

Scott, the most northerly point of Vancouver Island, pass out into the open sea, where for the first time we receive the full sweep of the Pacific Ocean, and sniff the salt sea breeze. In the next two hours the steamer has to buffet the long rolling sea from Queen Charlotte Sound, and heading north-westerly in the direction of Cape Caution, we encounter a low-lying, rocky shore, where are dangerous sunken reefs. Cape Caution, around which an abrupt turn is made, being appropriately named. This brings us to the entrance to Rivers Inlet.

During the time since starting up the Straits of Georgia, we have not omitted to note the scenery, which though not so magnificent a scale as that yet to come, has been nevertheless peculiarly charming. It has been one continuous subject for the artist, in which rare and elusive effects have entered—marine sketches, land and water combinations, here depressed and there bold and broken shores, backed by recurring benches densely timbered, and away over all, far off and high up have risen majestically the tops of the coast range of mountains ridging the entire length of Vancouver Island on one side, and the mighty peaks of the Cascades of the mainland on the other, giving, on the whole sweep of vision, that indefinable charm which "magnificent distance" alone can lend. Leaving out the few tide rips, which you experience with delight, you have been gliding, not propelled, over water as smooth as glass, and at times your impressions have been dream-like, now weird and solemn, and again exhilarating. Occasionally, as you have crept up into the twilight shadow and stillness of a deeply forested shore or impending bluff, you could not help a "shivery" feeling that is irresistible, yet making you afraid and think of ghosts. Sea fowl innumerable—gulls, ducks, geese and others—have kept you company, and occasionally, sometimes frequently, the attention of the party has been diverted to a spouting whale, a swarm of porpoise, and even land animals which are to be seen once in a while from the deck. To Rivers Inlet, our next objective point, we will have covered some 350 or 400 miles, and our promises so far have been more than fulfilled.

Now we have entered a distinctly new phase of our trip. We are going north with the ocean and scattered islands to the left of us and the mainland on the right. Leaving Cape Caution and passing Smith's Inlet, where two canneries are located, a few miles on we enter Fitzburgh Sound, and steam up Rivers Inlet. This was named Rivers Canal by the great Vancouver. Our friends will have recognized in the names of the Islands passed some time ago—Hermando, Cortez, Texada, Valdes and so on—historic memories of early Spanish explorators who held the coast conjointly with the British, but as usual the christening, which remained with British ascendancy, was done by Vancouver a hundred years ago.

RIVERS INLET.

Rivers Inlet runs up about 25 miles. At the entrance and for several miles up the sides of this Inlet, which is only one to one-and-a-half miles in width, are steep and covered with dense forests of spruce and cedar. At the head of the Inlet the sides mount up abruptly for about 2,000 feet, and are almost bare of verdure through the action of landslides and avalanches. In this Inlet are three canneries, a saw mill and a station, formerly used as a salmon saltery. One peculiarity of the salmon run here is that it never, or very rarely, fails. At Nassau, on the mainland side of the channel, Messrs. Drany & Shalbolt are building a new cannery with a capacity of 8,000 cases per annum. Rivers

Inlet is a strikingly pretty place. We travel from here up Fitzburgh Sound and enter Bentinck Arm, upon which are situated the Bella Coola Indians. There is an Indian village here. John Clayton, a trader, and family reside here and keep a store. He has, as well, a large stock ranch. There is a large extent of agricultural country here, and the Bella Coola Valley affords the easiest and best route into the Chilcotin country. From here you pass into Dean's Canal, where the celebrated Bella Bella Indians reside. They have a large, beautiful village, with several stores and a resident missionary. This was the old Fort McLaughlin, of Hudson's Bay Co. days. Leaving Bella Bella, we sail into Millbank Sound, and entering Graham Reach, passing along the inside of Princess Royal Island, which has high, bluff, rocky shores, and past which we reach the mouth of the

GREAT GARDNER INLET.

The sail up this discloses the most wonderful scenery on the route. The shores are thousands of feet high and almost perpendicular, lending a grandeur and impressiveness to the scene almost indescribable, while magnificent waterfalls and glaciers are to be seen. Perhaps there is not on the whole western coast of America scenery which quite equals it in its way. The great Capt. Vancouver, who explored this channel over a hundred years ago, describes its beauties most graphically. At its head is situated Price's cannery, and the Kitlupe tribe of Indians, after which the inlet is sometimes called. Almost parallel with Gardner Canal is Douglas Channel, the extension of which is known as Kitimat Arm. At the head of this arm there is considerable good land and a pass into the interior. Kitimat Arm is similar in the massiveness and beauty of its scenery to Kitlupe Inlet, but differs in the character of detail. The shores, which are wooded with hemlock, spruce and cedar, are not so abrupt, but are bounded with lofty ranges of mountains running parallel to each other.

Two tribes of Kitimatos reside at the head of this arm, in all about 200 souls.

Going out of Gardner's Canal we enter Grenville Channel which is 90 miles long, passing along Pitt Island. Here the scenery is extremely picturesque, with adjacent bare walls of rock and high distant peaks. At Lorne Inlet, off the channel, is an Indian station and a cannery. The general effect of so many mountains rising one above the other, renders Grenville passage one of the most beautiful landscapes on the coast, and is equalled only by Klemtoo passage.

It was omitted to state that on Gribbell Island, at the mouth of Gardner Inlet, is a very fine hot spring. Through Grenville Channel, on Pitt Island, China Hat is passed. This is an Indian village, with the usual missionary and trader.

Lowe Inlet is the residence during fishing season of the Kitkahtla Indians, whose chief is the far-famed Shakes. Chief Shakes has a monopoly of the fishing here, and with a seine net in the bay, often hauls in from 2000 to 3000 salmon a day, for which he gets seven cents a piece. We have already passed Hartley Bay, where there is a sawmill and an Indian village. And now we are at the mouth of the Skeena River, and take Telegraph passage, passing the well-known Standard cannery.

THE SKEENA.

The Skeena River, the mouth of which we have entered, is the largest river on the British Columbia coast, except the Fraser, and takes its rise several hundreds of miles in New Caledonia, near Babine Lake.