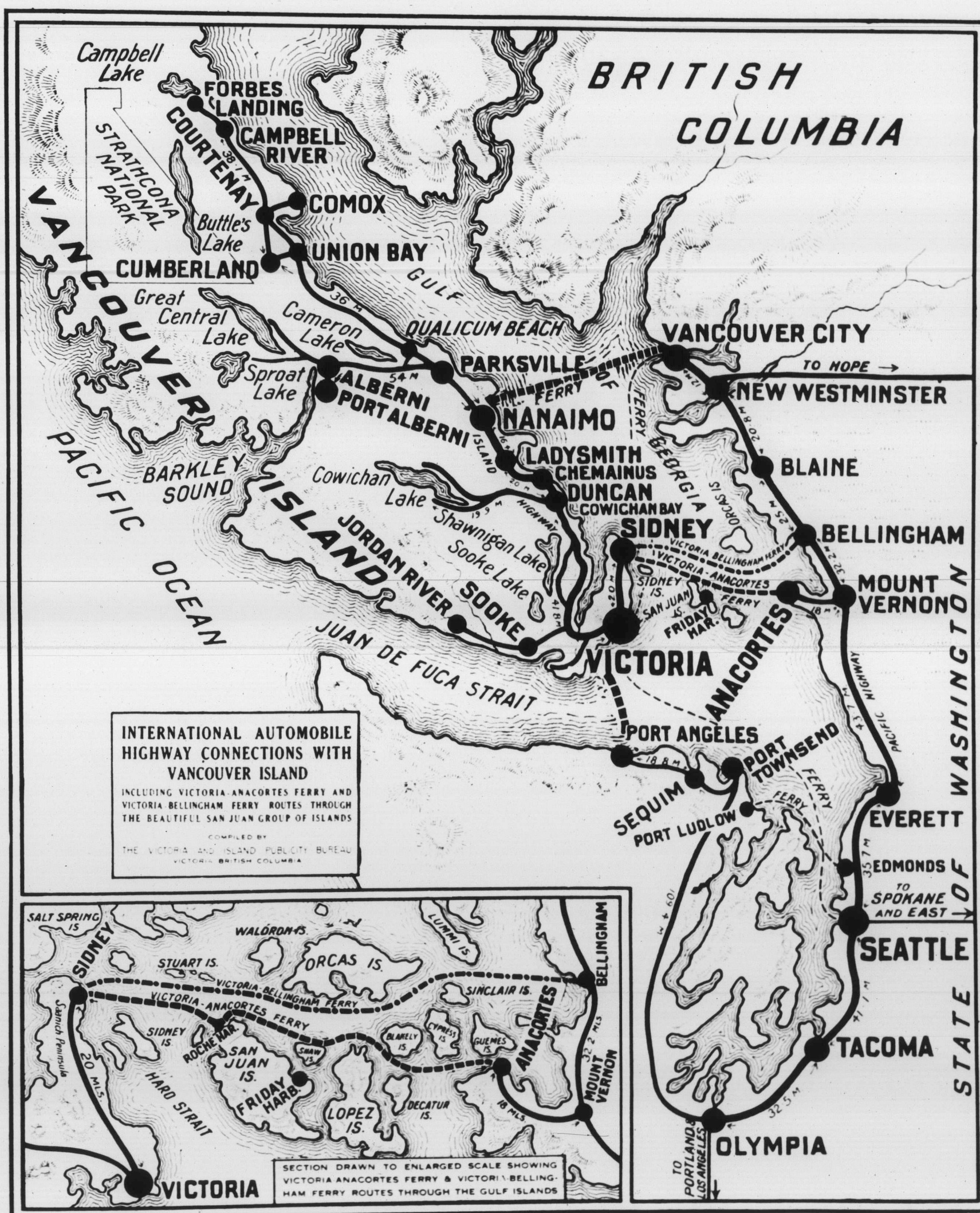


At 10,750 feet a wall eighty feet high was encountered, and in endeavoring to circumvent it the party came suddenly to a sheer precipice of six thousand feet, and later found themselves unexpectedly on a peak at 11,000 feet, which one of the guides thought was the summit. The weather conditions forced them to descend.

Next day, Sept. 3, dawned brilliantly, and at six the party, taking advantage of the previous day's experience, quickly reached the colored belt, taking a general line diagonally up the face. The rock was very friable and the footing insecure. The steps were filled with solid ice, and the exposed rock with a thin coating of ice, which made travelling very precarious. It was necessary to do some ticklish step cutting.

A final scramble up a chimney lined with solid ice brought them to the south ridge, 300 feet below the summit, which was easily reached by a ridge of snow. They could only spare a quarter of an hour on the peak, which was crowned by a dangerous overhanging cornice. But nothing daunted, each member of the party crawled out to the edge, being safely roped to the others in the meantime, and peered down to the glacier 6000 feet below. In all directions the brown-grey mountains lay in the wildest confusion, while a dozen pretty lakes nestled peacefully in the arms of the mighty giant. Strangely enough this ascent, made on the last possible day of the season, gave the incident a dramatic touch. Next morning a heavy fall of snow occurred and further climbing would have been impossible.



Map of Vancouver Island—indicating its attractiveness as a holiday "play-ground" for Mainland folks.