

closed down on the landscape Tom and his fellow-travellers made themselves comfortable for the night.

Next morning dawned on a scene of magnificence for which Tom had been prepared by description, but which altogether surpassed his anticipations. For some time the track had been steadily rising. Medicine Hat, though situated in a local depression, is 2,150 feet above the sea-level. Calgary, which was passed before dawn, is 1,200 feet higher. So the altitude increases as the "foot-hills" of the Rocky Mountains are climbed, till suddenly, at "the gap," at an elevation of 4,200 feet, the line plunges among the snow-capped mountains through the narrow valley, or chasm rather, out of which the Bow River emerges. At Canmore, which was reached "on time," at six o'clock, an "observation car," specially arranged so as to afford an unbroken view of the scenery, was attached. Tom roused up, entered the car, and began to wonder what new world this was in which he found himself after those days of monotonous travelling on the plains.

For now a section of the journey had commenced which no one who has made it can ever forget. Before seven o'clock of a beautiful morning Banff was reached. The station, nestling among the mountains, is charmingly situated, and lies about two miles from the hot springs, which will, in time, no doubt make this glorious spot a fashionable health resort. From Banff the railway pursues its upward way, still following the line of the Bow Valley. Unfortunately, forest fires have devastated whole tracts of country, so that nought remains save charred and blackened and, in some cases, smoking poles, to tell of the magnificent foliage that once had clothed the mountain slopes and filled the gorges beneath. After a time the Bow River is left, and the track is led up through the valley of a tributary stream. Then, at Stephen, the highest point in the "Rockies," 5,296 feet, is attained, and the train begins to descend, plunging into dark canyons, and slipping, as it were, down the mountain side, till at midday Donald is reached.

But there is still another range of mountains—the Selkirks—to be scaled before the Pacific coast is reached. After running a few miles through an upland valley, the Selkirks are attacked at Beaver Mouth. The train ascends the gorge by a steep gradient till the river is left far below. Magnificent trees of enormous size stand around, deep gullies

are crossed on lofty tressle-bridges, and at last the summit is gained.

Once more the train begins to descend. Glacier House is reached before two o'clock, and here an hour is allowed for dinner. Then the downward journey is resumed. The track makes a series of curves, in descending the mountain side, at a place called the Loop. A short stop is made further on to enable passengers to alight and gaze down into the Albert Canyon, where a river flows at the bottom of a chasm 300 feet below the railway.

Thus the afternoon wears on. The imagination flags, and the eye grows weary of reporting scene after scene of beauty and sublimity. Nightfall is a relief. In the twilight—for it is now between eight and nine o'clock—the Shuswap Lake is reached. Along the margin of the octopus-like sheet of water the track winds its way for fifty miles, an arm of the lake is crossed, the darkness gathers round, and the travellers, sated with splendour, seek repose.

At daydawn the traveller looks out, and still finds himself in the midst of magnificent scenery. Indeed, he is told that some of the sublimest and most awe-inspiring parts have been passed in the hours of darkness. He is now descending the valley of the Thompson River, the line clinging to the hillsides far above the rushing torrent. Later on, the canyon suddenly widens to admit the Frazer River, which comes bounding with fierce flood from the north. The united streams now rush onward through a deep narrow gorge, the sides of which are in many places absolutely precipitous. Still the railway track refuses to be dislodged. Here it twists along the edge of a cliff; there it crosses a steep, treacherous slope; again it bores its perilous way through a tunnel, and all the while the boiling torrent foams and leaps and flings itself from rock to rock hundreds of feet below. At Yale, where the Frazer becomes navigable, the canyon widens out into a broad fertile valley. Evidently the mountain journey is over. At eleven o'clock Mission Junction is reached, whence a line branches off into the United States territory. At noon the train is at New Westminster Junction, and within the hour Vancouver city and the waters that flow from the Pacific are in sight.

During the latter stages of the journey we have just described poor Tom Playfair was in a fever of excitement. Was