

farms and orchards become more and more frequent, and our hearts are gladdened with the sight of broom and other shrubs and plants familiar to English eyes, for as we approach the coast we find a climate like that of the south of England, but with more sunshine. Touching the Fraser River now and then, we see an occasional steamboat, and here in the lower part the water is dotted with Indian canoes, all engaged in catching salmon, which visit these rivers in astonishing numbers, and which when caught are frozen and sent eastward by the railway, or canned in great quantities and shipped to all parts of the world.

Passing through a forest of mammoth trees, some of them twelve feet or more in diameter, and nearly three hundred feet high, we find ourselves on the tide-waters of the Pacific at the eastern extremity of Burrard Inlet. Following down the shore of this mountain-girt inlet for half an hour, our train rolls into the station at Vancouver, the western terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway.