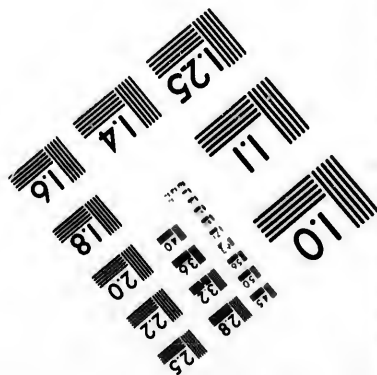
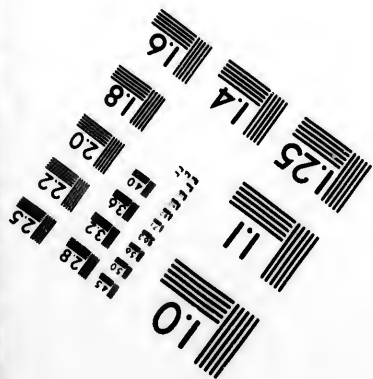
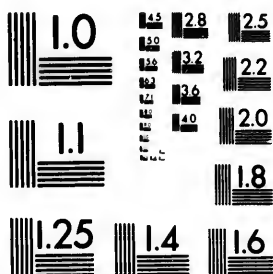


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# ACROSS THE CONTINENT

VIA THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.



A LECTURE

DELIVERED BY

MR. HONORE BEAUGRAND,  
EX-MAYOR OF MONTREAL,

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

MONTREAL DISTRICT BOARD OF TRADE

23rd MARCH, 1887.

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This lecture, the first of a series, under the auspices of the Chamber of Commerce of the district of Montreal, was delivered on the evening of Wednesday, the 23rd March, in the grand parlor of the St. Lawrence Hall, Montreal, by ex-Mayor Beaugrand. There was a large attendance of ladies and gentlemen, and Ald. J. Grenier, president of the chamber, presided.

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# ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

It is not my intention in this lecture to discuss the construction of the Canadian Pacific, which is to-day an accomplished fact. The question was treated at the time by both political parties. What we have to deal with now is the present and future of an enterprise to which every one agrees in attributing a national character and I desire simply to relate what I have seen and to put on record the impressions produced on me by a journey of three weeks between Montreal and Victoria, during which I had an opportunity of stopping over at Winnipeg, Banff, Donald, Port Moody, New Westminster and Vancouver. Neither do I purpose repeating those figures and statistics which the public have seen in the journals or met with in parliamentary papers, or in the official bulletins issued by the company for the use of the mercantile and travelling community. I am glad to say that I have returned from the West with new ideas as to the regions visited, with absolute certainty as to commercial possibilities of which I had hitherto been in doubt and with my patriotic confidence in the political future and national prosperity of our common country renewed and increased. The construction of the Pacific railway was a *tour de force* and I can sincerely avow that I was agreeably surprised at the results obtained. I do not pretend, like the Bourbons of the Restoration, to be proud of my capacity of forgetting nothing and of learning nothing. While I recall that the party with which I am connected by the allegiance of my entire political career, was energetically opposed to certain financial conditions and concessions of territory which we considered exaggerated, that fact does not prevent me from appreciating the actual situation from the standpoint of the country's general interests. While I am making my confession, I need not hesitate to avow that, for years past, I had envied the industrial energy, the commercial

intelligence and the broad and humanitarian policy of our neighbors of the American republic. I did not believe that we were capable of contending with them in the arena of colonization, of the development of new regions. The experience of recent years and my trip across the continent have proved to me the contrary, and therefore I repeat that I return from the West with a patriotic confidence with which I was far from being inspired before.

Leaving aside the political aspect of the construction of the Canadian transcontinental line, there cannot be a single person in the country who is not ready to pay a just tribute of admiration to the financial intelligence, the energy, the breadth of view, the prudent administration, the unceasing devotion, and, above all, to the patriotic sentiment of Sir George Stephen, and his colleagues, Sir Donald Smith, and Messrs. R. B. Angus, Duncan McIntyre and W. C. Van Horne. As a Canadian, I am proud to number myself as one of their compatriots. The United States never produced men who were their superiors in the execution of an enterprise so gigantic as the Canadian Pacific has been, still is, and, from the commercial standpoint, will continue to be. The history of the Union, Northern and Southern Pacific railways, with their difficulties and the slowness of their progress to completion, fully proves what I have said. The single fact of having anticipated by five years (1886-1891) the obligations of the contract for the construction of our Pacific, is of itself sufficient to justify our pride in the results secured. One of the greatest—probably the most serious of all—of the difficulties that we had to overcome had relation to the conditions of our Northwestern climate and the mountain chains that traverse British Columbia. It was naturally feared that the vast quantity of snow north of Lake Superior and the snow slides in the Rocky mountains



and the Selkirk range, would render extremely difficult and irregular, if not impossible, the movement of trains during the winter. Experience has, however, proved that we are better situated in that respect than the Americans; for, whilst the trains on the Northern and Union Pacific lines have for a month past been subjected to considerable delays, not a single Canadian train has been retarded by snow in those regions as to which so much apprehension was entertained. The trains set out and reach their destinations with a regularity truly astonishing, when it is considered that it is scarcely six months since the first train started from Montreal on its route of 3,000 miles across the Canadian continent. I had the honor, as mayor of Montreal, to give the signal for the departure of that first train, in the midst of salvos of artillery and the acclamations of an enthusiastic multitude. It was an event that I am not likely to forget.

This is, besides, a subject on which I can speak with some authority, as I have just been across the continent—going and returning—and I am happy to have made the journey in winter, as my testimony can, at least, serve to prove the unfoundedness of the timid exaggerations of the past and the possibility of a regular service in the future. A year ago, I found myself delayed for forty-eight hours by the snow in the Liaton Pass, New Mexico, on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe line, more than 1,200 miles south of Winnipeg and Montreal, while this year I made the journey—nearly 6,000 miles—without a moment's retardation by reason of the snow. My experience, indeed, is only the corollary of the fact that the Canadian Pacific will have to suffer less from snow blockades and snow slides than the American transcontinental roads. The enterprise may, therefore, now be looked upon as an indisputable success from a material point of view; and it remains for us to discuss its immense value from the standpoint of the agricultural, industrial and commercial interests of Canada, and of its international relations with Europe, Asia and Oceania. It is not my purpose to speak here at any length concerning Manitoba and the immense prairies of the Northwest. That is a subject with which all those must be familiar who have followed for some years past the development of Winnipeg, of Brandon, of Regina, of Calgary and the regions tributary to them, from the twofold standpoint of agriculture

and commerce. Those vast prairies which quite recently were regarded as uninhabitable and unproductive, are now considered as the richest and most fertile portions of North America. They only needed the facilities of communication with the East and with the West for the development of their inexhaustible resources; and the construction of the Pacific has endowed them with these advantages. The regions situated to the north of Lake Superior are still little known, but the discovery of immense beds of copper at Sudbury and the great abundance of timber, have already given rise to a commercial movement sufficiently active to show that the pessimist predictions of former years will not be realized. They will evidently succeed in availing themselves of the advantages at their disposal, and the directors of the Pacific are not the men to leave undeveloped the resources of a region which is tributary to their line and from which they may derive important benefit in the future.

The comparison which I have instituted, as to climate, between the country traversed by the Canadian Pacific and that of the Southern Pacific is still more applicable to the agricultural and commercial prospects of those regions. All those who, like myself, have had an opportunity of crossing the continent by the American lines, can render positive testimony in favor of the general aspect of our different provinces from the point of view of agriculture, of the development of our mineral resources, of the lumber trade and the inexhaustible fisheries of our Pacific coast.

Taking Montreal and its general interests as our point of departure, I do not believe I need say much as to the advantages which our city has derived from the construction of the Pacific. Its geographic position at the head of oceanic navigation quite naturally indicated Montreal as the terminus of a transcontinental Canadian line. The magnificent net work of railways which encircles us and converges at this point bring us already a constant tribute which goes on augmenting with all the commerce of the Northwest. Farther on, I shall have occasion to say a word of the advantages that we shall obtain when the Pacific railway shall have completed its connections with the Atlantic and the Pacific. The Imperial Government has already perceived the advantages which it may derive, from the twofold standpoint of commerce and strategic importance, from a Canadian trans-

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continental line, and it is well known that the authorities in England have been devoting attention to that subject. Montreal must, therefore, both as to interior and external trade, profit more than any other city of the Dominion by the construction of the Pacific.

It is also well known that the Grand Trunk and the Pacific, the one by its American connections, the other by the construction of the Sault Ste. Marie branch, must bring us a large share of the export trade of the American west. We have, accordingly, in a local sense, every reason to be satisfied with what has been done and what is promised for the future. On that point, indeed, there cannot be two opinions.

In company with Mr. Olds, traffic manager of the Pacific, Alderman Rainville, M. David, D. Sidey and Wm. Stevens, I left Montreal on Wednesday, December 1, during a snow storm, to wake up next morning at Pembroke when the temperature was ten degrees below zero. From the very start, we were evidently destined to have two formidable enemies of the regular running of trains, in the region north of Lake Superior. Let it suffice to tell you that we reached Winnipeg only two hours late, that small delay having occurred between Montreal and Ottawa. We had therefore, travelled a distance of 1,424 miles, with a temperature ranging from ten to thirty-five below zero, and a violent snow storm, and yet, in spite of all that we reached Winnipeg only two hours behind the time announced. Those who have made long journeys on the American lines will understand how surprising such regularity was under such conditions. Reaching Winnipeg at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, we set out half an hour later, reserving our visit there for the return trip. Brandon, Broadview, Regina, Moosejaw, Swift Current, Medicine Hat and Calgary are the principal points that attract the attention of the traveller. These places have become in a few years the centres of immense agricultural districts in the Canadian prairie region. A hundred miles southwest from Dunmore are the famous Lethbridge coal mines. Those mines are connected with the Pacific by a narrow gauge line and are now in full operation. There are also new anthracite coal mines near Banff,—a fact that makes up for the lack of fire wood in the 900 miles of prairie between Winnipeg and Canmore. It is here worthy of remark that an enormous difference distinguishes our Canadian prairies

from the plains of the Western States, crossed by the American lines everywhere in the latter. As I have already said one encounters veritable wastes of sand—areas incultivable and unproductive, where the thermometer, during the hot season, attains a height unknown with us. And those sandy plains stretch sometimes with hopeless monotony for hundreds of miles through Utah, Wyoming, Nevada and, in the South, through Colorado, a part of Kansas, Arizona, and New Mexico. Our prairies, on the contrary, are everywhere of an extraordinary fertility, whether for the cultivation of wheat and other cereals, or the raising of cattle. The superficies of arable lands is of immense extent and all along the Pacific route we find evidences of a luxuriant vegetation. Water which fails almost absolutely in the American deserts is here within reach of the farmers and cattle raisers. It is found either in lakes or in numerous rivers, conlees and creeks that furrow the prairie or in wells at a depth comparatively insignificant. This, indeed, is so evident that the great American cattle raisers have been looking out in Canada for localities where they can fatten their cattle and prepare them for exportation.

But to return to my journey and personal experiences. Our first destination after leaving Montreal was the famous Banff valley between the gorges of the Rocky mountains. I had heard wonderful things of this district still unknown to the travelling public but certainly destined to win a universal reputation in a not distant future. By its picturesque situation at the bottom of a gorge, encompassed by superb mountains and by its famous sulphur springs which issue from the earth at a temperature of 120 degrees, Fahrenheit, Banff will soon be for Canada what the famous hot springs of Arkansas are to the United States. Physicians attribute to those springs curative properties which cannot fail to attract invalids and delicate persons from all parts of the world. The magnificent landscapes that meet the eye on every hand, the game which swarms in the adjoining mountains, and the fish abounding waters of the Bow river will make it a favorite resort for the sportsman, the artist and the lover of the grand in nature. The Government have already constructed fine roads from the Banff station to where the waters issue forth, in an atmosphere of sulphur, from the steep flank of a mountain covered with clumps of firs and sombre balsams. The Pacific com-

pany are about to build a grand hotel at the bottom of the valley, at the foot of a roaring cascade. A poet could not have dreamed of a more enchanting site. Nature has done everything for Banff in the way of scenery and modern enterprise has only to add the comfort and luxury necessary in our day, to make of the locality a rival to the most famous watering places of Europe and America. Easy of access by the railway for the inhabitants of the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, and situated in proximity to the commercial centres of the great neighboring prairie, the rising city already offers remarkable facilities for cheap living. I really believe that the first necessities of daily life—meat, bread and vegetables—may be purchased there at prices comparable with those of the Toronto and Montreal markets, and the cultivation of the lands fit for clearing will tend to ameliorate the situation. Two or three temporary hotels have been built in proximity to the springs, and physicians are on the spot to attend to the patients, who are already numerous. A Scotch artist, Mr. Aitken, visited Banff last summer and sketched some scenes which are said to be of ravishing beauty. I have no doubt of it whatever, if the artist succeeded in seizing one of those marvellous sunrises, which I witnessed during my short sojourn in the place. The station is situated in an obscure corner at the bottom of the valley, and in December the sun does not rise till nine o'clock in the morning. It is ten o'clock before his vivifying rays have been able to penetrate across the clumps of trees. It is still dark among the great pines which shelter the few primitive houses of the rising village, when all at once, and as if by enchantment, without the ordinary transition of the twilight of our longitudes, the surrounding peaks are in seeming flame and the crests, covered in perpetual snow, sparkle as they light up in turn with the tardy rays of the winter sun. It vaguely recalls the great tapers that are lit, one after the other, in the sombre naves of cathedrals at the nocturnal ceremonies of the Christian Passover. The sun descends slowly from the mountains, lighting up the sombre clumps of thick set cedars and stunted firs, crystallizing afar off the waters of a torrent which bounds from rock to rock to lose itself in the sinuosities of a ravine, gilding on this side and on that the marbled flanks of many colored granite of a giddy precipice, and finally descending into

the valley to illuminate with all its splendor that *tout ensemble* so marvelously picturesque and sublime. One has to witness these changes and gaze entranced on those dazzling fairy scenes to gain an idea of them that is at all adequate. For me it would be simply impossible to express their beauty in words. The artists of the future have there a vast field to cultivate, but one that demands genius of the first order to reproduce, in all their nature beauty, those fantastic landscapes.

Let no one set this down as false enthusiasm or the dream of an exalted imagination. Ask Ald. Rainville, who has the reputation of being free from the exaggerations of enthusiasm, and he will tell you all about it. During our stay at Banff we visited the camp of a tribe of Stony Indians who had raised their tents some hundred yards from the station. The men hunted the bear, the deer and the wild sheep and goat which abound in the mountains, and the women, while occupying themselves with domestic duties, prepare the skins of bears and deer in a primitive manner. We were told a good deal that was favorable concerning those Indians, who are said to be honest, industrious, and peaceful, which cannot be said of all the savage tribes of the Northwest. A present of some pounds of tobacco to the old chief, who was the only warrior present in the camp at the time of our visit, at once won his good graces, and he himself did us the honors of all the wigwams of the tribe. Although the ground was covered with snow, and the temperature was rather cold than tropical, the children, covered with a few rags, raced barefooted underneath the trees, while the mothers, squatting round the fire, contemplated us with an indifferent air. I bought for a trifle a superb ramshorn, adorned with horns of enormous size. It is said that these animals are of prodigious agility, bounding from rock to rock, when pursued, and sometimes dropping great heights on their horns which save them from certain death. That, at least, is a hunter's story which I give you for what it may be worth, for I have never witnessed the feat myself.

Having spent five days at Banff and explored the environs for the picturesque, we started on Friday noon, by special train, so as to be able to admire by day the passes by which we were to cross the Rocky mountains. A distance of ninety-seven miles separates

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Banff from Donald, where we stayed during the night, continuing next day our journey through the valley of the Columbia river and the still more difficult pass of the Selkirk range. Immediately after leaving Banff the road is involved in sinuosities, apparently inextricable, of gorges and precipices which follow the course of the Bow river, which we cross and recross many times. We ascend following an acclivity more or less rapid according to the necessities of the ground. Two powerful locomotives, which drag us slowly along, let us hear at regular intervals their cadenced snortings which make us comprehend the enormous force of traction necessary to overcome the difficulties which multiply at every turn. Clinging at times to the buttresses and trestle work of a viaduct of giddy height that spans a torrent roaring three hundred feet below the train, suspended on the flank of a mountain and overhung by rocks that threaten us by their enormous proportions and fantastic shapes, then following to the bottom of a vale, the tranquilized waters of a river that seems to rest a moment in the silence of an Arcadian scene, to resume soon after its tumultuous course over rocks and precipices, it seems as though we were dreaming with our eyes open. We see again in fantastic reality those landscapes which Dore delighted to invent, and which his extraordinary imagination revealed to him without the aid of fact. Forests of pine, cedar and spruce cover everywhere the flanks of the mountains, and one catches a glimpse now and then of clear spaces that run clear from the summit to the depths of the valley. These are the routes traced by the avalanches that sweep all before them in their terribly destructive descent. On both sides of the road rise innumerable peaks that take the most diverse shapes; old castles of the middle ages perched like aeries on inaccessible heights, rocks of proportions as regular as the pyramids of Egypt, obelisks of many-colored granite, stairs carved by nature as if for giants.

And all this in view of the traveller, who, seated in his parlor car, asks himself what energy, intelligence, perseverance were needed to conquer all those obstacles that nature had placed in the way of this Pacific railway which now connects the two oceans. We keep on ascending slowly, traversing tunnels, snowsheds and viaducts of all forms and sizes. We pass Castle

Mountain, Silver City, Eden, Laggan, Stephen, Hector and Field, where we stop a few moments to empty a cup of champagne to the health of the president of the company, Sir George Stephen, in honor of whom the culminating point of the Rocky mountains has been named—Mount Stephen. Field is situated at the foot of that celebrated peak which commands the surrounding mountains, with its snow covered crest. It is one of the most picturesque spots on the route, and the company has there built a hotel as elegantly furnished within as its outer proportions are attractive, and adapted to its surroundings. We are here on the summit of the Rocky mountains, and we remark that the waters of Bear creek now flow westward to mingle with those of the Columbia which drains the basin formed between the Rockies and the Selkirks to cast itself farther south into the Pacific ocean after crossing Washington Territory.

The descent is made under the same conditions of security and with the same variety of scenery. It is a veritable panorama. The darkness which comes on suddenly, without twilight, in the deep valleys that we traversed, surprises us before reaching Donald, where we pass the night. Next day we begin the ascent of the Selkirk range. Donald is an important centre, which has hitherto drawn its resources from the immense works of construction necessitated by the passage of the road across the neighboring mountains. The valley of the Columbia, which is said to be fertile and fit for cultivation, will pay its tribute of commerce as soon as there are settlers in sufficient number to develop its agricultural resources. Next day, at 9 o'clock, after having visited the rising town, we get aboard again to climb new mountains and to admire new scenes. We still follow the course of the little Beaver river which winds at the bottom of ravines, flowing from west to east to discharge itself into the Columbia. We pass, but without stopping, Six-mile Creek, Bear creek, Roger's pass, and arrive at the Glacier hotel, where the train stays for twenty minutes to allow passengers to have dinner. Let us say here, *en passant*, that the service of meals, whether in the dining cars or in the hotels and refreshment rooms, is conducted to perfection over the whole course of the railway. Everywhere one dines as well as he could do at Montreal or Toronto. The sleeping cars are dazzlingly luxurious, and the first and second class cars all that could be de-

sired in the way of comfort. The second class cars are built and furnished so as to permit passengers to sleep at night. We leave the cars for a few moments at Glacier to visit the hotel and restaurant, and now we resume the descent of the Selkirks to attain the level of the Pacific ocean only at Port Moody. I forgot to state that we passed the culminating point of the Selkirks at Six Mile creek. We were then about to cross the place where the engineers had encountered the greatest difficulties. It was necessary to make a descent of 600 feet in a course of two and a half miles. By a series of turns, returns and zigzags, by a system of viaducts and gentle inclinations along the flank of the mountain we prolong the distance to six and a half miles to reach Ross peak, 600 feet lower down. Over the whole of this length of six and a half miles, one can perceive the road directly above or directly below the moving train, as it crosses and intercrosses in a labyrinth of trestle work marvellous to contemplate and difficult to realize for one who is not an engineer. At one point in particular, the road, bending back on itself, is only apart from point to point a horizontal difference of 120 feet, whilst the difference in level is 120 feet in height. This *tour de force* of engineering must be closely examined, in its details, to enable a person to form a correct notion of it.

We again and finally remark that the torrents and rivers flow towards the Pacific, and we commence to follow, in all its winding capricious course of the Illecillewait. It is a curious but rather euphonious name of Indian origin. We reach the Albert canyon, one of the most remarkable localities, I think, on the whole route. Here the Illecillewait flows through the bottom of a ravine cut out of the living rock at a depth of from 150 to 200 feet. It seems almost impossible that the water should have hollowed out a course for itself in such a place, and the opinion of engineers is that the river follows a fissure produced in the rock by an earthquake. However that may be, the scene is sublime and impressive. The iron road follows the flank of the mountain and one hears, without always being able to see it, the torrent roaring in its granite bed. Mingling with the noise of the slowly moving train, with the shrill whistles of the prudently guided locomotive, it forms a music not out of concert with the wild and fantastic scene that surrounds us. Somewhat further on, at Eagle Pass and

Craigellachie, we get alongside a series of fish and game abounding lakes which extend all the way to Kamloops. I forgot to mention that, after leaving Laggan and before arriving at Mount Stephen, we find ourselves in British Columbia, and that the region through which we pass is as yet almost destitute of cultivation and is inhabited mainly by the employees of the line. Kamloops is the centre of a pretty extensive region almost entirely devoted to the raising of cattle, and a little further west we pass Spence's Bridge, which has hitherto been the centre of operations to the colonists of the fertile valley of the Nicola. From Spence's bridge to Lytton, the country has the same aspect, but at this point we enter the valley of the Fraser, to which we keep till we reach New Westminster and Port Moody. From North Bend and Yale, which is situated at the head of navigation, the valley of the Fraser forms one of the most attractive portions of the Pacific route. The waters of the river furnish for the export trade a salmon of superior quality locally known by the specific name of the Fraser salmon. All along the valley we meet with fishermen's cabins and traces of a colonization comparatively ancient, when it is recalled that the country has only been occupied and inhabited by whites for about forty years. Yale is a city of about 3,000 inhabitants and forms with Hope and New Westminster the three most considerable centres of that part of British Columbia which is on the mainland. We follow the windings of the north side of the Fraser, from which we can see on the opposite bank the colonization road constructed by the provincial Government. This road, which stretches *amont la cote*, as our friends in Quebec would say, appears to us like a grey ribbon on the verdant flank of the mountain chain that follows the river to the ocean. I must confess that for people dwelling in a level country, that road seems somewhat risky for two vehicles meeting, for instance, or for the rider or driver of a restive horse. The weather which had hitherto been splendid, now became gradually overcast and we reached the station at Port Moody in the midst of a severe rainstorm. We learned that in this place, so favored by nature, it had been raining for seventeen days in succession. This is their winter weather, for, while we have snow and frost, they have a

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persistence of rain. We get aboard a steamer that is to take us to Victoria, touching by the way at the rising city of Vancouver. Port Moody and Vancouver have for some time been contesting before the courts the question of the Pacific terminus and the victory has been won by Vancouver. This result has given universal satisfaction, with the exception, of course, of the speculators who had got hold of the lands adjacent to the station at Port Moody.

In a driving rain we stop over for an hour at Vancouver, where we are received with the utmost cordiality by the municipal authorities. But in such weather it was impossible to pay a visit to the town. We therefore deferred it until our return. We follow the arm of the sea that separates Vancouver Island from the mainland, and, having made the passage in eight hours, we reach Victoria in magnificent weather at 10.30 at night. The mayor, the chairman of the Board of Trade and several other citizens of influence awaited us on the wharf, where they gave us a hearty welcome and conducted us to the Driard hotel. This establishment, kept by a Frenchman, has the reputation of keeping one of the best tables in America, and I am glad to be able to add my testimony in confirmation of the general opinion. Never did I enjoy better meals in my life than at the sumptuous tables of the Driard, and in this judgment I am joined by all my travelling companions. On the following morning, Monday, December 13, we awoke to find the weather still superb, the temperature being that of a fine May day at Montreal. An hour's walk before breakfast enables us to visit the harbor, and the points of greatest interest in the centre of the city, which is admirably situated in the recess of a bay in the strait of Fuca. Here for the first time we encounter a veritable Chinese colony, forming nearly a third of the 12,000 which constitute the present population of the city. These Chinese have stores and shops of all kinds, a temple and a theatre, and one meets them at every step in the streets of the capital. They make skilful gardeners, good servants, capital fishermen, and they are also employed in large numbers as navvies and trackmen by the Pacific Railway company.

Immediately after breakfast, Mayor Fell, accompanied by two members of the local Parliament, places himself at our disposal and we accept his invitation to visit the

public edifices, the arsenal and Esquimaux dry dock. Our tour is delightful, the environs of the city being simply charming. The harbor proper is situated at some miles from the city and furnishes an ample and secure haven for the greatest ocean steamships and other vessels. As you are aware, the arsenal at Esquimaux is the point of supply for the British squadron on the Pacific and at Victoria there are always some British men-of-war. We pass the day in paying official visits to Lieutenant-Governor Cornwall, the premier, the Hon. Mr. Smythe, and Mr. Higgins, M.P. At the house of the latter gentleman we partake of a delicious luncheon and enjoy the pleasure of seeing his rose trees in full bloom in the open air of mid-December. In the evening we attend an official dinner at which the mayor presides and where we hear speeches suitable to the occasion from Mr. Smythe and others. We cannot repeat too often that at Victoria we were received with the most cordial courtesy. Everywhere we met persons who entertained the most friendly sentiments towards their fellow-countrymen of Montreal and their compatriots of the other provinces of the Dominion. It was at 2 o'clock in the morning that we bade *adieu* and *au revoir* to our old friends of a day, and set out on our return journey to the province of Quebec. We reached Vancouver at 9 o'clock in the morning, and profited by the fine weather to visit the principal points of interest at the new Pacific terminus. Vancouver is admirably situated in English bay, and notwithstanding the terrible fire that reduced it to ashes in June last, everything to-day has the appearance of energy, intelligence and that rapidity of execution which characterizes all the enterprises of the Pacific company. Having been delayed by the fog for more than an hour we landed at Port Moody near noon only to learn that a bridge had been carried away by a torrent and that our special car, the Metapedia, could not start for the East that day. We profited by the delay to betake ourselves to New Westminster, a pretty little town of 4,000 inhabitants, about six miles from Port Moody, and situated on the banks of the Fraser. The lumber trade and salmon fisheries are the principal industries of this town, one of the oldest in the province. Our friends at Montreal will doubtless be astonished to hear that the Royal City Lumber and Planing Mill company of New Westminster is

a competitor for the cedar and fir lumber trade in our own market, notwithstanding the enormous distance of 3,000 miles and the necessarily high freight charges. This is no mere dream of the future, but an established fact. Permit me here, by way of parenthesis, as to the industrial, agricultural and commercial resources of British Columbia. With an area of 341,305 square miles, a coast studded with harbors capable of sheltering the greatest fleets of the world, and stretching for a distance of 600 miles along the Pacific ocean; with a splendid climate which is comparatively temperate, even in the mountainous regions, Columbia offers a new and vast field for colonization. I say new advisedly, for this immense region has not at present a population of more than 50,000. Its natural wealth consists in its mines of gold, copper, silver and coal, already in the course of exploitation; in its fertile valleys, rendered easy of access by the construction of the Pacific railway, adapted both for cultivation and cattle raising. Its fruits, apples and pears especially are cultivated, with success and profitably exported. As yet manufactures are in an embryo condition, but the water powers, which exist everywhere, only await the hand of enterprise and capital to be a source of prosperity. Such are, in brief, the general resources of British Columbia, as yet so little known to the eastern provinces. Besides what I have mentioned, there is the important fact that the admission of British Columbia into our Confederation has permitted the junction by the transcontinental railway, of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans and the creation of a new route to Japan, China, India and the Australian colonies. The establishment of a direct line of steamers between Vancouver, Yokohama and Hong-Kong, is now only a question of a few months time, and already even the Canadian Pacific has entered into competition with the American lines by transporting numerous cargoes of tea destined for Montreal, New York and London. The construction of steamers, of unusual rapidity, for the service between Montreal and Liverpool in summer, and Halifax and Liverpool in winter, has also been decided on, and, on the completion of the arrangement, it is expected that the continent can be crossed from ocean to ocean in five days. These various improvements will enable us to attract to our Canadian Pacific a great share of the traffic now carried on between England and her colonies in Asia and

Oceania by way of the Suez canal. I have also been informed that the Pacific railway co., intends to compete for the transport of the mails between London, Auckland, Melbourne, Sydney and Adelaide, and thus to try and obtain some share of the enormous subsidies paid by the Imperial and colonial governments for that important service. I have already called attention to the strategic importance of our Pacific route to England which has already begun the arming and re-equipment of her Pacific fleet by way of Quebec and Vancouver.

Let me now say a word or two as to the immense progress that we have made in railway construction during the last ten years. In 1876 Canada possessed 5,157 miles of railway in operation, valued at \$317,795,468, transporting 5,544,814 passengers and 6,331,757 tons of freight. Well those figures have more than doubled in ten years. According to the official reports, there were in Canada in 1885 24,311 miles of railroad in operation, representing an additional capital of \$626,172,145, transporting annually 9,685,304 passengers and 14,071,133 tons of freight. The extraordinary augmentation indicated by these statistics needs no comment. It is of a character to arouse in all Canadians, of whatever origin, a legitimate feeling of pride.

I have now only to speak briefly of my return trip, and to bring this narrative to a close. As you are aware, it is the Government that built the portion of the road between Port Moody and Savona's Ferry, a distance of 213 miles. As usual, in public undertakings the work was performed carelessly and the company was put to great expense to give the road the necessary security in a mountainous region where the difficulties of construction were great and numerous. It was, for instance, one of the Government built bridges that the torrent had carried away and whose removal caused us the delay already mentioned, with the compensating visit to New Westminster. Starting on Thursday, December 16, we reached Winnipeg at ten minutes past five on Sunday evening, the precise time marked on the railway time tables. At Regina, we had the pleasure of meeting an old friend, Mr. Amedee Forget, clerk of the the Northwest council. It is not my purpose to give you any description of Winnipeg. That flourishing city you all know as well as I do, if not by actual experience of a visit, at least, by what you have read of its progress in the journals and else-

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where. Scarcely fifteen years ago, the site now occupied by the capital of Manitoba was but a vast prairie—the only object of interest in which was Fort Gary founded by the Hudson's Bay company in 1816, for the trade with the Indians. To-day it is a city of 25,000 inhabitants, with imposing public buildings, churches, colleges, schools, hospitals, and the machinery of modern municipal administration. By its geographical situation in the centre of the continent, in the midst of the fertile prairies of the Northwest, Winnipeg is destined to occupy ere long the same position in the Dominion that Chicago has in the United States.

We were received with the utmost courtesy by the municipal authorities who placed themselves at our disposal and in their kindly charge we visited all the leading points of interest. A dinner at the Manitoba club, on the evening of our arrival and an official luncheon the next day furnished the pleasure of meeting and paying our respects to the Hon. Mr. Norquay, the premier, the Hon. Senator Girard, the Hon. Mr. Harrison, the Hon. Joseph Royal, a number of members, the out-going mayor, Mr. Westbrook, and his successor, Mr. Jones, Mr. Whyte, superintendent general of the Pacific railway, several aldermen, merchants, bankers and manufacturers.

I desire, in my own name and the names of all my *compagnons de voyage* to return thanks, here in public, for the sympathetic attentions of our compatriots of the western provinces. They did everything in their power to make our sojourn with them as pleasant and as profitable as we could desire, by accompanying us to points of interest and by fully answering our enquiries touching every subject of importance as to which we sought information.

Leaving Winnipeg on Monday, December 20, at six o'clock in the evening, we were back in Montreal on the Thursday following, without being subjected to a moment's delay, and thus completed one of the most delightful and interesting journeys that could be made in any part of the world, having experienced throughout the most perfect comfort and security. If I have dwelt on these features of Canadian Pacific travel, it is because I would like to induce those of my compatriots who have not yet visited the Northwest, to do so, if possible. As I have already said of myself, they will return with added confidence in the future of Canada and a broadening and deepening of that pride in our great common country which is our best bond of union and the most quickening stimulus to our prosperity as a people.



