



of going north to Twin Falls, walking astride the ridge-pole of the world, up level with the top of Takakkaw and the gleaming miles of Daly—or turning south and west toward Summit Lake and Yoho Pass, the road to Emerald.

Lunch on the Ridgpole

Whichever way you go, there's a wonderful lunch waiting for you, for there's a cabin at Twin Falls and a little teahouse at Summit Lake. Summit, strange as it may seem, is warm enough to swim in, walled round with solemn firs, though it's a bit like slipping into the heart of an emerald to dive into such preposterously green water.

After lunch begins the ride over Yoho Pass, which soon terminates (for the compassionate) in a walk, zigzag, zigzag, down a scarred tremendous valley with a gushing fall on one side, and Emerald Lake as green as green glass, square cut, at the bottom. Great ramparts of snow-striped mountains cut the skyline to the south, and it's the biggest panorama you've seen—a thing of far distances and dizzying colour—a giant world in which you creep like a little brown upright fly leading a white four-footed fly, zigzag, zigzag, down the interminable playways of the mountain storms.

Camping de Luxe at Emerald Lake

Emerald is the camp de luxe, where some of the bungalows that cluster around the Chalet have private baths. There's a clubhouse, too, with a floor as good as any hotel floor in the mountains, and an orchestra. There are tennis courts, and ladies in real riding boots that couldn't possibly be climbed in and aren't going to be, and boats on that astounding green lake, and fish in it.

Anything that you could do from Yoho could be done from Emerald too. And if you're the Emerald kind of person, here it is you'll settle with a sigh of content. If you never do anything but perch on the clubhouse verandah and look down at the lake, it will be quite worth any journey you may have taken. But you can be as strenuous as you like, for you can go over Burgess Pass and come down into Field; you can climb Mt. Stephen, the most-climbed peak in the mountains, and dig your own geology from the 150-foot-thick fossil beds; you can go back to O'Hara, to McArthur, to Oesa, to the Ottertail; you can even take the train to Leancoil and explore the Ice River Valley, a place where very few people know enough to go at all.

On the Banff-Lake Windermere Motor Road

But perhaps you want an entire change of scene, something to do that doesn't in the least concern itself with horses or climbing. If so, you'll take a