

ing valley with ice-covered lakes. These lakes are fed by Helmet Glacier, which is divided into two parts by a ridge which at first sight looks like a glacial moraine, but which in reality is a volcanic crater, a tufa cone, 500 feet high. The crater at the summit is about 60 feet deep, and is generally filled with water and ice. On the south side, a stream from the glacier has left a section of the cone exposed, where the faulted layers of volcanic tufa may be clearly seen and easily examined.

Rising above Helmet Glacier to the south stands Panorama Ridge, and to the east Corrie Ridge. The view from the latter is most inspiring. Below is the perfect "V"-shaped valley, leading gradually up the slopes of Gentian Ridge, which lies at the foot of Castle Towers (8,000 feet), with a deeply crevassed glacier hanging on its side.

But we must not go too far afield. Returning to the Meadows we look southward, and there, 400 feet below us, is Garibaldi Lake. What a gem it is! Readers would probably smile if the writer should venture to compare it to Lake Louise or Loch Lomond or Derwentwater or Lake Lucerne, but no one who has ever seen Lake Garibaldi would smile at the comparison, for they well know that it is no mean rival to its better known sisters. It is about 3 1-2 miles long and 2 miles wide, fed chiefly by two extensive glaciers, the Sentinel and the Sphinx, which come to the water's edge. Like all glacial lakes, its color is its chief charm, ever changing from bright emerald green to a deep turquoise blue as the shadows from cloud and mountain-peak play upon its surface. When no wind disturbs its calm, it forms a perfect mirror in which is reflected the amphitheatre of hills, glaciers and snow-fields. I venture to predict that before twenty-five years pass it will be the chief scenic attraction of the lower mainland.

Rising from its southern shores is a wondrous panorama,—Castle Towers, Sphinx and Sentinel peaks, the Table, Red mountain, and above and beyond all, glorious Garibaldi. At one time an active volcano, but now peacefully clad in ice and snow, it stands as a majestic old giant. It has an altitude of 8,700 feet, which may seem rather small for a first-class peak, but it must be remembered that it rises practically from sea-level. If it were transferred to Lake Louise in the Rockies, it would tower above all the surrounding peaks; even Lefroy, Aberdeen and Hungabee would bow before it. Six splendid glaciers hang on its slopes—Lava, Pyramid, Garibaldi, Pitt, Sentinel and Warren glaciers. It may be climbed from the north side, though the approach from the south and east is much easier. I have often wondered if in reality the conquerors of Garibaldi do not deserve more credit than those who climb the higher peaks in the Alps. In Switzerland there are luxurious hotels, certified guides and porters, cables and chains in dangerous places and huts at convenient spots, but the pioneers of the Garibaldi district travel with their bed and kitchen on their backs and cautiously seek out a pathway up unexplored glaciers and across vast snowfields untouched by foot of man. Such has been the task of the enterprising members of the British Columbia Mountaineering Club and the Alpine Club of Canada. But it is not necessary to climb Garibaldi in order to admire it, for the view from any part of this natural park is inspiring.

These are only a few of the interesting features of the area. Space does not permit a description of Mt. Mamquam and its surroundings, nor of Rampart Lake with its great ice-wall twenty-five feet in height, nor

yet of that peculiar rock formation known as "The Table," with its flat top like the "mesas" of Arizona and Mexico, nor of Red Mountain with its two volcanic cones, one of them 200 feet deep and 300 feet in diameter, nor of Copper Peak with its rugged castellated crescent known as The Battlements. In years to come, many a traveller will find in these scenes a world of interest.

"The paths, the woods, the heavens, the hills,
Are not a world today,
But just a place God made for us
In which to play."

But we must not forget the flowers—the flowers that bloom above the clouds. To this park the botanist will come to find rare and beautiful treasures, for Nature has been very prodigal in her gifts. As the snow gradually recedes, the Caltha is usually the first to appear, and then follow a distinguished array—the cream-coned Anemone, the interesting little Claytonia Lanceolata, the Mimulus with its flashing yellows and scarlets, the red Indian Paintbrush, the blue Lupins, the rare Gentian with its peculiar greenish-blue flowers, the Alpine Phlox, the False Heather, the white Heather, the white Rhododendron, the tiny Saxifrage with its pink and white blossoms, the blue Jacob's Ladder, one of the rarest of Alpine gems, and a host of others which bloom "in the freedom of this Garden Wild." Splendid work of exploration in the area has been done by Professor J. Davidson of the University of British Columbia, and his enthusiastic assistants. In this Botanist's Paradise, the next generation of High School and University students will find a rich mine of flowery wealth.

The Geologist already has explored many parts of the section, and has found it full of the most fascinating problems. Professor Edward M. Burwash, Ph.D., of Toronto, visited the district in 1913, writing a most thoughtful article for the British Columbia Academy of Science, which has since been published. Here, as Professor Burwash points out, may be found strata of almost every geological period and volcanic phenomena of remarkable interest. A dozen glaciers give endless material for the study of these vast rivers of ice.

But the week soon passes and our happy excursions come to an end. The last day saw the whole party rising at 4:00 a.m., the tents are struck, packs filled and adjusted and soon we leave our meadow home. We quickly "pick up" the trail and begin the descent, arriving at Garibaldi Lodge at noon where a splendid lunch awaited us. The journey by train and boat completed our day and by nightfall we were in Vancouver again, in the busy rush of the great city of human souls; but often as we tread its streets, our minds return to the towering peaks, the wide snow-fields, the vast glaciers, the rolling alplands and the cliff-encircled meadows, veritable hanging gardens filled with flowers which for beauty and coloring vie with the choicest of earth's gardens.

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