

of foothill terraces, which pave the way and prepare the mind for the Alpine wonders beyond. Upon glancing behind, from our altitude of 300 ft. above Calgary, the boundless prairies present a magnificent panorama. Here and there, as far as the eye could see, we beheld prosperous homesteads, well-tilled fields, great herds of horses and thousands of cattle grazing; while nearer, on the terraces and grassy slopes of the rounded foothills, flocks of sheep could be seen fattening on the rich verdure—a pastoral scene never to be forgotten. But soon these visions in which man's hand could be perceived, were displaced by scenes in which the Creator's hand alone could be seen. Thirty-two miles further on we passed a picturesque Indian camp, crossed the Kananaskis River, sped along the northern bank of the Bow River, and soon reached the entrance to the Rockies. Before us a cliff-like range of hills seemed to bar the engine's way. A sudden turn, however, around a corner, and we found ourselves between two walls of vertical rocks, known as "The Gap"—the gateway by which the Bow River passes out of the hills down to the plains. Through this gap we pass, and are introduced with startling suddenness into a scene sublime. We have entered the wonderland of the

pushed straight up, so that their strata remain almost as level as before; others are tilted more or less on edge (always on this slope towards the east), and lie in a steeply slanting position; still other sections are bent and crumpled under prodigious side-pressure, while all have been broken down and worn away, until now they are only colossal fragments of the original upheavals. This disturbed stratification is plainly marked upon the faces of the cliffs, by the ledges that hold the snow after it has disappeared elsewhere, or by long lines of trees, which there alone can maintain a foothold; and this peculiarity is one of the most striking and admirable features of the scenery." Further on, at Exshaw, opposite the new Portland Cement Works, we saw a remarkable freak of Nature on the grand scale: a lofty mountain, known as the "Maid of Portland"; so called because the configuration down one side, takes the outline of a sleeping woman. Thirteen miles beyond the Gap, we passed the deserted town of Anthracite, perhaps the most desolate and lamentable scene we witnessed in the West; except the wilderness made by the historic landslide at Frank, B.C., in the Crow's Nest Pass. A few years ago, the rich coal mines at Anthracite made the industrial prospects at this place



Fig. 5.—Lakes in the Clouds: Louise, Mirror and Agnes.

Canadian Alps. A narrow valley through which flows the Bow River like a silver streak, with mountains on either side. To the right the dizzy heights are bare, rugged, and comparatively even along the summit; like those seen beyond the Selkirks—on the way to Vancouver. On the right, the mountains are broken by jutting crags and irregular promontories rising into the clouds thousands of feet, with lofty summits crowned by everlasting snows. On some of the projecting crags below the summits, white clouds hung picturesquely. Conspicuous were three noble, isolated snow-capped peaks, known as the "Three Sisters"; standing in lofty solitude, sublime and beautiful, at the gateway to the Rockies—like sentinels on guard. The geologists' account of the cause of the jaggedness and fantastic profiles of these mountain giants, and of the enormous crevices in the sides—which throw varying shadows of gorgeous coloring—is interesting: "These mountains are tremendous uplifts of stratified rocks, of the Devonian and carboniferous ages, which have been broken out of the crust of the earth and slowly heaved aloft. Some sections miles and miles of breadth, and thousands of feet thick, have been

among the brightest in the North-West. A law-suit arose, however, between Sir Sanford Fleming and mine operators; the mine was closed, the workmen left, and everything is going to decay. This deserted village offers a good theme for a modern Oliver Goldsmith. It was nearly dark when we reached "Banff, the Beautiful"—the headquarters of the Canadian National Park.

Sept. 13.—The morn rose clear, the skies were bright, as J. T. Bertrand and the writer, trudged through the pleasant leisure town of Banff, to the celebrated C.P.R. Springs Hotel, shown in Fig. 3. Ineffaceable were the impressions of sylvan beauty and scenic grandeur we got that lovely autumn morn at the falls and junction of the rivers in the Bow Valley. The guide books do not exaggerate in claiming that Banff Springs Hotel "commands a view perhaps unrivalled on the American Continent." During the day, the party separated into three excursion groups; one under Professor J. B. Porter, to the C.P.R. coal mines at Bankhead; another under Professor C. H. McLeod, to the observatory on the summit of Sulphur Mountain—alt. 7,484 ft.; and a third took the famous Tunnel