

The wild oats swirl along the plain;
I feel their dash against my knees,
Like rapid plash of running seas.

I pass by islands dark and tall
With painted poplars thick with leaves;
The grass in rustling ripple cleaves
To left and right in emerald flow;
And as I listen, riding slow,
Out breaks the wild-bird's jocund call.

Oh, shining suns of boyhood's time!
Oh, winds that from the mystic west
Sang calls to Eldorado's quest!
Oh, awaying wild-bird's thrilling chime!
When loud the city's clanging roar
Wraps in my soul, as does a shroud,
I hear those songs and sounds once more,
And dream of boyhood's wind-swung cloud.

Imagine yourselves in a cozy little stateroom at the end of a sleeping-car, just starting out on a journey of three thousand miles. This car is to be your home for many a day. Every nook and corner and knob will become familiar to you; you will learn to walk on its vibrating floor as easily as in your own house; and its swift, eager motions will rock you to sleep each night, as if you were in a cradle, or "the tree-tops."

When we woke on the morning after leaving Montreal we were far away in the Canadian wilderness, where forests beyond forests stretched away for hundreds of miles on every hand.

The first station, I remember, was Chalk River, a railway divisional point, with repair-shops and other buildings of that nature. At North Bay we had a pretty view of Lake Nipissing, the train stopping long enough for us to build a little birch bark fire on the shore, where the mimic billows came tumbling merrily in. From North Bay to Heron Bay, on Lake Superior, we were in a wild, heavily timbered region. Sometimes we would pass through miles of burnt forest land, the bleached trunks of the trees standing in desolate companies as far as the eye could reach. Bear, moose, and deer abound throughout all this section of Canada, while the streams are thronged with salmon and trout.

Days and nights follow each other rapidly. Now we are whirled along the rocky shores of Lake Superior, and catch glimpses of dim blue headlands through the morning mists. The railroad is still new — only five years old — and the people gaze curiously at us as we sweep onward with rattle and roar toward the West. Whenever there is time at a station, merry groups of young people dash out of the cars and scurry through the town. At Schreiber, I remember, we descended on the village store, bought out every postal card from its post office, and purchased sundry small articles which probably are now scattered all over the country in the possession of our tourists, mementoes of their Canadian trip.

The copper mines around Lake Superior are the richest in the world, and have every kind of that ore. The best is that in which the copper is not in great masses of pure metal, for when found in this state it is most difficult to

work, and the expense of labor greatly diminishes the value. At Michipicoten Island, and other places on the north shore, the percentage of ore is very large, but the stuff is procured in easily wrought rock. The races who in old days inhabited this country knew of the mines and worked in their rude fashion at them. Ancient shafts exist, and in these rude stone hammers, marked

round the centre with a groove for the reception of the thong which attached them to a handle, are found. But the metal when procured was beaten only into rude plates, or used for roughly shaped vessels.

Port Arthur is the terminus of the Eastern Division of the Canadian Pacific. It is a thriving town of some six thousand inhabitants, situated on Thunder Bay, and is the chief Canadian port on Lake Superior. Little girls ran along the platform beside the cars, with milk for sale at five cents a glass. Here we set our watches back one hour, to meet "Central" time.

The country between this point and Winnipeg was the scene of the "Half Breed Rebellion" twenty years ago. River we two lovely scenery day was of description. mingling poetry, to the din-

"Half Breed Rebellion" in Manitoba, twenty years ago. At Eagle caught sight of waterfalls; the throughout the the wildest de- It was an odd of prose and sit at one's meal in ing-car, looking out between mouthfuls at scarred mountain summits, sweeping drifts and fountains of rain, foaming torrents and all the desolate grandeur of untamed hill and valley.

On Thursday, the fifth day of our pilgrimage, we halted for a few hours at Winnipeg, the Capital of Manitoba. Nineteen years ago the population of this marvellous city was one hundred. To-day it comes just short of thirty thousand. For

many years it has been the chief post of the Hudson Bay Company, whose splendid warehouses, on the principal street, are now visited by all tourists. The city has many brick and stone blocks, street railways, electric lights, a fine hospital, and fine public buildings. Here are the principal land offices of the C. R. Ry., and of the Government. The Railway Company

own the old numbered sections in the belt of land extending twenty-four miles on each side of the track between Winnipeg and the Rocky Mountains! Farms are given to those settlers who are hardy enough to start homesteads in this wild country. Winnipeg is connected by rail with St. Paul and Chicago, and with other Canadian points north and south. In the midst of all the progress and modern ideas of bustling Winnipeg, it was curious to notice many rude carts drawn by oxen, which were harnessed like horses. At the station the "newsboys" were little girls, who plied their trade modestly and successfully. I must not forget to refer to the Winnipeg grasshoppers. I never saw such hosts of these insects, although the Winnipeggers seemed to pay no attention to them whatever. Over the city streets as well as vacant fields, the air seemed filled with whirling wings.



THE CARIBOO WAGON ROAD.
(From the Marquis of Lorne's collection of photographs.)