

dian Pacific Railway, was, I believe, the man who inaugurated the era of papier-mache railway wheels. But the wheels on all the rolling stock on their passenger trains are massive things of Krupp steel, forty inches in diameter. One of the eleven units of which our train was made up was a baggage car. Our term is 'luggage van'; but 'luggage' and 'van' are terms that would be a Hebrew speech on American railroads (I may here remark that 'railway' is a word which, though known in Canada, seems to be never used in the United States). Another important item in our long train was the

Dining Car:

a lofty and sumptuously appointed structure where elaborate and admirably served meals, including all the delicacies of the passing season, are provided at the extremely moderate charge of 75 cents (three shillings). The service is briskly carried on, as at sea, by well-trained stewards in blue uniforms, generously spangled over with brass buttons. Acquainted as I am with the Pleiocene methods of Australian and New Zealand dining cars, it was, and it still remains, a mystery to me how such a refined and finished service could be provided, and at such a figure, in the restricted space of a passenger train. In one or two places along the route we dined in the Company's handsome chalets where the mountain track was too steep for the big, grunting engine—or a pair of them—to drag the heavy extra weight of the dining-car. Eight passenger cars completed our equipment. Most of these were sleeping cars: polished mahogany outside; inside they are exquisitely finished with rich carvings, gilding, soft carpets, plush upholstery, silk blinds to the broad, high windows; at night they are transformed by the movements of many hinges, levers, etc., into broad and comfortable sleeping berths, in two tiers, one over the other; and mattresses, sheets, blankets, curtains, etc., are drawn by the attendant negro out of all sorts of compact cunning hiding places in a manner that recalls the familiar old hat-trick of the conjurer of one's youthful days. There is one negro to each 'sleeper'—that is,

Sleeping Car.

He is a gentle autocrat, puts his charges early to bed—beginning to lower and arrange the berths punctually at nine p.m., finishing with his less amenable passengers at or before ten, bringing a ladder and holding it while you scramble into your roost (if it happens to be a top one), polishing your boots with a lordly air, and brushing your coat assiduously—with one eye on the nap and the other on your fob—what time you are preparing to leave the car. There were some two second-class (otherwise known as 'Colonist') sleeping cars—any and well-finished, and on the general plan of the ordinary sleeping cars described above. A 'tourist car' completed the equipment. It is a compromise between the 'Colonist' and the luxurious sleeping car, is in charge of a sable porter, and provides, at a small charge, comfortable accommodation, by day and night, for a large class of travellers.

On the Canadian and American railroads there are no 'pens' like the stuffy compartments that are customary on almost all our lines throughout Australasia. You mount by end platforms, and all the cars communicate by a long passage that runs through the middle of each (like some of those in use on our New Zealand lines), so that the train, whether in motion or standing still, can be

Traversed from End to End

Raised station platforms are almost unknown in America. You mount from, and dismount to, the level of the rails and keep your weather eye and your best ear open for shunting engines and the clanging and the ringing of their bells. Each car end is provided with fixed steps that bring you within a modest little jump of mother-earth. The dusky autocrat who reigns monarch of all he surveys in the 'sleeper' is always smilingly ready with movable supplementary steps that are kept in stock in his den for the benefit of the old, the crippled, the rheumatic, the timid, and the podgy. Two wooden trapdoors or flaps—usually held upright by a catch—can be made to fall forward on ledges and bridge the steps at each side of the car-end. When this is done they form a firm and continuous floor with the raised portion of the car-platform. Two plate-glass doors (normally held by stout catches against what I may term the back wall of the car) are then released. They swing out so as to form continuations of the sides of the car, and thus the end platform becomes a sheltered alcove, open only to the rear, and large enough for seven or eight persons to enjoy the shifting panorama of mountain and lake and river as the train goes whirling along. At one end of each car is a smoke-

ing room; at each end a lavatory. In the passage close to the door that leads to each end platform, are heavy axes and other wrecking tools, first aid necessities, and other useful provisions in case of accident. Just over them is a lever by pulling which the conductor, the colored attendant, or any passenger can at once

Apply the Air-brakes

to every flying wheel and bring the whole train in a brief space to a complete stand-still. I saw it used, and with great promptitude, just once upon our eastward journey, when a chunk of rock came tumbling down the steep bank of the Beaver and struck the wheels of the car in which I sat—the hindmost one—near where one of the world's loftiest railway bridge crosses the deep gully of Stony Creek. No harm came of the incident, and we were soon once more upon our way rejoicing. The sides of the cars are mostly window. Each seat has an electric bell-push. You press the button and the dark attendant is promptly by your side to minister to your wants. In each car there are hotel directories of Canada and the United States; and time-tables, small guide books, etc., are supplied free to passengers. The cars are well lighted by massive and handsome lamps set high above you in the arched top of the waggon-roof. A comfortable temperature of 62 degrees is kept up throughout the train by steam-pipes from the boiler. They keep you warm. The inevitable nickel-plated cylindrical vessel of ice-water at each end of the car keeps you cool. Ice-water, like beer and vodka, is an acquired taste. Children in their normal state don't cry for it. And our unaccustomed southern palate prefers the absence to the presence of ice when we take water in a raw state from the nicked tap or indulge in the fresh luxury of 'a cup of cold Adam from the next purling stream.' But the Canadians and Americans are grievously addicted to douching their 'innards' with water chilled almost to the freezing point with chunks of ice.

Day by day as we went puffing along in the merry sunshine an epitome of the world's latest news was type-written and posted up or passed from hand to hand through the train.

A Uniformed Newsboy

accompanies each train. He walks nonchalantly up and down the cars and drops magazines, novels, papers, etc., beside you in a lordly way. Five minutes later he is back again to return the unbought literature to his pack and pick up the coins for those of his wares that you are unwilling to relinquish. Then he vanishes with his belongings into some mysterious lair in the train that no man seems to have yet discovered. Half an hour later he emerges again—this time with playing cards, illustrated postal cards, cigars, cigarettes, and tobacco. He goes beneath the surface of things once more, but reappears with fresh samples from his mysterious hoard—fruit, candies (so 'lollies' or sweetmeats are called all over America's great North), and chewing-gum—to which, however, Canadians are not so inordinately devoted as their neighbors across their southern border.

And so you pass the golden hours on your long train journey as on sea: dining, sleeping, reading, conversing; but with this world of difference—you can enjoy jumping off and on at every stopping depot, and the ever-varying and glorious scenery through which the flying wheels whirl you prevents the journey ever becoming monotonous, as a week or two of a life on the ocean wave is all too apt to be.

(To be continued.)

An 'Ex-Orangeman,' writing from Ballarat to the Melbourne 'Tribune' in reference to a recent meeting of Orangemen in that town, says that 20 years ago 'the combined Orange and Protestant Alliance Societies attempted to erect an Orange hall in Ballarat. They held a well-advertised meeting for the object, and realised the magnificent sum of £3 2s 6d. The hall is still unbuilt. If foul epithets were guineas, the lodgement could have built a city ere this, but talk is proverbially cheap. On the other hand, the decadent Catholics have (for example) just finished a splendid hall, costing about £7000, a new chapel at Nazareth House, costing about £8000, and are now building a new presbytery in Dawson street to cost about £6000. Hundreds of Protestant workmen are employed in these buildings, owing to Catholic progress, activity, and zeal for the glory of God.'

A very useful tool is Mawson's Patent Lifting Jack, for lifting waggons and carriages while oiling, etc. It is one of the handiest and best Jacks made. One man can easily lift a ton, and its weight is only 14lb. It is quick in action. A trial will demonstrate its wonderful utility as a great saving in muscular exertion. See it. The price is only 15s. Morrow, Bassett, and Co., sole agents.—***

RIDE "ANGLO SPECIAL" CYCLES.