Canadian Pacific EMPRESS MAIL

MONDAY.

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1910 2000

Diary of my voyage to Canada: MONDAY

EMPRESS MAIL

Beaver June 7/84

STEEL rails do not a railroad make, any more than iron bars make a cage, at any rate in Canada. At Field the railroad people ask you to leave the rails and plunge for three days under their care into the wilderness. They drive you seven miles to a châlet hotel perched above the pale green waters of the Emerald Lake, so dreamy and so quiet that one can hardly believe oneself to be still in hustling, bustling Canada. Then you climb the saddle of a solemn-eyed mountain pony, and start off on the narrow trail along the side of the lake, across swift glacial streams and up precipitous slopes over the pass into the Yoho Valley, where camping grounds are kept all the summer through for those who like to see the Rockies in the Canadian way.

BEFORE starting out from the châlet I showed the guide the outfit I proposed to take, tightly packed in a commodious kit-bag. This made him look so unhappy that I took pity on him and reduced my three days' wardrobe to more reasonable limits, smuggling a few odd delicacies into the innumerable waistcoat pockets, side pockets, and trouser pockets with which the tailor is sensible enough to deck the garments of the lords of creation. Behold me, then, at last on Pegasus, an elegant figure, I assure you, with my portly thirteen stone delicately poised on a military saddle. There were seven in our party in addition to the guide, and one of us was a lady, or heroine, I should say, for she was setting out on a three days' ride astride for the first time since twenty years—a heroine indeed, for she confessed to twenty years without a blush. The editor from Quebec was the old campaigner of our party. He kept a constant lookout for moose tracks, caribou tracks, bear tracks, mountain sheep, goats, and eagles.

WE could not pass a river without his telling us the exact size of the trout it contained. He was primed with Indian lore, and told us terrible tales of his adventures with French Canadian guides in the wilds of Northern Canada. When he retired to rest at night he slept with his boots under his pillow, not because he had taken too liberal a "night cap," but to keep them safe from marauding porcupines. What thrills we should have missed if we had not had this lively comrade! Then we had two Canadian lads in cowboy outfit, slouch hats, and coloured kerchiefs round their necks. The other two were Englishmen in ordinary tourist warpaint—a motley cavalcade on the whole, with but two things in common: we each of us bore a stout heart and a camera.

FRED, the guide, led on in front, and for a time we followed him in close Indian file. Then my weight began to tell, and as I was in the middle of the party, we were very soon divided into two, the guide heading the first section while I held back the rear. In such a position, how could I escape being nicknamed? They called me Colonel of the Safety Brigade, a title I did my best to justify. The first day's trail wound along the north shore of Emerald Lake and then up steep screes (as they would say in Cumberland), past a waterfall to the welcome shade of forest. Just before plunging into the forest, we turned for a farewell glance at the sheet of amethyst below us, framed by the rugged edge of the Van Horne Range. Wapta, the club-headed mountain on our right, grew gradually more imposing as we continued our ascent, and we found that the face of rock screened glacial fields behind. Then over the ridge we rode through a lovely glade to the green waters of Summit Lake.

BY this time some of us began to find that our saddles were less comfortable than they might have been. The trail also began to play scurvy tricks, narrowing down to the very ghost of itself just where we wanted it to be broad, where ice-cold torrents foamed across the path that hung on the dizzy slope. Our ponies, however, kept their heads, and we breathed once more as we entered the tall, dark forest where lay our evening camp. Here John, an admirable Chinese cook, had prepared a three-course dinner for us by the time the circulation was restored to our tired limbs and we had selected tents. After dinner we sat round the camp fire, watching the trees darken and then lose themselves in the mysterious sky, while the editor from Quebec beguiled us with ghost stories and tales of his hairbreadth escapes from death and matrimony. The nights are cold in these high altitudes, but we had innumerable blankets and could sleep so warmly that it was half-past seven before I was wakened up and told that the party had decided not to shave—this by gracious permission of our heroine. It was nine

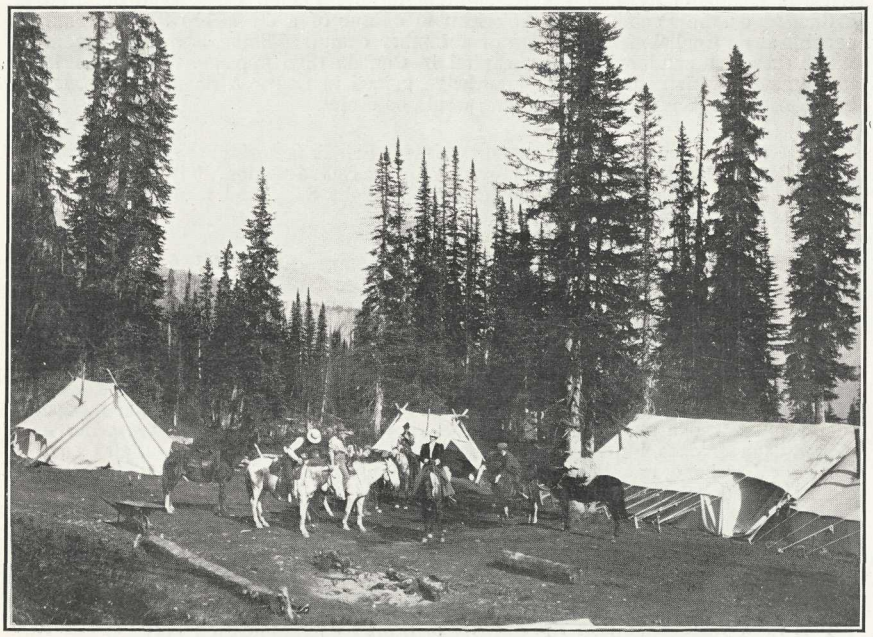
IN THE YOHO VALLEY

before we left our camp for the second day's adventures. Our trail led now for the most part through the forest,

"Tall woods with high romances blent,"

with barely a sign of life except the tail of a squirrel or the whirr of a partridge.

FIRST of all we came to Twin Lake and then to Shadow Lake, both of wonderful pale green, and so to Twin Falls and the great canyon of Grand Gulch. A halt was made for lunch before we rode on to the Yoho glacier, the most impressive sight of all. Out of the yawning mouth of this huge glacier pours the Yoho River, a green, treacherous mouth such as one might dream of in the days of dragons. Further down we forded the "Twin Falls River," another thrilling moment, for the current almost reached our stirrups. Then past Laughing Falls down the banks of the Yoho River our cavalcade proceeded till we looked up at the Takakkaw Falls, tumbling as it were out of



C.P.R. CAMP IN THE YOHO VALLEY.

the heavens. At last we reached the second camp, where another John awaited us with yet another famous dinner, and where at night we huddled in a tepee round a sympathetic fire.

THE third day was a day of majestic panoramas, for we climbed once more to Summit Lake, and from Summit Lake still higher over the face of Wapta to the ridge of Burgess Pass. Below us as we climbed lay Emerald Lake again, just like an ace of hearts. So narrow was the path at times that if by this time we had not been hardened we might have chosen to dismount. But now we knew it was safer in the saddle, so we rode down to the hotel at Field. Away with your talk of Switzerland, for ever spoiled by its casinos and funicular railways. Give me this Yoho Valley in the Canadian Rockies and these unsophisticated camps, where on a bed of balsam boughs sweet dreams are certain, and where round the camp fire every miserable care fades away into the still and fragrant night. (From the Darlington *Northern Echo*.)

EMPRESS MAIL

LORD NORTHCLIFFE ON CANADA

LORD NORTHCLIFFE recently returned from a visit to Canada, and in reply to a representative of *Canada* gave some interesting advice to British investors and business men :—

IT is a great mistake, he said, to suppose that English people are not investors in any other things than Government and municipal bonds. Any of your great banks and other investment agencies could tell you that English capital owns the majority of stock in all the railroads, national loans, municipal loans, and many private enterprises from Cape Breton to Vancouver Island. I do not think it would be wise for English people to invest in that which they do not understand, such as the highly specialised work of lumbering. The Americans are much more likely to succeed in that matter, in which they have local knowledge. When nations embark on what they do not understand, they usually come to grief, as witness the disappearance of the American flag from the Atlantic commercially, and the lamentation on the Pacific Coast as to its gradual extinction on the Pacific. The American in charge of a steamship line is about as capable as an Englishman in charge of a lumber camp. Mining is an investment in which there is much more English capital in Canada than appears. I believe it is an investment in which our national knowledge, gained in South Africa, Australia, India, South America, Siberia, and elsewhere, would be useful.

I THINK it a great matter for regret that more British factories are not being erected in Canada, but there is a strong movement in the right direction. The existing British factories, such as that of Messrs. Coates, and Sunlight Soap, and many others I might name, are very successful.

I HAVE never yet found any Canadian, in the course of hundreds of conversations, who was opposed to preferential tariff with the Mother-Country. The average Canadian is not asking anybody for anything. They gave the preference handsomely without any request of any kind, but many of them look upon the present state of affairs as a mean return for that which they have given, and for their exclusion of Germany. It is a great mistake to misrepresent Canadian independence of spirit as indifference. The Canadians are an intensely kind, generous, hospitable people, who when they come to England are very often coldly treated. Because they do not express indignation at such treatment, one must not suppose that they do not feel it. They have generously offered us preference, but they are not the kind of people to remind us of their free gift. On the other hand, many of them are disappointed with their treatment in this and other international matters.

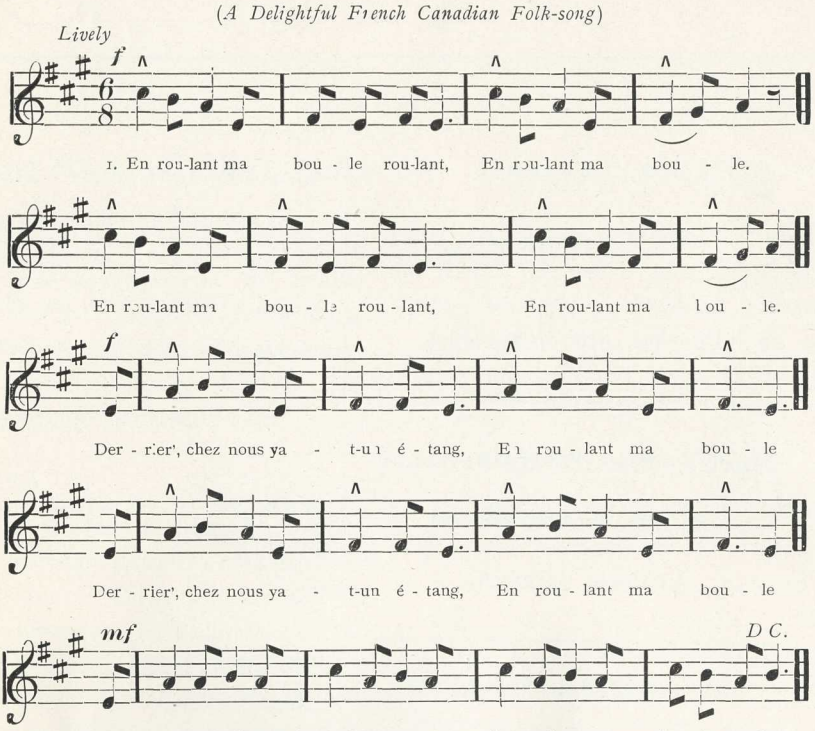
SOME English people imagine that Canada is still one of the smaller babies in the Downing Street nursery, and are likely to be considerably surprised from time to time.

IT is most regrettable that the absence of proper communication between the two people is building up much ignorance in both countries as to the other. It is much to be regretted that British statesmen of distinction in consequence do not visit Canada. A leading Canadian said to me that "with the exception of Lord Milner we have hardly ever seen a first-rate Englishman here, always excepting Lord Grey, beyond question one of the ablest administrators ever sent out by Great Britain."

THE reduction of price of postage on British periodicals is the most gratifying change that I have seen in Canada for some years, and is a very pleasant tribute to preference. All over Canada newsagencies are being established where the sale of British periodicals and newspapers is doing much, I think, to steady the pro-American feeling that naturally arises from the proximity of the Canadian to his alert cousin across the imaginary border-line. Mr. Buxton has, I believe, already published the figures of the increase. I doubt whether such astounding percentage of growth has ever been seen in the history of trade relations.

EN ROULANT MA BOULE

(A Delightful French Canadian Folk-song)



2
Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignant,
En roulant ma boule.
Le fils du roi s'en va chassant,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant, etc.

3
Le fils du roi s'en va chassant,
En roulant ma boule,
Avec son grand fusil d'argent,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant, etc.

4
Avec son grand fusil d'argent,
En roulant ma boule.
Visa le noir, tua le blanc,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant, etc.

5
Visa le noir, tua le blanc,
En roulant ma boule.
O fils du roi, tu es méchant!
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant, etc.

6
O fils du roi, tu es méchant!
En roulant ma boule.
D'avoir tué mon canard blanc,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant
En roulant, etc.

7
D'avoir tué mon canard blanc,
En roulant ma boule.
Par dessous l'aile il perd son sang,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant, etc.

8
Par dessous l'aile il perd son sang,
En roulant ma boule. [mants,
Par les yeux lui sort'nt des dia-
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant, etc.

9
Par les yeux lui sort'nt des dia-
En roulant ma boule. [mants.
Et par le bec l'or et l'argent,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant, etc.

10
Et par le bec l'or et l'argent,
En roulant ma boule. [vent,
Toutes ses plum's s'en vont au
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant, etc.

11
Toutes ses plum's s'en vont au
En roulant ma boule. [vent,
Trois dam's s'en vont les ramassant,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant, etc.

12
Trois dam's s'en vont les ramas-
En roulant ma boule. [sant,
C'est pour en faire un lit de camp,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant
En roulant, etc.

13
C'est pour en faire un lit de camp,
En roulant ma boule.
Pour y coucher tous les passants.
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant ma boule roulant,
En roulant ma boule.

EMPRESS MAIL

MARCONIGRAMS

R.M.S. "EMPRESS OF IRELAND,"

Monday, 9th May, 1910.

Associated Press Telegrams received from the Marconi Station, Poldhu, Cornwall.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

The *Times*, commenting on the political situation, says: "Death, the appeaser, has confounded all the calculations of politicians. Controversies, which but a few days ago seemed all important, have suddenly sunk into insignificance, and most ingeniously laid plans have come to nought. It is difficult to realize the change in the situation—still more difficult to forecast the ultimate effect of this change. The cloud of a general election has receded, but there is a sadder pall over Westminster.

Ex-PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

Christiania.

Colonel Roosevelt, in an address on International Peace, before the Nobel Prize Committee, declared that there is as much need to curb the cruel greed and arrogance of the World of Capital, and the greed and violence of the World of Labour, as to check cruel and unhealthy militarism in international relationship. While peace is generally good in itself, it becomes a vile thing if it serves merely as a mark of cowardice and sloth.

The honorary degree of Doctor of Philosophy was conferred upon the ex-President by the University.

Colonel Roosevelt left by special train for Stockholm yesterday evening.

DUNKIRK WEAVERS' STRIKE ENDED

Paris.

The conditions of the labour conflict at Dunkirk are improving. The weavers' strike is ended, and it is expected that the dockers will soon resume work.

THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE.

London.

The assembling of Parliament yesterday, to swear allegiance to King George V., had to be adjourned, owing to the unavoidable absence of the Speaker. The Premier and other ministers are hurrying back from the Continent.

SOUTH AFRICAN PARLIAMENT.

The Duke of Connaught is expected to represent King George at the opening of the South African Parliament. The Duke arrived at Port Said, on his return from East Africa, yesterday.

GERMANY IN MOURNING.

Germany, with absolute spontaneity, has gone into mourning. The Kaiser has cancelled all engagements, and will proceed to England to attend King Edward's funeral.

GRIEF FOR KING EDWARD.

The aged Emperor, Francis Joseph's emotion, on the receipt of the news of King Edward's death, was most pathetic. All Court festivities in Vienna and Budapest have been abandoned by his orders.

As a token of sympathy the New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia Stock Exchanges were closed on Saturday.

Newmarket.

The Second Spring Meeting has been abandoned.

MARCONI COMMUNICATIONS.

Communication with R.M.S. "Empress of Britain" is expected to-night.

MOUNT SIR DONALD,
NEAR FIELD, B.C.

THIS long brown sleeping-car is the last coach on a dusty train roaring to the Pacific at the tail of an engine like a battleship. It is early in the evening, and the green lounges are not yet converted into curtained beds. Tobacco smoke fills the carriage, ice clinks in long tumblers, conversation is still cheerful with the memory of dinner.

THE coolness and the glamour of evening draws one of the travellers to the observation platform at the rear of the coach. He leaves the "sleeper," passes Solomon, the negro, concocting iced waters in the pantry, and, coming into the night air, leans upon the trellis gate on the trembling platform of the swinging coach, and there in the wind and the twilight fills his eyes with the splendours of this new world.

THERE is a chant of distance in the rhythmic throb of the wheels. Save when they run with a metallic shivering and clattering over the points of a loop, they hum this chant of distance with a steady and a patient monotony. "Forever and ever. Forever and ever. Forever and ever." That is their quick, persistent cry. "Forever and ever. Forever and ever. Forever and ever." It whirls up from the earth and assaults the stillness of the summer night. The dust blows up along the track, the black smoke of the engine drifts into the air, the trellis gate quivers and yields, the iron platform rocks and sways and dances, the very woodwork vibrates like a pulse; and the wheels, turning, turning, turning, beat out from the shining rails that long persistent chant, "Forever and ever. Forever and ever. Forever and ever."

From Sea to Sea.

THE romance of this long and lonely trail of shining steel creeps like a sigh into the traveller's soul. From sea to sea the rails stretch across a mighty continent for over three thousand miles. They break through dense forests, they follow the marge of storm-swept lakes, they leap loud-thundering torrents, they cut through wide-stretching cities, they strike across interminable prairie, they climb wind-sculptured mountains, they descend from glacial beds and peaks of purring snow to fruitful valleys, laden with summer fragrance, and they

cease only on the shores of a far ocean, where ships tarry for the freightage they bring from an alien sea.

THE moon rises with enchanting tenderness above the black tree-tops which have hedged us in for hundreds of miles. She deepens the darkness of the trees and transforms the scratched and grated metals into flowing lines of liquid silver. Through an absolute stillness thunders the solitary train. "Forever and ever. Forever and ever. Forever and ever." The moon answers: "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end."

Over the Prairie.

THE prairie begins to open on either side. Beautiful and soft is this undulating and beflowered prairie, planted with happy homesteads, and watered by wide lakes spotted with wild-fowl. Little brown gophers scurry away from the track, moths whizz into the light of the train, the moon throws a wide radiance over the waters, and from horizon to horizon stretches the vast arc of the firmament. How wide, how tremendous is the range of this vision! The wheels answer: "Forever and ever. Forever and ever. Forever and ever."

THERE is a shout of triumph in the song. We rush with victory in our wheels towards the foot-hills; they are well assured, these joyful wheels, that they will cast the chain of Rocky Mountains behind them like a string of beads. "Forever and ever. Forever and ever Forever and ever." There is a quiet ecstasy in this steel-shod flight across a world, this conquest of opposing distance From sea to sea, through prairie and mountain gorge, over dizzy heights and at the side of foaming torrents, by day and by night, day after day, and night after night, gaining half-an-hour for the day and changing the heat of yesterday for the cold of to-morrow—on, on, forever and ever, trampling time, space, and distance under the fire of our speed—we race on this amazing journey singing the triumph and the poetry of evolution.

"FOREVER and ever. Forever and ever. Forever and ever," beat the wheels, and the scurrying dust whirls back into yesterday.

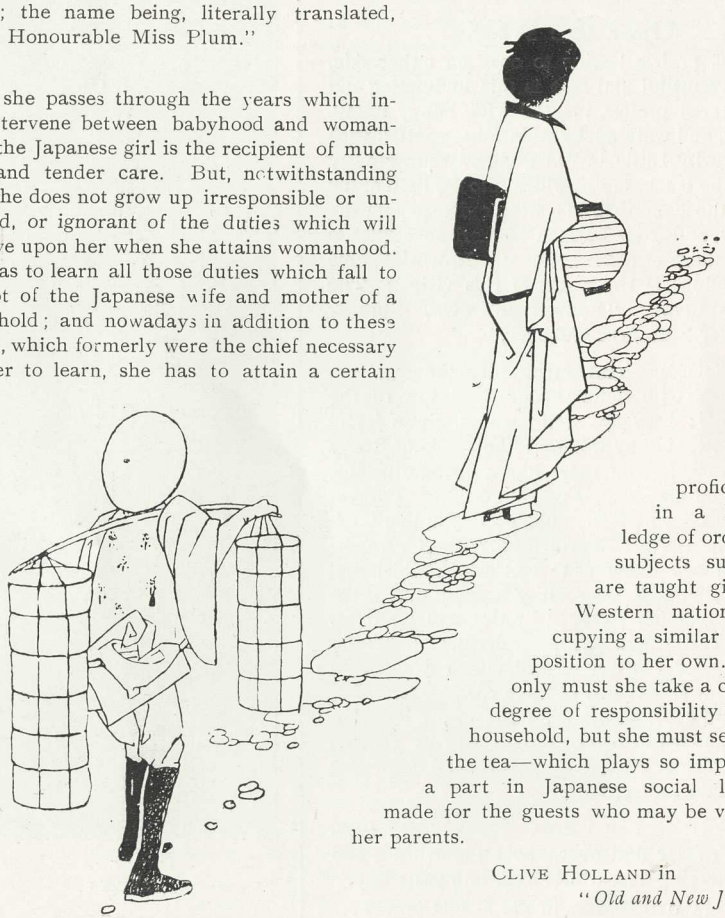
HAROLD BEGBIE in *The Daily Chronicle.*

CANADIAN PINE,
CANADIAN SELKIRKS

THE JAPANESE GIRL

THE little Japanese girl has a happy niche in the family circle, for she is almost invariably the pet and plaything of her father and older brothers, and is never addressed by anyone in the family, except by her parents, without the title of respect to which she is entitled. By the servants of the household she is always addressed as O Jo Sama, which is literally "young lady"; and if she is an elder sister she is called by her younger brothers and sisters Né San, which means "elder sister." On the other hand, if she be a younger sister her name, such as Mumé preceded by the honorific "O" followed by San, will be that by which she is addressed by her younger brothers and sisters and by the servants; the name being, literally translated, "The Honourable Miss Plum."

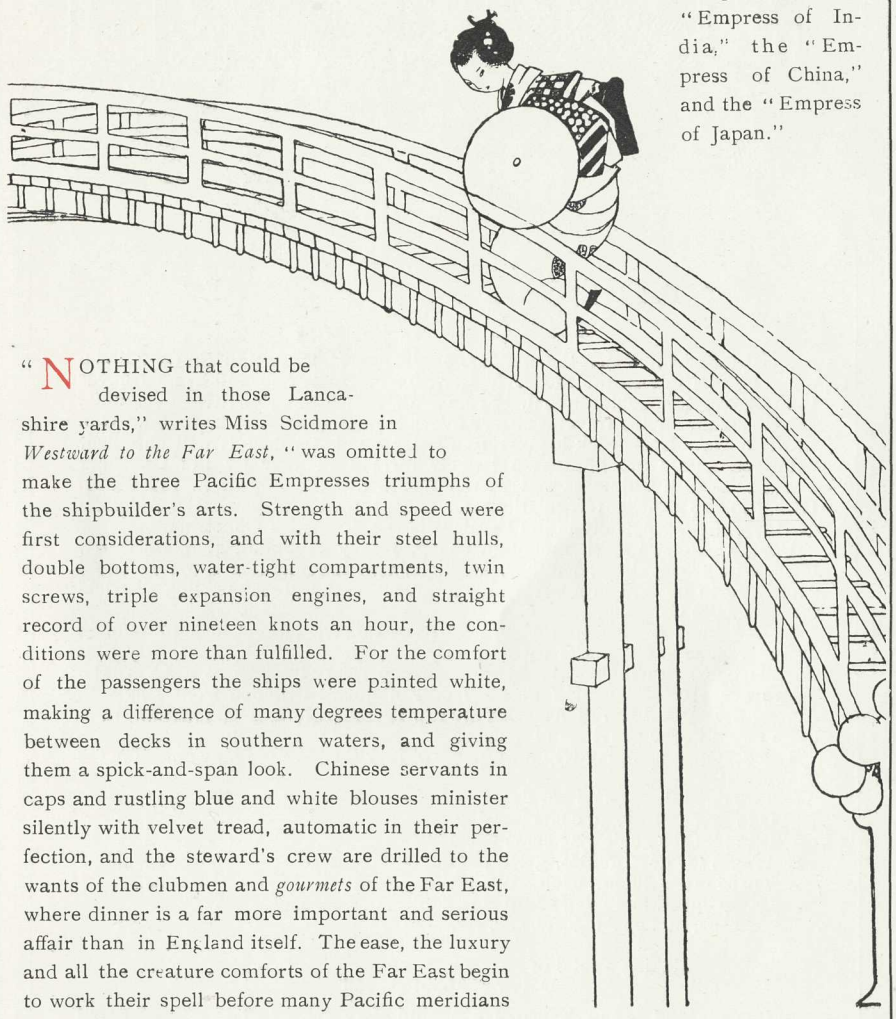
AS she passes through the years which intervene between babyhood and womanhood the Japanese girl is the recipient of much love and tender care. But, notwithstanding this, she does not grow up irresponsible or untrained, or ignorant of the duties which will devolve upon her when she attains womanhood. She has to learn all those duties which fall to the lot of the Japanese wife and mother of a household; and nowadays in addition to these things, which formerly were the chief necessary for her to learn, she has to attain a certain proficiency in a knowledge of ordinary subjects such as are taught girls of Western nations occupying a similar social position to her own. Not only must she take a certain degree of responsibility in the household, but she must see that the tea—which plays so important a part in Japanese social life—is made for the guests who may be visiting her parents.



CLIVE HOLLAND in
"Old and New Japan."

BRIDGING THE PACIFIC

"THE touch of the young Giant of the North was felt upon the world's Commerce almost before his existence was known; and, not content with the trade of the golden shores of the Pacific from California to Alaska, his arms have already stretched out across the broad ocean, and grasped the teas and silks of China and Japan to exchange them for the fabrics of Europe."—Such was the picturesque description of a writer when the Canadian Pacific launched its three White Empresses, the "Empress of India," the "Empress of China," and the "Empress of Japan."



"NOTHING that could be devised in those Lancashire yards," writes Miss Scidmore in *Westward to the Far East*, "was omitted to make the three Pacific Empresses triumphs of the shipbuilder's arts. Strength and speed were first considerations, and with their steel hulls, double bottoms, water-tight compartments, twin screws, triple expansion engines, and straight record of over nineteen knots an hour, the conditions were more than fulfilled. For the comfort of the passengers the ships were painted white, making a difference of many degrees temperature between decks in southern waters, and giving them a spick-and-span look. Chinese servants in caps and rustling blue and white blouses minister silently with velvet tread, automatic in their perfection, and the steward's crew are drilled to the wants of the clubmen and *gourmets* of the Far East, where dinner is a far more important and serious affair than in England itself. The ease, the luxury and all the creature comforts of the Far East begin to work their spell before many Pacific meridians are left behind."

EMPRESS MAIL

CANADIAN PACIFIC

~ TO THE SPORTSMAN'S PARADISE ~

· The Home of the Moose ·

ONE might think that the builders of the Canadian Pacific Railway had a special eye to the moose hunter, so completely does this system cover the range of this noble animal. From New Brunswick to British Columbia, the Canadian Pacific traverses every district where moose can be found. One third of New Brunswick is good hunting ground, Quebec is well supplied, over 100 moose are brought out of Ontario each year by the Canadian Pacific. British Columbia and Yukon moose are the largest in the world. Owing to the excellent regulations for the protection of game, the numbers are increasing, especially in the Cassiar district of British Columbia.

Deer, caribou, wapiti, mountain sheep, Rocky Mountain goat, musk ox, black and grizzly bear, panther, antelope, and innumerable kinds of small game, are to be had in considerable numbers in the great sporting districts served by the Canadian Pacific.

As to fishing, British sportsmen who have not tried their luck in Canada cannot realise what awaits them if only they go there. Suffice to say that Canada has more than satisfied such an experienced angler as F. G. Aflalo. There are excellent fishing grounds only a week's distance from England. Among the gamest fish of America are the maskinonge and ouananiche, both to be found in the province of Quebec.

The cost of a camping trip for a party of four for ten days may be estimated as follows:—

Two canoes, 50 cents per day	$10.00
One tent and fly, 50 cents per day	5.00
One tent for guides, 25 cents per day	2.50
Wages for head guides, $2.50 per day	25.00
Three other guides, each $2.00 per day	60.00
Camp outfit, including camp cots, tables, chairs, axes, pack-straps, and cooking utensils, &c.	7.50
Making a total of	$110.00

Dollar = about 4s. 1½d

Before making plans, Sportsmen should always consult the Tourist and Colonisation Agent of the C.P.R. at Montreal.

Book your Inland Rail Ticket *via*
C. P. R.—A Ticket Agent is on
board this Steamer.