

THROUGH THE CROW'S NEST PASS.



The Chronicle's Correspondent Gives a Vivid Account of a Thrilling Railway Ride—Sights in Ill-fated Frank.



MEDICINE HAT, July 14—Kootenay Lake is fifty-five miles long for the traveller from Nelson to the western terminus of the Crow's Nest Pass Railway. It is not too long in summer weather on the C. P. eighteen knot steamer. We slept at Nelson and in the early morning, while the dew was on the grass, weighed anchor and sailed up Kootenay Lake. The sunshine was a glorious birth. The lake was still. The forest of tall trees that clothe the steep high mountains stood like a vast army as our vessel wakened the echoes of the rapines and scared the water fowls from their early bath. Every prospect pleased us. It seemed that there had not passed away any sunshine from the earth. "Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive" and to be old enough to appreciate the surroundings was very heaven.

"Some love to roam o'er the wild sea foam where the shrill winds whistle free," but if we can choose, I prefer a land locked lake whose hills break the wind and do not bestow it. Such is the Kootenay. When the Canadian poet, who must come to us, sings of these fair scenes we shall find our people taking his volume and going off to see for themselves the sights the poet saw and painted for them. How rich this West is in literary treasures! Here are mountain ranges that gather round their sublime heads traditions that lend themselves to such handling as to enrich our Canadian literature. The struggles and difficulties of the early pioneers have yet to be told. The border life of the old days here ought to have such a picturesqueness and distinctive character to make a book about it sell and live. These lakes have been no doubt the Trafalgar of many canoe wars. The tomahawk, the arrow, the spear have let out the life blood of many