

Between Banff and Calgary we met a bear trio who had devised a brilliant technique for holding motorists up to ransom for candies. Mother stood in the centre of the road, so that cars had to slow down, and if people were rash enough to stop, a cub clambered on each running board, thrusting moist greedy noses into the car. To move was impossible, because the cubs would have been flung off, and then "Momma" would descend in her wrath—and that's a form of wrath to be avoided. Sure enough we found them round a sharp corner, the cubs on their hind legs boxing, and it was such an entrancing picture that one longed to stop. However, we only slowed down long enough to throw out our offering of chocolate bars, and then proceeded on our way. A few days later some foolish person stopped, offered the mother bear a piece of candy, then drew back her hand—and of course got clawed, "Momma" not having been taught "table manners" by some nice English Nannie. So a howl went up to the authorities that she was dangerous, and the enchanting trio were "liquidated". My sympathy was entirely with the bears, because if people are foolish enough to play tricks with wild animals, they ask for trouble.

I don't think there were any corners of the Bow Valley, attainable by car, which we failed to visit before setting sail for Golden in the Columbia Valley. In the past I had often hankered for Golden, lying in such a perfect situation, but we didn't stop there in those days more than a few moments. This time, I thought jubilantly, my desire was to be gratified. But alas, Golden proved a disappointment, because it was the spot where the "pusher" engines were attached to trains going up the Kicking Horse Pass, and all night through there was a Hades of crashings and bangings, followed by desperate efforts of the engine to pull the trains up the precipitous pass. One seemed to hear them saying, "Can I do it? Can I do it? Can I do it?" as they struggled upwards, till after a