

trees, shrubs and bushes to the delightful flower-laden mountain meadows above, the idea that every fresh zone of vegetation is teeming with animate life characteristic of each altitude, must come somewhat as a surprise. This, however, is known actually to be the case by all who have been fortunate enough to enjoy such a climb as my companion and I did last August. From the base to the very summits capped with snow, which at a distance seem to be so bare and forbidding, we find that not only the plants but the animals, birds, and insects, keep rapidly changing with each succeeding modification of the conditions of life, due to the varying altitudes. The recognition of the various denizens of the mountain forests, streams, meadows, and rocky crags, as each group appears and then gives place to others better able to stand the rigours of higher altitudes, gives an indescribable charm and exhilarating zest to an ascent of one of these mountains.

On leaving the hotel we pushed on through the woods with our eyes ever on the alert to notice the different trees, shrubs and abundant flowering plants. A circuitous path up the side of the mountain brought us to the Lakes in the Clouds, Lake Agnes and Mirror Lake, two beautiful pieces of water which lie on the flanks of St. Piran. Here we hoped to find *Argynnis alberta* among the shrubs and low groves of conifers, but we were too late in the season to get this local treasure. Above the lakes the mass of the mountain slopes away gradually to the summit over meadows which were ablaze with lovely alpine flowers and where clumsy bumble bees hummed busily from one bright blossom to another. Many of these beautiful mountain blossoms were of so much interest that we cannot pass them by, and indeed they were the chief interest of our expedition, for with the exception of a few moths, one or two butterflies, and some small insects of various orders, found here and on the surface of the snowfields at the summit, our expedition was rather unproductive in specimens, although most enjoyable from the opportunity of seeing new friends in all forms of life, among the sublime surroundings of the mighty mountains which form the backbone of our continent. The scenery in that part of the main chain of the Rockies is beyond description magnificent. From the summit of Mount St. Piran we looked down upon the lakes below with the Chalet nestling, half hidden among the trees, at one end of Lake Louise, and further off in the valley of the Bow, a slender thread showed where the railway made it possible for new lovers of nature to come and enjoy this wonderland. Beyond this again, across the Bow Valley, was the great Sawback Range. Nearer to us