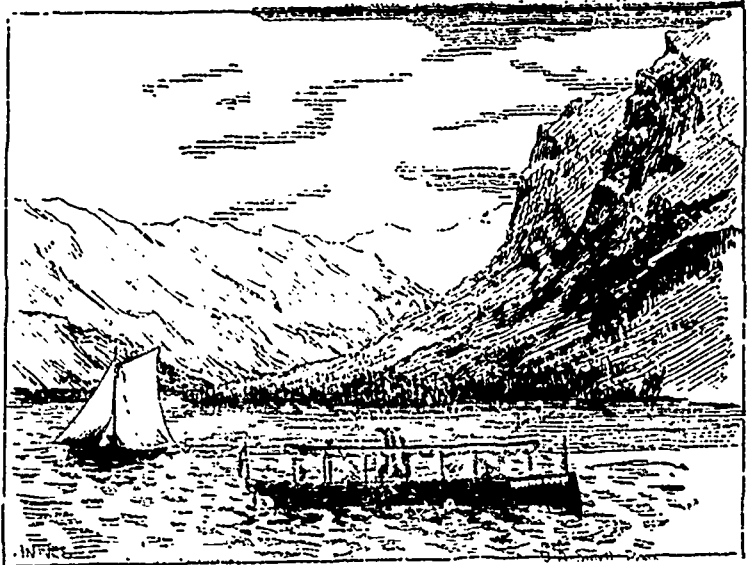


## DEVIL'S LAKE.

SOME weeks ago I gave a history of the legend of Devil's Lake; in this issue I have ventured to supply a little information regarding this favorite summer resort. Many business men, seeking rest, travel eastward and try to recuperate amid the bustle and attraction of towns in the older portions of the Dominion, while at their own doors and in their own Territories are beauty spots with which no other part of Canada can compare. The subject of this effusion is a stretch of water twelve miles long and, on an average, a mile and a half wide, lying just within the confines of the Rocky Mountain Park and



while the botanist and geologist agree in awarding the palm to the grand old mountain that surrounds it, for interest. Below is a representation of one of the two stopping houses at the west end of the lake. It was unfinished whilst I was there, and the proprietor expected to have it completed by next summer. The other has been built since these sketches were taken, but the reports of its comforts which reach me, coupled with my personal acquaintance of Mr. Astley, the proprietor, warrant me in promising good accommodation to all who journey thither. Well, here is one place to spend a vacation without going outside the Territories; of others, more anon.

K. E. R. FLIP.

within easy reach of the C. P. R. Its chief attractions are its rare beauty, the bracing mountain air, and last but not least, the gaudy gamey old trout that lie waiting, simply spoiling for a fight, in the clear depths of its cool waters. All the fish represented in the above cut were caught before breakfast on one bright autumn morning, by three enterprising young men, who, "dull sleep and a downy bed scorning," ventured early on the lake. It was here that Dr. Webb of New York caught his famous forty-three pound trout, the second in weight ever drawn out of the lake; the largest was forth-seven pound. There is boating galore, also a fine steam yacht.

