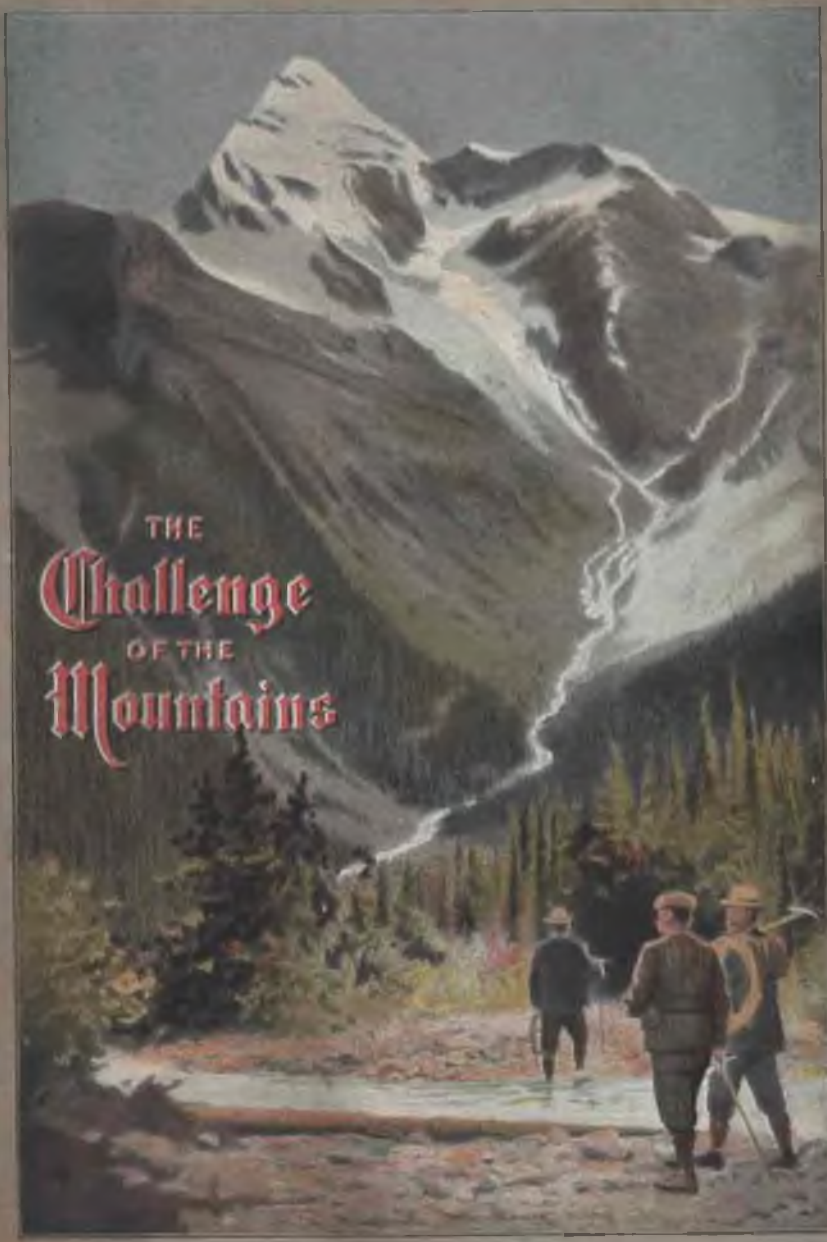
THE
Challenge
OF THE
Mountains

The Challenge of the Mountains

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Mount Field, Emerald Lake

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The Challenge of the Mountains

The Canadian Rockies

THE Canadian Rocky Mountains—the mighty range that is attracting more and more attention each year, both from those who seek noble scenery and those to whom the challenge of a lofty peak is irresistible—are practically endless. They form the backbone of the North American continent, and are part of the great chain that extends from Terra del Fuego, at the extreme end of South America, to the mouth of the Mackenzie, but in all their length there are few portions that are as fine as the passes where the C.P.R. crosses them, and Whymper, with all the authority born of his conquest of the Matterhorn and a lifetime spent in scaling the heights of Switzerland, the Andes and the Himalayas, has declared them the equivalent of "fifty or sixty Switzerlands rolled into one."

From Banff or Field peaks of 10,000 feet are seen on every side, while giants of even greater altitude are not uncommon. At Laggan, the three lovely Lakes in the Clouds are concealed in the recesses of the ranges and the mountains draw back here and there to permit deep

vales of wondrous beauty. Moreover, at Field, the Yoho Valley with its lovely falls is only one of many beauteous valleys that have recently been discovered after lying hidden for ages, and at Glacier, one of the most wonderful ice rivers in the whole world is to be seen within a few minutes' walk of the track.

Further north the Mountains, while not less in number, lose much in height, and though their desolation remains, their interest is largely lost, but along the pass of

Horse Round-up, Foot-hills of the Rockies

the Kicking Horse, and in the Columbia, the Illecillewaet, and the Fraser Valleys the scenery seems to reach the climax of grandeur and impressiveness.

Four great ranges are crossed by the C.P.R., the Rockies proper, the Selkirk, the Gold Range and the Coast Mountains, that stand like a great bulwark along the shore of the Pacific. The traveller approaches this

mighty series of ridges across a country that makes their majesty doubly imposing by reason of the contrast. For a day or two he has traversed the prairies, a country with many beauties of its own and marvellously rich in all that man requires, but often with hardly a rise or a tree for miles. Then, as Medicine Hat is reached, the character of the land undergoes a change, and the foothills of the

Kananaskis Falls

Rockies come into view. Calgary, the charming capital of Alberta, stands on the Bow river, up the valley of which the railway is built. At Cochrane, 20 miles further on, the mountains seem very near and the train begins to climb steadily.

It is a glorious country, a land that seems to fill with

life and vigor everyone that visits it. The air is pure and exhilarating, the prospect boundless and varied, and the skies above blue as those of Italy. It is the home of stalwart men and sleek cattle, for here is the finest ranching region in the world. The snowfall is scanty, and only under very exceptional circumstances does it remain for any length of time on the ground. All through the year, summer and winter, the district is subject to a peculiar wind that, coming from the west where the Chinook

Wind Mountains

Indians dwell, is called the Chinook in consequence. Sometimes it blows as a zephyr, sometimes as a heavy gale, but it is always warm and dry, and before its breath the snow disappears as if by magic. It dries, too, the long "bunch grass" that stands in the bottoms, and the cattle find natural hay awaiting them wherever they go.

As the train approaches the mountains their huge bulk seems to prohibit passage absolutely, and the clear air brings them apparently close to the train, when they

are still miles away. Close by the Kananaskis Falls of the Bow are taking a mighty plunge, the roar of which is distinctly heard from the track. The river has cut for itself a deep gorge of naked, vertical cliff, and beyond the woods that clothe the summit of the banks rise the steeps of the Fairholme Range, shutting in the view with a line of rocky precipices.

The mountains now tower above the track, and the characteristics of their formation are clearly visible. They are built up of the Devonian, carboniferous and cretaceous formations, but the convulsions of nature and the difference in the hardness of the layers have produced many startling effects. To the north of the track the summit of the range stands out boldly and fantastically castellated; to the south the Wind Mts., great promontories of crags thrust their heads above the snow-line, while deep canons, cut deep in their scarred flanks, give opportunity for the most wonderful contrasts of light and shade.

Sometimes at the first great upheaval, the primæval forces cast up a great rock mass into the air, preserving its level and altering nothing but its elevation; sometimes they tilted the strata at a high angle, and sometimes the fearful pressure took the rocks, massive as they were, and crushed and twisted them into all sorts of grotesque and marvellous shapes. When the range had been roughly cast into form, the gentler weathering process began, and vegetation commenced its persistent attempt to gain a foothold on the slopes and in the crevices of the mountains. Before the remorseless, never-ceasing action of frost and sun, rain and ice, crags, that had withstood the convulsions of their birth, began to dwindle and found their softer layers gradually worn away.

The entrance to the Rockies is by The Gap. It seems that the train has reached an impasse, and that there is no way by which it can surmount the lordly line of heights

drawn up across its path. But, suddenly, it takes a sharp turn and finds itself between two walls of vertical rock, and a passage is forced to the world of mountains beyond. It has found and followed the course of the Bow, and, keeping to the valley that stream has worn for itself in the course of ages, the track turns northward and runs between the Fairholme Range on the right and the Kananaskis mountains on the left. The former rise in a great mass of nearly even height with few dominating summits, but the latter are broken by jutting crags and lofty snow-crowned summits, the first of the hundreds that will be seen by the traveller in his journey through to Vancouver.

Prominent among them are the Three Sisters, a trinity of noble peaks. The most distant one from the track is sharp and jagged, but on its shoulders a mantle of snow is thrown and fills up all the crevices. Round the others to their very summits tiers of rock run in massive spirals with curious regularity. Across the broad lower slopes they extend, till widened and softened into

"The Gap," entrance to the Rockies

The Three Sisters

rolling spurs, they run right down to the River Bow, flowing like a silver streak beneath.

Above rise the snow-capped peaks, always still, always calm. In the clear, dry air no sound is heard but the rumble of the avalanche or the crash of falling rock, and no change occurs save the play of light and shadow, or the passage of a cloud across the slopes. Immovable the Sisters stand, beautiful in their purity, peaceful in

Canmore and Hoodoos

their solitude, steadfast in their guard. Like sentinels they stand apart from their compeers, and seem to the traveller to hold eternal watch and ward over the wonders of the region through which he is to pass.

The train now reaches Canmore, famed for its coal mines, from the station of which a fine view is obtained

of the Goat and Fairholme ranges. From Canmore the track ascends the Bow Valley to Anthracite, where more coal mines are in operation, over $1,000,000 having been invested already in developing them. The Canadian Pacific Railway Company is working a large anthracite mine, and will be able shortly to supply the country from Winnipeg to Vancouver with hard coal similar in char-

Cascade Mountain, from Anthracite, Alta.

acter to that shipped from Pennsylvania. The little mining town lies in the wide valley at the angle of the Bow, and it is instructive to compare the pile of debris with the ranges to be seen on every hand. Generally the mound of slack at a shaft's mouth seems a prominent feature in a landscape; here it is utterly overshadowed by the

immensity of the piles that nature has raised for herself, and the work of man falls into complete insignificance.

If Anthracite is overshadowed, it has a mighty dominator, Cascade Mountain. For miles its huge mass has faced the traveller, and has seemed to him to bar the way effectually. For in the matter of distance the wonderfully pure air of the mountains is most deceptive. The powers of the eye are greatly increased, and to one fresh from the plains, things yet far off appear quite near. In the case of a mighty mass like Cascade Mountain, the phenomenon is still more marked. However, the traveller gradually understands his mistake, and the track, following the course of the Bow, turns sharply to the west, just as the lowest spurs are reached, and arrives at Banff.

Banff and the National Park

Banff, the most famous pleasure resort of the Canadian Rockies, enjoys a situation peculiarly advantageous for realizing the magnificence and charm of the mountain scenery. Not only are there mountains on every side with all the sublimity of snow-capped peaks and rocky steeps, but many valleys radiate from it affording a delightful contrast. The Canadian Pacific hotel stands at almost the point of the angle that the Bow river makes round the foot of Mt. Rundle, as its course changes from north-east to south-east. At the same point the Cascade river comes down from the north by the side of the mountain of the same name, and a considerable flat is formed—one of the most beautiful spots of the National Park, in the vast area of which it is included.

The course of the Bow river before its turn has been transverse to the run of the mountains. The heights are ranged in almost parallel lines north and south, the valley of the Bow, when it has resumed its southerly direction, being between Mt. Rundle and the Fairholme Range.

Canadian Pacific Railway Company's Banff Hotel and Mount Rundle

Between the ranges come down small streams that feed the Bow. Thus from the south the Spray has cut a valley for itself between Mts. Rundle and Sulphur, and the Sundance Creek is between Mt. Sulphur and the Bourgeau range. From the north, besides Cascade, the Bow receives Forty Mile Creek, which flows between the Vermilion and Sawback ranges and then winds round the spurs of Stoney Squaw Mt. An enlargement of the Bow forms the Vermilion lakes, charming sheets of water, that with many meandering waterways occupy the low ground of the valley and give the visitor unexpected and lovely views of the giants that surround them, and unsurpassed opportunities for boating.

Banff Hotel stands on the south bank of the Bow, close to the mouth of the Spray. It has recently been enlarged and now accommodates 300 people. It is fitted up in the most comfortable fashion with rooms single and en suite, and may challenge comparison with any other summer hotel on the continent. Nothing has been omitted to add to the comfort of the guests and every facility is provided for billiards, golf, tennis and bowls. On the Bow and the many lakes of the district there are boats, canoes and steam launches, and for the more extended excursions carriages and horses await the convenience of tourists. Through the most beautiful scenery good trails have been cut, and pleasant trips have been marked out and graded so as to be within the strength of all, while for those who are bent on exploring the distant ranges or little known passes, Swiss guides are summoned from Lake Louise, Field and Glacier, where they are stationed. Thus, in the midst of the mountains, 500 miles from any city of size, in a region where a few years ago civilized man had hardly penetrated, has been established an hotel the equal to those of the most fashionable resorts.

It is overshadowed by the mighty mass of Mt. Rundle, the base of which forms the turning point of the River Bow and which takes its name from one of the pioneer missionaries. It faces Cascade Mountain, and the two giants stand like Gog and Magog, guarding the entrance to the upper valley of the Bow.

Some way down Rundle's steep side another point juts out forming a bold shoulder, and below this the mountain falls away sharply to the valley below. Unlike its rival, Cascade, Rundle has many trees, that find a

Cascade Mountain, Banff

foothold even to the summit of the first peak. But they do not cover it or take away from its ruggedness. Here and there a few clumps may be seen where the rocks have weathered more severely, but otherwise they grow single and appear from the valley mere blots against the rock.

A splendid view can be got of Rundle from the Vermilion lakes. Every shade of its soil, every fold and hollow of its crags, every point and rock of its precipices

are reflected with the utmost faithfulness and the mountain is mirrored in the clear water at its base.

Cascade Mountain is as noble, but of a very different character. As its name implies, a great cascade down its southern face is one of its principal features. Its summit is 9,825 feet above sea level, and is the highest point of a mighty arc. In structure and appearance it is most rugged; not a tree clothes its slopes, once the lower spurs are passed, and rocks and crags stand out boldly from the sides. Its strata lies unbroken in synclinal folds, with precipices of rock forming tiers of uneven height. In the crevices is the eternal ice protected from the fiercest summer's sun.

For the ascent of Mts. Rundle and Cascade some hard work is necessary, but both have been climbed frequently, and comparatively easy routes have been discovered by the Swiss guides. The summit of Cascade has been reached and the return to the village made between 9.00 a.m. and 4.00 p.m. and Rundle has been ascended between 1.00 p.m. and 5.30 p.m.

Behind the hotel is Sulphur Mountain, containing the hot springs that would have brought Banff fame even if it had not been in so picturesque a locality. The story goes that the engineers, when they were at work on the line, observed a cloud of smoke continually rising from high up one of the neighboring mountains. They investigated this curious phenomenon and discovered a great cave through which the smoke emerged. One of their number was lowered down into it and reported the existence of a great pool of hot water. Investigations were made, and it was soon established that one more had been added to the known medicinal springs, the curative properties of which were no whit behind those that had been sought after eagerly for many years in other lands.

The cave itself is covered in by a natural roof of

rock and is fed by water from the springs still higher up the mountain. It is not much larger than a good sized room, but the curious deposits of sulphur about its roof and walls make it well worth a visit. The water, which at the spring has the temperature of 114.3° Fahrenheit, is brought to the hotel by pipes and can be used for bathing there. Its chemical composition, as reported recently by Mr. McGill, assistant analyst of the Dominion Government, is as follows:

"The water is very free from organic impurities and gives no albuminoid nitrogen. . . . . Each gallon contains dissolved sulphuretted hydrogen to the amount of 0.3 grains (equivalent to 0.8 cubic inch).

"The dissolved solids are as follows:

	PER GALLON
Chlorine (in chlorides)	0.42 grains
Sulphuric Acid (SO_3)	38.50 "
Silica (SiO_2)	2.31 "
Lime (Ca O)	24.85 "
Magnesia (Mg O)	4.87 "
Alkalies (as Soda, Na_2O)	0.62 "
Lithium	A decided trace."

Mr. McGill also states that the quantity of lithium present in the water is at least a hundred times as much as is in some of the so-called lithia waters on the market.

But the springs alone do not make Banff popular as a health resort. Its wonderful air has a tonic effect on those whom the stress of business or a miasmatic climate has worn out. The summer climate of Banff is free from extremes. In summer the mean reading is 54.6 and of course such a record gives assurance of delightful weather during the tourist season. At the same time if they propose climbing any of the mountains, visitors will find the temperature fall as the altitude increases. The climate is delightful, yet to appreciate its full effect in restoring vigor and energy, it must be remembered that the visitor

is not only escaping the heat of the plains, but is also breathing some of the purest and most invigorating mountain air in the world. In it the tourist finds himself accomplishing feats of pedestrianism that he would never have dreamed of on the lower ground, while his appetite becomes keen and his sleep deep and refreshing.

From Sulphur Mountain the finest view of the valley of the Bow can be obtained. The ridge itself is not one of the highest of the district, only 7,455 feet high, but it

Valley of Bow River, Banff

is easily reached by an excellent road with twenty-eight switch-backs in a distance of less than three and a half miles. It is a favorite ride, and at the summit the road winds along for another half mile, affording views of the beautiful country beneath from many different points.

One of the most striking is that of the Bow valley, as framed between Mts. Rundle and Tunnel. On the

right stands the mass of the former; on the left is the level summit of Tunnel, with the snow-capped crags of Cascade behind it. Between stretches for miles to the base of the Fairholme range a fair plain, through which meanders the broad flood of the Bow, sparkling silvery in the sunlight, broken by many islands covered with tall upright spruce and confined to its course by lofty banks. Its deep cut can be followed in all its windings across the plain, the bare stone banks standing out a prominent object in the pleasant green of the valley. All over the level space the Englemann spruce extends, not in thick woods, but in scattered clumps or detached trees, as the seeds have chanced to take root. Through the scanty foliage of the short branches the trunks are clearly seen, and add a touch of formality to the scene.

But the eye quickly travels across the bottom to the range that closes in the view. It stands like a great fort, magnificent, impregnable, barring the line of progress, of sight, almost of thought. If it had been laid out by some military engineer, it could hardly resemble more closely a Titanic fortification. Two mighty bastions are on either flank, their slopes meeting and granting a steep ascent between. But not far does this glacis extend, for a great curtain of rock has been drawn across the top and suddenly springs from the slope with an impassable wall of crag. Down its face irregular lines of snow extend, while the summit is uniform and regular, almost as if it had been levelled artificially. Behind, a mass of heights are seen piled in confused array, while among them stands the snow-crowned peak of Inglismaldie, raising its 9,785 feet like the central keep of some heroic citadel.

In the valley thus defended lies Buffalo Park, the government reservation of 800 acres, where are kept the last of the great herd of Buffalo, that once ranged the prairies in countless thousands. When the greed of the

hide hunter had almost succeeded in exterminating them from the face of the earth, the Canadian Government coralled sixteen, among whom were two females, and sent them to Banff. Here they have lived and thrived, and now there are about forty, which feed at their ease, secure from the attacks of men and animals, and it is hoped will further increase. In the same reservation are other interesting animals, the need of preserving

Fairholme Range, from Rocky Mountain Park

which was happily not so urgent. A pair of splendid moose which have bred already, some elk, a flock of Angora goats and a herd of deer are there, and seem to find their surroundings thoroughly congenial. They are of course strictly preserved.

Just above the hotel and the junction of the Spray and the Bow the latter takes a beautiful leap. It is not a sudden plunge over a sheer declivity, as for fifty yards the

river bed slopes gradually before it falls sharply away, and there are foaming rapids before the final leap. Through its narrow channel the water rushes, churned to froth by rocks and boulders in its way. As it nears the verge its fury increases, and the tormented stream seems to curve with the violence of its rush, till milk-white with foam it dashes over the precipice. On either hand rise bare, lofty cliffs, to which a few spruce trees cling. Against their base the angry waters swirl to no purpose and quickly subside into the placid pool below. All along

Buffalo at Banff

the banks curving footpaths lead, and, though the trees and shrubs are left to grow as nature wills and no artificial regularity is attempted, comfortable seats have been placed, where the visitor may linger in comfort and admire the beauties of the river and its falls.

A drive of great charm can be made to Lake Minnewanka that, shaped like a huge sickle, lies just north of Mt. Inglismaldie. It is eight miles from Banff, and the road leads up the valley of the Cascade under the shadow of that glorious peak. The lake is nearly ten miles long

and its waters are strangely diversified in hue, deep blue and pale green giving way to yellow or grey, while a streak of red appears here and there where some glacial stream debouches, and its peaceful surface reflects the ranges with absolute fidelity.

From the lake extends the valley of the Ghost River, one arm of which runs along under the shadow of the Devil's Head mountain, a peak that rises black and sombre to the north-east. The granite crags contain deep caves, the rivulets disappear to hidden reservoirs and the river runs along with mysterious, subterranean rumblings—a solitary, awesome region. The reasons of these uncanny manifestations were quite beyond the Indians, who for ages were the sole human beings to tread the valley, and it is not surprising that they saw in the great rocks, piled in majestic confusion, and the deep rumblings issuing from the bowels of the earth the agency of powers supernatural and terrible. Even now the visitor, fortified by all the knowledge of a scientific and rationalistic age, can, if he chooses, call up the feelings of the superstitious savage, and must be deeply impressed by the Valley of the Ghost.

Tunnel Mt. affords another delightful drive for the visitor. It stands across the valley from the hotel, just behind the railway station. A spiral roadway has been cut through a charming wood and from the summit the views of the hotel, nestling among the trees at the base of Mt. Rundle, and both up and down the valley of the Bow are very beautiful. Another pleasant afternoon may be spent in a ten-mile drive to Anthracite by Hoodoo Avenue, so called from the number of "hoodoos" passed thereby, along the high tableland, down into Cascade Valley and home by King Edward's Highway. These "hoodoos" are curious pillars of rock of most fantastic shape, that are found in many places near Banff. They

are formed by the irregular weathering of the strata through countless ages. They rise isolated from the cliffs around them, often to considerable heights, with curiously slim shafts. They resemble grotesque monuments erected by some wild freak of fancy, and they stand out as marked features of the landscape.

The two parallel valleys to the west of Mt. Rundle are also well worth visiting. The Spray has cut for itself

Tunnel and Sulphur Mountains, Banff

a wide, rolling valley between Mts. Rundle and Sulphur, and offers a very picturesque ride. The river runs between two steep, clean-cut banks, its course nearly hidden by the forest, but betrayed here and there by its silver sheen amidst the dark green spruce. The ranges stand well back and the lower ground is filled with

rounded spurs, that lead the eye on, promising new delights at every turn and wonderful mysteries in their recesses, to where the Twin Peaks rise and shut the vista in. Hidden in the bosom of these hills lies the Spray Lake, and a deep canon, through which the spray passes at the foot of Goat Mountain. If the scenery of this valley is on less grand a scale than that of others near Banff, it is none the less beautiful, and the eye turns with relief from the majesty of Rundle or Cascade to dwell upon the peaceful Spray Valley.

Beyond Sulphur Range is another stream, running through Sundance Canon, a gorge of a very different character. The little creek comes down to meet the Bow and passes the foot of an immense cliff, the top of the precipitous side of which is almost out of sight. It hangs right over the brook, and seems to have been cut off at a stroke by some mighty convulsion of nature. The other bank of the creek slopes steeply down and bears a sparse growth of tall, slim trees.

From Banff innumerable mountaineering excursions may be made in every direction. Some miles to the south

Hoodoos, near Banff

of Banff rises one of the most difficult heights in all the Rockies, Mt. Assiniboine. It is 11,860 feet high and makes so sturdy a resistance to the mountaineer that only once has it been scaled, and that by a party that had learned their art under the most trying conditions in Switzerland. In the summer of 1901, Rev. James Outram, attended by Swiss guides, conquered the giant, experiencing many difficulties from the precipitous nature of the summit and the snow. Its northern slope has three perpendicular faces which attain an angle of 80 degrees, before they converge into the final spire. The west side is a beetling buttress, the regular path of avalanches, while both the east and south sides are equally forbidding.

A little further along the line to the west rises a sharp pinnacle of rock, 9,154 feet high, Mt. Edith by name. One side is almost perpendicular, to the other a shoulder of rock gives easier access, but even here the peak seems almost unattainable. The mountains round are snow-covered, but none lingers on its steep slopes and it points to heaven as sharply as the steeple of some great cathedral. It affords a dolomite climb unsurpassed in the Tyrol, but none but the expert mountaineer should attempt it.

For the sportsman Banff has considerable attractions as headquarters. From here he can start for expeditions among the mountains in every direction, and to the excitement of the chase join the pleasure of the explorer in the maze of valleys, that spread in all directions. Elk, moose, caribou, Rocky Mountain sheep and goat, grizzly and black bear are to be obtained by the hunter who does not mind hard work, but within the limits of the Canadian National Park, it must be remembered, shooting is not permitted. In Bow and Cascade rivers, moreover, there is mountain trout fishing, and on Devil's Lake there is excellent deep trolling for lake trout. Guides and com-

plete outfits are to be obtained for short or extended excursions, and the sportsman, quite independently of the splendid scenery through which he will pass, will find plenty to interest him in Banff and its vicinity.

The scientist will be repaid for his journey. On Sulphur Mountain is an observatory, where meteorological observations are made the whole year round, sometimes in winter under very difficult conditions. In the National Park the Government has established an excellent museum, the collections of which deal with the flora, fauna and mineralogy of the mountains and are well worthy of inspection. Moreover, nature has her own museum, in which she has preserved the remains of many animals of the ages long ago, for on Cascade Mountain are extensive fossil beds.

Laggan and the Lakes in the Clouds

The track from Banff to Laggan runs with thick groves on either side through a world of mountains. The observation car, attached to the trains admirably fulfils the purpose for which it was designed, and gives uninterrupted views of the scenery all round; but the tourist may also travel between Banff and Laggan, if he so prefers, by special motor cars, built on the model of the open street railway car. They are driven by gasoline engines of 20 horsepower, and have a possible speed of 25 to 30 miles an hour. They are constructed with the sole idea of affording passengers the opportunity of enjoying the magnificent mountain vistas in the greatest comfort and at their leisure, and they have become a popular institution, as it is found they give a latitude the exigencies of the regular trains cannot allow.

After leaving Banff, the track runs through the tangled bottom, where sleep the Vermilion Lakes, a labyrinth of waterways, set off by grassy banks and thick

woods. Ahead Mt. Massive and the snow-peaks enclosing Simpson's Pass command attention, till a turn carries the eye to the glistening ledges of Pilot Mt. It is 9,650 feet high, and has earned its name, for its noble form has acted for years as an unmistakable landmark for the Indians and trappers. Next Hole-in-the-Wall Mt. is passed upon the right, the curious name being taken from the mouth of a cavern that shows conspicuous against the side, 1,500 feet above the railroad track. Some fault in the strata has here occurred, and a cave has been

Lake Louise

formed 12 feet high and 160 feet deep, from the end of which a round opening rises like a chimney to the open air, hundreds of feet above.

But soon the mighty mass of Castle Mt. looms up and captures every eye. For 9,500 feet above sea level it lifts its enormous crags, and of these 5,000 feet tower above the track, a sheer precipice. For eight miles it extends, and in its ochre wall, bastions, turrets, battlements with a natural portcullis and gateway can be seen.

The train pauses at its foot, and then pushes on through ranges ever increasing in grandeur and sublimity. On the right are the sharp peaks of the Sawback Range, on the left the lofty summits of the Bow Mt. Looking backward, Pilot, Copper and Castle Mts. stand in fine array, and then, as the entrance to the Vermilion Pass allows a brief glimpse of the miles of peaks to the south, the helmet-shaped crest of Mt. Temple comes into view.

Laggan is the station for a land of rare beauty. Within the mountains that overshadow it are enclosed the three lakes in the clouds, Paradise Valley, and the Valley of the Ten Peaks. The scenery differs from that which excited admiration at Banff, but it is of even greater charm, and those who pass by Laggan without halting have missed one of the most dainty bits ever carved by nature's deft fingers.

The first sheet, Lake Louise, is reached from Laggan station by a drive of two and a half miles ever upward through a spruce forest. Here on the very verge of the water in the midst of the evergreen wood, the C.P.R. has built a lovely châlet which has since been enlarged to a great hotel. It is open from June 1st to September 15th, and at it Swiss guides, horses and packers can be hired for excursions near or far. It affords most comfortable accommodation and conveyances to meet every train. The rates are $3.00 a day, and by pre-arrangement the round trip can be made from Banff at single fare, tickets being issued on presentation of certificates signed by the manager of the Banff Hotel. Telephonic communication exists between the station and the Hotel and telegrams may be sent to any part of the world.

On the way to the lake the bare serrated crags of Goat Mt. are passed, and the Hotel is found facing south-west, with the whole length of Lake Louise spread

out before it. This lovely tarn lies at an elevation of 5,645 feet and is shut in on every side by rocky, snow-capped heights, offering a picture of perfect peace. Mr. Edward Whymper has compared it to Lake Oeshinen in Switzerland, but has declared it "is more picturesque and has more magnificent environments." It is about a mile and a half long and half a mile broad, while its depth is 600 feet.

Across its bosom, two great rock masses are seen to jut into the lake on either hand, revealing between

Canadian Pacific Railway Company's Lake Louise Hotel

them Mount Victoria and its glaciers. On the left Fair-view Mt. comes down with a mighty sweep, its sides clad with spruce for some distance up; on the right the crags of the Beehive Mt. rise with more gradual slope. The cliffs are brightly colored, and as over them the sunlight passes, the tints shift and change, and now this, now that pinnacle is thrown into relief, and the very contour of the mountains appears to vary from hour to hour. At their feet the lake sleeps placid and calm. To row on it, before

the pink and golden hues of sunrise have faded from the sky, and the peaks are still suffused with the blush of dawn, is to seem cut off from all the world and to float suspended in mid-air. Above the snow-peaks close the view, on every side the mountain shuts one in, and beneath the cliffs and ledges, the snow banks and glaciers are mirrored with a faithfulness that appears to insure their reality. A little sandy cove receives the boat, and a bed of blue forget-me-nots stretches from near the water's edge to the very foot of the glacier. The air is still, without a sound, except when now and then a rumble, like distant thunder, tells of some avalanche, crashing and falling from the heights of Mt. Victoria. Amid this the world is forgotten, and the visitor turns gladly from the turmoil and humdrum of his everyday life, to pass a few hours face to face with nature in the lovely solitude she has built for herself in this corner among the eternal hills.

Beyond the lake, behind the mountains, appear the white beauties of Mt. Victoria and its glaciers. It seems a world apart, shut off and set off like a scene in some great spectacle by the spurs of Fairview and Beehive, as they slope down to the lake. As the light shifts and changes from hour to hour, its appearance varies; sometimes Mt. Victoria bulks up near and commanding, dominating all the scene. Every crag and crevice of the great, bare precipice across its face stands out clear and distinct, and in the vast amphitheatre below piles of snow and ice from fallen avalanches reach half-way up the slope. Above the glacier stretches upward, backward to the clouds, pure white in the sunlight, or flashing with all the hues of the prism, as the rays are broken by projecting ridges of ice. Here and there a dark spot tells of a cavern formed in the living ice, or of a crevasse opening to unsounded depths, and a pile of huge rocks shows the limits of the river of ice.

As the clouds gather over the lake, while the sun lights up the glacier, it seems as though a vision of fairyland were spread out, its portals high above the earth. Glacier-crowned cliffs guard the way all must tread to reach that enchanted spot, but etherealized, bright and glistening they seem suspended in the air, too insubstantial and glorious to belong to the earth. The clouds sweep over the sky and pass across the glacier itself. Fairyland is still there; its snowwhite battlements still guard the secrets beyond, but the gates are closed, and mist and vapor obscure the path that a few minutes before lay open to the venturesome.

From Lake Louise the ascent to Lake Mirror and Lake Agnes is made easily either on horseback or afoot. Lake Agnes, the higher of the two, with an altitude of 6,820 feet, is about two and a quarter miles from the hotel by a good trail.

Lake Agnes and Mirror Lake

It lies in a deep basin, enclosed by the lofty, rounded spurs of the Beehive. It is about one-third of a mile long and half a mile broad, and its depths have not yet been sounded. The mountains half encircling it have sharp pinnacles and fantastic pilasters, while great piles of debris at their feet have been brought down by the waterfalls that replenish the lake from the heights. Along the face of the mountains the snow stretches in curious strips and patches and the surroundings breathe all the charm of a wild land, unspoiled by man.

By a brawling cascade the waters of Lake Agnes find their way to Mirror Lake, a stone's throw away, at an altitude of 6,550 feet. It lies like a pearl on the bosom of the mountain, the mystery of its smiling waters heightened by the absence of any visible outlet. In its blue surface are reflected the magnificent peaks all around, and from its verge a splendid view can be gained of the scarred terraces of Mt. St. Piran. On its banks forget-me-nots, wood anemones and blue-bells peep from banks of fern, while the gentian and American edelweiss, the flowers that love the heights and are the trophies of the mountaineer, bloom in sheltered spots. Heather-like plants dot the mountainside, Englemann's spruce and Lyall's larch fill the hollows, and here on the very edge of the snow-line a scene of rare sylvan beauty is displayed. It is an Alpine garden, and the eternal hills seem worthy guardians of this spot of peerless beauty.

Paradise Valley and the Valley of the Ten Peaks.

To the east of Laggan run two mountain valleys, both of which are noted for their exquisite scenery. Paradise Valley, the nearer to Lake Louise, lies between Mt. Sheol and Mt. Temple, while the Valley of the Ten Peaks,

as its name implies, is lined by ten great peaks, and moreover holds at its head the lovely tarn, Moraine Lake.

Paradise Valley, broad as it is, when compared with the magnificent mountains that close it in seems a mere cleft in the hills. Its entrance is under the shadows of Mt. Sheol, that rises to nearly 10,000 feet and is built of great strata of rock piled one upon another. Not even the mountain goat could find foothold upon its precipices,

Mount Temple, Paradise Valley

and the traveller as he gazes into the valley spread at his very feet, cannot but be struck by the wondrous beauty laid out before him, and the immensity of the scale and the perfection of the symmetry of nature's work.

A stream flows down the valley, turning hither and thither as the inequalities of the ground direct, and by its

banks clumps of scattered spruce grow wherever they can find foothold. Further back the woods grow thicker, and hide in their recesses the little Lake Annette, a charming tarn. On the other side of the vale rises the splendid mass of Mt. Temple, one of the noblest of all the mountains of the continental divide. It walls in the valley on the east and its broad face is formed of a central peak and two massive shoulders. Tier after tier, precipice piled on precipice, it rises from the depths where the little brooklet runs to the region of eternal snow. 11,535 feet it measures, and save in one corner, where debris forms a gentle slope a few hundred feet high, the whole western face is almost vertical. Magnificent as so large a mass must be in itself, its bulk is all the more impressive in that it stands separated from its smaller brethren of the range. At the head of the valley The Pinnacles thrust forth their carven heads, nearly 10,000 feet high, but, as a pass divides them from Mt. Temple, they in no way detract from the majesty of that great pile.

Near The Pinnacles and with them closing the valley, is the Horseshoe Glacier, a sea of ice overflowing great crags and itself divided by them. Behind rise The Mitre, with its bold summit of crag, and Mt. Lefroy, 11,290 feet high, the regular, curved summit of which is always draped in snow. Thence by Abbot Pass the way may be made to Victoria Glacier, and from there the return to Lake Louise is easy for the trained climber, and none other should attempt it.

The Valley of the Ten Peaks extends parallel to Paradise Valley on the other side of Mt. Temple. In it is Moraine Lake, a tarn two miles long and half a mile wide, in which there is good trout fishing. Permanent camps are erected for the season, and are at the disposal of those wishing to explore this region.

As the name Moraine implies, the lake is situated at

the foot of a moraine, as the mass of debris and rocks of every size and kind a glacier brings down is called. A great glacier has found its way down the heights at the head of the lake and has forced its course between and round the peaks. For a third of the distance from the lake to the summit the ice is entirely covered by a picturesque mass of rocks, piled in such disorder as chance

Camp at Moraine Lake, Valley of Ten Peaks

directed the ice should leave them. It is a picturesque and awe-inspiring sight. On either side the rocks rise sheer from the glacier, and as the sun lights up one precipice, gilding and bringing into bright relief every detail of pinnacle or crevice, while the other is left in deepest shadow, the effect is magnificent in the extreme.

An interesting feature about this glacier is that it

seems to be advancing. For some reason that cannot be explained, the glaciers not only in the Canadian Mountains but the world over, have of late years been receding and the Moraine Lake ice-river is, therefore, an exception to the usual rule. Its force is tremendous, and it is most impressive to note how the woods have fallen before its resistless force.

From Moraine Lake the watershed of the Rockies is easily reached by passing round the spurs of the aptly named Tower of Babel. Two of the most remarkable peaks along the summit line are Mts. Deltaform and Hungabee. The latter is a giant, 11,305 feet in height, while Deltaform is peculiar from its formation. It thrusts a triangular peak nearly 11,000 feet into the air and its notably sharp point has earned it its name, from the Greek capital letter Delta. Abbot Pass pierces the divide and by it are reached Lakes O'Hara and Oesa, the latter of which is at so great an altitude that its waters are released from the grip of the frost for barely five weeks a year, and has, therefore, received a name that means in the Indian tongue the Lake of Ice. North of Lake O'Hara lie the Wiwaxy Peaks, but to the south the Ottertail and Prospectors' Valleys, that lead on into the maze of mountains, have not as yet been fully explored.

Soon after leaving Laggan the track quits the valley of the Bow and turns south-west to cross the divide. A fine view is obtained of the valley of the Bow extending in a north-westerly direction to the Bow Lakes, while, overtopping the Slate and Waputekh ranges that the railway skirts, loom up the enormous buttresses of Mt. Hector, named after Sir James Hector, who as a member of the Palliser expedition of 1858, was one of the first to explore that pass. Into the solitudes over which it broods few have yet penetrated, but it is known to be a land rich in beauties and full of marvels, where ice-

bound crags and splendid glaciers shut in valleys of great beauty and lakes of infinite charm.

Six miles from Laggan the summit of the Rockies is reached, and the Great Divide is passed, 5,296 feet above sea level. It is marked by a rustic arch spanning a stream, under which the waters divide by one of those curious freaks with which nature occasionally diverts herself. For the two little brooks have curiously dif-

Kicking Horse Canon, near Field, B.C.

ferent fates, though they have a common origin. The waters that deviate to the east eventually mingle with the ice-cold tides of Hudson's Bay, while the rivulet that turns to the west finally adds its mite to the volume of the Pacific.

Stephen, the most elevated station on the C.P.R. line, takes its name from the first president of the Company,

Cathedral Peak, Continental Divide

Lord Mount Stephen, while the next on the westward slope, Hector, recalls Sir James Hector. Of the latter the Kicking Horse River also preserves the memory, for the "kicking horse" was one that inflicted upon him serious injuries during the Palliser expedition. The story is a curious one, as it shows on what chances the success of an exploration may depend. The expedition was encamped on the banks of the Wapta, when a pack horse broke three of the leader's ribs by a kick. He lay unconscious for hours till his Indians thought him dead and prepared to bury him, but as they bore him along he regained his senses. When he recovered he went to inspect his grave, that had been dug some little way from the camp, and then fired by curiosity determined to discover where led the valley in which it had been intended to leave him for ever. He explored it further and found it a practicable way of crossing the mountains. Thus was the Kicking Horse River brought to light and received the name of the vicious animal, which all unintentionally had led to so important a discovery.

From the very beginning of its famous gorge, the track runs through magnificent scenery. To the north is the Bath glacier, the curious uniformity of which, with the regularity and flatness of the summit and the evenness of outline of the glacier itself, seem to imply the work of man, if any man were able to plan and execute on so great a scale.

But soon all eyes are centred on Cathedral Mt., 10,204 feet high, that rises on the south side of the track, just before Field is reached. It is happily named, for its summit bears a wonderful resemblance to some noble ruin of Gothic architecture. Fire and sword have swept over it; its walls are battered and torn; its roof has been thrown down, but still it stands, a glorious pile set on a hill in view of all the countryside. A steep slope leads up to

it, seamed and scarred by the ravages of time and deeply pitted with snow and ice, yet in its regularity appearing to have been formed artificially. From the very verge of the rise, where the gradual slope has given place to a precipice, springs a great crag, like the shattered tower of a cathedral. The eye can almost trace the windows, their tracery gone, their mullions in pieces; the buttresses remain, but battered out of all shape and proportion, while the truncated shaft of an arch juts up behind, solitary and desolate, speaking eloquently of the noble fane that seems to have been demolished. The illusion is made all the more realistic by a long, low line of crags that extends along the summit of the mount, the perpendicular sides of which might well be the unroofed, half fallen nave of a cathedral.

Field and the Yoho Valley

At Field the prospect widens, and the Kicking Horse River for a short distance flows across broad, level flats, that are only covered when the water is high. The place itself is a prosperous little village, but is dwarfed into insignificance by the splendid mountains that hem it in. On one side is Mt. Burgess, on the other Mt. Stephen, one of the grandest of all the Rockies.

Looking from the shoulder of Mt. Burgess or Mt. Stephen the valley seems narrow, the river a mere stream, and the dwellings in the village dolls' houses. From below Mt. Stephen fills all the view; so rounded, so symmetrical that the spectator hardly realizes at first that he has before him a rock mass towering 10,000 feet above sea level and 6,500 feet above the valley. But as he gazes its majesty bears in on him and he is filled with a sense of awe and wonder. One great shoulder is thrown forward, a mountain in itself, and then the dome swells,

gently, easily, till it reaches the clouds. Sometimes, indeed, the mist settles on it and obscures half its bulk, sometimes the sun lights up its crevices and touches its peak with gold, sometimes a cloud lies like a mantle across its face, but with it all it dominates everything and seems to defy man and nature. There is nothing broken or rugged in its outline, no suggestion of wildness or desolation; it impresses by its sheer bulk and massiveness

Mount Stephen, Field, B.C.

and forces the admiration of the most careless. As the eye dwells on it, it may notice for a moment the huge scale on which the gullies along its front and on its spurs are carved, but all sense of detail is quickly lost, and the spectator is satisfied with it as a whole, a noble, stupendous, symmetrical monarch of the range.

Mount Stephen, from the Eastward

To practised climbers the ascent of Mt. Stephen presents no insuperable difficulties, and indeed the trip to the summit and back from Mt. Stephen House has been made in eight hours. Swiss guides are stationed at the hotel, and will help the ambitious to accomplish the feat. The lower slopes of the mountain have one spot well worth visiting, the Fossil bed, where for 150 yards the side of the mountain for a height of 300 or 400 feet has slid forward and broken into a number of shaly, shelving limestone slabs. These fragments are easily split and reveal innumerable fossils, principally trilobites, a perpetual delight to geologists.

From the top of Mt. Stephen a magnificent view is obtained, that well repays the toil and difficulty of the ascent. The Van Horne range is seen beyond the Kicking Horse Valley to the west, the Emerald group occupies

the north, while on the east the peaks that line the Yoho Valley, Mts. Habel, Collie, Gordon, Balfour, and many another are in full view. Across the river to the south, a number of fine mountains are in sight, Mts. Assiniboine, Goodsir, The Chancellor and Vaux. For miles and miles the tourist can see over valleys and peaks, and he realizes the immensity, as well as the beauty of the Rockies.

As a centre for the numerous expeditions to be made from Field, the C.P.R. has built there a comfortable hotel and has since been called upon to enlarge it twice. It is planned cunningly, and has splendid accommodation, including a billiard room and suites of rooms with private baths. Moreover, at the livery, carriages, pack and saddle horses, mountaineering outfits and Swiss guides can be

Canadian Pacific Railway Company's Mount Stephen House, Field, B.C.

engaged at reasonable rates. A dark room is also provided for photographers.

One of the most interesting of the short excursions to be made from Field is a walk of two and a half miles to the Natural Bridge, spanning the Kicking Horse River. This is caused by the action of the water of the river itself on the soft limestone rock. Once upon a time the bed of the river extended up to the rocks that now bridge it, and its waters poured over it in headlong fall. Gradually, however, the soft stone was eaten away, and a hole was formed in the very rock. Once the way was found nothing could stop the flood, and day by day it enlarged the outlet until now it has carved a tunnel for itself, and the rocks that once faced a waterfall remain to bridge a rapid. But the end is not yet, and some day the river will win. The rocks will be hurled down from the position they have held so long, and will lie as mere boulders in the bed of the stream.

Camp at Emerald Lake

From Field a wide waggon road leads round the spurs of Mt. Burgess to Emerald Lake, another of those charming tarns that spangle the mountain side. The trail leads through a splendid spruce forest. In one place the path has been cut straight as an arrow for a mile in length. Snow Park Avenue this stretch is called, and the effect of the narrow way with the mighty trunks standing bolt upright on either hand, with a glimpse of the mountains

at the end of the vista, is curious and unique. Near Emerald Lake are two more C.P.R. Châlets, where tourists may find first-class accommodation, and rest at the very entrance to the Yoho Valley. The lake, apart from its beauty, is a favorite resort for anglers, as the trout are many and gamey, and heavy are the creels that have been filled in a few hours from its waters.

At the head of the lake a glacier winds down through a gorge to the west of Mt. Emerald. To the south of the lake Mt. Burgess rears its front, standing well back from the shores. In time long past half its bulk has been shorn off and now lies in heaps of mighty fragments at the foot of the steep cliffs, while down its summit thin streaks of glacial water fall with musical splash. Two other peaks stand out around the lake. Wapta, a rocky blockhouse on which the snow can barely lodge, erected on a swelling slope, stands four-square to defy the winds of heaven, and Mt. Field rises 8,504 feet, its peak split in twain by the force that cast it forth.

Châlets at Emerald Lake

The Yoho Valley

But lovely as is Emerald Lake, it is but the half-way house to the Yoho Valley, one of the most beautiful mountain vales in all the world. From the Châlet by the lake the tourist may take a pony or can walk, following the trail around the lake and up the mountain beyond. He passes mighty glaciers, their surface lit up and decked with many hues in the sunlight, and charming cascades, their waters leaping a scanty threadlike line, 800 feet or more. Thick timber shuts in the summit of the pass, but parts asunder to grant a glimpse of Summit Lake, a peaceful stretch of water, 1,800 feet above Emerald Lake. The tracks of bear and deer are often seen and small game is plentiful, for this is indeed a hunter's paradise, and is to all intents and purposes a virgin country, but within the valley shooting is prohibited.

It was by hunters that Yoho Valley was discovered. In pursuit of game they rode over Emerald ridge, and from what is now known as Look-Out Point saw spread before them a broad deep valley. In the midst ran a mighty stream, its banks fringed with heavy forest and little prairies gay with flowers. On either hand steep crags arose, thrusting their bare rocks high into the clouds and marking with adamantine barrier the limits of the valley. For it runs through the very heart of the mountains, bending and twisting as they demand and revealing new beauties at every turn.

But it was not the valley that drew the hunters' eyes. Directly opposite to them, a mile away across the bottom, from the other cliff leapt a splendid cataract, 1,200 feet high. "Takakkaw!" "It is beautiful!" exclaimed an Indian of the party, and Takakkaw Falls they are to this day.

They are fed by the waters of the great Waputekh

glacier, one arm of which intrudes between Mt. Balfour and Mt. Niles. In the course of ages it has worn for itself a regular semicircle in the face of the cliffs, and as the trees stand well away on either side, its white foam stands out magnificently against the brown, wrinkled surface of the rock. As it begins its fall, it is only a slight cord of water, sparkling in the sunlight; but soon it grazes a narrow ledge, widens out and unravels into a fleecy foaming tangle, till at length all spray and spume, it reaches the valley and joins the Kicking Horse. Eight times as high as Niagara it compares with anything in the Yosemite Valley, and fed by the melted snows of the glacier, it is at its best in summer.

Twin Falls, Yoho Valley

All up the valley other cascades are seen or heard. The hills are crowned with glaciers and the water melted from them seeks the shortest way to the valley, even at the cost of a plunge of hundreds of feet, and among them the Laughing Falls charm particularly. Its leap is only 200 feet, but its waters seem to laugh with glee as they go, and its milk-white flood smiles delightfully through

the dark evergreens around it. Further up the valley on the left branch of its forked stream are the Twin Falls, an almost unique phenomenon and as beautiful as it is unexpected. Two streams plunge side by side into the abyss. Every waterfall is beautiful and no one can help marvelling at the ever-varying, ever-constant flow of a cascade with its wondrous force and grace. But when there are two falls leaping side by side, when there is life and motion in two separate cascades, when the light plays across them and the rainbow tinges their spray, but remains still for not two seconds together, then indeed the spectator is entranced and he lingers long, loath to tear himself away from a sight that appeals to his deepest sense of beauty.

But there is sterner scenery than any the waterfalls present along the Yoho Valley. A great glacier too, far larger even than the famous Illecillewaet Glacier of the Selkirks, overhangs the right hand fork of the valley. The Wapta Glacier, as it is named, is part of the great Waputekh ice field guarded by Mt. Gordon, Mt. Balfour and the broken crags of Trolltinderne (The Elfin's Crown).

A Swiss Guide

At the fork of the Yoho Valley another shelter has been provided for visitors, and there will be many that take advantage of it. It is possible to make the trip round the valley from Emerald Lake in a day, but all who can will spare another day or two. The scenery is so full of

peace, the air is so invigorating, the mountains are so magnificent that to hurry away before the charm of the spot has been realized would be a thousand pities. The botanist will find many unnamed wild flowers, the sportsman will perchance see game, the Alpinist will be roused by the lordly peaks, while the mere sight-seer will be contented with the beauty of his surroundings. His active and scientific brethren may go their own way. They may hunt or they may climb, he will be satisfied to feast his eyes on the wonders nature has wrought in this distant valley. Flashing fall, dark canon, flower-decked meadow and lofty crag alike are his, and he can let their glory sink into his soul.

The return to Field may be varied by crossing the Burgess Pass. From this lofty trail Emerald Lake is seen thousands of feet below, with the Emerald Range rising beyond, while on the other hand Mts. Cathedral, Stephen and Dennis and the Ottertail Range excite admiration. From this eminence a zig-zag path leads down by easy stages to Mt. Stephen House.

Field to Glacier

Field, left behind, the train has to descend the western slope of the Rockies to the valley of the Columbia. To reach it the course of the Kicking Horse River is followed through some of the finest mountain scenery in the world. The descent is no slight one. Field has an altitude of 4,050 feet, Golden is only 2,550 feet above sea level, and this 1,500 feet drop has to be made in 34 miles.

The track runs between the Ottertail and Van Horne ranges. The former to the left of the train is built of sheer rocks, with lofty pinnacles above, and no break occurs to make access easy to the adventurous tourist.

The finest of the range, Goodsir, a victim last summer to the prowess of Professor Fay of Tuft's College, stands some miles from the railroad, but its hoary head is seen towering above its sisters. The Van Horne range, just across the narrow valley, is less severe in its outline; its slopes are ochre-hued, and its summit is an alternating succession of crest and trough. To the southeast the Beaverfoot Mountains, a splendid line of peaks, stretch in regular array as far as the eye can reach, and between them and the Ottertails rises the mass of Mt. Hunter.

At Leanchoil, the canon of the Kicking Horse is entered. The river, reinforced by the Beaverfoot, is now of considerable size, and from Palliser onwards has rent for itself a deep and gloomy passage. Straight up and down the rocky sides extend, a wall that seems impregnable. Thousands of feet in the air they rise, and their summit is lined with a number of peaks, perpetually covered with snow, to which no names have yet been given. The cleft is a bare stone's throw across, and through it river and railway find their way. Ledges have been blasted in the face of the rock; jutting spurs have been tunnelled through; from side to side the track has been carried; and always below is the river foaming and roaring, breaking itself in mad fury against the rocks and hurling itself against the sides of the canon. The effect is marvellous and stupendous, and the ingenuity of man had to fight a great battle with the forces of nature. However, it has fought it successfully and come out triumphant. The cliffs may almost shut out the light of day, the roar of the river may drown the noise of the train, but the engineers have been equal to their task, and with splendid skill have carved out a perfectly safe track for the line.

All of a sudden there is a wonderful change. The descent is completed and the track emerges in the broad

valley of the Columbia. Daylight replaces twilight, peace and quiet the thunder of the rapids, and a broad smiling valley with a noble river, running between well-wooded banks, the narrow, cramped walls of rock. One of the resting places of the mountains has been reached and the travellers gaze with pleasure upon the thriving little town of Golden.

Golden dates from the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway through the mountains, the first building being the shack erected by Major Rogers, the discoverer of Roger's Pass in the Selkirks. The settlement

Valley of Columbia River, Donald, B.C.

was formed in 1884, but prospectors had been there before, and a claim was recorded in the previous year. It is much favored by its situation. Built at the intersection of the Imperial highway from east to west and the great river highway from north to south, it is admirably placed for trade. Two steamers make semi-weekly trips during the season to Lake Windermere at the head of the Columbia, and open up a region of exceeding great beauty with many attractions for the sportsman. Twenty miles up the

Columbia, opposite Carbonate, is Manitoba Mountain, where are found grizzly, caribou and mountain goat, while grouse and wild fowl abound in the valley.

Between Carbonate and Spillimachene, the river bed is really about one and a half miles wide, but it is divided into many narrow, winding channels, among which the steamer finds its way surrounded on all sides by islands of great beauty. Tall cotton woods grow right down to the water's edge, and a thick undergrowth of red willow, saskatoons, high bush cranberries and wild rose bushes add a pleasant luxuriance to the scene. In June and July the river is running bank high, and these bushes and blossoms appear growing out of the stream of the Columbia itself, all trace of the islands being lost in the floods. At Spillimachene the valley widens out and finds room for a park-like country with splendid Douglas firs and bunch-grass, while the Selkirks shut in the view to the west, the yet virgin peak of Mt. Ethelbert overtopping all the rest. At its foot are a string of lakes that afford the anglers magnificent sport. An occasional prospector or miner has fished them, but for all intents and purposes they give as good angling as on the day they were discovered. They are distant from four to eight miles from the river, but can be reached by a good trail. On the east side of the Columbia the Rockies rise sheer from the water's edge, and the lofty cliffs, here and there torn and rent by the glacial streams, show most fanciful shapes and delight the artist.

Soon, however, the mountains recede and the Columbia cuts through high clay banks till it reaches Sinclair, noted for its medicinal hot springs. A little later the river forms a complete "S" through low-lying meadows, and near Wilmer are two other magnificent mountains, Mt. Gilbert and Mt. Farnham, that still await a conqueror. Two miles below Lake Windermere the last of the glacial

streams flows into the river, and after it has been passed the water is beautifully clear. Here used to be the spawning grounds of the salmon that had made their way up stream from the distant Pacific, and here the Indians used sometimes to spear 1,000 fish in a single night, but modern civilization has placed many obstacles in the path of the salmon, and few succeed in coming so far now, though the shallow, clear waters are full of smaller fish.

Lake Windermere is one and a half miles broad and ten miles long. Its immediate banks are occupied by rolling hills covered with grass, but behind them are the mighty Rockies and Selkirks. The town of Windermere half way up the lake, nestles at the foot of Saddle Mt. It has an excellent hotel, it is free from all malaria and mosquitoes, and it offers good boating and bathing. Not far from it is one of the most curious prehistoric remains of the continent. On the rocks near Canal Flat is pictured an ancient battle. The Indians of the district know no more of it than the white settlers, and its story has passed utterly from the memory of man, but its artist worked with a cunning hand and the pigments after centuries of exposure remain as fresh as the day they were put on.

At Golden itself the train enters upon a run of nearly thirty miles down the valley of the Columbia, and the passengers enjoy a wonderful view of two of the great mountain ranges of the continent. For the river flows between them and the train, as it follows the valley, seems to pass these majestic peaks in review. The traveller obtains an even better idea of what a mountain range is than when he passes directly beneath a peak, towering thousands of feet in the air, or plunges into a gorge between mighty precipices of rock.

But, perhaps, an even finer view may be obtained, if the train be left at Moberly, near the site of the first cabin in the mountains, built by Mr. Walter Moberly,

C.E., who passed the winter of 1871-2 here in charge of a government exploration, engaged in a preliminary survey of the railway route. From Moberly Peak to the south the Columbia is seen winding away mile after mile. Every now and then it widens out and forms broad lakes, or narrow channels that twist and turn amid wooded

Stoney Creek Bridge

islets till they join the main stream again. On the east the western range of the Rockies reaches down to the water's edge, its scarred spurs and storm-beaten crags thrusting the river from its course, while its massive peaks are mirrored in the depths.

The Selkirks to the west, however, catch and chain the attention. Unlike the Rockies, they are covered with forest up to the snow line, with trees planned on a scale to suit the majesty of their surroundings. The short-branched spruce gives place to the Douglas fir, that lifts its magnificent head 200 feet above the earth. But even such giants as these cannot soften the splendid sternness of the Selkirks. They spread far up the heights of even the tallest peaks, but through the forests come the spurs and the crags and the colorless moulding of frost and ice, and through the very heart of the woods long lanes appear, cut down to the valley beneath.

At Donald the Columbia is crossed and a little further down the Rockies and the Selkirks draw together, and the end of the beautiful valley is reached. As the entrance to the Rockies through The Gap seemed almost impracticable till the actual turn was reached, so here the Selkirks appear at first with an impenetrable front. The rocks of the two ranges have come so near to each other, there is barely room for the track as well as the river, but a way has been found along ledges high above the stream. It is at Beavermouth, the most northerly station on the transcontinental route, that the entrance to the Selkirks is effected.

It is no easy task. The river Beaver dashes into the Columbia with one swift, mad, plunge down steps irregularly hewn in the rock. The ravine closes in narrowly, and at one point from either bank sheer solid rocks jut out, stretching across the stream in strange resemblance to the gates of a lock. Through them the water gushes, and so straight is the opening that perchance a fallen spruce may rest its roots on one bank and its branches on the other, and so form a natural bridge. The railway turns sharply into this gorge from the valley of the Columbia and begins the ascent of the mighty Selkirks.

Sir Donald, Selkirk Range

The rise is rapid, the Beaver is soon left 1,000 feet below, and the line from here to Glacier runs through perhaps the finest scenery of all the trip. Long lines of peaks appear, closing in the Beaver valley and stretching in splendid array to where Mt. Sir Donald dominates the range. On either hand mountain torrents foam down the steeps, and give magnificent views through the gorges they have cut. To cross them was one of the most difficult of the problems the engineers had to face, but they have overcome it with a success that not only insures absolute safety, but has done much to enhance the beauty of the line.

Cascade Bridge is a solid stone structure, but those over Surprise Creek and Stoney Creek are constructed of steel. They are excellent examples of modern engineering, and the layman will be as delighted with the gracefulness of their appearance as the expert with the technical skill that designed and set in place their trusses of proven steel. They span with airy arch canons cleft deep in the mountain side, at the bottom of which, over boulders and steep ledges, flow torrents, almost dry in autumn, but dashing headlong in spring and summer, when the snows of the heights are melted by the heat of the sun.

Surprise Bridge was so called by its builders from the surprising beauty of its surroundings. Trees line the banks of the ravine beneath, and the laughing brook invites the explorer to wander on and on among the delightful solitudes of the hills.

Stoney Creek Bridge is thrown across a gully 300 feet deep. Far below, a brook leaps from ledge to ledge in a picturesque cascade. Below is the beautiful Beaver Valley. The river makes it way through the green meadows, to which the splendid Douglas firs, retired a little from its banks, form a background of richer, darker hue. Behind

them, above them, shutting them in on either side, rising thousands of feet into the air, are the mountains, and all the grace of the valley, all the dignity of the firs and the forests are forgotten, as the eye meets and dwells upon the splendid crags and majestic snow-crowned heights.

In Rogers' Pass, so called from its discoverer, Major Rogers, the climax of grandeur is, perhaps, reached. To the right of the line is the Hermit range, which nature has moulded on those bold, simple lines that are always so impressive. She seems with a few blows to have cleft for herself a deep valley, wide with easily sloping sides and richly dowered with noble trees.

Mt. Hermit, which takes its name from the cowled figure that with a dog appears on the western spurs, has regular strata, running in parallel rows across its front, to which undulating waves just marked by snow give grace and lightness. If the main range be examined with a telescope, tremendous precipices hundreds of feet in the sheer are seen, and snow-fields built on the same magnificent scale. What seemed mere patches of lichen turn out to be lofty forests, and heaps of pebbles moraines piled high with boulders.

Mt. Macdonald and Mt. Tupper once probably formed one mass, and if they did so still no railroad could evidently have passed this way, but they have been rent asunder just far enough to leave a gap, though barely wide enough, to permit the train to pass between their precipitous walls. Even to traverse this the track has to make a wide detour, and the mass of Mt. Macdonald, one great shoulder succeeding another, seems thrown right across its pathway. However, the line finds a way round, and the huge base stands revealed, the pedestal for an isolated pyramid of rock, its vertical strata scarcely affording lodgment for enough snow to relieve the browns and greys of the bare crags.

The summit of the Pass has an elevation of 4,300 feet, and from it a view is obtained of a splendid array of peaks stretching in all directions. Sir Donald, however, claims the chief attention, its position accentuating the impression its mere bulk creates. It stands at the end, at the climax of a line of heights, Mt. Avalanche, Eagle Peak and Uto Peak, and overlooks the Great Glacier of the Illecillewaet. Every inch of its 10,600 feet impresses the observer, and as it towers a mile and a quarter above the track everything seems to sink into insignificance before its splendid presence.

For it rises a sharp-pointed pyramid, bare and bold from the valley below. The forests creep up the lower slopes but fail long before they reach the base of the central height, and above is a glacier on which falls the snow that cannot lodge on the sheer crags of the soaring peak. A col, or ridge of rock, is thrown out towards the range and at its foot lies another glacier, which feeds a stream that finds its way down a deep-scarred gully to the vale below. It is this stream, perhaps, that brings out most clearly the magnificence of the mountain; the eye dwells on its course, follows its windings and ascends its bed for hundreds and thousands of feet to find there is still a tremendous pile of rock, above and beyond, that seems to pierce the very heavens. The verdure of the grass, the darker hues of the forest, the yellows and browns of the cliff, the blue of the glacier and the blinding, dazzling white of the snow combine to make Sir Donald a mountain that artists love to paint. It is named after Sir Donald Smith, now Lord Strathcona, one of the chief builders of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Close by is Glacier House, the Canadian Pacific Railway hotel, enlarged to twice its original size for the second

time last winter. Its popularity with tourists is growing steadily and the company purpose extensive additions before the end of the next year. For besides the wonders of the scenery all around, guests at the Glacier House have no lack of amusement provided for them. The hotel contains a billiard room and a bowling alley. Swings are furnished for the children, and there is a large telescope mounted in a lofty observatory, while a dark room for the use of photographers has not been forgotten.

The Great Glacier

But all these things are only the usual attractions to be found at any first-rate hotel. It is the great glacier that brings people to Glacier. It is not the largest in the mountains, but it is the most accessible, and in every way representative of these most interesting natural phenomena. It is reached by half an hour's stroll from

the hotel, but it may be as well to state clearly that, perfectly safe as is a trip across its face under proper guidance, a novice should always secure the services of one of the Swiss guides, stationed at the hotel, if he desires to do more than gaze at it from the moraine at the foot. Those interested in glaciers and glacial phenomena should ask for a copy of a little handbook published by the Canadian Pacific Railway and kept for gratuitous circulation at the company's agencies and hotels.

The Illecillewaet Glacier, like nearly every other observed glacier in the world, is receding. It is reckoned the sun drives it back on the average 35 feet a year, and recovers this much from the bonds of ice. However, after the ice is gone, the moraine remains, and it will be many centuries before the great rocks carried down by the glacier are reduced to dust, and the land thus reclaimed supports renewed vegetation.

From Glacier House other expeditions of great interest may be made. One trail leads first to the shores of Marion Lake, 1,750 feet above, and two miles distant from the hotel, where a shelter is erected. Splendid views are obtained on the way of the range from Eagle Peak to Sir Donald, and a path strikes off for Observation Point, where another shelter is built for those who would dwell on the glories of Rogers' Pass to the north-east and the Illecillewaet Valley to the west. Mt. Abbott is a day's climb, but it is an easy one, and should be undertaken by all, for from it a splendid view is obtained of the Asulkan Valley.

From Observation Point an extremely fine view is obtained, adown the Illecillewaet Valley, down the precipitous sides of which the track has had to make a descent of 522 feet in seven miles. The feat taxed to the utmost the skill of the engineers, and they accomplished it by means of the famous Loops of the Selkirks.

Their skill is realized as the depth of the valley comes home to the spectator. A world in miniature lies spread out at his feet, and he sees with distinctness every object, as a soaring bird sees it. The Illecillewaet foams through the bottom, gleaming silvery white in the sunlight. Straighter and more direct, but with several long graceful curves, the track runs. Far across the valley the whistle of the engine is heard, faint and indistinct, echoed from

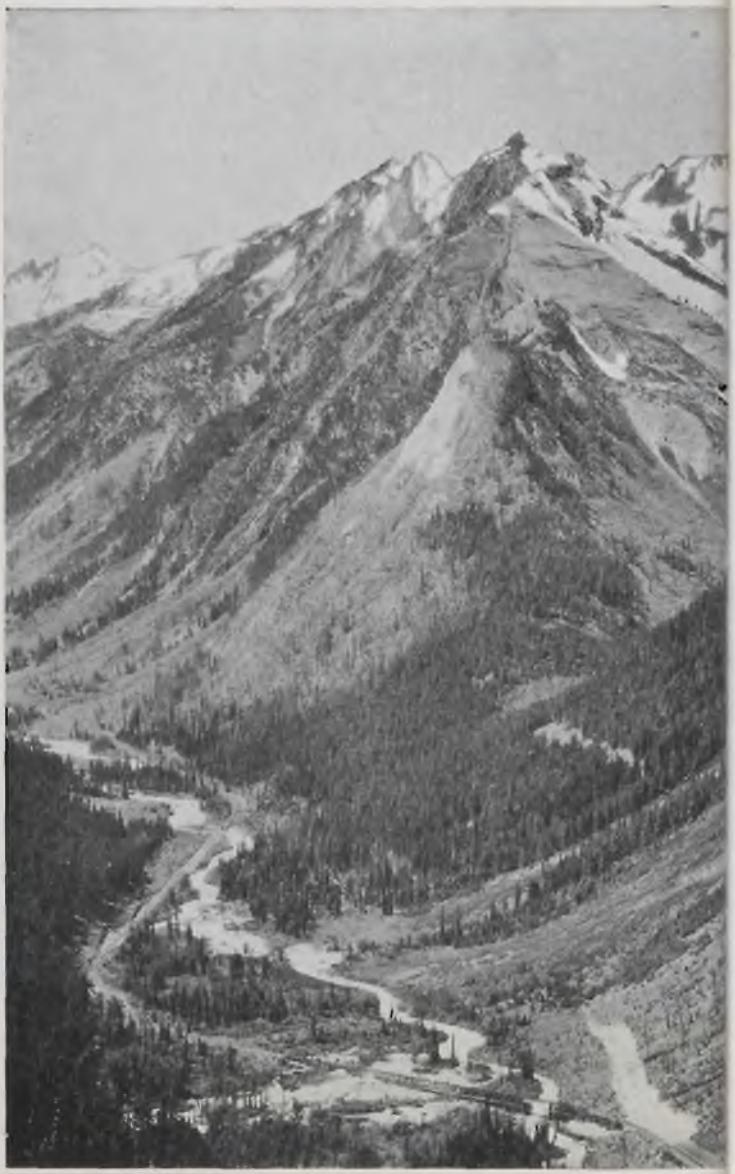
Asulkan Glacier

the crags on either hand. At first the train is almost invisible; then it seems a mere toy, creeping along with barely perceptible motion. Slowly, very slowly, it seems to progress, for distances as much as objects are dwarfed by so wide a prospect. But as it draws nearer, the spectator begins to realize its true size, and the greatness of the mountains and his own insignificance are brought home to him most forcibly.

For there is symmetry as well as immensity in the view, and crags and valley alike are built with splendid distances. From either side of the river the great woods stretch for miles across the broad bosom of the valley. Mt. Cougar is the finest of the mountains, shutting the valley in, but it is only one among a line of noble heights, that extends far as the eye can see. The blue mist closes in the view and hides in mystery its furtherest limits, but until everything becomes blurred and indistinct, wherever the eye rests there are the same fine steeps, the same precipitous crags, the same noble forests.

The course the railway has to follow to gain the valley has been called the Loops of the Selkirks. First the track crosses a valley leading from Mt. Bonney glacier. Then it touches for a moment the base of Ross Peak. It doubles back to the right for a mile or more, and so close are the tracks that a biscuit might be tossed from one to the other. Next it sweeps around and reaches the slope of Mt. Cougar on the other side of the Illecillewaet, but it has to cross the stream once more before it finally finds a way parallel to the general trend of the valley. The line has made a double "S" in its course, and has cut two long gashes on the mountain side, one above the other.

The Illecillewaet is, of course, of glacial origin, and takes its rise from the Great Glacier of the Selkirks; it is therefore at first a pea-green color from the glacial mud,



The Valley of the Illecillewaet

but afterwards, as it flows through the valley, it clarifies itself and in the end is perfectly clear and pure. Caribou are found all the way down the valley to the Columbia in considerable numbers.

Twenty-two miles from Glacier, the Illecillewaet River runs through the Albert Canon, a gorge so marvellous that several of the regular trains stop for a few minutes to allow passengers to alight and see its wonders. The Illecillewaet issues from an exceedingly narrow pass, through which the river must pass. The canon widens a little, but it still remains deep, abrupt and narrow. From its brink rocks torn, rent and split can be seen 300 feet straight below. On the almost perpendicular sides a few trees have found a foothold, but their straight formal shafts only emphasize the narrowness of the cleft. It is but 20 feet across, and in the gloom the white foam of the flood can be made out, while the noise of its fury is redoubled by the closeness of its confinement.

Albert Canon

Twin Butte, the next station, is so called from the great double peak. Mts. Mackenzie and Tilley, while on the right Clachnacoodin attracts attention by its exceeding beauty. The descent of the Selkirks is now nearly completed, but these mountains seem as loath to release as they were to admit the train. To the very last they grant but the scantiest room for the track. The narrow valley

of the Illecillewaet contracts till it can only be called a gorge, and then becomes still narrower until it seems it would close altogether. It is a most surprising exit, worthy of the scenery through which the line has passed, and nothing could be more dramatic than the rapid transition from the gloom of the Selkirks to the peace and quiet of the valley of the Columbia at Revelstoke.

Revelstoke to Kamloops

Revelstoke is an important centre; from it there is water communication with the rich Kootenay and Boundary districts. It is on the Columbia River, which has made a great bend since the train crossed it at Donald and, flowing now south instead of north, is much increased in size. Twenty-eight miles below Revelstoke it expands into the Arrow Lakes, which fill the trough between the Selkirk and Gold ranges as they run north and south. A branch line runs down to Arrowhead, and from there well-appointed Canadian Pacific Railway steamboats carry travellers to Nakusp and Robson, from which the Slocan, Kootenay and Rossland districts are reached.

Down Arrow Lake the steamer plies to Nakusp and Robson, passing near the head of the lake the famous Halcyon Hot Springs. This is a favorite summer resort, having a good hotel, while opposite is Halcyon Peak, 10,400 feet high, and several fine waterfalls. Nakusp is near the foot of the upper lake, and is on the moraine of an old glacier. A spur of the Canadian Pacific Railway connects it with Sandon on Slocan Lake, in the centre of the silver district and with Rosebery, to join the steamer that plies down the lake to Slocan City. Here again the rails begin and communicate with Robson at the end of the Lower Arrow on the west, and with Nelson on Kootenay Lake on the east.

The Arrow Lake steamer has also come the full length from Robson, 165 miles, through splendid mountain scenery, while from Robson trains run over a short but important line to Trail and Rossland through one of the richest mining regions in the world. Yet another branch from Robson has been constructed through the Boundary district to Midway and opens up another fine mining locality.

Clanwilliam Lake

The Crowsnest branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway ends at Kootenay Landing, and from there to Nelson there is communication by Canadian Pacific Railway steamer. Moreover a steamboat line has been established from Nelson up Kootenay Lake to Lardo, whence an isolated branch of railroad runs 32 miles north to Ger-

rard, and a steamer plies across Trout Lake to Trout Lake City, a matter of 17 miles, so that every part of the Southern Kootenays may be reached by the Canadian Pacific Railway and its connections.

The region thus gridironed by steamship lines and railway is one of the greatest attraction to tourists, and the Canadian Pacific Railway steamboats are as perfectly equipped as the hotels and the trains of the same company. The scenery is very beautiful, and though it may not be quite as sublime as that along the main line, the lakes add a special charm of their own. There is no need to enlarge upon the mineral wealth of the land. It is renowned far and wide for its riches, and the half has not been told nor for that matter discovered.

For the sportsman, too, it is a land full of promise. The lakes abound in fish; big game wanders over the mountains; deer are to be shot even near the scattered ranches and settlements. For those who will rough it a little and who will follow the game to its own wild haunts, there is as fine shooting as is to be found anywhere.

A houseboat that can be towed from place to place, has been provided on the Kootenay Lake by the Canadian Pacific Railway for those who wish to explore and fish at their leisure. In it a man and his family can take up their quarters and have perfect peace and superb fish for the whole summer, if they so desire.

At Revelstoke, the transcontinental traveller begins the ascent of the Gold Range. The town of Revelstoke stands in the broad valley of the Columbia, over which a bridge half a mile long has been thrown. When the track was built the station was a mile and a half from the town, but the latter has grown so rapidly that it has now reached the line. Right behind the station on a high bench is Revelstoke Hotel, one of the chain of Canadian Pacific Railway hotels. From the verandah

a fine view of Mt. Begbie, 15 miles away, is obtained. The hotel is carried on with the same unremitting care for the comfort of its guests as the other hotels of the company.

The river is soon crossed and the ascent of the Gold Range begins immediately. Here, for once, nature seems to favor the bold constructors of the railway. From The Gap, that gave admittance to the Rockies, to the descent

Okanagan Lake

of the Illecillewaet Valley, victory has been wrung by the engineers out of the most difficult country ever crossed by a railroad; mountains had to be climbed; canons had to be forced; torrents to be bridged. There are serious obstacles yet to be faced and overcome, but at Revelstoke it almost seems as if nature had relented, as she opens the Eagle Pass, up the Tonca Watla River through the

Golden Range, in exactly the place and with precisely the directness the engineers sought.

The cut is but a mile wide, with precipitous sides, and the scenery again becomes bold and impressive. To the south-east the twin peaks, Mts. Mackenzie and Tilley, are seen, the last of the Selkirks to force themselves on the attention, while to the south-west rise Mt. McPherson and Mt. Begbie. The latter has two fine, rounded peaks, not unlike the humps of a camel. They are snow-mantled, and below them like a gleaming border runs a splendid glacier. Firs cover all their lower slopes and encroach even on the snow-clad heights.

Eight miles from Revelstoke the head of the pass is reached, at Summit Lake, 525 feet above the Columbia. This is one of a beautiful chain of four sheets of water, the others being Clanwilliam, Three Valley and Griffin Lakes. They occupy the whole of the valleys and the train is driven to the sides of the hills, sometimes tunnelling through spurs, sometimes running under snow-sheds, again emerging into daylight to enjoy a fine prospect of lake and mountain, forest and fertile meadow. The hills often rise sheer and precipitous from the water's edge, sometimes draw back a little to allow the clumps of trees scanty room, sometimes come down with steep, boulder-strewn slopes from above.

A little beyond the summit the track joins the valley of the Eagle and follows it down to Sicamous. At Craigellachie, it passes the place where the last spike was driven into the great line that joins the Atlantic and the Pacific. The work had been begun from both ends of the railroad, and it was on Nov. 7, 1885, that, with fitting ceremonial, the last strokes were put to the truly stupendous task.

The chain of lakes passed, the valley closes in until Sicamous Junction is reached. Sicamous is at an alti-

tude of only 1,300 feet above sea level, and is remarkable as a sporting resort and as the gateway to a splendid ranching and farming district. From it can be visited by the Okanagan branch, Okanagan Lake, down the 70 miles of which plies a Canadian Pacific Railway steamer to Penticton, from which the mining towns to the south may be reached by stage. The whole region of the Okanagan is a land with a balmy climate where fruit grows

Lord Aberdeen's Farm, near Vernon, B.C.

to perfection, and at Vernon and at Kelowna on the lake shore Lord Aberdeen, late Governor-General of Canada, has splendid farms. The name Peachland, given to a thriving town not far from Penticton, is suggestive and fully justified. The country is not as widely known in the east as it deserves to be, but is being rapidly settled by immigrants from the Coast and Oregon.

It is also a fine hunting and fishing region, and was the scene of the hunting trip of the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria on his tour round the world. But transcontinental travellers have no need to leave their direct route to obtain all the sport they desire, for at Sicamous they have a centre, famed for the variety of game and fish to be found within a few miles. Moreover it possesses splendid accommodation at the Canadian Pacific Railway hotel, built on the very shores of Shuswap Lake, while, as on the Kootenay Lake, a party that wishes to make a prolonged stay and to camp out in the most comfortable way possible may hire a houseboat, large enough to take a family and designed so as to be towed from place to place, as fancy directs.

Shuswap Lake is a most beautiful sheet of water. It runs up the valleys between the mountains wherever its waters can find a level, and its long arms have been compared to the tentacles of an octopus. Each of them is many miles long and at places as much as two miles broad, but they often narrow down to a few hundred yards, and at one such spot the railway crosses the Sicamous Narrows by a drawbridge. It then follows the south

Canadian Pacific Railway Company's Hotel Sicamous, Sicamous, B.C.

shore of the Salmon Arm, crossing the Salmon River, as it runs in from the south, by a lofty bridge. The view up this little stream under the graceful span is very picturesque, as the river curves away between steep banks, clothed with many trees, to the water's edge, with its course broken by boulders in midstream. It is a scene of sylvan beauty, very grateful after the wildness of the mountains.

At Tappen Siding the Salmon Arm is left and the track strikes boldly out for Shuswap Arm, though in so doing a way has to be cut through the forest and Notch

Kamloops Lake

Hill, 600 feet above the lake level, has to be passed. From this elevation a charming view is obtained. On every side the lake extends silvery arms that wander along among rounded hills and thick woods. Sometimes the trees encroach on the waters, sometimes they draw back and give place to meadows, while golden sand, dotted here and there with fallen trees and tangled driftwood, forms the frame of the pleasant landscape.

In every part of the lake sportsmen will delight, though Seymour and Anesty Arms are perhaps the favorite haunts of anglers. Whatever game ranges the Rockies

and the Selkirks can be found here or within a short distance. North of the lake caribou are to be obtained within a day's expedition, and to the south deer are abundant. Trout are plentiful in the lake, and to this distance from the ocean salmon penetrate to lay their spawn. Duck, geese, snipe and other wild fowl abound at the head of Seymour and Anesty Arms.

Shuswap Lake gradually narrows into the south branch of the Thompson River, and steadily downhill along its bank runs the line. The country is a first-class ranching district and has been long settled from the Pacific coast. It smiles with fenced fields, growing crops, haystacks and substantial farm houses, while the train startles numberless cattle, sheep and horses that graze at their ease in the valleys and on the hillsides. For grazing is the principal industry of Kamloops, that soon comes into sight, and the settlers owe much to the rich bunch-grass of the hills, and to the system of irrigation, that brings life and prosperity to agriculture and fruit-growing.

At present there are more than 1,500 inhabitants of the thriving little town and an air of activity is given to the place by the numerous saw-mills and the steamboats, that ply on the lake. It draws much profit from the mining fields, being a supply point for them, and from the ranching district to the south, communication being by stage.

Kamloops is, however, particularly noted as a health resort. It has a singularly dry climate, with a light rainfall. The average annual precipitation is but 11.05 inches, and the average mean temperature 46.3° Fahrenheit, the mean in winter being 24°, in spring 48°, in summer 65° and in autumn 41°. Such a climate is peculiarly favorable to sufferers from tuberculosis, and many threatened with that dread disease have found relief by a timely visit.

The north branch of the Thompson River comes down here and unites with the south branch. The united rivers widen into Kamloops Lake, along the reedy banks of which willows grow and overhang the water. It is the haunt of innumerable wildfowl, and in lands less richly endowed would be renowned for its charm and loveliness.

Thompson Canon

The Thompson and Fraser Canons

However, the face of the landscape soon changes and the smiling country gives way to barer, bolder scenery, and the open farming land to rocks and crags. Once more the skill of the engineers is put to the test, as room for the track had to be made between the cliffs and the lake, cuttings and tunnels had to be excavated, and creeks

bridged. The passengers are thus prepared for one of the most awe-inspiring sections of the line.

First, however, Pennys, the terminus of the government railway from Port Moody, the nearest point on the Pacific tideway, which was transferred to the Canadian Pacific Railway in 1886, is passed, and then Ashcroft, a busy little place of 500 people. From here the trails for the Cariboo and Omineca gold fields start, and almost daily caravans of freight waggons and pack mules pass through for the north. Moreover, here for a time the railway completes its westerly course and makes a distinct bend to the south in order to reach Vancouver.

C.P.R. Co.'s Fraser Canon House, North Bend, B.C.

Three miles below Ashcroft the Black Canon begins. It is guarded at its entrance by a remarkable craig known as Castle Rock. It stands, a great square block, at the very verge of the cliff, absolutely separated from the hill that runs steeply up behind it. So regular is it, so curiously is it located, that it bears the closest resemblance to a fortification, built by man to watch the passage of the river below.

The cliffs at the point are not indeed nearly as lofty as those the train has skirted in the last few hours, but they seem possessed of a more definite purpose. Before it was clear the difficulties were imposed by nature, and even in the narrowest, wildest pass there was the sub-

limity that nature alone can give. In the Black Canon, however, there is a determination, a deliberation in the scenery that comes on the traveller as a new thing. It is as if the mountains, foiled in their attempt to keep back daring man with all its own armoury of mighty ranges, deep-cut clefts and awful avalanches, has turned to man himself and stolen his own weapons. Like a fort are the hills marshalled, regular, grim and forbidding, with a

White's Creek Bridge, Fraser Canon

calculated purpose to close the route. The river runs deep and smooth and broad, but its current seems to have lost its animation, and its movement inspires awe and foreboding instead of life and hope. The cliffs rise sheer and straight, their summit cut off almost trim and level and not a tree or shrub breaks the harshness of its line. The rocks are dark and gloomy, and the track runs either

through deep cuttings or along narrow ledges, overhanging the water. Vegetation and animal life disappear, and till Basque Ranch is reached the train forces its way through a land where the only sound is the noise of its own passage, echoed and re-echoed from the stern walls of rock.

The canon traversed, the country opens up again. At Spence's Bridge, the Cariboo waggon track crosses the

Old Cariboo Bridge Fraser Canon

river by a wooden bridge with many piers. The track crosses the Nicola River, along the banks of which to the south is a fine grazing and ranching region. The scenery becomes striking and curious, for its coloring is most varied. The train is following the south bank of the Thompson, and the waters, though perfectly pure, are a

deep emerald green. Above is the blue sky, while the banks are composed of the most brightly-hued and varied strata. Cream white, bright ochre, rust red, deep maroon come one after the other. Stretches of grass give a touch of green, and the whole is lit up by the bright sunlight or plunged in the gloom of deep shadow. In form the rocks are equally unusual. Of different degrees of hardness they have weathered into many eccentric shapes; towers, mountains, goblins, and griffins have been cut out by the action of wind and water, and nature has shown a marvellous prodigality in the invention and execution of her designs.

Five miles beyond Drynoch is Nicomen, the town where the first strike of gold revealed in 1857 the riches of British Columbia, and with the beginning of the Thompson Canon the last difficulty but one is entered upon. The mountains draw together and leave no room for the barest strip of shore along the river's course. Boulders jut from their sides, but their slope seems so steep that the soil has slipped down and been carried away by the river, till there is nothing left to soften the ruggedness of the projecting rocks. The river, kept straitly in, flows along, dark and sullen, except when churned into fury by some opposing obstacle. The frowning cliffs are streaked and mottled with many bright colors, and here and there in the breaks among the hills may be seen distant snow-peaks rising against the sky, and promising beyond the limits of the canon another land of enchantment, such as has been lately traversed by the railway.

At Thompson's Siding a beautiful waterfall is seen, a gleam of white in a deep cleft of the precipitous cliffs, and then at Lytton the valley widens to admit the Fraser River, as it pours in and with its turbid flood swallows up the green waters of the Thompson. For a time there

Yale and Siwash Bluff, B.C.

is an opening in the canon and the hills draw back. True they are still bare and severe, with great ridges running to their summits, but there is more space and light, and the mind is not oppressed with the very sublimity of the surroundings, as it was in the Thompson Canon. It is but for a moment, however, as the mountains have no intention of giving the Fraser passage without one more struggle to preserve their integrity.

Soon after passing Lytton, the river is crossed by a cantilever bridge and the train emerges from a tunnel to find itself at Cisco. North Bend is another of the Canadian Pacific Railway hotels, the name of which, the Fraser Canon House, indicates its great attraction. It is right in the heart of the canon, and many tourists visit it to obtain a more intimate acquaintance with the wonderful scenery than can be gained by merely passing in a train.

And now, besides the track and the river, the old government road to Cariboo takes its share of the canon. It has fallen into disuse since the line was built, but it is still a most picturesque ruin, and in its time it was a very fine bit of engineering, for it has had to make its way along precipitous cliffs and has twisted and turned, plunged into the depths and climbed the heights and made the most of every little advantage. Sometimes it is at the water's edge, sometimes it has ascended 1,000 feet, sometimes it clings to the face of the cliff. Still it makes its way, with all its windings, towards its ultimate goal.

A little below North Bend at Boston Bar, the principal canon of the Fraser begins and grows ever more and more stupendous until the train emerges at Yale, 23 miles further on. First Hell Gates are passed, so called because absolutely perpendicular rocks jut out from either side, and force the river to swirl past them as best it can. They are not lofty, compared with the mountains on either

side, but they accomplish their purpose with grim irresistibility, and the mighty river, already forced by the cliffs to twist and turn like any brook, is shut in to half its breadth. A fine view of this sudden contraction of the stream is obtained from a narrow rock, projecting near by, known as Lady Dufferin's Walk. Along the canon the train makes its way on a ledge cut from the rock 200 feet above the flood through many tunnels and over lofty bridges. The walls of cliff are black and nearly vertical.

Near Spuzzum the government road crosses the Fraser by an old suspension bridge, now falling into decay and hardly used. At this point the river is less confined and flows broad, deep and still, and there is a wild beauty about the fir-clad hills that has made the prospect a favorite one for painters.

Once more the canon narrows; once again the cliffs grow steep and precipitous; and for the last time the noble Fraser is cramped and chafed by the crags. At Yale, where the great river finally emerges into the full light of

Harrison Springs Hotel

day, Siwash Bluff overshadows the little town, dwarfing it even as the monarchs of the Rockies dwarfed the houses at their feet, and with the same bare crags, the same snow-peaks, the same glacial streams, so familiar in the passes already traversed by the track. Yale is the head of Pacific navigation, and it seems as if nature had determined to pile up an insurmountable barrier against any further progress into the interior, or at least to warn

City of Vancouver, B.C.

adventurous man of what he would have to meet, if he persisted in prying into her secrets. For this she has drawn across the valley of the river a gigantic mass of rock and has left a hardly practicable pass at the foot of the enormous heights. It is, however, a fitting ending to the long journey through the mountains, and the traveller, as he gazes up at the mass towering above his

head, will remember the glories he has seen and will acknowledge that this is no unworthy reminder of all the majestic scenes through which he has come.

Yale to the Coast

At Yale he feels the balmy air of the Pacific. At Spence's Bridge he saw a curious Indian cemetery, with rudely carved birds perched even on the Cross, the totem intruding on the Christian symbol. All down the canons he has seen occasional natives fishing for salmon or wash-

Canadian Pacific Railway "Empress" Steamship

ing for gold, and at Agassiz he finds a fine government experimental fruit farm, while five miles away to the north is Harrison Lake with its hot sulphur springs, the visitors at which stay at Harrison Springs Hotel.

At Mission Junction he can, if so disposed, change to the branch line, that runs to the international boundary and there joins the Seattle and International Railroad. By this route he reaches Seattle and makes connection with the Shasta route for San Francisco and all the Pacific states. The mainland, however, keeps on past

Westminster Junction, the station for New Westminster, and arrives at the terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway at Vancouver.

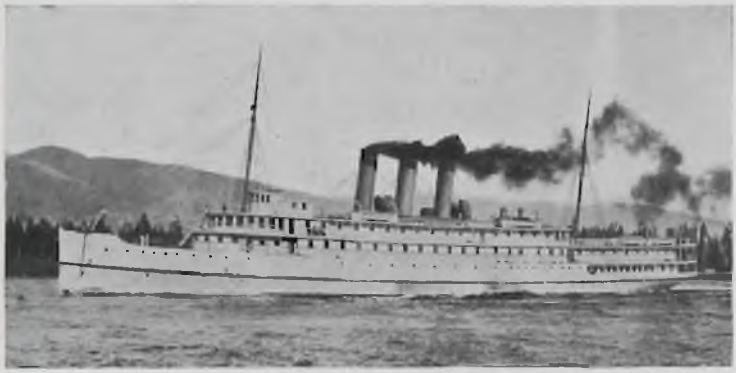
There he finds his long journey ended and himself on the shores of Burrard Inlet, one of the finest harbors on the Pacific. If the inducements of Vancouver and the Canadian Pacific Railway Hotel Vancouver do not tempt him to stay, he can embark at the very railway station on steamers that will take him to the ends of the

Canadian Pacific Railway Hotel Vancouver, Vancouver, B.C.

earth. The Canadian Pacific Railway Empress steamers will transport him swiftly and comfortably to Japan or China, the Canadian-Australian line runs regularly to Honolulu, Fiji, Australia, and New Zealand, while if such long journeys do not suit his pleasure, he can sail by a Canadian Pacific Railway daily steamer to Victoria, on Vancouver Island, or take longer coasting trips to Skagway or to Seattle.

For Vancouver has a fine harbor, landlocked, well-lighted and safe, to which resort besides the liners already mentioned freighters from all parts of the world. They bring silks and teas from the Orient; they take away the lumber and canned fish of British Columbia and the wheat and flour of the Northwest; and they make the port one of the most important of the Pacific Coast.

The city, though only nineteen years old and burnt to the ground in 1886, now numbers 30,000 and is the centre of flourishing industries. Of these the most important is lumbering, the preparation for the market of



"Princess Victoria," C.P.R. British Columbia Coast Service

"toothpicks," 112 feet long by 24 inches square, from the splendid Douglas firs of the province. Other industries there are in plenty and Vancouver has everywhere the appearance of a rapidly progressing community. Its well-built, wide streets add to the impression, and the extremely picturesque surroundings of the city make it pleasant as a residence and delightful to visit. On either hand distant mountains shut in the view and the waters that nearly surround the city add much to its picturesqueness. Stanley Park is its crowning glory, in the depths of

which the Douglas fir and giant cedar are seen in all their magnificence and nature is allowed to display her unspoiled beauty.

A few hours steam from Vancouver is Victoria, the capital of British Columbia. Across the straits of Georgia daily plies the fast, new Canadian Pacific Railway steamer, "Princess Victoria," passing through a world of small islands, comparable to the Thousand Islands of

Parliament Buildings, Victoria, B.C.

the St. Lawrence, though with infinitely finer timber. Victoria itself is a city of lovely homes, and the seat of the Provincial Government, its Parliament buildings being one of the handsomest piles on the continent. Beacon Hill Park, 300 acres in extent, is no less beautiful than Stanley Park.

From it, too, are to be seen on the mainland, the snow-capped summits of the Coast and Olympian Mountains. Along the open valley after Yale, even in Vancouver or on the delightful steam across to Victoria, the tourist is with the mountains still. They do not close him round, as they have since he traversed The Gap; they are not close, insistent, compelling admiration and awe for their majesty and might; but they are ever in sight, lining the horizon with an array of heights that will keep him in mind of all he has seen on his eventful journey. Across Burrard Inlet to the north the Coast Range shuts in the prospect, while Mt. Baker to the south-east raises a lofty crest towards the heavens. Snow-crowned, pure and wonderful they stand, changeless and immovable, and as the traveller watches the sun's rays steal from one peak to another, tinging this with golden light and tinting that with all the colors of the rainbow, he feels that even the beauties of the plains are as nothing to those of the hills.

Agencies

Adelaide	Aus.	Australian United States Nav. Co. (Ltd.)
Amoy	China	Jardine, Matheson & Co.
Antwerp	Belgium	H. Debenham, Agent ..... 3 Quai Taverniers
Auckland	N.Z.	Union S.S. Co. of New Zealand (Ltd.) Thos. Cook & Son
Baltimore	Md.	J. H. Thompson, Freight & Pass. Agt. ..... 411½ West Fayette St.
Batavia	Java	MacLaine, Watson & Co.
Battle Creek	Mich.	E. C. Oviatt, Trav. Pass. Agt. ..... 363 Lake Ave.
Bellingham	Wash.	W. H. Gordon, Passenger Agent ..... 1225 Dock St.
Bombay	India	Ewart Latham & Co. Thos. Cook & Son ..... 13 Esplanade Rd.
Boston	Mass.	H. J. Colvin, Dist. Pass. Agt. F. R. Perry, City Pass. Agt. ..... 362 Washington St.
Brisbane	Qd.	The British India and Queensland Agency Co. (Ltd.)
Bristol	England	F. W. Forster, Bristol Traffic Agent ..... 18 St. Augustine's Parade
Brockville	Ont.	Geo. E. McGlade, C. T. A. ..... Cor. King St. & Court House Ave.
Buffalo	N.Y.	R. A. Burford, City Pass. & Frt. Agent ..... 233 Main St.
Calcutta	India	Thos. Cook & Son ..... 9 Old Court House St. Gillanders, Arbuthnot & Co.
Canton	China	Jardine, Matheson & Co.
Chicago	Ill.	A. C. Shaw, Gen. Agt. Pass. Dept. ..... 228 South Clark St. C. L. Williams, City Pass. Agt. ..... 228 South Clark St. W. A. Kittermaster, Gen. Agt. Frt. Dept. ..... 234 LaSalle St.
Cincinnati	Ohio	G. A. Clifford, T. P. A. ..... 23 Carew Building B. R. White (Freight ..... 23 Carew Building
Detroit	Mich.	A. E. Edmonds, City Pass. Agt. ..... 7 Fort St. W. W. R. Haldane, District Freight Agent ..... 7 Fort St. W.
Duluth	Minn.	M. Adson, District Agent ..... 126 Spalding House Block
Everett	Wash.	A. B. Winter, Ticket Agent ..... 1515 Hewitt Av.
Glasgow	Scotland	Thomas Russell, Agent ..... 67 St. Vincent St.
Halifax	N.S.	J. D. Chipman, City Pass. and Frt. Agt. ..... 107 Hollis St.
Hamburg	Germany	H. Debenham, Agent
Hamilton	Ont.	W. J. Grant, Commercial Agt. ..... Cor. King and James Sts.
Hobart	Tasmania	Union S. S. Co. of New Zealand (Ltd.) Thos. Cook & Son.
Hong Kong		D. E. Brown, General Agent, China and Japan, etc.
Honolulu	H.I.	Theo. H. Davies & Co.
Kingston	Jamaica	Gerald A. Morais ..... Cor. Port Royal and Orange Sts.
Kobe	Japan	G. Millward ..... 11 A Maye-Machi
Liverpool	Eng.	J. J. Gilbertson, Traffic Agent. ..... 24 James St.
London	Eng.	Archer Baker, European Traffic Manager ..... 67 and 68 King William St. E. C., and 62-65 Charing Cross, S. W.
London	Ont.	W. Fulton, City Passenger Agent ..... 161 Dundas St.
Melbourne	Aus.	Union S. S. Co. of New Zealand (Ltd.) Thos. Cook & Son
Milwaukee	Wis.	A. G. G. Lauder, Freight Agent. ..... Room 705, Pabst Building
Minneapolis	Minn.	W. B. Chandler, Agent Soo Line ..... 119 South Third St.
Montreal	Que.	W. F. Egg, City Passenger Agent ..... 129 St. James St. J. Corbett, Foreign Freight Agent ..... Board of Trade Building
Nagasaki	Japan	Holme, Ringer & Co.
Nelson	B.C.	J. S. Carter, District Passenger Agent.
New York	N.Y.	E. V. Skinner, Assistant Traffic Manager ..... 458 Broadway
Niagara Falls	N.Y.	D. Isaacs ..... Prospect House T. W. Maguire ..... 6 Cataract House Block
Ottawa	Ont.	George Duncan, City Passenger Agent ..... 42 Sparks St.
Paris	France	Hermu, Peron & Co. (Ltd.), T. Agts ..... 61 Boulevard Haussman International Sleeping Car Co. ..... 3 Place de l'Opera
Philadelphia	Pa.	H. McMurtrie, Frt. and Pass. Agt. ..... 629-631 Chestnut St.
Pittsburg	Pa.	F. W. Salsbury, District Freight and Pass. Agt. ..... 510 Frick Bldg. J. J. McCormick & Co., Ticket Agents ..... 506 Smithfield St.
Portland	Me.	H. A. Snow, T. A., Maine Central Rd. ..... Union Depot
Portland	Ore.	F. R. Johnson, Frt. and Pass. Agt. ..... 142 Third St.
Quebec	Que.	Jules Hone, City Pass. and Frt Agt. 30 St. John St. cor. Palace Hill
Sault Ste. Marie	Mich.	T. R. Harvey, C. P. A.; F. E. Ketchum, Depot Tkt. Agent.
St. John	N.B.	C. B. Foster, District Passenger Agent. ..... 8 King St. W. H. C. Mackay, City Ticket Agent. ..... 49 King St.
St. Louis	Mo.	C. E. Benjamin, Trav. Pass. Agt. ..... 315 Chestnut St. W. M. Porteous, Freight Agent. ..... 315 Chestnut St.
St. Paul	Minn.	W. S. Thorn, Asst. G. P. A., Soo Line ..... 379 Robert St.
San Francisco	Cal.	M. M. Stern, District Freight and Passenger Agent, 627 Market St., Palace Hotel Building
Seattle	Wash.	G. W. Hallock, C.P.A., Pac. Coast S. S. Co. ..... 4 New Montgomery St. W. R. Thomson, T. A. ..... Mutual Life Bldg., 609 1st Ave W. H. Gardiner, G. A. F. D. ..... Mutual Life Bldg., 609 1st Ave.
Shanghai	China	Jardine, Matheson & Co.
Sherbrooke	Que.	E. H. Sewell, City Passenger Agent. ..... 6 Commercial St.
Sydney	Aus.	Union S. S. Co. of New Zealand (Ltd.) Thos. Cook & Son Wm. Stitt, Gen. Pass. Agt., Can.-Australian S. S. Line
Tacoma	Wash.	Joseph W. Draper, Frt. and Pass. Agt. ..... 917 Pacific Ave.
Toronto	Ont.	A. H. Notman, Asst. G. P. A. .... W. Maughan, City Ticket Agent ..... 1 King St. East
Vancouver	B.C.	E. J. Coyle, Asst. G. P. A. .... James Selater, Ticket Agent.
Victoria	B.C.	H. H. Abbott, Frt. and Pass. Agt. ..... 86 Government St.
Washington	D.C.	David H. Morse, Frt. and Pass. Agt. ..... 1229 Pennsylvania Ave.
Winnipeg	Man.	A. C. Smith, C. T. A. ..... Cor. Main St. and McDermott Ave.
Yokohama	Japan	Wm. T. Payne, General Traffic Agent for Japan ..... 14 Bund

Canadian Pacific Hotels

While the perfect sleeping and dining car service of the Canadian Pacific Railway furnishes every comfort and luxury for travellers making the continuous overland through trip, it has been found necessary to provide places at the principal points of interest among the mountains where tourists and others might explore and enjoy the magnificent scenery.

The Company has erected at convenient points hotels, which, by their special excellence, add another to the many elements of superiority for which the Railway is famous.

ALGONQUIN HOTEL,

at St. Andrews-by-the-Sea, the popular Atlantic Seaside Resort, is situated on a peninsula five miles long, extending into Passamaquoddy Bay, which is seventeen miles long by six miles wide. Good deep sea and fresh water fishing may be enjoyed; the roads are perfect, making driving and cycling most enjoyable. The facilities for yachting and boating cannot be surpassed and there are golf links that have no superior in Canada. The attractiveness of St. Andrews-by-the-Sea bring people seeking rest and relaxation from different parts of the Continent.

The Algonquin Hotel, on which a large expenditure has recently been made in improvements, offers every modern accommodation for tourists.

The hotel rates are from $3.00 per day upwards. Special rates to those making prolonged visits.

McADAM HOTEL

is situated at McAdam June., N.B., and offers the visitor in search of sport a choice of routes through the whole province. It gives him, too, an outing at a summer retreat, free from the heat and crowds of the fashionable resorts, whence the hunting and fishing grounds are easily accessible.

The rates are from $2.50 per day upwards.

THE CHATEAU FRONTENAC,

at Quebec, the quaintest and historically the most interesting city in America, is one of the finest hotels on the continent. It is fireproof, and occupies a commanding position overlooking the St. Lawrence, its site being, perhaps, the grandest in the world. The Chateau Frontenac was erected at a cost of over a million of dollars. Great taste marks the furnishing, fitting and decorating of this imposing structure, in which comfort and elegance are combined to an unequalled extent.

Rates, $3.50 per day and upwards, with special arrangements for large parties and those making prolonged visits.

For view of Chateau Frontenac, see page 11.

THE PLACE VIGER,

at Montreal, is a handsome new structure in which are combined a hotel and station. The building which faces Place Viger is most elaborately furnished and modernly appointed, the general style and elegance characterizing the Chateau Frontenac, at Quebec, being followed.

Rates, $3.00 per day and upwards, with special arrangements for large parties or those making a prolonged stay.

THE KAMINISTIKWIA,

at Fort William, the western terminus of the Lake Route and of the Eastern Division of the C.P.R., is an excellent, well-appointed hotel in every respect, which offers many unique attractions as a vacation home for those in pursuit of rest and recreation in the picturesque region at the head of Lake Superior.

The hotel rates are from $2.50 per day upwards, with special rates to large parties or those making an extended visit.

MOOSE JAW HOTEL,

a new hotel erected at Moose Jaw, in the Canadian North-West, at the junction of the Soo-Pacific road with the main line of the C.P.R. The hotel is modernly appointed and elegantly furnished.

Rates, $3.00 per day, with reductions to those making prolonged visits.

BANFF SPRINGS HOTEL,

at Banff, in the Canadian National Park, on the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, is placed on a high mountain promontory 4,500 feet above the sea level, at the confluence of the Bow and Spray rivers, and is a large and handsome structure, with every convenience that modern ingenuity can suggest, and costing over half a million of dollars. While it is not intended to be a sanitarium, in the usual sense, the needs and comforts of invalids are fully provided for. The Hot Sulphur Springs, with which the region abound, vary in temperature from 80 to 121 degrees, and bathing facilities are provided by the hotel. The springs are much like those of Arkansas, and the apparently greater curative properties of the water are no doubt due to the cool, dry air of the mountains.

Game is plentiful, and Lake Minnewanka, not far away, a mile or two in width and fifteen miles long, affords excellent sport in deep trolling for trout.

Swiss Guides are stationed here and at the Lake Louise Chalet, Field and Great Glacier House to accompany tourists to points of attraction.

The hotel rates are from $3.50 per day upwards, according to the rooms. Special rates to those making prolonged visits.

THE LAKE LOUISE CHALET.

This quiet resting place in the mountains is situated on the margin of Lake Louise, about two miles distant from the station at Laggan, from which there is a good carriage drive, and is an excellent vantage point for tourists and explorers desiring to see the lakes and the adjacent scenery at their leisure.

The rates are $3.00 per day. Apply to MANAGER, Mount Stephen House, Field, B.C.

MOUNT STEPHEN HOUSE

is a pretty chalet-like hotel, recently enlarged, fifty miles west of Banff in Kicking Horse Canon, at the base of Mount Stephen—the chief peak of the Rockies, towering 8,000 feet above. This is a favorite place for tourists, mountain climbers and artists, and sport is plentiful, Emerald Lake, one of the most picturesque mountain waters, being within easy distance. The newly discovered Yoho Valley is reached from Field.

The rates are $3.00 per day and upwards, with special arrangements for parties making prolonged visits.

EMERALD LAKE CHALET

is a Swiss Chalet situated on margin of Emerald Lake, near Field, and affords splendid accommodation for those wishing to remain at the Lake, or who intend visiting the famous Yoho Valley, to which excellent trails lead from this point.

The rates are from $3.00 per day upwards. Special rates to those making prolonged visits.

GLACIER HOUSE

is situated in the heart of the Selkirks, within thirty minutes' walk of the Great Glacier, which covers an area of about thirty-eight square miles.

The hotel, which has recently been enlarged several times, to accommodate the ever-increasing travel, is in a beautiful amphitheatre surrounded by lofty mountains, of which Sir Donald, rising 8,000 feet above the railway, is the most prominent. The dense forests all about are filled with the music of restless brooks, which will irresistibly attract the trout fisherman, and the hunter for large game can have his choice of "big horns, mountain goats, grizzly and mountain bears." The main point of interest, however, is the Great Glacier. One may safely climb upon its wrinkled surface, or penetrate its water-worn caves.

The rates are $3.00 per day and upwards, with special arrangements for parties making prolonged visits.

HOTEL REVELSTOKE,

at Revelstoke, B.C., in the basin of the Columbia between the Selkirk and the Gold ranges, and a gateway to the West Kootenay mining region. The hotel is perched on a mountain bench directly above the railway station, and is surrounded on all sides by majestic mountains. Immediately opposite the hotel, and fifteen miles away, lies the Begbie Glacier, one of the grandest in British Columbia, amongst the highest peaks.

The rates are $3.00 per day, with special arrangements for parties making prolonged visits.

HOTEL SICAMOUS,

at Sicamous, B.C., a fine new structure, built on the shores of the Shuswap Lakes where the Okanagan branch of the C.P.R. leads south to the Okanagan Valley and the contiguous mining country. The hotel is handsomely furnished and has all modern appointments and conveniences. A houseboat for sportsmen and tourists can be obtained here.

Rates $3.00 per day and upwards, with reductions to those making prolonged visits.

THE FRASER CANON HOUSE,

at North Bend, 130 miles east of Vancouver, is situated on the Fraser River, and is managed with the same attention to the comfort of its patrons that pervades all branches of the Company's service. The scenery along the Fraser River is well described as "ferocious," and the hotel is a comfortable base from which to explore.

Rates $3.00 per day, with special arrangements for those making prolonged visits.

HOTEL VANCOUVER,

at Vancouver, B.C., is the Pacific Coast terminus of the Railway. This magnificent hotel, now being enlarged, is designed to accommodate the large commercial business of the place, as well as the great number of tourists who always find it profitable and interesting to make here a stop of a day or two. It is situated near the centre of the city, and from it there is a glorious outlook in every direction. Its accommodations and service are perfect in every detail, and excel those of the best hotels in Eastern Canada or the United States.

Rates $3.00 per day and upwards, with special terms for those making prolonged visits.

Enquiries as to accommodation, rates, etc., at any of the Canadian Pacific Hotels will be promptly answered, by addressing Managers of the different hotels, or communicating direct to

G. McL. BROWN,

Supt. of Sleeping, Dining and Parlor Cars and Hotels, MONTREAL.

The Canadian Pacific Railway

THE WORLD'S HIGHWAY BETWEEN THE ATLANTIC AND THE PACIFIC

THE MOST SOLIDLY CONSTRUCTED AND THE BEST EQUIPPED TRANSCONTINENTAL ROUTE

SPECIAL ATTENTION IS CALLED to the PARLOR, SLEEPING and DINING CAR SERVICE—largely added to recently—so important an accessory upon a railway whose cars run upwards of THREE THOUSAND MILES WITHOUT CHANGE

These cars are of unusual strength and size, with berths, smoking and toilet accommodation correspondingly roomy. The transcontinental sleeping cars are fitted with double doors and windows to exclude the dust in summer and the cold in winter. The seats are richly upholstered, with high backs and arms.

The upper berths are provided with windows and ventilators, and have curtains separate from those of berths beneath. The exteriors are of polished red mahogany and the interiors are of white mahogany and satinwood elaborately carved; while all useful and decorative pieces of metal work are of old brass of antique design.

Stateroom cars are run in connection with Canadian Pacific Transpacific Steamships.

No expense is spared in providing the **DINING CARS** with the choicest viands and seasonable delicacies, and the bill of fare and wine list will compare favorably with those of the most prominent hotels.

OBSERVATION CARS, specially designed to allow an unbroken view of the wonderful mountain scenery, are run on transcontinental trains during the Summer Season [from about May 1st to October 15th].

THE FIRST CLASS DAY COACHES are proportionately elaborate in their arrangement for the comfort of the passengers; and for those who desire to travel at a cheaper rate, **TOURIST CARS**, with bedding and porter in charge, are run on stated days at a small additional charge; and **COLONIST SLEEPING CARS** are run on overland trains without additional charge. The colonist cars are fitted with upper and lower berths after the same general style as other sleeping cars, but are not upholstered, and the passenger may furnish his own bedding, or purchase it of the Company's agents at terminal stations at nominal rates.

The entire passenger equipment is **MATCHLESS** in elegance and comfort.

First Class Sleeping and Parlor Car Tariff

FOR ONE DOUBLE BERTH, LOWER OR UPPER, IN SLEEPING CAR BETWEEN		TOURIST CAR TARIFF
Halifax and Montreal	$ 4.00	...
St. John, N.B., and Montreal	2.50	....
Quebec and Montreal	1.50	....
Montreal and Toronto	2.00	....
Montreal and Chicago	5.00	....
Montreal and Winnipeg	8.00	$4.00
Montreal and Calgary	13.00	6.50
Montreal and Banff	14.00	7.00
Montreal and Revelstoke	15.50	7.75
Montreal and Vancouver	18.00	9.00
Ottawa and Toronto	2.00	....
Ottawa and Vancouver	17.50	8.75
Fort William and Vancouver	15.00	....
Toronto and Chicago	3.00	....
Toronto and Winnipeg	8.00	4.00
Toronto and Calgary	12.00	6.00
Toronto and Banff	13.00	6.50
Toronto and Revelstoke	14.50	7.25
Toronto and Vancouver	17.00	8.50
Boston and Montreal	2.00	....
Boston and Vancouver	19.00	....
New York and Montreal	2.00	....
Boston and St. Paul	7.00	....
Boston and Chicago	5.50	....
Montreal and St. Paul	6.00	....
St. Paul and Winnipeg	3.00	....
St. Paul and Vancouver	12.00	6.00
Winnipeg and Vancouver	12.00	6.00

Between other stations rates in proportion.

Rates for full section double the berth rate. Staterooms between three and four times the berth rate.

Accommodation in First Class Sleeping Cars and Parlor Cars will be sold only to holders of First Class transportation, and in Tourist Cars to holders of First or Second Class accommodation.


MAP OF THE
CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY,
THE MINNEAPOLIS, ST PAUL AND SAULT STE MARIE RAILWAY,
THE DULUTH, SOUTH SHORE AND ATLANTIC RAILWAY,
AND CONNECTIONS.
NORTH WEST TERRITORIES
BRITISH COLUMBIA
ALBERTA
SASKATCHEWAN
MANITOBA
ONTARIO
QUEBEC
HUDSON BAY
NEW BRUNSWICK
NOVA SCOTIA
MAINE
MONTANA
NORTH DAKOTA
SOUTH DAKOTA
MINNESOTA
WYOMING
NEBRASKA
NEVADA
UTAH
COLORADO
IOWA
ILLINOIS
WISCONSIN
MICHIGAN
PACIFIC OCEAN
ATLANTIC OCEAN
GULF OF ST LAWRENCE
ANTICOSTI
BATTLEFORD
SASKATOON
MOOSE JAW
CALGARY
WINNIPEG
DULUTH
CHICAGO
DENVER
SALT LAKE CITY
VANCOUVER
SCALE OF STATUTE MILES
0 30 60 75 100 125 150 175 200