

heard, and then you will believe that "the half has not been told." A trip through this park means many miles of travel over well-kept macadam roads, and the cyclist will enjoy nothing better than such a spin.

Leaving Vancouver you take the "Tram," though it is not a tram, but a well-equipped trolley line running to Westminster, twelve miles away. The run is one hour, and costs but 60 cents. This trip will give you the very best chance to see what the surrounding country is like, and you will be impressed with the fact that farmers have their biggest task in clearing the land from the mighty trees.

New Westminster is seated upon a hill and on the north bank of the muddy Fraser River. At the mouth of this grand stream is situated the salmon canning town of Steveston, which should be visited. But just now we take you to see the little town which was wiped out in the conflagration of three years ago. You would not think such could be the case but for the scorched buildings which tell the sad story. But these are a heroic people and they have brought things back to even better conditions than before the fire. You must visit the Asylum for the Insane, and the Methodist Columbian College, whose genial and gifted Principal, Rev. W. Sippell, will be delighted to give all the information necessary.

Now back to Vancouver and turn your faces to the east, *via* C.P.R., calling for a moment at Hope, and Yale, then on to the mountains,

"Through shady echoing forest halls  
Where countless plunging torrents roar."

Passing Kamloops you reach, in the morning, the mountain town of Revelstoke with the sentinel peaks on guard upon every side.

If time will permit a visit to the Kootenay and Slocan countries. A trip down the Arrow Lakes, calling at New Denver, Slocan, Robson, Nelson and Rossland, then back to the main line again, will give you one of the most delightful divergencies possible. On the waters of these beautiful mountain lakes the C.P.R. maintains lines of boats fitted up with all the comforts to be found on any lake line on the continent.

But we hasten back to the main line and step upon the train which here heads for the Rocky ranges with which Revelstoke is surrounded. We are closed in among the awful peaks which hurl back at us the scream of the train-whistle multiplied a hundred times.

But time and space, fail me, and we shall here leave you to the train official, who will point out the wonders of these snow-clad peaks.

"Here lifts the land of clouds. The mantled forms,  
Made white with everlasting snow, look down  
Through mists of many canyons, and the storms  
That stretch from Autumn time until they  
Down the yellow hem of Spring."

Toronto, Ont.

CIRCUMSTANCES are beyond the control of man; but his conduct is in his own power.—*Benj. Disraeli.*

## THE INFLUENCE OF HABIT.

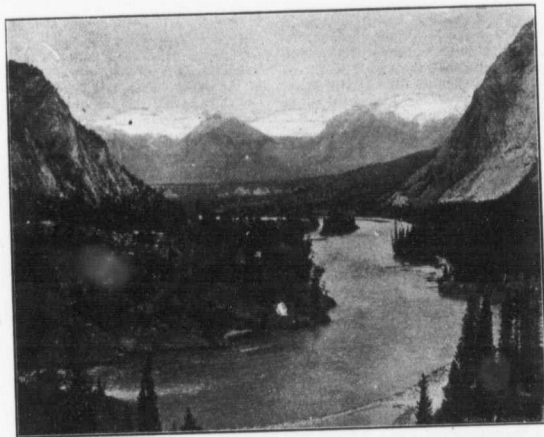
BY MR. C. HERBERT MOORE.

IT was once tersely said by some now long-forgotten philosopher that "habit is second nature," and the phrase, through continued repetition, has long since become a platitude. But the statement remains as true now as when first uttered.

We have only to look at some of the ordinary actions connected with our every-day life to find how closely we are bound and fettered by that all-powerful dictator commonly called habit. Everyone has a definite routine manner of performing certain daily offices connected with the toilet, and the great majority of our little business details are done according to established customs. Few men could tell off-hand which sock or shoe they put on first, yet it is likely that the order is a pretty fixed one, and any attempt to reverse it would seem not only awkward, but unnatural. Very few could describe the order in which they brush their hair or teeth, yet these actions are also performed according to confirmed precedent. So, again, in buttoning the collar, either the right half is

familiar number of the house and name of the street after our friend has removed to another locality, and has resulted in many a spoiled envelope. We go away from home for a holiday, but at the head of our letters we still tend to begin dating from the old familiar address, and how hard we find it at the commencement of each new year to change from the old date to the new, though the practice has run but for a twelve-month.

Before twenty is perhaps the most important period of life in the formation of habit. By that time we do many things in the manner dictated by established custom, and very many of our daily duties and actions have then reached such a degree of impression upon our nature that it would be difficult to change or eradicate them. But the period of life between twenty and thirty is still the formative period. At the age of twenty-one, it is true, a person is supposed to have reached a state of manhood or womanhood, but it is a young manhood and a young womanhood that looks forward and plans and works for the future—a future which is to be the outcome of that endeavor. During this period, when we are at least supposed to have reached a state of discretion and of



KICKING HORSE RIVER, ON THE C.P.R.

(Snap shot from the rear end of Imperial Limited train, by Mr. H. Sutherland, Toronto.)

buttoned over the left, or the left over the right, and is done regularly, now one way and then another.

Every day thousands of actions are performed almost unconsciously by mere organized routine, each step in the process being followed, without the necessity for thinking, by the next in order, exactly as the words and rhymes of any familiar piece of poetry help to call one another to memory without the slightest conscious effort. As the French proverb quaintly puts it, "He who says A must say B also." When we have become accustomed to addressing letters to a certain person at a particular place, the act of writing the name upon an envelope is followed almost irresistibly by the

common-sense, we should closely examine the habits we have formed, remedy any that might be detrimental, and cultivate others which we find lacking. This must be done then, or in all probability never. Already, at the age of twenty-five, you see the professional mannerism settling down upon the young doctor, the young lawyer, the young minister, the young mechanic. You see the little lines of cleavage running through the character; the tricks of thought, the prejudices and ways of the shop assert themselves, from which it would be as difficult to escape as it would for your coat sleeve to suddenly assume a new set of folds. By thirty, in most people, the character is set like plaster, and will never soften again.