

THROUGH THE SUNNY HOMESTAKE EMPIRE OF THE GOLDEN NORTH

AS a plunge into leafy trails or mid sedges and dripping moss banks is joy to the jaded of the shop of toil, so is a journey from the vast sweep of the populous portion of the American continent in the parched summer time into the emerald land of Alaska and Yukon.

Since the distance-dimmed glory of the North has been unfolded to the eyes of but a few compared to the millions who know that their flags have sovereignty here, this work has been produced to afford a glimpse pictorially to the many who have affiliations with the country and wish to get a better conception of the conditions as they really exist, and as a souvenir embellished by faithful photographic and engraving arts.

Take a little jaunt from the evergreen belt of Puget Sound and British Columbia along the thousands of miles of coast edging the Pacific to Bering Sea, and of unvarying verdure, summer or winter. There with the softened breezes from the tropic and the mild currents of the south Pacific playing against these northern shores in the Japanese currents, the receptive spirit is charmed with the refreshing buoyancy so welcome to the work-worn human. New vistas and changed horizons, rising industries and the confident ventures of men inspire, and over the Coast Mountains rise the glammers of unreclaimed multiplied riches of Solomon.

The day of hardship which betokened to the adventurer into this field with his life in the balance has passed. Where toiled the early argonaut for weeks surmounting the little known trails, are today established arteries of travel and commerce. Along this far-reaching coast strip ply almost daily various luxuriously equipped steamships, as comfortable in all appointments as the best excursion liners of any waters of the old or the new world.

Even the most delicate invalid finds this course to the heart of the Northland seductive. First comes the thousand miles through green-gemmed islands, past many busy fishing and mining ports; including the thriving new Grand Trunk Pacific terminus of Prince Rupert; quaint Metlakathla; humming Ketchikan; the great Treadwell ore mines and mills; flourishing Juneau; the fascinating old town of Sitka, of Russian origin; the historic towns of Skagway and Dyea.

From Skagway, at the head of Lynn Canal, the large volume of traffic between the south and the heart of the Yukon basin pours over the Coast Mountains without least delay. With a train of all modern conveniences, the same delicate tourist can cross with the exploiters of the North to the headwaters of the Yukon, riding with all the ease of a Pullman guest through the sunny gulf states; passing here the once formidable Chilkoot Mountains; winding among the spires and minarets, and through the cloud-capped pinnacles to the White Pass summit, where the tiny pools form the first waters of the mighty Yukon, two thousand miles from where it pours its volume 100 miles wide into the Bering Sea.

The traveler now can pursue the waters of the river every foot of their journey. The train skirts the granite shores of Lake Bennett, paralleling the Whitehorse Rapids, and in eight hours from the Pacific waters at Skagway the train journey ends, and it is but a step to the deck of the palatial Yukon steamers, built to serve the