

He, and Marc Sauvalle, of La Presse, of Montreal, and Douglas Stony, of the New York Herald, and I generally made a table in the dining car. Sauvalle was a striking personality; a native of old France, he had had an ~~an~~ adventurous career, which included, I believe, life in Louisiana, and service in the Cavalry. Certainly he looked the ideal of a French guardsman; his broad chest seemed built for a cuirass and his round head fitted for a helmet. There was something of Porthos in his appearance, with something of the wit and intelligence of D'Artagnan in his mentality. He had an extensive experience of political journalism in Quebec, which provided him with a wealth of good stories. I recall a couple -

A speaker at a political meeting was vigorously denouncing the government for its immigration policy. "And yet?" he shouted, "last year they admitted to Canada no less than fifteen hundred Chinamen." "Names, names, give us their names," cried a heckler in the audience, which took up the demand, and put an end to the oratory.

On ~~an~~ another occasion, a well-known politician arose, at a rally of his party, to nominate the candidate chosen by the caucus to contest the riding in which the meeting was held. The party managers had organized its supporters to lead the cheers of the audience as soon as the candidate's name was announced. Sauvalle said that it was the only instance that he knew when a candidate was accepted without his name even being mentioned, and it happened thus. The speaker prefaced his introduction of the name by the well known ~~and~~ rhetorical device of an eloquent and lengthy eulogy. So long did he dwell upon the virtues of the candidate that the audience became impatient. When the orator at last began to pronounce the candidate's name, which was Hypollite XXXX the crowd, hearing the first syllable, broke into a roar of "Hip, hip, hurrah!" in which the rest of the word was lost. Again he led up to it, and again it was drowned in cheers, and after several attempts, the speaker desisted, without having been able to get out the remaining syllables of his first name, to say nothing of his surname.

Douglas Storey was physically and mentally a contrast to the exuberant Marc. A sort of Robert Louis Stevenson type, he was like him a Scot, the son of a well-known divine in the Kirk. He possessed marked literary gifts, he had a subtle sense of style, a sensitiveness to nature and the nuances of human character, and a peculiarly Scottish mixture of talk and silence, equally ~~of~~ sympathetic, that made him an ideal travelling companion. I remember a little incident from which he extracted a vast amount of quiet humor. During our stay at Banff, everyone, of course enjoyed a dip in the famous sulphur bath. The British, especially, revelled in its bygone waters. One evening I met Storey strolling along the road, and as I fell into step with him I could tell from a sort of subdued chuckle with which I was familiar that something was amusing him.

"I've just met A, coming back from the mineral bath."

A was a very short, very rotund person, with an extremely pompous and solemn manner. "He told me," said Storey, "that he was deeply impressed by his experience. He had the bath all to himself, and he said, that as he floated there alone the majesty, the sublimity of the night and the mountains penetrated his soul to its depths. What a picture!" mused Storey, "The mysterious heights, the silence, the stars, — and that floating island, A's abdomen, lifting itself from the still waters. But who are we, after all, to laugh at it — scrawny specimens like you and me. All the more honor to A, who has so much more of this too too solid flesh for poetry to penetrate. If he keeps on doing that sort of thing, I find myself liking him."

Others sometimes sat in at our table. Piquant was Hector Garneau, of La Patrie, grandson of the historian of Canada, whose monumental work he later produced the definitive edition. I have not met him since, but he stands in my memory as a handsome young dandy of the Anglo-French type of the time, dexterous in the use of the monocle, and treating the English language with the respect in which so many educated French Canadians excel us who are born to the tongue.

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Another Hector was with us; my old friend Charlesworth, then, as always, stimulating, audacious, and ready to break a lance, in the best of good nature, with every new comer. At that period, I think, he was ~~not~~ suspicious of Imperialism and enjoyed shocking the good-form fetishes of our English confreres. I can still hear their voices raised in a sort of introductory chorus to their protests against something derogatory to the British Constitution, — "But, my dear Charlesworth!", "But, Hector!"

The correspondent of the American Associated Press, Martin J. Eagan, was an Irish-American of the most delightful kind. His engaging personality won all hearts. His marked abilities found scope later in a distinguished career in journalism and diplomacy in the Far East, and as an authority on its social and political problems. Eagan was the soul of courtesy in his intercourse with his British companions; but as an Irishman, naturally, he was not blind to the limitations of the English temperament, nor ostentatious in his admiration of British institutions, including ~~royalty~~ <sup>the Monarchy</sup>.

On our return trip, the royal party was ~~used~~ <sup>divided</sup> for a time, the Duke with most of the gentlemen going on to Lake Manitoba for a day's duck shooting, while the Duchess and her ladies in waiting remained to enjoy a rest at Banff. The correspondents likewise had a holiday. Accommodation was available for us at the hotel, but by this time we had made ourselves so much at home in our cars that we preferred to stick to the train. Our section was shunted to a quiet siding, and here, in beautiful natural surroundings we had the advantages of ~~the~~ complete freedom, with all the comforts of the perfect railway arrangements, we were within a mile of the hotel, and therefore in close touch with any news concerning the Duchess, while the Duke's movements were covered by a couple of correspondents who travelled with his party. The rest of us looked forward to the welcome relief, for a few days, from the work of attending, describing and depicting official ceremonies.



~~Cerevisia~~. But one of us was doomed to a painful disap- 17  
pointment. On the evening of our arrival, Eagan, returning in  
the darkness, across the tracks from the telegraph office where  
he had filed his despatch for the day, caught his foot in the  
frog of a switch and fell. He was assisted to our car, and a  
message was sent to the hotel for Dr. Manby, the physician  
attached to the royal party. He came at once, and found that  
Eagan had sprained his ankle badly. After giving him  
every care, he informed him that of course he would have to  
be out of things for some time. The remainder of the trip was  
a rather dull and painful experience for poor Eagan, but we  
made him as comfortable as possible: his work was taken  
over by some of the others, and arrangements were made,  
by Charlesworth, I think, for his return home ~~from~~ <sup>by</sup> the  
nearest possible railway connection. About an hour after  
Dr. Manby had left him, Eagan was surprised by a visit  
from an official wearing the royal livery who brought  
a personal message from the Duchess, expressing the sym-  
pathy of Her Royal Highness for his unfortunate ~~accident~~ <sup>accident</sup>  
and enquiring as to his condition. The same procedure  
was followed every day until Eagan left the party on his  
way home with the best wishes of their Royal Highnesses  
for his speedy recovery.

During our stay at Brauff, also, another member of  
the party had an adventure which might have had serious  
results. Across the track from the railway station lies a  
large area of woodland wherein are kept a number of elk  
and buffalo. Stout fences enclose the whole preserve, while  
a similar fence, ~~separates that part of the~~ running at right  
angles to the railway, separates that part of the park occu-  
pied by the buffalo from that given over to the elk. One of  
the photographers attached to our party one day wandered  
into the park to take some pictures. He had been gone for  
some time when some of us, who were standing on the  
station platform, became aware of a disturbance among  
the trees in the distance along the line of the dividing fence.

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Soon our photographer came into view, running towards us beside the fence, while a few yards behind him appeared a group of buffalo lumbering along in pursuit. The photographer was a rather stout heavy man, and handicapped by his large camera and a tripod; but he made good time. As the buffalo neared him, he clambered over the fence, and continued his race on the other side. A moment later a number of elk burst out from the trees in his rear, and his speed quickened. Once more he climbed the fence, fell on the buffalo side, and kept on the run. But the pace was evidently telling on him, and several of us ran to his assistance. Our appearance in the park diverted the attention of his pursuers long enough to enable him to stagger along to the enclosing fence, over which he climbed, breathless and perspiring, to the railway right of way, still hanging on to his camera and tripod; of which some of us had attempted to relieve him. Our own line of retreat was much shorter than his; but the animals, recovering from their surprise, forced us to adopt the same climbing and running tactics till we reached the safety zone. When the photographer recovered his wind, he ~~told~~ told us that he had ventured to take a close-up picture of some of the buffalo. Apparently they became excited by ~~his~~ the strange black apparatus; ~~the~~ field photography then was a cumbersome and lengthy operation, <sup>compared</sup> to what it is today. They charged at him: he grabbed tripod <sup>and</sup> camera, and ran; this attracted the attention of some elk in the other sections of the park, who in turn gave chase when he appeared on their side. How many times he had climbed the dividing fence he could not say; but on one point he was definite: he wanted no more elk and buffalo pictures.

I have already mentioned Knight, of the Morning Post. He was a big, athletic Englishman, fond of outdoor life, who found in ~~war~~ war correspondence, as it was in those days, opportunity to satisfy his taste for dangerous adventure. He could not be induced to talk much about his own exploits, and it was only from his colleagues that we learned any details of his career. All that we could get from him concerning the loss of his arm in South