

Lakes of the Far West.

and draws first blood. Then the sentiments that are stirring in you touching mosquitoes touch the native and you are unanimous that they are a bad sort. The river floods this year have caused this scourge. Ordinarily mosquitoes are not numerous in Revelstoke.

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When the Columbia river is high the big boats that run down through the Arrowhead lakes leave the pier at Revelstoke. When the river is low, as now, you take the train down to the lake head twenty-eight miles from the town. It is a rough run and rapid, so the coolness and clearness of the floating palace S. S. Kootenay tasted particularly pleasant. These lakes are properly expansions of the Columbia. They are deep and green waters skirted throughout their entire length, with tall mountains, that in some places hang over the lakes with menacing appearance.

Imagine what this sail today was for us. 124 miles of glassy pale green sea in which hill and tree, headland and shack were all reflected as in a great mirror. Our swift steamer made her own cool breeze as she went southward. The rhythmic stroke of her large paddle wheel and the vibration caused by the big driving shafts blended into a lullaby and we stole our enamoured eyes from the abundant scenery to give them well earned rest after their sleepless vigils in the Thompson Valley two nights ago. We made one or two stops to land a passenger or to give a mail bag with a letter from a lonely woman to a lonely man whose home is far away, and perhaps to get a mail bag with a letter from him to her with news of success or certainly coming success, but the stops were few for the crowd we had were chiefly "through" passengers. It seemed that "we were the first that ever burst into that silent sea" so quiet, so primeval the whole region. The miners on board told me a different tale however. The land has been cruised by the lumbermen and drilled by the miners and here and there I was able to see on being directed the camp and the shack of the logger and the digger.

The quest of gold is opening up this Province and peopling its large lonely tracts. The miner, the merchant, the minister and then the multitude is about the order. The majority of our passengers today were miners. Bronzed faced, big, brawny, hearty men, smacking of the hillside and the open air. Their origin is known by their speech and I found that England and Scotland gave the larger number of these lads to Canada. You need no formal introduction to fellow travellers in order to carry on a conversation and one of the very best benefits of travel is the opportunity you have to talk and