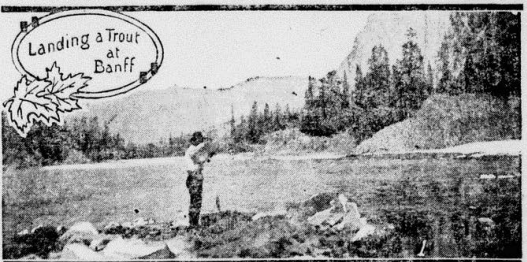


# Attractions in the Canadian Rockies



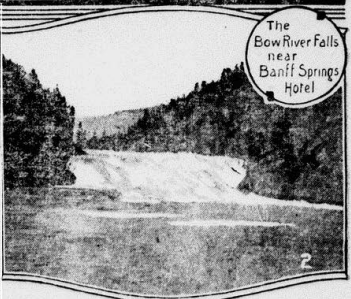
Lake Minnewanka, near Banff, Alberta, attracts many motorists during the entire summer (the winter sees the ice-boats gliding across its smooth surface). It is an ideal evening drive from Banff to this lake, and on the way it is interesting to stop at the animal enclosures where the Government has established the wild animals of the country. As the car speeds along on the trip, the sight of the browsing elk is specially attractive. In the spring the stately mother elk stalks proudly about with her young, in the fall the mating note of the bull re-echoes down the open valley. Many a battle-royal is fought by the males at mating time.

The Bow River is the headquarters of the lover of water sports. Canoes, row-boats and launches are to be had any time of day. Plenty of good fishing is to be found a short distance up the river. For an ideal canoe trip there is nothing more picturesque than paddling up the Bow River to Shadow Creek, which drains the Vermillion Lakes. As the canoe glides into the mirrored waters, the swamp willows meet above the heads of the paddlers; an occasional trout darts from one shadow to another in the depths below. Little bursts of sunshine brighten the winding waterway till the canoe glides out again into unbroken sunshine and the wide sweep of the first Vermillion Lake.

The Bow River is a typical mountain stream and has its rise sixty-five miles west of Banff and north of Lake Louise. Its head waters, the Bow and Hector Lakes, are fed from great ice-fields, which, in the first days of warm spring, cast their tribute into the river, and the turbid waters gathering strength with each mile, tear madly down the narrow confines bringing with them uprooted trees and all the debris lying within their reach. The lover of the water may obtain valuable information of several beautiful and exciting canoe trips at the boat-house.

The old tote-road of construction days west of Banff is almost obliterated, and in its place the Government is rapidly completing a highway which will link the eastern provinces with British Columbia. If the trip be made in early spring or late August it is scarcely possible to fail to see the wild sheep which abound in large flocks on the sunny slopes on the north side of the valley. During the summer they wander back in the hills, though an occasional few may be seen any time of the year. In the early spring the baby lambs trot along beside their mothers; in the fall the great horned rams join the various groups, and, as among the elk, terrific battles take place among the males — the horns crashing and banging together, making a racket which can be heard a long distance in the otherwise silent hills.

Crossing the Canadian Pacific



tracks at the Banff railway station, the car travels westward passing a chain of lakes (three in number) known as the Vermillion Lakes. About five miles distant a draw may be seen which marks the pathway of Healey Creek; the Bow River glides in and out of view, occasionally a glimpse of the steel rails shows up; a bear, a coyote, or a deer, may appear. A picturesque range of mountains aptly called "Sawtooth," are easily recognized on the right of the road and in an open stretch the first glimpse of Castle Mountain and the mountains about Louise are recognizable. Passing a game-warden's house, the road leads up, around and over the Hilsdale Hills, a group of hills beautifully wooded and a natural park in themselves.

Coming down the winding road among these hills a short run brings the car to a small bridge under which runs a small mountain stream. Just east of the bridge is a well-kept camping ground, the only restriction to the user of it being: "Keep your camp-fire in control". A little open fire-place leaves no excuse for doing otherwise. On the west side of the bridge is a tiny tea-house nestled securely under the shadow of the pines. Built of logs, its rustic style is in complete accord with its surroundings.

Johnson's Canyon is well worth the three-quarters of a mile stroll up its easy trail, across rustic bridges, above the turbulent little stream which gives forth an attractive picture at every bend of the path. Leaving the canyon, a three-mile run brings you to the site of the one-time village of Castle situated at the very base of the mountain of that

name. It sprang as a mushroom in the night in the old construction days of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Word went forth that lead, silver and copper were to be found in the old slant of the Rockies in paying quantities, and prospectors poured in. As they came, so they went; the mountain refused to give up treasure; the deserted homes fell in decay.

A mile beyond the site of the village the road forks, the right-hand turn leading to Lake Louise and the left-hand turn to the summit of Vermillion Pass—the last link of the trans-continental motor-road. Neither road should be missed though neither is yet absolutely finished. The left-hand road leads to Marble Canyon, at the top of the Pass. The drive and the canyon are well worth the time spent in seeing them.

As far as the road is finished, under and about the shadows of Castle Mountain, it is a glorious drive. The site of the internment camps used during the war is still visible.

In winter it is no colder at zero in the dry climate of Banff than at twenty-two above on the sea-board. In fact, one is far more uncomfortable where dampness prevails. The vigorous, snappy climate of the Rockies is better than any medicine for the people of a warmer country, from the Orient, even from the nearest sea-level. Winter sports at Banff are being brought to greater perfection in every direction. Specialists in all winter sports are coming more and more for the annual contests in skiing, skating, swimming in the warm sulphur pools, tobogganing, curling and hockey.

M. S. W.