

A Visit to Banff

Dear Circleites,—May I drop in, please, for just a wee while? In to-day's Circle page I noticed a letter from "Babs" telling of her trip among the Thousand Islands. I took that trip three or four years ago, and enjoyed it very much. But this summer I took another lovely trip as far west as Banff, Alberta. I went through to the coast some years ago, but as I had only a few haunting memories of that trip left, this one was very interesting. During the years between my two trips the prairie has blossomed into little towns and villages, the towns have grown to flourishing cities, and the cities have grown—oh, so much larger. We spent most of our time in Calgary, but it is Banff I want to tell you about. It is a perfect little gem set down among the mountains that tower above it on every side. If I could only show you all the "snaps" I have you would understand its beauty so much better, for, although I was only in Banff a little over two days, I managed to take ten films of pictures, most of which turned out very well. We arrived in Banff in time for dinner Saturday night, and after we had appeased our hunger walked two miles and a half up the loveliest mountain road to the "Cave and Basin." Here there are three bathing pools, one of which is a natural cave in the rocks, and is full of hot water. One of the others contains cold and the other warm water. From there we had a glorious view over the valley of the Bow River towards Mount Rundle, and Castle Mountain. Sunday we walked miles and miles over the loveliest mountain roads or among the bushes in little twisty foot paths. Monday morning we went up the river for eight miles, hemmed in by mountains the way. The day was warm, and I think we would all have liked to make snowballs of the snow that lay like a

white night cap on the top of Castle Mountain.

Our afternoon trip was the best of all, for we drove four miles up the mountain to the "Sundance Canyon," the scene of Ralph Connor's "Patrol of the Sundance Trail." We tied our horses and crossed a tiny stream and began our climb up, up, up till it seemed as if we'd never come to the top. But when we got there—such a view. Behind us a tremendous mountain towered, beside us the mountain stream rushed down the canyon, and miles away old Castle Mountain raised his hoary head. It was worth all the trouble of getting up, let me tell you, but coming down that narrow foot path was infinitely worse than going up. Then we drove two miles in another direction to the Sulphur Springs, where the mineral water rushes down the side of the mountain. The water is so hot that an egg would boil in it, and tastes so strong of sulphur—ugh! I can't describe it. The nearest I can come to it is to say it tastes exactly like what is known in Form IV. chemistry as "rotten egg gas."

How we hated to leave Banff that evening, for while it is beautiful in the morning and afternoon, it's still more beautiful at sunset, when the snow on the mountains is flushed to a pale pink. But we had to go, and now we look back on beautiful Banff and our visit there as the most pleasant part of our trip.

Please, oh please, forgive me for staying so long. Scarlet Runner.

(Roosevelt once said that it should be the ambition of every American to see the Grand Canyon of Arizona, the most wonderful canyon in the world. So I think it should be the aim of every Canadian to see the Rocky Mountains and the wonderful scenery of British Columbia and Alberta. Banff is indeed a place never to be forgotten. One could live there, I am sure, for years and always find something to marvel over and to admire.—Nancy Durham.)