

Canada's Mountain Region and Coast Country in Winter

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Have you gazed on naked grandeur, where there's nothing else to gaze on,
Set pieces and drop-curtain scenes galore,
Big mountains heaved to heaven, which the blinding sunsets blaze on,
Black canyons where the rapids rip and roar?

ANYONE who can give an affirmative answer to this question put by Service, in his Call of the Wild, will do well to read no further. Those who have seen the Canadian mountains, and felt their influence, must realize what an impossible task it is to give anything like an adequate description of the scenes presented and the sensations produced by these crowning triumphs of the Great Creator's art. The enormous piles of rock lifting their peaks miles above the sea into regions of perpetual snow, and the deep dark canyons with the sparkling streams, hundreds, perhaps thousands, of feet below, fairly overpower one with admiration and reverence, and defy description. One cannot gaze on these magnificent and awe-inspiring monuments to the titanic power that fashioned our planet without being forcibly impressed with the littleness of man, and having an added respect and reverence for the architect of the universe.

Readers of the Review therefore will understand that this article is not an attempt at that which our best writers know better than to undertake. It is not supposed to be a descriptive sketch as usually understood, but is written rather with the idea of convey-

ing to old friends some personal impressions of Canada's mountain district and coast country, in the hope that it may convey a little commonplace information about this, our national park, playground and garden.

From Calgary to the summit of the Rockies, a distance of about one hundred and twenty miles, the railway track follows the Bow River Valley, crossing and re-crossing the stream several times, but through it all maintaining an even and not excessively heavy grade. On a clear day the mountains are plainly visible from Calgary, or even from a further distance. One would think that they were perhaps fifteen miles off. But in this region of high objects and rare atmosphere, distances are very deceiving, and the mountains that appear to be comparatively close to Calgary are really over sixty miles away. As you approach the mountains, they seem to recede, and instead of reaching them within a few minutes after leaving Calgary, as you would expect, it is two hours and a quarter before "The Gap" is entered.

One of the most popular summer resorts in the mountain district is Banff, headquarters of the famous Rocky Mountain Park, by far the largest park in the world, comprising nearly six