

the mountains with motives varying from those of the tourist and the scientist to those of the professional guide and trapper. The ensemble gives a broad and generally accurate picture of Canadian mountain life (outside of Pullmans) which the collector of *Canadiana* cannot afford to overlook.

The Alpine Club of Canada was originally founded by men and women who hoped by the "co-operation of kindred spirits to make visiting the mountains possible to people who are high thinkers but of necessity plain livers." To such people the Journal makes its appeal. Its primary value is for the geographer and the scientist, without neglecting the lover of good literature, and its articles are, for the most part, written by able men.

It is timely that the recent issue (1914-1915) should devote attention largely to Mt. Robson and the adjacent territory. Hitherto we have been surfeited and choked with railway buglings about "Fifty Switzerlands in One." What mental anaconda can take in "fifty Switzerlands in one?" We have long needed some great, culminating peak to stand out in the popular imagination as a concrete symbol of the Rocky Mountains, a peak whose image shall at once fly into the mind at mention of the Rockies, giving us a definite picture instead of a few territorial statistics upon which to fasten our appreciation of the sublime.

The peak is there; peerless, historic Mt. Robson, the culminating point of Canadian scenery in the grand style, a natural focus for the nation's imagination.

"Mountaineering is the sport *par excellence* for soldiers," writes Elizabeth Parker in one of the Journal's "Reviews." The validity of this statement is demonstrated in every line of the papers dealing with the ascent of Robson in 1913. The story of the conquest of Mt. Robson reads like that of a campaign. The Alpine Club Camps of past years were the training schools whereby a body has been produced of skilled Alpinists capable of this culminating achievement. The story of that whirlwind week, when the A. C. C. Camp at Robson Pass launched three expeditions against the peak, only one of which was successful, though all attained a pinnacle of skill and daring, will be a classic in the annals of Canadian mountaineering. A vigorous paper by B. S. Darling, who describes a tremendous, though unsuccessful, assault upon the mountain by the West arête, is the best bit of literature in the volume.

Weather is the arch enemy of climbers upon Robson. It will always prove a handicap to the cushioned tourist who wishes to ascend Robson in a basket. Darling, in the following passage, describes the storm that overtook the last party on the mountain:—

".....At 12,000 feet Conrad cried out: 'Es geht sure!' For once, I am sorry to say, he was mistaken. It did not.