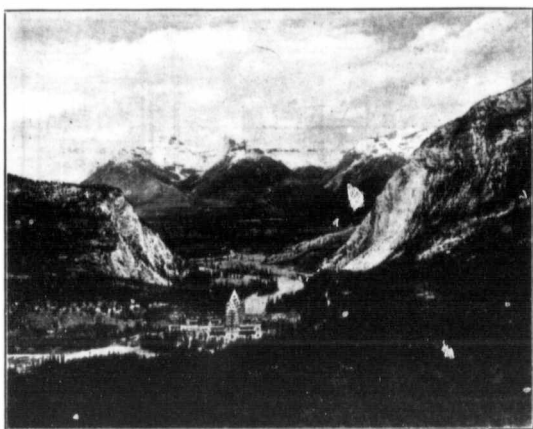




Banff Spring Hotel and Bow River Valley.

microscopic observations. The infinitesimal does not make an instantaneous appeal to most minds, but the stupendous, the majestic, the "awe-inspiring" needs no effort to get it home on the instant to the poorest eyesight and to the most jaded, nerve-shattered mortal in civilization or out of it.

Now the history of human research is unanimous in its opinion that there is nothing in the shape of salubrious environment that will ever take the place of "hill air" and the silent grandeur of Nature in restoring the spent energies of careworn humanity.

Many generations, and probably millions of men and women have borne testimony to the fact that a brief sojourn among Alpine scenery and the pure atmosphere of those everlasting mountain peaks did for them what was evidently beyond the reach of medical science to accomplish.

To-day on this American continent, there are multitudes who would "give anything" (so they say) to get rid of that blasé feeling that robs them of all power to appreciate the finest things that are offered them in the name of enjoyment; to get back to the guileless eagerness of youth with its brimming cup of enthusiasm for those natural joys that carried no dreg of bitterness in its last drop.

There was never a day in the history of the race that lent itself so completely to this end as the present moment; there was never a chance at the disposal of any people to reach the best the world has to offer in perfect environment, such as is now at the immediate call of practically any citizen of Canada or the United States of America.

If the Alps have done for men what they undoubtedly have most justly had placed to their credit, what of the Canadian Rockies? Here descriptive language is quite inadequate to give even the

faintest impression of what these two words **mean**—not only to the novice, but to the trained eye of the artist. Whether at the first



Chateau, Lake Louise, and Mount Victoria, Alta.

great burst of the magnificent scene, or after many months sojourn on the heights or in the valleys, it matters not, the effect is unspeakable and a long lifetime can never see very much farther than the mere beginnings of its inexhaustible variety.

We know our Alps, we spent our boyhood within hail of the "wild frowning glories of dark Lochnagar" and we have had our unspeakable few weeks in that part of the Rockies that could comfortably be reached from any point of the track of the Canadian Pacific railway, and the end of it all "beggars description."

We had read a whole library of descriptive redundancies before visiting the Rockies. They wearied us—the very best of them did—with their pure inanity when held up and read in the majestic silence of those mighty things they attempted to describe and to compare with anything else that men could em-

body or visualize for the purposes of comparison.

What Henry Ford said of the virtues of his wonderful car: **"Don't exaggerate—the facts are bigger"**—might well be printed in type that even a blind man could appreciate and handed to every one of the great army of itinerants who have assayed to give the world an idea of the Canadian Rockies.

All the world knows what Edward Whymper of Matterhorn fame and others have said about being "spellbound by the illimitable horizon of virgin peaks"; that "Fifty or sixty Switzerlands in one" was Whymper's summary of "this almost untrodden playground, this unrealized heritage of a great continent of travelers."

This is all right, and far from outstepping the facts, it and all else of the patient elaboration of the globe-trotting fraternity does

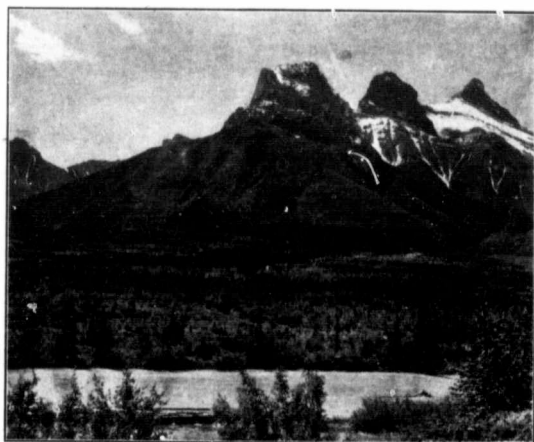
inarticulate but living presence of this matchless expression of Nature. Its magnitude and ever-varying splendor is far beyond the most ambitious capabilities of language or pictorial art.

The pictures on these pages are the best that a magazine article can do in its altogether too brief space to awaken interest in a subject that is of supreme personal and national interest first of all to every citizen of Canada, but scarcely less to the travelling health-seeking millions of the "Stars and Stripes."

Things that are easily available suffer from the start from an absence of all disposition on the part of men to value them according to their intrinsic worth. The very proximity and availability of "The Rockies" has certainly not helped in any effort to popularise them as holiday or health resorts, but now that the avenue has for the time being been almost wholly closed to Europe, it is not unlikely that they will receive the attention that should always have been accorded to them.

Everything to the last dot in picturesque literature, guide-books, timetables, transportation rates and hotel tariff, etc., can be had free from any one of thousands of offices and agencies of the Canadian Pacific Railway Co. There is now a vast accumulation of this class of literature—some of it of such high artistic merit and literary excellence that it would do honor to any drawing-room or library table, and there is no cheapsparing tendency to be noted in its free distribution.

Now, to the average citizen—the work-wearied tradesman, merchant, or farmer—it matters little how "wonderful" these great Rockies may be, not many would be disposed to visit them unless assured of comfort, convenience and safety in getting to them, and



Three Sisters, near Banff.