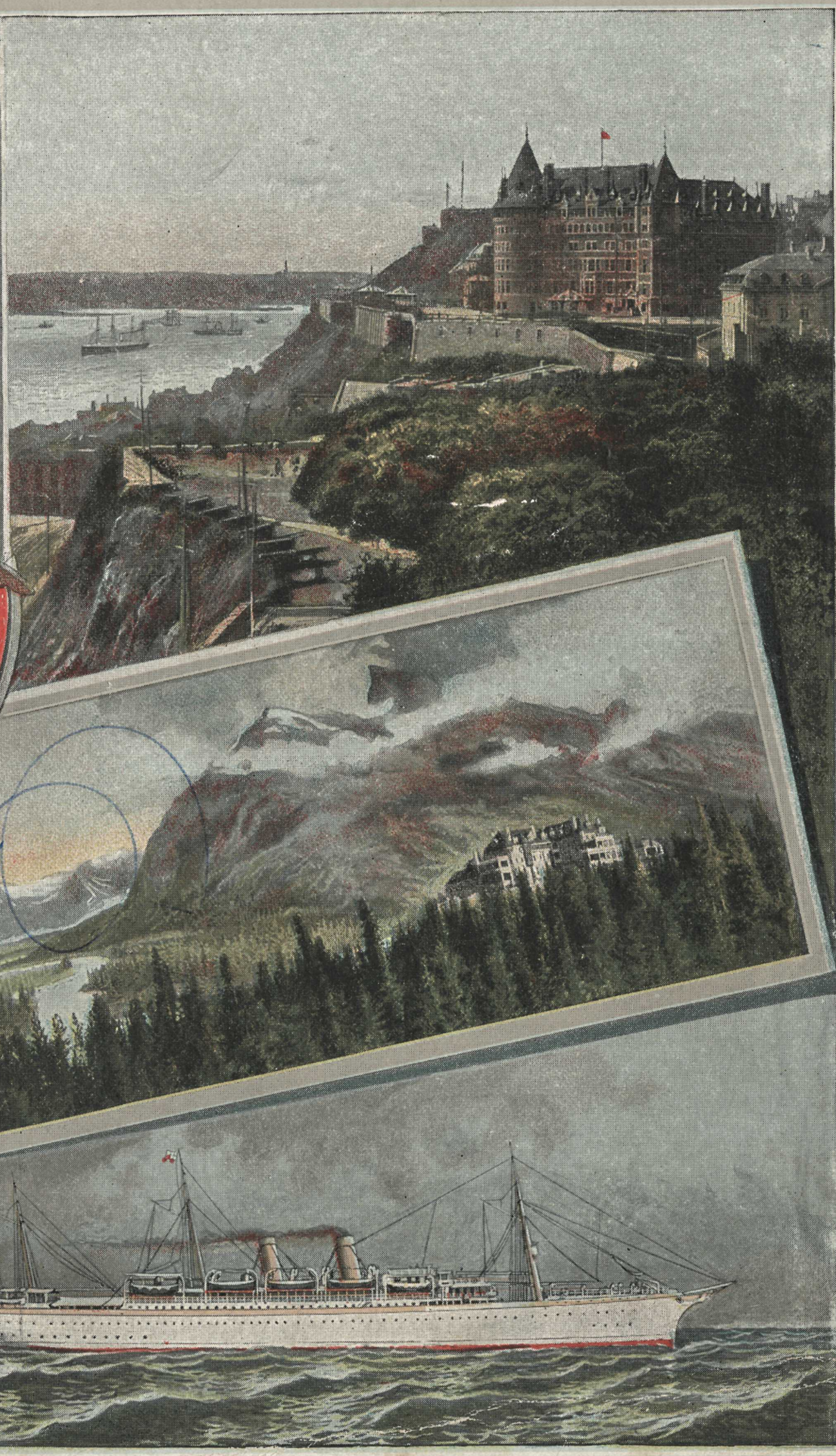
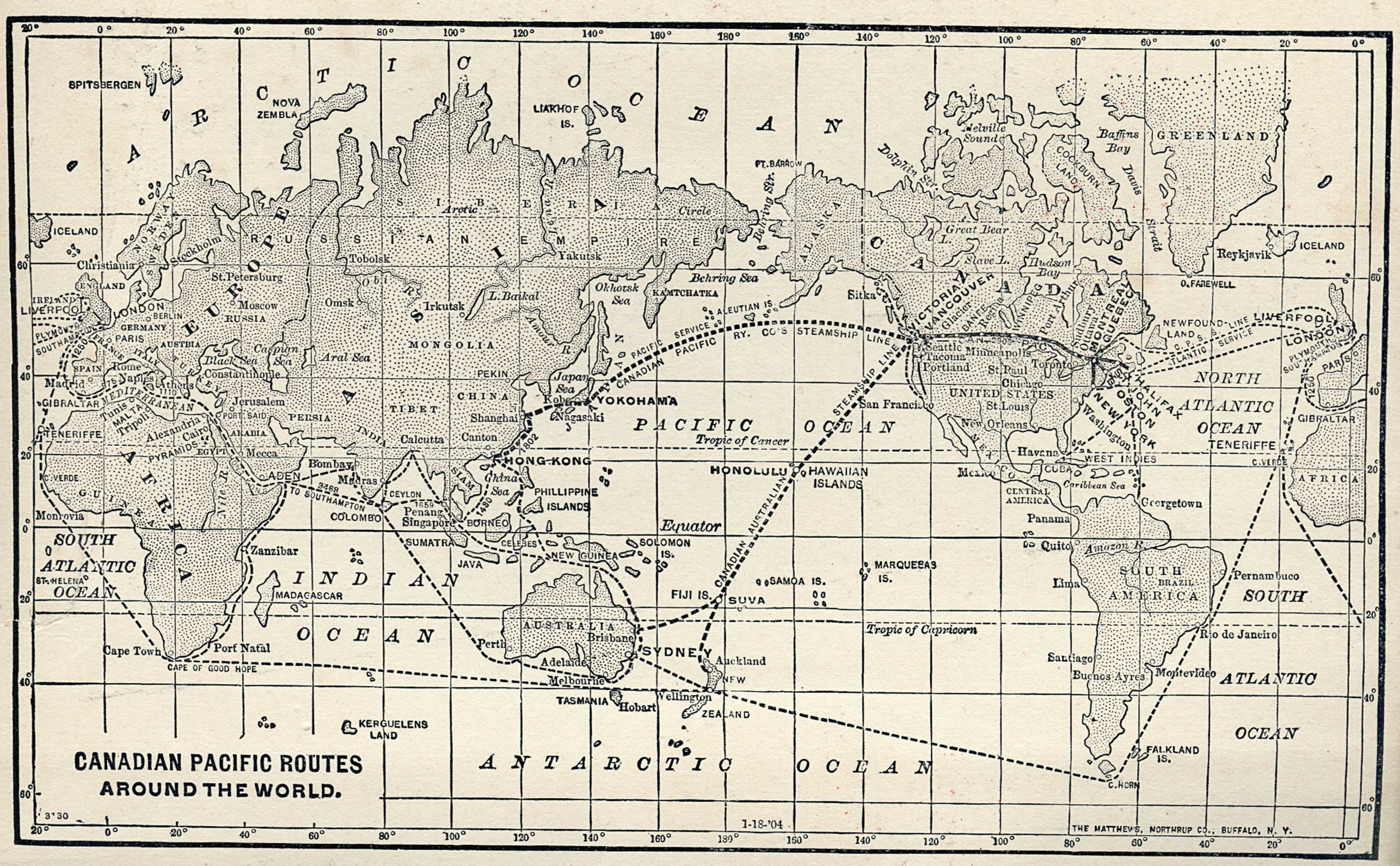
1905

The New Highway to the Orient

across the Mountains Prairies & Rivers of Canada.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY




CANADIAN PACIFIC ROUTES
AROUND THE WORLD.
ARCTIC OCEAN
SPITSBERGEN
NOVA ZEMBLA
LIAKHOF IS.
ICELAND
Christiania
Stockholm
NORWAY
SWEDEN
EUROPE
RUSSIA
St. Petersburg
Moscow
Tobolsk
Omsk
Irkutsk
L. Baikal
Yakutsk
Arctic Circle
SIBERIA
Okhotsk Sea
KAMTCHATKA
Behring Sea
ALEUTIAN IS.
PT. BARROW
Behring Str.
ALASKA
Dolphin Str.
Melville Sound
Great Bear L.
Slave L.
Hudson Bay
COCKBURN LAND
Baffins Bay
Davis Strait
GREENLAND
Reykjavik
ICELAND
C. FAREWELL
CANADA
Sitka
VICTORIA
VANCOUVER
Glacier
BANFF
Regina
WINNIPEG
Port Arthur
Sudbury
Ottawa
MONTREAL
QUEBEC
ST. JOHN
HALIFAX
NEW YORK
Washington
Seattle
Tacoma
Portland
Minneapolis
St. Paul
Toronto
Chicago
UNITED STATES
St. Louis
San Francisco
New Orleans
MEXICO
Havana
CUBA
WEST INDIES
Caribbean Sea
CENTRAL AMERICA
Panama
Georgetown
Quito
Amazon R.
Lima
SOUTH AMERICA
BRAZIL
Pernambuco
Rio de Janeiro
Santiago
Buenos Ayres
Montevideo
FALKLAND IS.
C. HORN
NORTH ATLANTIC OCEAN
SOUTH ATLANTIC OCEAN
LIVERPOOL
LONDON
PLYMOUTH
SOUTHAMPTON
PARIS
GERMANY
BERLIN
AUSTRIA
FRANCE
ITALY
SPAIN
Madrid
Rome
Naples
Athens
TURKEY
Black Sea
Caspian Sea
Aral Sea
Constantinople
Jerusalem
PORT SAID
GIBRALTAR
MEDITERRANEAN
Tunis
MALTA
Tripoli
Alexandria
Cairo
PYRAMIDS
EGYPT
ARABIA
Mecca
PERSIA
TENERIFFE
C. VERDE
GUINEA
AFRICA
Monrovia
Zanzibar
MADAGASCAR
Cape Town
Port Natal
CAPE OF GOOD HOPE
ST. HELENA
Nile R.
ADEN
Bombay
Madras
COLOMBO
CEYLON
Penang
Singapore
SUMATRA
JAVA
BORNEO
CELEBES
NEW GUINEA
SOLOMON IS.
INDIA
INDIAN OCEAN
MONGOLIA
Amoor R.
PEKIN
CHINA
Shanghai
Canton
Japan Sea
Kobe
Nagasaki
YOKOHAMA
TIBET
Calcutta
HONG-KONG
China Sea
PHILLIPINE ISLANDS
SIAM
PACIFIC OCEAN
Tropic of Cancer
Equator
Tropic of Capricorn
HONOLULU
HAWAIIAN ISLANDS
MARQUESAS IS.
SAMOA IS.
FIJI IS.
SUVA
AUSTRALIA
Perth
Brisbane
SYDNEY
Adelaide
Melbourne
TASMANIA
Hobart
Auckland
NEW ZEALAND
Wellington
KERGUELENS LAND
ANTARCTIC OCEAN
CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. CO'S STEAMSHIP LINE
CANADIAN AUSTRALIAN
NEWFOUNDLAND S. S. LINE
C. P. R. ATLANTIC SERVICE
3130
1-18-'04
THE MATTHEWS, NORTHRUP CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

THE NEW HIGHWAY

TO THE

ORIENT

ACROSS THE

Mountains, Prairies and Rivers of Canada

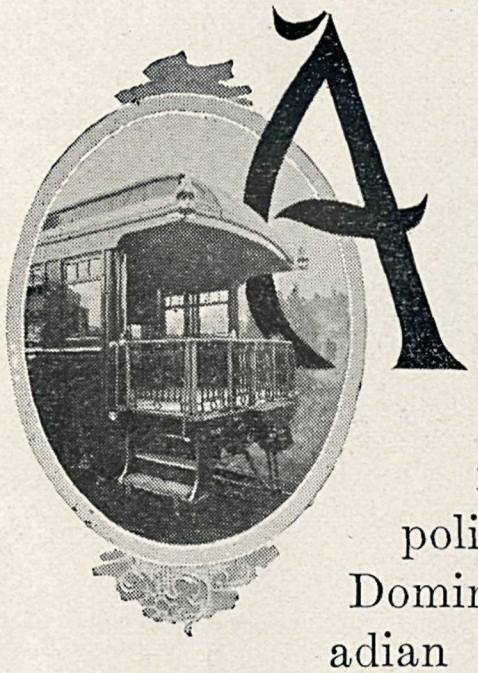
ISSUED BY THE
CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY
MONTREAL, 1905

Officers of the Traffic Department
Canadian Pacific Railway

Head Offices: Montreal, Canada

G. M. Bosworth	4th Vice-President	Montreal
Robert Kerr	Passenger Traffic Manager	Montreal
W. R. MacInnes	Freight Traffic Manager	Montreal
C. E. E. Ussher	General Passenger Agent, Eastern Lines	Montreal
C. E. McPherson	General Passenger Agent, Western Lines	Winnipeg
W. B. Bulling	Asst. Freight Traffic Manager, Eastern Lines	Toronto
F. W. Peters	Asst. Freight Traffic Manager, Western Lines	Winnipeg
E. V. Skinner	Asst. Traffic Manager	New York
Geo. C. Wells	Asst. General Passenger Agent. Eastern Lines	Montreal
E. J. Coyle	Asst. General Passenger Agent	Vancouver
H. W. Brodie	Asst. General Passenger Agent	Winnipeg
John Corbett	General Foreign Freight Agent	Montreal
J. N Sutherland	General Freight Agent	St. John, N.B.
S. P. Howard	General Freight Agent	Montreal
M. H. Brown	General Freight Agent	Toronto
W. B. Lanigan	General Freight Agent	Winnipeg
H. E. Macdonell	General Freight Agent	Nelson, B.C.
B. W. Greer	General Freight Agent	Vancouver
R. H. Morris	General Baggage Agent	Montreal
W. T. Robson	Advertising Agent	Montreal
L. O. Armstrong	Colonization and Tourist Agent	Montreal

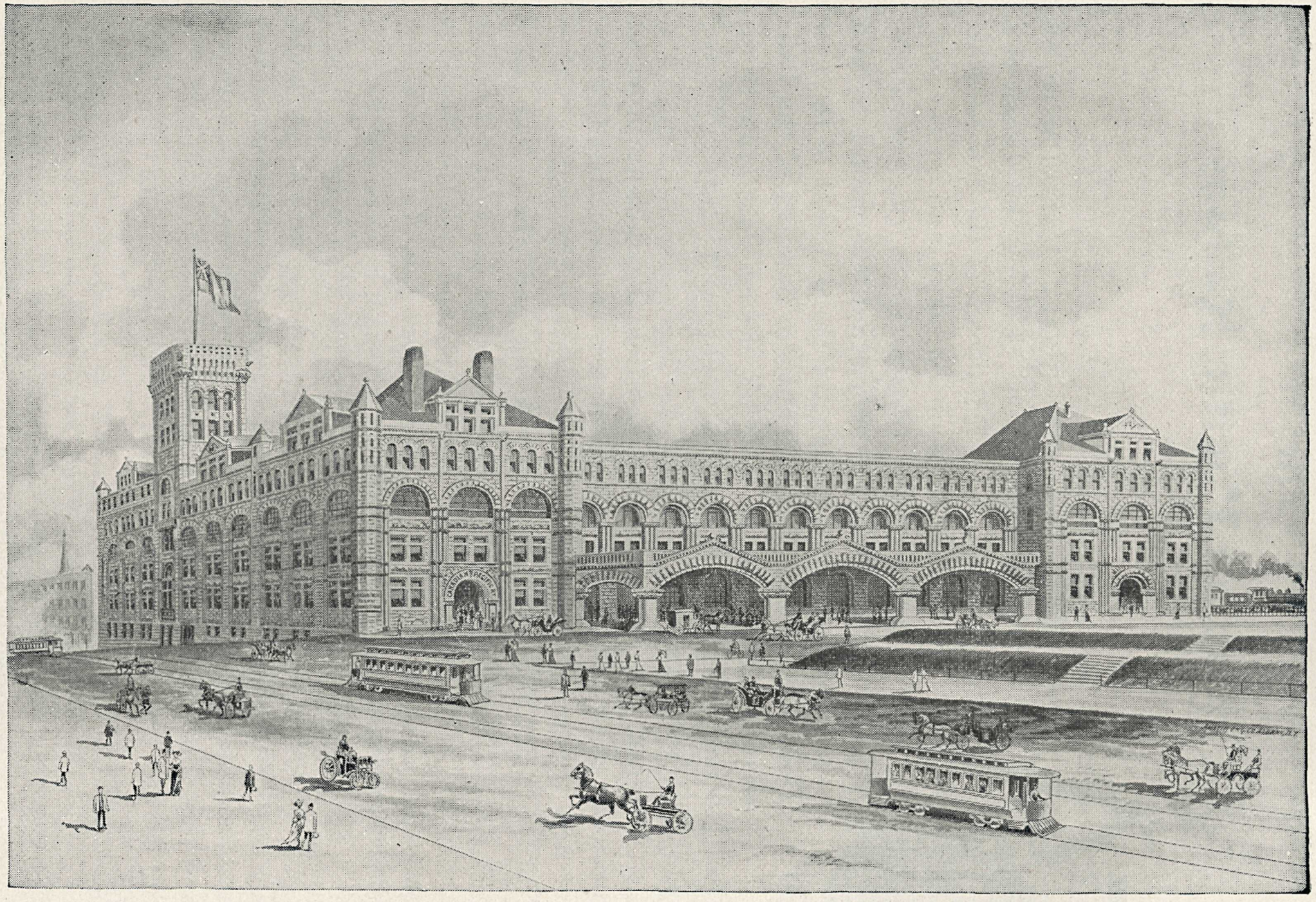
The
Canadian Pacific Railway



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. Gov-

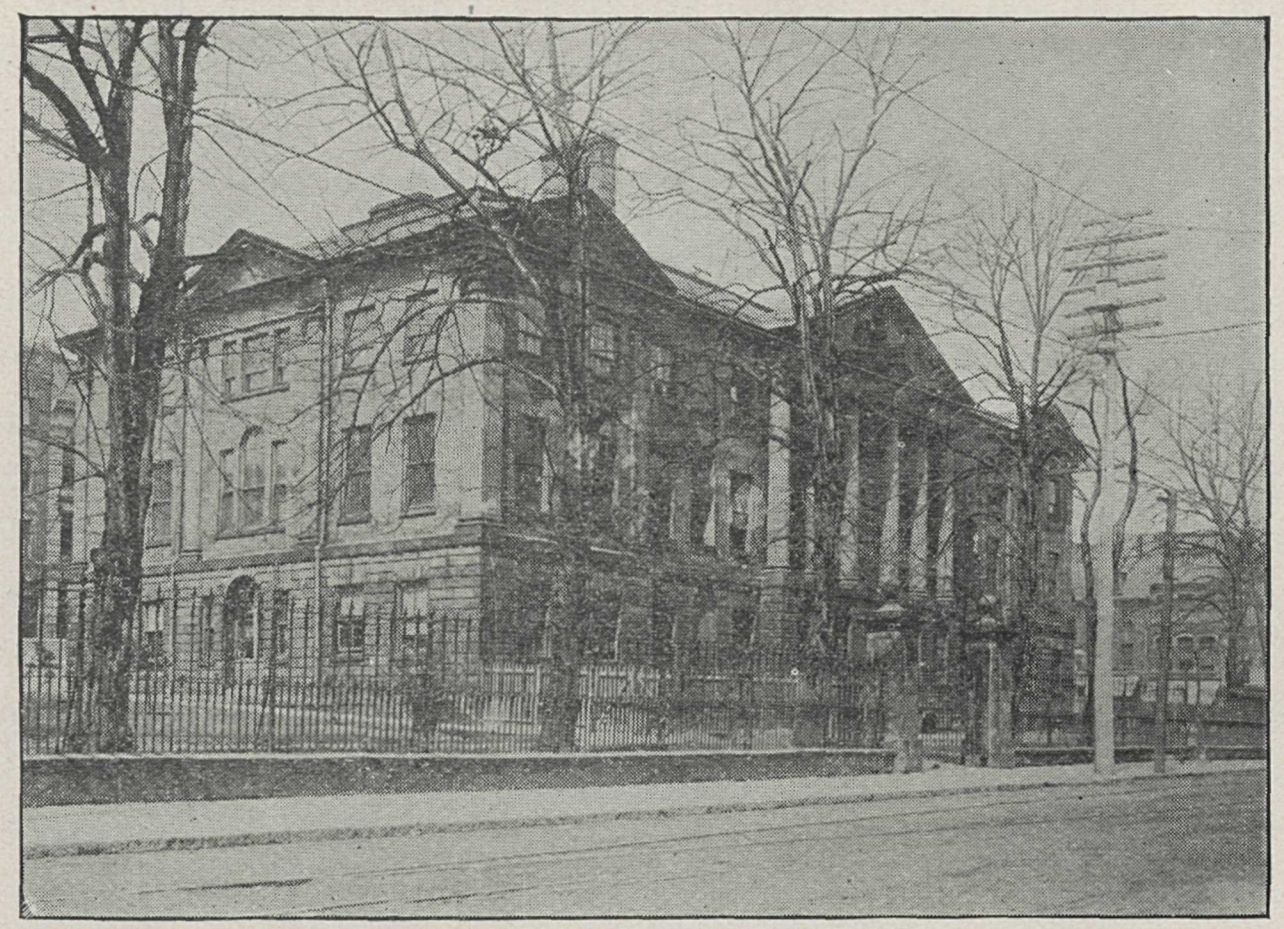


WINDSOR STREET STATION AND GENERAL OFFICES, MONTREAL

ernments 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 immense 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 fifty miles from Burrard Inlet, on the Pacific Coast, eastward to Kamloops 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 twenty-five million dollars in money and twenty-five million acres of agricultural land. The two sections of rail-



PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, HALIFAX, N.S.

way 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.

The Company set about its task most vigorously, and 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 thirty 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.

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 a 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 Columbia 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 sea-board 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

CITY OF ST. JOHN, N.B.

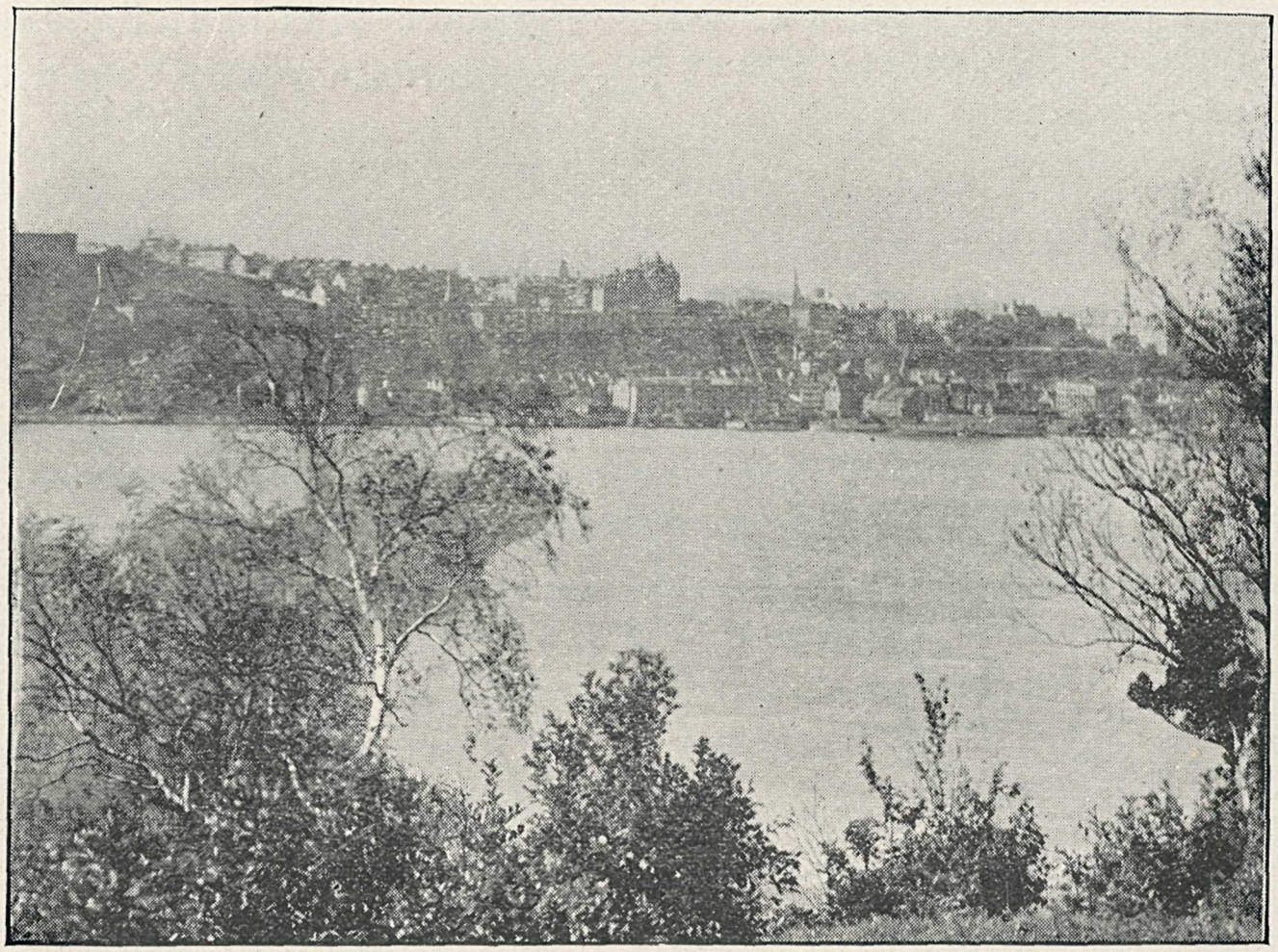
construction to collect and distribute the traffic of the main line; and other branch lines were built in the Northwest for the development of the great prairies.

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 seventy-eight miles; and by the mid-summer 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 up-turned, 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 business of the golden shores of the Pacific from California to Alaska, his arms at once reached out across the broad ocean and grasped the teas and silks of China and Japan as also the immense trade of Australia to exchange the same for the fabrics of Europe and North America.

The following years were marked by an enormous development of traffic and by the addition of many lines of railway to the Company's system, and by the establishment of the Company's magnificent steamship service to Japan and China. One line of railway 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 its two important American lines leading westward—one to St. Paul and Minneapolis and thence continuing across Dakota to Portal and Moose Jaw where it again connects with the Canadian Pacific Transcontinental Railway, the other through numberless iron mines of the Marquette and

Gogebic districts to Duluth, at the western extremity of Lake Superior ; still another 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, the Company's lines embrace over 11,000 miles of railway and spread out towards the west like the fingers of a gigantic hand.

Nor is this all. The year 1903 witnessed the inauguration of a steamship service on the Atlantic, between Canada and London, Liverpool, Bristol and Antwerp, which extended the active operations of the Company half-way around the globe.



QUEBEC, FROM LEVIS

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 the broad land, the beauties and glories of which have so recently 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 everything 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 in 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 hillside 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 ; and the Canadian Pacific Railway Company's magnificent fireproof hotel, the Chateau Frontenac, occupying on Dufferin Terrace a matchless site, is one of the great steps in this direction.

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

CHATEAU FRONTENAC, QUEBEC

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, if we come by one of the Canadian Pacific Atlantic steamships, we shall land at St. John, the chief city of New Brunswick, a busy and handsome city and one of the largest in the Maritime Provinces. Or we may disembark at the old city of Halifax—with its magnificent harbor, its strong citadel garrisoned by Canadian 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, and following the glorious valley of the River St. John for an hour, 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 sawmills giving place to highly cultivated fields—through Megantic, 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 the 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 masonary arches with the city spread out below us, we will enter the magnificent passenger terminus of the Canadian Pacific Company.

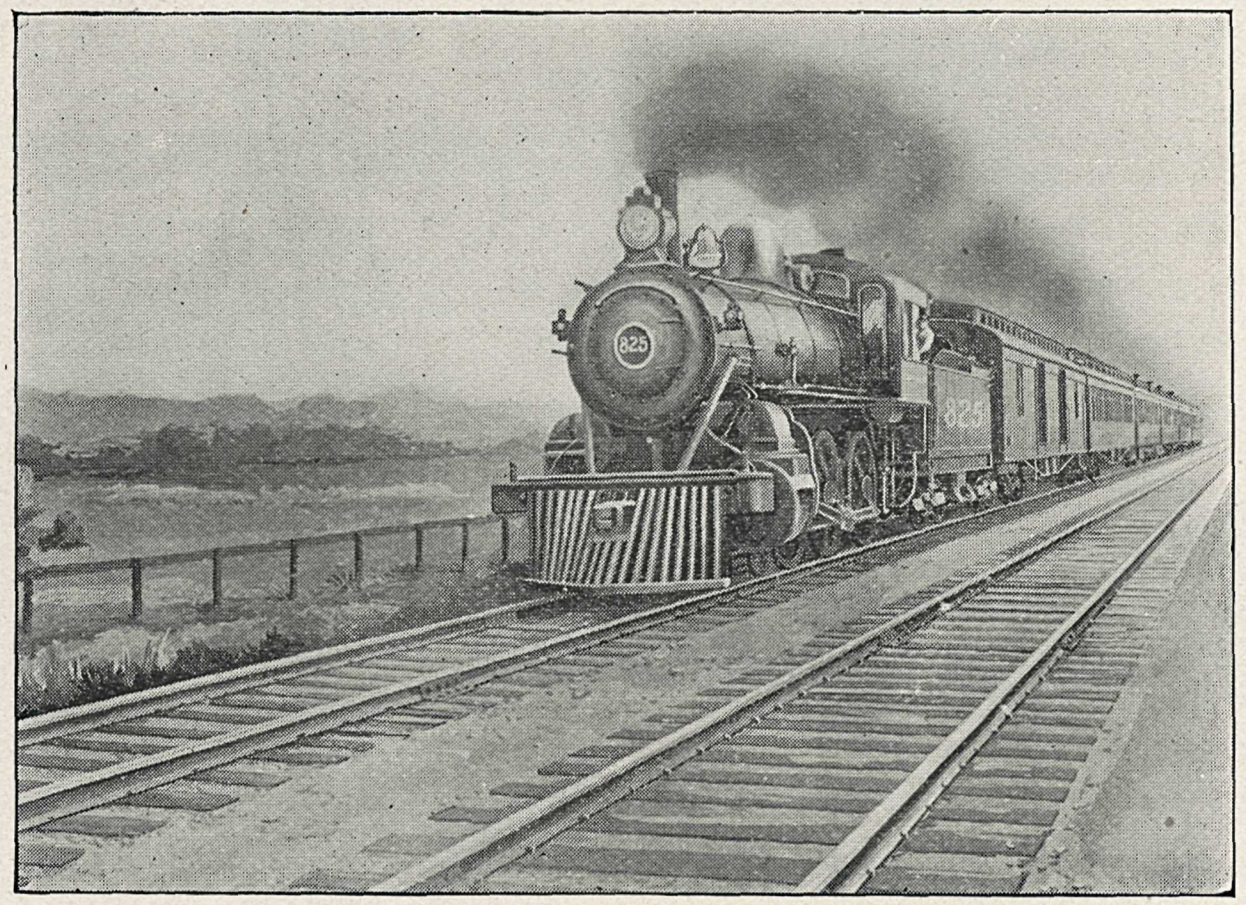
Had we chosen a New York steamship our route would have brought us from the American metropolis northward by railway along the banks of the far-famed Hudson River to Troy or Albany, and thence through the Adirondack Mountains or along one bank or the other of Lake Champlain to Montreal—a day or a night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

Here in Montreal,a hundred years before the British conquest

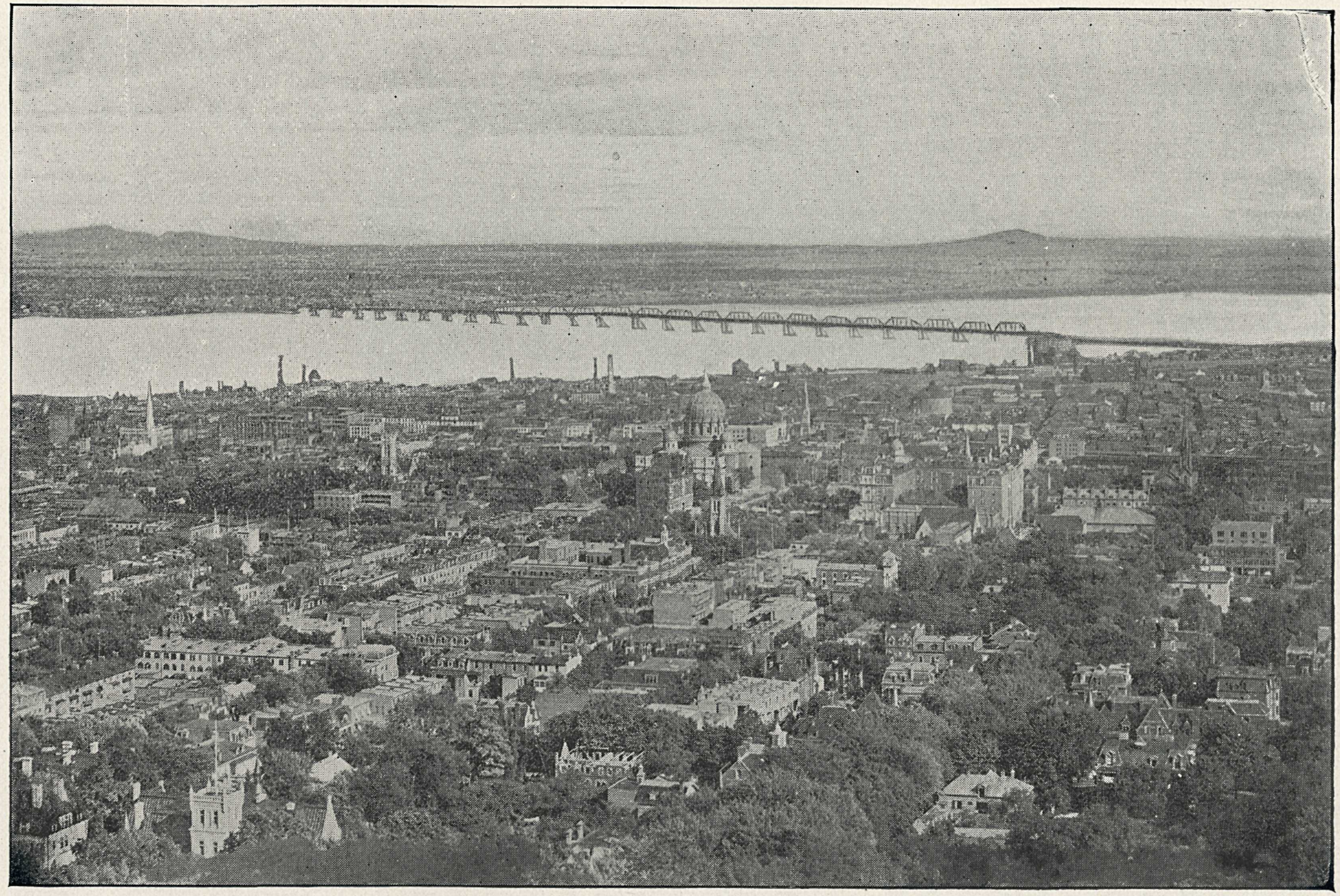
PLACE VIGER HOTEL AND STATION, MONTREAL.

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



A CANADIAN PACIFIC STANDARD PASSENGER TRAIN



CITY OF MONTREAL, FROM MOUNT ROYAL

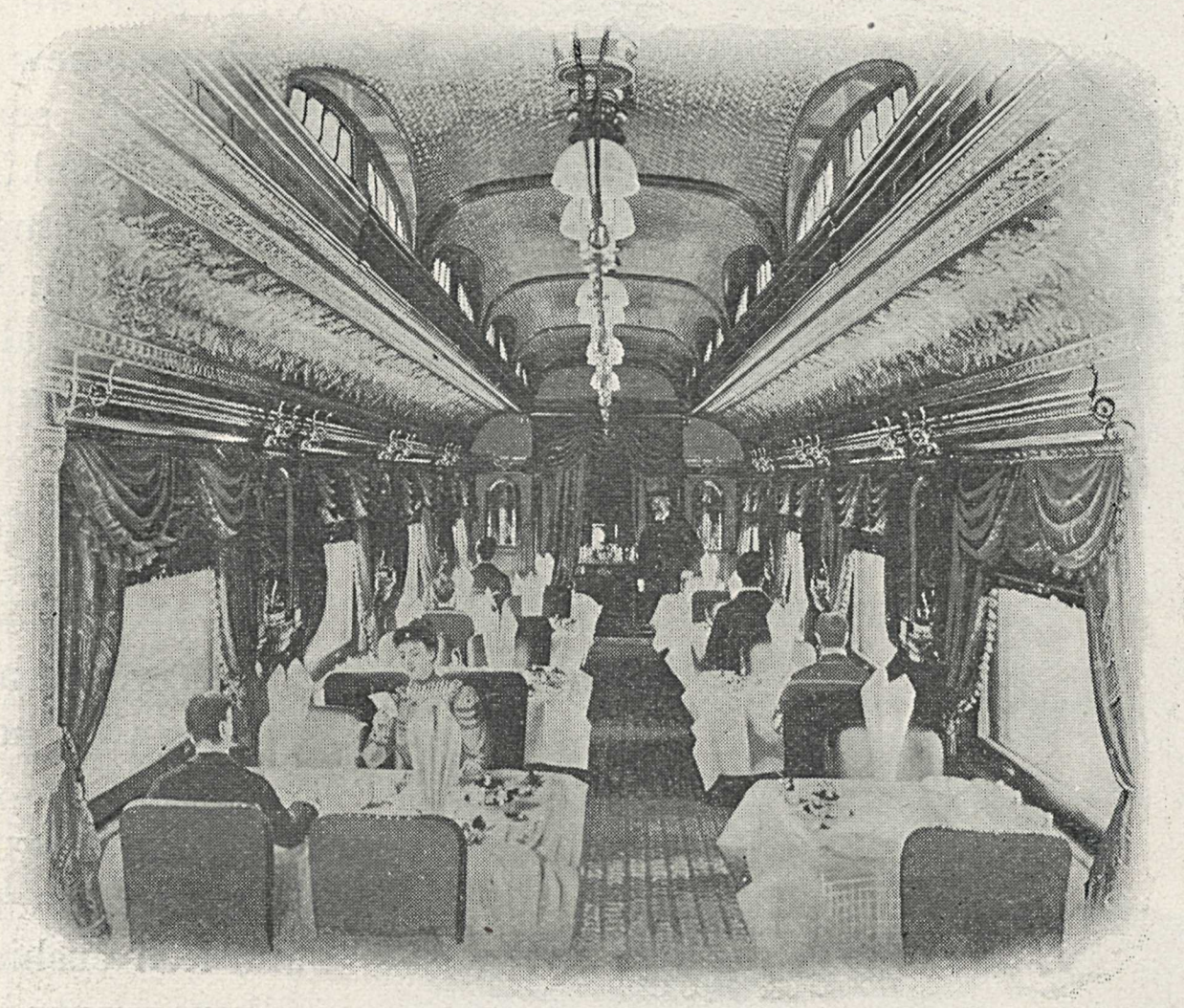
villages—a large and beautiful city, half French, half English, half ancient, half modern, with countless churches, imposing public buildings, magnificent hotels and tasteful and costly residences with long lines of massive warehouses, immense grain elevators, and many-windowed factories ; and with miles of docks crowded with shipping of all descriptions, from the smallest river craft to the largest ocean vessels.

Whichever way we come, 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, by way of Hamilton and the fruit growing districts of Southern Ontario, 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 steel 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 an enormous dock to the level of Lake Superior, and then across this greatest of fresh water seas to Fort William, 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 railway and in order that we may miss nothing

we will return by the great lakes via Fort William, Sault Ste. Marie and Owen Sound, and then see Toronto and the Falls of Niagara.

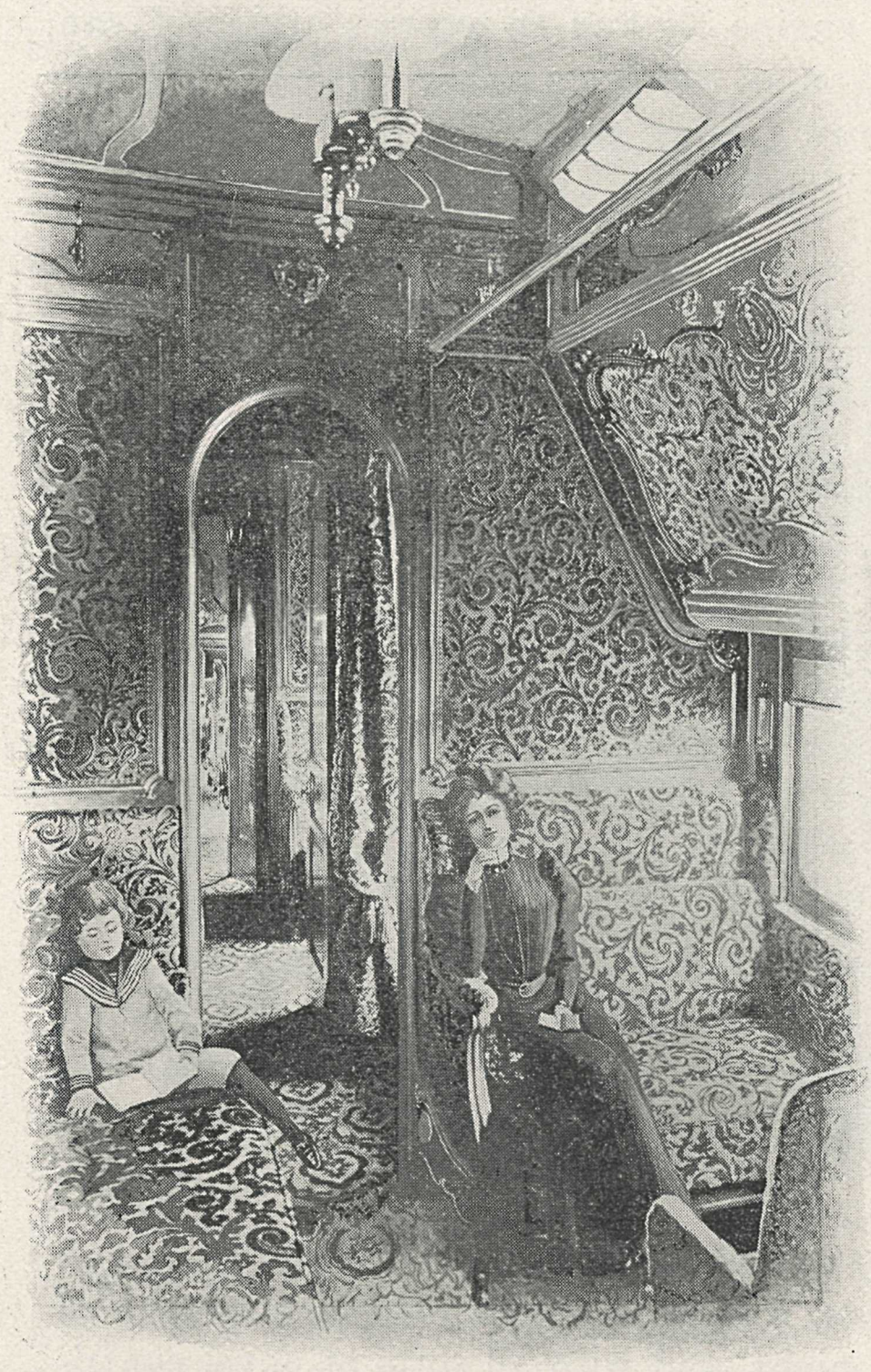
Although the locomotive is hissing as if impatient for the signal to go, we have yet a few minutes to spare, and, if it is agreeable to you, we will look over the train which is to carry us to the Pacific. Next to the engine we find an express or parcel van, then a long post-office van, in which a number of clerks are busily sorting letters and stowing away mail-sacks, and then another laden with luggage. Following these are two or three bright and



INTERIOR CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY DINING CAR

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 immigrants 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 dining

and sleeping cars, in 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.

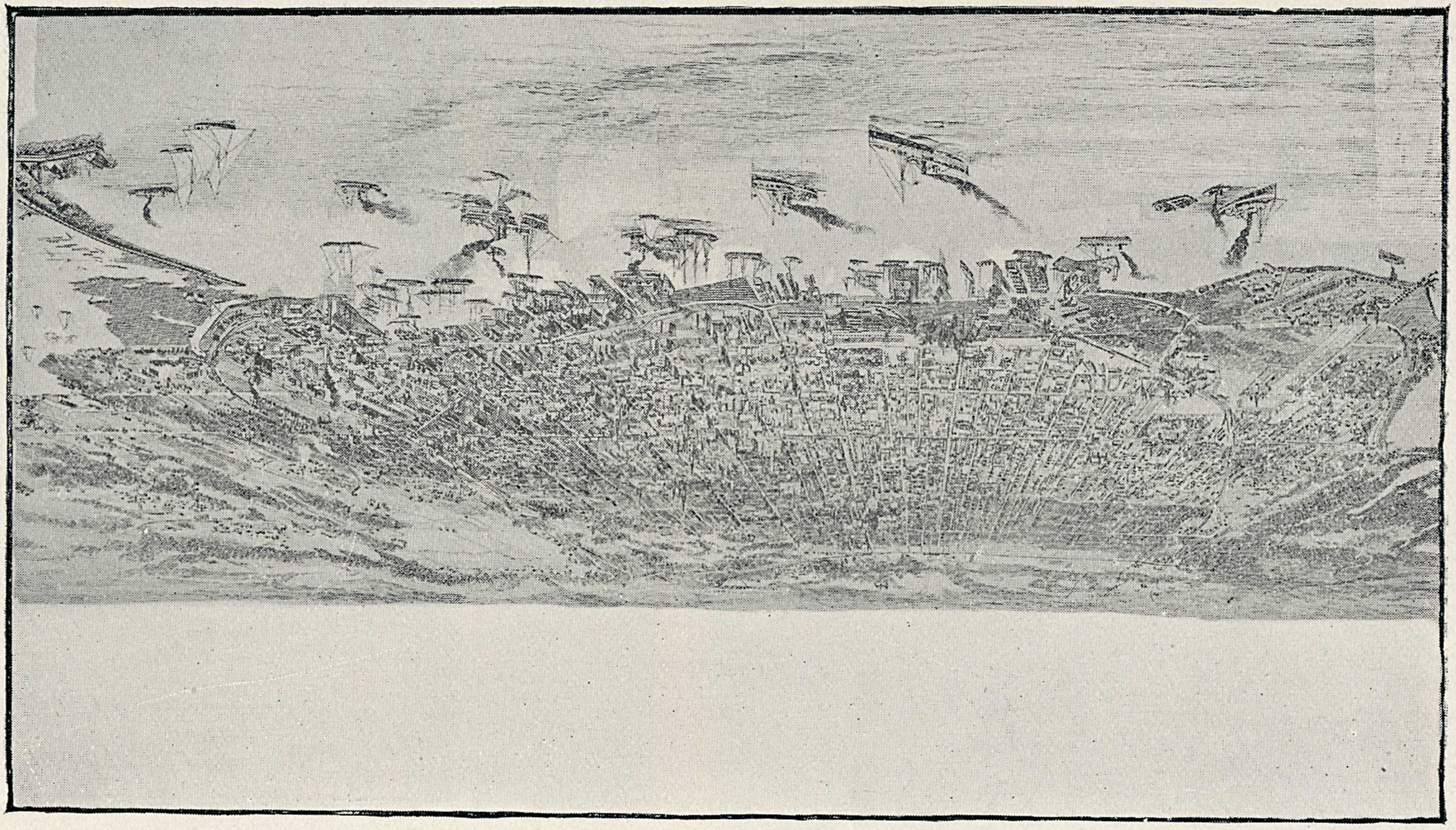


STATEROOM CANADIAN PACIFIC SLEEPING CAR

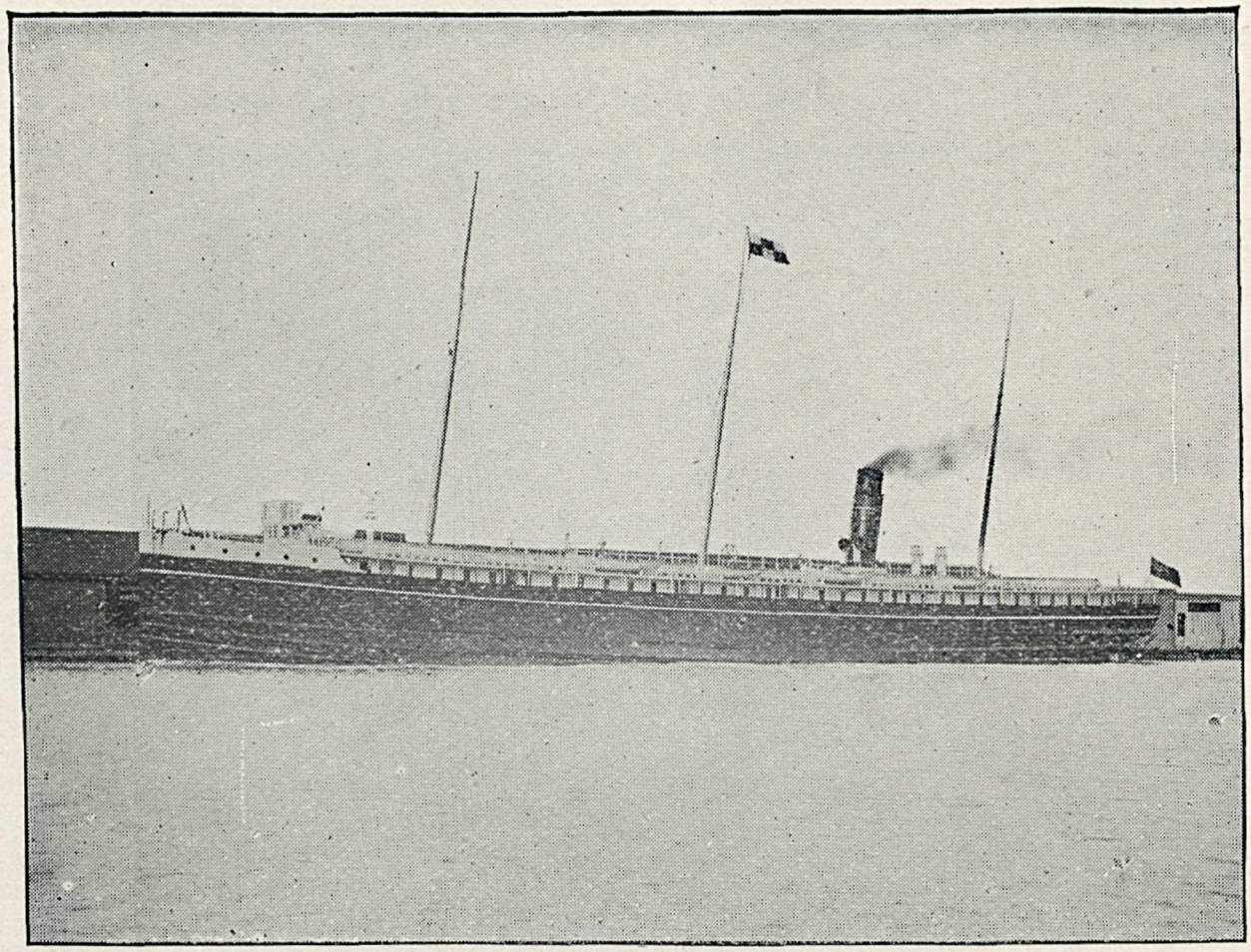
The dining car is elaborately appointed—a marvel of comfort and convenience, and we experience a new and delightful sensation in breakfasting and dining at our ease and in luxury as we fly along through interesting scenery.

Our sleeping car is unlike the "Sleeping Saloon" 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, it gives us a promise of a delightful journey.

We glide out of the Windsor Street passenger station, an imposing Romanesque structure, and from a viaduct of masonry



CITY OF TORONTO AND HARBOR



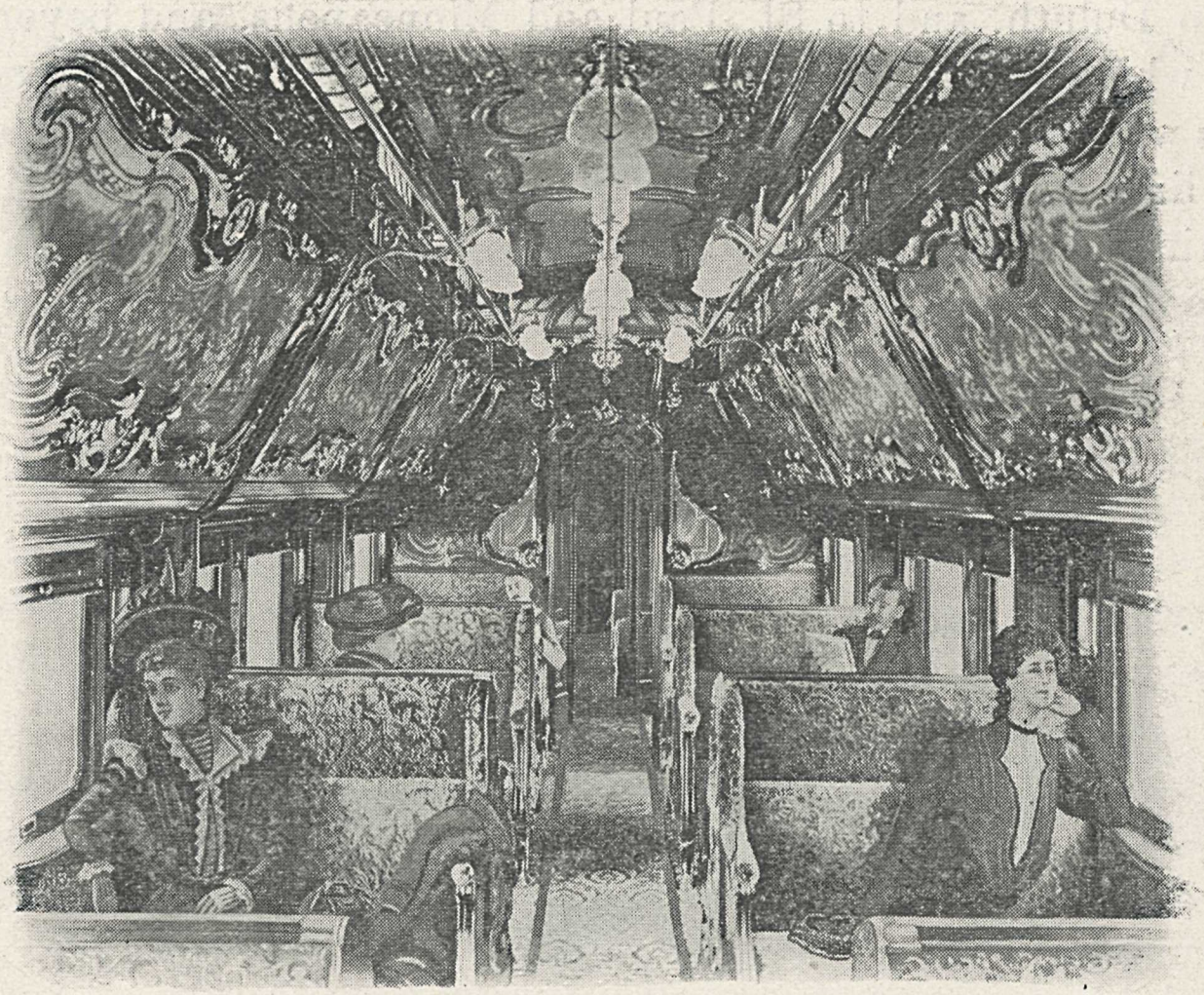
CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY UPPER LAKE STEAMER

arches look down upon a section of the city. Then we pass through the fruitful orchards of the Island of Montreal, cross two mouths of the Ottawa River—at Ste. Anne de Bellevue, immortalized by Tom Moore's Canadian Boat Song, and at Vaudreuil—and 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. The broad and beautiful Ottawa River is followed, and across the stream loom the Laurentians, oldest of the world's mountains. The province of Ontario is entered 45 miles from Montreal. Villages are passed in close succession, and soon we run alongside the Rideau Canal into Ottawa, the Capital of the Dominion. Then the Ottawa River is crossed, and, circling around Hull, recrossed to the Union station. High up 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 over the heights beyond is the city.

On the broad flats beyond are acres, perhaps miles, of great square piles of deals, and the cloud that rises beyond comes from the Chaudiere Falls, where the whole volume of the Ottawa River takes a tumble, and is made to furnish power to a host of sawmills and manufactories.

We are beyond the French country now ; the farms are larger, and the modest cottages have given place to farm houses, many of them 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.

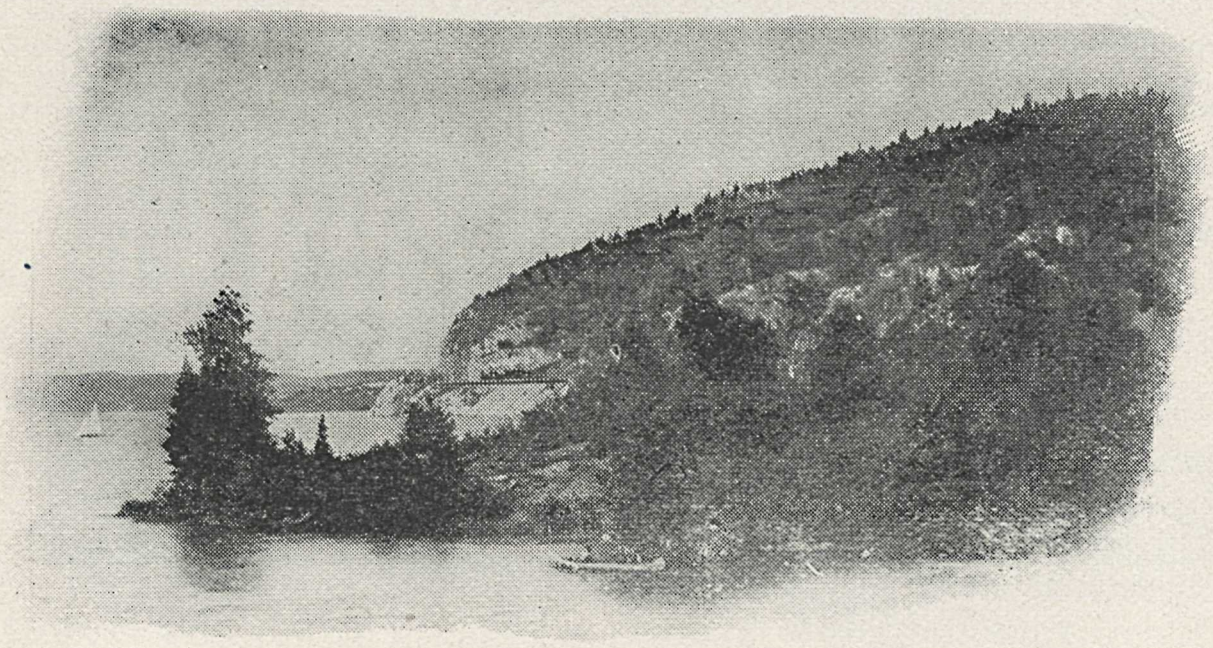
Gradually the towns become smaller and the farms more scattered ; the valley contracts and deepens, and we are in the



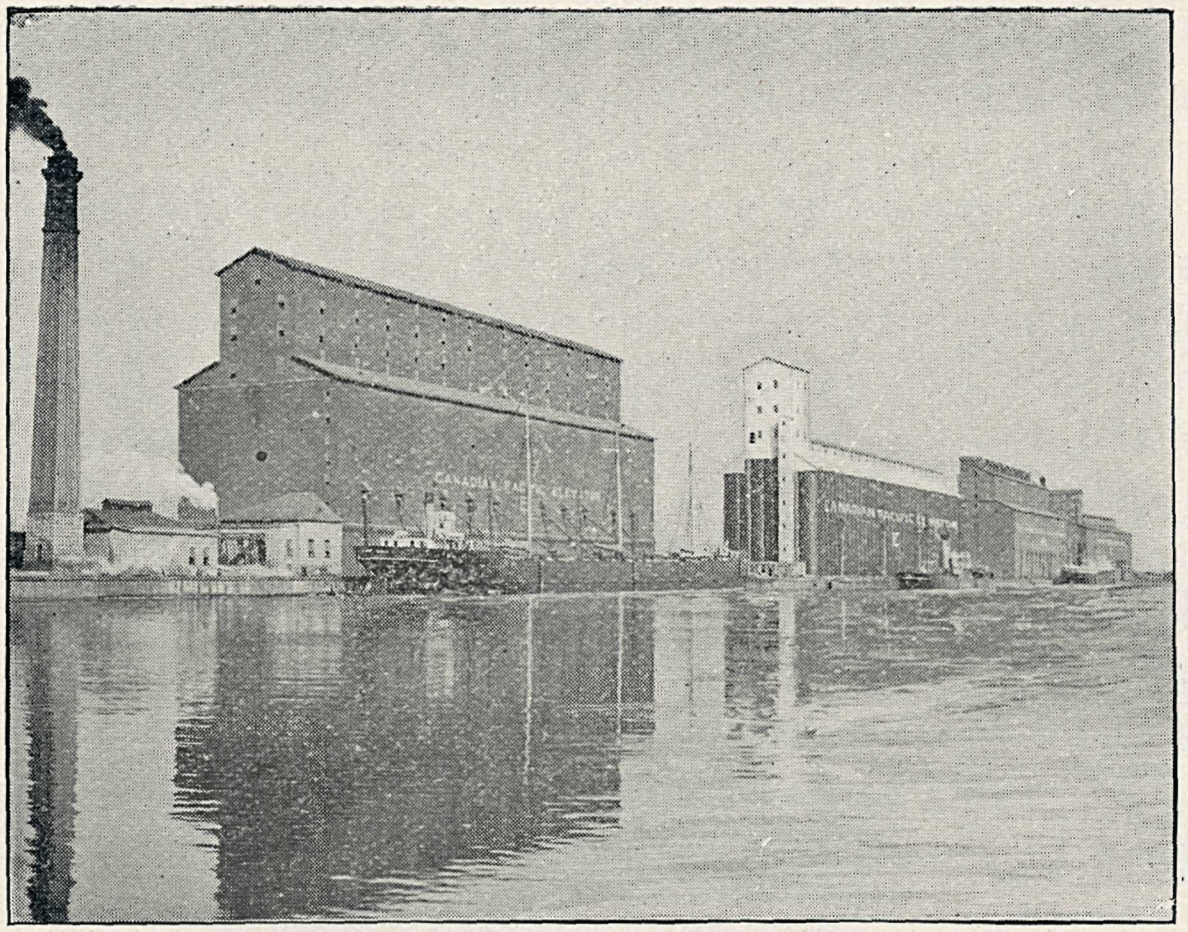
INTERIOR CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY SLEEPING CAR

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 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.

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, and to 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



JACK FISH BAY, LAKE SUPERIOR



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY GRAIN ELEVATORS, FORT WILLIAM

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, about 24 hours after leaving 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.

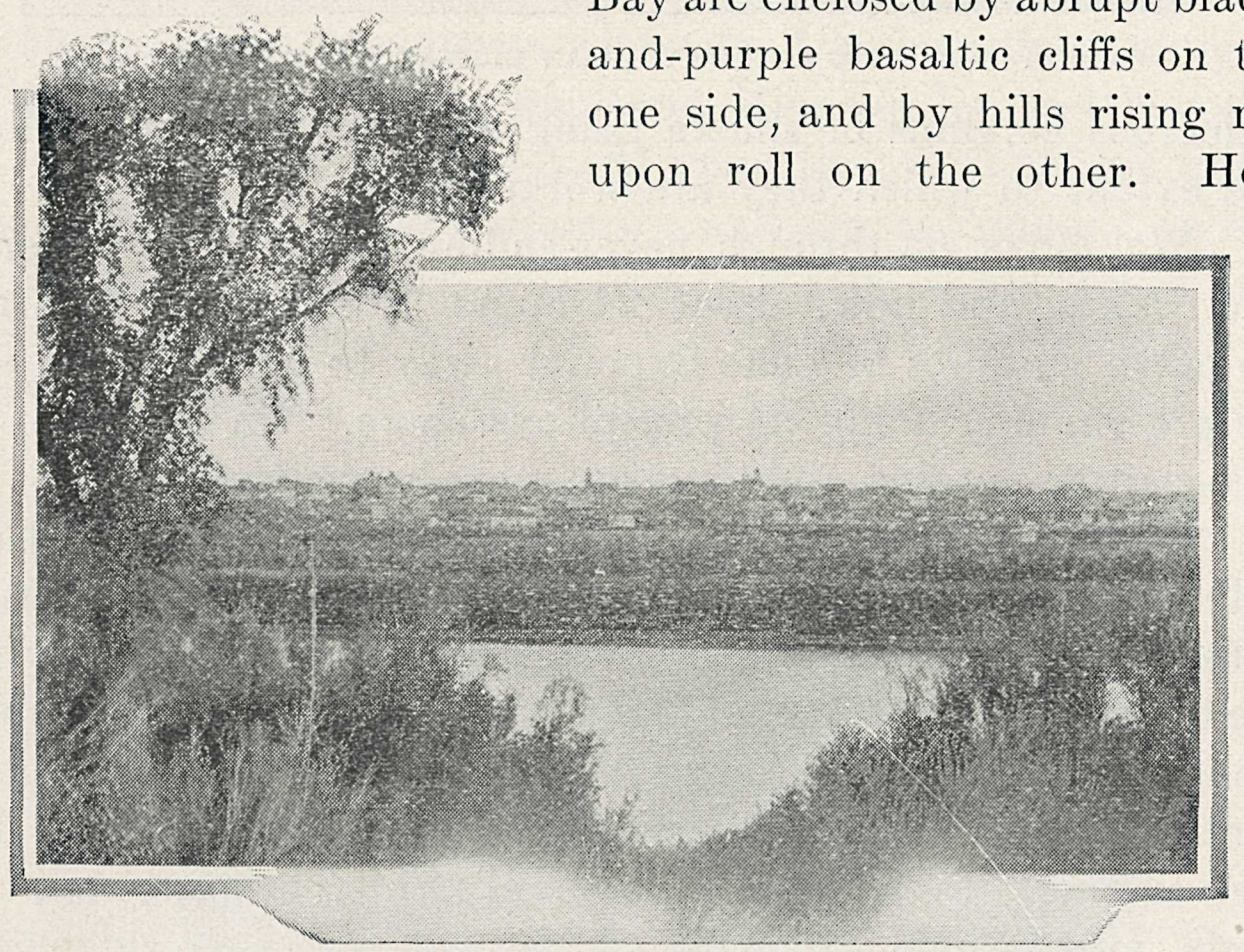
For many hours we look out upon the lake, its face just now still and smooth and dotted here and there with sails, or streaked with the black smoke of a steamer. At times we are back from the lake a mile or more, and high above it ; again we are running along the cliffs on the shore as low down as the 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.

We cross the Nipigon 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 Kaministikwia River, a short distance further 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 evidence of it. Long piers and wharves crowded with shipping, great piles of lumber, coal and merchandise, with the railway grain elevators looming above all. 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 has been made to these and to the iron deposits beyond.

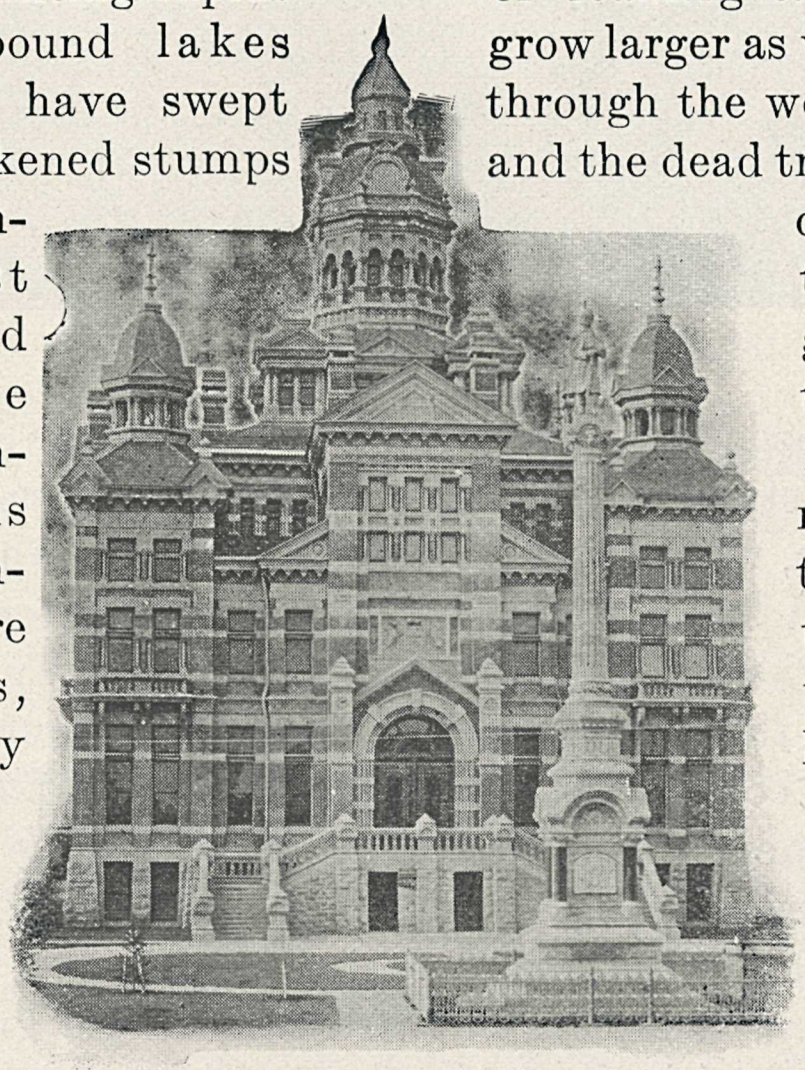
The scenery here is more diversified and beautiful than any we have yet seen. The wide emerald-green waters of Thunder Bay are enclosed by abrupt black-and-purple basaltic cliffs on the one side, and by hills rising roll upon roll on the other. Here



BRANDON, MAN.

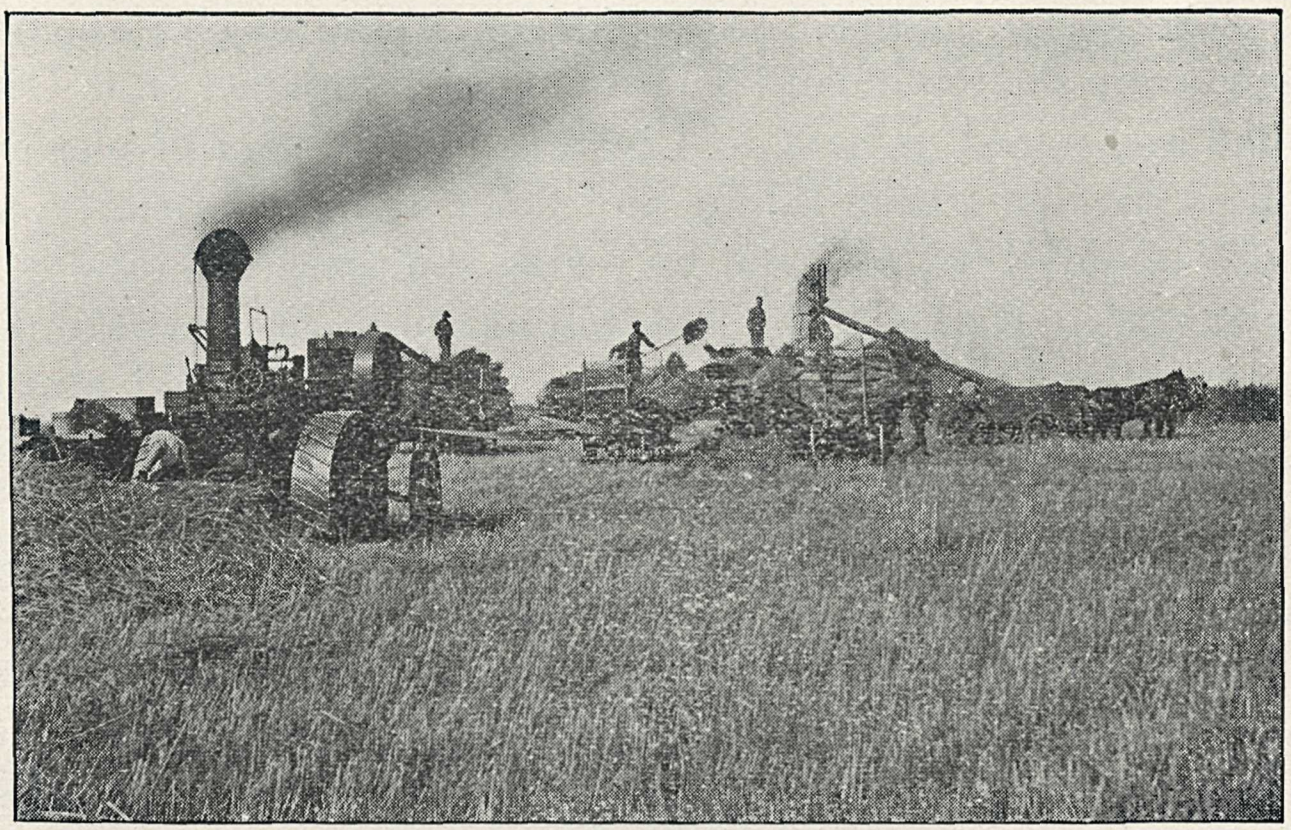
the Kaministikwia River, broad, deep and placid, emerges from a dark forest and joins the waters of Lake Superior, giving little token that but a few miles back it has made a wild plunge from a height nearly equalling that of Niagara itself.

Our train is increased to provide for the passengers who have come up by the Canadian Pacific Company's steamer from Owen Sound and joined us here, and by a goodly number of pleasure-seekers who have been fishing and shooting in the vicinity, 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.



CITY HALL, WINNIPEG

But wild and rough as it is, this country is full of natural wealth. Valuable minerals and precious metals abound, and mining operations are carried on extensively and successfully, and from here, mainly, is procured the timber to supply the prairies beyond. Right in the heart of this wilderness, thriving villages are met and an encouraging commencement of farming is seen; and at the outlet of the Lake-of-the-Woods, we suddenly come



THRESHING—WESTERN CANADA

upon half-a-dozen busy saw-mills, their chimneys black against the sky ; and standing far above all these an immense flouring-mill, of granite, with a cluster of grain elevators and warehouses about it ; and here at Keewatin are the extensive, newly-completed works of the Keewatin Power Company, which make of the Lake-of-the-Woods a mill pond of 3,000 square miles and afford a most convenient and unlimited water-power for mills and establishments of all kinds for supplying the needs of the great Northwest beyond, and for manufacturing its products on their way to the Eastern markets.

As we draw nearer to the prairies we find great sawmills 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 trees and enter the wide, level valley of Red River, and in a little while we cross the river

on a long iron bridge, 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 a frontier trading post of yesterday transformed into a city of ninety 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.

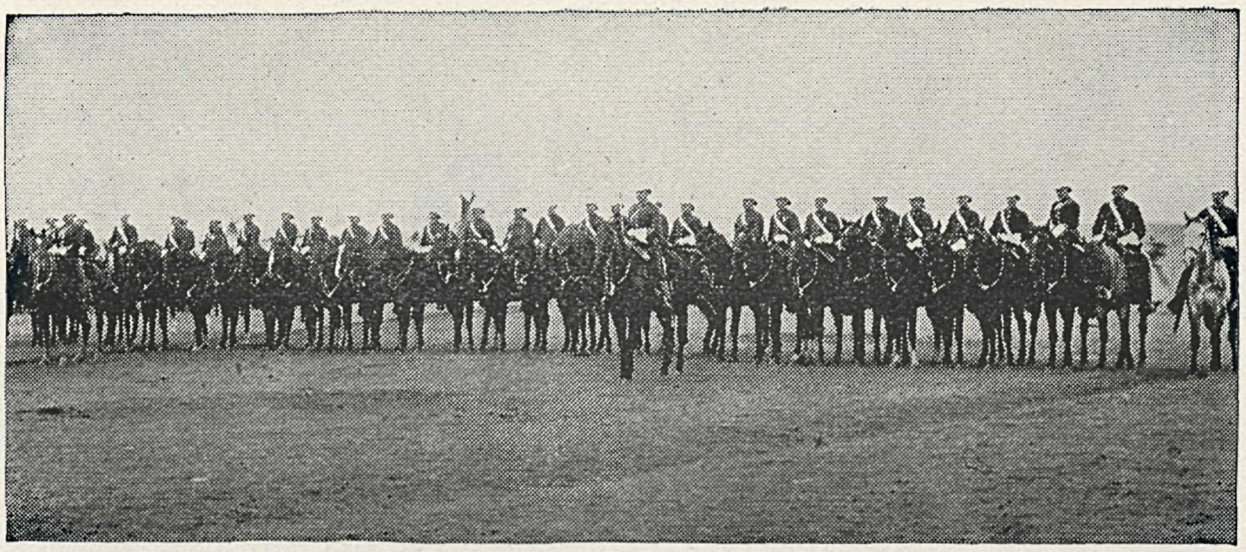
While you will find in Winnipeg the key to much that you will see beyond, you must look beyond for the key to much you will see in Winnipeg. Situated just were the forests end and the vast prairies begin, with thousands of miles of river navigation to the north, south and west, and with railways radiating 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 hundred 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

REAPING—WESTERN CANADA

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.

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 Canadian Pacific Railway Company or of the Government ; 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 British, American, German and Scandinavian immigrants, landhunters in plenty, their pockets stuffed with maps and with pamphlets full of land lore,

A WESTERN CANADA WHEAT FIELD

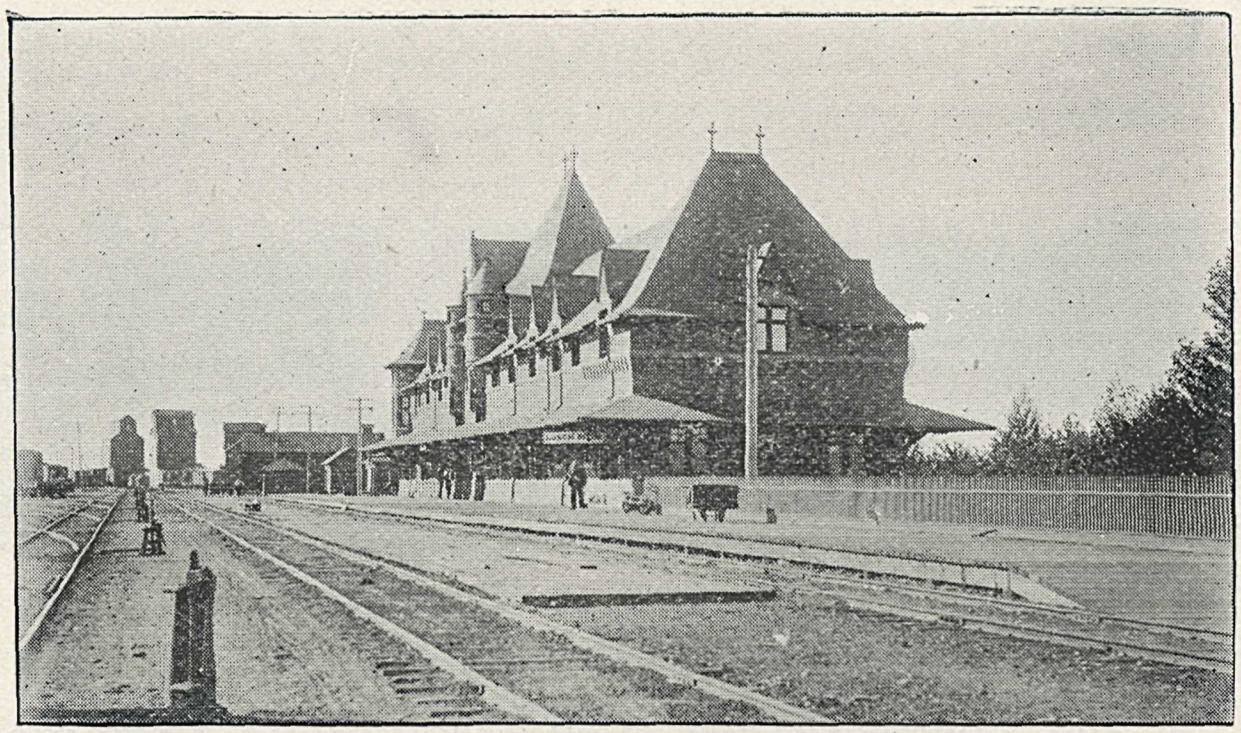


NORTHWEST MOUNTED POLICE

gold and silver miners for the Kootenay, the Cariboo and the Yukon, 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 week's 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.



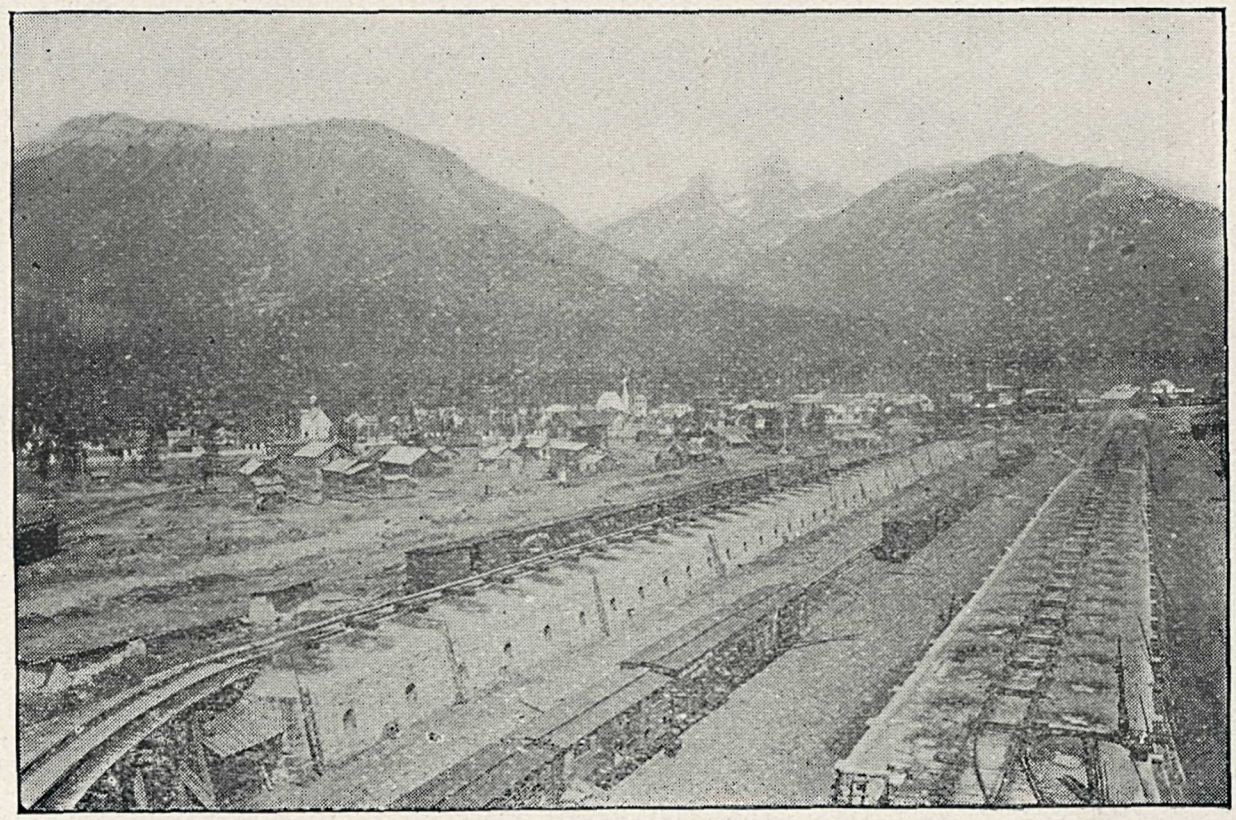
CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY CO.'S MOOSE JAW HOTEL

Fifty-six 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 elevators and flour-mills, its busy streets and substantial houses, tell their own story. From here a railway reaches away two hundred miles or more to the north and 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.

One hundred and thirty-three miles from Winnipeg we cross the Assiniboine River and reach Brandon, next to Winnipeg the largest town in the Province of Manitoba, a city, in fact, although but comparatively 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 southwest to the Souris coal fields.

Leaving Brandon we have fairly reached the first of the great prairie steppes, that run 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 pic-

tured, but a great billowy ocean of grass and flowers, now swelling into low hills, again dropping into broad basins, with gleaming ponds, and broken here and there by valleys and 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 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 everything that can be grown in a temperate climate. All these flourish here without appreciable drain upon the soil. Once here,

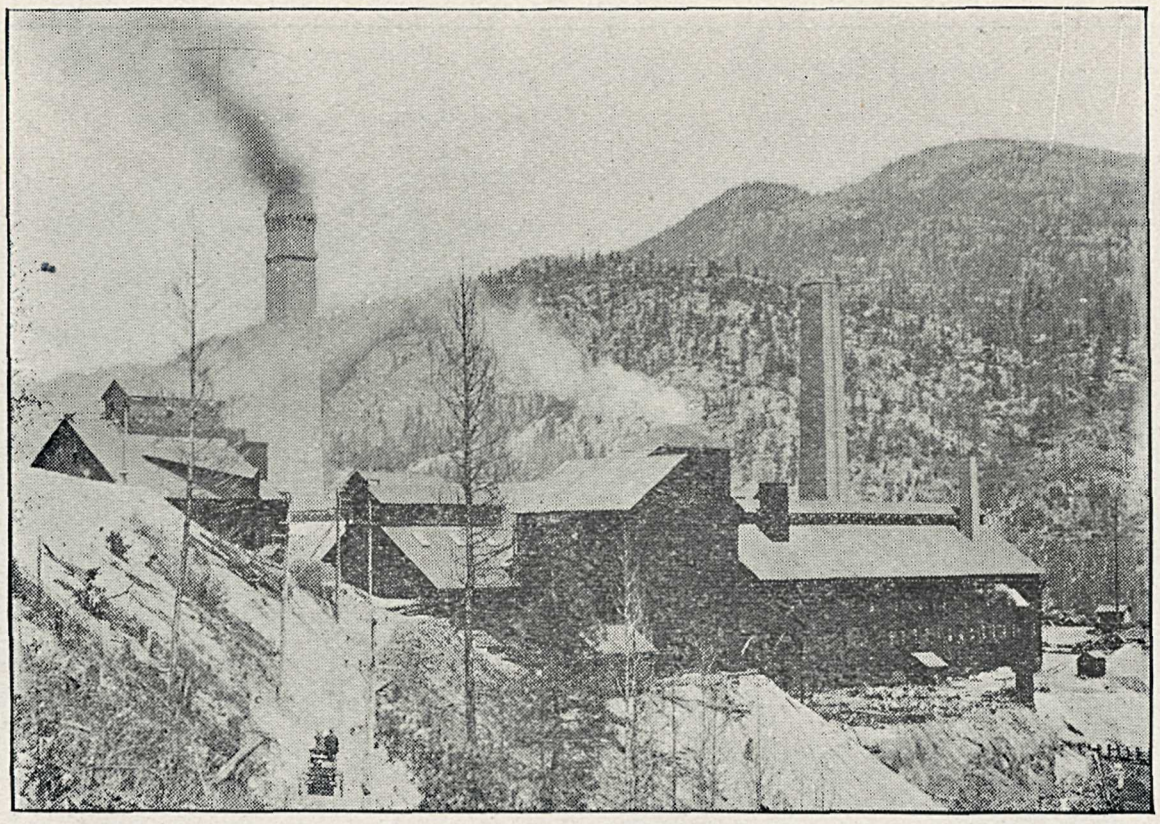


COKE OVENS, FERNIE

the British farmer soon forgets all about fertilizers. His children may have to look to such things, but he will not.

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. Once in a while we see coveys of "prairie chickens" rising from the grass, startled by a passing train. Ducks of many kinds are seen about the frequent ponds, together with wild geese and cranes. The sportsmen have nearly all dropped off at different stations. Those that remain are after larger game further west—antelope or caribou, or the bear, sheep or goat of the mountains.

Three hundred and sixty miles from Winnipeg we reach Regina, the capital of the Northwest Territories, 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



CANADIAN PACIFIC SMELTER, TRAIL

CITY OF NELSON FROM HARBOR

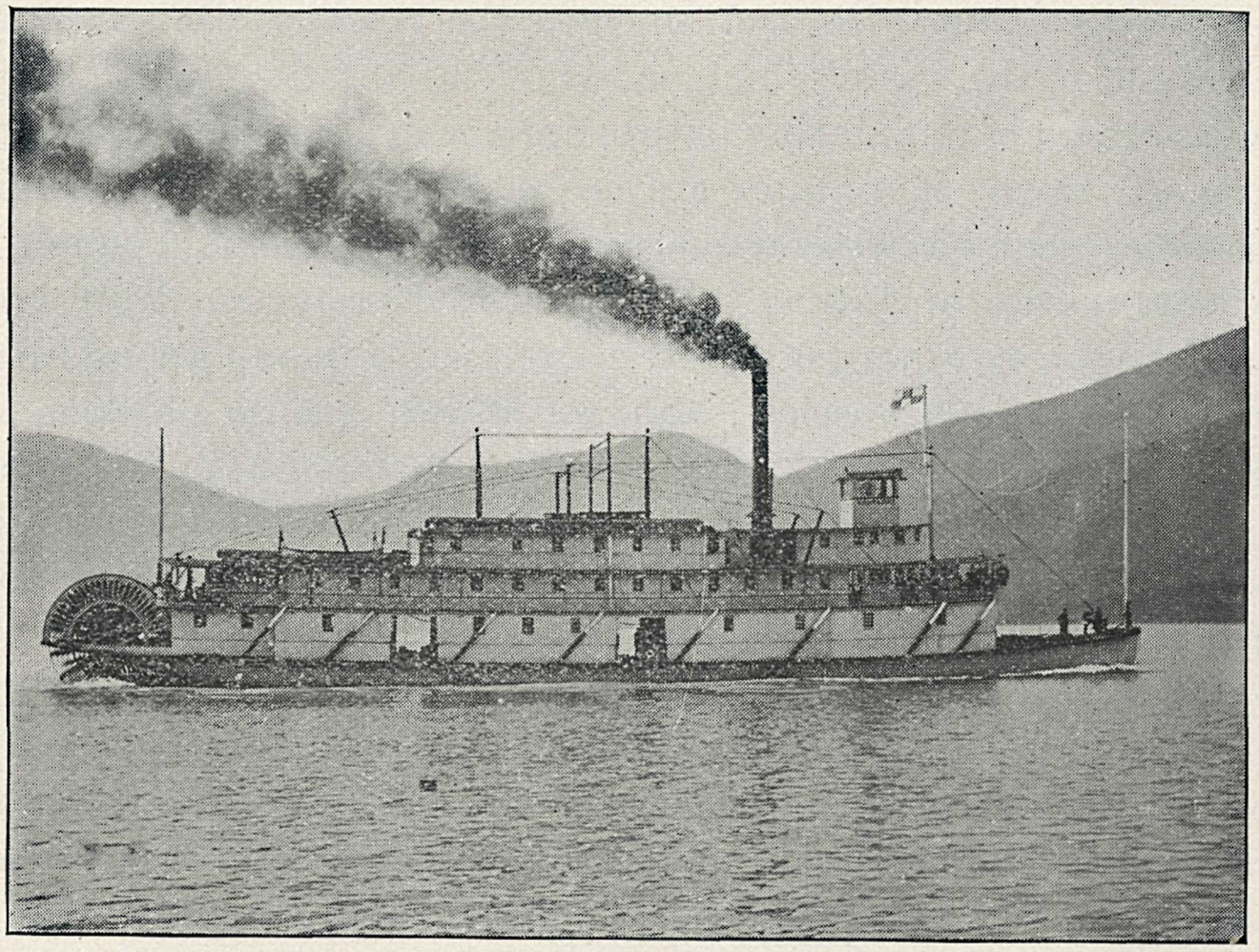
larger towns we have left behind; but it is a busy place, an important centre of trade, and one of the cities of the future. From here a railway branches off to the north, crossing the South Saskatchewan River at Saskatoon, and continuing on to Prince Albert on the North Saskatchewan. As we leave the station going westward, we see on our right the Government Buildings and 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. At Moose Jaw, forty-one miles beyond Regina, the main line is joined by another from St. Paul and Minneapolis—a line belonging to the Canadian Pacific Railway Co.—which now affords the shortest route between the Mississippi Valley and the Pacific Coast.

Leaving Moose Jaw we commence the ascent of another prairie *steppe*. We have not reached the end of the continuous settlement, and beyond to the mountains we shall 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 ten 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 one hundred miles, and without them the short buffalo grass gives the country a desolate, barren look; but it is far from barren, as the different farms and station gardens testify, with their wonderful growth of cereals and vegetables. At Chaplin we come to Lake Chaplin, formerly known as 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. Waterfowl 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; but the buffalo has disappeared, except in pitiably few numbers in the 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 as 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 anything 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,



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY CO.'S INLAND LAKE STEAMER

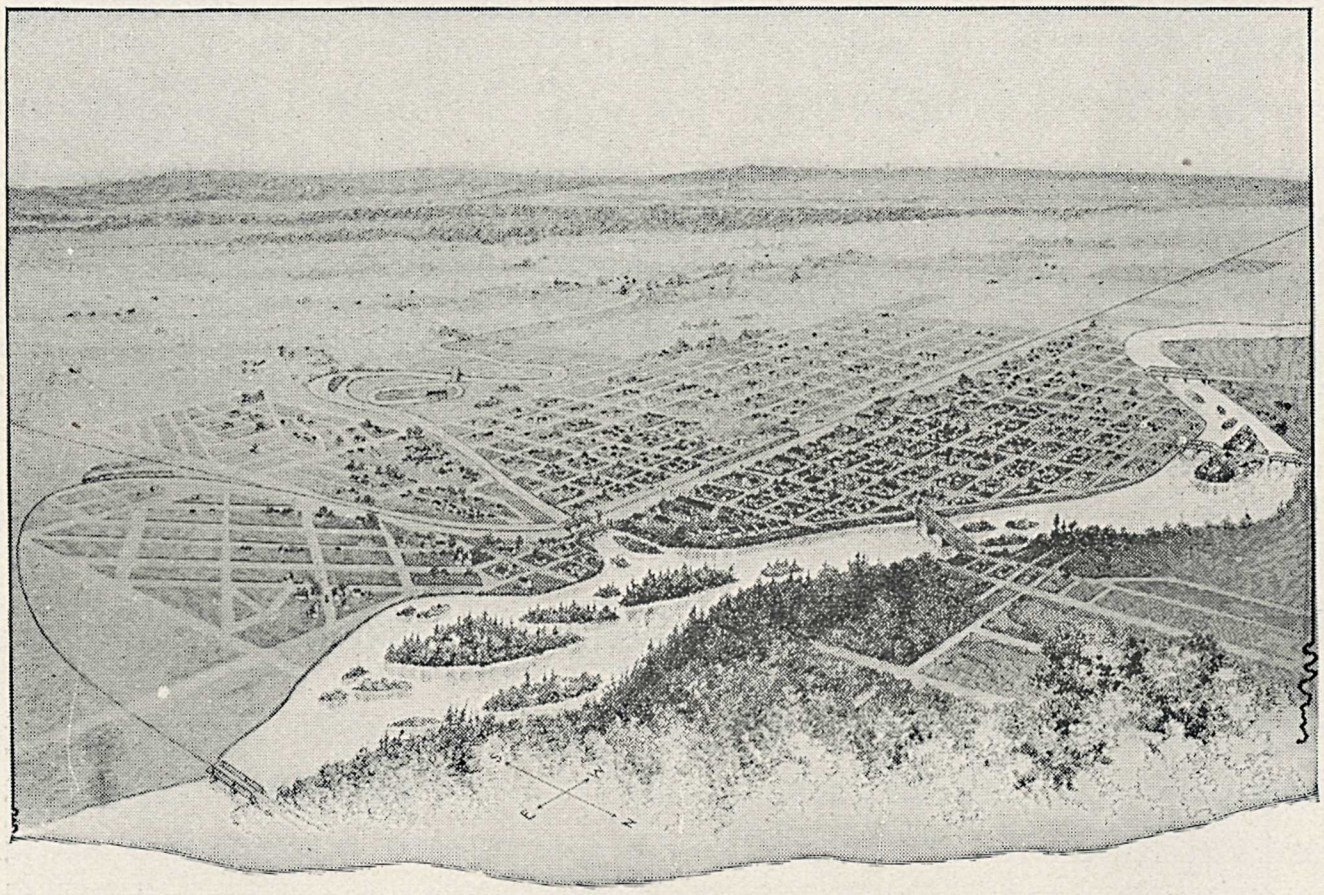
Indians are represented on the station platform by braves of high and low degree, squaws and pappooses, mostly bent on trading pipes and trinkets for tobacco and silver—a picturesque looking lot but dirty withal. Leaving the station we catch sight of their encampment, a mile or so away—tall, conical " 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 back-ground ; 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.

From Medicine Hat, 660 miles west of Winnipeg, there stretches away westward, to the south of the main transcontinental line, the Crowsnest Pass Branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which provides a short route to the Kootenay goldfields. This newly constructed line taps the Lethbridge collieries, and touching the flourishing town of Macleod, traverses the great Southern Alberta ranching country, the home of the Cowboy and the Cattle King. Beyond Macleod the Rockies rise sharp and clear out of the western horizon, while the intervening country is a panorama of undulating prairie upon which vast herds of cattle graze. As the mountains are neared, the surface of the prairie becomes seamed with numerous streams, large and small, of crystal icy water flowing toward the Saskatchewan River, fresh from its source amongst the eternal snows—streams abounding in trout of various species ; and waterfowl, prairie chicken and other feathered game are here also, and farther on, in the mountains, the most venturesome sportsman can gratify his ambition for grizzly and black bear, elk, and mountain sheep and goat. The railway enters the Rockies through a narrow pass guarded on either side by towering peaks, whose bare bases almost touch the track, and after skirting Crowsnest Lake, crosses the summit of the Rockies at an elevation of 4,427 feet, and penetrates the rapidly developing East Kootenay region. Gold and silver and the baser metals are found here in plenty, and here are said to be the largest undeveloped coal areas in the world.

At Fernie, a town of recent birth, evidences of the new life that has been infused into the country are seen on every hand and many coke ovens, whose number is being rapidly multiplied, are already employed to supply fuel for the smelters of West Kootenay. We pass Cranbrook and other towns whose existence dates from the building of the railway, and on the beautiful Moyie Lake come in close contact with active mining operations. The country through which we pass is rich not only in mineral and forest wealth, but in the broad valleys are seen countless

opportunities for the coming farmer and rancher. While the mountain scenery may not have the same majestic features which characterize the main line of the Canadian Pacific to the north it has a charm all its own, varying in its nature from beetling crags and whitened peaks to pleasant meadow lands and picturesque water stretches. At Kootenay Landing, at the southern end of the Kootenay Lake, the present terminus of the Crowsnest Pass Branch is reached, a little to the south of which the Kootenay River re-enters Canadian territory after making a



CALGARY, ALBERTA

detour through Montana and Idaho ; the railway Company has built transfer slips, and here laden freight cars are transferred to barges and towed to Nelson where they are re-transferred to the railway tracks which lead west and north from here. By one of the Company's splendidly equipped steamers which ply on these magnificent inland British Columbia waters, we are conveyed to Nelson, a thriving and prosperous mining town of great promise, picturesquely located on an arm of the lake. From here we can go by rail down the grand canon of the mighty Lower Koo-

tenay River to West Robson, and on to Trail, the great smelter centre, and to Rossland, around which cluster a famous group of mines, and from West Robson we can also go over the railway westwardly into the newly opened Boundary Country, and visit a dozen busy and thriving mining camps, the foundation of whose prosperity is laid upon the vast mineral wealth of that region. From West Robson we can rejoin the main line of the Canadian Pacific by sailing up the Columbia River and the upper Arrow Lake—stopping off, if we will, at Nakusp and there taking another branch railway to Sandon, in the centre of the wonderfully rich silver-lead mining region of the Slocan—which can also be reached direct from Nelson, by way of Slocan Lake, one of the prettiest of mountain waters. Returning to Nakusp, our way lies farther up the Arrow Lake, lying between the Selkirks on the one hand and the Gold range on the other, in a region where exists a superb combination of lake and mountain scenery; and from Arrowhead, where the Columbia coming from the north pours its flood into the lake, a short railway ride will take us to the thriving city of Revelstoke, from which our western journey is resumed.

Let us now return to Medicine Hat and make the journey

CATTLE RANCHING—WESTERN CANADA

THREE SISTERS, CANMORE, ALBERTA

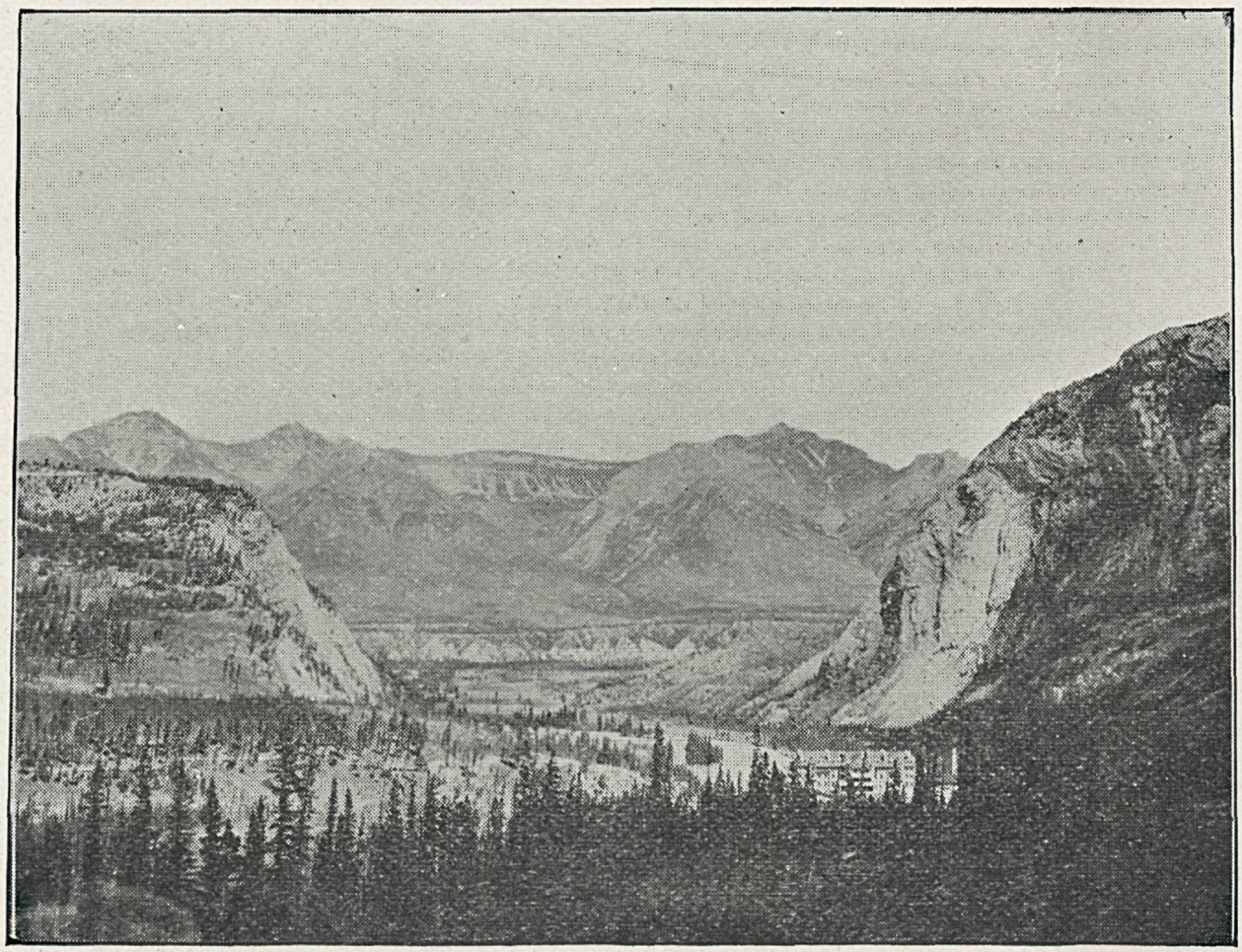
on the main line of the Canadian Pacific which passes through an inviting stretch of country—perhaps the most attractive in the world to tourists. Medicine Hat is a finely situated and rapidly growing town, over a thousand miles from Lake Superior, on the broad and beautiful Saskatchewan River. Crossing 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 trail of the buffalo and the saucer-like hollows where the shaggy monsters used to wallow. 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 villages, and which will soon be utilized in reducing the silver-lead 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 one 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 picturesque 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, two thousand two hundred and sixty-four miles from Montreal and three thousand four hundred and sixteen 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, and a most attractive agricultural country as well, with great waterways that lead through the vast Mackenzie basin to the Arctic regions. Stretching away one hundred and fifty miles to the United States boundary southward, is the Ranch Country ; and both these districts are accessible by a railway extending northward from Calgary to Edmonton and southward to Macleod.

You may be sure of a cordial welcome should you visit the ranchmen, and it would be worth your while to do so. You will find them all along the foothills, 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 the " round up " to collect and sort the animals according to the brands of the different owners, and then the " cowboy " 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



BOW RIVER VALLEY, BANFF

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

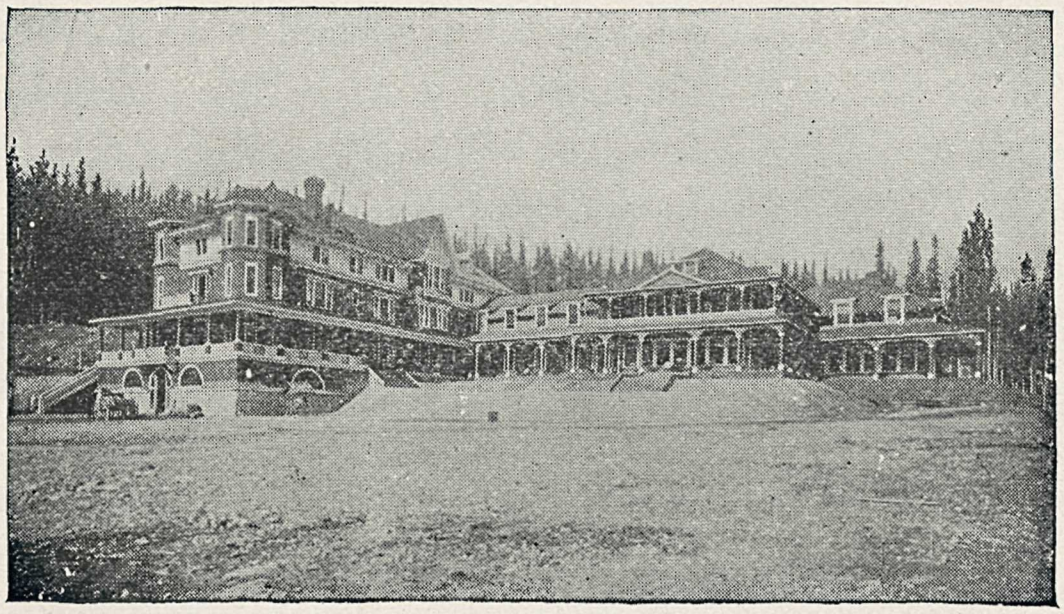
CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY CO.'S BANFF HOTEL, BANFF

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—seen in all its completeness from the observation car now attached to the train. 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, for this is the region described by Whymper, the conqueror of the Matterhorn, as " fifty or sixty Switzerlands rolled into one."

Three hours after leaving Calgary we begin at Canmore to see coal mines, both anthracite and bituminous, 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 many 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 hand of man can add but little. Everybody stops here for a day or two at least, and we should do

likewise. We shall find luxurious quarters in a large and handsomely appointed hotel, perched on a hill overlooking the beautiful valley of the Bow River. The river comes down from its glacial 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 other in form and color; and the converging valleys separating them afford matchless views in all directions. Well-made carriage roads and bridle



LAKE LOUISE HOTEL, LAKES IN THE CLOUDS

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. Thirty-four miles west of Banff is Laggan, the station for the "Lakes in the Clouds." We must not fail to visit these lakes, which are of singular beauty, and are situated one above the other among the mountains, within easy reach of the station. On the margin of Lake Louise, the first reached, is a picturesque chalet, a delightful rendezvous of tourists. From it radiate easy paths to the Upper Lakes—Mirror and Agnes—and to the aptly-named Paradise Valley, the Valley of the Ten Peaks, and other picturesque spots.

Two hours from Banff our train crosses the "Great Divide," 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 from a common source. The waters of one find their way down to the Saskatchewan and into Hudson 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 westbound stream down through a tortuous rock-ribbed canon, where the waters are dashed to foam in incessant leaps and whirls. This is the 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, two hundred and forty feet thick, is slowly crowded over a sheer precipice of dizzy height, and crushed to atoms below. On the broad front of the mountain we trace the zig-zag lines of tramway coming down from a silver mine somewhere among the clouds. 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.

Here at Field we stand at the gateway of a region more wonderful than any hitherto discovered, superior in majesty and beauty even to the far-famed Yosemite. Hunters following the mountain sheep, after crossing a high divide a few hours' ride to the northward of Field, came to an unknown valley of such surpassing loveliness that they were lost in wonder and amazement. Surrounded by lofty peaks and tremendous glaciers it holds a waterfall so unique that it must prove a magnet potent enough to attract men from afar. "Takakkaw !" (It is

VALLEY OF THE TEN PEAKS

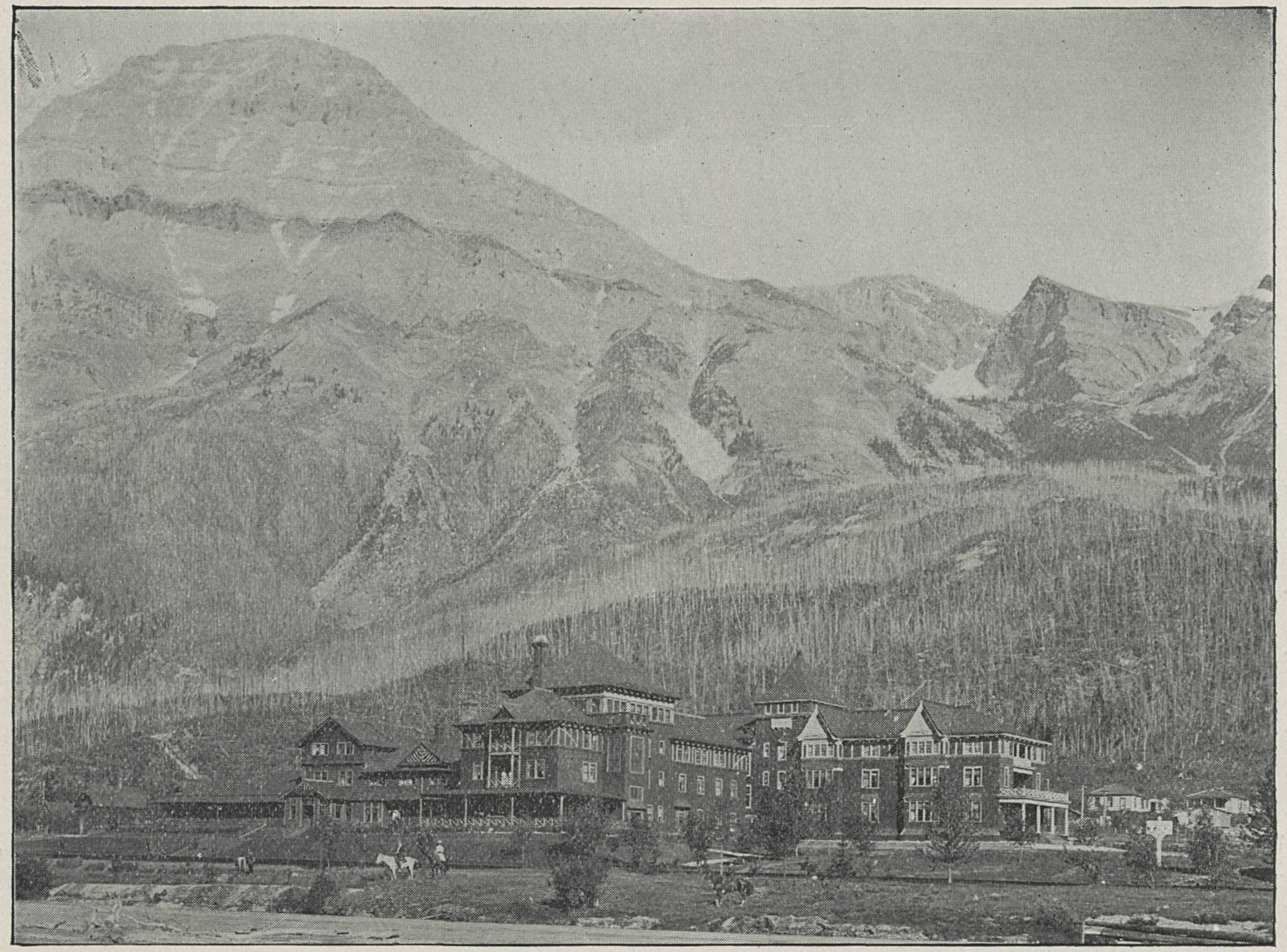
beautiful !) cried the first Indian who stood by them, and by this name these falls will be known. They are almost 1,200 feet in height, dropping from the tongue of a huge glacier into Yoho Valley.

Still following the river, now crossing deep ravines, now piercing projecting rocky spurs, now quietly gliding through level park-like expanses of green sward, with beautiful trees, pretty lakelets and babbling brooks, with here and there a sawmill, a slate quarry or some other new industry, 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 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

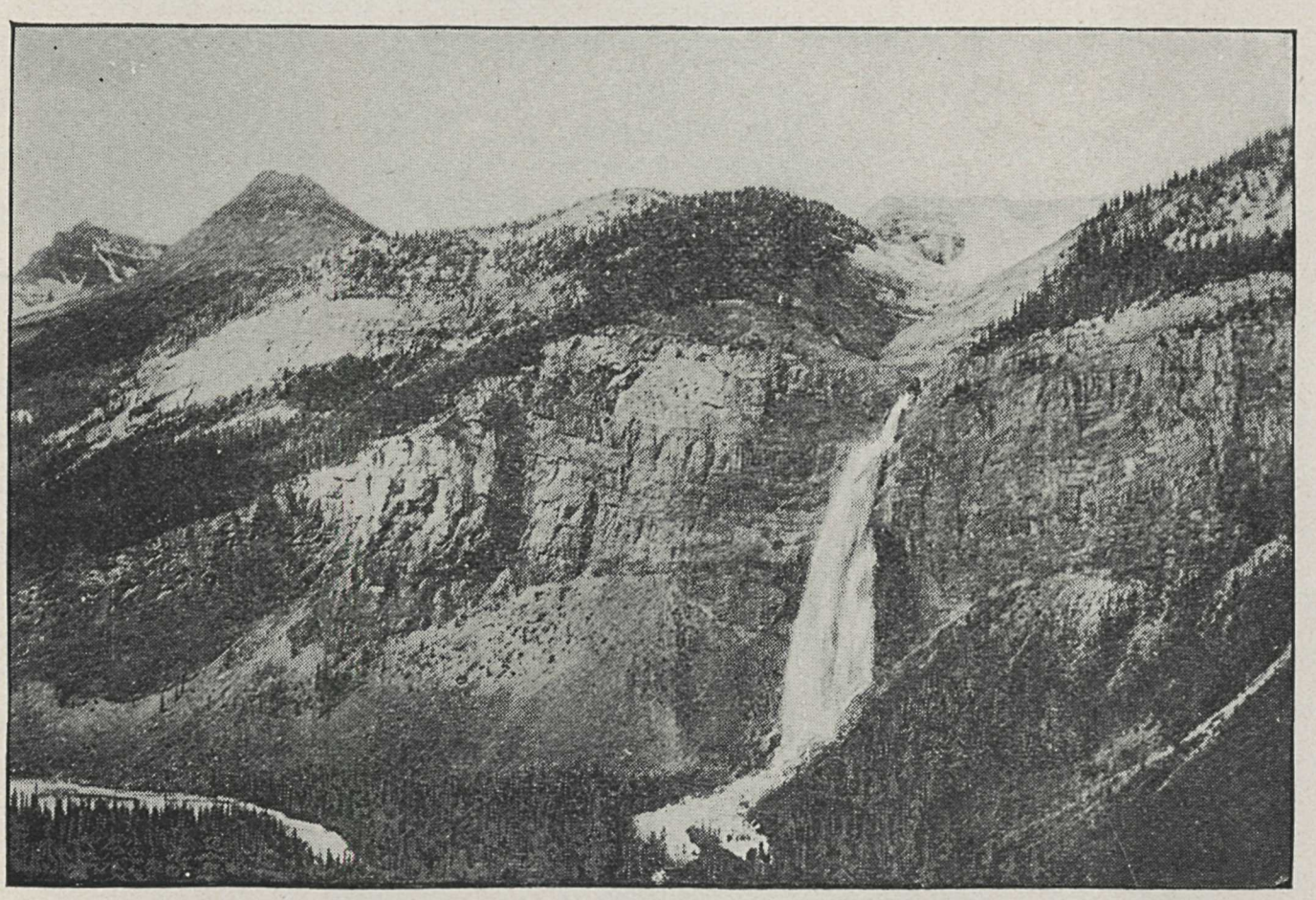
mountains before us are the Selkirks, and we have now crossed the Rockies. Sweeping around into the Columbia Valley we have a glorious mountain view. To the north and south, as far as the eye can reach, we have the Rockies on the one hand and the Selkirks on the other, widely differing in aspect, but each indescribably grand. Both rise from the river in a succession of tree-clad benches, and soon leaving the trees behind, shoot up into the regions of perpetual snow and ice. Here is the town of Golden. The railway turns down the Columbia, following one of the river benches through gigantic trees for twenty miles or more ; then, crossing the river, then following it down through a great canon, 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

KICKING HORSE PASS



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY CO.'S MOUNT STEPHEN HOUSE, FIELD

group of peaks of fantastic shapes and many colors. At the summit itself, four thousand five hundred feet above tidewater, 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 south 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.



TAKAKKAW FALLS AND YOHO VALLEY, B.C.

Further 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 ice-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

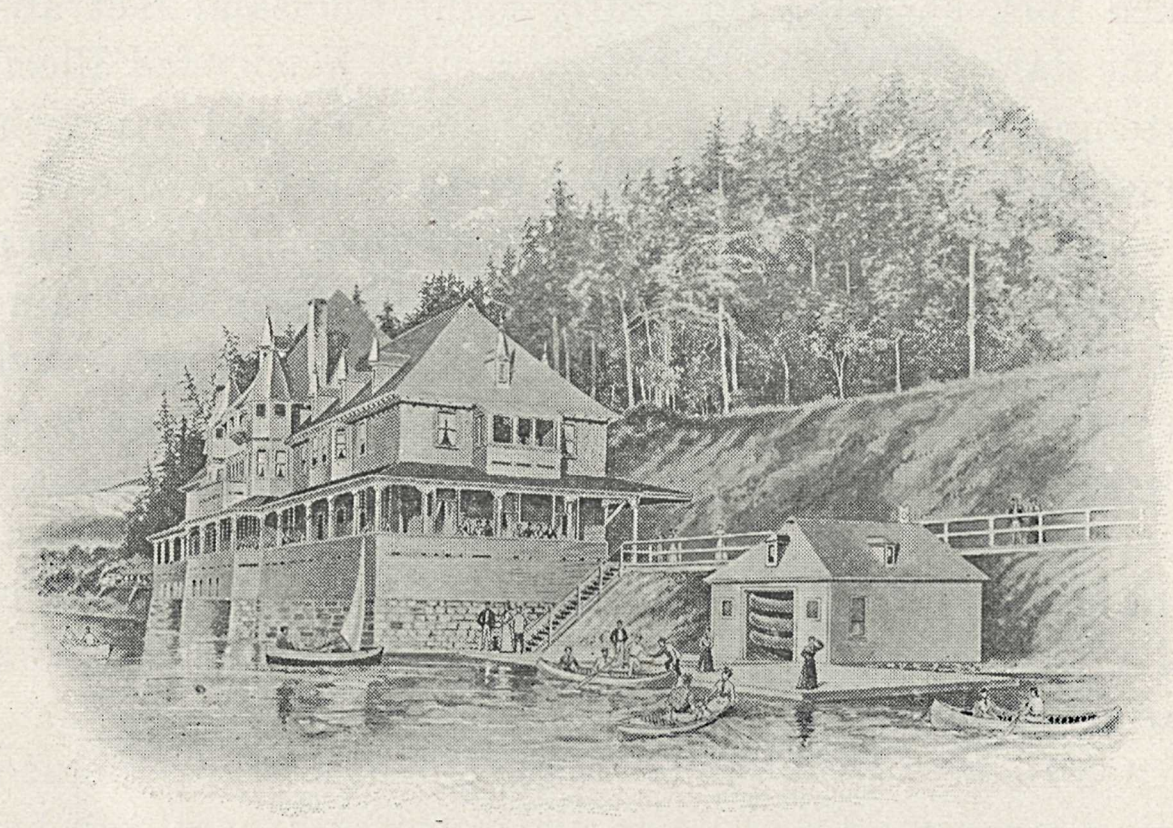
CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY CO.'S GLACIER HOUSE, GLACIER

all 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 Illecillewaet 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 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, a supply point for the mining district up and down the river, and here, perched on a mountain bench overlooking the river, is a fine hotel. From here the Kootenay country can also be reached. A branch line will take us down to Arrowhead at the head of the Upper Arrow Lake, and from thence elegantly appointed and speedy steamers through the long and beautiful stretch of the Upper Lake, to all points in this famed region—to the Slocan, to Kootenay Lake, to Nelson, Trail and Rossland, and into the Boundary country, this being the easiest way to this section from the Pacific Coast

But, if we continue on our journey to the Pacific, we are at once 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



CANADIAN PACIFIC HOTEL SICAMOUS, SICAMOUS, B.C.

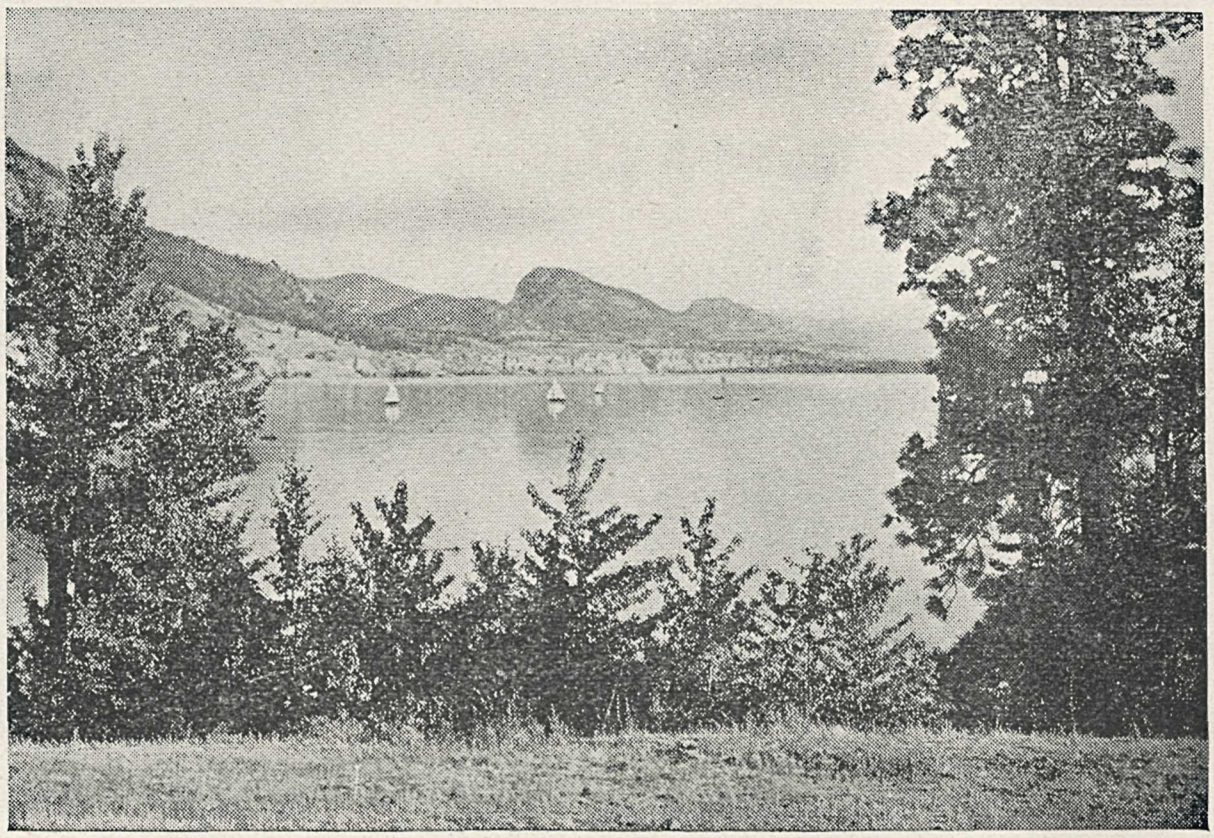
way by abruptly rising mountains. And here again we may turn aside and visit the Okanagan Lake, two hours distant by a branch line of railway from Sicamous Junction—another mountain-hemmed lake extending many miles to the south, bordering on which lies the greatest game country of the continent. There are caribou and bear, mountain sheep and mountain goat and deer and smaller game in plenty, and the waters are filled with fish. A delightful fisherman's retreat has been provided at Sicamous. Here amid the most glorious scenery the man fond of gun and rod may have his fill of each for once—no sportsman ever yet " drew " Sicamous blank.

Going on again, and 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, in whose dry, salubrious climate those of weak

lungs derive especial benefit, 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 canon 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 canon 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 the 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

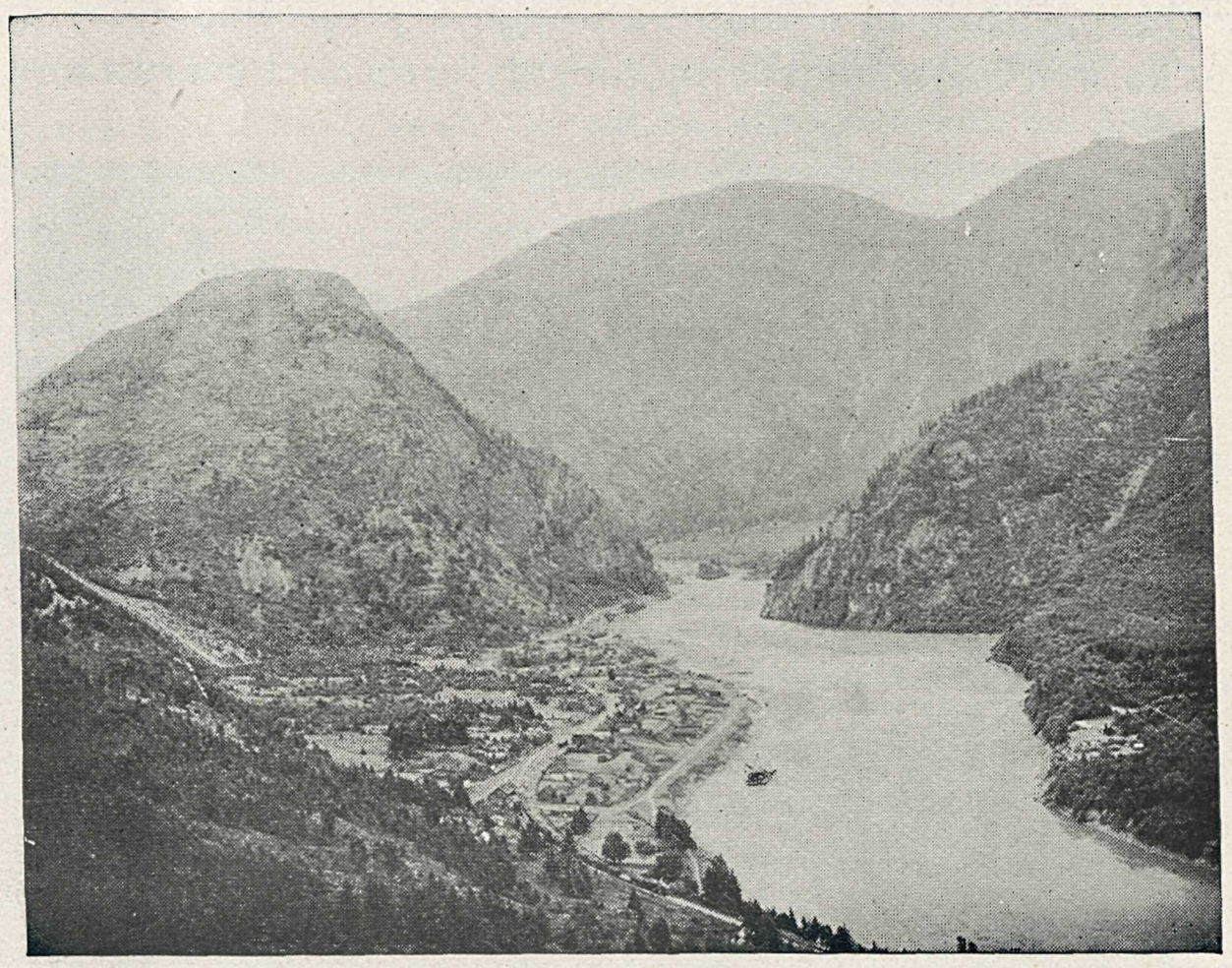


OKANAGAN LAKE

we feel no sense of danger. For hours we are deafened by the roar of 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 canon 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 sandbars and Indians herding cattle in the meadows; 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 toward the southeast. It is Mount Baker, sixty miles away and fourteen thousand feet

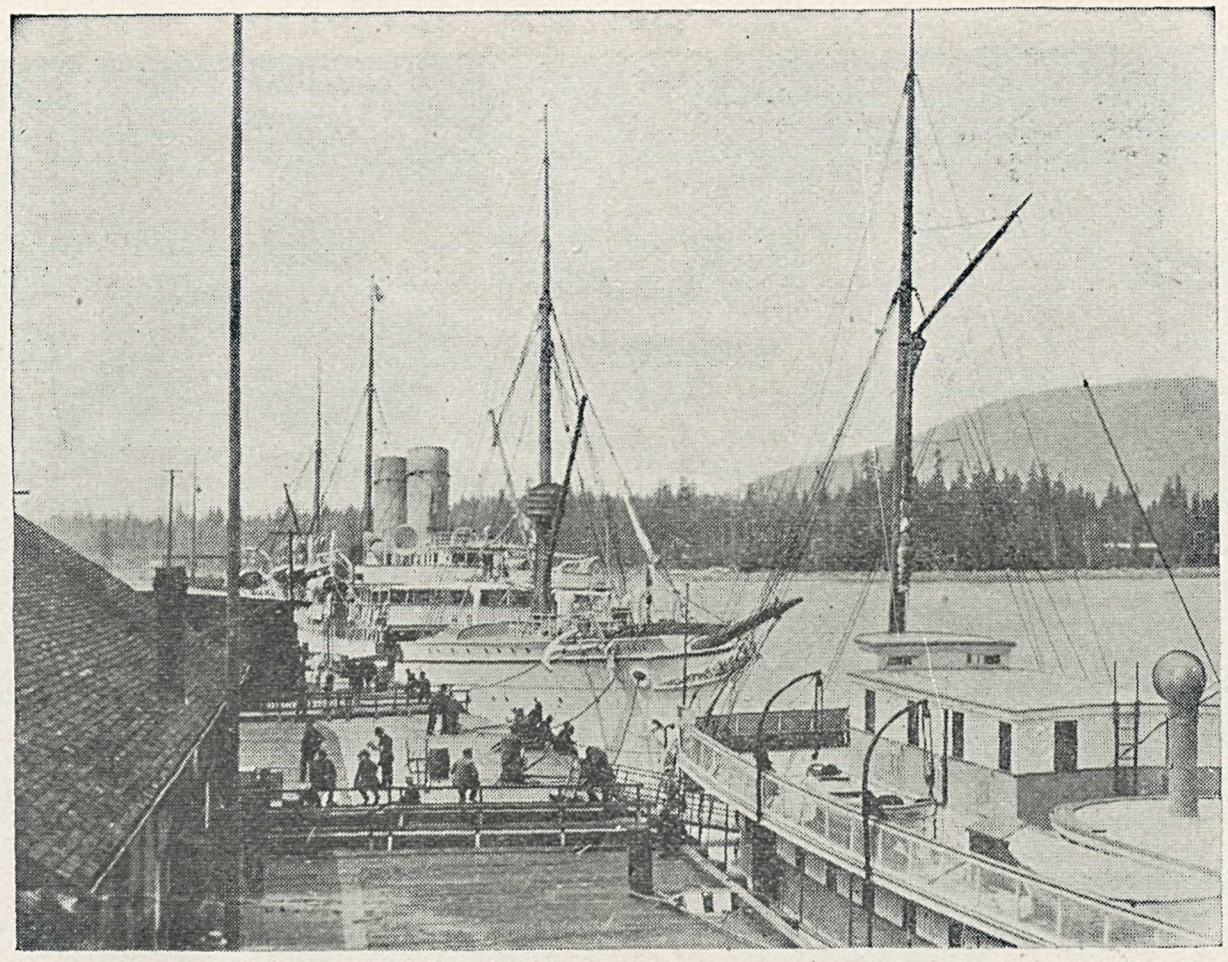


FRASER RIVER AT YALE, B.C.

GOLD WASHING AT YALE, B.C.

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 eastwards by the railway or canned in great quantities and shipped to all parts of the world.

At Mission a branch line turns off to the south, crossing the Fraser River immediately and connecting at the international boundary with railways extending along Puget Sound to Seattle,



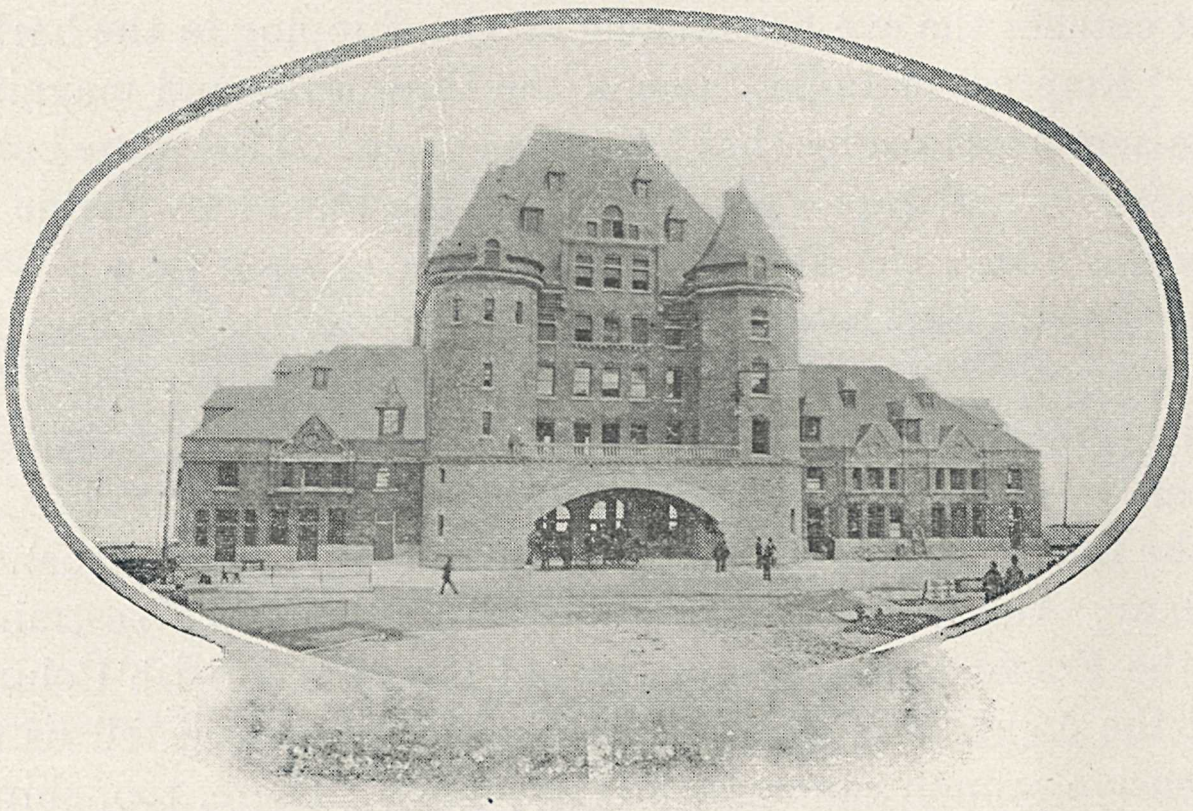
CANADIAN PACIFIC STEAMSHIP DOCK, VANCOUVER, B.C.

Tacoma, Portland, and San Francisco, and all the way to the Gulf of California, passing in turn those glorious isolated mountain peaks that stud the Pacific Coast—Baker, Tacoma, Hood and Shasta.

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 handsome new station at Vancouver, the western terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

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 interes ing and charming view of the new city and surrounding country. Far away to 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 the Fraser River, is the Olympia 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 nineteen years ago—a forest stood here then. The men who built the town could not wait for bricks and mortar, and all the earlier houses were built of wood; but fire swept all of 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, Australia, New Zealand, Fiji, Hawaiian Islands, from California, Puget Sound and Alaska are discharging or taking in cargoes and at the warehouses along the wharves are lines of railway cars loaded for the Atlantic seaboard with tea, sugar, silk, seal-skins, fish, fruit and many other commodities. Here and there all around the inlet are great sawmills where steamships and sailing vessels are taking in timber and deals for China and Australia, South



PASSENGER STATION, VANCOUVER, B.C.

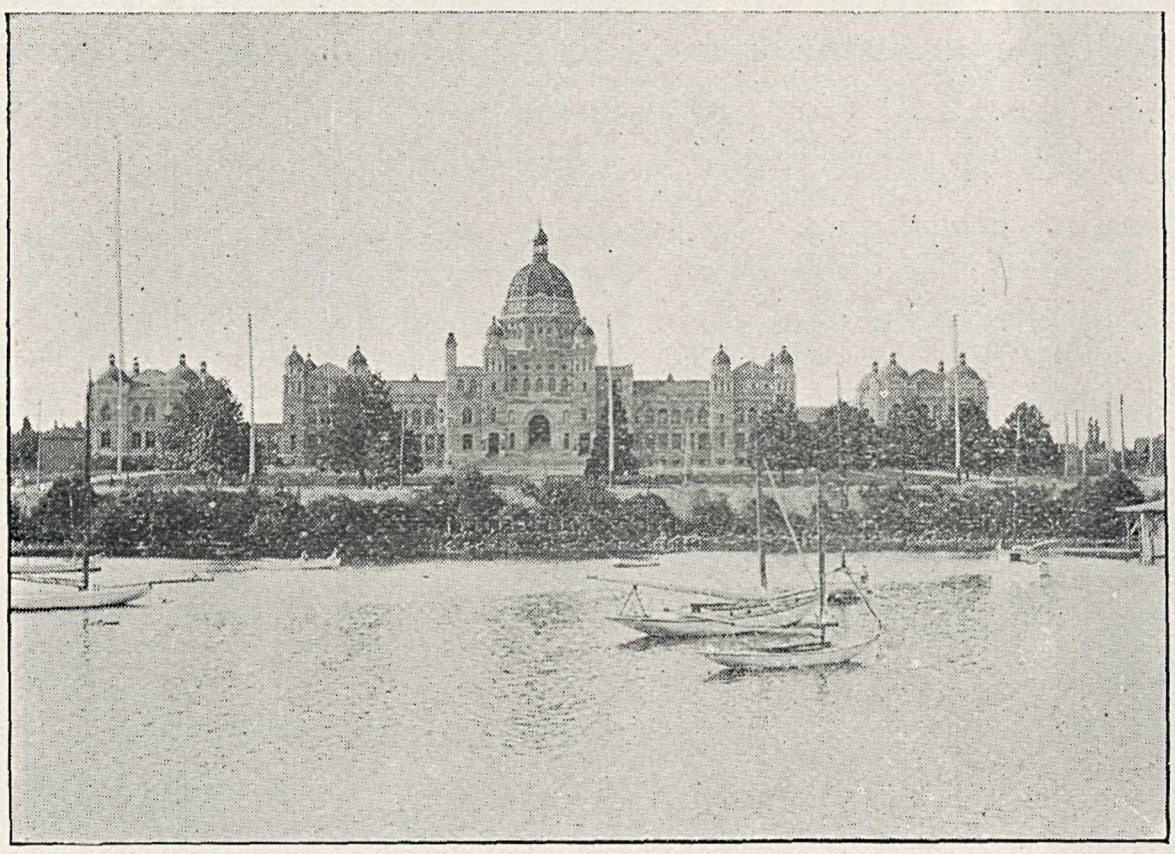
CANADIAN PACIFIC VANCOUVER HOTEL, VANCOUVER, B.C.

America, and even for Great Britain. The great white steamship that catches the eye first among all the shipping in the harbor is the "Empress of India," one of the three swift and magnificent twin-screw steamships that have been placed on the route between Vancouver and Japan and China, by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, the like of which has never been seen in Pacific waters—great steel steamships like the best of the Atlantic liners, but more perfect and luxurious in their appointments. Think of it! We are within ten days of Yokohama—of wonderful Japan! Nearby is another fine steamship of the first class ; one of the line to Honolulu (Hawaii), Suva (Fiji), and Brisbane and Sydney, Australia. A few miles away is New Westminster, on the Fraser River, one of the old towns of British Columbia, and the columns of smoke rising in that direction tell us of its extensive salmon canneries and sawmills. There, too, ships are loading for all parts of the world. And over against Vancouver Island are 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 Straits of Georgia and the wonderful fiords of Alaska, where the mountains are embraced in a thousand arms of the sea, ply numerous steamers, crowded with tourists and with gold-seekers bound for the great mining regions of the Yukon in Canada's far Northwest. 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 transcontinental railway, British Columbia expects a brilliant future ; and no wonder that everybody there is at work with all his might !

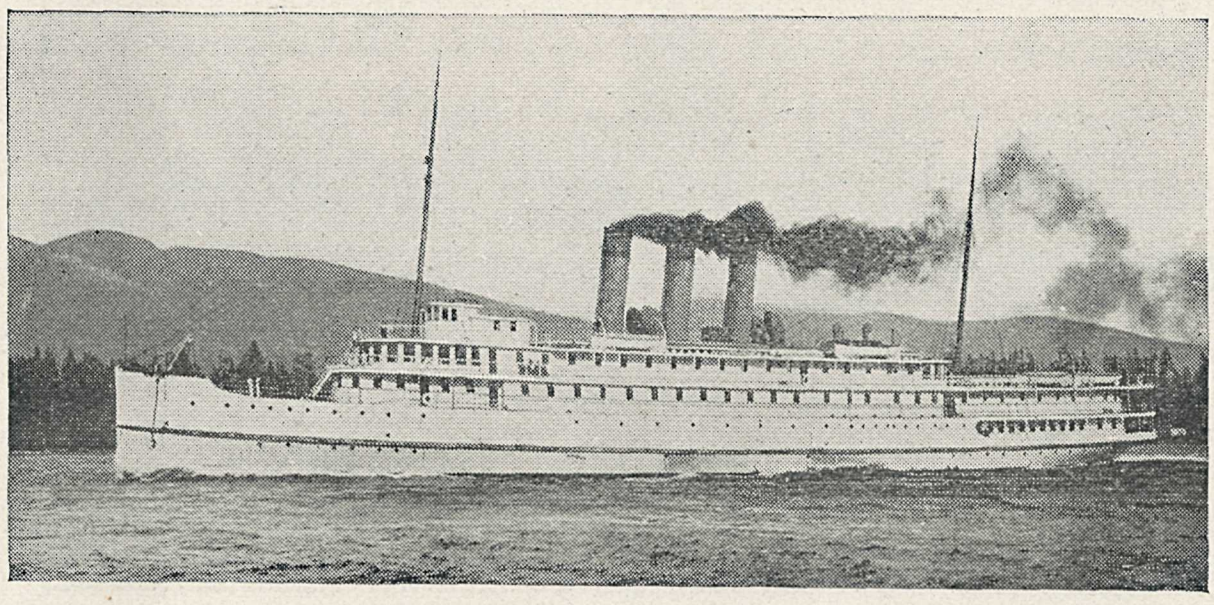
I ask your pardon, patient reader, for my persistence in showing you all sorts of things as we came along, whether you



PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS AND HARBOR, VICTORIA, B.C.

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 largely 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, Britain's 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.



CANADIAN PACIFIC VANCOUVER-VICTORIA SERVICE STEAMER

Canadian Pacific Railway Co.'s Twin-Screw Steamships

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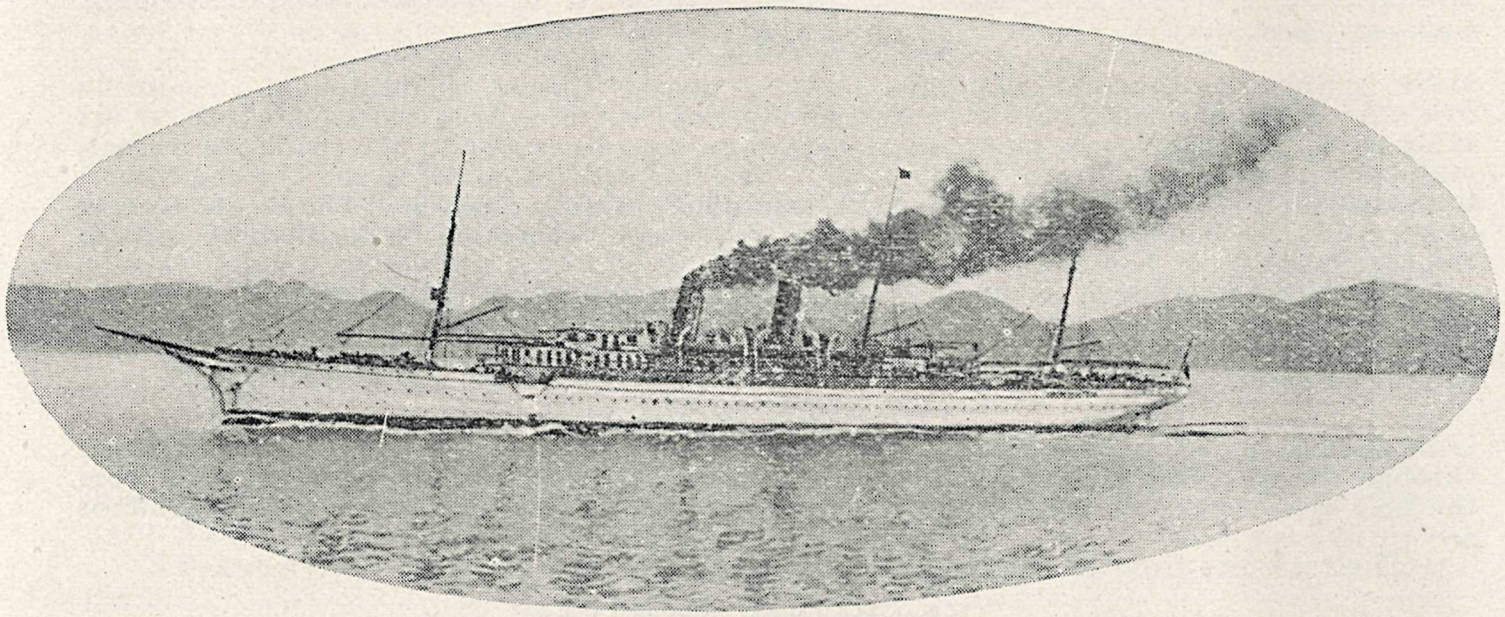
JAPAN AND CHINA

STEAMSHIPS

Empress of India, Empress of Japan, Empress of China, Tartar and Athenian



The Empresses are alike in every detail, 485 ft. long, 51 ft. beam, 36 ft. depth and 6,000 tons register, with twin screws, triple expansion engines, 10,000 horse power, speed 19 knots. They run between **VANCOUVER** and **VICTORIA, B.C.,** and **YOKOHAMA, KOBE, NAGASAKI, SHANGHAI** and **HONG KONG.**

Of these magnificent vessels, constructed under supervision of the English Admiralty, with numerous water-tight compartments, insuring perfect safety, and equipped with all the most improved appliances devised by modern marine engineering for obtaining speed, comfort and luxury, one will sail from Vancouver, B.C., subject to unavoidable changes ONCE IN EVERY TWO OR THREE WEEKS.

These vessels are in every respect superior to any other ships that have as yet sailed the Pacific Ocean. Their route is 300 miles shorter than that of any other transpacific line.

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Canadian Pacific Hotels

While the perfect sleeping and dining car service of the Canadian Pacific Railway furnishes every comfort and luxury for travellers making the continuous overland through trip, it has been found necessary to provide places at the principal points of interest among the mountains where tourists and others might explore and enjoy the magnificent scenery.

The Company has erected at convenient points hotels, which, by their special excellence add another to the many elements of superiority for which the Railway is famous.

ALGONQUIN HOTEL,

at St. Andrews-by-the-Sea, the popular Atlantic Seaside Resort, is situated on a peninsula five miles long, extending into Passamaquoddy Bay, which is seventeen miles long by six miles wide. Good deep sea and fresh water fishing may be enjoyed ; the roads are perfect, making driving and cycling most enjoyable. The facilities for yachting and boating cannot be surpassed and there are golf links that have no superior in Canada. The attractiveness of St. Andrews-by-the-Sea brings people seeking rest and relaxation from different parts of the Continent.

The Algonquin Hotel, on which a large expenditure has recently been made in improvements, offers every modern accommodation for tourists.

The hotel rates are from $3.50 per day upwards. Special rates to those making prolonged visits.

McADAM HOTEL

is situated at McAdam Junc., N.B., and offers the visitor in search of sport a choice of routes through the whole province. It gives him, too, an outing at a summer retreat, free from the heat and crowds of the fashionable resorts, whence the hunting and fishing grounds are easily accessible.

The rates are from $2.50 per day upwards.

THE CHATEAU FRONTENAC,

at Quebec, the quaintest and historically the most interesting city in America, is one of the finest hotels on the continent. It is fireproof, and occupies a commanding position overlooking the St. Lawrence, its site being, perhaps, the grandest in the world. The Chateau Frontenac was erected at a cost of over a million of dollars. Great taste marks the furnishing, fitting and decorating of this imposing structure, in which comfort and elegance are combined to an unequalled extent.

Special arrangements for large parties and those making prolonged visits.

For view of Chateau Frontenac, see page 11.

THE PLACE VIGER,

at Montreal, is a handsome structure in which are combined a hotel and station. The building which faces Place Viger is most elaborately furnished and modernly appointed, the general style and elegance characterizing the Chateau Frontenac, at Quebec, being followed.

Special arrangements for large parties or those making a prolonged stay.

THE KAMINISTIKWIA,

at Fort William, the western terminus of the Lake Route and of the Eastern Division of the C.P.R., is an excellent, well-appointed hotel in every respect, which offers many unique attractions as a vacation home for those in pursuit of rest and recreation in the picturesque region at the head of Lake Superior.

The hotel rates are from $2.50 per day upwards, with special rates to large parties or those making an extended visit.

MOOSE JAW HOTEL,

a new hotel erected at Moose Jaw, in the Canadian North-West, at the junction of the Soo-Pacific road with the main line of the C.P.R. The hotel is modernly appointed and elegantly furnished.

Rates $3.00 per day, with reductions to those making prolonged visits.

BANFF SPRINGS HOTEL,

at Banff, in the Canadian National Park, on the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, 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 and handsome structure, with every convenience that modern ingenuity can suggest, and costing over half a million of dollars. While it is not intended to be a sanitarium, in the usual sense, the needs and comforts of invalids are fully provided for. The Hot Sulphur Springs, with which the region abound, vary in temperature from 80 to 121 degrees, and bathing facilities are provided by the hotel The springs are much like those of Arkansas, and the apparently greater curative properties of the water are no doubt due to the cool, dry air of the mountains

Game is plentiful, and Lake Minnewanka, not far away, a mile or two in width and fifteen miles long, affords excellent sport in deep trolling for trout.

Swiss Guides are stationed here and at the Lake Louise Chalet, Field and Great Glacier House to accompany tourists to points of attraction.

The hotel rates are from $3.50 per day upwards, according to the rooms. Special rates to those making prolonged visits.

THE LAKE LOUISE CHALET.

This quiet resting place in the mountains is situated on the margin of Lake Louise, about two miles distant from the station at Laggan, from which there is a good carriage drive, and is an excellent vantage point for tourists and explorers desiring to see the lakes and the adjacent scenery at their leisure.

The rates are $3.50 per day. Apply to MANAGER, Mount Stephen House, Field, B.C.

MOUNT STEPHEN HOUSE

is a pretty chalet-like hotel, recently enlarged, fifty miles west of Banff in Kicking Horse Canon, at the base of Mount Stephen—the chief peak of the Rockies, towering 8,000 feet above. This is a favorite place for tourists, mountain climbers and artists, and sport is plentiful, Emerald Lake, one of the most picturesque mountain waters, being within easy distance. The newly discovered Yoho Valley is reached from Field.

The rates are $3.50 per day and upwards, with special arrangements for parties making prolonged visits.

EMERALD LAKE CHALET

is a Swiss Chalet situated on margin of Emerald Lake, near Field, and affords splendid accommodation for those wishing to remain at the Lake, or who intend visiting the famous Yoho Valley, to which excellent trails lead from this point.

The rates are from $3.00 per day upwards. Special rates to those making prolonged visits

GLACIER HOUSE

is situated in the heart of the Selkirks, within thirty minutes' walk of the Great Glacier, which covers an area of about thirty-eight square miles.

The hotel, which has recently been enlarged several times, to accommodate the ever-increasing travel, is in a beautiful amphitheatre surrounded by lofty mountains, of which Sir Donald, rising 8,000 feet above the railway, is the most prominent. 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, however, is the Great Glacier. One may safely climb upon its wrinkled surface, or penetrate its water-worn caves.

The rates are $3.50 per day and upwards, with special arrangements for parties making prolonged visits

HOTEL REVELSTOKE,

at Revelstoke, B.C., in the basin of the Columbia between the Selkirk and the Gold ranges, and a gateway to the West Kootenay mining region. The hotel is perched on a mountain bench directly above the railway station, and is surrounded on all sides by majestic mountains. Immediately opposite the hotel, and fifteen miles away, lies the Begbie Glacier, one of the grandest in British Columbia, amongst the highest peaks.

The rates are $3.00 per day, with special arrangements for parties making prolonged visits.

HOTEL SICAMOUS,

at Sicamous, B.C., a fine new structure, built on the shores of the Shuswap Lakes where the Okanagan branch of the C.P.R. leads south to the Okanagan Valley and the contiguous mining country. The hotel is handsomely furnished and has all modern appointments and conveniences. A houseboat for sportsmen and tourists can be obtained here.

Rates $3.00 per day and upwards, with reductions to those making prolonged visits.

HOTEL VANCOUVER,

at Vancouver, B.C. is the Pacific Coast terminus of the Railway. This magnificent hotel now being enlarged, is designed to accommodate the large commercial business of the place, as well as the great number of tourists who always find it profitable and interesting to make here a stop of a day or two. It is situated near the centre of the city, and from it there is a glorious outlook in every direction. Its accommodations and service are perfect in every detail, and equal those of the best hotels in Eastern Canada or the United States.

Rates $3.50 per day and upwards, with special terms for those making prolonged visits.

Enquiries as to accommodation, rates, etc., at any of the Canadian Pacific Hotels will be promptly answered, by addressing Managers of the different hotels, or communicating direct with

THE MANAGER-IN-CHIEF, C.P.R. Hotels,
MONTREAL.

The Canadian Pacific Railway

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THE MOST SOLIDLY CONSTRUCTED AND THE BEST EQUIPPED TRANSCONTINENTAL ROUTE

SPECIAL ATTENTION IS CALLED to the PARLOR, SLEEPING and DINING CAR SERVICE —largely added to recently—so important an accessory upon a railway whose cars run upwards of THREE THOUSAND MILES WITHOUT CHANGE.

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

The upper berths are provided with windows and ventilators. 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.

Stateroom cars are run in connection with Canadian Pacific Transpacific Steamships.

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 the most prominent hotels.

OBSERVATION CARS, specially designed to allow an unbroken view of the wonderful mountain scenery, are run on transcontinental trains during the summer Season (from about May 1st to October 15th).

THE FIRST CLASS DAY COACHES are proportionately elaborate in their arrangements for the comfort of the passengers; and for those who desire to travel at a cheaper rate, **TOURIST CARS,** with bedding and porter in charge, are run on stated days at a small additional charge ; and **COLONIST SLEEPING CARS** are run on overland trains without additional charge. The colonist 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 DOUBLE BERTH, LOWER OR UPPER, IN SLEEPING CAR BETWEEN		TOURIST CAR TARIFF
Halifax and Montreal	$ 4.00	....
St. John, N.B., and Montreal	2.50	....
Quebec and Montreal	1.50	....
Montreal and Toronto	2.00	....
Montreal and Chicago	5.00	....
Montreal and Winnipeg	8.00	$4.00
Montreal and Calgary	13.00	6.50
Montreal and Banff	14.00	7.00
Montreal and Revelstoke	15.50	7.75
Montreal and Vancouver	18.00	9.00
Ottawa and Toronto	2.00	....
Ottawa and Vancouver	17.50	8.75
Fort William and Vancouver	15.00	....
Toronto and Chicago	3.00	....
Toronto and Winnipeg	8.00	4.00
Toronto and Calgary	12.00	6.00
Toronto and Banff	13.00	6.50
Toronto and Revelstoke	14.50	7.25
Toronto and Vancouver	17.00	8.50
Boston and Montreal	2.00	....
Boston and Vancouver	19.00	....
New York and Montreal	2.00	....
Boston and St. Paul	7.00	....
Boston and Chicago	5.50	....
Montreal and St. Paul	6.00	....
St. Paul and Winnipeg	3.00	....
St. Paul and Vancouver	12.00	6.00
Winnipeg and Vancouver	12.00	6.00

Between other stations rates in proportion.

Rates for full section double the berth rate Staterooms between three and four times the berth rate

Accommodation in First Class Sleeping Cars and Parlor Cars will be sold only to holders of First Class transportation, and in Tourist Cars to holders of First or Second Class transportation.

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ew Building
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rt Street W.
House Block
5 Hewitt Av.
. Vincent St.
07 Hollis St.
d James Sts.

Maye-Machi.
24 James St.
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Dundas St.
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th Third St.
t. James St.
Trade Bldg.

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Sparks St.
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..... Cor. Main St. and McDermott Ave
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MAP OF THE
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PACIFIC OCEAN
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Boston and Mon
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New York and M
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