

Mirror Lake-"In its fringing trees, quite hidden and aloof"

you know I don't believe I want to knit. I am going to take a chance on getting excited. It seems worth it. Did you ever see anything so fascinating as that tinted hill over there? And to think that I never realized before that B.C. wears colours! Somehow, I've always thought of her as clad in fadeless green; but out here she has taken to russet and wears red shoes."

I saw at once that she was right about the shoes. It put into words a difference which had often puzzled me. In the East the autumn turns red from the top, while here it grows red from the bottom. There the gorgeous maples flame against the sky, but here the colour is lower almost on the ground. Low bushes, trailing vines, brown rocks around which ereep little flames of pure bright yellow; while above and behind rise the solid, unchanging green of the British Columbia forest.

The impalpable veil of autumn lay between us and the more distant hills, a veil which might well have been woven of the far blue spirals of mist which rose like fairy fires from the mountains' unseen hollows.

"Injun fires," said Ma Smith, dreamily. (She told us afterwards that "up where she came from," everyone called her "Ma".) "It doesn't take a very big effort of imagination to believe that they are still there with their signal smoke curling up so straight and blue—with not a white man's foot upon the hills and the river rushing on just like it is now."

Una and I mover our chairs a little closer. Ma picked up some stitches in Una's sock and went on. ''I hope we don't go for to spoil the country when we get right holt of it. But it will take a whole lot of spoiling. Nature's seen to that. Now, farming country and grazing land she don't take much trouble over. She lets them lie like they be, because she knows man will come and plough them up and build on them. But when she wants a bit of the world for her own, she just makes it so slippy that man can't sit on it and so rocky he can't dig. If he