

not been chopping down the trees and making grassy lawns and terraces, but where mother nature still holds sway.

Conspicuous among the grandest summer houses here is that of Pullman, one of America's millionaires, a magnificent grey stone castle built high up on a rocky island, with winding roadway and terraces. Close by is a beautiful Swiss chalet, so high that one conjectures that they must have that horrible incongruity of an elevator there, in order to inhabit the upper stories, otherwise imagine having to climb six pairs of stairs for a forgotten shawl or book.

But now the excitement begins as we approach the rapids. The first one is small, not very awe-inspiring, just a "bonne bouche" to whet the appetite for more. And it comes, for the next, the Long Sault rapids are quite exhilarating. It is like suddenly coming into a storm at sea, the waters are foaming and dashing around the vessel, which is rocking and pitching down hill through the rapids at a wonderful pace, with all steam shut off.

It was a surprise to me to learn that these rapids were nine miles long, for it seemed as if it took no longer than five minutes to pass through them, so rapidly did we go.

Still more thrilling because more dangerous are the Lachine rapids, so named by Champlain because he thought he had here discovered a route to China. The river is fairly wide here and the waters shallow, rocks being met with continuously, and what is worse for the pilot there, but not visible. How dreadfully discouraging it must have been to Champlain, La Salle, and those self-sacrificing Jesuit Fathers who first worked their way up this river beyond Montreal to encounter rapids after rapids, and have to make those long portages through thick wood and underbrush. How almost impossible it would seem except to men of such hardy nature and grim determination as they were.

We have already passed the C. P. R. Bridge—that latest triumph of engineering skill—at Lachine, and now are approaching one of the grandest engineering feats of the age, the wonderful Victoria Bridge, the longest in the world. Passing under it, our boat gliding over the waters which seem as smooth and blue after the rushing, foaming rapids, soon lands us at Montreal, where we are literally hustled, without the merest chance of gazing at the far-famed city, from our steamer "Corsican" to the larger and much more palatial one called "Quebec," and are steaming away from the smokey harbor before we realize it. Looking back the monster bridge is disappearing behind St. Helen's