

"big horn." They will not fail to run upon a bear now and then, black or cinnamon, and perchance a grizzly.

Crossing the Columbia, and following it down through a great cañon, through tunnels and deep rock-cuttings, we shortly enter the Beaver Valley and commence the ascent of the Selkirks, and then for twenty miles we climb along the mountain sides, through dense forests of enormous trees, until, near the summit, we find ourselves in the midst of a wonderful group of peaks of fantastic shapes and many colors. At the summit itself, four thousand five hundred feet above tide-water, is a natural resting-place—a broad level area surrounded by mountain monarchs, all of them in the deadly embrace of glaciers. Strange, under this warm summer's sky, to see this battle going on between rocks and ice—a battle begun aeons ago and to continue for aeons to come! To the north, and so near us that we imagine that we hear the crackling of the ice, is a great glacier whose clear green fissures we can plainly see. To the south is another, vastly larger, by the side of which the greatest of those of the Alps would be insignificant. Smaller glaciers find lodgment on all the mountain benches and slopes, whence innumerable sparkling cascades of icy water come leaping down.

Descending westerly from the summit we reach in a few minutes the Glacier House, a delightful hotel situated almost in the face of the Great Glacier and at the foot of the grandest of all peaks of the Selkirks—Sir Donald—an acute pyramid of naked rock shooting up nearly eight thousand feet above us. In the dark valley far below we see the glacier-fed Illicilliwaet glistening through the tree-tops, and beyond and everywhere the mountains rise in majesty and immensity beyond all comparison. To reach the deep valley below, the engineers wound the railway in a series of great curves or loops all about the mountain slopes, and as we move on, this marvellous scene 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 works for smelting silver ores which are brought from the mines by the railway and by steamboats.

And here it will be well worth our while to turn away for a few days and visit the Kootenay country. A comfortable steamboat will take us down the Columbia River, through the long and beautiful stretches of the Arrow Lakes, with the Selkirks on one hand and the Gold Range on the other, to the mouth of the Kootenay Cañon, and through this grand cañon, down which the mighty Kootenay River dashes on its way to the Columbia, a newly made railway will carry us to the great Kootenay Lake where we may again take a steamboat and visit silver and gold and copper mines without number, or enjoy the most superb combination of lake and mountain scenery that can be found anywhere.

But, if we continue on our journey to the Pacific, we are at once confronted by the Gold Range, another grand snow-clad series of mountains, but broken directly across, and