

Caldwells of Lanark

READING ROOM

**Caldwells of Lanark**

CALDWELLS of LANARK

By

E. L. Jamieson

And

OTHER STORIES.

"THE CALDWELLS of LANARK"

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by

E. L. Jamieson

and

Jessie Anderson.

CALDWELLS of LANARK

Scottish Pioneers

Gristmillers

Shantymen

Timbermen

Lumbermen

Manufacturers

Merchants

Mining Men

Public-minded Citizens

Sportsmen

Military Men

Members of Parliament.

To All whose help, encouragement, information and advice have  
contributed in some manner to this book we express our  
gratitude.

Jessie Anderson and  
E. L. Jamieson.

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gratitude.  
Lester Anderson and  
W. J. Davidson

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5. Life in the Lumber Camp, 1883.

There is much more that could be written about the Caldwell's. The writer has done the best she could with the material at hand. Anyone who has information - stories, pictures, legends - about the Caldwell's for future editions of this book, would have the sincere appreciation of the writer.

THE CALDWELLS OF LANARK

On June 17th, 1821, the ship "Earl of Buckinghamshire" docked at Quebec. On this ship among the pioneers from Scotland who came to Canada with the aid of the British Government was William Caldwell, his wife, Margaret McCallum, and their four children - Margaret, Mary, Alexander and Boyd. They came from Lochwinnoch in Renfrewshire to Lanark County, then part of the District of Bathurst, by way of Prescott and Brockville, and settled in what is now Lanark Township, Concession 3, at the area on the Clyde River which was named "The Clachan" or "Little Clyde". On the Clachan pioneer William Caldwell established a small grist mill. Like other settlers they found materials, supplies and transport hard to obtain, the only source of revenue being potash.

Alexander and Boyd Caldwell, who were small children when they came to Canada, were later named among the lumber kings of the Ottawa Valley. They left home at the age of 14 and 12, respectively, and went to work in the "shanties". Until 1857 they carried on in partnership, after which each looked after his own business interests.

Alexander ("Sandy") Caldwell - (1816-1872).

Joshua Fraser in his book "Shanty, Forest and River Life" refers to Sandy Caldwell as being...

(cont.)

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"... pre-eminently a toiler of the forest. Until within a year or two of his death three-fourths of his time was spent in the woods and on the river, sharing the discomforts of the gang in the heaviest and most dangerous work that had to be done. .... He worked his men harder than any 'boss' on the river, and yet he was better liked than any other on it, for when the work was done and the press over he was most kind and considerate, and would allow his men every indulgence and join in with them in any frolic or amusement that was going on. .... He had a great dislike to profane language, especially of a blasphemous character. His reverence for the name of The Creator was most profound, and he had no hesitation in checking and rebuking a man when he heard him uttering these profanities."

William Clyde Caldwell - (1848-1905, dates on stone in Lanark Cemetery).

After the death of "Sandy" Caldwell his son William Clyde Caldwell (referred to by Lanarkites as "W.C.") carried on his interests.

W.C. Caldwell was a graduate of Queen's University, and from 1872, when he was first elected as member for Lanark North in the Legislature of Ontario, he was returned in five of the seven following elections. In the Legislature he spoke strongly in favour of an Act passed with regard to rivers and streams in Ontario, opposing the argument of the Conservative member for South Lanark, Mr. Lees.

In 1870 he was associated financially with Horace Brown, his father's former miller at Lanark, in founding the Carleton Place flour milling firm of H. Brown & Sons. He had in Lanark a grist mill which produced flour, feed, oatmeal, etc. His manufacturing business, the ABERDEEN WOOLEN MILL, produced mainly blankets.

(cont.)

On June 18, 1901, a fire originated in the engine room of this mill, which badly damaged the machinery and also caused considerable damage to the factory and stock. On two previous occasions he had suffered heavy loss by fire when his sawmill and grist mill were destroyed by fire in Lanark and his sawmill at Clyde Forks was burned.

W.C. Caldwell's sons were: Major-General Alexander Clyde Caldwell, who was a veteran of the Boer War, regarding whom the following is copied from a letter from Private James Hutton of Kingston, published in the Kingston Whig:

"Lieut. Clyde Caldwell, of the Royal Military College is the 'whole thing'. He looks carefully after us, and bestows more attention upon his company than any other officer in the contingent."

This consideration for his men showed a likeness to his grandfather "Sandy". Two other sons were J. Boyd and Major William R., called "Billy" in his home town. This family lived on the East bank of the Clyde, about opposite the T.B. Caldwell family.

Boyd Caldwell - (1818-1888).

This younger son of pioneer William Caldwell built his largest sawmill at Carleton Place on the site which is now Carleton Place's Riverside Park, and he put his oldest son, William, in charge of it, and sent along with him one Tom McCallum as foreman and a number of others - all "Caldwell" men from Lanark.

(cont.)



Peter McLaren, also from Lanark, who was also one of the lumber kings, and later became a member of the Senate, had a sawmill at Carleton Place.

As early as 1875 the Perth Courier reported as "War to the Knife" the incident of Messrs. Buck and Stewart having cut a twenty foot passage for their logs through Mr. McLaren's High Falls Dam (they having earlier cut his boom which had blocked passage through the Regged Chute at Palmerston). Lawsuits and "river wars" followed.

A Bill was brought down and passed in the Ontario Legislature allowing "all persons" the right to transmit sawlogs and all other timber of every kind down all rivers, creeks and streams and to remove "any obstruction from such river, creek or stream necessary to facilitate the floating of drives down the same".

Mr. McLaren claimed that his dam and slide at High Falls (now a Hydro power site) gave him exclusive right to bring logs and timber past that point by water.

The Rivers and Streams Act was disallowed by the Government of Canada. The Boyd Caldwell & Co. firm, before the Act was found ultra vires, had a drive on the way to their mill at Carleton Place which was stopped at High Falls by Mr. McLaren's dam. The Caldwell men cut a passage through the dam for their logs. Charges were laid and a number of Caldwell's men taken to Perth gaol. The report of the incident in the Perth Courier reads in part as follows:

(cont.)

"Messrs. Caldwell & Son had a drive of ten thousand logs on Long Lake, bound for their mill at Carleton Place, and found themselves stopped from getting out by Mr. McLaren's dam. .... the dam had no apron, the latter getting his timber down by a canal cut through his private property ..... No apron being ready, although we understand notice of their coming was sent McLaren by the Messrs. Caldwell, the latter summarily went to work and cut a passage through the dam for their logs. We believe complaint is made that the boom-sticks were taken through Mr. McLaren's canal without his authority and that the work was done on the Sabbath. The RIVERS AND STREAMS ACT .... gave the Messrs. Caldwell or any other lumbermen the power to use the channel of the river or lake to get their logs or timber down.

The historic drive..... three years on the road, has at last arrived at port in Carleton Place. The timber ..... is yet in first rate condition."

In 1881 Mr. Caldwell brought suit against Mr. McLaren for damages to recover loss due to obstruction in getting his logs down the Mississippi to his mill at Carleton Place.

The Legislature of Ontario passed the Rivers and Streams Act three times and it was disallowed three times by the Government of Canada. The matter became a national issue, and there were hearings in the courts up to the highest Court in the land, the Supreme Court of Canada. In 1884 the matter was referred to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in London. The finding of that tribunal supported the Caldwell claim, and the Ontario Legislature in that year passed "An Act for protecting the Public interest in Rivers, Streams and Creeks", and thus the rights of "all persons" to use rivers for floating down timber and sawlogs are protected in Ontario.

(cont.)

The great pine forests of Lanark County were depleted at this early time in its history. Tales have been told of feuds between the lumberjacks and rivermen employed by the two Lanark County "lumber kings" mentioned herein. Present and future generations will learn of those days when reading about them, possibly in print made from spruce, balsam and jack pine trees growing in the area where the giant pines stood.

A report in an 1875 Perth Courier, with regard to the Caldwell sawmill at Carleton Place, built in 1869 - a large steam run mill, driven by a 150 horsepower engine - gives that it was

"..... one of the most perfect in the Ottawa Valley. It can turn out as much sawn lumber, lath and shingles as any other of its size in the country ..... About seventy-five men are employed at the mill at present. ....".

A report in the Perth Expositor states, in effect, that

"on the Clyde in Lavant Township, County of Lanark, Boyd Caldwell & Son will cut 200,000 feet of square timber, and ..... will cut 100,000 feet of square timber in the township of Canonto, Frontenac County, to be sent down the Madawaska, about double their product of each of the two previous seasons."

When Boyd Caldwell at the age of seventy died at his home in Lanark Village, eight years after the beginning of this important decade in the lumber industry, his firm in 1888 sawed approximately nine million feet of lumber at the Carleton Place mill, and sold for \$170,000 its 560,000 feet of square timber which was lying at Quebec City.

(cont.)

William Caldwell closed the mill at Carleton Place three years after his father's death. With regard to the closing, the Carleton Place Central Canadian in an October, 1891 issue, contained the following:

"The Steam Saw Mills of Mr. Caldwell came to 'The End' last Friday evening; the end of a memorable existence of twenty-two years. The limits having all been disposed of, every log, every boomstick in the river, was cut up and now nothing remains along the shore except the piers.

When the mill opened operations, twenty-two years ago, this month, the first log was hauled up out of the river by Mr. Charles McLenaghan. When the last stick was hauled up last Friday Mr. McLenaghan's hand controlled the machinery, and upon the ascending log sat twelve men in cheerful countenance in commemoration of the event. During the days which brought the mill work to a close Mr. William Wilson gathered up seven hundred chains."

With regard to the Boyd Caldwell business interests in Lanark County, copies of telegrams sent back and forth between Lanark Village and Lavant Station give an insight into these interests during the years 1885-1888. These messages were sent over the Montreal and Dominion Telegraph Companies' Line \* - operated by the Great Northwestern Telegraph Company of Canada - and some of them contained the following:

Telegram dated November 10, 1885, John Johnson to B. Caldwell & Sons, Lanark:

"TWO TEAMS WANTED FOR BAILEY ONE FOR ESSENS CAN THEY BE GOT IN LANARK OR WILL WE LOOK ELSEWHERE ANSWER IMMEDIATELY."

\*Note: The telegraph service from Lanark Village was operated by Mr. Thomas McGuire from the stone house at the top of the hill on George Street where he lived at the time, and where presently the author lives.

(cont.)

Telegraph instructions to Thomas Cruise at Lavant,  
June 11, 1886:

"YOU CAN SHUT DAM TOMORROW NIGHT WOULD PREFER IT  
LEFT OPEN UNTIL MONDAY MORNING IF NOT PUTTING YOU  
ABOUT TOO MUCH."

"B. CALDWELL & SONS."

Telegraph instructions to Robert Robertson, Lavant,  
April 13, 1887:

"YOU BETTER BREAK UP SHANTY AND SEND TWO TEAMS TO  
MACKAY CREEK MEETING WILLIAM BAILEY AT LAVANT STATION  
FIRST FRIDAY RIG HIM OUT WITH COOKERY AND BLANKETS  
FOR FOURTEEN MEN ALSO SIX AXES".

"WILLIAM CALDWELL".

Telegram to R.B. Robertson, Lavant, April 16, 1887,  
regarding men hired:

"DUNCAN GEDDES ALEXANDER MCDOUGALL AND ROBERT  
MCDOUGALL CHORE BOY POLAND HIRED FOR YOU SEND THEM  
WORD REST MAY NOT LEAVE HERE UNTIL THURSDAY MORNING".

"B. CALDWELL & SON".

Telegram from Lavant Station, T. Costello, January  
13, 1888; with regard to store at Wilbur:

"WILBUR STORE WAS DESTROYED BY FIRE LAST NIGHT  
BOOKS AND GOODS ARE SAVED".

Thomas Boyd Caldwell - (1856-1932).

This younger son of Boyd Caldwell carried on the  
extensive business interests of Boyd Caldwell & Co.  
after his father's death.

In Lanark there was a sawmill, which was destroyed  
by fire on May 21, 1902, but was rebuilt. On page five of  
the Lanark Era of June 18, 1902, the following item appears  
under the heading "Our Contributors Carleton Place":

(cont.)

"Messrs. H. Brown & Sons have sold the sawmill  
machinery in the old water mill here to Messrs. Boyd  
Caldwell & Co. of Lanark, who will remove it to  
Lanark as soon as they can have their mill which was  
recently burnt rebuilt".

Boyd Caldwell & Co. also had a large woollen mill  
- CLYDE WOOLLEN MILL - which was the main industry in  
the Village. This building was also destroyed by fire  
on June 21, 1917. It stood on the site where Mr. George  
Young's Furniture store now stands, and was originally  
the store of James Mair & Son. The goods manufactured  
in this mill were guaranteed to be 100 per cent pure wool.  
They made cloth, Pullman rugs, and beautiful carriage  
rugs with plaid face and plain back, which were said to  
be known and sold from coast to coast in Canada. They  
also made cloth leg support bandages (puttees) used by  
soldiers in the first World War. Mr. Boyd A.C. Caldwell,  
oldest son of T.B. Caldwell was engaged in this business  
of the Company.

In addition to the woollen mill in Lanark there was  
a smaller one in Appleton, Ontario, where Mr. Caldwell's  
second son, Donald, was in charge.

Mr. Caldwell had a third son, Major Thomas R. Caldwell  
(Tommy), who was engaged pretty much in military affairs.

Boyd Caldwell & Co. had also a general store in Lanark  
in which groceries as well as clothes, furs, shoes, hosiery,  
hats, cloth, linens, dishes, etc. were sold. This store  
was housed in the building where Glenayr-Knit is located.

(cont.)

In addition to these interests, Boyd Caldwell & Co. had a considerable number of mining interests - gold, silver, fel(d)spar, beryl.....

Mr. Caldwell - T.B., as he was called in Lanark, was a very public minded citizen. He was elected Member of Parliament for Lanark North in 1904. He took a keen interest in Lanark Village affairs, municipal and otherwise and also in sports, including deer hunting. He was instrumental in having a curling rink erected in Lanark, which was near or on the site where the Oddfellows Hall now stands.

After the woollen mill was burned the Caldwell Co. carried on their manufacturing business in a mill situated in Perth.

The Caldwells mentioned in this story are now all deceased, and Mr. T.B. Caldwell's beautiful stone home among the trees on the south side of the Clyde is in a sad state of repair. Rumour has it that the present owners are this year going to take steps to restore it, which news those who live in Lanark were most pleased to hear.

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June 22, 1972.

Elizabeth L. (Bess) Jamieson.

THIS DIARY WAS KEPT BY

W. C. CALDWELL, M.L.A.

FOR LANARK NORTH

Monday, June 22, 1874 - Montreal

Started for Glasgow.

Left home with crew man taking Mrs. Lamont, Mr. Wilson and Jim to Perth. Left Perth for Brockville at 9:50 a.m. A company of volunteers for exercise at Ottawa going on same train and acting very noisily. Left Brockville at 4 p.m. and got to Montreal about 9:30. Met Baker at station and left Mrs. Lamont with Mrs. Balmer who was at station to meet her. Went ourselves, Jim and I, to St. Lawrence Hall.

June 23, 1874

Stayed in hotel till 9:30 a.m. when Mr. Wilson came and I went with him to the steamship office, paid balance of our passage money \$100.00 and looked at our stateroom and berths, found that Mr. Kinghorn formerly of Kingston had taken the other berth in our stateroom. Told at office that the vessel would leave Quebec early on Thursday. Then went to Merchants Bank and arranged money matters, taking \$200.00 cash, \$1000.00 demand (Stg) Bill and a letter of credit for \$1000.00 more. Afterwards went to meeting of Rotwells Creditors at Fairs office at 11 a.m. and they accepted my offer of \$4000.00 for the estate and sold it to me. Went to Balmers for dinner and afterwards met Fraser and went with him to Uncle John's for tea. Went to theatre at night.

June 24, 1874

Went at 8:30 a.m. and saw the St. Jean Baptiste procession going out of the Champ de Mass - took breakfast afterwards and then spent the day till 1p.m. with Fraser watching the procession etc., after dinner bid uncle John goodbye, wrote home and took the Quebec boat at 6p.m., which left Montreal at 7:15 p.m. crowded with passengers, supposed to be over 1000 on board.

June 25, 1874

Arrived at Quebec at 7 this morning and after breakfast Mr. Wilson and I went down to the steamship office but they could give us no information, only that the ship would not sail before tomorrow evening.

(cont.)

Afterwards went to Mr. Cream paid him \$1500.00 on a/c and left the deciding of the matter between him and me in Mr. Adams hands. Saw Mr. Forsythe and several others who gave very discouraging reports of the Timber trade. In fact I don't think it could be much duller than it is for there is no such thing as selling. Went back to steamship office at 4 p.m. and they told us the vessel would not be in till 8 next morning, but to come at 10 tomorrow and they would tell us then what to do. After tea, while walking on the terrace, saw a steamship coming in which appeared to be ours. Went down, saw the captain who told us to be aboard at 10 tomorrow.

Friday, June 26, 1874

Health good, Jim much better. He slept sounder last night than he has done for a long time. Breakfast at 9 and left for steamer at 11 a.m. Went aboard and at 3:40 p.m. the Manitoban Capt. Wylie sailed from Quebec. We took our last look for some time at the old place. We have lovely weather, calm and warm.

June 27, 1874 - Gulf of St. Lawrence

Passed Father Point at 6 a.m. before we were up. Rose at 7 dressed and spent an hour on deck before breakfast. Slept very sound only our berths are very short and narrow. Having lovely weather only cool, but calm - passed some mountains with snow on summit south shore. Lost sight of land on north shore about 11 a.m. Felt a little giddy before tea but quite well after it - 232 miles at 12 noon.

Sunday, June 28, 1874

Slept pretty well last night but must have caught a slight cold as I spit some blood but I think it came from my nostrils. Quite chilly in the morning but gradually getting warm though cold enough at any time for an overcoat. Had service at 10:30 a.m. Mr. Wilson conducted it. Lost sight of Anticosti Island at 8 a.m. on our way to the Straits of Belisle. In sight of Newfoundland, at night weather very cold but the sea very calm and sailing pleasant - 511 miles.

Monday, June 29, 1874 - Atlantic

Passed quite a number of icebergs this morning some of them very large and quite fantastic. Therm. down to 42°. Passed through Straits about 10 a.m. and out into the Atlantic. The rolling of the ship soon became unpleasant and after taking one plate of soup at dinner I had to leave some having very confirmed symptoms of seasickness.

(cont.)

I went up on deck charged with that barley and the peas feeling, as if I were an old blunderbuss charged with all sorts of scrap, ready to go off on the slightest provocation. I did go off and felt somewhat relieved after it but I had to keep the thing going much longer than wished. Got quite windy in the evening and vessel tossing a good deal so that nearly all the passengers were sent to bed seasick. Mr. Wilson had bad symptoms right after dinner but I'm alright - 766 miles at noon.

Tuesday, June 30 - 9th day - Atlantic

Very sick and vomiting a good deal. It is such an abominable filthy, nasty sickness. Mr. Wilson is pretty bad today but has not such strong symptoms as I have. Wind still rising and therm. 44°. 1000 miles - noon.

July 1, - Atlantic 10th day

Passed a somewhat similar day to yesterday, only feeling more wretched and fegish. Wind rising and weather cold - 1224 miles - noon.

Thursday, July 2 - Atlantic 11th day

Felt somewhat better this morning, thought I was better, but it got stormier and I got sicker. In sympathy ate part of a Red Herring, but vomited more than two. Mr. Wilson pretty bad and Jim hasn't been sick yet. - 1435 miles.

Friday, July 3rd - Atlantic 12th day

Very sick nearly all day but felt a little better towards night. Have scarcely eaten anything since that unfortunate soup last Monday. Weather still very rough and getting worse at night - 1660 miles.

Saturday, July 4th - Atlantic 13th day

Felt better this morning. Ate some porridge in bed for breakfast, thought if it wasn't satisfied with the conveniences I offered it, wouldn't hurt me much coming back. Fast getting better all day. Took dinner at table, first appearance since Monday and was very hungry for supper. Weather very much moderated and wind nearly fair. - 1905 miles from Quebec at noon.

(cont.)

Sunday, July 5 - Atlantic 14th day

A very pleasant day. Did not feel very well in the morning on account of the close air of the cabin but felt very much better after breakfast. Service conducted by Prof. MacKerra. Near all the sick list at table for dinner though two not quite recovered of it. A fine sailing vessel and one steamer sighted today but at a great distance. - 2158 miles from Quebec at noon.

Monday, July 6 - Irish Coast - 15th day

Slept better last night than for a week past, felt well and ate a very hearty breakfast. Sighted land, Irish Coast, at 9:15 a.m. at which we were all very glad. Passed Loch Foysls in which lies Londonderry at 1 p.m. Mull of Cantyre at 6 p.m. and Ailson Craig 7:30, arriving at Grenoch at 12:30 a.m. Fired a cannon and anchored.

Tuesday, July 7 - Irish Coast 16th day

Left Grenoch a little before 3 a.m. and enjoyed the sail up the Clyde very much on account of the scenery. Arrived at Glasgow at 7:15 a.m., passed our baggage and took cab for the George Hotel, leaving Mrs. Lamont to go to Paisley. My first impressions of Glasgow are favourable; the streets are wide and clean, a great deal of business is done and the shops look particularly well to a Canadian.

My wonder only was excited at the great number of bare-footed, bare-headed women who poorly clad, throng the places and are in even fewer number on some of the principal streets. Went to the Theatre Royal in evening.

Wednesday, July, 8 - Paisley 17th day

Up at 8, had a good breakfast at the George Hotel where we are staying, and went out to Paisley at 12 noon. Paisley is only about 12 miles from Glasgow and though quite a manufacturing place does not show off to much advantage to a stranger. The streets are wide enough and clean but the buildings are poor, sun-thatched cottages in the heart of the town.

Went through the Abbey and returned to Glasgow at 4:40 p.m. Mrs. Lamont was very well but not enjoying herself. Went out to Glasgow Green in the evening and to a singing saloon later on. In bed at 11 p.m.

(cont.)

Thursday, July 9 - Oban 18th day

Left Glasgow for the Highlands at 7 a.m. on board steamer Iona. We stopped at several places down the Clyde and filled up rapidly with Passengers. Had an excellent breakfast on board which I enjoyed very much. The sail down the Clyde I think the prettiest I have ever had. Got to drizzling at 12 noon when we changed into a small canal boat which took us to Crinan through a most picturesque country. At a place called Crinan, end of Canal, we got on another boat, the "Chevalier", which took us in 2 hours to Oban where we remained over night. It is a small town remarkably clean and pretty but the inhabitants have no visible means of support. Drove out to the ruins of Dunstaffnage Castle where the Kings of Scotland were formerly crowned.

Friday, July 10 19th day

Left Oban at 7:45 a.m. on board steamer "Chevalier" which took us to Fort William; stopping at Bullochenlish from which place we drove about 5 miles to Glencoe, scene of a most brutal massacre in old times. Scenery very wild; one hill rising after another which seems to be characteristic of the Highlands, for you can see only hills at every opening.

Arrived at Fort William at 3 p.m. and started with a guide to the top of the Ben Nevis, the highest mountain in Scotland, being about 4500 feet high. We had a most difficult climb, the ascent being very steep and only once broken, but well tired out, we reached the top at 7:15 p.m. Came back another way by which we had a continuous descent and which tired us out very soon; knees and thighs being soon used up, however we reached the hotel at 11 p.m. and had a hot supper which soon brought us up again. The distance from hotel to summit of Ben Nevis and return is 15 miles which we accomplished without any refreshment.

Saturday, July 11 - Inverness 20th day

Left Fort William at 6:15 a.m. by coach to Banavie where we took boat (Gondolier) for Inverness. The first loch we went through had the gate broken in some way which detained us about two hours but at last we got on and passed through the canal into Loch Lochy, a narrow strip about 12 miles long and a mile wide.

(cont.)

Passed through a short canal from Loch Loughy into Loch Oich which is only about four miles long and narrow and from it we passed through a longer canal and lochs into Loch Ness which is the largest lake of all of them, about 24 miles long and mile and half wide. Reached Inverness at 4:20 p.m. Had to drive about a mile from the steamer landing to the hotel (Caledonian) being much pleased with Inverness, it being clean, well situated, and generally good buildings. Went up to Castle Hill in the evening to hear Moody and Sandy, but heard some local men instead, evidently endeavouring to create a revival feeling among the people.

Sunday, July 12th 21st day

Had a good sound sleep last night and rose about 8:30 very much refreshed. My thighs are very sore yet and going downstairs is quite a painful performance for me. After breakfast, went to the Free High Church and heard a Mr. Armstrong from Ulster (west coast Ireland) who gave a very fine sermon indeed, and quite a description of their mission work in Ireland. Dined at 5 a.m., went to an open air meeting in the park when we heard Mr. Moody, who though certainly uneducated, yet delivered a most touching practical address. Afterwards went to the High Free Church prayer meeting, but thought there was rather too much of the exhortive revival feeling, manifested by the speakers.

Monday, July 13 - Edinburgh 22nd day

Breakfast at 8:30 after a most refreshing sleep. My legs feel much better today and my health and appetite generally good. Robertson parted company with us this morning, he going at 9:15 north to Strathpeffer to see some friends and we going by 10:15 train to Edinburgh. Took the Highland Railway and passed through the Grampian Hills, the pass of Killicrankee and over the highest travelled point in Scotland. The scenery along the railway is very beautiful and the day very pleasant. Passed through Perth and Sterling and reached Edinburgh at 6:30 p.m., obtaining a very good view of the castle and old town as we entered. Met Mr. Wilson at the station who unable to get accommodation at the hotel had taken lodgings at 53 George Street, where we went with him and found ourselves very comfortable. Took a short walk through the town after tea and admire it very much.

(cont.)

Tuesday, July 14 - Edinburgh

Breakfast at 8:30 after a very refreshing sleep. Am beginning to feel myself again after the fatigue of Ben Nevis. After breakfast went with Mr. Wilson to his tailors and trunk maker and left my measure for a suit. Then went to Dr. Massens to see after Mr. Wilson's trunk but found he had gone down to our lodging with it. Walked through various parts of Edinburgh and like it very much. In the evening went through the picture gallery, but it would take days to anything like appreciate it. Wrote to Mr. Robertson and Robert Pollack after dinner. Mr. Wilson received a letter in the evening, from home, which mentions all well now though Kate has been not as well as I hoped and expected. We are in lodgings and have to order our breakfast and tea which are given us at any time we direct and the dinner we take at any convenient restaurant. I suppose we will get into the way of this sort of thing before long, though it is rather amusing at first.

Wednesday, July 15th 24th day

After breakfast, drove to the castle and saw all through it and over it except the Crown Jewels, which were not in view till after 12 noon. Afterwards drove round the Queen's drive and Alberts Seat but did not ascent the latter. Ben Nevis being sufficient of the sort of thing for a little while; then we went to Holyroad and saw Darnleys rooms where Reggio was killed - King Charles bed - Queen Mary's bed and a lot of other old relics including portraits of all the kings of Scotland, and blood streams where Reggio lay on the floor, though the floor has been changed several times since. Went to Dr. Massens for tea and met Prof. and Mrs. MacKerras who are both pretty well now. The weather is beautiful up to the present time we have not had 10 minutes rain since we came to Scotland and have not yet had to use an umbrella. Edinburgh is a finely built city all of stone and very substantially put together. All the stairways I have seen are also of stone.

Thursday, July 15 - Edinburgh 25th day

Cloudy looking and dull in the morning but turned out to be a very fine day. Went with Prof. MacKerras in the morning to see Dr. Bell and again at 2:30 p.m. He examined with a new instrument that throws the light very far into the throat, pronounced us both curable and gave me a letter to Doctor Mackenzie of London.

(cont.)



Went to see a timber dealer about shipping timber here and he gives me good encouragement to send over a cargo. My health continues very good only I am troubled a little with a pain in my right breast as if the lung were slightly affected. I spit up a good deal of mucous but by Dr. Bell's advice began last night to rub my chest for ten minutes before going to bed, with sweet oil.

Friday, July 17 - London 26th day

Rose at 7:35 as we intend going to London by 10:45 train. We are in some trouble about washing which we gave out Tuesday morning and should have had last night but it has not made its appearance yet at 8:25. Mr. Wilson not down yet and I'm not out of his room yet. Our washing came alright at 9 and we paid our bills, etc., and left at 10:20 taking our tickets to London via Newcastle, York, Durham and Peterborough. Ate three times on the way but only slight refreshment at each place. We had a very long ride some 400 miles and I felt pretty tired when I reached London where we put up at Woods Hotel Furnivals Inn, Holborn Street. I had a very severe pain in my right chest which alarmed me somewhat especially as it hurt me to cough and was very sore. I passed a very unsatisfactory night.

Saturday, July 18th 27th day

My right chest very sore this morning and pains me especially when I cough or blow my nose. After breakfast went to a tailor in Ladgate Hill for Jim and left his measure for a 2.17.6 pound suit, then went to Joint Stock Bank (Princess Street) and arranged our money matters taking Circular Notes - Afterwards took a cab and drove to Dr. Thompson's of Brompton Hospital, who examined my lungs and pronounced them sound and my throat curable and gave me a prescription to take also advising me to be very careful of myself and to use Cod Liver Oil when at home for say two months at a time - table spoonful three times a day. Afterwards came back to hotel, had luncheon and then went to zoological gardens and from there to Madam Nessands wax works, all of which we duly admired and after seeing enough we came back to tea and to our rooms at 10 p.m. Had a letter from Kate today, 1st since I left and I am sorry to hear she was so poorly, but trust she is better now. Poor Ida I am sorry for her too but she will soon forget; Clyde it seems is growing. Also had a letter from Robertson in business matters, all satisfactory.

(cont.)

I may here remark that the characteristic feature of the Scotch lower class rural dwellings, is stone house, white-washed and generally thatched; highlands, stones loosely put together no mortar apparent; earth floor and thatched roofs. North England brick cottages, tiled roofs, south of York, stone cottages, white-washed, in rough cast, and thatched roofs.

Sunday, July 19th 28th day

After breakfast went to hear Spurgeon and by following the congregation in at a side door mentioning to the wicket keeper that we wished to contribute towards the funds and asking an envelope for the purpose, we were allowed to pass into the church (of course depositing our contribution) and obtained an excellent place in front and just close enough. I was very well pleased with Spurgeon and consider his sermon as a plain, practical and right one and one that could not help but do good. Mrs. Wilson has been complaining all day so after dinner we drove up to Dr. Thompson's but he was not at home and we had to return as we went. In the evening I went and heard Dr. Cumming but was very much disappointed in him, he is prosy dogmatic and I am sure not calculated to win souls to heaven. Would make a better professor in some college.

Monday, July 30th 29th day

After breakfast went with Mr. Wilson again to Dr. Thompson's who pronounced him as only suffering from weakness and gave him a prescription (tonic). Then went to Dr. Mackenzies about my throat and after waiting my turn 3 hours he examined my throat and chest and told me to call again Wednesday and that I would require to stay in London till end of next week which latter is scarcely in accordance with my plans or wishes. In afternoon went again to Bank for passports, etc., and walked round the shops afterwards. It was very warm today but pleasant enough morning and evening. We have had no rain to interfere with us yet and been in Britain two weeks today which is quite the contrary of what I had expected. Commenced this afternoon to use 1 et prescription from Dr. McKenzie - teaspoonful twice a day 11 a.m. and 6 p.m.

(cont.)

Tuesday, July 21 30th day

Saw by papers this morning that mail steamer had arrived at Londonerry at 2:50 p.m. yesterday. So we may expect our letters to-night. Jim and I went down to the Crystal Palace and passed the day till nearly 7 p.m. looking through it and seeing two balloons ascend with two men in each of their baskets. Threatened rain today but we had none. Would need to go back to the palace again as we did not see one quarter what was to be seen. Saw a case of spontaneous combustion on our way back, two stacks of hay on fire and blazing up quite high. Mr. Wilson had no letters when we returned which disappointed me very much as I fully expected them but the Canadian mail was not received up till 5 p.m. though expected for certain tonight. My health continues good; Jim improving and Mr. Wilson very much better.

Wednesday, July 22nd 31st day

Shortly after breakfast I went as per appointment to Dr. McKenzies and had to wait over 2 hours for my turn. He examined my throat instructed me in the use of the nasal douche - told me he could cure me and to call again tomorrow morning. He advised me to stay till Monday which I intend to do though it will very much interfere with the pleasure of my trip as Jim and Mr. Wilson will now leave without me and I will have to overtake them in course of two weeks. After returning from Doctors I met Mr. Wilson and Jim awaiting me and having letters from home for me. Kate writes me she is improving but it is not as fast as I could wish. Ida and Clyde both well. Went with Mr. Wilson to Goze's office and took tickets for him and Jim to Cologne also 10 days meal coupons, for which we paid ticket 2.12.0 pounds, coupons 4.5.0 pounds then to bank where I got the circular notes in my name changed to suit Jim thus giving him notes for 70.0.0 pounds and 5.0.0 pounds gold which makes the balance of this \$700.00 and also got his passport and arranged everything for their trip tomorrow. I expect to meet them again at Strasbourg or Baale and will be very lonely in the meantime. Had a letter from Dr. Ferguson but none from Robertson.

(cont.)

Thursday, July 23 - London 32nd day

Rose at 6 and breakfast at 7, then went with Mr. Wilson and Jim to station to see them off at 7:35 a.m. Will not be likely to see them again for two weeks at least. Went to the Doctor at 10 and had to wait for 3 hours on my time. Not very much taken up with him today but possibly my having to stay here may be the cause of it. I think he is burning my throat with caustic but must ask him to-morrow. Left my measure with a tailor for pants and vest to cost 4l/-. Took dinner about 3:30 and after that walked down Oxford St. to Regent Circus and then down Regent Street to where it becomes Circular in direction then back examining shops etc., in the windows of which there is plenty to attract. Wrote to Robertson, Glasgow, today asking him to call on me when he came down here and in any case to write me.

Friday, July 24th 33rd day

Rose at 8 and finished breakfast by 9:30. Got a letter addressed to Mr. Wilson and enclosed it in another envelope and forwarded to Bonn sar Rhin, Bassin Poste Restante. Went to doctors at 10:20 had to wait 3 hours again in my turn. Noticed that the majority of those waiting are regular in their calls, same as myself. Asked the doctor how my throat was doing and he said remarkably well. He is burning it with some preparation of zinc and I am at present taking twice a day forenoon and afternoon a prescription (virgin prune) and also using the nasal douche every night before going to bed with pint luke warm water. I shall be glad when Wednesday comes that I may have letters from home. Had a thunder shower today about 1:20 p.m. the first thunder I have had since I came to Britain. Kept on showering during the afternoon. After dinner (4 p.m.) walked down Oxford St., to Bino St., and down Old Bond St. to Piccadilly along it Coventry and then by several other streets to the Strand and back by Chancery Lane to the hotel. Felt pretty well tired out by the walk. After tea a stranger (old gentleman) spoke to me and proposed we should go to the House of Commons which we did and took our seats about 10 p.m. The Scotch Patronage Bill being in committee at the time. It was very dry and very uninteresting and I am very much disappointed in the internal arrangements of the House itself. The members sit on seats which will seat, say, eight or ten, with no desk in front of them as we have but simply sitting as they would in any ordinary hall. From a remark I overheard I think they can be as noisy as they are in our own Legislature or Commons. Back and to bed at 12:15 a.m.

(cont.)

Saturday, July 25th 34th day

Slept very well last night and rose at 8:30 - breakfast by 9:30 and went to doctors about 10:15 and had to wait my turn till 1:45 p.m. He simply touched my throat with the zinc and told me to call between 10 and 11 tomorrow. I am beginning to think I feel my throat some better as if the dryness were not so troublesome and the discharge of mucous not as great, however it may be all imagination on my part. Had a letter from Mr. Wilson this morning from Brussels when they had arrived safely about 5 p.m. Thursday. He had stood the sea passage well and Jim and he were enjoying themselves. After dinner went to the zoological gardens and satisfied myself with sight of beasts, birds, reptiles, etc., don't think I will want to go back again. Came back through a continuation of parks to Portland Place then down to Oxford Street at great Portland Street and then bus to Furnivals Inn where I arrived at 7 p.m., took my medicine and had tea about 8. Read the newspaper till 9:30 when I came to my room and got to bed at 11.

Sunday, July 26 35th day

Rose at 8:30 and breakfasted by 9:30 when I started for the Doctor expecting a bus would overtake me, but I had to walk all the way as not one bus passed me going down Oxford Street. The morning is very misty, turning at times into a drizzling rain which made it very unpleasant walking. Doctor was not at home but his assistant burned by throat with the chloronate of zinc, a weak solution, and I had not to wait more than 10 minutes this time. Doctor expected back tonight. Too late for church after my return from the doctors so I came to my room to write this. My health is very good and I imagine I am gaining weight. I still continue to rub my chest every night for 10 minutes with sweet oil and use probably  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful at a time which is as much as I can rub in. Commenced a letter to Kate today and finished one sheet of it.

Monday, July 27 36th day

Rose at 8:30, breakfasted by 9:30 and started immediately afterwards for the doctors. There were seven ahead of me but I had my turn and finished by 12:15. Came back to the hotel and left at 12:45 for the Crystal Palace where I spent the rest of the afternoon looking through the various departments watching the trial of fire engines well worth seeing. Left the Palace about 6 and back to the hotel at 6:40.

(cont.)

I saw by papers today that Canadian Mail Steamer had arrived at Moville about 1 p.m. yesterday so I may expect my letters at the bank tomorrow. Doctor assured me today that I am progressing so well as to be able to leave on Thursday. A little showery in the forenoon today but turned out very pleasant after all with the weather lately insufficient to warn one always to carry an umbrella.

Tuesday, July 28 37th day

Found two letters for me when I went down to breakfast this morning. One from Mr. Wilson - Bonn, and the other from Robertson - Glasgow. Jim and Mr. Wilson are well and doing Germany pretty well. They will wait for me at Bale, and I am to forward their letters to them there. Robertson mentions that he has enjoyed himself remarkably well so far and he and his friend will come down to London on Saturday next so I will likely see them there. My health is very good indeed and I am pretty sure now that the discharge from and secretion from my nose is much less. My throat too looks fresher and more moist than formerly and I am on the whole beginning to hope. Had a letter from Kate giving me the good news that she was recovering and that the children were both as well as could be. Also had a letter from Robertson mentioning that business matters were alright. Walked down Chancery Lane and along the Strand where I bought a valise then continued on and went to cross over to Picadilly but after walking a while brought up, at seven-dials from which I hurried as quick as I could. Took tea about 7:30 and read till bedtime.

Wednesday, July 29 38th day

Had a letter from Prof. MacKerras this morning asking me to secure a room for him for Thursday night as he will be down from Edinburgh by the 8 p.m. train. Got to the doctors about 9:50 today and had my turn by 12 noon as many there as usual though and all tired waiting. Walked back looking at the shops, there is always plenty to be seen in them. After dinner stayed in and read till nearly 5 p.m. then took my medicine and walked down Oxford Street a good piece below Regent Circus and back again pretty well tired out on my return. After tea read till bedtime. It was a little showery for a while today but turned out very fine. The nights are quite cool this week so that it is pleasant enough, so far as sleeping is concerned. My health continues very good and I have a fair appetite.

(cont.)

Thursday, July 30 - London 39th day

Rather too warm today, the sun being very strong. Had a letter from Mr. Wilson this morning, he is enjoying himself very well in Russia and both Jim and he are improving. The Doctor told me today he was writing to Doctor Bell about me and he thinks himself, I am doing very well. Walked down and through Saint Pauls, then back by Fleet Street to Strand and back by Chancery Lane. Mr. & Mrs. McKerras arrived at 10:10 p.m. rather tired after their ride from Edinburgh.

Friday, July 31 40th day

After breakfast went with Mr. & Mrs. MacKerras to Doctor McKenzies and had our usual wait there. Prof. MacKerras has to remain three weeks in London and then spend the winter in Germany and South of France till he gets rested. I may be able to get away Monday morning but he can't say till tomorrow. After coming back to the hotel I went down to the bank and drew 30.00 pounds on my credit. Then after dinner we all three went down to the Canadian office, King Street and saw Mr. Jenkins who is to take us in the House tonight. Went through Westminster Abbey and saw Johnson's, MacCauley's and Dicken's graves and also the graves of a great many others; Poets, Historians, Kings, Queens, etc. I thought a great deal of the abbey and am surprised to find they were able to do such carving and architecture at the time it was built. We afterwards walked back by the Strand and Chancery Lane to the hotel. I feel very well today, better I think than I have done yet. After tea Prof. MacKerras and I went down to the Commons and heard Gladstone, Hardy, Gurney and several others speak. Was especially pleased with Gladstone and Harcourt (historians). Got back to the hotel at 12:30.

Saturday, August 1, 1874 41st day

Went to the doctor's as usual this morning, but not so many in waiting. After examining me he told me to come back again Monday morning but I could leave after that. I settled with him for all my bill being for 14 visits - 15 guineas. I am now to use the nasal douche twice a day with a teaspoonful of some cleansing lotion in it. Health otherwise very good. Commenced a second 4 oz. bottle of the Virgin Prune prescription this morning. 1st lasted me twelve days.

(cont.)

Robertson (Oakville, Ont.) called round at 2 p.m. and I was very glad to see him. He has enjoyed himself very well since he landed but is troubled with a cough and pain in his right lung - has been sounded but is alright, so far. At 4 p.m. went with Mr. & Mrs. MacKerras to St. Paul's, heard their service and afterwards went down into the Crypt saw Landsar's tomb also Nelson's and Wellington's and the funeral car on which Wellington's coffin was drawn through the streets of London. This car was made out of cannon captured by him from different enemies, it weighs over 20 tons, cost 14,000 pounds and was drawn by 12 horses. After went down to Bedford Hotel, Covent Gardens, to meet Robertson and then went with him and MacGuffie to Adelphi Theatre but thought very little of the play though the scenery was good. At the hotel by 12. Commenced to use for first time a solution in the water of nasal douche and also begin now to use it twice a day.

Sunday, August 2 42nd day

Went to doctors at 10 a.m. and he touched my throat as usual with the chlorate of zinc. I asked him about my staying on my way back and he said 3 or 4 days would be as long as I would need to remain in London then. After dinner went with Mrs. and Mr. MacKerras and heard Canon Liddon at Saint Pauls but with very little satisfaction there is such an echo in the building and it is so large that one voice can be audible to a very few close to the speaker. There was a great many people present but I do not think that such a service is calculated to do good, so few can hear that the majority must come to criticize, to hear the music, or from curiosity. After tea went to the Congregational Temple and heard a middling sermon there but not very clever. Read a little while and then went to bed.

Monday, August 3 43rd day

Started for the doctors this morning at 9:15 and did not get back till 1:15. He told me today my cure was certain, that the inflamed part was at first half the size of the palm of my hand but was now about the size of a half-penny and being reduced every day. I leave tomorrow morning for Balce, Switzerland, and while gone am to continue to use the nasal douche morning and night, water 90° and teaspoonful solution, in it and also to use the virgin prune tonic a day teaspoonful each time in glass water - and to report myself on my return and stay a few days in London.

(cont.)

Wrote to Kate today lest I might not get another letter away by this week's mail. Saw by Pall Mall Gazette that the Scandinavians had arrived at Merville, Sunday midnight, so our letters will be in tomorrow morning, but I will have to leave without them much to my sorrow. Mr. and Mrs. Mackerras went into lodgings today and after 4 p.m. we walked through the museum until 7. I then bid goodbye and left.

Tuesday, August 4 - Brussels 44th day

Breakfasted at 6:45 and left by 7:35 for Dover; arrived there about 10 a.m. and Calais at 12 noon; was very near being seasick as it was pretty stormy and wet going across the channel and nearly all on board were sick. The sight of the sick people is almost enough to make me sick. Left Calais about 12:30 and got to Brussels at 5:30 passing through as fine a country as I have ever seen. The grain was long and apparently well headed and the people were just in the middle of their harvesting. They use no reaping machines here, but all by hand, a wooden hook in the left hand and a sort of sythe with short handle in the right. They cut with the sythe and lay it over in sheaves with the hook in the left. I saw only two reaping machines from London to Dover though they too were busy at their harvest and used either reaping hooks or straight handled cradles. In France they seem to be plowing for a second crop - plows here only are handle and two wheels in front. A good deal of 2nd growth bush dots the face of the country. Stopped at the DunKerke Hotel - Brussels, a very nice, clean place and moderate charges. Walking through Brussels and through the pass and think a great deal of the place. Buildings all of a sort of white stone, streets clean and paved and the shops look very pretty to a Canadian.

Wednesday, August 5 - Strasburg 45th day

Left Brussels at 6:45 a.m. and passed through a splendid country as far as Namur. The roads especially deserve mention - they are either macadamized or paved in centre, say 12 ft. wide, and all along each side is a row of trees from 30ft. to 50ft. high, nicely trimmed so that they add very much to the appearance of the country. From Namur to the country is more broken and the cuttings are heavy, a good many being through rocky ridges. You find them working cows here same as oxen. Sometimes a cow and horse harnessed together in the plow or wagon. Crops not so good as further west. Got to Strasburg at 11 p.m. and stopped at Hotel D'Angleterne, a very good hotel but high charges.

(cont.)

Thursday, August 6 - Zurich 46th day

Left Strasburg at 6:45 a.m. and passed through a very pretty country at first - lots of vineyards and tobacco. Reached Bale at 10 a.m. and met Jim and Mr. Wilson both looking very well. Looked through the Cathedral and over the town. Bale is very nicely situated on the Rhine which is a very swift running stream and pretty large here. Cashed one of my circular notes here. We left Bale at 5:25 for Munich and arrived there about 8 p.m., having come through a very diversified country, valleys and mountains planted with vineyards, etc.

Friday, August 7 - Zurich 47th day

Looked through Zurich this morning and like the shops well. Bought a coral necklace for Ida, price two-hundred eight six francs, paid 280. Zurich is beautifully situated on a long narrow lake with high mountain peaks towering up all round it and steamers and other sailing craft plying to the different villages on the side of the lake. Left Zurich at 2 p.m. and arrived at Lucerne at 4:20, which like Zurich is situated at the foot of a lake with high mountains all round. There are a great many jeweller's shops in Lucerne and a great deal of Swiss carving which is executed with a great deal of taste. My general health is good but my throat feels dry and parched, more than usual, but I attribute it to my drinking wine at dinner for past few days and I intend to stop it and see if I don't improve. Lucerne, I think, is the prettiest place I have seen yet. The lake is covered with boats, steam and sail.

Saturday, August 8 - Lucerne 48th day

Left Lucerne at 10 a.m. for a trip to the Ryr Kulm a mountain peak almost 4400 ft. high and a railway to the top. This railway I suppose is the most remarkable in the world as the ascent is sufficient to make a very stiff climb on foot. It takes 1½ hours to go up and when about half way it commences to pour down when at the top it was raining so hard and so misty that we could see nothing. Had a first rate dinner and left at 3 p.m. Just as we were leaving the clouds cleared away and we had a fine view of the valleys and lakes below. Got back to Lucerne at 5 p.m. and looked over the town.

(cont.)

Sunday, August 9 - Lucerne 49th day

Rained heavy all last night and this morning. Had a Turkish Bath this morning but they are not as good as those at Montreal. Loafed round and read till 4 p.m. Walked through the covered bridges and saw the paintings. My throat seems a little better today but is very dry and I spit up a good deal. The service for the Scotch Church is held in a Catholic Church here and we attended in the evening and heard a very fine sermon. Cleared up a little in the afternoon and looks fine for tomorrow.

Monday, August 10 - Hospenthal 50th day

Left Lucerne by steamer at 8 a.m. and sailed up the Lake to Fluelen, where we arrived at 11 a.m. The day is very fine and we passed a number of very pretty hamlets on the lake, especially Buoch and the 2nd last to Fluelen. Our diligence was waiting for us so we lost no time but got aboard at once and passed up the valley to Armsteg where we rested 2 hours and had table d'hotel. The ascent begins here and we had a third horse attached. We followed the course of small but rapid stream all the way crossing and U-crossing as the construction of the road required. Passed where they are making the St. Guthard Tunnel and saw the entrance; also passed the Devil's Bridge but I was disappointed with it for it has been built instead of being a production of nature, as I always understood. The scenery is the most imposing I have ever seen, below us runs the stream, we are shut in in every side by mountains the peaks of which are covered with snow and the road before us can be seen in zig-zag course away on up the ascent. We reached Hospenthal at 6:20 dined and shivered with cold as it commenced raining about 7 p.m. We are quite close to the snow here, plenty of it within 1000 ft. of us; 4450 ft. above sea level. From Fluelen to Hospenthal the country gradually becomes poorer and poorer, at first a few vineyards and at Hospenthal I am sure they can scarce make a living.

Tuesday, August 11 - Rhine Glacier 51st day

Left Hospenthal at 6:30 a.m. and from the valley the road gradually begins to ascend and takes the most remarkable zig-zag course. You can see it in its windings for at least 2000 feet above you. After passing the tunnel above Hospenthal we walked most of the way up to the Farka and when there we have passed a glacier and are at least 1000 ft. above snow, perpetual 7800 ft. above sea level.

(cont.)

The road begins to descend after we leave the Farka and in a few minutes the most beautiful view we have yet had bursts full upon us. Away in front at a great distance we see Mont Blanc, well named for it is quite white with glaciers for several thousand feet from the top; to the left of the peak we see numbers of others covered with perpetual snow. Right before us and quite close is a large glacier, the Lance of the Rhine, and down below us is another very large glacier - Rhine Glacier - with great large crevices gaping at us, and for thousands of feet below in almost perpendicular we can see the road winding back and forth ever so often. Still further off down in the valley we see the hotel at which we are to dine (welcome sight). We arrive at hotel in about two hours, take dinner and walk up to glacier; the ice almost at once gets to be from 10 to 50 ft. thick and must be over 1500 ft. thick a short piece up. I walked into the glacier by a channel cut through the ice about 50 ft. to a grotto as they called it, lighted with lamps - very pretty.

Left the hotel at 2 p.m. and continue to descend, keeping the course of the Rhine nearly all afternoon till we arrive at Brigue about 8 p.m. Dear knows how the Swiss people make a living off their miserable farms, at home they would scarcely be thought large enough for a garden and they are by no means a clean people; the villages stink worse than anything I ever experienced, caused by the everlasting manure heaps reeking with foul smells under their very noses and right along the streets. The houses are clustered together with as little order as if they were so many swallow's nests, a great many of them are built on posts, then a large round flat stone on top of the post, then the sills of the house. They are not painted but stained black with smoke and though they look romantic enough when at a distance, they are mean and stinking when close to them. The mountain sides being so steep, horses cannot be used and everything has to be carried on the people's backs so that everyone has his or her pack-saddle or basket. The women being all laboring, are coarse and vulgar in appearance and have nothing prepossessing in their demeanour. Labour here - 2 francs per day - flour - 60 francs per 100 lbs. (Franc=1/ currency)

Wednesday, August 12 - Sierre 52nd day

Left Brieg at 8 a.m. by diligence for Sierre where we arrived at 12 noon. The country through which we passed has been improving a little all the time but is miserable enough yet, except as regards scenery. Left Sierre at 2:10 for Lausanne at which we arrived at 6:35 p.m. Stopped at Hotel Riche-Mart a very good hotel facing the lake.

(cont.)

My throat has been troubling me more today than any time since I landed from Canada; feels very dry and sore as if there were something in it which I could not get out. Hope it may improve soon or I will have to cut my tour short and return to London to the doctor.

After tea looked at some of the Lausanne shops and like the places very much and the appearance of the shops. Lausanne is built on a lake. My health apart from my throat continues good and my appetite good. Expect to get letters from home at Geneva tomorrow. Instead of plowing the land they use large hoes almost 10 inches wide with a handle almost 3½ ft. long and they first take off one course then turn it over then a second from the same furrow and turn it up for at least 8 inches deep.

Thursday, August 13 - Lausanne 53rd day

Looked around Lausanne during the forenoon and left at 3 p.m. for Geneva which we reached at 6 p.m. by steamer (a very pleasant sail down the lake). We had not much time to see Geneva tonight but we like it very much as far as we have seen it. Got a letter from Kate at Geneva and was very glad to hear all very well and that she was very much better. We are stopping at the Hotel Victoria where we are very comfortable.

Friday, August 14 - Geneva 54th day

Cashed balance of our circular notes first thing this morning, then bought our tickets to Paris and after that we bought various articles. I bought a watch for Kate at 1015 frcs. and a music box at 105 fr. and several knickknacks. Geneva is a real pretty place - beautifully situated on the two banks of the Rhine at the foot of the lake. The streets are wide and well paved - the houses neatly and regularly built and the shops wonderful, especially the watch shops. We left by rail via Macon at 5:40 p.m. and reached Macon after midnight where we had some coffee and felt pretty well tired out.

Saturday, August 15 55th day

Arrived at Drgin about 5 a.m. very tired - breakfasted at Janepace at 9:30 and still a long day's ride before us. The country we are passing through is not as fertile as that between Calais and Brussels and is very rough in character. A good many vineyards are to be seen but on the whole the country is very uninteresting.

(cont.)

Reached Paris at 4 p.m. (Hotel Chemin du fer du Nord) very much out of sorts with our long journey and rather inclined to be disappointed with the place. After tea walked down a few streets but the shops seemed to be mostly all closed and there was very little to be seen. Lay down about 8:20 on the bed and did not awake till half past eleven, when I found Jim and Mr. Wilson sound asleep too. Woke all up and undressed and went to bed and had a good sound sleep.

Sunday, August 16 - Paris 56th day

Slept very sound last night and feel very much refreshed after it this morning. After breakfast walked down Majentz Boulevard to Lebusopol Boulevard down to the Rivoli Street and then along it to No. 162 Scotch Church, into which we went and heard an excellent sermon from a Scotch minister. After church we walked through the Louvre and the garden of the Tuillevies both very fine but the former palace, a good deal destroyed by the Communists during the war 70-71. Took a carriage back to the hotel and had dinner and walked through a few streets. Afterwards then had tea, and another walk. Wrote to Kate and stayed in our rooms after 8 p.m. Throat feels a good deal better.

Monday, August 17 - Paris 57th day

After breakfast drove to the Jardin des Plantes which is a very fine place containing specimens of all known trees and zoological gardens as well. From there we went to the Luxenbourg Palace and then to Rue du Bac to the Magasin du bon Marche where we made purchases to the extent of 1400 francs. Then drove in through the Louvre and another part of Paris; took our dinner at the hotel and started by 4 p.m. train for London. Paris from what I have seen I judge to be the finest place we have yet seen. The houses are nearly all 6 stories, very regularly built and very handsome. The streets are wide and the boulevards especially so. Along a great many of the streets a small stream of clean, fresh, water runs on either side which helps to keep the place clean, fresh and nice. What struck me most was the universal cafe system on every street and almost before every house there was a cafe where men and women were taking their coffee, wine and lemonade and apparently enjoying themselves immensely, chattering like a bunch of parrots.

In the Jardins des Plantes, I saw a cow (species) with a regular horse's tail on it.

(cont.)

Tuesday, August 18 - London 58th day

Arrived at Calais about 4 a.m.; washed ourselves, had breakfast and left for London at 8:20, arriving at 10:35 and running at rate of 60 miles an hour. Felt very tired as we had no sleep last night and have had a very fatiguing journey from Paris through. Went out to Doctor McKenzies after dressing and had to wait till 3 p.m., he said nothing about my throat but told me I would have to wait 8 or 10 days longer though he said 4 would do, when I left two weeks go. My throat feels a good deal better today and I think is fast mending. Did not go out much but went to bed early as I was very tired.

Wednesday, August 19 - London 59th day

(Got five letters from home yesterday)  
(3 from Kate - 2 from Robertson)

After breakfast went to doctors and met Mr. McKerras there, he is looking very well and thinks he is doing well under the doctor, only he is running about London too much he says and it tires him. Went to bank and drew balance of my money 195 pounds and paid Jim 40.0.0 pounds which I have to charge him with. Wrote to grandmother and Robertson. Feel very much better today, my throat especially and then I am well rested besides. After tea Mr. Wilson and I went up to Mr. McKerras and Mr. & Mrs. Kinghorn and Mrs. MacKerras, all very well and enjoying London. Mr. Wilson decided before returning to stay another day in London and go down to see the fireworks at the Crystal Palace tomorrow afternoon.

Thursday, August 20 - London 60th day

Went to the doctor as usual in the morning and got away about 12 noon. Only 4 or 5 of the old patients attending him now. After dinner Mr. Wilson, Jim and I went to the Crystal Palace from Snow Hill Station. We met Mr. McKerras & co., at the fountain in the palace, had tea together and heard the band and then took seats to see the fireworks which commenced at 8:30. They were magnificent, far ahead of anything of the kind I have ever seen or conceived and in reality looked more like something from fairy land than the product of art. We also ascended the tower at the palace and had a splendid view of London and country adjoining. Left palace at 9:30 p.m. and at hotel at 10:30, pretty tired and quite ready for our beds. Mr. Wilson packed up for his trip tomorrow and I gave him six pounds to pay for my clothes at Middlemars & Co.'s Edinburgh.

(cont.)

My throat is very much better today, free from inflammation. My health otherwise is excellent and with the exception of the day, we ascended the Rigi at Lucerne, the weather has been unexceptionable - no rain to interfere with our arrangements since we landed.

Friday, August 21 - London 61st day

Mr. Wilson left us this morning for Edinburgh and Jim went with him to help take care of his luggage to King's station. We are sorry to part with him as we may not meet him again till we get to Liverpool. The doctor told me this morning that I was doing very well and would go home completely cured, which was very cheery news. Met Mr. & Mrs. MacKerras, Mr. & Mrs. Kinghorn at 1 p.m. and went with them and Jim through the Bank of England, saw them making notes and weighing coins and the several other departments, well worth a visit, then had dinner in Spiers and afterwards went through the Mansion House (Majors residence) and then to some old cemetery where we saw John Bunyan's grave, Daniel Defoes, and Isaac Watts, besides several other noted non-conformists. After we returned again to the bank, Mr. Kinghorn and I took steamer and sailed down the river as the next place below Greenwich. We saw the Steam ruin that was sunk while being launched and which will have to be taken to pieces now before she can be made right.

Saturday, August 22 - London 62nd day

Doctor not at home this morning and his assistant attended to me instead. I feel very much better only there is a good deal of dryness about my throat yet. Bought several things on my way back from the doctor's for Kate and myself. Stayed on till after dinner and then Jim and I rode down to Regent Circus, then walked down Bond Street to Picadilly, bought some gloves, etc., and then walked up to Oxford Street by seven dials, back by 6:30. Today has been very pleasant perhaps a little on the warm side. Met Mr. MacKerras at doctors in morning.

Sunday, August 23 - London 63rd day

Today an intense fog or smoke seems to hang right down on London so that you can see only a short distance, say two streets width ahead and the air smells very smoky. Doctor not in this morning again and had attendant as yesterday. Got away at 10:55 and walked back to hotel. My health continues very good - appetite splendid and my throat almost entirely rid of inflammation, but rather dry yet. Stayed in all day and after tea went to the Congregational Church and heard a very good sermon. Very cool in the evening.

(cont.)



Monday, August 24 - London 64th day

Went to the Doctors early this morning in order to bid Mr. & Mrs. Kinghorn goodbye, but they had left before I arrived leaving at 9 instead of 9:30 as I expected. Asked the doctor this morning when I might leave he said as I was doing so well I might leave end of this week and I am expecting to leave Thursday at latest. He seemed to put a stronger solution to my throat this morning as it irritated it very much and brought the tears to my eyes when I attempted to speak. Jim had a letter from Mr. Wilson this morning; he arrived safe at Edinburgh and is in our old quarters at 3 per day for room and parlour; he leaves for Dunnfries on Monday and expects to be in Liverpool tomorrow week. Visited Mr. & Mrs. MacKerras in the afternoon, both well; they propose a visit to Hampton Court tomorrow. Today was very fine, clear and not too warm.

Tuesday, August 25 - London 65th day

Very fine day. I asked the doctor today what day this week he thought I might leave and he told me Friday, after seeing him. After leaving the doctors we went with Mr. & Mrs. MacKerras to Hampton Court. Starting from Waterloo Station at 1:45. We went through the palace and I think a good deal of the interior pictures, etc. also of the grounds which are well designed and look very pretty, but the outside view of the palace does not strike you. It is only a quadrangular mass of red brick with free-stone facings and is of very ordinary appearance. We went through the maze in the parks and enjoyed its intricacies immensely. Returned by 6:35 train and back at hotel by 7:30 and had tea. Finished my letter to Kate which I hope is the last letter I will need to write this time as I hope to be able to present myself to them next.

Wednesday, August 26 - London 66th day

Smoky and gloomy looking in the morning but turned out a very fine day. Doctor told me my throat looked better today than it has done yet but says I am to continue the nasal douche for 6 months, night and morning and then for 6 months in mornings only, in all a year. He says the peculiarity of my complaint is that it is liable to return again and I have to do this to keep it under. My health otherwise is very good except that I am restless going to bed and don't get to sleep as soon as I would like. After leaving the doctors, went for Mrs. MacKerras and she went with me to buy a christening robe for Clyde. We made the purchase at 3.14.6 pounds of a very nice one. Jim and I went to tea with Mr. & Mrs. MacKerras and enjoyed a quiet evening.

(cont.)

Thursday, August 27 - London 67 days from home

I paid the doctor this morning - 11 days - 11 guineas. He gave me a new prescription - 2 pounds of lozenges for which I paid 16/6 and I am to use 3 or 4 of them a day and continue the other medicine at the same time. He says that should I think I was quite cured in say a month or two, yet I am by no means to give up using the douche and the medicine as the trouble will be sure to return. He also gave me the name of a doctor in New York to whom I might go and the name of a house where I could purchase his medicines in New York. He used a very strange medicine on me today; it irritated my throat very much at the time of application and I continued to feel it for nearly all day afterwards. We went down to MacKerras' about 12:30 and then we all went out together to Kew Gardens going by Omnibus from the Strand (Charring Cross). The gardens are very pretty and cover 75 acres and there are 140 acres of grounds besides. We saw some very fine palm trees, Bamboo, Ferns, etc., etc., and returned by rail from Richmond. Took dinner at the gardens - arrived in London about 7 p.m. pretty tired after our day's tramp. Took one of the lozenges today. This I hope is my last day in London as I expect to leave for Glasgow tomorrow night.

Friday, August 28 - London 68th day

Met Mr. & Mrs. MacKerras at the doctors this morning and bid them goodbye. Doctor told me I was almost cured now, but would require to be very careful of myself especially if I caught cold, as my trouble was likely to return again and only constant watchfulness on my part would keep it away. Left doctors at 12 and amused ourselves as best we could till 8 p.m. when we left London via Caledonian Railway from Lester Square and started on our night trip to Glasgow due there at 6:50 a.m. The train travels very fast and the carriage is quite comfortable but we get very uncomfortable snoozes and the sleep we get is far from refreshing.

Saturday, August 29 - Glasgow

Arrived in Glasgow shortly after 7 a.m. very tired. Came to George Hotel and had a good bath the first thing, which freshened me up. After breakfast walked out to view the city but it was wet and very disagreeable. Cleaned up about mid-day when Jim and I went down to Paisley and saw Mrs. Lamont's friends and bid them goodbye, also copied an inscription from one of the tombstone in the Abbey Church Yard.

(cont.)

Throat keeping very well. I think the lozenges help it a good deal. Met Aunt Mary's cousin at Paisley but hadn't time to go and see his father. Returned to Glasgow about 4:45 and took tea about 6:45. Saw a fire started in a house opposite but it was put out in about an hour and before it had made much headway. Was not impressed by the way the firemen handled themselves. Went to the theatre in evening. Poor affair.

Sunday, August 30 - Glasgow 70th day

Cloudy with occasional showers and a damp sort of feeling in the atmosphere. Went to the Cathedral in forenoon (Presbyterian) no music but chants, and heard Rev. Mr. Burns who gave a very good sermon. We could not walk through the Necropolis after service on account of slight rain and more threatening. Rained heavy and continuously from 3 p.m. so that we did not go to church but Jim heard a sermon in the Square about 7 p.m. My throat keeps in very good condition. I am not as yet troubled with that dryness that affected it before. In a few days after the doctor has stopped using the zinc solution; but I am now using say two lozenges a day to the use of which I attribute my throat being so well. The mucus does not seem to stick so firm in the back of my nostril but comes away generally pretty easy and is whiter than formerly. My general health very good and I have an excellent appetite.

Monday, August 31 - Glasgow 71st day

Looked splendid in the morning and kept fine most of the day, but threatened rain several times. There was a very high wind blowing hard all day. Went up to the Necropolis after breakfast which is well laid off and has some very fine monuments of granite. Might have had a good view from the hill but the wind was so high that it kept the smoke down on the city and spoiled the view. I was struck though, with the great number of smoke stacks rising from every part of the city and a sure indication of factories and consequently of great business. After lunch visited Pollock's brother-in-law and got from him a letter from Pollock. Then went down Argyle Street - the Tragate and on to Glasgow Green and walked all round it - it must be a great boon to the people as it lies almost in the heart of the city. After dinner was surprised to see Mr. Wilson walk in as we had not received his letter. McGuffie called in the evening and we went out to the theatre together; it was middling good.

(cont.)

Tuesday, September 1 - Glasgow 72nd day

Wet and very disagreeable so that we did not get out till 11 a.m., then walked up to station and down Buchanan Street and Argyle Street taking our last view of them this time. All packed by 1:30 when we left hotel for train to Liverpool, leaving Glasgow at 2 p.m., and arriving at Liverpool at 10:15 p.m. (Victoria). I was surprised on the way to see a great deal of grain, not yet cut, principally oats, and a good deal more apparently first cut and stocked. The country through which we passed was very varied and rather interesting. Throat keeping very well so far. We felt tired enough when we arrived here and got our rooms, for we went right away to bed.

Wednesday, September 2 - Liverpool 73rd day

Looked very fine about 8 in morning, but rained hard about ten and kept showery all forenoon. Walked down to Allan's office, James Street, and got our letters from home; was glad to hear Kate and children were all well. After dinner walked out again and examined Liverpool in the immediate neighbourhood of the hotel. What we saw of the shops were very far behind London or Glasgow in appearance and in several I tried, I could not get what I wanted, though the article was in their line. After tea, walked out again but back by 7:30 when we had a chat in my room. We are all well.

Thursday, September 3 - Liverpool 74th day

This is to be our last day, for this trip on this side and we are all very glad to get away. We have enjoyed our trip very much and I am much pleased with what I have seen during our travels, though I hope this one may be only preparatory to something more extensive in a few years hence. We are anxious now though to get home and see them all there and consequently have no regret at leaving this side. I anticipate for all of us a hearty sea-sickness but hope our stomachs will be satisfied with a three days carnival and not insist on any further license.

Board Sarmatian

Took dinner at 12:30 and drove down to the ship at 1 p.m. When we got to the landing stage, it was fairly jammed with cabs, buggy and people, there being a steamer of White Star Line about to leave at same time as Sarmatian. We got part of our luggage down in the landing but they would not allow any more to go down until the tender from the Sarmatian was ready to receive it; so I had to wait on shore and watch it for fully an hour when we at length go onboard of our Tender.

(cont.)

Met Mr. Carruthers of Kingston on board, he is coming out by steamer on Saturday. We got aboard ship in about half an hour and left the Tender about 4 p.m. with beautiful weather and a slight head wind. Ate dinner 4 p.m. and tea; on board comfortably enough.

Friday, September 4 - Lough Foyle 75th day

Felt sick and had to get up and vomit first thing. Bile only. We started into Moville at 8 a.m. so that the motion of the ship being stopped our sea-sickness stopped too and I ate breakfast, lunch and dinner with a very good appetite. Stopped at Moville for mails till 6 p.m., and the wind freshened up to quite a blow from the north, in meantime. We were not long in the swells of the Atlantic till I parted company with my dinner and had to go down to my berth and finish the business there. Felt very sick.

Saturday, September 5 - Atlantic 76th day

Slept very well last night but sick enough in the morning and vomiting the first thing. Took one bite of toast and a mouthful of tea for breakfast but was very soon relieved of it and more too, by way of interest. Very sick during rest of day and vomiting till 5 p.m. when I began to feel better and took a piece of chicken and toast for dinner which stayed on my stomach. Kept feeling better towards night but did not venture on deck as there was a grand uncertainty about my stomach yet. Mr. Wilson in bed too and pretty bad but has not vomited any.

(From yesterday at 6 p.m. till 12 a.m. today, sailed 205 miles)

Sunday, September 5 - Atlantic 77th day

Felt better this morning, but still very doubtful. Was able to stay up long enough to dress and wash myself but did not feel like stopping up too long so took my breakfast (porridge, toast and egg) lying down and felt better after eating. Felt pretty well all morning but afraid to venture out lest I should be overcome, but I hope I am now going to get over my sickness. Managed to go to table for lunch and was fairly successful in making meal. Kept getting better during afternoon and went to table for dinner (at 4 p.m.) but could not wait it out as the jarring of the screw and the motion of the vessel was likely to upset me so I finished my dinner in my stateroom. Mr. Wilson also tried to take dinner at table but had to leave without eating anything though he ate lunch with me.

(cont.)

Wind changed from fair to hard this afternoon and is increasing. Run from 12 yesterday till 12 today was 297 miles - total from Moville of 502 miles. Took our tea in our berths and not quite so well. Had no vomiting at all today.

Monday, September 7 - Atlantic 78th day

Sea very rough, and not feeling quite so well this morning but ate our breakfasts in bed and felt better afterwards. Could keep our port open till 2 p.m. which gave us plenty of fresh air, but had to close it then as the sea was beginning to break through in some of the others. Took lunch in bed, Mr. Wilson eating very little, he feels a good deal worse than I do today. Went up on deck about 2 and felt better for it. Run since 12 yesterday - 266 miles - total of 768 miles from Moville. Got very rough towards night with strong head wind which laid us out on our back, though not exactly sick yet, with a very unpleasant sensation all over us.

Tuesday, September 8 - Atlantic 79th day

Very stormy all night and this morning and a heavy sea running head-wind so that the ship is not making much headway and is rolling a great deal. Everything loose was rattling through our stateroom all night and nearly all the dishes slid off the table at breakfast, making a regular smash. A pitcher of milk soaking an old hairy fellow's beard, hair and face completely. Wind quartered a little during the day but was stormy and the sea heavy, Mr. Wilson and I were kept on our beds most of the day and took all our meals in our stateroom. We only made since 12 yesterday, 169 miles - a very poor run. My throat keeps very well and were this confounded squemishness over and the sea settled a little, I might enjoy the passage. Jim has not been sick at all.

Wednesday, September 9 - Atlantic 80th day

Slept pretty well last night and felt much better this morning so that we dressed to go out for breakfast. Wind seems to have fallen and sea much smoother. When I went up on deck, found it almost calm but a long heavy roll on the sea. Ate a very hearty breakfast and kept improving all day so that I think I am now settled at last and have got rid of my sickness. Mr. Wilson not so well as he is yet troubled with that nasty sort of uncertainty and had to keep in bed most of the day. Wind changed to fair about 10 a.m. so that by 12 noon we had run during the last 24 hours - 274 miles, a bigger run than we expected. Our total now from Liverpool is 1401 miles. Throat keeping very well and troubling me scarcely any. Health otherwise good and appetite now ravenous.

(cont.)

Thursday, September 10 - Atlantic 81st day

Wind quartering ahead but draws well on the sails - cloudy with an occasional slight shower during the day. Quite pleasant till 6 p.m. but got very cold then and kept cold all afternoon. Passed a very large iceberg about 6:30 which attracted quite a crowd though raining heavy at the time. Mr. Wilson able to take his meals regularly today but spent some time in his berth nevertheless. Looks foggy tonight so that we may have some delay entering straits Belisle. From 12 yesterday our run was 315 miles, the best yet, and makes our total distance now from Liverpool - 1716 miles.

Friday, September 11 - Atlantic 82nd day  
Gulf of St. Lawrence

Rose at 6:30 and through our port saw Newfoundland. Weather very calm and clear. We had entered the Straits about 2 a.m. and will probably make Quebec about same time Sunday. Quite cold and turned to rain so that we had to keep below all afternoon. Our run from 12 yesterday was 320 miles which makes a total of 2036 miles from Quebec. Ship rolling a great deal towards night and wind pretty high. A concert was held in saloon in the evening and we had singing, reading, recitations, 1 playing and collected afterwards on behalf of widows and orphans of sailors - 7.0.0. pounds.

Saturday, September 12 83rd day

Much milder this morning, but wind very strong. Signalled Fox River Station at 8:15 a.m. and running in sight south shore. Saw some whales about 11 a.m. Not feeling quite so well as usual today but nothing serious. Throat all right. Got to Father Point at 12 midnight and took on pilot. Our run from 12 yesterday till noon today was 318 miles which makes a total of 2354 miles from Liverpool. Very pleasant most of the day but got quite cool towards evening. Nearly all on board are up now though a few are still suffering from the effects of sea-sickness.

(cont.)

Sunday, September 13 - Quebec 84th day

A very pleasant day, a little foggy in the morning but gradually cleared off as the day advanced. Had our last meal on board steamer at 1 p.m., a compromise between lunch and dinner. Arrived at Quebec at 4 p.m. and by a quarter of six were all off and had our baggage passed and crossing to Quebec. Jim and Mr. Wilson went on to Montreal, where I am to meet them tomorrow morning and I came over to Quebec. Got two letters here and am very glad to hear they are all well. Weather very mild and warm today, atmosphere hazy. Had to pay 2.00 pounds duty on silk and music box.

Monday, September 14 - Quebec 85th day

Did not sleep well at all last night; had a miserable bed and was restless. Anyway think I caught a slight cold on the terrace while walking there last night.

THIS DIARY WAS KEPT BY

W.C. CALDWELL, M.L.A.

FOR LANARK NORTH

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TRIP TO MANITOBA

October - 1878 -

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TRIP TO MANITOBA

October 7, 1878.

Left home by own team this morning at 8 in company with Rev. Mr. Cochrane and Mr. Robertson. At Smiths Falls we bought tickets from Carswell forwarded by A. H. Talyer of Ottawa and marked 3rd class but guaranteed 1st class for \$22.70 from Brockville to Fishers Landing. Arrived at Brockville we found that nobody knew anything about the train we were to go by and didn't think there was to be any such train. However before half-an-hour they got word to send down a car to Prescott to make up the train we were to go on and then told us we would have to wait till 6:30 p.m. for our train. We went down to Bakers and while at tea Mr. C. who seemed to have a premonition of coming misfortune, urged us to leave, though only 5:30, lest we should miss the train. We were not inclined to worry ourselves, but as Mr. C. kept urging we at length left expecting to hear of our train at Maitland as we passed the Telegraph Office. Much to our astonishment, Baker after inquiring saluted us, "Boys you better be making yourselves scarce, an immigrant train left Maitland at 4:25 and she must be yours". Though we had just partaken of a most hearty supper, the way we went out of that Telegraph Office and footed it to the Grand Trunk Station, would have done no discredit to the deers with the hands after them. Got after all our fast walking - one reckless disregard of comfort. After a stiff supper and our coming up to the station on the shortest possible time that could be made, with most acute pains darting through our bread baskets, we were saluted by an individual whom we all afterwards agreed was the most diabolically unsympathizing creature we had ever met, with the exclamation, "Well, your just in time to be too late". "How! what's the matter!! are we too late?", says Mr. C. The individual mentioned, solemnly raised his arms and pointing, exclaimed, "D'ye see that light - well that's your train!". The light pointed out was at a stand still for a few seconds then slowly moved off, we standing on the station platform speechless, with eyes protruding, determined to have the very last look of the connecting link between us and Manitoba. When we had seen the last of it and were relieved of the faintness that had overcome us though not giving utterance, still I fear profanity was the best stock we held in possession just then. One of our company returned to a garden fence at the station, hung over it in a meditative mood and was evidently endeavouring to renew his acquaintance with botany, though a thick darkness brooded over the situation and one was wicked enough to remark that he could not have seen a flower with a forty horsepower telescope.

(cont.)

Another of the party far gone in the doctrine of pre-destination made the consoling remark that there was no use of crying over spilt milk - the train was gone and it couldn't be helped. The third, evidently brimming over with profanity was looking for a place where there was room enough to swear without hurting anybody, but there were no 10 acre fields at hand. We all at last subsided when we thought there might be a special providence in it and we left the station calmly satisfied that the immigrant train was sure to be smashed to pieces and that we had been mercifully saved from accident.

We remained at Baker till 1 a.m. after which, even though the train was not due till 3, it was impossible to keep Mr. C. from the station, so like pilgrims we wended our way to the station and waited the arrival of the train which was an hour late and did not reach Brockville till 4 a.m. We boarded and were soon trying to find the safest place in our seats to take a nap and had rather a broken time of it, till we reached Kingston where we got a cup of coffee each, though we were all unable to tell whether we had taken tea or coffee. It was evidently a mixture to pass for either in an emergency. We then opened our provision bag and partook of Mrs. Cochrane's sandwiches and blessed her in our hearts for supplying such a treat for our meals. We met several acquaintances on the train and had a very pleasant ride to Detroit having had due recourse to our provision bag as our stomachs gave warning. At Sarnia we arrived at 10 p.m., and passed over cans and all on board the boat to Port Huron where we passed our luggage through the customs and reached Detroit at 12 midnight.

We went to a hotel, took beds and slept till 5 a.m. when we had breakfast, took to our train again for Chicago at 7 a.m. and reached it at 7 p.m. Left it at 9 p.m. for St. Pauls, a distance of 409 miles, which we made next day Thursday, 10th, at 2:30 p.m. All well and feeling as dirty and filthy as if we had been in a tannery for a month without washing. We left St. Pauls at 5 p.m. for Fishers Landing and waking about 3 a.m. Friday; by moonlight I had my first view of the prairie. I could only have an idea of what it was like by moonlight and was anxious to see it by daylight. When there was sufficient day to see clearly I was fairly amazed at the sight - as far as I could see on all sides, nothing but a sea of land, apparently the richest soil - awaiting settlement. I could not take it in at first but as I saw more and more of it - we passing over hundreds of miles of the same country, I began to wonder why people should remain plodding in Lanark or on farms of such a nature as we have in Lanark, while such land as we were passing over was lying vacant and inviting settlement.

(cont.)

We arrived at Fishers Landing on Red Lake River about 12 noon. This place is by no means prepossessing, though we got a fair dinner at it and have no cause to grumble. It is not much of a place though and will be ruined in its prospects as soon as the railway is completed from Crookston to Winnipeg. We left Fishers Landing at 2:30 p.m., Friday, for Grand Forks in Red River at where we arrived at 5 p.m., and were ferrried over from Minnesota to Dacotah. Grand Forks is a prairie looking place, has a Grist and Saw Mill and good accommodation for the travelling public. They are paying here 70¢ per bush of 60 lbs. for wheat and 40¢ per bush. for oats. We passed a very comfortable night at Viets Hotel 8 fs. and left next morning, Saturday 12th for Winnipeg. We stopped and took dinner at noon making our own tea and had a very hearty meal of it. Drove on again at 2 p.m. and got our first sight of prairie chicken; killed two and took them with us and at 4:30 arrived at Big Salt, a swift running creek with quite a salty taste, where, notwithstanding we could only get salt water, we determined on putting up for the night.

Saturday, October 12

We pitched our tent at once, fixed the horses, and by time supper was ready, it was dark. Seen that all was right about the camp, we bedded at 9:30. We had been rather anxious about the horses before this lest they might be stolen or get loose during the night, and every few minutes one or other of us was up and looking out the tent door to see that the horses were alright. Cochrane's night cap was flapping so often between me and the door that I had to take a good laugh to relieve myself. At last we got asleep and slept well till 6 a.m., got up, fed horses and cooked our breakfast and by time we were ready to start, it was 9 o'clock. The night air was rather cold for the horses, so that I did not consider it would be well to stand them out another night unless it got milder.

We drove 36 miles today, Sunday 13th, from Big Salt to Larose Station, over a fine dry level country and put up for the night at Larose Station. We spent a very comfortable night even though the place is kept by half-breeds and got started Monday morning by 7 o'clock. It was cooler today than yesterday, but very comfortable and we passed a large number of prairie chickens but only shot one as they were very wild and would not let us very close to them. We reached Pembina Fort at 9 and Pembina at 9:20 and passed our papers here, paying 40¢ for the customs certificate; got to West Lynn at 10 and were detained about an hour and half making our entry of the horses for which I had to pay 50¢.

(cont.)

Monday, October 14

We were now fairly in Manitoba and found the land very much the same as Dacotah. We drove from Larose, 35 miles to Galley Station where we put up for the night. This place is called Morris or Scratching River and here Rev. Mr. Douglas is settled. There are already two churches built (methodist) and saw mill in operation and a Grist Mill just about completed. This place is likely to become quite a town and the land around is splendid. A threshing mill was in operation close by and I went over to see the grain. It was a very poor sample, full of seeds and the yield they said was only about 10 bush. to the acre. The wheat was such as I would not buy at all at Lanark. They said the seed when sowed was dirty and half the crop was wild sunflower, so that the land had no chance. Wheat was worth here 45¢ per bush. and oats 40¢.

Tuesday, October 15

We did not leave Galley Station or Morris till 8 a.m. and were only a few miles from it where we got into a low, marshy, country and very bad roads for about 10 miles. The land got higher and roads excellent as we neared St. Agathe Church and we turned off west from the church to a man named Gravely in order to get information about Mr. Cochrane's lot. Gravely's house is about 2 miles from the church and when we got there, Gravely was away from home and the family were out of provisions. They could give us no information about Mr. Cochrane's lot and only knew that the number of their own lot was 23, but I question their being correct and am of opinion they were entirely wrong. We tried to find Mr. C's. lot but had to give it up and left Gravely's at 4 p.m. for the next stage station - distance 14 miles. It was after dark when we got to it and found the proprietors the purest halfbreeds we had met yet. They could do nothing with the horses, so I had to look after them myself. We had a very poor supper and had to make our own beds on the floor. It had been very cool and cloudy all day and threatening rain. It began to rain at 8 p.m. and rained very heavy most of the night, when it turned to snow and the ground was white in the morning and it kept sleeting away still - a most disagreeable day.

(cont.)

Wednesday, October 16

We left the last station at 8:30 a.m. and braced ourselves for a most uncomfortable ride to Winnipeg - distance 13 miles. The roads are good and though the weather is very bad we got over the ground fast and reached Winnipeg at 10:30 a.m. in a dreadful state. The water running down our noses and faces, our hands and feet cold and a thoroughly miserable looking crew. This is the first bad day we have had since we left home and fortunately we only had a 12 mile drive of it out of the 161 miles from Fishers Landing to Winnipeg. Continued raining and snowing and very cold all day and during night. Went out in afternoon and saw Jas. McCulloch and John Caldwell also met Arch. McNee; T. Drysdale; and W. Manahan from Lanark.

Thursday, October 17

This morning, Thursday, 17, is milder looking but cool, yet though as the day advances the sun comes out and the snow begins to melt. Went out with A. McNee to see grist mill lumber yards. The grist mill is a fair sized building belonging to a Mr. McMillan, contains 3 run of stones, with capacity for another, a middlings purifier and bran duster. The wheat I had given me as an average sample, was dirty, full of seeds of cockle and other weeds, but the grain of the wheat itself was good. They do not grind grists by tolling as we do, but for every bushel of wheat in a grist, return to the farmer 28 lbs. flour in exchange and whenever the grist is very dirty it is laid aside and one day in the week is set apart for grinding all the dirty wheat and the 28 lbs. flour is taken from the flour resulting and given to the farmer. There is a very fine engine from Goldie and McCulloch in this mill, said to be 100 H.P.

They use a fuel, about 2 cords of wood per day worth today, \$6.00 to \$7.00 per cord and from \$3.50 to \$4.50 per cord in the spring. There is a much better mill here belonging to the Hudson Bay but the man who built it sunk \$12,000.00 of his own money in it and \$18,000.00 of Hudson Bay Co. money and then unable to meet interest had to lose all. This mill is well fitted up and should do a good business, but there is a great leak about the boiler and engine as I am told they use up 12 cords of wood per day to run it. McMillan runs his mill 12 hours and sells all his flour in Winnipeg, says he could not run longer time without exporting. He pays 50¢ per bush. for wheat at present and sells flour wholesale at \$2.25 per sack of 100 lbs and retails at \$2.75 per sack.

(cont.)



We went to the lumber yards and they sell very common lumber, such as we would sell at 6.00 per M, for 28.00 per M. Good siding is 40.00 per M. The yards of which there are three, seem to be well cleaned out and there will be very little lumber left to winter over.

Looked into Fort Garry, a square fronted with a stone wall and towers at either end, the other sides of the square are made of palisades. Inside the enclosure is the governor's residence with an entrance from the back outside the Fort. There are in Winnipeg some very fine stores apparently as well stocked as any in Ontario. The buildings are principally of wood but there are a good many later built of brick and very fine buildings. There is so much competition here now that goods sell at reasonably low prices and in some lines are quite as cheap as we could buy in Ontario - for instance, I bought a pair of rubbers at McCulloch's for 75¢ and would have paid as high for them at Lanark.

Friday, October 18

Weather moderated somewhat today and much pleasanter. We met a number of people from Co. Lanark today and got a good deal of information about the country.

Saturday, October 19

A lovely day, looks as if it was going to turn to Indian Summer. We drove out today with Prof. Hart, intending to reach Sainte du Chene where Mr. Hart was to have service tomorrow and on Monday we intended returning by the Menonite Settlement. After the rains and snow the roads were desperate and a good deal of our road was through low wet swamps. We got through the first 8 miles of swamp from Seine River to Robertson's (Prairie Grove) and then had a stretch of 12 miles of very good prairie road after which we went over about 4 miles of wet, low, land after dark. We got to a house just on the edge of the swamp intervening between us and Sainte du Chene - distant about 4 miles, and as it was very dark and we had already experienced a great deal of difficulty in reaching our present position, we concluded it would be advisable to stop over night. We got stable room for our horses and had to make the best we could of the accomodation for ourselves.

(cont.)

We could get no supper and taking the horse blankets we spread them on the floor and lay on top of them, covering ourselves with our overcoats. We passed a tolerable night and were up at daylight and started as soon as we could without any breakfast. We faced the swamps and had to drive through a coolie, as it is called here, via a swift, running stream about 10 ft. wide and 3 ft. deep with a muddy, clay bottom. Cochrane, Hart, and Robertson had to get out and cross over on a burnt bridge while I put in the horses. After a good deal of trouble I got over with the horses and getting all aboard again, we rode along through the bog of swamp, sometimes a foot of water and often two feet. We went in till the place was getting so soft that horses and carriage were sinking and being informed by Mr. Hart that we had a worse place yet to come to, we concluded it would be better to turn before we got to where we could not get back. We turned and got out of the infernal place and returning by the same road, got to a Mr. McQuades at Protestant Ridge for dinner, having had nothing to eat (except a portion of a small lunch Mr. Hart had with him and which he divided up amongst us all from dinner yesterday. We are pretty ravenous and did full justice to Mrs. McQuades dinner. Turning to the north at Prairie Grove (Robertson).

We returned to Winnipeg via Kildonan Ferry, by another and much drier way and avoided that particular swamp altogether, getting back at 5 p.m. To sum up the trip - it was a hard one on the horses, and rough enough on ourselves - the roads were execrable and the worst I think I ever saw in my life - the country in the region of the swamps was low and wet and uninviting, but as soon as we were out of them the country was really charming.

Monday, October 21

Cold and snowing this morning and looks as if we were going to be stuck completely so far as seeing any more of the country is concerned. Met Burns, Keatons and partner today. They are all satisfied with having come here and though they speak of having encountered hard times at first, still they are all more than satisfied now. After careful inquiry from men on whom I can safely rely on I find that an average yield of wheat in Manitoba cannot be counted in greater than 20 bushels and anyone coming here expecting to exceed that is almost sure to be disappointed. I hear of an occasional yield of 35 bus. to the acre; if correct these are decided exceptions to the general result and by no means to be relied upon.

(cont.)

Oats seem to yield enormously and it is certainly within the mark to say an average will be at least 60 bush. to the acre and some even go the length of 100 bush. to the acre. With such a yield and with the price oats are quoted at, I am surprised they are not raised more extensively than they seem to be. While wheat is only selling at 50¢ for 60 lbs. oats are selling at 35¢ for 34 lbs. and the yield in the one case is only 20 bush. to the acre and 60 bush. to the acre in the other or \$10.00 for the return from an acre of wheat and \$21.00 return from an acre of oats. In the spring oats sold as high as 60¢ per bush. and readily at that. Peas, 40 to acre, seem to do well in some places and poorly in others.

The variety generally sown is the crown pea, a short straw and well padded. Barley (35 to 40 to acre) does well and gives a good return. Potatoes (100 to acre) seem to yield above all else and are really the best I ever ate. They are large, firm, dry and well flavoured and far surpass anything I ever saw before. Roots seem to be especially adapted to this soil, grow very large and yield heavily. We hear such very wonderful accounts that I prefer not mentioning anything about them. The only drawback I see specially against this country, is the want of wood and the bad roads. At certain seasons and indeed for the greater part of the time, the roads are, I believe, very much better than the average roads in Ontario, but they are not reliable and a couple of days rain may at any time turn the best of roads into very little better than mud holes. Those are changed again by a few fine days, into excellent roads, but there is the uncertainty always attendant.

The want of a fixed grain market is for sometime at least, likely to be a great drawback. Winnipeg is the only place where anything like a definite price is to be obtained and even there it is not certain at all times and cash cannot always be got in exchange for produce. The winter, though generally acknowledged to be earlier, later, colder, and with higher winds than ours in Ontario, is at the same time reported by nearly all, as being quite as easy to endure as ours. They say the air seems dryer and the cold, though more intense, is still not felt so much. From what I have seen of the country and from what information I have gathered, I say most decidedly, this is the country for the farmer. It is really the country of the future and I am satisfied that even the most sanguine have no idea of what change will be made in this country within the next ten years.

(cont.)

Tuesday, October 22

More pleasantlike today, but very muddy roads and sidewalks and very uncertain; overhead quite a snowstorm after 7 p.m. Robertson left us tonight for Emmerson by steamer Alpha, to go out to Nelsonville for the purpose of securing land near Pembina Mountains.

Wednesday, October 23

Pleasanter today, but still a delightful uncertainty about the weather. Mr. Cochrane and I went to see Robertson on board steamer which had not left according to promise and captain did not know when it would leave. Boat left at 1 p.m. and Robertson is off by himself to look up his land.

Thursday, October 24

Drove out with Mr. Cochrane to look at a lot offered back of Sturgeon Creek in the Portage LaPrairie road - 9 miles from Winnipeg. This farm contains 388 acres and is offered for \$1500.00, did not like the look of it and on inquiry from the halfbreed next to it and found that it was very wet and not very good soil. The lot was 12 chains wide and 4 miles deep. The roads are really wretched, cut-up fearfully and very sticky and ugly for the horses. Looks cloudy tonight.

Friday, October 25

Much milder and more pleasant looking today. The roads are a great deal dryer than yesterday and comparatively passable. I have only had the one letter from home since I arrived and cannot understand what is the matter. Just returned from the post office and still no letter. Cool enough in afternoon and weather and roads looking bad again. Sold my horses today for 320 acres land @ \$2.50 per acre = \$800.00, \$400.00 cash and team @ \$400.00. Land is in To. 13 range - 4 west E1/2 21 near long Lake Township called Ossows. Also bought 160 acres same Township lot NE ¼ 20 from James McCulloch @ \$2.00 per acre. From what I can learn the land is good and the purchase a good one. The railroad is almost sure to pass close to these lots and a village is very likely to be built at Long Lake. My health continues excellent and my appetite is wonderful.

(cont.)

Saturday, October 26

A cold, raw day, and very wintry like. Had we picked out the worst possible weather in which to visit Winnipeg, we could scarcely have done worse for ourselves. We propose leaving by stage for home on Tuesday next week and today collected some samples of wheat, etc. to take back with us. Had a letter from home this evening, it is dated 16th and all are well.

Sunday, October 27

Sunshiny and pleasant looking, like snow in afternoon and freezing pretty hard. Heard Rev. Black preach at Presbyterian Church forenoon. He has a most wretched pronounciation but is said to be their best minister. Mr. Cochrane went out to preach at Sunnyside and Springfield today and only for this we could have left by boat "Cheyenne" last night. I did not like to go away without him or I would have availed myself of the boat, so wait at great inconvenience to allow Mr. C. to preach. Mr. C. returned at 10 p.m. and had rather a rough trip of it. Freezing hard tonight and looks as if winter has set in.

Monday, October 28

We inquired first thing this morning when the boat would leave but there was no certainty so we booked ourselves for the stage, paying \$16.50 to Fishers Landing. Got word that the stage would leave at 9:30 p.m. and stop on south side of Assiniboine till 3 tomorrow morning. We waited in hotel expecting stage to call round, till 11 p.m., when F. Drysdale went out to see if it was going to start or not tonight. He came back in a great hurry with the information that he had met the carter that had taken over the baggage to the stage - that this baggage was being taken over in a small boat and that if we hurried we might yet possibly catch the stage which did not leave till all the luggage was over the river. We started off at once with our valises, mine weighing at least 125 lbs. to walk at least 1 1/4 miles to the Assiniboine Ferry. We got there after a most tiresome trip and fairly used up carrying our heavy luggage. We succeeded in getting across the ferry and had to walk about a quarter of a mile farther with my two valises over my shoulder. Got to the stopping place at 12 and found the stage would not start till 3 a.m. and that the beds were all full, also that two of the passengers in crossing the river, had slipped off the landing up to their middles in the Assiniboine and were drying themselves at the stove. We were all crowded into a very small room but as luck would have, I succeeded in getting half a bed, with a teamster, and a couple of hours sleep.

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It was by the merest chance we got the stage at all, had it not been for Drysdale, we would have remained sitting in the hotel and it would have left without us, but the accident of his meeting the baggage carter started us to the Ferry heavily loaded as we were and so we got a start in a very crowded stage. At 3 a.m. we got off in a 4 horse 3-seated coach, each seat intended to hold 3 persons; Mr. Cochrane, Mr. Harvey and myself took the back seat and a tight jam we made of it. The other two seats were full and off we go, over a very treacherous road on a very dark night.

Tuesday, October 29

It began to snow and turned very rough towards morning and by 7 a.m. we had got to Michands for breakfast. We didn't have a great variety of fare as fresh pork and potatoes were all that was eatable. The bread was black and doughy and not fit to eat - there were some onions half-cooked and I ate a spoonful for dessert. We soon left Michands and after a miserably rough and dangerous drive, we got to Scratching River. It was snowing pretty heavy now and the roads were very slippery, so that the horses had very little control over the stage. Crossing the Scratching River bridge the stage slipped and only for one of the posts of the bridge, which by chance caught the hub, we would have been all tumbled right over the bridge, stage, passengers, 4 horses and all. Nothing could have saved us from falling and rolling over and over for fully 40 feet so that we would very likely have been all killed.

The stage stopped in the nick of time and we all got out and held it in from upsetting while the horses pulled it back onto the bridge again. We reached Morris or Scratching River at 12 noon and got another apology for a meal. The young man who has succeed galley at this hotel is slovenly and a very poor character to have a hotel. He is apparently a man who will endeavour to make all the money he can no matter what it may cost the bodies and souls of others. This man is calculated to do a great deal of harm to the town of Morris as ten years will show, unless he becomes addicted to strong drink himself and so mercifully kills himself before he succeeds in ruining a great many others. We left Morris at 1 p.m. and had better roads now to Pembina which place we reached at 8 p.m. having made the 68 miles from here to Winnipeg between 3 a.m. and 8 p.m. Here while sitting down to supper with part of it before me on the table, Mr. Harvey rushed in and told me that we were only to have a 2 horse coach to Grand Forks and only 5 of us could be taken,

(cont.)

that he having taken his ticket only as far as Pembina would have to lie over and that if I wanted to secure my passage I would have to do so at once as he feared even now the seats were all taken. I left my tea untouched and got the stage office as fast as I could, just in time, as only the one seat was left which I secured and came back to tea with Mr. Cochrane who having likewise been informed of the circumstances, had just secured his seat as I entered the office. Thus by another chance, we were successful in getting ahead, but it was only by a chance and shows how very unaccommodating this stage company is. Passengers are only to be forwarded at the whim of the offices and no account whatever is taken of the great inconvenience and actual loss a passenger may be put to by having to lie over.

Wednesday, October 30

Our 4 horse coach being changed to a 2 horse coach, necessitated the waiting over of 4 passengers, although the fares of three of them had been paid right through to Fishers Landing. We got a sort of a sleep at Pembina. 7 of us in the one small room and were roused at 2 a.m. and started on our 2 horse vehicle at 3 a.m. for Grand Forks. There was about 3 inches of snow on the ground and it was a very keen, frosty, morning, but we were much more comfortable in this stage than the first as we were only two in the seat and consequently had more room and it was much pleasanter. We were four inside and one outside and decided to change to outside in turns. We got to LaRoses for breakfast at 6 a.m. and made a tolerable meal, the best we had set before us so far and it was but an apology after all. We made good time today all along. The roads are better and the horses get along fast so that by 12 we got to Girards for dinner - 42 miles from Pembina and 36 miles from Grand Forks. I was very sick, bilious, during the ride between the last two stations and though I vomited at the station before this, still I was not better. I had another vomit at this station and after a good deal of liquid got off a piece of onion that I had eaten yesterday morning and think was the cause of my biliousness, though I had attributed it before this to the water I had been drinking and the generally bad meals.

I did not feel like taking any dinner at this station and left without it for a 36 mile drive to Grand Forks which after a rather pleasant drive over tolerably good roads, we reached at 6 p.m. having come 78 miles from Pembina to Grand Forks from 3 a.m. to 6 p.m. I was again very much struck with the aspect of Dakota.

(cont.)

It is really a fine country, much better roaded and watered than Manitoba and the land looks higher and drier at Grand Forks. Met James McCullum from Perth who has taken land about 15 miles from here and likes the country well. He expects to have work all winter at \$1.75 per day and his wife and family are coming out in the spring. His land is north of Turtle River and he tells me they are all Canadians (Protestant) settled there. We have heard nothing of Robertson on our way here but I left a postal card with Mr. Harvey to leave at Emerson for him. I took a cup of tea and a biscuit at Grand Forks and felt some better though slightly sick again in the evening. Took a glass of brandy and went to bed at 8 p.m.

Thursday, October 31

Slept tolerably last night but was slept out at 3 a.m. Got up at 6 and feel better this morning. Took a slight breakfast and started for Fishers Landing at 8:30 a.m. Our luggage was taken down to the Ferry boat as the river was frozen over; we had to be taken across in a small boat and take the stage on the Minnesota side. It took us about an hour to get ferried across and when we got the stage, a four horse coach, nine of us were crammed in when there was only room for six. We protested against such treatment but had to put up with it all the same. It is windy and cold today and we had a pretty cold ride to Fishers Landing which we reached at 12 noon. To sum up our stage trip; the most noticeable feature was the indifference of the managers respecting the comfort or convenience of the passengers. We did not get notice at Winnipeg as they promised to give about the starting and by the merest chance got the stage we did. At Pembina 4 of the passengers had to lie over on account of a smaller coach running from there to Grand Forks. We were started from Pembina early in the morning - 3 a.m., and it was very cold and frosty, without a robe or cover of any kind, and we were packed like herring in the stage from Grand Forks to Fishers Landing. The conduct of this stage-line to passengers is simply inhuman.

We left Fishers Landing on Thursday, 31st October, at 4:40 p.m. expecting when we came to Cookston that we would find those of our stage party who had been left at Pembina awaiting us there, but they were seemingly still behind. We ate our lunch from our own commissant and shortly after tried to snatch what sleep we could in our seats. The car was very close and uncomfortable and a long ride before us. Our sleep was very broken and I was awake looking out for the first view of the country before daylight.

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As soon as I could see I found that the general features of the country had changed and that we were now in a more rolling and better wooded and better watered country than farther west. About 60 miles west of St. Pauls we saw the first real mixed lot of hardwood such as maple, ironwood, etc., before this westwards the wood is chiefly oak, elm, and poplar. We reached St. Pauls at 10:45 a.m. on time and stopped for 40 minutes when we changed to another train; Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis for Chicago at 11:25.

Friday, November 1

Stopped for dinner at 1 p.m. and had a very good clean dinner for which we paid 75¢. The country as we go east becomes more undulating and better wooded and for quite a distance from St. Pauls is well cultivated; after say, 100 miles, we came into a pine country poorly farmed and dependent on the lumber trade apparently. We took our tea in the cars and then went in for another broken nights sleep on our car seats. The car was more comfortable tonight but our sleep was not very refreshing. I was again on the lookout this morning (Saturday, November 2) at daybreak for a sight of the country. We are about 70 miles west of Chicago and the country is really beautiful. It is well formed and the buildings are good and substantial. As we approach Chicago the villages become more numerous and the style of building more ornamental. We reached Chicago at 7 a.m. and drove over by omnibus from the North Western Depot to Michigan Central Depot, then went to a hotel opposite the depot and had a good solid wash and our breakfast. Left Chicago at 9 a.m. very much refreshed after our wash and breakfast even though we have just put in 908 miles of steady travelling since we left Winnipeg and had only one solid nights sleep since we started.

Saturday, November 2

A beautiful day. The country from Chicago west is the most varied and beautiful we have passed through yet. Land is rolling well cultivated and the houses very substantial. One marked feature absent to a Canadian is the barns - they have none and very few out buildings. There are very large, and a great many, orchards, and apples are so plentiful as to be thought very little of. Took a lunch at 2 p.m. Coffee and pie for 20¢ and got a good wash. Apples are selling here @ 80¢ per barrel selected. The country is really beautiful as we pass along all day. The villages seem to be thriving, growing places and are very numerous.

(cont.)

We reached Detroit Junction at 1:15 p.m. and go at once on board the Grand Trunk for Sarnia distance about 60 miles when we are due at 8:40 p.m. and which we reach on time. We have no trouble passing our baggage, being asked if we are from Manitoba and being told we are, our baggage checked is passed without examination. We leave Sarnia at 10 p.m. and reached Toronto at 6 a.m., Sunday, November 3rd, having passed rather a poor night of it, the Grand Trunk Car being the worst 2nd class we have been on since we left Fishers Landing.

Went to Walker House and went to bed at once and slept till 9 a.m. and feel first rate after breakfast and ready to take such another trip if necessary. I have Winnipeg time with me and find that Toronto time is one hour and ten minutes ahead of Winnipeg time. Took a walk round the city in the afternoon and went to a church in evening and heard the Rev. Dr. Mitchell who preached a fair sermon. Bedded at 10:30 p.m. and had a fair night's sleep.

Monday, November 4

Up at 5:45 a.m. this Monday morning, had a hearty breakfast and left by 7:30 a.m. train for Brockville where we arrived at 4 p.m. on time. Reached Perth at 6 p.m. and find team waiting for me. Left Hicks at 8 p.m. and faced a pretty cold northwind. Home at 9:30 safe and well after a tour of 3500 miles.

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EXPENSES TO MANITOBA

October	Took with me	204.20
7	By tolls 37 Team -50¢ - Hook 35¢	1.23
	Cartridges - 50¢ - Stable Man 25¢	.75
	P. to B. 1.35 - Telegram 29¢	1.64
	Brockville to Fishers Landing	22.00
	Apples 5¢ - Coffee 10¢ - Guide Book 25¢	.40
	Tea 10¢ - lodging & breakfast \$1.00 -	
	Extra In Ticket 3.00	4.10
9	Papers 5¢ - grapes 10¢ - Apples 10¢	
	Pass Book 5¢	.30
10	Apples 15¢ - Tea 10¢ - Fishers Landing	
	Horses 3.50 ea.	3.75
11	Rope Rail & Caster Oil 1.00 - Stable	
	Man 1.00	2.00
12	Grand Forks 4.00 - Paper, etc. 20¢ -	
	Whip 75¢	5.45
	Washers 20¢ - Salt Petre 10¢	.30
14	Larose Station 1.50 - Galley Station 2.00	3.50
	Stable Man 50¢ - Customs 90¢ - Gloves 75¢	2.15
16	Station 1.25 - Stamps 25¢ - Porter 35¢	1.85
	Rubbers 75¢ - Sundries 18¢	.93
17	Balance	<u>151.85</u>
		<u>202.20</u>
October 7		
18	To balance	151.85
	Sold Tent	5.00
	Sold Blanket	2.25
18	By subscription to Weekly Manitoba	
	Free Press 1 year	2.50
19 & 20	Expenses going to Pointe Du Chene	.75
21	Ticket 2nd class - Fishers Landing	
	at Brockville	27.55
	One Script \$105.00 - Apples 10¢	105.10
	Church 25¢ - Paper 5¢	.30
	Paid for E/221. Range 4 West -	
	Township 13	400.00
25	Paper 5¢ - Registered Deeds 6.70	6.75

(cont.)

EXPENSES TO MANITOBA

2

October

26	Paid for NE/4 - 20 Range 4 West - Township 13	320.00
	5 days feed of horses \$5.00 - Given Thidbodeau \$1.00	6.00
	Pemican 20¢ - Stage Winnipeg to F. Landing 16.50	16.70
27	Church 10¢ (28) - Rossin House - 26.50	26.60
28	Bed 25¢ - Meals 1.00 (30) Supper & Bed 1.00	2.25
30	Treat 25¢ Supper, bed & breakfast 1.50	1.75
31	Dinner 50¢ - Buffalo Tongue on 28" 25¢	.75
	Apples 30¢ Paper 5¢ - Candy 25¢	.60

November

1	Dinner 75¢ - Breakfast 60¢ - Lunch 20¢	1.55
2	Apples etc., 15¢ (3) Church 10¢	.25
4	Papers 5¢ - Walker House 2.50	2.55
	Telegram 25¢ Apples 10¢ - Dinner 50¢	1.10
	Telegram 25¢	1.10
	Extra In Ticket 40¢ - Paper 5¢ - B. to Perth 1.35 Hick 1.00	2.80

Mr. Bredin says average crop of wheat for 1878 is about 20 to 25 bush. per acre and oats an average crop at least 60 bush.

Henry Douglass	Headingly
Thomas Stevenson	do
John McCandlers	Brampton

Lanark to Brockville	52	
Brockville to Toronto	208	260
Toronto to Detroit	231	491
Detroit to Chicago	284	775
Chicago to St. Paul	409	1184
St. Paul to Breckenridge	217	1301
Breck. to Fishers Landing	131	1522
F. Landing to Winnipeg	161	1683

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Left at 9 A.M.

Willie and myself

A cool pleasant day. Got to the river at 12 noon. Found the place at 12 noon, had the boat and the tickets and set out for the river. Arrived at the place at 8:30 A.M. Mr. Bredin and his family were at the station. Mr. Bredin is laid up in a hospital sick, the doctor says pneumonia, went up to the hospital to see him. Found him looking very ill and fever down, called the doctor.

It is pretty cool here and looks like more with weather. Left Montreal at 11 A.M. and got to Timiskaming at 11 A.M. and left at 11 A.M. and we had a very pleasant sail up Lake Timiskaming. The Montreal River. I and Willie were missing. One bag with some for Indians and a rubber sheet. One bag with Willie and some of Bredin's stuff in it and one bag that had all the spare clothes in it. The stevedores people say it is not their fault and that they didn't get the luggage from the C.P.R., but it can't make it any the better for us as we have to wait for the next boat which won't be up till Monday. Picked up some and borrowed a tin can and a large wash tub from Bredin at Montreal River and got our supper over by 11 P.M. After supper we went to see the notch made by the Montreal River through the hills just before it enters the Ottawa. It is just like a small canyon and a very fine sight and well worth seeing. We played cards, W. Salomon and I against Mr. Whyte and Frank Strachan. Mr. Whyte is a man who comes from Kansas City and had no guide or outfit so we invited him to take pot luck with us till we should arrive at Don O'Connor's and he was very glad of the chance.

(cont.)

THIS DIARY KEPT BY

W.C. CALDWELL, M.L.A.

Trip to Timagami  
July 31, 1903

Left Lanark at 9 a.m.  
Mr. Solomon  
Willie  
Frank Strachan and myself

A cool pleasant day. Road to Carleton very rough but crops look splendid. Couldn't be better! Got to Carleton Place at 12 noon, had dinner and bought our tickets and checked our baggage through to Timiskaming (6 pcs.). Crops look well from Carleton Place to Petawawa. Arrived at Mattawa at 8:30 a.m. and met Mr. Rankin Longham and Dr. Jarvis at station. Mr. Bull of Toronto is laid up in the hospital sick, threatened with pneumonia; went up to hospital to see Mr. Bull and found him looking bright and fever down; called to see Mrs. Longham.

It is pretty cool tonight but looks like more settled weather. Left Mattawa at 9:30 a.m. and got to Timiskaming at 11 a.m. and left at 1:30 p.m. and we had a very pleasant sail up Lake Timiskaming to Montreal River. Found when we were nearing Montreal River that three pieces of baggage were missing. One bag with tent for Indians and a rubber sheet. One bag with Willy and Frank Strachan's stuff in it and one bag that had all my spare clothes in it. The steamboat people say it is not their fault and that they didn't get the luggage from the C.P.R., but it don't make it any the better for us as we have to wait for the next boat which won't be up till Tuesday. Pitched my tent and borrowed a tin pail and a large wash dish from Bonin at Montreal River and got our supper over by 7 p.m. After supper we went to see the notch made by the Montreal River through the hills just before it empties into the Ottawa. It is just like a small canyon and a very fine sight and well worth seeing. We played cards, Mr. Solomon and I against Mr. Whyte and Frank Strachan. Mr. Whyte is a man who comes from Kansas City and had no guides or outfit so we invited him to take pot luck with us till we should arrive at Dan O'Connor's and he was very glad of the chance.

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We left Montreal River at 8:30 a.m. for 4 Bass Lake. Got team to portage us across to the 1st Bass Lake where we loaded our canoes at 10 a.m. and started up the 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th Bass Lakes. We caught three bass and one pike on trip through the lakes and camped at a rocky point on 4th Bass Lake, but a very fine camping ground, with a table put up by some of the campers some time previous. We are Mr. Solomon, myself, Frank Strachan and Betty.

Monday, August 3, 1903

A nice dull morning. Up at 7 and took a dip in the lake which is very refreshing. Very hot in afternoon. Mr. Solomon and I went over to Trout Lake and caught a pickeral and pike but no trout. Clouded after dinner and beginning to look like rain but only a slight sprinkle that did not even wet the grass. Mr. Solomon fished in the afternoon and caught some pickeral, bass and pike. We have a splendid camping ground with a solid, rocky, shore. Played cards from 9 till 10 p.m. and then lay down for a good solid sleep.

W.N. Merrian - 202 Woburn Bldg., Duluth - I met Mr. Merrian on my way down to Timiskaming on the boat, August 4th. He is a very nice man and would like to take the trip down to James Bay and see my iron mine on the way.

Tuesday, August 4, 1903

Up at 4 a.m., took breakfast and left for Montreal River at 4:30 a.m. There was a skunk running around our camp in the grey morning and it came rather close at times but we didn't hurt it or bother it as the risk was too great. Reached foot of 2nd Bass Lake at 5:05 and landed at foot of 1st Bass Lake at 5:15 a.m. Portaged our canoe over and landed at foot of Clay Hill at 5:30 and at Bonin's at 6:10 in plenty of time evidently, for the boat. I have Andrews the halfbreed with me and he remains at Montreal River till I return with the boat with the three missing bags, which if we can't get I will have to buy other stuff in place of. He and one of the boys will meet us at the crossing of the Matabitchuan to help us over the portage. Boat arrived at Bonin's at 8:30 a.m. and at Timiskaming at 12 noon. We had a beautiful sail down the lake from Montreal River but I got badly sunburned as I have only a cap to wear, my hat being in one of the lost bags. Found the three missing bags at the station Timiskaming and I am very glad of it. Ate dinner at the hotel and found that owing to a breakdown of the railroad bridge at Mattawa, the train was likely to be three hours late if not more. Train arrived at Timiskaming station at 2 p.m. and we were all ready and steamboat started from wharf at 3 p.m.

(cont.)

Had a fine sail back to Montreal River where we arrived at 6:30 and I started at once back to 4th Bass Lake, though neither the guide nor I had had any supper. We met Frank and other guide at Matabitchuan portage, waiting for us and carried our stuff over to 1st Bass Lake where we took to the canoes and started for camp. We reached camp at 8:30 p.m. very hungry and very tired and found Mr. Solomon and Bill with supper ready for us.

Wednesday, August 5, 1903

Had a good sleep last night and up at 7 a.m. and breakfast all over at 8:15 a.m. Canoes loaded and a start made from 4th Bass Lake at 8:30 a.m. Went up to McDonnell Creek to the portage. Water in the creek is pretty low, just enough and no more, to float us up to the portage. A short portage of 3/4 of a mile into Cooper Lake which we crossed a short distance and then went up McDonnell Creek quite a distance, portaging in places and floating in places. Got up to Maxam Lake but had some rain that made it rather disagreeable making camp. Rained very heavy during night but we had very fair quarters.

Looked like rain this morning, so we didn't break camp but stopped on Maxam Lake narrows and caught some very nice bass and pike. Rained heavy off and on during the day and towards evening wind shifted north and it turned very cool. Timber chiefly white pine and spruce. A very good cut of saw logs but scarcely large enough for square timber. There seems to be any quantity of water and some fairly large lakes. Maxam Lake flows down McDonnell Creek to 4th Bass Lake but Maxam Lake at upper end seems to also flow into Rabbit Lake in high water.

Friday, August 7, 1903

Left camp at 8:30 a.m. and got to portage into Rabbit Lake at 10 a.m. Wind west and very high so that there is quite a swell in Rabbit Lake. It was very cold last night, the coldest night we have had yet. Paddled against a side wind till we came to reach running west to Rabbit Point but as there was a heavy west wind blowing, we took dinner to see if the water would get milder and smoother. Got pretty calm about 12 noon but wind rose again and blew puffs so that when we started at 1 o'clock the swell was just as bad as before.

(cont.)

We met Mayor Leckie here on his way from Timagami to Sudbury. When we got round Rabbit Point we had almost a fair wind to the next point about 2 miles from Rabbit Point; we saw a red deer (buck) walking along the shore and Mr. Solomon fired three shots at it (400 yds.) but fired too low and missed though the deer stood quite still. Got to portage to White Bear Lake at 3 p.m. and into our canoes again at 4:15. It is beginning to look very like a heavy thunder storm. Got to the island in White Bear Lake at 5 p.m. and just had time to put up our tents when a very heavy storm of rain and thunder and lightning burst on us. Got tents up when it began to rain pretty heavy. Got supper over by 7 p.m. and had more rain and pretty heavy all night.

Saturday, August 8, 1903

Got breakfast and then had a visit from Fire Ranger. Later McGregor and we went over to see Whitebear and his wife and Mrs. O'Connor. In afternoon went to Blueberry Lake to fish and had a great feed of blueberries off the bushes. We caught only 4 bass and a good shower. Mrs. O'Connor invited us to dinner with her which we did at 6 p.m. and ate a very hearty dinner indeed.

Met T.B. and his party in three canoes coming up White Bear Lake. They had been at the island where we camped but could not get room for their large tent. It was dark and raining when they came along so that we couldn't distinguish them.

Sunday, August 9, 1903

Fine in morning. Went over to Mr. O'Connor's to bid good-bye and to see Tom and his party. The latter were all very tired but were going on to Timagami this morning and left at 10 a.m. We took dinner and waited for a shower of rain to pass over then left to Timagami at 1:45 p.m. We made the short portage across from White Bear Lake to Snake Lake and paddled over Snake Lake to the portage to Caribou Lake. This portage is across quite a hill and about 600 yards long. The hill is covered with red pine, not very large but pretty thick growing.

(cont.)

We paddled across Caribou Lake which is the height of sand here, as it empties into Timagami Lake, and portaged from Caribou into Timagami, say 400 yards. Landed at Timagami at 3:30. It had turned to rain so we waited half an hour for it to clear off and started for our camping ground. It poured down rain so that we were all soaked except Mr. Rankin who had his waterproof over him. We reached our camping ground at 5 p.m. still raining, in a little bay north of Ferguson's mine at Ferguson's camp and got our tents up, fire built and generally fixed up when it turned fine again, so that by bedtime we were all pretty well dried out and feeling alright. The trip is doing us all good as we are working just enough to keep us in right condition and all have very fair appetites.

Monday, August 10, 1903

Mr. Solomon left with Andrew (the guide) to try Tetepauga Lake for bass. The boys were fishing and paddling in the lake and Mr. Rankin and I went out to fish too. We spent the day enjoying ourselves and in the afternoon. I went with T.B. to look at some of his iron property south of Turtle Lake. There is a very large deposit of iron but mixed with silica and jasper so that it may, or may not, be of value in the future.

We got back at 5 p.m. and had supper at 6:30. Mr. Solomon caught six large bass that he brought to camp and put back a lot into the lake that he caught. We did not need them.

(cont.)

## Portages from Timagami via. Gull Lake to Sturgeon Falls.

No.	Distance	Character	
1	1½ miles 7 miles of Gull Lake	Hilly	Timagami to Gull Lake.
2	500 yds. 2 yds. of Turtle Lake	Good	Gull Lake to Turtle Lake.
3	½ yd. 100 yards of Small Lake		Turtle to Small Lake.
4	500 yards 200 yards of Small Lake		Small Lake to Small Lake.
5	500 yards 3 miles of Devils Lake		Small Lake to Devils Lake
6	500 yards ½ mile of Small Lake	High Hill	Devils Lake to Small Lake.
7	500 yards 2 miles of Grassy Lake	Best of all	Small Lake to Grassy Lake.

(cont.)

Tuesday, August 11, 1903

Rained heavy last night and drizzling this morning. We packed up everything and took the steamboat Marie (O'Connor) at 8:30 a.m. for Bear Island. We had a very strong head wind so that there was any amount of trouble to keep our boats and canoes from filling with water. T.B.'s party were also in boat, comprising - T.B., Bill, Donald, Tommy, Grant.

We got to Bear Island at 11:30 a.m. and put up our tents at once around the Ranger's Hall (a very good camping ground). Rained in afternoon, several showers. The Indians had a dance at night, about 125 white and Indians present, and they had quite a time of it till 1 o'clock.

Wednesday, August 12, 1903

Rained very heavy last night and looks like rain this morning and there is also a very high wind. We expect to leave for Gull Lake at 3 p.m. if it fairs up. Looks bad this afternoon and showery. T.B. left on Marie at 5 p.m. for O'Connor Island and we decided to stop over till tomorrow. The dance was continued tonight, rained occasionally this afternoon, but bright and clear tonight.

August 12 - For Timagami School - 1903

A Map of Ontario  
First Readers

Ask for a grant of \$400.00 to build a school large enough to accommodate 30 pupils. Largest attendance at present - 27. Money to be paid to Trustees who will see that the school is built as cheaply as possible.

Thursday, August 13, 1903

Up at 6 a.m., and had breakfast and camps done up and canoes loaded and left for Gull Lake at 7:45 a.m. Mr. Longham sent two of his men to help us across the portage into Gull Lake. We reached Gull Lake at 8:25. The distance is about 2 miles. We took all over but two loads the first trip. This portage is a mile and a half across and pretty rough in places and some small hills to go over. All our stuff over and ready to leave, landing on Gull Lake at 10:25.

(cont.)

Paddled down Gull Lake and camped on a point about a half mile north of the portage into Turtle Lake. We had a 2 hour paddle down Gull Lake, say 6 miles. Gull Lake is a very pretty lake and the water is the clearest of any water we have come over yet. It is well stocked with fish and we caught quite a lot for supper and breakfast, from 2 lbs. to  $3\frac{1}{4}$  lbs. in weight. We have a very nice camping ground and are enjoying ourselves first rate.

August 14, 1903

Rained heavy during last night but fine today and a very hot sun. Caught some fish today and sailed round parts of the lake to see what it is like. The shores of lake and islands are rocky and a rocky bottom. It rises with spring floods about 7 inches not more.

Saturday, August 15, 1903

Up at 6 a.m. Breakfast over and all packed in canoes ready to start at 7 a.m. Got to portage at 7:30. A nice bright, sunny morning. All over and in our canoes at 8:20 a.m. on Turtle Lake. This is quite a fair size lake with two long arms - one towards the outlet west and the other west of south. We got to the portage on the south bay at 8:55. We are able to take our stuff all over in two trips.

It took the guides 16 minutes to make the trip over and back. We got over this portage and landed at the next portage across a little lake by 9:50 a.m. and portaged about  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile into another small lake (Very small) and then portaged about  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile into Manites Re Pa Gee Lake (Devils Lake), all over, and commenced to make dinner on bank of Devils Lake at 11 a.m. Very warm and bright sun. Reached the portage on south side of Devils Lake at 1 p.m. We came about 4 miles down the lake to a little bay just north-west of the first two islands and took the portage there, a short one, but the worst hill to go up this side of Clay Hill on the Matabitchuan.

The portage lands us in a small creek down which we go about 200 yards to a small lake about  $\frac{1}{2}$  a mile across. We paddled down to a bay at the south-west end and took the portage about 500 yards, into Grassy Lake. This is a pretty large lake and we paddled down about 2 miles through the narrows and camped on the first rocky point on the west side at 4 p.m. After camps were up, tried for fish and caught enough for supper. After supper caught more fish, one bass that weighed 4 lbs. and just at dusk Mr. Solomon and Andrews the guide went out to see a moose. They saw two, a large buck and a young doe, and Mr. A. shot the latter on the second shot, about 500 yards from camp.

(cont.)

Sunday, August 16, 1903

Rained some during night and early this morning. Boys up at 6 a.m. and off to cut a quarter from the moose so as to have fresh meat for breakfast. Loafed around all forenoon and afternoon. Turned out a very hot sunny day. T.B. and his party arrived at 6:30 p.m. pretty tired but all well.

Grassy Lake, August 17, 1903

Camping ground at 8:30 and paddled down the lake about 2 miles, to the outlet, then paddled down a creek about 2 miles to a portage of  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile at which we arrived at 9:30. Passed a pulpwood shanty at the lower end of Grassy Creek. A good deal of poplar and spruce, but no pine of any consequence to be seen. Paddled down the river and creek about 7 miles to a falls over which we portaged at 2 p.m. We then paddled about 2 miles further to another portage over which they ran the canoes and carried the dunnage. We then paddled about 4 miles to another portage over which we carried part and ran part of our dunnage in the canoes.

We pitched our camp on the south side of this portage (a very poor place).

Tuesday, August 18, 1903 - Sturgeon River

Started this morning at 8:20 a.m. Rained last night and very like rain this morning. Made three portages before dinner and stopped at 11:30 on the bank of the river to make dinner. Hasn't rained any yet but is threatening. Had a steady paddle down the Sturgeon to Booth's farm which we reached at 4:40 and camped on the river bank between the house and the barn.

Wednesday, August 19, 1903

Rained heavy this morning, but bright and sunny today. All loaded up and ready to start at 7:45. Reached Smoky Falls and all over, and started at 10:30 a.m.; paddled down the river about 2 miles to another rapid over which we ran the canoes and most of our stuff in them and took dinner at the landing below.

LIFE IN THE LUMBER CAMP: 1883

by James M. Hillis'

When I had reached the age of sixteen I was anxious to earn some money of my own. I wanted to go to a logging camp for the winter. My family, with considerable reluctance, thinking I was too young, finally consented and with the help of my brother William, who was teaching school at Lanark Village, I secured a job with Boyd Caldwell and Co. in one of their logging camps in the township of Levant. William Affleck was the foreman.

I was very excited as I rode off to my first real job. I was on a cadgeing sleigh that had come to Lanark from the camp for a load of supplies. When we arrived I waited for the teamster so I could go into the camp with him. We stepped into a low building made of hewn logs and I saw the men sitting around the sides on benches eating their supper from tin plates poised on their knees. A huge fire was burning in the center, the smoke rising to a hole in the roof. In the cook's corner there was a table on which the tin dishes and utensils were kept but I could not see where the food came from. The cook saw at once I was a green hand so he gave me a tin plate, a basin of tea and a spoon, knife and fork and then led me to the fire where a row of large metal pots, resting on timbers, contained the provender for the crew. He told me what I would find in each pot, then I helped myself and sat on a bench as the others had and I listened to them talk as I ate my supper.

The crew was not a large one: some fifty men, mostly sons from the neighboring townships. For a bed companion I drew one of the log makers named Harry Mathers, one of the finest men in that company or any other. We formed an attachment for each other from first acquaintance although he was many years older than I. He looked after me like a father during that winter in camp and for years after we had separated we kept up a correspondence. (His home was in Middleville.)

I slept very uncomfortably that first night in camp. The beds were just a blanket spread over brush or beaver hay with your coat for a pillow. But after a fellow got the lumps and bumps shifted to conform to the contours of the body, he could sleep pretty soundly.

' James M. Hillis was born in Drummond Center Community, Ontario in 1867, and worked in the woods and on the rivers driving logs until about 1909 when he moved to British Columbia. He died in 1946.

In the morning the foreman handed me a big five pound axe, explaining it was the only one he had in stock just then. I was put into the road cutting gang, and, with this big red axe on my shoulder, I struck out into the woods with the gang. I felt very important.

The area they had been logging had been run over with fire a few years previous with the result there was a lot of down and dead timber. The hauling roads for winter always followed the best grades, mostly through ravines or the course of small creeks. These ravines, of course, were full of old timbers buried in mud and grown over with brush.

This road cutting crew, consisting of some half dozen men, usually spent a couple of days chopping out the fallen timber to give clearance for sleighs when hauling. The laborious task of removing this water soaked timber covered with mud and slime and piling it up along the side of the road took considerable time the following days.

The morning I arrived on the scene our job was "rolling out". If we had been equipped with cant-hooks the labor would have been simplified but our tools were nothing but a bald-headed handspike cut from a hardwood sapling with one end sharpened.

The road at this point was through a narrow gorge and in order to get clearance for the sleighs we were obliged to pile the debris several feet high upon the side of the road by rolling with our arms and boosting with our chests. Of course I was anxious to keep up my end of the work and jumped into it like a young ox; but, believe me, before quitting time I was a very tired boy. Good health and good grub, however, came to my rescue and in a couple of weeks my muscles were fully developed.

On Saturday nights the men always had some sports. There was a good amateur violinist in the gang and the boys would put on a dance, half of them wearing hats to represent the opposite sex.

On my first Saturday night in camp, (as usual) they started these sports. After having gone through several dance sets they switched to a game they called "hit ass". This game necessitated one man taking his seat on the corner of the cambouse ( a heavy piece of timber surrounding the fireplace ), a hat between his knees. The first victim would stoop down and place his face in the hat. The other contestants lined up behind him. The object of the game was that the fellow with his face in the hat should guess who had given him a tremendous wallop on the posterior with his open hand; failing to guess right he was re-elected for another wallop and so on until he guessed the right name.

The game was right into my mitt and I entered into it with enthusiasm. In due course, however, I was elected for the hat and got a severe spanking.

The next game of the evening was "pulling the stick". In this game two contestants sat on the floor facing each other and with their feet pressed against those of their opponent. Both took a firm hold on a short stout stick held directly over their toes. Keeping their legs tight on the floor as they leaned toward each other a signal was given and each struggled to pull his opponent up from the floor. The winner was the fellow who had been decided best out of three tries. You were not allowed to release your hold on the stick but had to come up with your opponent's pull or lose the test.

After several contests in which one heavy set fellow had won all his bouts I was called on to give him a try. On the first test he pulled me up slowly and when he considered me to be at the right angle suddenly he let go the stick and I landed in a tub of ice cold water that had been quietly slipped behind me. This trick raised my Irish blood and I was ready to light into him but my bed fellow, Harry Mathers, persuaded me that initiation was given to all new arrivals at logging camps.

I noted they were all looking at me and laughing so I went over to my berth and sat down. Then Harry said to me, "You had better go and wash your face, Jim." He handed me his shaving mirror and I saw that my face was as black as a crow! I could not understand how it happened I was the only one with a black face. Then I was informed that the hat used in the "hit-ass" game had pot black smeared on the outside and it was inverted just before I put my face into it!

The evening was finished off with some good violin music and clog dancing. It was remarkable how proficient some of those log-rollers were with the violin when they couldn't read a note of music. And community dances provided a background for their agility at square dancing as well as clog.

In due time I was promoted from the road-cutting crew, usually referred to as the "Beavers" and always the timber crew's first job, and became a sawyer with the falling crew. This entailed the cutting up of the fallen trees into logs of various lengths as marked by the head faller. I preferred this job to the other. However, one feature of this job has always remained with me as an example of stupidity and wasted time: the butting of the fallen trees by axe. It took an extra hour of labor when it could have been done in a matter of minutes at the mill. But the fallers took great pride in making this a work of art; when finished, the butted end would not show an axe mark, and, although chopped from each side to the center, the cut was as true as a saw would have made it.

The faller was obliged, along with butt cutting, to lay out the trees in log lengths to the best advantage and cut it off at the top, leaving the limbing for the sawyers to trim off.

Later, I joined a skidding crew whose work was to haul these logs by team to the roads where they were piled up on skids ready for the hauling teams when there was sufficient snow.

Here, again a good deal of useless labour was involved. There seemed to be a lot rivalry between the different crews as to which could make the neatest job in keeping one end of the log pile perfectly trim. This was quite all right if carried out in reason since it helped out in the loading and also if the ends of the logs paralleled the front end of the sleigh there was no danger of logs protruding too close to the rumps of the teams; but it always seemed to me that it was a waste of time to be too meticulous with such rough work.

I shall now describe the construction of a logging camp in those early days. Of first importance was the necessity of a (location convenient to a) continuous supply of water, usually a creek or a lake, and so situated in the standing timber as to warrant use as the site from two to three years, according to the density of the stand of timber. The crew lived in tents until permanent quarters were built.

The size of the camp building was contingent on the quantity of board feet to be taken out each year, and this was governed by the water supply of the stream where the logs were landed. In many cases this might be only a small tributary of the main stream and would have a limited watershed for driving purposes.

A building to house sixty or seventy men would be about forty feet long by thirty feet wide built with any kind of timber, perhaps sixteen inches in diameter, and built up to a height of seven or eight feet. Two good, sound pieces of timber, usually pine, were placed about eight feet apart and ran the length of the building to support the roof. These two pieces were called "scoop bearers". The scoops which formed the roof were troughs made from pine logs hollowed out on one side, one end resting on the scoop bearer, the other on the side wall, and having just enough pitch to run the water off. The first tier was laid with the concave side up and closely fitted together with the end pieces bored and pinned to prevent spreading. The space between scoops were caulked with moss, then another set of scoops with concave side down was laid directly over the seam.

On the ridge at the junction of these troughs were placed another set of troughs, concave side down, and, with the gable end built in with timbers also caulked, the building was finished off by driving wooden pins into the timbers of the walls of the building below the cracks. Small poles were placed on these pins and the shelf filled with earth to stop all air vents.

The next procedure was the finish of the interior. For a flooring small timbers were laid then adzed flat. The beds, all double deckers, that were built at one end only, extended out from the wall the usual six feet, and you slept with your head to the end wall. The upper deck of berths were placed about four feet above the lower. The same arrangement of berths was carried out at the sides except that they were placed lengthwise along the wall.

For seating accommodations hewn timbers placed on blocks extended all around the bunking area.

On one side a vacant space some eight feet from the corner was reserved for piling up fuel for the fire-place and the same space of about eight feet on the opposite side was reserved for the cook's table, bread trough, tin cooking utensils, etc. Next to this came a single length of double beds for the cook and clerk followed by a vacant space of six feet reserved for the clerk where he had a small writing desk and a large wooden box in which was stowed a supply of merchandise for sale to the crew.

Only two windows lighted the camp - one in the cook's corner and the other at the clerk's desk. The wash trough and water barrel were placed near the woodpile and close to the only door which was in the center of that wall.

The caboose (or camboose) or fireplace occupied the center of the building and consisted of hewn hardwood timbers, twelve by twelve. This caboose was about eight feet wide by ten feet long with a built-in space, also of hardwood, sixteen inches wide by twelve inches deep, next to the cook's corner. This space, usually called the "Bean Hole", was used for cooking bread, beans or meat by burying them in hot sand.

On each corner of the caboose a stout post was placed with one end under the scoop-bearer timber and the other end resting on the caboose.

In the corner next to the "Bean Hole" a swinging crane was set up which enabled the cook to hoist his larger pots up and swing them over the fire in the center of the caboose.

Directly above the caboose an aperture of the same dimensions was left in the roof providing for a wooden smoke stack, tapering, as it extended upwards, some four feet above the roof to a four foot square. Filling this caboose with the cleanest sand obtainable, the cook would build a huge fire to heat it and then he was ready for action.

In the sleeping quarters a choice of beaver hay or brush, as suited your fancy, did service for a mattress and three pairs of double wool blankets were provided. For a pillow you used your own coat.

With all the modern inventions for cooking I claim that none can produce food that compares in flavour with this old method of burying a tightly covered metal pot in hot sand; all the essence of the ingredient is confined in the receptacle and none of its quality lost.

The rest of the camp buildings consisted of hay sheds, a storehouse for meat, flour, syrup, etc., and a granary for oats. The stables for horses were dependent on the length of the haul to the landing stream. In some camps fewer teams were needed and therefore smaller stables. The usual calculation was that a team could make twenty-five miles a day, loaded one way; but this depended on the grade quality and upkeep of the road which would have to be kept iced. Two company-owned teams were considered equal to three hired teams because they could be more heavily loaded.

An annual joke was played on the new hands by the older loggers. The time chosen to carry it out was usually on the arrival of teams for the log hauling; many of the teamsters would be young fellows making their first appearance in a logging camp and naturally nervous over the bear, wolves and other wild animals which they had been told inhabited the vicinity. The old-timers, on returning from work after dark, would tell of seeing some especially mysterious animal they had got a glimpse of in the dark. Each night for awhile, a different person would report having seen this animal which appeared to be unlike any the old woodsmen had ever encountered before: it was large and seemed to have eyes like large balls of fire. The newcomers, by this time, would be almost afraid to go out to the stable after dark. Then, on the night the joke was to be "pulled off", immediately after supper, the crew gathered about and began telling all the hair-raising yarns they could think of, finishing off with more tales of this mysterious animal: and the young uninitiated members took it all in with wide open mouth and protruding eyes.

At this stage of the game the cook would get up and pile a lot of green wood on the fire, fairly smothering it. Then, all at once, some one of the group would jump up quickly, and, with a startled look directed up toward the smoke-stack would hiss, "Listen!" Sure enough, there would be a queer noise on the roof near the smokestack. Everyone in the group would become excited and jump to his feet as the racket above grew worse. Then, in an instant, they would all behold a large, dark, furry animal with huge eyes tumble from the chimney to fall with a thump at their feet. But by that time the newcomers would be scattered in all directions, heading for the outside door; in one case a young chap, ran all the way home and never came back.

The instigators of this trick always went to great pains to get a good bull hide in which the leg bones were left to give support after removing the flesh and stuffing the body with straw inside of barrel staves. Glass eyes finished off the life-like look. It usually took about three men to get it on the roof and down the smokestack at the crucial moment but all felt it was well worth it and most of the novices admitted it a good joke.

About the middle of March the camp broke up leaving only a few men to finish up some scattered work. I arrived home just in time to take up the annual job of sugar-making and rat hunting.

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