

either from Ottawa or Montreal.

As to the intermediate periods of ten, twenty or thirty years persons who have travelled much on the little used branch lines of our chief railways have a realizing sense of the fact that they do build better railway cars now than formerly was the case.

The Ottawa river trip in itself will well reward the pilgrim. The hours of a glorious summer day glide swiftly by when afloat on this picturesque yet least famous, though undeservedly so, of Canada's magnificent rivers.

Parliament Hill and its dominating towers fade from sight as one leaves Ottawa, but on one shore the purple-crowned Laurentides beckon invitingly, while on the other smiles a verdant expanse of pastoral country.

The water under the paddle wheels boils up foam-capped and gold brown and translucent amber below, for this is the black water of the North; and the little waves thus created creep inshore, race up on the sands and plash softly under the overhanging willows. Glorified shores and tiny islets are reflected in the gleaming, glassy surface of the river stretching on ahead like a moire ribbon.

The voice of Nature is soft and wooing in summer's full glory upon the waters.

Man and his handiwork fall naturally into second place, and strike no discordant note in the symphony. The steamer runs placidly into a wharf placed on the point of a headland. Perchance the solitary man awaiting it is a carrier of His Majesty's mails, and, mayhap, several country lasses bound for another spot equally quiet and uneventful, or to the busy city. Nature has set its mark of decay most likely on the timbers of the pier, and beyond, gleaming white with limestone dust, the road winds through the trees to where the sun glistens on the spire of the church, the centre of the village world. The bustle and roar of the city seems afar off, and Nature's silent yet eloquent peace broods over the Ottawa.

At Grenville the steamer glides quietly into her dock alongside the canal. Outside the canal pierhead the river's ripples betray impatient haste, and a few miles below it plunges gaily over the rapids. At Grenville a train is waiting, the fame of which has reached my ears, and to see which is the object



A MODERN DINING-CAR—C.P.R.