg again.—Canoeing up the Red River.—Storm and Darkness.—A mud Foot.—Getting a "Drink" on Sunday.—Winnipeg Mud.—Down Lake Superior.

I SPENT much of my time with my old friend Meadows, but hardly a day passed when I did not ride over to the Selbys'. They were quite settled down now, appearing to like it. The Blewitts were a great gain. The very day after their arrival, man and wife were at work, showing themselves to be very capable. I was glad that I had been the means of their engagement.

Tom was quite able to do all the herding, which is merely riding around, watching that the cattle do not stray too far from home, and bringing them in morning and evening to be milked. The rest of his time he was working the mowing machine, and helping Blewitt to get hay. Mr. Selby lent a hand, too; but he and Maud used to ride about the neighbourhood a great deal.

Maggie, with Mrs. Blewitt's aid, had all the house-work to do, as well as the dairy to attend to. It was a pleasure to take a meal there. The people about who mentioned them to me spoke of them as "cranks," too "toney" for those parts, and prognosticated an early failure to their grandeur.

Maud and I had frequent confabulations. She was longing to get home, I knew.

Maggie and Charlie did not so very often meet. He had plenty of work on hand. Yet sometimes of an evening he would ride over for an hour or two, and was always welcome.

Lena Lloyd they saw frequently. She was the one person in the village to whom they all referred for help and information, and more than once, when I was about there, after the last train had gone west, she would get herself driven over to Deneholme for an hour. I had told the Selbys what I knew about her, and they liked her more and more.

Meadows's neighbours—and anyone within ten miles was that—I saw sometimes. They talked and talked and talked, all about nothing—the merest gossip and twaddle about the neighbours and their ways, of crops and cattle. One would have supposed that they would have been glad to hear about my journey and my doings west. Not a bit of it. When I began to orate, as I sometimes did, to give a change to the current of the wishy-washy talkee-talkie, that I was intensely tired of, they sat in silence; never made a comment. Only when I spoke of wages for labourers in the Rockies being 2.50 dols. a day, did they take the slightest interest.

It had been planned that after "fixing" Tom and Maggie at Deneholme, Mr. Selby, Maud, and I, should resume our journey. I was getting anxious to be off. I had my own people in the east to visit. Then it came out that my two promised fellow-travellers wished to stay longer at Deneholme. They would like to see the harvest gathered. Then there would be some shooting; Mr. Selby would like to stay for some of that. Indeed, I found that they were not inclined to leave there for some time. So it was finally arranged that I should go on alone; that in October, at the latest, they should join me in Montreal; then the three of us should go home together. This was a very natural arrangement.

But before I left there must be one final excursion. We had not yet been to the Indian Reserve. That I *must* see, everybody said. So, one morning early, we all met, our *rendezvous* being a mile back from the village on the Port Ellice trail. Everyone went, all our party of friends; some on horses, some on buckboards.

It was a glorious, sunny morning when we started; but, as always, somewhere round our most extensive circle of vision, one or more thunderstorms were raging. It blew hard, of course; that it always did.

The Crooked Lakes Reserve begins at a line running east and west some distance north of Broadview. It extends in that direction to the banks of the Qu'Appelle River, and from east to west several

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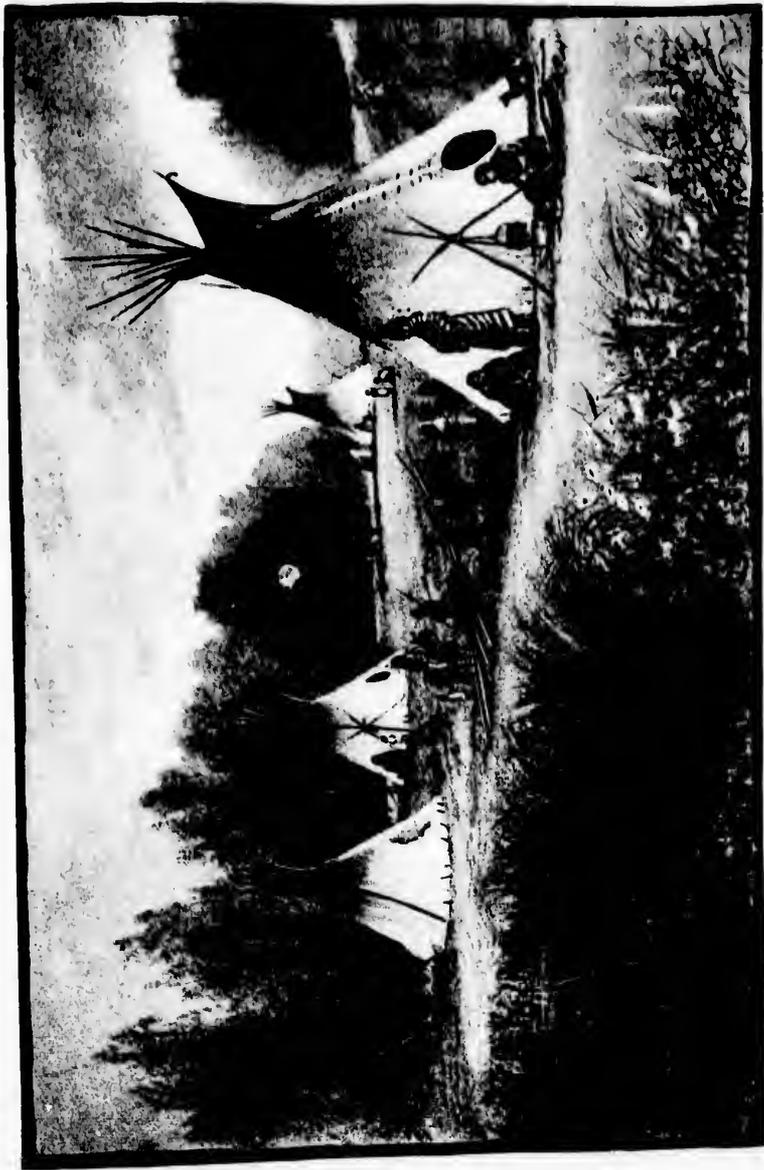
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INDIAN TEEPEES.

miles. It is under the charge of an Indian agent, Lieut.-Colonel A. McDonald, of whom we had heard a great deal. He was spoken most highly of by everyone, white and red. It was our purpose to call on him that day, for we were assured he would welcome us and show us much of interest. As it turned out, though, we unfortunately did not succeed in finding him.

On this Reserve are located a number of Indians of various tribes, under Colonel McDonald's guardianship. What progress they are making in civilizing these red-skins it is not easy to say. Those who know them best, and who are interested in them, speak well of the result; but we heard, on the other hand, that it was impossible to improve them. This we decidedly doubted. It is certain, however, that the vast majority of the inhabitants of that country regard the Indians as of very little account, and take no more interest in them than they would if they were the denizens of another planet. They do not appear to be the slightest annoyance to the settlers about, and have no effect on them whatever.

Their Reserve is, of course, hankered after by the surrounding inhabitants, because it is, for the prairies, an exceedingly beautiful tract of country. We did not see in the whole North-West anything to compare with it for picturesqueness. A large part of it is covered with bluff, varied with open glades of prairie. I can compare it very fairly with much of our New Forest scenery; but in the Crooked Lakes Reserve there are many charming little lakes scattered about.

We had a merry drive of about ten miles across rolling prairie, entirely unsettled and uncultivated. The trail was fairly good and plain. About fifty yards apart are heaps of black clods surrounding a stake, thus marking the course. From time to time we passed buffalo bones, snow white. From some skulls we got horns in fair preservation.

Then we got amongst the bluffs and came to sloughs—small lakes, really. On their banks the Indians had put up their teepees—their homes. Nothing could be more attractive than a group of these habitations. Since the extinction of the buffaloes the Indians of the plains have used canvas instead of buffalo-hides to cover them. The smoke from the fire inside has stained the canvas from white, near the ground, to yellow and then through all shades of chocolate to the deepest black at the opening on top.

Of course, these people lead a very idle life. They are fed by Government when on the Reserve, and they cannot leave it without a special permit. They seem to do little besides catching a few rabbits and fish, killing a little game when they want it and can find it.

Some of them pick suscatoon berries to trade at the stores, and a few make bead-work for sale. They get a little fur in the season; but we understood that they do no more than they can help.

They are trying to teach them farming and gardening. Several white men and their families reside on the Reserve as Indian instructors, and probably amongst the children and the younger ones they may make progress. The Sioux, they told us, are taking a little to the cultivation of the land.

We were glad to see numbers of children round the lodges. Nothing seemed to please them more than the possession of a puppy or a kitten. They were delighted to show them to us, especially the kittens. The people generally wore blanket-coats or plain blankets, all of the brightest colours. When we were there, too, we were astonished at their clean appearance.

We had hardly got amongst them when the rain came down in torrents; the thunder and lightning were most vivid; the wind blew a hurricane. We asked a young buck the way to Colonel McDonald's. He knew the name well enough, and pointed out the trail. We galloped along it, all wet through and wretched. A mile or two on, we saw a log house and hastened to it. It was closed—no one at home; but there was a stable near, where we took shelter.

Then the rain ceased, the sun came out hot and brilliant; an Indian lad appeared, from the ground apparently. We asked—

“Is this Colonel McDonald's?”

“No,” he answered.

“Which way is it? How far is it?”

He rolled himself up in his blanket, head and all, and lay on the grass.

“Do you understand English? Can't you talk?”

He presently unrolled himself, stood up, and said, “I can speak English all right.”

“Then tell us where we can find the Colonel.”

“It's seven miles, over there.” Then he rolled himself up, and laid down again.

Now we knew very well that it was on the south side of the Qu'Appelle the Colonel lived; but we could get no other direction out of this lad. He said he went to school, could read and write; he spoke as good English as we did. We bothered with him a long time, but got no satisfaction, and left him at last rolling about in his blanket. I called him an impudent young rascal; but Meadows advised us to let him alone, or we might have bother.

In the direction this cub had indicated we travelled on. We were

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INDIANS ON THE TRAIL.

soon dry again in the hot sun. We passed several groups of teepees, and questioned many Indians, who were most polite, but would or could not speak a word of English to us. They all pointed in different directions. Then the storm came on again with rain in a deluge, and we had no shelter.

It was past noon now. Some of us were for going back; others urged a longer search, for it would be fine again directly. The girls declared they could stand it if we could, and we went on for another hour in various directions, according to the way one and another Indian pointed, till at last we came to an entire change in the character of the landscape; we came, indeed, to the edge of a deep valley.

Meadows said, "That is the Qu'Appelle."

It was a mile-wide deep cutting in the prairie; the side we were on, that facing north, was generally closely covered with timber, poplar principally, with a little birch, but no large trees. The opposite bank was steep and bare, grooved into very strange and uniform conical shapes by the action of water. The bottom of the valley was flat; through it wound a narrow stream but a few feet wide. To our right was a lake—Round Lake—out of which this little stream flowed. Far as one could see to the left was another lake; this was the first of the Crooked Lakes, from which the Reserve takes its name.

Near here we were passed by a small band of Indians who were evidently about to take up their quarters on a knoll, where already some teepees were erected. It was funny to notice the style which the "big Injun," the "boss" of the party, put on as he passed us on his "cayoose" or "shaggapanni." It seems these people sell all their good-looking ponies, keeping only the queer-coloured, pie-bald, or badly-formed animals; the result, therefore, is that with their queer horses, gaudy blankets and gay feathers, paint and brass decorations, they look very much like a travelling circus, and it is difficult to refrain from clapping hands and cheering the show. It is very hard to realize that it is anything but a joke. Everyone but the grown men, the bucks or braves, carries something; some of the older squaws are very heavily laden; babies just able to walk must help; and even the dogs must have their loads. When no wheeled vehicle is possessed by them, some of the lodge-poles are crossed and lashed over a cayoose's back, with the ends trailing on the ground. These are loaded with the teepee cover, with other lodge-poles and goods and chattels, and so dragged along. This is called a "travois," from the French, of course.

There were some fenced fields and a few rough houses on the flat at the bottom of the Qu'Appelle Valley. We were glad to have seen it,

for it is heard of all over the country, and mentioned in all the guide-books and pamphlets on the Canadian Nor'-West as an exceptionally desirable part to settle in. Well, we could not but admit, that though very peculiar, it was a pretty-looking place; but closed in as it is by high banks, almost cliffs, we concluded that it would be even more lonely there than in the Weed Hills, where the Joneses live, and none of us seemed to desire to stop there. We ate the provisions we had brought with us. We made some tea, and had a most delightful drive back. It was a lovely afternoon and evening. We saw many Indians about, watched their ways, and then left the Reserve after spending a most enjoyable day, in spite of our two drenchings.

The time came at last for my departure. I must confess I felt a little sorrowful at starting off alone. It would not be long before I met old friends, and yet the Selbys and I had been so long together, had seen so many adventures, such curious things in company, that it seemed unnatural to leave them behind me. Meadows, too, I had to part with for a long time. I did not—do not—like the N.W.T.; it would never suit me as a place of residence, and yet it was with real grief I left it.

It was 6.30 in the morning when I started. Though so early, all my friends were there to give me a parting cheer.

Then on, on to the East, over the rolling, bluff-dotted prairie, till about twelve. The car was full of passengers; nearly all were clergy. There was a bishop or two amongst them. I had been so long, it seemed, away from civilization, that so many black coats and white ties were quite overpowering. However, I sat at breakfast with the Lord Bishop of Qu'Appelle, and I don't think I was rude to him.

About noon the landscape was varied; here and there, beside the ordinary poplar bluffs, there were scattered spruce pines. They looked quite remarkable.

We were now in Manitoba. At 12.30 we stopped at Carbery, and I left the cars, for I had promised to stay there a couple of days and see the country. Carbery is situated on what they call the Beautiful Plains. It is a village of three hundred inhabitants; it was but three years old, yet it had stores, hotels, mills, elevators, churches, billiard-halls, and, as usual, thinks itself the centre of the world. It is one hundred and six miles west of Winnipeg.

It is as flat there as a tennis-court.

I was certainly much impressed with what I saw there. I had no idea Manitoba was so pleasant. Of course, I heard about forty times during the two days of my stay that it is "the best wheat-growing country in the world, sir."

Most of the land is taken up and settled close to Carbery, but very good land can be bought not far away, at very low prices, too. The first day I drove fifteen miles north of the track into the heart of the farming country. They have surveyed roads; at the time of my visit these were green turf, very nice to drive on. The cultivated land was fenced in almost universally with that barbarous, but cheap, barbed-wire fencing. The houses are all wood—lumber houses, they call them—some were mere shacks; others were better, showing some signs of comfort and taste, but *I* saw no house that could really be called a good one. I should not like to say that about there, though. It is most absurd how one *has* to keep on praising everything in that great country.

Many of the dwellings had young trees growing well around them, which will thrive if they get a chance.

The farmsteads were a long way apart, seldom less than a mile; which was considered quite near enough for comfort. I did hear of a man who had lived so long out on that prairie alone, that when another came to settle five miles from him, he left the country, saying it was getting too crowded!

My conductor took me to call upon one of the most thriving men in the neighbourhood, who very kindly told me about that part, and his doings there. Hope was his name, an elderly Scotchman, who had been in Canada about twenty years. He had been a farmer in the old country. Last year he and his wife went home for a visit. He declared they could not live there now; it was too crowded. He was a very intelligent man; his late visit to Britain had enabled him to compare matters again, after an absence of twenty years.

He told me the following. I wrote his words down and read them to him, and he corrected me.

"I came to this place," said he, "on May 19th, 1878. I came through from near Galt, Ontario, where I had been for ten years on a rented farm. I *drove* through with my wife, two sons, and a daughter, with two yoke of oxen, two waggons, tents for the journey, provisions and tools, and precious little money. We lived in a teut all summer; by winter we had built that shanty there"—he pointed it out to me. It was a square log affair, about eighteen by twelve feet, plastered between the logs with clay, roofed with turf; there was then a fine crop of flowers growing on it. "We lived in that, all of us, for eight years. Last year we built our present house, 'Maple Grove,' we call it. I planted the seeds of the trees you see around seven years ago; they are ash-leaved maples, spruce pines, and some

other firs. They will all do well here; it was the continual fires which destroyed them. Now we can protect them, they will do.

"I grow every kind of small fruit, everything but apples and pears and plums, and will find some sorts of *them* which will do here yet. They all grow as well here as they do in Ontario or in England. I can grow every kind of vegetable, even cucumbers, melons and tomatoes—out of doors, mind you." I saw them all around the

house; they were magnificent. Then

he went on, "I grow Timothy and clover for hay. There is plenty of wild, of course,

but it takes so long to go

after it, I think it pays

better to grow it

where land is so plen-

tiful. I have now

three hundred

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world, all under

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tion, and I

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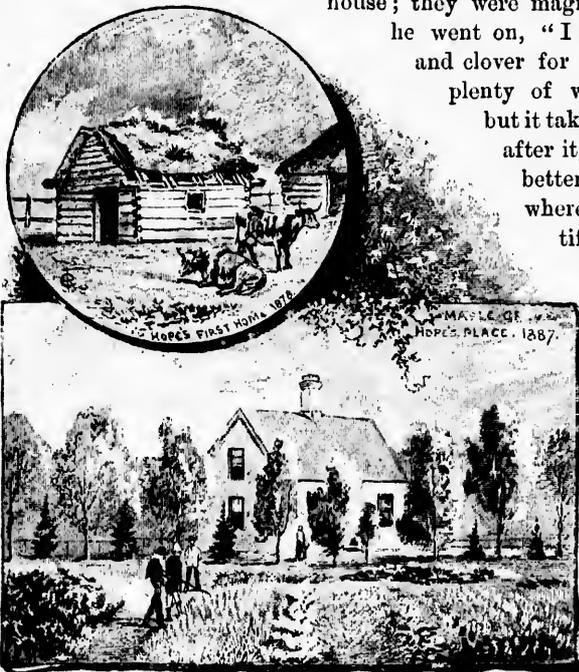
within a mile.

My two sons

have each his

one hundred

and sixty



MAPLE GROVE.

acres within a mile, and my daughter is married to a man who has the same quantity close to. All is paid for; we all have our deeds."

"You have done well then, Mr. Hope," I remarked.

"Yes, I think I have done fairly well in nine years. It is all our own, we have neither rent nor taxes to pay; we have money saved besides. You see, I understand farm-work; my boys do, too. The country is good enough, but there are numbers of people come here who know little or nothing; of course, they generally make a failure of it.

"There are not half the drawbacks in this country that there are in others. I know Ontario, Scotland, and England, too. I would not take the place I rented in Ontario as a gift to live on, nor would I give this farm for half-a-dozen of it. There is no trouble for one who understands how to farm here. One man and a team can do twice as much here as in Ontario, and three times as much as in England.

"I reckon it costs me 10 dols. (£2) an acre to farm here, including all labour. A better climate, after a life's experience, I do not know."

"How about the cold here?"

"Oh, of course it is cold, 40° or 50° below zero for months. We get the ground open for the plough about the end of April, and we get the frost again in September, but things grow here, you know. There is no damp, and rarely more than one or two days missed in winter from hard weather."

"Is there plenty of work for labourers?"

"Aye, is there, plenty of that. Now, for this harvest there is employment for any number of men—who understand work, mind you, for two months at 35 dols. (£7) per month *and* board. A good man knowing his business can hire himself, by the year, at from 20 dols. (£4) to 30 dols. (£6) per month and his board. No matter what time he arrives, he can always get work."

That is what Mr. Hope told me. He has been a successful man, but I cannot see any reason why anyone properly qualified should not do the same even now.

It had only taken him nine years to do all this. He got the land for nothing, certainly. That cannot be done, right there, *now*, but not very far back it can still be had. A man must merely become a *bona fide* settler, he must live and work on his land for three years, then he gets his deeds.

I found the testimony all one way in Manitoba, in favour of the country and the climate. I saw fields of wheat of immense size in splendid condition. I drove round one of three hundred acres; it was perfect as a sight, not a weed visible, not a straw out of place. Since I left I heard from one of the principal men there. He tells me that the average crop over the whole province was thirty bushels to the acre. The three-hundred-acre field I have just mentioned threshed eleven thousand six hundred bushels. Some extra good fields in that neighbourhood had as high as fifty-seven bushels to the acre. Mr. Perley, who wrote this to me, says, "So, you see, Manitoba has beaten the world's record in wheat. Oats and potatoes are also a

very large crop; altogether, the past season (1887) has been the most prosperous ever seen here or in any other country."

They always speak and write that way there. His *facts* I can rely on; his comments I am not able to give an opinion about.

They averaged 65 cents (2s. 7½d.) a bushel for wheat; they assert that 50 cents will pay them.

Very different implements are used there for farm-work; they are all much lighter and cheaper than in Britain. They use machinery wherever it is possible to do so; self-binders always. They thresh on the field; no barns are needed. The straw is practically worthless. "Sulky" ploughs are in common use. The man rides on it, guiding it with a lever. They appear to work perfectly, with very much less labour to the *man*, at any rate.

Everything is adapted to make work easy and quick. The horses used in Manitoba, and all through Canada, are not half so heavy as ours; they seemed to do very much more work with them, though.*

Horses and men have to work there far harder than in England; but both seem to thrive on it.

Carbery and round it is merely a typical Manitoban village and locality—north and south of the track the same prosperity prevails wherever there has been settlement. I could relate hundreds of instances of successful settlers, some who have gone there with money, some without. One man from Kent went out in 1881 with £200 and two sons, and in 1887 he had 960 acres, he had 8,000 bushels of wheat, he had 2,700 dollars worth of cattle, and his real estate was worth 8,000 dollars.

Another man from Ireland arrived in 1882 without a cent; now he owns 320 acres, has two teams of horses, eight cows, a wife and two children, and 9,000 bushels of wheat.

These are the sort of instances I heard of time and again. Why repeat them? They can be seen in print in any of the Government and Railway pamphlets.

They are nearly all true, these accounts, *but*, naturally, there may be another set of incidents given quite opposite to them. I met many in other parts of Canada who had left Manitoba and the N.W.T. in disgust. Why?

The climate, they said, was unbearable, weather most terrible, summer heats, mosquitoes, awful cold of winter, no end of horrors;

* This subject has been elaborately treated of in a recent book, *The Horse, How to Breed and Rear Him*, by William Day, London (Bentley) 1888: a work of authoritative and standard value.—EDITOR.

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SULKY-PLUGHING.



last year there was no crop at all, owing to the dry weather; the year before, early frosts ruined them; and so on, and so on.

The explanation is simple, I think. They were not fitted for the country; they could not, or would not, put up with the immense hardships of, at any rate, the first years of a settler's life—the hard work, hard climate, the loneliness, roughness of it; or else they did not understand the business.

The conclusion I came to may be summed up in a very few words. It is a good enough country for those to go to who have a little money, and understand farm-work; it is a terrible country for people to go to who have no money, and do *not* know what *real* hard work is.

It cannot be that all the successful men there were deceiving me. They all went there a very few years ago; Mr. Hope was one of the very first settlers.

The labouring man has a grand field before him there. But he must reckon on working; he must do a very good day's work for a very good day's pay. He will never do in Canada if he carries out the old British workman's notion of doing as little as he possibly can for his pay.

The second day of my stay at Carbery, Mr. Perley drove me some miles south of the track to the Sandhills, they call them; poor land, but a very valuable district to the surrounding inhabitants, for they are covered with spruce-pines, and there are thousands of acres of poplar and larch, called in Canada "tamarack." It is a very charming country. Amongst the hills are very pretty lakes, surrounded with rushes, and covered with lilies. Here all the settlers go for fuel and fencing. They have to pay to the Government one cent "stumpage" for every tree cut down.

Game is very plentiful in this forest—elk, deer, grouse, wolves, foxes, bears, minks, and many fur-bearing beasts; ducks and geese in millions, in the season. We saw only elk that day, but traces innumerable of all the rest. Flowers were everywhere. The whole scene was a surprise to me, so unlike all I had pictured, all I had ever heard of Manitoba.

In the afternoon I went on to Winnipeg. I passed once more across the scenes I had travelled through in spring. Now the harvest was ready for cutting. There was a brightness and go about the country which was eminently pleasing. If it could be always so in Manitoba, it would be a delightful land to sojourn in. At Brandon there was a *fête* of some kind going on. Flags and colours were the characteristics of the place.

At Portage la Prairie there was a big circus in full swing as we:

stopped a few minutes at the station. Gaily-dressed ladies were numerous. Horses and buggies, buckboards, and lumber-waggon were driving about merrily, filled with gay and prosperous-looking people. In spite of the dead level of the land, it looked home-like—as if one could live there in comfort.

Winnipeg was improved, too. What few trees there are about the rivers were full of leaf. Vines and creepers were growing in the gardens along some of the streets. The usual breeze was blowing, and the dust was frightful.

I had not long to stay there—only three days. I did all the visiting I could in that time, hearing and seeing much that was interesting and amusing, but not worth relating.

I went up the "Red," *i.e.* the Red River, to St. John's, to supper with some friends. It was 8 p.m. when we started, I, and two young English friends of mine, in a canoe fit to carry one only. The canoe leaked; it had to be turned up, and the nail-holes plugged with wooden matches. Just as we were prepared to start, a thunder storm appeared overhead, threatening every moment to burst upon us. We discussed the situation. I would have preferred to abandon the trip—to walk or to drive; but my two friends were anxious I should have one canoe voyage on the Red, so that I could tell their folks at home how it was done.

They thought the storm would miss us, so we started. I had to lie at length along the bottom of the canoe. One friend steered with a paddle, the other sat in the bow to manage the sail, for we were going to sail up. So short were we of room, that I could not wear a hat, the foot of the sail came so low down. But it was a hot night. I rather liked it. Soon it got dark—dark as pitch.

"Do you see that bridge yet, Bob?"

"I think so. Keep her as she is. Now I see it. Look out! Was that a snag?"

"All right, so far. Now, then, look out for the red house on the bank, there on the right. Look out, look out! The wind is gusty; be ready to let that sail down. I'm afraid the storm will break yet."

All this time the frail canoe was rushing through the water at railroad speed into the inky blackness, and I was lying on my back with my eye fixed on one star, measuring by it the motion of the storm, which seemed to be passing across our course now, and would not catch us. But it was dark and windy, and those boys had no idea of slacking up.

"My, if we should strike a snag now!" I heard one shout to the

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THE RED RIVER LOOKING TOWARDS FORT ROUGE.



other. "Guess we'd have to swim for it, eh? Well, well; no one but a — would do such a mad thing as this."

Which was highly consoling to this individual, who could not swim, had his only clothes with him on his back; everything else checked on to Port Arthur.

In the end, however, after an hour or more of dodging about in the dark, they ran the canoe ashore at the foot of a hill below St. John's College, and we landed dry, picked up the canoe, and carried it bodily up to the college, where it was deposited in the hall till further orders, and we all went in to supper to Canon M——'s.

They wanted me to go back to my hotel again about twelve that night in the same canoe, but I declined with thanks.

Next day, Sunday, I had a terrible cold, and went about in misery. Towards night, I remarked to a man, "If I was in a civilized land I could get some whiskey hot, which would do *me* good; but here, where your liquor-law forbids its sale on Sunday, I must suffer."

"Come with me and see," he said. So we went down a back street and up a narrow alley, into a place where there was a bar-room, in full swing, crowded with people drinking.

At the bar I said, "I'll take whiskey hot." The gay bar-tender put on a serious look, "Sir, don't you know that it is Sunday? We can't sell drinks, except to people who take their food here. This is a restaurant!"

My companion winked to me, and we went to the dining-room and munched a biscuit, then ordering and being served with what intoxicants we pleased.

It is thus they circumvent the law in Winnipeg.

That night it rained "a few," as a native remarked to me. In the morning my cold was gone; but the streets and roads of the city were terrible. Putty, glue, soap, anything you like to mention that is sticky and disagreeable and black enough, will describe Winnipeg mud.

I left that evening on my way to Port Arthur. It was cold, wet, wretched; as grey as a winter's day in England. It is a wretchedly unpleasant climate—that is my opinion—quite as changeable as England, and with far greater extremes of temperature.

But, as usual, the sleeping-car was comfortable, and there were some very pleasant people in it. The dinner served was excellent, so was the bed, and so was the breakfast. Then, about noon next day, we got to Fort William, where they kept us for an hour.

Port Arthur was reached by 1 p.m. Here I took the lake steamer *Athabasca* for Owen Sound and Toronto.

We had two hours in Port Arthur. It is a new, scattered place; some fair stores, but terrible roads. Its position is its great charm. The views across the bay to Thunder Cape and along the shore are very pleasant. Inland, too, the country is broken up with hills, rocky points, and forest. It is a change, and a great improvement *in appearance* to the prairies.

The *Athabasca* is a propeller. From outside she has all the appearance of a sea-going ship, being painted black, and red below the water-line; so different from the usual white and gay colours of the lake steamers. Her saloon runs nearly her entire length, very well furnished and carpeted, indeed. State rooms all in beautiful order. The electric light is used on board.

We left in this vessel about five, and at once began our voyage down Lake Superior.

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

TORONTO, HAMILTON, AND LAKE MUSKOKA.

On board the *Athabasca*.—Michigan.—Into Lake Huron.—Owen Sound.—By Train to Toronto.—The usual Food Difficulty at the Station Restaurant.—Beaten!—Lorne Park.—A hyper-moral teetotal Suburb.—“The Queen City of the West.”—Description of Hamilton.—Its Buildings and Institutions.—The Beach and Dundas.—Niagara re-visited.—Old Identities.—Back to Toronto.—Description of the City.—Social Aspects.—Style and Fashions.—Canadians much more “toney” than English People.—The Servant Question.—Letters from Broadview.—Muskoka, “the Picturesque Playground of Canada.”—Description of the Lake and Neighbourhood.—The Island Summer Residences.—Painted Advertisements on the Rocks.—Lake Rosseau.—Shadow River.—Fish and Game.—I hear that Seagood is coming out.—What a Mistake!—Of course, Miss Maud is at the bottom of this!

AFTER what I had seen of the mountains and on the Pacific coast, Thunder Cape looked very tame and paltry, still it must be admitted to be a very fine headland for Canadian lake scenery, and the islands lying off it, Pie Island and Isle Royale, are interesting.

We could not have had a finer evening than we had when passing out. The sky was clear, the water, unruffled by the slightest breeze, was most beautiful in colour. It was cold though, and I was very glad, after an excellent supper well served in all but its temperature, to spend the rest of the evening in the luxurious saloon, where we had plenty of music and singing, as we had with us a number of exceedingly nice Canadian people, than whom, when they are of that description, none can be better.

Occasional visits to the deck revealed only that we were as if at sea—no land in sight. There are often great storms and heavy seas on Lake Superior, but that night it was as calm as the proverbial mill-pond.

In the morning—what a change! A thorough Scotch mist, with a drizzling rain. Nothing to be seen or enjoyed outside.

Towards noon, however, we met and passed many vessels being towed by large gaudily-painted propellers, each heavily laden, often with two or three, and sometimes four, sailing vessels in a string behind them. Schooners, two or three-masted, all fore-and-aft rigged, generally painted bright green or blue or some brilliant colour, never black. They were coming from or going to, the only passage between the Lakes Superior and Huron, the Sault St. Marie.

Then, as we gradually drew near "the Sault," land was visible on either side; low, not very pretty. After lunch we got to the mouth of the canal, and were tied to a wharf on the Michigan, United States side.

It was still a miserable day. Some few went ashore, but there seemed nothing to be gained by it but a wetting. Why we remained there so long was unaccountable to us passengers; there was little cargo or people to land or to embark. The captain, mate, and steward, dressed most gorgeously in gold lace—I don't know which, was the most resplendent—went on land, probably to exhibit their grandeur to the worshipping Yankees, who stood around under any possible shelter, to see the show.

There was nothing very fascinating in this town. Attempts at decorative gardening were a woeful exhibition of want of taste and shortness of means. But it was a miserable day, and all looked wretched.

Near us ran furiously the Sault (Jump); simply a broad stream of rapid water, broken by rocks, logs, and obstructions into small cataracts, as it made its descent from one lake to the other. It is here that the C.P.R. has opened a line connecting the Algoma branch with the United States railways, the junction being at St. Paul, Minnesota.

After hours of idleness, we were moved into the lock, and quickly lowered in it—eighteen feet—from Lake Superior, in fact, into Lake Huron. Here another delay took place, but finally we got off and quickly passed, on our left, the Canadian town of Sault Sainte Marie, which seemed, in the distance, to be more picturesque than the town of the same name, which we had just left, in the State of Michigan.

Then we went for miles along St. Mary's or Garden River, with low pretty banks, well settled. Our course was indicated by a succession of white discs and lozenge-shaped beacons placed on shore, and in the water by red-topped poles, anchored so as to float upright.

Towards dusk we passed close to Little Manatoulin Island, on our left. Here were numerous Indians, paddling and sailing their birch-bark canoes. Their wigwams along the land were covered with sheets of bark, and neither they nor their owners had the gay and picturesque appearance of their brother red-skins of the plains. Coloured blankets were not worn by them here; only the common undyed ones, and those not clean.

That night we were steaming down Lake Huron and into Georgian Bay, with Indian Peninsula on our right. We were not able to see any of the Ten Thousand Islands which are scattered along its north-eastern shores, forming, as they do, one of the finest camping, fishing, and shooting resorts in Canada. I had, on previous visits, spent much delightful time there, and should have liked another glimpse of my old haunts. But it still rained heavily at daylight.

About 8 a.m. we arrived at Owen Sound, a hilly, stirring-looking town, more picturesque, decidedly, than most Eastern Canadian towns are. We had no time to go into it; we were put at once on board the train for Toronto.

The distance is about one hundred and eighteen miles. Our road lay through a more or less picturesque country; plenty of hill and forest of hard-wood trees, though small pines—small, I thought, after the western giants—were towering abundantly above them. There were many villages and towns, prospering, no doubt, for this is all a settled farming country—old settlements, houses that were not built yesterday. We crossed the Grand Trunk Railway, the first, besides the C.P.R., we had seen for over two thousand five hundred miles.

About 3 p.m. we stopped at the Union Station, Toronto. I had had nothing to eat since 7 a.m. I was to have been met there by a friend. As he was not on hand, I hired the use of the telephone and got him in his office. He would come soon, and at 3.30 he made his appearance.

"Now," said he, "the first thing is food," to which I assented.

In that station there is a large dining-hall and restaurant, and into it we walked, taking our seats at a fully-prepared table. No one came. We hammered on a cup, when very much the same incident occurred as I have narrated at my first interview with Lena Lloyd. "You cannot get anything to eat here; it is not meal-time," was the reply to our demand for food, made by a very dignified but sour-looking damsel, who condescended to reply to us.

I recounted to my friend my adventure at Broadview.

"Oh, nonsense!" he protested. "We are now in Toronto, a civilized

city. They might do so in the wilds, but not here; there is some misunderstanding."

Then, addressing the lady who would *not* supply our wants, he asked—

"Are you the mistress here? If not, fetch her."

By and by, with no great speed, there came to us a most gorgeous madam, who, with great grandeur, haughtily demanded what we required.

"Why, dinner, and a good one too," my friend demanded.

This lady indignantly and positively refused us food or attendance, unless we chose to wait till supper-time.

"But," she added, "if you *really* need food, you can stand up at the bar there and you will be served."

"No," said he; "here we sit till you serve us with a proper 'square' meal."

By this time I was pretty wrathful. I declared that I could not stand this game any longer; that I was off; I did not choose to stay there to be insulted; that I would go outside. So I left and paced the deck, *i.e.* the platform, till my companion joined me some time after. Then he said—

"I'm beaten; I confess it. I am ashamed, for the honour of Canada. I'll believe anything you tell me now of your adventures. Couldn't have credited such a thing as possible in Toronto, of all places. Come, let us go up-town; we shall be fed there."

So we had to trudge a mile or so into the city. After that we went out by boat and waggon some fourteen miles to Lorne Park, where I was to stay with my friend, in his summer cottage.

Lorne Park consists of about ninety acres of prettily-timbered land on the shore of Lake Ontario, owned by a company. It is fenced round, is quite private, and is divided into lots. Here certain Toronto residents have put up most picturesque little cottages, or bungalows, much verandahed, balconied, and decorated. They have a little steamboat pier, a good bathing shore, boat-houses, an hotel for boarders, and altogether have a very charming property. When the cottages and the hotel are full, I expect it is very pleasant as a resting-place; but when I was there the season was nearly over—it was *triste*.

"One of the cardinal principles of the company is that *no intoxicating liquors* are allowed, under any circumstances, to be sold at the hotel or refreshment booths, or on board the steamer running to the park." So says the official circular or guide issued by the management, and I was told that the directors purpose forbidding the sale

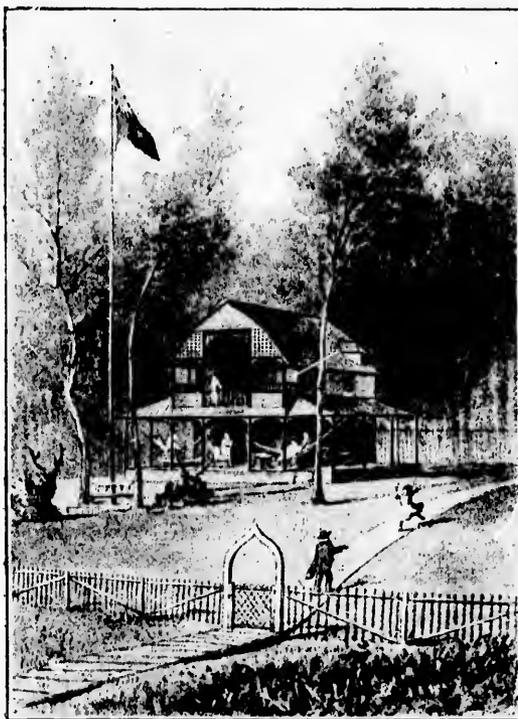
and use of tobacco too! It is a "moral" park, run on hyper-moralistic principles. There no sin is to enter, all is to be peace; the drum and fife of the wicked world is not to be heard.

There is, I suppose, some church organization at the bottom of it, and no doubt *there* will be set a most beautiful example to the rest of the Canadian world; for at home, amongst the "brethren," how saint-like is the life of the members; abroad, amongst their fellow-

men, they are very much like other human beings. The social cigar, the lively lager, the nimble dollar, have exactly the same value in their eyes as in those of their non-professing brothers.

My stay there was not long. I took the Grand Trunk train to Hamilton, forty miles south, passing nearly all the way along the shore of Lake Ontario, the water of which was then, as nearly always, strikingly beautiful in colour.

Near Hamilton the scenery becomes very fine, especially near



A SUMMER RESIDENCE IN TORNE PARK.

Burlington Bay, where one obtains the first view of the fair city—the "Ambitious City" or "Queen City of the West."

Hamilton is situated on the south shore of this Burlington Bay, the western extremity of Lake Ontario. It is just north of the forty-third parallel of latitude, almost on a line with Toulon and Leghorn, farther south than Marseilles or Florence. It lies on an alluvial plain under what is locally known as "the Mountain," which is the

wall or rim of the lake basin. It is the same escarpment which, about forty miles east, Niagara River plunges over.

From the brink of the Mountain a very beautiful view of Hamilton is to be had. It lies mapped out under one in square blocks, like those of a chess-board, where they are not hidden and beautified by the maples and shade-trees with which most of the streets and avenues are lined.

Fair Burlington Bay lies beyond, its distant line of sand and trees, called "The Beach," cutting it off from the blue water of Lake Ontario, which stretches away to the northern and eastern horizons.

"The Beach" is cut through by the Burlington Canal, along which vessels pass on their way to or from the city wharves.

The Mountain stretches away on either hand till, in the east, on a very clear day, the ever-ascending cloud of spray may be discovered which marks the locality of Niagara Falls. In the north it is possible to make out the spires of Toronto, forty miles distant. The plain beneath is covered in every direction with fruitful farms, peach-orchards, and vineyards, and is dotted with thriving villages.

Around Hamilton, besides all the cereals grown in temperate countries, maize is produced in quantities; nearly all vegetables known to Britain flourish abundantly; some which do not readily thrive in England do so there to perfection. Apples, surpassing anything grown in the British Isles for size and flavour, are grown here in profusion. Melons grow and ripen everywhere, as good as any raised under glass. Other fruits are plentiful enough, but neither in size nor flavour equal to what are seen in Europe.

The population of this city is about forty-three thousand. It is often called the Birmingham of Canada, on account, no doubt, of its "thrifty application of skill and capital to widely diversified industrial operations." There are thirty-three places of worship, including Salvation Army barracks and a Jewish Synagogue. There are no end of schools, hospitals, charitable institutions, and every modern arrangement of that description.

Many—most of the streets are very pretty; nearly all have rows of luxuriant trees by the road-side, which shade the side-walks or pathways and the most picturesque cottages, villas, and larger houses which line them. The private gardens are wonderfully fine. As a rule, they are kept in exquisite order. Lawns, trim and neat, and very green even through the hottest, driest weather—thanks to the constant use of "lawn sprinklers," which, it appears, most Canadian water-works companies permit the unrestricted use of. Bedding-out plants, especially gorgeous varieties of coleus and other semi-tropical

foliage plants, do magnificently. Clematis, Dutchman's-pipe, vines, and climbers are most luxuriant. Roses do fairly well, yellow ones especially, other varieties not comparing so well with those of either Britain or British Columbia.

The advance made by Canadians in gardening, in out-door decoration, taste and care of their homes, during the past ten years, is most remarkable and praiseworthy.

Many people have adopted the American idea and have removed *all* fences from their gardens, so that they lie open to and undivided from the street. To our taste, this is a mistake. There is a bareness, a public institution idea about it, which does away with the home-like look of a fenced garden.

Bay Street is a charming thoroughfare running nearly from the Bay up to the Mountain. On it and on the adjacent streets reside most of Hamilton's upper ten, though really the upper ends of *all* the streets are beautiful. So are some of the streets and avenues in the eastern part of the city, *beyond* Cork Town, where the Irish congregate chiefly.

The Gore is Hamilton's chief decorative feature—an iron-fenced, shrubbed, treed, grassed, flowered, and fountained, wedge-shaped piece of garden in the business centre of the city. Near it is the Canada Life Insurance building, of brown stone—a very imposing structure; its interior famous for very elaborate wood-carving. Hamiltonians are fond of telling you that when Mr. Oscar Wilde was there he pronounced it to be the most beautiful building in America. Tastes differ; but perhaps the peculiar clock tower was not finished then. Here, too, are the Post Office, Custom House, the Wesleyan Female College, usually termed "The Angel Factory." There are the Banks, and the Hamilton *Spectator* building is not far off; and at last, near at hand, they are building a new City Hall. So, altogether, the reader will perceive that Hamilton is a very charming and prosperous city, and I strongly recommend tourists to spend a few days in visiting it and its surroundings.

The Beach before mentioned is where the citizens have built their summer cottages; there they pass the hot months, or at the "Ocean House Hotel" there. With a brisk wind from the north, the beach facing the lake can well be taken for the real salt sea beach; but there is no tide. Steamers and trains ply frequently to and fro during summer.

The heat in summer is very great, as it is in all Canadian cities. In winter they sometimes have it 10° below zero, rarely more. There

is always good sleighing, tobogganning, coasting, ice-boating, and skating in covered rinks.

Four miles from Hamilton is Dundas. You go by train, or by "dummy," which means a steam tramway. It is a small town, exceedingly prettily situated, of no very great trade, principally cotton-mills and iron-works; but the hills and cliffs near are certainly the finest I have seen in Eastern Canada. A day in the Indian summer spent amongst the rocks and gorges and splendid forests there, when the foliage has taken on its gorgeous full colouring, will be a never-to-be-forgotten event.

Between Dundas and Hamilton, just north of the latter city, lie the Dundas marshes, or Coot's Paradise. Here, on the banks of the pretty bays and inlets, on Princes Island, or paddling about amongst the rushes and the lily-beds, there is fishing for the million, and in the season, shooting. Here the mud-turtles sun themselves on logs, in regiments, shining like green lily leaves, their upstretched necks on high, perfectly motionless. But throw a chip at them; they drop off instanter.

In Burlington Bay there is very delightful yachting, the water being seldom unoccupied by white-winged boats. In winter it is frozen, and across it, seven miles, a road is made. Here there is often glorious skating, when the snow has not covered the ice.

From Hamilton I took the cars one day to the Falls. "*The Falls*" in Canada has but one signification—Niagara Falls. I had not been there since the National Parks had been proclaimed. It was a relief to be without the continual pestering of people having some place to exhibit, which you had to pay to see. Now one has only to pay to go under the Falls, and that but for the use of dresses and the care of guides, to the railways or elevators, and to the excursion by the *Maid of the Mist*, which is all fair enough. There are no tolls to pay for admission to any of the parks or islands; all is free. The paper-mills and all buildings are gone from the islands just above the American Fall. It looks bare, and will, until the trees cover it, years hence.

Goat Island is, as ever, beautiful; the Cave of the Winds is unchanged. Geo. W. Wright still superintends "The Cave"; old John, the guide, still slowly, solemnly marches visitors in their hideous waterproof costumes through that terrible ordeal, which no one should miss undergoing. The Three Sisters and the Ragged Brother Islands are still receiving the buffetings of the upper rapids, and a larger crowd than ever sits out on the point of the Upper Sister, gazing and wondering at the world of waters hastening, roaring down to them.

On the Canada side, the Cedar Islands are free, too, Castor and Pollux also. The Burning Spring has at length "petered out"; or is it that, being free to all, no more fifty cents to be collected for the exhibition of its enthralling wonders, it will not "pay" to collect the gas in the old funnel?

A new arrangement on the line of railway from the Falls to Lewistown, American side, enables visitors to go at frequent intervals in what they call "prospect cars." In them they pass by all the glorious views below the Falls, the suspension bridges, the cantilever bridge, Clifton on the Canada side, then the scene of Webb's fatal swim, the whirlpool, Brock's monument on the opposite Queenstown heights. It only takes an hour, costs twenty-five cents, and is delightful.

They have put a new *Maid of the Mist* on the river below the Falls; a trip in her is a climax to all the wonders of Niagara Falls. No one should miss that expedition; it barely takes an hour, but it is an hour that will never be forgotten, surely.

The Indian Stores are full as ever of curiosities, and of Birmingham and Staffordshire-made Niagara relics. They smell as delightfully as ever of scented grass. American eagles, stuffed, or made into fans and screens, are everywhere. Do they rear them for the purpose, I wonder? If not, surely the breed must become extinct soon; or perhaps they never sell any, and those I saw this time are the same that I remember thirty years ago, re-stuffed or polished up anew.

There are the same Indians about as of old; they say the squaws come generally from "ould Oirland." It may be so, for they cannot or will not, speak English. The same man begs you to look through the same old prism at the water falling, ever falling; charge, ten cents. The identical man from the back country—apparently it was the same one I saw there twenty years ago, stood looking intently at the fountain beside one of the hotels, seemingly far more absorbed in that wonderful "squirt," as he called it, than at the grand cataract behind him.

"Why, Sir," he remarked to me again, "I guess they ain't no wonder about them Falls of Niagery; when the water gets to the edge, it's *bound to go over*. Yes, Sir, there ain't no wonder about that; but this yer thing a-squirtin' *up*—wall, it kinder beats all!"

Now, in 1890, that fountain may be seen at "Niagara in London."

From Hamilton I went back to Toronto, spending some time in it. This city is doubtless the finest in Canada, taking it all in all. It is not so big as Montreal; it has no St. Lawrence; but it has the lake before it. It has no mountain behind it like Hamilton and Montreal, but for all that, for finish, style, cleanliness, for the street after street

of beautiful houses and gardens, for its Queen's Park, its splendid university buildings, for its charming drives, for its Rosedale and country beyond and around it, its climate and its people, it is as a place of residence ahead of any other Canadian town.

The population of Toronto is about one hundred and forty thousand, and it is growing at such a rate that, if continued, it will shortly outstrip Montreal.

This city being the capital of the Province of Ontario, here are situated Government House and the Parliament Buildings. The latter are not much to boast of, but new ones are in course of erection in Queen's Park at a cost of £200,000.

The chief law courts of the province are carried on in Osgoode Hall, which has recently been purchased by Government. But the really magnificent University Buildings, in the Norman style of architecture, are perhaps the finest in America. They are reached by avenues, half a mile long, of splendid trees, through portions of the Queen's Park. From the tower of this building fine views can be obtained across the city to the east, out over the island to the lake beyond, the view terminating only at the horizon.

The island, lying across in front of the city, is very low land; nevertheless, its summer cottages and hotels make it a very favourite resort; here it is, or was, that Haulan, the celebrated oarsman, lived and kept a tavern. Here, all boating and yachting men are at home. The water, of a fine evening, is alive with craft of every kind, little excursion and ferry steamers making things lively with their gay paint, banners, and unearthly howlings and screechings.

Much of Toronto is cedar-block paved, which insures fair driving roads; off them the mud, or dust, is terrible. By degrees, bad roads, a Canadian peculiarity, will be of the past in and around Toronto. Yonge Street, which is said to be forty miles long, King Street, Church Street, Queen Street, are the principal retail business streets; the shops vie with anything we have in Britain. It is impossible to name the streets of private houses; they are legion, and on some portions of all of them there is much to admire. The very extensive use of shade trees adds greatly to their beauty, but the houses are well worth looking at. Numbers are as large, as well kept, and as handsome, as the majority of those in the suburbs of London.

On these streets, and in these houses, live a people who, to all intents, are the same as English people; the same style of dress for men and women, and habits, prevail.

English dog-carts, pony phaetons, landaus, victorias, are frequent in the streets; grooms in livery are common. Policemen dress like

the London "bobbies," the postman like his English brother; indeed, if it were not for the wooden side-walks, the use of wood in fences more commonly than in Britain, and the usually untidy roads, in Toronto, it would be hard to find a difference between that city and many of our English provincial towns.

The Humber and the Don, two small streams, cut the suburbs of the city through. They have steep wooded banks and grassy bottoms. Pretty bridges thrown across, some as much as two hundred feet above the valley bottom, carry the public roads, and beside them are some of the most beautiful homes in Canada, and more, many more, are being built.

For a Canadian residence, where all the appliances of civilization are to be found, and there are the fewest drawbacks, beyond the heat of summer and the cold of winter, commend me to Toronto.

Society there is very much on the same basis as middle-class society in the mother-land; there is every bit as much refinement, but perhaps more stiffness. Mrs. Grundy lives there, and is honoured. It is said that the Canadians are not a hospitable people. I cannot say so, from my own experience—in Toronto, at any rate.

The houses, as a rule, are far more luxuriously furnished than people in the same position at home would furnish theirs; much more decoration, more costly carpets, hangings, furniture; and these things cost probably twice as much there as they would in London. Many more expensive trinkets and knickknacks are seen in the houses. Pictures—art generally—are thought much of; few houses are without some fair native works, though there, as everywhere in America, European productions are valued highest. Every lady paints or decorates—decorative art, so called, is a craze there. These are matters of style, fashion, and they pay infinitely more attention to such things than we do in Britain. I was told of a lady who had given standing orders to an upholsterer to alter all her hangings, and pictures and decorations in her reception rooms *weekly*! At one time it is declared by some ruler of fashion, probably one of the magazines, that doors are "not used," in, say, Marlborough House; then every lady who considers herself in society packs away all her doors and uses *portières*. Coloured glass gas-globes only are announced in a society paper to be used in some famous Parisian residence, then no society dame would have a plain white one. It was said, to my knowledge, that the owls' heads made of tissue paper, which were sometimes to be seen on the gas-globes in English homes as a bit of grotesqueness, were *de rigueur*. Straightway orders came to England from those who had relatives or friends there to send

them out supplies. One man I knew of, who was in London, had orders from his wife to send three dozen.

Yes, they are very much more "toney" than we poor Britishers dare to be; nevertheless, they are an extremely friendly, intelligent, and refined people, with fewer oddities by far than a stranger would expect.

The servant question is a serious one. Our British housewives grumble and complain. They should go to Canada. Yet, that country is not as bad as the United States. It is, however, now possible to get the girls to wear caps; it is usual in the best houses. But their independence and absurdity is amazing. Many stories could be told which English people could hardly credit, of the ridiculous extent to which their ignorance prevails. Most of them are Irish, and probably came to Canada direct from the rural districts, from the cabins on the bogs; but they come with grand ideas of the freedom which prevails in the New World, said freedom being what we call licence. But there *are* exceptions, and in spite of all, few homes in civilized lands present more perfect pictures of domestic comfort than do many I have seen in Canada.

I have not mentioned our friends at Broadview for some time. I often heard from Mr. Selby and Maud; the others were far too busy to write. They were occupied with harvest now. Tom had got all his, barley and oats chiefly; not very much of either, merely what Bruce had planned to feed his cows and pigs on. At Deneholme they were all well pleased with the crop though. Potatoes were very fine. Tom had them all packed in the ample cellar with much straw, which Meadows advised, as an extra precaution against the terrible frosts of winter.

Tom's cattle were looking and doing well; butter-making progressed admirably. The Blewitts still continued all that could be wished. Mr. Selby had plenty of shooting—prairie chickens and some ducks; and he shot a wolf—was bringing home the skin.

Maud hoped I should be ready to go home early in October, when they proposed to go. The weather was getting cold there of nights, but the days were most enjoyable. The bluffs were assuming their autumn colours. Threshing had been done by some we knew. Their returns were satisfactory. Meadows had not completed his harvest yet.

Bruce had been heard from. He and his wife were to winter in Victoria, B.C. This, they said, was in consequence of the way in which I praised it.

Lena Lloyd was a frequent visitor still; they liked her more and more. Nothing new was told me about Maggie and Charlie Donald, only that they often saw each other. I could see I should have to wait for further news on that subject. Maud tried to ignore the existence of that romance. That is about all I could then tell about the Nor'-Westers.

It was now the beginning of September, and everyone said I must see Muskoka before I left Canada, so I made a trip there.

Recently, that is, during the last eight or ten years, Canadians have begun to take some enjoyment in life, more, at any rate, than they were wont to do. With more wealth, has come to them more desire for pleasure. The upper ten have set the example, the rest follow the fashion as they can. Hence, the summer cottages by lake and stream.

Those of them not rich enough, perhaps, to go to the very expensive watering-places on the United States coasts, or even to the less expensive ones on Canadian soil, down the St. Lawrence, such as Murray Bay, Cacouna, or Rimouski, have taken greatly to visiting "The Thousand Islands" in the St. Lawrence, but especially Muskoka, which may well be called "the Picturesque Playground of Canada."

The account of my visit there from Toronto will be the best description.

Leaving by rail one morning about nine, I reached Gravenhurst early in the afternoon, having passed on the way Barrie, beautifully situated on the shore of Lake Simcoe. Gravenhurst is situated on Lake Muskoka. Here I took steamer, which conveyed me to Port Carling. Lake Muskoka is dotted with islands of all sizes, from a few square feet to a few acres in extent. They are generally timbered, as are the shores of the lake. Here we saw several parties camped. Port Carling is a collection of about a dozen houses, some hotels and stores amongst them, on a neck of rocky land, separating Lake Muskoka from those farther north, which are a few feet higher than it is, so a short canal has been cut and a shallow lock has been built there; thus vessels pass from one lake to the other. I believe the village is called Interlachen.

Around Port Carling the scenery is very fine; the rocks are covered with very picturesque timber, pines and hardwood. South from the hotel I stayed at, the Stratton House, the view is good down Indian River—merely a short, tortuous passage leading to the canal—and then across the lake; behind, north from it, there is a beautiful bay with densely timbered banks.

In the neighbourhood there are many small isolated, lily-covered lakes. The whole district is very sparsely settled.

In the morning I went on farther, up to Lake Joseph. Shortly after leaving Port Carling we entered on it. It is similar to the lower lake, but more beautiful; the islands are most diversified in form; none are very high, but for beauty, picturesqueness, the whole scene was enchanting. I arrived in due course at Port Cockburn, and I stayed at Summit House, kept by one Hamilton Fraser, an American. The land on which this hotel stands is not very high, but it is the highest thereabouts; the view down the lake over Round Island is exquisite.

The islands in these lakes are all owned by people about Canada; one or two by residents of London, England, so they told me. They have given them fanciful names, which in many cases are painted conspicuously on the rocks. There were Oak and Edith, Flora, Orpheus, Apollo and Round Islands. On them, in many cases, were gaily painted little bungalows, boat-houses, and landing stages. Here people passed their time canoeing, boating, fishing, shooting. Some had only rough log cabins and some had merely tents. There could not possibly be a more suitable place for such enjoyments, everything being combined to render it perfect.

Muskoka means in Indian, "The Country of Clear Sky." When I was there it seemed a most appropriate name.

The islands were sold by Government for most ridiculous prices, the actual cost of the deed itself being in many instances greater than the price paid for the island.

Near Summit House was one of two or three acres—a very pretty one too—bold, rocky shores, with here and there good landings, covered with fine trees and grass. Its owner paid 2.50 dols. (10s.) for it, the deeds cost 5 dols. to make out; but it is his freehold now for 30s.; and at about this price most of the hundreds of them were purchased for summer homes. They are all sold now, I should suppose.

To the left, a mile from the hotel, was a very finely-coloured high cliff, called Elcho Rocks, and across the lake another similar high point, named Hawk's Nest Rocks. On both of them were painted, in gigantic white letters, advertisements of someone's pills or bitters, quite spoiling the delightful picture.

When I returned from my paddle to these points, the son of the hotel-keeper asked me what I thought of the scenery, and in praising it, I spoke very warmly about the desecration of the place by this

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MUSKOKA.



lettering. I declared that the man who did it ought to be flayed alive, I believe.

In the afternoon this young man came to me where I was sketching, and remarked—

“You don’t like that painting on the rocks, then?”

“No, I certainly do not,” I answered; “it is disgusting. It spoils one of the most pleasing views I have ever seen.”



HAWKS' NEST ROCKS.

“Well,” said he, “I’m sorry, for I did it. I thought it looked pretty, and helped the view greatly; but I’ve been thinking of what you said this morning, and I’ve concluded to take a pot of brown paint and daub them out.”

“Do; and the sooner the better,” I made answer. I wonder if it’s done yet?

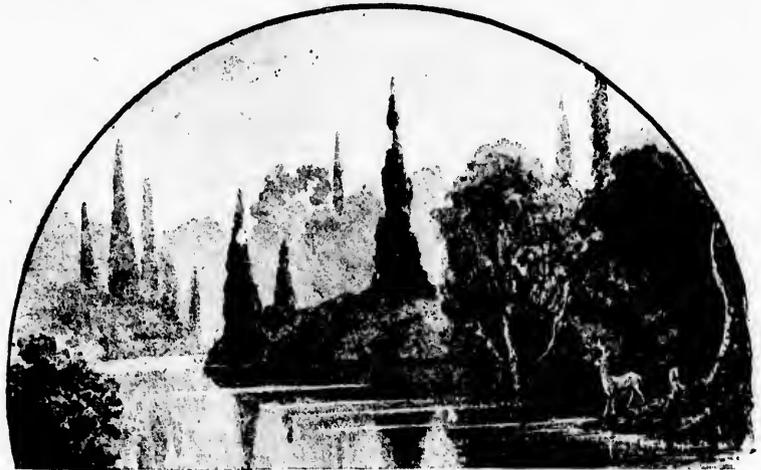
It is said to be very healthy — bracing and invigorating up there; doctors send their patients up to recuperate.

The next day I went down that Lake Joseph again, through a narrow cutting at Port Sandford, into and up Lake Rosseau, which is a greater favourite still with some people; it is also full of islands, and is used in the same way. At the head of it there is quite a village. There used to be a very famous hotel there of immense size, kept by an odd old Yankee named Pratt. He was a very

well known character; his oddities and his peculiar treatment of his guests were heard of wherever Muskoka was known. Many people were deeply offended by his behaviour. He wilfully made himself conspicuously rude for business purposes, as an advertisement. But his place is burnt down now. Someone has built another across the bay, and it will, perhaps, become as famous.

I stayed at the Monteith House, which, outside, was pretentious enough; but, oh! the food and the bed-rooms—well, the less said the better. My idea of enjoyment on those lakes would be to have a Thames house-boat; then, with one's own surroundings, nothing could be more pleasant.

Near the head of Lake Rosseau is Shadow River, which is, perhaps, *the* show-place of Muskoka. It is a stream, say, forty feet wide, winding through flat, closely timbered land; it appears to be very



SHADOW RIVER.

deep and black; the peculiarity is that it reflects, very perfectly, the adjacent scene, very much in the way and with the colour that a Claude Lorraine glass does.

For several miles of its tortuous course this continues. Everyone sees it who goes there; those who are staying seem to paddle up it every day. Instead of "Shadow," it should be called "Mirror" or "Reflection" River.

There is any quantity of fish to be caught up these lakes. Black bass, mas-que-longue, pickerel, pike, and perch, and, in some of the

brooks, speckled trout. Game is plentiful, too. Drumming grouse, called there partridge and pheasant indiscriminately, quail, and ducks in season, black and grey squirrels—excellent for the table. Deer and bear not at all uncommon.

There are scattered around these larger lakes, others smaller, some with, some without islands; there are streams connecting them, some navigable; some have to be "portaged" even by canoeists. There is a river with a large village on it, Bracebridge, which runs many miles back, and has several fine falls on it. In fact, so far as I could learn, or see, the whole country thereabouts, north and west, is broken up by lakes and streams, and covered with primæval forest. It is the home of all the Canadian wild animals, from the bear to the beaver. It is a sportsman's Paradise, the canoeist's and the camper's ideal country, and is well named "the Picturesque Playground of Canada."

I had returned to Toronto from Muskoka, and was about to start for Peterborough, when I received a letter from Walter Martin, Fred Seagood's friend, at Banff, telling me he had heard from Seagood, who had actually thrown up his position in London and was coming to Canada—was now at sea. He proposed calling on me in Toronto, on his way to join Martin at Banff. He did not appear to know that the Selbys were at Broadview, which struck me as very strange at the time, for Mr. Martin had promised to tell him all about everything. The fact is, though, he wanted him at Banff, and had kept back much that he should have told him.

This was very annoying news, bad for both Maud and her father. As for Mr. Seagood himself, without knowing all the particulars of his case, it certainly appeared to me utter folly to have left England, with his prospects, to turn brickmaker at Banff in the Rockies. Certainly, I knew well enough what was at the bottom of it all—"Maud Selby"; and he supposed that she was permanently settled in Canada.

How to help matters into a more favourable state was my next thought. My letter, just received from Banff, was four days old; Seagood was due in Montreal in five days. My resolve was quickly taken. I sent a letter to await him at Father Point, begging him to come straight to me at Peterborough, where I should be able to advise him and throw much light on the position of things, mentioning, as an inducement for him to do so, that I was entirely in Mr. Selby's confidence; and so I left it.

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CHAPTER XXIX.

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

To Peterborough.—The Otomabee River.—Bringing Logs to the Mills.—Tows, how Floated.—Mr. Seagood arrives and meets Me.—Breaking the Ice.—A Serious Pulver.—A Stupid Entanglement.—My Plans and Advice for Him.—An Excursion proposed.—Going up to Clear Lake.—Our Camp on an Island.—Fishing and Shooting.—A delightful Pic-nic.—Visiting Settlers from Bedfordshire.—A Backwoods Home.—The right People in the right Place.—Bears a great Nuisance.—I resolve to hunt Them.—Great luck! a Bear in the Corn.—Stalking.—A steady Shot.—The Bear my Prize.—Congratulations.—The Camp broken up by a Cablegram from England.—Seagood summoned Home.—Tidings of great Joy.—Seagood's Impatience.—The Glory of the Woods.—Collecting Skins and other Specimens.—Leaving Peterborough.—The Meeting in Montreal.—Happiness.—Once again on board the *Parmesian*.

It takes about three hours to run from Toronto to Peterborough by the C.P.R. And here let me say another word or two in praise of that famous railroad. I found that, in the more populous districts which the line passes through, they use cars in which there is a small buffet, with convenience for making tea and coffee, which, with bread and butter, and really good sandwiches, &c., are supplied to travellers at a very moderate charge. These "lunches" are served at all hours—no small boon in America—on neatly white-clothed boards, by respectable and polite attendants. It is a most satisfactory and popular arrangement.

I arrived in Peterborough one evening early in September. I knew nothing about the hotels there, and, for that matter, very little in Hamilton or Toronto; but, from their appearance, I judge they are the sort of places where an Englishman usually finds something wanting.

Peterborough is situated on the Otonabee, a rapid river, falling in less than ten miles down an incline of more than one hundred and fifty feet. There are several saw-mills upon it; lumber and board

cutting is the principal industry of the locality, besides farming. It is a very pretty town, though very much like others in Canada. The main street has some fine buildings on it, and prides itself on its display of plate-glass fronted stores.

In one direction the Otonabee River spreads out into a small lake, where there should be ample room for canoeing and boat-sailing; but they allow all the sawdust from the mills to collect in it, which ferments and is exceedingly disagreeable, if not worse. It is on this river that the canoes are made which are of world-wide celebrity.

The river above Peterborough is usually dotted in summer with saw-logs floating down with the stream to the mills. There are frequent "jams" of them in narrow or shallow parts, and then the loggers show their wonderful agility, running out over a mass of them, lying in every awkward position, and getting them adrift by means of long spiked poles, which they use as levers or to push with.

The Otonabee runs out of a chain of lakes which extends back for very many miles into the pine forests. There in winter they cut these logs, usually from twelve to twenty feet in length; these are hauled by oxen, or rolled by hand, to the edges of the thin frozen streams. When the ice breaks up they are floated down to the saw-mills. It is a most interesting thing to see the operation conducted. It takes the best part of summer to bring them down from the back-country, for they have to pass through many narrow or shallow places: the tows have to be frequently broken up, the logs sent over falls and "chutes" and down rapids; then they have to be caught again and formed into compact groups, sometimes hundreds of thousands of them, surrounded by logs joined together by chains. These are called "tows," and have to be hauled by main force, often by horses or by tugs, across the currentless lakes to the next narrows, where all has to be repeated.

It was about a week after my arrival at Peterborough when I received a telegram from Montreal from Mr. Seagood, begging me to meet him at 5.30 the next morning; he had arrived there and was leaving that evening to see me.

Early as it was, I was at the station, and duly welcomed this interesting individual. Naturally, it was interesting to meet a man who had left England only twelve days ago; but it was still more so to meet the man who was, I believed, destined ere long to be Maud Selby's husband.

Mr. Seagood was a man of about twenty-six, in every way the sort of person such a girl as Maud Selby would become attached to. He

was not handsome, but he was essentially a gentleman, a tall and manly one. His greeting to me was not at all what I had expected. He seemed to look upon our meeting as a purely business one, and I had some difficulty to prevent his going to a hotel instead of coming to stay with me at the hospitable house where I was visiting.

I had some trouble, too, to make him understand the position in which I stood towards the Selbys; but, subsequently, when I got him alone and went into particulars with him, I soon put matters straight in that respect.

Did he know that the Selbys were all at Broadview? Yes; his friend Martin had told him that. Did he know that Mr. Selby and Maud were shortly to join me in Montreal, and that we three were going home together? No, certainly not; he had been informed merely that, most likely, they would go home some time.

"Then," I begged to ask him, "what was his precise object in coming to Canada?"

"Why, to join his friend at Banff, of course; what else?"

I saw I should have to take this young man in hand also.

"Look here, Mr. Fred Seagood," I began; "I know exactly how the matter stands between you and Miss Selby. You may as well be open with me, for I can help you. It was on her account that you have come. I think, knowing what I do, that you have done a very unwise thing in throwing up that good position you held in London, to come here in search of her, and I don't know what the end of this may be. It is all very well to talk about going to join Martin at Banff. I don't believe you'd like that, and I'm quite sure Maud would not; also, I doubt immensely if Mr. Selby would give his consent to your marrying his daughter, if you propose to carry out that plan."

To which he made answer—

"As regards Miss Selby, in the first place, I have no right to suppose that she would accept me if I offered myself."

"Stop!" I interposed. "Right or no right, you have come to this country with the full hope and belief that she *will* accept you. Look here, my dear Sir; accept this statement from me—I know all about the matter."

"Well, then," he asked, "*will* she accept me?"

"Come, come; not so fast. Tell me what your plans really are, for this brick-making idea seems to be absurd."

"Simply, as I say, to join Martin at Banff."

"Then, if that be so, all I can advise is, go on there as quickly as you can—don't stop off at Broadview—and let the whole affair, so far as concerns Maud Selby, drop."

"Why—why?" he cried in amazement.

"Because nothing but unhappiness and discomfort can come of your taking that girl up there to live. Why *did* you give up your office in London? What were you thinking of?"

"I could not stand the uncertainty. I lost heart—head too, perhaps; at any rate, here I am, with a couple of hundred pounds only. I must settle down to work here now. If I could be sure of gaining Miss Selby's hand, I would do anything she wishes; but I have, wisely or unwisely, thrown up my business connections in London, and I really see nothing for it but to go to Banff. Is it such a terrible place?"

"Oh, it's good enough in its way, but it would never do for you and Maud. Why didn't you speak to her before she left England?"

"Well, I can't say. How I wish I had done so!"

Really, I did not know what to advise; it seemed to be a very stupid entanglement. We had hours of talk, and I'm sure I let him see plainly enough that he had but to ask Maud to have her, as I had bidden his friend Martin to tell him. But he didn't seem to see it; he was all doubts, though only on *that* point, whilst I was troubled to know what he could do in Canada now he was there. I had it from Mr. Selby that his abilities were of the highest order, and I knew he had splendid testimonials. At last an idea struck me. Finally, I begged him to take it easy for three or four days, whilst we thought out some plan, assuring him that I hoped to be able to help him, which he agreed to.

I had some near friends in the West, deeply interested in insurance matters. I wrote to them, telling them about Mr. Seagood, of his particular capabilities, asking them if it would be possible for him to get a post anything like that he had vacated in England. I explained why he had vacated it, too.

So I put the affair in train. He and I passed the next few days about the neighbourhood. It was a pleasant task to show this intelligent young Englishman what I could of Canadian life. He was much interested in botany and entomology, and I could have wished for no better companion than he would have been on our Western tour.

With the Canadian girls I was acquainted with he quickly became a great favourite. I think it would not have required any supreme effort on his part to have secured his choice of them.

On the third day I had a reply to my letter. My friend assured me that, with Mr. Seagood's qualifications, there would be no difficulty to place him, and begged me to let him know if he really wished

to make an engagement. If so, he could arrange at once. This was, so far, encouraging; so, taking Mr. Seagood on one side, I explained what I had done, and this was the advice I gave him—

“Write to Maud directly. Ask her to have you; tell her you can get a post here similar to that you had at home. Write also to her father. Ask him for his consent; tell him exactly how matters stand; what you came out here to do; and let him decide between Banff and this other chance. I will write, too, and say what I think about it.”

He agreed to this plan, and that very day our letters were despatched to Deneholme, Broadview, and we had at least twelve days to wait for replies.

If there is anything to draw, I can always make my stay anywhere pleasant to myself; but I did not know about Seagood's patience. I was anxious, however, to go up to the lakes behind Peterborough, which are much like Muskoka Lakes, and it occurred to me that he would find time hang less heavily on his hands if he joined me on such a trip. The proposal pleased him greatly. I knew where to borrow a tent and all camp equipment, and I knew two boys who would jump at the chance of going with us—boys who knew their way about those lakes, too.

So, two days after our letters were despatched, behold us all ready for a start, provisions laid in, folding beds and heaps of blankets, rods and lines, guns and ammunition, sketching kit, pots and pans, and bait, *i.e.* “worms.”

We made our start early on a beautiful morning. As yet there was no appearance of autumn, except that the days were shortening and the nights were cool. We had to drive some miles to Lakefield, a village close to where the Otonabee joins the first lake.

Here we stowed ourselves and our gear on board the *Cruiser*, about the queerest craft imaginable, funnier than some they use on the Pacific coast even; and in course of time we started. They never seem to hurry in Canada.

The current was very strong against us at first. The banks of the lake are very flat, cedar and pine-clad islands, and points of land half submerged in water. Then we passed through a short canal and shallow lock, near some stores and a saw-mill. This was Young's Point, and we were in Clear Lake. After sundry delays, whilst the captain and his crew of one man and a boy went ashore to twelve o'clock dinner, I believe, we started on again, passed Sandy Point, and halted there for an hour, then got to Stony Lake, and finally, amongst a group of lovely islands, we went alongside the rocks of

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STONY LAKE.—A TOW OF LOGS.

one—Bare Island. There they deposited our camping-kit, and left us. We had brought a boat with us.

Bare Island is about one hundred yards long and fifty broad; it stands twenty or thirty feet out of the clear water of the lake. It is covered with grass and low bushes, and plenty of loose rocks. There are two graceful cedars on it. It is a favourite camping-place in summer, as there is usually a breeze there, and it is free from mosquitoes than most places. Here, on this rocky islet, we pitched our very comfortable tent, put up our beds, and in an hour were at home.

There was plenty of wood for fuel round the island; on the beach we had roaring fires.

That evening there was a glorious sunset. Whilst I was making memoranda of the effects, the boys got supper ready, Seagood helping; then we went fishing for breakfast, but got nothing. Then we got a shot or two at ducks flying across our camp, but missed them; they were too far. After sleeping as comfortably as could be desired, we were up early and went of "trolling." This is simply trailing behind the boat, which is pulled slowly, a long line with a *spoon* bait to it.

The lake is full of islands like Muskoka, and is quite as pretty. In the early morning the effects were lovely. In the passages amongst the islands where we trolled, the reflections in the placid water of the gloriously-coloured rocks, the trees, the sky, was perfectly delightful; but, indeed, it was always so, morning, noon, and evening, and we had charming moonlight nights and not a drop of rain whilst we were there.

There was no one camping up there then; quietness reigned over the whole scene. After much experience of such expeditions, I have decided that the fall—at any rate, all September—is the pleasantest time to undertake them. There are no mosquitoes then—what a blessing that is! The nights are cool—but that does not matter with plenty of blankets; the days are quite warm enough to row or paddle, or to sit out to sketch, and the colours of the land and water are more beautiful than at any other time of the year.

We caught a large masquelongue that morning for breakfast, and during the day the boys took several fine black bass. In the afternoon we pulled to a lovely little lake lying half a mile inland, of which I made a sketch. They call it "Fairy Lake." Another day we went up to Burleigh, where there is a summer hotel and a store or two, and a waggon-road leading somewhere. There are some settlers, but very few; we saw none. But across the lake, at Mount

Julian—it is only a low hill, but the highest land about—there are several. We used to pull a mile every day to get a can of milk, and eggs, from one settler.

Juniper Island, close to Bare Island, is owned by Mr. Geo. Roger, of Peterborough. He has a summer cottage on it, so has his friend Mr. B. Edwards, but they were all empty then. On it, one day, the boys and Seagood captured an immense alligator turtle; it was quite three feet from tip to tip, a most ferocious-looking beast, too. It was basking in the sun; one of the boys crept quietly up to it, dangling a baited hook before its face. This it seized, and was caught. Its shell now graces a Peterborough drawing-room.

They used to take me in the boat to any spot I chose and leave me, whilst they went off shooting and fishing. A few ducks and grouse, and once a "loon," fell to their guns. They were none of them expert gunners, or they would have tried for deer and bear in the woods. Seagood had had no experience of this work before, but he got on well with fishing. We had fish, fried or boiled, at every meal.

Naturally, Seagood and I had much confidential talk; our doings in the West were always topics of profound interest to him, and the more times I mentioned Maud's name the better he liked it. I had to tell him much about Canada, for in that land he expected his future would be spent, and he was glad of information. I told



AN ALLIGATOR TURTLE.

him the story of Maggie's and Charlie's meeting, and of their attachment, which he naturally thought would be an additional reason why Maud and her father should be glad to live in that country. As regards Mr. Selby, however, I explained to him my opinion that he did not altogether like Canada, and would not willingly reside there; that I believed his, Seagood's, advent, and the altered arrangements which looked probable, would be a sore trouble to him. It would be very nice for him to come out every year or two and stay with Tom and Maggie, for I did not think that he would be happy to live in England alone; it was not likely that he would.

Some miles back from the shore of Stony Lake there was settled a man, his wife, and two children, whom I had known in Bedfordshire. They had been out two years, had got one hundred acres of land, I heard, and were making a comfortable home there. I had promised

their people, if possible, to see them; so, one fine day, we rowed ashore, with guns, and started for the place, which some settlers directed us to. It was not at all a bad *walk*, but how they got wheeled vehicles about, as they evidently did by the wheel-marks, was a puzzler. We passed some fields fenced in with rough rails, where the stumps among the stubble looked peculiar enough. Potatoes were being dug by the few scattered inhabitants; their little log houses and shanties we passed at long intervals. They told us they were doing fairly well, and were quite satisfied; that many people came up to camp on the lake every summer, so everything they produce meets with a ready sale to them; that the A.C.A. (the American Canoe Association) had met there two years running, and proposed to make an annual visit, which was a good thing for the settlers, as the members spent money freely.

It was in a clearing in the deep forest, through which only a trail ran, that I found my old acquaintances. Coming so unexpectedly upon them, the mistress, at any rate, was "flustered"; for the two years they had been in the bush they had seen no face but their neighbours'. They were people of the small farmer class at home, eminently well suited to make successful settlers in Canada.

So far, they said they liked it, and believed they should prosper. Roads were being made through that part; the land was good. In a few years they would be doing well. They had many comforts which the ordinary settlers had not, for they had not gone out penniless, and the well-filled barn, good-looking cows about the straw-yard, and the many marks of thrift and good sense not commonly found amongst new backwoods settlers were very encouraging. Of course, we had a good "square" meal, and much pleasant talk about the friends at home and their doings there.

"So, then," said I, "you really like it here?"

"Yes," said Wills (that was his name), "we do undoubtedly. It is lonesome, but every year we shall have more neighbours. There is a chance here, which we seemed not to have in England, dearly as we loved it."

"And, Mrs. Wills; now do you really like it?"

"Oh, fairly well," she answered. "I like it this time of year, and I don't much dislike the winters; but when the mosquitoes are about—that's nearly all summer—it is dreadful; they are really the greatest drawback to the backwoods life. Also I wish there were not so many bears about; I always dread them."

"Bears! Are there bears hereabouts, then?"

"Oh, yes. Only the other night there was great commotion in the

barn-yard. John"—her husband—"got up with the gun, but he saw nothing, though in the morning we saw bear-tracks all about the pig-pens."

"Don't they ever organize a hunt to destroy them?"

"Oh, no; they have no time. We have three or four acres of corn—maize—close up to the woods yonder, entirely destroyed by bears; it is nearly all trampled flat by them. John and the boys often see them of an evening, and I have done so too from the upstairs window. I dread anyone going outside after dark."

"But they will not attack a human being; you need not fear that,



FAIRY LAKE.

Mrs. Wills. I used to have some knowledge of their habits when I was a boy, up Stratford way. Have you a rifle? No? I have one at our camp. Would there be any chance to get a shot, do you think, Wills?"

He told me he felt quite sure there would be, if I could stay a night with them.

The upshot of this was that we went over to the field of corn, where I saw plainly enough that a bear had often been. When a boy I had had some experiences of this kind, and judged that there was but one bear about. So I resolved that, in a day or two, I would

come with a rifle, stay for a night, and watch that field. Then we went back to our island.

Accordingly, the boys pulled me ashore one afternoon, and with my gun on my shoulder I marched off to the Wills's, getting there about 4 p.m. We planned that after supper, about dusk, Wills and I should go off and hide ourselves in heaps of corn-stalks, and wait the advent of Mr. Bruin.

I am very fond of green corn. The Wills boys told me that they believed they could find a few cobs over there yet which the bear had not destroyed, and proposed to go and get them for supper. Their mother made no objection, having no terror of bears by daylight. Wills and his wife and I were sitting down gossiping. The boys had not been gone many minutes, when they ran back in the greatest excitement. The bear was in the corn-field; they had both seen it, sitting up, as big as an ox and as black, they said.

Here was luck for me. A glance from the window up-stairs showed they were right. Not a quarter of a mile away, amongst the corn-stalks and the stumps, a black beast was stirring about; no doubt of that. If he only would stay there till I got near enough, was my thought.

Wills proposed that we should go round through the woods and come at him thence, there being a hollow along the edge of the forest by which we could creep, he knew. So that is what we did, quickly, but very cautiously and quietly, until we got to what we thought must be the proper point at which to go up the hill-side to the fence. As luck would have it, the moment I could see over the level ground, there was the bear; broadside on to me, not eighty yards away.

A signal to Wills to halt; I raised my rifle, took extra steady aim just behind his shoulder, and fired.

Well, I didn't know before that moment how fast a bear *can* travel. Before the smoke was clear, he was on us; he leapt the fence less than two yards away, smashing the top rail as he did so. When he touched the ground, he rolled, seemingly head over heels, down the declivity, and out of sight.

Till then, during the five seconds which had elapsed since I pulled the trigger, I thought I had missed him, and that he was just "coming for us" in a rage; but the way in which he rolled down the bank convinced me that he must be a very sick bear indeed. I clapped in a fresh cartridge, standing expectant.

Wills stood behind me with his fowling-piece loaded with buck-shot. Another five minutes of breathless anxiety passed. We heard

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no sound. Still, I judged it best to remain still. Then, after half a minute had passed, I breathed freer, and Wills said, "Well, he's gone. What a pity you missed! Was it too long a shot?"

"Gone!" I shouted. "Gone dead, you mean. There's a dead bear just down there. Come, let us go and see."

Six steps revealed him to us, lying in a heap behind a log, with one big paw extended on it. It was rather foolish of me, but I suppose I was excited. I went down and lifted that paw. The bear drew it in, lifted up his head, looked at me for a second, gave a fierce growl, and died.

Then we examined him. I had shot him clear through the heart.



SHOOTING THE BEAR.

Next, Wills got on the fence and began to yell. I don't know what he said—he meant it as a *jubilate*, I suppose—but he made a terrible row. I tried to stop him, but he kept at it till he was hoarse.

Then a neighbour came, and the two boys, and amongst us we got the bear up to the house—a very difficult job, for he was so *loose* and awkward and slippery. This neighbour of Wills's was an old hunter. He said I had been very foolish not to have sent for him to help me *before* I shot the bear. I thanked him, promising to do so next time.

This animal scaled four hundred and eighty pounds as he fell.

We hung him by his heels, and his arms reached round four of us. I brought away his jawbone as a trophy, and I was to have had his skin, of course. Wills took it to a German tanner a few days after, and the fool tanned all the hair off and converted it into leather. So all I have had of it is a pair of slippers, which came to me last winter.

Mrs. Wills told us she watched the bear from the upper window, then saw the puff of smoke and heard the crack of my rifle, and beheld the black beast rush in that direction. Naturally, she considered that I had missed him. When she saw her husband sitting on the fence howling, she concluded that something dreadful was the matter—that the bear and I were fighting down in the hollow. But she naïvely added—

“When John kept on howling, I felt sure *that* couldn't be; he would either go down and help you, or run back for assistance. So I sent for our neighbour here; and here you are, all safe, and the horrid bear dead, for a good thing.”

They made thirty dollars of the bear's grease and the meat at the store.

It was an exciting evening. We admired him, measured him, weighed him, and skinned him, and went very late to bed, well pleased with the adventure. I suppose the settlers thereabouts regard me still as a regular “Nimrod”—a mighty hunter.

In the morning, Wills walked with me to the lake shore, and my boys came by appointment with the boat and took me back to camp. All had gone well there. This was our eighth day on Bare Island, and we purposed to stay three days more.

Next day, about noon, we were all on Grassy Island, where I was sketching. We saw the steamer *Fairy* (such a fairy!) coming up the lake. When she got near Bare Island she began to yell, and someone from the steering-house waved frantically; but no one was at our camp to respond.

We fired a shot or two from where we were, and waved our handkerchieves. The *Fairy*, seeing us, came our way, and the boys went off in the boat and met her. There was a letter for me, and it contained this message: “A cablegram of great importance for F. Seagood; return to Peterborough with all speed.” Here was excitement.

The captain of the *Fairy*, who was near enough to hail, told us he was going up to Burleigh, would be gone two hours; if we were packed up by that time, he'd get us back to Lakefield in time for the last train for Peterborough.

This programme we carried out, and at nine that night Seagood had got his cablegram, which ran as follows:—

"Manager British Insurance Co., Lombard Street, London. To F. Seagood, G.N.W. Tel. Co., Toronto.

"Return to your old post in one month—pay doubled—cable answer within week."

"Well, well; you are a lucky fellow!" "How fortunate!" "You'll accept, of course!" These were the sort of remarks showered on Seagood by the kind friends around us, for he had soon made known the contents of his cable message.

Certainly he was very much overcome with gratification. It showed how highly he was appreciated in the old position; they couldn't get on without him, it was clear. Also, what a nice thing it would be to have his income doubled. *Now*, he need have no hesitation in making Maud his wife. All these ideas, no doubt, crowded through his mind.

I, who knew the state of the whole case, was very glad at the turn affairs had taken. We talked the matter over, he and I. We could decide nothing till we had heard from Broadview, that was clear. A letter might come to-morrow.

But it didn't. So then we wired a long message containing the good news and asking their decision. The same night we got the following message back:—

"All agreed to. England decidedly. Letters due with you to-morrow."

And he got his letters. Maud accepted him. I knew she would. So did her father. They said that he must not think of Banff, but take the offer *I* seemed to have obtained for him. As he and Maud would have to live in Canada, Mr. Selby would go home with me, settle his affairs there, and come out again and make his home there too. Yet one could plainly read between the lines that he disliked that idea greatly. They would arrive in Montreal on October 4th. In a few days after, the two could be married. They begged us both to meet them.

That is the substance of the letters. Our telegrams since had modified the position entirely, and all was well. Yes, all was well. Maud was now the affianced wife of Fred Seagood. Needless to say, they both received *my* very sincere congratulations.

The young man, my companion, was radiant, but impatient. He began to count the days and hours till he should see her. He proposed to go along to the West by C.P.R. until he met her, and all sorts of plans he laid. I strongly urged him not to carry out this

railway idea, at any rate, for I did not think a railway car, even a C.P.R. one, the nicest place for a lovers' meeting. I counselled him to keep quiet and to do as they asked us, "meet them in Montreal."

"Then we four will go comfortably home together in the *Parmesian*, you will go back to your old office; about Christmas you will be married, and I will come to your wedding. That's the way to settle it. Oh, you *are* a lucky beggar!"

And so it *was* settled.

Seagood and I, and various friends of mine, managed to put the time through somehow. We had much to admire. The trees were now quickly taking on their autumn tints, and a gorgeous show they were.

Some streets in Peterborough were thickly lined with shade-trees. It was a sight to gaze on the hues they assumed. Some were half brilliant green, half scarlet; many were "old gold." The soft maples were, I think, the brightest; looking up through one when the sun was shining on its crimson foliage was dazzling. The sumachs in the woods were glorious. The distant forests were as varied in colour as if they were flower-beds; they had every brilliant hue but blue, and that the sky supplied. The oaks were of every shade of bronze, the beeches orange, and the sombre pines grouped here and there completed the picture.

It was Indian summer; the nights were frosty, the days were bright and sunny, slightly hazy; it was delicious weather, the finest time of the Canadian year.

We used to take our guns and nets about the woods a river. We secured skins, for stuffing, of all the Canadian squirrels, from the chipmunk, with its lovely stripes, to the large black squirrel; we got grey ones, too, and one evening we were fortunate enough to secure a flying squirrel.

The only butterflies we got at that late season were swallow-tails and Camberwell beauties; but we found on the upper twigs of trees a number of cocoons of *Samia secropia*, which we took home with us. The moths came out of all mine this summer; one of them measured six and a half inches across the wings.

On the evening of October 3rd, we said farewell to Peterborough and all our friends there, took a "sleeper" on the C.P.R., and next morning early arrived in Montreal.

We took up our quarters this time, for a change, at "Balmoral" House. That day we spent, in accordance with instructions from Broadview, in choosing and securing berths on the *Parmesian* and in getting all things ready for sailing in a few days.

Montreal is not a charming city in October, mud—and *such* mud, everywhere. The principal street would be pronounced impassable in England, yet the traffic was carried on with much splashing and floundering. We went up the mountain to Victoria Bridge, and saw most of the sights again, including the Art Gallery, where they have a few very good pictures. The following morning, "on time," the train came in from the West; and, sure enough, there were Mr. Selby and Maud.

I suppose the meeting of the lovers can easily be imagined. I cannot describe it. The fact is there was no demonstration; bystanders would not even have turned their heads to look, it was apparently so commonplace. But *I*, who knew the secret of it all, saw *they* were well content. The rest of our time in Montreal was passed somehow by Mr. Selby and myself. The lovers were happy enough.

The Balmoral is a good hotel, only peculiar customs prevail, according to our notions. The attendants are all negroes. I cannot say I like them as table servants; they are much too bumptious.

The latest arrangement made by the Allan line is that passengers can go on board in Montreal the night before the steamer sails. This is a great improvement; it saves expense, hotel annoyances at Quebec, and in many ways conduces to one's comfort.

So at eight one evening we were conveyed on board. I took up my quarters in the same room I came out in; and as I laid down in the same berth again that night, it seemed as if all that I had passed through and seen since I had lain there before must surely be a dream.

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CHAPTER XXX.

CONCLUSION.

Homeward Bound.—Mr. Selby expounds to me his Views on the Settlement of Affairs.—A Discussion.—Relative Merits of the N.W.T. and British Columbia.—Broadview jeers at Tom's English Ways.—Friend Brown's Commentary.—Mr. Selby has financed our Friends.—Matrimonial Prospects of the Young People.—All Satisfactory.—Anticosti.—The Straits of Belle Isle.—Fellow-passengers and their Impressions of Canada.—My own Opinion of the Country and what I saw There.—Advice to intending Colonists and to Tourists.—A few Words to British Farmers.—An Instance.—Comparisons. The English Farmer in Canada, and what his Opinion is.—Our Trip ended at Liverpool.—Later Events detailed in Letters from Tom Selby and Meadows.—And so I make my Bow to the Reader.

THE English mails had come on board the *Parmesian* at Father Point, our complement of passengers had embarked, and we were off, bowling down the St. Lawrence—homeward bound!

We hoped to sight Anticosti that afternoon, and were anxious about fog, for we were to pass through the narrow Straits of Belle Isle that night.

Mr. Selby and I were sitting in a sheltered nook on deck. Fred Seagood and Maud were walking up and down, as is the custom at sea, looking very happy, as they had the best of reasons to, considering all that had happened, and the good fortune that had come to them. Until now, we two, Mr. Selby and I, had had very little opportunity for conversation; something always had arisen to prevent it. To be sure, I had heard that all was well in the West; but I wanted some details, so I began—

“Tell me now, are you satisfied with the state of matters at Broadview? Does Tom shape well? Is he going to be a good settler? How does Maggie get on? How is Charlie Donald? What are his chances of success? I want to hear everything about them all up there.”

Mr. Selby replied to me, “I am, in a certain sense, well satisfied.

Both Tom and Maggie like it, and will get on all right. There are many much more beautiful parts of Canada than that is, but I don't think that we saw any particular spot which appeared to answer all their requirements better than Denholme does. They have friends near them, and that is really very important in that great lone land. Nowhere else where they could have settled would they, very likely, have found at once so many; and, thanks to you, there is Meadows, who is of immense benefit to them."

"Yes," I interposed, "you are right there; I am very glad they get on so well with him. He is a wonderful man, and so reliable. I knew him many years, you know, in England, before disasters made him an emigrant."

"Yes, I'm very glad to know him," resumed Mr. Selby; "and if they only like the winter, and it agrees with them, I can't say that I am sorry that they fixed upon that place in preference, for instance, to somewhere on the Columbian Lake, or about Calgary. Then, where they are, they have a really comfortable house, a good barn and stables. You see, they really have a perfect home around them at once."

"Then you prefer the N.W.T. to British Columbia?"

"No, certainly not; that is, not to Vancouver Island as a place of residence. No, unquestionably, that is by far the most charming land we have seen out of England. But what chance was there really there for Tom—I mean with his capital? He could not have got land at any such price, in any quantity, on Vancouver Island, as where they are."

"True. But don't you think it is a terribly monotonous—a dreadfully 'ugly' country?"

"Of course I do, generally; but there are pretty spots, I'm sure. About the Qu'Appelle, in the Indian Reserve there, at Crooked Lakes, it is very charming."

"But look how terribly lonely it is!"

"That is so, I know; but where they are it is not that. And, to tell you the truth, I don't consider either Maggie or Tom care one pin about beautiful scenery, or the appearance of the country. They are very practical young people, and I *do* think, for those like them, there can be no better country than the N.W.T."

"But for you, or for me, we who *do* like to look about us a bit, who have eyes for the picturesque and the beautiful, it would become terribly trying to live there, don't you think?"

"I do; but as a land to succeed in, the more I saw the more certain I became that anyone understanding farm and dairy work,

and able and willing to do it—mark these points—who goes there with a little money—£300 or £400 or so—can do well, and will never regret going.”

“I’m sure you are right, *if* they are the right people; only I would rather go farther west—to Vancouver Island, in fact. Perhaps there is not the same chance there—indeed, I know there is not; but believing, as we all do, that the country is bound to go ahead and prosper rapidly, don’t you think that a farm of, say, one hundred acres, somewhere within a comparatively short distance of Victorin, up Comox way, or about Cowichan, would be preferable, more valuable, more profitable, than a quarter or a half section would be on the prairies? We know the climate is very greatly better in the west than in the east too, and see what a lovely country it is. For my part, I should much, very much, prefer it.”

“Ah, so should I, but I doubt if the bulk of emigrants would; but, anyway, it is no use talking, there is not the land there to carry a large farming population. Even now, I suppose, the best land is all occupied.”

“I suppose so. It is on the Island, doubtless; but I fancy more and more available will be discovered on the mainland. Still, as you say, the prairies offer homes to millions. British Columbia cannot do that.”

“How do the Blewitts get on?” I asked him.

“Famously, famously. We must ever thank you for your happy thought in that matter. She is a very sensible and clever woman; she is a very superior one too, an immense help to Maggie. It is like having a friend beside her always. And her husband is clever, too. I don’t know how Tom could have got on without him. He seems to see through things at once, and to be able to carry out all that Meadows advises so successfully. You would never suppose that at Deneholme all the inhabitants are only six months’ residents in Canada. The Canadian neighbours make many funny remarks about them, and jeer at them and their ways a good deal; but, I believe they will see, by and by, that there is a good deal of sense in the—to them—new ideas they are going on. For instance, Tom will not have his implements and harness left about anywhere, just where the work ends, in all weathers, as the Canadians do. Sometimes, too, he has the waggon and the buckboard driven down to the slough, and has the mud washed off; and, much to the amazement of some of them, he grooms the ponies occasionally. You remember Brown? Yes; well, Brown came over one day, sat on the fence there by the gate for an hour, said nothing, but watched all the manœuvres as

he called them. Then he uttered this wise sentence, 'Wall, new brooms sweeps clean. It's all mighty fine now, but you wait till spring. I guess you'll find these yere toney ideas o' yours won't work. Horses combed—buggies washed—chips swep up—door-yard kept clar o' rubbidge! No, sir; there ain't no time in this yer land for them sort of antics!' Then he got down, 'shook' us all round, and went off."

"Well, Mr. Selby, and how do you think Charlie Donald is getting on? Is he likely to prosper?"

"Ah!" he answered, "that brings me to a subject I wished to tell you about. You remember Maggie wanted to lend him her £500? Now, I couldn't allow that, you know; but I have been in correspondence with certain friends of his at home, and I found out the young man is all right, so *I've* lent him £500."

"How good of you! Why, that will set him up grandly."

"Yes, I think so; but he is to pay me six per cent. for it, you understand. That's more than I can get for it at home. I believe he'll do well now. Meadows is helping him greatly, too, by advice. But I must tell you this, too. Maggie has lent Meadows her £500 at the same interest, he and his son giving her a proper security on their land. I saw to that being done. And you remember that Charlie's and Jack Hardy's half-section of land corners on Meadows's and his son's. Well, those four have joined forces—gone into a sort of co-operative arrangement. They are even now building a large comfortable house near the corners, and are all going to live there together, and are going to hire a man to cook and do for them. They are going to get all the machinery and horses they really need, and a large lot of cows. Really, I believe they are going to do splendidly, and will be having some comfort too. Meadows is a sort of managing director for the lot—his own party, and for Tom too. Don't you think it is a capital arrangement?"

"Indeed, I do; and all this can be done well with the £1,000 they have now, in addition to what they had before. Thanks to you, they will get on famously, I'm certain. By and by there will be quite a village grow up there, when they all get married and have their separate houses. It will be quite an interesting place to go and visit a few years hence. I think they ought to call it after you—Selby's Corners or Selbyville—don't you think so? For it is all through your visit, eh?"

"Well, I'm very gratified at it all, I can tell you."

"How about Maggie and Charlie? What is the latest about them?"

"There's not a bit of doubt they are fond of each other, and it will result in a marriage, but not yet. I'm not sorry, for I like him immensely; and, as for Maggie—well, she is pretty enough and a dear, good girl; but I really don't think she is fitted to make a city dame. She will be happier as a well-to-do farmer's wife. She is not like Maud, you know. Oh, yes; I really think all will come out well."

"Has Charlie said anything to her, do you know?"

"No, I believe not; but it is well understood between them."

"Did he say much to you on this point?"

"He began once to talk, but I stopped him. I said we would leave all that for the future to decide. He knows pretty well though, I should say, that I don't object, or I should not have done as I have."

"Well, who else is there to ask about? Do they see much of Lena Lloyd?"

"Yes, a great deal. She and Maggie are great friends. She has dropped much of that dignified style she had. I haven't seen her for some time at the Dining Hall. I don't know if she 'sits on' the guests as she used to do, I am told."

"She did, indeed. You know how she treated me the first time I met her?"

"Well, yes—I believe I did hear about it; but that is, I hope, changed. Do you know, I think that Tom may some day get to like her."

"You don't say so! Well, I'm hardly surprised. She is very pretty and clever, and she has no competitors."

Then I asked him if, after all, he was sorry he had come on this trip, and if he was not pleased at the way matters had shaped themselves; and he replied that, on the whole, he was pretty well pleased, though he could not but wish that they were not to be divided so. It might have been worse, he admitted. He declared that he should, as long as he was able, divide his time between England and Canada. He liked them both; he hardly knew which best. In England he was all for Canada, in Canada all for England. But the journey from one to the other every year was, now-a-days, a mere pleasure trip—he should like it.

"Yet I must say," he concluded, "that at my time of life I prefer English civilization."

"I need not ask you, I suppose," was my last question to him at that time, "about those two there?" and I pointed to Maud and her lover, who had been passing and re-passing us every few minutes

during our long talk, and were now seated in deep conversation at the other end of the deck. "Everything is satisfactory there, eh?"

"Yes," he answered; "all is as I would have it there."

"Rather better than brick-making at Banff, eh?"

"Yes, rather."

The latter part of that day the Island of Anticosti lay along our port side. We passed it rather closely, so that with my glass I could make out clearly the sort of place it is. Much interest has been taken in it lately; they have been proposing to get up a company to purchase it and colonize it. Some people try to make one believe that it is a sort of Canadian Madeira.

One can judge by the quantity of timber on it, both large and small, that it is a habitable land. One person with us, who had been ashore, declared that it was one of the pleasantest and most picturesque places he had ever set foot in. This was in summer. We did not know from experience—any of us—what it would be like in winter, but we could give a good guess.

There is much land in America, easily got at, and very much better in every way than Anticosti will ever be. When that is all occupied, this island may have a chance; not before, I think.

That night we passed through the Straits of Belle Isle in safety, and had a clear course before us right away to Ireland; we had a smooth sea, too—as smooth as when we were outward bound.

There were several passengers returning who went out with us, amongst them three young ladies, who declared they liked the western land immensely, and hoped soon to return there. I ventured to ask them if they proposed to settle there. They said they did; they hoped to, any way. "To be married, probably," I suggested. "Well, yes;" they did not deny it.

We had others on board, returning disgusted; why, they could hardly say, or didn't like to in the face of so much in favour of the country which was continually being uttered in their hearing. The fact is, they were, some in one way, some in another, unsuitable for colonists; and it was well for them they had the means to return with.

There were tourists, some from "round the world," getting home again. You heard Vancouver, Glacier House, Victoria, Yokohama, Melbourne, Sydney, and fifty other places, spoken of on deck or at table as familiarly as we speak of Charing Cross or Piccadilly at home; and nearly all were delighted with the new Canadian route, and with the C.P.R. arrangements; but I did not meet with one who

had a word of praise for American and Canadian hotels and stopping-places.

And as we bowled along across the broad Atlantic, I had plenty of time to think things over. I concluded that, take it all in all, there is no better land for an emigrant to go to than where we had been travelling.

It is easier to get to than any of our other colonies, and the climate, the customs, the laws, and the aspect of the country are more like home than in any of the others, with the exception of some portions of New Zealand, perhaps. But a much smaller sum of money will convey emigrants to Canada than to any of the other colonies, and undoubtedly a smaller sum, used with sense, will set a man, or a family, going well in Canada than in Australia or New Zealand.

I do not mean in Manitoba and the N.W.T. only; I believe, from all I heard and saw, that even in the older provinces, even in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, there are openings for able men with a little capital to fix themselves most comfortably, and with every prospect of prosperity before them. I could relate more instances of successful settlement in the east in proportion to the numbers who go to stay there, than of those who go west. I believe they are more fortunate in the old provinces than in the new; but, east or west, north or south, in the Canadian Dominion—it cannot be too often repeated—they must, to be successful settlers, be suitable people. It really seems to make little difference what part of Canada settlers go to; if they be fitted for their work, they are bound to do. If they have some means, all the better; quicker prosperity awaits them; that is to say, *if they wait some weeks, or even months, after arriving in the part they desire to settle in before they invest one cent in land or cattle, or decide definitely what they will do about it.*

Those who have no means may rest assured that if they are able and willing to work hard, to endure a certain roughness of life and loneliness which our humblest agricultural labourers in Britain rarely know anything about, there is work for them to do; they are needed from end to end of the land, *in the country.*

For people to emigrate to Canada with the view of bettering themselves in trade or office-work, I would say decidedly, "*Pause!*" Canada is too full even now of such people. There are as many, perhaps more in proportion to the population, seeking situations in Canada, in offices and clerical positions, than there are in England or Scotland.

To tourists, to those desiring a glorious holiday, I would say, go to Canada; go camping on the lakes, the back lakes of Ontario; to

Muskoka, amongst the One Thousand Islands on the St. Lawrence, or the Ten Thousands in Georgian Bay, Lake Huron. Go to Pentanguishine, and hire a yacht there and spend some weeks cruising and camping, fishing and shooting in the season. Take ladies with you; all go in Canada who can, and why not English ladies? You will find this better than relying on hotels. You will not like them, especially country backwoods ones.

Or take your camping-kit and go by C.P.R. to Calgary or a station or two west of it, and there begin to camp, going by easy stages through the mountains to the coast. There is good camping-ground near most stations. That railway is not like any we have in England; it runs, west of the prairies anyway, through wild land enough. There is nothing to fear, no wild beasts to harm you; the workmen on the line are not half as rough as they look, and if you have ladies with you, their language will be quite choice.

And ladies can go, and with great pleasure. Mr. L. R. O'Brien, President of the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts, was camping all along the line last summer, and he had his sister with him, and Miss O'Brien told me that it was quite enjoyable, and I have heard they are repeating the expedition this year.

There are mosquitoes; in some places they are terrible. You must bear with them to some extent, but by a sensible use of mosquito-netting their annoyance may be much mitigated, and peaceful nights undoubtedly secured.

Camp all the way to the Pacific coast beside the C.P.R.; take a good man cook with you, one who knows the country; be lavish with camp equipage, with folding beds and easy chairs, mosquito nets and food; though the last you can purchase frequently at stations along the route. Then cross over from Vancouver City to Vancouver Island, and near Victoria, and in fifty other lovely spots, you can put up your tents and have the greatest enjoyment.

I can hardly imagine a more delightful six months' holiday, than for a party of four to six, with tastes appropriate, sketchers, botanizers, geologists, or naturalists of any kind, to go thus, with a reliable man to wait on them.

It would not be at all a costly trip, done this way, either.

But before I close this history, I must say a few words to British farmers.

I do not understand agricultural matters, and yet it seems to me that no one with an observing eye can pass through Canada, especially through Manitoba and the Great North West, without being struck with several things, notably this: There are thousands of

British agriculturists settled, and, in most cases, doing well there, all speaking highly of the country and its capabilities, yet in what a different manner they go on to what they did at home. Might not some lessons be learnt from their habits?

For instance, I know a man and his son, a lad of fifteen. They have one hundred and eighty acres of land; they have thirty head of cattle, fifteen of them cows; these latter have to be milked, and the milk delivered twice daily in the town two miles away. For six months, at least, these thirty animals have to be stall-fed and attended to in every way by this man and boy. Certainly, in Britain this would be thought employment enough for them. But besides this, during the short summer, enough roots have to be grown, and sufficient hay cut, made, and carried, to last them for this six months! And there are twenty or more hogs to be fed and calves to tend.

Still more, there are thirty acres of wheat and oats to be ploughed for, sown, and harvested; there are ten acres of potatoes to be put in, taken up, carried, and packed away most carefully to save them from frost.

The wife, of course, does the housekeeping, tends the poultry, and makes butter enough for household use, and does what small vegetable-growing she can.

The season during which work can be done on the land is certainly not more than six months out of the twelve. The only help these people have is that their grain is cut by a self-binder, and is thrashed by a machine, by parties who, in every district, own the apparatus. They have also a man hired every season, for about a week, to help get hay.

They do not think they have done, or are doing, anything very wonderful; everyone there *has* to do about the same amount of work.

I do not know, but I would ask, is there a British farmer who can do it? Allow only a quarter of his time lost with bad or frosty weather, he will still have much more time for work than his Nor'-West competitor has. Yet *is* it—*can* it be done in England?

I asked old-country men to explain it to me, and one who had been five years out there, and for thirty years before had farmed in the English midlands, said this to me—

“If I had to farm in England again, I should go to work in a very different way. I should, for instance, use the same machines we do here for nearly everything. I should import them from this country, if they can't be got at home. They are half the price here, and half the weight; and I'm sure of this, that if we can use them in this

rough country, there, where everything is in such superior trim, they will answer admirably. I should have my carts and waggons very much lighter, too; *also my horses,** and I should make them all do very much more work, and they could, too, for everything and every animal would be able to move about more speedily. Then the tools I would have used; the spades, hoes, ploughs, the rakes and pitchforks, would be the same as are used here. How absurdly heavy and clumsy are those they use at home! It is pretty well all a man can do to lift an English pitchfork. Look what we use here; it is the same with all our implements."

"But," I interrupted him here, "don't you think that if this could really be done, that there are enterprising men amongst old-country farmers who would long since have adopted these things if they *are* so very superior? Besides, look what old-country labourers are—how slow, how stupid, how clumsy. Why, with these fine, light tools of yours, these intricate machines, they would blunder into no end of trouble at once. Depend on it, this is the reason that English farmers are keeping on, so far as the actual work goes, in the same old way you so much condemn."

"Well," he replied, "there may be something in that. They have been so used to heavy, rough implements and machines, that they have hardly had to think about taking care of them, or using them properly. But it is a very strange thing that these same men, when they come out here, finding in a very short time that blacksmiths, if about at all, are generally many miles away, and that they *must* be careful and intelligent, very soon become so. I'm convinced that if they once found out at home that they must wake up and go about their work as if they were not mere animals, that they would soon do so. I believe that the masters are very little better than the men, and that a few months, or even years, out here, where all are, as they call it, 'live men,' would do them both no end of good. True, we have no rent to pay here, no manure bills, no taxes, no hedging and ditching, no fads—we cannot afford to have *them*. But these have very little to do with the work we get through during our short seasons. I wish I could get old friends at home to see it as I see it. English farmers must get through more work to make things pay them. They must wake up themselves, and wake up their men, too; and then, in spite of bad harvests, bad seasons, poor prices, they will do.

* On this subject see William Day's recently published work, *The Horse: How to Breed and Rear Him*. He therein stoutly maintains that the degeneracy of English farming is due to the slow and heavy horses employed by farmers.

For see what markets they have there, what good means of conveyance, what facilities for transport, and—yes, what prices, too, compared to what we get here. I'm convinced that if they would go on at all in the old land as we *have* to here, much prosperity may yet be looked for."

I make no comment on what this good man said; I leave it simply for the English farmer to ponder on.

Eight days from Montreal we made the coast of Ireland, on the ninth we were all safely ashore in Liverpool. I bade good-bye to my fellow-travellers, and we parted on our different ways, but with many promises of early and frequent meetings and future expeditions, Maud and her father and Fred Seagood travelling to their homes in London, I to mine in Kent, and thus an eventful journey, to some of our party, of over 12,000 miles was ended.

* * * * *

I often hear from the friends in the great Canadian North-West. In the autumn of 1889 I had a letter from Tom Selby. I quote, as follows, from it:—

"You will be glad to hear the latest about us. We are all doing famously. I have now, counting heads, got four times the number of cattle I had when you left us. We always winter them well, and do not mind the cold weather. Maggie goes out and about, rarely misses a day. The blizzard which was so bad the winter before last in Dakota, did not reach up here. Though we are so far north, we are many degrees warmer than they are there. This, it is said, is owing to the "Chinook" winds, coming from the warm west, the Pacific Coast, across the Rockies, which, being of less altitude, and more broken up in Canada than they are to the south of us in the States, do not offer so strong a barrier to their passage. I like this country more and more, and I am very glad I stayed here. You know it is all settled that Charlie Donald is to marry my sister Maggie next fall. I hope you will be able to come out to the wedding. You know how glad we shall be to have you. You will, I'm sure, be interested to see the wonderful improvements your friends are making here.

"Charlie is going to build quite a good house within sight of the track, just at the edge of the bluff. It is to be of concrete made of broken granite boulders from the prairie; the lime is being burnt now on the Pipestone. It is rumoured that Meadows will send for his wife from England shortly. The Blewitts are still with us, and likely to be; we pay them well, they serve us well, so we are all

content, I hope. We expect to have my father here next spring, and now that Maud and Fred are so happily married and settled, we want the governor to feel that he has a home on both sides of the Atlantic. As for myself, I will merely say that if all be well when Maggie leaves me, I hope to take a wife. Do you wonder who she is? Well, her initials are L. L."

A few lines enclosed read thus—

"You have known about it from the beginning. Yes, I am very happy and hopeful. Try to come to my wedding. I 'guess'—you see I'm quite Canadian—we'll make you comfortable, and Charlie says so too.—M. S."

And yet another extract from a letter received late in the autumn of the same year; it is from the old experienced member of the party, Meadows. Writing at the end of October, he says—

"You ask me what I really think about this country, after my lengthened experience of it. In reply I will tell you that I see no reason to change the opinion I expressed when you were with us here. Wheat-growing alone cannot be depended on; if we could but have five good seasons out of seven, it might do. We cannot reckon on that, nor upon more than fifty cents a bushel for it either, not when wheat is less than one dollar, or thirty-two shillings per quarter with you. No doubt the quality we grow is very fine, but it has to pass through so many hands before it reaches Liverpool market, and it gets mixed with an inferior sort before it gets there, too. The harvest of 1887 was something to be talked about, especially in Manitoba; that of 1888 was fair. I don't believe that of this year is half as good. Last winter was a very mild one. We had a very early spring. Seeding was nearly finished by the time it generally begins; people were very sanguine over the out-look. Our cattle were out grazing on the old feed before the new began to shoot. Now, all this, instead of being a benefit, was a misfortune to us. For when the snow goes away so early, unless it is followed by a wet spring—which, I judge, is seldom the case here—the land dries up before the soil is thawed enough for vegetation to advance much; then the dry winds, always blowing, and the hot sun, ruin all. It was so this year; besides, as the season advanced, the lack of moisture in the uncultivated land caused the gophers to attack the crops in swarms. In some districts they made a clean sweep of them, as if they had been mown; in the south-east many have no harvest at all; on the Weed Hills they will average about half a crop; here it is the same. This is a country of surprises. One hardly knows what to do for

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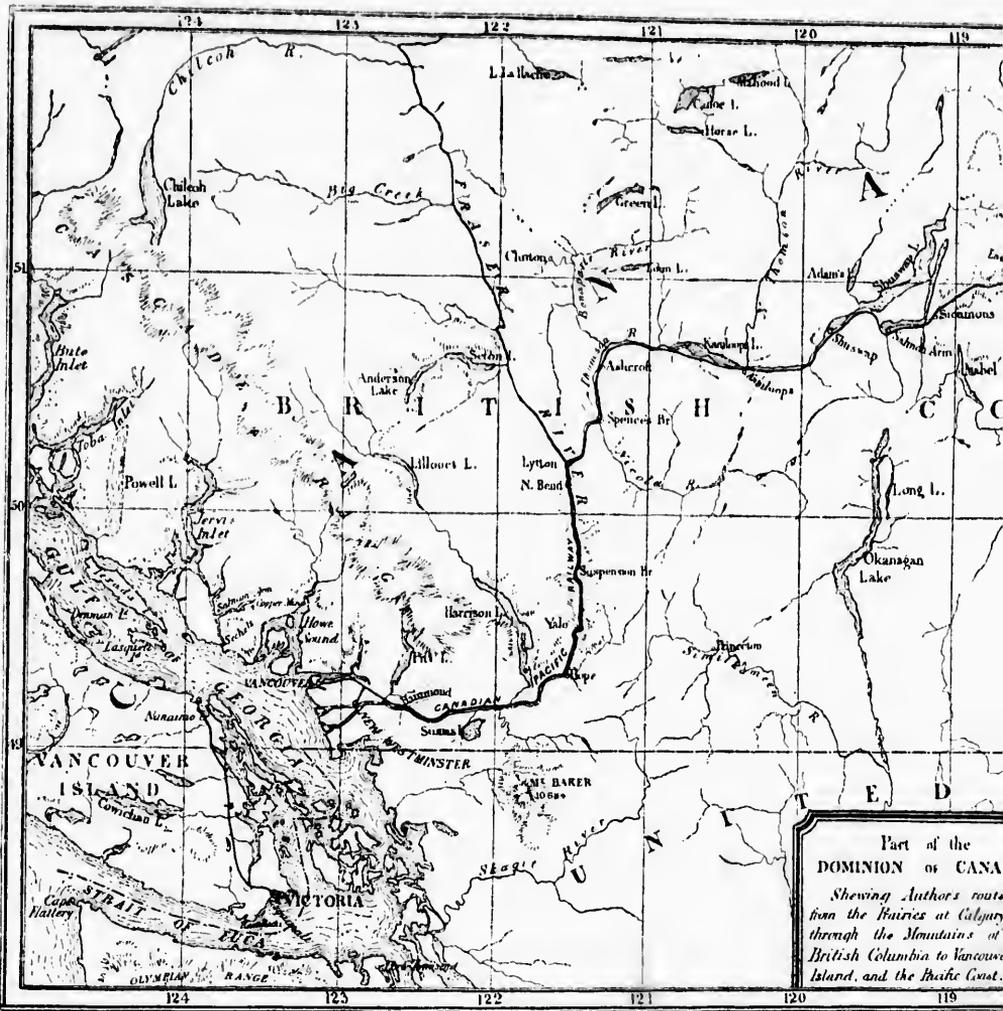
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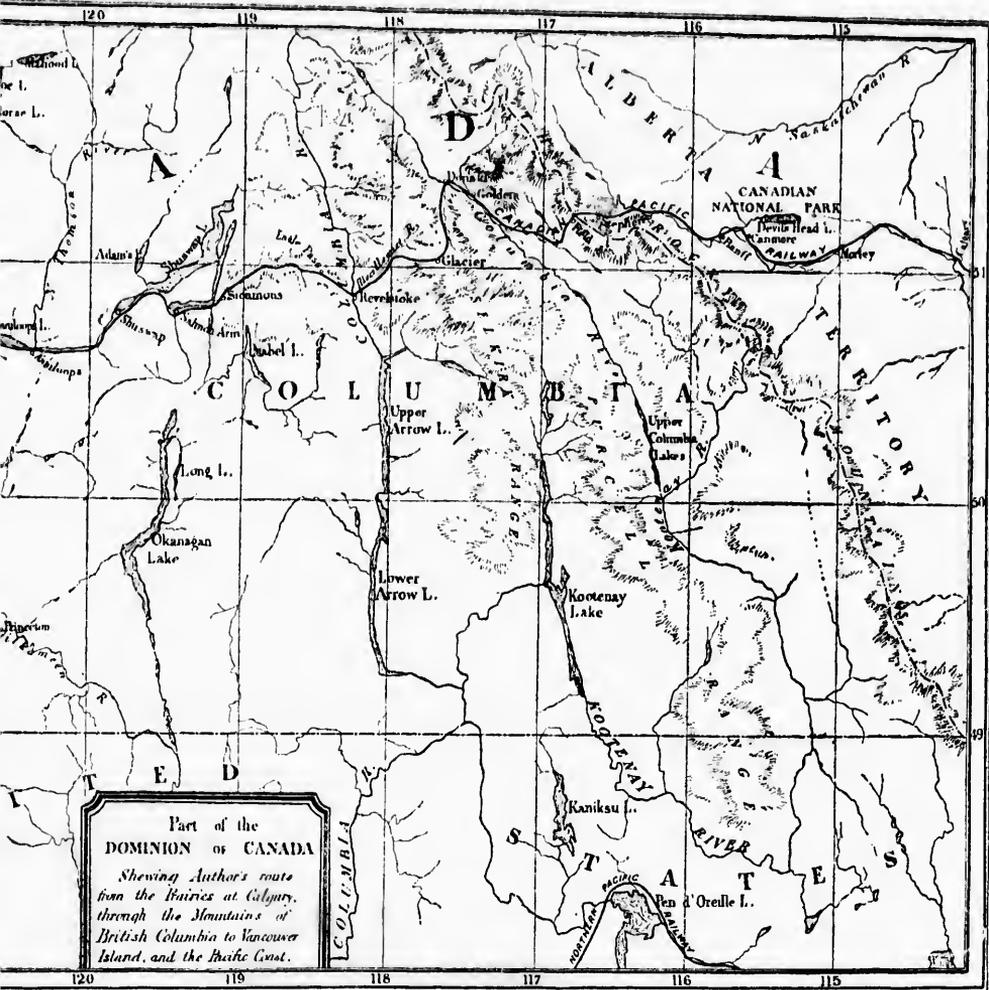
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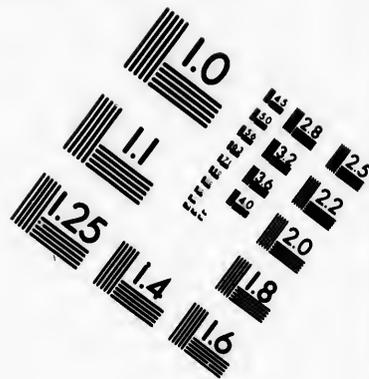
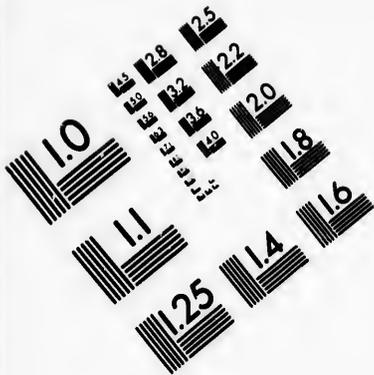
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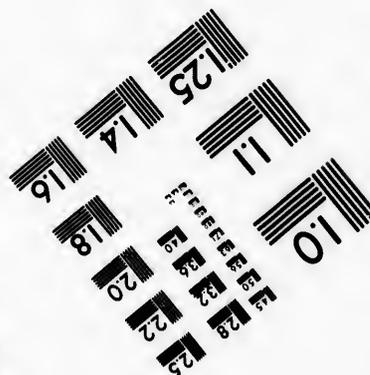
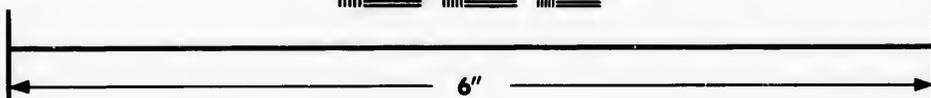
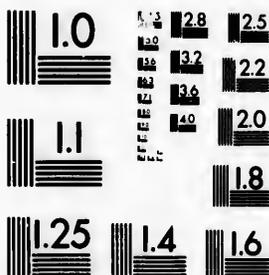








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the best on the land. What we should consider the proper thing in the old country does not answer here. A man near here, with eight hundred acres, fallowed a lot of it, ploughing it twice; to his surprise, the crop was hardly worth cutting. For it seems that in one ploughing, if you lay it down solid, it retains *some* moisture; ploughing it again breaks the soil up too much, the wind and sun dry it, so that nothing much will result in the shape of a crop. It is of the utmost importance, therefore, so to work the soil as to make it capable of retaining moisture. Thus, you see, we have much to learn here yet, and many drawbacks; for all that, I am fully convinced that this is a good country for all who understand farm-work and will use their wits; but it is mixed farming that will pay, and *cattle*. Our cattle have done well, as you have heard, and there is very little fear of prices being lower. All your friends here are more than satisfied. Hogs we shall have little to do with in the future, but purpose going in steadily for mixed farming to pay expenses, and putting every cent into cattle. Through all our past vicissitudes of fortune with our land and our crops, cattle have done wonderfully, for this is undeniably a fine stock country, both for raising and for feeding."

And now, in concluding this narrative, I must beg those who have done me the honour of reading what I have written, to bear in mind that what I have set down in the foregoing pages in reference to agricultural matters is merely a repetition of what I heard from some men whom I *know* to be reliable, and from others who, at any rate, had the reputation and appearance of being so. I make no comment beyond this, that after a lifelong experience of new countries, I am convinced that, for those of small means, but with knowledge and power, no better country to settle in can be found under the British flag (and no country under any other is the right one for an Englishman) than can be discovered in some part of the vast, the flourishing, the grand *Dominion of Canada*.

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