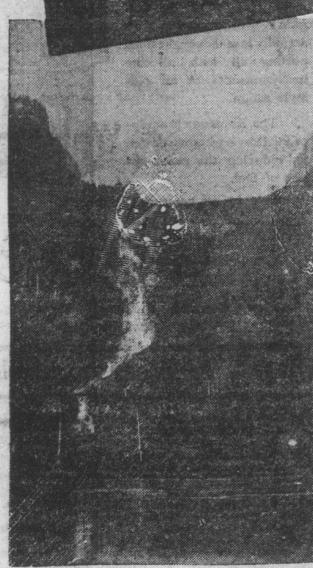
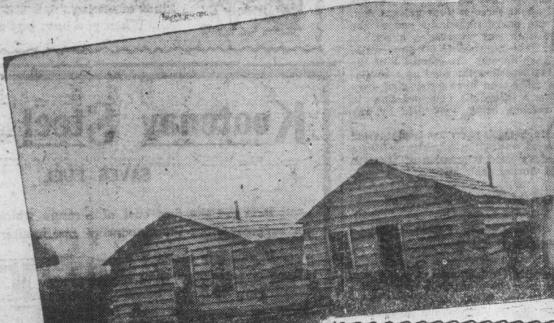
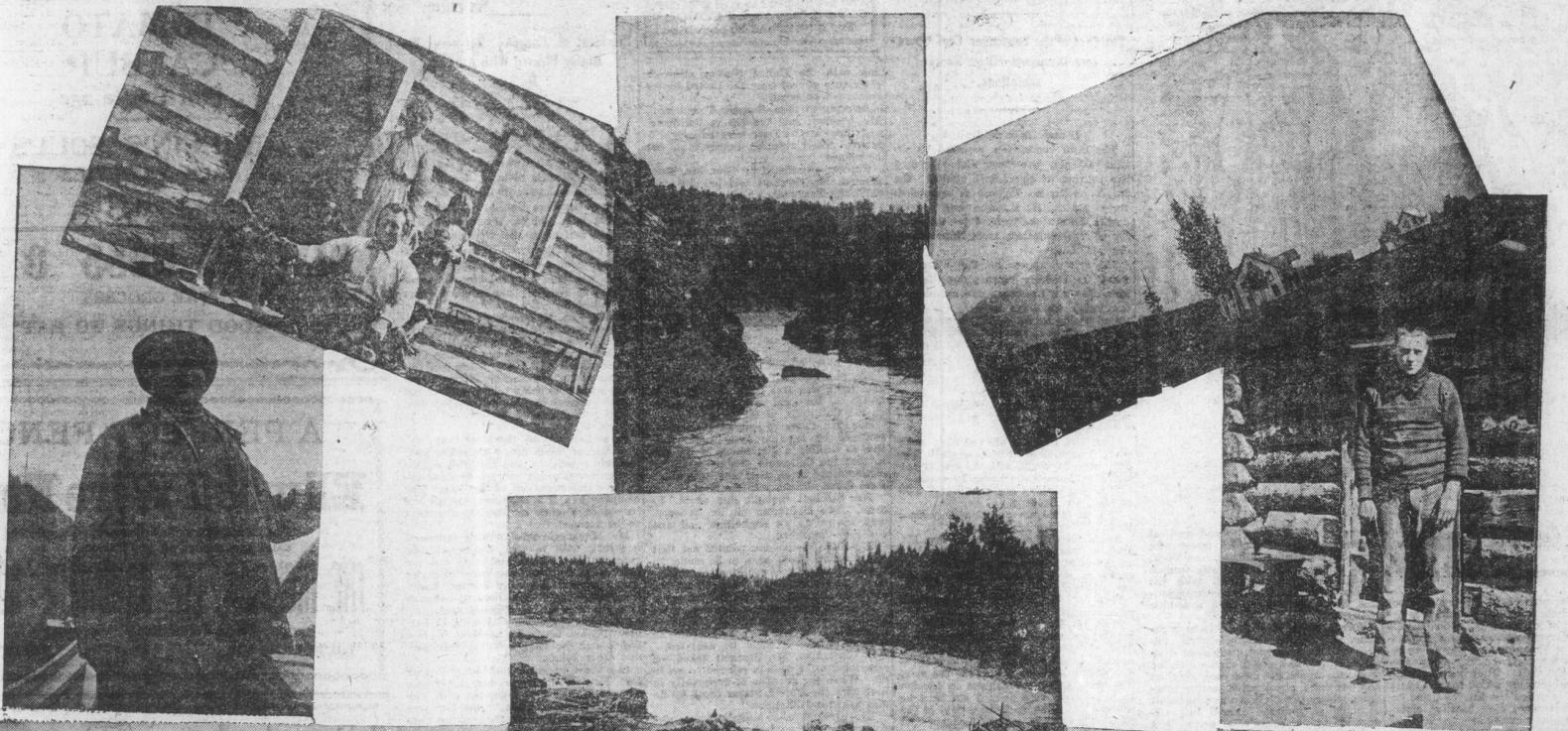


SNAP SHOTS IN BULKLEY VALLEY



From the accompanying group of remarkably fine photographs secured by Mr. Victor Spencer during his recent visit to the Bulkley Valley country with a number of cattle for his ranch, it may be gathered that all the most interesting portions of this province do not lie on Vancouver Island or along the southern portions of the Mainland. In fact, according not only to Mr. Spencer, but also to all travelers who have visited that country it is one of the most charming regions in the Canadian West. And it is not only the sportsman and the prospector who find that fair northern land full of interest and charm, for scores of well-to-do people who intend to devote their energies and capital to farming and stock raising, are going in there every month. The latest detachment went up on the last northern steamer to sail from this port and Vancouver. It is, therefore, especially interesting and opportune to present to readers of the Times just now some excellent views of a country which is attracting so much attention.

The gentleman with the fine open countenance, on whose classic visage not a line of carking care or aching grief appears, is he who acts as pilot on the Bulkley river. His name, like his raiment, was made to fit him—it is Humpty George. He knows every winding and turn of the sinuous Bulkley stream as the reader knows his way home. He has a smile for everybody, and a Tappan humor that defies depressing conditions of weather or fell circumstance. To reach the Bulkley valley one has to go up the Skeena, and in passing along that swift, romantic stream one sees such sights as this to awe and inspire. It is a waterfall descending the face of a beetling cliff, not much of a fall for power purposes, but rather of the gray mare's tail variety, useful for artists and such like. The metropolis of that wild

region is Hazelton, from which expeditions set out for different parts of the North. Here is a good view of Hazelton. One of the most interesting institutions there is the Methodist hospital, which looks like a Swiss chalet, perched upon the windy shoulder of a mountain, with views of other mountains all around, almost terrifying in their sterile grandeur. The author of "An Bulky Written in a Country Churchyard" might not have found his inspiration had he tried to find the wonderful work on this Indian graveyard at Hazelton. It is typical of the burial places of the Skeena Indians, forming a little city of the dead, with the houses above, instead of below ground. Near Hazelton one has to cross a strange looking bridge, called the Hazelgate bridge. It is unique in its architecture and appearance, but it serves its purpose well. It stretches across the headwaters of the Bulkley river. A little further on the traveler comes upon this fishing site on the Bulkley river. From the insecure stance on the steep rocks the Indians ply their piscatorial art with success. Next one comes upon the whirling, roaring rapids of the Bulkley, where the stream, narrowed to a foamy ribbon, plunges down the rocky gorge in thunder and spray. Here, again, is the cascade where portage is necessary and the salmon leap silverly in the hissing spume of the mad-dened waters. The Nechaco river is an affluent of the Bulkley, and it is necessary for those who have cattle to drive to swim the beasts across. It is a job that has its attractions for the robust and sport-loving, and it is generally accomplished without serious mishap. On the South Bulkley the traveler "happens" upon the lonely cabin where dwells the line-man for the government telegraph. The young man is a good specimen of the stalwart manhood that is wanted in the Bulkley valley. And here

is a telegraph station on the woodland trail, a typical British Columbian dwelling of the outlands, built with the axe and chinked with moss and mud, but warm and comfortable within. At the end of the journey mine ease in mine inn is the best the reasonable traveler asks from anyone. Here is where he gets it if Aldermere, the new town on the Bulkley, be his goal. This is the British Columbia hotel, Aldermere, with accommodations for man and beast, sample rooms for commercial men, possibly billiard rooms and all modern conveniences that anyone has any right to expect. It is always interesting to get a glimpse of those fine, hardy spirits to whom civilization owes so much for their brave pioneering of the hinterlands and wild places, preparing the way for the human tides that are to flow thither and beyond, as they did long ago in farther Ontario, in Ohio, Illinois and Manitoba. Here is a family group that should interest every British Columbian. It shows Mr. and Mrs. Gabriel Lacroix, and their little girl and the family pets. They were the first family in the Bulkley valley, having gone there five years ago. Mr. Lacroix and his devoted wife have carved a home for themselves out of the wilderness, and their reward is sure, for the incoming settlers are taking up land all round them, and consequently enhancing very greatly the value of the Lacroix property.

Everything points to the further development of this fine agricultural section of the province on a large scale, and it is gratifying to report that the class of settler going in there now is of the very best. Unquestionably Bulkley valley is destined to become a flourishing and populous district, for it is favored with a remarkably mild and equable climate, magnificent soil and natural resources, such as minerals, timber and fish, that should ensure permanent prosperity.

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BY COLLECTOR.
Floating Poolroom, the City
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Transfer.

et. 6.—A fine of \$500 was
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eamer City of Traverse, by
Nixon, a collector of the port,
the failure of the owners to
transfer of the vessel. The
under protest. The impos-
me gave rise to a report that
f the boat had been taken
ollector Nixon declared last
ch was not the case.
f no grounds for the revoca-
sion of the boat," said Mr.
till all the legal steps have
d with, the boat will not be
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be taken to-morrow, and I
post will be able to make
afternoon."

RING ISLAND NOTES.
residence of the Times.
has gone to New Westmin-
a course at the Columbia
ratory to entering law.
ng and daughter have been
ew days on the island.
mber of local residents have
the Dominion fair. R. P.
some exhibits in the poul-

AS IN BED
THREE YEARS

D WOMAN CURED BY
S KIDNEY PILLS.

ent by Mrs. Jas. Hughes, of
t.—She's Strong and Healthy

Oct. 6.—(Special).—What
Pills are doing for the sur-
of Canada will never be fully
only when some courageous
the secrecy that covers wo-
roubles that a passing glimpse
work is given. For this reason
made by Mrs. Jas. Hughes, of
of more than passing interest,
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shes. "I was treated by five
specialist from the U. S. I
very kind of medicine I could
more seemed to do me any
ed for nearly three years. I
my spinal column, in my head,
across my back and through
I took fourteen boxes of
Pills, and now I am strong
to a good day's work, thank's
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