

and ice ledges hanging to the mountains, or resting on the deep crevices. After passing Castle Mountain and Eldon Stations the mountains on either side look grand and bold in the extreme. The loftiest and grandest in the whole panorama of vision is the helmet-shaped mount called Lefroy. The next station is Laggan, thirty-four miles west of Banff. This is the depôt for the Lakes in the Clouds, which are largely frequented by tourists. The lakes should by all means be visited, for they are extremely interesting and picturesque. Horses and vehicles are in attendance at all the trains to convey travellers to a small chalet, where lunch may be taken and a bed for the night may also be had. The chalet is situated on the margin of Lake Louise. The first of the great glaciers can be seen from it lying on the side of the mountain some 1300 feet above the level where we now stand. Stephen Station is the next halting-place. It is 5296 feet above sea level, and is the summit station of the Rocky Mountains, though by no means the summit of the mountains, for the snow-covered mountains tower from 5000 to 8000 feet above the level of this station. From this the train rapidly descends, passing some beautiful emerald lakes, and then a tortuous gorge deeply cut in the rocks is crossed. Here the water is seen foaming far below and dashing down the gorge with enormous force. This canyon is known as Wapta, or Kicking Horse Pass. The scenery here I can only describe as terrible. The line clings fast to the mountain side, and winds its way down towards the valley. Away to the north glacier-bound peaks are visible, and almost overhead is a glacier shining like green ice, some 800 feet in thickness, and gradually falling over a sheer precipice of dizzy height. The line still continues to follow the river, crossing and recrossing deep gorges, gliding over rocky spurs, and passing babbling brooks, beautiful lakelets, and splendid forests. Soon a sawmill, a slate quarry, and other signs of industry are seen, and as quickly left behind; and we plunge through a tremendous gorge whose frowning cliffs are 1000 feet high and seem to overhang the boiling, roaring stream at the base. Through this awful chasm the railway and the river struggle together, "the former crossing from side to side to ledges cut out of the solid rock and twisting