

them to Chicago, St. Louis and the great Mississippi valley.

By these extensions and connection the Canadian Pacific has amply earned the right to be considered one of the greatest railway systems in the world, and besides that, owing to the homogeneity of its management, it is probably unsurpassed for economy in working expenses, achieved without any sacrifice in the matter of the comfort and safety of the passengers carried, or expedition in the transport of freight.

From the earliest days of its inception until some time subsequent to the laying of the last rail there were would be prophets of evil persistently foretelling that the earnings would never be sufficient to pay for the oil necessary to lubricate the axles of the rolling stock. As an answer to this, the balance-sheet for the year 1893 showed total earnings of \$20,962,317, which after payment of all working charges left a net profit amounting to no less than \$7,741,416.

To the officials and stock-holders the economical management of the road and the securing of good dividends are doubtless matters of far livelier interest than all the magnificence of the Selkirks or the marvels of Japan; but in the eyes of the great public, to whom railways simply furnish facilities for sight-seeing, the Canadian Pacific is notable because it has unlocked one of nature's most glorious treasure-houses of beauty and offers a new and supremely attractive highway to the Orient.

One commanding advantage that it possesses over all transcontinental rivals I must not fail to mention. There are no dreary distances of desert, no depressing leagues of sage-bush and alkali, to be traversed. From the time that the train pulls out of Winnipeg until the huge Mogul engine begins to push its panting way up among the foot-hills of the Rocky

Mountains, there is not one tie embedded in barren ground. The whole illimitable prairie, if not already under cultivation, is simply waiting to be asked for the harvest it lies ready to yield.

Along this thousand miles of railway are strung many places of promise: Portage-la-Prairie, the centre of a prosperous farming region; Brandon, big with elevators and flour-mills; the famous Bell farm, well-nigh as large as a German principality, and yielding a far better revenue; Regina, the ambitious capital of the Northwest Territories, where the Mounted Police may be seen in their glory; Moosejaw and Medicine Hat, two flourishing towns that will no doubt ere long in very self-respect be applying to Parliament for more elegant and euphonious titles; and Calgary, snuggling at the base of the Rockies, three thousand feet nearer the clouds than Montreal, and over four thousand feet above sea-level.

But it is only after the train has left Calgary behind and is well on its way towards Banff that the scenic riches of the route break upon the traveller in all their splendor. Thence forward until he reaches the Pacific he is passing through a sea of mountains, where serrated peaks and vast pyramids of rock with curiously contorted and folded strata are followed by gigantic castellated masses, down whose gleaming sides the snow-white glaciers, like the water-falls of Tennyson's Lotus Land, "to fall, and pause, and fall do seem," or the cascades, "like a downward smoke, slow dropping veils of thinnest lawn do go," while others, yet again,

Through wavering lights and shadows break,
Rolling a troubled sheet of foam below.

Amidst such sublime scenery as this, before whose grandeur Mont Blanc and the Matterhorn must perforce bow their humbled heads, Cole-