

Cortez, Maria, and so on—upon some of which are settlers and logging camps. Over in the distance, on the mainland, rise up the Cascade Mountains, range after range.

#### SEYMOUR NARROWS.

Now you creep closer to the Vancouver shore and presently enter the celebrated Seymour Narrows, once in which by reason of the high bluff shores you are shut out from the view on either side. The Narrows proper are about 800 yards wide and about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles long, though Discovery Pass, to which it is the entrance, is about 23 miles long. At flood the tide runs from six to twelve knots an hour and at ebb from six to eight, the flood and ebb running equal intervals of about six hours each with about ten minutes still water. Valdes Island, lying at the entrance to Bute Inlet and forming the right shore of this channel, is a finely timbered island, with a number of logging camps on it and some well-to-do ranchers on the benches back from the shore. The Evelatan or Back Narrows, of almost equal note among navigators, on the other side of the island, is also very rapid and dangerous as well. It was at this point where it was once proposed to bring the line of the C. P. R. through the Yellow Head Pass down Bute Inlet and connecting with a line of railway to Victoria by bridging Seymour Narrows, the present proposed route of the British Pacific.

Just before entering the Narrows is a village of Evelatan Indians, once regarded as the worst of all the British Columbia tribes and said to have been cannibalistic. Passing the mouth of Campbell River you look up the fine Menzies Valley and over westward in Vancouver Island are towering snow clad peaks extending for miles. Sailing by Menzies Bay you enter the Narrows already described which after an exciting run widen out into Johnston Straits. Along here, on the Vancouver shore, are some beautiful beaches and snug coves and bays, and on the other side a group of small rocky inlands—Helmcken, Harwick, etc.—on the timbered benches of which is to be found the finest Douglas fir in the Province. The famous Bickly Bay logging camp is located on the back channel on Harwick Island.

After having sharply rounded Chatham Point the steamer gets in closer and closer to Vancouver Island and the shores become more and more precipitous. Along Johnston straits westward you steam past the mouth of Salmon River, where there are rapids and overfalls with heavy sea. The straits widen out to about three miles and now you are directly between the shores of Vancouver and the mainland, the only place where they approach each other directly. This approximation continues ten or twelve miles, both shores being thickly wooded. On the mainland side are Bienlensop Bay and Port Neville. The former is a good harbor with rocky picturesque shore. The latter is an inlet seven miles long, up which first-class building granite is found. On the Vancouver shore, which presents a bold rocky front, is the mouth of Adams River, just opposite which commences Crocroft Island, running twenty miles parallel with our course. At the south-east end of it is Port Hartney, a fine harbor.

Myriads of islands, large and small, will be seen all along the mainland side as far as Cape Caution, locally known as the Broughton archipelago. The next point of interest on your left is Beacon Cove, which in

addition to being a good harbor has an excellent milling site. A marble quarry has been located here. Back of Beacon Cove, extending to the great Nimkish Lake is an extensive valley. Nimkish River which is the outlet of the lake into Broughton Sound, Nimkish Lake and Kammutseena River, which empties into it, all afford the finest trout fishing in the Province. This district is a veritable sportman's paradise, now much frequented for big game—elk, deer, panther, etc. while the scenery is simply enchanting. From this point the centre of the island is easily accessible.

#### ALERT BAY.

Five miles above Beacon Cove we arrive at our first stopping place, Alert Bay on Cormorant Island, just opposite the mouth of Nimkish River. It is very prettily situated, and is a favorite calling place both up and down. Here are an Indian village with a population of 150 or so, whites included, a salmon cannery, a sawmill and two stores, an English Church mission and an industrial school under way. The run of salmon has been poor for several years and the proprietors have turned their attention to canning clams which abound in the neighborhood.

The first thing which strikes the tourists eye on rounding into Alert Bay is the Indian Burial Ground, on the south point on the right hand entering the bay. It is fantastically decorated with streamers and flags of different colors and various kinds of grave fences and epitaphs. The next thing which particularly attracts a stranger's eye is a fine totem pole, about 30 feet high, beautifully painted and carved, which guards the entrance to the present chief's house. In all probability it was purchased from the Hydals.

Cormorant Island possesses coal formations. Near it are several rocky islets upon which discoveries of silver and copper have been made. Farther up is passed Haddington Island, all one quarry of the finest freestone, and still further on is Malcolm Island, agriculturally the best piece of land on the coast. At this point in our trip we are beginning to lose the companionship of the Douglas Fir, which has been abundantly with us from the outset, finding instead forests of hemlock, spruce, cedar, cypress, birch and alder, which prevail more or less for the rest of our journey. Opposite Malcolm Island is Port McNeill, boasting a commodious harbor. The country all along here comprises coal measures and for 25 miles through to the west coast. Three miles beyond Broughton Straits we enter Queen Charlotte Sound, where the ocean swell is already noticeable, skirting the north-east coast of Vancouver Island we put in at the historic Fort Rupert, 21 miles beyond Alert Bay.

#### FORT RUPERT.

It consists of the old Hudson's Bay Fort, and a large Indian village, situated on a long open beach of shingle and shells, which gives it a white, snowy look. There are no wharf accommodations and consequently it is only in cases of absolute necessity that steamers call here, in which case communication has to be made with the shore by boat or canoe. On two occasions this huge village has been shelled and laid in ashes, together with all the property and canoes belonging to it by gunboats sent to demand the surrender of murderers among them. The Chief, Captain Jim, himself, was only saved by the entreaty of a trader, and ever after order was preserved.

Twenty miles beyond Fort Rupert we enter Galiano Channel and Galiano Island, and leaving behind Cape