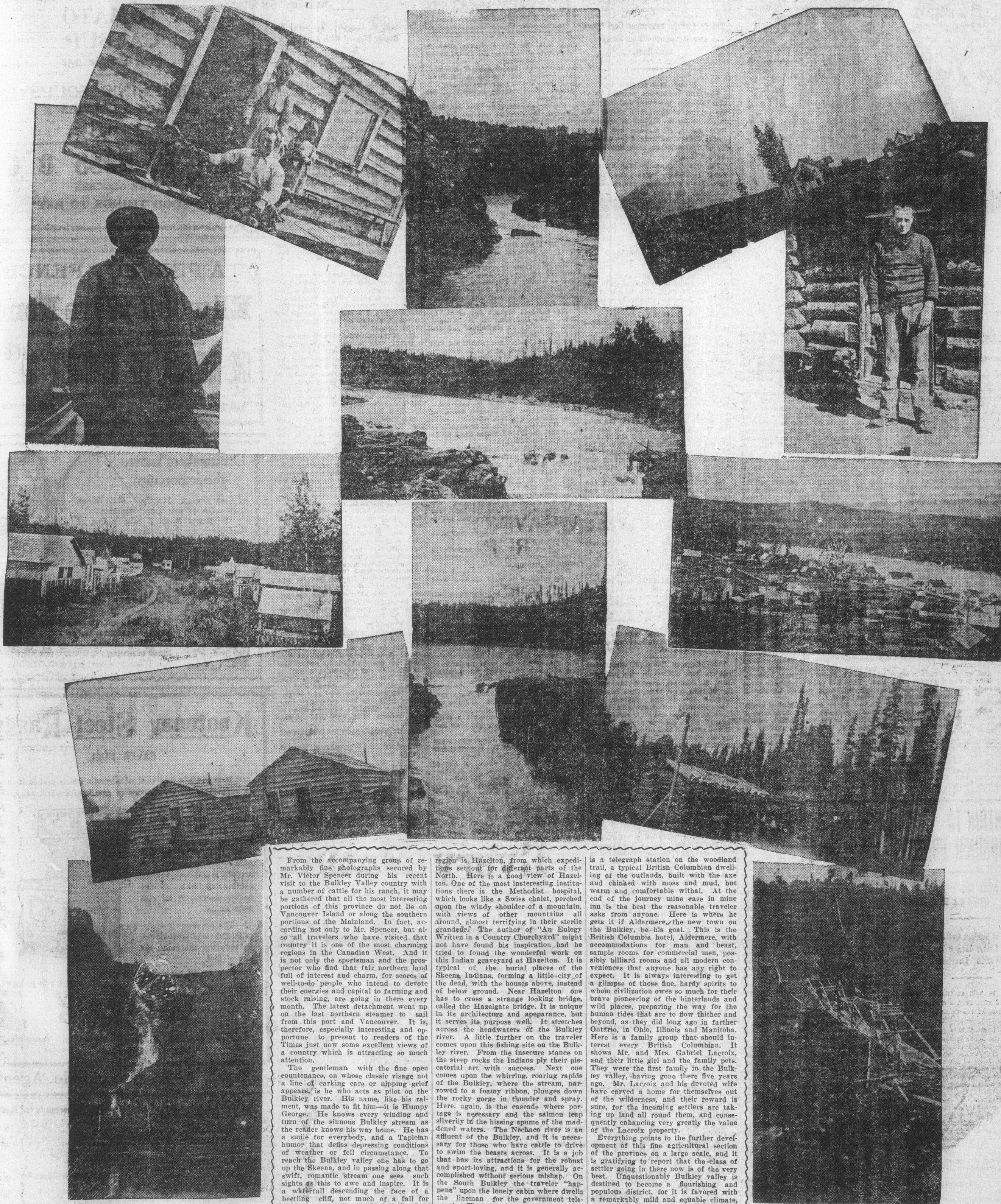


# SNAP SHOTS IN BULKLEY VALLEY



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 caring 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—is Humphrey 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 Eulogy Written in a Country Churchyard" might not have found his inspiration had he tried to found 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 withal. 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.

these holes and crevices like the seal when it appears, carries it some distance from shore eating it. He always is a pack of white foxes, and his watch, strive to be merely, and turning their one side to the other, but all spring is made other, but ranting, grunting, whistling, hattering, and here and there a fight, until the bear is h his repast and permits the leavings. But enough to some effects of the cold the animals.

## BY COLLECTOR.

Floating Poolroom, the City Horse, Failed to Register Transfer.

Oct. 6.—A fine of \$500 was yesterday upon the floating pool-roomer City of Traverse, by Nixon, a collector of the port, for the failure of the owners to transfer of the vessel. The transfer was under protest. The imposition gave rise to a report that if the boat had been taken, collector Nixon declared last, which was not the case.

If no grounds for the revocation of the boat," said Mr. Nixon, "all the legal steps have been taken, and the boat will not be taken any trips, but these will be taken to-morrow, and I will be able to make it after-noon."

## IRING ISLAND NOTES.

Correspondence of the Times.)

has gone to New Westminster on a course at the Columbia university to entering law. His wife and daughter have been on the island for several days. The number of local residents here is the Dominion fair. R. P. some exhibits in the poultry

## AS IN BED THREE YEARS

D WOMAN CURED BY D'S KIDNEY PILLS.

went by Mrs. Jas. Hughes, of St.—She's Strong and Healthy

Oct. 6.—(Special).—What D's Pills are doing for the sufferer of Canada will never be fully known until some courageous man reveals the secret that covers a woman's troubles that a passing glimpse of work is given. For this reason made by Mrs. Jas. Hughes, of more than passing interest, great sufferer for four years, writes: "I was treated by five specialists from the U. S. I tried every kind of medicine I could find, but none seemed to do me any good for nearly three years. I had my spinal column, in my head, across my back and through my legs. I took fourteen boxes of D's Pills, and now I am strong and able to do a good day's work, thank D's Pills."

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