

point on the Toby Creek road, and a favorite spot with lovers of the camera. Looking South from this elevation, the foreground shows the valley of the Columbia with its central silvery tortuous thread, while in the distance is seen the sloping shores and abrupt bluffs surrounding Lake Windermere, backed by a steep and rugged range of mountains

"that like giants stand
To sentinel enchanted land,"

and over which soft dreamy clouds seem to delight in lingering. But it is just after the breaking away of a storm that the scene is at its best; below the white-capped waters of the lake, while rising over the mountain-tops great thunder clouds roll and twist and curl in diabolic rage, each billowy mass seeming to hurl itself in opposing direction, until in cyclonic rage it wrestles and hurtles and loses identity in the black wracke of its opponent.

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Wilmer to Windermere.

PASSING on up river from Wilmer to Athalmer the steamer enters the beautiful sheet of water above mentioned, Lake Windermere, on the Eastern side of which, and under the shadow of Saddle Mountain, on a broad plateau gently sloping to the waters of the lake, with its pretty cottage homes and pastoral surroundings, stretches out the little village of Windermere. Here a few days, or even weeks, may be very enjoyably spent, where country drives, horse-back