

[The British Columbia Mountaineering Club has examined the region north, south and east of Garibaldi, having held its three summer camps there. A few hours in the steamer, and a few more in an auto, will soon be sufficient for the trip from Vancouver.

The main purpose of the following paper is to give some idea of Garibaldi, with its glaciers and snowfields and the neighboring summits. I have thrown my remarks into a form a little different from that of the other articles. For this I hope to have the indulgence of my readers.—J. C. B.]

A Romance of the Mountains

By J. C. BISHOP

Hon. President, British Columbia Mountaineering Club.

The early hours of a summer morning found Jack Langton and his pony leaving their home in the Squamish Valley. He was about to make the first trip of the season to his cabin among the foot-hills of Garibaldi, by way of Round Mountain and the Mamquam trail. While obtaining supplies at Brackendale, he received a letter, which proved to be of prime importance. Jack's nature was not unlike a mountain stream. He never lagged, but had to keep moving like the waters of the stream; and, like the stream plunging over a rock, his mind at once plunged into the possibilities which the letter opened up.

The first mile out of Brackendale is rather steep. A packer looks first to the set of his pack and the comfort of his four-footed friend, on whom so much depends. The attention which Jack had to give to these things confused his thoughts about the letter; so he decided to dismiss the subject till he reached his cabin.

For several years, he and two friends had spent their summer holidays in the Garibaldi region. He had built a cabin there, to which he was now on his way, in order to prepare for a visit from the Wards and their sister.

The lower portion of the trail led over Round Mountain. The great timber had been removed from the lower slopes; but some fine trees still remained. Trudging along the trail, his mind constantly reverted to the letter in his shirt pocket. But he loved the trail he knew so well, and determined to enjoy its beauties undisturbed by matters which would need his undivided attention.

It was mid-day before he and his pony emerged from the tall timber. They found themselves on a small plateau covered with stunted trees, thick grass, and moss, with black, silent pools. Masses of snow still showed here and there on the northern mountain slopes.