



The Kicking Horse Trail

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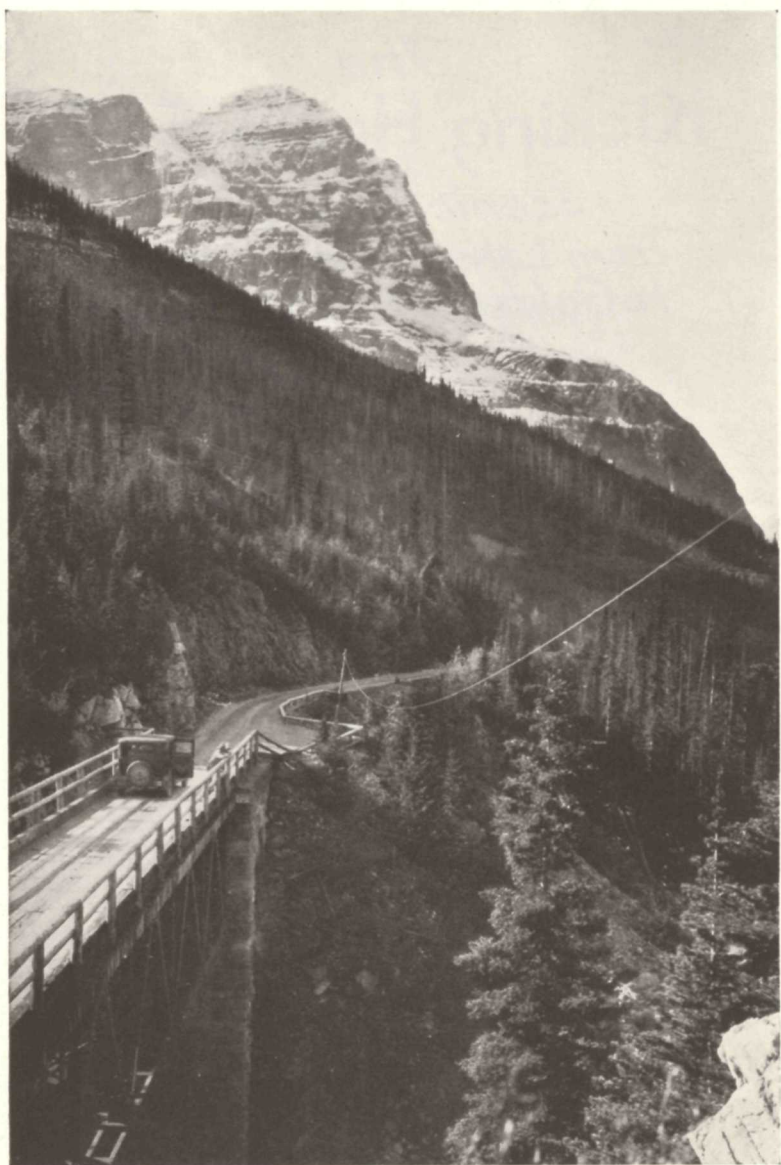
Ottawa

The **Kicking Horse Trail**

*Scenic Highway
from Lake Louise, Alberta
to Golden, British Columbia*

BY

M. B. WILLIAMS



Bridge over Upper Kicking Horse Canyon, a little west of Kicking Horse Pass



The Kicking Horse Trail

"Cleaving the mountain barriers,
Opening the long closed gates."

THERE are people who really profess to believe that this is an unimaginative age. They refer regretfully to our mechanical civilization, as if today men had ceased to see visions and to dream dreams. Yet, in reality, was there ever an age in which the imagination had been so daring and so victorious! Dreams that our fathers counted for madness, how they have taken shape before our eyes! Architectural and engineering achievements that to them would have seemed unthinkable, inventions that have given man a command over space and time as wonderful as the powers bestowed by the genii of the fairytale—they are so rapidly becoming the realities of commonplace for us that we are in danger of losing the sense of their romance. Not the least wonderful among these, "the horseless carriage" itself, fantastic chimera for so many centuries of wildly imaginative minds. A mere mechanical contrivance, it is true, but already what gifts of new power and enjoyment has it not brought to man? Out of the machine, truly, there has come, if not a god, at least a genius of untold capabilities. Already, in two short decades, have we not seen it practically revolutionize our way of life, sweeping away with one gesture, the old measures of time and distance, and for the first time since he exchanged his nomadic existence for the warm security of the fireside, enabling man to escape from the narrow boundaries of his local parish and to enter upon a wider, more joyous, more adventurous life.

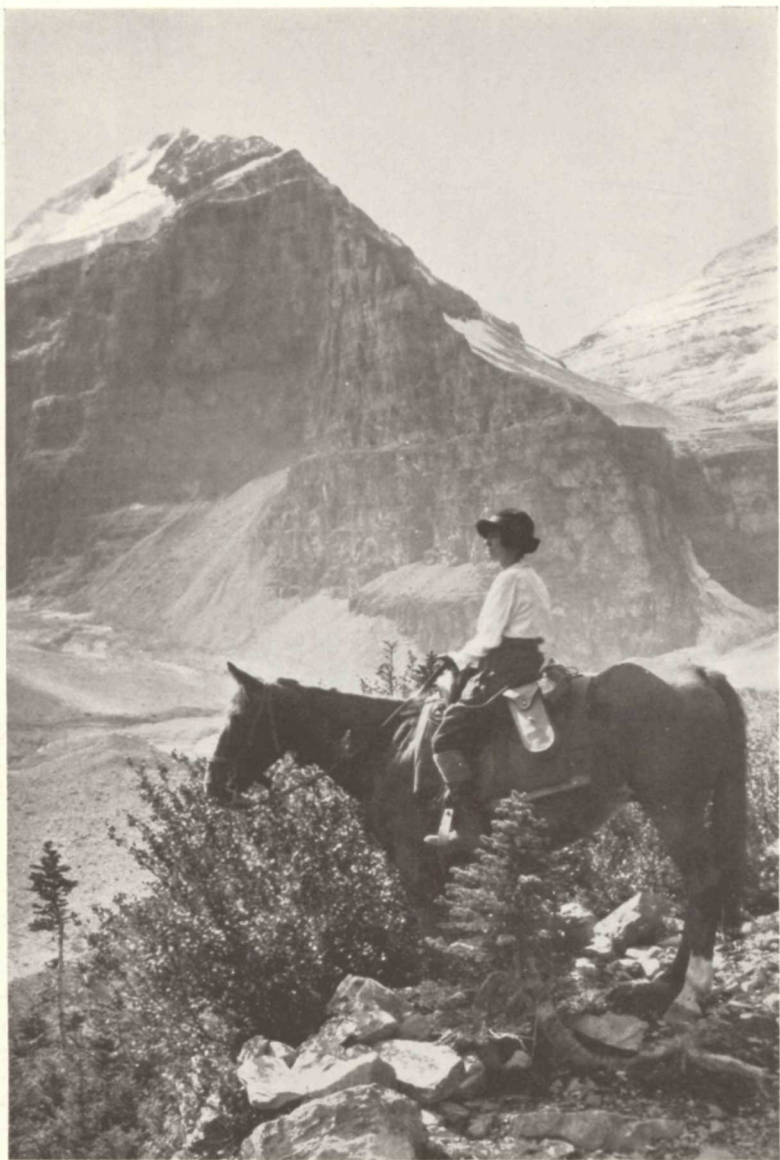
For the new genius had but to speak and what was once far has become near, what was impossible, easy. At its command the world over, east, west, north, and south, thousands of miles of roads have unrolled like magic carpets. Engineering difficulties regarded as insuperable have been surmounted, and into regions long considered impassable a way has been found.



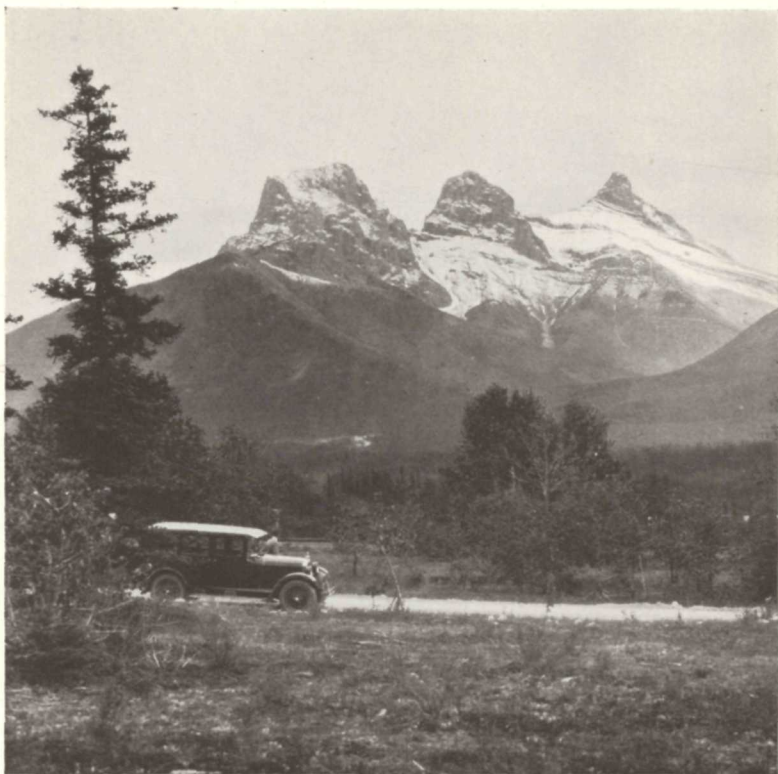
White peaks soar at the end of long green aisles of forest

With this new contrivance have come too, new developments in man himself. Through it he is finding his way back to new health and vigour, to a new companionship with the sun and the wind and the sky, to a new love of the beauty of the Earth. At the gates of all her loveliest regions he is asking for entrance and one by one they are opening to let him in. Distance is no longer a barrier, for a man has but to step into a motor car and he has fastened wings to his ankles like Mercury himself. The continent has become his playground, his holiday possibilities reach to the uttermost ends of the land.

Among the long-closed regions of wonder and romance into which a way has at last been found are the Canadian Rockies. Each year the door opens a little farther, until now a good part of the most beautiful sections of these glorious ranges is within the motorist's reach. The opening this year of the new highway, "The Kicking Horse Trail," marks the fulfilment of one more daring engineering conception, the building of a transmontane highway through the heart of the Central Rockies, across the difficult regions traversed by the Canadian Pacific railway.



With snows eternal
Muffling its summit
And silence ineffable.
—*De la Mare.*



The Three Sisters

The history of the motorist's entry into the Rockies has been progressive. In 1914 the completion of the Calgary-Banff road opened the way to Banff in the Rocky Mountains Park, admitting him to the great antechamber of the mountains. The Banff-Windermere Highway, completed in 1923, extended his opportunities. It carried him across the main divide, through Kootenay National Park, to the Columbia valley, and, by linking up with existing roads, provided a direct through route from both the east and the west. The extension from Castle to Lake Louise gave him the opportunity to see this exquisite lake—the pearl of the Rockies—which is everywhere regarded as one of the great landscape masterpieces of the world.

Eight

Now, as has been said, with the completion of The Kicking Horse Trail, a new door opens. The whole beautiful region from Lake Louise west to the Columbia valley—pre-historic trench between the Rockies and the older ranges to the west—is at last accessible. Following the same route as the first trans-continental railway, he may cross the famous Kicking Horse pass to Yoho Park, visit the magnificent Yoho valley, see lovely Emerald lake, and then go on by the great Kicking Horse valley, to the western confines of Yoho Park and there cap his spectacular journey with the eleven-mile traverse of the thrilling Kicking Horse gorge.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN LARIAT

This new highway forms, too, the final arc in a new scenic circle, a loop route that will enclose one of the richest scenic regions in the Rockies, having the Banff-Windermere Highway as its southern arm, the Kicking Horse Trail as its northern, while the existing Columbia River Highway from Golden south will unite the two. Combined they will form a scenic lariat of 275 miles, looping among snow-peaks and glaciers and winding about the feet of some of the finest peaks in the Rockies. To the new highway has been given the old name, "The Kicking Horse Trail," a fitting name, associated with the region since its earliest days and recalling its first discovery. Five miles from Lake Louise the new road enters the famous Kicking Horse pass. Crossing the Great Divide, the ridge-pole of the Rockies, in the centre of the pass, it will see the division of the continental waters, and the birth of the little stream which forms the headwaters of the Kicking Horse river.



Castle Mountain



An Indian Tepee

For forty-seven miles along its western journey the road is to accompany the turbulent river, on its tempestuous course through Yoho National Park, and on its last mad rush through the Kicking Horse canyon, until it flings itself panting and exhausted upon the broad bosom of the Columbia and is borne upon its mighty tides to the far Pacific.

Fitting, too, that the name should recall and perpetuate the memory of Sir James Hector, the intrepid discoverer of the pass, who cut the first trail through the tangled forest of the west slope of the Rockies, discovered the pass and so made possible both the railroad and the highway of today. It is Hector's name, indeed, that will arise in the minds of all who travel, not only the Kicking Horse Trail, but the whole Lariat Highway. For was it not Hector who first discovered the route now followed by the Banff-Windermere Highway, turning south from Castle and crossing the Vermilion pass, which was, he declared, in his opinion the most suitable of all passes in the mountains for the building of a road.

The traveller of today who glides down the difficult west slope by long easy spirals, dropping from the Great Divide to Field, over 1,500 feet, in approximately seven miles, making the whole descent at his ease in thirty minutes of time, may be excused if he fails to realize the difficulties of those first pathfinders who climbed so laboriously upwards seventy years ago.

Seventy years! What is that in the history of the mountains? A mere moment, a brief tick on their great horologe of time. Scarcely long enough for an energetic glacial stream to cut through an inch of limestone, for a slow leviathan glacier to creep a few feet down the mountain side. There are men now living, who were old enough to be at their Euclid when Hector set out to cross the Divide. Yet seventy years ago the Central Rockies was virtually an unknown wilderness, a chaos of tangled forest and untravelled topography. The only trails were the few made by war or hunting parties of Indians, and these were usually long since overgrown. No white man, so far as it is known, had yet ascended the Bow valley from the plains. Sir George Simpson, in 1841, it is true, had entered the mountains by Peechee Gap, passed by lake Minnewanka and down over what is now known as Simpson pass, but though less than

twenty years had elapsed, Hector could not learn exactly what route this distinguished traveller had followed, and Simpson's own description of it proved too indefinite for a guide. The region was regarded as both difficult and dangerous. Stories of the fierce tribes along its shores who had compelled the Hudson's Bay Company to relinquish its post just outside the mountains—the old Bow Fort—still lingered in men's minds. Rumours of wild beasts and lurking savages struck fear into their imaginations.

(SIR JAMES HECTOR)

But in 1857 an expedition, under Captain Palliser, is sent out from England by Her Majesty's Government to find a road to the western sea, and with British thoroughness they undertake the task. The Rockies are explored in three divisions from the Athabaska river in the north to the International Boundary to the south. Hector is assigned to investigate the central regions, to follow the Bow river and to explore as many passes as possible.



A Stony Indian

It is the third of August, 1858, when Hector and his little party set out across the foothills towards the mountains. The heat of summer is at its height. The river is running swiftly, and the Red River carts in which they travel are frequently upset. But the view of the snowcapped mountains is "exhilarating" and frequent herds of buffalo supply ample meat.

Eleven

At the site of old Bow Fort, four days later, they camp "on a fine level shelf a few hundred yards up a creek that joins the Bow river at this point." The carts must be left here since they are too unwieldy to cross the mountains. There are three Red River men, Peter, Brown and Richards, well versed in the ways of the woods. Their guide is a Stony Indian whose native name meaning "the one with a thumb like a blunt arrow," proves so unpronounceable that Hector calls him "Nimrod" for short, and as Nimrod he goes down to history. There is a horse for each man and three for the carrying of instruments, ammunition and bedding, for Hector has heard that there is an abundance of game in the mountains and so takes "no provisions excepting a little tea and a few pounds of grease."



"The fallen timber requires hours of chopping"

Following the gravel flats of the river with an occasional plunge into the woods they come to what is now Banff and camp near Cascade mountain, whose Indian name, unfortunately lost, meant "mountain where the water falls." Wild sheep and goat are abundant but extremely difficult to secure. They are told of one, shot on Cascade mountain, and wounded in five different places, which climbed out on a ledge and remained there seven days before he fell dead to the valley.

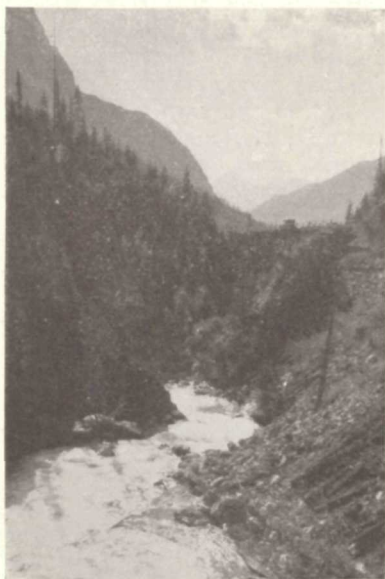
From Banff they turn westward to find a pass to the southwest, once used by Cree war parties and Kootenays on expeditions of barter or friendship, now long neglected. At Castle mountain, after two days spent in drying the meat of a moose, they leave the Bow, turn to the south along the valley of the Little Vermilion, known today as Altrude creek. It is hard going and the climb is steep. The August sun beats down

fiercely. They have to hew and hack their way through a tangle of deadfall that reaches at times breast high to the horses. Six hours are required to make the nine miles to the Divide. The weather breaks. There come soaking mist and rain, and they travel through steaming woods, wet to the skin. Worse still, their carefully dried meat spoils under the continued heat and moisture, and the "abundant game" does not appear. Each day the men take to the woods in the hope of picking up a game trail but without success. By the time they reach the crossing of the Kootenay river the last of their provisions is almost gone.

Here, Hector turns north, following the Beaverfoot in the hope of finding some transverse valley that will lead them to the Columbia. In this whole region, now so abounding in game of many kinds, they can find none. They attempt, without success, to catch a few mountain trout and have to fall back on raspberries to fill out the increasing thinness of their menu. The fallen timber requires hours of chopping and continued thunderstorms and rain add to their discomfort. There is, too, no grass, and the horses legs "are getting very badly cut by the constant leaping and scrambling over the fallen timber, so that on the whole they have their tempers and patience tried a good deal."



The food problem is now growing serious and so, at the junction of the Beaverfoot and a stream flowing from the northwest, Hector turns eastward. It is near here, on August 29, that he meets with the accident which is destined to give its name to the region. A little way above the junction of the river they are following and another stream from the northwest, they arrive at "a fall about 40 feet in height, where the channel is contracted by perpendicular rocks." A little distance past these falls—now known as the Wapta falls—one of the tormented pack horses, to escape the fallen timber, plunges into the stream where it forms an eddy. The banks are very steep and the whole party has to turn to, to help pull him to safety. Hector's horse, in the meantime, in the way of all cayuses, roams into the woods on adventures of his own, and



Where all the silver rivers go
Racing to the sea.
—Bliss Carman.

when Hector goes to recapture him, he lashes out with his heels and kicks his master in the chest. "Luckily," says Hector's journal, "I had got close to him before he struck me so that I did not get the full force of the blow. However, it knocked me down and rendered me senseless for some time. This was unfortunate as we had seen no tracks of game in the neighbourhood, and were now without food."

Unfortunate, indeed, since it means that Hector cannot travel. His first thought on regaining consciousness is for his men. Commanding them to cover him up and lay him under a tree, he sends them all off

to look for game. One by one, weary and dejected, they return at night without success, though Nimrod has seen tracks of a herd of wapiti. By the next day their leader is a little better and at noon insists upon taking a meridian observation. The latitude is $51^{\circ} 10' N$. Again the men go hunting, again without success. Peter and Brown, it is true, shoot a white goat, but it falls over a precipice and they have to leave its much desired meat lying out of reach below. Nimrod, searching again for the wapiti, has the misfortune to run a large spike through his foot.

Their plight is now growing desperate. If they remain where they are actual starvation is staring them in the face. They must, it is clear, make an effort to go forward. Once across the Divide game is almost sure to be more abundant. Hector declares he is well enough to travel, and although every step of the horse gives him great pain, they set out again on the trail. It is a dreary little cavalcade, Hector ill and suffering, Nimrod hampered by his lame foot, the horses battered, bruised, emaciated and ill-tempered from their hard travelling, the men haggard and dispirited with anxiety, fatigue and lack of

food. They beg Hector to slaughter one of the horses, and there was an old gray, prone to every kind of trouble, whom all would have sacrificed apparently without regret, but Hector hesitates, knowing the danger of once resorting to this desperate resource. He encourages his men to a little more endurance, points out the probabilities of relief once they are across the height of land, and on the promise that if no game be secured in two days more he will yield to their wishes, they go on. Yet, in spite of the fact that he is ill and suffering, Hector still makes his regular entries in his journal, noting with the calm observation of a scientist the latitude and geological nature of the country through which they are passing.

They travel along the wide valley of the river which his men now call the Kicking Horse, past its junction with what is now the Amiskwi, through the canyon, where they spend a night, past the falls, Natural Bridge, the present site of Field, and on September 2 begin the steep ascent of the west slope.



Camp in Yoho Valley

The main ranges of the Rockies, as every one knows, slope gently eastward, but rise precipitously on their western side. Their way lies through deep pine woods and through occasional openings in the forest they catch glimpses of a far-reaching panorama that today arouses the admiration of thousands, but they are too weary and anxious to give it more than a passing glance. For five days now they have had only a few mouthfuls of food, for twenty-four hours none at all. Eagerly, therefore, they snatch up handfuls of blueberries which they find growing abundantly along the trail. It is unsubstantial nourishment, but it serves to dull the worst edge of their hunger. The ascent is steep, the deadfall requires constant chopping and they have the greatest difficulty in crossing the moss covered rocks that wall the stream, now boiling and leaping through a deep rocky channel.



Moraine Lake, Valley of the Ten Peaks

Yet Destiny affords a little comic relief. Gray, the pack-horse, the notorious troublemaker, in passing along a ledge which overhangs a precipitous slope, about 150 feet in height, loses his balance and down he goes, bumping over trees and deadfall straight towards destruction. Luckily the trees catch



Lake Duchesnay, Yoho National Park

at his pack and lessen his momentum, until at last he comes to a temporary pause by falling right on his back, the pack acting as a sort of fender. "However," says the journal, "in his endeavours to get up he started down hill again, and at last



The Great Divide.

Monument to Sir Jas. Hector, discoverer of the Kicking Horse Pass, to right.

slid on a dead tree that stuck out at right angles to the slope, balancing himself with his legs dangling on either side of the trunk of the tree in a most comical manner. It was only by making a round of a mile that we succeeded in getting him back, all battered and bruised, to the rest of the horses." A round of a mile and two hours' delay at least, for weary and starving men!

But the summit is gained at last. The beautiful pass, with its grassy alpine meadows, the little lakes shining on its floor, which is destined to form the main key to the Central Rockies, lies before them. Without realizing it they have discovered the object of their long search. They are too weary to guess its significance and, crossing the pass, they camp at its farther side.

The green meadows supply plenty of food for the tired and hungry horses and they fall to without delay. The men are less fortunate but Hector manages to kill one fool-hen and this "boiled up with candle-ends and grease" has to suffice as a meagre meal for the five. The first frosts of Autumn are beginning to skim the ponds with ice, so that in this high altitude and their half-famished condition the men suffer a good deal from the cold. Shivering, weary and hungry, they lie down to sleep with no thought at all in their minds that they have that day made history, that beside the very spot where they are encamped the story of their achievement will be carved in stone to be read by the countless thousands who in a few years will travel with the traffic of a continent by the path that they have made that day across the peaks.



Mt. Stephen from the
Yoho Valley Road

But the worst of their troubles are now over. The next day Nimrod comes back in great glee, having shot a moose, a lean doe, it is true, but starving men are no choosers. On the following morning, a friendly Stony arrives and leads them to his camp eight miles up towards the Bow pass, where they are received with warm and generous hospitality, and fed upon all sorts of Indian delicacies. In a few days' time Hector's strength returns and they are able once more to set out. So Hector goes, taking the trail across the Bow pass towards the North Saskatchewan, without a look backward to the Kicking Horse pass and scarcely a word in its commendation. It is

the Vermilion pass which in his final report he recommends as most suitable for a road.

Yet, twenty-two years later, on October 31, 1880, to be exact, representatives of the new Canadian Pacific Railway Company sign their names to a contract with the Government of the Dominion of Canada for the construction within ten years' time of a railway across the Prairies and through the Rocky Mountains to the Coast. And the route selected for the crossing of the main range is no other than that Kicking Horse pass discovered by Hector a score of years before but which, curiously enough, he had not even referred to as a possibility in his final report. Soon along the Bow valley and across the



Near Eastern Portal of Kicking Horse Pass

Kicking Horse pass surveyors are laying the road, looping the line down the precipitous west slope to Field in a gigantic spiral which reaches at times a gradient of over four per cent.

*The Building
of the Railway*

Just five years from the date of the signing of the contract, in November, 1885, with distinguished representatives of the railway and press on board, reverberating through the astonished mountains goes the first through train from the East. The last spike is driven at Craigellachie, the little station which commemorates the Gaelic message meaning "stand fast" sent by Sir George Stephen, later Lord Mount Stephen, to Sir Donald Smith, afterwards Lord Strathcona, in one of the darkest hours of the construction days. The gigantic enterprise is at last completed. The barrier of the Rockies has been conquered. The tides of the life of the great Dominion are free now to flow uninterrupted from coast to coast.

For many years the railway struggles with the problem of the "Big Hill" at Field. Every day four huge engines, dragging the heavy freight and passenger trains, puff and pant their way laboriously up that tremendous slope. Every day the west-

bound trains slide, as slowly as may be, under full brakes, down the steep incline, gathering momentum with each mile. Here and there spring switches are installed and unless the engineer signals that his train is under perfect control, the switch springs open and carries the train up the mountain side until it has, so to speak, recovered its feet. Then, its impetus lost, it backs out again to the main line, and once more begins to creep downward. A costly business this and dangerous, albeit there is never an accident in twenty-four long years. Too costly and too slow for the rapid increase of travel. Some other solution must clearly be found. The best engineering brains are set to work on the problem. The precipitous mountain walls on each side of the valley offer no secure footing for a railway. Great spiral tunnels through Cathedral mountain and mount Ogden become a necessity. Burrowing from each end the steel drills bore the giant curves through the dark entrails of the mountains, meeting in the centre only one-half inch apart. In 1909 the railway abandons the old line, relinquishing, it is true, part of the magnificent views on the descent that had so delighted travelers but, through the use of the tunnels, gaining immeasurably in safety, time and expense.

*The Coming
of the Motor*

Now, in 1927, comes the last chapter, the opening of a through way for the motor car across the region traversed by the railway, a road awaited with keen expectation by motorists, not only because it will give them access to practically the whole of the Central Rockies, but because it forms the last link but one in the great project of a transmontane motor highway from the plains to the Pacific.

*Lake Louise
to Field*

The first section of the new road, from Lake Louise to Field, a distance of sixteen miles, was built by the Canadian National Parks Branch and opened for traffic in 1926. In addition to its historic back-ground





Train climbing the "Big Hill" near Field, B.C.

this section of the road has great interest both from the geographic and engineering points of view. Geographically, because it crosses the Continental Divide of the great Rocky Mountains and within a few yards of the point where the waters, born on the slopes of mount Niblock, divide, one stream flowing west to the Pacific ocean by way of the Kicking Horse and the Columbia rivers, the other east by way of the Bow, the Saskatchewan and the Nelson to Hudson Bay and so to the Atlantic. From an engineering point of view this section is also interesting through the successful way in which it has handled the problem of grades. Starting from Lake Louise at an altitude of more than a mile above sea level, it drops 1,500 feet in sixteen miles before reaching the town of Field, yet with no grades greater than 8 per cent, and this only for a short distance.

The distance from Lake Louise to Golden is fifty-four miles. With the two extensions—to Emerald lake and up the Yoho valley to the Takakkaw falls—which everyone will want to take, eighteen more. Seventy-two miles in all, and every mile of it through mountain scenery so glorious that one catches one's breath with every mile.

From Lake Louise the highway runs on the south side of the Bow valley, the railway on the north, the road crossing the Great Divide at a point several hundred feet from its steel

companion. At Wapta, at the western portal of the Kicking-Horse pass, the highway picks up the old right of way abandoned by the railway when the tunnels were built and utilizes it for the steep descent. A four per cent grade means hard going for a locomotive, but it is not enough to require your modern car to change gears. Through old rock cuttings the road begins the descent, affording from several look-out points—where all who are wise will pause—magnificent views of the two great valleys of the Yoho and the Kicking Horse, and of the glorious peaks, Cathedral, Stephen, Field, Burgess, and Wapta, which tower up nearly a mile and a half above the valley floor.



Switchbacks, Yoho Valley Road

Since the building of the tunnels many visitors to Yoho park have frequently left the train at Hector and walked down the seven miles to Field so as to get the uninterrupted view. This is undoubtedly an experience well worth while for all who have the leisure and energy at their command. But for those who have not the highway will now afford the same pleasures. Gliding swiftly downwards, the blue sky above, the mountain air in his face, the great bowl of the valley below, the motorist will catch at every turn a new vista and see from different levels the looping and interlooping of those great serpentine coils, thrust into the very heart of the mountains themselves, by which the steel python rears itself to the pass.

At Field two short but interesting extension roads are open, one of eleven miles up the wonderful Yoho valley, with its magnificent Takakkaw falls and an ice world at its head which will tempt many to linger, another of seven miles to Emerald lake—exquisite mirror of sylvan and alpine loveliness—where a charming Swiss chalet and colony of bungalows provide accommodation.

From Field the new road built by the National Parks Branch leads westward, following the yellow Kicking Horse, here spread out into a wide valley with many gravel bars but soon contracted again and tearing its way through the rocky barrier known as the Natural Bridge, to hurtle over the Kicking Horse falls; in a few miles, taking to itself the waters of Emerald creek, the Amiskwi, and the Otter-tail, and flowing through a wide wooded valley which is a favourite haunt of moose and deer. As the road dips and rises fine views open in all directions. There are glimpses of mount Vaux and snow-crowned mount Goodsir, the highest peak in the park, to the south, and as Leancoil is approached, of Chancellor peak which becomes the dominating summit of the scene.



Bighorn, or Rocky Mountain sheep

Two miles beyond Leancoil the highway leaves the Yoho National Park and enters upon the section built by the government of the province of British Columbia which extends eastward from Golden for sixteen miles.

*West Gate of Yoho
Park to Golden*

The last section forms a magnificent climax to the traverse of the Rockies, and is, perhaps, the most thrilling from the motoring point of view of the whole route. For the first few miles the road runs along the wooded side hills to the north of the Kicking Horse river, but gradually the walls of the valley begin to close in. Below, the river now practically clear of sediment, runs greenish



Bungalow Camp, Yoho Valley

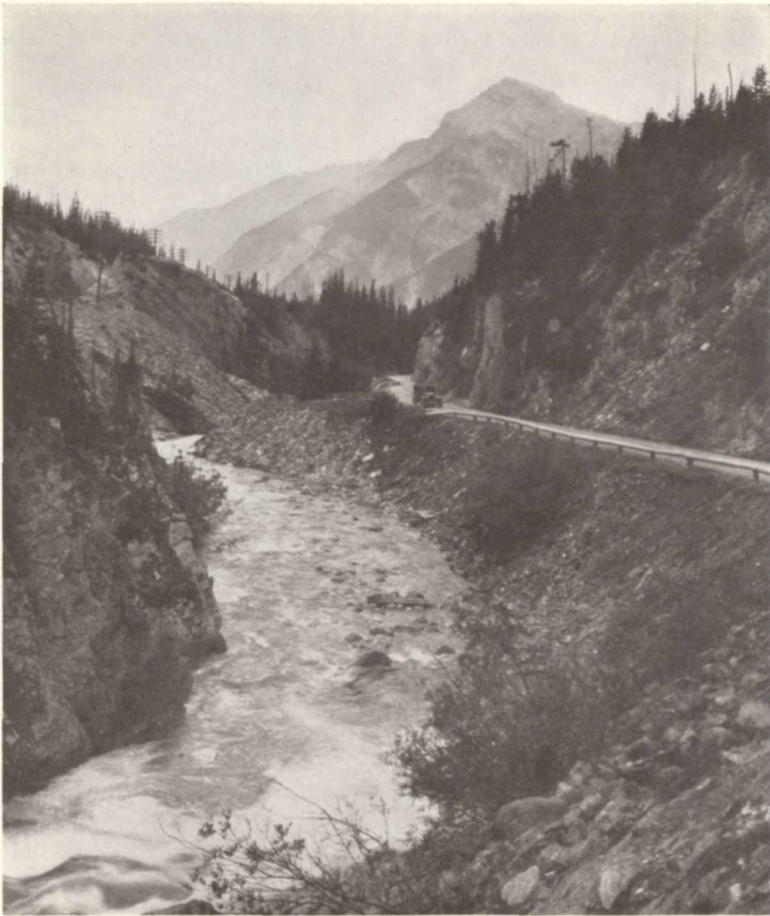
white over thick gravel bars, every pebble visible through its crystal water. To the north is the Van Horne range, to the south the long rounded line of the Beaverfoot mountains. Ahead, with each mile, the valley narrows and deepens; the river is sinking lower, and the sound of its swift rushing is heard far below, until, about six miles from Leancoil, road, river, and railway enter the tremendous canyon of the Kicking Horse—a magnificent gorge, ten miles long, with rocky walls rising thousands of feet at each side and converging at the bottom, until it is in places not more than thirty feet across. Along its floor boils the river while the railroad, turning and twisting, crossing and re-crossing from side to side of the stream, makes what shifts it can to find room for its feet. In some places, finding none, it is forced to burrow through the solid rock.

No room in such narrow quarters, it is clearly evident, for a modern motor road. Faced with this problem the highway engineers lifted their eyes higher up. As Hector had pointed out some sixty years before in his journal, there is nothing like a narrow valley for limiting the choice of a road. There was no choice here but to build along the side wall of the canyon. So the road goes, climbing along the face of the cliffs and, like the railway, crossing from side to side, as better footing can be secured. About seven miles from Leancoil it reaches its highest point, approximately 600 feet above the valley. The sense of elevation, the far reaching views such as are usually only the reward of mountain climbers, makes this section delightful. Looking down, the train winding through the valley below seems little more than a toy, a man walking along the track, a tiny puppet, yet so well is the road built that there is a feeling of perfect safety.

*The Building
of the Road*

Some day some poet may praise worthily the pathfinders and roadmakers of this new continent, the men who made the way straight in the wilderness for those who were to come. For practically every road we travel now so easily represents a one-time victory, a triumph of human energy, courage and intelligence, over the harsh forces of Nature.

In the building of roads through the Rockies, all three are demanded, but perhaps intelligence comes first. Finding the right location is half the battle. There may be a dozen possible routes but one will afford the best grades, the best views and the least expense for building and maintenance. In the short stretch from Lake Louise to the Divide three routes were open:—the north and sunny side of the valley following the Bow along



The Western Road goes streaming
out to seek the cleanly wild,
It pours the city's dim desires
towards the undefiled.

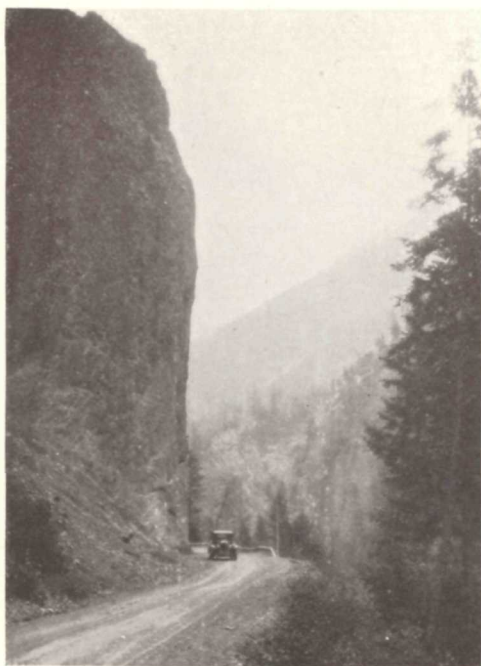
—*Evelyn Underhill.*

the valley floor; the south bank of the stream, following Bath creek to the Divide and the one finally chosen through the green timber, high on the slopes of the side hills. The last was

Twenty-five

not only less difficult to build, would involve less difficulty in maintenance, but it provided far more magnificent views. The descent of the Big Hill was a problem already solved by the utilization of the old railway right of way. All that was necessary was the widening of the road, bridges and culverts. Once on the valley floor a location had to be found out of reach of the turbulent Kicking Horse, which at periods of high water goes wild, tearing out its banks and bridges, and creating a new course every few years. The problem of a route through the great gorge, as has been said, had been practically settled by Nature. The question was one of finding the best grades, firmest footing and the least expensive construction.

This last section of fifteen miles required three years to build. Its high elevation and peculiar situation involved many special difficulties. The greatest care had to be exercised, for instance, in the removal of debris on account of the tracks below. One rock dropped down the valley side might break a rail and wreck an on-coming express. Cribbing, too, was a problem. Towards the western end the nearest suitable timber grew on the mountain top above. Logs, however, could not be rolled down over the edge because they were wanted half way. Accordingly, the required timber, about 600,000 lineal feet, had all to be let down 1,200 feet by cable and drum. On this end, construction was carried on over a stretch of two miles throughout the winter, supplies being brought in by pack train. There came deep snows. Huge drifts filled up the trail between Golden and the work camp. The only way in which communication with the base of supplies could be kept open was by building a wagon road eight or ten miles over the mountain to Golden. Dynamiting operations, too, were unusually difficult. Where rock excavations were necessary a man was let down by a rope over the side of the cliff. Hanging suspended at the end of fifty feet of rope, he bored a hole into the mountain for the shot, lit the fuse and then signalled to his companions at the top to haul away. Yet the road was completed without a serious accident. Excellent grades have been obtained throughout, reaching in only one or two places as high a gradient as eight per cent, and this only for a short distance.

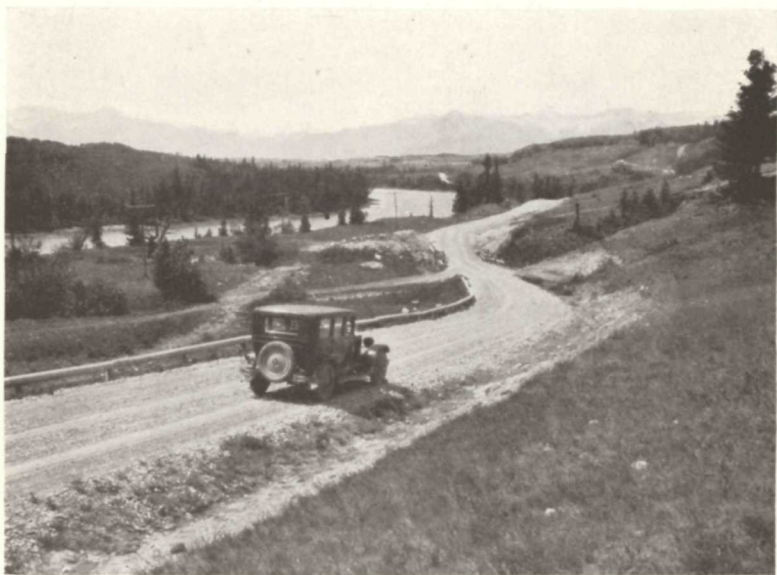


Iron Gates, Banff-Windermere Highway

THE HIGHWAY MAGNIFICENT

The entire Mountain Lariat if taken from Calgary, Alberta, will cover about 317 miles; if entered via Fernie, British Columbia—the western gateway from Seattle, Vancouver and the Pacific Coast—369 miles. Those who enter from the east will be able to enjoy what, in the opinion of many, is one of the richest experiences in the mountains—the dramatic transition from the level prairies to snow-capped peaks, the gradual approach to that gleaming, marvellously beautiful facade of the Rockies across the miles of plains. He who enters from the west will follow the great intra-montane trench, once the verge of the inland sea in which the Rockies were laid down, and see the birthplace of the mighty Columbia, which after a journey northward of two hundred miles, returns once more to the south and, crossing the International boundary, flows into the Pacific not far from Portland, Oregon. Along this valley he will find,

Twenty-seven



"That gleaming, marvellously beautiful facade of the Rockies."

too, some interesting historic records of early days, including the memorial fort at Windermere, replica of the old fur trading post on the Columbia established by David Thompson, the great geographer and explorer over a century ago. At Firlands he will enter the Rockies by what is probably their most impressive gateway, the splendid Sinclair canyon, which, with a magnificent gesture, admits one to the fairyland within.

Here he will enter Kootenay National Park and for sixty-three miles he may travel through this lovely reserve. At the Vermilion Summit he will cross into the Rocky Mountains or Banff park, and in about thirty miles reach Banff itself. Here he may continue eastward to the east gate of the park, about thirty-two miles distant, and travel across the foothills and prairies to Calgary, Alberta, or from Banff he may turn westward again and from Castle Forks—the point at which the Banff-Windermere road touches the Bow valley—continue to Lake Louise. At Lake Louise he may take the extension road to Moraine lake and the wildly beautiful valley of the Ten Peaks, then turning westward once more, follow the Kicking Horse Trail across the Great Divide into and across Yoho National



Lower Canyon of the Kicking Horse, near Glenogle, B.C.



The Kicking Horse Gorge. Snow capped Selkirks ahead. Motor Road half-way up cliff



Takakkaw Falls,
Yoho Valley

Park, and through the gorge of the Kicking Horse river to Golden, British Columbia. From Golden he will turn southward, following the east side of the Columbia river valley for sixty-seven miles to the junction with the Banff-Windermere road.

For over three hundred miles of this circle he will travel continuously within a national park, amid regions reserved by the government because they are admittedly among the finest examples of their kind. He will penetrate the very heart of the Rockies, cross the Great Divide twice and go over three mountain passes. He will journey in full sight of glaciers, snowfields, and ice-crowned peaks. He will travel for miles through the primeval forest as yet scarcely broken by a warden's trail. And because these are national parks he will see on every hand wild life of every kind roaming fearlessly, catch glimpses of sheep, goat, deer, moose, elk and bear, and if his camera be kept in readiness, be able to record them before they move off into the forest.

Everywhere, too, he will find the landscape and original conditions of every kind reverently preserved, so that, if he is a student, he may study the flora and fauna in their natural habitat, or if only a lover of nature, he may look upon a landscape, lovely and unspoiled, lying "as when first created, in all the freshness of childhood."

Because these are national parks he will find, too, many provisions for his comfort, convenience, and enjoyment. Motor campsites, rest rooms, hot springs under government control with large open air swimming pools, a golf course where everyone may play for a nominal fee, a Rocky Mountains Museum and Zoo containing exhibits of many native species—these will add to the comfort and interest of his journey. If he wishes to settle down and camp for a few weeks or a month so as to absorb the peace and sublimity of the mountains, he may have a lot allocated to his use in the Mount Rundle campsite at Banff, a charming green caravansary, equipped with every convenience the modern motorist desires.

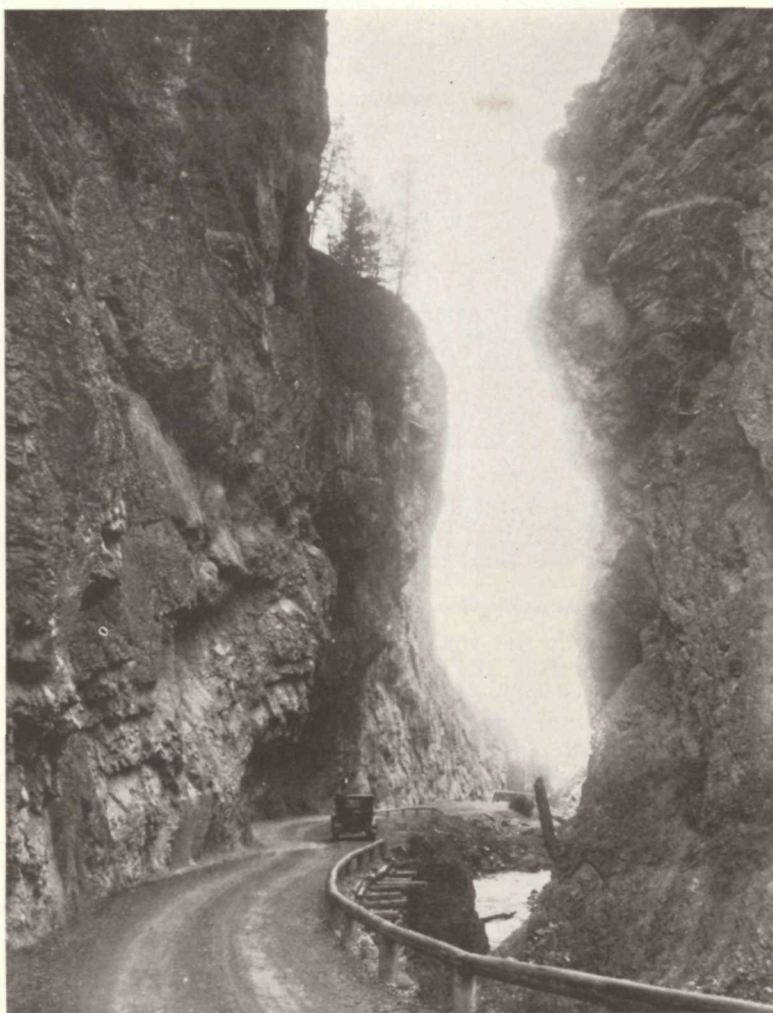


"In full sight of glaciers, snowfields and ice-crowned peaks."

Those who do not wish to camp will find a wide range of accommodation from the luxuriously appointed hotels of the Canadian Pacific Railway, to the moderately priced hotel and simple bungalow camps. Motor busses run daily from Calgary to Banff and from Banff to Lake Louise, Field and the Yoho valley, so that even the motorist who does not bring his own car may know something of this delightfully intimate way of journeying among the peaks.

Those who take the whole mountain circle will enjoy an experience which must stand out as one of the most memorable of their lives. It is not only that the regions through which one passes are so enchanting and sublime, but the road itself has been planned and built so that there is a constant variety and one has not a chance to grow tired even of grandeur. At the very moment when the senses seem to have gathered all they can bear of continuous sublimity, the road slips into the forest, running for miles through cool green silences sweet with pine and fern, to sweep out again with the charm of a fresh discovery upon new combinations of beautiful valleys and tremendous peaks.

Thirty-one



Sinclair Canyon—Western gateway to Banff-Windermere Highway

THE ROAD TO ARCADY

O those mountains, their infinite movement
Still moving with you,
For, ever some new head and breast of them
Comes into view.

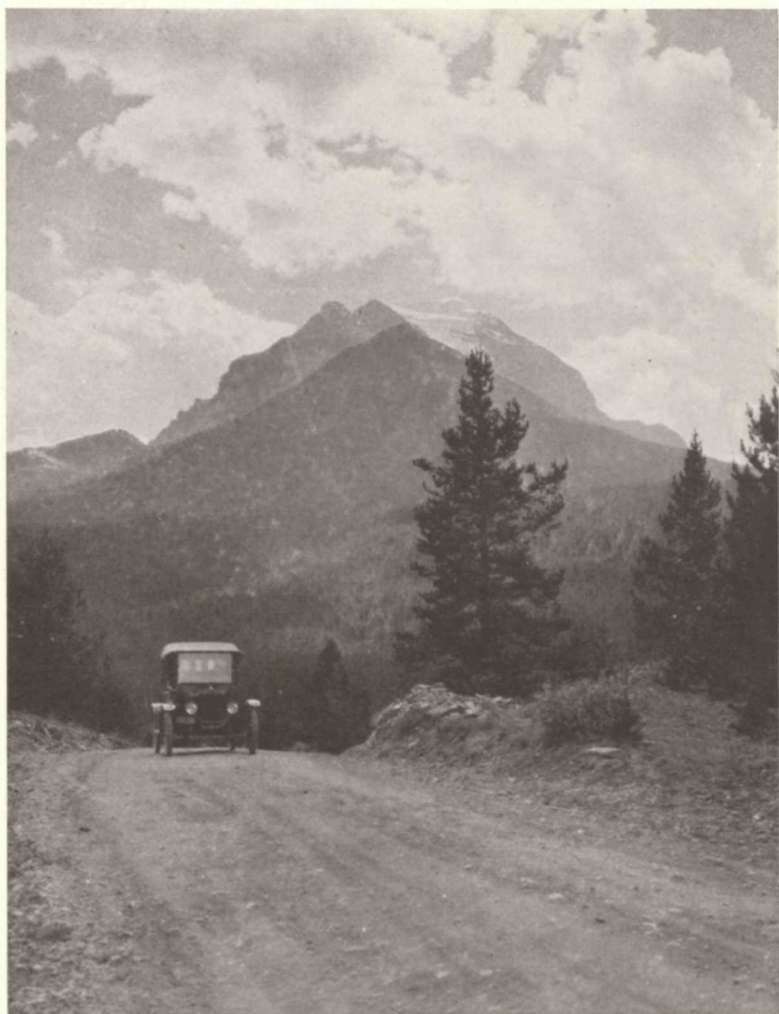
—*Browning.*

A charming English writer recently complained that it seemed to him there was a serious gap in most descriptions of Paradise. Nothing was said about a site for the Lake of Geneva. Those who have come to know and love the highways of the Canadian Rockies might put forward a plea for still one more addition—a mountain road, winding up hill and down valley among glorious snow-crowned peaks. For in the Canadian Rockies the road not only leads to beauty but has become part of beauty itself. Laid out by experienced engineers, it has sought, not the shortest distance between two points, but the giving of the greatest pleasure that may be.

Taken in its entirety the new mountain circle has a variety that is at once a surprise and a delight, a sort of balance in its different sections, that gives one something of the pleasure of an artistic composition. Indeed, if one were to let the fancy play a little, the road is not unlike a piece of music itself. Taken, if you will, from Calgary, there is the long approach across the plains as prelude, with the beautiful theme of the snowpeaks hovering exquisitely and growing clearer with each mile. The road slips through the mountain gateway and of a sudden, like the strong chords of the full movement, the great peaks are all about. Like music, too, are the endless variations and surprises the delicate embroideries of the main theme. Like music the tremendous crescendoes of those glorious up-sweeping climbs to the heights, the long diminuendoes of the downward glide, followed, lest the senses should grow weary, by the smooth andantes, the quiet stretches of level road through the forest or along the valley floor.

And indeed, to travel one of these splendid highways from end to end is to realize that the new Genius has not only lightened man's labours, and extended his power over space and time, but that it has brought him a fresh world of experience not unlike that of art itself. The swift rhythmic flight of the car over the long rhythmic curves of the road, the constant dipping and rising, the great sweeping descents to the valley—like the

Thirty-three



Now the day's violet is cloud-tipped with gold,
Now dusk most silently
Fills the hushed sky with other wings than birds'.

Thirty-four



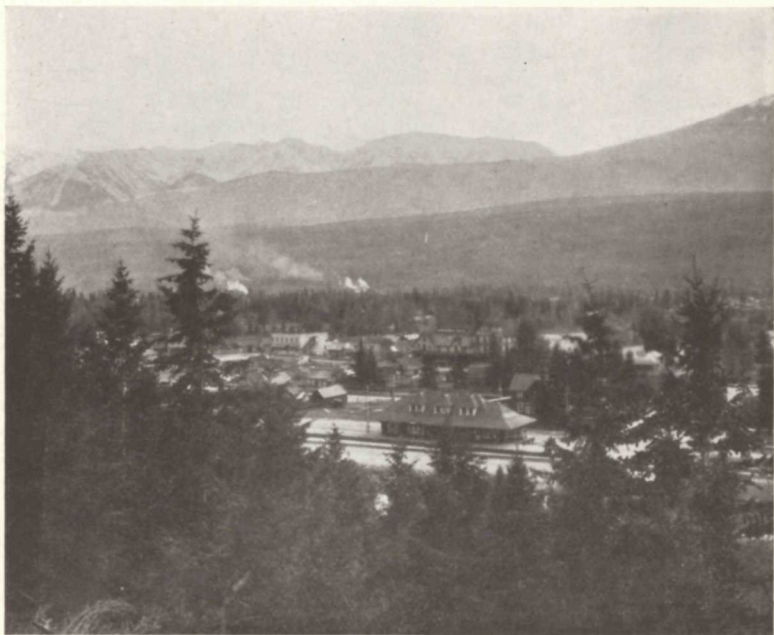
Government Motor Campsite, Banff, Alta.,
Rocky Mountains Park

cutting of a bird's wing through the air—the magnificent spiral climbs to the heights, what are these but a new poetry of motion? An earlier generation loved the quiet contemplation of a beautiful landscape, the absorption of one particular scene. But this age is set to a swifter tempo which creates its own pleasures, less static but no less ecstatic. And, certainly, to move with the swift and rhythm of a bird's flight, now close to the valley, now high above it, against a changing background of unimaginable splendour that weaves a new pattern of beauty with every mile, with the sun and the wind as companions and the blue sky overhead, is to know a new ecstasy of movement, to feel half delivered from our animal bondage to the solid earth.

Moving from beauty to beauty, along paths carved by ancient glaciers, through the valleys of the Bow and the Kicking-horse, the new highway goes. Towering upwards, on either hand, rise the great peaks, a countless succession, yet each distinct in individuality, hewn into every massive architectural

Thirty-five

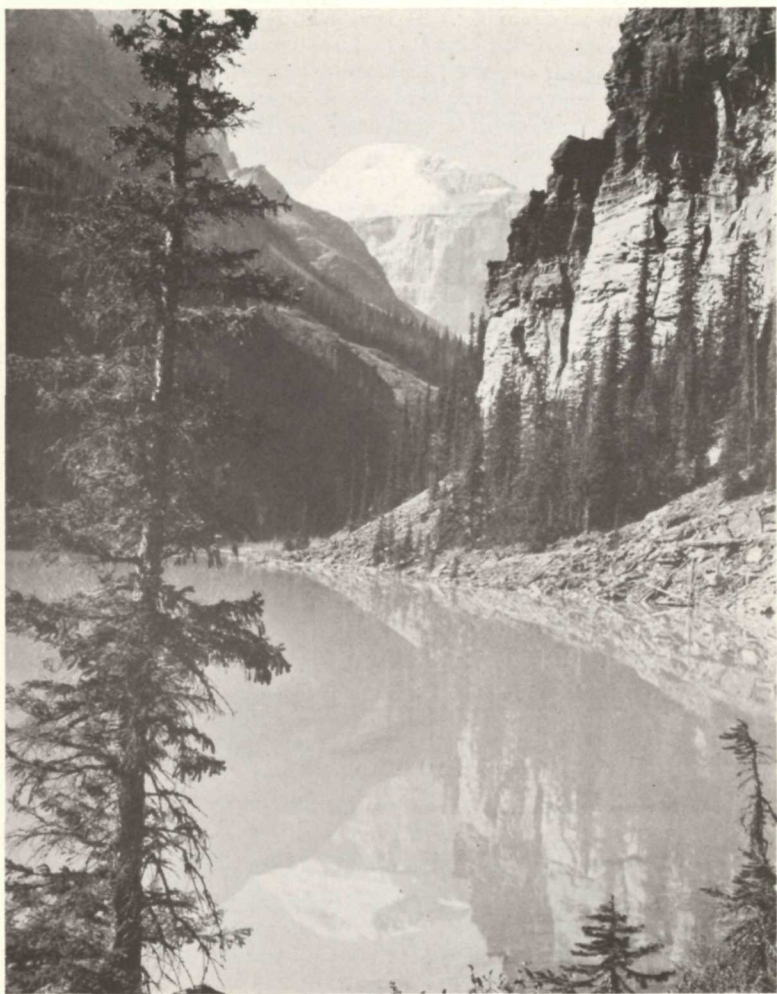
form, making a splendid natural Avenue of Temples, through which road, rivers and railway take their processional way for over two hundred miles. And everywhere, what enchanting light and colour, a many-coloured kalaedoscope changing from mile to mile! The green plumes of the pine trees feathering the lower slopes, the silvery grey limestones splashed and banded with old reds, delicate pinks, yellows and purplish maroons, the crystal veil of a waterfall swaying from far heights, the dazzling gleam of a snow peak or the glitter of green ice where a glacier clutches at some steep face of rock; the intense blue of



Golden, B.C.

the sky, stretched like a sheet of thin silk behind the peaks, the slow white clouds, moving in little puffs up the slopes or winding and unwinding their airy scarves about the serene foreheads of the peaks, the changing patterns woven by their purple shadows and the deep shadow of peak on peak—the whole marvellous, dissolving diorama that unrolls for two hundred miles from the eastern gateway of the main Rockies to their western portal, seems almost to belong to another world.

Thirty-six



Where all enchanted hours prepare
Enchantment for to-morrow's wear.

Within the national parks, along these beautiful highways, where nothing that is vulgar or ugly is allowed to meet the eye, one catches a glimpse, too, of the world which the new Genius is encouraging us to make. It is not enough now that the road should carry us somewhere. It has become an end in itself. A man is no longer satisfied with mere movement. He is beginning to desire—he will probably soon come to demand—everywhere the beautiful and harmonious environment as the background for the Road. What this will ultimately mean, what changes it will work in our whole civilization, it is impossible to say. For the Road Beautiful means the Village Beautiful, the Town Beautiful, and in the end the Nation Beautiful as well. Some hint of a possible new reverence for the landscape, for the



Western Gateway to Kootenay National Park

wild life that enriches it, for wild flowers and shrubs and trees, for the carefully preserved vista, that may one day become universal, the traveller may catch in the national parks. Once caught, he will realize that it satisfies a hunger, deep and unsuspected, for a life beautiful and harmonious in all its parts such as was dreamed of by the Greeks of old.

He who travels through this glorious region can hardly fail to return with treasure. If he be a Canadian he will bring home a new love of his country, a new pride in her superb mountains

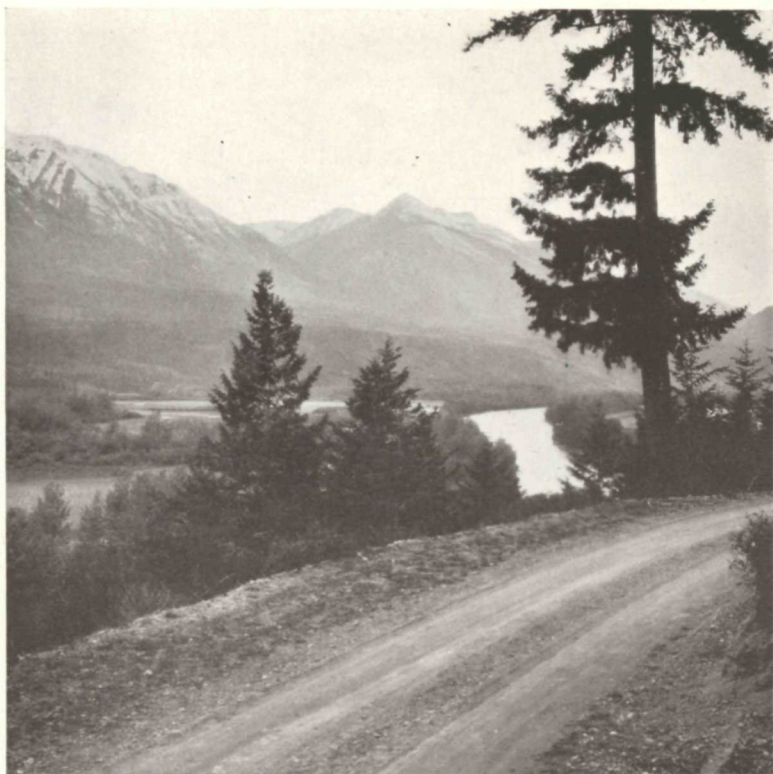
Thirty-eight



Mt. Sheol and Haddo Peak from Paradise Valley

and her great national parks. If he be a stranger within Canada's gates he will realize how truly all who have the power to see and enjoy are co-owners of beauty wherever it be found. He will

Thirty-nine



The Wide Columbia Valley

perceive that such gifts are the possessions in a sense of the whole world and that all should feel an interest, even a responsibility in their preservation. And everyone, whether native or visitor, will almost surely return with new health and vigour, the stimulus that comes from even a few hours or days of heightened living, catching, perhaps, the meaning of those penetrating words of W. H. Davies, the English poet, who reminded us recently that time was not the true measure of life, and that it is not the number of breaths we draw that matters so much as the number of times we draw breath in wonder and awe at this beautiful world.

CALGARY, ALTA., TO GOLDEN, B.C.

Mileage and Points of Interest

FIRST SECTION—CALGARY TO BANFF (85 miles)

- Mile 0. CALGARY, enterprising city of the foothills, population about 65,000. Gateway to the Rockies.
- Mile 23. COCHRANE, centre of extensive horse ranching country. First full view of Rockies obtained just before reaching the town.
- Mile 43. MORLEY INDIAN RESERVE, home of the Stony tribe of Indians. Church and school about one mile from road.
- Mile 50. BOW FORT, mile away is site of old Hudson's Bay post established about 1802.
- Mile 52. CALGARY POWER COMPANY'S PLANTS. Diversion of one mile will afford view of large storage dam and fall. A characteristic "Dude Ranch" is also found on the banks of the river.
- Mile 53. EAST BOUNDARY OF THE PARK is crossed although the official gateway is not entered until a few miles farther west.
- Mile 58. PARK GATEWAY. Road runs close to mountains and passes through park gateway. (Initials G.R. "Georgius Rex" over archway indicating that this is national property.)
- Mile 60. EXSHAW. Road passes through small town of Exshaw, site of large cement deposits. Fine views as road winds up hill beyond.
- Mile 65. THE GAP. Nearing The Gap several fine peaks are seen. Pigeon mountain (7,855 feet) to left, with Wind mountain (10,190 feet) just beyond, and Grotto mountain to right.
- Mile 69. THREE SISTERS. Fine view across the river of the celebrated trio of peaks known as the Three Sisters.
- Mile 70. CANMORE. Cross road leads to small mining town of Canmore, one-quarter mile to south.
- Mile 79. HOODOOS. Approaching this point interesting groups of "Hoodoos"—pillars left by erosion—may be seen along river bank. The many-peaked mountain to south is mount Rundle.
- Mile 82. ANTHRACITE HILL. Road climbs Anthracite Hill affording magnificent views in all directions.
- Mile 84. ANIMAL ENCLOSURE. To right, enclosure where herd of buffalo, elk, and other interesting animals may be seen.
- Mile 85. BANFF-HEADQUARTERS OF PARK. Government townsite. Contains several hotels, garages, hospital, banks, etc. Completely equipped motor campsite at junction of Bow and Spray rivers. Permits may be obtained from caretaker in charge. INFORMATION OFFICE, on Banff Avenue near Bow bridge, where full particulars may be obtained as to the many points of interest in Banff.

SECOND SECTION—BANFF TO CASTLE (19.9 miles)

- Mile 0. BANFF. Leaving Banff the route follows Banff Avenue to Cariboo Street, turns to left for one block, then follows Lynx Street to railway station, crosses track and turns west along Bow valley.

- Mile 1. VERMILION LAKES. The road passes the picturesque expansion of Bow river known as Vermilion lakes, noted for their beautiful reflections.
- Mile 3. CASCADE MOUNTAIN is visible to the north, Stony Squaw at its feet and mount Norquay to left. On sidehills to right, band of wild mountain sheep often seen.
- Mile 4. MOUNT EDITH. Brief glimpse to south of graceful summit, the only dolomite peak in neighbourhood.
- Mile 7. PILOT MOUNTAIN now becomes the dominating feature ahead. Mount Bourgeau is seen to left.
- Mile 8. HOLE-IN-THE-WALL MOUNTAIN to right—so called from strange aperture cut into rock about 1,500 feet up.
- Mile 10. CASTLE MOUNTAIN again visible ahead, each moment growing more impressive.
- Mile 12. WARDEN'S CABIN with telephone.
- Mile 13. AEROPLANE LANDING SITE to left. Road begins to climb, affording thrilling glimpse of snow-capped mount Ball to south.
- Mile 16. JOHNSTON CANYON, reached by trail about one-half mile from road. Extremely interesting gorge with walls in places over 100 feet high and less than 20 feet apart. Tea room and free Government campsite.
- Mile 19. "SILVER CITY." Old site of town which formed the centre of a small mining excitement in 1884. Free Government campsite and game warden's cabin.
- Mile 19.9. CASTLE FORKS. Banff-Windermere Highway branches off to Vermilion pass and Kootenay National Park. Lake Louise road continues to west.

THIRD SECTION—CASTLE TO LAKE LOUISE (22 miles)

(Mileage continued from Banff)

- Mile 23. OLD INTERNMENT CAMP. Site of camp used during war for incarceration of foreign prisoners.
- Mile 33. MOUNT TEMPLE. Splendid view across river of mount Temple, one of the loftiest peaks of the region. Brief glimpse of snow-covered summits of mounts Victoria and Lefroy at Lake Louise and of sharp summits of Valley of Ten Peaks.
- Mile 38.2. LAKE LOUISE STATION. Road crosses C.P.R. main line and in less than 2 miles reaches Lake Louise station and begins a 3-mile climb up the mountain side to the lake. About a mile and a half up is found a Government campsite. At mile 40.6 the Kicking Horse Trail swings off to the right. At the lake several tearooms and small chalets as well as the fine "Chateau Lake Louise" provide accommodation.
- Mile 41.1 LAKE LOUISE.

THE KICKING HORSE TRAIL

LAKE LOUISE TO FIELD (16 miles)

- Mile 0. LAKE LOUISE. Leaving the Lake Louise road about 300 yards from the lake, the Kicking Horse Trail swings to the right along the slopes of mount St. Piran with fine views of the Bow valley, mount Hector and Waputik range to the north.

- Mile 4. EAST PORTAL OF PASS. Road leaves green timber and soon swings to right, reaching spectacular viewpoint at eastern gateway to Kicking Horse pass. To right is Bath creek with Bath glacier due west of Waputik peak. Directly northwest are mount Daly and mount Niles. In valley below one-half mile west is the Great Divide. Beyond lie Summit and Sink lakes and upper reaches of Kicking Horse valley with Cathedral mountain and Vanguard peak to south. Mount Ogden to north.
- Mile 4.5. GREAT DIVIDE, known to Blackfoot tribe as the "Backbone of the World." Here stream from north divides, one-half flowing east by way of Bow river to Hudson Bay and the Atlantic, the other by the Kicking Horse and Columbia to the Pacific. A monument placed in the angle formed by the dividing waters commemorates the exploration work of Sir James Hector, the discoverer of the pass.
- SUMMIT AND SINK LAKES—the latter so called because it has no surface outlet. Road winds among knolls and hills carved and rounded by receding glaciers.
- Mile 7.5. WAPTA. A small station on railway. Road crosses to north side of railway skirting Wapta lake. C.P.R. Bungalow camp on shore of lake. Flowing out of western end of lake is seen the small stream which forms the headwaters of Kicking Horse river. Trail to Lake O'Hara visible up Cataract valley between mounts Victoria and Cathedral.
- Mile 8. SHERBROOKE CREEK. Outlet for Sherbrooke lake and tributary of Kicking Horse river crossed.
- OLD RIGHT-OF-WAY. At foot of Wapta lake road begins to utilize the original railway grade down west slope, abandoned when the famous spiral tunnels were completed in 1910, and enters upon one of the most spectacular sections of the highway. The river rushes through a deep gorge and the descent becomes noticeably rapid. From tea-house fine panorama is afforded of Kicking Horse valley, with great loops by which railway climbs to Divide. Passing mount Ogden beautiful Yoho valley opening to north comes into view. Mounts Field, Wapta and Burgess rise to the northwest. Town of Field visible in valley. Cathedral mountain towering to left. Mount Stephen almost dead ahead. At Yoho station remains are visible of great rock slide of 1925 which buried the station-house and carried away portion of track. Owing to heroism of brakeman Partridge on eastbound train who warned the occupants of station, no lives were lost.
- Mile 12. KICKING HORSE VALLEY. Road leaves old grade and reaches valley by two easy switchbacks.
- Mile 13. GOVERNMENT MOTOR TOURIST CAMP and junction with Yoho valley road. Kicking Horse Trail continues along north side of valley floor to Field.
- Mile 16. FIELD, B.C.

EXTENSIONS FROM FIELD

1. YOHO VALLEY AND TAKAKKAW FALLS (11 miles). Road follows Kicking Horse Trail three miles to east then turns to left up Yoho valley. Waputik escarpment to right, mount Field to left. Yoho river rushing to meet Kicking Horse.

- Mile 8. SWITCHBACK. Road leaves floor of valley and climbs switchback which affords splendid views.
- Mile 11. TAKAKKAW FALLS, fed by Daly glacier. Three thousand five hundred feet from source of water to foot of valley. C.P.R. Bungalow camp at foot of falls. Ponies and guides may be obtained here for trip past Laughing and Twin falls to Yoho icefield at head of valley.
2. FIELD TO EMERALD LAKE (7 miles). Charming drive through deep woods to beautiful Emerald lake, one of the most famous in Rockies. Attractive chalet hotel under C.P.R. management at lake.

FIELD TO GOLDEN (38 miles)

- Mile 3. NATURAL BRIDGE. From Field road turns west following north side of Kicking Horse to Natural Bridge—rocky causeway underneath which river forces its way, passing into lower canyon, fine gorge about 100 feet deep.
- Mile 4. EMERALD CREEK AND AMISKWI RIVER. Kicking Horse joined within a few hundred yards of each other by two tributaries. Amiskwi valley is route to famous Howse pass, used by old fur traders and David Thompson's first route to Columbia.
- Mile 7.5. OTTERTAIL RIVER. Another tributary is crossed. Road runs through grassy flats and green woods, then crosses railway and climbs side of hill again, using old grade.
From crest of hill fine view looking to east. Main valley seen forming wide amphitheatre with four tributary valleys—Emerald creek, Amiskwi and Otterhead from north, Ottertail from southeast, converging upon it. To southwest glimpse of mount Goodsir, one of finest peaks in park.
- Mile 16. Road again crosses to north side of river near little station of Leancoil.
- Mile 18.5. LEANCHOIL. From Leancoil a trail leads up the Beaverfoot valley past the mouth of Ice River valley—a region of great scenic and geological interest—to Kootenay Crossing on the Banff-Windermere Highway, thirty-two miles to south.
- Mile 21. WEST BOUNDARY OF YOHO PARK. Leaving the river bottom the highway follows the wooded sidehills on the slopes of mount Hunter, passing the west boundary of Yoho Park. From this point the road is under the supervision of the Province of British Columbia.
- Mile 25. PALLISER—a small station on line. Here road, river and railway enter the great gorge of the Kicking Horse river which extends from this point to about one mile east of Golden.
The valley floor is now dropping deeper and although the road practically maintains its level it is soon high above the river. At mile 26 it reaches its highest elevation, about 600 feet.
- Mile 28. GLENOGLE—a small station on C.P.R. Cable bridge leading to one of the highway construction camps is seen crossing the river.

- Mile 30. Road forced to north side of valley where it again climbs to a considerable height. The panorama in all directions is exceptionally fine. The snow-capped Selkirks are visible ahead showing through the great gap by which the river emerges from the Rockies. Soon, lying in the green Columbia valley is seen the town of Golden at the junction of the two rivers.
- Mile 37. Road begins its final descent reaching Golden in another mile.
- Mile 38. GOLDEN. In old mining days one of the busiest and wealthiest towns of West, now centre of active lumbering trade. End of Kicking Horse Trail.

COLUMBIA RIVER ROAD

GOLDEN TO FIRLANDS (67 miles)

Leaving Golden the road turns to the south following the east side of the Columbia river. Passing through a few small towns and hamlets in 67 miles it reaches Firlands at the western end of the Banff-Windermere Highway. From this point return may be made to Banff and the east or the Columbia valley road may be followed to Invermere, Windermere, Fernie and Kingsgate where connection is made with roads leading to the Pacific Coast.

MOTORIST ACCOMMODATION ON MOUNTAIN HIGHWAYS

CALGARY TO BANFF

- | | |
|---|--|
| COCHRANE.
SEEBEE.
BOW FORT.
CANMORE.

BANFF. | Alberta Hotel (24 rooms). Two garages.
Brewster's "Dude Ranch."
Refreshment stand. Motor campsite. Filling station.
Canmore Hotel (50 rooms). Y.M.C.A. (40 rooms).
Filling station.
Hotels.—Banff Springs (C.P.R.) (295 rooms), King
Edward (75 rooms), Mount Royal (72 rooms),
Bretton Hall (55 rooms), Homestead (30 rooms),
Cascade (40 rooms), Hot Springs (24 rooms), Banff
Villa (20 rooms), Brett Hospital (60 rooms),
Y.M.C.A. (65 rooms). Several private boarding
houses. Cafes. Tea Rooms. "Rundle Mountain
Motor Camp," Government operated and fully
equipped, including light and water; permits costing
\$1 obtained from resident caretaker. Government
Golf Links. Government Radium Hot swimming
pool. Information Bureau. Several first class
garages. Six filling stations. |
|---|--|

BANFF TO LAKE LOUISE

- | | |
|---|--|
| JOHNSTON CANYON.
CASTLE.
MORAINÉ LAKE.
LAKE LOUISE
STATION.
LAKE LOUISE. | "Johnston Canyon Bungalow Camp."
"Government Motor Campsite."
"Moraine Lake Bungalow Camp."
Mountain Inn (10 rooms). Filling station.

Chateau Lake Louise (C.P.R.) (385 rooms), Y.W.C.A.
(30 rooms), Deer Lodge (15 rooms), Triangle Inn
(9 rooms), Inglenook (8 rooms). "Government
Motor Campsite." Two filling stations. |
|---|--|

LAKE LOUISE TO GOLDEN

LAKE WAPTA. FIELD.	"Lake Wapta Bungalow Camp." Mount Stephen House (Railroad Y.M.C.A.), a few rooms available for guests. "Emerald Lake Chalet" (seven miles from Field). Government Motor Campsite (three miles east). Garage. Two filling stations. "Lake O'Hara Camp" (seven miles from Field).
TAKAKKAW FALLS.	"Yoho Bungalow Camp" (eleven miles from Field, up Yoho valley).
GOLDEN.	Hotels.—Columbia (36 rooms), Russell (24 rooms), Swiss Chalet (30 persons). Motor Campsite. Garage. Two filling stations.

GOLDEN TO FIRLANDS

PARSON.	Filling station.
SPILLIMACHEEN.	Filling station.
28 MILE POST.	McKeenan's; meals.
BRISCO.	Filling station.
EDGEWATER.	Filling station.
FIRLANDS.	Road House, meals.

Firlands-Windermere Extension

WINDERMERE.	Hotels.—Windermere (30 rooms), White House (10 rooms). Golf Course. Three filling stations.
INVERMERE.	Invermere Hotel. "Lake Windermere Bungalow Camp." Motor Campsite. Filling station.

FIRLANDS TO CASTLE (Banff-Windermere Highway)

SINCLAIR HOT SPRINGS.	"Radium Hot Springs" Hotel. "Sinclair Hot Springs Bungalow Camp." Government Motor Campsite. Government Radium Hot Swimming Pool.
SINCLAIR SUMMIT.	Government Motor Campsite.
MCLEOD MEADOWS.	Government Motor Campsite.
KOOTENAY CROSSING.	Government Motor Campsite.
VERMILION CROSSING.	"Vermilion Crossing Bungalow Camp." Government Motor Campsite. Filling station.
HAWK CREEK.	Government Motor Campsite.
BLACK'S CAMP.	Government Motor Campsite.
MARBLE CANYON.	"Marble Canyon Bungalow Camp." Government Motor Campsite.
VERMILION SUMMIT.	"Storm Mountain Rest Bungalow Camp." Government Motor Campsite.

CAMPING

Camping permits entitling persons to camp in a National Park may be obtained from any park superintendent. Permits are issued for a fee of One Dollar (\$1.00). They entitle the holder to the use of any campsite in Banff, Kootenay, and Yoho Parks for a period of three weeks, at the end of which time the permit must be renewed.



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Ottawa, 1927

