

of this wonderful route, from pens a thousand times more able than mine.

Never was I so impressed with the grandeur of nature as when contemplating my surroundings from the rear platform of the train while rounding the side of Mount Stephen—the track winding along on a mere ledge. How small the train seemed! How insignificant I felt in contrast to the wonders of creation about me! Above, on the one hand, was the precipitous side of Mount Stephen, towering into the air 8,000 feet, with a tuft of cloud touching its peak, and away above me, nestled on its slope, was a shining glacier—almost suspended in mid-air. On the other hand, I looked down into the deep valley of Kicking Horse, with its pretty stream rustling through it, while beyond were other mountains with snow-covered peaks. What a picture! It was truly sublime. Who could behold it without recognizing the hand of a mighty Creator?

As the train moves rapidly on the scenery is ever changing, and the windows and platforms are always occupied with charmed on-lookers, for a trip over the C.P.R., through the mountains, is a rare treat and one long to be remembered. Our party stopped off at Glacier, intending only to remain over night, but were detained several days by the sudden and serious illness of my sister, who did not recover till sometime after reaching Victoria, B.C. Glacier is a station at the foot of Mount Donald, the highest peak, and a grand one too, of the Selkirks, and is situated in a lovely little valley at the head of which is the great glacier—a vast field of ice of great depth. This is a most secluded little vale and about the only signs of life in it are a few campers and the C.P.R. Hotel, built to accommodate visitors who occasionally stop over to see the wonderful glacier, the foot of which is but a two-and-a-half mile walk from the station. It is a delightful walk through a magnificent forest, and passes a spot where in ages past a mighty avalanche had wrought fearful havoc—great trees were broken up like match-wood by the immense masses of rock and earth hurled down the mountain's side; some of the pieces of rock measuring from 40 to 60 feet through.

It is an awful wreck and stands there a monument to the power of gravity when given sway. The glacier is a great marvel. When close to it the green tints of the ice are extremely pretty, but in the glaring sun-light it is almost too brilliant to look upon. There are many magnificent views about Glacier, and the twilight of the rising and setting sun on the surrounding mountains is especially beautiful.

After leaving the charming valley, the railway descends rapidly by the wonderful series of "loops," and goes on to the Pacific by a very crooked path, in and out through the grand old mountains, the noble Fraser River lending additional beauty to the latter end of the route.

Upon reaching Vancouver, the busy terminus of the line, we immediately went aboard the steamer *Yosemite* for Vancouver Island, and arrived at Victoria just after dark. The ride across the Gulf of Georgia was a very pleasant one, the numerous small islands and the distant mountains in outline against the sky, making a delightful combination of scenery, which was intensified by glorious sunset tints.

Not until this long journey across our wonderful country did I form a proper conception of Canada and Canadian resources. When I contemplated the vast wealth of her territory—her boundless and as yet sparsely settled prairies, the worth of which for grain and stock raising, time alone can reveal—her mountains and apparent rocky wastes rich in mines, which are just now only being opened up—I felt prouder than ever to be a Canadian, for a country with such prospects must have a brilliant future. Much of the credit of making accessible the greater extent of these undeveloped resources is due to the C.P.R. It is, indeed, a great institution and an enterprise of which we may all justly boast. A ride across the continent over this road is not only a pleasure but a privilege.

Victoria is a city of peculiar make-up and is quite cosmopolitan in its nature. It is unlike any other Canadian city, nor can it be said to resemble either an American or English town, though perhaps it has more characteristics of the latter. There is considerable business activity, and it is

spoken of as a "lively town," although it presents a very quiet appearance. I am sorry to say that, like most Pacific Coast towns, it is a decidedly "wicked city," and there is great need of moral reform. The city is well situated and has delightful surroundings. I was surprised to find Chinamen there in such large numbers. I think, however, they are a better class than the average Chinese at other points on the coast—they seemed a more cleanly lot, were industrious, made good servants, and earned good wages.

British Columbia differs as much from the rest of Canada as Victoria does from other Canadian cities, which is due in a large degree to the isolation of this Province from the others of the Dominion. The climate, too, is much milder, due to the balmy Pacific breezes. To illustrate this, a farmer living near Victoria told me that he could plough every day in the year, and that his neighbor, an extensive market gardener (Chinaman), took vegetables to market fresh from the ground every market day all winter long.

The valuable resources of British Columbia are being developed, though slowly. Its fishing industries are steadily increasing—several new and wealthy mines have been discovered and are being worked—stock-raising is carried on quite extensively—her seaports are of vast importance to the Dominion, commercially and otherwise. The agricultural pursuits of the Province are not great, since it is so mountainous, and the farming districts are widely separated. However, there are tracts of most valuable rich land along the lower banks and at the delta of the Fraser River, which in time will be taken up and cultivated. It would be brought into use more speedily, but the cost of building dykes which are necessary, naturally inclines farmers to make use of the more accessible territory first, even if it is not so fertile.

As elsewhere in the Dominion, Toronto Harvesting Machines hold supremacy there. Owing to their greater simplicity and superior wearing qualities, they are especially in demand in remote districts. I was told by Messrs. Marvin & Tilton (managing agents of the Massey Manufacturing Co. for the territory) that machines were often months



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