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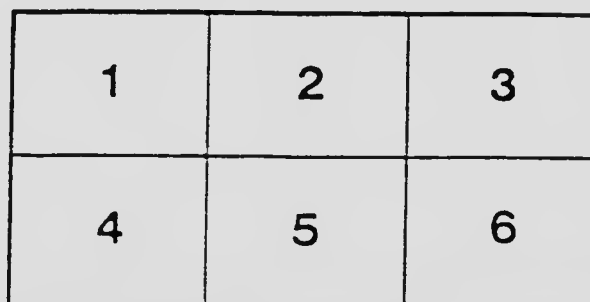
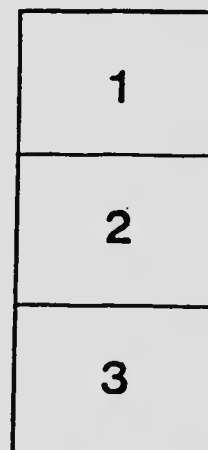
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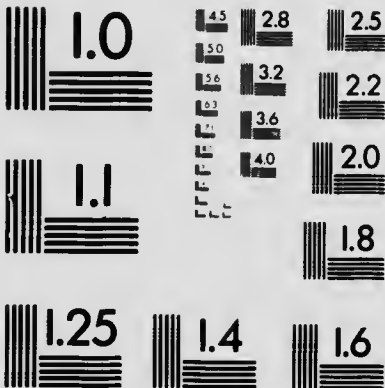
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LETTERS

FROM THE

Canadian West

BY

REV. P. M. MACDONALD,

TRURO, NOVA SCOTIA.

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LETTERS

FROM THE

CANADIAN WEST

BY

REV. P. M. MacDONALD,

TRURO, NOVA SCOTIA.

FC 3205

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INTRODUCTORY.



AFTER returning home from my too-short stay in "the West" a number of my friends asked me to have the letters I wrote for *The Morning Chronicle* reprinted between covers.

To that request this pamphlet is the answer through the kind consent of the Chronicle Publishing Co.

If these letters help anyone to think more of the greatness and future of this land we live in, the criticisms they may meet with will not hurt very much.

P. M. MacD.

TRURO, N. S.,

October 15, 1903.

NATION BUILDING IN THE WIDE AND WEALTHY WEST.

There the Canadians are Turning a Prairie-Land Into a Fairy-Land—Rapid Strides of Busy Winnipeg the Gateway of the West—Nova Scotians are Everywhere Prominent.

WINNIPEG, June 3.—West of Lake Superior the word "old country" is different to one from the East. Here are folk who live in a new land and when they see an Easterner they feel somewhat the same as Nova Scotians do when they see an Englander and you soon get to feel with them. The prairie is old, the lakes are old, but Winnipeg, Port Arthur, Fort William and Rat Portage are new, young, eager and hopeful. They dream the dreams of youth and think its long, long thoughts. But they are not dreamers, not thinkers in cloister shades but dreamers in deeds and from plain and pool they are winning their new world. By persistent application to duty these folk are turning a prairie-land into fairy-land.

Many Nova Scotians have a wrong idea of this part of Canada. Its boundless extent, its resources in soil and stream, its exhilarating dry climate cannot be imagined nor described. Hence the misconception in so many minds. One must come and see to appreciate.

* * * *

Winnipeg, the gateway to the West, is a solid city. Its streets of wholesale houses and retail stores bid fair to outrival the larger as they now surpass the smaller of our Canadian cities. The residential

Nation Building in the Wild and Wealthy West.

parts are penetrated by asphalted streets with shade trees and boulevards on either side, the acme of cleanness and quiet comfort. "Earth has not anything to show more fair" than some of the home districts of Winnipeg. Dwelling houses are very much in demand and the supply is going on continually. An army of builders here and there has made the city as busy as a camp. The light colored stone and brick so much used give a Parisian appearance to the place and the summer sky of blue that bends over us helps out the similarity.

Calvin and John Knox have more followers than any other of "the fathers" here, though John Wesley can muster a large number and all denominations have fine church buildings and full pews.

The Winnipeger loves trees and hills. In the past he loved what was far away, but the seeds he sowed and trees he planted have grown and now he sits beneath the shade of ash and maple and elm and feels the west wind fan his brow. "Elm Park" and "River Park" on the bank of "The Red" have no Atlantic horizon nor salt spray, but these shortcomings are forgotten and the silent river with the swift and treacherous current affords a sea-scape for tired eyes to scan. Every fine evening thousands of people of all ages visit these parks by the electric train cars and enjoy the cool hours around sunset time. The hills have yet to be planted.

* * * *

The population of Winnipeg is a trifle less than 50,000 and growing larger rapidly. Among the men who have had and are now having a prominent part to play in making this city. Nova Scotians have a place. For the professions, Rev. C. B. Pitblado in the pulpit of Westminister Presbyterian Church and Chief Justice Killam on the Bench, represent Nova Scotia very well. Dr. Blanchard in Medicine and F. H. Schofield in the High School are also prominent. Other lawyers hailing from Nova Scotia are Isaac Pitblado, W. J. and Stewart Tupper, sons of Sir Charles, and Wallace Macdonald, son of the Chief Justice of Nova Scotia. In the business life of the city G. R. Crowe's name is prominent in connection with the Exchange. The Commissioner of that very large concern, the Hudson Bay Co'y. is C. C. Chipman, a Nova Scotian. "The Island" has the Hon. David Laird and his son, a banker, and Hugh Sutherland the Managing Agent of McKenzie's and Mann's enterprises, which are many, among the prominent men. I am told that a few years ago Pictou County supplied nearly all the Winnipeg police force. They were all "six-

Nation Building in the Wide and Wealthy West.

footers" and each was "a terror to evil doers". Winnipeg has been a model city and Picton helped. The bobbies on the beat now are the finest I have seen this side of the big pond.

Winnipeg has no slum part, no immoral cesspool. This perhaps because the city is yet young. What a pity a city should grow old if a slum district must come with age! If Winnipeg holds her present ideals she will be peculiar in this matter for a long, long time.

One great drawback in Winnipeg a few years ago was poor water supply. A pump was as good a source of wealth as a herd of cows and if you had both you had "a klondike". But now an artesian well sends up from the ancient rock far down a clear cold river of water that washes and irrigates and refreshes the city.

Winnipeg is well lighted and, at night, when its broad streets are ablaze with lamps it is hard to think that a few years ago all this city site was wrapped in silence and solitude by day, and darkness by night.

In this big land you see the explanation of that mystery of the East—the scarcity of men at social or even sporting functions. The men are scarce in the East because they are plenty in the West. In church, in the park, on the street everywhere you see more men than women and as one pushes on to the West I am told he finds the fair sex in diminishing numbers as he goes. This proportion of men in the towns of the West gives these towns a prestige not enjoyed by towns of equal population in the East. This will be so until the day when woman suffrage arrives and perhaps for a still longer time with all respect to woman.

One sees many familiar faces here. On Saturday evening I met several young men from Truro as I walked along the street. Again on Sunday in "Ralph Connor's" church I met old friends and again today an old school-mate. It was good to see them here since they have left the old East. Our Canadian boys need not leave Canada to do well. The West is big enough and its future bright enough to give a good place to men of push and principle. An old timer said to me "We are always glad to see Nova Scotians come here. They are a good sort. They strike the right trail before they come and stick to it."

THROUGH THE PRAIRIE GARDEN TO BRANDON'S BLUE HILLS.



About the Thriving Elevator Towns in the Wheat Belt—The Saving Philosophy of the West.



BRANDON, June 5.—The day we left Winnipeg for "the West" was clear and warm and the prairie was setting itself to the easy task of eclipsing Solomon's glory. No wonder at all that the London tradesman coming here is forced to extol our Canadian sky. No wonder the infants of these same immigrants think the prairie a pretty carpet. The prairie is a garden on the grandest scale. So profuse and so continuous is this garden you ride through day after day that your grateful eye seizes on any near or far bit of scarred ground where no flowers appear. A bit of bush or a deep slough here and there is welcome for its ugliness. One is not able in this unpoised life to bear the sight of boundless beauty. The thought of the philosophers who make contrast the cause of appreciation would seem to be defensible. At sea any bit of flotsam is welcomed as soothing the eye wearied with the sameness of the old gray ocean; so here the gardens of prairie flowers make one long for a glimpse of the rocks of Lake Superior or Halifax County. "As a rule man's a fool, when it's hot he wants it cool."

For one hundred miles we ran right west through country apparently as level as a cricket crease, but we are climbing the continent at the rate of a foot per mile, no doubt getting in trim for the Rockies, still a thousand miles away from us on the round earth.

* * * *

Marquette a small settlement twenty-four miles from Winnipeg enjoys the distinction of being half way place on the C. P. R. from

Through the Prairie Garden to Brandon's Blue Hills.

Montreal to Vancouver—1453 miles from either place. (I thought worth while to Marquette down and market the note.) On the south of us as we tear along a line of trees is visible. They mark the course of the winding Assiniboine. For 130 miles the railway follows the river.

Portage La Prairie is situated on the Assiniboine and is a busy town of 4,000 people. It is 53 miles west of the Capital City of Manitoba. "Portage," as it is called "for short," is the market town of a rich and well settled section. It is one of the principal grain markets of Manitoba. It has elevators and mills and factories to take the wheat and make it into exportable food and, I regret to say, breweries to make drink.

Between "Portage" and Brandon, 77 miles west, are ten towns—a Canadian Decapolis some day. In each of them the skyey and stupendous elevator is seen and in some of them the busy mill sings its muffled song. As we near Brandon the country becomes broken in a very charming way. Burnies are "wimplin'" down tiny glens and losing themselves in reedy ponds. Passing these tiny children of the sea we rise to a rich plateau on which is situated Carberry, a small but important grain centre.

Brandon is one of the places to which the eyes of the ambitious business men here in Manitoba turn. Twenty years ago Brandon was not, now it is a town of six thousand with all the modern equipment of a place of that size, water system, sewers, electric lights, good streets and unusually fine stores.

Houses are going up as rapidly as builders can work, but so great is the demand for houses that the highest rents rule. Brandon's Town Hall and Market is a large and imposing structure. Its churches are among the finest and best planned I have ever seen. Industries of large value are employing many laborers and have more orders than they can fill.

* * * *

Brandon is a school town. The Principal of the Collegiate Institute informed me that the schools are attended by two thousand pupils, four hundred of whom are non-residents. The school buildings are of stone and well equipped in every way. Within the last seven months four teachers were added to the staff of instructors in the Collegiate. The Government Experimental Farm is situated here and in all this farming paradise a better site could not have been found for this import enterprisic. Trees, native and foreign, for orna-

Through the Prairie Garden to Brandon's Blue Hills.

ment, trees with large promise of fruit, berry bushes, flowers and grasses, in a profusion so prodigal that one thinks he is in the East, are there on all sides. The long drives through the Russian Poplar lane and the Ontario maple lane will be long remembered.

Another Government charge is situated at Brandon, namely the Indian Industrial School Farm. One hundred and twenty-five young Crees between the ages of nine and eighteen are here taught the art of peaceful and profitable husbandry. The cleanness and order of the large building and grounds impress the visitor at once. The work within doors and without is done by the pupils under the careful and kind supervision of the staff. All the older pupils speak English and look bright and happy. The teacher who acted as guide said that the pupils are clever and careful and easy to teach. They are very musical in their own way and sing in chorus the hymns of home and the songs of school life. As we went through the building we came into the play room where a score of the scholars were singing to organ accompaniment played by a virtuoso of nine summers and it was harmonious. When the pupils attain the age of eighteen they are sent back to the reserves to act as sources and centres of ideas that lift and illuminate life.

Mirabile dictu, Nova Scotians have not played a large part in turning the wilderness and the solitary place into this present pretty town. Ontario men from Huron and Bruce have been and are the principal persons. Rev. J. F. Dustan is the only Nova Scotian whose name is known here so far as I could find and though fifteen years have passed since he left, his earnestness and goodness are remembered by the pillars of the Presbyterian Church. Ten miles to the south lie the Brandon Hills where Pictou County has some representatives. Rev. George Roddick settled there in the eighties and has done very well in his agricultural enterprises. The Brandon Hills seen afar off are as blue as the summer sky that drops fatness on them.

* * * *

Hon. Clifford Sifton began his career here and he is the man that Brandon is proud of. "Without exception we count him second man in Canada" is the way it is stated. At the same time great fears are entertained regarding the attitude of the Hon. Clifford to some of the immigrants now coming into the West. Population makes prosperity when the population is progressive and some of the recent comers are considered unprogressive. It is thought that they will act as a clog in the wheels of advance and that the Government should ex-

Through the Prairie Garden to Brandon's Blue Hills.

clude them, but again the more optimistic say if Canadians are true to their ideals the new comers will "cease to do evil and learn to do well" and, in time, become Canadianized. In conversation with men of both political parties I learn that the opinion generally prevails here that the Government is dealing generously with the Great West. Sifton gets credit for favors received. In him it is felt that the new country has a friend at Court.

In spite of weather or Governments the Westerner goes on his way. Hope springs eternal in his breast. He is nothing if not hopeful. He never says "die" nor "I am done." The prize is forever to be won and he keeps on the trail of it. Each man has staked out a claim to success and will not be turned aside. The prairie seems to make him of this stuff of hope. Good it is for it is the misfortune of many to be disappointed again and again, to venture much and gain little. The philosophy of the West is in a word "'tis an ill wind that blows nobody good." It is a saving philosophy.



RANCHES AND WHEAT FIELDS OF THE ROLLING PRAIRIE.



**There is Bigger Money and Less Work in
Ranching Than in Wheat—Nova Scotians who are Successful—In Sight of
Majestic Rockies.**



ON THE C. P. R. TRAIN, June 6.—The Province of Manitoba with its rich black soil is the choicest land traversed by the C. P. R., though it is said that the railway does not pass through the best of this Province. After leaving Brandon we noticed at once the change in the prairie. The miles of undulating green suggested a frozen ocean. The mighty swell and roll extended to the horizon where distance made it a straight line.

In this western part of Manitoba are many prosperous farmers. Virden is the market place of a particularly good district. The smiling landscape here cheers much the laboring swain. Rolling prairie is better for ranching purposes, however, and we find larger and smaller ranches here and there along the way. At some ranches branding was on, and the sore spot made the herds mourn painfully. It was a new thing to an Easterner to see "the hills covered with flocks." Cattle horned and dehorned, horses large and little in large numbers were corralled up together or feeding in quiet content on the vast pastures. There is big money in wheat—and much work, but there is bigger money in ranching and less work and in both these primeval professions there are many engaged.

At Fleming we pass the unseen line dividing Manitoba and Assiniboia and sixty miles from Fleming is Wapella. A few miles back from this latter station are fine farms owned by Nova Scotians. Wm. Archibald, son of Squire David Archibald, of Upper Musquodoboit,

Ranches and Wheat Fields of the Rolling Prairie.

has a very rich place here. Frank Dean and John Dickie are his successful neighbors. They also are Nova Scotians. Here also it is that Rev J. A. Cairns, formerly of Scotsburn, later of Barney's River, Pictou Co., has settled. Land owners in this Wapella district are in a fair way of becoming rich as prices are leaping up. Land here is safer than Dominion Steel in Nova Scotia and it is quite as interesting to those who have a hand in it. It is hard to find one who does not hold "a section" or some part of one.

* * * *

Assiniboia is especially suited to mixed farming and almost the entire population consists of farmers with herds of cattle and several scores of acres under crop. Creameries dot the landscape where there are settlements. At Indian Head is another Government Farm and it stimulates the farmers by its enterprising experiments. The Hudson Bay Co. has a large centre at Whitewood, a place fourteen miles west of Wapella and a Nova Scotian, Mr Sydney Kuhn, a Dartmouth man, is sub-manager. I learned that he is so capable that the sub part of his name is soon to be removed. Qu'Appelle is the home of some very successful Nova Scotians who bear the name of McLellan and come from that oatmeal and Catechism County of Pictou.

Regina (I overheard a Yankee call it Rageena), three hundred and fifty seven miles west of Winnipeg, has a population of three thousand. It is the capital of the Northwest Territories and the distribution point to the far north and south. The Executive Council of the N. W. Territories meets in Regina. The residence of the Lt. Governor is here. Here too are the headquarters of the North West Mounted Police. This organization numbers nearly nine hundred men. These are stationed at intervals over the Territories to look after the Indians and see that the peace generally is kept. Enjoying this distinction and having the necessary local accompaniments for carrying on trade, Regina presents a good appearance. Mr. Cartwright Primrose, of Pictou, is one of the first officers in the Mounted Police.

* * * *

Moosejaw (so called by the Indians because it is the place where the white man mended the broken waggon with a moose jaw-bone) is the next important place as we roll westward. Market place, divisional point for railway and western limit for the present settlements this town of nearly three thousand population is feeling the expansion and success of the West in a large degree. James Wilson, a Hants

Ranches and Wheat Fields of the Rolling Prairie.

County man, whose home is now in Moosejaw, is one of the most successful engineers on the C.P.R. in this division, and "Ash" Kennedy, another Nova Scotian, is Mechanical Superintendent of the shops here under a salary of \$3,000 a year. The Soo Line from St. Paul and Minneapolis joins the C. P. R. at Moosejaw and, as it has the habit of being hours late, travellers to east and west have ample chance to walk through the town and see the sights. We had ten hours in the little city. Cree Indians are to be seen in native trappings on the streets here, and their colored garb is a pleasing sight. I tried to kodak one big chief, but he fled in terror from me. I "caught" two squaws.

This country is so large that ordinary talk about it is trifling with the tremendous. From Moosejaw to Swift Current is one hundred and thirteen miles and for the most part it is a lone land. As we run along the eye scans the far horizon for the homes of humans, and only a very few come within the range of vision. You pass the wolf, the coyote, the hawk, the bittern, the gopher, the duck, the antelope. Here they are wild and numerous. Wild but not very fearful of our snorting locomotive and our long line of carriages. I suppose if a man walked along they would quickly flit, but boxed men they have learned do not hurt them much. Hundreds of miles here are as free of the foot of man as of buffalo or bison, with this difference, that the former are coming to where they have not been and the latter have gone from where they once were. The feet of the young men are tramping toward this lone land and in time they will change it.

* * * *

Swift Current is the place of "very big ranch" beside a stream with the name of the place. The Canadian Land and Ranch Company has its largest sheep farm here at Swift Current. From this ranch and adjacent lands the Company "rounds up" sixteen thousand sheep annually. The well appointed farm and buildings on the hills just south of the station are much admired. Besides these the Government has erected a Meteorological Station. This land all along is rich in ranches for hundreds of miles.

Some places are peculiarly adapted for settlement and civilization, because of the great natural advantages. One of these is Medicine Hat. The population is over two thousand and rapidly increasing. In all the neighborhood are large ranches. In the town is a large repair shop of the C. P. R. Human life is prized here, as in

Ranches and Wheat Fields of the Rolling Prairie.

Brandon, Portage la Prairie, and other places, as the hospitals in each testify.

Fine churches point their tall spires to the blue sky and well stocked shops line the busy streets. The trim buildings of the Mounted Police Station adorn the place and breathe out the air of law and order. Coal mines are near the town and a natural gas from several wells burns a blaze that makes the wheels of industry fly and lights the wide way that starts the long trail across the rolling prairie. Prominent here is Lewis Cochrane, son of Hon. Mack Cochrane, of Maitland. Mr. Cochrane has a general store of large proportions and carries on in addition a successful land agency business. He is popular among men and persevering in his business enterprises. At Stair, a few miles west of Medicine Hat, there is a big ranch where one of the largest herd of Galloway cattle in the world is to be seen. At this season of the year one can see only portions of these numerous herds; the autumn round up gathers them in a bunch.

Tearing due west, as we are, we must come upon something, and we do. Tilley, one hundred and fifty miles east of Calgary, gives us this clear day a sight of something new. Low upon the horizon ahead rise peaks and prominences that do not look like Nova Scotia clouds nor anything we have seen before. It is a far sight, but we are assured we are not seeing intangible things, but those rough monsters, the Rocky Mountains. When the morning comes and we draw into Calgary, the west is glorious for the sun falling upon the snow clad mountain slopes and summits gives us a sensation entirely new. A poet who loved the hills has done them the great honor of using them in a figure to express a Divine attribute, "Thy justice is like mountains great."



CALGARY BY THE FOOTHILLS.



The Most Important Centre Between Winnipeg and Vancouver—Indians of the West a Poor Lot.



CALGARY, June 8.—The West is full of surprises. Nothing is more wonderful than the towns and cities that throb with life and reach out their hands into the mighty prairie. The trails out from Calgary are trodden by commerce carried on with the Indian, the half-bred, and the white man, the value being of course in that ascending order named. Here is a city with wide, level, straight streets, which cut each other at right angles in the most approved modern manner, with fine public buildings and stores and homes, most of which are made of Calgary stone, with light and water both clear and good, with hospitals and music halls; with healthy, happy, hearty people.

Calgary in a special sense is a place with an assured future both because of its own resources and its relative position in the country. Industries are springing up in the town giving employment to many and the surrounding large district has ranches and farms of first rank. Calgary is the most important centre between Winnipeg and Vancouver. Its situation is very charming. Around the plateau, on which the town stands, rise almost perpendicularly tall cliffs, which are only the fronts of another expanse of level land and some day there will be an upper and lower town, or Calgary heights. The lumber interests of Calgary are extremely important; the swift Bow River affording an excellent highway for the logs from the timber districts. A large abattoir employs many hands and turns wild steers into juicy steaks. Here, as noted in previous letters on this

Calgary by the Foothills.

trip, the large number of men to be seen on the streets arrests one's attention. The West is the land of the sterner sex.

* * * *

Nova Scotlans are not numerous in Calgary but when you find one he is doing well. The strong Presbyterian congregation here has been favored for some years with the ministry of Rev. J. C. Herdman, son of the sainted late minister of the Pictou Kirk, and to few men has larger affection been shown than to this western Pictonian. Some months ago Mr Herdman was taken from his Calgary congregation to do work as a Superintendent of mission fields in joint succession with others to Dr. Robertson. Mr. Herdman's home is still in Calgary and I learn that folk in every religious fold of the city hope he may long remain with them. Mr. Wendall McLean, son of Rev. Jas. McLean, formerly of Great Village, has a good and growing drug business here and is deservedly popular. Mr. Sam Blair, of Truro, came west to Medicine Hat, some years ago where he engaged in railroading. He is now manager of the Queen's Hotel in Calgary and is making it pay large dividends to stockholders.

Calgary is the Truro of Alberta. Travellers going north to Edmonton must pass through Calgary. Going east to any station between Cochrane and North Bend or south from Edmonton to McLeod one must pass through Calgary. In the near neighborhood of Calgary are valuable deposits of coal and stone. Through the kindness of a Truronian I was favored with a long drive over the rolling prairie around Calgary. We followed for miles the old trail of the Chinook Indians and had the advantage of seeing some of these dusky denizens of the foothills on their ponies with tepees trailing making their homeward way in the twilight. Our horses shied as we met the natives and small wonder for the sight and the smell of the group was painful to us and horse-sense is equally acute.

The Indians of the west are a poor and pitiable crowd for the most part. In some places they have comfortable homes and by hunting and fishing and farming they keep the wolf from the door, but this is not general among them. They are idle and lazy and excessively unclean. Their philosophy is eat and drink to-day and eat it all. If an Indian has a pony to sell and can get a dollar for it he will sell it for the needed dollar and ask no more. Several ponies whose price was a dollar when purchased from a Chinook were pointed out to me as they trotted along the Calgary streets.

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Calgary by the Foothills.

One misses here in the West a familiar spot in the eastern towns namely a city of the dead. Place after place is wanting in this matter for the good reason that the country has been so young that there has been no great need for cemeteries. Still Winnipeg has a beautiful burial place where the maples and willows rustle in the breeze and the flowers bloom in the quiet spaces. When you visit this one you are taken to stand before the oldest graves and you are surprised to find the date is 1870 or later and then you realize how short has been the time since this whole land was a wilderness and a solitary place. Calgary has a cemetery beautiful for situation and beautiful in condition on a knoll of ground which slopes gradually from the summit to the level prairie.

When people become unfortunately able to ring of a land "Our fathers sepulchres are here" they have towards that land a new and warm feeling. There are then new ties and bonds that hold the hearts of the dwellers. I know a home that began to exist in the far East but was transplanted to the West. For years that home looked back to the East as the Jews looked to Jerusalem and the hopes and expectations were strong that some day they would return to their early scenes and renew the relations so tender in past days. This continued until the home was robbed of its maker and its light and in the quiet sunny cornered cemetery of the prairie town the dust of the mother was laid and with that event the eyes of the home turned from the East and dropped the far look. The cause was that green mound in the burial ground. Calgary has many who have ceased to look back East and for the reason named. And so the movements of men go on and the lines are tied by the hands of the tomb. So it has ever been and so it will be.



THROUGH EDMONTON AND THE GREAT NORTH COUNTRY.



The Chronicle's Special Correspondent Tells of the New Land of Promise and Its Cosmopolitan Population.



EDMONTON, N. W. T., June 10.—To begin the railroad from Calgary to Edmonton is almost as bad as the old corduroy. The Pictou Branch part of the I. C. R., is a rough bit but when you ride on the Edmonton Branch of the C. P. R., you think that you were too fussy when you travelled to Pictou. You cannot read the train papers nor can you write home letters when you ride to Edmonton. You need your hands free to "hold on," when the cars careen around curves and rush over the straight stretches to the villages and towns built by the pioneers who left the beaten trail and settled in this big north land. Edmonton lies at the end of a branch of road running one hundred and ninety-two miles north from Calgary. The cars are always crowded on the out-bound trip, and the train is always a long one and it is never on time and the fare of travel is four cents per mile.

On the train I travelled there were Galicians, French, English and Canadians going to the shack life of the woodland and prairie. But this I found, that there were more Americans than any other sort on board. There were many of them and they were all talking "land." The Dakotas and Montana were their native States and they were home seekers in Canada. In conversation with some of these Americans, I learned that many of their relatives and friends had preceded them to Canada and had done so well that they persuaded my fellow travellers to come and buy a home here. There is much crowding in the Western States. Many of the farms are debt-laden and that after years of hard work by the farmers. One of these farmers said: "I have left Dakota because I could not get my farm

Through Edmonton and the Great North Country.

clear of a large mortgage. It has been killing me. I think I can do better here."

"Are there many of your friends here in Canada now?" I asked.

"Yes, a large number and I shall feel quite at home when I get to my journey's end to-day."

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It is a good land these folk are filling up. Between Calgary and Strathcona are nineteen villages and towns not including the two places named. Their various names represent the civilizations of the pre-English days as well as later ones. The brakeman's voice calling Carstairs, Airdrie, Didsbury and then Ponoka and Wetaskiwin took us in quick succession to the old land and then to the new north land of this big continent, and when the train pulled up at the different stations we saw the soney face of the Scottish settler, the quick, eager step of the Londoner and the dusky countenance of the Cree Indian. The cowboys swung along the village streets in their careless saddles. The new settlers our train brought from Calgary fell into the hands of the rival hotel runners at every landing place. At these times we took advantage of the equipolse of our car to dig the cinders out of our eyes and ease our arms of the tense grip we had held on the seat arms.

Nova Scotians are living here all along this thickly settled line of railway but they are so numerous at the end of the road that I press on to the terminus. Strathcona is reached before sunset (nine o'clock) and Edmonton is still north of us and reached by the most tortuous bit of rail in existence. We are advised not to be critical as this is a new country and though good now is to be better later on. When we see Edmonton, "a city set on a hill," we cannot be critical but warmly commendatory. Between Edmonton and Strathcona runs the turbid river, North Saskatchewan, which is bridged by a strong structure that carries our train across. We disembark at the foot of a high hill and climb its steep side to find upon the heights a town with stores and banks and homes numerous and nice.

In each of these is found the ubiquitous Pictonian. C. D. MacDonald dispenses counsel, Fred Ross disburses cash and many of their former fellow citizens of Pictou come to them for these necessities.

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At Edmonton you hear talk that impresses you with the very great greatness of the whole surrounding district and allowing for the

Through Edmonton and the Great North Country.

large inflation of fact you still have a big truth to stand on. Edmonton can beat the world growing oats and barley. The quality is remarkable as the quantity in each case. For quantity of wheat per acre it leads any place in the West but it is not "No. 1 hard." The miller who grinds his corn must mix Manitoba No. 1, with Edmonton wheat in order to get his good flour, while he leaves the former out when he wants to produce his best. Edmonton is conceded first place in oat cakes and barley scones, but Manitoba has the pastry.

Here in Edmonton you find the same boom in real estate that prevails in most of the settled West. Fortunes are being made in land for building lots. Men who staggered for years under a burden of waste property remote from the main street and the post office are now turning into "good red gold" this same burden, and their only regret is that having got an enormous price for a lot, they did not hold it for an hour or two longer to have received the still bigger price. If one could only by rubbing an Alladin's lamp, transport some of our Nova Scotia houses and buildings, West, he could sell them for palace prices and make the purchasers very, very happy.

* * * *

I found that in the East our conception of western conditions is largely misconception. The beginner has a hard time and a poor home—pity "the tenderfoot"—as a rule, but "the old timer" and enterprising pioneer "has a good thing" and is not to be pitied because he is peculiarly embarrassed for he is never that way. He lives in a land where they have no smaller coin than a nickel (and by the way, this is a great thing for the Kirk treasurer; they never have a grudge against "Alexander the Coppersmith" as he does not work here) and his house outshines anything we have in Nova Scotia, both inside and out. The West is fat and full of sap and flourishing for the man who has "his hand well in" and lean and dry, but full of promise for the last man out from the East. On the whole we are wrong when we think of the North-west as a land of poor folk so far as this world's goods go.

It must be asserted, however, that the East is richer in the things that cannot take wings and fly away, and I have not many here who deny the truth of this. Still it must be remembered that ideas and ideals are here and at work, and Edmonton is to be the place of power and a centre of high purpose by the working of these ideas and the espousal of these ideals by her citizens. The age of action is now the stage of the West, the age of reflection is the one coming and it will come to stay.

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ROLLING O'ER THE ROCKIES.



The Thrilling Ride Across This "Stormy Sea of Mountains" is Graphically Described by the Chronicle's Correspondent.



Vancouver, B. C., June 20.—The wonder that wakens when you see "the heaven kissing" Rockies from afar is unique if you are a tender foot. The wonder grows as you rush along the rail that climbs the lower slopes and attack the seemingly impenetratable cliffs ahead of you. How can you enter in and, when you have entered, how can you emerge from this territory that is under the spell of the ancient and "mystic warder of the hills"? Were you pioneering, the question would baffle, but you are following the long trail of traffic. You are on the track found and formed by master minds and if you keep your seat the maze will be threaded.

If Victor Hugo had known of the C. P. R. across the mountains he would have made his book "The Toilers of the Sea" somewhat larger or he would have given the story of this success of the engineer a separate existence. The thrilling ride today is no doubt but a calm pulse as compared with the experience of the men who bridged the torrent, tunneled the hard hill, cleared the mountain-side, changed the course of the Glacier-current and made a roadway on the sheer precipice, that East and West might be married. As you whirl down the canon, or climb the grade, or thunder around the loop or roll across the high trestle, you find it easy to think that man is not a mite since he can do such things as he has done here, and you are persuaded that "possible" can be written about many things that float in nebulous shape in the minds of dreamers and people who are living "in advance of their age." "There is a time for everything" and we shall have many marvels and miracles yet. Let the need be big enough and the mighty man will appear with his myrmidons of changere.



Rolling O'er the Rockies.

The late Principal Grant has described this region as a "sea of mountains." It is a fitting phrase if you add the word "stormy," for the deep trough and high crest are everywhere. How deep! how almost fathomless are these fissures that drop away from the base of dizzy heights. The prairie is the Atlantic after the wind has ceased and the calm falls, when the long swell heaves and drops without a fleck of foam. The Rockies represent the sea in turmoil and terror when the great unlashd winds whip and whiten the waters. Ascend the trail that leaps over the snow and rock and rubble and look around. On every side far as the eye can carry are the white caps of the hills.

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On the grandest scale nature has been fashioned here. As you journey along from point to point you become unable to express your feelings in the presence of the awful sights. You speak and your speech sounds puerile and petty. You are silent and you feel that you will burst if you do not shout or exclaim something. An old line comes to your tongue: "I would that I could utter the thoughts that arise in me," but that only aggravates. Happy are you if you know the master verses on the hills. A safety valve is memory and its stores.

"The strength of the hills is His also."

"Thy justice is like mountains great."

"The mountains shall bring peace to the people."

These old words came like old friends when one is ill and unable to help himself and did service as means of expressing unutterable thoughts.

"What did you think of the mountains as you came through"? I was asked, and all I could say was "I could not think; I could only remember that I sat and stared at them." Seen now as mental pictures I think that they constitute a most wonderful kaleidoscope in which vastness, grandeur and beauty unexcelled are held. When one sees the rocky sides of these mighty mountains it seems that man must ever be a stranger to their summits; that only the wild things of the hills can haunt them. But this is not so. At Field I met with a Colchester Nova Scotian who told me that every acre of these ravines and hills has been traversed by the prospector, and pointing away off to a ridge clad with snow he said, "I have just arranged today to spend the next twelve months up there." In the depths of these mountains are mighty mineral treasures. The gold of the Cariboo and Fraser regions, the copper and silver of the Kootenay, the coal of the Canmore, Crow's Nest, and Anthracite are

Rolling O'er the Rockies.

said to be only slight indications of what lies in all this district.

Heavy machinery of the most approved kind has been put in where old placer mining was carried on and hydraulic operations and quartz crushing are yielding much more of the desired minerals. The miners have a grievance in the matter of lead. They say that American lead comes into Canada in such quantities that it is hardly worth while mining it. Manufacturers of white lead in Eastern Canada need educating, so my informant said, and need Canadianizing for they resisted stoutly the efforts repeatedly made by Western organizations to have American lead excluded and they had sufficient power with the Government to keep for American lead an open door. But the miner keeps on mining lead—a dangerous and difficult occupation—with, as he claims, too small a return in gold.

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This land of minerals is not the place for every class. In the Northwest a poor man can soon better his position. It is not so here, I am informed. No Province in the Dominion allows so little reason for rooting up the stakes of home in the East. Mining and lumbering are pursuits in which training and skill are required. The royal head is not stamped on the gold quartz. Many have thought when far from here that gold and silver were as plentiful as potatoes in "the Island." So they are, but it takes skilled hands and hard work to get them, and for one man who digs a fortune in these hills, there are scores in the Maritime Provinces who can—or ought to—dig a good living from a soil far less crabbed and be able to rest in a home built by his grandfather in the good old days. If you have a large capital and a knowledge of the cunning habits of gold, go to B. C. If you have not these things remember that "the eyes of a fool are in the ends of the earth."

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Space will not allow me to write of the Selkirks and the Cascades with their wooded slopes and white summits, their glaciers and gorges. The Selkirks are covered with trees that seem intent on outstripping the mountains in height. Spruce, cedar and Douglas fir, centuries old, and over thrice fifty cubits high and exceeding "tall across," abound. The Cascades have their vales and hill-locked plains where flowers and fruit in rare profusion are grown for the great Pacific near at hand sheds a softness and moisture upon this range. We have heard many big stories of the big things in the West but for my part I can say "the half had never been told me" of all its greatness. To have crossed the Rockies in the daytime with one's eyes open is to have received a liberal education.

GATEWAY TO THE FAR EAST.

Vancouver is the St. John of the West—
A Fine and Growing Metropolis on the
Pacific Coast.

VANCOUVER, June 24.—The yellow literature that the C. P. Railway publishes has a map that magnifies St. John in the East and Vancouver in the West. These cities are strangely similar and the similarity is increased when you compare Halifax with St. John and Victoria with Vancouver. Vancouver is a business centre lying on the edge of the Continent on a slope of land that recalls the site of St. John. It is not the Capital of British Columbia as many easterners think. It has relations with the States by rail that are like those of St. John. Vancouver has the hustle and hurry of the foggy-city—it has not so much fog—and the enterprise of the population imbued not so much with old country conservatism as with American daring.

East of the Great Divide—the point where a drop of rain is apt to be twinned, one brother going to the Atlantic and the other to the Pacific—we climbed to Mt. Stephen, 5,296 feet above the sad sea waves, the summit of the Rockies. There we entered British Columbia and came down the six hundred and three miles to Vancouver in twenty-nine hours and some minutes. Good time for that winding way.

A large Province is this most western one. Equal to the Maritime Provinces and old Ontario and old Quebec combined. Also it stands in the front row for riches and resources. As is England to Europe so is British Columbia to the larger portion of North America, because of its geographical position. It is the gateway to Japan, China, Hawaii, New Zealand, Australia, and the whole north Pacific Coast. Its minerals, its waters, its soils and its climates are each o

Gateway to the Far East.

the greatest value and because of them the wealth of the Province is practically illimitable.

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Vancouver has all this behind her. She is the favoured one in all this big Province. Railways run into her from the world east and south of her and ships and steamers from all the world's waters come and go at Vancouver. No better place for trade can be found. The surroundings of the city are of rare beauty. The Cascade Mountains clothed in the chaste snow lift their long sides on the north-east and temper the climate to a mildness and constancy that delight the health seeker or tourist on holiday. The sea breeze that blows from the Straits of Georgia whose wide waters bathe the city on two sides is most enjoyable when one can eat and sleep in extenso, for these natural necessities, especially among new comers, are very noticeable. The old timers are normal eaters and sleepers.

Vancouver is exactly seventeen years old for in 1886 a fire wiped out the little wooden town leaving only one building. At once reconstruction commenced and edifices of stone and brick and iron were built and the city today is substantial and its future assured. "The wild and woolly west" is now, among people who know, an obsolete phrase. You can find here in these western cities all the comforts and conveniences of modern life. The West has no trammeling past, no chance to say "it is good enough for us while we are here we will not change nor remove." The latest thing out in the long list of equipment for home and store and hall and street is in the West, the new West, and this busy and ever building city is the newest city in the Canadian far West.

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If Maritime men are to be found in the prairie parts east of the mountains they are here in Vancouver in swarms. I made a list but it grew so rapidly that selection of names looked a formidable thing and I threw the list away. These clannish "far easters" have an association with a membership of three hundred and at every meeting of the club new members are joining. True to the tradition of the East they "had us in" for an evening and gave in western largeness an eastern treat. Music and speech and a big, big bite. Six hundred people from the three Provinces on the Atlantic Coast talked of old times, renewed acquaintances, trips and friendships and parted singing "Auld Lang Syne" and, of course, the National

Gateway to the Far East.

Antiem. Why are so many of these people in Vancouver it may be asked?

"The sea reminds us of home" is the way I heard it expressed. "We could not live on the flat prairie. We were always looking and looking for what lay below the horizon. We came here and saw the sea and were satisfied." After all the heart's home is the home of childhood or, the place that looks like the old home.

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Vancouver people are very proud of their "Stanley Park" and justly so. In it you see the forest primeval of moss covered mighty trees centuries old. To leave the noisy city and to pass into the aisles of murmuring firs and cedars of the park is one of the many privileges of Vancouver folk. I forbear to quote details of the size of these trees. They are too "tall" and too "big" to risk small figures on them and large ones might be thought "intentional errors." Some of these trees would cut enough lumber to build a fine house and there would be enough left to make fire in the grate for many a cold day.

Stanley Park is said by Vancouverites to be unsurpassed by any natural park in the world. Some of those who say this have come here by a round-a-bout way and might know very well. The handsome residence of Sir Hibbert Tupper is situated in close proximity to the park and I met Sir Charles and Sir Hibbert one evening as I came along the park road. I must name one or two more Nova Scotians—Gordon Drysdale, formerly in dry goods business in New Glasgow has a fine store here. A. R. McCallum, once of Pictou, is another successful man in dry goods, but as I said it is a large list and my space is now done.

Vancouver will never be forgotten by any of the "Assemblymen" who were here this year; the beauty of the place and the bounty of the people make remembrance as easy as it is delightful.



VICTORIA THE HALIFAX OF THE WEST COAST.



The Chronicle's Special Correspondent Describes the Cities of the West— Parliament Building in Victoria.



VICTORIA, B. C., June 27.—In this old city you can see the frequent Englishman. The military air is around you. The Soldiers of the King and his Sailors too, walk the street. The bugle call sounds on the evening wind. The measured step and easy pace of John Bull are noticeable. The dress and speech betray the relation of many in Victoria to the Mother Land of English speaking whites.

Vancouver, more American in its ideals and industry is like St. John; and Victoria more and more English in its conservatism is like Halifax. They are both cities of the rose. White and red varieties in unimaginable profusion grow here on the coast. The first season is just passing and the lawns are carpeted with pink and white petals. The second season comes when our autumn winds are wailing about winter's approach. Here they pluck the new blown rose on Christmas Day from the vines that clamber up the side of the house and peep into the living rooms through the open window. This in Canada that Kipling miscalled.

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Victoria is beautifully situated on the large Island of Vancouver, great tracts of which are still unexplored. The view of the Straits of San Juan de Fuca, with the Olympian range and majestic Mount Baker eternally capped with white, in the distance, is one never to be forgotten. The tourist has found out this clean, quiet city and his tribe is on the rapid increase.

Victoria was in making long before the explorer burned a trail for the tourist. In 1858 the discovery of gold on the mainland brought a rush of miners from the South and Victoria was a city in the blade. Then the Hudson's Bay Company made the spot a stock-

Victoria the Halifax of the West Coast.

aded post. Then it was called Fort Victoria; and now after forty-five years of ups and downs Victoria City is fair to see.

Its citizens are healthy, and wealthy and wise; though they may not plead guilty to each of these charges. They are healthy because they can "go;" they are wealthy because they do "go;" and they are wise because they "go slow." They are very proud of their city—small wonder—and they cannot see why all the Vancouver folk do not sell out and come to Victoria. In Vancouver they say Victoria is a fine place for sleeping purposes but for business it is dead. Victoria is more a residence city than Vancouver, as numbers go, but Vancouver has residences nearly equal to those in Victoria and its business part is better. It is conceded that Vancouver has a brighter outlook than the Capital City of the Province, largely because of its being on the mainland and in touch with great railway systems. Wise cities get born on a railroad that runs everywhere. Victoria did the best possible; and as she is, she is desirable.

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This City has a very rich country behind it. Vancouver Island has great mineral wealth. At Nanaimo the best bituminous coal on the Pacific Coast is mined by four companies. This coal is shipped in large quantities to San Francisco, to the Hawaiian Islands, and China. Nanaimo is also the coaling station for the British Squadron on the Pacific Coast. On the west coast cinnabar is found in abundance at Alberni gold has been discovered. The timber of the Island is very large and fine. The big Douglas fir and the mammoth cedar, centuries old, are waiting for the logger and his axe.

Vancouver Island in the neighbourhood of Victoria is peculiarly well suited to fruit growing. Every variety of fruit grown in a temperate climate attains to a wonderful excellence and in this line the prospects of great development are very bright. The moisture and the mildness of the climate make the Coast and the Island almost tropical like in regard to its vegetation. In the big woods ferns and undergrowth form a veritable jungle.

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The Chinese question is an important one here in these western cities. The tide of immigration that brought the Celestials to our shores was large, and now that it is being stayed much talk and trouble are resulting in British Columbia. Locally, opinion is divided on the exclusion question. Organized labor has put its strong hand against the Chinamen and I am informed, is responsible first and last for making their coming here a harder thing in the future.

Victoria the Halifax of the West Coast.

Capital favors the toleration of "John" because he works hard for small pay and does not often strike in the mob way. They say we need "John." He is indispensable in the house and garden. If we are to have these family luxuries, and if one is to be guided by existing conditions it would seem that Capital is not wrong. Chinamen solve the help problem in Victoria today that is so perplexing in the East. Willing to learn, anxious to please, quiet and capable, they are in practically all the homes of the City where help is afforded. Out here it is said that an idle Chinaman is an unknown quantity. The big gun in the artillery turned on him is that he hoards his earnings that he may spend them in China. Apart from the fact that John could say "plentee white man do allee samee in China" the argument is a petty, mean, selfish one and should be frowned down. If he does the work let him be paid and spend the money where he will. The sweat of his brow earns him the freedom to keep or spend his own. He is said to be immoral and vicious. So he is. But he alas! is not alone in his immorality. Still he is not copied by the children of virtuous Canadians. It is not a yellow skin that stands as model for the growing white boy, but that boy's father is model. Race prejudice is as keen in this as need be and we cannot fear that our national ideals will get their first stain from the new-comers that steer to our shores out of the despotic and dying countries of Europe and Cathay. A man here said to me "I have found that a man is to be taken at his own worth and not on account of his country or kin. Many of these hated men from across the seas put to shame our own people and set an example of honesty and industry that is worth following.

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Victoria has a thing of beauty and, they hope here, a joy forever, in the Parliament Buildings. The more than a million dollars spent in putting them where they are was well used. Both in form and finish they are unsurpassed in Canada, which is of course a large statement, but a correct one.

Nova Scotians are not so numerous in Victoria as in Vancouver but they are there. The Royal Bank has a large and expanding connection in the business world of the City. Mr. Geo. Taylor, of Halifax, is the Manager. He is a leading figure in the banking circles of Victoria and is in every way a worthy representative of the Eastern Coast, four thousand miles away across the mountains and prairies.

Here at the most Western point of this country and hailing from the most Eastern, it stirs one's imagination and kindles one's patriotism to remember what we have and to think what we may be.

THE CHICAGO OF THE COAST.



Seattle, "a City Where Rail Meets Sail" —Lumbering is the Greatest Source of Wealth.



SEATTLE, Washington, July 4—This city has been called "the Chicago of the Coast." Reasons for so naming it are not far to seek if you come here and look around. The rush of busy life, the crush of congested crowds, the rapid growth and filling up are among the reasons. But I am credibly informed that the general indifference to the Decalogue, here in Seattle, has earned a larger part of the name than any other or all of the reasons given above. With cities as with humans there is an age of merely material and physical development. They grow in stature, they build and make and gather what they can see and touch, and this may go for many years, but inevitably "the years draw nigh" when cities say it is not enough for us to have merely, we must seek to be.

We "have no pleasure" in merely *having* something; we find the pearl of great price in *being* something. Character in a City, like character in an individual, is the outcome of effort consciously and courageously made. Seattle has its fearless enunciators of right principles who act the laws they advocate, and "by slow degrees by more and more" these persons are adding to their numbers. Time and attention to education and legislation and morals will work the end of righteousness in the new and rapidly growing city.

Seattle has population enough to stock four cities as large as Halifax. One of the papers boasted about the 21,000 school children here, but as great as the number is, it ought to be greater. It does not represent one-eighth of the population. President Roosevelt is preaching on this disproportion just now, and nearly every State of the Union needs the sermon.

The Chicago of the Coast.

Seattle has a charming situation. The hill upon which the city is built lies between the noble waters of Puget Sound on the West and the broad expanse of Lake Washington, which is thirty-two miles long, on the East. The summit of this hill is midway between these seas and from shore to shore and on the summit are luxurious homes and business places where a wealthy people live and move and have their being. An efficient system of cable cars carries you up the very, very steep hills and on the avenues—that are terraces and cut the hill streets at right angles—run the electric cars. On the cable cars you can have a toboggan slide any season of the year and experience all the cold chills that sheer descent without frost can give you. It is five miles from the Sound to the Lake.

One of the orators of Seattle quite recently spoke her praises as "the City where rail meets sail" The phrase is as happy as it is true. Seattle is the stopping place to Alaska, that big broad land of gold. I was in the Government Assayers' rooms yesterday and saw a fine collection of gold bricks that came from Nome. The lot was valued at \$300,000. Seattle handles more gold than any other City in the Union and most of the metal comes from Alaska. Then again Seattle is coming to be to the Orient for the United States what Vancouver is for Canada. James Hill, the railroad king has now in the East two steamships that are larger than any other craft afloat. These are to carry immense cargoes to and from Honolulu, Japan, China and the Philippines and develop at this port that trade with the rich East that is now spread over the South coast ports. "Jim" Hill has the reputation of getting what he reaches for, and he is confident about this scheme.

The great industry here is lumbering. The big trees of the Pacific Coast take the place of the coal mines in the East, the black soil of the Middle, and the gold tracts of the North of this Continent. Great wealth has been made in lumber and the end is not yet in sight. Today the trade is in the hands of men with capital, and big capital is required. The small dealer has no place. This State is crowded with men looking for "chances" in lumber and these men have cash behind them. They are not confining their efforts to control timber lands to this State. With characteristic enterprise three Seattle men have just completed a big deal on Vancouver Island and have there secured 50,000 acres to be chosen from a million acre district owned by the Dunsmuir. For this they have paid \$600,000. The land is wooded with the choicest timber and is said to be worth double the price paid. It is the largest lot that has been sold

The Chicago of the Coast.

for many years here on the coast and the transaction is regarded as a triumph for American interests. James Campbell, a Pictou Nova Scotian, owner of the Pictou quarry is one of the three men named in the syndicate.

While lumber is the largest source of wealth here, it is not the only one. Farming and fruit growing, mining and fishing are all engaged in with profit. Dairying is also a great industry, the prices of butter and cheese being about twenty-five per cent higher in the East. Dairy farms with five hundred cows for milking are not uncommon in this neighborhood. Good cows sell for the good price of \$50.00 to \$65.00 and they are always in demand. Chicken farms are paying concerns for a pair of young chickens in the market stalls bring at least \$1.50. The hundreds of thousands in these cities must be fed and many here have taken the advice of one who said "if you wish to succeed in life attach yourself to one of the great feeding institutions."

This is the glorious Fourth. As I write the fire cracker fiend is busy and a roar as of cannon rises from the City. This morning I forced my way through the thousands that lined the pavements and sidewalks watching the parade. The whole crowd seemed to be crazy for noise. Men, women and children were fire-cracker armed and I thought as I went along that the Light Brigade must have had a hard time with "cannon to right of them," and—so on. The sound today was incessant, and ear-splitting, but harmless. The Stars and Stripes was displayed everywhere, and everybody I saw was happy and smiling. The rain is now descending in torrents on the City, but from my room window I can see here and there in the evening sky the rocket ascend and burst and instantly vanish.

Fire-works patriotism is worth very little. If that were the only patriotism known in the United States the Nation would soon pass away. But beneath and behind this foam and froth is the deep current of devotion to country that has made the "American People" great and good.

* * * *

The rain has ceased and the artillery is now silent. From this hill top home I look again out into the night. The lamps of the sky and the lamps of the City are all ablaze but the darkness is merely dotted with light. But the morning is coming. The East had it first; then it comes Westward.

ROYAL CITY OF THE WEST.



The Chronicle's Correspondent Describes New Westminster on the Bank of the Fraser River, B. C.



NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C., July 6.—About the first thing, out of the ordinary, these western cities did was to get burned out. Vancouver and Seattle began to be what they are by ceasing entirely to be what they were by means of fire; and New Westminster less than five years ago thinking perhaps in an ambitious moment to be like these larger ones took fire at the idea and sent her business section up in smoke. The outcome of that calamity is now an acknowledged benefit. On the ruins of warehouses and homes the plucky citizens have built better and bigger buildings and "the Royal City" is a busy place. The fire swept an area of seventy-five acres, caused a loss of \$3,500,000 and made three thousand people homeless but the ashes are buried under pavements and lawns and New Westminster is more than before the fire *New Westminster*.

It is a sunny place on the northern bank of the fishy Fraser River. Sixteen miles away the big river invades the sea and captures its space so that when you are crossing the Straits in the "Charmer" you can see the separate waters of the river and the salt sea. The climate is conditioned by the broad Pacific and its genial currents and is a climate to be coveted by Nova Scotians in the Spring months. I should not wish for a change in any other part of our climate in Nova Scotia and when we get the Straits of Belle Isle closed we shall have no cause for complaint. New Westminster has no drift ice in April and May hanging around her. The sun and the south wind do their best to make her warm and they succeed. She has an open port and fairly big boats come up to her piers but the river needs to be dredged in places before the largest vessels can

Royal City of the West.

come. This is to be done at once by a large suction dredge of the newest kind and it will be the first one of the sort in Canada. This river enjoys the distinction of being the greatest river for salmon fishing in the world. In the fat years 48,000,000 cans of this fish are put up. The money side of it amounts to from \$2,500,000 to \$5,000,000 according to the market's condition. Within sixteen miles of the City forty-eight canneries are at work. An automatic can factory in the City puts out 250,000 cans per day to supply these big canneries. The exporting of fresh salmon is a large business and three cold storage warehouses are busily employed by it. New Westminster has also large saw mills with great outputs in lumber and shingles. When a man grows tired of lumbering and thinks salmon fishing laborious he can go up the stream a short distance and wash the sand of the Fraser and earn enough from the yellow dust he gets "to keep the wolf from the door" and "the pot boiling within." No man need starve except for laziness, in this part of Canada—or in any other part of Canada for that matter.

New Westminster is a rose garden like the other places on this Coast. I saw gay Paris at Easter clad with flowers but the wonderfully abundant roses of our Western Canada are the finest I have ever seen and the rare and light atmosphere especially of Victoria breathes better than that of sunny France. People who dread thunder and lightning should sell out and come here. I am informed that they will very seldom experience such storms. The encircling hills arrange that.

The real estate craze you find in so many places here in the West is not epidemic in New Westminster just now and rents are low. The population is 8,000 so there is no such problem of housing as you find in some of the places I have tried to write about.

This is the County Town of the Province and has the Provincial Penitentiary and other buildings belonging to the County Government. Westminster has one of those latest causes of civic contention—a Carnegie Library. They had not heard here of the donor's mistake when he talked about Sydney until after this building was up and open and anyway they have men who want to help Mr. Carnegie in his effort to get clear of some of his wealth in a wise way so the folk of the Royal City did not tear down the building but kept quiet and read books like "How to be Happy though married"—and found it "worth while."

New Westminster is quiet these days and pity too. The fishermen are on strike and the canneries are silent. The sails of the fishing fleet are reefed and the boats strain at their moorings. All

Royal City of the West.

the "takers" are "out," Indians, Japs, Chinese and whites and they intend to remain out until they get their price. After Seattle this is stagnation. But strikers after all are like some other little things, "they have their day and cease to be" and before the salmon have ceased to run the factories will be rattling away at full time work. Strikes are in vogue all along the coast here now as in the east and while they are in vogue the consumer has the worst of it. This small city has not the future of Vancouver. That mighty maker of cities the C. P. R. runs a branch into Westminster but the trunk ends in Vancouver. An electric tramway connects Westminster with Vancouver and forms the connecting link for the Great Northern from Seattle. The Great Northern stops now at South Westminster. We crossed the muddy Fraser in a steam ferry to Westminster. This old order will soon vanish. The piers of one of the largest bridges on this coast are now completed and soon the long trains of the Great Northern will be thundering across the Fraser and into Vancouver through Westminster.

But the West is so full of surprises and the unexpected has come so often that in spite of the general verdict here as to its future New Westminster may yet be a big and very busy place. If booming can usher in that period in its history this city shall surely be great for every citizen is said to be a boomer of this place. This appreciation and commendation of their towns and cities is epidemic here in all the West. I have met hundreds of eastern people who have eaten of the western lotus and their one word has been "sweet is the memory of our former years, but we will never leave this land to go back to the east." Argument and protest against this evokes from them a smile of pity for you and after you have been here a time you cease to argue with them because you find them beyond recanting. They have a good case to talk on and they all talk all the time. Their conduct is worthy of imitation in the east.



LAKES OF THE FAR WEST.



Revelstoke to Nelson Through the Arrow- head Lakes—124 Miles of Glassy Pale Blue Sea.



NELSON, July 10—It is now Eastward! home! The Imperial Limited makes the run from Vancouver to Montreal in five days. It is phenomenal when you know the path through the mountains. The steep ascents, the sharp curves, the heavy trains make speed hard but we put "a pusher" on behind and shovel coal on the big header and up we climb, panting, panting, to the summit only to rush down the descent, with brakes on, at a rate that makes you think you could land in—Truro if the train left the rails for the air that lies far, far below you just a foot or two away from the sides of the sleepers. It is Eastward! home! but the million year old mountains with their whitened heads only stare in silent indifference to the feelings that stir in the human heart. The tramp habit—the roving spirit of man must seem strange to these calm, contented, abiding hills.

But we are not to leave them so soon, nor sleep day nor night as we rush along. The valley of the Thompson under the rays of a western full moon on this cloudless July night is as far ahead of Pullman dreams—disturbed by the peripatetics of the porter—as can be. To watch the mountains leaning against the sky as in sleep, to see the moonlight change the trees into trailing robes, to hear the swish, and see the swirl of the mountain river draining the great glacier that lies far off in a rock rimmed cup where no tree grows, to listen to the utter silence of the hills when the train halts somewhere in the night aside from the water course, to feel in all this the new sensations produced by these new conditions is to fill memory with food for future foraging and ever afterwards to know the awfulness of earth. But best of all was the dawn that came and touched with

Lakes of the Far West.

rosy-fingers these high horizons. We could feel that nature was glad. No bird sang, no cock crowed, no oxen lowed, the river rattled over a shallow that edged a deep pool but it was only for an instant. There was silence, but still we knew that the hills clapped their hands and sang aloud in the face of the dawn for we felt it.

We rushed into Revelstoke at eight o'clock in the morning and disembarked. Revelstoke is a divisional point. Travellers from the coast west going to Nelson, Rossland, Trail and the Kootenay region change at Revelstoke. Travellers to these same places from stations west of Calgary also go via Revelstoke. As we should say in the East Revelstoke is "quite a place." The C. P. R. has the offices of the Pacific Division of the road here and makes out monthly pay rolls that spoil a cheque for one hundred thousand dollars. Revelstoke gets a good share of this. There are large lumber mills in the town. Wholesale business firms are here. Trails running from Revelstoke to the North are well trodden by miners and prospectors who "fit out" in the well equipped stores of the town. A good electric light system is obtained by harnessing the Illecillewaet river, a wild torrent that narrows down to ten yards and foams through a rocky gorge quite near the town. 1,600 people live in the town, but a dozen hotels house a large transient population.

Pictou has representation here. W. A. Foote, son of D. W. Foote, is a busy and successful contractor and is now called Alderman Foote. Chas. MacDonald, a nephew of Mayor MacDonald, of Pictou, is manager of an up-to-date drug store. D. C. MacDonald, son of the late J. D. MacDonald, has a good position in the Engineer's office of the C. P. R. Rev. W. C. Calder, a Nova Scotian, is the Presbyterian Minister of Revelstoke. The town has a good water supply, good schools, churches, opera house and all modern institutions which I need not name. It is shut in by the great mountains "that rise up above the clouds and keep the snow the year through."

The time I spent in Revelstoke was made busy by mosquitoes. Like everything else in the West these pests are large and liberal. Talk about Nova Scotia mosquitoes after this will seem idle to me. The custom in Revelstoke just now is to carry a big "smudge" before you or keep swinging your pocket handkerchief about your head holding a corner of the handkerchief between your teeth for you must keep your hands in your pockets or have them devoured by these tuneful tasters of a tenderfoot. The Revelstokers affect to be indifferent to their "skeeters" until a big brawny one singing the death song pokes his prickly proboscis in the Revelstoker's "neb"

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and draws first blood. Then the sentiments that are stirring in you touching mosquitoes touch the native and you are unanimous that they are a bad sort. The river floods this year have caused this scourge. Ordinarily mosquitoes are not numerous in Revelstoke.

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When the Columbia river is high the big boats that run down through the Arrowhead lakes leave the pier at Revelstoke. When the river is low, as now, you take the train down to the lake head twenty-eight miles from the town. It is a rough run and rapid, so the coolness and clearness of the floating palace S. S. Kootenay tasted particularly pleasant. These lakes are properly expansions of the Columbia. They are deep and green waters skirted throughout their entire length, with tall mountains, that in some places hang over the lakes with menacing appearance.

Imagine what this sail today was for us. 124 miles of glassy pale green sea in which hill and tree, headland and shack were all reflected as in a great mirror. Our swift steamer made her own cool breeze as she went southward. The rhythmic stroke of her large paddle wheel and the vibration caused by the big driving shafts blended into a lullaby and we stole our enamoured eyes from the abundant scenery to give them well earned rest after their sleepless vigils in the Thompson Valley two nights ago. We made one or two stops to land a passenger or to give a mail bag with a letter from a lonely woman to a lonely man whose home is far away, and perhaps to get a mail bag with a letter from him to her with news of success or certainly coming success, but the stops were few for the crowd we had were chiefly "through" passengers. It seemed that "we were the first that ever burst into that silent sea" so quiet, so primeval the whole region. The miners on board told me a different tale however. The land has been cruised by the lumbermen and drilled by the miners and here and there I was able to see on being directed the camp and the shack of the logger and the digger.

The quest of gold is opening up this Province and peopling its large lonely tracts. The miner, the merchant, the minister and then the multitude is about the order. The majority of our passengers today were miners. Bronzed faced, big, brawny, hearty men, smacking of the hillside and the open air. Their origin is known by their speech and I found that England and Scotland gave the larger number of these lads to Canada. You need no formal introduction to fellow travellers in order to carry on a conversation and one of the very best benefits of travel is the opportunity you have to talk and

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listen and learn. While we talked or dozed, the good ship steamed down the long lakes to West Robson and as the sun was sinking beneath the hills new beauty came out of the woods and waters. The outermost ripples caused by the wake of the ship gave me my first sight of silken water. Watered silk or silken water I saw in the sunset on the lower lake. Green and gold and rose in ever changing order spread out. I shouted in delight and some giggling travellers across the deck took me for a wandering celebrant of the 4th of July and laughed at me and the glory faded on land and sea as the dark settled on the ship, and the whistle blew for West Robson.

Here the crowd separated. Some going south to Trail and Rossland, the rest of us proceeding to Nelson or the East. Twenty-eight miles run on a bumpy-bump road and we are ready for sound sleep at Nelson "one of the best residential towns of British Columbia and the judicial centre of the district" as saith the guide-book of this and many other B. C. towns. Nelson lies on an arm of Kootenay Lake on sloping ground. Its population is 4600. Electric cars and light, fine schools, fine churches, fine streets and stores are among the advantages of Nelson. You are promised excellent hunting and fishing if you are a sport and those who have been here tell me the promise is always kept.



THROUGH THE CROW'S NEST PASS.



The Chronicle's Correspondent Gives a Vivid Account of a Thrilling Railway Ride—Sights in Ill-fated Frank.



MEDICINE HAT, July 14—Kootenay Lake is fifty-five miles long for the traveller from Nelson to the western terminus of the Crow's Nest Pass Railway. It is not too long in summer weather on the C. P. eighteen knot steamer. We slept at Nelson and in the early morning, while the dew was on the grass, weighed anchor and sailed up Kootenay Lake. The sunshine was a glorious birth. The lake was still. The forest of tall trees that clothe the steep high mountains stood like a vast army as our vessel wakened the echoes of the ravines and scared the water fowls from their early bath. Every prospect pleased us. It seemed that there had not passed away any sunshine from the earth. "Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive" and to be old enough to appreciate the surroundings was very heaven.

"Some love to roam o'er the wild sea foam where the shrill winds whistle free," but if we can choose, I prefer a land locked lake whose hills break the wind and do not bestow it. Such is the Kootenay. When the Canadian poet, who must come to us, sings of these fair scenes we shall find our people taking his volume and going off to see for themselves the sights the poet saw and painted for them. How rich this West is in literary treasures! Here are mountain ranges that gather round their sublime heads traditions that lend themselves to such handling as to enrich our Canadian literature. The struggles and difficulties of the early pioneers have yet to be told. The border life of the old days here ought to have such a picturequeness and distinctive character to make a book about it sell and live. These lakes have been no doubt the Trafalgar of many canoe wars. The tomahawk, the arrow, the spear have let out the life blood of many

Through the Crow's Nest Pass.

a dusky warrior, and stained the sweet water with the red tide. Today the harmless Siwash Indian clad in buckskin is a passenger on the S. S. Moyer with us and the war-whoop sounds not.

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The Crow's Nest Pass Railway is a series of thrilling runs over spider legged trestles that stand beside rushing mountain torrents. Some of the passengers today shrank from the car windows as we tore along the side of a mountain deeply fissured by streams. They had read this sentence in the guide-book—"The construction of the C. P. R. is one of the record breakers in the annals of railroading. The entire road was built through the mountains of East Kootenay and across the South Alberton plains to Lethbridge, a distance of 289 miles, in less than fifteen months." When timid souls read of this and see the path of the rails they have some small cause for shivering. The C. P. R. claims, however, that in all their work they have not yet had an accident that involved the loss of the life of a passenger and though they take their patrons into and upon dangerous places they can be sure that the risk run is more seeming than real. The Crow's Nest road seems throughout its entire length a dangerous way but no passengers have yet been killed.

Goat River Canon twenty miles from Kootenay Landing, was the first wild wonder of the way. This Canon is a crevice in the mighty rocks which form the base of Goat Mountain. Through this the Goat River plunges like a herd of white bison with a roar and rage, and across and high above this boiling pit we rode at equal speed. Even the stoutest held their breath for an instant. Isidor Canon is not so thrilling, but you think sober thoughts going through Isidor. In Elk Canon the Elk River in one mile of its course drops six hundred feet. Throughout this rapid descent the Canon walls are vertical and the Canon very narrow. As the Elk is not just "a burnie" you can easily imagine the turbulent scene in Elk Canon. Add to these near-at-hand views the sight we have all along the way of the Rockies "wild and bare" frowning down upon us and you have a run on this road that is "fearful, horrid, fine."

In climbing to the summit of the pass the road makes a loop. To gain two hundred feet the track doubles on itself so that you could toss a bun from your lunch basket down to the rails below you. Three miles are traversed to gain this two hundred feet rise. Just after the summit of the Rockies is passed we come to Crow's Nest Lake cradled in the hills 4,390 feet above the sea and surrounded by the stern nurse-like peaks. The Indians call it "the Home of the

Through the Crow's Nest Pass.

Winds?" and say that the pleasant breezes that blow across the hot dry prairie land are born here. It is said to be a fact that when the western part of this lake is calm and mirror-like the eastern part is perhaps a sea of mad white caps. We skirted the aeolian spot for several miles in mute praise of its charm.

Not far from the lake a stream bursts from the rocky side of Sentinel Mountain and makes with its large flood the middle fork of the Old Man River. Did some Moses long centuries ago smite this stony summit and bid its hidden moisture issue forth? Who can tell? There it emerges from a gaping mouth above the lake level and its path is like ours now, on to the East.

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The most memorable sight in all this run is one that proves the mutability of nature. There is a word which tells us that one awful day men shall cry to the hills to fall upon them and cover that sense of deserved punishment that wakened conscience gives. Hills have their time to fall whether man wishes or not. The town of Frank is famous—at how great a cost!—as being the victim of huge Turtle Mountain when it wished to throw its crown upon the distant earth. Oh! what a scene is here. Before the hills in order stood was this the appearance of things? For two miles, one hundred feet in depth, mixed in the wildest confusion lies the once high head of that broken yet vast mountain yonder. We look across the path and think of Arctic seas we read about where the huge ice-berg and the shattered floe are piled up and up. The train stops and the station platform is crowded with Frank folk who are ready to tell you in strong and profane speech what they know of the disaster.

"Were you here the night of the slide?"

"Yes——! !" I omit the expletives.

"Scared?" a laugh and then "Yes! ——"

"Do you know how many were killed?"

"No we are sure of eighty but believe there were a good many more."

"Many people living here now?"

"About two hundred."

"Are you permitted to stay?"

"Yes but at our own risk."

"What about the remaining part of the hill?"

"It may spill over us now as we talk or it may stay there a hundred years."

"Is the mine working again?"

Through the Crow's Nest Pass.

"Preparing to. We're cleaning away the mouth."

"Are you going to remain?"

"Yes———!"

"And then the laughter and bantering of the populace around us made conversation an impossibility. Our train drew out from the station making its way among boulders as high and as long as the car and for two miles threading a path, a new path through that strange new soil—a degraded mountain top—we left Frank and its mirthful men and women as the darkness came down scarred Turtle Mountain.

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The Crow's Nest Pass Road has long stretches of beautiful country though so much that is wild can be seen as we go along. The town of Cranbrook that lies in the Valley between the Selkirks and the Rockies is beautiful for situation and has large suburban natural parks where tall clean trees lift themselves from a veritable lawn sod. Twelve hundred people live in Cranbrook and more are coming every day. The town is 2,964 feet above the sea level and very healthful. We saw the quiet tracts in the broad noon as the shadows of the trees fell across the grass and the coolness and freshness of them changed the hot and grimy car into another kind of place somehow. When nature is mild and kind you were a churl to ignore her. After leaving Frank we ran through the dark past McLeod, Lethbridge, past twenty thorps some little towns and half a hundred bridges. One hundred and ninety miles in all to Medicine Hat and I am back to the thread of a former letter.



THE RUSH TO CANADIAN WEST.



The Chronicle's Correspondent Proceeds from Moose Jaw Through Assiniboia and Northern Dakota.



ON C. P. R. EXPRESS, July 15.—The Canadian middle west is so rich in land that I wished to look at the States touching this wheat belt that I might make the comparison which must be odious to one of the compared. I am glad to say that Canada is not "up against it" in the language of the West. My opinion has been formed from the confessions and concessions of the people I met traveling through these States as much as by seeing the wheat there and the soil on which it is growing. Reluctantly or readily it is admitted that Canada, the north, is the land for the man with money and the man who wants money. The ticket agent (a Wolfville boy by the way) at North Portal, the border town of North Dakota, told me that the travel to Canada is ten times as great as travel out of Canada through that point. In the middle West of the States everybody is talking about Canada. Missouri, Iowa, Illinois, Minnesota, Ohio, the Dakotas and Nebraska are sending thousands of people North. Sixty-six thousand went last year. Going from Moose Jaw to the southeast through North Dakota the trains were short and the passengers few while we met the long and laden trains rushing northwest.

From Moose Jaw to North Portal we journeyed one hundred and sixty miles. Flat—oh! such flat—country as far as the eye could see. Nine distinct settlements break the dull dreary sameness of the prairie. Some of these are busy little boroughs. Most of them have an elevator while the place half-way between the two points, Weyburn, boasts of three elevators. This southern part of Assiniboia is not as desirable for farming as the northern part and certainly for

The Rush to the Canadian West.

the sightseer it is "a dry and parched land wherein no water is." After the variety of the Crow's Nest Pass route this run seemed very flat, stale and unprofitable. The rainfall has been scanty and the alkali rose in wrath as our train crawled along, and through the car windows and doors came clouds of choking dust. It was by far the most uncomfortable bit of road we saw since we had started. To Edmonton was rough but this was worse for its uncleanliness.

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Our train was losing time steadily owing to the action of the alkali water, used by the locomotives, upon the boiler tubes. A deposit of the solids in the water soon causes the tubes to burn out. Our engine suffered much from this. We stopped for repairs and lost time to such an extent that dark thoughts filled our minds as the dirty dust filled our mouths and had Portal been much nicer than it was when we saw it, the five hours we had dropped would have still made it a cheerless country. We were getting critical and captious we fear. The more good we get the more we groan when some little good is wanting.

At Portal we looked fearful at the time table that read five hundred and sixty miles, prairie miles, to Minneapolis. But the night was coming on and though the dust was busily bothering us we thought of that sweet solace, sleep, and gave ourselves to it, as a new locomotive hooked us to her tender and—made the dust fly still more.

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From Portal to Paynesville the road is a diagonal of the rectangular shaped State of North Dakota. The soil here was still dryer than in Assiniboia and from our flying dust den in the early morning and through the long day and as the shades of night were quickly coming we saw that the farmer was faring ill in North Dakota this year. Wheat is scanty and too far gone to be helped by rain should it come even now. As we went along, the source of the Red River, so large and swift at Winnipeg, was pointed out to me and I found it hard to believe that a river could rise in a swamp that goes dry in July and August of each year but my informant seemed to know whereof he spoke and I note his statement. How small a beginning a river may have and how independent it may be of its source when once it has had its way for a time. That dry swamp that starts the Red River was a sight that set me thinking about "little drops of water, little grains of sand" and other tiny mites that are despised for their

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littleness but in the economy of nature play their part well and truly.

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North Dakota has no large towns on the Soo Line by which I travelled. On the Great Northern that runs through other sections of the State are places of seven and ten thousand population but they are not many. The future of this State is not rosy with promise. The soil is dry and the sub-soil is dry. Irrigation of course can do much to cure this but instead of putting in irrigation facilities the tired farmers are selling out and buying in Canada. I have not heard here of any place quite as dry as a strip of land in Ontario. Everything there goes to pieces in dry time. The story is told of a farmer in that place who soaks his hogs in water for some time before feeding them so that the milk and meal they eat will not be lost.

Never was I so glad to end a railway journey as last night when we drew into Minneapolis at 10.30, four long hours late. Gathering my dusty duds together I feebly made my way to the sheltering roof of the hotel nearest the station and after a vigorous and prolonged stay in the bath tub I went to the refreshing laud of Nod and to-day I am glad that yesterday is not to-morrow.



ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS.



The Chronicle's Correspondent Visits the Great Metropolis of the West.



ST. PAUL, July 17.—North Dakota is anything but enticing. Minnesota is quite the reverse of North Dakota. This fine and long settled State is famous for its lakes and streams. Ten thousand lakes are to be found in Minnesota. Some of them of a large size all of them picturesque. The Mississippi—"Father of Waters"—is navigable to Minneapolis and for a long distance it is a fine waterway through the State. Minnesota is also among the first in producing the generally needed foods and fruits. Minneapolis is the largest and the chief commercial city while St. Paul is the capital city. It was my good fortune to be able to spend some time in each of them and see enough to know that they are important and influential places in that part of the United States. Part of the city of Minneapolis dates from 1850. At that time the name of the city or village was St. Anthony. The population of St Anthony was 538. In 1860 Minneapolis was in existence and the population of Minneapolis and St. Anthony combined was 5,849. In 1872 these were united under the name Minneapolis and the census of 1880 gave the city 46,887. Today the population is put at 225,000.

The usual western practice of inflation applies here. The city has a population nearer 200,000 than 225,000. It occupies a tract of land ten miles long and six miles wide so it is not a wee place where people are packed together like sardines. Wide streets are everywhere in the city and they are all paved and kept scrupulously clean by an army of white garbed sweepers. It is a city of parks that are exceedingly well kept though not one I saw compared with the Halifax Gardens in beauty. Indeed Halifax has in her gardens the brightest and most pleasing sight of any city I have visited in these wanderings. To be sure the old Garrison City is well aware of her possession.

St. Paul and Minneapolis.

Minnehaha Park is one that attracts the crowd. The famous falls give the Park its name. Longfellow has done Minneapolis as big a favor as he has done for Nova Scotia. Students of Hiawatha come here to see Minnehaha and they come in droves and they read the poem by the brink of the "Laughing Water" and they truthfully and tenderly—and sometimes shrilly—say, "My! how beeyewteefull." The cadence of the falling brook as it ripples over the stones and races along in happy humour is pretty and the hot city and hard pavements are quickly forgotten beneath the bird haunted trees of Minnehaha Park. How good it was to hear the birds! The mountains and the west coast are not bird lands and one who has heard and loved the birds all his days misses their singing in the West. Perhaps the mountains make the birds so modest that they hush the songs that tremble in their throats. I know not. But Minneapolis is a bird land and like the homeland for that reason and other reasons.

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Minneapolis is called "The Flour City." No city in the world does as much business in flour as this. The output of the mills here reaches the enormous figures of ten million barrels yearly. If this were the only industry the prosperity of Minneapolis would be well assured but in addition to this the city is famous for its furniture factories and wood working industries. Its trade in cattle is enormous too and it has candy factories that are the largest on the continent west of Chicago. It is not only a market and mercantile city; the University of Minnesota, a large and good standing college is here. The campus and buildings are quite up to the high standard for American colleges. Money is ever plenty for them and one cannot understand how it is that in many of these seats of learning in Uncle Sam's land there should be a financial scheme that markets the degree that "doctors" men. But in truth it must be said that only the poorer ones do this.

This city is not better than it ought to be but it has much regard for the day of rest. It can teach some of our Canadian cities how to guard the Sabbath from abuses. The saloon does a thriving trade here six days of the week but it keeps—perforce and in the letter only no doubt—the fourth Commannment. And this is surely right and proper. The saloon is a soiler of our civilization any time, but when it is sanctioned on the sacred day to spread its sin and sorrow it is a shame and a disgrace to have it so. Minneapolis has had its dark days and they are in all likelihood not past, but her best men are awake to try and lift the life of the community to higher things.

St. Paul and Minneapolis.

Ex-Mayor mAes of this city is wearing the stripes in Sing Sing Prison today because he was proved guilty of aiding and abetting crime in the place he was sworn to try and sweeten by standing behind the laws that make crime difficult.

The churches of Minneapolis are many and magnificent and they are well attended. These Western lands are settled by so many Eastern people who were trained in religion that in every city you can find some of "the salt."

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St. Paul is ten miles from Minneapolis. The cities are connected by a fast electric tram line. By the way the tram service of these cities is said to be the finest in the world. It is the finest I have seen. The greatest care is taken to prevent accident and secure comfort and speed. St. Paul City has a good name. There was a chapel erected on the centre of the present city's site by a mission priest in 1858. The chapel was named St. Paul's and thus the city came by its name. St. Paul has the really grand State buildings. They have been growing up for years and are still growing and they shall continue to grow for some years yet. The cost of them is now in the millions of dollars but cost is a small concern here if critical taste is suited. On Capital Hill are many political residences that have about them the ample air of this western land and dwarf the homes of the most luxurious life in our eastern cities.

St. Paul is a big manufacturing centre also. Its great industry is shoe-making. Many large factories concerned with man's sole are here in St. Paul. It is a fit spot for such a work and the St. Paulites claim that the shoes fit. Many wholesale houses in all the lines of business are here and the trade they carry on in the surrounding States is very large and lucrative. St. Paul claims to do the principal wholesale and Minneapolis the retail business of the State. The buyers in smalls go to Minneapolis and the sellers in bigs go out from St. Paul.

St. Paul gets shipping that Minneapolis misses. The largest vessels can come to St. Paul, but a smaller class to Minneapolis. St. Paul is 3000 miles from the mouth of the Mississippi. What a waterway this mighty river is. But American enterprise uses comparatively poor resources to secure business successes in such a way that often our better Canadian facilities are beaten and that to our shame. The American is a charming friend and a dangerous competitor. He will "do" you if he can when you are on a "deal" with him and when he has "won out" will blandly tell you that "you must get your eye teeth cut."

THE SWEDEN OF AMERICA.



The Chronicle's Special Correspondent Describes the Trip to Lake Huron and Lake Ontario to Toronto.



WESTMOUNT, July 22.—Minneapolis has a larger number of Swedish people than any other city in the world. Nearly all her police force are Swedes. East and West of Minneapolis there are large settlements of these people and in the State of Wisconsin the settlements are even more numerous. For over two hundred miles we ran through a land where the speech of the people and the names of their towns brought Europe very near to us. Strickland, Weyerhauser, Rhineland, Roosevelt, Gagen and similar places told of majorities of these old world people. The climate of Minnesota and Wisconsin is said to be the great cause of these immigrations. The intense cold of winter makes the northman of Europe feel very much at home. Wisconsin has small reason to be proud of her agricultural land so far as one can see travelling by train through the State. We were rolled on past rocks and stones and trees in our Soo flyer. It may be that we had seen so much prairie that the stones and trees were magnified by contrast but enquiry elicited the statement, that Wisconsin is not a good growing state in this northern part. Towards the South and East of its large area, agriculture flourishes better.

By the time our train had invaded the acres of the State of Michigan I was fast asleep and dreaming at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour. The sun of the early morning following opened my eyes on the blue waters of Lake Michigan. This second in size of the five lakes is entirely an American "institooshin" and no Canadian is allowed to catch whales, seals or sea serpents in or on Lake Michigan. As I caught glimpses of its vast expanse I tried to convey to my mind, in terms of Nova Scotia, the size of Lake Michigan and I

The Sweden of America.

found that if the miles of fresh water sea were squared and the miles of Nova Scotia clay were squared you could put Nova Scotia afloat on Michigan Lake. Then you might take "The Island"—there is only one—and having squared it put it beside Nova Scotia on this Lake and there would be so little water left uncovered that there would be no need of a tunnel to the Mainland from "The Island."

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At Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, the C. P. steamer "Manitoba" took us aboard and we were soon sailing across, the part Canadian Lake Huron. It was a perfect summer day. The water was like a mirror excepting a few cat's-paws here and there and the change from unadulterated American dust to part Canadian sea was very pleasing.

We were to have twenty-one hours sea trip across water nearly one thousand miles from the ocean. The list of passengers was very large. The fashion and wealth of cities promenaded the decks. "Swelldom" in diamonds and dimity—some with less dimity than diamonds—walked up and down for there was no Atlantic swell to subdue them. We were not sorry. We had painful and particular memories of "the big pond" and it is pleasing to be able to get all you pay for on board ship. The sea and the service were so "scrumptious" that no one had anything to "put up with."

Lake Huron is the third in size of the Great Lakes and is nearly as large as Nova Scotia. In this Lake there are three thousand islands. The Manitoulin group on the north shore of the Lake comprises the one made notorious by Mr. Gamey and his dupes and dupers. We saw it quite plainly from the ship as we steamed along. This Island is eighty miles long by twenty wide with a population of over two thousand. Some places achieve notoriety by their general bid for it and some have it tagged to them by means of some outstanding motive. I am told that while Grand Manitoulin Island is not as good as it ought to be it cannot be fairly judged by the man who has lately made it so (in) famous.

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The night was gathering as the eastern point of Grand Manitoulin sank into the sea. Far astern the west was spattered with the drops of glory left by the vanished sun. The saloon was thronged with the passengers and their songs and talk floated out into the dark. The deck was deserted save for a few poetic promenaders who were now walking with face to the east and then to the west under the starry sky. The noise of the engines and the chatter of the peo-

The Sweden of America.

ple made it impossible for us to hear the heavenly harmony but we could see enough to satisfy and when the moon just entering her last quarter looked over the edge of the Lake with a rose red face as if challenging our vessel's approach we were unable to enjoy any longer alone the scene but must rush below and order all hands we knew on deck to be moon struck. Such a moon as that would interfere very greatly with one's chance of sleeping on the cat-haunted land but we had no such interference; we watched it until the larger stars modestly closed their eyes and the nebulae of the milky way hid among the little stars and then we turned in to dream that we were sailing

"In a painted ship
Across a painted ocean."

But

"The night went down
And the sun smiled out
Far over the summer sea"

and before the tardy risers had finished breakfast next morning we were moored at the pier in Owen Sound.

Four hours later we were walking the streets of fair Toronto, the second city of Canada. A day at Niagara capped very well this series of glimpses I have been having of our Great Dominion. My powers of description stop short at "the grand", Niagara goes far beyond that so I must be silent. An untravelled Englishman approached the captain of a liner as the steamer sighted Cape Race, and said: "I, aw, sai cawptin ah we neah Niagawa?" "No sir." "Oh, aw, I thought it fell into the Awtlantic." One thinks at Niagara that the Atlantic is falling over the cliff so huge is the torrent of green water that thunders down into the gorge. The average discharge of water at Niagara is 265,000 cubic feet per second. At this rate it is estimated that it would take one hundred years to drain the four upper lakes, but as all the upper lakes have a lower elevation than the top of Niagara they can never, under present conditions, be drained by the falls. Mrs. Wiggs gave Lovey Mary a bottle to fetch back to the Cabbage Patch a sample of "Niag'ry water." "Fill it full" she said. "I want to see how them Falls look." The West has the Rockies and the East has Niagara. Canada and the United States strangely enough, divide the possession of these world wonders, and if it has to be said, it can honestly be said that Canada has the better part of each of these nature abnormalities.

FOR THE SAKE OF THE MAN WHO CANNOT GO WEST.



Canadians are we from ocean to ocean. A jealous provincialism in Canada is to be deprecated and a comparison of East and West to the scorning of the one and the boasting of the other ought to be considered odious as it is. The West holds many today whose appreciation of the West is very great and at the same time their memory of the old home by the Atlantic is dear. And this is well. It were base ingratitude to discount or "damn with faint praise" the helps of the home in the past because a new home in a new land is sweet and pleasant to dwell in. Westward Ho! has always been a rallying call. The East is the old. The West is the new and "some new thing" is the quest of dissatisfied man.

But what of the folk who cannot go West? What shall these men do? Are the opportunities in the West so many and so magnificent that the man who stays East is to be commiserated? Is the East depleted and the West untapped? Are the best things only in the West? The Red men who lived in Nova Scotia, before the seas were crossed by the discoverers of this continent named it *Acadie* meaning a land of plenty. It afforded these sons of the forest an abundant supply of game, fish, fruits, berries, nuts and roots. It was a land of plenty then and it is not yet anything else. The Nova Scotian is still an Acadian. The fish still swarm around the coasts of our province that thrusts itself out into the sea like a great pier. The forests still shelter noble game. In our valleys and on our mountains slopes the fruits that command the highest prices in the great world markets ripen and mellow through the long and slow fading autumn. We have ranching lands where thousands of cattle can feed and miles of meadow and marsh and dyke land that yield fodder for the wintering of stock. The economic values of Nova Scotia are many. Men with enterprise and capital are needed to develop these and Nova Scotia will be a very important wealth producer. Already she has shown what is possible in this respect.

For the Sake of the Man Who Cannot Go West.

Premier Murray, speaking at the recent exhibition in Pictou, said we are inclined to be envious of Manitoba and its great export of wheat, but in Nova Scotia last year the products of the sea were worth \$8,000,000 in cash to us, equivalent to 16,000,000 bushels of wheat; then, too we raised 5,000,000 tons of coal, which at two dollars a ton, represented 20,000,000 bushels of wheat and, if we remember these things, we will see that our position is better than that of Manitoba or any other province in Canada.

The area of Nova Scotia is 20,882 square miles. About one-half is covered with forest. Spruce, fir, hemlock, pine, maple, birches, oaks, beech and ash. There is no need to note that in recent years carelessness and stupidity have lost to us by fire great tracts of the finest timber lands, the fact is too well known. The Government and owners of timber lands are now alive to the value of these forests. When it is remembered that none of the timber that grows in the six million acres of lumber woods is more than twenty eight miles from the tide and all of it near to natural waterways it will be seen that Nova Scotia has wealth in her woods. The annual exported quantity of lumber and deals from Nova Scotia is two hundred million feet representing nearly twenty million dollars.

"The world may be safely challenged for another area of twenty thousand square miles of equal richness and variety."

Canada is not only the western part of the Northern half of this American Continent. It is wrong for us to lay too much stress on the wealth of the West when we are speaking of Canada. "It must constantly be remembered" says G. R. Parkin "that after all the brains and pith and marrow of the country are still in the Eastern Provinces; that these are still the centre of political force, of the country's progress, wealth and culture, of those decisive characteristics which have given Canada its strong individuality and will for many years to come, chiefly mould its future; that, in fact, the North-West is but a yesterday's off shoot and creation of the sturdy life which has been steadily growing up for a long time in the East."

While then one does well to go West if he cannot remain East the man who can and does stay where the sun rises first is not to be pitied. Many men who found life hard in Nova Scotia and went West have found life harder.

While on the other hand many have found the way in the West rich in rewards of toil. As in most cases success depends on the man and his willingness to put up a good fight and fight to the finish.

For the Sake of the Man Who Cannot Go West.

Here in the East or there in the West we have a kind soil, a blue sky, a promising future and if we quit ourselves like men and live for the good we can do to our fellows and our fatherland it shall be as it now is with Canadians—they need not take their hats off to any men on this old earth.



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