

the lintel of many a club might be written the warning, "Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch'entrate." Men will never follow the advice given by *Punch*: Why should a good man and a sharp bet, and so become a better and a sharper?

WHAT is known in London as the Finney-Garmoyle case is still one of the topics of the hour in society. Whilst Garmoyle is condemned by the aristocracy for engaging himself to an actress, considerable sympathy is expressed for Miss Finney—stage name "Miss Fortescue"—by the general public, and it is thought she must recover a large sum in the pending action brought by her for breach of promise of marriage. "Society" is scandalized at this proceeding, and thinks she ought to be content with a stipulated sum, and not expose "one of their order" to vulgar comment. If this suit is not compromised, Lord and Lady Cairns will be subpoenaed as witnesses, and some amusing letters from the changeable youth will be read in court. The affair has been made almost a "Cabinet" question in the Lords. It is said that a certain duke, himself the descendant of a woman of no high origin, has been very loud in his protests against such marriages as that recently contemplated by Lord Garmoyle. The Prince of Wales has expressed himself so strongly against the match as to lead to the impression that influences would be used to keep Lord and Lady Garmoyle, if Miss Finney became Lady Garmoyle, from Buckingham Palace. Meanwhile Manager Abbey cables from New York his willingness to engage Miss Fortescue as a star, and there is a talk of her going on a provincial tour under the auspices of the *Carte du jour*.

THE rumoured elevation of Mr. Gladstone to the peerage may probably prove correct. If so, it is altogether likely the veteran statesman's intention is, after carrying his new franchise bill through the House of Commons, to have himself translated into the Upper House, where the bill will be bitterly opposed, and there fight Lord Salisbury. This would be a characteristic and noble manner of closing a long and honourable political career.

It is very probable Mr. Freeman, the historian of the Norman Conquest, will accept the Chair of History at Oxford, vacated by Canon Stubbs. As the *Liverpool Mercury* very properly says, he is "the greatest of the Oxford school of scientific historians, and is eminently fitted for the post." The rumour that Dr. Goldwin Smith had been offered the chair, no doubt arose from the discussion in connection with the vacancy, of his occupation of that position several years ago.

### THE C. P. R. BY THE KICKING HORSE PASS AND THE SELKIRKS.—VII.

#### DOWN THE KICKING HORSE.

STARTING from the Summit, our next objective point was Mayor Roger's cache at the junction of the Kicking Horse with the Columbia. The distance is less than fifty miles, but we took four days to make it, and the work was so heavy that our horses needed a day's rest at the cache, while we felt the better of a double Sabbath. The Kicking Horse, a vigorous stream as it issues from the parent lake, becomes after a mile or two a series of rapids and cascades, one of them a beautiful leap of thirty or forty feet in a cannon so narrow that it looks as if a man could leap across. Emerging from this series of falls, the river ten miles from its source is a churned mass of milky or rather putty-coloured water, running with so strong a current that it is fordable with difficulty, even at the places where it is sub-divided into half-a-dozen sections, separated from each other by intervening gravel beds. Fifteen or twenty miles farther on it is altogether too deep, at least in summer, for horses to ford. It rushes down its steep incline between high banks of clay and gravel, through narrow defiles and magnificent box canyons of slate rock, opening out occasionally into swampy flats fringed with willows, where it has room to broaden and where it generally divides into sections, sometimes inclosing green islets. No wonder that the Columbia is a noble river when this is but one of a hundred tributaries. The snow-clad mountains on each side supply it most bountifully in mid-summer, and in the same months snowslides are precipitated with thunderous noise into it and the lake from which it issues. We could see where the trail along the side of the lake had been completely covered by a slide that had swept everything before it down the mountain sides for a width of three or four hundred feet. Great trees had been uprooted by the thousand, twisted, broken and rolled together in the wildest confusion. The descending mass hurled boulders, earth, and everything in its way along with it out into the lake, forming an excellent commencement for a pier two or three hundred feet long.

In the afternoon of the first day's journey, after struggling along an unspeakable trail for six hours, up and down well-wooded precipices, at the rate of a mile an hour, we came upon the most striking mountain scenery that we had yet beheld. To our left a great peak rose abruptly as the peak of Teneriffe to a height of over 5,000 feet. As we came more abreast of it the country opened out and it appeared flanked and banked by a panorama of sister mountains. One was a singularly bold and naked mass of rock, its summit quite distinctly marked off as a crown by a broad dark riband that completely encircled its neck. The riband is probably composed of ferruginous shales, banding slate rock that rests on enormous masses of limestone which again rest on slate. Between it and the main peak, accumulations of snow and ice had gathered evidently nearly sufficient force for a snowslide on a resistless scale. At other points the moraine was being pushed out and down the mountain sides. It was worth while making our long journey to see those peaks alone, and after seeing them, no one can question the fitness of the appellation of the Rocky, or as the Indians call them, the "Stone" Mountains. For the same reason the Indians themselves are called "the Stonies." We camped on a grassy flat under the shadow of the rocks. Four mountains, each a mile high, and the farthest little more than a mile away, formed a quadrilateral, in the centre of which our camp fires burned brightly beside the view. We spent a pleasant evening, for some engineers, descending some six or seven hundred feet from the overhanging rock where they had been at work like so many insects on its face, joined our party and gave a valuable contribution in the shape of songs and choruses to the evening's entertainment, while a group of Indians from Morley, the Chiniquy family, who had been hunting mountain sheep and goats with good success, attracted by the smoke of our fire paid us a friendly visit, probably with an eye to whether we had any spare tobacco. They were too polite, it is only fair to say, to ask for anything, and we found them intelligent, ready to answer any questions, and the very men for guides if we had wished to hunt. The engineers propose to run a tunnel 1,400 feet long through the nose of the most outstanding peak. The line then gradually descends to the river bottom, the grade being 119 feet to the mile for a stretch of seventeen miles.

The next day we met Mr. Hogg, C.E., returning to the Summit from his first visit to the Selkirks. He had satisfied himself as to the reality of the pass across the Selkirk range, and informed us that it was decidedly better than the Kicking Horse. This was good, but his answer to our next question was of a different sort. He had pushed on a mile or two in advance of the trail-making party down the western slope, but the underbrush proved so dense and the fallen timber and other obstructions so formidable that he had no hesitation in declaring it to be impracticable for us. This ought to have settled the question, but we had left Calgary determined to stick at nothing short of the proved impracticable, so telling him that at all events we would try, we pushed on with light hearts, excited as much as sobered by the thought of the difficulties ahead.

As we descended towards the Columbia, gradual changes in the vegetation indicated the Pacific slope, and a warmer and moister region. Beside rose bushes and strawberry plants in open glades of the forest, the western barberry, the Oregon grape, and ferns different from those on the Bow showed themselves. The second night we camped beside a marsh and a lake that a colony of beavers had recently dyked. Their house was standing with exit to a pond, from which extended to the lake a long covered way with suitable air spaces and openings at intervals. Barked trees and sticks cut by the sharp chisels of their teeth were piled all round. The third day we had our first rain in the mountains, and the travelling was decidedly more unpleasant in consequence. Progress was slow, and we had to camp at two o'clock as there was no food for the horses between the point, an island in the river, reached by us at that hour and the cache, and the cache was still fourteen miles distant. The weather cleared after dinner, and we had fine views of the mountains on each side of the river, mists wreathing and curling up their sides like great masses of lace veils. At sunset, just as we were preparing to sit down to tea at the door of our tent, the clouds gathered again with extraordinary rapidity on the top of a high mountain opposite, and then swept down the side towards us in a furious charge, mist volumes folding in upon each other and driven along by a storm of wind. Scarcely had we heard the crashing of falling trees on the mountain sides more than a mile away when the storm was upon us in driving rain and wild gusts of wind that sent the smoke and embers of our camp fires in every direction. Hustling the most perishable articles into the tent, which fortunately had been properly secured, and covering other things up as far as our waterproofs would go, we sat down inside the tent door to watch the storm. It lasted less than half an hour. The sky then cleared and the evening was all that could be desired.