

Touring in Canada

(By a Tourist.)

The holiday-seeker who likes to take a jaunt abroad periodically has his field of travel greatly restricted because of the war. He may not go to Europe and may have no desire to cross the international boundary into the United States. He can visit anywhere in Canada, however and he can make his journeyings to suit his purse. There are many things to see in his own land, which is blest with every variety of scenery. There are grand tours in every direction by water or by rail, or by a combination of both. Of east, west, north and south this is true. The railway trains and the steamboats and steamships serve Canadians well and he lives in an isolated spot indeed, whose home is not near a station or a wharf.

For the man with the time and money to spare, a journey from ocean to ocean is the thing. Such a holiday is a revelation. High land and low land in the East, prairie in the centre, and then the Rocky Mountains and the great rivers that run into the Pacific Ocean. Each section has its charms and its advantages that the dwellers therein swear by. Their own particular neighborhood is always the best, with any other part of Canada next. It is a good form of patriotism.

It is 3,000 miles and over from Montreal to Vancouver and to enjoy such a holiday to the full requires a three weeks' vacation. So the ordinary traveller cannot hope to make the transcontinental journey, especially in such a period of international stress as exists today. But there are many who can go part of the way. To Winnipeg it is something over 1,400 miles from Montreal, and Winnipeg is a city worth visiting. It is the metropolis of the West—a community that has grown in two score years from a hundred persons to two hundred thousand. Old Fort Garry, the chief post of the Hudson Bay Company at the confluence of the Red River and the Assiniboine, has developed into a city that the West is justly proud of, and the East as well. The streets are broad, well paved and well cared for, and the public and business buildings are solid and splendid structures. Fine railway stations, and superior hotels impress the visitor. The big department stores are crowded. The citizens are energetic and their community shows it. For the visitor there are numerous points of interest, and every person in the street is at his service to advise him.

There are several routes to the capital of Manitoba, for three transcontinental lines serve its business. The Montrealer may take a pleasant week's holiday by going by rail and water on the Grand Trunk System, and returning over the Canadian Government Railway, which runs through a new and quite interesting territory. The latter road is the section of the National Transcontinental which runs from Winnipeg to Cochrane. The tour in question is begun at Montreal and embraces a trip on the Grand Trunk to Sarnia, where the Northern Navigation Company's palatial steamers are boarded. From Sarnia the liners depart at 4 o'clock in the afternoon for the voyage through Lake Huron. Next morning the head of the lake is reached and soon the St. Mary's River is entered. At noon Sault Ste. Marie is put into, and the great locks, a water bridge 900 feet in length, negotiated. The steamer proceeds through the upper St. Mary's River, then into Whitefish Bay, and, in the late afternoon, into Lake Superior. Traffic on the lakes is heavy, ships flying British or American flags being constantly passed. For hours at a time Northern Navigation Company and Canadian Pacific liners will be sailing perhaps a mile apart, and when a fog bank is run into on Superior, as it frequently is, the vessels sound hoarse signals to each other at short intervals until they emerge into clear atmosphere, perhaps only half an hour after entering the fog. The second morning out Port Arthur and Fort William are reached, and the traveller is at the gateway to the Great Northwest. Here is the spout through which a vast quantity of the grain from the prairie provinces passes. As the Canadian Government Railway's special steamer train does not start for Winnipeg until 6 p.m., a trip to Kakabeka Falls, an hour's ride on the Canadian Northern Railway—now another Government road—is advisable. The Kakabeka River runs through rich iron ore deposits, so its waters are tinged a rich amber color and present a beautiful spectacle as they plunge over the fall to the black rocks far below. From the deep gorge beneath, the spray rises to a height of fifty feet and more. The Kakabeka Falls are being developed and supply power to the cities of Port Arthur and Fort William. They are a sight worth going to see.

It is a night's journey from Fort William to Winnipeg over the Canadian Government Railway. The train service is of the best and the route is a scenic one. The darkness falls considerably later than in the East, and from the observation car at the back of the train the passenger gazes on hill and plain as he is rushed along on his straightaway course at the rate of fifty to sixty miles an hour. If he sits up long enough he will see the Imperial Limited pass on the C.P.R. main line, on its way east. He wakes up in the morning on the prairie, where he notices that the earth is a rich, deep black color. This is the soil that grows the famous Manitoba wheat. The train pulls into Winnipeg at breakfast time and the westward part of the journey is ended.

Coming home by the Canadian Government Railway there is much of interest to see. From prairie terrain the train enters a rocky country covered with stunted pine. Here and there are spots covered with larger timber such as birch and maple, which testify to the good soil beneath. Farther east towards Armstrong and from there on to Cochrane the land is generally level—as level as the western prairies in some sections. Lakes and rivers are everywhere, and the line is so far north that it crosses streams which run up into James Bay. On the banks of these, Indian families are often encamped, and the stalwart head of the wigwam, perhaps a trapper in the Nipigon country, may be seen smoking his pipe and placidly looking at the train as it glides smoothly and swiftly by. His squaw keeps on working and the children play about as children everywhere do. On the shore close by are a couple of dingy but businesslike canoes, guarded by a dog of doubtful pedigree. At Kapuskasing there is an enemy alien internment camp, the residents in which are well housed and apparently quite content with their enforced lot. Certainly they look well cared for, and they and their soldier guards are on good terms. The location of the camp is picturesque. Much land has been cleared by the prisoners, who have created quite a good-looking settlement.

New Ontario is rich in mineral wealth, but it has agricultural possibilities as well. It is cold in winter

the clay belt, but the soil is fertile enough. Such an authority as Hon. Andrew Broder says there is much good farming land in the region. Already settlements are springing up along the railway. Considerable clearing has been accomplished and much more is going on. Grain and oat and vegetable fields of promise are to be seen. The settlers are a strong-looking lot with intelligent faces. The men are big, strapping fellows, their wives are comfortable looking, while the numerous children are healthy to a degree. Big families are the rule with the pioneers. Dogs are much in evidence in the country, which is a game one. Heads and antlers and hides decorate the fronts of houses and barns. In the streams the trout is ready to take the fly or snap at the bait on the slightest provocation. So the people of the neighborhood declare when questioned.

From Cochrane the train runs south over the Temiskaming & Northern Ontario Railway, through a mining region, past Englehart, New Liskeard, Cobalt and other famous centres, down to North Bay. From there the route is over the Grand Trunk through the beautiful Muskoka district to Toronto. Rich farms are then everywhere in evidence, for the husbandman of older Ontario is a master at his business.