

Lakes of the Far West.

rosy-fingers these high horizons. We could feel that nature was glad. No bird sang, no cock crowed, no oxen lowed, the river rattled over a shallow that edged a deep pool but it was only for an instant. There was silence, but still we knew that the hills clapped their hands and sang aloud in the face of the dawn for we felt it.

We rushed into Revelstoke at eight o'clock in the morning and disembarked. Revelstoke is a divisional point. Travellers from the coast west going to Nelson, Rossland, Trail and the Kootenay region change at Revelstoke. Travellers to these same places from stations west of Calgary also go via Revelstoke. As we should say in the East Revelstoke is "quite a place." The C. P. R. has the offices of the Pacific Division of the road here and makes out monthly pay rolls that spoil a cheque for one hundred thousand dollars. Revelstoke gets a good share of this. There are large lumber mills in the town. Wholesale business firms are here. Trails running from Revelstoke to the North are well trodden by miners and prospectors who "fit out" in the well equipped stores of the town. A good electric light system is obtained by harnessing the Illecillewaet river, a wild torrent that narrows down to ten yards and foams through a rocky gorge quite near the town. 1,600 people live in the town, but a dozen hotels house a large transient population.

Pictou has representation here. W. A. Foote, son of D. W. Foote, is a busy and successful contractor and is now called Alderman Foote. Chas. MacDonald, a nephew of Mayor MacDonald, of Pictou, is manager of an up-to-date drug store. D. C. MacDonald, son of the late J. D. MacDonald, has a good position in the Engineer's office of the C. P. R. Rev. W. C. Calder, a Nova Scotian, is the Presbyterian Minister of Revelstoke. The town has a good water supply, good schools, churches, opera house and all modern institutions which I need not name. It is shut in by the great mountains "that rise up above the clouds and keep the snow the year through."

The time I spent in Revelstoke was made busy by mosquitoes. Like everything else in the West these pests are large and liberal. Talk about Nova Scotia mosquitoes after this will seem idle to me. The custom in Revelstoke just now is to carry a big "smudge" before you or keep swinging your pocket handkerchief about your head holding a corner of the handkerchief between your teeth for you must keep your hands in your pockets or have them devoured by these tuneful tasters of a tenderfoot. The Revelstokers affect to be indifferent to their "skeeters" until a big brawny one singing the death song pokes his prickly proboscis in the Revelstoker's "neb"