

# ALASKA ALASKA



OF THE MID  
THE LAND ~ NIGHT SUN



OF THE MID  
THE LAND ~ NIGHT SUN



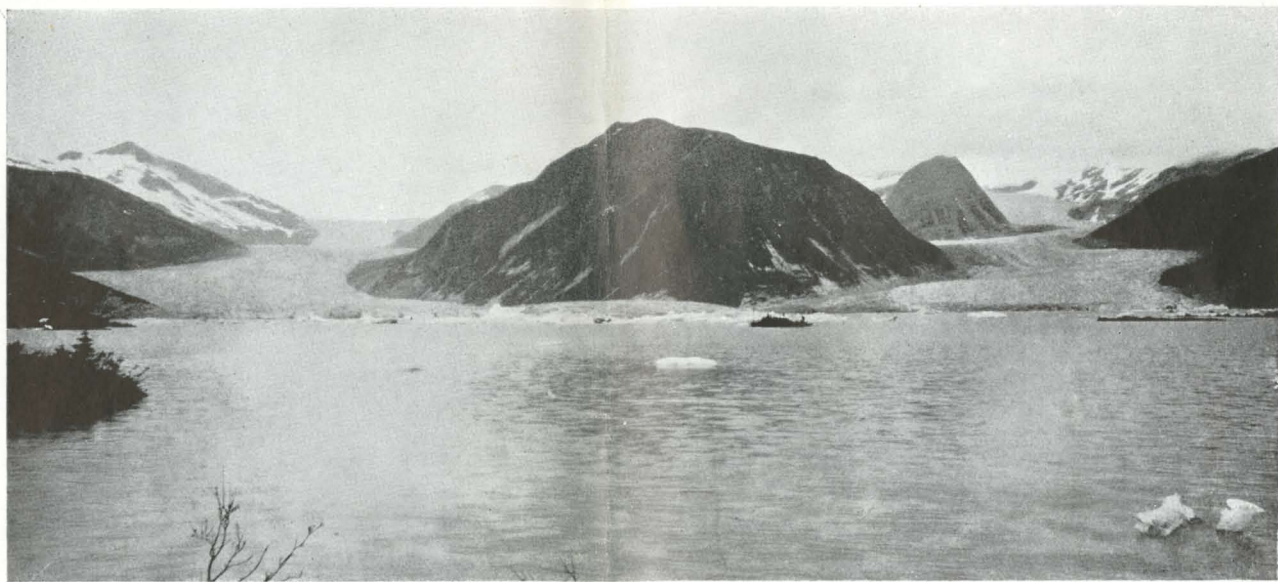
CANADIAN NATIONAL

CANADIAN NATIONAL





# ↑ ALASKA ↑



*Taku Glacier, 300 miles of ice fronting the water in a mile long palisade, dwarfs your ship to insignificance. It is probably the most accessible glacier by water and is certainly the most beautiful.*

## □ ALASKA □

“Have you ever stood where the silences brood  
And vast the horizons begin?”

—*Service.*

**J**UST thirty years ago George Carmack with two Indians, “Skookum” Jim and “Cultus” Charley, struck gold on the Trondeg River and stamped the world to Alaska and the Yukon. The name of the little stream that averages but a hundred feet wide, became corrupted by white men to Klondike and embraced the entire gold country. To-day most of that army of adventurers are gone, but the romance of their passing lingers. Time will obliterate the trails they blazed and the towns they built. Visit the land of gold while the stories of its greatness remain in the memories of those men who saw it all—and lived to tell the tale.

The human lust for gold ripped wide the portals to a new land, whose natural splendor constituted riches far beyond that to be counted in yellow metal,

and hastened by many a long year the knowledge of mankind in a country waiting behind high barriers of snow. It would almost seem that nature hides treasures prized by man in far expanses that she may lure him to the appreciation of her greater wonders.

Where so short a time ago men struggled with the tump line and the paddle, you may follow on the winged feet of modern transportation. Ship and rail will take you to the farthest spots of romance, in a comfort never dreamed of by the ones who lived it first. Coasting Alaska on a luxurious steamer; climbing the White Pass in a comfortable train; cruising her lakes and rivers on vessels as trim as private yachts, you will enjoy with every sense the same thrilling scenes that worked their spell with men on fire for gold.



Here are mountains "thrilling to the stars"; glaciers, apparently motionless, that flow on forever; the midnight sun; the vast aurora, mysterious symbol of the northern skies; air that breathes of distances and freedom. Humanizing all this majesty there is the remnant of a vanishing race, the Indians. Those who would glimpse what will never come again—the dignity and parade of savage life—must hasten their steps northward.

You may still see the massive timbers of communal houses, the ceremonial dress and accoutrement as it is worn by the red men, the totems that constitute a primitive heraldry. "Totem poles are rotting away and no more are being made to-day, for the Thlingets have been educated out of regard for their ancestors. . . . The steam-roller of civilization passing over these people has flattened out the picturesque prominence of custom and costume."

#### THE INSIDE PASSAGE

There are only three great Inside Passages in the world, where ocean liners may steam for miles sheltered by islands from the swell of the open sea. Along the Norwegian coast lies one; another fringes Chile in extreme South America; the third, that you will follow, leads from British Columbia to Alaska. In all of these the coast is a submerged mountain range, the valleys being channels and the mountain tops the islands.

The journey may commence from either terminus of the Triangle Tour, Prince Rupert or Vancouver. The latter point is perhaps the logical choice as it yields a full thousand miles of sheltered sail, while, on the return trip, you may debark at Prince Rupert to view the northern leg of the Triangle.

Vancouver it is then! We sail north beside the coast of Vancouver Island to cross Queen Charlotte Sound, a hint of the ocean here, and head in among the islands that shelter our ship to Prince Rupert, "the city on a rock." We are now well settled on shipboard, ready to enjoy to the full scenes that become more grand and inspiring with every mile.

Captain James Cook and Captain George Vancouver once sailed these green waters and the latter named most of the places along the entire passage. His accounts of his travels are long since out of print and very expensive, but up to a decade ago his charts were still used in navigating these channels. What thoughts must have filled his mind on seeing such mountains, innumerable mysterious inlets,

lofty snowfields with sinuous glaciers draining them to the water's edge, and knowing not what lay beyond!

Soon after steaming from Canadian into Alaskan waters the town of Ketchikan is reached. A lively fishing community, one of the headquarters for the North Pacific Fishing Fleet, its streets run helter-skelter and its houses perch wherever space avails. It is set in a hillside of pines and, if it does not stir your imagination as, later, the gold towns will, it leaves behind a very friendly memory.

#### TOTEM POLES

Opposite Ketchikan, in an old Indian graveyard, you may see your first totem poles. Great trunks of trees carved from top to bottom with figures of animals or men, their limbs ingeniously doubled or folded, these relics of a vanishing race possess not only childish audacity but manly strength in execution. Surmounted for the most part by a porpoise, eagle, raven, wolf, beaver or other wild creature, they sometimes bear the figure of a man or woman, carved to resemble those whose ashes are contained in a closed cavity of the pole.

The figures carved upon totem poles represent what each Indian family considered as its primitive guardian spirit. Strange to say the spirit was only concerned with the blood relations of the family on its mother's side, and this same belief we have also found among the Egyptians. Poles took from two to three years to carve with one man working with several helpers. Yellow cedar was generally selected as the best wood for the purpose and the poles were almost always painted, thus insuring them against time and the elements for many a long year. Totem lore is indeed a study, and a book upon the subject were more adequate than any description possible in these brief pages.

Thousands of little islands surround the ship as it noses into Alexander Archipelago. The mountains commence to crowd down to the water's edge and their white peaks reach higher towards the blue sky. The scent of pine is blown across the decks. "This is Alaska," you say, and here, where the Stikine river empties to the sea, lies Alaska's most historic city, Wrangell. Founded by the Russians as a trading post, it was named after Baron Wrangell, then governor of the country. Ruins of the old fort, built in 1838, are still to be seen at one end of the town.



# ↑ ALASKA ↑



*Stanley Park, Vancouver, covers 1000 acres. Its rose gardens, Douglas Firs and Red Cedars of mammoth size and its zoological gardens and picturesque motor roads attract thousands of tourists.*

For many years Chief Shakes and his house of Indian relics, fronted by its totem poles, drew many a visitor. The grand old warrior has long since passed on, firm in the faith of his ancestors. His house remains with its rare collection. There is to be seen a curious mask of a bear's head that, in the memory of the oldest Indians, was donned by the chiefs of the tribe at a potlatch when a slave was the sacrifice.

## THE DOGS OF ALASKA

By this time you will have seen many dogs in this country in which the dog is king. Recall the stories you may have heard of gruelling trips behind a string of huskies. Dogs are to Alaska what horses were to bygone cattleground. They are prized accordingly. Savage and akin

to the wolf, they are still the faithful friend of man. The malamutes, greatest of sledge dogs, are a mixture of spitz and wolf. They howl, but do not bark.

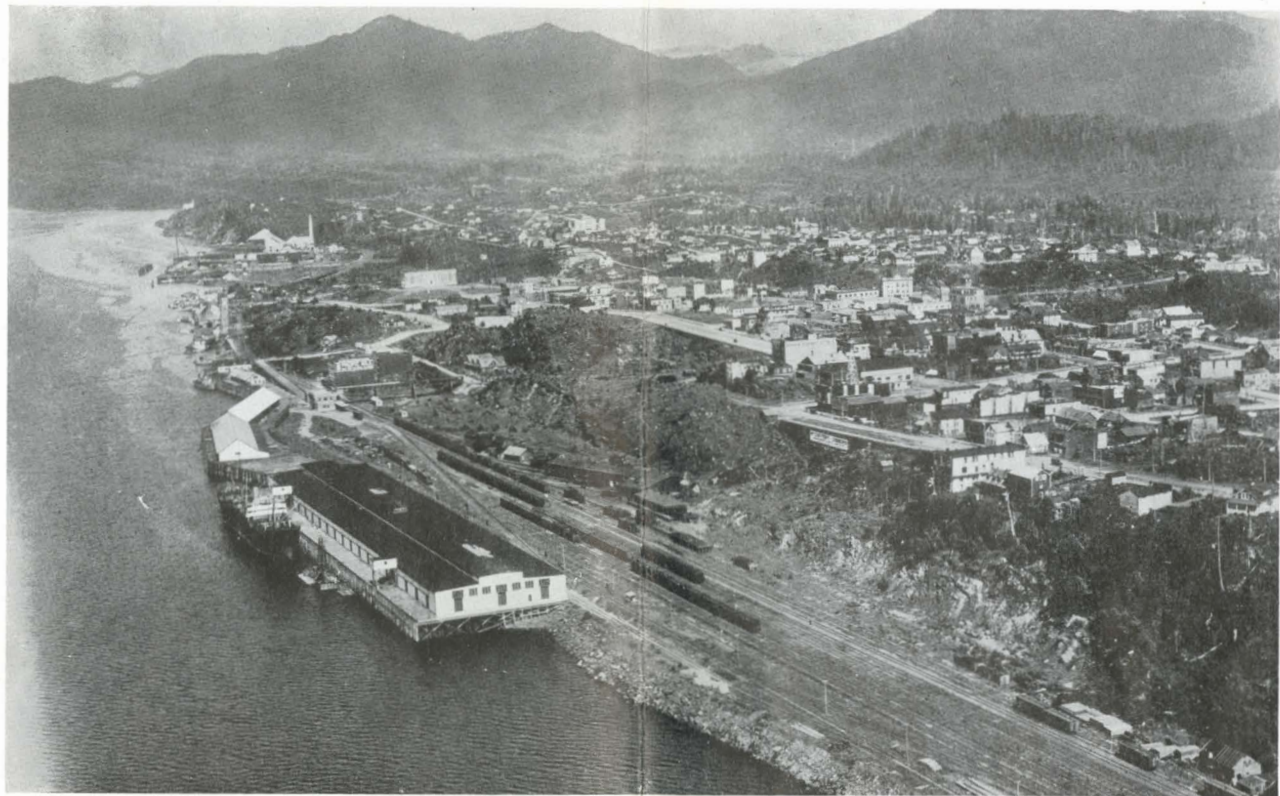
A team of malamutes never tires if another team runs ahead. They will always attack other dogs and fight, if not beaten off by their drivers, to the death. They are clever in foraging for themselves. Selecting a tin of meat by their sense of smell from others containing vegetables or jam, their long front eye tooth makes a good puncture, and strong sharp teeth rip off the cover.

Dogs were worth far more than men in the gold days and the southland was scoured by those who might buy or steal dogs large and strong enough to be broken to the traces. Now is the time, as your ship steams nearer to the spots





# ↑ ALASKA ↑



*Prince Rupert stirs the imagination. Built upon the top of a half submerged mountain now an island of tremendous rocks, it is the first important port of call en route from Vancouver to Alaska.*

of true romance, to get out your Jack London and read again "The Call of the Wild."

## TAKU GLACIER

Three hundred miles of ice, fronting the water in a mile-long palisade that dwarfs your ship to insignificance, the Taku Glacier is, nevertheless, not the largest in Alaska. It is probably the most accessible by water and is certainly the most beautiful. You reach the Taku Inlet, where it lies, after an enchanting sail through the winding Wrangell Narrows. Here you are seemingly at all times in a small pine-girt lake, for your channel only opens ahead with great suddenness, when you find yourself once more apparently surrounded by land. You may guess by



the lay of the bows in which direction the shore will swing wide for your passage.

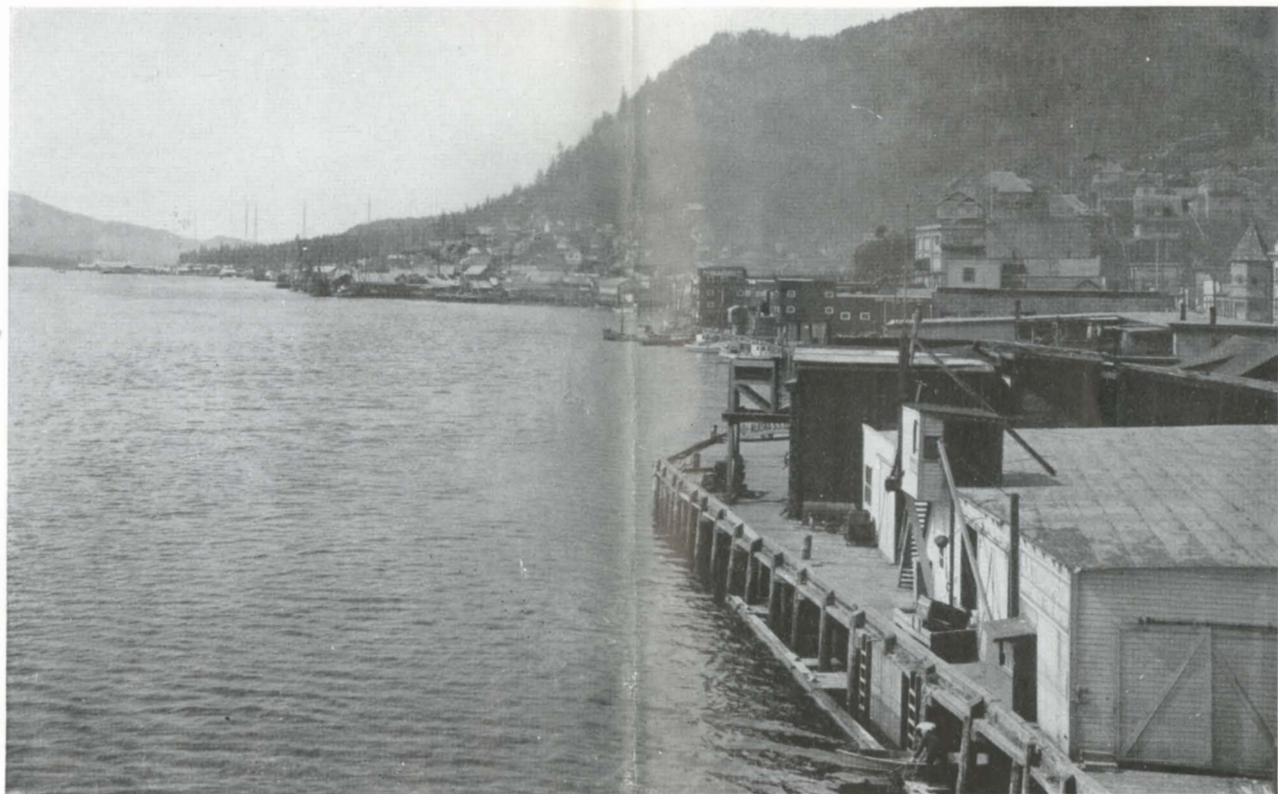
The Taku Inlet is broad and its shores rugged to a degree. The glacier slides down where the mountains dip to allow it a free course. Pray now for fine weather, as the ice, like a gigantic diamond, needs the rays of the sun to make it sparkle. Jade green and blue, as still as death yet actually in motion, it carries the imprisoned snows of some far field in gleaming, tumbled ice blocks to the sea.

## JUNEAU

Juneau, guarded by Mounts Robert and Juneau, is reached before you enter that glorious home stretch to Skagway, the far-famed Lynn Canal. A fishing centre and the home of quartz mining



# ↑ ALASKA ↑



*Ketchikan, the first landing point after crossing the imaginary line that cuts Alaskan and Canadian waters, is one of the liveliest towns in the Northland.*

on a tremendous scale, this city holds treasures for the visitor to take away. Its curio shops sell furs, nuggets, miniature totems, Chilcat and other Indian blankets, ivories, baskets, walrus teeth and many a little knickknack that will recall to you in after years—Alaska.

At Juneau is the Alaska Territorial Museum with its exhaustive collection of Eskimo and Indian Curios. Those interested in archaeology may devote hours to the study of the handiwork, tools and weapons of the last stone-age people, the Eskimo. The Museum's extensive bibliography of Alaskan publications offers excellent opportunity for research work in Alaskan historical topics.

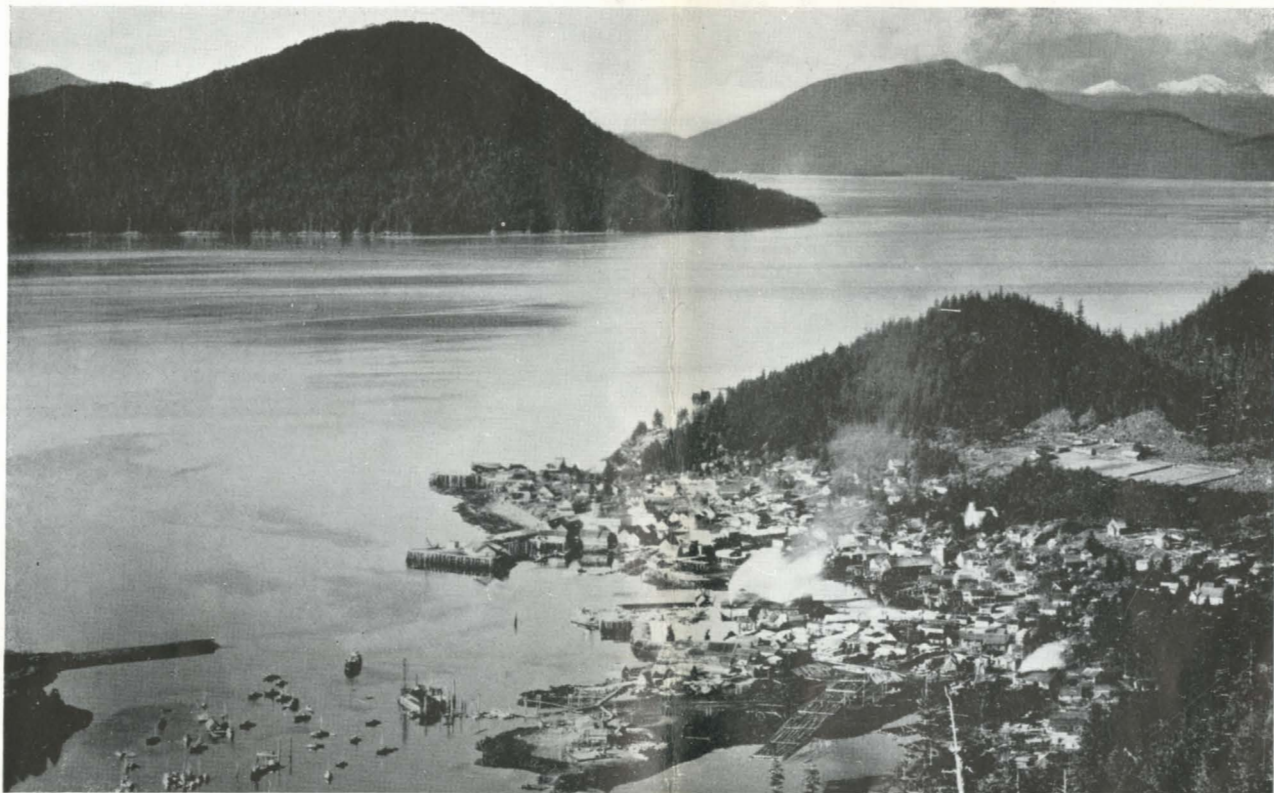
A side trip by auto that most visitors take while en route to Skagway, and which can be made while the steamer

is in port, is to the Mendenhall Glacier. Stepping from the auto, before you is a tremendous river of ice, a mile in breadth, a hundred feet in height and stretching into the distant horizon of lofty crags and peaks where lies the perpetual ice field which feeds South Alaska's glaciers.



Not yet have you reached the land of placer mining; of "snipers" on bars, men with claims on shallow creeks who sluiced out their year's support single-handed; of the tiny gold-bearing creeks, ten to twenty feet wide—Bonanza, Hunker, Too-Much-Gold, Eldorado, All-Gold, Gold-Bottom. Later, when you penetrate beyond Skagway into the Yukon you will live again in imagination those "times of blood and gold; dance and song; of glitter and show—starvation and death."





*Wrangell has a history. Founded by the Russians as a trading post, it was named after Baron Wrangell, the governor of the country. Here totem poles can be seen in their best state of preservation.*

### THE LYNN CANAL

Give yourself up now to the appreciation of sheer beauty. Your ship is steaming the Lynn Canal. Mountains laced with silver cascades plunge sheer into the black waters. Here, as you sail, the sun sets early behind that glowing barrier, edging the peaks with purple and gold. A violet haze settles over earth and water, through which the islands seem to float.

A full moon to light your course to Skagway is the crowning glory of a never-to-be-forgotten day.

### SKAGWAY, "The Flower City"

At the back of the north wind lies Skagway, surrounded now with a wealth of wildflowers, red and yellow salmon berries and all the rest of nature's pre-



cious jewelry. Mount Dewey, nearby, rewards the climber with an undreamed-of view. The ascent is less than five thousand feet, and you go up from bench to bench, past a series of lakes joined by cascades. The channel you so lately sailed seems like the bottom of the world.

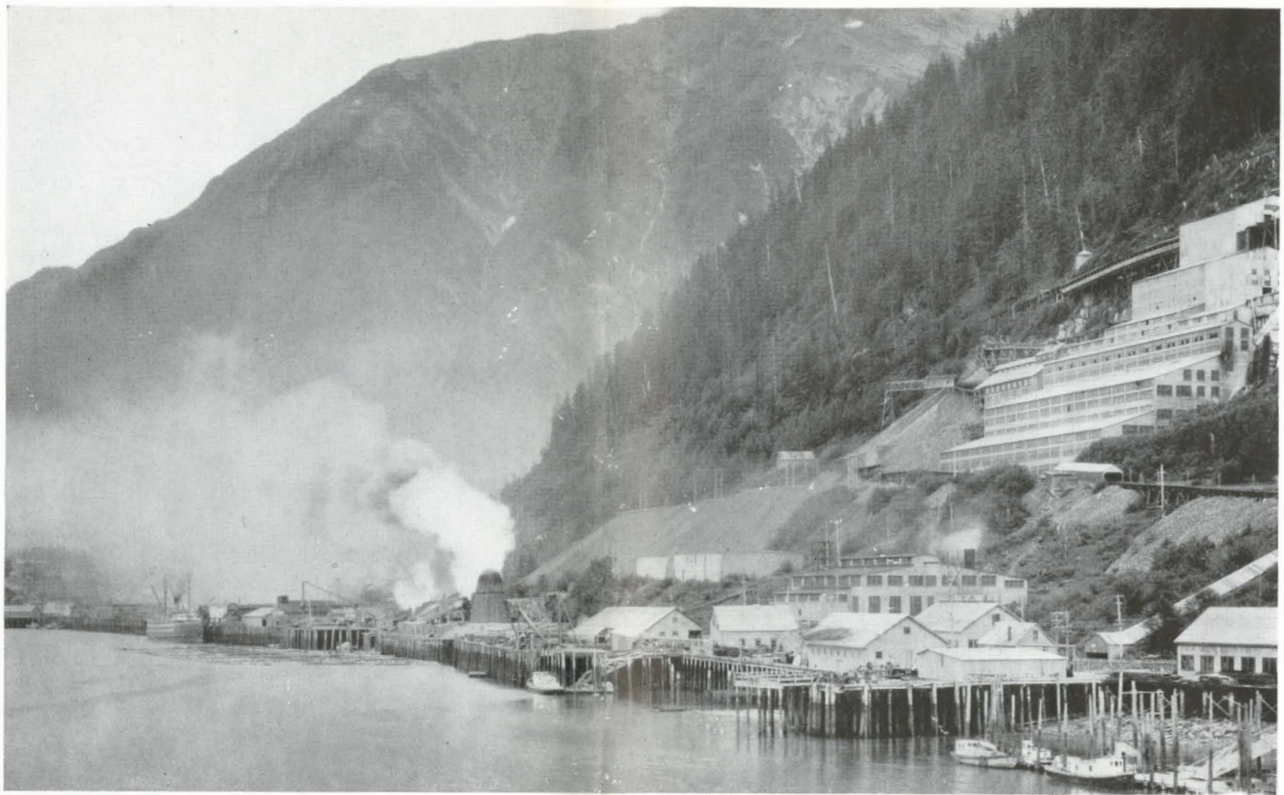
To Skagway in the mad days came adventurers and men of unattractive prospects, gamblers, crooks, confidence men, campfollowers all, the riff-raff and bobtail of the earth. Here, too, passed those women, sisters to the "light o' love of dangerous Dan McGrew," headed for "the camps of proved desire and known delight." And into this parade stepped the figure of Soapy Smith, gunman, gambler and boss of the town.

### SOAPY SMITH

Soapy gained his name by selling bars of soap in Colorado, supposed to contain



# ↑ ALASKA ↑



*Juneau, the capital of Alaska, has special attractions for the tourist. Here is the Alaska Territorial Museum with its exhaustive collection of Eskimo and Indian curios.*

five dollar bills. No one seemed lucky enough to get a bar with a coveted bill. From this trumpery thieving he migrated to a colder, harder country and to bolder methods. He gathered a gang of cut-throats and established gambling dens, dance halls and a fake Information Department. His agents worked the cities to the south and the ships to learn of those who were heading for the diggings with money in their belts. "Yank Fewclothes," "Kid Jimmy Fresh" and "Fatty Green" were among his most trusted henchmen.

Soapy was shot in a pistol duel with Frank Reid, who later died of wounds, and both men were buried near each other. The latter was hailed as the savior of Skagway. On the pine board that once headed Soapy's grave were the words "Jefferson R. Smith, 1898,

aged 38." So many visitors slit pieces of this headstone as souvenirs that it had to be renewed, and, at last, a small landslide covered the actual resting-place of Alaska's greatest bad man.

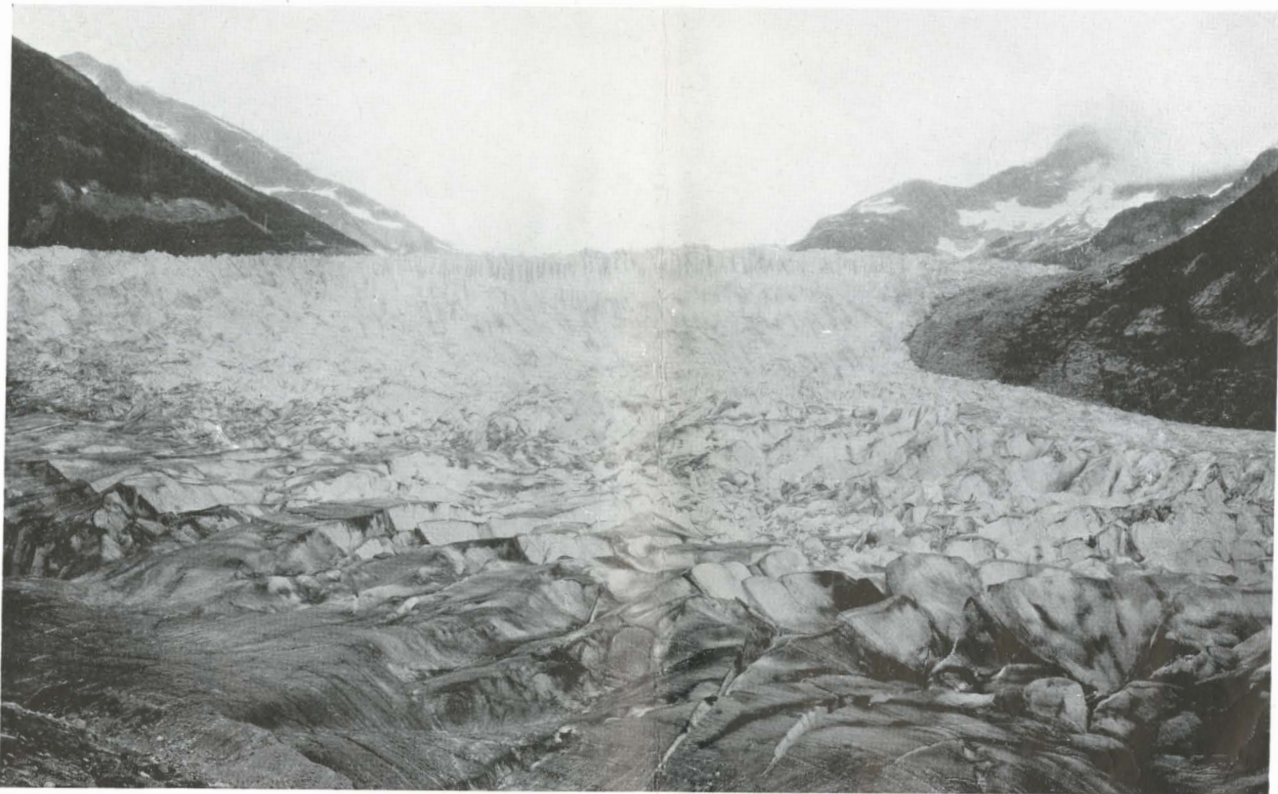


## INTO THE YUKON

The time between the arrival and departure of the steamer at Skagway permits a more intimate knowledge of this country whose fringe you have skirted. Rails carry you through a resounding canyon, The White Pass, up, up by stern degrees to the top of the world, where the flags of two nations fly side by side, at the Yukon boundary. Through the pass you have just surmounted winds still the desperate trail of the gold seekers, with here and there the remains of the crude bridges they built, crossing and recrossing the streams. Rude head-



# ↑ ALASKA ↑



*Mendenhall Glacier can be easily reached by automobile while the steamer remains at Juneau. This river of ice is over a mile in breadth and a hundred feet in height.*

stones mark the spots where men fell. Dead Horse Gulch, where three thousand animals died, listens forever to the dirge of foaming waters.

At Bennett, with its ghosts of ten thousand stampedees, you may lunch well before reaching Carcross, where herds of caribou several hundred strong used to swim the lake. You are now upon the sources of the mighty Yukon river, that, with its birth so near the Pacific, still flows twenty-three hundred miles to find the Bering Sea. For \$35, including berth and meals on the little steamer "Tutshi," you may cruise the Tagish lakes, with a trip to Taku Arm included in this two-day outing.

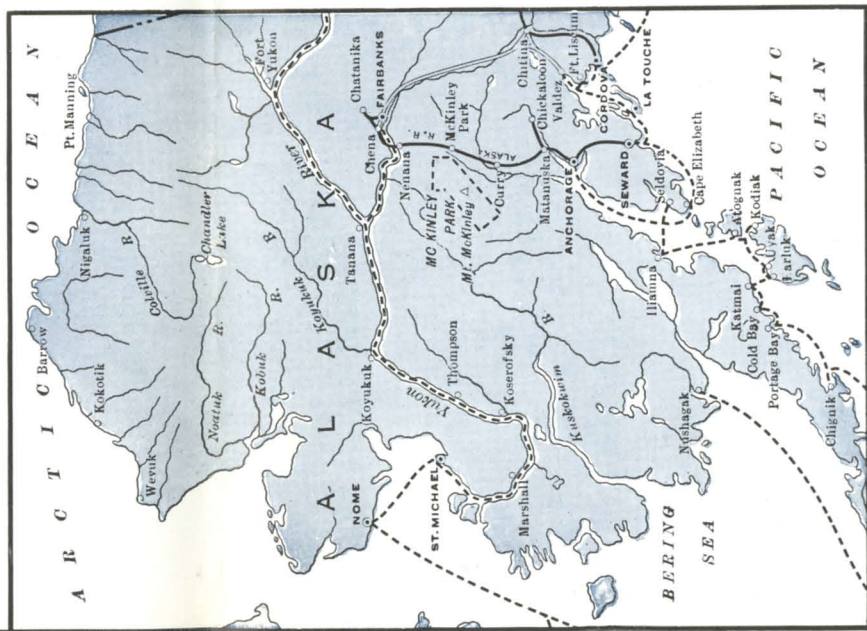
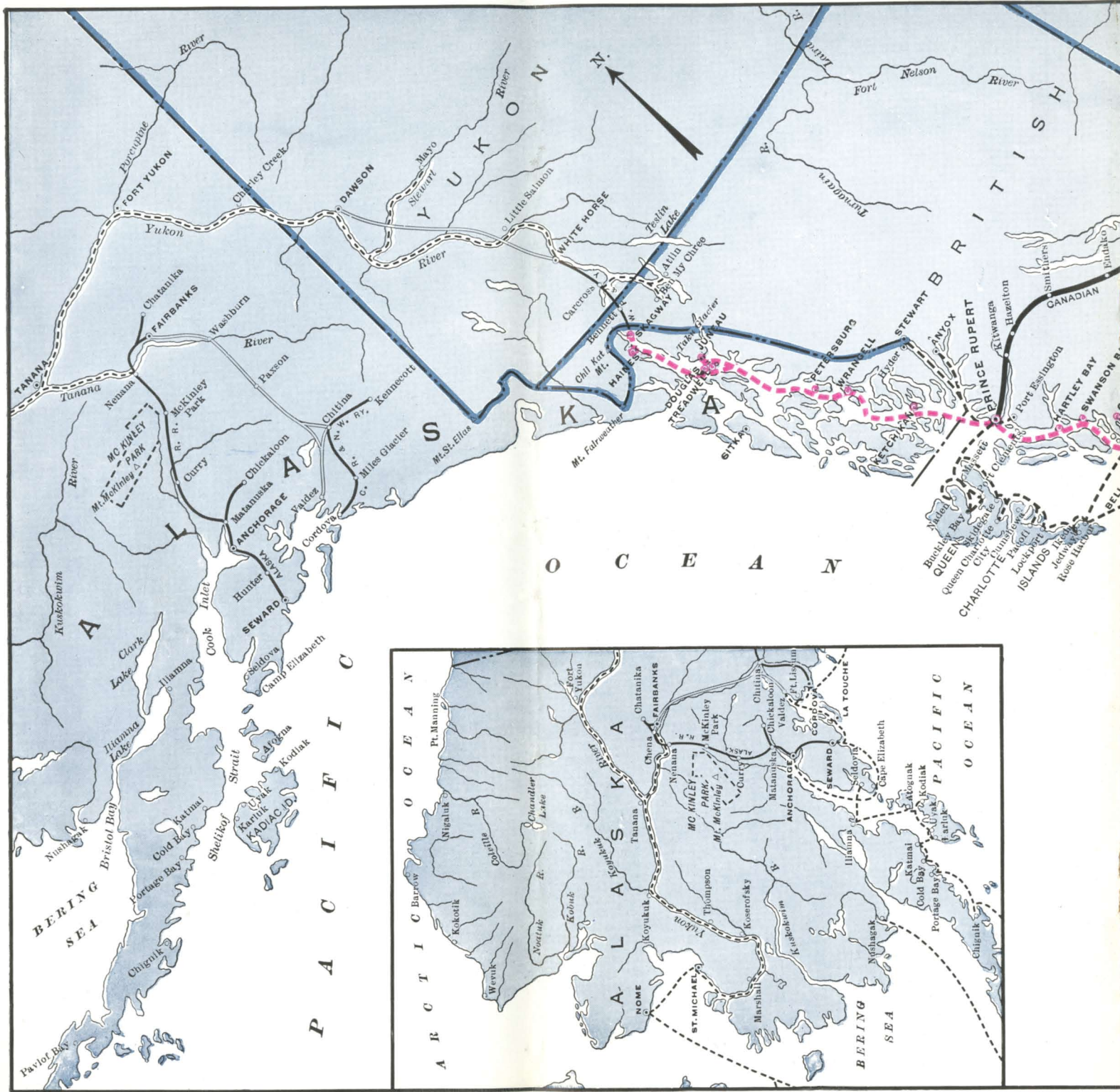
At the end of the West Taku Arm is a home called Ben-My-Chree, where an old-school Englishman with his charming wife greet and entertain the

traveller. This man loves the country as did John Muir, and, despite the apparent failure of his gold claims, he prefers to live out his days in the peace and serenity of towering mountains and waters in whose depths their grandeur is reflected.

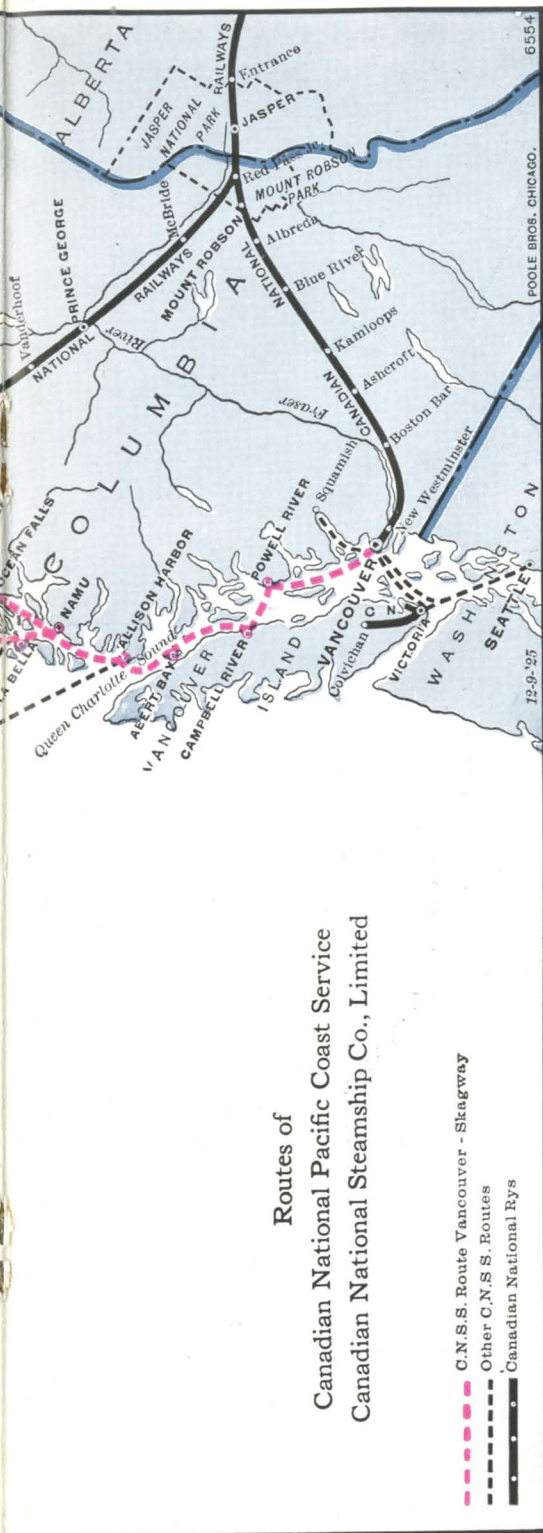
On the decks of this vessel, perhaps more than anywhere else, there will come home to you the spirit of the mining towns. Ruins of deserted bonanzas mark the shore. At sunset, or later, when the brilliant aurora flames in the heavens, stories will be told of those adventurous days. Above the black loom of the eternal mountains there will spring into view a glowing, white colossal bridge of light, or twisting, shifting filaments of green fire—the aurora is never the same—as though "all the stars were raked together in one window,











EMBLEMS of Alaska's oldest families, totems are symbolic of the country. At various points, notably at Ketchikan and Wrangell, may be seen most interesting examples of this extinct art, which in the past was universal to the Indian tribes of the North Pacific Coast, denoting the caste and history of the chiefs and tribes. One of the finest as here illustrated is the Kicksetti Totem at Wrangell.

The story of the Kicksetti Totem follows:

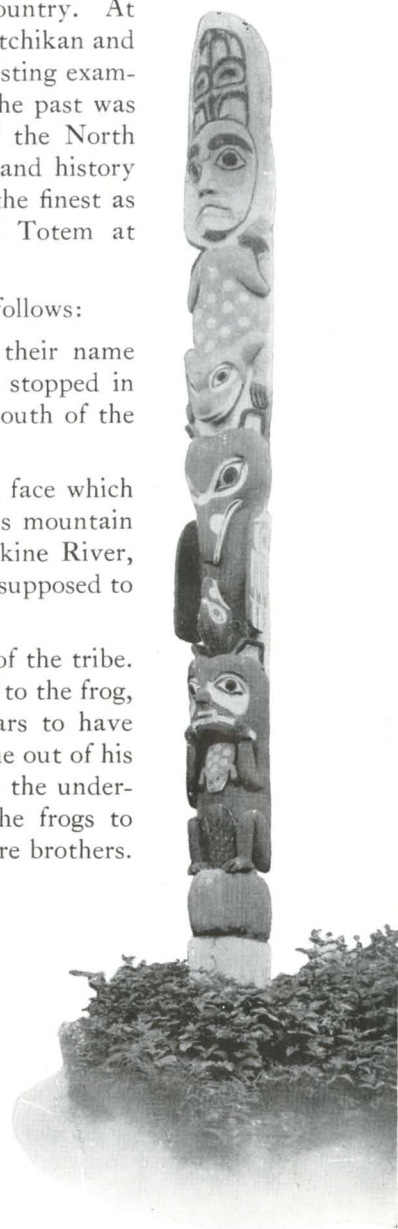
"The Kicksetti people derived their name from Kicks Bay, where they first stopped in their migrations north from the mouth of the Nass River to the Stikine River.

"The pole is surmounted with a face which represents a mountain . . . This mountain was the camping place on the Stikine River, where the legends of the tribe were supposed to take place.

"Below is the frog, the emblem of the tribe. One of the chiefs did some mischief to the frog, in consequence of which he appears to have fallen into a trance. When he came out of his trance he said that he had been in the underworld and had been taught by the frogs to treat them better, because they were brothers.

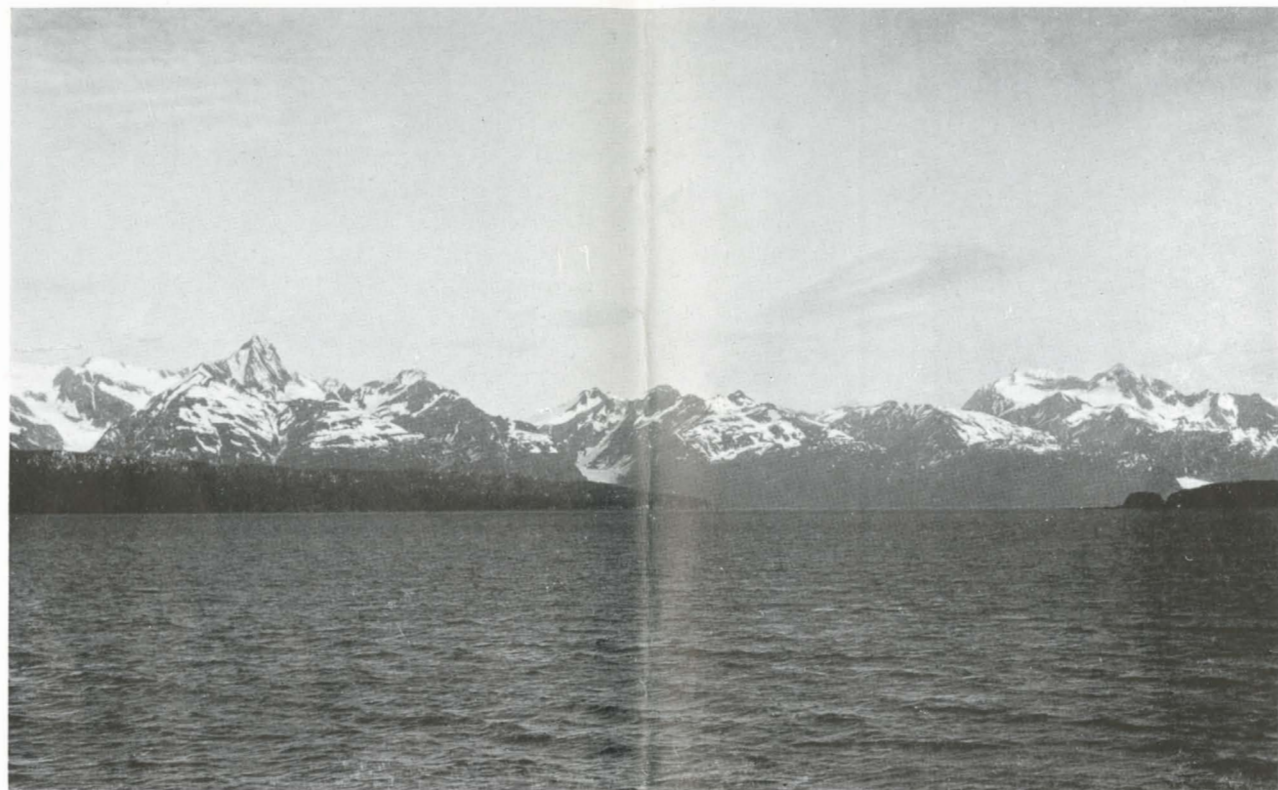
"Below is the old Raven, the creator, talking to the young Raven that made man. The lowest figure of all is the Kilisnoo beaver. The father belonged to the beaver family and the mother belonged to the frog family."

*Extract from "Totem Lore of the Alaska Indians," by H. P. Corser, M.S.*





# ↑ ALASKA ↑



*To witness a superb sunset amidst that riot of mountain, glaciers and silver cascades is heaping one glory upon another. This illustration of Lynn Canal is reproduced from a photograph taken at midnight.*

fused and welded." Beneath that cold, mocking beauty you will wonder at the daring of man, wandering like a fly under an avalanche of celestial grandeur.

## GOLD RUSH NOTES

The Klondike News of 1896 flashed out in gold headlines a foot high, with a picture of George Carmack surrounded by blobs of gilt, representing nuggets. Nuggets found at that time ran as high as 35 ounces with a value of \$530.

Never before in the world's history had a gold region been so remote, so well guarded by nature. There had been larger stampedes, but certainly the most extravagant and sensational of all such movements of mankind was the great rush to the Klondike thirty years ago.

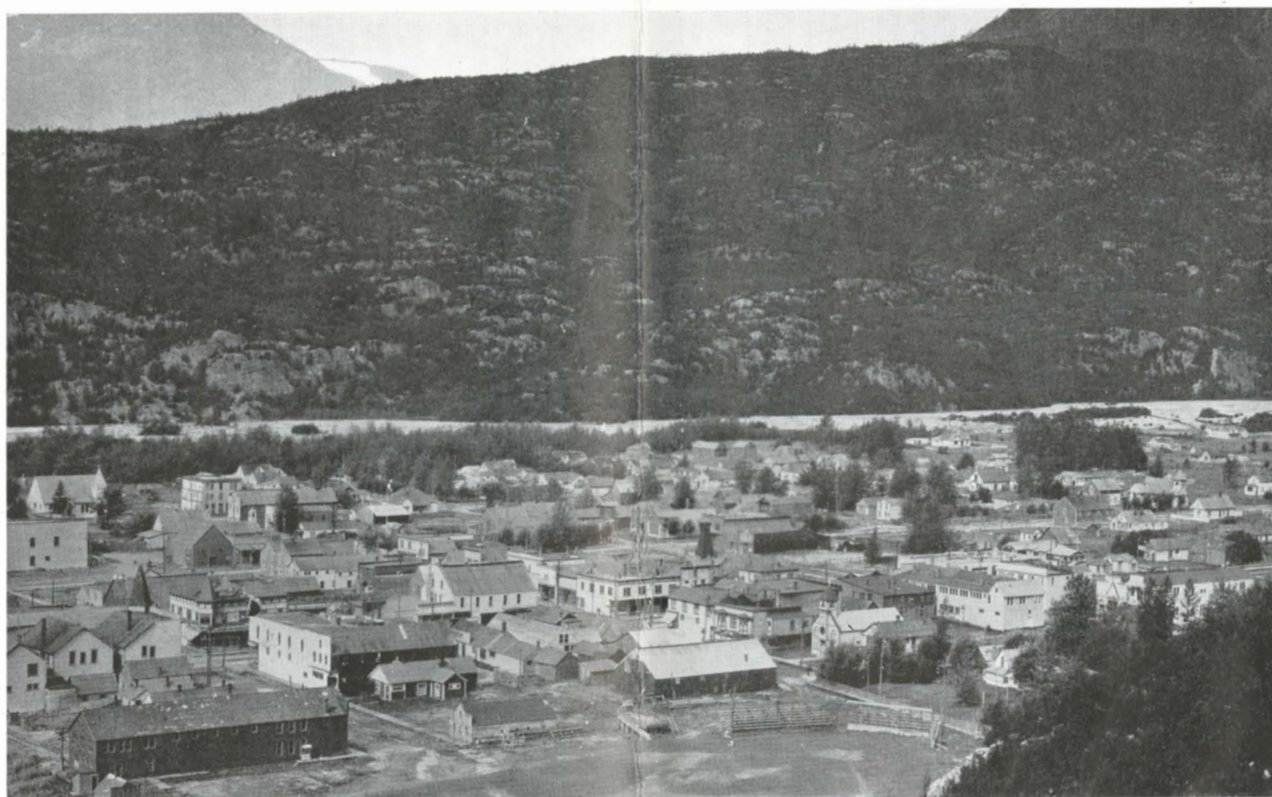
Prices soared to unbelievable heights, as supplies had to be hauled in with much labor and danger. Why, a bowl of soup was listed at \$1.00, beans, bread and coffee \$2.00, champagne \$30.00, whisky \$50.00 a gallon, a pick \$17.00, socks \$8.00, window-glass \$50.00 for a small pane, a bag of salt \$5.00. It cost \$1.00 to enquire for letters at the post office, and another dollar if a letter was received.

Money was easily made too. A man reached Dawson broke, but he had a fishing line and some hooks. After landing half a dozen graylings he was offered a dollar apiece for them and went swaggering towards the gambling halls with the possible basis of a fortune.

Kate of the Klondike, sister to the Indian "Skookum" Jim and wife of George Carmack, was a queen indeed







*Skagway is the gateway of the Yukon. In the days of the gold rush Skagway played an historic part. Plenty of thrills are experienced in following the winding steel through a granite-ribbed gorge to the summit that long was thought impassable.*

for a few short years. Pictures of her show a bold woman adorned with enough golden nuggets to start a bank. Afterwards she lived upon that doubtful glory and little else, her husband gone and his gold a memory.

Even the menus in the so-called hotels were written in the spirit of the rush. There were listed such dishes as Hot House Salad, Stampede Sauce, Steak and Yukon Silver Chips, Grilled Bonanza Pig, Sourdough Sauce, etc. The house rules contained such rough, humorous advice as, "Towels changed weekly. Dogs not allowed in the bunks. Spiked boots must be removed at night." It was a world of men turned into boys again, wild, headstrong, gold-mad boys.



#### ROBERT SERVICE

So swiftly did this romantic period arrive and so quickly disappear that there was scarce time to produce a chronicler of it all. Men were too full of living to bother with writing. Only one, a clerk in the Bank of Commerce at Dawson, was more moved by the romance of it all than by the gold. If you follow your inclinations and drift down the Yukon you will see at Dawson the little house where Robert Service wrote verses that are destined to live when the last of the sourdoughs shall have hit the long trail.

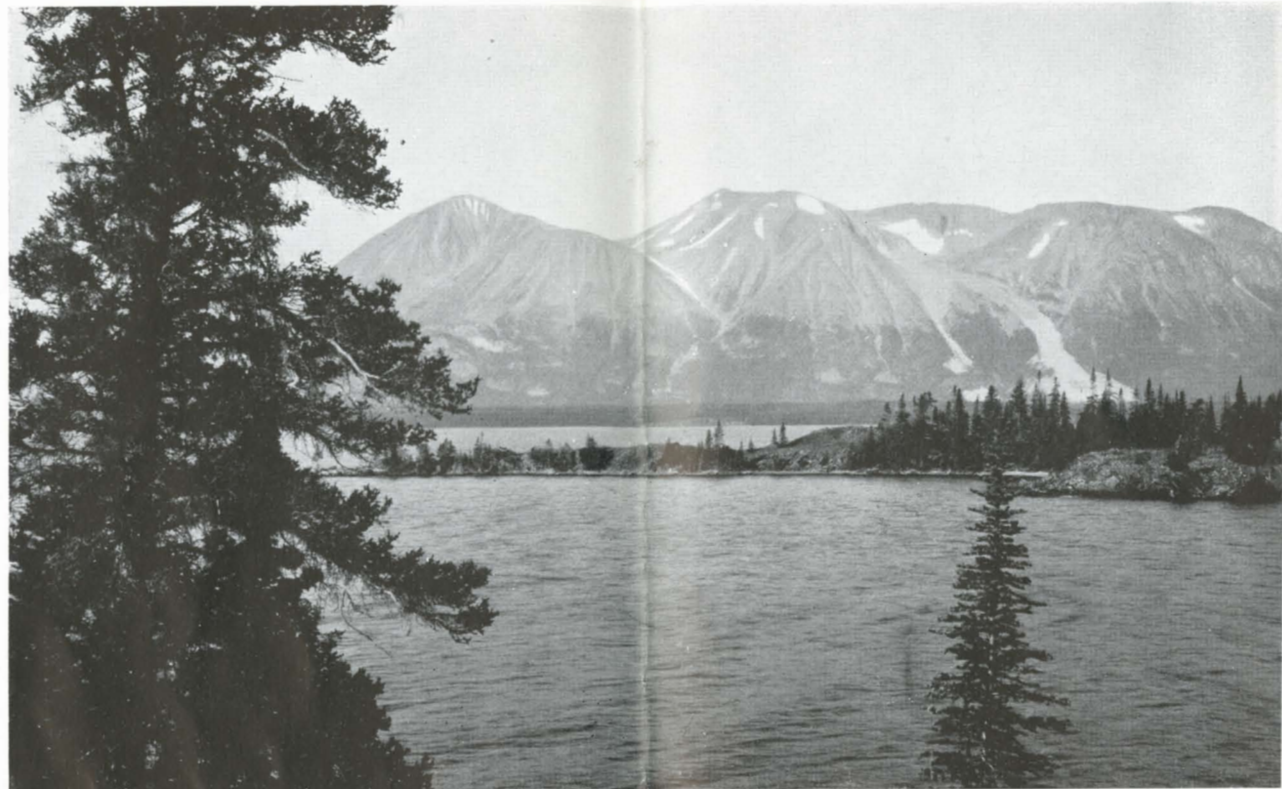
"There were the tents of Dawson, there the scar of the slide;

The test of the trail was over—thank God, thank God, we were Home!"

"The Trail of Ninety-Eight."



# ↑ ALASKA ↑



*Lake Atlin has the lure of a great mountain lake lying serene and placid under the shadow of snow-capped mountains, of a great glacier at its farther end, and of the wild life of primeval woods and great fish leaping in lake and stream.*

## LAKE ATLIN

A week to spare allows for a trip to Lake Atlin, B.C., with a great deal of thrill and pleasure crowded into six short days.

Atlin Lake stretches for eighty miles, a vision of grandeur not to be equalled elsewhere in the world, say globe-trotters. In many places, snow mountains rise sheer from the waters edge, gray, grim walls so steep nothing can grow upon them. Snow lies in patches in their gorges and ravines and covers their tops with a shining mantle. At other points the slopes are gentler, and spruce and fir, birch and willow make a robe of varying shades of green. But always in the background, even to these lower hills, are snow mountains, peak upon peak, not one great isolated crest,



but range upon range filling the horizon in every direction—snow-capped peaks filling in the breaks and gaps between the nearer mountains. And when the water is smooth, the lake reflects every peak, so clearly outlined, so apparently without a break, that it is difficult to tell where the one begins and the other ends.

The little town of Atlin, with its large and comfortable hotel, the Atlin Inn, operated by the White Pass and Yukon Railway, lies on an open, level, grassy meadow, its streets, winding roads that lead out into the country and thickly bordered with wild flowers.

It is a glorious trip from Atlin to the Llewellyn Glacier.

The colors at Atlin are seldom the same and at times the waters have all the hues of tropical seas.

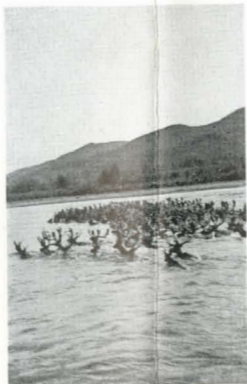




*Miles Canyon is seen from the train on the way to Dawson. Deep and dark are the depths within the sheer walls and the current sweeps through with terrifying force. Near the centre is a whirlpool.*

#### “ON TO DAWSON FROM CARCROSS”

After leaving Carcross the railway skirts many small lakes until Miles Canyon is reached, the dread of early-day gold seekers. Deep and dark are the depths within the sheer walls and the current sweeps through with terrifying force. Near the centre is a whirlpool, a basin nearly one hundred and fifty yards in diameter and with steep, sloping walls where the crest of the waves must be ridden or the hapless voyager will go round and round. Beyond this the water plunges ahead with still greater swiftness and violence, for the fall in the lower part of the canyon is steeper than at the beginning. The canyon safely passed, the danger is by no means over, for the Whitehorse Rapids loom ahead, and the seething froth and fury of this sheet of water



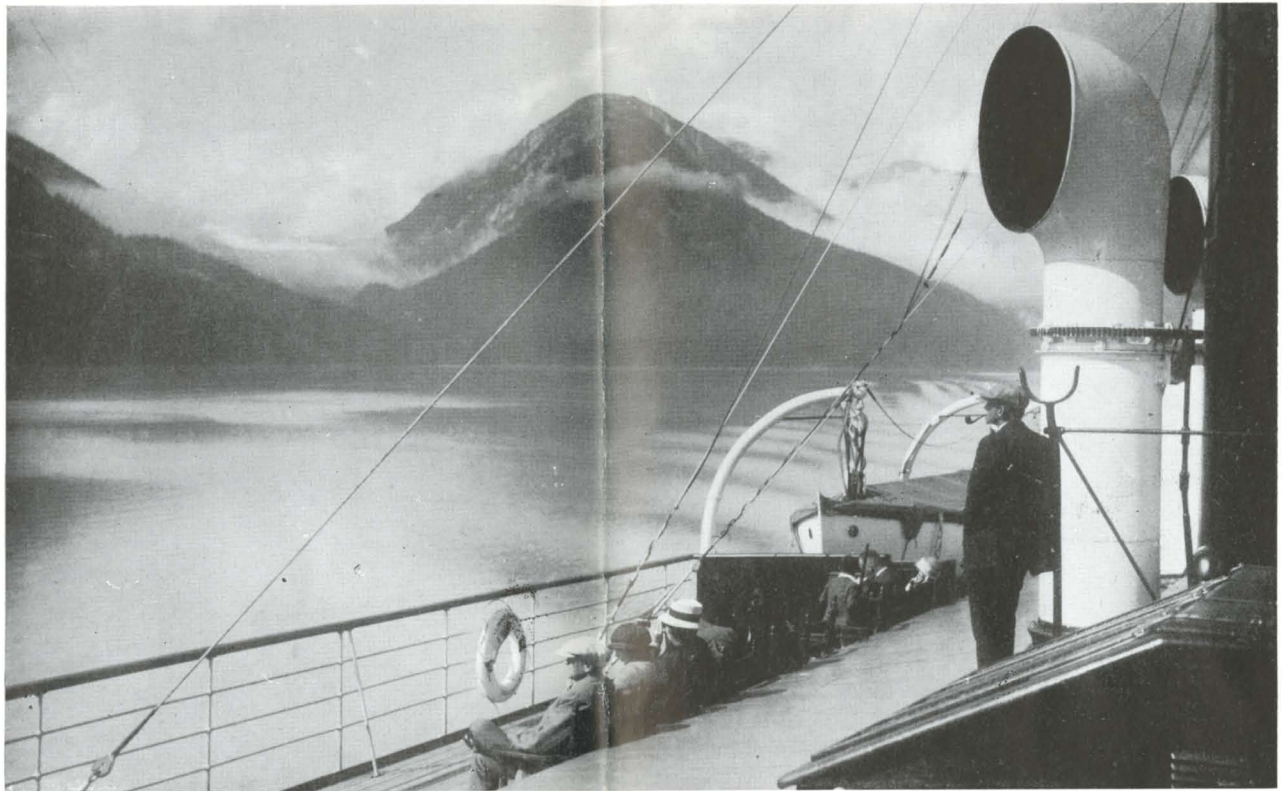
make the stoutest hearts quail. At the lower end, the banks close in, making the channel narrow, and the waters swirl and leap with tremendous strength, while hidden rocks add to the perils of navigation.

To-day, however, the passengers in comfortable cars view the canyon from the train and take an automobile out to the rapids. The thrill of adventure remains only in story.

From Whitehorse commences the trip down that great river of the North, the Yukon. The wild, untamed beauty, the sense of plunging into the primeval, grips the imagination, and the vastness, the loneliness and the silence fascinates. High cut banks hemming the river add a peculiar note to the scenery. At times the banks disappear for a brief while and in their place are low flat



## ↑ ALASKA ↑



*The Alaskan steamers of the Canadian National are like small Atlantic liners. The staterooms and dining salon are commodious and the cuisine excellent. There are smoking and observation rooms where one may sit and admire the scenery and there is enough deck room for shuffle board and deck quoits.*

shores. Piloting a Yukon boat is no easy task. In many places the channel is narrow and tortuous and constantly changing, but the captains of the boats are men who have sailed the Yukon for years and they know its moods.

From Lake le Barge, the cruise lies through Thirty-Mile River, considered more dangerous in the old days than either Miles Canyon or Whitehorse Rapids, but the Yukon boats now navigate it with little trouble. Another very interesting feature of the Yukon trip is passing through the Five Finger Rapids.

The walls of the river rise sheer and steep. A big rock in the middle disputes the way, while islands ahead make the scene one of unusual beauty. The current is swift and the boat swings in, looking as if headed straight for the rock.



But just as a crash seems inevitable, it turns, swings to the other side, and in a few seconds is out in the water beyond. In about twenty minutes

Rink Rapids appear and the boat shoots over the foaming waters, looking as if sliding downgrade. Between Selkirk and Dawson the caribou herds in their migration from the Arctic slope are literally seen here in their thousands. The Dawson of today is a town of neat homes with much floral display. A wonderful view is the reward of those who climb the Sunset Dome or Midnight Dome, so called because of the pilgrimages made at that time of the day or night in order to obtain a marvelous panorama of a quiet river that knew little but the canoe of an Indian and trader until the stream of gold that poured from the hills brought the world to its bosom.



## Useful Information for Intending Visitors to Alaska

Question—What is tonnage and length of Alaska steamers ?

Answer—The gross tonnage of the "Prince Rupert" is 3,379 tons, length 319 feet. Gross Tonnage of "Prince George" is 3,372 tons, length 319 feet.

Question—Are all staterooms heated, and how ?

Answer—Yes, by steam.

Question—At what hours are meals served ?

Answer—

### Hours of Service

	First table	Second table
Breakfast.....	7.30 a.m.	8.15 a.m.
Luncheon.....	12.30 noon	1.15 p.m.
Dinner.....	6.00 p.m.	6.45 p.m.
Afternoon Tea.....	4.00 p.m. to	5.00 p.m.
Night Lunch.....	10.00 p.m. to	12.00 p.m.

Question—Are steamer rugs provided ?

Answer—No steamer rugs.

Question—Are there any inside staterooms ?

Answer—No, all staterooms are outside rooms.

Question—Is there any music provided on board ?

Answer—Steamers are provided with piano and orchestra. Concerts are also frequently arranged with the assistance of such passengers as care to participate.

Question—How should passengers' mail be addressed ?

Answer—Mail should be addressed care of Company and marked "Passenger per S.S. .... Sailing for, ..... on ....."

Question—How long do steamers stop at ports of call ?

Answer—Length of stop depends on the amount of business to be transacted, but is usually from one to three hours, which is sufficient time for passengers to go ashore and see principal sights. Pursers will gladly assist passengers with information regarding what is to be seen at such place.

Question—What are the names of the principal hotels in Alaska and the Yukon ?

Answer—*Skagway*: Golden North, Pullen House and Portland. *Dawson City*: Royal Alexandra, Yukonia, Occidental, Principal, Rochester. *Atlin*: Atlin Inn, Kootenay, Royal. *Whitehorse, Y.T.*: Regina, White Pass Hotel, Commercial. *Juneau*: Gastineau Hotel, Alaska Hotel, Zynda Hotel. *Wrangell*: Wrangell Hotel. *Ketchikan*: Ingersol Hotel, Stedman Hotel, Rivilla Hotel.

Question—Are passports required ?

Answer—No. Immigration regulations do not require that passengers should carry passports.

Question—What is the situation re collection of head tax ?

Answer—As a general rule, bona fide tourists making the Alaska trip will not be called upon to pay the United States \$8.00 head tax upon their entry at Ketchikan. Tax is not chargeable in the case of American citizens, and although Canadians are classed as aliens, under this law, head tax will not usually be collected from Canadian tourists holding round trip transportation and returning on same or following steamer, although collection might possibly be made if tourists were making a somewhat extended visit to Alaska. For information in regard to collection and refund of United States head tax at Ketchikan, see



current U.S. Immigration Circular and supplements. The holding of Transit Identification Certificates by tourists from the United States will ordinarily serve as proof that passenger came from the United States and is only in transit through Canada. There is no Canadian Head Tax.

Question—May trunks be carried in staterooms?

Answer—Ordinary steamer trunks of not more than fourteen inches in height can be placed under lower berths in staterooms, but practice should be discouraged, as trunks cannot be conveniently handled in staterooms.

Question—May passengers have access to trunks on board during the voyage?

Answer—Yes, if not in bond. Apply to Purser or Chief Steward.

Question—Is any charge made for storage of baggage carried by Alaska tourists?

Answer—No. Baggage not required on voyage will be held at Vancouver or Prince Rupert without charge for storage for period not exceeding 30 days.

### THE TRIANGLE TOUR

We need describe only two sides of the famous triangle, one apex of which rests in Jasper National Park and the other two at Vancouver and Prince Rupert. The third side is formed by part of the Inside Passage through which you have already passed.

You are given an idea of the vast size of this triangle when you are told that twenty-four hours on the Continental Limited from Vancouver will see you at the picturesque little station of Jasper, high among the sunlit peaks.

You may start your voyage of discovery from any main point but always you must, to complete the joy of a perfect trip, stop over at Jasper Park Lodge, in America's largest National Park.

The Vancouver route to Jasper follows the Fraser, Thompson and North Thompson Rivers with their numberless rock-walled canyons. These rivers fume and spume between sheer

granite towers of tremendous heights. They crash and roar through Hell Gate on the Fraser and again through another Hell's Gate on the Thompson, and at Pyramid Falls the spray bathes the passing train. There are many stops at vantage points where you may look down into seemingly bottomless gorges or up at a narrow ribbon of blue that is the sky—And then Mount Robson, 12,972 feet, the Monarch of the Canadian Rockies.

The Jasper-Prince Rupert leg of the Triangle Tour is equally eery and thrilling. Here the Fraser gives place to the Nechako river, then the Bulkley, and, finally, the "river of clouds," the Skeena, its banks lined with fishing villages, flashes into full view. The Bulkley Canyon, where a stop is made, is perhaps one of the most impressive sights of the entire journey.

### JASPER PARK LODGE

In the vast Athabaska valley, in an amphitheatre of mountains, lies Jasper Park Lodge. It is owned and operated by the Canadian National Railways. It seems a very part of this wild and wonderful country, as indeed it is, the entire main lodge and all its cottages being built of timber and stones from the surrounding hills.

In this setting you may motor, ride, swim, and climb. There is boating, fishing, tennis and dancing. Wonder of wonders! here is a beautiful eighteen-hole golf course, where, if you can keep your eye on the scenery and on the ball, an excellent game may be enjoyed.

Lac Beauvert at the doorway of the Lodge, carries in its still depths the reflection of Mount Edith Cavell, some twenty miles away. There are native and Swiss guides to lead you among the mountain peaks. If you do nothing more energetic than bask in the sunshine and drink in the grandeur that surrounds you, you will still have the appetite of a schoolboy and will sleep like a log. There is something in the air that makes you want to fill your lungs with every balsam-scented breeze.



# CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

## Canadian National Telegraphs

Canadian National Telegraph Co. operates 135,000 miles of wire. Direct exclusive connection with the Western Union Telegraph Company, reaching 75,000 points in Canada, United States and Mexico. Cable service to all parts of the world. Money transferred by cable or telegraph.

## OFFICERS OF THE TRAFFIC DEPARTMENT

A. T. WELDON, Vice-President..... Montreal, Que.  
 H. H. MELANSON..... General Passenger Traffic Mgr..... Montreal, Que.  
 C. W. JOHNSTON..... Passenger Traffic Manager..... Montreal, Que.  
 R. CREELMAN..... Passenger Traffic Manager..... Winnipeg, Man.  
 M. F. TOMPKINS..... Traffic Manager..... Moncton, N.B.  
 C. K. HOWARD..... General Tourist Agent..... Montreal, Que.  
 A. A. GARDINER..... General Passenger Agent. (Steamship)..... Montreal, Que.  
 F. W. ROBERTSON..... General Passenger Agent..... Moncton, N.B.  
 E. C. ELLIOTT..... General Passenger Agent..... Montreal, Que.  
 H. C. BOURLIER..... General Passenger Agent..... Toronto, Ont.  
 A. B. CHOWN..... General Passenger Agent..... Chicago, Ill., U.S.  
 OSBORNE SCOTT..... General Passenger Agent..... Winnipeg, Man.  
 G. A. McNICHOLL..... General Passenger Agent..... Vancouver, B.C.

## Canadian National Express

Canadian National Express Company operates on all lines of the Canadian National Railways, giving the best service possible in the handling of merchandise, money, valuables, etc. Money Orders are on sale at all Canadian National Express offices.

D. O. WOOD..... General Freight Traffic Manager..... Montreal, Que.  
 N. W. HAWKES..... Freight Traffic Manager..... Montreal, Que.  
 L. MACDONALD..... Freight Traffic Manager..... Montreal, Que.  
 R. L. BURNAP..... Freight Traffic Manager..... Chicago, Ill., U.S.  
 W. G. MANDERS..... Freight Traffic Manager..... Winnipeg, Man.  
 R. W. LONG..... Asst. Freight Traffic Manager..... Toronto, Ont.  
 R. J. FOREMAN..... General Foreign Freight Agent..... Montreal, Que.  
 W. C. MUIR..... Gen. Mgr., Can. National Express..... Montreal, Que.  
 WM. PHILLIPS..... Manager Industrial Dept..... Montreal, Que.

## PASSENGER AGENCIES (Canada and United States)

Boston, Mass..... H. F. Tilley..... 201 Province Bldg., 333 Washington St.  
 Belleville, Ont..... H. C. Thompson..... 243 Front St.  
 Brantford, Ont..... J. T. O'Neil..... 153 Colborne St.  
 Brockville, Ont..... M. C. Dunn..... 10 Courthouse Ave.  
 Buffalo, N.Y..... H. M. Morgan..... 11 South Division Street.  
 Calgary, Alta..... J. H. Norton..... 218 Eighth Avenue West.  
 Charlottetown, P.E.I..... P. W. Clarkin..... C.N. Rys. Station.  
 Chicago, Ill..... C. G. Ortenburger..... 108 West Adams Street.  
 Cincinnati, Ohio..... F. H. Bremer..... 406-407 Traction Bldg., 432 Walnut St.  
 Cleveland, Ohio..... H. G. Pentland..... Union Trust Bldg., 925 Euclid Ave.  
 Detroit, Mich..... (H. L. McCaughey)..... 1259 Griswold Street.  
 (L. F. Lorentz)..... 3044 West Grand Blvd.  
 Duluth, Minn..... C. A. Skog..... 430 West Superior Street.  
 Edmonton, Alta..... J. S. Peck..... Cor. Jasper and 100th Street.  
 Grand Rapids, Mich..... C. A. Justin..... 151 Ottawa Avenue.  
 Guelph, Ont..... G. E. Walker..... 11 and 13 Wyndham Street.  
 Halifax, N.S..... J. J. Leydon..... 107 Hollis Street.  
 Hamilton, Ont..... Jas. Anderson..... 7 James Street North.  
 Kansas City, Mo..... L. E. Ayer..... 334-335 Rly. Exchange Bldg., 706 Grand Ave.  
 Kingston, Ont..... J. P. Hanley..... Cor. Johnston and Ontario Streets.  
 London, Ont..... R. E. Ruse..... 406 Richmond, Cor. Dundas Street.  
 Los Angeles, Cal..... H. R. Bullen..... 607 South Grand Ave.  
 Minneapolis, Minn..... G. A. North..... 518 Second Avenue South.  
 Montreal, Que..... M. O. Dafoe..... 230 St. James Street.  
 New York, N.Y..... F. A. Young..... 505 Fifth Ave.  
 (C. E. Jenney)..... 505 Fifth Ave.  
 North Bay, Ont..... C. W. Murphy..... 81 Main Street.  
 Ottawa, Ont..... P. M. Buttler..... Cor. Sparks and Metcalfe Streets.  
 Peterboro, Ont..... J. B. Doran..... 324 George Street.  
 Philadelphia, Pa..... G. L. Bryson, Franklin Trust Bldg., 1500-1506 Chestnut St.  
 Pittsburg, Pa..... W. J. Burr..... 505 Park Building, 355 Fifth Ave.  
 Portland, Me..... G. A. Harrison..... G. T. Railway Station.  
 Portland, Ore..... A. B. Holtorp..... 122 Third St., Cor. Washington St.  
 Prince Rupert, B.C..... R. F. McNaughton..... 528 Third Avenue.  
 Quebec, Que..... (J. E. LeBlanc)..... Cor. Ste. Anne and DuFort Streets.  
 (J. J. Aubin)..... 231 St. Joseph St., St. Roch.  
 Regina, Sask..... S. M. Greene..... 1874 Scarth Street.  
 San Francisco, Cal..... W. J. Gilkerson..... 689 Market Street.  
 Saskatoon, Sask..... A. F. Lenon..... 103 Second Avenue South.  
 Seattle, Wash..... J. F. McGuire..... 1329 Fourth Ave.  
 Sherbrooke, Que..... A. M. Stevens..... 23 Wellington St. North.  
 St. Catharines, Ont..... C. J. Harris..... 106 St. Paul Street.  
 Saint John, N.B..... L. C. Lynds..... 49 King Street.  
 St. John's, Nfld..... R. H. Webster, Board of Trade Bldg., 155 Water St. East.  
 St. Louis, Mo..... W. H. Burke, 305 Merchants Laclede Bldg., 408 Olive St.  
 St. Paul, Minn..... A. H. Davis..... 83 East Fifth Street.  
 Sudbury, Ont..... A. G. Bell..... 26 Elm Street.  
 Toronto, Ont..... R. E. Richmond..... Cor. King and Yonge Streets.  
 Vancouver, B.C..... W. G. Connolly..... 527 Granville Street.  
 Victoria, B.C..... C. F. Earle..... 911 Government Street.  
 Windsor, Ont..... B. A. Rose..... 24-26 Sandwich St. East.  
 Winnipeg, Man..... F. J. Creighton..... Cor. Main St. and Portage Ave.  
 Woodstock, Ont..... N. A. B. Smith..... 502 Dundas Street.

## PASSENGER AGENCIES

### EUROPE

C. J. Smith, Vice-President,  
 P. A. Clews, European Traffic Manager,  
 17-19 Cockspur St., London, S.W.1, Eng.  
**Antwerp, Belgium**..... Wm. Taylor, Special Agent, c/o Agence Maritime De  
 Keyser, Thornton, S.A., 2 Quai Ortelius.  
**Belfast, Ireland**..... Rigby's Ltd., Passenger Agents..... 74 High Street.  
 Stephens & Walkington, Freight Agts., 8 Victoria Street.  
**Cardiff, Wales**..... F. J. Arrowsmith, District Traffic Agent, 82 Queen Street.  
**Genoa, Italy**..... E. G. Laing, Special Agent..... Via Alla Nunziata, 17.  
**Glasgow, Scotland**..... J. M. Walker, District Traffic Agent..... 75 Union St.  
**Hamburg, Germany**..... Adolph Blum & Popper..... 17 Monckebergstrasse.  
**Havre, France**..... Hernu Peron & Co..... 53 Quai George V.  
**Liverpool, Eng.**..... H. V. Caldwell, District Passenger Agt., 19 James Street.  
 E. L. Roper, District Freight Agent..... 19 James Street.  
 G. E. Cowie, Gen. Fgt. Agt. United Kingdom Traffic.  
**London, S.W.1, Eng.**..... 17-19 Cockspur St.  
 J. P. McClelland, Passenger Agent..... 17-19 Cockspur St.  
**London, E.C., Eng.**..... J. Deed, City Agent..... 44 Leadenhall Street.  
**Manchester, Eng.**..... R. J. McEwen, District Traffic Agent, 40 Brazenose St.  
**Newcastle-on-Tyne, Eng.**..... Messrs. H. Burt & Co., Pass. Agts., 14 Shakespeare St.  
 (Canadian National Railways (France)).  
**Paris, France**..... A. L. Regamey, Genl. Tourist Agt., 1 Rue Scribe.  
 Hernu Peron & Co. (Fgt. Dept.)..... 95 Rue des Marais.  
 Hernu Peron & Co. (Pass. Dept.)..... 61 Blvd. Haussman.  
**Southampton, Eng.**..... F. E. Birch, District Traffic Agent..... 134 High St.

### AUSTRALIA

Geo. E. Bunting, General Traffic Agent,  
 309 George Street, Sydney.  
**Sydney**..... G. F. Johnston, Gen. Agt., Pass. Dept., 309 George St.  
**Brisbane**..... C. Hopkins, Agent..... 318 Elizabeth Street.  
**Melbourne**..... A. J. Jackson, Trav. Passenger Agent..... 60 Market Street.

### NEW ZEALAND

**Wellington**..... F. G. Wood, Gen. Agt., Dominion Farmers' Inst. Bldg.  
 W. N. Luke, Gen. Trav. Agt., Dom. Farmers' Inst. Bldg.  
**Auckland**..... J. Foley, Passenger Agent..... 5 & 6 Ferry Bldg.  
**Christchurch**..... H. L. Penny, Agent..... 196 Hereford St.

### ASIA

A. Brostedt, General Traffic Agent.  
 Asiatic Bldg., Queen's Road Central, Hong Kong.  
**Hong Kong**..... G. M. Hensworth, Traffic Agent, Asiatic Bldg.,  
 Queen's Rd. Central.  
**Shanghai, China**..... V. Brydone-Jack, Traffic Agent, 10 and 11 Glen Line Bldg.  
**Singapore, Straits Settlements**..... W. A. Watson, Traffic Agt., Hong Kong Bank Chambers.  
**Yokohama, Japan**..... D. E. Ross, Traffic Agent, 7 Yamashita-Cho.



675  
↑ ALASKA ↑

The  
Ask Mr. Foster  
Travel Information  
Service  
MURKIN  
MURKIN  
MURKIN



At Inspiration Point, between Skagway and White Pass, an altitude of 2,400 feet is reached. From here is seen a marvellous panoramic view of nature's wonderland—the jagged Sawtooth Mountains to the southeast, the glacier-topped Mount Pinnacle to the southwest, and Lynn Canal in the distance to the south, 17 miles by rail, but only 12 “as the crow flies.” All excursion trains stop here when coming down the mountain to allow tourists obtain a better view of this wonderful sight.