

# JASPER—AN IMPRESSION

(By W. R. DUNLOP)

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Like an Arab folding his tent and stealing away in the night, the Canadian National train glided off on time without jolt or sound—an odd beginning of a great transcontinental run, like the tiny stream that becomes the Amazon. An hour in the bright parlour car, listening in to a concert in 'Frisco, and then to bed and broken sleep.

The cycle of a day almost gone; train running late; darkness dropping down, and the anxious query passed from lip to lip: "Would we be in time for that great view of Mount Robson, monarch of the Rockies?" We saw it—just ere the sable curtains shut it off; and it had the forbidding grandeur of the hour, the hanging mists from its 13,000 feet summit merging into the gloomy dusk.

Jasper Station has the touch of the tourist centre—a broad lengthy

platform, the rustic name-sign unique in the woodsman's art, knickers and bloomers flitting around and between the waiting autos.

The little mountain town and the Lodge bear the same relation to each other as a person to a personage. As we sped through the woodland road and shot noiselessly under the bright lights of the stately porch, there was the vague promise of flunkedom, quickly relieved by the restful combination of simple and sumptuous features in the great lounge, in the Alpine bungalow mode. A huge baronial log fire was burning, and the old-fashioned "settle" invited ease. The rustic curved roof and the subtle harmony in rural walls and windows with twisted woodwork fitly framed together, suggested, in simile, the patient search of the movie man for character faces. There is something "homey" in that bungalow plan, even if framed on

vast lines. Malaprops and Vere de Veres lose the defects of their quality and are thawed into naturalness. Over delicious meals at individual tables the confidential manner opens out as a flower, ideas are exchanged and friendships ripen like Jonah's gourd. Insinuating music gives the angle of mental repose as you dine at leisure or dally pleasantly with my Lady Nicotine. Music, of course—like the lady—has various moods. In odd moments in the late evening I amused myself with observations and found that the tyrannous vogue of jazz has its grip on polite society. In extenuation and in mild amiable rebuke the leader of the orchestra assured me that it was very difficult to play; with which I felt I could readily agree, leaving my main conclusion untouched. If I did not care for it, however, I could do my own two-step and in two minutes be in the blissful quietude and comfort of



MOUNT EDITH CAVELL, JASPER NATIONAL PARK