

order on the side table; and Billy remarked, "Early to bed, for early we rise."

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Billy awoke, and considerably gave the others a grace of half an hour while he got breakfast. He believed in the mountain maxim, "Never hurry in the morning." At last they were ready to start.

The dawn showed the mists covering Green Valley and the lower slopes. The course lay northwards over the ridge they had climbed yesterday. They descended to a wide snowfield, over which towered the Lava Buttes, whose dark and rugged forms stood out against the sky.

They passed a small lake of blue-green water, set like a gem in the pure white of the snow. The sun was now breaking through the mists; so the blue glasses and veils were adjusted.

The party had to make its way up a steep slope of ice, which brought the sturdy axes into play. The rising sun was chasing the vapours away, and disclosing a far-extended and ever-changing picture of forest and river-valley to the south-west, thousands of feet below. They reached Diamond Head, and saw Garibaldi immediately to the north, a sharp arete connecting the two. The western slope from the arete was composed of loose volcanic ash and boulders in a state of constant slide; while the eastern slope of snow reached upwards almost to the narrow crest. They way to Garibaldi lay across the snow. They descended until they reached a small bluff which rose above the eastern slope. A well-marked snow cornice ran all along the top of the bluff. They were able, however, to break a hole through it at one place, through which Jack lowered the others by means of the rope. They stood aside to leave a clear space where he could land on the loose ash. He made the drop without difficulty; and the party, turning northwards, ascended the snow-slope diagonally.

They had travelled more than a mile in this way, when they were confronted with a steep pitch of loose material, running out to the eastward from the main mass of Garibaldi. Here they had to use the rope. A wide snow-field opened to their view as they reached the top. On the left was the dark forbidding east wall of Garibaldi. Nothing else was to be seen. A solemn stillness invested the place as they wound among crevasses and over a snow bridge. The view broadened out again as they came in sight of a well-marked bergschrund, where a change in the slope of the mountain side maintained a great crack in the ice, which was weathered to a fluted and broken wall.

At last they reached a projecting spur, where an ice-fall was giving rise to wonderful forms. This was the end of their climb. Shadows of