

NATURE LOVERS AT JASPER

BY FRANK MORRIS

IT WAS gross presumption, no doubt, to think of exploring Jasper Park without either guides or horses; but that was our plan, and by greenhorn's luck, it worked like a charm. The fact is, we knew so little and had heard so much about pack-ponies and their peculiar ways that we vowed no quadruped so cater-cousin to Kipling's "commissariat camuel" should share our bivouac—by invitation at least. A glance at the map made it equally plain that our Peterborough canoe, trusty comrade in so many summer jaunts, must be left at home. We had no notion of imitating the couple at Jasper Lodge who paddled merrily down the Athabasca half a day, only to find they must wade back with the canoe in tow or cache it in the cottonwoods and hike home.

It was our first trip west and chock full of surprises. The biggest of these hit us right between the eyes at 6 A.M. the day after leaving Edmonton. For forty miles we had been running along an easy grade of some sixteen feet to the mile, eagerly awaiting the moment when the foothills around us should be replaced by mountains and the real climbing begin. And then we drew up at the little station of Obed to find ourselves within ninety feet of the railway's height of land! Instead of hanging on by our eyelids to beetling crags and tottering dizzily over roaring cataracts, we glided down grade to the smooth, level floor of the spacious Athabasca valley. Between us and the Great Divide lay nothing but a gentle incline of ten or twelve feet to the mile that would lift us imperceptibly first to the river plateau of Jasper village and then up the Miette Valley to the threshold of the famous Yellowhead Pass. We had actually done far more climbing and steeper in crossing the Prairie—near Melville, for instance, and again between Saskatoon and Biggar. The fact is, the only real mountain grade between Lake Ontario and the Pacific was up the Don Valley to Richmond Hill on the outskirts of Toronto.

Our next surprise, and a most welcome one, was the village of Jasper itself. Visions of North Bay in its infancy had come like a nightmare to disturb our day-dreams, an unlovely shacktown of crudeness and squalor. Picture our delight to find a pretty little hamlet of Swiss chalets in perfect harmony with their setting, a wide-spread valley of pine-woods and lakes girdled with dove-grey mountains—an Arcady of sunshine and fragrance. At first glance it was hard to realise that those soft gray turrets and spires, even where they cut the sky in jagged saw-tooth lines—"sierras"

in Spanish phrase—were really mountain masses three times the height and thrice three times the bulk of the Scottish Grampians; yet so they were. Nor is the illusion due, as you might suppose, to the valleys you survey them from being highland plateaus, 3,000-4,000 feet above sea-level. It is rather the clarity of the air, which so heightens the already bold relief of the mountains against their background of sky that you get field-glass views of everything you look at.

So great was this foreshortening on the slopes of Pyramid that the point we had planned to lunch at was still the same "mile and a bittock" away at 3 P.M. The botanist's ten-minute scramble to the top of the screes behind our camp at Edith Cavell lasted over an hour. Next day, when we climbed above the timber-line on the slopes that face the glacier, it looked the easiest thing in the world to fling a stone clear into the heart of the corrie at whose lip hung the Ghost with arms outspread—probably two miles away as the crow flies; and when we looked down at the ice-field below, it was hard to realise that the specks of ants creeping about its surface were half a hundred American "Elks", tourists from Jasper Lodge. To the very last, the Rockies kept tripping us up with our own measuring rods. On the eve of our departure, as we drove towards the Maligne Canyon, the chauffeur, pointing to the strange effigy of Old Man Mountain—"our grandsire cut in alabaster"—asked us how big we thought it was. Not to be caught napping, "A hundred yards or so," we made bold to reply. "They tell me," he said thoughtfully, "from the tip of his nose to the point of his chin is three-quarters of a mile." What looked like stubble on an ill-shaved cheek, as though the Old Man needed a new blade in his Gillette, was probably several acres of dwarf spruce.

No sooner had we "found ourselves" at Jasper than we laid in supplies and packed our dunnage bags for a three-day trip to Pyramid Lake. All morning warm rain fell in scattered showers and the valley was filled with steam. Late in the afternoon, the last wisp of flying scud disappeared, and Jasper's battlements of mountain stood out in the sunshine, newly draped with snow.

The fine evening tempted us out to explore, and at the base of Whistler Mountain, by a unique stroke of luck, we discovered the very flower we were hurrying off to Pyramid to hunt for—the White Lady Slipper, first found by Franklin and his men on the shores of James Bay. And so favored is Jasper by the northern twilight—give ear, you campers—it was actually nine o'clock in

the evening and broad daylight when we spied these fairy Moccasins on the mountain slope. That settled it; Pyramid must wait now till we had explored Whistler from base to peak, and back we hiked the very next day for our first ascent of the Rockies.

It was all we had ever expected and far more. The pony trail rose from a cottonwood swamp a mile southwest of Jasper, right at the entrance to the Miette Valley. Its lower slopes were clothed with pine and at several points we left the path to view the village and the valley spread out below us; at every stage of our climb, coil after coil, the river unwound like a great serpent writhing along the flat floor of its course. Above the pine we zig-zagged up through a mile or more of spring-fed alder woods.

Here we met the only traces of surface moisture on this whole slope—at one point a running stream, and three several times a trickle of spring water that tried hard to cross the trail. The vegetation took on a richer tone. Pretty drooping bells of blue Lungwort appeared beside the path, and mountain Columbine with blooms of lemon yellow and white. Even orchids met our eager questing looks: more of the White Lady Slipper; Blunt-leaved and Northern Rein-orchids; a colony of stout, budding Ladies' Tresses (*Spiranthes Romanzoffiana*); some plants of a broad-lipped Tway-blade, probably the western form of our *Listera convallarioides*; and, best of all, a big patch of Calypso with sturdy scapes and swelling capsules of purple, in striking contrast to the delicately-drooping flower-stalks of May.

Just beyond the alders, the path crossed a tumbled avalanche of talus. Once more we turned aside to clamber over a hundred yards or so of boulders—their dead gray livened into green here and there with tufts of rock-loving ferns—and were treated to a fine bird's-eye view of Athabasca's tortuous course. Then came half an hour's steady climbing, occasionally of switch-back steepness, as we rounded the great flank upthrust between the north face, our point of approach, and the western slope, our final scaling-ladder for the peak.

Over the last 2,000 feet we ran the whole gamut of alpine scenery—the wonder of mountaineering shorn of its terror. Far beyond the cataract of talus, away above the timber-line of spruce, we entered a well-watered, flowery valley, gay with golden Arnica, soft mauve daisies and scarlet Paint-brush, scaled its main stream to the last point of vegetation, clambered up its roof of grey scree and—"clinging perilously to its gables, gazed dizzily out and down through 6,000 feet of space"—There! that's how the journalese thrill-stuff would read, and at first it really seemed

like it. You felt distinctly more comfortable if you leaned well back against the mountain before looking out, or, better still, crawled behind one of those mis-named gables—a block of granite as big as a billiard-table, perhaps. Your line of vision ran steeply down some fifty yards and then fell over into sheer space leaving you with a queer "wiggly" feeling inside. But if you followed your eyes with your feet, every stride brought a bigger and a wider prospect of solid ground in front of you.

As a matter of fact, you could have played a ball-game at any one of a dozen points on Whistler's peaks; and if a "homer" had rolled over the edge, an active out-field could have followed it up and overtaken it on the scree. Few things are more exciting, safer, or easier, than running down a quarter-mile of scree full tilt in a series of flying leaps, the heel sinking well down into loose, slaty rubble, soft as a well-packed snow drift. And as a rule you are glad enough to hurry down from the mountain peaks. Truth to tell, when once you've won to the very top, you feel as though you hadn't a prospect left in life; the whole world is topsy-turvy; you've reached the Land's End in a vertical plane with your head in the clouds. Bird's-eye views were never meant for human optics, and but for a passing thrill of strangeness, they fail to attract—as well clap the wrong end of a telescope to your face.

While plunging down Whistler's steep-pitched roof of gray slate, we were suddenly halted in mid-career, right at the dribbling lower end of a July snow-drift, by the sight of some strangely beautiful flowers, pale yellow, soft-petalled, with drooping heads and dark green foliage, our very first find of the Arctic Poppy.

Below the biggest corrie at the edge of the talus we boiled a pot of tea as a stirrup-cup for the main descent; and while we were at our busiest, up skipped a gopher on to our granite sideboard and made off with half a sandwich very neatly plucked from the heart of the pile. They were very abundant above the timber line, and—along frequented trails—as tame as chipmunks, with a most captivating trick of begging bolt upright in front of you, forepaws drooped.

About half way down, on rounding a corner sharply, our feet shod in "sneakers", we ran plump into two mountain goats, a big bearded nanny and her kid; the youngster was disposed to be friendly and peered curiously at us as it trotted along in the parental wake, but the mother—in deference, probably, to her own beard rather than through fear of us—hustled it unceremoniously off into the thickets of alder.

Next day we were transported to our first camp—dunnage, duffle, and sundries all loaded up on a

bucking, balking Rosinante of a motor truck. It was quite an exciting trip, and if you didn't keep wide awake, it was the hardest thing in the world to remember that you were really in the Rockies and not, as a week before, cruising about among the Fishing Islands of Lake Huron in quest of the Alaska Orchid, pitching and churning in the teeth of a spanking breeze, aboard an old sail-boat equipped with a motor.

Our engine heated so on the steep grades that skipper "Slats" withdrew the radiator cap and let us puff along under our own steam; we seemed to ship a good deal of water on the voyage and came to port at Pyramid Lake in a cloud of steam and deluged with spray, but otherwise safe and sound.

Our dream of the Huron Shore was strangely renewed on the margin of the lake, for we found growing there most of the rare plants that had so delighted us at Red Bay: the delicate little cousin of the Alpine Club Moss—*Selaginella selaginoides*, the violet Butterwort, the Mealy Primrose, the Lily sprays of *Zygadenus* and *Tofieldia*, and, right beside the tent, in the heart of an alder bush commandeered for our larder, a colony of Tway-blades (*Listera caurina*).

It would be hard to overpraise the beauty of Jasper's mountain lakes. Their virginal waters born of snowdrift and glacier lie crystal-clear, the surface like a magic mirror filled with reflections from sky and earth of sapphire and emerald, turquoise, amethyst and opal. The beauty of a jewel is its setting, and surely no artist's eye or poet's dream ever pictured fairer scene than these forest-girdled meres that sleep among the hills. Each has a beauty all its own, and everyone in turn seemed queen of all the rest—Patricia, Pyramid, Edith, and Beauvert.

Our three-day stay at Pyramid was one long revel of beauty and delight. The sight of that great mountain mass across the lake in all its varying lights from grey dawn to dusk, filled one with a restful sense of peace and permanence. Never had we seen a more symmetrical piece of carving than the face of this mountain nor richer coloring than its groined ramparts, the usual slate-gray being livened into warm reds and browns. Imagine a lump of pure jasper in a matrix of gray granite, a crystal with a thousand prisms, magnify its inches into miles and there you have Pyramid. Other heights in the Rockies—Majestic, say—showed as rich a coloring and the same grand symmetry, but nowhere did we find a more impressive view of mountain scenery than from the door of our little tent looking across the lake to the wooded slopes and snow-flecked peaks of Pyramid.

We were peculiarly fortunate in our choice of a camping site. Back of us stood a steep wooded

slope of mountain from whose bold rock bluffs and shadowy groves of Douglas fir we could watch the sun go down behind those walls of jasper. So loth was the daylight to leave the valley that when we turned in at 10 P.M., a robin was still loud at its evensong. To the laughter of loons and a lone owl-hoot—familiar sounds of the night that wafted us dreamily back to Algonquin, tent and all—was added a new music, the hollow rolling notes and organ tones of the wind sweeping over the granite crags and chasms of the mountain—an Aeolian harp surely the most stupendous in all Nature.

A day of roaming the woods and shores among new flowers and ferns and trees; a day's paddling about the lake to visit the island and the stands of tall spruce that darkened the farther shore; and a day of tramping up the great northeast shoulder of Pyramid till we could look over into the adjoining valleys; and then we must tear ourselves away to make ready for the trip to Mount Edith Cavell; it was all too short, but we made the most of it.

Nowhere on all the lake-margin did we find a more interesting strip of bog-flora than lay alongside our little tent; and screened from the motor-road as it was by a belt of evergreen, it soon became our favorite "pleasance" for odd moments in camp. Further down the lake we found more of our White Lady Slipper, in scattered colonies right at the water's edge; and though the blooms had faded, like most of those on Whistler, they yet enabled us to settle a point of some interest.

Specimens taken at James Bay we had seen described and figured as having the big lower sepal ending in a pair of tips that were distant and without an emarginate interval between them. In all that we examined, two or three score from half a dozen stations, the lower sepal was as in the Yellow Lady Slipper: the tips adjoining, separated only by a slit or at most a narrow cleft, and the space between distinctly notched. The interesting thing about them was the *variability* of the double tip, its two points being sometimes contiguous and sometimes divaricate, and the slit or notch between them either shallow or deep. Actually, in the colonies on Whistler, we found several blooms whose lower sepal was separated into two perfectly formed elliptic halves, distinct from tip to base and standing laterally like the lower sepals of the Ram's Head; clearly, reversions rather than "sports", with all the value of a missing link.

Beyond question, however, the botanist earned his triumph the day he was threatened with a strait waistcoat. For without his dogged persistence we should never have reached the heart of the big spruce stand that loomed up dark with mystery across the lake from our camp. There

was something quite uncanny about that black patch of conifer; it really seemed, like the "dark tower" of Childe Roland's quest, to be hedged about with witchcraft; it drew like a lodestone from the distance, only to drop you groping helpless on approach; no matter from what quarter you advanced, it would always, at a certain point, suddenly disappear, whether sunk into the ground among the cottonwoods or crouching behind a screen of pine, who could say? A detour on foot round the lower end of the lake was thus made to end in dismal failure; our canoe-hiring some half-mile up the lake shore was resolutely opposed by a large bear, which refused to be "shoo"-ed from the side entrance of the boatman's shack; and the canoe leaked so when we headed it across the lake that it had to be dumped twice on the island in mid-course and then paddled furiously over to a sand bar on the north shore, where we beached it just before it swamped. Even then we should have failed but for careful compass work at the tent-door, for the "Dark Tower" had played its old trick and utterly vanished. However, after being twice landed in impenetrable forest tangle through following our compass bearings too closely, at last, by a lucky slew to the left, we stumbled on an open strip of heath—and immediately every obstacle disappeared.

The relief to foot, eye, and spirit was beyond description. We had apparently hit on an old clearing that slanted up the slope right to the edge of the spruce woods. Its lower half was partly obscured with thickets of willow and dogwood; these were gradually succeeded by scattered poplars which in turn gave place to a stretch of open, flowery heath; a profusion of orange lilies and creamy sprays of *Zygadenus* greeted our looks among the shrubberies of Labrador Tea; and so, entranced on every side, we stepped into the very centre of the magic ring beneath the spruces. For if ever a piece of fairyland came within mortal ken, it was that half-acre of forest floor that we found ourselves standing in, a great hummocky space of sphagnum and heath, shaggy with giant horse-tails and pitted with moss-wells. Here, in full flower, appeared clusters of "Spotted Fly" Orchid (*Orchis rotundifolia*)—a score or more of colonies mostly in the moist pockets; and, at one spot, a billowy cushion of moss supporting, amid trails of fragrant Twin-flower, several spikes of a western Twayblade (*Listera nephrophylla*) and eight perfect blooms of Franklin's Lady Slipper, the floor of their creamy white cups thickly patined with dots of rich purple!

Our stay at Pyramid fully confirmed the impression borne in on us at Whistler, that mountain scenery is at its best as you climb the gullies or traverse the flanks and shoulders below the peaks.

The eye travels upward in happy swallow-skimming flight to the ridges and crests, or settles restfully in level gaze on slopes across the valley. Again and again we had occasion to note the beauty of these half-way views and the pleasant sense of repletion they brought: on the open fells above the timber-line at Edith Cavell; in the upper gorge of Portal Creek, through the Maccarib Pass, and—most wonderful of all—over the whole length and breadth of the great Tonquin Valley.

As we stood folding our tent into the dunnage bag on the lake-margin of Pyramid, a large-eared doe and her fawn came down the slope behind us to stare at the strange intruders. And on our way home a big bear-cub foraging at the edge of the road sized us up in a long and doubtful stare, and then lumbered away into the woods.

Bears, we found, were abundant, and perfectly harmless if left to themselves. When quite wild and unused to human ways they sheer off to avoid close contact. But when once familiar with their queer-clothed cousins, they often prove awkward customers and are hard to get rid of. One big cinnamon fellow habitually fed by sportsmen trout-fishing in a secluded glen, made off with the entire food supply—duffle-bag and all—of an unfortunate trio camping over a week-end on the river bank. Another strolled into the village church in the middle of the Sunday sermon and spoiled the pastor's best period by stampeding his flock. We counted fifteen of these big plantigrades one evening, shambling about the dump-heap on the outskirts of the village, most of them tame enough to come up and lay a paw on your shoulder by way of begging for food. When we returned from a last camping trip through the famous Tonquin Valley, we found the whole village a hubbub of tongues talking bear. The local scavenger, a veteran of His Majesty's forces, had been honored the day before by a personal interview with the Governor-General. Feeling that he must take heroic measures to mark the occasion, our veteran drew longer and stronger draughts at the canteen that day. And soon his duty rose clear before him. Down through the village he marched with a long noose of rope in his hands and, making his way to the dump heap, lassoed the biggest bear in sight, being minded to present it to His Excellency next morning as a small token of his esteem. At first the bear took its necklace in good part, but presently, getting tired of the joke and finding the man at the other end was serious, if not exactly in sober earnest, the burly fellow squared up to its captor and in a brief sparring encounter, ripped his clothes completely off and drove him from the field of battle in a badly mangled shirt. Our last sight in Jasper, as we steamed out of the station bound for the

coast, was the veteran telling a knot of bystanders the story of how near the Earl came to getting a pet bear.

"Let's camp at the Edith Cavell Lake!" was the exclamation one of us had made a month earlier as we sat poring over a brand-new map of Central Jasper just mailed us from Ottawa. The picture in our minds at the time had been very far from the truth, owing to one trifling omission—we had forgotten the forests, and fancied the Edith Cavell Lake as a mountain tarn in the midst of bare moors, a second Loch Turrit at the foot of Ben Chonzie. And behold, it lay buried in the heart of a magnificent forest of conifers, incense-breathing spires of evergreen coated with grey lichen and bedded in a floor of billowy moss and heather.

The approach was quite in keeping with the scene: nearly twenty miles of good motor road that, after travelling two level leagues along the valley bottom of the Athabasca, suddenly rose a thousand feet or more in a series of sharp switch-back loops and, leaping Portal Creek, swung into the big Astoria Valley; another big wriggle up the hill-side on our left and we entered the fragrant forest that covers the slopes of the Edith Cavell glen. For a mile or more beyond the motor terminus, we toted our packs through the heart of the forest, swerved into a cross-path leading down to the keel-way of the valley, sidled cautiously over two log-straddled creeks to the central "inch" of the delta, and there, between glacier and lake, on the level floor of a grove of big spruces, our lodge for the nonce, we dropped the bags with a thud.

Two days to explore the glen! After visiting the glacier and scrambling up the scree to the base of the precipice, we made a tour of the lake and then climbed far up the opposite slope of the valley through those wonderful forests of fir. For the man-of-grass, both days were filled to the brim with excitement. The coloring of the flowers was a perfect miracle, no less than their lavish profusion. The wet gravel beds of the delta were aflame with mountain Fireweed, a broad-leaved species of Willow-herb with big richly-veined blossoms of purple. Almost on the edge of the glacier, in the midst of icy streams, lay a little island entirely covered with plants of Western Castilleia—the Indian Paint-brush—in a dozen different shades from white and pale cream, through pink, scarlet and crimson, to madder and brown. The delta itself was rich in Anemones, Grass of Parnassus, Alpine Speedwell and half a hundred little treasures that the untrained eye would never notice. On the steep rock slide below the precipice, we found thickets of beautiful white-flowered Mountain Rhododendron, aromatic shrubs of False Azalea, and big drooping sprays

of violet Beard Tongue. Other finds just as interesting, if not so obvious—Alpine Club Moss, for instance; Oregon and "Crag" Woodsias, the "Holly" Fern and the "Parsley"—served to make of this rocky staircase on the mountain-side a veritable Jacob's Ladder from earth to heaven for the botanist to run up and down.

The two last finds, made while clambering over some big boulders on the way down, had sent his thoughts harking back over the years to a certain memorable summer in the Perthshire Grampians; and an hour later, as we stepped through the spruce woods at the head of Lake Cavell, it seemed only fitting that he should find, bedded in soft moss at his feet, a colony of the dainty little Mountain Bladderfern, rarest and prettiest of all its race, the one treasure he had scoured the far-off slopes of Ben Lui in vain for.

On our farewell trip, we had planned winning up to some point of vantage above the timber-line from which to survey Mount Edith Cavell, at arm's length, as it were, across the valley. A precipitous gorge half choked with boulders and the debris of spring-time freshets proving impregnable, we held on up the valley, keeping to the base of its left slope. It was steep climbing alongside the great rampart of talus that has been swept across the valley and slowly piled up by pressure from the glacier; but presently we won to the threshold of the pass, and the whole character of the valley suddenly changed. It was a great surprise and all the more delightful that it supplied the one feature we had looked and longed for in vain ever since our first day in the Rockies: soft spring-fed tracts of open heath—"mosses", in Scottish parlance.

The floor of the valley widened out on the north side into a big bay; and, after crossing a piece of muskeg dotted with tufts of cotton grass and tall stems of dark-purple Lousewort—well-named "Little Elephant" from its quaintly shaped blossoms—we found ourselves on the edge of a lovely alpine meadow gay with golden Arnica, mauve Fleabane, scarlet Painted Cup, and a profusion of soft grey-green silky heads, plumed seed-stalks of the Western Anemone. The meadow ran partly up the slope on our left to meet the fringe of spruce, and there, down the mountain side, making a green cleft through the forest, the mother of all this verdure came dancing to meet us and the music of her dancing filled our ears: a sparkling stream whose waters leapt and ran in delightful disorder down the terraced slope, now scattered abroad in a dozen little cascades, now gathered in a rocky pool or plunging sheer in a gray mare's tail. Wherever she went, flowers sprang in her path. Giant stems of Indian Hellebore with rich lily-like foliage adorned the plateaus, and all the

way up, between forest and stream, the slopes of the gully were cushioned with bell-heather purple and white.

What could we do but obey the call? Hanging our pack in a clump of fir, we clambered up the magic staircase with its dripping grottoes and dells of moss, all rich with starry sprays and clusters of White Saxifrage, Bishop's Cap, Fringed Grass of Parnassus, Snowy King Cups and Globe Flowers. Up and up, till we stood on a level with the great Ghost Glacier across the valley. Then we rounded a corner to the right and, still guided by the stream, ascended a long, gently sloping glade that led us right to the top of the timber-line.

Here we were reminded even more of the muirs and moist heaths of our native Highlands. Mountain marsh marigold with snow-white blossoms bordered the stream; the little Alpine spiræa trailed about the ground with its rosettes of filigreed leaves and creamy cones of clustered flowers; here and there in the carpet of purple and white heather appeared bright rose-red blooms of American Laurel dwarfed at this altitude to pigmy form. Peaty muskegs and patches of white appeared just beyond. Some of the patches really were melting snow, but others proved to be solid masses of Spring Beauty flowering in soil still soaked from vanished drifts. By this time we had reached the open fells—a stretch of rolling prairie or undulating downs perhaps a mile wide and three or four times as long.

Beyond the fells, we climbed a succession of steep slopes to a wide saddleback ridge. Even here, at an elevation of some 8,000 feet, plant life still flourished; full-blown hare bells swung barely clear of the ground on inch-long stems; bright patches of Moss Campion and golden Whitlow Grass broke the grey monotone of screes; most beautiful of all was the white-flowered Dryad with its crinkly scalloped leaves, bright green above and silver-backed. It surely had been better

named the Oread, for its favorite haunt was on the mountain-side above the forest.

It was now four in the afternoon, and facing about on our mountain slope, we sat and surveyed the scene. It was no bird's-eye view that met us now, sheer down to a flat land of atomies and pismires, nor did we any longer look up at great masses frowning above us; we were on equal terms with the giants at last; they could browbeat us no more. It was a strange sensation. This way and that we looked out with level glance over a wilderness of mountain-tops, boundless as the sky. On all sides and of all shapes, they rose around us in endless confusion; peaks, ridges and rollers, like waves of an angry sea; and there, borne up on the shoulder of a giant billow, right under its combing crest, we rode serenely through the welter of wild waters. Beyond Cavell appeared Throne Mountain and Old Horn with the Ram-parts looming up behind. To the north-west were Chak, Franchere, Aquila, and the Lectern with the Trident Range beyond. To the north-east, the Maligne Mountains with their heights of Antler and Curator, the Watchtower, Excelsior and Tekarra. Due north for miles we looked over a wide vista of moor; at its far end, like guardian pillars, rose two minor peaks; between them, in the valley twenty miles beyond, was spread the village of Jasper, with the great masses of Pyramid and the Cairngorms against the sky behind it.

The sun was lowering in the west; and presently, as we sat rapt with the distant scene, a mountain ram passed slowly across the fells in front of us and disappeared behind some crags; a golden eagle sailed into view above a neighbouring peak—sailed, soared, and stooped behind the walls of granite. We were alone among the everlasting hills. This was what we had come 3,000 miles to see—Jasper, the beauty and the grandeur of the Rockies.

FISHES COLLECTED IN NEWFOUNDLAND DURING THE AUTUMN OF 1922

By FRITS JOHANSEN

(Concluded from page 6)

After a delightful luncheon prepared by an open drift-wood fire at the shore, we paddled further down the lake, and tried a less accessible pool in the woods also on the west side, but I only secured a haul with my plankton net here. We then struck across the lake for the east side, near the north end of the large Glover's Island which almost fills the whole width of the lake here. It is high, rocky and wooded, and I imagine it will not be long before it will be adorned with a beacon or lighthouse, when the commercial sailings upon the

lake begin. But I thought more upon the Beothucks, the extinct aborigines of Newfoundland, who must have camped upon this island many times, when they crossed the large lake in their frail canoes. Instead of them, however, we met a motorboat with the survey party engaged upon the preparations for the commercial utilization of Grand Lake. It did not take us long to cross in the canoe, as the wind was coming up, and I had neither the instruments nor the inclination to find out how deep the lake is. It is said to be very deep (the bottom has not yet been found in its



Morris, Frank. 1926. "Nature Lovers at Jasper." *The Canadian field-naturalist* 40(2), 26–31. <https://doi.org/10.5962/p.338615>.

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