



At Sinclair Hot Springs Bungalow Camp

under a high blue sky, to meet the Vermilion River, born almost on the toes of Storm, but destined to rush into the cold arms of the Kootenay far to the south. Having met it, we wind about and about in its company, thankful that it dug such a spectacular yet convenient valley for itself just where we wanted to go.

Always we can see peaks that have never been climbed—when the road engineers came first in 1910, the country hadn't even been surveyed! Always we can look down long valleys that cry for our cameras. . . . But the motor whirrs on, carrying us deeper into the shut-in world of gorge and crag and glacier.

At Marble Canyon there is a gash in the rock three hundred feet deep, and a trail to the Paint Pots, those mysterious round wells of colour from which the Kootenays of the old days used to get their sacred ochre, and trade it to the plains Indians for more mundane things. To-day, an efficient little tea-house makes the X that marks the spot where many a motor-tourist stays for a meal, or for the night.

Big Game at Vermilion Crossing

A few miles farther on, at Vermilion Crossing, the river turns sharply to the south-west, and here, in the bend of its cool and foamy arm, there's another camp, log-cabin set where the Kootenays themselves used to rest before they crossed. This is the very middlemost middle of the big game country.