

a very few years distant when the number of industrial policies in force in America, will exceed the number in force in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

The Thrift Department recently inaugurated by the Sun Life of Canada is meeting with abundant evidences of favor on the part of the people of the Dominion. Although differing in some important features from ordinary industrial assurance, it is designed to meet the same need by improved plans, and it is being warmly welcomed throughout the Company's territory.

### THE PINE WOODS of BRITISH COLUMBIA.

A TRIP THROUGH THE CANADIAN ROCKIES... LONDON SOCIETY

Far away across the wide expanse of prairie which lies between Lake Winnipeg and the Bow River; beyond the level wheat lands of Manitoba, the rolling yellow grass of Assiniboia, and the white alkali wastes and grazing uplands of Alberta, a great mountain rampart stretches across the western horizon. There the Rocky Mountains, lifting a long, white line of minaret and pinnacle, crested with eternal snow, against the azure sky, shut off the sweep of the prairies from the rugged and beautiful region lying between them and the Pacific. To this country, as towards a promised land, the thoughts of unfortunate wheat growers or stockmen on the plains are ever turned; and the settler who has lost his all through a frozen wheat crop, or has seen his last hope die out with his sickly cattle in a season of drought, puts a notice, "Cleaned out—gone to B. C.," on the door of his shanty for the information of sorrowing creditors, and departs westward, where he is not always successful either.

Some few years ago, the writer, in company with Pierre Micquelson, a French

Canadian, a descendant of the old *coureurs des bois*, who traversed the silent prairie country and the wild land beyond the Rockies a century before the "Scotchmen," as they were called, came out of Ontario, made a trip through the remoter districts of British Columbia. We went on the C. P. Railroad, by the Kicking Horse Pass, through that chaos of mountains, the Canadian Rockies. In places scraped sides glittering like polished steel in the sunlight rise 10,000 feet in the air; in others dark pine forests creep up the mountain slopes or fill the ravines, dwindling away to bush and furze ere they reach the height where folds of glittering glacier or sheets of snow cross the skyline. There are mountains like castles, like Gothic cathedrals, and many in the likeness of nothing on this earth; and over all hangs a solemn grandeur and a stillness, emphasized, not broken, by the hoarse calling of snow-fed streams among the boulders below. For some weeks we steamed along the lonely valleys of the Columbia River in a stern-wheel steamer, and traversed the trails of the Okanagan region on horseback, and then one bright morning stood above the wonderful cañon of the Fraser River. No pen can adequately describe this scene of savage grandeur, still we cannot mention British Columbia without saying a word about it. Imagine a clean-cut gash through the heart of the lofty Cascade Range, the depth of which the eye can scarcely grasp, down which the mingled waters of the Thompson and Fraser rivers, fed by the melting snow along a thousand miles of mountain range, pour to the Pacific. Vertically from the water rise walls of rock of varied colors, pearl grey, vermillion, and golden brown, interspersed with bands of glittering quartz, until when seen from below the sky overhead appears like a thin streak of azure, and the great pines and redwoods which crown the edge of the cliff resemble a narrow lacework of green suspended in mid-air.