

THE TRAVELS OF MISS HELEN CADDICK: A JOURNEY WESTWARDS TO JAPAN, 1891. PART 1: CANADA

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This is the first of 5 articles relating the travels of a late Victorian and Edwardian lady, Miss Helen Caddick, twice to Japan during 1891–93. Specifically, this writing is about her crossing Canada and the Pacific on her way to Japan. To put these travels into context, one needs to understand that over a 25 years period, 1889–1914, she travelled to Palestine, Egypt, Canada, Japan, China, Cambodia, the Yangtze, Korea, Burma, Hong Kong, Moscow, the Philippines, Java, Australia, New Zealand, India, South Africa, B.C. Africa, Uganda, USA, Mexico, Peru, the Andes and Buenos Ayres, Panama and the West Indies.

The material has been transcribed from microfilm produced by the company of 'Adam Matthew Publications'. It forms part of the project entitled 'Women's Language and Experience, 1500–1940. Women's Diaries and Related Sources.' The relevant section of the films is Reel 13 of 'Part 2: Sources from Birmingham Central Library and Birmingham University Library'.

Wherever possible the original written form has been retained, the greatest liberty being to invert the date of each diary entry so that the month and date precede the day. (Japanese style). In the original the day comes first, then the month and finally the date. The full index, liberty taken in rendering it in capital typeface, that precedes the diary entries has been presented. The complete index is given, even though this article transcribes only the journey undertaken in 1891. Finally the word 'Page' has been inserted preceding the number, so that there be no misunderstanding to which page of the diary is referred to.

The original diaries are held in the Birmingham Central Library as Ms 908. They appear to have been acquired in November 1926, for an official stamp at the beginning of the work states that it was presented then by Miss Helen Caddick of 1 York Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham. The diaries are illustrated by newspaper cuttings and photographs. This portion of the second volume of her writings makes for most interesting reading.

DIARIES OF TRAVELS BY HELEN CADDICK OF BIRMINGHAM.

VOL. 2

1891-1892

CANADA AND JAPAN

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1891 JULY 9th Thursday

Started off on my journey to Japan! Alfred, Jessie and I left 21, New Street, about 6 a.m., drove down to Oldbury and off by 6-15 train to Liverpool. Reached Liverpool 9-30 and drove to No. 3 Branch, Alexandra Dock, where the "Parisian" was lying. It was a dreadfully long drive across Liverpool and the driver wished to be ferociously extortionate. Went on board directly and found my berth, No. 52, in a nice steady part of the ship but rather warm — cabins near the Companion Ladder more airy. Had a good look round the ship and the passengers and just as Alfred was

leaving he said he felt sure he had seen a friend of Frank's, Colonel Barclay, on board and told me to look out for him. Alfred and Jessie waited to see us start and then walked on to the other end of the Dock to see us go through. Saw the last of them at 12-30. A lady standing near me was weeping fearfully at parting with a young man who was weeping too! Saw the Isle of Man very well and passed close to the Calf. Looked a very long island. A Mrs. Jones is in my cabin but she gets off tomorrow early and then I have it to myself.

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JULY 10th Friday

Boat stopped at Moville at 4 a.m. till 8, to take on and put off some passengers. A fearfully noisy and rowdy sort of Irish Priest came on. Irish coast looked pretty. Passed close to a nice old ruin of a castle. At dinner last night a young lady sat next me whose name I saw was Barclay. She did not speak, but to-day her father sat there and asked me if I were related to Major Caddick. Of course I said I was! and then he chattered away, and introduced me to his wife and daughter. They are going out to visit their son who has a ranch near Lake Okanagan. This son was to have been in the army, but failed because he could not spell, so he had the choice between, I forget what, and ranching, which he chose and is doing very well. The Colonel has brought guns and rods and hopes for a lot of sport. The other side of me at meals is Mr. Geddes, a rather common good-natured sort of man. The Barclays introduced me to Mr. and Mrs. Musgrave, a bride and bridegroom (only married at Blackrock on the 7th) who are going out to his father's at Vistarta and then to Buenos Aires. Had a long talk to Archdeacon Reeve who sits opposite. He lives near Mackenzie river by Fort Simon, 1,000 miles from Port or Rail. It takes nine months for a letter to reach him and two years for a parcel, as parcels are only delivered in summer and when there are sufficient to make it worth

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while! He has dogs to draw his things about — walks on snow shoes in the winter — makes his own candles and soap! He is married and has five children, all born there, and has just been taking them to England, where he has left them for a time. He said it was wonderful and amusing to see the children as they came to civilization! Of course he and his wife had told them as much as possible about towns etc. but evidently had conveyed very little idea of the real state of things to their minds!

JULY 11th Saturday

Ship pitching a good deal. Most of the passengers ill, or sitting on deck nibbling biscuits. One fearful man struggled violently against sickness! we called him the "fascinating" man, because we could not help watching him! Another wretch was ill at lunch and at dinner and has been ordered to take his meals alone till he can behave better! Very thankful he was sat at our table. There are

several funny people on board. One man has a wooden hand which he unscrews at meal times and screws on a fork! Father Salmon, the noisy Irish Priest, is awful! He told a very pretty girl who sits opposite him "not to keep winking at him"! Then he took hold of another lady's arm and when she pulled it away said "he was not going to bite her!" Mrs. Musgrave was sitting the other side of him and was so afraid he would attack her that

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she changed places with her husband.

JULY 12th Sunday

Much calmer. Had service in the Saloon at 10-30. The Chaplain of the ship, the Rev. Pessenden, preached and the doctor played the harmonium. The Captain, Mr. Ritchie, is a very funny Scotch man, always ready for a-joke. He has his daughter with him. In the afternoon the Musgroves, Galts, Letty Bridges and I had all sorts of games (quiet) on deck — riddles, puzzles etc.

JULY 13th Monday

Calm, but rainy — did nothing but sit about and talk. The "Parisian" is a very nice boat for its size and steady, but the cabins are small and not enough air let down. There is a good bath room and as I have my bath early I get it every morning without any trouble.

JULY 14th Tuesday

Lovely day. All sorts of games on deck — Cricket, Quoits, Shuffle board, Potato races etc. Cricket was great fun to watch. The ball was tied to a long piece of string, so that it could be pulled in when struck overboard. All the passengers more cheerful and chatty. The Brydges, Galts, Musgraves, Barclays, Thomsons and Miss Allen very nice. Mrs. Brydges invited me to afternoon tea.

JULY 15th Wednesday

Passed nine icebergs quite early. Fearfully cold wind. Got into a thick fog and had to stop the engines and sound the fog whistle constantly. The

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fog lifted in the afternoon and just before 7 we got among a number of icebergs and passed very close to two large ones. The first was just like a lion (like Gibraltar); another looked like an old ruin, till as we were passing it we saw there was a sheer rock of ice, then a division and a huge round cake —; another was like a huge sofa. The sunlight was lovely on the ice, but the air was intensely cold, the thermometer was down to 40°. To the right of us was Belle Isle, a long rocky barren Island about 9 miles long with two lighthouses and a flag staff. Snow was on the mountains.

Then behind and beyond Belle Isle came the coast of Labrador. The sunset was glorious, such brilliant deep red. We saw several whales blowing, so altogether it was an eventful day. About 10-30 we got into the Straits. The moonlight was lovely.

JULY 16th Thursday

Rain and fog till nearly evening when it cleared beautifully and we passed the Island of Anticosti — nothing much to see. Had a concert in the evening — Mrs. Porget (a French Canadian) sang splendidly — Miss King too sang very well. Saw the Northern Lights beautifully.

JULY 17th Friday

Saw the land splendidly before breakfast — the river very wide, about 40 miles. Went quite close to the shore — very hilly and wooded. After breakfast a thick fog came on and nothing more was seen till

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4 o'clock when it lifted and we had a lovely evening. Passed Ramonski about 5 and stopped to take the pilot and letters on board. Any amount of betting as to the colour of the pilot's hair, if he were smooth shaven, which leg he would put ever first etc! Two newspaper reporters also came on to interview the Hon. Mercier (the Premier of Quebec) who is on board returning from a visit to Europe and the Pope. It was very amusing to see him sitting with a reporter by him taking down all he said. He is a dark fine looking man but puts on any amount of "side". There flat, plenty of villages and every seven miles a large church and white houses round. Places out in the river for catching fish. Saw numbers of white porpoises. The Galts were very funny and up to all sorts of nonsense. Lady Galt is seldom on deck. Sir Alexander is as deaf as a post and the three girls are as full of fun as possible. Mr Brydges is great fun too and helps them on. Mrs. Brydges is rather an invalid but very nice and pretty. She was a Miss Allan (sister of the "Allan Line") married a Mr. Mackenzie and after various woes married Mr. Brydges. They have a girl and boy with them, red haired jolly children and another daughter at home. Mr. Brydges' mother, a very merry sweet old lady, is with them, and her brother, Mr. Henderson. Mrs. Brydges invited me again to afternoon tea. Passed Cacouna where the Galts have a country house. The Captain

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sent up two rockets in honour of them. About 9 we passed Riviere du Loup on one side and the Saguenay river on the other. The Galts say the scenery up the river is well worth seeing. The doctor, Mr. Neville, took Miss Galt and myself round the ship to see the Emigrants, Intermediates, the Engines, Kitchens, and his den. The Emigrants (men) sleep in hammocks and the women are in another part and have "shelves" to sleep on. It did not look too prime but is said to be very good accommodation and the food is good and abundant. The Intermediates seemed very cramped for

room. A service is held twice a day for the Emigrants on their deck — there are several parsons on board and all hold forth in turn. The doctor has a very nice little den with a splendid supply of sweetmeats, of which he gave us a good lot! We got into a thick fog again about 9 and had to anchor all night.

JULY 18th Saturday

Arrived at Quebec at 2 p.m. Saw the Montmorency Falls very well as we passed. They are a great height and very wide and a great quantity of water. Quebec is quite as grandly situated as the guide books say. The heat was fearful and as we anchored the other side of the river and being late were only to stay the shortest possible time we could not go across to visit the city, but we had a splendid view of it from the steamer. We saw the Terrace and the Citadel and the rocks very well and very fine they

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are. We had a walk on our side the river up towards the Convent which is on the top of the rock facing Quebec. Saw our first American (at least Canadian) train. One of our passengers was going on to Montreal by train and had an official car, it looked very comfortable — quite a nice bedroom, a parlour, a writing room with desk and a kitchen with stove etc. At first on landing we were puzzled why church bells were always ringing and then found it was the large bells on the engines which swing as they move to warn people off the track. The carriages too amused us — Duck boards a rough sort of carriage for two people, something like a Stolkaerre but with four wheels, and the Buggies, carriages with a sort of tent over (a hood but skeleton sides). A good many passengers left us, and all the Emigrants. Thermometer 90° in the shade. In the evening all sorts of games went on on deck, among others "leap frog" all round the ship! Beautiful moonlight evening — great fun walking round to watch the "Couples" the last evening — Miss King and the Tam o'Shanter, Mr. Cronys, had at last succeeded in getting a quiet corner and two chairs — Mr. Cronys got up to fetch something when, to our great amusement, down popped the doctor into the vacant chair! Miss E. Galt was discovered downstairs looking over photographs with the dark Mr. C. Miss Barclay and Mr. Keegh had great jokes walking up and down.

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Mrs. Marshall, the lady who wept so much at Liverpool had speedily consoled herself with Mr. Brocks and several other men. She was supposed to be going to join her husband at Montreal but he did not turn up! A Mr. R. N. Wilson on board was going out to teach the Prince of Honolulu — we all wished a better type of Englishman had been chosen.

JULY 19th Sunday

Lovely day — had rained all night. Had service in the Music room at 11 — Archdeacon Reeve

preached. Banks of the river very flat and lots of little white houses and red roofs — looks rather like Holland — River still very wide. It has been a great river to come up. Got to Montreal at 2 p.m. Took an immense time getting into dock, as the vessel had to be turned round and come in backwards! Crowds waiting to receive their friends. (At Quebec, Mr. Mercier had quite an ovation as he got off — cheering, bands, and great waving). Wished the Brydges and Galts goodbye and then went with the Musgraves to the Custom House. Soon got mine through but as Mr. Musgrave had a great deal that was still not off the ship, he asked me to take Mrs. Musgrave to the hotel and promised to send my luggage up with theirs. So we two get into a carriage, but it could not turn round owing to the crowd of conveyances. At last after much shouting and prime language two men seized the back of the car and lifted us right round! then we drove off over such roads! Jolting and leaping about till we ached

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with laughing and banging! The Windsor hotel is a really splendid looking place and beautifully airy. An enormous square entrance hall with stalls all round, for buying books, getting information about your journey etc. Got rooms with bath room leading out which was very luxurious but also expensive 4-50 a day (18/9d) including meals of course. Very sorry indeed to have done with the "Parisian". Have had a very pleasant merry time on board. Heard many funny tales. One was a good stretch of memory! Two men were talking of how far back they could recollect and at last one said "Well, I remember seeing my father kiss my nurse, and I made up my mind as soon as I could talk I would tell my mother"!

Montreal.

When we came down to dinner we found nearly all the "Parisians" at the hotel — the Captain also and his daughter! Splendid dining room, all small tables — waiting not very first rate. After dinner the Musgraves and I went for a stroll round to view the city. Rather disappointed at the untidy appearance of it. The telegraph and telephone poles would spoil any place, they are tall, cracked and uneven in height and look like horrid old scaffold poles stuck in. They are along all the streets. The roads are very bad and uneven — the footpaths are of wood, in some places only planks down the centre of the walks — and weeds and rubbish grow in every corner. Many of the houses are of wood and then to astonish you are

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magnificent buildings of splendid stone, an endless number of churches and some lovely houses in well kept grounds. But the whole place looks very unfinished.

JULY 20th Monday

Went with the Musgraves to C.P.R. station to change my ticket and get my box checked to

Vancouver. Then to the Bank for some money, and to the Balmoral Hotel (where I was to have stopped, but was told it has lately changed hands and is gone down very much which looks true) for my letters. I was delighted to get them — one from Jessie and one from Frank. Then the Musgraves and I took a carriage and drove to the Elevator and went to the top of Mount Royal, quite an easy walk, but the Elevator saved time and we were able to have a delightful walk along the top and get splendid views of the city and the river. It is a beautifully wooded hill with charming walks and drives. A very pretty cemetery. The Tubular Bridge over the St. Lawrence looked very well. Drove back in the 'bus, I got out by the University and went to call on Mrs. Evans but she and all the family are gone to the country for the summer. Got back to the hotel just as the two Miss Galts arrived to call and take me for a drive which I was dreadfully sorry to have to decline but I had just promised to go with the Musgraves to the Lachine Rapids and then by the 8-30 p.m. train to Toronto. They were very sorry too, and made me

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promise if I ever come to Montreal again I will stay with them. At 4-30 we went by train to Lachine and back by steamer down the Rapids. It was very clever steering but I did not think as wonderful as the Nile. We had an Indian to pilot us, the river is full of rocks and the current tremendously swift. One place was rather horrid, we seemed going straight at a rock when in a moment the boat was turned to the right and shot through between that rock and another. Got back just in time to have dinner and start by 8-30 train. The city of Montreal is all built on the plain. Mount Royal rises suddenly at the back of it. Great alterations are being made in the city and some splendid stone buildings put up. Very funny little carriages for two with large wheels and small seats.

Toronto.

JULY 21st Tuesday

The journey from Montreal last night in the train was a queer "experience". At 9-30 the man came round to make up the beds — about twenty. The Musgraves had "a section" that is a lower berth and the upper one over. I had an upper berth just opposite. It was a fearful scramble to get in as the train was jolting and shaking so tremendously. Fortunately a lady had the lower one. The bed was long, wide and beautifully comfortable and plenty of air as there are long narrow ventilator sort of windows all along the car.

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The dressing in the morning was miserable — the roof was so low that you banged your head dreadfully in trying to get into your clothes. Then I had to descend! I informed the lady below that I was coming so that she might prepare in case the train gave an extra jolt and send me into her bunk! However I got down alright, and then commenced a difficult walk among the baggage

to the dressing room at the other end of the car. The passage is of course very narrow when the curtains are down and everyone had turned out their handbags etc. into it! The dressing room was very tiny and I got so banged and shaken about that I felt quite sea-sick! much more than I had done on the steamer! We reached Toronto about 8 and went to the Queen's Hotel. It looked very common after the "Windsor" and has a very poor entrance and Dining room, but upstairs was very comfortable indeed. Went by 11-30 a.m. boat with the Musgraves to Niagara, two and a half hours in a steamer across the lake and about half an hour in the train to Clifton house. Had lunch at the hotel, a lovely one, with a grand view of the Falls, then took a carriage and drove round the Falls on the American side. Nearly all the sight-seeing is on that side but the view of the whole is far better from the Canadian side. You drive first over the new suspension bridge, then round Goat Island, stopping at the different points of view, then down to the whirlpool where Webb was killed, which from the American side

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looks as if it had no outlet, the river takes such a sharp turn to the right. We went down the Elevator to the bottom of the Falls. The view from the Suspension bridge up and down the rapids is splendid. The Falls are quite as beautiful as I anticipated. The deep green colour of the Horse-shoe Falls is exquisite and the rainbow in the spray lovely. The roar is tremendous and the spray so high and thick that it hides a good part of the Falls when you are opposite and goes up an immense height above. Returned to Toronto by the 5 train and boat having had a grand day.

JULY 22nd Wednesday

Went with the Musgraves to the station, took my berth on the Saturday boat and saw the Musgraves off by train — very sorry indeed to part to part with them. Then took a street car and went to call on Mrs. Hodgetts (Miss Wearing's aunt), A stout busy looking woman answered the door. I asked if Mrs. Hodgetts were in, and to my horror she said "I am Mrs. Hodgetts"! I then gave her Miss Wearing's note and explained who I was whereupon she was greatly excited, begged me to come in and nearly embraced me in her joy, but after sitting chatting a short time she sprang up saying "Oh! bless the pudding, I had nearly forgotten it!" I put it in the oven and must go and see to it if you will "excuse me, and I'll send my son to talk to you"! Off she trotted and soon after in came a most gentlemanly looking young man with such a bright pleasant face. He said he was

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"Dr. Hodgetts", the old lady's son. After chatting a bit, he offered to take me to call on Richard who lives a short distance off, on the edge of the town. It is quite a nice little house and comfortably furnished. His wife (a common looking woman but who seems very good to Richard and they say makes him a splendid wife) was sitting on the steps with their adopted child, a stout looking

girl of 11. Richard was in bed with a bad cold, or something of the kind, nothing serious, but when he heard I was leaving Toronto the next morning he begged Dr. Hodgetts to bring me up. He was greatly excited at seeing me and most tender in his enquiries after "Elizabeth", "Annie" and all the members of the family, told me how delighted he was to see me and how much he wished I would stay a bit with them and was most anxious for me to understand what a good position he occupied in Toronto "quite a king among the English residents" etc. and sent lots of messages to all his friends and relatives in the old Country. I did not stay with him more than ten minutes, then returned with Dr. Hodgetts to wish his mother goodbye. The good lady was most kind and hospitable and most anxious to do something for my entertainment, but I found I should have plenty of time to drive round Toronto and get off to Niagara again by the 5 o'clock boat that evening so I only stopped to have a good long chat and tell her all I could about people she was interested in which alas! was not much. I got back to the hotel, settled up,

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had a drive round but did not see a great deal to admire! It is rather like Montreal, in a transition state, straight streets and everything built in squares. The streets have been laid with wooden blocks, these are now being ploughed up! (four horses on to a plough) and are to be relaid with asphalte. It looked a funny sight! There are some splendid buildings but the telegraph poles spoil the look of everything. The houses are all numbered from East to West so you know which end of the street the house you want is likely to be and if you enquire your way you are told "to go North and take the first turn to the West" etc.! never right or left! Many of the horses have bearing reins but they are fastened in an odd way to the top of their heads, between their ears and then back to their shoulders. Dr. Hodgetts came down just before 5 to see me on board the steamer for Niagara and said he should come on Saturday morning to meet the boat and see me comfortably "on board" the train for Owen Sound. Reached Clifton House about 8-30. There was a grand thunder storm just after, so I sat and enjoyed that and the Falls till bedtime.

Niagara.

JULY 23rd Thursday

Went for a good walk all along the Canadian side by the Falls and the Rapids through Victoria Park and the Dufferin Islands. It was perfectly lovely and

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I thoroughly enjoyed the walk and being able to stop and gaze when and as long as I liked. Got back to lunch about 2-30. The Barlays arrived and we sat chatting till nearly 4. Then they went for the regulation drive and I walked down the bank the opposite way to the morning, still on the Canadian side, passed the old Suspension and the Cantilever bridges along which I walked to get a good view of the Rapids where Captain Webb got killed. Saw the wire rope still up across the

Rapids, over which a man, Dixon, walked last Friday. It was a wonderfully slight rope, much thinner than the one Blondin used, and looked perfectly awful. Then on as far as the whirlpool and saw where the river turns quite a sharp corner and goes on. There was nothing much except wood spinning round in the whirlpool but last week they said it was very horrible. A lady and gentleman were driving in a little carriage and just by the Suspension bridge the horse took fright and backed them over the edge into the Rapids. Of course it was impossible to save them and their bodies were carried down to the pool and were there for some days before they were spun out into the smoother water. I had a glorious walk, the river is so interesting, such a splendid colour and such tremendously steep and deep banks. Had to shelter from a short but sharp thunder storm. Got back about 6-30 and after supper sat in the Park watching the Falls.

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JULY 24th Friday

Went directly after breakfast with Colonel and Miss Barclay in the "Maid of the Mist" a little steamer that takes you right under the Falls. They provide you with mackintosh hoods, coats and aprons which are quite necessary to protect you from the spray which is drenching. It is quite worth going as it gives you such a much better idea of the height and power of the Falls. At 10-30 I wished the Barclays good-bye as they were returning to Toronto and I wanted to go for a good walk on the American side. I enjoyed it thoroughly. I walked first to the "Cave of the Winds" There you have to undress entirely, put on a bathing dress of blue serge, woollen stockings and felt shoes and over that the girl put a pair of mackintosh trousers, a coat and hood (all yellow)! To my joy I found another lady was going! We set off with the guide (any number of people watching us and scoffing at our appearance!) and went first down a spiral staircase (150 steps), then along the side of the rock to the Falls. The wind there was tremendously strong and the spray blinding and the roar of the water deafening, so for a moment you seem deprived of all senses! The guide turned us round with our faces to the rock till we got our breath again and got used to the noise and then on we went under the Fall. It was really "awfully" grand and it seemed quite a long walk under. When we came out the other side we went along narrow wooden galleries and staircases (which have to be removed every year)

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right across the front of the Fall. We had to walk on two circular rainbows (complete circles) it seemed almost wicked to step on them, they were so lovely. Then the guide got us over the railings and gave us a shower bath under a small off-shoot from the Falls and then jumped us down into a deep pool between the rocks (nearly up to my neck) and showers coming over our heads, I thought he was going to drown us! but we could not hear what he said and it was no good expostulating, so we did as he wished and very lovely it was! I never thought of having a bath in Niagara! He was a very good-natured, jolly guide and explained afterwards that was not part of

the programme but we both seemed to enjoy the expedition so much he thought we ought to have something extra, which also meant (and we thought rightly) that he would like an extra too! After dressing again I walked on all round and saw all the sights again quietly. The lights and shades were lovely and the colour of the Horse-shoe glorious, the cloud of spray going right into the sky, and lovely rainbows. Had to shelter from another short and sharp thunder storm. Got back about 3. Had dinner and then walked to the Convent and the Burning Spring, a very curious sight. There is so much gas in the water it will light anywhere. It has a very queer taste. It was a glorious evening. I sat on the railway bank and enjoyed the view of the Falls and the Rapids above them.

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While I was there the Express came by and stopped for all the passengers to get out and look at the view. It really is the best general view of them. Stopped till I was obliged to go back to the hotel and was dreadfully sorry to go in. The American side below the Falls is spoilt by the huge ugly factories.

JULY 25th Saturday

Left Niagara by the 7-45 a.m. train and then by boat to Toronto. Dr. Hodgetts came to meet me. — got my luggage across and found me a comfortable seat in the 11-20 train from Toronto to Owen Sound. It was immensely good of him to take such a lot of trouble. The Barcleys were in the Pullman Car which was of course extra swell, but I found it was extra rocking too and as several people became unpleasantly sea-sick I fled back to my own place which was steadier though the whole train felt as if it were taking five barred gates or jumping over herds of cattle etc. I never rode in anything so fearful! Reached Owen Sound at 3-20, having stopped at Orangeville at 1 for lunch. We passed several Peach Orchards and noticed the "snake fences", wooden hurdles laced together in a zigzag so as to stand firm without putting in the ground. Went at once on board the "Alberta" and watched the other passengers dawdling about and waiting till the last moment. In the end three men pursued us in a boat and had to scramble up the side, and one man was left behind! we saw him gesticulating wildly but it was useless.

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The Canadians are very funny about trains and steamers! A lady and two children intended to get off at a station before Niagara the other day, but they were so long saying good-bye to a fellow passenger that the train moved on again and they had to go to the next station! They were very cross and did not seem to see it their own fault. It was a lovely day to start and seems a very comfortable boat. The state rooms lead out of the saloon which is nearly the length of the boat. I have another lady in my cabin. One of the "Parisians" is on board — a tall dark man, Dr. Fagan.

JULY 26th Sunday

Passed among some very pretty and curious islands when we got into the St. Marie or Garden River. The islands are shaped like flower pots, raised and round. We got to the "Soo" at 1-30 and had to wait for other boats to go through the lock. The canal belongs to the U.S. and there is a great deal more traffic through, than through the Suez canal. It is free to all boats. The banks were very pretty and wooded — pine, poplar and birch — and we went through some very narrow channels before reaching the Sault St. Marie or the "Soo" as it is called. While waiting for our turn to go through the lock, Mr. McLean, a very amusing stout elderly Canadian gentleman, and Dr. Fagan proposed that we should shoot the Rapids in an Indian canoe. Miss Barclay quite declined at first but at last consented and she, her father, Mr. McLean, Dr. Fagan

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and myself went off. We soon found two Indians willing to take us and very exciting it was — much better than the Lachine. We had to go up first along the edge to the top of the Rapids, then they take you across right into the centre and then off the boat goes. Of course all they have to do is to guide it among the rocks, the current takes it at a great rate and the Indians add to the excitement by yelling and making awful noises. They were two Chippeway Indians (or Ojibway Indians) and managed the boat splendidly. Got through the lock and out of the canal at 5 — so many boats were waiting before us and one boat drew too much water and very nearly stuck tight! One was called a "whale back" boat, a curious shape, almost like a cigar, made entirely of iron and covered completely over — they are usually loaded with grain — one went right through to Liverpool a short time ago. Some parts of Lake Superior are very cold and we wanted all our warm cloaks and rugs. It is said to be always cold on this lake. It is the largest fresh water lake in the world and is 300 miles across to Port Arthur.

JULY 27th Monday

Rather rough in the night and many of the passengers sea-sick. Passed many curious round islands and then came to Thunder Cape and Bay. The Cape is a grand rock, steep slopes covered with pines and above them enormous cliffs of trap rock about 14,000 feet high. The Indians revere it as the abode of the "Great Spirit" and

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it certainly is a very "awe inspiring" rock. Then we passed a queer island called "Pie Island" from its shape — saw Silver Island in the distance. Reached Port Arthur about 1-30, stayed nearly an hour to discharge cargo and then on to Fort William at 3-30 where our train was waiting for us. Fort William is a little way up the Kaministiquia river and has two of the largest Grain Elevators in Canada, just where we landed. No trouble in changing to the train, The Steward carried my luggage over the bridge to the cars. Mr. McLean undertook to take my Sleeping Car ticket for me

as there was a good crush of people by the office, so I got "on board" and waited. I got a very comfortable lower berth, for which they charge three dollars a night. The meals on the car are seventy-five cents each. A gentleman had the upper berth that night but left the train next morning and I had the whole section to myself the rest of the journey. The curtains are arranged better than on the Montreal train. Instead of two long ones enclosing the upper and lower berths together, there are separate curtains for the upper and for the lower. The Barclays were very superior with a State room, but it was only intended for two and they have to make the sofa into a bed which is a squash. After leaving Fort William we passed a splendid rock (Cape McKay). It was a wonderful rock, enormous sheer cliffs on the upper part. The track follows the Kaministiquia river

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for a long distance and is pretty and winding. The country thickly covered with trees and underwood — trees small — pines and birch. At Savanne we saw several Indians, women and Papooses squatting down watching us and the train — very dark straight hair usually painted red along the parting, dark eyes, high cheek bones and their faces very much painted with yellow and red. Just before the station were several old boats the remains of Wolseley's expedition to Fort Garry in 1870. Got to bed about 10-30.

JULY 28th Tuesday

Lovely morning — cool and not dusty. Slept very comfortably and managed the dressing better. The train rocks and jumps tremendously but not quite so badly as the one to Owen Sound. A very nice set of people in our car — an American family, Mr. Thayer, his son and daughter about seventeen, Mr. and Mrs. Philips who have the opposite section to me. They have travelled a great deal, have been to the West Indies etc. She says they were on board the "Alberta" with us and she spoke to me once but I would not "respond"! I did not remember her and most of the people on the boat looked so horrid I did not want to talk to them, Doctor Fagan and Mr. McLean and others whose names we did not hear. As I had my section all to myself which means four seats in the daytime, Miss Barclay finding it was more fun than by themselves in their State room generally sat with me and the Colonel came too very often. We had a very lively

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time, looking out from side to side, riding at the back of the train and jumping down whenever the train stopped to gather flowers or see the Indians etc. at the stations. There is no notice given how long you stop and the only warning is that the conductor shouts "all aboard" as the train starts, so we were in a constant state of alarm except when the water tanks were being filled which took a long time. Had breakfast about 8 in the Dining Car. Reached Winnipeg at 10-30. The scenery had been much more varied than I expected, rocks about and a great deal of water. The Lake of

the Woods extended quite a long way. At Winnipeg the train was taken to a siding to be well swept and washed. I went in a carriage with the Barcleys for a drive round the town, to see the remains of Fort Garry, only a part of the gateway left. Passed the Hudson Bay stores, a large building, and round by the Brydges' house, quite pretty, built of wood with verandahs, tennis lawns etc. Some of the public buildings are of stone and handsome looking — the Parliament House and Fort Osborne — but most of the houses are of wood (they are lined with tarred paper and innerlined with matchwood to keep warm) sometimes built outside with brick. The place is very bare looking and houses seem popped down anywhere without care or neatness. Wooden pathways, except the principal street, which is very wide and good shops. Went over the bridge across the Assiniboin and saw the Red River.

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It was very hot, 92° in the shade, so we did not do much walking. I bought a quantity of fruit (everything 5 cents each! oranges, bananas, lemons etc.) and went back to the station. Saw a train standing, thought of course it was ours and got in, walked slowly down the train to find our car when I felt the train moving! ours was not to go for half an hour! so I rushed back, met a conductor who asked where I was going. I told him I didn't know, but not in that train, so he benevolently jumped me down to my great joy, though I was nearly deposited on the ground, the steps of the carriages are (when out of the station) so very high up. After finding our train and leaving my parcels I went out again and met Archdeacon Reeve who said he was detained in Winnipeg for some papers which were to come from England. Started again at 3 o'clock, the rest of the day we were going over the Prairies and huge extent of flat cultivated land — some part was very wild and pretty with sand hills and the Prairie itself was not at all dull. There were numbers of animals — gophers, like ferrets, very active and pretty and coyotes, larger, something like a fox. The flowers too were lovely and it was exciting gathering them. Dr. Fagan was very good at helping us to get back on the cars. One comfort you could get on to any part of the train and walk back to your place! The only misery was the mosquitoes, they are terrible, and we are all getting in a fearful state from their

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stings — nothing seems to keep them off. At Carberry a friend of the Barcleys came to see them.

JULY 29th Wednesday

Passed Regina at 6-20 — quite a large place. Reached "Moose Jaw" at 7-15 and took on our Dining Car "Buckingham". Lots of Indians at the station selling buffalo horns. Saw lots of gopher, antelopes and birds. The Prairies very undulating (what they call "rolling") lovely flowers, lakes and farms. Huge heaps of buffalo bones at the stations and saw many buffalo wallows, but the animals are all murdered off here and are almost extinct. Stopped at Alkine at 12, saw a good

many Indians dressed in their gorgery and painted. The alkaline lakes are very curious, quite a thick white deposit round the edges. The Old Wives' lakes, pretty and lots of birds. Sir Lister Kays's farms and the Government farms looked very flourishing. At Maple Creek saw the "Black Feet" Indians and at Medicine Hat still more. A cattle train had just come in and out of it got a lot of "Cow boys" headed by a very tall fine looking (but dirty) fellow who we heard afterwards was brother of Sir William Gordon Cumming. He has a ranch near Calgary, but is not much sought after by respectable Canadians! In fact they say the specimens we send out are not very creditable to the Old Country. They think they may behave anyhow in Canada and are dirty and horrid. Saw several of the Mounted Police in scarlet uniform. For some distance it had been quite hilly,

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but after Medicine Hat the regular Prairie began again. At Langevin is a wonderful supply of natural gas, which was flaring away at the station — one of the engine boxes got very hot and we had to wait while water was poured over. Bow river very pretty. Had a good talk with Dr. Fagan, who is a red hot Home Ruler, but who [are] great fun as most Irish-men are.

JULY 30th Thursday

Got up at 5, in time to see "The Gap", crossed the Kananaskis river and then the mountains seem to close in and the train just goes between two walls of rock enormously high. The scenery was very lovely — the Three Sisters' mountain and some very jagged peaks and a good deal of snow. At Canmore, a few miles beyond, an Observation car was put on. It is about 65 to 75 feet long and open both sides with only an iron bar along for you to hold and to prevent your falling. There are seats all down the car. It is splendid for the views but cold. The view at Canmore was grand and there were some queer figures formed by the weathered rock (rather like the Earth Pyramids). The scenery is more like the Dolomites and Tyrol but on a grander scale. Passed Anthracite where they get that kind of coal but manage to get it without the horrid mess we have at home. Reached Banff about 7. Drove to the C.P.R. Hotel — lovely situation. Had a bath for I felt very dirty after three days in the train and the unsatisfactory washing arrangements — but did

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not feel at all tired. After breakfast Colonel and Miss Barclay went with me to call on the Stewarts to whom Mrs. Fellowes had given me an introduction. Found Mrs. Stewart at home and very pleasant. They have a pretty house facing the Bow river. Mr. Stewart is the Government superintendent of the Parks and they came here before the line was opened and no human being but Indians here! They brought tents and lived there till they built a log hut. They say how wonderfully honest the Indians are, they won't steal the least thing. Went to call on Mr. Stewart at his office. He gave the Colonel a lot of information about fishing etc. Then we went for a lovely walk through pine woods to the sulphur springs — one is in the loneliest natural cave, the other is made

into an outdoor bath. I had a bath in the cave, it was delicious — just a nice heat — drank some water which was not nice. After lunch Mrs. Stewart came up to take me for a drive and offered to take Miss Barclay as well. She was of course charmed to come. We saw the Falls and the spray where it joins the Bow river, the waters are quite different colours and don't mix. Saw where an enormous piece of rock fell last winter. As it fell flames were seen all up the side of the mountain and many people thought the end was come. Passed some wonderful Earth Pyramids like those at Botzen, but more like figures of monks etc. — called by the Indians "Hoodoos", they have great awe of them. Then

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halfway up Tunnel Mount where Mrs. Stewart left us to walk to the top for the view. When we were nearly up I heard thunder and saw a big storm was coming so we just rushed up, got a peep at the view which was glorious and then tore off down. The rain began and the wind was getting furious when just as we reached the bottom I heard a shout and there was that good Mrs. Stewart waiting for us in the Buggie. Just after she got home she saw the storm coming and had the horse put to again and came to fetch us. She would drive us all the way home, and as it pelted we were very thankful. She is a most amusing woman and told us all sorts of funny stories of their life here. Mr. Stewart came up in the evening and had a chat.

JULY 31st Friday

Colonel and Miss Barclay and I started off at 10 in a "Democrat wagon" and pair for Winnewonka Lake — a lovely drive for about 10 miles among the mountains and pine woods. At the Lake the Barcleys took a boat and went fishing. I stopped and strolled about, then had lunch at the Astleys, who own the boats and have the fishing. They are sons of a clergyman in Cornwall. One is married and has his wife and two children there. They were pleasant fellows. They built the log hut and have lots of skins on the floor and heaps of stuffed birds and animals about. At 1 I set off and walked quietly home. Never saw or heard a human being till within a mile of Banff. It was

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rather a queer feeling being all alone in such a wild part, but I thoroughly enjoyed the walk and watching the little Chip munks, like small squirrels with grey striped backs. They are inquisitive little things and not much afraid of people. Called at Mrs. Stewarts and got a cup of tea. She told me to bring the Barcleys down in the evening and they would take us all to the Vermillion Lakes in canoes. Colonel and Miss Barclay got back (having caught one fish) just as Mrs. Barclay and I finished dinner, so we walked on to the Stewarts and they were to follow. Was introduced to the two elder daughters (the little one I had seen before) both nice looking girls. The eldest is engaged to Mr. Bloomfield, son of Lady Bloomfield (Yorkshire I think). He was in the Mounted Police but is now trying to get work in Vancouver. He is a nice fellow but no income! Surgeon

Major Jarvis and Mr. McCloud were there and when the others came we set off in three canoes up the river to the lakes. It was a most charming expedition — the water so still and clear and the sharp reflections of the mountains were wonderful. The river was very narrow in places and we paddled along in the most delicious manner. There is a chain of three lakes one after the other, not very large but so pretty and a curious red tinge over them which is the reason they are called "Vermillion" Lakes. Did not get back till nearly 11 — lovely evening.

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AUGUST 1st Saturday

Roastingly hot. Miss Barcley and I walked through the woods along an old Indian trail to the Hot Sulphur Springs 110° at the source. Came back a different way. A huge "Raymond" Excursion (70 Americans) arrived and swamped everything. Lounged about the rest of the day and enjoyed the splendid views from verandah of hotel.

AUGUST 2nd Sunday

Had a miserable cold! could hardly hold up my head so lay on my bed most of the day. Went to service at 7-30 in the hotel. The Bishop of Rupert's Land and Mr. Williams, the Incumbent here (and not nice,) took the service. The Bishop announced that they would soon appoint a new Bishop of Alaska and MacKenzie River, and we all think it must by Archdeacon Reeve and that is what he was waiting in Winnipeg for!

AUGUST 3rd Monday

Wrote letters in the verandah and enjoyed the view. Walked down to the Falls and the Spray. Called on Mrs. Stewart in the afternoon to wish her good-bye, and on Mr. Stewart, to thank them for their kindness. Miss Barclay and I went for another lovely walk through the pine-woods. Very sorry to wish the Phillips good-bye — they have been here too and so pleasant to talk to. They promise to see me off at Victoria for Japan if they arrive before I leave.

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AUGUST 4th Tuesday

Left Banff at 6-15. The hotel is most comfortable and it is a charming place to stay at. The rail from Hector down to Field magnificent. The engine (weighs 90 tons — the other engine on the line 50) was put on backwards as the grade is so steep and men were at the brakes at each end of the cars. The Observation Car was nearly 70 feet long and we had five other cars much the same length. The curves were marvellous, so sharp and constant there was hardly a yard of straight line the whole way. Round some we had to go very slowly as we seemed hanging right over the precipices. It was awful in places looking down at the roaring torrent below. About one and a half hour after leaving Banff we reached the summit of the "Rockies" or the "Great Divide" as it is

called, and it was curious to see the rivers running the opposite way. The mountains and the glaciers and the gorges are grand, especially the "Kicking Horse" Pass, which is really terrible (it was called so because the engineer who was exploring was nearly killed there by a kick from his horse). The Cathedral mount has wonderful peaks and all the rocks are so fearfully hard and sharp looking. Field looks a nice place to stop at, but is rather milder. There is a lovely clean hotel where we had breakfast. At Ottertail we saw several wigwams and Indians about. From Leanchoil to Golden is another fearfully grand place, the most awful of any. Then comes a calm place, and

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you really need it, to get your breath and get steady again! See the Columbia river and the beginning of the Selkirks. From Beavermouth you begin to ascend rapidly and come on fearful chasms again and the grandest and wildest scenery. The mountains are glorious and the glaciers and the lower part of the mountains are covered with grand pine trees, many said to be 200 feet high, but everything is so bewilderingly enormous that they might be any height. We passed about twenty long Snow sheds, very strongly built, some we went through and some outside of. At Bear Creek we saw a snow plough, the largest on the line. It is very different from the Norwegian ones, more like an enormous plough share fastened on the engine, then three or four engines are put on behind and this is pushed through the snow. At Stony Creek we went over the highest wooden bridge in the world and I should hope it is! The trestle bridges look fearfully dangerous. Men are constantly at work the whole way. They say the curves and the long heavy carriages going over causes endless work, the joints spring open so badly. The Selkirks are wonderfully more interesting to cross than the Rockies and the Pine Forests are better, though the whole way there have been fearful fires, partly caused by the engines. We went through several burning terribly and apparently nothing to stop them going on for a long time. It was sad to see such

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glorious trees burning. Roger's Pass near the summit was very grand. The Hermit mountain and Sir Donald and then at 1-30 we reached Glacier House — such a pretty place and a glorious situation. After lunch there was a sharp thunder storm and when that was over, Colonel, Miss Barclay and I walked up the woods to see the Illicilliwach glacier. It is a grand walk about one and a half hour, glorious views and flowers and everything you can wish.

AUGUST 5th Wednesday

Mrs. Barclay had an Indian pony and an Indian to lead us and we walked with her as we wanted her to see the glacier — enjoyed the walk quite as much as the second time. Crossed the stream and just walked on the glacier, it looks enormous and extends on behind the mountains. It is said

to be as large as all those of Switzerland combined. The Barclays left by the train for Sicamous and I stayed to have some more walks. Started off with two very nice Canadian girls who have been here some time and know all the walks and went for a splendid walk up through pine woods to the foot of the Eagle Peak, a sort of Matterhorn mountain. Got a splendid view of the peaks round and the glaciers — “Sir Donald” is grand, the Ross Peak, “Cheops”, the Hermit and many others. A lovely plateau up there with quantities of flowers — yellow marguerites, willow herb etc. On the way up we saw a huge porcupine walking slowly along in front of us and a marmot. The glacier is a most delightful place to

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stay at, the walks and views are glorious, the hotel very comfortable and Mr. and Mrs. Perley splendid at giving you information about the place. Mr. Perley has done a good deal of climbing and one of the peaks is named after him. The C.P.R. people are still at work making pathways through the woods up the mountains to the lakes and glaciers. The two girls I went out with, Miss MacIntyre and Miss Brogden, were the first ladies who had been up several of the mountains. They were here last year and went out excursions with the surveyors, geologists etc.

AUGUST 6th Thursday

Got up at 4-45 to walk with the Canadians to the Assulkan Glacier. Got our own breakfast and stole off. It had poured in the night and everything was dripping wet. The mist all hung on the mountains but we had great hopes it would clear. Went along a sort of Indian trail with fern etc. up to our waists! Crossed streams, scrambled over rocks, walked over snow and plodded on till 8 o'clock hoping there would be signs of clearing but the mist only came lower and as we got higher we were right in it — we were all soaked, our boots were just like pulp, so very reluctantly we had to turn back. However, coming back, we enjoyed the flowers and found lovely snow lilies at the edge of the snow — crossed the river on snow bridges and gathered bunches of columbine and all sorts of flowers. We were fine objects to return to the hotel, but

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we sneaked quietly to our rooms, took off our wet things and had a hot bath and a good hot cup of tea and were none the worse. Our clothes were bad to dry but by 1 o'clock I got mine and packed them up. When the train going East went off we went in it to Roger's Pass, the top of the Selkirks to enjoy the view of the mountains again, and when the other train came up (they pass here) we got in and came down again. Left Glacier House at 2-30 with many regrets. Miss Breton, an English lady, was staying there (her third visit); she sketches and paints all day and never speaks to anyone! Two funny pets there, a large “cinnamon bear” and a silver fox which runs about loose in the woods, but comes every evening about 6 for food and plays like a kitten. Very uninteresting set of people in the train, so devoted all my attention to the view! The “Loop” just

below the glacier is very wonderful it turns and bends so sharply — the engine almost seems to belong to another train. The three lines are easy to see one above another and a fourth some distance off. Then comes the Albert Canyon where the Illicilliwach dashes down between wonderful rocks. The train waits while you all get out and walk along some balconies built out for you to get a good view. Just past there the train stopped again and there was a stampede with glasses etc. to a "soda water" spring! It tasted just like water with carbonate of soda in it. There is another grand gorge and then the country is

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calmer for a time. We went along a series of lovely lakes — the "Shuswap" lakes — the sunset was grand. Sicamous looked a very pretty part, plenty of water and woods.

AUGUST 7th Friday

Got up at 4-20. We stopped at Drynock to take on the Observation Car and certainly the scenery was worth getting up for. The rocks were twisted and tumbled about into the queerest shapes and were the most brilliant colours — white, yellow, deepest red, and the river at the bottom of the gorge deep green. Then we got into the Thomson and Fraser Canyon which is still grander, the mountains and rocks higher, snow peaks, and the gorge deeper and narrower. The old Government "Cariboo" Road was the opposite side and looked as fearful to go along as ours. It runs along the edge of the cliffs a fearful height up. At North Bend we stopped for breakfast. A nice little hotel and a lovely spot at the head of the Fraser Canyon which we entered soon after and which was as grand as anything we had seen — such a mass of rock in the river, the railway is 200 feet above it and out on the edge of the rock. We went through quite a number of short tunnels, the first time we had had any. Saw a good many Indians spearing the salmon and hanging it to dry in sheds — very red looking salmon. Saw several places where people were washing for gold — they were said to be Chinamen. At Yale we left the wonderful scenery and got into much more open country. A very rough

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lot of men were in the "Colonists' cars" and they had a quantity of whiskey on board, got drunk and then fought. At last, about 100 miles from Vancouver, the conductors were obliged to go to their car and as they could not make them be quiet they stopped the train and we saw them bundle out two men on to a bank and roll them down — one man was too quick, got up and went for the conductor who soon got him down again and held him there while he whistled for the train to start, gave the man a shove down the bank again and ran for the train. The man got up very quickly and there was an exciting chase for a few moments when just as he was within reach of the train he rolled over! — all their things were then pitched out and they were left to their own devices! Reached Vancouver at 2-30, a lovely situation, a beautiful range of mountains and a

lovely harbour. Mr. Tisdall most kindly met me at the station, saw to my luggage, and put me into the hotel 'bus. The hotel is well built, beautifully airy and clean and very comfortable. The view from the verandah of the mountains and the two lions, and the harbour is lovely. Mr. Tisdall came up in the evening.

AUGUST 8th Saturday

Called at Mr. Tisdall's "Store" at 10 and he went with me to the C.P.R. office. They recommend my staying for the "Empress of Japan" as she is such a much better boat than the "Parthia", and they will change the ticket. I could fill up my time with a trip to

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Alaska which Mr. Brown will get particulars of. In the afternoon I went for a lovely walk in the Park (nine miles round). Saw some big pines and cedars about 50 feet round. The trees were all enormous and the ferns exquisite. Bush fires are burning all about now which makes the air rather thick. Had to go through a bad fire to the Park — the smoke was as suffocating and the heat so great I was rather frightened — it is awful to see those huge trees burning. No one seems to mind unless it spreads in the direction of the Park or town and there are men always watching. This hotel has every precaution against fire — numbers of buckets of water on each landing, extinguishers, hose and saws and axes in glass cases.

AUGUST 9th Sunday

Went to St. James' Church, Mr. Clinton preached, did not like him much. The service was very badly intoned and the singing very poor — a simpler service would have been much wiser. Mr. Tisdall came in the afternoon and took me for a row in a canoe. We went across to an Indian village, then down to a saw mill which was built years before Vancouver was thought of. Passed a sugar refinery (the raw sugar is brought here to be refined) and saw a "Sealer" that came back two days ago. It had been into Behring Sea after seals and was fired at by a U.S. boat, as the Behring Sea is closed till the dispute between England and U.S. is settled. Sealskins will be a fearful price this winter as they will

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be scarce. Mr. Tisdall was amused at my horror of the way money flies here! He says it comes and goes very lightly, no one troubles about it. Men get big wages, the C.P.R. conductors get 90 dollars a month and waitresses at the hotels on the line about 60 a year! There are no poor like we have in England. If anyone is idle and begs instead of working they are ordered out of the town within a certain time or put in jail. No one would think of giving you change out of a 5 cent piece! If you bought a one cent postcard the man would keep the 5 cent piece for it or make you a present of the card!

AUGUST 10th Monday

Very hot — Bought photos and had another walk in the Park, by "English Bay" and watched the children bathing and paddling. Walked home by the "Opera House" at the back of the hotel. The door was open so I went in and a very civil man took me all over. It is of course built by the C.P.R. and is a very pretty house, most comfortable seats and the best Opera House in the West — Sara Bernhardt is coming next month. Vancouver is growing very fast; houses are springing up all about; straight streets are out, wooden pathways put down and then very pretty wooden houses are quickly put up and painted. The city is lighted with electric light and they have electric cars; the streets are spoilt as usual with the telegraph poles. The waiters at

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the hotels sit about in the window seats during meal times when not engaged in waiting — in the most free and easy style and always with the inevitable tooth-pick in their mouths.

AUGUST 11th Tuesday

Left Vancouver at 1 sharp in the steamer "Yosemite" — a lovely trip the whole way. Very pretty coming through the Narrows from Vancouver. Saw the remains of the "Beaver" the first steamer that came across the Pacific. Passed rocks and wooded islands the whole way. Had a lovely view of Mount Baker. Passed Chatham Island now a Leper Settlement; saw their houses along the shore. Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton from Boston were on board and very nice people. The Captain was a delightful old fellow — took me on to his bridge and showed me all the interesting places. Reached Victoria at 7. Went to Driard Hotel — don't like it much but it is said to be the best. My bedroom looks on to the theatre! and as the windows are all open I can see the people sitting watching the performance, and laughing and clapping. The music is rather good. Saw several large whales — one stood on his head and we saw him splendidly, nearly the whole of his body was out of the water.

AUGUST 12th Wednesday

Took my letter of introduction to Mr. Ward at the Bank of British Columbia. He very kindly went with me to see a gentleman who has lived in Japan and he advises me to go on by the "Parthia" and does not think I

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shall find it too hot. Mr. Ward says the Musgraves are coming to Victoria to-morrow. After seeing Mr. Ward I went to hunt up the Guytons. They had left the address I had, but a woman told me where I should find Mrs. Guyton. When I got to the house it was a rather common day school and the good woman said Mrs. Guyton was in the kitchen where I could see her if I wished! I went in and found her minding the woman's baby! She gave me their new address and asked me to come

about 5 when she would be home. — I got there a quarter past and found her looking out for me, she had on a clean dress and is nice but very ordinary. They live in rather a pretty little house in a nice open situation right out of the town and with a lovely view of the water. They have three rooms (upstairs) just whitewashed walls, a stove, a deal table and three chairs; in the bedroom they had a bed and a washstand; the other room I did not see. Alfred Guyton came home at 6. He is an ordinary painter and gets three dollars a day, but cannot work when it is wet, and work in winter is always slack — Ernest Guyton is a plasterer. Have promised to go on Sunday afternoon with them on the water. Colonel Cox and his wife who sit at the same table as I do are very interesting and have told me a good deal about India and Japan.

AUGUST 13th Thursday

Walked about the town a little, then took the electric car to Esquimault — a lovely ride the

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last part of the way — walked about there and came back by 12-30 car. Had lunch, wrote letters and got to Mr. Ward's at 3-45. After waiting some time for Mr. Ward to finish some letters, he went with me to meet the car his wife was coming by and in it were Mrs. and Miss Ward, Mrs. Green (from Banbury,) Miss Abbott (a very tall pretty girl) — her father has to do with the C.P.R. and lives at Vancouver and Miss Macleay (Scotch, living in Portland Oregon). We all went on to Esquimault and there Sir Robert Arbuthnot and Mr. Stanhope (the future Earl of Chesterfield) met us and took us to the "Warspite". She is in Dry Dock now, so we first went under her. She looked a huge vessel. We saw the rudder and the two screws, one on each side; Then up on deck, We went into the Admiral's rooms (Admiral Hotham was away) they are most comfortable and beautifully furnished — a Dining room, Cabin and Sitting room, table covered with all the latest magazines and papers, rows of books, pictures, photographs (the Prince and Princess of Wales) and endless ornaments. The Officers' Ward room was very nice and their cabins quite prettily set out. The Middy's quarters were below — a hammock and a huge chest with washing apparatus in a tray under the lid — that lifted off and all their clothes were kept under. There were some splendid big guns and several Nordenfelts, then at the top of the one mast was a round platform with a gun on. In the fore part of the

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vessel was a room for the Commander in time of battle — the Conning Tower — enormously strong steel wall round it and protected places for him to look out; All round were speaking tubes to different parts of the ship and electric bells. After seeing over the ship we had a grand tea and then went for a walk to some pretty places near. The Wards took me back to dinner with them. They live at a very pretty place and the house is beautifully furnished, just like an English one. After dinner we had music, singing etc. and Mr. Ward showed me a lot of photographs of this

country. The family seems to be large and varies from a daughter (married) to a baby ten months old! They brought me back to the hotel at 10-30 and took Miss Abbott down to the boat as she was returning to Vancouver.

AUGUST 14th Friday

Had a most pleasing surprise at breakfast seeing Mr. Hatton come in! His face puzzled me dreadfully at first and then I remembered we had met on the Nile! He recognised me and we had a good chat and after breakfast went for a walk through the Chinese quarter of the town and then down to the Government Buildings and Museum, a fairly good one, stuffed animals, birds, minerals etc. and things belonging to the Hydah Indians. After lunch Mrs. Ward called to take me for a drive. I was in my room and one of the hotel boys came up and said "There's some people come for you", I said "Very well I'll come down", so he

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simply walked across my room, out on to the balcony and shouted down to the carriage "It's all right, she's in and is coming down"! I blew him up for being so rude, at which he seemed greatly astonished. Mrs. Ward was fearfully upset in her mind about her own servants. — When she came down this morning she found the head housemaid had packed up and gone because she had heard of a place she thought would suit her better. Mrs. Ward gives her £50 a year and the other housemaid £48. The cook is a Chinaman and I forget how much he has. Servants seem to be awful. We went for a long drive round the outskirts of Victoria across the Park and along beautifully wooded roads with peeps of the water constantly. Got back soon after 6. Had dinner, wrote letters and diary.

AUGUST 15th Saturday

Went for a good walk round the Park and by the water in the morning. After lunch went to Mrs. McDonnell's Bird Cage Walk to call on Mrs. James Musgrave, but they don't arrive till this evening. Went on and passed Government House. After dinner to my joy the Phillip's arrived. They are not staying in the hotel as they heard such a bad account of it, but have some very comfortable rooms near. Went back with them and had a long chat. This certainly is a very badly managed hotel — the dining room never looks clean and flies swarm and the waiters are very inattentive and noisy. I have a very comfortable bedroom —

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three windows and a balcony, and a nice Chinaman to wait on me. I heard a good tale the other day — I was speaking of the "wood pavements" everywhere and a man said he had heard they were to be "consecrated" in Vancouver and that would be much better. I could not see how that would improve the planking, till he said it would be more even and harder and then I perceived he

meant "concreted"! board walks. Here and in Vancouver they have electric cars and drive at a furious rate, they have a sort of fishing rod on the top of the car and a little wheel that runs along a wire to keep up the supply of electricity. They also have a few horrible Hansom cabs, even worse than the Birmingham ones.

AUGUST 16th Sunday

Went with Mrs. Phillips to service at the Cathedral. The Bishop of British Columbia preached — very old man. Directly after lunch I went to the Guytons and found them waiting for me. They took me for a splendid row up the "Gorge" — very pretty. Passed the Indian Reservation. Got back at twenty to seven, only just time for Alfred Guyton to rush to the Church where he blows the bellows; Ernest walked back to the hotel with me. There I found cards from Mr. and Mrs. Musgrave and a message to say they would be at Evening service, so off I went and got there in time for the sermon! Walked with the Musgraves to their house and had a long chat. They came with the Brydges from

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Fort William to Winnipeg and had great fun. The Musgraves are a charming little couple!

AUGUST 17th Monday

Positively a shower of rain! Went to see the "Mexico" start for Alaska. Just before that started a steamer for 'Frisco had got clear of the ropes etc. when the usual passenger arrived late! And besought the Captain to take him on. To the astonishment of everyone the Captain stopped the engines and then went through all the bother of coming again alongside, took the tiresome man on and departed! The Musgraves came down with their cousin (Miss Charnley) and we went on board the "Mexico". The State rooms were very small and three berths in each, one on the top of the other! — did not look comfortable so I felt rather glad I decided not to go. Poured with rain all the way back and all afternoon. Went for a walk with Mr. and Mrs. Phillips after dinner. Mr. Phillips says the wooden boxes we saw up in the trees as we came along the C.P.R. were the coffins of Indians. They are put in a box when they die and fastened up a tree and when the Indians leave that part they carry the boxes with them. The graves by the line with bright coloured cloths over them were Chinese. They say here when a Chinaman dies he is put in the ground till the time (every five years) when the bones are collected and taken over to China. They dig up all the bodies, scrape the bones clean, wrap them in gold paper and take them off!

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Canaries wild here and humming birds — and lovely little green frogs.

AUGUST 18th Tuesday

Mr. and Mrs. Phillips called for me at 10. Went first to C.P.R. office where they told me the "Parthia" would not start till Thursday: then for a long walk by James' Bay and past the Bear Pit in the Park. — three lovely black bears. After lunch Mr. and Mrs. Musgrave called and took me to see the Tennis Tournament, introduced me to a heap of the swells of Victoria — Admiral Hotham, Sir Richard Musgrave, Sir — Begbie, the Creases etc. Got back to hotel at 6, had a quick dinner and then off to the Guytons. They got a boat and rowed us across to the place where the Indians are buried — such a queer place — they are not put in the ground but on a sort of dog kennel made of wood put over them! One had been put there quite lately and there were only palings round and a sort of sheet thrown over the top — heaps of bright coloured rags all round. Only one name up, that of an old woman who died in 1888 aged 116 years!

AUGUST 19th Wednesday

Mr. and Mrs. Phillips came for me at 10. Went first to the Indian Reservation, stopped a long time on the bridge watching them. The men were sitting lazily on the ground and the women were busy taking down some of the tents, packing their things and putting them into the boats — they were evidently off on a hunting expedition, the men had guns by them. Though they have had to adopt a

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European kind of dress they keep to as bright colours as possible — bright red, blue, yellow etc. — nothing on their heads but their thick intensely black hair. Then went on to find the Cemetery. Got there after going a long way round — quite close to the water. The Chinese part in a corner next the sea but not at all separated from our part. The most horribly untidy disgusting looking place one can imagine. In one part was a stone altar with two tall chimneys on each side and on the altar was a raised mound of earth stuck all over with the remains of wax candles and tapers — the grease was smeared about everywhere. Twice every year they have a grand(?) ceremonial and last Sunday was one of the days. They bring roasted pig, chickens etc., in fact all sorts of eatables and place them on the altar and then go through all kinds of performances bowing, kneeling etc. In the fireplaces in the tall chimneys they burn paper and incense. There was a fearful mess all round and the trees were full of crows. The graves were very untidy. The bodies are only just put under the ground (not deep down) a small piece of wood (with Chinese characters on) and a brick at the head and red wax tapers at the foot — some have wooden railings round. They are only buried a few years, then dug up and taken away, so there were many hollow places left — Many of them were quite black from the grass having been burnt, and a few years ago the whole place was set on fire by them.

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After lunch we all went to Esquimault and over the Warspite. Saw a good deal the officers did not show us, but of course did not see the Admiral's rooms etc. Saw the Torpedoes and the propellers and the wire netting put down to protect the vessel from them. Colonel Englede R.E. London and Mr. Clark are here prospecting for the Scotch Crofters. They lunched with the Admiral to-day.

AUGUST 20th Thursday

Called on the Musgraves and Mr. Ward and wished them good-bye, then on Mrs. Ward but she was not in. Had lunch at 1 o'clock and went with the Phillips' to see a Chinese funeral. The departed man was head of one of the Secret Societies and there was to be a grand do. We followed a number of people going down a narrow passage and found a new staircase put up outside a house in a sort of yard. We went up and came to a large room full of Chinese, talking laughing and being dressed up in very gay looking garments. In one corner was the coffin, black with silver mounts, just like an English coffin, open and a sort of gauze spread over the face, at the foot on the floor were arranged plates of roast fowl, pork, fruit and cakes. Three bunches of red wax candles and "joss" stick burning. The smell was rather suffocating and we soon rushed down and followed those who were dressed along other dirty passages till we came out in a street the other side of the block. There were tables set out with roast sucking

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pig and boiled fowls, fruits and cakes. The procession was being formed and presently started, headed by a finely dressed man (as to colours) on horseback carrying a large banner — then followed two men beating brass gongs, some more blowing large shells, then a carriage with people inside beating gongs — a great number walking two and two carrying flags, then some with muskets, swords, tridents and queer wooden things. Two men with gorgeous sort of helmets and beautifully embroidered coats, carrying long things like bats instead of walking sticks. Then about 12 in white with straw shoes, a man on horseback with long white beard and long white tufts from each ear (fastened on) and then a lot of carriages. These marched down the principal street and then down the block where the hearse was waiting and escorted it round to the street where the tables were set out. Then the coffin was taken out and put in the road near the end of the table. The priests spread matting, knelt down bowing and prostrating themselves before it. The priests took pieces of the food from the altar and placed it on the floor in front of the coffin but we could not see what was done with it — they also kept pouring out some stuff from a small sort of china coffee pot into tiny cups on the

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floor but whether they drank or emptied it on the ground we could not see. In about an hour the procession reformed and started as at first but after the hearse the man's horse was led, decorated

with peacock feathers, a great many were used in the decorations and some put on the coffin. Just after the hearse came two men each carrying a huge round sort of gay extinguisher on a long pole, and then came thirty carriages full of Chinese. Those who walked in the procession looked more like clowns — they wore loose jackets of bright coloured stuff like glazed calico, mostly light blue, but some red, some yellow, some green, with a patch of another colour in the middle of the back with Chinese letters on, white pants with sky blue glazed calico gaiters, white sort of turban or cap with long scarlet streamers etc. We did not go to the Cemetery, it was fearfully hot and dusty and we could not have seen much there for the crowd. I was told that at the yearly ceremony, the burning of papers and food is for gifts to their "Ancestors". The priest tells a man his "ancestor" wants some pork etc. and as it is consumed the old fellow enjoys it! or if he wants a hat, coat, boots etc. the priest sells the relative a piece of paper with a picture of a hat etc. on, for the same price as a real hat! This is burnt and the ancestor gets a real one!!! Mr. and Mrs. Phillips came to see me safely on board the "Parthia". The

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tender "Rainbow" left Hudson Bay wharf at 6-15, but the "Parthia" did not come in sight till 7. We all came on (the other passengers were twelve Chinese and one Cabin). The Phillips' had only just time to rush round the ship and then had to leave and by 8 we were fairly off. I was dreadfully sorry to have quite done with Canada and to say good-bye to the Phillips's, they have been so very jolly. The "Parthia" is a very comfortable boat — I have a huge cabin to myself, two berths, a large sofa, two port holes and any amount of room. There are very few passengers. I sit next the Captain, an awfully nice man, and next me is Mr. Greenhalgh, a barrister going to Hong Kong — he came on the tender with me. The waiters are all Chinese — my "boy" is No. 1 and very attentive. He gets my bath ready and pops his head in and shouts "Missis, bath ready". He leaves my port open all night, shuts it while "wash deck" when finish open again. The Head Steward and a Stewardess are both English and very nice. The cooking is excellent. During dinner the first evening a thick fog came on and we had the fog horn all night. Next day we had a nasty roll and I fled from "Tiffin" but I was soon all right and never missed another meal or my bath for which I had to get up at 6 each morning or the water was hot! The Chief Engineer (Mr. Lowe) is Scotch and very good-natured.