

ward until they cleave Lake Superior with rocky promontory.

Nearer to us the smoke of the smelter at Dollar Bay, and that rising from the mills at Torch Lake, are thrown against a background of the flat woodland, rimmed by the blue waters of the great lake. These stretch eastward to a skyline broken by a wreath of smoke that follows in the wake of an unseen vessel, which carries with it all the wide suggestions of maritime commerce and swift communication with that great world of activity which is beyond our view. And so we pass from the copper mines of Lake Superior to other scenes.



A GLIMPSE OF LAKE SUPERIOR.