

*Tookley*

# THE PRINCE OF PLAYGROUNDS



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COME HOME  
BY CANADA  
*and* REVEL IN  
THE ROCKIES

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BEAUTIFUL BANFF



ISSUED BY DIRECTION OF HON. FRANK  
OLIVER, MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR  
CANADA



# The Prince of Playgrounds

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"I have drunk the Sea's good wine,  
And to-day  
Care has bowed his head and gone away.  
I have drunk the Sea's good wine,  
Was ever step so light as mine,  
Was ever heart so gay?  
Old voices intermingle in my brain,  
Voices that a little boy might hear,  
And dreams like fiery sunsets come again,  
Informulate and vain,  
But great with glories of the buccaneer."

At the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition you have had spread before you the natural resources and the wonder-wares of the merchant of the Pacific littoral from Alaskan snow-crests to the humid marts of Mexico. And you have been somewhat jostled in the process. From the effete East you reached the Pacific by devious ways, tired and travel-worn. Soaked with information, with your knowledge widened and your sympathies deepened, you now find yourself toward the end of your vacation, the days are ticking themselves off ominously.

The Sea has revived you and set throbbing old life-currents that the strenuous years had almost strangled at their source. The unexpressed wish is that some Titan force could lift you up, and drop you down at your desk of endeavor or home hearthstone of quiet without the heat and dust and discomfort of the journey home, depositing you "with tightened sinew and clear blood imbued with Sunlight and with Sea."

Do you know how to do it? "Come home by Canada!" Down at the dock in Seattle there waits for you the fleetest passenger-steamer on the Pacific, the *Princess Victoria* with a developed speed of 18 knots. A four hours' run through the most enchanting waterway in the world takes you to that little bit of England on the shores of the Pacific,

## VICTORIA THE BEAUTIFUL.

"Serene, indifferent to Fate,  
She sitteth at the western gate—  
The warder of the continent."

This is the city which Edgar Wallace, the famous correspondent of the London *Daily Mail*, characterizes as "The Little-Johnny-Head-in-the-Air City of Canada." The atmosphere of Victoria is unique. The idle tourist, spending a summer week within her borders, carries the witchery of her charm with him where'er he wanders. What makes that charm? It is compounded of many simples—the sea has



much to do with it, the multitudinous roses contribute, the gentle voices of the people play no small part, the breezes, soft with suggestiveness from the cane-groves of Honolulu and the gardens of Nippon.

The sun never sets with greater beauty than over the edge of the Sooke Hills, tipping the rough-hewn silver of the Olympics with a rosy glow and spilling itself in prodigality over the waters of the Fucan Straits. On the streets of this polyglot town the Indian clam-digger brushes the immaculate red tunic of Tommy Atkins, and the sailor from Esquimalt hobnobs with the Hindoo. The City of Victoria runs out in broom and buttercups to the country lanes, and the firs of the forest creep into the city streets.

One feature of Victoria commends itself to visitors: an active Tourists' Association, with centrally located headquarters and a permanent secretary. You should first make your way to these rooms, and register. The officials will take you in hand, find you a boarding-place, and plan so that you will get the maximum of enjoyment with the minimum of money and time. The one-day visitor should see the Park and Museum, take the tram to the Gorge and historic Esquimalt, and in the Tourist Tally-ho enjoy the delights of the world's grandest ocean-drive.

It is monstrous pity, though, to leave Victoria under a week's sojourn. Goldstream should be visited; go to Oak Bay and look across the water to historic San Juan Island which the wisdom of the German Emperor plucked from Britain's crown to sparkle in the neckerchief of Uncle Sam.

Get up early one morning and try the salmon-trawling; it will not be exceptional luck if you bring home half a dozen 10-pounders before breakfast. As evening lights close in, a walk through the Golf Links where the pheasants are calling in the long grass, and the meadow-lark announces to all and sundry that "God's in His Heaven, all's right with the world," will send you to bed sane and content.

## VANCOUVER.

Then off to **Vancouver**, the **Pacific terminal of the Canadian Pacific Railway**. The *Princess Victoria* carries you again, and it is another four hours' run. Start in the early morning, by all means. You pass through a wonder-archipelago without a duplicate in the world's scenic routes. What a riot of color as you pull out from Victoria Harbor and creep coastwise round Beacon Hill and the beaches of Shoal Bay! With a toot of recognition from the smokestack, you glide past Cadboro Bay, where the mile-long crescent of silver sand echoes back the holiday noises of half a hundred camps.

Out on the sunken ridges of that burnt-umber reef a pod of hair-seals whimpers in the morning sunshine, and far across are the lime-cliffs of Salt Spring. That dark ribbon

of smoke marks the mid-channel passage of a tramp-steamer from No-Man's Land, and in the offing are the bellying sails of South American lumber-ships, and in front and behind and on either side lie the islands of the Gulf of Georgia. The Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence are small and puny in the light of these pine-crested and sea-washed submerged tips of buried mountains. See the Indian canoes stealing silent up the mid-island channels, and hark! the cry of the loon comes from some unknown quarter, and a band of heavy-bodied ducks trail their wings across the polished surface of the sea in clumsy flight at our approach.

And then the City of Vancouver. The City of the Couching Lions dips its feet into Burrard Inlet, and stretches its encircling arms across to the yellow sands of English Bay. At the sea-front here the world-end steamers wait; at the long docks we see them, craft from San Francisco, China, Japan, Australia, Honolulu, and far Fiji, and as the seagulls whistle in the rigging and the long combers sweep in from around Brockton Point, we half wish that we might listen to the siren voices that call us seaward. Truly, here "East is West, and West is East."

### THE VALLEY OF THE FRASER.

But Eastward we go toward the snowy silences and cool alluring rest of the Rockies, into the far fastnesses in the heart of the ancient wood. Trout-fishing in endless variety, with deer-hunting and bear-shooting and an occasional mountain-goat in the hills along Burrard Inlet may well tempt the sportsman for a rare week. Every one interested in economics must take the electric tram across to New Westminster on the Fraser, and there inspect the salmon industry, full of compelling interest.

At Westminster Junction, turn your back to the sea, have your travelling bag and impedimenta tucked away in one of the parlor-cars of the *Imperial Limited* and lean back luxuriously in anticipation of the most pleasureable railroad trip you have ever enjoyed. The service on this line is unexcelled in the world to-day, the table is something you will remember with a backward thought of pleased contentment, and Nature opens up to you a panorama of magnificence which deepens in its generous lavishness as you travel eastward and upward from the sea's level.

At Hammond, by the side of the mighty Fraser, you catch a view of Mt. Baker which you will long remember. Looking at it through the immense trees of Douglas fir you are reminded of some of the striking prints of Fusi-yama. It is a very riot of color. Down at your feet the drying salmon of an Indian camp forms a vermilion dab on the landscape, the Fraser pours its clear-hued tribute ocean-ward, over all is the bluest of blue skies, and the piny air is a tonic.

With a last glance at the isolated cone of Mt. Baker,



Castle Mountain, near Banff



Government Bath House, Banff.

now rosy pink in the distance, losing itself in the clouds full 14,000 feet above the railway level, we pass Nicomen, and reach Agassiz, the station for the hot sulphur springs of Harrison Lake, five miles to the north. All way-weary travelers should spare a week-end off at Harrison Lake. Were its beauties known, this place would be besieged by pleasure-parties during half the year. As it is, the weary globe-trotter who by half-accident finds it out, with malice aforethought obeys the Scripture phrase, and "goes and tells no man." Harrison Lake has the largest salmon-hatchery in the world, to tempt the interest of the scientific; it has a St. Alice Hotel, whose management know how to minister to tired mortals, and it has above and beyond this when the evening lights lose themselves on the lake-edges, and the shadows fall slantingly across Mt. Cheam, a witchery which once felt haunts one to the last word of life's last chapter.

### ON AND UP.

"O foolish ones, put by your care;  
Where wants are many, joys are few;  
And at the wilding springs of peace,  
God keeps an open house for you.

But there be others, happier few,  
The vagabondish sons of God,  
Who know the by-ways and the flowers,  
And care not how the world may plod.

They loiter down the traffic lands,  
And wander through the woods with spring;  
To them the glory of the earth  
Is but to hear a bluebird sing.

They, too, receive each one his Day;  
But their wise heart knows many things  
Beyond the sating of desire,  
Above the dignity of kings."

At the little old-time mining town of Hope we look down into the bottomless Devil's Lake, comforting ourselves with the assurance that Hope is the higher, then on to Yale. Yale is the head of steamboat navigation on the Fraser and is set in a wondrous cul-de-sac in the mountains. Passing Spuzzum we reach North Bend, where if we are wise we break the journey and enjoy a dinner to be remembered. The Fraser Canyon deserves a closer inspection than is possible through the windows of the train. The noble river forced between upstanding black rocks churns its discontent in turmoil. Near Spuzzum the Government Road parallels the railroad, and one spares a backward thought to the rugged miners of the Cariboo days whose daring and dour endurance cast into pale shadow all experiences of the Klondike gold-seekers of a day nearer by. On farther is Lytton where the Canyon opens wide to admit the great river which comes to us here held between two great lines of hill-peaks, and whose yellow mane soon discolours the clear waters of the





Bow Falls.



Sulphur Mountain

Thompson and destroys their identity. A few miles from Lytton we cross the river on a steel cantilever and down, far down below us catch a dizzy gleam of some Chinaman washing out the discarded gold-bars of the old river. His old-ivory smile is as non-committal now as in the day when Bret Harte discovered him, and you nor no one will ever discover how much pay-dirt he gets to his pan. Fifty yards below his feet his Red brother with dip-net scoops up in struggling salmon the communal breakfast for his tepee. The Red man hates the Yellow, and the Yellow hates the Red, but both equally are fed from the beneficent bosom of the Old Mother.

Taking the train again we continue our sinuous run along the side of the Thompson, and the river and its setting give us a color-feast ranging from one end to the other of the spectrum. No Dakota Bad-Lands can rival the prismatic hues here spilt out at our feet, red of earth, olivaceous green of tree-trunk and carpeting moss, ochre-yellow of the lichen, and the purple of great bunches of wild flowers. The Dakota coloring is that of sterile desert, at our feet the tints are those of a rich and abounding life.

Then on to Ashcroft where one still runs across the pack-mules with their merchandise, their great wains and tinkly bells, for Ashcroft is the portal to the great mining country of the Cariboo and Omineca, recently revived and brought into the world's notice by the Guggenheims. And on we press to Kamloops where the North Fork of the Thompson joins the main stream. Kamloops for you if you fear tubercular trouble. It is a good place for you, too, if you are well. This is the centre of a rapidly growing industry in irrigated fruit-lands; and away to the southward stretches a ranching and mining country right into the Nicola Valley. Eastward we are carried on the smoothest of rails to Shuswap on the western extremity of the Shuswap Lakes, dropping down to Tappen and Salmon Arm, and then still following the south shore toward Sicamous Junction and Craigellachie. The first part of this stretch is pastoral mead land; grass, growing crops, and old-fashioned hayricks are a relief to the eye almost sated with the grand set-pieces of Nature; and instinctively one's mind harks back for a moment to the Lake Country of England.

At Salmon Arm we are in the heart of the sportsman's country, to the south of us are deer, and within a day's journey to the north we find the caribou. The next station eastward from Salmon Arm is Sicamous, and a branch line to the south here will take us to Kelowna, where Lord Aberdeen has many thousand acres of apple-lands. Here is the land of oil and wine and fat things, a paradise for the fruit-grower, that "Earthly Paradise" that the poet writes of.

And now we reach Revelstoke in the foothills. If it had been our intent to go east by the Crow's Nest this is our point of divergence, but the mountains invite us, and our

course is east by the main line. At Glacier we reach the first of our three great mountain playgrounds. We are eager to forget all the wise and exact and mathematical lore that we gathered at the great Coastal Exposition. "For this is no common earth, water or wood or air, but Merlin's Isle of Gramarye where you and I will fare."

### GLAMOUR AND THE GLACIER.

"They said the fairies tript no more,  
And long ago that Pan was dead;  
'Twas but that fools preferred to bore  
Earth's rind inch-deep for truth instead.

Pan leaps and pipes all summer long,  
The fairies dance each full-mooned night.  
Would we but doff our lenses strong,  
And trust our wiser eyes' delight."

At Glacier we have not yet reached the Rockies, we find ourselves near the summit of the Selkirks, a range wholly different in structure to the great Rockies and separated from them by the deep valley of the Columbia. Very near Glacier House is Mt. Selwyn, the highest peak of the range, pushing up its white crest into the air a full 11,000 feet. Are you interested in mountains? You may now feed your very soul. Without being trivial we may quote Wackford Squeers, "Wot richness!" Make up your mind to rest for a week at Glacier House. You will store your being and your brain with remembrances of uplift that will neither dim nor cease to thrill while you are still, to use the phrase of the stage driver who waits for us, "above dirt." In the midst of some hot day's hard work in the after time will come like a whiff of edelweiss the remembrance of a day at Glacier photographed without your intent and scarcely with your knowledge upon "that inner eye which is the bliss of solitude."

Glacier House has been insinuated into a lateral valley of the Illecillewaet with the Great Illecillewaet Glacier and Mt. Sir Donald a glorious giant background. Both of these are easy of access. There also invites you the Asulkan Valley, with its rich woods, wondrous waterfalls and grand entourage of peak and glacier. The Valley got its name from the mountain goats which once haunted its silent solitudes.

For mountain-climbing, Mt. Sir Donald, named after the present Lord Strathcona, is the most popular peak of the Selkirks. Messrs. Sulzer and Huber made the first ascent in 1890, and next year an Englishwoman, Mrs. Berens, reached the top. Any ambitious amateur eager to explore the marvels of the ice-world can make this peak, and the climb gives experience of every variety of rock-and-ice work, the rewarding view being scenic payment in full for the sustained scramble.

Off to our left are other peaks second in grandeur only to the abrupt pyramid of Sir Donald—Macdonald, Avalanche,

Uto, and Eagle; and in full view are the snowy Hermit Range and Rogers Pass. Far off in the forest the crystal line of the Illecillewaet cuts the valley. We are in a very plethora of peaks, the Rampart, the Dome, the sharp apex of Afton, and Castor and Pollox.

Three thousand six hundred feet above Glacier House on Mt. Abbott a look-out has been built directly above the mountain-torrent that throws itself down from Avalanche Peak. The summits of these hills afford coigns of vantage for the bear and the mountain-goat. Those responsible for the Glacier Hotel have shown the rare wisdom of restraint, a glacier-fed stream has been caught, and made to feed fountains in the foreground, but the simplicity and grandeur of Nature has not been spoiled by any man-made tawdry trappings. Near the Annex of the Hotel a tower has been built in which is ensconced a large telescope, which gives a wonder-sweep to all the uplifted glories of hillcrest and high glacier.

From Sir Donald's summit one may see a hundred individual glaciers. Between two giant peaks is Mt. Bonney Glacier; at the right is the Cougar Range, and away to the west the pyramid of Cheops uplifts. The great glacier could engulf in its bulk every Swiss icefield, and is the nucleus of a glacial bed covering more than 200 square miles.

#### GADDINGS AROUND GLACIER.

At our Hotel right here in the heart of the Selkirks we have every comfort afforded by the world's hostleries in the heart of things near the busy haunts of men. Moreover, a hard-to-describe feeling of rest and relaxation and letting down of tension came to us the moment we stepped within the portals of this ice-guarded haven of rest. We forget that there is a world of noise and clamor and competition beyond these hills, and gladly we cast our dolours down. With a soul-satisfied feeling of luxuriousness, we tuck our suitcases into a corner and say to each other, "Let the world and the train go by. Here for some days we rest." The wise man gives himself up to the spirit of the place, and he who is learned is bidden to forget it, and to become simply acceptive as a little child.

"See thou bring not to field or stone  
The fancies found in books;  
Leave authors' eyes, and fetch your own,  
To brave the landscape's looks."

Each day we put knapsack on back, and fare forth along a new trail.

**MONDAY.** This morning we make an early start for **The Caves of Cheops**, a walk of seven miles by a good bridle-trail. If office work has made seven miles seem a long distance to tramp, staunch little pack-ponies are at your bidding. The Caves are above the snow-line and at the head of a smiling valley. The chief chamber lifts its roof two hundred



Bow Valley.



Cascade Mountain from Anthracite



feet from the floor-line, its sides scintillating with crystals of quartz. Cheops was brought to the ken of modern man by one Charles Deutschman, who tells us that the quaint caverns have been eaten out of solid rock by the water-action of centuries. The ceilings are polished layers of overlapping rock, the walls in places lifting themselves up the veritable chiselled rafters of some cathedral-dome. Great basins of water point to waterfalls of a past age, and we would fain let our fancy make of them the drinking-bowls of some Titan ancestors. The luncheons put up for us by the good people of Glacier House are put down by ourselves with gusto and without delay, and as we rattle over the stony path homeward little reck we whether stocks are up or down on the New York Exchange. We sleep the sleep of little children and are acquiescent in any plan made for the morrow.

**TUESDAY.** To-day we take **The Cascade Trail**. We corkscrew our way up the mountain opposite the Hotel, and wind through some of the grandest fir growth in the whole of the Selkirks. Bending back on our trail, the Valley and the Hotel burst upon our view, and the lush green meads above. We get a splendid view of the long slanting escarpment of the Big Glacier, and a short drop down the slope lands one at the wee pavilion we saw from the Valley below. We need no guide for this climb, it is perfectly safe, and if we start at eight in the morning, we can complete our undertaking by noon. But it is not likely that we will be so satisfied. Everywhere around us the wild flowers are a great joy, and the party soon breaks into little groups hailing with the gladness of released children, the discovery of new friends in the flower world springing side by side in the same cleft with the old posies and nosegays that sweetened our childhood meadows. One seizes upon an Alpine Anemone, that rare white buttercup shaded off to pale blue, "And where a tear has dropt a wind-flower blows." Another brings as treasure-trove the big bright leaves of the hellebore, the largest and most splendid green-tinct flower which blows in the mountain. Stretched on the moss the finder quotes from Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*,

"Borage and Hellebore fill two scenes,  
Sovereign plants to purge the veins  
Of melancholy, and cheer the heart  
Of those black fumes which make it smart."

No need to sing, "Away, loathéd Melancholy," on the Cascade Trail, "Away with hunger" is much more to the point, and a general scramble is made for the Hotel.

**WEDNESDAY. The Asulkan Valley.** It is horses this morning. A very decent pony-trail lands us about six miles up the Valley at a sputtering torrent. An hour's good climb and the culmination of the Pass gives a gorgeous panorama, Fish Creek Vale far below with five miles of glittering glacier to the right. It is truly Alp piled on Alp, a world of white to which we have won through forests of fir.

**THURSDAY. Mt. Abbott.** We start early to-day for a whole day's ascent. First we reach Marion Lake, a mountain mere tucked away in a cleft on the hillside. A good blazed trail takes us to the mountain summit and a breath-catching view of forty live glaciers. Winding seventy yards above Marion and trending in toward the foot of the Rampart is a trail which wins the hearty encomium of all who tread it. This day, too, is rich in flowers. We turn a sharp corner to greet an old friend somehow seeming strangely out of place in this moist swale so high above its usual habitat. But there is no doubt about the identity of this childhood friend,

"The graceful columbine, all blushing red,  
Bends to the earth her crown  
Of honey-laden bells."

Much more in its proper setting appears the Moss Campion, which in the Canadian Rockies has been discovered full 3,000 yards above sea level. Here, the last vedette of the flower-legion, close-clinging to the earth,

"Cleaving to the ground, it lies  
With multitude of purple eyes  
Spangling a cushion green like moss."

**FRIDAY.** Disdaining superstition, we choose **Mt. Sir Donald** for this day. High above his fellows, 10,600 feet uplifted beyond sea-level, his peak has been a silent challenge to us all week. It takes about sixteen hours to make the ascent, and every one is warned against being foolhardy enough to attempt the climb without guides. Even with these experienced Swiss climbers to show the easy way across crevasse and glacier, the climb is difficult enough to satisfy the most ambitious. But every one who takes it is richly repaid, and comes to a downy bed with a feeling of blended exaltation and sane weariness, "Something attempted, something done, has earned a night's repose."

But the Yoho and Banff call us on, and with a sigh of half-regretfulness we pay our score to the landlord and step once more into our luxurious Limited with faces turned eastward.

### **YO! HO! FOR THE YOH!**

There are really three courts in this Rocky Mountain Prince of Playgrounds. First, **Glacier** where the Selkirks impinge on the Rockies as we approach from the Pacific; second, **Yoho**, reached from Field at the very summit of the Rockies; and, lastly, **Banff**, where we drop from the Rocky Range to the foothills that creep away to the wheat-plains of Golden Alberta. It was the late Jean Habel, a veteran climber of Berlin who opened up to the world the wonders of the Yoho Valley. To reach the Yoho we leave the train at Field, and here, too, Emerald Lake is in pleasing proximity. At Field we are but ten miles beyond the Great Divide whence

streams pour their diverging tribute eastward to Hudson Bay, westward to the Pacific. The first spectacle to challenge our vision as we alight at Field is massive Mt. Stephen lift-



Takakkaw Falls, Yoho Valley. 1347 ft. high.

ing itself up 10,500 feet above the level of the ocean, and here, as at Glacier, a splendid C. P. R. Hotel, Mt. Stephen House, invites to leisure and pleasure. At Field we open the doorway of a valley more majestic than any yet explored by man, the Yoho far surpassing the Yosemite. As the years go on, this valley must prove a lodestone most magnetic to those who wander the earth seeking pleasure. Guarded by giant peaks, stupendous glaciers, and a wonder-waterfall, the Yoho Valley was a rare revelation to the hunters of mountain-sheep who first stumbled upon its hidden beauties. The Indian name for the waterfall of the Yoho, "Takakkaw!" (It is beautiful!), still clings. The fall is over 1,000 feet in

height, and is shot from the shoulder of a glacier direct into the Valley of the Yoho.

Swiss guides at Mt. Stephen House make assured the safety of all ascents. The wise tourist will spend a week at Field, and if he is an outdoor man and can afford the time, another week under canvas in the Yoho. Remembering the delights of Glacier, the challenge of new scenes is strong upon us as is also the lure of that mystical vale beyond. We are all strangely quiet this still white night standing at the door of this cosy caravansery of the hills and watching the last shaft of the sun shimmer into neutral tint.

“And the landscape, chill and wan,  
Softer aspect taketh on;  
Something mystical, magical,  
Hovers, glamors over all;  
Then a film drapes the skies,  
And the night hath softer eyes;  
Something in the heaven aglow,  
Something in the earth below,  
Toward glad dreaming turns the brain,  
And the heart grows young again.”

#### A WEEK OF WIZARDRY.

With Mt. Stephen House as a base, we are going to add another week's treasures to memory's casket.

**MONDAY** we will explore the **fossil-beds**. These occur in the lower reaches of the route leading to the peak of Mt. Stephen, about two miles from Field. The trail over glacial moraines is good, and leads us to not the least interesting point in the whole range of the Rockies. A wide-extended deposit of trilobite fossils is here exposed nearly at timberline on the flank of the mountain; millions of specimens are ours for the taking. We can't help crushing hundreds of them as we walk, and, sitting down we gather them as one gathers blueberries in a blueberry swamp. Pushing its soft way through these fossils that are older than history is "the little speedwell's darling blue." What Alpine climber does not love the small azure-blue blooms, the last blossoms growing where kindly soil gives place to glacier ice and crevasses of the moraine!

**TUESDAY.** To-day we essay the **Natural Bridge**, an easy walk of three miles, with the objective point of our tramp set in an exquisite framework with Mt. Stephen a superb background. The Natural Bridge surmounts a narrow archway worn by the water-attrition of ages through a massive rock-wall. Through the narrow orifice the great volume of the Kicking Horse forces its way with a noise that drowns our voices. A quarter of a mile farther on the troubled river drops into a narrow canyon and carries its tortured course by thundering cascades under sheer cliffs, giving a succession of moving pictures tempting to every slave of the camera. And above us and around us are the mountains. Every

country of the Old World cherished a sacred peak; for the Japanese there was Fusi-yama, the Cingalese had their Samanala, Greece its Olympus, and Armenia its Ararat. In a world of change the mountains are immutable. Mt.



Twin Falls, Yoho. 750 ft. high,

Stephen might well stand the titular peak of the Canadian. One needs but introduce the prefix "Saint," and the trick is done. Saint Stephen has not proved himself a monetary mountain, he is not inhabited, nor paintable, and scarcely describable, but to look upon his face is a clear joy, and we are so replete with soul-satisfied rest, that willingly would we build at his base one, two, or twenty tabernacles of praise.

**WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY** we spend at Emerald Lake, a rest-resort six or eight miles from Field, reached by a splendid road along the bank of the Kicking Horse and then



skirting the foot of Mt. Burgess. A superb chalet awaits us at the Lake; it is the joys of the Alps joined to the urban comforts of a Waldorf-Astoria.

The coloring of the Lake is rich and wondrously vivid, and the Chalet gives us a splendid vantage-point from which to study it. Emerald Lake is enclosed by pointed pinnacles and uplifted slopes, the clear-cut face of President Mountain in front, with the sheer precipices of Mt. Burgess and Wapta's rough ramparts. Lake Emerald borrows only to repay, in her pellucid face she gives back every pencilling of towering cliff and tree-girt shore.

The snow-tipped peak of Mt. Vaux, one of the Otter-tail group, is a conspicuously magnificent and to-be-remembered object as seen from Emerald Lake on a soft evening of summer. The gold-red of the setting sun, the roseate tints on the mountain top, the clear lake water framed by sombre firs and dank rocks, is a set-piece that memory cherishes, and which comes back across the years, a joyous retrospect.

**FRIDAY** we push on to the famed Yoho Valley; a splendid trail carries us from Emerald Lake up and ever up to Lake Yoho. Passing round the lower end of Yoho Lake, we cross the rivulet that debouches from it, and continue our path-way through the pines.

Soon there bursts upon our hearing the reverberating thunder of some giant waterfall, and thirty minutes' tramping brings us out sharply from the trees to a magnificent view of Takakkaw Falls, a mile away as the crow flies, on the far side of the Valley. The glorious torrent, spurting out from its icy cave, tumbles like tempests down a twisted chasm till, making the verge of a sheer cliff, it leaps out from the rocky escarpment 150 feet, to descend in broken jets and spill itself a thousand feet below.

**SATURDAY** has come, and we climb no more. To-day we sit upon the grass and look up into the trees. Both have music to offer us if we will but tune our ears to hear.

"In the summer of the summer,  
When the hazy air is sweet  
With the breath of crimson clover,  
And the day's a-shine with heat,  
When the sky is blue and burning,  
And the clouds a downy mass,  
When the breeze is idly dawdling,  
There is music in the grass."

Five species of trees make up the forest family in the Summit Range. **The Douglas fir** clusters in the foothills and the mountain valleys; it is the largest conifer and in favorable corners points its mast-top two hundred feet into the air. **The black pine** also cannot endure high altitudes, while the **spruce** presents itself everywhere from the lowest clefts of the low hills to the utmost limit of tree-growth. The four hundred concentric rings of some of these old spruce stumps would point back to a baby seed-sprouting in some moist

springtime when this old world of ours was six hundred years younger, and York and Lancaster fought under their rival banners of red and white.

The balsam-fir is the friend of the camper, it makes his bed and his watch-fire. He who smells "wood-smoke at twilight" sniffs the smoke of balsam-fir. But most beautiful of the conifers is **Lyall's larch**, the southern limits of whose growth have not yet been determined, but lie probably in Montana. The heavy branches, green-tufted needles and irregular gray bark of Lyall's larch combine to make of it a beautiful whole. Clinging to the northern limit of the tree-line, it bears every evidence of being a good fighter. Its ancestral enemies are the blizzard and the snowstorm which have it at a disadvantage in its clinging habitat on the high ridges and exposed uplands. Scars, gnarled trunks and snapped branches give a dignity to every Rocky Mountain member of this family. Lyall's larch has no more need than the devout Highlander had to pray for "the saving grace of continuance."

#### LAKE LOUISE AND BANFF THE BENIGNANT.

"O stormy pines, that wrestle with the breath  
Of every tempest, sharp and icy horns,  
And hoary glaciers, sparkling in the morn,  
And broad, dim wonders of the world beneath!  
I summon ye, and 'mid the glare which fills  
The noisy mart, my spirit walks the hills."

Generous indeed has been the Canadian Government in its reservation of National Parks in the Rocky Mountains. Beginning at Glacier, where the Selkirk Range impinges on the Rockies, and extending with slight breaks to the eastern foothills below Banff, stretch 5,730 square miles of forest reservation, a nation's playground for all time, and an alluring monument to the expansive and far-reaching policy of the Department of the Interior. It takes a big man to think in square miles, but blessed be the Fates that Canada in her Minister of the Interior has such a man.

This great forest reserve might be divided for convenience of nomenclature, like all Gaul, into three parts, the Selkirk Park clustering round Glacier at the western portal of the great continental backbone, the Yoho Park Reserve with Field as its pivotal centre, and the Rocky Mountain Park proper stretching from the Divide to that sheer wall which overhangs the Albertan foothills. This great continuation of national parks is stupendous in its extent, **Seventy Switzerlands in One!** Canada's Mountain Playground is twice the size of the famed Yellowstone. Year by year the Canadian Government makes accessible this heritage of the people, by opening up roads and cutting trails. Throughout this great area all birds and game are protected, while law and order are enforced by the Sentinels of Silence, the red-coated Royal Northwest Mounted Police.

Before we reach Banff, we stop off at Laggan to take a run into Lake Louise and the Lakes in the Clouds, rare gems perched in the mountain side. Lake Louise we reach first, at the end of a two miles' drive from the station, and here, too, we find that Hotel of comfort that we have come



Mt. Lefroy and Lake Louise, Laggan

to confidently look for at the accessible edge of every great manifestation of Nature along the world's scenic route that we have travelled. Beyond us and above is Lake Agnes, called of old by the Indians "The Goat's Looking Glass," with its incomparable view of the Valley of the Bow.

Lake Louise, the "Lake of the Little Fishes" of the Indian, is a deep-colored tarn between wooded slopes which sweep upward to barren cliffs above tree-line. Square across the Valley and beyond the Lake rises a giant of the continental watershed, Mt. Victoria, rich with brilliant ice-fields, but the Lake draws our wandering eye back to its contemplation. At every season, every hour, most alluring is that

"Haunted Lake, among the pine-clad mountains,  
Forever smiling upward to the skies."

Whether in springtime when the green leaves fringe it with their fresh-won life, or in summer's full effulgence, or under the spell of autumn's crimsoning fingers, its compelling charm varies but does not diminish. But it is in winter that it most wins us, its expanse of mystic white striking us with solemn awe the while it uplifts us from the littleness of the world of men and striving. Its brilliant bosom of ice makes then a striking contrast to the dark forests and shadowy encircling cliffs.

In the sunset hour, too, when every pinnacle and feature of its craggy sides silhouettes on the sky-line, with every bough and feathery tip of fir standing out in clearest detail, its wondrous beauty grips us. Later still, when the middle distance is a soft mystery, and the glow fades and the stars come out in advancing squadrons, we linger by this witch-lake, loath to leave its weird charm. Round the margin of the lake cluster flowers which refuse to be exterminated by all the thoughtless greed of daily visitors. Yellow violets are here, with the anemone and a pleasing number of greenish orchids. There are ladies' tresses, too, with the hardier shrubs, red-flowered sheep-laurel, the white tufts of Labrador tea, and the inconspicuous catkins of that beauty-thing the scrub-birch with its long black spines and small rounded leaves.

The coloring of Lake Louise is that robin's-egg blue which the scientist tells us is due as is the sky's blue to infinitesimal particles of matter held in suspension. The nights here are always cool, and the days a clear delight. But we press on to Banff with its wealth of glaciers.

"Those silent cataracts of frozen splendor  
Singing the eternal praise of God."

### BANFF, THE BEAUTIFUL.

Banff is essentially a place for loafing—the leisure life and not the strenuous. Delightful drives and walks invite in every direction; the river beckons, and each day gives an objective point of pleased and varied surprise. The wooded valley of the Spray, Lake Minnewanka, and weird Sundance Canyon are accessible by foot-path, and the Hot Springs tempt tired limbs daily. It is an *embarras de richesses*. The determined mountain-climber finds some interesting ascents in the immediate neighborhood of Banff, and it may be made the starting point to Mt. Assiniboine, the most fascinating peak in all Canada, the Matterhorn of North America.

One may spend a summer in Banff, and never weary. The beauty of things here is that all the interesting places are easily reached by road or trail. Within the radius of one mile are the Bow Falls, Tunnel Mountain, and the Cave and Basin. Within three miles away from the heart of things are the Hoodoos, Cascade Mountain, Stoney Squaw Mountain, Vermilion Lakes, the animal paddocks and Rundle Mountain. Of this last attractive point tradition has a pretty

story to tell. The peak was named after Mr. Rundle, a missionary who worked among the Indians with such zeal and gentle kindness some sixty years ago that they say of him, "Poor he came among us, and poor he went away, leaving us rich."



Rundle Mountain

Four miles from Banff proper are Anthracite, Bankhead and Sundance Canyon, with Cascade Canyon seven miles away, and Minnewanka eight.

Banff is beautiful, but it is also beneficent. The Mineral Springs and Sulphur Baths are curative, and the breezes that blow over Banff have healing in their wings. The devout have called the mountains of Banff "The Hills of the Lord." And true it is that

"They are nurseries for young rivers,  
Nests for the flying cloud,  
Homesteads for new-born races,  
Masterful, free and proud.  
The people of tired cities  
Come up to their shrines and pray;  
God freshens again within them,  
As He passes by all day."



## THE VILLAGE IN THE HILLS.

The whole of the site of the little town of Banff is the property of the Dominion Government. Public improvements of every kind are being yearly carried on to the advantage of permanent residents and summer visitors. Banff streets are broad and well kept, the homes are designed with taste, and the whole village exhibits an air of solid comfort and sylvan leisure. The stores are well supplied with campers' necessities, family supplies, photographic material, and the latest triumphs in fishing-tackle. There is an excellent public school which carries its pupils up to and through High School work. Families come to Banff prepared to enjoy the whole of the long, cool summer.

## HOTELS OF LUXURY.

There are hostleries for every taste and purse. The best Hotel is that of the Canadian Pacific Railway, hung high above the Valley of the Bow, where it joins the Spray and defects with an abrupt turn eastward. This Mountain Inn of Ease commands a view unrivalled in the world. The interior arrangement of the Hotel is most ingenious. An octagonal rotunda reaches to the roof, and surrounding this are successive galleries over-arching one another, so that a guest can walk from his own room and gaze down at those gathered below. The summer sojourner here tells in his hot office for a year afterwards of the magnificent outlook from the dining-hall and of the orchestral music that lulled his ears as he discussed Banff's cuisine.

On the banks of the Bow is the Banff Sanitorium, crowded by those who seek pleasure and pastime as well as those who come to build up their bodies by healing draughts from those hot springs gushing from the base of Sulphur Mountain charged with curative qualities.

## HOT SPRINGS.

It will be of public interest to subjoin the chemical analysis of the hot sulphur water at Banff. The analyst of the Canadian Government officially says, "The water is free from organic impurities and gives no albuminoid nitrogen. Each gallon contains dissolved sulphuretted hydrogen to the amount of 0.3 grains (equivalent to 0.8 cubic inch).

"The dissolved solids are as follows:—

Chlorine (in chlorides).....	0.42 grains.
Sulphuric Acid ( $\text{SO}_3$ ).....	38.50 "
Silica ( $\text{SiO}_2$ ).....	2.31 "
Lime ( $\text{CaO}$ ).....	24.85 "
Magnesia ( $\text{Mg}^\circ$ ).....	4.87 "
Alkalies (as Soda, $\text{Na}^\circ\text{O}$ ).....	0.62 "
Lithium.....	A decided trace.

"The temperature of the spring is 114.3 degrees Fahrenheit."



Buffalo at Banff



Wapiti, or Elk, Banff Zoo.

## A MOUNTAIN MUSEUM.

The Dominion Government with characteristic educative enterprise has placed high up in this Nation's Playground a museum of national pride and international interest. The Banff Museum contains splendidly preserved specimens of the big game and lesser mammals, the fish life, and bird life, to be found within the Park; a beautifully mounted and correctly classified herbarium is also here. Indian relics are shown and specimens of Indian workmanship of more than ordinary interest. For years the official in charge has kept a record of temperatures at this altitude, and his meteorological charts repay examination by all who are interested in weather conditions. To the botanist, the geologist, and the naturalist, the Museum is the central point of interest throughout the summer season, and the exhibits attract the layman as well as the man of science. The Banff Museum has been called by appreciative visitors "The University in the Hills."

## BUFFALO AND ELK.

A band of nearly one hundred buffalo, relic of the countless thousands which swarmed over the great central plains of North America until swept away by the tide of civilization, occupy a park near the town and railway station. With them are a number of elk, the grandest and most beautiful of the deer family, together with many other specimens of the wild life of the northern plains and woods, living in their natural state and in surroundings which add to the charm and interest of their presence.

## POINTING PEAKS.

From the summit of Tunnel Mountain, which is 1,000 feet above Banff, a very good idea of the surrounding region may be had. The Bow River comes from the northwest, passes through the little town of Banff, and after forcing a passage through great mountains, flows east to the plains which are concealed by intervening ranges.

Southward for many miles is seen the green Valley of the Spray River, an unbroken forest-mass enclosed by long ridges, one peak of which, Mount Rundle, is nearly 10,000 feet high, and towers a mile above the Bow. To the northeast we catch a glimpse of the end of Minnewanka Lake beyond a series of gravel ridges, relics of the Glacial Period. Behind the C.P.R. Station, Stoney Squaw lifts up its swelling rounded back with cliff-like buttresses. Above this is the time-worn pyramid of Cascade Mountain scarred and ribbed by time and tempest.

Flanking the Bow to the west is the splendid dolomite peak of Mount Edith and the Sawback Range. We must remember that all summer long these skyey peaks are over-



Valley of the Ten Peaks, Laggan.



Town of Banff—Tunnel Mountain.

arched with a heaven of deep unfathomable azure, the whole being held in an envelope of air purified by forest and frost and full of the invigoration of ozone. It is the largess of Nature, supplemented by the energy, initiative, and enterprise of man. For a summer of uplift and enjoyment Banff is without compeer, it has no rival.

We have passed from Pacific shores across the backbone of the continent, the great Sea of Mountains. In our whole journey we have not endured a single privation or discomfort. All the luxury of the most modern sleeping-cars and palace-cars has been ours. Indeed, much of the scenic beauty we have enjoyed without passing from sight of the world's greatest railroad artery whose rustic chalets and cosy hostleries have kept us in comfort and unostentatious luxuriousness. In truth, the material comforts have rivalled the wonder-scenery in that compelling charm to hold which has caused us to lengthen our holiday to its utmost limit.

Dropping down the mountains from Banff we find ourselves in the baby-Province of Canada, Infant Alberta, the Land of Promise Fulfilled, with its rich oil fields of Pincher Creek, its swelling metropolis of Calgary, and the beauty-capital of Edmonton high up on the banks of the silver Saskatchewan. Ahead of us lies Winnipeg, the Buckle of the Wheat Belt. But we must leave it all, leave it with an enduring peace which has filtered into our souls through these delicious days spent together in the everlasting hills. Taking leave each one of his fellow,

"We pray the prayer that the Easterns do,  
May the Peace of Allah abide with you;  
Wherever you stay, wherever you go,  
May the beautiful flowers of Allah grow.  
Through days of labor, and nights of rest,  
May the Love of Allah make you blest!  
So I touch my heart as the Easterns do—  
May the Peace of Allah abide with you!"

A large, elegant handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Agnes Deans Cameron". The signature is written in dark ink and features a prominent, sweeping flourish at the end.

Vice-President, Canadian Women's Press Club.



# BANFF.

The town of Banff is the business and the chief tourist centre of the Rocky Mountains Park. Eight hotels and six livery stables stand ready to serve the visitors, while guides and packhorses can be secured at a few hours' notice for trips into the mountain fastnesses in any direction the tourist may desire. Here are found outfitting stores where large camping parties may secure supplies, or the single camper stock his modest larder. Fishing tackle, photographic supplies, souvenirs of all kinds may be secured from any one of a number of dealers.



Imperial Bank, Banff.

## BANKS.

The Imperial Bank of Canada has a branch in Banff which puts the visitor in touch with all the important banking systems of the world and drafts or cheques on any regular bank will be promptly honored.

## COTTAGES.

In addition to Banff's excellent hotel accommodation, there are over one hundred cottages available for renting. These cottages are of various sizes, from the two-roomed building to the commodious eight-roomed house, fitted with modern conveniences. Many of the cottages are fitted with electric light and are connected with the water and sewer systems of the town. They are furnished with everything necessary for housekeeping except cutlery and linen, and the tourist who wishes to spend a month or more in Banff may do so comfortably at a moderate cost. These cottages, situated among the pine trees, afford a delightful and shady

residence amid the grandeur and magnificence of the finest scenery and in a climate unsurpassed on the American continent.

Rent during the summer months is from \$10 to \$50 per month, according to size, convenience and location of the cottage.

Good general stores carry fresh stocks of provisions. A regular supply of fresh fruits and vegetables is received from British Columbia and of meat and dairy produce from Alberta.

#### **CHURCHES.**

The religious denominations represented in Banff are: Roman Catholic, Presbyterian, Methodist and Anglican. Church Directories, giving the hours of service, are hung in hotel offices and in the post office. All visitors are given a cordial welcome to any of the places of worship.



Young Mountain Goat. Elevation 9000 ft.

#### **GAME.**

Hunting big or small game in the Canadian National Parks is prohibited at all times, but once outside the limits of the Parks the sportsman finds numerous species of deer

and bear, as well as Goat, Bighorn sheep, Mountain Lion and the smaller fur-bearing animals. Few parts of the world offer such a variety of game, and sportsmen from all countries, having once tasted the joys of a hunt in the Canadian Rockies, return again and again. Some of the largest specimens of sheep and goat to be seen in the museums of the American continent were secured in the hunting grounds just outside the borders of the Park. Five species of bear are to be found in these regions, including the much-prized Silver Tip Grizzly. Wapiti and Moose are becoming more numerous every year, and, while the mountains endure, the goat and sheep will never be exterminated. Of the smaller fur-bearing animals, Martin, Mink, Wolverine, Lynx, Ermine, Marmot, and many others are always to be found, affording a variety to the trip. So numerous are this latter class, from which the world of fashion draws its supplies, that many trappers, both white and red, follow their calling as an exclusive means of livelihood, often realizing hundreds of dollars for a few extra fine skins.

The valleys of the Brazeau River, Bear Creek, Siffleur and other tributary streams of the Saskatchewan constitute a veritable sportsman's paradise, and can be readily reached from Banff.

### FISH.

The fishing of the Park is fast becoming one of its chief attractions, and the Dominion Government have from time to time stocked the streams and lakes with different varieties of gamey fish. It is a common sight in Banff to see even women and children returning in triumph with strings of fish containing specimens of the beautiful Dolly Varden trout, grey trout and grayling, while the more experienced fisherman can secure a 30 lb. specimen of the land-locked salmon from the waters of Lake Minnewanka. Good fishing is found in the Bow River, Sawback Lakes, Spray River and Lake; and many of the unnamed lakes known to the guides fairly teem with fish, any of which can be easily reached from Banff.



Curling on Banff Ice.

### A WINTER RESORT.

Banff as a winter resort is increasing surely and rapidly in popularity, and the day is not far distant when the Canadian National Park will rival Switzerland as a winter pleasure ground. The climate is very mild considering the latitude, and all kinds of winter sports are carried on, including skating, curling, tobogganing, skiing, snowshoeing, iceboating, sleigh-driving, etc., etc. The mean temperature in the winter months is above that of most towns in Canada and bright clear skies are the rule. Just enough snow falls for good sleighing and snowshoeing, with enough frost to keep the ice in good shape for skating and curling.

The Banff Curling Club has a membership of over fifty and is affiliated with the Alberta Branch of the Royal Caledonia Club of Scotland. The game is played on open rinks situated in a picturesque spot surrounded by evergreens, and quite frequently visiting curlers make use of the ice and are always welcome.



Banff Ladies' Hockey Club

During the winters of 1907-08 and 1908-09, very successful Bonspiels were held which drew rinks from many towns in Alberta and British Columbia.

The exceptional climatic conditions of Banff's winters will in time make it one of the great curling centres of the world.

Hockey is also played in the open, and visiting teams play with Banff at intervals during the season. Banff also boasts a Ladies' Hockey Team, which has on several occasions made good against visiting teams. Iceboating is a popular sport and is carried on at Lake Minnewanka where a fleet of these speedy craft is kept, and with tobogganing, skiing and snowshoeing, affords many opportunities for the tourist seeking pleasure in a bright, bracing winter climate.

During the winter all the hotels, excepting the Banff Springs and Mount Royal, are open for the accommodation of guests, and most of the liveries are also at the disposal of the tourist. The Government Baths at both the Cave and Basin and the Upper Springs are open the year round, and one of the pleasures of the winter is the novelty of bathing in the open air, in warm or hot water, when the thermometer registers below freezing. The dressing-rooms at the baths are kept well heated so that no inconvenience is experienced by the bather.

## PLACES OF INTEREST AROUND BANFF.

(All distances are given from Bow River Bridge).

### CAVE AND BASIN (1 Mile West).

Natural Sulphur Springs, at which a comfortable bath house has been erected by the Government. Temperature of water 90° and 80°. Bathing suits and towels supplied. Charge for bath, 25cts. No charge for admission to springs.

### BOW FALLS ( $\frac{3}{4}$ Mile East).

The Bow River falls over a series of rocky ledges from a height of about 100 feet. At the foot of the falls is situated a small park furnished with seats, where even in the hottest weather delightful coolness may be found.

### UPPER HOT SPRINGS ( $2\frac{1}{2}$ Miles).

The springs are reached along a good carriage road which winds about the eastern slope of Sulphur Mountain, reaching the springs at a height of 800 feet above the valley. The water here gushes from the mountain side at a temperature of 120°, and the Government has a well-equipped bath house with tub, shower and plunge baths, besides an open swimming pool. The charge for baths is 25 cents. This spring may also be reached by a bridle path leading from the C.P.R. Hotel.

### MIDDLE SPRINGS ( $\frac{1}{2}$ Mile).

On the way to Hot Springs a road leading to the right takes the visitor to a mineral spring in its natural state. The view from this point is magnificent.

### ALPINE CLUB HOUSE.

A new rustic building erected by the Canadian Alpine Club of Canada on an elevated site on the Upper Hot Springs road, open all summer to members of the Alpine Club only, contains a fine selection of Alpine photographs and library of Alpine literature.

### TUNNEL MOUNTAIN (Summit $1\frac{1}{2}$ Miles).

This rocky hill overlooks Banff on the east, and though only 1,200 feet above the level of the valley, seems higher than the other mountains surrounding the town which lie at a greater distance. A carriage road is laid out along the western face attaining an elevation of about 600 feet above the valley. A bridle path starting from the head of Cariboo Street leads to the summit, from which a splendid view is obtained of the Bow Valley. The climb up the bridle path can easily be made in  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours.

### BUFFALO ENCLOSURE ( $2\frac{1}{2}$ Miles).

An enclosure of two square miles at the base of Cascade Mountain in which are kept Buffalo, Moose, Elk, Deer and Antelope. The enclosure is on the line of the railway about one mile east of the station. The animals may sometimes be seen from the trains.

### MUSEUM AND ZOO (At the north end of bridge).

The Museum contains specimens of the animal, floral and mineral wealth of the Park, as well as some splendid collections of Indian relics, etc., etc. In the Museum building the Park Superintendent's office is located. The Zoo is in the grounds surrounding the Museum and shows live specimens of many local wild animals. The aviary has many different species of pheasants as well as eagles and Canadian water fowl.

### LAKE MINNEWANKA or SPIRIT WATER.

(Also called Devil's Lake.) (9 Miles).

A beautiful mountain lake, the drive to which is one of the finest in the Park, leading past the buffalo enclosure, along the base of Cascade Mountain at the foot of the cascade which gave the mountain its name, through the coal mining



Eagle, Banff Zoo.

town of Bankhead, along a wonderful natural embankment which looks as though some prehistoric railway builder had been at work, across Devil's Head Canyon to the lake where two launches, one carrying forty and the other seventy-five passengers, are ready at the wharf to make the magnificent trip of 16 miles to the east end of the lake. At the far end of the lake a camp is established at the best fishing ground on the lake. The round trip from Banff may be made between meals. Returning, the view of the mountains south and east of Banff is most entrancing.



### DEVIL'S HEAD CANYON.

A short but romantic canyon on Devil's Head Creek. The bridge crosses about the middle of the canyon, affording a splendid view of the rocky walls and the emerald water of the creek.



Canyon near Banff.

### SUN DANCE CANYON (2½ Miles).

A remarkable rift in the rocks through which Sun Dance Creek finds its way. The road to this point leads past the Cave and Basin.

### SULPHUR MOUNTAIN OBSERVATORY (7 Miles).

A small stone building on the second peak of Sulphur Mountain, containing the Canadian Government Meteorological Station. A well-made pony trail leads from the Upper Hot Springs to the Observatory, and the view is one that ever lives in the memory.

### THE LOOP.

A drive about seven miles long in the Bow Valley below the falls. The road runs along at some distance from the frowning face of Mt. Rundle, and returning, swings into the very base of the precipices. The valley is greatly favored by those wishing to pick wild flowers.

### VERMILION LAKES and ECHO RIVER (2 Miles).

Canoeing and boating form one of the great attractions of Banff, and for a stretch of nine miles above the bridge the Bow is navigable for small craft. About half a mile from the bridge a stream enters the Bow, and following this up for  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles the first of a group of three lakes is reached. These are the Vermilion Lakes, so called from the color of the lakes in autumn when the water weeds turn a brilliant red. A well equipped boat livery supplies safe row boats and canoes. Also steam and gasoline launches run regular trips up the river or may be chartered for special parties.



Hoodoo at Lake Minnewanka, Banff.

### HOODOOS.

These natural concrete pillars are to be found in many places in the Park, but those at Lake Minnewanka and on the Anthracite road, are nearest to Banff. At Canmore there is a group of three, visible on the north side of the track, from the station.

### **ANTHRACITE ROAD.**

A drive leading along the edge of the Bow Valley opposite Mt. Rundle and affording a splendid view of the eastern face of Tunnel Mountain, which rises a sheer precipice of 1,200 feet. This drive is about 5 miles long.

### **CASCADE MOUNTAIN.**

Is one of the main features of Banff's local topography. It rises to a height of nearly 10,000 feet and was named by the first white man who saw it, Sir George Simpson, the reason being the peculiar cascade that falls down its eastern face from a height of over 1,000 feet. This mountain is often climbed and gives the mountaineer a good day's work.

### **RUNDLE MOUNTAIN.**

Is another of Banff's sentinels and is of the same height as Cascade. The climb up Rundle is less arduous than the Cascade climb, and can be done in six to eight hours. Local guides can be obtained for both these climbs, which are not dangerous, if ordinary good sense is used.

### **A DAY IN BANFF.**

The following suggestions are made for a day's visit to Banff, also a suggestion for elderly persons who wish to spend a day on foot, without too much exertion.

**BEFORE BREAKFAST**—Tunnel Mountain, either to carriage road or summit.

**AFTER BREAKFAST**—Loop Drive.

**AFTERNOON**—Lake Minnewanka and trip down Lake.

**EVENING**—A swim in the Basin.

#### **ANOTHER DAY.**

**MORNING**—Tunnel Mountain, Buffalo Park and Cave and Basin (Drive).

**AFTERNOON**—Upper Hot Springs, taking bath; returning, visit Spray River and Bow Falls.

**EVENING**—Take launch trip up Bow River, or canoe or rowboat to Vermilion Lakes.

These programmes crowd about as much as possible into a day, and the visitor could well afford to spend a week on the foregoing programmes.

### **A DAY'S OUTING FOR AGED PEOPLE.**

Starting at the Bow River bridge follow the carriage road along the right bank for about a quarter of a mile, here a bridle path branches off close to the bank. This path is precipitous in places, but can be safely ascended in easy stages, resting places in the form of seats being afforded at regular intervals. The view of the river and falls from this path is very fine. This route may be followed to the Spray River bridge. Returning by the carriage road a short distance, an ascent may be made by a good trail to the Banff Springs Hotel, where a magnificent view is afforded from the pavilion. Access to the town is then very easy.

In the afternoon, walk to the Cave and Basin, following the road westward from the Bow bridge for one mile. At the Basin a bath in the warm sulphur water may be taken. Close by is the Cave which will be shown on application to the caretaker who will also point out the striking features of this wonderful freak of nature. In the evening a trip may be made up the Bow River for several miles in a commodious and safe power launch. The scenic points on this trip will be duly pointed out by the captain.

This is only one of many programmes that may easily be undertaken by those who for any reason may feel unable to take the more strenuous trips.

## LIVERY TARIFF.

### DEVIL'S LAKE (Lake Minnewanka).

Two or three persons.....\$5 All day.....\$7  
 Four or five persons.....\$6 All day.....\$8

### TUNNEL MOUNTAIN, CAVE AND BASIN, BUFFALO PARK; OR LOOP, BUFFALO PARK, CAVE AND BASIN.

Two or three persons.....\$5 Four or five persons . . . \$6

#### TO CAVE AND BASIN.

Two or three persons.....\$3 Four or five persons, each \$1

### TUNNEL MOUNTAIN, CAVE AND BASIN; OR LOOP, CAVE AND BASIN.

Two or three persons.....\$4 Four or five persons.....\$5

#### TO BUFFALO PARK.

Two or three persons.....\$3 Four or five persons, each, \$1

### HOT SPRINGS AND SUNDANCE CANYON.

Two or three persons.....\$5 Four or five persons.....\$6

#### TO ANTHRACITE.

Two or three persons.....\$5 Four or five persons.....\$6

#### TO BANKHEAD MINES.

Two or three persons.....\$4 Four or five persons.....\$5

### SINGLE RIGS AND SADDLE HORSES.

Single rig (with driver), \$1.25 per hour, or part thereof.  
 Single rigs (without driver), \$1.00 per hour, or part thereof.  
 Saddle horses, \$1.00 for the first hour, and 50c. for each  
 additional hour, or part thereof.

## HOTELS.

### BANFF.

Banff Springs Hotel, . . . . \$3.50 and upwards per day.  
 (Canadian Pacific Railway).  
 Sanitarium Hotel, . . . . \$2.50 to \$4.00 per day.  
 Mount Royal Hotel, . . . . \$3.00 and upwards per day.  
 King Edward Hotel, . . . . \$2.00 per day.  
 Alberta Hotel, . . . . \$2.00 per day.  
 Park Hotel, . . . . \$1.00 per day.  
 Grand View Villa (Temperance), \$2.00 to \$3.00 per day.  
 Hydro House (Temperance), . \$2.00 per day.  
 Lake Minnewanka Chalet, . . \$2.50 and upwards per day.

### LAGGAN.

Lake Louise Chalet, . . . . \$3.50 and upwards per day.

### FIELD.

Mount Stephen House, . . . \$3.50 and upwards per day.  
 Emerald Lake Chalet, . . . \$3.50 and upwards per day.

### GLACIER.

Glacier House, . . . . \$3.50 and upwards per day.

Special arrangements may be made at any  
 of the above hotels for longer periods

