

PORT CREDIT
TO
VANCOUVER

By G. W. GORDON



AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER, 1922

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Brampton

*Given in Loving Memory
of Reuben H. Lush
by Daughters & Grandchildren*

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THE PARTY WHO MADE THE TRIP



Left to right, back row—G. W. Gordon, Jas. Lightfoot, John Thomson.
Front—Mr. and Mrs. R. Lush

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AUGUST 30th, 1922

Having made arrangements for our trip to the Pacific Coast, our party consisting of Ruben Lush and wife, of Clarkson, Ont.; John Thomson, of Port Credit; James Lightfoot, Clarkson, Ont., and the writer, G. W. Gordon, Port Credit, Ont., boarded the C.P.R. train at the Union Station, Toronto, on Wednesday, the 30th day of August, 1922, at 12.45 Standard time, and after a very pleasant trip arrived at Port McNichol at 4.30 p.m. We at once went on board our ship, the "Kewatin," a very fine vessel. We were at once shown to our staterooms, where everything was found to be up-to-date, and where we were served with refreshments. Our ship had her full capacity of passengers—it being the end of the holiday season and the teachers were returning to the Western Provinces to take up their duties. The weather was all that could be desired: warm, but not too hot. Our ship got under way at 4.35 p.m. We had supper at 7.30, which we enjoyed very much as we were possessed of good appetites. By the time we had finished we were well out in the Georgian Bay. The scenery is very fine as the ship passes near some of the beautiful, wood-covered islands on the way out. By this time we began to look about and to form acquaintances, and met Mr. Stoddard, of Barrie, Ont., who informed us that he also was going to the Coast, and we invited him to join our party, to which he gladly agreed. We found him to be a very fine fellow and excellent company. We also met a Mr. Peacock, a lawyer from Calgary, who was returning home, and who was a most extreme political critic, no matter what side of politics he espoused. He and Lush were not long before they were into a political argument re the O.T.A. We thought it prudent not to interfere. That evening there was music and dancing on the afterdeck, and during the entertainment we became acquainted with many of the school teachers, who were thoroughly enjoying themselves. We retired to our staterooms at 11 p.m., having spent a very pleasant evening.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, 1922

Got up at 6.30 a.m.—in fact, it was impossible to sleep any longer as Mr. Thomson is a habitual early riser and would not allow

any one of the party to remain in bed after 6.30 unless ordered to do so by the doctor. We had breakfast at 7.30 a.m.; went on deck and found that we were opposite De Tour Lighthouse at the end of the Bay, and approaching the mouth of St. Mary's River, which we entered at 8.30 a.m. Here we ran into a dense fog and had to come to anchor for an hour. Came to the Narrows at 10 a.m., the fog having cleared away. The scenery at this point is very beautiful. Summer residences can be seen all along the banks and up on the hillsides, with beautiful surroundings. We passed fleets of large freight vessels going up light, bound for Fort William for grain cargoes

Arrived at Sault Ste. Marie at 11 a.m., where we stopped 20 minutes. Locked through the Soo Canal at 12 o'clock noon and got clear out into Lake Superior by 1 o'clock. Had dinner at 1.20. Weather continues fine and warm. Met fleets of large freight vessels coming down loaded; passed very close to some of them.

After supper dancing was again indulged in. We are beginning to get well acquainted with our fellow passengers. Ruben Lush is dancing with a young school teacher. Mr. Peacock is floor manager. The music is inspiring and all are in a gay spirit. Occasionally Mr. Lush makes a mistake in the step; Mr. Peacock sets him right and all goes on merrily. Dancing ceased at 11 p.m. as per ship's rules. Mr. Stoddard invited us to his stateroom to partake of some light refreshment. Invitation gladly accepted by all of our party. After spending some time with Mr. Stoddard, discussing politics, we retired to rest at 12 midnight.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1st, 1922

Arose at 6.30 a.m., having been aroused by Mr. Thomson, who insisted that we get up at once as Port Arthur was in sight, and said that we should be ashamed to be found in bed at such an hour. He was looking for his cap, a new one, for which he had paid \$2.50 before leaving Toronto. It was a good cap, a cap any traveller would be justly proud of. Having found his cap and scolding us for our laziness, Thomson pushed it well down on his head, remarking as he did so that it was a "very nice cap," and fitted him so well, went out on deck. About two minutes afterwards, just as we were about to ascend the stairs leading to the upper deck, we met John coming down bare headed, and a regretful look on his face. "Gordie," he said, "I've lost my cap; it has blown overboard. What will I do?" Of course we had to laugh. The cap had vanished and that was all there was to it; but Mr. Lush informs us that he

had to remain near Thomson to prevent him from jumping overboard in his endeavor to recover the lost cap which he valued so highly. Lush attributes this tendency on the part of Thomson to the fact of his being a Scotchman, and the Scotch people as a rule are very acquisitive and take their losses very seriously. He says that had Mr. Thomson rashly committed the error of jumping overboard in order to recover the lost cap, and had in so doing been drowned; and had an inquest been held to determine the cause of death, that the jury no doubt would have brought in a verdict of "Died from natural causes." Such is Rube's version of this incident. Lush is always referring to the three Scotchmen with whom he is travelling (meaning Lightfoot, Thomson and Gordon) as being "so careful about the spending of money" and so "very cautious about what kind of company they keep" and so on; in fact he is telling all our new friends about us, and we are beginning to feel annoyed at his allusions, especially about the Scotch.

Arriving on deck, we could see the "Sleeping Giant" on our port bow about 8 or 10 miles distant, and the weather being clear, we could make out Port Arthur in the dim distance straight ahead. We then went down and had breakfast. Thomson and Stoddard were already seated at the table waiting for us. Mr. Stoddard was indulging in a conversation with a young couple by the name of Kerney, who were returning home to Fort William on their honeymoon, and whom we had met frequently on our trip up the lakes. We all indulged in a little good-bye chat and lingered at the table until our ship docked at Port Arthur at 8 a.m., when after discharging some passengers and freight, we pulled out at 9 a.m. and proceeded to Fort William, arriving there at 9.30, where we made connections with the Vancouver express, and we have to say that it was with some regret that we bid good-bye to those of our fellow passengers who were leaving us at Port Arthur, and we also desire to say that we enjoyed the trip from McNichol to Port Arthur to the fullest extent, being treated by the officers of the "Kewatin" with every kindness and attention.

We found on going on board the train that the crowd of passengers was such that we could not find seating room and were advised to wait for the second section due to leave at 10.20, which we did, and where we found ample accommodation for us all. Mrs. Lush has enjoyed the trip thus far and is in excellent spirits. Our train pulled out sharp at 10.20, central time. We reversed our watches one hour to conform with the change. The weather continues very hot and the dust was very trying to the eyes. The country west of Fort William is very rocky and hilly with occasional patches of clearing, and where the settlers have located on the best portions of the land. The timber consists mostly of Spruce and Tamarac, but there are sections through which we pass-

ed which are covered with a dense growth of small Jack Pine and Poplar, with some White Birch. The Transcontinental Railway runs parallel to the the C.P.R. for many miles west of Port Arthur, and we noticed trains going in the opposite direction as we sped along on our way to Kenora. We passed miles of sand and gravel pits, where excellent material is obtained for concrete and for ballast.

There does not appear to be much settlement west of Port Arthur and east of Kenora as the land in most cases is unfit for cultivation on account of the rocks, swamps and poor quality of the soil. Although we passed some very desirable farms some distance east of Kenora, where we saw some very fine crops of barley, wheat and oats in shock. At 6 p.m. we ran into a severe thunderstorm. The rain fell in torrents. A thunderstorm out here certainly makes one sit up and take notice. Arrived at Kenora at 8 p.m., rain still falling heavily and blowing strong. Stopped here 20 minutes, but as it was getting dark could not see much of the place, but noticed some very large flour mills near the station, and also a number of small steam boats tied up at the wharf. Left Kenora at 8.20, and after an uneventful trip arrived at Winnipeg at 10.30 p.m. feeling very tired and hungry. We were met at the station by two brothers of Mr. Lush and their wives, who needless to say were delighted to meet their brother, Reuben, whom they had not seen for some years.

Mr. Stoddard, being also met by a friend of his, accepted his hospitality and bid us good night. Mr. and Mrs. Lush naturally accepted the invitation of their relatives and departed with them. Leaving Lightfoot, Thomson and myself to find a hotel for ourselves. We proceeded to the Brunswick Hotel, where we registered and where we were shown to our rooms, and after a good wash and some refreshment we went out and had a good supper, returning to our hotel at 12 p.m.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2nd, 1922

Arose at 6.30 as usual. Thomson was anxious about us, as he said that it was time to be about, so that we might enjoy the fresh morning air. Mr. Lightfoot was rather inclined to remain in bed a while longer, but it was no use, so we both got up and had a good wash and proceeded to breakfast, after which we set about to explore the city and environs thereof. We strolled down Main St. to Portage Ave. Thence west on Portage Ave. to the store of the T. Eaton Co., which is an up-to-date structure of six stores and much resembles their Toronto store. Inquired for Mr. Adams, but found that he had gone down to Kenora to spend the holiday. Were much

disappointed at not seeing him. Returned to our hotel at 12 noon and had dinner. We were much impressed with the wide streets of Winnipeg and the fine up-to-date buildings, especially the banks.

In the afternoon, Mr. Lush and his brother-in-law, Chas. Brunton, arrived at our hotel and invited us to go for a drive about the city, an invitation which we gladly accepted. After driving about the city, and visiting all the principal points of interest, including the Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, the City Hall and other places. We were driven to Assinaboine Park, a most beautiful place of 2,000 acres, situated on the south bank of the Assinaboine River on the outskirts of the city. As we drove in at the south entrance we were delighted with the beautiful display of flowers. There were acres of flowers of every shade and color. As we passed along we saw the tennis courts, bowling greens, cricket grounds and the public golf links, where many of the good people of the city were enjoying themselves at their favorite pastime. We next came to the Zoo, where the native wild animals are kept, and of which there is a very fine collection. We also visited the large inclosure in which is kept the buffalo and deer. We saw about 25 buffalo quietly feeding as we passed along; also a small herd of deer. After having enjoyed ourselves at the park, Mr. Brunton drove us to his beautiful home, where we met his good wife, who by the way is a sister of Mr. Lush, and after being entertained by our kind friend, we were driven to our hotel at 6 p.m., having spent a very pleasant afternoon. The weather continues very warm, temperature 80 degrees. Having put on extra clothing in anticipation of cold weather, we find it rather uncomfortable. Thomson is complaining of the heat and says that he will have to shed some clothes if it continues warm. Mr. Lightfoot has been carrying a heavy overcoat about with him fearing a sudden change to cold weather, as he has heard such dreadful tales of extreme cold in the West, and is prepared for it should it eventuate whilst he is here.

After supper we attended the opera where we spent a very enjoyable evening, returning to our hotel at 11.30.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 3rd, 1922

Thomson must have been very tired because he did not disturb us until 7.30 a.m., when we had a bath and went down to breakfast at 8.30, after which we took a street car and went over to St. Boniface. Arriving at 10.30 we visited the new hospital and technical school. Returning, went up Main St. to Keldona Park, which is situated in the north part of the city. This park is a very pleasant

recreation place, and has a gymnasium which is equipped in an up-to-date fashion, and is largely patronized by the young people of the city. We returned to our hotel at 12.30 for dinner, after which we paid our bills and prepared to take our leave for Brandon. I thought it best to phone Frank and advise him that we would be along that evening. Needless to say he was much surprised to know that we were in the country and within 4 hours' run of Brandon.

Mr. Lush and Mr. Brunton called to see us before we left, as it was Mr. Lush's intention to take a side trip to Dauphin to visit his sister there and again join our party at Brandon, where we intended to stop a few days before resuming our journey to the coast.

Mr. Stoddard called to say that he will remain in Winnipeg for a day or two longer in order to visit some friends who reside at some distance out from the city, and has arranged to rejoin our party at Calgary or Banff, where we will wait for him.

Pulled out on C.P.R. express No. 3 at 3.25 p.m., passed through sections of grain in shock; country about here is rather low and is somewhat swampy. Saw some straw piles burning, where threshing had been completed. 4 p.m., country becoming scrubby and swampy with odd patches of good land and large fields of grain, mostly in shock; also saw where a hailstorm had struck, destroying everything so far as grain is concerned. 5 p.m., passed through about 14 miles of hills and scrub oak. Nobody appears to be living in this section as we could see no habitation of any kind. Stopped at Portage la Prairie. Passed through Keewatin, Souel, etc. Stopped at Carberry, where we were met by Frank, who came down on No. 2 from Brandon to meet us. We were both surprised and glad to see him, and had a very pleasant chat on the train before arriving at Brandon at 7.10 p.m. We were conducted by Frank to the Hotel Cecil, where we did justice to a good supper. Lightfoot and Thomson expressed themselves as being much pleased with the trip thus far. After supper all went to the Y.M.C.A. on 8th Street, where we engaged rooms, Frank having arranged for this beforehand. Retired at 11 p.m. feeling pretty tired out but well.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 4th, 1922

Thomson, as was his usual custom, awoke us at 6.30. In fact it was no use trying to sleep once Thomson was up. Having had breakfast we were introduced to some very fine young men, including a Mr. Bruce Thomson, an overseas man; Mr. Joe Kerr, Chief of the C.P.R. detective force; Mr. Roth, Mr. Balsden, Mr. Anderson and others, whose names I cannot remember. About 9 a.m. we

hired an auto, and with Mr. Bruce Thomson as chauffeur, and Frank, Mr. Lightfoot, Thomson, Joe Kerr and myself as passengers, went out to have a look about the city. We paid a visit to the experimental or agricultural farm and the asylum, where we saw some very fine beds of flowers, all in full bloom; also visited the school of instruction for Indians, and met a number of young Indian boys who were being educated in the art of general farming. After dinner we went out to see a new type of threshing machine tested out. We drove about fourteen miles southeast to see this, passing through thousands of acres of grain in shock. Leaving the threshing bee, we continued on our way south over the Brandon Hills on a very dangerous and unused road, and were glad when we again found ourselves on the south side of the hills and on the level prairie about 20 miles south of Brandon. Returned home by another road, arrived back at 4 p.m., passing the Normal School, where we stopped a few minutes. We also passed through the fair grounds which is fitted up with good up-to-date buildings for the accommodation of live stock. There is also a grandstand which will seat 7000 people. Brandon is a very clean and prosperous looking little city with wide streets, all well paved, and good substantial buildings, especially the banks of which there are six, the Customs House and the Post Office, and the large Canadian National Hotel. These are all very fine buildings of modern design. Brandon has a population of 17,000.

After supper, Bruce Thomson insisted that we all go for a run by auto out to the west of the city on the Souris Road. Accordingly, we left about 6 p.m. and continued across the prairie for about 12 miles, passing wheat shocks close to the tracks. So close that we drove over some. Got back at 10 p.m. and went out to a public dance on the street, where a large number of the young people of Brandon were enjoying themselves. Got back to our quarters at 12 p.m. Weather extremely hot, so hot indeed that we were compelled to remove our underclothing, the thermometer registering 90 in this place.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5th, 1922

Weather has become somewhat cooler and a light rain is falling. Lightfoot and myself walked out for a stroll in the afternoon, after writing some letters home. Mr. Lush and wife have not yet arrived, but hope that they will join up soon as we are anxious to proceed on our journey.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 6th, 1922

Still at Brandon. Frank and I went out for a long walk to the east end of the city. Thomson and Lightfoot went for a stroll up town. All met at the "Y" for dinner. Lush and wife have not showed up yet. Getting anxious to resume our trip West.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7th, 1922

After breakfast, Lightfoot, Thomson and I went for a walk to the west end of the city, thence back for dinner. In the afternoon we visited the plant of the Imperial Oil Company and were conducted through the place by Bruce Thomson, who is in charge there. Saw two immense steel tanks, each containing 400,000 gallons. This Company has a very large and profitable trade through the West. We next visited the headquarters of the Massey Harris Co., where we met a Mr. Thos. Fenwick, who conducted us through the building, a very substantial structure of stone and brick with concrete floors, four storeys high by 200 feet square. On our return we received a wire that Rube and Mrs. Lush would arrive via the Canadian National from Dauphin at 5.20 p.m. We were glad to hear from them as we were getting anxious to resume our journey. Mr. Fenwick very kindly placed his car at our disposal, which generous offer we accepted, and all motored to the C.N.R. Depot to meet them as the train pulled in. Rube appeared, looking as hale and hearty as ever; also Mrs. Lush, who appeared none the worse considering the long and tedious journey which they had endured. We motored them to their destination, to the home of Mrs. Cunningham (by the way Mrs. Cunningham was an old sweetheart of Rube's) where we left Mrs. Lush, Rube continuing on with us as he was a little suspicious that we had not been behaving ourselves as we ought to have done during his absence. However, it turned out alright, as we had been very good boys and had behaved extremely well under the circumstances. The only thing which he found fault with was that he had saved a very precious bottle of medicine for us, fully expecting that we would be ill on his arrival and would be in great need of medicinal treatment, and to his great dismay he found us all well and not at all in need of his treatment, but I may just say that we were deeply grateful to our dear friend, Rube, for his kind consideration and thoughtfulness just the same.

In the evening we had a very enjoyable time at the "Y" among

the young men, who made it their temporary home. We had formed in the past four days of our stay at Brandon many friendships, which will be long remembered. Bruce Thomson was one. He is a man of sterling quality, a man whom anyone would be glad to receive as one who is upright in character and honest in every way; a man who has risked his life for his country in the Great War, and one who can be thoroughly depended upon as a good and true and loyal support of our Sovereign Lord the King. Bruce Thomson is a real man and we regret that our parting is not a little sorrowful as we shake hands and say "good night." Then there is Joe Kerr, a Prince among men, 6 foot, 3 inches, straight as an arrow, also one of His Majesty's soldiers in the late war; one who is above reproach and who is now one of the trusted officials in the employ of the C.P.R. detective force, and a real friend to those who obey the law, but a terror to evil doers. Joe Kerr, we all like him, a good fellow and a friend of "ours." Joe is all that we have written about him, a generous good fellow, and a good friend. Thus we leave him. Then we have to say a word for "Tom Fenwick." Born in old Peel County, near Dixie, Tom migrated to the West in the early nineties, and having roughed it for a number of years has made his "little pile," and is now taking it easy. He has a beautiful home on one of the residential streets of Brandon. Has 10 children, all living and all well married except one boy and one daughter, a very estimable young lady of 17 years, whose acquaintance we had the pleasure of making. Mr. Fenwick has been successful in business and has justly earned the reward of his labor. He is a real gentleman and we regret having to leave him. Then there is Mr. A. Fenwick, his brother, the Officer of Customs at Brandon, whom we met and found him to be a thorough gentleman and a man who deals on the square, and who is regarded by all Brandon citizens as a man of high integrity. We cannot let this opportunity pass without mentioning the name of Mr. Jelley, the Chief Despatcher of the Northwest District of the C.P.R. Mr. Jelley is a man who is well suited for his important position, and who is justly entitled to the position of chief despatcher of his division; a man not thinking of himself more highly than he out to think, but one who can sympathize with others less fortunate than he, and who is beloved by all who serve under him.

Then there is Mr. Patterson, District Superintendent of the C. P.R. at Brandon. Indeed I cannot speak too highly of him as he has befriended us in more ways than one. My son, Frank, now owes to Mr. Patterson, the position he now holds, and Mr. Patterson has been so kind to our party that he has extended our tickets 400 miles, enabling us to visit Portland, Oregon, and return without further charge. Why should we not feel grateful to Mr. Patterson?

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 8th, 1922

We are busy getting ready to leave for points further west, and called at the C.P.R. depot to arrange for our change of tickets as we have decided to go through the Okanagan Valley fruit district and lakes, via Kettle Valley R. R. to Vancouver, via Sicamous Junction. Frank suggested that we get our tickets to read Portland, Ore., and return, and consulted Mr. Patterson, who said that it could be arranged by paying \$2.00 each extra, to which we all agreed.

Pulled out of Brandon at 12.35 noon, after bidding good-bye to our friends who had been so very kind to us, and promising to call on our return. Passed through very fine wheat country. Nothing but wheat, wheat, wheat, as far as the eye could see in all directions, a lovely prairie country, all that could be desired. Occasionally we came near the bank of the Assinaboine River, a wide and noble stream, flowing eastward its green waters, sparkling in the evening sunlight. Truly, O, Canada, thou art a great country, full of inestimable possibilities. The weather has become much cooler and we were glad to don our overcoats. Party arrived at Regina at 7.20 p.m., western time. Hired taxi and motored to the "Paris Hotel." Had supper and retired at 11 p.m., feeling rather tired.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9th, 1922

We were awakened as usual by Thomson, who is as good as an alarm clock for making a noise and for scolding us about not getting up, as he says we were losing too much time by sleeping so much, etc.

We had to get up or listen to Mr. Thomson, and as it was impossible to sleep under the circumstances, we got up and dressed, time 6.30 a.m. Went down and had breakfast, after which we took a walk out to have a look about the city, which we think is altogether an up-to-date place. We think that the people of the West have shown wise judgment in the laying out of their city streets, as in other western cities the streets are in most cases 100 feet wide and all well paved. In the business section, the buildings are all of modern design, built of steel superstructure and finished in concrete, stone or brick. The population of Regina, according to the last revised statistics, is 40,000. Situated as it is in the heart of a fine and prosperous wheat country, Regina promises to become in the near future the leading city of the West. After spending some time looking about, our party arrived at the C.P.R. depot at 8 a.m., where we met the Hon. W. D. McPherson, who is on a lecture tour of the

West in the interests of the Orange Order, and naturally we had a good old-fashioned talk about conditions in the West, political and otherwise. We also met some officers of the N.W.M.P. and some of their men. They are a fine body of men of whom the people feel justly proud..

Our party left Regina for Imperial by the Local No. 1 at 8.25 a.m. Noticed a very large oil refining plant just north of city limits. After getting clear of the suburbs, we passed through a very rich wheat country of about 30 miles in extent. Nothing to be seen but wheat in every direction. Saw several threshing machines in full operation as we passed along. Can see for a great distance to the westward, and can see nothing except yellow fields of grain. No trees of any kind in this place. Can see the homes of the settlers standing out like toy houses on the great plain. 10.30 a.m., country becoming hilly and land appears light and sandy. Not much crop of any kind here, but are approaching a low country at the south end of Long Lake, where the railway runs on east side of a great swamp about a mile wide and 15 or 20 miles long. We saw here millions of wild ducks alongside of the track in the water, and so tame that they did not fly or attempt to get out of the way as we passed by. As the train proceeded northward, we came to Long Lake, a beautiful sheet of clear blue water, varying in width from one to ten miles and 40 miles long. The railway here turns west and crosses to the west bank of the lake and continues northward to "Regina Beach," a fine summer resort for the people of Regina overlooking this beautiful lake. We stopped here some 15 minutes and got off the train to see what we could of the place. One thing we could see was wild duck by the 10 acre lot, like a black carpet on the surface of the lake.

Leaving Regina Beach, we passed through a rather hilly and somewhat stoney part of the country. Then we passed through an alkali district, saw some large ponds which looked as if they were covered with snow or ice. The bare land also was white with this alkali. No settlement of any kind here. Country has a desolate appearance. No growth of any kind. 11 a.m., country becoming better and more level with very fine crops of wheat and oats. Everything here seems to be prosperous. We are told that this is one of the best farming districts of Saskatchewan. Arrived at Imperial at 12 noon and was met by Mr. I. Lush, who invited us all to his place for dinner, where we met his wife and little daughter. After doing justice to a good dinner, Mr. I. Lush placed his car at our disposal, and we motored out east of Imperial, through great wheat fields 20 miles, visiting two threshing gangs in full operation. Wheat here is averaging 34 to 40 bushels per acre as per machine weight and this

weight is generous. It is very interesting to watch the work of threshing and disposing of the grain. Our out-threshers would appear very primitive here in the West. I shall try to describe the modus operandi. Six teams haul the grain from the shock direct to the machine. There is only one man to each team and he does his own loading and pitching. Two teams are unloading at the same time direct into the machine, one on each side. The other four teams are loading in the field close by, and the machine is kept constantly running from daylight to dark, except an hour off for noon. There are usually four teams or wagons holding 130 bushels each, drawing the threshed grain direct from the machine to the elevators. Provided, however, that the haul is not more than four or five miles. Otherwise, it is stored in field granaries of 1,000 to 2,000 bushels capacity, and when the threshing has been completed the farmer then delivers his grain to the elevator at his leisure. All wheat here is grading No. 1 hard Northern. On our return we visited the large elevators at Imperial, of which there are five. Loads of wheat were constantly coming in and all five elevators were doing a lively business. We were much interested in the manner in which the grain was weighed and unloaded, the whole process only taking five minutes' time.

IMPERIAL, SUNDAY, SEPT. 10, 1922

We have decided to put up at the Imperial Hotel, I mean Thomson Lightfoot and myself, as Mr. Rube and Mrs. Lush are the guests of Mr. I. Lush. Our room is No. 17, and this morning Thomson was unusually active in arousing Lightfoot and I who intended having a good long sleep, it being Sunday. But Mr. Thomson was up good and early and said that we would not get breakfast if we did not get down at once, as the landlord had told him so. We aroused ourselves sufficiently to comprehend the gravity of the situation and dragged ourselves out of bed to find that the time was 6.30 a.m. and Sunday morning, and breakfast would not be ready for at least one hour and a half. Lightfoot and I are trying to devise some plan whereby we can induce John to remain in bed at least until eight o'clock on a Sunday morning.

Breakfasted at eight a.m., after which we went for a walk down the track to have a look at the gravel pit, water tank and pump house. Rube and Mrs. Lush have gone on a drive with his brother and family to visit some friends 25 miles east of here. Mr. Graham, who is proprietor of a large garage here, came over to the hotel and invited us to go out with him for a drive in his car. We gladly accepted his kind invitation and we motored about ten miles west of the town. What we saw in that direction was a repetition of yesterday. Everywhere we

look there are immense fields of grain stretching in every direction to the horizon. The country here is very level with an occasional rise in the ground. No trees of any kind, so far as we could see, nothing but grain. Truly the Great West is the granary of Canada.

Returned to our hotel for dinner. Weather continues cool with slight frosts at night and is becoming cloudy with signs of rain. We intend to resume our journey to-morrow at twelve noon if all goes well.

AFTERNOON, SEPTEMBER 10

Went for a motor trip with a Mr. J. Hasler, an agent from Medicine Hat, who is demonstrating a new patent device for mowing and reaping machines. Our party was made up of Lightfoot, Thomson and myself. We continued eastward from Imperial for about 20 miles, passing through mile after mile of excellent wheat all in shock. There appeared to be no end of grain extending to the skyline. The crops here are excellent and we cannot speak too highly of this part of the Province as a wheat growing country. Returned to our hotel at 6.30 p.m.

EVENING, SEVEN P.M.

Went out after supper to see if Rube and Mrs. Lush had returned. The streets here at night are quite dark and the sidewalks in places are out of repair.

Mr. Thomson went ahead followed by Jim Lightfoot and myself. We turned up a back street, which was very dark, and was proceeding very cautiously, Thomson still leading and grumbling about the bad condition of the sidewalks, when suddenly a heavy explosion was heard, and Thomson fell. Our first care was to help Thomson to his feet and to ascertain the extent of his injuries, which we found were not of a very serious nature, his leg being slightly injured by the fall from the sidewalk. We could not at the time determine the cause of this unusual explosion, but we afterwards learned that it was caused by the accumulation of a pocket of natural gas which is quite a common occurrence in that part of the country. All is well that ends well.

Imperial is a prosperous little town situated 80 miles north of Regina and 90 miles south of Saskatoon. There are five elevators there, and business is good. The water from the wells is unfit for drinking or cooking, so that the people are supplied with good water from a spring about a half mile from the town, which is brought in

by a tank wagon, and delivered every morning at a cost of two cents per large pail. The food at the hotel is excellent and we cannot speak too highly of our kind host, who treated us with every consideration.

SEPTEMBER 11th, 1922

The weather being rather damp, a number of threshers drifted into the town from the different gangs employed in the neighbourhood, among them a Mr. Harry Kimbly, a big, husky fellow, who did considerable talking about the hotel. Kimbly is the owner of two sections of fine land about six miles west of Imperial. He also owns a threshing outfit, but it being wet, they could not operate until the weather cleared up. Mr. Kimbly is a man of rather unique character. He has several notable accomplishments, as well as a McLaughlin Six, which he can drive without regard for the speed laws. Another strange fact about Mr. Kimbly is that he pays no attention whatever to the prohibition laws of his native province. So when he invited us to go over with him and look over his place, we were rather leary about it—Thomson especially, who absolutely refused to go. But after a few minutes Lush, Lightfoot and I consented, on condition that we get back in time for the train at 11.25. Well, we started out and after Mr. Kimbly paid a professional visit to each of the elevators, leaving with each manager a sample of his goods (wheat in a liquid form), we hit the trail at a speed of about 55 or 60 miles per hour, turning corners at a terrific rate. After visiting his farm and inspecting his threshing outfit and after being treated to the best he had in the house, we were driven back to the station at the same speed as before. We were glad to arrive without being killed. Our train being a few minutes late, we did not pull out until 11.40 a.m. bound for Edmonton, all well. Arrived at Colenso Junction at 3.50 p.m., where we had lunch at a small restaurant there, with the conductor and his crew at 4.50 p.m. Our train pulled in and we commenced our rather long train journey to Edmonton. Arrived at Saskatoon at 5.40. We did not stop long at Saskatoon, as we were anxious to make the coast with the least delay possible. Leaving Saskatoon at 6 p.m., country west of Saskatoon appears rough and scrubby, with a few patches of stunted wheat in shock. As night closed in we had no opportunity of judging the country more than 60 miles west of Saskatoon, but we are informed that there is some very fine wheat land to the north as the railway passes through the roughest part of this country.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12th

When it was sufficient daylight we began to stir about. We were passing through a wooded country of tall poplar, with an occasional clearing of about 50 to 100 acres. What crops we saw were wheat, barley and oats, still green and very short. We learned that the season in this district has been very dry and crops have not matured. We passed a few herds of cattle and an occasional trading post. Arrived at Edmonton at 7.15 a.m., where we put up at the Corona Hotel and had breakfast, all feeling very tired. Mrs. Lush not feeling well, decided to remain in her room and rest. Lush, Thomson, Lightfoot and I went to the C.N.R. depot to call on Mr. Davis, who is chief passenger agent, and who received us in the most cordial manner, and in the afternoon motored us all about the city, visiting many of the principal points of interest, including the Parliament Buildings, Government House, the McDonald Hotel, managed by the C.N.R. and erected at a cost of two million dollars. We also drove over the High Level bridge which spans the North Saskatchewan River, being 250 feet high and nearly one mile long and made for steam railway, street railway, motor and general traffic, a wonderful engineering feat of steel and concrete. Lord and Lady Bing have arrived in the City on an official visit, and all the Indians from the reservations have come to town to do them honor. These Indians are a very wild and husky lot. We went down to see them at their camp at the Hudson Bay Company's grounds. They have brought with them 400 horses, each horse ridden by an Indian brave, and all dressed up with paint and feathers. They have also brought all their squaws, young and old, who look after the tents and do all the general work. To-morrow they intend giving an exhibition of the old customs of former years before the white man came. We would like to stop over another day to see this, but we have not time, as we have been inclined to stop longer than we should, and our time is limited. We have been invited to dine with Mr. Davis this evening, which invitation we have accepted. All kinds of beautiful flowers are in full bloom. Saw some fine specimens of dahlias and sweetpeas. Weather fine and warm.

EDMONTON, SEPTEMBER 12, 7.30 P.M.

Mr. Davis called for us at our hotel, and we motored with him to his home and were met by Mrs. Davis, who proved to be a very genial hostess indeed, and who made us feel quite at home. After supper we had the pleasure of listening to some fine musical selec-

spending a very pleasant evening, we returned to our hotel about 11 p.m. We feel indebted to Mr. Davis and his good wife for their kind hospitality. Edmonton, like most of the western cities, is laid out in an up-to-date fashion, having very wide paved streets and boulevards, especially Jasper Ave., which is 150 feet wide. There are also a large number of very fine buildings of stone and brick, with steel superstructure. There is an abundance of good coal close to the city, in fact coal is so cheap there that it is scarcely worth mining, being sold and delivered at \$4.00 per ton to any part of the city. The population is 63,000.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 13th

Our party left Edmonton at 7.15 a.m. on Wednesday, September 13th, en route for Calgary. The country south of Edmonton for a distance of about 150 miles is mostly covered with a growth of tall poplar, is level, and the land good for mixed farming. We noticed some large farms well cleared and crops still growing, as the season here is somewhat later. The season here has been very dry and grain in consequence did not mature. Passed Wataskiwan Junction at 10 a.m. Stopped at Innisfil at 12 noon, where Lush and wife got off to visit some friends, and will rejoin our party at Calgary. The country is very level here and no trees in sight and looks very dry. Appears to be a grazing more than a grain country. Can see the outlines of the Rock Mountains off to the west. Arrived at Calgary at 2.40 p.m. and registered at the Empress Hotel. Had lunch, then went for a look about town. Visited some of principal buildings, including the Hudson Bay Company's beautiful store, the Dominion Express Building, post office, and city hall. We also walked across the massive concrete bridge which spans the Bow River at Centre Street at the north end of this bridge. There is a long flight of steps leading up the bank about 200 feet, and going to the top, we could obtain a fine view of the city, which is situated mostly in the Bow River Valley, with scattered suburbs on the adjoining hills. The streets are not so wide as in Edmonton or Winnipeg, but are straight and well paved. Water here is good and is supplied from the Bow River, about two miles west of the city. Returned to our hotel at 6.30, had lunch and went to the opera, where we enjoyed seeing some very good acting. Returned to our hotel at 10.40.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14

Thomson, Lightfoot and I walked out this a.m. to look about. Took a belt-line car to west end of city; crossed Bow River over new bridge; visited Bow River Lumber Company's plant, water-works and electric light plant, and the Technical School on the heights above the city, returning by way of Centre Street over the big concrete bridge. Then went up to the C.P.R. depot and met Mr. and Mrs. Lush, who arrived from Innisfil, and after conducting them to our hotel, went to the barber's to get cleaned up, and where we met a Mr. Potter, the proprietor of the place. He is an old Ontario boy and we had a very pleasant hour's chat with him and obtained from him some information relative to the business affairs of the city. We then visited Parkers Limited, where we made some small purchases and returned to the hotel for lunch preparatory to resuming our journey to Banff. Weather, cloudy and looking like rain, but warm. Calgary has a population of 70,000. 7.45 p.m. left for Banff, where we arrived at 11.25 p.m. On the train we met a Mr. Charman, who was on a trip round the globe from New Zealand, and who came by way of Suez Canal and who had stopped in England two months, visiting his relatives there, and was returning to New Zealand by way of Vancouver and across the Pacific and Indian Oceans. We found him very entertaining and he gladly accepted our invitation to join our party during our stop at Banff.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 15th

Being very tired after our journey, we did not get up until eight a.m., went down to breakfast, after which we all went for a stroll about town, visiting the park, where the native wild animals are kept, and of which there is a very fine collection. After dinner we engaged a Packard motor car and instructed the chauffeur to take us to the principal places of interest, and he did. We drove about through the mountains, visiting Bow River falls, Lake Minnowaka, the National Park, where the buffalo herd is, by the way. This park contains 3000 acres and is situated in the valleys between the mountains and is government property, and is enclosed by a strong high wire fence. We passed a large number of buffalo standing in the shade and we noticed two very large old bulls which were off by themselves lying down. These were immense animals weighing probably one ton each. It seemed strange that they should prefer solitude to the company of their fellows, but our guide informed us

that they were outcasts, being too old and sterile to be allowed to associate with their mates, who had forsaken them.

We also passed a number of Elk Mountain goats, moose and red deer, all very tame, at least, they appeared so, as we did not get out of the car to caress any of them, being warned not to take any risk by exposing ourselves to an attack. On leaving the buffalo park we drove east about ten miles down the valley between Mt. Rundle and Squaw Mt. to the C.P.R. and other coal mines, and saw the miners coming out on a change of shift, all black and grimy. Proceeding east, we passed the Devil's Canyon at the west end of Lake Minnowaka. This is the only property owned by his Santanic Majesty at Banff, as it appears the Government of the Province of Alberta exercises full control over this district with this one exception. At the east end of the Devil's Canyon there is a large concrete dam about 30 feet high, where the gorge is very narrow, and an ideal spot for generating power. This dam raises the water of the lake about 25 feet above normal, and the power is used to run the hoisting and pumping machinery at the mines as well as supplying light and power for the town of Banff and surrounding country. The scenery along this route is truly magnificent. Great mountains all round reach to the clouds. Nature has laid out the landscape here on a gigantic scale.

After making a tour along the north side of Lake Minnowaka, we came to a large hanger where lived a solitary Englishman, who owns an old war-time hydroplane and who bought it from the government, expecting to make a fortune taking tourists up for a sail in the air, but after investing all his money in this enterprise, the authorities condemned his machine as being dangerous to the safety of passengers, and prohibited its being used as a flying machine. Needless to say, the poor fellow is down and out, as far as his venture in hydroplanes is concerned.

Returning to Banff we visited the C.P.R. hotel, situated opposite the Bow River falls, a very fine building of 360 rooms and erected at a cost of \$500,000. After spending some time there, we proceeded to the government golf grounds, where games were in progress. Then we visited the government fish hatcheries and saw there millions of tiny fish, mostly rainbow trout and salmon. These fish are deposited in the streams of the province by the government to help replenish the supply annually taken by the fishermen. Leaving the hatchery, we proceeded west about three miles to "Cave," where the hot sulphur springs are situated, and where many young people were enjoying themselves swimming in the warm water flowing from the interior of the mountain. We explored the wonderful cave where the hot sulphur water boils up out of a hole in the rock, which is suppos-

ed to be the crater of an ancient geyser, and which discharges hot water at the rate of 250,000 gallons per hour, and which supplies the pool and the baths, all of which are controlled by the government. Leaving the baths, we proceeded up a narrow gorge for about two miles to what is known as the Sundance Falls, which falls occur in Sundance Canyon, where the river tumbles 500 feet in a serpentine curve into the depths below. This is rather a ghoulish place and makes one think of scenes in "Dante's Inferno." Returning, we passed through the Banff recreation grounds, situated on the south bank of the Bow River, about one mile west of the town, arriving at our hotel at six p.m. in time for supper; after which we strolled about town until we felt that we must prepare for our departure in the morning. Retired about 11.25 p.m.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16th, 1922

Got up at 6.30 a.m. Weather clear and somewhat cool. Had breakfast, and Lightfoot, Thomson and Gordon went for a stroll up to station after having paid all our bills. Met Mr. Stoddard, who had arrived from Calgary the night before. All were pleased to have him with us again, as he is such good company. We are all anxious to proceed, as the climate here is exceedingly dry, being, as it is, situated within the province of Alberta. Our train pulled out at nine a.m. Party all well. Arrived at Hector 10.40, being the summit of the Rockies. Wonderful scenery here, one would have to be here in person to fully realize the grandeur of the landscape. Therefore I shall not attempt to describe it. Weather cool and clear. Stopped at Golden 12.30 p.m. (B.C. time) and had lunch. After passing through the spiral tunnel, continued on and passed through the Connaught Tunnel, which is $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles long and takes train twenty minutes to pass from one end to the other. Oil-burning engines of the heaviest type are used to pull trains through here. This tunnel passes through a mountain 2,000 ft. above the track level. Arrived at Albert Canyon at four p.m., where the train stopped for fifteen minutes and where we alighted to view the Illicilliwin River rushing through the narrow gorge hundreds of feet below where we stood—on its way to join the Columbia at Revelstoke, where we arrived at six p.m. The mighty Columbia River flows past just west of the town. Here Mr. Stoddard parted with us in order to pay a short visit to some friends at Windermere, and intends to rejoin us at Vancouver later on. Arrived at Sicamouse Junction at 7.30, where we parted with our mutual friend, Mr. Charman, whose ship, "The

Niagara," was scheduled to sail for the Orient on the 22nd. We were conducted to our hotel, The Bellevue, where we were most comfortably housed. Mrs. Lush is not feeling well, being rather fatigued after our day's journey. Weather fine and warm.

SICAMOUSE, B.C., SEPTEMBER 17th

Had breakfast at 8 a.m. Mrs. Lush not feeling well. There being no train going south on Sunday, we had to content ourselves here and make the best of our situation. We were treated very kindly by our host, but we had one complaint to make, and that was on account of the continued drought in that part of B.C. We inquired the cause and was informed that Sicamouse Junction being situated as it was at the extreme north of the Okanagan Valley, 60 miles from Vernon and 20 miles from Salmon Arm, that in consequence of Vernon and Salmon Arm being exceedingly wet and Sicamouse being a rather insignificant place, the much desired moisture was withheld. We spent Sunday strolling about. Saw some boys fishing at the railway bridge. Some had good catches of rainbow trout. We met a Mr. Coronet and his wife, who had motored from Vancouver and who proved very entertaining. Mrs. Coronet is chief organizer of the Daughters of the Eastern Star, and were on their way home after an extended tour of the province. The scenery here is grand, high mountains rise on all sides, and in the valleys are very tall fir and cedar. Very little agriculture here and few settlers.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 18th, 1922

Party left Sicamouse at 10.20 a.m., bound south for Vernon and Penticton, via the Okanagan Lakes and valley country, becoming dry as we neared Vernon. Passed some fine fields of celery growing in the low lands near the river. Weather becoming very warm. Arrived at Vernon at 12 o'clock noon. Mrs. Lush not being well, have decided to stop for a few days to rest. Rube insisted that we proceed on our way and wait for them at the Grosvenor Hotel, Vancouver. We were sorry to leave them, as Mrs. Lush seemed very ill. Arrived at Okanagan Landing at 12.30, where we boarded the Steamer Sicamouse, which sailed at two p.m. Our party now consisted of Thomson, Lightfoot and Gordon. We had dinner on board the steamer, after which we went on deck to look at the

scenery as we passed along. We noticed a large ferry with sixteen freight cars on board, bound north and loaded with fruit. The lake is very narrow in places, and we can see the country on either side, and were rather disappointed in the appearance of the place. Some small orchards of fruit trees are seen on the east side of the lake, of from two to five acres, and in one or two places ten to eleven acres. Country here exceedingly dry. No green grass of any kind in sight. Timber on the hills appears dried up and stunted. Boat called at Kelowna at five p.m. Leaving at 5.30, saw some boys on the pier diving in the lake for coins. They are experts at this game and can dive into 20 feet of water and bring up a dime in a few seconds. The next place we called at was Peachland, on the west side, where we arrived at 6.30 p.m. Peachland is a pretty little town on the west side of the lake and is well supplied with electric light. The buildings are small and of the bungalow style.

Leaving Peachland, we steamed across the lake to Marauita, where we left the mail and discharged some freight and passengers. Proceeding we arrived at Penticton at 8.30 p.m., where we put up at the Penticton Hotel.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19th, 1922

After breakfast, Thomson, Lightfoot and myself hired an auto and went for a long drive east through the fruit orchards and saw some very fine crops of apples, pears, prunes and peaches. The apples are of large variety, notably the "Delicious" and "McIntosh Red," and have an inviting appearance, but are coarse in texture and lacking in flavor and not to be compared with the apples grown in Ontario so far as quality of flavor goes. The trees are mostly of the dwarf variety, and the fruit is easily picked. All orchards are watered by irrigation and fruit trees will not grow successfully here without artificial moisture. We are informed that irrigation costs \$16.00 per acre per annum in addition to taxes, which are high. Peaches are of fine quality both as to appearance and flavor. Growers are troubled with insect pests such as the San Jose scale, and all orchards are inspected twice each season by government inspectors, and trees are ordered destroyed wherever these diseases are prevalent. It costs the grower 60 cents per box to transport his fruit to market, and the transportation and marketing of the entire crop is handled by a syndicate called the "Fruit Distributors Limited of B. C." There are 4-5ths of a bushel contained in a box of B. C. apples, or it takes 5 boxes to make 4 bushels. The cost of the

package or container at Penticton is 25 cents, so that it is readily seen how much profit the grower has after paying for transportation and boxes. There is no grain grown in this place nor any hay, and no one keeps any more stock than he can feed, as there is no fodder of any kind grown in this place on account of the dry climate. Hay is \$40.00 per ton. Oats 80c per bus. Mostly all the farmers have exhausted their credit at the Banks and have gone their limit of credit at the stores. Such is the information we received from a creditable source. We have to confess that we are much disappointed in this country in every way. Farms everywhere are advertised for sale, which is not a very good recommendation for the country. We certainly would not advise anyone to emigrate to this country unless he possessed a very large fortune. We have given so far as we can judge a fair and unprejudiced description of the Okanagan Valley country precisely as we found it, and we do not wish anyone to think that we are at all prejudiced in our remarks, which are written from our experience of what we saw and gathered from conversations we had with business men at Penticton, whom we can rely upon as to their truthfulness. The mountain sides and plateaus are burned and parched by the drouth and no green grass is to be seen anywhere, save only where there is irrigation, and there is not much of that taken. Altogether we are much disappointed with the appearance of the country about here.

10.55 a.m., boarded the westbound train via the Kettle Valley Railway for Vancouver, passing through a very mountainous country, dry and parched. No rain has fallen here all summer and live stock are suffering in consequence. Had to stop in the mountains on account of engine trouble. Arrived at Vancouver at 12.30 midnight. As we stepped from the train we noticed that it was raining quite heavily and the weather cool, a remarkable change from the hot dry district we had so recently visited. We registered at the Grosvenor Hotel, where we were assigned to very comfortable quarters.

VANCOUVER, B.C., SEPTEMBER 20th

Party all well, but have not yet heard from Lush as to the condition of Mrs. Lush, whom we left behind at Vernon, she being ill. Expect to hear from him to-day or to-morrow. Mr. Stoddard has arrived this a.m. from Windermere, and is also putting up at the Grosvenor. Went to the Post Office and found letters from Maggie and Mrs. Gordon, dated Sept. 6th. Glad to know that all is well at home. 10 a.m., party visited the C.P.R. docks and saw there some very large ships, including the "Empress of Australia," 750 feet long,

a very fine ship; also noticed a large number of orientals engaged in coaling up, Japs, Chinese and Hindoos, a funny mixture of races. After dinner we visited the Vancouver Lumber Company's plant and witnessed the mill in full operation. We were shown through the plant by the manager, who treated us with the utmost courtesy. Mr. Thomson, being in the lumber business, was especially interested as his firm does a large business with the Vancouver Lumber Co. It was a wonderful sight to see the huge logs being hoisted from the water and sawn into lumber and graded. Some of the logs were 9 feet in diameter. Great band saws are used to cut these big logs and a stream of water is continually poured on the saw to keep it cool. 2000 hands are employed in this mill, mostly Chinese and Japs, and a few Hindoos. We saw some foreign vessels loading lumber near the mill. The loading is all done by machinery. Very little is done by hand. The lumber is lifted by a crane in bunches of 1000 feet at a time and lowered into the hold of the vessel. The lumber trade of B. C. has been much stimulated by the opening of the Panama Canal, through which vessels from Europe may enter the Pacific, sailing direct to Vancouver, where they can take on their cargos of lumber in a few days, and sail direct for London or Liverpool.

Party returned to hotel at 5 p.m., all feeling tired. Had supper at 6.30, after which we all went to the opera. The population of Vancouver is estimated at 216,000.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 21st, 1922

No word from Rube. We are anxious about Mrs. Lush as she appeared very ill when we left her at Vernon. Held a council as to how long we would remain at Vancouver, and decided to leave at 10.30 this a.m. for Victoria and spend a day or two at Vancouver on our return. Left a message at the hotel for Rube to be delivered to him should he and Mrs. Lush arrive during our absence, informing them of our plans. Sailed on the Princess Charlotte at 10.30 a.m. for Victoria. Weather somewhat cloudy and foggy, sea calm, tide rising. Entered Plummer's Pass at 11.20 a.m. This is a very dangerous channel in bad weather, being only about a quarter of a mile wide in some places, but is 900 feet deep and the tide rushes through like Niagara whirlpool. Had dinner on ship at 1 p.m. Arrived at Victoria at 3 p.m., and party put up at the Strathcona Hotel. Weather foggy and some rain falling.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 22nd

Got up at 7 a.m., had a bath and went down to breakfast. Had aing over the Register, found that our Mr. Thomson and I came from Port Credit, Ont., and he informed us that his brother had at one time been station agent at our home town. We remembered him very well and was glad to be the guests of the brother of one whom we had known in the years gone by. Mr. Thomson proved to be a very generous host and contributed not a little to our personal comforts during our stay at the beautiful City of Victoria.

The day being fine and warm, our party, including Mr. Stoddard, engaged a touring car and instructed the driver to take us through the principal and most interesting parts of the city. Our driver proved to be a very genial and humorous fellow and also very obliging, taking great pains to point out to us and explain the "why" and "wherefore" of all things which he brought to our attention. "Do you see those three fine residences on the hill over there?" said he, pointing to three magnificent mansions surrounded by beautiful lawns and flower gardens. We said that we did, and noted the beauty of the scene. "Well," said he, "those three houses belong to three lawyers; the first house on the left is owned by a lawyer by the name of Ketchum the next by the name of Holdam, and the third is owned by a lawyer by the name of Fleeceam. Ketchim, Holdam and Fleeceim!" Passing the cemetery, he informed us, as he pointed out the beauty of the place, that people were "just dying to get there." Pointing out the Jewish quarters of the cemetery, he informed us that no Irishman was buried there as Irishmen preferred to be buried near a distillery. I just mention those things as a sample of the humorous and witty sayings of the man who is certainly well qualified for the position he holds. We visited the Parliament Buildings and Museum, Post Office and Customs, Government House, Dunsmore Castle and the residential district of the city; also Douglas Park, where Bobbie Burns' and Highland Mary's monument is placed, driving round Swan Lake and crossing several fine arch bridges. Returning by way of Fowl Bay and the C.P.R. docks, we saw several large liners at the docks; also saw a Chinese Dhow which had just arrived from Shanghai, a tiny craft about 30 feet long and 12 feet wide, built entirely of wood. The stern scoops upward in a half circular fashion; the bow is not so high, but inclines upward. This little craft is called the "Amoy," and has come a distance across the Pacific of 5,000 miles. Aboard this craft is a crew of three Chinese sailors, a white Captain, his Chinese wife and two children. The Captain was born at Vancouver of white parents, and went to China when a lad some 16. Some years ago he married a Chinese lady at Shanghai. He built the little "Amoy," and, very desirous to visit the home of his childhood, he conceived the idea of crossing the ocean in the frail craft I have described.

On our drive about the city and suburbs we noticed many English trees and shrubs, including Ewe tree, the Holly and Miseltoe, the Scotch Broom, the English Ivy and Thorn, which grow abundantly in this mild climate also the Laurel and Boxwood, which forms most of the beautiful garden hedges. We passed many fine mansions surrounded by wonderful flower gardens, and the sweet perfume of the Roses and Helitrope was delightful. Everyone here seems to vie with each other as to whose garden shall sparkle with the most beautiful flowers, of which we saw many fine specimens, including Roses and Dahlias. I think the most lovely we ever saw.

In the afternoon we boarded a Willis car No. 11, bound for the Exhibition Grounds, situated outside the city limits to the north-west, and as the Fall Fair was on, we secured tickets and proceeded to inspect the exhibits, all of which were of a very high order. The Live Stock, especially the Cattle and Hogs, were up-to-date in every way. The Poultry exhibit was also good. The Transport Section next attracted our attention, the display of motor vehicles of different manufacture being almost equal to that of our own Queen City, but, of course, not on such an elaborate scale. But, notwithstanding the fact that the exhibits were all that could be desired to make a Fair a success, there was a woeful lack of attendance on the part of the people of the city, at which we were much surprised, as the weather was fine and warm. Upon enquiry we found that the lack of attendance was due to the fact that a By-law had been passed by the Council of Oak Bay prohibiting horse racing of any kind at Fairs. Consequently, the good people of Victoria, who have a sporting tendency, did not attend, and the Fair was a financial failure. We returned to our Hotel at 4 p.m. and prepared for our departure for Seattle. Victoria has a population of 64,000, of which 4,000 are Chinese and Japs. The people of Victoria are of the better class generally, and treat tourists with courtesy and politeness. The chief industries of the Island is lumbering and coal mining. There appears to be an almost inexhaustible supply of coal, and enormous quantities are continually being shipped over to Vancouver for use on the railways and steamships. The C.P.R. Co. own the largest mines on the Island, having purchased the Dunsmore Mines some 4 years ago for the trifling sum of eleven million dollars. As to the timber on Vancouver Island, it is, practically speaking, untouched. There is an enormous wealth of timber there of the very best variety, principally Douglas Fir and Cedar, of which there are millions of acres. But a large area of this fine forest has been destroyed by fire, which raged for 6 weeks and is still burning in some places.

Mr. Stoddard having decided to remain a few days longer in order to be able to visit some old Ontario friends, our party was reduced to three, Mr. Thomson, Mr. Lightfoot and myself, Mr. Lush and wife not having yet joined us.

We embarked at 5.30 p.m. on board the good steamer "Princess Charlotte" with pleasant memories of our visit to the most beautiful City of B.C., and we watched the last of her spires fade from view in the golden sunset of the west as our ship steamed southward bound for the American coast and the Port of Seattle.

Supper was served on board ship at 6.30 p.m., and all being possessed of good appetities, we did ample justice to the good things set before us. We cannot speak too highly of the splendid service supplied on these boats. Everything is all that can be desired, and every attention is accorded to the traveller. After a pleasant trip we arrived at the Port of Seattle at 11 p.m. Party all well. Registered at the Waldorf Hotel.

SEATTLE, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23rd

Got up at 6 a.m., thanks to Thomson, who is an early riser and would not allow Lightfoot or myself to stay in bed after that hour if he could by any means arouse us. So we got up and had a good refreshing bath, had breakfast, then went for a short walk up town. At 11 a.m. we hired a motor car and all went for a 40 mile drive, visiting most interesting places in and about the city, namely, the Shipbuilding Plant and the Docks, situated at the north-west end of central Seattle, counted 40 large ships, built during the war period, but now abandoned on account of trade depression. We next visited the Museum, which contains many fine specimens of ancient relics. This building is constructed throughout of logs of Douglas Fir, and the portico or entrance is supported by huge pillars of the same, 5 feet thick and 60 feet high and much to be admired. We also visited the University, which is surrounded by beautiful lawns and flower gardens laid out in all manner of floral designs. Then we came to Revena Park, about 8 miles east of the city, a beautiful forest in the original, just as Nature left it, with great trees of Douglas Fir and Cedar towering to immense heights. There is a Zoo in the Park, where specimens of all the native wild animals are kept. Leaving the Park, we proceeded northward some eight or ten miles to the Washington Canal, which connects Puget Sound with Lake Washington. This canal was opened in 1917 and the cost of construction was \$7,000,000, which is considerable when we were told that the canal is only 2½ miles long. It is built after the pattern of the Panama Canal and can admit vessels of very large tonnage. We witnessed several ships pass through one of the locks. Driving up a very steep incline for about 2 miles, we came to Queen Ann's Boulevard, which encircles the south of north-west Seattle and is on a very high hill called "Queen Ann's Hill" and from which we obtained a splendid view of south-east Seattle. We

stopped here for some time and had a look about us and had a splendid view of the harbor and Puget Sound, but on account of bush fires the atmosphere was not clear and we could not see any great distance. Making a detour in the shape of a figure 8 down the mountain side, we entered the main part of the city and stopped at the public market, where the farmers and hunters dispose of their produce and where the good people of Seattle come to buy their supplies of fresh vegetables, butter, eggs, poultry, fruit, etc. This market is a very busy place and crowded with eager customers. New laid eggs were selling at 15 cents; butter, 20 cents; chickens, 15c per lb.; best sirloin steak, 15c to 18c per lb. Compare these prices with those of Toronto at the present time, (Sept. 1922) when eggs are selling at 45c to 50c; butter, 40c to 45c; chickens, 40c to 50c per lb. and sirloin at 35c to 40c. We arrived at our Hotel at 2 p.m. and prepared to continue our journey southward to Portland, Ore. Seattle may be classed as one of the foremost cities of the American Pacific Coast. It has a population of 372,000. The chief industries are lumbering and shipbuilding. The latter industry, however, has fallen off considerably since the war. It may be added that Seattle is "a City of Hills" long and steep, and electric and auto transportation are used exclusively. There are no horses in Seattle; in fact, horses would be of no use on the steep and slippery inclines, and amongst the congested street car and motor traffic. The streets are elaborately lighted, so are the stores and dwellings. We found the people very friendly and obliging, but, like all coast cities, the population is of a mixed nationality. Leaving at 3.30 p.m. on the Union Pacific, we continued on to Portland, where we arrived at 10.10 p.m., all feeling very tired and rather hungry as we did not dine on the train. We registered at the Imperial Hotel, which is situated on Pike St., and where we enjoyed a splendid supper, after which we retired to our room at 11.25 p.m.

PORTLAND, OREGON, U.S.A., SUNDAY, SEPT. 24th

Mr. Lightfoot and I, being very tired, decided to have a good rest this a.m., but Mr. Thomson, as usual, being a very early riser and a light sleeper, got up at 6 a.m. I think he was the first out of bed that morning, as it was Sunday, and breakfast would not be served until 9 a.m. Lightfoot and I decided that we would not get up until eight, but Thomson would not allow us to sleep as he said it was not good to sleep so late, and continued to make such a noise that finally we had to get up and dress, and after having a good wash went down and out on the deserted streets and had a nice two mile walk before breakfast. We crossed over Broadway Bridge, which is three-quarters of a mile long with a lift span in the centre to permit large ships to pass under. This span

can be raised to a height of 160 feet if required. There are four immense steel bridges spanning the Columbia River at Portland. We had dinner at 12.30, then engaged an auto and all went for a motor trip out 40 miles to the Cascade Mountains, on the now famous Columbia River Highway. There were six of us in our party, including a Mr. J. M. Wichoff, of Katchikan, Alaska, whom we found to be a real good fellow and is employed by the Federal Govt. of the U.S.A. as an officer of the coast Police Force whose duty is to patrol the Alaskan Coast line and if possible prevent smuggling.

We passed hundreds of acres of vineyards with fruit hanging in great bunches. Some people were engaged picking grapes, others were hoeing tomatoes and scuffling corn, etc. We passed the base ball grounds about six miles east of Portland on the Highway where games were in progress and thousands of people in attendance. (Sunday seems to be a general holiday here); also passed forests of Douglas Fir and pine of immense size. We noticed that in great tracts of forest the trees were much broken at the tops and many trees had very few or no branches and stood up like great bare spires. We were told that the damage to the forest was caused by a great snow and rain storm of last winter which so weighed the trees down that they broke off at the tops, and most of the branches broke off, leaving only the bare poles standing. Leaving the comparatively level country, the highway suddenly descended a long, steep and winding incline, the scene became changed, and we became aware that we were entering the western hills of the Cascades.

I will not attempt to give an adequate description of the scenery that now unfolded itself to our vision as we passed through this part of the Cascade range. We passed under great overhanging rocks 1200 feet above us on our right, while on the left was a sheer drop of 1000 feet. The Highway winds for miles in sharp curves around this dangerous place and one would think that any moment we would all go to Kingdom Come over the edge, but we didn't, although we were travelling at a rate of 25 to 30 miles per hour. The first place we stopped was Crown Point, built on a projecting point of rock at a cost of \$100,000 and overlooking the Columbia River, which is 1160 feet below where we stood. The mountain at this point is 1200 feet above the Highway.

Continuing on, we came to what is known as the figure 8, the road at this place describing a complete figure 8 in its course down the mountain side. We next came to the Bridal Falls, which has a perpendicular descent of 600 feet. A mile further on we passed Mulmama Falls, with a descent straight down of 800 feet. The day being very hot, we enjoyed a drink of the cool spring water as it gushed from a fountain by the side of the road. Again resuming our journey, we came to the "Needles," five tall pointed rocks sticking up on the north side of the

Highway to a height of 300 feet. The Highway at this point passes through a tunnel a distance of 100 yards and is quite dark. After passing through this tunnel, we came in sight of a mountain called the "Angel's Rest," the top of which is 2000 feet above the Highway, and in the distance the outline of rock resembles an angelic being with outstretched wings, hence the name. The next place of interest we visited was the Horse Tail Falls, which resemble a horse's tail as the wind blows the water in its descent of 800 feet so as to resemble what I have tried to describe. We next came to the "Gorge," weird, gloomy cleft in the mountain of about 2000 feet, and is reached by a narrow, winding trail. We did not stop here as the sun was getting low, and it is a very dangerous drive after dark. On our return trip our drive branched off on a road leading slightly southward as he said that he would like to show us some of the fine rose nurseries in the vicinity, and after climbing an everlastingly long hill with a forest of huge trees of Douglas Fir on either side, we suddenly came out on a level country with small farms on either side of the road mostly fruit and vegetable gardens. Then we came to the Rose Nurseries, and, turning in, we drove through acres of beautiful roses in full bloom, the perfume of which filled the air with a sweet odor. The weather today has been ideal and the visit to the Rose Nursery seems to be a fit and proper ending of a perfect day.

We returned to our Hotel at 7 p.m., passing through the residential section of the city, having covered a distance of 84 miles.

I might mention that the rocks forming this section of the Cascade Range are not granite, but a sort of grey freestone and in many places are composed of what appear to be broken stone of about two inches in size, cemented together. After supper we went out to have a look about, and it seemed as if all the people of Portland were on the move. Crowds were congested on the street corners and the theatres and movie shows were filled to capacity. The churches seemed to be very poorly attended. There are more theatres and places of entertainment here than there are churches, and the theatres have the churches beaten to a finish as to attendance. The motor traffic here is much congested. It would seem that nearly every family owns an auto, and those who can't afford to buy a car steal one, judging by the number of cases of theft of motor cars reported in the daily newspapers.

The chief industries of this state are lumbering and fishing. Some mixed farming is carried on, but no grain is grown to any great extent. Apples, peaches, pears, prunes, strawberries and raspberries appear to do well here, but the market for these fruits is local as the costs of shipping to the eastern markets leaves no profit for the grower, but I believe that grapes are shipped east in paying quantities.

In the residential section of Portland the dwellings are built almost entirely of wood—bungalow style—and of very pretty design and of col-

onial architecture. The fuel used is chiefly wood as the climate is mild and very little coal is used for domestic purposes.

Sunday, 7.30 p.m., being curious to learn what kind of entertainment the theatres were putting on for Sunday evening, I suggested to Thomson and Lightfoot that we take a look in and spend an hour or two. To this Mr. Lightfoot agreed, but Mr. Thomson (I say this to his credit) would not consent, as he thought it looked too much like breaking the Sabbath by indulging in such levity. Consequently, Mr. Lightfoot and I had to go alone. We attended the Majestic Theatre, situated on Pike St., not far from our Hotel. The house was filled to its utmost capacity. The play consisted of vaudeville and moving pictures such as is seen in Toronto on week days. We could not help observing the great trend of the people in search of amusement, especially the young boys and girls who were in the great majority. Coming out of the theatre, we noticed the band of the Salvation Army playing on the nearby street corner and the few people who stopped to listen to their music and singing. The population of Portland is 270,000. There are very few Asiatics in the city, as the people are prejudiced against them. Japs or Chinese cannot own land in Oregon State, but sometimes they overcome this difficulty by renting for a long term of years, in some cases 99 years. There is a bill now pending in the State legislature to prohibit them from even renting property.

The Electric Lighting System is on an elaborate scale, especially as regards street lighting. Steel cross arches are erected at the street intersections in the form of a crown arch and are illuminated by hundreds of colored lights. In addition to this the ordinary street lights are 60 feet apart on each side of the street, each standard having five large globes, and in addition to this, all the stores and hotels are gorgeously illuminated both inside and out, and the tall buildings are outlined with lights from the first story to the top.

Portland has an excellent harbor although situated 80 miles inland from the Pacific, and ships of heavy tonnage can come and go in perfect safety.

The Columbia River Highway, running out eastward from the city, was built at an average cost of \$48,000 per mile and is considered the best motor road in the State of Oregon.

PORTLAND, OREGON, SEPTEMBER 25th—MONDAY

Had breakfast at 7 a.m. and prepared for our return journey, Mr. Thomson having reminded us that unless we started for home soon we

would not be in time for Cooksville Fair, and that it would be considered nothing short of scandalous if we did not attend this great event.

We feel that we cannot leave without thanking our host for the kind and generous spirit in which we were received and entertained, and we have to say that we were provided with everything that makes for the comfort and convenience of the tourist at very reasonable rates.

Arriving at the depot we met Mr. Snell, a friend and neighbor of ours from Port Credit, and we were glad to meet him—he has arranged to join us this afternoon at the Waldrof Hotel, Seattle, or, failing to do so, will meet us at Vancouver, as he leaves Portland at 1 p.m. today.

After having our tickets validated and bidding our friends good-bye, we pulled out at 8.10 a.m.—sharp on time—crossing the Columbia River at 8.20. Passed lines of large ships tied up at the docks, some engaged in loading timber for foreign ports. Having got out beyond the city limits, the railway winds up the Columbia Valley. We passed some fine orchards of apples, peaches and prunes—fruit picking is in progress. The country on the north side of the railway is very rough and hilly and covered with trees of immense size. Farming is carried on in the valley, where the land is cleared and easily cultivated. We did not see any grain farming, but passed some fine dairy farms, where we noticed several herds of fine cows grazing in the fields. Passed many fine fields of corn grown for ensilage. Leaving the Columbia Valley, we entered the hills, passing through a very rough bush country with scattered clearings and homesteads of settlers built of logs. We do not envy the lot of the pioneer in this country, as the clearing of the land of those huge stumps must of needs be a very slow and laborious work with but little reward for their labors.

We were now in the State of Washington, and, passing through a great tract of forest of cedar and Douglas Fir, passed several large saw mills and small villages. Gradually the country becomes more open and we find ourselves travelling up a beautiful valley about three or four miles wide, where we notice some fine dairy farms and fields of green corn; also some market gardens with cabbage lettuce, green peas, potatoes, etc., all looking very prosperous with fine farm buildings of modern design. Gradually we become aware that we are entering the environs of Seattle, and in a few minutes we pulled into the station at 3 p.m. and motored to the Waldrof Hotel, where we had lunch, after which we walked out and visited some of the large stores and made a few trifling purchases. At 7.30 p.m. Mr. Snell arrived, having come up on the train leaving Portland at 1 p.m.

We had supper together, then went to the show, where we spent a very pleasant evening, returning to our hotel at 11 p.m. We prepared for our departure and all motored to the wharf, where we went on board our ship, the old reliable, the "Princess Charlotte." We had a pleasant night voyage up the Sound and arose at 7 a.m. and had breakfast on

board, and just as we finished our ship came along side the dock at Vancouver. Securing our baggage, we took the bus for our old headquarters, the Grosvenor Hotel, situated on Horne St.

VANCOUVER, SEPTEMBER 26th, 1922

Arriving at our hotel at 8.30 a.m., we at once made enquiries regarding Mr. and Mrs. Lush, we not having heard from them since leaving Vernon on the 18th, and were informed that they had arrived at Vancouver the day before and were now at the hotel. Just then we saw Rube coming down the hallway accompanied by a very portly gent of much heavier proportions than Rube himself. We remembered meeting this rather assuming gentleman on the train near Sicamous and, of course, could not help recognizing him. We were very glad to meet Rube again and to learn that Mrs. Lush had quite recovered from her recent illness. Just then Mrs. Lush joined us and we all compared notes. Mr. and Mrs. Lush intend continuing on to Victoria, Seattle and Portland, and were then preparing to take the boat which leaves for Victoria at 10.00 o'clock this a.m. After making arrangements to meet them in Winnipeg about Oct. 4th, we bade them good-bye, wishing them a pleasant journey. We then made inquiries as to the location of Mr. Alex. McKie, a brother-in-law of Mr. Harry Osbourne, of Port Credit, and learned that he resided in North Vancouver on McMahan St. As Mr. Snell desired to visit a friend in another part of the city and our time in Vancouver being short, he did not accompany us, so Lightfoot, Thomson and I boarded a Fraser Ave. car and went down to the ferry, taking a boat across the harbor, a distance of three miles to North Vancouver, then took a street car west 2 miles to McMahan St., where we met Mr. McKie and wife, who received us in a most friendly manner and we enjoyed their hospitality very much.

We also called on Mr. Oliver King, who lives at 1018 Eveligh St., Central Vancouver, and had lunch, spending a very pleasant time, returning at 7 p.m. Having procured our refreshments, we boarded the bus for the depot. Arriving there, we were surprised to see the place filled with a great crowd of people who seemed to be waiting there to welcome some one and upon inquiring who they were waiting for we were informed that Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, the noted screen stars, were expected to pass through the depot en route for the east. We thought that it must be the Prince of Wales or some other royalty who was expected, judging from the excitement which prevailed. Securing our reservations we boarded the transcontinental No. 2 and pulled out of Vancouver at 8.15 p.m. Mr. Snell was also with us. Retired to our berths at 10.30 p.m. all feeling very tired.

SEPTEMBER 27th

Got up at 6.45 a.m. just as the train was passing Ashcroft. Scenery here is very fine, passing up the valley of the North Thomson River. Train stopped at Kamloops twenty minutes. We took advantage of this and had breakfast at the restaurant. The weather has become much cooler owing to the higher altitude of mountains. At 9.30 a.m. we stopped at Salmon Arm for 20 minutes and made enquiries for Joe Harbell and Jas. Raby, two old Port Credit boys who settled there some twenty-five or thirty years ago. We were told that Harbell was living in town, having retired from farming some years ago after a very successful period. James Raby, we were informed, was still farming and doing well. We would have liked to stop over and spent the day with them, but as our time was becoming very limited we wrote a note to Joe and Jim, conveying to them our compliments. Stopped at Revelstoke at 12.30 and had lunch and continued on to Glacier, where we arrived at 4 p.m. and dropped off one of the engines as we were now over the first summit and moving much faster, making good time. Timber on the east side of the summit is much smaller.

6.30 p.m.—Arrived at Field, where a second engine coupled on to pull us over the rocky summit. Passed through the Spiral Tunnel at 7 p.m. Party had supper in dining car. Train moving very slow up the Kicking Horse Pass. The Kicking Horse River winds its way through this pass, which is very narrow in places with perpendicular rocks hundreds of feet high. The railway follows the course of the river through the pass. Arrived at Lake Louise at 9.20 p.m., where we parted with Douglas Fairbank and Mary Pickford, who intend stopping there for a few days. Arrived at Banff at 10.27 p.m.; retired at 11 p.m.

ON TRAIN, SEPTEMBER 28th

Got up at 6.30 a.m. Train came to a stop at Suffield. Alberta country here very level. Nothing growing here except sage brush. This is what is known as the "Dry Belt" and is about 200 miles wide. Everything is parched and dry. We pass an occasional deserted dwelling with farm implements clustered about the house just as the owner left them some years before. The sand is beginning to cover over them. There are no trees in sight and not a bit of green vegetation anywhere. This part of Southern Alberta and Saskatchewan is very little good for anything without irrigation. As we passed along we noticed some small herds of cattle and horses, very lean and half starved looking. Then more deserted homesteads and a general appearance of poverty and distress. Passed a deserted village. Stopped there and took water. In

this place there are about 75 to 100 houses, all deserted except one or two. The man in charge of the pumphouse occupies one of these. There is a nice little church in very good repair except that the doors are broken open and hanging by one hinge and the windows are broken by hail. We were told that this was a Doukabour Village. We were not surprised to find these poor, ignorant people could not make a living in a place like this and were starved out. Pulled into Medicine Hat at 8.20 a.m. This is a smart little town with stores and a factory or two, a nice park with some shade trees and streets well macadamised. The country about here is very dry and barren. No rain of any consequence here all season. Country here poor for farming. Had breakfast at restaurant, took in water and ice and proceeded. Passed Gull Lake at 12.30 noon. The appearance of the country here is somewhat improved. We noticed some patches of wheat in shock, but no great amount in any one place although the prairie is level and could be cultivated. Passed some alkaline ponds which had the appearance of being frozen over, but, of course, we knew that there had been no cold weather up to that time, the thermometer registering 85 in the shade. As we came near Swift Current the country became more settled and fields of grain more in evidence, but only about one quarter of the land is cultivated. The climate seems too dry for successful grain farming in this district. Arrived at Moosejaw at six p.m. Stopped here one hour and had dinner and had a look about town and was much pleased with the appearance of the city, its wide paved streets and fine buildings, especially the new C.P.R. Depot, a fine stone and brick structure of modern design. The population of Moose Jaw is about 40,000 and the city is surrounded by a very rich farming country. The crops in this part of Saskatchewan are much above the average this season, and the weather for threshing has been ideal. The yield has been from 35 to 40 bushels per acre, and is grading No. 1 hard.

Arrived at Regina at 10.10 p.m. Met John Kelly and Bill Sterrett, of Port Credit, on their way home from the harvest.

Stopped at Regina 15 minutes. Retired to our berths at 10.40 p.m. with instructions to the porter to awaken us at 3.30 a.m., as we intended stopping off at Brandon to see Frank, whom we promised we would visit on our way back.

BRANDON, MAN., SEPTEMBER 29th, 1922

Arrived here at 4.05 a.m. and put up at the Cecil Hotel, where we engaged a room and went to bed and had a few hours rest. Got up at 9 a.m. and had a good breakfast. We are very glad to be back here again as it feels more like home. Met Mr. Jeffries at the sta-

tion as we got off the train, he being on night duty. After breakfast we decided to pay a visit to the barber in order to improve our appearance after our long trip from the coast. Met Frank on his way to work. Needless to say, he was both surprised and pleased to see us again, as we had returned sooner than expected. Went for a walk about town. Then to the C.P.R. depot and called on Mr. Patterson, the Superintendent, who had been so kind to us on our way out, and who was glad to meet us again. Went up to the "Y" for dinner and met Chief Joe Kerr, Bruce Thomson and Mr. Balsden, and with them we spent a very pleasant hour. After dinner, Mr. Thomson and Mr. Lightfoot decided to go on that day to Winnipeg and wait there until Sunday evening, when it was arranged that I should join them there on the eastbound C.P.R. train No. 2 on Sunday evening. They left Brandon for Winnipeg at 4.20 p.m., after bidding good-bye to the friends who had extended to us their hospitality.

The weather here is fine and warm (85 in the shade) and the flowers have not yet been nipped with any frost and are still in full bloom. Threshing operations are about finished and farmers are busy plowing and getting ready for winter. There is quite an excitement here owing to the numerous daring bank robberies, which have been successfully pulled off in this district lately, and the police are doing their best to round up the gang who are responsible for the crimes. At Moosomin on the 28th, the Union Bank safe was blown and \$70,000.00 taken. There are several other bank robberies reported this week, and large sums of money and unregistered bonds taken. There is no clue as to the robbers. When the bandits arrived at Moosomin they cut all the wires, tied the operator at the C.P.R. depot to his chair, and then proceeded to blow the side out of the bank building. (The Bank is near the station) and shooting at any one who might be in sight. They left all the silver amounting to about \$1000.00 scattered over the floor, taking only the bills and unregistered bonds and escaped in a fast automobile. Saw the hole in the wall of the bank as we passed on the train.

BRANDON, MAN., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30th

Got up at 8 a.m., after having a good night's rest and feeling o.k. Went down to the office with Frank and met some of our friends there, who had just come to town on business. Have arranged to go for a motor trip this afternoon with Bruce Thomson. Have just heard that another bank robbery was pulled off last night at Melita by blowing the safe of the Union Bank there the robbers

securing \$40,000.00. They are supposed to be the same gang who robbed the bank at Moosomin. The Brandon city council have asked the Ottawa Government for extra police protection and the banks here are removing their most valuable securities to the vaults at Winnipeg. Bruce Thomson and I went out for a long motor trip to Souris and some distance south. The weather continues very warm. Got back at 4.30. Met Mr. Thomas Fenwick, who invited Frank and I to dinner at his house, but had to decline on account of another engagement. Went to the show with Frank, where we met some of our old acquaintances.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 1st, 1922

Got up at 8.30, had breakfast and prepared for church. Attended divine service at St. Paul's Presbyterian Church at 11 a.m., where we listened to a sermon preached by the Rev. Duncan McLeod, returned missionary from Formosa, who delivered a very strong sermon on missionary work. I understand that the Rev. Mr. Konkle, who at one time was our minister at Port Credit, will conduct the evening service, but as I am leaving for Winnipeg at 4.20, I shall not have the pleasure of hearing him.

2 p.m., Frank and I called on Mr. Fenwick and family and enjoyed a very pleasant visit. Mr. Fenwick motored us to the depot, where a few of our kind friends had come to bid me good-bye. Among them was Chief Kerr, Mr. McLean, Bruce Thomson, Mr. Patterson, the Superintendent, and a number of others, whose names I have forgotten, and as our train pulled out they waved us a kind good-bye. It is with feelings of sadness that I leave this pretty western city and its people, who have been so kind to us.

Frank came into the car with me to say good-bye and I was sorry to part from him, and I know that he was sorry to see me go, but I have the consolation of knowing that he is among a class of people who will help his interests.

On train, 4.30 p.m. I have a berth next to a Mr. Williams, who is from Brandon. A successful dairy farmer who is on a trip to England, and who is a good travelling companion. Expect to pick up Thomson and Lightfoot at Winnipeg. Weather continues very warm, 88 degrees in the shade—most unusual for this country. Arrived at Winnipeg at 8.15 p.m. Met Lightfoot and Thomson at the depot. They report having spent two very pleasant days at the Peg, having met Geo. Adams, an old Port Credit boy, who is now a manager for the T. Eaton Company, and who escorted them through the

store at Winnipeg. They also report having visited the city park and other places of interest. Pulled out of Winnipeg at 9.10 p.m. Party all well.

We spent the evening in the tourist car with a lot of good fellows returning from the harvest, telling stories and listening to the tales of some of those whose experiences interested us very much. Arrived at Kenora about 11.10 p.m. Stopped 15 minutes and pulled out en route to Fort William. Mr. Thomson, feeling tired, expressed a desire to go to bed, and asked me if I would come in to the sleeper and help locate his berth as he had forgot the number. I told him it was No. 6 upper on the south side, and went back with him to make sure that there was no mistake. Now, it so happened, that berth No. 6 lower was occupied by a lady, whose name I shall not mention, and with whom I had become acquainted on the way down from Brandon. She was a very handsome woman. She had her little boy with her, and they were in the act of retiring when Mr. Thomson and I came in, and as I have said his berth was No. 6 upper, the lady's No. 6 lower, I managed to show John where his berth was located, but he could not get up without the aid of a ladder, so I looked up the porter, who brought it, and Mr. John commenced the ascent to his berth, upper No. 6, but in opening the curtains to get in, he opened them all the way down exposing the occupants of lower No. 6, who were in the act of disrobing. Mr. John, being very sorry for having thus annoyed the lady, stopped on his way up to offer an apology for disturbing her, saying that it was not his intention to thus act in such an unbecoming manner, and needless to say the lady accepted his excuses and said it was alright, she knew it was an accident, etc. So we had a good laugh at Mr. Thomson's expense, but I still think that he blames us for getting him into the "scrap."

FORT WILLIAM, MONDAY, OCTOBER 2nd, 1922

Arrived here at 9.50 a.m., western time, and train left at 10.25, central time. Advanced our watches one hour. Fort William is a very busy place just now, due to the immense shipments of grain from the prairie provinces. Elevators are operating night and day and shipments of grain are arriving at the rate of 1800 cars per day, and owing to the lack of storage, shipments will be restricted to 1000 cars per day until the congestion is relieved, which is caused by shortage of vessels. 75 per cent. of the wheat is grading No. 1 Northern.

Stopped at Nipegon at 1.30 p.m. Weather continues fine and

warm. Country about here is stripped of timber and is no good whatever for farming. Scenery wild and desolate. Land swampy and rocky and grown over with second growth poplar, small spruce and cedar. Railway follows close to shore of Lake Superior for about 10 miles. No sign of life, country rocky and barren. The C.N.R. parallels the C.P.R. at this point to the south for about 12 miles, then crosses to the north. 2.30 p.m., passed through some 40 miles of small poplar. Saw two or three small farms and a few cattle grading in the fields. 3 p.m., running beside the lake shore. Lake calm and scenery very fine. Can see islands covered with timber in distance. Not so much rock here, but land is sand and gravel, little or no timber for 50 miles or more. Stopped at Schriber at 4.30 and had lunch at restaurant.

Schriber is a divisional point. Double around Jackfish Bay at 5.10 p.m. Saw some large barges unloading coal there. Railway is close to the lake at this point.

For some distance east of Jackfish Bay there is no habitation in sight. Nothing except rock and bush. Passed a camp of Indians, evidently on a hunting expedition. Very fine scenery at this point. The trees are all tinted with the colors of autumn. Railway inclining inland and passing between steep rocky cuttings; proceeding slow up steep grade. No habitation in sight, becoming foggy as we proceed up the mountain and weather becoming cooler. Stopped at White River at 8.10 p.m., where our party had lunch; then took a walk about while engines were being changed. Pulled out at 8.35. Country about here covered with brush and very rocky. Retired at 11.25 p.m., feeling tired. Stopped at Chapleau at 1.25 a.m. Got up at 6 a.m., just as our train came to a stop at Cartier. We have been travelling from Winnipeg in company with a Mr. G. Gordon, who hails from Tribune, Sask., and who is returning to Toronto, his old home town, having rented his farm in the West for a term of years.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 3rd, 1922

Arrived at Sudbury at 7.32 a.m., had breakfast and pulled out on our southward trip at 7.50. Weather much cooler. Passed Parry Sound at 11.45. Passed through some fine beech and maple forest all aglow in autumn colors. A few good farms may be found here, but the country is generally rocky. We all are glad to be nearing the end of our long journey and feel that we have been much benefited by what we have seen and heard on our journey to and from the Pacific, where we had the opportunity of seeing and judging for ourselves of the conditions of the country as they are to-day in the

four provinces we visited, and we trust that our criticism of certain parts of the country we visited has not been too severe. We have tried to be fair and to explain western conditions as we found them. And now as we are once more within the environs of our own dear province of Ontario, with its well tilled and fertile fields and substantial farm buildings, a feeling of pride comes to us from the knowledge of the fact that we are residents of the banner province of the great Dominion of Canada, and subjects of the British Empire. We are now on the last phase of our long return journey, and shall be home at 6 p.m., where we know that kind friends and loved ones await us and where we will again enter upon our daily duties, after having had a very enjoyable trip to and from the Pacific Coast.

FINIS