

BEALBY JOHN THOMAS

PEEPS AT MANY LANDS:
CANADA

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CHAPTER I THE GREAT DOMINION

If you look at a map of North America, you will see that the whole northern half of it is one vast extent, coloured perhaps in red, and stretching north from the boundary of the United States to the Arctic Ocean; you will see that it is deeply indented by the great Hudson Bay on the north, and the Gulf of St. Lawrence on the east; that it has an outline projecting into many bold headlands, and a coast washed by three oceans, fringed with countless islands, great and small.

This is Canada, a land that comprises fully one-third of the 12,000,000 square miles of the British Empire, thirty times as large as England, Ireland, and Scotland combined – not much less in area, in fact, than the whole of Europe. You may realize its breadth by thinking that if you were to get on a train at Halifax on the east, on Monday morning, and travel by the Imperial limited – a very fast train – day and night without stopping, you would not reach Vancouver on the west coast till Saturday morning. In the course of this long journey you would pass through eight large

provinces – Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, and British Columbia – and you would still miss the island province, Prince Edward, and the great northern territories. Here is a heritage of the Anglo-Saxon race, a new nation indeed, part of the greatest Empire in the world, being fashioned and built up with marvellous rapidity.

We will try to give our readers a few pictures of this new land. A country whose southern parts are in the same latitude as Marseilles, and whose northern islands hide in the everlasting silence of Arctic ice, naturally presents a great variety of physical features, climate, productions, and occupations, and this bewildering variety is increased by difference in age. Down in the east the Tercentenary last year marked the passing of 300 years since Champlain first landed; in the north and west it is rare to find a native born.

There are only about 6,000,000 people in this broad domain, and the settled parts and the large cities are mostly along the south, while the northern areas are in many parts covered by great forests, in which still roam the moose and the elk, the grizzly bear and the grey wolf, while the splash of the hunter's paddle following his line of beaver or otter-traps, or the tap of the prospector's hammer searching for silver or gold, have long been the only echo of the white man. Nomadic tribes of Indians still build their tepees beside the still waters of far inland lakes, and follow the pathless highway of river and stream.

There are no forests in the southern districts of Manitoba,

Saskatchewan, and Alberta. Here is one vast open plain, grassy meadow or ploughed land as far as eye can see, the prairie.

The southern part of Ontario, Quebec, and the province of Nova Scotia, are, in appearance, much like England, studded as they are with large towns, prosperous and old-settled farms, and numerous thriving orchards and vineyards. If the rolling, wide prairies, reaching as far as the eye can pierce in every direction, is the chief feature of the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, the majestic river, St. Lawrence, is the chief feature of the province of Quebec, and four big lakes, or rather inland seas, are the principal feature of Ontario. It is between two of these large lakes, Ontario and Erie, on the one side, and a third larger lake, Huron, on the other, that the above-mentioned garden-like part of the province of Ontario is situated. The fourth lake, Superior, the biggest of all – nearly as big as all Scotland, in fact – lies farther to the west, and stretches for 400 miles along the south of Ontario. There is yet a fifth big lake, closely connected with these four – namely, Michigan – but it belongs to the United States rather than to Canada.

"Domed with the azure of heaven,
Floored with a pavement of pearl,
Clothed all about with a brightness
Soft as the eyes of a girl;

"Girt with a magical girdle,
Rimmed with a vapour of rest —

These are the inland waters,
These are the lakes of the West."

CHAPTER II

THE FAR WEST

The province of British Columbia, which is separated from the rest of Canada by the great range of the Rocky Mountains, is itself a "sea" of tumbled mountains, which reach all the way from the Rockies to the Pacific Ocean, and, like the northern portion of the Dominion, is covered with forests. Here again there are several large rivers, such as the Fraser and the Columbia, and a great many lakes. British Columbia is an exceptionally highly favoured region. Not only is she rich in natural resources – minerals, fish, lumber, fruit – but she can boast of scenery which can vie with that of Norway, as with that of Scotland, and even with the scenery of Switzerland.

Take, for instance, the Grand Cañon of the Fraser River. This is "a narrow gorge, where the river winds its tortuous way between great broken walls of cliffs, dashing against the huge black boulders which lie in its path, covering them with white foam and spray. As the cañon expands, the scene is varied by glimpses of Chinese gold-washers on the gravel-bars, or Siwash Indians fishing with dip-nets from the rocks for salmon; while here and there are scattered drying-frames festooned with red flesh of the salmon, and fantastically decorated Indian graves give a weird touch to the scene. Here the mountains of the

coast range, which the river passes, rise to heights varying from 6,000 to 9,000 feet above the level of the sea. They are extremely rugged and densely wooded, the south and western slopes especially, luxuriantly covered with the characteristic growth peculiar to the humid climate."

Although the interior of British Columbia is a sea of mountains, like an ocean suddenly turned into stone when in the grip of a mighty tempest, the hollows between the broken mountain-crests consist of a number of long narrow valleys, many of them filled wholly or in part with lakes. On a still, peaceful day in summer or early autumn nothing in the world can be lovelier than one of these lakes – Kootenay, Slocan, Arrow, Okanagan. The face of the water is like a sheet of highly polished steel, of a pure greenish-black colour, and every tree and stone, and every hut, on the mountain-sides around, and even every cloud in the sky above, is reflected on it with marvellous distinctness. The hollows of the mountains are filled with a soft but rich purple haze, or it may be a scarf of white, fleecy cloud hangs across the shoulders of the mountains, while another veil of delicate lace-work drapes their crests. As you gaze at the witching beauty of the scene, you feel your heart soften towards the great mountains. You imagine they do not know how to frown or be angry. You think it would be impossible for storm or tempest ever to rage or ravage against them. Mountains, forests, green pasture-lands, blossoming orchards, the lake itself – the whole scene is so wonderfully peaceful, so gloriously lovely.

The bare walls of rock, sprinkled with forest trees, the jagged, pinnacled outlines of the mountain-tops, the cappings of perpetual snow which frame in some of these lakes, recall to the observer the stern grandeur of the Norwegian fjords; while the little towns and orchards which cling to the foot of the mountains conjure up unforgotten visions of Lucerne and Thun and similar beauty spots of Switzerland.

Apostrophizing any one of the little towns on the shore of any one of these beautiful sheets of water, you might say:

"The pearly lustre of thy sky
Will vie with that of fabled Greece.
Thy air – a buoyant purity!
Thou fold'st thy hands in perfect peace —
The innocent peace of the newly-born,
The stillness that heralds th' awakening morn.

"Sweet crystal waters bathe thy knees,
And hold a steel-bright mirror out,
Reflecting mountains, sky, and trees
Till dimpled by the leaping trout.
Thy lake – it is playful and wayward of mood,
Like maiden coquettish who's over-woo'd."

Among the most striking features of the interior of British Columbia are the Selkirk and Purcell ranges, which wheel round the northern end of Lake Kootenay, and stretch some distance down its eastern side. The lofty, rugged, sharp-cut peaks of

these ranges "receive and break most of the heavy rain-clouds which blow in from the Pacific. There is therefore more rain and more snow, and consequently the soil receives more moisture, and the growth of forest and farm is more dense. The lower slopes, beneath the snow-line, except where the bare rock refuses to sustain life, are clothed with impenetrable forests of spruce, cedar, and hemlock, of which the underbrush is the most difficult barrier to exploration."

"These characteristics give more richness and contrast in the colour. On a clear day the snow-capped summits and crested peaks, tinged, perhaps, with the crimson glow of the setting sun, glisten and sparkle with dazzling brilliancy. Great luminous spears of transparent blue ice cut down into the dark rich green of the forest, which is blended into the warmer tints of shrubbery and foliage in the foreground. Great castellated crags of white and green rock break through the velvet mantle of forest. Blueberry bushes and alders, with white-flowered rhododendrons, adorn with delicate tracery the trailing skirts of the forest, and rich-tinted red, purple, and yellow wild-flowers nestle in the fringe. All this, rising against the clear blue of the sky, while soft veils of mist rise from the valleys, floating across the face of the mountains, or break and hang in fleecy tassels upon the edges of cliffs and crags, makes a study in colour and grandeur beyond the power of human artist to depict or poet to describe."

This description applies almost equally to the Rocky

Mountains, the backbone that stretches from north to south of the continent, the gigantic barrier which separates the flat prairies from the broken coast districts.

In Canada they all wear glistening snow-caps, while glaciers of enormous extent rest in their awful cañons, and their hoary sides are laced with the most beautiful green-blue mountain torrents which leap from dizzy heights in cascades of dazzling beauty. Some of the most imposing scenery of the Rockies is enclosed within the great National Park at Banff, an area of 5,732 square miles of mountains, and here is a great game preserve, where are found bear, moose, elk, deer, mountain sheep and goats, and many smaller animals. No one may shoot or trap here, and it is expected that the number of wild animals will greatly increase. There is, too, a large herd of buffalo maintained in the park.

In the forests, on the slopes, grows the famous Douglas fir, which reaches a great size and height; trees 30 feet across the trunk are not uncommon, and there is one in Stanley Park, Vancouver, which your cabman is sure to show you should you visit that city, which has a hole in the trunk so large that parties of tourists stand in it to be photographed. The climate is so mild that winter is replaced by a rainy season, and roses bloom outside all the year round. This makes the famous Okanagan and Kootenay valleys so suitable for fruit-culture.

Victoria is the capital of British Columbia. It is situated on Vancouver Island, on the Pacific, and its climate and natural beauty have made it the home of choice for many English

families retiring from service in the Orient, and so it is the most English of Canadian cities. Vancouver is the commercial capital, it is the terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and from its fine harbour steamship lines run to China, Japan, and Australia. Prince Rupert is a new port farther north, and is the western terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway now being built across the continent.

British Columbia has been called a "little paradise on earth," and if beauty of scenery, and the poetry of Nature, and the contentment, prosperity, and happiness of man can anywhere combine to make a spot on this earth anything approaching to a paradise, assuredly that spot is to be found in the fairest province of the Dominion of Canada. And how many of the names of the little towns which cling to the feet of the mountains mirrored in these lakes have not only musical, but richly poetic names! Who can listen to such words as Kelowna, Summerland, Nelson, Vernon, Castlegar, Halcyon, Mara, Kootenay, Slocan, Okanagan, without feeling a thrill of poetic delight? Were these names as familiar to the mind as are Lomond, Katrine, Leven, Blair Athole, Glencoe, Inveraray, Oban, they would not fail to conjure up as many pictures of surpassing scenic beauty as do those pearls of the Scottish Highlands, especially as in many respects the physical features of the two regions are somewhat alike.

And the coast districts of British Columbia are every bit as remarkable as the mountainous lake districts of the interior.

They, too, bear more than a superficial resemblance to the west coast of Scotland. Like the latter, the western shore of British Columbia is cut into deeply by the ocean. Like the west of Scotland, again, the numerous bays and fjords are rock-bound, and long and winding. And, once more, like that same Scottish ocean marge, the Pacific coast of this Canadian province is thickly studded with islands, varying in size from a tiny dot of rock to Vancouver Island, which is about half as big as Ireland, and studded with mountains which rise up to from 6,000 to 7,500 feet.

CHAPTER III

HOME-LIFE IN CANADA

The English visitor to a Canadian city finds things much as they are at home: there are different names for articles in common use; the hotel elevator goes faster than the lift at home; the trams are street-cars, the streets are not so clean; the traffic is not so well managed; and the public buildings and parks are newer, and lack the grace and beauty of the old land architecture. The houses all have verandas, on which, in summer, the people spend a great part of their time, even eating and sleeping there; and most of the houses have lawns unprotected from the street by walls or fences. The houses are kept much warmer in winter than is the English custom, and ice is everywhere used in the summer. All well-to-do people in the towns, and many in the country, have telephones. Other minor differences there are, but you would soon feel quite at home in a Canadian house.

The stranger visiting a Canadian town is at once struck by the keenness of the local enthusiasm. That is to say, the people who live in that town are immensely proud of it, and consider it the finest and best place to live in in all the world. They are very fond of pointing out the advantages which it enjoys, and never neglect the smallest opportunity of boasting of its beauty or wealth or public spirit, or whatever it may be that it excels in. The governing

authorities of the town, as the Mayor and Town Council, vote money from time to time expressly to advertise their town, in the hope of attracting strangers to come and live there. Then the citizens form themselves into clubs for the purpose of helping the population to reach as soon as possible 20,000, or 50,000, or 100,000, as the case may be; and these clubs bear the strange titles of the Twenty Thousand Club, the Fifty Thousand Club, the Hundred Thousand Club, and so on.

The houses in the towns, and even many houses in the country, are not considered properly furnished if they have not the telephone fitted up inside them. The Canadians – women, and even children, as well as business men – use the telephone pretty well every day of their lives. Does a lady want to know how her neighbour's little girl's cut finger is getting on, she rings her neighbour up on the "phone." A lady does her shopping at the grocery store, or orders her joint for dinner "over the 'phone." A boy asks his classmate how much history they have to learn for their home-lesson to-night. Indeed, in a Canadian home the telephone is used as much and as frequently as the poker is for stirring the fire on a cold winter's day in any English home.

In many of the thinly inhabited districts the place where people meet and gossip and pick up the news of what is happening in the country-side is not the weekly market or the church, because very often neither the one nor the other exists, but it is the "store." This is not a barn or similar building in which people put their hay or corn or other produce till they wish to sell

it. The word means "a shop," and the country store, the focus and centre of the life of the district, is almost always a shop where pretty nearly every conceivable thing is sold, from iron wedges (for splitting logs) to oranges, from ready-made suits of clothes to note-paper. And the storekeeper is nearly always the postmaster as well. Thus, if you want to find out all about a district, you are most likely to obtain the information you seek from the storekeeper. He can tell you what land or what farms there are for sale in the locality, and the prices that are being asked. He knows the names of everybody within a range of a good many miles, and often knows a great deal more about people than their names alone.

In the older parts of the country, life on the farm is much the same as elsewhere; the houses are built of stone and brick, with verandas and lawns, heated by furnaces, and furnished with all that comfort, even luxury, demands. But far back in the newer parts of Ontario or New Brunswick we see in a small clearing in the forest or on the edge of a lake or stream the "log-cabin," with the blue smoke curling up from the chimney at one end. If we come up to the door we are sure of a welcome; that is the rule in the wilderness. We enter, to find the house of two rooms, and perhaps an attic above; the big iron stove for both cooking and heating stands at one end, and the rifle, guns, and fishing-tackle, and the dried skins on the wall, tell of the pleasures of forest life. Perhaps the owner greets you with a fine Scotch or Yorkshire "twang," and you need feel no surprise if you see last

month's *Punch* or the *Weekly Times* lying on the table. These hardy settlers make their living in part by the battle with the forest, in part by what they shoot or trap, but largely by working in the winter for the large lumber (timber) companies who have bought the pine in the woods from the Government; sometimes, too, they act as guides in the summer and autumn for the tourists or amateur huntsmen. Their life teaches them to be strong, active, and self-reliant, with a fine disdain for the city man, who is so helpless on the trail or in a canoe.

On the prairie the life is quite different. Here the settler is content with the little wooden cabin of double boards with tarpaper between, which he erects himself; his supplies he brings in the form of flour, bacon, and canned goods from the nearest town many miles away. His nearest neighbour may be ten miles away, his railway-station twenty; all around to the horizon stretches a vast plain, like the sea. His horses are hobbled at night to keep them from straying, for there are no fences; he cuts their hay for the winter in the "slews" or "swales" – low-lying, marshy spots on the prairie. He is fortunate if there is within reasonable distance a poplar thicket, where he can cut some firewood. From morn to night he follows the plough through the rich black soil, which has waited for it from time immemorial; his whole life is the wheat. A lonely, hard existence, but the reward comes so fast that in a few years of good crops he may spend his winters in the South, while his sons and daughters attend college.

Now, a peep at the home of the "habitant" – the French-

Canadian farmer in the Province of Quebec. A tiny white house in the shadow of a little church, whose spire is tipped with a golden cross, overlooking a mighty river; a narrow strip of farm, every inch in cultivation; a group of many dark-eyed children chattering in a picturesque patois; you close your eyes and you are in Brittany. Hard-working, home-loving, religious, but light-hearted, these people preserve throughout centuries without change the virtues and customs, the speech and the religion of their ancestors. They grow most of what they eat; they make everything they wear; and little money means wealth. Their sons are found in the factory towns of the New England States, and in the lumber woods of the North.

"We leev very quiet 'way back on de contree:
Don't put on same style lak de big village."

OR —

"De fader of me was habitant farmer,
My gran'fadder too, and hees fader also.
Dey don't mak' no monee, but dat isn't funny,
For it's not easy get everything, you must know,"

as Drummond the habitant poet quaintly says.

Most of the schools in Canada are public, which means just the opposite to what it means to the English boy who knows Rugby, Eton, or Harrow; they are like English Board-schools,

free to all, and attended by both boys and girls. Then there are high schools, where students may be prepared for college, and there are private schools, corresponding to the English public schools; of these the oldest and most noted is Upper Canada College, which is like the Eton of Canada. There are Universities in all the provinces, and Toronto and McGill University in Montreal are as large as the great Universities at home.

The English boy or girl coming to Canada will find the money quite different from what he has been accustomed to; it is measured in dollars, and a dollar is about equal to four shillings. There are 100 cents in a dollar, and there is a copper coin for 1 cent, value one halfpenny, usually called a "copper," and silver coins for 5, 10, 25, and 50 cents; but for large sums bank-notes in denominations of 1, 2, 5, 10 dollars and more are used. As the decimal system is used, it is really simpler than pounds, shillings, and pence, and one soon becomes accustomed to it, though for some time one fears that one is paying too much, especially as prices for small articles are often higher in Canada.

CHAPTER IV

WINTER SPORTS

As soon as the ground is covered with snow, and the snow gets hard enough, every boy and girl in Canada fetches out his or her flexible flyer, bob-sleigh, or other form of child's sleigh, and dragging it to the top of an incline, sets it off gliding to the bottom.

The flexible flyer is a small sleigh that will not carry more than one big child or two very small ones. The rider lies stretched out on the sleigh, flat on his stomach, with his legs sticking out behind. A bob-sleigh is larger – often made, in fact, by fastening a piece of board across two sleighs running one behind the other. The riders on this go down in a sitting attitude, with their legs sticking out on each side of them, while one of them steers with his feet. And jolly fun it is to see them flying down like an express train, laughing and shouting, with red, rosy cheeks and bright, sparkling eyes. What matters an occasional spill in the snow? That only adds to the fun, and makes the game all the merrier.

While the children enjoy this "coasting," as they call it, the young men strap on their snowshoes and race across fields and fences, leaping or rolling over the latter, until they arrive at some appointed inn, where they partake of a good meal, with plenty of singing of rousing, lusty choruses and other kinds of jollification.

Then on they strap their snowshoes again, and, with many a whoop and shout, stretch out in Indian file on their homeward journey. If there is no moon they carry torches, and the ruddy, flickering light adds picturesqueness to the long belted blankets or tunics and tasselled tuques of the snowshoe runners.

"A pretty picture it is as the snowshoers turn down into a gully, some slipping, some recovering from a threatened upset by a feat of balancing, and then, still in Indian file, getting over the fence, every man in his own peculiar way. Some take it at a leap, others climb it cautiously; some roll over sideways in a lump, pitching feet and snowshoes before them. Some are too slowly careful, and, catching a shoe on the top rail, measure their full length in the snow. There is no stopping here, for we are far from road and railroad, out in the open country, with several miles of field before us, and twenty fences in the way. Most of the farmers, with fellow-feeling, have left a few rails down, so that there is no obstruction. But a tramp is as tame without a tumble as without a fence, so here goes for your five feet ten! Never was there charger could take a high fence like a snowshoer! As an old song of the Montreal Snowshoers' Club runs:

"Men may talk of steam and railroads,

But too well our comrades know

We can beat the fastest engines

In a night tramp on the snow.

They may puff, sir, they may blow, sir,

They may whistle, they may scream —

Gently dipping, lightly tipping,
Snowshoes leave behind the steam!"

It is the dry snow, the bracing air, and the clear skies of the Canadian winter season that, combined with the exercise, produce this great exhilaration of spirits, and set up an equally great – appetite.

Ladies take part in this sport as well as men. Indeed, they also share in the tobogganing and the ice-hockey; in the former along with their brothers and friends, and in the latter in separate clubs.

But the favourite winter sport is ice-hockey. The game is carried on under cover in large halls, the floor of which can be artificially flooded and frozen. In this way a smooth, level expanse of ice is secured, a thing that can be seldom got out of doors owing to the great quantity of snow that lies on the ground. The game is played pretty much as hockey is on grass; the ball or disc the players chase is called a "puck," and they make it skim along the ice with hockey-sticks of the usual shape.

The hockey matches between rival cities are affairs of the greatest interest to the inhabitants. A large number of deeply interested sympathizers always accompany the team that goes to play away from home – in fact, the enthusiasm and excitement reach quite as high a pitch as they do in England over a successful team of local football players. The great trophy of Canadian ice-hockey is the Stanley Cup, which was first competed for in 1893, and has been competed for every year since, except in 1898.

The winning teams have generally been furnished by Montreal or Winnipeg, though sometimes the winners have come from Toronto, Ottawa, and other cities. Two games are played, and all the goals obtained by the one club are added together and put against the total number of goals gained by the other club. The holders of the cup keep it until they are defeated, and they have to play whenever challenged. Since 1906 the cup has been held by the Montreal Wanderers.

A Canadian, Mr. W. George Beers, in describing Canada as a winter resort, thus writes: "The Province of Quebec must bear the palm of transforming winter into a national season of healthy enjoyment, and Montreal is the metropolis of the Snow King. You can have delightful days and weeks in Toronto, where ice-boating is brought to perfection, and the splendid bay is alive with the skaters and the winter sailors; or in curling or skating rink, or with a snowshoe club when they meet in Queen's Park for a tramp to Carleton, you may get a good company, and, at any rate, thorough pleasure. Kingston has its grand bay, its glorious toboggan slides on Fort Henry, its magnificent scope for sham fights on the ice, its skating, curling, snowshoeing, and its splendid roads. Halifax has its pleasant society, its lively winter brimful of everything the season in Canada is famed for. Quebec, ever glorious, kissing the skies up at its old citadel, is just the same rare old city, with its delightful mixture of ancient and modern, French and English; its vivacious ponies and its happy-go-lucky cariole drivers; its rinks and its rollicking; its songs and

its superstitions; its toboggan hill at Montmorenci, which Nature has erected every year since the Falls first rolled over the cliffs; its hills and hollows and its historic surroundings; its agreeable French-English society, the most charming brotherhood that ever shook hands over the past.

"The first snowfall in Canada is an intoxicant. Boys go snow mad. Montreal has a temporary insanity. The houses are prepared for the visit of King North Wind, and the Canadians are the only people in the world who know how to keep warm outdoors as well as indoors. The streets are gay with life and laughter, and everybody seems determined to make the most of the great carnival. Business goes to the dogs. There is a mighty march of tourists and townspeople crunching over the crisp snow, and a constant jingle of sleigh-bells. If you go to any of the toboggan slides you will witness a sight that thrills the onlooker as well as the tobogganist. The natural hills were formerly the only resort, but someone introduced the Russian idea of erecting a high wooden structure, up one side of which you drag your toboggan, and down the other side of which you fly like a rocket. These artificial slides are the more popular, as they are easier of ascent, and can be made so as to avoid *cahots*, or bumps. The hills are lit by torches stuck in the snow on each side of the track, and huge bonfires are kept burning, around which gather picturesque groups. Perhaps of all sports of the carnival this is the most generally enjoyed by visitors. Some of the slides are very steep, and look dangerous, and the sensation of rushing down the

hill on the thin strip of basswood is one never to be forgotten."

"How did you like it?" asked a Canadian girl of an American visitor, whom she had steered down the steepest slide.

"Oh, I wouldn't have missed it for a hundred dollars!"

"You'll try it again, won't you?"

"Not for a thousand dollars."

Perhaps to some whose breath seems to be whisked from their bodies this is the first reflection, but the fondness grows by practice.

Another famous winter sport is the national Scottish pastime of curling, and even when transplanted to the colder climate of Canada, the power which this sport possesses of firing sedate temperaments, and heating them to the ebullition-point of enthusiasm, suffers not one whit of diminution. Your Canadian devotee of the "roaring game" of "stane" and "tee" waxes every bit as excited over it as his Scottish associate.

A French habitant having witnessed a game at Quebec for the first time in his life, thus described it: "I saw to-day a gang of Scotchmen throwing on the ice large iron balls shaped like bombshells, after which they yelled, 'Soop! soop!' laughing like fools; and I really think they were fools."

Nor is the summer without its delight. All who can, make the Red Indian their model, and turn back to the aboriginal life. Summer homes or camps in the forest are built on the islands which dot the many inland lakes, and the long days are spent in canoeing, sailing, bathing, and fishing, while at night bonfires

are built on the shores, all gather round, and to the twang of the banjo or guitar old college choruses are sung or stories are told. Moonlight in Muskoka is a fairyland memory to those who have known it, and to these lakes alone resort 20,000 summer visitors from Canada or their neighbours from the South.

Others choose canoeing trips, after the manner of the old "Coureurs de bois." With Indian guides, weeks are spent in following the chains of rivers and lakes, linked by portages (carrying-spaces), where all turn to and "tote" canoe and stores across. At night, after a supper of fish just pulled out of the lake and cooked on the camp-fire, the sleep in a tent on a bed of spruce boughs is a glorious treat to the city man or maid.

In the cities games of all sorts are played. Everywhere baseball, the national game of the United States, is to be seen, and lacrosse, the national game of Canada, adopted from the Indians, is a great favourite; cricket, tennis, polo, golf, and bowls, all known games, are played with the greatest fervour. In track athletics and in aquatic sports, Canadians have been seen to good advantage in many English contests.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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