

A WORTH WHILE HOLIDAY



(1) View Near Lake Louise.
(2) An Interesting Bit of Rock-Work.
(3) Panoramic View of Lake Louise and La Chateau.
(4) Lake Oesa and Mt. Hungabee.

“All aboard!” and we disengaged our hands to swing on to the moving steps and waved hats and handkerchiefs to our friends as our west-bound train slowly pulled out of the station at Calgary, that wide-awake, progressive, western city, which pulsates with the life of representatives from almost all nations of the globe.

We were a happy party of holiday-ers with two glorious care-free months ahead of us, which we had decided to spend at the most interesting points along that section of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which lies between Calgary and Victoria.

As the train sped along following the river-valley of the Bow, one could see the undulating prairie well occupied with prosperous ranchers until the town of Cochrane was reached, which is the beginning of the real foot-hills and pressed on to the eastern gateway of the Rockies—Banff.

Even since the Canadian Pacific Railway rails were laid in the early eighties, Banff has been the rendezvous for people from almost every corner of the civilized globe. Here a tourist may meet an Australian politician, an English lord, an American magnate or a Prussian Prince. The National Park, of which Banff is the hub, is the largest in the world and no part of the Canadian Rockies ex-

hibits a greater variety of wonderful and sublime scenery and, because of the many good roads and bridle paths, nowhere are features of special interest so accessible. The magnificent Banff Springs Hotel belonging to the Canadian Pacific Railway Company is situated about a mile south of the Station on an eminence between the Spray river and the beautiful Bow river falls. This hotel has every luxury and convenience and is most favorably placed for health, picturesque views and as a centre for the many sports indulged in—canoeing, boating, mountain-climbing, driving, riding, and golfing. Some of the most courageous of our party started from the town one night at midnight, and by “The Light of the Silvery Moon” climbed to the observatory at the top of Sulphur mountain, a height of 8,030 feet. From here they saw the sun peep out from behind the innumerable dark peaks to the East and touch summit after summit with gold and leave for a time the valleys “bathed in gloom.” Far below, Lake Minnewanka could be seen for a short time dark and cold, then suddenly shining like silver; and the morning express like a tiny serpent crept slowly into the station.

For the lover of nature in her primeval fastnesses and for the mountaineer, the Canadian Rockies, Selkirk and Cascade ranges are realms of untold delight in which may take place most wonderful and unique experiences. To climb the last ledge and come out upon the very peak of things ten thousand feet in the air;

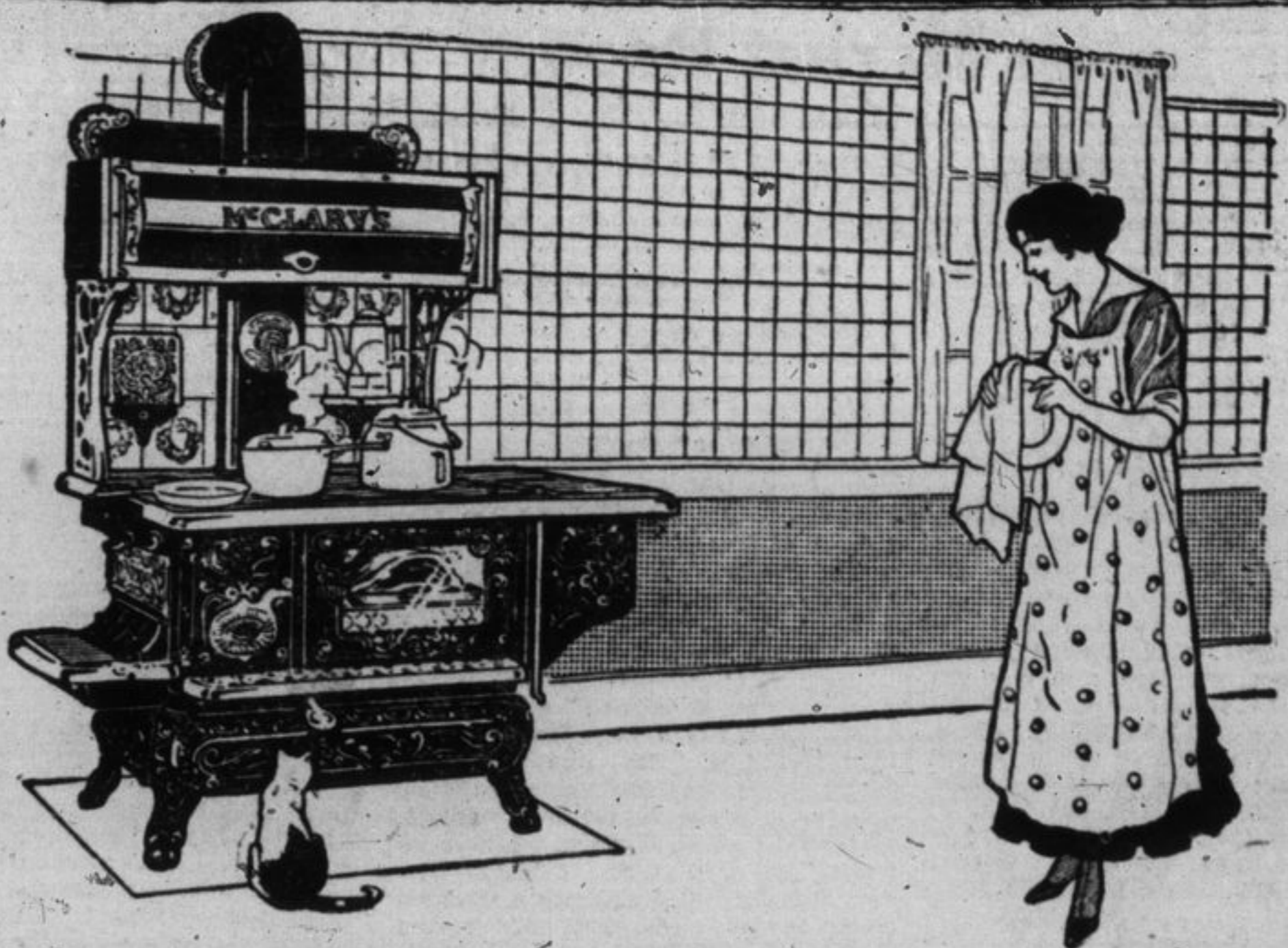
to see a wilderness of snow-clad peaks around you; myriads of lakes ranging in color from the deepest blue to palest green beneath you; to scramble down rocks again; to glide down glaciers; to be cheered into camp as the first party returning; and, last, to be welcomed as an active member of the Canadian Alpine Club is surely an experience worth having!

Upon reaching the Lake Louise Chateau, a distance of two and a half miles from the C.P.R. station, one almost thinks that some good fairy has transported him to fairyland. Through the windows can be seen as in a framed picture, an immense crescent-shaped, river of ice—called Victoria Glacier, in front of which is the shining blue water of Lake Louise and, immediately in the foreground, the beautiful grounds of the Chateau. From here there is a bridle-path to Mirror Lake and a still further ascent to Lake Agnes. Both these lakes are above the clouds, nestle in their mothers’ arms. Between Lake Louise and Field, one sees a wonderful bit of mountain engineering. The track forms the figure eight in a tunnel and reduces the grade from 4.5 to 2.2, with an approximate cost of work of \$1,500,000.

There were innumerable interesting spots as we went along, but we could not tarry at all of them. At Yale we had the privilege of seeing Ned Stroud, the only one living of the first twenty white men, other than Hudson’s Bay factors, who

crossed the mountains fifty-five years ago—the rest having been killed shortly afterwards by Indians. For many miles after passing the great divide, the Canadian Pacific Railway follows the river valley of the Columbia, which at first reminds one of the small rollicking boy happy with his hoop, as he dashes down the village street; then of the stalwart man whose strength conquers all difficulties, and as the river widens and flows along in all its majesty, of the stately old man, satisfied that he has worked out life’s problems well. This river and its immediate environment abound in scenic splendor. The snow-crowned eminences of the Rockies and Cascade ranges with their rivulets and glaciers, lakes as clear as crystal and swift-flowing mountain streams abounding in gamey trout and other fish, the dense forests and fastnesses wherein roam the larger game, all fascinate and invite the sportsman and mountain lover and are within easy reach of a metropolitan city. Along its banks can be seen magnificent cataracts; cliffs, which tower from dizzy heights and are clad with verdure from base to summit; deep and shady canyons and gorges. Here it is smooth and unruffled with no perceptible motion. A little farther along and it is still a waging conflict to the barriers to its uninterrupted flow. It rushes to the partly submerged rocks to be dashed away in foam. It is ceaseless in its attack, unrelenting in its endeavors and irresistible to the last.

Seventy miles east from Vancouver, on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and picturesquely situated at the foot of the beautiful Harrison Lake, a delightful drive of four or five miles from the station of Agassiz, are the famous Harrison Hot Springs. Since the “early days” of British Columbia, this report has been the mecca for both health and pleasure seekers—the efficacy of the waters proving a boon to many who are troubled with rheumatism. There are many beautiful walks overhung with giant cedar and fir trees and bordered with ferns and flowers; mountains whose rugged paths invite the amateur mountain climber, good fishing and hunting in season, and boating unsurpassed anywhere. E. S.



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DUKE AS INDIAN CHIEF



(1) At the investiture. (2) The Duke in Full Indian Regalia. (3) The Duke Speaking to Princess Patricia.

DURING the five years of his Governor-Generalship, nothing has given His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, more pleasure than the ceremony which made him Chief of the Stony Indians. This ceremony took place at Banff, where the Duke and Duchess, together with Princess Patricia, spent a delightful holiday this summer.

The Stony Indians, who were once a distinctly warlike tribe, and some of whose exploits form the background to Ralph Connor's “Seth Dance Patrol,” are now good citizens and hold an Annual Sports Day at the great tourist resort in July. The picturesque garb of a Stony Indian Chief admirably suits the fine figure and strong profile of the Duke.

Princess Patricia found particular pleasure this summer in riding her Mounted Police pony “Dandy” along the mountain trails which radiate from Banff through the passes and over the precipitous sides of the surrounding mountains. The Duke himself spent much of his time in fishing for mountain cut-throat and devil trout, but the largest fish of the season was caught by Miss Yorke, lady-in-waiting to the Duchess of Connaught, who landed a monster of no less than nine pounds. The sulphur water swimming pool attached to the C.P.R. hotel was a source of great delight to the Royal party, and many amusing snapshots not for publication, are being taken back to England. The many visits of the Connaughts to Banff have resulted in this becoming the chief social centre of the West during the summer months. The Americans who have the money to travel have deserted their own National Parks so that they could be nearer to a real Duke.



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