THE NEW HIGHWAY TO THE ORIENT

ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS

PRAIRIES AND RIVERS OF CANADA

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC

General Officers Canadian Pacific Railway.

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Boston	Mass.	C. E. McPherson, District Passenger Agent	211 Wash'gton St.
		H. J. Colvin, City Passenger Agent	
Brockville	Ont.	George E. McGlade, Ticket Agent	145 Main Street.
Buffalo	N. Y.	Walter Hurd	15 Exchange Street.
Chicago	Ill.	J. Francis Lee, Commercial Agent	232 So. Clark Street.
Glasgow	Scotland	Archer Baker, European Traffic Agent	25 Gordon Street.
Halifax	N. S.	C. R. Barry, Ticket Agent	126 Hollis Street.
Hamilton	Ont.	W. J. Grant	8 James Street, So.
Hiogo	Japan	Frazar & Co.	
Hong Kong	China	Adamson, Bell, & Co., Agents for China	
Liverpool	Eng.	Archer Baker, European Traffic Agent	7 James Street.
London	Eng.	Archer Baker, European Traffic Agent	88 Cannon Street.
London	Ont.	T. R. Parker, Ticket Agent	1 Masonic Temple.
Manchester	Eng.	Archer Baker, European Traffic Agent	105 Market Street.
Montreal	Que.	Wm. F. Egg, District Passenger Agent	Windsor St. Station.
		A. B. Chaffee, Jr., City Passenger Agent	266 St. James Street.
		W. B. Bulling, Jr., District Freight Agent	Windsor St. Station.
New York	N. Y.	E. V. Skinner, General Eastern Agent	353 Broadway.
		J. Ottenheimer, Land and Emigration Agent	30 State Street.
		Everett Frazar, China and Japan Agent	124 Water Street.
Niagara Falls	N. Y.	D. Isaacs	Prospect House.
Niagara Falls	Ont.	George M. Colburn	Clifton House.
Ottawa	Ont.	J. E. Parker, City Passenger Agent	42 Sparks Street.
		J. A. Houston, District Freight Agent	
Philadelphia	Pa.	H. McMurtrie, Freight and Passenger Agent	Cor. 3d & Chestn't Sts.
Portland	Me.	M. L. Williams, Maine Central R. R.	
Portland	Ore.	C. G. McCord, Freight and Passenger Agent	6 Washington Street.
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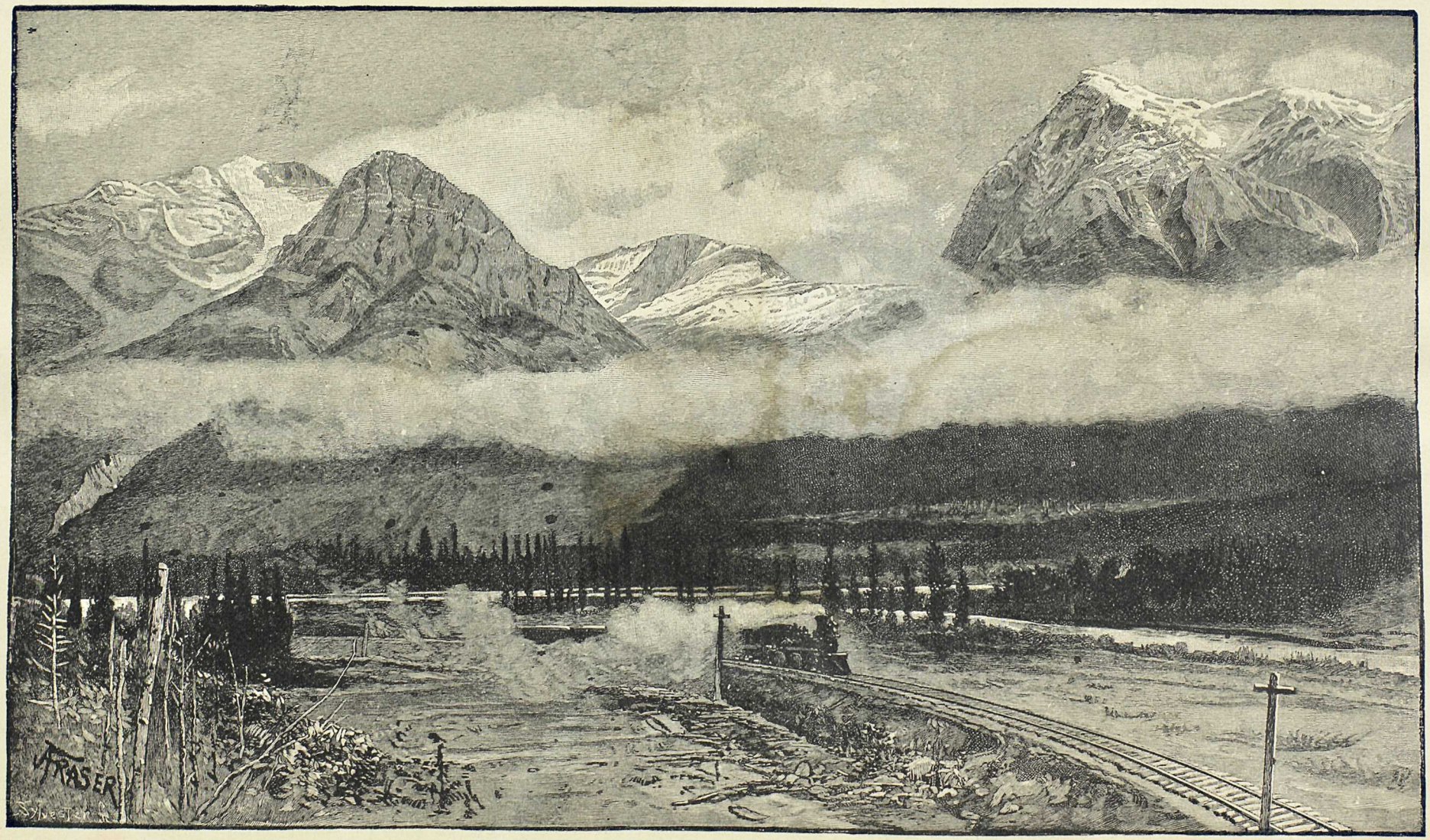
A LIST OF TOURS OVER THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY will be forwarded to any address on application to the Company's Agencies at London or Liverpool, Eng., New York, Boston, and Chicago, or to the General Passenger Agent at Montreal.



OTTERTAIL RANGE, ROCKY MOUNTAINS, NEAR LEANCHOIL STATION, B. C.

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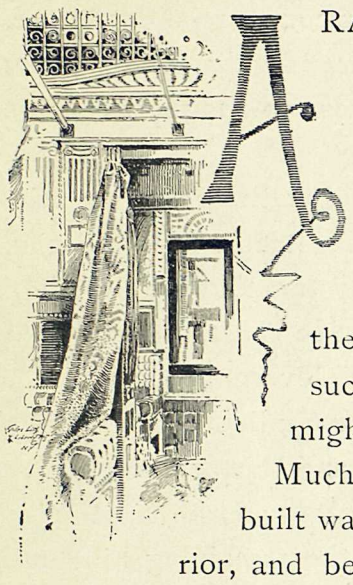
The Canadian Pacific Railway.



A RAILWAY from the Atlantic to the Pacific, all the way on British soil was long the dream of a few in Canada. This dream of the few became, in time, the hope of the many, and on the confederation of the British North American provinces, in 1867, its realization was found to be a political necessity. Then the Government of the new Dominion of Canada set about the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway, a work of such vast proportions that the richest empire of Europe might well have hesitated before entering upon it.

Much of the country through which the railway must be built was unexplored. Towards the east, all about Lake Superior, and beyond to Red River, was a vast rocky region, where Nature in her younger days had run riot, and where deep lakes and mighty rivers in every direction opposed the progress of the engineer. Beyond Red River for a thousand miles stretched a great plain, known only to the wild Indian and the fur trader; then came the mountains, range after range, in close succession, and all unexplored. Through all this, for a distance of nearly three thousand miles, the railway surveys had first to be made. These consumed much time and money; people became impatient and found fault and doubted. There were differences of opinion, and these differences became questions of domestic politics, dividing parties, and it was not until 1875 that the work of construction commenced in earnest.

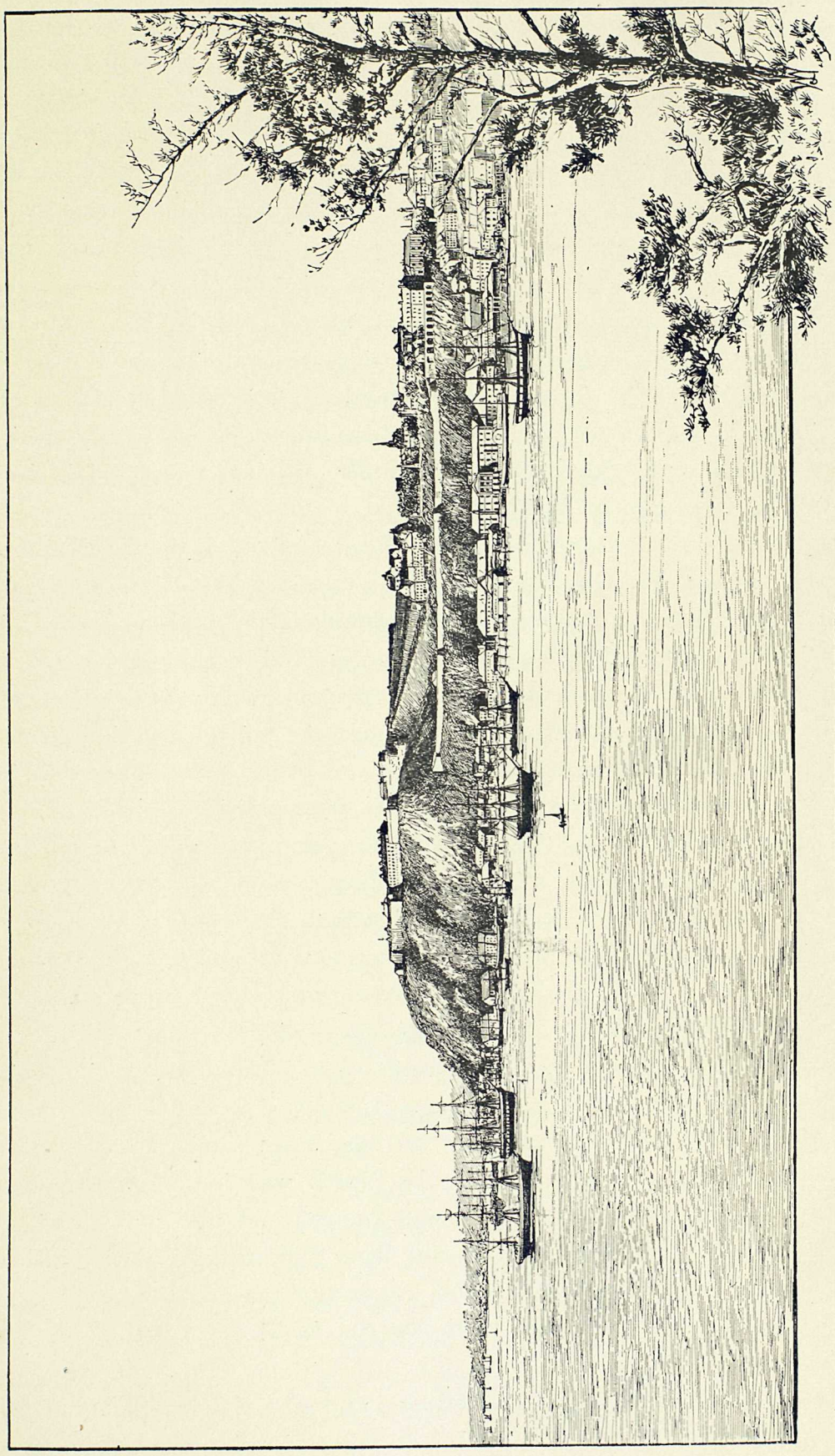
But the machinery of Government is ill adapted, at best, to the carrying on of such an enterprise, and in this case it was blocked or retarded by political jealousies and party strife. Governments changed and delays occurred, until finally, in 1880, it was decided almost by common consent to surrender the work to a private company.

The explorations and surveys for the railway had made known the character of the country it was to traverse. In the wilderness east, north, and west of Lake Superior, forests of pine and other timber, and mineral

deposits of incalculable value, were found, and millions of acres of agricultural land as well. The vast prairie district between Winnipeg and the Rocky Mountains proved to be wonderfully rich in its agricultural resources. Towards the mountains great coal-fields were discovered, and British Columbia beyond was known to contain almost every element of traffic and wealth. Thousands of people had settled on the prairies of the Northwest, and their success had brought tens of thousands more. The political reasons for building the railway were lost sight of and commercial reasons took their place, and there was no difficulty in finding a party of capitalists ready and willing to relieve the Government of the work and carry it on as a commercial enterprise. The Canadian Pacific Railway Company was organized early in 1881, and immediately entered into a contract with the Government to complete the line within ten years.

The railway system of Eastern Canada had already advanced far up the Ottawa Valley, attracted mainly by the rapidly growing traffic from the pine forests, and it was from a point of connection with this system that the Canadian Pacific Railway had to be carried through to the Pacific coast, a distance of two thousand five hundred and fifty miles. Of this, the Government had under construction one section of four hundred and twenty-five miles between Lake Superior and Winnipeg, and another of two hundred and thirteen miles from Burrard Inlet, on the Pacific coast, eastward to Kamloops Lake in British Columbia. The company undertook the building of the remaining nineteen hundred and twenty miles, and for this it was to receive from the Government a number of valuable privileges and immunities, and twenty-five million dollars in money and twenty-five million acres of agricultural land. The two sections of the railway already under construction were to be finished by the Government, and, together with a branch line of sixty-five miles already in operation from Winnipeg southward to the boundary of the United States, were to be given to the company, in addition to its subsidies in money and lands; and the entire railway when completed was to remain the property of the company.

With these liberal subventions the company set about its task most vigorously. While the engineers were exploring the more difficult and less known section from the Ottawa River to and around Lake Superior, and marking out a line for the navvies, work was commenced at Winnipeg and pushed westward across the prairies, where one hundred and sixty miles of the railway were completed before the end of the first year. During the second year the rails advanced four hundred and fifty miles. The end of the third year found them at the summit of the Rocky Mountains, and the fourth in the Selkirks, nearly a thousand and fifty miles from Winnipeg.



THE CITY OF QUEBEC.

While such rapid progress was being made west of Winnipeg, the rails advancing at an average rate of more than three miles each working day, for months in succession, and sometimes five and even six miles in a day, armies of men with all modern appliances and thousands of tons of dynamite were breaking down the barriers of hard and tough Laurentian and Huronian rocks, and pushing the line through the forests north and east of Lake Superior with such energy that Eastern Canada and the Canadian Northwest were united by a continuous railway early in 1885.

The Government section from the Pacific coast eastward had meanwhile reached Kamloops Lake, and there the company took up the work and carried it on to a connection with the line advancing westward across the Rockies and the Selkirks. The forces working towards each other met at Craigellachie, in Eagle Pass, in the Gold or Columbian range of mountains, and there, on a wet morning, the 7th of November, 1885, the last rail was laid in the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

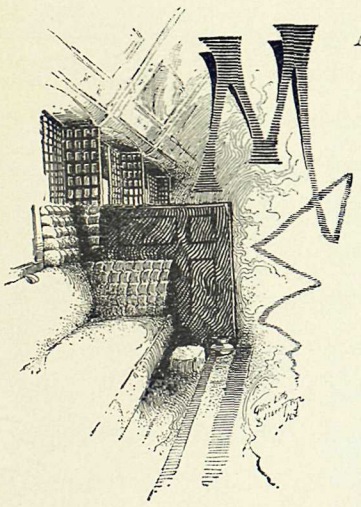
The energies of the company had not been confined to the mere fulfilment of its contract with the Government. Much more was done in order that the railway might fully serve its purpose as a commercial enterprise. Independent connections with the Atlantic seaboard were secured by the purchase of lines leading eastward to Montreal and Quebec; branch lines to the chief centres of trade in Eastern Canada were provided by purchase and construction, to collect and distribute the traffic of the main line; and other branch lines were built in the Northwest for the development of the great prairies.

The close of 1885 found the company, not yet five years old, in possession of no less than 4,315 miles of railway, including the longest continuous line in the world, extending from Quebec and Montreal all the way across the continent to the Pacific Ocean, a distance of three thousand and fifty miles; and by the midsummer of 1886 all this vast system was fully equipped and fairly working throughout. Villages and towns and even cities followed close upon the heels of the line-builders; the forests were cleared away, the prairie's soil was turned over, mines were opened, and even before the last rail was in place the completed sections were carrying a large and profitable traffic. The touch of this young Giant of the North was felt upon the world's commerce almost before his existence was known; and, not content with the trade of the golden shores of the Pacific from California to Alaska, his arms at once reached out across that broad ocean and grasped the teas and silks of China and Japan to exchange them for the fabrics of Europe and North America.

The next three years were marked by an enormous development of traffic and by the addition of eight hundred more miles of railway to the company's

system. One line was extended eastward from Montreal across the State of Maine to a connection with the railway system of the Maritime Provinces of Canada, affording connections with the seaports of Halifax and St. John; another was completed from Sudbury, on the company's main line, to Sault Ste Marie, at the outlet of Lake Superior, where a long steel bridge carries the railway across to a connection with the two important American lines leading westward—one to St. Paul and Minneapolis and thence continuing across Dakota, the other through the numberless iron mines of the Marquette and Gogebic districts to Duluth, at the western extremity of Lake Superior; still another, and the latest built, continues the company's lines westward from Toronto to Detroit, connecting there with lines to Chicago, St. Louis, and all of the great Mississippi Valley. And now, at the close of the year 1889, the company's lines spread out towards the West like the fingers of a gigantic hand, and the question "will it pay?" is answered with earnings for the year of more than fifteen million dollars, and profits of more than six millions.

Canada's iron girdle has given a magnetic impulse to her fields, her mines, and her manufactories, and the modest colony of yesterday is to-day an energetic nation with great plans and hopes and aspirations.

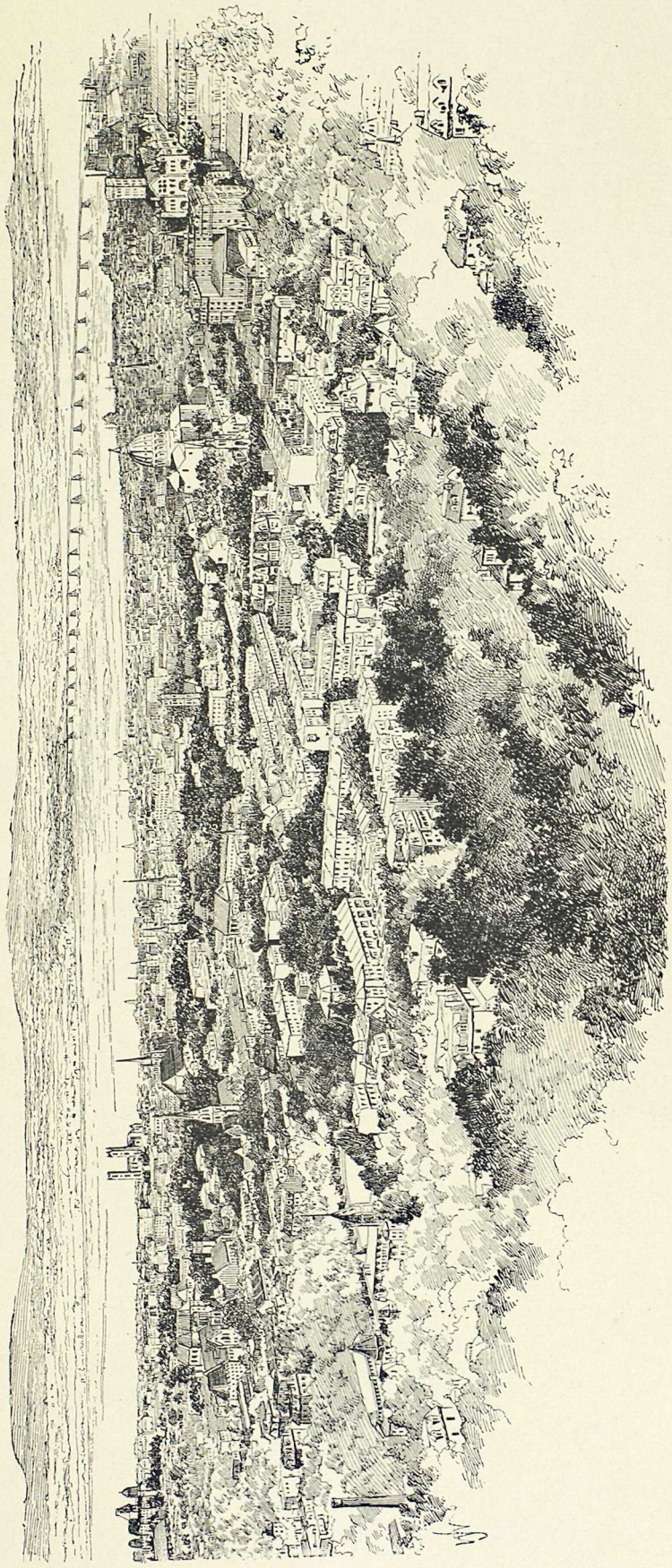


MAY I not tempt you, kind reader, to leave England for a few short weeks and journey with me across that broad land, the beauties and glories of which have only now been brought within our reach? There will be no hardships to endure, no difficulties to overcome, and no dangers or annoyances whatever. You shall see mighty rivers, vast forests, boundless plains, stupendous mountains and wonders innumerable; and you shall see all in comfort, nay, in luxury. If you are a jaded tourist, sick of Old World scenes and smells, you will find every thing here fresh and novel. If you are a sportsman, you will meet with unlimited opportunities and endless variety, and no one shall deny your right to shoot or fish at your own sweet will. If you are a mountain climber, you shall have cliffs and peaks and glaciers worthy of your alpenstock; and if you have lived in India, and tiger hunting has lost its zest, a Rocky Mountain grizzly bear will renew your interest in life.

We may choose between a Canadian and a New York steamship. The former will take us, in summer, directly up the noble St. Lawrence River to the old and picturesque city of Quebec, the "Gibraltar of America," and the most interesting of all the cities of the New World. Its quaint buildings, crowding along the water's edge and perching on the mountain side, its massive walls and battlements rising tier upon tier to the famous citadel, crowning the mountain top and dominating the magnificent landscape for many miles around, plainly tell of a place and a people with a history. All about this ancient stronghold, first of the French and then of the English, every height and hill-side has been the scene of desperately fought battles. Here the French made their last fight for empire in America, in the memorable battle in which Wolfe and Montcalm fell. But peace has prevailed for many years; the fortifications are giving place to warehouses, manufactories, hotels, and universities, and the great new docks of massive masonry indicate that Quebec is about to re-enter the contest with Montreal for commercial supremacy in Canada.

Here we find the Canadian Pacific Railway, and one of its trains will take us in a few hours along the north bank of the St. Lawrence, through a well-tilled country and a chain of quaint French towns and villages, to Montreal, the commercial capital of the Dominion.

In the winter the Canadian steamship will land us at the old city of Halifax, with its magnificent harbor, its strong citadel garrisoned by British troops, its extensive cotton-mills and sugar refineries, its beautiful parks and charming views. Here, too, a Canadian Pacific Railway train will be found ready to carry us westward to Montreal, passing on its way through the low green hills of Nova Scotia to Moncton, then skirting along the Bay of Fundy to St. John, the chief city of New Brunswick, a busy and handsome city, and the largest in the Maritime Provinces—a seaport with an extensive trade inland, as well as on the ocean; then following the glorious valley of the river St. John for a few hours, turning away from it to strike across the State of Maine, where the scenery is as wild and varied as any lover of Nature could wish; then crossing the boundary line back into Canada again, where towns and villages reappear, increasing in size as we go along, until they become cities—forests and saw-mills giving place to highly cultivated fields; through Lennoxville, Sherbrooke, Magog, Farnham, and St. Johns, on the Richelieu; through the broad level valley of the St. Lawrence, with isolated mountains lifting up here and there; and finally, crossing the St. Lawrence River by the famous cantilever bridge of the Canadian Pacific Railway, at the head of Lachine Rapids, we will be brought within view of the spires and chimneys of Montreal; and a few minutes later, rolling along over a viaduct of masonry



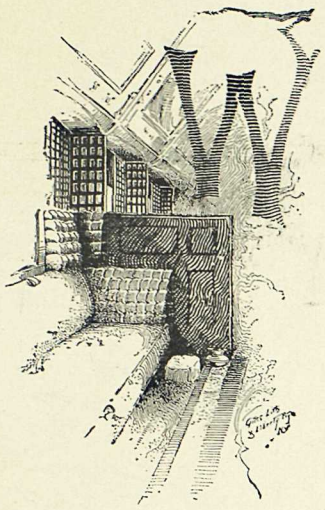
THE CITY OF MONTREAL.

arches, with the city spread out below us, we will enter the magnificent passenger terminus of the Canadian Pacific Company.

Had we chosen a New York steamship, our route would have brought us from the American metropolis northward by railway along the banks of the far-famed Hudson River to Albany, and thence through Saratoga and along the shores of Lake George and Lake Champlain to Montreal—a day or a night from New York.

Here in Montreal, a hundred years before the British conquest of Canada, the French bartered with the Indians, and from here their hardy soldiers, priests, traders, and *voyageurs* explored the vast wilderness beyond, building forts, establishing missions and trading-posts, and planting settlements on all the great rivers and lakes. From here, until long after the British occupation, the wants of the Indians were supplied in exchange for furs and peltries, and in this trade Montreal grew rich and important.

But finally a change came. The appearance of steam navigation on the inland waters accelerated the settlement of the fertile country at the west, towns and cities sprang up about the old outposts of the missionaries and fur-traders, the Indians receded and disappeared, and agricultural products took the place of furs in the commerce of Montreal. Then came the railways, penetrating the interior in every direction, bringing still greater changes and giving a wonderful impetus to the western country, and Montreal grew apace. And now we find it rising from the broad St Lawrence to the slopes of Mount Royal, and looking out over a densely peopled country dotted with bright and charming villages,—a large and beautiful city, half French, half English, half ancient, half modern; with countless churches, imposing public buildings, magnificent hotels, and tasteful and costly residences; with long lines of massive warehouses, immense grain elevators, and many-windowed factories; and with miles of docks crowded with shipping of all descriptions, from the smallest river craft to the largest ocean vessels.



WHICHEVER way we came, Montreal should be regarded as the initial point of our transcontinental journey, for it is the principal eastern terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and it is the terminus not only of the main line, but of numerous other lines built and acquired by the company to gather up and distribute its traffic. From here for a thousand miles we have the choice of two routes. We may go through the farms and orchards of Ontario to Toronto, the second city of Canada in importance, much younger than Montreal, but closely growing in the extent of its trade and industries, and hoping soon to surpass its older rival in both,—a modern and handsomely built city, where the solidity and culture of the older East is combined with the brightness and eager activity of the newer West. Here, as at Montreal, many railway lines reach out, and on all sides may be seen the evidences of extensive commerce and great prosperity. From here we may in a few hours visit Niagara and then, resuming our westward journey by one of the Canadian Pacific lines, four hours will bring us to Owen Sound, on Georgian Bay, whence one of the trim Clyde-built new steamships of the railway company will take us in less than two days across Lake Huron and through the Straits of Sault Ste. Marie, where we will be lifted by enormous locks to the level of Lake Superior, and then across this greatest of fresh-water seas to Port Arthur, on Thunder Bay, where the western section of the Canadian Pacific Railway begins.

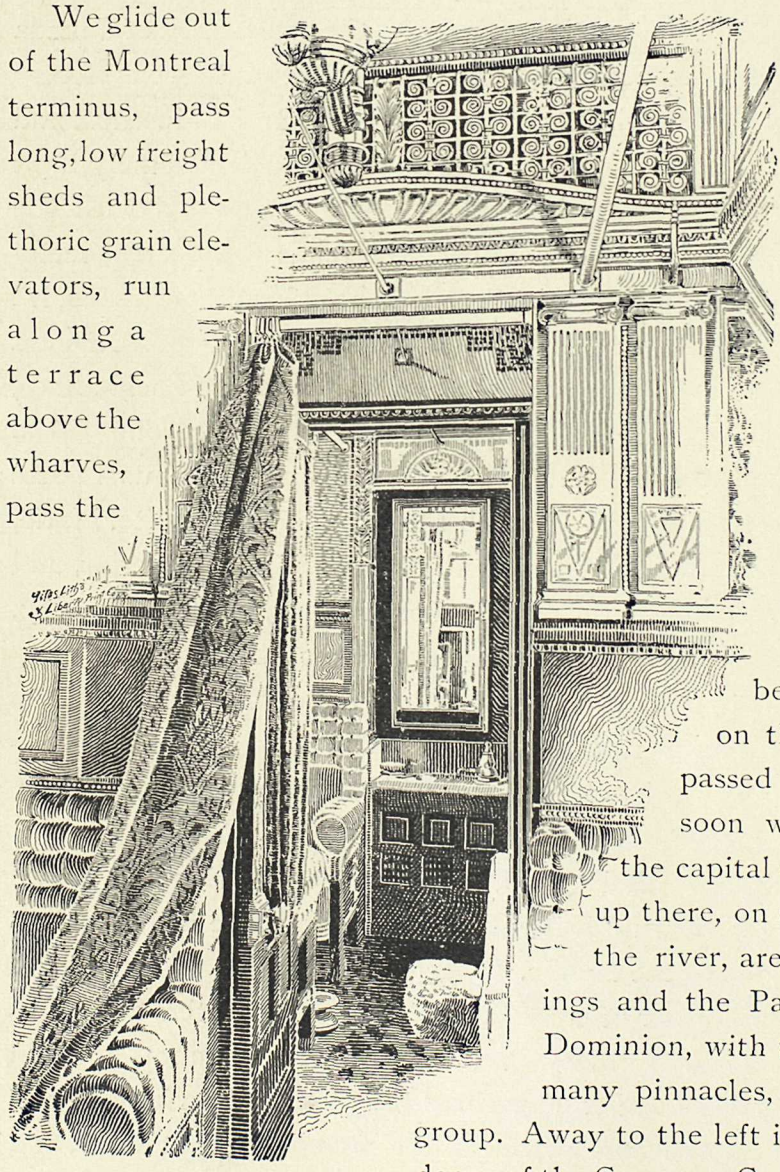
But you are impatient to see the mountains, and if you will permit me to choose, dear reader, we will start from Montreal by the main line of the railway, and in order that we may miss nothing we will return by the great lakes, and see Toronto and the Falls of Niagara then.

Although the locomotive is hissing, as if impatient for the signal to go, we have yet a few minutes to spare, and if it is agreeable to you, we will look over the train which is to carry us to the Pacific. Next to the engine we find a long post-office van, in which a number of clerks are busily sorting letters and stowing away mail-sacks, then an express or parcels van, and then another laden with luggage. Following these are two or three bright and cheerful colonist-coaches, with seats which may be transformed into sleeping-bunks at night, and with all sorts of novel contrivances for the comfort of the hardy and good-

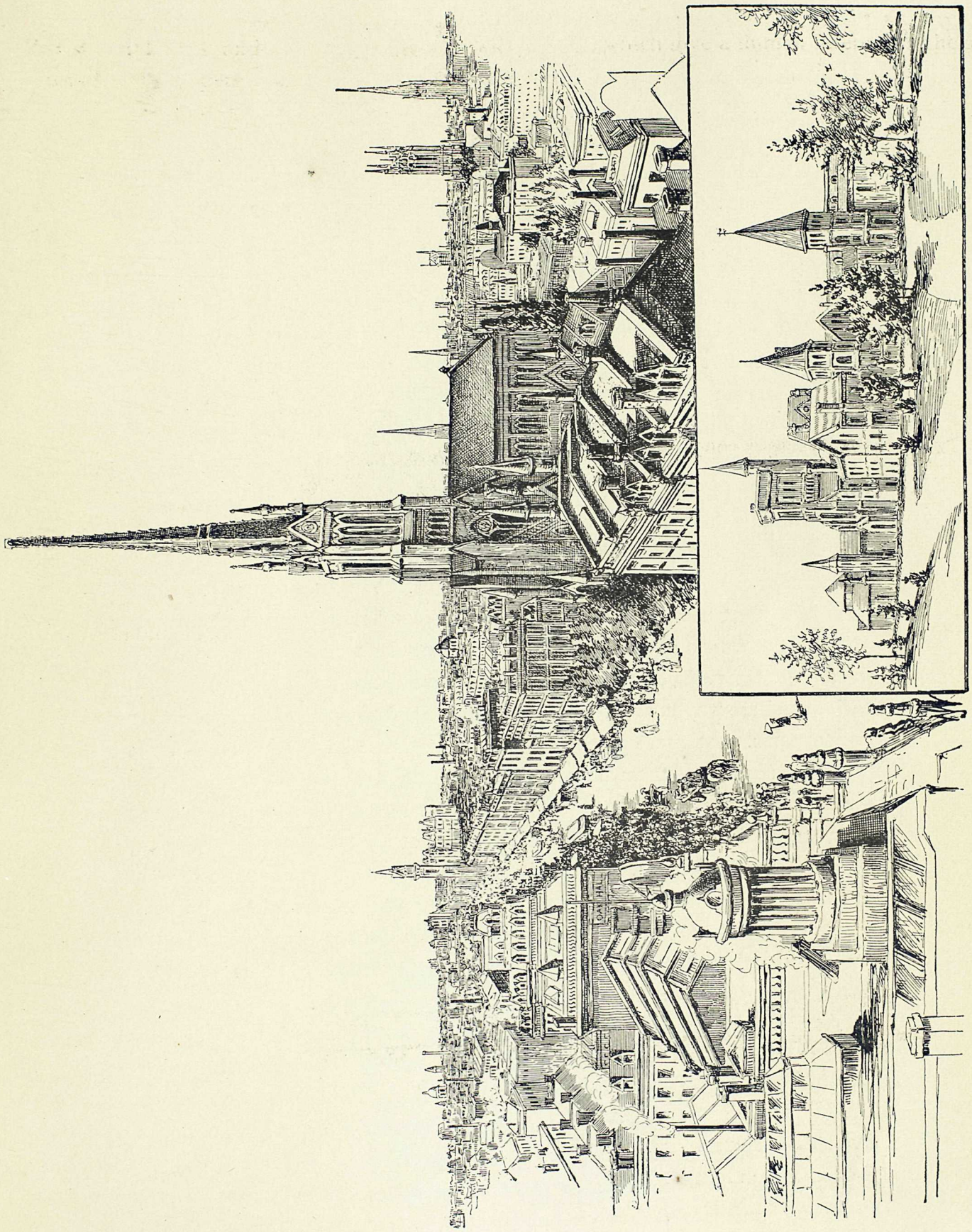
looking emigrants who have already secured their places for the long journey to the prairies of the Northwest or the valleys of British Columbia. Next we find two or three handsomely fitted coaches for passengers making short trips along the line, and finally come the sleeping-cars, or "Pullmans," in one of which we are to live for some days and nights. The railway carriages to which you are accustomed are dwarfed to meet Old World conditions, but these in our train seem to be proportioned to the length and breadth of the land. Our sleeping-car is unlike the "Pullmans" you have seen in England, being much larger and far more luxurious.

With its soft and rich cushions, silken curtains, thick carpets, delicate carvings, and beautiful decorations, and with its numberless and ingenious appliances for convenience and comfort (even to the bath-rooms, so dear to the travelling Englishman), it gives us promise of a delightful journey.

We glide out of the Montreal terminus, pass long, low freight sheds and plethoric grain elevators, run along a terrace above the wharves, pass the railway workshops and an extensive cattle depot, and leave the city behind. For a time we are still among the old French settlements, as is evidenced by the pretty cottages and the long and narrow well-tilled farms. There is an air of thrift and comfort everywhere. We have hills and distant mountains on the one hand and the broad and beautiful Ottawa River on the other. Villages are passed in close succession, and soon we are nearing Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion. High up there, on a bold cliff overlooking the river, are the Government Buildings and the Parliament House of the Dominion, with their Gothic towers and many pinnacles, making a magnificent group. Away to the left is Rideau Hall, the residence of the Governor-General, and stretching far



NOOK IN SLEEPING CAR.



THE CITY OF TORONTO.

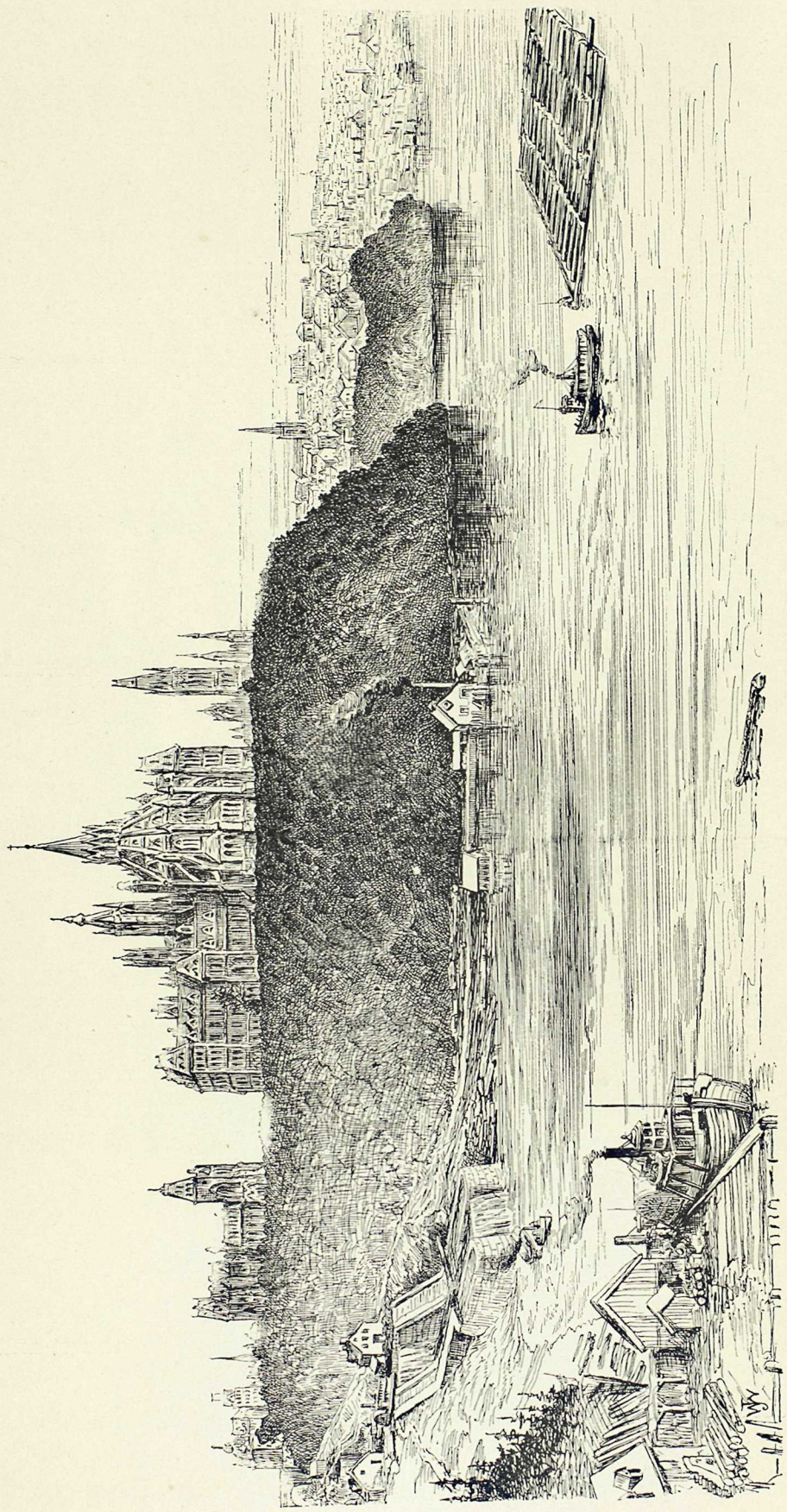
over the heights beyond, the city. On the broad flats below are acres, perhaps miles, of great square piles of deals, and the cloud that rises beyond comes from the Chaudière Falls, where the whole volume of the Ottawa River takes a tumble, and is made to furnish power to a host of saw-mills and manufactories.

It is no wonder that you have been so absorbed in the wide stretches of the Ottawa River, since we left the capital behind, that you have quite forgotten it is lunch-time. That white-aproned, white-jacketed boy will bring you sandwiches, coffee, claret, and what not.

We are beyond the French country now; the farms are larger and the modest cottages have given place to farm-houses, many of them of brick and stone, and all having a well-to-do air about them. The towns are larger, there are more manufactories, and there is more hurry and more noise. At frequent intervals on the river bank are great saw-mills, surrounded by vast piles of lumber. The logs are floated down from the forests on the Ottawa River and its tributaries, and the product is shipped to Europe, to the United States, and everywhere.

Gradually the towns become smaller and the farms more scattered; the valley contracts and deepens, and we are in the new country. We leave the Ottawa River, and strike across toward Lake Superior. We are surprised at the thriving villages that have already sprung up here and there, and at the number of hardy pioneers who are clearing away the timber and making homes for themselves. At intervals of four or five hours we come to the railway Divisional Stations, where there are workshops, engine-sheds, and quite a collection of neat cottages. At these places we change engines and then move on. It is a long way from the Ottawa to Lake Superior, but the ever-recurring rocky pine-clad hills, pretty lakes, dark forests, glistening streams, and cascades keep our interest alive. We are alert for the sight of a bear, a moose, or a deer, and we do not heed the time. Our only regret is that we cannot stop for even an hour to cast a fly in one of the many tempting pools. A dining-car is attached to our train,—a marvel of comfort and convenience,—and we experience a new and delightful sensation in breakfasting and dining at our ease and in luxury, as we fly along through such interesting scenery.

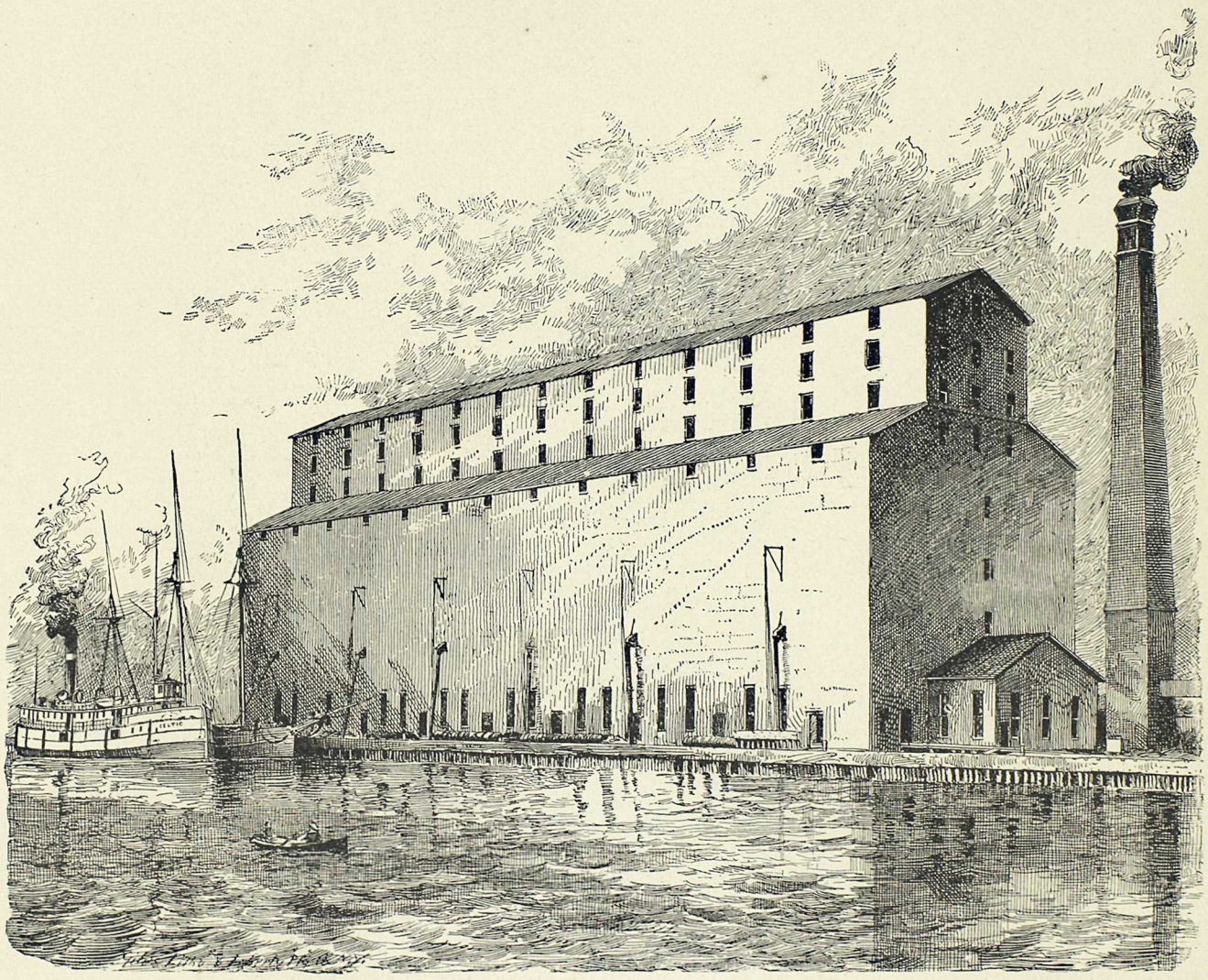
At Sudbury, a new-looking town planted in the forest, we find a branch line of railway leading off to the Straits of Sault Ste. Marie, where it connects with two American lines, extending to Duluth, St. Paul, and Minneapolis, and beyond, and which brings this way vast quantities of flour and grain, on its way to the Atlantic seaboard; and here at Sudbury we see long lines of cars heaped with the products of the mines and smelting furnaces near by, for within a few miles are deposits of copper and nickel ores aggregating millions of tons, and



THE CITY OF OTTAWA AND PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS.

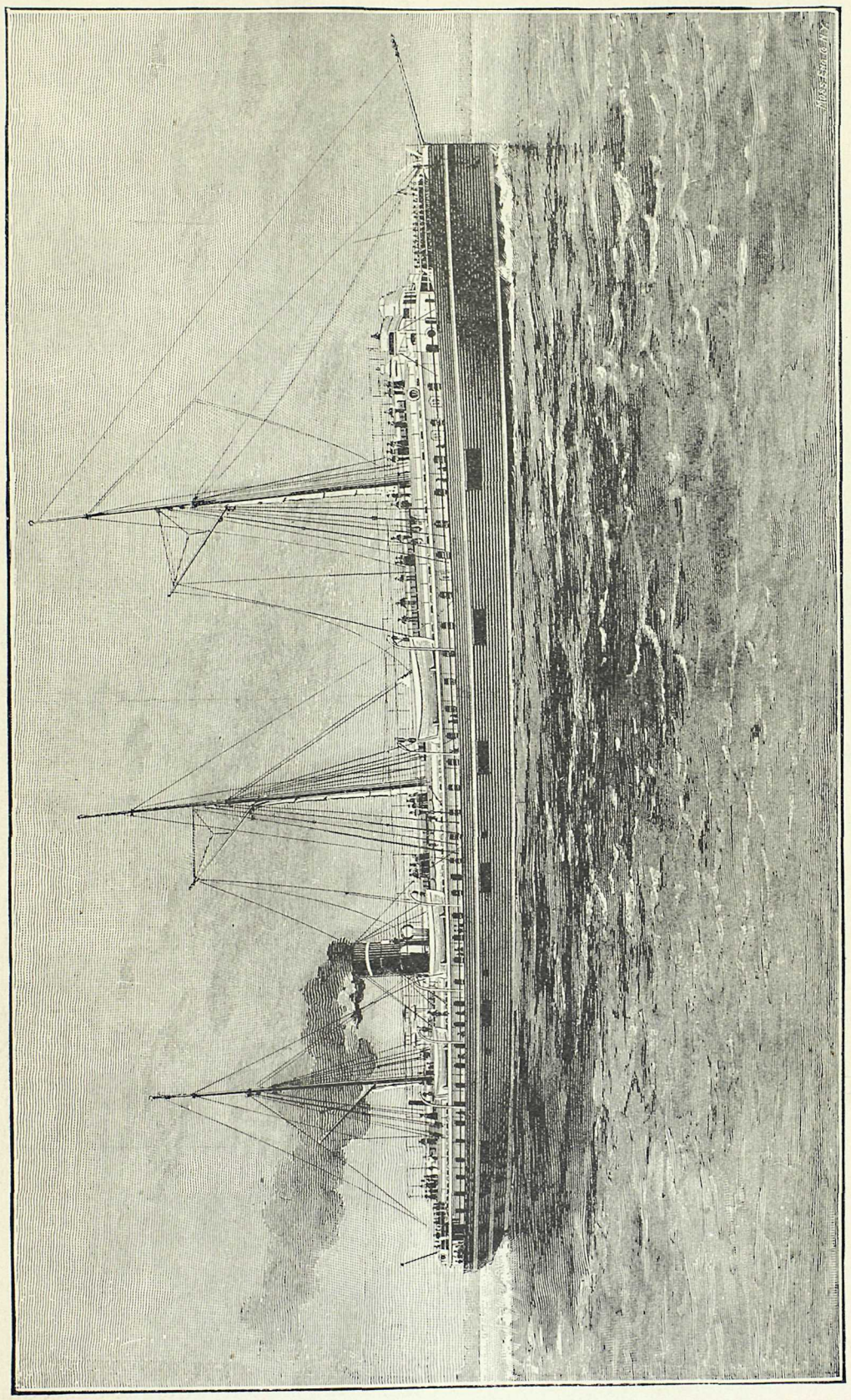
the numerous columns of smoke rising over the tree-tops indicate the extent to which they are worked.

We move on through never-ending hills, meadows, forests, and lakes, and now, the second morning from Montreal, we catch glimpses of Lake Superior away to our left, and soon we are running along its precipitous shore. On our right are tree-clad mountains, and there are rocks in plenty all about.



GRAIN ELEVATOR, FORT WILLIAM, LAKE SUPERIOR.

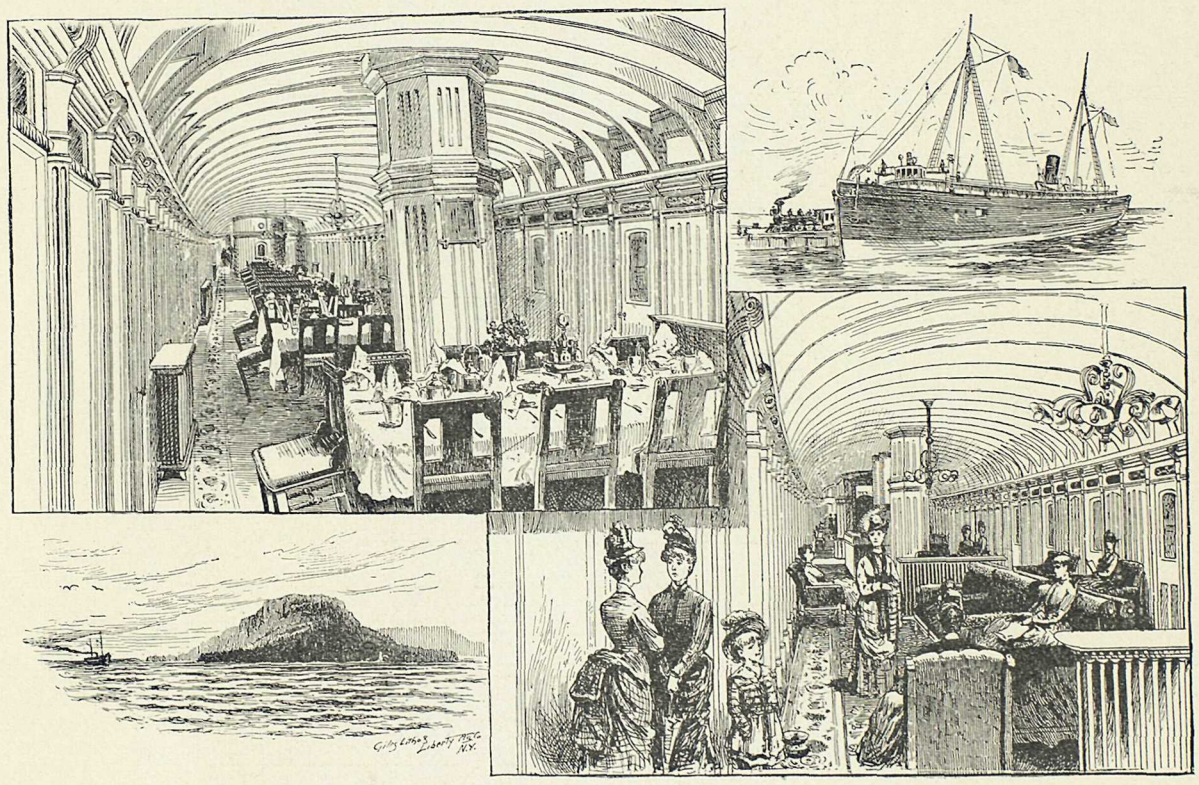
For many hours we look out upon the lake, its face just now still and smooth, and dotted here and there with sails, or streaked with the black smoke of a steamer. At times we are back from the lake a mile or more, and high above it; again we are running along the cliffs on the shore as low down as the engineer dared venture. Hour after hour we glide through tunnels and deep rock-cuttings, over immense embankments, bridges, and viaducts, everywhere impressed by the extraordinary difficulties that had to be overcome by the men who built the line.



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY UPPER LAKE STEAMSHIP.

We cross Nepigon River, famed for its five-pound trout, run down the shore of Thunder Bay, and stop at the station at Port Arthur, a thousand miles from Montreal. This place and Fort William, at the mouth of the Kaministiquia River, a short distance farther down the bay, constitute together the Lake Terminus of the Western Section of the railway.

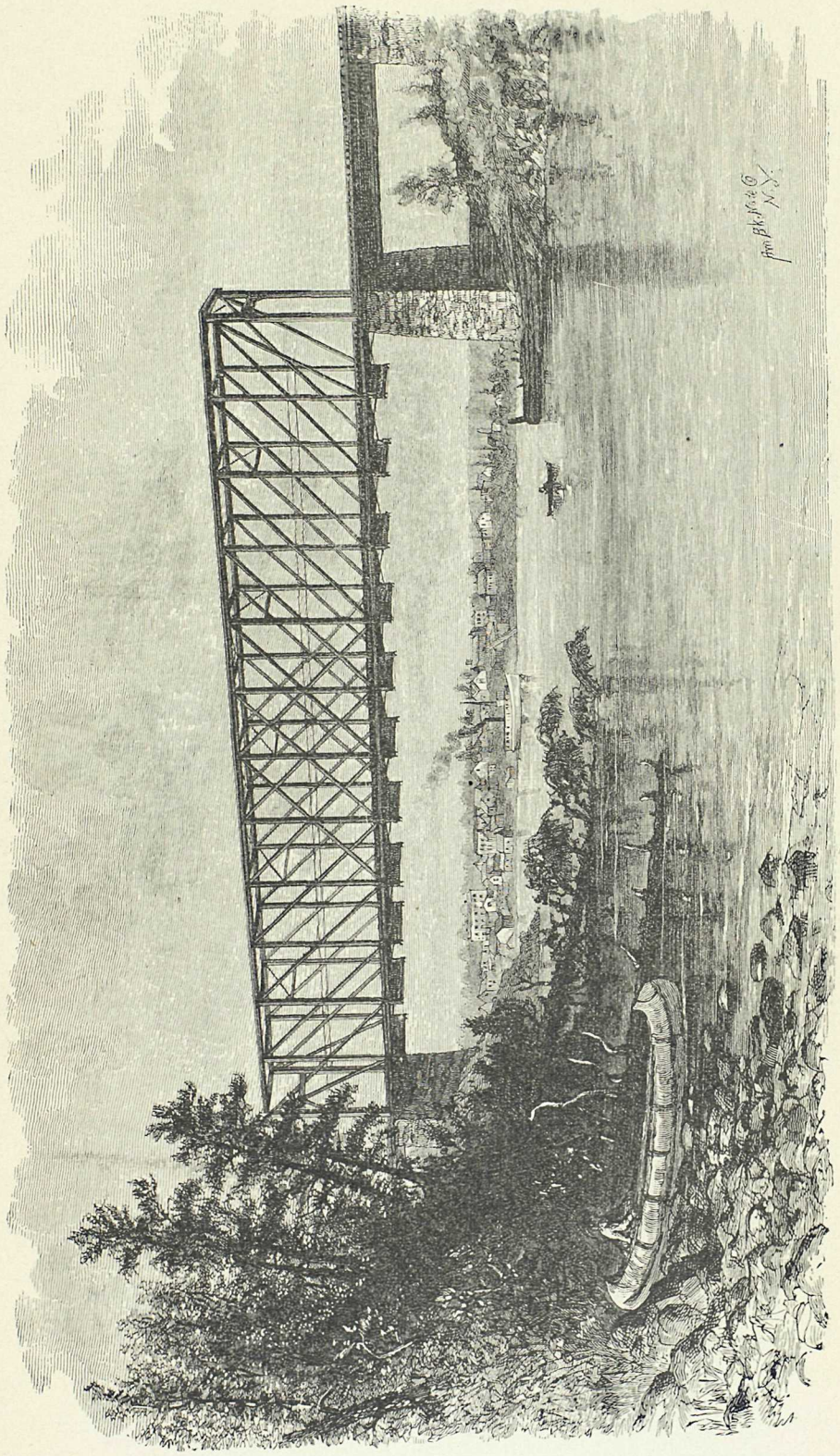
On the way hither we have met numerous long trains laden with grain and flour, cattle, and other freight, but we have not until now begun to realize the magnitude of the traffic of the Northwest. Here on every side we see the evidences of it. Long piers and wharves crowded with shipping, great piles of lumber, coal, and merchandise, with the railway grain elevators looming above



CABIN OF LAKE STEAMSHIP, CANADIAN PACIFIC LINE.

all. Two or three of these elevators at Fort William are monsters, holding twelve to fifteen hundred thousand bushels each. Not far away are rich silver mines, and a railway is being made to these and to the iron deposits beyond.

The scenery here is more diversified and beautiful than any we have yet seen. The wide emerald-green waters of Thunder Bay are enclosed by abrupt black-and-purple basaltic cliffs on the one side, and by hills rising roll upon roll on the other. Here the Kaministiquia River, broad, deep, and placid, emerges from a dark forest and joins the waters of Lake Superior, giving little token that but a few miles back it has made a wild plunge from a height exceeding that of Niagara itself.



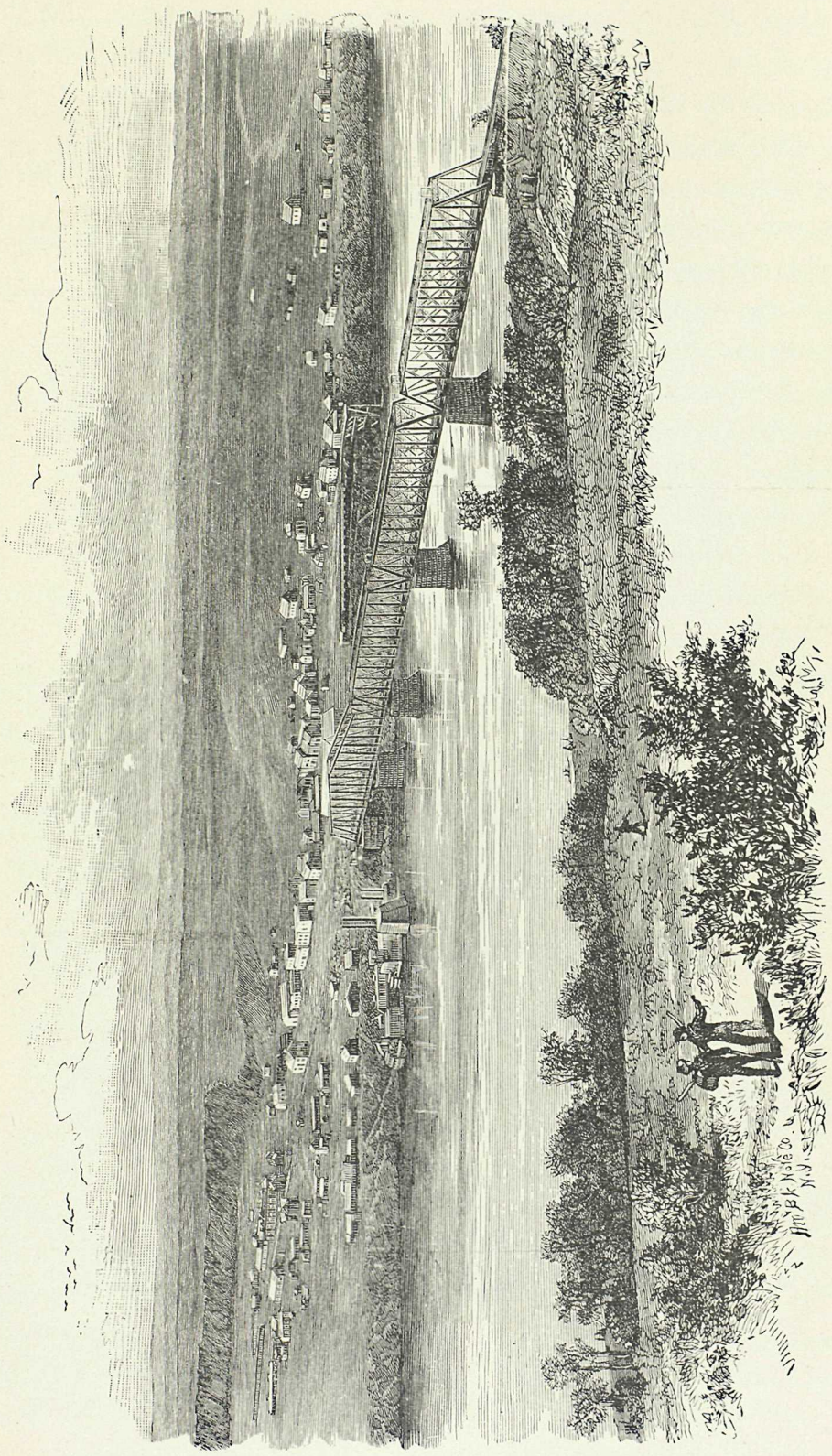
RAT PORTAGE, LAKE OF THE WOODS.

Our train is increased to provide for the passengers who have come up by steamer and joined us here, and by a goodly number of pleasure-seekers who have been fishing and shooting in the vicinity for a week or two, and who, like ourselves, are bent on seeing the great mountains far to the west. We leave the lake and again move westward, and for a night and part of the following day we are in a wild, strange country. The rivers seem all in a hurry, and we are seldom out of sight of dancing rapids or foaming cataracts. The deep, rock-bound lakes grow larger as we move westward. Fires have swept through the woods in places, and the blackened stumps and the dead trees, with their naked branches stretched out against the sky, are weird and ghost-like as we glide through them in the moonlight. It was through this rough and broken country, for a distance of more than four hundred miles, that Wolseley successfully led his army in 1870 to suppress a rebellion of the half-breeds on Red River, and some of his abandoned boats are yet to be seen from the railway.

But wild and rough as it is, this country is full of natural wealth. Valuable minerals and precious metals abound, and from here, mainly, is procured the timber to supply the prairies beyond. Right in the heart of this wilderness, at the outlet of the Lake of the Woods, we suddenly come upon half-a-dozen busy saw-mills, their chimneys black against the sky ; and standing high above all these an immense flouring-mill, of granite, with a cluster of grain elevators and warehouses about it.

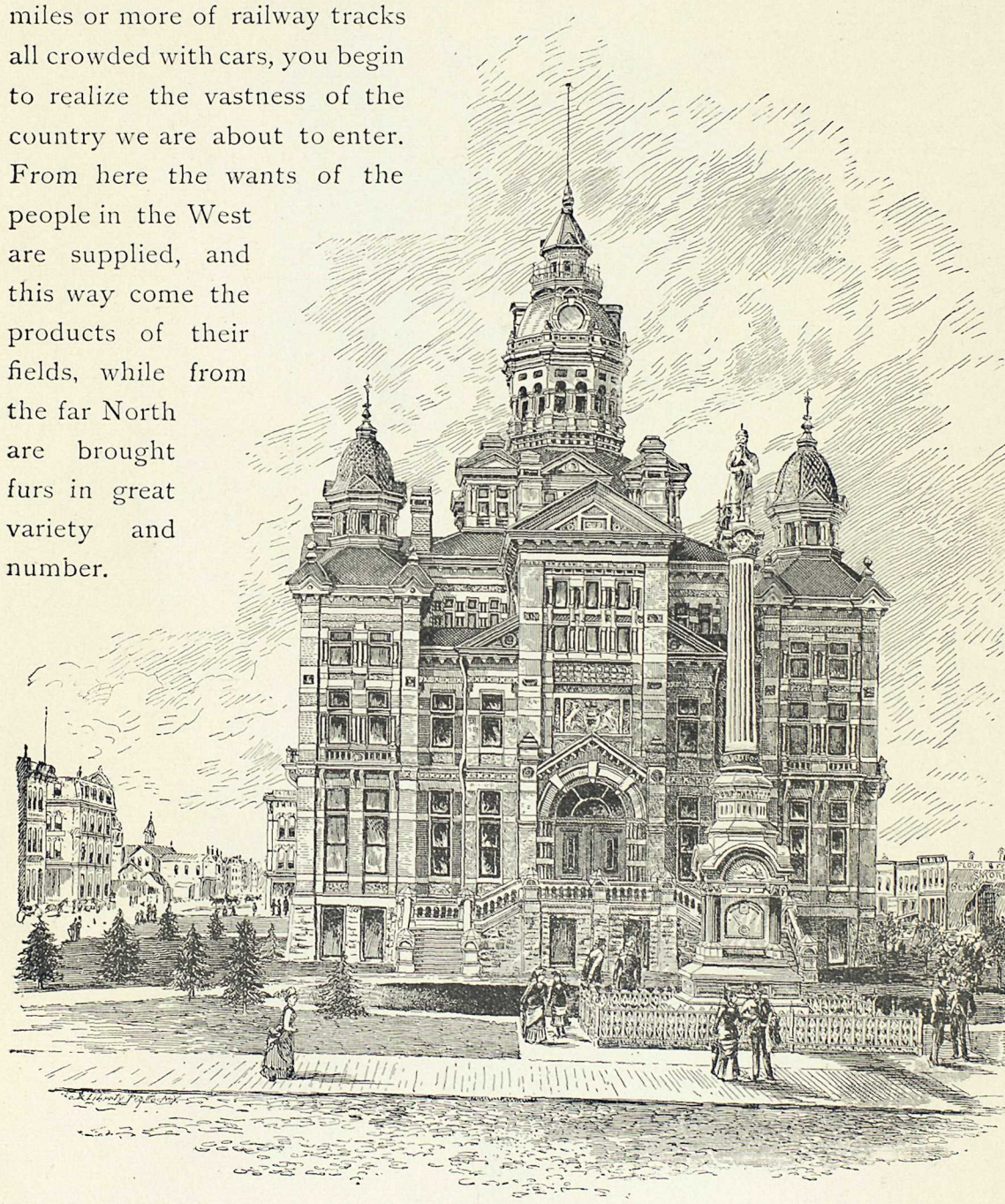
As we draw nearer to the prairies we find great saw-mills begin to appear, with piles of lumber awaiting shipment ; and at the stations increasing accumulations of timber to be moved westward,—firewood, fence-posts, and beams and blocks for all purposes. Many men find employment in these forests, and villages are growing up at intervals. And, strange as it may seem, hardy settlers are clearing the land and making farms; but these are eastern Canadians who were born in the woods, and who despise the cheap ready-made farms of the prairies.

We suddenly emerge from among the trees and enter the wide, level valley of Red River, and in a little while we cross the river on a long iron bridge, catch a glimpse of many strange-looking steamboats, and enter the magic city of Winnipeg. It will be well worth your while to stop here for a day. Notwithstanding all you have been told about it, you can hardly be prepared to find the frontier trading-post of yesterday transformed into a city of thirty thousand inhabitants, with miles of imposing structures, hotels, stores, banks, and theatres, with beautiful churches, schools, and colleges, with tasteful and even splendid residences, with immense mills and many manufactories, with a far-reaching trade, and with all the evidences of wealth, comfort, and cultivation to be found in cities of a century's growth.

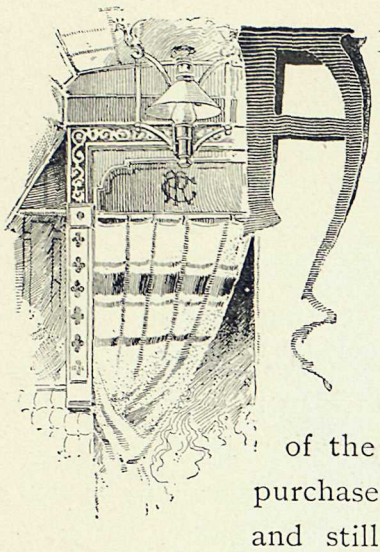


SOUTH SASKATCHEWAN RIVER, MEDICINE HAT, ASSINIBOIA.

While you will find in Winnipeg the key to much that you will see beyond, you must look beyond for the key to much you will see in Winnipeg. Situated just where the forests end and the vast prairies begin, with thousands of miles of river navigation to the north, south, and west, and with railways radiating in every direction like the spokes of a wheel, Winnipeg has become, what it must always be, the commercial focus of the Canadian Northwest. Looking at these long lines of warehouses filled with goods, and these twenty miles or more of railway tracks all crowded with cars, you begin to realize the vastness of the country we are about to enter. From here the wants of the people in the West are supplied, and this way come the products of their fields, while from the far North are brought furs in great variety and number.



CITY HALL, WINNIPEG.



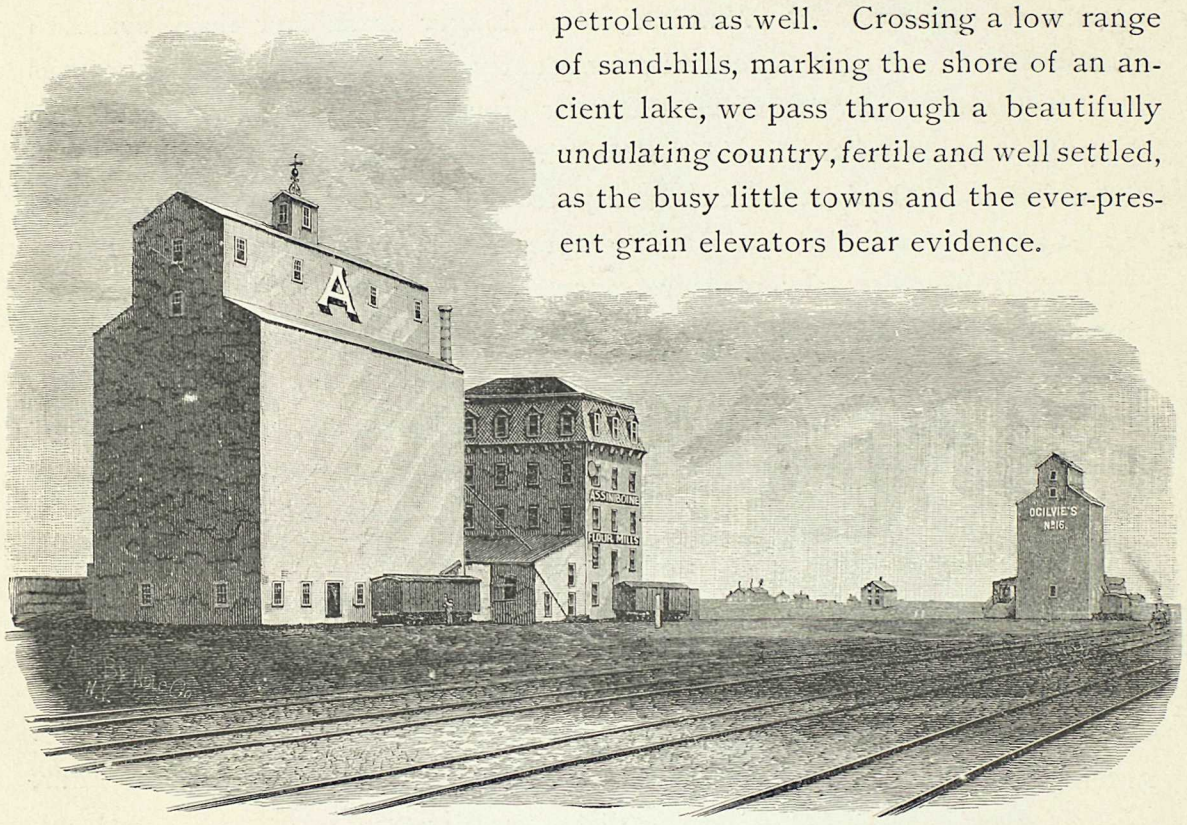
AND now for the last stage of our journey. The beautiful sleeping-car in which we came up from Montreal kept on its way westward whilst we were "doing" Winnipeg, but we find another awaiting us, differing from the first only in name. Looking through the train, we find but few of our fellow-passengers of yesterday. Nearly everybody stops at Winnipeg for a longer or shorter time, some to remain permanently, others to visit the land offices of the Government or of the railway company; others to purchase supplies or materials for their new prairie homes; and still others only to see the town, as we have done. We find among the new passengers representatives of all grades of society, gentlemen travelling for pleasure, sportsmen, merchants, and commercial travellers, high-born young men seeking fortunes in large farms or in ranching, keen-looking Japanese, pig-tailed Chinamen, sturdy English, Scotch, German, and Scandinavian immigrants, land-hunters in plenty, their pockets stuffed with maps and with pamphlets full of land lore, gold and silver miners for the mountains, coal miners for the Saskatchewan country, and professional men of all descriptions. There is not a sorrowful visage in the party; every face wears a bright and expectant look, and the wonderfully clear sky and the brilliant sunshine add to the cheerfulness of the scene.

The Rocky Mountains are yet nearly a thousand miles away. A few short years ago this was a six-weeks' journey, under the most favorable circumstances, and it was counted a good trip when the old-time ox-trains, carrying goods and supplies to the distant trading-posts, reached the mountains in three months; but our stages will be numbered by hours instead of days.

Leaving Winnipeg, we strike out at once upon a broad plain as level and green as a billiard table, extending to the north and west apparently without limit, and bordered at the south by a line of trees marking the course of the Assiniboine River. This is not yet the prairie, but a great widening of the valleys of the Red and Assiniboine rivers, which unite at Winnipeg. To the left, and skirting the river, is a continuous line of well-tilled farms, with comfortable farm-houses peering out from among the trees. To the right is a vast meadow, with countless cattle half-hidden in the grass. The railway stretches away before us without curve or deflection as far as the eye can reach, and the motion of the train is hardly felt as we fly along.

As we proceed westward, we imperceptibly reach higher ground, and the country is checkered with fields of grain, and dotted far into the distance with farm-houses and grain-stacks.

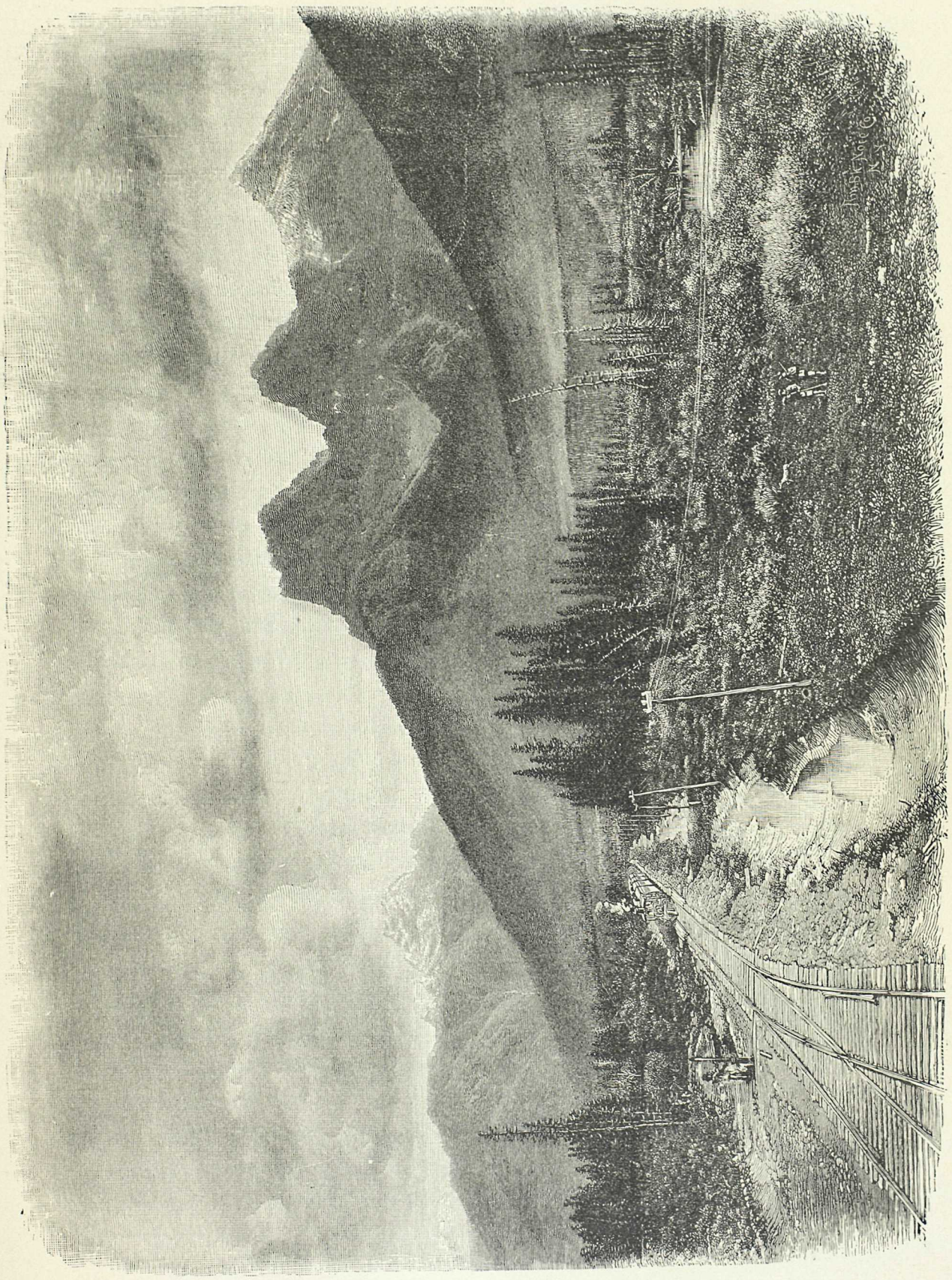
Fifty-five miles from Winnipeg we reach Portage la Prairie, another city of a day's growth, and the centre of a well-developed and prosperous farming region. Its big grain elevators and flour mills, its busy streets and substantial houses tell their own story. From here a new railway reaches away two hundred miles or more to the northwest, making more lands accessible (if more be needed), bringing down grain and cattle, and before long to bring salt and petroleum as well. Crossing a low range of sand-hills, marking the shore of an ancient lake, we pass through a beautifully undulating country, fertile and well settled, as the busy little towns and the ever-present grain elevators bear evidence.



GRAIN ELEVATORS AND FLOUR MILL, PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE, MANITOBA.

One hundred and thirty miles from Winnipeg we cross the Assiniboine River, and reach Brandon, next to Winnipeg the largest town in the Canadian Northwest, a city in fact, although but a few years old, with handsome buildings, well-made streets, and an unusual number of large grain elevators and mills; and here again railways lead away, one to the northwest and another to the southeast.

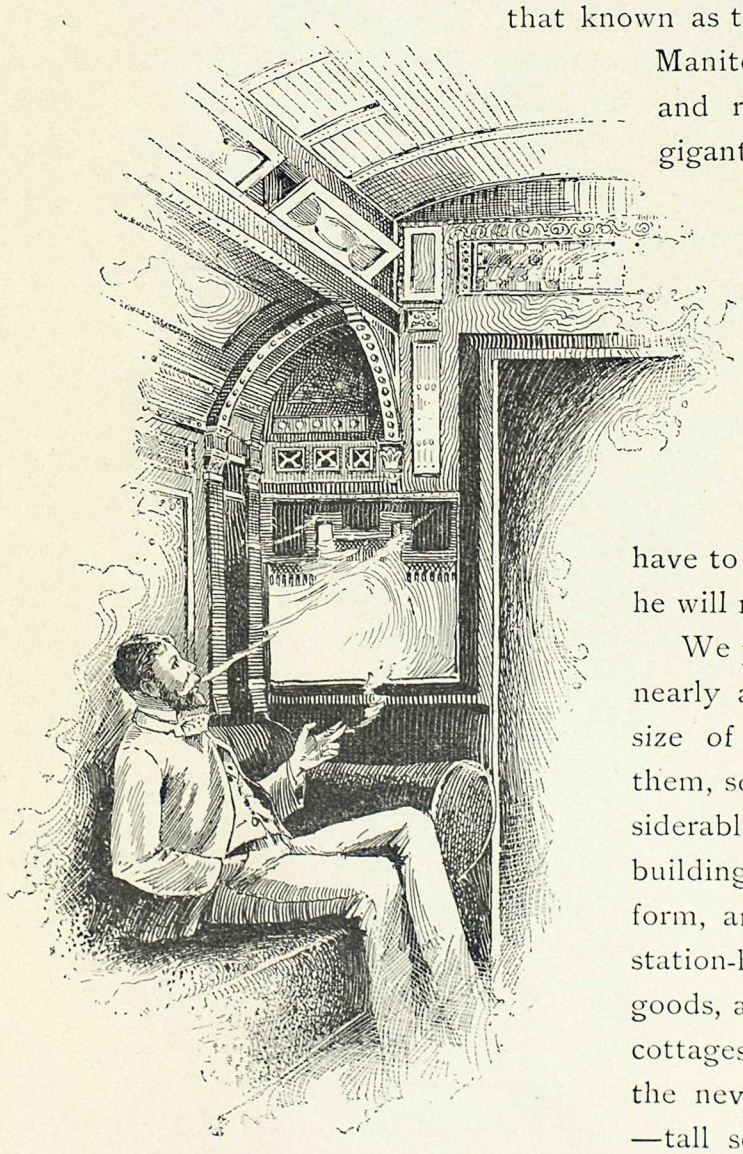
Leaving Brandon we have fairly reached the first of the great prairie *steppes*, that rise one after the other at long intervals to the Rocky Mountains; and now we are on the real prairie, not the monotonous, uninteresting plain your imagination has pictured, but a great billowy ocean of grass and flowers, now swelling into low hills, again dropping into broad basins with gleaming



ROCKY MOUNTAINS, NEAR CANMORE.

ponds, and broken here and there by valleys and by irregular lines of trees marking the water-courses. The horizon only limits the view; and, as far as the eye can reach, the prairie is dotted with newly made farms, with great black squares where the sod has just been turned by the plough, and with herds of cattle. The short, sweet grass, studded with brilliant flowers, covers the land as with a carpet, ever changing in color as the flowers of the different seasons and places give to it their predominating hue.

The deep black soil of the valley we left in the morning has given place to a soil of lighter color, overlying a porous clay, less inviting to the inexperienced agriculturist, but nevertheless of the very highest value, for here is produced in the greatest perfection, the most famous of all varieties of wheat—that known as the "Hard Fyfe wheat of Manitoba,"—and oats as well, and rye, barley, and flax, and gigantic potatoes, and almost every thing that can be grown in a temperate climate. All these flourish here without appreciable drain upon the soil. Once here, the British farmer soon forgets all about fertilizers. His children may have to look to such things, but he will not.



SMOKING-ROOM IN SLEEPING-CAR.

We pass station after station, nearly all alike, except as to the size of the villages surrounding them, some of which are of considerable importance. The railway buildings at these stations are uniform, and consist of an attractive station-house for passengers and goods, a great round water-tank, cottages for the section-men, and the never-ending grain elevators—tall solid structures, always telling the same story. Every minute or two we see coveys of "prairie chickens" rising from the grass, startled by the passing train. Ducks of many kinds are seen about the frequent ponds, together

with wild geese and cranes, and occasionally great white pelicans. The sportsmen have nearly all dropped off at the different stations. Those who remain are after larger game further west,—antelope or caribou, or the bear, sheep, or goat of the mountains.

Three hundred miles from Winnipeg we pass through the famous Bell farm, embracing one hundred square miles of land. This is a veritable manufactory of wheat, where the work is done with an almost military organization, ploughing by brigades and reaping by divisions. Think of a farm where the furrows are ordinarily four miles long, and of a country where such a thing is possible! There are neat stone cottages and ample barns for miles around, and the collection of buildings about the headquarters near the railway station makes a respectable village, there being among them a church, a hotel, a flour-mill, and, of course, a grain elevator, for in this country these elevators appear wherever there is wheat to be handled or stored.

Soon we reach Regina, the capital of the Province of Assiniboia, situated in the centre of an apparently boundless but very fertile plain. The buildings here have more of a frontier look than those of the larger towns we have left behind; but it is a busy place, an important centre of trade, and one of the cities of the future. From here a railway branching off to the north has already reached Saskatoon on the South Saskatchewan River, and is pushing away towards Prince Albert and the North Saskatchewan. As we leave the station going westward, we see on our right the Governor's residence, and a little beyond, the headquarters of the Northwest Mounted Police, a body of men of whom Canada is justly proud. This organization is composed of young and picked men, thoroughly drilled, and governed by the strictest military discipline. Their firm and considerate rule won the respect and obedience of the Indians long before the advent of the railway, and its coming was attended by none of the lawlessness and violence which have darkly marked the opening of new districts elsewhere in America, so wholesome was the fame of these red-coated guardians of the prairies.

Leaving Regina we soon pass Moosejaw, four hundred miles from Winnipeg, and commence the ascent of another prairie *steppe*.

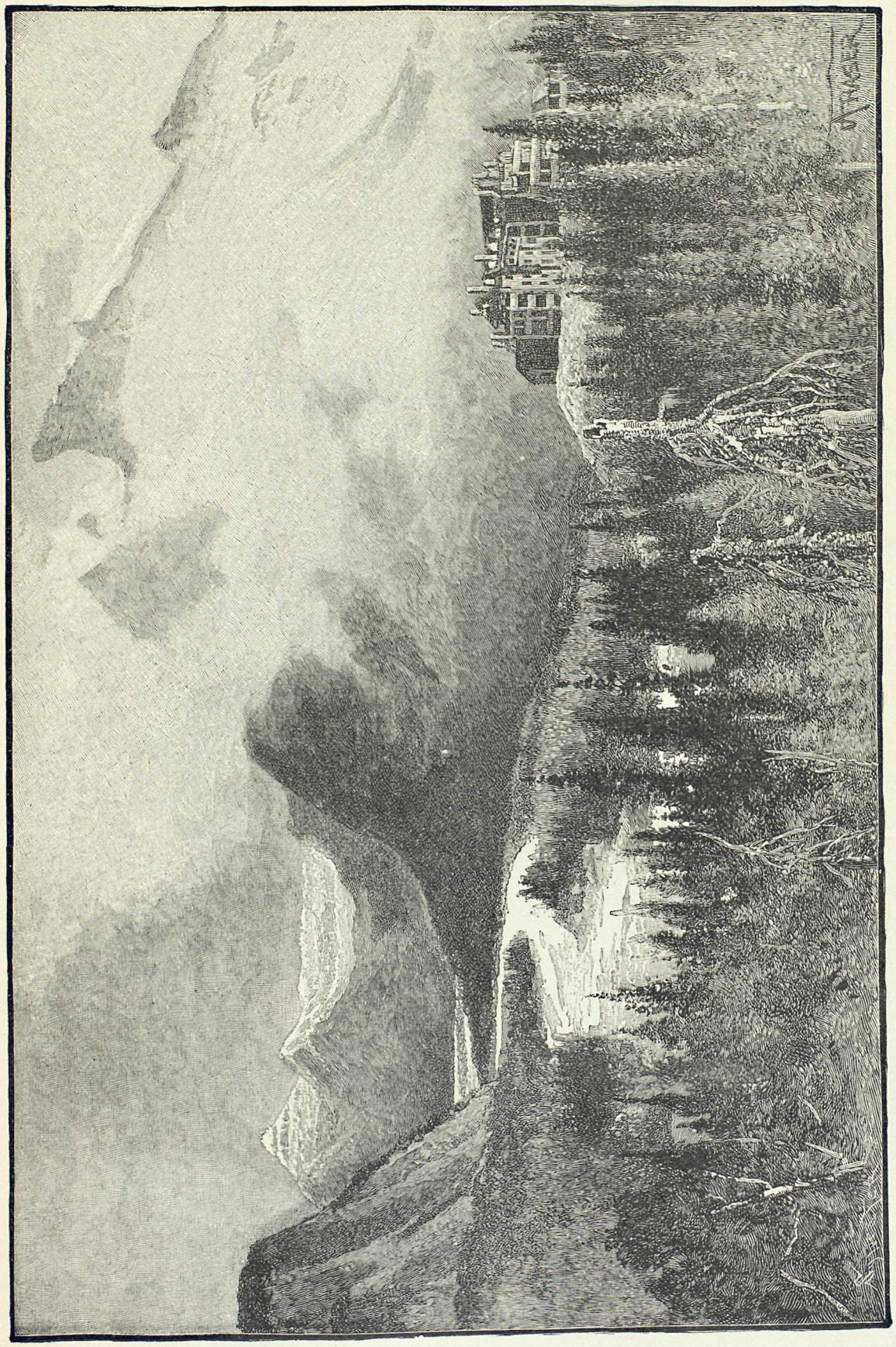
We have now nearly reached the end of the continuous settlement, and beyond to the mountains we shall only find the pioneer farmers in groups here and there, and, at intervals of two hours or so, the dozen establishments of an English company, where wheat-growing and cattle-raising are carried on together in a large and systematic way,—each establishment embracing twenty thousand or more acres. The country, while retaining the chief characteristics of the prairie, becomes more broken, and numerous lakes and ponds occur in the depressions. We shall see no trees now for a hundred miles, and without

them the short buffalo-grass gives the country a desolate, barren look; but it is far from barren, as the occasional farms and station gardens testify, with their wonderful growth of cereals and vegetables. There is a flutter of excitement among the passengers, and a rush to the windows. Antelope! We shall see them often enough now. At Chaplin, we come to one of the Old Wives' lakes, which are extensive bodies of water having no outlet, and consequently alkaline.

We are now entering a very paradise for sportsmen. The lakes become more frequent. Some are salt, some are alkaline, but most of them are clear and fresh. Wild geese, cranes, ducks—a dozen varieties,—snipe, plover, and curlew, all common enough throughout the prairies, are found here in myriads. Water-fowl blacken the surface of the lakes and ponds, long white lines of pelicans disport themselves along the shores, and we hear the notes and cries of many strange birds whose names I cannot tell you. "Prairie-chickens" are abundant on the high ground, and antelopes are common in the hills.

The country is reticulated with buffalo trails, and pitted with their wallows. A buffalo is a rare sight now, and he must be looked for farther north, where he is known as the "wood buffalo." Hour after hour we roll along, with little change in the aspect of the country. The geese and ducks have ceased to interest us, and even a coyote no longer attracts attention; but the beautiful antelope has never-ending charms for us, and as, startled by our approach, he bounds away, we watch the white tuft which serves him for a tail until it disappears in the distance.

We have crossed the high broken country, known here as the Coteau, and far away to the southwest we see the Cypress Hills appearing as a deep blue line, and, for want of any thing else, we watch these gradually rising as we draw near to them. The railway skirts their base for many miles, following what seems to be a broad valley, and crossing many clear little streams making their way from the hills northward to the Saskatchewan. At Maple Creek, a little town with extensive yards for the shipment of cattle, some of which are driven here from Montana, feeding and fattening on the way, we see the red coats of the mounted police, who are looking after a large encampment of Indians near by. The Indians are represented on the station platform by braves of high and low degree, squaws, and papooses, mostly bent on trading pipes and trinkets for tobacco and silver; a picturesque-looking lot, but dirty withal. Leaving the station we catch sight of their encampment, a mile or so away,—tall, conical "tepees" of well-smoked cloths or skins; Indians in blankets of brilliant colors; hundreds of ponies feeding in the rich grasses; a line of graceful trees in the background, seemingly more beautiful than ever because of their rarity;—all making, with the dark Cypress Hills rising in the distance, a picture most novel and striking.



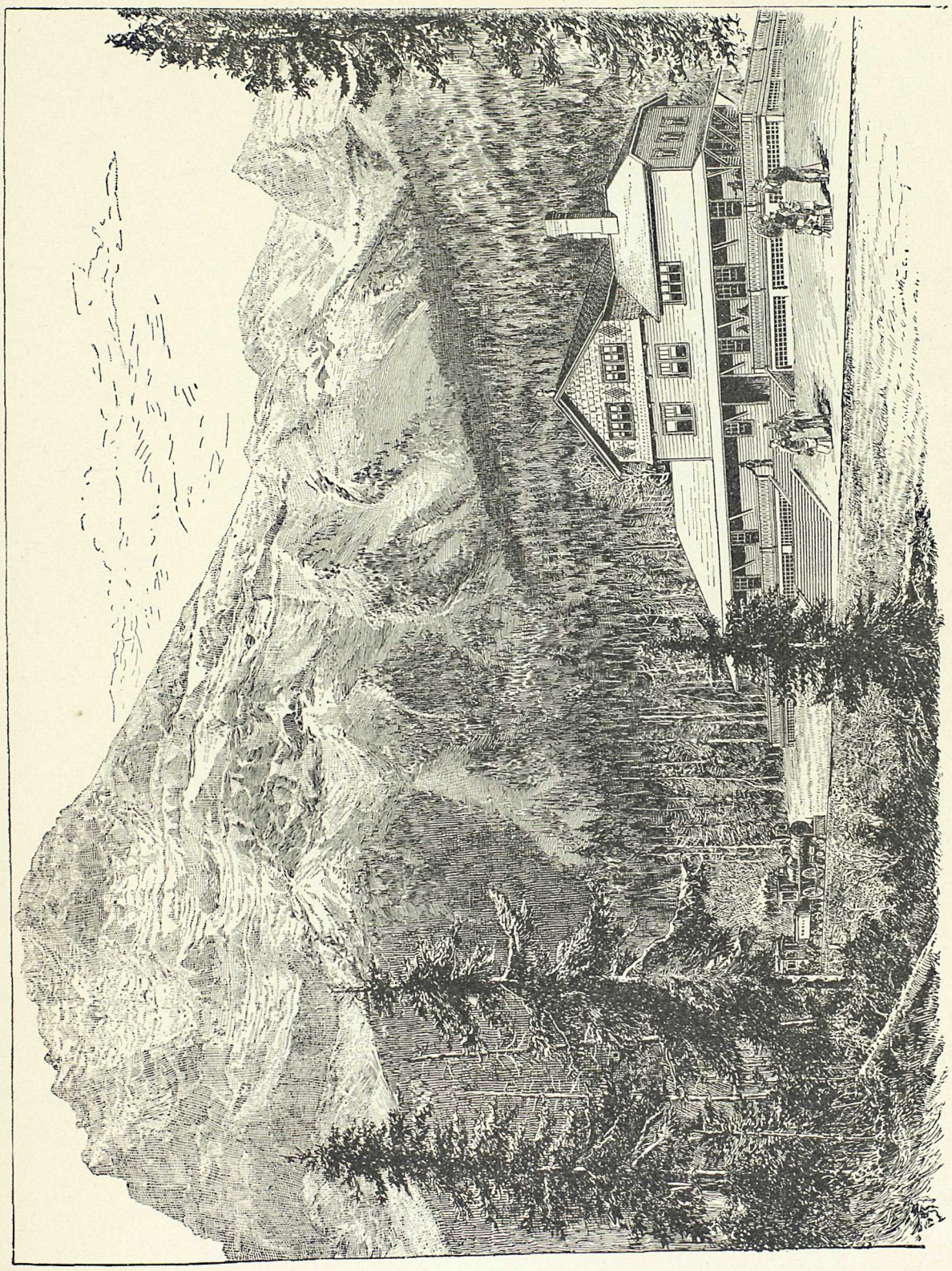
BANFF SPRINGS HOTEL, CANADIAN NATIONAL PARK.

Two hours later we descend to the valley of the South Saskatchewan, and soon arrive at Medicine Hat, a finely situated and rapidly growing town, a thousand miles from Lake Superior. Hereabouts are extensive coal-mines, from which came the coals we saw moving eastward on the railway; and from near this place a railway extends to other coal-mines, more than a hundred miles to the southwest. The broad and beautiful Saskatchewan River affords steamboat navigation a long way above, and for a thousand miles or more below; and Western enterprise has been quick to seize upon the advantages offered here.

Crossing the river on a long iron bridge, we ascend again to the high prairie, now a rich pasture dotted with lakelets. Everywhere the flower-sprinkled sward is marked by the deep narrow trails of the buffalo, and the saucer-like hollows where the shaggy monsters used to wallow; and strewing the plain in all directions are the whitened skulls of these noble animals, now so nearly extinct. There are farms around many of the little stations even so far west as this, and the herds of cattle grazing on the knolls indicate the "ranch country"; and here nature seems to have atoned in part for the scarcity of timber by providing beneath the surface a reservoir of natural gas, which has been tapped at some of the stations and made to afford power for pumping water, and light and heat for the station houses, and which will soon be utilized in reducing the silver ores from the mountains not far away.

As we approach Crowfoot Station, all are alive for the first view of the Rocky Mountains, yet more than a hundred miles away; and soon we see them, —a glorious line of snowy peaks, rising straight from the plain, and extending the whole length of the western horizon, seemingly an impenetrable barrier. As we speed on, peak rises behind peak, then dark bands of forest that reach up to the snow-line come into view; the snow-fields and glaciers glisten in the sunlight, and over the rolling tops of the foot-hills the passes are seen, cleft deep into the heart of the mountains. We are now in the country of the once dreaded Blackfeet, the most handsome and warlike of all the Indian tribes, but now peacefully settled on a reservation near by. We have been running parallel to the tree-lined banks of the Bow River, and now, crossing its crystal waters, we find ourselves on a beautiful hill-girt plateau in the centre of which stands the new city of Calgary, at the base of the Rocky Mountains, 2,262 miles from Montreal and 3,416 feet above the ocean.

Before us, and on either side, the mountains rise in varied forms and in endless change of aspect, as the lights and shadows play upon them. Behind us is the great sea of open prairie. Northward is the wooded district of Edmonton and the North Saskatchewan, full of moose, elk, bear, and all manner of fur-bearing animals and winged game. Southward, stretching



MOUNT STEPHEN HOUSE—FIELD, ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

away one hundred and fifty miles to the United States boundary, is the Ranch Country.

You may be sure of a cordial welcome should you visit the ranchmen, and it will be worth your while to do so. You will find them all along the foot-hills, their countless herds feeding far out on the plain. Cattle and horses graze at will all over the country, summer and winter alike. The warm "Chinook" winds from across the mountains keep the ground free from snow in the winter, except for a day or two at a time, and the nutritious and naturally cured grasses are always within reach of the cattle. In the spring and autumn all the ranchmen join in a "round up," to collect and sort out the animals according to the brands of the different owners; and then the "cow-boy" appears in all his glory. To see these splendid riders "cutting out" or separating the animals from the common herd, lassoing and throwing them, that they may be branded with the owner's mark, or herding a band of free-born and unbroken horses, is well worth coming all this way. The ranchmen, fine fellows from the best families in the East and in England, live here in a lordly way. Admirable horsemen, with abundant leisure and unlimited opportunities for sport, their intense love for this country is no matter of wonder, nor is it surprising that every day brings more young men of the best class to join in this free and joyous life.

All along the base of the mountains clear streams come down to the plain at frequent intervals; coal crops out on the water-courses, and there is timber in plenty throughout the foot-hills. The soil is rich and deep, game is abundant, and the climate is matchless. What more can one desire?

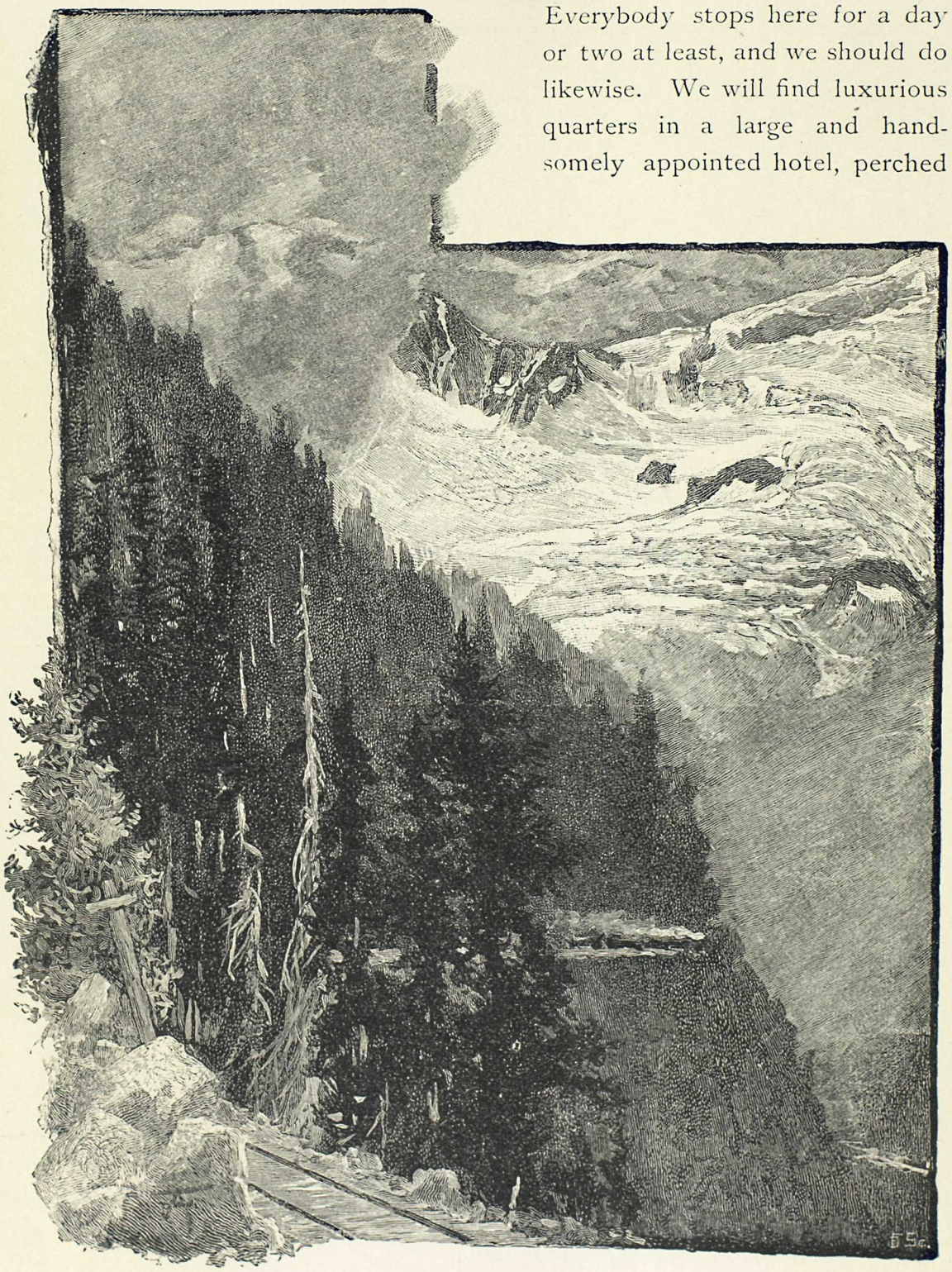
Leaving Calgary and going westward again, following up the valley of the Bow, the gradually increasing river terraces and the rounded grassy foot-hills, on which innumerable horses, cattle, and sheep are feeding, shut out the mountains for an hour or two. Suddenly we come upon them grand and stern and close at hand. For more than six hundred miles and until we reach the Pacific they will be constantly with us. We enter an almost hidden portal, and find ourselves in a valley between two great mountain ranges. At every turn of the valley, which is an alternation of precipitous gorges and wide parks, a new picture presents itself. The beautiful river now roars through a narrow defile, now spreads out into a placid lake, reflecting the forests, cliffs, and snowy summits. Serrated peaks, and vast pyramids of rock with curiously contorted and folded strata, are followed by gigantic castellated masses, down whose sides cascades fall thousands of feet. The marvellous clearness of the air brings out the minutest detail of this Titanic sculpture. Through the gorges we catch glimpses of glaciers and other strange and rare sights, and now and then of wild goats and mountain sheep, grazing on the cliffs far above us near the snow-

line. The mountains would be oppressive in their grandeur, their solemnity, and their solitude, but for an occasional mining town or a sportsman's tent, which give a human interest to the scene.

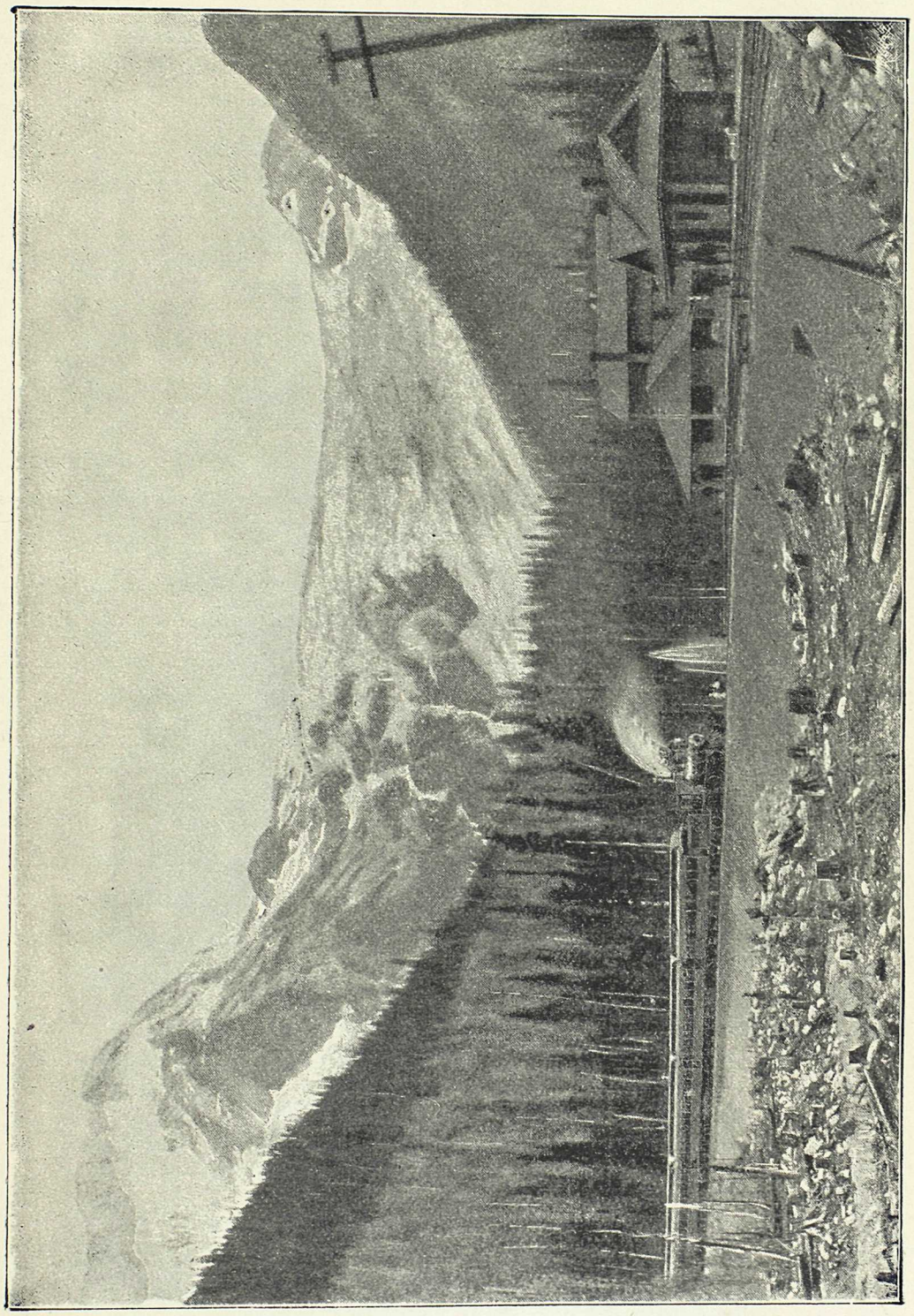
MOUNT STEPHEN, NEAR THE SUMMIT OF THE ROCKIES.

Three hours after leaving Calgary, we pass the famous anthracite mines near the base of Cascade Mountain, and soon after stop at the station at Banff, already famous for its hot and sulphurous springs, which possess wonderful curative powers, and which have already attracted thousands of people, many

of them from great distances. The district for miles about has been reserved by the Canadian Government as a national park, and much has already been done to add to its natural beauty, or, rather, to make its beauties accessible; for in this supremely beautiful place the hands of man can add but little. Everybody stops here for a day or two at least, and we should do likewise. We will find luxurious quarters in a large and handsomely appointed hotel, perched



ROSS PEAK GLACIER.



GREAT GLACIER AND GLACIER HOUSE, SELKIRK MOUNTAINS.

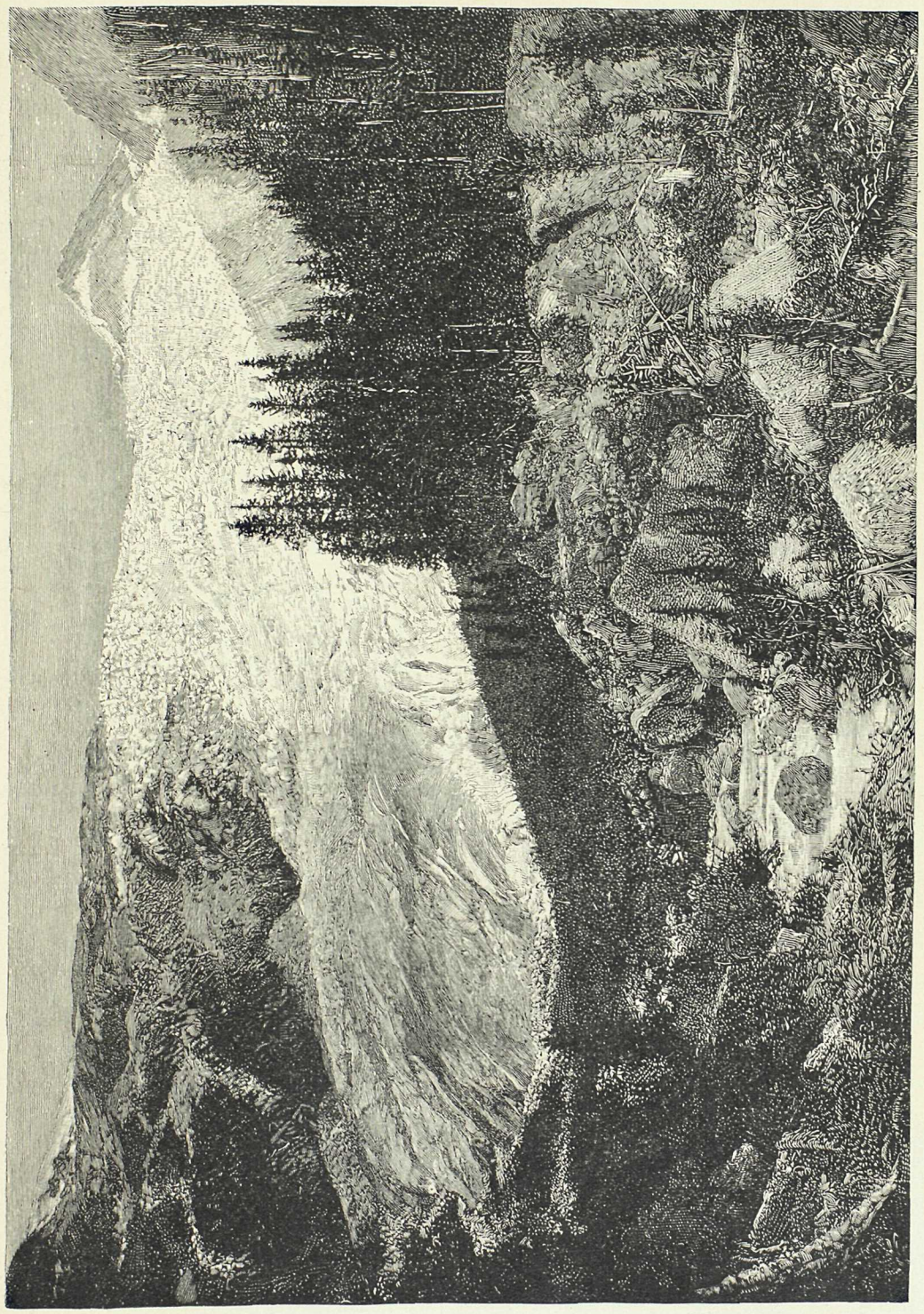
on a hill overlooking the beautiful valley of Bow River. The river comes down from its glacier sources at the west, plunges over a precipice beneath the hotel balconies, and, stretching away through the deep, forested valley, disappears among the distant mountains at the east. Half a dozen ranges of magnificent snow-tipped mountains centre here, each differing from the others in form and color; and the converging valleys separating them afford matchless views in all directions. Well-made carriage roads and bridle paths lead to the different springs and wind about among the mountains everywhere.

Resuming our journey, we are soon reminded by the increasing nearness of the fields of snow and ice on the mountain-slopes that we are reaching a great elevation, and two hours from Banff our train stops at a little station, and we are told that this is the summit of the Rocky Mountains, just a mile above the sea; but it is the summit only in an engineering sense, for the mountains still lift their white heads five thousand to seven thousand feet above us, and stretch away to the northwest and the southeast like a great backbone, as indeed they are,—the "backbone of the continent."

Two little streams begin here almost from a common source. The waters of one find their way down to the Saskatchewan and into Hudson's Bay, and the other joins the flood which the Columbia pours into the Pacific Ocean. Passing three emerald lakes, deep set in the mountains, we follow the west-bound stream down through a tortuous rock-ribbed cañon, where the waters are dashed to foam in incessant leaps and whirls. This is the Wapta or Kicking-Horse pass. Ten miles below the summit we round the base of Mount Stephen, a stupendous mountain rising directly from the railway to a height of more than eight thousand feet, holding on one of its shoulders, and almost over our heads, a glacier whose shining green ice, five hundred feet thick, is slowly crowded over a sheer precipice of dizzy height, and crushed to atoms below. From the railway, clinging to the mountain side, we look down upon the river valley, which, suddenly widening, here holds between the dark pine-clad mountains a mirror-like sheet of water, reflecting with startling fidelity each peak and precipice.

Still following the river, now crossing deep ravines, now piercing projecting rocky spurs, now quietly gliding through level park-like expanses of greensward, with beautiful trees, pretty lakelets, and babbling brooks, we soon enter a tremendous gorge, whose frowning walls, thousands of feet high, seem to overhang the boiling stream which frets and roars at their base, and this we follow for miles, half shut in from the daylight.

Two hours from the summit and three thousand feet below it, the gorge suddenly expands, and we see before us high up against the sky a jagged line

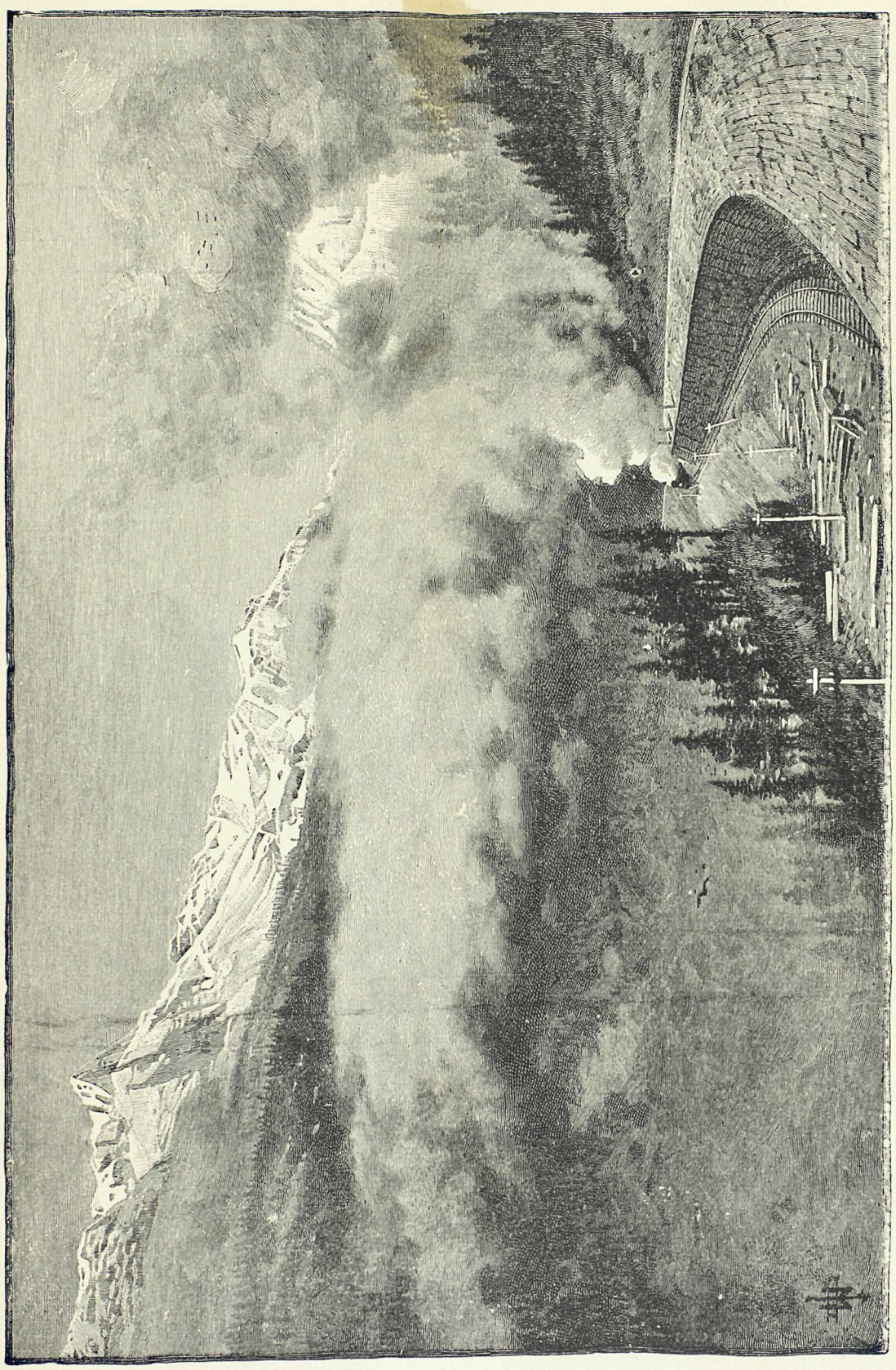


THE GREAT GLACIER OF THE SELKIRKS.

of snowy peaks of new forms and colors. A wide, deep, forest-covered valley intervenes, holding a broad and rapid river. This is the Columbia. The new mountains before us are the Selkirks, and we have now crossed the Rockies. Sweeping round into the Columbia valley we have a glorious mountain view. To the north and south, as far as the eye can reach, we have the Rockies on the one hand and the Selkirks on the other, widely differing in aspect, but each indescribably grand. Both rise from the river in a succession of tree-clad benches, and soon leaving the trees behind, shoot upward to the regions of perpetual snow and ice. The railway turns down the Columbia, following one of the river-benches through gigantic trees for twenty miles to Donald, where a number of our fellow-passengers leave us. Some of them are miners or prospectors bound for the silver mines in the vicinity, or the gold "diggins," farther down the river; others are ambitious sportsmen, who are seeking caribou or mountain sheep—the famous "big-horn." They will not fail to run upon a bear now and then, black or cinnamon, and perchance a grizzly.

Crossing the Columbia, and following it down through a great cañon, through tunnels and deep rock-cuttings, we shortly enter the Beaver Valley and commence the ascent of the Selkirks, and then for twenty miles we climb along the mountain sides, through dense forests of enormous trees, until, near the summit, we find ourselves in the midst of a wonderful group of peaks of fantastic shapes and many colors. At the summit itself, four thousand five hundred feet above tide-water, is a natural resting-place,—a broad level area surrounded by mountain monarchs, all of them in the deadly embrace of glaciers. Strange, under this warm summer's sky, to see this battle going on between rocks and ice—a battle begun æons ago and to continue for æons to come! To the north, and so near us that we imagine that we hear the crackling of the ice, is a great glacier whose clear green fissures we can plainly see. To the south is another, vastly larger, by the side of which the greatest of those of the Alps would be insignificant. Smaller glaciers find lodgment on all the mountain benches and slopes, whence innumerable sparkling cascades of icy water come leaping down.

Descending westerly from the summit we reach in a few minutes the Glacier House, a delightful hotel situated almost in the face of the Great Glacier and at the foot of the grandest of all the peaks of the Selkirks—Sir Donald,—an acute pyramid of naked rock shooting up nearly eight thousand feet above us. In the dark valley far below we see the glacier-fed Illicilliwaet, glistening through the tree-tops, and beyond and everywhere the mountains rise in majesty and immensity beyond all comparison. To reach the deep valley below, the engineers wound the railway in a series of great curves or loops all about the mountain-slopes, and as we move on, this marvellous scene



SNOW-SHEDS, SELKIRK MOUNTAINS. THE WINTER TRACK UNDER COVER; THE OUTER TRACK FOR SUMMER USE.

is presented to us in every aspect. We plunge again for hours through precipitous gorges, deep and dark, and again cross the Columbia River, which has made a great detour around the Selkirk Mountains while we have come directly through them. The river is wider and deeper here, and navigated by steamboats southward for nearly two hundred miles.

On its east bank stands Revelstoke, the supply point for the mining districts up and down the river, and here are large works for smelting silver ores, which are brought from the mines by the railway and by steamboats.

We are now confronted by the Gold range, another grand snow-clad series of mountains, but broken directly across, and offering no obstacle to the railway. The deep and narrow pass through this range takes us for forty miles or more between parallel lines of almost vertical cliffs, into the faces of which the line is frequently crowded by deep black lakes; and all the way the bottom of the valley is thickly set with trees of many varieties and astonishing size, exceeding even those of the Columbia.

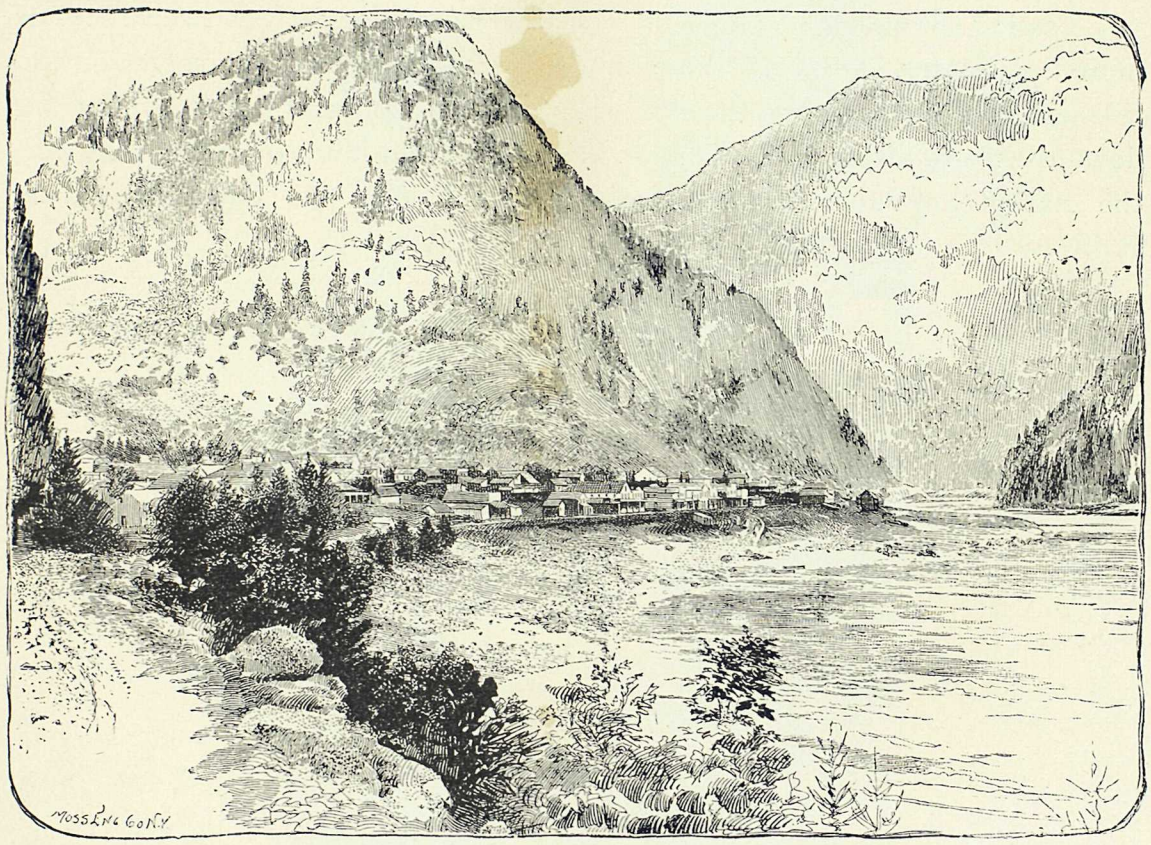
A sudden flash of light indicates that we have emerged from the pass, and we see stretching away before us the Shuswap lakes, whose crystal waters are hemmed and broken in every way by abruptly rising mountains. After playing hide-and-seek with these lovely lakes for an hour or two, the valley of the South Thompson River is reached—a wide almost treeless valley, already occupied from end to end by farms and cattle ranches; and here for the first time irrigating ditches appear. Flocks and herds are grazing everywhere, and the ever-present mountains look down upon us more kindly than has been their wont.

Then comes Kamloops, the principal town in the interior of British Columbia, and just beyond we follow for an hour the shore of Kamloops Lake, shooting through tunnel after tunnel, and then the valley shuts in and the scarred and rugged mountains frown upon us again, and for hours we wind along their sides, looking down upon a tumbling river, its waters sometimes almost within our reach and sometimes lost below. We suddenly cross the deep black gorge of the Fraser River on a massive bridge of steel, seemingly constructed in mid-air, plunge through a tunnel, and enter the famous cañon of the Fraser.

The view here changes from the grand to the terrible. Through this gorge, so deep and narrow in many places that the rays of the sun hardly enter it, the black and ferocious waters of the great river force their way. We are in the heart of the Cascade range, and above the walls of the cañon we occasionally see the mountain peaks gleaming against the sky. Hundreds of feet above the river is the railway, notched into the face of the cliffs, now and then crossing a great chasm by a tall viaduct or disappearing in a tunnel

through a projecting spur of rock, but so well made, and so thoroughly protected everywhere, that we feel no sense of danger. For hours we are deafened by the roar of the waters below, and we pray for the broad sunshine once more. The scene is fascinating in its terror, and we finally leave it gladly, yet regretfully.

At Yale the cañon ends and the river widens out, but we have mountains yet in plenty, at times receding and then drawing near again. We see Chinamen washing gold on the sand-bars and Indians herding cattle in the meadows;



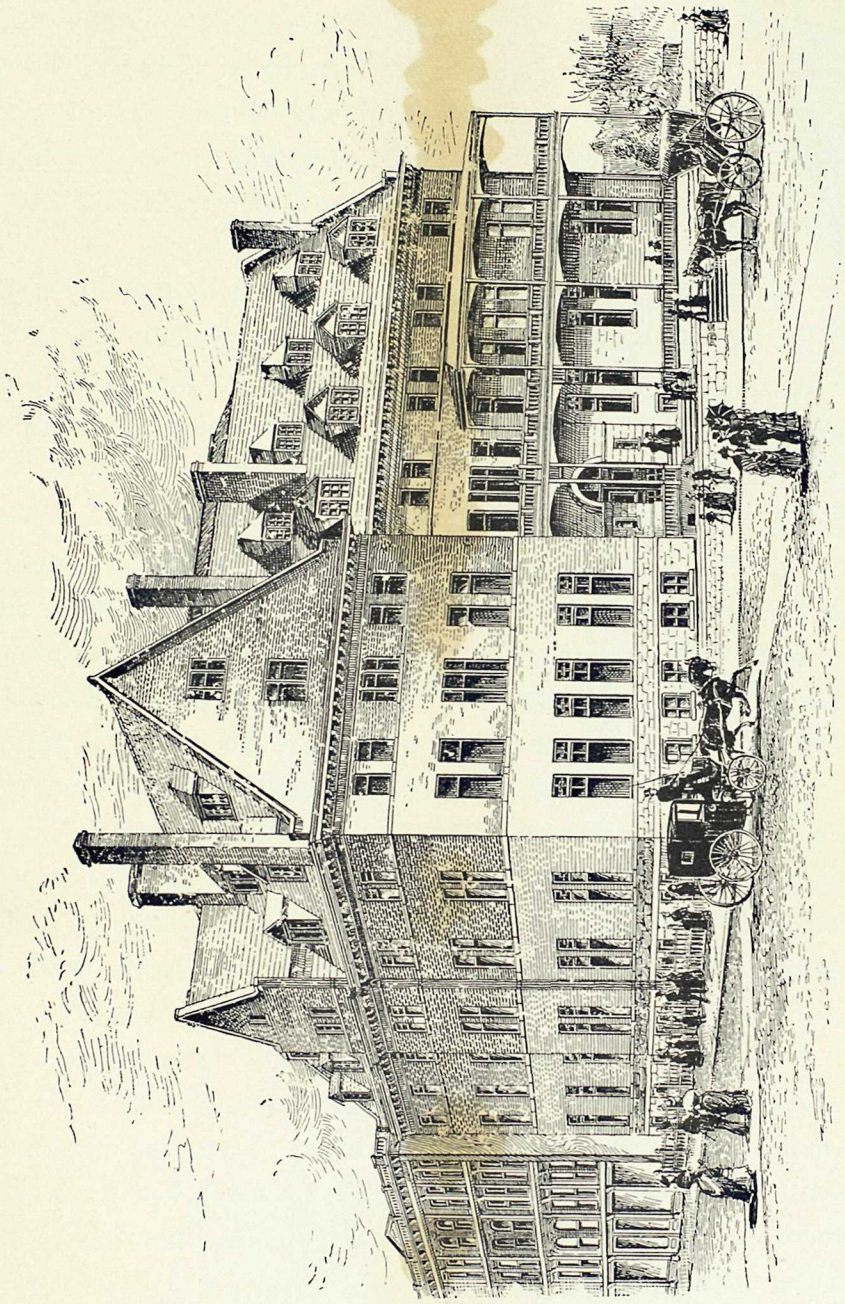
YALE, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

and the villages of the Indians, each with its little unpainted houses and miniature chapel, alternate rapidly with the collection of huts where the Chinamen congregate. Salmon drying on poles near the river give brilliant touches of color to the landscape, and here and there we see the curious graveyards of the Indians, neatly enclosed and decorated with banners, streamers, and all manner of carved "totems."

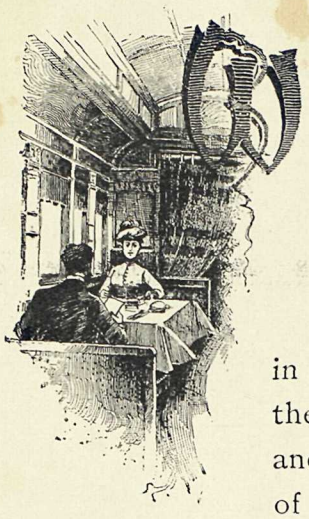
A gleaming white cone rises towards the southeast. It is Mount Baker, sixty miles away and fourteen thousand feet above us. We cross large rivers flowing into the Fraser, all moving slowly here as if resting after their tumultuous passage down between the mountain ranges. As the valley widens out

farms and orchards become more and more frequent, and our hearts are gladdened with the sight of broom and other shrubs and plants familiar to English eyes, for as we approach the coast we find a climate like that of the south of England, but with more sunshine. Touching the Fraser River now and then, we see an occasional steamboat, and here in the lower part the water is dotted with Indian canoes, all engaged in catching salmon, which visit these rivers in astonishing numbers, and which when caught are frozen and sent eastward by the railway, or canned in great quantities and shipped to all parts of the world.

Passing through a forest of mammoth trees, some of them twelve feet or more in diameter, and nearly three hundred feet high, we find ourselves on the tide-waters of the Pacific at the eastern extremity of Burrard Inlet. Following down the shore of this mountain-girt inlet for half an hour, our train rolls into the station at Vancouver, the western terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway.



HOTEL VANCOUVER, VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA.



WE soon find comfortable quarters in a fine hotel, equal to any we have seen in the East, and its situation on high ground affords us a most interesting and charming view of the new city and the surrounding country. Far away at the southeast Mount Baker looms up all white and serene. At the north, and rising directly from the sea, is a beautiful group of the Cascade Mountains, bathed in a violet light and vividly reflected in the glassy waters of the inlet. Looking towards the west, out over English Bay and the Straits of Georgia, we see the dark-blue mountains of Vancouver Island, and at the southwest, beyond the broad delta of Fraser River, is the Olympian range,—a long line of opalescent peaks fading into the distance.

At our feet is a busy scene. The city is new indeed; only one or two of its many buildings were here four years ago,—a forest stood here then. The men who built the town could not wait for bricks and mortar, and all of the earlier houses were built of wood; but fire swept all these away and solid, handsome structures of brick and granite took their place. Down at the water's edge are long wharves where steamships from China and Japan, from California, Puget Sound, and Alaska are discharging or taking in cargoes; and at the warehouses along the wharves are lines of railway cars loading for the East with teas, silks, seal-skins, fish, fruit, and many other commodities. Here and there all around the inlet are great saw-mills, where steamships and sailing-vessels are taking in timber and deals for China and Australia, and even for England. A few miles away is New Westminster, on the Fraser, one of the old towns of British Columbia, now quickened into vigorous growth by the advent of the railway, and the columns of smoke rising in that direction tell us of its extensive salmon canneries and saw-mills. There too, ships are loading for all parts of the world. And over against Vancouver Island are other columns of smoke, indicating the great coal-mines from which nearly all of the steamships of the Pacific are supplied.

Northward for twelve hundred miles through the Gulf of Georgia and the wonderful fiords of Alaska, where the mountains are embraced in a thousand arms of the sea, pleasure-steamers, crowded with tourists, ply frequently. Southwestward the Straits of Fuca lead out past the entrance to Puget Sound and past the city of Victoria, to the open Pacific. All these waters, from Puget Sound to Alaska, hardly known a few years ago, are now dotted with

all kinds of craft, from the largest to the smallest, engaged in all manner of trade.

No wonder that, with all her magnificent resources in precious metals, her coal and iron, her inexhaustible fisheries and vast forests, her delightful climate and rich valleys, her matchless harbors and her newly completed transcontinental railway, British Columbia expects a brilliant future; and no wonder that everybody here is at work with all his might!

I ask your pardon, patient reader, for my persistence in showing you all sorts of things as we came along, whether you wished to see them or not. My anxiety that you should miss nothing you might wish to see is my only excuse. You have been bored nearly to death, no doubt, and I have noticed signs of impatience which lead me to suspect your desire for freedom to go and see as you like, and as you have found that no guide is necessary, I will, with your permission, leave you here; but before releasing your hand, let me advise you not to fail, now that you are so near, to visit Victoria, the beautiful capital of British Columbia. A steamer will take you there in a few hours, and you will be rewarded in finding a transplanted section of Old England, climate, people, and all; and more vigorous, perhaps, because of the transplanting. The city stands on the southern extremity of Vancouver Island, overlooking the Straits of Fuca and the entrance to Puget Sound. The wealth of the Province is chiefly centred here, and the great warehouses and busy wharves testify to the extensive trade of the city; and the tasteful and in many cases splendid residences testify to a more than colonial refinement.

Near Victoria you will find Esquimalt, the North Pacific naval station, and an iron-clad or two, and perchance some old friends from home; and let me advise you, furthermore, to take all of your luggage with you to Victoria, for I am sure you will be in no hurry to come away.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

THE IMPERIAL HIGHWAY FROM THE ATLANTIC TO THE PACIFIC.

The Newest, The Most Solidly Constructed, and the Best Equipped Transcontinental Route.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE

PARLOR, SLEEPING, AND DINING-CAR SERVICE.

So important an accessory upon a railway whose cars are run upwards of

THREE THOUSAND MILES without change.

Interior View of Canadian Pacific Railway Sleeping-Car.

These cars are of unusual strength and size, with berths, smoking and toilet accommodations correspondingly roomy. The transcontinental sleeping-cars are provided with

BATH ROOMS,

and all are fitted with double doors and windows to exclude the dust in summer and the cold in winter.

The seats are richly upholstered, with high backs and arms, and the central sections are made into luxurious sofas during the day.

The upper berths are provided with windows and ventilators, and have curtains separate from those of the berths beneath. The exteriors are of polished red mahogany, and the interiors are of white mahogany and satinwood, elaborately carved; while all useful and decorative pieces of metal work, are of old brass of antique design.

No expense is spared in providing the DINING-CARS with the choicest viands and seasonable delicacies, and the bill of fare and wine list will compare favorably with those of many prominent hotels.

THE FIRST-CLASS DAY COACHES are proportionately elaborate in their arrangement for the comfort of the passenger; and, for those who desire to travel at a cheaper rate, COLONIST SLEEPING-CARS are provided without additional charge. These cars are fitted with upper and lower berths after the same general style as other sleeping-cars, but are not upholstered, and the passenger may furnish his own bedding, or purchase it of the Company's agents at terminal stations at nominal rates. The entire passenger equipment is MATCHLESS in elegance and comfort.

FIRST-CLASS SLEEPING AND PARLOR CAR TARIFF.

FOR ONE LOWER OR ONE UPPER BERTH IN SLEEPING-CAR BETWEEN

Quebec and Montreal	$1.50	Pt. Arthur and Vancouver	$15 00	Boston and St. Paul	$7.00
Montreal and Toronto	2.00	Toronto and Chicago	3.00	Montreal and St. Paul	6.00
Montreal and Winnipeg	8.00	Toronto and Winnipeg	8.00	St. Paul and Winnipeg	3.00
Montreal and Vancouver	20.00	Toronto and Vancouver	18.50	St. Paul and Vancouver	13.50
Ottawa and Toronto	2.00	Boston and Montreal	2.00	Winnipeg and Vancouver	12.00
Ottawa and Vancouver	20.00	New York and Montreal	2.00		

Between other stations rates are in proportion. Accommodation in First-Class Sleeping-Cars and in Parlor-Cars will be sold only to holders of First-Class transportation.

CANADIAN PACIFIC HOTELS.

While the perfect sleeping and dining-car service, peculiar to the Canadian Pacific Railway, provides every comfort and luxury for travellers making the continuous trip between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, the Railway was no sooner opened than it was found necessary to provide places at the principal points of interest among the mountains, where tourists and others might explore and enjoy, at their leisure, the magnificent scenery with which the line abounds.

With this end in view, the Company have erected at convenient points, hotels which will not only serve these purposes, but should, by their special excellence, add another to the many elements of superiority for which the Railway is already famous.

Proceeding westward, the first point selected was Banff, about twenty miles within the Rocky Mountains and forty miles east of their summit, where the natural attractions of the place had already led the Government to set aside an extensive tract as a National Park.

THE BANFF SPRINGS HOTEL

is placed on a high mountain promontory, 4,500 feet above the sea-level, at the confluence of the Bow and Spray rivers, and is a large, handsome and well-built structure, with every convenience that modern ingenuity can suggest, and costing over a quarter of a million dollars. While it is not intended to be a sanitarium, in the usual sense, the needs and comforts of invalids are fully provided for, and the hotel is kept open throughout the year. The hot sulphur springs, with which the region abounds, vary in temperature from 80 to 121 degrees, and in addition to the bathing facilities provided by the hotel, the Government has protected, improved, and beautified the springs, and constructed picturesque bathing-houses and swimming baths. The springs are much like those of Arkansas, and the apparently greater curative properties of the waters are no doubt due, in part, to the cool, dry air of the mountains incident to their elevation. The spring waters are specially efficacious for the cure of rheumatic, gouty, and allied affections, and are very beneficial in affections of the liver, diabetes, Bright's disease, and chronic dyspepsia.

A number of sub-ranges of the Rocky Mountains radiate from Banff, and looking up the valleys between them, in every direction, long lines of white peaks are seen in grand perspective. A dozen mountain monarchs within view raise their heads a mile or more above the hotel; and the Bow River, coming down from its glacier sources at the west, widens out as it approaches, then suddenly contracts and plunges over a precipice immediately at our feet, and then widening out again, is finally lost among the snow-capped peaks toward the east.

Mountain sheep and goats abound in the neighboring hills, and Devil's Head Lake, not far away, a deep glacier-fed body of water, a mile or two in width, and fifteen miles long, affords excellent sport in deep trolling for trout, which are here taken of extraordinary size.

The hotel rates are from three dollars to four dollars and fifty cents per day and upwards, according to the rooms selected, and special rates by the week or the month will be given on application to

MANAGER, Banff Springs Hotel,
Banff, Alberta, N.W.T., Canada.

THE MOUNT STEPHEN HOUSE,

a pretty chalet-like hotel, is situated fifty miles west of Banff, in Kicking Horse Cañon, at the base of Mount Stephen—the chief peak of the Rockies in this latitude, whose stupendous mass is lifted abruptly 8,000 feet above. This is a favorite stopping-place for tourists and mountain climbers, and there is good fly-fishing for trout in a pretty lake near by, and "big-horns" and mountain goats are found in the vicinity. Looking down the valley from the hotel, the Ottertail Mountains are seen on the left, and the Van Horne range on the right. In the latter, the two most prominent peaks are Mts. Deville and King. This is a favorite region for artists, the lights and shadows on the near and distant mountains giving especially interesting subjects for the brush.

The hotel is noted for the excellence of its cuisine and is fitted up with every attention to comfort.

The rates are three dollars per day, and for the engagement of special accommodation, application should be made to

MANAGER, Mount Stephen House,
Field, B. C., Canada.

GLACIER HOUSE,

the next resting-place, is situated in the heart of the Selkirks, at the foot of "Sir Donald," and in close proximity to the Great Glacier—a sea of ice spreading among the mountains, and covering an area of about thirty-eight square miles.

The hotel is built beside the railway, in a beautiful amphitheatre surrounded by lofty mountains, of which Sir Donald, rising 8,000 feet above the railway, is the most prominent. Northward stand the summit peaks of the Selkirks in grand array, all clad in snow and ice, and westward is the deep valley of the glacier-fed Illicilliwaet River, leaping away to its junction with the Columbia. The dense forests all about are filled with the music of restless brooks, which will irresistibly attract the trout fisherman, and the hunter for large game can have his choice of "big-horns," mountain goats, grizzly and mountain bears. The main point of interest is the Great Glacier, which is only a short walk from the hotel by a pleasant and easy path. One may safely climb upon its wrinkled surface, or penetrate its water-worn caves, and think himself in grottos carved in emerald or sapphire. The glacier is about five hundred feet thick at its forefoot, and is said to exceed in area all the glaciers of Switzerland combined.

No tourist should fail to stop here for a day at least, and he need not be surprised to find himself loath to leave its attractions at the end of a week or month.

The hotel is similar in construction to the Mount Stephen House, and is first-class in all respects. The rates are three dollars per day, and correspondence should be addressed to

MANAGER, Glacier House,
British Columbia.

THE FRASER CAÑON HOUSE

at North Bend, 130 miles east of Vancouver, is situated in a park-like opening among the mountains on the Fraser River; its construction is of the Swiss chalet style, similar to the Mount Stephen and Glacier Houses, and it is managed with the same attention to the comfort of its patrons that pervades all branches of the Company's service. The scenery all along the Fraser River is not only interesting, but startling. It has been well described as "ferocious," and the hotel is a comfortable base from which to explore the surrounding mountains and valleys. Rates three dollars per day.

Address

MANAGER, Fraser Cañon House,
British Columbia.

HOTEL VANCOUVER,

at Vancouver, B. C., the Pacific coast terminus of the Railway. The Company have just completed this magnificent hotel, designed to accommodate the large commercial business of the place, as well as the great number of tourists who will always find it profitable and interesting to make here a stop of a day or two, whether travelling east or west. It is situated on high ground near the centre of the city, and from it there is a glorious outlook in every direction. No effort has been spared in making its accommodations and service perfect in every detail, and in the matters of cuisine, furnishings and sanitary arrangements it will compare favorably with the best hotels in Eastern Canada or the United States.

Rates: three dollars to four dollars and fifty cents per day, with special terms for a longer time.

Address

MANAGER, Hotel Vancouver,
Vancouver, B. C.

Map of the Canadian Pacific R'y AND ITS CONNECTIONS.

Map of the Eastern Lines AND Connections OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC R'Y

GREENLAND
ALASKA
VANCOUVER
VANCOUVER
YOKOHAMA
HONG KONG
VICTORIA
CANADA
CANADIAN PAC.
BANFF HOT SPRIG.
WINNIPEG
SUDBURY
MONTREAL
QUEBEC
LIVERPOOL
LONDON
PARIS
HALIFAX
ST JOHN
BOSTON
NEW YORK
SEATTLE
TACOMA
PORTLAND
MINNEAPOLIS
ST. PAUL
SAULT STE MARIE
CHICAGO
DULUTH
DETROIT
UNITED STATES
SAN FRANCISCO
NEW ORLEANS
HONOLULU
PACIFIC OCEAN
ATLANTIC OCEAN
SYDNEY
MELBOURNE