

BANFF TO CASTLE MT.

Of the many beautiful motor trails radiating out from Banff the one par excellence is that leading to the internment camp at Castle Mountain, and the person who makes the trip with Dr. Harry Brett misses none of the delights of the trail. The road winds, twists and turns in a bewildering manner, each turn disclosing some new scenic beauty until the brain grows dizzy in the endeavor to retain an impress of each.

Skirting the Vermilion lakes, which can only be likened to azure jewels in settings of emerald, crossing innumerable mountain streams which babble stories of the hills from which they flow, passing mountain sheep and lambs which look with inquisitive eyes upon the car and its occupants, now and again a deer standing in the roadway and waiting until the car is almost upon it before bounding into the bush, the road winds on until Castle station is reached.

A small cluster of buildings stand as a monument to what was in the early eighties a bustling town bearing the appellation of Silver City. It was during the construction of the C. P. R. in 1883-4 that traces of silver were discovered there and the place was looked upon as the Eldorado of the west. Adventurers and prospectors flocked in by the hundreds and dance halls, saloons and other accessories of a boom mining camp sprung up like mushrooms. To-day, among the few buildings yet standing and the countless prospect holes, dwells one of the old-time residents, Joe Smith, who dreams and lives his lonely life with the ghosts of the past.

Three miles further along the trail and the internment camp, a veritable white city, is reached. The camp is ideally located beneath the shadows of Castle mountain, laid out with all due attention to the laws of hygiene and cleanliness is one of the watchwords. Pure water is piped down from a stream up the side of Castle mountain and every attention is given to the health and well-being of the inmates of the camp, in fact the sick bay at the time of the visit contained not a single inmate.

The officers from Commandant Major Spence down to the non-coms. have a true conception of the meaning of the word hospitality, which they dispense with lavish hands, and a dinner in the officers mess tent leaves nothing to be desired by the most fastidious epicurean.

To reach the very limit of enjoyment the night should be spent at the camp, if one is fortunate enough to receive an invitation from the officers. The evening can be most pleasantly spent in watching the fantastic shadows which play over the heights of Castle mountain—and in other equally agreeable ways. And when one turns in for the night, one should offer up prayers to Allah, the all-merciful, for a shower of rain for if there is anything in this world more delightful than listening to the patter of rain drops on a tent roof the writer has yet to find it. And to be awakened in the morning and introduced to a plate of hot buttered toast and a huge cup of steaming coffee, with the request or command to partake of it before arising, is the acme of hospitality.

A substantial breakfast in the officers mess, followed by the run to Banff in the fresh, cool air of the morning makes one think that this old world is a mighty pleasant place to live in.