

valley flat like the Forth beneath the ancient burgh of Stirling. There are hotels again at the Devil's Lake; the trip is well worth taking, it is only about eight miles, and one drives along a valley not often equalled for wild desolation. For its queer benches have been swept by fire, and the snows of the winters have strewn the blackened pine trunks until the valley reminds one of Ezekiel's vision of the dry bones. It is a weird black lake, the Devil's Lake, and full of monster lake trout. Dr. Webb, Miss Vanderbilt's husband, caught a 48 pound trout there on his great trip through the West. On the way to it there is as beautiful a little canyon as one can see in America, a clean cut through perpendicular walls of rock. Another charming lake near Banff is Lake Louise, best reached by taking train to Laggan at the foot of the vast helmet-shaped mass of Mount Lefroy, the monarch of Canadian mountains. Thence a three mile walk through

But it issues from a cave, shaped like a vast still, with dark passages leading off to unknown darkness and distance, and it flows into a little dell ideal, with rings rising from the water's edge of red sedge, tall grass, white daises and purple madorias, with background of shrubs and pine trees.

The Government baths are a delightful institution; for 25 cents one gets bath and towels, and these sulphur baths are as delightful as they are health giving. There are two of them used alternately by ladies and gentlemen—the open basin and the cave. Both are highly sulphuretted. The basin is a pool in the elbows of the hillside, clear as glass, with big springs bubbling up into it, one eight feet deep and sandy bottom, surrounded at the edges with a queer honey-combed formation dripping with water, which fossilizes everything like the famous well at Matlock baths in Derbyshire. Its temperature is about 80° Fahrenheit, and it is big

And the attendants are most courteous and obliging. Every particular about the analyses of the springs, climate, conditions and the scenic attractions may be learned by writing to Dr. Brett, Banff, Alberta, N.W.T., and asking for a pamphlet he had printed. Banff owes everything to Dr. Brett and the C.P.R.—to the railway for putting it on the main line between Montreal (and New York) and Vancouver and San Francisco with their shipping connections. To Dr. Brett for being its pioneer. He opened up its springs, built its first hotel, is about to build a hydropathic establishment, and last winter spent ten thousand dollars in wages by taking a contract for poles. Both on the river and the Devil's Lake there are plenty of boats and steam launches, and there are plenty of fish in Bow River, but I am afraid that the vacuous looking Anglican clergyman who comforted me for not catching anything by the suggestion that the fish



CASCADE MOUNTAIN, FROM UPPER HOT SPRINGS, BANFF.
(Messrs. Wm. Notman & Son, photo.)

delightful woods brings one to a lake about two miles long of turquoise blue water fed by a vast glacier, running almost down to the water, and two still smaller lakes on the fringe of the glacier higher up the mountain. All around are vast dark pine woods, and at the nearer end, a sweet little chalet, with a big dining-room and kitchen and half a dozen guest's rooms, the new C.P.R. hotel. One of the greatest living landscape painters, Albert Bierstadt, whose pictures have immortalized the forest primeval of California, and the buffalo days of the North-West, has spent much time here lately preparing a great canvass.

The feature of Banff, of course, is the hot springs, and the government baths present most attractions. The middle spring is not yet opened for bathing, but it is a little gem, just such a fountain of eternal youth as one can imagine the Indian leading Ponce De Leon to visit; or a Greek Naiad choosing for her home; the water, it is true, is sulphur blue, and has a beard of white flux and dark emerald green moss.

enough for a good swim and deep enough for a good dive. The cave is the weirdest place. One walks along a stalactite passage dimly lit, reminding one of the cave temple of the Japanese Venus at Enoshima, and eventually emerges into an exquisite cave thirty or forty feet across, the shape of the interior of a beehive, with its rocks in the form of so many gigantic shells, dimly lit by a hole in the roof, and filled with deliciously warm water by ever flowing sulphur springs.

Before one plunges in, the atmosphere seems as warm as a Turkish bath; when one comes out it is delightful to stand about in the sulphurous air leisurely drying oneself. Here too, one can have a good swim, though the diving is not quite so good. The hours are:

Hour.	Cave.	Basin.
7—10	Ladies	Gentlemen
10—1	Gentlemen	Ladies
1—4	Ladies	Gentlemen
4—7	Gentlemen	Ladies

were not yet sufficiently accustomed to the sight of people! turned the bag inside out.

If the fish are shy, they are at any rate plentiful, which does not apply to bird or beast, flower or forest. Banff, once roamed over by buffalos, and clothed in great forests haunted by bears and wolves, is now singularly devoid of life. It is not "of the earth earthy," but of the Rockies rocky.

How well these mountains were named. Banff is a paradise for the lovers of fantastic rocks. The Cascade Mountain is a glorious pyramid of naked rock, and the Castle Mountain, a few miles away, has such a curiously architectural appearance that it recalls King Edward the First's famous castle at Conway, immortalised by Gray in his "Bard," with its round brown Saracen towers in tiers. And on a smaller scale there are what I have christened the "White Friars" from their colour and their curious resemblance to the cowed monks one sees on the continent.