

carpets, delicate carvings and beautiful decorations, and with its numberless and ingenious appliances for convenience and comfort (even to the bath-rooms, so dear to the travelling Englishman), it gives us promise of a delightful journey.

We glide out of the Montreal terminus, pass long, low freight sheds and plethoric warehouses and grain elevators, run along a terrace above the wharves, pass the railway workshops and an extensive cattle depot, and leave the city behind. For a time we are still among the old French settlements, as is evidenced by the pretty cottages and the long and narrow well-tilled farms. There is an air of thrift and comfort everywhere. We have hills and distant mountains on the one hand and the broad and beautiful Ottawa River on the other. Villages are passed in close succession, and soon we are nearing Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion. High up there, on a bold cliff overlooking the river, are the Government Buildings and the Parliament House of the Dominion, with their Gothic towers and many pinnacles, making a magnificent group. Away to the left is Rideau Hall, the residence of the Governor-General, and stretching far over the heights beyond is the city. On the broad flats below are acres, perhaps miles, of great square piles of deals, and the cloud that rises beyond comes from the Chaudière Falls, where the whole volume of the Ottawa River takes a tumble, and is made to furnish power to a host of saw-mills and manufactories.

It is no wonder that you have been so absorbed in the wide stretches of the Ottawa River, since we left the capital behind, that you have quite forgotten it is lunch-time. That white-aproned, white-jacketed boy will bring you sandwiches, coffee, claret, and what not.

We are beyond the French country now; the farms are larger, and the modest cottages have given place to farm houses, many of them of brick and stone, and all having a well-to-do air about them. The towns are larger, there are more manufactories, and there is more hurry and more noise. At frequent intervals on the river bank are great saw-mills, surrounded by vast piles of lumber. The logs are floated down from the forests on the Ottawa River and its tributaries, and the product is shipped to Europe, to the United States, and everywhere.

Gradually the towns become smaller and the farms more scattered; the valley contracts and deepens, and we are in the new country. We leave the Ottawa River, and strike across toward Lake Superior. We are surprised at the thriving villages that have already sprung up here and there, and at the number of hardy pioneers who are clearing away the timber and making homes for themselves. At intervals of four or five hours we come to the railway Divisional Stations, where there are workshops, engine-sheds, and quite a collection of neat cottages. At these places we change engines and then move on. It is a long way from the Ottawa to Lake Superior, but the ever-recurring rocky pine-clad hills, pretty lakes, dark forests, glistening streams, and cascades keep our interest alive. We are alert for the sight of a bear, a moose, or a deer, and we do not heed the time. Our only regret is that we cannot stop for even an hour to cast a fly in one of the many tempting pools. A dining car is attached to our train—a marvel of comfort and convenience—and we experience a new and delightful sensation in break-