



RESORTS IN THE

glaciers, rugged precipices, waterfalls, foaming torrents, canyons, lakes like vast sapphires and amethysts set in the pine-clad mountains—these have been flung together in unparalleled profusion on a scale which Europe has never known.

From the roof garden of the Hotel Palliser, in Calgary, you can see the foothills of the Rockies—dull blue, with shining peaks against the horizon. As the train glides westward up the long transverse valleys—old grooves down which the spent glaciers came from the higher mountains—the prospect grows more awe-inspiring with every mile, till the train leaves the foothills for the real Rockies—peaks that touch heaven for coldness.

The coloring is intense in the foregrounds; filled with soft suggestion, with unguessed witchery of semi-tonal shade, as the prospect dips and fades away from you. The skies are raw blue, the snow on the summits is whiter than sea-foam, whiter than summer cloud, white with a glistening untouched whiteness that cannot be named.

The still valleys are full of jade pine trees that fade into amethyst and pearl distances. The spray of a 300-foot cataract is like spun glass. The huge bulk of a tireless and age-old glacier is milky green. The rocks are of every shade and subtle blending that the palette of the First Artist could produce. And the perspective effects are like nothing that can be caught with the camera, or even splashed on canvas.

Here in this wonder world, this bit of the raw glacial era let down into neat and finished North America, the Canadian Government has preserved four National Parks which dwarf into insignificance any other parks in the world. There is Rocky Mountains Park, with headquarters at Banff; there is Yoho Park, reached from Field and Emerald Lake; there is Glacier Park, on the slopes of the Selkirk Mountains, farther west; and Revelstoke Park, overlooking the Columbia Valley. Altogether there are nearly 220 miles of the most wonderful carriage roads in the world; there are pony trails innumerable where you can see, between straight pine trunks, blue valleys that yawn to mid-most depths; and there are automobile roads in being or under construction, such as the Highway of the Great Divide, from Banff, over Vermilion Pass by way of the Sinclair Canyon to the Lake Windermere District of the Columbia Valley. The Dominion Government is thus opening up spectacular country which hitherto has been less accessible to the regular tourist.

There are few achievements in history to parallel the laying of the Canadian Pacific steel across untouched wilderness and prairie to Calgary (which appeared like the magician's pillar when the road tapped the plain) and from Calgary to the coast over the Kicking Horse and through the Connaught Tunnel. The track was laid despite almost insuperable engineering difficulties, and has undergone one improvement after another ever since.

In the old days the Royal train containing the present King of England as a passenger was hauled from Field to Hector through the Kicking Horse Pass by five huge locomotives. Today that old 4.5 grade has been reduced, by means of tunnels, to 2.2 per cent.

These "Spiral Tunnels" form one of the most notable engineering feats in existence. From the east the track enters the first tunnel under Cathedral Mountain, 3,255 feet in length, and after turning a complete circle and passing under itself, emerges into daylight 54 feet lower. The track then turns easterly and, crossing the river, enters the second tunnel, 2,291 feet long, under Mount Ogden. Again turning a complete circle and passing under itself, it comes out 50 feet lower and continues to Field. The traveller can therefore witness the strange phenomenon of a railroad traversing the valley by three lines at different elevations, crossing and recrossing the river by four bridges. Two engines on the easy grade thus attained can do the same work that used to call for four.

Until the end of 1916, the railway climbed over the top of Rogers Pass through a gorge, subject in winter to heavy snowslides, against which the track was protected by four miles of snowsheds. These are now evaded by the double-track Connaught Tunnel, the longest railway tunnel in America, which pierces its way through Mount Macdonald. From portal to portal this tunnel measures exactly five miles in length, but so straight is the line that the exits are never out of sight.

So much for what the traveler sees en route. The stopping places are even more unique than the main-line sights.

Banff, Lake Louise, Emerald Lake, Glacier, Sicamous—these have their hotels whose windows open on fairland, where music or other entertainment helps to pass the evening after a glorious day. Banff has an excellent golf course near the hotel, with an unrivalled scenic setting. Fishing, hunting, climbing, riding, driving, exploring, Alpine flower gathering, wonder-photo taking—these are the "frill" doings in the Rockies. The biggest and most solid pleasure is just *living*—living where the air has never been contaminated with soot, where you can go from summer to snow any time you want to, where you don't need any alarm clock to get you up, any cordial to put you to sleep, any dinner bell to tell you when it's time to eat.

The dining room of the Banff Hotel seats 600 guests at a time, and the cuisine is the Canadian Pacific standard—to say which is to say all. The Hot Springs provide for ideal swimming even on the coolest day, the Zoo is perennially interesting, the boating and fishing will live in the memory of everyone who tries them.

The Chateau Lake Louise, that smiles at you from the dining car menu before you get to it, is no less enchanting when you arrive. Whatever the visitor hits or misses, he must arrange to stay over at Emerald Lake. Never were there such carriage drives, such pony trails, such two and three-day trips into the impenetrable silences. The chalet at Emerald Lake, seven miles distant from Field, is always ready with a real mountain welcome.

Nothing could be a more unique experience than to take the two-day ride via Yoho Pass and thence the high line trail to Twin Falls. When the trail bends north toward the Falls, you climb into another world. Across, on a sky-high meadow, mountain goats browse on the close grass that is the sole form of verdure at that altitude. You pass over the torn and

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