

but the storm shut off all view. Standing in the meadow at the head of the lake we ate a cheerless lunch, and then began to ascend the steepening slopes of heather, past scattered groups of spruce and tamarack, toward the great misty walls ahead which I then believed must be a portion of Mount Assiniboine.

It was nearly six o'clock when we reached the last group of pines and saw before us a ridge whose summit hidden in cloud was evident by the end of the valley. Judging from Dr. Dawson's map, it should have been Mount Assiniboine, and we camped in the group of pines, believing that we were under the shadow of our long desired though as yet invisible mountain.

Making a rough shed of boughs we covered it with rubber blankets, a little runnel in a hollow to the right supplied us with water and there was good grass for the pony. Thus closed Thursday, September 13th.

The snow fell with brief intermission until the night of Saturday 15th, when for a brief hour the moon shone forth, burnishing the white landscape with its golden light. Doubtful of obtaining any other photographs, I exposed a quick plate for half an hour, pointed directly at the moon, which shone through a depression in the ridge. The result, printable though faint, shows a string of moons, owing to the moon's motion while under occasional clouds. The skyline of the ridge ahead was hardly five hundred feet above us, though on either side the walls rose from one to two thousand feet. Thus there was an evident pass into a valley beyond. Nothing was seen of Mount Assiniboine, and in the morning starting at five o'clock, we trudged through snow from one to two feet in depth up the long slope on the right to the top of the ridge. In places the snow had frozen and was as compact as old neve.

On reaching the top a valley was seen on the other side, broader than that whence we had ascended, and filled with writhing mists. These, touched with the faint colors of sun rise and tossed by the morning winds, swept by me and about me, showing snatches of superb vistas through their damp grey openings, till I felt like some aerial navigator sailing over peaks and valleys.

When I finally had an opportunity to observe the other side of the valley, the first object I saw was a beautiful lake lying a little below treeline at the base of a great glacier-crowned wall. Above this lake, encircled by glaciers at the foot of the walls, which rose three thousand feet above it, was a small lake. The top of the wall was hidden by moving clouds, and I believed it to be Mount Assiniboine at last. After taking a few photographs I returned to camp