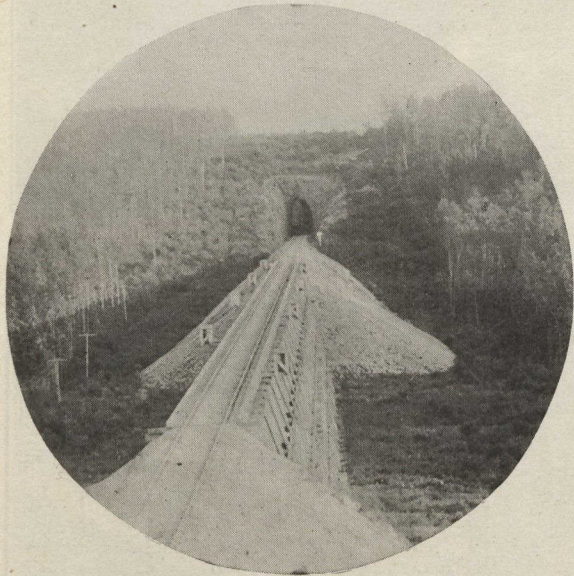


On to the West

MUSKOKA has long been famous all over America. It was somewhat rediscovered by wealthy American tourists attracted by good fishing, big game, splendid scenery and grand summer weather. It is the Highlands of Ontario. Algonquin Park is its most celebrated national preserve and has become not only a summer but a winter resort. Nominigan Camp, on Smoke Lake, illustrated on this page, is the beginning of a new enterprise for accommodating



A NEW ROAD FOR TOURIST TRAVEL.
Lake Superior Branch of the Grand Trunk Pacific, Fifty Miles North of Fort William.

tourists, similar to the log-camp hotels in Maine, with a central lodge and a series of cabins all fitted up with modern conveniences.

But the restless traveler heading across Canada finds himself soon in a land of new railway construction reaching out by new routes to the great inland areas of grain and people. Leaving the rock-bound highlands of Algoma, and the colossal headlands of Thunder Bay, he sees the rocks dwindle to casual boulders and the boulders whizz away into the great grain sweeps of Manitoba, the busy streets of excited, expanding Winnipeg; on into the fourth travel sensation where for two days he traverses a continent of prairies. He may go by the old C. P. R. short-cut route to Calgary, by the Canadian Northern that pioneered the Saskatchewan Valley, or by the Grand Trunk Pacific, that followed suit in a new territory.

THIS two-days cross-prairie tour is an experience no traveller ever forgets. Some people weary of the distances. The real observant traveler will find something new in every one of the ten-mile stops in the best of a thousand miles. The new town is always a tonic. Young cities like Saskatoon; older ones young again like Prince Albert, Regina, Medicine Hat, Calgary, Battleford and Edmonton all seem to be working modern miracles in a fertile land to make the traveler forget that there ever was a tepee, a buffalo or a Red River cart. But a twisted trail, a scattering of bleached bones and a sleepy Indian on a cayuse, remind him that it was only yesterday when these two great provinces were invaded by railways.

And the great Saskatchewan—what railway ever can spoil its primeval charm? It is the same now as it was centuries ago, clear up to Edmonton that stands at the gateway to the great north as Calgary does to the overhanging Rockies.

The St. Lawrence may be more imposing and up to the present more humanly interesting. But the Saskatchewan, once dotted by nothing but Indian camps and half-breed villages, is rapidly taking on a fresh interest in the prosperous communities along its banks. The Mackenzie may be a grander river; but at present only the tourist with much leisure and considerable money is able to see the Mackenzie. The Saskatchewan is along the line of regular travel. It has never developed much steamboat traffic owing to the many crooks, the prevalent sand-bars, and the numerous islands and channels that once kept three steamers on long voyages up from the Grand Rapids to Edmonton. Much of the trade traffic was afterwards done by scows, built and loaded at Edmonton and floated down, never to return. These scows are still going to the trading posts and make a peculiarly picturesque feature of indolent travel on the Saskatchewan.



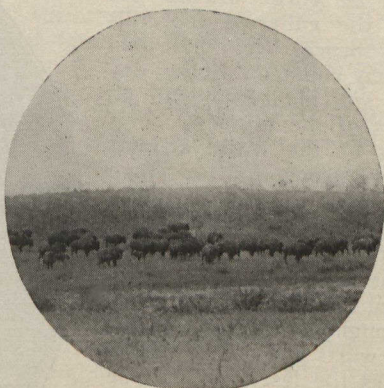
A Log Camp Hotel, "Nominigan Camp" (Ojibway for "Balsam"), in Algonquin Park, Ontario.



A Tidy House, a Few Poplars, and a Long Black Road, at Langham, Sask., Along the Canadian Northern.



From Saskatchewan Crescent Hill This is the View of Saskatoon on the South Branch.



BUFFALOES AT WAINWRIGHT, ALBERTA.

A Small Section of the Herd Bought by the Dominion Government.



AN OLD TRAIL.

Portage Avenue, Chief Retail Street of Winnipeg.