

A Canadian Wonderland

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Edith G. Bayne, Grand Coulee

JASPER PARK is the last great Wonderland of Canada—a goodly heritage of one thousand four hundred square miles which has been set apart by the government as a huge pleasure-ground for the Dominion. "And where is this wonderland?" you ask. Up among the Rocky Mountains along the Yellow Head Pass route, in a region of wild and rugged grandeur and great natural resources. Here is the very heart of Nature, the very pulse of life. Here the sordid and the petty cares of existence drop from one's shoulders like an old worn-out garment with one long breath of the mountain air. Approaching Jasper Park along the line of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway the mountains rise and stand like giant sentinels, first in a long serried line and then as we wind in and out among them, on either hand they appear close beside us and permit in certain parts of the route only a patch of sky to be seen overhead. The railway follows the old trail faithfully—that trail which has been beaten by moccasined feet of past ages and which still remains. Now we glimpse it on our left and again it is seen on our right, ever with us. It winds off into the dim pine woods and we think it is lost, but suddenly it appears again away down below in a valley with perhaps an old corduroy bridge spanning a rushing little mountain stream. On we go, now between zig-zag giant walls of rock and then taking a sharp curve with a sheer dip on one side, while we hold our breaths and wait and wisely refrain from looking down into that abysmal depth. Instead we look straight ahead and presently see our engine rods ahead of us entering a tunnel, mayhap. The Canadian Northern is building along this route also and every few minutes we fly past their construction camps, while the gangs at

work on the roadbed cease labor for a fraction of time to gaze at our train. Then there is the lonely-looking shack of the homesteader in the heart of the mountain grandeur. His land lies back of the mountains perhaps but for his home he chooses the hills and a spot near the railway. At Jasper station there is a little stir for the arrival of a train is a great event, bringing news and often friends from the Eastern world. It is quite conceivable that, even amid the wild beauty of his surroundings, a man of the mountains may long for letters, papers and the sight of a friend.

Jasper Park received its name from Jasper Howes, the first white man to penetrate the fastnesses of the Northern Rocky Mountains. Between 1804 and 1810, with Indian guides he found his way through the heretofore redoubtable range and established for himself a lasting name. He was, besides being a "paleface," a man of the blond type and the Indians called him "yellow-head," contrasting him with his Indian wife and her jet locks. Hence comes the name for the mountain pass—Yellow Head.



Specimen of Indians at the Winnipeg Stampede

GROWING STRONGER

Apparently, with Advancing Age.

"At the age of 50 years I collapsed from excessive coffee drinking," writes a Western man. Tea is just as injurious, because it contains caffeine, the same drug found in coffee. "For four years I shambled about with the aid of crutches or cane, most of the time unable to dress myself without help.

"My feet were greatly swollen, my right arm was shrunk and twisted inward, the fingers of my right hand were clenched and could not be extended except with great effort and pain. Nothing seemed to give me more than temporary relief.

"Now, during all this time and for about 30 years previously, I drank daily an average of 6 cups of strong coffee—rarely missing a meal.

"My wife at last took my case into her own hands and bought some Postum. She made it according to directions and I liked it fully as well as the best high-grade coffee.

"Improvement set in at once. In about six months I began to work a little, and in less than a year I was very much better, improving rapidly from day to day. I am now in far better health than most men of my years, and apparently growing stronger with advancing age.

"I am busy every day at some kind of work and am able to keep up with the procession without a cane. The arm and hand that were once almost useless, now keep far ahead in rapidity of movement and beauty of penmanship."

Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont. Write for copy of the little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Postum comes in two forms: Regular Postum—must be well boiled.

Instant Postum is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with the addition of cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly.

"There's a reason" for Postum.

as we move away he seems to follow and it is only when we turn our attention to the Seven Sisters further on, that we forget to look behind for another view.

Snowy little cataracts leap down the mountain-sides, calling forth exclamations from all, round jewel-like little lakes flash into view, madly-dashing mountain torrents greet us with a Minnehaha sound and sight and senses are steeped with beauty every mile of the way. On the trail beside us we pass a picturesque figure—an old Indian, red kerchief at his neck, birch bark canoe across his shoulders, making his way to the next portage.

Up among the jack pines on the Fraser River is Tete Jaune Cache, the present end of steel on the Grand Trunk Pacific. To this colony of men a woman is a rare sight. What then must have been their impressions when women and girls to the number of one hundred and twenty, bore down upon them en masse one afternoon in June of this year! All work was suspended for the time being and while the magistrate of the town gave the Canadian Women's Press Club a hearty welcome, the other residents flocked to the doors of their warehouses and shacks and standing in groups speculated (we presume) as to whether we were a warring or a peaceful party. However, all doubts were soon dissolved for in very short order we were mingling with them, asking questions—pertinent

and impertinent—"taking their pictures" and making ourselves perfectly at home.

"Wish I had a shave and a clean shirt," came in furtive tones spoken from one bronzed young citizen, to another. And again was overheard:

"Say Jack, how long is it since you saw so many of them in a bunch?"

"Don't know, guess it must be two years!"

But they are all happy and hearty and in love with life in the mountains.

Some little time previous to reaching Tete Jaune Cache we had passed the "Divide" separating Alberta and British Columbia and all the water was now flowing westward, as the slope inclines gradually to the Pacific coast. The Fraser flows with such great rapidity here that it is said a "man overboard" is as good as "gone."

Therefore great caution must be used at the wharves and on the scows. Beyond the "Cache" or warehouse—a great long building by the way with a passage up its centre—are the docks. Supplies for Fort George are loaded upon scows and sent down the river unpropelled. It is a fascinating sight to watch this work being done and our train whistled and whistled in vain for some time. Reluctantly we trooped back. There is no depot platform as yet but lined up beside our train were many of the hospitable residents of Tete Jaune ready to give us a rousing send-off. They were sorry to see us go.

"Are you never lonesome away up here?" we asked one of them.

"Oh—sometimes—not often. But we will be after today," he added naively.

Leaving this interesting town on the outskirts of the world, as it were, we proceed eastward again. Back through

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