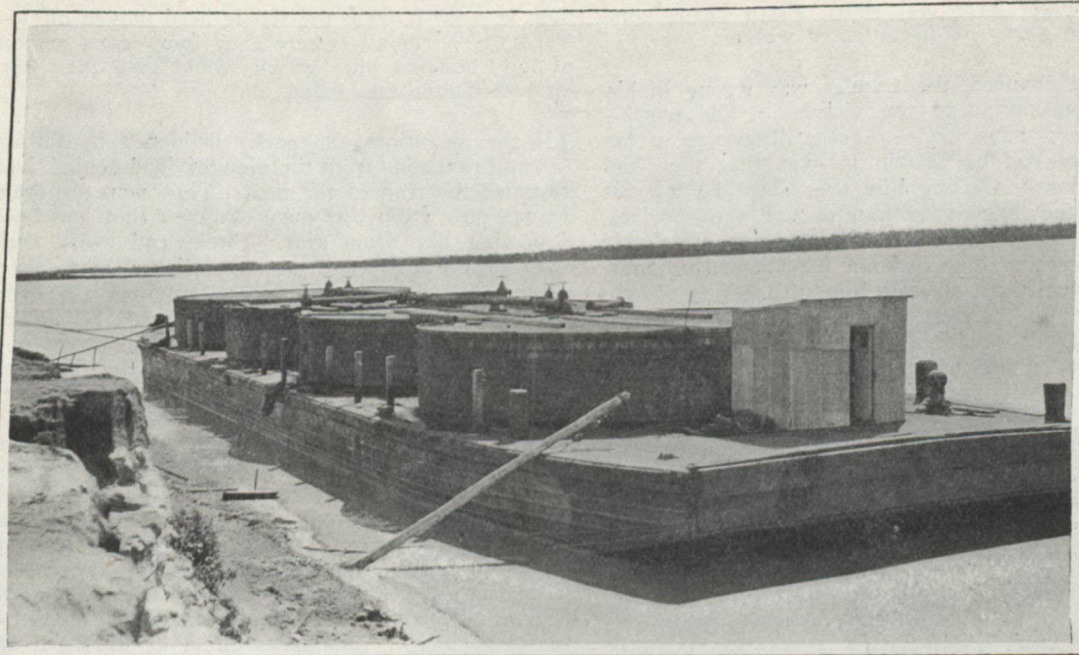
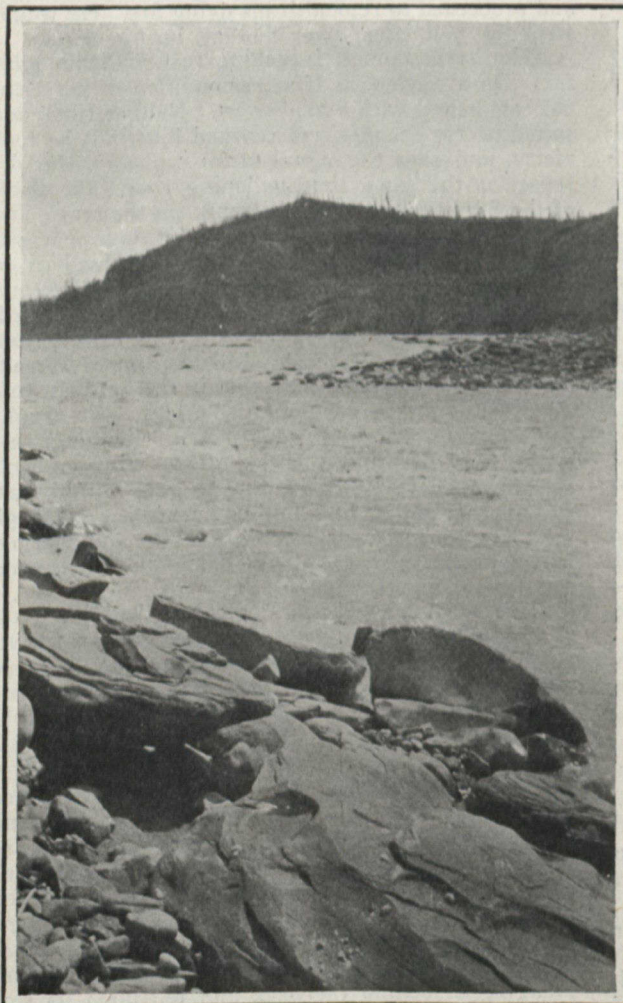




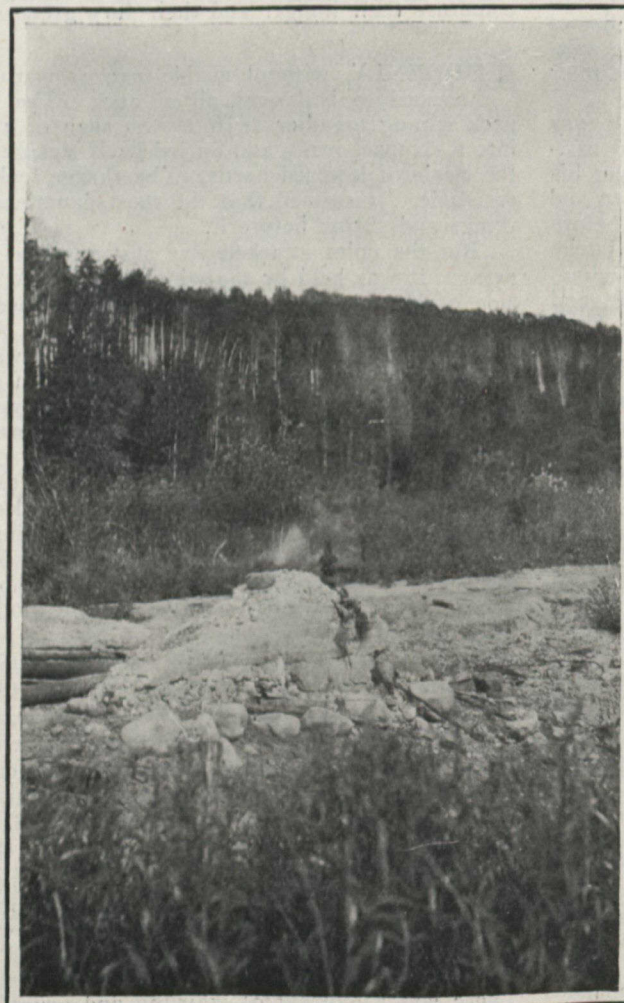
The Steamers on the Yukon river use oil for fuel. This is an oil barge for supplying crude oil.



On the Peel river, the Eskimo steamers tow the white man's whale boats.



View of the main channel of the Athabasca river.



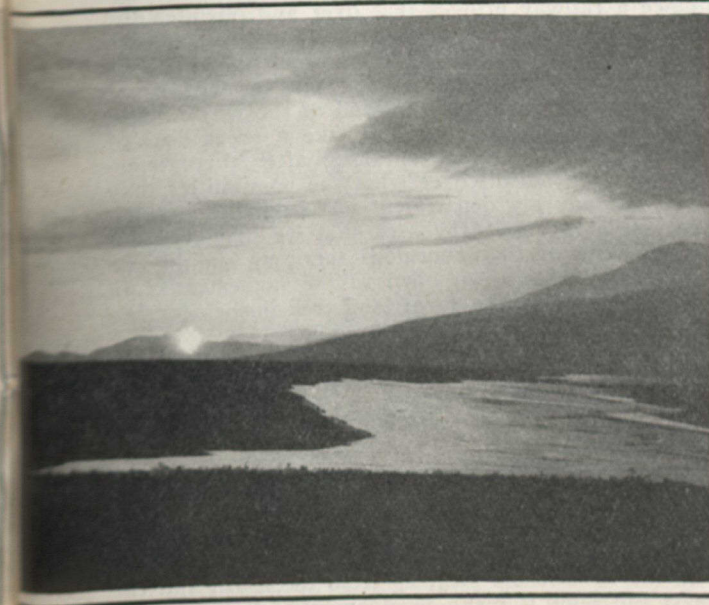
Gas well at Pelican Rapids, burning almost twelve years.



At 9 45 p.m. on July 2, the Minister of the Interior (third from left) started on the sixty-mile portage to the Bell river..



Crossing a glacier on the sixty mile portage.



Midnight sun painting on the long portage.

UP IN LOCKEUX LAND

Hon. Frank Oliver on the banks of the Midnight Sun

By AUGUSTS BRIDLE

THE part of Canada that has the great westerly watershed over the miles of railroad is just a broad divide to the waters that spider into the stitch on the part of Canada that has no such divide by way of the Bell and the Porcupine; railways at all. On the map you may see a few hundred miles in Alaska by way of it; the vast white limbo that reaches out from No. 60 to the Yukon before he got out to Hard to the musk-ox and the whale. It's one of the baby railroads that runs from White Horse to the signs that Canada is beginning to find herself a way.

That Hon. Frank Oliver has made the first cabinet ministerial trip to the last human outpost in the north. He has had an experience; such as comes to few men within their own country. From June till August, 1910, he has been as far away as it is possible for a man to get, and stay in North America.

The Minister of the Interior left the railroad at Edmonton, his home city. At Athabasca Landing, a hundred miles north, he got a Peterborough canoe—which he left up in the Yukon, on the eastern side of the sub-Arctic Rockies. He got to the Pullman car again two months and a half later at Vancouver, by a loop line measuring less than five thousand miles; carrying him nearly four degrees past the Arctic Circle to the delta of a river whose head waters trickle out of the Rockies away down in southern British Columbia and Athabasca Landing; fed by three great reservoirs, Lake Athabasca, the Great Slave Lake that swallows the Peace River system crawling out of the Rockies, and Great Bear Lake, that lies vast and alone up in the Barren Grounds reaching to the Arctic Sea. And when the Minister of the Interior had got to the delta of the greatest river system in North America he pushed on into a

A great deal of the route was much the same that covered by the Klondikers who went overland twelve years ago and left bones of horses and men bleaching along the way. Things have changed since then. It used to take some of these outfits a year and three months to get from Edmonton to Dawson via the Peace, the Mackenzie, the Peel, the Porcupine and the Yukon. It took Mr. Oliver about two moons and a half. The Minister wanted first-hand knowledge of the country beyond; the great Arctic and sub-Arctic hinterland. He got it.

Up till four months ago Mr. Oliver had never been farther north than Athabasca Landing, which is the beginning of the great waterway system that culminates in the mighty Mackenzie. And the Mackenzie is one of the greatest rivers in the world," he said to the CANADIAN COURIER last week.

"Compared with the Saskatchewan—?"

"Pshaw! It makes the Saskatchewan look like a creek."

He spoke with the enthusiasm of youth; though he is grey with years that have left him with all the bulldog optimism that kept him always the liveliest man in the Saskatchewan country. Frank Oliver



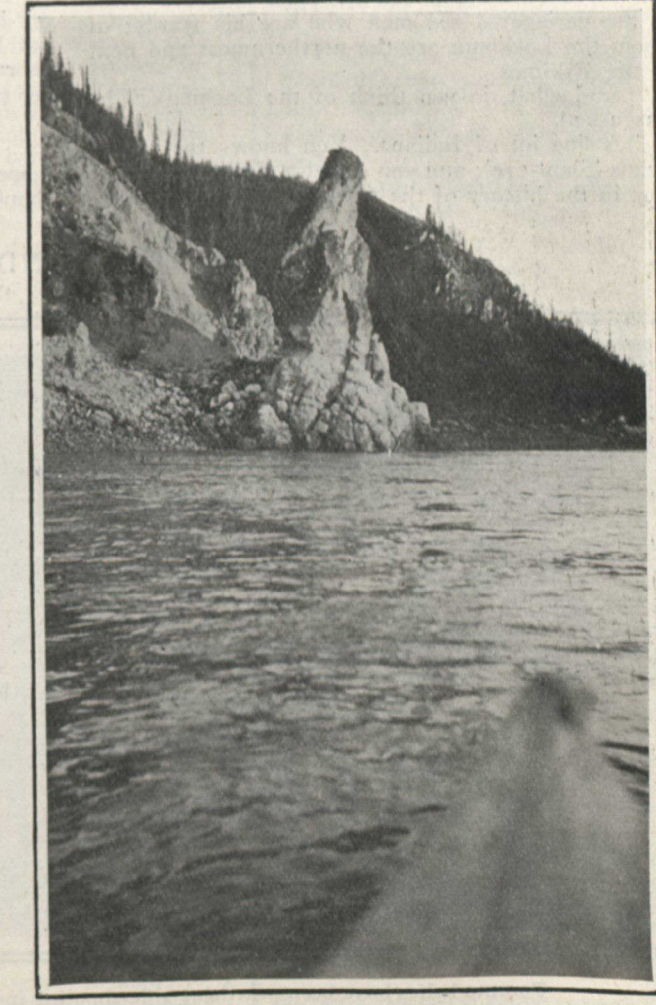
A summer Camp of Eskimos on the Arctic Red River, near the Mackenzie delta.



A semi-civilised Indian fish reel at Fort Yukon.



Full grown porcupine, quills and all, on the Porcupine river.



Howling Dog rock (Indian legend) on the Porcupine.