



HORSES SWIMMING THE ATHABASKA AT SWIFT'S

worthy of a name. Roche Perdrix, or Folding Mountain, is a most peculiar one. As Lord Milton said in describing it after his eventful journey to the Pacific a half a century ago, it resembles "an immense sponge cake which had been cut in half." In it a long range of pinnacles, pyramids and peaks terminate abruptly in a clean-cut, sheer precipice over them all of three thousand feet high, so perpendicular that it might have been cloven at a single stroke from its fellow on the other side of the valley when the mountains were rent asunder and up-piled in glorious confusion. The scenery surrounding is of exceptional beauty.

The pass here is about five miles wide, with the beautiful Athabaska winding like a silver thread through the centre, and with well defined and distinct ranges of mountains running away in vistas in every direction—north, south, and west—in endless variety of configuration. The pass itself presents an ever-changing aspect of loveliness, with tiny stretches of flower-strewn prairie and patches of pretty parkland and intersected by brawling torrents, clear as crystal, while over and above it all is the ponderous glory of the mountains and Alpine phenomena. Five imposing peaks, Roche Perdrix, Roche Miette, Roche Ronde, Roche Jacques and Bullrush, with Roche Suetie in the background, are ranged in almost a semicircle, enclosing a stretch of valley which may be best described as an amphitheatre, in the centre of which reposes Brule Lake, a shallow expansion of the Athabaska River, mirroring on its bosom the untamed