

THE Canadian Pacific Railway Company has become so integral a part of Canada, for the one word naturally brings up the other, that it is difficult to realize that this great giant among the world's wonders is not yet thirteen years old, that in fact its first train only reached Vancouver in May 1887. In this century of marvels there is no more startling story of indomitable energy and engineering genius than that embodied in the inception and completion of this railway. For even at this comparatively short distance of time we can hardly imagine what the undertaking really was. As we travel across the continent in luxurious ease, we are, it is true, impressed with the magnitude of the obstacles overcome, but we fail to grasp the situation at the time of the projection and building of the line. A large part of the country through which the railroad was to run was unexplored and virtually unknown. As a writer has said, "Towards the East, all about Lake Superior, and beyond the Red River, was a vast rocky region where nature in her younger days had run riot, and where deep lakes and mighty rivers in every direction opposed the progress of the engineer. Beyond Red River for a thousand miles stretched a great plain, unknown only to the wild Indian and the fur trader. Then came the mountains, range after range in close succession, and all unexplored." To span these rivers, to cross these prairies, to pierce these mountains, was indeed a bold undertaking. Again and again it had been pronounced an impossibility, but the impossible became possible; the ideal the actual. The Company that had been organized only in 1881, drove the last spike of the main line at Craigellachie in the Eagle Pass on a November morning, 1885. The construction of the Transcontinental line, however, was to come. Branch lines were built to open prairie, forest and mine, while independent connections to the seaboard were secured. By the end of 1885 the Company was in possession of no less than 4,315 miles of railway, of which 3,500 represented the Transcontinental line. Even this achievement did not satisfy the aims and aspirations of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company; the trade of the Orient must be grasped, and as a result the idea of placing on the Pacific, steamers which would surpass anything afloat on the Pacific, was suggested. The suggestion was immediately acted upon, and as a result the Canadian Pacific Railway Company have as their connection to Japan and China the magnificent steamers "Empress of India," "Empress of Japan," and "Empress of China," 6,000 tons each, 10,000 horse-power, fitted and equipped throughout in a manner which makes them, as originally intended, surpass any other steamers of any other line crossing the Pacific. Next came the suggestion of a steamship line to Australia, which has now become a reality. Small wonder, therefore, that no other public enterprise has so great an influence upon the development of the Dominion, or that the railway has indeed become a great part of our national life. Space, however, does not permit of discourse on the identity of the Canadian Pacific with the development of the Dominion of Canada, however interesting the subject might be, but we wish to particularize a few of the scenic beauties of the line.

Leaving Vancouver the railway follows its course through the various rivers, lakes and

mountains extending to the prairies beyond the Rockies, a distance of over 600 miles. It has been written of this journey that it is an epitome of all that is great in nature's wonders. At one moment we are rolling swiftly down a valley, as green with springing verdure, as odorous with flowers, as peaceful and lovely as the happy valley of Basileas, the musical ripplings of the river at our feet. At the next moment we are whirling our way along a canyon of a mighty stream, apparently endeavoring to outrace the train at its side. Above is the bluest of skies, and the brightest of suns, and clinging to the mountain sides ten thousand feet above us hang glaciers flashing in white green emerald loveliness, upon which we gaze breathless, wondering, awe-struck as we remember that the human race is not so old as that thawless field before us. But where so much grandeur meets the eye, it is well to particularize. After leaving Vancouver and following the green shores of Burrard Inlet with its unequalled anchorage, we strike the Fraser River, famous for its salmon fisheries. We follow the Fraser River which is becoming narrower and narrower, until Hope is reached, where we are forced into the walls of the canyon, and here starts a wild struggle with nature's obstacles; tunnel follows tunnel, out of the one into the sunlight, into another and out again, and always below us the boiling turbulent Fraser. Finally Yale is reached, an interesting landmark of the old Cariboo gold mining days and one of the oldest towns in the Province. The scenery along the Fraser Canyon here is thought by many to exceed in beauty that of any other portion of the line; indeed a midnight ride through the Fraser Canyon, with the moon showing itself above the towering mountains, and casting shadows deep into the waters below, is one never to be forgotten. A descriptive writer says that "He who stands in the curve below Yale, looking up at that wide reach of water where it rushes out of the gloomy pass from between walls of rock which rise six thousand feet above it, sees as grand a spectacle and as sublime a vision of river and mountain as he may find on the continent." The picture is not overdrawn. After Yale comes Boston or American Bar, so called after a number of Americans who took from its sands over a million dollars in granulated gold in the summer of 1858. Then comes Spuzzum, where the Fraser River is spanned by a suspension bridge which was built in the Cariboo days as a connecting link of the Cariboo "tote" road. Gold is still cradled from the river bed by Chinese and Indians who are content with ordinary returns for their exacting labor. We continue on to North Bend where the Canadian Pacific Railway has built a hotel for the convenience of tourists who wish to explore the Canyon. Still further up this wondrous gorge through Keefers and Cisco, with our eye on the opposite side of the river we follow the old Cariboo road which clings to the sides of the mountains, reaching an elevation of one thousand feet higher than the railway track. At Cisco we cross the Fraser on a mammoth steel cantilever bridge. After leaving Lytton we pass through an almost box-like canyon of the Thompson, which we follow for thirty-five miles before we get a glimpse of open sunlight. The Thompson cliffs are variegated in color; sometimes vermillion, with dashes of striking yellow and green throughout them forming fantastic goblin-like shapes, and gazing at them the mind