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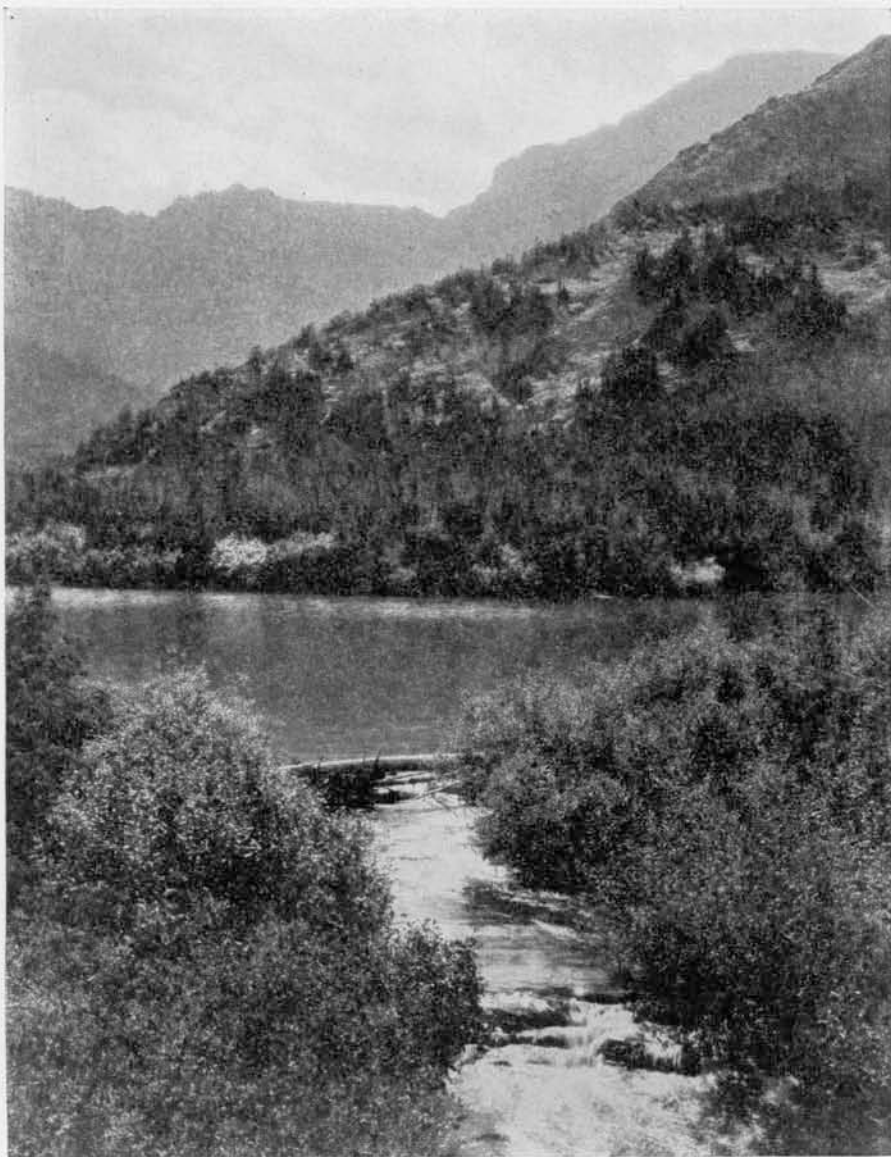
[1927]

WATERTON LAKES PARK



NATIONAL PARKS OF CANADA

WATERTON LAKES PARK



Bertha Lake.

WATERTON LAKES NATIONAL PARK

ALBERTA CANADA

BY M. B. WILLIAMS



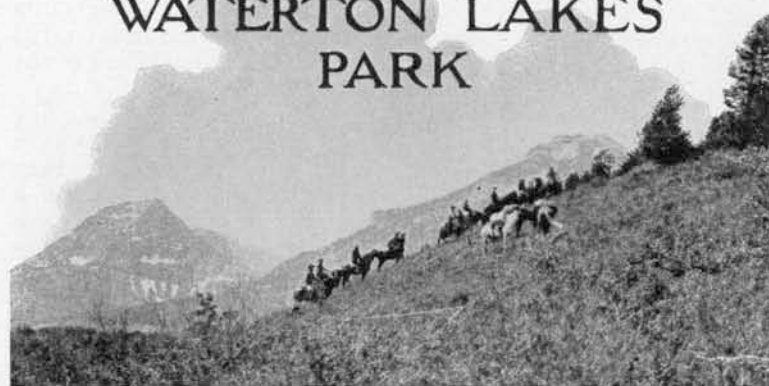
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

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WATERTON LAKES PARK



“O H, all you philosophers,” once wrote the charming Emile Souvestre, “begin the search for pleasure! Find for us if you can amusements that do not degrade, joys that uplift. Invent a holiday that gives every one pleasure and makes none ashamed.”

One wishes that the beloved French writer might have lived a little longer. Could he have known the great reservations of wild and beautiful nature set aside for public enjoyment by the nations of this continent and witnessed the increasing numbers who find rest and recreation within their borders, he might, one thinks, have believed his dream fulfilled. For here, in these vast playgrounds, among the great mountains and primeval forests, thousands are re-discovering the pure pleasure of simple and strenuous life in the open. In these sanctuaries of the primitive and the wild, they are recovering with a strange thrill their ancient companionship with Nature, and finding room again for that old sense of wonder in the mystery and miracle of her ways for which our mechanical and material civilization has often little room.

Among the seven beautiful reservations set aside by Canada in the Rocky mountains, there is none lovelier than Waterton Lakes National Park. This charming reserve lies on the eastern slope of the Rockies where they approach the International Boundary line. The park forms a rough square with a long L-shaped section added to the east. Its western boundary is the crest of the Rocky Mountains Divide; its northern, roughly,



the Carbondale river; its eastern, the rolling foothills of the province of Alberta; its southern, the beautiful Glacier National Park of the United States.

The Indians, who, like all primitive peoples, weave stories about the places they particularly love, have a legend that this region was miraculously created. Very long ago—the old wise men, who know the ancient tales, will tell you—where the park now stands was all unbroken prairie. Among the tribes in that time there lived a young brave named Sokumapi. On an evil day he fell into the hands of the Seven Devils who carried him down to the underworld and made of him a slave. There he fell in love with

a beautiful maiden, captive like himself, who suggested to him a way of escape. While the evil ones slept the lovers stole away, taking with them three magic gifts: a stick, a stone, and a basket of water. Westward across the prairie the masters of evil pursued them but when the devils were close upon them, Sokumapi threw down the stick and it became a luxuriant forest blocking the way. Profiting by this delay, the pair fled on but were again overtaken, and now Sokumapi threw down the stone. At once the mountains sprang up on the prairie. Before the Devils could overcome this barrier, the Indian emptied the basket of water. It became a lake, the basket was transformed into a canoe, and across the blue waters the lovers escaped. A little westward, on the crest of the Divide, they made a home together, and there are those who believe that to this day their happy spirits haunt the shores of lovely "Omoksikimi," which in the Indian tongue means "beautiful waters," and which is now known as Waterton Lake. But, they add, from its shores the Seven Devils departed and their evil shadow never darkened its clear surface again.

A primitive folk tale? Too childish for our rational and scientific minds? Assuredly. Yet certain it is that a special aura of happiness seems to encircle this charming reservation. Beauty and peace appear to have made it their dominion, and at its gateway those wretched Seven Devils—the little demons of Fear, Worry, Over-Haste and Overwork, Indigestion, Unrest and Abysmal Boredom—fold their black wings and steal silently back to the abodes man has created for them in what he calls civilization.

If there are grander and more imposing parts of the Rockies, there are few, if any, more perfect in loveliness. A man may have seen all the rest, and yet find himself, to his surprise, losing his heart at first sight to Waterton Lakes Park. The reserve is the smallest of all the Canadian scenic parks, covering only 220 square miles, and throughout it consistently refuses to astonish us with bigness of any kind. Those who desire the loftiest mountain, the deepest valley, the highest waterfall, the largest anything, need not come to Waterton Lakes Park. Yet there is no apparent diminution of grandeur and here, as in many places in the Rockies, one realizes that where impressiveness of scenery is concerned, mere questions of altitude are beside the mark. If Nature has been economical with her canvas, it is to good effect. The park is "all compact together." It contains, someone has said, a maximum of scenery in a minimum of space.

As everyone knows the Canadian Rockies in approaching the International Boundary,



Bighorn or Wild Rocky Mountain Sheep



Approaching Waterton Lakes from the east *Photo: W. J. Oliver*

dwindle a little in general elevation. The average altitude of both peaks and valleys is somewhat lower; the glittering crowns of snow, the massive glaciers and ice formations, less abundant. The width of the main range, too, diminishes and the divide swings out near the foothills. It is, for instance, only eleven and a half miles from the open prairies to Akamina pass, one of the principal crossings of the main watershed in Waterton Lakes Park. To anyone familiar with the mountains farther north, the very situation of the park is, therefore, unexpected and the captivation of the visitor begins with the thrill of surprise.

Approach.—Unlike most of the other Canadian reservations the park cannot be directly reached by railroad. The nearest rail points are Pincher Creek, and Cardston, Alberta, each about thirty-five miles away. Good motor highways lead to the park from both these points, and the approach either by way of Pincher Creek from the north or Cardston from the south, affords a delightful experience, especially to those unfamiliar with the beauty of the foothills. Across the open prairie the road swings southward or westward as the case may be; the Pincher Creek road running parallel with the mountains, the Cardston road cutting across the gently rolling undulations—spent waves of the great sea of mountains to westward—that form the foothills. The long line of the Rockies is a blue dream along the southwest. Their eternal snows glistening upon its crest are scarcely to be distinguished from the clouds. The road runs fenceless across the open prairie, once the home of the Indian and the buffalo. A century ago this whole southern country was a rich hunting ground. The exciting chase, clashes between tribe and tribe were the order of the day. The prairie was full of life, colour, and action. Today, all that life has



Photo: Associated Screen News
Indian Chiefs in full Ceremonial Dress



Photo: J. F. Spalding

The Beautiful Upper Lake

vanished. Yet there are traces of its existence which stir the imagination—a half-obliterated wallow near the roadside, an old deep-beaten trail, a few gaunt poles marking the site of an ancient Sun Lodge, perhaps a chance encounter with a few mild-mannered Indians driving a smart freshly-painted farm waggon from a nearby reserve.

Little by little the hills grow nearer and more green; the valleys deepen; the foreground becomes park-like, dotted with clumps of willow; rocky out-thrusts break through the rounded slopes. The road crosses a hurrying little river and a smiling mountain valley, carpeted with grassy meadows and cradling a shallow lake, opens to westward. In another moment the motorist passes from prairie land to mountain land, although so wide here is the outer door of the ranges that he is scarcely conscious of having entered in. The prose of work-a-day life, indeed, has hardly been left behind when suddenly the valley turns southward, revealing a landscape of enchanting loveliness—sheer poetry of lake, peak, and green forest, stretching away

as far as the eye can see into blue, aerial distances, in such beauty as brings pain to the throat, a sudden smart to the eyes.

In front lies a long lake broken by twin promontories of rock into two parts, each blue as the heart of a sapphire. The upper part fills the whole floor of the valley. Curving bays and rocky promontories give grace to its shores, a thick pine forest frames it with luxuriant green. Above, rising from the very water, encircling the lake in a great horseshoe, are splendid peaks. Some of them are formed of light grey limestones with bare and rugged upper slopes; others splashed and banded with bright reds, greens and yellows; some humped and massive like the backs of stooping giants; others carved into towers and turrets fantastic as the castles of fairyland. Indeed, to see this enchanting landscape in full sunlight, the lake rippled by the wind into a million points of gold, every leaf on the pines and poplars glistening with life, the mountains, fair as temples, wrapped in the shimmering filmy haze of distance, and the whole under the great inverted crystal bowl of a mountain sky, is to be transported into a realm of faery where actuality has been overlaid with dream.

According to the Greeks, Pan, when the world became too barbarous or too violent for his music, retired to the peace and beauty of the mountain solitudes. In a civilization blatant with radio and jazz there does not seem to be much room for the shy music of the goat god. But one could fancy that here, along the wooded reaches of this mountain-girt lake, he might, perhaps, find a place of rest and a home to his liking. For it is a region so lovely that in looking upon it one can scarcely forbear the wish to settle down and live forever amid scenes of such transcending harmony and peace. Such is its effect upon many travellers today, and such the effect upon its first white settler, Mr. John George Brown.

Brown was one of the most picturesque figures of the early West, and for more than one reason deserves a little special attention. He was born in England and had a varied and adventurous career. An Eton and Oxford man, an army officer in India, he reached San Francisco in '62, became a gold seeker, cowboy, and soldier of fortune generally. It was in 1865 that Brown first saw the Waterton lakes, then known as "Kootenai lakes." With four others he had been placer



Alpine Anemone

mining but the claim hadn't panned out very well, and since there were rumours of rich finds on the Saskatchewan, the prospectors decided to sell out and make for Fort Edmonton. With several horses they started across the mountains, packed through the South Kootenai pass, descending to the plains by way of Pass creek, now known as Blakiston brook. Climbing one of the



John Geo. Brown
First white resident and Superintendent
of the national park

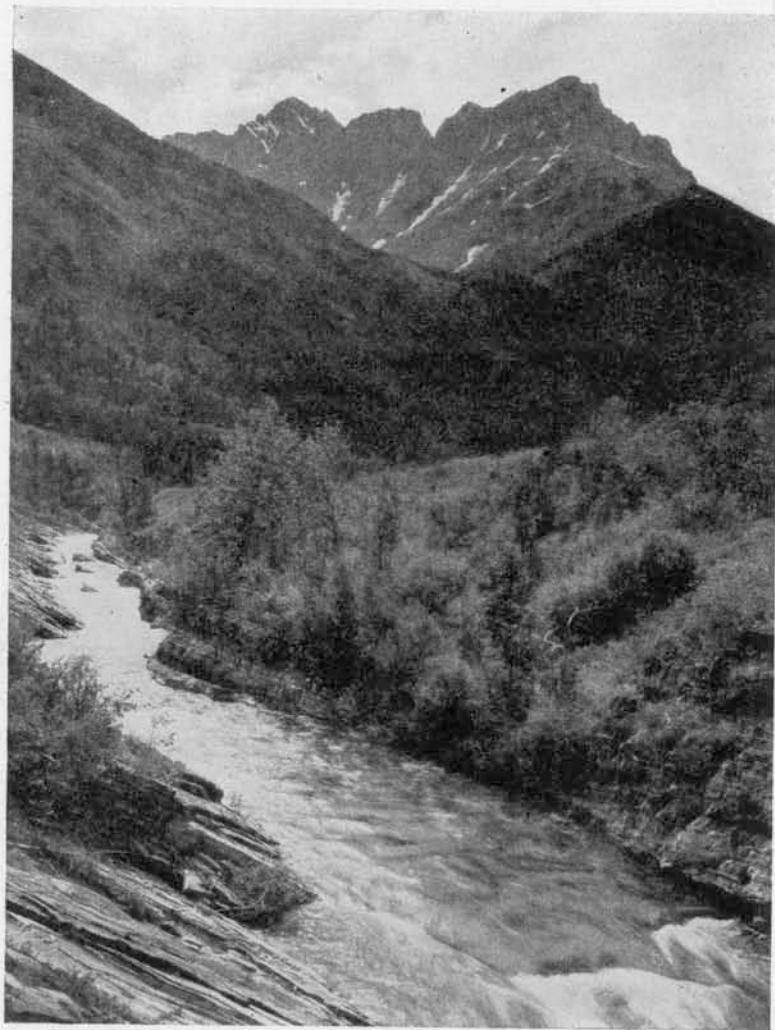
mountains nearby, the travellers had their first glimpse of a great buffalo herd, for the plains beyond were black with the animals, and below them, spread out in all its loveliness lay the blue lake, girdled with mountains, one of which "rose to a sofa-like peak among the clouds." Brown, who certainly could not be thought of as sentimental, was greatly moved. He said to his companions, "this is what I have seen in my dreams, this is the country for me." Later he returned to it and like the Sultan of Morocco who came into the Vale of Rabat, "he would go no further," and settled down to pass there the remainder of his days.

When the area surrounding the lake was created a national park he became its first warden and, later, Acting Superintendent. Brown was twice married, first to a half-breed woman from North Dakota, whose remains lie beside his own on the shore of the Lower lake, and later to Chee-pay-tha-qua-ka-Soon (the Blue Flash of Lightning), a Cree woman of a deeply religious nature and more than ordinary intelligence who nursed and cared for him in his declining years, and who, now over 70 years of age, still lives in Waterton Lakes Park.

So much did Brown become associated with the region that his Christian names, "John George," dropped completely out of sight. Everywhere throughout the whole southwest he was known as "Kootenai Brown." Although he lived among the half-breeds and Indians as one of themselves, adopting their ways, customs, and speech, he never quite forgot his early traditions. His park journals are written in a clear and scholarly hand and on the rude bookshelves of his home were the works of Henry George, Tennyson, Oliver Goldsmith, Carlyle, Wash-



Photo: J. F. Spalding
Looking across the lake to the townsite from
Sofa Mountain



Mt. Blakiston from Blakiston Valley

ington Irving, Edgar Allan Poe, Byron, Shakespeare, as well as nearly everything of importance written on outdoor life.

Like most of the early pioneers, Brown was no saint. The stories that are told about him together with his own journal would furnish any moving picture director with material for a thrilling pioneer drama of the West. But he had his own virtues. He was a clean fighter, a straight shot, loyal to his friends, respected by his enemies, ready to face any danger, hardship or privation without a murmur, and to defend the region, first chosen by himself and later by the Government, from the ruthless attack of poacher and vandal.

Early History.—Seven years before Brown travelled through the mountains another white man had crossed the pass. This was Lieut. T. Blakiston, R.A. He, too, was a prospector though of a different kind, a member of the famous Palliser Expedition fitted out in 1857 by Her Majesty's Government to explore Western Canada with a view to obtaining information as to its possibilities and discovering a feasible route across the mountains in British territory. The party explored the main passes of the Rockies between the Athabaska and the International Boundary, and Lieutenant Blakiston was in charge of the branch expedition of 1858, which was ordered to explore the passes to the south.

Name.—So far as is known the name "Waterton" was given to these lovely sheets of water by Blakiston in honour of Charles Waterton, 1782-1865, the English naturalist and traveller, then widely known for his researches into the sources of Indian poisons and his ornithological work. Waterton, indeed, might be said to be one of the pioneers in wild life conservation, for he expended a large part of his fortune in creating a sanctuary for his feathered friends.

A year or so after Blakiston crossed the pass arrived the International Boundary Commission, which was engaged in surveying the boundary between the United States and Canada. Their investigations resulted in new knowledge of the region and their work is commemorated in the names given to many of the principal geographical features of the park.

Earlier Still.—From the point of view of the mountains themselves, however, these things happened only yesterday. Their history goes back to an antiquity long before the creation of man. The story of the building up of the Rockies, largely through sedimentation from earlier coast ranges laid down on the floor of an inland sea, the mighty uplift and thrust which finally folded, crumpled and pushed them out for miles eastward



Photo: J. F. Spaiding

Sculptured and carved by the glaciers of the Ice Age

over the prairies, has been told many times. Part of it can be read by any observant visitor to the parks. The carving of peaks and valleys in the long period of glaciation by those mighty tools, the glaciers, is visible on every hand. With the help of a good geological handbook and a little imagination, it is not difficult to picture how many of the physical features of the landscape acquired their present form. One can see the immense cap of snow and ice lying upon the mountain summits, covering all but the highest peaks, deepening with the centuries and projecting down into the valleys in the form of great tongues or glaciers. The valley of Upper Waterton lake was the natural trough between two ranges, then probably V-shaped. As the ice grew the descending tongues gradually filled the whole floor of the valley, forming a powerful glacier, which ground each year more deeply into its rocky bed, carving it into the characteristic U-shape which it wears today. Flowing down in a broad slow river of ice, the valley glacier turned east around the shoulder of Sheep mountain and took its way to join the great

Piedmont ice sheet which covered the outside plains. When the Glacial ages came to an end and the ice withdrew, the lake filled the rocky basin the glacier had carved. Geologists say it is probable that at first all three lakes, now known as the Upper, Middle and Lower Waterton lakes, were one body of water. Then, as the water level sank, the rocky promontory from Sheep



Up Blakiston Brook

mountain separated the Upper and Middle lakes, and the glacial deltas from Blakiston and Sofa brooks formed a barrier between the Middle and Lower lakes.

The sculptural power of the ice in those long slow ages is revealed in a score of places. At the head of many valleys are

found empty cirques and amphitheatres, often holding crystalline rock-rimmed tarns, and with the marks of ice-tooth and chisel clearly visible on their almost perpendicular walls. The present altitude of the lake is 4,202 feet, and the mountains on each side rise from 7,000 to 8,000 feet. The depth of the water is said to be over 300 feet.

Although for almost half a century Waterton Lakes Park has formed a holiday paradise for residents of Pincher Creek, Cardston, MacLeod, Lethbridge and other parts of southern



Campsite on shore of Waterton Lake

Alberta, until recent years it has been almost unknown to the travelling world. Those who came in early days usually brought tents with them or built small cottages on the townsite at the southwest end of the lake. With the advent of the motor and the building of good roads connecting the park with main provincial highways, this beautiful reservation has come into its own and each year an increasing number of visitors enjoy its many attractions.

Within the last two or three years the accommodation has been considerably extended and now one may find here a wide range of choice, from the charmingly designed and appointed hotel of the Great Northern Railway Company to the simpler and less expensive housekeeping "Chalet" or cottage hotel.

Waterton Lakes Park is not a show place. People do not flash into it one day and leave it the next. The majority of visitors to the park settle down for several weeks or the entire season, giving themselves up to the simple outdoor life, to fishing, boating, golf, riding or climbing as the case may be.

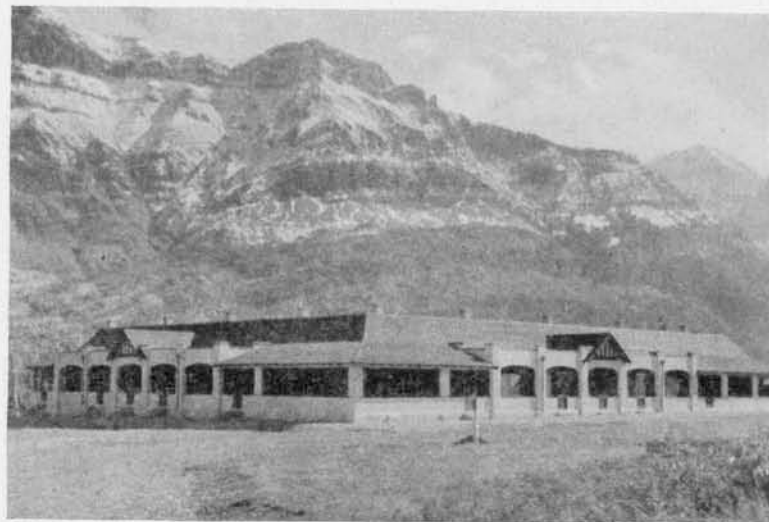
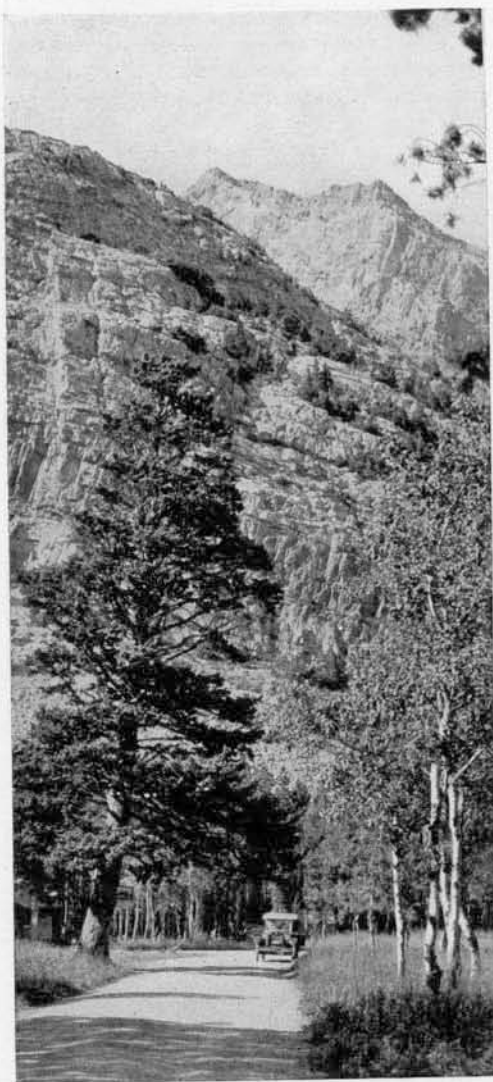


Photo: J. F. Spalding

"The Chalets"

The Townsite.—The townsite occupies the wide flat south and southwest of the Narrows, where the lake curves into a beautiful inlet known as Emerald bay. Directly behind, to the north, rises the rugged mass of mount Crandell, its grey and weather-beaten face closing the vista at the end of each avenue. Great care is being taken to preserve the natural beauty of the place, and development under the supervision of a landscape architect is proceeding upon orderly and harmonious lines. All land is retained by the Federal Government but lots for summer cottages or business purposes are leased at a small rental under certain restrictions with regard to the character of buildings erected. Within the townsite a number of provisions have been made for public enjoyment—free tennis courts, a splendidly equipped children's playground and an attractive log bathing house on the shore of Linnet lake. Just south of the townsite, on the edge of Waterton lake, is the government campsite, 35



An avenue in the townsite

acres in extent, where many visitors spend a happy holiday under canvas. For their accommodation three shelters, each equipped with a stove, benches and tables, have been provided, as well as a central Community House with a large room for social purposes.

A water supply also adds to the camp conveniences and a summer water service supplies the needs of the cottagers. The general appearance of the townsite is carefully supervised, trees and flower beds set out on the boulevard enhancing the charm of the locality.

Special attention is given to the comfort of campers and cottagers, in order that their visit to this delightful park may be retained not only as a happy holiday memory but as a means of refreshed vitality.

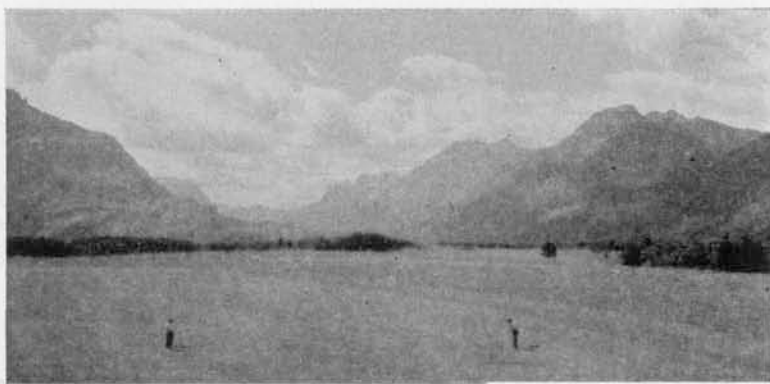


Lake Linnet

Bathing.—Immediately to the left of the park gate and below the Prince of Wales hotel lies Linnet lake, a charming little tarn which serves as an ideal bathing pool. Almost perfectly round, it looks not unlike a gigantic Roman bath, and on warm days its clear waters offer an almost irresistible temptation. The bathing house provided by the Government affords dressing accommodation and lockers, and from its balconies those who do not care to swim may sit and watch those who do. A swimming pool, with artificially heated water, operated under private management, is also found in the town-site.

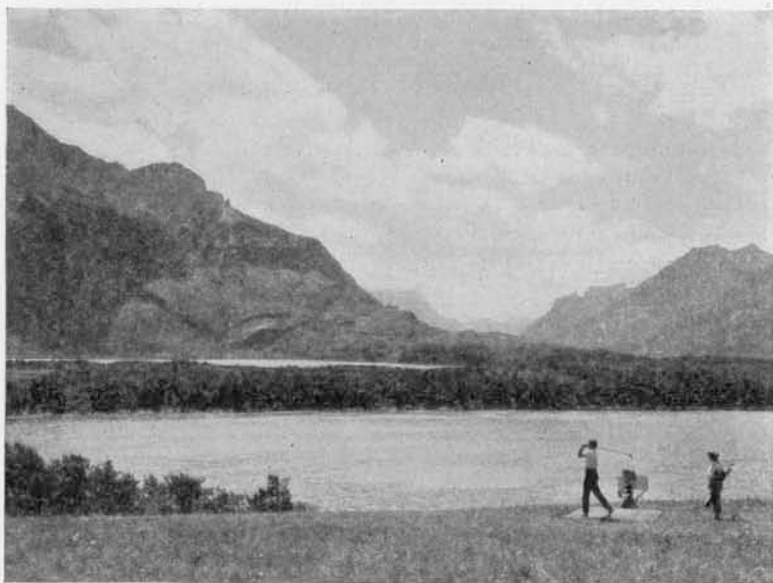
Golf Links.—About a mile to the east on the high rolling slopes at the base of mount Crandell, is the golf links. Although only a nine-hole course it affords extremely interesting possibilities in the way of play and a setting that is truly superb.

There are, one knows, players to whom scenery is only a secondary consideration. Such find satisfaction here in the excellent layout, good putting greens and interesting features of the course. The player less obsessed with the sport may sometimes allow his eye to wander from the ball. If he does, what a vision lies before him! From practically every hole there are magnificent pictures in all directions, and from the ninth there is a panorama surely as lovely as can be seen from any links in the world.



On the Links, Waterton Lakes Park

Photo: W. J. Oliver



An Interesting Water Hazard

Photo: W. J. Oliver

Immediately in front is a corner of little Lonesome lake. In the middle distance grassy meadows slope to the water's edge and beyond, across the rocky Narrows, embosomed between mountains that stretch away to shining purple distances, is the Upper lake, clear and brilliant as a gem, holding on still days the reflection of green forest, bright coloured mountains and the creamy snows of passing clouds. From the small club-house which provides a centre for sociability one looks down, too, upon a view lovely beyond description, yet never two days the same.

Boating.—The short journey up the lake and across the International Boundary line to Glacier National Park is one taken by almost every visitor to the park. The distance is approximately seven miles, three miles of which are within United States



Beautiful Bertha Lake floors a natural Coliseum of rock

territory. As the little boat makes its way up the lake, the panorama grows in grandeur and beauty. To the east the rugged slopes of Sheep mountain descend to the water's brink. To the west lies the townsite with the grey twisted mass of mount Crandell and the green slopes of Bertha mountain rising above. The thin line visible



Bunchberry

on the latter's shoulder is the trail going up to Bertha lake. Across the lake about four miles up, Hell Roaring creek comes tumbling in, foaming from its tormented course through a narrow canyon. Mount Boswell to the east and mount Richards to the west are the guardians of the Canadian gateway. Beyond, the fine peaks of mounts Campbell and Olson wall the lake to the right, with Goat-haunt mountain to the left, while the curious Citadel peaks, like gigantic salt and pepper casters, and splendid mount Cleveland close the vista at the head of the lake. Two official boundary posts and a wide green swath cut through the forest on each side of the lake define the boundary line between the two countries but no customs officials are present to remind one of any greater barrier between the two national parks, which together form an international playground and wild life sanctuary probably unique in the world.



The green No Man's Land that separates Canada and the United States

Twenty-four



Prince of Wales Hotel

Prince of Wales Hotel.—Superbly situated on the rocky promontory that forms the Narrows, is the attractive hotel built by the Great Northern Railway. The building is designed in the Swiss chalet manner, a style in harmony with its setting, and that succeeds in carrying somehow a subtle welcome to the incoming guest. Every window frames a glorious view, to the south over the sunlit lake, to the north to the foothills and the prairie lands beyond. On Waterton avenue—the main street of the village—there is a smaller hotel with a group of buildings adjoining known as The Chalets, planned as suites for house-keeping purposes.

Cameron Falls.—Within a few minutes' walk to the west of the town is the charming Cameron falls, one of the most unique cascades in the Rockies. Here the hanging valley of Cameron creek, less deeply carved by its ancient branch glacier than the Waterton, joins the main valley. At the point of juncture horizontal beds of dolomitic rock have been tilted sharply upward so that the waters instead of leaping, as in most cases, over

Twenty-five

a horizontal barrier, pour tumultuously over this sharp diagonal, a great part of their mass sliding to the lower western end and there tumbling to the rocks below.

Topography.—The main valley of the park is Blakiston brook, which gathers up the drainage of the whole northern half of the region and flows down into the Dardanelles between the Middle



The Cameron Falls

and Lower Waterton lakes. The park is entered from the east, by way of the valley of the Waterton river, which just outside the mountains broadens into a shallow extension known as Maskinonge lake, a good fishing ground for pickerel. Bellevue hill and Lakeview ridge form the outworks of the ranges with

Twenty-six

mount Galwey, directly west, rising as the first true peak. Across the lakes are seen the northwest faces of Sofa mountain and Vimy peak, or Sheep mountain, while the rugged mass of mount Crandell, formerly Bear mountain, runs eastward to



Photo: J. F. Spalding

A windy day on Waterton Lake

the north of the golf links and towers directly above the little townsite of Waterton Park. Between mount Crandell and Bertha mountain, Cameron brook flows into the Upper lake,

Twenty-seven

bringing with it the tributary waters of the southern half of the park. The main trend of the ranges, as in other parts of the Rockies, is from northwest to southeast. The valleys between, as a rule, are green and wooded, watered by a boulder-strewn noisy stream.

Climate.—The summer climate of the park is delightful, with warm sunny days, and a clear invigorating atmosphere. Autumn is characterized by heavy windstorms and winter by abundant snow. Electric storms in summer are rare and seldom violent and the warm even temperature makes camping out possible and delightful.

The cloud formations at nearly all times during the summer are remarkably beautiful. Their splendid massing above the great peaks like new and loftier ranges, their purple shadows marching across the coloured slopes, their snowy foam shaping and re-shaping in reflection through the blue surface of the lake, give one more grace to the loveliness of the region. For artists and nature lovers the contrast between these impermanent cloud shapes—"these angels of a flying day"—that gather and float along the lower slopes; this aerial architecture that melts and vanishes even as one gazes and the eternal unchangingness of the peaks, constitutes one of the greatest charms of the picture and forms a source of never failing delight.

A meteorological phenomenon found among high mountains and noticeable in many places in Waterton Lakes Park is the night wind from the mountain tops. During the heat of the day the warm air rises from the valleys but at sunset a current of



Mother Bear and Cub

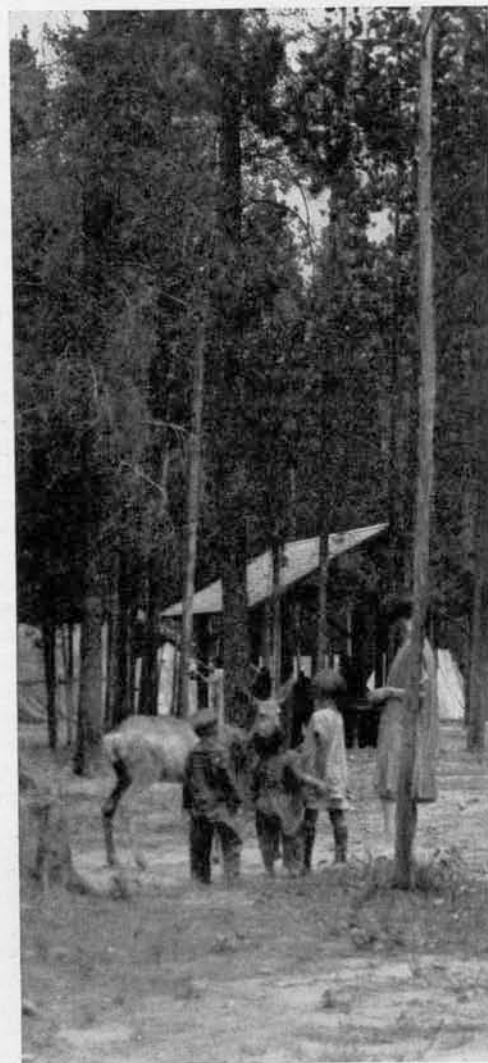
Twenty-eight

air from the peaks rushes downwards, bringing with it the scents of pines and larches and it may be of the flowers of some alpine meadow a couple of thousand feet above. This downward current is frequently noticeable at Cameron falls, at the base of Sofa mountain and in many other places in the park.

Colouring of Peaks.

—One of the main characteristics of the park is the beautiful colouring of the rocks. Bands and splashes of tawny gold, greens, wine colours darkening to purple, make some of the peaks look like a futurist painting, and give to the whole region a warm and colourful appearance. In the north-western part of the park is the curious Anderson peak, with its sharp pyramid formed of yellow shales, which at sunrise and sunset glisten like pure gold so that the mountain is facetiously known as the "Millionaire's peak."

Others have summits of a warm red or beautifully banded slopes, so that no matter how grey the day be in this park, the mountains seldom become gloomy or oppressive.



Children feeding wild Deer

Twenty-nine



The Lady's Slipper.
Mountain flora

Wild Life Sanctuaries.—Like all the other Canadian National Parks, the reserve is an inviolable wild life sanctuary. Within the wide borders of the national playgrounds no wild creature may be stalked or hunted with anything more destructive than a camera or a pair of field glasses. To the wild animals themselves these regions must seem, no doubt, a sort of Paradise Regained. What they think about it, no one knows. Perhaps in their mythology they ascribe these strange conditions to some magic of the mountains which changes the nature of their ancient enemy man. Outside the parks, they know, he is often a dangerous creature, walking with a long stick which breathes fire and roars like thunder and which can kill the strongest

animal that roams. Within, he becomes friendly and can be trusted to do no harm. The news of man's metamorphosis seems to have been sent out among the mountains, broadcasted by some mysterious means among all the wild animals and each year the animal life shows an increasing abundance in the park.

There, as elsewhere, fine manners beget their like. Man's good behaviour meets like response on the part of the animals. They put off their timidity and admit him to friendly relations, sometimes even to intimacy. So it is that today in Waterton Lakes Park one can see and study in their natural environment many interesting wild animals known to most people only in a zoo. The Bighorn and the Mountain goat are found in numbers, deer are abundant and black bear are growing each year more numerous and tame. The bear's large bump of curiosity and his incurable love of bacon and other delicacies to be found in man's environment bring him out into the open and often into the neighbourhood of the town itself. Except in the case of a mother bear separated from her cubs, or of a wounded or suddenly frightened animal, this clown of the woods is perfectly harmless. Along any trail you may meet him, sidling along on his big padded feet, swinging his furry



Prairie Crocus

head with its pig-like nose, and toe-ing in like an Indian. Moose, elk, beaver and many kinds of small fur-bearers also find a home in increasing numbers in the park.

Wild Flowers and Trees.—The native wild flowers and plants are exceptionally interesting to the botanist and nature lover because here, within the park, the prairie flora and the mountain flora meet. In places indeed, they practically intermingle and specimens of the two species may be found growing in close proximity to each other. To the lover of flowers there is no sight more beautiful than one of these wild flower gardens, blooming in May and June on the lower slopes and in the valleys, or in July carpeting the higher passes with delicate blossoms of every hue.

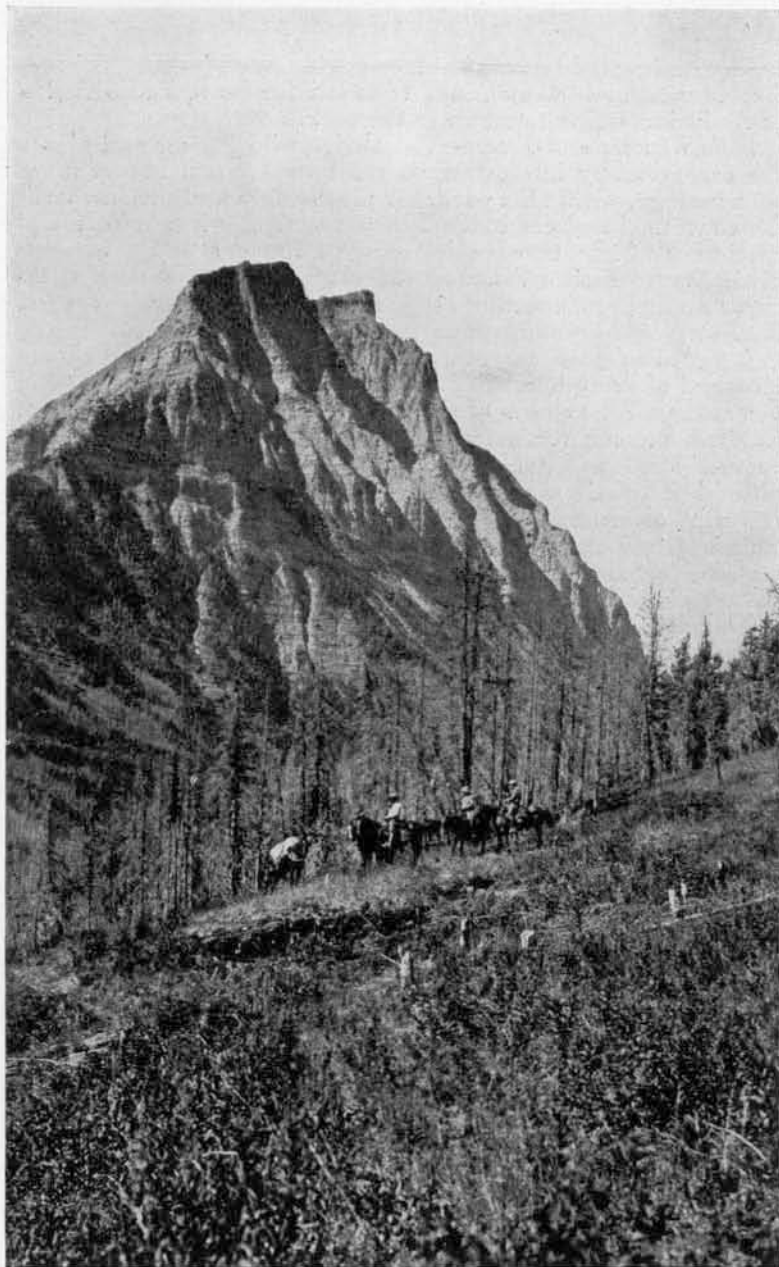
Yet there is no charm of the mountains more easily destroyed. Careless picking for a few seasons may exterminate a whole species from a neighbourhood. These fragile wild flowers depend for their existence upon the thoughtfulness and self restraint of visitors. It is possible that even this may not be sufficient to protect them entirely, and that the setting aside of certain closed areas may be necessary if examples of the primitive wealth of wild flower life are to be preserved.

The principal trees are poplar, lodgepole pine and white-barked pine, the Douglas fir and the alpine fir, the Englemann spruce, and the mountain or alpine larch. The last, which is one of the most beautiful of the mountain trees, grows in the last belt approaching timber line and gives a special grace to many a high pass.

L'ENVOI

Beautiful Waterton, secluded and unspoiled! Witness to the wisdom that keeps a little of the loveliness of earth unspotted from a dollar-worshipping world! The memory of your beauty lingers, enamelling with vivid remembrance many a grey page of life—memories of days and nights beside slow lapping lakes, of the inspiring freshness of mountain air, of trails made beautiful by the health and peace they gave, of an immense pervading sense of physical beatitude, of sleep "full of sweet rest and quiet breathing."

Such days keep a fairy ring green in the memory. They lift us, one believes, a little farther from animal content, to some divine impatience with dullness and inertia. In the grey hours of life their memories are potent, "sovereign simples against oppression, dittany for great wounds, and infallible charms of fernseed."



Near Mt. Lineham



TRAILS

There is perhaps no place in the Rockies where trail riding is more enjoyable than in Waterton Lakes Park. Over 150 miles of trails, broad, well-made and so safe that not even the most timorous need feel alarm, are open to the visitor. Nearly a score of trips can be arranged with the townsite as centre, covering from one to three or four days. The park is so compact that many visitors find it the best plan to cover one section on each trip, returning to the townsite for a day or two's rest and change in between.

SOUTHEASTERN SECTION OF THE PARK

Sofa Mountain and Vimy Peak.—One of the best view points from which the lakes and the central portion of the park may be seen is Vimy peak, which rises to the east of the Upper lake almost directly opposite the town. A good trail leads to the summit from the east of the townsite and although the climb in some places is a bit stiff, on clear days the wide and beautiful panorama of mountain, prairie and lake which lies spread out below is certainly worth the effort involved. This summit was, in fact, called by Palliser "Observation Peak," because it supplied such an admirable point from which the general topography of the region might be studied. The mountain has long been a favourite resort of wild sheep and goat and before the park was created, was a favourite hunting ground of the Indians.

Hell Roaring Creek and Canyon.—Just south of the peak a small turbulent stream, known as Hell Roaring brook, which takes its rise in an unnamed lake at the International Boundary and flows between mount Boswell and Vimy peak, enters the lake. A short distance from its mouth the stream tears its way through a spectacular gorge with such fury that the early Westerner who first discovered it, gave it the characteristic and expressive name of "Hell Roaring Canyon."

Sofa Mountain.—The large mass just east of Vimy peak is known as Sofa mountain from the peculiar formation of its northern shoulder, which extends along the south side of the Middle lake like a gigantic couch. There is no trail to the summit but from the crossing of the Dardanelles a trail runs along the lower slopes connecting with the Vimy Peak trail (No. 22) to the west and Brown's trail (No. 21) to the east.

Pine Ridge and Belly River.—Those who desire an easy ride with opportunities for a good gallop should take the trail to the east, crossing the Dardanelles near the Government farm and along the green ridges at the base of Sofa mountain. The long grassy slopes make it possible to ride almost everywhere and the views of the lower Waterton valley and the foothill country to the east are extremely fine. From this point a trail leads out to the Belly river, which may be followed to the south along both its north branch and main stream to Glacier National Park, or northward across the open prairies. The southern trail passes through the timber reserve of the Blood Indians, and follows the river to its forks.

WESTERN SECTION

To Bertha Falls.—Another delightful excursion is to Bertha lake, a lovely mountain tarn which lies in a high cirque about 1,500 feet above the Waterton lake. Leaving the townsite the trail follows the motor road past Cameron falls to the edge of the lake, then begins to climb through the woods along the slope

of mount Bertha. Crossing Bertha creek it ascends by a series of cleverly constructed switchbacks—twenty-two in all—along the northern slopes of mount Richards. Lodgepole pine, tall spruces and silvery birches make a green shade overhead. Beneath, crowding the trail on each side, is a tangle of ferns and bracken, the picturesque Devil's Club and broad-leaved mulberry, with wild flowers of many hues and kinds. As the trail winds upward one catches glimpses of the lake lying ever farther below, till, rounding the last switchback, a thrilling panorama opens to view. Directly below lies the valley, shaped like an L, with the three lovely lakes inlaying its floor. Opposite rise the steep slopes of Sheep and Sofa mountains, the bright red bands of their shales showing vividly against the silken blue of the lake. Beyond the mountains, incredibly near, are the foothills, with the open prairies stretching away as far as the eye can see. On the green plain the farms and ranches are marked out distinctly, creating a curious ribbon-like or parterre effect. The coloured fields with the long blue scarves of the cloud shadows sweeping across them, the trail of smoke which marks a passing train thirty miles away, the whole vast expanse stretching away to the great unbroken rim of the horizon, produces a panorama majestic as the sea itself.

Striking through the woods the trail climbs steadily upward accompanied by the music of Bertha creek, which goes laughing down to the right. Ahead, a wall of rock rises up, completely closing the valley. Over this rocky barrier, apparently out of the sky itself, pour the beautiful Bertha falls. Half-veiled through the thick green of the trees, they form a picture of superb beauty. Unlike most cataracts they do not fall in a single curtain but pour down the long inclined face of the rock, dashing their crystal waters into successive clouds of spray as they leap gracefully from mossy ledge to ledge, descending by great steps thousands of feet to the valley below.

Climbing up and over this rocky wall one discovers hidden away a perfect little rocky amphitheatre, its floor inlaid with a lake, clear and glistening as a gem. The western end is shut in by a circular and almost perpendicular wall, scored by some long vanished glacier into horizontal bands, which from a distance resemble the tiers of a coliseum. The eastern end is low and sparsely wooded, with clumps of delicate harebells and ferns. High above, to the right, another water fall tumbles from a little hidden glacier on mount Alderson to bury itself in the jade green waters of the lake.



Double Fall, Hell Roaring Creek



Looking over the Middle and Lower Lakes to the illimitable expanse of prairie.

It is a delicious place, so tranquil and secluded from the world, that one seems almost to have entered another existence.

"As lovely and enchanted
As ever by a waning moon was haunted."

In Scotland such a spot would have its halo of history or romance; some border robber or fugitive from justice might have made it his home, but here there are no traditions and until the lake was discovered a few years ago, probably no eyes had looked down upon it except the wild goats' or the eagles'. From the northeastern end of the lake flows the small stream which in a few yards slips over the precipice to form the beautiful Bertha falls.

Boundary Cabin Trail.—From the point where the Bertha lake trail cuts into the woods, another trail leads south along the west shore of Waterton lake to the Glacier National Park. This is a charming ride of only a few miles. Now and again the trail touches the shore of the lake and from one of the many

rocky headlands, affords delightful views. From this height the lake's expanse appears to be one great rock crystal. Its shores are broken by numerous little bays and wooded headlands, with clean pebbly beaches in between.

At the boundary there is a grassy opening and almost on the line a park warden's cabin has been built. Passing the monument which marks the separation between Canada and the United States, as well as between the Waterton Lakes park and Glacier park, the trail proceeds southward into the Glacier park for about half a mile, then turns westward and, winding through deep woods, crosses and re-crosses West Boundary creek. The vegetation here is so luxuriant that the horses are lost in green to their middles. Great bracken brush the stirrups at every step and the crushed fragrance mingles with the resinous incense of withered pine needles. The bed of West Boundary creek is of red shales and its many boulders and pebbles gleam warmly through the pale greenish-white water of the stream. In about six miles the trail turns northward and for another half-mile travels on that little green no-man's land which separates the two great countries; then it begins to climb by a series of easy switchbacks to Boundary pass. As it rises the views grow ever lovelier and more extensive, revealing two little glacier-fed lakes lying in rocky cirques on the United States' side. They are of a beautiful peacock blue, and from this height resemble two bits of bright enamel.

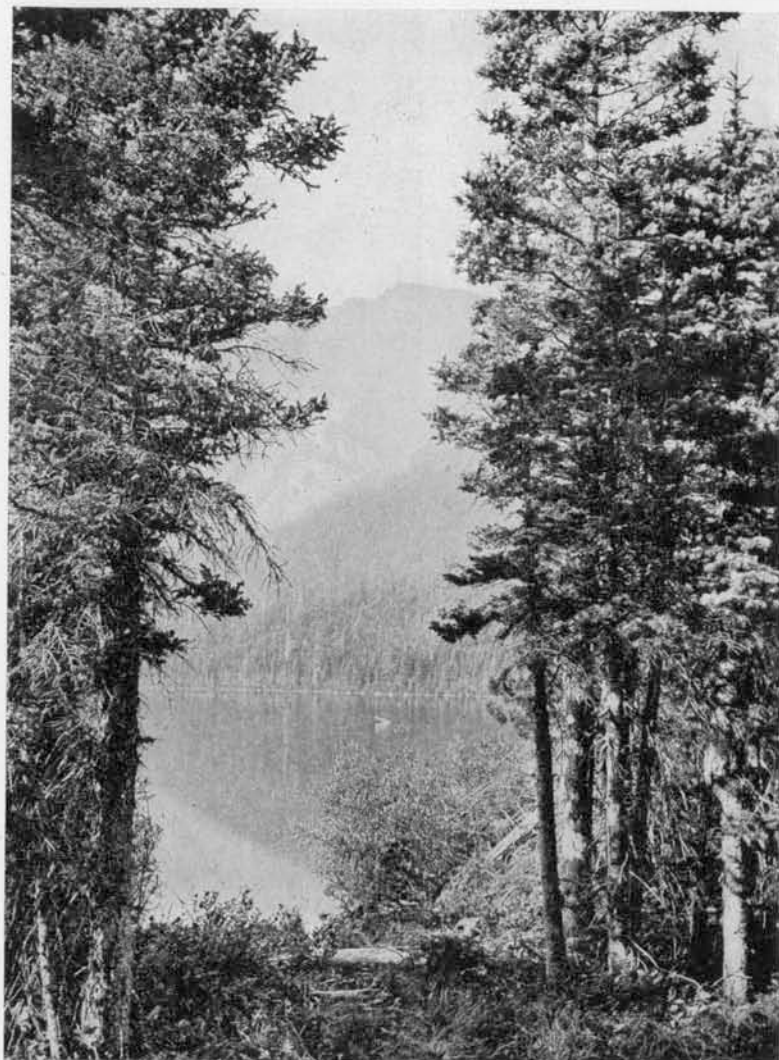
Boundary pass is open and parklike, with grassy meadows, small groves and clumps of pines and larches. A small tarn known as Summit lake lies in the centre of the pass.

About a mile away, on the south side, is another rocky amphitheatre, walled in by cliffs of warm red sandstone, with a crystal-line blue lake, as yet unnamed, lying at their base.

From the western end of the pass the trail winds down by easy switchbacks to Cameron lake, another charming cirque



Bertha Mountain from the townsit



Cameron Lake

lake, about one mile and a half long by half a mile wide. Its waters are of a crystal clarity, although the bare grey limestone walls of the surrounding cliffs reflected through them give them a milky appearance which makes them seem opaque.

One mile from Cameron lake the trail joins the motor road up Cameron Brook valley and the going becomes delightfully easy. The valley is wide and open but its forests have unfortunately suffered from fire. This is the route to Akamina pass, the lowest and easiest pass across the Main Divide in the park and selected as the crossing for the new Akamina highway.

As one goes down the valley, mount Carthew rises in bold slopes to the right running into the Cameron ridge. On the left is seen mount Rowe and the striking grey tower of mount Lineham. At Lineham creek a trail leads up the valley to three beautiful lakes which lie high up behind the mountain on its west side.

Rounding the northern shoulder of Cameronian mountain and turning to the southeast, the road continues to follow Cameron brook, which is here a turbulent stream flowing between rugged walls. As the valley narrows the scenery becomes more and more picturesque until, ascending a steep slope, one sees ahead a blue corner of Waterton lake near the townsite, with familiar Vimy ridge and Sofa mountain beyond, and realizes that the circle is complete.

NORTHERN SECTION OF THE PARK

Blakiston Brook.—Blakiston brook, the main valley of the park, was the route in early days to the South Kootenay pass. This valley affords a delightful trail trip which can be extended so as to cover from two or three days to a week. If one has little time at disposal the trip may be restricted to the small loop encircling mount Crandell. Leaving the townsite the trail turns east and follows the motor road until it crosses Blakiston brook. Then, turning north, it runs for about a mile and a half along a wagon road then turns west and follows the north shore of the stream with mount Crandell to the south and mount Galwey to the north. Crossing the stream it turns up Crandell Creek valley with mount Blakiston to the right and passing Crandell lake joins the valley of Cameron brook, returning to the townsite as before.

Anyone who has sufficient time, however, will find it well worth while to continue the trip up the Blakiston valley past its

junction with Bauerman brook to the forks of its headwaters, thence following Lone brook to the South Kootenay pass.

As one goes up the valley the most striking features are the splendid mass of mount Blakiston to the south, and the beautiful golden tower of mount Anderson, which closes the valley ahead.

At the eastern base of Lone mountain the old Indian trail branches off to the South Kootenay pass, following the valley of Lone brook, while the valley of Blakiston brook branches southwestward between Lone mountain and mount Hawkins. The headwaters of both branches are well stocked with trout running up to several pounds in weight.

The approach to the South Kootenay pass is steep and rugged although the pass itself is scarcely more than a lower elevation of the watershed ridge. It lies about $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles north of the International Boundary and has an altitude of 6,903 feet. From the western end, trails descend northward to Sage creek or southward to the valley of Kishinena creek and thence to the Flathead valley or by way of Akamina brook to Akamina pass.

Akamina Pass.—From Cameron lake to Akamina pass is scarcely more than a mile, the western shore of the lake being walled by the rugged escarpment which forms the Divide. As has been said this pass was chosen for the new motor highway which will eventually make possible a great circle connecting the highways of the two national parks and linking up with existing provincial and state roads. The pass has an altitude of only 5,835 feet and there are easy gradients on both sides of the watershed. The summit itself is extremely picturesque, bounded on the south by a precipitous rocky wall from which a rocky ridge, like a giant causeway, projects at right angles.

Forum and Wall Lakes.—Just west of Akamina pass are two charming lakes, cradled in empty cirques high up on the bold escarpment of the western side of the Divide. The valleys in which they lie form perfect amphitheatres, with circling walls rising directly from the water and giving rise to the names Forum and Wall lakes. They are of such a striking character and can be so easily reached from Cameron valley that they form one of the most popular objectives for visitors to the park.

Bauerman Brook.—The Bauerman valley leads northward to an extremely interesting region. The stream takes its rise in three small nameless lakes almost on the Divide. From the fork of the Blakiston brook, the trail winds up the valley with the fine mass of mount Glendowan to the northeast and New-

man peak directly north. Mount Anderson, Lost mountain and mount Bauerman rise to the south. At the forks of its two headwaters the trail follows the northern stream to within about a mile of the Divide, and there crossing the Avion ridge, drops down into the valley of Castle river.

This region, though outside the park, forms a delightful trail extension and is frequently taken by visitors. Excellent fishing is found in many small streams. From the Cache, a few miles farther on, a trail branches off up the valley of Bovin creek, to



Cameron Lake

Bovin lake, a beautiful little gem of water on the lower slopes of Drywood mountain. If desired, this trail may be followed east to the foothills, and by way of the outside of the ranges, southward between Lakeview ridge and mount Galwey to the town-site.

The wide grassy meadows in the neighbourhood of Bovin lake were the pasture ground for large herds of horses in the days when the Indians roamed in sole possession of the land. Now they are a rich big game region. On the slopes of the

nearby mountains one is almost sure to see a herd of sheep or goats and to meet deer or, very probably, bear. The lake, too, yields good fishing, and attracts many sportsmen on that account as well as nature lovers.

Castle river, fed by many tributaries, drains the whole northern section of the region and flows out to the prairies as a stream of considerable size to join Old Man river. Its name is due to its association with Windsor mountain and ridge which border it to the east for many miles. Many of the small streams which flow down to join the Castle contain trout. Beaver Mines lake, at the base of Table mountain is also a good fishing ground and a frequent resort of sportsmen. Crossing Table brook the trail proceeds north to the junction with the Scarpe river, and crossing the augmented stream, follows the river along the base of Carbondale hill.

TRAIL TRIPS RADIATING FROM WATERTON TOWNSITE

1. *Lake Shore*.—From the southern end of the townsite via the western shore of Waterton lake to the International Boundary.....4.9 miles
 - (a) *Extension trip—Bertha Lake*.—Leaving the Lake Shore trail at Bertha brook, thence westerly to Bertha lake.....4.0 miles
2. *Hell Roaring Canyon*.—By boat from the townsite, two miles to the mouth of the canyon on the eastern shore of the lake. Thence up the canyon by trail.
3. *Belly River*.—Leaving the motor road at Pass Creek bridge, proceeding east and crossing the Dardanelles, thence via Sofa brook and Pine ridge to the cabin on Belly river and up the river to the International Boundary.....14.8 miles
 - (a) *Extension trips—*
 - (I) *Old Mill, Tough Creek*.—From the crossing of the Belly river east to the Old Mill and thence down Tough creek to the East Boundary of the park, 9.0 miles
 - (II) *Lees Creek*.—From the Old Mill south and then east to Lees Creek cabin at the east Boundary.....7.0 miles

(III) *Mt. View*.—From Belly River cabin to the North Boundary and thence to Mount View (1.4 miles inside the Park).....9.0 miles

(IV) *Vimy Ridge*.—From the Dardanelles along the east shore and up Vimy ridge.....4.6 miles

(V) *North Fork*.—From the junction of the North Fork and Belly rivers, up the Fork to the International Boundary.....5.6 miles

4. *Bauerman Brook*.—From Pass Creek bridge up Pass creek and Bauerman brook to Sage Creek pass and Inter-provincial Boundary.....15.0 miles

(a) *Extension trip—*

(I) *South Kootenai*.—From the junction of Bauerman brook and Pass creek to the South Kootenai pass.....8.0 miles

5. *Horseshoe*.—From the motor road at Pass Creek cabin, northwesterly to Yarrow Creek cabin at the northerly extremity of the Park.....12.5 miles

6. *Mt. Lineham*.—From the Akamina Motor road up Lineham brook.....2.0 miles

7. *Cameron Lake*.—From Cameron lake southeasterly over the mountain to the International Boundary and thence following along the United States side to join the Lake Shore trail.....9.2 miles

NOTES

A resident superintendent supervises the administration of Waterton Lakes Park. Visitors desiring information may make inquiries at Park Headquarters which are situated in the townsite and open from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on week days, or at the Superintendent's residence at other hours. Motorists should make themselves familiar with the Traffic and Motor Regulations for Canadian National Parks, copies of which may be obtained free of charge on request.

Motor Licenses.—No fee is charged for motorists within the park but all motorists are required to register for record purposes.

Camping.—The campsite at the south end of the townsite, which has a caretaker's office where permits are issued, comprises an area of 35 acres. There are three shelters, each of which is equipped with a stove, benches and

tables. In addition, there is a community house with a large lounge room. Camping permits are issued at a rate of one dollar (\$1) for three weeks, or four dollars (\$4) for the season. They may also be obtained from the warden in the neighbourhood.

Bathing.—Bathing may be enjoyed at Lake Linnet, where a Government bath house is at the disposal of visitors. Bathing suits and towels must be supplied personally. There is a privately-operated, covered, steam-heated swimming pool on Cameron Falls drive in the townsite. The dimensions of the tank are 66 feet by 30 feet, and the water varies from 3 to 8 feet in depth. There are dressing rooms for ladies and gentlemen and the following fees are charged: Adults, 25 cents, costume, 25 cents; juveniles, 15 cents, costume, 20 cents; towel, 5 cents; shower bath, 25 cents.

Accommodation.—Ample accommodation is provided for tourists. Rates for the Great Northern Hotel and "The Hotel" will be furnished on application. Furnished chalets and cottages may be rented at rates varying from twenty to thirty dollars per week, while rooming and boarding houses are also available at moderate rates. There are three restaurants open at all hours, and two garages and two service stations are available for motorists.

Recreation.—The Government has constructed tennis courts, situated on Cameron Falls Drive, which may be used free of charge. An excellent nine-hole golf course is available for play at the following rates—

One Round.....	50c.	One Day.....	\$ 1
One Week.....	\$ 3	One Month (Gentle-	
Season (Ladies).....	\$10	men).....	\$10
		Season (Gentlemen)...	\$15

Fires.—The fire hazard is enhanced by promiscuous camping and it is to the interest of visitors to reduce the danger to a minimum by using the public camping grounds provided. These are maintained for the benefit and convenience of motorists at suitable points. Build your campfire on dirt. Scrape around it, removing all inflammable material within a radius of from 3 to 5 feet. Put your fire out. In ten minutes go back and put it out again. Never build a campfire against a tree or log, in leaf mould or in rotten wood. Build all fires away from overhanging branches.

Hundreds of fires escape each year after campers have thought they were extinguished. It is advisable to soak thoroughly all embers and charred pieces of wood and then cover them with dirt. Feel around the outer edge of the fire to make sure no fire is smouldering in charred roots or leaf mould.

Break your match before you throw it away. Make it a habit. Drop pipe, cigar or cigarette ashes only on dirt. Then stamp them out.

Should you discover a forest fire report it immediately to the chief warden or the nearest park official.

Camp Etiquette.—Keep camps clean. Leave them clean. Burn or bury all refuse promptly—even tin cans—to prevent flies and to get it out of sight.

PLACE NAMES AND ALTITUDES

- AKAMINA PASS—8,446 feet; Indian name meaning "high bench land."
- ALDERSON MOUNT—8,883 feet; after Lieut.-Gen. E. A. H. Alderson, who commanded Canadian Expeditionary Forces in France, 1915-16.
- ANDERSON MOUNT—7,946 feet; after Major S. Anderson, R.E., Chief Astronomer, 2nd British Boundary Commission.
- AVION RIDGE—8,658 feet; after Avion in France—a suburb of Lens, taken by Canadians in 1917.
- BAUERMAN MOUNT AND BROOK—7,992 feet; after H. Bauerman, Geologist, British Boundary Commission.
- BELLY RIVER—After Gros Ventres tribe of Indians.
- BERTHA LAKE AND BROOK—Said to be named after a woman of that name, one of the early residents of the park.
- BLAKISTON MOUNT, VALLEY AND BROOK—9,600 feet; after Lieut. Thomas Blakiston, R.A., Astronomer, Capt. Palliser's Expedition, 1857; quarrelled with Palliser and made an independent report.
- BOSWELL MOUNT—After Mr. Boswell, Veterinary Surgeon with British Boundary Commission.
- BELLEVUE HILL—6,929 feet; descriptive; fine view of Waterton lake from summit.
- BOSPORUS—Means strait between two seas or lakes; joins upper and middle Waterton lakes.
- BUCHER CREEK—After Bucher tribe of Indians.
- CAMERON, LAKE AND BROOK—After Maj.-Gen. D. H. Cameron, British Commissioner on International Boundaries, 1872-76.
- CAMERONIAN MOUNTAIN—7,966 feet; probably on account of relation to brook.
- CARTHEW, MOUNT, LAKE AND BROOK—After Wm. Morden Carthew, D.L.S., Lieut., 49th Battalion, C.E.F., killed at Ypres, June 1, 1916.
- CLOUDY RIDGE—8,489 feet; formation resembles clouds.
- COTTONWOOD CREEK—Name derived from presence of trees along banks.
- CRANDELL MOUNT—7,812 feet; after an old prospector who formerly worked in the mountains; known locally as Bear mountain.
- CROOKED CREEK—Descriptive.
- DARDANELLES—Passage between middle and lower Waterton lakes; after strait between Turkey in Europe and Turkey in Asia.
- DUNGARVAN MOUNT AND CREEK—6,986 feet; after Dungarvan, Ireland, meaning rough or broken mountain.
- FESTUBERT MOUNT—8,274 feet; after a village east of La Basse, France, where Canadian troops fought.
- FORUM LAKE (B.C.)—Just outside park boundary; descriptive.
- FORUM PEAK—7,884 feet; descriptive.
- GALWEY MOUNT AND BROOK—7,000 feet; after Lieut. Galwey, R.E., Assistant Astronomer, British Boundary Commission.
- GARDINER CREEK—Derivation of name unknown.
- GLENDOWAN MOUNT—8,771 feet; named after mountain in Donegal, Ireland, by M. P. Bridgeland, D.L.S., in 1915.

Forty-five

HAWKINS MOUNT—After Lieut.-Col. J. S. Hawkins, R.E., commanding British Boundary Commission, 1858-62.

HELL ROARING CREEK AND CANYON—Descriptive.

KISHINENA PEAK—7,993 feet; after Indian tribe of that name supposed to be a branch of Panther tribe.

LAKEVIEW RIDGE—6,390 feet; fine view of Waterton lakes from summit.

LINEHAM PEAK AND BROOK—8,000 feet; after John Lineham, rancher and former member Alberta Legislature for High River.

LONE MOUNT—7,950 feet; isolated peak near western boundary of the park.

LOST MOUNT—8,240 feet; isolated peak.

MASKINONGE LAKE—After Indian name for large species of Pike found in this lake; once fishing ground of Indians.

MOKOWAN BUTTE—Mokowan is Indian for "belly."

NEWMAN PEAK—8,600 feet; after Edward Newman, naturalist.

OIL CITY—Site of unsuccessful borings for oil about 1907-09.

RICHARDS MOUNT—7,476 feet; after Admiral G. H. Richards, R.N., Second Commissioner, British Boundary Survey.

ROWE MOUNT—8,043 feet; after Lieut. Rowe, R.E., Surveying Officer, British Boundary Commission.

RUBY RIDGE—7,993 feet; from its carmine colour, which changes to violet in certain lights.

SAGE MOUNT—(Just outside park) 7,769 feet; probably after the sage plant which grows at the base of the mountain.

SOFA MOUNT AND CREEK—8,268 feet; name descriptive of shape of the mountain.

SOUTH KOOTENAY PASS—After Kootenay tribe of Indians who formerly inhabited park region and were driven west of the Divide by their enemies.

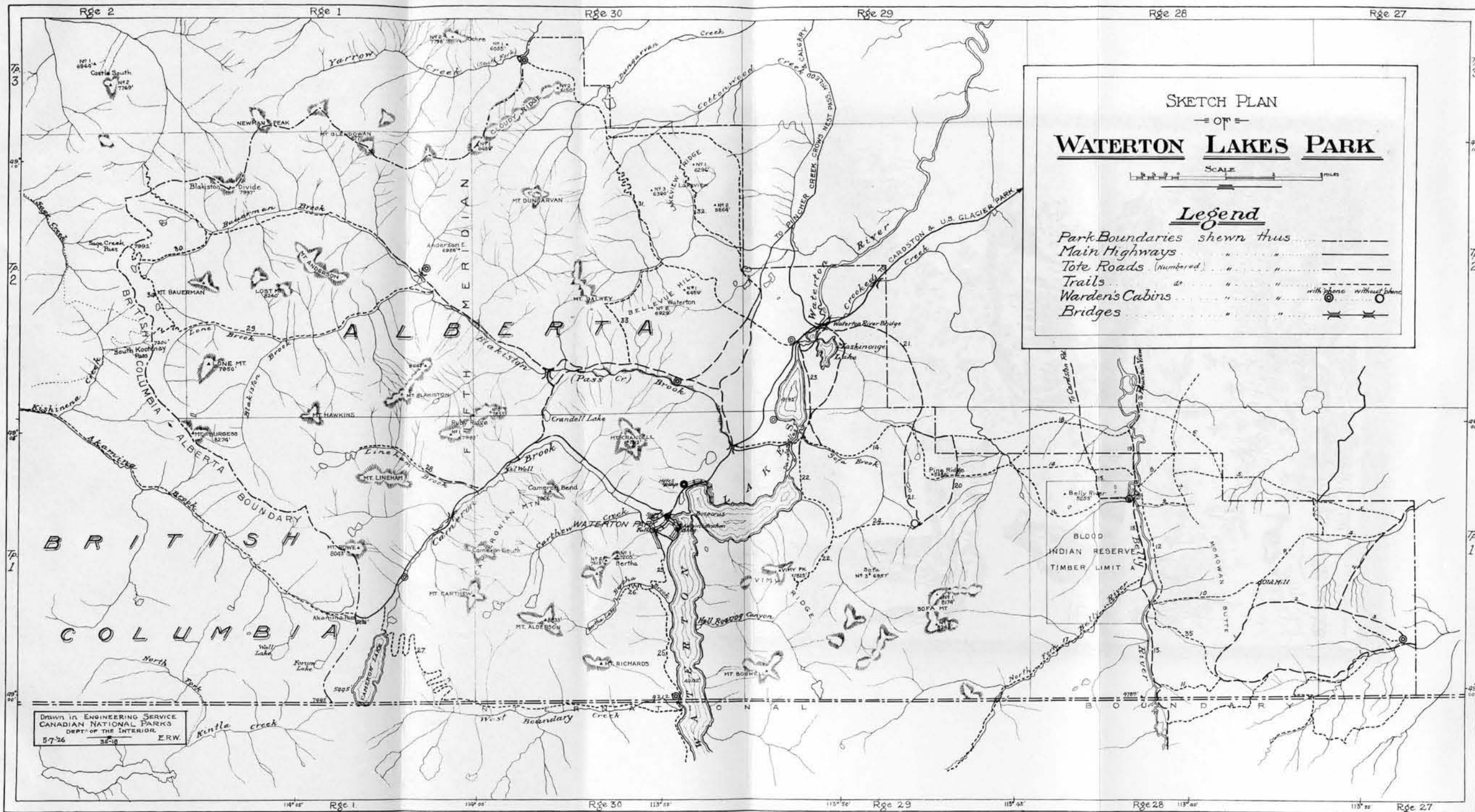
VIMY RIDGE AND PEAK—7,825 feet; (formerly Sheep mountain and ridge) after Vimy ridge in France, which Canadian troops captured from Germans on Easter Monday, April 9, 1917.

WALL LAKE (B.C.)—Descriptive.

WATERTON LAKES AND RIVER—Believed named by Blakiston after Charles Waterton, famous English naturalist and traveller.

WILSON RANGE—8,565 feet; after Lieut. C. W. Wilson, R.E., secretary to British Boundary Commission.

YARROW CREEK—English name for plant, *Achillea lanulosa*, varieties of which are common in Rocky mountains, or possibly the creek was named after the stream of the same name in Selkirkshire, Scotland.





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