

fresh-water seas to Fort William, on Thunder Bay, where the western section of the Canadian Pacific Railway begins.

But you are impatient to see the mountains, and if you will permit me to choose, dear reader, we will start from Montreal by the main line of railway, and in order that we may miss nothing we will return by the great lakes, and see Toronto and the Falls of Niagara then.

Although the locomotive is hissing, as if impatient for the signal to go, we have yet a few minutes to spare, and, if it is agreeable to you, we will look over the train which is to carry us to the Pacific. Next to the engine we find a long post-office van, in

which a number of clerks are busily sorting letters and stowing away mail-sacks, then an express or parcels van, and then another laden with luggage. Following these are two or three bright and cheerful colonist coaches, with seats which may be transformed into sleeping bunks at night, and with all sorts of novel contrivances for the comfort of the hardy and good-looking immigrants who have already secured their places for the long journey to the prairies of the Northwest or the valleys of British Columbia. Next we find two or three handsomely fitted coaches for passengers making short trips along the line, and finally come the sleeping cars, in one of which

we are to live for some days and nights. The railway carriages to which you are accustomed are dwarfed to meet Old World con-

ditions, but these in our train seem to be proportioned to the length and breadth of the land. Our sleeping car is unlike the "Pullman's" you have seen in England, being much larger and far more luxurious. With its soft and rich cushions, silken curtains, thick



STATE-ROOM
IN
SLEEPING CAR.