

of smoke marks the mid-channel passage of a tramp-steamer from No-Man's Land, and in the offing are the bellying sails of South American lumber-ships, and in front and behind and on either side lie the islands of the Gulf of Georgia. The Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence are small and puny in the light of these pine-crested and sea-washed submerged tips of buried mountains. See the Indian canoes stealing silent up the mid-island channels, and hark! the cry of the loon comes from some unknown quarter, and a band of heavy-bodied ducks trail their wings across the polished surface of the sea in clumsy flight at our approach.

And then the City of Vancouver. The City of the Couching Lions dips its feet into Burrard Inlet, and stretches its encircling arms across to the yellow sands of English Bay. At the sea-front here the world-end steamers wait; at the long docks we see them, craft from San Francisco, China, Japan, Australia, Honolulu, and far Fiji, and as the seagulls whistle in the rigging and the long combers sweep in from around Brockton Point, we half wish that we might listen to the siren voices that call us seaward. Truly, here "East is West, and West is East."

THE VALLEY OF THE FRASER.

But Eastward we go toward the snowy silences and cool alluring rest of the Rockies, into the far fastnesses in the heart of the ancient wood. Trout-fishing in endless variety, with deer-hunting and bear-shooting and an occasional mountain-goat in the hills along Burrard Inlet may well tempt the sportsman for a rare week. Every one interested in economics must take the electric tram across to New Westminster on the Fraser, and there inspect the salmon industry, full of compelling interest.

At Westminster Junction, turn your back to the sea, have your travelling bag and impedimenta tucked away in one of the parlor-cars of the *Imperial Limited* and lean back luxuriously in anticipation of the most pleasureable railroad trip you have ever enjoyed. The service on this line is unexcelled in the world to-day, the table is something you will remember with a backward thought of pleased contentment, and Nature opens up to you a panorama of magnificence which deepens in its generous lavishness as you travel eastward and upward from the sea's level.

At Hammond, by the side of the mighty Fraser, you catch a view of Mt. Baker which you will long remember. Looking at it through the immense trees of Douglas fir you are reminded of some of the striking prints of Fusiyama. It is a very riot of color. Down at your feet the drying salmon of an Indian camp forms a vermillion dab on the landscape, the Fraser pours its clear-hued tribute ocean-ward, over all is the bluest of blue skies, and the piny air is a tonic.

With a last glance at the isolated cone of Mt. Baker,