

longed to stop, though we had only paused there on our way West and then found an ex-10th Hussar sergeant (the Revelstoke policeman) to greet us. But Revelstoke wasn't the disappointment of Golden—it was a prosperous little town beside the great river, and above it towered Mount Revelstoke, up which we went next morning by the admirably engineered road that made little of the four-thousand-foot climb. And once on the summit what a view greeted us! Masses of heavily-forested mountains far as the eye could reach, and basking in the sunshine the little peaceful town and the great winding river. There below us lay the Illicilliwaet Valley, up which we had once travelled when a forest fire was raging and crackling near at hand; the deep valley of the Eagle Pass like a dark tunnel, down which we were to drive later in the day on our way to the Okanagan. On all sides birds were singing, there wasn't a human being in sight, just we three standing there with the fresh tang of the air blowing in our faces from the snow that still covered the summit, though up to its very edge the ground was matted with yellow Erythroniums which formed a "Field of the Cloth of Gold," while little rivulets rushed downward shouting their triumphant spring song as they escaped from winter's clutches. It was good-bye to the mountains, but a sun-flooded peaceful farewell and a glorious memory to be cherished in all the days to come.

And so we set sail for the lovely Okanagan Valley. Man's ingenuity has made it produce its harvest of fruit—and what a harvest! It was cherry time when I visited the Summerland Experimental Farm and I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw the "Black Bings" (spelt the wrong way I always say) hanging in unbelievable clusters from the bowed-down branches. There were gorgeous hybrid lilies raised by Mr. Palmer, who vied with his sister at Cobble Hill, on Vancouver Island, in the production of these beautiful flowers