

## Rocky Mountain Park.

BY

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Although the Canadian people had long been convinced of the desirableness of having a National Park, it was not till the Canadian Pacific Railway had penetrated the Rockies that a site could be easily obtained which would have not only the general requirements of a perfect pleasure resort, but also great special attractions. The region around Banff, with its healthful climate, heated Sulphur Springs and grand mountain scenery, was generally agreed to possess these requirements. Accordingly, in 1886 the Dominion Government set apart a tract of land here, containing 260 square miles, as a common pleasure ground, to be known as the Rocky Mountain Park. Mr. Geo. Stewart, an experienced civil engineer, was appointed Superintendent, a position he still holds, with credit to himself and satisfaction to all fair minded persons. A visitor can never forget his first view of the Park Mountains,—mountains, mountains, of all shapes, sizes and colors some always covered with snow, so vast and high, so pure and white, that they appear to be rather of the heavens above, than of the earth beneath, some of lesser height are wooded to their summits, looking gloomy in the dark shades of the forests, still others with hardly a shrub, but for thousands of feet running almost straight up, stern, awe-inspiring masses. Peaks and pinnacles glisten in the sunlight with dazzling brightness, streaked here and there with lines of purple shadow, or with grey rocks, projecting through the heavy mantle of snow, which, at this season of the year, lies deep on ridge and slope. The most distant peaks are of an indescribable pearl grey color, but by watching the ever shifting clouds we can see an infinity of fissures, ridges, separate rocks and paths of snow slides. Here one can appreciate the meaning of "The eternal hills, home of the Invisible, the image of Eternity," and will be lost in a feeling of his own insignificance and the greatness of the Creator.

At the foot of the mountain lies the beautiful Bow valley, long and narrow, through which run the crystal waters of the Bow, Spray and other smaller streams, presenting along their banks scenery of infinite variety. The junction of the Bow and the Spray is an extremely pretty spot. The Bow falls in a series of cascades over a ledge 70 feet high, to a pool below, into which from the opposite side rush the waters of the Spray. Across this pool, may be seen every bright summer day, a perfect miniature rainbow, while above for a thousand feet frowns Funnell Mountain, a bare grey rock. Around this the waters roll in a white flood, then sweep past on their way to the distant Saskatchewan.

Sailing up a tributary of the Bow, we soon come to the Vermillion lakes, perfect bits of wild, untouched Nature. These are three in number, joined together by small, shallow streams. Around their shores, are jungles of shrubs, which in the early fall, are a blaze of color, while from among these and behind, rise tall pines and spruces. Back of all, are the towering mountains, reflected clearly in the vermilion color of the water. In the lakes can be seen innumerable fishes, while in season the thick wild rice is a feeding ground for birds of many kinds.

Nine miles from Banff, is lake Minnewonka, an Indian word, meaning Devil's