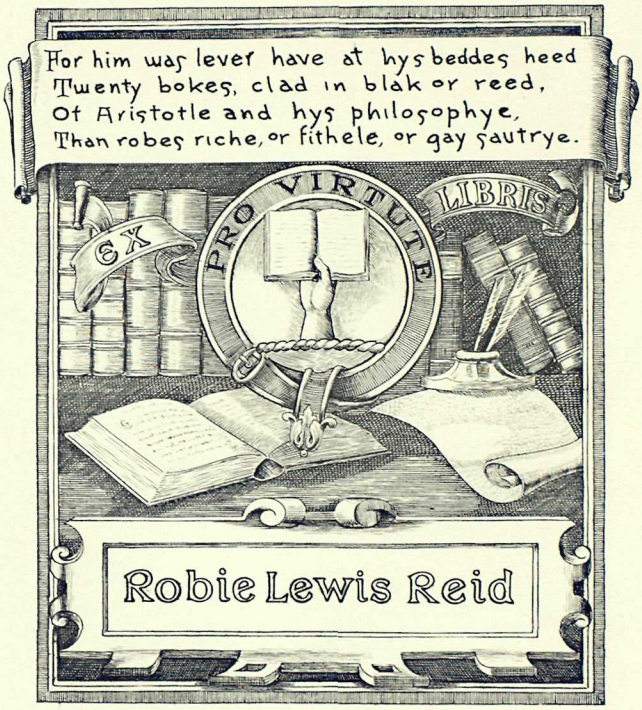

For him was lever have at hys beddes heed
Twenty bokes, clad in blak or reed,
Of Aristotle and hys philosophye,
Than robes riche, or fithele, or gay sautrye.
EX
PRO VIRTUTE
LIBRIS
Robie Lewis Reid

From Ontario to the Pacific

*

by the C.P.R.

Mrs. Arthur Spragge

120 116 112

FROM ONTARIO

TO THE PACIFIC

BY THE C. P. R.

MRS. ARTHUR SPRAGGE.

Toronto:
C. BLACKETT ROBINSON.
1887.

THE substance of this volume was published in a series of articles in the Toronto *Week* during the progress of the journey it narrates : to those articles some considerable additions have since been made ; and the complete account is now offered to the public in the hope that it may in some degree supply an existing deficiency of information about a most interesting part of the Dominion—especially the district of Kootenay, with the mining interests of British Columbia, of which no later account is extant than Mr. Sandford Fleming's "Old and New Westminster."

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven by MRS. ARTHUR SPRAGGE in the office of the Minister of Agriculture.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER PAGE

INTRODUCTION—The Canadian Pacific Railway—Sketch of its history and construction 5

I. Supplementary branch of the C. P. R.—Canadian Pacific steamboats—Lake Huron—St. Mary and Garden Rivers and Lake Superior—Port Arthur—Country between Port Arthur and Winnipeg 13

II. Winnipeg, past and present—Principal objects of interest—Hotels—Arrival and departure of first through train between Montreal and Port Moody 20

III. Pullman cars on the C. P. R.—Country between Winnipeg and Broadriver—Portage la Prairie—Brandon and Moosomin 26

IV. Journey across the prairie—Old Wives Lake—Buffalo—Swift Current—First appearance of Indians—Gophers—Gull Lake—Cypress Station—Maple Creek—Dunoon—South Saskatchewan—Medicine Hat—Monotony of scenery 33

V. Third day's journey across the prairie—Extinction of buffalo—Prairie wind—Bow and Red Deer Rivers—Quiet of nature—Non-appearance of the Rocky Mountains—Indian Reserve—Chief Crowfoot—Gleichen—Calgary 38

VI. The town of Calgary—Population—Enterprise—Cochrane—Calgary Timber Co.—Indians—Beauty of scenery—Wild flowers—Cowboys—Indian ponies—Orderly state of town—Roads about Calgary—Bow and Elbow Rivers—Want of trees 44

VII. Departure from Calgary—Banff—Development by Canadian Government and C. P. R. Company—Situation—Sanitarium—Mountain scenery—Spray Falls—Hot springs—Mammoth hotel of C. P. R. Company—National Park—Bow River

PAGE

CHAPTER —Fishing, boating and shooting—Caves—Medical analysis of waters—Curative qualities—Summit of Rockies—Kicking Horse River and Pass—Magnificent mountains—Field Tunnel Mountain—Golden City—Columbia Valley—Selkirk Range—Donald 50

VIII. Boundary Province British Columbia—Plan of C. P. R. through the mountains—Donald—Columbia River—Selkirk Range—Private houses—Gold Commissioner—Stipendiary Magistrate—The town—Coast Division of the Road—Navigation of Columbia River—Steamer *Duchess* 64

IX. Gentlemen's residences, Donald—Expense of living—Vegetation—Climate—Mosquitoes—Bush fires—Mountain storm..... 72

X. Arrival of Sir John, with Lady Macdonald on the cowcatcher—Presentation of address and miner's license to Sir John Macdonald 81

XI. Mines in neighbourhood of Donald—Gold and coal—Report of Minister of Mines of British Columbia for 1886..... 84

XII. Departure from Donald for trip to Columbia Lakes and Kootenay Valley—Moberley—Golden City—Mr. F. P. Armstrong—Steamer *Duchess*—Voyage up the Columbia River—Canyon Creek—Johnson's Hog Ranche—Branches of Columbia—Rocky Mountains—Wild fowl—Wooded banks—Shallow water—Soundings—Navigation of the Columbia—Spillumacheen—Landing—Ranges of Selkirk and Rockies—Bear tracks—Change in character of river and country—Clay cliffs—A settler's effects—Lilacs'—Force of current—Period of river navigation—Plan of disembarkation 93

XIII. Pack and saddle horses—Indian boys—Smoke, clouds, dust and heat—Grass region—Windermere—Ranche of Hon. F. Aylmer—First night under canvas—Salmon spearing—Western camp outfit—Kootenay Indians—Contrast between Indians of mountains and plains—Geherry's Ranche—Smoky atmosphere..... 106

CHAPTER PAGE

XIV. Ranche of Mr. Armstrong—Upper Columbia Lake—Heavy smoke—Strong wind—Difficulties of trail—Head, lake, and source of Columbia River—Beauty of scenery—*Pinus ponderosa*—Kootenay River—Kootenay woods—English sportsmen—Camp at Mud Creek—Thunderstorm—Wet morning—Clearing weather—Sport by the way—Sheep Creek 112

XV. Temperature in September in Kootenay Valley—Clear atmosphere—Flaxen lands—Valleys of the Kootenay and Columbia Rivers compared—Acres of ranching country—Nourishing qualities of bunch grass—Distance from the C. P. R.—Unknown to tourists—Kootenay Indians—Wolf Creek—Ranche of Mr. Humphreys—Scenery in Kootenay Valley—Bummer's Flats—Six-Mile Creek—Clarke's Crossing—Kootenay River—Cranbrooke 118

XVI. Colonel Baker's ranche—Bad weather—English sportsmen—Mr. Forbes, owner of American yacht *Puritan*—Monotony of ranche life—Travellers—Rising barometer—Golden stubble fields—Palace Hotel—"The Captain"—Catholic Mission on St. Mary's River—Important influence of priests upon Indian civilisation—Father Fouquet—Dr. Powell—Mr. Smythe, Indian Commissioner and Premier of B.C.—Mr. Norris, H.M.'s Collector of Customs, Kootenay 127

XVII. Colonel Baker, M.P.P. for Kootenay—Particulars of district furnished by him—Climate, resources, and capabilities of the Kootenay Valley—Arrival of Dr. Powell and Mr. Smythe at Cranbrooke—Deputation waits upon the Premier—Address of Col. Baker—Reply of Mr. Smythe—Prospected canal, and Golden City and Kootenay Railway 136

XVIII. Beautiful weather at Cranbrooke—Departure from the Ranche—Kootenay River again—Wild Horse Creek—Untold wealth of this district—Placer mining—Chinese—Population—Government office—Heart of Rocky Mountains—

CHAPTER PAGE

Collector of Customs—Six-Mile Creek again—Meeting with Mr. Smythe—Return journey to Wolf Creek—New Government road—Lake Pasilqua—Camping ground on Upper Columbia Lake—Arrival at Mr. Armstrong's ranche.... 142

XIX. Voyage down the Upper Columbia Lake—Beginning of the Columbia River—Dangers of navigation—Mud Lake—Columbia River between Mud and the Lower Lake—Lower Columbia Lake—Night camp—Columbia River proper—Lilacs Landing again—No news of Steamer *Duchess*—Camping ground on Columbia River—Stormy night—Decrease of luxuries—Arrival of visitors—Steamer detained at Spillumacheen—Departure by boat to meet her—Voyage down the Columbia River—Miss the boat—Adventures by the way—Arrival at Golden City—Donald 151

XX. Leave Donald for the Glacier Hotel—Scenery along this section of the C. P. R.—First crossing of the Columbia River—Beaver River—Bear Creek—Selkirk Mountains—Course of snow-slides—Railway bridges—Snow sheds—Height of mountains in Selkirk Range—Glacier Hotel—Favourite locality for artists—Messrs. O'Brien, Forbes, Fraser, and Aitken..... 164

XXI. Donald to Port Moody—Loop in the Selkirk Range—Skill of C. P. R. engineers—Ille Celle Waet River—Revelstoke—Second crossing of the Columbia—Fine timber—Gold Ranges—Cascade—Thompson River Canyon—Kamloops district—Canyon of the Fraser River—Spuzzum—Yale—North Bench—Coast Mountains—Port Moody—Burrard Inlet—Vancouver—Gulf of Georgia—Victoria 170

XXII. Population of Victoria—Chinese quarter, their position, importance and emigration—Situation of Victoria—Handsome buildings—Parliament Houses—Union Club—Beacon Hill Park—Esquimault—Nanaimo—Climate of Victoria—Vegetation—Expenses of living—Hospitality of Victorians—Advantages of the Canadian Pacific Route 179

ONTARIO TO THE PACIFIC,

BY THE C. P. R.

INTRODUCTION.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.*

As a passenger in the first through train, which left Montreal on the 28th June, 1886, and was joined by me at Winnipeg, I feel justified in prefacing my journey from Ontario to the Pacific with a brief notice of the road.

The Canadian Pacific Railway was a National Enterprise, is a National Highway, will be a National Heirloom. Created as a condition of the completion of Confederation, its history occupies an important place in the annals of Canada, involving as it did the fall of one Government and the rise of another.

The isolation of British Columbia was the

* I am indebted to the "Canadian Almanac" [Copp, Clark and Co.] for the facts concerning the Canadian Pacific.

chief obstacle to that colony entering the Confederation of the Provinces.

Separated from the Eastern Provinces by vast ranges of unexplored and inaccessible mountains, and by over one thousand miles of supposed barren rocky wastes, known only to the Indian tribes and servants of the Hudson Bay Company, she felt her position to be one of peculiar disadvantage, and modestly stipulated in 1868 for a waggon road as a pledge of her redemption from the mighty barriers imposed by the hand of Nature upon her commercial progress. This was to be followed within three years by the commencement of a trans-continental railway, upon which one million dollars was to be expended annually in British Columbia. It was not until the 20th June, 1871, that the Crown colony became a Province of the Dominion of Canada, under condition that the railway should be begun at once and completed within ten years.

It was contemplated from the first by the Act of Parliament that the railway "Shall be constructed and worked by private enterprise, and not by the Dominion Government; that the public aid to be extended shall consist of such liberal

grants of land and such subsidies as the Parliament of Canada shall hereafter determine." To this end two companies were formed in 1872 to undertake the work, but difficulties arising, they dissolved, and a new one, under the presidency of the late Sir Hugh Allan, arose. To it was let the contract for building the railway from a point near Lake Nipissing to the Pacific Ocean, the Government undertaking to contribute $30,000,000 and 50,000,000 acres of land.

After a year's negotiations Sir Hugh Allan's company failed to secure the assistance of English capitalists, and finally surrendered its charter. Then followed a change of Administration, proving a serious drawback to the progress of the railroad; the new Government opposed its original form of construction on the ground of undue, excessive expenditure; action had to be taken, and in 1874 negotiations were opened with British Columbia for a modification of the terms of the Act of 1871. This step aroused the uneasiness of the Provincial Government, who agreed finally to refer the question of their rights to the arbitration of Lord Carnarvon. In 1875, accordingly, an extension of ten years, or until

the 31st December, 1890, for the completion of the railway was determined upon, and the sum to be annually expended in British Columbia was increased to $2,000,000. The Government took charge of the road, and let various contracts for building in different parts of the country; it proceeded, however, slowly and disconnectedly in its construction until 1878, when another change of Administration occurring, new life was infused into the enterprise, which was vigorously prosecuted up to the end of the year 1879. In 1880 an association of a few capitalists turned their attention to the work the Government had in hand, and proposed to carry it out, as originally intended, by private enterprise. A provisional contract was entered into and ratified by Act of Parliament on the 15th February, 1881, when the charter was granted to the present Canadian Pacific Railway Co., on its undertaking to build, equip throughout, and have in operation by May, 1891, 2,000 miles of railway, for the most part across an unknown land. The most difficult portions of its construction fell to their share; viz., the completion of the road round the north shore of Lake Superior, and the connexion of

the west end of the line in Manitoba with Kamloops in British Columbia, a distance of 1,350 miles, including in its course the crossing of the Rocky, Selkirk, and Gold ranges of mountains. In consideration of this undertaking, the Government were to finish the line from Savonas Ferry to Port Moody, 213 miles, and to hand over to the Company, completed, all their lines under contract, in all 711 miles; to pay them $25,000,000; and to give them 25,000,000 acres of land.

The events connected with the carrying out of the contract by the Canadian Pacific Company are unparalleled in the history of railway enterprise; the difficulties of the proposed route were enormous, and the speed with which its construction was completed is almost miraculous, when we consider the very great obstacles it presented. On the 7th November, 1885, a union was effected between the parties working from the east and from the west at Craigellachie, in British Columbia, 2,552 miles from Montreal. The Company contributed their share of the work of construction in four years and nine months, or less than half the time stipulated; and the

Government kept faith with the Province of British Columbia with five years and seven months to spare.

Of the Canadian Pacific Railroad it may be said that it is the longest continuous line of rails in the world, and passes through an extent of country remarkable for the diversity of its natural formation.

Commencing at the east end from Callander, the Nipissing section to Lake Superior was attacked, consisting of some 400 miles of broken rocky country, interspersed with innumerable lakes and streams. It was entirely uninhabited; and provisions, clothing, and necessaries of every description for the men had to be provided by the Company, storehouses established, hospitals built, medical assistance, fodder for horses, materials, tools, and explosives for work supplied. Waggon roads had to be constructed in advance of the route, and in many cases at a cost per mile exceeding that of the corresponding mile of railway.

Next to the Nipissing came the Lake Superior section, where the work consisted of cutting and tunnelling through rocks of the hardest possible

description, or of hewing a bench or ledge round the face of a beetling cliff towering hundreds of feet above the line. Here, and to some extent in the mountains, the Company found it prudent and economical to manufacture their explosives largely on the spot. The total expenditure on this account on the entire works was $2,100,000; from these figures some idea may be formed of the necessary blasting. On this section occurs the most costly work of the whole road; some particular localities having cost from $600,000 to $700,000 per mile.

The construction of the road across the prairie was remarkably rapid, the speed with which the track was laid being almost phenomenal. The average for one month was over three miles per working day; and on one particular day over six miles were laid. The mountains once reached, waggon roads had again to be built at great expense; problems of engineering solved; rivers crossed; lakes drained; mountains scaled; chasms bridged; and the materials for all these operations to be anticipated for months. Yet throughout the whole period of construction the Transportation Department never once failed to

respond promptly to the call of the Construction Department, which was not delayed a day for want of supplies. Enormous difficulties were successfully overcome, and on June 28th, 1886, the first through train for the Coast left Montreal, and safely accomplished within a week that eventful journey to the far Pacific Slope which marked so important an era in the history of Canadian enterprise.

The men who accomplished this great work, and whose names will ever be associated with the progress and development of the Dominion, are Sir George Stephen, Sir Donald A. Smith, Mr. Richard B. Angus, Mr. Duncan McIntyre, and Mr. W. C. Van Horne. To them the honour of this great enterprise is chiefly due.

The Company employs a very large force of men, and in each branch of the service a very high standard is required; consequently, its officials collectively are not surpassed by the staff of any other railway in America. Its employés number 14,551 hands, and it pays out in wages $4,300,000 annually.

Its officers number—station agents, 334; operators and despatchers, 269; other station em-

ployés, 791; workshop employés, 663; locomotive engineers, 375; locomotive firemen, 396; conductors, 233; brakesmen, 489; employés of road department, 2,496; bridge and building department, 1,147.

In Winnipeg there are 1,000 men on the payroll, 600 being employed in the workshops alone, and, if the average be taken, a man supporting five persons, the number directly dependent on the Canadian Pacific in Winnipeg alone, is 5,500, and in the Dominion no less than 72,755, in itself a small army.

I.

I LEFT Toronto on Saturday, June 26th, 1886, at ten a.m., by a supplementary branch of the C. P. R. (formerly the Toronto, Grey, and Bruce Railway), running to Owen Sound and connecting with the Canadian Pacific boats at that place. I carried with me a through return ticket to Victoria—the first one, probably, issued from the Toronto office. The fear of losing this valuable bit of paper haunted me like a nightmare during

my four months' absence, and suggested to my mind the idea that the Company should originate some neat and unostentatious brand to be stamped upon the unoffending through return passenger, as a form of financial security. There was no dust on the day in question, and the weather was all that it should have been, bright, clear and cool; the sky covered with heavy masses of soft, fleecy clouds, drifting so far overhead that they held no thought of storm or shower in their gray depths.

Soon after leaving Toronto Junction, we passed into a pretty, rolling country, extending to the Forks of the Credit, the most picturesque spot on this road. The river is here spanned by a long trestle bridge, over which the train crept most carefully, then steamed up a heavy grade to the top of the valley, where the dining station, at Orangeville, was reached. A halt of twenty minutes occurred, and we rolled on again through an ugly, flat, well-wooded district, very suggestive of timber limits, to Owen Sound, where we arrived punctually at half-past three o'clock. The *Alberta* lay at her wharf on the opposite side of the platform to that on which the train drew up,

so it was a very simple matter to transfer oneself from land to water. She proved to be a first-class screw steamship, of 1,179 tons, built on the Clyde, and brought out to Canada three years ago for service on the upper lakes. Her machinery is particularly fine, and consists of two large compound engines, fourteen hydraulic engines, and one electric engine, which are in the best of order, and bright with all the brilliancy that polish can give. Everything on board, even to most of the cooking, is done by steam, and the system of electric lighting is very complete, the saloon being illuminated by six centre chandeliers of artistic design and six single branches from the side walls, all provided with globes, mellowing and toning the light without detracting from its power and efficacy. The *Alberta* and *Athabasca* cost $300,000 each, including the machinery. The former is registered to carry five hundred and eighty passengers; her cabin accommodation is excellent, and the table good and well served. The only deficiency I noticed was the lack of camp-stools or other available deck accommodation. Of her qualities as a sea boat I am happy to say I had no oppor-

tunity of judging, for our trip to Port Arthur was over a waveless sea, under a cloudless sky.

Saturday night found us well out on Lake Huron, and on Sunday morning, after breakfast, we were steaming up the Garden River, a tributary of the St. Mary River, connecting that lake with Lake Superior. The scenery along its winding course is very pretty and varied in character, the land falling away from Lake Huron in high wooded hills, flooded with rich purples in the distance and deep greens in the foreground, to low cleared land in the neighbourhood of the Sault Ste. Marie, where the river narrows perceptibly, the American and Canadians towns of the Sault lying exactly opposite one another and comparatively close together. The American town is situated in the State of Michigan, and to the Federal Government belong the locks through which all vessels must pass, to avoid the unnavigable rapids of the Garden River, which toss their foam-crowned heads beside us as we steam slowly through the short canal out into Lake Superior.

It was some time after we left the Sault before

we really lost sight of land, and found ourselves launched upon the bosom of this huge inland sea, the largest lake in the world, with the exception of one in Russia. Some idea of the size of Lake Superior may be formed from the fact that from its two extremities the distance is equal to that from London to the centre of Scotland. In width it is capacious enough to take in the whole of Ireland. It is 900 feet deep, the surface being 600 feet above, the bed 300 feet below, the ocean level. Its water is remarkably pure, and the colour of the finest crystal.

We passed a number of steam barges and deeply-laden vessels, and entered the lake, whose rugged, rocky hills on the north shore ascended to a height of a thousand feet. I was prepared for a slight rocking, at the least, but was agreeably surprised to find Superior as smooth and smiling as nature could make it. The air, however, became perceptibly chilly as the land receded, and by six o'clock I was glad to retire to the warmth and comfort of the saloon, behind closed doors and windows. The night passed quietly and uneventfully; not a suspicion even of fog detained us, and on Monday morning at

nine o'clock we were off Thunder Cape, which reared its magnificent mass of rock close above the vessel. I never saw anything more exquisite than the purple lights on its rugged wooded sides, as the *Alberta* steamed away from the rocky headland, with its picturesque and invaluable lighthouse, towards Port Arthur, whose houses could be distinctly seen rising in a semicircle on Thunder Bay.

This is the terminus of the C. P. R. boats, which connect here with the through trains from Montreal, east and west. The town is beautifully situated, and seems to be a thriving place. At eleven o'clock the wharf was reached, and I made my way to the Northern Hotel, five minutes' walk from the boat. The hotel has since been burned to the ground; it was decidedly ambitious in structure, its wide verandas on both stories commanded a most extensive view over the numerous headlands and islands of Lake Superior, with Thunder Cape an imposing mass in the distance. At one o'clock we were provided with a good substantial dinner, and at ten minutes past three the C. P. R. train from Montreal stopped just in front of the

hotel to embark passengers and baggage. We were soon rushing along at full speed, bound for Winnipeg and the far West. A dining-car was attached to the train, which I patronised for tea, and at half-past nine o'clock on Tuesday morning I breakfasted in Winnipeg.

I never performed a more comfortable journey; no time was lost, and no casualty occurred. The only thing I have to complain of is the extremely dreary, barren country that extends between Lake Superior and the prairie region. We traversed long stretches of black, boggy swamp, to which the Indian name of "Muskeg" has been given; throughout the district, as the train moves on, nothing but rock and forest are to be seen, in their most rugged forms. The country about Rat Portage, situated at the junction of the Lake of the Woods and the River Winnipeg, is, I believe, extremely pretty and interesting; but we passed it at night, so I had no opportunity of appreciating its beauties; when I awoke next morning, we were at Selkirk, twenty miles north of the city of Winnipeg, and had entered on the prairie land of the West. In another half hour the train steamed slowly into the

station at Winnipeg, and a few minutes later, I was comfortably settled at the Leland House for the next two days.

II.

THE weather at Winnipeg was unusually close and sultry, making any exertion an effort, so I spent the day of my arrival (Tuesday, 29th June) quietly at the Leland House, recommended to me as the best and newest hotel in the town. It is on a small scale, and the bedrooms, with a few exceptions, are tiny; the dining-room, too, is badly situated, below the level of the street, making the atmosphere both heavy and cavernous, as the ventilation is naturally very imperfect; however, it is as good accommodation in the hotel way as Winnipeg can offer. Water is abundant, and obtainable, which is not always the case, I believe, in other localities, and the proprietor and his employés are extremely civil, obliging, and anxious to promote the comfort of their guests.

Wednesday, the 30th of June, was as hot as

the preceding day; but I had determined to see something of Winnipeg, and a friend having kindly offered to show me the city, we drove away from the Leland House, at four o'clock, and found a pleasant breeze blowing over the prairie, though the sun's rays still beat down upon our heads with unabated vigour. The absence of trees in the town is a great disadvantage to both man and beast, in the warm summer months. I heard, however, that the deficiency has been fully recognised by the corporation, and an Arbour Day instituted in the interests of the city. A few hundred yards from the hotel, we turned into Main Street, a handsome, wide, block-paved road, the principal thoroughfare of Winnipeg, as its name indicates. When it is filled with handsome brick buildings, no city in the Dominion will offer a finer drive and promenade than Main Street. At present I imagine it looks as Toronto did "some forty years ago," and the contrast between the few brick shops, warehouses, banks, and the low wooden houses adjoining them, jars upon the eye, and reminds one that Winnipeg, with its population of 30,000, is a city of very recent creation. "Thirteen years

ago," according to Mr. Sandford Fleming, "there was little to distinguish its site from any other spot on the river bank. The Red River was skirted by a single tier of holdings, on the shore line, directly along its banks for a distance of fifty miles, known as the Selkirk Settlement." These holdings, or farms, were peculiarly surveyed, and show a frontage of two hundred and forty yards, by a depth of two miles.

The first place we visited was St. John's College, about a mile from the city, on the continuation north of Main Street. We drove all round its group of buildings, including the so-called Cathedral and the quaint old episcopal residence known as Bishop's Fort, situated on a high bank immediately above the Red River, which rolls its low and muddy waters below. A grove of oaks and poplars surrounds the houses, the first trees I had seen in this part of the country, which really refreshed one's eyes, wearied by the unbroken monotony of land and sky. A new white brick college has been erected on the prairie, not far from the original buildings, but away from the river. I should fancy the dean and canons would be loath to exchange

their present shady retreats for the barren, treeless prairie about the new college, and hope their present residences, some of which are quite detached, will be secured to them.

We had not, unfortunately, time to go over Bishop's Fort, and after making a circuit of the place, the horses' heads were turned towards Winnipeg, and we drove to the Hudson Bay stores, occupying a fine block of brick buildings on Main Street South; these we investigated fully. I was much impressed by their completeness in every department. We spent some time examining the different flats, then drove along Main Street South, towards the fashionable part of the town, in which most of the private residences are situated, passing on our way, a short distance from the Hudson Bay stores, the foundations of the great hotel that collapsed with the boom, and never got beyond the low stone walls now covering an immense area of ground.

We crossed the Assiniboine, flowing here from the west into the Red River, turned up River Avenue, past some fine new houses, and entered again upon a region of trees and underbrush, through which pretty roads wound and charming

little villas appeared, and soon came upon the Ross Mansion, another memento of the boom, at present unoccupied and unfinished. I was delighted with this part of Winnipeg, which promises to be the most attractive suburb of the city, the houses fronting on the Assiniboine especially having a charming situation. After winding all through these wooded roads, time warned us homewards and we returned by way of Broadway and Edmonton Street, with their pretty villa residences, to the Leland House, where I was deposited, after spending a most enjoyable afternoon, feeling quite invigorated by the strong, fresh prairie wind which blew freely over the grassy plain stretching westward from the city to the setting sun.

Thursday, Dominion Day, had been named for the arrival of the first through train from Montreal to the Pacific Coast, advertised to leave Winnipeg at twenty minutes to ten o'clock in the morning, which was to bear me westward to the Rockies. At breakfast I read, in the Winnipeg *Free Press*, the following announcement: "The arrival of the first C.P.R. transcontinental train will be welcomed by a salute from the Win-

nipeg Field Battery. The two military bands will be present. The Mayor and Council will attend in a body; and no doubt there will be a large turnout of citizens to mark this important event in Canadian history." Warned by this notice of an impending crowd, I tried to get down to the station early to avoid it, and left the hotel nearly an hour before the appointed time, but early as it was, the platform was crowded; it was almost impossible to force a passage through the seething, struggling mass of humanity moving up and down. Fortunately, I had pressed the hotel proprietor and a porter into my service to carry my valise and rugs; they succeeded in clearing a way for me to the baggage-room, where I extracted my luggage from that of those other passengers who, like myself, had waited over in Winnipeg for the through train. I had no difficulty in getting it re-checked to Calgary; and the heavy train, consisting of nine cars, having at last drawn up to the platform, I sank a few minutes later into a luxurious seat, flanked by my valise and rugs, feeling that I was established for the next thirty-six hours at least.

III.

THE Pullman I found myself in at Winnipeg proved to be a through car from Montreal to Victoria, intended to be occupied entirely by men, as I discovered later when the train started. When I entered it was quite empty, and the number of people inspecting the different cars, as they were allowed to do, and passing backwards and forwards in the operation, made the possession of the first vacant seat a considerable object to a hot and weary traveller. The black porter was as usual very civil, and told me to remain in the car as long as it suited me, so I availed myself of the opportunity to inspect it thoroughly. The "Honolulu" is one of the handsomest Pullmans owned by the Company; it is upholstered most artistically, or rather æsthetically, in gray green velvet; the sides of the seats and berths are mounted in cherry, beautifully carved and inlaid with brass; the roof is painted, and the ventilators are provided with amber-coloured stained glass; two lounges occupy each side of the centre

of the car, parallel with the sides; and heavy velvet portières hang over each end door. The wash-basins in the lavatories are of dark marble, one of them furnished with a small three-foot-six bath, evidently much patronised between Montreal and Winnipeg. There is also an observation compartment at the end, the full width of the car, provided with very large windows on both sides and comfortable lounges, which is intended to facilitate the enjoyment of the mountain scenery.

The train was supposed to leave at ten minutes to ten, but it was after the half hour when the cry of "all aboard" was heard, followed by a hurried shaking of hands, and the engine with its nine cars—two sleepers (the "Honolulu" and the "Selkirk"), a dining-car, two first class, two second class, and two baggage cars—moved slowly out of the station, bound on its long journey to the far Pacific Slope. For more than a mile outside of Winnipeg, we passed crowds of people who had gathered along the line to see the first through train, and I began to feel myself quite an historical character: the event seemed one of such marked importance to this section of

the country. The day was close, sultry, and slightly overcast; but once clear of the city, steaming away over the prairie, we left dull clouds behind us, and passed into a region of vivid blues and greens, where the land and sky met upon the horizon, and the eye was almost wearied by the glare of colours all about us. We saw large herds of cattle browsing upon the plains, and numerous prosperous farms dotted about on both sides of the railway.

Soon after leaving Winnipeg, I departed from the "Honolulu," and was escorted to my proper place in the "Selkirk"—which had been added at Winnipeg, and was a very common and ordinary Pullman compared to the other—already filled by passengers from Montreal to the Coast. The first large town we reached was Portage la Prairie. According to Mr. Sandford Fleming, "this town is situated on the northern bank of the Assiniboine River (we have not, however, caught a glimpse of the river), directly to the south of Lake Winnipeg. Ten years ago, Portage la Prairie had little more than the name by which it was known to the voyageur; it is now [in 1883] a thriving town, with many streets and

buildings extended over possibly a square mile; two large elevators are constructed on the railway line for the storage of wheat, and a branch railway has been established to Gladstone." The town appeared to me to have increased and developed considerably since the above lines were penned, and is now a busy place. Larger a great deal than Portage la Prairie is Brandon, where we stopped for about twenty minutes. It has quite an imposing station, but the town is not visible from the track, being situated on a hill above the river Assiniboine. It is now quite an important place. Mr. Fleming says of this part of the country, "The prairie in all directions in the neighbourhood [of Brandon] has a warm subsoil of sandy or gravelly loam, differing from the deep black vegetable mould of the level banks of the Red River. Settlers' houses and huts are seen in all directions, and I learn that a great extent of country has been taken up for farming."

During the afternoon we continued to roll along over the same level prairie land, and had occasional peeps of the Assiniboine, whose course is marked by groups of trees, varying the mono-

tony of the dead-level horizon. We passed numerous ponds close to the line, which abounded with small wild ducks, apparently quite indifferent to us, scarcely troubling themselves even to turn their pretty heads as we flew by. Wild flowers covered the prairie in all directions, handsome red lilies, enormous cone flowers, wild sunflowers, dwarf wild roses growing on bushes hardly a foot high, a tall plant with a deep pink blossom unfamiliar to me, and scores of others I did not recognise.

After leaving Brandon we partook of our first meal in the dining-car, where everything was well arranged, and an excellent menu provided, including fresh salmon and other delicacies of the season. The car itself was a new one, exceedingly handsome and massive: the seats of solid dark leather designed to imitate alligator skin, the mirrors and all suitable portions of the car inlaid with bronze, the linen and plate, glass and china, all fresh and resplendent; in fact, the only improvement that could have been made would have been to substitute for the white waiters black ones, and increase the number employed upon the trip; doubtless, however,

the Company did not anticipate the amount of patronage that was bestowed upon the first through train.

We arrived at Moosomin at seven o'clock; it is a small town scattered over a large area of ground on both sides of the line. There were indications here of a tremendous storm rapidly approaching us from the west; the sky turned from steel-blue to copper colour; the wind rose; the dust blew in clouds, completely obscuring the town; and five minutes later, as we glided again out on to the prairie and were seated at tea in the dining-car, the storm broke over the train, accompanied by heavy thunder and vivid forked lightning, which played all over the plain. The rain descended upon the roof in perfect sheets; not a sound could be heard above the din and rattle as it peppered ventilators and window panes. By common consent, knives and forks were laid aside, and the occupants of the well-filled car ceased to shout inaudible orders to patient, much-vexed waiters, and devoted themselves to contemplating the progress of the storm. The landscape was almost shut out by dense sheets of water, except away to the

south, where the gray leaden clouds trailed their ragged edges over a breadth of golden sky which had caught the reflection of the setting sun. In about twenty minutes we had passed out of the worst of it; windows were thrown up on all sides, and we enjoyed the delicious, cool, damp atmosphere after the hot, sultry, dusty air breathed all day between Winnipeg and Moosomin: when we returned to our Pullman we feasted our eyes upon a magnificent sunset, toward which we were smoothly and silently rolling.

A few miles from Broadview, the next station to Moosomin, our engine developed a hot box, and went off either for repairs or to seek a substitute, leaving its nine cars in solitary grandeur out on the boundless prairie without a habitation in sight. The gentlemen all availed themselves of this opportunity to leave the train and wander about in search of flowers and curiosities. I was presented with a magnificent bouquet of gigantic size, containing most of the flowers I have above referred to; and after a delay of an hour and a half, during which we enjoyed the twilight and abused the mosquitoes, our engine

returned, and—once more under way—we all prepared for our night's rest, it being past ten o'clock, though still quite light.

IV.

When I got up at half-past seven on Friday morning, July 2nd, I found we were passing over an arid, rolling country, utterly devoid of tree or shrub. The presence of alkali in large quantities was marked by the white, salty appearance of the ground, where various ponds had dried up, leaving the earth exposed like patches of driven snow. The Old Wives' Lakes soon came into view. According to Mr. Fleming, "these are three salt-water lakes; together they extend fifty miles in length, and from ten to six miles in breadth; they abound in wild duck." I saw none; but several large gray cranes, roused by the train, flapped solemnly over the white sandy beach, and flew away across the dark green water. We came upon occasional skulls and bones of the buffalo bleaching in the sun, while their trails were visible crossing and re-crossing

the plain in all directions, marking its surface with deep indented lines. The grass, which has now overgrown the well-worn tracks, is sunk far below the natural level of the ground, showing what countless millions of feet must have trodden these deep-cut paths as the animals travelled across the prairie from one watering-place to another. At several stations I noticed ghastly trophies of piles of bones, many feet high, awaiting transport to distant cities for fertilising and chemical purposes, which I heard was a lucrative though somewhat exhausted traffic.

At nine o'clock we reached Swift Current, not far from the bend of the South Saskatchewan. The town consists of a few low wooden houses on a grassy plateau facing the railway station. There were two or three Indian encampments in the neighbourhood, marked by their smoke-browned tepees. This was my first glimpse of the aborigines. At Swift Current the train made quite a long halt to take in wood and water, and the attention of all the passengers was aroused by an Indian boy, about sixteen years of age, a son, we heard, of Big Bear's, who rode on to the platform attired in full dress, wearing a black

felt wide-awake, carrying a lasso over the horn of his saddle, and mounted on a cream pony, about twelve hands high, adorned with a gorgeous embroidered saddle-cloth. Most of the gentlemen and several ladies got out of the train to examine him and his steed more closely, and at last one passenger, more venturesome than the rest, persuaded the boy to dismount, jumped upon the pony's back, and cantered the tractable little beast up and down the platform close to the car windows, amid shouts of laughter from within and without.

After a delay of twenty minutes we moved slowly out of the station and passed a number of new ploughs and heavy waggons standing on the grass near the line, indicating farming operations in the neighbourhood. The day was bright and clear, with a delicious fresh prairie wind blowing; all the windows were open—we felt we had left the dust and heat of cities far behind us as we steamed away over an undulating, treeless prairie, covered with short buffalo grass. We saw numbers of gophers scampering about in all directions, sitting up on their haunches like rabbits outside their holes, and examining

the train as it rolled by. These animals are a species of ground squirrel; they burrow in the earth and look like large tawny rats; their tails are stiff and hard, devoid of the soft feathery brush of the tree squirrel, which they resemble about the head and body.

We soon came upon Gull Lake, so called from the numbers of these birds which hover over its placid waters. "We are," says Mr. Fleming, "five hundred and fifty-four miles from Winnipeg, north of the Cypress Hills. The lofty ground to the south of us is perfectly bare; the country is dry, the herbage scanty." We slackened speed and approached Cypress Station; at one o'clock Maple Creek was reached. After leaving there we moved off again over the endless prairie; the character of the herbage was changed, and the plains were covered with low sage brush and great bunches of a silvery-looking plant like lavender, interspersed with quantities of short yellow grass and foxtail, resembling dwarf barley.

At two o'clock we arrived at Dunmore, but were soon off again, rolling over a vast plain, broken here and there by grassy bluffs, with scattered herds browsing upon them, and occa-

sional homesteads in the distance. We followed for some miles the half-dried bed of a tributary of the South Saskatchewan. The banks of this stream were marked by refreshing foliage in the shape of a few low, stunted trees. Evidently, there had been no rain in this part of the country for many weeks, and in a short time all signs of water disappeared, leaving a dry, sandy bottom exposed to view. A few minutes later we steamed into Medicine Hat, situated on a sandy area, and consisting of a row of wooden houses and low cabins on each side of the track. A steamer on the South Saskatchewan was distinctly visible, anchored below the Mounted Police barracks, which are on a high bluff on the opposite side of the river. When the train moved off again we crossed a solid iron bridge over the river, some thirty feet above the water's level, just outside the town; then followed the course of the Saskatchewan for a little way, and ascended a heavy grade with high grass bluffs on one side, and the valley of the river on the other, far below us.

Soon the top of the ascent was reached, and we were once more upon the genuine prairie, which rolled away as far as the eye could reach

in an unbroken line to the horizon. I cannot do better than quote here a few lines from Mr. Fleming's book to give an adequate idea of the monotony of the scene. He says: "Our point of vision is really and truly the centre of one vast grassy plain, the circumference of which lies defined on the horizon. As we look from the rear, the two lines of rails gradually come closer till they are lost seemingly in one line; the row of telegraph poles recedes with the distance to a point. I should estimate the horizon to be removed from us from six to eight miles. The sky, without a cloud, forms a blue vault above us; nothing around is visible but the prairie on all sides, gently swelling and undulating, with the railway forming a defined diameter across the circle. The landscape is unvaried; a solitude in which the only sign of life is the motion of the train."

V.

All the afternoon of Friday, July 2nd, we sped on over the prairie, with its inevitable buffalo trails and bones. Apropos of these animals and

their extinction in North America, I came upon an article the other day, copied from the Washington *Star*, on this very subject. The writer gives an account of a hunting trip made by two gentlemen to Montana, in pursuit of buffalo, during the spring of the present year (1886). "In all our explorations," he says, "we came across only two herds of buffalo. The largest of these did not contain more than seventy-five head. Formerly they used to roam in such numbers as sometimes to stop railroad trains." (Hence the deeply-cut trails I have referred to.) "The buffaloes," he continues, "are being rapidly exterminated, and in another year or two will be extinct. The cowboys and tourists shoot them recklessly, leaving their bodies to decay where they fall. The plains are so thickly covered with buffalo skeletons that a company has been organised in Montana to collect the bones for use in the manufacture of fertilisers."

Evidently, the same remarks may be applied to the prairies of the North-west as to Montana, substituting Indians and hunters for cowboys and tourists. Four years ago, buffalo meat sold

in Regina at ten cents per pound, a lower price than beef brought; in many instances the animals were slaughtered simply for their skins. This accounts for the destruction of the buffalo in Canadian territory, marked by the thousands of bones and skulls which I saw between Winnipeg and the Rockies.

To return to my journey, however. We stopped occasionally to water our engine at the various tanks erected along the line for this purpose, with no sign of a habitation except a signal station beside them. A tremendous wind blew dead against the train, and greatly retarded our progress. Some idea of its velocity could be formed by the force with which it whistled and rushed through windows and ventilators, causing a prompt closing of those on the weather side of the cars. It was, however, merely an extra-powerful prairie breeze, such as generally sweeps over these exposed plains, and whose effects reach even to the far distant Winnipeg, and may be felt there, outside the city limits, on the hottest summer afternoon. The sky was a deep, intense blue, with a few soft, fleecy clouds drifting over it and lying low in banks upon the horizon.

At sundown we were, according to Mr. Fleming, "on a broad plateau, between the Bow River and Red Deer River. The outline of the valley of the former is distinctly visible away on the horizon; the latter is too far distant to be traceable. We expected soon to see the Rocky Mountains. The soil improved as we advanced, and the prairie had long, gentle ascents, with occasional heavy gradients." The air was keener and fresher as the sun descended, the shadows grew longer, and chased one another over the broken ground as we rushed away due west into the sunset. The clouds on the horizon were golden, those on the east a rosy pink lying on a bed of steel-blue sky. Not a sound was heard but the rattle of the train; not a living object was visible as far as the eye could reach. The wind had fallen with the sun, and perfect silence prevailed. Still no Rocky Mountains rose slowly into view to break the line of the rolling plain, and a horrid fear seized me that, owing to the prairie wind which had delayed the train an hour or more, night would close around us before I could see the first mountains my eyes had ever rested upon.

After a time, the plain ceased to undulate and settled down once more into a flat sea of green and brown, shading away in the distance to gray and purple, an unbroken line of land and sky. Gleichen was reached at half-past eight o'clock in the evening. There is a large Indian reserve in this neighbourhood, and Chief Crowfoot, accompanied by six or seven squaws, appeared upon the platform and entered the train; he passed through every car, nodding and shaking hands with all the passengers. He is a fine-looking, intelligent man, and retains the national costume of his forefathers, which, on this occasion, was resplendent with beads and embroidery, and adorned with several medals. Crowfoot was decorated by the Government, and his character established in the country by his proven loyalty during the late rebellion. He received quite an ovation from the gentlemen on the train, and was presented with the freedom of the Dining-car in an elaborate address, and a substantial souvenir was collected for him in a purse of seven dollars; in fact, he so much appreciated the attention bestowed upon him that he was very loath to part with his hosts, and in the end he

and his squaws had to be forcibly lifted from the last car by a stalwart porter and conductor, to prevent their being carried off in the train, a proceeding which they evidently treated as a good joke, judging by their shouts of laughter, as one brown dame after another was encircled by a pair of strong arms, and deposited upon *terra firma.* The end car of the long train extended beyond the platform, and the descent from its steps was some feet to the ground below.

Half an hour after we left Gleichen the stars came out one by one, and, there being no moon, the landscape was soon blotted into obscurity. Sections were made up about me for the through passengers to the Coast, and I was soon left companionless to await my destination—Calgary; which was reached at half-past eleven o'clock at night, exactly one hour behind time. Here I was met by friends, and made my way on foot to the Royal Hotel, five minutes' walk from the station. It proved to be a large frame building, in one of the principal streets of Calgary, which, even in the darkness, I recognised as the largest town I had seen since we left

Brandon; Regina, two hundred miles west of there, the capital of the North-west, having been passed in the middle of the night.

VI.

CALGARY, eight hundred and forty miles west of Winnipeg, is beautifully situated in the valley of the Bow River, and is the largest town in the neighbourhood of the Rocky Mountains, whose snow-clad summits are always distinctly visible from there in clear weather, rising away on the western horizon. They seem to enclose the valley with its low foot-hills in a species of amphitheatre circling from north to south. The town, which is daily growing in size and importance, and spreading over the prairie in all directions, has a population of about 1,200, and possesses several busy streets and a number of ambitious shops, besides a private bank—doing such a flourishing business that its proprietors were erecting a new and commodious building; the "Royal Hotel" was also undergoing an extensive addition. I should say, from my

own experience, that its courteous manager deserves all the custom and popularity he has evidently secured. The accommodation was somewhat limited, but when the new wing is completed the "Royal" will compare very favourably with what Winnipeg can at present offer to the traveller in the hotel way.

Calgary promises to be the centre of the great cattle, horse, and sheep trade of the future. There are now 90,000 head of cattle in the district, and 30,000 more on their way into the country from the east, west, and south, besides 10,000 horses breeding upon the ranges. At Cochrane, twenty-four miles west of the town, the Calgary Lumber Company have built an extensive saw-mill at a cost of $60,000. It has the most complete system of machinery in the country, is worked by an engine of seventy-five horse-power, and can turn out 20,000 feet of lumber per day. The mill is beautifully and advantageously situated on a small tributary of the Bow River, dammed for the purpose of floating the logs brought down by a tramway from the large limits owned by the Company, who employ forty men steadily all the year round,

and do the largest business in the country, as they can ship their lumber either by water or rail to the town.

At Calgary I had my first experience of the reality of Western life. A large body of Indians had come in from their reserve, not many miles distant, and were encamped upon the prairie opposite the town; their smoke-browned tepees and droves of horses dotted the plain, forming a very picturesque element in the landscape defined against the low foot-hills enclosing the valley of the Bow, with its background of everlasting hills.

The first walk I took the morning after I arrived at Calgary will not soon be forgotten. The day was overcast but clear. I wandered over the prairie, carpeted with lovely flowers, for a couple of miles; mounted the highest hill I could find, and took my first look at the Rocky Mountains, rising like a rampart in the distance, and glistening in some reflected light that did not catch the valley below. I sat down on a grassy mound, and lost all record of time till I was roused from my dreams by the sun coming out and beating on my head with a power

and intensity peculiar to the West, which soon warned me homewards, with hands filled with red lilies, hare bells, and giant cone flowers.

A picturesque element of Calgary was the number of cowboys to be seen at all hours dashing about the streets, clad in the unconventional costume generally and typically adopted by them; namely, broad-brimmed felt hats, flannel shirts, and leather leggings—in the parlance of the country, "chaps" (an abbreviation of "chaparel," a word meaning "thick brush," as they are used to protect the nether limbs in riding through the woods). They were mounted on small, wiry ponies, as a rule in such poor condition that they strike one as hardly equal to the weight of the riders and their clumsy Mexican saddles, with enormous wooden stirrups and broad girths, covering the animal like a harness. I believe experience has proved that the Mexican saddle, with its deep seat and roomy stirrups, is a most comfortable and well adapted article for the service required of it; in point of comfort, its neat and compact English brother cannot compare with it. Unfortunately, like a good many other invaluable things, appear-

ances are against the Mexican saddle. It has a most unbusiness-like air, very suggestive of a circus or a side-show; though it certainly indicates that wild, adventurous character now so thoroughly associated with the class it represents.

Indians, too, rode in and out of the town all day on their small, weedy ponies, chiefly remarkable for their diversity of colour. I never could have imagined so many odd combinations of shades, from cream to smoke-colour, through all the gradations of coffee, tan, and slate, piebalds (called "pintos") included; but a good solid brown, bay, black, or white pony was not to be met with. I heard this peculiarity of colouring accounted for by the fact that the Indians sold all their so-called whole-coloured horses, only retaining those which, from this very peculiarity I have referred to, were unsalable. They rode and walked about attired in bright blankets, and in most cases devoid of any head-gear, except the natural growth of their coarse black hair, hanging down over their eyes, and shaken back occasionally with wild tosses of their unkempt locks. I must confess that to me the red man is

a most unattractive species, and the more I saw of him the less I liked him.

Calgary is the most orderly, well-regulated town I was ever in, considering the wild, reckless character of many of its inhabitants. Liquor laws are most stringently enforced by the Mounted Police, and with good effect; for though living in one of the principal streets of the town, and sleeping at night with the windows open, I never heard the slightest noise or disturbance of any kind; I saw no rows or fights, and certainly no drunken men.

I drove every afternoon for miles over the prairie, intersected here in all directions by admirable roads. Roads about Calgary are a mere matter of detail, for no one hesitates to turn off them, and drive at random over the short, wiry grass wherever the spirit prompts. The grass offers apparently no opposition to wheels, and a carriage moves just as smoothly and easily over the prairie as along a made road. The horses, too, are all accustomed to the country, and pick their way so cleverly amidst the gopher-holes that they may be safely left to their own devices.

I saw all the country within driving distance of Calgary very thoroughly, and always found the fresh prairie breezes most invigorating after the heat of the day. Like the rest of the North-west, Calgary is entirely devoid of trees, except along the bed of the rivers Bow and Elbow, which unite their waters to the east of the town; it is a deficiency much felt by a resident of a more sheltered region.

VII.

I LEFT Calgary on Tuesday, July 6th, at half-past ten at night, by the through train from Montreal bound west for the Coast. I had telegraphed in the morning to Medicine Hat to secure a section, which I found duly reserved for me; when I entered the car I had it made up, or rather down, at once, and was soon wrapped in as profound a slumber as I can ever hope to achieve in a Pullman sleeper. Banff was reached at two o'clock in the morning, but owing to the very limited accommodation to be met with last summer, as well as the inconvenient hour of the

arrival and departure of trains east and west (since altered by a new time-table), I did not stop there on my journey to or from Victoria. It has, however, been so wonderfully developed during the last year by the combined energy of the Dominion Government and the Canadian Pacific Railway, that it will be one of the most attractive resorts on the road this summer, both from the natural beauty of its scenery and the marvellous medicinal and curative powers of its hot springs. I applied to the Canadian Pacific Railway Company for the latest and most reliable information concerning this Canadian Bethesda, and have compiled the following account from the extracts of different newspapers furnished me by them, that of the medicinal properties of the springs being taken from a letter which Dr. Orton, M.P., addressed to Dr. O'Reilly, Medical Superintendent of Toronto General Hospital:

Banff station, on the main line of the C. P. R., 919 miles west of Winnipeg (a journey now accomplished in two days and one night), is situated in the beautiful Bow River Pass, forty miles from the summit of the Rocky Mountains, in the North-west Territory, and a little over

4,700 feet above the sea level. It is the centre of one of the most attractive regions on this broad continent, and is destined, in the immediate future, to become one of its chief pleasure and health resorts. The station lies in a lovely valley about a mile wide, interspersed with clumps of trees and stretches of open prairie on the north side, Cascade Mountain (so called from a small stream of the purest snow-water which falls down its east side in an almost continuous leap, a distance of over 1,000 feet) towering to a height of over 5,000 feet, or one mile above the pass. This giant frowns across the valley at Mount Duthill, which is of scarce inferior height. Between these mountains, south of the station, lies Tunnel Hill, which is 1,000 feet high, and can be easily ascended even by ladies. From its summit a panorama is visible of mountain, forest, lake, and stream, which richly repays the fatigue of the ascent. Immediately to the south of Tunnel Hill are the Spray Falls of the Bow River, which make a descent of sixty or seventy feet in a short distance.

The Sanitarium Hotel, two miles and a half from the station, is approached by an excel-

lent road built by the Government; it lies in the centre of the National Park on an elevated plateau, commanding a lovely view of the Bow River and Spring Creek, as well as numerous mountain peaks, and is a large, three story-building, provided with every comfort and convenience that visitors could desire. It is the property of the Banff Springs Sanitarium Company, of which Dr. Brett is the medical director, and Mr. S. Hungerford, the manager. The Government are conducting the water from the Hot Springs in iron pipes, and will lease it to the Company at so much per bath for a long term of years, including the five acres of ground about the hotel. The Company have also erected a hospital close to the Hot Springs, with every comfort for patients, to which a number of bath-rooms and two swimming-baths are attached. In connexion with the establishment there is a stable of forty horses, also coaches, carriages, and every description of vehicle suitable to the country.

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company have laid the foundation of their Mammoth Hotel at the foot of Sulphur Mountain, on a slight elevation near the falls of the Spray River, between

the Sanitarium and the Springs. This structure will be in the form of the letter H, and the front portion will be 188 feet long, with 3 stories and an attic; the rear, 156 feet long, 2 stories and an attic. Underneath are extensive basements 88 feet long. The hotel will be of brick veneer, with spacious detached balconies surrounding each story, giving an extensive view from all points. The front drawing-rooms of this stately pile will be 40 feet square. Ample bath-rooms will be provided throughout the house, and large bath-houses in connexion with it. Cold water will be brought from the mountains in a series of aqueducts, and a steam elevator will take visitors from the foot of the mountain to the hotel, which will accommodate 300 guests, and cost $500,000. The Canadian Pacific Railway Company expect to have the hotel ready for occupation by the 1st July, 1887.

The National Park is an immense domain, with an area of 216 square miles. This tract is set apart by the Government for the especial use of tourists and invalids. Mr. G. A. Stewart is the superintendent. A more beautiful spot it would be difficult to conceive. The Park lies north-east

by south-west, against a background formed by the snow-capped peaks of the Rocky Mountains, and is intersected by the Bow and Spray Rivers. Within its limits are the Cascade Mountain, 5,400 feet high; Sulphur Mountain (the source of the Springs), 4,000 feet high; and the Peak, with an altitude of 4,500 feet. Nestled among these rugged heights lies the Devil's Lake and Gap, a beautiful expanse of water from which the surrounding romantic scenery can be fully appreciated.

The Bow River is navigable for several miles for yachts and small boats, and affords, like the Spray, excellent fishing. Speckled trout, known as mountain trout, are caught from one quarter to two pounds weight, and pike, pickerel, and other varieties of fish abound. Good canoeing can be had on all the small lakes and streams, and the sportsman will find geese, duck, prairie fowl, partridges, snipe, and, if he desires, larger game. Mountain sheep, antelope, goats, and prairie wolves are to be obtained for the hunting. The Government has sent up wild rice to be planted in the places most suitable to its growth, to attract ducks and other water-fowl.

Sulphur Mountain is honeycombed with natural caves, large and small, all showing the same

formation of limestone crystals, basalt, and tufa, resembling, in many respects, those of Fingal's Cave. These have been for ages the retreat of numerous porcupines, which still harbour there. Geologically, the rock formation is generally Devonian, and in the immediate neighbourhood of the Springs composed of magnesian sandstone and limestone, with occasional beds of coarse conglomerate. The waters of the Springs have also petrifying qualities, and many interesting specimens of fossilised moss, etc., have been gathered from them. The two principal springs flow from a central spur of Sulphur Mountain, 800 feet above the level of Bow River. One, called the Main Spring, issues at the rate of 1,500,000 gallons per day, and maintains a temperature of 115° Fahr. A quarter of a mile from this spot is another spring, which reaches a less degree of heat than the main spring, but possesses all its medicinal qualities. Near here a hole has been cut, eight feet long by four deep, through which the water flows; it is used as a plunge bath.

On the summit of a mound three quarters of a mile from the Sanitarium, some 500 feet in length, and about 50 feet above the level of the

road, is a small opening of the size of a man's body. A 40 foot ladder leads from this hole to a spacious chamber, the roof of which glistens with myriads of crystals. From the bottom of this cavern issue several springs, whose waters are of very high temperature, and ascend with great force, occasionally throwing up quantities of black sand heavily charged with iron and other minerals, and from one of its walls a stream of cold water falls from a height of 5 feet into the basin. A small outlet to this cave has been discovered, which is now being enlarged by tunnelling in order to utilise the water in a bath-house.

In reference to the mineral character of the waters, it varies somewhat in the different springs. The following is an analysis made by Professor Osler, of Philadelphia, of the hottest spring, temperature, 127° Fahr., where it emerges from the mountain side :

100,000 parts water—

Sulphuric anhydrite	51.26
Calcium monoxide	24.48
Carbon dioxide	16.47
Magnesium oxide	4.14
Sodium oxide	27.53
Total	123.88

Total solids per 100,000, found by experiments, as existing in water—

Calcium sulphate	58.85
Magnesium sulphate	12.39
Calcium carbonate	3.29
Sodium sulphate	15.60
Sodium carbonate	35.73
Silica	Traces
Organic matter	Traces

Of the curative qualities of these waters in very many diseases there can be no doubt, a very large number of invalids having been successfully treated both during the summer and autumn of 1886. The stimulating effect of these hot mineral waters on the capillary circulation causes the functions of every organ in the body to be brought into more active and healthy operation, and thus the natural growth and decay, or building up and pulling down, of tissue is carried on in a more vigorous and normal manner. The baths are so soothing and gentle that they may be enjoyed by the most feeble and sensitive invalids. The most striking benefit has, perhaps, been derived by those suffering from various forms of rheumatic affections, both articu-

lar and muscular, as well as those of a specific character. In addition to rheumatic, gouty, specific, and allied affections, these waters, which vary somewhat in the different springs as to their mineral and saline qualities, are very beneficial in affections of the liver, in diabetes, Bright's disease, biliary and renal calculi, in catarrhal affections of various mucus membranes; also in chronic forms of dyspepsia, especially of a catarrhal character, often so difficult to treat in ordinary medical practice. By allaying muscular and nervous irritability through their soothing influences on the prepleural nerves, sciatica, and other neuralgias, hysterical and hyperesthetic conditions are strikingly benefited. Paralysis, with loss of muscular and nerve power, is improved by the use of these baths, which are also exceedingly beneficial in skin diseases.

On leaving Calgary I had been warned to rise early in order to enjoy the scenery to be met with at the summit of the Rockies, and accordingly five o'clock found me up and

dressed, and my first glance from the window revealed beauties undreamt of before. We were passing through a wild region of tall and slender spruces and pines, in a narrow rocky defile: some were mere bare, naked poles, others scantily clothed at their tops with ragged foliage, which lower down changed into a dark, heavy black fungus, indicative of premature decay, giving these youthful trees a melancholy, depressing air, as if they were wearing their own mourning. There was something to me irresistibly suggestive of crape about these sombre trappings of Nature's vegetation.

We were evidently at the summit: we saw several small lakes lying close to the track, all gloom and shadow in the early dawn, and presently came upon a brawling torrent, some forty feet wide, which, I learned, is the Kicking Horse River. We were now in the celebrated Pass of that name, by which the line descends the west slope of the Rocky Mountains; the river rushed and tumbled along beside us, tossing its foaming waters over huge boulders and rocks, as if striving to escape from its narrow bed. We began to move slowly, with the powerful air brakes in

full play, down the steep hill, following the course of the river to the valley below (a grade of four feet to the hundred). I must confess I held my breath as I gazed from the window and watched our engine snorting and groaning while it crept slowly and carefully along, as if feeling every step of the way. The line twisted and turned round steep walls of rock, and I could see the conductor on the locomotive with the engineer and fireman, their heads well out to the front watching carefully over the lives of the passengers entrusted to their charge; and I was also aware of a sense of gratitude to the iron horse bearing us so steadily and surely down this apparently perilous declivity.

The scenes that began to unfold themselves before me soon turned my attention from all thoughts of personal danger, and I became quite absorbed in the wild beauties of, I believe, the most magnificent mountain scenery in the world: certainly I can imagine none which could possibly equal, much less surpass it. Peak towered above peak on both sides of the line, carved and moulded by the hand of Nature in every possible form of crag and precipice, as

if lavish of design; their snow-clad summits glistened in the early sunlight with such dazzling brightness that the eye was glad to travel slowly down, over the reddish yellow rocks on which the snow was resting in shady nooks and crevices, to the bare walls of the same warm colour below; then on to the dark forests of spruce and fir straggling up from the sea of green beneath. Words seem too feeble to express or describe the grandeur and solemnity of such scenery; one could only gaze in awe and admiration, and realise how small and feeble a thing man is beside the works of God.

About half way down the hill a beautiful valley opens out, formed by the north fork of the Kicking Horse River; blue woods recede into purple forests, and these again swell into an amphitheatre of lofty mountains, whose peaks had caught and held the first rays of sunlight, and were glowing in rainbow lines, while all below was mist and shadow. Soon the bottom of the descent was reached, where the river, increased by the streams running into it, widens into a broad shallow bed more than half clay, and spreads itself over it in several channels,

fordable at Field, where we paused for breakfast. There was no dining car attached to the train (it had been dispensed with the preceding night, after supper, to avoid carrying its weight down the Kicking Horse Pass, and another car was to be attached for dinner).

Field is quite a typical mountain station, consisting of a few log shanties and cabins roughly put up on a clearing in the forest, at the foot of Tunnel Mountain, with the Kicking Horse River flowing quietly below it. I did not feel inclined to breakfast at half-past six o'clock, so remained where I was, feasting upon the beauties of nature. After half an hour's delay we moved off again down the valley, where the river soon changes its course and narrows into another rocky bed. It now roars and tumbles along more wildly than ever beside the line, here raised on a stone foundation several feet above the foaming waters, which dash angrily against its walls as if bent on their destruction. The track crosses and recrosses the river several times, and penetrates through four or five tunnels before finally leaving the Kicking Horse Valley at Golden City, and entering upon that of the Columbia, whose opening is several miles wide.

The city of auriferous name consists of about thirty log buildings, in the parlance of the country "shacks;" it is well situated on an extensive flat, with the Selkirk Range in the distance, an imposing feature in the landscape. After leaving Golden City the line follows the course of the Columbia River down the valley to Donald, seventeen miles distant, which we reached at half-past nine o'clock a.m. This was my temporary destination, where my husband was living.

VIII.

THE boundary of the Province of British Columbia is formed by the watershed of the main range of the Rockies; it commences at the summit of these mountains as they are approached from Calgary, lying at their eastern base. The plan adopted by the Canadian Pacific Company in order to obtain a passage for their road over the apparently insurmountable natural barrier intervening between the North-west Territories and the Pacific Coast is obvious to a close observer. It consists in laying the course of the line up the

valley of one river towards its source in the mountains, and down the valley of another towards its mouth till the ocean is reached. To illustrate this, I will describe the course of the C.P.R. from the prairie region terminating at Calgary on the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains. It there enters the valley of the Bow River (flowing east from the Rockies), follows it to the summit of the mountains, or boundary of British Columbia, crosses it through the celebrated Kicking Horse Pass, descends the valley of that river on the western slope of the Rocky Mountains, and enters the valley of the Columbia; this it follows for seventeen miles to Donald, where it crosses the Columbia River, runs for thirteen miles along its left bank, to the mouth of the Beaver River; this it follows to the summit of the Selkirks, enters Roger's Pass, and descends the western side of the Selkirk Range by the valley of the Ille-celle-waet to Revelstoke, the second crossing of the Columbia River. The Gold Range of mountains now bars the way, and is surmounted by the valley of the Eagle River, crossed at Eagle Pass, and descended on the west side by way of the Thompson and Fraser Rivers

through the Cascade Range to the Pacific Coast. Donald is the principal town in the mountain region. Here the ranges draw nearer together again; and the town lies snugly nestled in one of the most perfect situations that could be imagined, with the Rocky Mountains bounding the valley on the east side and the Selkirks on the west, with the Columbia River at their base. This is a deep rapid stream of curiously muddy, green water about 600 feet wide, flowing between high, steep banks; the left rising in a wooded height of some 300 feet, from which the eye is carried up to the gray scarred peaks of the Selkirks, breaking apparently out of hills of green. They are streaked with snow in their rocky fastnesses, and stand out in blue or purple distance, according to the time of day, against the sky beyond. The right bank of the Columbia is marked by a dense second growth of balsam pines, through which clearings called fire breaks have been made to protect the town from the ravages of the flame fiend, and also to make room for the residences of several officials of the C. P. R. Co., the court house, the jail, my own home, and that of Judge

Vowell, the Gold Commissioner and Stipendiary Magistrate of the District, all occupying the high ground between the railway and the right bank of the river, and rejoicing in the somewhat exclusive appellation of Quality Hill.

The town owes its importance to the Canadian Pacific Company, who, impressed by its favourable situation, selected it as the end of the mountain and commencement of the coast division of the road. To facilitate their arrangements they have cleared the Columbia Valley, protected it thoroughly from fire by a judicious cutting of the bush, and have erected large workshops, in which all necessary repairs between Donald and Vancouver are executed, and a commodious and artistic station and lunch room and a twelve-stall engine-house. It is expected that about two hundred and fifty men will be permanently employed at Donald. The wide, well-gravelled yard, with its numerous tracks and lines of cars, gives the town a very imposing appearance as the eastern and western trains approach it; and the busy sound of the clang of hammer and anvil from the outlying shops indicates the bustle and activity prevailing in the

Columbia Valley. The Company, in addition to their other improvements, have built a large boarding-house for their employés, and opened an extensive shop, which carries on a thriving business, and supplies any wants the bona-fide tradesmen of Donald cannot minister to. The stock of its two shops was limited to the actual necessaries of existence, and these were limited in quantity and quality. Glass, plate, and crockery could be procured; but cooking utensils and tins of all kinds were supplied by the Company's "store."

Donald boasts of a hotel known as "The Selkirk House," a frame building of modest exterior (with which I have no personal acquaintance, my own house being ready and waiting my advent): it is beautifully situated, facing the whole eastern range of the Rocky Mountains, and forms the beginning of a long line of frame, log, and tent structures (western "shacks"), stretching away westward down the valley, following the line of the railway, which here runs in a small cutting. About one hundred feet or more of level ground lies between the shacks and the line, filled with an untidy collection of rough stones, timber, and

débris of all sorts; outside of this, on the edge of the bank above the track, runs the roughest of waggon roads.

I wish I could convey some idea of this rambling street (save the name!). "The Selkirk House" at the east end stands a little back from the line in an angle of its own; its neighbour is a store turned gable-end towards the street, a frame building occupied by a general dealer who is also a justice of the peace; then follows a tent building with a wooden front, the "Woodbine Hotel;" to this succeed a number of saloons and restaurants which rejoice in the suggestive names of "Delmonico's," "The Ideal," "The Hub," "The Chop House;" then a few more shops and tent houses, the end of the row being formed by "The Windsor Hotel," a rival of the "Selkirk," but of still more modest dimensions. This hostelry of ambitious nomenclature occupies the end of the high ground; the bank to the west of it falls away in a low wooded bottom, recalling the ancient bed of some mighty stream. The railroad is here raised high above the level of the ground, and half a mile westward crosses the Columbia River, which has formed the western

boundary of the valley and town, but at this point turns due east and makes a decided loop in its devious course.

The water of the Columbia is a curious muddy green, caused by the deposits from the mountains and melting snow, which swell its turbid current as it flows smoothly and rapidly along between its high wooded banks. It is a narrow river at Donald, but it possesses all the natural wild beauty that its picturesque course can give, enhanced by the odd colour of its water, harmonising with the deep greens of the surrounding banks and heights. It takes its rise in the Columbia Lakes, and flows in a generally direct line to the north-west for some seventy miles. —"At this point, the Columbia," says Mr. Fleming, "completely changes its course, and runs almost directly south to Washington Territory in the United States." It is navigable from Golden City upwards towards its source at the Lakes—one of the most beautiful districts of British Columbia, lately opened to the public through the enterprise of Mr. Thomas B. Cochrane, of Quarr Abbey, Ryde, Isle of Wight. He launched, last summer, the trim little steamer,

the *Duchess*, a vessel sixty feet long, driven by a stern wheel. Her engines were bought in Montreal, and shipped to Golden City in the spring; the hull was built on the banks of the Columbia under the superintendence of Mr. F. P. Armstrong, of Montreal. She has cabin accommodation for eight people, and can carry forty tons of freight. I copy from the Winnipeg *Free Press* some further particulars of the new steamer and the district she has opened up, in her connexion of the C.P.R. with the Kootenay Valley: "The trim little craft, *Duchess*, is now making regular trips from Golden City up the Columbia River to the Columbia Lakes, thus opening out a portion of the country which has been almost isolated from the rest of the world. There are about thirty or forty ranchers in this district who have well stocked ranches, and who can raise roots, vegetables, and grain in abundance. There are also about two hundred Chinamen washing gold in the neighbourhood, taking out from $2 to $4 per day to the man. Gold dust is the principal specie of the country. The trip is described to be very romantic and enjoyable; it lasts about three days and a half.

In September, large quantities of cranberries and other fruits ripen, and great numbers of bears come down to the valleys and afford capital sport to hunters, while the streams abound with fish. We have already heard of several hunting parties that intend visiting the locality this season."

IX.

THE gentlemen's residences at Donald are all the typical log houses of the settler, constructed on the simplest and most inexpensive plan. Lumber in this part of the country is a costly item, $25 per thousand feet being paid for rough boards which in Ontario would sell at $9 per thousand, or even less. The buildings consist generally of one centre or living room, off which the bedrooms open, with a kitchen at the back, and their dimensions are about 27 x 19 feet inside. The exterior of these modest dwellings is much more picturesque than might be imagined; the roughly trimmed logs laid in substantial parallel rows over and under each other at the four corners, show many artistic shades of dull

grays and browns, blended into a harmonious whole by the creamy white plaster filling the intervening crevices. The logs are often allowed to project a foot or more at the angles instead of being squared off, breaking the rectangular lines, and adding a charming irregularity to the general effect. Roofs, floors, inside walls, and partitions of boards use up a surprising quantity of rough lumber; the latter as well as the walls are covered with sheets of coarse, yellow-brown paper, tacked on to conceal the cracks and joints. This forms an excellent background for pictures or prints, and also lends itself admirably to decorative purposes with the brush or chalks.

In the matter of living, Donald is not a cheap place; however, all the necessaries and most of the luxuries of life can be obtained. Beef and mutton are excellent in quality, and sold at 15 cents per pound. Poultry and veal the market did not supply, owing to the scarcity of the biped and utility of the quadruped. Calves are not for the knife in this stock-raising district; the rollicking, awkward little beast leads a charmed life in the west. Salmon came every week fresh from the Pacific Coast, and was sold

at from 15 to 20 cents per pound; it is much redder in colour, and less flaky in quality, than the Atlantic fish. Fruit was abundant, and imported extensively from California and Oregon. I believe it is not generally appreciated that San Francisco is only three days by sea from Victoria, consequently only four and a half from Donald, so these perishable articles reached us fresh and in the best condition. Peaches of the most superior quality, and price 80 cents per dozen; Bartlett pears, 60 cents; fine purple and white plums, 25 cents per pound (meaning about six); beautiful grapes ditto; oranges and bananas 10 cents apiece. Fresh vegetables could be procured once a week at least, sometimes oftener, and were decidedly expensive, though excellent of their kind. What would Ontario gardeners think of pease and beans at $1 a peck, lettuce 25 cents a bunch, vegetable marrow, 25 cents apiece, and new potatoes at 20 cents per pound! Butter and eggs were neither irreproachable nor above suspicion, and brought respectively 30 cents per pound and dozen; bread at 20 cents a loaf, and milk 15 cents a quart, shows that British Columbia is not at present a refuge for the impecunious.

The Scott Act does not prevail in this country, but the prices of liquor were sufficiently high to prevent any great over-indulgence; beer and whiskey were 25 cents per glass, the latter stimulant $2 a bottle and the former, both English and American, sold at $3 per dozen for pints, and $5 for quarts. Fortunately there is excellent water flowing from two or three springs, and soft water can be obtained from the Columbia River at 50 cents a barrel. I must not leave the subject of living without mentioning that servants' wages are $25 to $30 a month, and washing given out was done at the rate of $1.50 to $2 a dozen; the Chinamen, of whom only three or four had found their way to Donald, asked *only* 25 cents per piece. Five cents is the smallest current change, and coppers do not circulate in the Columbia Valley.

I did not notice any vegetation peculiar to this district; the soil is sandy (as, I believe, is universally the case in pine regions), and the herbage all scanty, cropping up in detached bunches every here and there. Wild strawberries were abundant through July, and so were berries of all descriptions in August,—huckle-

berries, blueberries, whortleberries, mulberries, and raspberries in some parts. Every particle of foliage near the ground donned an autumn livery, rivalling in brilliancy of colouring the gorgeous tints of the Canadian maples and oaks. The leaves of the wild strawberries glowed with ruddy colour, and I found a plant growing on the banks of the Columbia River on a single stem, about a foot high, without fruit or flower, in sprays like rose leaves, resembling strongly the Virginia creeper in richness of colouring; it streaks the ground about its locality with brilliant splashes of crimson and gold. The Oregon grape, known in Ontario as the Mahonia, offered a beautiful contrast to these gaudy shades with its low bushes of bright, glossy green leaves and dark blue berries; it grew profusely in all directions, and must be capable of resisting the severe frosts in the winter season. Under foot, we had the glow of colour, so that nature seems somewhat reversed; while overhead, we were surrounded by the dark heavy greens of the firs, pines, and spruces, indigenous to the soil, with occasional groups of silver birch and white poplar.

The climate was perfect so far as my summer experience went, and fulfilled all that has been said or written about it. We certainly had some very warm days early in July, when I believe a hot wave pervaded the Dominion generally; and I heard that the thermometers in the town ranged at over one hundred degrees in the shade. The air, however, is so rare, I did not feel it at all in the house, and the extreme heat only lasted from eleven till five o'clock; the nights of those days were so cool that blankets were a necessity. Later, the weather was cool and bracing, except in the middle of the day, when the sun was directly overhead: it was pleasant to close the windows in the evening and light a small fire. There had never been a single case of sunstroke even among the workmen employed upon the road, which was certainly hard to realise when one felt the power of the sun at noon. The mosquitoes were a sad drawback to Donald; for my own part, I had no idea what a mosquito was or could be till I went there. Out of doors they were a veritable Egyptian plague, and it was an ordinary occurrence to see men walking about, moving first the right then the left hand

round the back of their necks in a sort of gentle rotatory motion, to ward off the attacks of the insidious insects, and quite unaware that they were doing it; the force of habit made it mechanical, and I dare say they continued the practice long after the mosquito had departed. A judicious netting of windows, doors, and beds, with a constant renewal of the backwoodsman's smudge, kept the house fairly free from the nuisance, and the cool, even frosty, nights soon decidedly abated it.

Mosquitoes are the only insect plague of the Columbia Valley; there are no black flies, sand flies, horse flies, or other objectionable winged creatures, and neither vermin nor snakes. The chief climatic peculiarity of the season of 1886 was its dryness. During the seven weeks I spent in Donald there were only two heavy showers, lasting three or four hours each; consequently, the dust was at times several inches deep. The bush fires were numerous, and spread in all directions, destroying acres of valuable timber, which will prove an incalculable loss to the country. The prevalence of smoke through the mountain region was a sad drawback,

both to tourists and residents, to the enjoyment of the beautiful scenery between the summit of the Rockies and the Coast; in many places it hung over the valleys for weeks at a time, obscuring and blotting out the landscape like a thick veil, until dispersed by wind and rain. The effect of this about Donald was almost magical, like the raising of a curtain on some gigantic transformation scene, as the smoke clouds parted and rolled away over the tops of the mountains, revealing the magnificent peaks which enclose the Valley of the Columbia. As far as I observed there was little or no wind in this district, and the quiet and silence of nature, without song of bird or rustle of leaf, is a most striking peculiarity of the region. There is a magnificent echo for miles along the valley, and the whistles of the locomotives may be heard at all hours of the day and night, rebounding through the rocky defiles and dying away into infinite distance.

I saw only one mountain storm, which, strange to say, was rainless. It began on the gloomiest day of smoke, with a roaring noise in the Selkirk Range (to which we were nearest) like the report of cannon. This proved to be the crashing and

uprooting of timber in some forest belt far up on the mountain side; about our house the trees stood perfectly motionless, not a branch stirring. Twenty minutes later, the storm, or, fortunately for us, the edge of it, struck the valley, and the tall young pines and spruces bent like reeds, while clouds of dust and smoke rolled along, veiling every object in a mysterious half-light. The trees about us were only partially thinned, and protected one another; but at a little distance off, on the edge of the high bank, where they were more exposed, some twenty or thirty were uprooted, one of them falling upon a house occupied by an official of the C. P. R. and his family. Luckily, it did no damage, being too close to the building to have gained any purchase in its descent; it fell against a solid wall of logs, instead of crashing upon the roof. This small cyclone lasted about twenty minutes, and was followed by some hours of rain during the night.

X.

THE principal event during my residence in Donald was the visit of Sir John and Lady Macdonald to the town, on the 22nd of July, on their way to the Pacific Coast. They arrived by special train at two o'clock, Lady Macdonald creating an immense sensation, as the engine drew near the crowded platform, by her occupancy of a well-cushioned seat immediately above the cow-catcher; she had made the whole trip from the summit down the Kicking Horse Pass on this commanding post of observation, and subsequently continued her journey to Port Moody without any change of base (they not travelling by night), a feat which will doubtless become historical. Sir John and Lady Macdonald spent only half an hour at the station, just long enough to receive a handsomely engrossed address presented by Judge Vowell, Stipendiary Magistrate and Gold Commissioner of the Kootenay District, on behalf of the residents of Donald. As this document has not seen the light of day in the public press, owing to our remoteness from the centres of civilisation, and

as it deals with some of the important features of the country, I give it *verbatim* :—

DONALD, B.C., *July 22, 1886.*

To the Right Honourable Sir John A. Macdonald, G.C.B., etc., etc., etc.:

SIR,—The people of this portion of Kootenay District have much pleasure in welcoming you to Donald, the first place of importance in British Columbia you reach in your journey from the Atlantic to the Pacific through Canadian territory.

It must be a great source of pleasure for you to travel over the Canadian Pacific Railway, which has been brought to completion with a speed unparalleled in the history of railway construction, owing almost entirely to the support this great enterprise has received from your Ministry, but more especially from yourself. This important work you are now viewing, and it alone would be a sufficient mark to distinguish the career of any statesman ; but in your case it is only one of a large number of great public works which have resulted from your long and successful administration.

Until the railway reached this portion of British Columbia, it was impossible for settlers to come in, and the district was only occupied

by a few enterprising miners, who endured hardships, privations, and dangers which it is hoped are now things of the past. We trust that one result of your visit will be the early opening up for settlement of the Dominion lands along the line of railway, in order that parties anxious to become settlers, and those already settled upon the soil, may have that feeling of security they require which can only be established by the granting of a title to the lands they occupy.

We hope and trust you have recovered entirely from your illness of last winter, and that your valuable services to Canada may be available for many years to come. We have also much pleasure in conveying to Lady Macdonald our hearty welcome to the Western Province of the Dominion, the threshold of which you have just crossed, and to wish both you and her a pleasant journey and a safe return to your eastern home.

Presented by

A. W. Vowell, S.M.,

On behalf of the residents of Donald.

Sir John was also presented by the Gold Commissioner with a free Miner's License, bearing his name inscribed upon it in letters of gold, on

the receipt of which he made a few appropriate and witty remarks to the effect that he was glad to find, in view of his advancing years, that he was regarded as a minor in British Columbia.

XI.

THERE are several silver mines in the immediate neighbourhood of Donald awaiting development, as is the case with all the mineral resources of British Columbia at present, owing, not to any want of enterprise, as numerous claims have been located and entered, but to the lack of capital in the country. "Placer" mining at the Columbia Lakes has been diligently prosecuted for some time past owing to the simple and inexpensive system employed to extract the gold dust, which is merely washed out of its gravelly bed into wooden troughs, through which a constant stream of water is led. Chinamen have been particularly successful at this work, and have carried some thousands of dollars out of the country back to the Celestial Empire. I can

give no better idea of the mineral resources of British Columbia than by introducing here the report for 1886 :

GOLD AND COAL.

REPORT OF THE MINISTER OF MINES OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

[*From The Mail.*]

The report for 1886 of Hon. John Robson, Minister of Mines in British Columbia, is just to hand. It is a capital résumé of last year's mining operations in the Pacific Province. The value of gold exported by the banks of Victoria during 1886 is placed at $750,043. This shows a bank export of nearly $160,000 in excess of 1885, and adding one-fifth as the estimated value of gold leaving the Province otherwise than through the Victoria banks, gives a total yield of over $903,000 for the past year—a very substantial and gratifying increase. In the twenty-eight and a half years, from 1858 to the end of last year, the estimated yield of gold reaches the enormous sum of $50,289,517. The years 1864-8 show the largest yields, the average for each of those five years reaching nearly $3,000,000. The year 1875 was the biggest since that time, the yield being $2,474,904. This year, too, shows the highest average yearly earnings per man, viz., $1,222. Last year there were 3,147 miners

EMPLOYED IN GOLD MINING.

their average yearly earnings being only $287. It will therefore be seen that to all gold-diggers or quartz-crushers the returns do not come alike. As was the case in California and Australia, one man may be successful while ten others working near him may fail. The reports of the gold Commissioners in the Cariboo and Lillooet districts show that the greatest activity prevails now, and the most sanguine hopes are entertained with regard to the profitable working of good quartz. In fact, information from every source irresistibly leads to the conclusion that the era of quartz mining is at hand. P. H. Ward and H. Gould, who made various prospecting trips in the Lillooet district, furnish an interesting account of their travels. Near the top of Castle Mountain they picked up a number of petrified shells, indicating that that part of the country had at some time in past ages been under water, although the elevation above the sea level is estimated now at between six and ten thousand feet. These two gentlemen, from an extended experience express the belief that British Columbia is

SECOND TO NO PLACE

on this continent for minerals, and have no doubt that in the near future rich quartz ledges will be discovered. Mr. George A. Koch, mining

expert, who was asked to report on the Cariboo quartz ledges, after giving a most encouraging account of the region, proceeds to administer some salutary advice respecting the investment of capital in Canadian mines generally. He says: — "In the absence of statistics I will attempt to show the difference in the cost of mining and milling in California as compared with Cariboo, and the very probable results to be obtained from the energetic, careful, and scientific handling of your large and well-defined gold-bearing veins. Skilled labour, which includes mechanical engineers, smiths, mill men, and chlorodisers, costs, in California, about $4 per diem. First-class miners and blasters cost $3, and second-class from $2.75 to $2.50; outside labour, including Chinese, averages $2 per diem; wood, for steam purposes, will no doubt average at this time $5.50 per cord, while the ores milled do not, in my opinion, yield to exceed $8.50 per ton. The estimate may seem small to a California miner, but when it is remembered the enormous quantities of

LOW GRADE ORES.

milled by such companies as the Plumas-Eureka, Sierra Butts, Douglas Island, Doctor Zielie Mine, and many others, it greatly reduces the average as compared with the few stamps milling $12 to $20 ore. And yet the far-seeing capitalist of

California finds investments in the quartz mine one of his best investments, and does not hesitate to erect the best machinery that skill can invent, whereby mining may be made a legitimate branch of industry, and my examination of your veins has led me to carefully study the situation as compared with the above. I find skilled labour will, perhaps, cost $6 per diem, good miners, $4, second-class, $3.50; while outside labour costs $3, and wood not to exceed $3 per cord. While I feel safe in placing the milling value of your ores at from $17.50 to $20 per ton, and I feel confident that those figures can be safely advanced from 10 to 20 per cent., I have endeavoured to be cautious in the examination of your mines and my statements to your people, and do not wish to cause them to feel over sanguine until milling results are reached. I have made the above estimates as to cost after talking with your most prominent citizens, and estimate the value of your ores after making over fifty assays from the different veins, and carefully testing the feasibility of chlorodising the sulphurets contained in the ore. I deem it of the greatest importance to the Province that

A SYSTEMATIC MINERALOGICAL SURVEY

be made, not alone in this immediate vicinity, but of the outlying and surrounding country.

The survey should be so managed as to keep pace with the prospector rather than neglect the work commenced by extending the examination too far beyond present work; for, by extending the survey beyond present developments, you deprive the prospector of the assistance and advice of your engineer. As I have previously stated, the Government can materially aid and assist the prospector in his work of development, and often save him much time and money by having an intelligent and practical engineer near by to consult and to advise him as to the best method to prospect his ground, and as to the probability of reaching pay ore. In this connection I will state that I see a Bill is presented before the House in New Zealand, whereby it is proposed to appropriate £100,000 to aid in developing the mineral resources of the colony, while the United States has, perhaps, the most complete and extensive mineralogical survey system of any country in the world, and the result is—what? English and French capital come to the United States in preference to any other country. They read, and have the mineral resources of the country explained to them constantly. Following upon the heels of the annual mineralogical report, enterprising men go to London and Paris well supplied with samples of ore and elaborate maps of mining property; and gifted with

NATIONAL GO-AHEADITIVENESS

and never-let-go, they annually induce a large amount of capital to come into California, Nevada, Colorado, Idaho, New Mexico, and Arizona. Not one of these States or Territories but has large English and French companies successfully at work, and the more capital they invest the better they are pleased in case it yields from 6 to 10 per cent. per annum. Capital can be turned hitherward; not, however, by sitting supinely waiting for its coming. Ask an Englishman which he would prefer—Canada or the United States, and why—and he will answer—the United States, because there is more dash, enterprise, and go-ahead among the people. Including Alaska, Oregon, California, Idaho, and Montana, mining industries have almost surrounded you, and the outside world scarcely knows that you are the possessors of such promising and well defined gold and silver-bearing veins. Several years ago so eminent a man as Professor Dawson took with him to Montreal samples of the quartz broken from the croppings of your veins, and reported to you from $5 to $6 per ton, and encouraged you to hunt in these veins for richer ore, as they were, beyond doubt, the sources of the many millions of coarse gold, intermixed with quartz, taken from your creeks and benches, and no richer placer diggings were

ever discovered than your creeks and benches, through which the veins pass. Do not forget that the mountain will not come to you; on the contrary, you must seek capital, and give it encouragement, and the day will come when your districts will again rank as formerly amongst

THE GREAT GOLD PRODUCERS.

Capital at present is seeking investment in the most remote corners of the globe. All manufacturing industries are overdone. Silver is a drug upon the market, and can scarcely hold its place as a circulating medium, while, including the product of the entire world, gold enough is not now produced to supply the arts and sciences. Then why not use energy and push enough to induce English capital to come to your district? In referring to capital seeking investment, I may refer you to the circumstances of an English company formed to work the gold quartz found in South Africa. In order to be well equipped in every detail, their mill was built in San Francisco, shipped overland to New York, thence to England and transhipped to Natal, where it had to be hauled by cattle 700 miles inland. Also one of a hundred stamps and necessary amalga mating pans was built in San Francisco, and shipped to Peru, where, by rail and mules, it had to reach a giddy height of 13,000 feet, near the summit of the Andes Mountains, to work a silver mine.

COAL.

The output of coal in British Columbia from 1874 to the end of last year was 2,972,706 tons, or a yearly average of 228,670 tons. Last year 326,636 tons were produced, of which a quarter of a million tons were exported, principally to California, Portland, Oregon, Alaska, Petropaulovski, Mexico, and the Hawaiian Islands, besides which coal for fuel was regularly supplied to the ocean mail steamers, gunboats, and vessels calling. Inspector Dick in his report strikes at a question which is engaging no little attention just now, viz., reciprocity. He says:—"The year 1884 was one of unprecedented prosperity in our coal industry, both in volume of trade and prices realised; but the drooping figures of the succeeding years, with the lower rates which our collieries have had to submit to in return for their product, urge me to again bring before your attention the necessity for the adoption of some active measures for the relief of our collieries from the imposition of 75 cents per ton levied in the United States upon our coal when it enters their ports. With the removal of this inequitable tax by a judicious reciprocity treaty, our coal industry will at once recover itself, and years unexampled in activity and progress will become our lot."

XII.

We left Donald for our trip to the Columbia Lakes and Kootenay Valley at four o'clock on the afternoon of Saturday, 28th August, by the eastern bound express, with a regular camp outfit, consisting of two bundles containing blankets, buffalo robes, and waterproof sheets for bedding, one tent, one small valise, two saddles and saddle-bags, two guns, an axe, one sack of flour, one sack of provisions for our two hundred miles ride, another of cooking and eating utensils, and miscellaneous odds and ends. It should have taken us but half an hour to reach Golden City, seventeen miles distant, where we were to embark upon the steamer *Duchess*, but we were more than an hour on the way, for, owing to the approach of a special, bearing Sir Donald A. Smith, Mr. Cyrus Field, Mr. Stafford Northcote, and other notabilities, to the far Pacific Slope, our express had to turn off the main line at Moberley on to a mysterious switch branching from the track at a right angle, and running so directly into the bush, that as our engine advanced along it we seemed bound to plunge from the rails into the primeval forest.

It was half-past five o'clock when we steamed into Golden City. We were met by Mr. F. P. Armstrong, the captain of the *Duchess*, who escorted us to the banks of the Columbia, about a mile distant, where the steamer lay at her moorings. There is a good waggon-road all the way, but the evening was so beautiful that I preferred to walk, and formed a far more favourable opinion of the city of gold than I had done when I passed through it on my way to Donald, perhaps because on that occasion I had my back turned to Pilot Mountain, which rises, almost a detached mass of granite, behind the town. The setting sun was gilding the surface of its reddish-yellow rock with tints that might have given the city its golden name; I fear, however, it was derived from below, and is of the earth earthy in its origin.

The rosy and purple shades of the near and distant ranges would have delighted the eye of an artist, and the aspect of the boat, as she lay at her picturesque moorings opposite a high wooded bluff on the Columbia River, was most inviting. To me the *Duchess* was a new nautical experience, being a small edition of the stern-

wheel steamers used for the shallow navigation of the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers; she is a flat-bottomed boat of light draught, and can pass over two feet six inches of water; has a promenade deck, supported on light columns, with a hurricane deck above, on which the wheel-house stands; is sixty feet long by seventeen feet beam, with a carrying capacity of twenty tons; her cabin accommodation is fair, but limited, giving room for eight or ten passengers. The main saloon is wide and spacious, and, as Mr. Armstrong kindly placed his cabin at our disposal, we fared sumptuously. The steamer *Duchess* will run this year, from the month of May to September, in connexion with the C. P. R. trains; the trip to the lakes and back takes four days. All information on the subject of the route will be forthcoming at that time, and it will be advisable for tourists visiting British Columbia to diverge from the main route, and see something of the interior of the country and the magnificent mountain scenery which the Columbia River commands in its winding course between the ranges of the Rockies and the Selkirks.

Steam was up when we went on board; a few minutes later the boat moved away from her moor-

ings, and we were launched upon the bosom of the far-famed Columbia. We ran up the river some seven miles to Canyon Creek, to take on wood, and then tied up to the bank for the night, as it was getting dark. The navigation of the Columbia, with its numerous snags and sand-bars, is an impossibility after dark, and this original manner of securing the boat to Mother Earth during these hours was very conducive to sound slumber.

Sunday, 29th August, was a lovely summer day, bright and cloudless, with a fresh wind blowing, which rolled away the light veil of smoke that had drifted down from the forest fires of the west, till it rested on the distant mountains like a silver haze, against which the adjacent trees were defined in strong relief. The scene from the decks of the *Duchess* was a most entrancing one, and quite beggars description. Words fail me to depict the beauties of the Columbia River, winding as it does between two mountain ranges, the Rockies on the east side standing out in bold peaks and rugged bluffs, while the Selkirks on the west, some few miles from Golden City, lose their massive outlines and fall away in sloping wooded heights to the water. The course of

the river, with its swift current, as it flows, now wide, now narrow, between low banks overhung with willows, cranberry bushes, and tall cottonwood trees (very similar in growth and appearance to our poplar), is strangely peaceful and secluded. Its varying width, never exceeding three hundred feet, is a strange contrast to the extent and volume of our eastern waters.

The first pause we made was at eleven o'clock in the morning, at Johnson's Hog Ranche, which does not, as the name would imply, indicate the porcine quadruped, but is the western slang for a whiskey resort. That insiduous stimulant was a year ago a contraband article, which could not be sold within twenty miles of the C. P. R. rails; hence Johnson's Hog Ranche was established just outside that magic circle. We were now twenty-five miles from Golden City. The said ranche is beautifully situated at the base of a superb peak of the Rocky Mountains on one of the numerous channels of the Columbia. We made a halt of some twenty minutes to take on wood at this delectable spot, then ran down the stream with the swift current at a tremendous pace for some hundred yards, sweeping so close

to the bushes, as we turned into the main channel, that the overhanging trees crashed against the sides of the boat.

Immediately after we leave Johnson's, the Columbia develops numerous branches, and the Selkirk Range is lost to view, its place being supplied by wooded hills, which descend to the edge of the water and continue for about ten miles. The river seemed, if possible, to increase in beauty the farther we ascended its tortuous course. The Rocky Mountains stood out in an almost incredible depth of blue distance on the eastern bank, reminding me of some of Turner's Italian landscapes. In one place the main channel divides, and we followed an apparently narrow stream, and coasted along a low island, with a marshy bed of reeds on the west—a likely haunt for wild fowl; indeed the constant popping of a gun from the hurricane deck overhead, as flocks of geese and ducks, roused by the approach of the steamer, flew across her bows, was a constant source of excitement. I regret to say, however, that on these occasions no bag was made. Farther up again we found ourselves in a network of islands and channels, with trees hanging

in some places so far over the water as almost to sweep the upper decks of the *Duchess* as she glided beneath them. On one occasion, Mr. Armstrong told me, when he had given the wheel for a few moments to the charge of a deck hand, the latter cut a point too short (in nautical parlance), and the steamer struck upon one bank and swung off on to the opposite side, passing as she did so under a leaning tree which caught the smoke-stack and deposited it promptly in the river: he and his men spent all the next day fishing in twelve feet of water for it, and eventually succeeded in recovering and restoring it to its former position.

The even tenor of our way was broken by occasional soundings with a long pole, and shouts re-echoed from the promenade deck to the wheel-house of "no bottom," "no bottom," "six-and-a-half," "six-and-a-half," "six feet," with other variations of lesser degree, as we swung over the numerous sand bars obstructing the course of the Columbia when the water is low. Indeed, I was much impressed with Mr. Armstrong's skilful navigation of the river's numerous and tortuous channels, and his thorough knowledge of all

its knotty (one might coin a word, and say snaggy) points. We stopped for the second time, at four o'clock, at Spillumacheen Landing, consisting only of a couple of cabins lying at the foot of a gigantic mass of rock, clothed almost to its bare summit with a scattered growth of pines; in fact, we were so immediately below it that the eye was wearied and strained painfully by any effort to gaze up at its rugged crags. We paused here but a few minutes, then steamed on again up the wonderful Columbia, winding from one side of the valley to the other, now to the base of the Rockies, and again to the foot of the Selkirks.

Soon after we left Spillumacheen, however, the valley opened out as we approached the lake country, and away to the south of us rose a conical blue hill, like a giant sugar-loaf, from which the Selkirk Range fell away in gentle undulations to the horizon. The Rocky Mountains, on the contrary, lost the low, wooded plateaux (or grass-benches as they are called here) that had marked their bases, and came sloping down almost to the water's edge, the silver river flowing so close by their precipitous sides that one

could distinctly see a number of inviting paths marking the face of the rocks. On inquiry, however, these turned out to be the dry beds of mountain torrents formed by the melting snow in the warm months. We noticed, too, occasional signs of the pack-trail leading from Golden City to the interior, and observed its course along a dangerous-looking slope, congratulating ourselves upon being able to prosecute our journey by steam instead of horse-power. Nothing could exceed the varied nature of these mountain peaks and summits; some, though barren and rugged, showed occasional scattered groups of pines and firs, while others were streaked far up their rocky sides with the brilliant greens of a recent undergrowth following in the track of some forest fire; all showed an unwearying diversity of conformation. Fourteen miles from Spillumacheen the character of the Columbia changes entirely; it leaves its mud banks, and flows between low overhanging bushes of cranberry and willows on the west, and clay cliffs, some sixty feet high, on the east side. Near here we came upon a bit of wet sandy beach, in which the tracks of a bear were clearly visible not twenty feet from the boat.

The lights and shadows of the setting sun on the mountains and river were exquisitely soft and tender, and the reflection of the trees in the swiftly flowing water was clearly and sharply cut. Some twenty miles from our last landing a wooded rocky range came into view on the west bank,—a spur of the Selkirk Range. It was streaked in some places with a red mineral deposit, in others it showed a rich orange colour. These headlands rose to a height of six hundred feet and then fell away down to the water, to be succeeded by others of a similar but less rocky nature, till the shades of evening blent all into one.

At eight o'clock we tied up to the bank, in delightfully primitive fashion, for the night, and were off again at sunrise the next morning. When I stepped out of my cabin I found the mountains on the west bank had entirely disappeared, and given place to high bluffs covered with the short bunch-grass of the lake region, now burnt to the colour of pale brown paper by the long-continued drought of these dry summer months. Fine fir trees were scattered about, singly and in groups, without any undergrowth,

giving the country the air of a well-kept park suffering severely from want of rain. The Rocky Mountains still lay in distant blue masses on the east bank. At nine o'clock we stopped beside a large sand-bar forming the north end of a wooded island, and deposited a settler with his effects, consisting of a farm waggon (in various parts), a plough, a harrow, six pigs, two coops of chickens, lumber, bundles, pots and pans, and other miscellaneous articles. He was a man well advanced in years, and it was positively depressing to leave him alone, a melancholy atom of humanity in the middle of the Columbia River. His son was to join him during the morning, and convey him and his *outfit* (western) by boat to his future home on one of the smaller channels of the main stream. A little farther on we drew in to the bank for wood, which had been cut and piled for the steamer's use during the winter; then moved on again for some uneventful miles till we reached a high, clay cliff on the east side, carved (by the action of water, it is said,) into the towers and battlements of a miniature fortification. To me it looked more like some curious and inexplicable freak of Na-

ture. There are detached pillars of clay, several feet in height, dotted about in this vicinity, which remind one strongly of the chimneys and *débris* of some ruined city. We saw several fine fish-hawks floating high over the river, and remarked their large, untidy nests perched in—what would seem to be their favourite locality—the top of a decayed pine tree; on one occasion the tree in question hung so far over the water that the *Duchess* passed almost beneath it.

We had now almost reached our destination—a place called "Lilacs;" this euphonious name being derived from its owner, not from any shrub that flowers in the neighbourhood. This delectable spot is some six miles from the Lower Columbia Lake, and we were rapidly approaching it on Monday morning when we came to a shallow place in the river where the water fell to three feet. We made our way slowly towards a point round which the Columbia flowed with a rapid curve, but just as we were clearing it the current caught the boat's head, and turned it in a second down the stream again. Mr. Armstrong would not risk a second attempt to ascend the river, as we had already narrowly escaped run-

ning upon a reef of rock, when the steamer refused to answer her helm and fell a prey to the violence of the current. We accordingly retired a couple of hundred yards down the Columbia to a favourable nook, and tied up the *Duchess* once more to the edge of the bank, which, fortunately, sloped down in a gentle, grassy declivity to the edge of the water. We found we were a mile from Lilacs; and an Indian, who had been observing our progress from the top of a high bluff, mounted his pony and rode away to spread the news of the steamer's arrival, which is quite an event in that isolated part of the country. From the middle of May, or earlier, until the middle of August, the waters of the Columbia, swelled by the melting snows from the mountains, are sufficiently deep to allow the *Duchess* to penetrate some twenty-five miles farther than the place we reached, viz., to the end of the Lower Columbia Lake, an extension which greatly increases the beauty of the trip. But, owing to the lateness of the season in our case, and consequent low water, these twenty-five miles were added to our riding expedition. We despatched a messenger for saddle and pack-horses,

and reconciled ourselves to a delay of twenty-four hours until they could reach us, which we were able, fortunately, to spend upon the steamer, as she did not leave till the following afternoon.

XIII.

On Tuesday morning, 31st August, our three pack and two saddle horses arrived at eleven o'clock in charge of the Indian boy who had been engaged to pilot us to Kootenay. We were much disappointed at being obliged to take a lad of eighteen as a substitute for a man, but he proved so excellent a youth that our regret soon passed off, and we realised that it would have been difficult to improve upon him. The adult Indians were all engaged at this season salmon-fishing in the Columbia, and no money would entice them away from their favourite pursuit; hundreds come down many miles from the interior of the country for this purpose, and many of them we passed upon the road.

My horse, which was sent me by a gentleman from his ranche on the Columbia Lakes, proved

to be a sturdy blue-roan pony, standing between twelve and thirteen hands high, and up to any weight. I jumped on his back, while the other horses were being packed, to try his mettle and paces over a nice bit of grass near the river, and found he travelled in the easy lope, or slow canter, which is the peculiar gait of all western horses. He was, moreover, bridle-wise, as indeed are all the animals in this part of the country, a fact which only an equestrian can thoroughly appreciate. (I may explain, for the benefit of the uninitiated, that to be bridle-wise means that a horse is broken to guide simply by the pressure of the reins on the neck, without any reference whatever to the bit; consequently, the slightest motion of the hand, right or left, will direct his course from one side to the other.) All the Eastern horses I have ever mounted, and their name is legion, require to be guided by the bit alone, and can seldom, or never, be ridden with one hand. Most of the Indian women ride their ponies with a noose of rope through their mouths, and some dispense even with this, and simply guide them with a piece of stick, which is applied, like the reins, to each side of the neck. It must be said,

however, that the majority of horses in this country are very tractable, and can be easily handled, as indeed is necessary for the nature of the work required of them. But the cayuses (Indian ponies) are, it is universally conceded, the meanest of brutes; they are, however, wonderfully sure-footed, and can travel day after day over hundreds of miles of country with enormous loads, feeding only on the native bunch-grass, and never tasting corn or oats. Mules are, I believe, extensively used in packing, but I saw very few of them on my travels.

We got off soon after twelve o'clock, and were very sorry to bid adieu to our kind friends of the *Duchess*. We had two miles of tedious riding along the grass bluffs (western "benches") on the east bank of the Columbia; the trail followed the river as far as Lilacs' Landing, where it turned off inland. It was a very warm day, but the sun, fortunately for us, was obscured by a cloud of smoke hanging between earth and sky. This did not conceal the scenery, but veiled it in a silver mist which, combined with the perfect silence of nature, lent a strange ideal beauty to the country. Dust was a great drawback, and lay several inches deep

along the trail; on the face of the cliff, where there was no alternative but to follow the beaten path, it was most oppressive. When we turned our backs upon the Columbia, however, we found ourselves in a fine grass region stretching away for miles, and quitted the dusty trails for the turf, where we cantered along at our pleasure. We made only eight miles the first afternoon, and camped for the night at Windermere, the ranche of the Hon. F. Aylmer, which is beautifully situated near the base of a fine peak of the Rocky Mountains. We pitched our tent just above a large creek rushing noisily through a wooded dell below us, but completely concealed from view by a thick growth of trees. It faced two magnificent mountains, while behind us rose grass "benches" dotted with groups of evergreens. The pack and saddle horses were soon relieved of their loads, and turned out for the night to graze. This was my first experience of being under canvas. I found that a tent, comfortably arranged by my husband's skilful hands, was an abode not at all to be despised in favourable weather. Our Indian boy did not appear with the horses until noon the next day, having asked

permission to go salmon-spearing in the Columbia the previous night, and been beguiled by that fascinating sport. It was one o'clock before all the horses were packed and ready, though Baptiste was assisted by another lad, called Dave, a half-breed, whom we had engaged also, as we found that our work would require more than one youth to attend to it.

A western camp "outfit" is certainly a novel and picturesque sight. First came two well-mounted riders, behind them three Indian ponies not twelve hands high, without bridles, bearing two packs slung on each side of a pack-saddle, secured by strong ropes; the leader of these animals was decorated with a sonorous bell, and they were driven by our two Indian boys, attired in coats and trousers, who rode good stout ponies, and had excellent Mexican saddles and bridles. The cayuses were most aggravating beasts, often rushing off the trail into the bush to snatch a mouthful of grass, and rubbing the packs against the trees with such violence that it was a marvel they stayed on at all. The dust and noise made by the after part of our outfit were so unpleasant that

we found it advisable to keep well ahead. We had now seven horses in our party, and made quite an imposing train as we stretched out across the open country.

We made eight miles in pretty good time, as the riding was excellent, and stopped to dine by a brawling creek, which supplied the requisite water for our cooking and horses. A Kootenay Indian joined us here, and shared our frugal meal of salmon, bacon, tea, and bread. The Mountain Indians struck me as a much finer race than their brethren of the plains; the present one was a handsome man, well armed and well mounted; he wore a semi-civilised costume, consisting of a gray flannel shirt and cloth waistcoat, a draped blanket fell over his lower limbs, which were encased in deer-skin leggings; while a red cotton handkerchief, bound round his head and tied in a knot on the forehead, lent a brilliant touch of colour to the whole. In the course of an hour we were in the saddle again, and made seven miles during the afternoon. We camped that night on Geherry's Ranche (the legitimate and licensed stopping-place of the road, corresponding to the tavern of

civilisation), and partook in the house of an excellent supper of partridges, cooked by his Chinaman in a novel and tempting manner, and paid for at a reasonable rate. The country we had passed through during the day had been so hidden by smoke that it was impossible to form any idea of it beyond the fact that it was hilly and wooded, with intervals of open park land.

XIV.

On Thursday, 2nd September, we left our camp at seven in the morning, and rode four miles to breakfast at the ranche of the same Mr. Armstrong who had been our host and captain of the *Duchess*. He had a fine property of several hundred acres on the Upper Columbia Lake, well fenced and in the best order, with a good log-house and large outbuildings, since sold to Mr. Vernon, an Englishman. Unfortunately, the smoke on the day in question was as thick as a dense fog, and it was impossible either to see across the lake or to form any idea of the fine mountains in our immediate neigh-

bourhood. The Indian boys followed so leisurely in our steps with the pack-horses that they did not appear upon the scene till after twelve o'clock; consequently we again made a late start, but rode on quickly and steadily to try and recover lost time.

The first part of the trail, after leaving Mr. Armstrong's ranche, was very steep and rocky; it led along the face of a high cliff above the lake, and we were not sorry to turn off it, and to find ourselves again in an open part of the country over which we could quicken our pace for some miles till we came to another elevation. A steep climb upwards brought us to the top of a still higher cliff. A strong wind which had begun to blow now kindly lifted the veil of smoke, and revealed to our eyes a vision of strange, wild beauty. The head-lake and source of the far-famed Columbia River lay a thousand feet below us, shimmering in a silver haze; above our heads towered a wall of solid rock, forming the base of a mountain range; while on the opposite side of the lake, some two miles away, the outline of the Selkirk Mountains was dimly visible. The descent from the high cliff which the trail

skirted to the flat below, was long and tedious, but once accomplished, there were some two miles of excellent riding over light sandy ground covered with an open forest of the *Pinus ponderosa*, known throughout the country as the yellow pine, but, I believe, improperly so called. This was my first introduction to these beautiful trees, of which I had heard so much, nor was I the least disappointed in them; they attain an enormous size in some localities, and are perfectly straight and uniform in their growth. The bark is curiously marked in a series of irregular dark cracks running the whole length of the tree; these show spaces of a reddish yellow colour between, and give the trunk the appearance of a scaly covering. The effect recalled strangely the alligator leather now in fashionabel use. The foliage is a long pine needle which spreads out in crownlike masses above the supporting boughs.

Our two-mile gallop brought us to the Kootenay River, a broad, clear stream of deep-blue colour. The water was so low at this season that it only reached our horses' girths, and was quite fordable on a firm bottom of large round

stones. In the spring and early summer, I was told, the river is so full and deep, and the current so strong, that its passage is often a dangerous affair, and many horses have been lost in the attempt. On the top of the high bank above the Kootenay we stopped to enjoy the beautiful view of water, wood, and mountain spread out like a panorama below and above us, and also to snatch a hurried meal; then rode on again four miles farther through a beautiful forest of yellow pine entirely free from undergrowth of any kind. The effect of the tall red trunks stretching away in a vista of endless columns, the sough of the wind in the branches, and the spicy aroma of the pine needles amid the growing gloaming, was ideal in its weird beauty.

We regretted each moment that brought us nearer to that necessary camp item, water; indeed, we tarried so long that it was quite dark when we came upon a fine clear brook grossly libelled under the name of Mud Creek. We pitched our tents by faith, not by sight, close to those of a party of Englishmen who were on a hunting expedition, and were most kind in their offers of hospitality. Our retreat beneath the tall

pines was extremely picturesque; but the high wind which had blown all day did not go down with the sun, but rather increased in violence and filled me with a sense of insecurity. Visions of falling trees and branches mingled in my dreams with the flapping of canvas and the rattle of thousands of pine needles upon the tent. I sighed for the stability of a house, and vowed vows never to camp again. These were strengthened and confirmed at midnight by the reverberations of thunder in the distant mountains; a few minutes later, the storm broke over our devoted heads, lightning flashed, thunder pealed, trees groaned, and rain descended in torrents. This storm was truly disturbing to an outsider in more than one sense of the word. I trembled for the tent, and prepared, philosophically, to be enveloped in folds of wet canvas, the result of a total collapse. Mind, however, triumphed over matter, and we weathered the storm, which passed away in half an hour, so far as thunder and lightning were concerned, but the rain continued in a steady downpour, which gradually lulled me to rest. The morning revealed a scene of appalling dreariness; a gentle drizzle thicken-

ed the atmosphere to a pea-soup consistency, and everything, both over head and under foot, was saturated with moisture; it was well-nigh impossible to kindle a fire, and the general tone of nature was most depressing. About eight o'clock, however, the sun struggled over the top of the mountains and made an effort to appear; the drizzle condensed itself and rolled away; the damp chill that had penetrated to the marrow of my bones was absorbed; the heavy masses of leaden clouds parted and floated off over the tree tops, and glimpses of blue sky took their place.

We were soon in the saddle, and made eighteen miles, riding all day through a beautiful, wooded, grass country, with occasional bits of broken, hilly ground. During the morning we passed three lovely little lakes, set like emeralds in the heart of the forest, and covered with flocks of wild ducks. Baptiste—who was, by the way, a capital shot, and had secured us three fine mallards the previous day—was unsuccessful on this occasion. He and my husband, after wasting much time and many cartridges, realised how impossible it would be to recover the birds without a dog to retrieve them, and we rode on

till four o'clock, when we found ourselves on the top of a high plateau; we descended from it by a precipitous gravel trail to the valley of the Kootenay, and camped for the night at Sheep Creek, which is divided in this neighbourhood into six or seven channels, and empties itself by as many mouths into the river. A high, cold wind blew over the flat, and made the temperature a good deal lower at night than was agreeable under canvas.

XV.

We found the temperature on Saturday, 4th September, extremely chilly at six o'clock in the morning, and watched anxiously for the sun to make its way over the tops of the Rocky Mountains and shed its genial beams upon the Kootenay Valley. Breakfast over, we had packed and were ready to start by eight o'clock. For the first few miles our course led us along the sides of the high grass cliffs which enclose the east banks of both the Kootenay and Columbia Rivers; here, however, the soil was gravelly, so we escaped the

dust which had afflicted us on a former occasion. It was a bright, cloudless, breezy day, and we rejoiced in an atmosphere entirely free from smoke, dispersed by the rain of Thursday night, and were able once more to enjoy distant effects, as well as surrounding details. The scene, from our lofty vantage-point on the grassy slopes above the Kootenay, was not one easily forgotten. The lovely blue river wound along through its wide valley, bounded on the far west by the soft gray line of the Selkirk Range, while between it and the mountains rolled acres upon acres of pale yellow grass, dotted over with groups of fine pine trees.

This flaxen land owed its indescribable straw-colour to the magic power of the sun god, who had dried and bleached the herbage all over this immense extent of country, giving the landscape, with its dark evergreens and azure sky, an individuality of expression not often met with in the book of nature. On the east bank of the Kootenay, between the river and the grass cliffs along which we rode, lay a wooded bottom of poplar and wild cherry trees, their fresh young shoots looking a most brilliant green in contrast to the yellow

expanse about us. The difference in character between the valleys of the Kootenay and Columbia Rivers was brought vividly before me as I gazed; the former in its width of forty miles, with a distant line of mountains visible on the west side only, its vast extent of what, with a very slight stretch of the imagination, might be converted into waving corn-fields, and its clear river, flowing with little deviation—is a strange contrast to the sinuous twists and turns of the Columbia River in its narrow, confined area, between the magnificent ranges of the Rocky and Selkirk Mountains, rising often precipitously on both sides from its turbid, pale-green waters.

I could not help regretting the thousands of acres of perfect ranching country which lay unoccupied about us, save for wandering herds of cattle and horses owned by prosperous Kootenay Indians. Strange as it may appear, these animals prefer the sun-dried bunch grass to the juiciest green food, and thrive and fatten upon it, as the condition of all the horned and unhorned beasts I saw in that region amply testified. The whole of this Kootenay district, so far removed from the line of railroad as to be little

known or visited by the traveller or the tourist, is the finest country I visited in British Columbia. The Canadian Pacific, in its course over the mountains, runs up one narrow valley and down another to the Coast, affording, it is true, unsurpassed beauties of scenery, but at the same time no real idea of the interior, which stretches away in fertile plains to the American boundaries of Idaho and Montana. Water is excellent in quality, and abundant in quantity. Besides the river, there are innumerable fine creeks rising in the Rocky Mountains, and flowing into it. When we turned our backs, at last, upon the Kootenay, we positively scaled the cliff by the steepest of trails, and passed into the country I have just described, which gave us miles and miles of galloping ground over straw-coloured grass, under dark green trees, with a turquoise sky overhead.

At noon we came to a rapid stream, called Wolf Creek, where a party of Indians were encamped on their way to spear salmon in the Columbia; indeed, the whole morning we had passed perpetual family parties riding along on their small ponies, sometimes a mother and three children

inexplicably mounted upon one animal and surrounded with their household gods, while countless colts and dogs followed in their train. They all looked happy and prosperous, and greeted us with "Cla-how-jah?" their equivalent for "How do you do?" Some of the Indians near the spot where we watered our horses were playing cards with a remarkably greasy, dirty pack; they were gambling for tobacco. It is curious how the Redskin copies and exaggerates the vices of civilisation: they are all inveterate gamblers; our lad, Baptiste, during the trip won seven horses in the notorious game of seven-up, but in the effort to increase his stud he lost them all and his handsome Mexican saddle to boot, returning with us in sorry plight, a sadder and wiser Indian than when he left the Columbia Valley.

We diverged here from the trail to inspect the ranche of Mr. Humphreys, a wealthy Englishman who, after visiting Australia, India, and various other parts of the globe, has given the preference to British Columbia as his future home. He owns nine hundred and sixty acres of land, which he means to add to, and has some excellent log buildings and the finest corral in

the country upon his property. The house itself is beautifully situated on high ground, rising gently from Wolf Creek (which, by the way, contains quantities of large trout), and commanding a lovely view of the broken range of the Rockies on the east. We had not time, unfortunately, to make a thorough examination of the place, but saw enough to convince us that Mr. Humphreys had been exceedingly fortunate in securing so fine a tract of land, on which all the fencing and building had been done in the most substantial manner by two hard-working countrymen, from whom he bought it at a most reasonable figure.

We declined all offers of hospitality, and rode on two miles farther, where we stopped for dinner by the shores of a beautiful little lake. Grassy slopes and glades opened out of the forest down to its very waters. These were broken near the banks by lines of reeds, offering a good cover for numbers of wild duck; a brace of these my husband secured for our midday meal. We were in the saddle and off again before three o'clock, and continued to ride for miles over the same wooded park country I have described, following the

course of the Kootenay, which came occasionally into view. We passed on our way beside a long, winding lake or inlet from the river, framed in a background of dark trees and hills, reminding me of many views I had seen of the English lake country; in fact, the beautifully cultivated appearance of the Kootenay Valley, with its boundless meadows of native grass, impresses the mind with an idea of civilisation and settlement, yielding only to the absence of houses and human beings. We gradually descended from high ground late in the afternoon and entered upon a broad bit of prairie rejoicing in the name of Bummers' Flats, which extends between the river and the wooded country above; it is used by the Indians as a race-course, and is certainly a spot which every devotee of the turf might envy them. We made the best of time over it for a distance of two miles, when the trail led us again on to high ground, and we pitched our tent for the fifth and last night under canvas, by a small stream embowered in trees, and known as Six-Mile Creek. We found the Rocky Mountains close to us again, and I enjoyed gazing up once more into their purple depths. The evening was clear and not

unpleasantly cool, and the forest dell where we were encamped, with its mountain foreground, and the silver crescent of the moon rising behind us among fine trees, seemed to me a typical sylvan retreat worthy of "Midsummer Night's Dream."

Our camping-ground at Six-Mile Creek proved so seductive that, the following day being Sunday, we unwittingly assumed the privileges associated with the sabbath, and slept late, viz., until after eight o'clock; consequently it was ten before a start was effected. We continued our way then over the high grass benches on which we had sojourned the previous night, and followed the course of the river farther and farther up the beautiful Kootenay Valley. A cold wind blew down upon us from the Rocky Mountains, near which we were riding, and made the temperature anything but agreeable for early September weather, especially as the sun was concealed behind heavy gray clouds, while masses of mist rolled along the sides of the range, and threatened every moment to envelop us in sheets of rain. We caught occasional glimpses of the Kootenay winding far below us through its yel-

low hay marshes and extensive flats, similar in character to the one we had traversed on Saturday. At noon we reached the second crossing of the river. Here the ferryman had a picturesque log house, charmingly situated on a cliff high above the water, and commanding a most extensive view of the country we had just ridden through, as well as that upon which we were about to turn our backs. We dismounted and descended on foot the steep gravel road leading down to the Kootenay, which we crossed, animals and riders, in a large flat-bottomed scow, propelled by the force of the current and worked with pulleys upon a heavy rope stretched in primitive fashion from a tree on one bank to a tree on the other, the river here being only some hundred feet wide at low water. Mounting again, we left the Kootenay behind us, and rode on through a wooded bottom of young poplars, where some grouse got up under our horses' feet, but escaped into the thick cover about us. We soon came to the end of this flat, and ascended a high hill into more park country beyond. A gallop over this brought us to one of a chain of small lakes covered with wild fowl,

where we stopped to dine, and were *en route* again by three o'clock; we had not gone far before the threatening clouds of mist descended upon us in a solid, penetrating rain. After cantering on for about a mile through this damp medium, Colonel Baker's ranche came suddenly into view, and was hailed with proportionate delight. It consists of a number of detached buildings situated on a gently-rising ground from the broad plain below, which stretches away to some wooded grass benches and is bounded in the gray distance by the main range of the Rocky Mountains rising in serrated peaks upon the horizon.

XVI.

We received the warmest of welcomes, and were soon drying ourselves over a huge fire in the sitting-room. The house proper is a long, low, log building, entered by a hall its full width, whose walls were decorated with numerous saddles, bridles, and other equestrian appointments; from this, one door opened upon a succession of bedrooms, occupying all the available space upon

that side; the other upon the typical, or rather ideal, living room of a gentleman's residence in the wilds of British Columbia. This apartment is very large, and was filled with chairs, lounges, tables, and bookshelves; a gun-rack, with nine handsome rifles and various implements of the rod and chase, occupied a prominent position on one side, almost opposite to a writing-desk of business-like proportions, with pigeon-holes filled with papers and documents. The crowning feature of the whole is an enormous fireplace at the end, quite large enough to roast the proverbial ox, which certainly accommodates a full-length cordwood stick with perfect ease. Above the high mantel-piece a magnificent cariboo's head reigned monarch of all he surveyed, as no doubt his owner had done in his day, and below this were the spiral horns of a small, white-tailed deer, killed near the ranche. The floor was covered with rugs and matting; the walls were adorned with coloured pictures from the *Graphic* and *Illustrated News;* and the windows command an extensive view to the west, of rolling mountains and wooded plains, with the noble Selkirk Range lying in the distance.

The rain continued to descend in torrents until late in the evening, and we congratulated ourselves heartily on being under a roof. We found the same party of Englishmen (which, however, included Mr. Forbes, part owner of the celebrated American yacht, *Puritan*, himself a Bostonian), whom we had met and camped with in the Kootenay woods; they were, like ourselves, enjoying Col. Baker's hospitality, and we spent a most agreeable evening, discussing various adventures by land and water, and relating our personal experience in the country. We found they had only arrived two hours before us, having crossed the Kootenay River after we parted from them, and followed a different trail from ours up the opposite side of the valley. The following morning we realised one of the numerous phases of ranche life in the departure of these gentlemen, with numerous pack-horses and packers, on a hunting expedition in Montana. Another Englishman, who had been shooting for two months in the Rocky Mountains with a solitary attendant, and also turned up the previous evening, drenched to the skin, made his exit with four more horses a couple of hours later in another

direction. The arrival and departure of travel lers and hunters serves to break the monotony of ranche life in the interior, where communication with the outer world is maintained only by a mail once in six weeks and the society of fellow-creatures is warmly appreciated amid so much unavoidable isolation.

The day broke decidedly damp and chilly, with a heavy mist hanging over both mountain and valley; but a rising barometer indicated fine weather, and by noon all the clouds had dispersed, and a glorious sun was drying up the well-soaked ground. I took a short walk with mine host after lunch to see some of the beautiful views that Cranbrooke boasts, and was lost in admiration of golden stubble-fields, a mile long and a mile wide, which, Col. Baker having rescued them from the plain, now extend, in well-fenced lines, to the distant foothills below the mountains. We concluded our little expedition by a visit to the Palace Hotel, on the same property and not far from the house. This rambling log-building of ambitious nomenclature was the abode of a prosperous Chinaman, known in the neighbourhood as the "Captain;" his rank

dating, I believe, from the time when he commanded a pirate junk. Previous to his nautical experiences he held the honourable office of Lord High Executioner in the Celestial Empire; and a notable character he was—gray, grizzled, and communicative. We went into the Palace, sat down, and chatted with him for a time, so far as his limited command of the English language would permit; he bestowed upon me some delectable condiments called China candy, consisting of small, dried plums, like prunes, and slices of sugared citron, not particularly clean. His "hotel" was the resort of all his countrymen, numbers of whom were mining in the neighbourhood, and was largely patronised. The room we entered immediately from the door, and sat in, was curiously adorned with a tawdry altar and Chinese god, placed high above my head on the wall, while the partitions were lavishly decorated with brilliantly-coloured hieroglyphics. The lodgers and visitors occupied open bunks supported on light poles, which did not look inviting, as may be imagined.

On one afternoon Col. Baker and I rode over to the Catholic Mission on St. Mary's River, about

six miles distant. The trail ran for a considerable distance through his own property, and was sufficiently good to admit of cantering all the way had it not been for the dust and the warmth of the September sun at two o'clock in the afternoon, which induced us to spare ourselves and horses, and loiter on the way, so that nearly an hour and a half elapsed ere we reached our destination. The Mission lay ensconced in a narrow valley, and was approached by a stony, precipitous path, which we descended, threading our way between rows of mud-covered log-houses to the priest's abode. The aspect of this settlement was both suggestive and impressive; it filled my mind with an unaccountable and strange depression. There is an unnatural element about semi-civilised Indians which has to be actually felt to be appreciated. The Redskin loses his picturesqueness when he is placed within four walls, and these cabins, some fifty in number, were nearly all empty and deserted at this season, their occupants being engaged in hunting and fishing to provide food for the coming winter; a few women and children were left behind, and these came out of their doors and

stared at us as we passed. The little chapel, with its tall belfry, and the priest's house standing in a large garden beside it, were a pleasant contrast, with their clean, fresh wooden walls, to the mud structures around them. We dismounted, tied our horses to a fence, and passing through a gate and up a long path, rang a large bell suspended on a spring outside Father Fouquet's door. The clanging summons was responded to by a very old and decrepit Indian, who admitted us into a small, scantily furnished apartment. We heard a distant murmur of voices, and concluded that the priest was engaged with his parishioners; he soon after appeared, bringing with him Dr. Powell, the Indian Commissioner from Victoria, whose advent we had long been expecting, and Mr. Smythe, the Premier of British Columbia, whose visit was an unlooked-for benefit to the Kootenay district. These two gentlemen were on their way to Col. Baker's ranche, but had turned off on a wrong trail, and found themselves at the mission instead of Cranbrooke. While they were engaged with my host I entered into a long conversation with Father Fouquet, who was a Frenchman

born and bred, and spoke with a somewhat provincial dialect, at the same time expressing himself fluently and well. I learned from him that the mission had been established for twenty-five years, during thirteen of which he had been in charge, assisted by a Father Richard, whom I did not see. I had been already much struck by the work of the Catholic Church in this country, where its priests have lived and laboured for years, nearly all of them being educated Frenchmen, whose lives of isolation amid tribes of Indians, in the centre of an immense unsettled country, are certainly heroic, and are a noble testimony to the religion they profess. They must have been subjected to trials undreamt of by us, but they have, in most instances, become reconciled to their fate. Father Fouquet assured me pathetically that if the Church recalled him he should feel quite out of his element in the world; indeed, he seemed to have lost any desire to revisit France, and, I fancy, will end his days in his little valley among the Kootenay Indians, to whom already he has devoted the best years of his life. The influence of the priests in the country is having a most beneficial effect upon

the rising generation of Indians. It is to the native youth and their education that they have chiefly applied themselves, realising, with their natural quickness, that the young plants may be *trained*, while the old ones can only be *pruned*. That they have wonderfully civilised the children, the two boys we had with us, of twelve and nineteen, were excellent examples; they always began their cooking preparations by washing off the dust of their ride, and never touched any food unless absolutely necessary, always using sticks or forks—indeed, they handled cutlery in general with perfect familiarity; never helped themselves until they were bidden, and in divers and sundry ways were an improvement upon their white brethren of the middle classes.

The most novel experience of my visit to Cranbrooke was a dinner party given by Mr. Norris, Her Majesty's Collector of Customs, whose snug little cottage lies not a stone's-throw from Col. Baker's house. The revenues of the Dominion Government have been considerably increased by this small office which has been in existence for eleven years or more, and has taken considerable toll from the thousands of gallons of whiskey

brought into British Columbia from the States, the direct trail from Sand Point, on the borders of Idaho Territory, passing by Mr. Norris's door. The party in question was given in honour of the Gold Commissioner, the Indian Commissioner, and myself, and we sat down, eight in number, to a most sumptuous repast prepared by the skilful hands of the best Chinese cook in the district, to which we did ample justice. Wine and whiskey flowed freely, and I can truthfully say that no more generous entertainment was ever given in Kootenay, or one which reflected more credit upon our gallant host *pro tem.*

XVII.

I AM indebted to Colonel Baker, late of the Blues, who has resided for two years in Kootenay and was this summer elected by a Conservative majority to represent the district in the Provincial Parliament at Victoria, for the following information about this part of British Columbia, with the subjoined particulars of its climate, resources, and capabilities :

His ranche, Cranbrooke, situated on Joseph's Prairie, not far from the Kootenay River, is 3,068 feet above the level of the sea; it contains 10,000 acres, 400 enclosed, and lies in the centre of a gold-bearing region, of which Perry Creek, nine miles distant, is the most remarkable example, several hundred thousand dollars having been taken from it. But at Palmer's Bay, in the immediate vicinity, only $10 a day are now obtained.

The soil on this extensive property is a rich vegetable loam, differing from the Kootenay bottom lands, which are rich *sand* loam, while the large benches on both sides of the river are a rich *sandy* loam. The fertility of the land about Cranbrooke is evident from the fine quality of its vegetables, roots, and grains. Pease and cucumbers, grown in the open air, were produced in constant succession from the middle of June till the middle of September, when I enjoyed them both. Potatoes and cabbages attained an abnormal size; one of the latter, which was weighed during my visit early in September, when then not fully developed, reached twenty-three pounds. A sunflower measured three feet seven inches round the seed-bed. The black

wax-bean (a delicate plant) grew to perfection. Hops covered the houses in wild profusion. The quality of beet-root produced is extremely rich in saccharine matter, and heavy crops have been raised without any irrigation. Alfalfa, a species of lucerne, has been cultivated with great success.

The winter is short; snow usually appears about the end of December, and disappears at the beginning of March, never exceeding fifteen inches in depth; occasionally there are snow-falls in November, but these are soon dispersed by the warm sun. The weather during this season is, on the whole, comparatively mild; but cold waves of a few days' duration do occur, and the thermometer has fallen to as low as 30° below zero. The maximum and minimum temperatures in the shade on the 29th January, 1886, were 57° and 33° Fahrenheit. The geological strata is of the Laurentian and Cambrian systems, merging into the Carboniferous, as the Elk River district is approached. The timber is composed chiefly of large pines (the *Pinus ponderosa*), which often attain to four feet in diameter, and make excellent lumber. The Douglas Fir also reaches a diameter of three feet, and there is a

valuable variety of larch, commonly called the tamarac, which differs materially from the species of that name common in the low country. This mountain kind is remarkable for its durable qualities in water, and it makes first-class wood for building purposes. Among the deciduous trees are the poplar, alder, and birch. It is thought that the larger fruits, such as apples, pears, and plums, may be successfully cultivated, as the smaller berries, including currants, gooseberries, raspberries, and strawberries, grow abundantly.

The capabilities of the Upper Kootenay Valley and the Columbia Lake region for cattle-ranching and horse-breeding are of a very high order, especially the latter, as horses can range at large during the whole winter without extra food or shelter, and thrive in a wonderful manner upon the natural bunch-grass of the country. With regard to cattle it is considered advisable to provide open shelter-sheds for the cold weather, and to furnish them with a moderate amount of fodder, which can be procured in abundance from the hay-marshes extending throughout the country. A very necessary item in stock-raising

is the quantity and quality of the water. It is abundant everywhere; large rivers flow in every valley, and numbers of fine creeks are met with in all directions, containing water as pure and clear as can be met with anywhere in the world, as well as excellent trout.

Although there is a great quantity of game in British Columbia, such as cariboo, elk, bear, black and white tailed deer, and mountain sheep and goats, they are very difficult to obtain on account of the dense forests to be met with in the mountain region, and the number of Indians constantly engaged in hunting. It should also be borne in mind that it is well-nigh impossible to have any sport without the guidance and assistance of some experienced Indian well acquainted with the country. White men, with very few exceptions, are practically useless.

The Gold Commissioner, Mr. Vowell, of Donald, and the Indian Commissioner, Dr. Powell, of Victoria, with Mr. Smythe, the Premier of British Columbia, arrived at Kootenay a week after we did, and camped upon the ranche, with the exception of Mr. Smythe, who became, like ourselves, a guest of Col. Baker's. On the day

before the Premier's departure a deputation of the settlers in the district waited upon him to welcome him to the country, and to request his able assistance with the Provincial Government in furthering the development of Kootenay. These objects were admirably expressed and laid before Mr. Smythe by Colonel Baker, their representative, who called his attention to the pressing need of a waggon-road between Golden City and the Upper Kootenay, to facilitate the conveyance of supplies at present carried by pack-trains, and also to place the settlers within reach of a central market on the Canadian Pacific Railway. Mr. Smythe replied to Col. Baker's address in a short and concise speech, saying he had come among the people and penetrated into the interior of the country, which he believed no Premier had ever done before, to try to ascertain what were the requirements of the settlers, and bring them before the House when it met. He hoped to connect the Upper Kootenay Valley with the outer world both by land and water, through the Columbia and Kootenay Rivers, which could be joined by a canal and made navigable from Golden City to the interior.

I saw also, this winter, in the *Canada Gazette* that "application is made for the incorporation of the Golden City and Kootenay Railway Company, to build a line of railway from Golden City up the Columbia River to the head of Columbia Lake, and then down the Kootenay to St. Mary's, and thence to Cranburgh" (presumably meant for Cranbrooke).

XVIII.

We had beautiful weather during my visit to Cranbrooke. Days of cloudless sunshine succeeded each other only too quickly, till the inevitable Thursday arrived that bore us away from the hospitable ranche and kind host, who will ever be associated with my pleasantest memories of British Columbia.

We left Col. Baker's at two o'clock on September 16th, homeward bound, and made twelve miles during the afternoon, camping for the night on the wooded poplar flats near the west bank of the Kootenay River, which we found an extremely damp and chilly spot; so much so that the fol-

lowing morning revealed half an inch of ice on some water left standing in a pan. The temperature was by no means balmy and genial at six a.m.; and, after a hurried breakfast, we were extremely glad to warm our benumbed bodies by a short gallop to the ferry, where we again crossed in the scow, with its primitive rope and pully, described previously.

At the top of the hill, on the east side, we parted with our pack-horses and Indian boys, and diverged from the main trail to visit Wild Horse Creek, the most celebrated mining ground of the Kootenay district. Twenty years ago 3,000 men were at work in this isolated spot, out of which over $12,000,000 have been taken. We covered the distance of five miles in a little over an hour, part of the trail being extremely rocky and precipitous. The creek itself runs through a deep canyon, whose course we followed for a couple of miles. Huge mountain peaks faced us, towering over 9,000 feet on the opposite side of the narrow gorge, and frowning down upon us in all the majesty of their solemn grandeur. The camp, or settlement, at Wild Horse consists of a few Government buildings, a large general

store, and a number of log cabins with small gardens attached, occupied and cultivated entirely by the ubiquitous Celestials, upwards of one hundred of whom now populate this scene of departed glory. We lunched at the Government office with the Gold Commissioner, and after our repast walked half a mile further up the creek over an immense area of ground which had been completely washed out years ago by white men of all nationalities, and was now a mass of rocks, *débris*, and fine gravel, forming anything but a pleasant footpath; indeed, it would have been utterly impassible but for the constant contact of Chinese shoe leather, which had made some semblance of a road.

The view from this point was very striking; we were in the heart of the Rocky Mountains; the creek, a mere thread, lay far below us; on each side of it, as far as the eye could reach, extended a desolate waste of rocks, stones, and boulders. It would be difficult to imagine a more impressive spectacle than this chaos of distorted nature. Both steep gravel banks were seamed with wooden troughs, carrying water from the high ground above; while far in the

distance a magnificent range of mountains appeared to enclose the valley in a species of amphitheatre.

Several Chinamen were diligently engaged in digging and washing down earth on the opposite side of the creek, and presently, to my great satisfaction, we came upon two of them at work not far from where we stood. We managed to circumvent the masses of soil and gravel scattered about us, and took the opportunity to investigate their proceedings. A small stream of water was led through a wooden trough from some neighbouring creek to the edge of the valley, sixty feet above our heads. From there it fell in a cascade on to another inclined trough below, rolling great stones and quantities of gravel down with the force of its fall; these were extracted from the trough, or propelled along it, by a Chinaman armed with a heavy hooked pitchfork and an iron crowbar, which implements he handled most dexterously. Another Celestial stood some feet above him, and played with a canvas hose supplied from a different trough of water on the bank above, upon a mound of earth and gravel, which was driven into a second inclined

trough, connected at an angle with the first. This large body of accumulated water rushed in a dirty foaming torrent along its wooden bed, to an accompaniment of the pounding and grinding of great stones, and poured from it down a steep slope to the creek below. The earth and fine gravel deposited by the water sinks to the bottom of the troughs or boxes, between the interstices of the poles or ripples, and at the end of the week is collected, taken out and washed over again by hand to extract the particles of gold. The wealth of Wild Horse is supposed to be exhausted, but the Chinese are industrious and indefatigable, and there are claims, I was told, owned and worked by them, which yield from $2,000 to $6,000 a year.

After thoroughly inspecting their operations, which are described as hydraulic mining, and closely resemble the placer mining so much talked of in British Columbia, we mounted our horses and rode from Wild Horse by another and simpler trail to Six-mile Creek, taking with us the Collector of Customs, Mr. Anderson, and a young Englishman, who was in charge of some pack-horses bound for the Columbia Lakes. Our

increased party was to serve as escort to Mr. Smythe, the Premier of British Columbia, who joined us at our camp, where we arrived at four o'clock, he having ridden directly from Col. Baker's that day. We were now eight in number, with thirteen horses among us, and our three tents and two large fires made quite an imposing "outfit" The weather had been so damp and cold all day that we were truly glad to gather round the burning logs and partake of supper.

The return journey from Six-Mile Creek to the Upper Columbia Lake covered much the same ground as we had passed over on our way to Kootenay, except that under the able guidance of Mr. Anderson, an old resident of the district, we left the main trail at Wolf Creek near where it led along the steep gravel cliffs beside the Kootenay, with a tremendous descent and ascent at Sheep Creek, and entered upon the newly-prospected Government waggon road, which runs through a beautifully wooded, park-like country some miles from the river, over a remarkably even grade. The September sun was so particularly warm and penetrating that we were duly grateful for the cool shade afforded by the mag-

nificent evergreens under which we rode all the afternoon. At five o'clock, Mr. Anderson proposed that we should turn off the Government road for the benefit of a particularly attractive camping ground which he could point out, in a spot known only to himself and a few others, and not even located upon any map of the Province.

It certainly far surpassed our most sanguine expectations. After an abrupt descent from the woods through which we had been riding, and a short canter across an open grassy plateau, a sudden turn revealed a beautiful little lake lying immediately at the base of the Rocky Mountains, which rose in woods and crags from its surface, and were tinted with every shade of purple, blue, amber, and gold by the rays of the setting sun, each faithfully reflected in the water with a softening of the gorgeous colouring as delicate as indescribable. The land on the opposite side, by which we approached, was all in shadow, and sloped down to the lake in a succession of bold wooded promontories, every tree and stone of which were likewise repeated in sombre tones, the light and shade meeting curiously in the centre of the sheet of water, with a strange

mirage effect. It is called by the Indians Pasilqua Lake, which has to my ear a soft, suggestive sound, very appropriate to it; it seemed about five miles long, and of varying width, the lower end (opposite which we pitched our tents on a high grass cliff) being entirely concealed from view by the farthest headland, which hid the sweep of its glistening waters, while a distant golden mountain formed the background of the picture, in which Nature at that hour seemed to have exhausted her palette. With the soft evening lights of a perfectly cloudless sky, without a sound in the air above or on the earth beneath, the scene, as we drew rein and gazed, would alone have repaid the most arduous journey.

We were also indebted to Mr. Anderson for the situation of our third night's camp, on the east side of the Upper Columbia Lake, to reach which we again turned off the main trail. The same view which had been veiled from our eyes by thick smoke from forest fires a fortnight before now lay spread out before us, a vision of unrivalled beauty, as strong a contrast by its large proportions, wide horizon, and simple evening light, to Lake Pasilqua as can be imagined. The

broad waters of the Columbia Lake lay shimmering also in the light of a sun fast descending behind the distant Selkirk Range, which faced us on the opposite shore, while the Rocky Mountains rose immediately behind us, a lofty wall of granite, covered with a scanty growth of stunted pine trees. This sheet of water is nine miles long by two wide. Where we encamped, close to a little stream which gushed out of the mountain side not a quarter of a mile from our tent, it was alive with ducks and large flocks of geese, unfortunately to be reached only by a boat. We succeeded in losing two of our horses during the night, and my husband and I had to make our appearance at Mr. Armstrong's the next morning, mounted upon an Indian pony and a cayuse, a somewhat ignominious advent; fortunately, however, we picked up our truant steeds making the best of their way home in apparent enjoyment of their unwonted freedom, and were able to return them to the ranche sound in wind and limb, and in better condition than we had received them in, with a grateful appreciation of their enduring qualities and sure-footedness.

XIX.

We found that an open boat was about to start from Mr. Armstrong's down the Columbia Lake and River to meet the steamer *Duchess*, and we succeeded in prevailing upon one of the gentlemen from the ranche, who was to embark in her with a French-Canadian boatman, to take us on board, as we were somewhat weary of the saddle, and expected to economise time by the change.

We bid adieu to our Kootenay friends, and, in company with Mr. Smythe, were launched upon the lake in a boat similar to those used for lumbering on the Ottawa. This craft was twenty-eight feet long by four broad, solidly built, and pointed at both ends. Her carrying capacity seemed unlimited, as she accommodated six persons, with their baggage and effects, including saddles, bridles, blankets, and a mattress. We started at half-past eleven o'clock with a fair wind, which soon induced us to hoist an apology for a sail, by whose assistance we made rapid progress down the lake, enjoying the beautiful scenery as it extended before us on both sides of the water. Numbers of ducks and

geese, aroused by the noise of the boat, flew away on our approach, always succeeding in keeping just out of gunshot. After an hour's delightful sail we entered the reedy channel which forms the commencement of the river and connects the Upper with the Middle, or Mud Lake, as it is called. We drifted down this for some distance with the current until we got into very swift water. The river now dashed along between snags and stones, its shallow nature obliging us to keep close to the bank, where the force of the current had hollowed out a channel. Down this we rushed under overhanging boughs and dead trees, avoiding *débris* of all kinds. My husband, Mr. Smythe, and I were obliged to double ourselves up in the bottom of the boat, where we listened with suppressed emotion to the dragging of the branches over our heads and the grating of stones and snags under our feet, and wondered if we should ever come out alive. By what gymnastic feats the French-Canadian who was poling in front, and the gentleman who was steering behind, managed to retain their places in the boat will ever remain a mystery to me. One man had been upset from this

very boat, and another pinned to his seat by a dead tree and only rescued by great presence of mind, during a preceding season while navigating this bit of river. We passed several nasty, dangerous places, each one worse than the last, fortunately with intervals of plain sailing, or rather poling, between, when we were allowed to raise our heads and anathematise the Columbia.

About the middle of this part of the river, however, the current seemed to subside into a deep stream, down which we floated quietly towards the second lake, camping on a wooded point for dinner and a well-earned rest before we entered the lake. We were off again by half-past three o'clock, and had to pole the whole way across Mud Lake, each member of our party taking turns for an hour to relieve the crew. The amount of game upon this shallow sheet of water was almost incredible. Flocks of ducks as numerous as crows flew in all directions, and the wild geese were legion. I counted one flock of forty-one, besides many separate pairs. Owing to the lowness of the water, it was useless to attempt to shoot those on the reed-beds, which the boat could not approach, while the others kept

provokingly out of range, and amid all this abundance we only secured one plump plover.

The Columbia River, between Mud and the Lower Lake, flows in a channel of an entirely different character from the one we had already passed through. Its bed is very deep, and the current runs swift and smooth between low banks, clothed with high bush cranberries, willows, and cottonwood trees, brilliant with golden yellows and deep crimson dashes of colour. The reflections in the water, both of form and colour, were intensely vivid, and the scene was one of wild, unique beauty. The river follows a winding course for six miles between Mud and the Lower Lake, which we entered just as it was growing dusk. It is double the size of the Upper, or Head Lake, and about two miles broad, but very shallow, and full of reeds, weeds, and aquatic plants. The wind had died entirely away by this time, so one of our party, with the aid of the boatman, Joe, rowed the boat along with a pair of oars which would have been the despair of a modern Argonaut and resembled nothing so much as a couple of young trees. It was heavy pulling, as may be imagined, with the

laden boat; and, after making our way slowly for a mile and a half, we found an entrance through the reeds to the west bank of the lake by a channel made for the steamer, which can penetrate to this part of the lake at high water. Wood had been cut and piled here for her use, and when we ascended the steep bank by a road cut through the bush, we found ourselves on the top of a grass cliff overlooking the whole extent of the lake. It was almost too dark, however, to distinguish anything, being seven o'clock. In a marvellously short space of time tents were pitched, a huge fire burning, and active preparations for supper in progress.

We were off again at half-past seven the next morning, not at all pleased to find it a perfectly dull, quiet day, without a breath of wind to help us on our way; the view across the lake, too, was completely obscured by heavy clouds of smoke, and the general atmosphere was depressing. So we all took our seats in solemn silence upon our various articles of baggage, and had to take to the oars again, and row our heavy boat the whole length of the Lower Lake, a distance of twelve miles. At half-past eleven o'clock we hailed

with delight the mouth of the Columbia River proper, which here flows with a very swift current. We gladly laid aside our young trees, and poled and steered our craft for a mile or more till the current failed us, when we pulled again for six weary miles and made Lilacs' Landing, where we hoped to hear some news of the steamer *Duchess*. She had not, however, appeared in the neighbourhood, so we went on a mile farther down the river, where two gentlemen were encamped on the bank in charge of freight and stores deposited there on her last trip to await transportation to the interior. We soon discovered their retreat, and landed just in time for dinner. This repast over, we pitched our tents and prepared to await the arrival of the *Duchess*. I spent the afternoon fishing off a mud bar, and was lucky enough to secure fourteen fish, which, though of no size, were excellent in flavour and a pleasant change from the inevitable bacon and potted meats.

We had an excellent and most picturesque camping-ground; and our party of eight was a very merry one, gathered round a huge fire of large logs, over which we sat and chatted

until a late hour, there being no prospect of an early start before us. The following morning was fine and bright. We breakfasted at eight o'clock, and during our meal a high wind sprang up, very suggestive of an equinoctial gale, and blew for twenty-four hours; we lingered and loafed about the camp, reading, smoking, and fishing all day, listening in vain for the welcome note of the *Duchess's* steam whistle; then retired early to bed without having heard any news at all of her. The night proved very stormy, the wind roaring through the giant trees around us and rattling down the dead branches in a ghastly fashion, bringing, too, the dreary howl of distant coyotes (prairie dogs) borne upon its wings. Rain fell in occasional squalls, but not heavily enough to soak the ground.

Thursday morning broke as calm and untroubled as if no rude Boreas had ever raged during the hours of darkness. Our stock of luxuries now began to decrease, canned milk and potted meats and game were dreams of the past, and we were reduced to tea and coffee without the lacteal fluid, and bacon of inferior quality. My husband accordingly set out for Lilacs' Land-

ing to try and procure some fresh meat, and returned late in the afternoon with several pounds of corned beef and a partridge shot *en route.* While we were at supper, two Indians came into camp with a brace of fine mallards which they disposed of for seventy-five cents, so our larder was well replenished.

During the evening we were startled by shouts and view-halloas from the river, to which we promptly responded, with vague hopes of the steamer. Presently four men emerged from the darkness into the brilliant light of our huge fire; they were on their way down to meet the *Duchess* with a boat and canoe to bring up freight, and we learned that a message had been left at Lilacs' by a passenger, to the effect that the steamer could not get any farther up the river than Spillumacheen, some twenty-five miles distant, and that our boat was to go down to meet her as soon as possible. Our minds were immensely relieved at the prospect of a move, and we spent a hilarious evening with much singing of divers songs and choruses, and separated with the intention of rising early the following morning. We were accordingly all up long before six, only to learn

the encouraging news that our boat had broken from her moorings during the night and was nowhere to be found. The canoe had already departed with two occupants, but the freight boat, exactly similar in character to our craft, had been left behind with two men in charge. We were only too thankful to be able to pack in it ourselves and effects, the live freight being now increased to nine persons, who still seemed able to find accommodation in these elastic vessels. We discovered our own boat, fortunately, about half a mile farther down the Columbia, hard and fast upon a log, so we trans-shipped our party and baggage, and sent the other on its way rejoicing. We rowed and sailed down the turbid Columbia with a fair wind behind us, which the numerous turns and twists of the river most effectually counteracted; our spirits, however, were buoyed with the hope of meeting the steamer at noon, and we made merry at our own expense.

Imagine our feelings when we came upon a heavily-laden boat moored to the bank to admit of its occupants making a hurried meal, and learned from them the melancholy news that the *Duchess* had come up as far as Spillumacheen

the preceding day, deposited her freight upon the bank, and returned at once to Golden City, as the water in the river was falling every hour. There was nothing for it, therefore, but to make our way down to the same place, some seventy miles distant, in our open boat. We got a ham, some sugar, and tobacco from our fellow travellers, for which we were duly grateful, not being provided with extensive supplies, and camped half an hour later for dinner, then pulled all the rest of the afternoon, reaching Spillumacheen at half-past five. We pushed on half a mile farther and came upon a log house without windows or doors, but roofed and half floored with cedar poles. Here we landed, making our fire in the cellar for the night, and suffering agonies from volumes of wood-smoke which had no exit except through the interstices of the logs as yet unplastered. We were too glad of a shelter, however, to be critical; for the night promised to be a wild one, the wind had risen and was blowing a gale, howling down the river and over the mountain tops, which were covered with a light veil of newly-fallen snow. We pitched two tents on the pole floor, which I can recommend to any

one wishing to perform a voluntary penance. Three of our party slept between the tents, and Joe, the boatman, retired to the cellar under the floor, which was warm and dry, with standing room of about three feet, and he, I believe, had the advantage of us all. Our four walls were certainly but a draughty abode, the roof, however, was new and weather tight, and we congratulated ourselves heartily upon not being under canvas as we heard the rain descending in torrents during the night. In fact, it was pouring so fast at dawn that we made up our minds for a wet day, and accordingly did not prepare for the early start we had proposed. But while we were breakfasting at eight o'clock the weather showed signs of clearing; so we promptly struck our tents, packed our traps generally, and made a start.

The scene about us was most impressive in the gray, chill autumn morning. The mountains towered overhead, covered now with a heavy white mantle down to the timber line, the results of last night's storm, while masses of light, fleecy mists rolled off their bases in soft, shapeless clouds. The golden tints of the cottonwood trees contrasted most effectively with the deep

greens of the pines, and the crimsons of the high bush cranberries along the bank relieved the whole with brilliant dashes of colour. It was half-past eight when we got off, and the weather still looked anything but promising. However, so long as it did not actually rain, we determined to prosecute our voyage, as Mr. Smythe was in haste to reach Victoria, having already considerably overstayed his time in Kootenay. We rowed by turns unceasingly all day, only stopping for an hour, which was devoted to a most necessary mid-day meal, and again at six for some whiskey, half a bottle being divided judiciously among seven of us, who were pretty well benumbed with cold and exhausted by a long day's work. We all gathered fresh strength and courage from the bottle, and pulled bravely on, but the shades of night began to fall while we were yet many miles from Golden City; fortunately, however, one of the crew knew the channel, so we determined to persevere. Darker and darker it grew; the river, lined with its tall trees, was a veritable nightmare of snags and sand-bars. We literally felt every step of our way, so that our progress was not rapid, narrowly avoiding logs and shoals

by dint of a good look-out ahead, kept by my husband. I must confess I fully expected to spend the night fast upon a sand-bar, if not in a worse place. Fortune, however, so far favoured us that towards ten o'clock, after traversing windings of the river so devious that we actually seemed to be going backward instead of forward, we made out the lights of the *Duchess* lying placidly at her moorings. We shouted and received responsive shouts, and at last, weary, cramped, hungry, and stiff, we were received once more into her hospitable bosom, partook of a hearty supper, and claimed her protection for the night. We slept the sleep of the just, and the following Sunday morning left the boat at eight o'clock to catch the express bound west for the Coast. I don't think I ever enjoyed a meal more than the luxurious breakfast we partook of in the Marlborough dining-car between Golden City and Donald, where we arrived an hour later, on Sunday, September 26th, after a month of travel and adventure by land and water.

XX.

On Monday, September 27, at nine o'clock in the morning, we again left Donald by the express bound west for the Coast, a party of four on a long-contemplated visit to the Glacier Hotel at the summit of the Selkirk Mountains; "summit" being the expression generally used in the country for the elevation at which the railroad crosses that range. The scenery throughout this portion of the Canadian Pacific is said to be unrivalled in the world, and it certainly far exceeds in beauty and grandeur that of any other locality in British Columbia. We were, as usual, favoured in our weather, which was bright and clear, with a brilliant sun and a cloudless sky. The tops of the mountains on both sides of the Columbia Valley were covered with a soft coating of snow, lending a not unpleasant suspicion of frostiness to the atmosphere. The railroad crosses the Columbia half a mile west from Donald over a high trestle bridge; the river at this point describes a perfect loop, and when next it comes into view its character has entirely changed—lost the smooth sweep of current which charac-

terised it, ceased to be navigable, and is seen tumbling over a shallow, rocky bed in a succession of small rapids.

The Rockies now face us on the east, and the brilliant autumn livery they have donned is a strange contrast to the various shades of green which clothed their sides during the early summer months. Bright streaks of golden colour, formed by the yellow hues of thousands of young poplars and alders, seemed to creep in detachments up the mountain sides, alternating with the heavy, dark foliage of the pines and firs, while the lofty peaks above them glistened with a veil of snow down even to the timber limit.

Thirteen miles from Donald the line enters the narrow canyon of the Beaver River, a small and picturesque stream rushing down from the Selkirks over huge rocks and boulders; we followed it for a few miles, and crossed it at Bear Creek, where the magnificent range of the Selkirk Mountains is brought into full view. Nothing could exceed the beauty and impressiveness of some of these peaks rising on the opposite side of the narrow valley from the very waters of the creek, so that the eye could follow their gradual

ascent from base to summit, without the effort necessary to obtain a glimpse of Mount Carroll: I actually sat on the floor of the Pullman, as we passed below this giant, and even then strained my neck to its severest tension to reach the topmost point. We began now to see the course of the snow-slides (of which much is said and thought at this particular season). They were marked by an undergrowth of vivid green, showing where all the forest trees had been swept away by the weight of the descending mass. The railroad at this point creeps up the side of a mountain, down which some lovely cascades dash in soft threads of silvery water. I failed to trace their source, or to see the top of the height above on that side; their junction with the creek below is also lost to sight amid the woods and rocks covering the foot of the slope. Some of the finest bridges on the line have been constructed to cross these same cascades, or creeks, as they are called; that over Mountain Creek is 1,100 feet long, supported by massive trestles, and that over Stony Creek is 290 feet above the water.

Near here we came upon the commencement

of the snow-sheds built by the C. P. R. Co. to protect their road from the snow-slides above referred to, which have been wont to descend the very mountain side along which the rails are laid. The sheds extend over some five miles of the track in the worst places, observed and located last winter by engineers stationed at different points for the purpose, and they are the most solid structures imaginable. We saw them in all stages of development, from the mere shell to the complete building. They are raised against one side of the mountain in a sort of crib-work, filled in with earth and stones, and inclined so as to meet the ground above the cutting. The inside wall, next to the rails, is composed of solid sawed and hewn logs a foot square, laid horizontally upon wooden blocks separating the timbers from each other by a space of four inches; these beams appear to be all fitted and welded together like a child's puzzle, and are sheeted over with four-inch boards, as a finish. The opposite, or lower, side of the shed is a strong structure of posts a foot square, also sheeted in with planks; these support the sloping roof, likewise composed of solid beams rest-

ing in brackets, and of four-inch planks. These sheds required 22,000,000 feet of lumber, and employed 3,500 men. Their general effect is one of marvellous power and endurance, and they will, no doubt, be severely tested by the mighty rush of avalanches of snow during the winter, sliding down the mountain sides, and, it is to be hoped, continuing their course over the roofs of the sheds to the valley below. Naturally, much of the scenery is lost in this succession of wooden tunnels, perversely occurring at some of the finest points of view: to obviate this disadvantage the Company will construct a summer track outside the line of sheds.

After we had passed the summit proper, marked by an extensive wooden and tent town, we came in sight of Mount Carroll, a most stupendous peak, 5,558 feet above the railway, and 9,440 feet above the level of the sea. It lies upon the west side of the line; indeed, the train passes so immediately below it that I nearly dislocated my neck in the endeavour to realise its vast proportions. Here, also, is seen Mount Sir Donald, the highest elevation upon the line, 6,980 feet above it, and 10,645 feet above the

sea. In the immediate neighbourhood is Mount Hermit, 4,983 feet above the railway, and 9,063 feet above the sea; it derives its name from a curious conformation of rock resembling the figure of a hermit draped in a long cloak, and sharply defined against the sky.

At one o'clock we reached the Glacier Hotel, close to the station of that name, three miles west of the summit of the Selkirks. It is a most artistic building, somewhat of the Swiss chalet style, built by the enterprise of the C. P. R. Co. and intended as a summer resort for many who will now be enabled for the first time to enjoy genuine Canadian mountain air. No more lovely spot could have been selected for its situation, commanding as it does a veritable, though much disputed, sea of mountains of the grandest description; the peaks of those above-mentioned are all in view, while not a mile from the hotel lies a large glacier, a sea of green, glittering ice. There were both bear and elk close to the hotel last summer, an attraction to sportsmen in search of big game. The beauty of the locality is sufficiently vouched for by the fact that it was unanimously chosen last summer by four artists

as their sketching ground. Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Forbes, Mr. Fraser, of Boston, and Mr. Aiken, a Scotch painter, all rallied round the Glacier Hotel, though, owing to its unfinished condition, they were obliged to content themselves with canvas roofs. We lunched in a stationary dining-car at Glacier, and returned to Donald by the express from the Coast in the afternoon.

XXI.

I LEFT Donald for the third time on Monday, October 4, to conclude my trip to Victoria and the Pacific. Having already described the scenery between the former town and Glacier, two miles beyond the summit of the Selkirks, where we stopped to dine at two o'clock, I shall recommence my travels from there. Immediately after leaving the station we entered upon the wonderful loop, one of the greatest triumphs of engineering skill in the world, by means of whose curving lines the road gradually descends the western slope of the Selkirk Range. Passing

round the shoulder of a mighty mountain, the track describes a perfect loop as it follows the conformation of a small inner valley and reaches a lower level of road, which could be distinctly seen as we crept slowly along, winding many feet below us down the side of the very mountain we had quitted; thus, as we steamed continuously along the curve, we commanded a view of three tiers of rails, rising one above another, surmounted by magnificent snow-capped peaks towering high above us and enclosing the narrow valley on all sides. Here is the source of the head waters of the Ille-Celle-Waet. We crossed this stream twice before we reached the wider valley at the base of the mountains through which it flows. The road follows its course, and, rising above it, creeps up the face of another mountain. The effect of finding oneself first on a level with the water, and then slowly and imperceptibly elevated above it, was curious in the extreme, especially when the height attained became so great that the Ille-Celle-Waet looked like a mere tangled thread of foaming white as it dashed far below us through a deep, rocky gorge; this it soon left, to spread its released

volume over a broad, shallow bed; then again disappeared many hundred feet below in a magnificent rocky chasm, called the Albert Canyon.

Soon after passing this, we began to move down a very apparent decline, and once more reached the level of what may now be called the River Ille-Celle-Waet. At high water, when swollen by the melting snows of the early spring, this must be in some localities a mighty stream. Now, however, it flowed in peace and quiet, confined in its rocky bed. Once more we rose above it to a considerable elevation, and the station of Twin Butte was reached. The timber in this district is very fine. Enormous trees of red cedar grow close to the line; while the hemlocks and spruces scattered about in groups are of very superior size and quality. A few miles farther on we crossed the Ille-Celle-Waet for about the eighth and last time; its valley widens here, and we entered a dreary, desolate desert of burnt wood, in whose centre the artistically-named Revelstoke rises. I believe the station is some distance from the town proper, which occupies a more enviable situation. As we moved away from the place, we saw that it was sur-

rounded by fine mountains, and was close to the Columbia River, which has made a considerable loop likewise since we parted with it close to Donald, and now appears most unexpectedly upon the scene. We crossed it here for the second time, and ran for three-quarters of a mile over a high trestle above a dreary area of cleared trees and blackened stumps.

The mountain sides all through this district have been completely burnt over by forest fires, and presented nothing but ugly lines of bare poles, relieved somewhat by the bright colouring of the undergrowth. Revelstoke left behind, we came upon a sheet of dark-green water, more than a mile in length, called Summit Lake. This marks the highest point of the Gold Range of mountains. Just beyond it is a gigantic wall of wooded rock towering immediately above the line; and here, too, flourish red cedars of gigantic proportions. It is evident that from this source has been drawn the solid timber for the snow-sheds; we have passed during the afternoon numbers of flat cars, laden with cedar logs. Three Valley Lake and one other, equally lovely, came into view before dusk—beautiful expanses

of clear water, reflecting every tree and shrub on the adjacent mountain sides. The days were now perceptibly shorter; more apparently so in this elevated region, where the natural gloom and shadow of the heights about us brought the shades of evening quickly down. When we returned to the Pullman from the dining-car attached at Revelstoke, it was quite dark and a new moon was rising just beyond the shoulder of a neighbouring mountain.

I found the next morning that we were running along beside the Fraser River, which flows through a magnificent rocky gorge, bounded on the east side by the Coast Range; this is a broken line of lofty heights, wooded to their summits, rising in many places to the dignity of mountains. During the night, we had crossed the Gold and Cascade Ranges by way of the Thompson and Fraser Rivers, passed through the Kamloops district, and were now in that part of British Columbia settled many years ago, as was evident from the number of time-worn houses scattered about, and the more cultivated appearance of the land available for agricultural purposes. A fine waggon road leading

to the Cassiar and Cariboo districts, which cost the Government many thousands of dollars, crosses the Fraser at Spuzzum over a handsome suspension bridge. The line follows the east bank of the river, rising in some places several hundred feet above it as it sweeps along—an ever wider and more imposing volume of dark-green water. The road curves in and out with the conformation of the rocky cliffs it has to circumvent; these must have offered nearly as many obstacles to engineering skill as the north shore of Lake Superior. The scenery on the canyon of the Fraser River was far grander and more interesting than I had anticipated, though different in character and lacking the imposing features of the snow-capped Selkirk and Rocky Mountain Ranges; its variety constituted its charm. Huge detached rocks and boulders, and dark towering cliffs, succeeded one another in a fascinating chaos of wild confusion.

At eight o'clock in the morning we reached Yale, a town of some three hundred inhabitants, a mixed population of Indians, Chinese, and whites. From this point the Fraser is navigable to its mouth, and near here, at North

Bend, is the third hotel erected by the C. P. R. for the convenience of passengers, commanding a most picturesque view of this mountainous district.

After we left Yale, the line turned away from the river, which appeared to open out in a broad stream flowing between low, sandy banks. We caught occasional glimpses of it here and there as we rolled along through a country reminding me strangely of the wooded farm districts of Ontario.

The Coast Mountains now began to melt away on both sides into the width of the valley, reappearing as we approached Port Moody. Near this town the land on the east side of the line extends in an open hay marsh to the River Pitt, nearly a mile in width. This is crossed a short distance from the present terminus of the Canadian Pacific; it opens the vista of a distant valley breaking the mountain range. Port Moody is a very small place, consisting only of the C. P. R. buildings, a few houses, and a fine wharf and freight shed, at which a tea-ship from Japan was lying.

Port Moody is situated at almost the extreme end of Burrard Inlet, a fine sheet of water twelve

miles in extent and of varying width, an estuary, as it name indicates, of the Pacific Ocean. A range of wooded hills rises from its shores on both sides, in a succession of promontories; these, following the conformation of the inlet, appear to meet in some places, and convey the impression of a large lake, on whose broad bosom numbers of gulls float like foam-flecks. We had to wait half an hour, until one o'clock, for the boat, plying daily (Sundays excepted), between Victoria and Port Moody. The *Princess Louise* is a paddle-wheel steamer of the solid, old-fashioned type, with excellent accommodation for her eight-hour journey. As she steamed down the inlet, it opened out to a width, in some localities, of two miles. The town of Vancouver, the future terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway, is nine miles from Port Moody. While the boat was slowly manœuvred close to a fine pier, my eyes rested upon rows and rows of ambitious wooden houses, filling the background with their inflammable materials, and I found it well-nigh impossible to realise that these structures had arisen in four months from the ashes of a conflagration, which had, on June 4th, 1886, left

only one house standing to mark the site of Vancouver No. 1. The buildings numbered, in October, over three hundred, and they were (I was told) far superior in style and construction to their predecessors.* Mr. Harry Abbott's residence was almost completed; it is excellent in design, and the situation is most delightful, commanding an extensive view across the inlet to some wooded hills beyond. We stopped for half an hour at Vancouver, to discharge a large cargo of hay and oats. Soon after leaving there we entered the Gulf of Georgia, extending for a distance of thirty miles between the mainland and a group of large islands lying outside of Vancouver Island proper, as it is approached from this direction. It was ten o'clock at night and very dark when we arrived at Victoria; I was met by friends, whose house lay on the James Bay side, opposite the business quarter of the town. The harbour of the capital is completely land-locked; its waters spread themselves into numerous minor channels and bays, over one of which a high wooden bridge led to my destination, not half a mile from the dock.

---

* $83,166 was spent in building at Vancouver between July and December, 1886.

XXII.

VICTORIA is a city of some 12,000 inhabitants, a very heterogeneous population of whites, Indians, and Chinese; the latter number over 1,200, and occupy an especial quarter of the town assigned to them. At one time the influx of Celestials was so great that the Government levied a tax of $50 on every new arrival; this has had a repressive effect upon Chinese immigration. The race at present so much discussed impressed me as a quiet, orderly, inoffensive people, who make excellent servants and reliable hewers of wood and drawers of water; indeed, they seem to do all the manual work in Victoria, except the skilled labour, and to be universally employed. Their contempt for women is most amusing, and, in their domestic capacity, they bow only to the master of the house, often dismissing the mistress from the kitchen by a curt "too much talkee, talkee go way." They fulfil all their household duties in a regular, mechanical fashion, and prefer to do so alone and unassisted, being cooks, housemaids, parlour maids, and laundresses in one unique combination. The

most rational objection offered to their introduction and employment in new countries arises from the undoubted fact that they are non-consumers, live upon nothing, spend no money in their adopted land, but accumulate large sums, and ship them promptly to China—a view of the question which has not, perhaps, been adequately dealt with in the general discussion of Chinese immigration.

The city of Victoria is beautifully situated on its land-locked harbour, and possesses many handsome buildings, among others, the new Bank of British Columbia, the Driard Hotel, and several fine shops on Government and Yates Streets. The Parliament Houses and Provincial Offices, on the James Bay side of the Harbour, display a curious style of semi-Oriental architecture; they stand in the midst of well-kept and luxuriant grounds, and are well worth a visit. There is also a handsome theatre, small, but complete, and an excellent club. Indeed, the fame of the Union Club, in Victoria, has gone abroad far and wide to the distant corners of the globe. Most of the buildings in the city, with the exception of those I have mentioned, are

wooden, as are all the private houses. The majority of these, however, are really villas, each standing in its own brilliant garden, gay with flowering shrubs and plants, and it is surprising how artistic such wooden walls can be made by the application of a little taste and a large quantity of paint. The verdure of the turf, the presence of holly, ivy, cypress, laurels, and other English plants, the vast expanses of brown bracken growing in every available spot along the road and on all waste lands, together with the woods of oak trees to be met with in every direction, give a very English flavour to Vancouver Island. Beacon Hill Park, half a mile from the centre of Victoria, is a stretch of broken downs, rising in one part to a slight elevation, as its name indicates. It is covered in the spring with English daisies (not our bold, self-asserting Canadian Marguerites), but in October, when I saw it, was rich in the warm brown tints of a wilderness of bracken, which splashed the ground with lovely dull russet hues. This locality was very suggestive to my mind of the Hampshire coast, and the view from the highest point was entrancing, showing part of Vancouver Island

extending in a broken line of wooded hills in the bluest of blue distances, with the entrances to the harbours of Victoria and Esquimault, mere streaks of silver disappearing behind two promontories. Looking across the Straits of Juan de Fuca, whose waters wash the gravel beach below, the eye rests upon the beautiful range of the Olympian Mountains in Washington Territory, their bases cleaving, apparently, this inlet of the Pacific. Behind lies the city, and the country adjacent to it, a well-cultivated, fertile land, dotted with pretty houses and cottages nestling in luxuriant fields and groves. This view includes Carey Castle, the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor, crowning the whole district from its lofty elevation, and offering a glorious picture of land and water, not speedily forgotten by the casual visitor. Should the weather be favourable, the snow-capped summit of Mount Baker, in American territory, may be seen, lying a blue-gray mass upon the horizon.

The drives about Victoria are delightful, and offer every variety of scenery; one of the most interesting is to Esquimault, three miles from the city, the naval station of the Pacific squadron

during the summer months. The flagship *Triumph* and the gunboat *Cormorant* were the sole occupants of the landlocked harbour at that late season of the year. The Dominion Government have almost completed here a dry dock intended to accommodate vessels of a very large size. It is four hundred and fifty feet long, and twenty-six feet deep, with a width of ninety feet at the entrance, and is built entirely of concrete faced with sandstone. The Island Railway, between Victoria and Nanaimo, was finished last autumn; the latter place, seventy miles from the capital, is situated on high, rising ground, and has a fine harbour, besides being the important centre of the coaling interest of Vancouver Island. The coal mined there is of the best bituminous quality, and is largely shipped to San Francisco, the Sandwich Islands, and China; 300,000 tons are exported annually to California, where it commands the highest price, in spite of the seventy-five per cent. duty levied upon it. Esquimault is naturally the coaling station of the Pacific squadron.

The climate of Victoria is most enjoyable in October; the days bright and sunshiny, but the

nights decidedly chilly, the temperature acquiring after sunset that penetrating sense of dampness inevitable on the sea-coast of the Dominion in the autumn season. I believe it is considered to be similar in character to the English climate during the winter months, and suffers, like the British Isles, from a very heavy rainfall, with occasional frost and snow. Victoria is called England without its east winds, and all the plants and shrubs peculiar to the Mother Country grow and flourish luxuriantly out of doors. The spring is early, and flowers may be said to bloom in the gardens all the year round.

House rent is cheap in Victoria, and the accommodation it provides excellent. A good detached cottage, standing in a pretty bit of ground, and representing the ordinary habitation of the owner of a fixed income, rents at twenty-five dollars a month. Living, I believe, is expensive; all the luxuries and necessaries of life are double the price of their eastern equivalents, except fish and game—both cheap and abundant. Wages are high, for one Chinaman costs twenty-five dollars a month, but when the individual is

secured, the investment is satisfactory. Fuel is an expensive item, but the houses are heated only by stoves or open fires. Money seems to be no object in British Columbia. The subject of expense does not occur, and coppers do not circulate. The Victorians appear to possess all they require, and to live simply, unostentatiously, but most hospitably, as all visitors to the capital will testify.

In conclusion, I can only add that the journey from Ontario to the Pacific, over a road as well engineered, equipped, and managed as the C. P. R., can confidently be recommended to all tourists, with the full assurance that it will not disappoint their most sanguine anticipations. The varied character alone of the scenery they will enjoy in travelling through this portion of the great Dominion cannot be surpassed in any country of the world. Beginning with the fertile districts of Ontario, they soon pass on to the iron-bound, rocky shores of Lake Superior, and leaving these behind, cross the boundless prairies of the North-west, to revel in the beauty and grandeur of the Rocky, Selkirk, Gold, Cascade,

and Coast Ranges, and they will feel with me, when they end their journey amid the rural English surroundings of Vancouver Island, that they have indeed traversed a continent between Ontario and the Pacific and alighted in another and a fairer world.

The Week:

A Canadian Journal of Politics, Society, and Literature.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT $3.00 PER ANMUM.

INDEPENDENT in Politics, THE WEEK appeals by a comprehensive Table of Contents to the different tastes that exist within the circle of a cultured home. An average of fifteen short, crisp editorials is given in each number upon

Canadian, American, and English Politics and Literature.

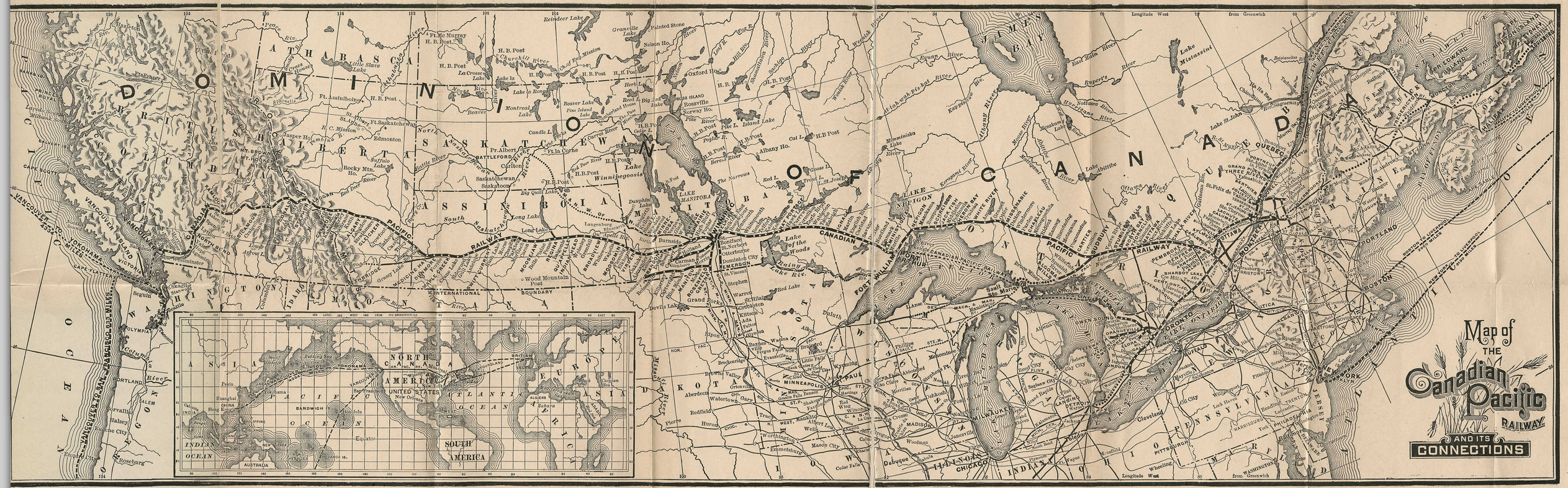
THE WEEK aims to combine the best features of the literary magazine and review with the weekly journal of politics and social topics. It is the organ of the best thought of the country : among its regular contributors are all that are prominent in Canadian literature, theology, politics, the arts and sciences ; and special correspondents in London, Paris, Washington, and other centres, furnish frequent letters to its columns.

C. BLACKETT ROBINSON,

5 JORDAN ST., TORONTO, CANADA

Sample Copies free on application.

HR
F 550413
S78


Map of THE Canadian Pacific RAILWAY AND ITS CONNECTIONS
DOMINION OF CANADA
ATHABASCA
SASKATCHEWAN
ASSINIBOIA
MANITOBA
ALBERTA
BRITISH COLUMBIA
KEEWATIN
QUEBEC
ONTARIO
NEW BRUNSWICK
NOVA SCOTIA
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND
NEWFOUNDLAND
CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY
INTERNATIONAL BOUNDARY
VANCOUVER TO YOKOHAMA 4334 MILES
VANCOUVER TO SAN FRANCISCO 1331 MILES
NEW YORK TO LIVERPOOL 3000 MILES
BOSTON TO LIVERPOOL 3100 MILES
PACIFIC OCEAN
ATLANTIC OCEAN
INDIAN OCEAN
NORTH AMERICA
SOUTH AMERICA
ASIA
EUROPE
AFRICA
AUSTRALIA
Longitude West from Greenwich