

Toronto to Vancouver and Back Again.



THE "SEEPIAR" TRAIN

Our trip was not exactly from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It lacked a thousand miles of that magnificent distance, for we began and ended at Toronto, far away from tide-water. But the distance we traversed was great, since it is officially announced at 3,237 miles going and 3,245 returning—in all 6,482 miles, mainly by rail. Circumstances prevented our following the exact route prescribed on the return, but the distance mentioned was practically covered. And no one who has not made a similar journey can imagine its wonderful variety—rock and lake—prairie—plain—mountain, canyon, and rushing river—ocean archipelago. The incidents were as varied as the scenes. We encountered raftsman, miner, ranchman, lumberer, farmer, fisherman, Chinaman, merchant—all these came within our horizon from day to day. We were still within the boundaries of Canada; we were still under the Union Jack, with the Canadian shield, and not a man or a woman of us but felt prouder of our country, after we had seen its length and breadth, than we had ever done before