

Romantic Is The Story Of Alexander McKenzie

His Peaceful Conquest of Forest Lake Prairie and Mountain Has Not Been Without Sacrifice

There have been other conquests of that vast extent of territory known as Canada, in their story, equal in daring and privation those recorded under the annals of war. Romance is there also and what might be termed the "peace time" conquest of those vast areas of forest and lake, river and stream, prairie and mountain which go to make up this vast dominion, has not been without its heroes and toll of human life and sacrifice.

Sir Alexander MacKenzie, who stood on the shores of the Pacific Ocean on that day in July, 1793, and thereby established in the Hall of Fame as the first white man to cross the continent, has left a journal of his experiences and it makes thrilling reading. In the notes of his diary for July 19th, of that year, he records that they had their first glimpse of the Pacific from a village on the river down which he was proceeding. He also mentions casually that in the previous village which they touched the same day "There we lost our dog, a circumstance of no small regret to me." Alas! the dog, except only for some thirty-six miles, missed being the first dog recorded to reach the Pacific from the interior. On the 20th and 21st MacKenzie continued his journey westward to the sea which was now in view and on the latter date the party landed at the ruins of a village overgrown with weeds and in the centre of which was a sort of temple. On landing, they immediately took possession of a rock which just about afforded space for the party and which provided admirable facilities for defence in case of an attack. There they slept and the next day, after ascertaining his position, MacKenzie records the now memorable inscription—"I now mixed up some vermilion in melted grease and inscribed in large characters on the southeast face of the rock on which we had slept last night this brief memorial 'Alexander MacKenzie, From Canada by land, the twenty-second days of July, One thousand, seven hundred and ninety-three.'"

On this date, he also records, speaking of their guide—"The young man was now very anxious to persuade our people to depart, as the natives, he said, were as numerous as mosquitoes and of a very malignant character. This information produced some very

earnest remonstrances to me to hasten our departure; but as I was determined not to leave the place, except I was absolutely compelled to it, till I had ascertained its situation, these solicitations were not repeated. In relating our danger, his agitation was so violent that he foamed at the mouth. Though I was not altogether free from apprehensions on the occasion, it was necessary for me to disguise them as my people were panic-stricken, and some of them asked if it was my determination to remain there to be sacrificed? My reply was the same as their former importunities had received, that I would not stir till I had accomplished my object." No wonder he succeeded in crossing the continent!

Sir Alexander MacKenzie little knew that memorable day he stood on the shores of the Pacific, and as he was toiling westward through the mountains to his goal, that about a month before Captain George Vancouver, on a voyage of discovery of the North Pacific Ocean in the H.M.S. "Chatham," had been at that very place Vancouver reaching the position on June 4th, 1793! Neither knew the other was in the vicinity.

Some 79 years later the continent was again to be crossed, this time by another Scotchman, Sir Sanford Fleming, in a project to throw two bands of steel across much the same country trod by his fellow countryman, in the stupendous undertaking of linking the Atlantic with the Pacific. This ambitious preliminary step, however, was not to be accomplished without the loss of twenty-one lives, twelve by drowning, seven by burning in forest fires and two from natural causes.

When Sir Sanford Fleming started out from Halifax, Nova Scotia, on July 1st, 1872, a significant date, he was only able to traverse 957 miles of the way by railway. From Halifax to New-castle, thence to Quebec City; from Quebec City through Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto to Collingwood, Ontario, and there the steel ended. Beyond lay some 5347 miles which had to be traversed by steamer, canoe and rowboat; by wagon and carriage; and on horseback and on foot some 1510 miles. He reached New Westminster, British Columbia, on October 4th in the same year. Today, a traveller can step aboard a Canadian Na-

LAST YEAR WAS THE WORST IN RECENT FRENCH HISTORY

Not Since the War Has So Many Disasters Rained On the French Republic

Paris, January 18—(B.U.P.)—Having the general corruption and dishonesty came to the end of 1934, let us that seemed to him to prevail throughout look back at the past 12 months and out the country.

And finally, just as the year was ending and French spirits were running high in anticipation of the Christmas festivities, a fresh calamity was announced in the daily newspapers. Andre Citroen, one of France's greatest industrialists, was reported to be bankrupt. At first, the news of the motor magnate's difficulties failed to ruffle the Frenchman's high spirits for he remembered that this was not the first time that he was known to be in trouble. It was almost a yearly ailment of the great concern, and so far its directors had always managed to satisfy his creditors eventually. This time greater difficulties seemed to be in his way however, for his old backers would not come to his rescue. The possibility of 29,000 men being thrown out of work—in spite of Citroen's assurance of the contrary—did not help the French to enjoy their Christmas holiday.

Yes, perhaps my friend was right. However bad 1935 may be it cannot be worse than 1934. While on the subject of Andre Citroen, I do not believe that I have ever seen a well-known manufacturer so openly and universally criticised as he has been in the past few weeks. It may seem paradoxical that M. Citroen's failure is attributed to administrative methods which in many other countries—notably America—are considered extremely sound. He is accused of having had too much optimism in his policy of continual expansion. His critics point out that like a few other French industrialists who have crashed in recent years, Andre Citroen after a short visit to America returned greatly impressed by their methods and immediately proceeded to adopt them in France. What they invariably failed to understand was that conditions in France and America differed to such an extent that no methods which applied to the one could possibly be expected to give satisfactory results in the other.

And yet, in the middle of the general depression of 1930, the Citroen firm calmly proceeded to tear down their old factories and build new ones capable of turning out twice the number of cars that it sold even in the boom era and preceding the depression.

Nothing is more characteristic of Andre Citroen's industrial methods than his advertising schemes. Every visitor to Paris is familiar with the gigantic illumination of the Eiffel Tower by night. Millions of electric-light bulbs flash on and off all night to advertise his cars. As the Eiffel Tower is almost a thousand feet high and the advertising covers all four sides from summit to base, it is perhaps not so astonishing as it seems at first that the cost of this enterprise is over \$6,000 a day.

Another advertising stunt—the crossing of Asia by a fleet of Citroen cars—cost 25,000,000 francs (about \$1,500,000). It is evidence that at this rate of expenditure an incredible number of cars would have to be sold to pay for the advertising alone—not to mention producing profits.

Still in spite of this criticism I am of all the passes through the main glad to see that the press has not completely forgotten what this great industrialist has done for his country. It is a notable fact that one's benevolent factor is rarely praised when still and that the approaches from both beneficial and only taken for granted sides of the mountain range are of where as when he stumbles he is criticised such a character as to render concise freely and all his past successes struction of a railway across the great forgotten. Citroen has done more to continental water-shed a far less difficult matter than was previously imagined.

During the coming summer, four special cruises are being operated by the Canadian National Steamships along the Pacific Coast from Vancouver to Alaska with the twin-screw "Prince Robert" one of the finest and fastest passenger vessels in the North Pacific coast waters, the first cruise commencing on June 28th and each occupying eleven days. Like my cafe friend, he will also turn to the new year with optimism. This export market for frozen poultry has opened up earlier than in 1934. Already 2,000 boxes of chickens have arrived on the British market, with more shipments to follow. One ship ment from the Western Provinces is routed via the Panama Canal.

HOME MERCHANTS
Home owned stores that The Daily Mail would like to see patronized.
AMUSEMENTS:
Gaiety Theatre.
Capitol Theatre.
Capital Billiard Parlor.
AUTOMOBILES:
Phillips & Pringle.
J. Clark & Son.
Capital Garage.
BAKERS:
Royal Bakery.
DRUGGISTS:
Kenneth Staples.
DRY GOODS:
R. L. Black.
Joseph Kileel.
J. J. Weddall & Son.
ELECTRICAL WORK:
Clarence Mills.
Harry C. Moore.
FARM MACHINERY:
J. Clark & Son.
GROCERS:
H. H. Yerxa, York Street.
A. E. Eardley.
HABERDASHERS:
J. H. Fleming.
HARDWARE:
J. S. Neill & Sons, Ltd.
E. M. Young.
HOUSE FURNISHINGS:
Colwell & Jennings, Ltd.
HARNESS MAKERS:
H. A. Burt.
HOTELS:
Waverly.
Queen.
INSURANCE:
H. H. Blair.
INVESTMENTS:
Consolidated Investments, Ltd.
JEWELLERS:
Shute & Co.
Mavor Bros.
LADIES' WEAR:
Mrs. J. E. Johnston.
MEAT STORES:
W. C. Lee.
York Meat Market.
MEN'S GOODS & SHOES:
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PLUMBING:
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PHOTOGRAPHS:
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