

A Trip to Niagara.

The "Cayuga" was crowded with the noisy Fourth of July holiday-makers. To us, four eager college girls on a vacation, everything was new and of interest. With our deck chairs drawn close to the rail, we seemed in a little world by ourselves, whence we could watch the delight of the careworn laborers or laugh at the tricks of the mischievous boys. Our attention was centered, however, upon the beauties of the morning. We had left Toronto at sunrise; now the sunbeams were glittering and dancing over the smooth waters of the lake.

All too soon, it seemed to us, we neared the shore and were landed at Lewiston, the point at which the river empties from the Niagara Gorge into the lake. There, near the wharf, was the long line of electric cars towards which the crowd rushed, jostling and pushing to gain the best seats. Upon the advice of a friend, we stood a little apart, bought some tempting baskets of Niagara cherries, while we awaited the last car. We separated in order that everyone might have the advantage of an end seat; the car moved, then we were carried along as in a dream through Fairyland.

At our right was the famous Gorge, which in its seven mile course our car followed so closely that at times we seemed directly over the foaming waters. As we ascended the Gorge, the furious noise increased. The waters seethed, they boiled, they swirled around and around in their fury. The car stopped at the Great Whirlpool that we might see the mighty logs being dashed around in the never-ending spiral movements.

The car moved slowly onward and gradually carried us higher and higher above the angry waters. At our left rose the lofty cliff. The bank sloping down to the water, however, seemed a tangled mass of vegetation in luxuriant wildness. Wild grape-vines in full bloom sent to us their fragrant perfume.

Now we were told to keep our eyes fixed straight ahead for the first glimpse of the Falls. From the time we could distinguish the thundering noise of the Falls above the roaring of the Gorge waters, not a word was spoken. The outlines of the suspension bridge