

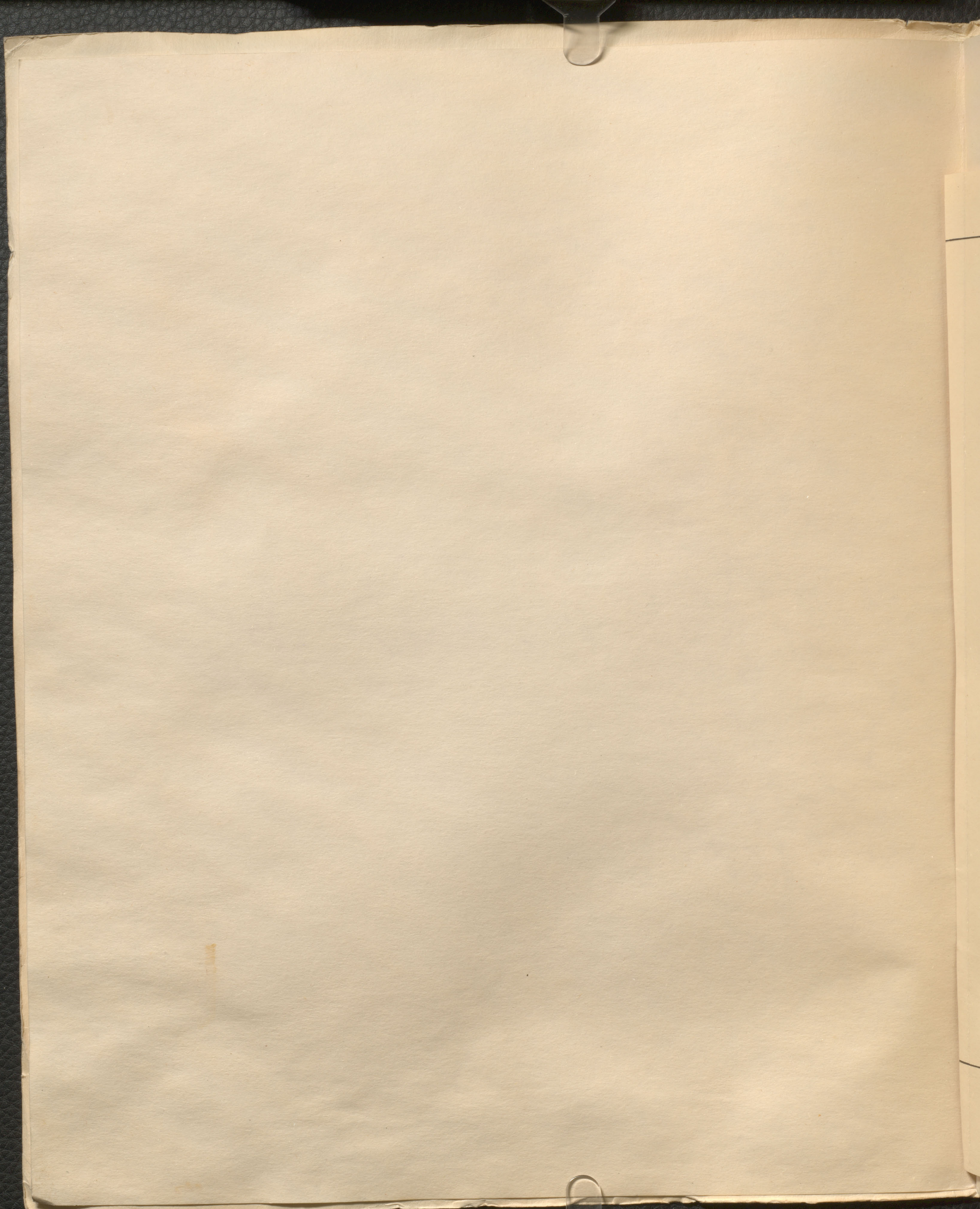


THE SPIRIT OF CANADA

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THE ITINERARY

OF

THE ROYAL VISIT ACROSS CANADA

H.M. KING GEORGE VI

AND

H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH

1939

Trans-Atlantic passage for Their Majesties has been arranged on the Canadian Pacific S.S. "Empress of Australia" in place of H.M.S. "Repulse."

MAY 15th, MONDAY

Arrive Quebec 9.30 a.m. E.S.T. (10.30 a.m. D.S.T.)

MAY 16th, TUESDAY

Leave Quebec 8.30 a.m. E.S.T. (9.30 a.m. D.S.T.)

Arrive Trois Rivières 10.45 a.m. E.S.T.

Leave Trois Rivières 11.00 a.m. E.S.T.

Arrive Montreal 1.15 p.m. E.S.T. (2.15 p.m. D.S.T.)

Leave Montreal 10.00 p.m. E.S.T. (11.00 p.m. D.S.T.)

MAY 17th, WEDNESDAY

Arrive Ottawa 10.00 a.m. E.S.T. (11.00 a.m. D.S.T.)

MAY 20th, SATURDAY

Leave Ottawa 6.00 p.m. E.S.T. (7.00 p.m. D.S.T.)

Arrive Cornwall 8.40 p.m. E.S.T.

Leave Cornwall 8.50 p.m. E.S.T.

Arrive Brockville 10.00 p.m. E.S.T.

Leave Brockville 10.10 p.m. E.S.T.

MAY 21st, SUNDAY

Arrive Kingston 9.30 a.m. E.S.T. (10.30 a.m. D.S.T.)

Leave Kingston 7.00 p.m. E.S.T. (8.00 p.m. D.S.T.)

MAY 22nd, MONDAY

Arrive Toronto 9.30 a.m. E.S.T. (10.30 a.m. D.S.T.)

Leave Toronto 6.00 p.m. E.S.T. (7.00 p.m. D.S.T.)

MAY 23rd, TUESDAY

Arrive Schreiber 1.25 p.m. E.S.T.

Leave Schreiber 1.35 p.m. E.S.T.

Arrive Port Arthur 5.00 p.m. E.S.T.

Motor to Fort William.

Leave Fort William 5.30 p.m. C.S.T.

MAY 24th, WEDNESDAY

Arrive Winnipeg 10.30 a.m. C.S.T.

Leave Winnipeg 7.00 p.m. C.S.T.

Arrive Brandon 10.10 p.m. C.S.T.

Leave Brandon 10.30 p.m. C.S.T.

MAY 25th, THURSDAY

Arrive Regina 12.30 p.m. M.S.T. (1.30 p.m. D.S.T.)

Leave Regina 8.00 p.m. M.S.T. (9.00 p.m. D.S.T.)

Arrive Moose Jaw 9.15 p.m. M.S.T.

Leave Moose Jaw 9.45 p.m. M.S.T.

MAY 26th, FRIDAY

Arrive Medicine Hat 10.10 a.m. M.S.T.

Leave Medicine Hat 10.25 a.m. M.S.T.

Arrive Calgary 3.00 p.m. M.S.T.

Leave Calgary 5.00 p.m. M.S.T.

Arrive Banff 7.30 p.m. M.S.T.

MAY 27th, SATURDAY

Rest Day.

MAY 28th, SUNDAY

Leave Banff 10.30 a.m. M.S.T.

Arrive Kamloops 9.35 p.m. P.S.T.

Leave Kamloops 9.50 p.m. P.S.T.

MAY 29th, MONDAY

Arrive Vancouver 10.00 a.m. P.S.T.

Leave Vancouver 5.00 p.m. P.S.T.

Arrive Victoria 9.00 p.m. P.S.T.

MAY 31st, WEDNESDAY

Leave Victoria 10.00 a.m. P.S.T.

Arrive Vancouver 2.15 p.m. P.S.T.

To New Westminster by motor.

Leave New Westminster 3.40 p.m. P.S.T.

Arrive Chilliwack 5.20 p.m. P.S.T.

Leave Chilliwack 5.30 p.m. P.S.T.

JUNE 1st, THURSDAY

Arrive Jasper 11.00 a.m. P.S.T.

Rest Day.

JUNE 2nd, FRIDAY

Leave Jasper 9.30 a.m. M.S.T.

Arrive Edmonton 3.30 p.m. M.S.T.

Leave Edmonton 10.00 p.m. M.S.T.

(Continued over leaf)

A Y

JUNE 3rd, SATURDAY

Arrive Saskatoon 2.00 p.m. M.S.T.
Leave Saskatoon 4.00 p.m. M.S.T.
Arrive Melville 10.00 p.m. C.S.T.
Leave Melville 10.10 p.m. C.S.T.

JUNE 4th, SUNDAY

Arrive Sioux Lookout 7.55 p.m. C.S.T.
Leave Sioux Lookout 8.05 p.m. C.S.T.

JUNE 5th, MONDAY

Arrive Sudbury Junction 6.30 p.m. E.S.T.
Motor to Sudbury and return.
Leave Sudbury Junction 7.30 p.m. E.S.T.

JUNE 6th, TUESDAY

Arrive Guelph 1.35 p.m. E.S.T.
Leave Guelph 1.45 p.m. E.S.T.
Arrive Kitchener 2.15 p.m. E.S.T.
Leave Kitchener 2.25 p.m. E.S.T.
Arrive Stratford 3.20 p.m. E.S.T.
Leave Stratford 3.30 p.m. E.S.T.
Arrive Windsor 7.30 p.m. E.S.T.
Leave Windsor 7.45 p.m. E.S.T.

JUNE 7th, WEDNESDAY

Detrain at London 10.00 a.m. E.S.T.
Leave London 11.00 a.m. E.S.T.
Arrive Ingersoll 11.30 a.m. E.S.T.
Leave Ingersoll 11.40 a.m. E.S.T.
Arrive Woodstock 12.00 noon E.S.T.
Leave Woodstock 12.10 p.m. E.S.T.
Arrive Brantford 12.50 p.m. E.S.T.
Leave Brantford 1.05 p.m. E.S.T.
Arrive Hamilton 1.45 p.m. E.S.T.
Leave Hamilton 3.10 p.m. E.S.T.
Arrive St. Catharines 4.00 p.m. E.S.T.
Leave St. Catharines 4.10 p.m. E.S.T.
To Niagara Falls by Motor Car.
Arrive Niagara Falls 6.00 p.m. E.S.T. (7.00 p.m. D.S.T.)
Leave Niagara Falls 9.30 p.m. E.S.T. (10.30 p.m. D.S.T.)

JUNE 8th, THURSDAY

In the United States of America.

JUNE 9th, FRIDAY

In the United States of America.

JUNE 10th, SATURDAY

In the United States of America.

JUNE 11th, SUNDAY

In the United States of America.

JUNE 12th, MONDAY

Leave Delson (Que.) 9.00 a.m. E.S.T.
Arrive Sherbrooke 11.50 a.m. E.S.T.
Leave Sherbrooke 12.30 p.m. E.S.T.
Arrive Levis 5.05 p.m. E.S.T.
Leave Levis 5.15 p.m. E.S.T.
Arrive Rivière du Loup 8.25 p.m. E.S.T.
Leave Rivière du Loup 8.50 p.m. E.S.T.

JUNE 13th, TUESDAY

Arrive Newcastle 9.20 a.m. A.S.T.
Leave Newcastle 9.30 a.m. A.S.T. by Motor Car.
Arrive Fredericton 12.45 p.m. A.S.T.
Leave Fredericton 2.40 p.m. A.S.T.
Arrive Fairville 4.30 p.m. A.S.T.
Leave by Motor Car for Saint John.
Leave Saint John 6.30 p.m. A.S.T.
Arrive Moncton 9.00 p.m. A.S.T.
Leave Moncton 9.20 p.m. A.S.T.

JUNE 14th, WEDNESDAY

Leave Cape Tormentine 10.00 a.m. A.S.T.
by H.M.C.S. "Skeena".
Arrive Charlottetown 12.30 p.m. A.S.T.
Leave Charlottetown 4.30 p.m. A.S.T. by H.M.C.S.
"Skeena".
Arrive Pictou 6.45 p.m. A.S.T.
Leave Pictou 7.00 p.m. A.S.T. by Motor Car.
Arrive New Glasgow 8.00 p.m. A.S.T.
Leave New Glasgow 8.10 p.m. A.S.T.

JUNE 15th, THURSDAY

Arrive Halifax 11.00 a.m. A.S.T. (12.00 noon D.S.T.)
Leave Halifax 6.00 p.m. A.S.T. (7.00 p.m. D.S.T.)

The Royal tour across Canada will traverse five time zones. In the order as affecting this tour they are:

Eastern Standard Time (E.S.T.)—Central Standard Time (C.S.T.)—Mountain Standard Time (M.S.T.)
Pacific Standard Time (P.S.T.)—Atlantic Standard Time (A.S.T.)

On the westbound journey watches should be set back one hour on crossing into the new time zone. Similarly, on the return journey, watches should be set forward an hour on entering a time zone.

The trains are operated on Standard Time.

At some points Daylight Saving Time is effective locally during the summer. This is one hour in advance of Standard Time and is indicated D.S.T.

QUEBEC TO OTTAWA—Via Canadian Pacific Railway.

OTTAWA TO BRIGHTON—Via Canadian National Railways.

BRIGHTON TO TORONTO—Via Canadian Pacific Railway.

TORONTO TO VICTORIA, B.C.—Via Canadian Pacific Railway and B.C. Coast Steamship.

VICTORIA, B.C., TO NIAGARA FRONTIER—Via Canadian National Steamship and Railways.

DELSON (QUE.) TO LEVIS—Via Canadian Pacific and Quebec Central Railways.

LEVIS TO CAPE TORMENTINE—Via Canadian National Railways.

NEW GLASGOW TO HALIFAX—Via Canadian National Railways.



THE SPIRIT OF CANADA

DOMINION AND PROVINCES

1939

A SOUVENIR OF WELCOME TO

H.M. KING GEORGE VI

AND

H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH



PUBLISHED BY CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

CANADA EXTENDS LOYAL GREETINGS TO OUR GRACIOUS KING AND QUEEN

WHEN THEIR MAJESTIES King George and Queen Elizabeth arrive at Quebec in the H.M.S. "Repulse," on May 15th, they will be following in the footsteps of many members of Britain's Royal family. The last visit of His Majesty was in 1913 when, as Prince Albert, he arrived at Quebec as an officer on H.M.S. "Cumberland."

His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, Prince Henry, paid a brief visit to Canada in 1929. The previous year, His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent, Prince George, arrived in Canada with Rear-Admiral F. G. Hyde.

The Duke of Windsor, then Prince of Wales, paid his first visit to Canada in 1919 and his last in July, 1927. The Duke of Windsor also visited Canada in 1923 and 1924.

The late King George V set foot on Canadian soil as Prince of Wales in 1908. It was the year of the great Tercentenary celebrating the foundation of Quebec by Samuel de Champlain. With King George were the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of England, Field Marshal Lord Roberts, Admiral Jellicoe and many other distinguished visitors.

As Duke of York, King George V and his consort had previously crossed Canada from Pacific to Atlantic on his Round the Empire Tour in 1901. He had already seen a glimpse of Canada on tour of the world which he made with his brother the Duke of Clarence on H.M.S. "Bacchante" (1879-82).

The future King Edward VII paid his first visit to Canada as Prince of Wales in 1860, together with the Duke of Newcastle, Colonial Minister.

In 1861, Prince Alfred, second son of Queen Victoria, Duke of Edinburgh, visited Quebec.

The Duke of Connaught, afterwards Governor-General, came to Canada first in 1869, as a Lieutenant, when he bore the name of Prince Arthur. He was Governor-General of Canada from 1911 to 1916.

The Duke of Albany paid a brief visit to Canada and the United States in 1880.

The Princess Louise, daughter of Queen Victoria, came with her husband, the Marquess of Lorne, afterwards the Duke of Argyle, on his appointment as Governor-General of Canada in 1883, and Lake Louise in the Canadian Rockies was named after her.

Notable visits to Canada in the 18th century include that of Prince William-Henry, son of George III, who followed his brother, George IV, to the throne as William IV. He arrived at Quebec in 1787 aboard the frigate "Pegasus." The father of Queen Victoria,

the Duke of Kent, resided in Quebec from 1791 to 1794. He commanded

the 60th Regiment at that time. He went West on a trip as far as

Niagara. In 1794 he took over command of the

military forces in Nova Scotia.

* FC. 583



HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE

at Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons— from
al colour photograph by Finlay Colour.

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As Duke of Cornwall and York, King George V with Queen Mary (then the Duchess) had previously crossed and re-crossed the Dominion of Canada from Atlantic to Pacific in 1901. He had already seen a glimpse of Canada on tour of the world which he made with his brother the Duke of Clarence on H.M.S. "Bacchante" (1879-82).

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HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE VI AND HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH

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F O R E W O R D

BY SIR EDWARD BEATTY, G.B.E.



The National Memorial at Ottawa

THE spirit of Canada has had many manifestations. One splendid phase was evidenced in the contribution of the Canadian Expeditionary Force to the cause of the Allies, commemorated by the impressive memorial at Ottawa. In this printed souvenir, welcoming the visit of our gracious King and Queen to Canada, two other manifestations are indicated—*First*, the political expression which has been visualized in architecture by the Parliament Buildings of the Federal and Provincial Governments. Sketches of these buildings drawn by Charles W. Simpson, R.C.A., the distinguished Canadian artist, are reproduced in these pages. *Second*, the literary expression found in the rapidly increasing library of worthwhile books by Canadian authors. Some of these authors here contribute their conception of the spirit of that part of the Dominion with which they have been most intimately connected.

Edward Beatty

O T T A W A



BY DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT, C.M.G., D.Litt., F.R.S.C.

*Author of "The Magic House," "Lundy's Lane and Other Poems," "The Witching of Elspie,"
"Complete Poems," "The Green Cloister," etc.*

AN observer, even one least sensitive to beauty of landscape, can hardly fail to be impressed by the situation of this Capital City. If he has any sense of the past, the form of those most ancient hills and the powerful current of that dark river will bring to mind the romance of times so remote from our outlook and methods of life as to be legendary. Even the most recent of these vanished things, the lumber industry that peopled the river with strenuous adventure, can hardly be imagined.

The city can claim nothing from heroic tradition; the memories of deeds that made history are wanting. Its past is short and uneventful. When the conflicts that decided the future of the country were in progress, these waters and shores were unruffled and calm. Heir to the glory of these events and sharing to the full in their results, the memories that dwell about these localities are of Indian life and the superstition that made offerings to the Manitou who dwelt in the Great Cauldron: of the adventures of intrepid explorers, of the voyages of missionaries destined for martyrdom, of the enterprise of fur traders, and of the stirring labour of the lumberman.

From the earliest times this meeting place of three rivers below high wooded shores was noted and seemed reserved for some bright future. The great Ottawa, most masculine of streams, struggling through its rough channel, with "dark brown water full of all the stain of sombre spruce-woods and the forest fens," finds its strongest accent at the Chaudière. That force in the early days pervaded the little city with an undertone, like the voice of a presiding spirit, until it was harnessed and now comes to everyone, not in sound, but in light and power. The Rideau is a pastoral stream that has hardly enough energy to drive a mill-wheel. Robbed of part of its force for the waters of the canal, it loiters through meadows to join the great river with a curtain of silver. The Gatineau, "rushing from its northern wilds," brings, uncontaminated, its clear current. These three rivers give a vital character to the situation, essential to its charm. Even the canal, used only for the most leisurely com-

merce and for pleasure, has something to add. If it were to run dry, the occupation of idlers who gaze from the bridge at a boat lowered through the locks to the level of the river, would have disappeared.

In this setting of natural beauty the early settlers made their farms, and the voyageurs and lumbermen laid the first stones of a hamlet, for wherever there is a portage there must be shelter. These pioneers were a vigorous race, their lives were dependent on the river, their occupations grew up from their surroundings, remote from outside influences. The first intrusion on this primitive state was the Rideau Canal (begun in 1826), an engineering work of importance for those times. From the obscurity of a mere riverside "stopping-place" the little settlement was raised to strategic importance, and found a spot on the Military Map.

New elements appeared in the population: Engineers, Military officers, soldiers, navvies and skilled workmen. What might be called the Military occupation ceased when (in 1858) the town was chosen as the Capital of The Canadas. Greatness was "thrust upon it," and a still higher destiny, when Confederation was accomplished. To touch lightly on these beginnings seems necessary to account for certain architectural failings and lack of plan that are rapidly disappearing. The small town was suddenly forced to take on the duties of the Capital at a time when public funds were low and the future needs of a city were remote.

The advent of Government with its traditional establishment of a governor, a parliament and an experienced corps of officials set, once for all, the tone of the civic life.

The influences that govern the development of capital cities then began and have not ceased. The increase of population brought a few new elements. Worthy of comment is the increase, from year to year, of the French-speaking citizens who now number about one-third of the population. Manufactures have been developed without noise or smoke, and one of the charms of Ottawa, its clear, sunny atmosphere, has remained undisturbed. The expansion of the Dominion enlarged the operations of the Government and added variety, and the city life has developed upon established usage and precedent.

Wherever in the British Dominions you find the King's representative and a parliament you find like conditions. Government House is the head and centre of the community and this influence and the pageant and routine of Government plainly enter into the civic life. Society, in the restricted sense, finds a model in the courtesies of the Governor-General's household. The impact of our western customs has somewhat broken down rules and precedents and modified old-world formalism and there is a general unaffected ease and naturalness in social amenities. The establishment of the Embassies of foreign countries has brought the consciousness of an independent National Existence and of some sense of its responsibilities; and that gives just a touch of timid cosmopolitanism to the life.

But the influence of Government goes far beyond any restricted circle. When the revenue of a large proportion of the citizens comes from public funds even the smallest shopkeeper knows the influence, and as co-operation develops between the Government and the city for the beautification of the National Capital every individual may take part. He feels, more and more, that he is at the heart of things and that his city is the true centre of the Dominion.

The haphazard growth of the town did not destroy many of its natural advantages; those that remain are being conserved and developed. It has already acquired a beautiful sky-line and, from points of vantage, the company of towers and spires seen through clearest

air or transfigured by the haze of sunset takes on a visionary magic. A decade will have produced a city worthy of its situation. There will be a shifting of local interest but the centre, alike for Canadians, for citizens and for strangers, will be the War Memorial and the Peace Tower. The beautiful Memorial Chamber in the tower, enshrining deathless memories, is the very heart of Canada; and the glorious carillon sends messages of Good Will and Peace from ocean to ocean and far beyond the oceans.

"Cities are men," the poet says; and what is the spirit of the men and women of this one? They are accustomed to "variation and quick change"; and easily adapt themselves to new conditions. Ministries disappear and others take their place; Members of Parliament come and go; deputations arrive and depart; Commissions assemble and disperse; Ambassadors are welcomed and regretted, and the citizens take it all in good part. They have developed the virtue of hospitality and the door is never closed.

A characteristic of their outlook has taken quality from their surroundings. Ottawa might be called, affectionately, "The City in the Country." The boundaries may be enlarged but the country can never be wholly banished. To the north is a region which cultivation will fail to destroy, which is an allurements at all seasons; a domain of hills clad with maples and firs, and of lakes, deep, and clear as crystal. The rigours of a severe climate only serve to promote joy in the shade of balsam and maple and in cool lake-water.

All the while, as Time turns his hour-glass, this Capital City is building its traditions; traditions of statesmen and men of action who have given their years to the difficult and noble task of developing the Dominion. And yet, while these newer traditions will seem closer to realities, visions from the past will hover around the towers, visions of the great river when Champlain ventured here, led by his dreams, when Martyrs and Saints overcame the rapids with animating faith and when the hardy river-men moored their rafts in the coves, kept alive the camboose-fires and sang their care-free songs.

Dunsmuir



DOMINION PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, OTTAWA

N O V A S C O T I A



BY CLARA DENNIS, D.Litt.

Author of "Down in Nova Scotia," "More About Nova Scotia," etc.

NOVA SCOTIA! The very name is arresting! A Latin appellation given to a little segment of a continent on the edge of an ocean. How came the classical appellation—and to a land wherein dwelt Redmen, Frenchmen and Englishmen?

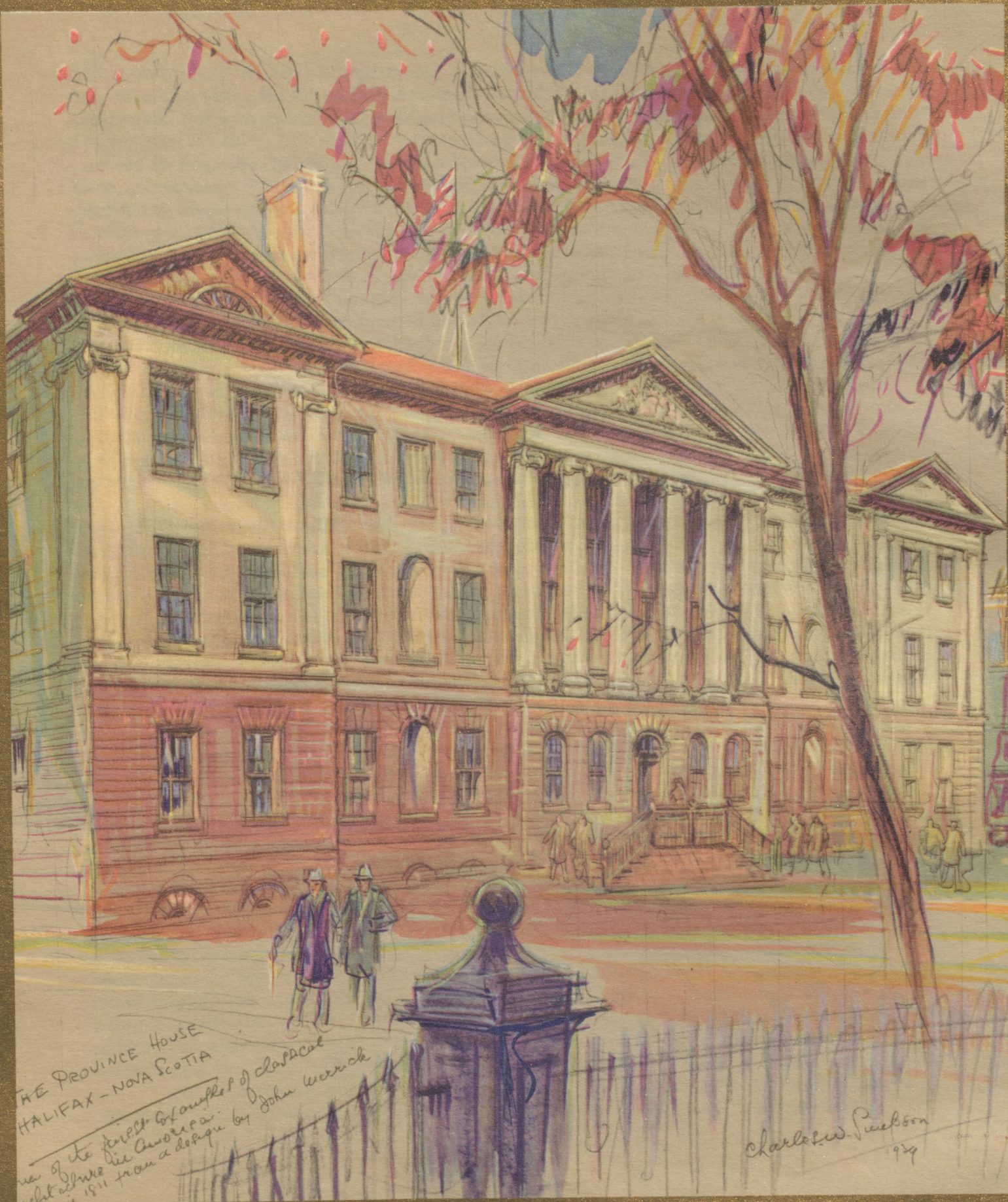
The name is associated with Scotland and its King, James VI of Scotland and I of England. An adventurous patriotic Scot, Sir William Alexander, had aspired to found a New Scotland over the seas. Already there was a New France, a New Spain, a New England. "Why not a New Scotland?" Sir William said.

His Sovereign, with generosity unbounded, granted Sir William an area in the new world equivalent to what is now the three Maritime provinces, a part of Quebec and a part of the State of Maine. In the Royal Charter his Majesty designated the land, "Nova Scotia."

Over the little province of Nova Scotia there floats a special flag—a blue cross on a silver field with the Royal Arms of Scotland in the centre of the cross. It is the flag of Nova Scotia and its origin goes back to the days of Sir William. Charles I in 1625 granted to Nova Scotia a Royal Coat of Arms and the flag is derived from the Arms. Nova Scotia is the only province of the Dominion to own its own flag.

Dramatic and romantic has been the history of Nova Scotia. Greatly coveted throughout the early years was it by both the English and the French. Constant war was waged over its possession. Ten times in one hundred years did the country change ownership. At length by treaty in 1713 the peninsula became British. The little island of Cape Breton remained in the hands of the French. The French proceeded to establish at Louisburg strong fortifications, making it a veritable Dunkirk in America. Louisburg underwent two sieges and two capitulations. In 1763 the island became permanently British.

For countless ages the mighty Atlantic has rolled unceasingly around Nova Scotia's shore. It has etched out fine harbours and deep bays and fashioned many enticing little coves. It has left here and there great cliffs of rock or white sand beaches where long waves roll in and break in shining cascades, scattering a thousand rainbows in the sunlight. It has expanded into a great inland sea in Cape Breton; a peerless sea with multitudes of islands



THE PROVINCE HOUSE
 HALIFAX - NOVA SCOTIA

one of the finest examples of classical
 architecture in America
 1811 from a design by John Warrick

Charles W. Peckham
 1919

PROVINCIAL LEGISLATIVE BUILDING, HALIFAX, N.S.

and countless arms forming beautiful bays; a sea called by the French name Bras d'Or, Arm of Gold. Again it rushes through a funnel-shaped entrance into the Bay of Fundy and rises in the highest tides in the world. The sea is the most significant part in the life of Nova Scotia. It has made of her an unrivalled land of beauty.

But not only has the sea given to Nova Scotia beauty, it has furnished many of her sons with a means of livelihood. In numberless little villages along the shore, men are at work mending their nets, salting and dressing their catch or making ready their boats to set forth to the briny deep.

Nova Scotia was once famed for its shipbuilding, and her clever sons not only designed their boats and built them, but themselves sailed them to the seven seas. At Liverpool, Shelburne, Mahone, along the lovely La Have river and in many another part of Nova Scotia, boats may still be seen in the process of building. The schooner "Bluenose" was built at Lunenburg. For years the "Bluenose" competed in international fishing schooner races and has become the undisputed unbeaten champion of the North Atlantic.

The little province of Nova Scotia has a wealth of coal beneath its surface. One-fifth of her people are dependent directly or indirectly on this industry for their livelihood. The deepest coal mine in the Dominion is in Nova Scotia at Springhill. In Cape Breton, all coal mining is now under the sea. But a short time ago I descended into a mine and watched men mining coal some four miles out under the ocean, while with 1,700 feet of earth above us, 100 feet of the Atlantic also rolled over our heads.

One cannot think of Nova Scotia without picturing her fertile valleys, the Stewiacke, the Musquodoboit, the Gaspereaux, the Margaree, and, most famed of all, the Annapolis Valley. In the Annapolis Valley, with the coming of spring, Nova Scotians drive for 100 miles through apple blossoms whose pink and white loveliness perfumes the air and whose petals are wafted like snowflakes over the roads. In autumn the trees are loaded with luscious fruit. Hundreds of thousands of barrels stand filled beneath the trees or lie empty awaiting fillment. This lovely valley witnessed the province's greatest tragedy—the expulsion of the Acadians in 1755. An inspired poet has immortalized it. An enterprising railway did the rest, and to-day thousands of travellers annually visit this land of Evangeline.

Nova Scotia has ever been a great educational centre. Despite her small size and limited population, she has no less than three universities in her midst. She is noted for the number of premiers, university presidents and distinguished men in all callings who have gone from her shores to responsible positions in different parts of the world.

The little province, too, has contributed in no small measure to world inventions. In earth and sky and sea she has played a pioneering part. To cite examples: it was here in Nova Scotia that Marconi conducted wireless experiments and here the first unofficial wireless message from over the sea was received. The first heavier than air machine flight in the British Empire was made from the Bras d'Or Lakes at Baddeck. A Halifax man, Samuel Cunard, established the first steamship line to cross the Atlantic.

Nova Scotia is an old province. The first permanent settlement in America, north of the Gulf of Mexico, was in Nova Scotia at Port Royal. In Halifax, the province's capital, stands St. Paul's, the first Protestant Church built in the Dominion; while on the Citadel above, there still ticks on inexorably, the town clock that the Duke of Kent was instrumental in having erected: here and there throughout the city are several imposing mementoes of the Duke. His Royal Highness was the great-grandfather of our present king, and was stationed at Halifax when Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in North America.

On the same street as St. Paul's Church, is the stately Government House, whose back

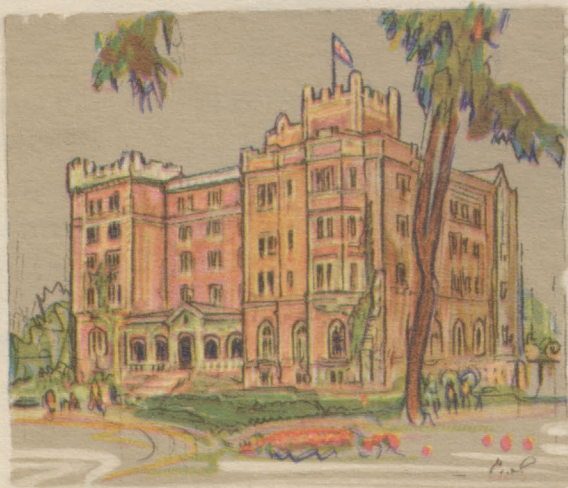
door is used as the front. This idiosyncrasy dates back to the days of Peregrine Maitland who wanted to use the front as a playground for his children. The entrance was never changed back again when the Governor and his family departed from the scene, and to-day the rear has become the front, and the front, the rear.

Not far away is the Province Building, that imposing governmental structure wherein have been enacted stirring scenes, and where has been heard many a moving speech. Here the struggle for Responsible Government was fought and won. Here the battle over Confederation was waged and eloquent and spirited speeches for and against were delivered with fire and force. From here great men, such as Howe, Johnstone and Tupper, steered the ship of state.

Canada's children, the Nova Scotians! Could you tell them if you met them in a far-off land? I, who am myself a Nova Scotian, think I could. I think I could recognize a Lunenburg— a descendant of those wonderful pioneers from Hanover who came to Nova Scotia and settled in Lunenburg in 1753; who have made that splendid county what it is to-day; who bear the German names and in whose speech still linger traces of the German tongue.

I think I could recognize a Nova Scotian if he came from Arichat, or from Chezzetcook, or from St. Mary's Bay—where live the worthy descendants of French Acadians. I think I could recognize a Nova Scotian if he came from Pictou County, or from Antigonish County, or from the little island of Cape Breton—descendants of that noble band of Scots who, driven out by cruel landlords from the islands and the highlands of auld Scotland, took refuge among the hills and vales of New Scotland; descendants who in many cases have the Gaelic. I think I would recognize a Nova Scotian if he came from the Annapolis Valley, or from Shelburne, where dwell descendants of Loyalists and pre-Loyalists, whose accent differs so greatly from the German, the Acadian, or the Scot. Yes, I think I could recognize a Nova Scotian. Thy speech betrayeth thee. Though they wander far, and many hold responsible positions in various parts of the earth, their hearts turn betimes with longing to that little segment of a continent on the edge of an ocean with the Latin appellation, Nova Scotia.

Elara Dennis.



Cornwallis Inn, Kentville

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

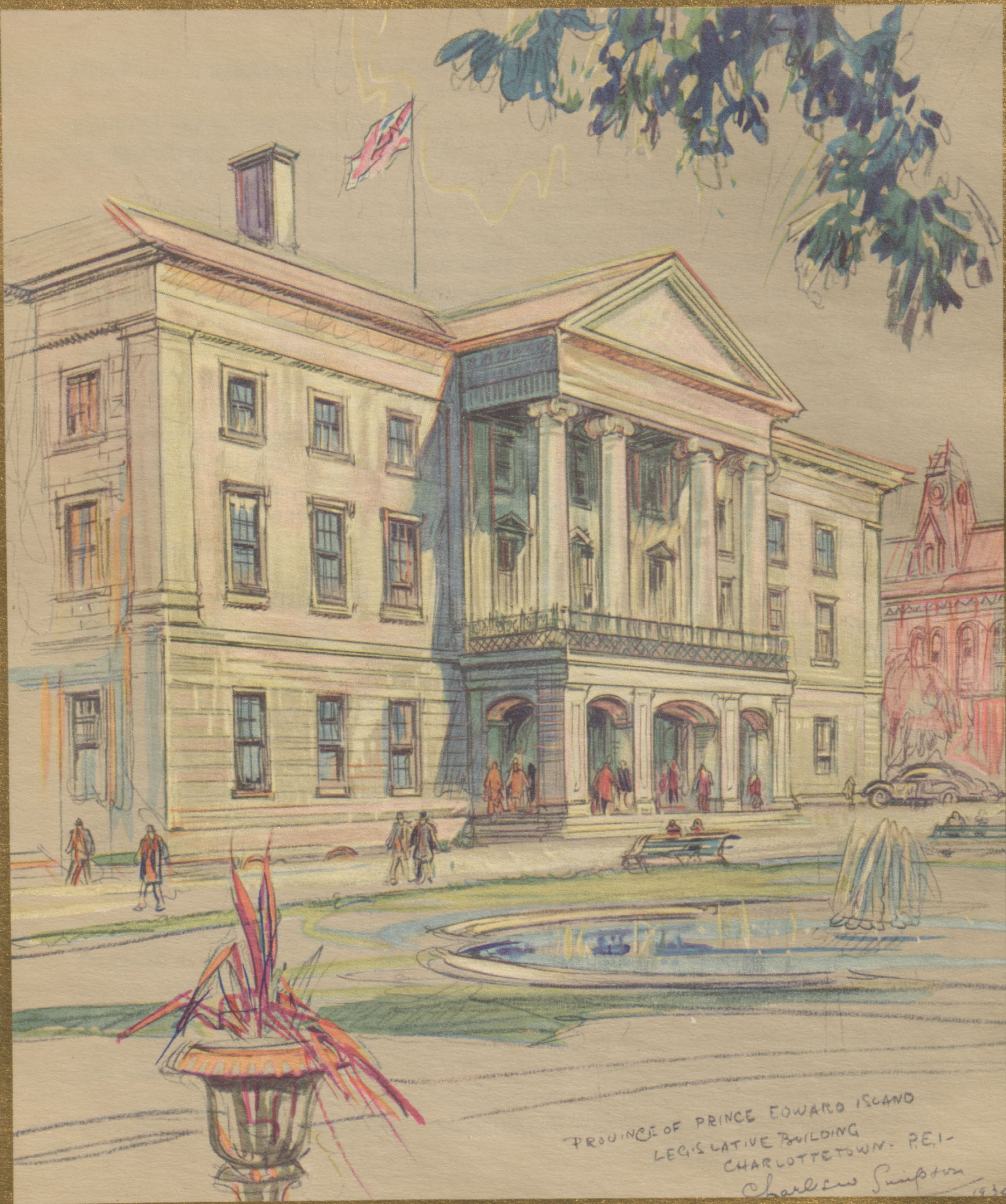


BY L. M. MONTGOMERY, O. B. E.

*Author of "Anne of Green Gables," "Anne of Avonlea," "Anne's House of Dreams,"
"Anne of Windy Poplars," Etc.*

SOMEHOW, one never thinks of Prince Edward Island in terms of history. It has, of course, had its little history, the echoes of which float faintly down the centuries since the June day of 1534 when Jacques Cartier looked on Abegweit . . . that beautiful Indian name, "Floating on the Wave," which it should never have lost, no matter to what saint or prince . . . looked and sailed away and did not come again. The French tried to colonize "St. John's Island" . . . and we hear of the "exiled Acadians" who came to it from the vale of Evangeline: it was ceded to Britain in 1763. Dim tales come down about forest fires and Indians and invasions from New England and plagues of mice and the heartbreak of terrible storms and homesick emigrants. But it is not in its history that you find the spirit of Prince Edward Island.

Neither is it to be found in the vaunt of "the million acre farm" and of its incomparable black foxes, horses and potatoes. For we do not think of Abegweit in terms of commerce. We think of it in terms of beauty . . . charm . . . peace. There are beautiful landscapes elsewhere, all over Canada, but they lack the indescribable charm that haunts Abegweit. It is too elusive . . . too subtle . . . for definition. Is it the touch of austerity in the Island landscape that gives it its distinctive beauty? And in what consists that slight austerity? Is it from the fields with the magic of dark spruce woods behind them? Or in the glimpses of harbours and tidal rivers unbelievably blue? Or does it go deeper still to the very soul of the land? Ay, that it does. For lands have personalities just as human beings have, and the spirit of one land is not the spirit of another nor ever can be. And Destiny once said, "I reserve for myself



PROVINCE OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND
LEGISLATIVE BUILDING
CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I.
Charles Sumpton 1930

PROVINCIAL LEGISLATIVE BUILDING, CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I.

this colourful little land of ruby and emerald and sapphire as a last refuge for the fairies and the old gods."

The fairies have disappeared from the rest of the world. It has become too noisy and machine-ridden and commercialized for the green folk. Because the fairies can live only by the belief of man. When that dies they die.

But it is still possible to believe in fairies in Abegweit. There are still places there where self-respecting elves can abide . . . winding lanes back in the woods . . . ferny dells with brooks slipping through them . . . eternal green twilights under low-hanging firs . . . a clump of silver birches at the turn of some irresponsible path . . . a plantation of tiny spruces just beginning to take sly possession of some neglected pasture corner . . . a meadow snow-white with daisies lying under a young moon. There you will find the fairies . . . almost. Just around that curve . . . just over that little rise . . . if you can move quickly and silently enough. Only . . . you never can. You always just miss them . . . but their laughter floats back to you in the sudden whisper of the wind and the puckish rustle of the aspen. And that is your reward. For it is good to hear fairy laughter and forget the world for awhile.

The sons and daughters of Abegweit are a loyal folk. Once there was an old Scotch Islander in the West who was always talking of "the Island." "What island do you mean?" he was asked. With ineffable disdain he answered . . . for all of us . . . "Why, Prince Edward Island, mon! *What ither island is there?*"

None . . . none! Deep down in our hearts we are conscious of the most profound pity for those luckless people who were *not* born in Prince Edward Island. We know it can never be made up to them.

Perhaps changes come more slowly in Prince Edward Island than elsewhere. We are not hide-bound or overly conservative, but we do not rush madly after new fads and fashions because they *are* new. We wait calmly until other parts of the world have tried them out for us and then, if they have stood the test, we adopt them. Loyal and upright in dealing, hospitable . . . oh, *how* hospitable! . . . with a sense of responsibility and a little decent reserve still flowering fully on the fine Old Country stock . . . such are the people of Prince Edward Island . . . the fire and romance of the Celt, the canny common sense of the Lowlanders, the wit of the Irish, the thrift of the English, the *joie de vivre* of the French, all beginning to be blended into something that is proud to call itself Canadian.

There is still, if you can believe it, a little leisure to be found in Abegweit. People here have not yet forgotten how to *live*. We don't tear through life. There is about existence in Abegweit a certain innate and underlying serenity which is never wholly absent even on days when a church "tea" is in the offing or the hay in the shore field must be got in before it rains. We realize that eternity exists . . . we know that "he who believeth shall not make haste" . . . shall not run hither and yon, aimlessly chasing will-o'-the-wisps of ambition and fortune and power. We are born knowing that "our own will come to us" . . . we have only to wait.

It is a great thing for a land to have this birthright . . . this background . . . this unfailing

"oneness" with the Eternal Spirit of beauty and reality and peace. Peace! You never know what peace is until you walk on the shores or in the fields or along the winding red roads of Abegweit on a summer twilight when the dew is falling and the old, old stars are peeping out and the sea keeps its nightly tryst with the little land it loves. You find your soul then . . . you realize that youth is not a vanished thing but something that dwells forever in the heart. And you look around on the dimming landscape of haunted hill and long white sand-beach and murmuring ocean, on homestead lights and old fields tilled by dead and gone generations who loved them — and even if you are not Abegweit-born you will say, "Why . . . I have come home!"

L. M. Montgomery



Empress of Britain

NEW BRUNSWICK

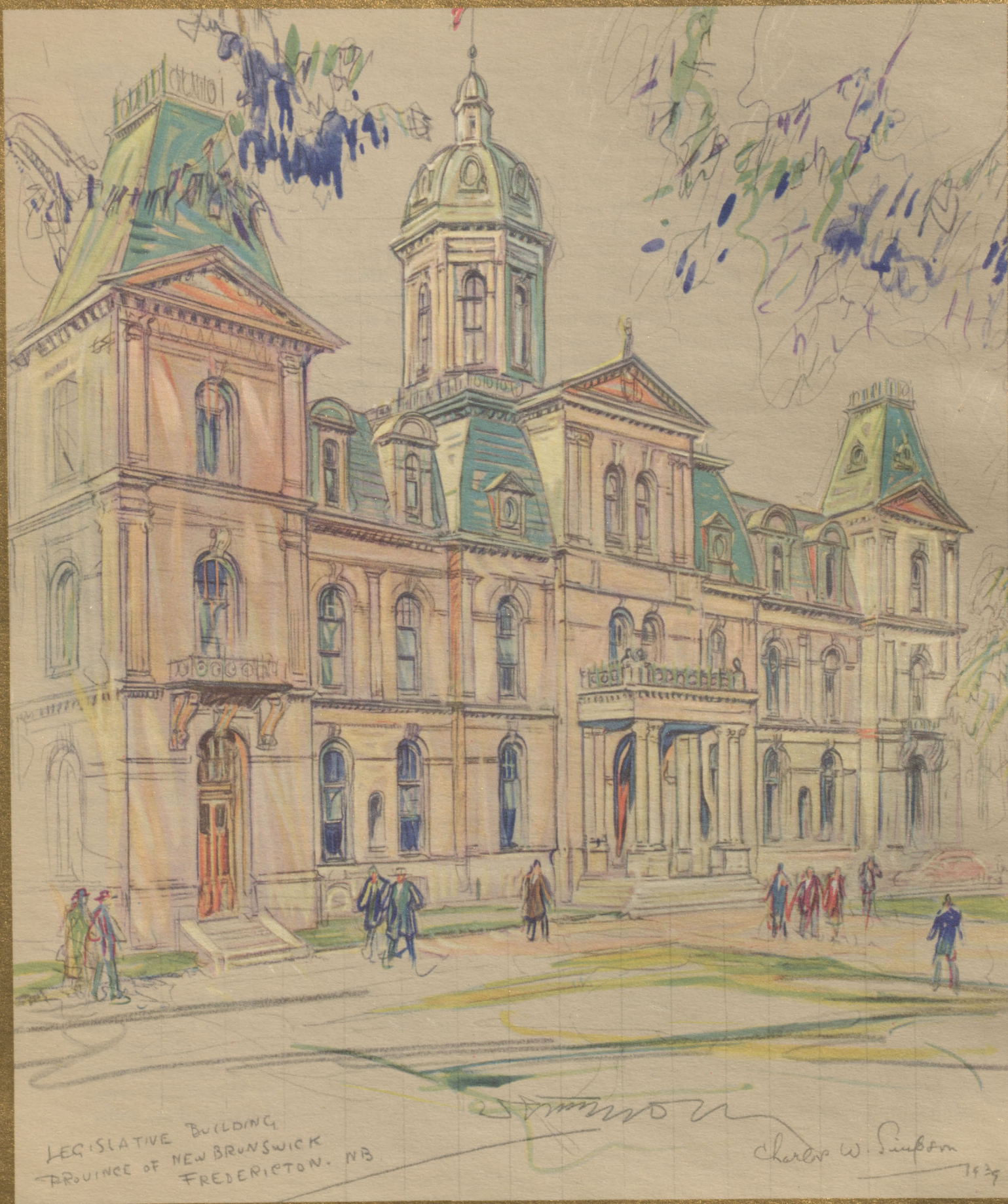


BY SIR CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

*Author of "The Heart of the Ancient Wood," "They Who Walk in the Wild,"
"The Sweet of the Year," "The Vagrant of Time," etc.*

OF THE three provinces of Canada collectively known as "The Maritimes,"—Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island, the largest in territory but the youngest in years is New Brunswick. The people of the Maritimes have a marked individuality of their own. The sea has set its stamp upon them. But in some respects perhaps the most sharply individualized of the group are the people of New Brunswick.

For this there is a sufficient reason. New Brunswick was a creation of the United Empire Loyalists. Out of New York and New England came these uncompromising and indomitable Tories of the American Revolution, shorn of everything but their birth and breeding and their loyalty to the British Crown. Aristocrats of the Church, the Bench, the Bar and the Military they came, with their retainers and the soldiers of their disbanded regiments, to carve out for themselves new homes and a new heritage from that unbroken northern wilderness which was then a portion of the well-established province of Nova Scotia. The ships in which they came made landing, in 1783, on the north shore of the turbulent Bay of Fundy, in the tide-swept harbour at the mouth of the great River St. John. And there, on the site made forever memorable by the heroic story of Lady LaTour, they proceeded to build a city, rooted in the rock and in their steadfast loyalty, which they called Saint John; and in 1785 it was incorporated, the first incorporated city in British North America. The citizens sent out detachments in all directions to take possession of the new territory, but with particular favour they viewed the promise of the splendid river at their threshold. They ascended it through a fertile and beautiful country, uninhabited save for a small settlement of New England pioneers about the Oromocto. They received generous tracts of land, granted them by the Crown for their fidelity and their sacrifices. They saw themselves a strong and homogeneous community, but still merely a county, a sort of poor relation, of the proud province of Nova Scotia. They wanted a province, a government, of their very own. And being in high favour with Crown and Parliament, they got it. In 1784 the larger half of Nova Scotia, 28,000 out of 51,000 square miles, all her territory in fact north of the Isthmus of Chignecto,



PROVINCIAL LEGISLATIVE BUILDING, FREDERICTON, N.B.

was taken away from her; and the new province was born. Very fittingly it was named New Brunswick. At first its capital was Saint John. But Saint John was too exposed to attack from vengeful New England privateers. In the following year, 1785, the capital was moved 84 miles up the river, for safe keeping, to the tiny French and Indian village of St. Anne's Point; and it was named Fredericton.

New Brunswick thus firmly established, the Loyalists multiplied prodigiously. Their stock dominated the whole of their four-square province. There were many Acadian French along the northern and eastern shore, mostly sturdy refugees from the tragic "Expulsion" of 1755. The Acadians were the last people in the world to sympathize with the New Englanders in Nova Scotia who had supplanted them in their homes along the fertile shores of Minas Basin and the Annapolis River. The isolated New England families around the Oromocto, surrounded but not submerged by the invaders, soon forgot their revolutionary leanings and were comfortably assimilated; as were the few English, Irish, Scottish and Danish, a fine type of immigrants, who began to filter in. For practical purposes they all became Loyalists, and they formed a staunch barrier of loyalty along the New England frontier.

The Fathers of New Brunswick came to her in ships. And a ship is the chief feature of her escutcheon. With her six hundred miles of deeply indented shore-line and her vast forests of pine, spruce and hackmatack, she speedily became a mighty builder of ships. Saint John became one of the leading ports of registry of the world and swift Saint John clippers were famed on every sea. Her giant white pines supplied masts for the Royal Navy. The day of the wooden ships came to a close; grass covered the chips in the shipyards; and her prosperity dwindled for a time. But she still had much to export, lumber and apples, potatoes and fish, to say nothing of men,—bishops, bank presidents, poets and prime ministers among them. Her buckwheat, so excellently conducive to virility and brain, she thriftily refuses to export.

In 1845 her capital, Fredericton, by letters patent from Queen Victoria herself, was created a Cathedral City, the first in North America. To John Medley, first bishop of Fredericton and afterwards Metropolitan of Canada, Fredericton owes that small but very beautiful example of purest Gothic architecture, Christchurch Cathedral.

From a scenic point of view New Brunswick is a land of picturesque and startling contrasts. The whole of its southerly coast, from the Maine boundary to its tip at the Isthmus of Chignecto, is washed by the tremendous tides of the Bay of Fundy. As the northern coastline of Nova Scotia draws closer and closer to New Brunswick it forms a great funnel up which the tides race with ever increasing fury, till at the head of the Bay, where flow in the Petitcodiac and Tantramar Rivers, they reach a height of from thirty to forty feet. Up the valley of the Petitcodiac they pour in a wall of foam three to four feet high to overwhelm the wide, red, empty flats. This is the famous "Petitcodiac Bore," which twice in every twenty-four hours stages a spectacle for the very up-to-date city of Moncton. On the Tantramar, on the Isthmus a few miles to the south, there is no bore; but there is an equally gigantic and almost as spectacular rise and fall of tide. And only seventeen miles away, on the other side of the Isthmus, the temperate tides of Northumberland Strait pulse with a rhythm of only ten or twelve feet.

For another scenic contrast, even more violent, we must go back to the mouth of the River St. John. This great river, four hundred and fifty miles long, may be said to epitomize New Brunswick. It has every kind of beauty, wild or tranquil—the thunderous plunge and savage gorge of Grand Falls; crowding, darkly-wooded heights; rolling green upland farmsteads; sleepy red-and-white-villages; the picturesque old town of Woodstock overhanging amber waters; the sudden tumult of Meductic Rapids beside their Indian settle-

ment;—and then the river-valley widens out to embrace a chain of luxuriant meadow-islands studded with orange field-lilies, elm trees and willows. The islands are left behind and the river, now a placid flood more than half a mile in width, sweeps around the point where sits, amid her elms, the lovely little city of Fredericton, hugging her traditions and proud to be the smallest capital in the nine provinces of Canada.

Below Fredericton the great river moves unhurriedly through a fair and fruitful land, till it draws near the sea. But before it reaches its goal, and the battle which awaits it there, it spreads out into the lakelike expanse of Grand Bay and its broad tributary the Kennebecasis. A ridge of rock protects these untroubled waters from fog and tide. Through this barrier the river pours down into the harbour over a deeply submerged ledge. At first the river has it all its own way and falls in a foaming cataract to the harbour level. The tide turns, and gradually forces the river back, till at flood the balance has swayed the other way and the fickle cataract is pouring itself upstream. But twice in every twenty-four hours the wrestling Titans hold each other at a deadlock while ships pass to and fro beneath the high bridges.

As New Brunswick is dominated on her western half by the River St. John, so does another great river, the Miramichi, (with the lesser streams of Restigouche and Nepisiguit on the north), dominate and give character to her eastern portion. The Miramichi, not as long by half as the St. John, nevertheless with her two wide-reaching branches and many tributaries drains as broad a territory and rolls as mighty a flood to the sea. There are no extravagant contrasts here to pique the imagination. But there is beauty of landscape and a quiet prosperity. The prosperity comes from unlimited resources of lumber and woodpulp, from inexhaustible fisheries along the coast and from thronging hunters and anglers for salmon. For in these forests roam moose and bear and deer; and in these streams the world-famous salmon of Miramichi and Restigouche reign supreme. Around these shores are scattered quaint old French villages, of that steadfast Acadian stock which built the dykes of Tantramar and Minas Basin. Strung along the coast are the picturesque towns, each with its own distinctive atmosphere, of Campbellton, Dalhousie, Bathurst, Newcastle, and Chatham where the last of the wooden ships loaded with lumber and fish. And farther down, on Northumberland Strait, sits the old county town of Richibucto, close neighbour to the village of Rexton which gave the British Parliament its first and only overseas Prime Minister, Bonar Law. A goodly Province and of fair repute, this New Brunswick.

Charles G. D. Roberts



The Algonquin, St. Andrews-by-the-Sea

Q U É B E C



BY ROBERT CHOQUETTE

Author of "A Travers les Vents," "Metropolitan Museum," "Poésies Nouvelles," "Le Curé de Village," etc.

JE ME SOUVIENS, dit le peuple du Québec, qu'il y a quatre cents ans, j'abordais une côte inconnue, aux rochers si peuplés de mouettes qu'on les eût crus couverts d'une végétation de plumage. J'ai vu venir à moi des hommes au teint de cuivre rouge. Ils m'ont parlé une langue âpre et saccadée, soudain plus douce à cause du sourire des yeux. Et j'ai planté la croix au seuil de l'inconnu. J'avais derrière moi l'inquiétude de la mer; en face, l'incertitude, l'immensité de mon destin.

Je me suis engagé dans le "chemin de Canada." De chaque côté du fleuve, l'or que je venais conquérir croissait dans les arbres! C'était octobre. Ce fut l'hiver, qui enserra tout le "royaume du Saguenay" dans un étai de cristal. Je m'épouvantai, je me rappelai ma lointaine Normandie,—à moins que ce ne fut la Bretagne ou la Touraine ou l'Anjou . . . Mais voilà que c'était le retour du printemps et de l'espérance, dont j'avais désespéré. Ce singulier pays redevint l'Eldorado. J'y plongeai plus avant. Je n'y trouvai point d'or ni d'épices, mais d'autres richesses: des fourrures,—et des âmes.

Je me souviens du temps où j'ai levé la hache contre la forêt, pour tirer d'elle des maisons françaises. Mais les arbres ripostèrent par une volée de flèches. Je me relevai sanglant; je repris la hache et; désormais, le mousquet. Et la forêt recula. L'hiver et le printemps et la neige et la chaleur alternèrent sans troubler mon dessein émerveillé. Et Québec naquit. Car ce n'est plus dans la seule forêt que je m'étais engagé: c'était dans une oeuvre! Et naquit Ville-Marie. J'étais, tout ensemble, colon, paysan, soldat, ouvrier, marchand et navigateur, trappeur et missionnaire. Et puis, un matin, comme j'épongeais mon front et distraisais mes yeux de la tâche quotidienne, tout à coup, autour de moi, j'ai aperçu la Nouvelle-France.

D'autres sont venus. Ce qui m'avait coûté tant de vouloir et de sacrifices, allais-je le perdre? Je perdis ma jeune patrie.

— Que deviennent-ils? demande Amherst.

— Ils deviennent sujets du Roi.

Je prêtai le serment d'allégeance et me retirai d'abord dans un silence farouche. Car



HÔTEL DU PARLEMENT—LEGISLATIVE BUILDING, QUEBEC

mon coeur était en deuil. Le silence ne m'était pas difficile. Depuis deux fois cent ans, déjà, les grandes orgues des solitudes canadiennes avaient tué en moi le goût des phrases inutiles.

Mais j'eus tôt compris que si mon jeune empire avait changé de nom, je gardais l'essentiel: le droit de ne pas changer d'âme. De parler ma langue. De vivre ma foi. Le droit de ne point abdiquer mon destin. "Je me souviens" qu'en 1760 j'ai demandé cela, qui me fut accordé. C'est donc sans gêne aucune, et sans qu'il soit besoin d'arrogance, que je peux parler de ma fidélité.

C'est cette fidélité qui est à la base de mon caractère. Mais, fidélité à qui? A la France? et fidélité voulue, consciente, éclairée? Fidélité de l'esprit? Non. Mes éducateurs ont cru sage de construire des brise-lames; la pensée française contemporaine s'éteint sur mes rives en molle écume . . . Fidélité à la vieille France? A la France idéalisée dont parlent mes chansons, mes contes et mes légendes? Oui. Donc, fidélité aveugle, fidélité du sang.

Miracle du Québec: miracle de la chair.

Cette fidélité à mes origines baigne dans un catholicisme atavique profond. Catholicisme non de raison, mais d'entrailles. La foi est, en Québec, si patente, si quotidienne, qu'elle est mêlée à toutes les manifestations de la vie. Québec, oeuvre de prêtres, est catholique comme le sang est rouge, comme est chaud le feu et la rose est belle. Catholique dans son organisme. Dans son instinct. Dans ses réflexes. Donc, de visage. Ce catholicisme particularise la physionomie de la province de Québec. En Québec, tout chemin mène au clocher, pigeonnier d'où partent des volées d'angélus. Et, le long des routes qu'accompagnent les clôtures nattées, on salue la croix. De ville en ville, de village en village, continue la pierre grise des collèges, des couvents et des séminaires. Dans les rues de Rome seule l'oeil rencontre-t-il aussi constamment la robe noire de l'ecclésiastique et de la religieuse. Des images saintes décorent la plupart des maisons franco-canadiennes. Nos paroisses, les rues de nos villes, les accidents de notre terrain ont épuisé la liste des saints et des saintes du paradis. L'eau même y est sanctifiée, à commencer par notre royal fleuve Saint-Laurent. N'a-t-on pas glissé quelque part, à propos de Québec, le mot charmant de "martyrologe géographique?"

Déjà catholiques par atavisme, les Canadiens français, en 1760, se groupèrent autour du prêtre, qui, depuis lors, a guidé leur destinée. Du haut de la chaire et du haut de la tribune scolaire. Car il commande notre système d'éducation, qu'il a créé. La meilleure part de notre éducation secondaire, à base de grec et de latin, on l'a toujours, par une tradition chère au génie français, accordée aux humanités. En sorte que, pendant plus d'un siècle, les professions libérales ont absorbé nos forces d'élite. Conséquence: ce ne sont pas les Canadiens français qui mettent à profit le sous-sol québécois, la forêt laurentienne. Les Canadiens français, debout sur la berge, ont regardé passer les billes qu'emporte la rivière, vers des moulins qui appartiennent à d'autres,—eux qui jadis, coureurs de bois, chevauchaient ces rapides; et la forêt les regardait passer . . .

Je me souviens. Mais ce n'est pas assez, dit aujourd'hui la vieille province. Cette gloire qui a été mienne, il faut qu'elle fasse mieux que nourrir ma rêverie; il faut qu'elle inspire mes actes, dicte mes gestes. C'est moi qui, désormais, veux vivifier le passé. Plus je serai vivante, et moins refroidira la poussière des ancêtres. Désormais, j'oriente mes fils vers des carrières qui leur permettent de prendre part à l'exaltante aventure de bâtir le Canada. Je me souviens, mais pour être digne de mon passé, il faut que mon souvenir se fiance à la

réalité, qu'il épouse la vie. L'époque du regret est close. Mon deuil est fini. Je reprends ma jeunesse. Ayant prouvé ma loyauté à la Couronne britannique, je peux, en toute confiance, en toute sérénité, rappeler mes titres de noblesse, déployer ma fierté d'avant 1760.

Et comment saurait-on exiger de moi que je renonce à mon âme? Ne me mépriseraient-ils pas de me renier moi-même? La conquête n'est-elle pas plus belle, et flatteuse, de quelqu'un qui soit digne de poursuivre sa destinée non pas face à face avec son vainqueur, mais épaule contre épaule avec son coéquipier?

L'amitié dont se glorifient désormais l'Angleterre et la France, Québec en a fait l'épreuve. Le temps et l'habitude, ces guérisseurs, la bonne volonté et la loyauté sont en voie d'accomplir un miracle: les ennemis de jadis tiennent, l'un la trame, l'autre la chaîne, et tissent en commun l'âme canadienne. De plus en plus, de mieux en mieux on le comprend: cette âme n'en sera que plus riche de présenter, entrelacés sans que nul ne le cède en couleur, l'idéal britannique et l'idéal français.



Chateau Frontenac, Quebec

(TRANSLATION OF THE FOREGOING CHAPTER BY ROBERT CHOQUETTE)

I REMEMBER, (Je me souviens), to follow the Quebec saying, that four hundred years ago I landed on an unknown shore, amid rocks so crowded with seagulls that one might have thought them overgrown with feathers. I saw coming to me men of copper tint. They spoke to me in a tongue harsh and jerky, softened on a sudden by smiling eyes. And I planted the Cross on the threshold of the Unknown. I had behind me the restlessness of the sea; before me the uncertainty, the immensity of my destiny.

I have embarked on the "route of Canada." On each side of the river, the gold that I came to seek was growing on the trees. It was October. Winter came, gripping all "the Kingdom of the Saguenay" in a vise of crystal. I was terrified, I recalled to mind my far-off Normandy—or else it might have been Brittany or Touraine or l'Anjou—but lo and behold! it was but the return of spring and of hope, and I had despaired of both. This unusual country became another Eldorado. I drove farther on. I found there no gold nor spices, but other riches: furs . . . and souls.

I remember the day when I raised the axe against the forest to procure from it French houses. But the trees retorted with a volley of arrows. I rose up stained with blood. Again I took the axe and thenceforth the musket. And the forest recoiled.

Winter and spring and snow and heat alternated, yet left my wondering purpose undisturbed. And Quebec was born. For it was not in the forest alone that I found myself; it was on an enterprise. And Ville-Marie (Montreal) was born. I was settler, peasant, soldier, workman, merchant and navigator, trapper and missionary all in one. And then, one morning, as I wiped my forehead and drew my eyes away from the daily task, suddenly, around me, I perceived New France.

Others have come. Was I going to lose what had cost me so much determination and such sacrifices? I lost my new country.

"What becomes of them?" asked Amherst.

"They become subjects of the King."

I took the oath of allegiance and withdrew myself at first into a sullen silence. For my heart was in sore grief. Silence for me was not hard. Already for twice one hundred years the great organs of the Canadian solitudes had killed in me the taste for petty phrases.

But I was quick to grasp that though my young Empire had changed its name, I still kept the essential; not to change my soul. To speak my own tongue. To live my own faith. The right not to renounce my destiny. "I Remember" that in 1760 I asked for that, and it was granted. It is, therefore, with no embarrassment and with no need of arrogance that I can speak of my loyalty.

It is that loyalty on which my character is founded. But loyalty to whom? To France? And a fidelity willing, conscious, enlightened? Loyalty of the mind? No! My teachers have thought it wise to construct breakwaters; French thought of to-day is dissipated on my shores in a feeble foam. Loyalty to Old France? To the idealized France told of in my songs, my fairy tales and my legends? Yes. Therefore a blind loyalty, loyalty of the blood.

Miracle of Quebec; miracle of the flesh.

This loyalty to my origins is steeped in a profound ancestral Catholicism. Catholicism not of reason, but of the bowels. Faith is in Quebec so obvious, so much in daily evidence that it intermingles with all living manifestations. Quebec, creation of priests, is Catholic as the blood is red, as warm as fire, as the rose is beautiful. Catholic in its organism. In its instinct. In its reactions. Therefore in appearance. This Catholicism differentiates the physiognomy of the province of Quebec. In Quebec, every road leads to the steeple, dovecot from which come the peals of the angelus. And along the roads bordered by picket fences we salute the Cross. From town to town, from village to village, stretches the grey stone of colleges, of convents and of seminaries. Only in the streets of Rome does the eye meet so constantly the black robe of the friar and of the nun. Holy pictures decorate the majority of French-Canadian houses. Our parishes, the streets of our towns, the accidents of our terrain, have exhausted the lists of the Saints of Paradise, male and female. Even water has been sanctified, to commence with our regal St. Lawrence River. Was there not written somewhere in reference to Quebec the charming phrase "geographic martyrology?"

Already Catholic by ancestry, the French-Canadians, in 1760, gathered round the priest, who since then has guided their destiny. From the elevation of the pulpit and from the elevation of the teacher's platform. For he dominates our system of education, his own creation.

The better part of our secondary education, based on Greek and Latin, thanks to a tradition dear to the genius of France, has always been granted to the humanities. As a result, during more than a century, the liberal professions have absorbed the flower of our forces. Hence it is not French-Canadians who draw wealth from the subsoil of Quebec, from Laurentian forest. The French-Canadians, standing on the bank, have seen passing the logs borne by the river, to feed mills which belong to others—they who in the past, *coureurs de bois*, rode the rapids; and the forest watched their passage . . .

I Remember. But that is not enough, says to-day the Old Province. That glory which has been mine must yield more than food for my fancy; it must inspire my actions, dictate my gestures. It is I who from now on would breathe life into the past. The more full of life I am, the slower will cool the dust of my ancestors. From now on, I prepare my sons for the careers which permit them to take part in the high adventure of building up Canada. I Remember, but to be worthy of my past I must link my remembrance with reality, it must be wedded to life. The time for regret is closed. My sorrow is ended. I regain my youth. Having proved my loyalty to the British Crown, I can in all confidence, in all security, recall my titles of nobility, display my pride of the years before 1760.

And how should they ask of me to renounce my soul? Would they not despise me for betraying myself? Is not the conquest more beautiful, more flattering over some one who is worthy of pursuing his destiny not face to face with his victor, but shoulder to shoulder with his team-mate?

Quebec has given proof of the friendship which from now on is the glory of England and France. Time and custom, those healing agents, good will and loyalty are on the way to accomplish a miracle: The enemies of yesterday hold one the web, the other the chain, and are weaving in common the Canadian soul. More and more, better and better, people understand this; that soul will be only richer in being able to show intermingled, with neither of them losing colour, the ideal of Britain and the ideal of France.

Robert Choquette



Windsor Street Station, Montreal,
Headquarters, Canadian Pacific Railway Company

O N T A R I O



BY KATHERINE HALE

*Author of "Canadian Cities of Romance," "Canadian Houses of Romance,"
"Morning in the West," "This is Ontario," etc.*

THE WORD Ontario is of Iroquois origin, and signifies Beautiful Lake. The lake was called Ontario as early as 1646 when the French missionary, Father Isaac Jogues, used the term in addressing a gathering of Indians in the Iroquois town of Osserion, near the Dutch settlement now known as Albany. The old Iroquois name has been extended to denote a vast province which forms a wedge in Eastern Canada extending to the borders of Quebec and Manitoba, with the Great Lakes and the United States frontier to the south, and Hudson Bay to the north.

Beautiful is still an appropriate designation for "old" Ontario, the ancient forest lands of the Indians, now the southern portion of the province, which pushes, shoe-like, into the waters of Ontario, Erie and Huron. It is a country studded with century-old towns and lively cities, interlaced by highways, bordered by inland seas and crossed by splendid rivers. But to greater Ontario there is more than beauty. As we travel north a wild medley of rock and scrub hides an almost untapped mineral wealth under its granite floor. Beyond this lies the Great Clay Belt, and farther still are the timber lands which sweep up to James Bay where the fur country silently guards the western shore of Hudson Bay.

Two ancient routes issue from the eastern gateway of the province: the highway of the St. Lawrence River, and that of the Ottawa River valley—once the theatre of the lumber trade of Upper Canada. It was from the rich hardwood forests of this valley that the masts of many of the world's sailing ships were cut a century ago.

Ottawa, the capital city of the Dominion, sprang into being out of the life of the river, and continues to reflect its romantic surroundings. Rivers, waterfall, canals, locks, bordering hills, ridges of glorious rock and the Gothic pile of legislative buildings, set out on a promon-



PROVINCIAL LEGISLATIVE BUILDING, TORONTO, ONT.

tory jutting into the Ottawa River, are the city's conspicuous features. From every perspective Ottawa is dominated by Parliament Hill and its Houses, whose central point is the Peace Tower in which is enshrined a small and precious memorial chapel—the nation's tribute to those who died in the war of 1914-18. Rideau Hall, the residence of the Governor-General of Canada, is the heart of the social life of the Dominion.

Along the banks of the St. Lawrence River, the first highway of Upper Canada, there are many remains of old fortifications. Traditions still linger of the first comers after the American Revolution—settlers from Glengarry, Scotland, from whom an Eastern County takes its name, and other Loyalists who first landed on the shores of the Bay of Quinte, farther west. There is scenic beauty, culminating in a fairyland of islands—the Thousand Islands—their winding channels alive with modern craft, and summer houses of all descriptions dotting their shores. It is near this region that the great St. Lawrence emerges from Lake Ontario to make its long and majestic run to the sea. Almost at the meeting of Lake and River stands the fortress town of Kingston, whose strategic position early attracted the attention of the French founders, Frontenac and La Salle. From a military post it has become a centre of education, through the Royal Military College and Queen's University.

The north shore of Lake Ontario, with its farmlands, ports, and beautiful towns, leads to the provincial capital, Toronto, which began as an Indian encampment, became the French trading-post Fort Rouillé, changed into British hands, was called York, and later returned to its early Indian name. To-day the buoyant and ever-increasing life of Toronto concerns itself with an infinite variety of interests—industrial, social and cultural. It lacks the lyric note of older French-Canada, and the sharp drama of newer towns, but contains within itself a compelling magnetism and has become one of the powerful cities of the American Continent—a centre of music, art and literature as well as of commerce.

Out of Toronto, terminus of the Kingston Road, radiate three other great roads, laid out by the first Governor of Upper Canada, Lieut.-Colonel John Graves Simcoe. Yonge Street, in summer one of the most travelled roads on the continent, leads north to the picturesque regions of the Muskoka district, where small lakes studded with rocky islands weave an enchantment that is fairylike when contrasted with the wilder and more gorgeous scenery of Georgian Bay. The Ferguson Highway leads farther to the city of North Bay, near which lies the village of Callander, now a place of pilgrimage—the home of those wards of the Government, the five sisters Dionne, who are undoubtedly the most famous of our natural resources! The Dundas Road leads into the populous and well-cultivated districts of the south-western Ontario peninsula, of which London, on the River Thames, is the chief city. The Niagara Road winds through garden lands and the mountain city of Hamilton, through vineyards and lovely villages to the tremendous and exciting spectacle of Niagara Falls.

But Ontario history is still in the making. This fact is self-evident as we travel to the shores of Lake Superior, where the façades of huge grain elevators gleam white on the shoreline, or to regions in which the smokestacks of great mining concerns rear up against

the sky. Here airplanes, on their way to settlements not yet reached by the railroads, are carrying the story of Ontario to new limits. In the face of modern development it is difficult to realize that at Sudbury, in 1883, the newly laid rails of the Canadian Pacific's transcontinental road passed over the place where construction workers had but shortly before uncovered the first deposit of nickel-copper, discovered near the now world-famous mines known as International Nickel.

So it is that through apparently barren lands as well as fertile valleys and populous centres, the story of this province is told. There is a startling diversity of atmosphere. The tobacco planter of the shores of Lake Erie, the river man of the Ottawa, the farmer of the Grand River Valley, the northern miner—they all possess different worlds. Lonely settlements still lie within a few miles of transcontinental railways and highways upon which thousands of motor cars are perpetually passing. There are regions where towns and villages are close set. But Ontario's flavour is not to be found in landscape, architecture or industries. It lies in the character of its people, in their sense of freedom, their sense of the possibilities for social and economic progress. Indeed the pattern which the great province of Ontario will assume when it grows into maturity cannot at present be prophesied or even imagined.

Katherine Hale



Royal York Hotel, Toronto

M A N I T O B A



BY W. T. ALLISON

*Author of "The Amber Army and other Poems,"
Professor of English in the University of Manitoba.*

IN A little park opposite the Canadian Pacific Railway station in Winnipeg there stands an old-fashioned locomotive. It bears the name "Countess of Dufferin," after the wife of Lord Dufferin, our first Governor-General to visit the Canadian west. The pioneer locomotive arrived in 1877, two months after Lord and Lady Dufferin reached the city by the Red River route.

Manitoba had been admitted into Confederation seven years before and was so small that it was called "the postage stamp province." But Lord Dufferin was sure of its future. In a speech during his stay in the little town of Winnipeg, he made this prophecy, "Manitoba is destined to be the keystone of a mighty arch of sister provinces stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific."

The keystone of the Great Dominion was slightly strengthened in 1881 when an extension of Manitoba's boundaries added 74,000 square miles to her area, and again, in 1912, another generous act of the Federal Government made her a maritime province with a north and south reach of 1,260 miles and a salt water shore line of hundreds of miles on Hudson Bay, including the two ports Churchill and Nelson.

But it was not until the formal opening of her immense, new Parliament Building in Winnipeg on July 15, 1920, the 50th anniversary of the admission of the province into Confederation, that her citizens gloried in a masterpiece of architecture. It was to them an adequate symbol of what had been accomplished in her brief history of settlement and an expression of the forward-looking spirit of her people.

The population of Winnipeg had increased from 40,000 to over 100,000 between 1901 and 1906; before the Great War put an end to immigration there were over 200,000 citizens.



THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS OF MANITOBA
WINNIPEG

Charles Simpson 1934

PROVINCIAL LEGISLATIVE BUILDING, WINNIPEG, MAN.

And as for the province, the turn of the century saw 5,000,000 acres under cultivation and the average annual production of wheat and other grains in the next decade was valued at \$76,500,000. The dairy return for the province in 1917 amounted to nearly \$6,000,000! It is no wonder that the members of the Legislature reflected the optimism of the electorate when they voted what proved to be only the initial expenditure of \$3,000,000 for the new House of Parliament.

To the people of Manitoba, however, who during the war made loans to the Dominion Government totalling \$76,000,000, the debt on the Parliament Building, which is now something like \$8,000,000, does not appear to be overwhelming. It seems like a mountain of misery to people who live in country places, but to the citizens of Winnipeg it is a mountain of beauty. Every citizen who examines the interior of this monument to Manitoba's faith in her future feels repaid for his contribution in taxes, as he walks in the halls of many-coloured marble, gazes upon the bronze bison which guard the grand staircase, tries to decipher the symbolism of the pool of the black star immediately under the Great Dome, sits for a while in the library, breathing its still air of delightful studies, or visits the Assembly Room with its colour note of soft elusive blue.

And when the spectator walks or rides about the vast bulk of this pile of stone dug from Manitoba's own quarries and admires the fluted columns of its entrances, east, west, north and south, the sculptured figures of *Sieur de la Vérendrye*, *General Wolfe*, *Lord Selkirk*, and *Lord Dufferin*, flanking the eastern and western porticoes, and looks up to the noble dome, he has the same satisfied feeling that inspired the Psalmist when he walked about Zion and told the towers thereof.

Symbolic of Manitoba as is this solid, restful, spacious building, there is an emblem high above the black dome which causes almost as much comment as the great edifice itself. This is what is locally known as "the Golden Boy." It is the statue of a youth, a nude runner, gilded from head to heel. On his left arm he carries a sheaf of Manitoba wheat (No. 1 hard) and in his uplifted right hand he holds high the torch of liberty.

This bronze statue which towers 255 feet over city and prairie had its adventures during the War. In 1918, while lying in *Fonderie Barbadienne*, Paris, where it was cast, German air-raids badly damaged the building. Another day a big *Bertha* shell made a direct hit on the main bay of the foundry and so great was the destruction that when the smoke cleared away the manager found that the models and castings had been blown to pieces, all except the statue swathed in its wrappings ready to be shipped to Winnipeg.

And when the Golden Boy was safely deposited in the hold of a vessel at *Le Havre*, the boat was commandeered by the French Admiralty, converted into a troop ship, and sent on voyages through hazardous waters even as far as the Mediterranean. Several times it had narrow escapes from torpedoes and shell-fire, but at length it crossed the Atlantic safely and *Alphonse Gardet's* statue took its place on the cupola of the dome of Manitoba's Parliament Building to be "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

Comparatively few, however, understand the Golden Boy's significance. Like the Parliament Building itself, he faces the north-west. This means more than it did when he went on sentry duty, for since 1920 the people of Manitoba have come to realize that the mining area in the north of the province is of immeasurable value. Famous as Manitoba is for her wheat, her gold, copper, tungsten, silver, nickel, and other metals are going to make her rich beyond the dreams of avarice. This wealth of the northern wilderness has scarcely been scratched, although mining increases by leaps and bounds every year. Flin Flon, Manitoba's third largest centre, has a population of 8,000, and all these people are engaged in developing one mine, the ore body of which is practically unlimited. The Golden Boy, therefore, is pointing to the land of hope and hidden riches and signifies young Manitoba's spirit of progress, of enterprise, and of abundant energy.

W. I. Allison.



Royal Alexandra Hotel, Winnipeg

S A S K A T C H E W A N



BY MARY WEEKES

Author of "Round the Council Fires", etc.

IT HAS none of the soft graces of other provinces, this flat land that lies snug in the heart of the Dominion. It does not possess the cunning flavour of seaboard places, or the glamour and sharp excitements of great centres. Westward, a table-land it lies—for four hundred miles; it reaches north by south a thousand more. It is a province somnolent still, despite its fertility. Its beauty is cameo-hard. It stands alone. Wheat Country, men call Saskatchewan, for it is wheat that girds her; wheat that rivets to her golden heart the young, as well as the old and proud, provinces of Canada.

Queen, also, men in fidelity have named this wheat empire—because they are governed by her mighty moods. They fear her hardness when she wakes the heavens to imperial rages; and her affection, too, when, for a royal mantle, she catches and holds the sunlight of the world beneath her skies of blue—unending. Like Cleopatra, her tempers are her charm.

Yet, for all the glory of her wine-crisp air, clear as champagne and as charged with life, and the croon of her ripening wheat, the prairie will never break with fierceness. She came of savage forbears—the Crees. Upon her breast they reared their tipis; they walked the long brown length of it. Even yet, men hear in the winds that shriek and moan and roar across their fallowed fields the wild "Hi-hi, hi-hi, hi-hi, hi-i-i's" of Indian warriors. And well they know that the dancing fires of northern lights are incantations of the Redmen's gods. Puny men will never tame her!

For a brief spell, buffalo roamed the prairie and fattened on her luscious grass. Then came the fur-traders. With the cunning of a mother fox fearful of danger to her brood, she



PROVINCIAL LEGISLATIVE BUILDING, REGINA, SASK.

destroyed the great shaggy beasts and flung their carcasses east and west across her ample width. Only here and there in her deep coulees did she leave, in trail and wallow, traces of her vanquished buffalo era. Then she reigned again, wild, virgin! Thus to-day, men upturn white bones in prairie sod, and tractors leave grey-bleached skulls in their black wake.

Power is the prerogative of a sovereign. Like a magnet, the young prairie province called men to her need — the sturdy of many lands; she has no alliance with the weak. The allure was a fever. In creaking ox-carts came pioneers. Under the white stars they pitched their tents. They defied the burning sun. They drove their gleaming plowshares deep into the rich earth. And, in the great aloneness of the prairie, they put up sod-shacks and set their faces to the boundless west. They had done with the past. They, and those who came in their wake, gave sons and daughters to the land whose comfortable pride is the strength of the Dominion. What the prairie has she holds!

Partly by austerity, she holds dominion. But all strong things are austere — strong wills, strong love. Austerity is disguised by tenderness and gentleness and persuasion. Into the white charm of a blizzard the prairie sometimes lures men never to return. Her hot breath sometimes scorches a full crop. Transient droughts, plagues of rust, grasshoppers are her weapons. Out of an apparently artless cloud, she can tempt hail to batter her golden fields into the black earth. Then, to survey her leviathan destruction, she can conjure out of a sullen sky a brazen sun for panacea. But! Men of the prairie land have great loyalties; they submit to her tantrums. So she flaunts her power! And they know that also she can be kind.

Chance Country, some call this wayward province. And they laugh at her fickleness. By her art — suspense without promise — she has bound them to her. She gives them beauty; days that are drowned in sunlight, the air heady; high noons when violet shadows lie in the long furrows of the parturient land; purple twilights that touch softly the young green grain; morning when blue, pure as moonstone, hangs above the yellowing fields. But even these men are not deceived by her bounty. Suspicious, they prefer her hard!

Only strong men has the prairie let possess her. This is the secret of her power. By their vision and loyalty and stubborn faith in her congenital sobriety, she holds them in allegiance. Her fetters are iron. They have brought her to maturity: they have not subdued her. But for all her dominance, the prairie, like the ruthless Cleopatra, has experienced revolt. The seasons have defied her. Drought drove men from the land. Then came rain, and once again, in triumph, her wild heart claimed them — even as the tears of Cleopatra drew the grieving Antony back to her side. Men who have been subject to this arrogant prairie province will never break with her. Queen in adversity, they know that prosperity will crown her reign!

Wheat is not all the wealth of this proud inland province. In periods of grain-crop failures, her forest and mineral and fishery and mixed-farming resources are to her as the philosopher's stone. Yet, it is as the wheatland of the Dominion that she is known to the world. Regina, once the seat of government of the North-West Territories, is her Capital. To this province came, following the fur-trading companies, who were the first administrators

of British law and order in the *old* West, the North-West Mounted Police—now the Royal Canadian Mounted Police—Their Majesties' most colourful servants in the British Dominions.

By wheat is Saskatchewan queen! Autumn is her crowning. Then is her harvest. Fields of yellow wheat running away to the rim of the world; tawny stooks dotting her savage breast; wheat lying in shining swaths; wheat being sucked into the giant craws of combines; wheat—a billion sheaves being fed into the greedy jaws of threshers; wheat pouring into the granaries in a golden stream.

Wheat Country! Wheat girds her!

Mary Weekes



Hotel Saskatchewan, Regina

A L B E R T A



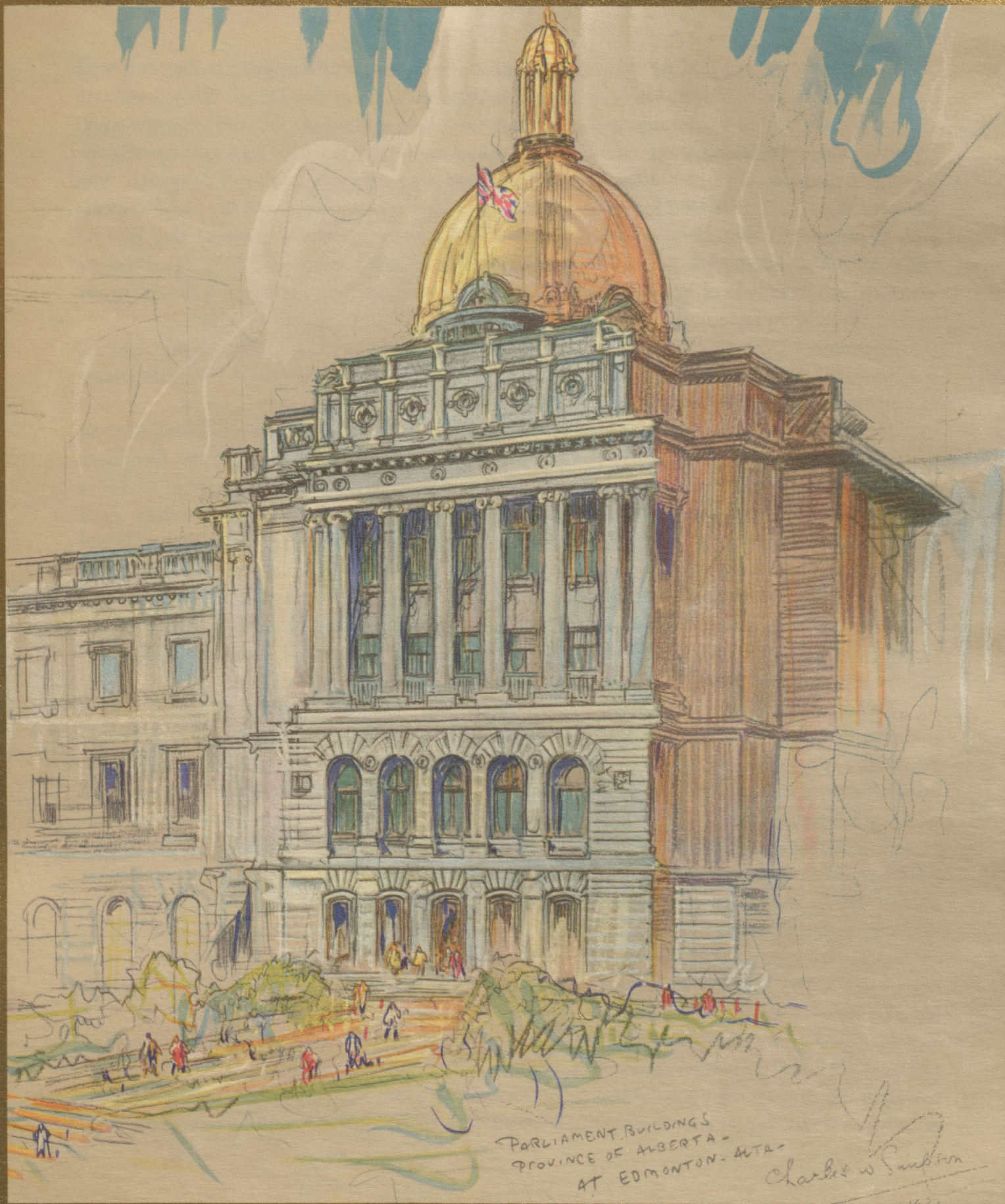
BY ROBERT J. C. STEAD

*Author of "The Homesteaders," "The Cow Puncher,"
"Grain," "The Copper Disc," etc.*

ALBERTA, named in honour of the Princess Louise, became a province of Canada in 1905. At Edmonton, almost in the geographical centre of the Province, rise the stately columns and impressive dome of the Parliament Buildings, symbols of the solidity and aspirations of a young and virile people.

From the brave days of the fur-trader, the explorer, and the missionary, the broad expanse of range-land under limitless skies, the homesteader "digging in" on his quarter-section claim, the long billows of waving grain-fields as Alberta became an agricultural Province, the bustling towns and cities of a sudden prosperity, the consecration of war and the burdens of readjustment, with always the steadfast mountains standing guard, has been distilled a spirit which is particularly the spirit of Alberta. It is an adventurous spirit, broad in vision, intense in energy, generous in motive, courageous in accomplishment and undismayed in defeat.

Over its plains and into its sheltered woodlands for unknown centuries ranged countless herds of American bison, more commonly called buffalo. Paths worn deep in prairie soil by their migrations may still be found wherever the sod remains unbroken by the plough. The flesh of the buffalo was the chief means of subsistence of the Red Indians who occupied the land before the coming of the first adventurous white explorers, fur-traders, and missionaries. The entire area passed under the control of the Hudson's Bay Company, incorporated by Royal Charter in 1670, and remained principally a fur-bearing reserve until bought by the Canadian Government in 1869. Eventually the buffalo came near to extinction, and only the foresight of the Government in giving effective protection preserved a remnant from destruction.



PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS
PROVINCE OF ALBERTA -
AT EDMONTON - ALTA -

Charles W. Simpson

PROVINCIAL LEGISLATIVE BUILDING, EDMONTON, ALBERTA

Obviously, a land that would support buffalo would support domestic cattle, and with the passing of the fur-trade era, ranchers, many of them from the British Isles, began to cross the prairies and penetrate the foothill valleys, establishing their homes along sheltered river-bottoms, and laying the foundations of what was to become Alberta's first great commercial enterprise. The life of these early ranchers was rigorous and well seasoned with hardship, but it compensated for its disadvantages with a glorious sense of sky-wide freedom and an uncurbed expansion of spirit which have become essential parts of the Alberta character. The physical setting is so perfect that it is small wonder H.R.H. the Duke of Windsor, when Prince of Wales, with all the world to choose from, selected a ranch in one of these foothill valleys.

The days of the cow-boy and the open range have, in the main, passed into history, but the spirit survives, and the annual Stampede at Calgary is marked by amazing feats of horsemanship and a rollicking revival of the life of the frontier.

Meanwhile, fields and gardens planted to farm crops or vegetables were demonstrating the fertility of the soil, but it was not until the completion of the Main Line of the Canadian Pacific Railway in 1885 that agriculture on any extensive scale became practicable. For a time settlement trickled in slowly, but soon after the turn of the century reached flood proportions in an era of prodigious development. From the British Isles, Europe, the United States of America and Eastern Canada settlers came in their thousands, drawn by the lure of land they could call their own. The rapid expansion of grain farming in Alberta enabled that Province to make contributions of food supplies to the Empire and its Allies in the Great War equalled only by the magnificent manhood which swept from her plains and valleys at the call to arms.

The building of the Canadian Pacific Railway had another result, not immediately recognized as of great significance, which has had a continually increasing importance. Engineers surveying the right-of-way came upon hot sulphur springs of medicinal quality on the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains, and in order that these might be preserved as an inheritance for the Canadian people the Government set aside a reservation of ten square miles which subsequently was enlarged into Banff National Park, now occupying 2,585 square miles, and containing the world-famous mountain resorts of Banff and Lake Louise. Other similar reservations were set aside from time to time until Alberta now has no less than six National Parks, with a combined area almost as large as Wales, which annually attract throngs of visitors from all parts of the world. Their sublime scenery and impressive vastness exert a spiritual influence which has to be experienced to be appreciated.

Most western of the so-called "prairie provinces," Alberta offers greater contrasts of physical features than does any other equal area in the Dominion. In the south-east is mainly open prairie, very productive in seasons of sufficient rainfall, for the most part level or gently rolling, but at places deeply furrowed with great valleys cradling rivers of moun-

tain water on its way to Hudson Bay. North of Calgary the plains are succeeded by a park-like country of mixed prairie and timberland, also very fertile, and enjoying somewhat greater precipitation. Still farther north the wealth of timber increases, although there are extensive open spaces, particularly in the famous Peace River District. In the south-western part the surface rises by sharp ascent from valley and foothill to the crests of the Rocky Mountains.

Alberta is about 760 miles from south to north and 400 miles from east to west at its widest point. Its area is 255,285 square miles—just five times the area of England. Its population is about 750,000.

The resources of Alberta are on the same gigantic scale as its physical features. The fertility of its soil, supplemented in southern areas by extensive irrigation works, ranks it high among the food-producing countries of the world. Its deposits of coal, oil, and natural gas exceed those found elsewhere within the British Empire.

Its forest, fishery, and water-power resources are substantial. And it is the gateway to that vast domain which lies between its northern boundary and the Arctic Ocean, where the map of Empire is still unrolling.

Robert J. Colman



Banff Springs Hotel, Banff

BRITISH COLUMBIA



BY NELLIE L. McCLUNG

*Author of "Sowing Seeds in Danny," "Painted Fires," "Clearing in the West,"
"Leaves from Lantern Lane," "More Leaves from Lantern Lane," etc.*

BRITISH COLUMBIA has a far sound, but a sweet sound to the people of Canada. A sound of running streams, waterfalls, long rollers on a sandy beach, soft winds making music in the pines, lumber mills, canneries, factories, oriental voices, rising and falling, the hoarse whistle of a steamboat, the benison of church bells, for the cathedral chimes of the capital city are admittedly the most tuneful in Canada.

There are two classes of people in British Columbia—those who have always lived here, and those who have come. The natives are confirmed believers in the superiority of this Province. It is never even discussed. They know "to them was the Promise given. They know that the angels are on their side." They feel that time spent anywhere else is practically wasted.

Their preference even narrows down to the district in which they live. Any day coming in on a Victoria boat you can see the Island people hurrying home, vowing they will not be tempted to wander again!

One of these, who lives at the Empress Hotel in Victoria, was asked by an impulsive prairie woman, as they sat eating toasted crumpets at the tea hour in the Elizabethan Lounge: "I suppose that now your family are grown and away you travel extensively?"

Her companion's face expressed surprise, tinged with slight irritation. She waved her hand slowly to include the harbour, dyed with the winter sunset, the crimson cotoneasters on the lawn, the glowing embers of the fire, the air-cushioned comfort of the room, and replied: "Why should I travel? I am here."



PROVINCIAL LEGISLATIVE BUILDING, VICTORIA, B.C.

The newcomers, that is those who were not born here, are more analytical. They will discuss their reasons for coming. British Columbia, they will tell you, is to Canada what California is to the United States. It moves through every prairie woman's dream. Someday, she tells herself, as she wipes the dust from a window-sill, she will own an acre of ground in that land of pure delight, where the grass is green all winter long; where the snowdrops and violets come in February, and roses bloom until Christmas. She will raise chickens, or angora rabbits or mushrooms, and maybe have a tea-house on the highway, with blue clematis wreathing her gateway. And there will be no more grasshoppers or dust! The prairie farmer too has visions of fat cattle standing knee-deep in clover in the fertile Fraser Valley, or of owning an apple orchard in the Okanagan.

Even the unemployed, the sad faced, disinherited youngster, riding the rods by the grace of a kindly railroad crew who know how to look the other way, feels that if he can only get to Vancouver—that great seaport where the ships of the world come and go, he will find work. Some one will want a pair of willing hands . . . He knew a fellow once who got a job in Vancouver, a good job building a road up a mountain, where he could see the sea for miles, with ships on it . . .

Then there are the people who are tired of the active life in cities, choked with the dust of the market place—they have read Yeats' poem about the "nine bean rows and the hive for the honey bee," and naturally they think of British Columbia. They read about the skylarks, and the exotic beauty of the Butchart Gardens, the spreading oaks of the Uplands, and the gold-and-blue carpet of flowers that comes every spring, the golf course at Colwood where Edward played when he was the Prince of Wales, and Grouse Mountain which rises over Vancouver, and where one can sit at meat in the evening and see the lights of the city come out like strings of gold beads, running up and down the streets.

And then there are the adventurous ones who sniff the breeze at the thought of the inaccessible places of British Columbia. They want to travel the Cariboo trail, and pan gold in some foaming mountain stream, or travel the Forbidden Plateau, and see for themselves the "red snow" on the mountain sides. More still they want to invade the silent places, where no foot falls but the feet of wild animals—the long beaches of white sand packed hard by the pounding surf, fertile meadow lands where no plow has turned the sod, rich waiting valleys where seasons come and go, blossoms whiten on wild plum and cherry, fruit forms and falls, but no one knows but the birds and bears, for those treasures are guarded by impenetrable forests, steep and rugged coast lines, menacing mountain ranges.

British Columbia has a stability about it, as well as this spirit of adventure and romance, yet it is hospitable to new ideas. Indeed its people have many plans for saving the world. They write letters to the papers, and hold meetings, good meetings where every one speaks, even the visitors.

But the spirit of the Province does not change from year to year. The real business of life goes on, undisturbed by human intervention. The salmon comes back from the sea at

its allotted time, seeks out the river from which it came, beats its way up the current, spawns and dies. Spring comes early, foaming over the rocks and hills in white, gold and purple aubretia, and daffodils and tulips gladden the landscape at Easter, roses follow in May and June. Cherries redden in July, and apple trees begin to bend under their load in August, and September sets the woods aflame. It is always beautiful and satisfying.

We know the world is full of trouble. The radio, and the papers tell us of the strife of tongues, but there is still peace in the heart of the deep woods, and peace in the heart of the men and women on the little farms in British Columbia, and why shouldn't peace be found here, if anywhere in this troubled world, with the ramparts of the Rocky Mountains at our back, the whole Pacific Ocean for a moat at our front door, and the kindest of neighbours beside us!

Rebecca F. McCune



Empress Hotel, Victoria

T H E Y U K O N



BY MRS. GEORGE BLACK, M.P.

Author of "My Seventy Years"—Authority on Wild Flowers.

THE romance of to-day is the history of yesterday and those of us who trekked into the Klondike in the days of '98 enjoy in memory events that were tragic at the time.

The early history of the great northwest is the record of intrepid Hudson's Bay Factors who held their posts manfully in spite of indifference by the home company save for financial returns, the demands of Indians and Esquimaux and trouble from the few adventurous white men penetrating those regions in the early 1800s.

With the sale of Alaska by the Russian Government to the United States in 1867 the history of a hitherto untouched wilderness was changed.

Hudson's Bay posts were either abandoned, as many were in Alaskan Territory, or moved farther into the Canadian wilderness. Furs alone were the sole interest of the Company. Prospecting for gold was not only discouraged but many prospectors were penalized by the Company.

It was not until August of 1897 that placer gold was discovered at the grass roots or glittering in the shallow waters of Bonanza Creek (a tributary of the Klondike River flowing into the mighty Yukon).

The only means of transportation in that country in those days was by dog team in winter and by canoe or small boat during the summer but, incredible as it seems, within a few months the news of fabulous discoveries in what was then known as the "Klondike" excited the interest of the entire civilized world.

By the late fall of 1897 and early summer of 1898 thousands of men from all over the



THE YUKON ADMINISTRATION BUILDING
DAWSON - YUKON

Charles W. Simpson
1939

world were rushing to this new Eldorado. It is estimated that within two years after the discovery over forty thousand men and women went into that country, people of all classes, from the farm, the pulpit, the counting house and the factory, many utterly unfit for the hardships, the cold and the lack of food and comforts of an ordinary home.

Some fell by the wayside, others gave way to discouragement and turned back, while many were lost in the greatest tragedy of the north when an avalanche, thundering down the mountainside above Sheep Camp, buried scores of the Argonauts.

The first government was quickly established and the Yukon Territory was created in 1898 with Dawson as the capital. This government had a Commissioner in control, a Court with three judges, later a Yukon Council carrying the responsibility of a local legislature.

In Alaskan Territory there was much lawlessness but practically none in the Yukon. Policing was done by The Royal Northwest Mounted Police, a magnificent force, keeping law and order with comparatively little effort. Criminals from the "outside" soon realized that punishment was swift and sure and few cared to serve a term on the "King's Woodpile" as the work at the Barracks was called.

Between 1898 and 1905 over one hundred million dollars had been taken out of the ground by primitive placer mining. By that time machinery had been brought in from the "outside," dredges installed, frozen ground thawed by steam rather than wood fires and hydraulic methods used on the hillsides.

Churches, schools, modern hospitals and halls used by social organizations, soon took the place of gambling dens, dance halls and saloons. The population grew smaller. Mines usually worked by individuals were either worked out, sold to companies operating by machinery, or given by the Government as concessions to individuals or companies.

The gold output from the placer mines since the earliest discovery has totaled approximately two hundred and fifty million dollars, most of it from a district within a radius of fifty miles from the city of Dawson, the capital of Yukon.

Silver-lead ore in large paying quantities has been mined in what is known as the Mayo-Keno district and within a few years over three million dollars' worth of silver ore has been mined, sacked, and shipped to outside smelters.

In the early days transportation was difficult, Canadian Pacific steamers from the coast cities of Vancouver and Victoria carried passengers and freight to Skagway, the settlement at the foot of the mountains guarding the interior.

The White Pass and Yukon Company built a narrow gauge railway from the head of the Lynn Canal at Skagway to river transportation at Whitehorse, a distance of one hundred and ten miles. The same company soon had a fleet of stern-wheel steamers plying between Whitehorse and Dawson while the Northern Commercial and the North American Trading and Transportation Companies had steamer service on the lower river from the Army Post at St. Michael's to Dawson.

To-day small towns and settlements are brought in touch with the farthest corners of

the earth by radio, wireless and aeroplane. Distance has been eliminated. Our King's voice is heard in the most isolated cabin of the far north.

The Yukon of to-day is a sportsman's paradise with its vast herds of caribou moving across the country in annual migration, mountain sheep, moose, grizzly bear as well as the smaller brown, black, and cinnamon.

Rivers and streams are alive with fish: grayling, trout, salmon, and white. The far north furnishes secret nesting and breeding places for numberless varieties of ducks, geese, swan, crane, snipe, ptarmigan, blue grouse, and ruffed grouse; also birds of prey: eagles, owls, hawks, and gulls. Even the tiny humming bird finds his way into our country.

With the coming of summer, when there is practically twenty-four hours of daylight, the side hills are covered with the purple pasque flower, the higher mountains with their wealth of alpine beauty, forget-me-nots, the early violets, many varieties of vetch, the blue lupine with an occasional pure white, the arnica, buttercups, dainty lady slipper and ladies' tresses amid beds of delicate fern until, as the early days of fall draw near, the valleys and hills are brilliant with the giant fireweed. A little later the purple of the aster mingles with the glow of golden rod. As the sun dips lower and lower we are once again locked in the embrace of the northern winter with the Aurora and north star flashing their message of safety to the aeroplanes that have supplanted the dog teams of forty years ago.

Martha Louise Black



Princess Charlotte, B.C. Coast Service

NORTHWEST TERRITORIES



BY PHILIP H. GODSELL, F.R.G.S.

Author of "Arctic Trader," "Red Hunters of the Snows," "The Vanishing Frontier," etc.

THE Northwest Territories! What visions are conjured up by the thought of this vast land of contrasts and extremes. It is a land of mellow summer days whose long hours of sunshine yield briefly to a soft golden twilight when the slowly sinking sun brushes the horizon in a blaze of scarlet glory, to rise again and blend evening into morning without a thought of night.

It is a land which calls forth involuntary shudders with its long winters of Arctic darkness, lighted by the ghostly scintillations of the Aurora Borealis; of empurpled snowdrifts, of searing blizzards screaming down from the Pole; of biting, bitter cold. A land rich in romance, drama and adventure wherein a handful of hardy pioneers, pitting their puny strength against the immutable forces of Nature, are pushing back the frontier from the prairies to the Polar sea.

A million and a quarter square miles in extent; commencing at the northern limits of the Prairie Provinces, it reaches in magnificent isolation eastward to the eternal glaciers of ice-girt Baffin Land; westward to Alaska's saw-toothed Endicotts, and northward beyond the mist-enshrouded islands of the Arctic archipelago to the very Pole itself. Here is the living frontier still. Across the treeless Barren Lands thunder the milling herds of caribou while, in the heart of the tundra, are to be found the last surviving musk-oxen on the continent—a relic of the prehistoric age.

Among the glaciers of Baffin Land, and along the rim of the Arctic, living in a modern Stone Age, dwelling in dome-shaped snow igloos lighted with flickering blubber lamps of stone, genial Eskimos hunt the caribou, the polar bear and white fox, and harpoon the tusked walrus as did their ancestors in the days before the white man came.

In the forests to the southward skin-clad Dog-Ribs, Chipewyans and Slavies toil on webbed snowshoes through the silvered aisles of the snow-laden spruce woods in quest of otter, lynx, and the pelt of the glossy silver fox.

Here, too, the scarlet-coated men of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police sally forth from their little red-roofed log barracks on long and gruelling patrols. With a skin-clad Indian guide breaking trail on snowshoes, they lope behind their dog-sleds, urging on their

slant-eyed huskies with snapping lash, the frigid air ringing with the merry tinkle of the sleigh bells. As night descends, and trees burst asunder with the biting frost, they dig a hole in the snowdrifts, build a roaring campfire, thaw out their frozen "grub" and dog-feed, then crawl, shivering, into their robes while stars twinkle coldly overhead . . . at all times keeping vigilant watch o'er trader, trapper, Redman and Eskimo alike.

Over the frozen reaches of Great Slave Lake to the smoke-stained tepees of tawny Yellow Knives in the Land of Little Sticks; up the treacherous Liard to the Rocky Mountain haunts of the barbarous Sickannies; down the rough, up-ended ice of the mighty Mackenzie—even to the dismal shores of Great Bear Lake—buckskin-clad fur traders comb the snowy wastes for the furry wealth of the Lone Land.

The first white man to come into contact with the mainland of the Northwest Territories was Captain Thomas Button in the year 1612 while searching for the elusive Northwest Passage. But the first to penetrate afoot into the vast hunting grounds of the nomad Athapascan tribesmen was Samuel Hearne in search of the Far-Off-Metal-River. Three times did this gallant young sailor sally forth on snowshoes from the stone portals of grim Fort Prince of Wales on the barren shores of Hudson Bay with skin-clad Indian guides, enduring incredible hardships until, on July 17th, 1771, he finally reached the mouth of the Coppermine and gazed upon the Polar Sea.

Next to brave the terrors of foaming rapids, hostile Indians and three thousand miles of dangerous paddling and portaging through an unmapped wilderness were the bold, swashbuckling *voyageurs* and "Wintering Partners" of the North West Company, organized by Montreal merchants to wrest the valuable fur trade of the Northwest from the Hudson's Bay Company. Pushing across the height of land they established Fort Chipewyan on Athabasca Lake. And from this famous fur post—the Athens of the Northwest—departed Alexander Mackenzie on a bright June day in 1789 with four flimsy bark canoes to trace the mighty Mackenzie to its confluence with the Polar Sea. Within a few years the palisaded fur forts of this virile company dotted the land from end to end.

To these lonely Outposts of Empire nomad tribesmen still bring their furs and barter as of old. But a modern touch has been added by Government hospitals and Indian schools, and by the white-painted Missions of the Anglican and Roman Catholic churches where missionaries, priests and Grey Nuns minister to the physical and spiritual needs of whites and natives alike.

Upon this vast, silent land the radio and aeroplane have, within the last few years, wrought startling changes. The aeroplane was Civilization's last step in breaking down the age-old barriers of the Old North. Within a few months the impenetrable North, which had so long resisted invasion, had been conquered by the courage and resourcefulness of the air pilot. No longer was Fort Smith, the diminutive capital of the Northwest Territories, "twelve days from Edmonton" in winter; the distance was measured in hours—and not many of them at that.

With the air pilot came the mackinaw-clad miner and prospector. Valuable radium ore was discovered on Great Bear Lake; oil at Fort Norman; gold at Yellowknife. The ancient fur trade has been eclipsed by these discoveries. To-day, the clink of miners' picks, and the jarring growl of the diamond drill as it bites through the iron crust of granite in search of the Northland's hidden gold, blends with the thud, thud of the stern-wheeler's paddles, and the whirr of the aeroplane's propellor as it carries supplies north to the mining camps, and radium ore south to the refineries of Ontario.

Philip H. Gosse



ROUTE OF ROYAL TOUR



A Map of
The DOMINION
of CANADA

MILES 50 0 100 200 300 MILES

WESTBOUND ——— EASTBOUND - - - - -

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

SIR EDWARD BEATTY, G.B.E. — who writes the Foreword, was born at Thorold, Ontario. Taking up law as his first profession, he entered the service of the Canadian Pacific Railway, of which he became President in 1918 and Chairman of the Board of Directors in 1924. He is Chancellor of McGill University and has received honorary degrees from many other universities. Sir Edward is President of the Boy Scouts Association of Canada, Knight Commander of the Order of St. Olaf, Norway, a Knight of Grace of the Venerable Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, and is prominently identified with innumerable other organizations and movements devoted to the public welfare. A large number of his addresses on Canadian affairs have been published.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT — born in Ottawa in 1862, Dr. Scott is of English and Scottish origin, and entered the Canadian Civil Service in 1880. The whole of his career in that Service was in the Department of Indian Affairs, of which he held the position of Deputy Superintendent General from 1913 to 1932. In 1921 he was President of the Royal Society of Canada, and in 1922 was given the honorary degree of D.Litt. by the University of Toronto. Author of many volumes of distinctive poetry, William Archer hailed him in "Poets of the Younger Generation" (1910) as "an imaginative thinker of no common capacity." His earlier lyrics are printed in the volume entitled "Complete Poems," published in 1926. Later lyrics are contained in the volume, "The Green Cloister" (1935). "The Witching of Elspie" is a fascinating collection of short stories.

DR. CLARA DENNIS — was born in Truro, Nova Scotia, and is the daughter of the late Senator William Dennis. In her two books, "Down in Nova Scotia" and "More About Nova Scotia," she has visualized her native Province as it was never so well done before. Of her first volume, a Toronto critic wrote, "It is probably the best book ever written on any of Canada's nine Provinces." Recognition was given to this writer by Mount Allison University, which gave her the honorary degree of D.Litt. in 1938, the first woman recipient of this distinction. She is a life member of the Nova Scotia Historical Society and is Vice-President of the Nova Scotia Branch of the Canadian Authors' Association. For many years she has been active in Red Cross work.

L. M. MONTGOMERY (Mrs. Ewan Macdonald) — is the outstanding interpreter of Prince Edward Island and the Canadian Girl. "Anne of Avonlea," published in 1908, was at once ac-

claimed as a classic, and created a very large public for her succeeding volumes, most of which have been translated into Polish, French, Swedish, Dutch and Danish. Mark Twain called "Anne of Green Gables" — "the sweetest creation of child life yet written." Several of L. M. Montgomery's stories have been filmed, and "Anne of Windy Poplars" is now in process of production for the screen.

SIR CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS — born of United Empire Loyalist descent in New Brunswick in 1860, is the doyen of Canadian literature with over seventy publications to his credit. In 1926 he was awarded the first Lorne Pierce Medal by the Royal Society of Canada for outstanding achievement in imaginative literature. A Major in the Canadian Expeditionary Force, he assisted in the preparation of the official story of "Canada in Flanders." His nature stories are without rival, and his poetry is of the finest quality. Sir Charles was President of the Canadian Authors' Association 1927 and 1928, and was Knighted in 1935.

ROBERT CHOQUETTE — is outstanding among the younger generation of French-Canadian authors. In 1926 he won the David Prize for poetry. His published volumes of poetry include "A travers les vents," "Metropolitan Museum" and "Poésies Nouvelles." His serial story "Le Curé de Village," written for radio broadcasting, secured an immense audience and is now available in book form. "La Pension Velder," which followed as a radio serial, will also appear shortly in book form.

KATHERINE HALE (Mrs. John Garvin) — was born in Galt of a Scottish father and an American mother, her maternal great-grandfather having been associated with La Fayette in the State of Alabama in 1824-25. Her volumes of poetry include "Grey Knitting" and "The Island," while her recent prose publications are "Canadian Cities of Romance," "Canadian Houses of Romance" and "This is Ontario." As a lecturer and reciter, Katherine Hale has delighted many audiences in Canada and the United States.

W. T. ALLISON — is a native of Ontario, though since 1910 he has made his home in Manitoba where he received the appointment as Professor of English in Wesley College, Winnipeg. In 1920 he was appointed Professor of English in the University of Manitoba. Author of "The Amber Army and Other Poems," he is particularly well known as essayist, literary critic and radio broadcaster. In 1923 he delivered the first university lecture over the air in Canada.

MARY WEEKES — although born in Nova Scotia, has resided in Regina, Saskatchewan, since 1914. She traces her ancestry to Charles Amador de la Tour, first Governor of Acadia, one of the most romantic characters in the history of the New World. Like many Nova Scotians, she took up the profession of nursing, graduating in the Boston City Hospital and becoming Superintendent of the Boston Psychopathic Hospital. Since taking up residence in Saskatchewan she has made a special study of the folklore of the Canadian prairies, some of which is incorporated in the volume "Round the Council Fires." She has written extensively in magazines and has a volume due for publication shortly, dealing with the buffalo hunters and entitled "The Waning Herds."

ROBERT J. C. STEAD — born at Middleville, Ontario, in 1880, went west with his father, who decided to take up a homestead in Manitoba. He became Secretary of a grain elevator company and moved to High River, Alberta, in 1909. After working on the editorial staff of the "Calgary Albertan" in 1912, he was attached to the Colonization Department of the Canadian Pacific Railway from 1913 to 1919, when he was appointed Director of Publicity for the Federal Government's Department of Immigration and Colonization. Author of several volumes of poems, he has achieved particular success with his stories of western life, such as "The Homesteaders," "Neighbours" and "The Copper Disc."

NELLIE L. McCLUNG — is of Scottish-Irish origin and was born at Chatsworth, Ontario. Going west with her parents in 1880, she was educated in public schools in Manitoba and in the Normal School, Winnipeg—being a teacher herself for five years. An admirable speaker, she has been a leader in the movement for woman's suffrage. Elected in 1921 as a Member for Edmonton in the Alberta Legislature, she served there for five years. "Sowing Seeds in Danny," published in 1908, brought her fame as a writer and was followed by other notable books, such as "Purple Springs," "Painted Fires" and "Leaves from Lantern Lane." Mrs. McClung has lived for a number of years in Victoria, B.C., and her sketches of life in that Province have found a large public.

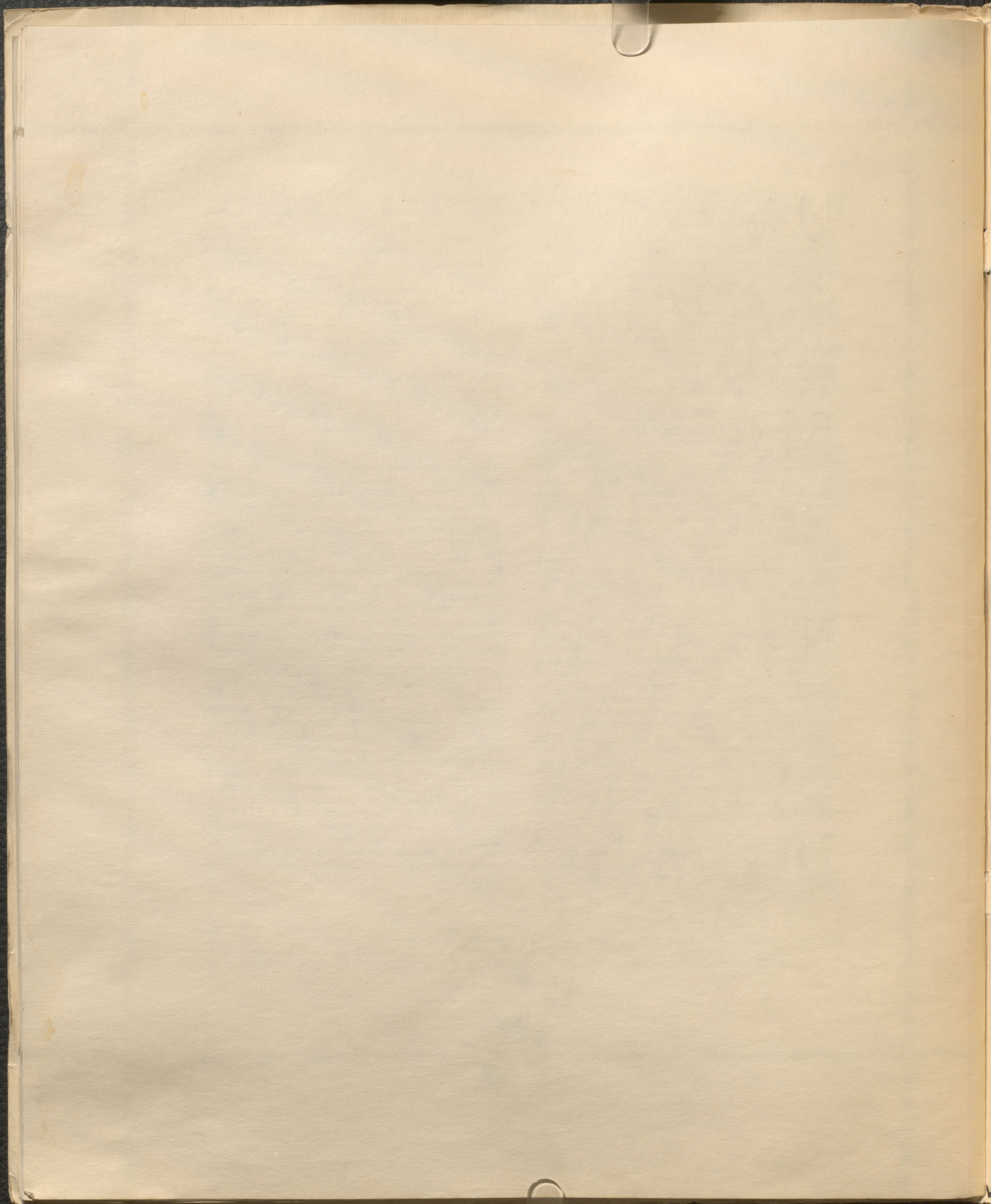
MRS. GEORGE BLACK — Member for the Yukon in the Federal Parliament, has told her story in one of the most fascinating of recent autobiographies entitled "My Seventy Years."

Born in Chicago, she had the spirit of adventure and was one of the few women to tramp and survive the Trail of '98 at the time of the celebrated gold rush from Skagway into the Yukon. Her marriage to George Black, in 1904, introduced her to political life, as he represented the Yukon at Ottawa for many years and was Speaker of the House of Commons, 1930-35. On his resignation through illness she stood for Parliament herself and was elected. Mrs. Black is an authority on wild flowers and has lectured extensively on the flora of the Yukon. A racy speaker, she has proved herself to be also, at the age of seventy, a most entertaining writer.

PHILIP H. GODSELL—furtrader, explorer and author, was born in England and entered the service of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1906. Since then he has travelled over 100,000 miles by canoe, dogsled, York boat and snowshoe. Among the trading posts he established was one at Fort Brabant on Victoria Land, northernmost port of the H.B.C. in the Western Arctic; another on the graveyard of the Franklin Expedition, and another at Snowdrift River, Great Slave Lake, on the edge of the Barren Lands. He despatched an exploratory expedition across the North-West Passage to King William's Land. Mr. Godsell, in his books, "Arctic Trader" and "Red Hunters of the Snows," and "The Vanishing Frontier," has painted vivid pictures of the fur trade. He has done much to promote the interests of the Indians of the North, his work in that connection receiving the commendation of the Department of Indian Affairs. At his suggestion, the Canadian Government has taken steps to lay aside hunting preserves in the North West Territories for the special use of the Northern Indians.

CHARLES W. SIMPSON, R.C.A. — the artist whose attractive drawings add distinction to these pages, was born in Montreal in 1878 and was associated at first with newspaper illustration, serving on the staff of the "Montreal Star" and "Halifax Chronicle." His first painting to be hung at a Royal Canadian Academy Exhibition was in 1906. In 1918 Mr. Simpson was one of four artists on the staff of the Canadian War Records sent by the Canadian Government to illustrate scenes and localities of the Great War. In 1921 he was elected a full Academician of the R.C.A. Mr. Simpson is represented by paintings in the National Gallery at Ottawa and other Galleries in Canada and other Dominions. Recently he did a series of paintings of American cities for the "Ladies' Home Journal."





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