

The Prince drives with the Mayor at Medicine Hat, Alta.



Through Canada With Edward, Prince of Wales

Fourth Instalment of the Finest Canadian Travelogue Ever Produced

By DOUGLAS NEWTON

Special Correspondent of the London "Daily Chronicle" with the Royal Party

Photographs courtesy Canadian Pacific Railway

THE RUN on the days following the packed moments of Montreal was one of luxurious indolence. The Royal train was heading for the almost fabled trout of Nipigon, where, among the beauties of lake and stream, the Prince was to take a long week-end fishing and preparing for more crowds and more strenuousness in the Canadian West.

Through these two days the train seemed to meander in a leisurely fashion through varied and attractive land, only stopping now and then as though it had to work off a ceremonial occasionally as an excuse for existing at all.

The route ran through pleasant farmed country between Montreal and North Bay and Sudbury and then switched downward through the bleak nickel

became inextricably mixed. When His Royal Highness' took car to drive around the town, the crowd cut off the cars in the procession, and for half an hour North Bay was full of orderlies and committee-men automobiling about speculative streets in search of a missing Prince plus one Mayor.

Sudbury, the same type of town, growing at a distracting pace because of its railway connection and its smelting plants, had the same sort of ceremony. From here we passed through a land of almost sinister bleakness. There were tracts livid and stark, entirely without vegetation, and with the livid white and naked surface cut into wild channels and gullies by rains that must have been as pitiless as the land. It was as though we had steamed out of a human land into the drear valleys of the moon and one expected to catch glimpses of creatures as terrifying as any Mr. Wells has imagined. So cadaverous a realm could breed little else.

It was the country of nickel and copper. We saw occasionally the buildings and workings (scarcely less grim than the land) through the agency of which came the grey slime that had rendered the country so bleak. They are particularly rich mines and rank high among the nickel workings in the world. They were also, let it be said, of immense value to the Allies during the war.

Pushing South, the line soon redeems itself in the beauty of the lakes. It bends to skirt the shore of Lake Huron, a great

bay in the Islands of the Blessed. I have never known any place so remote, so still and so beautiful. But it is far from being uninhabited. There were rustic picnic tables under the spruce trees and there was a diving board standing over the clear water. The inhabitants of Algoma knew the worth of this place and we felt them to be among the luckiest people on the earth.

The islands we saw far away in the soft beauty of the sunset, and between which the enigmatic light of a lake steamer was moving, are said to be Hiawatha's islands. In any case it was here that the pageant of Hiawatha was held some years back, and across the still lake in that pageant, Hiawatha in his canoe went out to be lost in the glories of the sunset.

"The 'Soo' is a Vivid Place"

ON THE morning of Tuesday, September 4, the train skirted Georgian Bay, passing many small villages given over to lumber and fishing, and all



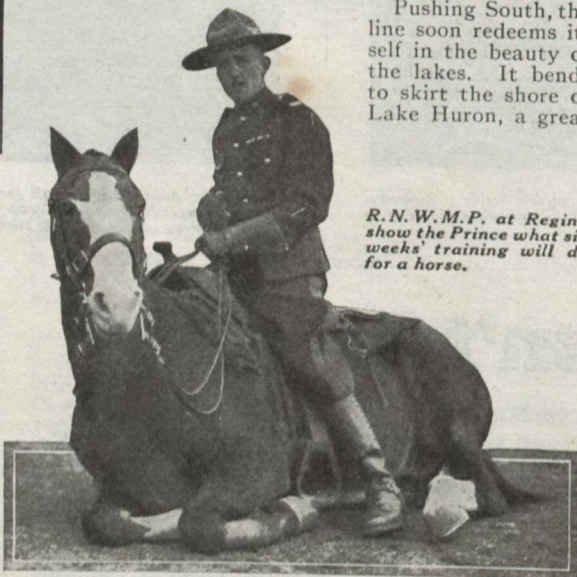
Reviewing Royal North West Mounted Police, who are all ex-veterans, at Dominion headquarters, Regina, Sask.

and copper country to the beautiful coast of Lake Huron on its way to Sault Ste. Marie. From this town, which the whole Continent knows as "Soo," it plunged north through the magnificent scenery of the Algoma area to Oba, and turning west again (and in the night), it ran on to Nipigon Lake.

It was a genial and attractive run. We sat, as it were, lapped in the serenity of the C.P.R. and studied the views. Wherever there were houses there were people to wave something at the Prince's car. At one homestead a man and his wife stood alone near the split-rail fence, the woman curtsying, the man, who had obviously been a soldier, flag-wagging some message we could not catch, with a big red ensign, an infinitely touching sight, that couple getting their greeting to the Prince in spite of difficulties. On the stations the local school children were always drawn up in ranks, most of them holding flags, many having a broad red-white-and-blue ribbon across their front rank to show their patriotism.

At North Bay, a purposeful little town that lets the traveller either into the scenic and sporting delights of Lake Nipissing, or into the mining districts of the Timiskaming country, there was a bright little reception. North Bay is a characteristic Canadian town. It was born in a night, so to speak, and its growth outstrips editions of guide books. Outside the neat station there is a big grass oblong, and about this green the frame houses and the shops extend. Behind it is the town, so keen on growing up about the big railway repair shops that it has no time to give to roadmaking.

The ceremonial was in the green oblong and all North Bay left their houses and shops to attend.

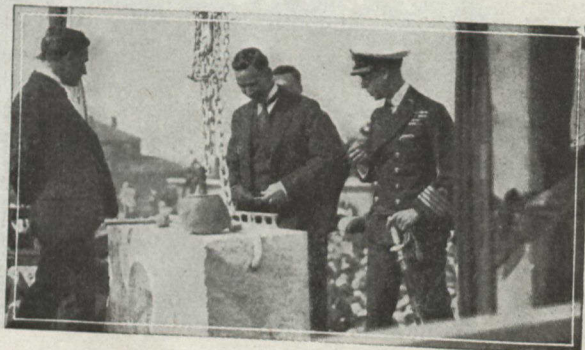


R.N.W.M.P. at Regina show the Prince what six weeks' training will do for a horse.

blue sea, and yet but a link in the chain of great lakes that lead from Superior through to Erie and Ontario Lakes and on to the St. Lawrence.

We arrived on a beautiful evening at Algoma, a spot as delightful as a Cornish village, on the beach of that inlet of Lake Huron called Georgian Bay. We walked in the astonishing quiet of the evening through the tiny place, along the deep sandy road that has not yet been won from the primitive forests, to where but a tiny fillet of beach stood between the spruce woods and the vast silence of the water. From that serene spot we looked through the still evening to the far and beautiful islands.

In the wonderful clear air, and with all the soft colours of the sunset glowing in the still water, the beauty of the place was almost too poignant. We might have been the discoverers of an uninhabited



Laying corner stone of Prince of Wales City High School at Vancouver, B.C.

having with their tiny jetties, motor launches and sailing boats, something of the perfection of scenes viewed in a clear mirror. By mid-morning the train reached Sault Ste. Marie.

The "Soo" is a vivid place. It is a young city on the rise. A handful of years ago it was a French mission, beginning to turn its eyes languidly towards lumber. It is on the neck that joins the waters of Superior and Huron, but the only through traffic was that of the *voyageur* who made the *portage* round the stiff St. Mary's Rapids, that, with a drop of eighteen feet in their length, forbade any vessel but that of the canoe of the adventurer to pass their troubled waters.

Then America and Canada began to build canals and locks to link the great lakes in spite of the Rapids, and "Soo" woke. It has been awake and living since that moment. It has been playing lock against lock with the Michigan men across the river, each planning cunningly to establish a system that will carry the long lake vessels not only in locks befitting their size, but in locks that can be handled more swiftly than those of the rival.

At the moment the prize is with the Canadians. It has a lock 900 feet long, and can do the business of lowering a great vessel from Superior to Huron with one action, where America uses four locks. The Americans have a larger lock than the Canadian, but the Canadians are quicker.

And this means something. The traffic on these lakes is greater than the traffic on many seas. Down this vast water highway come the narrow pencils of lake-boats carrying grain (Continued on page 34)



Replying to address of welcome at Vancouver, B.C.



The Prince giving address at formal reception at Victoria, B.C.