

Urs. Belden
Dear Madam
Selden wished me to
send this letter on to you.

Respectfully

Mary Hubbard.

Aug 4.

3.30 P.M. Just been riding thro a
queer sort of country. It is all
made up of knolls & little
valleys. We are on a new line
which has just been built by
the Canadian Pacific Railway.
I never saw any railroad; even
an electric car road which has
so many big curves. Our route
we are going directly west &
the next directly north. Until
now the train has been going
awfully slow. I see the reason,
it is because we are on a better
ballasted road now. My! the
dust is coming in terribly

The country seems to be flatter now, with only now & then a small hill. I can see a range of low mountains away off to the left. Land here hardly at all cultivated. Here's one little farm house all alone out in a big field. Just passed several big fields, one with ripe oats, but with all the original stumps of trees left in the fields. They must be hard to harvest with all the stumps in the way. Here is a prosperous looking farm. The fences are made of great big tree stumps turned up on edge. We have stopped at Allistown a small town. Gracious! there is an awfully big crowd to get on. I don't see where they could have come from or going to. I hope they don't take my berth. Wolfe bought the lower berth & I paid half

I don't want to lose it. This is a pretty neat looking town, what there is of it.
 4.00 P.M. I have had my legs crossed for a while & I just uncrossed them & my trousers look as tho they were partly made of a different kind of cloth. The dust is so thick. The fences out here all rail fences. They look strange when we see a whole lot on a level. We are going about the rate of forty miles an hour I should think.
 4.20 I can see a range of mountains way, way off on my left to the west. Between here and the mountains there is a sort of purple looking marsh or woods or something. The most barren land I ever saw. Here is a log cabin & a barn made of logs. Now I

just passed a fine ⁴ little house
well painted, I wonder who
would ever want to live away
out here in this barren place.
There are heaps of ~~pine~~ or
some kind of evergreen trees
standing bare. Here a road goes
along beside the railroad with
a very "rustic" looking bridge.
We have been riding now for
about ten minutes thro land
which has had the timber cut off
& waiting for the stumps to rot
we are going thro quite a big woods of
small maple trees. Now we are
going thro another wilderness, but
the air smells good. They are piles
of wood which have been cut all
around. I saw one which must have

been about a thousand feet long. Just passed a sawmill. It is surrounded by a great many piles of lumber and there must be thousands & thousands of cords of fire wood out in piles. Here is another mill. The train has stopped & I can hear the saw buzzing and the sawdust coming out.

6:35 We had canned beans & cold meat for supper, no bread.

7:00 P.M. Stopped to change engines at Muskoka. There is nothing here but a station and three houses half way built and a round house. The station was lighted with electric lights. Seemed awfully funny to see electric lights way out here in this wilderness.

Aug 5. 11:00 A.M. 1/6

There has been so much to see that I could not waste the time writing about it. We just left Chapleau, a small town out here in the wilderness. Before we got there, I saw a half a dozen Indians dressed in brilliantly colored blankets & three wigwags. About every four or six miles I see a lovely looking little log cabin. There are the most little lakes and streams out here that I have ever seen. I wish I could go out fishing or canoe riding on some of them. I saw a real birch bark canoe on the banks of a small stream. The train stopped right near it so I had a chance to see it.

At Chapleau I tried to get some stamps but had to borrow some money because they wouldn't take U.S. money. There hasn't been much of anything to see today but a great wilderness and small lakes. Here is a small settlement of a half dozen of log cabins, a potato & a hay field & rocks. I am told that we go thro a strip of wilderness just like this all day tomorrow.

5:00 P.M.

We stopped about three o'clock at White River to change engines. I went over to a store to see if I could get any potatoes but they cost too much, 15¢ a pound. At Bisco we bought some bread 10¢ a loaf. They had a little watermelon there for sale, 75¢.

about twenty five miles from
White River we stopped to let a
train pass. My gracious but the
scenery is pretty. There is a
little lake & on the shores there
is an Indian settlement with
buck bark canoes & wigwams.
It is awfully picturesque. I tried
to get a picture but I didn't get
my camera out in time. I will
get a picture of the next
Indian camp we come to.
6:30 P.M. We have just left Caldwell
a water station on Lake Superior.
My the lake is grand! I wouldn't
take this trip for anything. We
ride right near the edge & see
the mountains in the lake, & islands.
This is the loveliest place I
have ever seen. I wish it
would not get dark because

I don't want to waste time in
sleep when I might be seeing
all these mountains & everything.
There are great big hills & hardly
any soil at all on them; all rock.
The railroad cuts thro' rocks
which are so high up that it
seems as tho' we were in a
tunnel. This road must have
been a monstrous undertaking.
We have been going thro' rocky
hills, across lakes and rivers,
marshes, heavy woods & everything
imaginable. It seems wonderful
to me. Just a moment ago I was
looking down on artificial
embankment at least one
hundred feet high & now there
is a rocky cliff at least a hundred