Blanc de Courmayeur. In the opposite direction the Aiguille Noire rears its dark head in front of the bluer shadows of Mont Chétif and the Cramont, whilst the receding chain of Mont Blanc from the Mont Maudit to the Jorasses is bathed in full sunshine.

Our descent, after the rather perilous passage of the first ice-wall, went merrily enough—in fact rather too carelessly, for, following our train of red signals, we overlooked the spot where we ought to have turned aside to the sleeping place, and only discovered our mistake when confronted with the couloir, whence of course we had to return for our impedimenta.

The loss of time was really of little consequence, for we were still obliged to wait over an hour for the batteries to cease firing, and did not reach the glacier till 5 P.M., and had to pass a second night, this time on grass, at the foot of the Mont de la Brenva, reaching Courmayeur for breakfast next morning.

A more delightful expedition for an efficient party under favourable conditions it would be hard to find, but if those conditions should change, or any accident occur after passing the critical zone, it is easy to see that the consequences would be most serious. In bad weather the traverse of Mont Blanc would be bad enough, but less desperate, to my thinking, than the descent to the Brenva glacier.

Six Weeks in the Lillouet District, B.C.

By O. J. BAINBRIDGE.

Give me the sport which calls a man
To some far off and lonely land,
Where cold, unconquerable peaks
And crevassed glaciers sternly guard
Impenetrable forest land;
Where safe recesses hide the lair
Of silvertip and grizzly bear,
Where 'skeeto' ridden swamps conceal
The loon, the wild duck, and the teal.
And tho' the yellow pine and fir
Are monarchs of the forest drear,
Perchance an avalanche has made
An open and refreshing glade,
Where gentler vegetation grows,
The alder, mountain ash, and rose.
There would I pitch my tent . . .
. . . . . .

SOME apology is needed for the inclusion in the Alpine Journal of a paper which does not record the ascent of any peak. No useful addition can be given to the descriptions of those who have made the intricacies of travel in

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the brush the foreword to more purely mountaineering record. Only the consideration that no one else has, as far as I know, given his impressions of travel in the Cascade Range, has induced me to offer any contribution to a subject which has been so fully dealt with by other members of the Club.

The opportunity, so long anticipated, of making an expedition among the mountains of British Columbia came when, in the early summer of 1904, I found myself in Vancouver. Too early in the season for climbing, the occasion was sufficiently auspicious for a journey in the brush, and I decided to make Lillouet a starting-point for an expedition, which I hoped would give me a sight of snow mountains in the Cascade Range, and incidentally add to my collection of big-game trophies.

A 47-mile drive from Lytton on the C.P.R. brought me to Lillouet on May 10. Situated on the banks of the Fraser River, this little township is typical of many other mining camps which have enjoyed more activity in the past than they are experiencing in the present. A few scattered houses, an hotel, and one or two stores, with an Indian settlement close by, are all that remain of what was once an active camp in old alluvial mining days. A boom, nine years ago, was followed by inevitable reaction, and Lillouet remains, pending the occurrence of a fresh outburst of activity, a mining centre, whence prospectors go out into the brush, and a centre for sporting expeditions.

I was fortunate enough to secure the services of 'Billy' Manson, a celebrated hunter in the district, and on May 12, with an outfit of six horses and provisions for two months, we made our first march along the north shore of Seaton Lake. Twenty miles of beautiful surroundings brought us to a point where the trail, passing over the northern range, descended into Bridge River Valley. Late in the day we made our first camp, by the side of the trail which leads to the Lorne Mines, and here was my first introduction to camp life in British Columbia.

We were by no means remote from civilisation in the Bridge River Valley, as occasional prospectors' encampments testified; and I spent several very delightful days fishing in the river or making excursions into the forest. Blue grouse provided sport for the pistol, and sometimes we returned with the addition of a mule deer to our bag. Above us on the hillside the glass disclosed bighorn and goats, while the early summer blossoms and the varied colours of the sprouting foliage rendered the place a charming picnic ground.

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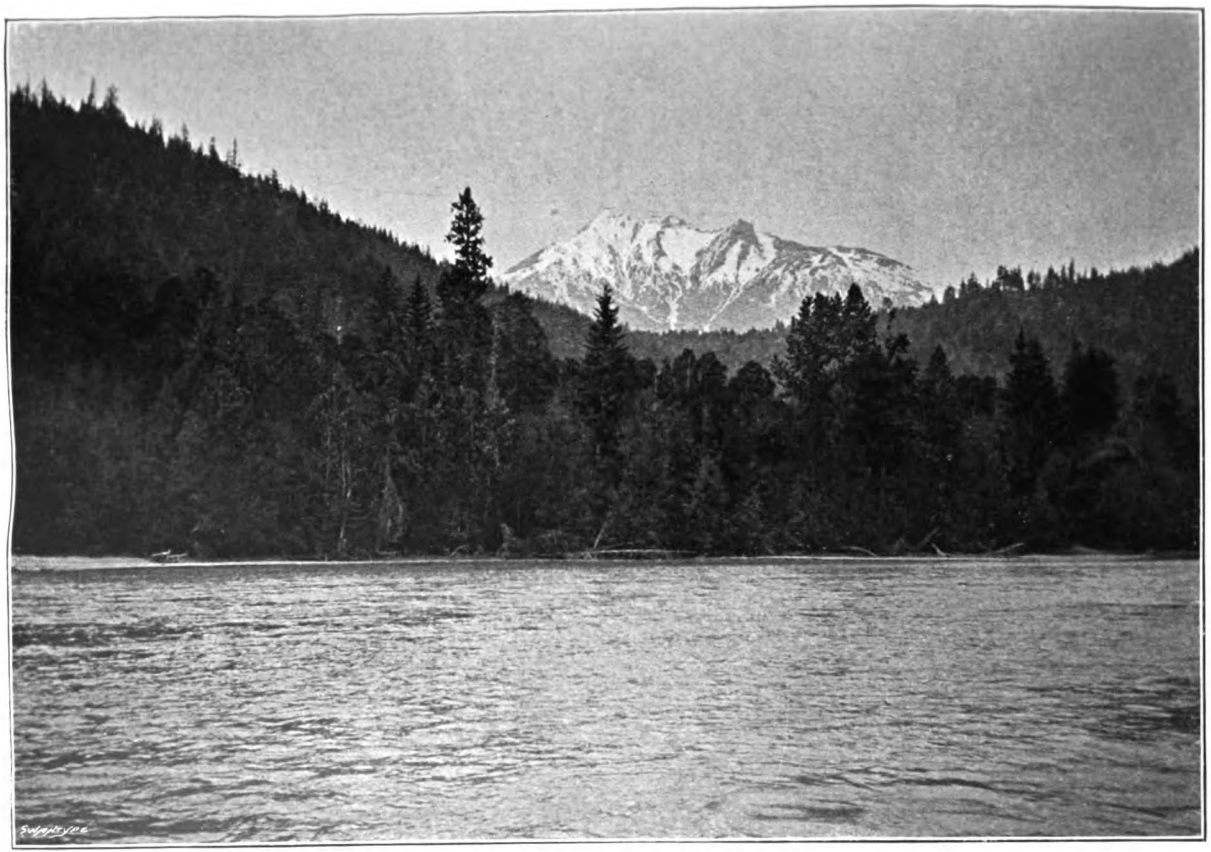

O. J. Bainbridge, photo. Swan Electric Engraving Co.,

MOUNT PENROSE.

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May 20 found us 15 miles further up the valley. Now could be seen two fine peaks of the Cascade Range and the country which we hoped would conceal the haunts of the grizzly bear. Perhaps we were rather shorthanded on the march, as, with the horses to be found in the morning and the packs to be prepared, and the cooking to be done, we found that all our time was taken up. We really needed an extra man.

One more march and we were no longer to derive the benefit of the Government trail, as a ferry across the river marked its terminal point on the N. side of our valley, and from our third camp, which was situated at this point, we made our first expedition to the haunts of the grizzly on the lower slopes of Mount Penrose, the only peak with a recorded ascent in the Cascade Range. The trail, such it was, was rough, and gave us some idea of the work we had to expect in the valley which was our destination.

Our observations unfortunately showed us that the late spring had retarded the growth of new grass on the snow slides, and we were compelled to loiter in the Bridge River Valley until the lower snows had had time to melt. It is only when bears are in the open that a fair chance of approach is available, and at dusk in hot weather it is the practice to wait for them in the slides where snow avalanches have cleared the timber and produced fresh vegetation and suitable feed. We made a second attempt on the slopes of Mount Penrose a day or two later, camping close to the haunts of bears, but without success.

I was by this time getting impatient to be in new country, and on May 30 we crossed the Bridge River in a canoe which had been left by Manson under a tree the year before, and which having been in the meantime much devoured by a porcupine, caused a day's delay. The day was not without incident, however, as I shot a lynx which appeared as I was putting on buckskins preparatory to an excursion in the brush.

A steep climb the next day surmounted the spur which divides the Bridge River from the Kimwit Valley, and we found ourselves in the evening in the heart of the Cascade Range, in the new country where no trail existed and in which Manson's experiences had been confined to the hunting of grizzly on the slides adjacent to our camp. To our right, above the northern slopes of the valley, rose a fine peak; far up the valley could be seen snow-capped mountains, guardians of impenetrable forest land which it was our hope to approach, but a spur of the northern slopes ten miles away interfered

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with our view, and we made this a mark whence we expected to secure an extensive panorama.

After spending some days in unsuccessful efforts to locate a grizzly, frequent and fresh though their signs were, we left four of the horses on the hillside where plentiful feed secured their safety, and pushed on with two horses only. Manson led the way with the axe, continually going ahead to discover the best way of surmounting some obstacle, while I followed with the horses. Fallen timber made the going very hard, and the horses gave some trouble by attempting to rejoin their comrades in the night. It was marvellous what country they could go through even when hobbled, and the feed becoming more sparsely distributed we had to improvise fences to prevent them from leaving us altogether. This is the work mountaineers must be prepared to face in exploring mountains in a new land; and, if considered as a branch of mountaineering, it at least provides peculiar fascination. The woodman's art is here apparent, and it was interesting to watch Manson's expert manner in dealing with all contingencies that arose. On June 9, after a long and wearisome march, we came to a stream which effectually blocked our progress, and we cleared a space among the fallen timber for the tents. We had no fresh food at this time, and were becoming depressed at our unavailing efforts to bag a grizzly. On the following morning I climbed a hill and spied the country ahead. We had hoped that the jack pines would provide easier going than the tangled undergrowth of our first few marches, but the fallen timber was an enemy to be coped with. I was regretting the weakness of our party, and wondering how the stream, referred to above, was to be successfully negotiated, when a call from below brought me back to camp; Manson had seen a bear on the southern slopes of the valley, and we decided to go for him then and there. It was not orthodox practice to go for a bear in the middle of the day, but we were reduced to desperation by our many failures. We crossed the river by means of fallen timber, and then began a steep and weary climb through the forest. I felt, on this day more than any other, how useless heavy boots and ordinary clothing are for this kind of work. Moccasins are light and silent, and buckskins withstand the tearing qualities of spruce and pine, while a broad brimmed hat protects the face. In a comparatively open spot at the beginning of the walk I took a photograph of Manson; thereafter it was only possible to see for a few yards until the forest gave way to patches of snow and rock and clumps

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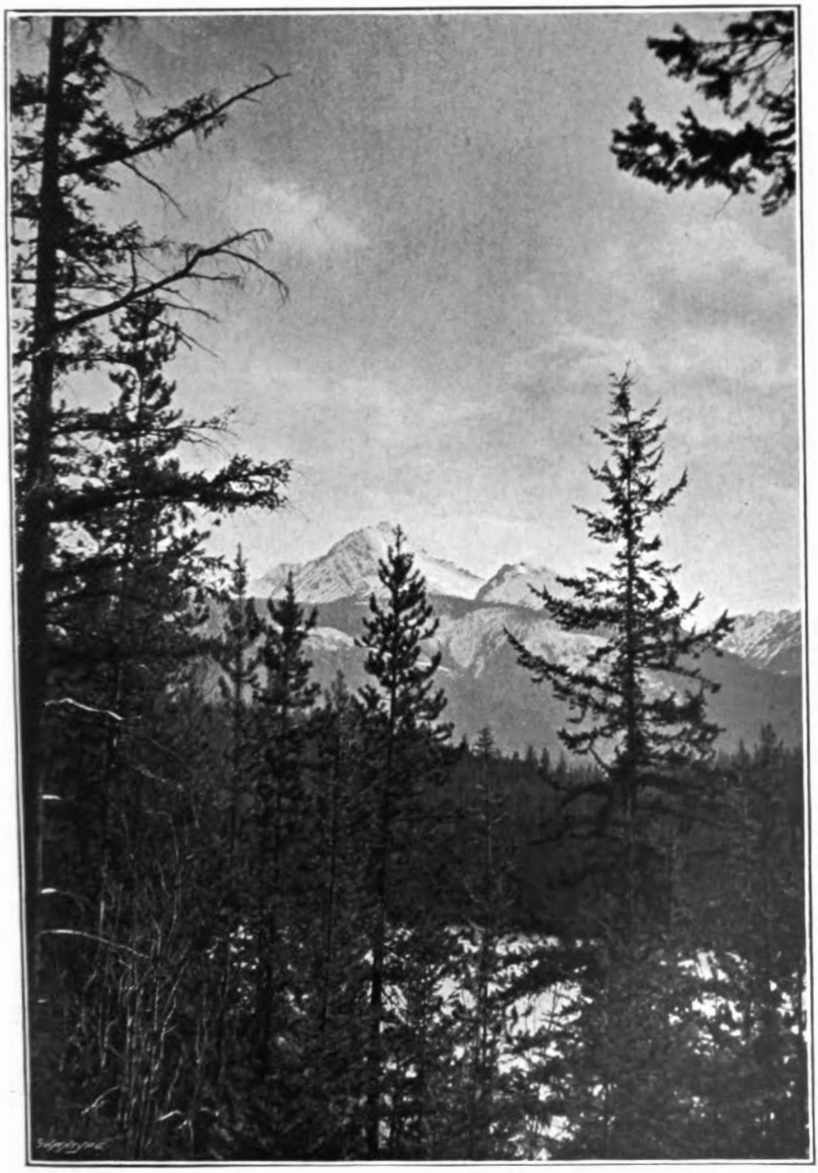

O. J. Bainbridge, photo. *Swan Electric Engraving Co.*

PEAK OF THE CASCADE RANGE.

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of alder. We found the trail of the bear and the wallow where he took his bath, and eventually the open space where we had seen him in the morning. After waiting some time Manson went off to reconnoitre with a second rifle, and while he was absent, as luck would have it, the bear appeared. One shot disposed of him, and for some days we had fresh meat again.

After spending the necessary time in camp, preparing and stretching the skin, we now set ourselves to find some means of crossing the stream which had blocked our progress, first exploring the valley from which it took its source. We were above the snow line here in a veritable home for grizzly, but tracks and marks on the trees were the only signs we found. The next day we crossed the stream on foot and endeavoured to reach the spur which would give us a commanding view of the Cascade Range. Mosquitos bothered us for the first time now, and the profusion of fallen timber was disheartening; we were unable to reach the spur and returned to camp. We dared not try to ford the stream with the horses on account of the hot weather and the effects of the melting snow. We had not the time at our disposal to improvise a bridge, and were therefore reluctantly compelled to retrace our steps, which we did on June 17. We found the horses feeding where we had left them, and nothing transpired to interrupt our return to Lillouet, where we arrived on June 27.

Insignificant in its results as my six weeks in the brush turned out to be, it gave me at least a very enjoyable experience of camp life. I am disappointed not to have been able to penetrate further towards the base of the peaks which lie at the head of Kimwit Valley and cannot say whether they offer attractions to the mountaineer. A visit to the district is worth while for the sport alone. The Kimwit Valley appeared full of bears; on each side of the river bear trails ran, one of which we followed on our marches. Fresh tracks could be seen frequently, and I saw seventeen or eighteen bears besides a grizzly, during the short time I was in the valley. There are lynx and cougars and any amount of goats, and sheep and deer on the lower ranges.

There are no facilities in the Cascade Range, at least in the Lillouet district, for mountain climbing. There are few trails and the woodsman is as important in the outfit as a guide.

From the slight experience I gained of travel in unexplored valleys, I am led to the conclusion that among the important

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points which stand out from the many considerations a mountaineer has to deal with in preparing his outfit, that of the strength of the party is the most insistent. Personally I regretted the absence of a native cook, who would have been available for many purposes. Our party was not strong enough, but there is no doubt that too large a party is a disadvantage where the possibilities of travel are limited according to the available feed for the horses.

The First Crossing of Mount Cook.

By MALCOLM ROSS.

I HAD given up all thoughts of attempting the ascent of Mount Cook, for with an injured ankle it would be criminal for me to join any party in such an undertaking, seeing that it would not only endanger my own life but also the lives of the others. Fyfe and Graham, however, were keenly anxious for me to join them, and it was decided on the day they left for Mount Cook that I should give my leg a good trial on the Sealy Range, and, if it stood the test, join them the same evening at the Ball Hut. Accordingly, in company with Professor Baldwin Spencer, Mr. and Mrs. Lindon, and Jack Clarke, I went up the Sealy Range. We spent a delightful day, the weather being glorious, and the views of Sefton, Mount Cook, and many other mountains magnificently grand. My leg stood the test, and I returned to the Hermitage in high glee, feeling confident that another day's rest at the Mount Cook bivouac would complete the cure. Accordingly I bade farewell to my friends at the Hermitage, and that evening rode up with Clarke, in the moonlight, to the hut. Crossing the dangerous Hooker River, we changed horses, Clarke insisting that I should cross on the safer of the two, and giving instructions that I should hold on to his mane if he got bowled over. However these horses, which are wonderful at crossing rivers, got over safely. I shall never forget that glorious ride in the moonlight. We galloped over the tussock flats, and then slackened our pace as we entered upon the narrow and uncertain path between the dark spur of Aorangi on our left and the great moraine of the Tasman Glacier, that loomed on our right like some Brobdingnagian railway embankment. The talk was of climbing and climbers, reminiscences of former victories and defeats, glorious days spent amongst the higher snows, and of brave companions who had shared our alpine joys and sorrows in the years now past. Meanwhile the stars,

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