



THE FIRST TRAIN IN CANADA.

vestibule which, if it leaves anything to imagine in beauty and luxury, must at least postpone the desire for its immediate adoption.

Think of the brain and system that governs an array of twenty thousand freight cars, rushing hither and thither to every corner of the country, and that can in a few moments tell exactly where each one of them may be. Some people find it enough to remember where their own head may be.

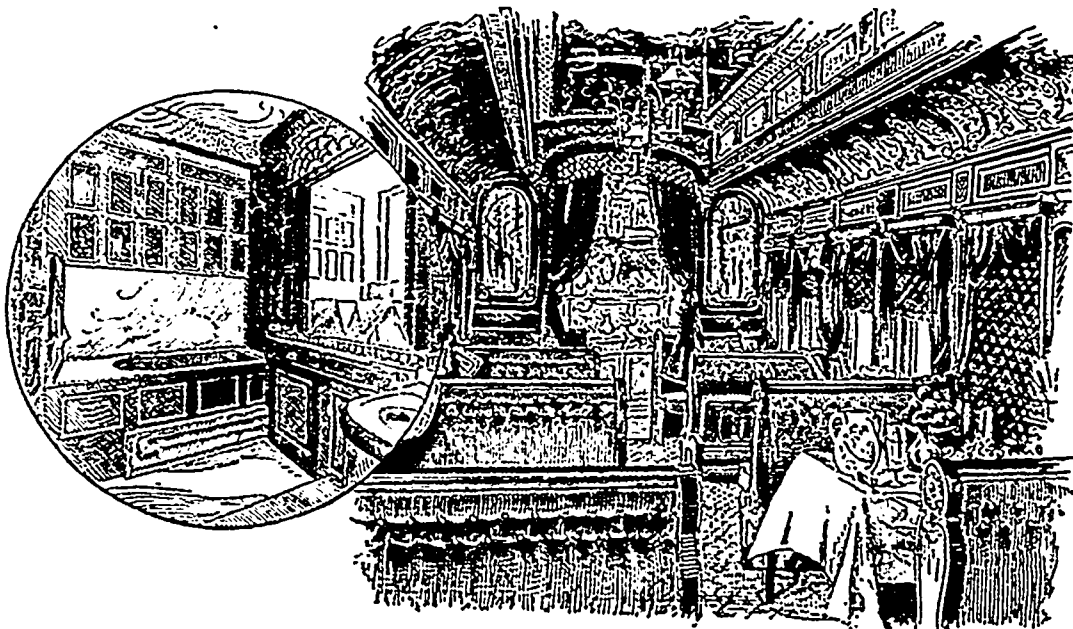
On the arrival of a freight train the conductor hands in a report of his journey. Cars with goods for the terminus go to their respective sidings. Through freight takes its place on route. In the freight yard of Montreal alone two thousand cars a day are handled. A peep inside reveals grain, fruit, flour, cheese, butter, lumber, oats, barley, live cattle, live hogs, and live dressed beef. There's a whole train of oranges, sixteen cars! How is that for young Canadians, all the way from France via England, and brought in refrigerator cars! The dressed beef is hanging up in quarters, a hundred and twenty of them in a car, every car being iced and re-iced on the way. A car takes twice as many dressed as alive, with no labour of feeding or risk of injury. Horses have palace cars for themselves and most comfortable apartments they are I can assure you. Live

sheep and pigs are carried in double decked cars. Here and there on a hot day, the hogs get their douche bath. You should see them half a hundred of them in a car, rolling, rollicking and grinning with content. Alas that they should be on their way to those celebrated establishments across the border, where our piggies are received and welcomed politely at one entrance as Canadian Hogs, and as politely ushered out at the other as American hams.

Then comes the examination of the cars. The sound ones are marked O. K. and passed on. If a wheel looks tired: if a bolt becomes restless: if a plank is uneasy: off goes the whole thing to hospital, to be sounded, nursed, doctored, recruited and sent out as good as new. There is no such word as *think* in the railway vocabulary. *Must* is the motto.

And the engines, how the men love them,--the great iron horses. After every trip they go to rest as regularly as the men do. Fires are drawn off. Ashes and clinkers are cleared out. Brasses and steels are polished with more than usual elbow gymnastics. Every three or four runs the whole boiler is washed and scraped clean. Then the engine puffs over to water up, and then to fuel up. If it needs ten tons of coal, it goes to a ten ton shoot: if only five it goes to a five ton shoot. The coal is all measured and ready; and the moment the right quantity is shot into the tender below, an identical quantity is bumped in from above in constant succession. Every engine goes out in the order in which it came in.

The conductor's car on a freight, sometimes dusty and grimy enough outside with work, is a model of comfort and convenience inside. Here is the stove where the savoury breakfast is cooked: there the cupboard for the lamps. Here the rack for books; there the bunk and blankets for the night. And the men, how they love the life. See them wave goodbye to each other. See the holmholbing as the American men come in.



DINING CAR.