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« « ALASKA BOUND » »

By NORMAN REILLY RAINE*

HERE it is once again—that uplifting excitement of going by water to strange places, of seeing and experiencing new things. Taxicabs and private cars converge on Vancouver's picturesque waterfront, and decant passengers and luggage on the long bright pier, quick with the activities of sailing night.

Above the shed arise masts, and three great funnels from which white steam plumes softly toward the summer stars. The gangway, wedding commonplace to romance, leads into the vessel's bright interior where uniformed stewards wait, alert to serve. There is laughter, and a confusing clatter of tongues among the crowd on the wharf; there are colored streamers of paper, hundreds of them, blowing in the night wind, and making an undulating carpet of tenuous communion between ship and shore. There is music, and farewells, broken by the deep-throated blare of the liner's whistle.

An almost imperceptible trembling of the deck; a tightening and straightening of the bellying paper ribbons. Black water widens between the wharf and the ship's tall side, and the parted streamers ride gaily on the breeze. Lines of blazing ports dance on the tide. The sea of upturned faces under the arc lights of the wharf merge into a featureless white blur, launching faint cries of goodbye.

The scythe-like sweep of the liner into the channel straightens. Her flaring bows swing seaward, and the water churns under her cruiser stern. The lights of the city become pin-pricks in the darkness, strung out along the shore, as exquisite as the far-famed "Queen's Necklace" of Bombay. A wave of cool air passes over

*NORMAN REILLY RAINE needs no introduction to the lover of short stories of the sea. He is recognized as the author who found "Romance in Steam" while others were still writing of the Clipper-ship days. Raine is at home in the ports of the world—Europe, the South Seas—and now Canada's own Pacific Coast.

The T.S.S. "PRINCE HENRY"

Vancouver, a city of entrancing interest and Canada's principal Pacific Coast seaport.

the vessel as she rushes to meet the salty wind blowing in from the Strait of Georgia. Point Atkinson light winks benevolently on the starboard bow, and watch officers on the bridge, in their thick pilot-cloth jackets, pace up and down in an all-night vigil, while passengers sleep in sound security below. Alaska bound!

Morning breaks fresh and clear, with the mountain forests of Vancouver Island to port, and, off to starboard, the snow-capped peaks of the Cascade Range glittering like gems against the sky. Porpoises skip and dive in the blue sea, and from the galley flues savory odors of breakfast whet the appetites of passengers, taking their early morning constitutional on the boat deck.

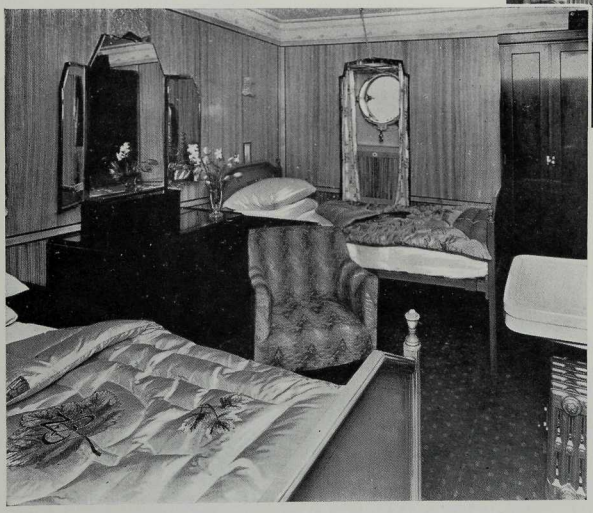
Alert Bay is passed, with its rows of totem poles in front of raffish looking Indian huts. Later in the morning there develops, along with an outbreak of deck tennis, shuffleboard, putting, quoits and steeplechasing, a curiosity as to when and how our vessel will cross the one large stretch of open water—Queen Charlotte Sound—in the thousand miles of iridescent smoothness that constitute the Inside Passage. But most are too busy with deck sports to notice, when Pultney light and the blunt northern snout of Vancouver Island fade on the port quarter, and the ship assumes a scarcely detected accession of movement. On the right the high coast of the mainland dips its feet in the smooth sea. On the left is a boundless expanse of ultramarine, flashing in the sun without one white crest to break its flawless surface. Seagulls pipe their high, wild cries, and dip astern for scraps of galley refuse. A tiny motor fishing boat chugs past, in her wake two thin furrows of blue-jade glass. This lustrous sapphire floor to the horizon the open water of Queen Charlotte Sound? But it is.

Once again the land closes in, and with it come clouds, rolling in magnificent grey and purple masses from the mountains. The wooded shores take on a deeper tone. The snowy mantle of the peaks dissolves. Islands are passed, their black sentinels of pines

The Parlor Lounge

Interior views of the
T.S.S. "PRINCE HENRY"

Three Passenger Outside Cabin



De Luxe Bedroom

mirrored on the shining sea. A spit of rain drives passengers from the decks to the warm comfort of the glass-enclosed forward observation salon, where they sit in cretonned wicker chairs and watch the unfolding of a panorama as gigantic and impressive as a battleground of the gods. Ahead, where Fisher Channel narrows and twists between towering wooded crags, is a witch's caldron of boiling vapor and rose-tinted mist, colossal in its grandeur, and laced by cataracts that thunder out of the clouds. Mighty mountains plunge sheer into the sea, their wooded skins scarred and riven with the paths of ancient avalanches, their frosty heads lost in swirling mist.

The hoarse roar of the ship's siren awakes a thousand primeval echoes in precipitous ravines, peopled only by dim, aboriginal ghosts. Again the siren booms. The ship swings sharp in her course, around the shoulder of a mountain articulate with waterfalls, and steams smoothly into a tranquil bay. At the head is a little wilderness town; neat, painted cottages sprinkled on a fresh green hillside, flanked by a great paper mill. The foreshore and wharf are black with people who greet our arrival with cheers. Ocean Falls.

A belated sunset dyes the mountain tops and struggles to lay a path of gold and crimson on the silken surface of the inlet as we turn seaward once more. Glancing at a chart of our course, we become freshly aware of the romance of names: Lama Passage; Bella Bella, an old Indian village showing a few scattered diamond lights to port, with its precocious and commercially minded infant, New Bella Bella, on the opposite shore, the lights of its canneries twinkling in the fast-gathering dark; Seaforth Channel, reminiscent of Scottish adventurers; Millbank Sound, with the tang and faint heave of the outer ocean. Princess Royal Island arises then, like a dark leviathan on the port side, and Finlayson Channel opens

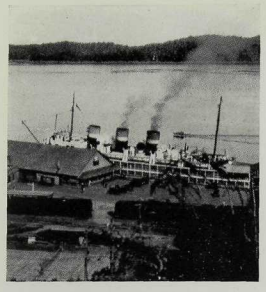
Observation Lounge of the T.S.S. "PRINCE HENRY"

There's more than scenery to the Alaska journey!

up—but it is time to exchange the exhilarating, wind-blown darkness of the deck for the lights, and music, and flower-decked napery of the dining saloon.

The mouth of the famous Skeena River, dotted with fishing boats, compels careful navigation in the morning. Soon it is astern, and the seamen on our forward deck move in the sunlight, preparing for arrival in Prince Rupert's lovely harbor. There are a few partings here—those bound east by rail—and the arrival, from Jasper Park Lodge of those experienced travellers who wish appropriately to round out their wanderings by an Alaskan cruise. Generous time is allowed for excursions ashore, and our passengers throng the streets of the city. There is something quick, compelling, energising about these progressive northwestern cities. Their people are planners and builders, and to talk with them is to realize that the most virile life on the continent is consolidating its western rim.

Sailing time—but there is a delay. A crowd is on the wharf, excited and expectant; and this emotion communicates itself to the passengers who line the rails. A swift procession of motor cars speeds down the long ramp from the city, with raucous hooting. There are cries from the crowd, craning necks, and a massed forward movement toward the gangway. Bouquets, ribbons, a flash of white, a Dresden-china face with laughing dark eyes, struggling embarrassedly through the crowd. Suddenly the air is filled with rice and multi-colored paper snow that make a kaleidoscopic pattern on spectators and gangway. "Here Comes the Bride . . ."

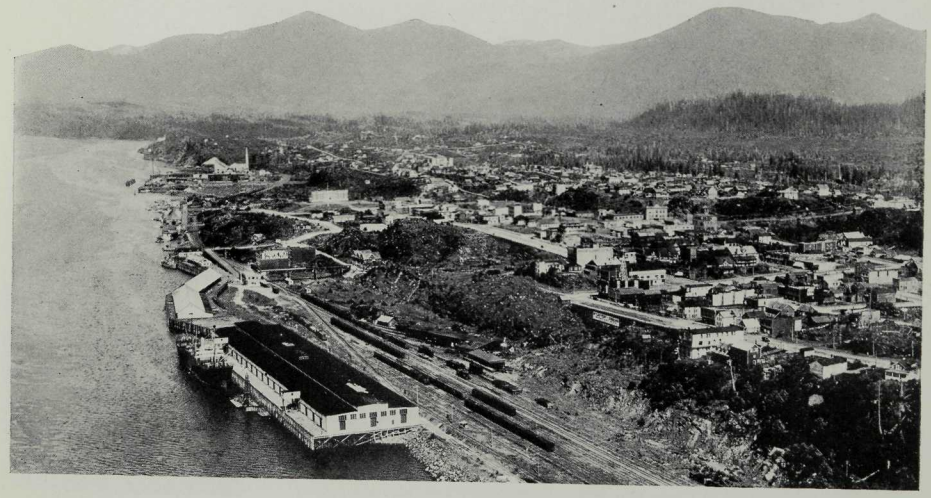


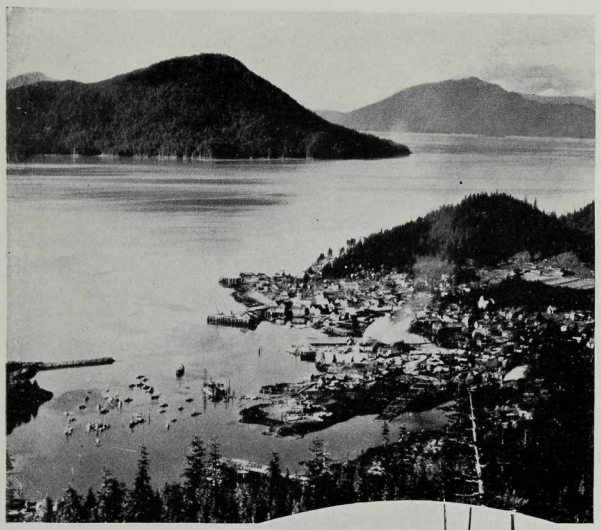
Then the rest of the secret is out; ours is a honeymoon ship, carrying four brides. Grooms, too, of course, but nobody thinks of them. And what is mere scenery now, no matter how glorious, to our women passengers, with four brides to observe? Prince Rupert fades unheeded in the amethyst mist astern, and, after long twilight, night sweeps down from a sky that is clear and cold and powdered with stars.

More noticeable now are the lengthening of the hours of daylight, for we are approaching the Land of the Midnight Sun. At nine o'clock in the evening the sun is still well above the horizon —a glowing sphere whose fan-like rays paint the mountain sides with beauty, and make of the western sky a glory such as most of us have never seen. Here, then, is the beginning of the true north; the land of Indians, and huskies, and sourdoughs, and Sam McGee; of huge smelters, fabulous gold mines, canneries, fur trading posts, untracked mountain ranges, foaming torrents, bridal lace waterfalls, tremendous glaciers, and lost lakes teeming with fish that never have heard the song of the spinning reel! Here is the real outpost of the north, where, even in populated centres, you feel the raw hardness of frontier life. Ketchikan, our first Alaskan port of call, for instance.

The streets are queer, exotic cross-sections of the primitive and the modern. Girls, in smart modern dress, make way for papoose-laden Indian squaws, with their impassive faces and black, beady eyes. Hulking giants of lumbermen and trappers, white men and breeds, lean against grotesquely carven totem poles while acquaintances tinker expertly with the innards of expensive automobiles. There is everything that a sophisticated civilization could

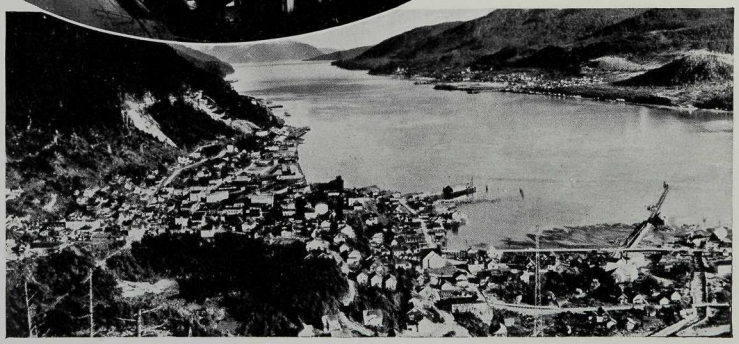
Prince Rupert, a flourishing city and last Canadian port of call en route to Alaska.





Wrangell

Ketchikan



Juneau, Capital of Alaska

Portion of the Taku Glacier, a mile wide palisade of gleaming ice.

contrive, from radios and pastel-tinted plumbing fixtures, to ice cream parlors and electric lights, in a setting that was uninhabited wilderness in the memory of living man. And behind the town, dwarfing the achievements of puny humans, the mighty forests soar to mountain pinnacles, silent, brooding, majestic as time, in eternal silhouette against the northern lights.

A thousand mountain echoes respond to the powerful roar of the ship's siren as our vessel leaves Ketchikan and makes a northwesterly course between Gravina and Revilla Gigedo islands. The next day's sun shines upon a world of dazzling beauty, with the fresh, bracing wind blowing down from tier after tier of snow-capped peaks. Each serrated range, clothed in impenetrable forests, and gemmed with cold, sparkling blue-green glaciers, is sharp set like a succession of mighty stage drops. They range in color from deep, leafy green in the foreground, through emerald, and purple, and smoky blue, to a long, sawtooth watershed of delicate orchid, frost-tipped, against the pellucid blue of the farther sky.

Scattered along the foreshore are salmon canneries, and queerly colorful Siwash villages, and solitary clearings where settlers hack a living out of the wilderness. Fish jump in silver flashes from the channel's clear waters. Occasional small islands fall astern, with eerie Indian burial grounds concealed in the somber shadows of the pines. Dugout canoes with long carven prows paddle lazily out of our path and dance in the wash astern, the copper-hued Mongolian features of their crews turn impassively upward as the liner surges past. We are threading a maze of islands now; a triple wall of mountain buttresses against the battering of Pacific

Range after range of snow-capped peaks, with here and there a glacier.

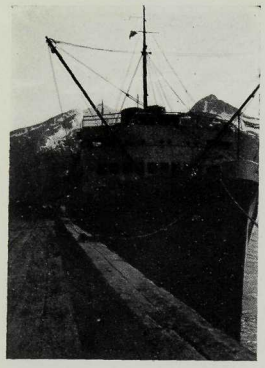
gales; and despite the stiff wind that is blowing up, our inland waters are only faintly riffled.

Wrangell Narrows is open, a narrow, tree-crowded cleft through which the tide rushes in a smooth, powerful flood. The islands abeam of us—Mitkof and Kupreanof—are rich in association of Holy Russia when all of this land was part of the Czar's domain not many years ago. Settlers' homes and the clearings of fur farmers are dotted along the shores of the Narrows—narrows, indeed, for the channel was barely wide enough for two vessels to pass.

The Narrows open out, with the prosperous fishing town of Petersburg to starboard, and, ahead, icebergs glittering and bobbing in Frederick Sound. A long swing to port, beneath monstrous frowning cliffs that rise to eagles' eyries in the clouds; and toward dinner time, under a sky that is a dreamlike fantasia of tawny yellow, and flaming magenta, and tiny clouds edged dazzlingly with fleece of gold, we enter Taku Inlet and behold the wonder glacier of Taku.

One and one-half miles long, two hundred feet high, and originating fifteen miles back in a boundless ice field that is the mother of a hundred glaciers, the mighty rampart of ice soars like a colossal jewel out of the sea. The declining sun splits lances of rainbow light from its coruscating surface, and surf boils in snowy thunder at its feet. As we watch, there is a stupendous roar, and a thousand tons of violet ice shiver off the glacier face and splash into the sea, to reappear in a maelstrom of receding waves and join its cruising brethren in the deep waters of the sound. Straight along the barrier we steam, but at a safe distance, while the titanic grinding and crackling of an ice mountain in labor presages another iceberg's birth. Where, on earth's surface, is a parallel sight of such sublime, majestic beauty as the end of day at Taku Glacier?

Juneau, the capital of Alaska, is our next port, through the lovely Gastineau Channel. Near the city, and high up on the steep

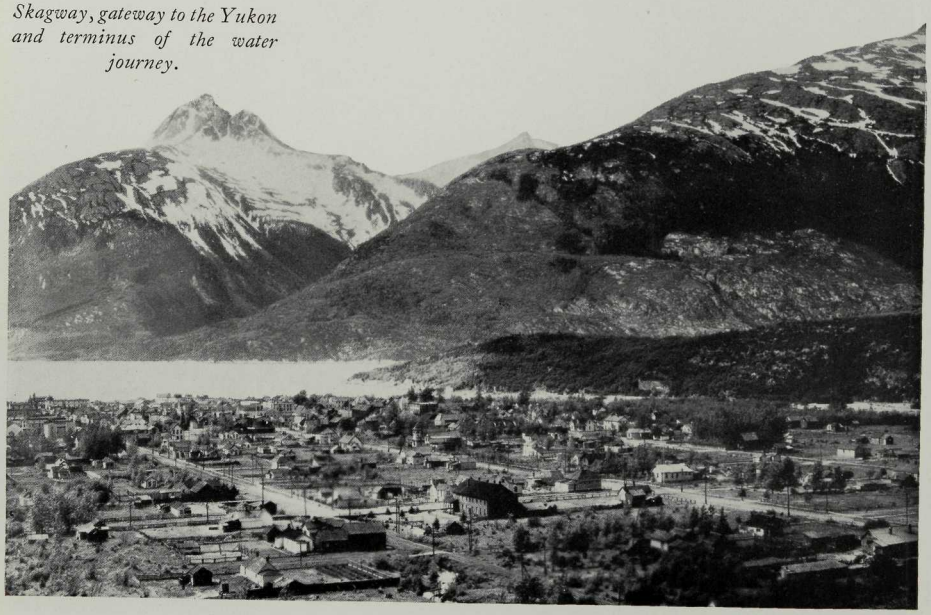


mountain side, is one of the largest gold producing mines in the world, and the rattle and clash of loaded ore cars, and the metallic clang of modern machinery echo strangely in the silence of the northern wilds.

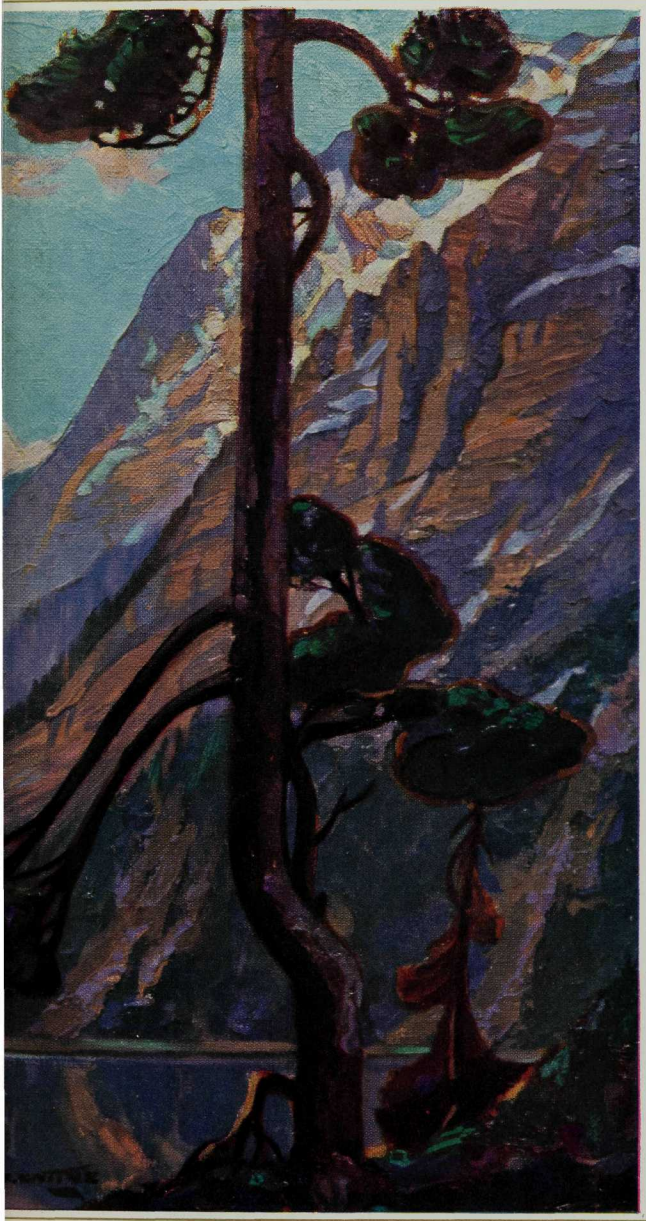
We go ashore for a fourteen mile motor trip, across famous Gold Creek, and along a spur of the Glacier Highway to Mendenhall Glacier. Despite that it is long past nine o'clock at night there is sufficient light for photographs; and as we come to the end of the motor road and clamber over an uncertain trail, that crosses banks of rocky shale, and foaming torrents, the glacier rises plain before us against the background of the mountains, ghostly green and lavender fires in its depths. It is possible to climb out and over the glacier, and we do so, peering into dizzy abysses, jumping still, glassy pools that are deeper than they look, scaling ice hummocks, and finding new beauties and new colors at every turn. A threatening cloud, its dark edges rimmed with saffron, drives us shipward again. But we halt on our way, for a final glimpse of the glacier's austere majesty, set in a ring of snow-capped peaks, and mirrored perfectly on the flawless jade of Auk Lake. Night falls, as we return to Juneau; but for long after midnight a broad band of vivid yellow marks where the sun has gone.

Skagway is set at the end of an arm of blue salt water where a brawling river, fed by the snow of the surrounding six-thousand-foot pinnacles, leaves a precipitous valley and tumbles into the sea. The day of our arrival is flooded with glorious sunshine; and in

Skagway, gateway to the Yukon and terminus of the water journey.



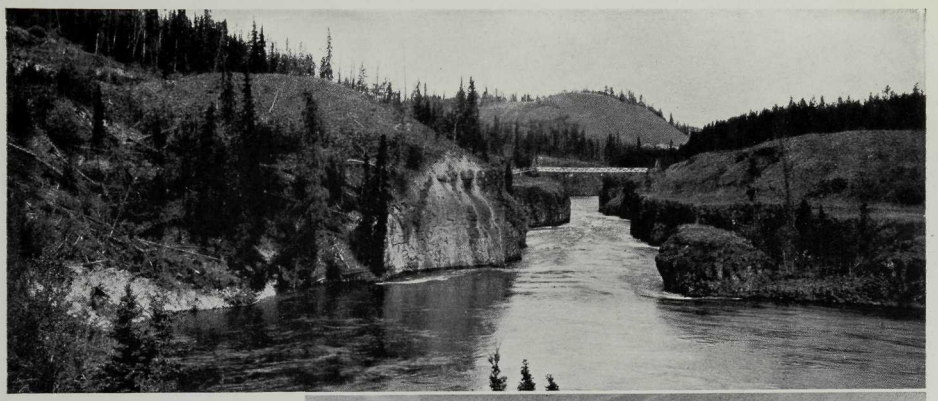
ALASKA and the YUKON



GOLD, that stampeded the world to Alaska and the Yukon, is forever associated in the mind's eye with each glistening peak. To-day, a new lure draws thousands to Alaska. It is the lure of sheer beauty and the wonders of the three emerald months that settle like a benediction on this great white land. As for gold, there is more sheer gold in one Alaskan sunset than ever came from all her rockbound mines.

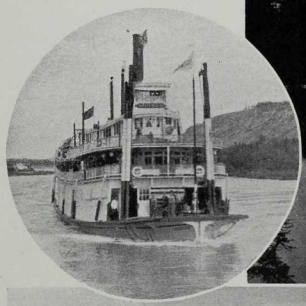
The Lynn Canal

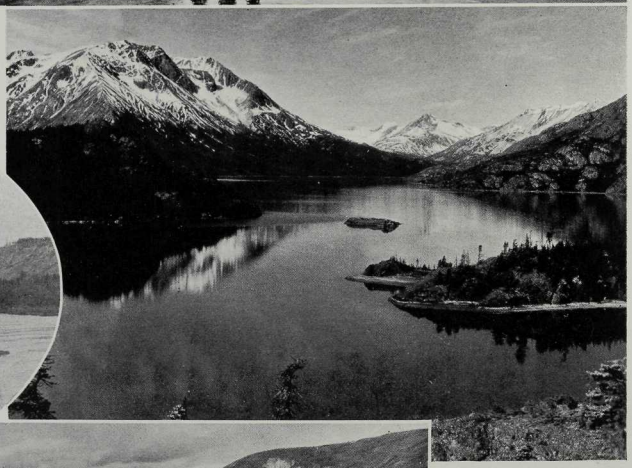
ALASKA and the YUKON



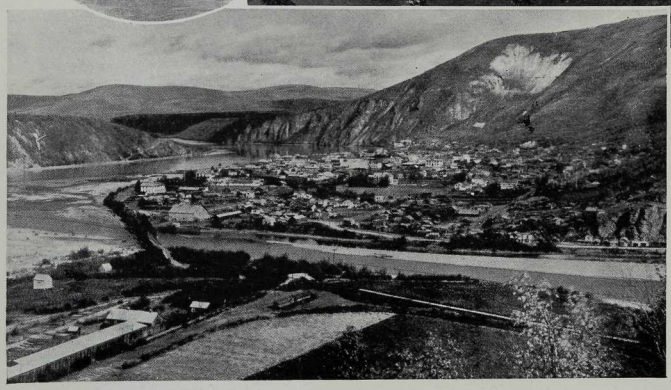
Historic Miles Canyon

Str. "Whitehorse"

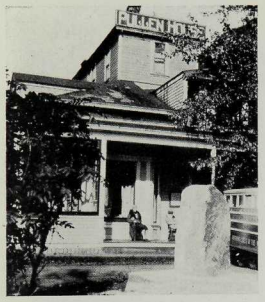




West Bay of Lake Atlin



Dawson, Yukon Territory

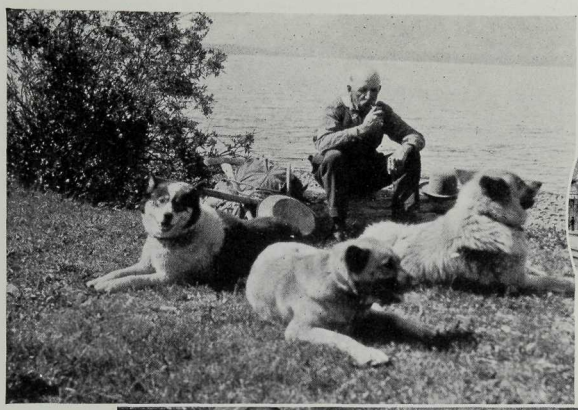


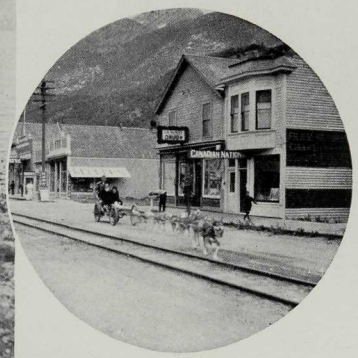
Skagway's setting of green river bottom and leafy mountain, starred with flowers, it is strange to reflect that the Indian word from which it was named means North Wind. Nothing farther from that bleak connotation could be imagined than the picture of lovely summer spread before us.

The town is intensely interesting, with its curio shops, and totem poles, and Indian souvenir vendors; and its exquisite gardens flame with blooms that the tropics might envy. One could visit the haunts of Soapy Smith, the famous bandit who was slain in a gun fight with Deputy Sheriff Reid in the hectic gold rush days of '98; and to be attuned immediately to the spirit of those wild times one has only to enter the historic Pullen House, still conducted by "Ma" Pullen, the Mother of the North, who was—and is—beloved of all old sourdoughs. Savage looking huskies roam the streets, and we respect their aloofness and try to make friends, instead, of the sloe-eyed Indian children, whose wild shyness hardly is overcome even by the offer of coins.

Skagway is the starting point of the Trail of '98—that bitter *Via Dolorosa* up which so many men toiled in the great gold rush of that year; many to perish of cold and hardships over the frozen White Pass; many to succeed, and reach the scene of the strike; a few to attain, through sweat and blood and tears the realization of their golden dreams. The White Pass and Yukon Railway, the building of which was one of the most marvellous engineering feats of history, now crosses and recrosses the narrow trail, beaten

The marvellous view from Inspiration Point, between Skagway and White Pass.

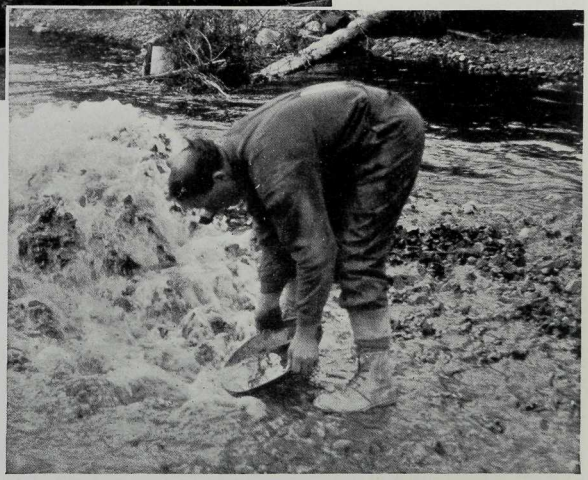


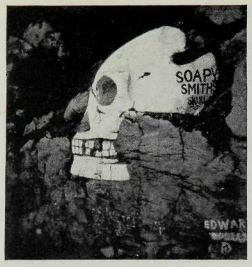


Alaskan huskies are no mean workers

A garden in Skagway, Flower City of Alaska

Panning for gold





hard by thousands of struggling feet. The trail winds torturously among rocks and shale, around cold, glacial lakes, across frozen rivers, and along the edge of sickening precipices that were to claim so many bold adventurers' lives. The excursion over the White Pass and Yukon route, across Dead Man's Gulch, and the White Pass, and the international boundary between Alaska and British Columbia, toward exquisite Lake Bennett, and Carcross and the Yukon, with its views of mountain and sea and glacier is of breath-catching grandeur; and the journey to Carcross and return, from Skagway, may be made in comfort in the day that the vessel is in port. It is one of the outstanding highlights of an Alaskan cruise.

Our passengers return on board at the sailing hour, laden with souvenirs; hand wrought silver jewelry, woven grass baskets, miniature totem poles that are miracles of barbaric color and design, and glacier bears carved out of walrus tusks, many of which are fit subjects for a museum. There is a gala dinner on board, as the ship's bows are turned south, her deep-throated whistle roars three farewell blasts up at the snow-choked mountain passes, and the homeward journey begins.

We stop at Juneau again, to pick up freight, and passengers' laundry left on the northern journey, and mail for the outside; but there is only one port new to us on the southern trip—Wrangell, famous for its airplane spruce mill, and its salmon, crab and shrimp factories, where the Indian girls prepare the meat with amazing swiftness and skill. Wrangell's array of totem poles, lining the long main street, is the finest and most numerous in Alaska. This port is the last opportunity for many of us to buy souvenirs and Indian handicraft in Alaskan territory, and with a wealth from which to choose, and with discrimination sharpened by our northern experiences, we do so.

As the ship's whistle gives its final warning, the late sunset of the north trails an aureate banner across the sky. Belated passen-

Lake Atlin and Cathedral Mountain, a vision of grandeur unexcelled.

gers hurry from the town and up the gangway. The water boils in creamy jade beneath the stern, as we resume our journey down the coast, in the loom of needle peaks that pierce the early stars. Night, we notice, is drawing in more swiftly now. The sky blazons its gorgeous pageantry of clouds and stains with magic color the mirror-like surface of the narrow channel. The first shore lights wink in the deep shadows of Wrangell Island. Fishing boats draw furrows of silver across the water as they putt-putt homeward with their catch, their running lights reflected in splintered ruby and emerald on the calm flowing tide. Through the alleyways, and along the broad decks of our ship, the cheerful summons of a bugle draws passengers to dinner at the flower-decorated tables of the saloon, while far to northward, in dark and brooding beauty, the giant peaks of Alaska catch the last radiant beam of the declining sun upon their eternal snows.

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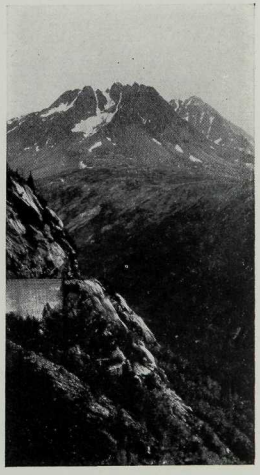
THE YUKON BY THE WHITE PASS

Today, all the difficulties of the trip to Dawson have been eliminated. Only the thrills remain. Numerous trips are available from Skagway over the White Pass and Yukon Railway ranging in time from one day to two weeks. Tourists returning south by the same Canadian National boat as they took north, may make the rail trip to Bennett and return, or the two-day rail and boat trip to Taku Arm. It is well worth while, if one cannot go through to Dawson, to go to the end of the railroad and view the historic and interesting Miles Canyon and White Horse Rapids.

LAKE ATLIN

An interesting side trip to Atlin and West Taku Arm may be taken by transferring from the train to the steamer at Carcross. Atlin Lake stretches for 80 miles, a vision of grandeur excelled in few parts of the world. Snow mountains rise sheer from the water's edge; or gentle slopes covered with spruce and fir, birch and willow make a robe of varying shades of green. Always in the background rise the majestic snow-peaks, range upon range, every peak of which is reflected in the beautiful waters of the lake below.



ON TO DAWSON

The trip down the river to Dawson and into the real Klondike country is one which is becoming more popular every year. Piloting a boat on the Yukon river is an engrossing thing even to watch, and excites constant wonder as to how the difficulties of the narrow and tortuous channel are to be overcome; but the captains of the boats are men who have sailed the river for many years, and know every ripple on it. From Lake La Barge the route lies through Thirty Mile River, considered more dangerous in the old days than either Miles Canyon or White Horse Rapids, but now always passed in safety. Further on are the Rink Rapids. Between Selkirk and Dawson the caribou herds in their migration from the Arctic slope may be seen in thousands. One of the most picturesque spots on the river is Five Finger Rapids, about 175 miles from Dawson. The rocks on either side rise perpendicularly from the water's edge

Along the White Pass and Yukon Railway.

and the current is so swift that it is necessary to steer straight for the rock blocking the middle of the channel. Just as it seems impossible to avoid a crash, the current catches the boat and she swings through the narrow opening into the waters beyond. But all the route is lined with names of places familiar in the story of the Klondike—Yukon Crossing, Minto, Fort Selkirk, and so on to the end of the long, long trail at Dawson.

DAWSON

The steamer remains 24 hours here, to enable passengers to go ashore and thoroughly absorb the atmosphere of the place. At one time it had a population of 35,000. It is today a charming little town with many cozy homes and wonderful gardens; comfortable hotels; and good motor roads to the surrounding creeks from which so many fortunes were taken. It is Dawson as it was, save for the many picturesque figures which once walked its streets or frequented its dance halls—"a banquet hall deserted." Gone are the "dangerous Dan McGrews" and the "Swiftwater Bills," the Ladues and the Carmacks, the Harpers and the Hendersons, the Sourdoughs and the Cheechakos; but the glamor of the days when the few women of the camp wore diamonds as big as hazel nuts, and the men threw around "dust" and nuggets like peanut shells—that still remains. For the old timers are not all gone, and the endless good stories which make the Klondike a gold mine for the writer as well as the digger are still current.

HOW TO REACH THE PACIFIC COAST

The Canadian National Railways operate a daily de luxe transcontinental train from Toronto to Vancouver, the "Confederation," and another train with equal travel comfort, the "Continental Limited," from Montreal to Vancouver. Through Canadian National service is also operated from Chicago toVancouver.

Through sleeping and dining car service from Edmonton or Jasper to Prince Rupert affords the option of choosing either of the two rail routes of the famous Triangle Tour of British Columbia—a tour of 1,200 miles by rail and 550 miles by water.

No Alaska-bound passenger, by this route, should omit the pleasure of a stop-over at Jasper Park Lodge, a Canadian National summer hostelry with one of the finest of natural golf courses, and mountain climbing and motoring in Jasper National Park in the heart of Canada's Rocky Mountains.

The passenger choosing Vancouver as his sailing port for Alaska, leaves Jasper National Park, with its 4,200 square miles, the greatest natural game and forest preserve in America, and follows the route of the old trail-makers who pushed their way across the mountains to the Pacific Coast, over a century ago. The route first follows the Athabaska River, which flows towards the Arctic. Mount Robson, 12,972 feet, the highest peak in the Canadian Rockies, is passed, then the rails follow the north and south branches of the beautiful Thompson; and finally enter the valley of the Fraser, which is followed almost to Vancouver.

The Fraser, one of the greatest of Canadian rivers, was discovered by the Spanish explorers, Galiano and Valdes, in 1792. Mackenzie explored it in the following year, but thought he was following the Columbia. It was not until 1807 that Simon Fraser descended it and ascertained Mackenzie's mistake. This river accompanies the traveller on the Triangle Tour for a portion of the way on both its northern and southern legs. These river valleys on the southern route were the scene of the great gold rush of the fifties, which attracted so many of the "Forty-niners" from California. That wonderful piece of highway engineering, the Cariboo Road, may be seen winding along the face of the cliffs far up across the river. Once one of the most noted stage routes in America, it has now become an equally famous motor road. Vancouver is the land terminus of this leg of the Triangle Tour and it is from that port that Canadian National Steamships sail the Inside Passage to Prince Rupert and to Alaska.

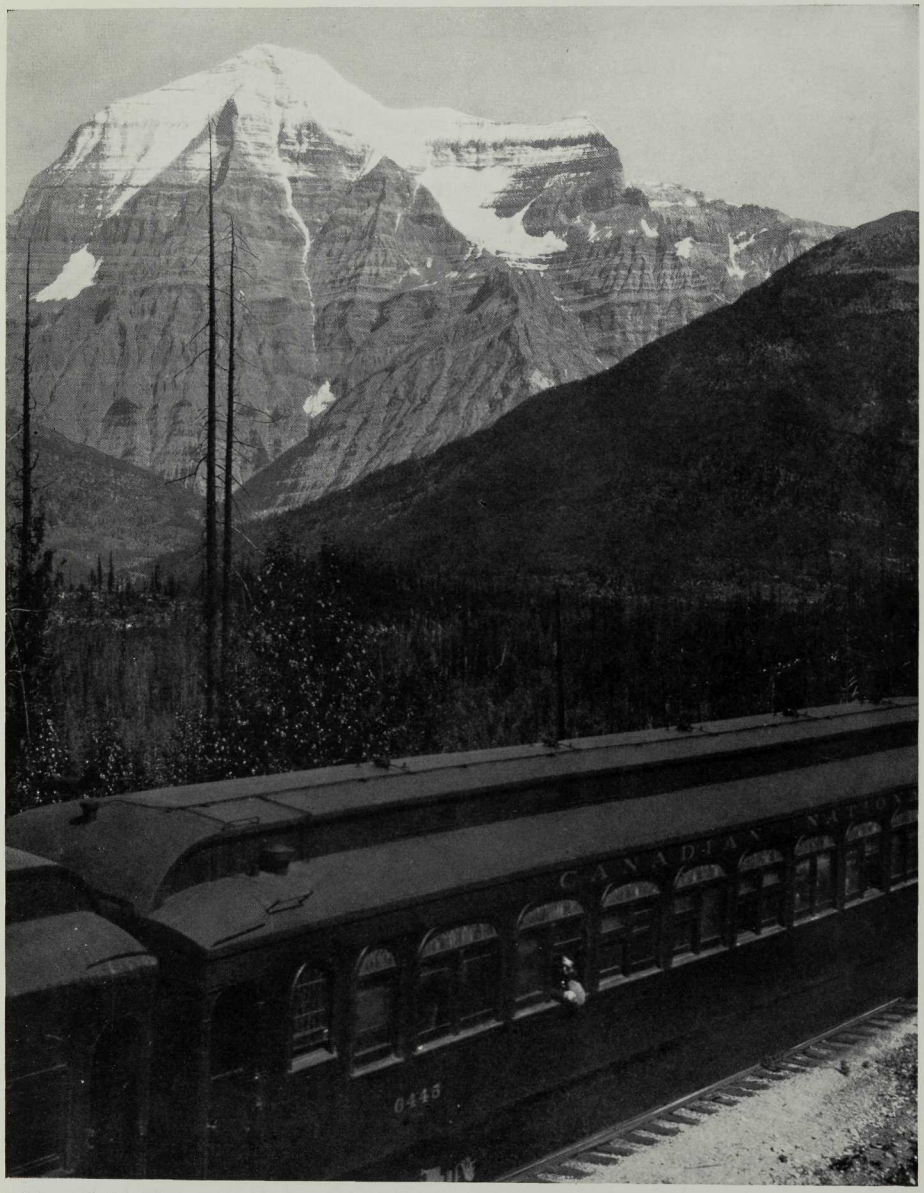
THE ROUTE TO PRINCE RUPERT

Before pursuing the journey up the coast, let us pause for a hurried survey of the northern route to Prince Rupert, from which point the steamer may be taken either south to Vancouver or north to Alaska. Commencing again at Jasper, the northern leg of the triangle follows the broad valleys of the Fraser, Nechako, Bulkley, and Skeena rivers, and thus affords what is probably a finer view of the Rockies than by the more gorge-like southern route. Mount Robson, the monarch of the Rockies, also belongs to this trip.

Fitting monuments to four former Premiers of Canada and a memento of the visit of Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin to Canada in 1927, have been set aside in the Rocky Mountains of Canada, where a series of peaks have been officially named the Premier Group. Five of these peaks have been named, respectively, Mount Stanley Baldwin, Mount Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Mount Sir John Thompson, Mount Sir Mackenzie Bowell and Mount Sir John Abbott. These mountains lie within the territory skirted by the Triangle Tour of the Canadian National Railways and to the west of Mount Robson. The peaks, several of which are snow-clad, lie about ten miles south of the line to Prince Rupert and an equal distance west of the Canadian National Vancouver line.

Here is a picturesque land and one of the richest parts of Canada in the making. Here are old frontier trading posts, as Prince George and Hazelton, and the Stuart Lake country reached via Vanderhoof, rich in historic interest. Overshadowing New Hazelton is Rocher Deboule, the fallen rock, which, in Indian legend, barred the salmon from going higher up the Bulkley River. Beyond lies the Indian Temlaham or "Paradise Lost." Below is the awe-inspiring Bulkley Canyon and to the south the Seven Sisters Mountain, scored by unnumbered glaciers partly hidden by vagrant wisps of low hanging clouds. Westward of the interesting village of Kitwanga, with its totem poles lining the bank of the Skeena, are seen Mount Sir Robert and on its sides Borden Glacier. A few miles beyond is the turbulent Kitsalas Canyon and viewed across it O. K. Mountain, so named from the snow formation of these letters in giant size. The Skeena, "River of Clouds," widens to majestic breadth. Fishing fleets dot its surface, quaint fishing villages line its banks, and finally Prince Rupert is reached.

From here the third leg of the triangle tour is the water route by the Inside Passage which has already been described.



Mount Robson, Monarch of the Canadian Rockies (alt. 12,972 feet), one of the impressive scenic features on the Triangle Tour of British Columbia.

CANADIAN NATIONAL STEAMSHIPS

PACIFIC COAST FLEET AND SERVICES

Canadian National Steamships Pacific Coast services comprise:—

(a) The Alaskan service from Vancouver and Prince Rupert to Ketchikan, Wrangell, Juneau and Skagway and return, by the twin screw steamers "Prince Henry," "Prince Rupert" and "Prince George."

(b) The Tri-City service between Vancouver, Victoria and Seattle, by the twin screw steamers "Prince Robert" and "Prince David."

(c) The Portland Canal service from Vancouver and Prince Rupert to Stewart and Anyox, by the twin screw steamers "Prince Rupert" and "Prince George."

(d) The Queen Charlotte Islands service from Vancouver by the S.S. "Prince John"; and from Prince Rupert by the steamers "Prince Charles" and "Prince William."

Complete information as to sailings and accommodation will be gladly supplied by any Canadian National Railways Passenger Representative. Brief descriptions of the boats employed in these services are given below:

THE new S.S. "Prince Henry," "Prince David" and "Prince Robert" present a very pleasing and distinctive appearance, and the happy first impression gained from their graceful lines is amply confirmed on closer inspection of their luxurious furnishings and complete equipment. They have a displacement of 11,000 tons, length over-all 384′ 6″, and a speed of 24 knots.

Passenger accommodation for 334 first-class passengers is confined to three of her six decks, the upper, bridge and promenade decks. The public rooms are spacious and handsomely decorated, a special feature being the large Observation Room on the promenade deck from which unobstructed view is afforded through broad windows. Special mention is also warranted of the inviting Parlor Lounge of which the accompanying illustration conveys an impression.

The cabin accommodation evidences the same careful attention to detail of equipment, arrangement and decoration, as marks the public rooms. On the upper deck, amidships, are two suites comprising bedroom, sitting-room, bathroom and toilet, luggage room and private vestibule. These rooms are beautifully decorated, the bedrooms being panelled and painted in light colour with tuna finished mahogany, and equipped with twin beds. The sitting-rooms are finished in polished quartered satinwood, with walnut or mahogany furniture. On the upper deck also are twenty de luxe rooms, each with two beds, private plunge bath and shower; twenty cabins each with two beds, separate shower and toilet; and twenty cabins each with single bed and pullman upper berth. The latter arrangement is adopted for the remainder of the cabins throughout the ship, with an additional sofa bed in a number of the cabins. *All rooms are outside rooms*, equipped with dressing table, wardrobe and porcelain basin with running hot and cold water. Mechanical ventilation on the thermotank punkah louvre system assures an ample supply of fresh air, and in conjunction with the efficient heating system affords an equable temperature in all climates.

The dining saloon is situated at the after end of the main deck and accommodates 204 passengers. Natural lighting is obtained by means of large oval brass-framed windows arranged in pairs. Tables are generally arranged for four persons each, although some are arranged for two and six people. On the upper deck are located the beauty parlor, barber shop and novelty and confectionery shop.

The "Prince Henry," "Prince David" and "Prince Robert" are equipped with the most modern receiving and transmitting wireless apparatus; and are also equipped for the reception of radio broadcasting and the transmission of recorded music for the entertainment of passengers in the dancing spaces, lounges and other public rooms.

The twin screw steamers "Prince Rupert" and "Prince George" are sister ships, and are identical in size, speed, structure and general appointments. They have an average running speed of sixteen knots and a maximum speed of eighteen and a half knots, and are specially designed for the Northern British Columbia and Alaskan service.

They have a length of three hundred and eighteen feet, and forty-two feet beam. Two four-cylinder triple-expansion engines furnish the motive power. Oil fuel is used. The gross tonnage is 3,372, net tonnage 1,625.

There are four decks, the Boat deck, Shade, Shelter and Main decks. There is accommodation for two hundred and twenty first class passengers in one hundred and six two-berth staterooms and four de luxe suites. *The cabins are all outside rooms.* The dining saloon seats one hundred and twenty-four.

WHITE PASS & YUKON ROUTE

The following information covering the White Pass & Yukon Route is subject to change at any time

The White Pass & Yukon Railway operates daily trains between Skagway and White Horse in both directions during the tourist season, and steamers on the Yukon River to Dawson and Mayo. Service is also provided for an interesting trip from Carcross to Atlin by steamer through Nares and Tagish Lakes and across Atlin Lake.

RAIL SERVICE

Between Skagway and White Horse

Sundays, Wednesdays and Fridays train leaves Skagway at 10.00 a.m.

Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays train leaves Skagway at 8.30 a.m.

Trains arrive at Skagway at 4.30 p.m.

(*Alaska time—one hour slower than Pacific time*)

RIVER AND LAKE STEAMER SERVICE

To Dawson

Navigation on the Yukon River between White Horse and Dawson opens between May 20 and June 1, and closes, depending upon weather conditions, about the middle of October. At the opening of navigation the steamers do not operate on a definite schedule for the first few weeks or so. The regular service commences with the sailing of the "Casca" from White Horse, June 17, and every Wednesday thereafter at 7.00 p.m., until August 12. The steamer "White Horse" commences her regular service sailing from White Horse at 7.00 p.m., June 15, and every Monday thereafter until July 27. Irregular sailings twice a week for the balance of the season. The round trip, White Horse to Dawson and return, occupies 6½ days.

To Atlin

At Carcross connection is made for Lake Atlin on the steamer "Tutshi," which sails for Atlin Monday, Thursday and Saturday afternoons shortly after arrival of train from Skagway. At Atlin the White Pass & Yukon Route operates the Atlin Inn, where good meals and accommodations are available for the passenger. Returning from Atlin, the "Tutshi" arrives in Carcross Wednesday, Friday and Sunday mornings in time for train either for Skagway or White Horse, having left Atlin at 7.30 p.m. previous evening.

SPECIAL SUMMER EXCURSION FARES

The following low round-trip excursion fares will be in effect during the summer season:

Skagway to Lake Bennett and return (1-day limit) $7.50
Skagway to White Horse and return (2-day limit) 22.00
Skagway to White Horse and return (30-day limit) 32.00
Skagway to Atlin and return (30-day limit) 50.00
(Including side-trip to White Horse)
Skagway to Dawson and return (30-day limit) 115.00
(Side-trip to Atlin $25.00)

SPECIAL EXCURSION TO WEST TAKU ARM

(*During June, July and August*)

Leaving Skagway Friday morning, returning to Skagway Saturday afternoon.

Skagway to north end of Taku Glacier and return, including meals at Bennett and meals and berth on lake steamer, but not including parlor car fare..... $35.00

This is a special excursion, 68 miles by rail over the White Pass Summit, along the shores of Lake Bennett to Carcross, where connection is made with a comfortable stern-wheel steamer for a twenty-hour trip on the West Taku Arm to the north end of Taku Glacier, 82 miles and return, a total distance of 300 miles through magnificent mountain and lake scenery.

PRINCIPAL HOTELS IN ALASKA AND THE YUKON

Skagway; Golden North, Pullen House, Dewey and Portland. *Dawson;* Royal Alexandra, Yukonia, Occidental, Principal, Rochester. *Atlin;* Atlin Inn, Kootenay, Royal. *Whitehorse, Y.T.;* Regina, White Pass Hotel, White Horse Inn. *Carcross, Y.T.;* Caribou. *Juneau;* Gastineau, Alaska, Zynda, Bergman. *Wrangell;* Wrangell Hotel. *Ketchikan;* Stedman, Gilmore, Ingersoll, Ketchikan, Knickerbocker, Nelson.

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