

height and size, all decorated in grandest style by the festive bill-poster. The residential part of Montreal and her suburbs cannot in my opinion be equalled in Canada. We were in Montreal for almost two days waiting to connect with a Tourist sleeper and diner for the Coast. We left on Saturday morning, leaving the Windsor St. station at 9.40. A. M. Soon we came to St. Anne's that was once the home of the poet Moore. and is the scene of his well known "Canadian Boat Song", near here we also noticed several dismantled windmills. They put one in mind of the leaning tower of Pisa; and their walls bear evidence of a martial nature and recall the earlier days. Before reaching Ottawa we got a glimpse of the Oka Trappist Monastery near the shore of a pretty little lake. The capital of our Dominion creates a good impression on the traveller approaching it by rail. Built at the juncture of the Rideau and Ottawa rivers, it looks like one of the floating palaces of Persia from the highlands at the outer edge of the city. The government buildings rise up phoenix like and overshadow the whole place like huge lumber yards. We now near the Lake Superior Division of the C. P. R., where the line goes through a barren, rocky country. At the North Bay on this line we were delayed for five hours by a head-on collision that occurred right in front of the station at Callander; some one blundered but no one knows. A new engine being provided we proceeded. At Missanabie, one of the now numerous H. B. Co's posts, we first came in contact with the Indian; quite near the station is a little village of them, they thronged the platform and mounted the fences near so as to have a good view of our train, all the women wore shawls of some wollen material, dyed yellow and black, like the jerseys of the "Rangers," the people were the great Cree nation, I think. It is dark when we arrive at Port Arthur, we pass Fort William an old H. B. post; Dexter, Poland, Carlstadt and several other minor places before the day breaks in upon us again. At Dinorwic another H. B. post we see the first dog-sleigh and dogs that we have so far met with, a light wooden frame, on which was fastened several packages of raw furs of different varieties, ten dogs moves this along at a lively pace. The scenery after we left here was of the wildest description and deep rock bound lakes are always in sight. A heavy cutting occurs near Vermillian Bay; almost a quarter mile of track hewn out of solid rock. Rat Portage (population 5,500) the principal outlet of the Lake of the Woods, is the largest body of water touched by the C. P. R. between Lake Superior and the Pacific; the lake is studded with pretty islands and would make a capital picnic ground. Just after we had left Rat Portage, a Gallacian boarded our train and after trying to secure a seat in the first and second