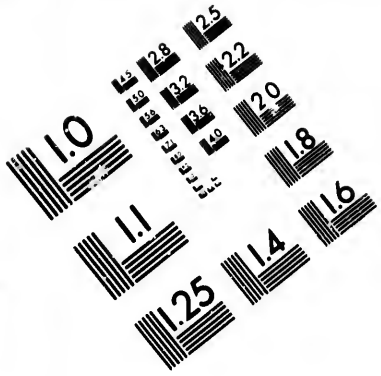

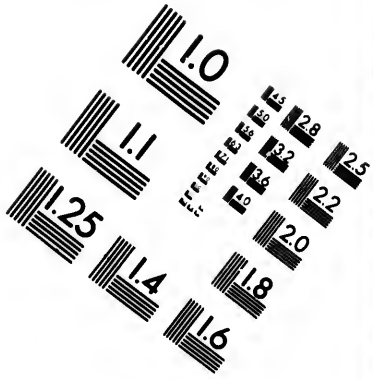

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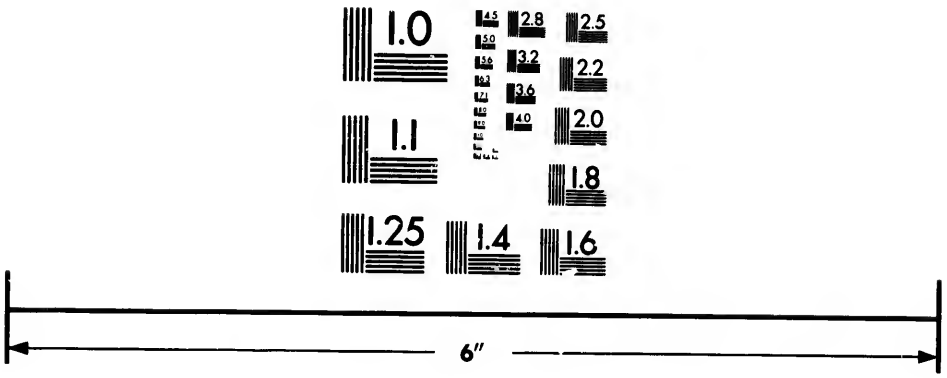

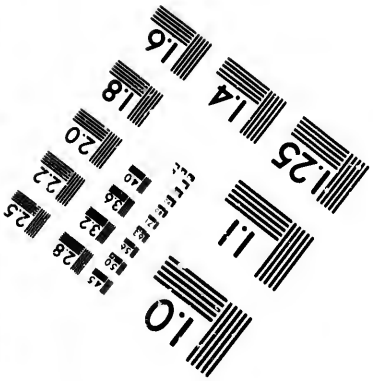

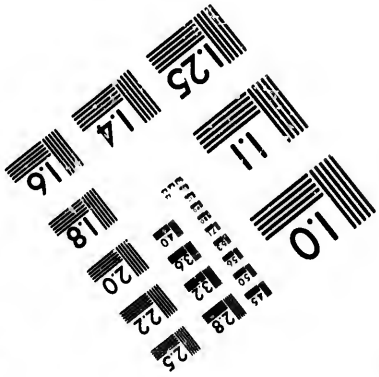

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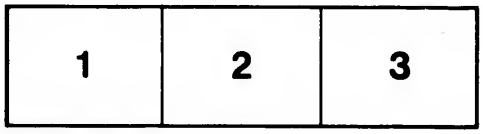

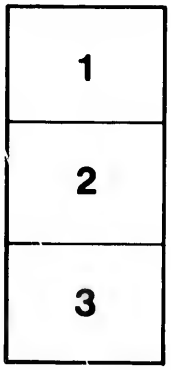

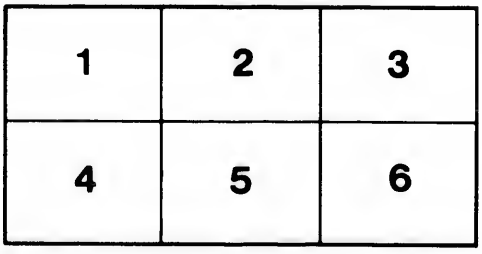

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CANADIAN PACIFIC

PRIMERS

No. I.

To ALASKA

BY THE

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

CANADIAN PACIFIC PRIMERS—I

AN

EXCURSION TO ALASKA

BY THE

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

ERNEST INGERSOLL

ILLUSTRATED

ISSUED BY
PASSENGER DEPARTMENT CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY
MONTREAL
1888

AN INDIAN RANCHERIE ON THE COAST OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

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AN INDIAN RANCHERIE ON THE COAST OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

AN EXCURSION TO ALASKA.

I.

THAT a large portion of the globe, easily accessible, remains almost unexplored, is sure to be interesting information to intelligent people everywhere. The world now seems a very small, and pretty well-known sort of place. Regions that a few years ago were considered beyond civilization, not only, but outside of knowledge, have been described, photographed and mapped in so rapid succession, that little seems left to reward a tourist in search of novelty. Yet in the coast-region of Alaska exists a vast area of novel scenes, glorious landscapes and infinite opportunity for sport and adventure, as yet unmarred by the contact of civilization.

That this quarter of the world should have remained almost unvisited until this time, is not due to its remoteness so much as to the erroneously popular impression in regard to it. The prevalent idea of Alaska is, that it is excessively distant, to be reached only after a voyage through gale-swept seas, and that its attractions are limited to volcanoes, beach-dwelling Indians of a peculiarly degraded sort, and a fur-trading post or two. The coast is considered a region of rain and general desolation, and the interior a waste of ice and snow.

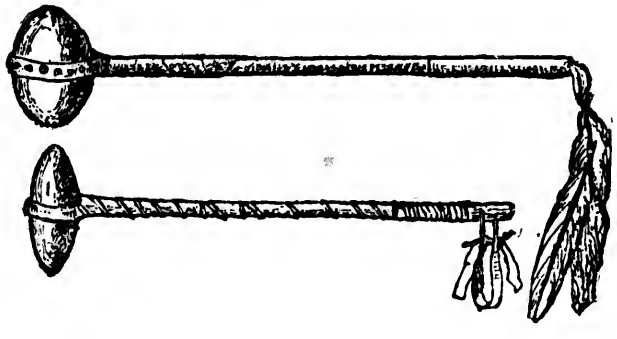
But the Alaska of this picture is only its arctic border, where Eskimos chase the walrus, whalers occasionally land, or a few agents look after the fur-seal on the far Aleutian islets. It is no more a true account of all Alaska than a description of the Orkneys would justify a condemnation of all Great Britian.

Along the southern part of Alaska, and upon the coast of British Columbia, there extends a series of archipelagoes, where

the climate is like that of England, and where, even in winter, gales seldom ruffle the land-locked sounds; where vegetation flourishes with peculiar luxuriance; where an extraordinary native population interests the student of human nature, and offers to the collector a wide choice among curious implements and fabrics; and where scenery, majestic and beautiful in the highest degree, is presented at every league of advance.

Hitherto "this wonderland and dreamland by day, this fairy-land by night," as one enthusiast declares it, has been inaccessible, save by accompanying an occasional trading-boat; but now the enterprising managers of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company have begun a regular service of comfortable steamships, which opens these new waters to every tourist who has a few weeks to spare for the voyage. These steamers are reached at Victoria, the capital of British Columbia, by the Canadian Pacific Railway to Vancouver, its western terminus, and thence by ferry to Victoria. The Alaskan steamers are the *Ancon* and *G. W. Elder;* and they leave Victoria according to the schedule printed in the appendix to this pamphlet.

The purpose of this little book is to describe the pleasures and advantages of a trip to this new and glorious corner of the world, and how to enjoy them.



II.

AN English traveller may cross the Atlantic by steamships running directly to Quebec or by the various lines to New York and Boston.

Should he choose the steamship to Quebec, he will pass through the straits of Bellisle, with Labrador on the right hand and Newfoundland on the left, cross the northern part of the gulf of St. Lawrence, within sight of the Island Anticosti, and enter the mouth of the great river of Canada. Both shores of the St. Lawrence soon come into plain view, rising into lofty hills, and dotted with villages of white houses clustering about a church, whose spire and bright tin roof make it a striking object in the well cultivated landscape. The approach to Quebec brings him into view of the great rock upon the sides of which that city is built, crowned by those fortifications which have made it for nearly three centuries the stronghold of Canada. For one hundred and fifty years it was a citadel to the French population, who were the original colonizers of Canada, and since the English conquest it has been sustained as a fort and garrison almost as impregnable as Gibraltar.

The city, in its lower part at least, looks as if it might have been transported bodily from some Norman town of mediæval date. A nearer approach, however, reveals important modifications. Here are long wharves, warehouses and shipping facilities befitting a modern port, together with the tracks, stations and warehouses suitable to the eastern terminus of a railway stretching hence in one unbroken line more than three thousand miles to the Pacific coast of the continent. After pausing a day or two to see Quebec and its historical and picturesque surroundings, the traveller is ready to proceed to Montreal, on the St. Lawrence, nearly two hundred miles above Quebec.

Montreal is the largest city in Canada (200,000 inhabitants), and one of the most stately, energetic and wealthy in America; and it may properly be regarded as the initial point for the jour-

ney in view. Hither would come travellers who had landed in Halifax, Boston or New York.

From Halifax the journey is an overland passage by rail through Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and along the Frenchy south shore of the St. Lawrence for thirty-six hours.

From Boston, Montreal is reached by a day's (or night's) ride through the heart of busy New England, and over or through the White Mountains, — a group of beautiful elevations culminating in the rugged peak of Mt. Washington, 5,654 feet high. Throughout their glens prosperous agricultural villages, great summer hotels, and a hundred fashionable pleasure resorts exist, which are thronged in summer by thousands of loiterers, escaping the confinement of city life.

The journey from New York to Montreal is likewise a day's trip by rail, the route passing along the Hudson river for two hundred miles, thence through the famous watering-place, Saratoga, and finally along the shore of Lake Champlain, where many a fierce struggle between the English and French prepared the way for the conquest of Canada in 1759. Or, as far as Albany, N. Y., this journey may be made in a steamboat, ascending in daylight the famous Hudson river, — the Rhine of America.

III.

MONTREAL, then, as the focus of all these routes of approach, becomes the rendezvous for the tour to Alaska. Here is the headquarters of the Canadian Pacific Railway; and here are made up the transcontinental trains which run over that line to Vancouver, its terminus on the Pacific, where the steamship journey about to be described will begin.

This transcontinental train, in which the traveller will spend five and a half days, is worthy a moment's description, since it is important for him, before undertaking a journey of this length, to know that he may do so in the highest degree of comfort ever offered in a public conveyance.

The Canadian Pacific's railway and navigation service, now reaching continuously from Quebec to China, is no small matter-of-chance affair, but one operated by a powerful and solid corporation, with whose interests the interests of Canada, not only, but of the whole British empire are closely interlocked, and one, therefore, which cannot afford to be poorly constructed or imperfectly equipped.

In the passenger service, especially, are *safety* and *comfort* the watch-words. The heating, ventilation and illumination of the cars are most excellent. Every first-class coach is built, outside and in, of polished mahogany, and the decorations and upholstering are after the most tasteful patterns. Each one has vestibule doors and double windows, excluding drafts and dust, seats of a new and easier kind, and lavatories supplied with water and towels in plenty.

It is in the sleeping, dining and parlor cars, however, that the tourist will take most interest, and will note the greatest advance. The sleeping cars (which run through without change from Montreal to the Pacific) are of unusual strength and size, with berths correspondingly enlarged. The back and arms of each seat are softly upholstered, and the back is so high as to

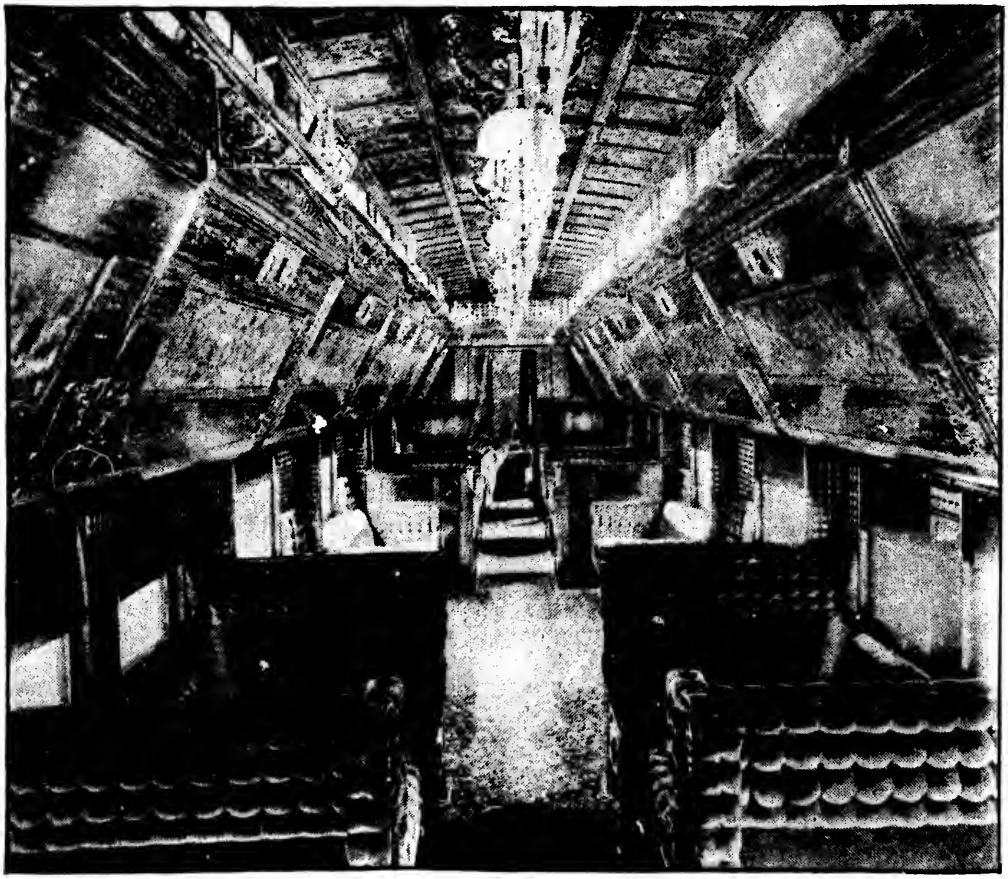
form a perfect head-rest. The upper berths have ventilators and windows, and the curtains of each tier of berths are separate. In the centre of the car four sections become sofas instead of transverse seats during the day. Finally, each car is provided with a bath-room.

A DINING-CAR.

Dining cars, marked by many improvements and excellencies in both furniture and *cuisine*, accompany the transcontinental expresses.

In elegance of design and furniture, nothing to approach these sleeping, parlor and dining cars has ever been seen. Their exterior is polished red mahogany. The interior is an arrangement

of red mahogany and satin-wood, hand-carved with the greatest profusion of decoration, yet in the simplicity of true art. The glass in the roof, ventilators, doors, etc., is cut or cast in pleasing figures and moderate colors; while lamps, berth-locks and other pieces of metal work, are all in old brass of artistic design.



A SLEEPING CAR.

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IV.

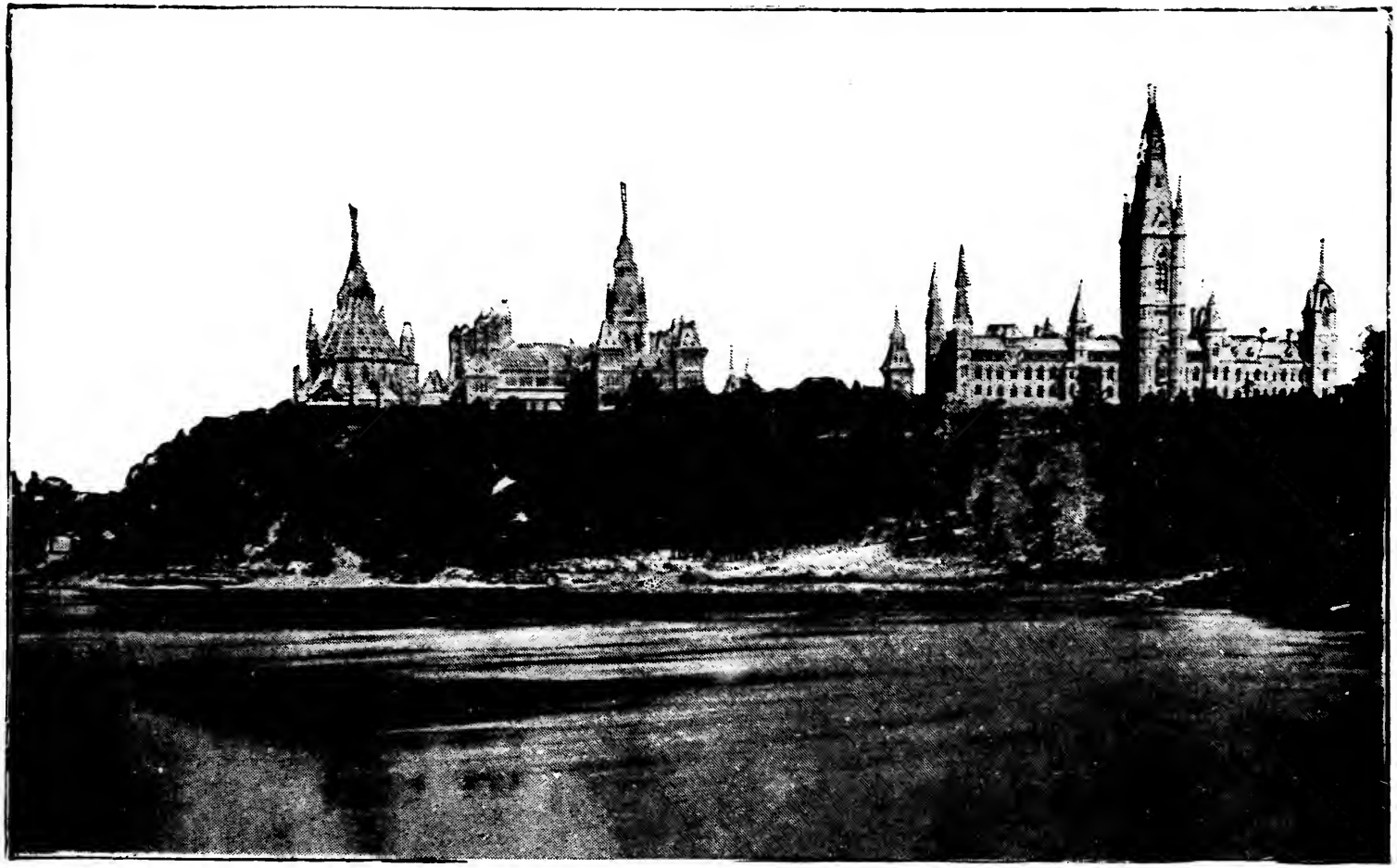
LET us suppose the traveller to have found his place in one of the sleeping cars on such a through train as I have described. Leaving Montreal and its quaint French suburbs, the train soon enters the valley of the Ottawa and runs along this beautiful river, sometimes in sight of its lake-like expansions, and in four hours reaches Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion, occupying a rocky bluff overlooking the Chaudiere falls and the vast extent of rafting and timber yards beside them. A day's halt at Ottawa would be well spent, for the city contains many interesting features.

Beyond Ottawa, one sees through the whole of a day's ride the real "north woods," — forests of sturdy trees, among which scores of active villages are springing up, devoted to lumbering and farming. All the novel operations of tree-cutting, rafting and lumber-making, entertain one as he speeds along. Every few miles some lively river is crossed or a woodland lake invites the sportsman.

These woods and clearings are full of game; every stream and lakelet abounds in fish, and certain stations have become special resorts of anglers and gunners. Lake Nipissing is the best-known of these, and is increasing in popularity.

By and by the forest parts toward the south and the boundless spaces of Lake Superior break into view, — blue and sparkling to the horizon. Sometimes the track is close to the water's edge, sometimes high upon the granite ledges. Fantastic masses of gray rock rise everywhere, heaped in rugged piles, here draped with the sombre accompaniments of the pine woods, there adorned with vinery, flowers and cascades. From such a land you gaze off upon the sea-like stretch of the heaving lake and its shipping, until the trouty Nepigon is passed, the purple headlands of Thunder cape appear, and you reach Port Arthur.

Between Port Arthur and Owen Sound, Ont., on Georgian bay (a part of Lake Huron), runs a line of steamships owned by the Canadian Pacific company and connecting with the Ontario



THE CAPITOL BUILDINGS AT OTTAWA.

system of railways. These steamers are in size and appearance ocean craft. They were built on the Clyde, of steel, are lighted by electricity, furnished with every modern appliance and luxury, and able to make a high rate of speed. In summer this is the more agreeable route to the Northwest for those who enjoy the water. The journey is by rail from Quebec or Montreal (either directly or by the way of Ottawa) to Toronto, whence a delightful side trip across Lake Ontario to Niagara Falls may be made by the expenditure of a day's time. From Toronto, a pleasant ride in the cars through the orchards and hills of Grey and Bruce counties conducts to Owen Sound, where immediate connection is made with the steamer twice a week. The course is across the northern end of Lake Huron, up the charming water-defiles leading to the Sault Ste. Marie and past its falls by means of locks where the steamer is lifted to the level of Lake Superior. This gives time for "a run ashore" where there is much to interest, and then follows a refreshing sail of about twenty hours upon the most spacious of inland lakes.

From Port Arthur to Winnipeg the railway crosses a wilderness of rocky woods, ponds and rivers, valuable for its mines and timber, through whose intricacies fur-traders have guided their canoes for 250 years. Yet the primitive wilderness retains hardly a trace of this long acquaintance, and the Chippewas who come out of their bark lodges or pause in their paddling to watch the train go by, are in appearance the same wild redskins with whom Du Luth traded and Marquette prayed.

Winnipeg is a Chicago so far as 30,000 ambitious people are able to make it. Fifteen years ago it was merely the fur-trading post of Fort Garry, hundreds of miles from anywhere. To-day it is the focus of seven radiating railways, and is striding on without a thought of limits. Here the party is likely to be increased by travellers from the Mississippi valley who have come northward from Chicago and St. Paul.

Westward from Winnipeg spreads a thousand miles of open and productive plains, — the wheat-prairies of Manitoba, the green uplands of Assiniboia, and Alberta's broad pastures.

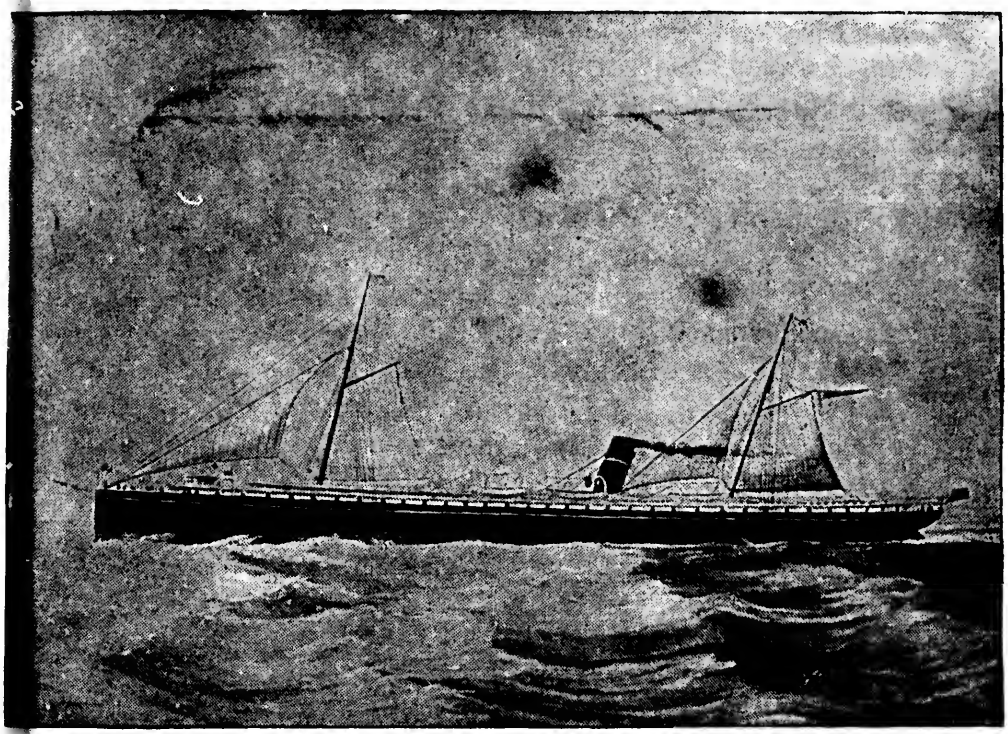
THE CAPITOL BUILDINGS AT OTTAWA.

During the first day large active villages are passed, farm-houses are always in sight, and the "flowery mead" is checkered with ebon squares of upturned sod or the emerald and gold of grain. Later, the villages diminish and the farms become fewer, at least near the road, which has now ascended to a higher, though by no means a sterile region. This is the old buffalo range, and their trails mark the prairie in long lines. The buffalos have disappeared, but wild fowl throng about the many lakes, and antelopes raise their heads as the train rolls into view, and then hurry away.

Before you are weary of the plains a new object greets your eyes and holds them,—the far white peaks of the Rockies, curving in a vast semi-circle around the western horizon; and at Calgary, the populous head-quarters of the grazing industries, whose cattle and sheep ranches extend over hundreds of square miles along the foothills, you are right at the base of the great front-range which towers up, a few miles beyond, in an apparently impregnable wall of blue and white.

And now all that has gone before dwindles into insignificance. Three ranges of prodigious mountains are to be crossed, before the interior of British Columbia 's reached; and when you have descended the last western slope there remain three hundred miles of scenery so fine, along the cañons of the Fraser river, that it alone would be sufficient reward for the journey.

Do not try to take all of this in one unbroken trip. It is too much. The eye loses power of discrimination—the mind is stunned—the soul surfeited—so fast do grandeur of form, and beauty in details, crowd upon your view and demand your attention as the train speeds through gorge and over mountain, giving here a vast outlook and there an interior glimpse, then exchanging it for a new one too rapidly for profit. Here gush the headwaters of rivers that run for a thousand miles east and west. You enter and escape by the gigantic gate-ways they have cut, your track is laid along the ravine-pathways they have hewn, and you behold the very source of their currents in some crystal lake or in some vast body of ice borne upon the shoulders of



A LAKE STEAMSHIP OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC LINE.

mountains mantled with eternal frost. Sometimes you are in the bottom of these ravines beside the bounding stream, and strain your eyes to toppling crags that swim among the fleeciest of summer clouds, a mile and a quarter higher than your place. Again, with audacity of engineering, the railway surmounts a portion of this distance and lets you look down to where tall forest trees are small as match-sticks. Upward, apparently close at hand, are the naked ledges lifted above the last fringe of vegetation, wide spaces of never-wasting snow, and the wrinkled backs of glaciers where cataracts come leaping into the concealment of the forest. Here you may look out upon a wilderness of icy peaks, glaciers and aiguilles of black rock; there you cautiously descend into the depths of profound gorges, to find yourself enshrouded in the shadow of a forest beside which the eastern woods are as underbrush. The massiveness and breadth of the mountains in one part will astonish you; their splintered and fantastic forms in another excite your curiosity; while now and then a single stately peak, like Castle mountain, or Stephen, or Sir Donald, will print itself upon your memory.

When finally the three ranges are crossed, and the pretty lakes of British Columbia have been left behind, then comes the amazing scenery of the Fraser, where a river as large as the Ohio rushes in a mighty torrent between towering cliffs, and the railway follows all its windings.

The Rockies, the Selkirks and the Gold range have all been left behind, but new mountains surround you, and above the river crags the eye catches glimpses of crowding peaks and the snow-mass of the great Okinagan and Cascade ranges. Only when these westernmost and coast-guarding heights have been traversed,— many travellers assert that this passage is the best of all,— has the Pacific shore been attained.

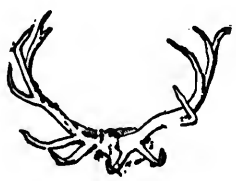
To attempt to see all this at the high speed of a transcontinental express train, is a mistake. Stop off, therefore, at two or three points at least, and take time to *understand* the mountains. Pleasant hotels have been built by the railway company at suitable points, where one may dwell in perfect comfort

within the very heart of the alps, and whence the glaciers may be explored, or sport with rifle and rod enjoyed.

The Banff Hot Springs and Field, in the Rockies; the Glacier Hotel, at the summit of the Selkirks; and North Bend, in the depths of the Fraser cañon, are at present the best stopping places, but others are preparing.

At Banff, the Canadian government has set apart a large area at the eastern base of the Rockies, to be a national park; drives have been laid out reaching the best points of view, the hot mineral springs, Devil's lake and various fishing streams. It would be hard to find anywhere in America a region combining a foreground so lovely, with mountains in the background so majestic, and an outlook to landscapes as wide, varied, and rich in color as these. Sport for rifle and shot-gun is abundant in every direction; the streams are alive with trout, and in the deep snow-fed lakes this prince of fishes reaches a size and strength unheard of elsewhere. A large and elegant hotel has been erected there by the railway company.

Upon the arrival of each train at Vancouver a steamer departs for Victoria, the capital of British Columbia, where steamers leave daily, or at frequent intervals, for ports up and down the neighboring coasts, for San Francisco, and for Japan and China, —the last-named by the new Canadian Pacific line of fast steamships, which make the trip to Yokohama in seventeen days, and to Hongkong in twenty-one days.



V.

A GLANCE at his map will show the reader that the coast of British Columbia is indented by long inlets and guarded by hundreds of little islands, besides that great breakwater which Vancouver island affords. A century ago these intricate waterways were scrutinized by Vancouver and other navigators in the hope of finding that long-looked-for "northwest passage." About 1862 they were re-explored in search of a short and easy route to the gold mines of the interior; and later the railway surveys added still more accurate knowledge in regard to them.

"All these inlets," remarks Capt. R. C. Mayne, "possess certain general characteristics. They run up between steep mountains three or four thousand feet in height; the water is deep and anchorages far from plentiful; while they terminate, almost without exception, in valleys,—occasionally large and wide, at other times mere gorges,—through which one or more rivers struggle into the sea. They may be said to resemble large fissures in the coast more than anything else."

It is near the entrance of the most important of these inlets that the traveller finds himself at the end of his railway journey—the southermost one on the coast, named "Burrard" by Vancouver. This inlet is divided into three distinct harbors, separated from each other by narrows, through which the tide rushes with great velocity. The entrance of Burrard inlet lies fourteen miles from the sandheads of the Fraser river, and English bay is the anchorage just within it.

Immediately north of Burrard inlet is Howe sound, which leads inland for about twenty miles, and has at the head an extensive valley, through which the Squawmisht and several lesser rivers come down. The soil at the mouth of these rivers is very fertile and their lower banks have always been tenanted by Indians, none of whom, however, cultivated the ground.

Next to Howe sound is Jervis inlet, another narrow arm run-

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THE GORGE OF THE HOMATHCO.

ning inland some forty-five miles, at the head of which stands a remarkably steep and isolated peak, about the shape of a letter A, its apex brilliant with snow like the pinnacles of the Cascades behind it, whose forests and crags barricade the interior against the most ardent roadmakers.

Texada, an iron-producing island, stands at the mouth of Jervis inlet, and beyond lies Desolation sound, whence two inlets, Toba and Bute, trend inland. These are favorite fishing places with the Indians. From the head of Bute inlet, where much gold has been found, a trail leads along the great gorge of the Homathco river over to the Fraser; and there were earnest advocates for making this point the terminus of the Canadian Pacific.

The next inlet north of Bute is Loughborough, then follow Knight inlet and Fife sound, the entrance to which is marked by a magnificent mountain, on its northern side; and after that the whole coast to the boundary of Alaska is indented with arms of the sea, little known, one of which, Deans' canal, penetrates some seventy-five miles and was used by the Hudson's Bay Company, in old times, as a route to the interior.

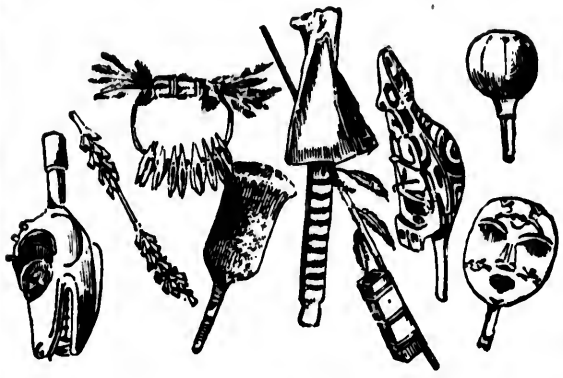
This mainland coast is fringed with dense forests, sometimes growing on low ground, but generally covering mountain-ridges of all shapes, that rise in terraces, spurs and foothills toward the Cascade range,—a line of irregular volcanic peaks extending from Oregon to Alaska, and shooting far above the limit of plant growth into a zone of perpetual cold.

Vancouver, the terminus of the Canadian Pacific, stands upon the beautiful slope bordering English harbor, near the entrance of Burrard inlet. The town has been built with great rapidity, but the wooden houses first thrown up to afford shelter are fast giving place to substantial buildings of stone and brick; extensive wharves line the shores, where only two or three years ago the primitive forest swept to the water's edge; while a crowd of shipping and boats, moved by steam and sails, by the sturdy arms of fishermen, lumbermen and settlers, or under disciplined strokes of a man-o'-war's crew, together with dozens of Indian canoes of all shapes and sizes, some paddled by men and others

by squaws, with a cargo of furs, fish, vegetables and children, or simply steered with a carved paddle while the breeze fills their sails of bark-matting, combine to make a scene of lively animation off shore.

The ferriage by the daily steamer to Victoria is a delightful trip of seven hours, and a pleasant foretaste of the longer voyage; and you may deem yourself fortunate if you have one or two days before the departure of the Alaskan steamer to be devoted to sight-seeing in the neighborhood of the island-capital.

Victoria is one of the prettiest and most engaging colonial towns in all the wide circle of Her Majesty's dominion. Founded long, long ago as a trading-post and seaport; depending upon agriculture, mercantile and seafaring pursuits for its growth; settled by men of education and wealth, who were glad to call it *home* and to surround themselves with the comforts and undertake the far-seeing plans belonging to a permanent station; and unstimulated by the feverish mining "booms" which forced forward, amid noisy excitement, the swift advance of such places as San Francisco, Panama, or the Australian ports: Victoria has grown in a substantial, deliberate way into a most charming and quiet, though by no means sleepy, city, now numbering some 12,000 people. "It has as solid mansions, as well built roads, and as many country houses around it, as any little town on the home island.. . . . . ,Victoria has the perfect climate, according to the Princess Louise and other sojourners, and there is a peace and rest in the atmosphere that charms the briefest visitor. Everyone takes life easily, and things move in



MEDICINE RATTLES OF BRIT. COL. INDIANS.

a slow and accustomed groove, as if sanctioned by the custom of centuries on the same spot. Business men hardly get down town before ten o'clock in the morning, and by four in the afternoon they are striding and riding off to their homes as if the fever and activity of American trade and competition were far away and unheard of. . . . . The drives about the town, along the island shores and through the woods, are beautiful, and the heavy London-built carriages roll over hard and perfect English highways. Ferns growing ten and twelve feet high by the roadside amazed us beyond expression, until a loyal and veracious citizen of Oregon assured us that ferns eighteen feet high could be found anywhere in the woods back of Astoria; and that he had often been lost in fern prairies among the Cascade mountains, where the fronds arched far above his head when he was mounted on a horse. Wild rose-bushes are matted together by the acre in the clearings about the town, and in June they weight the air with their perfume as they did a century ago when Marchand, the old French voyager, compared the region to the rose-colored slopes of Bulgaria. The honeysuckle attains the greatest perfection in this climate, and covers and smothers the cottages and trellises with thickly-set blossoms. Even the currant-bushes grow to unusual height, and in many gardens they are trained on arbors and hang their red, ripe clusters high overhead."

The loveliest place in the whole neighborhood is Beacon Hill park, a half-natural, half-cultivated area on the shore of the straits of Fuca, where coppices of the beautiful live oak, and many a strange tree and shrub, are mingled with shapely evergreens, diversifying the flower-strewn and rolling lawns that look out upon the sparkling sea and across to the snowy mountains of the American mainland. "If Claude Melnotte," exclaims Lillian Scidmore, whose pleasant book, *The Sitkan Archipelago*, I have already quoted, and shall again resort to, — "If Claude Melnotte had wanted to paint a fairer picture to his lady, he should have told Pauline of this glorious northwest coast, fringed with islands, seamed with fathomless channels of

clear, green sea water, and basking in the soft mellow radiance of this summer sunshine. The scenery gains everything from being translated through the medium of a soft, pearly atmosphere, where the light is as grey and evenly diffused as in Old England itself. The distant mountain ranges are lost in the blue vaporous shadows, and nearer at hand the masses and outlines show in their pure contour without the obtrusion of all the garish details that rob so many western mountain scenes of their grander effects. The calm of the brooding air, the shimmer of the opaline sea around one, and the ranges of green and russet hills, misty purple mountains, and snowy summits on the faint horizon, give a dream-like coloring to all one's thoughts."

Good-by to Victoria is said at noon, when the bustle of departure makes a lively picture on the wharf, where people of a dozen nationalities mingle in an eager crowd — natty naval officers and government officials; snug looking citizens with their wives and daughters; tourists from the Atlantic states and Europe; perhaps a swarthy Mexican or Chilian and his wife, rich and polite, fraternizing with a Parisian literary wanderer, but casting puzzled glances at the German naturalist, who is so solicitous about his instrument-boxes and photographic apparatus; a mercantile traveller or two, having an eye upon speculations in Nanaimo or Sitka, some inland gold mine or off-shore fishery. Plenty of women-folk, too, dressed all the way from the height of fashion to the depth of no-fashion, and, as a picturesque background, a democratic commingling of laborers, lumbermen, gold miners, sailors, loungers, Chinese and Indians.

VICTORIA INDIAN.

Promptly at the hour, the captain calls out from the bridge his orders for the withdrawal of the gang-plank, and the handsome steamer cautiously makes its way through the sinuous channels of the harbor and out into the waters of Fuca strait.

It is not long before the breadth of the strait is left behind and the steamer turns this way and that at the entrance to the gulf of Georgia, among those islands through which runs the

international boundary line, and for the possession of which England and the United States nearly went to war in 1862. These passed, the steamer emerges into the lake-like gulf.

The water at first is pale and somewhat opaque, for it is the current of the great Fraser gliding far out upon the surface, but the steamer soon passes out of it into the darker, clearer, and salter waters of the gulf itself. Then the prow is headed toward Vancouver, where the mails, freight and new railway passengers are received.

THE TRACK OF A FOREST FIRE.

(From Elliott's "Our Arctic Province," Scribner's Sons.)

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VI.

NOW only may the voyage be said to have begun. Nearly two thousand miles of sailing lies ahead, throughout which, if you have ordinary luck, your vessel will not tremble or roll enough to spill a brimming glass of water upon the cabin table. "The tourist will record a vision of earthly scenery grander than the most vivid imagination can devise, and the recollection of its glories will never fade from his delighted mind."

Nanaimo, near Vancouver, is a large settlement on Vancouver island, where coal mines of great importance exist. A railway now connects this point with Victoria, and a wagon-road crosses the interior of the island to Alberni canal and the seaport at its entrance on Barclay sound.

The mines on the mainland at Nanaimo were exhausted some time ago, after which deep excavations were made on Newcastle island, just opposite the town. But after a tremendous fire these also were abandoned, and all the workings are now on the shores of Departure bay, where a colliery village named Wellington has been built up. A steam ferry connects Nanaimo with Wellington; and while the steamer takes in its coal the passengers disperse in one or the other village, go trout-fishing, shooting or botanizing in the neighboring woods, or trade and chaffer with the Indians, who are ubiquitous throughout the whole coast region.

"Nanaimo does not look like a coal-mining place. The houses are much above the average of miners' residences in Britain or in Nova Scotia, scattered about, often in picturesque situations, with gardens, and not in long, mean, soot-covered rows, as if laid with the idea that men who see nothing of beauty underground cannot be expected to appreciate it above. The view from the town of the Cascade range on the other side of the straits, is almost equal to the view of the long semi-circular line of the Alps from Milan. At sunset, when warmed

with the roseate light, or, a little later, when a deep soft blue has displaced the *couleur de rose*, the beauty is almost inconsistent with the ash heaps and tenements of a mining village." So says Principal Grant, the author of *Ocean to Ocean*.

Her bunkers full of coal and her decks swept clean, the good ship collects her passengers and steers northward. Just ahead lie the big hills of Texada island, whose iron mines yield ore of extraordinary purity, which is largely shipped to the United States to be made into steel. The steamer keeps to the left, and makes its way through Bayne's sound, the shores of which are low and forested, although inland can be seen some of the tallest peaks in Vancouver. When Cape Lazro has been passed on the left, and the upper end of Texada on the right, a fine view, across the broadening water eastward, is given of the lofty mountains sent down from the Cascades as a spur dividing Jervis inlet from Toba. Some of these mountains rise as high as 6,000 feet, yet far over their heads tower the remote snow-caps of the true Cascades. Here it was that Lillian Scidmore, and the ship's company of which she was one, were aroused one night by an obliging captain with the command, "Wake up! the whole sea is on fire!"

"The water around us," she says, "was thickly starred with phosphorescence, and at a short distance the million points mingled in a solid stretch of pale unearthly flame. It lighted the sky with a strange reflection, and the shores which there, off Cape Lazro, are twenty miles away, seemed near at hand in the clear, ghostly light. A broad pathway of pale green luminous water trailed after us, and the paddle-wheels threw off dazzling cascades. Under the boxes the foaming spray washed high on the black hull, and cast long lines of unearthly, greenish white flame, that illuminated the row of faces hanging over the guards as sharply as calcium rays. . . . It was a most wonderful display, and many who had seen this glory of the seas in the tropics, declared that they had never seen phosphorescent waters more brilliant than those of the gulf of Georgia."

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Vancouver shore into Seymour narrows, leading to Discovery pass, which separates Valdes and Vancouver islands. Valdes island is so large that it nearly blocks up the gulf at this point; and it was proposed by some engineers to make a series of bridges and so bring the Canadian Pacific Railway across to Vancouver. The Seymour narrows are only about 900 yards wide, and in them there is an incessant turmoil and bubbling of currents. "This part of the gulf of Georgia," as Capt. Mayne remarks, "forms a sort of play-ground for the waters, in which they frolic, utterly regardless of all tidal rules. This is caused by the collision of the streams which takes place here; the flood-stream from the south, through the strait of Fuca and up the Haro archipelago, being met by that from Queen Charlotte sound and Johnstone straits. The mountains rise very high and close on each side, and when the northwest gales bring great volumes of fog to swirl over contending currents funneling through this great ravine with terrific force, the passage may well be dreaded." That is a winter scene, however.

These straits are about 140 miles long, and by the time their full length is passed the traveller has been captured by the enchantment of his surroundings. A thousand novel "effects" of water, dancing in emerald currents, or spread in glassy sheets of black and gray; of rockwork, piled in lofty cliffs, or rounded into kelp-grown boulders; of woodland, from the unbroken forests of the mainland to tiny tufts of bushes adorning some rough rock; and of mountains bristling against the sky in every imaginable variety of form, distance, color, and arrangement of foreground,—all these have delighted his eyes and awakened his mind. Solitude and stillness reign, save when broken by the darting of a canoe from some concealed nook, manned by Indians, or save when the sportsman's rifle arouses the echoes.

The maze of small islands on the right and Vancouver's bulwark on the left are escaped together, after which the open Pacific shows itself for an hour or two in the offing of Queen Charlotte's sound, and the steamer rises and falls gently upon the long lazy rollers that have swept all the way from China and

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LOOKING UP SEYMOUR NARROWS.

OCTOPUS CRAWLING.

Polynesia. In the far northwest, the horizon is broken by the dark mass of the Queen Charlotte islands; but the steamer's course hugs the shore, and turning into Fitz Hugh sound the ocean and its rollers are soon lost behind Calvert, Hunter's and Bardswell islands, where the ship's spars sometimes brush the overhanging trees. Here are the entrances to Burke channel and to Dean's canal, penetrating like an arm and hand with distended fingers far amid the tremendous cliffs of the mainland mountains. Then comes a twenty-minute dash across the open bight of Millbank sound, beyond which stretch long inside passages behind Princess Royal, Pitt and Packer islands, debouching at last into Dixon sound at the extremity of British Columbia's ragged coast line.

"The sun rose at three o'clock on that rare summer morning," says the author of *The Sitkan Archipelago*, "when the ship thrust her bow into the clear, mirror-like waters of the Finlayson channel, and at four o'clock a dozen passengers were up in front watching the matchless panorama of mountain walls that slipped silently past us. The clear, soft light, the pure air, and the stillness of the sky, and shore, and water, in the early morning, made it seem like the dawn of creation in some new paradise. The breath of the sea and the breath of the pine forest were blended in the air, and the silence and calm added to the inspiration of the surroundings. The eastern wall of the channel lay in pure shadow, the forest slopes were deep, unbroken waves of green, with a narrow base-line of sandstone washed snowy white, and beneath that, every twig and tree lay reflected in the still mirror of waters of a deeper, purer and softer green than the emerald. . . . . Cliffs of the color and boldness of the Yosemite walls shone in the sunlight on the opposite side, and wherever there were snow-banks on the summits, or lakes in the hollows and amphitheatres back of the mountain-ridge, foaming white cataracts tumbled down the sheer walls into the green sea-water. Eagles soared overhead in long, lazy sweeps, and hundreds of young ducks fluttered away from the ship's bow, and dived at the sharp echoes of a

rifle-shot. . . . . Finer even than the three preceding fiords is the arrowy reach of Grenville channel, which is a narrow cleft in the mountain range, forty-five miles long, and with scarcely a curve to break the bold palisade of its walls. In the narrowest part it is not a quarter of a mile in width."

The northern end of Grenville channel suddenly expands into Dixon sound, or "entrance," which is open to the ocean and likely to be foggy; but it is only forty miles wide, and during the summer months is almost invariably as still and smooth as an inland lake. The fogs which prevail here are due to the fact that this bight is filled with the waters of the warm Japanese current, the Gulf Stream of the Pacific, which flows out of the hot precincts of the East Indian seas northward past the Kurile islands, then easterly along the Aleutians, making those lonely rocks green and habitable, when otherwise they would be hidden under one universal blanket of ice; and then is deflected down the Alaskan coast, dispensing that warmth which gives to these northerly shores the climate of southern England. Chilled by the cool air descending from the neighboring coast-mountains, the moisture evaporating from this warm Pacific current condenses into fogs at sea and produces that heavy rainfall to which the littoral forest owes its extraordinary luxuriance. During midsummer and early autumn, however, the temperature of water and air become so nearly equable that fog and rain are the exception rather than the rule, especially inside of the outer barrier of islands, over which sun-reflecting banks of mist may often be seen to hover, like huge brooding birds, while a sunny sky canopies the inner straits and the mainland shore. Nevertheless, all travellers should be well provided with umbrellas, waterproofs, and footgear suitable to wet walking ashore.

Through Dixon sound passes the boundary-line between British Columbia and Alaska, — that same 54 deg. 40 min., north latitude, which, in 1862, furnished the alliterative war-cry "Fifty-four-forty or fight!" and here is the estuary of the Skeena river, along which the clever Chimsián Indians have their villages, and gold-washers their cabins. Farther north, behind Chimsian

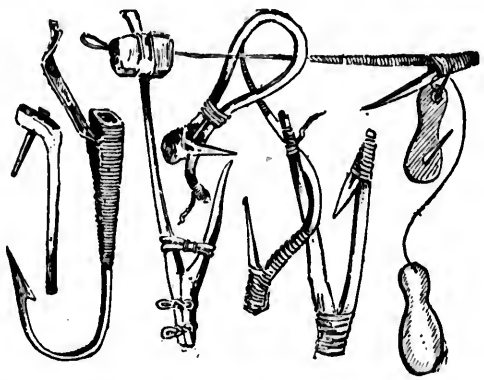
island, where the well-civilized mission village and church of Metakatla will attract attention, stands Fort Simpson, an ancient Hudson's Bay post at the entrance to the Portland canal.

This inlet and its various arms are simply stupendous cañons, half-filled by the tides, whence mountain-precipices rise thousands of feet on each side, almost vertically from the dark still water that barely separates their bases, to crowns of perpetual ice and snow. No word is more expressive than *canal*, in reality the Spanish for "channel," given by the earliest navigators to designate the placidity, narrowness and profundity of these prodigious gashes in the continental margin.

VII.

THE steamer does not penetrate the Portland canal, but, crossing the invisible boundary into Alaska, heads straight toward Fort Tongass, on Wales island, once a military station of the United States. Now it is only a fishing-place. One old wharf and the buildings belonging to the salmon cannery suffice for the needs of its few white and Chinese inhabitants. The village of the red fishermen who catch the salmon and do much of the packing is a mile or more distant, but they are sure to be on hand when the steamer makes her appearance. And now let me quote that experienced voyager and pleasant writer, Henry W. Elliott, whose book, *Our Arctic Province*, is the latest contribution to the literature of this region.

"If you are alert," Elliott advises, "you will be on deck and on good terms with the officer in charge, when the line is crossed on Dixon sound, and the low wooded crowns of Zayos and Dundas islands, now close at hand, are speedily left in the wake, as the last land-marks of foreign soil. To the left, as the steamer enters the beautiful water of Clarence straits, the abrupt, irregular, densely wooded shores of Prince of Wales island rise as lofty walls of timber and of rock, mossy and sphagnous, shutting out completely a hasty glimpse of the great Pacific rollers afforded in the sound, while on the right hand you turn to a delighted contemplation of those snowy crests of the towering coast-range which, though thirty and fifty miles distant, seem to fairly be in reach, just over and back of the rugged tree-clad elevations of mountainous islands that rise abruptly from the sea-canal in every direction. Not a gentle slope to the



NATIVE HOOKS FOR DEEP-SEA FISHING.

water can be seen on either side of the vessel as you glide rapidly ahead; the passage is often so narrow that the wavelets from the steamer's wheel break and echo back loudly on your ear from the various strips of ringing, rocky shingle at the base of bluffy intersections.

"If by happy decree of fate fog-banks do not shut suddenly down upon your pleased vision, a rapid succession of islands and myriads of islets, all springing out boldly from the cold blue-green and whitish-gray waters which encircle their bases, will soon tend to confuse and utterly destroy all sense of locality; the steamer's path seems to be in a circle, to lead right back to where she started from into another equally mysterious labyrinthine opening; then the curious idiosyncrasy possesses you by which you seem to see in the scenery just ahead an exact resemblance to the bluffs, the summits and the cascades which you have just left behind. Your emphatic expression of this belief, will most likely arouse some fellow-passenger who is an old voyager, and he will take a guiding oar; he will tell you that the numerous broad, smooth tracks, cut through the densely wooded mountain slopes from the snow lines above abruptly down to the very sea below, are the paths of avalanches; that if you will only crane your neck enough so as to look right aloft to a certain precipice now almost hanging 3,000 feet high and over the deck of the steamer, there you will see a few small white specks feebly outlined against the grayish-red back-ground of the rocks, — these are mountain goats; he tells you that those stolid human beings who are squatting in a large dug-out canoe are 'Siwashes' halibut-fishing, — and as these savages stupidly stare at the big 'Boston' vessel swiftly passing, with uplifted paddles or keeping slight headway, you return their gaze with interest, and the next turn of the ship's rudder most likely throws into full view a 'rancherie,' in which these Indians permanently reside; your kindly guide then eloquently describes the village and descants with much vehemence upon the frailties and shortcomings of 'Siwashes' in general, — at least old stagers in this country agree in despising the aboriginal man. On the steamer

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THE SICKLEEN PEAKS, SHOWING THEIR GREAT GLACIERS.

forges through the still, unruffled waters of intricate passages, now almost scraping her yard-arms on the face of a precipitous headland, then rapidly shooting out into the heart of a lovely bay, broad and deep enough to float in room and safety a naval flotilla of the first class, until a long, unusually low, timbered point seems to run out ahead directly in the track, when your guide, giving a quick look of recognition, declares that Wrangel town lies just around it, and you speedily make your inspection of an Alaskan hamlet."

Two or three fish-canneries and trading stations are visited before Wrangel is reached, where there is time to go ashore, see the villages of the aborigines, buy specimens of their handiwork, fish, or stroll about. "Of all the lovely spots in Alaska," exclaims Miss Scidmore, of one of these stations in the Revillagigedo channel, "commend me to this little land-locked bay, where the clear green waters are stirred with the leaping of thousands of salmon, and the shores are clothed with an enchanted forest of giant pines, and the undergrowth is a tangle of ferns and salmon-berry bushes; and the ground and every log are covered with wonderful mosses, into which the foot sinks at every step."

Fort Wrangel was originally a station of the Russian fur-traders. The United States built an expensive military post there in 1867, immediately after the accession of Alaska, but abandoned it in 1870. In 1874 the discovery of the Cassiar gold mines up the Stickeen river, of which Wrangel is the natural seaport, repopulated it with riotous men, and soldiers were sent to overawe the turbulent; but the mines proved less satisfactory than had been anticipated, the marvelously grand cañons of the Stickeen no longer echoed from walls of ice the steamer's whistle, and miners and soldiers withdrew, leaving Wrangel a mere head-quarters for fishing and desultory gold washing, and the seat of a mission school, the pupils of which are supplied by the aboriginal population living at the base of the great circle of snow-peaks encompassing the pretty harbor with an Alpine back-ground.

"Those who believe that all Alaska is a place of perpetual rain, fog, snow and ice would be quickly disabused could they spend some of the ideal summer days in that most lovely harbor of Fort Wrangel. Each time the sky was clearer and the air milder than before, and on the day of my third visit the fresh beams of the morning sun gave an infinite charm to the landscape, as we turned from the Clarence straits into the narrower pass between the islands, and sailed across waters that reflected in shimmering, pale blue, and pearly lights the wonderful panorama of mountains. Though perfectly clear, the light was softened and subdued, and even on such a glorious sunny morning there was no glare nor harshness in the atmosphere. This pale, soft light gave a dreamy, poetic quality to the scenery, and the first ranges of mountains above the water shaded from the deep green and russet of the nearer pine forests to azure and purple, where their farther summits were outlined against the sky or the snow-covered peaks that were mirrored so faithfully in the long stretches of the channel." Northward from Fort Wrangel the ship enters a narrow canal, which seems grander and more beautiful than anything seen yet, where pieces of ice in the water soon indicate an approach to the first glacier,—a noble specimen, four miles across its front, and stretching back for forty miles into the main range.

The entire front of this lofty coast-range chain, that forms the eastern Alaskan margin from the summit of Mount St. Elias to the mouth of Portland canal, has been gouged out by glaciers. All along the shore, the planing and scratching of rocks by glacial ice, and morainal heaps of boulders, or the tracks of rivers now shrunken, show how recent (geologically speaking), has been the decay of that vast congelation which once mantled every mountain-side and filled each river-gorge to its mouth.

Even now, as Elliott points out, you can scarcely push your way to the head of any cañon, great or small, without finding an eternal ice-sheet anchored there; and careful estimation places the astonishing aggregate of over 5,000 living glaciers, of greater or less degree, in this region, that are silently but forever travelling down to the sea.

As the forefoot of the glacier glides into the water, "the pressure caused by the buoyancy of the partially submerged mass causes it to crack off in the wildest lines of cleavage, and rise to the surface in hundreds and thousands of glittering fragments; or, again, it may slide out over the water on a rocky bed, and, as it advances, break off and fall down in thundering salvos that ring and echo in the gloomy cañons with awe-inspiring repetition."

On goes the ship, through winding channels, past innumerable islands, here crossing a wide sound, there rushing through a tide-rip, next stealing along some slender, unruffled canal, "whose lofty walls of syenite, slate, and granite shut out the light of day, and against which her rigging scrapes, and the passenger's hand may almost touch; a hundred thousand sparkling streams fall in feathery cascades adown their mural heights, and impetuous streams beat themselves into white foam as they leap either into the eternal depths of the Pacific or its deep arms."

At Taku inlet, opposite Admiralty island, whose whole centre is billowy with snowy uplands fringed at the surf-line with dense woods, the ship halts and gives her passengers half a day or more to climb over the moraines and explore the three huge glaciers that creep down to the sea at its head.

"That day on the Taku glacier," Miss Scidmore records, "will live as one of the rarest and most perfect enjoyment. The grandest objects in nature were before us, the primeval forces that mould the face of the earth were at work, and it was all so far away and out of the everyday world that we might have been walking a new planet, fresh fallen from the Creator's hand. The lights and shadows on the hills, and the range of colors, were superb — every tiny ice-cake in the water showing colors as rare and fleeting as the shades of an opal, while the gleaming ice-cliff from which these jewels dropped was aglow with all the prismatic lights, and tinted in lines of deepest indigo in the great caverns and rifts of its front. The sunny, sparkling air was most exhilarating, and we sat on the

after-deck basking in the golden rays of the afternoon sun, and looked back regretfully as the glaciers receded and were lost to sight by a turn in the fiord."

A few hours later, Juneau City is reached,—a lively town supported by the gold mines up the Taku river, where diggings were begun in 1880, that now yield something like half a million dollars a year. The traders' stores in Juneau are perfect museums of Indian curiosities, furs, and oddities of Alaskan production. The steamer stops here long enough to permit some examination of the flourishing mines in the Silver Bow basin; or the tourist may find it to advantage to stop over until the ensuing steamer.

The next stage of the journey traverses the whole length of Lynn canal, stretching northward as a great inlet, at the head of which the valleys of the Chilkat and Chilkoot rivers afford passageways to the interior plains along the upper Yukon.

Pyramid harbor, at the head of this canal, is the most northerly point of the pilgrimage (N. lat. 59 deg. 11 min.) where the sun does not set till nearly twenty-two o'clock in midsummer, and fine print can be read until sunrise, some four hours later. For variety of scenery, Indian life, and the study of natural history and of the practical resources by which the native population exists and civilization is supported, no locality in Alaska will be found more interesting to the traveller than this Chilkat country, where, also, opportunities for sketching, fishing, and hunting game, big and little, are unlimited.

SEA-OTTER.

VIII.

THE red natives of this North-Pacific coast become familiar objects to the tourist, from the time he reaches the valley of the Fraser until the steamer anchors in Glacier bay; yet he sees them scarcely long enough at any one place, nor can he observe any one group with sufficient care, to distinguish those differences by which they are in fact divided into a large number of different families.

The natives of the Fraser valley belong to the same Selish (pronounced *Say-lish*) group as do those living about Victoria and Puget sound; but from differences in habitat and manner of life they have gradually acquired a wide amount of variation from their mainland congeners. Another group or linguistic family is found in the Chimisian country, along the coast of the mainland, between Queen Charlotte sound and the Skeena river. The Chimisians are much superior to the coast Indians further south, in physical appearance and in mental ability; they are good hunters as well as good fishermen, and almost equal the Haidas in artistic ability.

The Haida family originally occupied the Queen Charlotte islands, but these people have lately spread widely, and are often seen in Victoria and the Puget Sound ports. They are stalwart, adventurous Indians, of fine figure and pleasant countenance, who are accustomed to perilous sea voyages, hunting whales and fishing for halibut in deep water, and to making extensive tours through the archipelagoes. This Queen Charlotte group, northwest of Vancouver, consists of the second largest islands of British Columbia, and, although mountainous, possesses large areas of good soil, a climate much like that of Ireland, and a most abundant vegetation. It is upon these islands that the cedar reaches its most magnificent proportions, so that out of a single trunk the clever Haidas are able, by a process of charring and scraping, to dig a canoe which sometimes exceeds sixty feet in length. These canoes are so

finely modelled that they are both swift and seaworthy. Their prows are extended into a great beak like that which decorated the galleys of ancient Greece, and these prows and the cutwater of the canoe are decorated in gaudy colors with symbols and conventional designs drawn from their totemic mythology.

North of Discovery sound the tourist will meet with a diversity of Indian tribes belonging to the great shore family of T'linkits. These are not robust and shapely people like the Haidas, and from their constant life in canoes, where they sit

A HAIDA SINGLE-LOG CANOE.

(From Elliott's "Our Arctic Province," Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

doubled up, making no use of their legs, they have a spindle-shanked and dwarfed look far from elegant; the muscles of their chests and arms, on the other hand, are developed in the highest degree, so that while you might tire out one of these red-skins in a walk, with little exertion upon your part, he would paddle a "canim" ten times as far as the best of you. These Indians also make dug-out canoes of great size and excellent outline. The T'linkits, like the Haidas, are clever decorators,

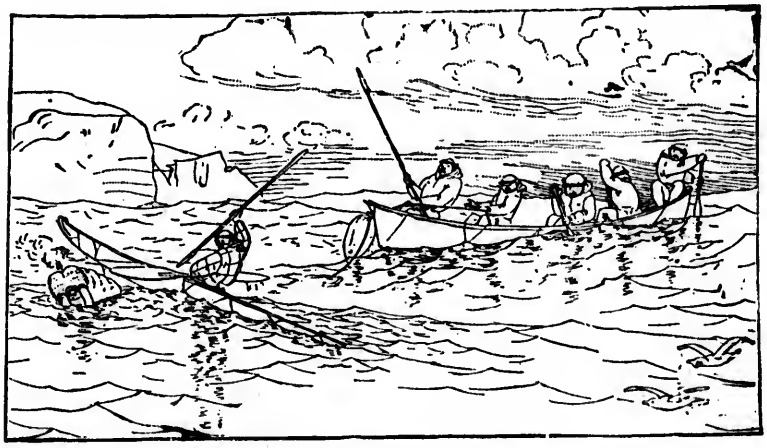
embellishing with carved designs of mythological import their boats, their halibut clubs, fish-hooks, and almost every implement and utensil. Like the Haidas, too, they are skilful in weaving matting from barks, sea-weeds and rushes; and in weaving cloth and matting out of grass, inner bark and various vegetable fibres; while the Chilkats, seen at the northern extremity of the voyage, produce from the fleece of the mountain goat blankets which surpass in texture and equal in the

ALASKAN FISH-HOOKS.

good taste of their colors and ornamental designs any barbarous fabric in the world.

The Chilkat Indians have long been distinguished as workers in copper and silver, deriving the former from the mountains along their coast and hammering it into implements and ornaments which are almost invariably chased. Coins are similarly treated, and the tourist will be able to buy or have made any quantity of silver or gold bracelets, rings and nicknacks, made and engraved in native designs by these Alaskan artists; but in this particular they no more than equal the Haida Indians, who often bring similar wares for sale to the towns along the southern coast.

The universal name for the native redmen of the northwestern coast is *Siwash;* "Indian" is rarely heard. They are peaceable and good-natured people, and the tourist need not feel in the least degree afraid, no matter how entirely alone with them he may be in one of their villages or upon a boating expedition. Their languages vary greatly, and few speak either English or Russian; but the Chinook jargon, which prevails all the way from Portland to Ounalashka, serves as a *lengua franca*, or universal means of communication for everybody. This brief, grammarless, and indescribable tongue, will be picked up in a few days by any tourist, and will not only be of use but afford him vast amusement.



ESKIMOS SPEARING THE WALRUS, NORTHERN ALASKA.

IX.

RETURNING, the ship retraces its course to the mouth of Lynn canal, rounds a rocky point into Icy strait and crosses westward past the wooded shores dotted with Siwash camps, until it arrives at the entrance to Glacier bay. This bay was impenetrable to Vancouver, a century ago, because filled with ice, but now can be navigated for twelve miles. It is only within half a dozen years that this possibility has been known, and it is due to the retreat of the glaciers which are steadily melting.

This is the culminating point of the whole voyage, and every traveller outdoes his predecessors in enthusiasm over what is to be seen. "Nothing could be grander and more impressive than

IN GLACIER BAY.

the first view up the inlet, with the front of the great glacier, the slope of the glacial field, and the background of lofty mountains united in one picture. Mount Crillon and Mount Fairweather stood as sentries across the bay, showing their summits fifteen thousand feet in the air, clear cut as silhouettes against the sky, and the stillness of the air was broken only by faint, metallic, tinkling sounds, as the ice-floes ground together, and the waters washed up under the edges of the floating bergs."

Of the group of glaciers which converge in Glacier bay the Muir takes the first place, with a perpendicular face of 400 feet

stretching for three miles, like a waterfall, or gigantic dam, across the head of the bay. "Its breast is as blue as tourquoise," is the language of Charles Hallock. "At a distance it looks like a fillet rent from the azure sky and laid across the brow of the cliff. When the full blaze of the western sun lights up its opalescence it gleams like the gates of the celestial city. I suppose that an iceberg of no insignificant size is sloughed off from some portion of its sea-wall as often as once in five minutes. Long before the steamer reaches the entrance of Glacier bay straggling lumps of ice appear, dazzling white, and resting like lumps of marble on the polished sea, which is scarcely moved by an imperceptible swell pulsating through the sound. The sun is warm and grateful, and the sky without a cloud. . . . Presently a passing promontory opens out a large iceberg of fantastic shape, and then another, tall and stately, with turrets like a castle. Sea gulls, hagden and shag hover about their gleaming walls like snow flakes in the air, or sit in solemn ranks upon the battlements. Objects change position constantly, and countermarch across the field of view. Fancies dissolve before they are scarcely formed. Reflections from the land appear in darksome shades across the water, and from the looming icebergs in tremulous semblances, ghost-like and pallid. . . . You never tire of gazing into the translucent depths of the glacier ice, whose radiance emulates the blue and green of beryl, turquoise, chrysoprase and emerald. You gaze into them as into the arcana of the empyrean, with some vague awe of their mysterious source, and the intangible causes which gave them birth. And the grand iceberg!—so cold yet so majestic, so solid yet so unsubstantial, so massive yet so ethereal! . . . . . .

"The glacier wall is by no means smooth, but is seamed and riven in every part by clefts and fissures. It is hollowed into caverns and grottoes, hung with massive stalactites, and fashioned into pinnacles and domes. Every section and configuration has its heart of translucent blue or green, interlaced or bordered by fretted frostwork of intensest white; so that the appearance is at all times gnome-like and supernatural. No portion of the wall

THE GREAT MUIR GLACIER.

ever seems to pitch forward all at once in a sheer fall from top to bottom, but sections split off from the buttresses, or drop from midway, or the top. The apparent slowness of their descent is sublimity itself, because it carries with it the measure of its stupendous vastness and inappreciable height."

The steamer goes as near to the glacier as safety permits, and, having anchored, the boats are got out and the passengers go ashore, prepared (if they are wise), with wading boots, and their oldest clothes, for they will be thoroughly splashed before they finish their tramp. Overcoats and shawls ought to be taken, but should be left when the climbing begins, to be resumed upon the return. Hob-nailed boots or shoes should be worn, if possible, in explorations upon the ice; and an iron-shod staff, or regular alpenstock, would be useful. A strong river comes down the northern margin of the glacier, along whose crumbling banks the party scramble higher and higher to where they can get upon the ice itself or adjacent rocks.

"From a pinnacle of elevation overlooking the Muir ice-field, which is obtained by an arduous half-day's climb (though some expected to accomplish it in an hour), one can count no less than fifteen tributary glacial streams, any one of which is as large as the great Rhone glacier over which European tourists go into ecstacies. Drawn from the inexhaustible but annually diminishing accumulations of snow which fill the mountain valleys to a depth of at least 2,000 feet, these separate streams of plastic congelation unite like the strands of a rope to form the irresistible current of the Muir. The surface of the glacier is not uniformly level and smooth like a boulevard. It has its drifts and dykes, its cascades, rifts and rapids, like any unfrozen river. In the immediate front, and extending a mile or more back, its whole surface is the most rugged formation imaginable. It is utterly impossible for any living creature to traverse it, being in fact, a compacted aggregation of wedge-shaped and rounded cones of solid ice, capped by discolored and disintegrating snow. But away back in the mountain-passes it is easily traversed with sledges or snowshoes. Indians cross the

divide at sundry places all along the coast from the Stikeen to Copper river."

It is impossible in a few words to portray the peculiar grandeur of the scene as one overlooks the whole corrugated fantastically broken waste of this *mer de glace* and its surrounding height; or contemplates with mingled awe and delight the crash and tumult with which its front ceaselessly crumbles away into the surf. "The ice was a dirty gray underfoot," Miss Scidmore writes, of one of her experiences upon its edge, "but it cracked with a pleasant midwinter sound, and the wind blew keen and sharp from over the untrodden miles of the glacier field. The gurgle and hollow roar of the subterranean waters came from deep rifts in the broken surface, and in the centre and toward the front of the glacier the ice was tossed and broken like the waves of an angry sea. . . . At points along the front, subterranean rivers boiled up, and, in the deep blue crevasses, cascades ran down over icy beds. In the full sunlight the front of the glacier was a dazzling wall of silver and snowy ice, gleaming with all the rainbow colors, and disclosing fresh beauties as each new crevasse or hollow came in sight."

"But what," exclaims Hallock, "shall compare with the Muir glacier when the moonlight is upon it, and all the phosphorescence of the Pacific ocean beats in billows of liquid flame against its toppling, crumbling walls? When lunar rainbows are tossed in air against the mounting columns of foam that are shivered into spray by the plunging mountains of ice? In the everlasting tumult and whirl, and crash of explosions which seem to split the glacier itself from front to mountain source, when nothing at all takes definite shape upon the ghostly interchange of lights and shades, one can imagine only the revels of chaos and the scroll rolled back to the genesis of creation."

AN INDIAN FISHING RAKE.

X.

THE further voyage leads back across Icy strait and down Chatham strait between Chicagoff and Admiralty islands. These shores are the home of the Hooniah Indians, at whose principal village, where there is a fishery and trading store, the steamer makes an interesting stoppage. The woods along this inlet are alive with deer and the fishing is beyond belief. "Mr. Wallace, the first officer," runs a recent account, "took a party off in the ship's small boats, and we swept gayly up the inlet, over waters where the salmon and flounders could be seen darting in schools through the water and just escaping the strokes of the oar. At the mouth of the creek at the head of the inlet, the freshening current was alive with fish. . . . . After the first officer had returned his boat-loads of damp but enthusiastic passengers to the ship, the stories of fish and beasts, and of the great bear tracks seen on shore, disturbed the tranquility of the anchorage. The captain took his rifle and was rowed away to shallow waters, where he shot a salmon, waded in and threw it ashore. While wandering along after the huge bear-tracks, that were twelve inches long by affidavit measure, he saw an eagle flying off with his salmon, and another fine shot laid the bird of freedom low. When the captain returned to the ship he threw the eagle and the salmon on deck, and at the size of the former everyone marvelled. The outspread wings measured the traditional six feet from tip to tip, and the beak, the claws and the stiff feathers, were rapidly seized upon as trophies and souvenirs of the day."

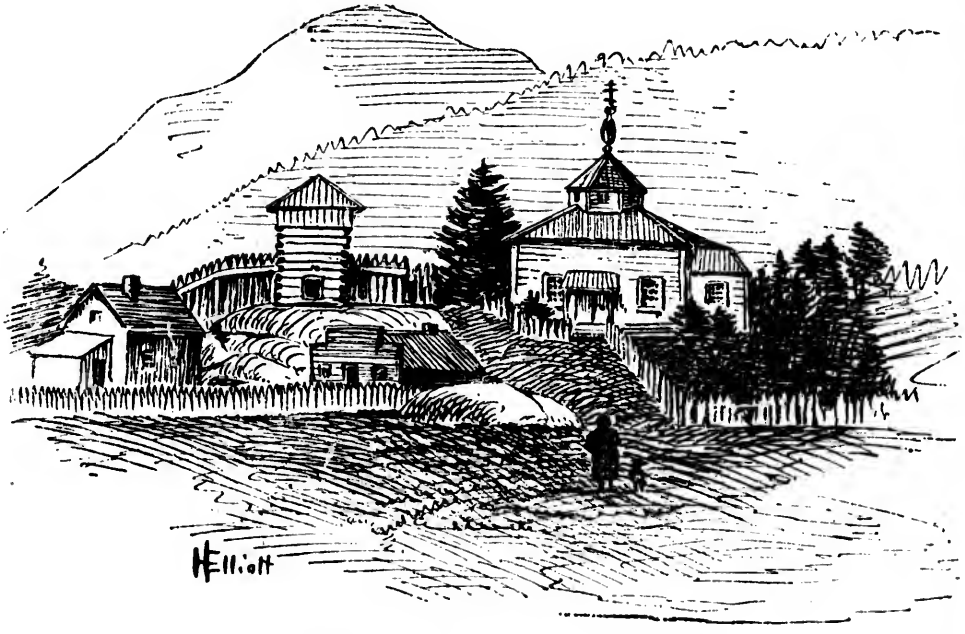
Turning from the green, mountain-walled Chatham strait into the narrow and rocky defile separating Chicagoff from Baranoff island, the steamer soon finds itself on the ocean side of the latter, but protected from the waves of the Pacific by the long bulwark of Kruzoo island, at whose southern end grand Mt. Edgecumb lifts its snowy head. Then the canal expands into a

THE HARBOR OF SITKA AND THE BARONOFF MOUNTAINS.

(From Elliott's "Our Arctic Province," Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

harbor, and Sitka appears in the distance, nestling at the base of verdant hills and encompassed by rugged mountains, rank behind rank, on whose crest sparkles the whiteness of eternal frost, and in whose cañons lurk shadows of intensest blue.

"It is not probable," says Elliott, "that the beautiful vistas of this sound influenced Baranov in the slightest when he selected it for his base of operations; but there must have been mornings and evenings when this hardy man looked at them with



THE CHURCH AS IT APPEARED IN OLD SITKA.
(From Elliott's "Our Arctic Province," Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

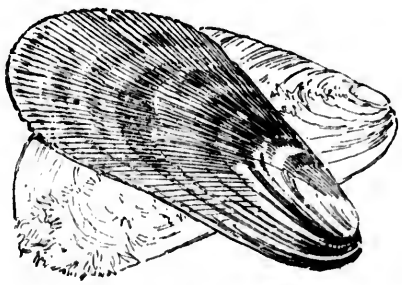
some responsive pleasure, for certainly the human being who could remain insensible to their scenic glories must be one without a drop of warm blood in his veins."

Sitka was founded in 1799, but not until 1804 did Baranov (or Baranoff), governor of the Russian fur-traders, wrest its possession wholly out of native hands and set up the fortifications which made it the head-quarters of Russian operations in Alaska. A town of no mean size and importance was quickly built up.

THE HARBOR OF SITKA AND THE BARONOFF MOUNTAINS.
(From Elliott's "Our Arctic Province," Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

The trading and naval officers who came and went were men of education and accomplishments, who brought their families, furniture and habits from Russia, and lived not only in comfort but in real luxury, according to the dictates of European civilization. Shipyards were built, foundries for iron and brass established, and a large manufacturing trade with California was added to the fisheries and fur-getting to which Russian America owed its settlement. Most of the bells still ringing in the old mission churches of California and northern Mexico were cast in Sitka.

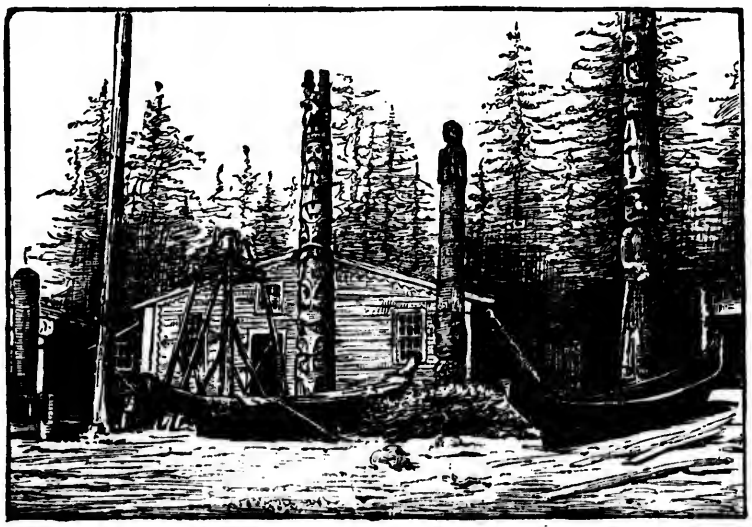
The American occupation of Sitka made a great change. The busy and picturesque life at the trading stores, the foundries, the shipyards and fisheries ceased, and the white population dwindled. The old Russian "castle" and the merchants' houses fell into decay, and the little Greek church lost much of its pomp and interest. The streets were cleaned, sidewalks laid down, new houses for the United States troops and officers were built and order was ensured, but the loose gayety and bright color which had made the place entertaining under the Russian regime vanished. Sitka, therefore, will prove less interesting to the tourist than many of the wilder halting-places, and when the steamer has loaded for her return voyage he will be quite done with sight-seeing and ready to go on with her.



ALASKAN DELICACIES.

XI.

THE return voyage is made back through Peril strait and down the long reaches of Chatham strait, renowned for its fishing. This is a great place for cod and herring, where many curious implements and methods connected with fishing will be observed among the Indians, whose villages and trading-posts form frequent landing-places, and where the ship's company themselves will get steady sport with rod and



TOTEM-POSTS BEFORE AN ALASKAN HOUSE.

reel. Some of the native villages, as the steamer gets down near Prince of Wales island, will show those curious carved *totem*-posts, and that picturesque disarray of large community houses, for which the Queen Charlotte islands are famed, while numberless objects of Siwash fabrication may be obtained to swell the collection of the curiosity seeker.

Rounding into Dixon entrance Metakatla is again seen, and the track of the northward route thence retraced southward toward

the gulf of Georgia. At every turn the beautiful views which an archipelago affords meet the eye. Islands, of every possible variety of form, wooded from the lofty summits in their centre to the brink of the deep channels separating them, keep the steersman continually twirling his wheel in order to follow the devious course. Here, there is an expansion where channels open like cross-roads; next a narrow, winding strait; then the ship goes shooting through tidal rapids, or rests in a broad, glassy bay.

"When we appeared on deck about seven o'clock," Principal Grant records in his interesting book entitled *Ocean to Ocean*, "the steamer was running down the straits of Georgia, over a rippling, sunlit sea. The lofty Beaufort range, on our right, rose grandly in the clear air, every snowy peak distinct from its neighbor, and the blue sky high above the highest. Victoria and the twin peaks, Albert Edward and Alexandria, ranging from 6,000 to over 7,000 feet in height, were the most prominent; but it was the noble serrated range as a whole, more than separate peaks, that caught the eye. The smaller islands to the left were hidden by a fog-bank that gradually lifted. Then stood out, not only islet after islet in all their varied outline, but also the long line of the Cascade range behind. Yesterday had been charming from ten o'clock, when the sun pierced through the mists; but to-day was 'all white.' A soft, warm breeze fanned us, and every mile disclosed new features of scenery, to which snow-clad mountain-ranges, wooded plains, and a summer sea enfolding countless promontories and islands, contributed their different forms of beauty. The islands are composed of strata of sandstone and conglomerate; the sandstone at the bottom worn at the water line into caves and hollows; the conglomerate above forming lofty cliffs, wooded to the summits, and overhanging winding inlets and straits most tempting to a yachtsman. . . . .

"By noon we had left the Beaufort range behind, and Mount Arrowsmith came into view; while far ahead on the mainland, and south of the 49th parallel, what looked like a dim white

pyramid rising to the skies, or a white cloud resting upon the horizon, was pointed out to us by the captain, as Mount Baker."

And so, with no diminution of delight, this altogether delightful voyage comes to a graceful end. Every promise of its advertisers has been kept.

TOURS.

The annexed list shows a small portion of the tours the Canadian Pacific Railway is prepared to supply, a fuller schedule of which will be forwarded to any address on application to the New York, Boston, Chicago, Montreal or Toronto agencies, or to the Passenger Traffic Manager at Montreal. Information as to rates, sleeping and dining-cars, etc., etc., will be found at the end of the list.

ALASKA (Sitka, Glacier Bay, etc.) AND RETURN.

ROUTE R 100 — ***Rates as follows—***

From New York, $233.00 — ***From Montreal, $220.00***
" Boston, 233.00 — ***" Toronto, 205.00***

Canadian Pacific Ry	to Port Arthur.
Canadian Pacific Ry	" Vancouver.
Canadian Pacific Nav. Co	" Victoria.
Pacific Coast S.S. Co	" Sitka, etc.

Return same route.

ALASKA (Sitka, Glacier Bay, etc.) AND RETURN.

****ROUTE R 101*** — ***Rates—Same as Route R 100***

Canadian Pacific Ry	to Port Arthur.
Canadian Pacific Ry	" Vancouver.
Canadian Pacific Nav. Co	" Victoria.
Pacific Coast S.S. Co	" Sitka, etc.
Pacific Coast S.S. Co	" Victoria.
Canadian Pacific Nav. Co	" Vancouver.
Canadian Pacific Ry	" Port Arthur.
Canadian Pacific S.S. Line	" Owen Sound.
Canadian Pacific Ry	" Starting Point.

ALASKA (Sitka, Glacier Bay, etc.) AND RETURN.

ROUTE R 102 — ***Rates as follows—***

From New York, $233.00 — ***From Montreal, $228.00***
" Boston, 233.00 — ***" Toronto, 211.30***

Canadian Pacific Ry	to Owen Sound.
Canadian Pacific S.S. Line	" Port Arthur.
Canadian Pacific Ry	" Vancouver.
Canadian Pacific Nav. Co	" Victoria.
Pacific Coast S.S. Co	" Sitka, etc.
Pacific Coast S.S. Co	" Victoria.
Canadian Pacific Nav. Co	" Vancouver
Canadian Pacific Ry	" Emerson.
St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Ry	" St. Paul.
Choice of six railways	" Chicago.
Michigan Central R.R.	" St. Thomas.
Canadian Pacific Ry	" Starting Point.

*See note on page 62.

BANFF HOT SPRINGS AND RETURN.

ROUTE R 105** — ***Rates as follows—

From New York, $118.00** — ***From Montreal, $109.00
" Boston, 118.00** — ***" Toronto, 97.50

Canadian Pacific Ry.....to Port Arthur.
Canadian Pacific Ry..... " Banff Hot Springs.
Canadian Pacific Ry..... " Emerson.
St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Ry..... " St. Paul.
Choice of six railways..... " Chicago.
Michigan Central R.R..... " St. Thomas.
Canadian Pacific Ry..... " Starting Point.

BANFF HOT SPRINGS AND RETURN.

ROUTE R 106** — ***Rates as follows—

From New York, $100.00** — ***From Montreal, $90.00
" Boston, 100.00** — ***" Toronto, 85.00

Canadian Pacific Ry.....to Owen Sound.
Canadian Pacific S.S. Line..... " Port Arthur.
Canadian Pacific Ry..... " Banff Hot Springs.
Canadian Pacific Ry..... " Port Arthur.
Canadian Pacific Ry..... " Starting Point.

BANFF HOT SPRINGS AND RETURN.

ROUTE R 107** — ***Rates—Same as Route R 106

Canadian Pacific Ry.....to Owen Sound.
Canadian Pacific S.S. Line..... " Port Arthur.
Canadian Pacific Ry..... " Banff Hot Springs.

Return same route.

BANFF HOT SPRINGS AND RETURN.

ROUTE R 108** — ***Rates—Same as Route R 106

Canadian Pacific Ry.....to Port Arthur.
Canadian Pacific Ry..... " Banff Hot Springs.

Return same route.

NEPIGON, ONT., AND RETURN.

ROUTE R 128** — ***Rates as follows—

From New York, $53.55 Toronto, $30.00 Niagara Falls, 32.25
" Boston, 53.55 Montreal, 45.00

Canadian Pacific Ry.....to Owen Sound.
Canadian Pacific S.S. Line..... " Port Arthur.
Canadian Pacific Ry..... " Nepigon.
Canadian Pacific Ry..... " Starting Point.

NEPIGON, ONT., AND RETURN.

ROUTE R 129** — ***Rates—Same as Route R 128

Canadian Pacific Ry.....to Owen Sound.
Canadian Pacific S.S. Line..... " Port Arthur.
Canadian Pacific Ry..... " Nepigon.

Return same route.

PORT ARTHUR, ONT., AND RETURN.

ROUTE R 130** — ***Rates—Same as Route R 128

Canadian Pacific Ry.....to Owen Sound.
Canadian Pacific S.S. Line..... " Port Arthur.

Return same route.

* See note on page 62.

PORT ARTHUR, ONT., AND RETURN.

***ROUTE R 132** — **Rates—Same as Route R 128**

Canadian Pacific Ry. ..... to Owen Sound.
Canadian Pacific S.S. Line ..... " Port Arthur.
Canadian Pacific Ry. ..... " Starting Point.

PORTLAND, ORE., AND RETURN.

ROUTE R 133

From New York, $138.00
" Boston, 138.00

Rates as follows—
From Montreal, $125.00
" Toronto, 110.00

Canadian Pacific Ry. ..... to Port Arthur.
Canadian Pacific Ry. ..... " Vancouver.
Canadian Pacific Nav. Co. ..... " Tacoma.
Northern Pacific Ry. ..... " Portland.

Return same route.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., AND RETURN.

***ROUTE R 136**

From New York, $153.00
" Boston, 153.00

Rates as follows—
From Montreal, $140.00
" Toronto, 125.00

Canadian Pacific Ry. ..... to Port Arthur.
Canadian Pacific Ry. ..... " Vancouver.
Canadian Pacific Nav. Co ..... " Victoria.
Pacific Coast S.S. Co. ..... " San Francisco.
Pacific Coast S.S. Co. ..... " Victoria.
Canadian Pacific Nav. Co. ..... " Vancouver.
Canadian Pacific Ry. ..... " Port Arthur.
Canadian Pacific S.S. Line ..... " Owen Sound.
Canadian Pacific Ry. ..... " Starting Point.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., AND RETURN.

***ROUTE R 137** — **Rates—Same as Route R 136**

Canadian Pacific Ry. ..... to Port Arthur.
Canadian Pacific Ry. ..... " Vancouver.
Canadian Pacific Nav. Co. ..... " Tacoma.
Northern Pacific Ry. ..... " Portland.
Southern Pacific Ry. ..... " San Francisco.
Southern Pacific Ry. ..... " Portland.
Northern Pacific Ry. ..... " Tacoma.
Canadian Pacific Nav. Co ..... " Vancouver.
Canadian Pacific Ry. ..... " Port Arthur.
Canadian Pacific S.S. Line ..... " Owen Sound.
Canadian Pacific Ry. ..... " Starting Point.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., AND RETURN.

***ROUTE R 138** — **Rate—Same as Route R 136**

Canadian Pacific Ry. ..... to Port Arthur.
Canadian Pacific Ry. ..... " Vancouver.
Canadian Pacific S.S. Co. ..... " San Francisco.

Return same route.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., AND RETURN.

***ROUTE R 139** — **Rates—Same as Route R 136**

Canadian Pacific Ry. ..... to Port Arthur.
Canadian Pacific Ry. ..... " Vancouver.
Canadian Pacific Nav. Co. ..... " Tacoma.
Northern Pacific Ry. ..... " Portland.
Southern Pacific Ry. ..... " San Francisco.

Return same route.

*See note on page 62.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., AND RETURN.

ROUTE R 140 ***Rates as follows—***

From New York, $153.00 ***From Montreal, $148.00***
" Boston, 153.00 ***" Toronto, 131.30***

Canadian Pacific Ry.	to Owen Sound.
Canadian Pacific S.S. Line	" Port Arthur.
Canadian Pacific Ry.	" Vancouver.
Canadian Pacific Nav. Co.	" Tacoma.
Northern Pacific Ry.	" Portland.
Southern Pacific Ry.	" San Francisco.
Southern Pacific Ry.	" Portland.
Northern Pacific Ry.	" Tacoma.
Canadian Pacific Nav. Co.	" Vancouver.
Canadian Pacific Ry.	" Emerson.
St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Ry	" St. Paul.
Choice of six railways	" Chicago.
Michigan Central Ry.	" St. Thomas.
Canadian Pacific Ry.	" Starting Point.

NOTE.—Rates quoted for this route will also apply, by any of the direct United States routes, *via* St. Paul, Omaha, Kansas City, or St. Louis, from San Francisco, on return trip.

TACOMA, WASH. TER., AND RETURN.

ROUTE R 145 ***Rates as follows—***

From New York, $138.00 ***From Montreal, $125.00***
" Boston, 138.00 ***" Toronto, 110.00***

Canadian Pacific Ry.	to Port Arthur.
Canadian Pacific Ry.	" Vancouver.
Canadian Pacific Nav. Co.	" Tacoma.

Return same route.

TACOMA, WASH. TERR., AND RETURN.

****ROUTE R 146*** ***Rates—Same as Route R 145***

Canadian Pacific Ry.	to Owen Sound.
Canadian Pacific S.S. Line	" Port Arthur.
Canadian Pacific Ry.	" Vancouver.
Canadian Pacific Nav. Co.	" Tacoma.
Return same route	" Port Arthur.
Canadian Pacific Ry.	" Starting Point.

VANCOUVER, B.C., AND RETURN.

****ROUTE R 147*** ***Rates as follows—***

From New York, $138.00 ***From Montreal, $125.00***
" Boston, 138.00 ***" Toronto, 110.00***

Canadian Pacific Ry.	to Port Arthur.
Canadian Pacific Ry.	" Vancouver.
Canadian Pacific Ry.	" Port Arthur.
Canadian Pacific S.S. Line	" Owen Sound.
Canadian Pacific Ry.	" Starting Point.

VANCOUVER, B.C., AND RETURN.

ROUTE R 148 ***Rates—Same as Route R 147***

Canadian Pacific Ry.	to Port Arthur.
Canadian Pacific Ry.	" Vancouver.

Return same route.

*See note on page 62.

VANCOUVER, B.C., AND RETURN.

ROUTE R 149 ***Rates—Same as Route R 147***

Canadian Pacific Ry..... to Owen Sound.
Canadian Pacific S.S. Line..... " Port Arthur.
Canadian Pacific Ry..... " Vancouver.

Return same route.

VANCOUVER, B.C., AND RETURN.

ROUTE R 150 ***Rates as follows—***

From New York, $138.00 ***From Montreal, $133.00***
" Boston, 138.00 ***" Toronto, 116.30***

Canadian Pacific Ry..... to Owen Sound.
Canadian Pacific S.S Line..... " Port Arthur.
Canadian Pacific Ry..... " Vancouver.
Canadian Pacific Ry..... " Emerson.
St. Paul, Minneapoli & Manitoba Ry..... " St. Paul.
Choice of six railways..... " Chicago.
Michigan Central Ry..... " St. Thomas.
Canadian Pacific Ry..... " Starting Point.

VANCOUVER, B.C., AND RETURN.

ROUTE R 151 ***Rates—Same as Route R 150***

Canadian Pacific Ry..... to Port Arthur.
Canadian Pacific Ry..... " Vancouver.
Canadian Pacific Ry..... " Emerson.
St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Ry..... " St. Paul.
Choice of six railways..... " Chicago.
Michigan Central R.R..... " St. Thomas.
Canadian Pacific Ry..... " Starting Point.

VICTORIA, B.C., AND RETURN.

ROUTE R 152 ***Rates as follows—***

From New York, $138.00 ***From Montreal, $125.00***
" Boston, 138.00 ***" Toronto, 110.00***

Canadian Pacific Ry..... to Port Arthur.
Canadian Pacific Ry..... " Vancouver.
Canadian Pacific Nav. Co..... " Victoria.

Return same route.

VICTORIA, B.C., AND RETURN.

****ROUTE R 153*** ***Rates—Same as Route R 152***

Canadian Pacific Ry..... to Port Arthur.
Canadian Pacific Ry..... " Vancouver.
Canadian Pacific Nav. Co..... " Victoria
Canadian Pacific Nav. Co..... " Vancouver.
Canadian Pacific Ry..... " Port Arthur.
Canadian Pacific S.S. Line..... " Owen Sound.
Canadian Pacific Ry..... " Starting Point.

VICTORIA, B.C., AND RETURN.

ROUTE R 154 ***Rates—Same as Route R 152***

Canadian Pacific Ry..... to Owen Sound.
Canadian Pacific S.S. Line..... " Port Arthur.
Canadian Pacific Ry..... " Vancouver.
Canadian Pacific Nav. Co..... " Victoria.

Return same route.

*See note on page 62.

VICTORIA, B.C., AND RETURN.

ROUTE R 155 ***Rates as follows—***

From New York, $138.00 ***From Montreal, $133.00***
" Boston, 138.00 ***" Toronto, 116.30***

Canadian Pacific Ry	to Owen Sound.
Canadian Pacific S.S. Line	" Port Arthur.
Canadian Pacific Ry	" Vancouver.
Canadian Pacific Nav. Co	" Victoria.
Canadian Pacific Nav. Co	" Vancouver.
Canadian Pacific Ry	" Emerson.
St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Ry	" St Paul.
Choice of six railways	" Chicago.
Michigan Central R.R.	" St. Thomas.
Canadian Pacific Ry	" Starting Point.

VICTORIA, B.C., AND RETURN.

ROUTE R 156 ***Rates—Same as Route R 155***

Canadian Pacific Ry	to Port Arthur.
Canadian Pacific Ry	" Vancouver.
Canadian Pacific Nav. Co	" Victoria.
Canadian Pacific Nav. Co	" Vancouver.
Canadian Pacific Ry	" Emerson.
St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Ry	" St. Paul.
Choice of six railways	" Chicago.
Michigan Central R.R.	" St. Thomas.
Canadian Pacific R.R.	" Starting Point.

WINNIPEG, MAN., AND RETURN.

ROUTE R 157 ***Rates as follows—***

From New York, $66.30 Toronto, $45.00 Niagara Falls, $45.00
" Boston, 66.30 Montreal, 57.35

Canadian Pacific Ry	to Owen Sound.
Canadian Pacific S.S. Line	" Port Arthur.
Canadian Pacific Ry	" Winnipeg.

Return same route.

WINNIPEG, MAN., AND RETURN.

****ROUTE R 158*** ***Rates—Same as Route R 157***

Canadian Pacific Ry	to Owen Sound.
Canadian Pacific S.S. Line	" Port Arthur.
Canadian Pacific Ry	" Winnipeg.
Canadian Pacific Ry	" Port Arthur.
Canadian Pacific Ry	" Starting Point.

WINNIPEG, MAN., AND RETURN.

ROUTE R 159 ***Rates—Same as Route R 157***

Canadian Pacific Ry	to Port Arthur.
Canadian Pacific Ry	" Winnipeg.

Return same route.

*See note on page 62.

WINNIPEG, MAN., AND RETURN.

ROUTE R 160** — ***Rates as follows—

From Quebec, $84.50** — ***From Montreal, $97.50

" Toronto, 64.50** — ***" Prescott, 74.50

Canadian Pacific Ry	to Owen Sound.
Canadian Pacific S.S. Line	" Port Arthur.
Canadian Pacific Ry	" Winnipeg.
Canadian Pacific Ry	" Emerson.
St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Ry	" St. Paul.
Choice of six railways	" Chicago.
Michigan Central R.R	" St. Thomas.
Canadian Pacific Railway	" Starting Point.

WINNIPEG, MAN., AND RETURN.

ROUTE R 161** — ***Rates—Same as Route 160

Canadian Pacific Ry	to St. Thomas.
Michigan Central R.R	" Chicago.
Choice of six railways	" St. Paul.
St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Ry	" Emerson.
Canadian Pacific Ry	" Winnipeg.
Canadian Pacific Ry	" Port Arthur.
Canadian Pacific Ry	" Starting Point.

Routes reading "between St. Paul and points East" will, if passengers request it, at time of purchase, be made to read *via* Sault Ste. Marie and Canadian Pacific Steamship Line, plying between that port and Owen Sound.

Meals and berths are included in tourist tickets on steamers of the Canadian Pacific Steamship Line and of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company.

Tourist rates from New York will apply by way of Montreal, or Niagara Falls and Toronto. Office, 337 Broadway. Tourist rates from Boston, *via* the Montreal & Boston Air Line to Montreal. Office, 211 Washington St.

The journey on the Canadian Pacific Railway must begin at either of the following junction points, viz.: Quebec, Montreal, Newport, Prescott, Brockville, Toronto, St. Thomas, or North Bay.

The time limit of all Pacific coast tickets given herein is six months, sixty days being allowed for going passage. The return passage can be made within six months from date of original purchase. An extension of not more than six months will be given on these tickets on payment of $10.00 per month, as part month's extension. The return route may, in many cases, be changed on arrival at Pacific coast points, on payment of $10.00 at time change is required.

Winnipeg return tickets are good for forty days only.

ALASKA TOURIST SEASON begins April and ends October. The intended days of sailing from Victoria, B.C., are as follows:—

S.S. G. W. ELDER,

June 18, July 16, Aug. 13, Sept. 10, 1888.

S.S. ANCON,

July 1 and 30, Aug. 27, Sept. 24, 1888.

*Routes prefixed thus (*) will be made to read in reverse way to that shown, should passengers so desire, at time of purchase, without additional charge.

Berths in Alaska steamships can be procured through ticket agents, or from General Passenger Agent Canadian Pacific Railway, Montreal.

Tourist tickets entitle the holder to stop over at any point on the Canadian Pacific Railway during their limit, unless otherwise specified; on lines controlled by other transportation companies, they are subject to the local regulations as to stop-overs.

SLEEPING AND PARLOR CAR RATES ARE AS FOLLOWS:—

Between Quebec and Montreal, $1.50 berth; 75c. chair. Boston and Montreal, $2.00 berth; $1.50 chair. Montreal and Toronto, $2.00 berth; $1.00 chair. Toronto and Owen Sound, 50c. chair. Montreal, Toronto and Port Arthur, $6.00 berth; Montreal, Toronto and Winnipeg, $8.00; Montreal, Toronto and Banff Hot Springs, $14.00; Montreal and Vancouver, $20.00; Toronto and Vancouver, $18.50; Port Arthur and Banff Hot Springs, $9.00; Port Arthur and Vancouver, $15.00. Between other stations in proportion.

Sleeping-Car Section, in Canadian Pacific cars, double the berth rate; Staterooms, three times the berth rate.

Two persons in *same party*, when travelling from and to the same points, will be allowed to occupy a berth on one berth ticket, four a section on one section ticket, and six a stateroom on one stateroom ticket; but provided always each presents his or her railway passage ticket.

Only those agents of the Canadian Pacific Railway at starting points of sleeping or parlor cars, enumerated below, will hold diagrams of Canadian Pacific Railway cars for location of passengers; but ticket agents at other points can secure for passengers any accommodation required, by letter or telegraph, to

TORONTO....W. R. CALLAWAY, District Passenger Agent, 110 King St., West.
MONTREAL..A. B. CHAFFEE, Jr., City Ticket Agent, 266 St. James Street.
OTTAWA.....J. E. PARKER, City Ticket Agent, 42 Sparks Street.
QUEBEC.....J. W. RYDER, City Ticket Agent, St. Louis Hotel.
BOSTON.....H. J. COLVIN, City Ticket Agent, 211 Washington Street.
WINNIPEG...G. H. CAMPBELL, City Ticket Agent.

Letters or telegrams from passengers direct to above agents will receive prompt attention. When ordering, be particular to state number of berths or sections, etc., required, the train from and to what points, date of starting, and route desired.

Dining-cars are run on all through transcontinental trains, the meals in which are seventy-five cents each.

GENERAL OFFICERS CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

HEAD OFFICES: MONTREAL, CANADA.

SIR GEO. STEPHEN, Bart.	President	Montre
W. C. VAN HORNE	Vice-President	"
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T. A. MACKINNON	General Superintendent Ontario & Atlantic Divisions	Montre
C. W. SPENCER	General Superintendent Eastern Division	"
WM. WHYTE	General Superintendent Western Division	Winnip
HARRY ABBOTT	General Superintendent Pacific Division	Vancou
ROBERT KERR	General Freight and Passenger Agent W. & P. Divs.	Winnip
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G. M. BOSWORTH	Asst. Freight Traffic Man. O. & A. and E. Divisions	
J. N. SUTHERLAND	General Freight Agent Ontario Division	Toronto
J. A. SHEFFIELD	Superintendent Dining, Sleeping and Parlor Cars	Montre
E. S. ANDERSON	General Baggage Agent	"

AGENCIES.

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BOSTON	MASS.	C. E. McPherson, District Passenger Agent	211 Washington
		H. J. Colvin, City Passenger Agent	" "
BUFFALO	N.Y.	Hurd & Hyde, Ticket Agents	15 Exchange St.
BROCKVILLE	ONT.	A. Caswell, Ticket Agent	145 Main St.
CHICAGO	ILL.	J. Francis Lee, Commercial Agent	232 Clark St.
DETROIT	MICH.	C. A. Warren, Ticket Agent	M.C. Railroad.
GLASGOW	SCOTLAND.	Archer Baker, European Traffic Agent	135 Buchanan St
HALIFAX	N.S.	C. R. Barry, Ticket Agent	126 Hollis St.
HAMILTON	ONT.	W. J. Grant	8 James St., Sou
HIOGO	JAPAN.	Messrs. Frazar & Co	
HONG KONG	CHINA.	Messrs. Adamson, Bell & Co., Agents for China	
LIVERPOOL	ENG.	Archer Baker, European Traffic Agent	17 James St.
LONDON	ENG.	Archer Baker, European Traffic Agent	88 Cannon St.
LONDON	ONT.	T. R. Parker, Ticket Agent	1 Masonic Tem
MONTREAL	QUE.	A. B. Chaffee, Jr., City Passenger Agent	266 St. James St.
NEW YORK	N.Y.	E. V. Skinner, General Eastern Agent	337 Broadway.
NEW YORK	N.Y.	Everett Frazar, China and Japan Agent	124 Water St.
NIAGARA FALLS	N.Y.	D. Isaacs, Ticket Agent	Prospect House.
NIAGARA FALLS	ONT.	Geo. M. Colburn	Clifton House.
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PORTLAND	ME.	Agent, Portland & Ogdensburg Railway	
PORTLAND	ORE.	C. G. McCord, Freight and Passenger Agent	6 Washington S
PORT TOWNSEND, W.T.		James Jones	
QUEBEC	QUE.	J. W. Ryder, City Passenger Agent	St. Lo is Hotel
SAULT ST. MARIE, MICH.		F. R. Harvey	37 Ashmun St.
		R. D. Perry	S.S. Docks.
ST. JOHN	N.B.	Messrs. Chubb & Co., Ticket Agents	Chubb's Corner
SAN FRANCISCO	CAL.	Messrs. Goodall, Perkins & Co., Agents Pacific Coast Steamship Co	10 Market St.
		D. B. Jackson, Passenger Agent	214 Montgom
		M. M. Stern, Passenger Agent	222 Montgom
SEATTLE	WASH. TER.	E. W. MacGinnes	
SHANGHAI	CHINA.	Messrs. Adamson, Bell & Co., Agents for Chin	
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TACOMA	WASH. TER.	E. E. Ellis, Freight and Passenger Agent	
TORONTO	ONT.	W. R. Callaway, District Passenger Agent	110 King St., W.
VANCOUVER	B.C.	D. E. Brown, District Frt. and Pass. Agent	
VICTORIA	B.C.	Robt. Irving, Freight and Passenger Agent	Government St.
WINNIPEG	MAN.	G. H. Campbell, City Ticket Agent	471 Main St.
YOKOHAMA	JAPAN.	Messrs. Frazar & Co., Agents for Japan	

THOS. COOK & SON, Tourist Agents, with offices in all parts of the world, are also authorized agents of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and can supply tickets and information.

RAILWAY.

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145 Main St.
.232 Clark St.
M.C. Railroad.
135 Buchanan St
.126 Hollis St.
.8 James St., So

.17 James St.
.88 Cannon St.
1 Masonic Tem
.206 St. James St.
.337 Broadway.
.124 Water St.
Prospect House.
..Clifton House.
.42 Sparks St.

.6 Washington S

St. Louis Hotel.
.37 Ashmun St.
S.S. Docks.
.Chubb's Corner

10 Market St.

.214 Montgom
.222 Montgom

.110 King St., W.

Government St.
471 Main St.

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