

a cirque of vulgar, knee-high peaks which perspective encourages to outdo their master, but stands out startlingly dominant, "a giant among giants, and immeasurably supreme."

There is apparently no weak side to Robson's contour. It has the massiveness of Temple without its clumsiness. For better or for worse, its characteristics are, with the exception above noted, distinctly those of the Rocky Mountain Range. The horizontal strata are uniform and conspicuous. Despite the impression which some painters have given abroad, Robson is not a Gothic mountain, as the Journal's illustrations most abundantly prove. It is lofty without soaring. It is built on the horizontal plan: tier above tier of strata, with a culminating dome which emphasizes, without harshness, the impression of solidity and mass.

The most charming photograph reproduced is one by Byron Harmon, representing Robson glimmering through the trees in the evening sun, and the whole length of the glowing Blue Glacier from its source on the highest cliffs to where, eight thousand feet below, its gigantic cascade plunges with the roar of intermittent ice artillery into the emerald water of Berg Lake.

The Journal has unfortunately elected to call this the "Tumbling Glacier," instead of preserving the original name bestowed by its discoverer, Dr. Coleman. Both names are picturesque, and each accurately describes one of the twin characteristics of this remarkable glacier. But "The Blue Glacier" was the original name and, I think, the more euphonious. The substitution was probably inadvertent, for the Alpine Club has usually taken a determined stand against the all too prevalent practice of changing place names at individual caprice.

The Robson region is comparatively free from the ravages of one type of vandalism peculiarly and unexplainably attractive to explorers of education and culture: that of plastering natural beauties with personal names—aunts, uncles, native towns, or personages from whom future favours are anticipated—names which are never appropriate and seldom euphonious. Ghastly examples of this kind of thing are to be found in an article by James White on "Place Names in the Vicinity of the Yellowhead Pass," where the nomenclature is studied of Milton and Cheadle, masters in the art of misnaming. Where in the wilderness can the cacophony be surpassed of the names Bingley, Wentworth, Rockingham, and Fitzwilliam? A map, elsewhere in the volume, of a district in the southern Selkirks indicates another interesting family of place names: Horse Thief Creek, Mt. Highball, Jackass Ridge, Toby Creek, and Jumbo Glacier. This is pure vaudeville. It is not necessary for a name to be striking. What is important is that it should express some inherent phase of the thing described. It should be in harmony with the prevailing mood of what it is attached to. Incongruous names are no asset to scenery.