

The first look into the car gives a pleasant impression of homeliness and comfort. The fact that it is a chair car, good wide comfortable chairs, makes it seem easy to be at home there, and I sink down into a green cushioned chair prepared to enjoy the first stage of my long dreamed of trip.

In a brief time we are running along the bank of the Fraser River, deep and broad, nearing its destination with its mighty volume of water, to enter into the Gulf of Georgia, an apt illustration of the lines,

"The streams flow into the river,
And the river flows into the sea."

Just a little more than a hundred years ago, bold Simon Fraser of the Hudson Bay Company discovered this great river, following it from its diminutive source in the mountains to the point where its two mouths empty their enormous deluges of fresh water into the sea, which for miles out changes the color of the salt water by its vegetable and earthy deposits.

We reach a point opposite New Westminster, the one time capital of British Columbia, and cross on the splendid bridge erected by the Provincial Government. In crossing one gains added admiration of the Fraser as he views its broad bosom from this point of vantage. In so doing the dream arises of the coming day when, that mighty stream will be animated by the craft of many nations on its wide expanse, helping to carry on the traffic of the world.

By and by we leave the Fraser and run through the wonderfully beautiful meadow lands of Delta, the brilliantly green fields flecked here and there with the fortunate cattle privileged to crop the abundant verdure.

Then we come to the placid waters of Boundary Bay shimmering in the sun like "A line of light across the world" and for a delightful hour follow close to its shores the curvings and meanderings of its lines until we come to the 49th parallel, when it loses its name and nationality. And so we ride on all the way