

plains at an altitude of about 4,000 ft., and in which the higher portions of the range are seen rising abruptly above the plains. We ascertained the fact that the snow-line lies as low as 13,500 ft., and therefore from the plains to the snow is 9,500 ft. In no case does the snow cover quite a third of the height from the summit to the plains, but assuming it to cover a full third, this gives an altitude of 16,500 ft. as an outside height for any of the peaks.

THE LOFOTEN ISLANDS.

By J. NORMAN COLLIE.

(Read before the Alpine Club, February 8, 1902.)

IN the paper which I am to read to you this evening I shall describe a series of rock peaks which form the main part of the Lofoten Islands. These islands, situated as they are inside the Arctic circle, lie more than 1,200 miles north of London, more than 100 miles further north than Iceland, also far further north than Hudson Bay, Behring Straits, or most of Siberia; therefore they would be covered with ice and snow, and be surrounded by a frozen ocean during winter and summer, were it not for that warm current that has its origin in the Gulf of Mexico, and which, after flowing thousands of miles, sweeps past the northern coast of Norway, finally losing itself amongst the ice floes of Spitzbergen and Franz Joseph Land. The influence of the Gulf Stream on the temperature of the northern coast of Norway is well illustrated by the fact that the sea round the Lofoten Islands, and even further north at Hammerfest and the North Cape, is open all the year through, whilst the Kristiania Fjord, in Southern Norway, which is untouched by the Gulf Stream, is during the winter months covered with ice. As an instance of the reverse effect the Labrador current might be cited—that is to say, of an Arctic current flowing southwards. This current comes south down the eastern coast of Labrador from Baffin's Bay and Davis Straits, and it affects to such a degree the climate of the Straits of Belle Isle and Newfoundland—which are in the same latitude as London and Paris—that for many months in the year the Straits of Belle Isle are closed to ships. Even at the end of July I have seen snow drifts lying on the sea-shore unmelted, whilst the bare uplands behind were covered with far-stretching snowfields. Icebergs too drift on the

Labrador current so far to the southward that the line showing their southernmost limit in the Atlantic on the maps would, if continued due E., pass through Cairo, and not many miles N. of Lahore, in India.

But to return to the Lofoten Islands. To get there takes the best part of a week, and the journey is not one of un-mixed pleasure should the North Sea be rough. But once Norway is reached, owing to the immense number of islands that stretch along the whole coast, the voyage from Bergen almost to the Lofoten Islands may be said to be through comparatively landlocked waters.

Much of the scenery on the Norwegian coast is very wild ; sometimes one sees a fjord running for miles inland, with the mountains on both sides rising almost sheer out of the water below ; at others great sea cliffs like the promontory of Statland boldly face the North Atlantic Ocean, whilst everywhere along the coast far out to sea are clustered hundreds of small islands and lonely rocks that have been polished smoothly by ancient glaciers. As the steamer passes in and out, always in quiet waters, through the maze of channels, away to the westward can be seen here and there, tossed up against the horizon, the white spray which tells of hidden reefs and the restless waves of the open ocean beyond.

Personally I consider that by far the most beautiful part of the journey in the Norwegian Northland is after one passes the Arctic circle, just S. of Bodo.

The mountains, although not so lofty as some of those further S., assume more dignified and individual forms, and when the West Fjord is reached the Lofoten Islands, appearing across thirty miles of open water, offer such a marvellous view that one forgets all about the interminable rocks, islands, minor hills, and narrow channels amongst which one has travelled from the S., and gazes in astonishment at the wonderful land of ragged peaks, showing deep blue against the sunset across miles of the long rolling ocean waves. In some respects the view is similar to that of Skye and the Hebrides as seen from the mainland of Scotland, only the mountain forms in Lofoten are far wilder and more fantastic, and the number of separate peaks infinitely greater. But the view to the westward is not the only one worth looking at, for on the mainland opposite to the Lofoten Islands are mountains which present forms both curious and strange ; moreover they show the effect of prehistoric glaciers in a manner more marked than in any mountainous country I have ever seen. Some of the peaks look almost like breaking waves, whilst

others present the outlines of cones with wide-spreading bases, and look quite inaccessible. The valleys too are often apparently cut out of the solid rock, and in cross-section are like half a circle. The glacier that in olden times filled this West Fjord must have been immense, for the whole country both on the E. and W. sides of the fjord is ice-polished for at least as high as two thousand feet up the mountain-sides. It is, however, improbable that the great ice-sheet which then covered the country ever was thick enough to submerge the loftier summits of the Lofoten Islands, the highest of which now stands 4,000 ft. above sea-level.

Last summer Hermann Woolley and I planned a visit to this Norwegian Northland. But before stopping in Lofoten we went further N. to the Lyngen district, beyond Tromsø, together with Mr. and Mrs. Le Blond, and camped for a few days at Jægervand, on the Ulfsfjord. Jægervand is situated on the western side of the Lyngen peninsula; it is a most charming spot, and from it excellent views of the Lyngen peaks can be obtained.

In character these mountains much resemble the smaller Alps, but the views to the N., towards the outer islands and the Arctic Ocean beyond, with the low-lying sun lighting up the banks of Arctic fog or the white clouds, are entirely different from anything to be seen in Switzerland. Of course the sun at these latitudes during most of July does not set, yet the glare of a Swiss noonday is never experienced. For hours the glories of sunrise or sunset linger in the sky as the sun itself travels along almost parallel with the horizon, and atmospheric colours of the far-off peaks of Vandö and other islands across the fjords are such as can only be seen on the shores of the open ocean.

From what little I saw of this far-away Lyngen country I should be inclined to assert that it is in these atmospheric colour effects, in the beauty of the clouds and mists, and in the great expanses of level waters, that its chief charm lies, and that it is thus that it is differentiated from many other mountain ranges. In fact if the fjords were emptied of water, and the sea replaced by dry land, the remaining mountains with their attendant glaciers certainly would hardly be sufficiently interesting to attract many visitors. The peaks are not any of them of very distinctively fine form, nor are the glaciers large compared with those in Southern Norway.

Our stay at Jægervand was for a few days only, as we had to retrace our steps to rejoin Hastings, and possibly H. Priestman, who were further S. on the mainland, E. of the

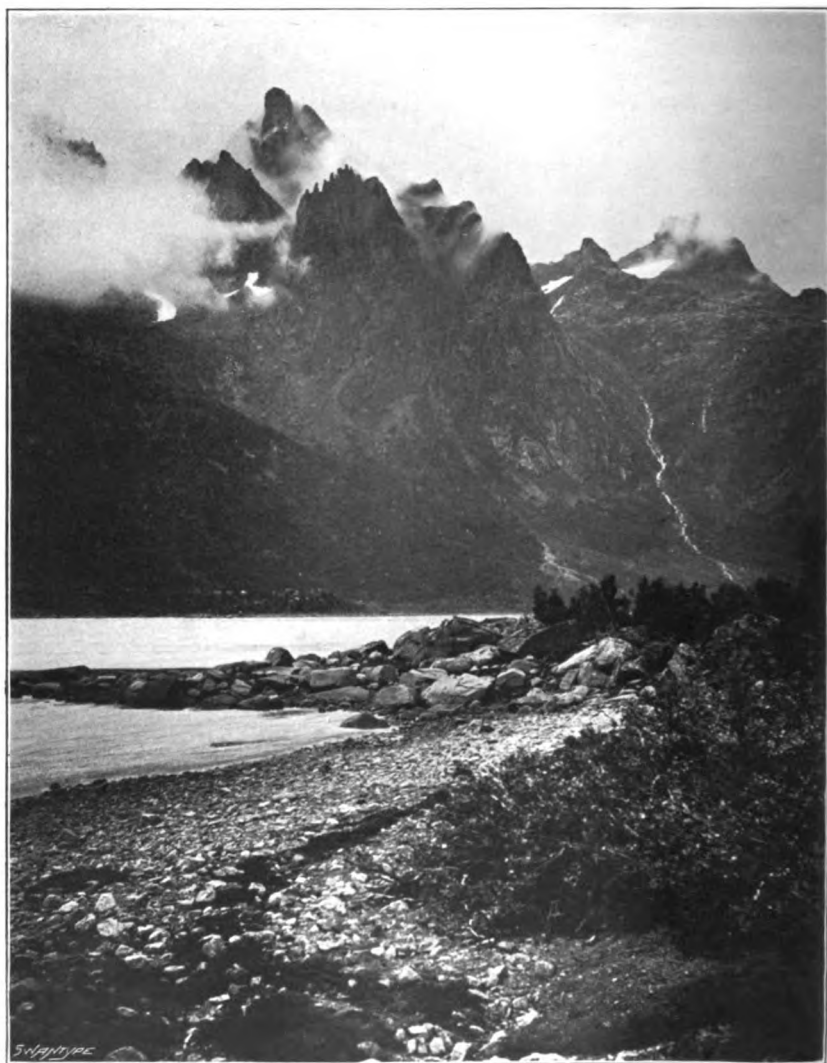


Photo by Dr. J. Norman Collie.

GJEITGALJAR.

[Saan Electric Engraving Co.]

Lofoten Islands. Priestman joined us at Tovik (near Harstadhavn), having been for nearly two months with a party of the Norwegian Ordnance Survey. From Tovik we walked across to Liland, and next day crossed the Ofoten Fjord in a small sailing boat. We were fortunate in having a fresh breeze from the S.W., and by its help reached Elvegaard, on the Skjomen Fjord, in four hours. Here we found Hastings, who had been climbing the chief peaks of the Frostisen with a Norwegian porter, E. Hogrenning.

Together we returned to Svolvær, the chief point of call for steamers in the Lofoten Islands. The mountains in these islands can be roughly divided into two groups. The first group consists of those in Hindö (Mösadlen, about 4,000 ft., being the highest), and lie nearest the mainland; the second group comprises those in the eastern half of Öst Vaagö, Higraf (3,780 ft.) being the highest. There are other isolated peaks, such as Himmel Tind and Vaage Kallen, further down the islands, but as far as I could see glaciers were absent. Some years previously (1897) Woolley, Priestman, and Hastings had visited the Raftsund, that narrow strip of water which separates Öst Vaagö from Hindö; there they had climbed several peaks, and presumably knew the country well, so to them I left the choice of camping ground.

On August 2, with the help of two men and a couple of boats, we conveyed our camp baggage from Svolvær to a spot marked Austavindsnes, near the head of the Ostnes Fjord. This spot was behind a small promontory almost opposite to a peak named Gjeitgaljar, which in appearance seemed almost as impossible of ascent as the Little Dru from the Montanvert, and, had it been surrounded by glaciers, would have made a most respectable Chamonix aiguille. The views from our camp, though rather restricted, were occasionally very beautiful, when during the long summer nights the minor peaks across the Ostnes Fjord to the NN.W. were silhouetted against the evening sky and the clouds. Every few moments some change in light and shade or in colour would shift over the landscape. Then, again, in the early morning the sun, creeping slowly up the sky, would strike with shafts of light the savage pinnacles of Gjeitgaljar, and the mists would slowly curl away from the many fantastic ridges and gullies, whilst below all the mountain torrents, the rocks, and the white clouds would be faithfully reflected in the calm, peaceful mirror of the fjord.

On August 4 Woolley and I made our first mountain expedition. We started straight out behind our camp up through

the dwarf birch scrub, and soon found ourselves compelled to ascend most precipitous faces of glacier-worn rock, the ledges of which were covered with moss and earth. So steep was it that when a spot was reached about 1,000 ft. above our camp it looked as if we could almost have thrown a stone on to the tents. Then we came to more easy travelling, still over glaciated rocks, finally reaching a small glacier. On our right lay a ridge with a well-built cairn on it. We afterwards heard that it had been placed there by a German climber some fifteen years previously.

We, however, kept straight on for a small col in the ridge, filled with snow; then turning to the left attempted the ascent of the ridge, soon finding, however, that rock-ridges in the Lofoten when even without ice or snow were by no means easy climbing.

Eventually, by a series of traverses on the S.E. side, and by climbing up some cracks, we succeeded in reaching a summit (about 3,000 ft.) Here I built a small cairn and photographed an exceedingly tame ptarmigan in the foreground against an excessively savage-looking peak in the background named Rulten. Rulten, although marked on the map 1,062 m.=3,490 ft., is probably higher. The reason for this conjecture is that later, when we ascended Gjeitgaljar, marked 1,084 m.=3,560 ft., Rulten looked the higher of the two.

In 1897 Woolley, together with Hastings and Priestman, had attempted to ascend Rulten from the eastern side, but had been unsuccessful owing to bad weather; and certainly as Woolley and I looked at the opposite or northern side of Rulten from the summit of the peak we were on, which was one of the Langstrandtinder, no chance of success seemed likely. We also carefully examined with a glass Higraf Tind, the second highest peak in Lofoten, and we both agreed that a successful first ascent was much more likely to be made on that mountain. One of the charms of climbing in Lofoten, which I am sure will recommend itself to many mountaineers, is that more than one first ascent may be made in a single day. So Woolley and I, as we saw two more minor summits on one ridge towards the N.E., started at once for them. To tell the truth they were not very difficult of access. On the summit of each I left a small cairn, and in one of our cairns I believe a small tin was placed with our names inside.

As our approach to the next peak was cut off entirely by impossible rocks, we descended to the N. side of the mountain, soon coming to steep snow which led down for several hundreds of feet to the glacier below. At first a

glissade was suggested, but far down below some ominous patches of dirty coloured snow suggesting ice could be seen, and in order to take no risks we turned our faces to the slope and laboriously descended the whole distance by kicking small steps into the steep soft snow. Thence, after crossing the small glacier, we descended the steep rock-face above our camp, and got home in time for dinner. During the next two days we paid part of our penalty for being on the shores of the Gulf Stream. The clouds hid the peaks, and rain and dull weather kept us at sea level.

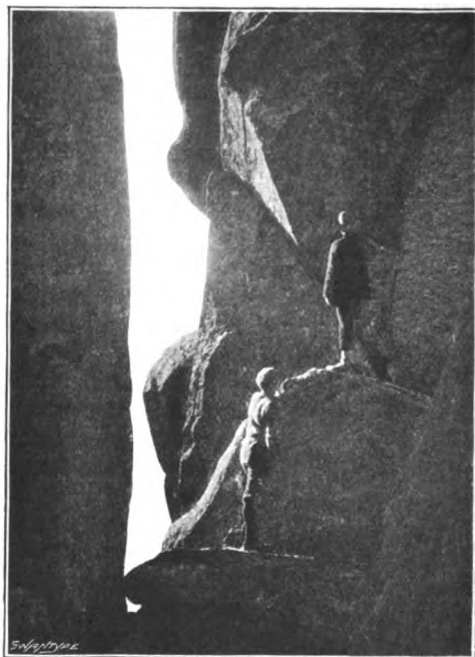
But on August 7 magnificent weather tempted us to start for the ascent of the virgin peak Higrat Tind (3,780 ft.), the second highest mountain in Lofoten.

To get to the base of the mountain we made use of the ordinary method; we went by boat up the fjord to Liland, thence, leaving the boat on the shore above high-water mark, we made our way through the thicket of dwarf birch up the lower stretches of the small valley of Lilandsdal. The foot of the great precipice which constitutes the upper part of the mountain was soon reached. If we had followed this valley to its very head we should have struck the ridge which leads to the top, but we were sceptical as to whether several pinnacles and notches on the ridge could be surmounted, so turning to the left we tried traversing along a small ledge which appeared to run in and out of the gullies that seamed the southern face of Higrat.

On more than one occasion we found ourselves in places where great care was necessary, but eventually all difficulties were surmounted, and we emerged on an easy rock arête which ran up to the summit. The top of the mountain consisted of huge monoliths of granite (the rock may, however, be gabbro), similar in appearance to those on the top of the Charmoz, and also, like the Charmoz, it is very narrow with tremendous precipices on each side.

I remained a short distance below the top on a small side promontory of the ridge, wishing to photograph Woolley as he proudly planted his ice axe on the topmost pinnacle. In due time he appeared clear cut against the sky, but immediately afterwards from his gesticulations I could see that something was wrong. The reason was obvious when, after a few moments, I joined him. Twenty feet away was another summit certainly a few feet higher, and between the two a gulf was fixed. Below our feet the rock fell sheer for over 30 ft. with never a crack in it, and opposite the great blocks overhung, so that even could we get into the gap the direct

ascent on the other side was hopeless. Remembering, however, our tactics lower down, we made a traverse on the eastern face, and climbing down a crack between two huge blocks soon were in the gap. An attempt to traverse on the western side was seen to be hopeless, but an obliging ledge on the other face ran along under the summit for some distance. This was found to lead to the foot of another crack between the great slabs, and once at the top of the



GAP NEAR SUMMIT OF HIGRAF TIND.

crack all difficulty disappeared and the highest point was reached. Of course we built a cairn, and then returned to the lower summit, where the cameras and baggage had been left. The afternoon was perfect; only a few clouds floated in the clear sky. The view was most beautiful. Far away to the S.W. lay the outer Lofoten Islands, a mass of tangled mountain forms, in colour every conceivable shade of blue and purple, whilst beyond lay the calm glittering ocean, and far, far away the last and loneliest of the Lofoten, the island

of Röst. Nearer and beneath us lay numberless peaks all in Öst Vaagö, the majority of them unclimbed. Next to Higraf Tind in height were Gjeitgaljar and Rulten; neither as yet had been ascended by anyone. Far away across the Raftsund, in the island of Hindö, we could see Mösadlen and its two attendant pinnacles of rock. From their appearance an ascent of the pinnacles should be excessively difficult. The views of the Blaaskovl glacier at our feet, with the Trolldfjordvatn beyond, a solitary iceberg floating on its waters, and further the Trolldfjord and glimpses of the Raftsund, combined to give an effect of space and depth far in excess of what one would expect from mountains not 4,000 ft. above their base.

For the first time I was able to master the complicated geography of the district, and the peaks, Store Trolldtind, Svartsundtind, Isvandtind, and others, that my friends had climbed when they were last camped by the Raftsund, were pointed out to me.

I do not know how long we stopped on the summit, but in a land where at that time of year night never comes what need was there to hurry? The feast of atmospheric colours, the ever-changing forms of the white clouds, and the slowly slanting rays of the sun flashing first on one peak and then on another produced a feeling of perfect content; to hurry would have been as foolish as it was unnecessary.

After our victory over Higraf Tind came the deluge; for three nights and days the heavens were opened and the waters descended. Strenuous efforts in trench-digging round our camp had to be resorted to, and the camp narrowly escaped being washed into the fjord. On the 10th a small aluminium pan put out in the open served as a rain gauge, and registered three inches of water in about the same number of hours. This Lofoten district, therefore, can easily compete with the Atlantic coast of our islands as regards rainfall. As soon as the weather began to mend we determined to attack Rulten, and on the 12th started down the fjord to its base in our boat, landing at a small bay marked Flæskvik on the map. We soon found ourselves on very precipitous places where ledges covered with vegetation alternate with steep slabs of rock; slowly we pushed upwards. The day was warm and moist, with occasional mist on the higher summits.

On one ridge we discovered a most interesting hole which ran right through the ridge some distance below the sky line. It had been formed by a huge block having fallen out, but that such a thing could happen showed how excessively narrow the ridge was.

Ultimately we climbed on to the S.W. arête which joins Rulten with the point marked 820 mètres.

But although we had got so far the real difficulties had not begun; almost at once the ridge steepened and narrowed, resembling the Grépon in slimness. I tried to climb straight up the ridge, but the only feasible route lay up cracks on almost perpendicular slabs. I do not like to be right outside the mountain when in a particularly difficult place. The imagination is less troubled with ideas of what might happen should one fall, when the privacy of a rock chimney hides at least part of the extreme steepness from one's view. To the left vertical slabs, many hundreds of feet high, entirely stopped any possibility of a traverse, and although on the right a ledge was found which led for a short distance, the same state of affairs brought our attempt on that side also to a stop. It would have been possible, I believe, to climb from this traverse upwards on to the ridge, but I did not like the look of it, and as it turned out later, when we were on our way home, and the peak was clear of mist, the view showed us that, should we have surmounted the difficulty, further along the sky line more than one great gap would have almost certainly stopped us from reaching the highest point.

The point where we stopped was a little above the peak marked 820 mètres; we had therefore only climbed to about 2,800 ft.—that is to say, we were nearly 1,000 ft. below the summit. Rulten is undoubtedly a very difficult peak. At present I see no way up to it, but probably by a systematic attack, and by trying every side, a weak spot will finally be discovered.

Owing to the excessive rain of the last few days our camp had, of course, become very wet. We therefore at once availed ourselves of the next day, August 13, which was beautifully fine, for drying purposes.

Alpine ropes were stretched out to their full length, and clothes, bedding, and the endless paraphernalia of a camp were hung up to dry in the sunshine. Then we took headers from a neighbouring rock into the clear deep water of the fjord, and were photographed in mid-air by Hastings, whose camera had a focal plane-shutter. A word of warning might here be given to bathers in these fjords: Beware of stepping on the rocks below water; they are covered with sea urchins, whose spines, if they get into the skin, produce painful and often poisoned wounds.

As the day wore on we made up our minds to attempt the ascent of the rock aiguille, Gjeitgaljar Tind, which had been

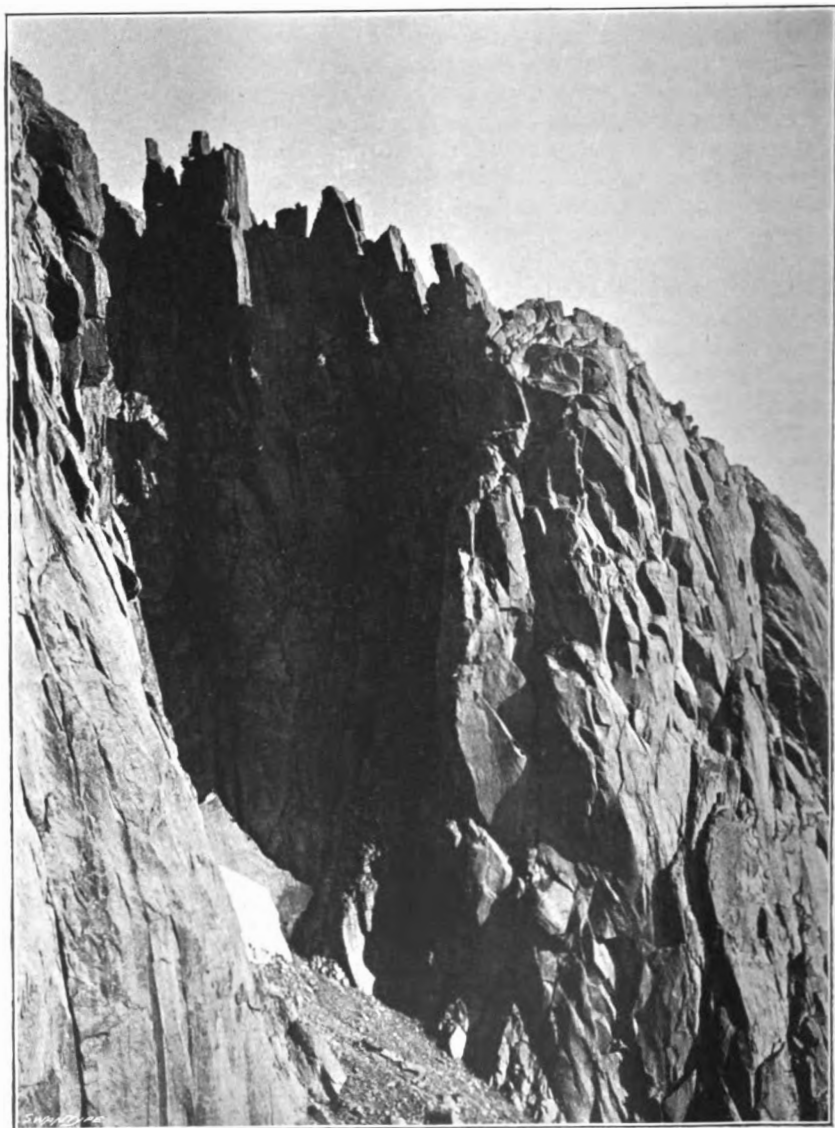


Photo by Dr. J. Norman Collie.

[Swan Electric Engraving Co.]

ROCK PINNACLES ON GJEITGALJAR.

waiting patiently opposite our camp ever since we had pitched our tents on the edge of the fjord. On the map its height is given as the next highest to Higrav Tind. It therefore was the highest unclimbed summit in Öst Vaagö.

Next morning was gloriously fine, but somehow or other we did not get off very early; everybody had something to do before starting. Cameras had to be looked after, rucksacks packed, and I believe, if we had allowed him, Hastings would have spent several hours in cooking a perfectly worthless leg of mutton, which, in my opinion, had been unfit for human food for more than a week, but which he insisted was only a little tainted on the outside, and would be most tender, succulent, and toothsome when properly washed, salted, and boiled.

Our start was made in the usual manner; we rowed our boat across to the foot of the peak opposite. By this time the sun was almost as high in the sky as it would be at noon, so our first thousand feet through the birch scrub and ferns was very hot work. Our route lay on the left of the peak, up a deep gully, which was filled with steep snow in the upper half.

As I wanted to take a photograph of the extraordinary rock ridge, which stands out in front of the highest peak of Gjeitgaljar, I kept more to the left, climbing the steep rocks which flanked the gully on the western side, and I only joined the rest of the party on a small snowfield which exists behind the final summit of the mountain.

Although the eastern side of Gjeitgaljar presents a most imposing sight, and the precipices are entirely unclimbable, yet at the back the difficulties dwindle down very considerably. We found that a walk up some snow slopes led to the ridge which joins the mountain with the Troltdinderne, and even from here by keeping to the left it was an easy rock scramble to the summit, and no severe climbing was necessary.

The top consists of some flat slabs of rock, but the eastern edge is very sensational; the safest way to investigate is to lie on one's stomach and look over the edge. Far down below are the rugged rock pinnacles, and a stone let fall from the outstretched hand descends many hundred feet before touching the vertical sides of the mountain, thence rebounding into space, touches nothing more till it hits the bottom of the gully which cuts off the rocky pinnacles from the rest of the peak. The sheer descent must be over 1,000 ft. On the top were many loose rocks, so Hogrenning was set to build a cairn over 6 ft. high, which could be seen from afar down the fjord, and would proclaim to all interested the fact that we had scaled the impossible-looking rock pinnacle Gjeitgaljar.

The next day we broke up the camp, for the weekly steamer was to call at a point on the other side of the fjord. But it was not till the day following in the afternoon that we arrived at Svolvær, because the steamer 'Röst' had to visit all the small hamlets on the outer islands, almost as far down as the end of Moskenesö. We stopped just short of the historic Maelström, but as the West Fjord was on its best behaviour and hardly a ripple stirred the waters, probably we should not have been able to notice any difference between the dreaded Maelström and the rest of the summer sea through which we voyaged.

Hastings now left us, in order to visit again the Lyngen peninsula, and as I had not seen the Raftsund Woolley and Priestman kindly said they would take me there and show me the beauties of the place. We made Digermalen our headquarters, and from there visited that most extraordinary fjord the Trolld Fjord.

The fresh-water lake the Trolld Fjordvatn we also went to see. Hidden away amongst the mountains and flanked with dark and forbidding precipices, this mountain tarn has a wonderful wild beauty all its own. Like Loch Coruisk in some respects, it however differs in others. For instance, it has a glacier at its head, the snout of which breaking off forms miniature icebergs; also the precipices on its shores fall sheer into the dark waters, and the surrounding peaks are wilder and more savage than the Coolin. But its sides lack the wonderful soft-coloured clothing of the heather, and the rocks are not of such rich hues as the gabbro of Skye, but perhaps here I may be biassed, yet it seemed to me that the mountains themselves did not appear to be so graceful nor were the long curving mountain lines so fine as those which can be seen amongst the Coolin on the shores of Coruisk.

Before we left Digermalen we attempted to ascend another of the unclimbed summits of Öst Vaagö. It is an unnamed peak on the north shore of Rörrhop Vand. The day, however, was against us, for mist prevented the top of our mountain being visible. We managed, however, after a most interesting climb up a small glacier, marked Dijerna on the map, to reach the northern arête which led to the summit. This we could not follow, so traversing the western face we got on to a gap on the ridge. But further progress was impossible, so descending again on the western side we tried traversing once more. After a very short time we saw that, owing to the excessive steepness of the face of the mountain, there was very little likelihood of our ever getting back again on to the

arête, so we reluctantly turned and got back to Digermalen in the rain.

The weather now went from bad to worse. For two days more we remained in rainy weather at Digermalen, but on the 22nd, late in the evening, we got on board the small steamer 'Röst' and made a two days' trip in mist and rain round Langö, one of the outer islands of Vesterdaalen.

We did not see much except grey seas and most extraordinary places bristling with rocks, into which our bold captain took the little steamer, tossed to and fro by the great rolling waves of the Arctic Ocean. In fine weather the trip must be superb.

Thus ended our visit to Lofoten; Woolley and I returned to England.

Naturally, however, I should like to say something about mountaineering in Lofoten. It is now a third of a century since the Rev. St. John Tyrwhitt read a paper before this Club—on April 2, 1867. In that paper he says, 'An exploration of the Loffodens would be a work worthy of the Club in every sense of the words.' What now is the knowledge of this Club of these mountainous islands? I am afraid that it is not very extensive. Professor Bonney, in 1869, went there. On his return he too spoke 'strongly of the wonderful grandeur and beauty of some parts of the Lofotens,' but after him I believe that the next party was that of Woolley, Hastings, and Priestman in 1897.

Of course I know that the peaks are only 4,000 ft. high, and therefore in many respects cannot compete with those 14,000 ft. high. Therefore I will take first the faults, or what might better be called the imperfections, of this mountain-land.

There are no large glaciers; therefore the great snow world is absent; there are no trees, for the valleys are filled with water; the foregrounds too are desolate and without much colour. But, on the other hand, the Lofoten Islands can offer two things which should attract the mountaineer. Firstly, the rock-climbing is as good as one can get anywhere, and the rock resembles in form and appearance that of the Chamonix aiguilles; and the majority of the peaks are yet unclimbed. Secondly, to those who care to climb in a land that is exquisitely beautiful these remote islands beyond the Arctic circle yield to none in quality of atmospheric effects. The great expanses of sky and clouds which arch slowly down to the horizon to meet lonely islands far away in the open spaces of blue waters, the low circling sun making

it for ever afternoon, flooding sky and mountain-land in warm luminous colour, which deepens the distances, adding atmospheric perspective to ridge after ridge of serrated and barren peaks—all these purely æsthetic qualifications are possessed in a high degree by the Lofoten Islands.

Moreover, for those who are willing to spend a lazy, delightful summer holiday in camps far from busy crowds and the worries of civilisation there are few spots more peaceful, more fascinating, or more beautiful than these islands, where the wondrous summer skies slowly change their rich colouring of long drawn out evening for the exquisitely delicate tints of the early dawn, and where the restless waves of the great Arctic Ocean are for ever washing against the precipitous sides of the bare gnarled mountains.

THE FIRST ASCENT OF MT. ASSINIBOINE.

By Rev. JAMES OUTRAM.

THE Canadian Rockies, thanks to Professor Collie and other members of the Alpine Club, have already begun to claim the attention of mountaineers as a desirable field for climbing and exploration. Were it not for the distance and the inaccessibility of all but the peaks that rise close to the Canadian Pacific Railway, there would have been dozens of climbers at work, revelling in first ascents, enjoying the discovery of new regions, and entranced by the splendid scenery.

Hundreds on hundreds of untried summits await the alpinist; miles on miles of noble glaciers, and scores of grand valleys with their beautiful lakes and waterfalls, greet the traveller in this huge mountain tract, where several Switzerland could be comfortably stowed away. The more easily reached peaks are of low altitude compared with those of the Alps, but further from the railway line that embodies civilisation in the N.W., there are far loftier summits, estimated at 13,000 and 14,000 ft., with the promise of good climbing to attain their conquest.

Up to the present Mt. Assiniboine has perhaps been the most talked of mountain in the Rockies, owing to the striking photographs and fascinating descriptions of Mr. W. D. Wilcox, one of the chief explorers of the Rocky Mountains, to whose kindness I am indebted for permission to reproduce two of his splendid pictures. It stands on the ridge of the Continental Divide, a most conspicuous landmark for miles round,