

THE ONTARIO PARTY'S TRIP TO THE PANAMA PACIFIC EXPOSITION

WRITTEN FOR THE ONTARIO BY MISS ETHEL M. ADAMS, PRINCIPAL FOXBORO PUBLIC SCHOOL.

(Continued From Last Week.)

Five miles to the north is the city of Leadville, altitude 10,200 feet, with a population of over 7,000. It is the highest city and mining camp in the world. The annual output of the precious metals, gold and silver, exceeds \$15,000,000. The Arkansas River now was very small amidst snow patches and stunted cedars. The Tennessee Pass at an alt. of 12,000 feet took us over the continental divide and we were out on the Pacific slope of the Rocky Range. The Mt. of the Holy Cross can be glimpsed at through a gulch rift.

A Wonderful Panorama

That night some literally held their eye lids open to view the scenery on this slope. At Eagle River Canon, alt. 8,000 feet, is the curious sight of mines being worked all up and down the face of the perpendicular walls 2,000 feet high on either hand. A rock fountain like a lioness is seen. We came to a section where irrigation is carried on. The wide expanses of black lava beds contrasted with the green hay and willow land, and indicated that hereabouts was once an active volcano. The Canon of the Grand River, a tributary of the Colorado River, opens and closes and opens for a distance of 16 miles between walls 2,500 feet high, some of which are wooded, some are bare, others are tilted and cut in fantastic formations. At the portals, the fallway and river occupy all the narrow passage. The "spectacular Hanging Lake is one mile up a side canon. At Glenwood Springs, are hot sulphur springs. To the north of Newcastles is a smoking mountain, where an underground coal bed has been on fire for twenty years. Grand Valley is a fruit section helped much by irrigation. At Palisade, the price of land has advanced from ten dollars to \$3,000 per acre in ten years; the rimrock concentrates the sun thoroughly and bars the cold winds. There come cattle and horses by the thousands, and then many sugar factories. We entered Colorado desert of gray, gravelly soil, cut deep by arroyos, and broken by hammocks. It is desolate now but when irrigated it is believed it will be as productive as the land we had just passed. Ruby Canon which is rightly named because of the ruddy sandstone of which it is composed, extends 19 miles. Midway, a black line is painted on the canon wall with "Colorado" painted on the east side of it, and "Utah" on the west side.

The Land of the Mormons

Utah, desert has some sage and greasewood plants on it. Some of the stations are veritable oases, as the desert with fruit and flowers, where irrigated. The cantaloupes from such sections are celebrated. Soon the Lombardy poplar, a Mormon favorite, makes its first appearance. In the distant south the rim of the Grand Canon of the Colorado may be seen. We saw some prairie dogs. At Helper, "helper" locomotives were attached to the train for the ascent of the Wasatch Range. The Peace River Canon is nine miles long. The sandstone, jets 500 feet into the air. The Mormons called this in the old days, "The Entrance to the Promised Land." Soldier Summit, alt. 7,454 feet is at the top of this Wasatch Range. Here are the graves of the soldiers who fought in the Mormon war under Col. A. S. Johnson, and had a camp here on their return. At Castella Hot Springs the grounds are poplar-shaded. Strawberry Valley Tunnel is being put through by the U. S. Government to irrigate 50,000 acres of land. Blue Utah Lake which is 30 miles by 6 is surrounded by a spectacle of peace and prosperity; it is a scene of loveliness. Near the lake shore is Provo, a very wealthy Mormon town, with broad streets, a multitude of the favorite poplars, handsome residences, the Brigham Young Academy, woolen mills in which industry one million pounds of wool are used annually, and a beet factory which cost \$500,000 to which the enormous quantities of sugar beets are taken. They also grow grain, hay and fruit. Bass are caught in Utah Lake. Jordan River connects Utah Lake with Great Salt Lake seventeen miles distant. We passed many poplar-defatted farms and arrived in Salt Lake City on Saturday at 4.15 p.m.

City of the Latter Day Saints

Salt Lake City, the capital of Utah on the Jordan River, is also known as Zion, or the City of the Latter Day Saints. It has an altitude of 4,234 feet, and a population of about 93,000 which with the suburbs

population amounts to about 120,000. It was founded in 1847 by 148 pioneers from Illinois, in the heart of the Great American Desert, and was planned by Brigham Young. The streets are very wide, being 132 feet wide. The city blocks contain ten acres each, making each block 1-8th mile long. There are many poplars and catalpa trees. Where the Frazer Mormon settlement was is now a public park.

The University of Utah is here. Eighty-six per cent. of the state's tax revenue is used for educational purposes, and illiteracy amounts to only 2.5 per cent. The Masonic Temple is very beautiful. Salt Lake theatre was built in 1852. Maude Adams was born here, and her mother still lives here. The new Capitol cost six million dollars. The beautiful Utah hotel cost two and a half millions. Eagle Gate was once at the entrance to Brigham Young's private residence. Now it extends over a street. We saw the separate homes of several of Young's wives. One beautiful one is called "Amelia Building" in memory of his seventeenth and favorite wife, Amelia Lion Building is where he died. They have a Mormon tithing office because every Mormon tithes.

The Mormon Temple and Tabernacle The Temple Block 3 The Temple Square is the ten acre square in the heart of the city, surrounded by a stone and adobe wall 12 feet high and 3 feet thick, and broken on each of the four sides by a large gate. Inside the south gate is the private Bureau of information where strangers are cordially welcomed and furnished with a free guide. Over 200,000 visitors come here annually. The grounds are made beautiful by trees, flowers, statues, and fountains from which we gladly drank. The Temple is 188 feet long, 99 feet wide, and the greatest height is 222 feet which reaches to the top of the pure gold-leaf covered figure of the angel Moroni on one of the six towers of the Temple. Three of these towers are on the east-end of the temple, and the other three are on the west end. They were over forty years building this temple at a cost of four million dollars. It is used only for marriage and baptismal ceremonies, and for sacred rites for the dead. No one but a Mormon in high standing can enter it. The Tabernacle is elliptical in shape, measuring 250 feet in shape measuring 250 feet by 150 feet by 80 feet. It will seat 10,000 people and its twenty-one doors allow of an exit in four minutes. It has a self-supporting, wooden, dome-shaped roof. Its cost, not including the organ, was \$320,000. The acoustic properties are wonderful. We were 200 feet away from a man near the pulpit, he dropped a pin on the wooden railing, brushed a seat with his hand, and whispered and we heard it all with incredible distinctness. The great organ is the finest in the world. It measures 30 feet by 33 feet, and the front rises 48 feet high. It has 108 stops, over 5,000 pipes measuring from quarter of an inch to thirty-two feet long, and five manuals and the pedals. The organist is seated twenty feet from the instrument which cost \$125,000. Prof. J. J. McClellan, the present organist, has two assistants. The regular choir is made up of five hundred singers of whom Prof. Stephens is the conductor and manager. There are eight parts to the choir, first and second soprano, first and second alto, first and second tenor, and first and second bass.

The Assembly Hall

A third great building in this Temple Square is the Assembly Hall of grey granite, measuring 120 feet by 68 feet, and seating 2,000 people. It is used for religious services including German and Scandinavian meetings, public lectures, and concerts for which the Tabernacle is too large to be necessary. There are no rented pews, and no collections are taken up. All is supported by tithing. A beehive is sketched on the ceiling of the Assembly Hall as it is the state emblem symbolizing industry.

The Sea Gull Monument

One important monument which the guide will point out to you, and carefully and explicitly explain is the Sea Gull monument. This is its history. In 1848, one year after the locating of the Mormons, they had five thousand acres under cultivation. Great dark clouds gathered and millions of crickets descended on their crops. They fought the pest heroically but gave up in intense despair. Soon new clouds appeared. These were white, dense and sudden. Thousands of gnats descended, gorged on the crickets, disgorged and gorged again. No

one kills a gull in Utah, sentiment and a twenty dollar fine protects them. To commemorate the event, they erected the Sea Gull monument. It has a granite base of 20 tons on which is a round of granite column 15 feet high surmounted by a granite globe with two bronze sea gulls resting on it. These birds weigh 500 lbs. and stretch eight feet from tip to tip of wings. On each of the four sides of the granite base is a tablet. One tablet shows the pioneer man at work plowing with his oxen. While he guides the plough a boy drives the team. The women are near preparing a meal by the wagon horse. An Indian sits near looking on complacently at this labour so strange to him. Another tablet shows a man with head bowed, tired out from fighting crickets, while the weary woman beside him looks up as the gulls, arched winging in. A third tablet shows the men and women harvesting the golden grain. A fourth tablet bears this inscription, "Sea Gull monument in grateful remembrance of the Mercy of God to the Mormon Pioneers." Around the monument is a fountain in which are many gold fish.

While seated in the Tabernacle, the Mormon guide will give you a short address. They have two thousand missionaries scattered throughout the world now. Everybody has to be a missionary for three or four years. They use three books, the Bible, the book of Mormon, and the Pearl of Great Price, which is a record of the writings of the prophet Joseph Smith. They believe the glory of God is intelligence. They live upon grains, fruits, and vegetables, eating meats only in extreme weather. Their average death rate is 8 in 1000 which is very low. They exact the same pure code for men as for women.

After leaving the Temple Square, we went through a whole block of Mormon residences. We passed the large store of the Z. C. M. L. which stands for the Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution which was organized by Brigham Young in 1858. They have over one hundred such stores in the state, owned by the local people and regulating the trade for the benefit of the people.

As we were very weary from the desert trip and the prevailing heat which still continued at 90 degrees in the city, Mr. Lane gave us one of the most pleasing experiences of our whole trip, although we had to go twelve miles farther to get it. We went to Saltair station where we drank from a fountain of the best water in the world, at least it was very refreshing to us. We took train for our twelve mile ride out to an amusement resort on Salt Lake. We crossed the Jordan River, saw many ducks on the ponds along the track, passed extensive salt evaporating beds and went along Salt Lake for a short distance. This lake is 100 miles long and 60 miles wide in places, is six times as salt as the ocean or about 35 per cent salt, and is inhabited only by a minute shrimp. We came to the resort at Saltair Beach, with its position for amusements and bathing facilities, all of which cost \$250,000. It is 1200 feet long, 355 feet wide, and the top of the main tower is 120 feet above the water. The upper floor for dancing gives a clear space measuring 250 feet by 140 feet, with no pillars or obstructions. One thousand couples may dance here at one time. Many people were in bathing. We went to see the jewelry and money in sacks, and got checks for them which we wore on our wrists. We got our bathing suits, caps, and hose. Got our checks for our rooms. These checks we also carried on our wrists.

Soon we were trying to walk in that Salt Lake water, and found very little trouble in learning to float. Our greatest difficulty was to get our feet back to the bottom after they both once got off. Never mind if we did get some salt water in our mouth and eyes, we could laugh at the next one splashing and struggling to get back to an upright position. After a fresh-water shower in the dressing rooms we felt much refreshed. We returned to the city to the Wilson Hotel, were served with a full course dinner, and were entertained by an orchestra of four young ladies, and a player piano. We left Salt Lake City on Sunday at 1 p.m. by the San Pedro and South Western R. R. on the Los Angeles and Salt Lake route. That night at 11 p.m. our time changed one hour back again. We had been crossing desert all the afternoon, and continued all through the very warm night over the Utah and Nevada desert. On Monday forenoon and part of the afternoon the heat was intense after the sun came up. The few houses we saw were nearly all covered with vines. The cactus plants were very tall. The poplar trees stood in small founts of water, and the little birds were drinking from them. Early in the morning we saw the people sleeping on cots out doors.

Barstow is a station in southeast California just south of Death Valley in the Mohave Desert. We reached there about 11.30 a.m. and left about 12 noon. We were glad to eat cracked ice that afternoon as the thermometer was 98 in the shade and 108 in the sun. The desert platforms

were so very warm as we stepped out on them, and the very air seemed to scorch us. As we went farther west we saw very large palm trees hanging full of small red peppers. At San Bernardino the great palms were tall, and roses were trellised very high.

A few miles south and we stopped at Riverside at 4.15 p.m. We went at once to Glenwood Mission Inn, California's Mission hotel nestled in the centre of 25,000 acres of orange groves. It is a unique hotel built in the style of the old Spanish missions, with patios, pergolas, cloistered walks, and campanile all complete, basking in California's sunshine, and perfumed with the aroma of millions of orange blossoms.

In the belfry is hung a chime of old mission bells which peal forth morning, noon, and night, as did the matin, angelus and vesper bells of the old mission fathers. Here you see old mission style doors, latches and hinges, bells, carvings, old paintings, old bibles, boxes and chests inlaid with pearl, carved mahogany chairs, tables and chests, and ancient musical instruments. We were served with a lunch of raisin bread and tea in the open-air tea room or court, decorated with palms. Upon leaving, each guest is given an orange. The management of this Inn is directly in the hands of Frank Miller, whose brain has made his inn world-famous.

After leaving Riverside we passed a station named Ontario, many peach groves, orange groves, the sun-kissed orange groves, rose fields with rows and rows of roses, and grape vineyards. The ground along the track was oiled here. As we went further west and neared the coast it became much cooler.

We arrived in Los Angeles at 7 p.m. We went to the Mission Play which is written by John S. McGroarty, the Californian poet and historian. This play has never been played outside California. It is a picture of California during the mission period, the founding of Christianity and civilization here by the Franciscan monks. There are three acts. The first act is on the shores of San Diego Bay in 1769 where the first missionaries landed and won the first Indian converts. The second act is at San Carlos mission near Monterey in 1784. All the actors are native Californians of old Spanish and Indian descent. In this act the Spanish singing girls, the Spanish dancing girls and boys, and the Indians come in native costumes, the Spanish in their gay garments and ornaments, the Indians draped in the skins of wild animals, and the Franciscan monks in their sombre robes. The scene is beautiful and the music is very sweet. The third act is at the ruined mission of San Juan Capistrano in 1847. In this act the starving Indians succeed in carrying a dead monk to the ruined mission to be buried in the graveyard there. The dirge is very mournful.

After the play we went to our pullman, and on Tuesday morning, Aug. 31, found ourselves in San Diego where the Franciscan monks had first landed in 1769, as reproduced in the first act of the play the night before. We had travelled south in the night by the Sante Fe route to the border of Mexico, to this city of 100,000 population. We bade farewell to our pullman, Moline, and went to the U. S. Grant Hotel.

Here are five hundred guest rooms, 350 baths, and large lobbies on each floor. On the first floor is the main lobby in old gold and green decorations with massive pillars of Egyptian marble, the lighter lobby, the rose dining room, and the lounge, grill which is most unique. Here are famous war scenes of the French, German, Turkish, English, Japanese, and American armies. The side arms and helmets of each period are used as coat racks for the guests. The flags of all nations flutter from the pillars and drum heads. On the second floor, and on a level with it, and above the street entrance is the palm garden. In the centre is a fountain with aquatic palms, and the rear is banked with palms and ferns. Vines of many varieties overgrow the pergola. The ninth floor is the convention hall or ball room with the accompanying dressing rooms and promenades. The floor, 150 feet by 50 feet, is of finest white marble laid on rubber supports which give a spring to the surface. Opening off the eighth and ninth floors are two large roof gardens covering a quarter of an acre each, used for promenades during entertainments. From these, the city can be seen, the bay, Point Loma in the distance, and the ranges of foot-hills with the mountains behind them to them to the east. The U. S. Grant Hotel is located in the heart of the city, opposite the famous Plaza Park in the centre of which is the beautiful electric fountain.

That forenoon we took our first observation tour in San Diego. There are about 400 apartment houses. Golden Hill is the residential section. Balboa Park contains 1400 acres. It was presented to the city by a Spanish family who owned it in 1850. Here are clematis trees, many varieties of cacti, palms, and acacia trees. Extending into San Diego Bay, is a narrow strip of sand which is at its narrowest portion but eight feet wide, and here is a spring of fresh water with the salt water of the bay on either side. Dredges in the bay have reclaimed 500 acres.

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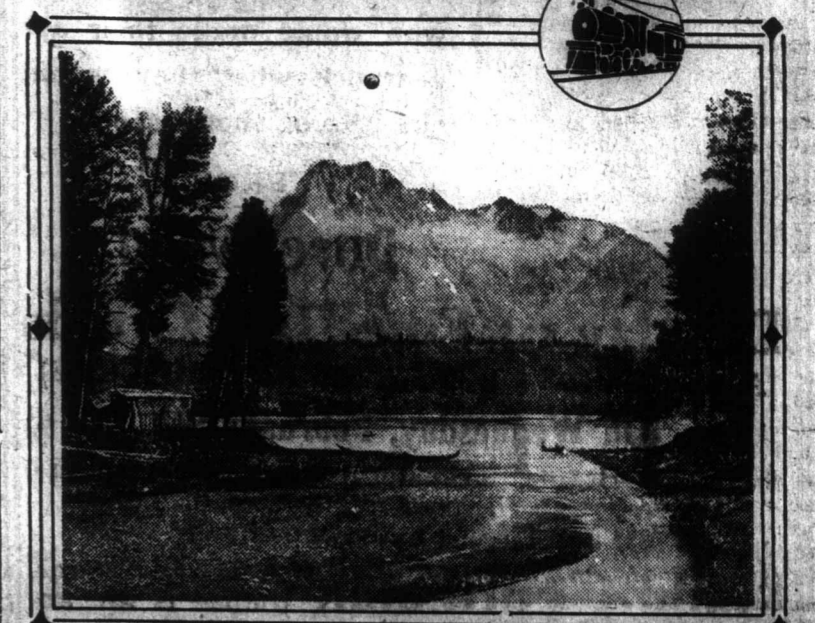
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"THE FINEST TRIP I HAVE EVER HAD IN ANY LAND"



JUNCTION OF BULKLEY AND SKEENA RIVERS, BRITISH COLUMBIA, ON LINE OF G.T.P.

The following account of a trip through the "Norway of America," the Rocky Mountains and virgin wilderness of Northern Ontario, is from the pen of a well-known gentleman now in his eighty-fifth year.

After a five weeks' visit to some members of my family, on their fruit ranch in the State of Washington, I started out for Seattle on my return trip to Toronto. On arriving at Seattle I found the fine steamship "Prince George" on which I was to travel to Prince Rupert, ready at her dock. I was located in a very comfortable stateroom, and we left punctually at 8.30 a.m.

We arrived at Victoria at 1.15 in the afternoon, and stayed there long enough to see this beautiful "Capital of British Columbia," situated on the Southern Point of Vancouver Island. The narrows near Vancouver City were very interesting with the rugged mountain peaks and sharp pointed rocks nearby, and the swift tidal flow of water in which you can see at certain seasons of the year, hundreds of salmon.

The stay at Vancouver allowed time for some social calls, and soon after midnight the "Prince George" started on her voyage north. I was up before six o'clock next morning, in time to get a view of the Coast Range of mountains on the mainland at close quarters. Vancouver Island is nearly 300 miles long, and we coasted along these shores, wild and rugged, and heavily timbered, and thick with fallow trees and underbrush. The mountains I should judge, were from three thousand to five thousand feet high, with innumerable little bays all the way. The channel around between Vancouver Island and the Coast Range is only about one and one-half miles wide, and the water from the deck of the vessel are interesting and at times grand. Salmon canneries and sawmills are dotted along the shores. On the mountains we saw whistles spout alongside, and schools of porpoises, while a big seal popped up his head to have a look around. The day was bright and taking it all together, it was the finest trip I have ever had in any land, and I predict that the Grand Trunk Pacific Coast Steamship Company will have to put on this route daily steamships to accommodate the crowd of tourists that will inevitably flock to this region to enjoy the magnificent scenery. The trip is free from all discomforts, the waters threaded being sheltered by Vancouver Island and other small islands. The steaming is made on the latest type of Atlantic greyhound, have a speed of 18 1/2 knots an hour, are heatedly fitted up, while the food was delicious and well served.

Mount Robson is the centrepiece of Mount Robson Park, a beautiful reserve under the control of the British Columbia Government. East of this, and just across the boundary line of Alberta, lies Jasper Park, a national reserve which has a most picturesque lake, declared by travellers to exceed in beauty any similar lake in the Canadian Rockies. Jasper Park will be a great attraction to travellers over this splendid road, to break their journey and to enjoy Alpine scenery of the finest character. We passed through Jasper Park at the end of our second day's rail journey from Prince Rupert. Next morning we were in Edmonton, and in the fine city of Saskatoon in the evening. From Winnipeg east over the new transcontinental line the country was very interesting to me, with its many settlements, around which were located the clearings of new farms. Passing through the northern parts of old Ontario, via North Bay and Muskoka Lakes, with charming lake and wooded scenery, we arrived at Toronto at 12.05 noon on time, five days after leaving the Pacific Coast at Prince Rupert. This ended one of the most enjoyable trips I have ever experienced.

To save the folk of this generation, and ask the ones of the great railway. At Cannifton crossing to put a subway that the folk who come with the following sign bells, Man here no more the sad death knells. As the train comes puffing under the bridge and speeds away to the station at Cannifton Crossing. —SUBSCRIBER.

Public Meeting at Stirling A meeting that filled all available space in the opera house, was held at Stirling last night under the auspices of the Committee of Fifty that is organizing the County of Hastings for prohibition. Addresses were delivered by Mr. R. J. Graham, and Mr. Earl Chapman of this city. Mr. Thos. Montgomery, reeve of Rawdon and Mr. Lindsey Meiklejohn and Rev. A. J. Tennill of Stirling. Mr. R. P. Coulter, reeve of Stirling occupied the chair. Solos were rendered by Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Alger and Mr. R. A. Elliott.

The utmost enthusiasm prevailed throughout and a very optimistic tone pervaded the splendid addresses that were delivered. A feature of the meeting was a decision to enter upon a campaign in the near future to raise \$2000 for patriotic purposes in Stirling. The Salvation Army in Belleville is expanding its borders. Captain Ruston, the energetic officer in command of the local corps, has secured the Bleeker Street Methodist Church now not in use by that denomination and after it has been put in a state of repair, will re-open it for the Sunday School work of the army. Mr. T. Smith who was seriously ill at the Victoria Hospital, is now recovering.

THE DEATH TRAP. The Cannifton Crossing near Belleville Town. It's known by all the country round; Since the days when John from the countryside Jumped the "cow-ketcher" and rode with pride Into the station from— Cannifton Crossing. But since his day a bell has been found To mark the place at Cannifton Town where the trains come in. A wee small bell with a ting-aling-ling. It might be mistaken for a child's plaything With its ting-aling, ting-aling-ling. Can't you hear it ring, at the Cannifton Crossing.

From away back north along the Tweed To Belleville Town do the people speed, To spend their wealth at Sinclair's, Ritchie's, MacIntosh's, Wims, but on the way is Cannifton Crossing with a tiny bell To warn them all of the flying trails That go both ways at Cannifton Crossing.

And now it comes to the people's ear, Of the Wellman tragedy, Oh my dear! Alack a day! for the people who live near Cannifton Crossing. While they look to the east there comes from the west A fier with a smash and the clang and death; And it hastens them on to the Judgment Day without a warning from the Cannifton Crossing. At Belleville Town is there not a friend in the Corporation.

Funeral of Late Mrs. H. B. Tickell The obsequies of the late Mrs. Hannah B. Tickell, widow of the late Esq. H. B. Tickell, took place Saturday morning, a large number of citizens being present to pay their last tribute of respect to the memory of one who was universally esteemed. At the family residence, 254 Church street, the Rev. H. S. Osborne of Bridge Street Methodist Church, conducted an impressive service, the Rev. S. C. Moore and Rev. A. M. Harley assisting. Following the service the cortege was formed and proceeded to Belleville cemetery, in the vault of which the remains were deposited. The bearers were Messrs. F. C. Jones, W. R. Clarke, Frank Dolan, W. H. Day, E. Moltrie and T. Ketcheson. Many beautiful floral designs were sent in tribute to the late Mrs. Tickell by the following— Mrs. S. Russell and the Misses Davis and Mrs. J. J. Haines Mr. and Mrs. John Williams Miss Maude Campbell Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Pascoe Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Archibald Mr. and Mrs. H. E. McKnight Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Cogg Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Morton Miss Arthur M. MacKay Mr. and Mrs. John Rathman Mr. and Mrs. George Thompson Miss Clara Coombe Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Thomas, Esq. St. Marie.

Funeral of Late Lionel Parker The funeral of the late Lionel Parker took place on Saturday afternoon from the residence of his sister, Miss Parker, George Street. The service was conducted by Rev. Canon Bonbish. The bearers were Messrs. C. M. Stork, Dr. Clinton S. D. Larier, Geo. N. Simmons, E. F. Milburn and Dr. Leonard of Napanee.