

THE COLUMBIA VALLEY, B. C.

CHANGE is busy in Western Canada. All classes back East and in the Old Country are contributing to the settling up of its expanses. But instead of the adventurers and the restless from various walks of life coming out here (with their love of roving for a quality in common), there come now ship-loads of one class, promenade-deck-fuls of another, each bunch, before it starts, with a fixed idea of where it is going to settle. With the wind that bloweth where it listeth the immigrants of to-day have much less in common than had those who flocked hither in the period of—for a good example—Morley Roberts's "Western Avernus."

ANY one who knew the Upper Columbia Valley (that lies between Cranbrook and Golden) ten years ago would stand amazed if he visited it to-day. The stage-coach, driven by a young man wearing fringed gauntlets, is gone. They should do in Canada with the stage-coach, before it is too late, what they have done in London with the hansom—secure one for a museum. The motor-car has ousted it; and though the life of the best car upon the rough waggon-roads of the mountains is not a long one, there is always money to buy another. They take their cars almost anywhere, at top speed; and when the car "goes bust" they only laugh. Motor-cars carry the settler to the Upper Columbia Valley, from Golden south, or from Cranbrook north.

THE society of this most beautiful valleys is now as follows: a few old-timers, most of them full of wild tales of the old days—all of which they do not tell; the old hotel-keepers; lumbermen coming from, or going to, camps in the hills; men who work on the wagon-roads; teamsters from the livery stables; Kootenai Indians in a mixture of apparel—store clothes and deer-skin moccasins, cow-boy hats and bead necklaces. On top of this has come the great influx of the new type. A very charming hotel has been built in the heart of the Valley, and is greatly patronised by the newcomers.

MEANWHILE the railway follows the motor-car—that followed the stage-coach—that followed the pack-train. The House of Progress is rising quickly.

FREDERICK NIVEN (in *The World's Work*).



A SETTLER'S BUNGALOW IN THE WINDERMERE DISTRICT, COLUMBIA VALLEY, B. C.

EMPRESS MAIL