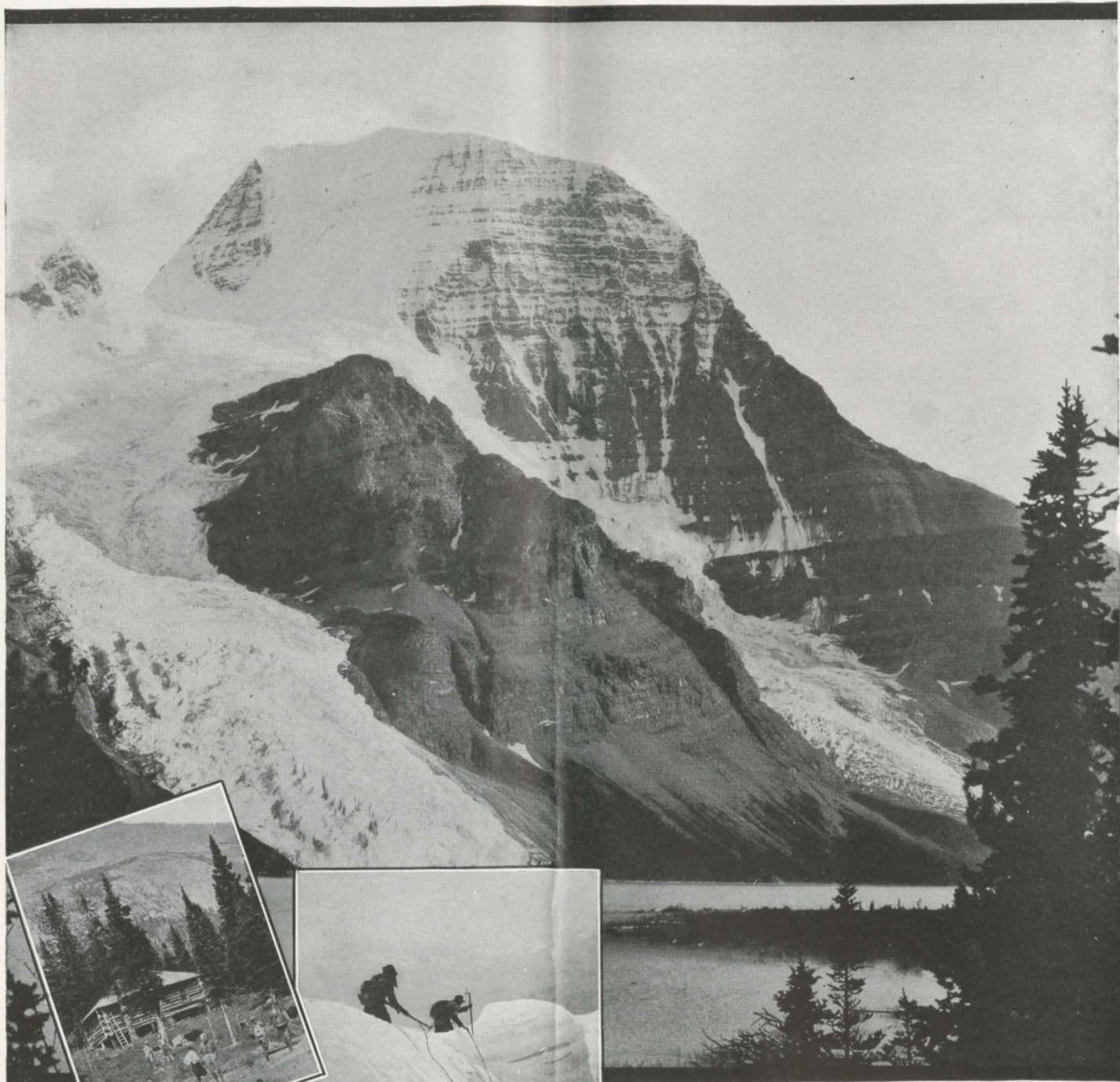


The CANADIAN ROCKIES

GIVEN OUT AT
Multnomah Hotel Travel Bureau
PORTLAND, OREGON

The Triangle
Tour

CANADIAN NATIONAL CANADIAN NATIONAL



In one corner of the great Triangle which encloses Canada's Mountain Wonderland stands majestic Mount Robson, (alt. 12,972 ft.), Monarch of the Canadian Rockies.

At the left: a bungalow on Berg Lake, and members of the Alpine Club of America scaling Robson's icy peak.

THE CANADIAN ROCKIES *and* THE TRIANGLE TOUR of British Columbia

GIRDING THE HEART OF CANADA'S WONDERLAND

HAVE you ever lowered your pullman car shade upon the dim undulations of endless prairies, to raise it in the first pink flush of dawn upon the distant barriers of rock and snow that form the watershed of the Continent—the Rockies? That first never-to-be-forgotten view of the eternal ranges! They reach out over miles of foothills and plains to lay their spell upon you—the spell that remains with you for life.

How easily we appropriate those giants and group them mentally as our Rockies or the other fellow's. Countries claim their share of the backbone of North America, from Mexico's Sierra Madre, up through the Wahsatch ranges to Canada's pinnacled peaks, but they are all the same big family. Here and there Governments lay out parks among these mountains as large in area as principalities, and once more are the snow capped giants classified, as the "Yellowstone Mountains" or "The Jasper Rockies". And so it has quite naturally befallen that the Canadian National Railways, cleaving its exclusive path among the highest landmarks in the Dominion, looks upon many of those formidable giants as all its own.

Mountains, like great men, stand aloof from one another. They never shake hands with their neighbors. They inspire awe in those who merely see them. But to love them you must know them. Travelling by the Canadian National you come so close upon them and look up at their snow-crowned heads from so many different angles that you feel their full measure of fascination.

Perhaps the greatest beauty of the Rockies is that man cannot spoil them, nor civilization mar their glory. Though trains may crawl around their base and whistle through their gorges; luxurious hotels rear their heads among the pines; smooth motor roads wind up to dizzy heights upon their sides; trails wander higher still for those who climb in the saddle—the Rockies still remain as they were before the days of man, glisten as they did before the human eye thrilled to their wonder or the human soul surrendered to their enchantment.

Come with us then from wherever you are, across the border or the continent, and let us make known to you *the* Rockies

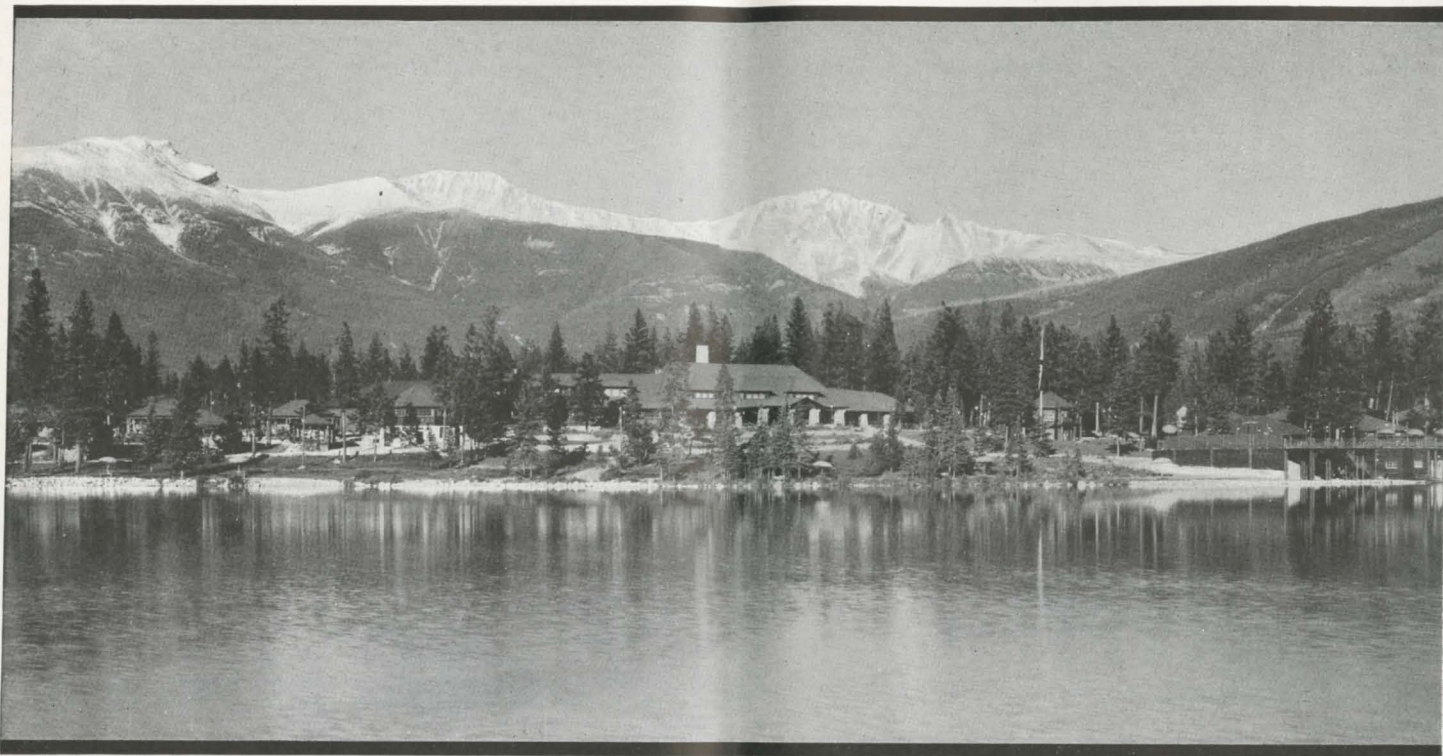
and show you close-ups, as they say in the movies, of Mounts Robson and Edith Cavell, the Glacier of the Angels, Maligne lake, the most magnificent thing you can hope to look upon, and all those other points that are, really, but outstanding wonders in wonderland.

JASPER

The greatest natural game and forest preserve in America is that forty-four hundred square miles of Rocky Mountain country known as the Jasper National Park. A mysterious old clerk of the North West Company, one Jasper Hawes, would be surprised were he alive to-day, at the fame of his name throughout that wilderness of peaks and valleys. The romance of Western Canada lingers here in the names of mountains and lakes and rivers.

David Thompson passed this way on his struggle to the Pacific in 1810 and the torrent that bears his name symbolizes in its never-tiring dash for the sea, the virility of that dauntless man of iron. Here, where the Athabaska and Miette join their waters, passed all the early travellers and fur traders. The emissaries of the first John Jacob Astor attempted to establish a gigantic fur trade monopoly in this country, one that would extend from the Great Lakes to the Pacific and thence, via the Sandwich Islands, to China. Returning discouraged with failure, one of their number, Franchère by name, wrote the first published account of what is now Jasper National Park.

The natural pass and gateway to the west and the most travelled crossing of the Great Divide, the Park is as filled with memories of adventurous spirits as it is with peaks to commemorate them. Jasper Park Lodge fairly centers the Park and is itself the rendezvous of modern summer travellers, who come to do their bit of exploring by motor, canoe, on horseback or afoot. It is a log house that "combines the simplicity of a shooting-box with the comfort of a good hotel. It has large rooms for dining and sitting in, with mediaeval fireplaces made of boulders from the river. Scattered about it in the near forest, and by the margin of Lac Beauvert that dreams in almost perpetual slumber at its feet, are log-cabins,



The first glimpse of Jasper Park Lodge is that obtained approaching from Jasper Station. Lac Beauvert, shimmering in the foreground mirrors the Old Man (Roche Bonhomme), whose clear-cut features are easily discernible in this view, at the left.

each one a habitation apart, and in each, for all its rustic charm, there lie concealed the artifices of our modern life."

From Jasper our rails divide to plunge through canyons and valleys of the Rockies and to emerge, the one line at Vancouver to the south, the other at Prince Rupert to the north. We shall pass lightly over both courses for your pleasure in these pages, after dwelling upon, but never exhausting, (for that would be impossible), the joyous adventures to be encountered in the Park itself. The terminal points of the Canadian National rails, where they reach the Pacific, are connected by a sea route through the celebrated Inside Passage, thus giving point to the term applied locally to this 1,500 mile journey of "Triangle Tour." This channel of "drowned river valleys and hills" between Vancouver and Prince Rupert, leads on to Alaska, but that is another story that we shall touch upon later.

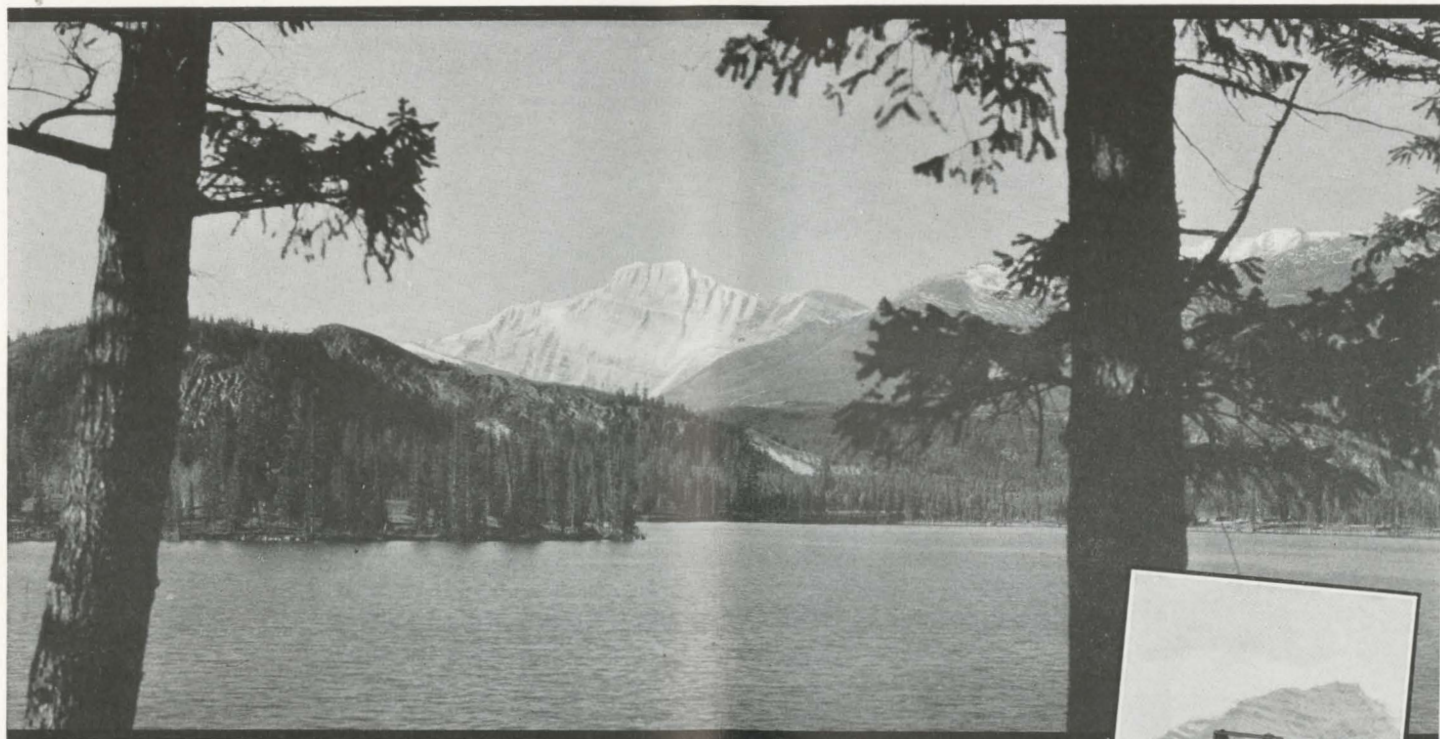
That Mountain Life

From the Lodge all your horizons are above you and capped in snow, but to reach them you would have to go "one, two sleeps" as the Indians say, on the best of mountain ponies.

Beautiful roads allow you to motor at will, but trails lead where roads don't wander, and adventure calls you to the saddle. Peaks challenge your instinct to climb, and trusted guides lend confidence to such pursuits. Languorous moods will lead you to those dark pools where the trout are always jumping. Habit calls you to the links for eighteen holes before your lunch. Thus the golden days melt pleasantly away.

Here is a spot "above most others, in which the seeker after repose can find it, in a climate that in summer attains perfection." But there are difficult and unattainable things at hand; the unconquered peaks and forests and "rivers rolling upon their way through lands half-known to ice-cold seas". Much as you want to rest, you will want far more to roam, and in satisfying the latter desire you will, strongly enough, perhaps from the very newness of every sensation, return to your life, wherever it may be, immeasurably refreshed and gladdened and impressed with the wonder and majesty of Nature as viewed in this mountain playground.

You may take a motor and circle the valley, climbing so rapidly by a series of easy grades, that only the diminishing



From the verandahs of the Lodge is obtained this unforgettable view of Mount Edith Cavell, twenty miles distant.

size of river below you and the new appearing heads of peaks and of entire ranges, will tell you the story of your swift ascent. Thus you attain the near slopes of Mount Edith Cavell, whose white outlines are mirrored in the waters of Lac Beauvert, defying the twenty miles that separate it from your very feet while sitting upon the verandah of the Lodge. Leaving the car you may walk but a step to the Glacier of the Angel. This body of living ice lies like a headless angel with white wings extended upon the breast of the mountain. It dwindles into the waters of Lake Cavell that looks like a cupful of crystal from where you stand gazing. Against the glacier's gleaming surface and in colourful contrast, rises Mount Sorrow, whose rugged contour you have viewed from your approaching car.

Playing your accustomed game of golf or tennis at this altitude, some 3,470 feet, is an effortless pleasure. The air is just sufficiently rarified to lend zest to your drive or vigor to your serve. This eighteen hole course gives the opportunity for play as near heaven as most of us will ever venture with a bag of sticks.

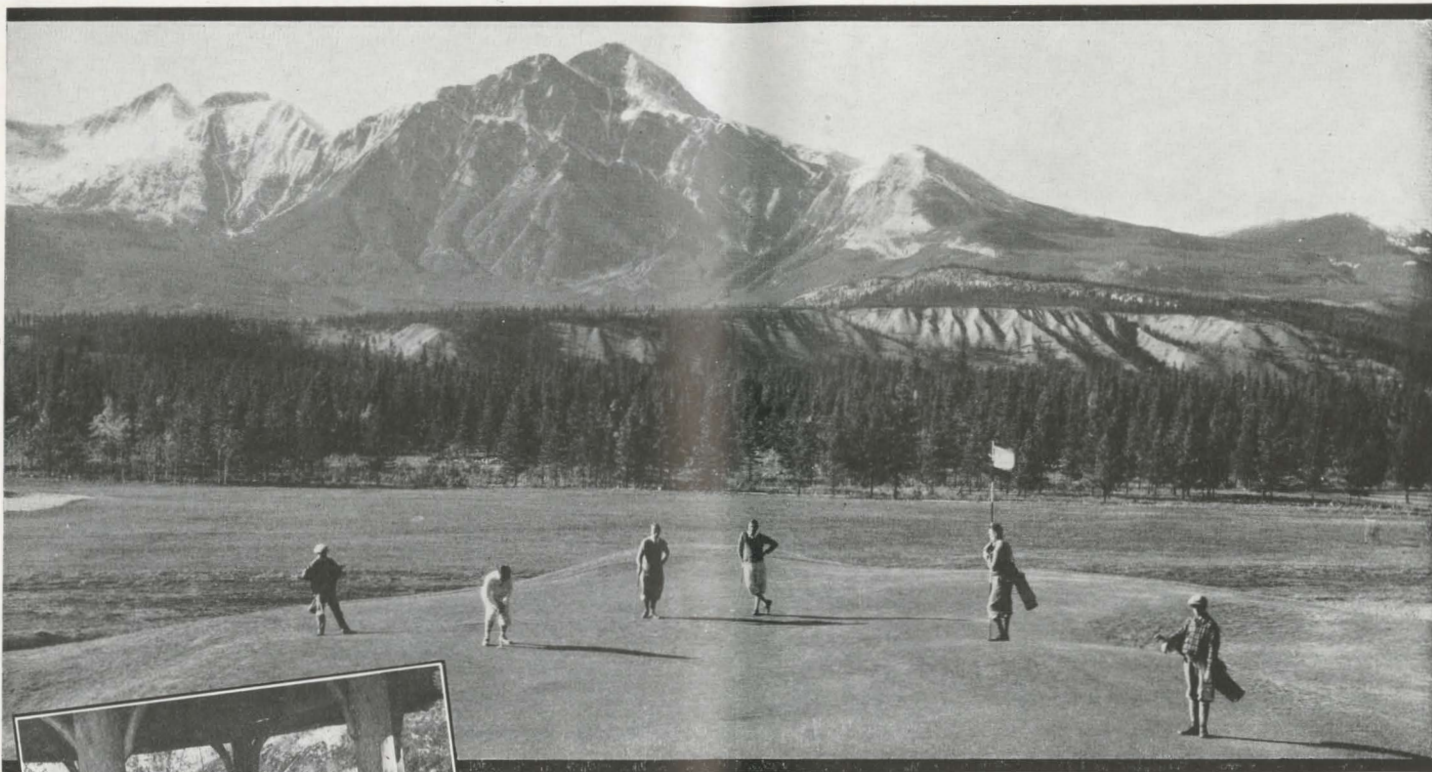
In the early hours of the morning, when the mist still wreathes the slim battalions of fire that edge Lac Beauvert

The Cavell Motor Road leading via the Athabaska Valley to the foot of the Glacier of the Angel.



and the stillness is so intense that there is almost an echo to the drip from a paddle, you will yield to the temptation to steal out upon the lake all alone. To view the panorama of the encircling hills and the still larger ring of snow-spangled peaks beyond, you will have to turn the head in all directions, but in the glassy waters of the lake you can see all the glories of your world reflected. There too, when the sun rises to pierce its depths, is disclosed the life of another world. You can look down and see the pebbles and boulders that lie upon its floor, moulded in light and shadow. The sandy bottom is the colour of ver-de-gris. So transparent is the water that at a distance of 75 feet one can see a fish embalmed in green azure.

Here broods serenity. Cloud shadows make no sound upon the surface as they pass. A little bird breaking into song from the topmost twig of a balsam startles you from your



Golf is played for the love of the game on the marvellous 18-hole course at Jasper, and also for the new and striking mountain vista that greets the eye at every turn. The 9th Green is here seen, with colourful Pyramid Mountain in the background.



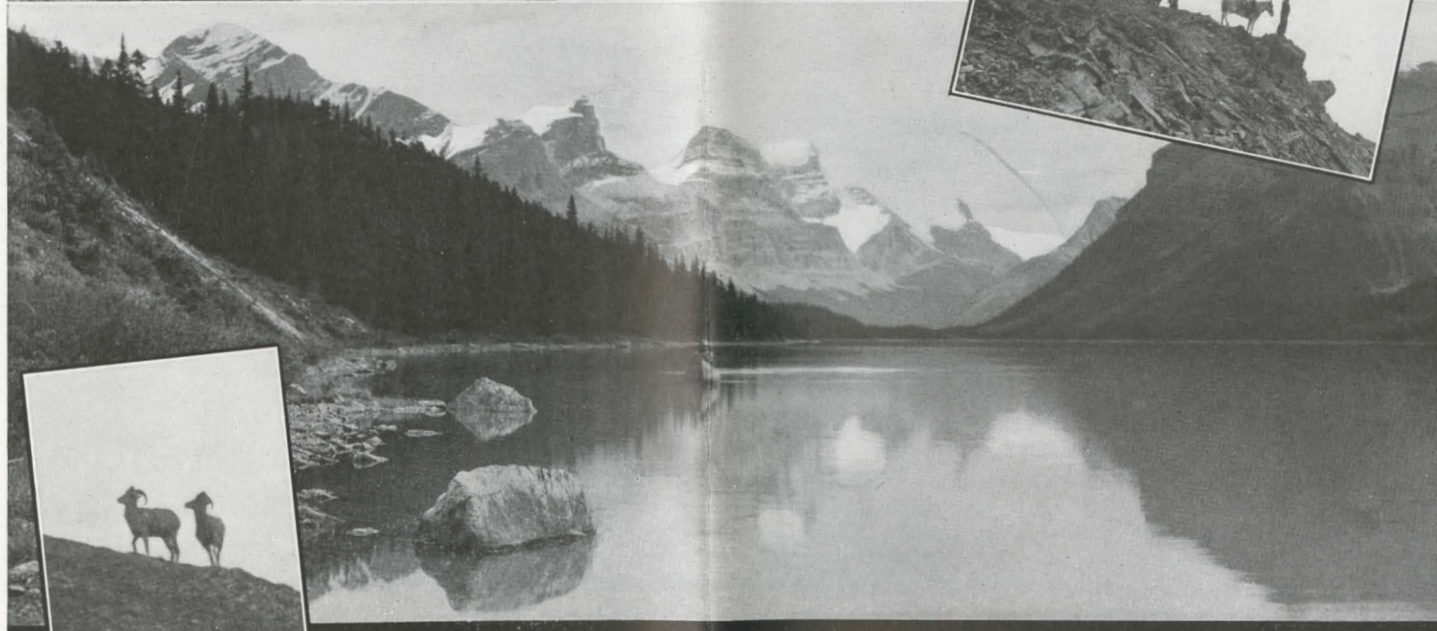
The wishing well at the 10th Green.

reveries. You look back towards the Lodge, following the wake of your slim craft that still widens on the waters, to note other adventurous spirits coming out to join you. Another glorious day of pleasure is at hand—another day to be filled with new and delightful experiences.

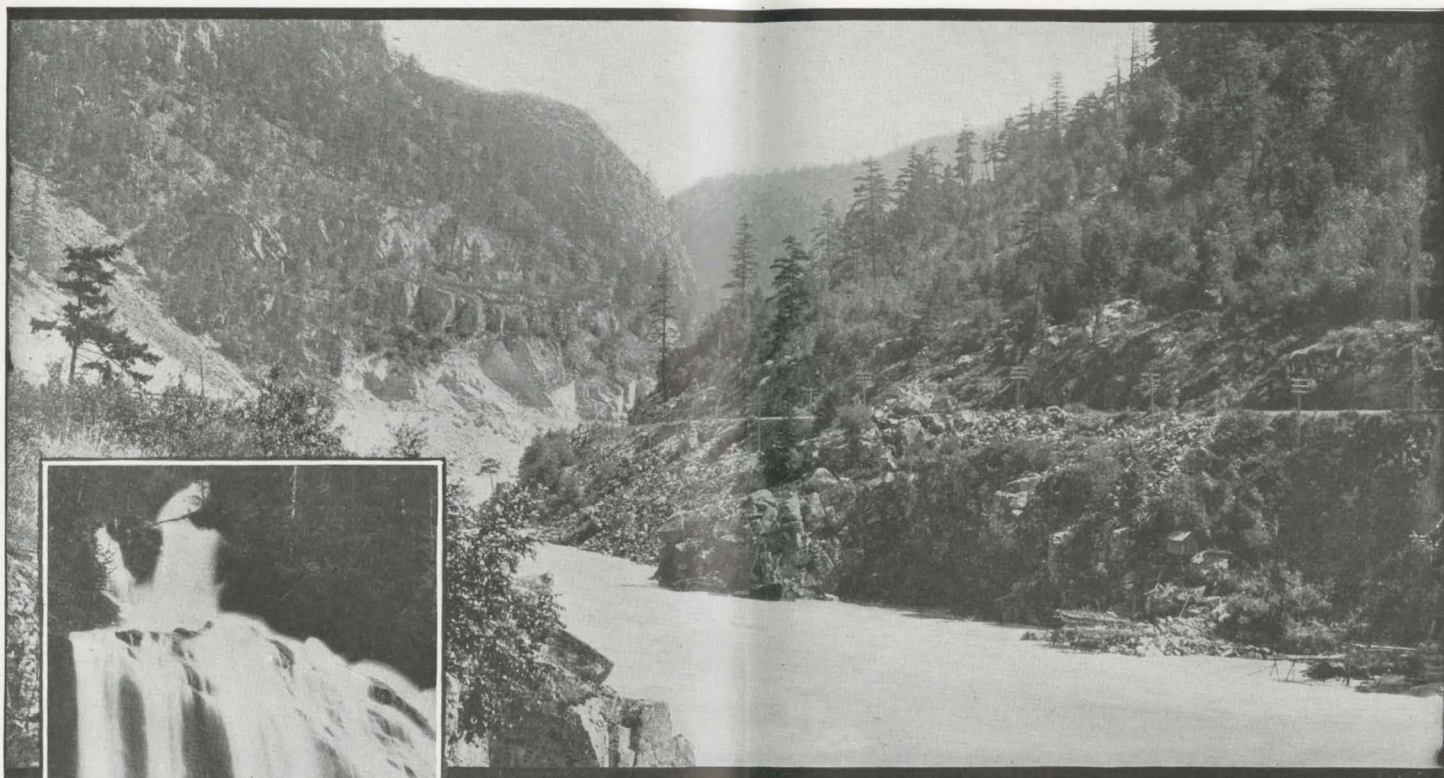
In the evenings, trailing in from the links or the river or the woods, tired perhaps, but happy certainly, there is companionship to be found around the big crackling logs in the large lounge. After a dinner that would be pronounced excellent did not your ravenous appetite lead you to more extravagant praise, you will find others ready to fit in with your mood of relaxation. There are youngsters who are never tired and who must dance away the evening to a lively orchestra, while you spin or listen to yarns of adventure by the hearth.

Perhaps the most perfect aspect of life at Jasper Park Lodge lies in the harmony of the buildings with the surroundings. Here there is no clash between a day with nature followed by an evening in an hotel that might be located in any metropolis. The atmosphere of the Lodge is carried out in the interior as well as the exterior, so that even the conveniences of hot and cold running water and electric lights do not clash with the rustic surroundings and the general feeling that you are living, perhaps for the first time, in a wonderful wilderness beneath a roof-tree of pine. You are "in camp" despite the fact that you may decide to breakfast in bed, to peruse yesterday's metropolitan daily, and later to indulge in a round upon the links.

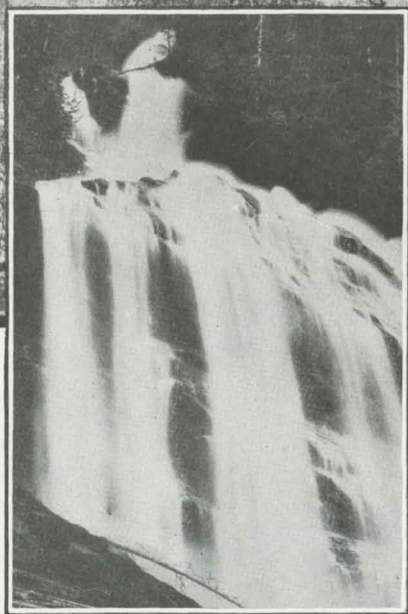
Many prefer to live in the little bungalows that surround the Lodge, but the main Lodge is the centre of the social activities. Near its doors you will see trail-riders, the real article too, lounging ready with a string of saddled ponies. Those two bronzed young men over there are among the most celebrated Alpine guides, imported with all their science for scaling impossible heights, for the benefit of the



Our top view shows a portion of the Ramparts in the Tonquin Valley, scene of the 1926 meet of the Canadian Alpine Club; below: Maligne Lake, the largest glacier-fed lake in the Rocky Mountains.



The Multicoloured Fraser Canyon.



Pyramid Falls.

intrepid guest. Sometimes old timers pass that way with pack horses, in their eyes that far-away look that comes with years spent amid vast horizons. You will never doubt that you are in the heart of as golden a west as ever the pen of Wister or Bret Harte described.

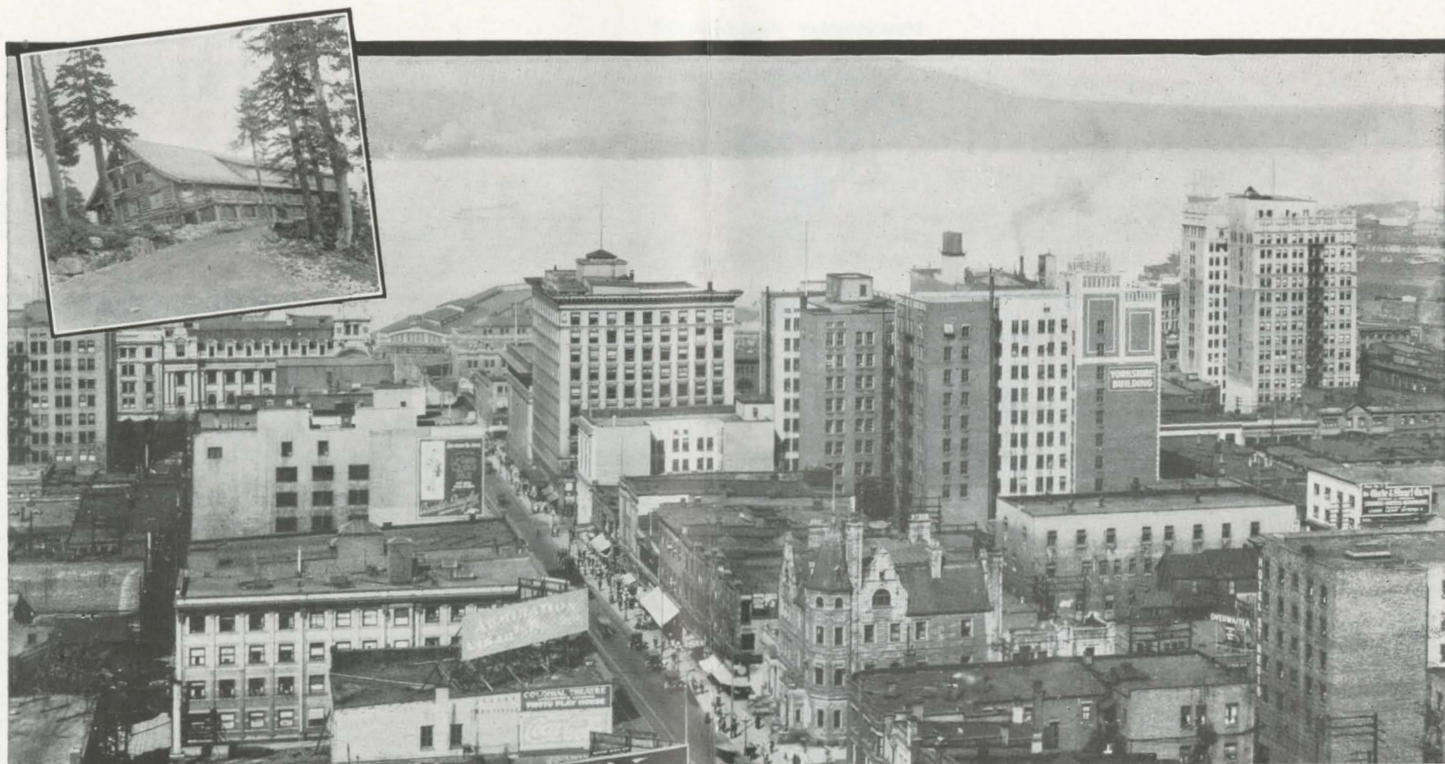
In the fastness of surrounding forests there still roam fine specimens of Mountain Goat, Grizzly, black and cinnamon Bears, "not yet reduced to scratching on kitchen doors for a pittance," wild Mountain Sheep, bull Moose, Wapiti, Elk, Beaver, Marten, Mink, Wolf, Coyote and Lynx, for this is Canada's big game sanctuary.

TO VANCOUVER

Leaving the cradle of the Athabaska River, that flows north eastward towards the Arctic seas, and travelling over what is termed the southern leg of the Triangle, we have crossed

the watershed as we join the swift waters of the Fraser River. This soon tires of our company and leaves us beside the equally beautiful Thompson, but later the wandering Fraser rejoins the rails to accompany them on the final stages of the journey to Vancouver. Mounting from Jasper we cross the Yellow-Head Pass, the old fur-traders' trail over the Rockies and another name commemorating the tow-headed Jasper Hawes. Away on the right Mount Robson claims the ascendancy of the Canadian Rockies with its snowy crest towering 12,972 feet above sea-level. No praise of it is needed to prepare the traveller's mind for its splendor. A stop is made at Mount Robson station for the sole purpose of obtaining a better view of the Monarch of the Canadian Rockies.

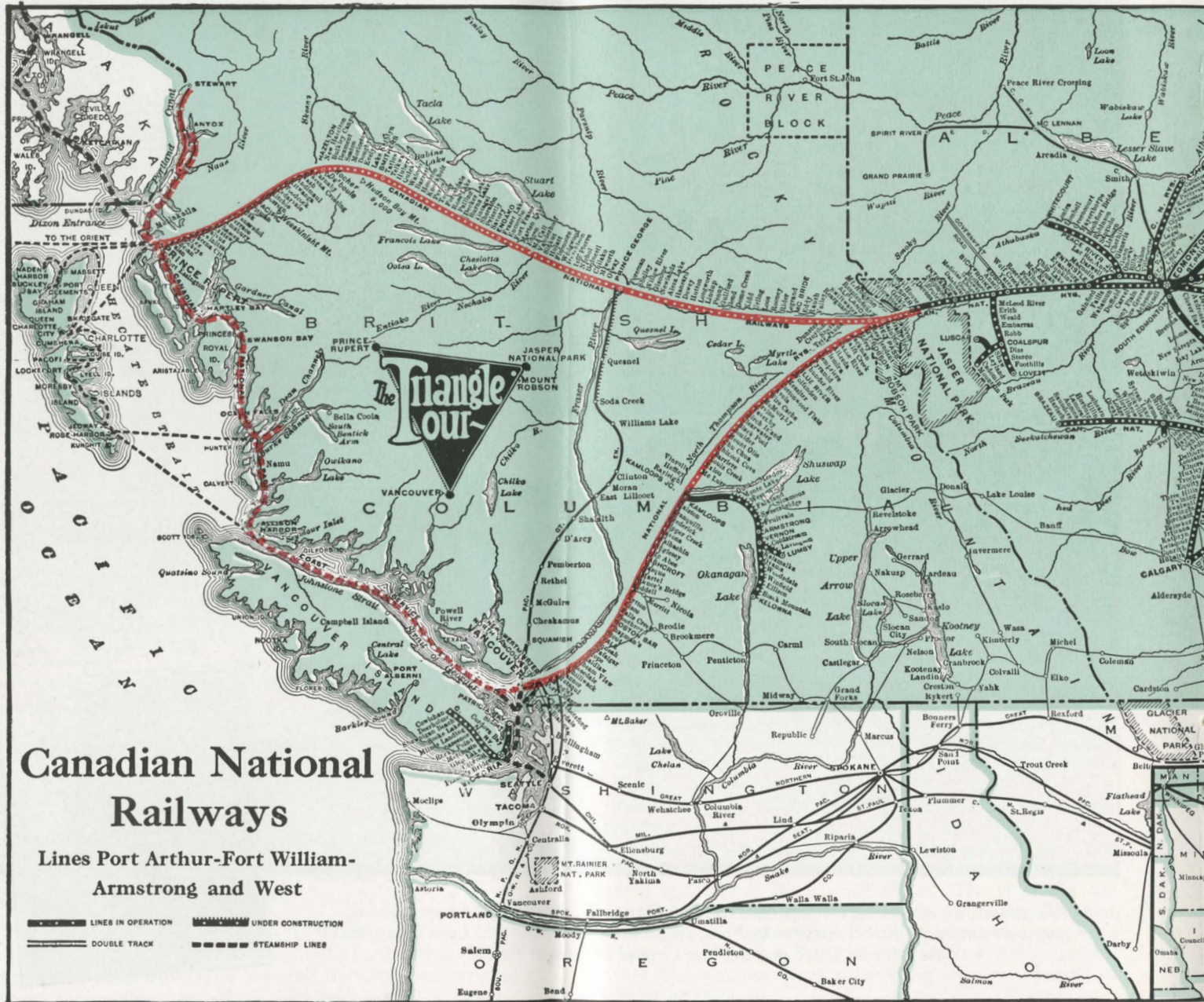
The train winds through broad valleys and abrupt canyons, with the mountains rising grim on either hand. Wild flowers cover the river flats; fire-weed, clover and dandelions. From the windows the cars ahead can be seen looping and coiling like a giant snake. The river, for the most part impetuous and unharnessed, roars alongside, first to the right and then to the left as the train darts across little bridges. At Pyramid Falls we stop upon a bridge to face a river that tumbles down a mountain-side in a channel of snow-white foam.



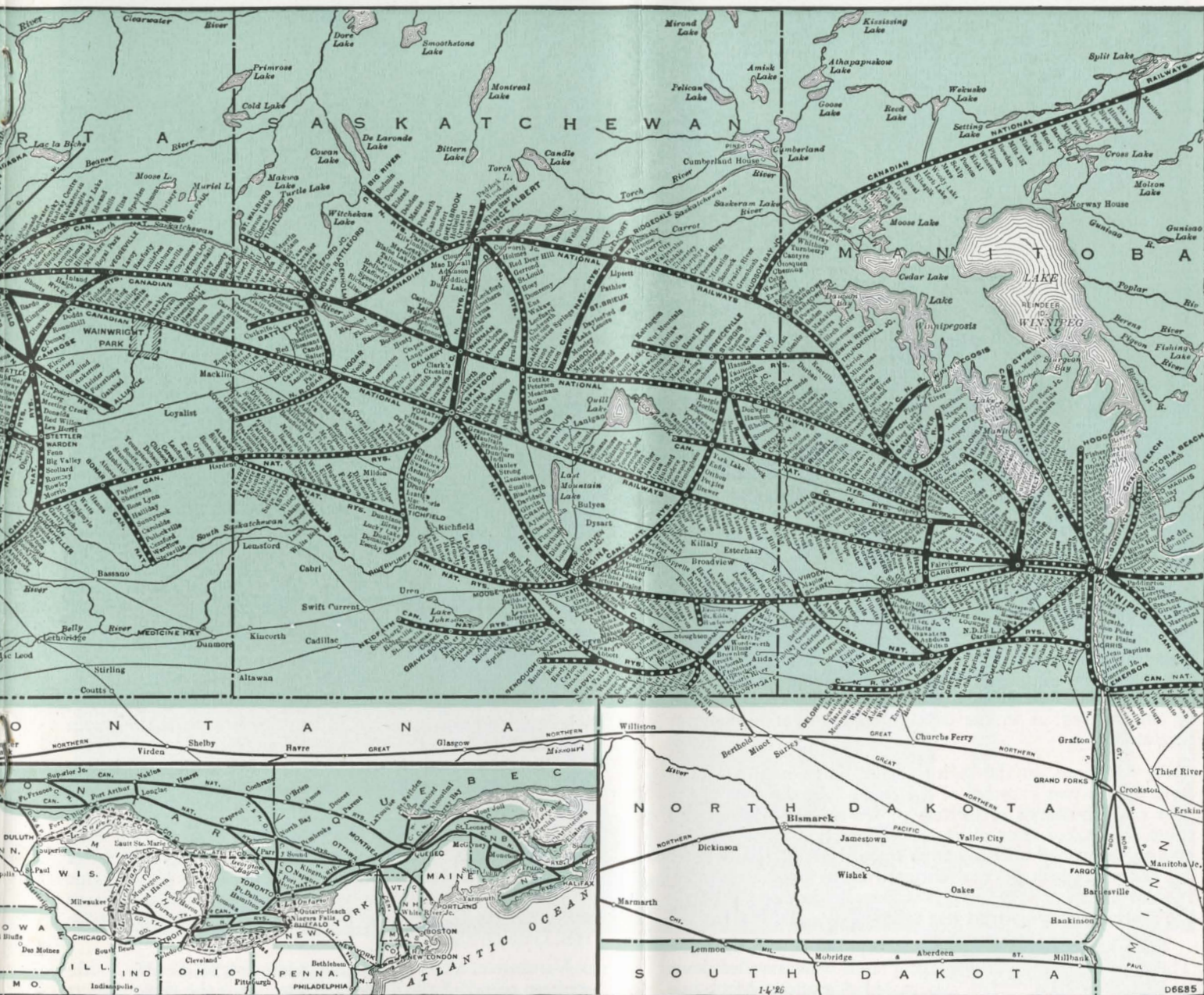
Vancouver, an entrancing cosmopolitan city and Canada's main Pacific Coast gateway, numbers among its attractions Stanley Park, English Bay, Capilano and Lynn Canyons, the Marine Drive and the new Grouse Mountain Resort.



The Canadian The Triangle Tour



ian Rockies nd of British Columbia





Victoria, City of Roses, is the capital of British Columbia and garden city of the Province, and offers varied attractions to amply fill a week's stopover. The Provincial Legislative Buildings are here shown.

How these scenes resemble yet differ from those in the Italian Alps. In the latter country the valleys are filled with little villages and towns with church spires marking them from afar, with white roads and passing cars and ox-wagons and people everywhere. Only the peaks themselves are free from an overcrowding civilization. But here the great mountains stand aloof and solitary, the forests dream on undisturbed, as in the days before man set his imprint here at all.

At Kamloops, in the valley of the Thompson, a lake is formed from two branches of the river. At the time of the gold rush thousands of fortune-hunters passed through this town and staked their claims in all directions. Millions in gold were washed annually from these rivers to finally peter out and send the army of adventurers on the march once more. In their place came the workers who really develop a country, the ranchers growing fruit and raising cattle and horses.

The friendly Fraser once more sweeps out to join the train. This river was named after Simon Fraser, who travelled down its waters in 1808. Here also passed Alexander Mackenzie

The Malahat Drive.

on his historic journey across the continent. This river, whose fickle mood caused it to accompany both the northern and southern legs of the Triangle Tour, crossing as the crow flies that hinterland of wilderness that lies within its boundaries, is always a welcome companion wherever it makes an appearance.

Without in detail following your journey but leaving most of the outstanding beauty spots for your own discovery, we might, as in the world of the theatre, name a few of our scenic headliners. Among these will be found Pyramid Falls as well as Hell's Gate on the Thompson and an equally Satanic Hell Gate on the Fraser.

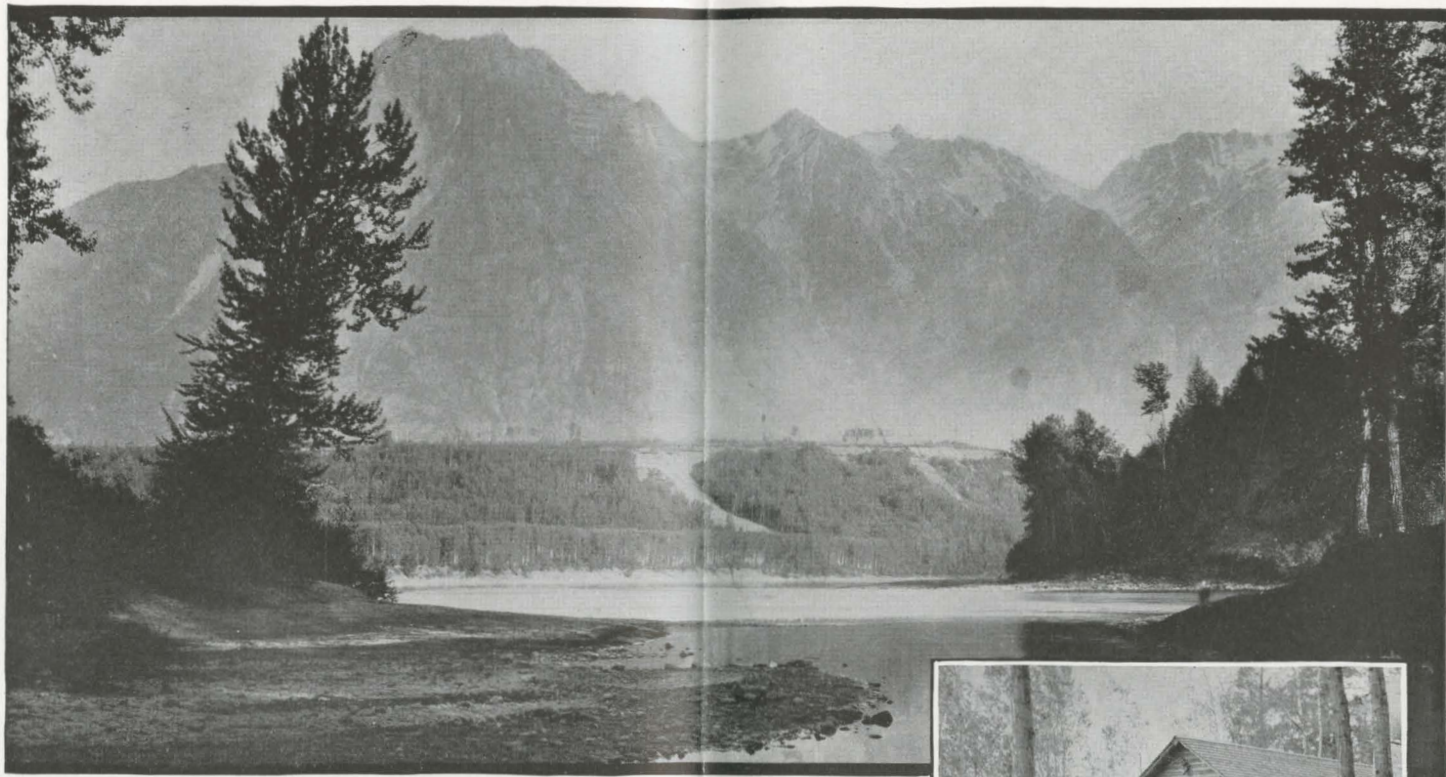
Vancouver, a city of entrancing interest, secures the southwestern corner of the Triangle Tour. It is the major seaport



The Bulkley Gate, at which a short stop is made to better view this scenic attraction, is a picturesque and awe-inspiring work of Nature, and one of the most striking features on the Triangle Tour.



Indian Totems at Kitwanga.



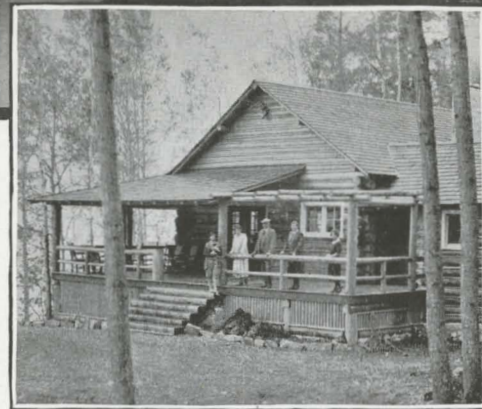
Roche de Boule towers high above the junction of the Bulkley with the Skeena River.

of Western Canada and the largest city in British Columbia. The mountains about Vancouver are a beauty forever. Across the harbor, twin peaks lift their snow-topped heads, resembling the monarch of the forest after which they are named, "The Lions."

Grouse Mountain, Vancouver's new Mountain Playground, is about six miles in an airline from the centre of Vancouver. No other city on the American Continent has a mountain range over a mile high within the confines of its suburbs. It has been made easy of access by a winding automobile road. Near the summit is an hostelry, on a plateau whose area of one hundred acres gives ample space for parking purposes. To a city like Vancouver where real winter is seen on the mountains but not felt, it is wonderful that here within an hour's ride from the centre of the city winter sports can be enjoyed for six months in the year, while in the city itself golf may be enjoyed almost the year round. As a summer playground, Grouse Mountain is equally attractive.

To the south of Vancouver, Mount Baker, mottled with perpetual snow, does sentinel duty over the city. The Cascades spread themselves to the north of Stanley Park,

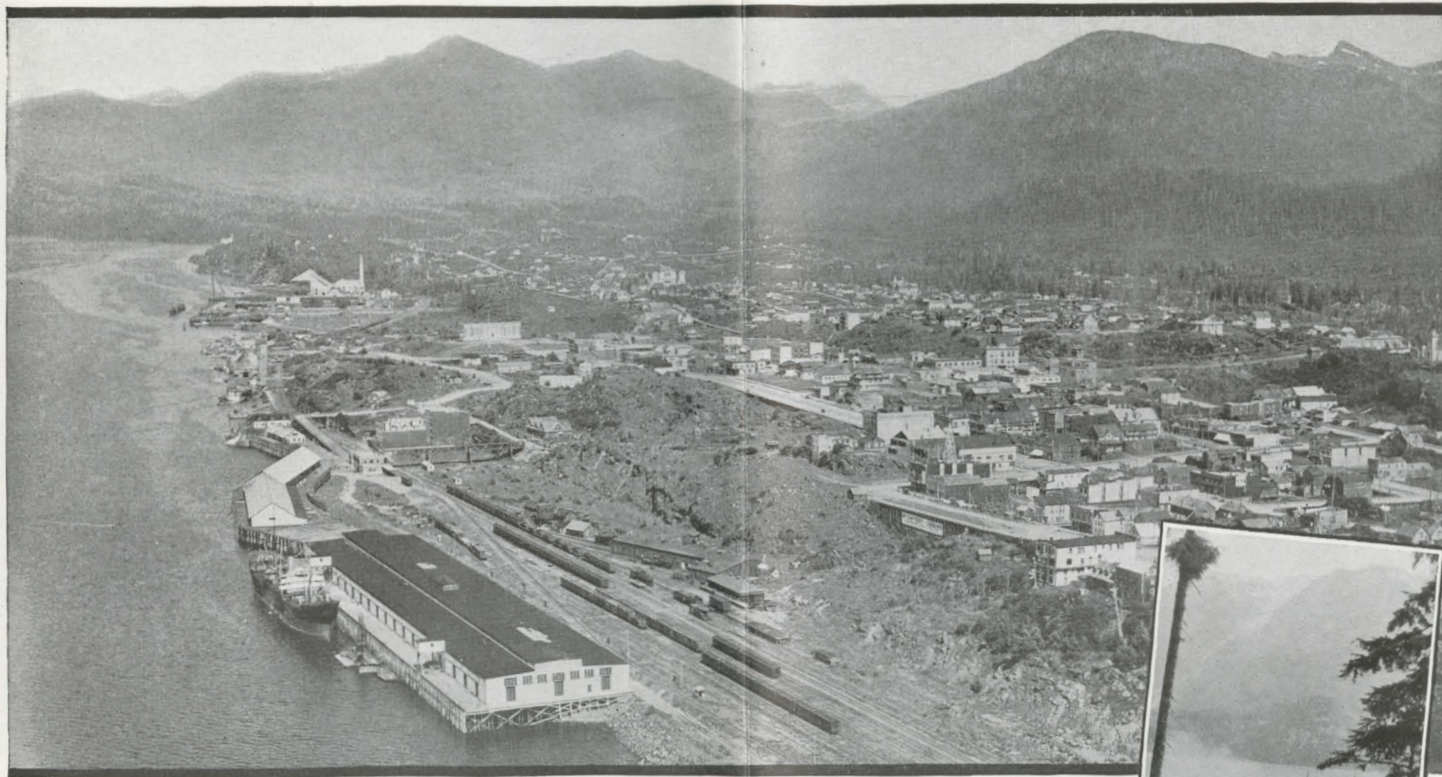
Glimpse of Douglas Lodge on Stuart Lake, B.C.



which comprises 1,000 acres. Its rose gardens, Douglas firs, and red cedars of mammoth size, its zoological gardens, and picturesque motor roads, attract thousands of tourists. The harbor is encircled by the Marine Drive. The Capilano and Lynn Canyons are unique scenic attractions.

Vancouver is famed, too, for its numerous bathing beaches, among which English Bay deserves special mention for its spaciousness and accessibility.

Victoria, capital of British Columbia and situated on Vancouver Island but a few hours distant by boat, will amply repay the tourist visitor. Beautiful public and private buildings, extensive gardens, the delightful Malahat and Marine Drives, give to "The City of Sunshine" a charm and appeal not found elsewhere.



Prince Rupert, the Island City, westernmost terminus of the Canadian National Railways

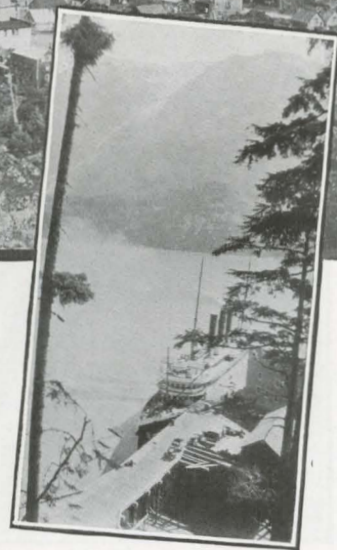
THE ALTERNATE JOURNEY

Possibly the northern leg of the Triangle affords the finer view of the Rockies, because, in following the broad valleys of the Fraser, the Nechako, the Bulkley and the Skeena, a more cool and collected sight of these giants may be obtained than in the narrower confines of gorge and canyon on the southern trail. Mount Robson also belongs to this trip and from Alpland Station, the mountain rises from the warm, sunlit valley at its feet—a thing of utmost majesty.

A traveller writes of Robson: "In these long summer evenings, light continues for hours after the sun has set. When the last gold of his passing has flushed the snowy top of the peak's summit, and the stars have come out, pale, and few and one by one—unlike the startling hosts of a southern night,—there still lingers far into midnight, to the break of day, a glow in the sky. The snowy face of the mountain shines as silver, bright and clear as it did by day, but with a rare and added softness."

Vast forests of fir and spruce march beside the rails for miles and logs come rolling down stream. The imagination is stirred more than once. You are shown a point where Mackenzie first reached the Fraser from his long trip to the

The call at Stewart, B.C., head of the Portland Canal.

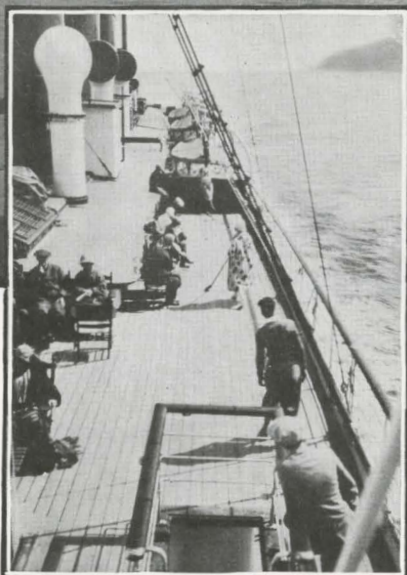


Arctic; there are names like Fort St. James and Tête Jaune, another link in the chain that immortalizes the memory of that ever mysterious Mr. Hawes; there are settlements populated by the descendants of the French Canadian Voyageurs where the French tongue is still spoken; Prince George, an old Hudson Bay trading post, is a gateway to the Peace River country to be reached by canoe and portage.

Kitwanga marks the site of an Indian settlement, where may be seen, in their native habitat, your first totem poles this side Alaska. Soon after this you pull into Prince Rupert, the island city, lying a day and a half nearer to Asia than any other on the North American coast. Scores and hundreds of fishing smacks lie up against its wharves, for it is the fishing port for the North Pacific Coast fishers. The salmon output of the Skeena exceeds that of any



The steamer threads its way through a medley of fjords and islands.



Shuffleboard on the S.S. "Prince George."

other river in British Columbia. This city is the point "farthest north" on this division of the Canadian National, achieving the distinction of having rolled the barriers of wilderness a thousands miles towards the top of the map.

Anyox, at the head of Observation Inlet, is ninety-six miles north of Prince Rupert. The Inlet is flanked on either side with snow-topped mountains that afford some of the most effective scenic displays on the coast. The town is the site of the most notable industry on the Canadian coast—the immense plants of the Granby Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company, producing, in addition to other metals, nearly 30,000,000 pounds of copper annually, and employing 1,500 men.

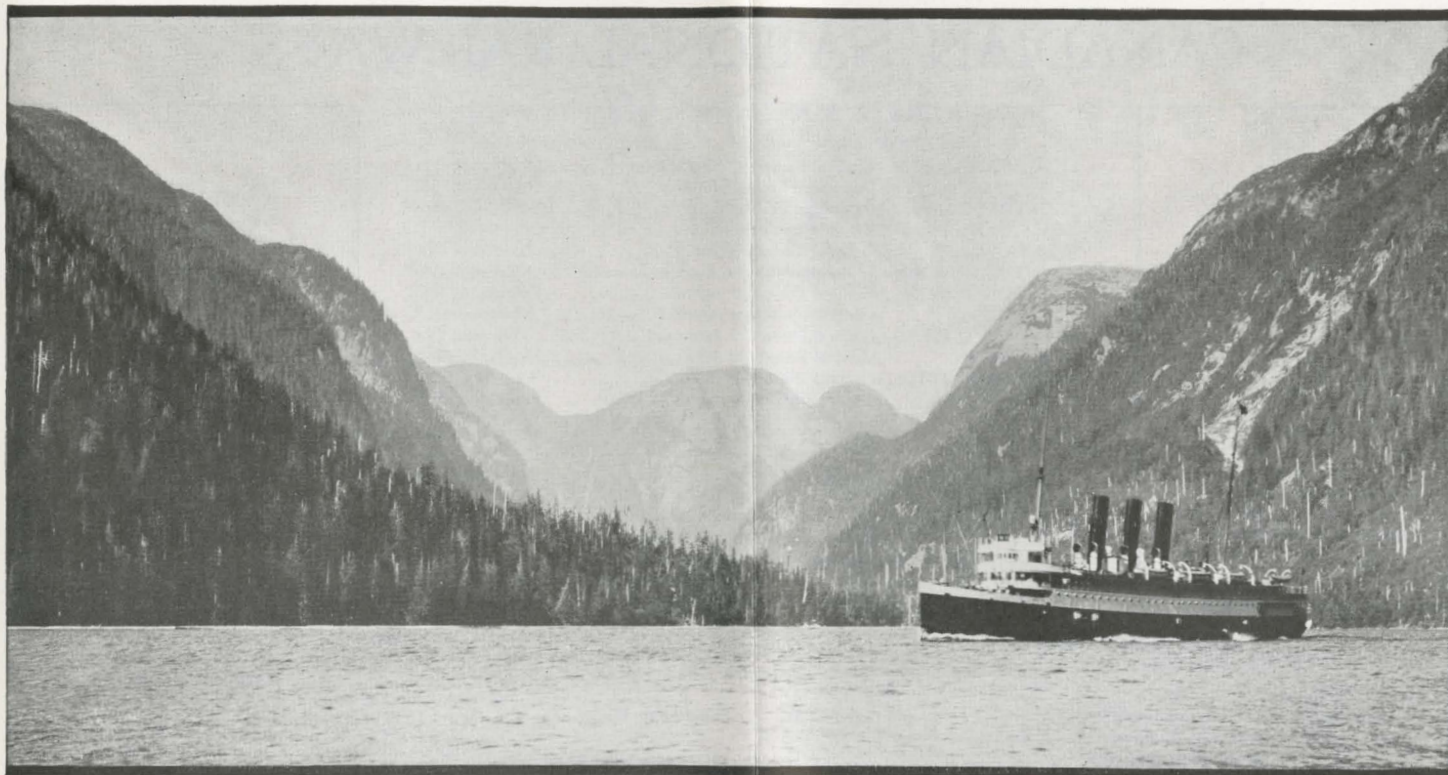
Stewart lies at the head of the famous Portland Canal, about 125 miles north of Prince Rupert. The canal, which is a

creation of nature, is sixty miles in length with an average width of one mile and a depth of 600 feet, while through its centre runs the international boundary line. Mountains, snow-capped and intersected with wonderful glaciers, wall in the waterway on either side. Hyder, Alaska, is by roadway less than a quarter of a mile from the dock. Both Hyder and Stewart are typical northern mining towns. The Premier gold and silver mine, whose ore is conveyed to the dock at Stewart over an aerial tramway thirteen miles in length, is one of the most remarkable on the continent.

THE INSIDE PASSAGE TO VANCOUVER

Ships built for ease carry you down sheltered waters that, like a Norwegian Fjord, connect Prince Rupert with Vancouver, forming what may be termed the base of the great Triangle. Lights and shadows march upon the hills and there is gold upon the mountain tops as the city built upon a rock vanishes astern, while islands crowd around the ship, so close that you might count the branches upon any one of their army of firs.

These little islands, remember, are the tips of submerged mountains, a long since vanished coastal range. Therefore there is the depth of valleys beneath the keel of your ship



The fascinating Scenic Seas of the North Pacific Coast, comparable only to the fjords of Norway.

and, although the passage may be narrow in many places, there is water to float the largest of vessels.

It is a serene sail upon water as smooth as oil and colourful as the mountains that are mirrored in its depths. The white wake becomes the shaft of an arrow with the ship itself the barb. The woods become strangely blue and green towards evening and the track of the ship a path of sunset. Sounds and inlets excite the imagination and, at long intervals, little homesteads, nestling into the surrounding trees, only serve to emphasize the grandeur of their natural surroundings.

Open sea water appears for a space at Queen Charlotte Sound, until the little continent of Vancouver Island looms on the right to once more provide a sheltered passage. When at length the sky line of the city of Vancouver looms ahead it is like stepping across the threshold of civilization in one stride.

ALASKA

The opportunity of really seeing Alaska, the "Great Country", as its name means in the Indian tongue, the country of gold and romance, is most compelling. You have only to go aboard ship to cruise all told a thousand miles of sheltered inland seas to Skagway, gateway to the Yukon.

Your vessel noses its way beside a mainland that grows ever more rugged and inspiring, in the shadows cast by mount-

ains as high as the Alps. You are protected all the way from the swell of the open Pacific. You will steam right up to the Taku Glacier that stretches three hundred miles into Alaska to drain some far-flung bed of eternal snow. There will be landings at towns famed in gold rush days. The northern lights flame in the skies at night. The midnight sun lights up the encircling peaks as your ship threads the still waters at processional pace. Finally, when Skagway is reached, after the last long sail through the famous Lynn Canal, you will begin to feel an affinity for Alaska that may lead you on, into the dim interior and down the reaches of the mysterious Yukon river.

Few strangers imagine the delightful climate in Alaska during the three glowing months of summer, when all the land basks in joyous mood after the long winter. During these wonderful months, and in perfect luxury, this show place of North America may be viewed to-day. A mountaineering trip, a voyage of discovery in a country that bears the lure of the primeval, is yours by ship and train.

A special booklet deals with Alaska, telling of the gold rush days and what you will see as you journey from one town to another that so short a time gone by were stampede centres for every class of adventurer and fortune seeker.

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GUELPH, ONT.....C. A. Justin.....151 Ottawa Avenue
HALIFAX, N.S.....G. E. Walker.....11 and 13 Wyndham Street
HAMILTON, ONT.....J. J. Leydon.....107 Hollis Street
KANSAS CITY, MO.....Jas. Anderson.....7 James Street North
KINGSTON, ONT.....L. E. Ayer.....334-335 Ry. Exch. Bldg., 706 Grand Ave.
LONDON, ONT.....J. P. Hanley.....Cor. Johnston and Ontario Sts.
LOS ANGELES, CAL.....R. E. Ruse.....406 Richmond Cor. Dundas St.
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.....H. R. Bullen.....607 South Grand Ave.
MONTREAL, QUE.....G. A. North.....518 Second Avenue South
NEW YORK, N.Y.....M. O. Dafeo.....230 St. James Street
NORTH BAY, ONT.....J. A. Young.....505 Fifth Ave.
OTTAWA, ONT.....C. E. Jenney.....505 Fifth Ave.
PETERBORO, ONT.....C. W. Murphy.....81 Main Street
PHILADELPHIA, PA.....P. M. Buttler.....Cor. Sparks and Metcalfe Streets
PITTSBURGH, PA.....J. B. Doran.....324 George Street
PORTLAND, ME.....G. L. Bryson.....Franklin Trust Bldg., 1500-1506 Chestnut Street
PORTLAND, ORE.....W. J. Burr.....505 Park Building, 355 Fifth Ave.
PRINCE RUPERT, B.C.....G. A. Harrison.....G.T. Railway Station
QUEBEC, QUE.....A. B. Holtorp.....122 Third St., Cor. Washington St.
REGINA, SASK.....R. F. McNaughton.....528 Third Ave.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.....J. E. LeBlanc.....Cor. Ste. Anne and Dufort Streets
SASKATOON, SASK.....J. J. Aubin.....231 St. Joseph St., St. Roch.
SEATTLE, WASH.....S. M. Greene.....1874 Search Street
SHERBROOKE, QUE.....W. J. Glickerson.....689 Market Street
ST. CATHARINES, ONT.....A. F. Lenon.....103 Second Avenue South
ST. JOHN, N.B.....J. F. McGuire.....23 Wellington St. North
ST. LOUIS, MO.....A. M. Stevens.....25 Wellington St. North
ST. PAUL, MINN.....C. J. Harris.....106 St. Paul Street
SUDBURY, ONT.....L. C. Lynds.....49 King Street
TORONTO, ONT.....R. H. Webster.....Bd. of Trade Bldg., 155 Water St. E.
VANCOUVER, B.C.....W. H. Burke.....305 Merchants Laclede Bldg.
VICTORIA, B.C.....A. H. Davis.....83 East Fifth Street
WINDSOR, ONT.....A. G. Bell.....26 Elm St.
WINNIPEG, MAN.....R. E. Richmond.....Cor. King and Yonge Sts.
WOODSTOCK, ONT.....W. G. Connolly.....527 Granville Street
.....C. F. Earle.....911 Government Street
.....B. A. Rose.....24-26 Sandwich St. East
.....F. J. Creighton.....Cor Main St. and Porrage Ave.
.....N. A. B. Smith.....502 Dundas Street

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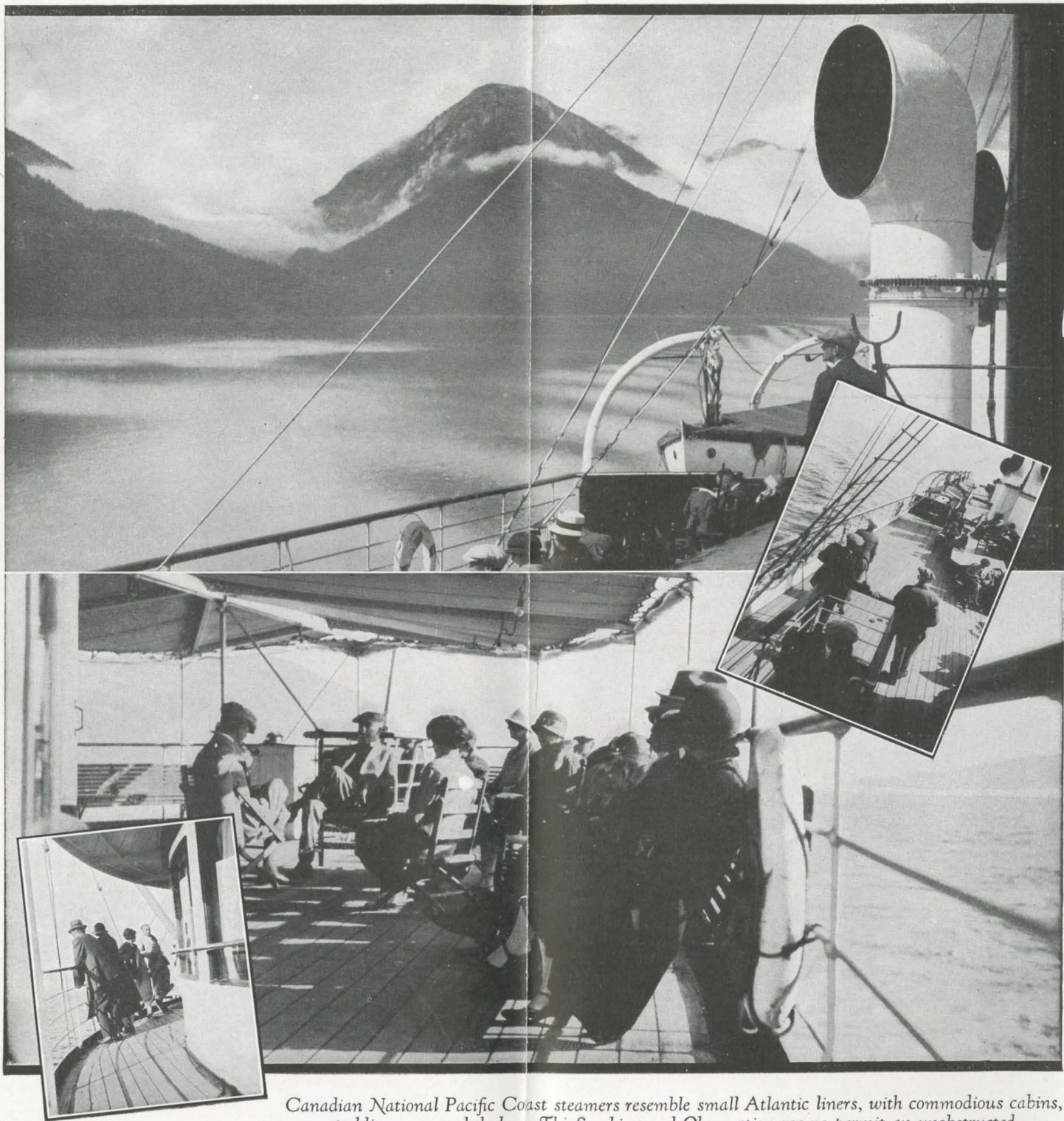
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