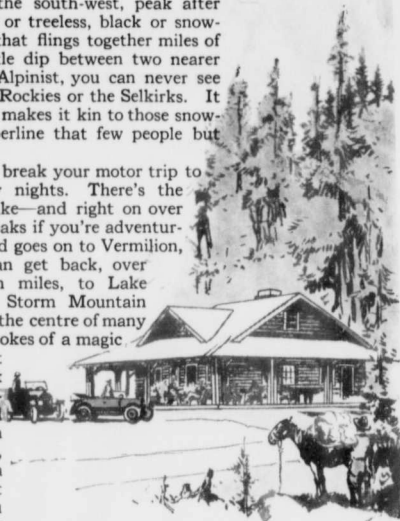


From the verandah you can see Storm, of course, and all the burnt-cinder pinnacles, the long slag walls of the Sawback Range with cloud shadows drifting across them—grey, violet, mist-coloured, black. Castle Mountain, too. And, looking down the road to the south-west, peak after peak, peak after peak—treed or treeless, black or snow-crowned—vista after vista that flings together miles of far-off mountain-top in a little dip between two nearer giants. If you aren't a real Alpinist, you can never see another such view in all the Rockies or the Selkirks. It has an austere grandeur that makes it kin to those snow-bound miles far above timberline that few people but the Swiss guides ever see.

No wonder you decide to break your motor trip to stay overnight—over many nights. There's the three-mile trail to Boom Lake—and right on over into the Valley of the Ten Peaks if you're adventurous enough. The motor road goes on to Vermilion, and from that point you can get back, over many spectacular mountain miles, to Lake O'Hara and Wapta Camp. Storm Mountain Bungalow Camp will soon be the centre of many trails that ray out like the spokes of a magic

wheel. But the fishing won't be any better in the creek than it is to-day, and the sunrise will be no more wonderful than it always has been from this solemn top of the world, where the day begins with a primeval immensity that shakes whatever soul you happen to have. The dripping grey chill, the hush, the mist in the valleys, and then, pink over the Sawbacks—flames over the Sawbacks—the sun! No man who stays in bed till the fit and proper time is ever as cold as you are just before the miracle. But no man with his nose in the pillow ever felt like an archangel at any time, and—you did. No wonder the morning stars sang together. They were lucky to be able to express what they felt!

But there comes a day when the road beckons, and off we go by motor,



At Vermilion Crossing
"The river turns sharply, and here in the bend of its cool and foamy arm there is another camp"