

again we may turn aside and visit the Okanagan Lake, two hours distant by a branch line of railway—another mountain-hemmed lake extending many miles to the south. Going on again, and after playing hide-and-seek with these lovely lakes for an hour or two, the valley of the South Thompson River is reached—a wide, almost treeless valley, already occupied from end to end by farms and cattle ranches; and here for the first time irrigating ditches appear. Flocks and herds are grazing everywhere, and the ever present mountains look down upon us more kindly than has been their wont.

Then comes Kamloops, the principal town in the interior of British Columbia, and just beyond we follow for an hour the shore of Kamloops Lake, shooting through tunnel after tunnel, and then the valley shuts in and the scarred and rugged mountains frown upon us again, and for hours we wind along their sides, looking down upon a tumbling river, its waters sometimes almost within our reach and sometimes lost below. We suddenly cross the deep black gorge of the Fraser River on a massive bridge of steel, seemingly constructed in mid-air, plunge through a tunnel, and enter the famous cañon of the Fraser.

The view here changes from the grand to the terrible. Through this gorge, so deep and narrow in many places that the rays of the sun hardly enter it, the black and ferocious waters of the great river force their way. We are in the heart of the Cascade Range, and above the walls of the cañon we occasionally see the mountain peaks gleaming against the sky. Hundreds of feet above the river is the railway, notched into the face of the cliffs, now and then crossing a great chasm by a tall viaduct or disappearing in a tunnel through a projecting spur of rock, but so well made, and so thoroughly protected everywhere, that we feel no sense of danger. For hours we are deafened by the roar of the waters below, and we pray for the broad sunshine once more. The scene is fascinating in its terror, and we finally leave it gladly, yet regretfully.

At Yale the cañon ends and the river widens out, but we have mountains yet in plenty, at times receding and then drawing near again. We see Chinamen washing gold on the sand-bars and Indians herding cattle in the meadows; and the villages of the Indians, each with its little unpainted houses and miniature chapel, alternate rapidly with the collection of huts where the Chinamen congregate. Salmon drying on poles near the river give brilliant touches of color to the landscape, and here and there we see the curious graveyards of the Indians, neatly enclosed and decorated with banners, streamers, and all manner of carved "totems."

A gleaming white cone rises toward the southeast. It is Mount Baker, sixty miles away and fourteen thousand feet above us. We cross large rivers flowing into the Fraser, all moving slowly here as if resting after their tumultuous passage down between the mountain ranges. As the valley widens out farms and orchards become more and more frequent, and our hearts are gladdened with the sight of broom and other shrubs and plants familiar to English eyes, for as we approach the coast we find a climate like that of the South of England, but with more sunshine. Touching the Fraser River now and then, we see an occasional steamboat, and here in the lower part the water is dotted with Indian canoes, all engaged in catching salmon, which visit these rivers in astonishing