

tourist. Every year thousands of foreigners enjoy the beauties and sublimities of the Canadian Rockies. No Canadian need bemoan the fact that he cannot afford to go to Europe. We have mountains in our West beside which the Alps are insignificant. We have summer hotels, like that at Banff, with waterfalls beneath the balconies, and a magnificent range of mountains of different shapes and colorings. If we were foreigners we should rave over beautiful Canada.

Furthermore, there are few countries in which one travels with such comfort and ease as in our own Canadian North-West. For the Canadian

settlements, then through the lumbering districts. A little further and we near Sudbury, in the heart of the copper and nickel regions. Columns of smoke climb the sky where the mines are being worked, and lines of cars, heaped with ores, crowd the sidings.

On we pass through the never-ending hills and the burnt lands, where the pines stand charred and black against the clear blue of the sky. Now and again a long train rolls past us. There are cars and cars of cattle; others of flour and grain. We begin to awaken to the fact that there is a great country before us.



A WESTERN CANADA WHEAT-FIELD.

Pacific, with all its commercial burdens, has not forgotten to see to the comfort of its passengers. The cars are large, commodious, and richly furnished. The dining and sleeping coaches are especially luxurious. The sleepers are built with a strength and security equalled by those of few roads.

And now, let us look at the scenic attractions on a C.P.R. trip from Montreal to Vancouver. It is a twenty-four hours' run from Montreal to the first glimpse of Lake Superior—a ride through a region of rocks and pines, pretty lakes, dark forests, shadowed pools and tumbling cascades; through pretty little French

Then we catch our first glimpse of Lake Superior, and for many hours we are looking down upon the great inland sea, at times skirting steep cliffs, while to the right lie the rocks and the tree-clad mountains, to the left the limitless expanse of the unsalted sea.

We have only time for a fleeting glimpse of Port Arthur and Fort William, the latter with its great grain elevators before mentioned. But we shall carry with us always the memory of Thunder Bay, with its bright green waters and the black and purple basaltic cliffs rising abruptly from its surface.

Then comes Winnipeg. We have