

walls of ice and snow cornices. The waters of the upper—misnamed "Turquoise" Lake—are of a beautiful cerulean blue, while those of the lower are a deep ultra-marine, deepening as the day advances to indigo, and as the shades of night fall to inky black. It is known as "Lake Margaret." Each contains from 25 to 30 acres, superficial area. The waters of the Turquoise Lake drop to those of Lake Margaret in a slightly broken fall of fully one thousand feet; while from thence they flow in a foaming cascade to empty into Hector Lake. A visit to Lake Margaret disclosed the fact that it was alive with trout. At the mouth of the outlet, where were collected a number of drift logs, shoals could be seen, varying from ten to twenty inches in length. Human nature is human nature, and some of our party had lines in their pockets and flies in their hats. Consequently, there was a fine dish of trout for supper that night. Moreover, the fact was established that as these must have come from Hector Lake, that lake must be plentifully stocked with fish.

It is probable our party were the first to navigate Hector Lake. For that purpose, an Acme folding canvas boat was used. It was twelve feet long, and easily carried three. Packed in a roll it readily fits on the back of a pack-pony, and is strongly recommended to all exploring parties as doing away with much extra travel and for taking supplies across swift deep streams. If stiffened by lashing a couple of thwarts fore and aft at the joints of the upper frame, they are very safe and satisfactory.

Arrived at the supposed sand-beach, it was found to consist of packed boulders and gravel, evidently the result of glacial action and subsequent packing and leveling by water flowing from the glacier further on. The gravel bed stretched in a straight line across the end of the lake, and beyond a few feet at the edge the water seemed of great depth. The glacier lay half a mile inland. At the centre of the base of the ice fall, a fine cave, some twelve by twenty feet was excavated, from which the main outflow poured in a wild torrent. To the right, a fall of several hundred feet carried the drainage from

higher levels. In front of the tongue or snout of the glacier, at more or less regular distances, lines of boulders, mud and gravel, stretched like earth works, cut here and there by dried up and still flowing water channels. These lines showed clearly, year by year, the retreat of the Balfour Glacier. Huge isolated blocks of rock, weighing hundreds of tons, lay scattered around where they had been dropped from the surface of the ice. Black dripping crags on either hand, rising several thousand feet, completed the striking desolation of this morainal basin. Looking towards Mount Balfour, now wrapped in clouds, a huge black bee-hive rock rose from the centre of the ice-fall and dominated the scene. Here, indeed, was one of the homes of the Bow River, and incidentally of the Saskatchewan.

Bow Peak stands directly in the centre of the valley, and forces the river to swing to the eastward around it. From the summit, a scene, unique in the Canadian Rockies and probably in any other mountain system, meets the eye. To the south, below it, lies Hector Lake, of a beautiful turquoise green; on the opposite side, directly northward, stretches Bow Lake (formerly known as Upper Bow Lake), the waters of a more decided green in colour, but of the same translucent rather than transparent appearance as Hector Lake. The southern end is broken by islands, separated by narrows, where the water flows in rippling rapids. The shores are partially clad in the same dark green setting as the southern lake, but at the north end, like a wide spreading avenue, a three mile stretch of bright green verdure, fringed on either side by open spruce timber, reaches directly from the water's edge to the summit of the pass. The west end of the lake is shut out from Bow Peak, but by following it up, a morainal bed, similar to that of Hector Lake is discovered with the same turbid streams discharging their smoke-puffs (for that is what they look like from a great height) into the lake.

The Gordon Glacier, fed by the snow-field lying east of Mount Gordon, one of the peaks of the main water shed, discharges its outflow by three separate ice-falls. The largest and most interesting