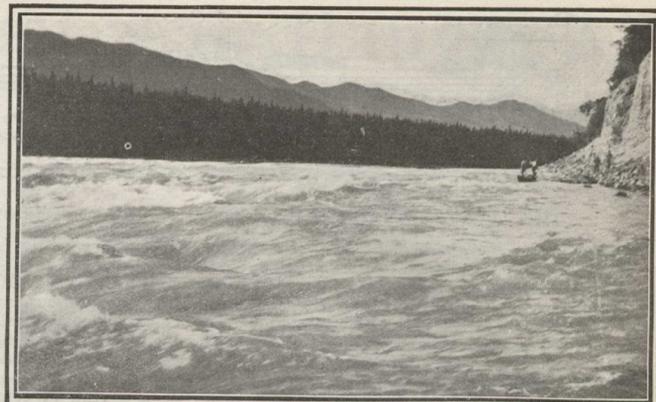
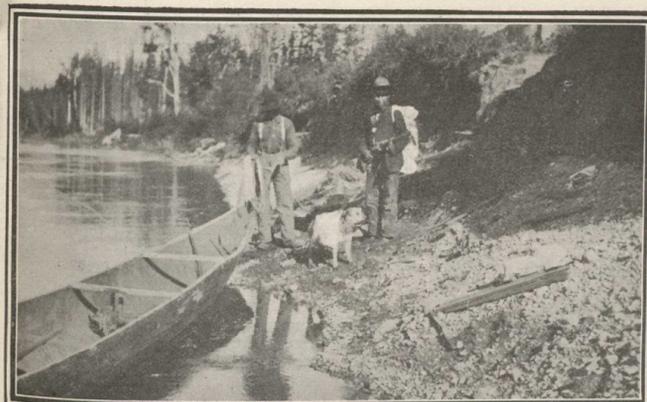


A River Flowing Through Landscapes of Possible Wheat.



Poling up a Rapids on the Findlay River, a Tributary of the Peace.



An Air-dale Terrier with 40-pound Pack of Steel Drills on His Back. Photo Taken at Fort Graham, on the Findlay.



Parler Pas Rapids on the Peace, Near Where the Ottertail Joins It.

SIX-FOOT-THREE and straight as a young spruce, after fifteen summers of packing over portages at the head waters of the Peace and beyond—Mr. C. F. W. Rochfort put out a few days ago from the Canadian Northern offices, Toronto.



C. F. W. Rochfort up in the Country of the Headwaters.

This will be his sixteenth summer of discovery in the northern mountains. All winter he was on his ranch far west of Edmonton, where he will be next winter again. The pictures on this page are a few camera illuminations of a sample summer voyage of this tireless tourist, who though he came out from England as a boy of fourteen, retains all the characteristics of an English gentleman abroad.

"Oh, we shall be back in the mountains very shortly now," he said; as though he spoke of a summer cruise on a yacht. "Back among the black-flies and the bulldogs. Ah! here's my traveling mate now—he's an engineer from South America. No, we've never traveled together before; in fact I met him only the other day—but we shall get along famously."

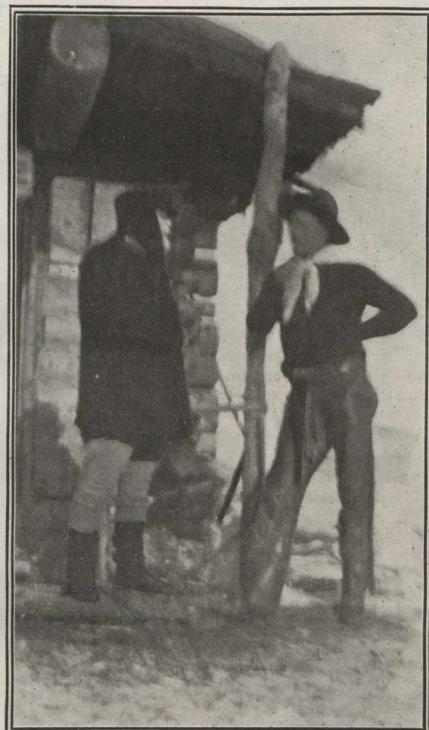
fires from June till the ice-needles come, is where the dubious trails of the Fraser and its tributaries meander into the Pacific, not far from where the trickles of the Parsnip and the Findlay twist and twirl into the canoe-wide bed of the Peace, where it begins its long swirl into the valley that leads down to Great Slave Lake and from there to the mighty Mackenzie and the Arctic.

It is all mainly as plain as a country-road to Mr. Rochfort, who began to explore long unexplored reaches of this mountain land, in the first year of the pilgrimage to Klondike. It was the Klondike rush that took him up from his ranch in Alberta in 1898; via Edmonton and the overland death-trail, still marked, as he says, by many a gloomy relic of the wildest trail-going in the history of gold camps. But he never got to the camps of the Yukon. He began to probe the unknown by the Liard route away from the Peace, while hundreds pushed on up to Mackenzie and the Peel and over the great divide. And in the fifteen summers that he has gone back among the Dog-Ribs and the Siwash and the vagrant Iroquois, Rochfort has seen more of the big game in that back-country than Caspar Whitney, or Seton-Thompson, whom, with his partner, Mackay, he met up there in 1907. He has observed more unobvious facts about minerals than any of the pathfinders in the Yukon. He has seen as much of the trapping and the fur-trading as any of the furposters whose peltries trail out by the ice routes to Edmonton. He has known more explicitly what it means to be in the middle of nowhere from a railroad than any of the few thousand settlers who have waggoned up from Edmonton to the Peace River valley.

But, cancelling all the merely over-trail curiosities that might interest any tourist with enough grit to fry bacon among the black-flies, Rochfort has seen rather more than the fringes of the

# The Pampas of the Peace

With Photographs of Peculiar People and Places



Frederic Villiers, War Correspondent, Visiting at Rochfort Ranch, Near Edmonton.



Billy Fox, H. B. Co. Postman, Most Expensive Postman in H. B. Service.



On Summit Lake with a Dug-out.



The Rochfort Exploration Party on the Findlay. The Indian Boy with the Gun has 120 lbs. of Steel on His Back.



Camp at Mt. Selwyn—a Gold Quartz Location Discovered During the Klondike Rush of 1898.



Three Blind Siwash Women, all of Whom Were Over a Hundred Years Old When This Photo Was Taken by Mr. Rochfort.



A Siwash Dug-out, Over Fifty Feet Long, Being Transferred Over a Portage.

profoundest popular feature of the Peace River country, which the Canadian Northern has just begun to reach on the southern edge at Grande Prairie. "And make it very clear," he said, "that when you read in the newspapers about the Peace River Valley—you are reading about merely three small patches of arable land that of course every tourist on the Peace may see if he wants to. The Pouce Coupe, Grande Prairie and Spirit River are just about the same in comparison to the main territory of the Peace as three good-sized rugs thrown on the floor of a vast skating-rink."

"But where is the great unknown?" "North of the Peace. Six hundred miles west as far as Fort St. John; north, I don't know how far, though I spent a good while horsebacking over it." "As good land as—?" "Better than anything. Stupendous!" "As to climate, though?" "Ahead of Alberta or Saskatchewan. Yes, you see the summer days are longer in that altitude; in fact it's almost continual sunshine for weeks. The gain is easily one day in six. The chinooks are more direct. There is plenty of average rainfall. Crops that have been grown so far on the Pouce Coupe and the Grande Prairie prove that the conditions are almost ideal."

"No frozen or snowed-up grain?" "None whatever. And at present observe what a bonanza farming is to some of those early settlers even without a railway, when they can grow 80 bushels of oats to the acre and sell them at 4½ cents a pound, and then only half what it would cost to get them from Edmonton."

Trade was originally all from Edmonton. The tendency now is to shift smaller centres of distribution farther north, with Edmonton as a general distributing point. Athabasca Landing, which a very few years ago was nothing but the end of the water and ice route

from the fur-posts on the north, is now a modern, hustling town, with a newspaper and a Board of Trade; a hundred miles north of Edmonton, and much more modern than Edmonton was ten years ago. Some of the old fur-posts will become towns and cities; which and where is not yet known to any real estate wizards. Already the subdivision manipulator has been getting in his fine work on the site of an ancient fur-post in the Peace River country. But as yet there is no farm land for sale. Homesteading is the rule. Five years ago American capitalists were inquisitive about land for speculative purposes in that country. But the few thousand settlers who have gone in ahead of the railway have spent no money for land.

Mr. Rochfort spoke of the new trade route already established by steamer down the rivers and lakes to the fur-posts, on down the Mackenzie, where flour ground at the mills of Vermilion finds a good market at a top price, and still much lower than it would cost to ship from Edmonton.

From all he said it is obvious that whenever the railways begin to thread, not only Grande Prairie, Pouce Coupe and Spirit River, but also the great pampas of the 600-mile limit north of the Peace, something like a new people will begin to be in this last great west. Thank heaven! As yet though the native red man and the half-breed are not the Lord's anointed in the matter of civilization, they have so far escaped the speculator, the land-hog, the get-rich-quick artist by the land method, the subdivision expert and all the other ills to which the West seems to have fallen heir since the advent of the railroad.

Of coal, copper, and gold in the Rockies, where the Findlay, the Peace and the Fraser meet, Mr. Rochfort had little to say, but rumour has it that he told enough to Sir William Mackenzie to make that big man put engineers and influence at his disposal.