

CANADIAN PACIFIC ROCKIES

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BANFF

WHEN that great "thrust from the Pacific" that the geologists talk about crumpled the Rocky Mountains up from the nethermost deeps and set them in new raw rolls parallel with the older Selkirks, the first step was taken in making Canada the natural summer playground of North America.

The second step was the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway—a step in seven-league boots to be sure—that joined Halifax to Victoria, and sent the wheat from Alberta cascading into grain boats for Great Britain.

The third step began in the far-sightedness of somebody who organized the Dominion Parks Commission and built a ten-commandment ring-fence around two thousand square miles of jag-toothed territory in the very middle of Rockyland, that should belong to the people without alienation, forever and ever.

"Thou shalt not suffer the capitalist to buy an estate herein," said these wise legislators. "But thou shalt build hotels in which he shall be most royally at home. Thou shalt not prevent the poor man from putting up a tent in the proper quarters, but if he kindleth a fire unwisely thou shalt teach him otherwise. The animals have as much right inside the Park as thou hast thyself, and if thou shoot them—except it be with a camera—thou shalt be in danger of the Mounted Police. But



THE APPROACH TO THE CANADIAN PACIFIC ROCKIES

Over the sea of golden wheat, the snow-capped peaks of the Rockies stand out on the horizon a hundred miles away, as the west-bound train glides forward along its path of steel. Above them are the great piling clouds or the vast blue dome of sky—everything on a scale which makes the giant of the fairy tale seem puny.

if thou take a guide and go beyond the boundary of the Park, thou canst hit anything that the imagination of the guide will concede to thee.

“As for the fish, they are thine own and thy grandchildren’s after. Likewise the flowers, as many as thou canst pick. The lakes are all thine, the sunset and the moonrise, the mist and the clear night. The trails are thine, and ponies for their taking, mountains innumerable, and as much health as thou canst carry away. As for the high peaks, they are the property of the Alpine Club of Canada in conference assembled, but thou wilt find them friendly folk. And there is always room for one more on the rope.”

Banff is the entry port for this wonderful Rocky Mountain Park territory to anyone coming from the east, and here, under the steep-pitched roof of the most palatial of summer hotels, you will find all the comforts of your favorite metropolis—and none of the many things that made you run away from it.

Sulphur and Tunnel and Rundle hold the hotel on their august knees, while the Bow and the Spray rush shouting into each other’s glacial arms in the valley, and the Banff Hot Springs fill the wonderful stone basin of the great blue pool where Venus from New York and Hebe from San Francisco gambol about after an afternoon’s tennis or a round of golf on that famous course in the clouds.

There is much coaching too, skirting the base of Cascade Mountain, and following Devil’s Head River to Lake Minnewanka where one may boat, or fish for the first cousin of



THE THREE SISTERS CANMORE

The Three Sisters stand up by Canmore guarding the gates of Canadian Pacific Rockyland. The traveller sees in their broad unchanged stability the peace of far spaces, the wind of the snows, sleep that smooths out every tense fibre of his brain.

that forty-seven pound trout that a recent visitor secured as a souvenir. The Sawback Lakes, the Spray Lakes, Lower Spray Falls, and the Bow River also suggest fishing. The Zoological Gardens will show the lazy man all the various beasts that his friend Nimrod spends a month in shooting outside the ten-commandment ring-fence, while Buffalo Park with its buffalo, moose, elk, and caribou, gives him a chance to study what the Parks Commission devoutly believes will be a source of vast revenue to the Government-owned butcher shops of Nineteen-Ninety.

But for many people the most interesting place in Banff isn't any of these. Nor is it the ballroom of the hotel. Nor yet the big dining room that seats six hundred people at a time.

No. It's the snug little nest perched a thousand feet higher up on Sulphur's broad chest where the Alpine Club of Canada gets ready for its yearly climbs, and celebrates its feats when it gets home again. Whether the Club elects to attempt Mount Assiniboine, that Gothic giant thirty miles from Banff, or takes an easy jaunt up the Yoho Valley collecting a peak or two en route, the lucky visitor who is included in the festivities gathers a sheaf of sunsets and glacial dawns, camp fires and bear stories, that will provide him with mental movies for the next year.



THE GOLF LINKS AT BANFF

Banff has enough mountains to depend on nothing else. But Banff doesn't. There's the big blue swimming pool. There's the tally-ho and the automobile and the mountain pony. There's the motor launch and the fishing rod, and the zoo, and the Buffalo Park. There's the smoothest floor in the world to dance on, and, down by the river, though up in the clouds, there's the sportingest of golf courses.

LAKE LOUISE

With our racial delight in the obvious, we Anglo Saxons have called the Canadian Rockies "the Switzerland of North America." But it's as misleading as obvious phrases generally prove to be.

The express train of our pre-war memory took just five hours to go from Lucerne to Como, from Lausanne to Arona. But from the moment that the Canadian Pacific train feels the loom of The Gap at the eastern entrance to the Rockies, till that other moment when it slides down beside the grey ball-room floor of the Fraser River at Mission, the hour hand has gone twice around our watches, and, by Rocky Mountain measurement, we've lived till twenty-four o'clock.

But—unless you fancy yourself a homing troop train, a perishable freight shipment, an escaping criminal, or an heir apparent to all thrones of Russia—don't go through in any such headlong fashion. Louise—wonderful, indescribable, soul-shiveringly lovely Louise—man is certainly born to trouble as the sparks fly upward if his wife can't persuade him to stay at least a week.

To appreciate Glacier to the full you should be able to climb; at Banff you ought to know how to swim, to golf, to dance, to ride. But at Louise you could have a perfectly heavenly summer if you couldn't do more than sit on the terrace among the golden poppies, and look at the lake.



THE BANFF SPRINGS HOTEL

Half way up a mountain, in the clearest, coolest air of the continent, with two glacier-born rivers marrying fairly under the porte-cochère, with big game within a day's tramp, and high peaks and glaciers all around, no wonder the Banff Springs Hotel finds that its dining room, seating six hundred, is none too big for the thousands of guests that come to it year by year.

It's never twice the same, this apocalyptic jewel set in granite, bare rock to the left of it, fir-girdled hills to the right, and, at the end, down that heaven-pavemented sweep of water, Mount Lefroy with a black clean cut drop of a thousand savage feet—and the snow fields of the Victoria Glacier thundering over the skyline in miles of intolerable white.

Puff!! A little ball of snow dust is blown off the ridge-pole of the world yonder. A minute later you catch the sound of it here among the poppies—no louder than a tennis ball over the net. That was an avalanche, my friend. Don't worry if you missed it. There's one every hour or so. And there has been, doubtless, ever since Mount Lefroy emerged from being a smothered hummock under the vast polar ice pack of the Glacial Era, a few odd million years ago. It's just as well to see ourselves against the background of eternity once in a while. Our tea and toasted scones and pound cake will taste all the better for the contrast, here among the poppies.

But while you could enjoy Louise exclusively from the terrace, it isn't advised that you should. The laziest will want to start out on one of those diamond-bright mornings for the little mile-and-a-quarter walk to the boat landing at the far end of the Lake, next door to that gravel pit of the giants with its big blocks of granite that the glacier brought down in the days of its youth when it came much nearer to the hotel than it does now.

Once started, it's more than likely that even this laziest will gather momentum from his enjoyment and elect to climb to the Lakes in the Clouds, twin wonders that live upstairs



MOONLIGHT ON THE BOW RIVER.

Moonlight on the Bow. All about, the mountains loom against the velvet nearness of the night, alive, mysterious, full of the sighs of great trees and the stealthy errands of the little folk of the woods.

on the heights above their big sister Louise. The trail is one of those easy kitten-paths chasing its own long tail back and forth through the trees, so that you've made the two miles and a half before you realize anything but the joy of climbing; and lo, here is Mirror, as still, as bright, as inexplicable to the Indians who first saw it, as its namesake glass. It has no visible outlet, this green little lake. Its waters travel by Secret Service rockwise routes, down to Lake Louise that you can see glimmering like a fire opal a thousand feet below.

Mirror in its turn is fed from Lake Agnes, one of those grim blue tarns, mountain-girdled and snow-frilled in August, that one comes on here and there, dropped into a cup of these bleak hills—all that remains of some prehistoric glacier. There are flowers around the lip of it—forget-me-nots, blue bells, edelweiss, and heather—but no alluring bit of colour can disguise the sinister fact that it belongs to Them—the mountain gods—and not to us. The tea house on its bank has to be dug out of a ten foot drift every spring, and even in the very middle of summer there is a remote unearthly quality about the dreaming blue of it that makes us glad the hotel is near-neighbor to Louise, and not to Agnes.

Whatever you do or leave undone, you oughtn't to miss Moraine Lake. You can go on foot—if you're a very good walker and greedy of absolutely clear mental negatives. Or you can go pony-back by the high trail along the edge of the immense valley where you could sink Manhattan Island and never find it again. Or you can go by coach or automobile with a box of chocolates and the Pekinese.



PONIES ON THE TRAIL

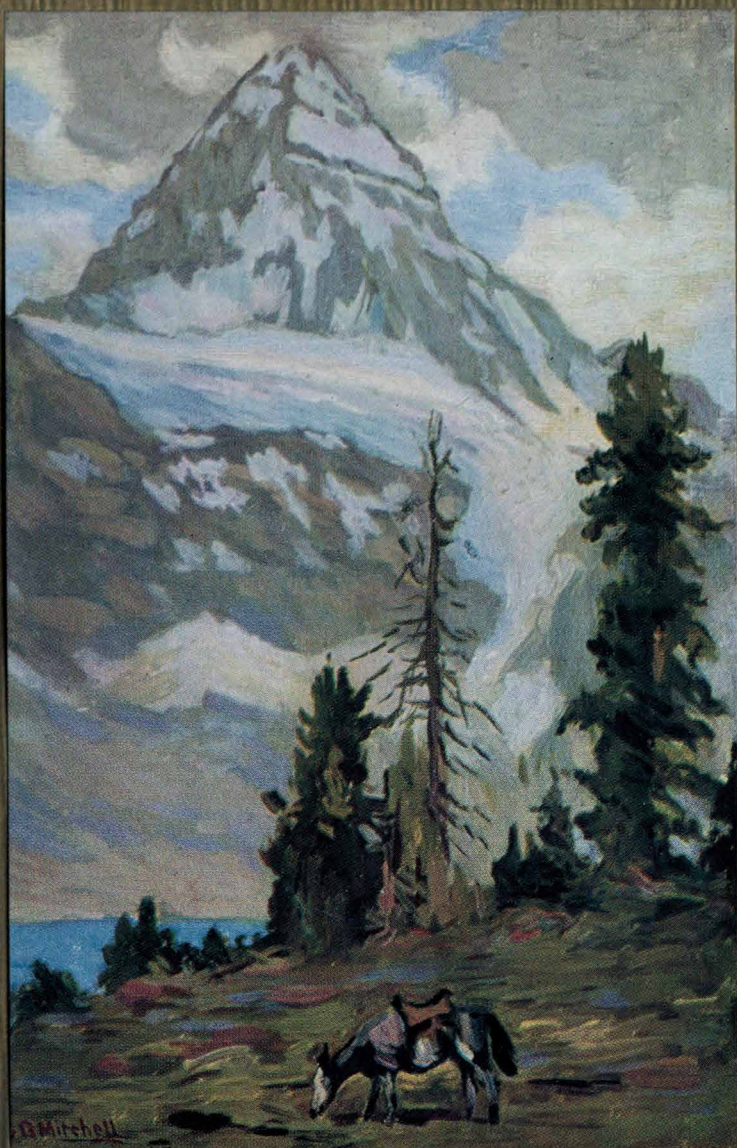
He's a breed by himself, like the army mule, this west-bred, sure-footed, wise-eyed pony of the Canadian trails. He can climb like a mountain goat, and carry loads like an Indian.

CANADIAN PACIFIC ROCKIES

Hillsides drenched with the hot colour of the Indian Paintbrush—old rockslides where grey marmots scuttle and whistle and sit up on their hind legs begging you to answer them—battalions of cloud shadows drilling in sweeping evolutions across the face of the opposing mountains—and then, at last, nine miles out, Moraine Lake, blue-green and bottomless, with the Ten Peaks on guard, shoulder to rugged shoulder, six thousand feet aloft. A great glacier crawls from between them to bury its blue nose in the cold Lake, and here two characteristically adventurous Englishwomen have established a tea house and a permanent camp for anglers who find all the trout they can catch in the near-by Consolation Lake.

How the fish live in the icy water we don't know. But how they taste when they come out of it in the windy dawn—done to a turn on pointed sticks before a camp fire on the shore—ah *that* is something to cherish in one's memory till death closes the cook book! The man who could take trout like those to the eastern market would empty Sherry's in a week. But, alas, he'd have to pack up the Ten Peaks in his suitcase and send the glacier by refrigerator freight.

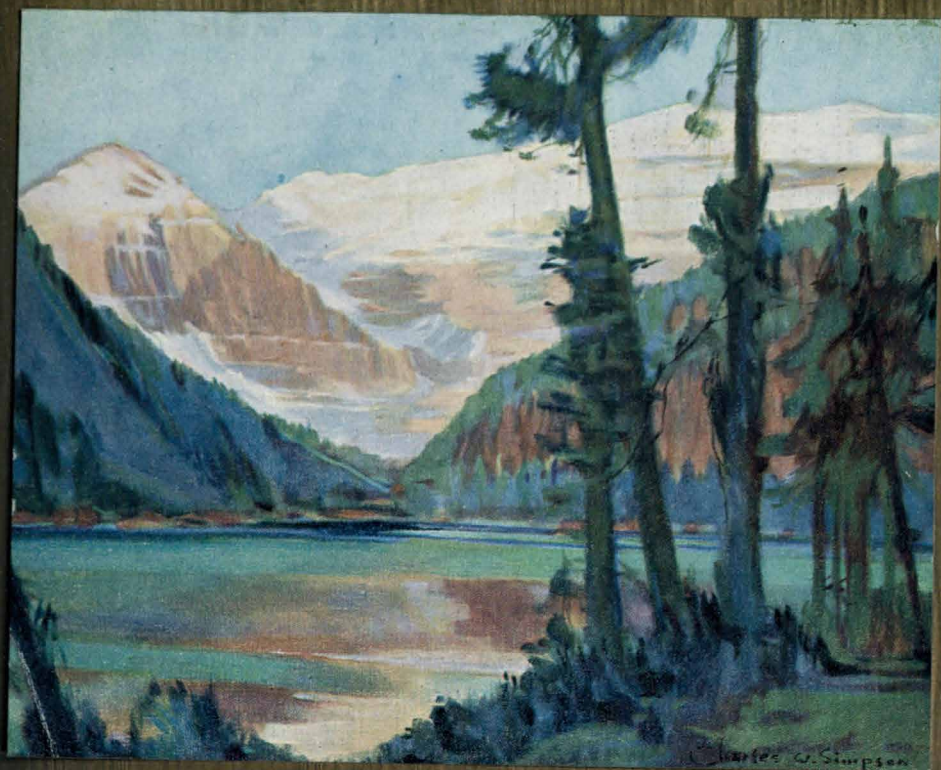
"Ponies may be taken up Paradise Valley" says the guide book. Lucky beasts! The Moraine Lake fisherman may be equally fortunate if he goes home by way of the Minnestimma Lakes and up over the austere fastnesses of Sentinel Pass. Consolation Valley, behind colossal walls, and today, with today's trout, and tonight, with tonight's tales about the fire, are all that concern us in this still world.



Mount ASSINIBOINE

Why do they want to climb mountains, these folks who come from the ends of the earth? Mt. Assiniboine knows—but so far refuses to be interviewed

If you have time for longer trips or energy for higher trips, you can have guides and ponies to take you to Lake O'Hara, green as its Irish name. Or, if your soul craves danger, you can borrow a Swiss guide who could walk up the wall of the Woolworth Building with his hands behind him, and you can climb Mount Hungabee at the head of Paradise Valley till you can look down on the great glacier packed in its lap, and say your prayers without distraction, eleven thousand four hundred and forty-seven feet nearer heaven than your pew back home in St. Bartholemew's.



LAKE LOUISE

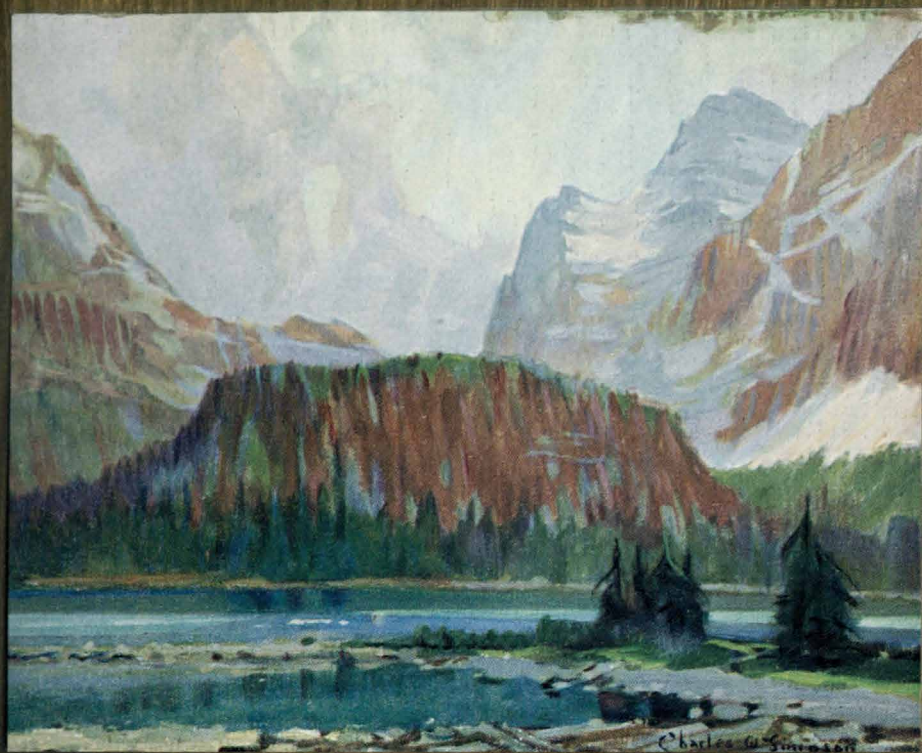
The words aren't born that would describe the scintillating color of this lonely mountain tarn under the white eaves of the Victoria Glacier—the jewels that sun themselves in its waters and hide again, the clouded tones that form and change and drift under as the afternoon dreams on, the faces of the high hills that bend over it, and the trees on the hills.

EMERALD LAKE AND THE YOHO

The Kicking Horse River has run shouting down its gorge for uncounted aeons, and the huge heads of Mount Field, Mount Burgess, Mount Stephen, and Mount Dennis were powdered with snow before the first man scratched his first message on the walls of his first cave. But man never has had any consideration for his elders, so he tames the Kicking Horse with a bridge and he plants raucous finger-posts tilted at the tops of the white-headed mountains, and he runs flat observation cars on his tracks that twist up to Hector and through the Spiral Tunnels under Cathedral Mountain, and down the Valley by the shouting river. And, lo and behold, at just the time set forth in the little time table so often flourished by the lady from Boston, at such-and-so-many minutes past so-and-so-o'clock, his train draws up under the very toes of Mount Stephen, and the conductor calls, "Field!"

The town itself isn't large. It would take the linear measurement of New York to compete favourable with the vast bulk of the mountains which loom here at their very Rockiest. But Field, besides being the site of the famous fossil beds which all geologists want to see, is also the gateway to the Yoho Valley which no traveller of discernment ever wants to miss.

Seven miles from Field is Emerald Lake where there's



Lake O'HARA

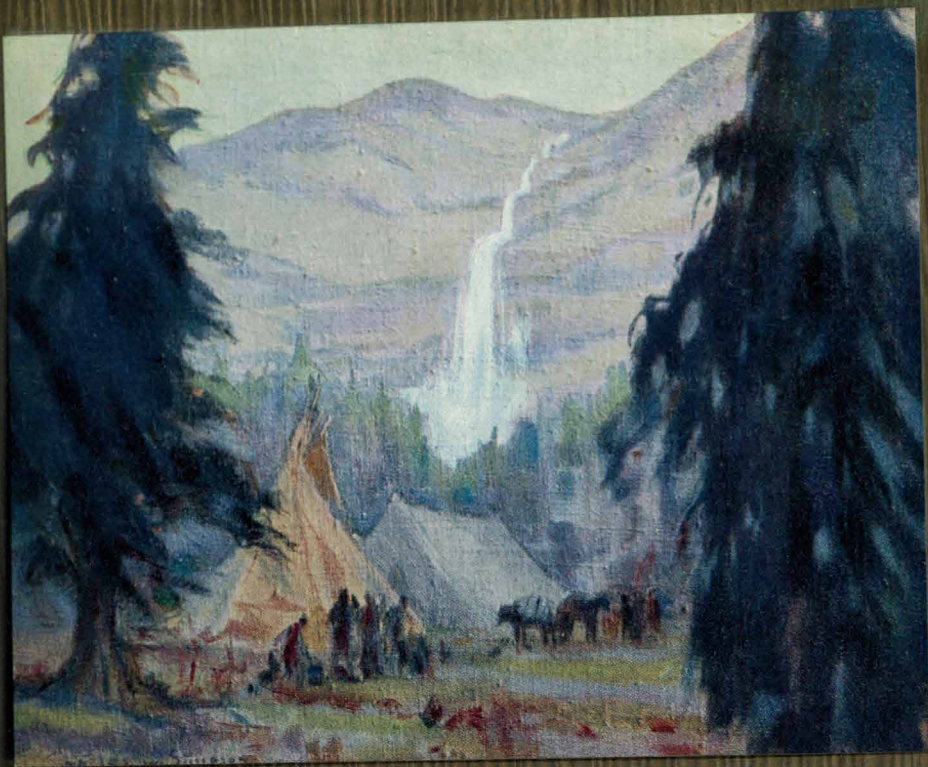
Lake O'Hara is in the far hills where no railroad whistle has ever tilted the snow off the mansard roofs of the gods. O'Hara, as green as its name, lies in the cup of an old cliff glacier, all that remains of one of the rip-chisel monstersthatcarved the world in the Glacial Era.

a Chalet with wide verandahs and the very choicest thing in cooks. Indeed, many's the party, bound for the Yoho Valley, that couldn't resist a day's stopover by that greenest and shadiest of lakes where *Ursus Minor* chasing his starry tail around the Pole Star seems as near—and as immeasurably far—as the solemn heads of the great mountains that loom over your shoulder into the northern night.

Those who yearn for a camp in the Yoho follow the switchbacked trail up over the Summit and down the gorge, mile after scenic mile, till he sees the valley widen—treed to the snow line, whiter than dream above—till the purr that has tantalized him for miles becomes the roar of Takakkaw, falling like a silver rocket a thousand feet from the eaves of eternity, to splinter into star dust where it hits the green cup of the valley.

If you're wise, you'll make the whole Yoho trip. You'll be taking the high line trail to Twin Falls across the mountain meadows and the old glacier scars. You'll be taking the valley road to the Yoho Glacier where you'll walk right into the gaping ice mouth that supplies the Yoho Gorge with all the river it has. And if you haven't been up over Burgess Pass before and even if you have—you'll be going now. Every hour will hold high adventure, whether by pony-back or on foot. You're going to be hungry literally all day long—with joyous intervals for meals! And as for sleep.

Fasten the tent flap back and say goodnight to Takakkaw. *Cassiopeia* is swinging her chair to rest on the mountains. *Vega* burns like a portent among the myriad fires of the



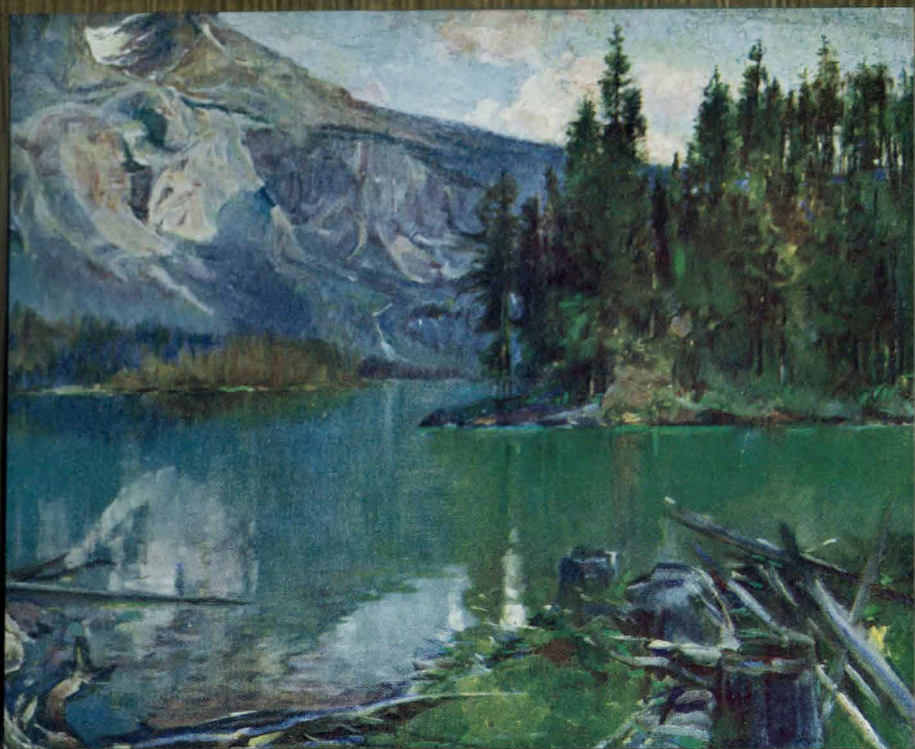
IN THE YOHU VALLEY

The waterfalls are the giant songsters of these mountains where the birds are few and furtive. Takakkaw springs a thousand feet from the top of the wall that hems in the Yoho Valley, to splinter itself into ice-cold spray. As for the tales that grow in the tepee when the fire is lit at nightfall—ah! but you have to hear them with Takakkaw playing obligato, or you'd never understand.

zenith. And the Milky Way, tangled among the fir branches, is as real and as near and as white as another Yoho. You never noticed them at home, these stars. There are no skies in the city.

A little breeze stirs the night and drifts into the tent. Clean, clear, cool, straight from the heart of unbreathed miles of air, with the touch of the snow in it.

The firs—a piece of charred wood falls in the sleepy fire.



EMERALD LAKE

The looming mountains are reflected in the green mirror, the long tree shadows shiver as you put out in your little boat, and when night comes on—spring-chill in August—you can see all the host of heaven tangled in the lucent depths that will infallibly supply you with your breakfast trout.

GLACIER

Snow in the night on the Swiss Peaks—snow on Sir Donald, ten thousand feet up against the blazing blue of an August morning! All the diamond air is washed and polished and tossed out to dance in the riotous sunshine—full of the heady scent of the firs, and the clean breath of frothing water, and the good smell of the warm wet earth all starred with bunchberry flowers.

Everything's new, and thrilling to begin—as new as it was on the day before Adam woke up in his garden. And you—you've just floated to the top of a mile-deep dreamless sleep under three blankets.

Can it be that the awnings at Newport hang limp and sick as last night's flowers? That the whole east coast from Maine to Florida lies prostrate under a heat wave? That New York sees its usual damp, weary-eyed crowd jamming its petulant course into the Subway to breathe last night's heavy air and do yesterday's joyless work in the vain hope that tomorrow's temperature will bring a heaven-sent drop from the nineties?

The very thought sends your eyes aloft to Sir Donald, wearing his August snow like a splendid contradiction.

"New York?" says the king of the Selkirks, blowing a puff ball avalanche that would bury the Ritz off his left shoulder, "Whose private car is that? I never heard of it."



MT. SIR DONALD & THE GREAT GLACIER

The Hotel has a ten-square-mile perpetual ice-plant tied up in its back yard, kept by a mountain called Sir Donald, who catches the snows on his head even in August, slides them down onto what geologists call "the névé"—which is hard-packed snow—and leaves them to congeal later into a blue-green glacier.

By the way, have you noticed that it take no League of Nations to make people unanimous as to what constitutes a good summer resort? Old or young, Grand Duke or Bolsheviki, man, woman, or suffragette, we all ask the same elemental questions when we get the time tables out.

"Will I be cool?"

"Will I sleep well?"

"Will I meet interesting people?"

"Is the service first class?"

"Can I do something quite different from anything I ever did before? And—if I don't feel inclined for novelty—can I do all the things I ever did anywhere else?"

"And—by the way—how about the food?"

As to this last:—

You may belong to coffee and toast circles back home. You may have advanced to the stage where you take nothing for breakfast but high thought and a glass of water. But in the Canadian Rockies, you backslide shamelessly the very first morning. There's something about the cool, keen air after that marvelous sleep that—er—but why make excuses? Fat gold peaches from the warm Okanagan Valley, salmon steak from the ice-cold Fraser, hot waffles with Canadian maple syrup—such adventures in contentment need no apologist.

Glacier, to be sure, is the smallest of the Canadian Pacific Railway's summer hotels, set in a cup of the hills where there isn't room for a handkerchief-sized golf course, and you take your mountains straight. You may be coming from Lake Louise, or stopping off on your annual pilgrimage to Banff—you're bound to have a favorite—but in no case



THE FRASER CANYON

After the bare and savage Rockies, and the green-treed Selkirks, comes the Fraser Canyon with its weird Dead Sea coloring and its miles on miles of baked cliffside where the sage brush whispers in the dry wind, and the river roars between gaunt banks, and nobody lives or ever will live because it never rains out of that fierce blue sky.

can you afford to miss these shining Selkirk peaks that sheer up about you like the fingers of a gigantic hand with the frozen mass of the Illecillewaet in the long hollow between the forefinger and the thumb. If you've never seen a glacier close up—white cloud and blue sky frozen stiff and tumbling for miles over the rim of the world—then look well at the Illecillewaet. There are only two other glaciers that come so near to a railway line, and they're both in far-off Alaska.

Climbing is the chief end of man at Glacier, but he doesn't need hobnailed boots and an ice-axe unless he fancies them. There are the Nakimu Caves to which you climb in a democrat with two horses. There is the Illecillewaet whose "snout" you pat (if you're a geologist and a stickler for terms) by the aid of one pony of preternatural sagacity and a Swiss guide who makes tea that could climb all by itself, while you lie face downward gasping over the unbelievable blue at the bottom of a thirty-foot fissure.

You can go pony-back up the Asulkan Valley, too, to the toes of the Asulkan Glacier. Or you can climb, alone and awestricken, past Marion Lake to the head of Mount Abbot and the crocus meadow in the clouds.

If you're wise, you'll do all of these things and many more. But—since you have to begin somewhere—suppose you try the Asulkan first. It's the easiest, friendliest mountain gate in the world.

The Rockies are saw-toothed beasts—harsh, violent-coloured, bare of trees for the most part. But here in the neighboring Selkirks with nothing but the warm trench of the Columbia Valley to separate them, you find another kind of mountain altogether, furred with gigantic vegetation to the snow line, and richer in Alpine meadowland, moss and heather and wee rare flowers—than anything you ever dreamed of.



IN THE COQUAHALLA VALLEY. KETTLE VALLEY RAILWAY.

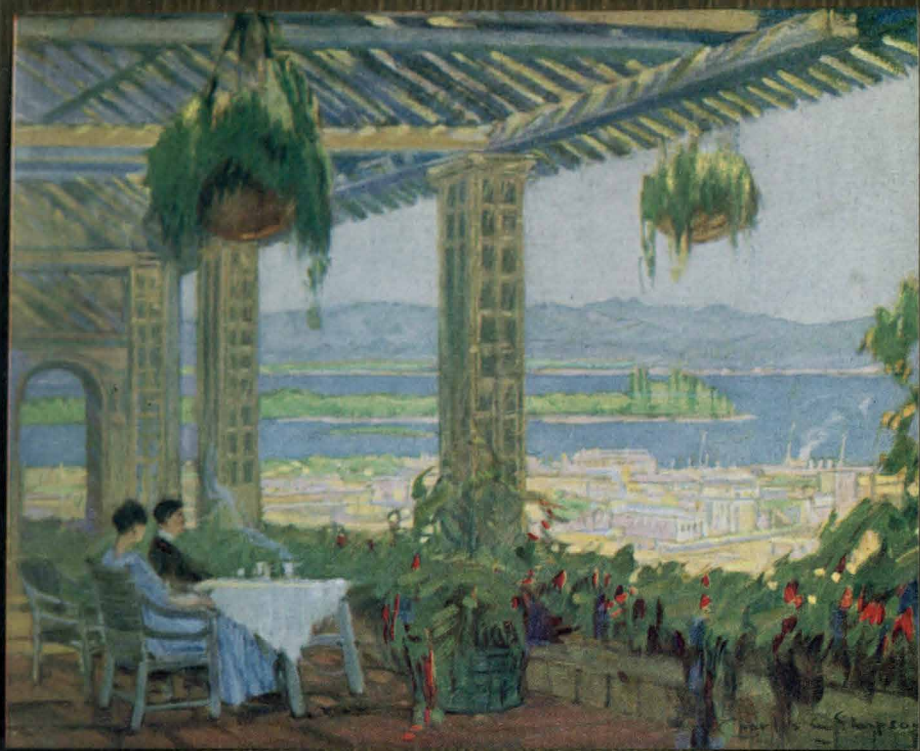
The Kettle Valley Railway dips south into a Lake Country, where Penticton suns itself in the Okanagan Valley, and the Coquihalla River offers trout such as Caesar never knew, even when he entertained Cleopatra. Just outside of Hope there is a spectacular series of tunnels.

The Asulkan trail begins after the leisurely fashion of an old-time novel, as the ponies follow each other's wise ears in and out among the huge tree boles where the grey moss hangs banner wise and the shrill-coloured ground life of the lichen makes up for the lack of grass. Here and there a rustic seat for the tramper—here and there a window in the tree wall through which you glimpse blue valleys—always the sense of gradual rise, the deepening peace of far spaces, and the insistent perfume of the firs.

A mile out, the chatter of a little river comes to you as the trees lighten. You've swung clean around the ramp of the mountain in that gradual spiral. A moment more, and you push open the swing door of eternity into an immense and secret valley walled round with mountains and roofed with blue dream. There are the threads of two spun silk waterfalls on the other side. They look close enough to reach in half an hour, but no sound comes from them, and the huge trees at their feet are no bigger than jade-headed pins.

The trail beckons. You can almost feel it pull away under your pony's feet. . . . The big stream is dividing into four. The path follows the leftmost, rises steeply-on-on-on—till you come to a bank of August snow where the ponies stop by instinct and the guide makes a snowball—and you remember those sick awnings at Bailey's Beach! . . .

You top the rise. And there you have a little snow meadow, a white floor of untouched drift. Up through it, like the fingers of a miracle, golden yellow, by hundreds, the lilies have pushed their heads! You're coming to the true mountains now, where summer lives and loves and dies all in eight vivid weeks. You gather blue veronicas on delicate Alpine stem's, half over a dizzy ledge, while the pony talks to a big grey marmot who stands on his hind legs shepherding the drifts. You kneel all alone under the immense skies, and, if there's a strain



FROM THE ROOF GARDEN OF THE VANCOUVER HOTEL

Sit on the roof garden of the Hotel Vancouver, with the soft Pacific wind ruffling the blue inlet, and all the bright city spread out at your feet. Ships from the Orient laden with silks and teas, ships from Australia, tramps from round the Horn, gay coastwise passenger boats, and busy motor launches—and over all that brilliant sun that has always made Vancouver the city of Hope-preferred!

of Scotch anywhere in you, you could say your prayers to that bit of heather that may have bloomed a lifetime, year by year, without anybody's ever having known it was there.

The snow banks are more frequent than they were an hour ago—the trail is steeper. But the heartening breath of the Asulkan Glacier's blue-green miles is drifting down the valley and you couldn't think a tired thought if you tried.

At last you come to where the little stream dashes out from under an arch of snow that runs up, up, without a break, steep as the pitch of a cathedral roof, till, miles ahead, it leans against the sky.

Leave your pony. Climb up the cloud-white staircase as far as the guide decrees. Look back. . . .

There lies the valley all spread out, beginning at the bottom of your toboggan slide of snow. There, far below, are the ponies on the first grass. There is the thin blue spiral of the fire that means lunch. These are the near, the homesome things.

Farther away you can trace the glinting threads of the four streams that meet—years off—at the lily meadow of the marmot. It looks like a very small handkerchief bleaching under the vastness of the sky. Beyond—ininitely beyond—rise the walls of the valley.

And all this—glacier and rivers and peaks and snow and lilies and marmots—all this is only one small valley-wrinkle, ignored by the mapmaker who sets his puny distances against the gigantic folds of the Selkirks.



THE EMPRESS HOTEL. VICTORIA, B.C.

You may admire the rest of them—the vivid hurrying cities of the West. But Victoria with its hedges and its roses, its traditions—Victoria is a city that you'll lose your heart to from the first. When you come—you want to stay. And when you go—there's always next time!

