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ACROSS CANADA WITH THE PRINCE

1920

ACROSS CANADA WITH THE PRINCE

Canada was honored this past year in that it has been the first overseas part of the British Empire to welcome His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. During his three months' journey, he visited almost every part of the great Dominion and came into contact with practically every varied phase of Canadian life. Some of the things he saw, and a part of Canada's spontaneous welcome, are illustrated in the following pages.

C. B. FOSTER,
Asst. Passenger Traffic Manager,
MONTREAL.

C. E. McPHERSON,
Asst. Passenger Traffic Manager,
WINNIPEG.

C. E. E. USSHER,
Passenger Traffic Manager,
MONTREAL.

W. R. MacINNES,
Vice-President in Charge of Traffic,
MONTREAL.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY
CHRISTMAS 1919

A Magnificent Train

"I have just left the magnificent train which has transported me across the Dominion and in which I have lived in such comfort for the last two and a half months, and I should like to take this opportunity of thanking the Canadian Government for all the admirable arrangements that have been made for the tour. I am also very grateful to all the Canadian railways for the care which they have taken of me and for the consideration they have shown in making my nine-thousand-mile journey so easy for me. Railways seem to be the subject of quite a lot of excitement at the present moment. I am not going to talk about that, but I do know that I could never have got across to Vancouver and back without the Canadian railways. Far more important still, there would have been no Dominion of Canada today but for them. I know of no country in whose history railways have played so important—in fact, decisive—a part."

THE PRINCE OF WALES
—November 8th.

The Photograph of the Prince of Wales on the front cover is the copyright of Walter V. Ring, Calgary, Alta.

Across Canada With the Prince

By Douglas Newton

(Special Correspondent on the Royal Tour for the London Daily Chronicle.)

The Prince of Wales arrived at that sally port of Canada, St. John, New Brunswick, on August 15th. The day was a rainy one, but that made not the slightest difference. Tremendous crowds of people were along the quaysides, and even on top of the big buildings on the quay, to cheer as the three battleships—the *Renown*, the *Dragon* and the *Dauntless*—steamed in. A flotilla of gasoline craft darted about the ships in a sort of bright nautical dance of welcome.

There was an immense pack of people on the wharf as the Prince landed, and the dampness had certainly not got into their lungs as they backed up the welcome of Canada given by the Duke of Devonshire, Sir Robert Borden, and others, with their cheering. In the rain, too, His Royal Highness received the prettiest of greetings. A number of girls, whose beauty seemed to us special correspondents remarkable, but which we now know to be a comeliness merely usual in the daughters of Canada, each dressed to represent a Province of the Dominion, came forward with curtsies to greet him in a tableau of welcome. Behind this tableau was a great bank of the jolliest children, who sang and waved flags with a splendid lustiness—a happy scene that was repeated in nearly all the towns in the breadth of the tour. Despite the rain, this vivid and very attractive city of St. John had given the Prince a wonderful entry into Canada.

Halifax had the same warmth. It showed him the ugly scars of the ruined area where the great explosion, scarcely more than eighteen months before, had caused so much havoc, and then it showed him the pretty streets of houses amid lawns that were to take the place of the ruined homes. He was shown, too, the delightful water club on the North-West Arm, and made a member of the quaint and historic Studley Quoit Club, where the club-house is a field and the secretary's office a telephone clamped to a tree. The same fine welcome met him at Charlottetown, on Prince Edward Island; and Quebec, that city of superb charm on the broad St. Lawrence, gave him greeting in her own grand manner.

Quebec, on its citadel rock, is a fit city to stage a great scene, and Quebec made the most of its opportunity. As the three great warships steamed up between the high cliffs of the river bank, the guns on the citadel began to fire the salute, and a genius in the town began to loose maroons, that, exploding high in the air, dropped parachutes holding flags. In the brilliant evening light the great ships firing their salute, the mass of the city upon the cliff, with the bright colors of bunting glowing about it and over it the flags, the Union Jack, the Tricolor and the rest, floating down under the parti-colored parachutes, formed a spectacle entirely in harmony with the sense of history and charm that is as the very air of the old French town.

(*Continued on page 6*)

The Governor General Welcomes the Prince to Canada

Landing at Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Signing the Visitors' Book at a Halifax Club

A Symbolical Pageant of the Provinces—St. John, N. B.

Presenting her dead boy's medal

A Review of Boy Scouts. Halifax

And the functions in the town were in keeping also. The Prince's visits to the historic battlefields, and his laying of wreaths on the monuments to the noble dead of France and England, his welcome by the shy, loyal nuns of the Ursuline convent in whose chapel brave Montcalm lies buried, no less than his visit to Laval University, where prelates in purple showed their pleasure in having him among them, the drives through the cheering crowds, the visit to and the opening of the marvellous bridge across the St. Lawrence, the dances and the receptions, amplified the brilliant official greeting given to His Royal Highness in the splendid scarlet council chamber of Quebec's handsome Parliament Building.

It was at Three Rivers, just outside Quebec, that the Prince joined "the wonderful train," as he himself called it, that the Canadian Pacific Railway had organized to carry him through Canada on a run of nearly 9,000 miles—a world record for a train that, with its engine, weighed over 1,000 tons.

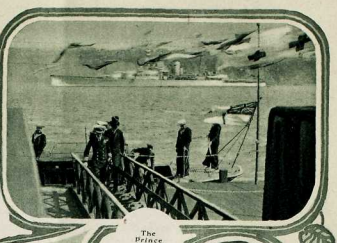
It was truly a marvellous train, both in its appointments and in the wonderful efficiency of every individual man from Mr. A. B. Calder, its captain, down to the last car cleaner. It was an hotel de luxe travelling on wheels. It had its drawing, dining, bed and bath rooms for the Prince, it had even a dispensary for its medical man and a darkroom for its photographers. It was the last word of luxurious efficiency in every detail, handling its laundry with the same thoroughness as it carried its passengers all those thousands of miles across mountain and plain, over good roads and difficult ones, without a hitch in time-table and without a hint of breakdown.

In this magnificent train the Prince travelled to the towns and the beauties of Canada. He called at Toronto, that centre of vigorous industry, skyscrapers, and comely homes, where vast crowds met him. The crowds at Toronto were truly astounding. In the Exhibition ground, during the review of the War Veterans, the crowd was so dense that its pressure unhorsed the Prince, and he was only saved by a quick-witted "movie" man who lifted him from his saddle on to the speech platform. Nor were the crowds merely in the beautiful Exhibition grounds. On the last day there they spread themselves out and lined Toronto's streets for 20 miles. That ride of the Prince through 20 miles of people was one of the really thrilling sights of the tour. So ardent were the people in all the districts he visited that, quick to respond to friendliness, the Prince sat up on the back of his car, and, held safely by one of his staff, he travelled the whole route waving his hat to his good friends on the sidewalk.

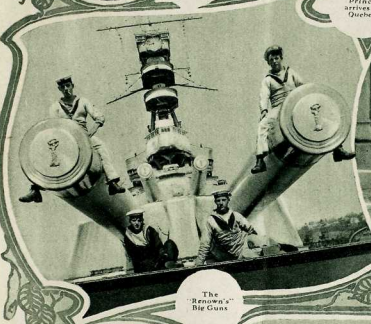
Ottawa, the capital, repeated the emotion. The crowds mobbed the Prince in their happy abandon. They burst the barriers on the broad and comely lawns framed by the Parliament buildings on the hill, and surged about him eager to get near him and if possible to shake his hand. He had arrived in Ottawa, too, for Labor Day, and labor took over the ordering of his last day there. The procession of the various trades with their beautiful floats, each representing the activities of that trade, stopped and lined the route from Government House to Parliament Square, where the Prince was to lay the foundation stone of the new buildings, and formed for him a guard of workers all along the route.

In all the towns from St. John to Ottawa, the Prince himself had inaugurated a new function. He held in them an open, public reception in which all and sundry could come to him and shake his hand. These receptions were the most popular as well as the most wonderful functions of the tour. Anybody and everybody went to them. Homespun hobnobbed with silk; boys in shirt sleeves, men in parti-colored sweaters, mothers carrying babies in arms, all grades, all classes, passed before their friend the Prince and greeted him with the affection which he so sincerely returned. The strain on the Prince was great. (*Continued on page 8*)

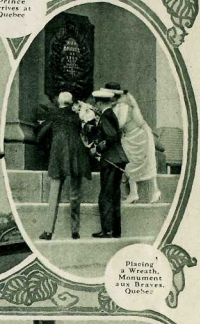
Greeting "Jocks" at Quebec



The Prince arrives at Quebec

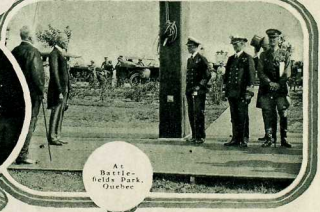


The "Renown's" Big Guns



Placing a Wreath, Monument aux Braves, Quebec

H.M.S. "Renown" Illuminated



At Battlefields Park, Quebec

ACROSS CANADA WITH THE PRINCE

After so many hearty Canadian grips he had to stop using his right hand and substitute his left, and as time went on he had to give up using that and confine his greeting to a smile and a happy word. But he never gave up the public receptions: he was quite as anxious to meet as many Canadians as he could, as the Canadians were anxious to meet him.

From Ottawa the train went for a fleeting visit to Montreal, where, as a hint of what he was to expect when he returned in the fall, the Prince was carried in a splendid hustle of over 36 miles of city and country roads in and about the city, through the same massed and enthusiastic crowds he had found everywhere in Canada.

After Montreal the Prince left the industrial centres behind and travelled the wide lands of beautiful scenery and Canadian sport. A run by way of North Bay, Sudbury, Sault Ste. Marie (where he saw the magnificent locks connecting Lakes Superior and Huron), and the wild and splendid scenery of the Algoma country, brought him to Nipigon. Here he spent a few days roughing it in a camp with Indian guides and Indian cooking, while he fished the waters famous alike for their beauty and their trout. From Nipigon the train went on through Port Arthur and Fort William, where the giant elevators stand like outposts to the West, to the metropolis of the prairies, Winnipeg.

At Winnipeg, where the air of old pioneer days and long trails still dominates a city growing brisk and modern, and where the red coats and stetsons of the "Mounties" lend a note of romance to a life taking to itself the skyscraper habit, the Prince met the welcome of the West. There were vast crowds again, from one of which the "Mounties" had to rescue him by force from overwhelming good will. Here, too, His Royal Highness indulged in a flutter in oats, taking his stand in the pit of the Winnipeg Grain Exchange and buying amid the babel proper to that place. He took an active interest in the dealings of that splendid concern, and in the facts relating to the handling, grading and selling of grain.

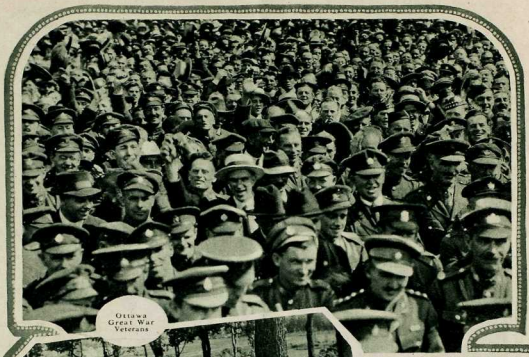
Saskatoon, a bright city in its teens, gave him a new experience. It was here he came in touch with the cattlemen of the plains, and watched a "Stampede," in which steer-roping, bull-dogging, bronco-busting and all the excitements of old-time cowboy days were presented. It was a splendid show, and the Prince was so pleased with it that he consented to mount a bronco at the end of the performance and at a gallop led the outfit of cow-punchers and cow-girls past the cheering grandstand.

Edmonton was pent up loyalty, too, and it was baseball also. In this growing town, which still has inlets of the unconquered prairie amid its houses, and in whose streets the enigmatic Red Indian yet walks, the Prince after two great days of reception went to the local ball game, and, wearing an authentic peak cap, pitched two balls at a batter, before taking his seat among the bleachers to enjoy the game. From Edmonton, his Farthest North, he went south to the sparkling and vivacious city of Calgary, that sits in a saucer of hills from whose tops can be seen the snow-cowled peaks of the austere Rockies.

It was Alberta that won His Royal Highness to a devotion to the rancher's life; he went to High River to George Lane's ranch, and spent a morning among the cattle, rounding them up like a true cowboy. So attractive was the experience that he decided he, too, would be a rancher, and he bought some land near Mr. Lane's Bar-U Ranch, which he intends to work with men who have fought in the war.

It is well to mention here the many happy re-unions between the Prince and his old comrades of the Canadian Corps who served with him at the front. In every town, whether large or small, His Royal Highness met companies of sturdy men who had fought overseas. No town he entered but had such a re-union, and the chief function there was to review his old comrades and give (*Continued on page 12*)

Shaking Hands with a Toronto Crowd
A Choir of Toronto School Children
A Review at Toronto
A Speech at Toronto Exhibition
A Quiet Smoke

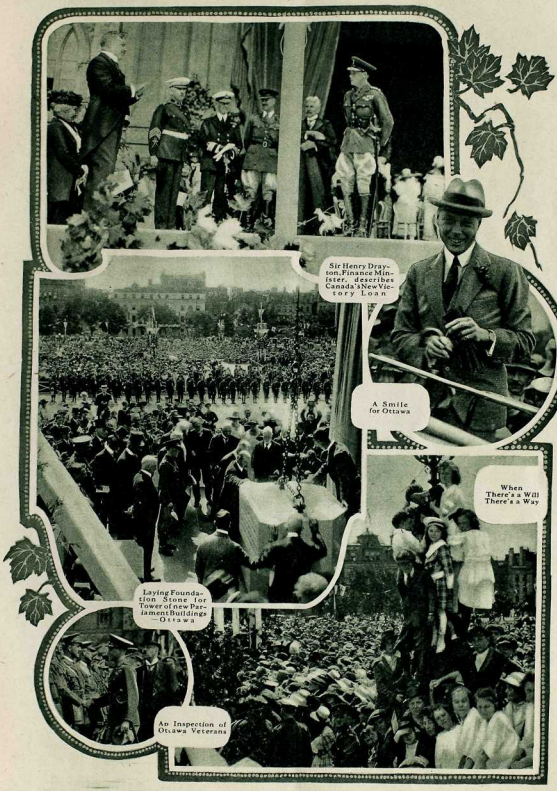


Ottawa Great War Veterans

A Garden Party at Rideau Hall, Ottawa

Her Cross

Taking the Salute Ottawa



Sir Henry Drayton, Finance Minister, describes Canada's New Victory Loan

A Smile for Ottawa

When There's a Will There's a Way

Laying Foundation Stone for Tower of new Parliament Buildings —Ottawa

An Inspection of Ottawa Veterans

well-merited decorations to those whose bravery had won them these distinctions. In addition to these functions his progress through Canada was marked by a series of brilliant dances and dinners given to him by his old comrades in khaki. It is impossible to mention even a few of these, but they were glorious affairs where, as in Calgary, the veterans reconstructed the whole of the interior of their Armory in order to make the setting supremely beautiful, and also laid down over the whole area a new hardwood floor so that the dancing would be perfect.

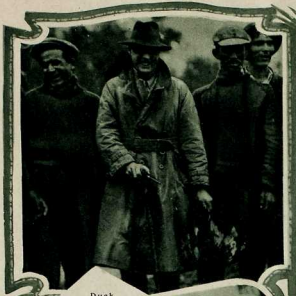
From Calgary the train went direct into the magnificence of the Rocky Mountains, stopping first at that idyllic place, Banff, where the C. P. R. hotel stands perched like a palace built by fairies amid peerless scenery. At Banff there was the bright episode of the Indians, when the Stonies, dressed in all the colors of the rainbow, escorted the Prince through the beautiful glades of the valleys to the big camping ground, where, with dance and speech and festival races, he was elected chief of the tribe with the beautiful title of "Morning Star." Banff gave way to the quiet loveliness of Lake Louise, that jewel sitting in beauty under the great glaciers it forever mirrors. From Lake Louise he went on through the grandeur of the Kicking Horse Pass, where the beauty of the giant hills and the mystery of the sheer valleys is too tremendous for description, and where is to be seen a thing equally tremendous —the down-looping and tenacious railway line by which the skill of great engineers has conquered the grim resistance of the peaks. At Field the Prince took horse and rode the valley trails to see the wonders of the Rockies.

Through a series of small towns, Golden, Revelstoke, where motors carried the party up the steep grades of a 4,000-foot mountain, Sicamous, and other places, the train reached Vancouver, the queenly city that sits on the Pacific shore conscious of its great future. Vancouver was splendidly enthusiastic. It gave the Prince a superb greeting under its giant trees in Stanley Park, and only reluctantly it let him take boat and cross the water to Victoria, a reposeful and delightful spot where all good ranchmen—and many others—go when they retire. The visit to Vancouver Island was in the nature of a holiday before turning East again, but His Royal Highness spent a day travelling over the country, visiting lumber centres and the like during his stay.

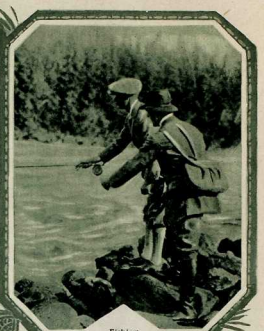
The return East was begun through the majestic Kettle River Valley, where the steep valleys are floored with torrents, pouring white over white rocks, and the narrow gorges expand to the quickening blue beauty of wonderful lakes. On two of these lakes, Okanagan and Kootenay, the Prince took trips in the high-decked and extremely comfortable lake steamboats. At Summerland and Vernon he saw the whole process of selecting and packing the big glowing apples of the district, in the co-operative warehouses that make the orchards profitable. Around Vernon and in a 40-mile drive to rejoin his boat at Kelowna, he saw the orchards themselves —thousands of acres of trees, some of them literally breaking down under their splendid burden of red fruit. And amid the orchards he saw the jolly "land girls," wearing men's overalls but retaining feminity in their silk stockings—cheery lasses who flung apples into the speeding cars as they went by. At Kootenay Lake the C. P. R. took the whole of the train bodily and sent it across by barge, accomplishing this by no means simple feat while the Prince was visiting the beautiful sanitorium at Balfour.

Kootenay Landing was almost the last of the Rockies, and the next morning, amid a light snow that powdered the foothills, the train was on the prairie again, calling at Macleod and Lethbridge, at which latter place the Blackfeet Indians gave the Prince yet another title, that of "Chief Red Crow." At Medicine Hat he saw the natural gas roaring through a stand-pipe and working the potteries in the city. From here he went steadily east through Maple Creek, Swift Current, Moose Jaw and Regina. At all these points, as in many I have not (*Continued on page 20*)

Many Nationalities—but all Canadians
The Oldest Inhabitant of North Bay
On the Lock Gate, Sault Ste. Marie Canal
A Bouquet for the Prince
Congratulations to a Hero



Duck Shooting at Nipigon



Fishing the Nipigon River. *Central News Photo*

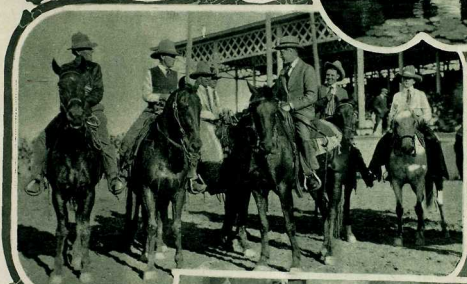
Seeing Port Arthur with the Mayor

Cameron Falls, Nipigon

The Return from the Fishing Trip

Winnipeg Crowds Awaiting the Prince

At Assiniboine Park—Winnipeg

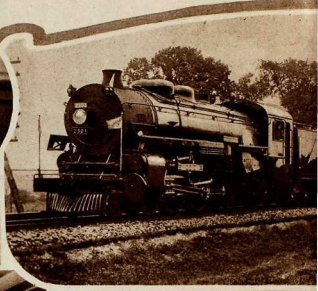


The Prince as Cowboy—Saskatoon Stampede

Three Hearty Winnipeg Cheers

The Prince's Porter

And His Steward



Dining Room in the Prince's Car, the Killarney

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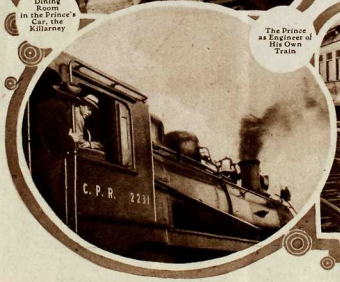
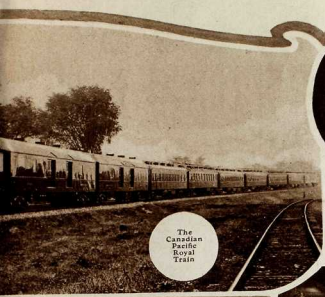


The Prince as Engineer of His Own Train



The Canadian Pacific Royal Train

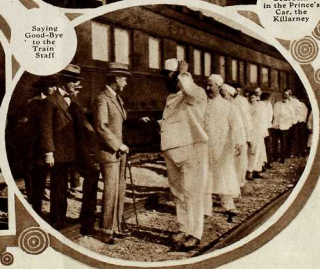
The Prince's Chef

And His Conductor

Bedroom in the Prince's Car, the Killarney

Canadian, British and American Newspaper Men and Photographers who travelled with the Prince.

Saying Good-Bye to the Train Staff



At Edmonton
Watching a Baseball Game
The Prince and Alberta's Lieutenant Governor
Leaving the University of Alberta, Edmonton
The Baseball Crowd is Enthusiastic

A Round-up, High River, Alberta

A Canter Across the Prairies

An Impromptu Speech

Leaving the Ranch House

named, the Prince left the train and was welcomed by a crowd that was composed of practically every member of the community.

It would be impossible in so small a space to speak of all the towns that greeted the Prince. Nevertheless it must be stated that the warmth of regard shown at these places—some of them no more than a station and an elevator—was one of the remarkable experiences of the tour. At every station people were gathered. They had come sometimes from heaven knows where, for in the wide plain or the lonely valley about the station there was no sign of habitation. They had come in by automobile or by rig, or they had walked; they were content if all they could accomplish was to send a hearty cheer after the train as it sped by at express speed. Sometimes in the depth of night, as we sped along, we would hear through the windows of our sleeping section a faint and ghostly cheer of people who had gathered and waited for their Prince—infinitely lonely yet infinitely loyal creatures, who in some way had heard a whisper of the Prince's coming and had motored up to do him honor. Sometimes we used to see in a wide field a man flag-wagging and a woman curtseying, or a ploughman standing, hat in hand, by his team. And through all the tour it was the same. At isolated stations, in remote sidings, people used to gather; a man or two, a woman or two, girls and little boys, each looking like the original Tom Sawyer, would group near the car for a sign of the Prince. The Prince used to talk to them in a homely and informal way, and we would go on with their faint cheers wishing us Godspeed.

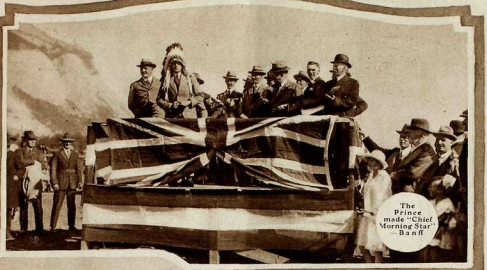
Regina, as the home of the "Mounties"—the Royal North-West Mounted Police—and a capital, gave the Prince a brave show both in crowds and in a display of "Mountie" horsemanship. Regina, too, afforded him an opportunity of getting some excellent duck-shooting at Qu'Appelle. At Winnipeg there was the first touch of cold weather and some snow, and here the Prince bade farewell to the West.

A short visit was paid to the big mining centres of Cobalt and Timmins, the former giving him a hearty miners' welcome, telling him by placard "THE TOWN IS YOURS—PAINT IT RED OR ANY OLD COLOR YOU LIKE." He went over the mines at Cobalt, going down one of them and examining a new silver vein valued at a million dollars which was christened The Prince of Wales Stope. At Timmins he visited one of the gold mines.

Hamilton, quick and rich industrial city, opened a tour of the fine industrial and agricultural district of Western Ontario. Niagara was reached at night, and its majestic beauty—the wonder of which cannot be communicated by the written word—was revealed under the lights that shone upon the ever-falling water. The Prince himself pressed a button which caused the great arc lights on the Canadian side to shine for the first time.

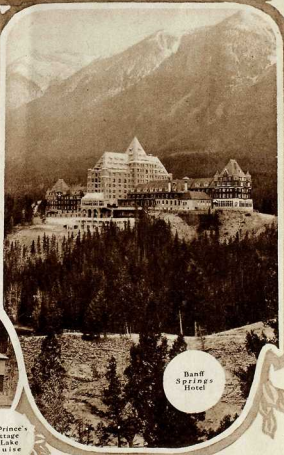
Passing through a countryside sleek and mature, the Prince visited Brantford and its old Mohawk church, and was again elected an Indian chief, this time of the loyal and redoubtable "Six Nations." Guelph's great agricultural college sang him into its grounds with a chorus of girl students rendering "Johnny's in Town" with astounding dash. Stratford, Woodstock, Chatham and London, all with an air as English as their names, gave splendid greeting; and Windsor, facing the high and almost fabulous castles of Detroit's skyscrapers across the river, Galt, and Kingston, with a fine University and a famous Military College, were not a whit behind.

So, having seen all the phases of the Great Dominion, the Prince came to Montreal, the greatest city of them all, and received a welcome that seemed the culmination of all welcomes. In Montreal the fine, sturdy stuff of English-speaking Canada is mixed with the vivacity of France, and in the welcome both elements had full play. The mighty crowds that lined the street made of that happy greeting something of a carnival. They flung colored streamers from sidewalk to sidewalk, from the towering structure of the huge commercial buildings (*Continued on page 26*)

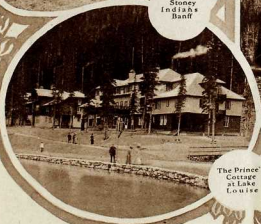


The Prince made "Chief Morning Star" Banff

Stoney Indians Banff



Banff Springs Hotel



The Prince's Cottage at Lake Louise

A Chat with Vancouver Nurses

An Address from Vancouver's Mayor

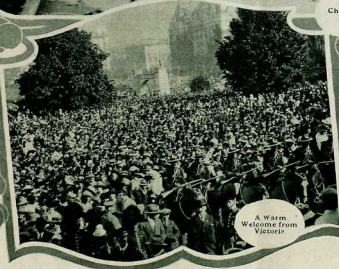
At a Vancouver Sawmill

In Stanley Park, Vancouver

Shipyard Workers, Victoria

At Esquimault Dockyard, Victoria

Victoria Children Strew Roses



A Warm Welcome from Victoria

Okanagan Lake, Southern British Columbia

A Pyramid of Apples, Vernon, B. C.

Leaving New Westminster Exposition

Penticton, B. C.

An Airplane Escort Across the Prairies
Giving His Autograph
At a Small Prairie Town
More than One Way to See the Prince

they dropped confetti and masses of colored paper strips. Amid the canopy of flags the streamers and the strips were crissed and entangled, the speeding cars of the procession flew streamers of bright paper, and the Prince and his entourage were spangled with confetti, so that the scene was rather one of a southern fiesta than a ceremony under a northern October sky. And in the bustling week of reviews, presentations, visits, drives and dances, how the Montreal crowds packed themselves about this boy who had won Canada by his manliness and charm! When he passed along Sherbrooke Street, after the great review of veterans, his car could scarcely move for the crowd that had filled up all but a strip of the broad roadway, and when he wished to leave his car to mount to the Art Gallery to take the salute of the soldiers marching behind him, his attendants had to fight a way through every inch in order to reach the pavement and mount the steps of the gallery. All through the brilliant week the enthusiasm was intense, and the crowds enormous. Montreal wound up in fitting fashion a tour that had been remarkable from its first moment.

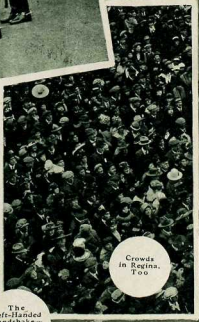
The Canadian nation had found in the Prince a man of its own heart and nature. The Canadians and the Prince had made the tour a thing of wonder, and this visit one of the most remarkable in the annals of Royal visits. At Montreal the tour had its official end, and it was an end worthy of the whole.

The *unofficial* ending was at Ottawa, or perhaps a few hours earlier, at a siding near a small country station. Here the train was halted so that the Prince could shake the hand of every member of the staff of the Royal Train—the superintendents, the clerks, the chefs, the waiters, all who by their thoroughness and efficiency had contributed to the great success of the journey. In his speech of farewell the Prince spoke of the splendid organization and team work that had carried "this magnificent train" of the Canadian Pacific Railway through its long journey without the slightest hitch. It was that charming little ceremony, that just tribute to the men who had organized and the men who had worked the train, that seemed to me to signalise the end of the splendid tour in Canada. It was the full stop that brought to an end the splendid story of the past three months.

Why the Music Stopped

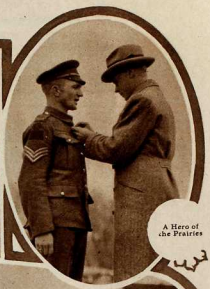
Inspecting Royal North-West Mounted Police, Regina

The Left-Handed Handshake—Moose Jaw



Crowds in Regina, Too

Winnipeg—
A Review
at the
University



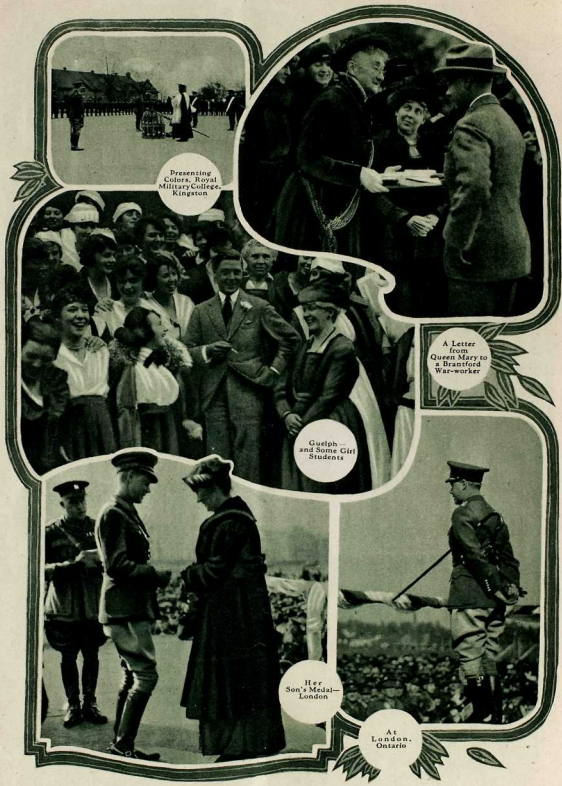
A Hero of
the Prairies

Sturdy
Young
Western
Canadians

The Smile
that Canada
Remembers

Brandon—
A Speech to
Children

A Crimean Veteran—Hamilton
Niagara Falls
Welsh Singers in Historic Costume—Hamilton
COBALT WELCOMES THE PRINCE
Cobalt, the Famous Silver Mining Camp
Coming Out of a Silver Mine


Presenting Colors, Royal Military College, Kingston
A Letter from Queen Mary to a Branford War-worker
Guelph and Some Girl Students
Her Son's Medal—London
At London, Ontario

The Prince and the Mayor of Montreal
Reviewing French Reservists —Montreal
At the Royal Montreal Golf Club
Arriving at Windsor Street Station, Montreal

Some Crowd! (Montreal)

This Customs Officer fought in the war

Young Canada Could Not be Circumvented

A Gallant French-Canadian Soldier—St. Johns, Que.

ACROSS CANADA WITH THE PRINCE