

ON THE PACIFIC COAST

Next day, the party continued their railway journey through the Rockies.

They saw signs by the edge of the railway track naming the various peaks they were passing. Then suddenly they plunged into the darkness of a long spiralling tunnel.

“Say, I never knew there were tunnels as long as this in the whole world!” exclaimed Paul.

Later, Mrs. Simpson called their attention to Mount Stephen, tall and pink in the sun; Lord Mount Stephen was Lord Strathcona’s cousin, and was the first president of the Canadian Pacific Railway which he had helped to build.

After a comfortable night in the sleeper, they found themselves in the lovely valley of the Fraser River, coming within sight of Vancouver. This splendid seaport, with nearly a hundred miles of waterfront, is Canada’s third largest city and her “Gateway to the Orient”. Mrs. Simpson had been there before, but this was the first visit for both Paul and Betty; they were delighted with its situation, surrounded by mountains and sea, and its fresh balmy air.

They checked into the Vancouver Hotel, and then began to explore the city. They liked Stanley Park, near the downtown area, on a peninsula of forest still almost in its natural state, with giant Douglas fir trees whose trunks were many feet thick. They visited the flower gardens and zoo, and admired the tall, elaborate totem poles, which had been carved many years ago by the Coast Indians.

