

fasting and dining at our ease and in luxury, as we fly along through such interesting scenery.

At Sudbury, a new-looking town planted in the forest, we find a branch line of railway leading off to the Straits of Sault Ste. Marie, where it connects with two American lines, extending to Duluth, St. Paul, and Minneapolis, and beyond, and which brings this way vast quantities of flour and grain on its way to the Atlantic sea-board; 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 numerous columns of smoke rising over the tree-tops indicate the extent to which they are worked.

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

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 Nepigon River, famed for its five-pound trout, run down the shore of

Thunder Bay, and stop at the station at Port Arthur, a thousand miles from Montreal. This place and Fort William, at the mouth of the Kaministiquia River, a short distance farther down the bay, constitute together the Lake Terminus of the Western Section of the railway.

