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I want all kinds of good beef  
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I am still in the wholesale as  
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Hamilton and Brantford mar-  
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## SIX THOUSAND MILE JOURNEY.

Mrs. Gervaise Graham Writes Entertainingly of a Holiday Trip from  
Chicago, via Seattle to Skagway in Alaska and Return, then  
from Victoria and Vancouver by C. P. R. through British  
Columbia, Saskatchewan, Alberta and Manitoba  
Back to Chicago.

(Continued from last week.)

5 p.m. Aug. 7th. Here we are at  
Sitka, but so disappointed because it  
is raining, and the beautiful bay filled  
with islands, and lovely Mt. Edge-  
combe cannot be seen for the fog—all  
day too in coming we have been in fog  
and rain. And there is so much of  
interest at Sitka. Well we make  
the best of it and start out. Taking  
wagons we visit Indian River park—  
most romantic in its natural state  
roads through beautiful pine woods:  
Ten o'clock in the evening finds us  
still in the museum, where it is just  
beginning to get too dark to see  
things well. We have also visited  
the old Greek Church, and now we  
must buy postal cards and see the  
basket makers, because our boat must  
leave when the tide is high tomorrow  
morning. The ghost of Baranoff, the  
arbitrary old Russian who ruled here  
in such a lordly manner some 100  
years ago, has been present with me  
much of the time I have been here.  
Yes, its too bad we can't stay longer.  
Every one says so, and Baranoff's  
ghost, whispers in my ear. "It broke  
my heart to leave Sitka." 7 o'clock  
Sunday morning we are off, and we  
go back through Peril Straits in the  
glorious sunshine. I do not know  
which is the more fascinating—the  
grey of yesterday or the gold of to-  
day. As we come out into the broad  
water the higher snow-capped moun-  
tains appear and the aspect is  
constantly changing. The moun-  
tains in some lights are the most  
wonderful violet-blue, the near ones  
green, and sometimes brown, with  
here and there many high grey peaks  
without verdure. Jagged, irregular,  
sharp and weird of outline. We  
notice some snowy peaks and a little  
lower down on the same mountain the  
most vivid green verdure. The water  
is sometimes a cold grey, then deep  
blue. Even the very atmo-  
sphere seems to be of many colors. I  
have said nothing of beauty of the  
many numerous little snow-white  
waterfalls, rushing down the moun-  
tain side, sometimes visible from their  
very starting point perhaps 3000 feet  
high. Almost wherever there is snow  
on the mountains there are beautiful  
cascades. Merlakatia is an Indian  
village of 1,000 inhabitants. Rev.  
Wm. Dunham, an Englishman, is its  
founder. He came here 40 years ago  
when a young, talented man, and al-  
though the Indians were of the most  
savage and hostile tribes, he stayed  
with them and made friends of them.  
After reading of their indescribable  
faith and their loathsomeness, I re-  
marked to my friend that every Indian  
in all the world might go to  
eternal perdition before I would sacri-  
fice my life as Mr. Dunham has done;  
but when I had finished reading the  
account of his work and realized the  
infinite good he has accomplished,  
and the work he is still doing, I  
thought his life was well spent. My  
friend remarked that such a man  
shake hands with him than any man  
she ever saw. Every Indian, man  
woman and child fit this town looks  
healthy, happy and prosperous. And  
now we will visit lovely Ketchikan, a  
beautiful village high up on the hills.  
There are many handsome homes here  
and the climate is said to be quite  
ideal. I never gets very cold. The  
most interesting thing for us is the  
beautiful tempestuous creek, which  
we follow to its lake source; and the  
salmon run in this creek, which is at  
its full, and which we found wonder-  
fully fascinating. The last two  
nights we have watched gorgeous sun-  
sets from the boat.

And now for a long restful run.  
Given the most comfortable and in-  
satisfiable of sight-seers gets tired some-  
times, and it is well that we have this  
long stretch of water without any  
stops until we shall reach Victoria, B.C.

Thirteen days since we left Seattle  
and we are ready to leave the boat.  
Victoria does not seem far enough  
away from Vancouver to account for  
the great difference in climate, but I  
suppose the location does it. There  
is a dry summer season here and the  
sun shines every day; while in Van-  
couver it generally rains. Perhaps I  
had better qualify that statement by  
saying that it rains a great deal there.  
Then Victoria is broadly, awfully Eng-  
lish, and I am told that there are not  
many young people there, and that  
the Victorians don't care about hav-  
ing their town grow big. Well! It  
is even more beautifully located than  
Vancouver, and the air is so light  
and pure and invigorating that its  
enough pleasure just to live and  
breathe, without doing things. It  
isn't big and it isn't bustling, but the  
Canadian Pacific has there one of the  
finest hotels, the size of which does  
not prevent it from being homelike  
and comfortable. I should like some-  
time to come to stay a while in Vi-  
ctoria—but I think I should bring some  
company with me.

Another beautiful little four or five  
hour's trip by boat to Vancouver and  
we will be ready to start out on the  
Canadian Pacific Railroad. We will  
make this trip home easy, and enjoy  
it by traveling by day and by stopping  
off as long as we please at the famous  
beauty spots along the C.P.R. When  
we leave Vancouver we immediately  
begin to ascend. As the C. P. R.  
furnishes its passengers with a most  
complete "Annotated Time Table" I  
can now furnish you with altitudes  
and other data. So we leave Van-  
couver in the morning, and we have  
what is called the Fraser River scen-  
ery. The river is not large where  
we first meet it, and it is a grey,  
green, grey from its turbulence I  
suppose, and green because it is fed  
by glacial streams. It grows into a  
mighty river farther on. The forest  
trees are immense here, and we  
have many beautiful glimpses of Mt.  
Baker, a magnificent isolated cone,  
in the State of Washington, rising  
14,000 ft. above the railway level. We  
pass also through rich agricultural  
land, famed for dairying and mixed  
farming. A little over a hundred  
miles from Vancouver we enter the

canon of the Fraser, where the cliffs  
are enormous and apparently bar the  
way. The canon is about 12 miles  
long and the scenery has been truth-  
fully described as stunning. The  
railroad is cut into the cliffs 200 feet  
or more above the madly and foaming  
river. The narrowest point in the  
canon is called "Hell Gate" (and it  
looks like it). About 50 miles  
farther we leave the valley of the  
Fraser and enter the canon on the  
Thompson River. The mountains  
now draw together, and the railway  
winds along their face hundreds of  
feet above the struggling river. The  
gorge rapidly narrows and deepens,  
and the scenery becomes wild beyond  
description. The frowning cliffs op-  
posite are mottled and streaked in  
many striking colors, and now  
and then, through breaks in the  
high escarpment, snowy peaks are  
seen glistening above the clouds. And  
thus we pass through mountain, val-  
ley and canon, ever ascending. We  
arrive at Sicamous, 334 miles from  
Vancouver and 1300 feet higher alti-  
tude, in the evening. Here we pass  
the night in order to miss nothing of  
the magnificent scenery. We are up  
and early for our second day's  
trip—and very bright it certainly is,  
and comfortable for the observation car,  
where we generally manage to get  
seats. Still up we climb, snow-capped  
mountains are no longer a curiosi-  
ty. We see them at almost every  
turn. And dark gorges and canons,  
sun-kissed valleys and roaring rivers  
are all familiar grown. At 1.30 p.m.  
the second day we stop at Glacier,  
422 miles from Vancouver and at an  
altitude of 4122 ft. Here are two  
great mountain glaciers—the Illecil-  
lewaet, and the Asulkan. Close by  
the Illecillewaet glacier rises Mt. Sir  
Donald (10,808 ft.). This starately  
monolith was named for Sir Donald  
Smith, now Lord Strathcona. Here  
are many high mountains. We are  
in the midst of the great glaciers of  
the Selkirk. The Glacier House (Can-  
adian Pacific Hotel) is a beautiful  
hotel, most excellently managed by  
a clever English woman, Mrs.  
Young. Here we get the best of at-  
tention and all the delicious things  
in season to eat. Directly in front  
of the hotel runs the Illecillewaet  
River. And high up on the moun-  
tain side among the trees starts a  
magnificent cascade, an ever roaring  
mountain torrent, which tumbles down  
to join the stream, and white as  
snow it is from its hurry, and get there.  
Sir Donald and four or five others are  
a part of the mountain range that we  
scarcely have to turn our heads to  
see. Then look where we may high  
mountains greet us, many of them  
snow covered. A walk of 45 minutes  
take us to the foot of the Illecillewaet  
or Great Glacier. It is perhaps one  
half mile wide here, and it is suppos-  
ed to extend back among the moun-  
tain canons for near 100 miles.

A ride on horseback, or a walk if  
you are strenuous, leads to the Asulkan  
Glacier. It is rather a steep climb  
but nothing can exceed it in beauty.  
A great part of the way we pass along  
the bank of the Asulkan Creek, a gen-  
eral mountain beauty, of that peculiar  
pea-green of all glacier fed streams,  
with a series of white cascades foam-  
ing through vistas of dark spruce and  
fir. At the cascades, where we stop  
to rest, we count 11 snow white water-  
falls hurrying down the precipitous  
mountain sides to join the creek. Once  
arrived at the Glacier the Asulkan  
Valley spreads out before us and the  
mountain surrounds peak upon peak;  
some verdure covered, others lifting  
their snow-clad heads high in the  
clouds, and still others present bare  
castellated crags. Many easy mount-  
ain trails make Glacier an ideal rest-  
ing place for hikers. Game is  
very abundant here. It is an ideal  
place for hunters. Two days is too  
short a time to give to Glacier, but  
time presses, so we betake ourselves  
again to the rear platform of the ob-  
servation car and journey on through  
more of these gigantic mountains.  
Dark ravines, rushing rivers and  
beautiful mountain valleys. Two  
miles from Glacier we cross the Selkirk  
Summit. We soon enter Rogers  
Pass, named after Major A. B. Rogers,  
by whose adventurous energy it was  
discovered in 1881, previous to which  
no human foot had penetrated to the  
summit of this great central range.  
The Pass lies between two lines of  
huge snow-capped peaks. That on the  
north forms a prodigious amphithe-  
atre, under whose parapet, five or  
six thousand feet above the valley,  
half a dozen glaciers may be seen at  
once, and so near that their shining  
green fissures are distinctly visible.  
We are rapidly descending until we  
reach Moberly, 20 miles from Selkirk  
Summit and nearly 2000 feet lower  
altitude. Then up again we go, until  
we reach Laggan 56 miles from Moberly,  
and at an altitude of 4,930 feet.

A ride of an hour, on a hot day, over  
a road so steep that the horses can  
but walk, and so dusty that we  
breathe with the greatest difficulty,  
and we find ourselves in the quaint  
chateau at charming Lake Louise.  
A more beautiful and fascinating spot  
I have never seen. The lake is 14  
miles long and 3/4 of a mile in width  
at its broadest, and 700 feet deep at  
its centre. A small valley, wooded,  
except where the snow has been cleared  
away, and so near that their shining  
green fissures are distinctly visible.  
We are rapidly descending until we  
reach Moberly, 20 miles from Selkirk  
Summit and nearly 2000 feet lower  
altitude. Then up again we go, until  
we reach Laggan 56 miles from Moberly,  
and at an altitude of 4,930 feet.

up this strangely colored lake, the  
grey mountain leaning well over it on  
one side, the wooded green mountain  
sloping away from the other side, the  
uneven canons at the far end, be-  
tween and among which rests this  
huge, white, glistening snowbank,  
which, starting miles and miles dis-  
tant, apparently from the blue sky  
itself, finally reaches the water's edge.  
We row over this exquisite lake when  
the sun is setting, and thank God  
that we have an appreciation of beau-  
ty. On other days we visit the lakes  
in the clouds famed the world over  
for their beauty, but nature's chef-  
d'oeuvre in these parts is certainly  
Lake Louise. The highest mountain  
near Laggan is named Temple and it  
is 11,626 feet.

(Concluded no next page)

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