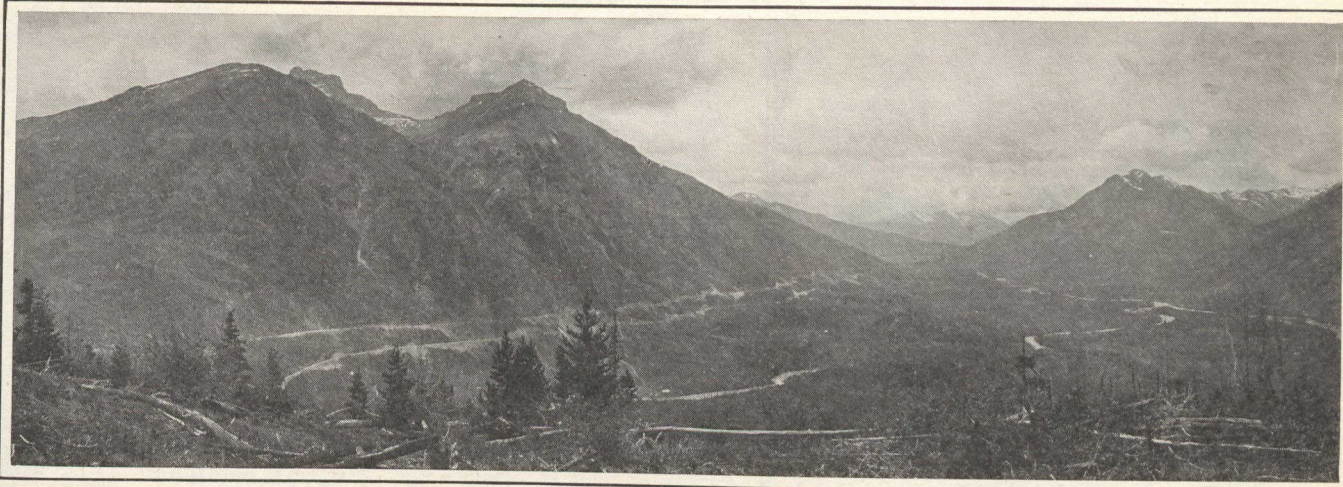


Mount Robson and the Tete Jaune

Recent Photographs of the Most Spectacular Mountain Journey in America; on the Heights where the Nob of a Glacier determines the contour of River Valleys a thousand miles distant. Haunts of Travel that would have made Homer's Ulysses dizzy.



The Tete Jaune or Yellowhead Pass is the great avenue of nature through which two transcontinental railways thread their ribbons of steel to the Pacific. One side may be seen the Grand Trunk Pacific main line; the other a little zigzag stream. This is the site chosen for the new Mt. Robson Hotel.

S EVEN years ago a party of Canadian mountaineers trailed away from a ranch in the foothills of Alberta to make the first real attempt by any Canadians to scale Mt. Robson, which at that time was a sort of legendary peak shrouded in the mists of mere expectation. In 1914 a transcontinental railway has stretched a ribbon of steel along the base of this king of the Canadian Rockies nearly 14,000 feet above the sea, and another is heading rapidly in the same direction towards the same Yellowhead or Tete Jaune Pass that lets the traveler of the future from the land north of the Saskatchewan out to the chinooks of the Pacific. A few weeks ago the last spike in the Grand Trunk Pacific western section was driven connecting Winnipeg and the East with Prince Rupert. The first train rolled into the terminus which for six years has been taking ships and waiting for a train. And in a very short while the tourist and the traveler who goes to the Pacific by the northern and most picturesque route, may engage a suite of rooms in the farthest north grand hotel in America.

The eastern end of this romantic western section of the new route is at Edmonton, which is just a few miles out of sight of the Rockies. At Edson, the first divisional point west of Edmonton, the Rockies first come into view. And from Edson west the prairie is off the map, the foot-hills twist and snarl themselves into staircases for the mountains, and the traveler feels that he is traversing something new in long-distance sight-seeing.

There's a novelty about this new route that perhaps will never wear out. A hundred years

from now it will be a very cynical globe-trotter who will yawn much at the scenery that swims past him on this Mt. Robson-Tete Jaune route to the land of chinooks. It is a route of canyons and wonderland valleys. It is the most northerly grand mountain route in the world. It is the fabulous land of Mt. Robson, which should have had some other name to suggest so romantic a journey. It is the land of the tumbling Fraser River, along which for a good part of the journey the railway travels low, but soon crawls up by easy grades to where the Fraser swings south and the train begins to leave the river and negotiate with the mountains.

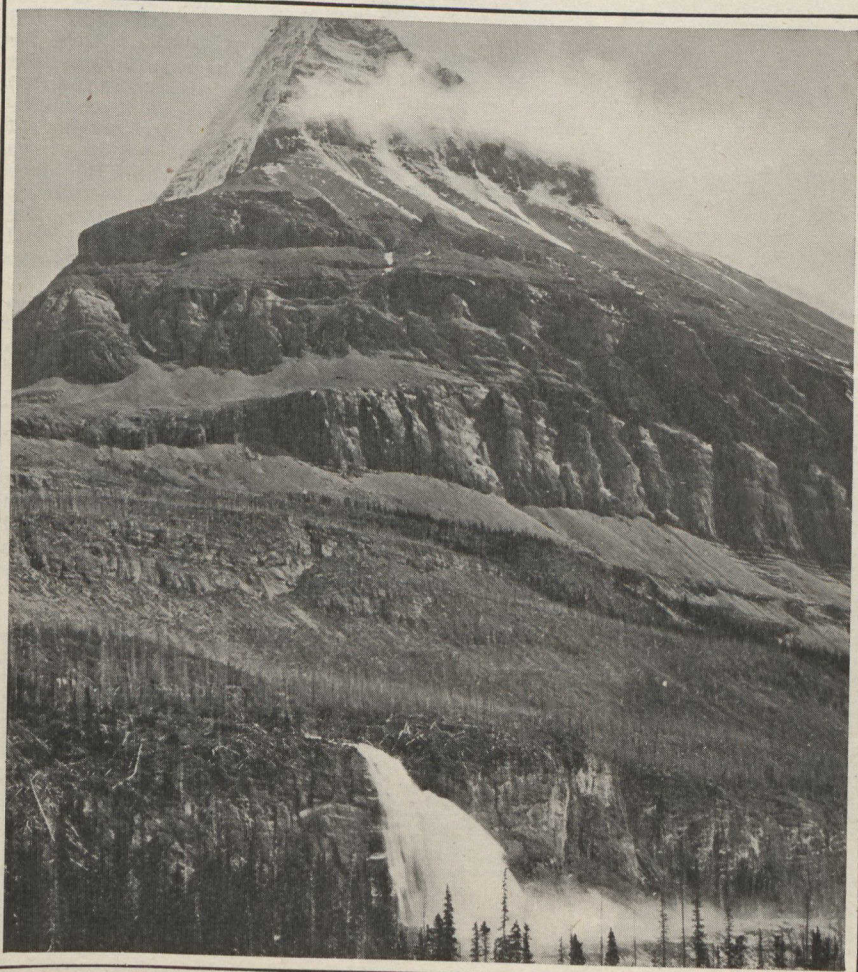
The first great valley that swings into view here is the Bulkeley, where cattle graze out the year round; for the chinooks wriggle in here from the sea. But the traveler is less interested in cattle than in the scenery that rises above him. As a writer says descriptively in some effort to sum up the variety of travel-impressions on this mountaineering route:

"Great peaks, snow-capped and glacier-scored, tower above a continental water-shed wherein are the headwaters of five mighty rivers, the Saskatchewan, the Athabaska, the Thompson, the Columbia, and the Fraser. There are rugged forest-clad slopes; flower-strewn passes; impressive solitudes; secluded fastnesses; charmingly beautiful lakes and tarns reposing in their mountain privacy; vast snow fields; turbulent torrents brawling down from their glacial sources, and sweeping, spectacular panoramas where sunny

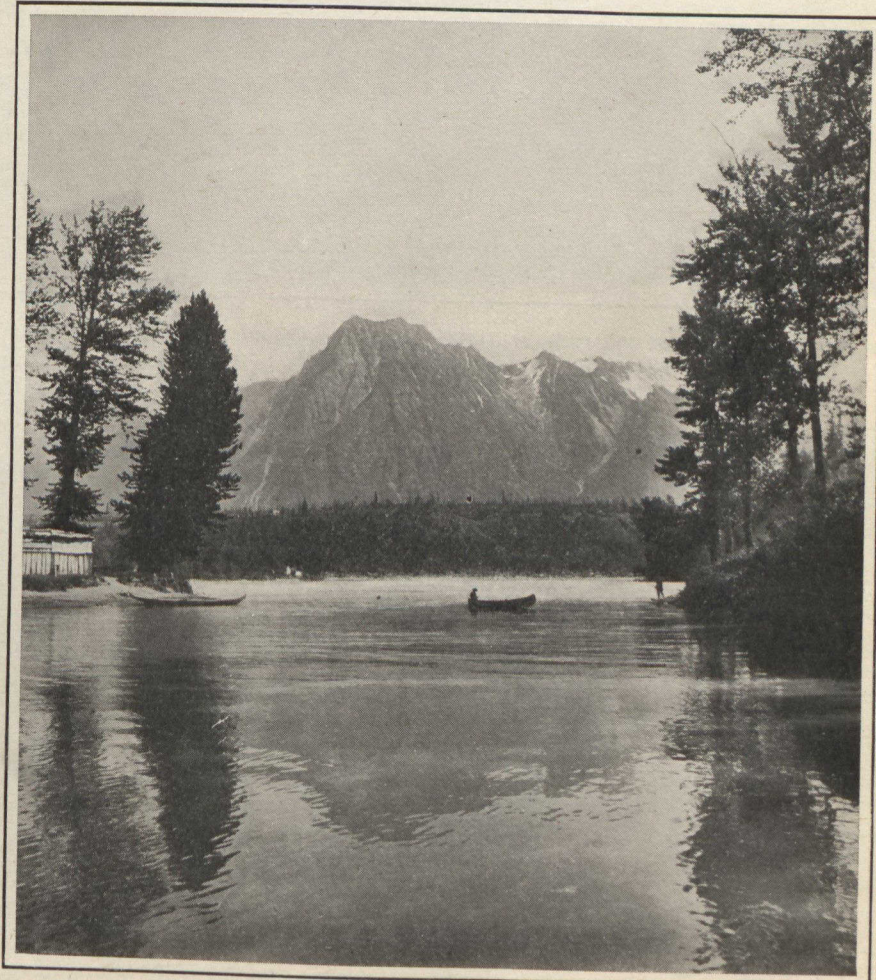
(Concluded on page 26.)



Out of this far-up glacier, from the left, one little stream begins its long descent to the Peace River Valley that leads to the Arctic via the Mackenzie; to the right another runs down to the Fraser and reaches the Pacific.



13,700 feet above the Pacific, Mt. Robson, the highest known peak in the Canadian Rockies, lifts a sublime head above the tiny but oddly picturesque Emperor Falls.



Where the Skeena River joins the Bulkeley in British Columbia, there is one of those idyllic solitudes that for centuries has delighted no eye but the roving red man's.