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11/11/10*

Published at the Highest Altitude of any Newspaper in British America.

F. & LEITCH, Publishers, Ottawa, Ont.



Mt. Assiniboine 12,500 ft. above the sea and never yet been scaled by man.

Vol. 1 No. 1. Banff Hot Springs, Alta., Dec. 8, 1900. \$1.00 a Year.

CHEESE and WILDCATS

Fergy, the guide, had stuck a knot of balsam pine in the fork of a tree near by and it cast a red and fitful light over the tail gate of a wagon which he had mounted on two forked uprights to serve as a table. The other man, seated on an upended grocery box, had eaten his lunch and was doubtfully examining a yellow mass, thin and hard, that lay before him.

"That's cheese," said Fergy, standing near.

"Yes?" said the other man questioningly. "As one interested in scientific research, I am glad to have my doubts removed."

"Yass," said Fergy. "It's funny, but I never had any luck when there it cheese in camp. I told that gal at the hotel not to put no cheese in with our grub and the fust thing I jam my hand agin when I unpack the box is that thar. Pat it in yer pocket and keep it to hit

an Injun with. You fellers w'at takes three drinks an then hugs yer enemies an fights yer friends makes me fay-teeged. Hit him anywhere atween his knees an his hair an it'll fetch him.

The other man said nothing.

"Ain't never had no luck with cheese sence old man Blandon o' Injyanny come up here. He's a banker when he's at home. Nice ol' man he were, easy an peaceful like, an didn't look more'n half awake at no time. I don't understand how he made his money. Bill Humes told me he were wuth four billion dollars, an he got it from a red headed feller with a impediment in his speech what kep him from bein a liar. Most o' his truck which I packed to this very spot, were grub what he brought from home. He were so careful o' it I gues't he must a kep it in his bank. They was nothin' but canned goods with writin' on em I couldn't read, never see the likes o' em before, and cheese! He were a conosher bout cheese. Had thirty diffent kinds, or maybe thirty-

one. I learnt the names o' some, but not all. This is where the story begins."

"Fust night in camp ol' Blandon took a hatchet and broke open one o' his boxes what I had lugged out here, an took out a little round can an cut it open with his knife and said: "Fergy, we'll have a little Kou-em-bare." He spread the stuff on some toast an handed it to 'ue an sir, she were good. We et hal' .he can and left it on the table an went to bed. Long bout 1 o'clock I were woke up by the stranges' sweetest music as ever was heard, an I use ter be a fiddler myself. I laid there an liss'nd till I was broad awake an then I lifted my head an looked. Sitten by the fire that had most died down, his tail curled over his back an a grin on his face like the angels wear, were the bigges wild cat I ever see before nor sence. An he were chuck full o' cheese. He were so jyful he hadder sing. I love music, an that were music, but I don't want no wild cats round where I'm sleepin, so I reached fer a chunk to shy at it when.

(Continued on page 4.)

CRAG AND CANYON.

Published in the interests of the Banff National Park and Mankind in general, and issued every Saturday evening.

Subscription, \$1.00 a year in advance. Advertising rates on application.

Our office is well equipped to do all kinds of Job Printing, and our rates are reasonable.

We invite correspondence on topics of general interest, but correspondents must sign their names, though not necessarily for publication.

IKE BYERS,
Publisher.

Banff, Alta., Dec. 8, 1900.

A CHANGE.

During the short period since we embarked in the newspaper business in Banff, we have learned many and diverse lessons. When the Gazette was started in April last, it was more or less an experiment, but we are happy in the knowledge that the venture proved successful. Among other lessons we have learned during the short but breezy existence of the Gazette is, that the people of this country are satisfied with nothing but the best, and it's none too good; consequently when the season of 1900 closed, we decided on changing to a monthly magazine. Later and more mature consideration, and a seeming aversion of the almighty dollars to find their way into our inside pocket, leads us into the belief that the interests of the Park (and us) can best be served by the publication of a weekly, but in a more up-to-date and artistic form, hence we present to our subscribers this week the first number of Crag and Canyon. While we are willing to let the paper speak for itself, we shall endeavor to make it "facile princeps"

among summer-resort newspapers—bright, newsy and clean. We ask for the support of everyone who has patriotism enough in their anatomy to take an interest in making Canada's National Park what it should be. "A thing of beauty and a joy forever."

Next week we shall begin the publication of a series of articles on the first attempts that were made to cross the Rockies, and the early exploration of this country, together with the events that led up to the discovery of the Hot Springs and the tract of country now known as the Banff National Park. These articles cover a period dating back nearly 200 years and are written by a gentleman who is thoroughly conversant with his subject. They make interesting reading, and we doubt not that they will be greatly appreciated by our readers.

All subscribers to the N. P. Gazette will receive Crag and Canyon until their full time has expired, and we trust the change from the old to the new form will be agreeable to all. Any who are dissatisfied, however, can have their money back.

We are informed that electric lights and tram cars are among the future possibilities for the National Park.

Sheeny, in office of bathing establishment: "Giff me von bath ticked, please."

Clerk: "There you are, sir."

Sheeny: "How much vas dot, my friend?"

Clerk: "One dollar, please."

Sheeny: "Vat! Von dollar for von bath?"

Clerk: "Yes, sir. Six for five dollars."

Sheeny: "Vell, dof vas scheapier alrechtly; hud how do I know dot I vas lit for five years' longer?"

The Sanitarium Hotel

(Open all the year.)



R. G. BRETT, M. D., Wm.
WHITE, M. R. C. S., L. R.
C. P., London, Medical Directors.

Elegantly fitted out and equipped with every modern appointment calculated to bring comfort and pleasure to the tourist or invalid, and possessing every facility for the most successful treatment to health seekers.

A first-class fully equipped bathing establishment adjoins the Sanitarium, and is supplied with Hot Sulphur waters direct from the springs. All kinds of baths are given: Turkish, Russian, hot and cold douches, plunge, tub, and electric.

A private hospital in close proximity to the Sanitarium is presided over by a staff of trained nurses, and affords accommodation for all classes of invalids.

A first-class livery is maintained in connection, and the most romantic drives and rides may be indulged in.

Banff, Alta.

Canadian National PARK.

BANFF, N. W. T.

ALTITUDE, 4,500 F.

**A Medicinal Watering Place And
Pleasure Resort.**

This Park is a National Reservation. 26 miles long N. E., by 10 miles, wide S. W.. Embracing parts of the Valleys of the Bow, Spray and Cascade Rivers, Devil's Lake, and several Noble Mountain Ranges.

No part of the Rockies exhibits a greater variety of Sublime and Pleasing Scenery, and nowhere are good points of view so accessible, since about 65 miles of Good Roads and Bridle Paths have been made.

Address All Correspondence,

SUPERINTENDENT,

NATIONAL PARK,

Banff, N. W. T.

Cheese and Wildcats.

whoosh! it were gone. Fur's it went I could hear them beautiful strains, an if they'll only sing like that when I git to heaven, I'll stay there till hell freezes over.

"I told Blandon bout it next mornin an he looked at me an at the empty cheese can an asked me what my stummic was made outen, and said Kom-em-bare cheese must have a singler effect on the untootered imaghashun. It made me mad. We fisht a little that day but didn't ketch nothin. He kep lookin at me most o' the time an every leetle while he'n arsk me how big the cat were, an how many stripes it had, an wether its tail was curled over its back or only curved, an a lot o' dam nonsense like that. I thinks onet I'd give the boat a little twist an let him spatter in twenty feet o' watter, but he were a ol' man an they were \$2 a day in it. That night he went to his treasure ches agin an took out nuther priceless can o' smell an says: 'Fergy, we'll have a little Rokefort.' He spread some on a piece o' toast an give it to me an, sir, sife were good. We et half the can an then we wrapt it up in a piece o' paper an went to bed. Coulden a been moren 12 o'clock when I heered the song. It seemed to have a dissopinted note in it -- a sorter sound o' sadness like -- I lookt up an theres the cat on its stummick by the fire an singen soft an low. I got on my all fours an eralled over to Blandon an yankd him by the wiskers. Here, I says, yer the fust man as ever said that Fergy lied and lived to git away with it. Raise up an look at that cat er I'll chaw yer ear. He raised up keerful like and Lok one look an throwed a ft. Peore ol' man, it knocked him clean off'n the thwart. I thru a pail o' watter over him and he set up an wiped his wiskers. The cat took one jump that landed him forty feet three inches an as he went he

lookt back reprochful like us much as to say, 'give me Kom-em-bare er do'n't give me nothin. That cat were a 'good deal like some people.

"Next day o' Blandon were the mild-est man you ever see. That night we tried the cat on groo-yare an we got a immertashun o' four fiddles an a drum playin the Arkansaw Traveller. Next night we give him e-dum, an he'd a jumped on us if I hadn't pulled a gun an told him to go way."

"Next night o' Blandon says: 'This is a interestin visitor o' ours, but I'd ruther feed him on gold dollars than on em cheeses, fer my stocks gitten low an Gowd knows where I can git any more in this wildeness. To night, Fergy, I'm goin to make him wush he'd kep the simple appetites o' his childhood. With that he goes to his box an drors out a can an gits to the winard o' me an chopt the top off. Say, I been in the Chicager stock yards in Augus; I been where the creek had dried up an five thgusan ton o' feesh were rottin in the sun, but I never smell no smell like that smell. I gits to the other side o' Blandon an say I haint goin to die in no sich disgraceful fashion so longs there a gun 'thin ten mile. 'This is Lim-bugger,' says he, 'an eny livin becin, man er cat, has gofer be edicated up to it.' With that he et half o' it an leff the other half settin on the table. I woke up bout 12, jist in time to see the cat hot footin it away from the table. Fifteen times he come back afere he could git near nuff the stuff to tackle it. Finally he gritted his teeth an jammed his nose inter the can an pulled it out agin. He reminded me o' a ol' boose fighter wat has to kick his self to make him take a drink in the mornin. Wen he got a taste o' the Lim-bugger in his mouth he turned thirty-four hansprings and howled, screemed, barked, yapped, spittered, miaowwed, sobbed, coughed, yelled, spit, swore an hollered. Of Blandon set up

an prayed. The last I see o' the cat it rowolvin thro the trees twenty feet above groun an gltten swifter at every turn."

"Now that cat, before he struck the Kom-em-bare on the fatil night, were jist a ordnary wildeat, with nothin much the matter with him, but that fall we uster hear from him. His natur were ruint by excess, an he started out to git even on us all becaus thet Injianny man had led him astray. Ho goter be a rogue and quit sociatin with no other cats, an up to this time he never tasted no human blood."

(Concluded on page 8.)

HULL BRO'S. & CO.

Calgary, Alta. Banff, Alta.
Canmore, Alta. Anthracite, Alta.
Field, B. C. Golden, B. C.

Purveyors of Meats

Cattle, Sheep & Horse Dealers.

North-West Fire Insurance Co.

HEAD OFFICE, WINNIPEG.

Ike Byers, Agent,

Banff, Alta.

Chinese Laundry

*All work done in first-class style
and on short notice.*

*Prices reasonable. Work called
for and delivered free.*

Jim Toy, Prop.

CRAIG AND CANYON.

Published in the interests of the Banff National Park and Mountain in general, and issued every Saturday evening.

Subscription, \$1.00 a year in advance. Advertising rates on application.

Our office is well equipped to do all kinds of Job Printing, and our rates are reasonable.

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IKE BYERS,
Publisher.

Banff, Alta., Dec. 8, 1900.

LOCAL GOSSIP.

Ain't we nice ?

Send along your dollars.

Owing to the absence of Jack Frost the curlers are idle.

The weather for the past two weeks has been mild and warm.

The Sanitarium Co. are building a commodious addition to their kitchen.

The number of meals served at the Banff Springs Hotel during the past season was 21,300.

The Calgary Herald newspaper has been enlarged to eight pages and is much improved in appearance.

F. Beattie has had the lots adjoining Dr. Lindsay's underbrushed, preparatory to erecting a couple of cottages.

Mr. Ralph Edwards will celebrate the anniversary of his birthday on Monday by giving a dance to his friends, in the evening at the Beattie House.

Mr. Roy Douglas, of the Moleson's Bank, has been transferred from Calgary to Revelstoke, and has been promoted to the position of ledger-keeper.

There is a rumor in town that Geo. Paris will have to invest in two tickets when he returns from his visit to the Old Country. We've heard o' strange things before.

Sour lady passenger, to Irishman smoking a short black pipe "If I was your wife I'd give you strichnine."

Irishman—"Av Oi was yer husband be gobs Oi'd take it."

The Lacombe Advertizer has resumed publication after a suspension of some weeks, owing to a sad accident which happened to the publisher, Mr. J. D. Skinner, some time ago. We congratulate Jimmie on his recovery.

A contract has been let to Mr. Thos. Hurston, of Edmonton, to procure a pair of wood buffalo, and arrangements are being made to procure several moose and cariboo, all for the inclosure here.

HOCKEY.

The first match of the season was played on the river here Wednesday afternoon, between the junior teams of Anthracite and Banff, and resulted in what might be termed a soaking victory for the home team, the ice being covered with water. As the visiting team was one player short the game was played with six on a side. Following are the names of the players and their respective positions:

| | | |
|-----------------------|-----|---------------|
| Banff. | | Anthracite. |
| N. Magnan | g | H. Grucutt |
| T. Lewis | p | T. Reddick |
| E. Brett | c p | W. Evans |
| N. Lindsay | fds | T. Jackson |
| R. Douglas | c | J. Evans |
| G. Brewster | r | G. Pickering |
| Referee, W. Brewster. | | Score, 0 to 1 |

After the game both teams were invited to the home of Master E. Brett, where they were treated to cake and coffee.

Epitaphs.

ON A LAWYER

Here lies a lawyer, cold in death,
With all paid up that's due him;
He lies at ease in peaceful rest,
For lying's natural to him.

ON A WOMAN.

How still and quiet now she lies;
She was a loving wife;
Her voice is hushed, dear brethren
For the first time in her life.

When in

CALGARY,

CALL ON

THE CALGARY
CLOTHING Co.

Representative at Banff About the
22d of Each Month.

THE
BEATTIE
HOUSE.



CENTRALLY LOCATED.

The only SLAW a Day House in Banff.

GOOD ROOMS.

GOOD BEDS.

GOOD MEALS.

Reduced rates by the week. Bar supplied with choicest brands of Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

F. BEATTIE, PROP.

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Is An ART.

We are the Artists.



OUR PRICES ARE LOW.

OUR WORK IS GOOD.



Our Facilities
Are Unexcelled.



SEND · US · AN · ORDER.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.



CRAG AND CANYON, + BANFF.

A Touch of History.

This little biography was not written as a joke. It was written as a serious composition by a real schoolboy:

"King Henry VIII was the greatest widower that ever lived. He was born at Anna Dominó in the year 1066. He had five hundred and ten wives, besides children. The first was beheaded and afterwards executed. The second was revoked. She never smiled again, but said the word 'Calais' would be found written on her heart after death. The greatest man in this reign was Lord Sir Garnet Wolsey. He was surnamed the 'boy bachelor,' being born at the age of fifteen, unmarried. He often said had he served his wife as dilligently as he had served his king she would not have deprived him of his gray hairs. In this reign the bible was translated into Latin by Titus Oates, who was chained up in the church for greater security. It was in this reign that the Duke of Wellington discovered America and invented the Curfew Bell to prevent fires, most of the houses being built of timber. Henry was succeeded on the throne by the beautiful and accomplished Mary Queen of Scots, sometimes known as the Lady of the Lake, or the Lay of the Last Minstrel. He died in his bed in the last year of his age."—Ex. "

The street car gave a sudden lurch in rounding a curve, and the charming young girl who was clinging to a strap nearly sat down in the lap of the young man with the fur-lined coat who was sitting in the corner.

"I beg your pardon, sir," she exclaimed hastily.

"Not at all," he replied encouragingly: "Try again."

Did you ever drink beer until you were full up to the neck, and then have it start to ferment?

CHRISTMAS 1900.

DON'T FORGET

the little folks, or the big folks either. Christmas will soon be here and your wives, husbands, brothers, sisters, cousins, sweethearts and babies will all be looking for something to make them glad.

OUR STORES

are literally jamed full of all kinds of holiday goods, at prices to suit any sized purse. A few dollars invested in Christmas presents is money well spent and the loved ones

WILL BLESS YOU.

Choice Groceries

**Dry-Goods, Footgear,
Crockery, Hardware,
Flour and Feed.**

JOHN WALKER.

The People's Store.

Fruit & Confectionery

Cheese and Wildcats.

"One day a feller started fer town ter git him a drink, cause he were dry. Goin long he took out a big spring knife some body give him und tried to open it. He heered a yowlin behind him an sence he hadn't had the drink yit, he were a leetle scairt. He cut his finger on the blade, an as it bled some, he wiped his hand on a bush an then lit out fer town 'fast as blazes. Long come this here cat and lickt the leaves. That settled it. Next week a little boy wandered out in the bush an hain't never been heard of sence. Next week a little gal wandered away an she were never heard of sence. Next week a little boy-

"Get along," said the other man, "When were you appointed census enumerator?"

"This run on," said Fergy undisturbed "till everybody was a huntin that cat, but they never seen no sign o' him. The snow wer on the ground when Baptiste Lacroix come long heddin west. He'd been drunk fer two weeks an when his money were all gone they told him they was a lumber camp up the creek where he could work and get some more. Bap-bein full, lit out thout a nuther word, an as he come along he was fixin how to git even on the bar-keeper. Cause he were French, an not English nor Irish er Scotch, this scheme come to him: He stopt and pulled off his shoe. 'I weel be reevanched,' says he. 'I weel cut off zelar-r rge toe an haing eet on de bush. Some tam dey come long an see ze poor toe an say Ah-h! We haf don wr-r-rong to ze poor Baptiste; he good fellaire af h' all. Ze Fr rainchmon ees not to be eensolted.' So he slasht off his toe an hung it on a saplin. That cat come long bout half an hour afterwards an et the toe. That toe had in it beer, wis key, brandy, rum, absynthe, wine an wood alcohol—mostly wood alcohol.

One day goin thro the woods I heered the ol' songs soundin out over the silent wastes. They were the same an yit they was a unearthly screech runnin long o' em. Purty soon I see what were the matter. The cat had the jimjams. Meury was gittin the best o' it. The ol' nights in Blando, a camp were throngen upon it, and it were blendin with its song a desire for all sorts o' cheeses. It ud go all the way down thro Kom-em-bare, roke fort, groo-yare, e-dum an so on to limbugger, an then the han-spring act ud start. When it got to the limbugger stage I took five shots at it an never teched a hair. Last sight I see o' it, it were goin tail fust atween the trees an makin dam good time.

"Now, that cat had character and staminy. It got over them jummies an braced right up, an quit human blood an cheese an things. I took as much pride in that cat's goodness as if it had been my own chile. They come a feller up here from Chicager, with a bike soot an long hair an he lugged an ol' buffler gun what somebody give him fer a joke. The caliber o' this gun were 62, an it made a roar like 200 hipnertized bulls. This feller used to float round the river wi-the buffler gun an one day the cat come down there to git a sup o' watter. Remember it hadn't had no blood er cheese er drink fer near a year. Jest plain food an regler hours were good nuff fer it. This feller glanced up an see it, an bein scaret to death he raised the buffler gun an shut his eyes an pulled the trigger. Natrally under them circumstances he blowed the cat's head off. "Now," said Fergy, rising and pointing a gnarled foreffinger at his companion, "what's the moril o' that?" "The moral," said the other man, yawning, "is: Never steel cheese from an Indiana banker."

"It aint," said Fergy. "The moril is: Lake watter aint no good fer nothin cep feesh."

A. F. & A. M.

CASCADE LODGE, No. 42, G. R. M.
Regular Communication Thursday, on
or before full moon. Visitors cordially
welcome.

O. E. S. WHITESIDE, W. M.

HAMILTON LANG, SEC'Y.

T. E. WILSON,
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OUTFITTER.
C. P. R. GUIDE.

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ANTHRACITE,

FOR ANY THING IN THE

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