CANADA

A Playground for the Empire
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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

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The beautiful glacier-hung peak named by the Canadian Government in honour of Nurse Edith Cavell

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MUCH has been written of Canada's great natural resources—of her minerals and timber and rich agricultural lands, of her water powers and fisheries—but, strangely enough, little has been said of her opulence of natural beauty or of the abundant and varied opportunities for recreation and enjoyment she offers from one end of her vast territory to the other. Yet, though it is one of her chief recommendations that she offers everyone "a chance to work," it is equally true, in a more delightful sense, that she offers everyone "a chance to play."

Nature was in a royally generous mood when she made Canada. She gave her glorious rivers that draw their blue lengths over a thousand miles to the sea, magnificent inland lakes, like seas themselves for depth and greatness; vast stretches of cool, sweet-smelling pine forests, where deer, moose, and bear make their homes; and rivers beyond counting—pine-stained and foaming or crystal clear—in whose golden brown or green shadows lurk gamey trout. She gave her, on the east, over a thousand miles of sea-beach washed by the blue Atlantic, and more than five hundred thousand square miles of inland lake and forest country ideally adapted for outdoor recreation. To the west, she stretched the great prairie country, a land which measures more than a thousand miles from east to west, and probably as much from north to south.
This is "the bread-basket of the Empire," a place of busy industry, yet with a peculiar beauty of its own.

Beyond the prairies, flanking them along their entire western boundary, she stretched the Rockies, a mountain world of tumbled peaks, 400 miles from east to west, and over 1,000 miles from north to south, a country with approximately fifteen times the area of Switzerland, which contains every charm of the true alpine world.

Nature gave Canada, too, not only all this abundant outdoors to play in, but a climate which, for a greater part of the year, makes out-door life both possible and delightful. A Canadian winter is characterized usually by dry cold and abundant sunshine, and nearly every able-bodied person from six to sixty enjoys some kind of out-door sport. In summer one can live under canvas without discomfort, and thousands of Canadians betake themselves to summer homes or to camps.
beside some lake or stream or among the mountains, where they can live a freer, more open life.

Every town or summer resort of any importance has its golf course, and the larger cities usually three or four. The numerous and beautiful waterways, the countless lakes, provide opportunities for swimming, boating, and canoeing. The Laurentians in the east and the Rockies in the west supply a playground of thousands of square miles for lovers of mountains, and where could one find a more thrilling or varied water journey than from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the head of the Great Lakes—a journey of 2,500 miles up the storied St. Lawrence, touching at Quebec and Montreal, and passing through the Thousand Islands, “dreamland of beauty and peace,” to the Great Lakes. Thence, with a brief rest at Toronto or Niagara Falls, going on to Port Arthur or Fort William, at the head of the wonderful inland lake system.
Canada's Recreational Areas

Canada's public reservations for out-door enjoyment are probably unique. No other country in proportion to her population has made such generous provisions for recreation in the out-of-doors. The Federal government's system of national parks is a magnificent recognition of the right of public access to places of outstanding beauty, and of the universal need for recreation. The reserves set aside for this purpose cover approximately 10,000 square miles, an area larger than the principality of Wales, and two-thirds the size of Switzerland. The largest of these, Jasper National Park, in the Northern Rockies, covers 4,400 square miles. If Great Britain were to set aside the counties of Surrey, Suffolk, Middlesex, Gloucester, and Warwick for a national forest, to be protected and reserved in perpetuity for the enjoyment of the people, it would constitute an area approximately equal to this one reservation.
"Fortress City, bathed by streams majestic as her memories." — Duke of Argyll
The St. Lawrence River at Montreal, over 1,300 miles from its mouth
The National Parks

The use of the term "park" in connection with such vast territory must seem incongruous to anyone familiar only with the parks of older countries, where the term usually denotes a reserve of formal and ordered beauty, limited in extent. On the North American continent, however, the term "national park," inadequate though it is felt to be, has come to have a special and clearly recognized significance. This, in spite of the fact that it is used to cover several kinds of reservations. In its broadest meaning a national park is a public reservation of land which for one reason or another is of common national interest. Such reserves vary in Canada from great regions characterized by outstanding scenic beauty or unique phenomena of nature to small areas preserving sites memorable in the national history, or bearing remains of aboriginal occupation.

The national parks exist to preserve, for the benefit and enjoyment of Canadians, some of the most beautiful examples of her natural scenery, as well as places associated with her history, using history here in its broadest sense and going back to earliest times. They also include animal and bird reserves, created to preserve certain species of native mammals and birds that are threatened with a diminution of numbers or even, as in the case of buffalo and antelope, with actual extinction.

The value of such reservations becomes each year more apparent. Canada is still a young country, but she has learned from her own experience and from the experience of other
In Ontario, Quebec, and British Columbia the provincial governments have also set aside large and beautiful areas of primitive forest as wild-life preserves and for public recreation, and while no reserves have been created in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, these provinces possess forest areas that supply the same needs and provide opportunities for camping, fishing, hunting, and the out-door life generally.
The National Parks in the Rockies

With two exceptions the Federal recreational reserves in Canada are in the Rocky Mountains. This is due partly to the fact that in the older provinces the land long since passed out of the hands of the Crown. While each province has beautiful lakes, rivers, or sea-side regions which form the summer playground of thousands, the culminating point of Canadian scenery is admittedly found in the Rocky Mountains. This region is so magnificent in beauty and interest that the conservation of some of its finest sections is properly of national concern. Few countries can equal it in either magnitude or sublimity. In the words of Mr. T. G. Langstaff, the eminent English alpinist, it would appear to be "merely awaiting recognition to become in this century as Switzerland was in the past, the playground of the world."
LAKE MINNEWANKA, BANFF NATIONAL PARK

WILD BIGHORN SHEEP, CANADIAN ROCKIES
"Its waters are distilled from peacock's tails, and paved with mother-of-pearl, and into them rush those wild blues that are only mixed in the heart of glaciers."

The Canadian Rockies

It was said of that Guinevere, whom Launcelot loved, that "God in making her used both hands," and the same might be affirmed of the Canadian Rockies. When the traveller enters the narrow portal which lets him through the great eastern wall, he could believe himself in another world. The senses are at first bewildered by the succession of majestic forms. Every moment reveals a new picture, and each one is a surprise and enchantment. Great gray peaks, scarred, hacked, worn by time and weather, lift their shattered summits against a sky of purest azure. A stone's
throw from the train, a tumbling stream, milky green with sediment, hurries down from distant glaciers. The scent of a thousand miles of pine forest and a faint tang of neighbouring
To the high hills you took me. And we saw
The everlasting ritual of sky
And earth and the waste places of the air,
And momently the change of changeless law
Was beautiful before us, and the cry

Of the great winds was as a distant prayer
From massed people, and the choric sound
Of many waters moaning down the long
Veins of the hills was as an undersong;
And in that hour we moved on holy ground—John Drinkwater
snowpeaks sting in the nostril. The air is keen and clear and sweet as only alpine air can be. Primitive strength, barbaric power, the results of conflicts between tremendous, unbelievable forces, are visible on every side. The sheer naked strength of the ranges would be terrible if the mountains were not clothed and softened as they are with the green of luxuriant pine forests, slashed often by a crystal waterfall or a tumbling stream.

Comparisons between beautiful regions in different parts of the world are usually futile, but for mingled grandeur and loveliness probably the only other region equal to the Rockies is the Swiss Alps. The two main ranges of the Canadian Cordilleras are the Rockies and Selkirks, and each of these has
its special characteristics and charms. The Selkirks are ages older than the Rockies, and have been worn down so that they are slightly lower in altitude. They have a much heavier precipitation, and are characterized by luxuriant vegetation and a wealth of snow and ice. The Rockies are higher, barer, more stupendous, their limestone summits splintered into turrets, spires and pinnacles, or crowned with magnificent caps of snow.

The immensity of these ranges, crumpled and twisted by forces beyond the power of the mind to conceive, the endless
array of sculptured and almost architectural peaks, each with its own individuality, and each revealing a life-story farther back than the imagination can go, the shifting play of light and shadow upon their lofty heads, the delicate and elusive variations of colour, the thin opalescent atmosphere, and the dazzling downpour of light in which they are bathed—all these refuse to be put either into words or on canvas. The array, too, of bare or snowy summits wrapped in flying clouds or touched at sunset with amazing fires, the green Alplands and upper meadows emblazoned with flowers, the sweep of white glaciers down into green forest, and, above
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all, the exquisite, matchless colouring of the mountain lakes, enthrall the imagination and make these glorious ranges an incomparable playground for all lovers of mountains the world over.

I see a great land poised as in a dream—waiting for its own people to come and take possession of it.—Edward Carpenter

THE parks are maintained and managed by the government so as to permit free access to their many beauties and at the same time guard against desecration. They are country estates which belong to the whole people, patrolled and guarded, yet beyond the required roads and trails and the necessary development due to man’s use and habitation, maintained in their original wildness and loneliness and virginal beauty even as Nature created them.

In the parks, tramping, riding, alpine climbing, and exploring are the recreations of the more vigorous, and for those less actively inclined there are excellent roads for motoring,
delightful lakes and streams in which to fish, and even a perfect golf course or two. The clear mountain air and abundant sunshine make it a joy to be out of doors and render life
under canvas not only possible but delightful.

All the parks are wild-life sanctuaries, and birds and mammals native to these regions roam and breed free from molestation. The fearlessness and grace of these beautiful creatures are a constant source of interest and delight to all visitors. The wild things have been quick to realize that within these borders man has laid aside his ancient enmity, and each year they are becoming tamer and more numerous.

The Canadian Rockies are traversed by two main transcontinental lines, each of which traverses one or more of the national parks. Tourist hotels at the more important centres provide excellent accommodation. Swiss guides are procurable for difficult ascents, and there are outfitting firms which supply parties with ponies, tents, blankets, guides, and all necessary equipment for a camping, hunting, or exploring trip. No game may be hunted within the parks, as has been said, but the chief tourist resorts from the starting-point for many expeditions...
to big-game areas in the surrounding regions, where wild sheep, goat, and bear are to be had. For those who love adventure the Rockies offer the lure of the unknown and unconquered. There are still scores of peaks as yet unscaled and whole regions not even mapped. Whether the visitor be scientist, alpine climber, explorer, or a mere lover of Nature in her grandest and sublimest moods, he finds in these great reservations happy and delightful conditions, and ideal land which answers to his desire.

CANADA'S national parks are being sought each year by increasing thousands of Canadians, but they are too big and too beautiful to be the exclusive property of any one people. They belong by right, like great works of art, to all who have the eye to see and the heart to enjoy them. They are the crowning glory of Canada, and may yet be one of

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the chief glories of the Empire. Who knows if the great gulf stream of travel, which has carried so many hundreds of thousands from the new lands of the North American continent to the old, may not yet be reversed, so that the people of the mother-country shall flow back to Canadian shores, to find new health, fresh and delightful experiences, and a new conception of the possibilities of the Empire.

For the desire to travel, to see other countries or ways of life, as recent
historians have shown us, is one of the most deeply-buried in our blood. When the grey goose honks overhead in the April twilight, or the swallows gather in the autumn for their long migration to the south, who does not feel a kindred restlessness and a desire to be up and away? The comfort and ease with which long distances may now be accomplished is bringing the gratification of this instinct within the reach of increasing numbers. But the true nomadic movement, as Mr. Wells has pointed out in his Outline of History, "is a movement between homes. The Kalmuks go each year a thousand miles from one home to another." Is it not possible that there will come a time not far distant when all who live beneath the British flag will be, in a truer sense, citizens of a "vaster Empire than has been"? When they will move about among its
different parts and enjoy the beauties that each has to offer, finding the stimulus of fresh scenes and different customs and ways of life, yet finding, too, in each the same traditions, the
same loyalties, the same love of honour and liberty, in which the British spirit can feel at home?
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MALIGNE LAKE, JASPER NATIONAL PARK

MOUNT REARGUARD AND MOUNT ROBSON, JASPER NATIONAL PARK

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Canada, situated as she is half way between the homeland and the great southern Dominions, opens her doors in welcome to all visitors who travel to and fro, believing that out of mutual knowledge must come understanding and out of understanding,
sympathy, and out of sympathy that indestructible bond, "stronger than triple brass," which shall make in a new sense, the greatest Empire that has been.