

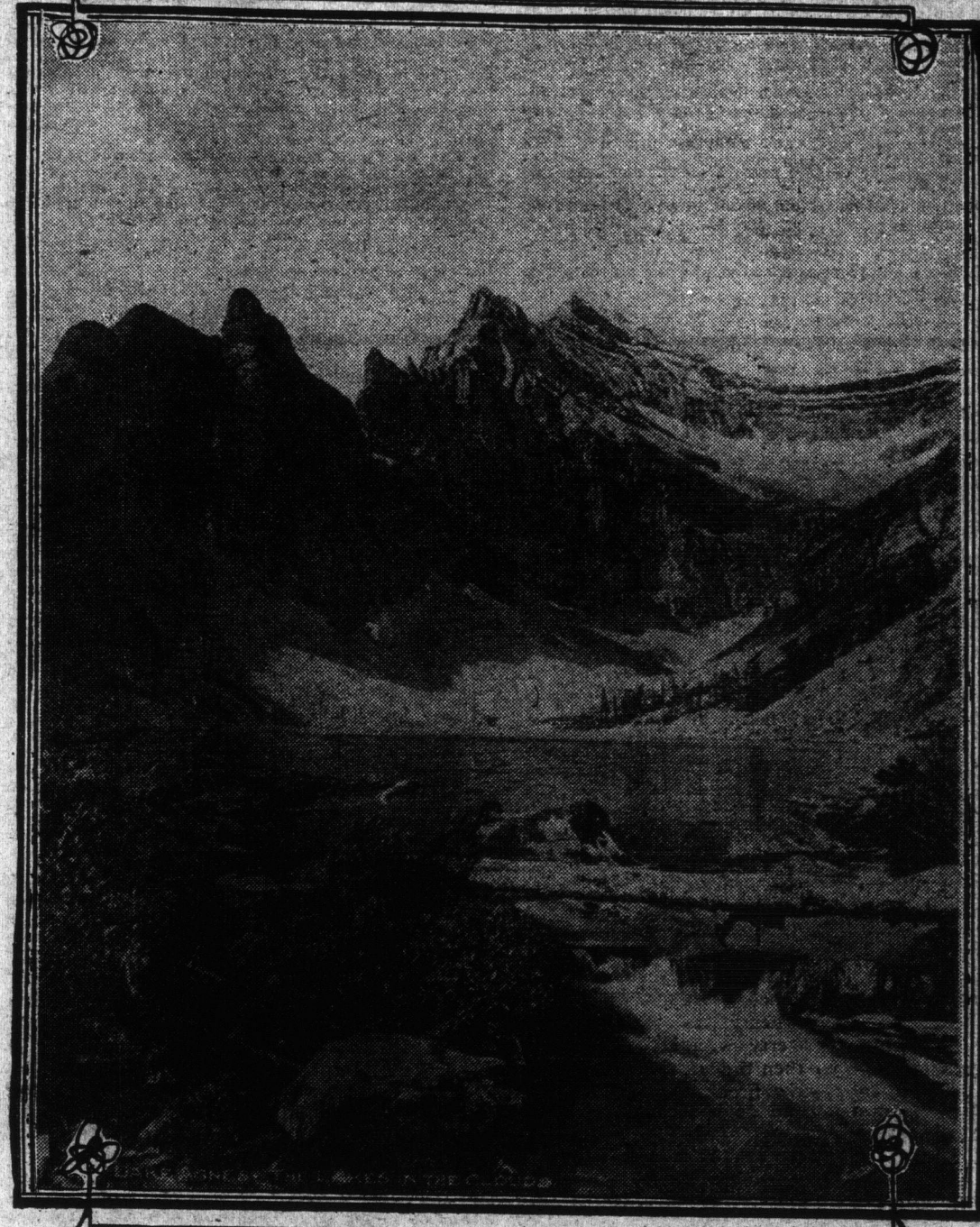
Laggan and the Lake in the Clouds



WHEN the tourist arrives at Laggan, which is the terminus of the western division of the great "C. P. R.," he has got to one of the great centres of beauty in the Rocky mountains. A week spent up at the Lake Louise Chalet, one of the railway company's luxurious hotels, will give him an opportunity of becoming acquainted with a region of lake, mountain and glacier scenery which will well repay him for his time. Lake Louise, the first and lowest of the so-called "lakes in the clouds," is familiar to many by its photographs, which give but a poor idea of its real beauty. This sheet of water, some five thousand six hundred feet in altitude, is about a mile and a half long, half a mile broad and over two hundred feet in depth. It is easily reached from the railway station by a drive of two and a half miles over a good road, and the view it presents, lying as it does at the foot of Mt. Victoria and its glacier, is one which is not easily forgotten.

The well-kept grounds of the Chalet slope down to the margin of the water and face the great white panorama beyond. It is a restful and delightful view when one sits and watches the ever-changing lights and shades on the ripples as they wash up to the shore, but the active pedestrian will soon hunger to explore the many paths through the forest land of the surrounding mountains at the sides of the lake. If he takes the lowest of these by the very margin, at the right hand side, it will, after a considerable walk, lead him on to the glacier; he may possibly have some rough work on the Moraine and its treacherous fissures. If he has had no previous experience on glaciers, he had better have a guide; there are few of these great ice fields which it is safe to negotiate by oneself; but the average cautious climber can do a good deal with care, he can safely walk to the ice cave, he may be fortunate enough to see an avalanche on the distant snow fields of Mt. Victoria, which towers to a height of ten or twelve thousand feet; he is pretty sure to hear the thunder of them in the distance, and if he be ambitious to arrive, as it were, at the very end of creation, these snowy fields and icy walls will surely, if he be at all of an imaginative disposition, present such a picture to his mind.

Another trail from the Chalet leads up through the woods to "Mirror lake." This, though charmingly picturesque, is but a tiny affair, better described as a large pond; there is no visible outlet for its waters, which escape by some underground channel to Lake Louise, one thousand feet below. A further beautiful woodland walk discovers the highest of these cloud-land waters, "Lake Agnes," which is sentinelled by Mts. Whyte and Niblock and has the very respectable altitude of six thousand eight hundred and twenty feet. It is about two and a quarter miles from the Chalet. We observed when there, as at other resorts, that but few, comparatively speaking, of the visitors take the trouble of making



LAKE AGNES THE LAKE IN THE CLOUDS

these ascents on foot. They are either exceptionally lazy, or else very poor walkers, for there is nothing in these above-named excursions that the ordinary pedestrian could not accomplish with comparative ease, and in our opinion, much greater safety than on horseback. However, the latter mode is largely

patronized. One morning we saw a lady and gentleman mounted, just starting from the Chalet, and in a very few moments were warned by the screams of the lady and the sight of a riderless horse that the unfortunate gentleman had been landed into a nasty piece of rocky ground, with rather disagreeable re-



LAKE LOUISE

sults to his facial appearance, but, fortunately, no serious injury to life or limb. Possibly this accident may have been an exceptional case, but, if we mistake not, the sufferer would have been better advised if he had walked, and we confess we have sometimes felt indignant when we have seen the difficulties of the trails the unfortunate ponies have to traverse.

There are some very grand mountains about Laggan; from the valley itself is a fine view of the great glacier of Mt. Daly, the snow-capped peaks of which are one thousand three hundred feet above and a dozen miles away. From the Saddleback, which we found an easy climb, there is a magnificent outlook across a gorge, two thousand feet deep, to one of the monarchs of the district, Mt. Temple, and the vale, which rejoices in the name of Paradise valley, the entrance to which is overshadowed by Mt. Sheol, nearly 10,000 feet high. The valley beyond is that of "The Ten Peaks" and "The Moraine Lake." This latter lies some ten or twelve miles from Laggan and is, with "Paradise valley," noted for its exquisite scenery. The glacier which has forced its course between and around "the Peaks" enjoys the possibly unique distinction of being an advancing one, and consequently a remarkable exception to the general characteristic of glaciers the world over.

One parting line as to the rich beauty of the flora of this lovely district in the Rockies. Whereas, at Banff one can get plenty of flowers but no ferns, at Laggan, which is within a comparatively short distance, it is easy to obtain good specimens, and the col-

lection of flowers is so extensive as not only to embrace all the well-known woodland favorites, but even to include the Alpine Edelweiss, the coveted "everlasting" of the Swiss mountaineer.

A Reuter despatch from Amsterdam, dated September 12, says:—"The cutting and polishing of one of the larger sections of the Cullinan diamond, sent here from London for the process, have just been completed. The great stone was first divided into two main and several smaller pieces. The two large pieces, before being cut and polished, weighed 1,700 and a little more than 1,000 carats respectively, and the remaining pieces weighed together 300 carats. The outcome of the cutting and polishing of the smaller of the two main segments is a circular brilliant of 330 carats. It is bluish-white in color, and of peerless beauty and purity. The remarkable thickness of the stone allowed for the cutting of hundreds of facets between the 'table' and the apex, giving an unparalleled refraction and polarization. This stone, the smaller of the two main pieces, is the largest cut in pendant shape, and will be completed in about two months' time, when it is expected to weigh about 600 carats. Both stones are absolutely flawless, and their values will far surpass the original estimates. Among the smaller fragments is a brilliant of 100 carats, which alone is valued at £25,000.

Even if money is called hard cash it's a easy thing to fall back on.

Adrian Lumley on the Luxury of Shooting in England

THE luxury of shooting—for of all forms of sport it is the most genuinely luxurious—has taken an enormous hold on this country. The improvements in sporting guns and cartridges have increased in most of the classes, and many of the masses, that desire to "go out and kill something" which is so typically British. A demand has gradually arisen for more extensive shooting facilities, and during the last twenty years owners have turned their attention towards improving the sport on their lands with a view to increasing their incomes.

The landowner with an eye to a let—not he who would shoot his game himself—well knows that the rent for next season depends on two things: the bag of game killed during the present season, and the stock left for the next. The former depends on the skill of his prospective tenant's guns, the latter upon his own careful preservation. Of course, preservation governs both points, but the argument that "Mr. Jones and his friends were very bad shots" usually raises a feeling of suspicion in the inquirer's mind that perhaps, after all, there was not much for them to shoot.

In consultation, therefore, with his keeper, the landlord's first move is to see that the vermin is destroyed. A family of stoats will kill more young birds in a single night than will poachers in a whole season. Where pheasants or kindred game are hand-bred the landowner rears according to the extent of his coverts and the depth of his pocket. There is not much profit in letting a pheasant shoot. If the birds be shot early—say, in November—they will have cost on an average seven to eight shillings each in front of the guns, and to the cost of later shot pheasants may be added additional food and the loss through straying and other causes.

The value in a fair pheasant shoot, however, is the help it affords towards letting the mansion house. Many owners look to obtain enough profit from this combination to cover their summer residence at their places.

With partridges it is different. These are true "ferae naturae," and are really more esteemed by sportsmen than pheasants. The introduction of driving birds towards the guns has greatly improved stocks, for the old cocks, who lead the coveys, are the first to be shot. The slaying of these gentlemen, who would otherwise in their jealousy fight and kill the young cocks, of course leaves a better constituted breeding stock for the next season.

The anxious times for partridges are the months of May and June. The birds nest in ditches and bottoms, and the spring rainstorms wash off and drown many sitting hens. The keeper, therefore, marks down early as many nests as he can so that he may rescue the mother birds and if possible remove the eggs for foster-mother fowls to sit on. In June the trouble is an early hay crop. The young chicks, unable to fly, are in the long grass, and the relentless scythe puts a period to life for many of them. The owner usually offers the farm hands some largesse to take particular care in this respect. Rewards may vary from a "cask of ale" to partridge money—i.e., sixpence or so a brace shot at the end of the season.

Letting partridge shooting is on the whole profitable. As regards the rentals that rule, these up to a point are rather in an increasing ratio. So much per brace would hardly be expected as a basis until a shoot of, say, 200 or 300 brace was considered. It is usually from this size upwards that partridge shoots become separate organizations. From 7s. to 10s. per brace, varying according to locality and size of the shoot, may be regarded as a fair rental figure. A small extent of land with a lot of birds is worth more than a large area with the same quantity. Likewise, the larger bags are worth more proportionately than the smaller ones. This rules with all kinds of game. Big battues are the present desideration with rich folk, although of necessity as the amount of rent increases the market for letting becomes more restricted, thus slightly affecting the rent, so that in the very big figured shoots the

proportion per brace is somewhat lower. The ideal partridge shoot is one of about 2,000 acres with 600 brace in Norfolk, Wiltshire or Hampshire.

Grouse shootings are another matter. The open season is shorter, but the bird is of great use as a money factor. In Scotland and in the North of England the winter's keep of whole countryside depends on a good grouse season. A rent at the rate of £1 per brace is the accepted figure, but the same remarks apply to the values of grouse moors as to partridge

ROSE DOLORES

The moan of Rose Dolores, she made her plaint to me:
"My hair is lifted by the wind that sweeps in from the sea;
I taste its salt upon my lips—O jaffer, set me free!"
Content thee, Rose Dolores, content thee, child of care!
There's satin shoon upon thy feet and emeralds in thy hair,
And one there is who hungers for thy step upon the stair."

The moan of Rose Dolores: "O jaffer, set me free!
These satin shoon and green-lit gems are terrible to me:
I hear a murmur on the wind, the murmur of the sea!"

"Bethink thee, Rose Dolores, bethink thee ere too late!
Thou wert a fisher's child, alack, born to a fisher's fate:
Wouldst lay thy beauty 'neath the yoke—wouldst be a fisher's mate?"

The moan of Rose Dolores: "Kind jaffer, let me go!
Thy fisher lover drifteth where the sea is full of stars;
Lest he should doubt I love him—If who love not heaven so!"

"Alas, sweet Rose Dolores, why beat against the bars?
Thy fisher lover drifteth where the sea is full of stars;
Why weep for one who weeps no more—since grief thy beauty mars!"

The moan of Rose Dolores (she prayed me patiently):
"O jaffer, now I know who called from out the calling sea:
I know whose kiss was in the wind—O jaffer, set me free!"
—By Leabel Ecclestone Mackay, in McClure's Magazine.

season. An ideal letting moor would be, for Scotland—say in Perthshire—700 brace of driven grouse, and for England—in Yorkshire—the same size; but such a Yorkshire moor does not often come into the market. These Yorkshire moors are "close boroughs," and the rich North of England manufacturers keep them very much to themselves.

The foregoing estimates of rentals are based on "furnished" sportings—i.e., the landlord paying all outgoings, the tenant only paying the rent and such expenses for beaters as he may desire. This or nearly this is the more usual form for taking a shooting for, say, a season, but for any extended period a tenant would pay the landlord merely a rent of so much per acre for the sporting rights. In these circumstances he, the tenant, would usually rear what he likes and do what he likes. He would employ his own keeper, pay all other expenses, and make his peace with the farm tenants. The latter require to be tactfully dealt with. Acts of Parliament give certain powers to the land tenant; he can treat the hares and rabbits as vermin, and he must be compensated for such damage as other game may do to his crops.

The British farmer who is not a sportsman is the exception, and with diplomatic treatment he will nearly always agree to leave the hares alone, and the rabbits also if they are specially required for sport. The courtesy of a brace of birds occasionally and an invitation to join the guns once or twice during the season promotes a feeling of good-will to which the question of compensation is remote. The good intentions of the farmer are invaluable to proper preservation.

The sporting high rentals of so much net an acre are the real earnings of the land from this source. In addition to the crops and timber, the land produces game, the killing of which has a value beyond its market price as food. This is really the interesting point, and although it is impossible to arrive at the actual amount of income derived from this source,

still an approximation, at any rate, for England may be taken.

The principal sporting counties of England are Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridgeshire, Essex, Lincolnshire, Wiltshire, Hampshire and Yorkshire. These eight counties extend together to about eleven million acres. If one-third be taken off Yorkshire for lands not calculable for these sportings, and likewise a fifth be deducted from the areas of each of the other counties, 8,300,000 acres will remain. The proportion of timber lands and coverts may be a tenth of this. Coverts in these counties are worth an average of 1s. 6d. This gives an annual value of £560,000 for these counties. Possibly a third of the acreage is let to shooting tenants, so £186,000 may be received by way of rents from this source.

The other counties of England have an acreage of, say, twenty millions. One-quarter of this total is perhaps unavailable for shooting. If one-tenth of the residue be woods and coverts, worth 2s. an acre, and the remainder be worth 6d. an acre, an annual value of £487,000 is shown. Further, if a quarter of the lands be let to shooting tenants the rentals received would be £121,000. Together, therefore, the total for England is about £300,000 per annum. This figure, although rough and ready, is quite within the range of possibility. If anything, it is a moderate estimate.

In Scotland the vast extent of forest and grouse moor and the huge estates owned by a few proprietors preclude the possibility of anything like an estimate of the sporting rights value, but there is no doubt that should there be an interdict suddenly placed on grouse shooting many Scotch landlords would find themselves, to say the least of it, seriously inconvenienced. The reduction of agricultural rents in the Highlands has caused the proprietors to look more and more to the income from their sportings.

A girl takes awful chances when she persists in wearing a lot of pins in the vicinity of her waist line.