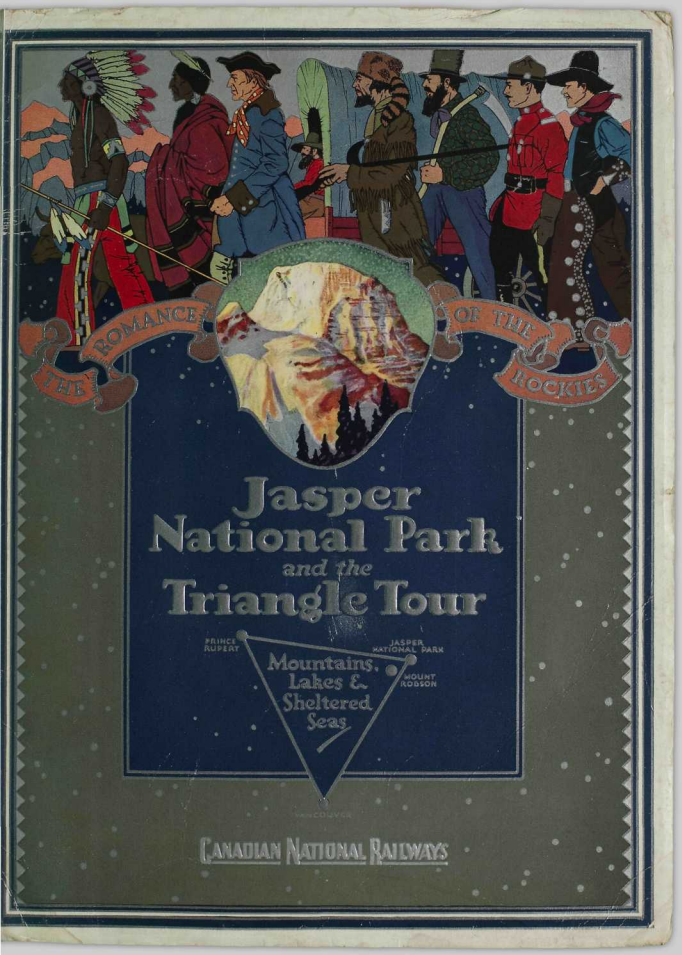
THE ROMANCE OF THE ROCKIES
Jasper National Park
and the
Triangle Tour
PRINCE RUPERT
JASPER NATIONAL PARK
MOUNT ROBSON
Mountains, Lakes & Sheltered Seas
VANCOUVER
CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

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Jasper National Park and the Triangle Tour

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

PRINTED IN CANADA

Sir Alexander Mackenzie, 1793

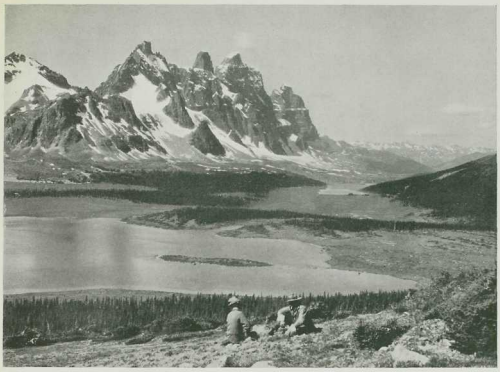
(The first white man to reach the Pacific overland across Canada)

The waters of that narrow pass roared down their rocky bed,
They hissed and foamed their menace.
"Turn, White Man, turn," they said.
"Have we crushed your boats in our gorges ?
Do your packs beneath us lie ?"—
They dashed their spray in his steady eyes,—
"Turn backward, fool, or die !"
And white above the hidden rock they laughed with mocking glee,
Or swirling lay beneath his tread, in whispering treachery.
But sure of foot and steadfast, he hewed a path to climb,
And toiled and mounted upwards, one slow step at a time.

Now, sure of foot and steadfast, he stands at the Divide;
His step is turned to the westward, the world again grown wide;
Beside him down the valley the gentle waters run,
They chatter and laugh and beckon, they sparkle in the sun,
And, frolicking and fawning like spaniels at his knee—
"Come now," they cry, "brave White Man, we'll bear you to the sea !"
So on their breasts they bear him, by hill and wood and plain,
Till he comes to that mighty Ocean, where West meets East again.

* * *

One sure of foot and steadfast and forward looking still
May conquer what opposes and bend it to his will.



THE RAMPARTS—AMETHYST LAKE

The Romance of the Rockies

By Delta

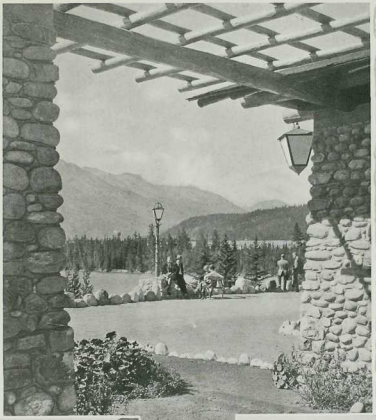
HE who travels westward in quest of the Pacific, passes through many a field of romance and adventure; but when the train glides into the broad, beautiful valley of the Athabaska and the majestic snow-clad mountains of Jasper National Park loom into view on every side, all that has come before seems to fade into oblivion. First you see ranges of pine-clad hills running nearly north and south and rising rank above rank, higher and higher, to rugged snow-clad summits towering behind, glittering diamond-like in the sunshine, through diaphanous blue haze which, somehow, brings them so deceptively close that you feel you ought to hurry and get your camera ready before you are in the midst of them. Then, at "Entrance," you are suddenly in a different country altogether, shut in by the giant warders of the Sea of Mountains which stretches for six hundred miles to the Pacific. Below you runs the Athabaska River, swift and tumultuous, and then for miles you skirt the calmer waters of Brule Lake, and you burrow for 800 feet under Roche Brulée, where, almost any day, you can see the mountain sheep grazing, unafraid, now that the National Parks are sanctuaries of the wild.

JASPER

THE apex of the Triangle Tour, as you will see in the map (inside back cover), is Jasper, a primitive little settlement, lying in a plateau at the base of the many-coloured slopes of Pyramid Mountain, where the Miette River runs into the Athabasca. "Jasper" was the Christian name of one Jasper Hawes, an employee of the North West Company; known to the French traders as "Tête Jaune." "Miette" was the name of the hunter who first ascended the Roche Miette, which overhung the Fort, and is a singular rock somewhat like the half of a sponge cake, cut vertically. The town runs loosely around the Government Headquarters of Jasper National Park—a pleasure ground that spreads over an area of some 4,400 square miles—and it lies in a plateau surrounded by peaks that tower eight or ten thousand feet to (and through) the clouds, and sprinkled over with lakes that gleam like precious stones in the sun. There are trails and roads to-day winding through limitless forests, up the slopes of the battlement of mountains to their glittering peaks, skirting swift rivers and winding in and out among exquisite lakes; trails that were blazed a century ago by Indians, fur traders and explorers for hundreds of miles, and that are being extended every year. There are motor trips, and saddle trips, and pack horse trips, ranging from a few hours up to ten days or more. Equipments, guides, horses, food, etc., can all be arranged for on the spot. Jasper is the headquarters of the Brewsters and other outfitters. The Brewsters have an office in Jasper Park Lodge, while, in the village, they own a number of buildings in the form of a square, with a corral in the middle, where they assemble the horses when required; and the start of a hunting party resembles a Wild West Show on a small scale. Here I met Dean Swift, the typical Old Timer, in a big room in a log building, all the furniture, beds, benches, tables, of the most primitive kind; and the grey haired, grey moustached old figure, with whimsical smile and faded blue eyes, sitting on a stool in the doorway. telling tales of the early days.

JASPER PARK LODGE

THREE miles from Jasper Station is Jasper Park Lodge, a miniature village of rustic bungalows grouped round a main lodge, built in similar fashion and containing a lounge, which is the most picturesque and homelike combination of drawing-room, reception room, and entrance hall I know anywhere. It is entirely constructed of native woods, each separate piece selected for the suitability of its natural shape to the general decorative scheme, and the general effect is that it is as snug as a "den" and as spacious as the state rooms in some great castle. You drive up to it through the trees, with the clear waters of Lac Beauvert, reflecting the encircling mountains, alongside you; rowing boats and canoes drifting at ease thereon; passing motors, pack-horses, guides, and sunburnt mountain climbers as you draw near the long verandah where sit the visitors who have either come for rest, or who are here in the intervals between long camping expeditions, on foot and on horseback, far back over and through the remote passes whose call is so insistent to the men who always seek "for something lost behind the ranges." There are bungalows for two, bungalows for four, bungalows for six, bungalows for twelve, with porches,

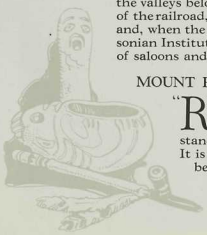


Jasper Park Lodge

Jasper National Park

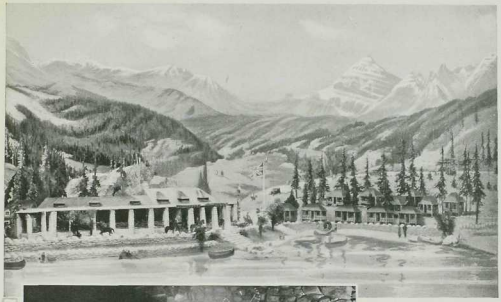
bathrooms, verandahs, and sitting rooms, so that you may have all the privacy of your own home, within a couple of minutes' walk to the big main dining room, hung round with pictures of what the mountains hold for you in the way of scenery, where all the guests assemble for meals, at small tables which can be grouped together when occasion arises. It happened that when I first arrived there I had a room in the main building, and I was up early the next morning and stepped out on the verandah to see the place by daylight, for I had arrived at night. Do you know the magic of the first morning in the mountains? It was a blue and white day, and there was a rift of white cloud draped along the mountain to my right, about half way up, and this and all the surrounding panorama of mountain and forest was reflected in the lake as in a looking glass; I fled back to my room for my camera and forgot all about breakfast till I had caught the cloud picture, so far as the camera can; the colouring,—the rugged, wine-red clefts on the slopes here and there, the grey-silver mountains streaked with the green of moss-agate; the vivid dazzle of the snow fields and glaciers; the emerald sheen of the lake itself,—all that comes back to me in dreams.

When the time came to leave for Prince Rupert I said goodbye to the big totem pole at Jasper with many regrets, tempered somewhat by the fact that I hoped to see it again ere long. For some seven miles the track runs along the Miette River, winding through green tufted trees, spruce, poplar and cottonwood. To the north are the battlemented crags of Yellowhead Mountain; on the south side, snow-crowned all through the summer, is Mount Fitzwilliam,—so called after Lord Milton's father; Lucerne and its "creamy sap-green" lake lies close alongside; and now you are over the "back of the Rockies" and in British Columbia. "Here," says Mr. Wheeler, President of the Canadian Alpine Club, "the first water flowing to the Pacific is a clear limpid brook, rising from a spring and winding through a grove of magnificent spruce; primeval trees with wide spreading mossy boughs, natural umbrellas, beneath which you may camp for days of rain and keep dry. It soon gathers headway and, fed by many tributaries, becomes a mighty and irresistible river racing down the western slopes on its way to the ocean." A mile beyond the lake and you reach the Fraser, rising far back among the snowy southern peaks, and hurrying northward to widen out into the turquoise blue and emerald green of Moose Lake, under the shadow of the Rainbow Range, whose rocks are brilliant scarlet and crimson, and amber and gold, all bathed in the violet haze that rises from the valleys below. Moose City, in the days of the construction of the railroad, was better known in railway parlance as "Mile 17," and, when the Alpine Club, and certain members of the Smithsonian Institute, were here in 1911, there was a queer collection of saloons and bunk-houses in the log and canvas camp.



MOUNT RESPLENDENT AND MOUNT ROBSON

"RESPLENDENT" is the name given by Dr. A. P. Coleman, the noted Alpine climber, to the mountain which, clad in pure white snow, stands at the head of the great Robson amphitheatre. It is nearly as high as Robson and was so ethereally beautiful, when the Canadian Alpine Club first came suddenly on it in 1911, that they were struck dumb with amazement. Then the railway runs along the milky green waters of the Fraser till we get, almost without warning, our



Jasper Park Lodge

first glimpse of that "giant among giants, immeasurably supreme," Mount Robson, the Monarch of the Rockies.

It is a cone-shaped peak, hanging high in mid-air, out-topping all around, isolated and white against the blue of the sky, so perfectly symmetrical that you almost lose sight of its actual height. Its north-eastern wall is a sheer drop of 8,000 feet and its total altitude well over 13,000 feet.

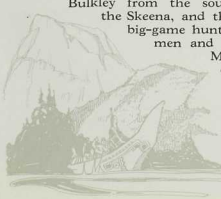
To see the mountain aright you should leave the train and make a special trip into Robson Park, at present a Provincial Park of British Columbia. Then you can visit the great amphitheatre, from the middle of which rises the huge massif, and you view Resplendent Valley crossed and recrossed by silver streams; Berg Lake, into whose turquoise waters topple and crash the great chunks of ice from the Tumbling Glacier, throwing up water spouts twenty and thirty feet into the air, the Valley of a Thousand Falls where the river leaps 145 feet to the rocks below, and then bounds up again like a rocket for thirty feet or more; the gloriously coloured lakes of turquoise and malachite, topaz, ultramarine, lapis lazuli, sapphire and amethyst — the innumerable splendours of that world of wonders.

The cameras were snapping like machine guns on the rear platform as we ran past Robson, and then carried on beside the hurrying Fraser, by forests of spruce, red cedar, and huge Douglas fir, with peaks flushing into the rose of early dawn and then glowing from pink to brilliant gold.

PRINCE GEORGE AND HAZELTON

PRINCE GEORGE was once a fort of the old North West Company, to-day the trappers and prospectors travel north from there by the waterway over Giscome Portage to Summit Lake, and thence by way of Fort Macleod and the Parsnip River to Finlay and Peace Rivers. The town is a sort of hub, radiating at almost equal distance of 400 to 500 miles each to the four important centres of Peace River to the north, Edmonton to the east, Vancouver to the south, and Prince Rupert to the west.

Leaving the lion couchant of Mount Sir Rider Haggard behind us we pass through a ranching country into the Nechako Valley and then northward to Hazelton through the Bulkley Valley, stopping for a few minutes to stare down at Bulkley Gate, where the river cramps up between two rocky walls far below the track so that you have to stand your camera on its head if you want to get a picture. Hazelton is the northernmost point on the railway system, on the Skeena River, where the Kispyox joins it from the north and the Bulkley from the south; it is the head of navigation on the Skeena, and the starting point for an aerial service for big-game hunters, tourists, mineral prospectors, lumbermen and fur-traders.



M. Jean Morency heard many reminiscences of the terrible days of the "Poor Man's Trail"—the overland route to the Klondyke in '98—from his hostess on an Indian ranch. There was a party of seventy-five, doctors, lawyers, ministers and others, who were beguiled into throwing up everything and leaving San Francisco by a gentleman of the name of Gride, who seems himself to have been fooled by one Jimmy Falls. They tramped across the mountains be-

The Athabaska Valley
Jasper National Park

tween the Nass and the Skeena, on the Grease Trail: "Without snow-shoes, without decent camp outfit, these men, though devoid of experience, had to cut their way, waist deep in thawing snow. Charles Rolls rushed into Hazelton, shouting wildly 'The whole world is coming to an end! I have seen the damned on their way to the last judgment!' The people laughed, thinking of the good time he must have had. But, true enough, an old man, with long whiskers and cavernous eyes, clambered over the bank asking excitedly 'where are the gold fields?' "

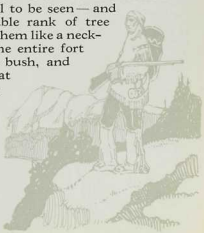
KITWANGA AND THE TOTEM POLES

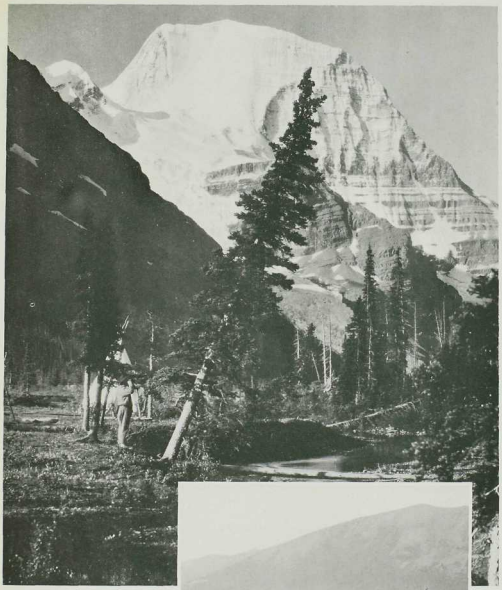
AFTER leaving Hazelton the train turns southwards along the Skeena River and we come to the old Indian village of Kitwanga, with its interesting avenue of totem poles. These are usually of carved cedar and are erected by the Indians along the North Pacific Coast, from Vancouver Island to Alaska. There are house poles, both inside and outside, and memorial columns. The carvings on grave posts and grave boxes were mostly crests owned by the families of the deceased, while those on house posts might be crests—or they might illustrate stories—and occasionally a figure of the houseowner himself might be added, or the figure of someone whom he might wish to ridicule. Regular carvers were employed to put on the designs and they were handsomely paid.

Near the bank of the river is one, the oldest of the lot, which dates from two hundred years ago, or more, lying on the ground, which has an interesting story attached to it.

STORY OF NEHRT

NEHRT was a mighty warrior, whose mother had been carried away by the Haidahs to Queen Charlotte Islands and forcibly married to a chief of the Eagle crest. Him she decapitated when he was asleep with a sharp sea shell and then fled with the infant Nehrt. This child inherited the lawless characteristics of both his parents and was passed on from tribe to tribe, they finding that the compensations they had to pay for his constant crimes or violences were an expensive luxury. By the time he reached the neighbourhood of Kitwanga it was determined to abate him as a public nuisance. Nehrt got wind of this and retired to a cone-shaped mound some two-and-a-half miles from the village. On the top of this he erected four houses—the mound and the remains of the houses are still to be seen—and made cords of sinew wherewith he drew a double rank of tree trunks to the top of the mound and arranged them like a neck-lace round the summit. Then he encircled the entire fort with another cordon of sinew, hidden in the bush, and hung with dried deer hoofs and puffin beaks that would rattle and give an alarm on the approach of an enemy. Another similar burglar alarm he fitted to each house door and then lay low. When the enemy did arrive he simply cut the retaining cords and let the logs go, thereby rolling his foe out flat. The figures so neatly disposed along the prostrate totem pole represent the deceased; they wear curious conical hats to show that they belonged to the Coast warriors, and the descendants of Nehrt bear his name and are





Mount Robson
13,068 feet, Monarch of the Canadian Rockies

Jasper Station
Starting the Triangle Tour

Mount Edith Cavell (11,033 feet)
Jasper National Park

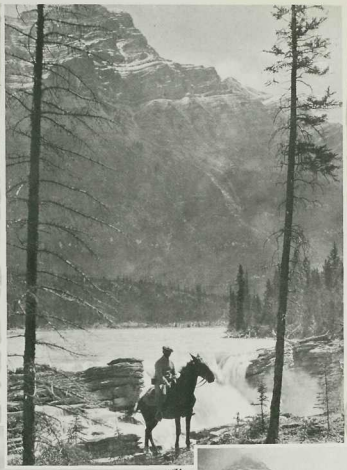
important chiefs even unto this day. There is another weird red beast resembling a goblin dog on the lid of a box which is also a crest, and is said by some authorities to be a caricature of a sea-lion. Near this is an Indian tomb with the clothes of the deceased hanging from the roof.

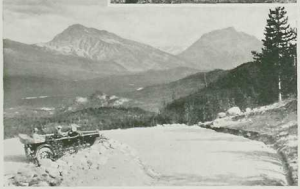
LAKE LAKELSE

As we left Kitwanga and skirted along the Skeena the talk of the passengers turned on the subject of fishing. The milk-green waters, opening into wide lakes, and cramping into torrents, are full of salmon and you can see their dark shadow-like silhouettes moving just under the surface. There are islands all the way, and alluring backwaters opening out here and there which promise all sorts of strange pictures beyond. I left the train at Terrace, which claims to grow the biggest strawberries in Canada, in order to spend a couple of days at Lake Lakelse (Indian for fresh water mussel), and to visit the hot springs, of which I had heard much talk in Edmonton. They are five miles from Terrace. At the foot of the lake we unloaded our stuff onto a boat and rowed some six or seven miles to a lodge. The lake lies in a sort of basin, surrounded by mountains some 5,000 or 6,000 feet high, where goats and sheep are to be seen and, so far, have been very little hunted. It is full of fish, I saw two visitors pull out some fifty fine trout in a couple of hours, and one day we rowed down to the outlet where the salmon were rolling about like dolphins. The winter climate is quite mild—you have only to look at the fruit they grow here to realise that—and the snow never lies long, on account of the chinooks and the proximity of the Japanese current, the sea being only twenty-five miles away in an air line.

ON TO PRINCE RUPERT

From Terrace onwards we follow closely the line of the Skeena, as it wends its sinuous way to the sea. The channel has been described as a wildly picturesque gorge hemmed in on either side by lofty summits. The rocky slopes shelve up sharply from the water's edge in a continuous series of rolling shoulders and spurs to towering heights, which for the most part are wreathed eternally in snow and ice. As we follow it we can realise the difficulty of the engineering problems involved in the construction of the railway. For example, the distance from Hazelton to Prince Rupert is 186 miles, and, for every mile of the location, sixty-five miles of possible lines had to be carried out and thoroughly investigated. The mountains fall sheer into the water and for the first sixty miles the engineer had to "trim back the mountains where they kiss the river." On one section there is a short two miles of line which the station men say is the finest piece of track on the continent. It was carried out by a small party of Scotsmen, who had acquired their knowledge of railway building on the Highland line, and had built according to the British standard. The Skeena, is, in fact, one of the most picturesque and treacherous waterways in the world; it runs through wild gorges, such as the Kitselas Canyon, where a great lake is suddenly forced through a passage barely sixty feet, for three quarters of a mile, and the maddened waters thunder through at thirty miles an hour; it will rise and fall a foot or so in a single night; it





Mount Kerkeslin and Athabaska Falls
Motor Road in Jasper National Park
Mount Robson and Emperor Falls

does not run alike for two consecutive days; travelling along it you open up vista after vista of mountain, forest, waterfall, open lakes, islands—rocky and verdure clad—where the gulls congregate on the shingly beaches; the tide runs up some sixty miles so that you are in salt water long before you see the sea itself; the train runs smoothly along narrow shelves hewn out of the solid rock, and down colonnades of immemorial trees; by the landing stages of the fishing companies, built on piles out into the stream, till the "salt, sweet smell of the sea" blows fresher and more stinging, and you slow up at the entrance to Prince Rupert.

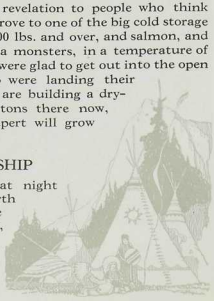
PRINCE RUPERT

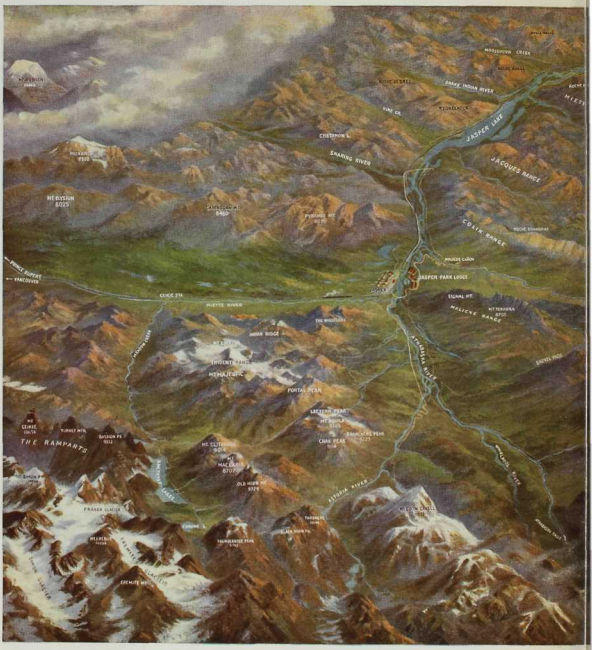
PRINCE RUPERT itself is like no other town in Canada. It was originally laid out by one of the most distinguished firms of landscape architects in the United States. Verily it is a city founded on a rock, and largely blasted out of the rock, for that matter. Many of the houses are built on stilts and wooden sidewalks are laid on the rock, while the streets rise, terrace above terrace, wide avenues and curving crescents, with flower gardens in front of them, all up the flank of Mount Hays, with the blue water of the magnificent harbour gleaming far below.

The annual fair was on when I was there and the streets were thronged with Indians, fat and prosperous, squaws and papooses sitting on the doorsteps of the shops, munching fruit and candies, and flying toy balloons for the admiration of the passers by. We went to the Fair Building high up the hillside in the evening, and the first thing we saw was a couple of Chinese babies in gorgeous raiment, looking so like dolls that I wanted to pinch them, and nearby was a noted Indian artist carving totem poles and bracelets and other adornments, out of pre-historic mammoth ivory and black slate from Skidegate in the Queen Charlotte Islands, and weaving beautiful little baskets which will hold water like a tin pail. The fruit was a revelation to people who think they are near the Arctic Circle. Next day we drove to one of the big cold storage plants, where we saw halibut that weighed 300 lbs. and over, and salmon, and herrings being kippered, and many other sea monsters, in a temperature of twenty-five below zero, sometimes, so that we were glad to get out into the open air and talk to the Norwegian fishermen who were landing their catch from a sailing ship alongside. They are building a dry-dock that will accommodate ships of 20,000 tons there now, and, as the Orient trade develops, Prince Rupert will grow into one of the great ports of the world.

FROM TRAIN TO STEAMSHIP

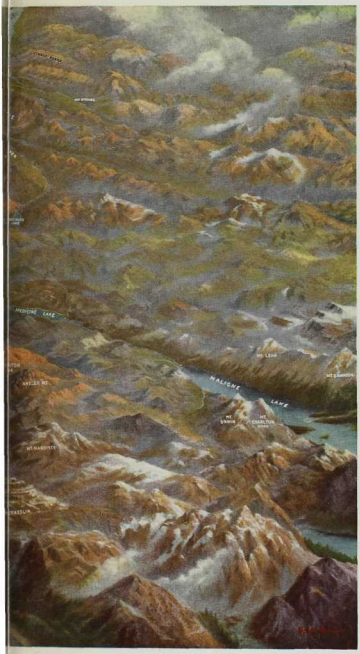
I BOARDED the G.T. SS. Prince George at night for Stewart and Hyder, about 125 miles north of Prince Rupert, at the head of the famous Portland Canal, which, be it observed, is a work of Nature and not artificial. Stewart is in Canada and Hyder in Alaska, and the boundary monument between the U.S.A. and Canada is only a few yards from the landing stage.





JASPER NATIONAL PA

Not only is Jasper National Park, with its area of 4,400 square miles, the largest game se of mountain peaks. Few are below 8,000 feet. Mount Edith Cavell, Canada's mounte Nurse is 11,033 feet.

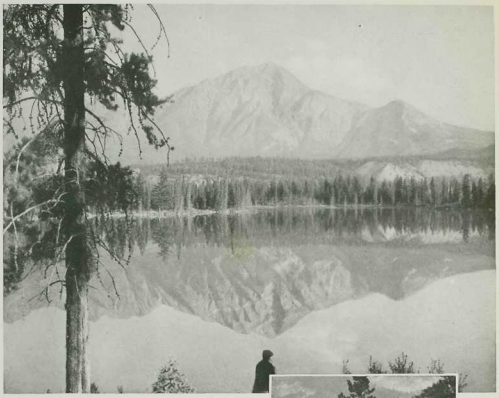


ary in the world, but it contains the greatest number
memorial named in honour of the British Red Cross

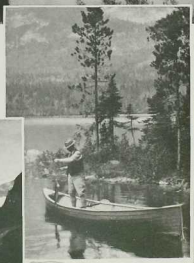
Hundreds of Miles of Roads and Trails

TRAILS and roads, winding amid spruce and pine through valleys, along rivers and lakes and ascending the slopes of mountains within the park have an aggregate length of several hundred miles—and they are being steadily extended. Some of them were blazed over a century ago by Indians, fur traders and explorers who traversed the Athabaska Valley on their way to and from the Pacific. These, in particular, are historical, almost sacred, for many of the men who trod them in early pioneer days have left their imprint on Canadian history. But most of the trails and roads have been constructed by the Dominion Government in order to provide pathways by which tourists may have access, with the minimum of effort, to mountains, valleys, lakes, rivers and other points of interest within the Park.

Lakes — turquoise, sapphire, emerald, amethyst, according to the character of their environment, and mirroring adjacent mountain peaks on their placid surface—are scattered like jewels everywhere. Glaciers, great and small, abound, while the Columbia ice field, just outside the park boundaries, outrivals in vastness and in beauty those found in any other part of the continent, with the possible exception of the Mount Elias ice field in Alaska.



Pyramid Mountain and Lake, Jasper National Park



Kinney Lake, Mount Robson Park

HYDER AND STEWART

HYDER, when I was there, possessed the very smallest theatre I ever set eyes on, it was about the size of a packing case, and it was only the fact that it had the name "The Green Theatre" painted on the door and a picture of the show within, that convinced me it was not a joke. The jail is bigger than the theatre but not so big as the custom house. It was originally erected for the benefit of the surveyors, but afterwards used as a jail because it was the only stone building in the place; from the others any prisoner could have escaped with the help of an ordinary penknife. Most of the city is built on piles, and it boasts an aerial railway, down which little cradles run the ore from the Premier Gold-Mine, some thirteen miles away.

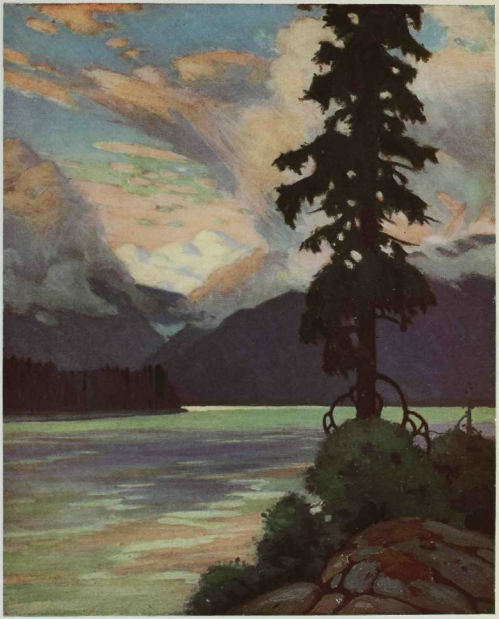
Stewart, a mile away, is tucked in at the foot of the mountains, at the very head of the canal. You reach it by walking along a sort of wooden causeway, and, across the mudflats, when I was there, men were blasting side-hill excavations for a new road; the village had one street and part of another; there was a hotel and a store where the tourists were buying post cards, and the lady in charge told me the weather was going to clear because the glass was going up—a remark you hear more often in the Old Country than in Canada.

DOWN THE PORTLAND CANAL TO PORT SIMPSON

THE return journey one does by daylight. All down the sixty miles of Portland Canal "you are travelling through a mountain range on an ocean liner." The average width of the canal is about a mile, the depth of the water 600 feet, and through its centre runs the international boundary between the United States and Canada. The scenery is unmatched even by the Norwegian fjords; you steam beneath huge cliffs whose flanks are darkened with the sombre green of tall, upthrusting pines; stretching away illimitably in the background is a wilderness of far-flung peaks, cloud-capped or gleaming with snow and ice; ahead of you are green islets round whose feet the ripples are breaking in little necklaces of white foam; the bays are of the sea-blue that Swinburne loved:

"And the wonderful waters knew her, the winds and the viewless ways;
And the roses grew rosier, and bluer the sea-blue streams of the bays."

The steeps that run sheer to the narrow seas are the green of malachite and olivine, and flecked with the silvery grey of moss-agate; far away, like a smoke pall, the red-dun clouds are hanging round the inland ridges; all down these long corridors you are opening up new vistas that change, and shift, with side glimpses that are as visionary, and infinite as is the moonglade on the Great Lakes.



The Skeena
Picturesque and Treacherous

At the entrance to the canal is Port Simpson, near the mouths of the Nass and Skeena Rivers. As Port Simpson it was founded by the Hudson's Bay Co., under the direction of John Work, about 1833. It was the most important of the Western posts, with the exception of that at Victoria, and served as a fur-trading centre for many Indian tribes; the Tsimshians of the adjacent coast, the Haidahs of Queen Charlotte Islands, the Tlingit of the Alaskan coasts, and some other tribes to the south. They were a warlike race with feuds among themselves, leading to bloody encounters when they visited the Fort, and the trouble came to a climax in 1855 when they tried to burn the Fort, and the guns in the bastion were fired, shattering a few cedar planks in the deserted Indian houses on the peninsula opposite. Peace followed immediately, but, ammunition for the old eight-pounders being scarce, the Chief Trader offered a shilling apiece for each cannon ball found round the plank houses, and returned to the Fort. To this day the Fort Simpson Tsimshians laugh over the premium paid for the recovered ammunition.

FROM PRINCE RUPERT ON

LEAVING Prince Rupert we pass the mouth of the Skeena River. Whidbey, master of the "Discovery," examined this estuary in July, 1793, but was so deterred by the sandbars and boulders that he reported to Vancouver that it was not worth examination. So ignorant were the early explorers of what the openings of large rivers would be like when deploying into the sea, that Vancouver missed his chance, so to speak, at the mouth of the Skeena, just as he did at the mouths of the Fraser and the Nass. Dixon Entrance, where the open water of the Pacific "stretches from here to China" was named after the captain of the "Queen Charlotte;" Kennedy Island after that Governor of Vancouver Island, whose pet motto was: "It is better to be decidedly wrong, than undecidedly right."

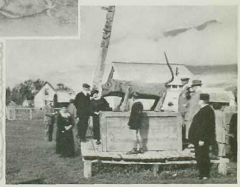
Down Grenville Channel, with Pitt Island on the right, we pass Gardner Inlet, which was explored by Vancouver, and whose shores are flanked by precipitous cliffs running up a thousand feet or more, streaked white with long waterfalls; and then we turn sharply to avoid Gribbell Island. In the early morning we ran into Swanson Bay, called after the Commodore of the H. B. C. fleet. This is a lovely little bay, the headquarters of a pulp and shingle mill, with a busy wharf that seems out of keeping with its picturesque surroundings. In the Klentoo Passage, right in front of us, is "China Hat Island," being just the shape of the headgear worn by the Chinese coolie at home. Then comes Roderick Island on the left, and the long green stretch of Princess Royal Island, where Captain Duncan used to moor his fifty ton sloop of that name to the trees at night; past another peep of open sea at Milbanke Sound, and then we curve eastward into Ocean Falls.

OCEAN FALLS

OCEAN FALLS is a sort of garden city; and, as the steamer stops over for an hour or so, there is time to land and visit it. There are tiers of little model houses rising one above the other up the side of the cliff, the tiers being connected by wooden staircases, and each house has a little garden in front of it, in which the roses were blooming as they can bloom all along the

The Old Indian Village of Kitwanga

On the Triangle Tour



coast here and the whole townlet was a blaze of flowers. Above it is a huge dam, and you will find a wilderness of logs behind it, should you care to climb so far. These supply the pulp and paper mills, which are the parents of the garden city. The climate is so healthy and the sanitary arrangements so good that the only sort of epidemic they have ever suffered from was a mild attack of chicken pox.

WHERE MACKENZIE AND VANCOUVER NEARLY MET

AT the mouth of the Bella Kula River, running into Burke's Channel, is the point at which Sir Alexander Mackenzie arrived at salt water, after his long overland trip from Eastern Canada. Upon the date of his arrival, 20th July, 1793, he writes:—"At about eight we got out of the river which discharges itself by various channels into an arm of the sea. The tide was out and had left a large space covered with seaweed. The surrounding hills were involved in fog, the bay appearing to be from one to three miles in width. As we advanced along the land we saw a great number of sea otters." Later on he ascended Dean Channel and here he tells us that:

"I now mixed up some vermilion in melted grease and inscribed in large letters on the south-east face of the rock on which we had slept last night this brief memorial:—"'Alexander Mackenzie, from Canada by land, the twenty-second day of July, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-three'" In a footnote he adds: "This I found to be the cheek of Vancouver's Cascade Canal." From May 27 to June 10, 1793, Vancouver was at anchor with his vessels in Restoration Cove. While Mackenzie was on his canoe journey the Indians he met told him that some white men had been in the neighbourhood with a big war canoe. One Indian stated, with an air of insolence, imitating the motion of using a gun and sword, that the chief "Macubah" had fired on him and his friends, and that "Benzins" had struck him on the back with the flat of his sword. (Mackenzie remarks "that he has no doubt he well deserved it.")

Now the story is that it was not until five years later that Mackenzie and Vancouver met for the first time at a dinner party in London, and discovered in the course of conversation how near they had been to meeting at the mouth of the Bella Kula. "Macubah" was, of course, the Indian attempt at "Vancouver" and "Benzins" was "Johnson," Vancouver's second in command. The village at the mouth of the river was named by Mackenzie "Rascal's Village" on account of the hostile manner in which his party had been treated. It is still there, and a little higher up the river are the sites, recently located, of two more villages, both referred to by Mackenzie. Mr. J. Dunn, leader and interpreter at Fort McLoughlin, saw the painted inscription on the rock in 1836.

OPEN PACIFIC

ALMOST immediately after leaving the estuaries of the Dean and Bella Kula rivers we run into the open Pacific at Queen Charlotte Sound, and again there is "nothing between us and China," for some twenty-five miles, although, of course, the mountains and islands are still in sight on the landward side, and we give a wide berth to Cape Caution where Vancouver nearly lost the "Discovery," in 1792, on a rock some fifteen miles to the south-east. Then we run again into sheltered seas between the Island of Vancouver and the

The scenery along the Northern Pacific Coast is unmatched even by the Norwegian Fjords

mainland. Just opposite the mouth of the Nimkish River is Cormorant Island, within the waters of Alert Bay, principally known because on the south point is to be seen an old Indian burying ground, decorated with many coloured streamers, standing near which is a fine totem pole noted for the beautifully carved and painted figures.

For about twelve miles along Johnstone Strait the shores of Vancouver Island and of the mainland directly approach each other; through the twenty-three miles of Discovery Passage the tide, at its flood, runs at the rate of six to twelve knots, and then we pass Comox, an abbreviated Indian name in the Yuculta tongue for the part of Vancouver Island now so called, the full name being Komuckway or Comuckthway, which means "plenty," "riches," or "abundance," the surrounding district having been noted for berries and game.

The Narrows are about eight hundred yards wide and a mile and a half long, while their high rugged enclosing walls shut off, for the time being, a view of the surrounding country.

Opposite Texada Island (the largest in the Strait of Georgia) and debouching from the mainland, is Powell River which the steamer enters and up which it runs for some distance till it reaches the large pulp and paper mills, another model town against a picturesque and wildly uncivilised background.

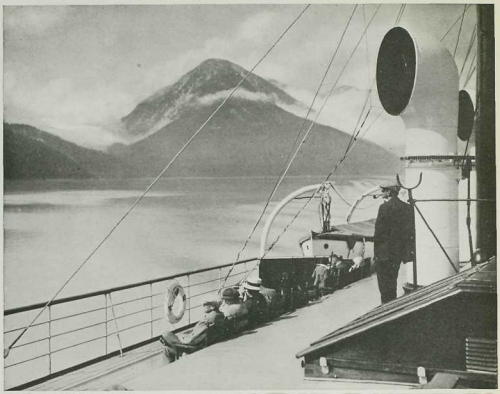
VANCOUVER AND VICTORIA

ON the subject of Vancouver and Victoria, where we are now arriving, I may, perhaps, be allowed to quote what I wrote on the occasion of my first visit to those cities:—

"Then we skirt along the tidewaters of the Pacific, inlets of sapphire and emerald, where the ocean steamers for China and Australia, New Zealand and the Hawaiian Islands, San Francisco and Alaska, are moored; where the docks are piled high with yellow lumber from the great sawmills, and with bales of silk, and tea, and sealskins—the City of Vancouver, and a terminus of the Canadian National Railways.

"The city is built on a peninsula, fronting on Burrard Inlet (so called by Vancouver after Sir Harry Burrard 'of the Navy') which lies at the foot of the Cascade Mountains; far away to the west you can see the dim blue line of Vancouver Island. To the southwest, in American territory, is the long wavy crest, thick-maned with snow, of the Olympian Range; to the southeast Mount Baker looms up, a great white dome, faintly flushed with gold. At your feet are inlets and islands innumerable; the houses are buried in green foliage and bright with flowers; the harbour is dotted with white sails, and tall masts, and Indian canoes, and big steamships."

Stanley Park is a promontory, forming the extremity of the peninsula on which the city is built. The drive around is a distance of ten miles, and much of the interior is practically unbroken forest. There are rides cut hither and thither, which wind through colonnades of fir and scented cedar, hung with trailing lianas and carpeted with moss, to groves where the great trees shoot up, straight and stately, for 300 feet above your head. Some of the cedars are over fifty feet in girth round the bole; the long green and grey moss hangs in pendent tresses from the boughs,



Life on the Sheltered Seas

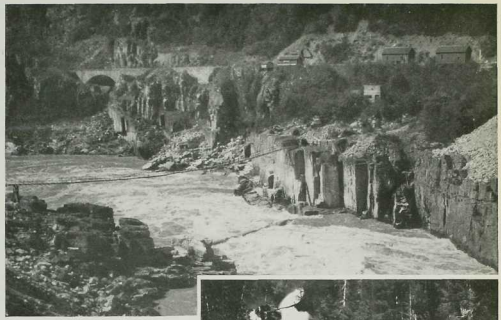
and the turf is ablaze with flowers. The waters of the Pacific are lapping on the shore; and through tressures of leaves you catch glimpses of blue inlets under frowning cliffs; the sea gulls look no bigger than butterflies; on the other side of the bay are little white, red-roofed houses under hanging woodlands of fir and spruce; far away to the left the trailing cloud of an Eastern bound steamer; inland, a heavy pall of tawny smoke from the forest fires, and at your feet a flotilla of Songhi canoes, and little, hurrying yachts.

After dinner we sat on the verandah at the back of the club and gazed across the harbour at the Sleeping Beauty and the Couchant Lions. As the sun dipped, the waters of the inlet turned to the rippled blue of damascened steel under the deep purple shadows of the mountains.

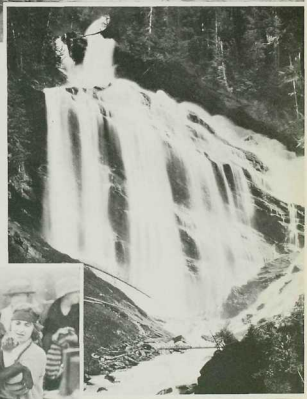
FROM VANCOUVER TO VICTORIA

FROM Vancouver to Victoria is another trip through inland waters for most of the way, and I find this in my notes: "Ahead of the steamer was a wide strip of calm water, that lay like a pale mirror framed in fretted green. The edges were so clearly defined that I suspected the existence of a breakwater, à fleur d'eau, and it ran out, straight and rectilinear, for miles from the shore. It was the mouth of the Fraser which Vancouver missed . . . The islands grew higher and steeper further in, and the water in their shadows was almost black. Suddenly a great white column seemed to leap up against a tawny cliff and then vanish, where a huge blackfish was spouting, and the seals swam lazily within pistol shot of the ship. . . . The mainland was heavily forested, with chalets, tents, and bungalows tucked away among the trees close at hand, and far back in American territory, were the glistening peaks of the Olympian Range.

The verandah was fringed with rubber plants and begonias, and even the car conductor had carnations in his buttonhole. The gardens of some of the houses we passed on our way were at least equal to anything of their size at home. Everything about you was so suggestive of rustic England that it comes on you like a sudden shock to see a yellow-faced Chinaman shaking a footrug out of an upper window. By degrees you realize that Victoria is one of the most bewildering spots on the globe. It is a combination of old-fashioned English civilisation and of wild, virgin wilderness. You hear the tinkling of the cowbells and you look up at the snowy mountains and down at the bay, and begin to wonder whether the Alps have been torn up by the roots and dropped on the sea shore. When you were on the prairie 'The East' meant Montreal and Toronto; here it means China and Japan. You leave the club with a man who is as European as if he had just stepped out of Piccadilly, and walk along the wharf past half-a-dozen canoes, with long fish-tailed prows and fibre matting inside, glittering with salmon scales. Their crews are the



Hell's Gates
Where the Fraser goes utterly mad



Pyramid Falls

Back again in Jasper

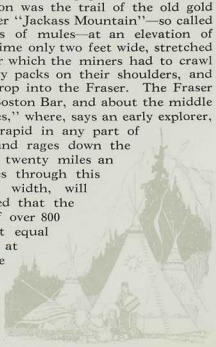
aboriginal inhabitants of the North American Continent; and five minutes later you are under the shadow of a Chinese joss house. You look at the heads of walrus and caribou, and moose, on the walls of the billiard room, and feel as if you were near the Arctic Regions; and then you see the flowers and the fruit and begin to wonder whether you are not in California after all!"

THE CANADIAN NATIONAL STEAMSHIP

THE steamers of the Canadian National are like small Atlantic liners; the dining saloons have tables for five or six in alcoves along the sides, and long tables running down the middle; the staterooms are big enough to give you plenty of space for washing and dressing; there are smoking and observation rooms where you may sit under shelter and admire the scenery as you pass (and here they have an advantage over the ocean liners); there is enough deck room for shuffle board and deck quoits, for the sake of which pastimes some of the passengers miss quite a lot of good views at times.

BACK TO THE TRAIN FOR THE LAST LEG

NEW WESTMINSTER is on the delta of the Fraser, and was at one time the capital of British Columbia; to-day it is rapidly being built up till it joins Vancouver. It is mainly a lumbering and fishing centre. From here on, for most of the third side of the Triangle Tour the railway sticks close to the Fraser and Thompson rivers, the broader valley, and farming and fruit orchards, the wide, smooth current of the rivers changing as you ascend its course to another scene of black canyons and racing white water and rugged mountains. At Yale the hills are wooded, and slope gradually up for from 600 to 800 feet; above that bald rocks shoot up plumb for another 1,000 feet or more. From here on to Lytton was the trail of the old gold seekers, hewn sideways out of the rock; under "Jackass Mountain"—so called because it was strewn with the carcasses of mules—at an elevation of 1,700 or 1,800 feet there was a bridge at one time only two feet wide, stretched like a spider's web across a deep gulch, over which the miners had to crawl on their hands and knees, with their heavy packs on their shoulders, and where a false step meant a perpendicular drop into the Fraser. The Fraser Canyon begins about fourteen miles below Boston Bar, and about the middle of its length is one of the many "Hell's Gates," where, says an early explorer, "The Fraser, rarely anything but a rocky rapid in any part of its course, goes utterly mad, and foams and rages down the narrow and falling channel at the rate of twenty miles an hour." The volume of water which passes through this outlet, here not more than forty yards in width, will be more readily conceived when it is stated that the Fraser has already collected the waters of over 800 miles, including the Thompson, of almost equal size with itself." The latter river unites at Lytton, and from this point we leave the Fraser and follow the course of the river which received its name from Simon Fraser in honour of David Thompson, the noted explorer, but which the latter himself never saw.



KAMLOOPS LAKE

KAMLOOPS LAKE is a widening of the Thompson and we skirt it for some twenty miles. Surrounded by fine rocky hills, Tranquille is in the irrigation district, a country of flat meadows and good roads, the hills when I passed them being still green as the result of an unusually wet summer, and the lower slopes of that peculiar velvety olive and gold, which is so frequent in the irrigated parts of British Columbia. There were scarlet tomatoes, yellow pumpkins, fat sheep and pebbly brooks, so that it was hard to remember that you were in the neighbourhood of mountains, and, just close to the tracks, a startled deer heaved himself up in a cloud of dust, and stood there gazing resentfully at the train as it glided past. At Kamloops itself we did not stay long, having visited that district of soft skies and easy, rolling hills before. The flats along the banks are green and fertile, and the dry grey bunch grass that looks so nutritious to our eyes makes a favourite food for cattle and horses. Kamloops produces a number of good polo ponies to say nothing of pack and trail ponies.

Then we turn northwards, passing Blackpool, now a coal mine, but originally worked for gold, and then, opposite Messiter, we run along another canyon—that of the Thompson this time—with yet another "Hell's Gate" through which a miner is said to have passed, sorely against his will and clinging desperately to a log, which carried him safe to land at last. I have heard a similar story of a Fraser River canyon.

BLUE RIVER AND THE HEADLESS INDIAN

VERY soon after this we reach Blue River Station, but, a couple of miles before you reach it you pass the spot where Milton and Cheadle discovered "The Headless Indian." When their book, "The Northwest Passage by Land" first appeared, in the early sixties, they were accused of inventing their adventures, most particularly that of "The Headless Indian." Briefly, the story told by them is that when they arrived here they were on the verge of starvation. They sent their guide, "The Assiniboine," on a hunt from which he returned with a marten which he threw down, saying: "Rien que cela—et un homme mort." They set off to find the body and finally discovered it at the foot of a large pine. It was in a sitting position with the arms clasped over the knees, bending forward over the ashes of a miserable fire of small sticks. The ghastly figure was headless, and the "cervical vertebrae projected dry and bare—the clothes still hung round the shrunken form. Near the body were a small axe, fire bag, large tin kettle, and two baskets of birch bark. In the bag were flint, steel, tinder, an old knife, and a single charge of shot, carefully wrapped in an old rag." One basket contained a fishing line of cedar bark and two curious hooks. They put him down as a Shuswap, trying, like themselves, to reach Kamloops. But where was his head? Search as they would they could not find it, neither were they able in any way to account for its disappearance. So they left, carrying off the small axe and the steel and fishing line. The critics said that the whole story was pure invention.

Some nine years later Sir Sandford Fleming and his survey party found themselves in the same neighbourhood, in somewhat similar circumstances. In the diary of Dr. G. M. Grant, on Sept. 16th we find the following: "The Doctor (A. Moren, M.D., of Halifax) had completely forgotten his fatigue before our arrival under the influence of a present of the spoon and fishing line of Milton and Cheadle's 'Headless Indian.'

"One of the packers had found the skeleton, and also found the head lying under a fallen tree, a hundred and fifty yards from the body. As the body could

not have walked away and sat down minus the head, the (highly unsatisfactory) explanation of the packers was that the Assiniboine had killed and eaten the Shuswap and hidden the head. A week later the Fleming party arrived at Goose Creek, and the Doctor immediately unsaddled and took a shingle shaped stick, and set off in search of the remains. In a few minutes he came on a bit of board with the inscription on it:

> 'Here lie the remains of the Headless Indian, discovered by Lord Milton and Dr. Cheadle, A.D. 1863. At this spot we found an old tin kettle, a knife, a spoon, and fishing line; and 150 yards up the river we also found the skull, which was sought for in vain by the above gentlemen.' '—*R. PARTY, C.P.R.S.*

The Blue River gets its name from the deep soft blue of the distant hills, which are seen from its mouth well up into the gap through which it runs. Clemina was formerly known as Thompson's Crossing, where, on account of the turbulent nature of the stream, the packers used to have to swim their horses and to convey their loads over on punts and rafts. The old trail runs beside the Albreda, which runs down from a sluggish lake at the summit of the Divide into the Thompson. The river is fed with scores of icy, green-coloured torrents from the neighbouring mountain, and at the foot of the Canyon, through which the Canoe River emerges from the range, the railway crosses the river and swings northeasterly. Government surveyors as a rule are not sentimental about scenery, but Mr. A. W. Johnston says:—"In a country where scenery is a drug in the market, it may seem foolish to say anything about it, but I know of no grander views than may be obtained in the valley of the Canoe, throughout its entire length. It rises in stupendous glaciers among the Mica Mountains, winds like a tortured snake across the wide flats at Cranberry Lake, and then flows for seventy miles between enormous rocky peaks and glaciers that are quite as fine as anything at Rogers Pass or Field." To the sportsman the district offers everything from grizzly bear to willow grouse. It is pre-eminently a caribou country. While there are plenty of goat, sheep only occur on the main ridge of the Rockies east of the Canoe.

THE LAST STRETCH

ON the far side of the Divide we get a full view of the Mica Mountain Range and then traverse the McLennan Valley, hugging the foothills and gradually turning northwards past a rapid succession of exquisite waterfalls, till we again sight the magnificent Rainbow Range, swing round a bend in the valley to the glorious peak of Mount Robson, and ever rising into the Heart of the Rockies the route re-enters Jasper National Park.

HOTELS OF DISTINCTION

WHEN you come to think of the size of its population Canada is probably better supplied with first-class hotels than any other country in the world. Starting from Montreal, for instance, for the Triangle Tour, you may stay off at Ottawa at the Chateau Laurier, which, architecturally, recalls visions of Old France, looking down on Major's Hill Park, and, far away through its turreted windows, to the Gatineau and Ottawa valleys and the blue line of the Laurentians, the oldest mountains in the world. Practically adjoining it are the Parliament Buildings, and, when the House is in session, you will encounter most of the leading men of the Dominion in and about its precincts. At Port Arthur, the head of the Great Lakes, the Prince Arthur Hotel looks over a sea-port; only the sea is inland and the water is fresh, the shipping is oceanic in its size and importance. One hundred and fifteen miles before reaching Winnipeg the Minaki Inn stands on a green promontory jutting out into the Winnipeg River, and you realize why the Indians gave it its name "Mee-Naw-kee" which means "Beautiful Country." At Winnipeg itself, by the gateway of the old Hudson's Bay Fort, above the trees that line Broadway, is the Fort Garry, a hotel that compares favourably with the best on the continent. The Prince Edward at Brandon, Manitoba, makes it hard to realise that, a generation ago, buffalo were being hunted where motor cars are now running smoothly over the prairie trails. The Macdonald Hotel at Edmonton, Alberta, is another castellated building where bright flower gardens are terraced high above the curves of the Saskatchewan River. Jasper Park Lodge is a glorified chalêt, with a whole covey of little bungalows nestling around the main building, and a view of many mountains reflected in the lake where visitors are paddling and rowing.

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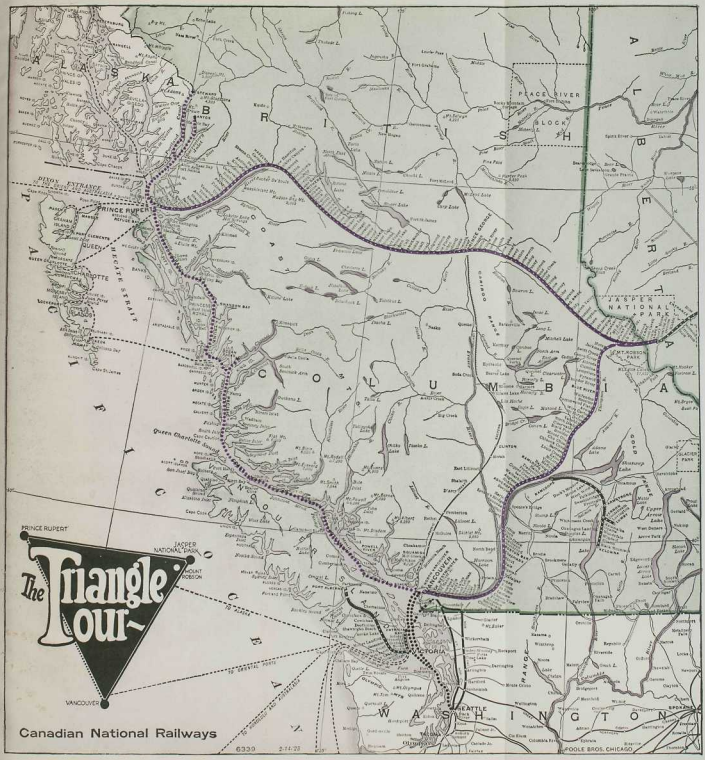
SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.....G. F. Johnston, 251 George St.
MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA...A. J. Simpson, 29 Market St.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