

Lake Agnes.

Rare is the beauty of the crystal pool known as Lake Agnes, although its surroundings do not possess that loveliness which characterizes its sister lakes. It is about a third of a mile in length, with half that breadth, and its great depths have not yet been ascertained. It is fed by several waterfalls, dropping from the heights above, and from numerous springs and great banks of snow which line the mountains that enclose it. Near its outlet, where the waters pour in a pretty cascade over the rocks and fall into the gorge which leads to Mirror Lake, is a clump of trees, in whose shade is Table Rock, affording a splendid



VICTORIA GLACIER AND HAZEL PEAK.

dining-table for picnickers. Like a sentinel, on the other side, stands grim Mount Whyte, and irregular peaks, running back, tell of the succession of violent eruptions in that awful day of the great upheaval, far back in the dim, misty ages of antiquity. The peaks rise up in terraces, reaching far above the timber line, and at the base are huge heaps of moraine. Further on is a vast amphitheatre-shaped basin, in which lie the accumulations of the snows of ages past. Here, even in the warmest weather, it is always cool and pleasant, and by a few further steps (for you are nearing the verge of vegetation), the pastime of a snowballing match can be indulged in — not five minutes after revelling amongst the

mosses, the forget-me-nots and the gentians which, with the heather of pink and white, dot the mountain side. Beyond the snow basin again the spruce, mixed with the tamarack, which here first shows its head, clothes the hillside at this height; the wood anemone, the sweet little blue bells of the Scottish highlands, the fern, the Alpine edelweiss—the bridal flower of the Swiss mountaineer—and the heather that reminds the sons and daughters of bonnie Scotland of their native land, and other brilliant-hued flowers, add beauty to the scene. The shortest and not least pointed description of these lakes was given by the lady who called them “a necklet of gems on the bosom of the mountain.”

The return to Laggan is of course made in comparatively short time, and the east-bound transcontinental train is either taken for Banff, to which the tourist returns charmed with his excursion, and thoroughly appreciative of the comfortable home that awaits him, or the west-bound express, if one purposes exploring the other splendors of the mountains, which can be best done from Field, the Great Glaciers of the Selkirks, Revelstoke, on the Columbia, and North Bend, on the Fraser, where the Canadian Pacific Railway Company has erected four chalet hotels, as they are called, at any of which a tourist will find such comfort as is not generally dreamed of in the mountains. These chalets, unlike that at Lake Louise, are hotels at which tourists may, and usually do, stop for some time.

Field.

From Laggan, the railway climbs up the summit of the Rockies, crosses “The Great Divide,” and ten miles down the western slope reaches the first of these chalets—the Mount Stephen House at Field. It is a delightful spot. The loftiest mountains of the Rockies are grouped all about, many of them bearing glaciers of great size, and they tower on every hand as far as the eye can see. These steeps are the haunts of mountain sheep, bear and other large game. In the background of the hotel is Mount Stephen, the highest point of the Rockies along the line (8,000 feet), which can be ascended from the rear, and around here artists, amateur and professional, find ample choice for the exercise of their brush. Near the base of this giant, and easily reached by a good trail, is an extensive fossil bed from which rare specimens can be obtained. Another walk takes one to the Crystal Cave, a place worth visiting, and to the silver mines perched 1,500 feet up on the side of the mountain; and to the west is a curious natural bridge. Other outings give grand views of the Ottertail range. Emerald Lake, a few miles away, which is reached by a foot-bridge over the Illecillewaet River, is a scenic gem of rarest beauty, not only attractive to the lover of nature but to the angler, for its waters and those of its tributaries are filled with lake and mountain trout.

The rates at the chalet at Field, and those at the Great Glacier,