

5 radiated ones we obtained one of 20 arms. In the afternoon we walked to the beach at Beacon Hill & gathered sea weeds & whatever of interest that was to be found. We had dinner with me & spent the evening.

Tuesday 8  
fine

In forenoon we again visited the beach and as the wind had been high during the night we found the beach well strewn with sea weeds & made a good collection. I never tire of many of the beautiful sea weeds - so beautiful & delicate in their structure. I called on Mr. MacLagan of the "Times". - In evening I attended "Miles" at the Opera House. It is a mining camp plot.

Wednesday 9  
rising  
windy

Attended to some business, - in afternoon called on J. Remiger & on Mr. T. Harris, the latter was not in but Mack was. - I met J. S. Gore & with him proceeded to the Government Buildings where I met W. S. Gore - Surveyor General - his brother. My visit has come to an end & I turn my steps towards the rising sun. In the evening J. Harris and J. Remiger call on me and we have a long chat. At midnight I go on board the Str. Princess Louise. In going from the lower deck upstairs to my cabin I saw a group of Chinamen who were evidently undergoing some examination. Being curious to know what was going on I returned after having placed my traps in my cabin. I found that these Chinamen had just arrived from China on the Abyssinia, & as this vessel had proceeded to Vancouver they were put on this boat for examination. - according to the statute each new arrival has to pay \$50 - tax, unless provided with a certificate that he was here before, this certificate he obtains before he leaves for China, many go to China only for a visit others for good, these latter dispose of their certificate for about \$10 to some one desirous of coming to Canada, usually the buyer persuades the seller, hoping thereby to save \$40 - and defrauding the Government out of \$50. This examination tonight was to ascertain whether the holder of the certificate - for they all had one - was

May

the real person designated therein. The examiner was a young missionary John E. Gardner, who was born of missionary parents in Canton. - He held the certificates in his hand, calling out the names serially, each Chinaman would enter his step forward, and in two or three minutes his fate would be determined. If all right he was led to a group of similarly looking ones, if a fraud he was led to the baggage room which was nearly full to the top with baggage and locked up. Thus it went on till all had been examined, when we found ourselves packed standing & looked up in this "black hole" awaiting transshipment to the Abyssinia to be returned to their native soil. This the Steamship Co. is obliged to do gratuitously, as they assume the responsibility of bringing them. One may be certain that their <sup>treatment on</sup> return and provisions furnished will not be the most acceptable.

Our poor devil was fortunate enough to be released by a friend who paid the necessary \$50. - The others were marched into the freight shed where their baggage was. There was a scene of excitement; of all nations brought to me the Chinese appear the most pitiful, - It is a succession of rapids and lakes and not the quiet flow of English experience. - I always sympathize with immigrants who are ignorant of the language of the country, so in this case; the Chinamen would gather their traps together and put it into the creeds of their bamboo pole to carry away when some official would jerk it off, pitch it aside with an oath and tell them to take only his blankets. This proceeding was not explainable to me at first, but I was afterwards informed upon enquiry that as it was late at night no customs examination would now be made & hence only the blankets were given them & the remainder on the morrow. Each potential had to pay 25 cents wharfage ere he could depart, this caused some more excitement as some of them had not the necessary cash and had to solicit it from friends. - Finally the shed was cleared and I said to myself

May

Thank heaven - I am not a Chinaman.

Thursday 10  
fine  
windy

The sea was rolling nicely, in fact just enough for me; somehow I felt this morning for the first time as if more rolling would easily load me - somewhere. At 10-50 a.m. we were in Vancouver and the 3 hours time detention here afforded an opportunity of seeing this magnificent city of two years growth and of 9000 inhabitants now. It is favorably situated on an elevation which slopes in all directions and hence has excellent natural drainage. The site is inside of the first narrows of Burrard Inlet. All these narrows when the tide is running out it has the appearance of passing over a heavy rapid, so apparent is the fall of the water. - The most imposing structure in the place is the C.P.R. hotel which will shortly be opened. - It is a brick structure on granite foundation, the architecture would probably be regarded as Queen Anne style. Its appearance is that of a preliminary work rather than of our hotel. - Outside of some of the business blocks which are of brick the remainder are of wood - fir, with dress panels & finishings in cedar - all native. - For high class finishing the native maple (sop) is used, and this is very handsome. - Having a letter of introduction I called on W. D. Downie - asst. Supt. C.P.R. - At 1 a.m. we were off on the Atlantic Express. On the train I met Mr. Cambridge asst. for C.P.R. & Mr. Ford Supt. Gen. Ex. Co. A sixty mile ride brought me to Spassig station where I alighted to proceed to Harrison Hot Springs. At this way side station a neat two horse conveyance awaited the arrival of passengers. There was another one beside myself - he sat beside me beside the driver & I in the middle seat. - I had already been informed the nature of the road on this five mile drive. Having seated myself I traced by feet at the sides of the wagon -