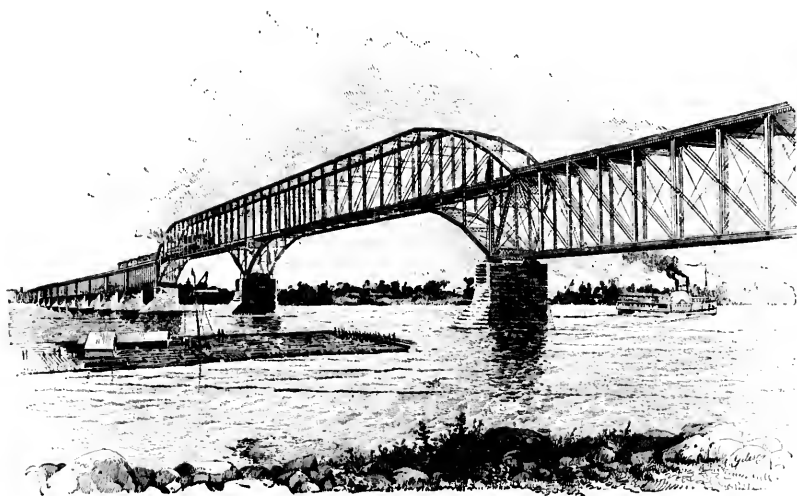


way through the low green hills of Nova Scotia to Moncton, then skirting along the Bay of Fundy to St. John, the chief city of New Brunswick, a busy and handsome city, and the largest in the Maritime Provinces—a seaport with an extensive trade inland as well as on the ocean; then following the glorious valley of the river St. John for an hour, turning away from it to strike across the State of Maine, where the scenery is as wild and varied as any lover of Nature could wish; then crossing the boundary line back into Canada again, where towns and villages reappear, increasing in size as we go along, until they become cities—forests and saw mills giving place to highly cultivated fields; through Lennoxville, Sherbrooke, Magog, Farnham, and St. Johns on the Richelieu; through the broad level valley of the St. Lawrence, with isolated mountains lifting up here and there; and finally, crossing the St. Lawrence River by the famous cantilever bridge of the Canadian Pacific Railway, at the head of Lachine Rapids, we will be brought within view of the spires and chimneys of Montreal; and a few minutes later, rolling along over a



ST. LAWRENCE RIVER BRIDGE.

viaduct of masonry arches, with the city spread out below us, we will enter the magnificent passenger terminus of the Canadian Pacific Company.

Had we chosen a New York steamship our route would have brought us from the American metropolis northward by railway along the banks of the far-famed Hudson River to Troy or Albany, and thence along one bank or the other of Lake Champlain to Montreal—a day or a night from New York.

Here in Montreal, a hundred years before the British conquest of Canada, the French bartered with the Indians, and from here their hardy soldiers, priests, traders, and *voyageurs* explored the vast wilderness beyond, building forts, establishing missions and trading posts, and planting settlements on all the great rivers and lakes. From here, until