

occupation that had taken possession of me from the moment I had gazed on the features of Miss Furze.

Nor, during the whole meal, could I keep my eyes from wandering almost continually to her face, which seemed to embarrass her not a little, if I could judge from the blushes that mantled her cheeks whenever she caught my gaze fixed upon her. My kind host, still seeing my embarrassment, but mistaking the cause, kept up a regular flow of conversation, thus, to a great extent, making the dinner a success.

There was no sitting over the wine in that house. When the dinner was over we accompanied the ladies back to the drawing-room, and were just sitting down for a comfortable chat, when another visitor was announced:

"Joseph Austell."

"What does he want?" muttered Mr. Furze, in no amiable tone, as the stranger was ushered into the room.

Mr. Furze arose and stopped him half way with the words:

"Well, sir, what means this intrusion? I never thought you would have the audacity to enter this house again."

"I heard of the arrival of my cousin," answered the new-comer, "and I thought you would surely allow me to pay my respects to her."

While saying these words, he turned towards Miss Alice, who was seated by my side, and I caught the first glimpse of his face since he had entered the room.

But that glimpse was enough.

(To be continued.)

OUR WILD WESTLAND.

POINTS ON THE PACIFIC PROVINCE.

(By Mrs. ARTHUR SPRAGGE.)

THE SPRING OF 1888 IN THE EAST AND WEST—DOMINION DAY IS CELEBRATED BY AN EXPEDITION TO BANFF—THE WAPTA PASS FROM AN ENGINE—FIRST IMPRESSION OF THE BANFF SPRINGS HOTEL.

XI.

The second week in May, 1888, saw me again in the Pacific Province, where I found an earlier spring than I left in Ontario, whose northern districts showed no signs of vegetation, ice and snow lingering in frozen and sloppy masses along the Canadian Pacific Railway between North Bay and Port Arthur, whence to Winnipeg general desolation and dreariness naturally prevail during all seasons of the year. At the Manitoban metropolis a snow flurry was in active progress when our train arrived. Here passengers are turned out to explore the town for an hour while the Pullmans are thoroughly swept and garnished for the balance of their journey to the Pacific coast. An icy wind was blowing over the prairie as it always blows over the Northwest, either cold in winter or hot in summer, according to my passing experience, and I returned to the car thoroughly chilled, owing to the absence of such warm clothing as the temperature demanded. The further west we advanced from Winnipeg the more genial became the atmosphere, and twenty-four hours from that capital we rejoiced in balmy air, bright blue skies, soft brown earth, and, in the neighbourhood of Calgary, the green grass. Through the mountains the deciduous trees were flushed with the tender green of budding foliage, and in the Columbia valley the ground was carpeted with violets and wild strawberries in luxuriant bloom. My summer was varied by various expeditions from Donald to different points of interest, whither the development of the country and of legal business drew us. Just six weeks after my advent it was proposed that a party of us should celebrate Dominion Day by an expedition to Banff, the then newly established mountain resort of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, on the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains in North-West territory. Greatly as the lowlander may admire the snow-capped heights that enclose most of the valleys of British Columbia, there is a certain sense of confinement associated with a limited horizon that makes one glad to escape over the encompassing ranges when the opportunity offers. Hence I

rejoiced not a little on the last day of June when our small company of six quitted Donald by the afternoon express and rolled along past Golden City, up the Kicking Horse to Field, where one of the Canadian Pacific Railway's picturesque meal stations and hotels lies snugly esconced at the base of Mount Stephen, beside the green river so oddly named. When some one, adopting Western slang, said: "*What's the matter with our having supper here?*" out we all turned with one consent and filled a well appointed table, doing ample justice to a repast that, thanks to the ever provident and powerful company, provided a few more of the luxuries of life than Donald could boast.

I am far from being a bold or venturesome traveller, and feel no dormant desire for either cowcatchers or engines, so I do not understand what access of amiability induced me to comply with my husband's suggestion that I should mount upon the cab for the better enjoyment and appreciation of the scenery in the Wapta Pass. I did remonstrate feebly and protested that travelling was only endurable under the most favourable circumstances in the privacy and comfort of a Pullman. My objections were over-ruled; it was safe as a church (we were promenading the platform digesting our dainties), the engineer was an old acquaintance, etc., and in a minute I found myself in the cab, elevated on a high narrow seat, my head and shoulders on a level with the open window, through which I could insert them and hang half my body out if so inclined, after the manner of train-hands. I was on C. P. R. engine No. 147, run by Mr. Charles Carey, a typical engineer, level and clear-headed, as one could tell at a glance.

A short, sharp whistle, the familiar, long drawn-out "All a-b-o-a-r-d!" and slowly, with snorts and puffs, the wheels began to revolve, and the engine was off up the big hill, by whose steep grade the Wapta Pass is surmounted, with a still larger one pushing the train behind. Carey's hand was on the lever, his eye fixed on the thin line of rail stretching away to the vanishing point, the stoker administered coal freely to the furnace and the momentous ascent began. Our iron horse reminded me curiously of the quadruped, with whose management I am most familiar; it seemed to bound along, responsive to the least pressure of the controlling hand, its great heart to throb, slow or fast, in sympathetic acknowledgment of human influence. Each engineer has his own particular engine, whose powers and capabilities he has gauged to a fraction, and they become, I am told, so attached to the mass of metal they direct and guide, which has borne them safely over mountain, valley and plain, that parting with them is always a sore trial when they begin to work the worse for wear and tear and are relegated to the comparative obscurity of the freight department. Nevertheless, I do not envy the engineer his career, though I believe it is a fascinating one to the individual man, who enjoys a most supreme confidence in his own management of his own machine. Fast we did not go at first. As the Wapta Pass, up the western slope of the Rocky Mountains, opened out ahead, with its perceptibly rising grade carved out of a wall of granite beside the rushing, foaming Kicking Horse River, which soon sank into a deep gorge many hundred feet below the level of the road, I saw, as we steamed along, a man with a white flag standing near the line, marking the first of the safety switches on the hill. His pennon indicated that the road beyond was clear. As we passed with a clang the switch flew open behind us to catch any car that, disconnected by a broken coupling, might run backwards down the steep incline. Two more men with white flags and rustling switches were swiftly negotiated, and the river began to rise again to our level and became a smaller volume of water in a narrow, stony bed. I breathed more freely past the region of precipices and rugged rocks, and clung less closely to my window frame.

"Give it to her, Jim!" said Carey (an engine is always feminine), as we rushed into a level bit of road at the summit of the Rockies and flew by the stone mound and post that marks the watershed of the mountain and the boundary line between British Columbia and the North-West Territories.

Coal was supplied freely to the yawning gulf of flame almost below my feet, the lever was raised, and with a leap and a snort the engine answered to the call, and we simply raced along the road at a pace that nearly shook me off my seat. I managed to hold my peace, however, strongly as I felt disposed to shout to Carey to moderate his speed. A shrill whistle soon warned me that Laggan, the summit station, was approaching, the air brakes began to work, and in proper style, I was told, we rolled up to the platform, where I descended from my perch, feeling very stiff and cramped after my ride on No. 147 and very glad to retire to the luxury of the Pullman. I confess, with regret, that this is a very mild performance compared to the bold mounting of the attractive cowcatcher, and it must be kindly regarded merely as an experience, not an exploit.

It was very dark and extremely chilly when we arrived at Banff at eleven o'clock at night, and we fully appreciated the warmth and comfort of the omnibus, with door and windows that would close and remain closed, which conveyed our party for a mile and a half up the excellent Government road that leads to the high knoll on which the Canadian Pacific Railway Company have erected the Banff Springs Hotel. The usual amount of whoaing and backing, so indelibly associated with the universal omnibus, deposited us at the foot of a semi-circular flight of steps in an angle of the building, which struck me, even in the dark, as being a not very well contrived entrance to an extensive summer hotel. Visions of the wide verandahs, Corinthian columns and stately porticoes that adorn all similar American resorts rose before me unbidden, with the irrepressible force of comparison. The approach to the Banff Springs Hotel is not, it must be admitted, imposing, but the architect, no doubt, cunningly laid his plan that the tourist might be the more effectually surprised when the narrow glass doors are flung open by the ever attentive porter, revealing a large hall, forty feet square, illuminated by artistic electric chandeliers, whose lights are reflected off the oiled and varnished woodwork with dazzling brilliancy, and inspire a sense of luxury and opulence that at once establishes the status of the institution. Glancing upwards from the centre of the hall, I saw three tiers of galleries, narrowing towards the top, and, bringing my eyes down again, noticed two enormous fireplaces on opposite sides of the square, capable of accommodating some of the big logs of the country, the warmth of which would have been very acceptable on that chilly midsummer night. Two angles of the hall, I further remarked, were taken off to form main entrances on the ground floor and alcoves above, while the staircases are concealed from view in the two remaining angles. From the hall two long corridors extend east and west. In one of these we were provided with an extremely lofty and equally well furnished bedroom, where we gladly sought a much needed repose.

MR. SLADEN'S TOUR.

Mr. Douglas Sladen, with Mrs. Sladen, their little boy and Miss Lorimer, left Montreal, where they have been the guests of Mrs. Robert Reid, on September 6 for Vancouver. Their first stepping off place will be Gananoque, where they will spend some days on her island with the Canadian poetess "Fidelis." Thence they will go to Toronto (and Niagara) and Owen's Sound to take steamer across Lake Huron and Lake Superior to Port Arthur for Winnipeg, where they are to stay with friends. *En route* from Winnipeg to Vancouver they will stop off at Banff, the Glacier House and North Bend, and make a digression from Calgary to the Piegan Indian reserve at Fort MacLeod. They will go on to Victoria, and return from Vancouver to Montreal by the cars all the way, stopping off for a few weeks at Ottawa. They will be at Montreal some little time in order to see the new snow-cutting machinery of the Canadian Pacific Railway working, which will maintain an average speed of twenty miles an hour over the most heavily drifted lines. Mr. Sladen will have to postpone the lecture tour arranged for him in Scotland till next year, for literary engagements in Canada.