

a liberal quantity of coal. Two calls on the air whistle. The conductor cries, "B-o-o-o-ard," "b-o-o-o-ard." The English tourist looks again critically at the scenery, takes out his watch and decides it is time to allow the train, and the universe to move along.

The difference between riding in a cab of a locomotive and in a passenger coach may not inaptly perhaps be compared to that of horseback and carriage. One could scarcely fail to see in the man who stood thus, with his hand upon the throttle, and who regulated with such precision the speed of that throbbing, heaving, hissing form, that of a skilful rider of a high-spirited steed, with his hand upon the bridle rein. And there are few who travel through those gorges and down the sudden curves, who watch with such delight the panorama of forest, gulch, cascade, glacier, mountain ledge, and gauzy cloud: who think of the keen-eyed, nerveless man controlling the speed with eye intent to mark out danger or obstruction.

He places a seat for me in the front of the cab, adjusts the ventilation, and where the train moves slowly, because of the grade, or the track is more in open and requires less vigilance, he tells about the globe-trotters he has been entertaining in that cab during the past eleven years, and points out the "sights" of the region. He shows where the waters part company, going on either hand to Atlantic and Pacific. Looking down later on, a thousand feet below, we see the waters shining like a band of burnished silver, begirt on either side by those lofty Douglas firs, 300 or 400 feet high, seeming to us, however, because of our altitude, but as shrubbery.

Panting and struggling, sometimes rushing rapidly towards a chasm hundreds of feet deep (What if now a rail should have been weakening, or a broken joint overlooked!) but we are carried safely off by the curve: sometime darting towards a tunnel like a weazel towards its hole, again creakingly traversing that wondrous "loop," come at length

to the "Glacier House." There, gleaming in the faint autumnal sunshine, shows the glacier mantle, worn by the great mountain whose head is lost in the snow-storm that trails a white curtain along the crest.

We pass the summit.

Immediately we dip toward the Atlantic. The laboring, struggling and almost baffled machine becomes fleet and silent again. Our engineer is vigilant. We sway from side to side. The scenes change rapidly. But what scenes! Who can look on works on such a gigantic scale, such awful heights and terrible depths, such creeping along ledges of precipices, such leaping of chasms, without being thankful at last for a less distractingly wonderful outlook, and more in keeping with the monotony of accustomed scenes.

But if nature has feasted us so far, we soon found, on coming down to more habitable regions, that the prospect here was prosy monotonous and colorless beyond telling. We suffered much as a reveller who is compelled at length to go the ordinary fare. A prairie wolf caused comment, a pile of buffalo bones was a resort at a crossing point, and we industriously selected and compared molar, and the photographer thought what an apt illustration they would make of his "When I was out west" stories.

Calgary! Sleepy passengers, women with bonnets askew, comforting crying children.

Medicine Hat! The trim N. W., mounted policeman appears. The half-wakened citizen inquires for the coast papers, as he knuckles the sleep out of his eyes.

Moose Jaw! Forlorn, oh, so forlorn and comfortless in the solemn chill and depressing atmosphere of an autumn prairie evening.

Regina! Still a sense of orphanage. A cluster of homes, surrounded by silent and bare accessories of grey chill sky and brown monotonous flat.

Brandon! It is like coming to uncle's, now. A sense of congeniality. The earth