

Waterton Lakes

By D. E. NIMMONS

NOW that vacation days are coming near, when we will all be scrambling away to our individual camping-places which have each a special charm, I want to mention a little summer resort which fulfils the ideal of every true camper. Let those who claim that Southern Alberta contains no beautiful landscapes beware how they mention it to those who have spent a summer at Waterton Lakes.



The Falls.

In the extreme south-west corner of Southern Alberta, about sixty miles from Lethbridge, is concealed this delightful little spot, in close proximity to Montana and British Columbia. Here all the natural beauties of the two provinces seem to be entwined together; wide stretches of long prairie grass up to the very door of the mountains. Nestling in the arms of these giants is the secluded corner known as Waterton Lakes. No picturesque buildings as yet mar the scene. There is not even a hotel,

but at the foot of the mountains there are five or six tents which spring up in summer and disappear as if by magic when winter comes.

Everything is here that goes to make an ideal summer's outing: scenery indescribable, where the eye can range from the sombre lakes to the sublime old mountains with their snow-white heads; wild flowers of all sizes and variety, varying in hue from the dainty white Sawoyan or Northern Bedstraw, to the oriental Tiger Lily; opportunity for boating, fishing, bathing, riding, mountain-climbing and even strawberry-picking.

NO noisy engines yet screech into the silence of the mountains, not even an automobile can make its way. Consequently the would-be camper must take the old-fashioned stage with two horses, a three-seated rig and no protecting cover to prevent sun-burn. Over grassy plains, across rivers, through brushy country, the stage crawls along, driving on and on and still on. The mountains seem to recede as the traveller advances until in the gathering gloom he suddenly seems to be in the very heart of them, breaking into the chilly silence with the sound of human laughter which is sent back with three-fold reverberations from the hills. A few tents peeping out among the trees, a

few people running out with eager greetings, the masterpieces of nature looming up silently majestic in the background, and this is Waterton Lakes, the Banff that is to be.

From that moment the restrictions of city life are left behind. Early rising no longer becomes a necessity, it is a joy. The moments spent in sleep are begrudgingly given, and the time for early fishing and a morning dip hailed with delight. The slothful youth who grumbles at having to be at the office at nine now asks to be wakened at four; the busy toiler who has lost his appetite now grumbles because he can't get enough to eat. All is extreme activity; everything is done heartily from sleeping to eating.

The fishing is excellent, and though the finny tribe are not exactly waiting to be caught, the angler is always amply rewarded for his toil. Quite



A Trip to Wall Lake.

often a huge trout is landed which acts as an incentive until the next big haul is made. The boating is perfect, also, and there seems to be no limit to the extent of water, one lake following another for miles and miles. Though the water is cold, too cold for more than a two-minute dip, there is always a protected corner of the lake warmed by the sun.

ON solid earth once more one is bewildered with the variety of pleasures throwing out alluring enticements. At the falls, which are indeed beautiful, the lazy ones spend a quiet afternoon with a book. But the energetic camper cannot be appeased with anything so monotonous. Mountain climbing is more in his line and right outside of the tent door is his opportunity. There is no chance to mount a nag and saunter gently up a beautifully levelled road. Nature is here in a sterner mood and

the interloper must go on foot pushing through rough trees, climbing over fallen trunks or up rocky grades. There are not many who reach the summit of Sofa Mountain, but those who do are amply rewarded as they gaze at myriads of peaks, blue, brown, grey, snow-clad peaks, becoming more hazy as they recede in the distance until they seem to melt into the air. The downward path is even more dangerous, for the climber is apt to grow dizzy realizing the steep steps beneath him, but at length the descent is made and reaching the lake at the base of the mountain, the weary toiler steps into his boat and rows across to a camp, a bath and a square meal.

There are strawberries, too, at Waterton Lakes. Just around the bend everyone knows of a fruitful strawberry patch where he can soon pick a cup of this delicious fruit and in times of luck persuade the mistress of the establishment to lend him the ice-cream freezer and a piece of her valuable ice.

THERE is even dancing to be had in this haven, but it has with it an unusual charm. On the great Mormon fete days, on such occasions as when Brigham Young landed at the Great Salt Lake, the patriotic enthusiasts come into this wilderness and invading its solemnity with shouts and games, end the occasion by a grand dance. And who would not enjoy dancing when the floor is built over the lake, when the moon is the electric light, and its reflection on the water with its background of mountains the decoration of the hall? Then the disturbers depart and this slight entrance into civilization over, the campers return to a few more wild, blissful days.

There are not many campers who have the courage to take a trip to Wall Lake. It is necessary to have horses for this long, arduous climb, which leads through intricate and amazing paths to a lake almost in the clouds, and swarming with tiny mountain trout as they glide through the water up to its very edge. An evening there is worth all
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Among the Waterton Lakes.

"The Hoodoos"

By NORMAN S. RANKIN

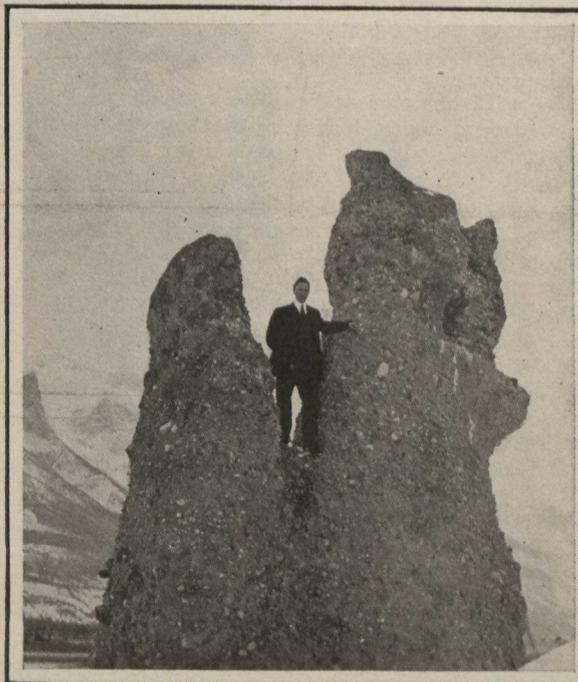
IF you happen to be looking out of the car window as your train plunges westward through the Gap, the entrance to the Rocky Mountains, you will see, perched away up on the roothills behind Canmore, three huge, fantastic-looking, church-steeple pillars, stone-studded, bleak and formidable.

Years ago, probably a century, these pillars were not in evidence, their 50 or 75 feet of height lay hidden in solid soil, covered in tons and tons of mother earth, whose surface at that time extended considerably upward and outward beyond their present limits. But, as time went on, the entombed pillars gathered formation from pebbles and stones and from soft clay with cement-like qualities.

Along each side of the Canadian Pacific Railway, as the Gap is traversed, may be seen many groups of these extraordinary looming pillars, commonly known as "Hoodoos"—goodness only knows why. They are conglomerate monuments formed of stones, earth, and indurated clay, by the action of the elements. Years of steadily-rushing waters, gathered from the mountain snows on the rocky heights above, played havoc with the banks above them, cutting them down and sweeping them away. The harder portions of the ground naturally better withstood the fierce action of the devastating elements, and as the pillars slowly grew in height while their bases eroded, they hardened in the air



This is Not a Petrified Bear, But a Gravel "Hoodoo" in the Rocky Mountains.



Another "Hoodoo." Several of These May be Seen Where the C. P. R. Enters the Rocky Mountains.