

Glimpses of the War---Amongst the Canadian Pacific Rockies

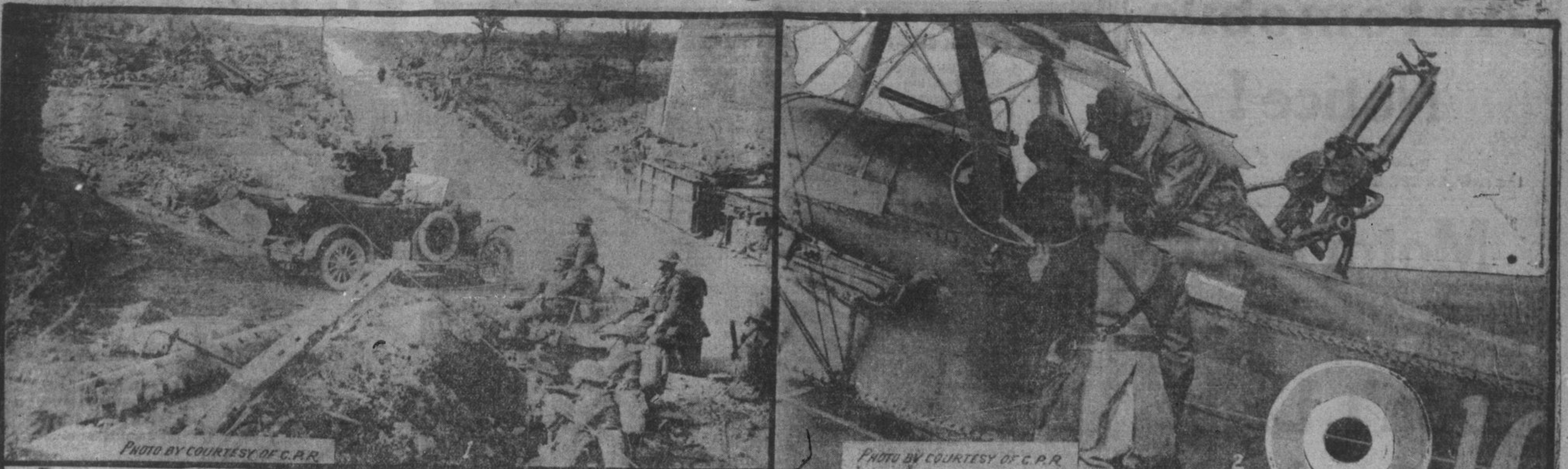


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- (1) On the British Western Front in France.—A town near our lines without a house left standing.
- (2) The German Offensive.—Pilots bring in their reports as to the position of the enemy.
- (3) Some of the men who stopped the German rush—wounded but happy.
- (4) A British dirigible moving along the coast.
- (5) A huge German gun emplacement which has been captured by the British.
- (6) With the Troops in Mesopotamia.—A staff officer reading message dropped from an aeroplane.
- (7) A British and French soldier bivouaced under the top of a motor car in a French wood.
- (8) A C. P. R. cottage at Lake Louise and Tally Ho on road to Moraine Lake, B.C.

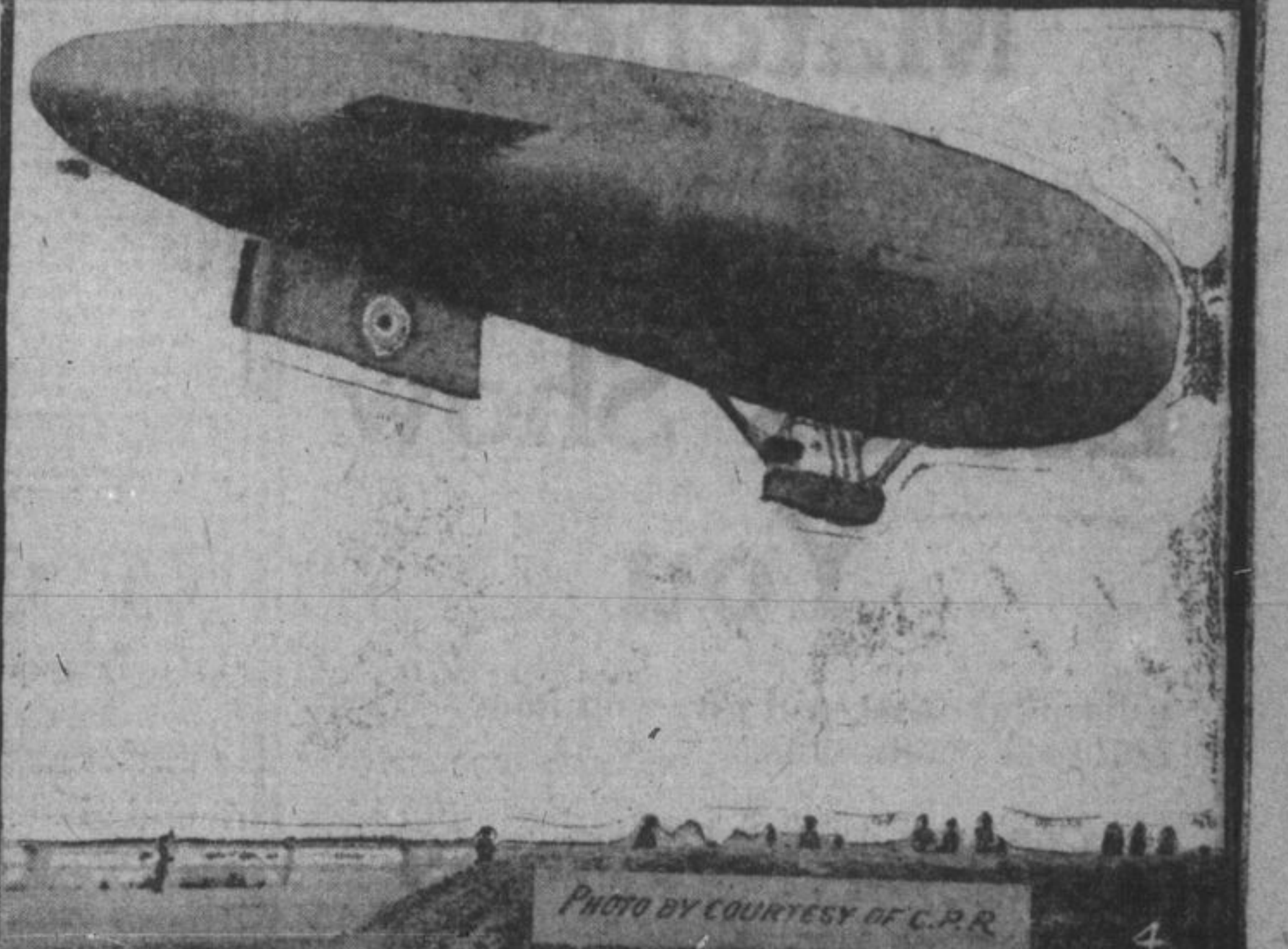


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TO PARADISE BY TALLYHO



WHEN that colossal thrust from the Pacific of which geologists tell us, heaved the Rockies into the pre-historic sky to compete with the already time-worn Selkirks, it was evident that the Thruster—whoever he might be—wasn't planning a place for picnic parties. He dropped the scintillating sights reserved for the man of jewel of Lake Louise into one unreachable cup. He dug out a second scour to the east where Paradise Valley now twists its enormous length between the evergreen feet of contemptuous mountains. He threw up the peaks which men term the Wenkenema Range—after the Indian numeral signifying ten—and from their aloof summits decreed that an unknown glacier should grow and crawl and die, leaving the vast scarp that has blocked the valley and made possible that still solemn, shining mirror of the clouds which if you get away from it for an hour its discoverer fittingly named Moraine Lake.

After he had done all this and a million other wonderful and praiseworthy bits of engineering, the mountain builder insulated his achievements by a couple of thousand miles of prairie to the east and twice the length of blue water towards the sunset.

None but the brave deserve the fair, but a great many others get her. Yet if it hadn't been for the restless spirits of the true-brave, the adventurers, the busy transit-men, the succeeding railway builder, and finally,

the industrious pick-and-shovel artists of both the Government and the Canadian Pacific Railway, most of us would never have heard of Moraine Lake, and none of us who aren't graduate Alpinists would have seen it.

To-day there are a few breath-taking sights reserved for the man of spiked shoes, who wears his heart in his mouth. But most of the wonderful spots are mapped and trailed and even carriage-roaded so that the laziest is luckiest, and the lady who cant even ride, let alone walk, may jog trot right into paradise on the front seat of a tallyho!

It's hard to excursionize at Lake Louise, for the reason that you can't imagine anything lovelier than the view from the hotel verandah. But even that nature-posed-and-painted panorama will be better appreciated if you get away from it for an hour its discoverer fittingly named Moraine Lake.

Climb up the tallyho ladder for the nine mile drive down the valley of the plunging Bow. You needn't worry about hurrying home again. There's a little cabin nestling up among the cold peaks that will give you tea and toast this afternoon and a bed over night if you're fisherman enough to wish to rise betimes for the trout, or artist enough to bear the call of the morning reflections in Moraine Lake, that are packed up and put away by nine o'clock every day.

The Bow Valley is 5,500 feet above

sea level and so wide and deep that after one of the infrequent Rocky rains, a whole double rainbow can be seen in it, intact from end to end, tempting the superstitious to jump down from the tallyho and dig for the pot of gold. Battalions of cloud shadows can drill at once over the faces of the placid mountain across the valley and the near slopes are a floridist's heaven of Indian paintbrush. There is the deep scarlet gypsy brush, the rose red brush, the palest pink, the bleached-blond-tangerine, the snow-white brush. Gather an armful of them if you want to take back a palette-splash of color for your room. A cityful of tourists couldn't denude a single laughing slope.

Here is a rockslide, bare and scoured to desolation, like a long smudge of ruin between the scarlet fields. This is where you must look sharp and whistle if you would be rewarded by the scuttle of a fat grey marmot over the grey stones. Marmots are courageous—or is it curious?—beasties, and seem to enjoy the tourist-brand of conversation. To see a scuttler come to attention on his hind legs atop a big flat rock, cocking his squirrel head on one side as he listens and perhaps replies to your whistling, is to watch a most friendly sight. Nobody who hasn't a German soul would dream of throwing a stone at him.

At last the road leaves the Bow Valley, turning sharply to the right,

and the scenery drops its neighborliness. The Tower of Babel, Mt. Babel and Mt. Fay throw their white heads up against the blue. There is a loneliness of long vigil, an aloofness from the world of men. No one needs to tell the tiny tallyhoful of people to stop their pleasant chatter. The curtain has gone up on the grim creation-drama and talk stops automatically.

At last you round the turn into the fissure between the mountains. Ten of them there are, and at their feet the little blue lake. It's really a mile from where you get out of your carriage to the bottom of those six thousand foot peaks that swing into the air carrying aloft great glaciers and huge snow crowns and the black escarpments of bare rock that are too steep for snow. But the clear atmosphere minimizes the distance, and the colossal vertical scale dwarfs the horizontal stretch of the still water.

Somehow you're glad to take refuge from the immensities in the cosy little tea house. There is a concrete-glass in toast and by-comfortableness in the human size of man-made things that is welcome to the awed soul of you.

I haven't stayed overnight at the camp. But it's a dream of mine that I shall one day see Queen Caspogawa swing her chair to rest on Mt. Little with the Great Bear, near neighbor to her. I shall sit by the midnight miracle of this divine crystal, clear of the trees, face to the mountains, head up to the stars. And if I am ever to know the why of this little life of mine—and the way of the paintbrush, and the marmot, and the glacier, and God—I shall hear it then.

—F. M. N.