

If you want to see a bear, you have only to wander off the road in the cool of the evening. You may even be surprised by a fantasia on pie-plates in the grey dawn as the staff chases away a huge and furry clown who insists on kicking the milk pail around because he's failed to reach the ham. You're in the Park, you see, and so is he. Liberty, equality and fraternity include the pursuit of hams. But if you're a hunter—well, it isn't so easy for him to carry a foot-rule in his eye and judge just when he's got his hind-leg on the wrong side of the magic five-mile line. And there are always guides to be had who know where to locate not only bears of all sizes, but sheep and goats and deer.

Fishing, too, can be had around Vermilion. And as soon as the trail over Wolverine Pass has been completed—the very latest and most spectacular wrinkle in the Rockies' multiple face—even the thirty-third degree mountaineer is bound to be happy because he has a four-day trip ahead of him that not only includes the bleak grandeur of the Pass, but the toes of Mt. Goodsir, the Ottetail Valley, McArthur Creek, and Lake McArthur itself, with O'Hara as the final goal.



*Sinclair Canyon on the Banff-Lake Windermere automobile road*

### *From Vermilion to Sinclair Canyon*

As the Vermilion and the Kootenay approach each other, the most picturesque part of the trip begins, and the road winds along the high ridge between the two rivers, cunningly graded and skilfully bent, caught to the mountainside as only a genie or an inspired engineer could do it. Here, too, is where you see that terrific object lesson, five miles long, that weird study in black and grey, in lines and spots, that used to be a forest before Kootenay Park was established. But now it's an infinite series of slim skeletons that will soon be as silvered as those at Sherbrooke Lake. No wonder the Parks Commission has placed a black-rimmed sign-board at each end of that pathetic cemetery. Carelessness. That's what did it. . . . And when you take these jackknife turns it's just as well to remember that there are other forms of the disease than those concerned with cigarettes.

And then comes the level valley of the Kootenay and the long forest aisles—a different world and a kinder. Here is where you'll see a deer, perhaps—or a deer and two little fawns, startled and big-eyed and keen to get away, but not really frightened. Here is where you see flowers among the timber, and campers among the flowers.