THE NEW CANADIAN NATIONAL PLAYGROUND IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

By "Wildwood" — (See Note below).

Three men climbing into the mists that wreathed the mountains about Lake Garibaldi in the early dawn were emblematic of the spirit of adventure, the lure of the beautiful in alpine flora and the service of science. On a snow-bound ridge, leaning away from Castle Towers mountain, grows a flower rare in the world, unknown elsewhere in British Columbia, and longed-for by the floral authorities of Kew, the most representative of all gardens on earth.

To satisfy the desire of these great collectors, the Botanical Department of the University of British Columbia undertook to collect the seed of this unique plant, and Mr. F. Perry, accompanied by Mr. A. Hornby of the university botanical garden, and Mr. W. G. Barker of Fauld's Travel Bureau, set out on Friday to secure the treasure.

The little plant in demand is "Polemonum Confertium," a variety of "Jacob's Ladder," somewhat resembling a club moss—tiny leaves encircling the stem closely and ladder-like. The flowers are bells of lovely blue in appearance, not unlike the Gentian.

Of all the myriad alpine slopes in the province, Gentian Ridge is the one spot favored by this flower, and it is one of the many botanical mysteries that only this place should be so chosen. If the great volcanic convulsions that threw up the Black Tusk and other peaks in the district, scattering destruction in every direction, made some condition essential to its growth, science has not yet found the secret.

Plants brought down on the trip of discovery had not thriven, and this excursion was timed to catch it seedling.

The party went into the country on Friday, by way of Squamish, following the P.G.E. track to Stoney Creek, camping there in the evening.

No creek was better named. For a width of two miles where it joins the Cheakamus, this river has spread a rocky bed. Not a leafy froud or mossy cushion softens its banks from the huge barrier under which it emerges, to the junction with the larger stream. Until some fifty years ago, a lake lay at the foot of the subterraneous passage, and the creek fell in graceful falls to the Cheakamus, but the bursting of its bank under torrential pressure poured out desolation, the old Indian Trail to Pemberton was swept away and a few Indian travellers with it, the larger Cheakamus was pushed out of its course, and the present Daisy Lake, now placid and slow, was created from the turmoil.

The trail from Stony Creek to the orchid meadows of Black Tusk had been cut by Mr. Perry on earlier trips, and led to terraced parks of magnificent expanse. Clumps of hemlock and white cedar stud the landscape, their orchids white and scented, heaths purple and white, lupin and Valerian blues carpet the gentle slopes, while beds of red and yellow mimulus give the name to the chief of the small creeks that cut the green.

Beyond the meadows, wintry snow still lay in patches, and the climb of Panorama Ridge was a succession of snow banks and rocky bluffs, with slopes of green of gentler grade, where mountain daisies and alpine phlox starred the grasses, around whose eminence lay scenes of the wildest grandeur. Below was Garabaldi Lake, an emerald mirror reaching out arms into every valley about, to welcome the melting glaciers of cold blue ice pressed from the eternal snows above.

The lesser lake to the west received the shivering waters and passed them secretly under the barrier to Stoney Creek, now invisible. In the distance, a never ceasing stream of dust was rising like volcanic smoke from the sliding debris (Continued at top of page 9)

Black Tusk Swift Creek Mamquam River

The New Canadian National Playground Colum

It was with great interest and delight that lovers runs along our mountain scenery learned this month that the Profession Train cial Government has planned to set aside as a National Playground the Garibaldi section as shown in this man strong the whole district was described with pictures in the profession of the B. C. Monthly and it is well because that we are able to include a map this month through the kind permission of the B. C. Mountaineer that the profession to the profession to the plant ground the sound and the Squamish Valley. The railroad no plant ground the plant ground the sound and the Squamish Valley. The railroad no plant ground the profession to the profession to the profession to the plant ground the squamish Valley. The railroad no plant ground the squamish Valley.

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