

## About Places We Know.

### THE LAKES IN THE CLOUDS.

Far away among the Great Rockies, rather out of the beaten track of the summer tourist, in a setting of rugged mountains, vast glaciers and dense forests, you will find the Lakes in the Clouds.

The train set us down at Laggan one windy, showery afternoon. We were told that two "rigs" had been sent from the chalet at Lake Louise to meet travellers and convey them over the intervening three miles.

The road was rough and narrow, and our vehicles were rather crowded, but such high spirits and good will prevailed that we took our bumps philosophically, and even when some one quizzically remarked that the lowered flaps of the chariot we occupied was suggestive of Durham's well-known Black Maria we refused to be affronted.

How picturesque the chalet appeared, and how pleasantly suggestive it was of home comfort. Traversing a long corridor, we were conducted to our rooms, and found that they overlooked Lake Louise. Calm and peaceful, it lay at the foot of well-wooded hills, the blue green of its waters divided near the farther shore by a mother-of-pearl shaft of light reflected from the snowy peaks of a great glacier, above which a filagree of soft grey clouds was lightly poised.

Although we shared the chalet with some fifty other guests, we felt a wonderful sense of rest and repose here within sight of that lake. The stillness of its shores was striking, and no calls of bird or beast broke the majestic silence. Nothing but the distant muffled roar of an avalanche which once rushed down the side of an adjacent mountain.

Early next morning we prepared to go higher up, to visit Mirror Lake and Lake Agnes, 1,200 feet above our present altitude of over 5,000 feet.

We procured ponies and started on our expedition with light-hearted gaiety. Twenty-five tourists had already sallied out in different directions, taking all the Swiss guides with them, so we were constrained to find our own way, which was not difficult as the path lay straight before us; but how steep that path was, and it became increasingly so as we got higher up, until at last, within a hundred feet of the summit, we found ourselves on a narrow rocky ledge, looking down to the receding pine-robed valley, a thousand feet below, then looking down on Mirror Lake, sparkling like a jewel in the sunshine, and on blue tranquil Lake Louise, still farther away.

At this place we abandoned our ponies, and, proceeding on foot, we reached at last a point where the ragged end of a rope dangled down. To cling to this frail support and work our way up the steep, rugged mountain-side was the work of a few hot, energetic moments. Then there was a small ladder before us, and when we had scaled it we had reached Lake Agnes. A slight rain-storm was