

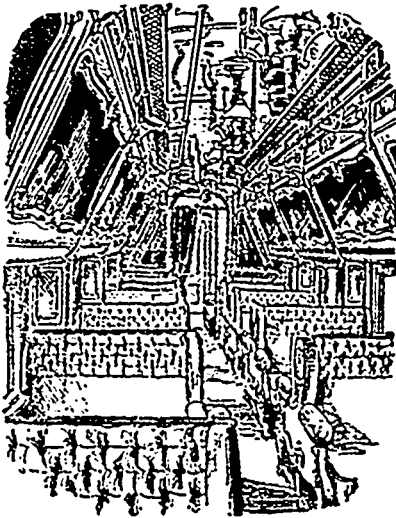
VESTIBULE CAR.

danger. And a series of short successive calls means that there is reason for alarm.

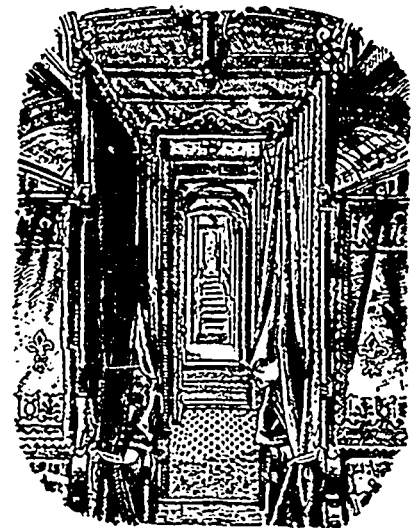
THE WORKSHOPS.

How many acres are covered by them I could not guess. The men smiled when I asked. They were too busy to think of it. A freight car is no great beauty but to the man who makes it, and when he turns out thirty brand new cars a week, I am sure, however homely may be their coat of brown paint, they simply shine with splendour in his eyes. As they come back, after wear and tear of summer rain and winter storm, how he nods to them, pats them on the shoulder, calls them by their own number, and bids them keep up their heart. Only a temporary ailment. A few days of their native air and all will be well.

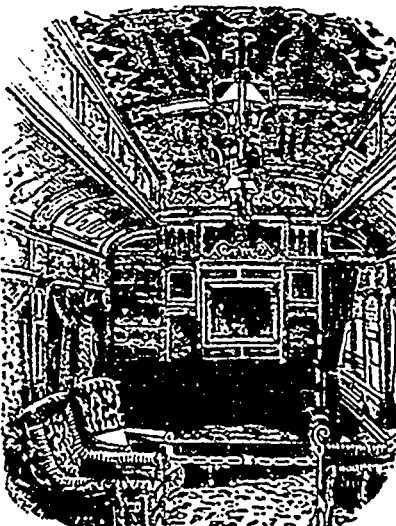
Then the upper class—the passengers, how surprised you would be if you saw them being built: the frame, the strength, the finish and upholstery, the decorations, the silver-plating. How you would wipe the dust of your feet before you ruthlessly enter and slam the door as you generally do. Then the Vestibule,—the Dowager Duchess of railway society, you would be sure to doff your cap as you get within sight. A hundred thousand dollars goes a long way in marbles, but not very far in a Vestibule Compartment Drawing Room Car. But I know that you are longing to come to the forges. You would like the blazing fires. You would love



SLEEPER, AS PARLOR CAR.



SLEEPING CAR BY NIGHT.



LIBRARY CAR.



DRAWING ROOM.