

town of New Denver, while to the south, where the violet haze hangs over Red Mountain, and where the lake seems to end, is Silverton. The foliage of the mountainsides is a kaleidoscope of shifting color, and the whole is a panorama of beauty never to be forgotten.

The shrill whistle of the engine recalls us, and we soon come to a stop at Roseberry, where we are transferred to the comfortable steamer Slocan, and, after a short run of four miles, are landed at New Denver. Here we find a very comfortable hotel, the Newmarket, on high ground overlooking the lake, and commanding a fine view of the great Lowery Glacier, which lies in its cold solitude twelve thousand feet above sea-level on Valhalla Mountain. Slocan Lake has an altitude of 1,750 feet, and New Denver is 50 feet above the lake. Though a new town, there are many pleasant and handsome homes, and it is destined to be the residence town of the Slocan. There is now a population of 1,200. As a mining centre the town is rapidly advancing, a number of most excellent mining properties being located in this vicinity and in a good state of development. The town has a fine reputation, and is attracting favorable attention from abroad.

Four miles below New Denver is Silverton, another mining centre—a pleasant town of 800 people. It is beautifully situated on a lovely bay, sheltered by high mountains. The Selkirk Hotel is located a few steps from the wharf, and will be found homelike in every way. The scenery is superb. A row across the lake to the canyon and cascades is a delightful experience. Slocan Lake has a charm and a mystery all its own. The water is clear as crystal, and one seems floating in air while drifting on its placid surface, looking down at the bottom far below, where every object is plainly visible. Its waters are two hundred to six hundred feet deep; in fact, no accurate soundings have been made in the deepest parts.

Silverton is an important shipping point and a pleasant residence town. It is in the heart of a fine mining region, and all about it are very valuable propositions.

Next morning we again boarded the steamer Slocan and proceeded southward to Slocan City, twenty-seven miles, at the foot of Slocan Lake. The scenery on this part of this trip is very fine; the high mountain ranges continuing on both sides of the lake, Slocan City is at the foot of the lake, and at the head of Slocan River, which is the outlet for the lake. The town is well located on a broad flat between the river and Springer Creek, with high mountains to the east and west. In a mining way there are many fine prospects, and a few shipping mines. The chief difficulty, however, has been the lack of good wagon-roads, and the necessary capital for development. The time is not distant when these will be provided, and then this will become a great producing camp. To practical men with capital, this offers a tempting field, as the properties have not yet reached fancy prices. The town has about 600 people, and the Hotel Arlington, at the wharf, will be found a pleasant stopping place.

From here we take the Columbia and Kootenay division of the C. P. R., stopping at Lemon Creek Station to visit the mines, to spend a day amid the magnificent scenery, and to fish for trout in Lemon Creek and in the rapids of the Slocan River. Lemon Creek Station consists of a general store, a half-dozen houses, and a saw-mill. The greatest sociability exists. Everyone goes fishing; trout are as common as mosquitoes in Klondike. Grasshoppers are the favorite bait, and the ladies have an original method

of catching them with a broom, which is extremely funny to the spectator, but not so funner to the grasshopper.

Bidding farewell to our friends, and particularly to little Robbie, our four-year-old guide, we again board the train and, after a run of forty-three miles, most of the time following the Slocan River as it winds in and out among the mountains, we arrive at Slocan Junction, where the river empties into the Lower Kootenay River. Here the line connects with the road from Nelson to Rossland. At Slocan Junction there is a comfortable hotel. The scenery is grand, and the fishing unexcelled. For several miles the Lower Kootenay River descends in a succession of falls and rapids. Bonnington Falls, consisting of the Upper, Middle, and Lower Falls, having a combined height of 180 ft., over which the river, 400 ft. wide, pours with a thunderous roar, is one of the finest series of cataracts on the continent. Lower Fall is just back of the station, while Middle Fall is a half-mile higher, and Upper Fall is a short distance above this. At Middle Fall this great body of water plunges over a granite cliff, making a sheer fall of sixty feet. A cloud of white mist constantly hangs over this boiling caldron, while the river below is one mass of white foam. Great mountains lift their crowns of snow skyward on every hand. Standing here, one may count fourteen colossal peaks in view at one time, rising to a height of three to four thousand feet, their sides heavily timbered. This is a sportsman's paradise. The waters abound in rainbow trout, weighing from a pound upward, and there are no mosquitoes or black flies; while bear and other large game are plentiful in the mountains. For the convenience of fishing and hunting parties visiting this region, the Canadian Pacific Company has provided a number of comfortable fishing camps along the river, at which all trains stop on signal. The houses in these camps are built of wood, and have sleeping accommodation for four people, or for eight if provided with a tent. Bedding and camp equipments may be hired from the company's agent at Nelson, or by wire from any point on the line, and every convenience possible is supplied to render the stay of tourists and sportsmen pleasant. Such surroundings! No pen, camera or brush can convey an adequate idea of the sublime beauty and grandeur of these mountains. One must live among them and study their various moods; watch the glory of the sunlight on their dazzling snows and glaciers; climb their dizzy heights—breathe the cold, pure air of their summits; train the eye to measure their splintered pinnacles and deep canyons; hear the awful voice of the storm king echo from crag to crag; see the terrible avalanche, which sweeps everthing from its path; and brace himself, with all his strength, against the fierce winds which would sweep him from the narrow ledge to sure destruction thousands of feet below. Then one should study them in their milder moods, when the soft blue haze settles on their rugged slopes, and the feathery clouds half hide their towering summits; when the sighing of the wind through the dark cedars, firs, and pines lulls one to repose, while the witch of the mountain seems to beckon ever onward to fountains of eternal youth, where wild flowers strew the pathway, and the most delicate fern-growths lurk in the cool shadows of the forest. Thus, day by day, one grows to appreciate the witchery of the mountains, their terrible grandeur, and their fairylike beauty.

Here at the Middle Falls are situated the large power-house and ponderous machinery of the West Kootenay Power and Light Company, of Rossland,