

way to the Yellowhead Pass. Through this pass the Grand Trunk Pacific is to go. It is a road from ocean to ocean. Its opening gives a touch of timeliness to the descriptions in this volume of the Athabasca and Fraser River regions—regions rich in water-power possibilities. The Grand Trunk Pacific terminus is at the port of Prince Rupert, five hundred miles north of Vancouver. This, with the low grades over the mountains, means that one to three days should be saved in the journey from England to Japan and China—reason enough for the new road. But it will be a vital factor in the making of Canada itself. In time to come, Charles Melville Hays, the President of the Grand Trunk, who lost his life on the ill-fated Titanic, may be remembered as the man who brought about "the greatest benefit to Canada that has come to her since she has been a nation," to quote Mr. Washburn's words. While the present volume gives interesting information concerning British Columbia—a vast territory; were it set down on the Atlantic seaboard it would extend from Maine to Key West—it has another and more intimate value. It belongs on the "nature book" shelf, for it breathes the atmosphere of the trail. And the trail means the companionship of mountains, glaciers, waterfalls, passes, rivers, brooks, torrents, forests. The text is reinforced by many illustrations from the author's photographs. In them, as in the crisp, direct style, we have a vivid glimpse of noble scenery. Mr. Washburn's expressions of appreciation of nature appeal the more because sandwiched in between descriptions of the joys and trials of the droll or pathetic "tenderfeet." The book has thus a threefold interest, for it is a description of British Columbia, an appreciation of nature, and an introduction to trappers and tenderfeet.

We did not think we were tenderfeet. I suppose no one ever does. We had six-shooters, shotguns, rifles, hundreds and hundreds of rounds of ammunition, and enough fishing-tackle to have eliminated all of the finny tribe for ten square miles around. On the contrary, we considered ourselves to be hardy pioneers as we trudged off down the trail behind our long-legged guide. . . . We did not know that we were tenderfeet.

There is much pleasant humor in the unfolding of the discovery that they were. Finally, not the least charm of the book is its expression of sympathy with animal life—the goodly fellowship with all the denizens of the forest, but especially with the patient little pack-animals that made the arduous journey possible.

Trails, Trappers, and Tenderfeet in the New Empire of Western Canada. By Stanley Washburn. Henry Holt & Co., New York. \$3.

Mr. Washburn's book describes the Rocky Mountains in that part of British Columbia which extends from the Canadian Pacific Rail-