



A boat load of the citizens of The Pas, mostly full-blooded Indians. These Indians are able to earn \$400 a year, whether man, woman or youth. Their chief occupation is muskrat hunting.



The chief transport of the northern rivers is the York Boat. It is propelled by six sweeps and directed by a seventh. When the wind and current are favourable, a mainsail is used.

It is the old story of a new country—the strange, hopeless struggle of the wild against the modern monarchs of civilisation and commerce, in their quest for other worlds to conquer. It is the chronicle of Canada's latest constructive conception—the opening of another great highway to the markets of two hemispheres.

When Hon. George P. Graham, Minister of Railways and Canals, turned the first sod of the projected Hudson's Bay Railway the primitive settlement of "the Pas" became, perforce, a community of yesterday—and to-morrow. It passed at once from the yesterday of a lonely pioneer trading post into a tomorrow pulsating with big, busy, metropolitan possibilities. It became the nucleus of a great junction—the end of two transcontinentals and a water route extending from the foothills; the beginning of a railway to connect with transatlantic traffic.

Early missionaries to the northern wilds placed the Pas upon the map. The indomitable Redman, whose sense of Nature's intent is an instinct, selected it as a camping ground, the homing point of his expeditions into the fastnesses of the farther north. He built there his rude habitation. He called it Pasquia, "the meeting of the highlands," and founded the tribe of that name. For years he lived and moved, and had his being in his own way, disturbed alone by the whisper of the wind, the sob of the stream, and the sway of surrounding spruce.

Then came the new white world—the missionary, the Hudson's Bay trading outpost, and, finally, the railway; ninety long miles of winding steel, over rock and muskeg, through thickly-wooded picturesque country, linking the Indian settlement southward to Metimami, and subsequently to Hudson's Bay Junction. And now, onward, unhesitating, insatiable, civilisation reaches out for the waters of the far north. The wild, in silent, stoical protest, recedes—as it always does. It is the passing of the primitive Pas.

The path of progress exacts its toll of sacrifice. There was a touch of the tragedy of the last look in the faces of the men—the majority grey and furrowed with years of "roughing"—who gathered that sombre morning in the misty rain on the banks of the wide, winding Saskatchewan, to witness the

inauguration of the dream of years. For there, and then, they realised something of what must be; something of the beyond, when captains of industry, leaders in enterprise and endeavour—not to mention real estate brokers—discovered this beautiful ideal site for a great city, a divisional point on the new commercial highway. On the shore were beached a score and more birch bark canoes, and the dusky faces of probably two hundred Indians—exiles-to-be—peered in silent curiosity from the background of the dense thick foliage.

Veiled in the serious, slow-spoken words of the silver-haired octogenarian, Antoine Constante, chief of the Pasquia band of Indians, wearing his saucer-sized medals and embroidered regalia, was a note of pathos. He spoke in Cree, but Gideon Halcrow, another veteran who for sixty years has held the post of factor, acted as interpreter and communicated his message to the Minister: "You have been too long in coming. We are old. Our faces are wrinkled. Our hands are hard from years with paddle and axe. Our children travel your steam trail. We will not see the finish."

The prospective townsite of the Pas consists of five hundred acres of high, dry, fertile land with sufficient variation of surface to produce a pleasing effect. The homes are primitive, unpretentious and scattered. The white population is optimistically estimated at 125, while the Indians and half-breeds number at least 300. Formerly the Redmen were located in large numbers on the south side of the Saskatchewan River, where they had a reservation. When, however, the plans for the railway were developed, new lands were secured beyond the north shore, and their habitations removed there, to be hidden in the dense evergreen growth. The current of the river is not more than three miles per hour, and their canoes are propelled in any direction without difficulty.

The early Indian trading post obtained geography as "Pas Mission" with the establishment of a pioneer Anglican mission, subsequently succeeded by a Catholic mission and a joint school. These are ancient frame buildings, peculiar interest attaching to the primitive Anglican sanctuary by reason of the fact that the pews of ornamental work of the interior were made by hand by the



This is one of the three waggons at The Pas, and on this one contained distinguished people. Jose, the driver, is a famous transport officer. With him are Mrs. Graham, the Hon. G. P. Graham, Minister of Railways, and the Secretary of the Canadian Northern Railway.



The Honourable Mr. Graham and a group of men who will have something to do with the building of the railway to Hudson's Bay.



Turning the first sod on the Hudson's Bay Railway. The principal characters being the Minister of Railways and Chief Antoine Constante.

THE WAY TO HUDSON'S BAY

The other day The Pas was visited by the Minister of Railways. He waved his magic wand, which is a spade, and immediately seven blocks of land were bought up. Another northern village with a population of three hundred whites was transformed suddenly into a growing city. Such is the continued story of growth in this fast-developing northland.

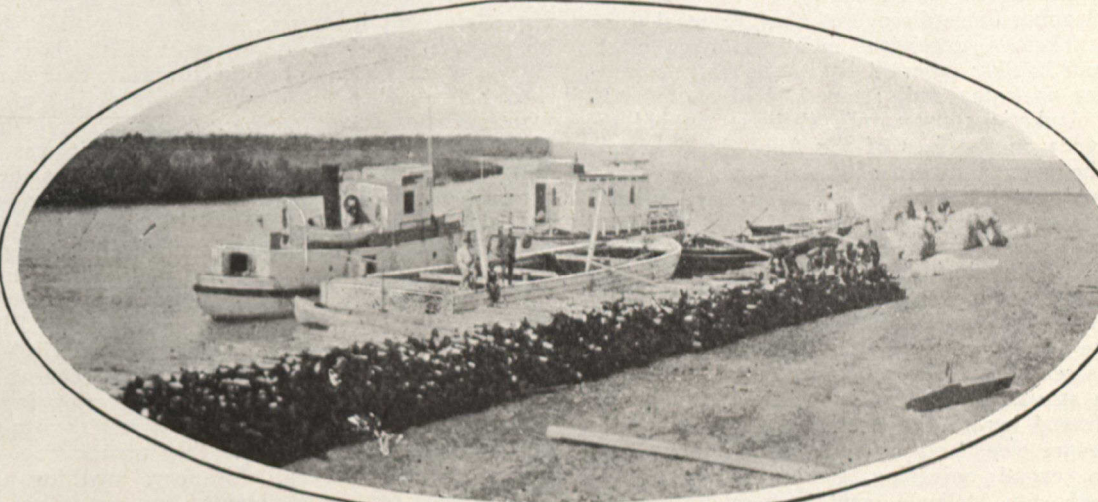
By HARRY ANDERSON

members of Sir John Franklin's exploration party. In the promising land on the north shore with the completion of the home of the present Anglican missionary, Rev. Albee Government swing-bridge, now in course of construction, still stands the sundial presented to the mission by the Hudson's Bay Company. Beyond the town site the Franklin himself. The growth of flowers, foliage and fruit on the south side of the river is muskeg, but no worse where the soil had been tilled and cared for, gave amazing building purposes than all the land which constitutes evidence as to climatic conditions.

The location of the Pas is ideal from both scenic and utilitarian standpoints. It is situated on the Saskatchewan River, just below the mouths of the Carrot and Pasquia Rivers, and both of which lend themselves to navigation. The material for the building of the bridge, came the announcement that a wealthy Port Arthur lumberman had purchased side of the river, but will probably extend to the equal considerable acreage and let the contract for the erection



The Indian women have gone some distance along the road to civilisation, but retain many of their native characteristics. One of these is their ability to add to the earnings of the family.



Landing stage at the mouth of the Carrot River. At The Pas, the Carrot and Pasquia Rivers join the Saskatchewan.

of a \$350,000 saw mill to serve 500 miles of limits on the Carrot River. Mr. Henry Finger, the purchaser, told the writer he expected next summer to be cutting each working day a quarter of a million feet of timber and employing 500 men. The spirit of the age was also manifest in the purchase of seven blocks of land on the afternoon following the "turning of the first sod" for the erection of stores and business houses. The Pas had become, by the nominal handling of a spade, a city-in-the-making.

The project, in which the Pas is the integral link, is a great one. As outlined by Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Hon. George Graham during their recent tour of the West, it embraces the opening up of thousands of miles of waterway from the foothills, serving the northern and southern prairie districts through which the two Saskatchewan and their larger tributaries run. The Pas is to become, moreover, an eastern terminal for the transcontinental systems of the Canadian Northern and Grand Trunk Pacific Railways. Here they will connect with the projected Hudson's Bay Railway, running north-easterly to Fort Nelson or Fort Churchill, there to meet a transatlantic shipping service to the markets of the old world.

There are pessimists; there always are. But this is not a task for the Doubting Thomas. It is the project of men of vision, men of faith in their country and its people, men ambitious that Canada should develop her full stature in world progress. There will be difficulties and perplexing situations. There will be problems to solve—big problems in construction; bigger problems in navigation. It is a large contract, but it is well worth while.

Someone has said that luck is a very safe word if one puts a P in front of it. When the Ontario Government undertook the construction of the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway some years ago, to open up the hinterland of that province, there were many pessimists. Problems of construction were serious; traffic was speculative; returns were uncertain. But those in charge went on undaunted, and the world's greatest silver field was uncovered. There are rumours of gold finds in the unknown districts to be tapped by the Hud-

Handicapped.

THE morning after her first appearance in "Salvation Nell," Mrs. Fiske was having her hair dressed by a young woman who called at her home to perform such duties. The actress was very tired and quiet, but a chance remark from the dresser made her open her eyes and sit up.

"I should have went on the stage," said the woman.

"But," returned Mrs. Fiske, "look at me—think how I have had to work and study to gain what success I have and win such fame as is now mine!" "Oh, yes," replied the young woman calmly, "but then, I have talent."

He Understood.

THE burglar entered softly by way of the window and looked around him. His eyes lighted at once on a large piece of paper which lay on the table, with the words "The Burglar" written thereon in large letters, and he started in somewhat uncomfortable surprise.

"Meant for me, evidently," he said to himself, and picked it up. This is what he read:—

"I know you are coming to-night—never mind how. If you will take away this parcel and lose it effectually, you are welcome to what else you can find in this room."

Wonderingly he opened the parcel, but at once his face cleared and he understood. "Pore chap, pore chap!" he murmured feelingly. "I'll take 'em for 'im, right enough, and let 'im off easy, too. I'm a father meself." For the contents of the parcel were as follows:

One toy trumpet, one drum (large), one toy concertina, one tambourine, one musical box, one mouth-organ, three tin whistles, one air-gun.