

Alaska ^{and the} Yukon



CANADIAN NATIONAL
The Largest Railway System in America

ALASKA *and the* YUKON



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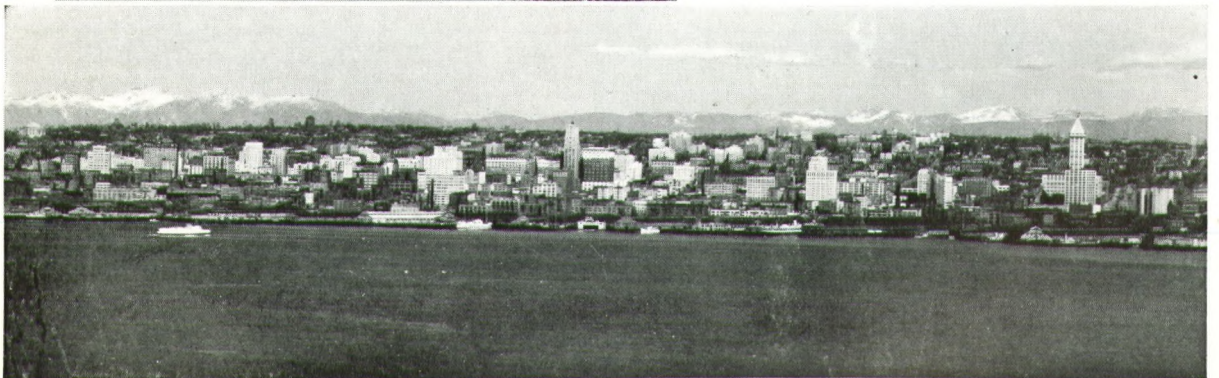
*Vancouver
Victoria
Seattle—
Sister Cities of the
Pacific North-west*

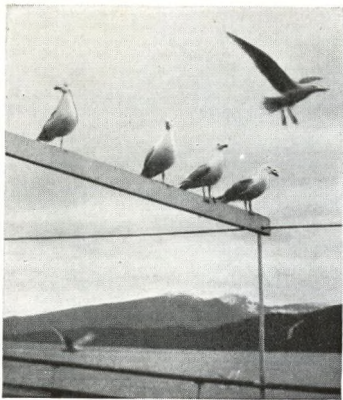


Top: Vancouver, from the air.

Centre—left and right: Parliament Buildings and view of Inner Harbour and Government Street, Victoria.

Below:—an exceptional view of Seattle and its mountain background.





ALASKA,

Land of Gold and Romance

GOLD! The cry went forth in '96, and its lure drew countless thousands to this land astride the Arctic Circle. Today in comfort and luxury we follow in their path and read the epic story of their dauntless courage graven in the rock strewn passes.

Gold is still Alaska's lure. Gold glints its waters and tints its austere peaks. Not ours today to "cram our poke with the yellow dust", but ours to revel in the unmatched loveliness of this gold-tinted land whose memories will linger while life lasts!

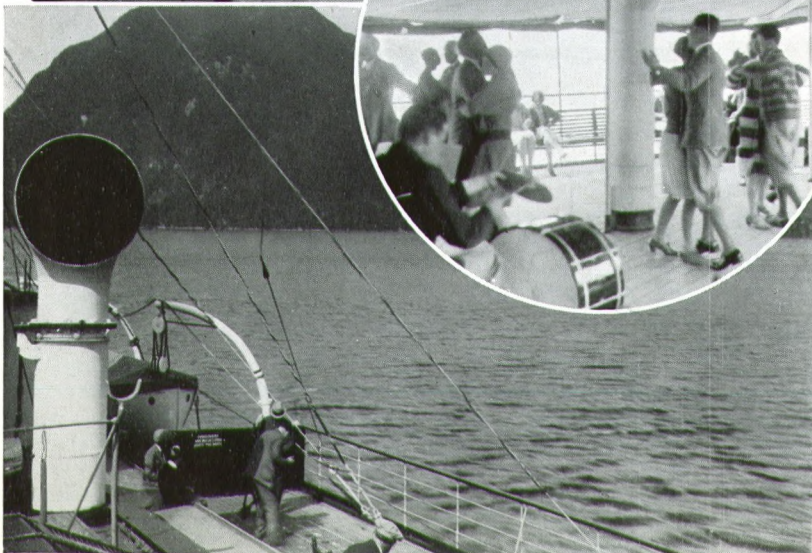
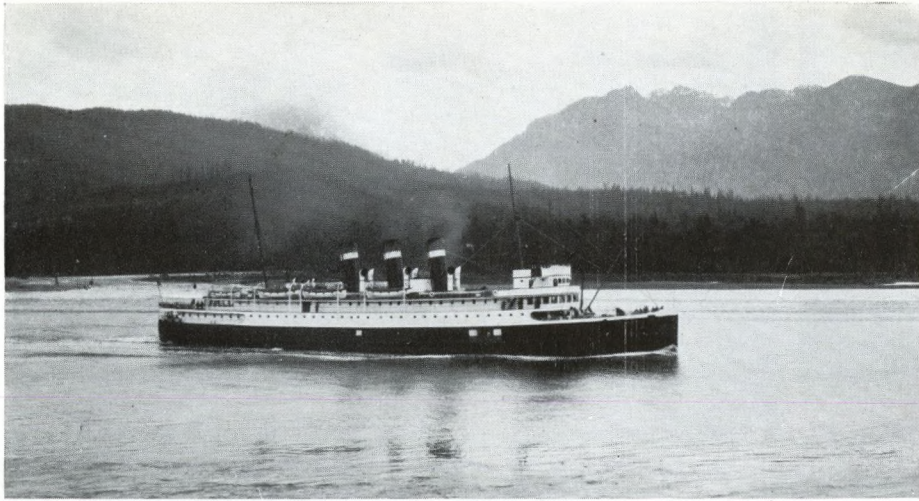
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On Vancouver's picturesque waterfront the long bright pier is quick with the activities of sailing night. Above the shed arise masts, and three great funnels. The gangway leads into the vessel's bright interior where uniformed stewards wait, alert to serve. There is music and laughter, and a confusing clatter of tongues. Colored streamers of paper make an undulating carpet of tenuous communion between ship and shore.

Farewells are broken by the deep-throated blare of the liner's whistle. An almost imperceptible trembling of the deck; a tightening and straightening of the belying paper ribbons. Black water widens between the wharf and the ship's tall side; lines of blazing ports dance on the tide. The scythe-like sweep of the liner straightens into the channel. Her flaring bows swing seaward, and the water churns under her cruiser stern. A wave of cool air passes over the vessel as she rushes to meet the salty wind blowing in from the Strait of Georgia. Point Atkinson light winks benevolently on the starboard bow. Alaska bound!

S.S. "Prince Rupert" passing point Atkinson Light, at the entrance to Vancouver Harbour.





No need of "sea legs" en route to Alaska! Here is an ocean voyage minus all its discomforts. The trim lines of Canadian National "Prince" boats may be judged from the "Prince Rupert" above



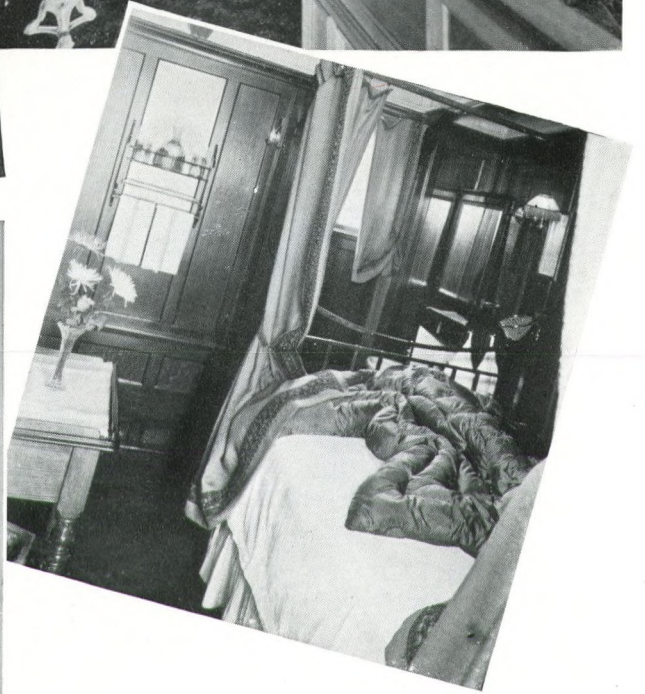
Morning breaks fresh and clear, with the mountain forests of Vancouver Island to port, and, off to starboard, the snow-capped peaks of the Cascade Range glittering like gems against the sky. Alert Bay is passed, with its rows of totem poles in front of raffish looking Indian huts. Most of the passengers are too busy with deck sports to notice, when Putney light and the blunt northern snout of Vancouver Island fade on the port quarter, and the ship assumes a scarcely detected accession of movement. On the right the high coast of the mainland dips its feet in the smooth sea. On the left is a boundless expanse of ultramarine, flashing in the sun without one white crest to break its flawless surface. This lustrous sapphire floor to the horizon the open water of Queen Charlotte Sound? But it is!

Once again the land closes in, and with it come clouds, rolling in magnificent grey and purple masses from the mountains. The wooded shores take on a deeper tone. The snowy mantle of the peaks dissolves. Islands are passed, their black sentinels of pines mirrored on the shining sea. A spit of rain drives passengers from the decks to the warm comfort of the glass-enclosed forward observation salon, where they sit in cretonned wicker chairs and watch the unfolding of a panorama as gigantic and impressive as a battleground of the gods. Ahead, where Fisher Channel narrows and twists between towering wooded crags, is a witch's caldron of boiling vapor and rose-tinted mist, colossal in its grandeur, and laced by cataracts that thunder out of the clouds. Mighty mountains plunge sheer into the sea, their wooded skins scarred and riven with the paths of ancient avalanches, their frosty heads lost in swirling mist.

The hoarse roar of the ship's siren awakes a thousand primeval echoes in precipitous ravines, peopled only by dim, aboriginal ghosts. Again the siren booms. The ship swings sharp in her course, around the shoulder of a mountain articulate with water-falls, and steams smoothly into a tranquil bay. At the head is a little wilderness town; neat, painted cottages sprinkled on a fresh green hillside

The huge pulp and paper plant at Ocean Falls, B.C.





There's gaiety, recreation and every comfort aboard Canadian National Alaskan steamers. All outside rooms and suites, equipped with running hot and cold water; spacious public rooms and wide, roomy decks.

Top Left: Shade Deck, S. S. Prince Rupert

Top Right: Observation Room.

Centre: First Class Cabin.

Centre: Bedroom of a Suite.

Left: Dining Saloon, S. S. Prince George.



Prince Rupert, last Canadian port of call northbound.

flanked by a great paper mill. The foreshore and wharf are black with people who greet our arrival with cheers. Ocean Falls.

A belated sunset dyes the mountain tops and struggles to lay a path of gold and crimson on the silken surface of the inlet as we turn seaward once more. Glancing at a chart of our course, we become freshly aware of the romance of names: Seaforth Channel, reminiscent of Scottish adventurers; Millbank Sound, with the tang and faint heave of the outer ocean. Princess Royal Island arises then, like a dark leviathan on the port side, and Finlayson Channel opens up—but it is time to exchange the exhilarating, wind-blown darkness of the deck for the lights, and music, and flower-decked napery of the dining saloon.

The mouth of the famous Skeena River, dotted with fishing boats, compels careful navigation in the morning. Soon it is astern, and the seamen on our forward deck move in the sunlight, preparing for arrival in Prince Rupert's lovely harbor. There are a few partings here—those bound east by rail—and the arrival, from Jasper Park Lodge of those experienced travellers who wish appropriately to round out their wanderings by an Alaskan cruise. Generous time is allowed for excursions ashore, and our passengers through the streets of the city.

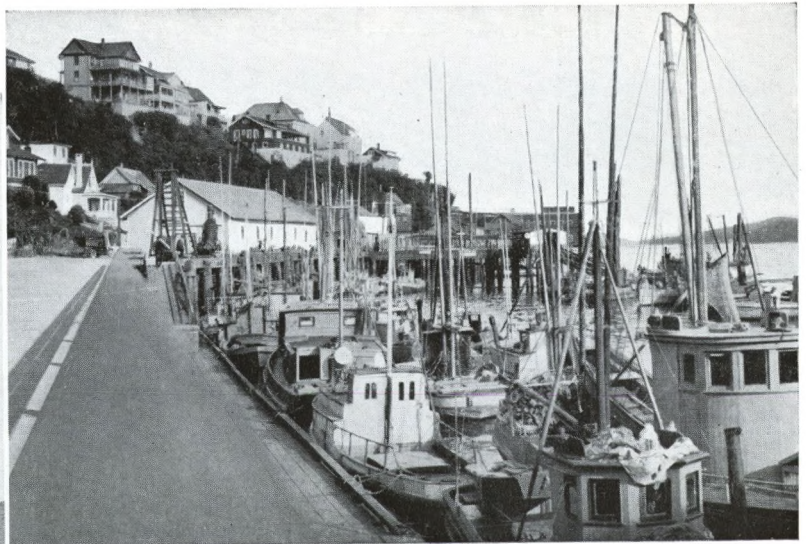
Sailing time arrives. As the bugle announces "Visitors ashore," down the long ramp from the city races a gaily streamered motor bearing belated arrivals who are greeted with cheers in which friends join from the dock. In a wild scamper the bride and groom (they are newlyweds!) dash up the gang-plank. The Alaskan trip and Canadian National steamers are very popular with honeymooners.

Prince Rupert fades in the amethyst mist astern, and, after long twilight, night sweeps down from a sky that is clear and cold and powdered with stars. More noticeable now are the lengthening



A portion of the fishing fleet in Prince Rupert Harbor.





Ketchikan, (above), an important fishing and mining centre, is a very interesting port of call, as is also Wrangell, shown below. At the latter point many excellent totems may be seen.





Taku Glacier at the head of Taku Inlet, a mighty rampart of ice that soars like a colossal jewel out of the sea.

of the hours of daylight, for we are approaching the Land of the Midnight Sun. Here is the real outpost of the north, where, even in populated centres, you feel the raw hardness of frontier life. Ketchikan, our first Alaskan port of call, for instance.

The streets are queer, exotic cross-sections of the primitive and the modern. Girls, in smart modern dress, make way for papoose-laden Indian squaws, with their impassive faces and black, beady eyes. Hulking giant of lumbermen and trappers, white men and breeds, lean against grotesquely carved totem poles. Two splendid totem poles are to be seen here, the Johnston totem, and the Kyan which is now in front of Pioneer's Hall. And behind the town, dwarfing the achievements of puny humans, the mighty forests soar to mountain pinnacles, silent, brooding, majestic as time, in eternal silhouette against the northern lights. Ketchikan, in the Thlingit Indian tongue, means "town under the eagle." Beginning in 1885 as a fish cannery site, it to-day has a population of five thousand people and is a prosperous fishing and mining centre. Thirty miles distant is the famous Salt Chuck mine, largest producer of platinum and palladium in the United States. This mine also yields gold, silver and copper.

A thousand mountain echoes respond to the powerful roar of the ship's siren as our vessel leaves Ketchikan and makes a north-westerly course between Gravina and Revilla Gigedo islands. The next day's sun shines upon a world of dazzling beauty, with the fresh, bracing wind blowing down from tier after tier of snow-capped peaks. Each serrated range, clothed in impenetrable forests, and gemmed with cold, sparkling blue-green glaciers, is sharp set like a succession of mighty stage drops. They range in color from deep, leafy green in the foreground, through emerald, and purple, and smoky blue, to a long, sawtooth watershed of delicate orchid, frost-tipped, against the pellucid blue of the farther sky.

Wrangell Narrows is open, a narrow, tree-crowded cleft through which the tide rushes in a smooth, powerful flood. The islands



Icebergs or "calves," fragments of the massive glacier.





*Juneau,
Capital of Alaska*



Snuggling at the foot of towering Mount Juneau on the Gastineau Channel, Juneau offers numerous attractions to the visitor, including excellent shops, the Alaska Historical Museum, and the drive to beautiful Mendenhall Glacier and Auk Lake.





abeam of us—Mitkof and Kupreanof—are rich in association of Holy Russia when all of this land was part of the Czar's domain not many years ago. Settlers' homes and the clearings of fur farmers are dotted along the shores of the Narrows—narrows, indeed, for the channel is barely wide enough for two vessels to pass.

The Narrows open out, with the fishing town of Petersburg to starboard, and, ahead, icebergs glittering and bobbing in Frederick Sound. A long swing to port, beneath monstrous frowning cliffs that rise to eagles' eyries in the clouds; and toward dinner time, under a sky that is a dreamlike fantasia of tawny yellow, and flaming magenta, and tiny clouds edged dazzlingly with fleece of gold, we enter Taku Inlet and behold the wonder glacier of Taku.

One and one-half miles long, two hundred feet high, and originating fifteen miles back in a boundless ice field that is the mother of a hundred glaciers, the mighty rampart of ice soars like a colossal jewel out of the sea. The declining sun splits lances of rainbow light from its coruscating surface, and surf boils in snowy thunder at its feet. As we watch, there is a stupendous roar, and a thousand tons of violet ice shiver off the glacier face and splash into the sea. Straight along the barrier we steam, but at a safe distance, while the titanic grinding and crackling of an ice mountain in labor presages another iceberg's birth. Where, on earth's surface, is a parallel sight of such sublime, majestic beauty as the end of day at Taku Glacier?

Juneau, the capital of Alaska, is our next port, through the lovely Gastineau Channel. Near the city, and high up on the steep mountain side, is one of the largest gold producing mines in the world, and the rattle and clash of loaded ore cars, and the metallic clang of modern machinery echo strangely in the silence of the northern wilds.

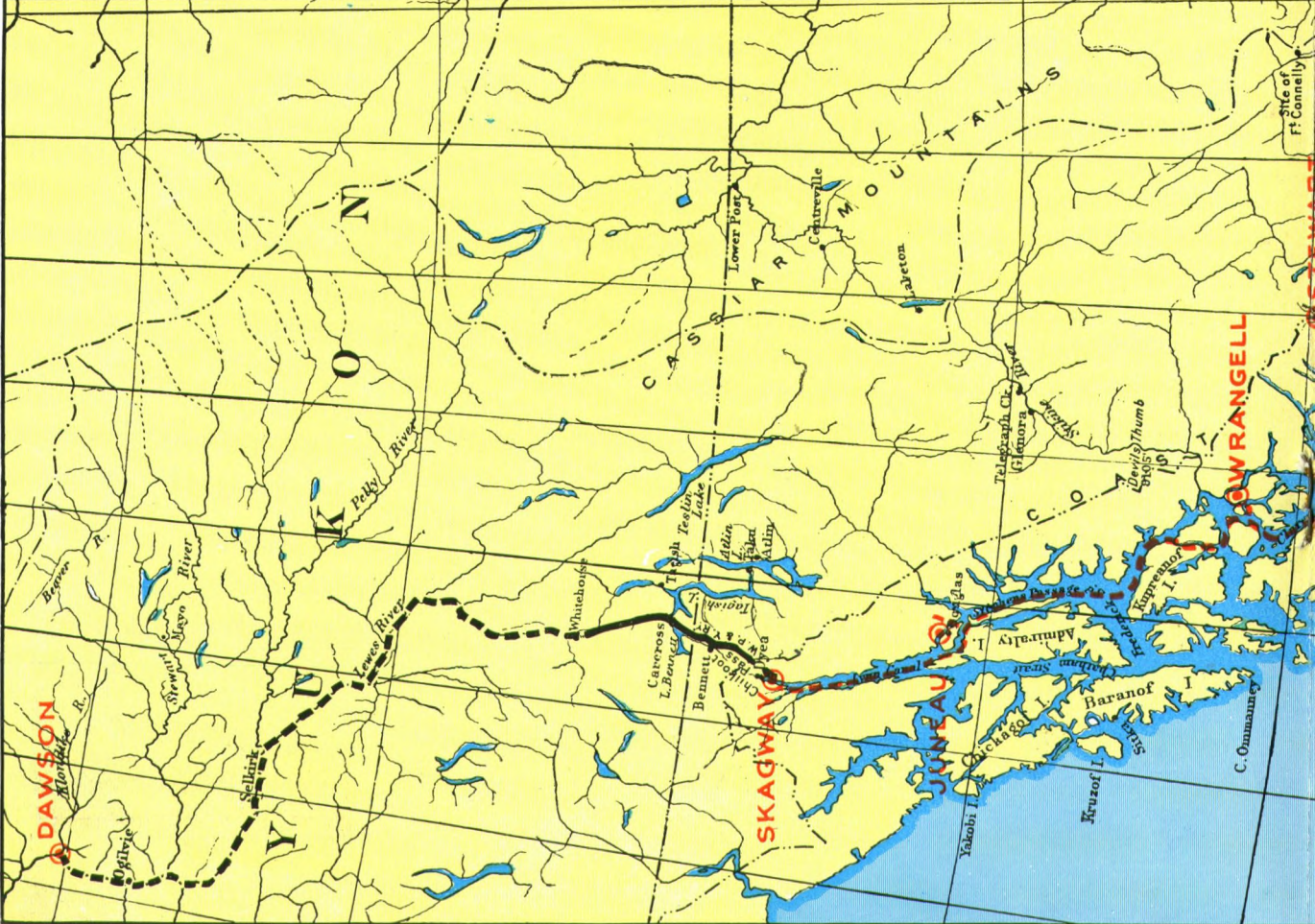
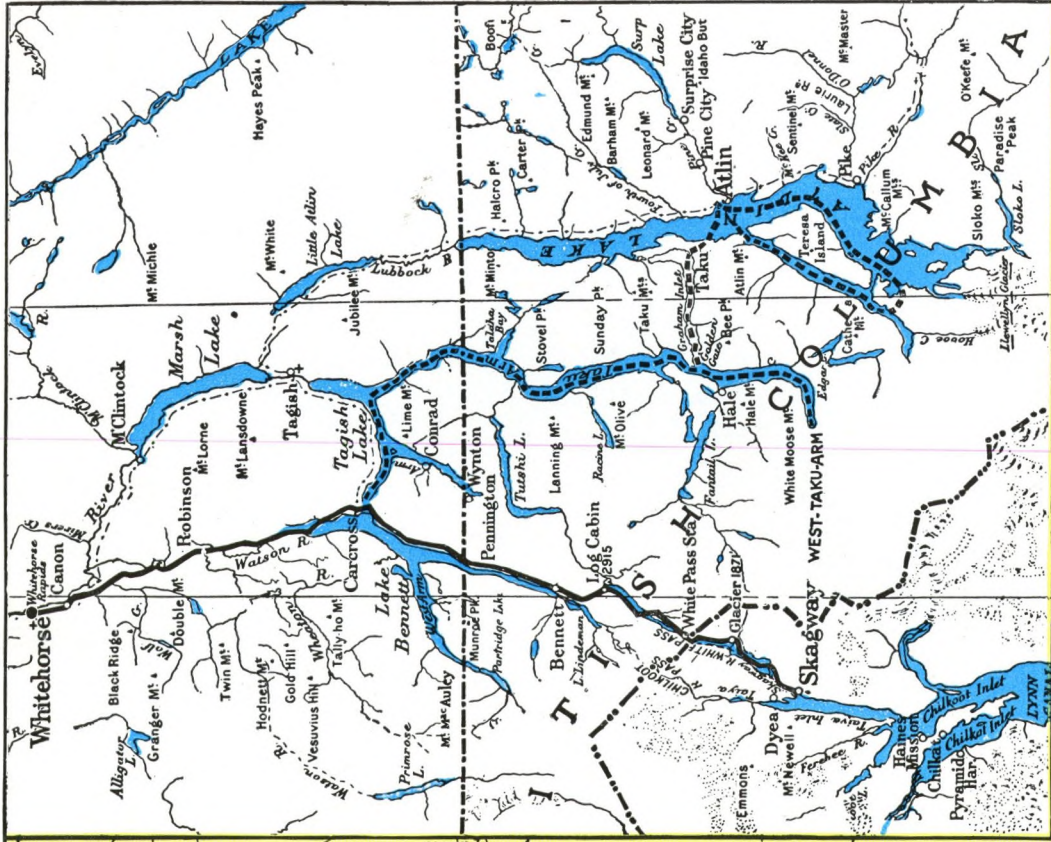
We are intensely fascinated by the attractions of this thriving northern capital. Some elect to explore the Alaska Historical Museum, spaciouly housed in the new capitol building which affords ample room for the display of historic documents and rare examples

The Lynn Canal, climax of the Inside Passage route to Alaska. 'Neath the soft glow of the Midnight Sun its glacier draped mountains form a color symphony of rare and unforgettable beauty.



Sunset on the Lynn Canal.







CANADIAN NATIONAL STEAMSHIPS

PACIFIC COAST SERVICES

VANCOUVER - ALASKA
and intermediate points

Vancouver - Victoria - Seattle



*Skagway,
Flower City of Alaska*



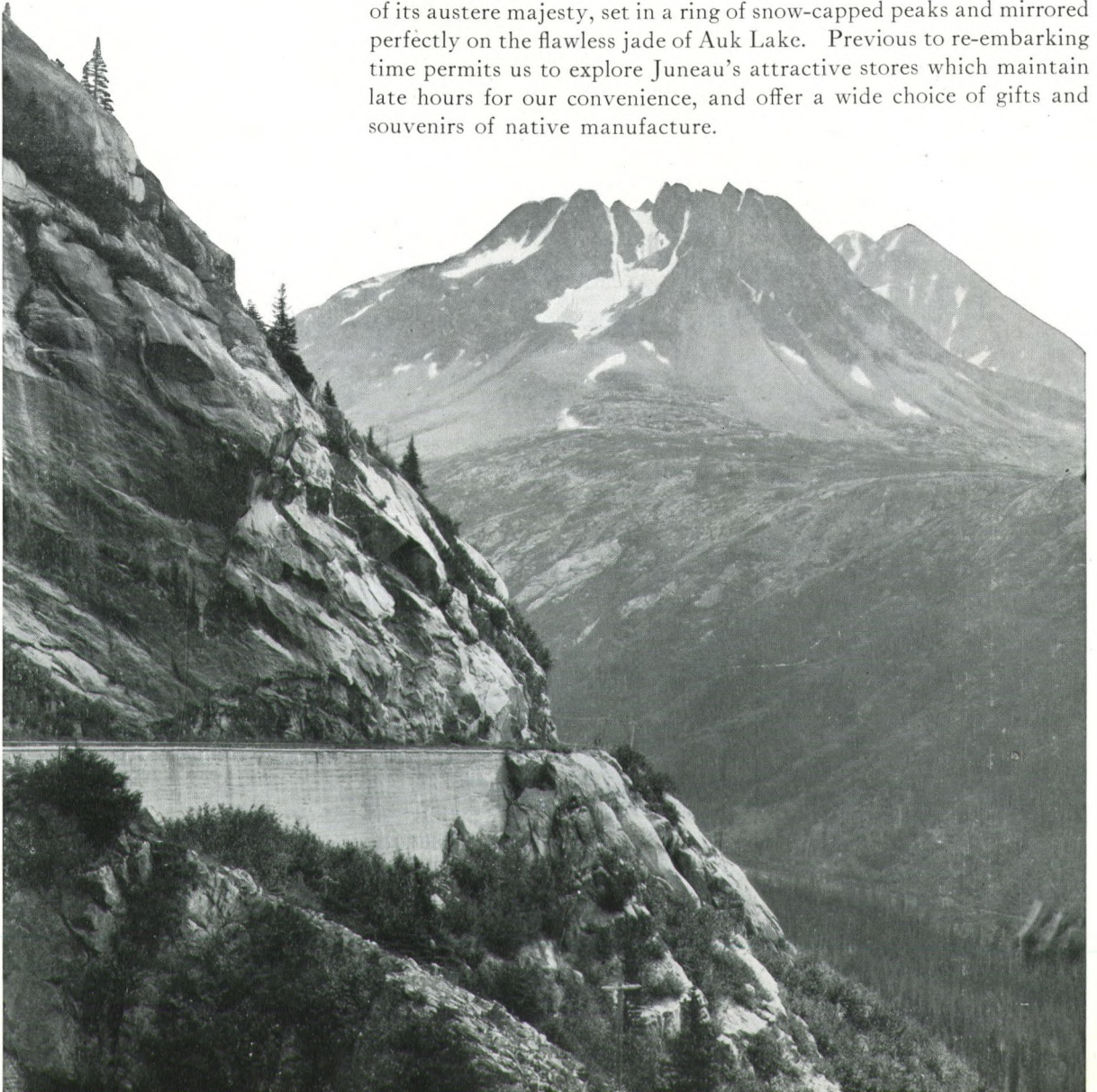
It is but a step, the transfer from boat to train for the thrilling journey through the White Pass. Returning you are deposited on Skagway's main street, where once bold bad men held sway and now all is restful quiet.

Long hours of summer sunlight bring an exquisite profusion of flowers of exceptional size, surprising contrast to the snow and glaciers on Mount Harding.





Sawtooth Mountain, towering high above the valley of the Skagway River and the White Pass.



of Indian and Eskimo art and handicrafts,—carved ivory, wood and bone, totems, spears, baskets, blankets, etc. A vast store of interesting relics is catalogued and displayed to excellent advantage and explained in a very entertaining way by the venerable Curator, Father Kashevaroff.

Other passengers choose the fourteen mile motor trip across famous Gold Creek and along a spur of the Glacier Highway to Mendenhall Glacier. Despite the lateness of the hour, there is still sufficient light for photographs and every camera records the marvellous view afforded as we reach the foot of the glacier. From the end of the motor road leads an uncertain trail that crosses banks of rocky shale and foaming torrents, the glacier rising plain before us against a background of the mountains, ghostly green and lavender fires in its depths. Turning homeward, we pause for a final glimpse of its austere majesty, set in a ring of snow-capped peaks and mirrored perfectly on the flawless jade of Auk Lake. Previous to re-embarking time permits us to explore Juneau's attractive stores which maintain late hours for our convenience, and offer a wide choice of gifts and souvenirs of native manufacture.



British and American flags mark the boundary at the summit of the White Pass.



For twenty-five miles the W. P. & Y. route skirts lovely Lake Bennett. White Mountain is here shown in the distance.



Skagway is set at the end of an arm of blue salt water where a brawling river, fed by the snow of the surrounding six-thousand-foot pinnacles, leaves a precipitous valley and tumbles into the sea. The town is intensely interesting, with its curio shops, and totem poles, and Indian souvenir vendors. Its exquisite gardens flame with blooms that the tropics might envy, giving to Skagway its name "Flower City of Alaska." One could visit the haunts of Soapy Smith, the famous bandit who was slain in a gun fight with Deputy Sheriff Reid in the hectic gold rush days of '98. Savage looking huskies roam the streets, and we respect their aloofness and try to make friends, instead, of the sloe-eyed Indian children, whose wild shyness hardly is overcome even by the offer of coins.

Skagway is the starting point of the Trail of '98—that bitter *Via Dolorosa* up which so many men toiled in the great gold rush of that year; many to perish of cold and hardships over the frozen White Pass; many to succeed, and reach the scene of the strike; a few to attain, through sweat and blood and tears the realization of their golden dreams. The White Pass and Yukon Railway, the building of which was one of the most marvellous engineering feats of history, now crosses and recrosses the narrow trail, beaten hard by thousands of struggling feet. The trail winds tortuously among rocks and shale, around cold, glacial lakes, across frozen rivers, and along the edge of sickening precipices that were to claim so many bold adventurers' lives. The excursion over the White Pass and Yukon route, across Dead Horse Gulch, and the White Pass, and the international boundary between Alaska and British Columbia, toward exquisite Lake Bennett, and the Yukon, with its views of mountain and sea and glacier, is of breath-catching grandeur. The journey to Bennett and return, from Skagway, may be made in comfort in the day that the vessel is in port. It is one of the outstanding highlights of an Alaskan cruise. For other side trips from Skagway, please refer to page nineteen.

Our passengers return on board at the sailing hour, laden with souvenirs; hand wrought silver jewelry, woven grass baskets, miniature totem poles that are miracles of barbaric color and design, and glacier bears carved out of walrus tusks, many of which are fit subjects for a museum. There is a gala dinner on board, as the ship's bows are turned south, her deep-throated whistle roars three farewell blasts up at the snow-choked mountain passes, and the homeward journey begins.

Now we are privileged to view the famed Lynn Canal to best advantage. Approaching Skagway in the early morning, it was marvellously beautiful, but in a hard and glittering way. Now, the setting sun lies astern. The placid surface of the water is a mass of molten gold, broken only by the ship's wake and the silver flash of porpoises at play. The tree-fringed shoreline is barely discernible in a purple haze. Above rise the mountains, their form and contour softened in the mellow glow. Purple merges with lavender, which fades to a delicate orchid as the peaks reach up and up to an aureate fringe of fleecy clouds. The shadows deepen; a signal light blinks abeam. For hours through the long northern evening, we sit speechless, entranced at the splendour of this unmatched scene.

There is only one port new to us on the southern trip—Wrangell, famous for its airplane spruce mill, and its salmon, crab and shrimp factories, where the Indian girls prepare the meat with amazing swiftness and skill. Wrangell's array of totem poles, lining the long main street, is the finest and most numerous in Alaska. This port is the last opportunity for many of us to buy souvenirs and Indian handicraft in Alaskan territory, and with a wealth from which to choose, and with discrimination sharpened by our northern experiences, we do so.



*Idyllic Ben-My-Chree, at the head
of West Taku Arm.*



*The Florence Range,
West Taku Arm.*





*Authentic pictures of the Gold
Rush to the Yukon in 1898.*



*Falling in heaps by the trail-side, heart-broken,
limp and wan;
But the gaps closed up in an instant, and heedless
the chain went on.
Never will I forget it, there on the mountain
face
Antlike, men with their burdens, clinging in icy
space;
Dogged, determined and dauntless, cruel and
callous and cold,
Cursing, blaspheming, reviling, and ever that
battle-cry—GOLD!*

*—From "Ballads of a Cheechako" by Robert
W. Service, published by Barse & Co. and
The Ryerson Press.*

THE YUKON BY THE WHITE PASS

To-day, all the difficulties of the trip to Dawson have been eliminated. Only the thrills remain. Numerous trips are available from Skagway over the White Pass and Yukon Railway ranging in time from one day to two weeks. Tourists returning south by the same Canadian National boat as they took north, may make the rail trip to Bennett and return, or the two-day rail and boat trip to Taku Arm. It is well worth while, if one cannot go through to Dawson, to go at least to White Horse, the end of the railroad, and view the historic and interesting Miles Canyon and White Horse Rapids.

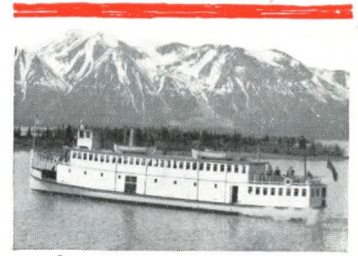
LAKE ATLIN

Interesting side trips to Atlin and West Taku Arm may be taken by transferring from the train to the steamer at Carcross. Atlin Lake stretches for 80 miles, a vision of grandeur excelled in few parts of the world. Snow mountains rise sheer from the water's edge; or gentle slopes covered with spruce and fir, birch and willow make a robe of varying shades of green. Always in the background rise the majestic snow-peaks, range upon range, each peak reflected in the waters of the lake below.

At the head of West Taku Arm lies Ben-My-Chree, the delightful home of Mr. and Mrs. Otto Partridge, a very charming and cultured couple whose warm hospitality became a tradition through the northland and among visitors from the "outside." Though they are gone now, the tradition lives, and visitors to this lovely and secluded Alaskan garden are still accorded the same genial reception, so that their brief stay here remains as one of their delightful memories of this entrancing land.

ON TO DAWSON

The trip from White Horse, down the river to Dawson and into the real Klondike country, is one which is becoming more popular every year. Piloting a boat on the Yukon river is an engrossing thing even to watch, and excites constant wonder as to how the difficulties of the narrow and tortuous channel are to be overcome; but the captains of the boats are men who have sailed the river for many years, and know every ripple on it. From Lake Laberge the route lies through Thirty Mile River, considered more dangerous in

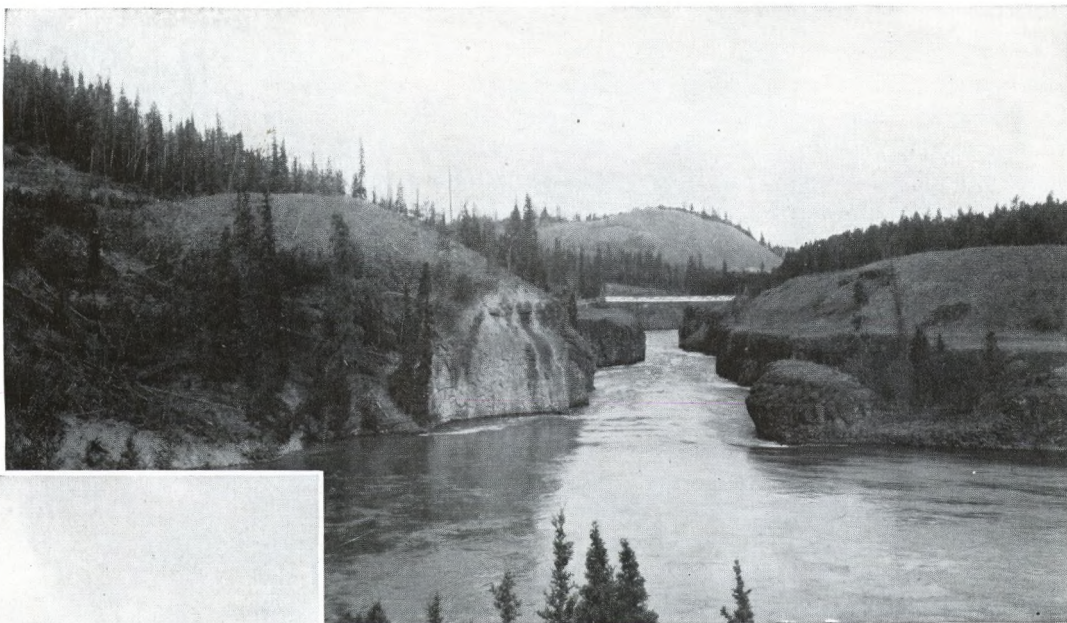


Steamer Tarahne, Lake Atlin.



Lake Atlin, the beautiful.





Oldtimers reached Whitehorse by the water route which meant the passage of the dreaded Miles Canyon and the Whitehorse Rapids. Glimpses of the former are here seen, along with Miles Canyon Landing, a city of the past. Below is Whitehorse to-day, rail terminus of the W. P. & T. Route, beyond which extends the boat trip on the historic Yukon River to Dawson, etc.





Where the Klondike River and Bonanza Creek empty into the Yukon River stands Dawson, capital of the Yukon Territory and heart of the famed Klondike gold fields.

the old days than either Miles Canyon or White Horse Rapids, but now always passed in safety. Further on are the Rink Rapids. Between Selkirk and Dawson the caribou herds in their migration from the Arctic slope may be seen in thousands. One of the most picturesque spots on the river is Five Finger Rapids, about 175 miles from Dawson. The rocks on either side rise perpendicularly from the water's edge and the current is so swift that it is necessary to steer straight for the rock blocking the middle of the channel. Just as it seems impossible to avoid a crash, the current catches the boat and she swings through the narrow opening into the waters beyond. The entire route is lined with names of places familiar in the story of the Klondike—Yukon Crossing, Minto, Fort Selkirk, and so on to the end of the long, long trail at Dawson.

DAWSON

The steamer remain 24 hours here, to enable passengers to go ashore and thoroughly absorb the atmosphere of the place. At one time it had a population of 35,000. It is to-day a charming little town with many cozy homes and wonderful gardens; comfortable hotels; and good motor roads to the surrounding creeks from which so many fortunes were taken. It is Dawson as it was, save for the many picturesque figures which once walked its streets or frequented its dance halls—"a banquet hall deserted." Gone are the "dangerous Dan McGrews" and the "Swiftwater Bills," the Ladues and the Carmacks, the Harpers and the Hendersons, the Sourdoughs and the Cheechakos; but the glamor of the days when the few women of the camp wore diamonds as big as hazel nuts, and the men threw around "dust" and nuggets like peanut shells—that still remains. For the old timers are not all gone, and the endless good stories which make the Klondike a gold mine for the writer as well as the digger are still current.



Bonanza Creek trail.





Jasper Park Lodge, on Lac Beauvert, in the heart of the Canadian Rockies.

HOW TO REACH THE PACIFIC COAST

Canadian National Railways through daily de luxe train, The Continental Limited, from Montreal and Toronto to Vancouver, comprises luxurious all-steel equipment, which coupled with the scenic interest of the route, the excellent dining car service and the quiet, unobtrusive courtesy of the train personnel, makes this a particularly popular route with transcontinental passengers bound for Alaska or other Pacific Coast destinations.

Through sleeping and dining car service from Edmonton or Jasper to Prince Rupert affords the option of choosing either of the two rail routes of the famous Triangle Tour of British Columbia—a tour of 1,500 miles by rail and 550 miles by water.

No Alaska-bound passenger, by this route, should omit the pleasure of a stop-over at Jasper Park Lodge, a Canadian National summer hostelry with one of the finest of natural golf courses, and mountain climbing and motoring in Jasper National Park in the heart of Canada's Rocky Mountains.

Choosing Vancouver as his sailing point for Alaska, the traveller continues from Jasper by way of the Yellowhead Pass, historic route of the pioneer trail-makers who pushed their way through the mountains over a century ago. Mountains sheer up steeply on either hand,—Yellowhead, The Seven Sisters, Fitzwilliam, and a host of lesser peaks. The upper waters of the Fraser are followed to Red Pass, where our route turns in a southerly direction, diverging from the line leading to Prince Rupert. A short distance beyond, Mount Robson, Monarch of the Canadian Rockies, flashes into view as we round the shoulder of a nearer peak. Its massive and distinctive form presents an unforgettable sight, viewed from Mount Robson platform where a convenient stop is made.

After Robson the next great single spectacle is Pyramid Falls which thunder down three hundred feet in a shower of

mist and rainbows almost on the track. Continuing, we follow the North and South branches of the Thompson, and later again pick up the Fraser whose valley we follow almost to Vancouver. Hell's Gate on the Thompson, and again Hell's Gate on the Fraser are memorable scenic features. On its lower stretches the Fraser broadens out to become a river of commerce.

Vancouver, terminus of this leg of the Triangle Tour, is the port from which Canadian National Steamships sail to Alaska. It and its sister cities of the Pacific Northwest, Victoria and Seattle, afford many attractions to the tourist visitor amply justifying an extended stay to enjoy their delightful climate, scenic drives, parks and beaches.

THE ROUTE TO PRINCE RUPERT

Before pursuing the journey up the coast, let us pause for a brief survey of the northern route to Prince Rupert. Many travellers from the East choose this route westward from Jasper, finding in the broad valleys of the Fraser, Nechako, Bulkley and Skeena Rivers what is probably a more impressive view of the Canadian Rockies than is obtained by the more rugged and gorge-like southern route.

The main line is followed to Red Pass, shortly beyond which the Fraser is crossed. Mount Robson belongs also to this route, perhaps in a greater measure than to the southern route, as, on a bright clear day its impressive form is in view for many hours as our train speeds westward. We keep to the floor of the valleys which broaden considerably so that at times the mountains are lost to view and we have on either hand a richly vegetated region dotted with saw mills and farming communities.

Here is a picturesque land and one of the richest parts of Canada in the making. Here are old frontier trading posts, as Prince George and Hazelton, and the Stuart Lake country

reached via Vanderhoof, rich in historic interest. Over-shadowing New Hazelton is Rocher Deboule, the fallen rock, which, in Indian legend, barred the salmon from going higher up the Bulkley River. Beyond lies the Indian Temlaham, or "Paradise Lost." Below is the awe-inspiring Bulkley Canyon and to the south the Seven Sisters Mountain, scored by unnumbered glaciers partly hidden by vagrant wisps of low hanging clouds. Westward of the interesting village of Kitwanga, with its totem poles lining the bank of the Skeena, are seen Mount Sir Robert and on its sides Borden Glacier. A few miles beyond is the turbulent Kitsulas Canyon and viewed across it O.K. Mountain, so named from the snow formation of these letters in giant size. The Skeena, "River of Clouds," widens to majestic breadth. Fishing fleets dot its surface, quaint fishing villages line its banks, and finally Prince Rupert is reached.

From here the water route extends northward to Alaska and southward to Vancouver by the Inside Passage, the latter comprising the third leg of the Triangle Tour of British Columbia.

* * * *

Canadian National Steamships Pacific Coast services comprise:—

- (a) The Alaskan service from Vancouver and Prince Rupert to Ketchikan, Wrangell, Juneau and Skagway and return, by the twin screw steamers "Prince Rupert" and "Prince George."
- (b) The Portland Canal service from Vancouver and Prince Rupert to Stewart and Anyox, by the twin screw steamers "Prince Rupert" and "Prince George."
- (c) The Queen Charlotte Islands service from Vancouver by the S.S. "Prince John".

Complete information as to sailings and accommodation will be gladly supplied by any Canadian National Railways Passenger Representative. Brief description of the boats employed in these services are given below.

The twin screw steamers "Prince Rupert" and "Prince George" are sister ships, and are identical in size, speed, structure and general appointments. They have an average running speed of sixteen knots and a maximum speed of eighteen and a half knots, and are specially designed for the Northern British Columbia and Alaskan service.

They have a length of three hundred and eighteen feet, and forty-two feet beam. Two four-cylinder triple-expansion engines furnish the motive power. Oil fuel is used. The gross tonnage is 3,372, net tonnage 1,625.

There are four decks, the Boat deck, Shade, Shelter and Main decks. There is accommodation for two hundred and twenty first-class passengers in one hundred and six two-berth staterooms and four de luxe suites. *The cabins are all outside rooms.* The dining saloon seats one hundred and twenty-four.

Condensed schedules, deck plans, fares and general information will be found in the accompanying insert. For complete steamship and rail services please refer to current Time Table Folder, obtainable from any Canadian National Passenger Representative who will gladly assist you in completing your vacation plans.



Maligne Lake at Samson Narrows — Jasper National Park.

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

OFFICERS OF THE TRAFFIC DEPARTMENT

A. FRASER...Acting Vice-President...Montreal, Que.

C. W. Johnston.....Gen. Pass. Traffic Manager.....Montreal, Que.
 A. A. Gardiner.....Asst. General Pass. Traffic Man.....Montreal, Que.
 R. L. Fairbairn.....Manager, Pass. Service Bureau.....Montreal, Que.
 R. F. MacLeod.....Man., Tariff and Ticket Bureau.....Montreal, Que.
 C. K. Howard.....Man., Tourist & Convention Bureau.....Montreal, Que.
 A. M. Kirk.....Gen. Pass. Agt., Steamship Traffic.....Montreal, Que.
 E. C. Elliott.....General Passenger Agent.....Montreal, Que.
 H. C. Bourlier.....General Passenger Agent.....Toronto, Ont.
 A. B. Chown.....General Passenger Agent.....Chicago, Ill.
 M. F. Tompkins.....Traffic Manager.....Moncton, N.B.
 R.J.S. Weatherston.....General Passenger Agent.....Moncton, N.B.

R. Creelman.....Passenger Traffic Manager.....Winnipeg, Man.
 Osborne Scott.....General Passenger Agent.....Winnipeg, Man.
 G. A. McNicholl.....General Passenger Agent.....Vancouver, B.C.
 R. W. Long.....Gen. Freight Traffic Manager.....Montreal, Que.
 G. T. Pettigrew.....Asst. Gen. Freight Traffic Man.....Montreal, Que.
 John Pullen.....Regional Gen. Freight Agent.....Montreal, Que.
 R. E. Perry.....General Freight Agent.....Toronto, Ont.
 Geo. R. Fairhead.....General Freight Agent.....Montreal, Que.
 R. J. Foreman.....Traffic Man., Foreign Freight Dept. Montreal, Que.
 E. F. Flinn.....Freight Traffic Manager.....Chicago, Ill.
 W. G. Manders.....Freight Traffic Manager.....Winnipeg, Man.

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 Brockville, Ont.....J. D. Fluker.....Cor. King and East Market Sts.
 Buffalo, N.Y.....W. J. Burr.....420 Main St., Liberty Bank Bldg.
 Calgary, Alta.....J. S. Peck.....218 Eighth Ave., West
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 Chicago, Ill.....C. G. Orttentburger.....4 South Michigan Ave.
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 Hotel Statler Bldg.
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 Oshawa, Ont.....C. E. Jenney.....673 Fifth Ave.
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