

handsome villas in the suburbs, and, of course, endless lines of electric trams. It is called the Queen of cities, whilst Montreal boasts of being the commercial capital of Canada.

To describe the hospitality we met in Toronto in detail would be impossible in this limited space. We visited hospitals, and such a charming Children's Convalescent Home, where the little ones tumbled about on broad verandahs, or, when well enough, ran about barefooted on the turf ("my tramps," the Matron called them), on an island in the beautiful lake of Otranto. We were lunched at a club, we were taken over the lake in a yacht club steam launch, and lunched again, we were invited out to tea, and met more nice Canadians; we were driven round the town, and we made friends we shall never forget, and all in three days! for Saturday afternoon we struggled with trunks, checks, and porters into a train for our final run to Buffalo. (I note the fact that I had my first ice-cream soda at Toronto.)

The line to Buffalo runs round the Western border of the lake and across the Niagara rapids below the falls. We enjoyed it. On the suspension bridge that rocks over the rapids, the train paused, to give us a good view, boys boarded the cars selling picture postcards, and we saw far down below the water boiling under us. We could not see the falls themselves, that was to come later, but it was delightful to have one of the dreams of one's earliest childhood realised—to see Niagara. On we puffed, passing through hideous suburbs, our engine clanging its gigantic muffin bell in front with great vigour, till we drew up and alighted, duly decorated with red recognition bows in the darkness of the station of Buffalo. A few anxious moments and we were in the hands of friends. From that moment we knew no trouble; America became a temporary home to us, where we were carefully shielded from worry and annoyance, watched over, thought for and dealt for until one felt like a happy, irresponsible child again, that does not have to cut its own bread and butter. The hotel was delightfully crowded with Nurses and Matrons, and people whose interests ran in the same groove; you met people you wanted to meet on every staircase, you sat next to fresh and delightful companions every time you went down to a meal, you heard of fresh arrivals every day, and, as the week went on, of fresh meetings, committees, and pleasure parties; and you could all "lay hold" of one another, for you all belonged to the same guild, the same fraternity, and touched interests at every point.

A certain gloom was thrown over social matters by the President's death. I have not referred to it before, because, strictly speaking, it did not

affect us much, except as a shadow in the distance as we passed through Canada. But he died the day before we came to Buffalo, and the whole terrible affair came nearer to us on American soil. Sunday morning, the day after we arrived in Buffalo, the procession passed our hotel bearing the President's body to lie in state in the Town Hall. There was a large and respectful crowd in the streets, the houses were draped in black, and adorned with large pictures of the President, and with American flags, but the crowd itself was not in mourning, nor did I notice any signs of general public mourning, whilst I was in America. In fact, in the afternoon, when huge masses were waiting to pass through the hall, all the women seemed in their best and smartest clothes. There were soldiers and sailors in the procession, carriages with leading statesmen, the first containing Roosevelt, ostentatiously guarded by detectives, and there was a fine band that wailed out Chopin's funeral march at intervals, but the whole thing struck one as rather meagre, hardly worthy of the Chief Citizen of such a great country.

In the afternoon we drove round Buffalo with a charming cicerone; she was so well posted in all points of interest that I had a lurking suspicion she *must* have read up a guide-book.

We went as near as the cordon would allow to Milburn house, where the poor President died, and took a gruesome interest in the Armoury, where his murderer, Czolgosz, was imprisoned. We drove along the shore and saw cannons all ready to pound away at the Britishers, in the extremely unlikely event of there being real trouble with the other side, and we admired the fashionable streets of Buffalo, with the houses surrounded by green sward and no railings, and the streets planted with avenues of trees. Judging from a cursory survey, American towns have a strong continental flavour about them; they seem to have more of that tendency to live in public, to sit boldly out on their verandahs and doorsteps, and to take the whole world into their confidence as they swing about in hammocks and rocking chairs than English people have. Those rocking chairs! I never saw a room or a verandah without one, no wayside hut so poor but it owned one, no girl, neat, trim, and well set up or slatternly and down at heel but lolled about in one. I am not personally fond of rocking chairs, but in America they exercised a mesmeric influence over me; I always made for one, and then rocked myself feverishly and awkwardly. Now most Americans rock gracefully, as to the manner born, and I was keenly aware of the contrast. But I rocked all the same.

(To be continued.)

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