Mrs Stewart
with kind regards
D MacLaren

A Trip Across British Columbia

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A TRIP ACROSS BRITISH COLUMBIA.

I left Toronto on Friday night for North Bay, where I got the C. P. R. main line train for the West at 9 a. m. Everything possible appears to have been done by this Company for the comfort and ease of the travelling public; it was pleasant to find oneself seated in one of their luxurious sleepers.

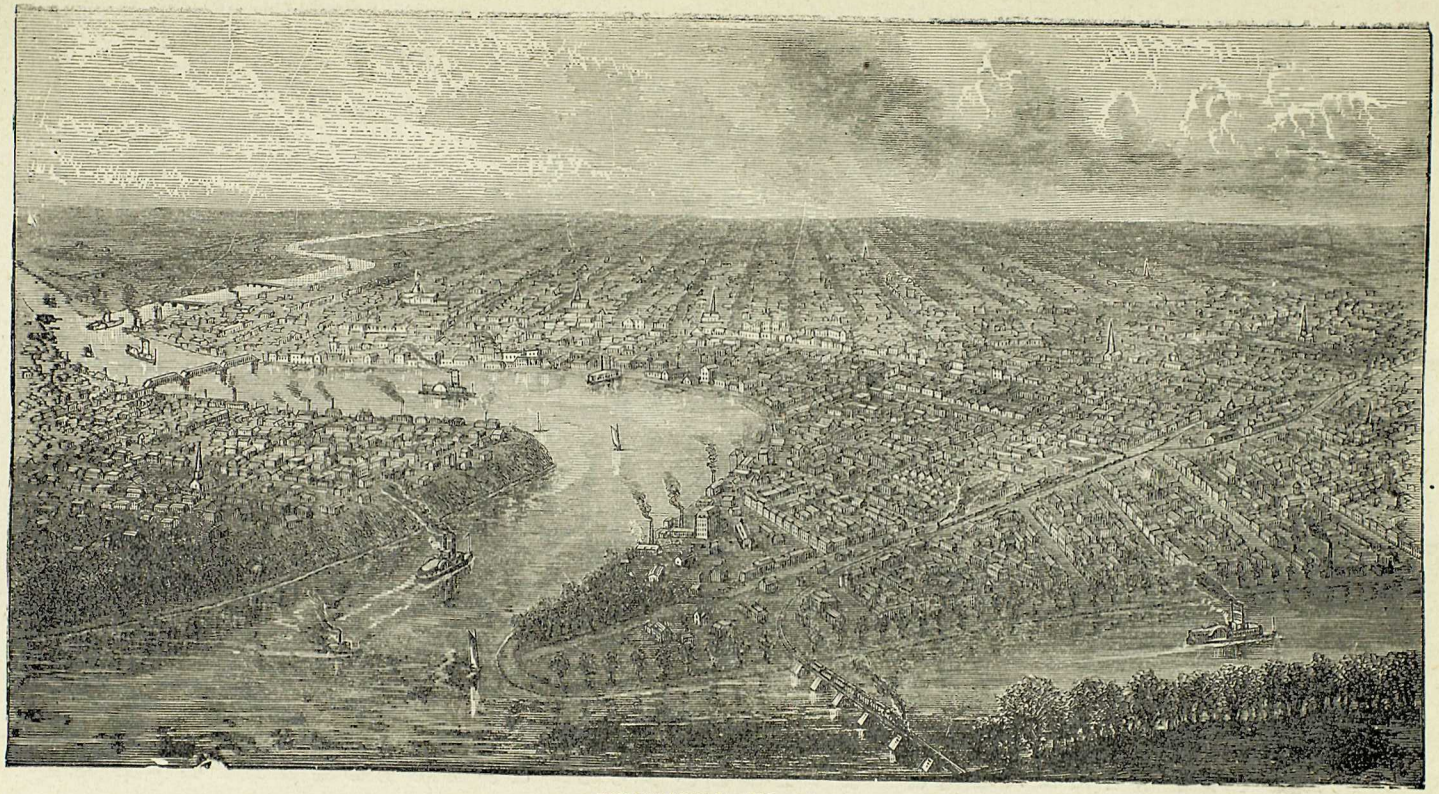
The weather, until we reached Port Arthur, was uncomfortably hot. At Port Arthur the 24 hour system comes in use on the Western and Pacific Division, and our watches were put back an hour.

Our train had a very full complement of passengers. In passing through it, I observed in one of the colonist sleeping cars an exceedingly nice looking family of children. There were nine of them—seven girls and two boys—all with such handsome features, bright complexions and flaxen hair. The mother told me that the eldest was 13 years and the youngest 18 months old. They were emigrating to the Island of Vancouver and were from Galway, in Ireland. I told her that the government of British Columbia ought to give her a handsome premium for bringing out such a fine lot of young settlers.

We arrived at Winnipeg on Sunday on time to the minute. The Countess of Shrewsbury and Lady Selkirk, who were on the train, remained at Winnipeg. I had some conversation with them. Lady Selkirk is a relation of Lord Selkirk, whose name is so well known in connection with the early settlement of the country. Here I wired Willie, asking him to get Captain Armstrong to delay our departure from Golden from Monday till Wednesday, as that would give me a day's rest at Banff.

After leaving Winnipeg and all along the line through Manitoba, the harvest fields were golden with the ripe grain which was being gathered. The quality of the wheat was very fine, but owing to the drought, which was abnormal, the yield was much less than had

WINNIPEG IN 1871.



WINNIPEG IN 1887.

been anticipated. If the rain fall on our prairies was equal to that of Ontario, our Northwest would be the most productive country under the sun, but it has compensating advantages. Notwithstanding the absence of the normal rain fall during the past season, the cattle on the prairies were in perfect condition—fat and sleek. Their pasture is the bunch grass, which is exceedingly nutritious. During a former visit to the Northwest I called to see Mr. McIntyre, who has a very fine farm of 2,000 acres near Regina. He came from Ontario, where he had been a farmer. Mrs. McIntyre told me that she could get as much milk and butter from five cows there as she could from eight in Ontario, and of a richer, sweeter quality—the grass which they feed on is so nutritious and free from weeds of any description.

Settlement modifies climate and will doubtless have its effect in time, but there are some sections so exceptionally dry that it will be necessary to sink artesian wells for the purpose of irrigation, etc. This has been found necessary in the Western States, where they suffer more from drought than we do. They also suffer from disasters unknown to us, such as tornadoes, hail storms, etc. There are belts of country in some of these States where the prevalence of hail storms is so regular that insurance companies exist in Chicago whose business it is to insure farmers against damage to their crops from this cause.

Our train sped through the prairies—the illimitable prairies—for two days. Prairies to the right of us and prairies to the left. There is no such vast area of first-class prairie land any where else. Our neighbors have some as good, but not the same extent of excellent grain lands as ours. Public men in the United States in their published speeches, when it suits them to decry Canada and the Canadians, make the statements that immigrants avoid Canada, that settlers cannot be induced to settle on our prairies, and, in this, it is much to be regretted, they are imitated by some of our own public men. It should be pointed out that Northern Dakota, which contains the largest area of rich prairie land of any of the States, had in 1870 only a population of 14,000, and for many succeeding years settlement was very slow, but since 1879, after it had made a character for itself for wheat growing, the inflow of people has been very great—a country, like an individual, has to make a character for itself before obtaining

public confidence. Our Northwest, in the few years since public attention has been drawn to it, can show quite as good record as Dakota in its early days, both as regards the average yield per acre as well as by the inflow of settlers.

Mr. Royal, the Lieut. Governor of the Northwest Territories, in his speech on the meeting of the Northwest Council, stated that although the inflow of immigration was not as large as might be desired, that those who did settle were of a superior class. This fact furnishes an incentive for others to follow, and a pretty sure guarantee that the inflow will increase from year to year.

Our train sped on, day and night, through this great prairie land. We missed seeing the beautiful Bow River valley, as we passed it by at night, arriving at Banff, much to our regret, on time, but the C. P. R. will be punctual in spite of the sluggard and the sleepy. 4.30 a. m. is a most uncomfortably early hour for arrival or departure, and as there is only one through train each day, it is, of course, equally inconvenient to passengers departing from as well as arriving at Banff. There must be some unavoidable cause for this arrangement of the running of trains, the C. P. R. being so noted for their consideration to the convenience and comfort of the travelling public.

Banff is our national park, and the Company has added to its great natural attractions one of the best appointed hotels on the continent. In approaching it up the drive from the station, every window brightly illuminated with the electric light, it is a veritable oasis in the desert, surrounded as it is by the "Rockies"—almost obscuring the sky in every direction.

I found the two boys asleep in the nicest of bedrooms overlooking the junction of the Bow and Spray Rivers, a beautiful clear stream with a pebbly bottom. After allowing them to have their sleep out (they had been out hunting and fishing during the days since their arrival, and slept the sleep of youth and innocence), we had breakfast together, and at the same table with us was a United States Senator, Mr. Thorpe, and his daughter Mrs. Ball, they heard us talking about our contemplated trip, and Mrs. Ball very kindly gave us some information about the Yellow-stone Park, which we found very useful to us afterward when we reached that wonderland.

The day was fair and bright. Col. Herchimer, Chief Commissioner of the mounted police, kindly placed one of his light waggons

at our disposal. We paid a visit to the anthracite coal mines in the neighborhood. As yet they are mainly works of developement. Adits are being driven into the side of the mountain. The coal, of which there appears to be abundance, is of a superior quality of anthracite. We saw a train of loaded cars going to San Francisco. The property is about to change owners and pass into the possession of English capitalists. On the road to the mines a band of Indians with their squaws, papooses, and horses, were camped quite close to the road. Our horses being mounted police horses, used for waggons only, could not be called high spirited, took fright, and the driver held them in with much difficulty. He told us that other than Indian horses were always frightened at the sight of the Indian, the smell, he said, was sufficient to alarm them. This we found verified, as on our return, in passing the spot where the Indians were camped our horses shied again, so much so that it was difficult to hold them. We dined at the hotel, and met a number of old friends and acquaintances. Col. Bernard, who is a great invalid, had been at the hotel for some time and told us that the place agreed with him well.

There was a large party of us leaving for the west next morning (Wednesday), and the porter whose duty it was to call passengers for the early morning trains neglected to do so, and there was a good deal of hurry-scurry to get ready. A cup of coffee was thoughtfully offered to all who had time to partake of it. We were however in time for the train, although punctually on time as usual. The morning was simply perfect, bright and clear, a sharp frost making the atmosphere still clearer. When the sun rose, tipping the peaks of the surrounding mountains, the effect was very beautiful, the conditions could not be more favorable for seeing the sublime scenery which encompassed us. The line follows the winding of a narrow valley between the mountains and around their base, so that we had mountains in front of us, mountains in the rear, to the right, and to the left, the view backward being the finest. The passengers were wild with delight. There was only one drawback to mar their pleasure, the paymaster's car happened to be attached to the rear of our train; some of the passengers were furious at loosing even a glimpse of any part of such scenery; the opportunity of seeing it under such favorable circumstances might never be presented to many of them again. It was decided to communicate

the grievance to Mr. Whyte, the superintendent of the Western division, and they were satisfied for the time. It is well known how ready that efficient and obliging officer is to remedy any complaint brought to his notice. The line skirted the Vermillion Lakes, and as the train sped by, the passing scenery was seen reflected as in a mirror. The Cascade, the Cathedral, the Castle Mountains, Mount Massive, etc., the helmet shaped Mount Lefroy, so named after that distinguished scientific soldier, Major-General Sir Henry Lefroy, R. A., who visited the North-West many years ago, when it was as yet the great lone land, for the purpose of taking meteoric observations. There were many more mountains not yet christened to our knowledge, there was one which we named the Bridal Cake from its resemblance to that much coveted confectionery, and in size would suffice to supply all the weddings of future generations.

Immediately before reaching Field the train rushes through the famed Kicking Horse Pass, the line follows the side of Mount Stephen about one thousand feet above the gorge of the Kicking Horse River. A forest of huge pines shoot up the base of mountain below the line hemmed in by Mount Stephen on the one side and the Van Horn Range on the other. It is impossible to find language to convey the terrific grandeur of this pass.

The train emerges from it at Field, the pretty Swiss chalet-like station of that name, where we had an excellent breakfast, everything so perfectly neat and fresh. Soon after leaving Field we arrive at Golden, the termination of our railway travelling. Here we leave the Canadian Pacific Railway and take Capt. Armstrong's steamer up the Columbia, as far as it will take us on our journey across the mountains towards the international boundary, near Bonner's ferry.

Capt. Armstrong met us at the station and hustled us immediately on board his steamer, which had been waiting the past two days. We found a goodly number of voyagers on board, mostly ranchmen or prospectors for mining claims, or both combined in the same individual. We found that the majority of the men on board owned ranches and several mining claims. Besides these, we had our old friend, Mr. Hammond, of Toronto, with Mr. Francis and his young son, also Mr. Gamble, the Dominion resident engineer in British Columbia.

The Columbia takes its rise in the Upper Columbia Lake, and flows northward until reaching lat. 52°, when it makes a sudden turn to the south at Big Bend, between 118° and 119° long., and eventually forsaking British territory, enters that of the United States. On its way northward it passes Golden, which is about eighty miles distant from its source, the Upper Columbia Lake, placidly flowing down between the Rockies, on the one side, and the Golden Range of the Selkirks on the other. It is at present only navigable as far as Windermere, and then only when the water is high. Capt. Armstrong's boat is the usual river stern wheel steamer. We left Golden about one o'clock, the weather was perfect. Flocks of ducks flew up before us as we steamed up the river; Willie fired into one of these flocks and brought down a few birds.

We happened to be near a landing where some of the ranchers and prospectors were getting off, the captain kindly allowed Willie and Charlie to take one of the small canoes which the steamer carried, and paddle down the river for the birds; they found one which fell into the water, but those in the bushes on the banks could not be found. Soon after we left this landing we ran across a sand bar or spawning ground made by the salmon, and being disturbed, they jumped all round the steamer in large numbers. Charlie became so excited that he fired away at them with his rifle. The supply of salmon, however, is not likely to be affected thereby. We steamed away as long as the captain could see his way, but we had to stop for most of the night, and started early next morning.

The water became more shallow as we ascended the river, and we finally had to stop at Spillamacheen, fourteen miles short of our destination, Steamboat Landing. We were therefore compelled to land here, on the Rocky mountain side of the river, and the passengers took their way in the various directions where their interests or business took them. There happened to be a team and waggon which we engaged to take us to Steamboat Landing, where Mr. Brownrigg, with whom Captain Armstrong had arranged to take us across to Bonner's ferry, was waiting for us. It was about seven o'clock when we reached the Landing, and we found Mr. Browrigg ready and willing to drive us to Mackay's, about fourteen miles further.

We were soon under way, and ascended from the cooley in which we found Mr. Brownrigg, and reached the plateau above, and

for some distance the road was not bad, much better than the one we had travelled after leaving the steamer.

We found Mr. Brownrigg an intelligent and experienced courier, and he amused us with stories about men and things in this part of the world. As we were about to cross a deep gorge, he told us how a white man had been murdered at that spot, and pointed to a pile of logs where he was buried. I told him we preferred such stories when it was not quite so dark, and in a less gloomy part of the road.

After we had crossed the gorge of the big Vermillion River, and ascended a rather perilously steep hill out of it, we heard the sound of horsemen behind us, which proved to be Capt. Armstrong and Mr. Gamble. Mr. Gamble is the Dominion resident engineer in British Columbia, and he and Capt. Armstrong were on their way to the salmon beds on the Columbia. Small appropriations have been made by the Dominion Government for the improvement of the navigation of the Columbia, and it appeared to us that more might be done with advantage to the public interests. If the prospecting for minerals prove successful, and are found in paying quality and quantity, the improvement of the navigation of the Columbia will be a necessity.

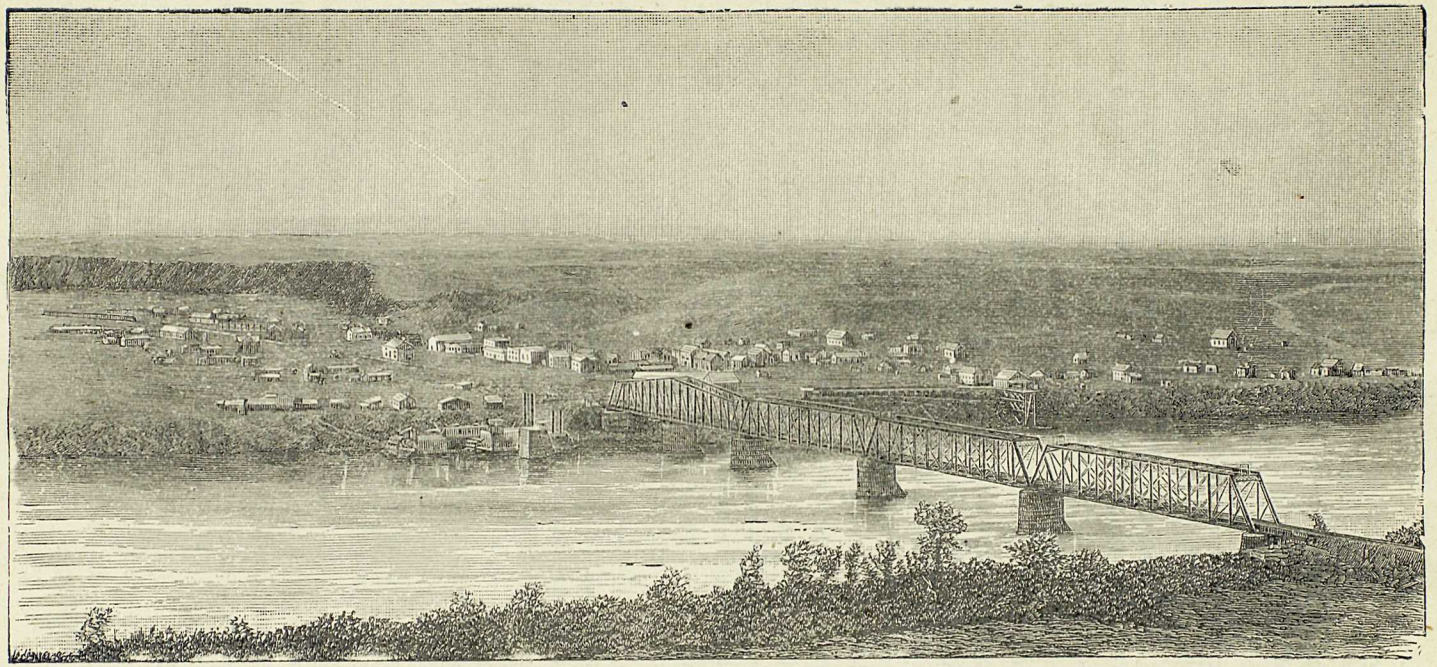
We pursued our way towards Mackay's, distant about 15 miles, when we found that the horsemen coming after us were Mr. Gamble and Captain Armstrong. We were most glad of their company. We assisted each other in finding the trail, which we frequently lost; we had to light matches and hold them near the ground in order to find it. We very nearly came to grief by driving into a hole, but fortunately escaped without much injury. We at last reached our destination, arriving about 11 o'clock, where we received a right Highland welcome. Mrs. McKay took the trouble to go to an out-house and brought in an abundance of beautiful fresh milk, bread and butter, etc., and we were treated to an excellent breakfast on the following morning. The farm is the best we have seen in this district, reminding us of Ontario, with barn, stable and other outhouses, horses, cattle, poultry, etc. Among the rest was a fine flock of wild geese, hatched on the farm, handsome, swan-like birds with drab and white feathers. Their wings had to be cut to prevent their flying away. Before we left a number of squaws from an Indian camp in the neighborhood came there for protection. An Indian, a notoriously bad character, created a disturbance in their

camp, at the present occupied by squaws only, the Indians being away on a hunting expedition. Several of the squaws were seriously wounded. That Indian will doubtless receive his reward when the other braves return. Captain Armstrong and Mr. Gamble started for the salmon beds, and we took the road which will take us eventually to the international boundary.

The drive this morning was through a most picturesque country, along the base of the Rockies. The foot hills rising in a terrace like form for several hundred feet up the side of the mountain, with evergreen trees dotted over them, giving them a park like appearance.

Here our driver pointed to what were called the Whisky Hills. During the construction of the C. P. R. a regular business in smuggling was carried on, whisky and other commodites were smuggled in from the United States through these wilds. They happened to be encountered here by the mounted police who stove in the heads of the whiskey barrels and spilt the contents, hence the name, Whiskey Hills. We reached Windermere, our destination for lunch, about one o'clock. It is not unworthy of the name. It is very prettily situated on the east bank of the lower Columbia Lake. There are here three rather pretty and well-built log houses, which had been erected by the government for the mounted police—one is dignified by the name of Government House. They don't appear ever to have been occupied. The mounted police having been withdrawn from this part of the country is evidence of peaceful and law-abiding Indians. There is a comfortable inn here also, where we had luncheon. We walked down to the banks of the Lake, which is exceedingly pretty, there were several flocks of ducks sporting themselves on its surface. Willie tried his rifle at them, but the ducks did not object, which was just as well, for if any had been killed we could not have got them for the want of a boat. Mr. Goldie, who resided in Hamilton at one time, keeps a general store here. He recognized us in passing his place. He appeared to be quite jolly, as of old, and contented with his lot. His greeting was cordial and pleasant.

The country traversed this afternoon was less interesting than that between Mackay's and Windermere. We reached Brewer's at about half-yast six, a fairly comfortable place. Mrs. Brewer is an American, and informed us in answer to our questions how she liked



MEDICINE HAT, AN EIGHT MONTHS' OLD TOWN.

the place, that she told her old man that he must take her back to her own country again; she evidently was ruler of that household. Her old man being away from home, the Indians she said had been rather impudent a day or two before our arrival, in persisting to put their horses in their stable without pay, but she showed a determined front and sent them off discomfited. Before breakfast next morning we paid a visit to the hot springs, about a mile up the side of the mountain—the Rockies. There are several, but on a diminutive scale. The water is pure and clear, the temperature from 80 to 100 degrees. We got under way about 9, the country being less interesting than that which we traversed the day before.

We passed a small "shack," (dwelling). Our driver knew the owner, an Englishman. We met him after passing his "shack" and had some talk with him. He evidently came of gentle stock, but he said he liked the life; he was quite alone, not a soul within miles of him. "We go out occasionly," he said. I asked him what he meant by "going out?" "Oh," he said, "when I save a certain amount from the sale of cattle (he had a small ranch), I go to England and remain as long as my money lasts, then I come in again." We were told that this was the case with many of the young men settled and living alone in these mountains.

We reached what had been known as Taynton's ranch, situated near the head of the Upper Columbia Lake, it is now the property of our driver—his father, mother and sister are living on it, they seemed respectable honest people, but did not quite like living out of civilized life—we were treated to the tenderest of venison steak and fresh milk, luxuries which we prized most highly. About six miles further on are the canal flats and Mr. Baillie Grohman's Canal. We arrived there about five o'clock, and as we decided not to proceed any further that day, we tried the fishing on the Kootenay, which is here a beautiful and rapid river with a shingly bottom; but we were not successful, we evidently had not the right flies, but ours was the experience of many. The streams tributary to the Kootenay have more fish in them, or perhaps it would be more correct to say that more fish are caught in them. We had an opportunity of inspecting Mr. Bailile Grohman's canal, which has not yet been brought into requisition, nor as far as we could see or learn is it ever likely to be disturbed by the rush of waters through its wooden locks.

The distance between the Kootenay, where it rushes past the

head of the canal and the upper Columbia Lake where the Columbia River takes its rise, is less than two miles. The purpose for which this canal is made appears to be to make navigation continuous by connecting the waters of these two great rivers at this place, now called Canal Flats.

The navigation of the Kootenay at present is scarcely safe, even for canoes, until it reaches within a short distance of the international boundary. The cost for making it navigable for craft suitable for canal navigation must be very considerable; then there is no visible connection with the Columbia Lake at the lower end of the canal, which would have to be done at further cost, and when all this is done the Columbia would remain unfit for navigation as far down as Windermere, or even below, in order to have uninterrupted navigation as far as Golden. And until all this is done, Mr. Grohman's canal is utterly useless and likely to remain so. We were informed that the Government of British Columbia was so ill-advised as to make a grant of most of the bottom lands along the rivers as a consideration to Mr. Grohman's company for building the canal, the cost of which we were informed was between thirty and forty thousand dollars. How much better it would have been in the public interest to have sold this land to Mr. Grohman's company for the amount which is said to have been expended on this work and have the money paid into the Provincial treasury. It is scarcely credible that the government should have been so ill-advised as to part with these lands until they were satisfied by the report of a competent engineer that the canal would be of some public utility, and it is to be hoped for the governments own credit that it has not done so.

Attention may be drawn to the remarkable fact that the two great rivers, the Kootenay and the Columbia, at their source, flow in opposite directions, the Kootenay flowing in a southerly and the Columbia in a northerly direction. A reference to the map of British Columbia will show that the Kootenay takes its rise in the Rockies, flows to the south and passes within less than two miles of the upper Columbia Lake, the head waters of the Columbia River, as above stated, but avoids a junction with it and flows on past the international boundary into United States territory, and then turns back northward again into British territory until it reaches Kootenay Lake; while the Columbia, whose head waters are the Upper

Columbia Lake, flows northward past Golden, and at Big Bend turns southward until it reaches the Arrow Lakes, whence it forsakes British territory and flows into that of the United States. These two great rivers would thus have encircled the land occupied by the Selkirks, and make an island of a large slice of British Columbia, but for the narrow strip of land about two miles in width at Canal Flats.

The hotel at Canal Flats belongs to Mr. Brownrigg, rather large for the place now, but was required during the construction of the canal. Charlie took some photographs here, not so successful as could be wished ; on opening the camera he found it in a demoralized state. It was smashed in the journey. We started about 8.30, and had one saddle horse, " Boston," besides the wagon, which we were to ride by turns until we reached Fort Steel, where we had to leave the wagon and travel the rest of the journey with pack horses. Our destination this day was Hanson's. We crossed the Kootenay, a short distance beyond the flats, over a fairly good bridge, leaving the river on our right and to the west of the trail, until we reached Fort Steel. There was a shower of rain in the morning, the first we had, but scarcely enough to lay the dust. The road was through a forest of yellow pines, tamaracks, and douglas firs, (here an inferior tree). The tamaracks were very large and symmetrical in shape, tapering up gradually to a sharp point at the top, and almost entirely free of limbs, resembling the mast of a large ship. We noticed from the fallen trees that the wood of the yellow pine and tamarack was of a brittle character, as on falling they were broken intomany pieces. We saw no white pines and but few hardwood trees.

We stopped for lunch at Sheep's Creek, having travelled about 20 miles. We arrived at Hanson's about 6 o'clock. Mr. Hanson was away, but his partner, Mr. Herman Von Hardell, was in charge. He is thoroughly the German in appearance and character, and was most civil and obliging. He had been a soldier in the Franco-German war.

Their vegetable garden was excellent, and their crops of grain, barley, wheat and oats, were fair. The streams coming down the mountain were easily diverted through trenches for irrigation, without which neither grain or vegetables can be grown. Next morning Herman Von Hardel and Willie went out with their guns, but were not very successful. We started for Fort Steel about 9 a. m., arriving there at about one o'clock, here we took pack horses for

the rest of the journey. We required six horses, two for our packs and four for ourselves, including Cameron, our man of all work. The horses were brought from the stable or field, when a selection was made. Their names were Vowel, Boston, Dynamite, Nick, Johnny and Dodge. Vowel was allotted to me, Boston to Willie, Dynamite to Cameron, Dodge to Charlie, and the other two were made the pack horses. After our traps, tents, etc., were fastened on to the pack horses—work requiring some skill and experience—we got under way about 3 o'clock. While getting our horses ready for the start we had an opportunity of seeing what there was to see at Fort Steel. There is a store of goods owned by Mr. Galbraith, formerly member of the Provincial Legislature. He has been replaced by Col. Baker. A company of the mounted police had been stationed here, but have been removed, owing to a misunderstanding between the Dominion and Provincial Governments, or because they were no longer required. The Indians are said to be as peaceable and law abiding as the whites. There are few whites here, unless it be at Wild Horse Creek, a gorge in the mountains, a short distance off, where placer-mining for gold was carried on successfully for some years, and is still carried on, but on a diminished scale, mostly by Chinamen.

The Crow's Nest Pass was pointed out in an easterly direction n the mountains close by. Should a railway be constructed through it, the line must pass near Fort Steel. The Catholic mission on the St. Mary's River, is but a short distance off. There is an Indian village of considerable size at this mission, and the Indians, Father Cocola (whom we afterwards met on our journey), informed us, are good Christians, and of a highly moral character, doubtless largely due to his own influence and teaching. We left Fort Steel about 3 o'clock, all mounted. There is a capital bridge over the Kootenay, which we crossed. Our destination that afternoon was Cranbrook, Col. Baker's ranch. The trail was fairly good, and we made a good start, arriving at our destination about half-past five.

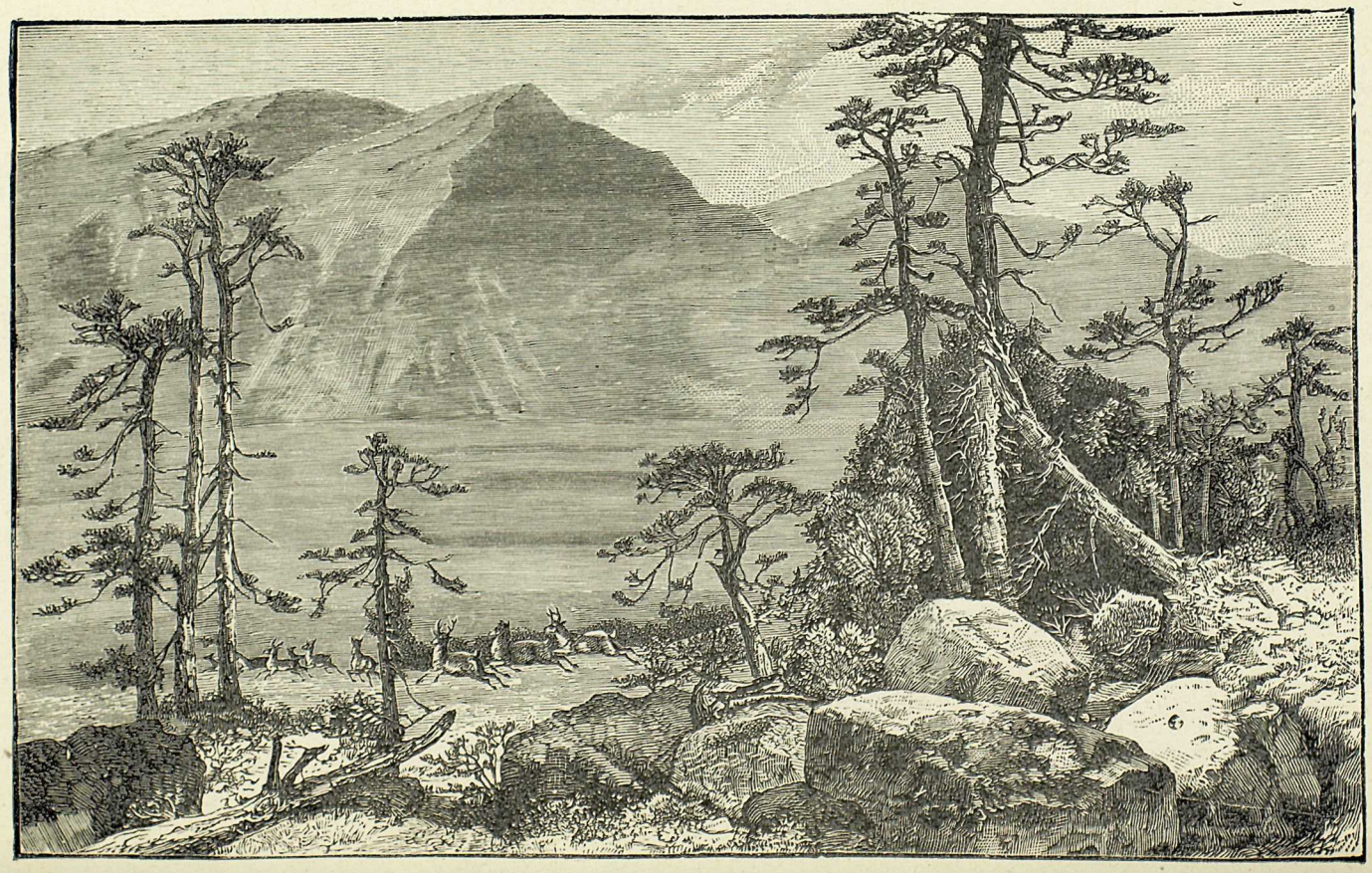
We approached Cranbrook through a park like forest of yellow pines, tamaracks, etc., so open and free from underbrush that we could easily ride through it in any direction, and as we approached the open prairie in front of the dwelling, several hundred acres in extent, the sun shining on the golden grain, which was being harvested, the place looked exceedingly well and attractive.

Col. Baker was absent in England, Capt. Armstrong gave us a letter of introduction to his manager, Mr. French, to whose kindness and courtesy we felt much indebted. We spent a very pleasant evening with him and two young English gentlemen, who were living with him on the ranch. The Colonel had an excellent store full of supplies, and we replenished our needs for the rest of the journey. The ranche is the largest in this district of country, we believe. We saw a considerable number of cattle and horses. Crops of roots and grain can be grown by means of irrigation, and they were fairly good this season, Mr. French informed us. We left next morning, much refreshed for our journey. One of the young Englishmen had recently been over the route, and gave us some useful information about the country we had to traverse. We had a rough and difficult trail before us, on the sides of steep mountains, rocky and full of fallen trees. Our weather, so far, could not be more favorable—bright and clear, but with heavy frosts after the sun went down. We were told to expect rain as soon as we reached Moyie Lake and River country. It is known, as the name Moyie implies, as the wet or rainy country.

We stopped at Peavine Johnson's, a small prairie, to rearrange "Nick's" pack. Nick is a black horse whose character is proving to have a striking resemblance to his name and color. This morning he was very perverse and would leave the trail and get under or over fallen trees, evidently for the purpose of getting rid of his load. He is a knowing and intelligent horse and quite up to a thing or two. After fixing his pack again, and eating some luncheon, we went on and soon reached Moyie Lake. This lake is in a basin between steep mountains. Our track followed the one to the east of it, and was the steepest of the two—at least it looked so to us—running sheer down to the waters of the lake. The trail was at a dizzy height, many hundred feet above, and as we trudged along, stones and boulders went bounding down. The lake is about ten miles long and we were relieved when we reached the end. Here the Moyie River takes its rise; our course will follow its valley for the next few days. We crossed it on a frail bridge where it leaves the lake. I was frightfully done up and weary when we reached a camping place a few miles ahead—where there is a small prairie. As we carry no food for our horses it is absolutely necessary to camp where food and water can be had for

them. They were as weary as ourselves. Willie was wonderfully vigorous, but Charlie, who had not been quite well for some time past, was very ill during the night. We slept in our tent for the first time here. Cameron and Willie were up early getting the horses and their packs ready, and we got under way about 8 o'clock. We had the Moyie River to our left and a range of lofty mountains to our right. These mountains looked as if some one had been blasting for minerals at their summits. An avalanche of rock broken into pieces large and small, covered their sides down to their base. The trail was covered with them, consisted, in fact, of these broken rocks and stones. Charlie called it ghastly; it answered well to the description of the sort of trail which our young English friend at Col. Baker's had led us to expect. We did not find camping ground sufficiently attractive to stop for luncheon. We only stopped for a few minutes rest on logs and stumps of trees to discuss the situation, so we went on arriving at the Junction about 6 o'clock—so named from there being here two trails, one branching off in a north-westerly direction towards the Toad mountains, the other, which we are following, in a southerly direction. Our camping ground, although it looked attractive on a turn on the Moyie River, was disappointing. The pasturage was very bare and we felt that our horses would be almost supperless. When the sun went down it began to freeze and everything was frozen stiff in the morning. We spent the most comfortless night of our journey in our tent here. We had some apprehension that the horses might stray away owing to the poor pasturage; they did not, however, travel far away from the camping grounds. The Moyie was reported to us as swarming with fish. The boys threw their lines, but without success. The whereabouts of the swarms could not be traced!

Early next morning we heard human voices on the trail close to our camp. Cameron rushed out to see who it was and hailed them, and found it was Father Cocola and two Indians, who were travelling with him as his servants. He was going to the Kootenay bottoms. Charlie and I followed them as soon as we swallowed some tea and biscuits—we could not eat any other food. We came up to Father Cocola and his Indians before we reached the Round Prairie, 20 miles from our camping grounds of the night before. The trail up to this point was equally ghastly with that of



A ROCKY MOUNTAIN VIEW.

the day before, the only difference was that these long reaches of rock and stone were now burnt forests and fallen trees. The day became hot when the sun rose, and when we reached the Round Prairie we were almost ready to drop and did drop from our horses. Father Cocola kindly ordered his Indians to take charge of our horses. I took shelter under the shade of a bush from the burning sun. Father Cocola, acting the part of the good Samaritan, made a cup of excellent coffee for me. I thought it the finest and best coffee I had ever tasted. I found the Father most interesting. He was in the mountains when the C. P. R. was building. He is an accomplished linguist, speaking Indian (various dialects), English, French, Italian and Spanish. His influence over the rough human element employed on the works, consisting of Spanish, Italian, French, American and English, did much good. He told us that he frequently overheard them in their own language plotting mischief, and that on such occasions he told them that it would be his duty to expose them ; that, unless they promised to desist and abandon their wicked designs he would expose them to the authorities, that is such authority as existed in the mountain at that time. "They respected my calling," he said, "and I could say many things to them with impunity, and I believe that I was the means of preventing outbreaks, and the C. P. R. appreciated my services in every way that they could, and I am favored with a pass on their line, which I on my part, he said, also appreciate." We were just on the point of starting when we heard the sound of the cow-bell attached to Nick's neck for the purpose of discovering his whereabouts in case he took it into his wicked head to stray away from the right path, and Willie and Cameron, much to our delight, entered the Round Prairie. We feared that some disaster had befallen them, as they were so long in putting in an appearance, and they, on their part, were also uneasy about us. They could not understand how we got so far ahead of them and feared we had taken the wrong trail. We are now 17 miles from the Kootenay bottom, and we followed the Father on our way there. The trail was not so full of stones and rocks, but it was made up for by fallen trees, the ascent and descent of precipitous hills—the foot hills of the mountains—and we arrived at Crossman's ranch, Kootenay bottom, about half past six o'clock, so tired that we could scarcely move after dismounting. Here we had the satis-

faction of knowing that there is plenty of rich pasture for our horses. We are now across the international boundary and in Idaho.

The Kootenay bottom is so called from being overflown every spring with the waters of the Kootenay, which is here a magnificent river. In the spring and early summer it becomes swollen with the melting snow and ice from the surrounding mountains, causing it to overflow its banks, these bottoms then become a lake.

The climate is so dry that the waters soon recede and the lands dry up, which then becomes a beautiful prairie, with plenty of rich grass, and the cattle belonging to the various ranchers roam at will over it. The widening of the outlet between Kootenay lake and the lower Arrow lakes would no doubt largely prevent the annual flooding of these bottom lands, but, *cui bono*, the cost must be considerable, and the question suggests itself, would it pay?

It is proposed to construct a short railway between the Arrow lakes at Sproat's Landing and Nelson on Lake Kootenay. This would serve during open navigation to divert a portion of the ores mined in the Toad Mountain district to Revelstoke, which at present are carried to Bonner's Ferry and thence to Kootenai Station on the line of Northern Pacific Railway. The construction of a railway from Revelstoke to this mining centre would be much more effectual in developing these mining industries. The distance is 70 to 80 miles. The ores could be carried all the year round to our own smelting works, and secure their passage through Canadian territory, instead of being smelted in Montana and carried through United States territory as at present.

Crossman's house is on the side of a hill overlooking the Kootenay bottom, now an extensive prairie, his and cattle belonging to other ranchers feeding on it as far as the eye could reach. We walked up to the house, but found no one there. Mrs. Crossman came soon afterwards; she had arrived from Kootenay. She is the first white woman we have seen since leaving Windermere. We were most hospitably welcomed, and after being treated to an excellent supper, Father Cocola, Willie, Charlie, and I slept in our blankets on the floor; we preferred this to putting up our tents, we were so tired. After breakfasting in the morning we bid good-bye to Mrs. Crossman, with many thanks for her kindness.

We gathered together on the "bottom," before starting, Father Cocola's Indians and his horses, Willie, Charlie and I with Cameron

AT CROSSMAN'S, KOOTENAY BOTTOM.

and our horses. Charlie prepared his camera to photograph the group, but owing to the accident, already alluded to, he had no great confidence that the result would be satisfactory. We then started on our journey to Bonner's Ferry, distant about 24 miles. The trail runs on the prairie bottom, and we were able to gallop along the plain. There are several trails and we unfortunately took the wrong one; we met a band of Indians who put us right, and we had to retrace our steps, losing 5 or 6 miles, which was rather provoking. We followed the trail on the "bottom" until we reached the Ferry; but before reaching it we found that the Kootenay River was on our right; this puzzled us, as we had not crossed it since we passed the bridge over it at Fort Steel where we were landed on its right, and how we managed now to be on its left, without again crossing it, was a mystery until we looked at the map; we then saw that it had evidently made faster time than we had done; it flowed past us on our left, reaching Bonner's Ferry and was now on its way back again to British territory. We kept on the bottom, skirting the mountain. As we were nearing Bonner's Ferry, Cameron's horse disappeared in a slough, his back only being visible, he managed however to plunge out again. After being duly warned, we ascended the side of the mountain so as to avoid a similar fate. At this place we saw the largest family of frogs we had ever seen; there must have been, without exaggeration, over a thousand in the family.

We reached Bonner's (now Fry's) Ferry about five o'clock with a feeling of thankfulness that our journey on the back of Indian ponies with Mexican saddles was over and without any mishap to ourselves or our horses, and we parted from them—including "Nick" and our man Cameron—not without regret. Horses and men after travelling and associating together, as it were, day and night for some time, become attached, and following the example of a distinguished man (Mr. Fleming, C. E.), under somewhat similar circumstances, we bid them an affectionate farewell, wishing them a paradise of pasture for the rest of their lives.

We have endured some hardships in making the journey across British Columbia, through mountain and glen, from Golden to this point, but feel that we are well rewarded in having been able to travel through so interesting and picturesque a country.

Our trail at times consisting for miles wholly of rock and stones, following the base and sides of mountains, might be termed

dangerous; then through burnt forests and fallen trees for miles, making travelling almost impossible; then the scene would change and we would pass through an avenue of magnificent trees, with a dense forest on each side; then again through an open glen, between mountain, river and lake. The foot hills ascending from the base of the mountain, in a terrace-like form, many hundred feet up their sides, with the sun shining brightly, anything more beautiful cannot be imagined. The tepees of bands of Indians were to be seen encamped on the lovely prairie, beside the banks of rivers, greatly adding to the beauties of the scene. A sunset as seen through the wilderness in these mountains and valleys, compared with the finest paintings by the best artists, is as sunlight is to moonlight, and worthy to be remembered and treasured in ones memory for ever.

The enquiry has been made of us since our return whether the region of country in British Columbia, visited by us, is a fit and desirable country for emigrants to go to. The reply is that should the seekers after gold and silver in the various districts prospected, viz., Spillamacheen, Wild Horse Creek, Toad Mountains, etc., be rewarded by finds of paying minerals, there is arable land enough in the valleys and glens along with the ranching country to furnish food for a considerable population of miners. The climate is undoubtedly a healthy one, but so dry that the arable land available for the growith of vegetables and grain requires to be irrigated. This is cheaply done by directing the mountain streams in small trenches through flats below.

The Kootenay after passing the international boundary into Montana returns through Idaho, past Bonner's Ferry, flowing northward into British territory again. It is here a navigable and majestic river, about 500 feet wide. We decided on crossing to the opposite (south) side, but there was no ferry boat to be had. Willie managed to get hold of a skiff into which we tumbled ourselves and our traps, and he and Charlie paddled across.

The accommodation looked much more inviting at a distance than we found it to be on closer inspection. The hotel is built of logs, a fair sized building, one story and a half in height. The population of the place was composed of freighters, teamsters, miners and prospectors, with a fair sprinkling of loafers indulging in drinking, tobacco chewing, spitting and profane language. There was

a smaller wooden building, labelled, on a rough plank nailed over the door, "Saloon." The population seemed to be continually passing in and coming out feeling better. It was a rough, but not illnatured community, indulging in a good deal of banter between themselves, and they seemed as airy and contented with their lot as those whose surroundings are of a more comfortable and refined character, but the life of the greater number must be short if a merry one. Intemperance, exposure in all kinds of weather and places will surely bring a day of reckoning.

We were informed by the landlord, (also the owner of the stage line to Kootenay), that the stage would start the following forenoon about eleven o'clock, but it drove up to the door about 9 a. m. Willie and Charlie, in the meantime, had started for the other side of the river for an overcoat which had been left behind, and were half way across when I hailed them to come back, and we took a seat in the stage—a fairly comfortable one. The distance to Kootenay, a station on the N. P. R., is 32 miles. The road recently made is not bad. We stopped half way for luncheon, arriving at our destination about 5.30 p. m. The buildings in Kootenay consisted mainly of saloons, where the game of poker appeared to be continually played, but in a quiet and orderly way. We saw no drunken men or rowdyism of any sort. Our landlord was a most obliging, civil fellow, his house respectable and clean, there was no bar, the saloons had a monoply of them. We met here a Prince Edward Islander of Highland descent. His appearance was anything but healthy. He had not been well for some time, but could not find out what was the matter. He told us that his wages were rather more than he could get at home, but that his expenses were greater. The chances of a return to his native land for health and the comforts of home are rather good. At the station we observed a quantity of ores from the Toad Mountain district ready to be forwarded by the Northern Pacific Railway. Our train for the East was due to arrive at 4.30 a. m. It was about two hours late, and when it arrived we were rejoiced to get on board a railroad train again.

The train was a long one and consisted of three Pullmans, the dining car, a first-class smoking and several colonist cars. We secured places in the last Pullman. It cannot be denied that these cars are comfortable, but there is something that is tawdry

and bizarre in their fittings as compared with the neatness and elegance of the C. P. R. sleepers. When breakfast was announced in the dining car we lost no time in finding our way there. The bill-of-fare was everything that could be desired and the breakfast a good one. We afterwards found the dinner equally good, but marred by the waiting which was indifferent.

This morning we passed Pend d'Oreille Lake and Clarke's Forks of the Columbia—it was like meeting an old friend. The last glimpse we had of the Columbia was at the Canal Flats. It was then proceeding northward from the Upper Columbia Lake and has travelled beyond latitude 52° and between longitudes 118° and 119°, making a sudden turn southward until it reaches Washington Territory from whence it sends a branch eastward into Idaho, and we renew our acquaintance with it here under the name of Clarke's Fork of the Columbia.

Going East the line leaves Idaho and enters Montana, which until now has only been one the of Territories. The election of a governor and other officials took place during our visit, and it is now promoted to the dignity of statehood, and has become one of the States of the Union. The elections were made, we were told, after the Australian system, and were conducted in the same quiet and orderly manner as our own in Canada. Montana, to quote from the guide books, "now leads all the States and "Territories in the production of gold and silver and copper, her "annual output exceeding thirty millions of dollars. The principal "mining camps are on the slopes of the main divide of the Rocky "mountains, near Helena and Butte, also on the flanks of Belt "mountains, the Bitter Root range, etc."

Helena is on the main line of the N. P. R., and from the glimpse which we had of it in passing it presented a fine appearance. The population is said to exceed ten thousand. There is a branch from Helena to Butte, a distance of about fifty miles. Butte, at the present time, is said to be a veritable hive of mining industry exceeding anything that has ever before been witnessed in any part of the world.

On reaching Livingston we left the train and remained there until next morning, when we left for the Yellowstone National Park. There is a branch line from Livingston to Cinnabar, whence tourists are conveyed by stage coaches to the Park.

"Park" is a misnomer as applied to the Yellowstone, which is a territory containing about 4,000 square miles. Roads have been made through a great portion of it by the United States government, and a squadron of cavalry is stationed there during the season to keep order and to prevent any violation of the rules and regulations. One of the rules is as follows:

"Hunting, capturing, injuring or killing any bird or animal within the Park is prohibited. The outfits of persons found hunting or in the possession of game, killed in the Park, will be subject to seizure and confiscation." Game and wild animals of almost every description are plentiful, and becoming more so every year in consequence of this rule.

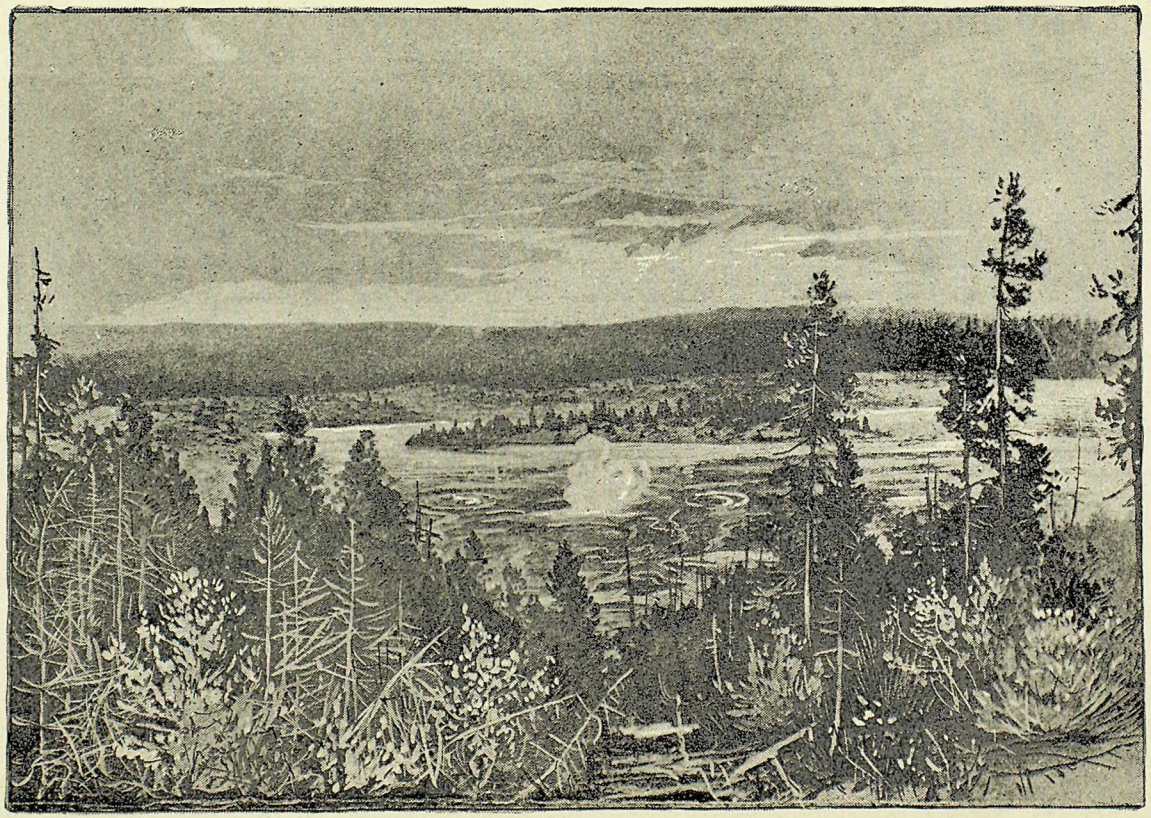
The distance between Cinnabar and the entrance to the Park at Mammoth Hot Springs is about six miles, where we arrived about two o'clock. We decided to engage a carriage and pair with a driver, rather than follow the usual custom of driving through the Park in a stage full of tourists. The grand tour of the Park, as a rule, takes four or five days. We had not so much time to spare—only three days—and we started immediately after our arrival. Our driver was very intelligent and entertaining. We reached Norris Geyser Basin about six o'clock and stopped for the night. We started early the next morning for the Grand Canon. We were determined not to miss seeing this great natural wonder, undoubtedly the finest and grandest sight in this wonderful place. It is said, and we believe it to be, the grandest canon in the world. We quote the language of an eloquent writer describing it:

"Take your stand upon that jutting rock, clinging to it well meanwhile, and being very sure of your footing—for your head will surely grow dizzy—and there opens before you one of the most stupendous scenes of nature. The Lower Falls and the awful canon of the Yellowstone. And now where shall I begin and how shall I in any way describe this tremendous sight, its overpowering grandeur, and at the same time, its inexpressible beauty? Look yonder! There are the Lower Falls of the Yellowstone. They are not the grandest in the world, but there are none more beautiful. There is not the breath and dash of Niagara, nor is there the enormous depth of leap of some of the falls of the Yosemite, but there is majesty of its own, and beauty, too. On either side

are pinnacles of sculptured rock, there, where the rock opens for the river, its water is compressed from a width of 200 feet, above the upper and lower falls, to 100 feet where it plunges. The shelf of rock over which it leaps is absolutely level. The waters seem to wait a moment on its verge, then it passes with a single bound of 300 feet into the gorge below; it is a sheer, unbroken, compact, shining mass of silver foam. But your eyes are all the time distracted from the fall itself, beautiful as it is, to its marvellous setting, to the surpassing, overmastering canon into which the river leaps and through which it flows, dwindling to but a foaming ribbon there in its appaling depths. These rocky sides are almost perpendicular, indeed, in many places, the boiling springs have gouged them out so as to leave overhanging cliffs and tables at the top. Take a stone and throw it over, you must wait long before you hear it strike. Nothing more awful have I ever seen than the yawning of that chasm. The water dashing there, as in a kind of agony, against those rocks you cannot hear; the mighty distance lays its finger of silence on its white lips. And that is not all, you are fascinated by the magnificent opulence of color—the whole gorge flames. It is as though rainbows had fallen out of the sky and hung there like banners, etc."

The above is a fine and not overdrawn pen and ink picture of the Grand Canon.

We met a German lady there clinging to the side of Look-out Point. She informed us that she was so fascinated with it that she had been paying daily visits for a week, and imagined herself in a Berlin theatre, peopling the scene with actors and spectators. We regretted much not having more time at our command to see more of it. We returned to the Norris' Geyser Basin, arriving there about five o'clock, and had plenty of time to see this valley boiling over in every direction with Geysers, hot and sulphurous springs, and steam issuing from the ground with a loud hissing noise as from an ocean steamer. No scene could be more suggestive of Dante's Inferno. On our return to the hotel we found the squadron of United States Cavalry (which had been in charge of the Park) encamped, making ready for their departure. The season is now over, and their watchful care is no longer required. We met the officer in command at the hotel. He was curious to know what the Canadians thought about annexation. We told him that we thought they



NORRIS' GEYSER BASIN.

were quite content to leave "well" alone, that we had perfect freedom, with security; that our laws, which were enacted by the will of the people, were administered with justice and purity by our courts. That our judges, appointed for life by the Crown, and not elected, were men of ability and high character, that Canada possessed great possibilities, and that we had faith in our ability to develop them. He, like most Americans, believe that they have a grievance against Canada in harboring their "boodlers." I pointed out to him that if we harbored their rascals, they, in like manner, harbored ours; that if the present state of our international laws was defective, the sin lay at their door not ours; that we have been all along ready to make a treaty, and as a matter of fact a treaty had been negotiated by one of their ministers accredited to the British government in London, but their Senate refused to ratify it. He seemed to be quite unaware of this fact. His squadron got the start of us next morning, and were under way before we were. The roads were very dusty, and when we caught up to them we got the benefit of their dust, which arose in clouds. He very courteously commanded them to fall out to enable us to pass them, for which we were most grateful. The road passed close to the side of Beaver Lake, so-called from having been formed by the beavers. Flocks of wild geese and ducks were sailing gracefully over its waters. They were not in the least alarmed at our presence, though so near them, a proof that the rules and regulations already alluded to are properly observed. Not a shot is ever allowed to be fired at them. Further on we were shewn a beaver dam, constructed within a short time by these sagacious animals; it was most skillfully and well constructed, answering its purpose perfectly. There also close by is a spring of beautifully clear, cold water, issuing from the side of a mountain. We drank the water, which tastes very much like Appollinaris, and is known as the Appollinaris Springs. Charlie handed a cupful of the water to our driver, saying, "there is enough to last you for the rest of the season;" to which the ready reply was, "You blasted Englishman, you give yourself away every time you speak." Charlie had been in England at school for some years, and had just returned.

We reached Mammoth Hot Springs about noon, and as the stage for Cinnabar did not leave for two or three hours later, we had time to make a pretty thorough survey of these interesting works, which may well be so termed, as terraces in various forms and

sizes are continuously being created by these hot springs. The water of these boiling springs is alkaline aud holds silica in solution, and tne silica is deposited about the spring, thus a mound and tube are gradually built, increasing in size as the process continues. We here made the acquaintance of Dr. Perkins. He had been in the Park for a much longer period than we have been, and kindly pointed out many interesting spots which otherwise we should have missed. We afterwards travelled together as far as Minneapolis.

We have been but a part of three days in this wonderful park. It would take at least a whole week to have even a cursory look at all the notable places of interest within its limits. It is a large territory, containing within its boundaries great forests, rivers, lakes and mountains. There are thirty points whose altitudes range from six to ten thousand feet above sea level. We can therefore but feel that we have only had a glimpse of a small part of it.

We left by stage coach, arriving at Cinnabar about four o'clock, and at Livingstone again a little after six, and went to the "Albermarle" for dinner. The through train from the Pacific Coast passes Livingstone in the middle of the night, and a Pulman car is placed on a siding for the convenience of tourists visiting the Park. It is hitched on to the express as it passes through.

After dinner we walked about to see the lions of Livingstone, but not with the expectation of seeing a real live lion. We went into an attractive looking fur store to look at some fine horns, buffalo heads, bear robes, etc., which we saw through the windows. After being there a short time, the owner of the place brought out from a room in the rear a mountain lion—a good sized one—at the same time calling out for his dog "Bruce." The lion was made to lay on the floor, and Bruce along side of him. Pieces of raw beef were placed first on the lion's head, which Bruce was ordered to eat, the lion submitting with an angry growl. This was repeated several times; then the operation was reversed, the beef placed on Bruce's head and the lion ordered to partake thereof. Bruce did not seem to like the job and was evidently well pleased when the performance was over. The lion after being made to go through some more performances was taken back to his own quarters again, much to Bruce's relief, as well as most of the spectators, of whom there were a good many before the exhibition was over. The exhibitor and owner of the place was a young man with a remarkably keen

pair of eyes in his head. We had faith in the power and influence of those flashing eyes over the ferocious brute, and had not any apprehension of danger. He was evidently brave and plucky, and had our purses been more abundantly lined we should have relieved him of some of his beautiful furs.

We went to bed in the Pulman about ten. Willie had previously tipped the colored porter, who immediately went for a "square meal." He said that his car came west about empty and that tips and square meals were in sympathy with each other. The following day we passed through the country called "The Bad Lands," and it is dreary and barren looking enough to be so called. We did not see what could be called good agricultural land until the valley of the Missouri was reached, after which the country all the way to St. Paul and Minneapolis may be compared with our own Northwest prairie country. We rejoiced on reaching the Ryan House in St. Paul, one of those palace hotels to be found in all the large cities in the Western States. Luxurious appartments were assigned to us, and we had the first satisfactory night's rest for weeks past.

St. Paul and Minneapolis are said each to contain over two hundred thousand inhabitants, and so close together that one may be said to be a suburb of the other, and with the present rate of progress the two will soon become one great city, rivalling Chicago. St. Paul, in point of location, surpasses Minneapolis. It is built on high ground, with the Missisippi river flowing at its feet. The high ground on which the palatial residences of the millionairs are built commands a fine view of the river and surrounding country. Mr. Hill, whose familiar name is Jim Hill (every notable man in this country has a familiar name), the president of the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railway, is building a mansion which promises to surpass all the others in grandeur.

We went to Minneapolis to see the far famed roller flour mills, and were permitted to go through the Pillsbury mill "A." A printed card was handed to us containing the following facts :

Fact 1.—That it is the eighth wonder of the world.

Fact 2.—That it grinds 9,000,000 bushels of wheat yearly.

Fact 3.—That it has a capacity of 700,000 barrels daily.

Fact 4.—It makes more flour than any other two mills on the globe.

Fact 5.—The mills of C. A. Pillsbury & Co. could feed two cities as large as New York.

Fact 6.—The daily capacity of the three mills owned by C. A. Pillsbury is 10,500 barrels.

Fact 7.—200 cars are required every day to take the wheat into and flour and offal out of the three great mills of C. A. Pillsbury & Co.

These mills, it is reported, have become the property of English capitalists.

We left St. Paul by the new Soo line for the East and found it everything that could be desired in the way of ease and comfort, as well as civility and attention from the employees. This new route is, we believe, becoming a favorite one for passengers travelling to and from Eastern points and this region of the West. It is much more convenient than the old one via Chicago.

On our arrival at the Sault Ste Marie canal we separated. Willie continued the journey by rail to Montreal. Charlie and I were fortunate enough to catch one of the C. P. R. Lake Superior steamers here, and we went on board the Alberta for Owen Sound. The weather was fine and the sail to Owen Sound was most enjoyable. These steamers have all the conveniences and comforts of the best equipped ocean steamers.

On arrival at Owen Sound we found the train waiting for us. It consisted of drawing room and first-class cars. The morning was lovely, and most of the country all the way to Toronto is picturesque and highly cultivated; the pace was not less than forty miles an hour, and the morning's ride to Toronto was most pleasant.

Our trip has necessarily been a hurried one, but we have travelled over a considerable extent of country, both Canadian and American, and may offer a few observations as to the impressions made upon us. The portion of United States territory traversed by us does not possess any advantages over Canada in point of fertility of soil or cilmatic conditions. The only land which will compare in point of fertility of soil with our own Canadian prairies is in Dakota, and we were informed that there is a belt of country in that State subject to extremes of cold, hail storms and tornadoes, besides seasons of drought. The past season has been a very dry one.

The arable land in Montana is limited and requires irrigation, as in the country we passed through in British Columbia. The mines of this State are very productive and exceedingly rich in

copper and silver. These mining industries have reached a stage of development with which Canada has nothing as yet to compare; but it must be borne in mind that there it is comparatively an old industry, while in Canada it may be said to have only commenced, and mining for the precious metals is now being vigorously pushed, notably in British Columbia and the Port Arthur district.

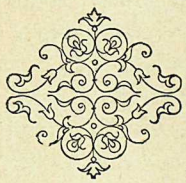
The population of the United States is now said to be over sixty millions, while the population of Canada is under six millions, but a good many believe that our civilization is higher, that the administration of the laws is better. Our population appears to be more law abiding; they are less apt to take the law into their own hands on slight provocation. This may be due to the fact that justice is pretty certain to overtake the transgressor.

The question was frequently asked of us, "When is Canada going to join the Union?" Canada is contented and prosperous, and prefers to leave well alone. An American statesmen, a distinguished man, stated recently that annexation must of necessity be a Canadian question; that they didn't propose to have vassal states or subject citizens; that they must wait for the pear to ripen. We are inclined to believe that it will be retained for home consumption. He further said that he could not see how the notion of what is called Commercial Union is ever to be made practicable; how one tariff under different commercial systems, or fiscal systems or tariffs, can be conducted by two peoples like the peoples of the United States and Canada; that he didn't think it possible that the people of Canada can maintain a practical relation with Great Britain and at the same time have absolute freedom of commercial incercourse with them, admitting their manufactures without a tax, and establish against a country of which they are a part a protective, still less an excluding tariff. This is a clear and logical statement of the case.

It is argued by some that Commercial Union is feasable because British goods are now subject to a protective duty. The point must surely be overlooked that it is not so much a question of the rate of duty, as the admission of the goods of another country free of any duty, which would practically and wholly exclude British goods. That it is desirable to extend the present volume of business with them (which a reference to the trade and navigation returns will shew to be very large), provided it can be done on fair, reciprocal terms, no one can deny; but why Canada should be con-

demned by Free Traders and Commerclal Unionists for having a protective duty of 25 to 30 per cent, and the United States lauded with a protectve tariff of 50 to 60 per cent, and advocate that Canada should be brought under the same regime, it is difficult to understand. It looks somewhat illogical and utopian.

Our attachment to and faith in Canada and Canadian institutions are not diminished by our trip.



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EASTERN BOUNDARY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA
BOAT ENCAMPMENT
BIG BEND
COLUMBIA R.
GOLD R.
KINBASKET L.
DEATH RAPIDS
LA PORTE
DOWNIE CREEK
BEAVER
MILL CK.
DONALD
C.P.R.
MOBERLY
GOLDEN
GLACIER
ILLECILLEWAET
ALBERT CANON
LITTLE DALLES
FARWELL
REVELSTONE
CANWILLIAM
3 VALLEY L.
SUGAR L.
TROUT L.
UPPER ARROW LAKE
UPPER KOOTENAY LAKE
LOWER COLUMBIA LAKE
UPPER COLUMBIA LAKE
ROYAL PLATEAU
BOOMERANG
WESTERN
EAST
KOOTENAY DISTRICT
DIVISION
DIVISION
SLOCAN L.
HOT SPRING CAMP
HENDRYX MINES
LOWER ARROW LAKE
KOOTENAY LAKE
NELSON
TOAD MOUNTAIN CAMP
PROPOSED RAILROAD
SPROATS LANDING
KOOTENAY RAPID
FORT STEELE
CRANBROOK
JOSEPH PRAIRIE
MOYIE L.
MOYIE RIVER
ST. MARY'S RIVER
KOOTENAY RIVER
INTERNATIONAL BOUNDARY
TOBACCO PLAINS
KOOTENAY TRADING POST
FORT SHEPHERD
LITTLE DALLES
MARCUS
OLD COLVILLE
COLVILLE
CHEWELA
KANIKSU LAKE
SAND POINT
PEND OREILLE
KOOTENAY
LAKE
TOBACCO PLAINS
MOUNTAIN
GONTON