

scenery a sufficient incentive. Who—of us who have been there—can forget the wilderness of destroyed forests, with their tall blackened trunks looming up on the rocky heights, like as many gigantic darning-needles; the occasional Indian tepees between the sparsely scattered stopping-places; the numerous little lakes, still ice-clad tho' it is the last of April; the tortuous mountain streams with their black rushing water standing out in strong contrast to the snowy land. But pen fails to describe the uplifting power of Lake Superior as the majestic expanse breaks on one's view again and again, while the train winds its devious way along the rocky shore, over the high trestle-works and through the deep cuts and unexpected tunnels.

Once Winnipeg station is reached, you think it must be the mecca of every land under the sun. Rarely does one see such a cosmopolitan gathering; the Englishman with his accent and his everlasting cane; the dour-looking Scot



and the Irishman with his perennial smile; the little groups of newly-arrived Germans, Swedes, Norwegians, Frenchmen, Italians, Ruthenians and Doukaboors, who stand huddled together and gaze apprehensively at the motley throng. The few hours spent in "doing" the city leave one with the impression that it is essentially a progressive place; everyone seems to be rushing around with great velocity and excitement can be felt in the very air.

After leaving the "Peg," one gets a plenteous view of real prairie. No matter what you have pictured it to be, the actual sight gives one a distinctly