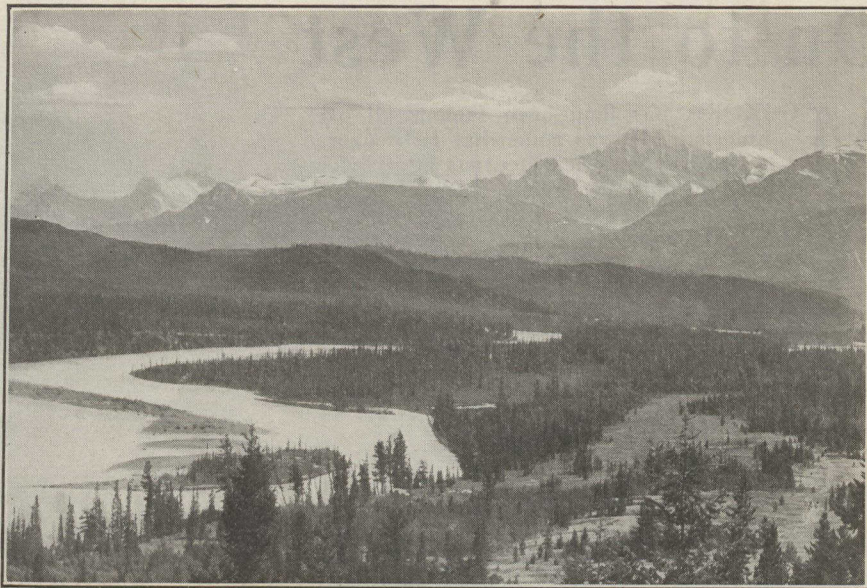
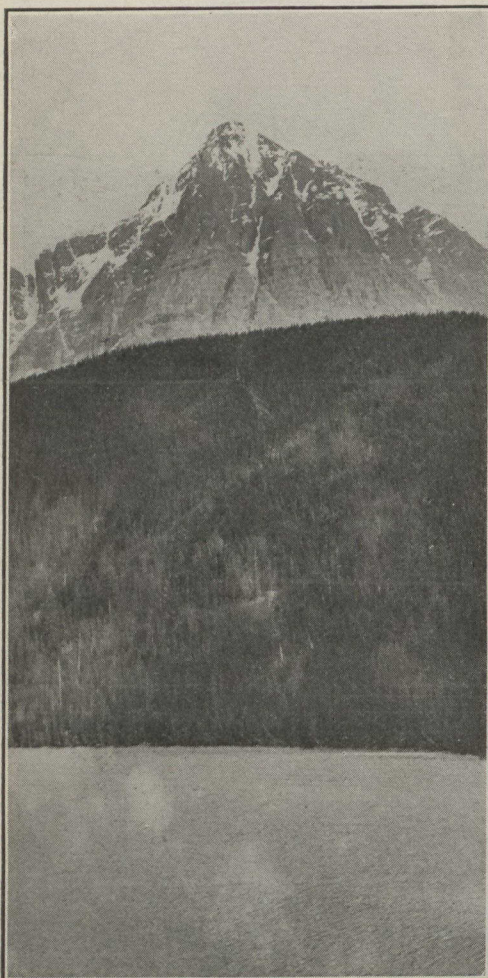




There Are No Longer Any Cayuses on Jasper Avenue, Edmonton.



Where the Athabasca Loses Itself in the Rockies.

LAKE, HILL AND MOUNTAIN
Mt. Pelee and Yellowhead Lake in the Rockies.

TO THE ROCKIES AND THE PACIFIC

IT was the late Goldwin Smith who said of the Canadian Rockies: "They are surely not comparable to the Alps. . . . They lack what Switzerland and Tyrol have in their old towns and castles, the piquant conjunction of human interest with the lonely grandeurs of nature."

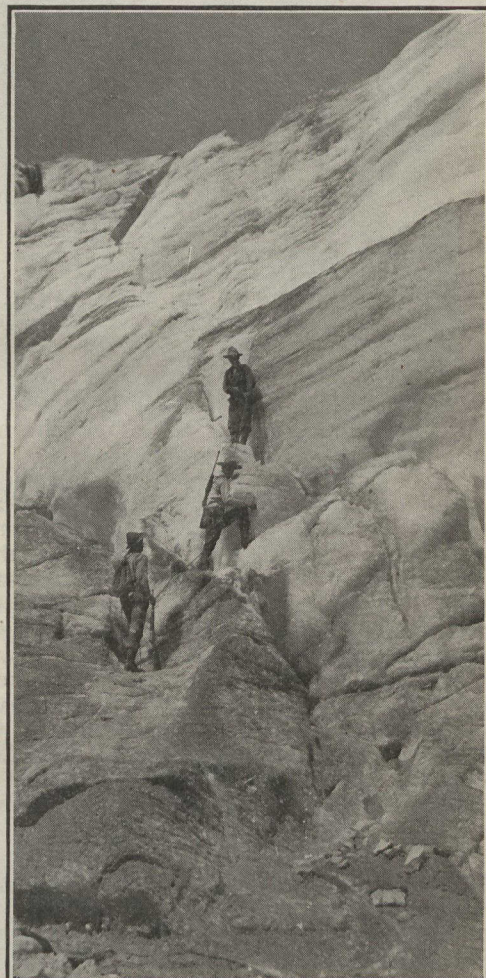
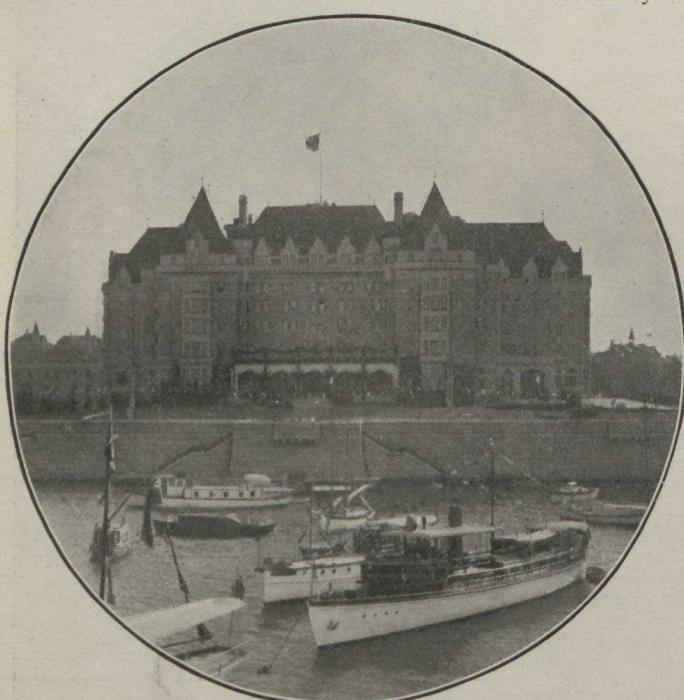
This is a compliment to the Rockies, which, as the home of Krag the goat and the mountain lion, the silent, manless lake and the ponderous glaciers, the cathedral towers and the colossal peaks that no man has ever adequately painted, seem to rejoice that they are incomparable—to anything. There are three ways to judge the Rockies. You may spend a summer on a foot-hills ranch and get acquainted with fifty peaks day by day, seeing the storms brew and the clouds dance over the crags. You may go and camp among them and crumple yourself like a mannikin at the feet of nature. Or you may take the alpenstock along with the wings of the morning and climb Mt. Robson. And you will get three views of the Rockies all different from one another.

Critics differ as to the best observation point to study the Rockies at long range. The most familiar place is Calgary. Here after hours in the Cypress Hills the impatient traveler—on a clear day—gets his first real glimpse of the mountains. Sunset on those peaks is an indescribable beauty. He leaves the Bow River and begins to climb the hills that are now like the seven hills of Rome, built over by the aggressive city. For an hour he toils up the staircase, looking down on the busy city in the basin and up to the sun-gilded peaks that look as though they might belong to the town, when by the hills they are sixty or seventy miles distant. So the tourist concludes that he will buy a ticket on to Banff.

OR he may stop off at a ranch in the foot-hills, where, if he has time to spend, he may learn enough about the individual character of the Rockies to get acquainted with the Devil's Head and its legends. Or he may take a run down to old Macleod, the once cow-town on the Old Man River. Here, if he has an eye to proportion and variety of scenic effect, he may conclude that the human eye has at last got as much as it is possible for the eye to

take in. Here, to the eastward, are the interminable plains of the prairies, without even a tree to break the monotony. West of the town, up the gorge of the Old Man, are the galleried foot-hills where the spruces begin. Beyond them he may count on a clear day scores of individual peaks in all the colours of the rainbow.

No part of the world attracts more adventurous tourists than the Rockies, now being burrowed and threaded and staircased by two transcontinental railways. And beyond them, beyond the valleys of the fruit and the mining camps and the coughing little towns that grow like warts at the feet of the Rockies lies the last stage on the grand tour across Canada; the Selkirks bathed in the chinooks, the breath of the sea, the giant Douglas firs, and then the tumbling Pacific. Here, on the outpost, lies Vancouver Island, and the capital, Victoria, "with pretty cottages amid bowers of roses, free from the racket of commerce," as it was once described.

SLOWEST TOURING IN THE WORLD.
Alpine Climbers on a Mount Robson Glacier.THE LAST BIG RENDEZVOUS.
C.P.R. Empress Hotel at Victoria, B.C."SOCIETY WHERE NONE INTRUDES"
Cameron Lake on Vancouver Island.