

When the holiday seeker from the East, after having spent a few days in the heart of the Canadian Rockies, and enjoyed the restful comforts of the magnificently appointed hotels of the Canadian Pacific Railway at Banff, Lake Louise and Field, boards the train at the last named place and speeds toward the Pacific, he is carried along the course of the tortuous and rapid Wapta, the euphonious Indian name of the river, yecept by the modern barbarians the "Kicking Horse." He picks up his Time Table and reads "Ottertail," "Leancoil," "Palliser"; but the names have little, if any, interest for him as the train speeds along, now plunging into tunnels through projecting mountain spurs, now carefully crawling around curves of hitherto unknown radii, while vertical mountain sides loom straight up for thousands of feet, casting about him the gloaming of eventide, when suddenly he emerges into broad daylight and sees before him a magnificent fertile valley stretching North and Westward. "The broad river ahead is the Columbia. The supremely beautiful mountains beyond are the Selkirks, rising from their forest-clad bases and lifting their ice-crowned heads far into the sky. Behind him, rising Eastward from the Columbia, range upon range, are the Rockies." He has passed through their Western portal, and as the train pulls out from the little station at Golden he quietly settles down to the comforts of the palatial car in which he travels, speeds Westward to the Pacific, believing he has seen all that is worth seeing in the Rockies, and unmindful, if not wholly ignorant, of the fact that he is fast leaving behind him unvisited