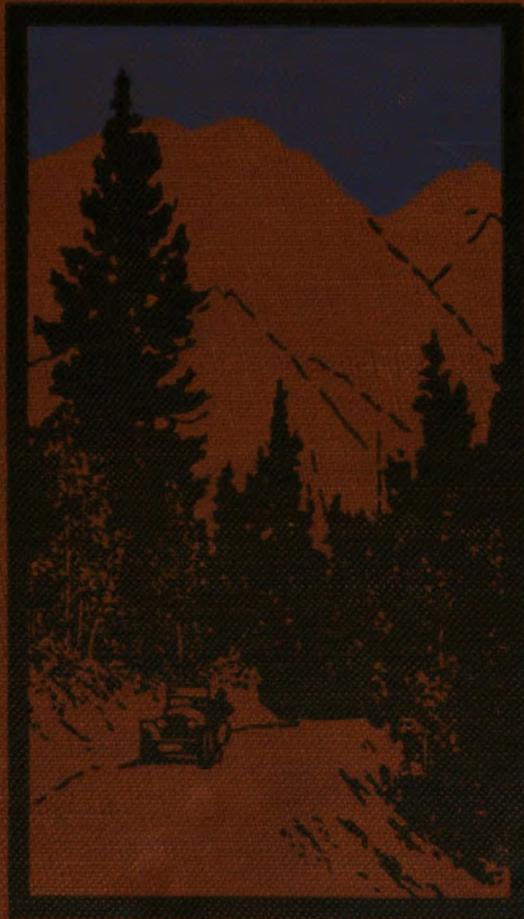
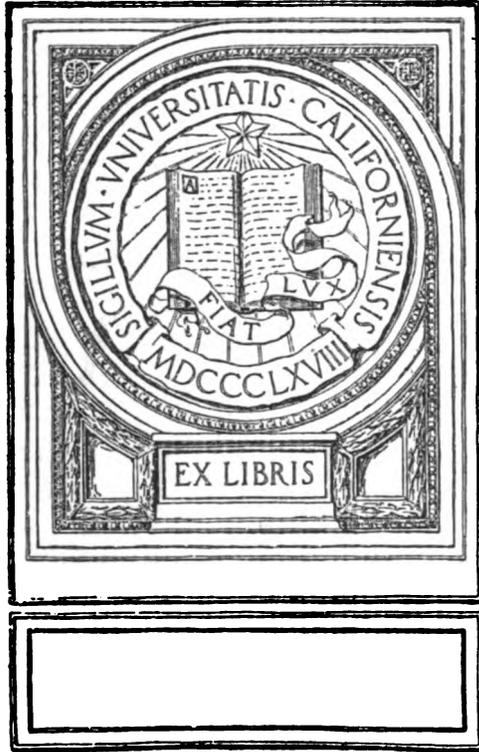


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JOHN T. FARIS





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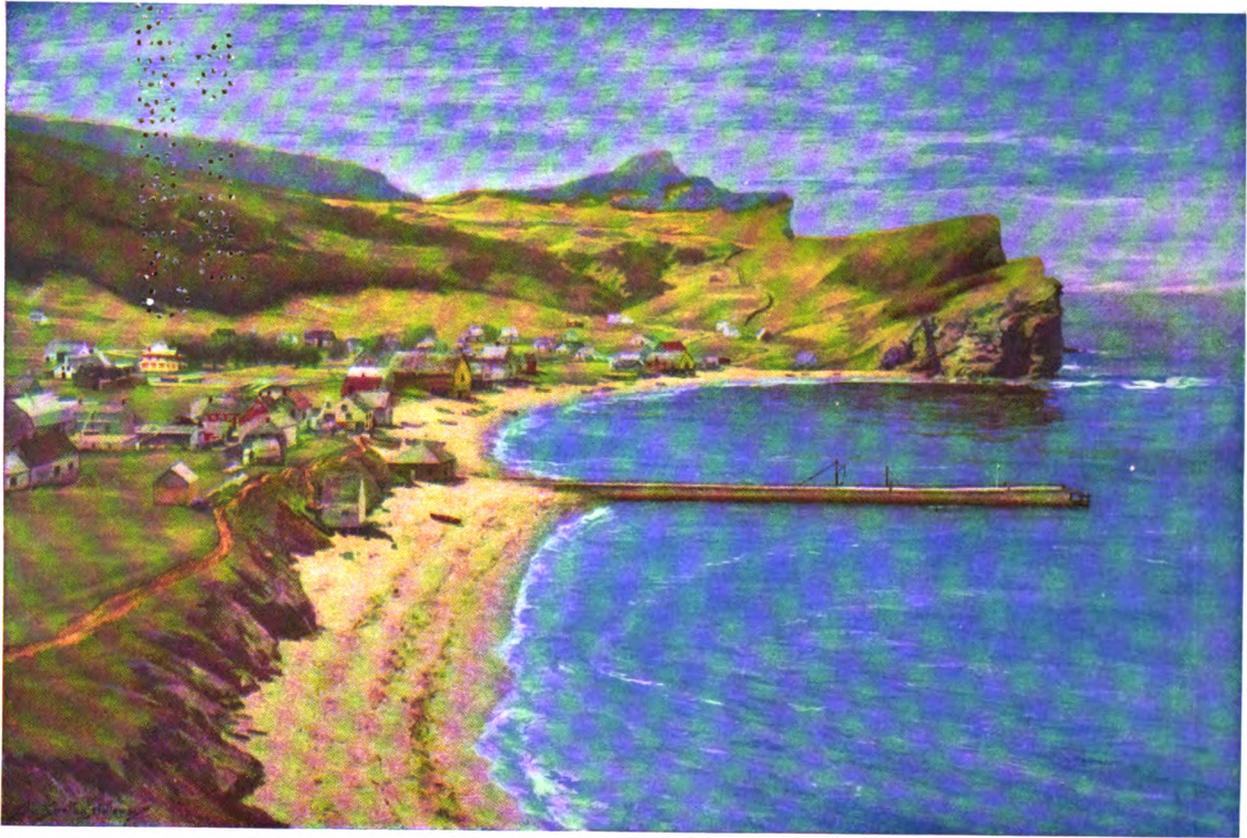
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JOHN T. FARIS

AUTHOR OF

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THE EASTERN STATES," "SEEING THE MIDDLE WEST," ETC.

WITH FRONTISPIECE IN COLOR
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PHILADELPHIA & LONDON
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1924

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TO
MY WIFE
COMPANION IN CANADA
AND COMPANION ALWAYS

790656

FOREWORD

THE world has not yet awakened to the full realization of the immense size and the enormous possibilities of the Dominion of Canada. Indeed, comparatively few of the people of the Dominion have grasped the truth.

It is easy to recite glibly the figures that tell of the area—3,729,665 square miles; and to state that this is greater than the area of the United States of America, and only a little less than that of Europe. But only the analysis of the vast provinces by the traveller or by the careful reader of the accounts written by those who have become intimate with Canada will give content to the figures.

A glance at the map shows that the almost boundless area is washed by three oceans, the Atlantic, the Pacific, and the Arctic; but until the passage is made from the Atlantic to the Pacific either by railroad or by automobile, and until the path of the fur trader from the Great Lakes to Hudson Bay, or from the prairies of the great West to the mouth of the Mackenzie River, is traversed, the great spread of the territory cannot be appreciated.

Though the railroads give splendid service, the journey from Gaspé, Quebec, to Vancouver, or from Sydney, Cape Breton, to Prince Rupert, requires almost or quite a week. That week of travel shows a mere cross-section of Canada, but it is one of the most marvelously varied journeys the world affords.

The lure of Canada for the traveller is being appre-

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ciated by many more people each year, not only by residents of the Dominion, but as well by those who live in the United States and in Great Britain. Many travel by train, but a rapidly increasing number use the automobile. In 1920, 93,300 motor cars entered Canada from the United States, but in 1921 the number became 617,284, while in 1922 the number increased to 916,329. In 1922 motor travellers from the United States left a total of \$108,000,000 in Canada, while visitors from the States spent \$15,000,000 more in the various National Parks. The explanation of these large investments in Canadian travel is that the word has gone abroad that, while—as pointed out by the Commissioner of National Parks—“Canada manufactures few luxuries which she can export, she possesses other things that are equally valuable. Her scenery, her romance, her summers, and even her winter climate, her big game and wilderness area, can all be made to serve as a magnet for foreign gold.”

Travellers in Canada behold more than magnificent scenery. They become aware of a country of tremendous power, whose development has only begun. Of her more than two billion acres, 440,000,000 are fit for farming. Yet less than 60,000,000 acres are now under cultivation. Even in the Prairie Provinces but 36,000,000 acres are now cultivated out of the 178,000,000 that clamor for the plow. Then in those sections of Ontario and of the Great Northwest whose agricultural possibilities are not so great, mineral developments have only begun. The revelations of the next generation will astound the world.

It has been said that “Canada is a precocious child of sturdy proportions and husky growth, with all the

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promise of a splendid, vigorous manhood awaiting it." The statement is borne out by the surprising fact that the manufacturing investments of \$78,000,000 in 1867, when the Dominion was formed, became in 1920, \$3,034,000,000. Then think of the vast hydro-electric development, and the almost unlimited possibilities of further installation; of the forests and the pulp mills; of the infinitely varied mineral output, gold and silver, and copper, and cobalt, and iron—merely to begin the catalogue. A single district in Ontario, with Sudbury as its centre, containing less than five hundred square miles, already sends out two-thirds of the world's annual supply of nickel, as well as copper in amounts that almost defy figures to measure. Years will pass before the supply is exhausted, for that rich mineral belt contains half a billion tons of nickel and copper.

For the satisfaction of those who plan to travel in Canada or take up their residence there, as well as of others who, finding such travel impossible, desire to have a view of the country of such tremendous possibilities, the author of this volume, after making three transcontinental journeys and various shorter visits during previous years, has again been "Seeing Canada," from East to West and from North to South. During 25,000 miles of journeying by rail, by water, by automobile, and sometimes in more primitive fashion, he has become indebted to Mr. J. B. Harkin, Commissioner of Canadian National Parks; to the genial officials of the two great transcontinental lines, the Canadian Pacific Railway, and the Canadian National Railways, as well as of smaller lines; to the superintendents of the various National Parks; to business men in the progressive cities; and to many others. To

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all of these—and to Mr. E. S. Holloway, from whose painting the frontispiece is taken—acknowledgment of indebtedness is gladly made.

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JOHN T. FARIS

PHILADELPHIA, 1924

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SEEING CANADA

CHAPTER I

IN CAPE BRETON, THE FRONT DOOR OF CANADA

FOR fifty-two days Sebastian Cabot sailed westward from England, over a waste of waters that troubled the superstitious sailors who manned his brave little vessels. Then, early in the morning of June 24, 1497, he saw the frowning headland now known as North Cape (though it was called by him Cape Discovery), with Sugar Loaf bulking large on the sky line behind it. When he landed and took possession of the coast in the name of Henry VII, he thought he had reached the northeast coast of Asia and that his dream of silks and precious stones would soon come true. He did not know that his name would go down in history as the discoverer of the mainland of North America, that he had come within sight of Cape Breton, an island which is a sonnet written in stately trees; a lyric whose measures are the rippling waters of streams where lurk the trout and the salmon; a drama, which marches triumphantly to the roar of the waves as they break on the brave rocks from the North Cape to St. Ann's Bay.

Cabot did not follow the coast southward; he straightway sailed away to other lands, and so missed a voyage along a shore where the grandeur and beauty of cliffs and coves are out of all proportion to the length of the passage. Only a few hours are required for the sea journey from Cape North to Sydney, on the east

SEEING CANADA

coast, or to Point Tupper on the Strait of Canso. But they are hours filled with delight.

The real beginning of either voyage should be St. Paul Island, twelve miles from Cape North, where Newfoundland fishermen join their brothers from Cape Breton. Cabot called the rocks where the waves of the Gulf of St. Lawrence beat in fury, St. John, but his choice was not destined to come down on the maps. To-day the rugged rocks of island and cape present the same tremendous front to those who approach from the sea, and make those feel at home who know the majestic fiords of Norway.

The impression is especially strong when entering Aspy Bay, and approaching Dingwall, where the homes of the hardy fishermen cluster at the base of what seems to be a rude semi-circle of ridges broken by gorges and peaks. The steamer cannot approach the village, but this is better for those who look. For, while a boat manned by bluff fishermen puts off from the little wharf and moves out to take passengers and freight, there is time to gaze in wonder at the mighty panorama of water and sky and green heights, rolling down to the depths, and rolling back into the interior where the railroad has not yet gone, where small game and even black bears are in the forest. The descent to the row-boat, which would be an adventure to the landsman, is a simple matter to the "liveyeres" of the stern coast of Cape Breton, though the sea be boisterous. But pity the sick for whom the passage to the steamer is the first stage in the trip to see the doctor!

Sometimes the fisher folk build their homes in a natural cove, as at Ingonish, where the out-thrust of Middle Point forms two harbors, both of them refuges

IN CAPE BRETON, THE FRONT DOOR OF CANADA

where the verdure-clad heights make boundaries on which clean white houses and attractive churches perch far above the tides. But there are other spots where the only shelter for the fishing boats is behind a breakwater. There they hug one another seemingly in picturesque confusion, their masts towering far above the protecting bulwark, their bows extending rakishly forward in a little platform built for the accommodation of those who hurl the dart at the swordfish, which, after it is tagged, often gives the daring men a stern chase of three or four hours. Yet even with a handicap like this, those who, at other seasons, fish for lobster and mackerel are able, during a summer month, to take from seventy to one hundred swordfish, which average about three hundred pounds in weight.

This coast has been a favored resort of the fishermen for nearly three hundred years. As early as 1629 they found their way into deep St. Ann's Harbor, which looks north toward the lofty precipice called Cap Enfumé by the French, and Old Smoky by the men of to-day, and from which the vessels go southeast around the peninsula marking the end of Boularderi—the island that enters like a wedge twenty-eight miles into the heart of Cape Breton—to Sydney Harbor, one of the world's finest and most commodious natural basins.

At the right of the harbor entrance there is a surprise. On the last point of land there is a coal mine, whose workings extend far out under the sea. It seems as out of place as an oil well amid the orange groves of Southern California. It has a fitting neighbor in the steel mills near by, and is only the forerunner of other mines that have brought prosperity to the three

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Sydneys—Sydney Mines, Sydney Harbour, and Sydney, the latter developed in thirty years from a sleepy town of three thousand people to a city of close to twenty-five thousand.

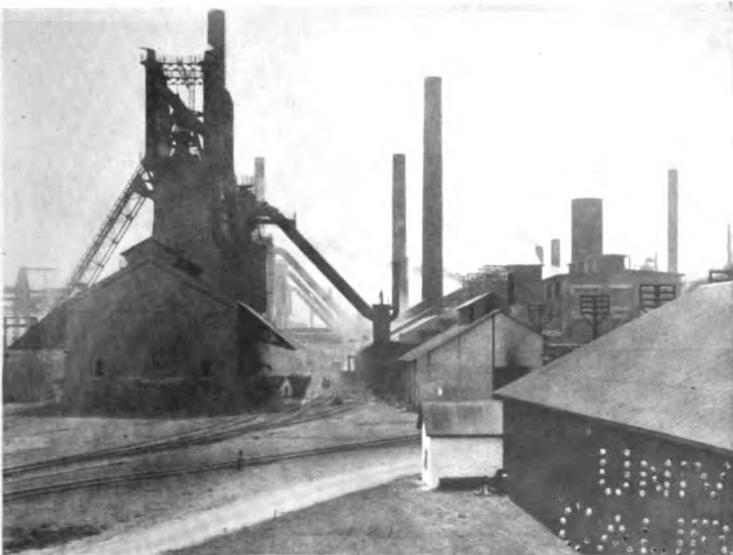
The presence of coal in Cape Breton has been known for generations, but the development was long delayed because it was felt in Great Britain that cheap coal from these shores might interfere with the prosperity of the mother country. Now the possibilities of the eleven hundred square miles of the finest bituminous coal fields are dawning on the minds of eager developers.

Some of the richest of these are at Glace Bay, fifteen miles from Sydney, where a bustling town is supported by mines that produce five million tons a year. And the neighbor of this modern giant, down on the south shore of Cape Breton, is Louisburg, the scene of the ambitious fortification built by France after the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713. Ten million dollars were spent in defences which were the scene of repeated sieges and changes of ownership, until the final conquest of the French by the English in 1758. Then the fortress was dismantled, and to-day there is hardly a relic left of what was once known as "the Dunkirk of America."

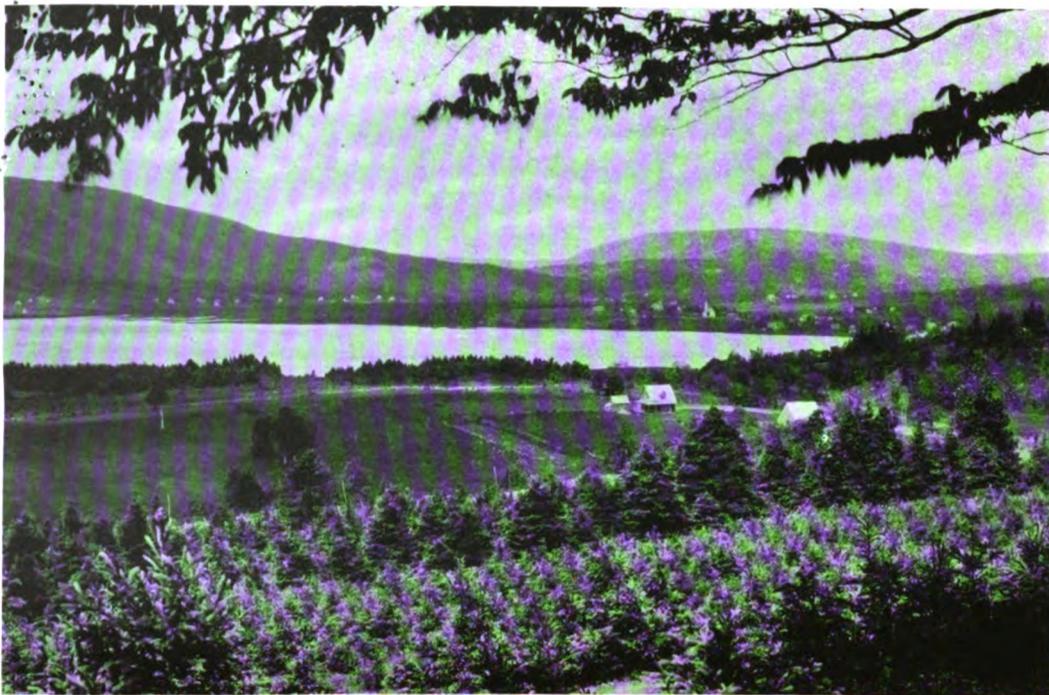
The surroundings of Louisburg are wildly beautiful. The shores of spacious Gabarus Bay, to the south, invite exploration, while Mira Bay, to the north, lures the pursuer of the great tuna fish, as well as the artist in search of the picturesque and the historian who likes to roam where history was made. From the bay, Mira River leads to Mira Lake, which wanders back for many miles of splendor until it bends close to Gabarus Bay.



LINGAR ROCK, CAPE BRETON



BLAST FURNACE, SYDNEY STEEL MILLS, CAPE BRETON



BRAS D'OR LAKES AT WHYCOMAGH, CAPE BRETON

IN CAPE BRETON, THE FRONT DOOR OF CANADA

It would be difficult to find a pleasanter day's trip than along the coast from Gabarus to Mira, and down the lake and over the portage to Gabarus.

But Cape Breton has something more alluring than Mira Lake, whose meanderings are but a pleasant foretaste of the Bras d'Or Lakes that, but for the neck of land at St. Peter, would make half doors of the Front Door of Canada. A canal half a mile long, cut across the peninsula, has completed the work of separation, and made possible a sea trip around both islands.

Bras d'Or is a large central basin, covering more than four hundred square miles, with tributary channels leading to the northern sea on either side of Boularderi Island. The narrower channel is navigable for vessels of any depth, while on the wider channel only small boats can travel safely. But the surroundings of both, as well as of the larger lake, are delightful. While they are not remarkable for rugged scenery, the shores reveal a charming variety of rounded slopes, with a succession of wooded hills and cultivated fields, dotted here and there by the cosy white homes of the farmers. Islands where the trees grow down to the water's edge add to the delight of an excursion on the lake whose entrances are so narrow that the tides have little effect. It is not strange that the name Arm of Gold was given to the lakes by those early explorers who saw the reflection of sunset and sunrise in the waters, nor that the Highland Scotch settlers who made their homes on the shores thought of Loch Lomond or Loch Katrine or Loch Awe, until they sprinkled here and there names like Iona and St. George, Glengarry and Inverness. They could not change the name of the great lake, but

SEEING CANADA

they did christen Loch Lomond, a neighboring lake to the east.

When the traveller sees the rounded slopes and green heights about Baddeck he agrees that Alexander Graham Bell was wise to make his summer home there, and does not consider it strange that he asked to be buried on the height Beinn Bhreagh, far above the waters in which he took keen delight.

The Gaelic names given so profusely may be hard to pronounce, but the presence of the Highlanders is one of the charms of the region. Down at Whycomagh, six miles from the source of its beautiful Margaree River, there is a church where visitors may listen to a Gaelic service, and on all sides are attractive glimpses of the simple life of the people. An honored custom is to hold what are called milling frolics, where the homespun cloth so popular among the people is prepared for use. Men and women come together, on invitation. Ten or twelve of them gather about a table of rough boards, and pieces of undyed homespun, about ten yards long, soaking wet and tightly twisted, are passed from one to another, pounded and twisted some more, and tossed back and forth, in order to raise the nap. After about half an hour the cloth is straightened out and made into a neat roll. All the time a weird Gaelic song is chanted, one guest singing the verse, the others joining in the refrain. The conclusion is a noisy shout and a stamping of feet.

Some day the Bras d'Or will be as famous as Japan's Inland Sea, and the voyage from Sydney down St. Andrew Channel to Grand Narrows, then out on the broad bosom of the main lake, will be taken by

IN CAPE BRETON, THE FRONT DOOR OF CANADA

hundreds for every wise traveller who to-day is so fortunate as to include it in his itinerary.

The study of the indented shore of the lake is only a preparation for the extension beyond St. Peter's Canal, which leads into the Atlantic, and enables the voyager to pass along the rugged shores of Madame Island, the home of most of the French settlers of Cape Breton, through the Strait of Canso, which separates Cape Breton from the rest of Nova Scotia, and up past the striking headlands of the west coast to Margaree Harbor, Grand Etang, Eastern Harbor, and on to North Cape, where Cabot had his first vision of the new land.

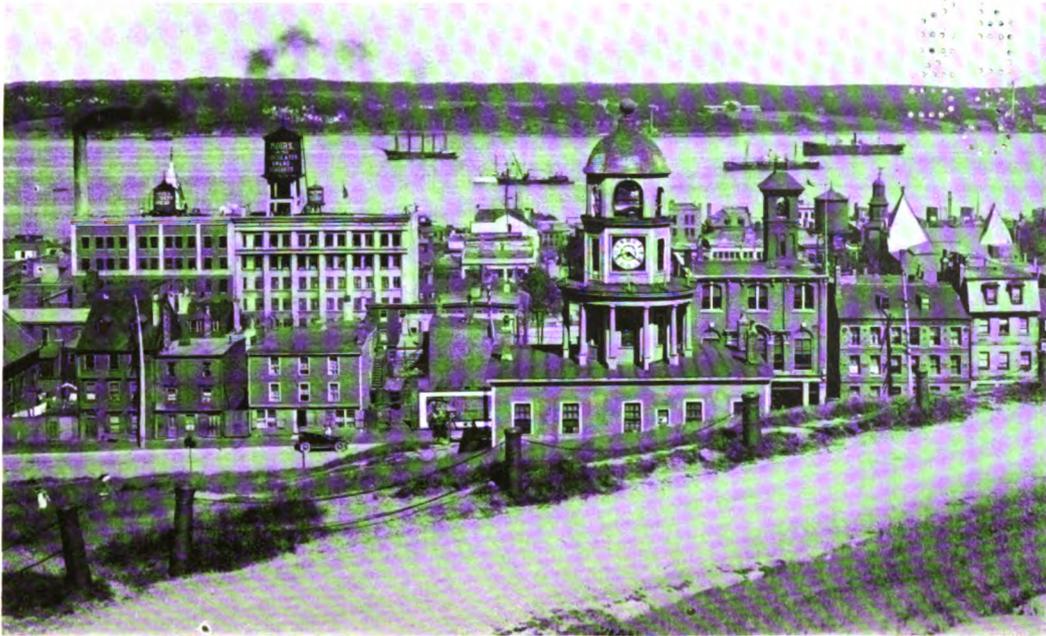
CHAPTER II

AROUND THE NOVA SCOTIA PENINSULA

ALTHOUGH Cape Breton has been since 1820 a part of the Province of Nova Scotia, it is a convenience to separate the island and the peninsula; in many of their scenic features they are so different. And the peninsula has a right to a chapter of its own. Its area is only about twice that of New Hampshire, or one-half that of Maine, but its claims to the attention both of the historian and of one who finds delight in the beautiful are great enough for a much larger country.

Travellers from the United States should have a special interest in the province, because its metropolis, Halifax, was founded in response to the earnest plea, made by Massachusetts Bay Colony, that safety depended on the fortification of the Bay of Chedabucto. Accordingly, in 1749, emigrants were sent out from England, Halifax was founded, and the first steps were taken to build the stronghold that has been called "the Cronstadt of America." About the frowning citadel slowly grew an English city. The citadel is still a fortification, yet its might is now a memory, for other strategic points near by have supplanted it, and Halifax has become the most important military and naval station in Canada. But the city is still like a bit of old England, with its modest residences, its bits of green, its public monuments, and its retiring business houses.

The height where the Dominion garrison finds quarters affords an impressive view of the town, as well



HALIFAX HARBOUR, NOVA SCOTIA

AROUND THE NOVA SCOTIA PENINSULA

as of the generous harbor where ships seek shelter not only in winter, when Halifax is the favorite port of Canada, but in summer, when both islands and shores are bowered in green. It would be difficult to find a nobler view with effort so small. The climb to the citadel drumlin is easy—for it is but ten minutes' walk from the hotel by streets whose terraces are reminders of the grades of San Francisco. The small extension of the bay called the Northwest Arm and the ample Bedford Basin stretch away into the dim distance. The Arm is a popular resort for all who sail or row, but friends of the Basin are divided in their opinion whether it is better to glide over its bosom or to take the twenty-five-mile drive around its shore line. This ride includes glimpses of the lake on the way to Dartmouth, opposite Halifax, the city where the ship explosion of December 6, 1917 brought overwhelming disaster.

The damage then caused was repaired long ago, but all over both cities are reminders of the day of death. Visitors to quaint St. Paul's Church find one of these in the vestibule—a missile driven through the wall and fastened firmly above the inner door, where it has been retained as not the least interesting among the tablets and monuments that distinguish this dignified frame church, built in 1750, and so the oldest structure in the city.

This church is but one of scores of attractions that are peculiar to Halifax. There is the unforgettable clock in the squat but pleasing tower at a point where the grounds of the citadel approach the city below—a landmark revered not merely because it was built by the Duke of Kent, the father of Queen Victoria, but because it is now used as a government signal station.

SEEING CANADA

There is the rather austere Sebastopol Monument, telling of the days of the Crimean War, which guards the entrance to interesting old St. Paul's churchyard, close to the business centre of the city. There is the public garden, a little gem in a fit setting, close to the citadel; Point Pleasant Park, on the Northwest Arm, with its curious Martello tower, another relic of early fortification days; and Chain Rock, in which was fastened one end of the cable stretched in early days across the Arm as a protection from threatening French men-of-war. Add to the list the residence—now a hotel—built in 1759 by a member of the Governor's Council, who brought the stones from Louisburg, dismantled in time to make way for Halifax as a fortress; the Provincial Parliament Building, with its memorials of heroic days; the odd Prince's Lodge, on the shore of Bedford Basin, another reminder of the builder-Governor, the Duke of Kent; Government House, the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor, which has the graceful dignity of an English country seat of long ago.

The Haligonians know how to appreciate their surroundings, and they are eager that visitors should look through their eyes. "You should see the sun over the harbor channel!" an official at the Union Station said earnestly to a waiting traveller. (The pride of possession was so evident in his words that the traveller wondered why he did not say "our sun!") "We have some remarkable sunsets," he continued. "It is good to see the red glow falling on the green of the island over there, on the white lighthouse on the sands, on the fishing boats as they come in from the day's toil, on the steamers that pass up to our million-dollar pier through our forty-five-foot channel that needs no dredging.

AROUND THE NOVA SCOTIA PENINSULA

This is the sight the incoming thousands from abroad will see when their boats moor at this great immigration station, one feature of the noble group of buildings of which the new railroad terminal is to be a part. There will be room for many of them, for nine of the largest ocean vessels will be able to dock there at one time.

“And when the immigrants proceed on their journey they will see other marvels. Some of them will go from the city by the deep rock cut that leads toward the waters of the Northwest Arm, out Dalhousie College way. Or they will go along Bedford Basin, the extension of the harbor channel to Bedford, the summer resort, from a portion of which Halifax may be seen, though around the first bend of the Basin the verdure-clad hills, the sinuous shore, and the winsome islets make the city seem far away.”

When Halifax has been left behind it will soon be apparent that Nova Scotia is a land of contrasts. On the southern shore the tide rises but a modest eight feet; across the peninsula thirty or forty feet is a reasonable height. In the southern section the country is wild and covered with forests. Bold rocks and haphazard lakes are everywhere. But toward the Bay of Fundy, along Northumberland Strait, and reaching down toward Halifax are some of the most beautifully fertile lands on the continent. So no traveller need fear that he will be bored in Nova Scotia: the country has variety enough for a province many times the size.

The traveller is never more than about thirty miles from the seacoast. And wherever he goes, whether by rail, or foot, or by automobile, he will find it so easy to give a sigh of deep satisfaction. Here is a

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glimpse of blue mountains, not too ambitious in their efforts to climb skyward, there are peeps into bountiful valleys, or restful studies of hills whose bewildering curves could not be described even by a mathematician; yonder is an unexpected lake, a distant look at the open ocean, a study of the waters that pour with abandon into the trough-like Bay of Fundy, or a vista across the peaceful stretch of the Strait of Canso, that convenient canal of nature's own making.

Where the entire countryside is so full of charm, it is not easy for the traveller from Halifax to decide in which direction to go. But if he follows the advice of the official at Union Station he will go toward Yarmouth. "You must see our South Shore," he pleaded, his face glowing with the memory of that two-hundred-mile stretch of bays and promontories, of ragged inlets and bold, bare rocks. "Once make that journey, and you won't be able to forget it. I can see the brilliant coloring now—the blue of the water and the sky, the white foam of the pounding breakers, the dull brown of the rocks that meet the onset with a determination to stay the progress of the waves, the green of trees and grass, the gold and red and purple of the wild flowers that find lodging places everywhere. Whatever you do, don't miss our South Shore."

Unspoiled summer resorts, picturesque fishing villages, inviting yachting waters, sloping sandy beaches—all the joys of a wealthy seacoast country—come with bewildering rapidity. Tales of pirates, of privateers, of early French settlements, and of their Scotch successors, enliven the way. It is easy to credit the stories of game back in the woods that are thick in many places, and when there is a meeting with a fisherman who has

AROUND THE NOVA SCOTIA PENINSULA

been to the clustering lakes back of Liverpool—the town that boasts a history of more than three hundred years—there will result an irresistible longing to go and see what lies toward the height of land, the watershed between the Atlantic and the Bay of Fundy.

The terminus of the South Shore trip is Yarmouth, the interesting old town that welcomes the shipping of the twentieth century, while it rejoices in the memory of the clipper ships that made it famous a century ago.

And Yarmouth is the starting point for those who would skirt the south shore of the mysterious Bay of Fundy. They may take the cars of a leisurely railroad whose surveyors must have found pleasure in scenery as well as in obeying orders to find the shortest practicable route; whose operating force, from general officers to section hands, seem to take positive enjoyment in making more pleasant the path of the tourist; whose engineers have a personal pride in the iron steeds that still follow the old-fashioned custom of wearing names as well as numbers—names like Titania, Bear River, Blomidon, Glooscap, Evangeline, Oberon, Gaspereau. Or they may follow the good highway—one of the system of roads on which the Province has recently expended many millions—through the forests and over the low hills from whose summits there are vistas of lakes on the right and of the ocean on the left.

Almost every town gives mute invitation, and the temptation to linger becomes more difficult to resist as the way leads to villages of the descendants of Acadian exiles who found the way back to the land they loved. All along St. Mary Bay they have made their homes. Across the spacious bay, Long Island and Digby Neck stretch on toward Digby, where fishermen and deep-sea

SEEING CANADA

mariners find refuge in Annapolis Basin, among the vessels that pass to and fro through Digby Gut, the gap in the green hills which forms the entrance to the Basin. The beauty of the town perched on the hillside has been sung by many visitors, but never more enticingly than by Herman Hagedorn :

" I spent three hours in Digby. I will remember the bay,
The white sails gliding through the gap from strange lands far away;
The heavenly waters stretching by many a purple slope;
The tide from out of Fundy, quiet of foot as hope.

" I will remember Digby, where the streets are steep and still,
And placid eyes look on the world as it passes by, up hill,
And the church looks on the sea, as all good churches should,
To keep a hint in the eyes and ears of the heart and the voice of God."

A vision of the sea and the mighty tides of Fundy comes when, Digby left behind, the visitor reaches Bear River, a stream that twice each day changes swiftly from a trickling flow that is lost in a sea of red mud to a mighty river where ships of good size can move in majesty, borne safely in water thirty feet deep. Bear River, the town, which clings to the hills on the side of the stream, is noted for its luxuriant cherry trees and for the water carnival for which they are made the excuse. The carnival is held on a July day, when the Micmac Indians join with the white people in water sports that fill with gaiety the hours before the falling tide gives the signal for the end of the merrymaking.

Then Annapolis Royal, close to the site of Port Royal, where the Sieur de Monts left a little colony in 1605, where was built a fortification mighty for its time, stronghold of the French, for which English and French waged war through many years. Ten times was siege laid to the fort, and three times it lowered its colors to victors. Fortunately the old fort has been preserved; it still looks down on the Basin and back to

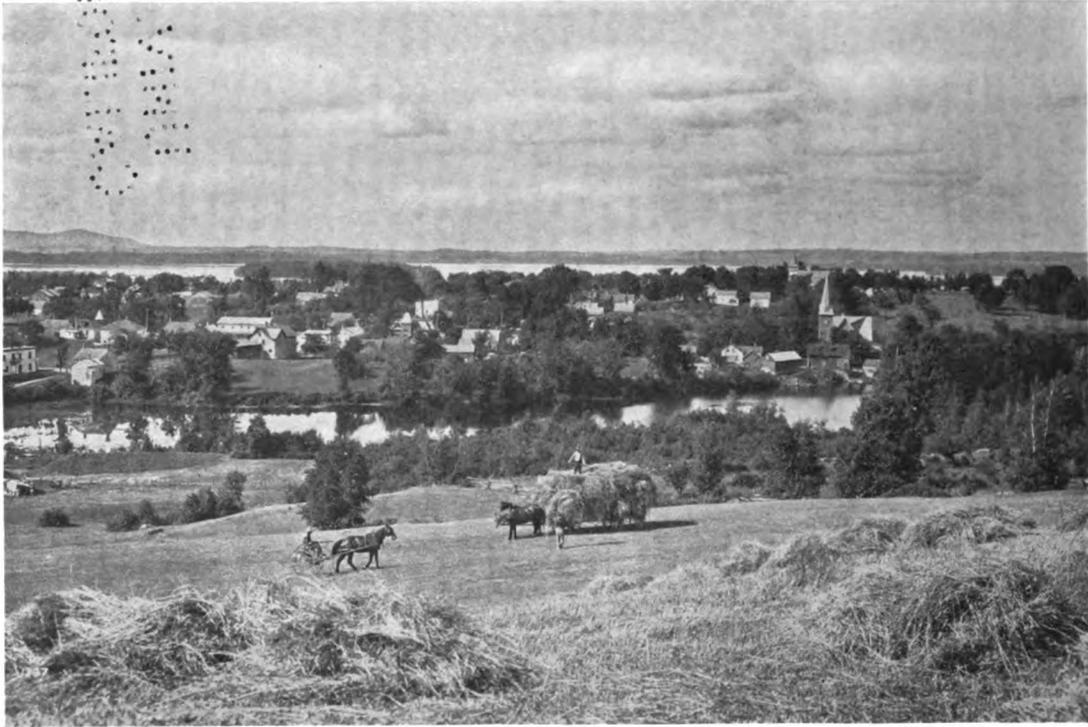


A PICTURESQUE SURVIVAL IN NOVA SCOTIA



AT DIGBY WHARVES, DIGBY, NOVA SCOTIA





BEAR RIVER, NOVA SCOTIA

AROUND THE NOVA SCOTIA PENINSULA

the score of miles of apple orchards for which the Annapolis valley is famous.

Cornwallis Valley, farther along the Bay of Fundy, vies with Annapolis Valley in the claim to fruitfulness and beauty—beauty of the fields, of the hills, of the sea. The fertilizing tides leave riches on the marshes which border the rivers. The genius of husbandmen on these Acadian shores two centuries ago devised a system of dikes that took these marshes from the grip of the sea and made them part of the Garden of Nova Scotia.

Wherever the traveller turns in this country he is confronted by sights that suggest he is in a fairyland. When he yields to the tantalizing call of the interior, he passes quaint farms where the patient oxen draw the carts as in the days of old. When he turns his steps toward the coast, he finds architecture of rocks that culminate in Cape Split, where the waters from Bay of Fundy dash through rocks of fantastic form, on their way to the Basin of Minas. Let him cross the entrance of the Basin to Parrsboro, and he will stand in amazement at sight of large vessels resting high and dry at wharves half a mile from the water; they look as if they had been driven ashore, but they are only waiting for the return of the tide. When he follows the coast from Cape Split over Blomidon, and down to Wolfville, a town on the ridge that separates the Gaspereau and Cornwallis valleys, he finds himself in the heart of the Evangeline country. Soon he is at Grand Pré, the Great Meadow, where stood the valley of Evangeline, the Acadian whom Longfellow's genius portrayed as the representative of her people, exiled when the English displaced the French on these shores.

SEEING CANADA

There may be question as to the age of the willows and the well of Evangeline. The statue and the church are frankly modern. But the meadows, the Basin, and the frowning Blomidon, far off across the water, are genuine relics of the days of which the poet wrote, as he told of stirring events "on the shores of the Basin of Minas," where

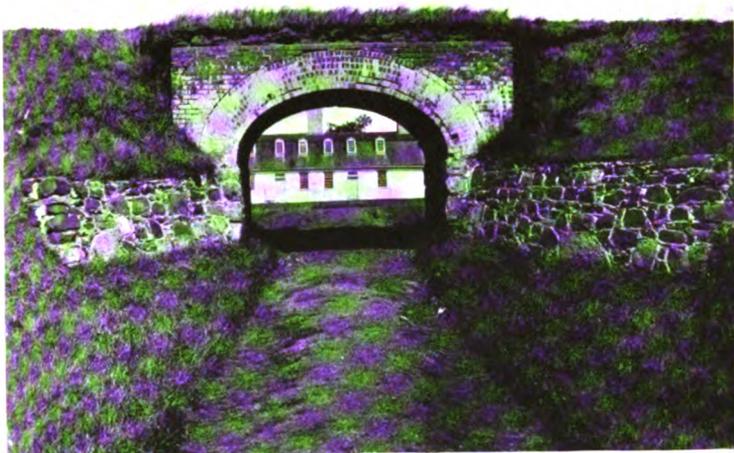
.... "Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides.....and orchards and cornfields
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain."

Lifelike also is the picture of the falling tide:

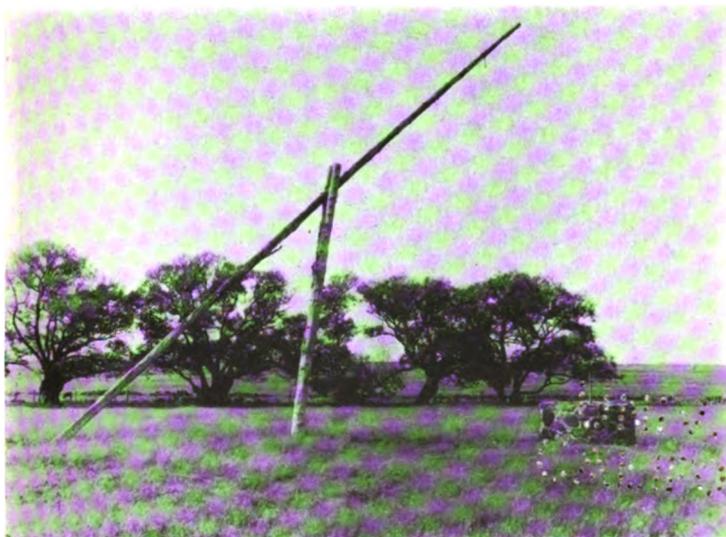
"Back to the nethermost caves retreated the bellowing ocean,
Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and leaving
Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of the sailors."

Minas Basin narrows to Cobequid Bay, the end of the Bay of Fundy funnel, and Cobequid Bay reaches up to Salmon River, that so attracted the Scotch-Irish settlers from New Hampshire in 1761 that they laid out Truro on its banks. Sturdy and dignified as its founders, Truro is noted both for beauty and industrial progress. To prove its claim to beauty it has only to point to Victoria Park, a wondrous glen that leads far into the hills, where the spruces cover the boundary ridges, where water tumbles down in cascades, where it is difficult to believe that only three miles away it is possible to see the tides of Fundy in their might—might great enough not to need the exaggeration of Sir John Herschel who, in his *Outlines of Astronomy*, declared that the Fundy tides rise 120 feet!

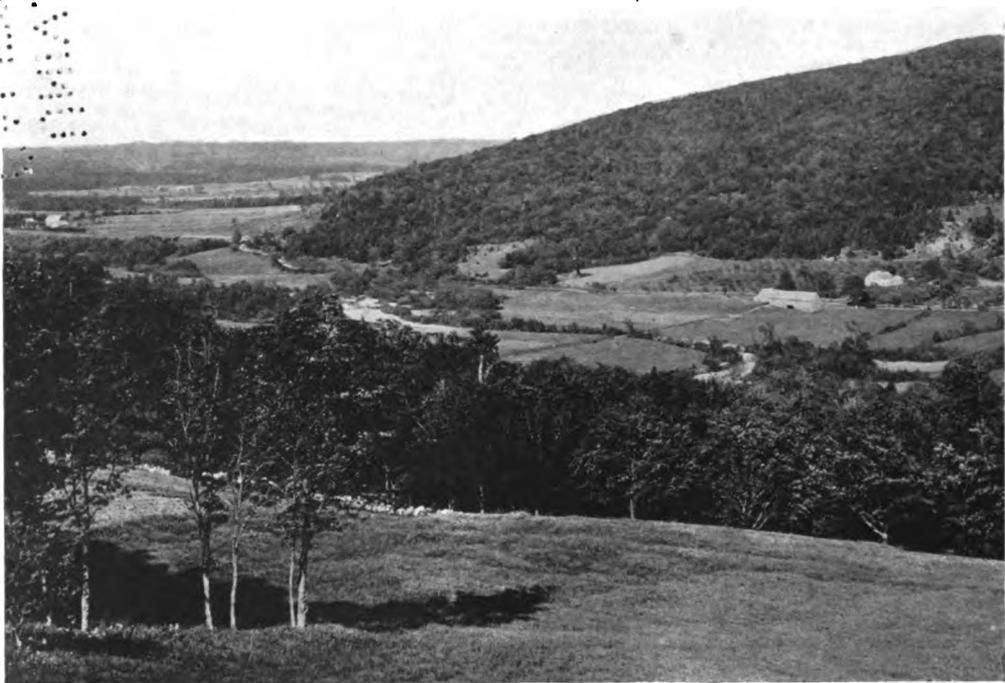
Not even yet are the secrets of the Bay of Tides exhausted. From Truro, along the north shore of Cobequid to Great Village, then along Minas Basin to Five Islands, there are superb vistas of water and



ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, NOVA SCOTIA



EVANGELINE'S WELL, NOVA SCOTIA



WENTWORTH VALLEY, NOVA SCOTIA

AROUND THE NOVA SCOTIA PENINSULA

mountain, of coves and headlands, of fertile lands and cosy homes. Then on across the Cumberland Peninsula, where the moose haunt the forests, to Chignecto Bay, Fundy's upper arm, past the beetling cliffs of the Joggins Shore, to Amherst, the bustling industrial town close to the New Brunswick border, at the beginning of the eighteen-mile-wide peninsula which prevents Nova Scotia from being an island.

The coast along Northumberland Strait is vastly different from the shores of Fundy. The country becomes more rugged. Farther on begin the coal-mining regions, and the rolling mill communities, with Pictou and New Glasgow as centres.

The tale of rugged beauty is repeated with amazing variations along hundreds of miles of strangely serrated coast, from Cape George, at the entrance of the waters that lead to the Strait of Canso, to Chedabucto Bay, whose reaches are entrancingly disclosed from a winding road on the bordering hills, and then to Cape Canso, the rocky landing place of ocean cables.

At Cape Canso comes the turn that is the beginning of the last lap of the progress around Nova Scotia, the one hundred miles back to Halifax. That is, the air line distance is little more than one hundred miles. But measure the distance by the shores of all the bays and inlets! Describe it in terms of the majesty of the waters that touch the shores of the islands sprinkled so liberally all along the way, of the little trout streams from the hills, of the trees that grow so luxuriantly everywhere!

The effort to perform this impossible task will give satisfactory answer to the question why there are so many people who insist that Nova Scotia is the one satisfactory country when holiday time comes.

CHAPTER III

NEW BRUNSWICK, THE LAND OF MOOSE AND SALMON

YOU say you are off to Fredericton for that great steamer trip down the St. John River?" asked a young man, on the train from St. John. "Say, that's good; you cannot beat that trip. But can't you postpone your ride for two days and let me have the time? I'll take you in a canoe where the steamer does not go, far above Fredericton. We'll glide close under the trees that fringe the banks. We'll ascend some of the little streams that come in from the woods. If we have time we'll go up the Nashwack as far as the falls. We'll camp on the shore. We'll fish, and we'll fry our own fish. Give me two days, can't you? I know the river like a book. My job is the running of a motor boat for a pulp mill. I'm about due to take a few days off, and I'd like to give it to you, that you may really see our river."

Most travellers and sportsmen who would learn the secrets of the matchless St. John above Fredericton must depend on the Micmac and Malicite canoemen who have their headquarters in near-by Indian villages. So it was not easy to say no to the eager stranger's invitation. But schedules are not always elastic. It was therefore necessary to be content with the glowing words of the man who, while his vocation was rounding up pulp wood, had an avocation that took him into the wild where he heard the call of the moose instead of the strident whistle of the mill, where game of his own

NEW BRUNSWICK

providing made hotel breakfasts insipid. Who can blame him for claiming the St. John and its tributaries as his own peculiar possession?

New Brunswick has many noble streams, leading into the heart of the big timber, to which the hunter and the fisherman turn with longing, but the St. John is first of them all. For nearly five hundred miles the river loops up, then down, from its source in northern Maine. Forest-born, it clings to its woods through most of its course. When the line between New Brunswick and Maine was defined by treaty, the river became the boundary for seventy miles. This boundary section is notable for many things, but most of all for Grand Falls, where the river, already broad, accommodates itself to a gorge several hundred feet wide. Into this gorge the water descends majestically, from a precipice sixty feet high, then rushes with abandon between rock walls that are, in places, as high as the stream is wide, while rapids and smaller falls frantically double the initial plunge.

In the course of its triumphal progress, the St. John—the Wool-as-took, or Long River, of the Indians—receives tribute from streams with names almost as enticing as they are themselves. Merely to read of the Madawaska, the Tobique, the Jemseg, the Washademoak, and the Oromocto, and to trace them on the map that is not a mere map for the man of imagination, is apt to be the beginning of a hunger that will not be satisfied without a plunge into the wilderness—perhaps a canoe trip up the Grand River and then, by portages, to the beginning of that famous salmon stream, the Restigouche, and finally down its one hundred and thirty miles of swift water to the Bay of Chaleur. Or

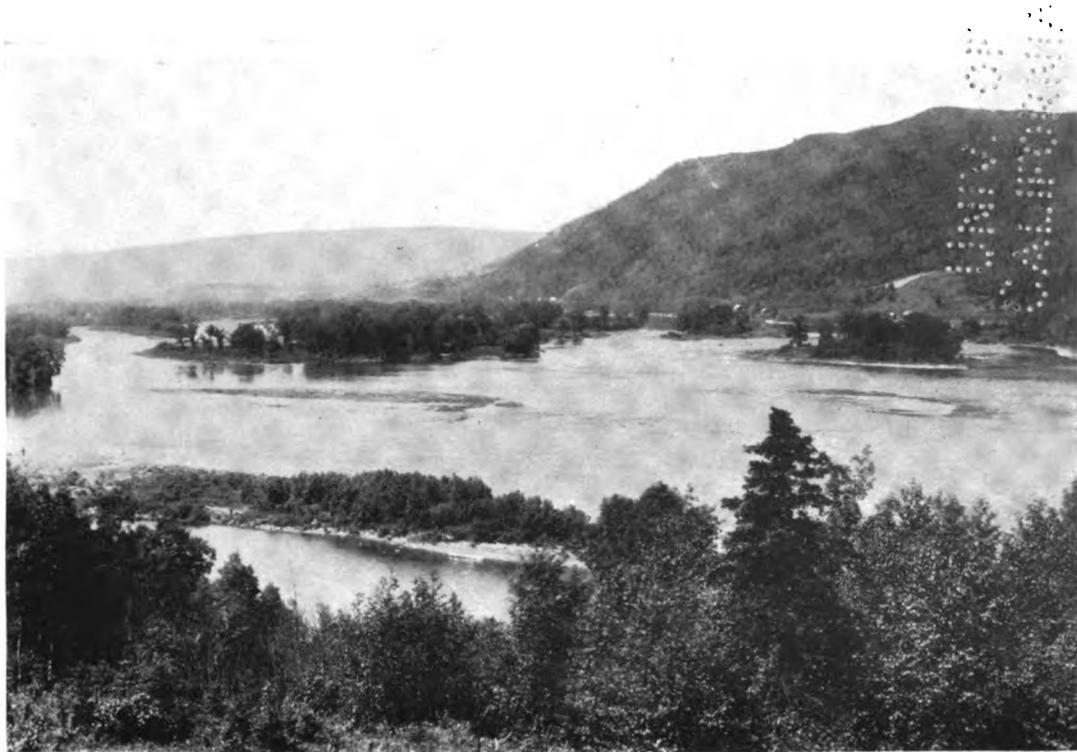
SEEING CANADA

he may choose to go, during half a dozen delightful days, up the Tobique to the lake from which it flows. From there, after a portage of only two or three miles, he may yield to the temptation to push on to the source of the Nipisiguit, close to Bald Mountain, New Brunswick's highest eminence, which is content with a record of twenty-five hundred feet. Then five days more, into Quebec, until he is stopped by the Grand Falls, where this salmon stream descends, in four stages, one hundred and forty feet to the incline toward the Bay of Chaleur—a course that is interrupted, thirteen miles farther on, by the Pabineau Rapids.

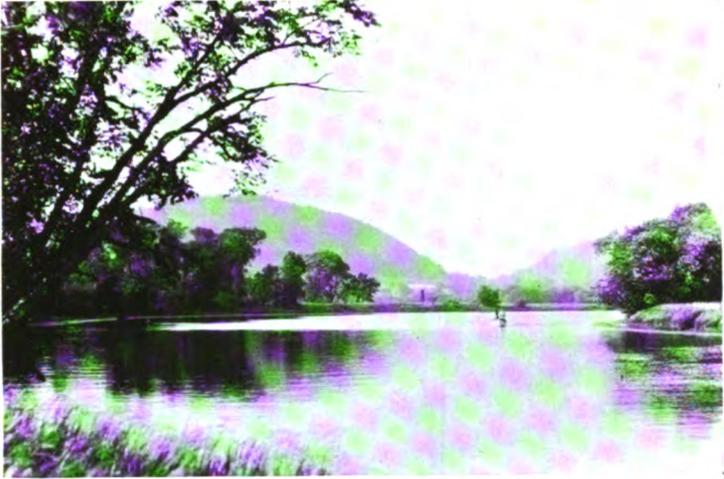
Woodstock-on-the-Meduxnekiag, Lower Canterbury-on-the-Sheogomoc, and Pokiok, the town that tells the visitor of the forty-foot fall and the picturesque gorge in the river from which the settlement takes its name, are landmarks in the middle section of the St. John, which, although not ordinarily navigable for steamers, are easily reached in the spring when the banks are full because of the melting snow and ice.

Then comes Fredericton, the quaint, beautiful capital of New Brunswick, where, in 1757, Acadians fleeing from Nova Scotia made their homes. The town was then known as St. Anne's Point. Across the river Fort Nashwaak had been built in 1692, as the seat of government for Acadia. It continued to be a stronghold of note until the troops were taken to the present site of St. John.

The old buildings of St. Anne have disappeared, but their place has been taken by relics of the days of 1785, when the name became Fredericton. The old barracks, with the guard house and the officers' quarters, form a group of buildings whose charm is enhanced by the elms



RESTIGOUCHE RIVER, NEW BRUNSWICK



KENNEBECASIS RIVER, NEW BRUNSWICK



FORKS OF THE MARGAREE RIVER, CAPE BRETON
See Page 24

NEW BRUNSWICK

that droop above them. On one of the gables of the soldiers' quarters a great sundial tells how the hours were marked for the men who long ago kept vigil there.

The modern Parliament Buildings and the exquisite little Christ Church Cathedral, a Gothic gem that deserves fame, are bowered in the majestic elms that grow in Fredericton in reckless profusion. Almost every street is an avenue between trees whose interweaving branches form a continuous arch of living glory. The old cemetery, where the people resort as to a park, gives the final touch of beauty to the little city that is the starting point for the descent of the St. John, on the comfortable little steamer that requires the entire day to reach Indiantown, just above the falls at St. John. The leisurely progress is prolonged by stops at numerous landings, which are a grief to the traveller who has the nervous habit of consulting his watch every few moments. But one of the occasions when it is wise to forget the watch is when descending the St. John. To forget is easy, since the watery way offers endless variety of wooded shores and fertile fields and orchards; of little villages with white church spires playing hide-and-seek with the trees; of booms where lumbermen keep their footing on floating logs as easily as if they were on a pavement; of mills where logs move with such precision up the curved way that leads to the saws; of Indians encamped on the bank or out in their birch-bark canoes; of farmers who row out in the stream to deliver a passenger or a can of milk or to receive a bit of freight—perhaps repairs for hayrake or automobile.

The slowly unfolding panorama includes the mouth of the Jemseg, where, in 1640, there was a French post.

SEEING CANADA

The glimpse of the winding stream gives birth to longings for an extra day to take the little steamer that traces the tortuous course up to Grand Lake, then along its varied shores. But there is just as much reason for going into Washademoak Lake, Belleisle Bay and Kennebecasis Bay, the broadening of the river of the same name before its marriage with the St. John.

Rugged rocks and towering headlands prepare the eye and the mind for the climax of the sudden contraction of the banks into the deep gorge where, at low tide, the water falls seventeen feet by means of tumultuous rapids, before its entrance to the Bay of Fundy. There are the famous Reversing Falls of the St. John, where, at high tide, not only is the descent overcome, but the water rushes inland like a mill race. Geologists explain the strange spectacle by telling how, in prehistoric days, the Kennebecasis, now a tributary of the St. John, was really its outlet. The deep bay into which the Kennebecasis flowed became silted up, so that the water behind it was dammed. Then it overflowed the bank where the falls are to-day. In the course of ages it cut a deep gorge, perhaps four hundred feet wide, back into the basin. Now, when the tide comes in, the basin is so large and the entrance is so small, that the basin is not filled. Yet there is such a volume of water in the basin that the level remains high after the tide has gone out. The fall, or rapid, is the result.

Champlain and De Monts were the first white men who saw this marvelous reversing fall. This was in 1604, on St. John the Baptist Day: hence the name given to the river. The first settlement was not made for nearly thirty years; then Charles de la Tour built the fort, where he bartered for furs with the Indians until

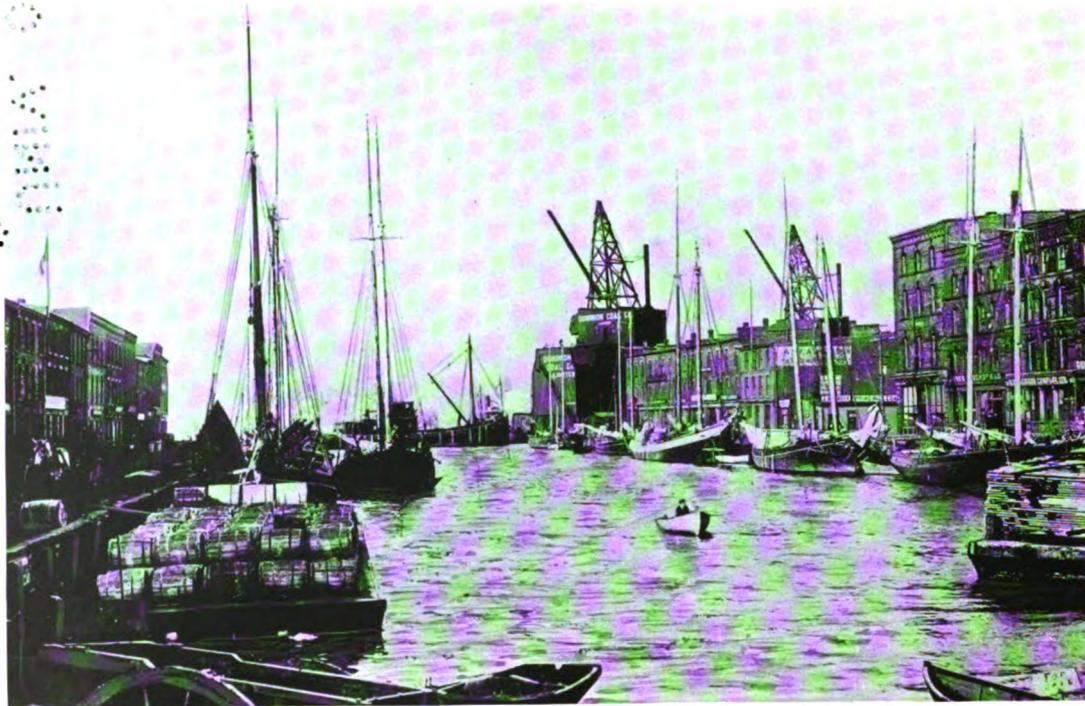


REVERSIBLE FALLS AND BRIDGE, ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK



THE CATHEDRAL, FREDERICTON, NEW BRUNSWICK

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A BIT OF WHARF AT ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK

NEW BRUNSWICK

a rival captured the post during his absence, in spite of the heroic defence made by his wife, of which Whittier tells in his legendary song, "St. John." For more than a century the harbor knew the rivalry of fur traders and the enmity of the French and British, who were frequently in conflict on its waters.

The present city dates from 1783, when Loyalists from New England sought new homes there. A year later they had the joy of seeing their town become the capital of the new province of New Brunswick. Those who have succeeded them take pride in the fact that this is the oldest chartered town in Canada; that it sits serenely above one of the world's finest harbors, where shipping can go freely when ice blocks the St. Lawrence River; that this harbor opens into the Bay of Fundy, famous for high tides, and the tributary Passamaquoddy Bay, on whose shores sardine canneries flourish, where St. Andrew's sounds its call to the yachtsmen, the fishermen, the golfers, and those who long for a summer by the sea.

St. John owes its prominence not only to its ocean traffic, but also to the wealth of a vast interior that might be called monotonous. But there is the monotony of riches—boundless forests from which the saw mill and the pulp mill pay tribute to railway and to steamer alike. Some day, when the forests have been conquered, the soil will provide a living for a vast population. In the meantime there are regions—like the diked marshlands about Dorchester, for instance, or the smiling valley of the Kennebecasis—which give glowing prophecy of coming agricultural wealth.

The verification of the prophecy depends in large measure on the conservation of forests at the head-

SEEING CANADA

waters of the streams so prodigally bestowed on the province—streams where water power already harnessed tells of tremendous developments yet to come; where the lumberman floats his logs; where the fisherman casts for salmon and lies in wait for trout; where the lover of the wild guides his canoe through ways of beckoning mystery; where the sportsman seeks the duck, the deer, the moose, while he observes game laws that have been framed by those who are thinking of the pleasure and profit of future generations.

Everywhere in New Brunswick are clubs for fishermen and for hunters who have their preserves on the plentifully stocked rivers and in the forests; modest, perhaps, like the log camp on the headwaters of the Miramichi, or more ambitious, like those of the Restigouche Salmon Club at Matapedia, close to the junction of the river of that name with the Restigouche, one of the world's finest salmon streams. The fish caught by the club members frequently range from twenty to fifty pounds in weight. No wonder the sportsman who finally succeeded in landing a frolicsome beauty said, with outward disgust, though perhaps with inward elation, "It doesn't weigh more than fifteen pounds!"

Another of the New Brunswick streams dear to the heart of the sportsman is the Petitcodiac, which is worthy of note because it enters the Bay of Fundy through its narrow arm, the Bay of Chignecto. When the incoming tide enters the widening of the Petitcodiac at the mouth it rushes in a wave four feet high or more, causing what is called a bore, really a tidal wave. Even at this extremity of Fundy the tide rises about thirty feet.



LOGS ON THE MIRAMICHI RIVER, NEW BRUNSWICK



MOOSE CROSSING A NEW BRUNSWICK RIVER

NEW BRUNSWICK

Where the Petitcodiac widens for its reception of these tidal waters is Moncton, the second city of New Brunswick. "What an up-to-date city!" a traveller said to an acquaintance when the train plunged almost without warning from the great forest into the outskirts of Moncton. "Do you know the reason? They boast!" was the reply that expressed both admiration and disgust—admiration for Moncton and disgust for his own town.

But his town was not in New Brunswick. For New Brunswick is a province of boosters. Well may they be; they have reason to boast now, and they will have greater reason in days to come,

CHAPTER IV

THE GARDEN OF THE GULF

THE novelist in search of a country at once diminutive, quietly picturesque, with people as picturesque as the landscape, and a history as varied as the people, has missed a magnificent opportunity when he passes by Prince Edward Island. Why do story writers insist on imagining some impossible principality in Europe when there waits for them, in the lower waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, a land that fulfils all their conditions—except royalty—as if it had been made to their specifications?

This little island, to the north of Northumberland Strait—whose waters are warmer than those far south on the coast of Maine—was dear to the Indians, who called it Abegweit, or “cradled in the wave.” It was a place of beauty to the Acadians who made homes there after the exile from Nova Scotia. Isle St. Jean, the name given to it by Champlain in 1608, appealed to them, and to their descendants, of whom thousands live within its borders. The present name, given in honor of the Duke of Kent, satisfied the English, Irish, and Scotch residents who, with a few Indians and the scattered French communities, make up the population.

There is ample inspiration for the romantic novelist in the story of how the wish of these people of such diverse origin to enter the Canadian Confederation was thwarted by the absentee proprietors, successors of the gentlemen of England and Scotland among whom the island had been divided, with the understanding

THE GARDEN OF THE GULF

that each of them would maintain a castle with moat and drawbridge, and render feudal service to the Lord Paramount. When this scheme did not work out, the island was divided into townships, each of which was to be a prize in a great lottery. Some of those who won the prizes retained control, while others sold their rights. The impossible situation that resulted was not settled until the rights of the absentee landlords were purchased. In 1873 the path to confederation was open, and Prince Edward Island entered on the half century of prosperity that is a prophecy of what is to come.

The story—so similar to that of the Seigniories which long halted progress in Quebec—would make an absorbing plot for a skilled teller of tales. And he could refer incidentally to the scores of fox farms on the island, where skins of the silver black fox are raised that are sold for as much as two thousand dollars. The searcher for novelty would have inexhaustible material—fishing villages like Souris, or towns like Summerside, down on Bedeque Bay, or Charlottetown, the capital, whose site where four rivers seek the sea is so unusual that its fame is spreading among travellers who are looking for something new.

It is true that Charlottetown is not very new—in 1750 as Port la Joie it was the seat of French authority. But it is different. It has only twelve thousand people, more than one-eighth of those who live on the island. But practically every resident seems convinced that there is no place like Charlottetown. Yes, even the children, a little girl of eleven, chance seat-mate of one who was going to the island for the first time, said, "I am so glad you are going to our town. You'll like it.

SEEING CANADA

We say that it is the finest place to be found anywhere." She had learned her lesson well! Evidently the schools of Prince Edward Island teach that patriotism begins at home.

These schools, by the way, are under the direct supervision of the proper provincial official, who, in his annual report, is able to give details concerning every establishment, large and small, between Tignish and Souris.

All the government reports make good reading; not that other provinces do not have good reports, but those that come from Charlottetown are different. For instance, take that of the Department of Agriculture, which gives the lie to the traveller of more than a century ago who described the island as "a rascally heap of sand, rock and swamp, a heap of worthlessness which bears nothing but potatoes."

It does bear potatoes; the Commissioner's report referred to tells of the activities of the Potato Growers' Association, whose 140 members—all named in the report—have prize competitions and pledge themselves to maintain a standard for the product that will assure the continued good name of the island.

The later pages of that report show how varied is agriculture on Canada's beautiful "Million Acre Farm," as it has been called, which delights those who pass through it, not only because of its wonderful fertility, but because, by intensive cultivation, it has become like one great landscape garden. Those who would view this garden farm to the best advantage should walk or ride along the splendid highways, unless they feel it necessary to keep to the railroad. Such a necessity will not be burdensome, however, for the



A LANDSCAPE IN PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND



QUEEN'S SQUARE, CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

THE GARDEN OF THE GULF

trains—many of them narrow gauge—move with the leisureliness of the local freight through regions that should not be passed too quickly. The scenery is not startling at any time—how could it be when the greatest elevation is only three hundred feet?—but it is so quietly beautiful that pictures of it linger in the memory of those who have had the good fortune to pass that way.

Sometimes a visitor to the island begins his brief course amid the gardens as a doubter. "Prince Edward Island has been overrated!" is his thought. But he soon becomes a convert. It was so with the fruit-grower from the Annapolis Valley in Nova Scotia who one day sat beside the author. "For real beauty and fertility you want to come to our valley," he said. "Look at these fields! True, crops are fine, and the land looks good. But it isn't so much!" As the train sped on—no, trains on the island are not so undignified as to make speed!—he became less vociferous. And after twenty miles he broke out, "Ah! this is something like! There is a farm for you! There is beauty! It only lacks our fruit to be almost as good!"

From the moment the powerful steamer—which is able to cope with twenty feet of piled-up ice in winter—takes the traveller from the mole at Cape Tormentine on the mainland, toward the glowing red low-lying sandstone cliffs of Borden, until it bears him back again, his pilgrimage over, the experience on Prince Edward Island is most delightful—especially if he has taken time to spend a few hours on a farm; to stroll along Queen Square in Charlottetown, where the stately stone Provincial Building rules supreme; to visit the capital's new St. Dunstan's Cathedral, a little archi-

SEEING CANADA

tectural gem, at least as to the interior; to sail to Tracadie Bay; or to join the men of the sea at Souris as they fish for mackerel in the bay.

When at Souris the opportunity proves irresistible to take the little steamer from Pictou, on the mainland, where it stops at the wharf on its way to the Magdalen Islands, perhaps one-third of the way from Prince Edward Island to Newfoundland. It is fitting that the Magdalens should share with Prince Edward Island the attention of the traveller, for the French settled both in 1663, and the islands have some common interests to this day—for instance, the fishing that helps support the residents of both.

Perhaps seven thousand people live on the thirteen rocky isles in the Gulf that are grouped under the name Magdalen. To-day they owe allegiance to Quebec, though once they were a part of Newfoundland's domain. They have a representative in the Quebec Legislature, but they are so isolated from the province that they seem a law unto themselves.

At low tide it is a simple matter—for those who know the dangerous connecting bars, where quicksands abound—to pass from island to island. When the tide is high, a vigilant steersman is needed to guide a vessel among the bars that are dangerously near the surface. But the passage is well worth while; Entry Island and Amherst Island, Grindstone and Wolf, Coffin and Deadman's, all present scenes that are novel—the boats, now sheltered under a lee shore, again moving stealthily out before the wind, bound for the fishing grounds; the sails, drying on the shore or stretched out for repairs; the springless wooden cart which is both taxicab and truck; the hills where lava tells of an ancient volcano;

THE GARDEN OF THE GULF

the activities of clam diggers, curers of fish, those who take the lobsters in cunningly devised traps, and the tillers of the soil who manage to grow grain and vegetables amid the barren rocks.

To many the chief interest on the archipelago is in the Bird Rocks, which lie some distance to the north of the main group. Great Bird and Little Bird Island have been famous as the refuge for birds since the days of Cartier and Champlain, who told with wonder of the vast assemblage of the feathered tribe. Cartier declared that the rocks "were covered with more birds than a meadow with grass." Gulls and auks, kittiwakes and gannets nest on the rocks, where the sound of the pounding waves is only less deafening than the cries of the myriads of water fowl.

Great Bird Rock was a menace to the navigator until a light was placed there. The story of the men who have kept the light during fifty years is a rare chronicle of heroism, but perhaps the most heroic story is that of Peter Boureq, who, for twenty-eight years, lived with his family on the Rock. Hearing that two of his predecessors had gone insane from loneliness, he made wise plans to keep his loved ones from following their example. Study, reading, music, games, and many other things were made a part of the program for the little family.

After his faithful service he resigned, and asked to take his family ashore. But twice the annual supply steamer stopped with the message that no one had been found to take his place, and that he must remain for another year.

CHAPTER V

FROM QUEBEC TO GASPÉ

PRIDE in the spacious country wondrously spread out before him was so evident in every word and gesture of the soldier-guide to the citadel of Quebec that a visitor asked him if he was a native of the city.

But he pointed to the heights of Levis. "I was born over there," he said, with a longing look to the south bank of the river. "You haven't been there? Do go!" he pleaded. "There are heights and fortifications that have been noted since the days of the early French explorers. They have played their part in sieges of the more famous Quebec, and the building of modern fortifications over them is an indication that the government thinks they may be useful in the future. Yes, I was born in Levis!" he concluded, with the pride of the typical habitant in the country which has been his home.

The resident of Levis may well be gratified as he thinks that the hills have looked down on the glorious pageants of three hundred years, as he feasts his eyes on the vision of splendor and beauty that greets him—Gibraltar-like Quebec in the foreground, while to the right the mighty flood sweeps down toward the rising sun, between rich lands that reach northward toward the rounded Laurentides and fertile slopes that tell of intimacy with the green heights of the Alleghenies.

As Levis is left behind, it is difficult to take the eye even for a moment from the rapidly moving panorama



HABITANT FARMS, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC

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FROM QUEBEC TO GASPÉ

in which the Falls of Montmorency, miles away across the river, have chief place until this is usurped by the beautiful twenty-mile-long Isle of Orleans, whose fields, rising steeply from both shores toward the centre, boast of kinship with the Plains of Abraham, back in the ages before the interfering river made breaks in the continuity.

A close survey, first of the island, then of the fields that stretch back from the south shore of the river, will reveal similarity there also, if only in the admirable but peculiar arrangement of the holdings of the farmers. From the railway, the highway, or the river, the fields reach away in narrow parallelograms. From the railroad on the south shore the parallelograms seem to go clear to the horizon, and the dip of the land soon becomes so great that the river, five or six miles distant, is out of sight, and the land seems to join that on the north shore.

These narrow, rectangular fields and farms date from the time when the original grants were made. Every landholder wanted a frontage on the river, long the sole means of transportation and the provider of fish, which formed an important part of the diet of the pioneer. Then along the river were the marshlands, where hay grew to best advantage. As the land descended from father to son, it was divided and subdivided in such a way as to give to each new holder a part of all the privileges enjoyed by the original owner.

This fact explains why the houses of the farmers in a district look like a straggling village many miles in extent; each farmer lives at the highway end of his productive fields, and the nearness of his neighbors is in proportion to the breadth of the holdings of each. At

SEEING CANADA

the beginning, the traveller thinks he is ever about to enter a village, but soon he learns to look for the characteristic church, always stately, usually of the most solid construction, as the sign of the community centre, and as the only approach to a community offered by a country where a French resident boasted of his possession of a farm two miles long. Inquiry revealed that he had fifty-six acres!

Think of the labor of the gatherers of stones—on the south shore there are many miles of stony farms—or of those who fork the plentiful hay into the picturesque carts that make royal progress down the narrow fields.

But how the tillers of these narrow acres love their holdings! And how tenaciously they retain them! In the records of Quebec are many like the following:

“Robert Caron, married at Quebec, October 25, 1637, to Marie de Crevit, born in Normandy. He was one of the first habitants of Ste. Anne and St. Joachim. His descendants still occupy the land which was ceded to him.”

Picture the many subdivisions of the Caron grant in three hundred years! Is it any wonder each descendant has a farm that looks like a fenced-in lane? Down at the end of the lane is the little white house, usually shingled all over, for coolness in summer and warmth in winter, and a barn, with one or even two inclined approaches so that the hay wagons can drive into them on a level with the mow.

Then the traveller passes through what might well be a section of Brittany, with its well-kept fields and its cozy homes. The impression is deepened by the soft sound of the French language and the presence every-

FROM QUEBEC TO GASPÉ

where of black-robed priests and nuns in their gray, white, or black.

Even when the rolling slopes are succeeded by rocks and hills, the farms persist. Something of the character of the tillers is revealed by the manner of caring for the impeding rocks; there are those who let them lie helter-skelter, while others gather them in heaps, scattered here and there. In many instances they are formed into narrow fences that guard the fields. Sometimes the farmer who dodges the stone piles approaches a picturesque stream where the water descends in rapids or in a fall, on the way to the hungry St. Lawrence; sometimes an eminence provides a satisfying glimpse of the majestic water, now widening out until it seems like a lake. And always the people show content with their surroundings; evidently dreams of the outside world and its activities do not disturb them.

Many fortunate visitors come to this land of contentment, seeking the game that roam in the woods, the fish that leap in the stream, or the shore that satisfies thousands of vacation seekers who are lured by the wonderful beaches, the salt breezes, and the lordly prospect across to the north shore, perhaps in the vicinity of Rivière du Loup, where a steamer undertakes the voyage of several hours' duration over the St. Lawrence to Tadoussac and the mouth of the Saguenay.

Artists take delight in the south shore. One of their favorite abiding places is Bic, where they find picturesque nooks on the shore of the twenty-five-mile-wide river, and are not far from glades and chasms amid the mountains where the railway engineers

SEEING CANADA

have triumphed over difficulties by miles of ingenious construction.

Now come glimpses of lumbering activities. Mills greedily devour the logs that are brought to them down the rushing streams or on the surface of beautiful Lake Matapedia, an exquisite bowl of blue, bordered by heavily wooded hills, sprinkled at the east end with tree-covered islands. A common sight among the islands is a tiny tug hauling a monster raft of logs. But most people will find greater pleasure in watching the setting sun glorifying the waters into which it seems to drop like a plummet.

From the lake flows the Matapedia River, that famous salmon stream which for many miles winds and twists amid the hills where the railway and the highway search for a foothold, frequently gaining it far above the rushing waters, though an anxious glance ahead reveals nothing but towering hills and seemingly impossible barriers. Straight across the peninsula it finds its way to the modest beginning of the Bay of Chaleur, the arm of the sea whose name tells of the heat Jacques Cartier found there in 1535.

To the south of the bay lies New Brunswick, but to the north lies the curious Gaspé Peninsula, that reaches out more than one hundred miles like a huge lobster claw to Land's End, facing Anticosti Island in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

The entire progress from Matapedia to Gaspé is so full of absorbing interest that slow trains and bits of poor road are lost sight of. The study of peculiar geological formations, rivers that course down rapidly to the bay, the homes and haunts of French farmers and fishermen, the boats that put bravely off to the daily

FROM QUEBEC TO GASPÉ

quest of the denizens of the deep, the regions across the bay that may be seen until their width becomes too great for vision, give pleasing occupation for every moment. Even the traveller who usually wishes to rush to his journey's end rejoices that the road winds in and out so that the distance covered is twice the length of the peninsula. Now the way leads across a bit of land thrust out into the water; again it is in the shadow of green hills or for miles directly on the sandy beach where at high tide waves break within a few rods of the car window. One section of the road is for some fifty miles within sight of the water.

Villages are close together along the coast. In each one the church is the dominating feature, though sometimes the local branch of a great fisherman's supply company—which was founded in 1766—is almost as prominent. This company is to the fishermen, in a small way, what the Hudson's Bay Company has been to the trapper. The establishment of the manager, where the clerks lodge as in more primitive days, is a social centre, the great house of the village. Discipline is almost military in its severity; the clerks know that they are subject to the command of their superior, even to transfer to another branch at his will. But the rule of the company along the fishing coasts of Maritime Canada is helpful and, usually, welcome.

Here and there on the coast great black crosses mark the site of some disaster that has overtaken the fishermen. Frequently a position by the side of the cross gives an opportunity to study the sturdy men and the boats in which they brave the waves, the curing of the fish they have brought to land, the nets hung to dry on a fence or in process of repairs after damage done by storm or

SEEING CANADA

a heavy haul. And here and there are the curious lobster pots, each supplied with an anchor stone securely fastened to the pot by means of a yoke of wood fitted into a shallow groove chipped in the stone and secured in place by lashings of coarse twine.

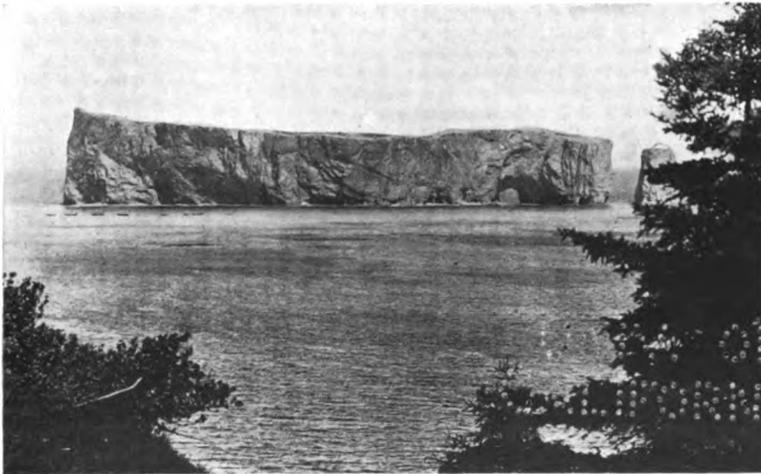
Among the most picturesque of the fishing villages is Percé, where the mountains come down to the sea and the houses are scattered promiscuously along the beach. Visitors seek the village not only because of the charm of the immediate surroundings, but because of the extensions of the rocky promontory that come down to the beach, the famous Percé Rock, and Bonaventure Island. On rock and island are the bird reservations, where gannets, herring gulls, cormorants, auks, puffins, and guillemots gather for the rearing of their young. Precipitous Percé Rock, nearly three hundred feet to the top and fifteen hundred feet long, defies the climber; the screeching, opposing birds combine with the difficult cliffs to drive back those venturesome enough to think of going aloft. At Bonaventure, three miles distant, the seaward face is also difficult of access, because of the red sandstone cliffs whose coloring, contrasted with the black and brown and white of the teeming bird population, is the delight of the visitors who go off to them in the boats from Percé.

The chief Bird Officer of Ontario and Quebec was told by one of these boatmen that he thought persons visiting the gannet cliffs on Bonaventure for the first time should be tied to the thwarts on which they sit, for they are apt to become so excited when they behold the throngs of birds at close range that they are in danger of leaping overboard. Accustomed as he himself was to the sight, he declared he could not see without emotion

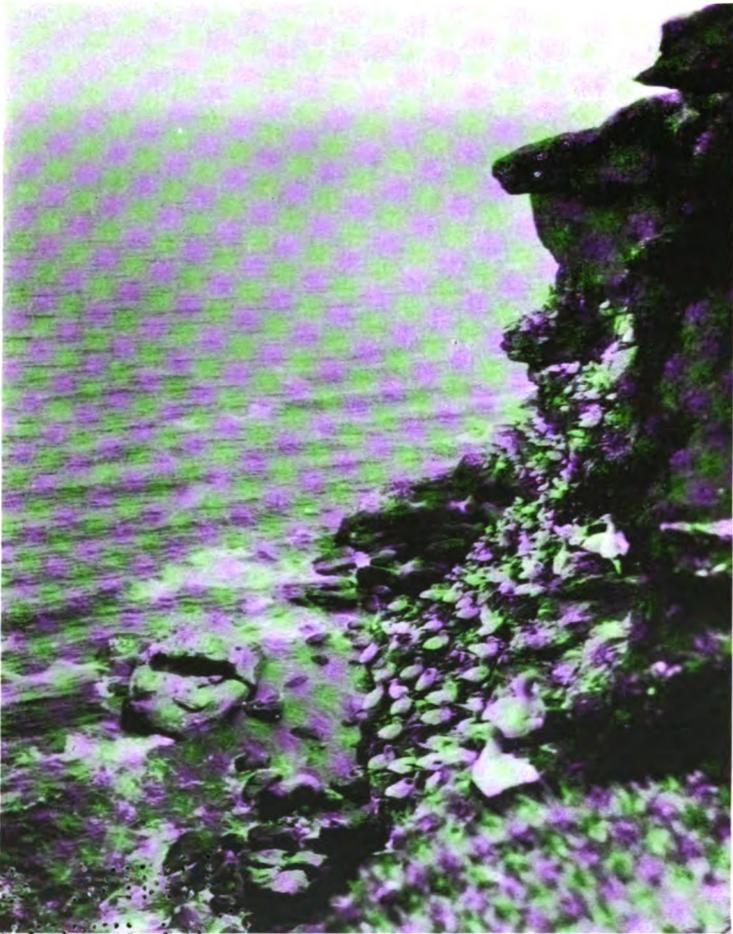
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METIS RIVER FALLS, MOUNT JOLI, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC



PERCÉ ROCK, GASPÉ PENINSULA, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC



BIRD ROCKS, BONAVENTURE ISLAND, GASPÉ PENINSULA, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC

FROM QUEBEC TO GASPÉ

the gannets in their nests, as he visited this outpost of Gaspé—one of the two places in North America where these birds nest. The other, and smaller, of these colonies, is on the Bird Rocks, in the Magdalen Islands, which are not nearly so accessible.

Reluctantly the back is turned on Percé. The road leaves the sea for a dash through the forest-covered Percé Mountains. Suddenly the sea appears once more at Corner of the Beach. Then a dash along the beach to Barachois, and a look backward that takes the breath away—green heights on shore, gleaming beach near at hand, blue waters sweeping in from the Gulf, and out to sea a study of Percé Rock that makes the gazer gasp or perhaps brings the tears. On a clear day the Rock shows in all its majestic proportions, including the forty-foot high archway cut by the waves, from which it takes its name. Once there was another and much larger arch, but in 1846 this fell with a crash. The wreckage strewn about the end of the rock shows how great must have been the fall.

But the supreme experience of the comparatively few visitors who have learned to seek the peninsula is reserved for those who go on to Gaspé Basin, sheltered by the great promontory that bends out into the Atlantic. There, it is supposed by some, the Vikings had a fishing station a thousand years ago; there Jacques Cartier landed in 1534; there expeditions against Quebec paused for breath; there, at the beginning of the Great War, the first Canadian expedition assembled before beginning its stealthy dash across the Atlantic, in response to the summons of the motherland.

A visit to Gaspé is an event of a lifetime. To study the reflection of the sun as it drops into the depths; to

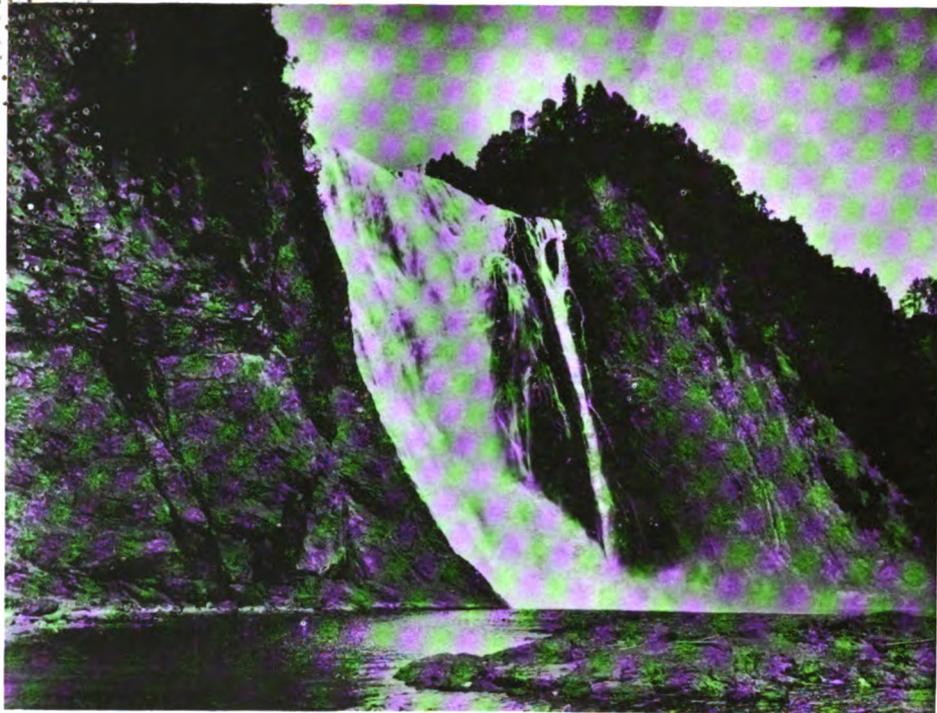
SEEING CANADA

note the twinkling of the harbor lights, as one by one they begin to glow; to see a tramp steamer enter the Basin from the Atlantic—perhaps a salt ship from Cadiz, whose burden is awaited by the fishermen; to climb the steep streets or wander above the water; to enter the houses and churches, which have numerous reminders of the days of the sturdy Jersey men who settled the coast, including the immense table stone in the Anglican Church, brought from Jersey, on which are carved the Ten Commandments; to examine the mahogany wainscoting in One Ash House, fashioned lovingly by a skilled worker from the spars of a schooner wrecked in the Basin; to climb the terraces of the hotel, the historic resort of fishermen and hunters for a generation; to talk to the old harbor-master, whose father had the position before him, of adventures in quest of old mahogany, of the days before the coming of the railroad—only fifteen years or so ago—when, during the long winters there was no communication with the outside world sometimes for weeks together; to go back up York River after moose, caribou, and deer—this is the beginning of tasting the joys of Gaspé.

And the end? There is no end!



CITADEL HILL, QUEBEC



MONTMORENCY FALLS

CHAPTER VI

QUEBEC, THE MONARCH OF THE ST. LAWRENCE

THEIR stronghold, Stadacona, was the pride of the Indians who dwelt on the site of modern Quebec long before the first venturesome white man ascended the St. Lawrence, past the curtain falls now known as the Falls of Montmorency, to the rock towering above the river that caused Cartier's pilot to exclaim "Quel bec!" (what a cape). At any rate it is said that the pilot's astonishment found expression in the words that fixed on the Indian town its modern name. It is easy to credit the story, for the visitor to-day finds himself ready to make just such a remark.

That is, most visitors. There are exceptions. A bored woman on a St. Lawrence river boat said: "Quebec is so overrated. I expected to find a really picturesque city, and it seems to me as prosy as anything I have come across in my travels."

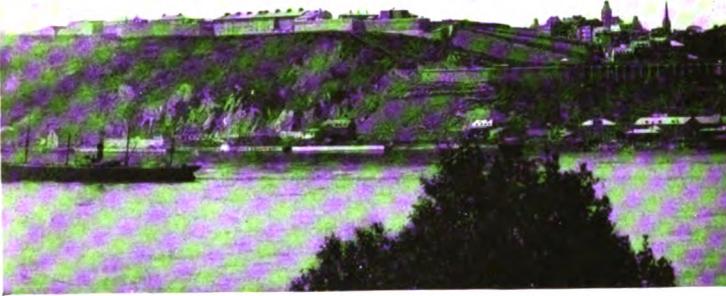
A few inquiries revealed the fact that she had spent one day in the city. Most of the time was passed in the hotel. "But I took a drive an hour long," she said. "Then I told the man he might take me back to the hotel; there was nothing more to see."

Such a traveller will find anything prosy and dull. But to those who give Quebec half a chance to show its good points the city speedily becomes a friend from whom it is a grief to part, to whom there will ever be a longing to return.

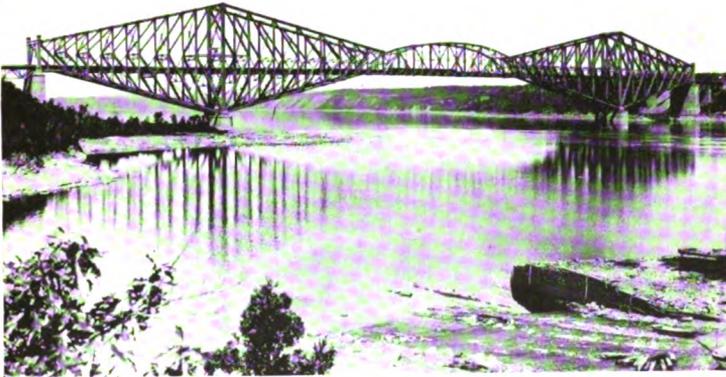
But the real way to see the city that talks so eloquently of the three centuries since Cartier landed with

SEEING CANADA

his men and smoked the peace pipe with Donnaconna, is to spend days in successive pilgrimages of discovery through regions that have a surprise waiting just around every corner. Let the guidebook be forgotten and the best-intentioned cicerone left behind. If the start is from the mediæval-looking Château Frontenac—which stands on the site of Château St. Louis, one of the historic buildings of early Quebec—the first venture will probably be Dufferin Terrace. That matchless promenade, social centre of Quebec, leads back to the citadel from which one of the world's memorable prospects opens out, a prospect that for years will be graven on the memory, that will become a standard by which to measure other views, the thought of which will bring peace in the midst of tumult. To the left, the frowning citadel; in the rear the towers of the city that led Thoreau to say, "I rubbed my eyes to make sure I was in the nineteenth century"; in front, the river reaching over to the shore of Levis and the mighty hills upthrust above the tide; up stream, the blue waters that reach away toward the great Quebec Bridge, scene of a tragedy succeeded by triumph; down stream, the island of Orleans. And, over on the north bank, the far-away hills that tell of the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré, to which earnest men and women have made their pilgrim way for more than two centuries. Nearer the city, it is the cliff that marks the descent of Montmorency Falls, and the well-travelled ribbon of road that reaches back to the St. Charles River close to its junction with the St. Lawrence. To say nothing of distant mountains, of floating castles in the sky that seem a part of the picture by day, and of the moon that casts its weird light on the



QUEBEC, FROM LEVIS



NEW QUEBEC BRIDGE
Seven Miles above Quebec

THE CITY OF
QUEBEC

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TOBOGGANING ON DUFFERIN TERRACE SLIDE, QUEBEC

QUEBEC, THE MONARCH OF THE ST. LAWRENCE

peaceful scene long after the sunset gun has boomed from the citadel.

Then down the convenient Elevator Ascenseur to Sous le Fort Street, in the Lower Town, where reminders of heroic days are frequent, while everywhere are glimpses of unfamiliar ways. A curious labyrinth of streets leads to the left toward the docks, while to the right, following the curves of the river, a rambling street, bounded by old stone tenements, leads off to the long flight of steps that end on the heights close to the citadel.

On an August day a traveller approached these steps, to find his way barred by a group of little girls. One of them pleaded with him not to ascend. "Won't you go back and take a carriage?" she asked. "You'll get so tired if you climb here." When she was told that the climb up the steps was a part of the program that had brought him to Quebec, she said, still pleading, "But, Mister, your feet will get sore! It's so far up there."

It is far—three hundred steps seem more of an undertaking at the moment of pause half-way up than they do when the flight is as yet unattempted. The feet do grow tired. But what of that? There is far more satisfaction in surmounting the cliff in this way than by making a flank movement up the long slope from St. Louis Gate.

By the side of the stairs—as everywhere along the rocky cliffs—grow tangled berry bushes which lure the boys to feats of daring that make more real the scramble of Wolfe's men, in 1759, from the river up to the Plains of Abraham—"the battlefield of the Celtic and Saxon races," on their way to the contest that won

SEEING CANADA

an empire for Great Britain. Bancroft, writing of the event of the night when the intrepid Wolfe made history, said, "This battlefield, high over the ocean river, was the grandest theatre for illustrious deeds; the victory, one of the most momentous in the annals of mankind, gave to the English tongue and the institutions of the Germanic race the unexplored and seemingly infinite West and South."

A saunter about the Plains and the Battlefield Park, with its monuments, and an examination of the forty-acre citadel, three hundred feet above the St. Lawrence—built in 1823—give repeated opportunities for pauses to gaze on the wonders of the city, of the river, of the shipping and the islands, of the rich land rolling off to the mountains. The pauses to absorb the view are broken by the ringing of chimes from the towers below, by the sound of mellow, deep-toned bells, by the striking of a tower clock, perhaps by the thud of the daily time ball from the most conspicuous roof in the citadel—a descent eagerly looked for by those who wish to set their timepieces with the authority of the Government.

But it is a mistake to think that even now the secrets of Quebec have been discovered. It is necessary to walk back past the Parliament Buildings, down residential streets to the business centre, to St. John Gate, and over to St. Louis Gate—mere names now, though the wall remains in which these gates once had a place. The three-mile walk about the walls is well worth taking.

Or the descent from the citadel may be by a second flight of steps, or down a steep, grassy slope to Dufferin Terrace, close to the shady mysteries of the Governor's Garden, where the obelisk to Wolfe and Montcalm, the



SLEIGHING THROUGH THE GATE, QUEBEC



QUEBEC IN WINTER

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QUEBEC, THE MONARCH OF THE ST. LAWRENCE

commanders who fell on the Plains of Abraham, lifts its graceful shaft far above the river.

This time the Terrace may be left for the town on the slope below the citadel, past the Post Office, the Hotel Dieu, and the Cathedral; down more winding streets to Notre Dame des Victoires Church, relic from 1688; then where hospitals and schools are neighbors of residences that look like bits from old France, with their distinctive windows in the roof, giving to the lower sweep of the wall its outlook toward the busy streets that lead to the railway station. This building fits its quaint surroundings, the Norman towers and the dormer windows emphasize its lowly proportions, for the architect well knew that a tall building would be out of keeping in Quebec, where the citadel makes the only pretense to height.

The station is a good place to take the picturesque, two-wheeled *calèche*, a carriage swung on springs that can give great comfort to those who know how to accommodate themselves to their constant motion, and can be most uncomfortable when the vehicle comes to a sudden stop. For now the passenger can direct the *cochér* in a city with which he has made friends in the course of independent wanderings.

Quebec is not only a friendly city; it is a polite city. Let those who doubt it note how the harsh *stop* of the traffic officer softens to *arretez*, while the request on the river steamer to leave stateroom keys at the purser's office is followed by the disarming letters S.V.P., which, by the way, the steward who bars passage to the dock is careful to add to his bi-lingual request that nothing be forgotten.

SEEING CANADA

The politeness of Quebec is shown all the year round—to the traveller who comes in summer, enticed by the balmy days and the bracing nights, as well as to those who wait until winter's snow and ice cover the hills and the valleys. It is a wonderful program the city arranges for the visitor in summer. But think of the bill of fare in winter—toboggan slides on slopes leading to Dufferin Terrace, skiing contests, snowshoe tramps, skating carnivals, and hockey on the ice! Such a program would be all but irresistible anywhere. What must it be when the sports are staged in that magnificent setting where the chief place is occupied by the majestic citadel, while all about are scenes that tell of the advance of the pioneers, the struggles between races, and the conquest of a continent!

CHAPTER VII

DOWN THE ST. LAWRENCE AND UP THE SAGUENAY

THERE are those who make the patriotic claim that the St. Lawrence River is more than two hundred miles long, from its ultimate source, the St. Louis River; that the Great Lakes are merely a widening and deepening of the river; that the streams connecting the lakes are part of the parent stream. But there is majesty and beauty enough in the six hundred miles of the true St. Lawrence, from Kingston to Pointe des Monts, to satisfy the demands of even the most ardent patriot. But if this is not satisfactory, surely it will be sufficient to claim, as the beginning of the Gulf, the waters beyond Cape Gaspé, one hundred and fifty miles farther on.

The beginning of the voyage on the river that took its name from the circumstance that Jacques Cartier visited the bay at its mouth on St. Lawrence Day, is at Kingston, the staid city which looks up Lake Ontario toward Amherst Island, and across to Wolfe Island. And one of the most pleasing approaches to Kingston is from Ottawa, down through the garden of eastern Ontario, within call of scores of lakes. Once it was possible to make a twenty-four hours steamer trip from Ottawa through the Rideau Canal, and then through the Rideau Lakes—a trip of delight because of the succession of forty-six locks, the thought that this was the route taken during the War of 1812 by those who wished quick transport of equipment for troops on

SEEING CANADA

the lakes, and the sight of a country where sportsmen like to go with rod and gun and canoe.

Sportsmen of large experience in Canadian waters insist that the only way to see Canada is by canoe, for in a canoe a man can go almost anywhere, and a canoeist is as intimate with a stream as a pedestrian is with a road. Further, the canoeist declares that a man who would use a power boat on the Rideau would stoop to anything—"he would boil a trout, or play chess in an airplane!"

The ending of the passage of the Rideau Canal and lakes from Ottawa is the Cataraqui River, which bears the same name as the Indian village of days of long ago, the predecessor of Kingston. The stream pours its waters into Lake Ontario and so into the St. Lawrence, after passing Kingston, the city of elms and sturdy, squat, stone business buildings, of manufacturing bustle by day and restful quiet that begins with the dusk, of a diminutive cathedral that is a replica of St. Paul's, London, and of memories of the early days of Canada. For there La Salle constructed the first vessel that rested on the waters of Lake Ontario; there Frontenac built a fort which he called after himself; there the Iroquois stole in and destroyed the infant settlement, and there the indomitable Frontenac repaired the damage and inspired the retiring colonists with the courage that has always been a characteristic Canadian virtue. All this before 1696!

The city is still sleeping peacefully, as though content to rest on its laurels, when the steamer from Toronto slips quietly alongside the wharf to take on board passengers who have speedily become acquainted with one another during the wait on the wharf. Some-



ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE, KINGSTON, ONTARIO

70 West
Arlington

DOWN THE ST. LAWRENCE

how it is impossible to remain strangers when so soon all are to share in the experience of riding through the Thousand Islands.

Descriptions of these emerald gems dropped promiscuously in the first reaches of the St. Lawrence come as far short of reality as did the naming ability of the man who first talked of a thousand islands. It is not only unnecessary to overlook a poet's license that might be forgiven easily, but it is a surprise to find that he would have been nearer the truth if he had increased his claim. Yet an effort at accuracy would not have been poetic; it would be flat and unprofitable to talk of "The Seventeen Hundred Islands."

The count of the islands begins with Wolfe, but there is really no reason why diminutive Cedar Island, close to Kingston, should not be considered the beginning. At any rate, it is the first island passed after the boat leaves the Kingston dock. Special interest attaches to it because of the tower there and the legend of the submarine tunnel that once connected it with Fort Henry on the mainland—the fort that was built so as to face its guns toward Canada and its blind side toward the lakes, by reason of the error of the engineer who mixed the plans for the strongholds at Kingston, Jamaica, and Kingston, Canada. The Canadian fort, built according to the Jamaica plans, has never been used. Fortunately there has never since its building been occasion for a fort of defence against the United States, and the error has been of no consequence. But it serves to make an interesting tale for those who are setting out to thread the maze of the Thousand Islands.

Then come fifty miles of fairyland where Champlain and his voyageurs made their adventurous way from

SEEING CANADA

island to island, the out-croppings of granite rounded off by glacial action. How they must have marveled at the panorama unrolled before them! And those who pass to-day where they paddled their canoes have reason to think that the region is not unlike what it was then. Rocky islets are the same, and channels between the islets seem just as blind as they were then. But instead of the solitude of the vast wilderness, there are the summer homes of fortunate possessors of an island or a share in its surface—sometimes mere cottages, but often mansions of striking architecture; instead of the impenetrable darkness that fell at nightfall, there are the thousand twinkling lights, including government beacons everywhere; instead of The Garden of the Great Spirit, the name given to the enchanted region by the Indians, there is the International Park, set apart by two governments that those who have followed the original Americans may rejoice in Manatoana.

Between the Thousand Island region and the next marvel of the river, the long succession of rapids, caused by the stream's descent of 206 feet in one hundred miles or so over a rough limestone bed, is Prescott, Ontario, noted not only as the point of transfer of the shallow draft steamers that shoot the rapids, but as the site of a lighthouse, once a stone windmill, built when, in 1838, there was an engagement with filibusters who thought they could take Canada by a surprise attack.

In the days of the explorers and the fur traders the descent of the rapids—*ascent* is impossible because the water sometimes churns over the rocky bed at a rate estimated as great as forty or fifty miles an hour—the canoes flashed in and out, up and down, with a speed

DOWN THE ST. LAWRENCE

that struck terror to the hearts of the foreigners who had not learned to have confidence in the dusky paddlers. And to-day the only people who dare venture in a canoe among the treacherous waves, eddies and whirlpools are Indians who live close to some of the most dangerous waters. Others must be content to entrust themselves to the steamers that dodge triumphantly amid the shallows where the water drives with terrific force over the hungry rocks.

The experience of hours spent in the bow of the modern conqueror of the mad river is not easily forgotten. How the vessel trembles as the waters reluctantly let it find a moment's safety, in response to the movement of the rudder chain, guided by a skilful steersman! How the water seems to disobey all laws as it leaps above the level of the waves, looking down what seems a great distance at the calm reaches, a narrow neutral zone between hostile floods! What a vast sigh of relief goes up from the passengers as the vessel escapes an especially threatening bit of river! And with what strange eagerness all wait for the next plunge and twist that herald further triumphs of man over the elements! It is strange indeed to listen to those who, a moment after they have found the deliverance for which they longed, shriek in delight as they see what is before them. "Look at the foam ahead! Hear the roar!" they say. "That will be more thrilling than anything we have had yet!"

Steamships that go down the rapids must return. But they cannot use the river. So the Government has built a series of canals that overcome the descent by twenty-one locks. There are six of these canals, built along the north bank, around the Galop and the Rapide

SEEING CANADA

du Plat; the Long Sault Rapids, where many islands in the channel add to the beauty and the hazard of the nine-mile ride; the Coteau Rapids, where there are seven miles of almost continuous opportunity for excitement; the beautiful Cedar Rapids; the Split Rock Rapids, which try to the limit the navigator's skill; the Cascade Rapids, where the Caughnawaga Indians perform hair-raising feats; and finally the famous Lachine Rapids, which toss the steamer about as if it were a mere chip, while the ever-present prophet of evil tells mournfully of disasters of another day that might so easily be repeated. But a glance backward at the men in the pilot house whose eyes are riveted on the river, whose muscles are tense with the struggle to make the vessel go where they see safety, gives confidence that closes the ears to forebodings, and enables the traveller to appreciate the fact that he is at the point where La Salle proposed to make his start for the discovery of the Northwest Passage to China; hence the name La Chine.

Some of these rapids will disappear when the plan for a deep waterway from the Atlantic to the Great Lakes is carried out, but most of them will remain. The canals will be deepened and water power will be developed all along the 110 miles from Montreal to the Galops. Thus the St. Lawrence is waiting to confer untold benefits on those who put it in chains, and it will not retaliate by saying, "You can't have both power and beauty." The attractive trip down the river will not be lessened by the improvement that will make possible a manifold increase of Canada's wealth in navigable water and in hydraulic power.

Beyond Montreal the fashion of the beauty of the regal stream changes once more. At intervals on the



LACHINE RAPIDS ON THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER

to you
available

DOWN THE ST. LAWRENCE

low-lying shores villages appear. Everywhere fertile farm lands slope down to the edge of the water as it flows serenely over a bed covering deep the limestone formation so similar to that below the angry rapids. The Laurentian Mountains, at first in the distance, gradually approach the river.

Here is the region of the strange narrow rectangular divisions of Quebec, which reaches back from the river into the far interior, in boundaries so similar to the elongated farms that a study of the map leads to wonder if the same general idea was not responsible—the desire of all for a river frontage.

A prophecy of the broad sweep of water that is to come beyond Quebec is given by Lake St. Peter. For a distance of twenty miles it is ten miles wide. The beginning of the lake is marked, on the south, by the entrance of the Richelieu, outlet of Lake Champlain, a river whose course is notable by reason of the ruins of Fort Chambly, on its banks perhaps twenty miles southeast of Montreal. The original fort was built of stone in 1710, as a successor to the original wooden structure erected by Jacques de Chambly in 1665. This fort, which was an important stronghold during the War of 1812-14, has been set apart by the Canadian National Parks as one of the country's famous historic sites.

Only a few miles beyond the point of entrance of the Richelieu to the St. Lawrence, the St. Francis River comes, likewise from the south. Close to the mouth of the stream is Odanak, village of the Abenakis, who make use of one of the always picturesque ferries of the region, a scow propelled by a wire cable, grasped after a manner reminiscent of the gripman's hold on the

SEEING CANADA

cable which moved the street cars, so popular a generation ago.

At the ferry entrance a placard is a reminder that this is a country where the French language is supreme:

AVIS

- 1 Personne 5 cts.
- 1 Voiture simple 15 cts.
- 1 Voiture double 20 cts.
- 1 Personne à cheval 15 cts.
- 1 cheval ou bête à cornes 15 cts.
- Plusieurs chevaux chacun 5 cts.
- 1 mouton 1 cochon 1 beau chacun 15 cts.
- Plusieurs de ces bêtes chacune 5 cts.
- Tout voyage de Bac 15 cts.
- 1 automobile 25 cts.

The Indians, industrious makers of sweet grass baskets, have great pride in the old church building, where a feature of note to them is an altar tablet to "Matthew Stanley Quay, Senator of Pennsylvania, U. S. A., of Abenakis descent."

Not far from the lower end of the lake, the quaint town of Three Rivers watches over the coming of the St. Maurice River from the north to join the St. Lawrence, now narrowing to more ordinary width. The little city, whose history began in 1634, is a pleasing mixture of the old and the new, one of the most accessible of the communities of Quebec that so quickly transport the visitor into the past and into a European atmosphere, mellowed by touch with the people of a newer civilization. The contrast is even more noticeable to those who follow the banks of the St. Maurice, past various falls and rapids, to Shawenegan Falls, where the 165-foot drop has made possible an immense water-power development.

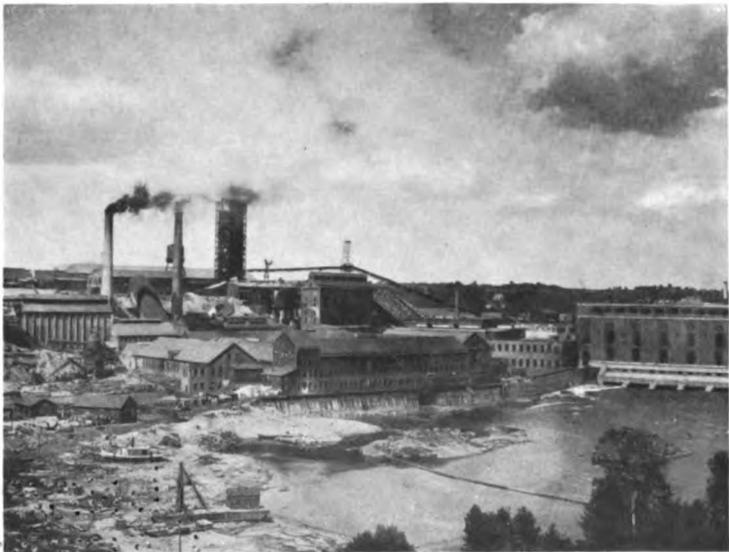
Three Rivers is proud to be known as the birthplace of Sieur de la Verandrye, discoverer of the Northwest



**SHAWINEGAN FALLS ON THE ST. MAURICE RIVER
(Twenty-one miles from Three Rivers)**



POWER HOUSE, SHAWINEGAN WATER AND POWER COMPANY



PULP AND PAPER MILLS, SHAWINEGAN FALLS

DOWN THE ST. LAWRENCE

Territories. The site of the house where he began life is in a park treasured by the community. A second local historic shrine is seven miles up the St. Maurice, where, in 1730, Poulin de Frencheville built the St. Maurice Forges, a centre of the iron industry in Quebec until 1880. Nothing remains of the forges but an old chimney—" *Mais non, tout est oublié,*" a local historian remarks. But the primitive makers of stoves and kettles have their successors in two score cities. A monument, planned by the Canadian National Parks, is to recite these notable facts.

Between Three Rivers and Quebec the banks of the river become more prominent, until the majestic rock of Quebec's citadel looks down on the waters as it looked on the Indian voyageurs of other days, and then on the first discoverers who lifted their eyes in amazement to the heights. Even after the city has been left behind, a backward look reveals its towering height, but as every mile of the river below Quebec unfolds fresh wonders, looking backward is forgotten. Montmorency Falls, tumbling over a precipice 265 feet high, and giving generously to light and transport the people of Quebec, reveal all their splendor to the traveller by boat, for the precipice is at the very mouth of the river of the same name, as Niagara Falls, in ages gone, was at the point where the river emptied into the Ontario.

After Montmorency come the rounded mountains, reaching town toward the stream and culminating in Mt. Ste. Anne—famous by reason of the shrine in its shadow—and the Isle of Orleans, as large as a small county, with fertile sloping fields.

Rugged rocks and cliffs, all along the northern shore, make memorable the further passage down the river.

SEEING CANADA

Cape Tourmente, Cape Gribaune, and Mount Eboulements come before Murray Bay, the famous resort in the midst of wild surroundings, while eighty miles beyond nestles, under shadowing rocks, the ancient village Tadoussac, first noted in 1535, later the first fur-trading post of the New World, with a continuous history since 1599. Its importance in early days is indicated by the fact that an old gazetteer of North America spoke of "Montreal, Quebec, and Tadoussac" as the greatest centres of population in the new country.

Tadoussac is located where the black waters of the Saguenay enter the St. Lawrence. Across its mouth a great bar juts for miles into the parent stream, a menace to navigation not only of steamships but, as was proved when the writer was there, to hydroplanes. A rainstorm had caused the descent of a government hydrographer; after a rush through the water, and just before he was to take the air, a hidden obstruction wrecked the machine, and the crew of two, with all their valuable photographs, was plunged into the river not far from the end of the bar.

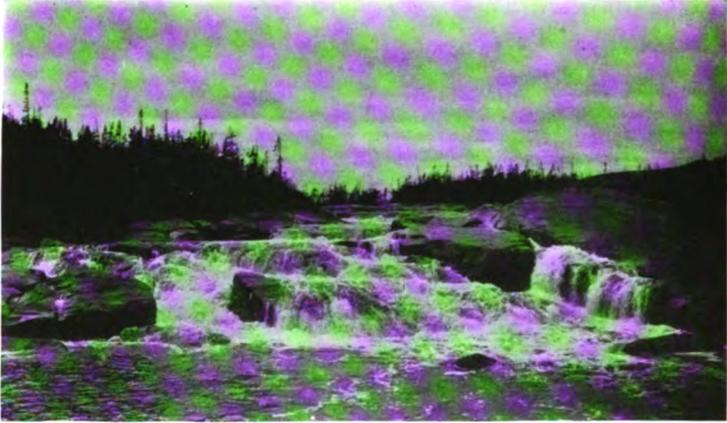
The Saguenay is really a deep glacier-born chasm drowned to a depth of hundreds of feet; near the mouth, soundings tell of six hundred feet of water, and in places farther north the record is even greater. Silently the flood pours down for more than one hundred miles from Lake St. John, for much of the distance in a line about as straight as if it had been surveyed. The deep, dark waters, the bald cliffs on either side, sometimes separated three miles, the brooding silence that seems as if it had been unbroken for centuries, and the uninhabited shores, combine to



FRASER FALLS, MURRAY BAY, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC



CAPES TRINITY AND ETERNITY, SAGUENAY RIVER



FIRST FALLS OF KEGASHKA RIVER, CANADIAN LABRADOR COAST



BRINGING HAY BY BOAT, CANADIAN LABRADOR COAST

UP THE SAGUENAY

declare unmistakably that this is one of the world's most notable water journeys. It is a reminder of Lake Chelan, buried in the heart of the Cascades, and of the famous fiords of Norway—though the fiords must bow to the Saguenay. The impression is at its height when the steamer glides into the little bay on the eastern shore, between the towering Capes Trinity and Eternity, and sounds the whistle which sends echo and re-echo from wall to wall, and it persists as the stream is ascended as far as Ha! Ha! Bay, so named because its explorers laughed when they discovered their error in thinking that this broad estuary was the passage to the East which they sought so eagerly. But it is little wonder that those who entered the broad Saguenay thought they had found the passage to Asia; it was so unlike any other river they had known before.

Ha! Ha! Bay and Chicoutimi, twenty miles farther on, are centres of the pulp wood activity that has forced the newspapers of a hundred cities to pay tribute to this wild country of the upper Saguenay. But in the minds of the sportsmen Chicoutimi is most notable because beyond it, where the water from Lake St. John plunges down in falls and rapids more than one hundred feet within one mile, is the hiding place of the gamey ounaniche, descendant through countless generations of the salmon left by the waters of the Atlantic when they abandoned the Saguenay to the fresh water. Fishermen appreciate the humor of the Indians in giving to the fish a name that means "strong as a horse."

The rapids between Lake St. John and the quieter waters of the navigable stream offer thrills to the canoeist as well as the fisherman. Indian guides pilot the canoe over the turbulent stretches of the river, and

SEEING CANADA

those who venture the passage with them are not apt to forget the thrills of the day.

Those who descend the Saguenay by the light of the full moon are fortunate. By daylight all is impressive, but by moonlight the cliffs and the water—which is unbroken by rock or sandbar—are marvels that make comment impossible and description an impertinence. It is not strange that many heave a sigh as they leave the Saguenay behind, and move on down the broad St. Lawrence, between distant banks backed by the Laurentides on the one hand and the Shickshock Mountains of Gaspé on the other. From shore to shore is almost a sea voyage, but the French villages, the rivers of Canadian Labrador, the ancient settlements on Gaspé, and the glimpses of the islands set in the great green waste, make the voyage on a river-coasting steamer an experience more notable than the passage to the sea on an ocean ship.

At length looms in the distance Anticosti Island, with its population of several hundred light-house tenders and fishermen, once a paradise for the hunter of big game, and—since 1896, when M. Menier made it a game preserve—likely to become once more the resort of those who would learn the secrets of the wilderness.

Beyond Anticosti, the Gulf, and Newfoundland, and the open ocean which, more than three hundred years ago, bore to the St. Lawrence Champlain and Cartier, and scores of their bold successors.

CHAPTER VIII

MONTREAL, "MOTHER OF CITIES"

LATE on a summer evening a saunterer through the Scottish Highlands found a workingman looking out over the waters of beautiful Loch Awe, toward the low hills on the opposite shore and the wooded islands between. Not until darkness shrouded the lake was it possible to persuade the man to turn away. "You see, I am a stonemason," he explained. "In the morning I will be bending over the stones again, and I must have something splendid to think about. I find it here by the lochside, and so I am here every evening."

A kindred spirit of the workingman in Scotland was found one August evening at the foot of the flight of some four hundred steps leading from Drummond Street in Montreal to the summit of Mount Royal, the proud eminence that throws its benign shadow on the city. A slow, steady rain was falling. "You are not intending to make the climb to-night, are you?" he was asked. "Better put it off until to-morrow—unless, of course, you are leaving the city to-night. In that case you will wish to see the view from aloft, even if it is abbreviated by the rain."

The man smiled. "No, I am not the visitor you think I am," he said. "I have climbed Mount Royal scores, yes hundreds of times. And I'm going up to-night. I go aloft for the view every evening I can manage it, though sometimes I choose the morning instead. I have found that there is nothing like the

SEEING CANADA

memory of the glory spread at my feet from Montreal's height to help me through the labors of the day."

It is possible for a man to smile at the enthusiasm of that climber—until he has walked down Sherbrooke Street, famous in summer as a drive, in winter as a sleighing speedway, and at all times because of the wonderful homes of those who live there; until he has climbed the slope to the long flight of steps or to the road that winds and twists its way through the park to the summit; until he has reached at length the vantage point from which are to be seen the vast regions below and beyond. Then the smile of tolerance becomes the look of wonder; instead of noisy comment there is the hush that pays tribute to a marvel with few equals. Mountains behind, the Laurentians, bounding the long slopes that lead from Mount Royal; mountains in front, the far-away Adirondacks; mountains to the left, the Green Mountains; hills in between, the summits of the Monteregians. Just below the observer, almost overlapping the foot of Mount Royal, the St. Lawrence—river of a hundred years of the explorer and the trapper; of a second hundred years of the colonizer and his Indian opponent; of a third hundred years of the soldier and the invader; of a fourth hundred years of the commerce carrier and the empire builder.

At the beginning of these four hundred years of pageantry Jacques Cartier held his breath as he looked about him from this very height, which has been described by the geologist as nothing but "the crystallized lava which used to fill the crater of a volcano, whose surrounding rocks have all weathered away." In 1535 the French explorer had come to the Indian



MONTREAL FROM MOUNT ROYAL



MONTREAL HARBOUR
Wharves are provided for one hundred ocean-going steamers

MONTREAL, "MOTHER OF CITIES"

town, Hochelaga, hidden on the island where now is Montreal; he had marveled at the palisades, built in three galleries, from which stones could be thrown at enemies; he had visited the long dwellings where the families squatted each before its own fire in the undivided hall that accommodated a dozen households; he had been led to the summit of the mountain. And when he had seen the vision, he called it Mount Royal.

More than one hundred years after Cartier's visit, the *Ville Marie de Montreal* was founded by the forty-five members of the association of *Notre Dame de Montreal*. They gave to the new settlement the religious character for which it has been noted ever since.

More than a century of French rule followed. Then came the forces of England—though Lower Canada, as the country of which Montreal was chief city, came to be called, retained its French laws, including that of feudal tenure of land. Finally, in 1832—three hundred years after Cartier's visit—the modern city had its real beginning with its incorporation. Real prosperity came with the purchase of the feudal rights of the *Seigneurs*, who held the land as dependants of the king, to whom they owed military service, and who were able to exact heavy tribute from the men who tilled the soil. The Seminary of *St. Sulpice* long held the seigneurial rights of the city. From its venerable buildings on the *Place d'Armes*, it exercised authority both temporal and spiritual. To-day the visitor finds the way to the vicinity of its portals as inevitably as did those of an earlier age, since all car routes lead to the curious *Place d'Armes*, the central transfer point, which proves such an easy finding-place for the traveller who becomes con-

SEEING CANADA

fused in the narrow, rambling streets of the old city. These streets led an English visitor in 1853 to declare: "Montreal does not bear comparison in appearances and promise of future beauty with Toronto, Hamilton, and other cities of the West."

The Place d'Armes tells of heroic days. The palisade of 1685 passed close to it, while the wall of defence, built nearly forty years later, crossed the space before St. Sulpice and the predecessors of the cathedral-like Church of Notre Dame, then passed on to the Château de Ramezay, famous successively as the residence of the Governor of Canada, the centre of the fur trade, and the headquarters of Benjamin Franklin and his associates during the brief period in 1775 and 1776, when hope was entertained of winning Montreal to the side of the Colonies in their struggle with Great Britain.

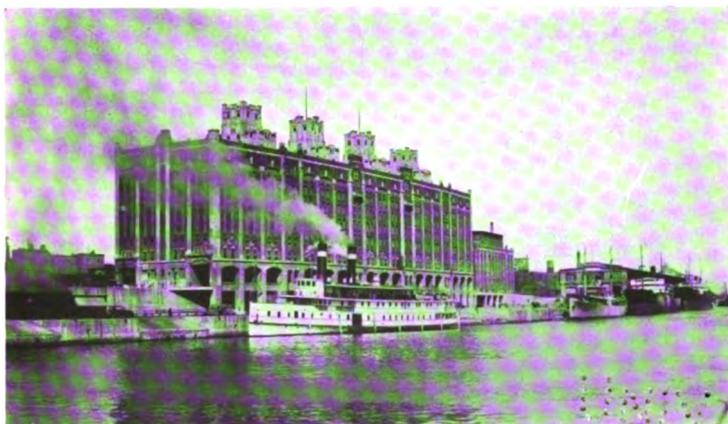
Still farther on, and more to the end of the site of the old wall, Bonsecours Market gives an open sesame to those who would have glimpses of the life of the French peasant of two hundred years ago. Twice each week the farmers seek the market with their produce, and those who wander along the aisles on those days are at once transported into the past.

The market is a fine beginning for a walk eastward, on the elevated ground above the river, overlooking the splendid docks, and the shipping that makes it one of the greatest ports on the continent, yet it is nearly one thousand miles from the sea and one hundred and fifty miles above the influence of the tide!

The width of the harbor view extends past the great grain elevators, toward the locks at the entrance of the Lachine Canal, built to provide transportation around



CHÂTEAU RAMEZAY, MONTREAL



COLD STORAGE PLANT, MONTREAL
Storage Capacity 4,500,000 Cubic Feet



SHERBROOKE, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC

MONTREAL, "MOTHER OF CITIES"

the rapids that are as great an asset from the point of view of the sightseer as they are a hindrance to navigation. Beyond the canal entrance Victoria Bridge springs proudly across the river.

This is not all of the harbor; it extends a distance of seventeen miles. Montreal's situation on an island thirty miles long and ten miles wide, at the junction of Ottawa the beautiful with St. Lawrence the majestic, provides a wealth of water front.

It is fitting that the city that still can show such reminders of the past as the house of De la Motte Cadillac and the house of La Salle, should be a stronghold of the French. More than half of the inhabitants speak the language of the old days. Many of them live in quaint houses with outside stairways as did their ancestors of long ago. In fact, the atmosphere of another day and of foreign ways casts its glamor over the city, so that it is difficult to realize its tremendous commercial importance until a study is made of its industries.

Montreal is so full of attractions that the visitor is tempted to silence the call of the country tributary to the city. Yet the claim of Ste. Anne de Bellevue, and the near-by ruins of forts and watch-towers built in the days when the Indians were troublesome, must not be neglected. Lachine, the town at the foot of the rapids, and Caughnawaga, the Indian reservation, are near at hand. Farther afield are the resorts in the Laurentian Mountains, to the northwest, and in the Monteregian Hills, across the St. Lawrence, part of the system which Mount Royal begins and to which it gives its name.

For fifty miles the hills extend through a region of regal beauty, the limits reaching close to the international boundary.

SEEING CANADA

The boundary may be approached by two delightful journeys—up the valley of the Richelieu toward Lake Champlain, on the way to New York City, or through the quiet pastoral country that leads to Sherbrooke and the south by the Magog River, outlet of Lake Memphremagog, the “beautiful water” of the Indians. From the shores of the lake rise a number of notable peaks. Of these, Owl’s Head is most conspicuous. Montreal, more than one hundred miles away, may be made out by those who climb the steep trail to the summit.

CHAPTER IX

AMONG THE LAURENTIAN MOUNTAINS

SOMETIMES the straggling green mountains of Quebec are called the Laurentians; again they are called the Laurentides. But the variation in terminal letters makes no difference in their wild beauty, as all will agree who have penetrated some of their mysteries by way of the railroad from Ottawa to Maniwaki, from Montreal to La Belle and Mont Laurier, or by river from the St. Lawrence to Lake St. John. The forty thousand square miles of slopes and forests, of lake and river, that lie between the Gatineau and the Saguenay, make one of the most alluring regions in Eastern Canada. There the hunter, the fisherman, the lover of the canoe, the camper or the tramper has every reason to think the region made especially for his benefit, while the apostle of conservation looks with longing on the forest he wishes to keep for a heritage of the nation, and the lumberman is ever devising schemes to dam the stream and float the logs to market. Sometimes he is compelled to sigh with enforced acquiescence in the program of tree salvation because he sees marketing is impossible, either by reason of surroundings that forbid profitable lumbering or because the Provincial Government has put a veto on timber spoliation—as at Laurentides Park, the thirty-seven hundred acres set apart to be the permanent possession of those who seek the wilderness for what they can see rather than for destruction. Fish and game destruction is permitted, within limits—it is necessary to

SEEING CANADA

enforce rigidly the limits set for the sportsman. But the edict has gone forth, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther"—and not even so far unless you have a government permit.

Suppose the first essay into this mountain fairyland is from Ottawa to Maniwaki. Soon after crossing the Ottawa River, and a brawling stream not far away, comes a bit of pastoral country that looks like rural England. Next the way is in the rugged highlands, where the vivid greenery breaks here and there to reveal glimpses of the Gatineau waters, leaping over the rocks on which logs stranded when the high water was going down.

Across the Gatineau are bits of stern precipice, while down near the level of the river it lies in quiet pools as if it had never dreamed of the mad leap from which it has come so recently, and others for which it is bound. Across the bed of the river is a great ledge where, in time of flood, the water pours and roars. When the river is low, there are two falls, one on each side of the stream. From time to time appear rocky headlands where cottages perch precariously, and islands chosen by the camper and the fisherman. Beyond the river is a miracle of cleared hillside, where the road manages to wind up the steep by quadrupling the distance, and the farmer, in a manner known only to himself, maintains his footing while he works.

Farther on, a fringe of trees by the bank gives just the needed contrast to the water. Soon comes a narrowing of the brawling stream below the bluffs, followed by a broadening and generous bend. At one place the builders have taken advantage of a sudden contraction to perch above the rapids a great covered bridge, whose red sides are a startling addition to the

AMONG THE LAURENTIAN MOUNTAINS

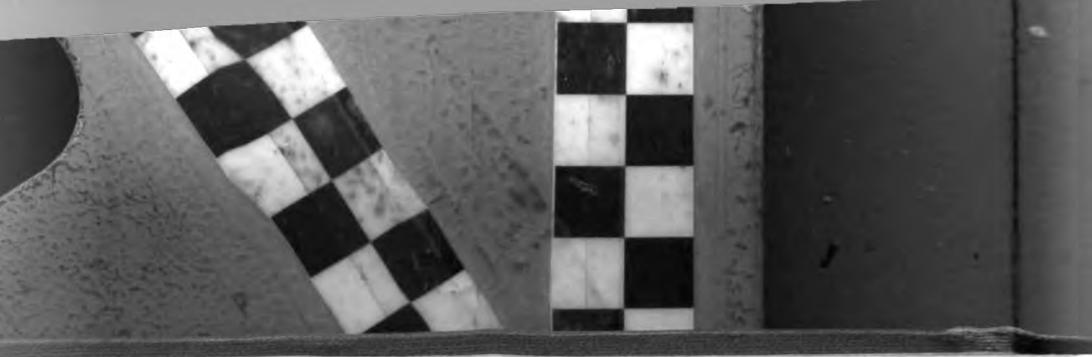
colors of the cleft between the hills, while the green roof emphasizes the vivid coloring of the trees that seem to spring from the rocks themselves. Just beyond, the country opens out, and rounded cultivated slopes form a foreground for clustering summits that bound the horizon.

The story of the Gatineau is repeated, with endless variations, on a score of streams that thread the country of the Laurentians—the Catskills of Canada. Glimpses of some of these streams may be seen by those who take the route from Montreal to Mont Laurier. The destination is not so very far from Maniwaki-on-the-Gatineau—a mere short overland journey through a wild country leads from one terminus to the other. Yet the country is in many respects so different that it is easy to imagine that the Gatineau is far away.

One memorable trip from Montreal to Mont Laurier was made in the rain. “What’s the use of going to-day?” a friend asked. “The weather man says ‘occasional showers,’ so you had better change your plans.” But they were not changed, and there was no reason to regret holding to the program outlined for the day, even if the prophesied “occasions” overlapped all day long.

It is a mistake to allow rain to keep the visitor from the mountains. The very mists that shroud the summits then add to their appeal. Now the clouds hang low on the nearer ridges, like the veil on a blushing bride. When the veil is lifted the farther ridges appear, in their turn, mysterious, alluring.

Down among the rounded summits winds the black Rivière du Nord, its alternating placid reaches and treacherous rapids proclaiming kinship with the St. Lawrence, which it is soon to join.



SEEING CANADA

Detached wisps of cloud reach down to eager branches of majestic trees for which the greedy mills are hungering. The cleansing rain gives added charm to the neat cottages and the cabins of the habitants, dotted here and there along the stream, on the slopes, or in straggling villages that are unlike anything to be found except in Quebec.

The problems solved by the engineers who laid out the railroad among these, the oldest mountains in the world, cause amazement to the traveller who, from the rear platform of the train, sees the country unfolding before him. The road turns on itself in dizzy fashion as it climbs the stiff grades, or descends rapidly when the summit is passed. At intervals, glimpses of lakes suggest one reason for the eagerness of the builders to construct a road through such difficult country. Attracted by these hidden waters, the people come eagerly from Montreal to Ste. Marguerite, or Ste. Agathe, Jovite, or Nominique. Even the names of the lakes near these resorts are irresistible: Lac des Sables, Lac Mercier, and Lac de la Montagne Tremblante. And those who go only a little farther afield find themselves near Lac des Trois Montagnes, Lac aux Ecorces, Lac des Isles, Lac Montjoie, and Lac des Sept Freres. These blue, mountain-girt basins are everywhere, making difficult the determination to continue on board the train until the approach to Mont Laurier gives permission to the man who does not wish to break his schedule to plunge into the country where he may fish and row to his heart's content.

A third easy dash into the heart of the Laurentians may be taken from Quebec, by the railway through the untamed region approaching and adjacent to the Laurentides Park, Quebec's 3271-square-mile reserva-



LAC MERCIER, IN THE LAURENTIANS, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC

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PAUGAN FALLS, NEAR LOW, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC

AMONG THE LAURENTIAN MOUNTAINS

tion where it is sought to preserve the timber and the big game, as well as the abounding fish in the numerous rollicking streams that are born within its limits or flow across its borders.

The park presents so many opportunities for wandering through the forests, following the trails, camping in the hidden places, seeking the beasts that lurk there, or whipping the streams for trout! But those who turn a deaf ear to the siren call of the forest are well repaid by such sights as the Falls of Lorette, only nine miles from Quebec, where the St. Charles drops one hundred feet; Lake St. Joseph and island-crowded Lac des Grandes Isles; the Rivière aux Pins, where canoeists have learned to resort; the north branch of the Ste. Anne, with surroundings that have given it the name "the Little Saguenay," the cliff-bordered, plunging Batiscan, the Falls of the Ouiatchouan, nearly three hundred feet high; the forests which still lift green spires heavenward, and the mournful looking pinnacles where fire has made its devastating way; and finally Lake St. John, two hundred miles from Quebec, on the edge of the northern wilderness. Beyond the hills that surround the lake it is easy for a traveller without a guide to become lost, as did the lover of Marie Chapdelaine, the heroine of the novel of Louis Hemon, who paints in magic words the charms of the region about the lake.

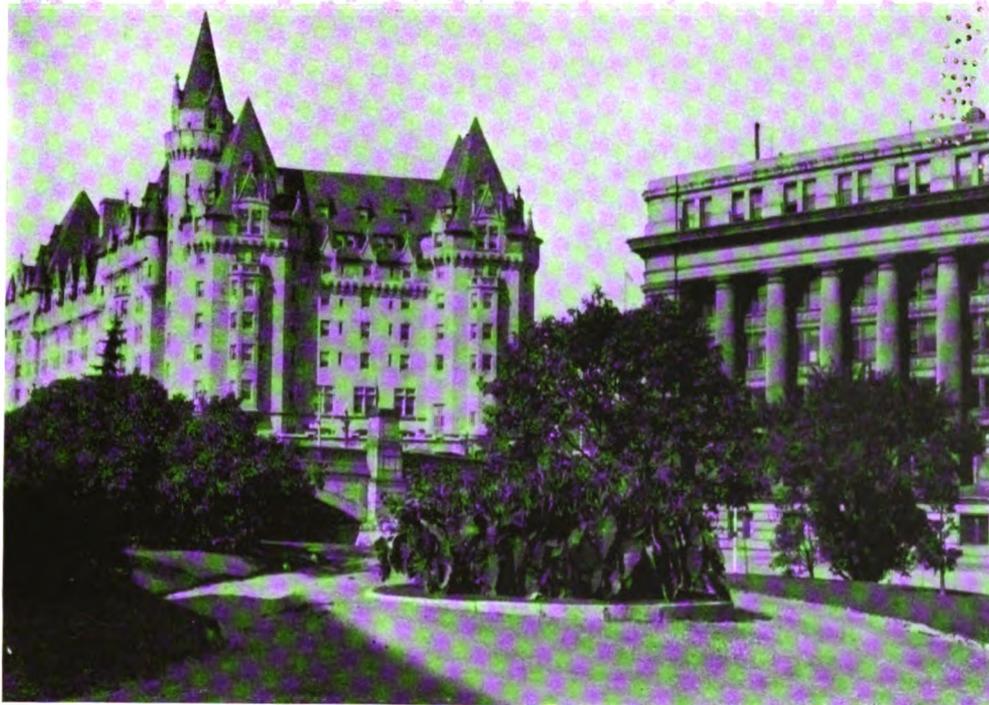
Marie Chapdelaine's home was on the Peribonka, one of the rivers that finds its way to the lake—companion of those other rivers whose resounding names seem to tell of the wonders of this pilgrimage through the forests. Speak of the Mistassini, the Ouiatchouan, the Metabetchouan, and the Ashuapmouchouan, and see if they do not talk to you in a manner to make you think

SEEING CANADA

of rapids and rocks, of shadowed pools and the fish lurking within!

Lake St. John finds an outlet through the Grand Discharge and the Little Discharge, separated by the Isle d'Alma, one of the Thousand Islands of the Saguenay. Then come more boiling rapids and easy portages where careful guides show the traveller who has a day to spare how to feel thrills that will linger in his memory. But if it is impossible to go with the guides, there are compensations for the man who takes the train down to Chicoutimi, the town of the pulp mills, and St. Alphonse on Ha! Ha! Bay, the busy village nestling at the head of the broad blind alley made by the Saguenay opposite lofty Cape East, and close to the mouth of the Wabouchagama.

The Lake St. John region is famous not only for its scenery, its fish and its game, but also for the rich agricultural lands that surround it. There, in the heart of the wilderness, sixty thousand people have made their homes. The Provincial Government has been doing its part to make life easy for them by constructing more than one hundred miles of highways around the lake, at a cost of half a million dollars. The engineer who built these roads lays stress on difficulties surmounted in crossing the numerous streams tributary to the lake, but the visitor who follows where he has blazed the way had only to marvel at the glories of the country about him. Towns like Roberval, monument of the Sieur de Roberval, explorer of the sixteenth century, the glimpses of the lake—called by the Indians Pikonagami—the islands drowned in green, the dark and noisy rivers, and the hills that cluster everywhere, remind always that here is the heart of the Laurentians.



CHÂTEAU LAURIER AND UNION STATION, OTTAWA

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CHAPTER X

IN OTTAWA THE BEAUTIFUL

IT IS an easy matter for a city to lay claim to beautiful surroundings, though it is sometimes difficult to make good the claim. But the residents of Ottawa do not run any such risks when they wax eloquent concerning the attractiveness of their city; it would be difficult for Canada's capital city to claim too much.

The elevated site above the last stretches of the Gatineau River, which comes down from the north to meet the Ottawa River, and the final descent of the Rideau River, after its progress from the south to meet the same Ottawa, is one of the world's choice city-crowned elevations.

Long before the days of the white men Indian canoe-men paid tribute of silence as they paused below the cliffs beyond the entrance of the Rideau. Their amazement was shared by the early French explorers, who, when they caught sight of the tumbling waters, gave the falls the name they still bear by their exclamation of mingled admiration and amazement, "Le Rideau! Le Rideau!" (The veil! The veil!)

And a little farther up the Ottawa River they found Chaudière Falls, still beautiful in spite of the hydraulic development that has robbed them of part of their birthright for the sake of power needed by the city that has grown up on the banks. Around them they had to make portage, as did the Algonquin Indians who used to come down the Ottawa with fur-laden canoes, bound from Lake Huron to Quebec.

SEEING CANADA

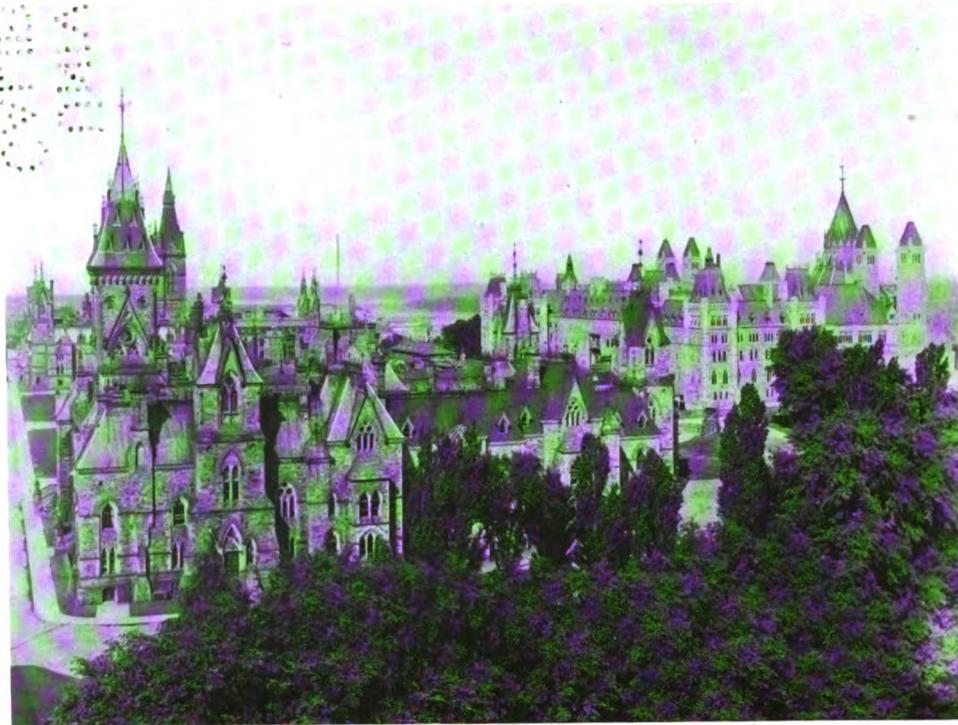
For them the portage became notable because there, so often, they were waylaid by Iroquois warriors who managed to interrupt the progress of the furs to such an extent that it became necessary for pacifiers from the East to seek this western outpost in order to persuade warriors to cease the strife that interfered with trade.

“Ondatawa” was the name given by the Algonquins to the height by the falls. Ondatawa has become Ottawa. The name was applied to the river long before it was given to the settlement that has grown to the city which includes within its limits both Chaudière Falls and Rideau Falls.

The beginning of the settlement dates from the years from 1826 to 1832, when, for military purposes, the Rideau Canal was built from Kingston to the Ottawa River, taking advantage of the channels of the Cataragui and Rideau rivers. This military highway was constructed under the leadership of Colonel By, who had his camp on the noble hill now occupied by the Parliament Buildings, and later laid out a little town on that delectable spot. For many years the lumbermen who brought their logs down the Gatineau had their rough dwellings in Bytown. As the home of the shantymen it was known even in 1853 when William H. G. Kingston wrote of Barrack Hill, where Colonel By “planned to build a citadel and fortress which should be worthy of mention with Quebec.” Then he added, “But the troops were withdrawn, the barracks burned down, so that Bytown may now be reckoned among the cities of Arcadia, nor do I see much risk of its peaceable character being interrupted.”



CHAFFEY LOCKS, RIDEAU LAKES



DOMINION PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, OTTAWA

IN OTTAWA THE BEAUTIFUL

In one way Kingston was a good prophet—the peaceable character of Bytown has not been interrupted. Yet the genial traveller did not dream of the greatness in store for humble Bytown. For there came a day when the rivalry of Montreal and Quebec and Toronto for the Capital of the new Federation led Queen Victoria to name Bytown.

The name was changed to Ottawa, and a beginning was made of the group of Parliament Buildings which soon made Ottawa famous—a group as beautiful architecturally as the hill on which it rests is beautiful by nature. That hill rises precipitously two hundred and fifty feet above the river—though geologists tell knowingly that in the dim ages of long ago the summit was two hundred feet beneath the surface of the ocean.

Ottawa's first Parliament, in 1867, was made notable because of the Address to the Throne asking that jurisdiction over the Northwest Territory be taken from the hoary Hudson's Bay Company and given to the new Dominion, that the development of the vast beyond might not be hindered.

Of all the historic events witnessed by the Parliament Building during its half century of history, perhaps the most dramatic was that during the construction days of the Canadian Pacific Railway, when, all credit having been exhausted, it was decided by the directors that the sole hope lay in further guarantees by the Government. William Van Horne hurried to Ottawa, told the authorities of the troubles of the road, then retired to an anteroom to await the result.

Anxious moments grew into hours. Was the work to languish and die? Or would the needed help be forthcoming?

SEEING CANADA

At length the messenger came with the word that the Government would give the necessary assistance.

Then what a scene there was! "We tossed up chairs to the ceiling," Van Horne said. "We trampled on desks; I believe we danced on tables. I do not fancy any of us know now what occurred, and no one who was there remembers anything except loud yells of joy and the sound of things breaking."

The building that was the scene of the jubilation of the railroad builder is no more. In 1916 fire destroyed it, and sorrow filled the hearts not only of loyal Canadians, but also of all who found delight in its pure Gothic construction.

But joy took the place of gloom when the new building took form, and it became evident that this was to be as worthy as the old of the praise both of the patriot and the connoisseur.

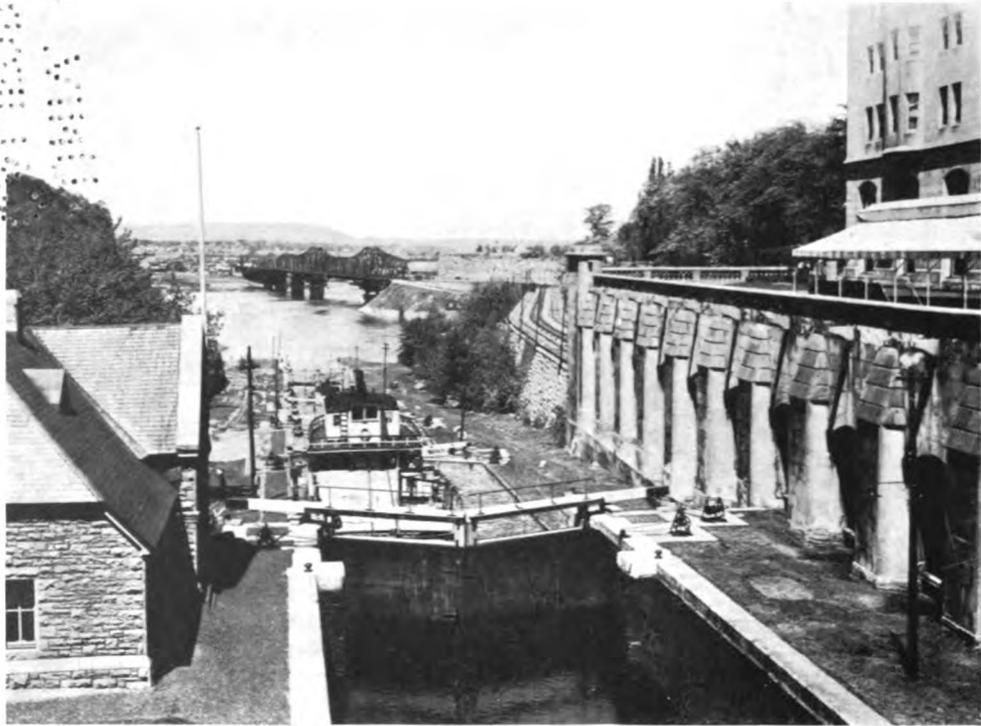
It is easy to spend a day amid the structures on the hill, of which the new Parliament Building is the central attraction. Notable among the things long remembered are the Library Building, the wonderful pillars and arches of Confederation Hall, and the mural paintings in the reading room. In this series of paintings a farm group represents the South of Canada, a fur seeker with a dog team stopping for eager study of an old newspaper that has fallen into his hands pictures life in the North, and a third, of lumbermen with their cant-hooks, represents the West.

And then the view out-of-doors! From the summit of the cliff, or from the terrace cut into the precipitous face, it is superb. There are the bridges, one of them below Chaudière Falls, where the Ottawa is so contracted by the island that a single modest span suffices



CHAUDIÈRE FALLS ON THE OTTAWA RIVER

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**LOCKS ON THE RIDEAU CANAL AT OTTAWA
Nepean Point and the Interprovincial Bridge in the Distance**

IN OTTAWA THE BEAUTIFUL

for the journey from bank to bank. For contrast, there is the graceful railroad bridge of many spans.

Lift the eyes above the stream, and see the Laurentians stretching away to the north and to the northeast. Go down to the leafy terraces, and find spread out a prospect which, while not so wide, is even more effective. The view of the Ottawa is different, and Hull, across the river, is a rest for the eyes before they are lifted to the hills beyond, coquetting with the sky.

The view from Parliament Hill is only a beginning of the delights that crowd on one another as the way is taken down Rideau Street, over the bridge that spans the locks of the Rideau Canal, to the square bounded on one side by the beautiful railway station, on the other by the turreted Château Laurier. And back of the Château a shaded walk stretches past the monument to Champlain to Nepean Point, where an unforgettable panorama is spread out in every direction. From this point the hills to the north look different, while up the river and down the river are stretches of beauty that explain why the Indians delighted in the region. Back by the side of the Château, and beyond, the stairway of locks in the canal is a reminder that one of the experiences of a visit to Ottawa should be a steamer trip as far toward Kingston as it is now possible to go. To the right of the locks rises Parliament Hill, where the tower and roofs mingle with the maples which cluster protectingly about these evidences of Canada's greatness.

Ottawa's claim to be the Capital Beautiful does not rest merely on these views from a comparatively small district in the heart of the city. The residence streets, the parks, the drives would all make notable

SEEING CANADA

an ordinary city. But Ottawa has these as overflowing measures.

And when visitors to the Dominion's Capital gain their consent to leave the city behind, they have an embarrassment of riches in the surrounding country. They can take the steamer for the trip sixty miles down the Ottawa, where one charming vista succeeds another until the distance is covered in a surprisingly brief time. They may prefer to go by rail, across the Alexandra Bridge to Hull, then back to the south side of the Ottawa, until they come to the Mississippi River, with its modest falls near Arnprior, and the widening of the Ottawa into the Allumette Lake at Pembroke. Or they may go up the Gatineau—still a lumbering stream as in the days of Colonel By, supplying a million logs a year to the mills at Ottawa and Rockland—until they reach the trout streams at such an entrancingly named place as Kazubazua, and camping and paddling resorts like Lake Pemichangan or Thirty-one-mile Lake.

Wherever the wanderer from Ottawa goes, he is apt to wish to go just a little farther. When past experience has been so satisfying, it is easy to imagine that another mile or two will disclose marvels more satisfying still.

CHAPTER XI

IN ONTARIO'S METROPOLIS

WHEN the Ontario wilderness still waited for the coming of the White man, the Indians who were always great wanderers, had a favorite route from Lake Ontario to Georgian Bay. This route led them across country to Lake Simcoe and the Severn River, then on to the Bay of Thirty Thousand Islands. The starting point for the land journey was Toronto, "the place of meeting," a flat near the mouths of the Humber and the Don rivers. When Fort Rouillé was built by the French as a fur trading post at the meeting place, Toronto became an easy name for it; and when, at length, in 1793, settlers found their way to the Indian meeting place and built a few log cabins there, the name Toronto was good enough for them. But it was not considered satisfactory when, in 1797, the distinction of Capital of Upper Canada was conferred upon the town. Then Toronto became York, and York it remained for a generation.

Yet visitors were not satisfied with such a simple title; they made it famous as "Dirty Little York." The name persisted even after 1834, when the official title reverted to the original Indian name, Toronto. Nineteen years later, when William H. G. Kingston visited it, he said he expected to see "a jumble of log huts, mud cottages, plank houses, and shanties." When he found a "large, handsome, admirably laid out city," he expressed surprise.

However, in his record of the visit he was careful

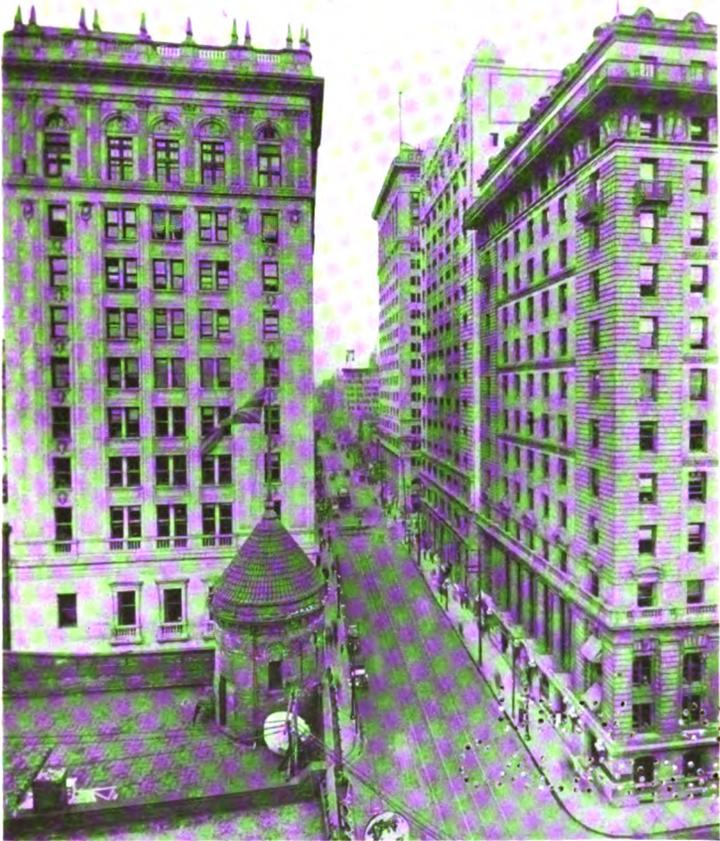
SEEING CANADA

to say, "In speaking of Toronto as a very handsome city, it must be understood rather that it contains all the requisites for becoming one."

And it has become as handsome as Kingston or any other devotee of beauty could ask. From the harbor—the model harbor, on which many millions have been spent—the first vision to greet the stranger is the varied sky-line of the business section which is so much like the sky-line of cities of the United States that the staid man from Great Britain is apt to shake his head in token of disapproval. Why, he wonders, is it not possible for cities on this side of the Atlantic to be satisfied with the style of business building that was pleasing to those of a past generation?

Beyond the business centre, the streets rise rapidly to the hills where the homes of wealth and the homes of the plainer people mingle in democratic manner. Through the heart of the business district leads Yonge Street, a monument to the wisdom of Governor Simcoe. As a part of his plan for developing Upper Canada, he determined to have a street from Lake Ontario thirty-eight miles to Lake Simcoe. To-day a favored route of travel between the two is known as Yonge Street. Is this a prophecy that Toronto is some day to reach out to the lake to the north? And does Dundas Street, which the same empire-builder extended about as far west from the shore of Lake Ontario to Dundas, near Hamilton, forecast similar extension to the southwest?

Perhaps even the most rabid Toronto enthusiasts—there are close to three thousand members in the Board of Trade, which is thus the largest in the British Empire—would hardly suggest enlargement of the borders of the city to Dundas and Lake Simcoe. But



IN THE HEART OF TORONTO'S BUSINESS DISTRICT



GENERAL VIEW OF TORONTO

IN ONTARIO'S METROPOLIS

they like to tell how the land on which the city is built, bought in 1787 from the Mississauga Indians for a total of eighty-five dollars, is now worth a fabulous amount; how the nine hundred inhabitants of 1812 grew to nine thousand at the time of incorporation in 1834, while the eighty-six thousand of 1881 became six hundred thousand forty years later; how the post office receipts and bank clearings progressed even more rapidly; how the place recovered from its historic conflagration during the War of 1812 and the later destructive fire of 1904 that did ten million dollars' damage to the wholesale district; how the trade of the great Northwest has poured into and through its borders; how street cars owned by the city, as well as a wealth of factories, are run by the electric current from Niagara Falls at an unbelievably low cost; how ten thousand acres have been won for industrial purposes, from Ashbridge Bay, as a part of the harbor improvements; how—

But it is high time to interrupt the man from the Board of Trade, though the visitor is compelled to agree with him that Toronto is wonderful, beautiful, enterprising, promising, and satisfying.

The beauty of the city is enhanced not only by its parks, but by the park-like grounds of the Provincial Parliament Buildings, of the University of Toronto, and—almost in the heart of the city—of St. James' Cathedral and the Metropolitan Methodist Church. The buildings that rise from the midst of these bits of green help to make good Toronto's claim to the title, "The Queen City."

The city is popular with those who travel, as well as with its citizens. In winter visitors find variety in the cold weather recreations provided, and in summer they

SEEING CANADA

learn that, when the city itself has been investigated, there are any number of excursions to places of interest near by. First comes the water trip to the mouth of the Niagara River, and from there to the Falls. Then there are opportunities for automobile rides to the east, to the north, and to the west. Roads are inviting, and so are the towns and cities within easy reach.

Down at the head of Lake Ontario is Hamilton, which is as large as Toronto was a generation ago, and as beautiful as any city can ask to be. Half way to Detroit is London, which boasts her location on the Thames in the midst of surroundings peculiarly attractive and of notable historic interest.

From the head of navigation on the Thames, and only a day's pleasant ride by automobile from Toronto, Chatham sends an invitation, while Stratford, St. Catherines, Guelph, and St. Thomas, add to the lure of names that whisper of foreign associations and individual claims to the attention to those who would know more of the territory over which Toronto reigns from her seat between the hills and the waters of Ontario.



A BUSY CORNER OF THE FRUIT MARKET, HAMILTON, ONTARIO

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CHAPTER XII

AMID ONTARIO'S MYRIAD LAKES

ONTARIO owes a tremendous debt to the great ice sheet of long ago. When it disappeared, it left behind lake basins by the thousand and ten thousand, filled with crystal clear water, ideal lurking places for fish of many species that fill with joy the heart of the angler. These basins are connected, many of them, by intricate waterways where the canoeist can spend a lifetime of vacations in paddling his way into the mysteries of the wild, and then would only have begun to make his way about the maze of channels and bays, of straits and broad expanses, of portages and island camping places. Even the fur seekers of the Hudson's Bay Company found it impossible to penetrate to all the ideal trapping grounds which these lakes provided, though the trading posts and factories were placed in spots so inaccessible that modern hunters, after undergoing many privations and facing trying hardships, find the reminders of their presence where these hunters once thought no white man had ever been.

The lakes of Ontario are not confined to the hidden regions far from the route of travel; they are thick in the southern counties of the province, and are placed so advantageously that the resident of the populous counties can reach them with ease. They are sprinkled without favoritism from James Bay down to Lake Ontario, and from Toronto to Port Arthur, and through the districts farther north. They differ infinitely in

SEEING CANADA

size and in contour, but whether they have the wealth of water of Nipigon, the marvelous variety of Muskoka, or the amazing spread of Timagami or the Lake of Bays, all have a message for those who delight in going where Nature shows her most winsome face.

Sometimes the Lake Superior traveller is lured on to Lake Nipigon, which has been called the sixth of the Great Lakes, because from it the water pours down the Nipigon River to help fill Lake Superior. The name is a contraction of the Ojibway "Aweenipigo," the water that stretches far: thus the Indians celebrated the more than eight hundred miles of shore line of this clear lake which is the central feature of the Nipigon Forest Reserve, set apart by the Provincial Government for the preservation of the fish, the game, and the surrounding wilderness.

Nipigon can satisfy the most ardent canoeist, not only on its own island-studded, bay-broken waters, but by such ventures into the back country as the one-hundred-and-fifty-mile wonder tour, first out into the Pustagone River, then by a brief carry to the Sturgeon River, and through little lakes and streams and over portages until he finds himself back on the bosom of Nipigon. The rushing outlet, the Nipigon River, drops three hundred feet in its forty-mile progress to Lake Superior—a joyful progress through wonders of islands and falls, rapids and canyons, whose churning waters test the skill of the most watchful wielder of the paddle, and past camping spots in the silent places where the evergreens tower in majesty. The joy of the passage of such a waterway is so great that it is easy to lose sight of the fact that Ontario's Hydro-Electric Power Commission is compelling the waters in just

AMID ONTARIO'S MYRIAD LAKES

such streams to do the bidding of those who live on the farms as well as those who crowd into the towns and cities.

Lake Huron, too, has the distinction of being fed by a river where the seeker after wilderness delights may camp and fish and canoe to his heart's content. Into the upper end of that magnificent island-studded extension of the lake known as Georgian Bay, comes the French River, after picturesque wanderings for sixty miles from Lake Nipissing, through little lakes along the way and by channels sometimes so intricate that it seems a wonder the waters of Nipissing manage to reach Georgian Bay, or that Champlain could find a passage on his memorable voyage up the Ottawa to Mattawa, then over to Nipissing, and across to the waters of Lake Huron. Yet the path he marked out was taken by his successors, both explorers and fur-traders, for a century and a half, as it is to-day the route of those who seek a journey of more than one hundred miles through country that might well be called the Canoeist's Delight.

Routes for the canoe and the power boat abound also amid the countless rocky islands of the southern end of Georgian Bay and on by the Muskoka River into the labyrinth of channels and islands and peninsulas that have been fitted together to form Lake Joseph, Lake Rosseau, and Lake Muskoka, where in generations of long ago the Hurons hunted under the clear skies which led them to call the region Muskoka. To these waters, with their rugged, fairy islands, access is so easy that vacation-seekers go there in throngs; yet the wealth of the Muskoka country is great enough to

SEEING CANADA

satisfy the longings of the most ardent seeker of wilderness loveliness.

Northeast of the Muskoka country is the Lake of Bays district, to which the water traveller may gain easy access by the South Branch of the Muskoka River—that is, access will be easy if he is fond of portages around falls and rapids, and if he knows how to smile at what, to a man in a hurry, would be difficulties and hindrances. But hurry and nerves cannot survive for the man who threads the waters of the Highlands of Ontario.

The Muskoka River flows from the Lake of Bays, which, by sprawling over a wide expanse, manages to provide a shore line of inexhaustable variety and infinite delight. From the upper end of the lake a portage of a mile shows the way to Remember Lake. Then come Fairy Lake and Lake Vernon—which is fed by East River, whose sources are in the heart of Algonquin Provincial Park, the reservation of nearly three thousand square miles set apart by Ontario for the preservation of forests and rivers and lakes, and for the pleasure of those who would hunt and fish and make their summer camp far from the rush of daily life.

More prosaic entrance to the wonders of the park can be found by the railroad that cuts across the north-west corner, crossing Ivioshkoque Lake, skirting Cedar Lake and Trout Lake, and following the Petawawa River. Another railway line follows the Madawaska River and Long Lake, and scores more of the park's delights. But let no one think to have seen Algonquin Park until he goes between the railway lines, and listens to the revelations of Tea Lake and White Trout Lake, of Opeongo Lake and Lake Lavielle, of Bonne-



VENETIA ISLANDS, MUSKOKA LAKES, ONTARIO



HIGHLAND INN AND CACHE LAKE, ALGONQUIN PARK, ONTARIO

AMID ONTARIO'S MYRIAD LAKES

chere River, and White Partridge Creek, of the upper waters of Petawawa, and the wandering Little Nipissing River. More than fifteen hundred lakes, with forest-covered shores and tree-clad islands and hundreds of connecting waterways proclaim the wisdom of those who planned that their riches should remain the possession of the people rather than the prize of a favored few who would quickly rob them of their glory and leave desolate Ontario's game preserve and pleasure ground, where five rivers have their source.

One of Algonquin Park's rivers, South River, turns north, soon after leaving the western boundary of the park, and seeks Lake Nipissing. Thus the adventurer in the wilderness can find his way from the park through Lake Nipissing to the mouth of Sturgeon River, which reaches away to the north. Picturesque falls and rapids punctuate progress to the mouth of the Timagami River, then for many miles, through a most attractive country, past more falls and rapids and over portages, to pine-surrounded Cross Lake. Cross Lake leads on to the marvelously indented Lake Timagami, whose arms, like the tentacles of an octopus, reach to all parts of the Timagami Forest Reserve. The amazing contour of the shore can be pictured from the bald statement that, although it covers but ninety square miles, it has been estimated that a man who would follow all the indentations would have to cover three thousand miles!

There is the outline. Fill in with great forests, crowding islands, green hills, fish and game almost without limit, and hear the call of the "Deep Water" of the Indians.

When the time has come to pass from Timagami it

SEEING CANADA

will be found that the North Arm leads, by grace of helpful portages, into Lady Evelyn Lake, then through twenty miles of winding streams, now broad, now narrow, past the barrier of Mattawapika Falls, into the Montreal River.

Or a longer and still more enticing route may be taken through a chain of lakes strung carelessly from the region west of Bear Island, which might be described as the body from which the arms of octopus-like Timagami are thrust. On Bear Island there is a Hudson's Bay Company post and an Indian village.

This alternative route—which adds several days to the journey of delight—is marked by Gull Lake, Turtle Lake, and the Ojibway-named Manito-pee-pa-gee, or Devil's Lake—fifteen miles, including portages, a good day's run.

On the second day it will be difficult to resist a side trip to Wa-wi-ash-kashing, where there is bass fishing supreme, and where the lordly moose may be seen on the shore or plowing his way through the waters.

More days and more lakes—Emerald Lake and Obabika, Wakimika and Non-wa-kaming. Then the unexpected beauty of Lady Evelyn Falls, the island-studded channel of Lady Evelyn Lake, memorable for its charm even when neighboring lakes are so alluring, and the final stage to the Montreal River.

For some forty or fifty miles Montreal River leads through more wilderness, interrupted by a bit of civilization where the railroad follows the bank for three or four miles; past rapids and falls, amid the rounded forest-covered hills, sometimes widening out into little lakes, again crowding between rock walls, as in the Notch close to the mouth where the river churns and



ON LAKE TIMISKAMING, ONTARIO



AFTER THE DAY'S HUNT, NORTHERN ONTARIO

AMID ONTARIO'S MYRIAD LAKES

foams through a rocky gorge whose sides rise precipitously to meet the spruce trees that crowd out over the flood as if they would touch hands with their green neighbors on the precipice opposite.

Thus the Montreal River leads to Lake Timiskaming, with the Province of Quebec on the other side. The mouth of the river is near the south end of the lake, which reaches seventy-six miles toward Hudson Bay. Its waters formed an important link in the water journey of the early fur traders from Montreal. From the Ottawa they passed to Timiskaming—which is really but a widening of that river—on by ever convenient lake portages to Lake Abitibi, and then to the stream that flows into James Bay.

Only a few miles south of the lower end of Lake Timiskaming is Mattawa on the Ottawa River, where the adventurers bound for the north parted company with those who turned westward in the search for Lake Huron and the country beyond.

CHAPTER XIII

TWELVE HUNDRED MILES ON THE GREAT LAKES

THE most striking section of what has been called the world's most remarkable boundary line—that between Canada and the United States—passes through four of the five Great Lakes, threads the Niagara River, bisects the Falls, and finds its way between the friendly banks of the Detroit, the St. Clair, and the St. Mary rivers.

The traveller who traces this line thinks with wonder that he is passing where history was made by Indians, by explorers, by traders, by warriors. But it will be still more wonderful to think that he is tracing an unguarded boundary; not once in thousands of miles is there evidence of the jealous dread that causes armaments and preparations for defence. The fortresses are only relics; the records of warfare tell of days so far away that they are lost in the mists of the past. For, to quote a writer on international relations, "In 1817, by a simple exchange of diplomatic notes war vessels were banished from Lake Champlain and the Great Lakes, and the agreement, adjusted to meet the changing conditions of ship construction and revenue patrol, endures to this day."

Memories of the times of suspicion and strife begin at once after Ontario's waters are entered, for Kingston, the first capital of Upper Canada, still has the empty shells of defences that succeeded the Fort Cataraqui and Fort Frontenac of long ago.

But the memories of the staid city by Cataraqui

TWELVE HUNDRED MILES ON THE GREAT LAKES

River go back even of the earliest French fort, to the day in 1632 when Champlain passed that way, named the broad waters Lake St. Louis, and noted on his map of the region that, on the spot where the West Point of Canada was built more than two centuries later, there were large numbers of "stags," as he called the wapiti—an animal found to-day only in a few scattered districts of Canada's great West.

Those who ride at ease in the palatial steamers that ply between Kingston and Toronto find it difficult to imagine the days of La Salle, who in 1679 built the first sailing vessel on Lake Ontario. His shipyard was at Cabins, as Kingston was then called.

Fortunately the present-day successor of La Salle's little sloop keeps close to the north shore of the lake, instead of launching out to the region of the mid-lake boundary line. Thus it follows the tortuous channel between the mainland and the irregular peninsula of Prince Edward County, through the beautiful Bay of Quinte, to Trenton, at the mouth of the Trent, the stream which is the outlet of Trenton Waterway, through a bewildering succession of rivers, creeks, and lakes, to Lake Simcoe, and on to Midland on Georgian Bay. Think of two hundred miles of the best canoeing waters, in the midst of the richest section of Ontario, past Peterborough, the father town of the most famous of all canoes; through the curious Hydraulic Lift Lock, where the canoe enters one of two twin steel locks, and is lifted more than sixty feet when the second lock is filled with water; on to Lake Katchewanooka and the rest of the Kawartha lakes, and finally from Lake Simcoe to Lake Couchiching, the "Lake of Many Winds," and through the Severn to Georgian Bay!

SEEING CANADA

Once the Ojibway Indians took delight in passing along these waters, and to-day braves of the old tribe are glad to serve as guides to those who would go with them through the country that still whispers tales of the days when the Iroquois fought the Hurons, and when the Mississaugas took their turn at conquest.

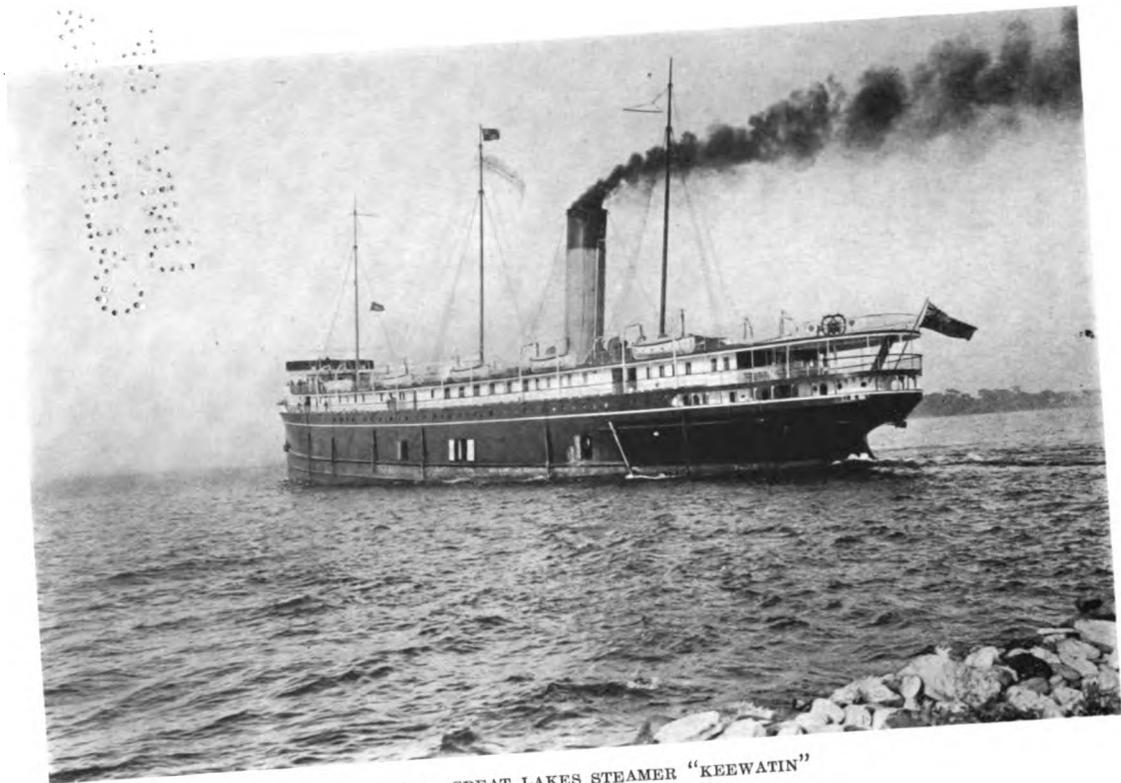
Those who take the short cut offered by the Trenton Waterway should also make the roundabout journey which leads past Toronto and into the Niagara River, between Fort Niagara on the United States side and Fort Mississaga on the Canadian side, up through the gorge which marks the recessions of the Falls through countless centuries, then by car along the bank, past the Whirlpool and the three bridges thrust daringly across the swift waters, until the overwhelming spectacle of the Falls appears, as it appeared to Hennepin in 1678. Three years later he published the story of his impressions, and ever since visitors have tried to tell of the indescribable tumult of the plunging waters, the majesty of their descent over the brink, the graceful curves along the three-quarters of a mile of the crest, broken by the green of Goat Island, the impressive straight front of the American Falls, and the ever deepening apex of the Horseshoe Falls.

Queen Victoria Park, set apart on the Canadian side that visitors may enjoy the Falls without hindrance, vies with the New York State Reservation on the opposite shore in giving opportunities for studying the vast spectacle in all its moods. But many will feel like agreeing with the observer of the Canadian Geological Survey when he says that in many respects the grandest and certainly the most comprehensive view of the Falls, and of the river both above and below the Falls, is



NIAGARA FALLS FROM THE CANADIAN SIDE

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C. P. R. GREAT LAKES STEAMER "KEEWATIN"

TWELVE HUNDRED MILES ON THE GREAT LAKES

obtained from the point called Falls View on the Canadian side, not far from the memorial on the battle-field of Lundy's Lane, one of the numerous memorials that tell of historic events within sound of Niagara.

After listening long to the resounding boom of the Falls, the quiet of the renewed boat trip—now along the waters of Lake Erie—is a welcome change, though the opportunity for rest is short unless the temptation to take excursions up some of the streams entering the lake is resisted.

One such temptation comes beyond Point Maitland, where the Grand River joins the lake after leaping over impeding rocks and falling six hundred feet within two hundred miles, and one thousand feet from its source. This meandering stream was a well-known haunt of the Indians, who sought its banks for their hunting, its waters for their fishing, and the long reaches for their canoeing.

A particularly popular portion of the river was in the vicinity of Brantford, the city named for Brant, chief of the Mohawks, and long famous as the headquarters town of the Iroquois.

Above Brantford and Galt the haunts of the Indians are everywhere, especially in the neighborhood of Elora, where the Grand River flows through a canyon whose sheer walls of dolomite rise more than eighty feet. From a tributary gorge comes the Irvine River, after a journey between walls as deep as those of the Grand River Canyon, and surroundings as beautiful. Just above the junction are the Elora Falls of the Grand, a site set apart by Indian legend, as are the numerous glens farther up stream, once secure hiding places of the hunted savages.

SEEING CANADA

Perhaps thirty miles from the mouth of the Grand River the little Lynn River enters the lake. The stream is remarkable chiefly because of its connection with the expedition of François Dollier de Casson and Renè de Brehant de Galinée, who, on March 23, 1670, erected a cross on the shores of Lake Erie, with the arms of Louis XIV at the foot. Thus they took possession of the region for France. The inscription placed on the cross told how they, with seven other Frenchmen, had been the first Europeans to winter on the lake. Near by are traces of the foundation outlines of the buildings in which the winter was passed. And on a promontory high above the water a modern cross, erected in July, 1922, by the Canadian National Parks, calls the attention of the pilgrim of to-day to the cross of other days.

Another reservation of the people is one hundred miles or so farther on, beyond Rondeau Harbor. On the little peninsula Pointe aux Pins a wonderful bit of primeval forest has been set apart in the Rondeau Provincial Park. Of the eight square miles in the park perhaps half are covered by forest. There game animals, including many deer and beaver, are protected from the hunter, and prove a constant lure to the student of wild life.

Not far away, on a triangular bit of land, extending nine miles out into the lake—the southernmost portion of Canada—is Point Pelee National Park, dedicated to the preservation of wild life, and especially the migratory birds. There, in spring and fall, the birds pause on their journeys to and from the Northland. Wild fowl breed in the marshes, and trees make beautiful the west side of the point, which looks toward Point Pelee Island, and its companions scattered about in

TWELVE HUNDRED MILES ON THE GREAT LAKES

Lake Erie, toward the shore of Ohio. Most famous of these islands is Put-in-Bay, noted for its connection with Commodore Perry and the Battle of Lake Erie.

Soon after leaving Point Pelee the steamer joins the procession of vessels—carriers of ore, of coal, or grain—that passes to and from the Detroit River, Lake St. Clair and the St. Clair River, where, for nearly one hundred miles, Ontario comes within hailing distance of Michigan.

At the entrance of the St. Clair River from Lake Huron is Port Sarnia, favorite of Canadian vessels, which shares with Collingwood, Owen Sound and Port McNicoll, on Georgian Bay, the honor of sending out palatial passenger ships and receiving heavily laden cargo carriers.

It is not enough to study the wonders of Georgian Bay from a through steamer. It is far better to take a few days on a motor boat or on one of the little vessels that make daily trips among the fringe of rocky islands that find shelter close to the eastern shore of the bay. The islands are popularly said to number thirty thousand. But it might be as accurate to speak of the Forty Thousand Islands of Georgian Bay; probably no one would question the accuracy of the estimate.

And what islands they are! Islands that are mere dots in the water, and islands that cover many acres; islands bare, and islands covered with thick woods. But all are rocky, and each offers a restful summer home to some family from the noisier regions far from the water.

There is a wonderful charm about life in these islands. The channels for the motor boat are legion. The coming of the mail boat or the grocery boat affords

SEEING CANADA

the chief excitement of the day. Then families attend church under the trees of some central island, after a trip in rowboat, canoe or launch. One who has watched the gathering of the boats from all directions does not forget the thrill of the sight. And when, Sunday past, he is privileged to go inland by one of the numerous rivers or creeks that come from the Muskoka region, as, for instance, the Go Home River, named by the Indian hunters of long ago because that was "the way we go home," he is apt to feel that a home amid the islands of Georgian Bay is a little bit of paradise.

A pathetic relic of the Indians who clung to the archipelago as long as they could is pointed out on Christian Island, near Midland. On the island, during the winter of 1649-1650, eight thousand Hurons, the remnant of the nation, sought refuge from their relentless foes on the mainland, the Iroquois. The protectors of the Hurons were a company of Jesuit priests, who, for ten years, had lived in Fort Ste. Marie, near the present town of Penetanquishene. When their wards needed to retire to the island three miles from the mainland, they destroyed the fort, and, with the aid of the Hurons, built Fort Ste. Marie II on Christian Island. It was a strong stone fortress, with a palisade.

The Jesuit Relations of 1650 told joyfully and hopefully of the country and the prospects:

"Those great forests which, since the creation of the world, have not been broken by the hand of man, received us *pour hostes*, and the land without digging furnishes us with stone and ciment which we needed to fortify ourselves against our enemies, so that, thanks to God, we find ourselves in a very good state of defence, having built a little fort so strongly that it

TWELVE HUNDRED MILES ON THE GREAT LAKES

will easily defend itself and fear neither fire nor mining nor the escalade of the Iroquois.”

While there were no attacks by the Iroquois, more insidious enemies were present—starvation and disease. The efforts of the protectors to store food were not sufficient, and before spring all but three hundred of the Hurons perished. Visitors to the island are shown a grave, twenty-five feet in circumference, where hundreds of the Indians were buried.

The fort was abandoned on June 10, 1650, when the Jesuits stole away to Quebec, in company with the survivors. The passing years have been kind to the structure reared with such hope; the remains can yet be traced close to the southeastern shore. Within the ruined wall is a spring protected by solid masonry, while the cedar drain built to carry away the waste water is still to be seen.

The site is marked by a mural tablet, placed by the Canadian National Parks Branch of the Department of the Interior.

When, at length, Georgian Bay with all its wonderful islands must be left behind, it is found that the way toward Sault Ste. Marie is all but barred by Manitoulin Island—the Island of the Great Spirit—which the Indians who had long gloried in the possession of the islands of Georgian Bay—Chippewas, Ottawas, and Saugins—accepted in exchange. The agreement was made, in 1836, at Manitowaning, a town in the eastern part of the island. The descendants of these Indians now live on a reservation, while settlers occupy most of the island that was promised to the savages.

Rugged cliffs like the Devil's Needle, near Manitowaning, placid lakes in the interior, and little islands

SEEING CANADA

off the coast, add to the beauty and interest of the surroundings. One of these islands, Cloche, is on one side of the exit to the eastward of the North Passage, while Manitoulin is on the other side. Between the two islands there is a peculiar current that frequently delays the lumber rafts that seek to use the exit. A publication of the Geological Survey of Canada explains this vexing current, which gives name to the village of Little Current, on Manitoulin: "When the wind blows strongly for several days in one direction, it heaps up the water on one side of the passage, and lowers it on the other, sufficiently to start a current, the direction of which depends on the direction of the wind." That explanation hardly satisfies the lumberman who is anxious to hasten his passage through the dangerous region.

The western end of Manitoulin Island points toward the St. Mary's River, whose rapids, still called Sault Ste. Marie, were visited by Indians, traders, priests, and explorers from the founding, in 1641, of the Mission of St. Mary. The falls were long a menace to navigation, but finally the Hudson's Bay Company built the first primitive canal whose remains may be traced, by the grace of the National Parks service, which has restored part of the old locks, and has planned for a monument and a tablet to commemorate the predecessor of the magnificent modern locks, both Canadian and American, through which passes a commerce of tremendous size and importance. The Canadian Lock, nine hundred feet long, enables vessels to change their level eighteen feet.

The eyes of those who pass through the locks are attracted to the north, where beautiful hills bound the



ON THE NORTH SHORE, LAKE SUPERIOR



FORT WILLIAM, ONTARIO

TWELVE HUNDRED MILES ON THE GREAT LAKES

horizon. This attraction is not lessened by the thought that, less than two hundred miles beyond the river, near Franz, gold has been discovered in paying quantities, and has been mined for some years.

Beyond the St. Mary's River lies Lake Superior, the tremendous inland sea that is father of the Great Lakes. The vessel is soon out of sight of land, for few islands break the great sweep of water. One of these islands, Michipicoten, close to the northeast shore, since its discovery in 1760 by Alexander Henry has been visited by many seekers after gold and copper, who have called it "The Island of Yellow Sands." Gold may be scarce, but those who have visited the island in search of the joy of the camp and the trout fishing have not yet been disappointed: there are undreamed-of riches for those who are willing to forget civilization for a time and, in the words of an enthusiast, "eat fish chowder from the dipper, breathe the liberty of our camp life, work with the hands like a beaver, fish the unvisited waters, and at night feel the papillæ of the tongue rise by the thousands and stand erect to meet the toothsome camp cooking served in the twilight, and then turn in with every muscle weary from the jolly trail, to rest on balsam boughs!"

Northwest of Michipicoten is the section of the north shore of the lake that is so wonderful whether seen from the steamer or from the train of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which clings to the shore, darting over the rocks, flashing through tunnels, rushing over great promontories, crossing the trout-filled streams that come down from the north. It will not be easy to forget the time occupied by progress through scenes of such splendor.

SEEING CANADA

Islands and bays and cliffs follow in splendid array, until Thunder Cape rises thirteen hundred feet above the water. And a mile away is Silver Islet, only eighty feet in diameter where, in 1868, silver was discovered. Nearly four million dollars' worth of the precious metal was recovered before a flood of water in 1884 put an end to the mining.

But farther on is greater wealth than any silver mine can offer, in busy Port Arthur and Fort William, the Twin Cities which receive into monster elevators the golden grain of the great plains, and load it into steamers for the journey down to the St. Lawrence, and so to Europe.

CHAPTER XIV

FROM LAKE SUPERIOR TO WINNIPEG

THE fur traders and explorers of one and two centuries ago would have been amused by a prophecy that their weary journey between Lake Superior and Fort Garry on the Red River—a journey that cost them weeks of toil—would one day be made in the daylight hours of a single day.

Some of these travellers of the days gone by took the route around the lower end of the Lake of the Woods, following the streams that form part of the boundary between Canada and the United States. Others chose to go across the lakes. Still others made their way by a network of streams to the east and north of the lakes. But whatever way they took, they found the country difficult.

And it is difficult to-day—except for those who take a railway. On one of the railways they can keep close to the International Boundary, past bustling International Falls, and on to the point where Rainy River makes its exit from the Lake of the Woods for the epic journey to Lake Superior. At this point stood Fort St. Pierre, built in 1731 by La Verandrye, after his journey overland from the site of Fort William.

Two other railway lines plunge into the wilderness and make their way to the north of the Lake of the Woods through a sportsman's paradise. Difficulty may still be found by those who leave these railroads. But how wonderfully they are repaid for facing the obstacles that did not daunt the sturdy men of the

SEEING CANADA

forest in the days when the Rainy Lake country was on the border of the unexplored regions!

The journey begins at the lusty Twin Cities, Port Arthur and Fort William, where arteries of steel draw the golden grain from the prairies of the West, where giant elevators send that grain in a steady stream to the steel vessels that seek the docks of those wonder cities of Lake Superior.

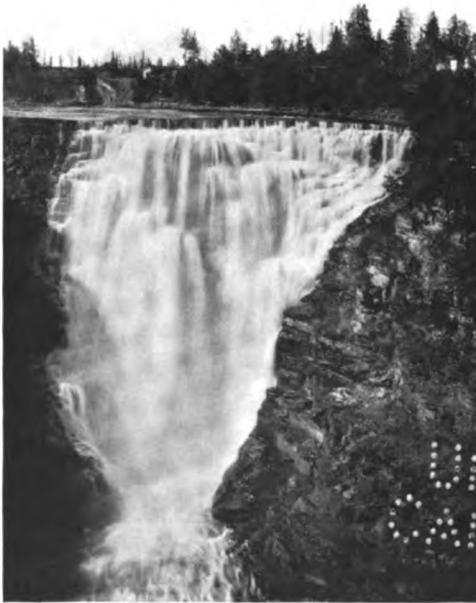
The passenger who lands from the steamer after his experience of some of the typical Lake Superior island and shore scenery is prepared to be disappointed by what he sees on land. But he will find that he has prepared himself in vain. After one visit Fort William and Port Arthur will stand out in his memory as distinctly as Rio de Janeiro or Cape Town. For, as Rio has its Sugar Loaf Rock, rising precipitously from the harbor, and as Cape Town has its granite Table Mountain, Fort William and Port Arthur have Mount McKay, sixteen hundred feet high, rugged, clothed in green, not a mere stingy mountain peak, but a ridge of varied form, stretching off into the distance.

A visit to Mount McKay for the sake of the climb, as well as the view of the city, the harbor and the lake, by no means exhausts the possibilities of Fort William. There are the ingeniously constructed harbor, the huge flour mills, the monster elevators, the old fort used by the Hudson's Bay Company, and the branching Kaministikwia River, route of trading Indians as well as of the troops that sought Fort Garry in 1870 because of Riel's Rebellion.

The Kaministikwia proves a friend to modern Fort William as it did to those who floated down its waters to Lake Superior. For a journey of a little more than



ELEVATORS AT THE HEAD OF LAKE SUPERIOR



KABABEKA FALLS, ONTARIO



ON THE NIPIGON RIVER, ONTARIO

FROM LAKE SUPERIOR TO WINNIPEG

twenty miles brings the traveller to Kababeka Falls, which, with their width of four hundred feet and their height of one hundred and fifty feet, burst surprisingly on those who are not prepared for what they are to see. The admiration of those who see the falls in their setting of green is increased by the knowledge that Fort William enjoys the 75,000 horse power harnessed there.

The policy of conserving natural resources illustrated at Kababeka Falls was responsible for the dedication, in 1903, of Quetico Park, an enticing region of more than fifteen hundred square miles, where lake and river show the way to the heart of some of the best timber, moose, deer, and fishing country in this fascinating region of southwestern Ontario. It is possible to secure the fish, but no hunting is permitted. There the moose and the deer can thrive for the benefit of the country adjacent to the park.

How it whets the appetite for the wild merely to read the tale of the boundaries of Quetico; on the south, the International Boundary; on the north and west, the Quetico River and Long, Pickerel, and other lakes; on the east, the Thunder Bay district. And all the wonders of the waters and the woods included within these boundaries are the gift of Ontario to those who know how to get real enjoyment from them! Forest shelters are provided, and rangers who will give directions may be found every few miles.

Beyond Quetico, Rainy Lake, fifty miles long, offers varied delights to the canoeist, the fisherman, and the camper. But it is not necessary to take to the canoe, if the more prosaic steamer is preferred. And the canoe will be useful for a voyage—with portages—up the Rainy River to the Lake of the Woods, which sprawls

SEEING CANADA

its generous fourteen hundred square miles from the International Boundary north to the Canadian Pacific Railway and west over the border into the province of Manitoba. If, after the canoe has followed in the path of the French explorers who discovered it in 1660, among the islands whose green foliage contrasts so delightfully with the blue of the lake, the appetite for exploration is still unsatisfied, it is possible to go on to the northwest through the Winnipeg River, thence to the north successively by Winnipeg Lake and Nelson River to Hudson Bay. Then there is clear water to James Bay, and back again almost to the starting point, by way of Albany River and its headwaters. No sportsman will be tempted to cry out for canoeing waters when he reaches western Ontario. For the wealth of water there can only be compared to the wealth of timber, of wild life, and even of minerals. There are many indications of gold in the Rainy Lake and Lake of the Woods country.

CHAPTER XV

MANITOBA AND ITS CAPITAL CITY

IT IS a mistake to think that romance ends in Canada when Quebec and the Maritime Provinces have been left behind. In the history of Manitoba there is so much romance that it colors all the thousands of square miles of surface just as surely as the green of the growing grass, the gold of the ripened wheat, the dead black of the rich prairie soil, or the leagues of white when snow and ice hold the land in thrall. For here are regions where people of Europe's best mingle freely with half-breeds, with descendants of the voyageurs of the heroic days, with the Mennonites who sought Canada for religious freedom, and left it for Mexico because of language restrictions, only to beg to be allowed to return because it was not in accordance with their idea of liberty to live among bandits.

The romantic story begins with La Verandrye, who, in 1738, founded Fort Rouge where the Assiniboine River enters the Red River, a spot which is a part of the site of the modern Winnipeg. And it continues through the wonderfully varied records of the Hudson's Bay Company, that wielder of autocratic power over a territory that was greater than half a dozen countries of Europe, whose interests were not in the development of the country, but its exploitation for the fur trade, whose warfare was not only with the powerful Northwest Company, long its rival in the search for furs, but with the trapper who dared to carry on his business without the approval of the Company, or with the settler who, attracted by the fertility of the prairies,

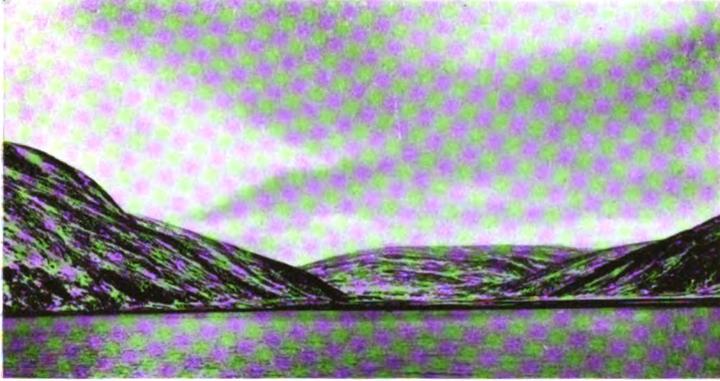
SEEING CANADA

dreamed of carving out a home for his family and making a living from the soil. Even as late as the middle of the nineteenth century one of the Company's factors, as the head man at a trading post was called, wrote in his diary:

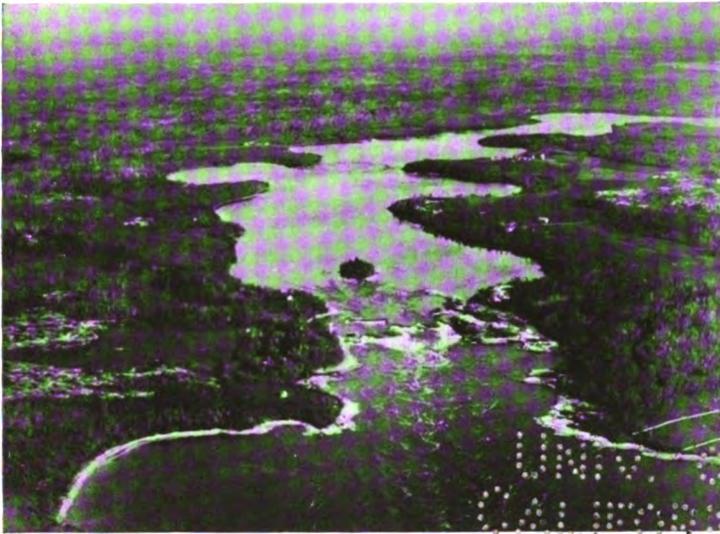
"It was well understood among the officers and servants of the Hudson's Bay Company that they were employed solely in the interests of the fur trade, and not as agricultural agents or mining experts. When we observed fine vegetables raised on a few spots by the missionaries we knew they were to be regarded simply as small 'oases' in a vast desert in which, by great care and a wonderful dispensation of Providence, such cultivation was made possible. The rest of the country was to be considered as fit only for furs, Indians, and buffalo."

The territory included in the Manitoba of to-day was the heart of the Hudson's Bay Company's autocratic pretensions. The sprawling lakes and connecting watercourses were a labyrinth whose secrets were known to the trappers who went far afield for furs, as well as to those who manned the supply boats that put out from centres like Fort Garry in the south; from famous Norway House at the upper end of Lake Winnipeg; from Nelson House, at the headwaters of Nelson River; from a dozen more outposts whose mere names bring back the flavor of the days of heroic striving to those who to-day trace the waterways of the fur seekers.

Few people are so fortunate as to be able to thread the labyrinthine waterways of Manitoba. But it is possible to take the Canadian National Railway from Winnipeg, through the country west of Lakes Manitoba and Winnipegosis, then northeast to The Pas, long



A HUDSON BAY LANDSCAPE



IN THE PELICAN NARROWS, FAR FUR COUNTRY, NORTHWEST OF THE PAS
MANITOBA

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MANITOBA AND ITS CAPITAL CITY

known as the gateway to the Northwest, and on through a country whose waterways stretch for nearly five hundred miles to Port Nelson on Hudson Bay. The railroad has not yet reached the body of water that gave its name to the greatest trading company in the world's history, but it is bound there, and soon the traveller who is willing to endure a few discomforts can go in a day or two where long weeks were required for the painful transportation of the days of long ago.

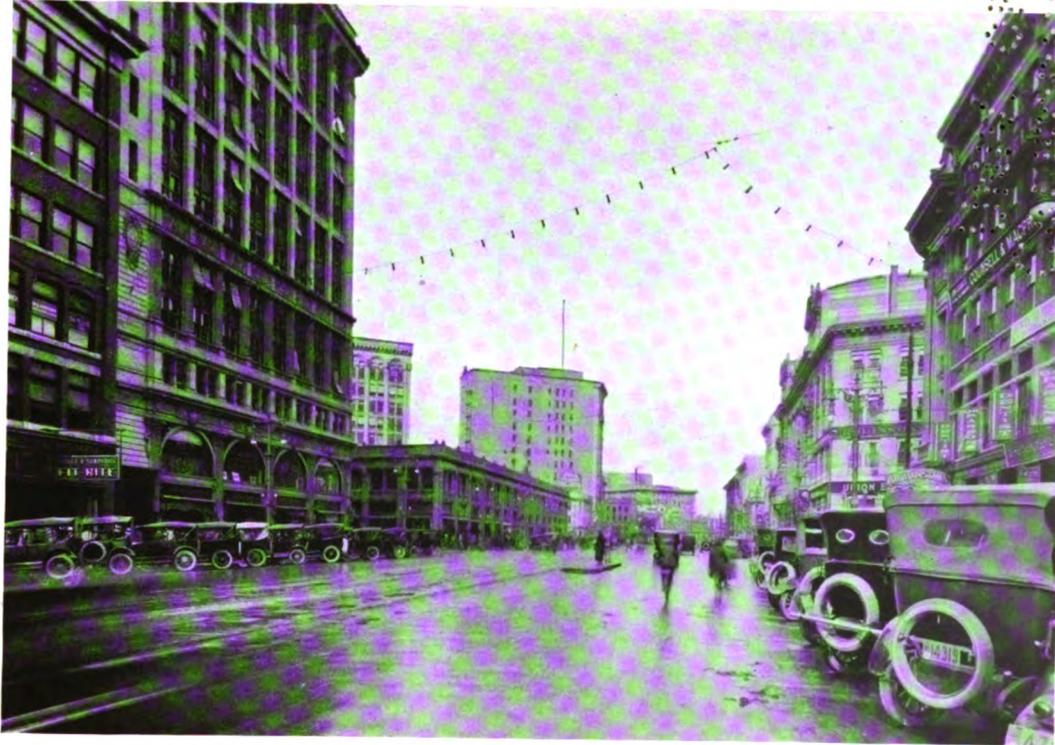
There are other avenues of approach to the great north country. There is transportation by the Red River to Lake Winnipeg, then up through the shallow waters of Lake Winnipeg which, for a distance of two hundred and sixty miles, reaches to the heart of Manitoba. The voyage ends at Grand Rapids, where the Saskatchewan River enters the lake. Then a steamer ascends the Saskatchewan eight hundred miles across Saskatchewan to Edmonton, in the heart of Alberta. The route leads to The Pas—where the knowing tourist who is not afraid of a little cold goes to see the climax of the Annual Dog Derby, run by teams of huskies entered from all over the Northland, after the fashion of the years when the Hudson's Bay Company was in its glory. But before The Pas is reached the boat winds through Cedar Lake, notable for many reasons, not least of these being the fact that it is the northern boundary of Lake Winnipegosis Game Reserve and the southern boundary of Cedar Lake Game Reserve which, together, contain more than thirty-five hundred square miles of the fifty-one hundred square miles in the thirteen game reserves of Manitoba. Together these reserves are said to form the most important protected breeding grounds for ducks and geese on the North American continent. As

SEEING CANADA

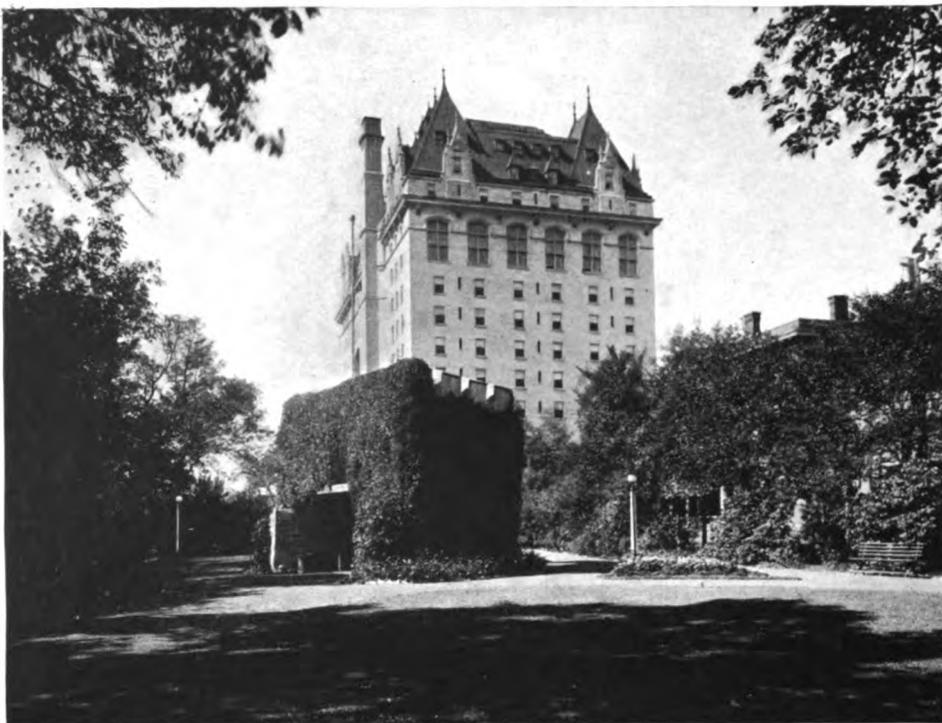
if this were not, to the sportsman, cause sufficient for seeking the territory, there is the added reason that, in Cedar Lake Reserve, the carrying of firearms for the killing of game, except wild-fowl and other game-birds, is permitted, while trapping is allowed. Privileges like these are given in no other game reserve in Manitoba.

An easy portage leads from Cedar Lake into Lake Winnipegosis, whose two thousand square miles makes it almost the twin of Lake Manitoba, farther south, the continuation of a canoe trip that is as possible to-day as it was when furs were king in Canada. Lake Manitoba is remarkable, not merely for its five hundred and thirty-five miles of shore line and its many islands, but also for the curious Narrows where superstitious Crees and Saltaux thought they heard the voice of the Great Spirit when the wind moaned through this region. This primitive belief gave the name to the lake and to the province—Manitowaba, the Narrows of the Great Spirit. It was easy to shorten that name to Manitoba, with accent at first on the last syllable, and finally with accent, as to-day, on the penult.

From the foot of Lake Winnipeg the railroad makes easy the journey to Winnipeg, the sturdy young city that has grown in less than two generations from a frontier settlement that clustered about Fort Garry, the Hudson's Bay Company successor to La Verandrye's Fort Rouge. The visitor who strolls down Main Street, between the rows of stately business buildings, notes with pleasure how the wide open spaces of the prairies influenced generously those who made early provision for the traffic of later days; the cars running in opposite directions are so far apart that the up-track is hardly on speaking terms with its neighbor.



MAIN STREET, WINNIPEG, MANITOBA



FORT GARRY HOTEL AND SITE OF OLD FORT GARRY, WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

MANTOBA AND ITS CAPITAL CITY

But perhaps the most impressive thing about Winnipeg is the modest building of the Hudson's Bay Company, where a sign makes the statement—startling to those who live on the Western side of the Atlantic—that the Company was chartered in 1670.

It is difficult to realize that more than two hundred and fifty years have passed since the beginning of the Company's history. What an epic narrative of daring exploration, of tireless trading, of paternal dealings with the Indians, of ruling the trappers with an iron hand, of mercantile government of an immense territory, was brought to a close in 1869 when the Company transferred its rights to the Dominion of Canada! The consideration was \$1,500,000, and the privilege of retaining the land about many of its trading posts, some 7,000,000 acres in all.

Then came the picturesque rebellion of Louis Riel and his followers, who objected to the change of control, captured Fort Garry, and set up a Provisional Government, of which Riel was made President.

On the site of Fort Garry, where the half-breed had his headquarters for a time, is to-day the stately Fort Garry Hotel, while a short distance away, amid the trees, may be seen the dome of the Manitoba Parliament Buildings—"our ten-million-dollar capitol," a teamster explained to the query of a stranger in the city. His was the engaging pride in his city of the typical Winnipeg man.

In 1870 the Red River Settlement—so named after the Earl of Selkirk, who induced a few hundred settlers to go from Europe to the vicinity of Fort Garry, as a part of his plan of warfare against the Northwest Company—became the Province of Manitoba. In 1875 the easiest approach to Winnipeg, its chief city, was by

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means of two hundred miles of steamboat transportation down the Red River, which had also been an important means of communication for supplies during the earlier years of the nineteenth century. It was a visitor to Fort Garry, when the century was half grown, who wrote:

“There is a spot on this continent which travellers do not visit, and from which civilization seems in a measure shut out. Deserts almost trackless divide it on all sides from the habitations of cultivated man; no railroads or steamers or telegraph wires or lines of stages make their way thither; to reach it, or once there to escape from it, is an exploit of which one may almost boast. Receiving no impressions from without, it reflects none. It sends forth neither newspapers, nor books, nor correspondents’ letters; no paragraph in any newspaper records its weal or woe; it is not even marked on the maps or mentioned in the gazeteers. Yet Red River Settlement contains a population of 6000 souls.”

The thousands of inhabitants in the region so picturesquely described have increased—in all Manitoba—a hundredfold, and the city at the junction of the Assiniboine and Red rivers has become a centre of vast business interests, the chosen residence of thousands who smile at the prejudice of Donald A. Smith, later Lord Strathcona, who constructed a railroad siding from his estate at Silver Heights to the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which he was then building, simply that he might avoid Winnipeg!

Yet to-day travellers and home seekers alike know that Winnipeg is not a place to be avoided, but a city to be sought and rejoiced in.

CHAPTER XVI

ON THE TRAIL OF THE ONTARIO PIONEERS

LET me warn you not to take the northern route between Winnipeg and North Bay," pleaded a passenger on an Ontario express train. "It is a dreary waste that way, unfinished, raw, monotonous. The hours drag and the way seems endless. Keep to the south, close to Lake Superior; you will find something worth while there."

The man was right as to the lower route, but he was woefully mistaken in his characterization of the northern route. For the Canadian National Railway line from Winnipeg to North Bay penetrates majestically a country where mystery and romance unite with the pluck of the pioneer to make a land where the appeal is boundless as the leagues of its forests and its lakes.

Lakes there are in puzzling profusion. Of many the names have been forgotten by those who pass through the country frequently. "Yes, I heard the name of that lake once, but I can't keep track of them all!" a conductor replied to the query of one of his passengers. And it must not be thought that the ignorance was due to failure to appreciate the marvels through which he travelled every few days. Far from it! "It's a wonderful region," he said. "Did you ever see anything like the reflection of that sunset on the deep water yonder? Do you wonder that I find it difficult to resist the temptation to leave my train and go where the canoes of the game seekers disappear, off there in the distance?"

SEEING CANADA

The lure of the waters that keep company with the railroad for hundreds of miles is compelling. No two of them are alike, yet every one is a misty dream. The winding shores, sometimes grassy, again rocky, dip down to liquid amber that spreads out to green islands whose towering spruces make them look like a fleet of battleships lurking in wait for their prey. One poetic traveller has called the water about these stealthy islands "an untouched drink, poured into a bowl of jade."

On the opposite shore is the forest primeval, where trees are so closely crowded that an unwary trapper might lose his way in a few moments, while the man who knows the country realizes that he must keep his wits about him.

Connecting the lakes are rushing streams, dark, deep, sometimes gliding smoothly along, at other times tumbling over the stones in glistening rapids and rainbow falls. Now and then appears a great lumber mill fed by the seemingly boundless leagues of trees. Perhaps an Indian cabin is seen, where the squaws in their bright colors do the work of the house and the field that the braves may have ample leisure to stare into vacancy.

The life of the Indians of all this region from the railroad northwest to Hudson Bay was made more tolerable by James Evans, an enthusiast who lived among their ancestors more than eighty years ago and left his monument in a syllabic language, invented by him, which is used to-day by the descendants of the dwellers in the forest for whom he labored.

The story of the adventurous journey of the missionary and his wife through the labyrinthine waters

ON THE TRAIL OF THE ONTARIO PIONEERS

of the Indian country is a record as absorbing as that of his language work. The description given by his biographer will be recognized by those who to-day make the journey through the Ontario wilderness.

By day there would be rapids to run, an exciting occupation for the workers, and an anxious experience for the passengers, which is thus pictured: "The men make every possible effort to urge the boat forward faster than the water, so that it may steer the better. The bowsman and steersman stand erect, guiding the frail bark through the smoother places in the current, which runs and foams around you as if eager to drown you. Now we rush with rapid speed toward a rock against which the waters dash with fearful fury, and, to a person unaccustomed to such scenes, you appear to be on the point of destruction, but one vigorous stroke of the paddle from the bowsman and the steersman sends the light craft at a sharp angle from the impending danger, and away you plunge again over the surging waters, sometimes floating for a minute in a small eddy and hovering as though to choose your path, and then again plunging through the windings of the stream, till, having passed the whole in safety, you float in the smooth water below."

An incident of Mr. Evans' work among the Indians, who took these dangerous water journeys in the course of their toil for the Hudson's Bay Company, can be appreciated by those who penetrate this country of a thousand surprises. It was the custom of the Company to exact of its men service every day during the short season when work could be done. When Mr. Evans began to preach Sabbath-keeping many of the Indians listened to him. Several hundred of them informed the

SEEING CANADA

Company that they would not work on Sunday. The Company officials were indignant. They threatened Mr. Evans—and a threat from the powerful Hudson's Bay Company was no slight matter.

Unafraid, Mr. Evans proposed a test between a brigade of the Company's men and a brigade of his own Indians, the former travelling seven days a week, while the latter rested one day in seven. The request was refused. But the Indians themselves made the test, and when, in every instance, the Sabbath-keepers won the race, they were more than ever determined to rest one day in seven. Soon it was a recognized fact that the Sabbath-keeping brigade would finish their journey of many weeks in from seven to ten days less time than the brigade which travelled without a day's rest in seven.

One of the favored routes of the fur brigade, as it is a route popular to-day with sportsmen who delight in what the wilderness can offer, begins near Pagwa Station. The canoes are set afloat on the Pagwachuan River, which they follow north to the Kenogami River. When this empties into the Albany River the journey has been well begun. Then follows the thrilling passage of the windings of the Albany into James Bay, the water discovered by Hendrik Hudson in 1610, on which he was set adrift by his men in June, 1611, and was never heard from again. Sixty years later came the first adventurers of the Hudson's Bay Company, whose shareholders took the oath, "I doe sweare to be true and faithful to ye Company of Adventurers; ye secrets of ye Comp'y I will not disclose..."

If, instead of following the waters where trappers of days gone by guided their boats, the traveller pushes on by the railroad toward Hearst and Cochrane, he will

ON THE TRAIL OF THE ONTARIO PIONEERS

see, unfolding before his eyes, the tremendous drama of wilderness conquest. The latest pioneers from Quebec, nearest Hearst, show the crude beginnings of home-making, where the surprised game animals flee before determined man, while the closer the approach to Cochrane the more advanced are the settlements. First comes the venturesome clearing, with the primitive cabin of the pioneer—frequently of logs, though sometimes of sawed timbers. A few acres have been won by tremendous labor from the frowning forest. There are the first attempts at road-making, and now and then a schoolhouse or a little chapel triumphantly lifting cupola or spire among the trees. Now comes the black, deep river, with its generous reflection of the green spruces on the banks. Here a boat, waiting the return of the lonely farmer, is moored to the bank; there a rude wire ferry tells of the coming and going of men and women who live in the country beyond. Still farther on are the incipient power developments where rapids or falls in the majestic river have waited for ages the coming of men of vision. A specimen of scientific town building by fiat is close to the clustering settlement that “just happened” along the railway line. Everywhere are hopeful men who wait for the day of plenty that is sure to follow the primitive struggles; the drudging women whose patience makes possible the waiting for the better time; and the children who with every breath are absorbing health in the great game country to which toilers in places where wilderness conquest is a dim matter of history, dream of going for a holiday with rod and gun.

Cochrane, the town where the pioneers of the spruce country turn west to find the home of their dreams, is a bustling junction where the Timiskaming and North-

SEEING CANADA

ern Ontario Railroad, after plunging two hundred and fifty miles north from North Bay, meets the Canadian National.

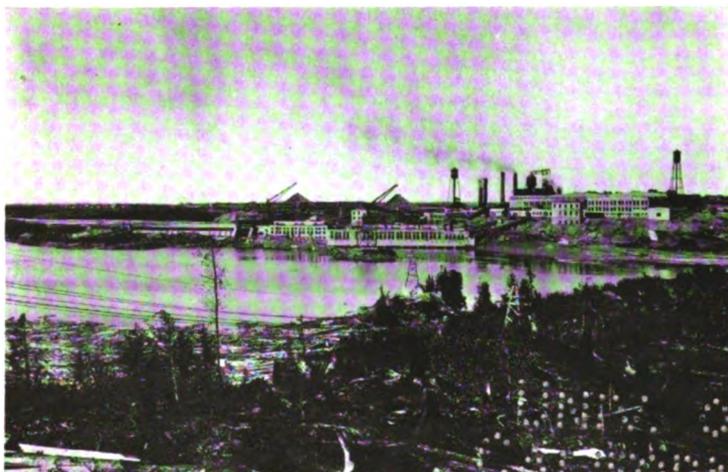
Courage was required to build that line, and financiers did not have the courage to drive into the wilderness where only trappers and hunters and sportsmen had found their way, even if sixteen million acres of land were waiting for the transportation of products they were capable of bearing. But the Government of Ontario did have the courage; in the face of dire prophecies and gloomy forebodings they laid the hundreds of miles of track that would open the Great Clay Belt of Ontario. Neither rocks nor muskeg, neither rivers nor lakes dismayed them. They made their way to Lake Timagami, then to Lake Timiskaming. And their persistence—obstinacy, many called it—was rewarded in unexpected ways.

One Sunday afternoon in 1903 two men who, during the week, were busy getting out ties for the new road, were tossing into the waters of Cobalt Lake what they thought were pebbles. The weight and color of these pebbles made them curious; examination led them to think they had stumbled on a deposit of lead. Later analysis by experts showed that the lead nuggets were really bits of silver ore. Next came the discovery of the vein from which the nuggets had been carried down to the water-side. Then, after a season of incredulity, the signal was given for a period of development that led to the building up of Cobalt and surrounding mining centres, and the production, within twenty years, of close to four hundred million ounces of silver. A single vein had produced within a year's time more than four million dollars' worth of the precious metal.

Cobalt silver mines would have satisfied the



COBALT, ONTARIO



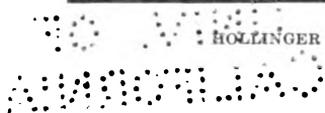
ABITIBI POWER AND PAPER COMPANY'S MILL, IROQUOIS FALLS, ONTARIO



SILVER MINING, COBALT, ONTARIO



HOLLINGER GOLD MINES, TIMMINS, ONTARIO



ON THE TRAIL OF THE ONTARIO PIONEERS

developers of a province, but when it was made known that gold was present in paying quantities, there was no reluctance to take advantage of this boom also. To-day, in the Porcupine Mining district, to the northwest, and much nearer Cochrane, are many mines where the glittering treasure is produced by millions each year.

Then there is a region where lumbering makes more riches, while pulp mills are turning the forests into paper, and rushing waters are harnessed for the electricity to move the machinery that makes possible economical development of the riches of northern Ontario, as well as the greater comfort of the farmers who are finding that they have not been lured to a profitless wilderness, but to a country of marvelous fertility.

Courageous conquests always give appetite for further ventures. And it is so in northern Ontario. The engineers are extending the government rails toward tide-water on James Bay. The first section covers the seventy miles to Tin Can Portage on Abitibi River. Then will come the final stage, to the estuary of the Moose River, where the famous Hudson's Bay station, Moose Factory, has ruled the wilderness.

Can such a venture be made to pay? The builders have no doubt of it. They point to the water power to be developed—more than half a million horse power on tributaries of the Moose River. They speak of the forests, the fertile lands, the possible mineral discoveries, and, finally, the connecting of Toronto and the South with Europe by a route that will send grain through Hudson Bay and Hudson Straits, and the regions beyond.

Then on across the sea!

CHAPTER XVII

WHEAT

WHEAT fields on the prairies and elevators in the towns. That is the most emphatic impression of the traveller who crosses Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, whether by the Canadian Pacific or by the Canadian National. Of course oats and flax, barley and rye, cattle and furs and mines help to make some of the towns. But the golden grain tells the story of the magic development of the prairie provinces.

In 1881 the wheat yield of all Canada was only 32,350,000 bushels. And thirty-five years later the crops were so great that there were 2813 elevators, holding 168,624,000 bushels! The growth in the next six years was as remarkable—3924 elevators and warehouses could hold 231,633,420 bushels!

The traveller does not doubt either total. But he is apt to think that an elevator is an elevator. His mistake is shown by a few sentences from *The Canadian Year Book*, which are more entertaining than the average record in a government report.

“There are six different kinds of elevators defined in the Grain Act, *viz.*, (1) country elevators, situated at railway stations and receiving grain for storage before inspection; (2) public elevators, which receive grain for storage from the western inspection division after inspection; (3) eastern elevators, for the storage after inspection of eastern-grown grain; (4) terminal elevators, which receive or ship grain at points declared



A MANITOBA WHEAT FIELD



STOOKING WHEAT IN WESTERN CANADA

WHEAT

to be terminal; (5) private terminal or hospital elevators, used for cleaning or other special treatment of rejected or damaged grain, and (6) manufacturing elevators, used or operated as part of any plant engaged in the manufacturing of grain products in the western inspection division. Of these different kinds of elevators the most important, so far as the western grain trade is concerned, are the terminal elevators, which are situated at Fort William and Port Arthur, the twin cities at the head of Lake Superior. They are called terminal elevators, not because they are situated on Lake Superior or because they have been built at the lake terminal yards of the railway line, but because the inspection of western grain ends at them. The grade given as it leaves the elevator at these points is the final grade at which it is sold and delivered, both in Eastern Canada and in foreign markets."

The same report has a bit of history that explains other features of the prairie landscape—the loading platforms at way stations: "When grain was first shipped from Western Canada it was hauled by the farmer, either loose or in sacks, to flat warehouses or simple wooden storehouses, built by grain dealers along the sailing line. Elevators were introduced shortly after the year 1880. They were designed to take advantage of the flouring property of grain in bulk, and the equipment enabled the grain to be handled much more easily than was possible with the primitive warehouses. They have grown rapidly in numbers, whilst the old flat warehouses have practically disappeared. Dissatisfaction with the elevators on the part of farmers resulted in the introduction of what are called loading platforms. The loading platform is a wooden

SEEING CANADA

structure on a siding onto which a farmer can drive his team and from which he can shovel grain into the cars."

In a recent year more than twenty-two million bushels of wheat were loaded on cars from about two thousand of these platforms, of which all but seven were in the prairie provinces.

Dissatisfaction with the commercial elevators here led to the erection of many grain-handling plants by farmers' coöperative companies. The Coöperative Elevator Company is now the largest grain shifting concern in the world. It has its own terminal and hospital elevators, and a chain of country elevators that reaches all stations. In Saskatchewan its 46 elevators and 3000 shareholders of 1911 became in ten years 322 elevators and 21,000 shareholders; in that time the elevators handled 209,416,891 bushels of grain!

But even in the average commercial elevator the grain is not at the mercy of the buyer. "When the farmer takes his grain to an elevator he can either sell it to the operator, in which case it is called 'street grain,' or he can hire a bin in the elevator to keep his grain distinct from all other grain, in which case it is called 'special binned grain,' or he can store it with other grains of the same grade. If he stores the grain either in a special or general bin, he arranges with the railroad company for a car, and the elevator loads the grain into the car to his order. When the grain is loaded he can either sell it on the spot as track grain, or send it forward consigned on commission."

The wheat fields of the boundless prairies that send their supplies to the loading platforms and the elevators of various kinds are among the most desirable



REAPING GRAIN IN SASKATCHEWAN

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WHEAT

sights in Canada, whether in the season when whole batteries of tractors break the rich soil of the bonanza farm; when, months later, the wind sweeps over the fields, billowing the stalks until they look like a vast green sea, restlessly moving; when the harvest-fields are alive with the men whom the railroads have brought from city and country in the East.

But sometimes the grain never comes to the harvest. Perhaps pitiless hail beats down in a few minutes the myriad stalks in what were the grower's hopes of a bonanza. But even this disaster is not hopeless: there is the Farmers' Coöperative Hail Insurance Company, which arranges in advance to salve the wounded pocket-book of the unfortunates by the mass payments of all. Other companies also write hail insurance; in fact there are so many of these companies that there is an organization called the Canadian Hail Underwriters' Association.

The story of Canadian wheat is an epic that has not yet been written, an epic worthy the best efforts of masters of prose and poetry and song. When it is written it will have to take account, among other things, of a record given briefly but worthily by a writer in *The Youth's Companion*:

“Northwestern Canada is a land of widespread prairies, well adapted, so far as soil is concerned to wheat farming and too far north for any other crop that is nearly so profitable as wheat. But you cannot grow winter wheat in Canada. The severe winters are sure to kill any plants that have sprouted and begin to grow in the fall. Canada must have a spring-sown wheat, and if its people are to take advantage of the fields that spread up to the Peace River Valley within

SEEING CANADA

a few degrees of the Arctic Circle, it must be a rapidly growing variety, one that matures within ten weeks of planting.

“ There are other qualities that a useful variety must have. It must be able to resist drought no less than cold, for western Canada is often both cold and dry; if it is to sell at a good price, it must mill well and bake well; and it must produce a high yield to the acre. There have always been varieties of wheat that have one or two of those five essential qualities, but until recently there was none that combined all of them. That there is one now is owing to the long and patient labor of Dr. William Saunders of Ottawa, and his two sons.

“ Beginning with a Russian wheat that will ripen in a latitude of more than sixty degrees north, they crossed it with the well-known Red Fife wheat, which has superior milling qualities. When they had got a hybrid variety that would ripen within seventy days and make excellent flour, they bred into it a Calcutta wheat that is notable for productiveness and for its power to resist drought. And so year after year they worked away, trying one combination after another, selecting this and rejecting that, finding that one hopeful kind of cross-breeding would not answer, and that another, tried on the off-chance, would answer very well, until at last they had produced a stable seed that would produce wheat with every desirable quality for sub-Arctic culture. That wheat they call Marquis.

“ Incidentally the Saunderses established another variety that they called Prelude. It will ripen in eight



SHEEP RANCHING, WAINWRIGHT, ALBERTA

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AMONG THE BUFFALO AT WAINWRIGHT, ALBERTA

WHEAT

weeks and has been raised at Dawson within three degrees of the Arctic Circle. It may perhaps be grown even in the lower Yukon Valley. It does not produce heavily, however, and for that reason is not worth planting where any other variety will grow."

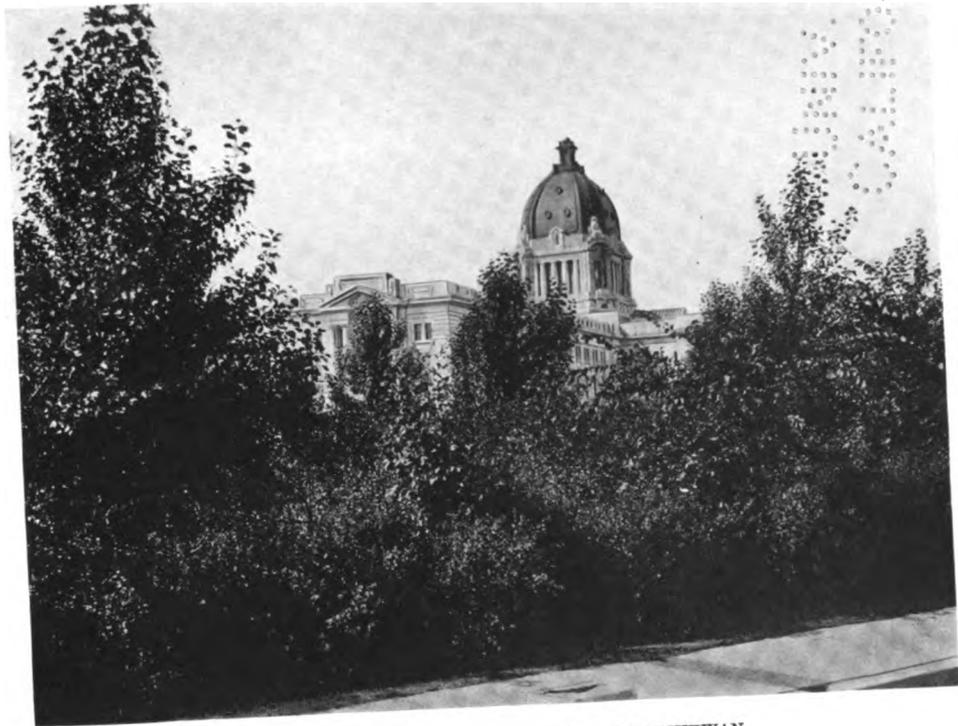
CHAPTER XVIII

TEN CITIES OF THE PRAIRIES

NOW I suppose we can say good-bye to cities until we reach Vancouver!" a traveller who thought he knew Canada remarked, settling into his seat in the parlor car as the express train drew out of Winnipeg.

"Indeed, no!" was the indignant rejoinder of a man who, up to that time, had persistently but politely checked every attempt to make him talk. But there was no further need to draw him out. With a snort, he launched on a forceful presentation of cities from Portage la Prairie to Edmonton and Calgary—a presentation that left him breathless, while it effectually silenced for five minutes the loquacious man whose ignorance of things Canadian had been matched only by his pretended omniscience.

The traveller, who had been known to his fellows as The Silent Man, told of the *Sieur de la Verandrye*, who, during his search for "the Western Sea," found time in 1738 to build Fort La Reine on the Assiniboine. Later the name Portage la Prairie was fastened to the place because it was a convenient point of departure for Indians and trappers from the river to the waters of Lake Manitoba, only fifteen miles to the north. The people of the modern town that, in little more than a generation, has grown up on the site of the French fort, make the same portage, in search of the cooling breezes and the inviting waters of the lake that the Indians



PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, REGINA, SASKATCHEWAN



SASKATOON, SASKATCHEWAN

TEN CITIES OF THE PRAIRIES

called Prairie Waters, while Verandrye's name for it was Lac des Prairies.

The primitive trek from river to lake has been made easy both by the railway and by the automobile, modern improvements which are in keeping with the developments of the city whose spacious streets, beautiful houses, and elevators and factories have light and power from the hydro-electric plant at Winnipeg, fifty-eight miles to the east.

Portage la Prairie is near the eastern end of a district that, in a less spacious country, might well be called a province all by itself. But Manitoba could be cut up into one hundred like it—that is, if the wealth of water were divided with the land. Before 1912, however, the province could have held only thirty such divisions; for those were the days of the Postage Stamp Provinces, before Kewatin effaced herself, thus allowing Manitoba, as well as Ontario, to reach up to the waters of Hudson Bay and so become Maritime Provinces!

Thus Manitoba has room for many marvels. Not least among them is Brandon, its second city, nearer the western border, but still on the Assiniboine. There appear again the inevitable elevators telling of the fertile wheat lands which feed the city. It is also enriched by the trade of the country to the south—the country of rich coal mines, and of the industrious but peculiar Doukhobors from Russia.

Over in Saskatchewan is a proud city, Regina, whose rapid growth is a recent tale, though its history goes back to the days when it was capital of the 2,500,000 square miles of the unorganized Northwest Territories. Regina does not belie her regal name. Undaunted by

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the absence of water which Canada has bestowed so prodigally on most of her cities, she has made Waskana Lake by flooding a site that natural waters overlooked. On the shore of the lake, bowered among the trees that make the city remarkable, the fine Saskatchewan Parliament Buildings have found fitting location. And not least among the attractions to visitors is the presence in the city of a depot of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, successors of the Northwest Mounted Police, the force of a few score intrepid men who managed to inspire with a respect for law the frontiersmen and Indians scattered over a million square miles and more.

Regina's near neighbor on the west is Moose Jaw, whose 20,000 people use 3700 telephones. The people tell inquirers that the odd name of the city is due to the fact—so the Indians say—that it is on the creek where a white man mended his cart with the jaw-bone of a moose. But they find greater pleasure in telling of the grist mills, the substantial school buildings—all western Canadian cities boast of their exceptional educational facilities—and the tributary country, where cattle thrive and flax ventures to dispute with wheat the claim to the attention of the farmer.

Pride in educational institutions is notable also at Saskatoon, the metropolis of 47,000 miles of tributary country, where the University of Saskatchewan rejoices that it is affiliated with Oxford University, that it has five hundred students, and that its beautiful campus contains more than one thousand acres. One of the best places for a view of the town is the reënforced concrete University Bridge—one of five bridges that cross the South Saskatchewan River—though this view



CATTLE AT RADDISON, SASKATCHEWAN

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RAPIDS ON CHURCHILL RIVER, NORTHERN SASKATCHEWAN

TEN CITIES OF THE PRAIRIES

should be supplemented by that from the tall building close to the station of the Canadian National Railway.

Quite different is Prince Albert, the thriving little city on the North Saskatchewan River—another depot of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police—where the activities of fur traders and lumbermen tell of a location on the edge of the great north country from which exploring expeditions return with glowing accounts of such scenes of natural beauty as the rapids on the Churchill River, and Rapid Falls on Rapid River, where waters one hundred feet wide drop from forty to fifty feet into a rocky chasm whose walls are from fifty to seventy-five feet high. It is natural, perhaps, that the beauty of the sight does not impress the commercial explorer so much as the great hydro-electric possibilities—a small part only of the 1,312,000 horse power estimated as available in northern Saskatchewan.

Prince Albert is thinking longingly of the grandeur that will come to her when these possibilities of her tributary territory are developed; when the iron, copper, timber, coal, silica sand, limestone, shales and clays will go down through her railroads to markets to the south and the east.

The North Saskatchewan boasts another town farther west than Prince Albert—twin towns, in fact—Battleford and North Battleford. Battleford—once, like Regina, the capital of the Northwest Territories—has a sightly location where the Battle River joins the Saskatchewan, while its neighbor shares with it the importance gained from the rich agricultural country on all sides. Though not founded until 1905, it is already the fifth city of the province.

The Battle River reaches westward, over the border

SEEING CANADA

into Alberta, half-way back to Edmonton, which is also a North Saskatchewan River city. When the century was young it had more than two thousand people, most of whom made their living from the fur traders who came and went from the Hudson's Bay Company's post, then nearly one hundred years old. The post has been replaced by the Parliament Buildings of the Province—though the fur traders still bring the fruits of their labor to its successor—while the two thousand people have multiplied more than thirtyfold. Coal mines and cattle ranches, as well as manufactures of many kinds, add to the importance of the city, Albert University ministers both to pride and intellect, and the handsome residences and business buildings which dominate the plain elevated two hundred feet above the river, make anything but easy the realization that they are in the heart of a province which, less than thirty years ago, was a wilderness.

Older than Edmonton, at least in its modern development, is Calgary—the town of running water. Her seventy thousand people testify to the wisdom of a prophet who, in 1883, when there were five hundred men, women and children there, declared that the town, so advantageously located at the junction of the Bow and Elbow rivers, was destined to “become one of the most important places in the Northwest,” owing to its geographical position, picturesque site, proximity to the Rocky Mountains, access to wood and timber by way of both rivers, and its ample supply of excellent water.

Calgary manages to stretch its history out over nearly half a century by going back to the arrival, in 1875, of the first detachment of Mounted Police and the



ON JASPER AVENUE, EDMONTON, ALBERTA



IN CALGARY, ALBERTA

TEN CITIES OF THE PRAIRIES

building for them of Fort Brisbois, at the junction of the rivers. The name of the fort was changed to Fort Calgary in 1876, when Colonel McLeod took command of the police; this was the name of his old home on the Isle of Mull, Scotland.

Even in 1881 the infant town consisted only of a Hudson's Bay store, one other store, the police barracks, and the commander's house. But the coming of the first train, from Winnipeg, in 1883, and the passage of the first through train from Montreal to the Pacific in 1886, began the day of larger things.

Citizens of Calgary like to tell that the commission form of city government has been in successful operation there since 1909; that the initiative, referendum, and recall are features of city government; that the municipality owns its own utilities; that for its best buildings it uses local building stone; that the Bow River supplies hydro-electric current at such a rate that it can be used for heating as well as lighting, and for the power of the numerous factories; that the Canadian Pacific Railroad has a wonderful irrigating system for the country between Calgary and Medicine Hat, the water coming from the Bow River; that close to the city there is a hill more than five hundred feet high which tourists as well as sensible citizens like to climb for a view of the Rocky Mountains which rise so splendidly from the foothills about Calgary.

Surely enough has been said to stop the mouth of any traveller who thinks that there are no modern cities between Winnipeg and Vancouver!

CHAPTER XIX

IN THE COUNTRY OF THE WATERTON LAKES

THE woman who lives in a lonely ranch like that is surely to be pitied," said a passenger on the Canadian Pacific Railway train bound for the Crowsnest Pass Country. "She has nothing to think of, no resources of any kind. There is nothing ahead of her, no real joy in life."

Just then the train stopped at a way station, and a young woman came into the car. "Now look at her!" urged the apostle of gloom. "That bright face will be wrinkled soon, and her mind will be as empty as her face. Nothing to look back on, nothing in her present, nothing to look forward to. Doomed to marry a man who has as little outlook on life as herself!"

A few minutes later a youth, also from a lonely ranch, took a seat by the side of the young woman, across the aisle from the man to whom the unpleasant prophecy of her future had been made. In spite of himself, he listened to the conversation of the young people. If the passenger who drew the drab picture of the ranchwoman could have listened he would have been surprised. A remark about a passing bit of scenery led this daughter of a pioneer to quote with feeling a few lines from Wordsworth. Her companion was not bored. On the contrary, when she hesitated an instant, he took up the quotation and finished it. And she took it as a matter of course! Naturally other bits of poetry followed. "You know Bryant's *Thanatopsis*?" asked the girl from the ranch. "I can't get away from



ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE, MACLEOD, ALBERTA

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IN MEDICINE HAT, ALBERTA

IN THE COUNTRY OF THE WATERTON LAKES

the roll of its lines." After she had given them, she spoke of Gray's *Elegy*, then of *The Lady of the Lake*. Bits of both poems were quoted, with a running comment telling what was between quotations, and a rather successful attempt to picture the minds of the poets as they wrote.

If that girl was destined to years of loneliness on the ranch, she would have resources that would save her from dreariness; resources that she had provided during the years since the days she was two years of age, when her parents took her to the ranch.

And she was not so much of an exception as might be imagined. On many of the lonely ranches of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, or Alberta there is far more real culture than is to be found in the average homes of some districts in localities where families live closer together.

In fact, one of the advantages of those who live far apart is that their minds can be enlarged instead of narrowed by the very open spaces that to some seem such a disadvantage. It makes little difference if they live among the lakes whose waters are studded with the rounded green islets that look like huge birthday cakes, by reason of the tall spruce trees that crown them; on the boundless prairies that sweep away without a break to the horizon on every side; on the more broken lands which are reminders of the shores of prehistoric Lake Agassiz; or on the gentle slopes that reach out toward the mountains. In all these regions there are those who give the lie to the prophecies of pessimists who say that their lives are humdrum, commonplace.

Many of these spend their years in a region that deserves to be better known—the region close to the

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southern border of Canada, between the eastern border of Alberta and the Pacific coast.

Medicine Hat, the city whose unusual site on the South Saskatchewan calls forth favorable comment from nearly every visitor, is a good starting point for this remarkable country. For Medicine Hat is the beginning of the Crownsnest Pass Division, which passes through Lethbridge, the centre of a vast coal-mining industry, and close to Cardston, the Mormon town where a million-dollar temple was dedicated in August, 1923.

Some time after crossing the Belly River on a viaduct more than a mile long and 314 feet above the water, the train pauses at Pincher Creek long enough to permit the departure of those wise tourists who have decided that they must see Waterton Lakes Park, even if its glories are hidden away so far from the railroad that it is not approached by one in ten of those whose presence at other Canadian parks show their ability to appreciate the sublime in the world around them. But what the visitors lack, as yet, in numbers, they atone for in enthusiasm. For those who find keen delight in nature unadorned, what can be better than a jaunt far from the railroads, and days or weeks spent by a lake that winds among mountains whose friendliness is matched only by their seeming unapproachableness, in a camp by waters from which the great trout seem glad to listen to the call of the sportsman and the frying pan!

Although the territory about Waterton Lakes was set apart as a game preserve as early as 1895, the 179 square miles which now are included in the park boundaries are by no means so well known as they would be if they had received anything like their



STEAMBOAT BAY, WATERTON LAKES PARK



WATERTON LAKE, WATERTON LAKES PARK

IN THE COUNTRY OF THE WATERTON LAKES

deserts. Attention has been called to them by the efforts—so far, fortunately, futile—made by irrigation enthusiasts to secure authority to make of Waterton Lakes, the central feature of the park, a storage reservoir for the benefit of the surrounding country. From all over the land have come the protests of those who have urged other feasible reservoir sites, and, thus far, have not only saved the park for the people, but have advertised it to those who should be its constituents.

The seeming misfortune of the park in being forty miles from the nearest railway station is decidedly in its favor. While a visit may be more difficult, it is more inviting, not only by reason of the isolation, but because the forty miles of road—good road in dry weather—lead through a country of rounded green slopes, deep valleys formed by rushing creeks, and ranches where horses and cattle thrive. The hills about Yarrow Creek, Dunganvan Creek, and Cottonwood Creek make the visitor who knows the Highlands of Scotland feel that he had been transported there without warning.

Then comes a surprise. Suddenly the eyes that have become accustomed to these modest slopes are confronted, on the right, by rugged, rocky mountains that rise from two to three thousand feet above the road, which is itself more than four thousand feet above the sea. On the left a narrow lake winds away between these mountains and other similar heights on the farther shore. Soon the bordering mountains on both sides are nearly eight thousand feet high, and the lake, after most attractive Narrows—appropriately called the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus—settles down to a fairly uniform, but never monotonous, width and courses between its guardian mountains, until it has a

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total length of ten miles. The last two miles are across the International Boundary, in the United States Glacier Park.

There are those who insist that the best time to see the park is when the setting sun tips with gold the mountains on the western shore and paints with magic brush the cold waters which fill the chasm between the heights. Others declare that the supreme hours come when the full moon lends its soft light to the lake. Then there are those who say that the best impression is given when the sun shines brilliantly, casting the shadows of the mountains on the surface that is almost always ruffled by the wind. With equal ardor many who delight in the lake's varying moods urge that the choice time to visit it is during a heavy mist; then the mountains have a look of mystery, as the gossamer clouds wreath about their pinnacles, turrets and battlements, now revealing, now concealing, ever twisting, fading, returning once more in forms fantastic. Then one mountain may be shrouded completely, while its neighbors stand out in outlines bold and clear. Across the waters another peak shows alternate banks of cloud and sections of cold, gray rock. Far away at the head of the lake, perhaps, the sun is dissipating the mists, and the mountains that surround the Glacier Park section of the lake stretch up to the blue sky, seemingly from the blue water beneath. And back toward the foot of the lake the mists grow heavier, and the mountains, no longer half revealed, are pictured only because they are remembered.

Thus a visit of a day or two brings joy that will not end. But the better way is to find at least a week amid the marvels of the park, that its charm and mystery

IN THE COUNTRY OF THE WATERTON LAKES

may be revealed in manifold ways. If the visitor is fortunate, he will learn for himself the reasons others have for declaring their favorite season for seeing the mountains. Perhaps he will be able to make his contribution to the symposium, by saying that the lake is never more glorious than when the rain descends in torrents, or the summer snow is falling on some inaccessible rocky ridge far above him, or the welcome wind or the sun of early morning is swiftly conquering the shrouding mists and driving them back to their home in some unknown fairyland, that it may proclaim the fairyland of the mountains and the waters, where, as likely as not, the deer are early morning visitors to the camping ground and the brilliant wild flowers give back the colors of water and cloud and sky.

The mist adds to the pleasing effect of the cascades that tumble down from the mountains on either side—from those on the right, which rise precipitously from the water's edge, and from those on the left, which approach the water more gently. But on both sides are falls that disdain frank and open descent over a precipice; on the right are waters that slide down a rocky flume, then pour down at last in clouds of foam. On the left, there is, for instance, the stream that comes down from Sheep Mountain—the height where mountain sheep gather—through a twisting, writhing, fissure in the rocks that has been given the name Hell Roaring Canyon, though the more prosaic map-maker has called it simply Vimy Falls.

Hundreds of miles of trails reveal other beauties of the park that cannot be seen from the surface of the lake. There is the trail that winds away to exquisite little Bertha Lake, perched high up among mountains

SEEING CANADA

from seven thousand to eight thousand feet high, surrounded by rock precipices that rise two thousand feet above the water. Not only does that trail give many delightful vistas of the lake, perhaps through clouds that cluster between, but it affords a charming glimpse of one waterfall that slides down a long slope of several hundred feet, at an angle of 45 degrees, and of another that drops over a series of terraces which make easy the descent of the outlet of lofty Bertha Lake to the waters far below.

There is a trail that finds a passage above Waterton's eastern shore, crossing the International Boundary line, which at this point is marked by a narrow swath cut in the firs that hide the rocky cliffs. This trail joins another that leads through the heart of Glacier Park, in Montana. Another trail follows Boundary Creek for several miles, always within a short distance of the line. And a third trail picks its enticing way among the mountains and over the streams to the east of Waterton Lake, until it comes to Belly River; then it follows the stream through the Blood Indian Timber Reserve—a reminder of the legendary battle there between the Blood Indians and the Big Belly Indians, who gave their name, or its English equivalent, to the river. Fortunately, the heights across the stream carry the more euphonious name of the tribe, so that it is known as Makowan Butte.

The Indians who linger in the vicinity of the lake in which their ancestors found such delight, not only because of its beauty, but because of the fish and game that afforded an easy living, have a legend which accounts for the origin of lake and forests and mountains. According to the story, the whole country was



PASS CREEK AND MOUNT BLAKISTON, WATERTON LAKES PARK

70 1941
ANSON JAO

IN THE COUNTRY OF THE WATERTON LAKES

prairie in the day of a young brave named Sokumapi, who was such a bad Indian that the Master of Evil, Anuttsoki, overcame him in combat and made him a servant. Life was so hard in the abode of the Master of Evil that Sokumapi was glad to listen to the suggestion of escape made by an ass which told him that she had been the wife of an Indian chief, but had been changed into a beast by the Master of Evil.

When they escaped, they took with them a stick, a stone, a bunch of moss, and a wild turnip root. The Master of Evil pursued them, and was about to lay his hands on them, when Sokumapi threw at him the stick, which immediately became a great forest, whose undergrowth so delayed the pursuer that the fugitives had a fresh start. Soon, however, Anuttsoki was once more on the trail. This time the stone was thrown, and mountains sprang up on the prairie. In like manner the bunch of moss, when thrown, became a morass, and the root proved a defence by becoming a lake, Omoksikimi, which effectively separated Sokumapi and the ass from Anuttsoki. Then the way was open for the brave, with the ass—who, of course, became a beautiful maiden—to live on the shore of Omoksikimi, Waterton Lakes.

And they spent their days close to the South Kootenay or Boundary Pass across the Rockies—the loftiest pass of them all—and within a short distance of Crow's-nest Pass, the highest point, 4449 feet, on the railroad line that gives access to the country of the fabled Indian's waters and the mountains, lakes, and fertile fruit valleys beyond.

CHAPTER XX

THROUGH THE HEART OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

IT IS a mistake to think that the country through which the Canadian Pacific Railway passes before reaching the Rocky Mountains is barren of interest.

What could be of more absorbing interest than the Bad Lands of the Red Deer Valley, to the northeast of Calgary, where a confusion of pinnacles and pyramids and buttes tell in grotesque manner of a valley, in the picturesque words of W. D. Matthew, the naturalist, "beside which the Rocky Mountains are young, a valley whose bottom-lands record that once they were an inland sea along whose shores there lived for ages and ages those walking, creeping, crawling monsters known as dinosaurs, which must have made the world a horror!"

The remains of these great dinosaurs have been recovered in the midst of these Bad Lands, where, "in the daytime, the buttes and the pyramids are dull, gray, brownish, yet, here and there, when the sun glints upon them, they become strangely white or yellowish in streaks. In the early morning, however, the buttes are full of color, and vivid bands of yellow, green, and purple stand out sharply against the dull dead background. When the shadow of night lies on the valley, it becomes black and terrifying—a lost land, dead and motionless."

Most of the paying mines from which the dinosaurs'



DRUMHELLER, ALBERTA



BASSANO IRRIGATION DAM, ALBERTA

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THROUGH THE HEART OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

remains have been recovered are close to Rosebud Creek, near Drumheller, a station on the railway. One skeleton was taken up in five sections, the longest of which weighed a ton.

Drumheller is notable also because it is a centre of one of the great irrigation projects of the Canadian Pacific Railway, projects which are transforming Alberta's arid regions until they are even more productive than the rich lands of the provinces where water is plentiful. The greatest of these projects covers land for perhaps one hundred and fifty miles east of Calgary. Seventy-eight miles east, and three miles south of Bassano, the monster Bassano Dam impounds the waters of the Bow River. It is a structure 8000 feet long, and 55 feet high. The spillway, 720 feet long, has 24 gates, worked electrically. The main canal leading from the lake is 90 feet wide; it diverts water, by means of secondary canals, to 440,000 acres.

The generous waters of the Bow, which are working the miracle of transforming acres fit only for grazing into the best agricultural land, come from the mountains. The stream is followed by the railway from Calgary for more than one hundred miles until it comes down from the mountain heights a mere prophecy of its later might.

The traveller who thus follows up the long, graceful curves of the Bow will not forget his first view of the mountains. He will understand why John Ruskin burst out, when, as a child, he first saw the Alps from Schaffhausen, "Suddenly—behold—beyond!" Perhaps the startling revelation of the Rockies comes in the early morning, when the sun glorifies the distant peaks. They are even more impressive, however, if the

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sky is overcast. Then, perhaps, the clouds lift suddenly above the mountains, miles to the west, so that they are outlined boldly against the horizon. The contrast of the darkened sky above emphasizes their outline, made radiant by the sun as it is reflected from the rocky sides where snow clings through long summer days.

As the sight greeted one group of travellers, there was quiet in the car; the pilgrims absorbed with eager awe the marvelous vision. But the silence was broken by a man who said, "Nice, isn't it? They say that all day we are to have very nice scenery."

Nice, indeed! What would have been the disgust of David Thompson, who gloried in the vast spaces of the Rocky Mountains when he, one of the great explorers, mapped them for the Hudson's Bay Company! What speechless amazement and contempt would have been shown by Hector, Outram, Van Horne, Mount Stephen, and a hundred others who gave so much of their lives to make known the unspeakable grandeur of the Canadian Rockies!

To those who prefer to be silent before the tremendous handiwork of the Creator, there is new beauty and meaning in the ancient prophecy, "The mountains shall bring peace to the people." For, in the presence of their majesty, worries are forgotten, gloom is put away, and life seems supremely worth while.

Soon comes the Bow River Gap, the gateway to the Rockies, where the Wind Mountains and the snow-capped summits of the Three Sisters dominate the lesser, more lowly peaks. It is difficult to draw one's fascinated eyes from their glory to such a prosaic thing as a railway folder. But those who prepared the Annotated Time Table put into a paragraph sentences that

THROUGH THE HEART OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

are golden for those who wish to be friends with the mountains:

“On the right are fantastically broken and castellated heights, on the left massive snow-laden formations, rising thousands of feet, penetrated by enormous alcoves in which haze and shadow of gorgeous coloring lie engulfed. The jaggedness of profile observed from the plain is now explained. These mountains are tremendous uplifts of stratified rocks, of the Devonian and Carboniferous ages, which have been broken out of the crust of the earth and slowly heaved aloft. Some sections, miles and miles in breadth and thousands of feet thick, have been pushed straight up, so that their strata remain almost as level as before; others are tilted more or less on edge (always on the slope and toward the east) and lie in a steeply slanting fashion; still other sections are bent and crumpled under prodigious side-pressure, while all have been broken down and worn away until now they are only colossal fragments of the original upheavals.”

The first good opportunity to study closely the phenomenon described is at Banff, where the valley of the Bow widens out generously, and mountain peaks surround it in enticing profusion. In the valley are a wild animal park; a buffalo herd; the hot springs which attracted the attention of the Indians in days when the white man had not approached the wonders of the valley; a great hotel; a village where summer cottages nestle in the shadow of the mountain on land leased from the Rocky Mountain Park; a waterfall in the Bow River, close to the point where the Spray River enters its waters; a canyon on Sundance Creek; a golf links,

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of course. But it is difficult to put a period to the list of the varied claims of the valley to attention.

All these are mere incidents in the comparison with Mount Rundle, Cascade Mountains, Mount Edith and Mount Lewis and Mount Norquay. The names mean little; but when the slopes and the summits have been approached the visitor who may have thought that he would be satisfied with a single day's delay before pushing on to Vancouver becomes eager for some of the excursions into the interior made easy by the engineers of the Rocky Mountain Park, which administers 3800 square miles of mountain marvels.

Of course the most wonderful of these excursions—in many ways the most remarkable mountain trip by highway on the continent—is over the one hundred and ten miles of the new highway to Lake Windermere, past the Vermilion Lakes, and under the shoulders of Castle Mountain, whose eight-mile-long face, as presented to the valley, shows a formidable series of rock formations that are like the turrets and battlements of some mediæval fortification, magnified many thousand times. Back of Castle Mountain are the strangely serrated peaks of the Sawback Range, which are long in view as the highway leaves the route of the railway to Lake Louise, and mounts rapidly up Vermilion Pass, close to the strange Marble Canyon, where a torrent rushes for a mile between walls two hundred feet high; within sight of the little lakes, one of which sends its waters to the Atlantic Ocean, while the other has its outlet toward the Pacific; along the Vermilion River in its plunge toward the Kootenay; within sight of Mount Assiniboine, the rugged giant whose 11,870-foot summit is so often hidden by the clouds that the view of its



MOUNT RUNDLE, BANFF, ONTARIO



MOUNTAIN GOAT ON THE OTTERTAIL
See Page 167



MOUNT ASSINIBOINE

THROUGH THE HEART OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

lofty grandeur is as rare as it is sublime; on over Sinclair Pass, where the triumphs of the road-builders call for amazement, and where the pleasures of the expedition is at its height.

Through massive portals in the rock, above the thundering waters of Sinclair Creek, the road leads unexpectedly to the picturesque gate-house of the Kootenay National Park, whose narrow territory—reaching five miles on either side of the highway—joins the Rocky Mountain Park at the British Columbia boundary line. The gateway is several miles from the western limit of the park, but it is placed at the point where the waters of the Radium Hot Springs are imprisoned in a concrete basin. There weary travellers plunge and learn why the Indians liked the waters that come from the earth at a temperature of 120 degrees.

Above the springs and the gateway is the picturesque Sinclair Hot Springs Camp, whose central log building is surrounded by tent cottages. There travellers bound to or from Lake Windermere pause for refreshment. It is a wonderful place for a hotel. The wind in the trees and the rushing of the waters are a lullaby that brings unexpected sleep to the most wakeful, making them oblivious of the tumult of the storm that may shake the mountains.

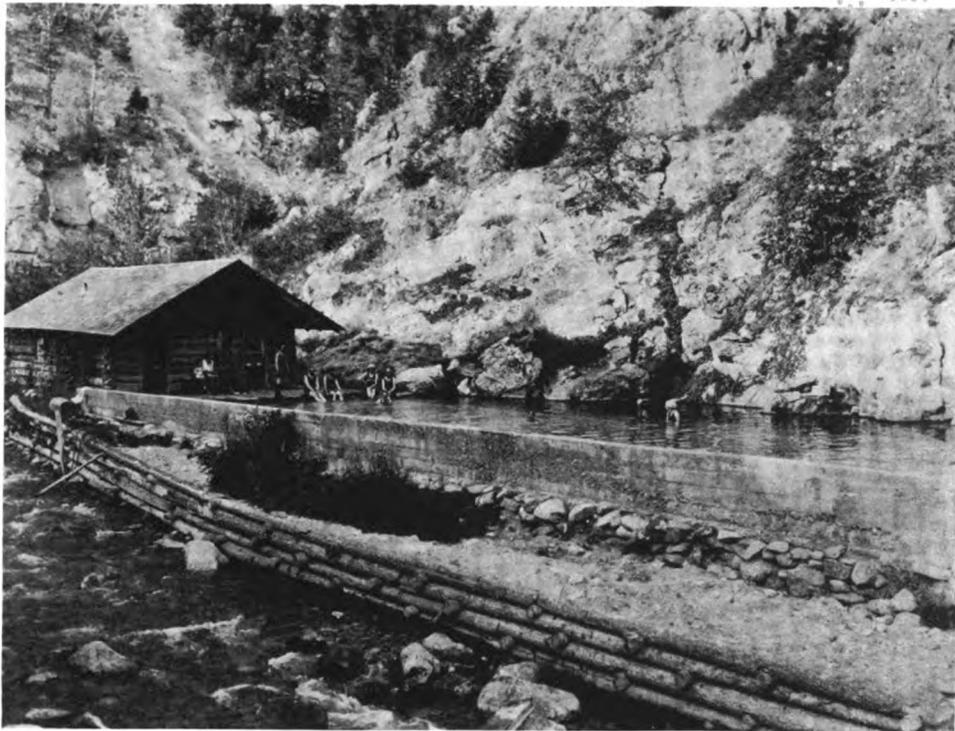
And in the morning! Before the sun has risen—the sunrise where mountains are close and high is postponed several hours—the outlook is on to the valley of the Columbia several miles beyond, and on to Mount Farnham, Mount Nelson, and Boulder Mountain, lofty peaks of the Selkirk Range, where snow fields, rocky cliffs, and spruce-clad slopes reflect the sun of early

SEEING CANADA

morning while yet the mountains to the east are still in the shadow.

And then the valley of the Columbia, entered several miles from the Hot Springs, after passing through the spectacular rock portals of Kootenay Park, above the canyon through which Spruce Creek drops to the level of the river! This is the first of two Columbia valleys to be crossed on the way to the coast, for the river makes a mighty sweep to the north from its sources in Lake Windermere and Lake Columbia, around the head of the Selkirks and Beavermouth, then south again, completing a loop that encloses some of the most remarkable features of the mountains. But there is nothing more remarkable than the Columbia itself, with its ultimate source in Dutch Creek and in Horse Thief Creek, the stream fed from the Lake of the Hanging Glaciers—said to be the only lake in the world outside of the polar regions that has icebergs perpetually floating upon its surface, these being fallen bits of the glaciers that feed the lake.

Companion to the Columbia near the beginning at Lake Columbia, is the Kootenay River. There the waters are but half a mile from those of the Columbia. Once a canal joined the Kootenay and Lake Columbia, so that it was possible to pass from the one stream into the other. The Kootenay, flowing to the south, completes the water boundary of the Selkirks. And to think that the stream which comes so close to the Columbia at this point flows far to the south, down into Montana and Idaho, and has to run its course of one thousand miles before it returns to pass through the Kootenay Lake, only sixty miles west of Columbia Lake, and from there flows out past Nelson to join the



SINCLAIR HOT SPRINGS
Where Weary Travelers Find Refreshment



SINCLAIR CANYON, KOOTENAY NATIONAL PARK



SINCLAIR CANYON, BANFF-WINDERMERE HIGHWAY

THROUGH THE HEART OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

Columbia at Castlegar, where that river emerges from the Arrow Lakes for its final rush through British Columbia, Washington, and Oregon to the Pacific Ocean!

The valley of the Columbia's beginning, and the Kootenay's futile approach to it at Golden has Lake Windermere and Lake Columbia for central features, while on either side, with a brief interval of foothills, rise the mountains. Far to the south the ranges seem to come together, but they leave a gap for the railway from Golden that, after winding down from the north by a track over which run two trains a week, connects with the steamer which plies the waters of the Arrow Lakes, offering a trip that some people insist is the finest inland water journey in Canada.

Before the days of the railroad there were little steamers on Lake Windermere and the upper waters of the Columbia. The lonely relic of those days is the boat stranded on the flats of Windermere, now used as a summer house. This is not far from the memorial built to David Thompson, discoverer of the headwaters of the Columbia, a log house within a palisade and corner bastions, a reproduction of the fort, Kootenay House, where the Hudson's Bay Company carried on trade for generations.

Kootenay House disappeared long ago. The primitive steamers that plied on the upper waters of the Columbia have followed it. The drawbridge above Invermere, a reminder of their reign over the commerce of the valley, is a curiosity to the automobile tourists who, in hundreds of cars each day, pass up the valley and enter the mighty rock portals of Kootenay National Park, then go on through deep canyons far above

SEEING CANADA

roaring waters, cold as ice, in continued sight of a bewildering succession of peaks whose snow-clad summits pierce the clouds. The tourists rest at noonday where the trout have a welcome for them. They may pass in an afternoon the animals of the forest described by one July traveller—"three deer, a wolverine, two porcupines, and a black bear." And at night they make ingenious encampment on one of the roadside grounds fixed for them as a part of the park's remarkable program for the comfort of those who pile whole families into a small car, as well as of those whose automobiles are less picturesque because of the absence of the children. Some more fortunate tourists crowd their children into rear seats in numbers unbelievable, or perch them among the baggage in a manner that looks most uncomfortable, though their happy faces show how thoroughly they enjoy their summer outing.

On the way to or from Banff many turn to the left, in the shadow of Castle Mountain, for the twenty-mile journey to Lake Louise. In passing the apparently interminable face of the formidable mountain, there is ample time to recall the legend that somewhere amid the rocky pinnacles is "the home of the Chinook Wind, the little blind daughter of the South Wind, and that she has been seen sometimes stealing down from its battlements to the prairies, seeking her lost parents, and leaving spring behind her wherever her feet have trod."

A three-mile climb from the valley through the forest leads to a rapturous vision that will cling to the memory and bring joy in later years, when in the midst of more prosaic surroundings. Lake Louise nestles amid the precipices, peeps up at the Victoria glacier, and



EARLY MORNING ON LAKE LOUISE



LAKE IN THE CLOUDS, NEAR LAKE LOUISE

THROUGH THE HEART OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

reflects in its depths the trees that lift themselves gracefully from seemingly inadequate rock foundations, the dark shadows of the nearer mountains, and the lighter coloring of the more distant Victoria, with its snow- and ice-crowned summit. A poetic writer has said of it, "Its waters are distilled from peacocks' tails, and paved with mother-of-pearl and into them rush those wild blues that are mixed only in the heart of glaciers." The picture thus drawn may seem absurd, but only to those who have never been under the spell of this central feature of the Lake Louise district. Wild Moraine Lake, lovely Paradise Valley, the famous Valley of the Ten Peaks, and the Lakes in the Clouds are among the marvels that lure the visitor from Louise, but always he returns with new zest to the lake that mirrors the glacier.

Those who go west from Lake Louise abandon the highway for the railway, which climbs amid an array of peaks of infinite variety, then begins the stupendous descent which is a monument not only to later engineers but to those who made the first survey for the road. The story of the leader of these pioneer engineers told of crossing "gorges so narrow that a biscuit might be thrown from the last horse descending to the bell-horse six hundred feet ahead, ascending the opposite side." He spoke of a trail on a series of precipices that ran "sheer up from the boiling current to form a contracted canyon," and of a perilous scramble along a path from ten to fifteen inches wide, from five to eight hundred feet high, and at some points almost obliterated, with slopes above and below so steep that a stone dislodged from the trail would roll into the torrent in the abyss below.

SEEING CANADA

The crowning achievement of the men who built the railway was the comparatively recent construction of the tunnels which—by means of two complete circles—conquer within a brief space a grade otherwise all but impossible, while providing for the passenger a matchless spectacle of mountain sublimity.

The valley below is that of the Kickinghorse River, which has its source in dainty Wapta Lake, above the spiral tunnels, and just below the Continental Divide which separates the waters of the Pacific from those that seek Hudson Bay. There at the summit is the memorial to Sir James Hector, discoverer of the Kickinghorse Pass, which made possible the construction of the railway across the highest range of the Rockies. How the peculiar name came to be given to the pass and the river was told in his story of the expedition :

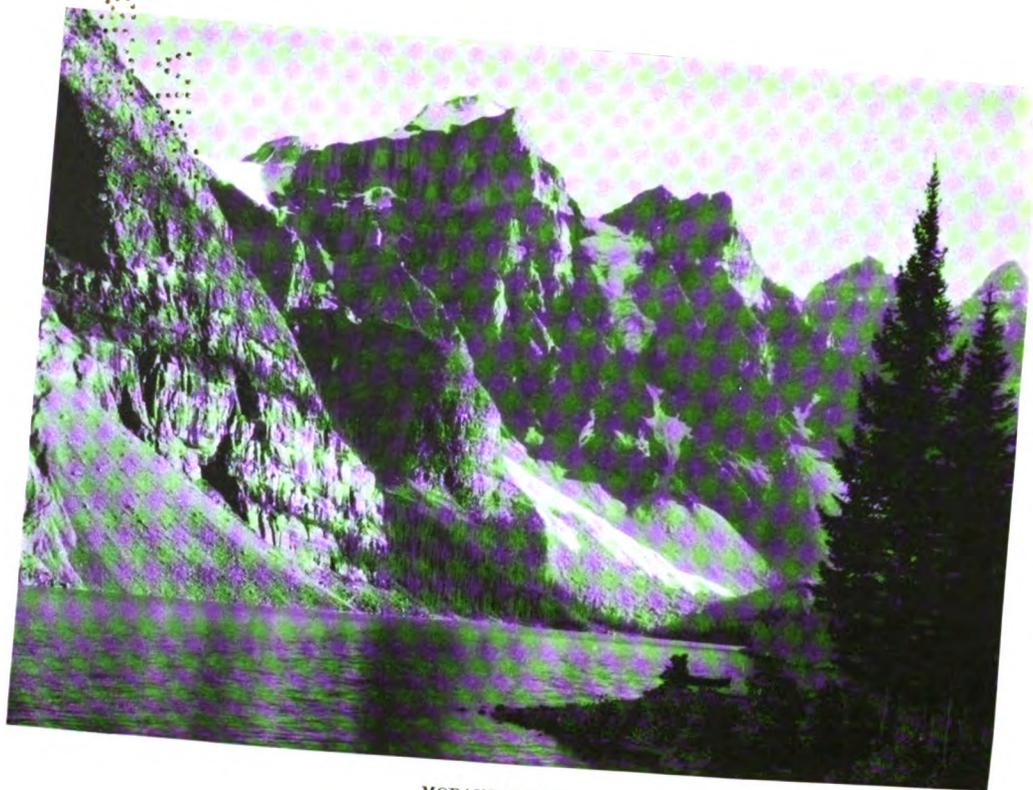
“One of our pack horses, to escape the fallen timber, plunged into a stream luckily where it formed an eddy, but the banks were so steep that we had great difficulty in getting him out. In attempting to reach my own horse, which had strayed off while we were engaged with the one in the water, he kicked me in the chest, but I luckily got close to him before he struck out, so that I did not get the full force of the blow.”

Where the railway reaches the valley is the little town of Field, headquarters of the Yoho National Park, so far down in the pocket between Mount Stephen and Mount Field that for hours after the sunrise the morning chill remains, and it is possible to tell that the day is to be clear only by looking at the gigantic masses of rock to the west or the green slopes that rise between.

Field is the outfitting point for trails that climb to summits where those who are willing to take a little



IN THE VALLEY OF THE TEN PEAKS, NEAR LAKE LOUISE



MORaine LAKE

THROUGH THE HEART OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

time can look out on awe-inspiring canyons, forests, peaks, snow fields, glaciers, and torrents. But even the roads practicable for automobiles give access to many of these marvels.

The twelve-mile ride up the Yoho Valley skirts the Kickinghorse, passes through vast forest aisles which give glimpses of the overpowering mass of Mount Stephen, then follows the tributary Yoho toward its source in the Yoho Glacier. The contrast between the crystal-clear waters and those whose milky depths tell of the parent glaciers was never more clearly revealed than when the Kickinghorse boils down the rocks to meet the Yoho.

From the place where the streams join, the road winds on a rocky shelf within reaching distance of the leaping, churning, dashing Yoho waters, swiftly descending amid the boulders. Far above rise the sheer walls of the canyon. The road climbs rapidly; at times the roar of the torrent is the only reminder of its presence. The final climb to the heights is made by a series of sharp switchbacks, marvels of road-building, which enable the highway to rise three hundred and fifty feet to a vantage point that gives what is thought to be the supreme spectacle of the drive. But a dash through the forest, past a maze of fallen trees which mark the path of an avalanche, leads to the meadow where the picturesque cottages of Yoho Camp look across toward Takakkaw Falls. There the torrent from an ice field five miles square, hidden somewhere behind a frowning precipice, takes a headlong plunge of twelve hundred feet to the rocks below, in its eagerness there to gather itself for the final dash of five hundred feet to the Yoho. Among innumerable water-

SEEING CANADA

falls there is nothing like the Takakkaw, whose waters, after striking a ledge one hundred and fifty feet from the beginning, leap out in spray that weaves and twists and whirls, then descends in forms fantastic, separating, uniting, defying analysis, and fascinating the eye so that it is difficult to turn away even after an hour of gazing.

Takakkaw Falls is but one feature of the view from Yoho Camp. A dozen miles to the left rises the gray-green mass of Yoho. In front are the massive walls of the Yoho Canyon; to the right Mount Stephen pokes its bare head above the intervening heights as if it would see what is going on up the valley; behind are the green slopes which make the coasting ground for the rapid descent of a series of waterfalls whose importance is so small that they do not even have a name, though, if removed from the overpowering Takakkaw, they would call for special attention.

Yoho Camp is not a terminus; it is but a stopping point before trails, such as that to Yoho Glacier and to Twin Falls, where two torrents drop over a lofty wall; while they are separated at the top they join forces far down the precipice.

The infinite variety of the mountains is revealed by two more drives from Field. One of these is to Emerald Lake, a lofty gem dropped in the midst of green forests, with the heights of Burgess and Wapta looking down on its loveliness. The other seeks Ottertail Creek, on an abandoned grade of the railway that climbs above the Kickinghorse through the trees. It provides a superb view of the Van Horne Range, on the way to the gorge of the Ottertail, which was once spanned by one of those vast timbered trestles built in the days before the cam-



TAKAKKAW FALLS, YOHO NATIONAL PARK



LAKE O'HARA, YOHO NATIONAL PARK



MOUNT STEPHEN AND KICKINGHORSE RIVER, FIELD, BRITISH COLUMBIA

THROUGH THE HEART OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

paign to arouse the country to the necessity of conserving timber resources.

The railway now runs closer to the river. The bridge—taken down by the superintendent of Yoho Park—has supplied timber and iron for many park bridges and other structures, and the watchman who protected from fire the maze of trestlework is growing old in a little log cabin, five by eight feet. There the interior is as dingy as his flower garden without is beautiful. His only neighbor is the forest ranger, who keeps bachelor hall in a cabin from which he goes forth daily to his work in the forest that helps to make possible the pleasures of camp and trail. "Do you find it lonely here?" he was asked. "Not a bit," he replied. "I have lots of company. Just yesterday afternoon I surprised fifty-two mountain goats on the Ottertail, right handy here, and they let me take their picture."

There is a gap between Yoho Park and Glacier Park, the next of the marvelous government reservations of the people. But there is no interruption in the beauty and grandeur of the surrounding country. For many miles beyond Field the railway follows the canyon of the Kickinghorse, now at a distance above the wild torrent, again by its side; sometimes clinging precariously to precipices that seem to threaten destruction because the path ahead is cut off by projecting rock, then dashing through a tunnel that pierces the obstacle, or darting across a bridge to a ledge, equally precarious, on the opposite side of the river.

The Kickinghorse joins the Columbia at Golden, the gateway to the Windermere country, the river which almost encircles the Selkirks. This range—much older

SEEING CANADA

than the neighboring Rockies—is not so lofty; geologists say that the summits have been worn down during the ages since they were monarchs of the land. Yet, in spite of their present more lowly position, they are crowned with far more snow than the Rockies; on this range the annual snowfall is about fifty feet, as compared with from fifteen to twenty feet in the Rockies. This pre-eminence, due to the prevailing moisture-laden winds from the Pacific, accounts for the lowering of the snow-line to seventy-five hundred feet, perhaps fifteen hundred feet below that of the mountains farther east.

After crossing the Columbia—here on its route to the north—the railway climbs again, this time to Rogers Pass, the gateway of the Selkirks, discovered in 1881 by Major A. B. Rogers, who, with a companion, made a toilsome journey of fourteen days from Shuswap Lake, west of the Gold Range, across the Columbia. At the Columbia they built a raft of cedar logs for themselves and their supplies. Their Indian guide swam alongside, with one hand pushing the raft, which landed one mile above the mouth of the Illecillewaet, near the present site of Revelstoke. From there they travelled east toward the summit of the Selkirks. “They crawled along the ledges, getting a toe-hold here or a finger-hold there, keeping in the shadow as much as possible, and kicking toe-holds in the snow-crust.” When, at length, they reached the summit, their amazement was great. “Such a view! Never to be forgotten! Our eyesight carried from one bold peak to another for miles in all directions. The wind blew fiercely across the ridge, and scudding clouds were hurled in the eddies behind the great towering peaks of bare rocks... We had no wood for fire,



MOUNT SIR DONALD AND ILLECILLEWAET GLACIER

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THROUGH THE HEART OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

no boughs for beds, were wet with perspiration and were eating snow to quench our thirst; but the grandeur of the view, sublime beyond conception, crowded out all thoughts of our discomforts."

No wonder! They stood on the summit of the Selkirks, looking out on what is to-day known as Rogers Pass, in the heart of Glacier Park, where Mount Sir Donald gazes down benignantly from all sides to the Columbia; where the Illecillewaet Glacier slopes for four thousand five hundred feet, with its base so close to the track that a short, easy trail leads to it quickly; where the waters of Cougar Brook, before disappearing in mysterious recesses of the mountains, flow into and through the Nakimu Caves, described by an official publication of the National Parks as "a series of chambers formed partly by seismic disturbances and partly by the action of the water, connected at various levels by narrow passageways along which the stream rushes in almost total darkness."

Among the marvels of Glacier Park a leading place must be given to the Illecillewaet, the mighty glacier-formed tributary of the Columbia, which for miles is followed by the railway. The canyon—like every mile of the railway's route through the mountains—tells a story of the hardy railway engineers. "They climbed from rock to rock, grasping roots and branches, scrambling up almost perpendicular ascents, swinging themselves occasionally like experienced acrobats. At some places the loads had to be unpacked and the men had to draw each other up, by clenched hands, from one ledge to another. They passed cautiously along a steep slope where a false step was certain disaster; they crept under a cascade over a point of precipitous

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rock, surmounting obstacles which—unless they had to go forward, or die of starvation—would have been held to be insurmountable.”

The last of the mountain peaks along the line of the Canadian Pacific is Mount Revelstoke, and its headquarters are at Revelstoke, where the Columbia is crossed after it has rounded the Big Bend, famous because of the rapids that made canoeing there such a dangerous pastime.

Mount Revelstoke Park, the world's highest National Park, has an area of about one hundred square miles on the summit plateau. Automobiles may now climb to the summit along a route that gives frequent surprise glimpses of the Illecillewaet and the Columbia, the surrounding mountains, and Eagle Pass, the last of the royal succession of gateways to the beyond. This easy pass was discovered by a discouraged surveyor, who, after a difficult journey from the Eagle River, saw a nest of eaglets in a tree near the mouth of the river. He fixed his revolver. The parent eagles immediately circled away, up the valley. He wondered if their route would not show the pass he sought for, and when, later on, he was able to explore it, the way for the railroad built twenty years later was found. Within that pass, at Craigellachie, the last spike of the Canadian Pacific Railway was driven on November 7, 1885, and the rails from the East and from the West were united. Thus the report of Captain Palisser, who led the first expedition across the continent with a view to railroad building, was proved erroneous: "I cannot recommend the Imperial Government to countenance or lend support to any scheme for constructing, or it may be said, forcing, a thoroughfare by this line of route, either by

THROUGH THE HEART OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

land or water... The knowledge of the country as a whole would never lead me to advocate a line of communication from Canada across the continent to the Pacific, exclusively through British territory."

The Eagle Pass, which was the first answer to Captain Palliser, can tell many tales of privation and heroism. One is recorded of engineers who managed to reach the Columbia after great suffering. Their food was exhausted. A relief party from Kamloops had promised to meet them there with provisions. But the food was not ready. What were they to do? Would it be necessary for them to abandon their route to the West, and float down the Columbia, two hundred miles to an Indian village, and so on to Portland? Then came four Indians who said that they had seen the relief party cache the provisions five days' journey over the mountains. Eagerly they pushed forward through Eagle Pass to the place of the cache—and found it empty!

Eagle Pass leads through the Gold Range, which lies between the valleys of the Arrow Lakes and Okanagan Lake, two of the finest fruit districts of British Columbia. There scenic glories are as great as the fertile soil is bountiful.

Beyond the Okanagan country, on the magnificent Thompson River, is Kamloops, the commercial town built on the site of the Hudson's Bay Company's Fort Kamloops. It dates from 1810. The trading post was thirty years old when Samuel Black, the factor in charge, in vain challenged to a duel the botanist David Douglas, who had stopped there in the course of his wanderings. The botanist angered the factor by declaring that the Honorable Hudson's Bay Company

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did not possess a soul above a beaver skin. It is related that the botanist was killed a little later in Hawaii, and that the factor was the victim of an Indian who accused him of sorcery.

A second historic site is Yale, near the rapids of the Fraser River, where, in 1848, was built a Hudson's Bay trading post, to provide a market in the northern territory made necessary by the transfer of the Oregon Country to the United States.

Before reaching Yale, the Fraser makes triumphal and picturesque route through the Cascade Mountains. The difficulty of the country is apparent from the fact that the railway required thirteen tunnels in nineteen miles, and the marvels of the canyon, with its plunging, rushing waters, are made even more attractive by the knowledge that, when it became necessary to pass through the rapids to carry supplies to workers on the east, the determination was formed to navigate specially constructed steamers there. Indians said the project was impossible. But when the steamer was ready two men volunteered to lead the seventeen others who were ready to risk the journey. Taking with them a steam winch, a capstan, and several large hawsers, they set out. At the worst places encountered the power of the engines and steam winch, with fifteen men at the capstan, and one hundred and fifty Chinamen laying hold of one of the ropes, barely sufficed to pull the vessel over the shoals.

Thus, the connection with Vancouver complete, the western workers pushed in to meet those from the east, that the first interoceanic railway in Canada might become a reality.

CHAPTER XXI

FROM THE CONTINENTAL BACKBONE TO THE ARCTIC OCEAN

CLOSE to the boundary line that separates Alberta from British Columbia there is a lofty watershed where are the springs that feed the Columbia River as it begins its majestic sweep toward the Pacific Ocean, as well as the source of the Brazeau River which empties into the North Saskatchewan and flows triumphantly past Mount Dalhousie and Mount Southesk and many more snow-clad peaks, to Edmonton, Alberta's capital city, where the Parliament Buildings crown the river bank, then on through the heart of rich Alberta into Saskatchewan and, through Lake Winnipeg, to Hudson Bay by way of the Nelson River. Thus they traverse the heart of a territory whose varied riches are indicated by four paragraphs copied from a single number of *The Beaver*, the Hudson's Bay Company's periodical:

“ Western Canada wheat is moving to overseas countries through the port of Vancouver, British Columbia, in larger quantities than ever before, the greater part going to Europe via the Panama Canal.

“ Ten thousand pounds of Alberta creamery butter is shipped to one point in Japan monthly, while shipments to other points are growing steadily.

“ Samples of tobacco grown near Lestock, on the Canadian National Railways, east of Saskatoon, Sas-

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katchewan, have been tested in a Quebec factory and declared to be of good quality. One Hungarian settler near Lestock had a crop of four acres last year, and nearly all the settlers in the district grow more or less every year.

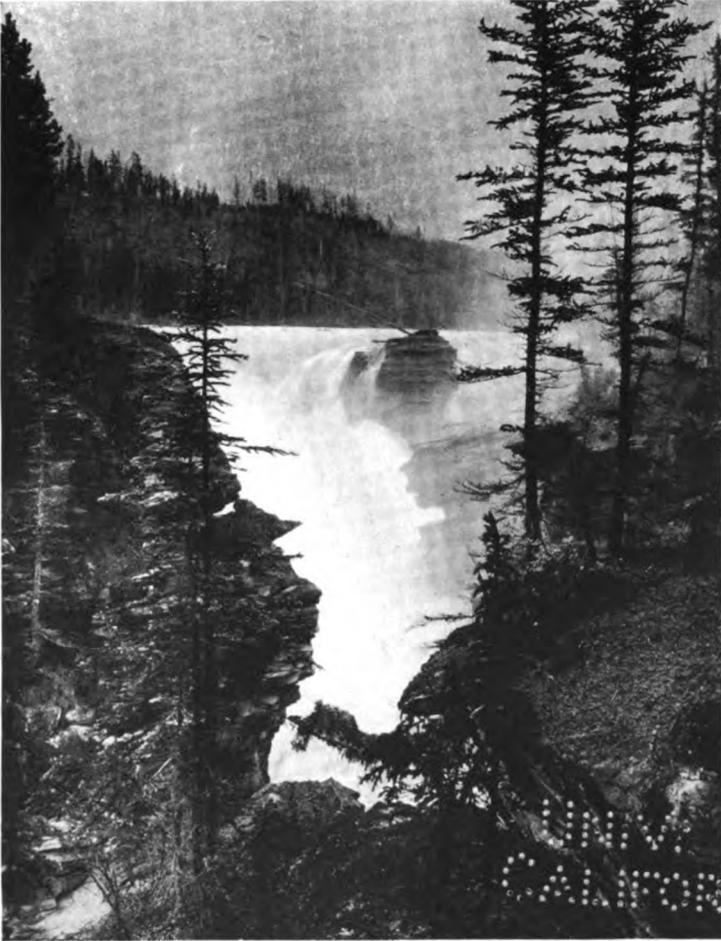
“ The cheese factory recently established at Round Hill, near Camrose, Alberta, already has eighty thousand pounds of cheese ready for market.”

But the mountain fastnesses of Jasper National Park see the start of a third great stream, the Athabasca, which comes from Fortress Lake, and the melting ice of the great glaciers on Mount Columbia—a mountain famous because it has been called the geographical centre of North America.

The few men who have been privileged to trace these upper waters of the Athabasca became enthusiasts. What wonders they beheld—mountains, whose frowning peaks pierced the clouds; islands, scattered thickly and shrouded in the dense green of the stately trees that lift their branches far above the water; falls, where the young river, after narrowing from a quarter of a mile to one twentieth of that width, drops one hundred feet to a churning pool!

Athabasca Falls is a good place to stop and marvel at the fact that the available water power of Canada is more than eighteen million horse power, or one-fourth of all the potential horse power in the world, and little more than two million horse power have been developed! What changes will come to these mountain fastnesses when development reaches the Falls of the Athabasca, so close to the source of the river?

Then come more mountains. The Galleon was given



ATHABASCA FALLS, JASPER PARK, ALBERTA

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TO THE ARCTIC OCEAN

its first name because its peaks reminded explorers of a Spanish galleon, but now it is called Sir Conan Doyle. Not far away is a stupendous height long known as Mount Geikie, but since the Great War it has borne the name of Edith Cavell, the English nurse who paid with her life for the privilege of helping the unfortunate. Mount Geikie is still to be seen in the vicinity, but the name belongs to another many-peaked mountain close by.

The wild birds find such delight in Pyramid Lake that some visitors regret to learn that within Jasper Park there must be no hunting. But why mourn lost opportunities to kill waterfowl when their presence adds so much to the wild beauty of Pyramid Lake as well as of Jasper Lake, the ten-mile-long widening of the Athabasca below the site of Henry House, and marking the location of Jasper House, Hudson's Bay Company's posts that since the close of the eighteenth century were the Mecca of eager trappers who sought there the reward of their weary labors in search of the pelts of the otter, the marten, and the beaver.

The glory of Henry House has departed, but still the trappers seek the waters of the Athabasca when they wish for the beaver and his kindred. Though times have changed, the method adopted in the capture of these little fur-bearers does not differ from those of another day.

"How do you take the beaver?" a sturdy servant of the Company was asked. His reply was made as carefully as, from year to year, he sets his traps:

"The beaver during the season of open water are either shot or caught with steel traps. For setting a trap a place where the beaver are in the habit of landing

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or where they cross any of their dams is chosen. The trap is set a little to the side of the track, four or five inches under the water, so that when a beaver swims in, one leg will be caught. If the trap is set in the middle of the track, the breast only will be seized by the jaws of the trap, and the animal will easily escape, leaving behind nothing but a few hairs. Care must be taken also that every branch touched or spot of ground trodden upon is freely sprinkled with water; otherwise the beaver will scent man and will never land. The end of the chain must be tied to a stake driven out as far as possible from the shore. If the beaver sees dry ground within reach he will gnaw his leg off and leave it in the trap.

“After the ice is formed a different style of hunting is adopted; the lodge or house is broken up by the trapper, which induces the beaver to seek refuge in the holes he has prepared in the river or lake banks. In localities they have occupied for some years these holes are usually very numerous, though requiring a hunter of experience to find them.

“When the entrance is found and well blocked up, a pole is inserted and the distance and direction are marked. Another hole is then cut in the frozen ground and marked and measured in the same way until the end is located, when the beaver is pulled out by the hair and killed by a blow on the head.

“Or another method is used. As the beaver under the ice never swims out any great distance from shore, a net made of reindeer raw hide cut into thin thong strips is used. This net is never made more than eight or nine feet long by four or five feet wide, and is set under the ice as close to the shore as possible. The

TO THE ARCTIC OCEAN

backing is passed from one corner of the outside top end of the net, through the meshes to the far bottom end, and there fastened. This is done on both sides of the net and the two ends passed through a bone with a hole in it which is tied to the net. These ends are held by the hunter, and, as soon as a beaver gets in, the lines are pulled and the net becomes a bag with the beaver inside. I have known as many as eleven killed in one night with a single net.

“Marten, mink, fisher, and stoat or ermine are generally killed in ‘dead falls,’ which are small enclosures fenced round on three sides. Across the open side one pole is laid flat on the ground, another is placed with one end in the ground, while the other is supported by a small post resting on another stick; to the end of this the bait is fastened. Weights are placed on the top pole, and when the luckless animal pulls at the bait the post falls, down comes the upper pole on the lower pole, and he is trapped between the two poles.

“Moose, caribou, bighorn sheep and bear are snared by the Indians on the mountains. They cut down trees across a valley between two mountains and form a rough kind of fence, leaving gaps here and there, where the snares are set. These snares are made of strips of caribou rawhide, twisted together; they are about twelve feet long and are made into a loop large enough to take in the horns of the species of animal they are after. At the loose end the Indians tie a stick eight or ten feet long which is not secured anywhere. When the animal finds himself noosed he becomes so frightened that he soon gets foul of a tree and breaks his neck.

“When the fence is finished and the snares set, the Indians go up the valley for some miles and drive the

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animals down to the fence, often killing as many as ten or twelve moose or caribou in one drive.

“For bighorn sheep, they fence around the salt-licks or alkali springs, and set the snares. When the sheep come down the mountains to these places they get caught and, with the stick dangling from their heads, make for the first precipice, fall down and break their necks.

“The bear snares are set along their regular tracks by the margin of the rivers or lakes they follow when hunting fish. The snares have a spring pole heavy enough to raise the bear on his hind legs and he soon gets choked. He looks rather absurd when found dead, sitting on his haunches, his fore paws hanging straight down with his face looking up to the skies.

“The lynx are killed with snares; a spruce some three feet round is staked about with small sticks about three feet high, a doorway being left at which the snare is set, and in the centre a tuft of grass is stuck up with some castorium or other strong-smelling stuff. The animal pokes his head in the doorway and is caught. The snare is made of either caribou skin or number ten twine; at one end a stick of four or five feet in length is tied, and the lynx either twists himself around some brush and chokes himself, or climbs a tree, gets foul of the branches and hangs himself. And my lady gets her muff.”

If the intimate knowledge of the upper waters of the Athabasca gained by the fur traders in the days of the Hudson's Bay Company's glory could have been passed on for the use of the twentieth century geographers, they would have been spared uncertainty and trouble. But, to an explorer, what is uncertainty but a spur to

TO THE ARCTIC OCEAN

investigation? And what account is made of trouble and danger if it comes in the process of compelling the wild to yield its secrets? Men and women to whom the unknown is a challenge may still find welcome opportunities to add to their store of knowledge as well as to their own keen pleasure in these days when there is still differences of opinion as to the ultimate source of the Athabasca, and when, for the hundreds of miles of glorious river between Jasper Lake and Athabasca Landing, there are scores of fascinatingly named tributaries each with its call to see what is "just beyond the bend."

On the way to or from Jasper Park the Canadian National Railway gives its passengers glimpses of a section of the river's glories that are all too brief. How many of them have looked longingly down the river when the railroad leaves its banks for the cross-country run to Edmonton on the Saskatchewan! Then why not leave the railroad, become a wilderness tramp, and learn some of the trapper's reasons for clinging to the life in the wide spaces? The railroad is never far away, but the wanderer in the river valley is not reminded of it until he comes to the Edmonton, Dunvegan and British Columbia Railroad, the daring line that pushes northwest from Edmonton for the opening of the Peace River district of Northwestern Alberta. There settlers have found a new country which is determined to add a profitable chapter to the story of Alberta's wheat fields. Leaving the Athabasca River, after a time, this road follows the Lesser Slave River to Lesser Slave Lake, a picturesque paradise for the fisherman. In a recent season the catch of whitefish there amounted to 1,500,000 pounds, the limit allowed by government

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regulations. In addition, 70,000 pounds of pickerel and great quantities of pike were caught.

In summer a steamer makes easy transport on the lake, and gives appetite for the much longer run of the vessel on Peace River, which can be begun when the primitive railroad has deposited the traveller more than two hundred miles farther on. The Peace River trip, through a country where Hudson's Bay Company's posts and stations of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police vie with such interludes as the four-mile portage around Vermilion Chutes, gives variety to the journey to Lake Athabasca.

Another notable rail and steamer ride to the mouth of the Peace River and far beyond is, first, by the Alberta and Great Waterways Railway, nearly three hundred miles to the Clearwater River, close to the entrance of the Athabasca, passing on the way to Lac La Biche, a pleasing jewel in the muskeg country, where the inevitable Hudson's Bay Company's post keeps company with one of the mission stations that are scattered through all the northern country; and second, by steamer of the Hudson's Bay Company for nearly two thousand miles, through a succession of waterways, to the Arctic Ocean.

It is a pity to miss the thrills of the railway approach to the Athabasca by a schedule that is necessarily elastic, a roadway that gambols most disconcertingly on the unstable muskeg, and passengers who have learned to accept with a philosophical smile the long succession of delays on the journey. But it is a question if the stretch of river between Athabasca Landing and the mouth of the Clearwater is not to be chosen rather than the unusual trip by rail. Of course there

TO THE ARCTIC OCEAN

would be ample leagues of river and lake even if the boat is not taken until Fort McMurray looks out on the Clearwater. But think of missing such stretches of river, for instance, as Grand Rapids, where the water drops sixty feet in less than one mile—to say nothing of the clouds of vigorous mosquitoes that seek to charm by voice and sting!

But let the river journey be begun from Fort McMurray, on the paddle-wheel steamboat *McMurray*, loaded to the guards with freight for the northland, and passengers who propose to be comfortable even if forty of them are crowded into spaces designed for half the number.

The passengers are a motley crew. Trappers and traders jostle a missionary or, perhaps, some of the Grey Nuns who are famous throughout the region. One or two troopers of the Mounted Police are bound for some far-away lawbreaker who must be taught respect for authority, though he lives in the heart of the Great Lone Land. Then there are oil prospectors, lured by the discoveries at Norman on the lower Mackenzie, only a little way south of the Arctic Circle. Mix in a few Indians and half-breeds, and the varied cargo of nationalities and languages is complete. Once in a while there is a simon-pure tourist who has found impossible resistance to the lure of a thirty-five hundred mile journey out and back, where he may be on the way until months must be marked off on the calendar before he returns to prosaic surroundings where everything goes as if by clockwork, where no one thinks of making allowances for disarranged plans, where it is impossible to draw up to a woodyard only to find that a rival

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steamboat has borrowed the fuel demanded by the boat in its passage to the next woodyard.

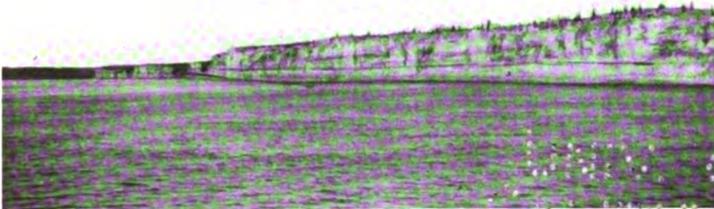
One of these leisurely travellers, on his return to everyday surroundings, wrote with enthusiasm of what he had seen :

“The Athabasca is a beautiful stream with an average width of three hundred yards. Its course is studded with countless islands. Frequently the boat passed down some channel, the wooded shores crowding close on either hand and creating the impression that the stream had narrowed, moving in this fashion for such an extended distance that other channels flowing in from either flank seemed to be tributary rivers; these inflowing waters joined the main flow on all sides and added to the volume till there was a vast sweep of open water stretching forth ahead. Always this feathered once more in branching lanes that threaded a maze of islands.”

The steamer plows on, crossing Lake Athabasca, dropping down to Slave River, across the boundary of the Provisional District of Mackenzie, to Great Slave Lake. Then out the west end of the lake into the broad Mackenzie, which reaches for one thousand miles to the Arctic Ocean; past the country of the musk-ox on the right and the land of the wood buffalo on the left, past Fort Norman and the lonely oil well, located close to the entrance to the Mackenzie of the outlet of Great Bear Lake; into the land of the midnight sun, where, in the words of a traveller, “daylight never fails; where for a certain space of time there is even sunshine throughout the full twenty-four hours of each day, the sun sweeping its complete circle without once dropping from sight beyond the far horizon.”



GRAND RAPIDS ON THE ATHABASCA RIVER



THE RAMPARTS ON THE MACKENZIE RIVER

70 1911
ANNALS

TO THE ARCTIC OCEAN

Of course this is just as surely the land of the long midnight. But why bother about that, since the extended darkness comes at a season when the steamers do not run, and all but trappers, missionaries, and Eskimos leave the country until the season for another midnight sun draws near?

Nearly two hundred miles beyond the oil well—which, when easy and cheap transportation is provided, will probably be multiplied by hundreds—and close to the Arctic Circle, the Mackenzie passes between the Ramparts, walls that tower steeply above the flood, reminding the traveller of the Palisades of the Hudson River.

And still it is more than three hundred miles to the great delta by which the Mackenzie enters the Arctic—a delta one hundred miles wide at the mouth and more than one hundred miles long.

What a vision of the vastness and the possibilities of the Northwest Territories is gained by such a journey! Before taking it, Edmonton seems almost a northern outpost, in spite of its wonderful development. After the return from the Arctic it will seem almost as if the capital city of Alberta must be down somewhere in the land of long summer.

But one of the most lasting impressions made by such a journey is that it is nonsense to think of the Northwest Territories as one great stretch of uselessness. Useless? After twenty-five or thirty years it will be acknowledged by all—as now it is the daring boast of a few—that the Great Lone Land is one of the treasure-houses of the Dominion.

CHAPTER XXII

THE CENTRAL MOUNTAINS OF ALBERTA AND BRITISH COLUMBIA

THE construction of the northern transcontinental roads—there were two of these northern routes until the consolidation of the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Canadian Northern into the Canadian National Railways—has made possible a Triangle Tour of such length that it calls for four or five days of the time of those who are foolish enough to scurry through its eighteen hundred miles. But the careful traveller, after spending two weeks on the journey will feel that he would have been wise to devote three weeks, or even more, to a pilgrimage that cannot be equalled. Some say that, for scenic grandeur and infinite variety, other tours cannot even be mentioned with it.

There are three parts to the rough triangle journey: Vancouver to Prince Rupert, by steamer through the Inside Passage; by rail from Prince Rupert to Jasper, to and through the mountains; Jasper to Vancouver, through more mountains, and gradually down to sea level.

While it is possible to begin the journey at any of these points, the most effective way is to go first from Vancouver to Jasper. And because the Canadian National train leaves in the evening, it is better to take the Canadian Pacific Railway to Kamloops, thus securing the daylight run through New Westminster, the town which boasts its situation twelve miles from the

MOUNTAINS OF ALBERTA AND BRITISH COLUMBIA

sea, so that it is the only fresh water port west of the Great Lakes; up the rushing Fraser, British Columbia's largest river; past Langley, site of Fort Langley, first trading post of the Hudson's Bay Company on the coast of British Columbia, where was staged the double ceremony of transferring New Caledonia to the British Colonial Office and christening it British Columbia; through the Black Canyon of the Fraser, where the Cascade Mountains on the east and the Coast Range on the west crowd the waters between narrow walls; and through the Fraser Canyon, whose fourteen-mile length, between walls similarly caused, is divided by Hell's Gate—a narrow passage perhaps one hundred feet wide, through which the waters plunge and boil with terrific momentum. The day's journey is remarkable from beginning to end, but it is only a prelude to the feast reserved for the second day, from Kamloops.

For hours the route follows the North Thompson River, tributary to the Fraser, through country where the farmers are learning what wonders irrigation can perform, crossing tributary creeks whose waters wash down the gold that causes periodical rushes to some new bonanza—though this frequently proves to be a disappointment. The hills increase rapidly to the dignity of mountains. The traveller rejoices in the green slopes until he comes to a scene of desolation caused by fire that swept away in an hour the growth of centuries. Then he can enter into the feelings of the man who wrote the message that hangs on the walls of the superintendent of the Yoho National Park. In this an Indian is made to give an address "To My Pale-faced Brother":

SEEING CANADA

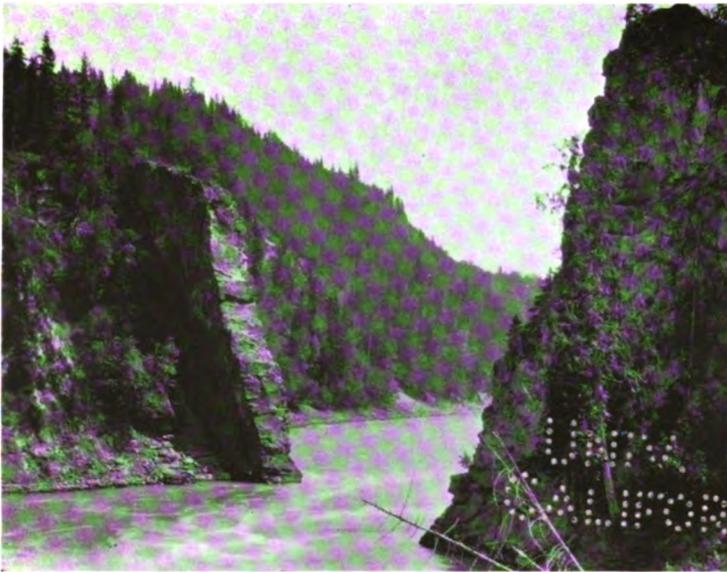
“Ye who love the rushing of great waters through their palisades of fir trees; love the wind among the forests; love the green-clad sides of the mountains; ye who love the haunts of Nature; list to this, my solemn warning, to the warning of Na-jus-ta, Na-jus-ta who loved these wooded mountains, long before the pale-faced stranger came. Watch the red-hot coals of thy tobacco, and be careful with thy fire-stick; when thou leavest place of camping, see thy camp-fire cold and dead. Help us to preserve the forest grandeur, and Gitche-Manitou, the Mighty, will bless and guard my pale-faced brother.”

On every hand are reminders of the comparatively recent construction of the road, and the tremendous obstacles encountered. For instance, there is the point where the Albreda River enters the North Thompson. There the packers who took in material for the road and supplies for the men, entrusted their loads to rafts which they accompanied—they could not guide them—through the swirling waters, while their horses swam alongside.

Everywhere the North Thompson River is fascinating; its turbulent waters, relentlessly pushing onward in spite of the rocks that everywhere try to bar its progress, yet succeed only in making it more seductive, are so insistent in their appeal that the traveller feels it impossible to retain his seat on his own side of the car. In spite of himself he crosses to the windows opposite, perhaps just in time to catch a glimpse of a scenic vagary more pronounced, like the passage through the eight-mile gorge that leads to another Hell's Gate. (Why is it necessary to use a second time on the same route a name that at best is not



HELL'S GATE ON THE THOMPSON RIVER



BULKLEY GATE, BULKLEY RIVER
See Page 192



..... PYRAMID FALLS, BRITISH COLUMBIA

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descriptive?) There the tawny flood, bearing still the distinctive mark of the parent glacier, makes a sudden turn before it is forced through a gap in the bounding rocks that might almost be leaped. It is said that a man passed through the gorge and its narrow gate, clinging to a log. How he survived the dreadful experience is still a marvel to those who tell of the event.

The Albreda and the Canoe afford river scenery less spectacular, perhaps, but always full of beauty. Frequent tributaries come down from the mountains, always in a manner to hold the attention, now and then in such a way as to call forth pleasant exclamation and the wish that it were possible to examine the country more closely. Some day an automobile road will parallel the railway. Until then, travellers must be content with fleeting glimpses, or with brief pauses made, as at Pyramid Falls, that marvel of descending waters, hidden by the green foliage until the passenger is immediately before it. There a flood pours with reckless abandon over a series of precipices—three hundred feet of descent, one hundred feet of width. The mist wreaths glorify the forest cataract, and drench the unwary who step to the open platform of the car.

Pyramid Falls are in the heart of a dense forest through which the railroad builders made their way with difficulties. A hint of these is given after one of the sudden storms so common in the mountains. Then, perhaps, it becomes necessary to make frequent stops to clear from the track trees which have crashed down from the heights. The passenger has the opportunity to join forces with the train crew who rush forward to do quick battle with the fallen monarch.

SEEING CANADA

An opening in the forest heralds the loftier mountains beyond the line of the railway from Prince Rupert, which is seen far below, like a little toy, creeping toward the pass to the eastward. For many miles the railroads are on different levels, but they do not unite until long after they have passed the station nearest Mount Robson, the giant whose stern front and lofty summit are in full keeping with its character as the king of the Canadian Rockies. Its 13,068 feet of height seems even more because it rises nearly two miles above the valley. For a long distance it claims undivided attention; there are lofty mountains on every hand, yet these bow before their master, whose gleaming white summit has been reached but twice.

But even if the average tourist cannot hope to conquer the height, he can approach and revel in the mystery and the beauty that lie all about the regal height. For Mount Robson is the dominating feature of Mount Robson Park, a British Columbia reservation containing eight hundred and forty square miles.

Provision has been made for trail riders who start from Mount Robson station and climb among lakes and waterfalls, mountain valleys and enclosing precipices, until they reach Berg Lake, where they gaze with unbounded delight on the Tumbling Glacier that clings for two miles to the face of the mountain, at the monster icebergs that drop from the glacier into the lake, and at the seven thousand feet up to the cloud-piercing, ice-encircled summits of this marvel of mountains.

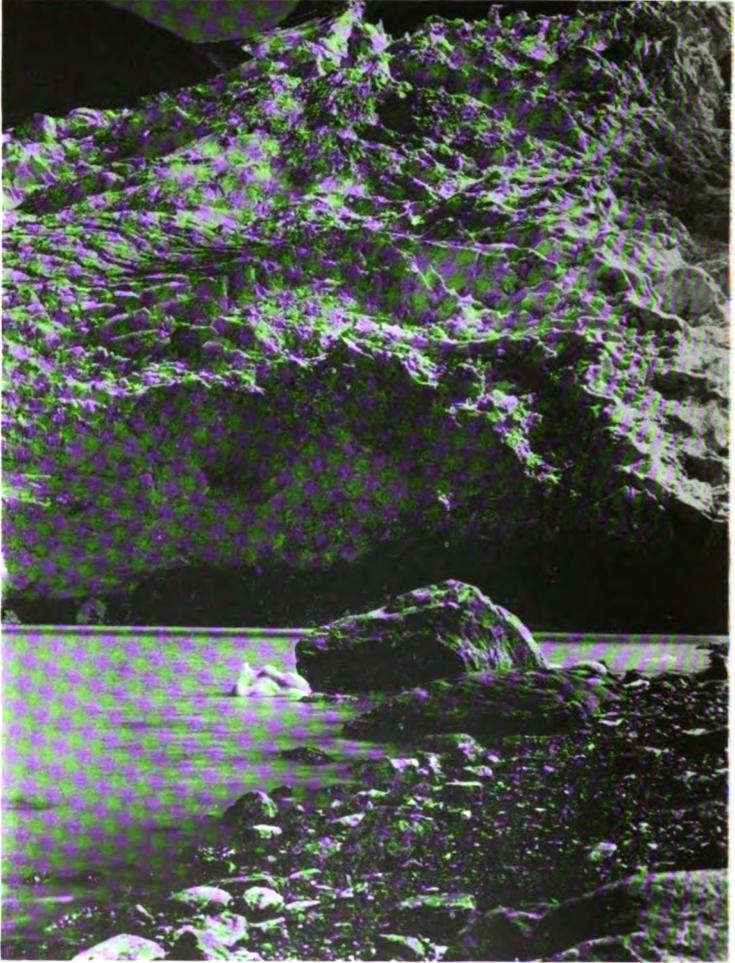
The trip to Berg Lake calls for three days—one day for the ascent, one day for rest, a third day for the return. But these days give joy without limit at the time, and they afford a feast for the memory. Mount



MOUNT ROBSON, BRITISH COLUMBIA



THE THRONE, JASPER PARK, ALBERTA



TUMBLING GLACIER, MOUNT ROBSON

MOUNTAINS OF ALBERTA AND BRITISH COLUMBIA

Robson does not stand alone. All about it are other spectacular peaks, which are only less remarkable than the giant.

The fifty-mile journey from Mount Robson to Jasper, the station for Jasper National Park, is a long succession of surprises. Mountains rise superbly, their glaciated, sun-clad peaks vying with each other as they toss heavenward. Waterfalls descend to the level of the rails, or lower. Lengthy Moose Lake borders the road for miles. The Fraser River, crossed now close to its source, is but a faint prophecy of its might in the valley far below. The serrated successive peaks of the Seven Sisters tower on the left. And soon comes Yellowhead Pass: discovered in 1826; named in honor of the ruddy hair of Jasper Hawes, who founded Jasper House for the Northwest Fur Company in 1800; long favored by the traders, to whom its easy grade gave ready access to the country beyond, as they took thither their furs and packs.

For seventeen miles the railroad follows the route of the pioneer packers. Then the country opens out into the magnificent central amphitheatre of Jasper Park, prince of the Canadian National Parks, as its neighbor, Mount Robson Peak, is king of the mountains.

To say that Jasper Park contains forty-four hundred square miles is merely to recite figures. To enumerate the peaks that rise within this territory, and then to explain that there are scores on scores of lofty summits to which no name has yet been given, would be tedious. But to make the statement that Jasper Park is in many respects the most marvelous mountain playground on the continent is to tell simple truth of which the people of Canada are becoming aware. But

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it is still news to many, even of those who are considered well informed, that a splendid beginning has been made in developing a mountain area that will surpass any of the older holiday grounds, not even excluding Rocky Mountain Park.

✓ If the years of the World War are omitted—a period when park development was at a standstill—there have been but six or seven years of Jasper Park history. Yet what an inspiring beginning there has been in making accessible the vast resources of the area! There are motor roads to the canyon where the Maligne River makes sharp descent between jealous walls, after its strange disappearance underground for a time; to delectable Pyramid Lake, perched under the kaleidoscopic heights of Pyramid Mountain, and possessing for its waters a rare blue tint that is the joy and the despair of the artist; to Henry House, with its memories of the Northwest Fur Company; and toward towering, snow-shrouded Mount Edith Cavell, one of the chief attractions of the park. Already twelve miles of this road are completed, and it will soon be possible to go all the way to the mountain. It is the dream of the superintendent to have a royal approach to the park by highway from Edmonton, more than two hundred miles. For this road the abandoned grade of the old Canadian Northern Railway will be the nucleus.

Of course trails are numerous. First place—not only by reason of length, but because of the magnificence and variety of the scenery made accessible—must be given to the three hundred miles of twelve-foot trail, said to be the longest continuous trail in the world, which goes up the Athabasca River to Athabasca Falls, approaches Mount Sunwapta, traverses Toboetan Pass



MOUNT EDITH CAVELL, JASPER PARK, ALBERTA



AMETHYST LAKE, JASPER PARK, ALBERTA

MOUNTAINS OF ALBERTA AND BRITISH COLUMBIA

and Brazeau Pass, follows the Brazeau River, reaches Mary Gregg Lake and the Forks of the McLeod, and returns to Jasper by way of Pocahontas, the coal-mining town at the base of precipitous Mount Miette. Nearly half of this is good trail; all of it is passable. Thus it is possible to reach the sources of the Athabasca, the Columbia Ice Field, ninety-nine miles from Jasper, the world's second largest ice fields, and—by branch trail—from Sunwapta, up Wilcox Pass, to the headwaters of the North Saskatchewan, and then on to Banff in Rocky Mountain Park.

There are, of course, shorter trails for those who cannot give the weeks necessary to the long trail. Among these, the place of honor belongs to the nine-mile trail up Whistler, the rugged mountain that rises more than four thousand feet above the town, and close to eight thousand feet above the sea. The visitor to Jasper who has but one day at his disposal should go to this summit. The round trip may be made, almost all of it, on a pony, in seven or eight hours. And where on the continent is it possible in such brief time to reach a summit from which is spread out a series of prospects so superb? On the one side the mountain looks down on the Athabasca River, and far away to the south, where peak rises beyond peak for ninety miles. To the west is the Yellowhead Pass, flanked on the north by a mighty range that begins with Pyramid Mountain and includes Mount Henry and Mount Elysium, as well as some of the numerous peaks which the park authorities have been able to distinguish only by numbers! Peeping over the snows and glaciers that crown these heights is the noble, symmetrical, unmistakable cap of Mount Robson, a triangle of glowing white. Down

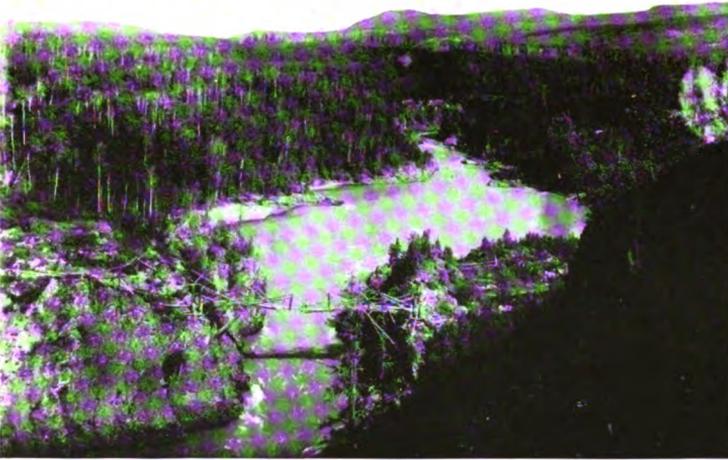
SEEING CANADA

in the pass flows the Miette River, hungering to join the Athabasca near Jasper. And everywhere are lakes—lakes of amethyst, of topaz, of carnelian; lakes near the river, lakes on the heights; lakes wherever the eye rests. Thirty-two of these can be counted from this one summit.

Yes, this is the trail to be taken if the visitor is so unfortunate as to have to leave Jasper after a single day. But such a short visit is apt to lead to a longer stay. Most of those who visit Jasper Park will sympathize with the Duke of Devonshire, who, after a three days' stop, said to the superintendent. "I owe an apology to you and to the Park for the brevity of my visit." As soon as he could do so, he returned for three weeks. And now he is looking forward to a three months' residence amid the marvels of mountains, lakes, canyons, waterfalls, and glaciers which are the proud possession of Jasper.

For those who, on leaving Jasper, complete the second part of the Triangle Tour to Prince Rupert, still other massive mountain peaks are waiting, on the road to and beyond Prince George, made famous by early explorers and fur traders. And who can forget the successive valleys of the Fraser and Nechako rivers, or the windings of the Bulkley, with its deep canyon and its Gate, where, during the ages, the mighty stream has cut through a mass of rock that impeded its course!

The Bulkley River is noted, also, because of the Indians at Amilyak, near Hazelton, who, in 1865, conquered the stream by a novel suspension bridge made of materials left on the ground by the Western Union Telegraph Company when the success of the Atlantic Cable put a stop to their efforts to reach Europe over-



OLD INDIAN BRIDGE AT HAZELTON, BRITISH COLUMBIA



NEW HIGH LEVEL BRIDGE AT HAZELTON



ALONG THE SKEENA RIVER IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

MOUNTAINS OF ALBERTA AND BRITISH COLUMBIA

land by wires stretched through British Columbia, Alaska, and Siberia. Colonel Bulkley was one of the leading men in the enterprise, and the river was named for him.

The remarkable structure erected by the Indians—it fell in 1917—was described by one who saw it:

“No nails were available, and only a handful of Hudson Bay spikes. The joints in the logs were made by dovetailing and burning a hole through two logs, through which was driven a stout wooden spike and the joint bound with telegraph wire. One large cable secured from the Hudson’s Bay Company gave great strength to the structure. Several hundred feet above the turbulent waters, the bridge swung, and was about one hundred and forty-six feet long and ten feet wide.”

The more commonplace suspension bridge built to replace the product of Indian ingenuity has a single span of four hundred and fifty-one feet, which springs from bank to bank at a height that makes it, also, a wonder to the Indians.

After the Bulkley River comes the Skeena, the stream in which the Indians found delight, not only because of its rare beauty, but because the salmon leaped there for them, as they leap to-day for those who feed the monster canneries on its banks.

Beyond the Skeena lies Prince Rupert, the port of departure for the third section of the Triangle Tour, Pacific terminus of the Canadian National Railways, and port of call for the vessels with passengers bound for the Yukon.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE STORY OF A CITY AND A RAILWAY

WHEN Charles I was King of England he had an adventure-loving relative, Rupert, "Prince of England and Bohemia." The wonder tales told by Miles Groselliers of the rich fur trade of the country between Hudson Bay and the Atlantic—in that day no one thought that many a hundred long miles separated the two—made him eager to advance Groselliers' scheme for a great trading company which should win fortunes for all its stockholders. When the pioneer fifty-ton trading ketch, the *Nonsuch*, sailed for Hudson Bay, he was one of its backers, and when, in 1670, King Charles acceded to his importunities by chartering the Hudson's Bay Company, "our dear entirely beloved cousin, Prince Rupert," was mentioned at the very beginning of the document. Rupert became the first governor of the Company that was to rule for two hundred years over a country vast as Europe and so rich no one could, or has yet been able to, measure its possibilities—"the whole region whose waters flowed into Hudson Bay." "Rupert's Land," it was called. And the *Prince Rupert* was the name of the second vessel to sail for the Company's possessions.

Two hundred and forty years passed. The rights of the Company to the immense territory had been transferred to the Dominion. For the development of the trackless areas of the prairies and the mountains one transcontinental railroad, the Canadian Pacific, already had been built, in spite of the prophecies of as

THE STORY OF A CITY AND A RAILWAY

persistent a set of killjoys as ever tried to block progress. Yet the pioneer railroad was such a success that, less than twenty-five years later, another road was projected, far to the north of the earlier line, to extend from Halifax on the Atlantic thirty-six hundred miles to the Pacific.

But to what point on the western ocean? F. A. Talbot, who wrote so graphically the story of the Grand Trunk Pacific—now a part of the Canadian National Railways—told how the terminus was chosen. For a time it was believed that Vancouver was the only possible harbor on the coast. Efforts had been made to locate another, but surveys seemed to indicate that every bay or inlet otherwise inviting was blocked by rocks or other barriers. Finally the president of the new road cast longing glances at Tuck's Inlet. He was told that the presence of an immense rock would forever bar the entrance of any vessels but those of light draught; the government charts said so. But he would not give up till he had proved the charts right. So he sent out an expedition of his own. "The survey boat sailed up and down the mouth of the inlet, proceeding well out to sea and well inland on either side, sounding carefully and continually, but they could find no trace of any rock. At last it was discovered that in the preparation of the admiralty chart the rock had been placed in the wrong bay! The mistake in that chart which had been accepted blindly as evidence of the unsuitability of Tuck's Inlet as a port had arrested the development of Canada's Pacific seaboard for a quarter of a century."

So it was decided to build a new port at Tuck's Inlet, on Kaien Island, four hundred miles north of Van-

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cover, and but forty miles from the bit of Alaska that thrusts a neighborly arm downward. Yet the railroad builders felt that this would be an impossible name for what must become a city of importance. An offer was therefore made of a prize of \$250 to the person who would suggest the most suitable name. Some fifteen thousand suggestions were made; the prize was awarded to a young woman who thought the port should be named Prince Rupert, in honor of the first governor of the Hudson's Bay Company. To a man who suggested Port Rupert an extra award of the same amount was given.

Not only was the chosen site beautiful for situation—a rocky ledge upthrust between land and sea, looking out across the fourteen-mile long harbor to the wooded Digby Island, and the projection of the Tsimpsan Peninsula, which gives protection to the thousands of vessels that seek its port each year, to the shipbuilding plant and the immense floating dry dock—but it was admirably adapted to the efforts of those who would foster the great halibut fisheries, and the cod and salmon fisheries, the vast mining area, as well as the hundreds of miles of golden grain in the country to the eastward. The builders had the vision that is so essential to progress.

The engineers who planned the port did not wait for the railway. The fiat city must be ready when the track across the plains and the mountains was completed. The difficulty of the rocky site was not allowed to hinder the laying out of streets on an ambitious scale. Imposing buildings were erected. All municipal improvements were made, so that when the first passenger train entered the city, water, light, sewers, and many other things were ready. Thus travellers could



PRINCE RUPERT, BRITISH COLUMBIA



WATER FRONT SCENE AT PRINCE RUPERT

THE STORY OF A CITY AND A RAILWAY

marvel at what they saw at the end of their journey, as they had wondered when passing through the majestic mountains by passes whose highest point is but thirty-six hundred feet.

In order to determine the proper location for the road, the surveyors had actually to lay out some fifteen thousand miles of possible line; the final route was chosen from these trials. In one case, fifteen hundred and thirty-five miles of exploration were made to decide one section of two hundred and ninety miles. When it is considered that some of this exploration was made in forests which seemed almost impenetrable, or over bogs that seemed bottomless, and that work was carried on when the thermometer registered forty degrees below zero, it can be imagined what the struggle meant to the heroic men who persisted in the face of obstacles that would have daunted many.

Sometimes the line was to be surveyed through a forest whose trees had branches so closely interlaced that a trunk would sometimes remain standing even after it had been severed. Then the axe-men had a serious task. "They had to hew a pathway one hundred feet wide through the woods. When viewed from a height, this band through the forest, in many places as straight as an arrow, presents a strange appearance with its edges of knife-cut evenness." Much of the timber had to be burned at once; the route of the line was too far from civilization to make the marketing of the logs worth while.

When the forests were left behind, the surveyors had to cross many lakes, nearly every one of which claimed its toll of lives. Until experience taught caution, the pioneers would venture on the surface of

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these lakes, only to be engulfed in slush that was many feet deep. Snow had fallen on the first thin ice, and had borne it down under the water. This snow, saturated, supported the next snowfalls. The ice would sink lower and lower, until at length the slush might be ten feet deep. The surface of fresh snow would look inviting to the unwary surveyor. For a time it would hold him safely; then, without warning, he would sink into the slush—which refused to freeze—and there he suffocated.

Still another difficulty was caused by the muskeg, or bog. Mr. Talbot's account of how discouraging were efforts to surmount this obstacle is stimulating to those who feel that they must give up before hardship. "At places it appeared to be bottomless. The ballast locomotive would haul train after train load of spoil excavated from the ballast pit, and push it cautiously along to the end of the dump, where the trucks would be discharged. The rubble would rush down the declivity, and as it came into contact with the surface of the morass there would be a wicked squelch. Then the bog would open, and slowly, but surely and silently, the discharged mass would disappear into the viscous mass until the last vestige had slipped from sight, and the slime had rolled over the spot, concealing all evidence of hundreds of tons of material." Soundings would show that it was ten feet to solid bottom. But after ten train loads of gravel and rock had been deposited, fresh soundings would show that it was still ten feet to the bottom. Is it strange the engineers would feel like giving up? Evidently the rock and gravel was sinking into holes and gullies; these had to be filled level full before the grade could be built up. "So the contractors simply had to keep on dumping and dump-

THE STORY OF A CITY AND A RAILWAY

ing for hour after hour, day after day, until the surface of the ridge of the ballast at last appeared and remained in sight." It is said that sometimes a whole hill had to be dumped into the bog before the line could proceed, so that it might require weeks to progress one hundred feet.

One of the strangest interruptions to progress came from a large colony of beavers which had a well constructed dam across a stream. A large lake stood above the dam. The line was to be built across a corner of the lake. Orders were given that the beavers were not to be dislodged. So the dam was cut through at one end in order to lower the level of the lake several feet. The very next morning the lake was at its old level; the industrious beavers had repaired damage over night. Three times the dam was cut, and three times it was rebuilt, before the engineers were able to pass on from the lake. But orders had been obeyed—the beaver colony was left in undisturbed possession of their dam.

One of the heroes who lost his life in the construction of the line was the leader of a transport party which was pushing its way from the settlements to a construction camp with supplies for the workmen. It was a winter of terrible severity. In a blizzard the party was lost. Several of the men volunteered to push ahead to make investigation. The leader felt that he should do the most dangerous work. Hours passed, and he did not return. As soon as possible others followed him to the border of a lake. There the story was plainly read. The brave man had sunk in the slush which covered the ice. His body was not found until the ice melted in the spring.

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One young surveyor was in charge of a party which became so interested in the work that it pushed too far ahead of the supply train. At night they found they had nothing to eat but a little flour. For three days, while they pushed through the snow toward the supply train, they had nothing to eat. The thermometer was low. A blizzard broke over them. At last the stronger members of the party were almost carrying the weaker men. It was not until the third day that they came up with the supplies—the pack train had been lost in the blizzard. All the men lived to tell the tale, though some of them were permanently crippled by the frost.

Once, when an engineer was ordered to lead a party for one hundred miles through the snow and ice, a half-breed Indian boy begged to go with him. Permission was refused. But the boy insisted—he wanted to be of use. One day, during a blizzard, one of the sledges broke through the ice of a lake. With difficulty it was recovered. A little later it was found that the surveyor's transit had been lost in the slush. Then there was dismay, for the engineering party could do nothing without the transit. The boy who had been forbidden to come hurried back to the scene of the accident; the others followed him. Arrived at the hole where the sleigh had been all but lost, he plunged into the slush. Three times he repeated the dive; three times he failed. But at the fourth dive he recovered the transit. The boy suffered no ill effects from exposure. The engineer, however, developed pleurisy from the wetting received at the time of the disaster to the sledge. It was necessary to take him back to civilization. The half-breed started with him in a sledge drawn by a dog team.



INDIAN CEMETERY, HAZELTON, BRITISH COLUMBIA



TOTEM POLES AT KITWANGA, BRITISH COLUMBIA



PRINCE GEORGE, BRITISH COLUMBIA
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THE STORY OF A CITY AND A RAILWAY

After five days of fighting with the snow and ice, a doctor was found. The engineer's life was saved—and all because of the faithfulness of the boy who was not wanted.

For nearly two thousand miles it was necessary to open the road through new country. Many declared that it was a country which could never be developed, and that the road would never pay expenses. But, as the surveyors advanced, it was found that some of the richest agricultural land on the continent lay directly in the path of the line. Land-hungry, house-hungry thousands learned of the possibilities of the land, and, ahead of the railroad, they flocked in to the prairies of Manitoba, Alberta, and Saskatchewan. They knew where the road was to be built, and they determined to be ready for it. By their enterprise they managed to secure their land at a fraction of what it would have cost them if they had waited till the completion of the road. They developed their farms more rapidly than they had expected, and their first wheat was ripening before regular trains were running. The grade had been completed through their section, and the track had been roughly laid. Construction trains only were going back and forth on the line. The farmers asked the railroad to carry several carloads of wheat on each construction train. The superintendent hesitated, for it was almost certain that some cars would be wrecked, and the wheat would be scattered over the right of way. But the farmers insisted, finally offering to accept the risk.

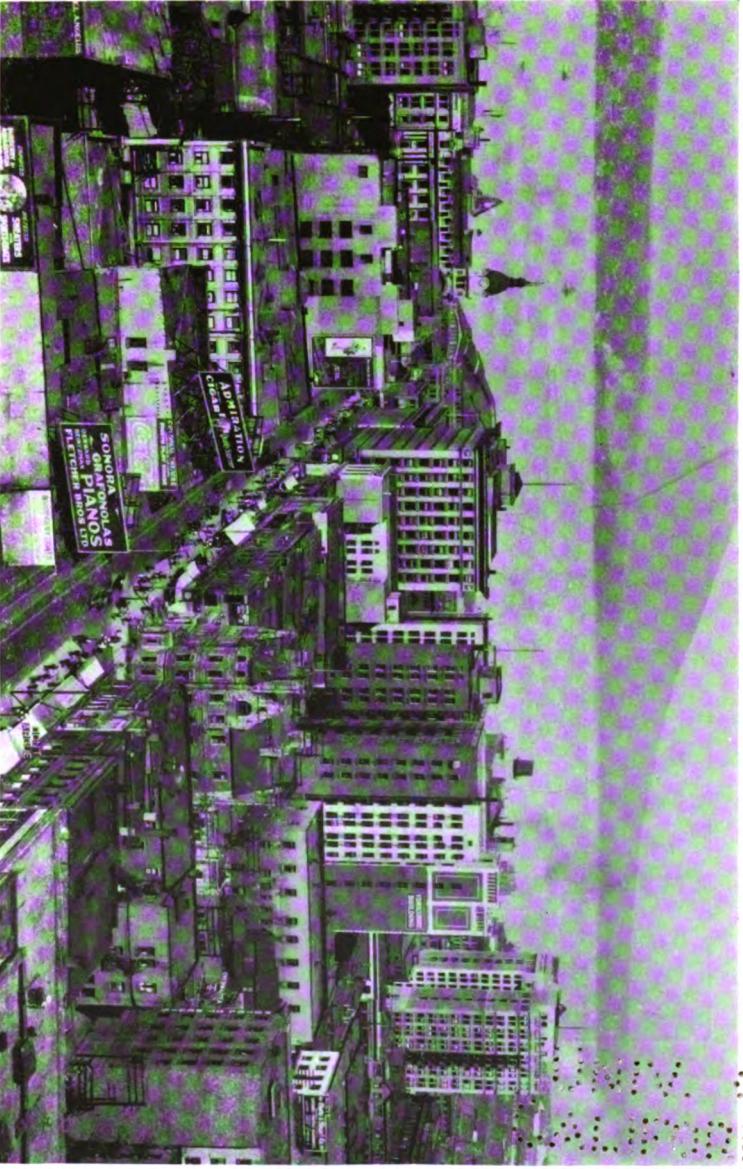
This was the beginning of the enormous traffic in farm produce to the old port of Halifax on the Atlantic, and the new port of Prince Rupert on the Pacific.

CHAPTER XXIV

VANCOUVER, GATEWAY TO THE ORIENT

MANY experienced travellers declare that, just as British Columbia is held supreme in its offerings of stupendous Pacific Coast marvels, so to Vancouver must be awarded the palm as the city that has most to commend it for vigor and enterprise, beauty and even grandeur of surroundings, variety of attractions, and a record for healthfulness that is equal to its other possessions.

If Vancouver were not on the map to prove the truth, it would be difficult to imagine a city with a water front of more than ninety miles, including a harbor that must be thought of as one of the most beautiful in the world; having lofty mountains within easy walking distance of people who think that a winter temperature of zero is all but impossible in their city; possessing a boundless water supply from these same slopes that is gratefully cool on summer days when, perhaps, the thermometer on rare occasions registers as high as eighty-one degrees; with a site whose hills and heights are so many that it is impossible for the wealthy to monopolize for their homes the extensive views of water or mountains; owning four of the Pacific Coast's rare sand beaches, available for everybody who can take a short car ride, as well as for many who need take but a short walk; including within its limits one of the world's most famous natural parks—a thousand acres—where automobile roads wind along the shores made



IN VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA

VIEW OF
VANCOUVER



WILD SUSPENSION BRIDGE, CAPILANO CANYON, VANCOUVER

VANCOUVER, GATEWAY TO THE ORIENT

famous by heroes of yesterday, where paths lead mysteriously into thickets under trees that were old when America was discovered, to lakes so cunningly hidden that they look as if they were set down in the midst of a wilderness hundreds of miles from a habitation; offering short water excursions that are as varied as the disclosures made to those who wander on land; including a sail upon an inlet whose fiords are reminders of Norway—though many insist they are more beautiful; claiming as its own, in the depths of a forest of evergreens, but five or six miles distant, Capilano Canyon, through which a stream from the mountains flows to the sea far down between perpendicular rocks from one to nearly four hundred feet deep. There the fascination of the fir trees, clinging to the lofty walls, or rising with incredible straightness, up, up, toward the blue sky, is so great that it is not easy to drop the eyes to the waters below, where the salmon leap the cataracts.

But that is only the beginning of the program that Vancouver offers daily to its fortunate residents and visitors. There are the mighty liners that come from Australia, from China, from Japan; the steamers that make accessible the wonders of Alaska, and the Yukon; the ships that are taking advantage of the Panama Canal for trade that is working changes in freight rates and routes of travel, destined to give Vancouver trade advantages even greater than those enjoyed before. And these ships come to a harbor that is open the year round—an important factor in the movement of grain. Vancouver is making good her claim to be the natural shipping port for wheat west of Medicine Hat.

By means of its shipping, as well as its railways,

SEEING CANADA

Vancouver feeds on the vast resources of the interior—lumbering and mining, cattle raising and farming, fruit growing and water-power. Many of the raw materials received from this tributary territory are transformed in the compact manufacturing district, one of the wonders of the city, built on forty-two acres of ground, recently reclaimed from the sea. Incidentally, the Harbor Board enjoys an income of from five hundred to fifteen hundred dollars an acre from these manufactured manufacturing sites, which have added great industries to those active before. Now the list includes sugar-refining, salmon-canning, and shipbuilding, to say nothing of the paper and pulp mills, the saw-mills, and the rest of the catalogue that makes such good reading to the business man.

But many of Vancouver's visitors seek it as headquarters, not for business enterprises, but for vacation wanderings. Not only does the city give abundant opportunities; the country of which it is the guardian has manifold offerings.

Is there desire for more automobile roads than Stanley Park or the Marine Drive make available? To the south and east there are satisfying routes. The number of those who are lured to the city as the starting point for these routes is apparent to the visitor to Hastings Park camping ground, provided by the city for automobile tourists. It is a pleasing diversion to study the license plates of cars that enter the grounds in a single day.

If mountain climbing is preferred, fit opportunities are not far to seek. Does the fisherman wish to try his luck? He does not need to leave the city, but, if he desires to do so, he can go to scores of resorts within a

VANCOUVER, GATEWAY TO THE ORIENT

few hours' journey, even to Kamloops, whose streams and mountain lakes are famous among sportsmen. Should the preference be for a country that combines the magnificence of the highlands with the charm of beneficent fruit lands, it is easy to satisfy the desire by going to the smiling slopes of the Okanagan and districts near by. Or is hunting the chosen recreation? Then go to Cheakamus Lake, seventy-five miles distant, for black bear and grizzlies. Mountain goats, too, may be found there. Is it the purpose to take moose or caribou, sheep or deer? Very well: they are to be found in abundance, in accessible localities. Perhaps the desire is merely for pheasants, grouse, duck, and geese. Hunting grounds are within easy automobile reach of the city. Those who go to the heads of the numerous inlets that help to make picturesque the farther reaches of Vancouver harbor, or of the Fraser River, which enters the strait of Georgia six miles away, will be apt to find game in abundance.

These inlets were a puzzle to early explorers. When George Vancouver made his investigations in the waters tributary to the city that now bears his name—the city born more than a century later—he sought in vain the mouth of the river that surely led into the interior. Once he sailed up a promising-looking reach of water, but it soon proved to be only an arm of the harbor. So he called it False Creek. He put to sea without realizing that he was naming a channel which—with Burrard Inlet—would give a great city its water frontage. And he did not know how close he had come to the mouth of the Fraser River, which was not discovered until 1807, when Simon Fraser, explorer for the Northwest Fur Company, followed it from near its

SEEING CANADA

source, close to Yellowhead Pass, to the delta through which it seeks the sea.

Nearly eighty years after Fraser's visit, there was, on the waters of Burrard Inlet a little fishing village, called Granville, the name modest Vancouver had given to it. Then came the Canadian Pacific Railway, whose builders saw the possibilities of the place. "Here shall rise a city that will be one of the wonders of the world!" they agreed. So they changed the name to Vancouver. And the growth of the city began. In 1886, when there were six hundred people there, fire destroyed its beginnings. Undismayed, the builders began anew. Six years later, when the author of this volume first saw the young city, there were less than fifteen thousand people there, and the evidences of its recent emergence from the green forest were disconcertingly prominent. In ten years the population doubled; in two decades more, it was well over one hundred thousand. To-day the residents of the city and its surrounding tributary cities—really a part of Greater Vancouver—number a quarter of a million. Only a generation removed from the forest and the fishing village! Yet look at its towering business buildings, its modern streets, the unusual port developments, its manufactories, and its homes, where flowers bloom in profusion, where abounding health is the birthright of the children!

What if the prediction made by James J. Hill, when he first saw the site of the city which was to be the Gateway of the Orient, has not been fulfilled? He placed a fifteen-year limit on the period of growth to a population of half a million. Yet that prophecy will be justified, probably within the experience of some who to-day pay their first visit to Vancouver.

VANCOUVER, GATEWAY TO THE ORIENT

The sanity of the railroad builder's entire vision is apparent:

“A thousand factors which I have no time to enumerate are contributing toward the development of the great western country—and I speak without any regard to invisible boundary lines. Seattle, Vancouver, and even Victoria, are destined to be vast centres. Vancouver, with its wonderful hinterland, will probably be the largest city of all. Burrard Inlet, Vancouver's Harbor, will be the greatest commercial port on the Pacific. Vancouver has not yet started on its favored career. I see a day when half a score of lines from North British Columbia will converge on Burrard Inlet. You have untold wealth in the sea, the greatest harbor resources on the continent, and mineral assets that will make British Columbia the greatest province in the Dominion.”

Yet as late as 1881 a London paper said: “British Columbia, they say, has forced on the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and believes that prosperity will come to them when the line is made. This is a delusion on their part. British Columbia is a barren, cold, mountainous country that is not worth keeping. It would never have been inhabited at all (unless by trappers of the Hudson's Bay Company), had the gold fever not taken a party of mining adventurers there, and ever since that fever died down, the place has been going from bad to worse. Fifty railways would not galvanize it into prosperity.”

One of the early visitors to young Vancouver was W. H. H. Murray (Adirondack Murray, the guide and lover of nature who once took a dare to write a novel without a woman in it and make it not only readable but

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absorbing: he won his wager!). After his observations, made in 1888, he wrote:

“What San Francisco was once, Vancouver is now—an oak within an acorn, a vital root well placed, but only just sprouted. All the conditions of a great city are here, and a great city it is to be—a city hewn out of the solid forest, which, with its gigantic trees, marks the sea front of British Columbia. It cost \$300 an acre merely to fell and burn the gigantic growth. When we arrived, only two trees were still standing, and they were burning like a blast furnace inside the hollow trunks.”

The trees fell—and that night the lover of the forest, with a friend, stood over them and counted the annual rings of growth. “Six hundred and seventy-five years old!” his companion said. “Last week they stood with a thousand years of life ahead of them, and the men of Vancouver have levelled them to the earth with as little sense of what they were doing as Vandals had when they overturned the immortal sculptures of Rome. Had they had the reverence or wit to set apart a space of six hundred feet across for a small park on the knoll in the very centre and crown of their city that is to be—they would have made it the Mecca of thousands upon thousands of visitors every year. That railroad there could have afforded to pay a million of dollars to have kept standing here these two gigantic trees, the majestic monument of past centuries, built up by the Lord from the soil, the air, the moisture. . . . The trees, thus preserved, would have made the city one of the noted cities of the world.”

Fortunately the fever for destroying trees that seems an essential part of city building was stayed



VIEW IN THE OKANAGAN VALLEY, BRITISH COLUMBIA
See Pages 171, 205



SHIPBUILDING SCENE IN VANCOUVER



Copyright by Leonard Frank, Vancouver, B. C.

THE LIONS IN WINTER, VANCOUVER

VANCOUVER, GATEWAY TO THE ORIENT

when the builders approached the great forest at the very tip of the peninsula on which the city was to be built. For there, one thousand acres of magnificent spruce and fir were guarded by the British Admiralty, which had held the land from the days when its heaven-aspiring timbers were valuable for the masts of His Majesty's ships. And so the forest was guarded well until the days when it was possible to realize that a living forest—and such a forest!—would be the chief glory of the city. So to-day Vancouver possesses Stanley Park. There the flower gardens and the motor roads of civilization cling to the edge of the wild where Nature has her own way, as she has had it from the beginning, before there were tree-destroying men in the land, and on through the days of the roving Indians who took delight in retiring to these shores, as well as of their successors who, while they live on a reservation close to the forest, are as devoted to its marvels as were their ancestors.

Most of the Indians have disappeared, but they have left an abiding legacy in the wonder tales they handed down through generations, explaining and accounting for the features of the landscape about Burrard Inlet. They told of the Lions, the guardians of the harbor, the mighty twin crags that rise more than six thousand feet above the water. They sang of the forest and lake and river, and the variety and interest of their tales were as great as those of the sights to which they referred.

Fortunately these tales were collected before it was too late from the Indians who preserved the traditions, by Pauline Johnson, Tekahionwake, daughter of a Mohawk chief, to whose memory has been erected in Stanley Park, a rough-hewn monument, close to the

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tree-crowned Siwash rock of which she tells in one of the legends.

The story of the rock honors a young Indian chief who swam all one day in the waters near by, that his child might be born of a clean father; he felt that he must be bodily clean if the child was to be spiritually clean. While he was in the water he was seen by the Four Men, representatives of Sagalie Tyee (God). They commanded him to cease his swimming, lest they touch him with an oar and so become mortal. But he would not cease, though they threatened him with dire punishment. The Four were amazed, until they learned his reason. Then amazement turned to admiration for a man who would brave the wrath of the gods in pursuit of his ideal. So they decided that he should never die, but should become a perpetual monument to Clean Fatherhood, placed where all who approached from the ocean could see and wonder. As he left the water he was turned into a symmetrical rock. Within the forest near by, two other rocks were formed, the monuments of his wife and the child for whom the father wished to be clean. Thus they became his companions in immortality. But the monument to the father was given eminence above them, by the tree growing from its summit, to show that the good in the man kept growing after his body ceased to be.

The Indian poetess explains that the story of the Siwash Rock is an exception she had learned to the rule that only the evil-minded were turned to stone. An example of the more usual legend is that of "The Lure," also a story of the park. The lure, when living, was a witch, who took evil and death wherever she went. She revelled in unhappiness. So Sagalie Tyee commissioned



SIWASH ROCK, STANLEY PARK, VANCOUVER

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VANCOUVER, GATEWAY TO THE ORIENT

the Four Men to turn her to stone and enclose her spirit in the centre. After travelling in canoes through the Narrows—that point in Burrard Inlet where the tide rushes swiftly—they overtook her in the forest of Stanley Park. Then one of them, with uplifted hand, said: “O woman of the stony heart, be stone forever more, and bear forever a black stain for each one of your evil deeds.”

Then the Four Men, fearful lest the evil heart buried in the stone would still work destruction, said: “At the end of the trail we must place so good and great a thing that it will be mightier, stronger, more powerful, than the evil.” Then, it is related, they chose from the nation the kindest men, men whose hearts were filled with the love of their fellow beings, and transformed their merciful souls into the stately group of Cathedral Trees.

The stained rock has never been found; the Indians would not search for it, lest they come under the influence of “the lure,” and wander about until they perish. But the magnificent Cathedral Trees are known to every visitor to the park; they are among the giants of a forest where trees of vast circumference and height are to be found on every side.

CHAPTER XXV

VICTORIA AND VANCOUVER ISLAND

BY REASON of history, beauty and economic resources, Vancouver Island is important out of all proportion to its size—though an area of nearly fourteen thousand square miles is thought considerable, except, perhaps, in the western country where distances are just as great and provinces are generous.

The island's primacy as a colony—it was constituted in 1849 the Colony of Vancouver Island—was fitting by reason of the fact that it had then been known in Europe for more than two hundred and fifty years. In 1592 Juan de Fuca entered the strait that bears his name and looked on the wilderness of the greatest island of the archipelago of the British Columbia Coast, where numerous islands give ample space to Indians and convenient outfitting points to fishermen.

Much later came the Spanish navigators. Their discoveries became the excuse for a descent, in 1789, on the British ships at Nootka Sound, the estuary on the west coast where, in 1778, Captain James Cook had repaired the masts of his ships, *Resolution* and *Discovery*. In 1795 Spain paid an indemnity and left the British in possession of the region which was already receiving many from Europe, attracted there by the stories of the fortunes to be made in furs, as told by men on Captain Cook's ships, who had been able, on their arrival in Canton, China, to secure one hundred dollars for fur coats that cost them but a few cents.

Nootka Sound had a trading post in 1787, and a



VICTORIA HARBOUR

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PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS FROM THE HARBOUR, VICTORIA

VICTORIA AND VANCOUVER ISLAND

ship-launching—the first on the Pacific Coast—the following year.

Five years later it received Captain George Vancouver after his circumnavigation of the island, and was christened by the awkward name Quadra and Vancouver, given to commemorate the conference with the Spaniard, Bodega y Quadra, when a settlement of disputes between Great Britain and Spain was the result.

The next event of importance to the island was the coming, in 1836, of the *Beaver*, the first steamship on the Pacific Ocean. Some years later Fort Camosun was established by the Hudson's Bay Company, on the site of Victoria, and the way was prepared for the Colony, on the expiration of the fur company's lease.

The independent status of Vancouver Island continued through the years of growth that followed the discovery of gold on the mainland in 1856. That discovery led to the organization of British Columbia, of which Vancouver Island was made a part in 1866.

So much for the background of history that the visitor to the island should have. It will help him to appreciate the wonders of beautiful Victoria, the city of 60,000 people, that looks out over the waters of the Strait of Juan de Fuca, as well as of the delightful harbor, where motor boats and sail boats flash among the green islands and the Orient-bound steamships that move majestically out to the Pacific.

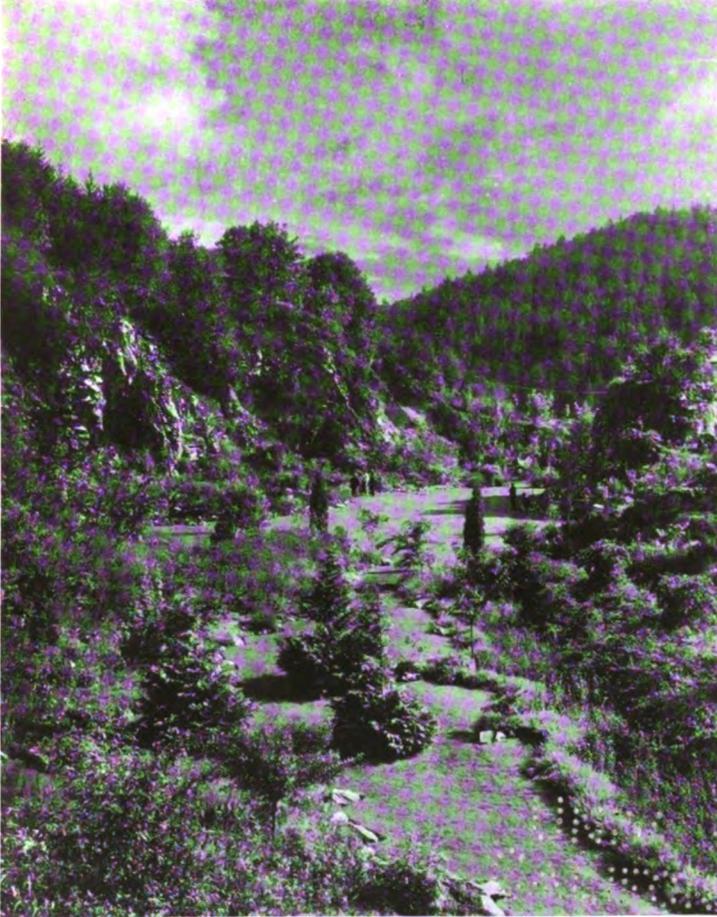
When the traveller lands at Victoria—he must enter by water; the Island has railroads, but the mainland is too far away for either bridge or tunnel—he is amazed and delighted by the sight of the beautiful Parliament Buildings whose setting by the water, and amid the

SEEING CANADA

trees and flowers, enhances their dignified architectural splendor. The dome, surmounted by a statue of Captain Vancouver, rises above an interior that is in keeping with the outer aspect.

But the Parliament Buildings are the mere beginning of Victoria's claims to beauty that satisfies the beholder so that he wants to return to enjoy the exceptional climate, the cultured people, and the pleasing surroundings. Perhaps that is the explanation for the presence there of so many retired Navy officers, in spite of the fact that the Esquimault Navy Yard—which was responsible for the beginning of their acquaintance with the city—was dismantled in 1905, when it came under the control of the Dominion.

The famous gardens of the city—some of them public, but many of them private—are more attractive to many people than the Chinese Quarter within the limits, and the Indian Reservation on the peninsula opposite that helps to enclose the inner harbor. But, whatever a man's tastes may be, he has not far to go to find satisfaction. The sportsman will find difficulty in discovering streams where fishing is not good. The mountain climber will have ample opportunity for his chosen sport, with thrills to spare. The traveller by automobile will discover inviting roads that call to the mysteries of the region beyond the city. Then Indians who are different from the specimens to be seen at railroad stations are waiting for those who prefer to see their fellow creatures. There are within reach Nootkas and Salish, who think they beautify their babies by flattening their heads, though the Kwakiutl argues that it is much better to make their heads much longer than they are when the babes come into the world. Finally,



THE BUTCHART GARDENS, VICTORIA
A Few Years Ago an Abandoned Clay Pit



BRITISH COLUMBIA PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, VICTORIA

VICTORIA AND VANCOUVER ISLAND

for variety, let the visitor seek the forests of monster fir trees. They are at hand, plenty of them, for half of British Columbia's timber supply is on Vancouver Island, as half of Canada's forests are in British Columbia.

It has taken a long time to get to the railway. But the pleasure it has in store will be all the greater for the delay.

The railway, the longest on the island, goes beyond Nanaimo to Courtenay, a distance of one hundred and forty miles. Some day it will be ready to take tourists as much farther, to Port Hardy, at the southern extremity of Queen Charlotte Sound, close to the upper end of the island. Much of the new line will be through the interior, a region of lordly mountains, tumbling streams, catapulting waterfalls, and rich verdure. But the road as it is to-day will be enough to satisfy tourists—unless they decide that they must go on along the line of the projected road, toward the Province's Strathcona Park, a region of about eight hundred square miles, which has, as its central feature, Crown Mountain, five thousand feet high, though there are other attractions which combine to give an impression of glorious beauty that will persist long after the park has been left behind.

To reach the park it is not necessary to use the railway, since an automobile road reaches Campbell River, twenty-five miles beyond the terminus. The first forty miles of this highway, the Malahat Drive, deserves the fame that has come to it because of the reports of those who have climbed by easy grades over the Malahat Summit and have skirted the Saanich Inlet from the Strait of Georgia. Then follow many miles

SEEING CANADA

when the eye rests on snow-clad mountains, on towering forests, or on the sea that separates the island from the rest of British Columbia.

From Campbell River—which, by the way, is within a few miles of Elk Falls, where the highest of a series of generously watered falls measure 120 feet—automobiles can go twenty miles to Upper Campbell Lake. There the passengers must take to the trail, either on foot or on horseback, for it is still thirteen miles to Buttle Lake, where trails lead off to all parts of the park.

Now let the Province's Minister of Lands tell what is in store for those who take these trails:

“The chief impression is amazement at the profusion and diversity of Nature's wonders. The Park abounds in giant forests; sunlit lakes bounded by bold rock shapes and overshadowed by snowy peaks and glaciers reflected in their placid, sunlit, vari-coloured waters; rushing torrents with deep trout-filled pools; timbered valleys—vales of the giants—leading to deep groves on the lower slopes, above which are snow-flecked passes beneath noble peaks, majestic in their grandeur, rising with rugged edges and lofty spires—Nature's great cathedrals; lace falls leaping from white, pale-blue, and green glaciers; little lakes of blue and green and turquoise that sparkle like jewels set in velvet, some lying above timber-line in brown rock basins trimmed with heather and gay-hued alpine flora to the edge of the eternal snows reaching down close to them.

“The whole area is a wonderful alpine mass dissected by deep valleys with rivers and lakes, alpine farms, with a great number of peaks, ridges, canyons



VANCOUVER ISLAND TIMBER, NEAR VICTORIA



COMO GLACIER, NEAR VICTORIA

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VICTORIA AND VANCOUVER ISLAND

and gorges. Various waterways offer routes of travel to the mountains, which are fantastically shaped natural cathedrals, with their crests topped with everlasting snows and great glaciers, and a marvellous array of colour in the alpine gardens that grow on their crags, far above the forests which clothe the lower levels. High up the crags is primrose moss, white and purple heather, alpine edelweiss, pentstemon, gentians, valerians, phlox, ranunculas, and rhododendrons, carpeting the uplands to the edge of the snow-fields and glaciers.”

Imaginative? Over enthusiastic? You may think so before you join the fortunate company of those who turn their steps—or their automobiles—toward Strathcona. When you come back you will be apt to find fault with the description because it was too restrained.

CHAPTER XXVI

IN THE MOUNT GARIBALDI PARK COUNTRY

I WISH I knew what is beyond! It is fun to follow the railway. But I want to go where the track has not blazed the way!"

That expression of longing came from an unexpected source—a passenger in the parlor car who looked as if she would not think for a moment of anything but the most pampered existence. Yet her looks were deceiving. Next day, equipped in the most approved manner, she was off for a day of mountain climbing, and when she returned in the evening the guide declared that she had more grit and ingenuity than anyone else in the party. So she had really meant what she said about her longing to see for herself things where the railroad had not blazed the way!

The best way to satisfy such a desire is, of course, to go far into the woods or mountains, forgetting civilization for days or weeks. For those who have not the time for such a plunge, opportunities are provided by the stages that meet the trains at various places in British Columbia, either for a trip South, as in the Okanagan Lakes country, or North, as from Ashcroft to Soda Creek, where connection is made with the steamers for Prince George, on the Canadian National main line from Prince Rupert. At least travellers did have the privilege of taking that route, but the construction of a new railway may discontinue the stage and so reduce rates as well as pleasures. The stage run from Ashcroft to Soda Creek was only one hundred



BRITANNIA MINES, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

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IN THE MOUNT GARIBALDI PARK COUNTRY

and sixty-seven miles, about half way to its destination—and the charge for passage was more than fifty dollars. Yet those who made the journey declare it was worth all it cost, because of the rugged variety of the country passed through.

However, the building of the Pacific Great Eastern Railway by the Province of British Columbia offers compensation to those who must lose the trip by stage and river. For the next best thing to roughing it with those who must put up with makeshifts as they travel through the new country is to take a journey there in the early days of a railroad whose builders have been pioneers in the new country. For a few years the Pacific Great Eastern will be so new, and the country through which it passes will be so fresh, that wise travellers will plan to give the time necessary for the round trip. And many will think themselves fortunate if they are able to include in their itinerary this road when it is still incomplete, so that they have to make the first forty miles from Vancouver by steamer, and the last bit by steamer on the Fraser—just as they would have done if they had taken stage from Ashcroft.

The railroad was planned to give an outlet by rail to the copper country where the great Britannia Mines are at work, and to develop the mineral and agricultural possibilities of the country up the Cheakamus and on to the Fraser. But the traveller is more interested in the fact that the road has been built through a region where the scenery is sublime: canyons, rapids, mountains, forests, valleys, lakes and waterfalls seem to be in a conspiracy to make even the seasoned traveller, who has come directly from Banff, Lake Louise, and the Sel-

SEEING CANADA

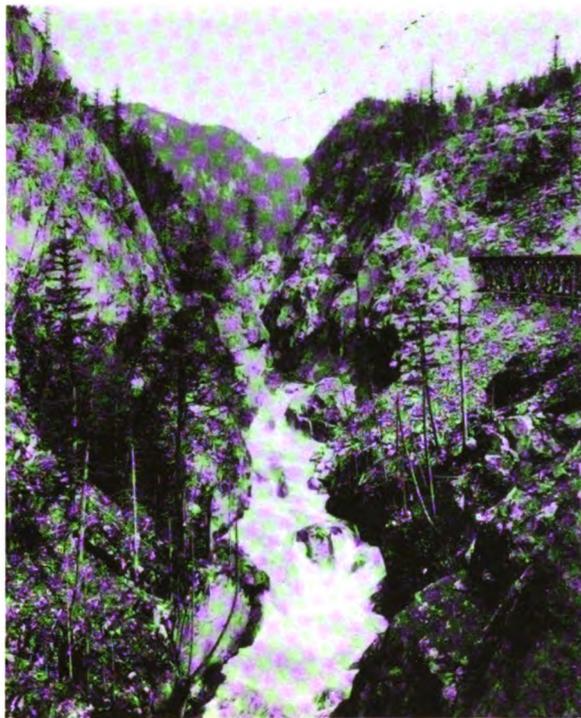
kirks, find new exclamations to tell of his rapture—or, perhaps, to tell even more by silence that is eloquent.

The engineers who ran the line did not have an easy task. Theirs may not be such stupendous achievements as those which make memorable the mountain sections of the Canadian Pacific and the Canadian National, but enough problems were supplied by cliffs and canyons and turbulent watercourses to keep them awake. At one place the road rises by a two per cent. grade to a height of thirty-nine hundred feet above the Fraser, whose waters may be seen far below.

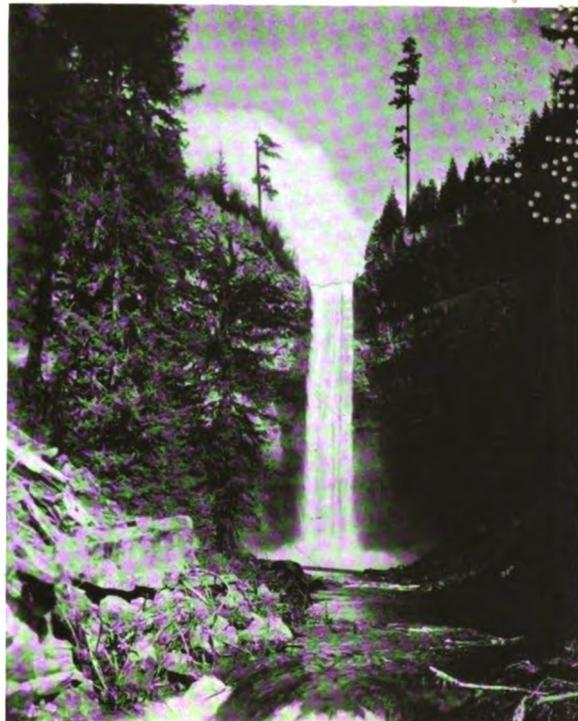
Perhaps one of the most interesting sections of the entire line is from Clinton, where it intersects the old Cariboo Trail traversed by the miners who, in 1860, began the rush to Williams and Lightning Creeks in the Cariboo district which continued for many years. The year of maximum production, 1863, saw \$4,000,000 in gold brought down the trail up which those who secured it had made their weary way with their equipment and supplies. The trail is now followed for many miles by the automobile.

The railway provides easy access to the four-hundred-mile mountain district reserved by the British Columbia Government under the name Mount Garibaldi Park. Daisy Lake, twenty-five miles from Squamish, and only sixty-five miles from Vancouver, is the station for the park, and the trail thither is but twelve miles long, ascending forty-three hundred feet in the distance.

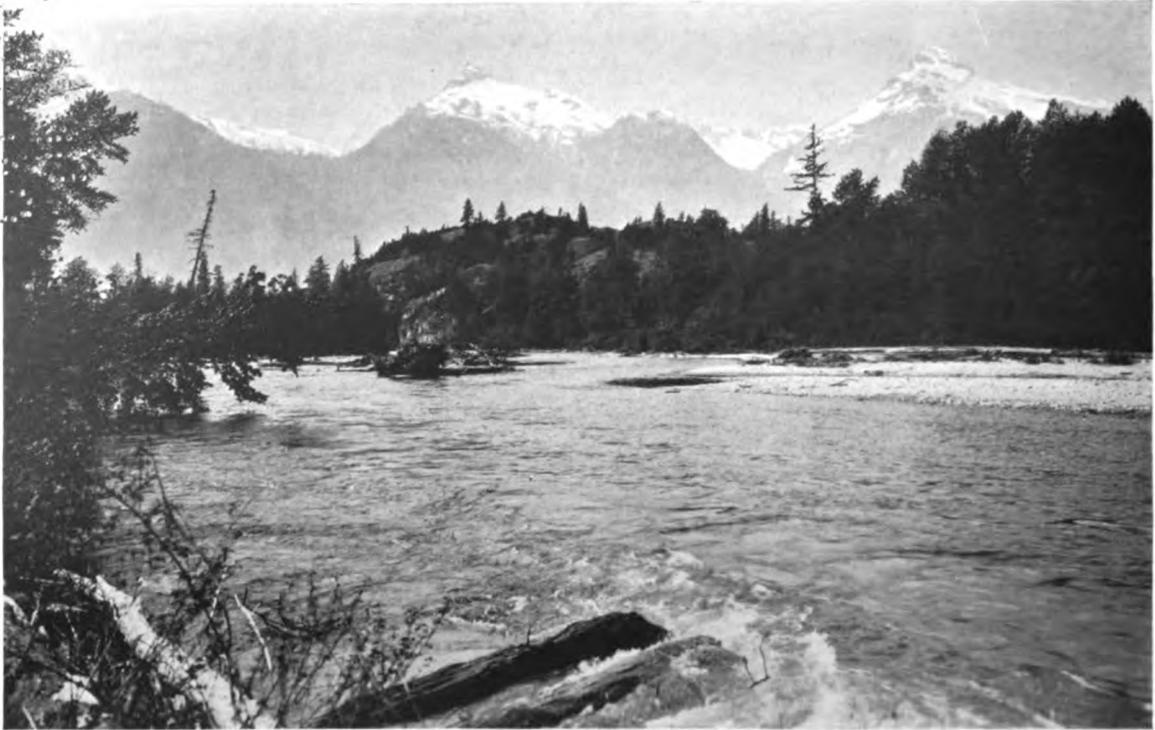
Mount Garibaldi Lake is one of the attractions of the park, but the name of the reservation is taken rather from Mount Garibaldi, the rugged extinct volcano that rises nearly nine thousand feet. The height does not seem so great in comparison with the giants of the



CHEAKAMUS CANYON, BRITISH COLUMBIA



BRANDYWINE FALLS, BRITISH COLUMBIA



SQUAMISH RIVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA

IN THE MOUNT GARIBALDI PARK COUNTRY

Rockies and the Selkirks, but nearly all of it counts, since the distance to a level not much above that of the sea is not great.

Then it is but one of many peaks and crags; these include Black Tusk, whose nearly perpendicular basalt walls are more than seven thousand feet high. Castle Towers, Helmet Peak, Sphinx, and the Pyramid are a few of the other large peaks whose names mean nothing until they have been seen. Then what delightful memories the thought of them brings!

Glaciers and cascades, lofty mountain meadows carpeted in vivid green, picked out by a profusion of mountain flowers, snow fields and forested ridges, lakes that gleam like jewels, and hanging valleys which afford prospects of glorious reach and variety, tell—but only in part—the wonders of the park.

And beyond the park are the Lillooet Lakes, high above the Fraser, known to the gold miners of long ago, familiar to-day to those who are bound for the Bridge River district, in search of mountain sheep and grizzlies. But they have learned that they do not need to go even so far afield, since the hills about the lake give ample joy to the hunter.

CHAPTER XXVII

ON THE TRAIL OF 1898

WHEN—in August, 1896—an eager prospector found on Bonanza Creek, a tributary of the Klondike, and so of the Yukon River, not far from Dawson, a deposit of placer gold from which he cleaned up three dollars for every pan of dirt, the news spread quickly through the Yukon and Alaska. But not until the summer of 1897 did it become known throughout the rest of Canada and the United States. At once began the rush to the new bonanza. At first only adventurers and pioneers went into the wild northland. But soon the fever took possession of sober businessmen, and even of women who heard insistently the call of the yellow metal. They rushed to Seattle and to Vancouver, where they made hasty preparation for the arduous journey to the Klondike. Some of them were fortunate in securing passage on sturdy boats that took them safely to the borders of the land they sought; others, crowded into crazy hulks that should not have been allowed to leave the harbor, were hurried to anxiety, disaster, and, often, death.

Now, after nearly a generation, travellers are passing with ease and safety over the route they took, up the Inside Passage to Skagway, Alaska, the portal to the White Pass and the Yukon. Much of the way is in Dominion waters, some of it is in channels within the United States. But the journey is not divided by international barriers. Citizens of both countries mingle in their enjoyment of what has become famous as the world's most remarkable marine excursion.

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The majesty of Norway's fiords helps to make the pilgrimage to that country desirable. But the nine hundred miles over the placid sea framed by mighty mountains whose green slopes frequently stretch up to snow packed between sheltering ridges or to mists and clouds that shroud the summits, lead travellers who have seen both to say that it is not necessary to cross the ocean to satisfy the hunger for such a wonderland.

Japan's Inland Sea has much to offer; those who wind among the islands and look out on the picturesque panorama that opens out as they pass shores drenched in green and bathed in bloom declare that this is one of the supreme sights of a world created by Him who "beheld everything that He had made, and behold, it was all very good." But those who have revelled in Japan's superb offering return to the Inland Sea of the British Columbian and Alaskan waters satisfied that nothing can equal their grandeur. Still, when speaking with those from abroad who persist in clinging to their claims for other lands, they are content politely to modify their opinion by saying that it is impossible to surpass the wonders of these borderland waters of the Dominion.

Partisans of unusual river journeys—on the St. Lawrence, the Saguenay, the St. John, the Hudson, the upper Mississippi, or the Rhine—are eloquent in their praises of the landscape where these streams wind among the hills and mountains. But the journey to Alaska and the Yukon supplies in abundant measure all that these rivers have to offer—forest wilds, fascinating islands, slopes that curve with the infinite abandon possible only to these hills, clouds that are like an upper landscape, ever changing, always offering

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something delightfully new. Then no river has in addition the snow-covered peaks; the tribute-paying lower mountains that, for hundred miles after hundred miles, weave in and out to make the regal frame for a picture of supreme delight; the successive widenings into spacious lakes where the green walls arch down eagerly to make a vast amphitheatre from which there seems to be no outlet, and narrowings into crowded lanes where the rock-bound shores come close to the traveller; the fiord-like passages that wind away mysteriously into the forest-bound heights; the glaciers that for ages helped to shape the majestic mountains, and for ages more have been dropping their ice into the channels; the bits of open ocean into which the steamer glides long enough to give a taste of a real sea voyage, but without the unpleasant accompaniment of seasickness; the wide reaches of blue-green water bounded by a hundred rocky islands far away, some of them standing out like ghostly silhouettes against the sky. Past these the ship steps serenely, almost without motion, like a mighty sleigh on a surface of glass.

Of course the geologists have learned phrases by which they tell of the making of these waterways amid the glorious mountains; they talk knowingly of deeply dissected granitic ridges; of waters bordered continuously by a wide field of granitoid batholithic rocks; of ordinary outcroppings; of rock roofs removed by erosion; of altered sedimentary rocks; of crustal warping in Tertiary times; of rocky islands built mostly of massive and fragmental volcanics of Triassic age associated with argillites, quartzites, and limestone—and similar phrases which are not always easy for the understanding of the layman. But it is not so diffi-

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cult to grasp the explanation of the fiords like Portland Canal, Clarence Strait, Belim Canal, Taku Inlet, and Glacier Bay, of which Dominion geologists say :

“The evidence at present available indicates that practically all the fiords are simply old valleys which, during the ice-flood period, were profoundly modified, the glacial erosion extending far below sea level, widening the valley, aligning its walls, and smoothing them out into wide sweeping curves ; in brief, sculpturing the land into forms in harmony with the stiff, non-pliable nature of the eroding ice stream confined within the valley.”

Nature makes History and Industry her partners in compelling the fascinated attention of those who pass through the region of which the geologists talk so learnedly. As they glide from Vancouver between the Coast Range on the mainland and the rugged heights of Vancouver Island, they think of Captain Cook's visit to the North Pacific, and of the rise of his midshipman George Vancouver, until he became the captain bold who circumnavigated and surveyed the island. Here and there they see little fishing villages, with now and then a salmon cannery. Lumber rafts, the fruit of harvests on the slopes where the absence of the trees is hardly noted, as yet, drag heavily in the wake of powerful tugs. Lighthouses guard the dangerous rocks and promontories. Mysterious but attractively horrible totem poles peep out among the trees of Indian villages. Shanties of the lumbermen are scattered in unexpected places. Most picturesque of all these is the floating village where there are eight houses during most of the year, though at times the total is increased when a travelling lumberman comes, in rowboat or

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motor-boat, towing his own movable house, built on a raft, that he may have the companionship of his fellows.

Far above Vancouver Island, past the first of the tastes of open ocean offered by the Inside Passage, a great fiord comes down in might to the welcoming sea. This is Dean's Channel, which was the means of access to the Pacific Ocean found by the pioneer who first came across the wilds of British Columbia, leaving on the rocks the record of the heroic journey made in the face of danger from wild beasts and wilder Indians:

“Alexander Mackenzie, from Canada, by land, the Twenty-second of July, One Thousand Seven Hundred and Ninety-three.”

Bella Coola, an inland settlement close to Dean's Channel, has for its neighbor—neighbors are far apart in these northern waters—the thriving village of Bella Bella, which clusters at the foot of a lofty green slope, close to several of the characteristic lonely water-bound rocks in the forest where the Indians choose to bury their dead. But Bella Bella is notable, not only for its location; spectacular also is the approach to it among the islands and through the stony straits. The boat, which has been moving steadily north, suddenly turns sharply to the west. Fortunate are those who pass that way at the season when the sun drops quickly to meet the welcoming hills. For the great yellow ball, dead ahead, turns the landscape to gold. The gathering clouds—which so often in these regions hasten to support the sun in its evening artistic triumph—take on tints that vary and change, melting ever into greater loveliness, until the ball sinks behind the mountains. Then the afterglow! In these waters every moment when the sun is passing on to give day to others, and after



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it is hidden behind the ranges, adds its triumphant record to hours marked indelibly in the hearts of those who will gain strength in later seasons of stress by letting memory reproduce the impressions then made.

Many miles north of Bella Bella, past islands almost countless, of charm indescribable, the Skeena River enters the Pacific Ocean—the first stream to cut across the Coast Range. There are other swift rivers between, but none of them pass through the entire range. The Skeena, however, is three hundred and thirty-five miles long. From Hazelton, at the mouth of the Bulkley, it descends seven hundred and twenty-five feet to the sea. Yet it is navigable for river steamers the entire distance, one hundred and fifty-four miles. The passage is frequently exceedingly dangerous, but danger does not deter the men who have rivers to ascend in this country.

A splendid example of heroism, not simply against hostile natural forces, but also in the face of the enmity and suspicion of the natives, has been recorded indelibly at Metlakahtla, on the peninsula close to Prince Rupert, the Canadian National terminal perched on the rocks at the mouth of the Skeena. There William Duncan gave his life to teach the Indians religion and civilization.

To-day the work begun by him among the Tsimpshian Indians is carried on at New Metlakahtla, just over the border, on one of the Gravina group, in the long strip of United States territory that sweeps down from Alaska. The wanderings of the steamer along the shores of the narrow strip and among the islands of the archipelago may be supervised by the immigration authorities and revenue cutters of another nation,

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but there is no thought of change on the part of those who are learning the real meaning of overworked words like superb and unique, as applied to scenic glories.

Beyond New Metlakahtla lies the island Revillagigedo, where is Ketchikan, noted for its salmon canning industry, and its houses that climb the cliffs. But those who travel that way in early August will remember it also for the thousands of salmon that blacken the waters of Ketchikan Creek, in the heart of the town, where the falls interrupt their progress from the sea to their spawning grounds. They range themselves by hundreds in columns below the falls, they leap against the rocks, they push their way up the foaming waters, they fall back only to try again and yet again, until they reach in triumph the calmer waters beyond. Their patience, their persistence, their strength accomplish wonders that cannot be believed until they are seen. The study of salmon leaping the falls is a lesson needed in moments of discouragement and gloom.

More leagues of wonderland. Then the steamer turns aside to go to the foot of Taku Glacier, the mighty body of ice that comes from the mountains, over in British Columbian territory, and curves down to the edge of the water. A mile broad at the base, and rising in places nearly three hundred feet high! Great chunks of ice break from its nose, tumble into the inlet, and float gracefully away as icebergs. When the steamship halts close to the glacier, the passengers may hear the crack of the ice and the plump of the falling bergs. And when the whistle is blown, it echoes and reëchoes, resounding, reverberating back to the mountains on every hand; many seconds pass before the last sound dies away.

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Not far from the glacier Juneau, Capital of Alaska Territory, perches solidly, close to the Lynn Canal, the name given appropriately to the final long water-lane that stretches away to the north. That name might suggest a work of man, but the entire series of coastal waterways has come from the hand of a mightier Workman. "Canal" is the proper name for fiords that are exceptionally long and narrow, where it seems as if the bed of an ancient lake had disappeared under the waves, without losing its form.

Those travellers are fortunate who pass in daylight along the entire length of the Lynn Canal. But even if Juneau is left at midnight, the long daylight hours of midsummer make it possible to see most of the best of the waters and the mountains. Or is it proper to speak of "the best" of such a wonder way? Is there any best to the Lynn Canal?

In the early morning August hours a tourist who sought the prow as a point of vantage to see the heights had his eyes drawn below, where two porpoises were piloting the ship along the channel. Gayly they dived, came to the surface, threw up spray, turned over—displaying white belly and a dash of white in the tail—then hurried on in their self-appointed task.

But the eyes are drawn from the gambolling porpoises to the double line of peaks where glaciers nestle in protecting cirques, while the melting icy waters tumble joyfully down the rocky slopes, twisting and turning to find the easiest path to the canal. Sometimes the chosen path makes them leap a hundred, two hundred, four hundred feet. Perhaps there is a succession of half a dozen such drops.

At one time a dozen glaciers, large and small, are in

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sight. On the right, the tumbled, rocky, Chilkoot Range that hinders the sunrise for an hour, gathers in its bosom so many of the reservoirs of eternal ice that it is difficult to count them. Then, in an instant, they are hidden by the shrouding clouds and mists. Most of these glaciers are far up toward the summit, but off to the left Davidson Glacier pushes down to water level and calls to the man of the alpenstock to pick his precipitous way along the marred surface to the height many miles above where the glacier has its beginning.

In the soul-trying days following the discovery of gold on the Klondike and the later mad rush to Dawson, those gallant glaciers looked down unfeelingly on one of the strangest pilgrimages that this mad world has known—the voyage of the Argonauts, as well as that other voyage of those who planned to watch over them. Of the voyage of the watchers, the Northwest Mounted Police, Colonel Steele has told in his book, *Forty Years in Canada*:

“The weather was very severe; snowstorms and hurricanes raged, and the seas tossed our little craft as if it were a cockleshell. We were often roused during the night by the whistle sounding for echoes to enable the navigator to ascertain the proximity of rocky shores. Occasionally the boat would stop and then back away from some danger discovered in that way. These were made plain to us in daylight, as we passed the remains of vessels wedged on the rocks, a fact which caused all hands to thank their stars that they were travelling under the guidance of expert navigators. We were also certain that our vessel was seaworthy, the hull and boilers having been inspected by competent men, which was not always the case with the boats of

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our neighbors to the south, who, owing to the harvest of dollars in view, brought any old hulk into requisition and put it into service on the Klondike route. The boiler of one of these death traps was in such a bad state that when the ship struck a reef the shock caused it to burst and the vessel blew up; none of the crew or passengers were saved."

The ship on which the police were passengers landed at Skagway, the ragged town at the head of the Lynn Canal, where the grandeur of the encompassing mountains was forgotten because of the roughness of the rapidly growing settlement where gambling hells, dance halls and variety theatres helped "Soapy" Smith and his band of one hundred and fifty bad men in their self-appointed task of terrorizing the town.

Many pictures have been drawn of Skagway in the first days of the Klondike rush when, within two or three weeks, twenty-five thousand men gathered at the end of the sea journey; but perhaps the best of these came from the pen of Dr. S. Hall Young, the pioneer missionary who was with the gold hunters in their perilous passage of the mountains. When the author called on him in his little house far up above the blue water of Juneau Harbor, the eyes of the old man kindled with the remembrance of the days of 1897 and 1898.

Eagerly he told of his memories of early Skagway, as he has described them in *The Klondike Klan*:

"What a deep and noble frame these mountains make, and what a ridiculous little picture the narrow valley at the head of the bay presents! Three large passenger steamers lie in the harbor out beyond the mud flats. The big camp is only two or three weeks old,

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and there has been no time to build wharves. But it takes only a day or two for a hundred workmen to build a huge lighter; so there they are, a dozen of them, piled high with all kinds of goods. Some are beached, and, as the tide is out, wagons, pack-horses, hand-carts, wheelbarrows, and men with pack-straps are alongside to take away the goods, and men in flannel shirt-sleeves are swarming over the piles of boxes and gunny-sacks, pulling and hauling, sweating and swearing, trying to find and secure their property. The freight clerk has been driven over the side of the lighter long ago, and is sauntering up the beach somewhere with his shipping lists under his arm.

“Scows, lighters, dories, whaleboats, skiffs, canoes, and awkward box-boats line the waterfront and the mud of the creek. On the stretch of ground and cobblestones above high-tide mark is a jumble of tarpaulin-covered heaps of provisions and other goods, and scattered among them all kinds of implements, rough furniture, piles of lumber, queer machines, carts, wagon wheels—everything useful or useless that the Seattle or Tacoma men-with-something-to-sell could unload upon the embryo gold-miner.

“Beyond, in the edge of the evergreen woods and extending far within them, is the orderless city of tents. There is not the semblance of a street anywhere. Stable tents, hotel tents, eating-house tents, and dwellings of a day, are stuck around wherever the load of goods happened to be dumped, or wherever a sufficiently level spot has beckoned. They stand at all angles, and the guy-ropes of one may stretch right athwart the door of another, inducing profanity both on the part of the man tripped up by them and the occupants of the jerked tent.

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“Nature is yielding her dominion but sullenly, the gnarled or sodden trees standing forth among the tents, while their straighter and drier neighbors have given up their trunks and branches to the needs of the camp. The thick, dank moss is spreading a futile carpet over the muck and stones, to be cut by hobnailed boot and wagon wheel and mixed with the foulness it strives to conceal. Blueberry and salmonberry bushes are found even in the sleeping tents... Rotten logs, newly cut stumps of big trees and piles of brush are threaded by a hundred narrow, muddy paths; and along all of these men are rushing like ants, and like ants bearing unwieldy burdens, making futile dashes here and there, blundering against one another, and blocking each other’s way. The utter disregard of the rights and conveniences of everybody else, the insolent selfishness of the crowd as each one pushes and rushes after his own particular business, is what would most of all strike an onlooker, if one could be found who was not himself too busy pushing and rushing to take time to look and ponder.”

Around to the west reaches another prong of Lynn Canal. At its head was Dyea, the starting point for the Chilkoot Pass, which was at first—and later when White Pass was well blocked in consequence of the unreasoning haste of the gold-mad men—the chosen gateway to the Yukon and the Klondike. Doctor Young has written graphically of the crowded waterway toward this earlier camp:

“See the queer craft; craft of all kinds and sizes, steamboats, schooners, sloops, ‘knockdown boats’ brought from Tacoma and hastily put together, whale-boats, dories and Indian canoes—all frantically steam-

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ing, sailing, pulling and paddling toward the busy camp of Dyea, which will grow within the next few months into a thriving, bustling, bragging little city, with a newspaper, many saloons, dance-halls, hotels, and barracks with a company of United States soldiers, yet destined ere another year passes to be utterly deserted, the houses and furniture, stoves and dishes left for whoever will take them."

Another pioneer told how conditions—bad enough in Dyea—were far worse farther up on the Chilkoot trail, at Sheep Camp: "Many thousands of men and women were encamped there, most of them engaged in packing their supplies over the summit, all anxious to get to the Yukon, to build their boats for the passage down. Neither law nor order prevailed, honest persons had no protection from gangs of rascals who plied their nefarious trade. Might was right; murder, robbery, and theft were of common occurrence."

It was at this time of confusion that the Northwest Mounted Police began their gigantic task. Colonel Steele says:

"The camp on the Chilkoot was pitched on the summit, where it is bounded by high mountains. A wooded cabin was erected in a couple of days; the place where it was in the Pass was only about one hundred yards wide. Below the summit, on the Canadian side, was Crater Lake, named after an extinct volcano. On its icy surface the men were forced to encamp when they arrived. On the night of February 18th [1898] water rose in the lake to the depth of six inches. Blankets and bedding were wet; the temperature fell below zero in the blizzard. The tents could not be moved, and the sleds had to be taken into them to enable the men to

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keep above water at night. The storm blew for days with great violence, but on the 21st had abated sufficiently to admit of the tents being moved to the top of the hill."

A later storm, after raging for a week, reached its height on April 26. Many caches of supplies on the summit were buried. Six feet of snow fell that day, making sixty feet on the level. Next morning many men began packing supplies up the mountain to the summit. A number of them had reached the summit when the storm increased. They tried to reach The Scales, a place of refuge near the foot of the pass. They had reached a point half a mile below the summit when an avalanche buried sixty-three of them. Fifty-three perished. Among those buried were two women who had been rescued from an avalanche only the day before; one of them was killed.

Over the mountains to the east is White Pass, which was chosen as the easier path to Lake Bennett and the Yukon. But what a tale of privation and death was told before the path for the little narrow-gauge tracks for the White Pass and Yukon Railway was driven out of the rocks! Almost at once after Skagway was left behind the difficulties began. Even the railway in its windings takes but twenty miles from the trip, and the trail took a little less. But those were miles of heart-aches and tragedy, of peril and dismay for those of whom Robert W. Service, poet of the Klondike, sang:

"Gold! we leapt from our benches. Gold! we sprang from our stools.
Gold! we wheeled in the furrow, fired with the faith of fools.

"Fearless, unprimed, unfitted, far from the light and the cold,
Heard we the clarion summons, followed the master-lure—Gold!

"Men from the sands of the Sunland; men from the woods of the West;
Men from the farms and the cities, into the Northland we pressed.
Graybeards and striplings and women, good men and bad men and bold,
Leaving our homes and our loved ones, crying exultantly, 'Gold!'

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"Never was seen such an army, pitiful, futile, unfit.
Never was seen such a spirit, manifold courage and grit;
Never has been such a cohort under one banner enrolled,
As surged to the ragged-edge Arctic, urged by the arch-temptress, Gold.
"We landed in wind-swept Skagway, we joined in the weltering mass
Clamoring over their outfits, waiting to climb the Pass.
We tightened our girths and our pack-straps, we linked on the
Human Chain,
Struggling up to the Summit, when every step was a pain."

Eager to reach the Klondike before too many claims were taken by others, these crazed men would not wait for the making of a trail. They braved the threat of late winter blasts, they toiled up the ice and the rocks, they slipped, they fell by the wayside! With a groan they made way for others to pass them in the mad rush.

The tragedy of the pass was not for men only, but for the faithful pack-horses as well. Dead Horse Gulch—a fearsome chasm far below the valley—received its name from incidents of which Doctor Young wrote:

"They say that over two thousand horses have been killed there already, and men are dying every day. I saw one place where a dozen or more were wedged with their packs in a narrow gorge, those on top with their heels in the air, kicking and screaming. The dreadful, half human shrieks of those poor mangled brutes rang in my ears all night.

"A big horse, heavily loaded, two hundred feet up the mountain side, fell over. He knocked off two just below him. Down they came, bowling over others like tenpins, rolling over and over, smashing legs and necks, sweeping the short zigzags. The men could dodge the falling beasts, but horses couldn't. Crunch! Crash! They lit on the sharp rocks at the bottom like chunks of meat in the knives of a sausage-grinder."

But, in spite of failure and delay and death, the survivors persisted in their ascent:

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"Thus toiled we, the army of fortune, in hunger and hope and despair,
Till glacier, mountain and forest vanished, and, radiant afar,
There at our feet lay Lake Bennett, and down to the waters we ran:
The trail of the land was over, the trail of the water began.

"We built our boats and we launched them. Never has been such a fleet;
A packing-case for a bottom, a mackinaw for a sheet;
Shapeless, grotesque, lopsided, flimsy, makeshift and crude,
Each man after his fashion builded as best he could."

The death-dealing trail was succeeded by the rickety Brackett road, built by a man who did not hesitate to charge exorbitant tolls. But this was never completed, for in April, 1898, the construction of the railway was begun. Difficulties were tremendous. Laborers were scarce, for all had the gold fever. One day two thousand men were at work when the news came of the gold strike not far away at Atlin, in British Columbia. Twenty-four hours later the saddened contractor could count but seven hundred men on the job. But others were found, and the rocks were blasted away. Sometimes it was necessary to swing the workmen down by long ropes that they might perform their appointed tasks. And at last—in August, 1900—the tracks stretched between Skagway and the headwaters of the Yukon.

To-day travellers pass in comfort over the one hundred and ten miles of the road from Skagway to White Horse, first climbing twenty-nine hundred feet in twenty miles, far above yawning gulches, in the midst of mountains like serrated peaks of the Sawtooth Range, crossing torrents, once by a cantilever bridge more than two hundred feet high, looking out on glacial waters that career madly down their rock paths thousands of feet, perching far above the remains of the Brackett road and the broken log cabins that sheltered weary and wounded men and women in the days of '98. This,

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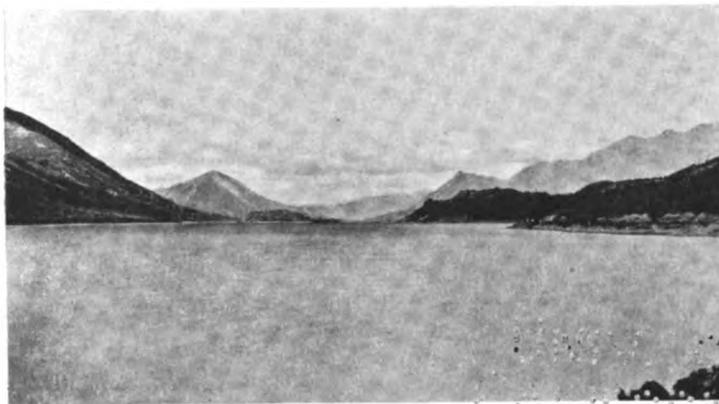
one of the world's most spectacular mountain railway rides, becomes unique because it succeeded the trail of the gold seekers; because it makes easy the tracing of the route of fortune-hunters who would not be delayed.

Beyond the Summit lie Lake Linderman and Lake Bennett, the real beginning of the Yukon River, a stream that drains three hundred and thirty thousand square miles of the world's richest mineral territory. At the foot of Lake Bennett's eleven and a half miles is Carcross, the old Caribou crossing, just beyond the drawbridge farthest north in the world. Near Carcross many of the men who took the trail were lured aside to the Atlin district, where gold was discovered in 1898. Though its gold mines did not prove wonderfully rich, Atlin soon became a camp of ten thousand people, drawn to it over White Pass, or over the Cariboo road, leading north from Ashcroft. One thousand miles of wilderness trail were necessary for those who chose the latter route.

There is still mining of a sort near Atlin—hydraulic mining on Pine Creek, near the original Discovery claim, and placer mining on Spruce Creek. But Atlin has dwindled to a hamlet. To-day it is known to those who seek magnificent scenery. The eighty miles of water trail from Carcross—on lakes that wind between snow-capped peaks—is notable. And when that trip down Tagish Lake and through Taku Inlet is supplemented by the glorious pilgrimage on seventy-mile long Atlin Lake, around Goat Island and Copper Island, the Atlin district will be remembered for its scenic marvels more than for its gold. What boundless wealth of water, green islands, rugged mountains and eternal snow fields is there! The joy of the visitor becomes



SAWTOOTH MOUNTAINS, WHITE PASS



LAKE BENNETT, YUKON TERRITORY



AT THE HEAD OF TAKU ARM, NEAR ATLIN



LLEWELLYN GLACIER

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even greater, until, when he is near the foot of Copper Island, he gazes fascinated upon a close-packed series of mountains which the Ice King holds in thrall through all the year. A glimpse of the great Llewellyn Glacier makes him eager for a closer sight of that tremendous field of ice—fifty miles wide and seventy-five miles long—which rises, rises, rises with massive dignity to the heights where it joins the Mendenhall Glacier and the Taku Glacier.

Few of the gold-seekers of 1898 who made their painful way to Lake Bennett knew of this Atlin wonderland. They were more intent on Bennett, the camp—now a lonely meal station—which once boasted ten thousand inhabitants. There the Klondike-bound paused to build their boats and launch out for the perilous passage of Lakes Bennett and Tagish and Marsh, the little streams connecting them, and the longer river that flows from Marsh, with the dangerous Miles Canyon Rapids, Squaw Rapids and White Horse Rapids, crowding one after the other.

Miles Canyon was named for General Miles, as Lake Bennett was to honor James Gordon Bennett. Those who gave these titles thought that the region was in the United States—just as, for some time, there were those who insisted that the Klondike was not on Canadian soil.

At first some of the men who ventured on the journey of nearly six hundred miles down lake and river to Dawson, city of their dreams, embarked on crazy nondescript vessels, many of which were lost on the way. But soon the Northwest Mounted Police were on hand, and their humane regulations saved many lives. R. E. Macbeth, in *Policing the Plains* tells how the

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officer who was appointed to go to White Horse Rapids in the midst of the gold rush talked to the men and convinced them, against their will, of the sanity of the new restrictions :

“There are many of your countrymen who have said that the Mounted Police make the laws as they go along, and I am going to do so now for your own good ; therefore the directions that I give shall be carried out strictly, and they are these: Corporal Dixon, who thoroughly understands this work, will be in charge here and be responsible to me for the proper management of the passage of the Canyon and White Horse Rapids. No women or children will be taken in the boats. If they are strong enough to come to the Klondike they can walk the five miles of the bank to the foot of the White Horse, and there is no danger for them there. No boat will be permitted to go through the Canyon until the Corporal is satisfied that it has sufficient free board to enable it to ride the waves in safety. No boat will be allowed to pass with human beings in it unless it is steered by competent men, and of that the Corporal will be the judge. There will be a number of pilots selected, whose names will be on the roll in the Mounted Police Barracks here, and when a crew needs a man to steer them through the Canyon to the foot of the Rapids, pilots will be taken in turn from that list. In the event of the men not being able to pay, the Corporal will be permitted to arrange that the boats are run without charge.”

Colonel Steele who also wrote of the gigantic task of the Mounted Police in these dangerous waters, says that on May 29, 1898, Lake Bennett was a sight. Over eight hundred boats were counted under sail on the

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lake. A Mounted Police officer said that in fifty miles travelled that day down lakes and rivers to Miles Canyon and White Horse Rapids he was never more than two hundred feet from a boat, scow or canoe. At the head of Miles Canyon he found several thousand boats tied up. There a man with an eye for money-making had a tramway across the portage around the Rapids. This was about five miles long. The carriages were hauled by horses and were on wheels grooved to fit the poles which answered for rails. More than a hundred and fifty boats and outfits had been lost and smashed to pieces on the rocks, and ten men were drowned, because of trying to run the Canyon and the Rapids themselves.

Next day, on his way back to Bennett, the officer noted the strange craft on the way. There were large scows with oxen, cows, horses, and dogs on board; well built skiffs, clumsy, oblong tubs, little better than ordinary boxes; light and serviceable Peterboro canoes.

From the railroad it is possible to see some of the terrors of Miles Canyon, but the automobile road from White Horse gives the best opportunity to study the series of rapids that caused anxiety and dismay to the gold seeker.

White Horse—like Skagway, a dismantled, deserted town that is only a ghost of its former greatness—is the starting point for the comfortable steamers of the White Pass and Yukon Line that take passengers and freight to Dawson. They require but forty hours for the journey of nearly five hundred miles down the swiftly flowing river, though the return journey calls for four days. Sometimes the passage up the river is still longer—if the cargo of quartz from the mines is

SEEING CANADA

heavy, or if fog makes necessary extra caution in threading the channels and winding along the sharp bends of the river, or in picking the way through twenty-mile long Lake La Barge. But the lure of the Yukon is so persistent that the journey, even if lengthened, is full of deep interest.

Joy is constant as the boat floats down in the shadow of wind-sculptured mountains; between banks of sandy shale that slope like a toboggan slide for giants; past log shacks on the bank where, in winter, the Mounted Police cache provisions sufficient to preserve the lives of unfortunate men and their huskies; close to shores where the spruce trees frequently lose their precarious hold of the soil and topple into the flood; around sharp banks where it is necessary to go close to shore that there may be ample room for the swift current to swing the stern across the river.

Two or three times a day, perhaps, a human figure is seen on the bank. Then may come the camp of a hunter, or, possibly, the lowly houses of a village where a fur-trading store or a fox-farm is the outstanding feature. Once or twice on the trip a steamer going up stream comes out of the loneliness and drops swiftly astern.

Now the craft ties up at a woodyard to allow the crew to take on board a few cords of spruce; the yawning engine devours more than half a cord an hour on the voyage down, and twice as much in the other direction. Indians and other woodsmen leave the neatly piled sticks on the bank, and gladly gather in the seven dollars per cord allowed them. Thus they are able to satisfy their simple wants at the trading stores scattered here and there.



STEAMER "WHITE HORSE" IN FIVE FINGER RAPIDS ON THE YUKON

ON THE TRAIL OF 1898

An eagle perches on a crag high above the water. Flocks of ducks scurry awkwardly ahead of the steamer as if they would challenge her to a race. A caribou or two swim the stream, or a herd stand beneath the trees on the shore. Somewhere a forest fire is burning; the atmosphere becomes thick, there is the smell of smoke, ashes drop on the deck, the sun becomes a red ball that looks like the harvest moon, and the day seems as nearly done as at midnight, when the brief night settles down on the water for a reluctant hour or two—except at midsummer, when the light is triumphant for the entire circuit of the clock.

In the midst of the smoke appears Yukon Crossing, marked by the log stables and the house prepared for the accommodation of the users of the government trail from White Horse to Dawson which, in winter, when the day shrinks to five hours, is used by the sledge runners who carry the mail and the few passengers who must make the difficult journey. Twelve days, and seventy-five dollars for the trip! The time would be much longer, but the trail shortens the distance by nearly one hundred miles, as it cuts across the river bends.

Close to the Crossing the rugged rocks of the Five Finger Rapids, dreaded by the river runners of the old reckless days, divide the Yukon into four sections where the waters race madly through. The most skillful pilot needs a steady hand and an eagle eye as he guides his craft through the chosen channel, and he breathes a sigh of relief when the danger has been safely passed.

The passage down stream is comparatively easy. But the steamer that breasts the current must have a pilot who can do as pretty a piece of river running as is

SEEING CANADA

to be seen anywhere. Cables anchored to the rocks and a judicious use of the steam winch make possible slow, stealthy creeping up the flood where the drop is nearly three feet within several hundred yards.

Here and there are signs of Indians, hunters or trappers, but these are not so numerous as in the days of Fort Selkirk, which Robert Campbell founded for the Hudson's Bay Company in 1850, as a depot for receiving furs which were to be taken down the Yukon to Fort Yukon and up the Porcupine to the Mackenzie. To-day visitors to the Fort, which is a government station and Indian trading point, may see the remains of ruined chimneys which tell of the raid made on the Fort in 1852 by the Chilcoot and Chilkat Indians of Lynn Canal. These Indians, who resisted the interference of others with what they thought were their trading rights with the people of the "Wood-Indian" Country, attacked the post on an August day in 1852 when the kindly local Indians were absent. There was no stockade, and the place was soon captured, the occupants were expelled, and the stores were pilaged. This ended the usefulness of the Fort for the Hudson's Bay Company, for it was never reopened, in spite of the plea made by Campbell after a three-thousand-mile journey on snowshoes in the dead of winter, through a practically uninhabited wilderness into Crow Wing, in Minnesota, thence to London, a total distance of nine thousand seven hundred miles!

The stop of the steamer at Fort Selkirk is remembered because, when the whistle is blown, a hundred famished dogs, huskies and malemutes, begin barking madly as they gather on the elevated bank and leap madly down to the water. The reason for this eagerness

ON THE TRAIL OF 1898

is apparent when, the boat being within reach of the shore, one of the stewards throws among them the contents of a huge can of meat scraps. How the dogs fall on the spoil, leaping over one another, growling, fighting, gloating over treasure trove! Sometimes the animals are piled three or four high in their mad rush. Meanwhile the Indians look on stolidly. They are perfectly willing that food shall be given the dogs, which they allow frequently to shift for themselves.

Across from Fort Selkirk rises the curious Selkirk Wall, which extends twelve miles downstream from the mouth of the Pelly River. Sometimes this wall rises high in Palisade-like ramparts; sometimes it is lower. But all along the way it is seen to be built up of regular blocks which only the Mason who made the world could put in position.

With the entrance of the Pelly the Yukon proper is said to begin, though as a matter of fact it is all Yukon from Lake Bennett. Fifteen Mile, Fifty Mile, and Lewis River are local names for the great stream.

Below the Wall the river widens out. Islands appear. Trees grow tall. The country is green. More rivers enter—among them White River, which makes the Yukon dirty, and the Stewart River, which gives access to the new Mayo silver mining territory, and on to the Mackenzie. When oil was struck at Fort Norman this was the way chosen by some of those who sought the field from Dawson.

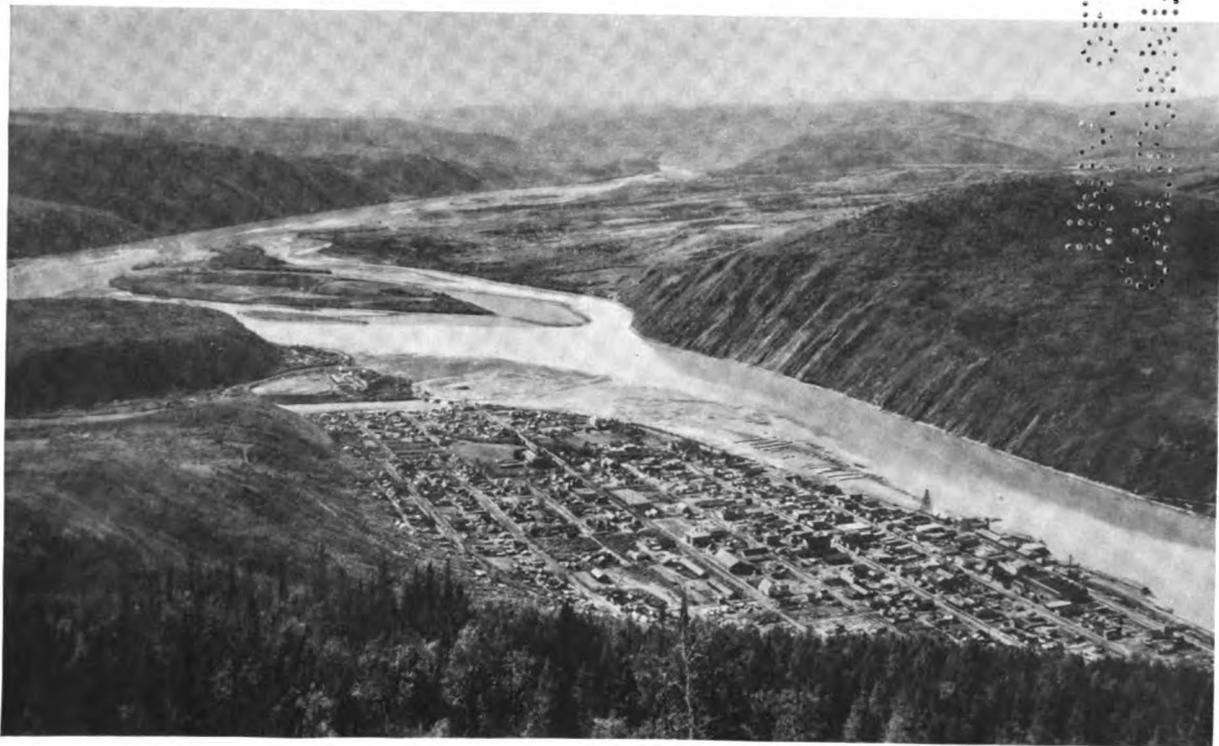
The boat draws up to the bank to take on an officer of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police—the name given to the Northwest Mounted Police when their activities were made Dominion-wide. What a stalwart fellow he is! How his mere presence gives confidence in the

SEEING CANADA

Great Lone Land where it is possible for a single man to become a terror for many leagues around! How can the few hundred men on the force keep in subjection the rough men of the immense territory they cover? How can a single constable bring order out of chaos in a disturbed community?

When the author of *Policing the Plains* was asked the question, he replied:

“It is not the young constable himself that counts so mightily, though he is a likely looking fellow enough who could be cool anywhere and who could give ample evidence of possessing those muscles of steel which count in a hand-to-hand encounter. But you see, he is one of that widely known body of men called the Royal Northwest Mounted Police. They have patrolled and guarded and guided the whole Northwest country for the last forty years and more. During that period they have built up a great tradition which rests on a solid foundation of achievement. Their reputation for courage is unchallenged, their record for giving every man of whatever race or color a square deal is unique, their inflexible determination to see that law is enforced is well known, and their refusal to count the odds when duty is to be done has been absolutely proven again and again. All these elements and others have created the Mounted Police tradition to such an extent that the one constable you saw is looked on as the embodiment of the Empire which plays no favourites but which at the same time will stand no nonsense from any one. And perhaps most wonderful of all is that part of the record which shows that they have done all this and more without any violence or repression, except as a



DAWSON CITY, YUKON TERRITORY

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ON THE TRAIL OF 1898

last resort. They were always more ready and anxious to save human life than to destroy it."

Again the steamboat responds to a hail from the shore. This time two prospectors come aboard, with their packs strapped to their backs. They have been up on the headwaters of Isaac Creek, where, for three years, they have been driving tunnels into the mountain in search of quartz. Now they are going to Dawson for their winter supplies. Seven years ago one of them was a bank clerk in the city by the Klondike. But the wild called him, and he responded to the invitation. "What are you going to do when you have made your pile?" he was asked by a passenger. "Go on doing what I am doing now," he said. "I am not worrying about making a pile. It is enough for me to have the joy of the search, the contact with the great outdoors. All I want is to get back as soon as possible."

That man would not feel it a difficult matter to understand the words of Joaquin Miller:

"And you, too, climbed to the Klondike
And talked, as a friend, to those five-horned stars!
With Muckluck shoon and with talepike
You, too, bared head to the bars,
The heaven-built bars where morning is born,
And drank with maiden morn
From Klondike's glowing horn!

"And you, too, read by the North lights
Such sermons as mere men say!
You sat and sat with the midnights
That sit and that sit all day:
You heard the silence, you heard the room,
Heard the glory of God in the gloom—
When the icebergs boom and boom."

Finally the river reaches down to the Gold City. Dawson! Under the Arctic Circle, city of the long days in summer, and the longer nights in winter. Dawson! Nestled at the point where the Klondike comes down to

SEEING CANADA

the Yukon, and only a short distance from the mouth of Bonanza Creek, where the discovery of 1896 was made. Dawson! Heir to the yellow gleam that still comes from the creeks that draw their water from the great Central Dome, thirty-five miles away.

More than two hundred million dollars have come from the mines within fifty miles of town. To-day the great hydraulic miners are still upending the country. Already they have moved more dirt than was cast aside in digging the Panama Canal. And they are not through yet. It is claimed that there is a field for their operations yet for twenty-five years.

Dawson may not be as large as she was in 1899, but the town is not as dead as other towns that shared in the prosperity of 1898. Her twenty-five thousand people have become one thousand. But they are busy people, content to live in a community where the smallest coin recognized by the merchants is a quarter of a dollar; where an ice chest is a box sunk a foot in the surface muck to the solid ice beneath; where the long winter days are a real test of courage; where the people watch eagerly for the May break-up of the ice in the river—the signal of the coming of summer—and make pools on the day, and the hour, and the minute; where the little daily paper asks its subscribers twenty-four dollars per year; where the foundations of the buildings are laid on the living ice; where the flowers bloom in lavish size and profusion; where the gardener is rewarded by potatoes and cabbage, cauliflower and carrots, vegetable marrow and salad of mammoth proportions; where the old residents come, after wandering back to the cities of the South and the East, with

ON THE TRAIL OF 1898

the smiling assertion, so often heard, "There's no place like Dawson and the Yukon."

There is a superb view of Dawson from the three thousand-foot summit of the Dome—not the Hunker Dome of the gold fields, but the green slope at whose foot the town nestles. From the base of the flagpole which crowns the highest point a look to the left shows Klondike Creek, as well as the broad flats of Bonanza Creek, winding away toward Discovery. On the other side may be seen on a clear day the peaks of the Rockies. The town is hidden from this vantage point, but when the steps are turned to a plateau a little farther down it is seen in all its specious splendor. From this distance it seems to be again the famous City of Gold, whose thousands gloried in the Arctic night and welcomed the Arctic day. There is no difference apparent in houses that are staring, empty, and those that shelter people who still cling to the fortunes of the town—until the lights gleam in the dwellings, and the stores and the hotels, and on the streets that stretch from the Klondike to the northern limits and from river and mountain with its great scar from a landslide of times prehistoric—that is, so far as Dawson is concerned. The thirty-mile railroad to Bonanza might still be in operation. The big yellow mansion of the Governor General, which was once the abode of gaiety and song, might be occupied as of yore, instead of the charming log bungalow on the shoulder of the Dome, where he has his residence to-day.

The death rate of Dawson is high, in spite of the healthfulness of the country and the magnificent service rendered by those in charge of the hospital, which was founded in 1897, before the first rush from the South,

SEEING CANADA

when the influx of prospectors from the Alaskan Yukon and other points nearby gave the town a running start of four thousand inhabitants. For there are many old men among the residents, relics of the days of old. They are bachelors, most of them, and they are worth cultivating. In the course of an hour it is possible to chat with half a dozen men each of whom has his tale that makes waning eyes sparkle and glow.

A grizzled veteran is sawing driftwood by the riverside. "I never accomplished much," he says. "The first winter gave me \$900 over and above my grubstake. But after that I was never able to clear more than \$50; sometimes I found myself in debt for supplies."

Another graybeard, with watery eye, out for his morning walk, said sadly, "I am a boat builder. But I had only one boat to build last summer. This year I have been asked merely to repair a small craft." As he spoke he came to the fence surrounding the barracks of the Canadian Mounted Police. "Excuse me a moment," he said. Then he slowly climbed the fence and walked to a bed of flowers. There he stooped and peered eagerly. Several times his hand darted among the flowers; he looked as if he had found a treasure. Then he returned with four mushrooms. "I come here for them every morning," he said. "They come up overnight, after the flowers have been watered. These will be great, fried with bacon for dinner."

A workman pointed to the flagstaff that surmounts the Dome. "I took that pole up there," he said proudly. "It was in 1897, when I had just come in. I cut it and managed to haul it up on a roundabout track." And he looked proudly at the one thing that has survived out of all the work of the years.

ON THE TRAIL OF 1898

The druggist related his experience. He was in Seattle on a vacation trip when he heard of the strike. Curiosity led him to Skagway; the offer of \$30 a day and board as a drug clerk led him to Dawson. He is well-to-do, not in town property—who invests in town property when a small furnished house can be bought for \$250?—but in good stocks and bonds. He can go out and spend the rest of his days in comfort. But he does not wish to go.

There is the manager of an investment company that is not now doing business, though it has much property that needs looking after. The manager has much time at his disposal, especially in the long winter months. But his days and nights are profitably full, for he has his hobbies. Ornithology is one—he has found more than forty birds about Dawson—and astronomy is another. His beautiful brass model of the heavenly bodies, electrically driven, would be a treasure for a great university.

All these are faithful to Dawson, not because they expect to see the day of its renewed prosperity, a day they feel is surely coming, but because they have heard, with Service, the voice that says :

"I am the land that listens, I am the land that broods;
Steeped in eternal beauty, crystalline waters and woods.
Long have I waited lonely, shunned as a thing accurst,
Monstrous, moody, pathetic, the last of the lands and the first;
Visioning camp-fires and twilight, sad with a longing forlorn—
Wild and wide are my borders, stern as death is my sway,
And I wait for the men who will venture—and I will not be
won in a day."

APPENDIX

AUTOMOBILE ROADS IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

ALTHOUGH there are a few gaps, which are readily provided for, it is now possible for an automobile party to go from Winnipeg to Vancouver—1645 wonderful miles—by the Red Trail. From Winnipeg to Medicine Hat, 741 miles, the route is close to the right of way of the Canadian Pacific Railway, passing through Portage la Prairie, Brandon, Broadview, Regina, Moose Jaw, Swift Current, and Maple Creek. A little beyond Medicine Hat the road begins to follow the route of the famous Crowsnest Pass branch of the railroad, through the rich farming region of southern Alberta, to Lethbridge, McLeod, and Pincher Creek. At Pincher Creek a side trip of forty-one miles is available to glorious Waterton Lakes Park, the extension, in Canada, of Glacier National Park just over the border in the United States.

From Pincher Creek it is forty-seven miles—much of the way along the Crowsnest River—to Crowsnest Pass, to the south of Crowsnest Mountain.

Then come sixty miles along the Elk River and a tributary, always within sight of Mystic Mountain, a bit of trail by the Kootenay River, and perhaps one hundred miles after leaving that stream to Kuskanook on Kootenay Lake.

Sixty-four miles by steamboat, to Nelson, is preparation for more than three hundred miles through wonderful country, part of the time close to the boundary of eastern Washington, to Princeton, where a short gap in the road must be satisfied by the accommodating railroad, first to Ashcroft, on the main line of the Canadian Pacific, then down to Hope—a detour of sixty-seven miles which, when plans are carried out, will be covered by a short span of highway.

From Hope, eighty-four satisfying miles remain to Vancouver and the Pacific Ocean.

The section of the route from McLeod, Alberta, to Cranbrook, British Columbia, 169 miles, is the southern side of



ROAD IN BANFF NATIONAL PARK

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IN ROOTENAY VALLEY, ON THE BANFF-WINDERMERE HIGHWAY

APPENDIX

the Auto Circle Tour Route of the Canadian Rockies, which was not opened in all its parts until June 30, 1923. This route is 567 miles long. It may be entered from Cranbrook by those who come either from Vancouver, by the road already described, or by those who have followed the California-Banff Bee-Line Highway, from Pasadena to Oakland, through Central Oregon, to Spokane, and thence to Cranbrook—1736 miles.

From Cranbrook the western side of the rough square made by the route, follows the Kootenay and the Columbia rivers, through some of the most magnificent scenery of the Selkirks, past Lake Windermere, through Kootenay National Park, to a point half way between Lake Louise and Banff. (Lake Louise may be reached by the Castle-Lake Louise extension.) From Banff it is but eighty-five miles to Calgary, which likes to be considered the starting point for the grand tour. But from Calgary it is 117 miles south to McLeod, where approach is easy from the United States, by the highway that connects the Grand Canyon, Yellowstone Park, Glacier Park, and Waterton Lakes Park. Some parts of this connection are not yet completed.

The story of the building of the Banff-Windermere section of the Circle Tour, the world's most spectacular mountain highway, is of absorbing interest, not only to automobile owners, but to all who like to read of progress. That story begins with the expedition in 1858 of Sir James Hector, the geologist, who, commissioned by the British Government to find a practicable wagon route across the Rocky Mountains, led his little cavalcade over Vermilion Pass, within sight of Mount Assiniboine. That day he wrote in his diary that this pass was "the most favorable and inexpensive to render available for wheeled conveyances."

But not until 1911 were steps taken to build an automobile highway over the pass. The Province of Alberta agreed to build the road from Calgary to the eastern boundary of Banff National Park, the Dominion of Canada promised to build through the park, while British Columbia said it would build from Vermilion Summit to Windermere Valley.

APPENDIX

The World War caused serious interruption, but the road was completed in season for the opening in 1923, when it had been linked up with other sections of the Circle Tour.

The Circle Tour is made easy by free camping grounds placed at convenient intervals. Calgary, for instance, has a motor camp on St. Patrick's Island, adjoining St. George's Island Park.

Calgary is proud of the fact that her Good Roads Association has helped the Dominion Travel Association in the work of making trails throughout Alberta, the marked trails being linked up with trails in other provinces, so that blazed trails are now a common sight in Alberta. "The result is that motorists may travel, with comfort and ease through what is to them, in many cases, an unknown country. All the stranger has to do is to follow the markings on the telephone poles. If his map tells him to follow the blue trail—the Circle Tour is marked blue—he simply keeps a watchful eye on the blue marks and follows all instructions. Turnings are indicated by the letters R and L."

The Buffalo Park at Wainwright—where 3500 buffalos are preserved by the Dominion—also may be reached by a good automobile highway, though the road to Jasper Park has not yet been completed.

Saskatchewan will not be satisfied until many of the 210,000 miles of roadway in the Province are made useful for the automobile. The scarcity of road material, the sparse population—the average is but two people to the square mile—and the haphazard settlement of the country, are serious handicaps, but these will be overcome, until more routes are provided as good as the section of the trail from Winnipeg to Vancouver which passes through the Province.

British Columbia has many bits of good road, and the aim of the Province is to connect them until it will be possible to pass from one important point to another without difficulty. The routes already outlined tell most of the story of available automobile transportation in British Columbia, though there is, in addition, a picturesque road from Victoria to Nanaimo, and from there to the Alberni Canal. Connection from Victoria to Vancouver is made by steamer.

APPENDIX

Leading out of Vancouver are a number of short, improved highways which make easy access to the beauty spots in the neighborhood. The same thing is true of other cities, as, for instance, Calgary, where roads lead to trout streams and camping grounds, as well as nine miles west to Springbank, the site of the Calgary Silver Fox Ranch, where ninety-three hundred pair of silver black foxes are providing pelts valued at from \$250 to \$600 a skin, thus doing their part to supply the place of the animals that in the early history of the city brought prosperity to its doors.

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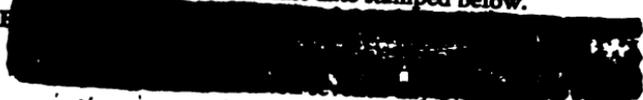
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