

is presented to us in every aspect. We plunge again for hours through precipitous gorges, deep and dark, and again cross the Columbia River, which has made a great detour around the Selkirk Mountains while we have come directly through them. The river is wider and deeper here, and navigated by steamboats southward for nearly two hundred miles.

On its east bank stands Revelstoke, the supply point for the mining districts up and down the river, and here are large works for smelting silver ores, which are brought from the mines by the railway and by steamboats.

We are now confronted by the Gold range, another grand snow-clad series of mountains, but broken directly across, and offering no obstacle to the railway. The deep and narrow pass through this range takes us for forty miles or more between parallel lines of almost vertical cliffs, into the faces of which the line is frequently crowded by deep black lakes; and all the way the bottom of the valley is thickly set with trees of many varieties and astonishing size, exceeding even those of the Columbia.

A sudden flash of light indicates that we have emerged from the pass, and we see stretching away before us the Shuswap lakes, whose crystal waters are hemmed and broken in every way by abruptly rising mountains. After playing hide-and-seek with these lovely lakes for an hour or two, the valley of the South Thompson River is reached—a wide almost treeless valley, already occupied from end to end by farms and cattle ranches; and here for the first time irrigating ditches appear. Flocks and herds are grazing everywhere, and the ever-present mountains look down upon us more kindly than has been their wont.

Then comes Kamloops, the principal town in the interior of British Columbia, and just beyond we follow for an hour the shore of Kamloops Lake, shooting through tunnel after tunnel, and then the valley shuts in and the scarred and rugged mountains frown upon us again, and for hours we wind along their sides, looking down upon a tumbling river, its waters sometimes almost within our reach and sometimes lost below. We suddenly cross the deep black gorge of the Fraser River on a massive bridge of steel, seemingly constructed in mid-air, plunge through a tunnel, and enter the famous cañon of the Fraser.

The view here changes from the grand to the terrible. Through this gorge, so deep and narrow in many places that the rays of the sun hardly enter it, the black and ferocious waters of the great river force their way. We are in the heart of the Cascade range, and above the walls of the cañon we occasionally see the mountain peaks gleaming against the sky. Hundreds of feet above the river is the railway, notched into the face of the cliffs, now and then crossing a great chasm by a tall viaduct or disappearing in a tunnel.