

I went up to Hector on the morning train and started up the valley at 8.30, following the east bank of the stream. After an hour among fallen and burnt timber I reached the Harao Lakes in the centre of a broad valley. To my right was an irregular peak with numerous small glaciers. To my left, farther on, a glacial amphitheater, in the foreground of which stood a vast solitary column, at least one thousand feet high, guarding the entrance. Its fine symmetry was enhanced by the background of blue and white and the foreground of forest green. Upon my map I have designated it as "Obelisk."

This amphitheater I did not explore. I then believed its sky line to be the notch upon Mount Green, but am now quite sure that it is the western side of Mount Despine.

Continuing along the river bank through very rough timber, I came upon a beautiful cataract. Further up, I followed a stream flowing from the left to the gorge whence it issued. Here a furious blast of wind nearly knocked me over, and I have known this as the Gorge of the Winds. A waterfall descended from a hanging glacier above, but was scattered in spray by the gusts before reaching the bottom. The peak at the head of this gorge containing the hanging glacier is Mount Huber. No ascent need be attempted from the Gorge of the Winds.

As it was getting late I returned to Hector, where I arrived at six o'clock. It was evidently impossible to do anything without making an extended expedition.

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indicate that these summits had never been reached. In fact, so usual is the custom of cairn building upon even small mountains, that the absence of any sign of cairn upon one of the giants of the region, where the incentive to make a cairn would be much greater, would seem to be a practical proof that there had been no previous ascent. The author has made experiment in mentioning to some of the inhabitants of Bow Valley named of purely mythical peaks, every one of which he was informed by them had been ascended by McArthur. Whether these stories partake somewhat of the nature of folk lore it is impossible to say until McArthur himself enlightens us upon the subject. In regard to Mount Stephen, I have no hesitation in accepting the statement of Carrier that it still awaits a conqueror. Again, it is an acknowledged fact that the "esprit de corps" of a climber, which forbids him to claim to have climbed any peak upon whose summit he has not planted his axe and built his cairn, is less binding upon those to whom climbing is entirely subordinated to other things. It would be