

Then came the rush for the station. Summoning all his strength for one final effort, Arthur bravely hopped along with the aid of his dusky supporters, and reached the station platform just as the engine appeared around the point not fifty yards away.

It was a narrow victory, but it was sufficient. The Indians were paid and thanked, the boys clambered into the car, and Bruce had just time to get Arthur to a seat when the poor lad, exhausted as he had never been in his life before, collapsed in a faint.

But he soon recovered from this, and was able to share with Bruce the enjoyment of the wonderful scenery which marked the remainder of the run through the Fraser Canyon, the great river being forced between vertical walls of sullen sombreness where, repeatedly thrown back upon itself by opposing cliffs or broken by ponderous masses of fallen rock, it foamed out its fury with unceasing thunder.

The railway was cut into the side of the cliffs two hundred feet or more above the raging torrent, and the jutting spurs of rock were pierced by tunnels that followed so fast upon one another that the boys got tired counting them.

On through the morning the train sped, flying past Yule, the head of navigation in the Fraser River, and Port Moody, which once hoped to be the ocean terminus of the railway, and at last coming to a full stop at the fine new city of Vancouver, which marked the end of its transcontinental journey.

The railway station was on the pier, to the outer side of which the superb white steamship *Empress of China* lay moored, and the boys had only to cross the wharf in order to change their quarters.