

Right vision = $\frac{6}{6}$. Left eye vision = $\frac{4}{60}$, and then only peripheral. When the eye is directed downwards there is no vision centrally.

Ophthalmoscopic examination reveals choroido-retinitis with migration of pigment which is occupying the macular region in particular, although scattered foci are seen all over the retina and one larger focus above the disc. The condition seen is as shown in the sketch, and is probably a form of disseminated choroiditis, described by Förster, in an early stage.

The right fundus is normal. The field of vision is shown in the accompanying charts. Blood was taken for Wassermann test and found to be strongly positive.

Anti-syphilitic course was started. Sulfarsenol and bismostab.

In five days' time central vision returned, and he could read $\frac{6}{24}$. In ten days it was $\frac{6}{18}$, and on discharge from hospital $\frac{6}{9}$ (partly), and the condition in the left fundus appeared to have partially resolved.

On further examination a healed abrasion was found on the penis, but no other evidence of syphilis beyond the strongly positive Wassermann reaction; the condition probably being a late secondary manifestation.

The response to anti-syphilitic treatment clinches the cause of the condition and shows the paramount importance of early diagnosis and treatment in such a case.

Travel.

EASTWARDS HOME FROM INDIA.

BY MAJOR L. B. CLARKE,
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(Continued from p. 314.)

The journey across the continent of America was of exceptional interest, both for the organization of the railway and the variety of country traversed. The C.P.R. run in the winter three daily transcontinental trains, and in the summer this number is increased to five. The Company had just completed for this service the building of fifteen new trains at a cost of a million dollars each. One had heard of the new rolling stock, but realization far exceeded anticipation, and in the Trans-Canada, the fastest of these trains, one found everything that conduces to the safety, comfort and entertainment of a long journey. There were eight "all steel" cars of enormous length; a berth was secured in a reserved sleeping compartment which holds two beds. Everything was brand new and highly polished, in fact, the train was on its second eastward run. A large bed with spiral spring mattress was made from the two opposite seats, the upper bed was tucked away in the roof and not used, there was a silver-plated wash-basin, complete with hot and cold water, drinking water and iced water were laid

on, and above the basin was a silver-plated dressing mirror with adjustable side-pieces. Electric switches are out of date; here one presses a small button in the wall, and in the dark it is located by a phosphorescent glow of luminous paint like a fire-fly of the tropics. A dining-car in front was noteworthy for its magnificence of design and decoration, the newness of its English silver, cutlery and china. All food is *à la carte*, the amount served with each course overwhelms one, and so does the bill. Food is undoubtedly expensive in Canada, and even with economy an ordinary breakfast in the Trans-Canada costs about 8s. In this democratic dominion one was intrigued to notice that where breakfast and lunch were served



FIG. 1.—Canadian Rockies.

under ordinary names, dinner was invariably called "evening meal," although it might be partaken of in a dining car.

At the back of the train was an up-to-date observation car of great length, the first half being devoted to buffet, barber, manicure, writing room and library, while the second part consisted of a club room with soft leather arm-chairs, and behind this again a compartment of equal size called the solarium. Here windows of vitreous glass running from floor to ceiling enabled one to obtain the maximum of light and view. For the journey over the Rockies an additional observation car is run behind this, and instead of a closed car one enters an open one with a small covered compartment in the middle, a refuge from the oil smoke of the long tunnels.

We left Vancouver on the Sunday evening at 6.30 and pulled silently out of the station with that quiet efficiency which is so characteristic

of the C.P.R. A full moon enabled one to see a good deal of country normally passed in darkness. A long winding river with the line conforming to the curves, the banks gradually rising, the steady throb of the engine, an increasing gradient, steep cliffs becoming steeper and then vertical and we entered a long winding canyon, the moon throwing up into weird relief and exaggerating the rugged contour and irregular outline of a narrow chasm. Next morning we were well up in the higher levels of the Selkirk Range, on all sides were scenes of the greatest interest, and as the train in snake-like fashion twisted in and out of winding defiles one saw rising above one snow-capped summits of considerable height. Then

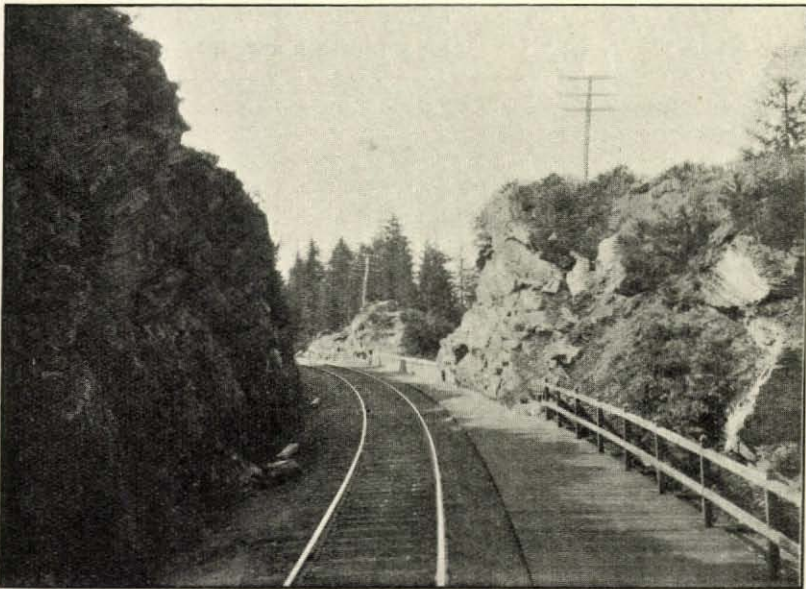


FIG. 2.-- Canadian Rockies.

dropping down again to lower ground the train ran alongside a great river, over many lofty bridges and small culverts, and after many miles of winding valley gradually left the river and commenced the long ascent of the Rockies. The train climbed for many hours, the line running on a narrow ledge cut out of the mountain side, through lengthy tunnels and over viaducts whose height made one dizzy, and then came to rest at the foot of a wide and extensive pass. Here oil engines were attached to the train and the journey was continued.

The line took the middle of a wide and deep valley with mountains rising above to the height of about 10,000 feet, mighty snow-covered peaks whose vertical surfaces, bare of snow, showed a mellow brown against a clear blue sky of early summer. One is tempted to compare such scenery with that of other countries. India has mountains on

a grander scale, the Balkans afford longer distance views, the Alps contain more variety, the Japanese mountains are diminutive and dainty, Scotland has a charm of her own, but the Canadian Rockies have a peculiar characteristic—an ethereal effect of something unreal, and one somehow cannot appreciate the fact that these too are composed of so much rock, they appear to be more the subtle shades of an artist's picture or the delicate tracery of some cathedral window.

The line now enters a long spiral tunnel, the exit being immediately above the entrance, now seen far below. The ascent was continued, more tunnels passed, and soon we reached the summit at a height of about 5,000 feet. This is called the Great Divide and forms the boundary between British Columbia and Alberta, and here also is the watershed of the great system of the Rockies, the mountain rivulets on one side being



FIG. 3.—Mount Stephen, Canadian Rockies.

destined for the Pacific and on the other for the Atlantic. For several hours the Trans-Canada thundered her way downhill till late in the evening Calgary, the most western city of the Prairies, was reached, and the Rockies became merely the silhouette of a summer sunset.

One heard in this part a good deal of the recent discovery of oil, and great hopes were expressed of its providing Alberta with a new industry and great wealth. Anyhow, nearly everyone who had money to invest, and many who hadn't, were speculating heavily.

All next day we were running through the Prairies, great stretches of nearly flat country with dark soil through which the young green shoots of the early crops were just appearing, and farms and homesteads and small

settlements passed rapidly by. Here was no suggestion of the wild west ; it appeared very civilized and one noted that as far as one could tell from the railway, although distances might be great, there were no isolated farms. One was scarcely out of sight of human habitation, a contrast to the previous day in the Rockies, and the following in the land of lakes and woods. The Trans-Canada continued on her way, reaching a speed well above seventy miles an hour and maintained it for long distances.

By evening we reached Winnipeg, the great wheat city of the central plains, and made our longest stop, half an hour, for no time is wasted on this train. The next morning we passed through Port Arthur on Lake Superior, and then alongside the northern shore of this vast inland sea. The whole morning was spent traversing this region, and the views of the coast as we wound in and out through the rocky defiles and alongside brown-coloured sandy shores was one of pleasant change to the monotony of the prairies. The whole afternoon and evening were spent in that fascinating country known as the lakes and woods, country of almost virgin fir-tree forest and winding lakes where people and houses are almost non-existent. Here one felt was the true wild west, for many years must elapse before this country can be populated. Forest fires on a great scale cause much loss of valuable timber, and everywhere are warnings regarding cigarette ends and lighted matches. Even with all these precautions fires still occur, and one is told that they may break out miles away from any human being, and it is suggested that in the hot dry season they are caused by spontaneous combustion or the heat generated by the friction of a falling rock. Nowadays the forest authorities employ fleets of sea-planes which have their bases on the lakes and can patrol over great areas and so report the earliest signs of any conflagration.

At 7.40 on the morning of the fourth day the Trans-Canada steamed into Toronto Station, having completed 2,700 miles from Vancouver in eighty-one hours ten minutes. (The clock had been advanced three times.) Here on the shores of Lake Ontario, where in olden times the colonists from the north met and exchanged goods with the Indians from the south, is a vast modern city growing year by year in size and prosperity. Considerable ground has recently been recovered from the lake and added to the city, and here docks, warehouses and public buildings and a vast pleasure resort have been constructed.

One's first impression of Toronto was that it was very militaristic, officers and men in uniform being much in evidence in the streets and hotels. This seemed rather surprising in a democratic dominion, but the explanation was that a military tournament was being held in the town. It was a performance well worth seeing and was nearly as good as that of the Royal Tournament.

Across the water can be seen on a clear day the outline of the Canadian and United States shores, between which the Niagara River enters Lake Ontario. A short run of eighty miles, a free side trip on the through

C.P.R. ticket, brought one to Niagara Falls. One changed from the Toronto-New York Express at a junction close to the Falls. In the small smoking compartment at the end of the train two Americans beguiled the tedium of travelling by narrating at great length and in graphic detail the various symptoms of their respective gastric ulcers. Each produced a dietary and they compared notes to their mutual satisfaction. They had consulted numerous specialists in numerous subjects; up to six in number they were even, after this one man fell out and the other who had been examined by ten won handsomely. The fact that they did not realize that they had a medical listener added piquancy to the situation. The next day at Toronto two other Americans sitting in the hotel lounge were also heard discussing their gastric ulcers, and one began to wonder if four U.S. citizens encountered out of four suffer from this condition, what must be the incidence in America?

Niagara Falls came completely up to expectations. One was prepared to be disappointed, but this was far from being the case. Everything is on the grand scale. The great volume of water resembling a gigantic column of green marble, the width of the falls, the depth of the lower river and the extensive views seize the imagination, hold one's attention and impress one's memory for all time.

The Canadian side is beautifully kept with parks and gardens and public buildings. By comparison the opposite shore is commercial, tawdry and uninteresting. An elevator takes one down to the lower level of the Falls, and here one dons a sou'wester and gum boots and enters a long tunnel in the rock which takes one first to the side of the Falls, and later through small traverses actually under and behind the great wall of water. The view from the side is very impressive, as one is within about twenty feet of the edge, and from this point one obtains an accurate idea of the size of things. The traverses leading behind are less interesting. It is merely the effect of a monsoon day in Burma, but the sound of the roaring water strikes fear into the heart of many.

There is much of interest at Niagara, the place where Webb lost his life, the great football in which a man survived the passage of the Falls, the railway and road bridges, so eroded by spray that new ones are required every ten years, the trolley suspended from a wire rope across the lower river on which a tight rope walker poised in mid-air once cooked and consumed an omelet, and the new power station of classic Greek design which relays electric power over a considerable portion of the province of Ontario.

Perhaps the most interesting relics to be seen at the present day are two derelict rum-runners which came to grief a few years ago above the Falls, and there, firmly secured by the rocks, remain as permanent memorials to the liquor laws of two countries. In each case the crew was saved by a rocket and life-line, but the cargo remains intact and unapproachable.

The next day was spent in exploring Toronto and visiting the

University, the Medical School, where insulin was discovered, the Parliament House, the residential district of Rosedale, and the "sea-side" resort of Sunnyside on land reclaimed from Lake Ontario.

The journey onwards to Montreal, 375 miles, was in the "Canadian," a through express from Chicago, and the chief features were interesting lake-side views and quaint villages, and in the later stages the French appearance of the places and people. Montreal with its million population is two-thirds French in race, language and religion. One senses the French atmosphere everywhere. The whole scene is reminiscent of France, the churches, convents, nuns, school children and so on; in fact it is almost more French than present-day France, for here under the British flag is more religious freedom than in the country of their origin, and many of their manners and customs have been handed down unchanged through the ages.

Montreal with its strange mixture of modern city and old provincial France stands in unique position between the towering heights of Mount Royal and the wide stretches of St. Lawrence River. The views from the hill are very extensive, and across the river can be seen the American boundary, and to the north a vast undeveloped country of rolling downs.

In the morning various places of interest were seen, the French quarter, the McGill University, Notre Dame and the docks. In the afternoon a run of about thirty miles included a visit to Lachine Rapids, named by Cartier on his historic voyage of discovery up the St. Lawrence, who in his endeavour to find a way to the East thought he had reached China and so named the falls, which at the present day bear a somewhat inappropriate name. The car crossed over a ferry to the opposite shore and the Indian reservation was entered. This is an area set aside for the North American Indian, where in several small villages the aboriginals are encouraged by the Government to make "arts and crafts," a disappointing place, for one saw none of the old-time costumes of the scalp hunters of one's childhood books. The inhabitants wear the prosaic garb of civilization, but their features are unmistakably Indian. The return to Montreal was made via La Prairie and the great bridge over the St. Lawrence. The evening was spent with friends in their house on the lower slopes of Mount Royal, and one heard much of interest concerning Canada.

The journey to Quebec, 170 miles, in the "Frontenac" Express, took one through wild open country, past occasional villages, through one town of some size, Trois Rivieres, and finally along the foothills of the great Laurentian Mountain chain.

Quebec is essentially a city of antiquity, quaint old-fashioned houses with narrow winding streets, steep hills, sharp corners and even more French than Montreal. The only building of really modern type, apart from the House of Parliament, is the C.P.R. hotel, the Château Frontenac, situated on the cliffs dominating the St. Lawrence, and this is designed in the French château style with white towers and turrets. The Citadel lies

to one side, and beyond this is the great open space known as the Heights of Abraham, where Wolf, after many sailings to and fro, seized his opportunity, scaled the cliffs, defeated the French garrison and so secured to the Empire the dominance of the North American Continent. Quebec in the month of May looks very charming and picturesque, the long winter is over and summer is at hand.

The last stage in a 15,500 miles journey was commenced, and the Atlantic crossing was made by the "Empress of Scotland," the largest of the C.P.R. fleet, originally the old German liner the "Kaiserin Augusta Victoria." The weather down the St. Lawrence was cold and bleak. Newfoundland was passed after two days, and as we entered the Grand Banks fog was encountered and the ship stopped. For the next twenty-four hours we were completely enveloped in drifting fog, and the ship proceeding at about four to five knots stopped very frequently. Just after lunch the engines were suddenly reversed at full speed and collision with an iceberg averted by a matter of yards. Drifting fog and icebergs are not pleasant company, and for many hours we passed through unpleasant conditions. Early in the evening one was able to see about one hundred yards away a great mountainous iceberg slowly rising and falling in the swell.

The next day all was clear, full steam ahead was ordered, the Gulf Stream was entered, the weather became warm and pleasant, the sea dead calm, and as the days passed the sun gradually increased in intensity. On the morning of the eighth day the welcome sight of the Lizard made one realize that the Atlantic crossing was over and one had completed a circuit of the globe. The Channel Islands were passed at sunset and Cherbourg reached at night.

The Channel the next day was in a fair mood, and as the Empress liner passed slowly up the Solent on her way to Southampton planes of the Royal Air Force circled close overhead and gave welcome to many people from distant lands—and a few hours later in a London theatre the curtain rose on "Journey's End."

Echoes of the Past.

THE REMINISCENCES OF AN ARMY SURGEON.

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(Continued from p. 149.)

At first sight Bombay appears to be very flat, and only a small part of the town could be seen in 1882, but thirty years later it presented a much more imposing picture with its public buildings, magnificent hotels and frontage.