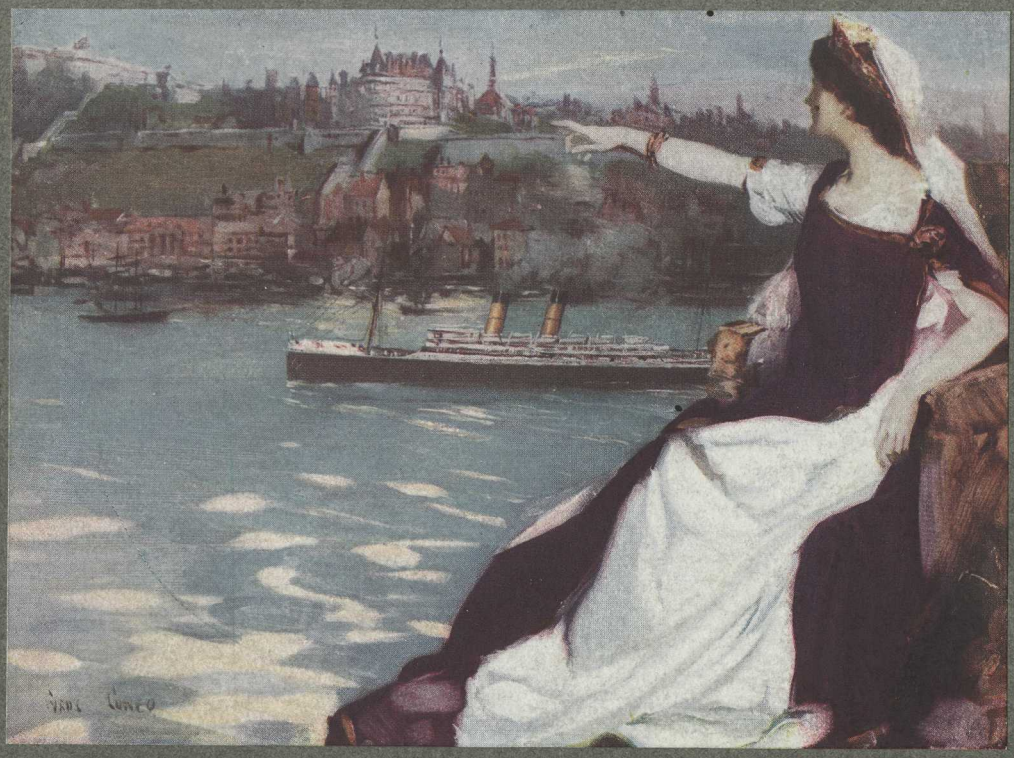
Missoula Feb 6, 1917



Canadian-Pacific EMPRESS MAIL

TUESDAY.

Canadian Pacific
EMPRESS MAIL

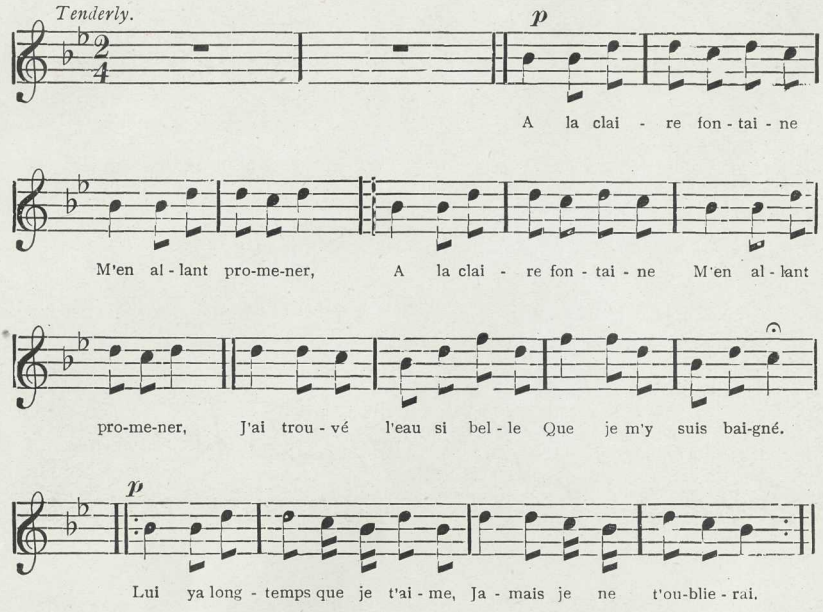
2000

Diary of my voyage to Canada: TUESDAY

EMPRESS MAIL

A LA CLAIRE FONTAINE

(A Haunting Old French-Canadian Melody.)



J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle
Que je m'y suis baigné ·
Sous les feuilles d'un chêne
Je me suis fait sécher.
Lui ya longtemps, etc.

Sous les feuilles d'un chêne
Je me suis fait sécher,
Sur la plus haute branche
Le rossignol chantait.
Lui ya longtemps, etc.

Sur la plus haute branche
Le rossignol chantait.
Chante, rossignol, chante
Toi qui as le cœur gai.
Lui ya longtemps, etc.

Chante, rossignol, chante,
Toi qui as le cœur gai ;
Tu as le cœur à rire,
Moi je l'ai-t-à pleurer
Lui ya longtemps, etc.

Tu as le cœur à rire,
Moi je l'ai-t-à pleurer ;
J'ai perdu ma maîtresse
Sans l'avoir mérité.
Lui ya longtemps, etc.

J'ai perdu ma maîtresse
Sans l'avoir mérité
Pour un bouquet de roses
Que je lui refusai.
Lui ya longtemps, etc.

Pour un bouquet de roses
Que je lui refusai,
Je voudrais que la rose
Fût encore au rosier.
Lui ya longtemps, etc.

Je voudrais que la rose
Fût encore au rosier
Et moi et ma maîtresse
Dans les mêm' amitiés.
Lui ya longtemps que je t'aime,
Jamais je ne t'oublierai.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

IN THE OKANAGAN VALLEY

S.S. "Okanagan" arriving at Kelowna, B.C.

Pears in Mr. Stirling's Orchard, Kelowna, B.C.

THE GATEWAY OF THE ROCKIES

THIRTEEN years had passed since last I saw the gateway of the Rockies, and I was prepared to discover that my memory exaggerated its majesty. Always I had been chary about describing the place to those who had not in their travels passed that way; because, in describing it, it seemed to my own ears that surely I must be carried away somewhat.

NOW we were near to it, the train swerving and twining among the low, rolling hills west of Calgary, in the dark, the extreme dark before dawn, like a long luminous snake, to startle any nocturnal wolf that prowled along the buttes back from the track. Slowly, with an excessive pallor, the day began outside the dew-drenched train that twined through the wild country of the foothills. That country stretches north and south for hundreds of miles, a broad ribband of wilderness along the eastern flank of the Rockies, where creeks gurgle and shout, day and night, through rolling hills among which it is one of the easiest things imaginable for a man to be lost; a wild country, where cattle still graze; where coyotes howl, and the lone wolf bays; where bear delight in multitudinous berries or ravage the honeycombs of the wild bee; where deer step dainty-footed and shy, less often seen than the fresh prints of their cloven hoofs in the mud by the creek side; where rattlesnakes and ground owls and gophers lead their lives—whether of communalism, or of bickering, observers are not yet certain; the camp of the watching naturalists is divided.

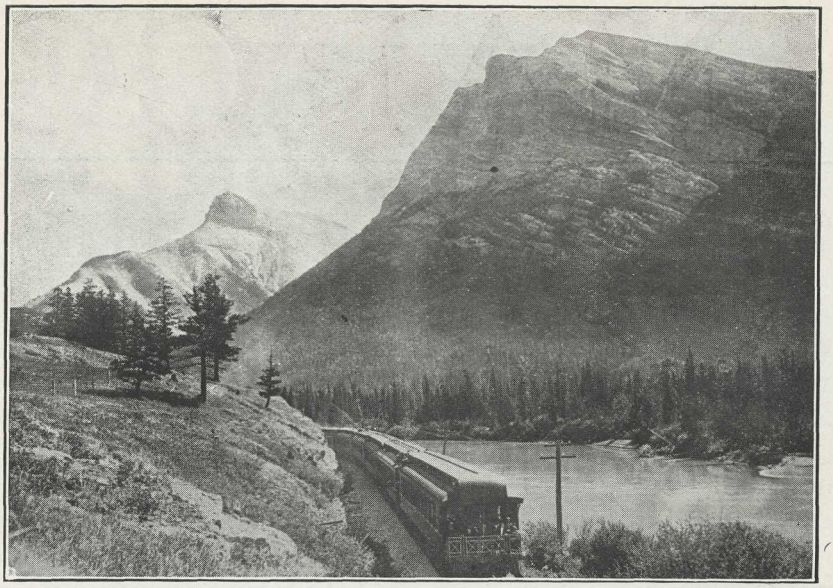
INTO this wild country we rolled from the kaleidoscopic town of Calgary, where civilisation has come so quickly upon paganism that, despite granite houses and concrete side-walks, the air of a frontier town still clings to it, and the sight-seer in his motor-car running into the environs may see a cow-man in sheepskin chaps and hear him "ki-yi-ing," or may encounter the descendants of the older inhabitants, riding lean ponies, looking broken and dirty, or clean and wild, according as to how they have taken the sudden smack of change.

THE new day coming on the benchlands of Alberta seemed wistful, or pathetic. It was a young Canadian poet who found the spring so, and commented:

The old, eternal Spring again
Comes back the sad, eternal way.

It was light enough at Cochrane just to see the place as a wan arrangement of grey tones, the grass showing a suspicion of green, more imagined than visible. Cochrane, in that early light, looked more like a mirage than a "place." Its scattered handful of frame-houses, hotels, livery stables, and the rolling bush-dotted hills enfolding it, all wet with dew, seemed like a faint-coloured picture in a book seen through the tissue paper originally inserted to protect the page. The train stopped, and slid out again immediately with the advancing morning. But the day was far speedier. A creek, with which we kept erratic company for some miles now, was laughing and glowing, showing rich, subdued purples and blues. The tufts of sage brush assumed their own hue of green. The tree-stems by the creek banks and in the hollows glowed on their eastern sides more as if the morning drew a golden aura out of them than as if the sun was lighting them.

AT Morley it was not bright enough to take a snapshot photograph while the train stopped, paused a minute, slid out again; but the view there was photographed mentally—a strip of platform with a frame-house on it; the name "Morley" painted on the gable; the station agent on the platform; a section gang standing by the track side, beside their pump car, waiting for the train to pass on and give them the track. They were armed with picks and shovels, and wore the disgusted look of people going forth, in clothes not yet warmed comfortably, to manual labour. A member of the Force, a young man in a red coat, striped blue trousers, jack boots, regulation cap, with a carbine on his arm, spurred and smart as a dragoon, stood upon the platform. On the other side of the track a large canvas tent was pitched in a green meadow, with other policemen around it, moving here, there, about a fire, the smoke of which rose new and thick, now hiding them, now revealing them—young men in military trousers and boots, flannel-shirt sleeves rolled up, braces looped about their hips in the manner of cavalrymen or grooms at work all the world over. They were camped in the broad



THE GAP, WHERE THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY ENTERS THE ROCKIES FROM THE PRAIRIES.

end of a triangular tree surrounded wedge of meadows. In the far corner several Indian tipis showed, with their blackened tops and protruding poles, some in the grass, some peeping between the trees. From the tipis rose up columns of smoke, grey smoke; for it was still early, and though the higher firs showed thin golden spires above their lower kindred, the deeps of the wood and the wood-whelmed meadow still held some of the uncertainty of night, like sleep heavy in the eyes of a new-wakened sluggard.

ON we went, and I looked out to behold again the great gateway of the mountains. There were the rolling hills, the dingles, the twisting and leaping streams. Long scarfs of mist swept athwart the mountains, hiding the summits. I looked at the mists, and wished they would dissolve before the day that had followed the train from Calgary, leapt upon it suddenly, rushed ahead, and would even now be stepping into the Pacific away beyond this balsam-scented province of ridges and valleys into which we were entering.

THEN a brightness overhead, as of a flashing mirror, very high, made me look up, look deliberately up, as one looks for a soaring lark rather than for a crest of mountains.

"Look!" I cried.

"Oh!" said my fellow traveller, "Look!" and then was silent.

THE mists did not hide the peaks. They were coiled merely along the beginning of the mountains; and high overhead, in dizzy space, as if hanging in that glittering blue cavity in which all the worlds tumble, was the ridge of the Rockies. The train dwindled to nothing—was like an ant in long grass. There, high, ever so high, quiet, stern, august, were the Rockies, hanging in space, and glittering as a chunk of galena, held in the hand, glitters in the sun. But that was like a tremendous wall of galena, a precipice of it. It was as if these clouds that coiled before us had been solidified in their higher parts, and had then been painted upon to represent the scene.

MEMORY had not exaggerated; I had under-rated, foolishly made sceptical of the rightness of the gift of God. The Rocky Mountains at dawn do not soar; they hang across the sky, glittering out at the plains. It is easy to understand how at this hour (even to-day when the white man is "rubber-necking" around) some old Indian may be seen to step out of his tipi and, drawing erect, hold up his two palms, raising his head, in salutation to the sun as once again it lights up the miracle of the world.

FREDERICK NIVEN (in the *Daily News*).

EMPRESS MAIL

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC OCEAN SERVICES LTD.
MANAGERS AND AGENTS FOR
"CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY OCEAN STEAMSHIP LINES" AND "THE ALLAN LINE STEAMSHIP CO., LTD."

MARCONIGRAMS

R.M.S. "MISSANABIE."

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 6th, 1917.

Marconi Wireless Press From

POLDHU, CORNWALL.

LATEST WAR NEWS.

British official, February 5th:—On the Somme front, the enemy made an attack in the neighbourhood of Rancourt, but was driven off by British fire.

A successful operation was carried out to the north of the Ancre, as a result of which the British line, east of Beaucourt, pushed forward five hundred yards on a front of about three quarters of a mile. Over 100 prisoners and 3 machine-guns were captured. Two hostile counter-attacks were repulsed with heavy enemy losses. The British casualties were slight.

On Saturday, the British entered enemy trenches at the south-east of Souchez, taking 21 prisoners, and one machine-gun.

French Official, February 5th:—South of the Somme, a German surprise attack against our trenches in the region of Barleux, was repulsed with heavy enemy losses.

During Sunday, the French without losses, made several incursions into the German lines, notably in the sector of Cambrettes, to the north-west of Pontamousson, and in Alsace. The French brought back some material and prisoners, including one officer.

An air-squadron bombarded the aviation field at Colmar, in Alsace, also the military factories at Rombach, and the railway stations at Chauny Ham, and Appigny. Fire broke out in the last named station.

Russian official, February 5th:—In the Riga region, north-east of Kalncem, enemy formations took the offensive, but were driven back into their entrenchments.

In the region of Linder, north-west of Friedrichstadt, a German attack was repelled by Russian fire.

The Mesopotamia war Secretary announced that on Friday, British cavalry reached a point on the right bank of the Tigris, twenty-five miles west of Kut el Amara, and opposite the Turkish advanced base. Enemy shipping in the river was shelled.

To the west of Hai Tigris Junction, the British captured three successive lines of trenches, on a front of 650 yards, and to a depth of 400 yards, which were consolidated in spite of four counter-attacks. The enemy losses were severe. The British now control at a range of a few hundred yards, the mouth of Hai River, opposite Kut el Amara.

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS.

Count Bernstorff, the German Ambassador at Washington, though handed his passports on Saturday, has not yet left America. The Allies have been asked by the United States Government to give him safe conduct. Mr. Gerard will probably travel from Berlin to America by Switzerland and Spain.

Text published of the instructions sent to the United States Ambassadors, and Ministers everywhere, to notify neutral Governments of the severance of the Americo-German relations. They are instructed to say that in the President's view, the course taken, entirely conforms with the principles of his address to the Senate on January 12th, which he believes will make for the peace of the world, if other neutrals find it possible to take similar action.

A wireless message from Berlin says that the general feeling is one of regret, that the United States President gave the German Note, an interpretation unintended by Germany. The German measures declared, damage to neutrals was unintended, but necessity caused Germany to defend herself against hostile measures, contrary to International Law. Germany's enemies therefore are charged with the whole of the responsibility.

A Berlin report adds that negotiations are now proceeding between interested parties, regarding the question of how far German concessions will be possible in consideration to certain economic requirements of some neutral States, without prejudicing the purposes aimed at by unlimited U Boat warfare.

BEATEN AND UNBEATEN

FACING THE MUSIC.

THE BEATEN TRACKS.

A GOOD many years ago, when Japan was slowly opening her gates to the West, there appeared a book entitled "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan." Those tracks are no longer "unbeaten"; but, from the standpoint of the traveller visiting Japan for the first time, they are none the worse for that. "Call nothing magnificent," say the Japanese, "till you have seen Nikko." Thousands of travellers from Sunset lands, arrested by the vision of the Sacred Bridge above the rushing Daiyagawa—a span of scarlet lacquer athwart the sombre green of the cryptomerias which o'ershadow the gorgeous Shogun tombs—have enthusiastically endorsed the native proverb. Nikko still is Nikko, and will be to the end of time. But, if summer has come, linger not by the scarlet bridge. Mount your horse and push on through crowds of big-hatted pilgrims to the famous brink from which the surplus waters of Lake Chuzenji fall like a silver beam into the throat of a dead volcano; pass to the lake itself—made sacred by the sacred peak which dominates it; and then ascend, in five miles, another thousand feet to the still waters of Yumoto—the loveliest lake in Japan. Those who can claim acquaintance with the little spa which nestles 'mid steaming sulphur-springs and pine-clad solitudes at its head, five thousand feet above the sea, may "lay the flattering unction to their souls" that they know something of the real Japan.

LESS of a journey, but equally delightful in its way, is that to the Hakoné hot-spring district, where a group of round-topped volcanic hills forms as it were a stepping-stone to the majestic Fujiyama. Four hours' travelling, by rail, electric car and jinricksha in turn, will suffice to transport the visitor from the Yokohama Docks to the famous Fujiya Hotel There amid the most romantic surroundings the traveller may rest in luxury to the "lullaby of waters far and near." Within easy walking distance lies Ojigoku ("Big Hell"), a gorge which roars and trembles with solfataras and boiling springs, while, on the further slope of the low divide, Hakoné Lake presents, by way of contrast, a scene of tranquil loveliness. No visitor to Japan, even if he have but two days at his command, should fail to pass a night at one of the little semi-foreign hotels on the margin of the lake. Only less impressive than the sight of sunrise from the summit of Fuji is the vision of the great volcano, rose-tinted with the earliest rays of the rising sun, and mirrored thus in the placid depths of the "Sea of Reeds."

UNBEATEN TRACKS.

THOROUGHLY representative though such places as Nikko and Hakoné are of Japanese scenery at its best—with the further advantage that they are easily accessible—grander landscapes may be found among the wild mountain ranges of Central Japan and in portions of the northern island of Yezo. But this is to forsake beaten for unbeaten paths and, in doing so, the traveller must leave behind him the "foreign" and the "semi-foreign" hotel. Indeed, those who are determined to see something of life *à la Japonaise* must be prepared to adapt themselves to the native inn. A sojourn at a good-class *yadoya*, however, involves no great hardship. From the moment of entering, the traveller will have to part company with his boots and dispense with such superfluities as tables and chairs; he will have to sleep on *futon* (wadded quilts) piled on *tatami* (thick straw matting used as floor covering), and may have to supplement the native diet of fish, rice, and eggs with his own store of provisions; but if he is armed with Murray's Handbook, and accompanied by an English-speaking guide (*annai*) through whom his requirements can be made known, he will have no trouble. This is undoubtedly the best way not only to see the country but to gain some experience of Japanese customs and ways of life.

A Japanese Baby.

Japanese Girls at Play.

COAL IN WESTERN CANADA

CANADIAN PACIFIC VAST NATURAL RESOURCES.

PASSING, as it does, through several regions of great natural wealth, it is not surprising that the Canadian Pacific Railway should own extensive mineral holdings. As far as might be, the company has always endeavoured to be independent of outside supplies. It has its own immense locomotive and car-building shops, while the motive power for many of its trains is supplied from its own mines. With the contingency of the ultimate substitution for coal of oil and electricity, it is vigorously investigating the oil possibilities on its lands in Alberta, Quebec, and New Brunswick. Apart from its own consumption, it obtains substantial traffic from minerals, and the construction and successful operation of the Crow's Nest branch were, and are, largely due to the mineral resources along the line in Southern British Columbia. It was when the mining industry in that region was endangered by the collapse of a boom that the C.P.R. took over the Trail smelter, which deals with the ores from the different mines in British Columbia. To feed this smelter, branch lines are being built—as, for instance, the Kootenay Central, through the upper Columbia Valley—which will render accessible the rich silver-lead veins on the eastern slope of the Selkirk Range.

COAL MINES.

COAL has hitherto been the mineral most fully exploited, and the coal branch of the Department of Natural Resources has several groups of mines in active operation—at Bankhead, near Banff, Alberta; at Bienfait, Sask.; and at Lethbridge, on the plains of Southern Alberta. The total output of these groups in 1915 was 471,257 tons.

BANKHEAD is of particular interest as being the only anthracite mine in Canada. Two hundred and fifty men are employed here. The company owns the entire village, letting houses to the miners at $7 a month upwards, and providing them with a baseball park, football and tennis yards, and a skating and a curling rink. Every man, as he comes off duty, may have a hot or cold shower-bath and leave his working clothes in a locker.

LETHBRIDGE has the most profitable mines operated by the C.P.R., and supplies the prairies with screened coal and the local market with a high-grade lignite. The two Galt mines produced in 1915 screened coal amounting to 303,405 tons, while the Bienfait mine, which is leased, produced 42,120 tons of lignite.

UNDEVELOPED PROPERTIES.

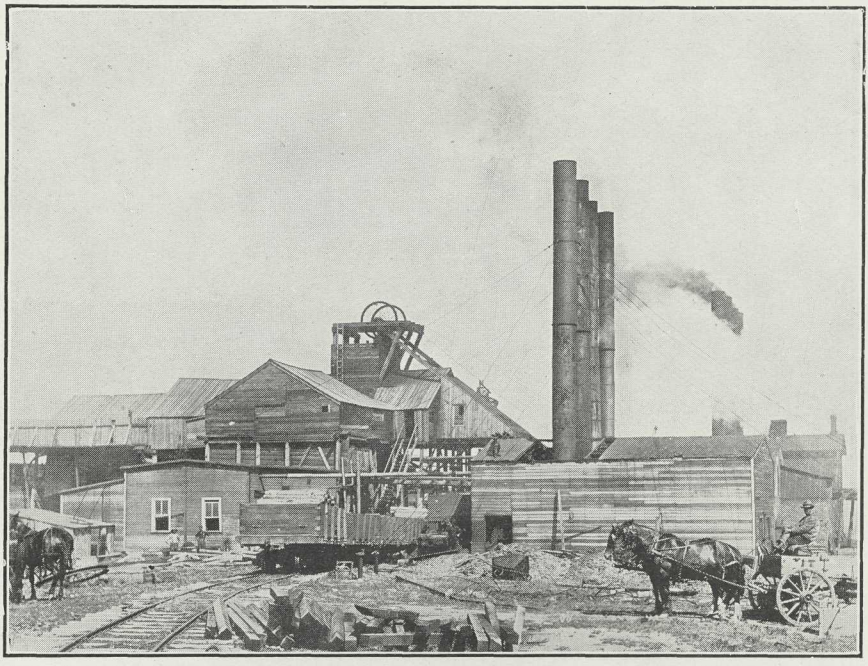
IN addition to these, the C.P.R. has extensive coal claims at Elk River and iron claims at Kitchener; these are not yet worked. An asset likely to prove of immense value to the company consists in the mineral rights underlying the agricultural lands comprised in the Government land grant. The exact area of the coalfield known to underlie many of these sections has not yet been determined; but one expert, who made a careful investigation, holds that at least 3,000,000 acres of C.P.R. land overlie coalfields. Until the last few months these rights were sold outright to those who cared to purchase. In 1912 the price was $20 an acre. Now the company has decided to retain the ownership, granting twenty-one year leases on a royalty basis only, to such purchasers as undertake to develop their mineral rights.

OIL AND NATURAL GAS.

AGAIN, in the case of oil and natural gas, such rights will no longer be sold, but will be merely leased to purchasers who will undertake sound development work. The recent discoveries of oil in Alberta created a stampede, much like the old gold rushes. Syndicates have been formed, and the activity in this field is pronounced. The greatest progress, however, has been exhibited in connection with the development of natural

NATURAL GAS IN WESTERN CANADA

gas, which in three years' time has converted Medicine Hat into a thriving industrial city. The C.P.R. was one of the pioneers in this field, and sank many test wells at various likely spots. In addition, it has proved wells at Bassano, Brooks, and Dunmore, and innumerable applications are on its files from substantial syndicates, etc., for permission to drive further wells, which should, without doubt, prove a source of considerable future revenue.



C.P.R. Galt Coal Mine, Lethbridge, Alta.

KIPLING ON THE C. P. R.

"THRO' the gorge that gives the stars at noonday clear,
Up the pass that packs the scud beneath our wheel,
Round the bluff that sinks a thousand fathom sheer,
Down the valley with our guttering brakes a-squeal;
Where the trestle groans and quivers in the snow,
Where the many shedded levels loop and twine,
Hear me lead my reckless children from below,
Till we sing the song of Roland to the pine.
So we ride the iron stallions down to drink
Through the canyons to the waters of the West."

EMPRESS MAIL

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC SPANS THE WORLD

From *The Sphere.*