

A NEW CANADIAN GLACIER.

A STORY OF MOUNTAIN CLIMBING IN THE ROCKIES.

By Welford W. Beaton.

IN speaking of a "new" Canadian glacier, I do not wish to be understood as making any reference to the date of its origin, for glaciers have a universal habit of being about as old as time. "New" is used in this case merely to point out the fact that the glacier has fed the streams of the Slocan country for untold centuries but had never, until quite recently, been traversed by man; had never been named, and had kept its extent and nature a secret. Prospectors would tell with a jerk of their thumbs towards the Kokanee peaks, the highest seen from Nelson, that there was a glacier "somewhere up there," but none of them had crossed it; so information regarding it was very vague.

One of the first men to cross it was Mr. Ernest Mansfield, a mining engineer, who represents English capital that is looking for dividends in the wealth-laden mountains of the Kootenays. He had secured a property late in the season and a sudden and heavy fall of snow had cut off his only known means of access. But he tackled it from another direction, and after very nearly losing his life, a fate which his two companions would have shared, he got safely over the great glacier and returned to his mining camp long after the other members of the party had quite decided that they were lost. The glowing description which Mr. Mansfield gave of the beauties of the glacier, which he christened the Kitchener, quite determined me that not another season would pass until I had climbed to its very summit.

It was not till the end of August, 1900, that our expedition got under way, Mr. Mansfield having spent the early part of the summer in Europe. By that time a trail had been made across three summits and as many valleys, to Camp Mansfield, where half a dozen mining properties were then being worked. This trail allowed us to use horses, a privilege we readily availed ourselves of, for a thirty mile walk in such a country had no particular attraction for us. It was at Slocan City that we outfitted. This beautiful town is situated on Lake Slocan, the "Lucerne of North America," and from there we struck due east, for the glacier lay midway between Slocan and Kootenay Lakes. Men were leaving the same morning for Camp Mansfield and a pack train of twenty horses, laden with provisions, tools, powder, blankets, etc., which comprised the first instalment of the winter's supplies, pulled out a couple of hours ahead of us. Mansfield rode a beast that looked like a superannuated English hunter, while my mount was a little bay mare with spirit and strength out of all proportion to her size.



"A SNAPSHOT OF OUR PARTY BEFORE WE LEFT THE CAMP.