

sired in the way of comfort. The second class cars are built and furnished so as to permit passengers to sleep at night. We leave the cars for a few moments at Glacier to visit the hotel and restaurant, and now we resume the descent of the Selkirks to attain the level of the Pacific ocean only at Port Moody. I forgot to state that we passed the culminating point of the Selkirks at Six Mile creek. We were then about to cross the place where the engineers had encountered the greatest difficulties. It was necessary to make a descent of 600 feet in a course of two and a half miles. By a series of turns, returns and zigzags, by a system of viaducts and gentle inclinations along the flank of the mountain we prolong the distance to six and a half miles to reach Ross peak, 600 feet lower down. Over the whole of this length of six and a half miles, one can perceive the road directly above or directly below the moving train, as it crosses and intercrosses in a labyrinth of trestle work marvellous to contemplate and difficult to realize for one who is not an engineer. At one point in particular, the road, bending back on itself, is only apart from point to point a horizontal difference of 120 feet, whilst the difference in level is 120 feet in height. This *tour de force* of engineering must be closely examined, in its details, to enable a person to form a correct notion of it.

We again and finally remark that the torrents and rivers flow towards the Pacific, and we commence to follow, in all its winding capricious course of the Illecillewait. It is a curious but rather euphonious name of Indian origin. We reach the Albert canyon, one of the most remarkable localities, I think, on the whole route. Here the Illecillewait flows through the bottom of a ravine cut out of the living rock at a depth of from 150 to 200 feet. It seems almost impossible that the water should have hollowed out a course for itself in such a place, and the opinion of engineers is that the river follows a fissure produced in the rock by an earthquake. However that may be, the scene is sublime and impressive. The iron road follows the flank of the mountain and one hears, without always being able to see it, the torrent roaring in its granite bed. Mingling with the noise of the slowly moving train, with the shrill whistles of the prudently guided locomotive, it forms a music not out of concert with the wild and fantastic scene that surrounds us. Somewhat further on, at Eagle Pass and

Craigellachie, we get alongside a series of fish and game abounding lakes which extend all the way to Kamloops. I forgot to mention that, after leaving Laggan and before arriving at Mount Stephen, we find ourselves in British Columbia, and that the region through which we pass is as yet almost destitute of cultivation and is inhabited mainly by the employees of the line. Kamloops is the centre of a pretty extensive region almost entirely devoted to the raising of cattle, and a little further west we pass Spence's Bridge, which has hitherto been the centre of operations to the colonists of the fertile valley of the Nicolai. From Spence's bridge to Lytton, the country has the same aspect, but at this point we enter the valley of the Fraser, to which we keep till we reach New Westminster and Port Moody. From North Bend and Yale, which is situated at the head of navigation, the valley of the Fraser forms one of the most attractive portions of the Pacific route. The waters of the river furnish for the export trade a salmon of superior quality locally known by the specific name of the Fraser salmon. All along the valley we meet with fishermen's cabins and traces of a colonization comparatively ancient, when it is recalled that the country has only been occupied and inhabited by whites for about forty years. Yale is a city of about 3,000 inhabitants and forms with Hope and New Westminster the three most considerable centres of that part of British Columbia which is on the mainland. We follow the windings of the north side of the Fraser, from which we can see on the opposite bank the colonization road constructed by the provincial Government. This road, which stretches *amont la cote*, as our friends in Quebec would say, appears to us like a grey ribbon on the verdant flank of the mountain chain that follows the river to the ocean. I must confess that for people dwelling in a level country, that road seems somewhat risky for two vehicles meeting, for instance, or for the rider or driver of a restive horse. The weather which had hitherto been splendid, now became gradually overcast and we reached the station at Port Moody in the midst of a severe rainstorm. We learned that in this place, so favored by nature, it had been raining for seventeen days in succession. This is their winter weather, for, while we have snow and frost, they have a

per  
tha  
the  
the  
tim  
que  
tory  
sult  
the  
who  
the  
I  
at V  
the  
thor  
poc  
ther  
foll  
coun  
ing  
reac  
at n  
Boat  
indu  
gave  
to  
kept  
keep  
and  
mon  
Nev  
than  
and  
trav  
morr  
to fi  
perat  
at M  
fast  
point  
city,  
of a  
first  
colon  
which  
the c  
shops  
one m  
the ca  
good  
are al  
and t  
pany.  
Imm  
accom  
Parlia  
and v