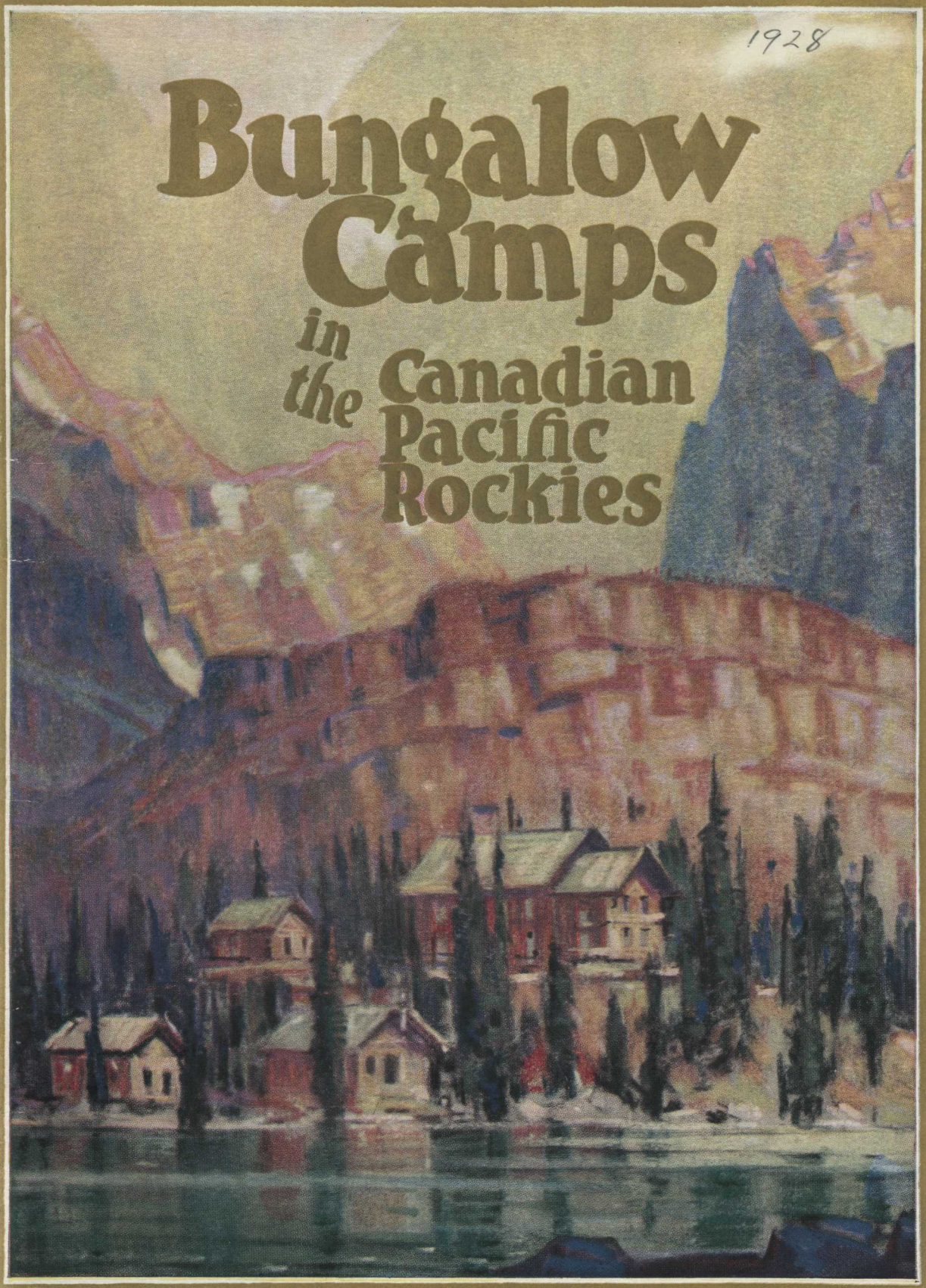
1928

Bungalow Camps in the Canadian Pacific Rockies



Lake O'Hara Bungalow Camp

BUNGALOW CAMPS

IN THE CANADIAN PACIFIC ROCKIES

Wapta Camp—Overlooking beautiful Lake Wapta, just west of the Great Divide. Centre for Alpine climbing, drives, pony rides, and hikes to Lake O'Hara, the Yoho Valley, the Kicking Horse Canyon, etc.

Postal Address, Wapta Bungalow Camp, Hector, B.C.

Lake O'Hara Camp—This Alpine lake, of exquisite coloring and charm, is a splendid climbing, riding and walking centre. Excursions to Lake McArthur and Lake Oesa, or over Abbot Pass to Lake Louise.

Postal Address, Lake O'Hara Bungalow Camp, Hector, B.C.

Yoho Valley Camp—At the most delightful location in Yoho Valley, facing Takakkaw Falls. Excursions to the upper valley or over Yoho Pass to Emerald Lake.

Postal Address, Yoho Valley Bungalow Camp, Field, B.C.

Moraine Lake Camp—At the head of the Valley of the Ten Peaks. Good trout fishing, climbing, riding and hiking to Consolation Lakes, Paradise Valley, Wenkchemna Pass, etc.

Postal Address, Moraine Lake Bungalow Camp, Lake Louise, Alta. (Open June 1-September 30).

Castle Mountain Camp— First stop on the new Banff-Windermere automobile highway, the most spectacular automobile road in America. Wonderful panoramic views of Castle Mountain and other peaks.

On the Banff-Windermere Road. Postal Address, Castle Mountain Bungalow Camp, Castle Mountain, Alta.

Vermilion River Camp—Second stop on this road. Fine fishing in the Vermilion River, and magnificent mountain climbing.

On the Banff-Windermere Road. Postal Address, Vermilion River Bungalow Camp, via Castle Mountain, Alta.

Radium Hot Springs Camp—Third stop on this road. Swimming in Radium Hot Springs Pool, hiking and climbing, and wonderful views of the Selkirks.

On the Banff-Windermere Road. Postal Address, Radium Hot Springs Bungalow Camp, Radium Hot Springs, B.C.

Lake Windermere Camp—A popular bungalow camp on the shore of the loveliest warm water lake of British Columbia. Riding, motoring, swimming, boating and excursions to the glaciers of the Selkirks.

Postal Address, Lake Windermere Bungalow Camp, Invermere, B.C.

The above camps are open (except where otherwise stated, and subject to road conditions) from June 15th to September 15th. Rates $5.50 per day, American plan. Information how to reach these camps, and the accommodation at each, is found on later pages, under each separate camp.

BUNGALOW CAMPS ~ *in the* Canadian Pacific Rockies

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC ROCKIES, which interpose their giant barrier between the prairies and the Pacific Coast, comprise the most wonderful mountain region in the world. Nearly seven hundred peaks of 6,000 feet or over in height—lovely mountain lakes, swift rivers, silent primeval forests, glistening glaciers, extensive national parks, hundreds of miles of roads and good trails, climbing, fishing, riding, hiking and motoring—these are some of the attractions that they offer.

At eight points in the Canadian Pacific Rockies are Bungalow Camps, making a special appeal to the trail-rider, the hiker and the climber. A Bungalow Camp consists of a cluster of buildings of log or other wooden construction: the principal one being the dining-room and social centre, the others individual sleeping cabins of various sizes. These Bungalow Camps—which are supplemented by many outlying tea houses conveniently spaced—combine comfort, simplicity, and good food with moderate charges—and always they have the background of magnificent Nature.

Yoho National Park, with an area of 476 square miles, lies just west of the Great Divide on the western slopes of the Rocky Mountains. It is a region of charm and winsome beauty, of giant mountains and primeval forests, of rushing rivers and sapphire-like lakes. Its principal river is the Kicking Horse, with the Ottertail and Yoho as main tributaries; its chief lakes are Emerald, Wapta, McArthur, O'Hara and Sherbrooke. The Yoho Valley (with its great glacier, Twin Falls and Takakkaw Falls), Emerald Lake, Burgess Pass, Lake O'Hara and Lake McArthur are amongst the chief scenic features.

Three bungalow camps are situated in Yoho National Park. Linked together as they are by good motor roads or trails, and supplemented by tea houses, they make one of the most delightful circle tours of the entire Rockies.

Yoho Valley Bungalow Camp

Eleven miles from Field Station by road. Thirteen miles from Wapta Camp by road. Also reached by trail or road from Emerald Lake. Accommodation for 64.

Wapta Bungalow Camp

Close to Hector Station. Also reached by road from Field (8 miles), Lake Louise (8 miles), or Yoho Camp (13 miles). Accommodation for 58.

Lake O'Hara Bungalow Camp

Eight miles south of Hector Station, by trail. Also reached from Lake Louise over Abbot Pass, or by trail from Field. Accommodation for 38.

Kicking Horse Canyon Tea House

Between Wapta Lake and Field

Natural Bridge Tea House

Between Field and Emerald Lake.

Summit Lake Tea House

Between Yoho Valley and Emerald Lake
Sleeping accommodation for 12.

Twin Falls Tea House

In the Upper Yoho Valley.
Sleeping accommodation for 5.

Abbot Pass Alpine Hut

Between Lake O'Hara and Lake Louise
Sleeping accommodation for 20.

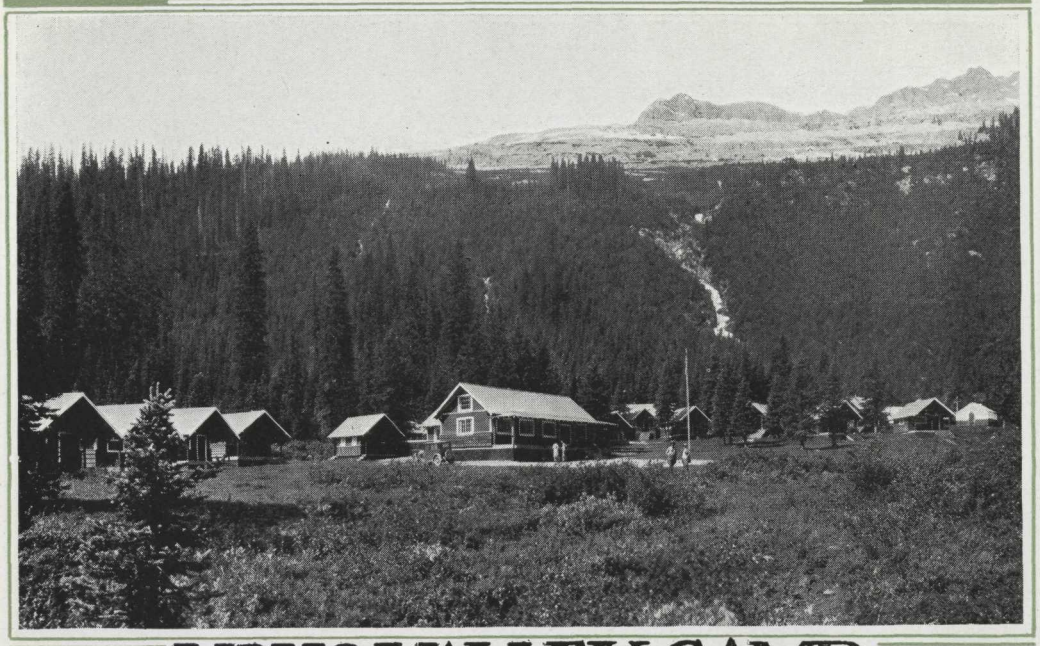
Plain of Six Glaciers Tea House

Between Abbot Pass and Lakes in the Clouds
Sleeping accommodation for 4.

All trains stop at Field. At Hector (12 miles east) most trains stop. (See time-tables).

OTHER CENTRES OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC ROCKIES

Banff Springs Hotel
Emerald Lake Chalet
Chateau Lake Louise
Hotel Sicamous



YOHO VALLEY CAMP

THE derivation of Yoho is from an Indian ejaculation of astonishment or wonder, "Yo-Ho!" say the Crees, when they come suddenly upon anything that amazes them. The Stoney Indians say it thus: "YO-ho!"; and in all this valley, for white visitors of to-day, it is either a case of "Yo-ho!" or of simply the silence that comes from lack of knowing what to say to voice their admiration.

Field, on the main line of the Canadian Pacific, is the detraining place. There, under the great hump of Mount Stephen and the crags of Mount Burgess, the motor-cars await to take us up to the camp. With their whistling honk they speed away across the Kicking Horse River, either left to Emerald Lake, or right to the Yoho Bungalow Camp.

Along the Kicking Horse

As the car runs east along the river side it is worth while to look up at the crags of Mount Stephen opposite. By careful scrutiny of some of the apparent natural cavities in these high cliffs, you will discern timbers. These holes are actually the entrances to tunnels of the Monarch Mine. The bin to hold the ore, so steep is the face of the mountain there, is like an eagle's eyrie clamped to the rock front. Even as we are looking up at it, the car swings away into a valley down which Yoho pours its waters to the Kicking Horse River.

If you are smoking, don't toss your cigarette end lightly out. Here you are at the gateway of an earthly paradise. Remember the Scripture which sayeth: "Behold how great a matter a small fire kindleth." These tall trees must never become a bonfire. The smell of the place is what chiefly enchants us at the beginning. Newly out of the railway cars, we breathe deep of the rich odor of the woods, the blent aroma of balsam and spruce; we rush through scent, robust, invigorating scent, that fills our lungs. Yoho foams below us, and the road twists and mounts through that pervading odor and the green dusk of the forests.

Yoho Camp

There are summer vacation resorts at which, though to be sure we exchange town for country, the summer heat still pursues us. One of the great charms of the Yoho Valley Bungalow Camp is that it is never too hot to sleep refreshingly there. At its altitude we have all the sun of summer days; but we have comfortable nights. The club house is perched in a meadow facing Takakkaw, the stream that comes down from the Daly Glacier. In a fissure of the mountains this stream drops a sheer thousand feet and more. The winds toy with it. It is not, up there, a river of water but a river of foam, and comes down with an oddly leisurely appearance despite its great drop, very much like a falling of those rockets called Golden Rain. It has its colors too, it is not always white; but of that more later.

The bungalows, in a semi-circle, are dotted round the community house, each with its simple necessities for those going into the mountains. In the middle of the cleared space before them is a small tablet to Tom Wilson, the original trail maker of these parts, who found (that is, as far as whites are

Near the Summit of Burgess Pass

concerned, for it was an Indian who led him there) the Lake of Little Fishes, now called Lake Louise, and then, over the ridge behind us, Emerald Lake, in 1882. Not so long ago, that, as the centuries go! Just a moment ago, in a sense! The automobile comes now to Yoho Valley Camp where Tom Wilson came, afoot, by a dim Indian trail, or no trail at all. Otherwise all is as he saw it. Takakkaw roars, as he heard it roar, out of a notch in the cliffs below the Daly Glacier, into a sweep of rock up there like a colossal font-stone, and then overflows, even as he (the Cortez of these parts) saw it—wind-plucked foam.

Takakkaw Falls

As one sits on the verandah of the community house, lulled rather than at all troubled in spirit by that wind-borne rumble, there come at irregular intervals harsher notes in the flow of sound. These are rocks brought down by Takakkaw and dropped into that high cupped projection of the cliff that is like a stupendous font. At times there comes another accent in the orchestration, sometimes so high and crashing as to seem like the first of a peal of thunder, sometimes less thunderous and distinguishable promptly for what it is, crashing, splitting, and with a kind of vast tinkling as of ice in a thousand-fold tumbler; for it is of ice, thawed away from the forefoot of the glacier that lies there invisible above, of ice chunks washed down in the flow, dropped in the great cup and tossed to and fro there into shattered atoms.

After supper one may stroll over by the little path for a nearer survey of that gauzy, billowing foam. At once one is in virgin forest. Bungalow camps might be leagues away. The path leads up on a hump of woods, drops to the river side, and leads across a foot-bridge to where the last spray of the falls drifts ceaselessly in the air.

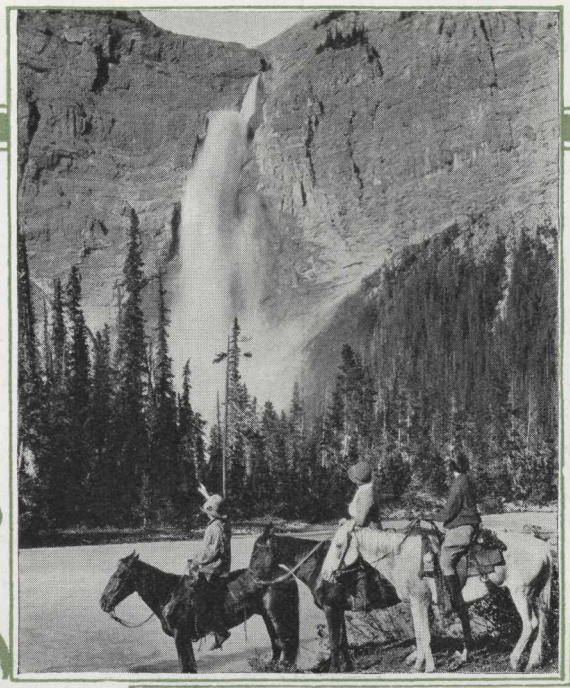
Close to Camp

It is an ideal place, this Yoho Bungalow Camp, for both riders and hikers. About a couple of miles along on the road northward we can turn aside to the left and see the Point Lace Falls. Not as high as Takakkaw, they yet have their beauty. One may weary of the multitude of Bridal Veils in the Rockies, and wonder that those who name places have no brighter wit than to see so many foaming falls as bridal veils; but Point Lace Falls is otherwise. The name is apt, not banal, for that filigree of foam on a cliff face. Only a few feet farther upon the main road, to the right, a trail leads away a mere hundred yards, to other falls, called Angels' Stairs. They come zigzagging down from high cliffs, the last bastions of the Daly Glacier, again with that oddly leisurely aspect of so many precipitous waters.

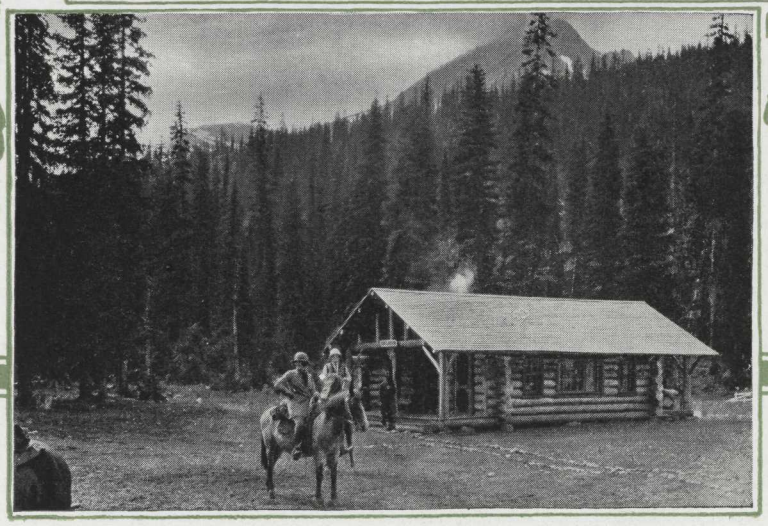
Easy Strolls

All these are close to camp, and can be visited between breakfast and lunch. Then in the afternoon one may stroll a mile up the trail on the mountain immediately behind the camp, take the first tributary trail to the left, and experience, less than a mile farther on, the quiet of Hidden Lakes. There they lie, utterly whelmed round by the woods, mirroring the still trees. Not a sound but the fitting call of a whisky-jack, as whites have contorted the Indian name of the bird *wiss-katjan*. Its lonely call seems a part of all the old serenity of that place.

1928 750



From Yoho Valley Bungalow Camp it is but a short distance to the Takakkaw Falls—or you can ride (*centre*) over Burgess Pass back to Field—or up to Summit Lake Tea House en route to Emerald Lake.



During the past few years a very comprehensive programme of road construction has been carried on by the National Parks Branch of the Canadian Government, and has resulted in all of the Bungalow Camps (except Lake O'Hara) and most of the Tea Houses being linked up together by good motor-roads.

The principal road is now that which runs, under various names, from Banff to Golden, a distance of 118 miles. Along it are situated Banff Springs Hotel, the Chateau Lake Louise, Moraine Lake Bungalow Camp (on a short branch), Wapta Bungalow Camp, Yoho Valley Bungalow Camp, Field, and Emerald Lake Chalet.

Another excellent road is the Banff-Windermere Road, the same as the foregoing so far as Castle Mountain, and turning south-westerly to Lake Windermere. (See page 32).

From Golden the Columbia River Highway runs to Lake Windermere and Cranbrook, connecting with points south, east and west.

A complete circle trip through the most magnificent scenery of the Canadian Pacific Rockies, from any point back to the starting place without once traversing the same ground, is thus possible. The Bungalow Camps en route offer convenient sleeping or dining accommodation.

The great affairs at Yoho are the rides. Past the bend of the road, where one turns aside for Takakkaw Falls, or beyond the Takakkaw Cabins, across the broad shingle of a creek that in summer time is shrunken to a series of little creeks brawling through the shingle, we begin to mount into precipitous forests and into a great quiet, as if the quiet of cathedrals had somehow been brought into the open air.

On the Trail

There is a sense of immortal ease among that big timber where the cariboo moss hangs its tassels from the branches. The ponies' hoofs fall almost without a sound on the ribbon of old loam or fallen cones and needles that is the trail. The trail winds on through the green old peace and brings us to the end of Duchesnay Lake.

People are apt to talk of tropic color, as though the tropics had a monopoly of color; but here already, even before we come to the flower-covered upland meadows, we have it. In high summer here, the skies are wontedly of an unfathomable blue above the spires of the tall spruce trees, and in the balsams, though they are nominally green, there lurks a sift of blue. Chinks of distant cliff also, between the branches, make an inlay of blue and grey-blue and the hue of pumice-stone. And sudden, among the green, there is whiteness and then the drumming of a creek. We coast a foaming little gorge, and on a long bridge crossing it look up at the rock over which it pours.

The Upper Valley

This is Laughing Falls, and we dismount and turn aside from the trail to see how it churns in the cup of rocks at its base. It is like an inverted fountain, but with the spread at its foot instead of at its top. We mount again and ride on our way to Twin Falls, and soon we see them, far and high, at an angle of maybe fifty degrees. Below us a river tom-toms, its canyon strewn with trees brought down out of the forests, criss-crossed and tossed and wild.

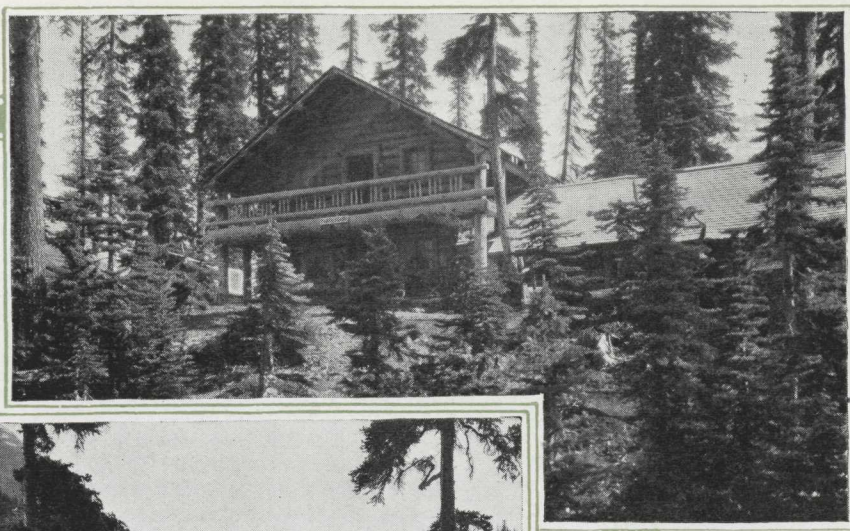
Just before we leave that view to twist on and up into the higher forests again, we have a glimpse of the gulch through which the river flows. Beyond that crevice we see the exquisite green end of a sequestered glen, a place that to those of us who remember stolen moments at school over Deadwood Dick and such heroes must inevitably suggest the secret pocket where our once idolized outlaw unbitted and unsaddled his steed and left him to feed while he took his sheriff-free ease. On again, up and up, through the wash of green lights we go.

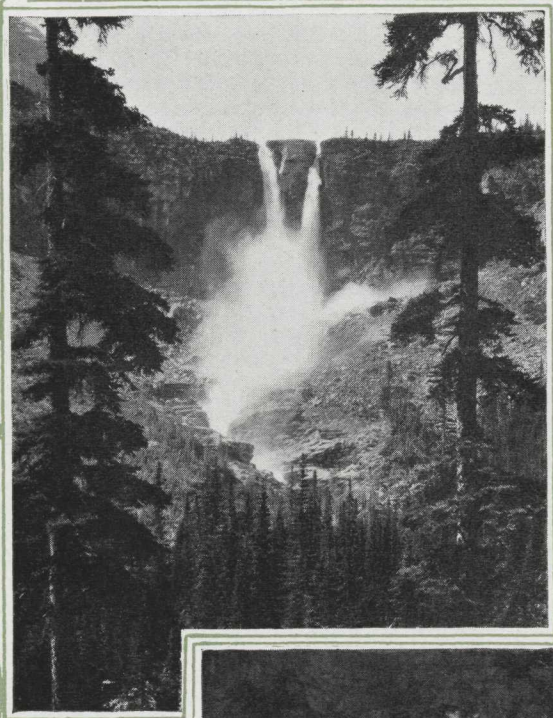
For a couple of miles or so we ride farther on up the narrowing valley, coasting, rising and dipping along its slopes. The trees stand up like living pillars, and below them and by the trail side wild flowers flaunt and fade through the exquisite summer—tall clusters of columbine, yellow arnica, tufts of labrador tea, wild heliotrope, white hedysarum and the little low flowers of the wild raspberry. We pass as we ride evidence of old occupancy, here and there the time-darkened notches where were once marten traps, and the ruins of a trapper's cabin. All is intensely still, hushed and tranquil. When we come to the last rise among the timber and look out on the glacier that is the valley's end, we, too, could cry: "Yo-ho!"

Yoho Glacier

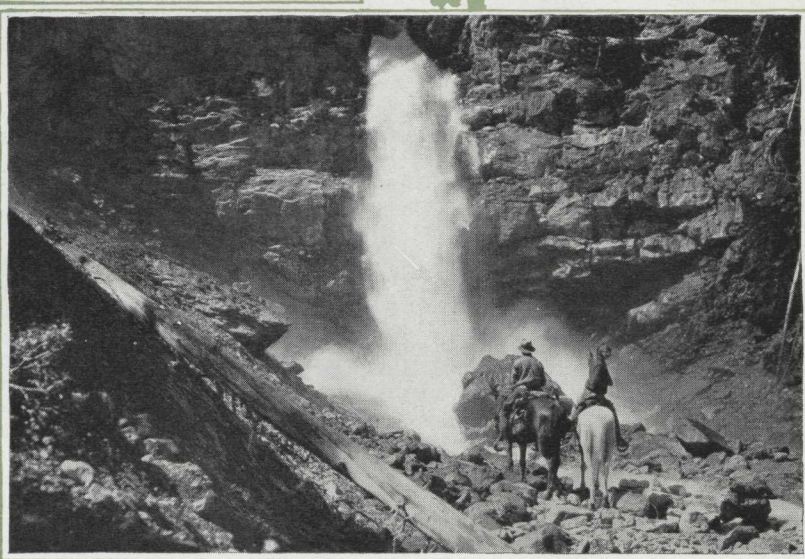
There is something individual about these glaciers. They seem each to have personality and entity. There it rolls and hangs, at Yoho's end, from névé to forefoot, as if it looked at us, watched us come, noted us. As we draw rein on the last spur of woods and stare out across the boulder-strewn hollow it seems in some wild unfathomable way to look back at us.

The Yoho Glacier is as if over-laid upon the mountain crest and sides by some master jeweller whose medium is ice and rocks—colored ice, colored rocks—instead of silver and enamels. The curved top is of a whiteness beyond anything but that of what it is—névé snow. The lower seracs are each individualized in the clear air, with subtle blue shadows. Mrs. Walcott, the gifted wife of a gifted man, and daughter of a famous mountaineer, took, over a series of years in company with her brother, measurements of the Yoho Glacier to determine the rate of its movement.





Two beautiful waterfalls in the Upper Yoho Valley—Twin Falls (*centre*) at the head of the valley, and Laughing Falls, about half way there. (*Top*) Twin Falls Tea House, where you can sleep overnight.



To know such details of the lives of these great crests of snow, these pinnacles, and chasms of green and translucent blue, just as the quality of the day's light decrees, adds to our interest, but to many of us it is the pictorial aspect that chiefly counts, that we carry away in our mind's eye. Back home again we remember the exquisite Yoho Glacier, across that vast cup of shingle and frothing streams. For it is exquisite. It does not give a sense of horror, as do some ice fields. The beauty of it triumphs over that.

Twin Falls Tea House

For the majority the ride up the valley to the culminating glacier is enough for one day. One does not wish to glut the mind, does not wish to pack over-summarily into the store-house of memory too much beauty all at once. That ride from camp to where the trails fork can well be taken again without growing weary of it. But one does not, as it happens, have to return at once, for close to the Twin Falls is Twin Falls Tea House, a picturesque log-cabin house that provides meals that would be attractive anywhere, but are still more highly appreciated because they are where they are. The Tea House also has good sleeping accommodation; and rising refreshed next morning, we can return by what is called the High Trail.

We are now in an ecstatic betwixt and between region. We look down on tree-tops and the white swerve of the stream. We look up at the cliff face where, in two notches, the Twin Falls pour down. They are like Takakkaw, or Laughing Falls, seen in duplicate.

After leaving the Twin Falls Tea House, we ride along the farther, the western edge of the valley, mounting by easy grades. We pass a little lake, still as glass, and (like glass) mirroring trees and reeds round its edges, and in its middle the sky. To our right, behind an old rock slide, towers a barrier of cliffs; and our coming is announced by the high shrill whistle of a hoary marmot. Always there seems to be one there, sitting on a rock as sentinel.

The High Trail

So musing we ride on upon the winding trail, looking up at the old cliff face. As we rise in the world, we come to a torrent, and the log bridge over it gives us a shock. So much of the old original world has been round us that a bridge seems out of place ! Crossing it we ride into one of those Alpine meadows that are just dotted with tree and all carpeted with purple and white bryanthus. From the odor of balsam we ride into the scent of wild flowers. To right is a tree upon which is printed: "To the A.C.C. Camp." [Alpine Club of Canada.] That is one of the ways into the Little Yoho Valley—a beautiful lesser valley abutting on the main one, a long lateral sweep of just such high flowered meadows hung round with woods, then rocks, then glacier edges.

Even as the glaciers seem each to have their individuality, their personality, so do the upland lakelets to which we come. There is one here, Lake Celeste, an exquisite expanse of water, two green mirrors for the surrounding peaks, with a narrows connecting them. Through a V of the hills to north-west of it we look to a sweep of snow; if a white cloud to match it topples above against the shimmer of the sky, the picture is complete. We have left the sound of falls and the roar of compressed waters. There is just utter quiet up here, and the sky. And a little way on we have the impression of riding near to empty space, coasting cloud-land.

We are high above Yoho Valley, looking across the summer shimmer at the great Waputik snowfield. No snowfield, thus far south, is larger. Its long easy undulations invite an eye-journey. We rein in, and in fancy wander over it from where it sweeps down into Daly Glacier to where the pinnacles of Trolltinder stand fantastically to the empty dome above. We realize how infinitely we have been mounting since we left Twin Falls. Dismounting there, the guide invites us to come up that cup-like edge and look. We leave the horses tearing grass and walk a few yards after him.

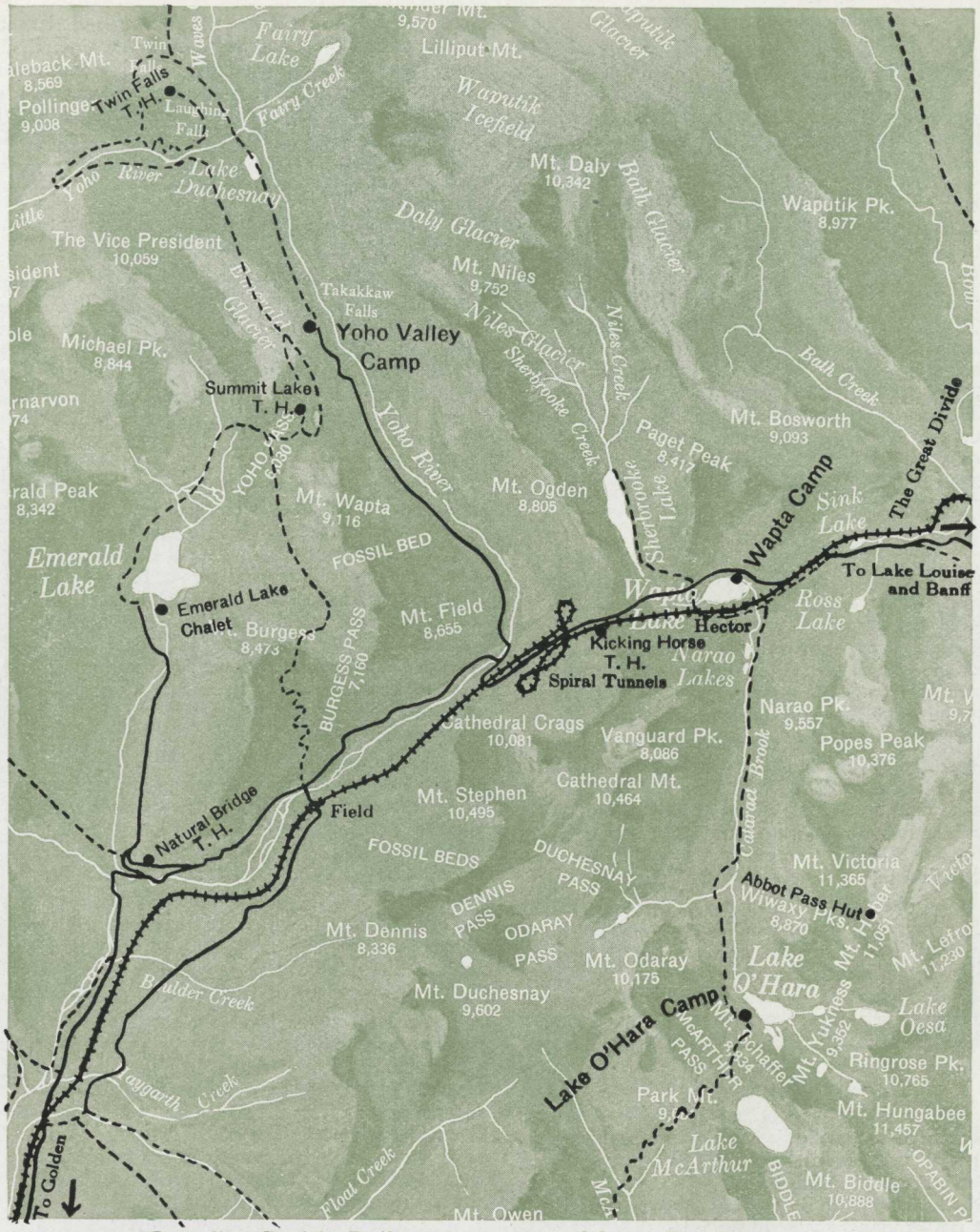
High up in the World

Yo-ho, Yo-ho, indeed! As we come to that edge of jagged rocks, a sort of natural bastion, suddenly the sense of quiet ends. There come to us, slam, abrupt, a roar of waters and a sigh of wind. The sigh is in the tops of the forest on which we look down a thousand feet below; the roar is of all the foaming torrents blent, below again, and beyond, and everywhere, of Yoho and Takakkaw, of the Angels' Stairs and Point Lace, of Laughing Falls, of Whisky-Jack Falls, and all the other tumbling waters of that valley upon which we look down.

We know then where we are. We are somewhere on those stupendous cliffs above the Bungalow Camp that, loafing on the verandah of the community house, we previously looked up at, wondering how one could get there. It is a spot that invites us to linger. There is a feeling there as of being winged, not bound to earth. Takakkaw Falls, which from below as we rode out in the morning seemed very high above us, are far below, across the valley; but not now white. The westerning sun is on Takakkaw; the likeness to the falling dust of these rockets called Golden Rain is intensified. The foam billows and drifts; the fine spray hangs in the air like steam, but the sun has turned it to the semblance of broken opals.

A Spacious View

The Camp from which we started we cannot see below us; it is hidden by a ledge of rock, over which Whisky-Jack Falls pour down, but away south through a gap of the tossed landscape we can pick out, in that clear air, the faint scar of the Canadian Pacific track going into the Spiral Tunnel beyond the Kicking Horse River. That is one thing the High Trail gives us—a sense of spaciousness. At last we tear ourselves away, and half-a-dozen steps down the slope from that look-out ridge, suddenly, as if a door was shut, the roar of waters and the sigh of winds are obliterated. A slant up the farther side of this one, another trail debouches, to



Yoho National Park

wind away through further peace round the Little Yoho Valley and join the far end of that one the beginning of which we noted some way back.

But our way, on the High Trail, leads on through a saddle of this meadow. And there we are back at the beginning of things, seeing a bit of our planet very obviously in the making. "The strange-scrawled rocks, the lonely sky" speak to us with that "still small voice." If we have lived much in cities this grandeur and this wildness are revelations. Here, with the strewn debris of eons before us, we realize these old ages of our earth instead of just reading of them in books of geologists.

Topping the saddle we leave the flowers behind and begin to coast a vast slope of boulders intersected by ravines, each with its turbulent, gurgly, glacial stream. That is an awe-inspiring stretch. The surefooted ponies walk daintily here. We look up, and see the melting ends of the ice, the glacier tongues of the President Range. Ahead, a majestic cone, Mount Wapta stands in the clear day.

Summit Lake

We can if we wish, when we come again to a fork in the trail, ride straight on into the timber and go through the woods there to Summit Lake. Here, in a meadow of red and white heather, in the midst of a most green forest, is Summit Lake Tea House—a charming log-cabin house that provides a welcome stop. In front is Summit Lake, green but tiny: behind towers snow-streaked Mount Wapta.

Of if we prefer, we can take the descending trail that leads into the woods immediately over the invisible Yoho Camp, and so home. That, for one with time to spare, is the usual procedure, for the trail ahead through the last rocks shows us no more of the great sweep of Yoho than we have already seen.

Our objective another day is beyond Summit Lake, round the shoulder of Wapta and on to Burgess Pass. It is a wonderful journey. The great crags of Wapta flaunt up close by. At every step, there bob up higher new visions of the President Range, and then, as the trail swings south, and rises over the flanks of Wapta, it is once again for us: "Yo-h-o!"

Over Burgess Pass

"What came we out for to see?"—"A reed shaken in the wind!" Yes, even something so. It is all here spread before us. We rest our eyes, our hearts, our minds on the grand view. We are coasting along into Burgess Pass between the height of timber and the edge of the high rocks. A little wind sighs in the spruce tops, shaking their scent in the air below; around us the wild flowers grow, tall anemones, Alpine milk-vetch, whole clumps of Indian paint brush, and dainty orchids.

We have a seemingly limitless view. All the President Range looks over the intervening miles at us, and we look back and in imagination pry in its wedges of dense forest, scale its cliffs, adventure over its glaciers.

The guides can point out to you the way to the now well-known Burgess Pass Fossil Quarry, which was discovered by Dr. Walcott in 1910. This quarry has yielded to science the finest and largest series of Middle Cambrian fossils yet unearthed, and the finest invertebrate fossils discovered in any formation. These wonderful specimens are now to be seen at the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. The shale of Burgess Pass is remarkable in that it keeps in preservation animals as non-resistant as worms and jelly-fish, even to their internal parts.

Twenty Million Years Old

When the great slabs of this shale were blasted loose they had then to be split very carefully with a chisel to expose the fossil remains in them that had been there through the long ages as flowers are pressed between the leaves of a book. For twenty million years or more these various creatures had lain there. Once that shale was mud, in which these creatures of earth's early days were embedded. There they remained through the slow ages, subjected to the pressure of that mud, and of sand and pebbles, till all was changed by that pressure and by chemicalization into sandstone, shale, limestone. Then came the lateral thrusts upraising these mountain ranges till what had been river bed became mountain summit; and there, in the peaks between Field and the Yoho Valley, all manner of queer things that had once, ages and ages ago, slithered in ooze, were elevated intact and kept for the curious twentieth century geologist to pry loose.

The Yoho Pass

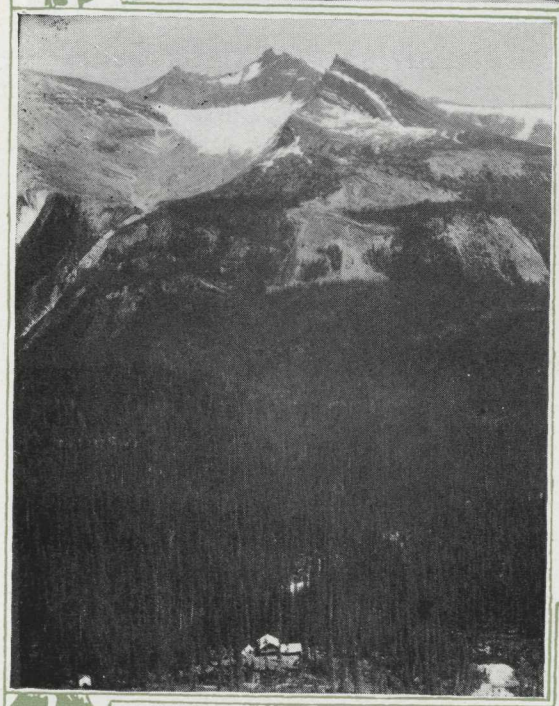
You will remember that we paused at Summit Lake. Here you can rest a while—or sleep over the night at the Tea House. Summit Lake is 6,020 feet above sea level ! And before you is another breath-taking ride—the trail trip down the Yoho Pass to Emerald Lake.

Down, down, down, while the forest folds you about! Steeper, and steeper! The pony breathes heavily, and you twist in your saddle a little awed to find so vast a portion of the world beneath you.

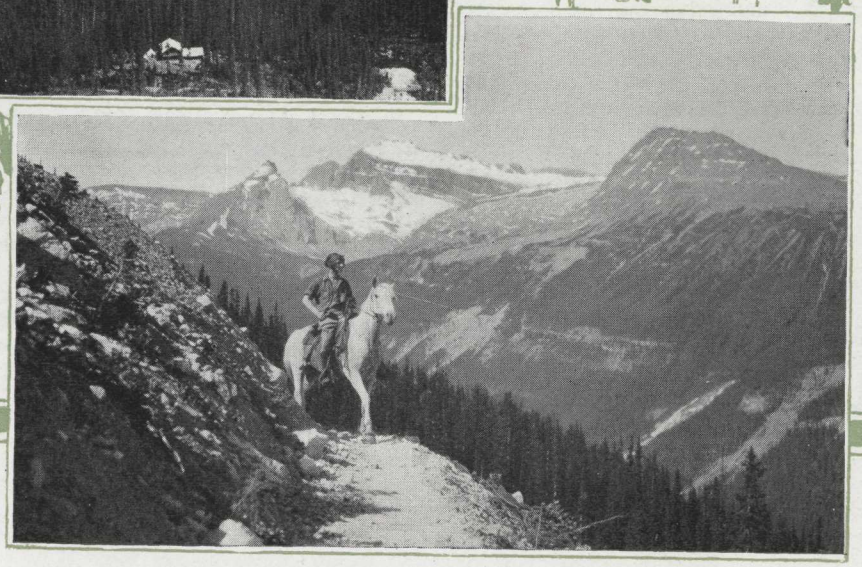
But presently you leave the forest and emerge upon a treeless cliff, and go zigzagging down across glacial moraine rocks. About half-way down there is revealed a splendid view of Emerald Falls, seeming to gush directly from the turquoise vault into which Emerald Peak pushes its graceful head. A long, silver streak it drops, spreads into a rainbow fan, then hurtles downward to the great boulders that convert it into a lashing, lunging cascade.

And then you clatter over boulder-strewn flats and cross noisy mountain brooks as the full beauty of Emerald Lake breaks upon you. The trail is around the far side of the lake, with the Chalet directly opposite against the sharp outline of Mount Burgess. Eighteen hundred feet you have descended by the time you rein up at the Chalet's hospitable door.

Emerald Lake is one of the most exquisite spots in the Canadian Rockies. No blending of pigment, no symphony on muted strings, no lyric penned by the hand of man ever interpreted the tender harmony of that strangely peaceful region, where verdure of infinite variety dominates the landscape,



From Summit Lake you can take a trail down to Emerald Lake Chalet (*seen above*); or another trail is the "High Line" to Twin Falls (*below*). (*At side*) Mount Balfour, towering over Twin Falls Tea House.



With the Alpine Club of Canada in Yoho Park

offers rest to the wearied eye and suggests a pause in the flight of a winged and adventurous spirit. Emerald Lake breathes a serenity that defies description.

Emerald Lake

Oh, the rare loveliness of it! Too small to mirror the soaring peaks that almost surround it, it reflects the wooded slopes with flawless accuracy; and patches of snow which the sun has forgotten, sprawling at the water's edge, repeat themselves like tufts of woolly clouds afloat on the jade surface. Far more often than not, the lake is jade instead of Emerald; and more than that, it is *jade-au-lait*, with the peculiar milkiness that characterizes all glacial water.

Emerald Lake Chalet is built of great squared timbers, fortress-like in their solidity. A large extension has been built in keeping with the original building. It is a rendezvous of picturesqueness and spaciousness. To it has also been added a bungalow annexe.

The Club-house, a few yards from the Chalet, is a charming rustic building, with a hardwood floor kept in splendid condition for dancing, with writing desks, card tables, a piano, a Victrola and lounges; and with a gaping fireplace that gobbles up each evening a ration of logs which 20 years ago would have cost the average Dawson miner his season's gleanings.

There are some very delightful hikes and trail trips at Emerald Lake—there is even some fishing; but if you are going into Field and not back over the Yoho Pass again, there is a magnificent seven-mile drive along what is well-named Snowpeak Avenue, through a deep forest scented with balsam, spruce and pine.

Snowpeak Avenue

Snowpeak Avenue is part of this pungent journey ; only a small part, but imagine a two-mile stretch of straight roadway, margined by slender pines whose heads nod a stately salutation as you pass, and permit now and again a glimpse of robin's-egg sky about the width of a small girl's sash. Then close your eyes still tighter and imagine this straight driveway blocked by a glittering pinnacle crowned with a diadem of blue-white snow. Emerald Peak lies to the north, Mount Goodsir to the south—natural focal points that some artist must have pictured in his dreams.

WAPTA CAMP

I know a vale where I would go one day,
When June comes back and all the world once more
Is glad with summer. Deep in shade it lies
A mighty cleft between the bosoming hills,
A cool dim gateway to the mountain's heart.

THESE beautiful lines of Bliss Carman's are surely applicable to Wapta Bungalow Camp. It is "a cool dim gateway to the mountains' heart," for from it some of the most enchanting parts of the Canadian Pacific Rockies are reached. One of the hubs of the Rockies, it is the first camp reached going West from Lake Louise.

Just after the westbound train on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway leaves the Great Divide—where you can delight in drinking from the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans at one and the same time, or walk from Alberta to British Columbia and back again in the space of a few seconds—you start on a noticeable descent and coast down to Hector Station. Two ancient Indian totem poles give you an impassive welcome, and mark the way to the launch that meets all trains.

Wapta Lake

Wapta Lake, 4½ miles west of the Great Divide, and 5,200 feet above sea-level, is an interesting body of water in which rises the celebrated Kicking Horse River. It is some half mile long and quarter-mile wide. On the far side of the lake from the station a veritable village of artistic cabins forms Wapta Bungalow Camp.

Wapta Camp Club House verandah welcomes you with a variety of lounge chairs. Multi-colored Iceland poppies fringe the steps you have just climbed; Indian paint-brush and columbine and fireweed spread a gay mantle over the slope, on which a cluster of rustic cabins are also strewn; the lake—an immense area of applegreen glass—reflects a powder-puffy cloud.

The Bungalow Camp

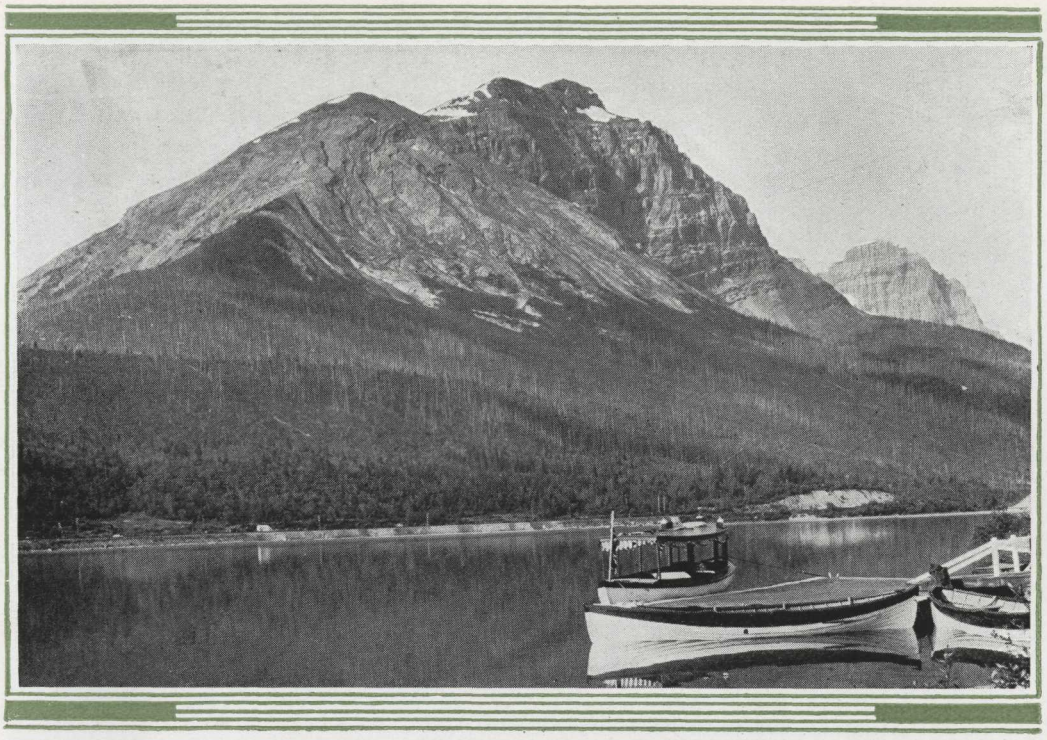
The main building, containing the dining room and lounge, are on the hill. The cabins are scattered, some among the spruce and pine, others on the shore of the lake. These cabins are most attractive, with all the comforts of a country home, and best of all they have its privacy. Who has not dreamed of a mountain cabin, nestling among the pines, or one perhaps lost in infinite solitude? Fireplaces — or stoves in some—are part of the joy of mountain life—crackling logs with their pungent odor of pine!

These cabins have large verandahs, even though the one selected may have only one room, with comfortable chairs. No camping was ever like this—a spacious house all your own, hardwood floors, screened windows, a verandah, a clothes cupboard, an insomnia-proof bed, electric light, running water; and outside, Rocky Mountains rising all around you, calling their lavender-shadowed peaks.

An enormous fire is burning in the dining room. Morning and evening it greets you, and you simply can't believe that people in the cities are being prostrated by the heat.

What a View!

The view from the verandah of the main bungalow is very lovely. In front is the shimmering sheet of Wapta Lake. Cathedral Mountain, with its delicate crags, and Mount Stephen—picturesque spurs of the northern end of the Bow Range—are on the



Cathedral Mountain from Wapta Camp

south side of the valley to the right as one faces the lake. Beyond the lake is a high plateau guarded by Narao on the left.

Up there beyond Narao, when the valley between it and Victoria is crowded with mist, you will see a giant obelisk glide out of the void, and refresh your soul with its simple grandeur. It is the Watch Tower and its Sentinel—a monumental peak of mystery, impossible to discern save under certain atmospheric conditions, but surpassingly impressive in its emergence.

Sherbrooke Lake

The shortest trip of real importance is to Sherbrooke lake. The best reason for riding is that you're too lazy to walk, but five miles covers the round trip, and the trail is beautifully wooded most of the way. Early in the season a hundred varieties of wild flowers offer their perfume and their blithe colors for your delight; later, a profusion of berries tempts you to test statistics regarding the capacity of the human stomach. As you rise, step by step, the world becomes full of mountain peaks, and you are conscious of a new sensation. You have grown — attained a mental and spiritual stature that synchronizes with the surrounding grandeur. Little things have fallen away.

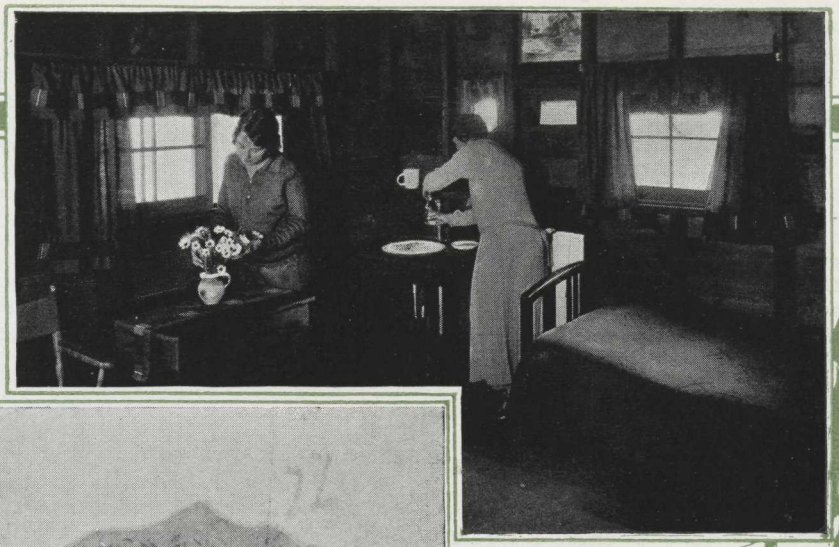
Sherbrooke lies in a depression between Mount Ogden and Paget Peak. It receives into its alluring green depths water from the Daly Glacier, whose great tongue forms the marvel known as Takakkaw Falls, in Yoho Valley. Not the least interesting feature of a sojourn in the Rockies is this linking up of lake and glacier, trail and crag—tracing tribal beginnings, as it were, discovering relationships in this vast picture gallery.

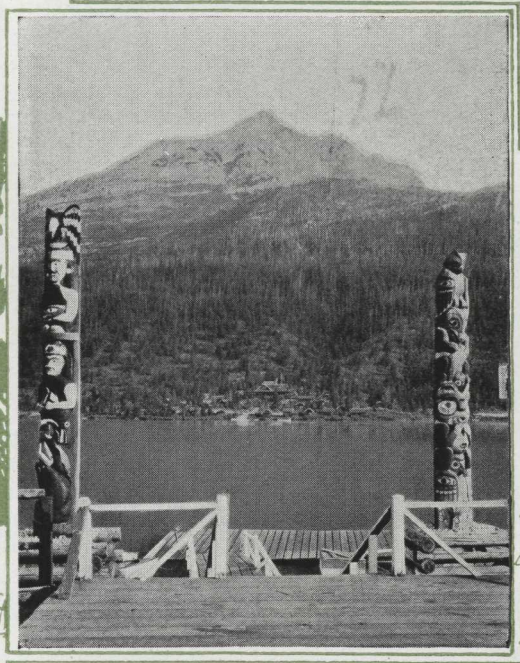
A Hanging Lake

A mile long, and 700 feet above Wapta, Sherbrooke Lake is one of those delightful lakes in a "hanging valley". "One of the most beautiful results of former ice action is to be found in the 'cirques' ", says A. O. Wheeler, in his *Glaciers of the Rockies and Selkirks*, "half kettle or arm chair valleys, high up among the mountains overhanging the main valleys, and enclosed by vertical cliffs on all sides except in front. These are the deserted nests of cliff glaciers, hollowed out by the ice itself and often deepened so that a turquoise-blue lake lies within rock rims. If not too high up, these cirque lakes are surrounded by evergreen forest, behind which rise the gray or purple walls of rock with some snow in the ravines above, the whole mirrored in the lake, until some catspaw of breeze shatters the reflection."

If you are an irreclaimable fisherman, you will take trout from Sherbrooke, but otherwise you will agree that it is little short of criminal to tempt the poor things to leave their beautiful ice-cold home. There is a row-boat riding gently at anchor, and lying on your back in it, staring at the sky, which is thick and blue and empty like a desert, you rock and drift without a care, without a thought, wrapped about in the caress of that unreliable companion, Contentment, whose merit is too often ignored until its presence is withdrawn.

Very curious is the sensation, coming back, when half of your horse has achieved the angle of





The Indian totem poles at the landing stage welcome you to Wapta Camp — seen (*centre*) across the lake. The other pictures show one of the sleeping bungalows and (*below*) a corner of the Living Room.

the switchback and the other half has not. Fervently you hope he will not break in two. He takes the trail without haste, presuming possibly that you will want to watch avalanches tumbling down Mount Stephen. They look like a cloud of feathers, and several seconds pass before you hear the roar. A little toy train, with two engines, crawls up the canyon of the Kicking Horse. A tinier launch slides across the green pool down there, and leaves a band of watered ribbon in its wake. You look about for Santa Claus, or perhaps a small boy who ought to be somewhere near operating these mechanical devices. Rounding a curve, a cluster of doll-houses comes into view. Why, they must be Wapta Camp, although you can scarcely believe it!

A picnic ground par excellence is Ross Lake, which lies in the opposite direction, off what is known as the Lake Louise Upper Trail.

There is an element of adventure in starting for this point, because, unlike Sherbrooke, the Canyon or O'Hara, Ross Lake is not inevitably at the end of the trail. Directions for finding it are a medley of blazed trees, fallen branches, forked streams and sundry other forest landmarks—interesting, but not perceptibly helpful. Armed with such, however, you mount your horse, take your lunch, turn eastward, and hope you can guess when you've gone four and a half miles.

Ross Lake

What does it matter if you follow a few wrong by-ways? You can always come back parallel to the railroad; you can always rest on a fallen tree and watch Mount Bosworth, where, like as not, a sheep or two will be scrambling. Near at hand, you may surprise a deer—or he may surprise you—or a bear, or a porcupine; and, of course, there are hundreds of greedy, inquisitive gophers.

Be not deceived by the little green stain lying in a dry sandy stretch just beside the track. This is only Sink Lake, the bottom of which is said to be quicksand.

Ross Lake lies hidden between Niblock and Narao. A wall of jealous trees guards it from a surprise attack. It breaks upon your vision little by little and grudgingly. Over a carpet of moss at least three feet thick, and patterned with twin-flowers, you tip-toe to the water's edge. Cathedral silence lies upon the world. No, not quite, for the drumming of plunging falls—a sound with which you are now familiar—breaks through the stillness.

That waterfall leaps from the very sky, and makes a silver seam down the face of the rock. Perhaps, like clouds, it has a silver lining. Numerous smaller cataracts glisten in the sun. They appear, not from any visible source, but as ex-subterranean channels through the moraine.

Lake O'Hara

From Wapta Camp the most magnificent trail trip is perhaps along Cataract Brook to Lake O'Hara, eight miles south. Cataract Brook, which rises in Lake O'Hara and flows into Wapta Lake, is a mad turbulent stream which works its way through steep rock walls shortly before it reaches the lake. There is a beautiful trail leading up-stream which starts almost at Hector station, or to be exact, by the water tank. The alternative is up the steep hill immediately facing Wapta Lake. Either lead to the main trail, which goes through lovely meadows where the mountain rhododendron and many beautiful Alpine flowers are found. Mountains tower both sides of the valley, giant piles that at times appear to close the end of the trail. Cataract Brook is crossed and recrossed, and many smaller streams which flow into it. There is possibly no valley in the Canadian Rockies with a greater number of small streams, many flowing through deep banks of moss.

The Canyon Road

Someone suggests the Canyon Tea House for lunch. You really should walk the glorious three miles, but perhaps you've taken a fancy to that mettlesome horse; and besides, you're trying for a Trail Rider's gold-button—a modest decoration that will tell the world you have explored five hundred miles of Canadian Rocky Mountain trails.

No need to take a guide. Turn westward and proceed down the old bed of the railway, now part of the motor road connecting Yoho, Emerald Lake, Field and Wapta with Lake Louise and Banff. The descent through the pass is at first very rapid, and a steep sided canyon has been cut by the river. Its vertical walls rise 300 feet in places, and they are filled with the clamor of rushing waters, drowning the noise of the upcoming train. Its width (before the construction of the motor highway) was just sufficient to admit the railway tracks.

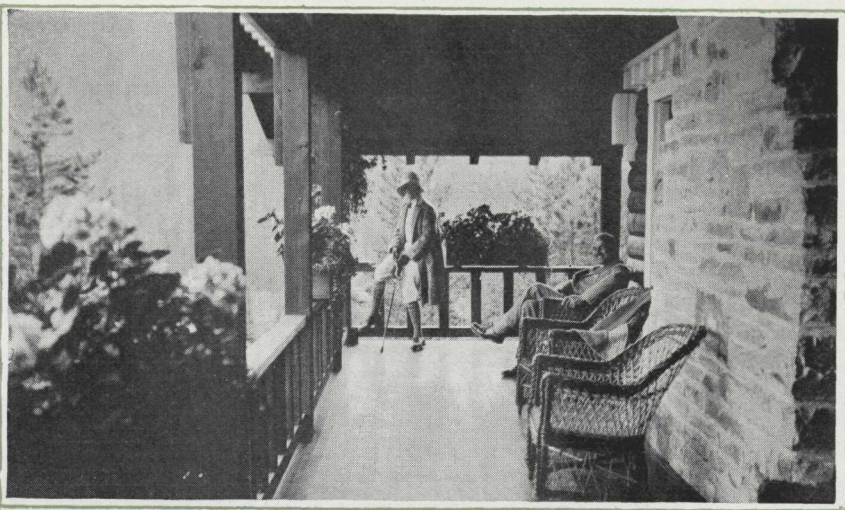
A few yards below the narrowest spot, on the right, you will notice a cataract that looks like liquid beryl. It comes direct from Sherbrooke Lake, and flings itself into the Kicking Horse as though determined to tear the very soul from the patient earth. In one mile it drops 800 feet.

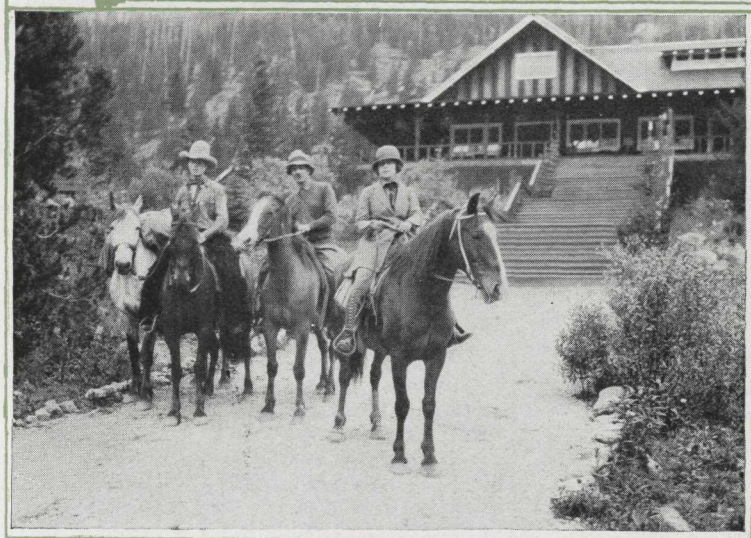
The Canyon presses in upon you, a roofless tunnel. Far below, the Kicking Horse hews its frenzied way between rust-colored rocks to whose unfriendly sides cling shrubs and even trees. The walls of stone lean towards one another, as though trying to heal the scar cut by the plunging river. Each bend of the road is barricaded by crenellated ridges that dip and rise and sway and swim, while fleets of cloud in a cobalt sea stand motionless above them.

The Canyon Tea House

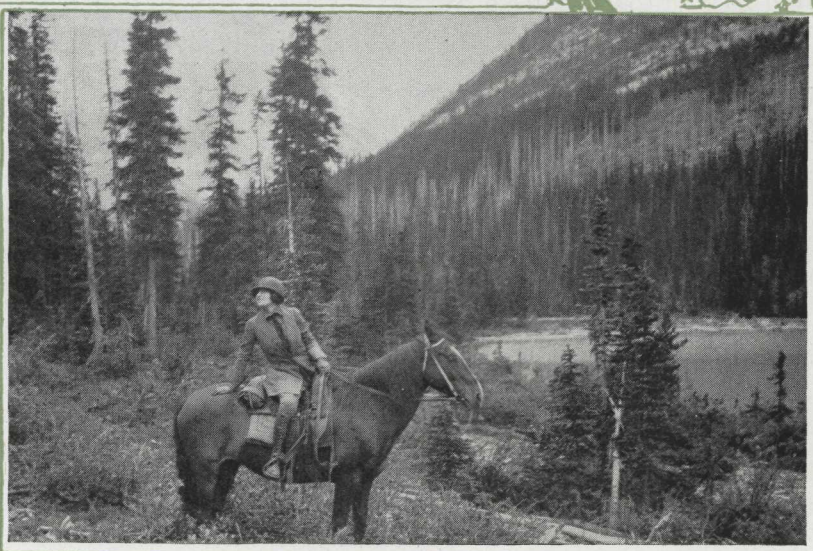
The Tea House is a gem of rustic beauty. It is so artistically placed and fashioned that it seems to have grown up with the mountains. Perched on a bluff overlooking a deep-bosomed, purple valley, it commands a superb view of the Waputik Ice Field. From the front verandah you will thrill at the sight of Cathedral Crags.

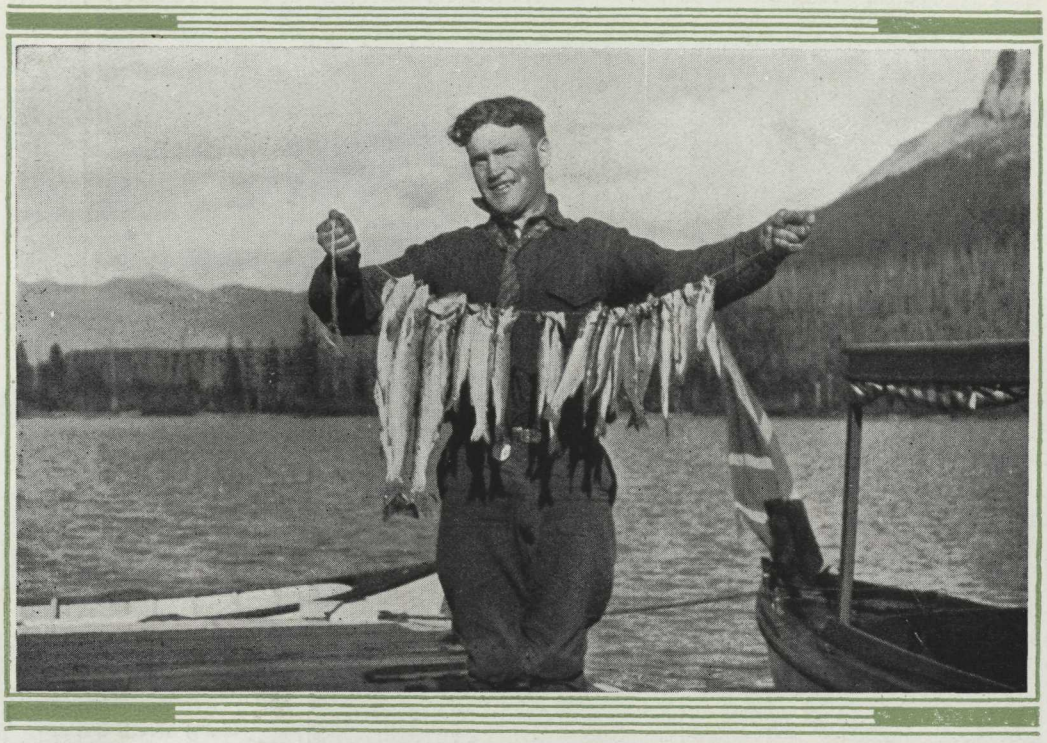
From a short distance below the Tea House you can command an excellent view of the Spiral Tunnels, constructed by the Canadian Pacific to over-





Kicking Horse Canyon Tea House (*above*) and Sherbrooke Lake (*below*) are easy trail rides from Wapta Bungalow Camp.



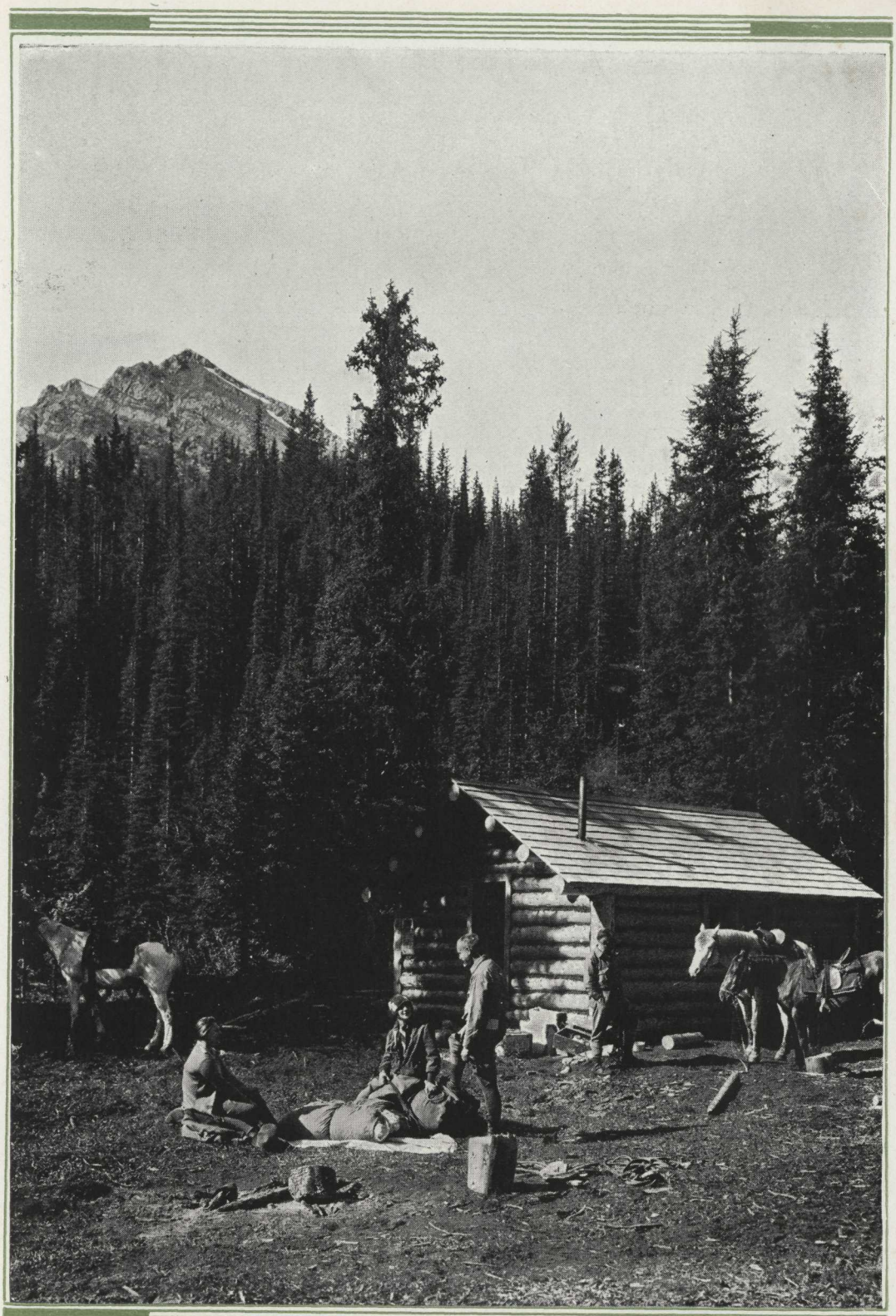


Wapta Lake has good Trout Fishing

come this too-rapid descent through the Canyon. The upper Tunnel lies in the base of Cathedral Mountain, and is 3,255 feet long. The lower one, which can be seen so clearly from the road, cuts through Mount Ogden, and measures 2,922 feet. By building these tunnels, the line was lengthened about four and a half miles, but the grade was reduced from 4.5 per cent. to 2.2.

The Horse that Kicked

Long may the truth endure regarding the origin of place names, for history is in them and the romance of reality! Of recent years a crag in the Kicking Horse Pass, somewhat in the likeness of a horse, has caused some to give that as the origin of the name; but the truth of it is otherwise, and is part of the story of the making of this wonderful railway that carries us to-day in comfort into the very heart of the wilderness. When Doctor Hector, the famous doctor and botanist of the Palliser Expedition of the fifties (who later was knighted—Sir James Hector—and became Governor of the Windward Islands) was unsaddling in the pass one day, in the year 1858, he did not notice that he had just loosened the cinch-strap instead of drawing it free. Walking behind, as he pulled the saddle, the strap tickled the horse. Out shot its hind legs, kicking him over a cliff. Not only was he kicked over the cliff, but he was supposed to be dead, and the Indians accompanying him were considering burying him when he opened his eyes.



A Trail Riders' Cabin in the Rockies

TRAIL RIDING
In The Canadian Pacific Rockies

A trail trip into the depths of the mountains forms the most enjoyable way of visiting beautiful spots that would not otherwise be accessible. It affords good scenery, often good fishing, and a glimpse into the heart of nature which will be worth "more than many books."

The mountain pony, mountain-bred, foolproof, untiring, can be ridden by practically anyone, whether he or she has ever before been on a horse or not. From all hotels and bungalow camps in the Canadian Pacific Rockies, there are good roads and trails radiating in all directions, built, maintained and constantly being extended by the National Parks Department. Some trail trips are of one day's duration only; others stretch over several days, necessitating carrying camping outfit. It is customary, on all long trips and even on some short ones, to engage guides who supply horses, tents, food, etc., and do the necessary cooking.

The Trail Riders' Association

Those who have ridden fifty miles or upwards in the Canadian Rockies are qualified for membership in the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies, which affords an unusual opportunity for those interested in trail-riding to get together. The aims of the Trail Riders' Association are, principally, to encourage travel on horseback through the Canadian Rockies, to foster the maintenance and improvement of old trails and the building of new trails, and to encourage the love of outdoor life.

Membership is of several grades, according to the distance ridden—50, 100, 500, 1,000 and 2,500 miles. There are now 1,000 members.

The Annual Pow Wow

Each year an annual "Pow-Wow" and Official Ride is held, lasting several days and bringing together a large number of men and women interested in the fine recreation of trail-riding. The 1928 Official Ride will be from Horse Thief Creek, near Lake Windermere, to the spectacular Lake of the Hanging Glaciers. This annual Ride will start early in August and last four days; Rate, including horse, food, and share of tent, $50.00, exclusive of automobile to the starting point. Riders must bring their own sleeping bags and blankets. Reservations must be made at least 14 days in advance to the Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. J. M. Gibbon, Room 324, Windsor Station, Montreal, Quebec.

Circle Trail Rides

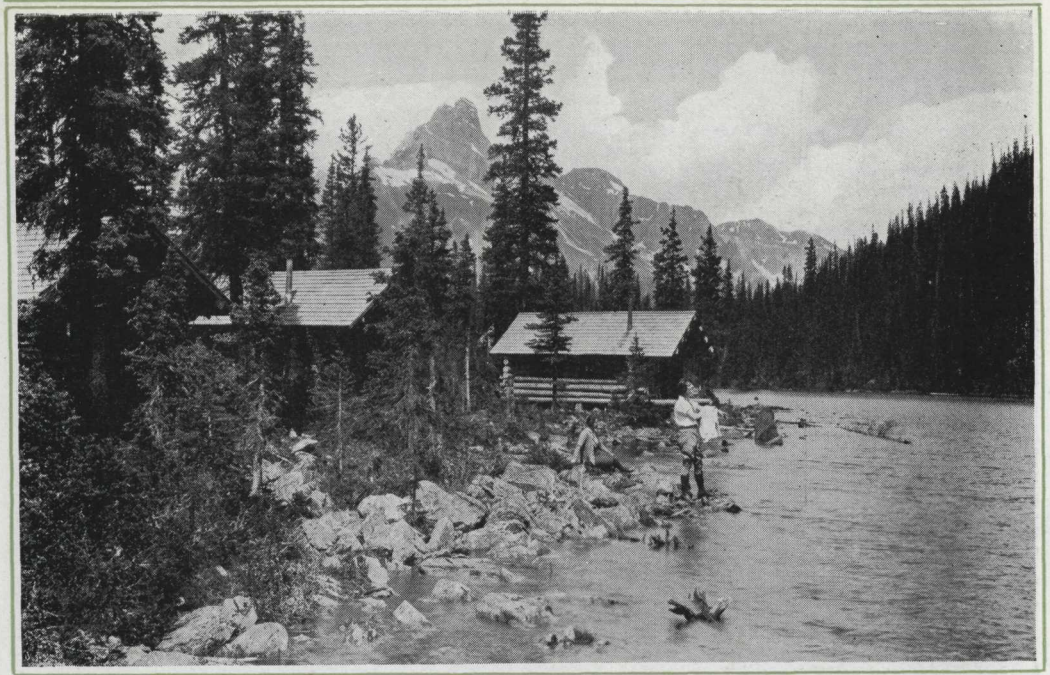
In addition to this official ride, circle trail rides will be operated during July and August around the Bungalow Camps in Yoho Park. These are under the auspices of the Trail Riders' Association. The trip, starting once a week, will last six days, with the following itinerary:

First day—Motor or ride to Wapta Camp. After lunch, ride to Lake O'Hara Camp.
Second day—Side trip to Lake McArthur, spending the night in a new cabin and tent-camp on McArthur Creek.
Third day—Ride from McArthur Creek down the Ottertail trail to Emerald Lake.
Fourth day—From Emerald Lake ride over Yoho Pass to Yoho Valley Camp.
Fifth day—Side trip to Twin Falls, spending the night at Yoho Camp.
Sixth day—Ride over Burgess Pass to Field, and motor or ride back to Emerald Lake.

The rates for these Circle Trips are $10.00 per day per person inclusive of pony, food, guide and sleeping accommodation (except for the Emerald Lake day, which will be $12.00).

Another Circle Trip, lasting four days and under the same auspices, will be operated weekly from Banff to Stoney Creek, Sawback Lakes, and Mystic Lake, with good fishing en route. Trail Riders cabins, supplemented by teepees, will be at each camp.

These Circle Rides will be under the direction of Colonel Phil A. Moore, whose office is at Lake Louise.



LAKE O'HARA CAMP

If you must have the glories of Rocky Mountain scenery plus such trappings of modern luxury as magnificent hotels, ball rooms, golf courses, automobiles and swarms of visitors, go to Banff or Louise. O'Hara's appeal is rather to those who prefer to take their scenery straight. To these, the fact that the only way to reach O'Hara is on foot or by pony, and that the accommodation at the lake is confined to a log chalet and a group of bungalows, so modest and so happily conceived that they seem to melt into their background, are counted as not the least of its many advantages.

Such happy people refuse to admit that a grate fire and comfortable chairs, hot and cold water baths, simple but well-cooked meals, and beds that are a benediction to tired bodies, should be classed as modern luxuries. At any rate one has yet to hear of the visitor to O'Hara who gave these conspicuous features of the Camp anything but his whole-hearted blessing.

Which is the Lovelier?

It would be extremely difficult to say which of these two glorious mountain lakes—O'Hara or Louise—is the more beautiful. Each has its own incredible and indescribable colour, a colour that is seldom constant for more than a short time, that sometimes changes with bewildering rapidity under the influence of passing cloud or wind, like a gigantic opal. Each has its marvellous setting of mountain peak and glacier and forest, seemingly incomparable until the other is seen. If the eye travels from the glory of Louise up to its matchless background and back again to the exquisite lake, and concludes that this is Nature's supreme masterpiece, the vision of O'Hara, set like a priceless jewel in its circle of glittering peaks, compels one to the same decision.

It must, however, be said there is a great sweetness and friendliness about O'Hara which is lacking in Louise; no doubt the trees, those noble companions of man, are responsible for this, for the mountain slopes are treed to the water's edge, and less austere. There are always some artists at Lake O'Hara endeavoring to give its subtle charm to the world.

Three Routes to O'Hara

There are three routes to Lake O'Hara, but the most convenient and favourite one is the trail from Wapta. The early morning train can be taken to Hector, or one can motor from Louise to the mouth of the Kicking Horse River—which rises in Wapta Lake—where the trail that leads to O'Hara starts a few hundred feet away. The most enjoyable way of reaching this starting point is, of course, to spend a day at the Wapta Bungalow Camp, exploring that district a little, leaving early the following morning for this eight mile trip. Of the other two routes we will speak later.

There are two trails leading from the south shore of Wapta Lake to O'Hara; one starts not far from the west end of the lake up a steep hill, the other starts east of Hector station, at the water tank. This is really the prettiest trail, for it follows Cataract Creek, a mad turbulent stream which cuts its way through steep rocks. Both trails join in the meadows some distance beyond the top of the hill. For about three miles you canter along a level plain, and then the ascent is rapid. Emerging from

On the way to Lake O'Hara

the jade temple of a forest, you enter an alpine garden where the botanist can count seventy-five varieties of wild flowers in half as many minutes. Delicate as a muted harmony, many of them, others flame with regal insolence, and the whole meadow is so thickly carpeted that picking your way through it without damaging some of the blossoms is utterly impossible.

On the Trail

To the left are Narao Lakes, small sheets of blue. Towering mountains rise in all directions; Narao Peak is to the left of the valley, Vanguard and Cathedral Mountain to the right. After passing through the meadows, the trail leads for miles through heavy timber. Mountain after mountain comes into view—Mount Huber on the left and Mount Odaray rearing its summit above the valley on the right, while a succession of other peaks loom in the distance. Many small streams are crossed, several very beautiful, flowing through deep banks of moss. The siren-song of a cascade calls; you push on, passing through a grove of spruces, and the richly colored waters of Lake O'Hara invite your admiration.

There is something about the very stillness of these mountain solitudes that is appealing. One conceives that it might become appalling to some restless souls, but to the average man or woman, fresh from the unfettered clamor of modern city life, it bears the magic of cool, compassionate fingers upon a fevered head.

Think of it! One comes from hard, wearing labor in a hot, dusty town; from the nerve-wracking discordances of city streets; from a hodge-podge of smells in which those of gasoline and hot asphalt are only minor evils—to the heart of this earthly paradise. One sinks down upon a mossy bank and breathes in the life-giving air of the mountains, pure, fresh, pine-scented. One feels the soothing harmony of this enchanted spot; the gentle surf in the tree-tops on the mountain-side and the almost indistinguishable murmur of wavelets on the shore.

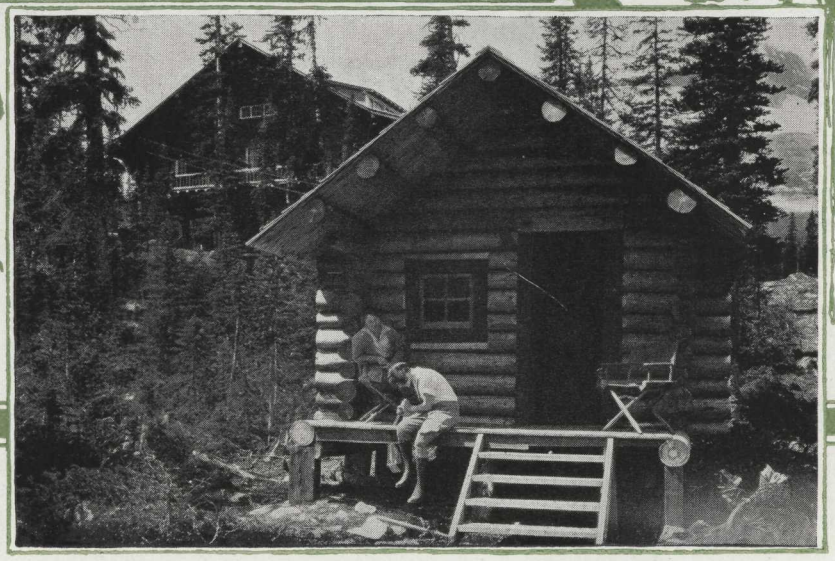
A lone sandpiper curtsies on a rock and a couple of wild-ducks bob up and down on the lake. An eagle soars up in the cloudless sky, his keen eyes alert for some unwary marmot. One's eyes are drawn up and up to the glorious peaks that stand guard about O'Hara—Wiwaxy's jagged top sharply defined against the skyline, the towering mass of Huber, the white splendour of Victoria and Lefroy, and the encircling majesty of Yukness, Hungabee, Biddle, Schaeffer and Odaray, with the vast towers of Cathedral in the distance. There has been rain in the mountains, which has strengthened that exquisite color and melody, freshness and fragrance that nature keeps for her own.

Trail's End

Lake O'Hara was discovered by J. J. McArthur of the Dominion Land Survey, and for its name geography is indebted to an Indian Army Officer, who spent much time camping here.

It is a far cry from the primitive tents and tepees of Colonel O'Hara to the cosy Bungalow Camp that is one of the most picturesque and attractive resorts in the Rockies. It is the kind of a place one dreams of finding at the trail's end.

Three pictures of Lake O'Hara Camp which show its substantial construction. At the side is a picture of the Living Room of the central chalet: top and bottom are seen sleeping bungalows.



The Bungalow Camp is on a slight elevation overlooking the lake, the cabins—encircled with tall pines and spruces—on the shore. One of these cabins can be claimed as a mountain home, or a room in the Chalet. Some people prefer the Chalet because there is a real bathroom there with hot and cold water, while others like the idea of going to sleep in a little house of their own and watching the moonlight shining across the placid lake.

The Bungalow Camp

The Chalet, serving as the dining room and lounge, is a rustic building on the style of a Swiss Chalet, built of huge logs. Its interior is charming. The ceiling extends to the full height of the building, and a number of sleeping apartments open off the balcony that runs around four sides. The room is furnished with a rustic simplicity that is not too rustic to be comfortable. There are long, low chairs and lounges arranged about a blazing log fire, and gaily decorated tables in front of the windows facing the Lake, where you attend three times a day to your more material needs.

Perhaps you think that food would be unimportant in these inspirational surroundings, but here the mountain air is buoyant and fresh, and you find that at meal times your interest is almost equally divided between the delicious dishes set before you by dainty waitresses in Swiss costumes, and the sight of the sun playing on the green surface of Lake O'Hara and the wooded slopes of the surrounding mountains.

Alpine Meadows

No words could depict the beauty of an Alpine meadow half a mile from the Bungalow Camp. The trail, leading through the woods a short distance, comes out near a small stream that runs into the lake. The first Bungalow Camp was built in these meadows, and here, also, Alpine Club of Canada held one of their camps. The first tiny mountain hut built in this district still stands. Further up stream and away from these cabins one can find the peace on earth of which we all dream. The whole area is covered with short grass, a velvety sward relieved of its monotony of green by flowers of brilliant hues. The stream adds to this pastoral beauty, and breaks the silence of the meadows; while further up a tiny lake enhances its sylvan loveliness. Mountains close in the meadows, but they are far away and do not intrude, knowing their rugged grandeur has no place here.

The old Camp is deserted save by gophers and pack rats, and one gets that feeling of almost intolerable loneliness that is never associated with nature, but broods over human habitations that are no longer inhabited. In the stillness a sudden crash in one of the cabins becomes startling. One suspects that a bear has managed to get trapped, but on reconnoitring through a window, it turns out to be nothing more formidable than a gopher who, in his inquisitive scampering about the room, has managed to overturn an empty box standing on the edge of a high shelf.

Carefree you set out from O'Hara to see some, at least, of the worth-while things that are to be seen and enjoyed in this little world of lakes and waterfalls, mountains and alpine meadows and cool forest depths. It is a wrench to leave O'Hara, but there are advantages in tramping away from it to see other sights, for one returns by one trail or another to a lake that is never quite the same, from varying points of view and under ever-changing conditions of light and shade and atmosphere, but always rarely beautiful.

To Lake McArthur

The trail to Lake McArthur is neither long nor particularly difficult. It leads from the shore past the old camp, climbs steadily through the forest, and emerges finally on a green meadow of some extent with a shallow pond in its midst. Here the trail forks, one branch leading up to the flanks of Odaray and McArthur Pass, and the other to McArthur Lake. Here one has to negotiate a short bit of steep trail around the shoulder of Mount Schaeffer. Up and up it zigzags, until at length we scramble up the last few feet and find ourselves in a rocky basin, a high valley about 7,300 feet above the sea. From the entrance, looking back, there is a splendid view down the Ottertail Valley, with the trail from McArthur winding up its opposite side.

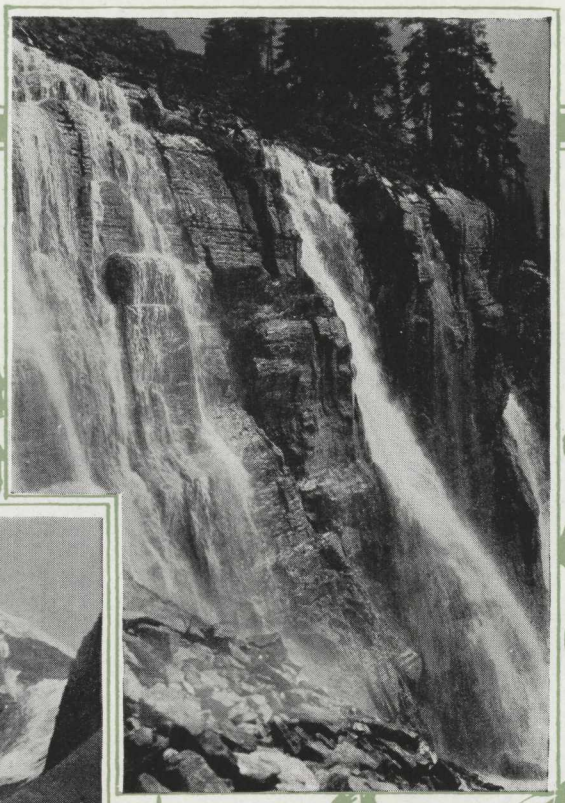
Perhaps now we hear a long-drawn whistle. Can it be that there is another party on the trail, approaching us? It comes again, somewhat more prolonged, still identical to a human call. But we are (as we presently find) entirely alone; the whistle is that of a little furry dweller in this rocky amphitheatre—the hoary marmot, or "whistler." These articulate animals live among rocks at the base of a slope; their favorite recreation being to lie in the sun by the hour. One can see them scurrying among the rocks, watch them on some high rock whistling and waiting for an answer.

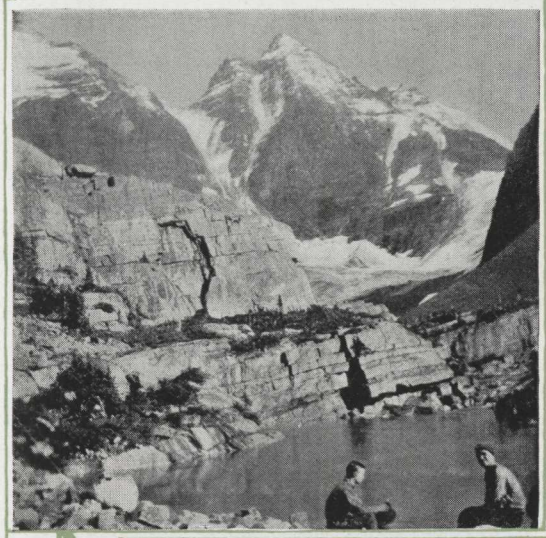
Unearthly Beauty

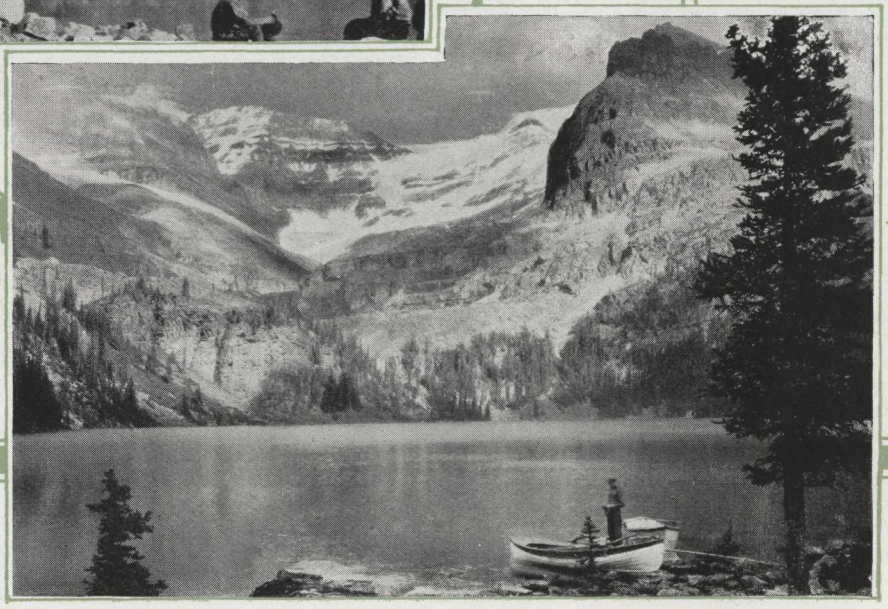
Turning about we look anxiously for Lake McArthur, but it is nowhere in sight. Surely this cannot be the wrong trail? We climb over the rocks, and suddenly it is there below—a thing of unearthly beauty—in the foreground a little turf and a few flowers. Sombre peaks towering above it—no sound but the lapping of the waves and the sound of a little waterfall on the right. And its colour? Blue, every conceivable shade of blue—aquamarine—sapphire—cerulean—a glorious gem, its surface covered with dancing points of silver; a vast shield of damascened steel. Walter D. Wilcox in his "Rockies of Canada" points out that McArthur is one of the few mountain lakes whose waters are unmistakably blue—often the very blue of the sky—as though a bit of the heavens had fallen to earth. And the reflected colors, despite the sombre cliffs that surround the lake, range throughout the blues, lilacs and purples to bronze and gold.

Lake McArthur is above the line of vegetation, with only a few Alpine flowers clinging to the shelter of the rocks. These higher cirque lakes, above timberline, enclosed only by cliffs and snow, or with a glacier, as there is at the end of this lake, have an austere beauty all their own. There is no sight

Here, (*at the side*), are seen the Seven Sisters Falls. (*Immediately below*), Lake Oesa; (*and still further*) Lake O'Hara itself, from the Bungalow Camp.







or sound of human habitation, even the marmots do not invade its shores.

The return trail reveals new wonders of the mountains, gigantic ridges and pinnacles and pyramids, dazzling summits, sombre slopes, deep valleys, silver threads of distant streams. We scramble down the steep descent and rest for a while in the meadow, finding relief in the song of birds and the graciousness of flowers. A swim in the secluded waters of the lakelet in the forest prepares one for the evening meal at O'Hara.

O'Hara by moonlight ! Every aspect of this wonderful lake is memorable, but one must carry away unforgettable memories of O'Hara glowing softly in the light of a full moon. The air is chilly at this hour, but one forgets such discomforts as the silver disk creeps up behind an ebony peak, throwing it into sharp outline; then slowly emerges, hovers for a moment on the very summit like a glorious pearl, and sails out over the lake whose velvet depths receive its other self.

The Song of the Seven Sisters

It is at this enchanted hour that you can sometimes hear the song of the Seven Sisters Waterfall. We can visit the Seven Sisters tomorrow. They are separate falls, lazy streams whose cadence adds to the beauty of the lake. The trail is from the Bungalow Camp to the property owned by the Alpine Club, on a point jutting out into the lake—not the poor trail around the lake at the water's edge, but one further back in the woods, as hard and firm as a macadam road.

But now for the song of the Seven Sisters—a sad song like the falling of millions of tears. Long, long ago, when the world was very young, a group of dryads and naiads asked Mother Nature to give them a playground that would be indisputably their own. They begged for a distant and secret place, free from the intrusion of giants and titans and satyrs, and so, with her finger on her lips, Mother Nature led them to a mile-long jewel, nearly seven thousand feet above the sea, and hidden partly by the copper skirts of Wiwaxy, partly by the towering ramparts of Lefroy, and partly by a fortress of trees standing so close together that the sun is defeated when he tries to throw a blanket over its shimmering surface.

Blue as a Sapphire

Blue as a sapphire, green as a peacock's tail-feathers, amethyst and rose, this little lake was the playground of fairy-folk for many a long year. Then, one day, a curious two-legged creature who had lost his horns and tail along with his immortality strayed into the hidden garden. Following him there came a soft-treading, fleet-footed Indian, and later a trapper or two. It was terrible when, for the first time, the fairy-folk heard a gun fired at one of their gentle companions. In a panic, they fled to the far end of the lake, and besought protection of the Giant Lefroy. And the benign old rocks gathered them in a sheltering embrace—and there they are to-day, the Seven Sisters waterfall, mingling their tears in an agony of bereavement over their lost paradise.

Among the other worth while things at Lake O'Hara is the trip to Crystal Cave. The scramble up will seem arduous enough to the average climber, but the view from there is a high reward. The Cave itself is not particularly remarkable, for it is now nearly closed. Only the mouth remains open, but some pieces of rock are very white and clear. The trip from the Chalet and return can be made in a morning.

Lake Oesa

But the most interesting trail of all is the one to Lake Oesa, and the lake itself is of a conquering beauty. One follows the trail from the Chalet to the foot of the lace-work of the Seven Sisters, and clambers up a steep bit to the left of the waterfall to a plateau, covered for the most part with rock fragments varying in size from a football to a small house. Through this wilderness one makes one's way to the shores of a small and nameless lake, and from there climbs up a series of sharply-defined terraces, with occasional glimpses into a spectacular gorge, and past two somewhat larger lakes, also apparently nameless, to the upper plateau in the bosom of which rests Oesa.

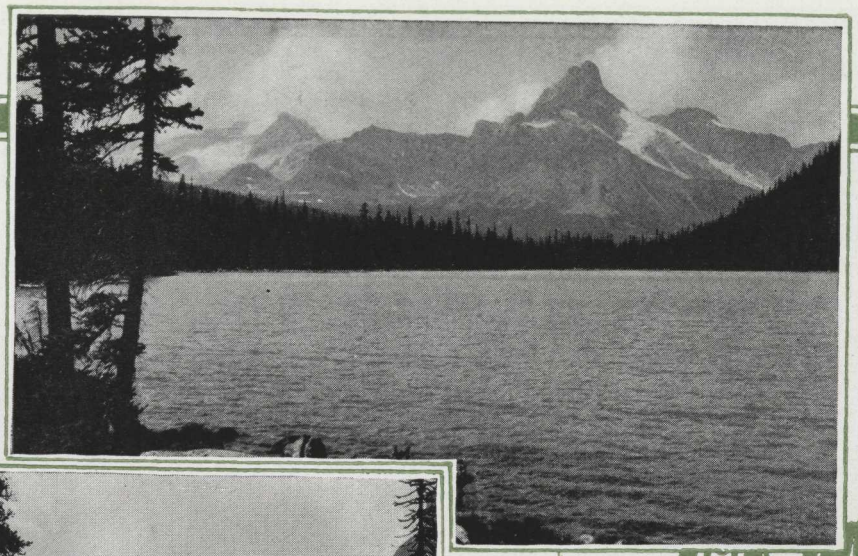
Oesa is much smaller than either O'Hara or McArthur, and its coloring is different—more of an aquamarine. Its beauty, although more austere than that of McArthur, is none the less authentic. Set far up in the mountains, beyond the tree line, beyond all vegetation except moss and alpine flowers; surrounded by gigantic rock walls and pinnacles and glaciers; brooded over by the very spirit of silence; serene and undisturbed, it seems to be as remote from the living world as if it were in the moon.

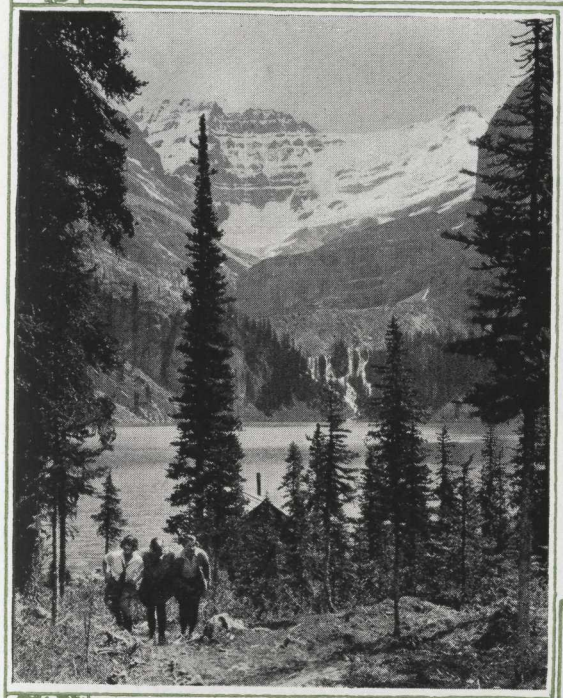
To the right an immense shale slope runs down to the lake. On the opposite side snow-banks survive usually throughout the summer. A glacier tongue touches the border of the lake. In the background looms mighty Lefroy. Fleets of miniature icebergs sail across Oesa even in midsummer. The silence is broken, or emphasized, by the mournful whistle of a marmot. An enterprising mosquito —Heaven only knows what brought him up here—adds his minute song.

One would not have missed Oesa, made perhaps all the more attractive because of the strenuous quality of the trail, but one's regret in leaving it behind is tempered by the thought that one is returning to an even more beautiful lake in the valley below. The vision of O'Hara through the tree-tops from the plateau above the "Sisters," who wear coral veils at sundown, is just one more revelation of the infinite variety of the moods of that entrancing pool.

The Abbot Pass Route

We spoke away back of other routes to Lake O'Hara; and this, by Lake Oesa, is the second. It is the Abbot Pass route to and from Lake Louise. This is not a trip for the unseasoned, the inexperienced, or the foolhardy, for it is on foot over glaciers; but provided you have a sturdy constitution, especially plenty of "spares" in the matter of





Turn in one direction across Lake O'Hara and you see (*above*) Mount Stephen. Turn in another, and you see (*at side*) the Seven Sisters Waterfall.

Lake McArthur

breathing gear, a Swiss guide, proper climbing clothes, and about eight hours of fair weather, you can make this magnificent excursion easily.

Take a Swiss Guide!

Dozens of people make this trip every summer. It is difficult enough to be an achievement, but not dangerous or exhausting. It is absolutely imperative, however, to employ a Swiss guide. Arrangements may be made at either of the starting points—Lake O'Hara or Lake Louise, preferably the latter.

Abbot Pass lies between Mount Victoria and Mount Lefroy, and has been called "the gateway to Cataract Valley"—that is, from the Lake Louise side of the range. It reaches 9,598 feet above sea level and was named after Philip Stanley Abbot, a distinguished member of the Appalachian Mountain Club (Boston) who lost his life while trying to capture the peak of Mount Lefroy.

Abbot Pass is a V-shaped notch, whose secluded summit is hemmed in between mighty precipices from which avalanches constantly thunder, and from which the outlook commands nothing but naked pinnacles, snow and cataracts of ice. There is not a sign of life—neither tree nor shrub nor blade of stunted grass within the range of vision. It is a dead world, locked in the frozen grip of snow and ice.

"It is a picture," writes Sir James Outram, "of weird wonder and desolate majesty, almost incomparable and boundlessly impressive in its might and its eternal suggestiveness."

At the summit of the Pass is an Alpine Hut, fast becoming almost as well known as the adjacent resorts. The majority of people use it as a lunch objective, but it is convenient for parties who wish to remain the night, and witness the miracle of day unfolding on the mountain peaks and glaciers. From it descent is made to Lake Oesa.

The Ottertail Route

And now for the third route to Lake O'Hara—the Ottertail route, providing a spectacular glimpse of the Ottertail Valley and Range. You motor or ride west from Field to the picturesque cabin of the game warden, some five miles, and from there, your pony carries you to the conjunction of the Ottertail with McArthur Creek. Leaving the latter where it ought to be, on the floor of the earth, you ride up an almost perpendicular wall and feel intense surprise, upon reaching McArthur Plateau and Pass, that your head is not touching the ceiling. From McArthur Pass, O'Hara is distant about three miles.

MORAINE LAKE CAMP

Nine miles by road from Lake Louise

Accommodation for 9.

Saddleback Tea House

Between Paradise Valley and Lake Louise. Serving meals only.

When you get to Lake Louise or Banff you will motor over to the Valley of the Ten Peaks, where the green-blue waters of Moraine Lake lie below the high-pitched mountain ramparts. A glacier reached over the top of the world like a huge white paw, blue-green at the tip; and there's a bungalow camp on a bench by the lake.

We must usually associate Moraine Lake with Lake Louise, because that other beautiful lake of the Canadian Pacific Rockies is the entry-point to Moraine Lake; but Moraine Lake is just as beautiful, and its Bungalow Camp provides ideal accommodation for the hiker, trail-rider or angler who wishes to linger in this magnificent region.

The Valley of the Ten Peaks

Moraine Lake is nine miles distant from the Chateau Lake Louise, and can be reached by motor from there or the station. It is two miles long, a half mile wide, and is flanked on one side by a half circle of frowning peaks, scarred and furrowed by glaciers, bare of vegetation and capped with snow. These are the Ten Peaks from which the Valley takes its name.

The Peaks themselves were originally named for the ten numbers of the Stoney Indian language, but several now bear Aryan names. Not one of these peaks is less than 10,000 feet in height, and one of them, Mount Deltaform, is 11,225 feet. Standing off a little as a sort of outpost, and not included in the bright constellation, is the "Tower of Babel," an interesting rock formation of unusual shape. On another side of the Lake are the gigantic Mount Temple, Pinnacle Peak, Eiffel Peak and others.

Moraine Lake

Moraine Lake is not perhaps so well-known as Lake Louise, and those who come out on the bus from the latter, stay but a brief half-hour, and go away, lose something very beautiful within their reach. Moraine Lake has its own individual charm. The exquisitely blue-green waters of the lake, the jagged peaks which rise out of the water and pierce the sky, the glacier slipping down their sides, form a picture wild and majestic in its primitive loneliness.

Mount Temple (11,626 feet above sea level) is one of the most superb piles in the Rockies. The mountains on this southwest side of the Bow Valley are bold and impressive, and include some of the highest peaks in this part of the Rockies. The valleys cutting into this range, including—besides the Ten Peaks—the Paradise and Lake Louise valleys, all head in glaciers and typical hanging glacial valleys.

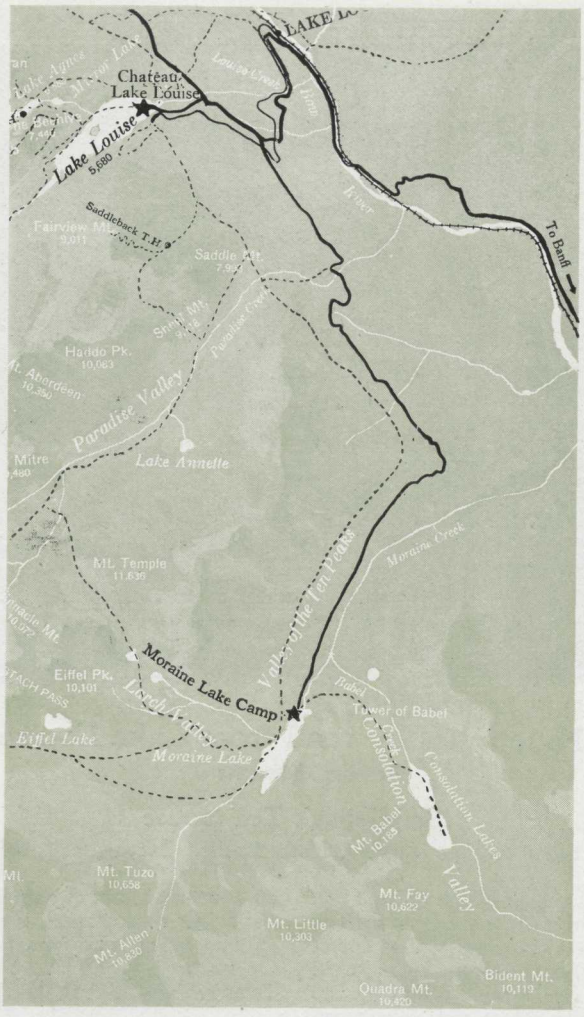
One should—if not staying over at the Bungalow Camp—plan to take the morning bus from Lake Louise, lunch at the Camp, and return in the afternoon. This would give sufficient time for some exploring.

It is strange to find in this age-old wildness and loneliness even a sign of human life, but here on the shore of Moraine Lake, whose waters are sheltered from the gusty wind and are so still that they reflect every twig above its surface, is a Bungalow Camp, as charming as any camp you've ever seen. There is a bright comfortably furnished living and dining room in the main building, which is surrounded by several small bungalows with sleeping accommodation.

Consolation Valley

About three miles to the south-east, by a trail around the Tower of Babel, is Consolation Valley and Lakes, another beautiful little spot. The valley is green and smiling with an abundance of Alpine flowers; at its head are Mounts Bident and Quadra. The twin lakes contain a plentiful supply of rainbow and Dolly Varden trout, which will take almost any bait, and also cut-throat trout, a vigorous fish which takes the fly in July and August.

Between peaks Nine (Neptuak) and Ten is the Wenkchemna Pass, the route to Prospector Valley, Tokumm Creek, and Vermilion River. Projecting down the valley is the tongue of Wenkchemna Glacier—which, although small, has the unusual quality amongst nearly all the glaciers of the world of being in an advancing, progressive state, not in a state of recession.



Moraine Lake and its locality

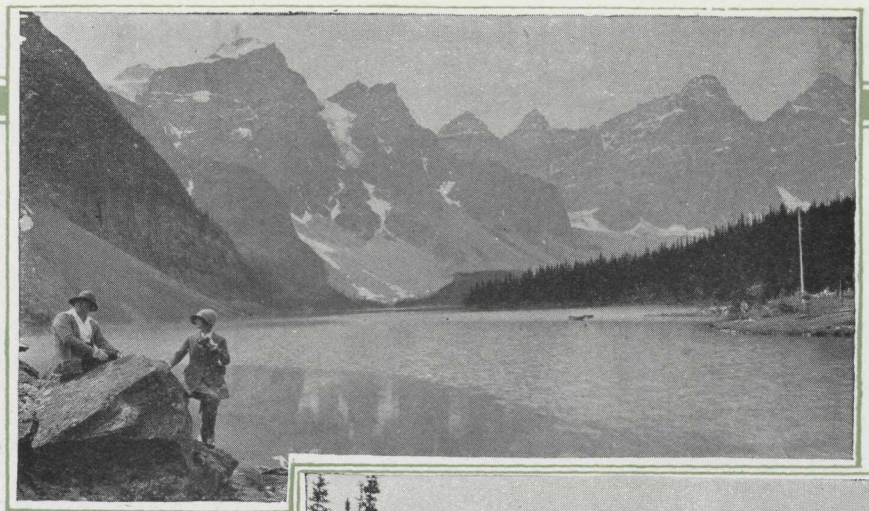
Moraine Lake Camp is open from June 1st to September 30th.

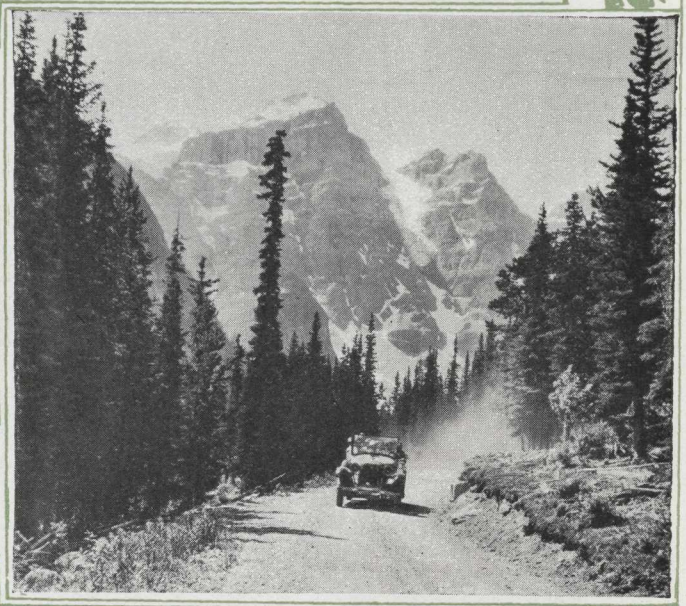
Postal address, Moraine Lake Camp, via Lake Louise, Alberta.

Paradise Valley

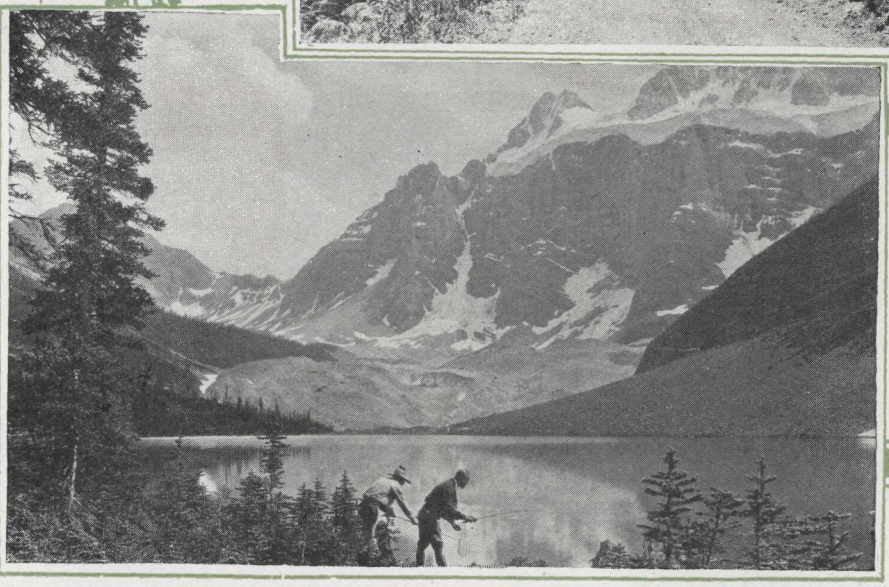
Between Moraine Lake and Lake Louise lies Paradise Valley, about six miles long, carpeted with anemones, asters and other Alpine flowers. Great peaks rise around it like citadel walls. The Valley can be reached by trail through a lovely Alpine meadow known as Larch Valley and over Sentinel Pass. This is a climbing excursion, for shale slides every spring make travelling for a pony almost impossible; but anyone with an average sense of location can continue the journey down the valley on foot to Lake Annette, a tiny emerald sheet of water on the other side of Mount Temple, or to the "Giant's Steps," a stair-like formation over which Paradise Creek tumbles in a beautiful cascade.

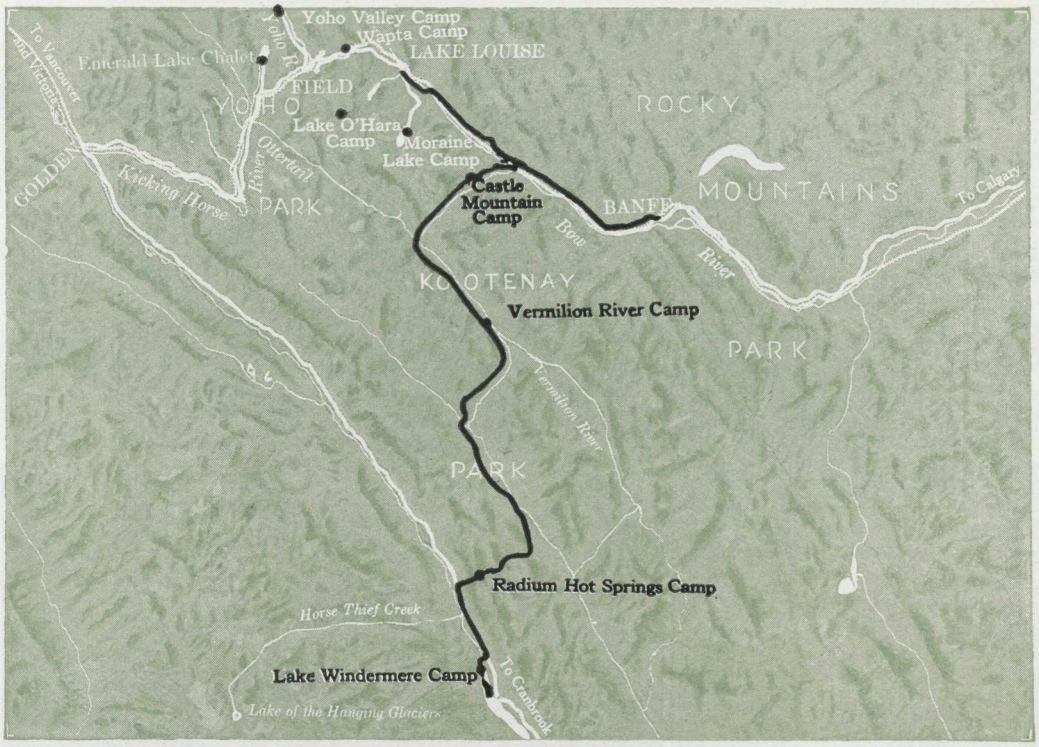
From these points a trail leads down the Creek and joins the old Moraine Lake Trail to Lake Louise, while another branches off through the beautiful Sheol Valley and zigzags up to Saddleback. Saddleback has a good trail from Lake Louise, and is a popular excursion from that point; and it has a very popular tea-house at its summit.





Moraine Lake, in the Valley of the Ten Peaks. (*Centre*) The nine mile drive from Lake Louise. (*Below*) Consolation Lake, near Moraine Lake.





BANFF WINDERMERE ROAD

The Banff-Windermere Road, opened in 1923, provides a through automobile route across the Canadian Pacific Rockies from either Banff or Lake Louise through Rocky Mountains Park, and Kootenay Park to the Columbia Valley.

This road, which connects at its southern end with the Columbia River Highway from Golden to Cranbrook, is the Canadian end of the great highroad which leaves Portland, Oregon, under the name of the Columbia Highway. It is also an important link in the "Grand Circle Tour" that embraces 16 national parks in the United States.

Storm Mountain Bungalow Camp

26 miles from Banff. Accommodation for 14.

Vermilion River Bungalow Camp

51 miles from Banff. Accommodation for 18.

Radium Hot Springs Bungalow Camp

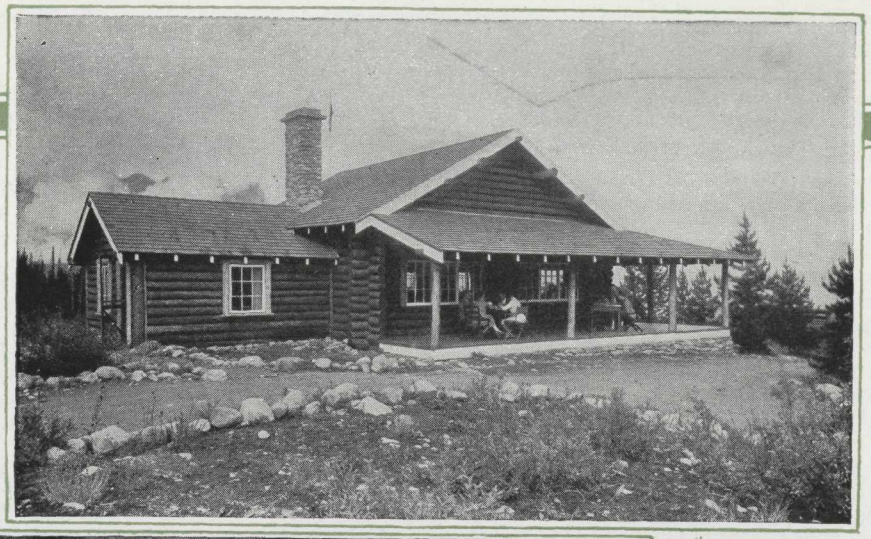
92 miles from Banff. Accommodation for 34.

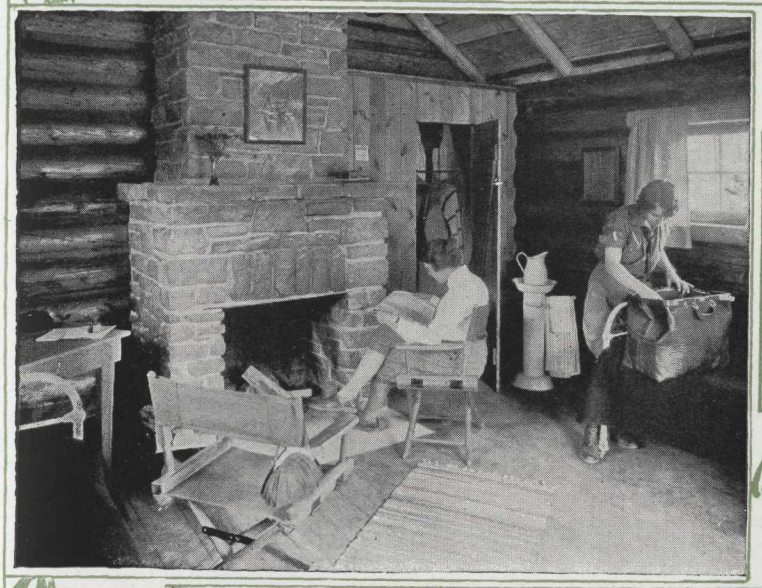
Lake Windermere Bungalow Camp

104 miles from Banff. Accommodation for 42.

The distance from Lake Louise is the same as from Banff.

Lake Windermere can also be reached by rail, for the Windermere Valley branch of the Canadian Pacific runs from Golden, on the main line, to Cranbrook, on the Crow's Nest Pass line. (Windermere is 74 miles from Golden, and 120 from Cranbrook.) Radium Hot Springs can also be reached by automobile from Firlands station, 2¼ miles distant.





The main bungalow, Castle Mountain Bungalow Camp — with (*below*) the interior of one of the sleeping bungalows, and the living room.

In the Banff-Lake Windermere Highway, traversing Rocky Mountains, National Park and Kootenay Park, Canada has what is undoubtedly one of the very finest motor roads in the whole world.

This wonderful highway, wide and smooth and hard as any the old Romans or the modern American ever built, twines its tortuous way through unbelievably magnificent mountain scenery from Banff to Lake Windermere, clinging to the brim of sheer precipices, cleaving through sheer canyons, skirting giant mountains, spanning giant rivers, overlooking giant valleys and affording the most soul-shaking views of rivers and valleys and mountains stretching away endlessly as far as one can see. It has, in fact, become the main artery of the central Canadian Pacific Rockies.

The Vermilion Pass

From Banff the route westward is to Castle Mountain, where another road joins it from Lake Louise. Here the road takes a southerly course, crossing the Bow River and rising to the Vermilion Pass (altitude 5,264 feet). Here it enters Kootenay Park. The road then follows the Vermilion River to its junction with the Kootenay River. This again it crosses and follows through a beautiful avenue between virgin forest, then ascending the Sinclair Pass between the Brisco and Stanford Ranges. Turning westerly again, it reaches Radium Hot Springs, long famous for their curative qualities, and, emerging through the gap of Sinclair Canyon, meets the Columbia River about nine miles north of Lake Windermere.

The road was officially opened in 1923, and history began there, so far as the modern world is concerned. But, if you chance on an old-timer, you'll hear tales of Kootenays and Blackfeet, of the Priest's mine and the Ochre beds, of long-dead prospectors and silent chiefs, that will make a shadowy background—a bit melancholy, but wholly picturesque—for the white-floored, tree-bordered, mountain-crowned miles of the present.

You were a chattering party when you left the hotel—a heterogeneous crowd intent only on another trip. But somehow, after you have pitched south-west from Castle Mountain into the untrodden wilds, and as the motor climbs and the miles reel off under your tires, the talk dies away.

A World Older than Time

This new world into which the road has bored its way is a world older than Time, yet, in some vivid and tremendous fashion, still unfinished. That scarred skyline seems as though it might break in a black wave and sweep down—sweep down on life as we know it, with the crash of suns, for surely nothing so vital, so full of power, could be fixed forever. These huge creatures of granite and snow that crouch together above the tiny track, these mountains in among whom you've dared to come—you've never seen so many together, so close—herds of mountains, one behind the other, looking over each other's shoulders, enormous, inert, yet —*alive*. You feel as though you'd slipped through the hole in the wall—gone into the land where we only go in dreams.

Storm Mountain

At last you swing around a curve, and the biggest mountain of them all sweeps into view—Storm Mountain. A million tons of rock went to its making, a million years to its rearing, a million storms to the carving of its great head, powdered with snow. No trees to soften it, except the trees n the hills that break about its feet. Always a cloud behind it. Always a wandering wind. And high up above the world, facing Storm Mountain and looking over the sweeping amphitheatre of peaks that encompass the Bow River, stands Castle Mountain Bungalow Camp.

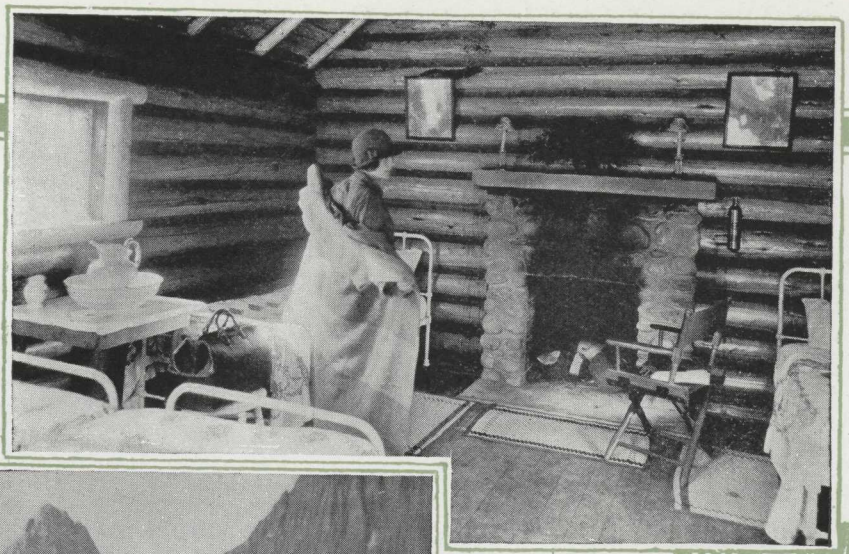
From the verandah you can see Storm, of course, and all the burnt-cinder pinnacles, the long slag walls of the Sawback Range with cloud shadows drifting across them—grey, violet, mist-colored, black. The mighty bulwarks of Castle Mountain, too. And, looking down the road to the south-west, peak after peak, peak after peak—treed or treeless, black or snow-crowned—vista after vista that flings together miles of far-off mountain-top in a little dip between two nearer giants. If you aren't a real Alpinist, you can never see another such view in all the Rockies or the Selkirks. It has an austere grandeur that makes it kin to those snowbound miles far above timberline that few people but the Swiss guides ever see.

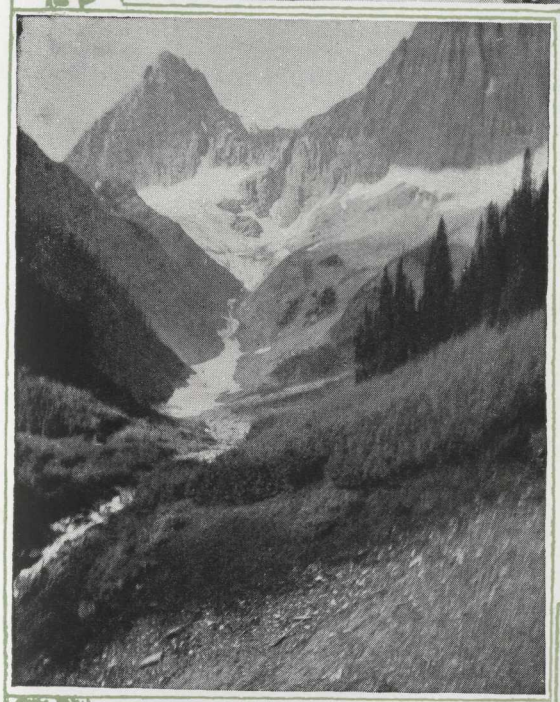
Castle Mountain Bungalow Camp

Castle Mountain Bungalow Camp is a delightful place for a family, for guests can have their own mountain cabin and the privacy of a home without responsibilities or the trouble of meals. It consists of a large main building, constructed of logs with a broad verandah, and containing a combination lounging and dining room, artistically decorated. Clustering around it are the sleeping bungalows, of log construction—some with one room, others with two rooms and bath, but all with verandahs. Each is equipped with single beds, clothes closet, fireplace, table, chairs, washstand and mirror. There is a public bath-house, with hot and cold running water, and separate bathroom and toilets.

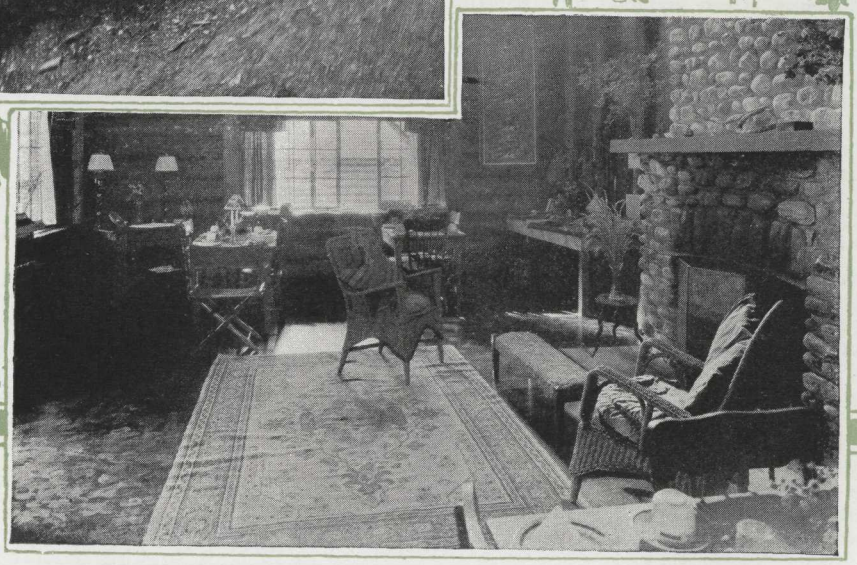
It's no wonder that you break your motor trip to stay at Castle Mountain over night—over many nights. It were worth while to stay if only to see the sunrise, dissolving the grey chilly mist in the valleys and bursting over the Sawback. One reason for building the camp here was to give this joy of the early morning hours to guests. Those who are anglers will find two well-stocked lakes—Vista Lake, 1½ miles from the Camp, and Boom Lake, 4 miles.

Another delightful trip is to Twin Lakes, between six and seven miles, and though these lakes are not so well known, those who are fond of walking or riding will be repaid for the time spent





(*Side*) Vermilion Peak, reached by game trail from Vermilion River Camp. A sleeping bungalow and the Living Room are also seen.



on the trail. One lake is especially beautiful. At one end is a glacier, the source of the waterfalls which leap to the lake. This is entirely a virgin part of the mountains.

Kootenay National Park

But there comes a time when the road beckons, and off we go by motor again, under a high blue sky, to meet the Vermilion River, born almost on the toes of Storm, but destined to rush into the cold arms of the Kootenay far to the south. Having met it, we wind about and about in its company, thankful that it dug such a spectacular yet convenient valley for itself just where we wanted to go.

Always we can see peaks that have never been climbed—when the road engineers came first in 1910, the country hadn't even been surveyed! Always we can look down long valleys that cry for our cameras. But the motor whirls on, carrying us deeper into the shut-in world of gorge and crag and glacier.

With the Vermilion Pass crossed, and the long steady descent commenced to Lake Windermere, we enter Kootenay National Park, which tucks its 587 square miles in between the southern portions of Rocky Mountains and Yoho Park. This Park consists of almost virgin forest, untouched by the hand of man, reaching back to a magnificent background of mountains, and inhabited practically only by big game.

At Marble Canyon, there is a gash in the rock 300 feet deep, over whose terraces of blue and pinkish marble the waters of Tokumm Creek leap in cascades down the Canyon, and a trail to the Paint Pots, those mysterious round wells of color from which the Kootenays of the old days used to get their sacred ochre, and trade it to the plains Indians for more mundane things.

The Vermilion River

The Vermilion River rises near Castle Mountain, farther back, but rushes along to join the mighty Kootenay River, and dug for itself this spectacular and convenient valley; and it is in the bend of its cool and foamy arm that another bungalow camp, log-cabin set where the Kootenays themselves used to rest before they crossed, is situated. This is the very middlemost middle of the big game country. If you want to see a bear, you don't even have to wander off the road, for the black fellows—mostly little ones—will actually venture out to your car to eat any lumps of sugar or cake you may throw to them!

You're in a National Park, you see, and so is he. The entire park is a game sanctuary. The results of closing it to hunters have been remarkable. Elk and deer, mountain sheep and mountain goat, and black and grizzly bear abound, many of these animals grown absolutely fearless and harmless. And up in the valleys near the Bungalow Camp there are game trails on which you should always go with your camera ready, for at any turn of the trail you may come upon a friendly animal. Wild birds, also, are extremely plentiful, and most of the lakes and rivers teem with fish.

Outside the park area, subject to certain restrictions, mountain sheep, mountain goat, deer, moose, caribou and bear may be shot in the fall, as well as ducks, geese and other game birds; while the fighting cut-throat, Dolly Varden, bull lake and salmon trout may be caught during the summer, the government hatcheries at Banff keeping the waters constantly stocked.

And now that the trail over Wolverine Pass has been completed—the very latest and most spectacular wrinkle in the Rockies' multiple face—even the thirty-third degree mountaineer is bound to be happy because he has a four day trip ahead of him that not only includes the bleak grandeur of the Pass, but the toes of Mount Goodsir, the Ottertail Valley, McArthur Creek, and Lake McArthur itself, with Lake O'Hara as the final goal.

Vermilion River Camp

Vermilion River Bungalow Camp consists of a club house, containing a combination dining and lounging room, with open fireplace; and of sleeping accommodation for 18 persons, in log bungalows, each equipped with three single beds, clothes closet, stove, table, chairs, washstand, and mirror. There is a public bath-house with hot and cold running water, and separate bath-room and toilets.

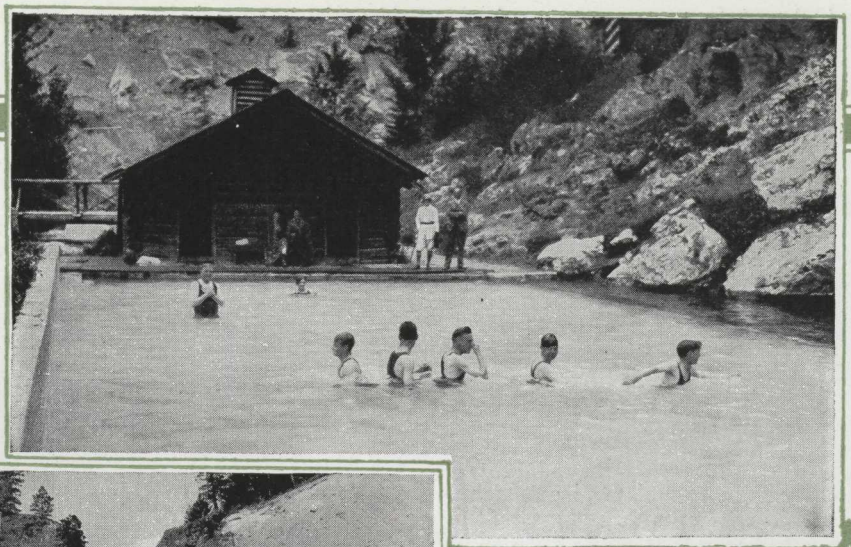
Soon after leaving Vermilion River Bungalow Camp, there is a brief but magnificent view of the pyramidal peak of famous Mount Assiniboine, many miles distant. As the Vermilion and the Kootenay approach each other, the most picturesque part of the trip begins, and the road winds along the high ridge between the two rivers, cunningly graded and skilfully bent, caught to the mountainside as only an inspired engineer could do it.

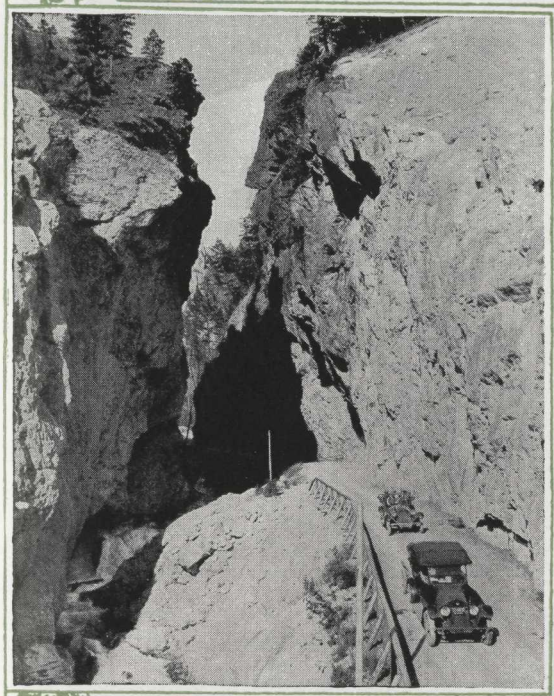
Here, too, is where you see that terrific object lesson, five miles long, that weird study in black and grey, in lines and spots, that used to be a forest before Kootenay Park was established. But now it's an infinite series of slim skeletons. No wonder the Parks Commission has placed a black-rimmed signboard at each end of that pathetic cemetery. Carelessness. That's what did it. . . . And when you take these jackknife turns it's just as well to remember that there are other forms of the disease than those concerned with cigarettes.

Sinclair Pass

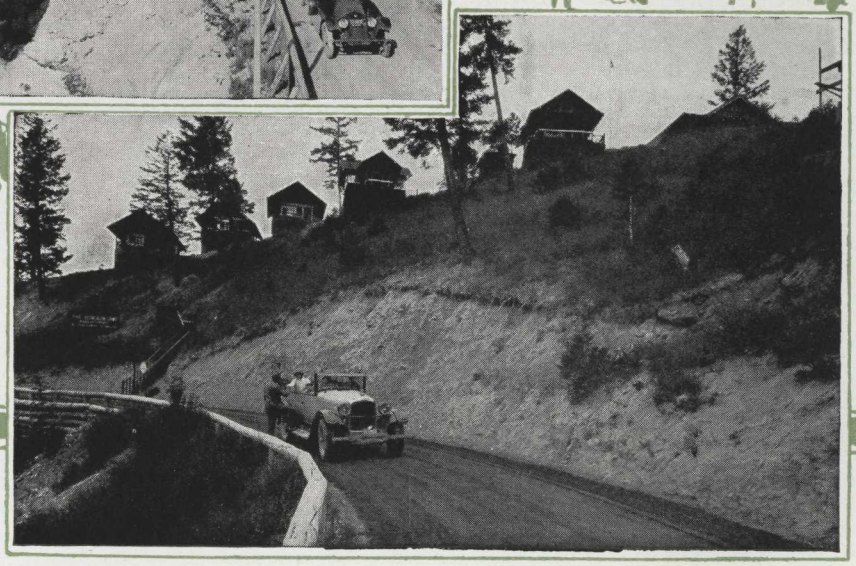
And then you come to a miniature valley and canyon. This is the country of Sinclair Pass, where the mountains crowd together to make the road a narrow gorge, which enters the valley through the "Iron Gates". These portals are gloriously colored, as if Indians had splashed them with pigments of vivid hues—yellow, pinks and reds. Radium Hot Springs are in this miniature valley, a few hundred yards east of the Iron Gates. There is something suddenly sub-tropical in the beauty of this little valley.

Radium Hot Springs Bungalow Camp is situated on a hill overlooking Sinclair Creek, the Hot Springs and the highway. The surroundings are exotic in





(*Below*) Radium Hot Springs Bungalow Camp, from the road. (*Centre*) Sinclair Canyon, near the Camp on the Banff - Windermere Road. (*Top*) The swimming pool at the Hot Springs.



beauty, and colors vie for supremacy—green dominating, varying in shades from sage to emerald. The forest, of luxuriant growth, is deep and cool. To the left of the camp are the Iron Gates; facing the camp are mountains with steep well-timbered slopes, while to the right the Selkirks are piled peak upon peak as ocean billows.

Radium Hot Springs Camp

The Camp consists of a large main building, of log construction, with large, wide verandahs, and contains a combination dining and lounging room, with open fireplace. Clustering around it are the sleeping bungalows, also of log structure, each equipped with single beds, clothes closet, stove, table, chairs, washstand, and mirror. There is a public bath-house with hot and cold running water, and separate bath-room and toilets.

The remedial properties of the radio-active hot springs have long been known to the Indians, who made yearly pilgrimages to this spot long before the first white settlers set foot in the upper Columbia Valley. Enjoying a wide fame, they are visited by thousands every year, and have a temperature of about 110 degrees. An attractive open-air swimming pool, with a bath-house, has been erected by the government.

Next morning it doesn't take long to drop, circling like a great bird, to the valley levels where Lake Windermere lies peaceful after all the emotional climaxes of the mountains.

The Columbia River

There's something hard to describe about this huge trench that the Columbia River has dug between the Rockies and the Selkirks. The two ranges tower, white-headed, above their bench lands and their river reaches, facing each other across a great green gulf, mountains of another world, as aloof and ever-beautiful as one's memories of childhood. Lake Windermere lies, warm and still, in the middle, under skies that are always blue. There are flowers and flowers and more flowers. There are lazy bells again, as the cows graze. . . . But none of these things quite accounts for the feeling of Elysian ease that makes the very soul of the place. When you go in swimming, you turn over on your back and float, and look into the high blue. When you fish—well, you do catch something every time, but you wouldn't much care if you didn't. When you motor, you're willing to loaf. Truly, a lotus-land.

There are tennis courts. There are motor launches on the lake, and rumors of an old river boat that will take her serene course under the orange moon while the people dance. There's the David Thompson Fort where town gatherings and dances are held, and you can study the Indian in the craftwork he has left. There are guides and horses and outfits for you to go shooting in season, either into the Selkirks or up Vermilion way. Or you can find ducks yourself, hundreds of them, almost anywhere in the valley.

And as for side trips—nobody who has ever seen a cool and breathless picture of the Lake of the Hanging Glaciers will want to miss that astonishing thing if he can spare the time and is good for fording rivers. But even if he isn't, there will still be Toby Canyon, and the Paradise mines beyond, eight thousand feet in air—and Radium Hot Springs—and Swansea Peak—and—that's just a beginning. Indeed, as you settle down in your bungalow at Lake Windermere Camp by the lake shore, it comes to you that this isn't place to visit and rush away from. It's a centre for a whole summer's rest and exploration. Which is what the old-timers felt when you were too young to know where the Rocky Mountains were.

Lake Windermere

Lake Windermere lies in a long and beautiful valley traversed by two rivers, between the main line of the Rockies and the smaller but equally spectacular Selkirk Range. It is a warm-water lake over ten miles in length and from one to three miles in breadth, surrounded by bench land, much of which has recently been transformed by irrigation into good farm land. Behind the benches are the foothills, and then the towering, jagged mountains typical of this region.

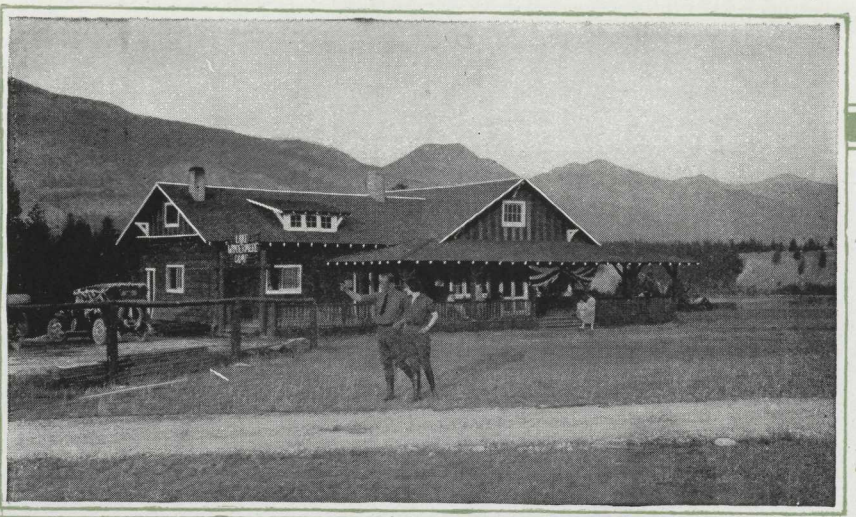
Lake Windermere, although one of the newer tourist regions of the Canadian Pacific Rockies, is not without fame, for it is the source of the mighty Columbia River, the most important waterway that flows into the North Pacific. Nor is it without history, for the explorer David Thompson discovered it as long ago as 1807, and established a trading post at Kootenai House. But although its charm has always been known to the "old-timers" who have pioneered in this lovely valley, it is only since the construction of a railway a few years ago that the outside world has taken any real notice of it.

Lake Windermere Camp

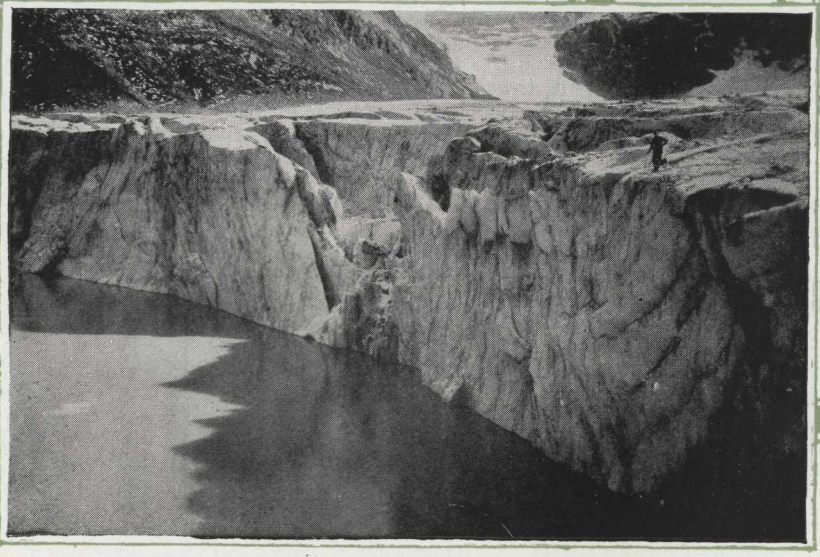
Lake Windermere Camp has accommodation for 42 guests. It consists of a large main building, with a wide verandah, and containing a combination dining, recreation and lounging room, with an open fireplace; and of separate small living and sleeping bungalows. Each of the latter has single beds, store, clothes closet, wash basin, running water, mirror, table and chairs. A double bath-house, with hot and cold running water, contains separate bath room and toilets. All the buildings are electrically lighted.

Mountain ponies of local breed are available for riding the trails, and the neighboring village of Invermere has automobiles for the excellent roads of the valley. In several of the creeks and smaller lakes within easy reach, good trout fishing in season may be had. The water of Lake Windermere itself is too warm for trout, though it contains countless squaw fish, many of large size. There are also land-locked salmon to be caught by trolling in the spring.

For bathing and boating the waters of Lake Windermere are ideal. The summer temperature averages about 68 degrees, and the water is crystal clear. There are several islands on the lake, each tempting the explorer.



Lake Windermere Bungalow Camp—and its cosy living room. (*Below*) The Lake of the Hanging Glacier, reached by trail.



The warm waters of Lake Windermere are ideal for bathing

Lake Windermere is and outfitting centre for hunting goat, bear, and deer on the slopes of the Selkirks, and goat, mountain sheep, moose, bear and deer in the famous hunting grounds of the Kootenay Valley.

Among the many expeditions to be recommended are those up Toby Creek, Sinclair Canyon and Horse Thief Creek. Nine miles up Toby Canyon, Toby Creek is spanned by a spectacular bridge three hundred feet above the bed of the stream, uniting roads on either side, so that a highly interesting round-trip automobile ride of eighteen miles can be made from Lake Windermere Bungalow Camp. Beyond the bridge the road leads in the direction of Earl Grey Pass or Wells Pass to Kootenay Lake.

Lake of the Hanging Glaciers

Horse Thief Creek is an easy gateway to very spectacular glacier country. One can drive by auto for eighteen miles, after which there is a pony trail leading direct up towards Horse Thief Creek, with a new trail to the wonderful Lake of the Hanging Glaciers, where both the annual Official Ride and Pow-Wow of the Trail Riders' Association, and the annual camp of the Alpine Club of Canada, will be held this summer.

Touring automobiles can be hired in either Banff, Lake Louise, or Windermere. Auto bus service, Banff or Lake Louise to Lake Windermere (when operated)—one way $10.00 per person, round trip (2 days) $18.00. During the month of July and August, an "all expense tour" will be operated from Banff three times a week, providing four or more persons wish to make the drive, at the rate of $25.00 per person. This rate will include meals at Castle Mountain Camp, Vermilion River Camp, Radium Hot Springs Camp and Lake Windermere Camp, and one night's lodgings at Lake Windermere.

A Fine Circle Trip

The Columbia River Highway, referred to previously, connects at its northern end (Golden) with the new Kicking Horse Trail, between Golden, Field, Lake Louise and Banff. This was completed last summer. It is possible to take the circle of Rocky Mountains National Park, Kootenay Park and Yoho Park, without traversing the same ground. This is the most magnificent motor-drive of the entire American continent.

The Lariat Trail

During the summer season of 1928, commencing June 30th, a Three Day Circle Trip ("The Lariat Trail") will be operated every Monday and Thursday, or any day with a minimum of four passengers, over this route from Banff via the Banff-Windermere Road, Golden, Emerald Lake, the Yoho Valley and back to the starting point. The rate will be $30 (not including meals or sleeping accommodation.)

PRINCIPAL
CANADIAN PACIFIC OFFICES

CANADA AND UNITED STATES

Atlanta, Ga.	E. G. Chesbrough, Gen. Agt. Pass. Dept.	1017 Healey Building
Banff, Alta.	J. A. McDonald, District Passenger Agent	C.P.R. Station
Boston, Mass.	L. R. Hart, Gen. Agt. Pass. Dept.	405 Boylston St.
Buffalo, N.Y.	H. R. Mathewson, Gen. Agt. Pass. Dept.	160 Pearl St.
Calgary, Alta.	G. D. Brophy, District Pass. Agt.	C.P.R. Station
Chicago, Ill.	T. J. Wall, Gen. Agt. Rail Traffic	71 East Jackson Blvd.
Cincinnati, Ohio	M. E. Malone, Gen. Agt. Pass. Dept.	201 Dixie Terminal Bldg.
Cleveland, Ohio	G. H. Griffin, Gen. Agt. Pass. Dept.	1010 Chester Ave.
Detroit, Mich.	G. G. McKay, Gen. Agt. Pass. Dept.	1231 Washington Blvd.
Edmonton, Alta.	C. S. Fyfe, City Passenger Agent	C.P.R. Building
Fort William, Ont.	A. J. Boreham, City Passenger Agent	404 Victoria Ave.
Guelph, Ont.	W. C. Tully, City Passenger Agent	30 Wyndham St.
Halifax, N.S.	A. C. McDonald, City Passenger Agent	117 Hollis St.
Hamilton, Ont.	A. Craig, City Passenger Agent	Cor. King and James Sts.
Honolulu, T.H.	Theo. H. Davies & Co.	
Indianapolis, Ind.	J. A. McKinney, Travelling Passenger Agent	Merchant's Bank Bldg.
Juneau, Alaska	W. L. Coates, Agent.	
Kansas City, Mo.	R. G. Norris, City Pass. Agent	723 Walnut Street
Ketchikan, Alaska	Edgar Anderson, Agent.	
Kingston, Ont.	J. H. Welch, City Passenger Agent	180 Wellington St.
London, Ont.	H. J. McCallum, City Passenger Agent	417 Richmond St.
Los Angeles, Cal.	W. McIlroy, Gen. Agt. Pass. Dept.	621 So. Grand Avenue
Milwaukee, Wis.	F. T. Sansom, City Passenger Agent	68 Wisconsin St.
Minneapolis, Minn.	H. M. Tait, Gen. Agt. Pass. Dept.	611 2nd Ave. South
Montreal, Que.	P. E. Gingras, District Pass. Agent	Windsor Station
	F. C. Lydon, City Pass. Agent	141 St. James St.
Moosejaw, Sask.	T. J. Colton, Ticket Agent	Canadian Pacific Station
Nelson, B.C.	J. S. Carter, District Pass. Agent	Baker and Ward Sts.
New York, N.Y.	F. R. Perry, Gen. Agt. Rail Traffic	Madison Ave. at 44th St.
North Bay, Ont.	C. H. White, District Pass. Agent	87 Main Street West
Omaha, Neb.	H. J. Clark, Trav. Pass. Agent	727 W.O.W. Building
Ottawa, Ont.	J. A. McGill, Gen. Agt. Pass. Dept.	83 Sparks St.
Peterboro, Ont.	J. Skinner, City Passenger Agent	George St.
Philadelphia, Pa.	J. C. Patteson, Asst. General Agent, Pass. Dept.	1500 Locust St.
Pittsburgh, Pa.	C. L. Williams, Gen. Agent Pass. Dept.	338 Sixth Ave.
Portland, Ore.	W. H. Deacon, Gen. Agt. Pass. Dept.	55 Third St.
Prince Rupert, B.C.	W. C. Orchard, General Agent.	
Quebec, Que.	C. A. Langevin, Gen. Agt. Pass. Dept.	Palais Station
Regina, Sask.	J. W. Dawson, District Pass. Agt.	Canadian Pacific Station
Saint John, N.B.	G. B. Burpee, District Pass. Agent	40 King St.
St. Louis, Mo.	Geo. P. Carbrey, Gen. Agt. Pass Dept.	412 Locust Street
St. Paul, Minn.	W. H. Lennon, Gen. Agt. Pass. Dept. Soo Line.	Robert and Fourth St.
San Francisco, Cal.	F. L. Nason, Gen. Agt. Pass. Dept.	675 Market St.
Saskatoon, Sask.	G. B. Hill, City Pass. Agent	115 Second Ave.
Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.	J. O. Johnston, City Pass. Agent	529 Queen Street
Seattle, Wash.	E. L. Sheehan, Gen. Agt. Pass. Dept.	1320 Fourth Ave.
Sherbrooke, Que.	J. A. Metivier, City Pass. Agent	91 Wellington St. No.
Skagway, Alaska	L. H. Johnston, Agent.	
Spokane, Wash.	E. L. Cardle, Traffic Mgr. Spokane International Ry.	
Tacoma, Wash.	D. C. O'Keefe, City Passenger Agent	1113 Pacific Ave.
Toronto, Ont.	Wm. Fulton, District Passenger Agent	Canadian Pacific Bldg.
Vancouver, B.C.	F. H. Daly, District Passenger Agent	434 Hastings St. W.
Victoria, B.C.	L. D. Chetham, District Passenger Agent	1102 Government St.
Washington, D.C.	C. E. Phelps, General Agent Passenger Dept.,	905 Fifteenth St. N.W.
Windsor, Ont.	W. C. Elmer, City Passenger Agent	34 Sandwich St. West
Winnipeg, Man.	C. B. Andrews, Dist. Passenger Agent	Main and Portage

EUROPE

Antwerp, Belgium	A. Schmitz	25 Quai Jordaens
Belfast, Ireland	Wm. McCalla	41-43 Victoria St.
Birmingham, Eng.	W. T. Treadaway	4 Victoria Square
Bristol, Eng.	A. S. Ray	18 St. Augustine's Parade
Brussels, Belgium	L. H. R. Plummer	98 Blvd. Adlophe-Max
Glasgow, Scotland	W. Stewart	25 Bothwell St.
Hamburg, Germany	T. H. Gardner	Gansemarkt 3
Liverpool, Eng.	H. T. Penny	Pier Head
London, Eng.	C. E. Jenkins	62-65 Charling Cross, S.W. 1
	G. Saxon Jones	103 Leadenhall St. E.C. 3
Manchester, Eng.	J. W. Maine	31 Mosley St.
Paris, France	A. V. Clark	7 Rue Scribe
Rotterdam, Holland	J. S. Springett	Coolsingel No. 91
Southampton, Eng.	H. Taylor	7 Canute Road

ASIA

Hong Kong, China	G. E. Costello, Gen. Agt. Pass. Dept.	Opposite Blake Pier
Kobe, Japan	B. G. Ryan, Passenger Agent	7 Harima Machi
Manila, P.I.	J. R. Shaw, Agent	14-16 Calle David, Roxas Bldg.
Shanghai, China	A. M. Parker, Gen. Agt. Pass. Dept.	No. 4 The Bund
Yokohama, Japan	E. Hospes, Gen. Agt. Pass. Dept.	No. 1 The Bund

AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, Etc.

J. Sclater, Traffic Man. Can. Pac. Ry., for Australia and New Zealand, Union House, Sydney, N.S.W.
A. W. Essex, Passenger Manager, Can. Pac. Ry., for New Zealand, Auckland, N.Z.

Adelaide, S.A.	Macdonald, Hamilton & Co.
Auckland, N.Z.	Union S.S. Co. of New Zealand (Ltd.)
Brisbane, Qd.	Macdonald, Hamilton & Co.
Christchurch, N.Z.	Union S.S. Co. of New Zealand (Ltd.)
Dunedin, N.Z.	Union S.S. Co. of New Zealand (Ltd.)
Fremantle, W.A.	Macdonald, Hamilton & Co.
Hobart, Tas.	Union S.S. Co. of New Zealand (Ltd.)
Launceston, Tas.	Union S.S. Co. of New Zealand (Ltd.)
Melbourne, Vic.	Union S.S. Co. of New Zealand (Ltd.), Thos. Cook & Son.
Perth, W.A.	Macdonald, Hamilton & Co.
Suva, Fiji	Union S.S. Co. of New Zealand (Ltd.)
Sydney, N.S.W.	Union S.S. Co. of New Zealand (Ltd.)
Wellington, N.Z.	Union S.S. Co. of New Zealand (Ltd.)

Bungalow Camps
in the
Canadian Pacific Rockies

in the heart of

ROCKY MOUNTAINS
YOHO and KOOTENAY
NATIONAL PARKS