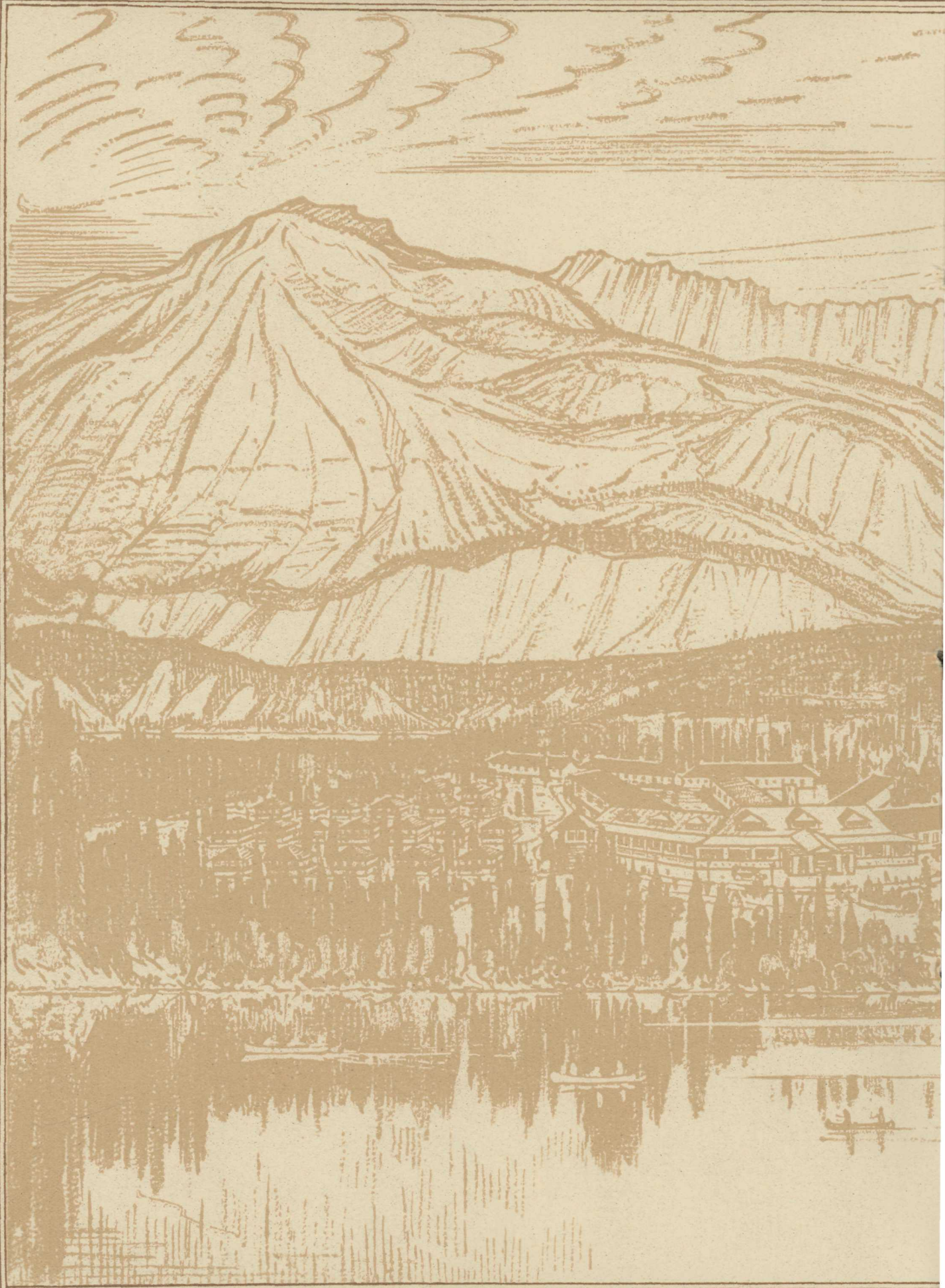


JASPER NATIONAL PARK



CANADA

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS



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MCMXXVII



THE ATHABASKA VALLEY



JASPER NATIONAL PARK

"Spirit of place! It is for this we travel, to surprise its subtlety; and where it is a strong and dominant angel, that place, seen once, abides entire in the memory. It is recalled all a lifetime, having been perceived but a week."—ALICE MEYNELL.

THE nomadic instinct, we are told, was born of the search for richer feeding grounds, but it left within us another, more insatiable hunger, the desire for travel and change. In the very dullest of us there is a bit of the spirit of Ulysses. This beautiful, inexhaustibly interesting world calls perpetually to our wayfaring feet. "For to behold and for to see," we are ready to cross oceans and continents, content if we bring home no other spoil than a golden fleece of memories, a little stored sunshine of experience and quickened living against the grey days of life.

So easily now do we travel that a supremely beautiful and interesting region becomes the property of almost the whole world. The announcement, therefore, a few years ago, that a new and wonderful playground had been opened in the Northern Canadian Rockies by the building of another transcontinental railroad was at once a matter of universal interest, and, year by year, as it has been opened up and its wonders become better known, it has been attracting more and more the mountain lovers of the world.

Of all the National Parks on this continent Jasper is the largest. It covers an area of 4,400 square miles. A mountain kingdom, large as some European countries, part of it still unmapped and unexplored! There are whole regions of sublime grandeur which as yet scarcely half a dozen white men have penetrated. But also, in that thin fringe which civilization has conquered from the wilderness, there are to be found all the refinements and comforts the modern tourist demands—a delightful hotel, golf links that can take their place among the best on the continent, swimming pools, tennis courts, and excellent roads for motoring. Many interesting and beautiful places, including the whole Athabaska Valley from its eastern ranges to Mount Edith Cavell, can be reached by automobile. Beyond, calling to those who will "boot, saddle, to horse, and away," are some of the greatest regions of the Rockies, most of them accessible by good trails to any one who can sit upright on a mountain pony, an intelligent creature which demands no intelligence from his rider but simply the opportunity to use his own.

HISTORIC BACKGROUND

Travellers familiar with the Alps are sometimes wont to complain that the Canadian mountains lack background. They miss, they say, the humanizing touch, the rich texture of legend and history that human associations have woven about the Swiss Alps and other older regions. "The Canadian mountains," one

writes, "do not commemorate. They only prophesy." Of the Jasper region this is certainly not true. It has not only a future but a past. From the moment the visitor enters the eastern gateway of the park he is on historic ground. Great names linger among its mountains and passes, names of those intrepid pathfinders who, with incredible hardship and suffering, hewed the first trails through the chaotic wilderness of the mountains.

To the visitor who travels to-day up and down the Athabaska Valley by railroad or modern highway, the valley appears to show no signs of a past. But let him climb Oldfort Hill, that historic spot opposite the town of Jasper, at the junction of the Miette and the Athabaska rivers, and commanding both valleys for miles! Let him look down upon the swift flood sweeping north-eastward, north to the dark slopes of Pyramid mountain, once the landmark of early travellers, or south to the powdered head of Mount Edith Cavell, formerly "le Montagne de la Grande Traverse," the point at which the weary pack trains turned west up the valley of the Whirlpool on the way up to the Athabaska Pass! In a moment the years have rolled back. The modern bridge, the prosperous little town at his feet, the steel lines of the railway, the motor cars and tourists have melted away. In imagination he is looking down upon those scenes of long ago.

It is the close of the eighteenth century. Canada west of Lake Huron is still unbroken wilderness. The power and wealth of the two great fur companies—the Hudson's Bay and the Northwest Companies—are at their height. Their active and intrepid agents are pushing east, west, north and south, over all the plains and even to the Arctic, in quest of furs for the marts of the world. The mountains are as yet unpenetrated. They are feared as a wilderness, inhabited by savage beasts and still more savage tribes. But straggling Indian traders from the *Mistahay-Shakaw-Seepee*, or Great River of the Woods, bring word of a region within the mountains rich beyond telling in fur-bearing animals of every kind. The wide Athabaska Valley offers an easy gateway to new traffic. About the year 1800 the Hudson's Bay Company establishes a small trading post just outside the mountains where the river widens into a shallow lake. It is placed in charge of a clerk named Jasper Hawse, a man destined to stamp his name indelibly on the region, but of whom practically nothing else is known.

The Athabaska Valley is soon a centre of activity. Halfbreed and Indian trappers are laying their lines up all its tributary valleys, cutting trails some of which exist to this day. The Northwest Company is not long behind in discovering the new territory and has pushed south across Howse Pass, establishing a line of posts to the headwaters of the Columbia. It is the year 1811, and the Piegan Indians, angry at the furnishing of ammunition to their enemies, are on the warpath at Howse Pass. That doorway, therefore, is closed. But David Thompson, the brilliant young Welsh geographer, in charge of the posts of the Saskatchewan, has heard rumours of a new pass in the remote and icy regions at the head of the Athabaska River. He determines to make an effort to find a road to the western sea, and, perhaps, reach the mouth of the Columbia before John Jacob Astor's expedition, sent out from New York by the ship *Tonquin* to capture the fur trade to the west of the mountains, shall arrive.

It is the summer of 1812 before Thompson reaches the ocean and by that time the little post of Astoria is firmly established. But if he has failed in part of his mission, he has brilliantly succeeded in opening a new and shorter route to the sea. Thenceforward the Athabaska Trail becomes the most travelled highway from east to west. After the passing of the post of Astoria into British hands, many of its clerks and servants, a company of over one hundred and fifty men, women and children, return eastward by this route. Among them are Gabriel Franchère, the young Frenchman, Ross Cox and Alexander Ross, all of whom are later to write fascinating accounts of these early journeys.

After the amalgamation of the two fur companies in 1821 this becomes the regular route for the bi-yearly brigades. At the summit of the Athabaska Pass, on the shores of the little tarn known as the Committee's Punchbowl, the brigade from York Factory exchanges mail, passengers and goods with the brigade from the mouth of the Columbia, quaffing, whenever it is available, "a jorum of punch in honour of the Great Company."

With the brigades go many travellers whose names are now perpetuated in the region: Edward Ermatinger, brilliant servant of the fur company; David Douglas, the enthusiastic Scotch botanist, plodding wearily with his oilcloth pack of seeds; Paul Kane, the artist, making sketches of the Indians; Father de Smet, the genial missionary to the tribes of the mountains, undergoing a fast of two months at Jasper House so that he may reduce his weight sufficiently to attempt the arduous journey across the pass.

In a little more than half a century, however, the rich wild life resources of the region are practically exhausted. The posts in the Athabaska Valley become difficult to maintain and are finally closed. The brigades no longer startle the mountain solitudes, and except for a few rare expeditions, thenceforward the silence of the Athabaska Valley remains unbroken from year to year.

At length, in 1875, come engineers looking for the most practicable route for a railway; first Sir Sandford Fleming, pointing out, although without avail, the unequalled advantages of the Yellowhead Pass—finally, many years later, other engineers seeking the easiest and best levels for another transcontinental railroad. This time the Yellowhead route is adopted and surveyors are soon busy locating the new road. By 1912 the last rail is laid, the final spike is driven home, and soon, from the east and the west, along the lines of the Canadian National Railways, through the old Athabaska and Miette Valleys, the traffic of a continent is rolling. The twin lines of steel have opened up the great northern section of the mountains, and the region whose beauty had aroused the admiration of all early travellers has become a playground for the world.

A PEERLESS PLAYGROUND

"Farther than vision ranges, farther than eagles fly."

It would require, however, a loftier viewpoint than Oldfort Hill—some height to which only an eagle or an aeroplane might soar—to enable one to realize the interest and extent of this vast reserve. Extending from the foothills on the east to the Great Divide on the west, from the watershed of the Brazeau River and the Columbia Icefield on the south to approximately the 53rd parallel on the north, the park includes many types of mountain scenery, from the bare contorted limestones of the outer ranges of the Rockies to those thrilling regions of perpetual ice and snow massed along the Continental Divide. The central geographic feature of the region is the great valley of the Athabaska River, which runs through the whole centre of the park, bisecting it roughly from south-west to north-east. This splendid valley, sixty miles long and from two to five miles wide throughout, is one of the finest in the Canadian Rockies. Smiling, green and spacious, floored with grassy meadowlands, its sides rising, at Jasper, to wooded benches set with a score of little lakes, each a gem of vivid and exquisite colour, its upper slopes arched with the rich green of pine and spruce, and topped by rounded summits or the jagged silver crests of limestone ridges—is in itself a natural park. Along its floor rolls the noble Athabaska, one of the great rivers of the West. At first a tiny rivulet, dribbling from the tongue of the great Athabaska glacier, but soon gathering to itself half a dozen tributary streams and with them running, slipping, leaping, over the rapids and through the canyon, taking hands with the Whirlpool, the Astoria, Portal and Whistlers' creeks, at Jasper taking in the Miette and soon the Maligne rivers, gathering all their waters together as a charioteer gathers the reins in his fingers, and sweeping out north-east through five successive ranges which pour in their tribute as it flows, to give life and fertility to a thousand miles of prairie. This great valley, alone, would make a playground for multitudes. Yet it forms not much more than the main hallway, the central avenue, so to speak, of this great reserve. The visitor to Jasper Park Lodge has within his reach half a dozen other great regions, all accessible by pony back, unsurpassed in interest and grandeur on the continent.

On the western boundary of the park, north of the Yellowhead Pass, through which the railway crosses to British Columbia, lies the rich Mount Robson region, with the glorious "Monarch of the Rockies" as its centre. A tremendous region this, approached through the verdurous gloom of the Valley of a Thousand Falls—"musical with the clamour of waters and murmurous with pines"—past Emperor Falls, the noblest cataract of the Rockies, to Berg Lake, a turquoise mirror lying at the feet of the great peak itself, and Berg Glacier, a shining curtain of green ice, nearly a mile long, which hangs from the cloudland about the mountain's head to the very verge of the blue waters below.

A few miles south of the railway is the wonderful Tonquin Valley, accessible from Jasper by four different routes, a region of such smiling alpine loveliness, set against the tremendous wall of Mount Erebus, Mount Fraser, and the wildly picturesque line of the Ramparts, that it has already been chosen as the setting for more than one screen romance.

Southward a few miles more lies the historic region of the Athabaska Pass, guarded by the famous peaks of Mount Brown and Mount Hooker, so long believed to be the loftiest summits of the Rockies, and the object of so many fruitless climbing expeditions. Midway of the pass is the little lake known as the Committee's Punchbowl, a twin-lipped beaker, spilling its waters east to the Atlantic and west to the Pacific Oceans.

Near at hand, too, is the interesting but as yet scarcely known region of the so-called "Whirlpool Sector," with its glorious Scott Glacier, a region destined ere long to be one of the great tourist objectives of the park. South-eastward, just across the Divide, the beautiful Fortress Lake, with its galaxy of noble peaks, including Mount Clemenceau, the fourth highest summit of the Rockies. Then swinging round, along the Great Divide, we come to the vast Columbia Icefield, the largest of its kind south of Alaska. It is here, on the southern borders of Jasper Park, that the Rockies reach their highest general elevation and true culmination. Although Mount Robson, to the north, is the loftiest peak of the system, it occupies an isolated position. It is merely the great tower in front of the central edifice. This vast sea of ice, one hundred and ten miles in extent, is the true apex of the "roof of the Rockies." And what a culmination! A glassy dome formed by the accumulations of centuries of ice and snow, hundreds of feet thick and older than history, lifted high above the clouds upon the rocky ribs of a score of mighty peaks. They circle about it, a company of Titans—glorious Mount Columbia, the North and South Twins, Mount Alberta, Mount Clemenceau, Mount Douglas and Mount Bryce—the glittering spires and towers of their lofty summits soaring above its frosty wastes like the minarets of an eastern mosque. Springing down from it on all sides curve the crystal arches of more than a score of mighty glaciers, the largest six miles long and over a mile wide, transformed as they reach the valleys into living streams that take their way finally by three great rivers—the Athabaska, the Saskatchewan and the Columbia—to the Arctic, Atlantic and Pacific oceans.

Eastward, too, is the great Brazeau region, rich in big game, with snow-crowned Mount Brazeau, now said to be the third highest summit of the Rockies, as its outstanding feature.

In a direct line north from Mount Brazeau lies that other beautiful section, considered by many the most beautiful in the whole park—the valley of Maligne river and lake, with the wonderful Shovel Pass forming the gateway to the parallel valley of the Athabaska. The lake itself is a superb sheet of water, fourteen miles

long, "lucent and lovely, bluer than bluest summer air." It is divided into two parts by a rocky outthrust called "The Narrows" and its upper portion forms a picture of such supreme beauty that it must remain forever in the minds and hearts of all who have ever seen it.

Yet all these regions do not make up the whole tale of the attractions of the park, for there are many others—The Rocky River, Jacques Lake, Pocahontas and the Miette Hot Springs, the valley of the Snake Indian River with its glorious fall. A man could spend a dozen summers in this great playground and not exhaust all the attractions it has to offer.

THE MAGIC OF JASPER

To the traveller fresh from the strain and noise of the heated city the first impression at Jasper is a blissful recognition of its restfulness and peace. The green silences of the pine forest, the wide spaces, the serenity of the noble peaks rising on all sides into the stainless blue, the exquisitely coloured Lac Beauvert, "an emerald alight," lapping softly against its rocky shores—what more should the traveller ask than these? To sit on the wide verandahs of the Lodge, his inner man soothed by a perfect meal, the soft strains of the orchestra floating out across the water; to watch the cloud shadows drifting over the peaks, the changing light weaving its transformations over the distant snows of Mount Edith Cavell—this should be enough. He has found, he thinks, the ideal place at last for a "perfect rest." But he has counted without the magic of the mountain air. In the short space of twenty-four hours, it may be, its subtle elixir will have stolen into his veins, banishing fatigue and inertia, straightening out pinched nerves and clearing out the accumulated poisons of his blood stream. Rest? Leave that to the octogenarian! It is activity he requires. He is ready to walk, swim, golf, motor, ride or climb for hours at a stretch and to top off the day with a dance or an hour's paddle on the mystic waters of that changing lake.

In the spacious social hall of the Lodge, when the guests gather after dinner before the great logs crackling on the hearth, the talk is never of rest, but of achievement. This one has shaved a few points off "Bogey," that one has caught the biggest string of trout this season. A bronzed man and woman, back from a three weeks trip, have covered three hundred miles on horseback. A group of sinewy men with blistered hands and peeling faces have just made a first ascent of some hitherto unconquered peak. There is much consulting of maps, conversations with outfitters and Swiss guides. All kinds of adventurous plans are being made.

For the first few days the visitor will probably content himself with the points which can be reached by motor. He will explore the mysterious gorge of Maligne Canyon, visit Pyramid Lake lying like a spread peacock fan at the base of Pyramid Mountain, and the lovely chain of lakes on both sides of the river. He will take the splendid highway that sweeps up to the base of Mount Edith Cavell, gaining, as it rises in wide spirals, his first glimpse of the true grandeur and magnificence of the glorious Athabaska Valley. Perhaps he will follow the road eastward, along the route of the famous old Athabaska Trail to Pocahontas and the outer strangely twisted ranges of the park.

But when he has seen these he will begin to realize that he has only touched the outer hem of the park's garment. The great names will have begun to call to him and ere he knows it he will be astride a mountain "cayuse," his face turned to the wilds.

Once having tasted of the life of the trail, he will begin to discover how good it is. For though it be a strenuous life, it is "salt with savoursome vicissitudes" and marvellously medicinal. For the first day or two his unaccustomed muscles may suffer. But soon the soft protesting flesh will have become used to the new way of life, and where, for anyone who loves the wild places of Nature, is there to be found a better? To ride on and on, through silent valleys, between the toes of mighty mountains! To climb dizzily, along an eave-trough trail, the sheer rocky wall of a precipice, to ford icy rivers swollen with glacial floods, to pick one's way across tumbled scree or glacial moraine, to canter along grassy uplands where wild sheep and goat browse on their airy pastures, or through seas of colour and fragrance in some flower-emblazoned mountain pass! To see the dawn touch the peaks with sacramental majesty and evening flush them with gold and amethyst and rose! To make camp in some green valley, murmurous with a mountain stream or beside some beguiling lake, with the clean and austere peaks all about! To sit at night beside the blazing campfire and exchange Munchausen yarns, while the wind stirs a low music in the pine trees! And, when the logs burn low, to see the stars overhead, unbelievably large and brilliant above the peaks, the Great Bear and Orion swinging down with a frosty sparkle, as if they would rest on the darkling summits, and then to wrap the four blankets of his balsam couch about him and lie down to sleep, twenty thousand leagues under thought or remembrance! To wake, in what seems only a moment after, to find the sun flushing the mountain tops; to distinguish lazily the sound and smell of bacon sizzling in the pan, the cheery chopping of wood, the grateful bell of a pack horse which shows that the string is at hand! This is enough to make one ready to say with a poet who too loved the mountains:

"How good is man's life, the mere living!"

From such a holiday one returns with new vigour, for "all fortunate holiday travel is a renewal of youth." The daily round may be taken up again, but one has had a taste at least of the Pierian spring which made men walk as gods.



THRONE MOUNTAIN

"That vision of combined splendour and purity, a great mountain entirely covered with snow."



LT is a thrilling experience to come out of the cool shadows of the pine forest and see suddenly ahead some great snow-crowned peak, dazzlingly white in the sunlight and soaring with a glory, strange, ineffably pure and exalted, into the zenithal blue. About two miles from the Mount Edith Cavell Highway, as the road sweeps inward through the deep forests of the Astoria Valley, the woods open abruptly and, holding the angle between Cavell Creek and the Astoria River, a splendid peak, with an outline resembling a great chair, hangs shimmering before you. Covered with snow, towering above its green pedestal of forest in dazzling and spotless purity, it suggests inevitably a great white throne.



MOUNT EDITH CAVELL



MOUNT KERKESLIN AND ATHABASKA FALLS

"Foam, spray, and splendour of rushing waters."

LOOKING up the east side of the Athabaska Valley from Jasper a fine triangular peak may be seen standing out conspicuously opposite Mount Edith Cavell. This is Mount Kerkeslin, 9,700 feet high, a peak of so distinctive an individuality that it is soon recognized by all visitors to the park. Almost at its base are the Athabaska Falls, one of the finest cataracts in the park. Here the river, now two hundred yards across, is suddenly contracted and leaps, in three separate falls, sixty feet into a rocky basin below. In less than a hundred yards it is again contracted and its whole volume is forced between a narrow box canyon over eighty feet deep and scarcely ten wide.



THE COLIN RANGE AND OLD MAN MOUNTAIN

"Mountains on whose barren breast the floating clouds do often rest."



ON the east side of the Maligne Valley, extending north-east from Medicine Lake to the Athabaska River, is a long wall of grey limestone, rising from green slopes to barren cliffs above. This is the Colin range of mountains, supposedly named after Colin Fraser, an officer at Jasper House about 1840.

Directly above the Maligne Canyon and clearly visible from the golf links, is a curiously carved peak partly formed of reddish shales, known as Roche Bonhomme, or Old Man Mountain. The outline of the peak bears a striking resemblance to a sleeping Indian warrior, wrapped in his blanket, the long feathers of his war bonnet floating behind him, his face turned skyward in eternal repose.



MEDICINE LAKE

"A place apart and enchanted, surcharged with mystery."

NINE miles above the Maligne Canyon in the Maligne Valley is a curious lake, whose mysterious behaviour long ago aroused the superstitions of the Indians, who called it "Bad Medicine." At one time its clear blue waters will completely fill its rocky basin, at others they will dwindle to a mere trickle or even disappear completely. Although it receives the whole drainage of the Maligne Valley above, Medicine Lake, except in periods of very high water, has no surface outlet. Its waters apparently escape by underground channels, re-appearing at several places between the lake and the canyon and also within the gorge itself.



JACQUES LAKE

"It is not all of fishin' merely to fish."

M

MORNING on a mountain lake, the great peaks mirrored in its translucent waters, a gamey Dolly Varden trout at the end of the line—this gives your true angler a thrill compounded of many satisfactions. Many of the lakes and streams in Jasper Park afford excellent sport and Cutthroat, Ouana-niche, and Dolly Varden trout may be secured. Of all the park waters none has a more sustained reputation than Jacques Lake, a lovely sheet of water surrounded by high peaks, about nine miles east of Medicine Lake. The finest Dolly Varden trout to be found in the park, running to about four pounds, are taken here, and as its waters are kept restocked by the Government, good catches are the rule.

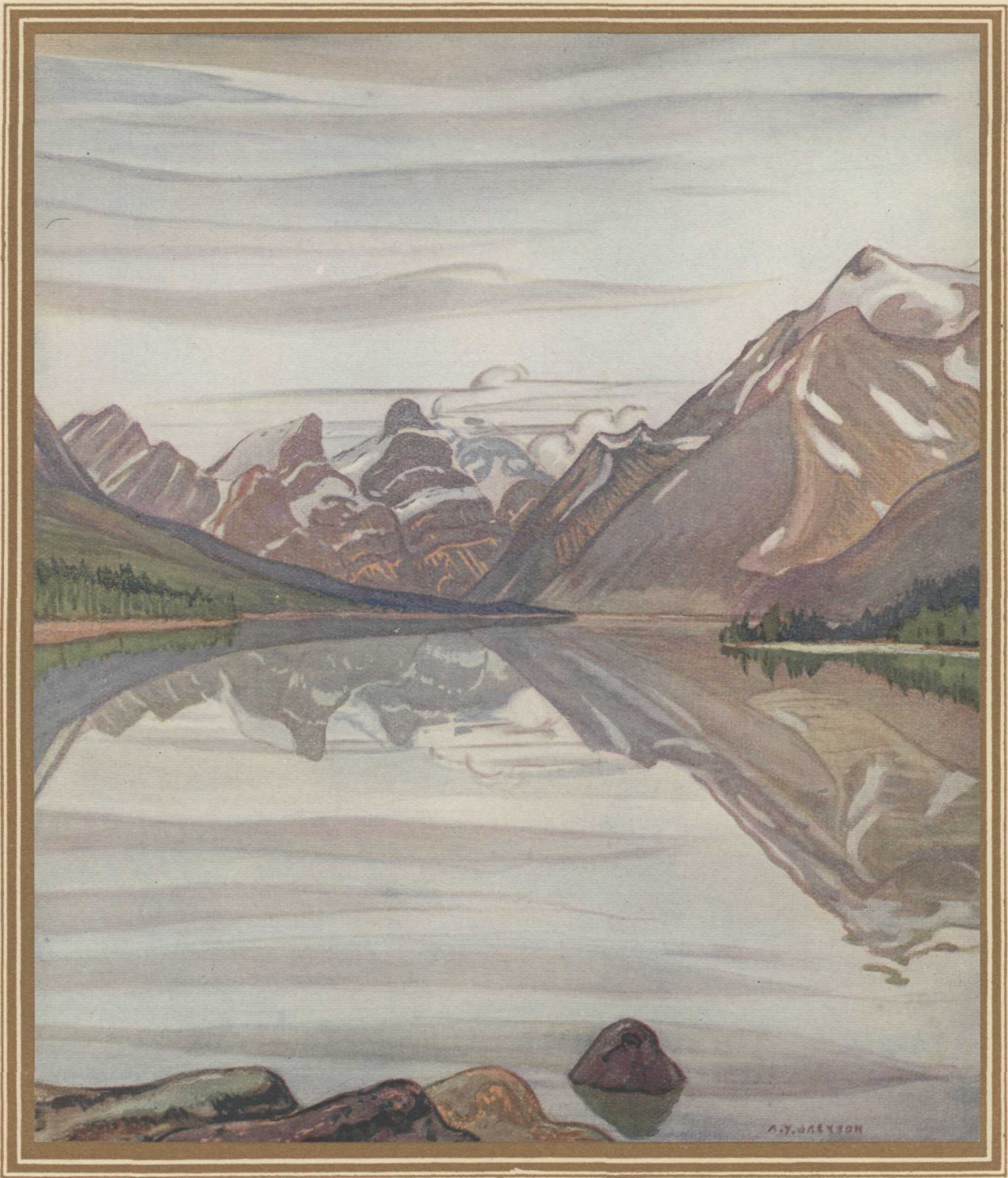


MALIGNE LAKE

"I never saw so fair a place this side of Arcady."

M

MALIGNE LAKE, recently wrote a well-known journalist, "is the most magnificent thing a human being can hope to look upon this side of Paradise." The lake is the largest in the Rockies though that is its least claim to distinction. Yet seen from the north-western end it gives but little hint of its true glory. One must take a boat and go down the lake, through the rocky gate of the Narrows. There its upper reaches open to view in such beauty as startles even the dullest. More than a score of splendid peaks form its Titanic guard of honour, their lofty summits sending down wildly beautiful glaciers and waterfalls directly into the blue waters below.



MALIGNE LAKE



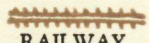

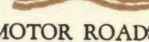
SHOVEL PASS

"Astride of all beauty and grandeur."



T is worth a trip across the continent, in the opinion of many, merely to go over Shovel Pass. Situated at an elevation of nearly eight thousand feet, it forms the main passageway from the Maligne to the Athabaska valleys and commands from both portals a panorama that is truly glorious. On the eastern side the trail winds up from Maligne Lake through deep woods to grassy alplands, and just before entering the Little Shovel Pass one comes upon one of those delightful wild flower gardens found only at high altitudes. Here, in July and August, millions of flowers bloom up to the very verge of the snows, forming a riot of colour and fragrance that is simply enchanting.



 RAILWAY
 TRAILS
 MOTOR ROADS

JASPER NATIONAL PARK

OF all the National Parks on this continent Jasper is the largest. It covers an area of 4,400 square miles. A mountain kingdom, large as some European countries, part of it still unmapped and unexplored. There are whole regions of sublime grandeur which as yet scarcely half a dozen white men have penetrated. But also, in that thin fringe which civilization has conquered, there are to be found all the refinements and comforts the

modern tourist demands—a delightful hotel, golf links that can take their place among the best on the continent, swimming pools, tennis courts, and excellent roads for motoring. Being a game sanctuary, one of the great charms of Jasper National Park is the abundance and fearlessness of its wild life. Nowhere are there better opportunities for recording intimate studies of wild animals, either by the moving picture or the still.

 HEATED SHELTERS
 PROJECTED TRAILS



AMETHYST LAKE



THE RAMPARTS

"Wild crests as pagod ever decked."

SPRINGING abruptly four thousand feet from the floor of Tonquin Valley, their base guarded by glaciers and enormous rock slides, green ice clutching at their precipitous walls, their lofty summits splintered and rent into countless towers, turrets and pinnacles, rise the wildly picturesque peaks known as The Ramparts. Towering darkly, one behind the other, like ruined medieval fortresses, their crests form part of the Continental watershed. The extreme western outpost is Barbican peak. Behind rises stern Mount Geikie, the highest of the eight, with Turret mountain, Bastion peak, Postern mountain, Casemate mountain, Redoubt peak and Dungeon peak in close succession behind.



FRASER ICEFIELD

"An icy cradle from which laughing streams are born."

DIRECTLY south of The Ramparts, and forming the climax of the whole Tonquin region, is majestic Mount Fraser, a great central mass with three outstanding peaks. From its lofty *névé*, weighted with the accumulations of centuries of snow and ice, seven great glaciers descend to the valleys below, going ultimately to swell the waters of two historic rivers—the Fraser and the Athabaska. The main mass of ice on the eastern face forms the Fraser Glacier, a splendid frozen cataract, six hundred feet broad, several hundred feet thick and over three thousand feet long, whose melting waters supply one of the principal sources of the Astoria River.



MOUNT EREBUS AND THE ASTORIA RIVER

"With snows eternal muffling its summit, and silence ineffable."



VISIBLE for miles at the head of the Astoria Valley, its deeply scarred rock faces rising to black precipitous cliffs above, with a bold tower facing to the north-east, is the splendid peak known as Mount Erebus. Along its southern face curves the broad, deeply furrowed tongue of the Eremite Glacier, one of the largest in the region, which forms one of the main headwaters of the Astoria River, a turbulent stream which commemorates the early trading post at the mouth of the Columbia River, established in 1812 by the first Astor expedition sent out from New York, on the ship *Tonquin*, to secure control of the rich fur trade west of the mountains.



BASTION PEAK

*"So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream."*

THERE are three great viewpoints overlooking the Tonquin Valley, each of which thrills a mountain lover with delight. From Surprise Point to the south you look across Chrome and Amethyst Lakes down the whole smiling valley. From Barbican Pass, to the north-west—a summit that a child could climb—you may look down upon mile after mile of snowcapped peaks as if from an aeroplane; while from the grassy uplands on Mt. Clitheroe, haunt of sheep, goat and caribou, you may look across upon the whole stern line of The Ramparts, with the black walls of Bastion Peak, directly opposite, forming the fourth of the line. ■



THE COLUMBIA ICEFIELD

"Wild snows, that had their birth in ocean mists."



HERE is a mysterious fascination about a great *mer de glace* like the Columbia Icefield. This silent waste of ice, lifted so high in air, swept every month in the year by wintry storms, and formed by the accumulations of unnumbered ages, enthral the imagination. The largest in the Cordilleras south of the Alaskan region, the Columbia Icefield covers 110 square miles. Its average altitude is from 9,500 to 10,000 feet above sea level. More than twenty great glaciers descend from its flanks to the valleys below and from it are born rivers which take their way finally by way of the Columbia, the Saskatchewan and the Athabaska to the Pacific, the Atlantic and the Arctic oceans.



PYRAMID MOUNTAIN



MOUNT TEKARRA

"Above its keeps the eagle floats, lone in a sunless sky."



TANDING like an outpost at the northern end of the Maligne range is Mount Tekarra, a conspicuous peak with a bold tower facing north-east, named by Sir James Hector, Geologist of the British Palliser Expedition, after the intelligent Iroquois half-breed who guided him in 1868 to the upper reaches of the Athabaska River.

The ascent is a favourite one with amateurs as it can be made in one day from Jasper Park Lodge without the services of a professional guide. The route lies across the top of Signal Mountain and both along the way and from the summit glorious views are obtained of the Athabaska, Miette and Maligne valleys.



MALIGNE GORGE

"Where the cataract thunders into its fount gigantic."



ONE of the most interesting examples of the erosive power of water to be found on the continent is seen in Maligne Gorge. Here, in the course of untold ages, with rushing water as its chief tool, the Maligne River has cut its way down through the opposing limestone, forming a narrow box canyon nearly two hundred feet deep and in places only a few feet across. Enormous potholes, sometimes fifty feet in diameter, and empty caverns in the rocky walls, deserted as the river cut for itself an ever-deepening way, reveal more clearly than any textbook of geology the slow patience of Nature, the eon long deliberateness of her ways.



PYRAMID MOUNTAIN

"Stern peak, familiar with forgotten years."

RISING to the north, almost directly above the town of Jasper is a striking mountain which forms a landmark for miles in nearly all directions. Its lower slopes are thickly forested, but above they rise, bare and deeply furrowed, to a pyramidal apex which has given the mountain its name. A small glacier hangs on its north shoulder. The unusual colouring of the strata, dark slaglike rock, splashed and banded with old red, maroon and tawny yellow, gives the peak something of the richness of an Oriental tapestry, and when, towards evening, the purple shadows gather about its base and the whole is reflected in the peacock waters of Pyramid Lake at its feet, the scene is beautiful beyond description.



MOUNT EDITH CAVELL DRIVE

"Lo, on the breasts of the eternal hills, an highway shall be made."

N

O mountain in Jasper Park arouses more interest and admiration on the part of visitors than the beautiful snow-crowned peak named in honour of the heroic British nurse who perished in the Great War. Now that the motor highway is completed to within less than a mile of the glacier's base, this has become one of the most delightful drives in the park, both from the great views it affords on the way and the interest attached to the memorial mountain itself. Hanging like a cross of snow upon the breast of the mountain is the strange Angel Glacier; the Lake of Forgiveness smiles at its feet, and the white Throne Mountain completes the appropriate symbolism.



WILD LIFE IN JASPER NATIONAL PARK

"The wild wood things unheeding us."



ONE of the great charms of the park is the abundance and fearlessness of its wild life. To wake in the morning and see a deer below one's window, a black bear ambling off into the forest, or, on the trail, to be able to come close to those shyest creatures of the wild, the mountain sheep and goat; to watch the beaver at his busy engineering or the lordly elk, moose and caribou taking their stately way through the woods, is a pleasure which makes every walk or ride a possible adventure. Nowhere are there better opportunities for recording intimate studies of wild animals by either the moving picture camera or the still.

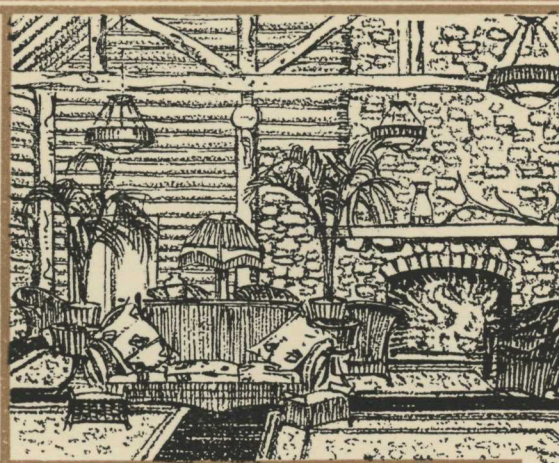


MOUNT ROBSON (12,972 FEET)
The Monarch of the Canadian Rockies



ROCHE MIETTE

THE entrances to Jasper National Park, both from the east and the west, are striking and impressive. On the west, at the summit of the Great Divide, the Yellowhead Pass forms the gateway with majestic Mount Robson guarding the portal to the north. On the east the railway enters through the wide gap between Roche Ronde and Roche a Perdrix, which rise one on each side of the Athabaska Valley, and the traveller sees ahead of him the bold outlines of Roche Miette, the most interesting peak of the outer ranges. Rising to a height of over four thousand feet above the valley, the mountain culminates in a massive block-like tower, like a giant keep, surrounded by an enormous ruff of sandstones.

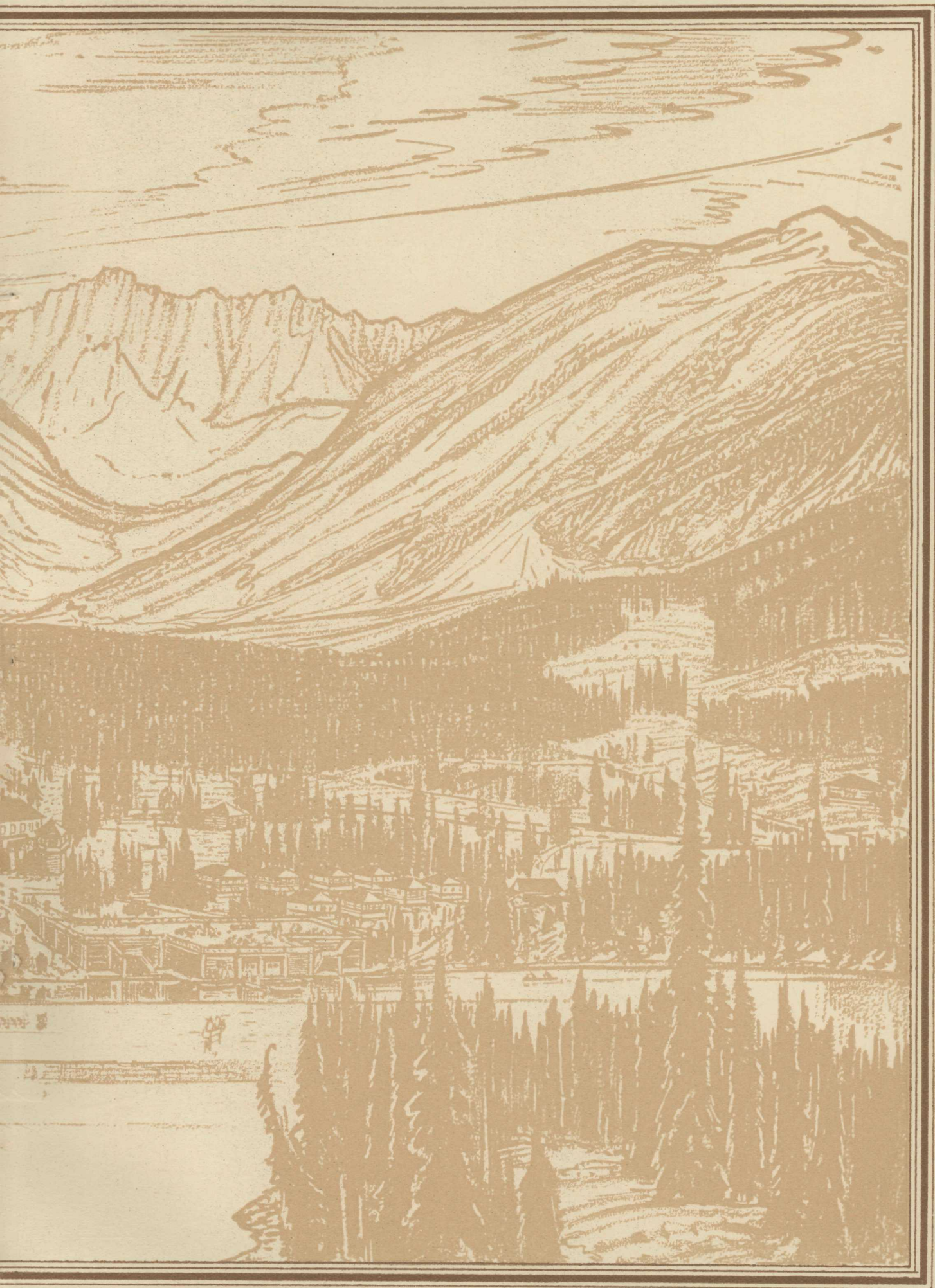


JASPER PARK LODGE

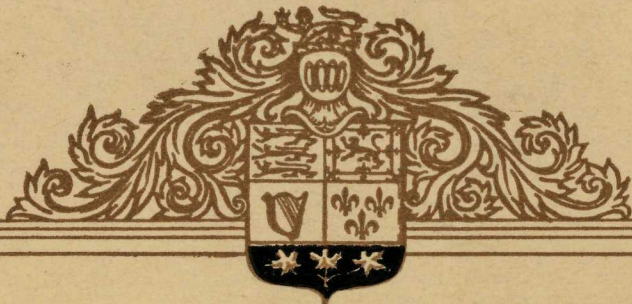
"A mountain inn that is the conception of sheer genius."

THE drive of three miles from Jasper Station is a fitting prelude to Jasper Park Lodge, a miniature village of rustic bungalows grouped around a main lodge on the shore of Lac Beauvert, whose emerald waters mirror the encircling mountains. Built of huge white boulders and logs brought down from the mountain slopes, its architecture blends so perfectly with the surroundings, that it seems as much part of the scenery as the mountains themselves.

A vast amphitheatre formed by mountain ranges and snow-capped peaks surrounds a golf course that has been described by experienced golfers as having few equals, and is in keeping with the truly magnificent setting.



JASPER NATIONAL PARK



CANADA

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS