

Range, and seem to be entering a series of subterranean passages leading to the Inferno. At one moment we are poised on the face of a dizzy cliff; at another, we are crossing a lofty viaduct; now we are in the open, anon we are rushing through the blackness of darkness. At North Bend we come upon one of those openings in the Cascades which are such a relief to the appalling senses of the traveller in passing through the region. Here we find the Fraser Canyon House, another of those pretty stopping-places which the C P R has happily erected for the comfort of sojourners by the way. Twenty-five miles further on is Yale (see illustration), the head of steamboat navigation on the Fraser and the outlet of the Fraser canyon. The town, which is one of the most important in the interior of the Province, is situated in a most picturesque region, on the old Colonization road to the Cariboo mines (see View [55] on the Cariboo River), and within a hundred and ten miles from the mouth of the Fraser. Here the traveller will be likely to make his first acquaintance with the ubiquitous Chinaman, and the scarcely less ubiquitous redman of the mountain Province. The former will probably be found re-washing some abandoned gold-claim on the river, or doing faithful domestic service at one or other of the hotels of the town. The Indian, if he is not lounging in stoic indifference, will most likely be netting salmon.

Leaving Yale, the railway follows the general direction of the Fraser, though only here and there we get a glimpse of it and of the mountain spurs on either side of the river. Fifteen miles below Yale is the station of Hope, a prettily situated town on the south side of the Fraser. Seventy miles below Hope we reach New Westminster Junction, while five miles further on is Port Moody, and another five miles bring us to Vancouver. The last hundred miles' run, from Yale to the coast, passes through a rough, heavily-wooded country, broken occasionally by bits of marsh land in the vicinity of the streams that flow into the Fraser, and here and there by a small farm clearing. Even to the end of our journey are we reminded of the mountains, for we find them swelling up to hold in their embrace the tide-waters of the Pacific, as they seek a haven in the sheltering arms of Burrard Inlet. At the head of this land-locked basin, about seventeen miles from its mouth, is Port Moody. Behind it is a background of forest, composed chiefly of hemlock, spruce, and the giant Douglas fir. The forest about is being rapidly cleared to give the railway the needed facilities, in addition to those at Vancouver City, for its western terminal trade.

Though yesterday but a city on paper, Vancouver is to-day rapidly becoming the Liverpool of the British waters of the Pacific. At its wharves we shall find evidences of a commerce which is already