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IT is just possible that one of the "blessings" created by the Great War will be to turn the eyes of North America in the direction of her own resources and privileges and to rise to an appreciation of her natural endowments such as no other experience would ever have taught her.

From this country, for many years, in the mere matter of sight-seeing and holiday travel, we have been sending hundreds of millions of dollars annually to Europe, while within twenty-four hours comfortable railway travel there are things of beauty and influences that beggar all descriptive faculty to which Europe can offer no earthly comparison.

In the decade just preceding the outbreak of war an expert authority has estimated that the great annual current of tourist traffic which crossed the Atlantic amounted to between \$300,000,000 and \$500,000,000. Everyone knows that the greater part of the money spent in Europe in purely holiday traffic comes from America. Without the regular American incursions from early spring to late fall, the great fashion centres of England, France, Italy and Switzerland—not to speak of the Central Empires—might have put up the shutters and gone to the harvest fields to eke out a bare living.

The figures given by a trustworthy authority as to the tourist revenue of the different European "meccas" are very striking, and at the present moment when all these favorite haunts are closed to the American traveller, they do more than point a tale. In 1913 (the year before the war) France received something like \$600,000,000; Switzerland, \$250,000,000 and Italy over \$100,000,000 in purely tourist revenue.

What was it that took the American tourist to Switzerland and Italy? Fine scenery for the greater part, but, of course, much of the rush to these particular countries to behold their exceptional natural beauties was created by the mere circumstance

Resorts in the Canadian Rockies

that fashion had set in that direction. Society leaders had decreed that it was "it" to see and climb the Swiss Alps and to visit the Italian lakes. Before the development of modern travel, Switzerland was a poor and struggling country, dependent chiefly on her

part in for what it has meant in health of body and soul to the millions who have indulged in it is out of all proportion to the mere dollars spent upon it. It has been said that man is a creature "born with a great deal of curiosity, but very poor eye-

focussed into one sentence, it would be found that nothing in environment can ever take the place of Nature in satisfying the cravings of men and women in their quest for enjoyment that never palls.

Are not the greatest moments in a lifetime those passages in which a man becomes a fit companion to himself? The lot of most men is to spend the very greatest part of life mixed up with the crowd from which there seems no escape. The babel of tongues and the clash and jangle of daily life in modern times has a wearing effect on the "bearings" of the human machine that cannot be stated in any formula of mechanical science.

More than half a century of active life spent on two continents has taught the writer that in nothing so much as in the solitary companionship of Nature a man's cup of satisfaction runs over. It is there far more than in any mere product of human genius that perfect rest, restoration and satisfaction are to be found. In time, everything else in the pleasure-hunter's mad career grows stale and shrivels up in its own fever heat. But Nature never surfeits, for Nature is a part of God, and anything that is in harmony with God's Nature is perfectly attuned to the finest note in human felicity.

But for his inherited "bad eyesight," trained observers will tell you that there are marvels in every backyard that would keep a man spellbound in admiration for a lifetime—had he but the eyes to see them. "Eyes have they but they see not." The thing that reproduces itself on the retina is but the skeleton or scaffold of some hidden wonder. The wonder, itself, has never been taken in by the brain. First sight is the only sight, and familiarity has condemned it to the rank of "common" things, and when that point has been reached the whole faculty of admiration has been swamped.

The "common person," however, probably has no disposition to spend his recreative hours in



Giant Steps, Head of Paradise Valley, Lake Louise.

lace and jewellery industries for a livelihood; but when the eyes of the common people were opened to a clear view of her great snow-capped mountain range, then "the Alps" became the last thing in world wonders.

And, after all, it was about the most sane development of fashion that its leaders had ever taken

sight." His optic nerve, like all else belonging to his "make-up," is capable of wonderful development and this great art of training the human understanding finds its highest ideal in the contemplation of Nature.

Happiness is the grand objective of all flesh, and if the testimony of the ages could be