

DEVIL'S LAKE.

NO one who visits the Rocky Mountain Park can fail to be struck with the singular beauty of Lake Minnewanka, or, as it is more commonly and incorrectly called, "Devil's Lake." The intense color of the waters, the mighty walls of rock which enclose it, the dense masses of swaying pine and fir, and, above all, the silent peaks, on which the storms of ages have spent their fury in vain, combine to make a picture that, when once seen, is not easily forgotten.

The last time I was there a man told me the origin of the name "Devil's Lake." The story sounds a little shaky, but not much more so than numbers of fishing adventures.

"Once upon a time (its all right so far), a veteran hunter of the Peigan Indians went forth in search of game, and wandered to the vicinity of the lake. Fortune was against him; the sheep and deer were to wily for even his experienced mind and naught resulted from the crack of his rifle, except a few echoes and things, and they weren't good to eat. So after many days, during which he smoked and chewed gum for a living, he turned his weary footsteps home-



wards, and reached the west end of the Devil's lake. There he camped, and having tightened his belt and chewed more gum, laid down to sleep the sleep of the just. Before long he awoke to find the stars shut from view by storm clouds, the wind shrieking through the trees, snow falling, and the devil to pay generally. So he got up and started for the home ranche, at the other end of the lake. All night long he stumbled and crawled, faint with hunger and chilled with the bitter wind, along the rough shore of the lake. Just as he reached a prominence he noticed a storm clouds begin to lift and knew that the day was breaking, so he sat down under the shelter of some bushes and took a—rest. But, what is this form which seems to rise from the centre of the lake?

a hideous creation, half fish and half devil; he sits nearly paralyzed, and in sheer despair chews more gum. Higher and higher roll the storm clouds, exposing all its hideousness, till at last curiosity gets the better of fear, and the warrior takes his knife and holding it at arm's length, measures on the blade the proportions of the monster. Next moment a terrible clap of thunder shakes the hills, blackness covers



everything, and when light again forces its way through the gloom, the apparition had disappeared. That night the warrior reached camp, more dead than alive—it was very fortunate that he did, as he had run out of gum—and, amidst general silence, told to those of his tribe, who had wandered north with him, about the frightful spectre he had seen. Then and there they christened the sheet of water 'Devil's Lake.'

His friends passed a want of confidence vote when he got through, and an old chief, whose snowy locks needed washing badly, arose and solemnly adjured him never, never again to drink anything but *good* whiskey. (This last bit wasn't in the story, but I think it rounds it off well.)

The two little sketches are taken at different points on the lake.

K. E. R. Flip.

Owing to our agent, who is at present working the southern country, being delayed by the storm this week, we have been unable to give any ranching views in this issue.

The Photos in this paper are by Boorne & May.

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