

# ALASKA



Canadian Pacific

# CANADIAN PACIFIC HOTELS

## ON THE PACIFIC COAST

### Hotel Vancouver Vancouver, B.C.

The largest hotel on the North Pacific Coast, overlooking the Strait of Georgia, and serving equally the business man and the tourist. Situated in the heart of the shopping district of Vancouver. Golf, motoring, fishing, hunting, bathing, steamer excursions. *Open all year. European plan. One-half mile from station.*

### Empress Hotel Victoria, B.C.

A luxurious hotel in Canada's Evergreen Playground. An equable climate has made Victoria a favorite summer and winter resort. Motoring, yachting, sea and stream fishing, shooting and all-year golf. Crystal Garden for swimming and music. *Open all year. European plan. Facing wharf.*

## IN THE ROCKIES

### Hotel Sicamous Sicamous, B.C. Altitude 1,153 feet.

Junction for the orchard districts of the Okanagan Valley, and stop-over point for those who wish to see the Thompson and Fraser Canyons by daylight. Lake Shuswap district offers good boating and excellent trout fishing and hunting in season. *Open all year. American plan. At station.*

### Emerald Lake Chalet near Field, B.C. Altitude 4,272 feet.

A charming Chalet hotel situated at the foot of Mount Burgess, amidst the picturesque Alpine scenery of the Yoho National Park. Roads and trails to the Burgess Pass, Yoho Valley, etc. Boating and fishing. *Open summer months. American plan. Seven miles from station.*

### Chateau Lake Louise, Lake Louise, Alberta Altitude 5,670 feet.

Facing an exquisite Alpine Lake in Banff National Park. Alpine climbing with Swiss guides, pony trips or walks to Lakes in the Clouds, Saddleback, etc., drives or motoring to Moraine Lake, boating, fishing. *Open summer months. European plan. 3½ miles from station by motor railway.*

### Banff Springs Hotel, Banff, Alberta Altitude 4,625 feet.

A Scottish baronial hotel in the heart of the Banff National Park, backed by three splendid mountain ranges. Alpine climbing, motoring and drives on good roads, bathing, hot sulphur springs, golf, tennis, fishing, boating and riding. *Open summer months. European plan. 1½ miles from station.*

## ON THE PRAIRIES

### Hotel Palliser, Calgary, Alberta

A hotel of the metropolitan standard, in this prosperous city of Southern Alberta. Suited equally to the business man and the tourist en route to or from the Canadian Rockies. Good golfing and motoring. *Open all year. European plan. At station.*

### Hotel Saskatchewan Regina, Sask.

A new hotel in the old capital of the Northwest Territory, headquarters of the Mounted Police. Golf, tennis. Most central hotel for the prairies. *Open all year. European plan.*

### Royal Alexandra Hotel Winnipeg, Manitoba

A popular hotel in the largest city of Western Canada, appealing to those who wish to break their transcontinental journey. The centre of Winnipeg's social life. Good golfing and motoring. *Open all year. European plan. At station.*

## IN EASTERN CANADA

### Toronto, Ont. Montreal, Que. Quebec, Que.

The Royal York—The largest hotel in the British Empire. *Open all year.*

Place Viger Hotel—A charming hotel in Canada's largest city. *Open all year.*

Chateau Frontenac—A metropolitan hotel—in the most historic city of North America. *Open all year.*

### McAdam, N.B. St. Andrews, N.B.

McAdam Hotel—A commercial and sportsman's hotel. *Open all year.*

The Algonquin—The social centre of Canada's most fashionable seashore summer resort. *Open summer months.*

## HOTELS AND BUNGALOW CAMPS REACHED BY CANADIAN PACIFIC

Moraine Lake, Alta. . . . . Moraine Lake Camp  
Banff-Windermere } Castle Mountain  
                                  } Bungalow Camp  
Automobile Highway } Radium Hot  
                                  } Springs Camp  
Agassiz, B.C. . . . . Harrison Hot Springs Hotel  
Hector, B.C. . . . . Wapta Camp  
Hector, B.C. . . . . Lake O'Hara Camp

Field, B.C. . . . . Yoho Valley Camp  
Penticton, B.C. . . . . Hotel Incola  
Cameron Lake, B.C. . . . . Cameron Lake Chalet  
Kenora, Ont. . . . . Devil's Gap Camp  
Nipigon, Ont. . . . . Nipigon River Camp  
French River, Ont. . . . . French River Camp  
Digby, N.S. . . . . The Pines  
Kentville, N.S. . . . . Cornwallis Inn

# CANADIAN PACIFIC to... ALASKA

**T**HE Inside Passage of the coast of British

Columbia and Alaska's "pan-handle" is one of the sights of the world. Sir W.M. Conway, the celebrated traveller, writing of the three great Inside Passages, that of this long littoral, that of the far taper-end of the dual continent, and that of the Norwegian coast, was inclined to give the palm to this one—the spec-

tacular thousand miles from Vancouver to Skagway—and relegate the Norwegian one to third place. The main difference, he commented, between the inside passage at the taper-end of South America and this northern one is the almost entire absence of man in the former, and the frequent evidence of his presence here among similar majestic scenes.

But few are those who can institute the comparison between these two from personal observation, because it is only a privately chartered steamer that ever prys into the Chilean fiords, all others, apart from the passage through the Strait of Magellan, keeping out in the ocean. Up here it is otherwise. From the decks of one of the *Princess* steamers, all who care for such sights can see them. The voyage to Skagway and back is an experience and leaves memories for life.

Creature comforts are well attended to on the *Princess* steamers. If between



*Atlin Lake reflects Cathedral Mountain*

breakfast and lunch the ozone blent with the odour of pines and firs makes you feel the need of sustenance, the stewards will give you a forenoon's cup of bouillon. If, after dinner in the evening, pacing the deck to take it all in, lose as little as you may of the experience, you feel you can't last till breakfast unfed, there's a late supper set in the dining room.

To see that quiet loneliness and austere beauty, tree-clad uninhabited islands slipping past and, through gaps to east, the glaciers of the coast range hanging along the sky, to the accompaniment of the music of the ship's orchestra, gives a dream-like quality to the long twining voyage. And there's a sense, an effect, as of far and foreign travel here. It is a strange land. The barbaric old totem-poles of the coast Indians, when we go ashore, play their part, no doubt, in creating that effect.

## PRINCESS STEAMSHIPS to ALASKA



*"There's never a law of God or man  
Runs north of Fifty-three"*

To begin with, churning up the coast, one is impressed by the vast serenity of it all, but as the voyage continues something else enters into one. At night you notice the Pole Star drawing nearer; and you notice how long the summer day lasts. It lingers in the sky above us, it is still clinging to the water-highway ahead of us, when our watches tell us it is night. We begin, in fact, to feel that spell of the north of which we have heard. Not only the desire for quick fortune in gold out of the land makes that spell. There is an invitation, a lure, in the silent and austere balsam-scented immensity. Tourists we may be, walking the decks of a *Princess* steamer on a tourists' trip, but we share the curiosity, surging along this coast, not only of the gold-seekers who came this way only yesterday, so to speak, but of Captain Vancouver and all the other entranced early voyagers who reconnoitred along here wondering what next they might see.

Until a little over thirty years ago Alaska was almost unknown, a white space on the map over which was scrawled "Come-and-find-me." That is, to most of the world; for the Northland had even then its pioneers, its prospectors, who had fished its teeming coasts, trapped its furs, started small towns, and panned the first coarse colorings of gold along its creeks. But outside of these sturdy old-timers, Alaska, with its side-partner, the Yukon, was hardly more than a geographical curiosity—a huge, unpopulated, unexplored, inhospitable block of land over three-quarters of a million square miles in size, forming the northern tip of the American continent. It had, as far as one could estimate then, no very remarkable resources or trading possibilities, and was generally looked upon as a land of perpetual winter, frozen permanently under solid snow and ice. The discovery of gold in the Klondike in 1896, in such vast quantities as to astound humanity, let loose so

## PRINCESS STEAMSHIPS to ALASKA



*Trail of '98 from Inspiration Point*

much sensation that overnight the new bonanza became almost the most famous place on earth. That feverish stampede to the north was like nothing that had ever happened before, or that has ever happened since.

### *The Trail of '98*

Back in '98 someone took a photograph of an everyday scene in the White Pass. It shows, struggling over the steep, dangerous snow-clad wastes, a thin black streak nearly two miles long—a streak composed entirely of men, mushing “inside” to the Klondike, with nearly 600 miles of travel ahead of them. And that was an everyday scene—happening all the time.

They had their hardships, those early days, before the railway was built beyond Skagway, to which we are sailing, when cheechako and sourdough alike had to travel that arduous path over the Chilkoot Pass or, later, the White Pass. Greed pulled them forward; the crowd behind pressed them onwards; if they could not endure the strain they fell out

and perished. There was no turning back. It was truly no place for weaklings, for one was beset not only by a hostile Nature, but also by the wickedness and depravity of mankind. The opportunities drew to the Northland some of the most lawless characters of the earth, and had it not been for the swift justice meted out by the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, it might have been true that

“There’s never a law of God or man  
Runs north of Fifty-three.”

### *The Spell of the North*

The Northland put a spell on those who made its acquaintance then. It can put a spell on us to-day, long before we reach the voyage’s end, throbbing our way through the Inside Passage. It is a land of mystery and of contrast. Never was so mistaken an idea as that it is always winter in the North. If it were, whence come the gorgeous, vivid flower gardens that one sees everywhere, at the landings on the way and on arrival there? The answer is simple: the warm Japan current, striking Vancouver

## PRINCESS STEAMSHIPS to ALASKA



*The Midnight Sun*

Island, is deflected northward, and carries to the land of the Midnight Sun the same delightful humidity that the Pacific Coast knows. Not but what in winter, inland over the White Pass, it can be cold!

Marked contrast between the old days and to-day is observable in transportation. For the Chilkoot Pass Trail has been superseded by the comfortable railway journey over the White Pass, and the extraordinary, haphazard and overcrowded steamer experiences of the early days have been superseded by the magnificent service provided by the Canadian Pacific *Princess* steamships.

### *Leaving Vancouver*

The voyage to Alaska can be divided into two parts. From Vancouver to Ketchikan the journey is mostly through narrow channels, with steep shores heavily timbered to the water's edge. The second part, from Ketchikan to Skagway, is through wider stretches of water, with glaciers, waterfalls and rugged mountains on either side; and richly colored with purple twilights of Alaska.

Memorable effects are sometimes provided in the narrows of this Inside Passage, different on every trip according to the weather or the season. On nights of full moon the voyagers may be held spell-bound on deck by the spectacle of not one but many moon-rises. It sounds like a miracle—to see the moon rise four or five times one night; but thus it is sometimes. It swims up in a saddle of the high, night-flattened ranges to east, and the mountains to west, that were similarly flattened, are illumined. Their ultimate peaks show; their high snowcreases glitter. The light runs down them and reveals their lower flounces of sleeping forest. Then swiftly the light rushes up them, pursued by darkness, and again they are just silhouettes of mountains. A peak to east has doused the moon. It swims up again in the next saddle, and the spectacle is repeated. One wonders if it can happen yet again, or if the roll of the world will bring the moon, next time, above the highest peak, set free in the sky for the night. But no. Over and over again, though higher each time, it floats up to disclose the scene, then a great flaunt of peak

## PRINCESS STEAMSHIPS to ALASKA

following a saddle obscures it. Things like that go into one's box of memories from this strange voyaging, great quiet manifestations of Nature.

### *Alert Bay*

Our first stop is at Alert Bay, a small village on a small island—Cormorant Island—situated close to Vancouver Island. It is nevertheless one of the principal salmon-canning centres of the Coast. Here, in fact, will be our first glimpse of this important industry, and during the time in port the canneries invite visitors to inspect the highly interesting processes of turning a large, handsome salmon into shiny little round cans.

Alert Bay is an old settlement, with a considerable Indian population; and here, too, we make our first contact with another object typical of the Northland—the totem pole. The Indian cemetery, with some modern poles, is well worth the short stroll to see it.

### *Prince Rupert*

On the morning of the second day we reach Prince Rupert, the most northerly city of any size in Canada, with a population of about 7,000. Built on a circle of

hills formed of very hard rock, the city is considerably above the level of the wharf and is reached by a long flight of steps.

And here you see, and smell, where the halibut come from, Prince Rupert being an important fishing centre. If luck be with you the fishing boats may be coming in and slipping alongside the wharf while the *Princess* steamer lies there to give you an hour or two for sight-seeing ashore. You see the fish swung up by the derrick-load and slithering onto the clean-scrubbed platforms on which, in thigh-high rubber boots, men await them, two men to a platform—to give them their first attention ashore.

### *Entering Alaska*

About three hours after leaving Prince Rupert, Green Island Lighthouse indicates our nearness to the international boundary line between Canada and Alaska (United States). Dixon Entrance, last entrance of the open Pacific Ocean, is crossed, and we wind our way through Revilla Gigedo Channel—here called Tongass Narrows—to Ketchikan.



*Prince Rupert, B.C.*

## PRINCESS STEAMSHIPS to ALASKA

### *Ketchikan*

Ketchikan (an Indian word meaning "the town under the eagle") is the southern-most town in Alaska, situated on Revilla Gigedo Island. It might also be said to be now the most prosperous town in Alaska, for salmon and halibut have made it rich and given it large canneries and cold storage plants. It is also a mining centre for copper, gold, platinum, silver and lead, the well-known Salt Chuck platinum mines being within 30 miles. Ketchikan has a bustling air, with hotels, stores and banks.

There is also a pleasant walk to the waterfall in Ketchikan Creek (about 15 minutes), where in the late summer months thousands of salmon may be seen leaping and struggling through the rushing, foaming water on their way to the spawning banks. There are two splendid totem poles— the Chief Johnson totem, surmounted by Kajuk, a fabled bird of the mountain which amuses itself by throwing rocks at ground hogs, with the Raven and the Frog Woman with her children and the Salmon below; and the Kyan totem, surmounted by the Crane, followed by the Kyak, another legendary bird, and the Bear.

### *The Third Day*

A distinct change of scenery occurs from now on. The stretches of water become wide, and mountains rise on

either side, with waterfalls tumbling down and glaciers crowning their crests. The steamer reaches Wrangell about 4.00 a.m., and leaves before breakfast time. We shall, however, have ample time to visit it on the southbound voyage.

### *Wrangell*

Wrangell, situated on the island of the same name, is one of the oldest cities of Alaska, and is named after Baron Wrangell, who was governor about 1830. It was originally a trading post, populated mainly by Indians. Part of the Russian fort remains, and there are also some very old totem poles near the wharf. Wrangell is at the mouth of the Stikine River, which, navigable for about 170 miles, is the entry point to the celebrated Cassiar big-game country.

Two hours after leaving Wrangell the ship enters Wrangell Narrows. At the north end of the Narrows lies the old town of Petersburg, whose name indicates its origin in the days of the Russian regime. It is now a flourishing fishing centre. Kupreanof Island is on the west, and after crossing Frederick Sound and Cape Fanshaw, we enter Stephen's Passage.

### *Taku Glacier*

We are now surrounded by the typical grandeur of Alaska and when we turn



*Petersburg, Alaska*



## PRINCESS STEAMSHIPS to ALASKA



Taku Glacier — a mile wide, one hundred feet thick

aside up an inlet there comes a sudden hush on deck; there is a look of astonishment on the faces round us. We slow down. We lie still. We are making a call upon no little coastal town but upon Taku Glacier.

Taku Glacier is one of the loneliest and most majestic things in the world. We get so close to it in comfort that here again contrast makes an experience more memorable: on the one hand the *Princess* (temporarily dwarfed when confronting its vastness), with all the sophistication of trig berths and settees and vases of cut flowers on the tables, on the other that terrific product of the high snows and immense ranges. On calm days it is all beauty and grandeur. On misty days it is perhaps as impressive, coming down out of nothing, taking dim shape as if it were a solidification of the mist that veils its height. It fills the inlet's end with its blue-green base, cracked and caverned. Ice-calves break off and drift toward us. A sun-glow sifts through the haze and gulls scream their white lines across it. Or full sun may be on it, accentuating the hyaline quality of that

living blue-green ice, making it iridescent, deepening the shadows in its crevasses and frontal caverns to indigo. After some while of silent staring we creep away from it as though apologetic for our intrusion and it hides itself again in mist, or flashes farewell to us.

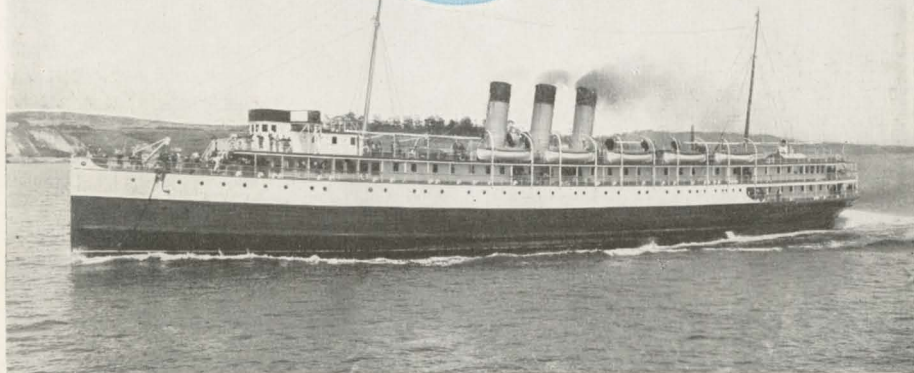
There is something almost uncanny about glaciers, frozen rivers. This one comes down from an enormous snow-field of the interior, and just as many rivers may take their rise in the same uplands to flow different ways, so it is with the glaciers created by that interior snow-field. From the same vast dome of snow, constantly refreshed, there flows down the Llewellyn Glacier to plunge not into ocean as does the Taku here, but into Lake Atlin, a hundred miles or so inland. And between these points, similarly fed, is the Denver Glacier that slips down into the lap of the mountains back of Ben-My-Chree at the end of West Taku arm. And the Mendenhall Glacier, to which you can motor to pay your respects to when the *Princess* stops at Juneau, is but another member as it were of that family.

# PRINCESS STEAMSHIPS to ALASKA



Ketchikan is seen above; and at the centre left, the harbor of Prince Rupert; centre right and bottom left the main street and the water-front at Juneau. The village of Alert Bay completes the group

# PRINCESS STEAMSHIPS to ALASKA



The Princess Steamships are splendid, roomy vessels. This is the Princess Charlotte. Note the spacious dining saloon and the broad open decks

## PRINCESS STEAMSHIPS to ALASKA

### Juneau

About an hour's steaming up Gastineau Channel brings us to Juneau, clinging to the base and sides of Mount Juneau, which towers 3,500 feet almost perpendicularly above. Juneau, named after its French-Canadian founder, is the capital of Alaska, the residence of the Governor, and the seat of all government departments. With a population of about 4,000, it is a bright and interesting city, built (like so many of these coast settlements) partly on piles over the water, partly on bare rock, with modern hotels and stores, and many attractive residences and public buildings.

Juneau has good roads and automobiles a-plenty; one particularly interesting ride is to the face of the Mendenhall Glacier (2½ hours return) or to Auk Lake (an hour longer). A short hike away is the Gold Creek Basin, the site of the first placer gold strike in Alaska, made by Joe Juneau and Richard Haines in the early eighties.

### The Lynn Canal

The steamer leaves Juneau at midnight, and reaches Skagway about 9.00 a.m.; but on the southbound journey

there is ample opportunity to see the beautiful Lynn Canal, which, with the possible exception of the Taku Glacier, provides the most wonderful scenery of all. For over 80 miles we steam up this arm of the sea, which varies in width from one to five miles. Mountains of rock capped with snow, towering glaciers and gushing waterfalls, canyons of all sizes and wild shapes, and colors in restless variety surround us. Davidson Glacier is a huge ice wall seen on the west. Passing the town of Haines and Fort Seward, we suddenly turn a point to see Skagway ahead of us.

### Skagway

Skagway, the end of the northbound run, is a town that has loomed large in the history of the North. When the gold rush started to the Yukon in 1896, the landing was made at Dyea, which lies on the western branch of the Lynn Canal, and the trail inland led over the dangerous Chilkoot Pass; but word came of the discovery of the White Pass, and in a day fifteen thousand people left Dyea, and in a day Skagway arose where before was chiefly swamp.

Amongst the marvels of Skagway—to those at least who have never considered Alaska as aught but a land of perpetual winter—are its beautiful flower gardens. The background of mountains that enclose it like a cup offers many attractive outings, such as "hikes" along the Skagway River, to Fortune Bay, Smuggler's Cove, or the great Denver Glacier. There are fine launch trips available and good fishing may be had. The steamer remains here about 36 hours before starting on its southbound journey.



"Soapy Smith's Skull" at Skagway

## The WHITE PASS and YUKON ROUTE

### *Inland from Skagway*

Interesting though Skagway is, the shortest visit would be incomplete without a journey to the equally interesting and fascinating "inside." Such a journey, difficult as it was in the early days of the gold rush, can now be easily undertaken, for Skagway is the southern terminus of the rail line of the White Pass and Yukon Route. A comfortable train, with large windowed observation cars, carries one through the magnificent scenery of the White Pass into the Yukon Territory, connecting at Carcross and at White Horse with the commodious steamers of the same company.

For those who are returning south by the same *Princess* steamship, there are available the excursions to West Taku Arm or to White Horse. For those waiting over until the next steamship there is the trip to Atlin Lake where, indeed, many linger longer than they originally intended. But those with more time will continue beyond White Horse on the wonderful trip down the Yukon River to Dawson.

### *The White Pass*

The rail journey is a most spectacular one. The salt tang of the sea is left behind, and the sweetness of lake and mountain air fills the nostrils. The scenery grows rugged and awe-inspiring as we climb steadily around gorges and along the brink of deep canyons.

There are tourist-centres, tourist-resorts, at which, among the attractions, may be one single and noble waterfall framed in a window, or to which one hikes or is spun along in a car. But here (no slur intended upon any other spot of beauty or grandeur on earth!) there is a riot of cascades. Photographers of water-



*Lake Bennett near the Yukon border*

falls become first ecstatic and then dumfounded. All the way up that pass, as we twist and twine upon our way, our neighbours are the empty upright wilderness and the falls that hang white over their precipices. When the train stops that you may look down on the site of the once busy "city" of White Pass that clustered at the foot of Dead Horse Gulch, where now there is nothing but the shadow of a cloud passing over the emptiness, you hear the roar of all these waters like the sound in a shell held to the ear.

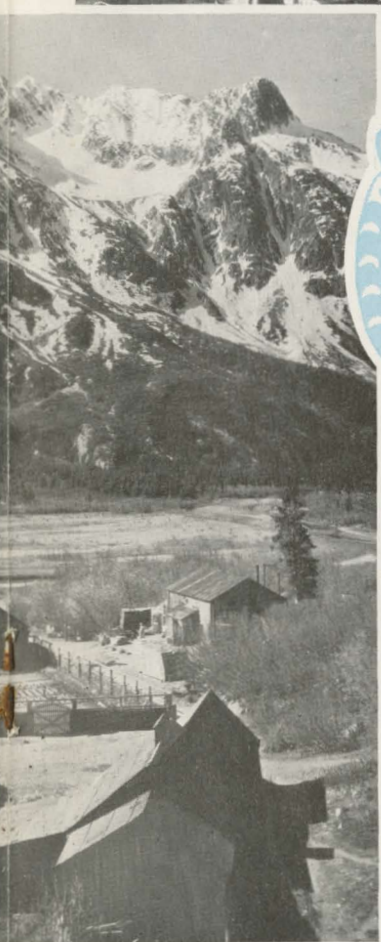
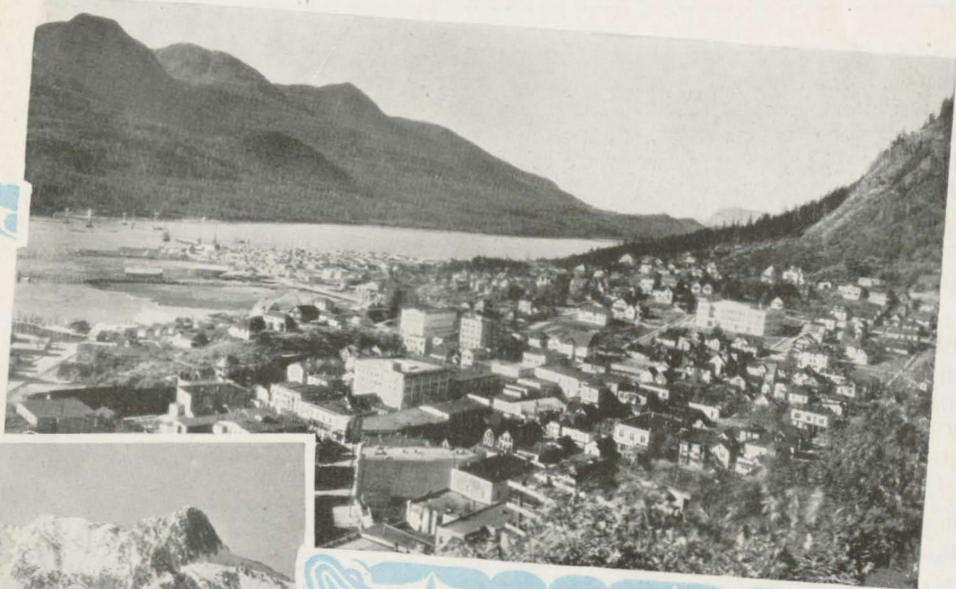
Some few years ago one could still see the bleaching bones of the dead horses that gave the gulch its name, and still, looking down from the train as it climbs upward, you can pick out fragments of the trail of '98, a foot-wide rut up a narrowing and steep gulch. In places rockslides have obliterated it, as though Nature would wipe out the memory of it, but in these various stretches it shows clear from the tread of uncounted vanished seekers for quick fortune. That was a bitter trail, and though stories survive that give evidence of humanity in individuals who went over it, and of man's capacity for nobility and care for his weaker fellows, it is, in the main, a trail of callousness. "Devil take the

# PRINCESS STEAMSHIPS to ALASKA



Looking down on Wrangell  
Over the White Pass and Yukon Route

*The WHITE PASS and YUKON ROUTE*



Another view of Juneau  
A "pan" valued at \$1,000

## The WHITE PASS and YUKON ROUTE

hindmost" was the motto of it. Here men died of exhaustion and beyond, also, in the bleak desert of the divide, they succumbed to winter blizzard or summer weariness. Further on, others were to perish in river rapids.

Near the summit of White Pass, by the track-side, is a symbol of regret for part of the cruelty of these days that were. It is a memorial, erected by the Ladies of the Golden North and the Alaska Yukon Pioneers, to the three thousand pack-animals that were done to death on that incompassionate and truculent trail to the gold-fields.

At White Pass Summit—nearly 3,000 feet higher than Skagway in twenty miles!—we leave American territory, and the scarlet-coated Mounted Policeman greets us as we enter Canada. You see, when the train stops, a black-board on the station-wall and written on it an imperative notice that all *mushers* must report there. The word is one more hint—if more be needed—that we are entering the north. Even in summer, here, *mushers* is the word, not *hikers*. A bronze monument, where the flags of the two countries float side by side, marks the boundary line. For a very short distance we travel through British Columbia, and then at Pennington cross into the Yukon Territory.



Lake Bennett, which we have been skirting these last miles, and along the shores of which we shall continue all the way to Carcross, has an additional interest if one remembers that once it was part of the highway to the luring north. As many as four hundred rafts have been on its waters at one time, the gold-hunters hauling on sweeps, or sculling with them, or aiding themselves on the way with blankets for sails rigged upon lopped trees for masts. Now there are only the rufflings of wind on it, the twinkling of points of sunlight. It winds its watery loneliness round the cliffs and bases of the rockslides, and in comfort we travel in the train along its shores to Carcross, one of the jumping-off places for side trips—that was once, by the way, called Caribou Crossing. The change in the name to Carcross (that is less vocal of the land) was due to muddles with the mail caused by the existence of a district called Cariboo in British Columbia's interior.

### White Horse

Lewes and other little lakes are passed and then Miles Canyon and White Horse Rapids. On still days, the roar of these rapids can be heard even in the town, about an hour's walk distant. As we stand on the brink of this famous gorge, no very highly colored imagination is necessary to conjure up pictures of the old days. We can imagine the bold adventurers in their frail craft nearing these death-dealing rapids, whose waters are thrown from side to side in a long serpentine series of twists, and which are so troubled that the water rides higher in the middle than at the sides. Down they came in their mad rush to the Klondike not at intervals, but in a continuous procession that was (in the words of an eye-witness) like traffic on a city street. Some, becoming scared, jumped ashore as they saw their dangers, and watched from the high cliffs the agonies of their boats; but the majority stayed with their craft. And so few



## The *WHITE PASS* and *YUKON ROUTE*



No less attractive is Alaska's wealth of bloom

came through unpunished! Those who did waste no time in going back to warn their competitors, but hurried on.

White Horse is a busy little town on the west bank of Fifty-Mile River (also known as the Lewes River and sometimes as the Upper Yukon). There is comfortable hotel accommodation to be obtained. Trips to the rapids and other points may be made by automobile over good roads. It is the terminus of the railway, and the point of departure for the steamer trip to Dawson.

### *To the Klondike*

The journey from White Horse to Dawson and back, one that can be made in about a week, is the fitting climax to the trip "inside." White Horse is the present head of navigation on the Yukon waterway (the river in its upper reaches is really a system of tributaries), which empties into the sea at St. Michael, Alaska, over 2,000 miles distant. It is a constantly changing succession of pictures—rolling hills, sometimes bare, again heavily wooded, towering mountain ranges, awe-inspiring rapids, with now and then a quiet stretch of water between forested banks. Here and

there is an occasional trading-post, or a mining camp—perhaps the ghost of a dead "bonanza"—or a hermit settlement where the steamer stops awhile to "wood-up."

### *Sam McGee*

Lake Lebarge, a beautiful widening of the stream (on whose shores, incidentally, occurred the episode that inspired Robert Service's celebrated poem about the cremation of Sam McGee), Hootalinqua, Little Salmon and Carmacks, with its coal mine, are some of the interesting places passed. The shooting of Five Finger Rapids, and their postscript Rink Rapids, gives plenty of thrill to even the most jaded. At Yukon Crossing, the overland winter trail to Dawson, used when the river is frozen up, is passed, and then Fort Selkirk an important trading-centre founded early in the nineteenth century by the Hudson's Bay Company.

The mouths of mighty tributaries are passed, amongst them White River—the only large river that enters the Yukon from the west or south—and Stewart River, entrance to the new Mayo silver-lead camp 175 miles east. Smaller

## The *WHITE PASS* and *YUKON ROUTE*

steamers ply the Stewart as far as Mayo, whence it is a case of tractor and auto transport. Swede Creek has a Government Experimental Agricultural Station, and then we are at Dawson. The trip from White Horse takes about two days—the return trip owing to the current, about four days.

### *Dawson*

Dawson, once the focus of the world's greatest gold rush, the headquarters of the whole Klondike region, is now a changed place. Mining operations are still in progress, but they are carried on under hydraulic and dredging conditions. The hectic life of which one reads in Service and Jack London is of the past. Gone are the highly-colored, sensational chapters of Dawson's history, when the city was the rendezvous of desperadoes as well as miners; and dance halls, saloons and gambling places ran wide open for the full twenty-four hours. To be able to recall that "them was the days" makes one a real old-timer, a sourdough—but not necessarily a more than middle-aged man.

Dawson is the administrative centre of the Yukon Territory, and the headquarters of a large detachment of that fine body of men, the Mounted Police.

It is beautifully situated on a bend of the Yukon River, up-to-date, well-built, with comfortable hotels, fine homes and pretty flower gardens.

Over good roads one can visit mining plants and old, played-out but famous bonanza claims. The Indian village of Moosehide and the fox farms, are worth a visit; while the old cabin of Robert W. Service, the poet laureate of the Northland, is the objective of many pilgrimages.

### *To Atlin*

To Atlin is another delightful excursion from Skagway, either as a side trip on the Dawson trip or as one in itself. The route is the same as before to Carcross, but here the commodious steamer *Tutshi* is taken.

The steamer first crosses Lake Nares, and then through the narrows enters Tagish Lake, horseshoe-shaped and guarded by high peaks. Old mining towns and fox farms are seen along the way. Presently we turn into the Taku Arm of the lake, a beautiful sheet of water encompassed by the most inspiring scenery, and then into Taku Inlet as far as Taku Landing. Here, a transfer is made across a three-mile neck of land by a unique little train.



*Dawson—hub of the Klondyke region*

## The *WHITE PASS* and *YUKON ROUTE*



Mount McKinley

At the end of the portage we reach Lake Atlin, and board the twin-screw motorship *Tarahne* for a six-mile run to the little town of Atlin. Atlin is the base of supplies for one of the richest hydraulic mining camps in British Columbia. Those who like fishing can try their luck at trout, whitefish, or grayling.

### *Llewellyn Glacier*

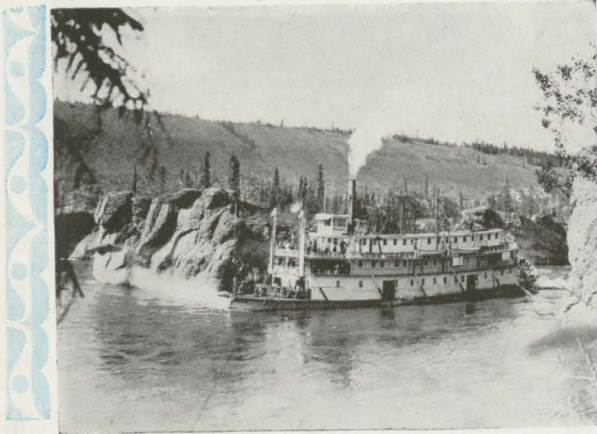
The principal event of the trip to Atlin is the excursion on the steamer *Tarahne*. For about forty miles the boat winds its way through the narrow mountain-ribbed passage of the West Channel to the foot of Cathedral Mountain. Here, on a still day, the reflections of the mountains are even more beautiful than the mountains themselves.

### *West Taku Arm*

Another beautiful scenic trip is that to the West Taku Arm, which has been especially designed for passengers who are making the round trip from Vancouver to Skagway and back on the same steamship, and who cannot spare sufficient time to avail themselves of one of the other tours "inside."

Far down Taku Arm, where the peaks rise from a wilderness of low spruce trees that have a blue bloom on them, you will see a small white cross on the shore near the narrows called Golden Gate. A story of the north it tells: Here it was that an old-timer of that vast land—Jack Fox—ended his life with a valiant gesture that keeps his name alive. He was mushing out along the lake with an important letter from the Engineer Mine (which you will come to later, under the majesty of Engineer Mountain), and the ice broke before him. He fell in. Attempts to clamber out unavailing, before the chill stopped his heart-beats he stretched down and took off a snow-shoe, tied the letter to it and sent it flying over the ice like a light sled. When he did not return on time a search party set out to look for him, found the snow-shoe with the letter—delivered to the best of his ability—and saw by the condition of the ice where he had gone down. The north holds many such stories of resolute men whom the touch of Death could not "rattle," but who have gone out bravely.

## The WHITE PASS and YUKON ROUTE



S.S. Whitehorse in Five Finger Rapids

The route followed is the same as to Atlin, except that at the Golden Gate, instead of turning into the Taku Inlet, the steamer continues a southerly course and then west, reaching West Taku Arm Landing and Ben-My-Chree homestead. Passengers sleep on board and reach Carcross in the morning in time to catch the south-bound train and their steamer.

Inquire, at Carcross, if the Indian who remembers the great discovery of gold in the Klondike is going to *make a talk*. And, if he is, ask then at what hour, and go and hear him. It is worth much more than the twenty-five cents that his daughter will collect from you at the door. Here is a lecture that is *different*. He tells of the coming in, from *outside*, of Mr. Carmacks, and the going on of Mr. Carmacks, and how some years later they went in search of Mr. Carmacks wondering if he was alive, wondering if he was dead in rapids, or otherwise, and how they found not only Mr. Carmacks but another white man who had found much gold. You hear it all from the angle of the Indian, spoken in English of which you may miss a word or two, to be sure, if not accustomed to listening to such talk, but utterly enthralling. When he has told you of

the gold-rush as the Indians saw it, he explains how his people trap (with specimen traps round him to aid in the exposition), and then gives you the calls they make to lure the wild animals. To hear Patsy Henderson tell of these things is one of the great experiences of this remarkably varied trip into the strange north.

### A Fine Circle Trip

From Dawson the journey can be continued into central-western and

south-western Alaska on a truly magnificent circle tour. During the summer season the White Pass and Yukon Route operates steamers down the Yukon River, actually—at Fort Yukon—crossing the Arctic Circle. Turning round up the Tanana River, which flows in from the south, the steamer brings one, in about five days from Dawson, to Nenana.

Here the Alaska Railroad is met—running north to Fairbanks the centre of a great placer gold mining district, and south to Seward, on the Gulf of Alaska. The latter takes one fairly close to Mount McKinley National Park, and the majestic Mountain itself—highest peak of the North American continent—is in sight practically all day. Farther south is Anchorage, where the U.S. Government commenced construction of the Alaska Railroad into the interior in 1915.

Another route from Fairbanks is by the Richardson Automobile Highway to Chitina—a splendid 2½ day motor trip through a very primitive country, connecting with the Copper River and Northwestern Railway back to the seaport of Cordova.

From either Seward or Cordova steamer can be taken to Juneau, and the southbound journey resumed there by Canadian Pacific.

# The *WHITE PASS* and *YUKON ROUTE*

## Historical Notes

The region now known as Alaska was first visited by white men in 1741, when two Russian officers, Captains Bering and Chirikov, explored the coast as far south as Dixon Entrance. Many traders and trappers followed them, and Kodiak Island was settled in 1784. Owing to the excesses committed by private traders, who robbed and massacred the Indians, Russia created in 1799 a semi-official corporation called the Russian-American Company. Alexander Baranov, a famous administrator, founded Sitka in 1804. The monopoly of this company ended in 1861, with the appointment of Prince Matsukov, an imperial governor. The United States had already made overtures for the purchase of "Russian America," and in 1867 the purchase was consummated for the price of \$7,200,000.

But thus far the Northland had been considered only in terms of fisheries and the fur trade. The discovery of mineral wealth was made much more slowly, and it was not until the sensational finds of rich "placers" in the Klondike in 1896, which culminated in one of the most hectic gold rushes of modern times, that the attention of the world was riveted upon this feature. The Yukon Territory was constituted in 1898. The Yukon River was explored by Russians as long ago as 1842, and in 1883 Lieutenant Frederick Schwatka crossed the Chilkoot Pass, descended the Lewes River to Fort Selkirk, and so down the river to the sea.

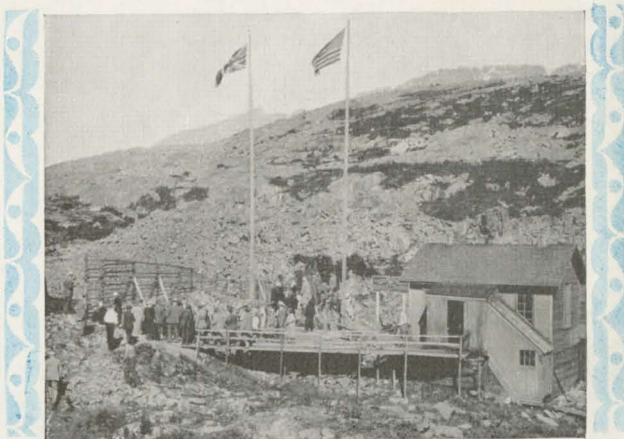
The entrance to the interior country of the Yukon, back as early as 1860, was via Dyea and the Chilkoot Trail. When the Klondike was

discovered, the stampede used this trail until the discovery of the trail from Skagway over the White Pass to Lake Bennett. The Chilkoot Trail was practically abandoned during 1897; the White Pass was the "Trail of '98," and was not abandoned until the White Pass Railway was completed.

## Books About the Northland

A great many interesting books can be obtained about Alaska and the Yukon. By all means read some before you start, such as Rockwell Kent's record of his Alaskan travel, or, in another vein, Archdeacon Stock's reminiscences of his service in the Northland. There are the well-known stories by Rex Beach—"The Spoilers," "The Barrier," and "The Silver Horde;" Jack London's famous "Call of the Wild" and many others; Elizabeth Robins' "Magnetic North" and "Come and Find Me;" James Oliver Curwood's "Alaskan;" Edison Marshall's "Seward's Folly;" and Robert W. Service's "Trail of Ninety-Eight."

Service's poems, "Songs of a Sourdough" and "Ballads of a Cheechako," are, we imagine, so well-known as hardly to need mention.



Boundary between Alaska and Yukon

## The WHITE PASS and YUKON ROUTE

### Totem Poles

The totem poles of the Indians of British Columbia constitute one of the most striking features of the whole north-west coast. These long shafts, irregularly planted on the seashore among smoke and feast houses, convey impressions from a strange world. The rugged peaks and wooded gorges beyond, with their ever-changing shades of dark greens and soft blues, provide a unique setting for them. And the squat, Mongolian features of the Indians themselves carry one's imagination into the mysterious realms of Asia.

These remarkable carvings should not be mistaken for idols or deities. They were never worshipped. But they are pictorial records of history and mythology, as the Indians understand them. Some of them represent the Raven, the Eagle, the Killer-whale and the Wolf, which are the emblems of the largest social groups in the nation. The Bear, the Frog, the Sea-Lion, the Beaver, the Thunder-Bird and many others are the crests of various clans. Here we have to do only with coats-of-arms.

Other characters are occasionally introduced among these figures, which are understood through the medium of myths and tales of the past. These are the ancestors of the owners, and often the "uncle" in whose honor the pole was erected after his death, by his nephew or legitimate successor. Battles and other noted events are also commemorated on poles. A man who wishes to ridicule a rival or discredit an insolvent debtor may represent him head downwards on whatever pole he may erect in a feast.

There were once many native artists of great repute, who were hired at large for carving poles, according to definite instructions furnished them. Large logs were hauled over long distances for the purpose. When the carving was finished, numerous guests assembled for the *potlatch* or feast of commemoration. Lavish presents were made to the guests, whose function it was to remember the meaning of the figures on the poles and acknowledge the rights of the legitimate owners.



## The WHITE PASS and YUKON ROUTE

### Indians

The natives of the West Coast are strikingly different from other North American Indians; to many they are not Indians at all, but a race apart, whose characteristics are reminiscent of Asia. Their ancestors are indeed likely to have come to these shores across the sea or over the Strait of Bering, long ago, after earlier migrations had already peopled most of the two American continents.

The name of "Siwash," ignorantly given them, is derived from the French *sauvage*. They really belong to more than five races, whose languages are totally different; the Salish, whose habitat once covered much territory around Victoria, Vancouver, and the main coast north and south—the Nootka, who dwell on the west coast of Vancouver Island and their distant relatives, the Kwakiutl, whose territories stretch northwards from Vancouver Island to a point near the Skeena River—the Tsimshian of the Skeena and Nass Rivers and the adjacent coast, near the present town of Prince Rupert—the Haidas of Queen Charlotte and Prince of Wales Islands—and the Tlingit of the Alaskan coast. Another race, whose name is Dene or Athapascan, inhabit much of the interior, beyond the boundaries of the above-named nations.

The west coast natives are essentially fisher folk; they formerly secured their food almost wholly from the sea. It con-

sisted of seals, whales, salmon, halibut, fish roe and *oolachen*, or candle fish. Their dug-out canoes stood to them as did the horse to the buffalo-hunting Indians of the prairies a century ago. Before the advent of Europeans they could hardly ever venture beyond their frontiers. War and daring raids were most common among them, for they were bold, venturesome and cruel. Even to this day they are fond of relating tales of adventure of the none too distant past.

They were not nomadic, as were their eastern neighbors, but each family claimed hunting grounds and territories within the national boundaries. They migrated to their hunting and fishing camps in the spring and returned to their villages on the coast in the autumn.

Community life was active only in the winter—that is, during the *potlatch* season. The leaders then proceeded sternly to their business—the exchange of goods, the promotion of their children and nephews, and the various ceremonies that appertained to their social welfare and dutiful commemoration of the deeds of their ancestors. They were keen and thrifty, and their will unbending. Their numbers were formerly considerable, but they are now passing away like the other natives; and their culture has forever given way to that of invaders from the West and the East who are gradually driving them off the land.



## The WHITE PASS and YUKON ROUTE



### *Clothing, Meals, Etc.*

Passengers should provide themselves with a good, warm top-coat. The general weather is very fine and warm, but a good covering for the evening or a damp day is very desirable. The Canadian Pacific does not supply steamer rugs, but has arranged to carry on the steamships a limited supply of rugs, which will be rented to passengers for the round trip at a nominal charge. The company does not supply the regulation ocean liner deck-chair, but supplies comfortable camp chairs with backs, free of charge. Barbers, ladies' hairdressers and manicurists are carried on all steamships.

The meals provided on the *Princess* steamships are breakfast, lunch and dinner, with light refreshments served in addition in the dining saloon at night. Breakfast is served from 7.30 to 9.00 a.m. and the first sittings of luncheon and dinner at 12.00 noon and 6.00 p.m., with second sittings forty-five minutes later. While the steamship is in port at Skagway, meals and berth are not included in the passage money, but can be secured if the passenger prefers staying aboard.

Victrolas are carried, with a suitable supply of records, as well as a piano.

### *Rail Connections*

The quickest and most picturesque route to Vancouver from the East is by Canadian Pacific through the Canadian Rockies, six hundred miles of the most magnificent mountain scenery in the world.

### *Immigration Inspection*

Passengers entering Alaska from Canada are required to pass United States Immigration Inspection at Ketchikan, the port of entry. So far as bona fide tourists are concerned, this inspection is not strict. Passengers will be asked by purser for certain information regarding age, place of residence, business, etc., and will be given a card by him. This card is presented by the holder to the immigration inspector, who boards steamer at Ketchikan, and as soon as particulars shown by purser on manifest are checked by the inspector, the passenger can go ashore. There is a similar inspection by the Canadian Immigration Department on arrival of steamer southbound at Prince Rupert.

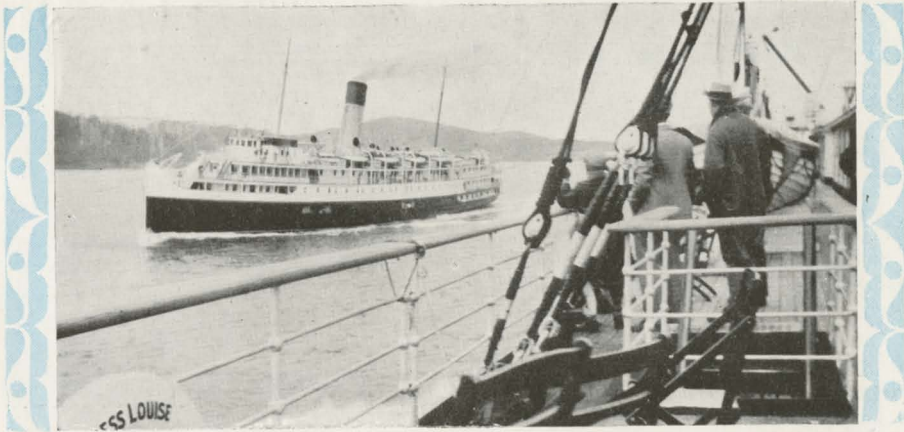
Passports are not necessary.

### *Times*

Times of arrival and departure at the various ports are posted on the bulletin board of the ships.



# The WHITE PASS and YUKON ROUTE



## Distances

The distances between the different ports of the Alaska trip, and the approximate time between each, are as follows:

From	To	Hours	Nautical Miles
Vancouver . . . .	Alert Bay . . .	14	183
Alert Bay . . . . .	Prince Rupert	22	287
Prince Rupert.	Ketchikan . . .	8	92
Ketchikan . . . . .	Wrangell . . . .	7	99
Wrangell . . . . .	Juneau . . . . .	11	148
Juneau . . . . .	Skagway . . . .	8	100

## Baggage

Free allowance on *Princess* steamships of 150 pounds on adult tickets, and 75 pounds on half-fare tickets, will be granted with the customary charge for excess weight. Steamer trunks intended for use in staterooms must not exceed 14 inches in height.

Through passengers from eastern or southern points making the Alaska trip will be granted free storage at Canadian Pacific wharves at Vancouver, Victoria or Seattle for thirty days, after which regular storage charges will accrue.

## Hotels

The following hotels are situated at

points en route to Alaska, and at inland points beyond Skagway:

Ketchikan, *Stedman, Nelson, Ingersoll;* Wrangell, *Wrangell;* Juneau, *Gastineau, Zynda;* Skagway, *Pullen House, Golden North, White House;* Carcross, *Caribou;* Atlin, *Atlin Inn, Royal, Kootenay;* White Horse, *White Horse Inn, White Pass, Commercial, Regina;* Dawson, *Royal Alexandra, Regina, Yukonia, Principal, Rochester.*

## Customs

Baggage checked through from any United States point to any point in Alaska, or from any Canadian point to any point in the Yukon territory, or vice-versa, and not required en route, is not subject to Customs examination.

Hand baggage, or checked baggage required en route, is subject to examination northbound by the United States Customs at any point of debarkation and southbound by the Canadian Customs at Prince Rupert. Checked baggage, if desired, may be forwarded to destination in bond.

The baggage of passengers making the White Horse, Atlin or Dawson trips will also be examined by Canadian Customs on entering Yukon territory, and by the United States Customs on returning.



## CANADIAN PACIFIC PRINCESS STEAMSHIPS

To Alaska by the Inside Passage, and back, is a two-thousand-mile nine-day journey from Vancouver, with six ports of call. To handle the tourist business, the Canadian Pacific operates during the summer months three of the finest of its well-known *Princess* steamships, which are large, modern vessels of the most comfortable sea-going type.

Staterooms on the *Princess* Steamships are light, cozy and well-ventilated. They are not overcrowded, but designed to accommodate only two passengers per stateroom. On each ship there are a few "de luxe" rooms with private bath-rooms, and also some with sofa berths.

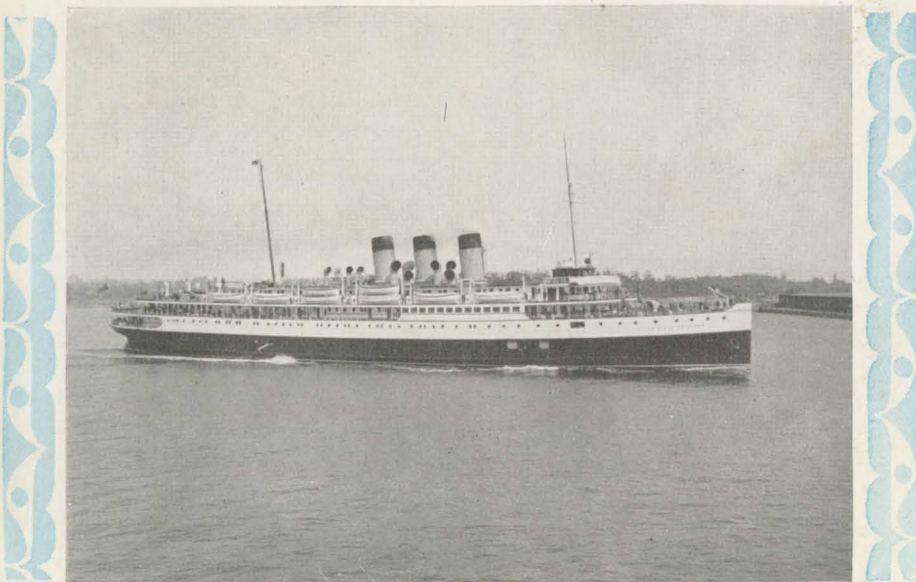
The community rooms—dining room, observation room, lounges, smoking room, etc.—are bright, cheerful and charmingly furnished. All three ships have dance floors.

The *PRINCESS LOUISE* is 330 feet long, with a passenger capacity of 264.

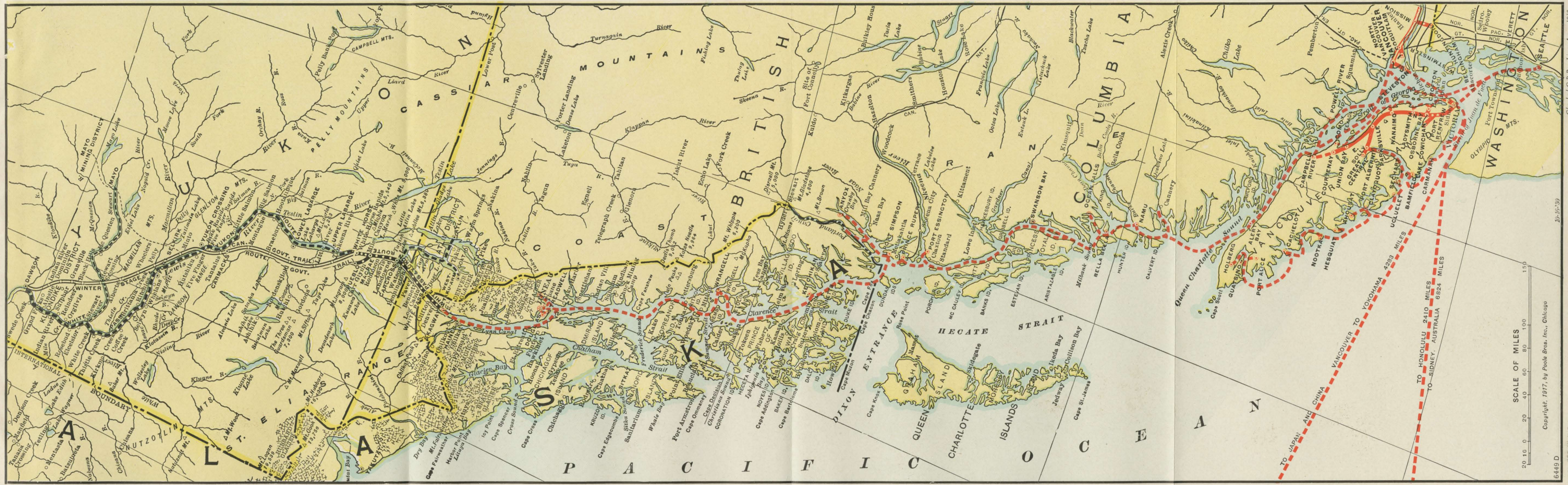
The *PRINCESS CHARLOTTE* is 330 feet long, with a passenger capacity of 248.

The *PRINCESS ALICE* is 289 feet long, with a passenger capacity of 226.

These three ships are oil-burners, and are fitted with wireless telegraph.



Canadian Pacific "Princess Kathleen"



SCALE OF MILES  
20 10 0 20 40 60 80 100 120 140 150

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# ALASKA



Canadian Pacific