

square miles. It is the source of three great rivers flowing into three different oceans; the Columbia flows into the Pacific; the Athabaska empties into the Mackenzie, which flows into the Arctic; and the Saskatchewan flows into Hudson Bay and then into the Atlantic. In the summer time, at one point, a little distance from the highway, you can divert with your hand the waters from the Atlantic to the Arctic. It is, I think, the only place in the world where a diversion of this kind would be possible. It is a beautiful spot. The height of land is somewhere between seven and eight thousand feet: on the one side is the Columbia icefield, the source of the Athabaska River; on the other side, are mountains and valleys. The rivers and lakes teem with fish. Honourable senators who like to fish may be interested to know that from a fishing point of view we have probably the nearest thing to virgin waters of any part of the world. I might mention a little experience of my own. Two years ago I went into the Athabaska Forest Reserve and followed for about eighty miles the old road which was built by the Imperial Oil Company when they were drilling in that district. We were able to travel the road in a car. I went back about ten miles from this old road to the stream and followed it to the road, fishing as I went. Within a short time I had my creel full; and let me tell you that it does not need many of the fish you catch up there to fill your creel. Go back into the type of stream where the water rushes down possibly for half a mile, white water all the way, and catch fish in one of those deep pools where the big fellows lurk.

Hon. Mr. King: The honourable senator should tell us the name of that stream.

Hon. Mr. Stambaugh: It is called the Muskeg River.

Hon. Mr. Grant: And what is the name of the fish?

Hon. Mr. Stambaugh: Trout.

Mr. Grant: And I suppose that some are as big as whales?

Some Hon. Members: Oh, oh.

Hon. Mr. Stambaugh: There is the Dolly Varden trout, but the particular fish that I am fond of are the Rainbow trout, and these are what I am talking about. I want to give you a little warning that if you get into one of these pools where the big fellows lurk, before you cast your fly you had better brace yourself. The water is very cold and I would not want you to be hauled in.

Some Hon. Senators: Oh, oh.

Hon. Mr. Aseltine: What about hiding behind a tree with your rod and reel?

Hon. Mr. Stambaugh: You might try that. You can have a lot of fun, and just so you will not fill your creel too full, I suggest that you throw back anything you catch that's under twenty inches long, and give it a chance to grow.

Hon. Mr. Euler: This is quite a fish story all right.

Hon. Mr. Stambaugh: Alberta is rich in natural resources with 75 million acres of agricultural land, part of which is open prairie and part bushland. There are almost 100 million acres of forest land in Alberta, of which possibly one-quarter is fairly good for agricultural purposes.

I live at Bruce which is situated on the main line of the Canadian National Railways about 75 miles south-east of Edmonton—about the centre of the province from north to south. The provincial constituency, as well as the hamlet, carries the name of Bruce. I understand that there is a county bearing that name in Ontario.

Hon. Mr. Roebuck: Hear, hear.

Hon. Mr. Stambaugh: It seems that a good many people from Bruce County in Ontario have emigrated to Alberta and other western provinces. As a matter of fact, so many people seem to have left Bruce County, Ontario, that I wonder whether anyone is still left there. This is certainly not the situation in Bruce, Alberta, because nobody wants to leave there. The few that have left returned as soon as they could.

The Bruce district of Alberta is a mixed farming area located on the western edge of the prairie. When I first arrived in the district in the spring of 1906, the land was about 25 per cent bush and 75 per cent prairie. In the north and west these conditions gradually change, the percentage of prairie land decreasing and the bush land increasing.

As an illustration of the progress made in that part of Canada, I may say that the first trip I made from Edmonton to my Bruce homestead was in a covered wagon hauled by oxen. This journey took five full days. Today, it is not unusual for me to cover the same distance by automobile in two hours. As another indication of the rapid advances made in the same area, I may say that I began farming operations by using four oxen and a walking plow, and I was capable of breaking about one acre per day. Now I farm with a tractor, pulling five plows, and I have turned over fifty acres in a single day.

The hamlet of Bruce is just on the western edge of the Viking gas field, which has supplied the city of Edmonton with natural gas for over thirty years.