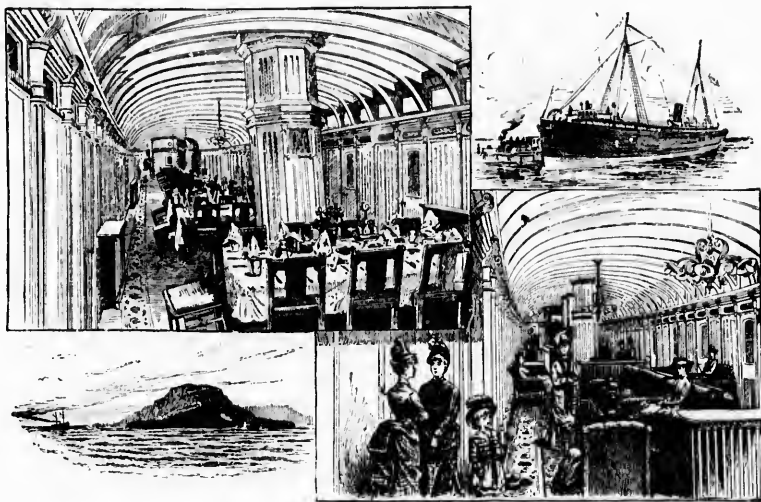


On the way hither we have met numerous long trains laden with grain and flour, cattle and other freight, but we have not until now begun to realize the magnitude of the traffic of the Northwest. Here on every side we see the evidences of it. Long piers and wharves crowded with shipping, great piles of lumber, coal and merchandise, with the railway grain elevators looming above all. Three of these elevators at Fort William are monsters, holding twelve to fifteen hundred thousand bushels each. Not far away are rich silver mines, and a railway has been made to these and to the iron deposits beyond.



CABIN OF CANADIAN PACIFIC LAKE STEAMSHIP.

The scenery here is more diversified and beautiful than any we have yet seen. The wide emerald-green waters of Thunder Bay are enclosed by abrupt black-and-purple basaltic cliffs on the one side, and by hills rising roll upon roll on the other. Here the Kaministiquia River, broad, deep, and placid, emerges from a dark forest and joins the waters of Lake Superior, giving little token that but a few miles back it has made a wild plunge from a height exceeding that of Niagara itself.

Our train is increased to provide for the passengers who have come up by steamer and joined us here, and by a goodly number of pleasure-seekers who have been fishing and shooting in the vicinity, and who, like ourselves, are bent on seeing the great mountains far to the west. We leave the lake and again move westward, and for a night and part of the following day we are in a wild, strange country. The rivers seem all in a hurry, and we are seldom out of sight of dancing rapids or foaming cataracts. The deep, rock-bound