

ally ceased to worry us in bed, allowed us no sleep. Next day we were forced by the floods up into the woods, where there was no trail, and the men had terrible work with the fallen timber. We hoped to reach Bear Creek, the South or Little Fork of the Saskatchewan, that evening. The scenery grew grander and more alpine as we advanced, and several splendid peaks came into view whenever the smoke-haze lifted. The whole country was very like Switzerland in almost every respect, and the resemblance struck me more every day. The chief difference was that out here the firs grew about 500 feet higher, and there appeared to be no alps or upland pastures above the tree-line. We did not reach Bear Creek till seven o'clock. Our camping-ground was in a magnificent situation at the foot of Mount Murchison, in an amphitheatre of lofty mountains near the junction of the South, Middle (or West), and North Forks. Here, where four valleys, all leading to grand mountain scenery, converge, will probably be the Grindelwald or Chamounix of the Canadian Alps in the time to come, when this beautiful country is better known, and its peaks and glaciers become, as I venture to prophesy they some day will become, the "Playground of America." Of the individual mountains which environed our encampment I shall speak more fully presently.

We spent a day at Bear Creek, as man and beast both required rest, and we had ar-

ranged to make a *cache* there of a considerable portion of our provisions and baggage. As we expected for the remainder of our journey to be continually fording rivers, our saddle-horses would be required, and it was therefore necessary to materially lighten our equipment. Bear Creek itself, a glacier-fed mountain torrent, sixty yards wide, and the worst and most dangerous of these rivers, had to be forded on the morrow; and, as I watched it rushing and foaming over its rocky bed, I cannot say I relished the prospect. However, Peyto was of opinion that even if you got upset you would probably struggle ashore somehow, unless you knocked your head against a stone,—“And then,” he added philosophically, “you would die easy.”

Early next morning, we mounted our horses for the passage, and had only gone down-stream a few hundred yards when I was appalled to see Peyto trying to ford a place at the head of a rapid run, where the water tumbled and roared amid big stones, and where an upset would have meant certain drowning. Pet, however, wiser than her master, refused to go in above her knees, and we found a much better place lower down, where the stream separated into three channels, and the whole outfit eventually got across without mishap. From here we followed up the main valley, and presently saw on the other side the embouchure of the North Fork, which discharges the meltings of the great snowfields and glaciers