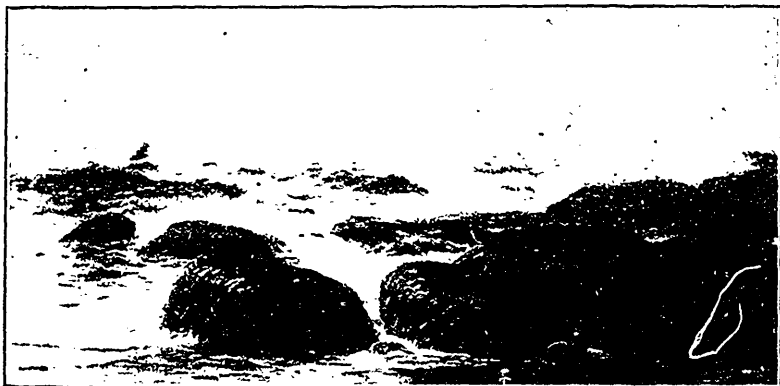


Society, we are enabled to present a selection of the admirable Canadian pictures of that exhibit. To the personnel of these artists we have referred in previous papers, and, therefore, omit further reference in this article.

Our Canadian Rockies furnish a field of inexhaustible fertility for our Canadian artists. We call to mind with pleasure an episode in our own experience. It occurred some years ago, before there was a house built at Glacier, that now famous tourists' resort. We stopped off the train to see the gigantic glacier, larger than

An early breakfast of coffee, hot rolls, bacon, equipped us for a day of climbing among the mountains. We assisted Mr. Forbes in the production of his majestic picture of Syndicate Peak—that is, we carried his palette and brushes while he carried a camp chair and easel up a mountain trail. Finding that we could be of no further assistance, we started out to explore on our own account. "You had better take this pistol," said Mr. Forbes, handing us a revolver, "I saw some bear's tracks about here yesterday." So we thrust the weapon into our pocket, but as we climbed over the



ON ALBION'S RUGGED SHORE.

—W. Cutts.

any in Switzerland, and were glad to accept the kindly proffered hospitality of Mr. J. C. Forbes and a company of Canadian artists who were camping in the woods. Their sleeping tent was pitched on a mountain slope commanding a majestic view of the valley spread out far below. A fire of huge logs blazed brightly before the camp, sending its myriad sparks to the sky and strongly illumining the tall pines and spruces that stood in shadowy groups around. The evening passed in song and story and art reminiscences. Our sleep upon the fragrant spruce boughs was very refreshing.

rugged rocks we were afraid the plaguey thing would go off all the time.

At last we reached an *impasse*, a steep cliff flanked the glacier. This we essayed to climb, but having reached what seemed to be the top, we found another higher and inaccessible cliff towering behind. We therefore had to retrace our steps; but this was harder than the ascent. So steep and rugged was the pass that we had to kick off our boots, send them rattling down the cliff and crawl down on our stocking feet, and all the while that dreadful pistol kept knocking against our legs.