



"It's a centre for a whole summer's rest and exploration"

And then you climb again to Sinclair Pass, sweeping upward in great curves. You pass the Iron Gates, those grim rose-henna guardians of this inner world. You drop down to Sinclair Hot Springs in the narrow gorge of the canyon. And you go for a swim in the pool. Imagine wanting a temperature of 110° in July! But the high winds of the mountains have made it seem the pleasantest thing that could happen to you—or perhaps the very pleasantest is the cup of tea and the flaky little hot biscuits you get in the pretty community house of the bungalow camp on the top of the hill after you're all dressed and civilized again.

Lake Windermere Camp at the End of the Road

Next morning it doesn't take long to drop, circling like a great bird, to the valley levels where Lake Windermere lies peaceful after all the emotional climaxes of the mountains.

There's something hard to describe about this huge trench that the Columbia River has dug between the Rockies and the Selkirks. The two ranges tower, white-headed above their bench lands and their river reaches, facing each other across a great green gulf, mountains of another world, as aloof and ever-beautiful as one's memories of childhood. Lake Windermere lies, warm and still, in the middle under skies that are always blue. There are flowers and flowers and more flowers. There are lazy bells again, as the cows graze. . . . But none of these things quite accounts for the feeling of Elysian ease that makes the very soul of the place. When you go in swimming, you turn over on your back and float, and look into the high blue. When