

DAILY
JOURNAL
1895



1893.

JANUARY.	FEBRUARY.	MARCH.	APRIL.
Su. 1 8 15 22 29 M. 2 9 16 23 30 Tu. 3 10 17 24 31 W. 4 11 18 25 — Th. 5 12 19 26 — F. 6 13 20 27 — S. 7 14 21 28 —	Su. - 5 12 19 26 M. - 6 13 20 27 Tu. - 7 14 21 28 W. 1 8 15 22 29 Th. 2 9 16 23 30 F. 3 10 17 24 31 S. 4 11 18 25 —	Su. - 5 12 19 26 M. - 6 13 20 27 Tu. - 7 14 21 28 W. 1 8 15 22 29 Th. 2 9 16 23 30 F. 3 10 17 24 31 S. 4 11 18 25 —	Su. - 2 9 16 23 30 M. - 3 10 17 24 — Tu. - 4 11 18 25 — W. - 5 12 19 26 — Th. - 6 13 20 27 — F. - 7 14 21 28 — S. 1 8 15 22 29 —
MAY.	JUNE.	JULY.	AUGUST.
Su. - 7 14 21 28 M. 1 8 15 22 29 Tu. 2 9 16 23 30 W. 3 10 17 24 31 Th. 4 11 18 25 — F. 5 12 19 26 — S. 6 13 20 27 —	Su. - 4 11 18 25 M. - 5 12 19 26 Tu. - 6 13 20 27 W. - 7 14 21 28 Th. 1 8 15 22 29 F. 2 9 16 23 30 S. 3 10 17 24 —	Su. - 2 9 16 23 30 M. - 3 10 17 24 31 Tu. - 4 11 18 25 — W. - 5 12 19 26 — Th. 6 13 20 27 — F. 7 14 21 28 — S. 8 15 22 29 —	Su. - 6 13 20 27 M. - 7 14 21 28 Tu. 1 8 15 22 29 W. 2 9 16 23 30 Th. 3 10 17 24 31 F. 4 11 18 25 — S. 5 12 19 26 —
SEPTEMBER.	OCTOBER.	NOVEMBER.	DECEMBER.
Su. - 3 10 17 24 M. - 4 11 18 25 Tu. - 5 12 19 26 W. - 6 13 20 27 Th. - 7 14 21 28 F. 1 8 15 22 29 S. 2 9 16 23 30	Su. 1 8 15 22 29 M. 2 9 16 23 30 Tu. 3 10 17 24 31 W. 4 11 18 25 — Th. 5 12 19 26 — F. 6 13 20 27 — S. 7 14 21 28 —	Su. - 5 12 19 26 M. - 6 13 20 27 Tu. 7 14 21 28 W. 1 8 15 22 29 Th. 2 9 16 23 30 F. 3 10 17 24 — S. 4 11 18 25 —	Su. - 3 10 17 24 31 M. - 4 11 18 25 — Tu. - 5 12 19 26 — W. - 6 13 20 27 — Th. 7 14 21 28 — F. 1 8 15 22 29 — S. 2 9 16 23 30 —

1894.

JANUARY.	FEBRUARY.	MARCH.	APRIL.
Su. - 7 14 21 28 M. 1 8 15 22 29 Tu. 2 9 16 23 30 W. 3 10 17 24 31 Th. 4 11 18 25 — F. 5 12 19 26 — S. 6 13 20 27 —	Su. - 4 11 18 25 M. - 5 12 19 26 Tu. - 6 13 20 27 W. - 7 14 21 28 Th. 1 8 15 22 29 F. 2 9 16 23 30 S. 3 10 17 24 —	Su. - 4 11 18 25 M. - 5 12 19 26 Tu. - 6 13 20 27 W. - 7 14 21 28 Th. 1 8 15 22 29 F. 2 9 16 23 30 S. 3 10 17 24 31	Su. 1 8 15 22 29 M. 2 9 16 23 30 Tu. 3 10 17 24 — W. 4 11 18 25 — Th. 5 12 19 26 — F. 6 13 20 27 — S. 7 14 21 28 —



Elias Stewart Foster
900. Park Blvd
Victoria
B.C.



DAILY
JOURNAL
FOR
1893.



TORONTO:
PUBLISHED BY BROWN BROTHERS,
MANUFACTURING STATIONERS.



DIARY, 1893.



LIFE IN THE MOUNTAINS.

SCENERY AND DAILY LIFE AT BANFF SPRINGS HOTEL

An Enthusiastic Description of the Beauties of the Canadian Rockies—The Hot Springs and Their Exhilarating Effect.

(Correspondence of THE GLOBE.)

BANFF SPRINGS, Sept. 22.—It is a Canadian need the inspiration which "the divine Wattie" drew from his "Caledonia Stern and Wild" let him seek the little Village of Banff in the heart of the Rocky Mountains. Here he will find not only the most exquisite of bracing—almost intoxicating—air, but a "land of the mountains and the flood," unsurpassed in the world for its almost infinite variety of majestic beauty. And he will find, too, at the Banff Springs hotel accommodations of the best—an almost palatial interior, an excellent table, and very good attendance—while if an equestrian, he will have at his command not unreasonable charges a fairly good stock of saddle and carriage horses for the exploration of the neighborhood. Nearly fifteen hundred people have visited the C. P. R. hotel here since its opening in the early summer of this year, and probably as many more have visited Dr. Brett's "Sanitarium" near by, and yet there must be many hundreds, if not thousands, of Canadians, part of whose splendid heritage this region is, that remain ignorant of its attractions. For them I offer you these impressions of a visitor who has already spent here two delightful months and means to remain here still longer. It may be well that I should state that I am impelled to this doing by the persuasion of a fellowvisitor, solely for the benefit of those who are unskillfully ignorant of the good the gods provide them here, and wholly without the knowledge of any one interested in the hotel.

The journey hither from Toronto, whether by the wonderful and beautiful railway route north of Lake Superior to Port Arthur or by the new steamers of the G. P. R. Co. via Lake Huron, the St. Marie River and Lake Superior to the same place, and thence on to Winnipeg and across our sea-like prairies till we plunge into the passes of the Rocky Mountains and find ourselves in the brisk air of early morning at Banff Station, occupies about four days and a half. It is interesting throughout, and the luxurious sleeping and dining cars make it little fatiguing. The lake route to Port Arthur is, of course, to be preferred to the other for curious reasons. A drive of a mile and a half in a comfortable omnibus, crossing the clear stream of the Bow River, and ascending a long slope, brings the traveller from the station to the hotel, where he is welcomed in a large and handsome galleried rotunda with huge blazing log fires in yawning, old-fashioned fire-pieces on either side, very grateful to the breakfastless and early-risen traveller fresh from his first experience of morning air at 4,500 feet above the sea. Rooms are soon found and occupied, and soon in the break-fast room the pleasant discovery is made that the chef de cuisine is a chef indeed. Then follow the greetings of friends and inquiries for horses, boats, places of interest, baths, etc.

The hotel stands at an elevation of a hundred and fifty feet above the valley of the Bow River, at the intersection of three narrow valleys, each bounded on either side by majestic mountains towering almost precipitously four to six thousand feet above, and each seemingly closed in the far distance by mountains equally majestic and equally lofty. Infinitely various in form and grouping, in clothing of green and utter bareness and barrenness of gray, these great living hills are all topped by peaks rugged and sharp in the extreme. On a bright and cloudless day they stand out, against a deep blue sky, gray, cold and hard, in pillars of the brawling streams that fume and rave and grow white with spray over the boulders they have shed from their stupendous sides. On a day of cloud and rain they stand still majestic, but less cold and less pitiless. Often, as on Sunday last, a rainbow bridges the peaceful valley at their feet, and beneath its arch the little tribe of men run about to their worship of the Eternal or to their petty doings of time. Above still tower the mighty peaks, some softly veiled in woolly clouds, some shining in the sunlight unobscured for them, while half way up their sides, tumble and roll and fade great masses and sleepy veils of gray and white and ever-changing vapors. Then do

these mountain peaks seem the "image of Eternity, the home of the Invisible," as we poor mortals would fain imagine the Eternal and the Invisible to be. At times a soft purplish haze, filling the valleys and half obscuring the mountain tops, makes them seem like Scott's beloved Ben A'an and Ben Venue, gigantic sentinels over an enchanted land. At all times the points from which they may be viewed are, within the compass of ten minutes' walk, so various, the lights and shadows upon their peaks and sides are so shifting, their coloring and their degrees of warmth and coldness are so constantly changing, that one soon learns to watch them with an increasing interest. From day to day they seem to fascinate the beholder more and more. Their moods are as numerous as those of the most whimsical beautious coquettresses—and they break no hearts! The selection of this beautiful spot for the Canadian National Park was determined by the presence here of the hot mineral springs—formerly geysers—which flow out of the side of Sulphur Mountain. These springs, the largest of which are few in number, are somewhat strongly impregnated with sulphurated hydrogues, and contain also a considerable quantity of various salts. Bathing in them has a powerful invigorating effect and a very remarkable specific action upon the system. Probably a good deal of the benefit derived from visits to this resort is produced by the tonic air of the region, the change of scene, and the enjoyment of the glorious works of nature; but it is undeniably that the waters of these springs, when taken by the bath as well as internally, are very efficacious in stimulating the action of the kidneys, whether accumulated by defective action of any of the organs, or introduced from without. In very many well-authenticated cases of rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, and similar diseases the effect of the baths has been almost marvellous, and one man who had been bitten by a rattlesnake, whose life was despaired of by doctors, whose leg and side were black and insensible from the effects of the poison, was brought here on a stretcher, and in a short time completely restored to health. The baths may sometimes be had at the C. P. R. hotel, for there is a bath-house adjacent, with porcelain baths and dressing-rooms, but it is not comfortable as yet, and the supply of water is very irregular, as the pipes are most of the time out of order, but next year all will be complete. The hottest springs are up the side of Sulphur Mountain, opposite this hotel, some 5,200 feet above the sea, where a charming drive brings one to a magnificent view of the Bow and Spray Rivers, whose waters meet after a huge plunge over high rocks on the Bow River side, forming a grand cascade with rapids above it, roaring and rushing and throwing its waters into those of the Spray, one an emerald green, the other the deepest blue, running together at the base of the Cascade Squaw Mountains, like gay ribbons, passing swiftly three or four pretty little islands filled with fir trees, and wind round the former mountain out of sight, while in front of our view we have a row of giants, one snowy peak standing far at the back like a grim sentinel overlooking our hotel and its airy ridge and rotunda. After parties visit the hot springs and see the primitive arrangements for invalids, and have the admirable system and care in giving these wonderful baths explained, and see the plunge bath over the boiling spring, and are told doctors order certain patients in these, although the temperature makes some people faint, they never doubt the stories of the wonderful cures. To my knowledge a gentleman was almost instantaneously relieved while in his first bath, although he went into it quite crippled from sciatica, and an hour afterwards he walked better, and said he felt a new man, and this happened only two days ago. A short drive down the mountain brings one to another resort where the park superintendent has built three very pretty Swiss cottages. One of them opens into a shaded drive through the base of the old geyser's cone, and after crossing a rustic bridge lighted by coal oil lamps, the roaring hot waters underneath and the heat and fumes of sulphur making it an uncanny entrance, a short flight of steps leads to a dome-shaped cave with a small aperture above, and there, in water of a temperature of 90° to 95° F., filling the whole basin of the cave, the bather gives himself up to his delight in its velvety softness, with stalactites and rocky shelves looming above and about him in the weird half light from above. A rope is always stretched across the pool, for it has several spots—the apertures through which the water pours from below—where the force of the spring would carry the unassisted bather off his feet. Near by other springs, of a slightly higher

temperature, supply a similar pool, entirely open to the sky and known as the Basin, and for this also is provided a pretty cottage, full like the other, of dressing-rooms. The third cottage is the caretaker's home, Mr. Stewart, the park superintendent, has charge of the park in the development of these wonders and has made the place most attractive. Our party finds this a charming spot for five o'clock tea al fresco, after the bath. To-day we hope to give Lady Macdonald, Mrs. George Allan and Miss Macdonald, of Toronto, a cup of tea after their dip in the Basin. They were shown through the hotel and also over the park this morning, and expressed astonishment at the great progress already made in the work of provision for the comfort and enjoyment of travellers. Their admiration of the glorious views of mountains and rivers was almost ecstatic. Lady Macdonald said she wished she could write and tell of all she saw in this enchanting spot, while Mrs. George Allan remarked, "If I ever cross the Atlantic again I shall not take the trouble of going to Switzerland when I can see such scenery in my own country, far surpassing anything I have ever seen before."

The Village of Banff has several shops and a good museum, a new pavilion, where the Episcopal services are held every Sunday twice, the Rev. Mr. Christmas being the rector, a Methodist chapel and a primitive log-built hotel. The days pass very quickly and there is plenty for both sexes to do—driving, riding, boating, walking, fishing or sketching, and the weather through the whole summer perfect—seldom even a shower—and the air always bracing. There is a large stable full of horses, many of them reliable and quiet, but some fresh from the ranches and not sufficiently broken for inexperienced riders. The different stores and little excitements compared about drives and rides help to cause a great interest in the stables.

Life at the hotel is most pleasant. The prices are \$5 to \$5.50 a day for the usual hotel accommodations, with baths \$2.50 each. Comfort, cleanliness and luxury abound. The visitors are very friendly and kindly in their intercourse with each other, and a pleasant party meets every evening in the drawing-room. The piano is a splendid semi-grand, and there are always some musical people. There is a ladies' writing-room, a couple of reception-rooms downstairs, a gentleman's reading-room, where The Globe, Empire, Montreal Herald, the Vancouver, Victoria, Winnipeg and other papers are met, being contributed by residents after they have read them. The daily telegrams are placed on the office counter as they arrive, with the latest news. There is incandescent electric light throughout the hotel. Two Scotch ladies do a great deal towards the social enjoyment of the guests in the evening and act as well in the capacity of overseers of the maids and bedrooms. The photographs so plentiful now show the exterior with its wide verandahs, two of them being enclosed in glass, but the inside is even more imposing and continental in style. The weather now, on the 14th Sept., is most lovely, for although the nights are cool and we have had slight frost, the days are warm and there is so far almost perpetual sunshine, and we are told this weather lasts till late in November. We are still sitting out in the open rotunda, which is perched over the scene already described, on a high elevation, and filled with red seats and chairs, some being on rockers. Several artists have painted this enchanting view. Mr. Van Horn, Mr. Harry Abbott and others have leased lots close to this, where they intend building houses. Uncle Tom's and the drive belt are among the attractions, and a little steam yacht goes twice a day up the Bow River, and many are the excursions and pleasures to be found during a stay short or long in this new-found paradise. The kind faces of several of our friends from the East, living in the village, will continue to add greatly to the happiness of many coming here. Mr. Stewart and his family, at whose pretty home the nightly bonfire attracts largely the youth of the place, and his ever willingness to give information and show the park, will long be remembered. Mr. and Mrs. E. Nash are also great acquisitions, and their hospitality can never be forgotten. Mr. and Mrs. Fred. Howell are enjoying health here they never hoped for, and at their pretty home on the Bow River, a few nights ago, they gave a ball, entertaining sixty guests, who report it to have been a great success and a festivity long to be remembered in Banff society. The pine forests covering the sides of the mountains and plateaus are ever green, as our stay here will always be in our memories. BEAVER.

AMONG THE ROCKIES.

A Tribute to Banff and its Mountains by a Toronto Lady - Hotels, Springs, Grand Amenities of the Place.

I have been asked so many times to write a few lines about Banff, in the Rockies, that I shall endeavour to give an idea of the charming place in which we spent several weeks so happily last summer. The journey from Toronto is certainly a long one, but you can rest, however, a day or two at Winnipeg en route, which is a pleasant break, and leaving Winnipeg the two days of prairies are not fatiguing, but perhaps a trifle monotonous. It cannot, to my mind, be devoid of interest to the truly patriotic soul, and the comforts of travelling on the Canadian Pacific railway are such that it is a prolonged pleasure trip throughout. I especially enjoyed during this portion of the journey stopping at the various stations, with their eager little prairie crowd of passengers and non-passengers and Indians laden with skins and buffalo horns. Another source of pleasure to me were the exquisite prairie flowers. Luxuriant daisies, lovely red lilies, wild orchids, and sunflowers are mingled together in such harmonious profusion that one cannot refrain from exclamation of delight as the train dashes through this wild garden of the West. Arriving at Banff in the early morning tired and undoubtedly sleepy, one is thoroughly and effectually awakened by the beauty of the place, with its grand encircling mountains which burst upon one overpoweringly.

In the midst of this beauty, which sways even the most prosaic, is the picturesque hotel built by the C.P.R., which is more than commodious and filled with all the refinements and creature comforts of life. Invalids who prefer it to the less modern sanatorium can have perfect rest and quietness, and from the wide verandas on all sides of the house inhale the invigorating mountain breezes, and at the same time feast their eyes upon the magnificent panorama without fatigue or exertion.

The Spas are, as we all know, highly corrective in power of rheumatism, and other diseases, and it is possible to take the baths at the hotel, which is a great convenience to delicate persons, who shrink from a long drive or walk to Sulphur mountain during the heat of the day; and although it is a little hot sometimes in the month of August, there is ever a breeze obtainable at some point. I may truthfully say it is one of the finest climates in the world—bright, clear, bracing, health-giving; and I am told that physicians, so indispensable to us, find Banff far from lucrative—the invalids get well so fast, the lung tubercle, the blind see, and the doctor's fees are so low, so we.

The hotel, I must not fail to mention, is most excellently kept, which is proverbial with everything C.P.R.; and the manager, Mr. Matthews, is well qualified for the position which he has lately been called upon to fill. His brother is manager of the Vancouver house, Vancouver, another palatial C.P.R. hotel, where I had also the pleasure of staying this summer.

Lovely walks in all directions there are for those actively inclined, and the drives are many and charming. Here we have the Canadian National park, under the able directorship of Mr. Schwartz, superintendent thereof, who is working earnestly and conscientiously in the interests of Banff, which he has very truly at heart. The drive to Devil's Lake is especially worthy of mention; the road, which has just been completed, is a trifle hazardous in some places, passing through scenery of great beauty. How can I tell about this scenery of the Rockies and yet give the faintest idea of its loveliness? How convey with any vividness the wonder of these grand mountains, towering thousands of feet around on every side? How describe that, as it were, many-splendored of beauty—their ever-changing beauty of light and shade? It is impossible. Were I an artist and could faithfully portray upon canvas even once these mountains as I have seen them look sometimes, bathed in the soft shade of the after-glow; could I paint it truthfully in all its beauties of colouring and expression, I might well expect to awaken some morning and find myself famous. But I can only try to tell you about them. And Banff? Yes! Banff is lovely. Below, around, and above; beauty everywhere: in "mountain, sky, and sea." From my favourite seat in the terraces, a circular balcony built a few feet from the hotel, perhaps one of the prettiest views is obtainable. Below one there runs the beautiful River Bow, with its bright coloured water rushing into the Spray. Maddly rushing over hill and rock, over crag and scar, culminating into a seething, bubbling, roaring mass of glittering falls. Once in the Spray the picture is a quiet enough. Lovely islets dotted here and there upon this winding river, surrounded by the moun-

tains in their clefts, suggesting magnificence. Around, and rising high above, are these mountains, covered with the snow of ages—mountains rugged, pillars, clear-cut, cold—mountains which present each day such varied beauties to our wondering sight we well may hold our breath, and confess honestly our own littleness; yet how I have grown to love them and life generally in this charming spot—this "cool-sequestered nook" lying in the very heart of the grand old Rockies. Old do I call them? They are old, though not so to the world at large. Now they are, through man's ingenuity, opened up to wondering humanity, and the magnificent trip through this great heritage of ours is one of the finest in the world.

EARTH MAY NONSENSE.
Kenmore, Toronto.

features or names sans in these descriptive outlines. They are not wanting. Curiosity is awakened everywhere, from the hour that the tourist enters the gap, as the pillars that open the long pass to the railway are called, until the Scottish name is shouted by the conductor. My own curiosity began to be stimulated at Calgary, the town of the ranches and Indian reservations, just at the entrance of the gleaming empire of the peaks. The train stopped amid the gay uniforms of the mounted police, and a Portuguese gathering was in progress. Indians. Everything was red and orange. As I stepped from the train, Indian women gathered around me, in beads and blankets, with horns to sell. In the

SHADOW OF THE STATION

stood an Indian with a sad face silent and solid. "That's Deerfoot," said a passenger agent to me, "the once famous Indian runner. He used to outrun all the Indians of the mountains and plains. He became famous as a messenger that he was intended to become a champion in foot-races. At last a great contest of speed was arranged for him and a white runner. It was the cause of much excitement, betting and gambling, so much so that some white speculators formed a plan to cripple Deerfoot by a trick as cruel as it was cunning. The Indian boy was to run in light moccasins, and his opponent in leather shoes. These men mislaid the light earth on the race-course with pieces of glass, so that the broken glass would cut the unaccustomed Indian's feet. The Indian came out of the contest defeated and bleeding, and injured for life. His heart was as wounded as his body; he came

TO HATE THE WHITE PEOPLE

and never was his old self again. He became a criminal, and fled at one time from the Mounted Police into the States, but returned again. This is the story as it is commonly told, and which I think is substantially true." Past cattle on terraces, over plateaus, in view of the green slopes, snow-covered peaks through the gap in the high air of Wind Mountain, up to Canmore, four thousand three hundred and fifty feet high, shrouded the train. We were among the uplands of the Devonian and Carboniferous. Hills stood as it were on edge. Then or "The Mountain Edge," walls of scarred rock, and green forests looming with cascades, and overlooking peaks of flushed mist and snow. We were soon at Banff station.

UNDER THE MERCILESS PEAK

of the Cascade Mountains, ten thousand feet high, and eastward rose Mount Laramie, and near the Vermilion Lakes. We took supper, ran up to the wonderful hot springs, and were then told that we must visit the cave. "It is the most curious place that you ever saw," said the proprietor of one of the hotels. "An old prospector has told me the story of its discovery. Few now know how true it may be. He said that some miners were travelling in this part, when they saw a man running across the ground up to the side of the rock as naked as he was. They went to the place, and instead of an open grave they found a cave, and a pine-tree had grown up to it through a hole in the ground. Men

CAME TO SEE THE WONDER:

another tunnel was let down into the cave, and cords of wood hauled across the two. What did they find there? You must go and see."

This extraordinary story was at least interesting. The cave may have been discovered in some such way, and a wandering Indian might have often seen an Indian's form rising out of the earth by the old pine-tree, which was on the natural ladder given into the cavern. The cave is now entered through a house, built like a Swiss chalet. It consists of a glittering chain-lighted by lamps, and a great pool of green sulphur water, clear as glass, much like the Ponce de Leon or Wankuk Spring in Florida. The emerald pool is lighted from an opening in the earth above. A rope is stretched across it, and people are allowed to bathe in it. The dome of the cave seems like many shadowy throne rooms. The pool is only four or five feet deep, and bubbles are constantly welling up through it like fountains of gemmation. The Bow River, after its long struggle through the hills, presents a

SCENE OF PLACID BEAUTY

at Banff. It runs through fields of red cotton, or wild cotton, a kind of crimson poppy. It is fed from the snow lands in the sky, and invites the artist and the poet. An evening row on the bow, through the Canadian National Park, is an event to be remembered for life-time. The mountains change with every turn of the bow-like river. There is strength, majesty and glory everywhere; the peaks rise straight to the sky, the glaciers move with crimson and gold light like crowns. The river is clear, now violet like Lake Louise, now a sea-green, now a shadowy emerald color. It flows and there presents a curve on the swift, still tide like a broken mirror.

The boat glides on over the deeps like a mass of air. Mountains come and go like an army of giants in glittering armor. Cascades thunder, and yet the air is oppressively still. If there be clouds in the sky, they change into chariots of copper and gold. The gray wing of the solitary eagle passes here and there the dark form of

CANADA'S PARK.

The Scenery at Banff in the Canadian Rockies Graphically Described.

ELIZABETH BUTTERWORTH, the well-known American author, writing in the *Journal of Canadian National Park* to the popular mind limited to Banff and its region, though it really includes a great plateau in the Rocky Mountains. It has been called the most beautiful spot on earth. Lucerne, Switzerland, is not unconsciously spoken of as the crown of scenic beauty, and the conservative American may well compare the glacier-pointed peaks and emerald lakes and rivers of Banff with those of the Alpine and the Laurentian, and enquire which is the greater claim to beauty, as a rule. We have seen both, and our mind Banff is the more grand and commanding, but Lucerne the more poetic and beautiful. The magnificent extent of the Rocky Mountains and their great variety and endless resources of stupendous scenery in Switzerland seem small in comparison. The great glacier of the Rockies, near Canadian National Park, covers about eight square miles, is equal to a enormous bank of ice than all the glaciers of Switzerland. But for spectacular effect and grandeur it does not make the impression of Mont Blanc, as it is seen from Chamonix. The purple curtains of the lake of Italy hang over Switzerland,

EVERY VALLEY IS HAUNTED

by legend and song. The sense of awe in Italian Switzerland is soothed and softened, a spirit of beauty haunts everything. There are the soft steps of the great company of nature in the air. But not so in the Rockies. The peaks rise a mile above you in the thin air, rugged and bare, and blane the pale blue sky with ghostly and silver fires. The rivers roar over tremendous crags; they leap and plunge and thunder. Stop and listen; you hear the mountain torrent everywhere, and see its foam amid the giant fire in every circle of the eye. There is no fairland here, it is the abode of giants. The eagle wheels and screams here, and the fierce bear shakes his head over the shadowy cañons, but here fit no airy song birds, and except a nimble flight of the chamois or fawn, here the soul grows great, and the heart does struggle for truth and to crush under the aching feet of resolution all unworthy desires. The Rockies are, indeed, grander than Switzerland, and even more inspiring to a pure and lofty faith, but the mellowed tone, the melodious completeness of the Alps is not in them; they are like the law without the covenant of grace. Banff, so named from the county town of Banffshire, Scotland, is the mountain town of this wonderland of the giants. It is situated on the Great Divide, or

THE SUMMIT OF THE ROCKIES,

a mile above the sea level, and is walled with peaks gleaming with glaciers, a mile or more high. The temperature is determined by an wonderful hot springs, and the great extent of the plateau, which is twenty-five miles long. The Bow River runs through Devil's Head Lake of glacier water, pure and clear, with as dark a legend as Mount Pilatus at Lucerne. There are Bigs, or observation peaks, everywhere, and on every hand the outlook is gigantic and awful. The wonder spot of the region is on the side of Sulphur Mountain with its caves and springs. These springs are likely to be one day as famous as Baden-Baden. They are regarded as very efficacious in cerebral, rheumatic troubles and Bright's disease. The waters are taken warm, a tumbler at a time, often twice given in the morning, and are used for bathing daily. People come here on crutches, andumble away,

LEAVING THEIR CRUTCHES

on the trees. The great hotel is kept open as a sanatorium throughout the year. The place is undoubtedly destined to become one of the most famous and fashionable resorts in the world. But the young reader will be more interested in the curious

ON THE COAST.

Excursion of the Delegates of the Provincial Synod of Rupert's Land.

IN MEMORIAM.

Special Correspondence to THE CALL.

I purpose writing several letters on this subject, and I have a melancholy pleasure in heading them "In Memoriam," since they will constitute a tender recollection of a most delightful and instructive episode in the lives of the twenty-five participants, each one of whom will cherish the memory of an event which can occur but once in a lifetime.

The generosity of the authorities of the Canadian Pacific railway, in offering to the delegates of the late provincial synod a special car, with liberty to "lie over" when and where they desired, was too tempting to be passed by; and its peculiar feature of "lying over" has enabled us to see a most beautiful portion of the route—that from Calgary to Banff, in daylight. This section is never seen by the ordinary tourist, as the regular train, both west and east, pass through it during the night. It constitutes one of the distinctive varieties of scenery which render the route from Winnipeg to Vancouver an extraordinary combination of beauties, each quite different from the others. The prairies from Winnipeg to Calgary—the windings through the park, like valley of the Bow from Calgary to Banff, the mountain scenery of the Banff district—perhaps the most delightful of the whole route, where the eye travels from the vast distant ranges, faintly visible in the distance, and gradually comes to the foreground with infinite varieties of tone; the exciting passage of the more tumultuous river through the Kicking Horse pass, the silent grandeur of the Selkirks, the terrific rush on through the 125 miles of the Thompson and Fraser canyons, and then the placid flow of the latter to the ocean, form a diversity of beauties which travellers admit to be unequalled on the coast.

As I shall have something to say of each gentleman of our party, I desire to give the names of the twenty-five persons who composed it. Here they are: Rev. Mr. Pentreath, Christ church, Winnipeg; convener; Rev. Mr. Fortin, Holy Trinity, Winnipeg; and Mrs. Fortin; Rev. Mr. Wilson, and Mrs. Wilson; Morden; Rev. Mr. Tudor, All Saints', Winnipeg; Rev. Mr. Sears, Q.A.; Appellee; Rev. Mr. Cooper, Q.A.; Appellee; His Honor Judge Walker and Mrs. Walker, Brandon; Mr. Howell, Q.C., and Mrs. Howell, Winnipeg; Mr. Mathewson, and Mrs. Mathewson, Winnipeg; Mr. O'Longhain, Mrs. O'Longhain, sister, son and nephew, Winnipeg; Mrs. Col. Heaghton and Miss Peebles, Winnipeg; Mr. Girdlestone, Jr., Winnipeg; Mr. Brough, Winnipeg, and myself. I may mention that I have distinguished Mr. Pentreath by the addition "convener" because he was so appointed to call together the committees on the federation of the church, constituted by the provincial synod to confer with the committees selected by the synod of Canada on this subject, are brought within the recognition inviting the co-operation of the Bishop of British Columbia for the purpose of presenting it in person here—a duty which has been performed with the most gratifying results, as will appear in a subsequent letter.

We left Winnipeg on the morning of Tuesday, 16th August. Mr. C. J. Brydges, land commissioner of the Hudson's Bay company, with Mr. Aldens his secretary, and Mr. Hugh John Macdonald, his legal adviser, accompanied us as far as Swift Current, where they met their outfit prepared for a three weeks' journey north. It was said that this outfit contained several suspicious looking vessels containing fluids, but that Mr. Aldens had surreptitiously covered them up, first by a general permit signed by the Lieutenant Governor of the Territories, and then by a heavy oil cloth, preserving them both from the elements and the Indians. We bade them a melancholy farewell on the morning of Wednesday, knowing that Mr. Macdonald's connection with the 90th, in 1855, had exposed him to the vengeance of every "Big Injin," and that he ran away returning to Winnipeg with

"I do not propose to give

description of the country, or of its objects of interest, between Winnipeg and Calgary. I pass by the gratifying scenes of prosperity exhibited by the abundant harvests, then being cut, all along the line to far beyond Brandon. I say nothing of the alkali region, though the copious falls of rain had covered it with a mantle of green, which I understood was not unusual at this season of the year. I do not notice the beggar propensities of our Indian friends—created and gathering increasing activity—not from the innate character of the Red man, but from the erroneous policy of our government. Of this I intend to speak ~~on~~ ^{at} a future occasion. I will waive ~~now~~ ^{at} the gopher pest. I will even omit all description of the whitened bones of the medieval buffaloes, piled in heaps, for exportation to the medical works of the east and south, and also of the blackened bones of the modern ones, polished and purchased by Mr. Mathewson, Judge Walker and others for the ornamentation of their offices. His pair will be useful to the judge, for when a knotty case presents itself, he will be able to calmly apostrophize the horns, thus, "I am on the horns of a dilemma—what shall I do." And the answer will come from the spirit of the deceased owner, "Decide, you must—but give no reason and your wisdom will be applauded." But there is one part of the great traverse between Winnipeg and Calgary which will impress every traveller with the vast extent of our country. Not far from Medicine Hat we entered upon a tract which was practically an ocean of grass. Elsewhere the prairie had its boundaries, mountains or hills or rivers, or forests; there the eye sought for an obstruction, but sought in vain. No mountain, no hill, no stream, no tree, no house, or hut, or tent—not even a stone or a shrub—checked the vision as it wandered west, east, north and south for a break in the interminable sea of grass. The vast solitude was more impressive than the waste of waters which we subsequently gazed on from the mountains of British Columbia, as we watched the distant ship calmly resting on the Pacific-painted vessels on a painted ocean.

We reached Calgary too late at night to disembark. Availing ourselves of our "lie over" power, our car was hauled switchback, and we remained "at anchor." We invaded this beautiful and really surprising town at an early hour and had morning prayers in the pretty church. The convener sustained his character by gathering us together, and I question if the rector, Rev. S. P. Smith, ever before had so large a congregation at early mass—perhaps he never had early mass at all. After seeing as much as possible of the town we re-embarked at 2 p.m. I hope to give further attention to this rising town in a future letter. I must hasten and get into the mountains. At last! At last! In ten minutes we were flying along the noble Bow, and now was opened a scene of beauty so remarkable that I must attempt its description. But I must at this, the portal of the astounding scenery of the "Mighty Rockies," and the beginning really of my account of our trip, necessarily declare that "me judicis non" words supplied by the English language are able to describe, and no combination of colors supplied by the artist's studio are able to paint the extraordinary beauty of the valley of the Bow. This portion of the Rockies is but little known, for it is rarely if ever mentioned by travellers. The trains both west and east pass through the general course of the Bow. The river takes its rise at the Summit, 117 miles from Calgary. Here is found a small lake, about, I believe, two miles in length, and quite narrow. From one, its eastern, side a portion of its waters trickle down the mountain and quickly broaden into the Bow, which flows through its valley, some times half a mile, some times three miles wide. Its course is sometimes straight, and on these occasions the current is rapid, but its distinctive character is that of a quiet, slowly moving stream, wandering from side to side of the beautiful valley, and being constantly checked by its meanderings by the strong barriers of the "everlasting hills," which, like walls of iron, turn its course as often as it fathoms on their frowning masses.

But I must not run too heavily on your space. I will therefore give you an account of the Bow river valley, and of the marvellous beauties of the Banff district in my

On the morning of Friday, August 12, there was a race among the members of the party. We had spent the night in our comfortable car, but at day-break the sound of moving was heard. We had arranged to spend all the day "doing" the springs and the park, returning to our mailing home in the evening and leaving for the west the next morning. We straggled to the sanitarium, a very pleasant and excellent house, owned by Drs. Orton and Brett, for breakfast—some on foot, some by the bus, some early, some late—as suited our moods or walking powers, and in this way the imposing extent of our party, headed by the convener and his five clerics and ornamented by eight ladies was not seen by the outside public. On entering the dining room for breakfast I was met by the cheerful greeting, so pleasant to a stranger in a strange place, "How do you do, Mr. Leggo?" The voice was that of an old art friend, Mr. Ball Smith, who, with a number of brother artists, had spent the summer in sketching throughout the Rockies. An hour later I was introduced to one of these gentlemen, Mr. Day of Kington, Ont., who had already sent several finished paintings to England. Of Mr. O'Brien, president of the Canadian Royal Academy, I heard, but although still in the mountains, sketching and painting, no one seemed to know his precise habitat. I was immediately voted a "laid" associate by Mr. Smith and Mr. Day, and armed with my sketch book, I went forth, under their guidance. They knew precisely where to find the best views, and I was thus saved the loss of valuable time. Five minutes brought us to the falls of the Spray, a comparatively small, but tumultuous stream which enters into the Bow a short distance below these falls. Mr. Smith was at work on a view of the mountains, having the falls as his foreground and was finishing his work on the ground. This is really the only way to produce a good picture, for no matter how brilliant the genius or powerful the imagination, they are dull and weak compared with nature as she actually is in this paradise of painters. Mr. Day wandered away and got lost—to me, at least, in the mists of this wonderful park and though he had very kindly expressed a willingness to show me all the world he could find, when we returned to the sanitarium, I, with very great regret, was unable to see him again. Mr. Smith directed me to a point, whence about every artist has sketched and, finding the view one, the like of which I never saw and have not seen since, I sketched it. Its reproduction in a large oil—or, shall I rather say, a rough attempt at its reproduction will be made when I get home, but you may form some idea of the exquisite beauty of the scene when I repeat the exclamation of Mr. O'Brien, when urged by Mr. Stewart, the resident engineer of the park, to paint it—"What, Mr. Stewart, paint that view! No, sir; no man can paint it, and as for myself, I shall not attempt the impossible!" You will, therefore, understand that when you see my rendering of the scene, you will see a performance which, as compared with the original picture, as painted by nature herself, will be a Silhouette to a Madonna by Raphael. While engaged on my sketch a number of our party found their way to where I was sitting. Mr. Howell, after gazing at the scene, said, "Mr. Leggo, may I venture to give you some advice?" "Certainly, Mr. Howell, especially as you will charge me no fee for it." He smiled that smile which so softens the judges and numerous the juries and said, "Do not paint the water of that little lake as green as it is; in fact if you do, people will say it is entirely too highly colored." Mr. Howell's remark was correct and, I may add, that no painter possesses the pigments sufficiently powerful or sufficiently delicate to place on canvas the extraordinary effects of light, shade and color abounding in myriads in the Rocky Mountains. As I desire to say something kindly of each member of our delightful party, I wish here to mention that, needing some pins to fasten the sheets of my sketching paper, I applied to the ladies who were passing. The only one who had any to spare was Mrs. Mathewson, and I publicly thank her for the opportune assistance so kindly afforded me! Having finished my sketch I was on my way to the sanitarium for luncheon, when, while passing a pretty rustic dwelling, I was hailed by a lady, who turned out to be Mrs. Stewart, wife of the chief engineer of the park, a lady whom my excellent wife had specially directed me to see and revive pleasant memories. I had determined to find out Mrs. Stewart in obedience to this conjugal command, and lo! here she found me out as Mr. Fortin would

Mr. Burrow, that virtue hath its reward." I was commanded by Mrs. Stewart to come into her "shanty"—a very pretty summer residence, and have a cup of tea, adding "a number of your party are here." Of course, the combination of conjugal commands, the personal desire to see an old friend, my own party, and last, and I am ashamed to say, not least, the cup of tea, was irresistible and I joined a very merry party. After eating and drinking our hearty hostess, I fear, nearly out of bread, butter and tea, we separated—I, to find my way to the springs by "short cut," pointed out to me by Mr. Stewart, on Shanks's mare, the other by the aristocratic means of well-appointed chaises. The springs are about three miles from the sanitarium, and are perched up on the sides of a mountain about 1,000 feet above its level. But by the "short haul" of Mr. Stewart I was to travel but two miles. I started and the route taking me near the new mammoth hotel of the C.P.R., I went through it. I will notice it in a future letter. I then resumed my search for the springs by the "short cut." It involved the crossing of the mountain by a foot path and to ensure safety, the trees were bisected. Still, I lost my way twice, and at one time fairly abandoned the attempt. But shame gave me courage, and I resolved upon a third trial, even if I should be found like another "Ebbe in the Wood" covered with leaves by the robins of the neighbourhood. You must understand that my way lay through a dense forest of pines. Nothing could be seen in front, in the rear, below, or above you, but the everlasting pines. Even the sky was hidden, the path was slippery from the fallen leaves, it was constantly ascending, and I was compelled many times to sit down and gather breath. I could hear not a sound, not a bird twitted, not a squirrel was seen, no voice of man came to me, not even the sound of a mountain rill. So dismal, desolate, painful and lengthy a two miles I hope never again to travel. They were certainly ten. Whee, at last, faint with fatigue and foot-sore, I emerged from the darkness. I found myself face to face with a stream of hot, mineral water gushing from the rock at the rate, it is said, of 1,500,000 gallons per day. It was very provoking to see perched several hundred feet above me, and comfortably sitting on benches Mr. Stewart, the Conover, Mr. Tidou and Mr. Brough. They had taken the path while I was inspecting the hotel, and had arrived long before me. They waived their handkerchiefs from their eagle's nests, and I slowly, and painfully managed to reach them. But, what a sight! I forgot all my pains, absorbed by the majestic beauty of a scene, which, alone,

is worth a journey from Winnipeg to enjoy. And now, I will sit by Mr. Stewart, and give you some idea of this lovely park. We were sitting above the rift in the mountains whence this valuable water issues, and an opening in the chain enabled the eye to reach a range, distant between twenty and thirty miles. At first, the peaks seemed to form a barrier across the line of vision as though they were cut out of paper, but suddenly the change in the position of a cloud disclosed the existence of a number of peaks. The most distant ones were of an inconceivably delicate, almost invisible grey, and by closely watching the ever varying shades of colour, it was seen, that there existed in the range an infinity of features, valleys, snow-slides and patches of verdure. The beautiful greys, turned, sometimes into cobalts, then into ultra-marines, then into what women sometimes term pale mouse colours, then into light purples, then into a variety of deep purples, varied by patches of snow, shining with dazzling brilliancy in the sun, and in the nearer distance, by the soft yellows and pinkish tints of the shrubs, grass and lichens which deck the forbidding masses of dark rock in their beautiful holiday attire. As the eye travels forward, we see, resting on the lower sides of the mountains, great belts of forest gloomy in a brownish purple dress; as we gaze, the scenes shift, the glooms dispel, the bright rays of the sun turn the dark browns and purples into a subdued but rich purplish green, and tip the tree tops in a solution of amber. Coming still nearer, the colours gain strength and yet retain the marvellous purity which is the despair of the painter. The greys become deeper, the forms of clumps of trees appear, a silver thread winding in graceful curves in the sun; now hidden behind a spur of the mountains; again visible sparkling in the sun light; again hidden by a line of purple forest, and then disappearing for ever on its long journey to the Saskatchewan. Again the eye brings us nearer to the Ryrie. We see a darker line, and we are told that this is Devil's Lake, a very considerable body of water. Now the eye travels over a space of many miles, and we see spreading out on either hand the enormous masses which form the middle distance, and the foreground of the majestic scene. The nearer they approach the lofier they grow, and now all the delicate colours of the distance with their kaleidoscopic changes deepen and strengthen. The mighty masses which in the far distance looked as light as gossamer, and as delicate as the bloom on a young girl's cheek, now begin to assume their real character. The masses are overpoweringly by the ideas of immensity, infinite strength, adamantine hardness, and endless existence which these huge collections of rock evince. The sublime imagery of the inspired writers who speak of the "Everlasting Hills," cannot be adequately understood, until such wonderful ranges as are found in the Rocky Mountains are seen. The frowning peak, at times dark, gloomy and threatening, defying the elements for ages past, and to defy them for ages to come, seem almost strong enough to defy even the God who made them. After gazing at the scene for some time, I pointed to a hill, over which we were looking, and also to a peak apparently a short distance beyond it, and said to Mr. Stewart: "I was told at the Santia that this hill was 1,200 feet high, but that the peak was 5,000. I refused to believe it, for the one seemed almost as high as the other." "Well," he replied, "you were correctly informed. You see that you are now looking over the top of the hill, while the peak is evidently far above our altitude." "Then," I answered, "there is some optical illusion." "Yes," he said, "there is, and it is this: To an insipient eye, the hill and the peak seem close together, while in fact, the hill is two miles distant from where we are sitting, and the

peak seven." He informed me that the park is 26 miles in length, and 10 miles wide: that he had directed to be taken many hundreds of instrumental measurements of the heights of the various peaks and hills, and that the figures given in the various official publications were strictly accurate. Mr. Stewart has made surprising progress in cutting roads through the forests—building roads and bridges, and giving facility of access and view to the tourist. I asked him how much money parliament had voted for this year's expenditure. He replied, "\$15,000." "But," I said, "this is surely inadequate." "Oh yes—we need votes of \$50,000 per year for three years at least, and then we shall be able to develop the extraordinary beauty of the park with a tolerable degree of fullness—and there is no doubt whatever that with liberal grants it may be made absolutely the most beautiful place in the whole world."

But I must complete my account in my next. I have not yet reached the Kicking Horse Pass; nor have I told you how Mr. Brough, after bathing three times in the hot water of the springs, became so strong that he was able to lift himself off the floor by pulling up the back part of his trousers; nor how Mr. O'Loglinha's usually pale face, after similar immersion, became as rosy as the sun in a mist-beaming with good nature, and love to all men.

I am still sitting with Mr. Stewart above the mineral water flowing in a large stream from the mountain side. Banff and the park are, in the eastern mind, absorbed in the idea that the springs are the chief attraction, but they are a part only of the constituents which will always render this portion of the Northwest an irresistible power drawing tourists to its beauties. The medicinal qualities of the water will perhaps never cease to attract invalids, but the extraordinary charms of the country will, from year to year, increase as they are developed by the work of the engineer and the landscape gardener and, even should the springs dry up, the wondrous labyrinth of mountains and valley, forest and glade, hill and dale, river and rill, torrent, falls and rapids, must for all time render Banff one of the most delightful retreats in the world for the jaded and the tired, the feeble and the invalid, the discontented and the envious, as well as for the strong and healthy admirer of the beauty of nature. Mr. Stewart is evidently the right man in the right place. An experienced engineer, possessing an artistic and aesthetic taste, courteous to strangers and affable with all, he is an enthusiast in his admiration of this lovely spot which it is his duty and delight to develop. The more the people of Canada may see of this valuable heritage, the prouder will they become of it, and the more willing will they be to expend the sum requisite to render it the show spot of the continent.

I do not propose to give any account of springs or the cures or of the curative powers of the waters. I write chiefly for the strong—for such men as Mr. Brough, Mr. Howell, Mr. Mathewson and the conister, for the robust rector of All Saints, rejoicing in a rich exuberance of health and strength, for the cheery and vigorous Mr. Wilcox, for the quiet but sturdy philosopher of our party, Rev. Mr. Lewis, who proved by an algebraic process to the discomfiture of Mr. Fenton, that 2 plus 2 equal 2 and not 4; and for the wiry and never fatigued Mr. Cooper. For young Mr. Dumas, whose feeble health drew forth our warm sympathy, and for all who are ill, I point to the crutch nailed to a tree, near the gushing stream, over which is an inscription, whose exact words I regret I did not note, but whose tenor may be rendered thus—"Rheumatism gave me this—the waters took it from me."

While sauntering about, waiting for an opportunity to take a bath, I saw a gentle-

man moving freely along, assisted by a lady, his companion. Recognizing them as the Hon. Mr. McKenzie and Mrs. McKenzie, I accosted them, and after a melancholy pleasure in reviving the old A.W.'s memories of 1875. Though I never agreed with his policy of Mr. McKenzie, I always respected him and while I never disagreed with his wife, I always admired her. I saw in Ottawa that she was a tower of strength to him in his public career, through her gentle and kindly character in the social circles of the capital. And now, when the power of a Chief Minister had ceased and health was failing, it was to me a beautiful sight to see the tender care of the loving wife smoothing the passage of the feeble companion of her life down the path which has but one ending.

Each member of our party, I am sure, felt an acute pleasure in their brief visit to Banff, for there was delightful occupation for all. But before saying adieu I must notice an annoying error of the architect or builder of the C.P.R. hotel, or both. This beautiful and enormous building has been placed hind part foremost. The front, with its spacious balconies, designed to accommodate many hundreds of guests, looks on the dull and prosaic side of the mountain, while the magnificent view which I have attempted to describe, can only be seen from the rear of the edifice, where are placed the kitchen, laundry and other domestic conveniences of the house. The error is a very serious one and its correction will involve a large outlay; but the travelling public will rebel against the monstrous arrangement, and the C.P.R. Co. will be compelled, metaphorically, to turn the building around.

Twenty two o'clock found us all in our car. In the morning at 3 o'clock we were to be taken on by the express on our way west. At five o'clock we would be at Laggan; at 5.25 at Stephen, the summit of the Rockies and the entrance of the celebrated Kicking Horse Pass; and at 6.22 we would be due at Field, which may be considered the foot of the terrible canyon. It was a dark, gloomy morning, and a miasma Baldwin engine, having eight driving wheels, double beaks, air and steam, weighing ninety tons and looming up like an immense elephant, being attached, we cautiously entered the portals of this veritable gate of hell. Dore should paint this canyon as an additional illustration of Dante's Inferno. It would put to shame even his rich imagination. The gloom of early and dull morning enhanced the dark purple hue of the dell, as we found ourselves slowly descending the heaving grade known to engineers, into a cavern, deep, almost black, hemmed in by the towering mountains, which, if possible, looked more bleak and foreboding than the vale into which we were, with infinite caution, and hesitating motion, warily creeping. At one moment we could see the river, fairly racing, boiling, foaming and leaping, as if all the devils of the Inferno were lashing it into fury. In an instant it would disappear, hidden by a spur of the mountains, but we could hear its roar as it was dashingly its infuriated way to the west. A moment ago, and it would dash off for an instant, and then seem to hide its demons behind immense masses of the foliage of the tall pines, whose dark tops we could see far below us. It was a terrific scene. In suddenly we tightened our hold on the iron supports of the car, and we turned with bated breath to see the faithful engine, as if conscious of the terrible path they were threading, and the enormous responsibility of their position, slowly moving far below us, leading, not drawing, the long train of coaches, which was twisting and turning like an enormous serpent. Disper we descend, darker it grows, louder do we hear the roar, and dashing, and hissing of the waters. We look up. Heavens! What a sight. The towering masses of rock look like adamant; they seem to have moved

towards each other, as if to crush us between their flinty sides, so narrow does the pass at times become. One can readily fancy them Titans placed to guard this entrance to a charmed world, and resenting, but with impotent rage, the invisible advance of civilization. The peaks were obscured by a mist which added a mysterious solemnity to the scene. As the eye dropped down the reared and blackened sides, the clefts and rents appeared from which the enormous blocks which at various points strewed the steep ascent by our side had been torn. An eagle would have flown frightened from the forbidding rocks, which, built in almost perpendicular ranges seemed to afford standing room, insufficient even for a snowflake. At many points, the usual garb of stunted pines, or small shrubs, was absent, and the rugged masses of rock sank straight down into the churning waters, boiling and rushing with headlong speed to the lower levels of the valley. Down, down we creep. The dreadful silence of the pass was broken only by the varying sounds of the water as it dashed at our feet, or roared below us in the open spaces, or moaned and moaned through the black patches of forest which frequently hid it from our sight. Down!

Slow down! How anxiously we watch our faithful engines! To love and revere a locomotive, and to cherish the driver as a brother, one must pass through the Rockies. Hundreds of lives were hanging like a thread on their strength and skill. As we looked, we saw far below us the regular rise and fall of the cranks, and we felt that the engines were going surpassing the strength of any described in the Arabian Nights, and as faithful as the guide of Christian through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. On we go! Here and there we pass scenes of confusion inextricably confounded of a labyrinth of rocks, stones, stumps, broken trees, crushed pieces, dead giants torn from their roots by storms, or buried from the mountain sides by avalanches of snow, or by the immense masses of stone which were lying by their sides. Acres of these tangled collections of broken and dead or dying material had been cut through by the persistent engineer, and we could see where fragments dislodged from the lofty sides of the mountains, weighing hundreds of tons, had crashed their way through the forest, leaving the pines bent, broken and wrenched by the roots from their rocky beds, and had sunk themselves deep in the yielding earth. Some were hoary with age and covered with lichens of the most beautiful colors. Some were lying over trees they had stricken to death in their headlong fall, some had trees lying over them, some were deep in the ground stopped by trees whose roots they had dragged from the soil; some were almost hidden by a maze of blackened trunks, which a mountain fire had laid low and left to certain destruction by the rains and the snows and the ice, and the tempests which for ages will continue to howl and hold dreadful reverie in this fearful pass. At last a pause is had. We reach a portion of the road where the river is comparatively placid and the mountain open out. The terrible strain on the nerves is relaxed; men break more freely; the grasp on the iron guards is loosened; frightened women, who have shrank back from the appalling sights disclosed by the windows of the car, regain their courage; the sun breaks out for a moment and lights up the great peaks in a glorious dress, and we fancy we have conquered the Titan guardians of the pass. But 'tis for a moment only. Again we hear the rush and the roar; again the rocks grow black and terrible; and again we pass through the ordeal I have but faintly attempted to describe. But we are approaching Field, the terminus of the canyon of the Kicking Horse, having travelled twelve miles from the summit. Here we found breakfast, and one of the

three really beautiful dining room stations erected by the C. P. R. on the route through the Rockies—the other two being at Glacier and North Bend. The buildings are all on the same plan—extremely handsome and well finished—and the meats and table service equal to the best American hotels. On enquiry, I found that tourists can obtain full hotel accommodation for \$3 per day, and I know of no better way of seeing the Rockies than by "stepping over" at these luxuriant hosteries, and making excursions from them. Donald is, I believe, considered to be at the base of the Rockies proper, and the valley between them and the Selkirk range, extending about seventeen miles, brings us to the crest of this greatest of all the ranges. We now enter an entirely new style of scenery. We miss the distant views and the flowing rivers which render the park so charming, and we see nothing of the frightful canyon of the Kicking Horse, but we meet with a quiet and serene grandeur which calms and elevates. The grand peaks rising to the height of 5,000 feet, whose tops were frequently enveloped by a gauzy cloud seemed to be a supernaturally dignified priesthood of a religion whose votaries were divines. I was constantly constrained to fancy their lofty heads bathed in light, as the embodiment of the devotional sentiment, intended for a reverence for the Great Maker of this wonderful region, whose depth was insatiable, and whose wisdom was incomprehensible. Divines may attempt eloquently to describe the majesty of the Great Power, but the silent peaks of the Rockies make them mute, for they are the most eloquent exponents of infinitimacy and everlasting. These eternal priests have for untold ages raised their lofty heads in silent adoration of Him who is Alpha and Omega, and, for ages yet to roll over the world, they will in similitude point man to the same God, and command him with as authority as dare not dispute, to bow down before His power, and adore His marvellous works. Pictures? Did I say? Would that the little things which I find on this appallingly grand plateau would take for their example the wonderful penitance of the "Everlasting" hills! They know no pictures—they tend to nothing which is small or trifling or ignoble—they dream of no narrowness, they are not divided in their adoration, and though each priest is robed in his own light no one can take offence, or even criticise the robes of his associate. But I fear I am treading on dangerous ground, and though these were the thoughts inspired by our progress through the Rockies, I must not obtrude them where they may do more harm than good.

We soon arrived at Roger's pass, the summit of the range, and at about noon we were comfortably seated at dinner in the charming Swiss chalet of the C.P.R. I must stop at this point and conclude by giving you the reply of our "philosopher" to a remark of one of the party who regretted that while passing through some of the most striking scenes he was with his pipe in his mouth. "Ah well," he said, "I lost smoking, for my dreams were far more gorgeous than your realities."

Glacier is named after the icy wonder found at this spot. It is really a valley filled with ice, which is said to be 300 feet thick in the center. It is, of course, a conspicuous object and is visited by thousands of tourists, who remain a day or more at the excellent hotel. Fifteen minutes walk brings you to the foot of the ice, and though one may clamber up the ledges, very few attempt it. Sitting on the platform of the hotel you may sit it very well and you may enjoy a drowsy view from the same position, such one of which would make the forces of a good painter. The bewildering profusion of beauty in these mountains is simply astonishing. Language is utterly and hope-

leasly inadequate to describe it. One may sit in a revolving chair on the platform and, without moving his seat, may enjoy opposite scenes around him, which would occupy a painter months in attempting to place on canvas. I use the word "attempting" designedly and with conviction, for no man can paint them.

On my return from the coast I found at Glacier Mr. Bell Smith, whom I left at Banff. In speaking of our trip I said, "Why, Mr. Smith, it would take an artist many years to sketch through the line of the C. P. R."

"Yes," he replied, "he might spend a whole year in sketching only the scenes from the platforms on which we are standing."

Mr. Smith subsequently, at Calgary, told me that while at Glacier he saw one of those magnificent atmospheric effects of light and shade, which are so frequent in the mountains, but which are the despair of artists. One, unaccustomed to such scenery, can really form no adequate conception of the astonishing—the absolutely bewildering profusion—of these effects. From early morn to far into the evening the colors are constantly changing. Clouds of densities, infinitely varying, are perpetually passing over the snow capped peaks and the deep valleys, producing colors from the most delicate of purples and grays to the most glowing crimson and orange—blues from the faintest cobalt to the richest ultramarine—greens from the palest of sage to the darkest of chrome—yellows from the almost imperceptible tints to the haviest of auroræ—and these are always moving, ever restless, ever forming new combinations—often so fleeting that the sketcher dashes down his paper in despair. The scene which Mr. Bell attempted to place on paper was one of these now marvelously beautiful, but fleeting combinations of color. Before going further I must tell you that sketching at the Glacier was a French artist of high standing, who had come all the way from Paris on purpose to make sketches in the Rockies—an example of enterprise I respectfully commend to the notice of his Canadian and British brethren. This gentleman, M. Gaston Roulet, happened to be sitting by Mr. Smith on the platform, watching Mount Donald, the peak of the park almost in front of the hotel, and one of the loftiest in the range, when suddenly a gauzy, snowy cloud passed slowly across the face of the mountain, a little below the top, which was capped by a canopy of snow. The sun burst out from behind a dark, purple cloud which had momentarily concealed him; and, in an instant, the peak was bathed in a flood of light, which, being confined to the very head of the mountain and, falling on the snow, which sparkled like a crown set in myriads of diamonds, formed a corona of brilliants and gemmæ, which struck dumb with admiration and delight even the imagination of the brilliant Frenchman.

"Ah!" cried Mr. Smith, "let us sketch that."

"A ha!" ejaculated his companion. "A ha; c'est impossible." And he refused to make the attempt.

Subsequently, after Mr. Smith had worked up his sketch, he showed it to M. Roulet, who was so pleased with it that he called the French Admiral, Count —, I really forget his name, but you had him with you in Winnipeg to inspect it, and they both expressed their surprise that the scene could be so adequately rendered. Now, multiply that view by millions and, if you can grasp the idea, you may form some conception of the infinite beauties of the Rocky Mountains.

I may here mention that, during this summer, the following artists have been busily at work in the Rockies: Mr. O'Brien, Toronto, President of the Royal Canadian Academy; Mr. Matthews, Toronto, treasurer; Mr. Bell Smith, Toronto; Mr. T. M.

Martin, Toronto; Mr. Day, Kingston; M. Roulet, Paris, France; and Mr. Atkinson, Scotland. The numbers will double increase yearly, for no better field for the landscape painter can be found in the world.

At Glacier we met His Lordship the Bishop of Vernon and Mrs. Baldwin, who were returning from the coast. If his hearers should discover an increased fervor, a lifted tone, or a more magnificent breadth in the future sermons of this really admirable man, they will know that His Lordship has been drinking inspiration from the majestic procession of priests—the mountain of the Rockies—among whom he has beenjourning, and with whom he has been worshipping.

I should perhaps have noticed the famous "loop." By this device an ascent of 600 feet is obtained within a distance of two miles; and also the Stony Creek trestle, 200 feet high, said to be the highest railway trestle in the world. But these works of the C.P.R., remarkable as they are as monuments of engineering boldness and skill, are dwarfed by the mountains, which have made them necessary and, as I am writing, not a guide book, but the thoughts and feelings of a tourist, through a route unequalled for extent and variety of beauty, by any scenery on the face of the globe, I pass by many objects of interest, which will be found fully described in the numerous publications devoted to that purpose.

At Illecillewaet, eighteen miles from the summit, we may be said to have descended the western slope of the Selkirks, and we now enter the territory of the Columbias, Thompson and the Fraser rivers. Until we reach near Kamloops, a distance of nearly 150 miles, we are passing through scenery of the most striking beauty, but essentially different from any we have yet seen. The canyons are as terrible as that of the Kicking Horse, but the dark forests and the dense underbrush of that pass are not now seen. Instead, we have the great mountain masses of rock, so hard, so precipitous and so inaccessible, that one stands appalled at the dizzy heights, and narrow ledges along which we move. The road at times seems as though suspended in the air. The ledge on which it runs is frequently but a few feet wider than its bed, and while above we see the mountain sides, we look up into and sometimes three thousand feet, where we see the immense masses of rock threatening to crush us, below we look a thousand feet sheer down to the seething waters threatening to engulf us. Some of our ladies were brave enough to sit on the rear platform of the car, at places where, with a rod ten feet long, they could touch the rock shooting up into the sky, and with another, they could touch the extreme edge of a precipice a thousand feet deep. It is well that but few travellers actually sit the frigid position frequently assumed by the train. The heart almost ceases to beat when the giddy height at which we are speeding along at fifteen or twenty miles per hour is recognized, or the awful precipice below is fully observed. The stern, unrelenting iron face of the moon also makes the heart to fail, and a feeling of utter helplessness and despair seems the only fitting condition for puny man when brought face to face with his Maker as exhibited in these His incomely wooden works. You may have read, I may read, and thousands of others have read, the numerous accounts of the mountains scattered through newspapers, magazines and books, but they are all dumb. They are at the lips of infants, or as the prothals of children. We have all seen the works of the photographer in the Rockies, but it is as a schoolboy's scratching on a slate. Nothing can describe the mountains but the mountains themselves. No one can paint them, except He who made them. I saw nothing of the miles of snowbirds, or of

the numerous tunnels formed in the cascades. They, too, are monuments of skill and persistent labor, but they are as nothing compared with the great ranges which constitute the chain of the Rocky mountains. It will probably be hundreds of years before they are fully explored, so vast is the system. There are two points in the Cascades, which I desire to notice; one is called the Albert canyon, seven miles beyond Illecillewaet, and the other is known as the Gate. The Albert canyon seems to be a final effort of nature to intensify all that is frightful. It is so remarkable that the train stopped a quarter of an hour to enable the passengers to inspect it. It is said to be two hundred feet deep from the level of the road, and the mountains shoot up at a very slight angle to a height of at least two thousand feet. The bottom does not appear to be more than ten or twelve feet wide, while the opening at the top is certainly not over thirty. The sides are broken, projecting and jagged masses of almost black rock tortured into a thousand shapes. The canyon twists and turns in a most extraordinary manner, and the whole is so crooked and broken and distorted as to defy description. It is quite impossible to describe the feeling of wonder and awe inspired by this deep, dark cavern, at the bottom of which we see the river boiling and rushing along with the speed of a racehorse. We hear its roar long before we reach it, and when we see it fairly leaping in its rage and maste, imprisoned by the black walls of the cruel-looking mountains, the blood freezes, and the beating of the heart almost ceases. The Gate may be described thus: Fancy the river foaming and surging through the canyon where it is hundred feet deep, and say thirty feet wide at the bottom. Suddenly we see two walls of dark rock each about two feet thick, twenty feet high, and ten feet wide, jutting out from each side of the canyon immediately opposite each other, leaving a space of ten feet open in the centre of the canyon. This is the Gate, and through it the pent up river roars with increased noise and turbulence. If the waters were mad before, they are delirious and frenzied now as they dash with a horrid fury against the solid walls, which seem able to defy their rage for all the ages to come. I am familiar with the rapids above the falls of Niagara, and though the volume of water is greater than that brought down either by the Thomson or the Fraser, there is no comparison between the vehemence and unbridled madness of these canyons and the comparatively quiet of the rapids. At about Yale the canyon regime ceases, and we enter the lovely champagne country leading to Vancouver. We arrived at this rising town at 14 on Sunday, 21st August. The clerical portion of our party left us at New Westminster junction. We were to meet again at Victoria on Monday evening. I regret very much that I did not accompany my clerical friends on their visit to New Westminster, chiefly because it had an important influence on a question in which I take a deep interest, and I may as well dispose of that part of our trip in proper order of time. Mr. Pentreath, the convener of the committee appointed by the synod of Canada, and the Bishop of British Columbia on the subject of the federation of the whole church in British North America, had brought with him the resolution under which he was acting, and he was wholly determined to avail himself of our trip, formally to lay it before the British Columbia bishops in person. Dr. St. John, Bishop of New Westminster, was in England, but he was represented by his commissary, Archdeacon Wood. On reaching New Westminster Mr. Pentreath lost no time in waiting on the Archdeacon, accompanied by all his clerical companions. These composed a formidable deputation, and when the object of their visit was explained and the resolutions presented, Dr. Wood expressed, in warm and moving terms, the great pla-

sure he had to receiving so influential a deputation, presenting so important a body as the Provincial Synod of Rupert's Land. He said that during a residence of over twenty years in British Columbia he had never seen so many clergymen from the east at one time; that the object of their visit had their deepest sympathy and approval; that he would immediately send the resolution to his Bishop, and beg him to stay over at Winslow on his way home, and confer with the metropolitan of Rupert's Land on the subject.

So far, therefore, as this diocese is concerned, it may be confidently assumed that it will at once enter into the federation of the church.

I expect to conclude my wanderings in my next.

W.M. LEGGO.

(No. VI.)

At Vancouver we found the Parthia, with her cargo of tea and curios. She is a first-class steamer, on which a voyage to Asia could be made with all the comforts of a trip through the Rockies. We lost no time in getting on board the Yosemite, which took us to Victoria in about six and one-half hours. I was surprised at the size and superior accommodation of this steamer. She is quite equal to the best steamers plying on Lake Ontario or between Montreal and Quebec. We had about 200 passengers, so that you see there is much movement in that part of the world. On arriving at Victoria we endeavored—or, rather, those who had no friends to take them in, and I was one of these—endeavored to obtain accommodation at the Orian House, a hotel equal to any in Toronto, and, so far as the cuisine is concerned, I am told, superior to any in the Dominion. But they were full and we went to the Clarence. I desire especially to speak well of this excellent house. It is comparatively new. It is a large four-story brick building and is fitted up with all the modern appliances, elevator, electric light, bath, with their usual accommodations for ladies and gentlemen on each floor, a large and handsome dining-room, a spacious and well-furnished drawing-room, a well-supplied table, and courtesy and prompt attention for every one. Mr. Richards, the proprietor, and his assistants are constantly on the alert, anticipating the wishes of their guests. Three dollars per day is a very reasonable charge for these luxuries.

Our party was now practically broken up. Monday morning found us all cleaned from the grime of railway and steamer, and each intent on amusing himself in his own way. For myself, I was a vagrant and a tramp. I had no lady to give me respectability and no friends in the city to place me under the aegis of their hospitality. The clerical portion of our party would not arrive from New Westminster until eight or nine in the evening.

I desired first to see Esquimalt, or rather, to see the ships of war in their harbor. Esquimalt is, it is said, the finest harbor on the coast. It has an entrance easily fortified, a bay large enough to hold the fleets of the world and deep enough to allow them to lie touching the rocks of the shore. Victoria has no harbor and its waters are shallow. Esquimalt, therefore, is the naval station of Britain on this coast. There were at the moment three ships of war at Esquimalt—the Triumph, an ironclad of 6,000 tons, the flagship of the Admiral of the Pacific squadron, Sir Hicks Seymour, who was then on board; the Caroline and the Cornwallis. Esquimalt is four miles north of Victoria, on the western or south-western side or end of the Island of Vancouver and looks across the straits of San Juan de Fuca. After breakfast, I took my sketch book and started for Esquimalt. Fortunately I found an excellent plank walk all the way. I trudged on, but oh! the dust! Everything was literally coated with the white dust formed from the limestone of which the whole island seems to be composed. Victoria is evidently placed on a limestone rock and its soil appears to be the accumulations of ages of deposit and vegetable decay. I passed through dust everywhere—dust before me, dust behind me, dust on my right, dust on my left, dust above floating in the air and invading my eyes, my mouth and nostrils, and dust below me destroying the polish of my boots—an important matter, as I had cleaned them myself—and the texture of my trousers. Dust covered the trees, the flowers, the vegetables, the crops, if there were any, for I saw none—and all nature, animate and inanimate, was enshrouded in the ubiquitous dust. I had almost reached the dockyard, when observing a pretty church, I entered the porch and on the inside door I read this written notice: "The stranger who enters this church is desired to offer up three short

prayers—one for himself, one for the congregation who worship here, and one for the priest who worships with us." I couldn't resist this touch of piety, and, having entered the church and obeyed it, I walked forward towards the altar. I saw in a moment I was in a church whose ornaments had come from England. Though the building was plain and the woodwork rough the appearances were rich and finished. The reredos was a fine specimen of English taste. On it were a handsome brass cross, a pair of handsome candlesticks and two richly cut flower vases. There were three memorial windows in the best styles of stained glass, beautifully worked banners and a brass cross placed on a rod seven feet long, affixed to the central cross. I never saw such an ornament before. I found on enquiry that it was a memorial cross carried before the choir on occasions. There was a small kneeling desk in front of the chancel where the litany is said much needed in All Saints' the door a handsome font of C present from friends in England. I was admiring this pretty picture I turned my head and saw, sitting in the vestry, a clergyman who had evidently been observing me. When I turned he saluted me. I advanced when he said, "I remember your face, sir, very well. We met three years ago in the Provincial Synod at Winnipeg. I am Rev Mr. Boulton—and you are?"

"Mr. Leggo," I said.
"Ah! yes, I recollect very well. And now," he continued, "pray sit down. I can't tell you how delighted I am to see you. Visitors from Winnipeg are infrequent here and when they come we try and interest them."

I then told him the history of our party, when he suddenly cried out, "Is Tudor with you?" When I told him that he was he expressed unbounded delight and said he would go instantly to Victoria and bring him up to stay with him. Finding that I had no engagement, he said, "I have planned it all. Come and have luncheon with me. I will then take you in a boat and we will do the harbor. You shall visit the Triumph and the other ships of war and at 4 o'clock we will go to Victoria, dine, and then meet the members of your party coming from New Westminster. I will bring Tudor, and he shall remain with me." This was all done as nearly as possible. He rowed me about the harbor, we landed on the "Brothers," two small islands at the entrance, on one of which there have been for many years three heavy guns. We visited the Triumph, and Mr. Boulton, having sent for the chaplain to meet him at the foot of the stairs, it was arranged that at 12.30 next day our party should drive to the dockyard wharf, where the launch would meet and convey us to the ship. She was anchored about a quarter of a mile from the shore. After this delightful ramble on water, we walked to Victoria, but the steamer not arriving until late, Mr. Boulton returned to Esquimalt, promising to be at the hotel at 9.30 next morning. I cannot tell you how grateful I felt for the instant, cheery and most opportune hospitality of this young clergyman. He told me he was making strenuous efforts to get a parsonage built, which he intended should be a summer refuge for clergymen from the east. He is intensely active in church work, and is evidently very popular. I observed that he was always met with a pleasant smile by the young boys and girls, some of the latter being good sized girls, that the men were as courteous to him as the children, and that whenever he went he was met with pleasure and saluted with respect.

Tuesday morning found us on the qui vive. Our friends from New Westminster had arrived. Mr. Boulton joined us, and a little caucus being held, it was determined that he and Mr. Tudor should be a committee to wait on His Lordship Bishop Hill and ask him to meet the delegates, and formally receive from Mr. Pentreath the resolution of the synod. This was done. His Lordship fixed 11 o'clock for the interview, and at that hour the deputation wended their way to his house. The number of well-dressed gentlemen composing the procession attracted the attention of the citizens as we passed on, and certainly their visit was perhaps the most important

which has occurred among church quarters of a century. The bishop met us and very handsomely furnished dinner, and Mr. Boulton having presented each name the conference commenced. Mr. Pentreath gave a brief history of the federation movement, and explained the position of the provincial synods of Canada and Rupert's Land concerning it. He showed that these bodies, being the authoritative exponents of the minds of the church in the whole of British North America, saving only Newfoundland and British Columbia, had expressed a desire for a closer union of the various portions of the church. He explained that such a union, which had been designated a federation of the church, would be incomplete without British Columbia, and that therefore a committee had been appointed by the provincial synod of Rupert's Land, of which he was convenor, charged with the duty of conferring with the committee appointed by the provincial synod of Canada, and also with the Bishop of Rupert's Land, for the purpose of discussing the whole question

reporting the result of their joint action in their respective synods. Mr. Pentreath explained that taking advantage of the

opportunity he brought with him the resolution passed by it, which he then formally presented to His Lordship. He then suggested that, as the committee would probably meet in Montreal during the autumn, it was important that British Columbia, with her three dioceses, should be represented at the meeting, either by delegates from British Columbia, or by gentlemen in Montreal authorized to act for them. His Lordship listened, greatly moved, with deep attention. The resolution was read to him, and a general discussion followed, in which a number of the delegates participated. The bishop then replied. He said the subject of federation had been fully discussed among them. They had watched the progress of the east and were quite prepared to take their part in it. He alluded to the great pleasure he had in receiving so large a delegation of influential gentlemen representing the provincial synod of Rupert's Land, and said it was a constant one in the life of the church. He approved of the movement and under it all the assistance

is given. He said that as yet British Columbia was divided into three distinct and independent dioceses, but that their union in a provincial synod had already been suggested, and that the visit would, doubtless, give vigor to the steps to be taken for that purpose. He promised to devote his early and earnest attention to this important preliminary step to entering federation. He ended by saying that he would immediately call together his executive committee, lay the resolution and the discussion of our conference before it, and act accordingly. The result he would communicate to Mr. Pentreath.

Our interview was thus most satisfactory. We had been met with open arms, both in New Westminster and Victoria. Two of the three dioceses had, so far as their authorities had power, pledged themselves to the principle of federation, and there is no doubt that the third will follow their example. Before dismissing us His Lordship took us into his garden, containing the largest and most beautiful collection of flowers I ever saw, and I was familiar with the exhibitions of the Hamilton horticultural society, one of the best in eastern Canada. In bidding him farewell, I said, "My lord, I do not say goodbye. I say only as rever, for I shall next see you at the first meeting of the general synod of the Anglican Canadian Church, which will be held in Victoria in a very few years." He smiled—a smile of hope, I believe—and I saw him no more.

I intended this to be my last letter—but old age must be coming on, for I find myself getting garrulous. But I must say something of Victoria, Esquimalt, the ships the guns, the dock, the dockyard, the cold, the want of fruit, the absence of agriculture, the Chinese, the fish, the pines, the cedar and the mines. Promising to squeeze all this in a final letter, I move "that this House do now adjourn," and I accordingly go to bed.

W.M. LEGGO.

a solitary Indian appears.

The car whistle blows. It is echoed by an hundred walls. The grandeur becomes terrific and even ferocious. The head grows weary, and the wanderer has a sense of his own insignificance, and probably seeks his bed at last to pray for a life of quietude and simple faith in God.

THE GREAT LONE LAND

ADAM BROWN, M.P., SAYS IT IS NOW A VERY LIVELY LAND.

The Wonderful Progress That Has Been Made in the Past Five Years, and Prospects of a Greater Advance in Future.

Adam Brown, M.P., returned yesterday from his pilgrimage through the great Northwest to British Columbia, having stayed over to visit friends at Calgary on the return trip, while Alex. McKay, M.P., his companion de voyage, parted with him. An interesting account of the trip was given to a reporter of this paper by Mr. McKay, who returned from a first visit to the lusty and fast developing regions beyond the great lakes, and gave his views based on the first experience of the country. With Mr. Brown it is different. He had visited the Northwest five years ago, and thoroughly examined the country as far west as Moosejaw, and consequently on the present trip he did not travel in the role of a "tenderfoot," to use the bright and breezy language of the woolly west—the unapostolized eastern man who is bound to be impressed, but he returned to the scene of his former visit prepared to make comparisons, to look over the ground in a calmly analytical spirit, and form his opinions from what he saw as to the sterling and permanent character of the advance the country has made since his former trip in 1883.

When speaking of the change that has taken place in the country over which he had passed five years ago, Mr. Brown said yesterday: "The contrast to my mind was simply wonderful. I was astonished at the change which has taken place since my last visit. Places like Brandon, Portage la Prairie, and Qu'Appelle, which were comparatively small and contained very few houses, are now fine thriving towns, doing a large and important trade. At places such as Vardon, Carberry, Oak Lake and similar points, where on my former visit there were not even stations, and only a few tents and houses beside the track, there are now busy and prosperous towns and villages, where we saw farmers bringing in their wheat and smiling cheerfully as they pocketed the big prices. As an instance, by the way, of the scale on which they farm out there it was mentioned to me at Portage la Prairie that on the day previous a son of Mr. McKenzie, who used to live in Puslinch, strolled into the market and announced that he had 'a wee packle wheat to sell.' The 'wee packle' was 15,000 bushels. Another case was mentioned to me of a Mennonite farmer, who had so little need of money that he allowed his crop of wheat to accumulate for four years, waiting for higher prices. It is said that all things come to those who watch and wait. Anyhow his patience was rewarded this season, and he pocketed \$42,000! These Mennonites are a remarkably industrious and thrifty people, and are among the most stable and prosperous elements of the population.

"Of course there are heavy losses to individual farmers by frost, but these are only to be counted among the ordinary risks, especially where the average return is so marvelously large. They can stand a bad crop once in a while. Why, I was told of the case of a farmer named Anderson who came there five years ago and was then positively in debt. He has now nearly \$40,000 in the bank. There's millions in it, frost or no frost. We examined many farms at Portage la Prairie, Brandon and Qu'Appelle, and had consequently a good opportunity of verifying that statement we heard. At the latter place we were the guests of Governor Royal, and he went to much trouble to show us the country and extended other kindnesses to us. Before leaving the subject of farming as carried on in this part of the territories I would like to mention the case of another farmer who went out there last year and took up a farm. It cost him exactly \$500 to till the land and grow his crop, and this fall his wheat brought him \$3,500. An English syndicate has purchased 100,000 acres west of Regina and are going farming on the wholesale plan. It will be an experiment of colossal proportions. There are many who

consider the prospects of success good, while others regard it as a problem yet to be solved whether farms on so large a scale is the right thing.

"But if the progress in the eastern part of the country has been great, the west has been advancing with Brobdingnagian strides. Calgary has grown marvelously, and its buildings are mostly substantial stone structures, with plate glass fronts. The streets are lit with electric light, and everything about the bright little town has a substantial and business-like air. The architectural styles of the buildings are deserving of more than ordinary notice because it is seldom in a town that I have seen such taste displayed, both in the public buildings and residences. A few years ago this town hardly existed; now it has two daily papers, and is shortly to have gas and a system of waterworks. Further west we came to Banff, with its fine hotel and the grand scenery of the National park. This park is being turned into a national resort by the government. It is in charge of Superintendent Stewart, a gentleman admirably fitted for the position he holds, and he is laying the park out in drives, etc., grottoes, bath-houses at the hot springs, and in other ways adding to the magnificent natural attractions of the place, which is twenty miles in extent, and lies on one of the most sublimely picturesque portions of the Rockies. We were, of course, astonished at the rapid growth and bustling activity of the Pacific slope, with its thriving and prosperous towns that are growing up with amazing suddenness, but the growth is a healthy and permanent development. The climate out there is delightfully balmy. We saw strawberries picked at Calgary, and on the other side of the mountains we found the flowers in bloom, though it was the middle of October.

"The timber industry of British Columbia is going to assume vast proportions in the near future. The commissioner of timber limits informed me that the timber is so magnificently large that three or four million feet can be cut off as many acres. The trade has hardly been opened up yet, but Peter McLaren and other Canadians, and Americans, too, are taking hold of it, and the industry will boom shortly. The government superintendents of mines, Mr. Pegoe, also informed me that the mountains are rich in mineral and it is but a question of time when the mines and timber of British Columbia will be the source of an immense trade which will feed the rapidly increasing traffic of the railway and bring wealth to those who invest the necessary capital. Speaking of the railway reminds me of the evidences of the building up of a vast transcontinental traffic which I noticed in traveling over the Canadian Pacific railway on this occasion. At Calgary I saw the last of a shipment of 5,000 castles from one ranch being put on board, and we passed in one day four trains loaded with tea en route for the east. These tea trains have the right of way over everything, and travel at an average rate of 35 miles an hour from ocean to ocean. The passenger trains run on splendid time. I am told that the company intend putting on a fast service that will shorten the transcontinental trip twenty hours, which with the fast Atlantic and Pacific steamship lines which are to follow will put this route immeasurably in advance of all others. You will, said Mr. Brown, have read my opinion of the progress of the town of Vancouver, it is another of the evidences incidental to the completion of the Canada Pacific railway. Hotel Vancouver is simply one of the finest hotels on the continent, and managed equal to the Windsor in Montreal, or the finest hotel in New York. I was particularly interested with a scheme that is on foot to bring out Highland crofters from Scotland to develop the deep sea fisheries of the Pacific coast. The British Columbia government is about to send Alexander Hegg to England to negotiate with the home government to loan £120,000 towards bringing out, settling and equipping colonies of the crofters to work the river and deep sea fisheries, which are exceedingly valuable and can be made inestimably more valuable by such means. I was greatly pleased with Victoria, it is a fine city, lots of energetic men and any amount of capital when necessary for the development of public enterprises.

"In conclusion, I may sum up my impressions by saying that I was much struck by the youthful life and energy which is one of the distinguishing characteristics of the country. You see very few old men. All is bustling activity and rush, evidencing the determination of young life to carry its fortunes. I was also struck with

the fact that in educational and religious matters the country is keeping pace with its commercial progress. Wherever we went we saw handsome and commodious schoolhouses, and in every hamlet one of the first things you see is a church of some kind. Clergymen there have hard work, but they are devoted and earnest men. During our trip we received much kindness from all the people with whom we came in contact. The governor of British Columbia, Col. Prior, M.P., Mr. Mara, M.P., T. M. Daly, M.P. (Brandon), Mr. Chisholm, M.P. (Westminster), Mr. Braiden, of the Calgary Tribune, and a host of others contributed much to the enjoyment of our trip by the courtesy and kindness which they extended to us. At Calgary I was the guest of old and valued friends, who made my stay there most enjoyable."

POLICE

Banff Mineral Waters.

Editor FREE PRESS.—Being en route home, from a trip over the G.P.R. from Victoria to Montreal, may I ask you to kindly give place to a communication in connection with my "stop over" at Banff in the N.W.T., that now world-wide known place of resort for those who either wish to avail themselves of its wonderfully curative waters, or delight their whole being in its exquisite beauty of scene. These waters, springing forth as they do from the sides of sulphur mountains, so hot as to be nearly boiling, have already effected marvelous cures, as are well testified by many who have benefitted by this extraordinary gift of nature, its powers being more especially felt by those suffering from rheumatism and cutaneous diseases of all types. Invalids seeking restoration to health and change of air and scene, are sure of finding rest and comfort at the "Sanitarium," which (as its name denotes) makes nursing a specialty, though open to all tourists as well, everything being conducted on first-class principles, and every attention paid to guests, who may truly enjoy on that most lovely spot, "a feast of reason and a feast of soul," whilst nature is all around, everything portraying in grandeur and most appealing way the master mind of the Great Creator.

Dr. Brett, the gentlemanly proprietor of the Sanitarium, is always there to administer to the sick, and advise as to the use of the water which bathers will find conducted into beautiful porcelain baths, in his fine new bath house attached to the Sanitarium; it also has a commodious liveries attached to it for those, who, on pleasure bent, have so many lovely spots to visit, and so many

VARIED AND BEAUTIFUL DRIVES

It may be taken, thanks to the unflagging energy and great good taste of the superintendent of the park, Mr. Stewart, whose unremitting zeal in the advancement of the work, with which the government has entrusted to him, his wise, economical administration of his duty, and his kindness to all with whom he is thrown in contact, have made him well suited for the discharge of the duties entailed upon him. For those pleasure seekers who spare neither money nor time, the noble edifice called the C.P.R. hotel situated on a pinnacle, as it were, and overlooking many of the most beautiful spots in the park, is very attractive. Nor must I forget to speak of a piece of enterprise for the benefit of those visiting Banff, and wishing to take in all its beauties, chiefest among which is Devil's lake, an exquisite sheet of water about 10 miles away, famous for its immense trout and the wonderful and varied tints of its water (it is said no water in the world can compare with it except the Bay of Naples) on the shores of this lake, a gentleman, Mr. Disbrowe has built an hotel, where those wishing to remain a week or so, may find every comfort, and can prove for themselves, how delicious Devil's Lake trout is, especially when prepared as it is, in a way beyond praise, and they can also feed on the poorest and most exhilarating of atmospheres; whilst the eye is charmed with the ever changing tints, and the mind awed by the hush of nature, still in ease of its grandest and most rugged moods, but with the added charm of perfect solitude.

I cannot close without bearing testimony to the efficiency of the officials, and employees, of the C.P.R., with whom the traveler necessarily brought in contact; caution, care, and attention appear to be their motto, thanking you for giving me so much of your valuable space.

Tourist.

Ottawa, 13th Feb. 1883.

TO THE HOT SPRINGS.

(Concluded.)

Eighty miles west from Calgary, and in the heart of the main range of the Rocky Mountains, is probably one of the best known places, for its size, in the world, Banff, a little place whose permanent population probably does not exceed 100 people, can boast of as great a variety of visitors as any place in Canada. Attracted by its famous hot springs, and the beautiful scenery of the mountains in its vicinity, people flock to Banff from all quarters of the globe during the summer months. The registers at the hotels and the various springs will show a most interesting collection of names and places. The sick go there to be cured, and those who are well go there for pleasure. It is needless to say neither of the above classes need go away disappointed. Alpine clubs, of all nationalities, send their representatives to scale the icy cliffs of the Rocky and Selkirk ranges, and they have found the task in some cases even more difficult than the most perilous ascents at home. In the immediate vicinity of Banff there are no mountains which put the skill of the practiced Alpine climber to a very severe test, but further west they have opportunities of breaking their necks to their hearts content.

The approach to Banff by daylight is said to be peculiarly grand and beautiful. The regular Canadian Pacific express, if on time, (and it generally is when you don't want it to be), approaches the mountains during the dark. We were fortunate enough, however, to have some two hours of daylight before we reached Banff, and certainly some of the glimpses from precipitous heights into smiling valleys and across a country broken up by lofty hills and loftier mountains were very picturesque and lovely. To one who sees the mountains for the first time from a Canadian Pacific observation car, the sight must be particularly grand and impressive. The old western man, upon whom the grandeur of this mountain scenery has been a gradual growth, does not experience the same keen enjoyment of this trip as does the stranger, just as the native of Niagara Falls, who sees this wondrous work of nature daily, passes the great cataract without even looking at it, or hearing its dull roar. The mind of the westerner is more taken up with wonder at the enormity of the great work, and the colossal enterprise, perseverance and pluck of the company which brought these rocky passes and towering mountains into subjection to its will.

Banff itself is situated in a lovely valley of the Bow River, and is completely surrounded by mountains. It is the home of the great Dr. Brett, of Advisory Council notoriety. The town proper consists of one long street, upon either side of which the business places are situated. It has several good stores, an hotel, post office and churches. It once had a newspaper, but the editor stole cordwood which had cruelly been loaded for editors. The office exploded and burned down, and the editor turned his back on the hard-hearted community. The Bow River at Banff, which is navigable for some eight miles up, is crossed by a handsome bridge. Facing the bridge is the Sanitarium hotel, a good looking building nicely situated. The river just below the bridge takes a sharp turn southward, and descends a couple of hundred feet by three falls, the scenery at this point being very fine. Above the falls, at the top of a pine covered hill, stands the C. P. R. hotel, overlooking the whole valley and giving a view for miles of the Bow Valley and river, which here again turns to the east. Turning to the right or west, after crossing the

bridge from the town, a walk of about a mile brings us to the Cave and Basin, the favorite resort for those who bathe more for pleasure than health. In another direction more to the south, and a mile or more from the bridge, are the Hot Springs proper, the source of supply. But very little timber has been cleared away in the valley, and the various roads and paths are avenues hedged by mighty pine forests. On the Banff side of the river, dotted here and there in the midst of the timber are a number of residences, situated on ground sloping down to the river, of which glimpses can be had through the trees. A detachment of police under Insp. Harper is located at Banff. The men constantly patrol the different roads. They are comfortably housed, and are smart looking and efficient, Insp. Harper being evidently the right man in the right place.

The main raison d'être of Banff is the Hot Springs. The Hot Springs proper are the chief resort for the worst cases of the various forms of illness which the sulphur water is supposed to benefit. The temperature of the water at the real source is about 120 degrees, but at the baths is 115. At the Sanitarium and the C. P. R. hotel, which get their supply by pipes from the Hot Springs, the temperature is 110. At the Middle Springs it is from 90 to 95, and at the Cave and Basin, still further down it is the same. It will be seen that the latter is just warm enough to make bathing pleasant and comfortable. The cave was originally a basin some forty or fifty feet beneath the surface. The dome or roof narrows down at the top to a small hole in the ground, through which the steam pours. This hole was at first the only entrance to the cave, those who wished to risk it going down and up on a ladder. For the sake of greater convenience a tunnel was run in from the side of the hill, and the old entrance abandoned. The interior of this cave is very weird and uncanny looking, and although bathing in it is very pleasant, most visitors prefer open air plunge in the basin, just near at hand. In the cave the water is from four to five feet deep. The basin is the same temperature as the cave, but larger and deeper. It is fenced around, but not covered. The pleasure of a daily swim in the basin must be experienced to be appreciated. Six tickets are sold by the Park Superintendent for a dollar. There are hours for ladies and gentlemen at both cave and basin, though friends of both sexes can go in together. A rope is stretched across both places, and is a necessary precaution, as drowning is very easy in this sulphur water. Bathing suits are let for ten cents. The cave and basin are in charge of a Mr. Walker and his wife, both of them exceedingly obliging and attentive. The buildings at the cave are of the Swiss cottage style, finished in rustic work. Through the exertions of Mr. Stewart, the superintendent, the Cave and Basin, as indeed all parts of the park, have been made perfect for the enjoyment of visitors.

All parts of the park have been made accessible by a most perfect system of roads and bridges, planned and carried out by Mr. Geo. Stewart, the superintendent of the Park. Mr. Stewart is a civil engineer, and his work in the Park stamps him as a genius. His routes scale impossible looking mountain sides, and pierce through pine forests. Although more roads are to be built, and much more work to be done, the progress made since August, when the work was commenced, seems marvelous. Mr. Stewart has not only the faculty of building difficult roads, but he has combined with it the faculty of building them so that they take in at different stages all the choice bits of scenery in the valley. One of his greatest works is the partial ascent of Tunnel Mountain by a carriage road. The different glimpses of the valley from this road are perfectly superb. The mountain

is 1,000 feet above the valley. The carriage road ascends about half way, and the rest of the distance there is a bridle path. The top of this mountain is long and narrow, and from its crest, there is a grand view both ways. I went to the top of this mountain, Mr. Stewart kindly acting as guide, and one of the ladies of the party pluckily accompanying us all the way. It does not look much, but I shall remember it as one of the hardest pulls I ever had. From the top of this mountain the view is very fine. Banff lies at our feet, looking more like a town mapped out on paper than the real article. The valley of the Bow lies stretched out until shut out by an apparently impenetrable wall of mountains. Through it the Bow River winds and twists like a thin band of silver, while a narrow creek emptying into it can be traced to its source in the Vermilion Lakes. The scene is a beautiful one, and can be but faintly imagined from the photographs which have been taken of it. The photographs lack the remarkable coloring of the original.

In conversation with several Banff people, we found a strong feeling that the government should encourage people to locate there. At the present time the government seem to discourage people from locating. The result is that, outside of the springs and the scenery, there is positively no amusement. There is no life in the town, and except for those in ill-health there is no inducement for visitors to remain for more than two or three days. Life at the hotels soon becomes very monotonous. While there is nothing to make Banff a big town, it does seem as if some means might be devised by the government of securing for visitors a greater variety of amusement. A National Park is an excellent thing in its way, and it is important that the one at Banff should be preserved. I fancy, however, that, if the townsite portion were in the possession of private individuals, life during the summer months at Banff would be far better worth living than it is at present.

I cannot conclude without expressing the keen appreciation of our party of Mr. Stewart's kindness and hospitality. We have to thank him for many acts of courtesy and attention. As superintendent of the park he is the right man in the right place. All the work, and there is a lot of it, that has been done, has been planned by him, and carried out under his direct supervision.

It will remain a monument to his ability and perseverance. Mr. Stewart is comfortably situated at Banff. Surrounded by his charming family, and occupied with his multitudinous plans, he is both a contented and busy man.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Banff Troubles.

To the Editor of the BERAUS.

SIR—"If you do something new you make enemies of all the red tapeists; if you do something intelligent you make enemies of all fools; if you are successful you make enemies of all the army of failures, the misunderstood, the crabbed and the jealous; but these little outbursts of hatred, one as diverting as the other, are really so many testimonials in your favor." So says Max. O'Rell and it may be questioned if the English language contains a passage more appropriate in its application to the history of the Rocky Mountain Park of Canada.

Some persons have been expecting a reply from the park superintendent to the many absurd statements which have from time to time appeared in the Calgary papers regarding the management of the park, more particularly the letters published lately in the Tribune over the nom de plume of Nemesis, but it is not proposed to treat these letters with even a passing notice as their absurdities and silly insinuations are too easily refuted to occupy the space of any respectable paper for that purpose.

Nemesis in his strictures on the Bow Bridge, says, however: "If Superintendent Stewart is entitled to say large amount of credit in this connection, by all means let him have it."

This is a direct challenge and it is proposed to accept it and show where the credit is due in connection with this structure.

If Nemesis was in the park in the early days of the spring of '86, he ought to be familiar with the difficulties that beset the Superintendent in keeping up the communication across the Bow River at Banff. How the floating bridge was constructed in a few days at a cost of about \$500 and what an excellent purpose it served for two years as a temporary means of crossing the Bow.

At the time of constructing this floating bridge, however, it was not known to the Superintendent that several millions of feet of logs were to be driven down the river the next season, the intimation of which fact convinced him that his floating bridge would be in danger of injury or destruction.

This state of things was referred to the head office at Ottawa and the necessity for having the proposed permanent bridge built was urged.

The authority for the construction of the permanent bridge was received here in February, 1887, and now the problem presented itself: Could stone be procured and piers built, even temporarily, to carry a bridge before the high water in the approaching spring—about six week's time—or was the other alternative to be adopted, of allowing things to take their

course. It must be borne in mind that the C.P.R. hotel was then under construction and several hundred men at work on it in 1886-87. All the material for this building had to be transported across the Bow. If this transportation was interrupted what would be the consequences to the company, to the government or to the public? and an accident to the floating bridge might cause an interruption at any moment, the cost of which would exceed that of many bridges. It was therefore decided to at once proceed with the construction of the piers of the best material that could be procured in the depth of winter and the prospects of high spring freshets to interfere with their building.

It is maintained, therefore, that the wisest course was adopted, either from an economical point or any other. And even if these piers had to be rebuilt the following year the course adopted at the time was justified under the circumstances. There was no other means of meeting the emergency. They have stood their grounds for seven seasons and there is no reason to doubt their standing for seventy seasons now if required, but they will probably be improved in appearance to suit the taste of Nemesis.

The settlement of the piers as hinted at is all nonsense. The timbers put on top were simply to take the place of the intended cap stones, at any rate the piers have never settled a fraction of an inch.

It would be interesting to know what course Nemesis or any other person would have adopted under the circumstances. Would he have waited for another year to prepare cut stone for his piers and let the government in for heavy damages in consequence of the suspension of all works on the south side of the Bow, or would he have met the difficulty square in the face and keep the communication open at all hazards even if the piers had to be rebuilt the next year? The latter course was the one adopted and who can question its wisdom?

Having said this much regarding the difficulties met and overcome in the construction of the Bow Bridge, let us look at it from an economical point of view, as Nemesis hints, "at the monies wasted in the Park."

To arrive at a clear judgment on this point a comparison will be made, as this, after all, is the means by which most people arrive at a conclusion.

At the time that the Bow Bridge was under construction at Banff another bridge was being built over the same river at Calgary. The difference between these bridges was very great. The Banff bridge was of iron on stone piers, the Calgary bridge was of wood on wooden piers. The Banff bridge was 300 feet long, the Calgary bridge 320 feet long, or 40 feet shorter than the Banff one.

As Nemesis is fond of blue books let him turn up page 368 of the Auditor-General's report for 1887

and he will find the following items charged against the Banff bridge.

F. Morrison,	\$294.62
Other contingents,	101.25

1893

\$304.58

and in the report for 1888 at page 108 E. he will find the following additional items.

J. J. Ryan,	\$176.00
W. H. Law,	7,140.00
F. Morrison,	250.00
C.P.R. freight,	187.00

88,833.00

or a total of \$11,878.87.

This sum represents the cost of not only the Bow but also of the Spray bridge, which is 61 feet long also of iron and stone.

Now will Nemesis kindly turn again to the blue books and at page 115 D. of the Auditor-General's report for 1888 he will find the cost of the Calgary bridge set down at \$21,012.96, exclusive of other contingent expenditure, or a total of \$21,583.19.

To show that there is no mistake the copy of a letter received from Mr. Des Brisey, the engineer in charge of this bridge, is quoted:

CALGARY, June 11, '87.

G. A. Stewart, Esq., C.E., Banff.
Dear Sir, Your letter of the 10th inst. to hand this morning.

The Bow River bridge consists of
three spans 100 feet in the clear (Howe truss) piers 10 feet on top making 320 feet between abutments. Trestle work approaches 60 feet at each end. Contract price \$18,500. This may be considered as a pretty low figure. I remain, yours very truly,

L. P. W. DES BRISEY,
Engineer in charge.

Allowing \$500 of the \$18,500 to go towards the trestle work—and indeed for that matter the additional \$3000 which appears in the report—we will take the Howe truss at eighteen thousand and the Banff bridges at twelve thousand instead of \$11,878.87 as laid down in the report. Nemesis cannot complain of this way of putting it. What then do we find. That the two iron bridges at Banff measuring 121 feet in length cost twelve thousand dollars and the wooden bridge at Calgary measuring 320 feet cost eighteen thousand dollars or one third more.

Or take another way. The iron bridges at Banff cost \$28 per foot linear and the Calgary bridge cost \$54 per foot.

The engineer of the Calgary bridge says that "the contract was taken at a pretty low figure," and that is not disputed, but will Nemesis explain how this incompetent and extravagant superintendent managed to build his bridge at Banff in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, of infinitely more durable material and under the most adverse circumstances at about one half the cost per foot of the Calgary bridge. The life of an iron bridge is not known. Bridges of this material were built in England 150 years ago and are still doing duty as when first built. The life of a wooden bridge is from 10 to 15 years. Your intelligent reader can draw his own conclusions. The Banff bridges with at least ten times a probability of life costing one half as much as the Calgary bridge.

Your obedient servant,
Geo. A. STEWART.

With the Author's Completeness.

116

TRINITY UNIVERSITY

LAKE MINNEWANKA.

(THE LAKE OF THE GOOD SPIRIT.)

[Eight miles from Banff, in the Canadian National Park, Rocky Mountains, is a lovely lake, which is popularly known as Devil's Lake, or Devil's Head Lake. The Superintendent of the Park, in his earnest efforts to remove the moniker, has re-named it Lake Minnewanka. This poem was inspired by the same good motive.]

Who dared to call it Devil's Lake?
Go sweep that man from off the earth;
His living is a great mistake,
A bane his birth.
No devil here, for here the Good
Omniscient's heard in every sound;
His face is seen in lake and wood,
And all around.
The sapphire gems about His throne,
Sardonyx and chalcedony,
In waters blue, of deepest tone,
Are here, you see.
And red and yellow lights that fall,
The dim uncertain shades among,
And all our thoughts of heaven recall,
When we were young;
When life was fair on every side,
And souls had no deep stain of sin—
When heaven's curtain opened wide,
We peeped within.
The mists that from the surface rise,
Come not from dark abodes of death;
They are on lake, and woods, and skies,
The Spirit's breath.
Some savage chief, in days gone by,
In autumn, to these waters brought,
Has heard the forests moan and sigh.
And thus hath thought:—
"The Evil Manitou dwells here,
The sky is dark and red!
And lo! the rock which rises sheer
The Devil's head."
But we, to clearer knowledge grown,
Sweep superstition's chain away;
In all this beauty God alone
We see, and say:—
"The water of the Holy One
Who brood o'er creation's birth,
Who fills the highest with His throne,
And all the earth!"

KINGSTON.

K. L. JONES.

A CANADIAN ABROAD.

An Interesting Visit to the Famous Hot Springs, Arkansas.

Situated in the heart of the Ozark range, in Arkansas, a few hours from St. Louis, a beautiful little city has sprung up, the fame of which has extended to the four quarters of the globe. "Hot Springs," is what its name implies. The hot water, with its wonderful curative properties, welling up from the earth and springing out of the rocks, has been the creator of the city of Hot Springs with its residential population of 15,000, swollen to over 20,000 during this season. At all periods of the year invalids flock to the Ozark Valley to partake of the health-giving waters and bathe in them, but in the month of January the rush of visitors commences and continues until May. Mammoth hotels, which during the summer and autumn have been closed, once more open their doors; the genial proprietor is greeting arriving guests with his blankest smile, and the gaiety of the winter season has commenced.

The Hot Springs of Arkansas have the reputation of being one of the wonders of the world, and are now visited for pleasure as well as for health. They are situated 55 miles south-west from Little Rock, the capital of the state, and 22 miles from Malvern, the junction of the St. Louis, Iron Mountain and Southern, and Hot Springs railroads, and are connected by rail with all points in the United States and Canada.

The "Iron Mountain Route" is the only line running to Hot Springs, and must be taken at some point to reach it from any portion of Canada or the States. The line is part of the great Gould system of railways—the Missouri Pacific, the ramifications of which aggregation of railways extend for nearly 6,000 miles through the western, south-western and southern states.

Canada Contributes Its Fair Quota

of visitors to these famous springs and little wonder, as the journey is easily and comfortably made. A pleasant run from Toronto to Detroit by the C. P. R., then a sight on the luxurious cars of the Walrus railway, next morning sees the visitor in St. Louis, a city of activity, of bustle, of energy and of smoke. Without delaying longer at this time in St. Louis than to refresh the inner man the cars of the Iron Mountain road are boarded and early in the afternoon Hot Springs is reached. A glance at the hotel register shows that from every State and Territory in the United States; from Canada, Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Mexico and the South American States, affiliated persons come to these healing waters for treatment. There are hundreds of medicinal springs in the world, but with the exception of our own hot springs at Banff, N. W. T., there is, perhaps, no other place where such remarkable curative agencies are found as at the Hot Springs of Arkansas. With a view to preserving the waters for the use of the people for all time, and preventing them from getting into the hands of the monopolists, the United States Government has converted the springs into a reservation under the control of the Department of Interior. Similarly the Canadian Government has done the same thing by the Banff springs and when the regulations governing the use of the latter were being prepared Mr. John Hall, Secretary of the Department of the Interior at Ottawa, was sent to Arkansas to report upon the manner in which the United States Government conducted the Hot Springs reserve with a view to profiting by their experience. The springs are 72 in number and have a temperature ranging from 95 degrees to 157 degrees, Fahrenheit, with a natural discharge of 335 gallons every minute, or 482,400 gallons every day. If these waters were all concentrated they would supply 19,296 persons daily, allowing 25 gallons for each individual. The superintendent of the Hot Springs reservation has had

two large air-tight brick water tanks constructed which hold respectively 20,000 and 30,000 gallons, and so perfect are they that the water that runs in them over night for use the following day does less than one degree in temperature, which is 140 degrees. The waters from the springs flow into a beautiful mountain stream 20 or 30 feet wide, and cause a slight vapor to rise from its surface. In the hottest springs:

An Egg Can Be Cooked in Fifteen Minutes.

It has been estimated by scientists from the physical evidence everywhere to be seen in the vicinity of the springs that they have been flowing for over 2,000 years.

A day or two at the springs sets the visitor cogitating as to the cause of the water being hot and many are the speculations on the subject. An old Indian legend has it that the Kanawagas, a powerful nation, in the ages long ago were afflicted with a terrible disease. It fastened itself upon the members of this great and powerful tribe and spread from one to another with fatal rapidity. Nearly all the strong men were stricken and helpless, and many were dying daily from the terrible scourge. The hunters forsook the chase, the war-path was deserted, and desolation marked the whole face of the country that was once so prosperous and smiling. Pure, cool water only could assuage their suffering in any degree and as if from common sympathy, the survivors of the tribe dragged themselves together, the stronger assisting the weaker, to a valley of the Ozark mountains where the waters gushed forth in large quantities from numerous springs up on the mountain side and came down in cooling, sparkling streams to the valley below. Here the doomed tribe assembled and assuaged the tortures of their fevered bodies with cooling draughts.

The old and wise men of the tribe said that the Great Spirit was offended because in their prosperity they had failed to acknowledge him as the source of their greatness and power. They therefore held dances and afflicted themselves with agonizing tortures in their efforts to appease his displeasure and restore themselves to his favor and to health again. It is supposed their beseechings were answered, for one bright afternoon as the sun was going down again on their despair and helplessness, thin tongues of vapor were seen to issue with the water from the springs. The Indians were too weak and indifferent to notice it at first, but the volume increased and was soon accompanied by a hissing sound, and the waters that had heretofore been cool, first became warm to the touch and afterwards coursed in a heated stream down the mountain side, bringing with them the health-giving properties which have since benefited humanity.

Prof. D. O. Owen, the late state geologist, was repeatedly asked as to the cause of the high temperature of these waters. He said he could not, for several reasons, subscribe to the views advanced by some authorities that the

Elevation of Temperature was Caused

by the water coming in contact with caustic lime in the interior of the earth. "Lime has so great an affinity for carbonic acid that it cannot remain for any great time in an uncombined caustic condition, and therefore is seldom found in that state either on the surface or in the bowels of the earth, and if it did it would long since have reduced to the state of hydrate, if not to the state of carbonate, by constant contact with the copious flow of water charged with carbonic acid, when it would no longer give off heat by the chemical action produced during its combination with water." Much less could he consent to the extraordinary idea that the high temperature of these waters was due to latent heat given off from the water by the act of depositing the tufa that now coats the hillocks from which the springs issue, and which was originally held in solution, since there is no instance, he says, of any appreciable heat being given off by simple precipitation or settling out of the carbonates of lime, as it loses the carbonic acid which held it in solution; besides, this is so slow a process that if any heat was given off it would be so little at a time as to be insensible to the feelings. He attributed the cause to the internal heat of the earth. He did not mean to say that the waters came in actual contact with fire, but rather that the waters were completely permeated with highly-heated vapors and gases, which emanate from sources deeper seated than the water itself. The whole geological structure of the country and that of the Hot Springs ridge in particular, from which the water issues, justified the assumption.

Most of the springs are covered with stone and cemented, and the water conveyed from them through iron pipes to the Government tanks and bathing houses in the valley below. These pipes cross and recross each other on the mountain side in all directions, resembling one of a railroad map of the thickly settled sections of the west. The water is first conveyed into large tanks in the rear of the bathhouse, from which it is drawn through smaller iron pipes to the bath tubs as needed. So many of them are at an elevation of 50 to 75 feet above the valley that a large supply can be had for the highest buildings that are now, or may be, built in the valley, and the convenience of having a bath in the rooms of the invalid at two of the best hotels can now be enjoyed.

When a visitor arrives at Hot Springs to take the baths he should at once consult a physician. It is dangerous otherwise. The physicians give special instructions and written or printed directions to each invalid, after they have undergone a thorough examination. On examination, the physician discovers the heart or lungs are diseased thus:

Invalid is not Allowed to Bathe,
as the hot baths in some cases may prove disastrous. Late experiments in these cases have proven that if the lungs are not seriously affected, or the organic action of the heart involved, careful bathing is beneficial; simple palpitation is not considered heart disease. The usual directions are to bathe six minutes in water at 90 to 100 degrees Fahrenheit; two to six minutes in the vapor room (where vapor baths are used) and five to 20 minutes in blankets, according to the time required to produce perspiration. Some physicians do not require or recommend the latter, and differ somewhat in their treatment, but all are governed by the physical condition of the invalid and the nature of the disease. Some persons can remain in the water twice as long as others and have it much hotter without any bad effects, but it must not be forgotten that injudicious bathing by an invalid, debilitated by disease, might prove injurious.

The mode of bathing differs with the different diseases. In cases of rheumatism and paralysis the douche is sometimes used with satisfactory results. It enables the bather to have a stream of water to fall on any diseased part of the body or limbs and often gives immediate relief from pain. A few bathhouses have a cold shower bath which is very much enjoyed by some, especially in the summer. It enables the bather to

Cool Off Quickly.

but as a rule the invalids come here for hot water and use that kind only. Each bathhouse has several attendants who attend to the wants of bathers—rub them down, assist the lame, etc., for which they are entitled to \$1 or \$2 per week. After the bath is taken the invalid passes into the vapor room (if he uses the vapor), and the attendant cleans out the bath-tub and arranges the blankets in it for the sweat bath (if it is required). Some go home to their rooms and take their perspiration bath in bed.

The springs are greatly frequented by persons suffering from rheumatism, gout, kidney and bladder ailments, while for a score of other diseases, under proper medical advice and treatment, the waters prove of the greatest benefit. A peculiar quality of the waters is that people are able to drink them freely and without unpleasant results at a temperature at which ordinary cold water would act as an emetic.

Board and lodgings at the springs range from \$20 to \$100 a month, then, in addition, there are physician's fees, baths, etc. The United States Government, with a paternal care worthy of emulation, has erected on the Government reserves at a cost of \$250,000, an army and navy hospital, to which it sends, at the expense of the federation, soldiers and sailors who have contracted diseases while in the country's service.

The visitor can spend three or four weeks here without suffering enui. The town is keeping pace with the times; it has two daily newspapers, a pretty little Opera house, street car service, gymnasium, etc., and if a person worn out by over work, or suffering from that bane of mankind, rheumatism, wants to recuperate or obtain relief, he cannot do better than visit this charming place. The Empire is indebted to Mr. Smith, superintendent of the Hot Springs Railroad for many courtesies on a recent visit.

MONDAY 16

(16-349)

1893

TUESDAY 17

(17-348)

WEDNESDAY 18

(18-347)

A SUMMER AT BANFF.

Now that the Canadian Pacific Railway is becoming so well known as the summer highway from the East quite a number of glib trotters are making acquaintance with Banff and the Canadian National Park in the Rockies. They come for two or three days, drive to the different hot springs and to Lake Minnewanka, and go their way, pleased to have "done" one more place on the long road to London the other way. But this is not knowing this beautiful and delightful neighbourhood. A man might as well fancy he knows the girl to whom he is introduced for one short dance in an evening. Really to enjoy Banff and the glorious air, which gives a new lease of life, you want to stay a month or two.

The end of May is a pleasant time to arrive, when spring is just beginning in this region, 4,000ft. above the sea. On a fine morning, when the train is sufficiently late to leave Calgary in the growing dawn, the gradual approach to the mountains is wonderfully striking. At first faint and far, they seem insensibly to grow nearer and higher, as the line follows the windings of the Bow river through the foothills, and then suddenly the wide, deep valley is entered which leads you sixty miles to the summit of the Rockies. From the Gap to Banff the scenery is extremely fine, great limestone precipices rising into high peaks on one side, while the other is formed of steep slopes of the tilted rock, which in their turn hang in cliffs beyond, over lake Minnewanka. The coal mines at Canmore and Anthracite tell what changes there must have been in the valley since it first came into existence.

At the pretty little station of Banff omnibuses are waiting from the three hours, and soon the burly porter cries "All aboard for the C.P.R.," and the tourists are bending their heads at the low windows, trying to take a first peep at Banff as they drive through the town. Poor Banff has not grown as it should have done. Three years ago it was a promising infant, as western town-babies go, but owing to the short season people who wanted to earn a living from the visitors found it impossible and left, taking down their houses and selling the materials. Two general stores, a chemist, a baker (who never seems to have anything baked, and declined to make a shilling cake on the ground that it would not be worth the trouble), a boot-maker, a blacksmith, and a Chinese laundry at present occupy the chief street. Several churches are dotted about, but their architecture is not imposing. From the bridge over the Bow there are beautiful views. North is Cascade Mountain, reared up like a great wave about to break; south is Rundle Mountain, or the Twin Peaks, and from this point are seen, not only the long steep slopes on this side, but the tremendous precipices in which they fall towards Anthracite; west, one looks up the river to the range which bars the valley, Mount Massive as it is well called. The dark castle-like summits are reflected in the clear water, with tall pines and the boat-houses and its steam launch and canoes in front.

The Banff Springs Hotel, or "the C.P.R.," as it is familiarly called, is a picturesque building, about a mile from the town, towards the Spray Valley. Placed on rising ground, overlooking the gorge through which the Bow now flows, between Rundle and Tunnel Mountains, there are fine views in every direction, and it is surrounded by pine woods with pleasant shady paths. It can be no easy task to manage a hotel when the waiters have to cover more than two thousand miles, pony and traps cost thousands, and fruit and vegetables are limited, but things usually go smoothly enough. Only once when a large party of excursionists, who had taxed the household to its utmost limits, decided to stay a day longer the chef struck work when they were all at breakfast, and there was an awful pause—the waiters in the kitchen with their orders, and everyone hungry and expectant. Somehow he was appeased, and the substantial fare necessary to American energy arrived at last.

When the big ship comes—*the great transatlantic*—bound for Alaska, or when one of the "Empresses" comes on her passengers from India and Japan, it is a lively scene that one looks down upon from the galleries which surround the large central hall and office. One group hating round the open fire with its six-foot logs, another discussing plans for the morrow, American ladies carefully looking through the register in search of acquaintance names, some studying the books of photographs, reading the telegrams which give the daily news—seeing all this civilization it is hard to believe oneself in the Rocky Mountains, where only a few years ago solitude and silence reigned.

He who knew Banff before the tourists came, and has learned to love the different walks and drives for their own sakes, it seems funny to find people anxious to know exactly what they have to "do" in order to feel sure they have missed nothing that it may be the duty of the hard-working tourist to see. And it is rather a long list that one has to make out for them. The Spray Springs which supply the sulphur water for the hotel baths; the Cave and Basin, where more sulphur springs have ingeniously made one natural pool, open to the air, and another in a dark cave where you may bathe in steamy seclusion; the view from Tunnel Mountain; the Loop Drive down by the Bow below the falls, where the water is a Bergrow and the stern cliffs of the Twin Peaks come down to the grassy meadow; the beautiful Spray Valley, and the new road to Anthracite and Canmore—all of these can be missed.

Most people go first to Lake Minnewanka, though perhaps the actual drive is not so beautiful as some of the others, part of the way being through burnt timber. Fires have destroyed much of the forest through these mountains during the year after the burn and blackened trunks disfigure the landscape, but when they have at last fallen, and the aspen and cottonwood tops have come up instead, they make a pleasant variety from the rather sombre pines, or when autumn turns them into a mass of flowers above the trees to Minnewanka Park, the brilliant pink wild rose, then sunflowers and the "fireworks" and later purple asters and bell-flowered, besides many others of unknown names. High on the left tower the cliffs of Cascade Mountain, and the stream that gives it its name is seen falling down them and disappearing among the rocks below. Between Cascade Mountain and the lake the valley is filled with a wilderness of shapeless hills, mostly of boulder rubbish, and for some distance the road goes along the top of a ridge levelled until just wide enough and falling steeply on both sides.

Minnewanka in the Indian dialect means Devil's Water. Asking a Stoney Indian, whose English was limited, he said, "Evil spirit, whisky." The Sunbeams are very well brought up at their Reserve at Morley under Mr. Macdonald, and one would like to know if the association of ideas were original or suggested. Beautiful as the lake is, with its surrounding mountains, and deep blue water, one cannot help but think that the native Indian has given Sulphur springs dash over it, raising the spray in clouds and disappearing in a few moments. The minute it will be perfectly calm, and the next there is a hurricane and when this goes on for hours and days it becomes treacherous. But it gives endless variety to the surface of the lake, where all the colours of the rainbow seem to chase each other. The water is extremely clear and shallow round the shore, so that the flickering lights and shadows on the stones beneath are seen. This part is a golden brown colour, then comes a band of emerald green, and then the sudden plunge of perhaps a thousand feet in depth gives the dark rich blue which distinguishes it from other lakes. Going along near the shore in a boat you can have the green on one side and the blue black on the other, and feel as if on the verge of a precipice. The mountains are in palest tints of rose and gold, so that the blue sky looks dark behind them, and these pale tints throw gleams on the water, as if it were shot with gold and purple.

The wind usually blows from ten in the morning to six or seven in the evening, so that for going to the other end, 14 miles away, one has a fair breeze, and an open parasol will carry the little boat along gaily. What a delightful row it is! Dark Indigo-silky high on one side above its huge buttresses of Givelatza and the other unnamed cliffs, and opposite to mountains that seem to have been trying how nearly they could bend their rocks into a circle. Looking back the castellated front of Castle Mountain stands in perfection, the morning sun lighting its many-hollowed walls. About half-way along the lake is Raspberry Bay, a perfect camping-ground, with abundance of the wild fruit.

As the far end of the lake is reached, the wind grows more violent, so that some care is needed in crossing to the point from which to see the wonderful nameless peak which has strange concretions of its crests, almost reaching 14,000ft. Nothing can be like it than this mass of rock and snow and ice when scarcely a tree has been able to take root. On the opposite side the forest comes down to the water's edge—lent, apple trees—and the waves break on the shore like real sea waves. Sitting there in the shade, with the strong fresh breeze blowing, one feels very sorry for the unhappy folk put up in cities, and thinking through the hot summer. Life becomes too simple up here, and so many things are not wanted, that one wonders why the world does not see what a man gains in simplicity and return to happier dreams. Certainly here there is a chance—what one may call a bare possibility—of a bear arriving to disturb one's dreams, but has not Joe left his six-shooter within reach, and when he returns from his fishing he has aca in a casual way? "You have not been troubled with them bears, have you?" This eastern end of the lake must once have had a river flowing out of it, through the Devil's Gap towards the prairie. Now the Gap is just a pretty valley with some small lakes, and fine cliffs, on both sides, 1,500ft. high. In the afternoon the contrasts of light and shadow in the long perspective make it a striking picture.

The first part of the row home is rather exciting, as squalls strike the boat, so that it needs all Joe's strength and skill to keep it steady, and one can almost fancy one self on the Atlantic. By crossing along the shore, and taking advantage of every sheltering point, the worst is soon past, and as towards sunset the wind lulls the next two hours are entirely blissful. Such a transformation seen, from the glare of sunshine and the white caps on the blue waves to the stillness of twilight, and the exquisite tones the water takes from the pale sky above and the purple-grey reflections of the mountains. "And the air!" There is nothing like this Rocky Mountain air when the western wind has brought the soft Pacific breezes to temper the keenness at this altitude. How one longs to bring one's friends out of their sick rooms and let them drink it in! It is like being in Paradise before one's time.

As Joe rows he talks of the old Cornish fishing village, of the Liberals, whom he hates with a bitter hatred, for having discharged 2,000 men from Portsmouth Dockyard, whereby he has been a wanderer ever since, now that his trade of shipwright of wooden vessels is no longer needed. How he went to New Zealand in search of work, but found there was no demand there for skilled labour, no capital moving, and the most dreadful cooking in New Zealand lodging-houses. How he went home and came on to Canada, and the up and down he has had since, including working for contractors who failed, and paid none of their men anything after six months' work. When one hears from everyone who has been in the North West how much he has gone through in the effort to earn a living it cannot be put too plainly to English workmen that when they have regular work they should do their best to keep it.

Most people consider the trip up the Bow for ten miles in the steam launch, and the charming one by canoe to the Vermillion Lakes, almost the pleasantest they make. The steam launch puffs along so fast that the swift current of the river is hardly noticed until the return voyage, and the many twists and turns show the mountains to great

advantage. But for an entirely happy and restful afternoon take one of the comfortable Peterborough canoes and a man, who will paddle you up what used to be called Forty-mile Creek, till you now the Echo river, to the lake. Where the Bow and Echo meet the colours of their waters make a pretty contrast—the Bow a transparent blue and the Echo absolutely clear and colourless, so that one sees every speck on the sandy bottom twelve feet below, and all the fishes swimming about. Such a quiet stream the Echo is, running noiselessly between water-meadows and willows and poplars. A tiny water-way fringed with rushes leads from it to the first lake, quite a wide sheet of water, and full of curious weeds. Kingfishers and wild duck enliven it, and a fal hawk sails overhead. The peace and quiet of it are most refreshing to anyone who has been knocking about in "the cars" for some weeks. Then when you come back to the Echo you can go on up it for some distance, where it is like a Thaw—backwater, the trees and bushes bending over it and slowly allowing an occasional glimpse of a mountain, and the water so crystal clear that the boat seems floating on air.

The crowning pleasure of a stay at Banff is a visit to Lake Louise, where people go there and back in the day, but it is better to give more time to it. The railway takes one 54 miles up the Bow valley to Laggan, passing the very striking Castle Mountain and Mount Lefroy, whose glistering summit seems to mingle with the highest clouds. A magnificent mountain, though its height to be seen. From Laggan up to the lake a climbing three-mile ride, at first through burnt timber. Soon the real primeval forest is reached, where the tall pines are not too close together, and the sun shines down here and there on the soft thick moss and the pretty white anemones and pale yellow columbines and scarlet Castilleja. Perhaps you meet a porcupine or some partridges, but the woods are mostly so still that the path might lead to the home of the Sleeping Beauty. Riding along these forest ways it is easy to fancy oneself back in the days of chivalry, when knights errant went about, and dwarfs and giants might be encountered.

Suddenly the lake comes into sight, and what a vision of loveliness it is! High rocky sides, with woods below to the water's edge, frame an exquisite picture of glacier and cliff, and an upper world of sunny flats, where fall frequent avalanches like fine waterfalls, and all this partially reflected in the bulky-white water, giving an opalescent effect beyond a painter's skill to reproduce. After a rest in the baronial-looking hall of the Chateau, the ascent may be continued to "the Lakes in the Clouds," Mirror Lake and Lake Agnes, where there is a wonderful view over the Bow valley far below, and you look down upon the three lakes, each a different colour. Rare Alpine plants may be found, and the pretty Rocky Mountain imitation of heather grows profusely. There is also the glacier to visit, with its immense variety of stones, where marmots whistle and mountain goats may be watched. The path along the edge of Lake Louise, among the trees, has endless paintable "bits," when the mosquitoes have winged their wicked flight elsewhere, as they generally do early in August. Then comes the ride down, after watching the sunset glow on the northern mountains, through the forest twilight and out among the ghostly white dead trees below, strange shapes of bark hanging from them here and there, when the full moon rises above the opposite range, and the only sound is the river rushing below. No wonder these mountains have a charm which brings those who love them back year after year.

A. C. B.

Laggan, October, 1892.

BANFF THE BEAUTIFUL.

An Interesting Description of the
National Park of Canada,
by a Free Press Cor-
respondent.

Spec. Price, July 29, '94

Who, having once enjoyed the many pleasures that a trip to Banff insures, has not returned enraptured with the natural beauties that characterize the Dominion's National Park? There are often other beauties there, besides those of an inanimate nature—but language cannot justly describe the exquisite loveliness of the place; it is impossible to do so.

Your correspondent, in company with a merry party, spent a week there, returning home last Wednesday. Our visit will long live in the memory of us all, as one of the brightest reminiscences, when in retrospective mood, we look back in lives which can recall many sorry incidents and pleasurable experiences.

Naturally the first thing that concentrates the attention of the visitor, the might and majesty of the mountains, by which he finds himself encircled, rising in grandeur some ten thousand feet, their white peaks "regions of eternal snow," towering up above the misty clouds stretching towards the heavens.

Highest among these gigantic beauties is the extreme pinnacle of Mount Rundle, which towers to a height of 7,700 feet, though the Cascade mountain, immediately opposite, rises to an altitude but two feet less in height. Sulphur mountain, from which the healing properties of the park are derived, is 8,000 feet high. The Vermilion range, however, though perhaps, not so high as some of its giant brothers, is nevertheless, one of the most attractive. About half way down from its summit, a beautiful gray slope, gently inclining towards a valley, through which the Bow river winds its way. Interested by the silent waters of the Vermilion lakes, form scenes of picturesque loveliness difficult to express, and when seen, never to be forgotten.

One of the most delightful features of Banff is the long stretch of country in a row on the east side of the Bow river, which lies in the base of the mountains, which bear the same name. It is, I believe, the only stretch in the Bow river where sculling is an all practicable. The distance from the boat house at Banff to the end of the last lake, including the pull up the river is about four miles, and every inch of the way thoroughly enjoyable. It would be impossible to conceive of an old Etonian mailing this pull in glorious weather, without being presently reminded of his old college boating song:

"Boatman boating weather
With a crew of six, brave
Blades on the feather
Shade off the trees

Gliding past the rushes
Swinging through the reeds
Where the dark green shades
Where the crimson reefs."

One should never leave Banff, without enjoying this delightful experience, and if you take this pull once, you take it again and again, for it takes several pulls to thoroughly appreciate the wondrous beauty of the scene.

One cannot do Banff in a day or a week; it takes a longer time than that, to drink in the full complement of panoramic effect displayed in every portion of the park, and traverse the many excellent roadways, constructed through the ingenuity of Mr. Stewart, the superintendent, every one of which leads to a point of scenic interest. These roads are of concrete, abundance of clay being intermixed with the earth and gravel. What grand roads for wheelmen, we thought, as we bowled along behind a fine-stepping team, visiting various points of attraction.

Tunnel mountain, 5,500 feet in height, has a beautiful carriage drive, which winds its way up for thousands of feet and then, in a serpentine manner, circles round the mountain and gradually descends towards the base on the opposite side. A hide path on this mountain winds up near to the summit, which, when reached, the climber finds the pantograph of one of the most delightful views this world can produce, stretched out before him. Roads lead everywhere, to the caves and basin where a most delicious plunge is enjoyed by almost every visitor; to the hot springs, miles up the Sulphur mountain, the healing efficacy of these waters is well known; to the Sulphur cataract, one of the most delightful views in the park; around the base of mountains, over their tops, in fact, everywhere. The ori-

ginal intention of the government was to set aside a park some three miles square, but upon the wise suggestion of Mr. Stewart, twenty-five square miles has been set apart, and in roving about and taking in the glorious scenery and beauty of the park, as laid out to-day, we cannot but allow the head gear, which the suggestion of enlargement emanated.

There are points of interest outside the immediate centre of Banff, which the visitor should see.

Take Minnewanka, or the Devil's Lake, seven miles out, but approached by one of the most beautiful roads and exhilarating drives, that the resort affords. Why it is called the Devil's Lake, I do not know, unless it is in its constant mystery of that gentleman, for it can in a moment's notice play the devil to better perfection.

has any sheet of water I know of shaped somewhat in the form of the letter S, a stone starting from the western end comes down with such fury, that it is around the first angle before one is aware of its existence. The fishing here is excellent, i.e., for trolling. If Banff is all that could be desired in day time, it is equally charming at moonlight. We watched the moon rise every evening, gradually coming up the valley that lies between the Rundle and Sulphur mountains. The moon was full. We were in an adverse condition. The parasite with me.

Gradually above, as the pale light became more brilliant, the mountain side and valley, barren post, and crested top, assumed an ever-changing variety of shades and coloring. The person to tell will us. Not a word broke the delicious stillness, so delightful was the effect. Gradually a cloud arose and moved slowly across the face of Lunus. The lovely shade effect was enhanced. The person was still with us. Persons are good enough in their way; in fact, there are occasions in life, when they are very necessary, but too many of 'em lack appreciation of the beautiful.

Slowly the silver cloud moved up, till at length, the entire face of the moon was obscured. Then, and not till then, was the silence broken. "Twas the person spoke.

"The moon business is heated," he said. When we arrived at Banff, we put up at the C.P.R. hotel. It is a magnificent building, capable of accommodating some 500 people. Every possible attention is given to the guests. There is no hotel on the continent, where more attention is given. Of course you have to pay for it. That is a natural deduction. One has to pay for too much attention—even to a charming woman sometimes. Politeness is personalized in every official and employee of the establishment, and guests invariably find this a refreshing novelty. The rooms are clean and spacious and comfortably furnished. The building is quite high, reaching some five or six stories, four corridors leading from the rotunda to the bedrooms, in different directions, and this system is maintained throughout all the stories. I remarked that the building is high. So it is. There is only one other feature about the attractive concern that is higher, and that is the price of liquor. Outside the gold cure, I know of no stronger incentive to total abstinence than a sojourn at the C.P.R. hotel at Banff. In every other feature, the hotel is unsurpassed by any in the district. But my advice to any one about to stay there, and who is fond of his "night cap," is to take it with him; one can conveniently take it good many. They are easily compressed into a small jar, and one need not be particular about the fluid.

Yes, Banff is a delightful spot, but it must be seen to be appreciated. The superintendent, Mr. G. H. Stewart, cannot receive too much praise for the very efficient way in which he has developed and brought to light, and made easy of access to the beauties of this paradise on Earth. The law and order of the places to which is one of its most noticeable characteristics, are due to his untiring zeal, in his endeavor to do what is right, and that often in the face of opposition. During our week's visit, we never saw a drunken man, or the least trace of disorderly conduct, though at one time such did exist, till visitors recognized that in the superintendent they found a man and a magistrate who would not countenance any such behavior.

As we left Banff at 11 o'clock in the morning, and the scenes we had visited began to recede from view, one of our party remarked, I think it was the Person, if it was one of the few sensible quotations he had uttered: "Behold she half was not told me." [H. H.]

THE CANADIAN WONDERLAND.

81-12 and 82-13

THE ROCKIES WHERE THEY SIT IN WILDEST DISORDER.

Banff and Its Hot Springs—Its Majestic Station Above the River—The Lakes That Lie Above the Clouds—A Land of Snow and Ice Where Summer Is But a Period of Cool Comfort—A Region Infrequently Visited but a Delight of the Future.

It can scarcely be doubted that the facilities now offered in the way of cheap railway transportation to that most remarkable of scenic centers, the Canadian National Park, will result in a greatly increased travel in the direction of the Rocky mountains. The opportunity afforded by the cheapening of the rates for exploration of this wonderful region is one not to be lightly overlooked. The two famous mountain points on the Canadian Pacific, the most striking and picturesque of the tremendous ranges of which many writers have written yet have adequately described.

It is not stretching a single point to assert that there is no such panorama of mountains and valley to be seen on the face of the earth as that which confronts the visitor at Banff Springs and holds him breathless with the magnificence of its grandeur. The crags and peaks of the Alps and Pyrenees are causeless effects by comparison with the immensity of the jagged piles that rear their snow-capped summits on all sides about the Banff Springs hotel. It is not a question of size moments go, but more than the beholder can count, for they stretch far away as the eye can follow them through the purple haze of summer, and roll one upon the other in chaotic disorder. The color effects are such as no pen can describe nor brush reproduce. Bright green in the Valley of the Bow, where the rushing waters of the coldest and clearest of mountain torrents coax all nature into radiant verdure, gay with the brilliant hues of a million mountain wild-flowers where the bases of these giant hills come down to meet each other, and purple, golden, bronze, bronze-green, changing with each shining ray of the summer sunlight, where the bare walls of scented rock rise upward 10,000 feet in eccentric curves and angles. On the summits 8,000, 10,000, 11,000 feet above the sea level, lie snow banks and glaciers, capping the great rough masses with the opaque white of midwinter, and completing the novel charm of the scene.

It is a common assertion of those who have crossed the Rockies on any one of the transcontinental railway lines that they have "seen" this greatest of American mountain ranges. Why, such a glimpse as is thus offered of this wonderful range of mountains is just about as such a "dog" as one could have given the world's fair in Chicago with but half a day to devote to it. Doing the Rockies from a car window! One might as well talk of exploring the ocean's depths from a steamer deck. True, a general idea of the titanic grandeur of the scene may be formed without disembarking from a train, but the result after a trip across the Rockies made in this haphazard fashion is inevitably coarse. One notes the appalling depth of a mountain gorge, down which, perchance, a rushing torrent roars and dashes on its way to the level, contemplates that this, of all the awe-inspiring spectacles on earth, must be the chief, but a mile or two further along there is a still deeper and blacker gorge—a still wilder and more boisterous torrent. A glacier crooking its way over a precipice 5,000 feet above the valley must needs be the most extraordinary sight of the whole journey, but fifty miles away there are a dozen glaciers within sight, all grinding down the solid rock in their relentless might, and again the first impression is dispelled. A flying trip across the Rocky mountains is an experience never to be forgotten, but a leisurely exploration of the same ground begets wonder un-dreamed of, grandeur that surpasses any or most hasty conception.

The National Park.

The entire journey across the mountains on the Canadian Pacific is one that could scarcely fail to interest the most indifferent of mortals, but the Canadian National Park is the piece de resistance of the gigantic achievement. The park is a national reservation twenty thousand square miles wide, lying in the valleys of the Bow, Spray and Cascade rivers, Lake Louise and a dozen noble mountain ranges. The head of the headquarters of the great park is at Banff. The Southern part of the park is the last unbroken wilderness left in the world. The big summer hotel at Banff, where Harry Matthews receives his

company, is 4,000 feet above the level of the sea and surrounded on all sides by towering peaks that rear themselves many thousands of feet above the level on which stands the famous hotel. In the Spray, Bow and Bowder lakes, there is a hundred acres enough to accommodate several hundred people, and the tourist perched in either of the mountains has there a complete view of the Bow valley and the Fairholme range is commanded. There are and remain. Looking in any direction from the wide valley that surrounds the hotel, the tourist is forced to understand how he got in there, and still rues posted as to the way out. It is almost impossible to get out of the world—a spot where no sound or sign of civilization is to be found except when the gauze hangs towards the hotel itself for this is the only human habitation discernible far as the eye can see across those miles upon miles of rugged mountain shapes.

Banff is kaleidoscopic. Its surroundings are the mountain steeps that change their coloring with every gleaming ray of the sun, the valley where one day scarlet blossoms bloom and the next day blue bells. There is a new power apparently for every summer day in this garden of the Bow, a new shade of color for every moment that enables play upon the painted walls of Mount Cascade across the valley.

Between Banff and Laggan the scenic effects are such as no mortal man can conceive of until he has witnessed them. The resources of the great park have not been exhausted at Banff by any manner of means. The wonderful hot sulphur springs that bubble from the earth there, and the exploration of immense caves in the mountain summits, the drives to apparently inaccessible heights, thousands of feet above the hotel, are all experiences worth remembering, but of all the wonders the Rockies have to offer, none so central to travelers in this land of marvels as the lakes in the clouds.

A Land of Wonders.

Perhaps it is too bold to assert that anything in particular should be regarded as the chief attraction of the Rocky mountains, for here is a veritable land of wonders, a succession of marvels. Louche wills all past understanding. From Banff, one may in a day fish for trout in a bottomless lake that lies in a fissure between two giant mountains, may stand on the edge of chasms so frightening deep and dark that the impression of the mind can never be quite effaced; may go duck shooting on Vermillion in the morning and bear or sheep hunting on the mountain in the afternoon. And last but best of all the possibilities Banff affords is that for exploration in all directions of the tremendous ranges which surround it. The Canadian government has cut roads and bridge paths wherever such are practicable, and it is possible to scale heights on pony back which seem entirely impossible when viewed from below.

However, this chiefest virtue of this delightful spot is in its magic waters. There are more marvelous cures of chronic diseases recorded of the natural mineral baths and drinking fountains at Banff than the world knows of, but they are rapidly becoming as famous, as by reason of their undoubted virtues they ought to be. Every year the number of patients sent from Germany, England, France and other European countries to the Rockies, and that season the American tourists were many. Aside from the natural baths there can be no doubt that what will obtain the absolute purity of the mountain air, and the magical action of the mountain water, the name Banff is

coming to be understood as a synonym for health. Men and women, too, have been taken there so badly crippled with rheumatic trouble that they had to be carried to the hotel on stretchers. There were half a dozen of these cases last summer, and not one ever carried a complaint leaving. The Banff waters are a specific for rheumatism, and this is a fact that the world is beginning to realize.

But the lake is the clouds. To describe them would be to undertake a task from which the most facile word-painter might well shrink. They are too bewitching to describe, too unusual for ordinary belief. There is nothing like them on the face of the earth elsewhere than here in the Rockies, where they lie like a string of jewels in the storm. A trip from Banff to Laggan is necessary to witness these wonderful sheets of water above the clouds. It is only a run of about an hour from Banff, and once at Laggan the tourist finds all sorts of equipment, moccasin Indian ponies ready saddled, and guides in store, waiting to convey him to the foot of the cloud-laden lake, the Fair Lake. The climb is a pretty long one, but it is worth the trouble, and when suddenly a glimpse of the mirror-like surface is caught, the beholder is repaid for his trouble. Sheep

from the water the mountain walls rise toward the sky, and it is to be remembered that the lake itself is 4,000 feet above the level of the sea. The sky and pine trees that border the steep side on the left are reflected with absolute clarity in the motionless water. Every gleam of color on the ever-changing walls of the lake actually by the right is reproduced there in the mirror-like surface.

Going downward for a moment into the depths, it is almost impossible to realize that there is a lake at all. The effect is that of a gigantic hole in the water, with no bottom to it, and involuntarily the spectator stretches his feet on the shore. When the eye roams off across the lake there lies a short ridge, wedged in between the two jagged piles, that shelter this motionless and, so far as can be discovered, bottomless body of water. There are four of these lakes to be visited, and they lie one above the other, stretching along the shoulder of the mountain. Agnes is the largest of them all, but Marmot lake, Lake Agnes and Emerald are fairly as beautiful, and each has a distinctive style of its own.

At Stephen, a short distance down the line, there are some of the most wonderful caverns in the world, perched up on the tops of rugged shapes that rear themselves theod-

WONDERS OF THE QUEEN'S DOMINION

Description of Banff Hot Springs and Canadian National Park.

THE FINEST SCENERY IMAGINABLE

Natural Marvels Visible in and Near the Canadian Rival to Our Yellowstone Reserve--Sulphur Springs Which Perform Almost Miraculous Cures--Game, Fish and Miscellaneous Attractions.

Special Correspondence of The Tribune.

Banff Hot Springs, Canadian National Park, Sept. 2.—The Dominion government having followed the wise example of the United States, has lately set apart for a National reservation and pleasure ground a rectangular tract of land containing two hundred and sixty square miles on the line of the Canadian Pacific railway, which includes portions of the valleys of the Bow, Spray, and Cascade rivers—Devil's Lake, and a dozen noble mountain ranges—surrounding Banff Hot Springs. In fact no part of the Rockies exhibits a greater variety of sublime and pleasing scenes, so supremely grand and beautiful that the hand of man can add but little to which is found within these mountain walls. Here are spires, peaks, and long overlapping ranges. Here mountains tower above 10,000 feet, each one rising alone and distinct from the inclosed level of the valley. No such mountain seems as though it were built by human hands.

As we alight from our train at the railway station the view is almost overwhelming. What do we see? To the south is Cascade Mountain, 10,750 feet high; to the east is Mt. Inglefield, 9,500 feet, and the heights of the Fairholme sub-range, 8,750 feet, behind which lies Devil's Lake, and still further east is the sharp cone of Mount Pochee, rising 9,500 feet, while north of the trackless wooded Squaw Mount, beneath which are the Vermillion Lakes and Warm Springs. Up the Bow Valley to the west are the snowy peaks of the Simpson's Pass range, of which Mt. Massive is the chief, while a little nearer to the right is the north end of the Bourgeau Range, 9,400 feet, and still nearer the Sulphur Mountain, 8,000 feet along the base of which are found three famous Hot Springs. The isolated bluff to the south is Funnel Mount, which rises vertically above us over a mile, around which the railway circles and over which there are numerous carriage drives and bridle paths, while just beyond the station, Rundel Peak rises 9,000 feet abruptly and so near at hand as to cut off all view in that direction, while Mt. Aylmer, covered with spruce and pine, reaches 10,350 feet, or nearly two miles. All these dark castle-like summits, near at hand, are reflected in the clear water of the Bow River, with the tall pines, the boat houses, the steam launch, and canoes in front.

"Well may Dr. J. M. Buckley say: 'Never on this continent have I seen equalled the surroundings of Banff, considered as purely mountain scenery.' Rev. Dr. H. M. Field exclaims: 'One must be dull and insensitive who does not feel stirring within him some sentiment akin to worship as he looks up to these lofty pinnacles and towers.' In the words of Holy Writ: 'The everlasting mountains they speak of the eternity and might of Him who made them.'

BANFF THE BEAUTIFUL

Banff is called the beautiful and grand—beautiful below, around, and above; beauty and grandeur are found very where. Another says: 'Of all Nature's lovely spots few equal and none surpass in beauty of location, grandeur of surroundings, and sublimity of scenery this versatile gem of the Rockies. It must be seen to be appreciated.'

Banff is kaleidoscopic. The surroundings are the mountain steeps that change their coloring with every glancing ray of the sun. There is a new shade of color for every moment the sunshine reaches the angled peaks on either range. There is a new down appearance for every day in the valley of the Bow. One day scarlet blossoms bloom, and the next day bluebellis are found

certain tub, or he may plunge into a natural swimming pool of warm water in open air—or in a dove-roofed cave.

CURATIVE SPRINGS

These hot and sulphurous springs possess wonderful curative properties, and since the opening of the railway, have attracted thousands of people from all over the country and the world. The character of the water is said to be similar to that of the Hot Springs of Arkansas, strongly impregnated with sulphuretted hydrogen and containing a considerable quantity of various salts, sulphur, calcium, carbon, magnesia, and zinc. These springs flow out of the side of Sulphur mountain so hot as to be nearly boiling. Bathing in them has a powerful sudorific effect and a remarkable specific action upon the system and the waters, when taken internally, are very efficacious in eliminating poisons from the blood.

Miraculous cures from rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, and similar diseases have been reported in cases where persons have been bitten by rattlesnakes, when life has been despaired of, have been completely cured, and acute cases of scatica have been relieved while in the first bath. The physicians say: "The invalids get well so fast, the lame walk, the blind see, and the doctor's fee, so won, so wee." These springs some day are likely to be as famous as Baden-Baden. The temperature of the water at the real source is 120 degrees, but at the baths it is 115 degrees. At the Sanitarium and the Canadian Pacific Railway hotel, which get their supply by pipes direct from the springs, the temperature is 110 degrees; at the Basin and also Cave, from 90 to 95 degrees. The hottest springs are up the side of Sulphur Mountain, 6,200 feet above sea level, reached by a charming drive over a macadamized road. The most important springs have been improved by the government and picturesque bathing houses have been erected and placed under the care of attendants.

IN A FAMOUS CAVE

We took these drives and visited the sanitarium, the pools and caves, with deep interest. A brief description of one of the latter may be of interest to the reader. This cave opens into a tunnel through the base of an old geyser cone. It consists of a glittering chamber forty by fifty feet, and twenty feet to the dome. The dome, or roof, narrows down at the top to a small hole in the ground, through which the steam escapes. After crossing a rustic bridge, lighted by coal oil lamps, the roaring hot water underflows and the heat and fumes of sulphur make it an uncanny entrance. A short flight of steps leads to a great pool of green sulphur water, clear as glass and very similar to the hot springs of Yellowstone Park. The pool is only four or five feet deep and bubbles and steams constantly. It is fenced around and a rope is stretched across the pool, for there are several places where the water pours from below with such force as to carry the unassisted bather off his feet, for drowning is very easy in this sulphur water.

Here the bather gives himself up to his delight in its velvety smoothness, with stalactites and rocky shelves jutting above and about him in the weird half-light from the ceiling. Through the exertions of George A. Stewart, D. L. S., superintendent of the park, and to whom we are indebted for much valuable data, the springs, cave and basin have been at great expense made perfect for the enjoyment of visitors. In fact, all parts of the park have been made accessible by a most perfect system of roads, walks and bridges, planned and carried out by Mr. Stewart. These roads are concrete, abundance of clay being intermixed with the earth and gravel. We can but think what a grand thoroughfare for the enthusiastic wheeledmen. These roads scale impossible looking mountain sides and pierce through pine forests, where streams have been bridged and trails cut, until the Park is a paradise for the pedestrian, the equestrian, the hunter, the fisherman, the canoeist, the botanist, the geologist, the astronomer, the invalid, the artist, and last but not least, the kodak friend, whose work here is especially enchanting to every lover of nature.

PARK WELL CARED FOR

As a civil engineer, the works of Mr. Stewart through the park, which are one of its most notable characteristics, show that he is entitled to a commanding rank. Many valuable improvements are due to his untiring zeal. No bar-room or saloon is permitted nor shooting allowed within the park limits. Permits for camping may be obtained from Superintendent Stewart. Boating may be indulged in on the Bow river and on the lake in whose waters are excellent fishing; also driving

among the bases of these giant hills, and on their summits from eight to eleven thousand feet above sea level, the perpetual snow banks and glaciers, adding a novel charm to the scene." The color effects are such as no person can describe, nor brush reproduce, nor camera do justice to.

Banff is named from a Scotch town, the birthplace of one of the eminent Canadians, who carried through this great national highway, which the government, unable to complete, turned over to a syndicate to finish. The village which is located on a bold bluff, overlooking the junction of the Bow and Spray rivers, two or three miles southwest of the station, has a permanent population of about 600. The town proper consists of one long street upon either side of which the business places are situated. It has several stores and shops, three hotels, postoffice, a Methodist church, a good museum, and a new pavilion where the Episcopal services are regularly held. There are several boarding houses also. A good road from the station soon brings us to "The Sanitarium" under the care of Dr. Brett. A steel bridge, 265 feet long, crosses the Bow river from the railway station to the carriage road, extending about two miles eastward to the magnificent Canadian Pacific Railway Hotel.

CANADIAN NATIONAL PARK

The selection of this beautiful spot for the Canadian National Park was determined by the presence here of the Hot Mineral Springs—formerly geysers—which flow out of the side of Sulphur mountains. Of these we will speak later on. This reservation differs from our Wonderland, (Yellowstone Park) in size and natural wonders. Both parks are almost in the same condition as Nature and the Savage with his forest fires left them. Comparatively few persons realize the panoramic grandeur of the Yellowstone canons, geysers, cataracts, and hot springs, for such a combination cannot be seen in any other equal area, if anywhere in the world. While in the Canadian Park there are no such geysers, no such "grand canons" or such "grand falls" as are found in the Yellowstone, the wild grandeur of the mountain and glacier scenery, compel the admiration of every, even the reluctant, visitor, and within less than fifty miles are glaciers that are said to contain more bulk of ice than all the glaciers of Switzerland. This park, in extent, is only one-fourteenth as large as the Yellowstone, containing 160 square miles as against 2,275 square miles for the latter. It takes a week, at least, to do the Yellowstone thoroughly with its 150 miles of stage ride, stopping at a new hotel every night, while at the Canadian Park excursions to any and all points are within such easy distance as to enable tourists to return each night and recount their experiences in the full blaze of a Rocky mountain fire place at the Banff Hot Springs hotel.

The center of headquarters of this grand panorama is "Banff Hot Springs" and the palatial hotel built by the Canadian Pacific railway. This hotel is a model of luxury, right here in the heart of the Rockies. Few places have found such speedy recognition since its discovery as this great health resort, with its palatial hotel and numerous other attractions—beauty, sublimity, healthfulness and luxury combined—and none better deserves the encomiums of all tourists than this National Park,

as the great pleasure resort, breathing place, and sanitarium of the Dominion. Two miles eastward from the station stands the "Canadian Pacific Hotel," a stately edifice six stories high costing over \$200,000 with a capacity for several hundred guests. It is perched on a knoll 4,500 feet above sea level and 120 feet above the surrounding valley near a point where the Spray river dashes furiously over a series of rapids into the blue Bow river and commands fine views toward every point of the compass. Up here are mountains to the right, to the left, before and behind, and from the revolving room on the roof the guest can get any outlook he desires. One says, "the Canadian Pacific Hotel contains corridors for the invalid, turrets for the astronomer and balconies for lovers." Looking in any direction from its wide verandas one is puzzled to understand how he got here and still more puzzled as to the way out. This is absolute isolation from the rest of the world; a spot where no sound or sign of civilization is found, save when we gaze towards the hotel itself, for this is, virtually, the only human habitation discernible as far as the eye can see across these miles upon miles of rugged mountains. Connected with the hotel are baths supplied from the hot springs where one can rejuvenate himself in the magic hot sulphur waters in a por-

waning or mountains climbing over the excellent roads and bridle paths. The present reservation is to be enlarged to nearly three thousand square miles (if the project of Mr. Stewart is carried out) for its present dimensions are far too narrow for the object to be attained.

A peculiarity of the Bow river, which is a thousand miles long, from its source among the glaciers, to its junction with the Saskatchewan, is one continuous rapids, with the exception of that portion running through the park—where there is some eight or ten miles of slack water, that Nature seems to have provided especially for the enjoyment of park tourists. Steamers navigate it through the present domain. For hours we enjoyed the sweet breezes perfumed by the fir trees that like the pine and hemlock has fragrance and health-giving qualities among these sublime forests and beside the sparkling Bow and Spray rivers. Here the air is so pure and stimulating as to make one feel like leaping instead of walking. The scenery, too, is a constant charm, where every bodily sense and mental faculty is strained to the utmost. A beautious sight by day and a grand and sublime sight to us by the light of the full moon at night.

GAME SUPPLIES.

Here is the starting point for those tourists in pursuit of wild game—the bear, elk, Caribou, big-horned sheep, and mountain goat—for above the Hot Springs on Sulphur mountain they are found in great numbers. A peculiarity of these wild sheep, or big-horned goats is that the females have large horns as well as the males. The latter's horns often weigh three hundred pounds and they can defend themselves skilfully from the mountain lion, by moving their heads so rapidly as to catch their enemy upon these awful prongs, which are as effective as sledge hammers in defence.

The park is guarded by a squad of

"mounted police," twenty-five in number, who patrol it and for thirty miles along the Bow Valley. This organization is not only a bulwark and protection to the park, but to the tourist, the settler, and the coast railway. They maintain a continuous patrol along the boundary from Manitoba to the Rockies, and one cannot fail to be impressed with the great respect entertained for law and order, by both Indians and settlers alike all through the Dominion. Their duties and experiences I will make mention of later on.

INTERESTING LAKES.

Among the many noted points that attract the tourist who rests awhile at Banff are the "Devil's Lake" and the "Lakes in the Clouds." The most hurried traveler should stop off here at least two days, while a week or more can be profitably and enjoyably spent in these mountainous wilds where one sees only pure unadulterated nature. Eight miles from Banff, within the confines of the park, is a lovely lake popularly known as "Devil's Lake." The superintendent of the park, in his efforts to remove the name, has renamed it "Lake Minnewanka"—for this is no place for the dwelling of his satanic majesty. This sheet of water is located nearly six thousand feet above the sea level in awful solitudes and grandeur, with granite mountains surrounding it on either side, without foliage or soil, but with summits weathered with melted snow here and there, producing fine ice effects. Here is a steam launch, boats and canoes and good fishing. Trout of enormous size are caught here. A description of the "Lakes in the Clouds" must be omitted, owing to the extreme length of this letter.

J. E. Richmond.

MR. W. S. CAINE'S TRIP ROUND THE WORLD.

LETTER No. 6

Reprinted from the Barrow News.

At one o'clock in the morning we got on board the Western train at Calgary Station on the 16th of September, bound for Banff. The train soon reaches the Gap, the gateway of the rocky mountains, through which the Bow River rushes on its 1,500 miles journey to Hudson's Bay. We, however, were sound asleep in our berths, and saw nothing of it. We were turned out at Banff Station in the grey of the morning, and at once drove some three miles to Dr. Brett's Sanitarium, the only accommodation at present available in the great natural park of Canada. The Canadian Pacific Railway are building a gigantic hotel which will accommodate 300 guests, but it will not be open till next year. We sat down to an early breakfast, and then set to work to see as much as possible of the beautiful, and in many respects unique, scenery by which we were surrounded.

Dr. Brett took us up to the top of the house that we might take in the general prospect. We see stretching out before us a broad, flat valley, about two miles wide, filled with primeval forest. The sombre green of pine and spruce contrasted with the brilliant yellow of the fading poplar and the vermillion of dying maple leaf, while the Bow River, the loveliest on earth, winds through the whole in a bright blue ribbon. Right in front towers the snow-capped Cascade Mountain, so called from a small stream which leaps 1,000 feet from its flanks. On the left the Castle Mountain range, and on the right the Devil's-Head group, with the singular rock towering above the whole mass, justifying by its remarkable outline the Indian name of which this is the translation, while behind are the pine clad sulphur mountains, and a terrific row of lofty crags known as "The Twins." The whole forms a panorama of mountains from 10,000 to 11,000 feet high, which for beauty and grandeur can only be equalled by the Caucasus or the Austrian Tyrol.

Dr. Brett's sanitarium is intended mainly for the reception of those invalids who require the treatments which the hot sulphur spring furnishes, and we took our first walk to see the caves from which these healing fountains issue. The two principal springs, which are now being utilised, flow from the central spur of Sulphur Mountain, 800 feet above the level of the Bow River. The main spring issues at the rate of a million and a half gallons daily, and has a temperature of 115 degrees. At a short distance another spring is found, of a heat about 85 degrees, which is used for a physio bath. On the other flank of the mountain is a cave, with a narrow entrance up which a wooden ladder leads into a spacious chamber, lighted by a hole in the stalactite roof. In this chamber is a large pool about 30 feet wide and from three to six feet deep, in which bubble hot springs which fill the cave with steam, and make the atmosphere almost unbearable with the sulphur fumes which are thrown off. Persons suffering from rheumatism bathe in this cave, and some wonderful cures have been performed. A crucifix hangs on the wall with this dubious label on it, "Owner has gone home!"

I do not pretend to know anything about the curative properties of these springs, but as the leading medical men of the United States and Canada seem all agreed about recommending them for various diseases, it is probable that Banff will become a place of great resort for invalids troubled with rheumatism and affections of the skin and blood. Without the springs, the bracing and pure air and the delightful scenery will always be sufficient to attract thousands of visitors every year. There is a nice plunge bath in the open air near the bath-house, in which the water stands at about 85 degrees, and in which I had a pleasant swim.

The Bow River presents a most attractive appearance to the angler, but does not, in experience, come up to his expectations. There are trout, and large ones too, but they are hard to catch, and have an aggravating way of inspecting your fly, which they follow to the bank, and then refuse with slow scorn. I tried every fly in my book, from a "Dusty Miller" to a black gnat, but could catch nothing at all. A youth who came along informed me that "it was no use trying with them things, guv'nor, you try a bit of beef liver!" Later on the day I met an angler who had come down to "beef," and he caught one small and

pallid trout. On rare occasions they take fly in the spring and early summer, but they have a bad character for capriciousness generally. I heard of wonderful fish being caught in the Devil's Head Lake, a piece of water about 10 miles from Banff. I saw a man who had been there, and had caught 77 trout, weighing 220 lbs. in a single day, trolling with a couple of hand lines and spoon bait, and one trout was caught there last year with a piece of beef, weighing 43 lbs. The place was too distant for me to reach, as it is uphill, and the only path an old Indian trail, but an active young Englishman rode over during our visit and did his best, but never saw a fish of any kind. The following day we explored one of the small streams tributary to the Bow, with a view to learning how to manage an Indian birch bark canoe. These canoes are so light that a boy could lift them out of the water and carry them on his back. The paddler sits or kneels in the stern and propels the canoe with a broad single-bladed paddle, steering with a sort of back stroke that takes a good deal of learning. However, I managed to canoe my daughter up two or three miles of a swift running brook, and across a very beautiful lake from which it flowed called the Vermilion Lake. Probably no white man had ever seen that lake till two or three years ago, and it was a most perfect bit of wild and untouched nature. The day before we had vainly endeavoured to reach this lake by land, but the forest was so dense with fallen trees piled one over the other that it was quite impassable. I cannot find words adequately to describe the unique charms of the primitive and unspoiled scenery. The lake was smooth as glass, its banks were a wild tangle of brushwood, poplar, and maple, a perfect blaze of autumn red and gold, out of which sprang tall and sombre cedars and pine trees. Behind these were the snow-clad mountains, the whole perfectly repeated on the surface of the water.

We spent a quiet and pleasant Sunday at Banff. This rising watering place cannot yet boast a place of worship, though a wooden Wesleyan Chapel is nearly finished, and a site has been selected on which to build an Episcopal Church. Service is held in the Town Hall, a humble edifice of logs and shingles. The only regular service is on Sunday evening, conducted by Mr. Williams, the Wesleyan minister, an energetic young Welshman, who for many years had been doing a fine pioneer work amongst these new western villages and towns. His service is largely attended by the workpeople engaged in building the new hotel, by whom he is greatly esteemed. He also holds a morning service at Anthracite, a colony of coal miners, about eight miles from Banff. The Episcopalians hold a morning service when they can catch a clergyman, and this Sunday they caught a real live bishop. The Bishop of Saskatchewan, who is a good father to his own children, whatever he may be to his scattered diocese, as anyone could tell who saw him feeding his baby most tenderly with spoon-meal at breakfast in the hotel. He was accompanied by the Archdeacon, a jolly young Irish Canadian, who occupied a front seat at the Wesleyan service in the evening, a not unusual occurrence in Canada, when the absence of a State Church leads the Episcopalian clergy into more cordial intercourse with their brethren of other denominations than seems possible in the old country.

The whole of the Banff valley and adjacent mountains, to the extent of 100,000 acres, have been set apart by the Dominion Government as a national park for ever. They have voted various sums of money, in all about £16,000, for the making of roads and footpaths through the dense forests to various points of attraction, and will continue to vote further sums until the work is satisfactorily completed. I had two conversations with Mr. G. A. Stewart, the National Park Ranger, who explained to me all that he intends doing, and the work could not be in better or wiser hands. He will let nature alone as much as possible; he will strictly preserve all the wild beasts and birds, carefully regulate the fisheries, and content himself with making good roads and pathways through and through the Reserve to all points of interest. He will also endeavour to acclimate forest trees not indigenous to the soil. No land speculator can smite the beauty of the place, as no land will be sold, only leased under strict terms and for specific purposes. When Mr. Stewart has completed his labours, the Canadian National Park will be one of the most attractive holiday resorts on the globe.

The park will be 24 miles long and nine miles wide. Within its area will be found 15 miles of the Bow River, of which nine are deep

water, capable of navigation by a small steamer, six miles of the Spray River, a clear crystal mountain stream falling 100 feet within the limits of the park, which travels through a forest which just now is one blaze of orange, vermillion, and gold. The Ghost River and the Cascade River, the Forty Mile Creek, and half-a-dozen other brooks, combine altogether a great wealth of the finest river scenery, in infinite variety. The area of the park also contains the Devil's Lake, 12 miles long and two wide, and the Vermilion Lakes. The water of these fine sheets is deep and clear, and mountain ranges on each side rising thousands of feet above their surface, present scenery of the greatest beauty. The Vermilion Lakes are linked together by short streams navigable by light canoes, and are the resort of a great variety of wild fowl.

The junction of the Bow and Spray river is extremely beautiful. The Bow falls over a leap of rock about 70 feet high, in a succession of cascades, into a fine pool about 200 feet across, into which the Spray rushes. The Tunnel Mountain breaks just over this pool into a frowning precipice 700 or 800 feet high, the broken base of which is covered with a wealth of maple, poplar, and undergrowth, the autumn colour of which beggars all description.

Large game as well as fish are becoming very scarce in the neighbourhood of the National Park. It has long been a favourite hunting ground of the Indians resident in a large surrounding area. Skin hunters, Indian fishers, who net the streams, and lately have added other resources of civilization in the shape of dynamite, have made sad havoc. Mr. Stewart fully realises the importance of preserving the animals and fish, which add so many wild attractions to the scenic beauty of the National Park. Among the four-footed game still to be met with in its area is the Wapiti deer, or elk, admirably adapted by form and habit to the park-like woodlands which fringe

the small prairies and cover the green slopes of the surrounding mountains, while the gullies which extend far up the mountain sides afford ample shelter during the winter. The lesser deer are more numerous, and are often to be seen in the glades. Among these are the black-tail, the white-tail or jumping deer, the red deer, and the prong-horn antelope. In the mountain tops are bands of big-horns, a huge wild sheep familiar by name to all boys who love Mayo-Reid and Fenimore Cooper, as well as goats with long silvery hair, much hunted by Indians for their handsome skins.

There are three kinds of bears—grizzly, cinnamon, and black. The grizzly is almost extinct except in remote and unexplored parts of the Rocky Mountains; and the cinnamon and black bear are vegetarian feeders, harmless unless wantonly attacked. There are many other beautiful animals pursued by Indian and other hunters for their fur, such as beavers, otter, mink, fishers, muskrats, martens, badgers, marmots, squirrels, and such like, as well as many varieties of ptarmago and song birds.

All these Mr. Stewart proposes strictly to preserve and encourage, while at the same time he will endeavour to exterminate all those animals which prey upon others, such as wolves, coyotes, foxes, lynxes, skunks, wild cats, catamounts, panthers, and porcupines, together with such birds of prey as feed upon fish.

Feathered game consists chiefly of migratory or water fowl. Wild swans, geese, and ducks breed freely in the lakes, swamps, and woodland streams, the Bow River being one of the great migration waters from the valley of the Columbia River. Besides these, herons, bitterns, gulls, grebes, pelicans, cormorants, land-rails, coots, partridge, blue grouse, ptarmigan, sage-cock, and prairie fowl all nest and hatch in spring and summer time, an added charm to the wanderer who loves nature in all its forms. These also will be strictly preserved.

The fish in the various streams comprise white fish, which takes no bait or fly, having a small mouth and living on suction—a fine fish for the pan, however; several varieties of trout, one of which, *salmo irideus*, I had never seen before I caught one with a small phantom minnow—it is so called from its brilliant rainbow-like tints when first caught; grayling, which take the fly well, mountain herring, a bright silvery little fish very like the Welsh "*gwyniad*"; gold eyes, a sort of carp catfish, small chub, and suckers. The trout spawn in April and May, but get into good

condition in September. I had a breakfast of the *salmo tridentinus*, which was excellent eating with firm white flesh.

Mr. Stewart wisely intends to confine all fishing to fair rod and line only, solely for sport and private use, and to increase the stock, now sadly worn down by the improvident destructiveness of Indian fishing, by artificial hatching and rearing. He will also plant the lakes and marshes with wild rice, which is very attractive to wild fowl of every kind, both for food and shelter.

Mr. Stewart also proposes, by damming up some portions of the many streams which run through the park to fill up a chain of old marshes, and turn them into lakes. I rather protested against this interference with nature, for I found a special beauty in these marshes such as I had never seen before. But he explained that his chief object was not so much to create lakes as to act as a fire-break from the many conflagrations which rage through the Rocky Mountains during the summer, and which might at any time sweep through the National Park. There was some dread of this during the late very dry summer, when forest fires have been frequent and extensive. I have myself seen areas of 15 or 20 square miles of burnt forest, with every vestige of green life burnt up, and only the thicker trees standing up, the gaunt charred ghosts of their former grandeur.

Mr. Stewart also talks of importing pheasants and quails from Vancouver Island, where they were introduced some years ago, and have thriven.

It is proposed to give the Indians who have hitherto hunted, trapped, and fished over the area of the National Park some compensation in the shape of increased rations or other allowance, and then absolutely prohibit them from further operations of the kind. It is thought that with an efficient staff of police at Banff to maintain order, enforce regulation, and uphold the special measures necessary, with forest rangers qualified by mountain experience and familiarity with the haunts and habits of the wild animals of the country, of which force the Indians would form a part, there would be little difficulty in securing the objects in view, and in enforcing the strictest protection for the game and fish still inhabiting the park.

The Government have been urged to establish at Banff a museum of Natural history and an aquarium, so that the efforts of Mr. Stewart may be made of service to science, and no doubt this recommendation will be carried out.

Such then are, briefly, the particulars of one of the most interesting experiments of modern times, and I venture to predict that in a few years, when it has been thus cared for and opened out by roads and pathways, there will be few more delightful holiday resorts of the globe than the National Park of the Dominion of Canada.

W. S. CAINE.

The Sanitarium, National Park, Canada,
20th September.

THURSDAY 9

(40-325)

1893

FRIDAY 10

(41-324)

SATURDAY 11

(42-323)

CHARTERED BANKS IN CANADA.

ONTARIO—Continued.		ONTARIO—Continued.		QUEBEC—Continued.	
Place.	Name of Bank.	Place.	Name of Bank.	Place.	Name of Bank.
Eliza Craig	Commerce.	Ottawa	Ottawa.	Dromondville	Jacques Cartier.
Galt	Standard.		Commerce.	Farnham	St. Hilaire.
Georgetown	Hamilton.		National.	Fraserville	Jacques Cartier.
Almonte	Hamilton.		Merchants.	Granby	People's of Halifax.
Amblerberg	Montreal.		Ontario.	Hull	Eastern Townships.
Arnprior	Ottawa.	Ottawa	Quebec.	Hudson	Jacques Cartier.
Aurora	Ottawa.	Owen Sound	Ung. n.	Hull	People's of Halifax.
Aylmer	Molson.		Merchants.	Rouville	Eastern Townships.
Barrie	Commerce.	Paley	Standard.	Juliette	Jacques Cartier.
Bellville	Toronto.	Paris	British N. America.	Lachute	Ville Marie.
Brampton	Montreal.	Parkdale	Standard.	Laurentian	Jacques Cartier.
Berlin	Commerce.	Parkhill	Commerce.	Louisville	Ville Marie.
Blenheim	Commerce.	Pembroke	Quebec.	Montreal	British N. America.
Bowmanville	Standard.			Montreal	Montreal.
Bradford	Standard.	Peterborough	Western.	Toronto	Toronto.
Brampton	Dominion.		Montreal.		d'Hochelega.
Brantford	Merchants.		Merchants.		Commerce.
Brighton	Commerce.	Petrolia	Toronto.		" habeller Square.
Brockville	Standard.	Pickering	Ontario.		Ontario.
Brunswick	Montreal.	Picton	Standard.		Nationale.
Campbellford	Standard.	Port Colborne	Imperial.	Ville Marie.	Merchants.
Cannington	Standard.	Post Elgin	Hamilton.	Jacques Cartier.	Jacques Cartier.
Carleton Place	Ottawa.	Port Hope	Toronto.	Point St. Charles	Ville Marie.
Cayuga	Commerce.	Port Perry	Traders.	Quebec	British N. America.
Chatham	Commerce.	Port Hope	Montreal.		Montreal.
Cornwall	Merchants.	Port Hope	Merchants.		Union.
Collingwood	Standard.	Port Perry	Montreal.		Merchants of Halifax.
Drayton	Traders.	Port Hope	Merchants.		" West End.
Dundas	Commerce.	Port Hope	Montreal.		Newfoundland.
Dundas	Commerce.	Port Hope	Traders.	St. Jean	St. Jean.
Durham	Standard.	Port Hope	Montreal.	Nicole	Ville Marie.
Essex Centre	Imperial.	Port Hope	Merchants.	Plessisville	Jacques Cartier.
Elmira	Traders.	Port Hope	Montreal.	Point St. Charles	Ville Marie.
Exeter	Molson.	Port Hope	Merchants.	Quebec	Toronto.
Fergus	Imperial.	Port Hope	Montreal.		British N. America.
Forest	Standard.	Port Hope	Merchants.		Montreal.
Fort William	Montreal.	Port Hope	Montreal.		Nationale.
Galt	Commercial Bk of Man.	Port Hope	Merchants.		Merchants.
Gananoque	Commerce.	Port Hope	Montreal.		Quebec.
Goderich	Montreal.	Port Hope	Merchants.		du Peuple.
Guelph	Montreal.	Port Hope	Montreal.		Molson.
Glencoo	Traders.	Port Hope	Merchants.		Union.
Hamilton	British N. America.	Port Hope	Montreal.		Merchants of Halifax.
Hamilton	Standard.	Port Hope	Merchants.		" West End.
Harriston	Standard.	Port Hope	Montreal.		Newfoundland.
Ingersoll	Imperial.	Port Hope	Merchants.		Montreal.
Iroquois	Union.	Port Hope	Montreal.		d'Hochelega.
Jarvis	Commerce.	Port Hope	Merchants.	Stanstead	Eastern Townships.
Keweenaw	Ottawa.	Port Hope	Montreal.	Three Rivers	d'Hochelega.
Kincardine	Merchants.	Port Hope	Commerce.		Commerce.
Kingston	British N. America.	Port Hope	Merchants.	Valleyfield	Jacques Cartier.
Leamington	Ontario.	Port Hope	Commerce.	Victoriaville	Hochelega.
Lindsay	Traders.	Port Hope	Merchants.	Waterloo	Jacques Cartier.
Listowel	Montreal.	Port Hope	Commerce.		Eastern Townships.
London	British N. America.	Port Hope	Merchants.		Montreal.
Locknow	Hamilton.	Port Hope	Commerce.		Nova Scotia.
Markham	Standard.	Port Hope	Merchants.	Amherst	Nova Scotia.
Meaford	Molson.	Port Hope	Commerce.	Annapolis	Nova Scotia.
Merrickville	Union.	Port Hope	Merchants.	Antigonish	Union of Halifax.
Midland	Western.	Port Hope	Commerce.	Barrington	Merchants of Halifax.
Milton	Merchants.	Port Hope	Merchants.	Bridgewater	Halifax Banking Co.
Morrisburg	Hamilton.	Port Hope	Commerce.	Canso	Nova Scotia.
Mount Forest	Molson.	Port Hope	Merchants.	Digby	Halifax Banking Co.
Napanee	Ontario.	Port Hope	Commerce.	Guyoborough	Merchants of Halifax.
Newcastle	Dominion.	Port Hope	Merchants.	Halifax	British N. America.
Newmarket	Standard.	Port Hope	Commerce.		Nova Scotia.
New Hamburg	Ontario.	Port Hope	Merchants.		Halifax Banking Co.
Niagara Falls	Western.	Port Hope	Commerce.		Merchants of Halifax.
Norwich	Imperial.	Port Hope	Merchants.		People's.
Orangeville	Molson.	Port Hope	Commerce.	Kentville	Nova Scotia.
Orillia	Commerce.	Port Hope	Merchants.	Liverpool	Nova Scotia.
Oshawa	Traders.	Port Hope	Commerce.	Lunenburg	Merchants of Halifax.
Ottawa	Dominion.	Port Hope	Merchants.	Lockport	Halifax Banking Co.
	Western.	Port Hope	Commerce.	Matthews	Merchants of Halifax.
	British N. America.	Port Hope	Merchants.	Malpeque	Merchants of Halifax.
	Montreal.	Port Hope	Commerce.	New Glasgow	People's.
		Port Hope	Merchants.	North Sydney	Halifax Banking Co.
		Port Hope	Commerce.	Oxford	Halifax Banking Co.
		Port Hope	Merchants.	Parrsboro	Halifax Banking Co.
		Port Hope	Commerce.	Pictou	Halifax Banking Co.
		Port Hope	Merchants.	Port Hawkesbury	Merchants of Halifax.
		Port Hope	Commerce.	Port Hood	Merchants of Halifax.
		Port Hope	Merchants.	Springhill	Halifax Banking Co.
		Port Hope	Commerce.	Stellarton	Nova Scotia.
		Port Hope	Merchants.	Sydney	Merchants of Halifax.
		Port Hope	Commerce.	Truro	Halifax Banking Co.
		Port Hope	Merchants.	Westville	Merchants of Halifax.
		Port Hope	Commerce.	Weymouth	Merchants of Halifax.
		Port Hope	Merchants.	Windsor	Commerce.
		Port Hope	Commerce.		People's of Halifax.
		Port Hope	Merchants.		Halifax Banking Co.
		Port Hope	Commerce.		Peoples.
		Port Hope	Merchants.		Nova Scotia.
		Port Hope	Commerce.		Yarmouth.
		Port Hope	Merchants.		

