

at the old Moberley cabins, on the eve of the eleventh day, and there met Major Rogers, who was very uneasy on Wilson's account. He told us that he had eaten his last bannock when in the Blaeberry, and had left pieces of his clothes all along the route, so treacherous is the timber. Wilson has made many excursions into the mountains, but never has carried so "big a load of doubt and so little grub and blankets as on that occasion."

The reports of Captain Palliser and Dr. Hector, both recipients of the Founders' medal, are most delightful reading. Their map is of course, in its details, inaccurate, but it goes to fill up a gap in that great lone land. The work now being carried on by the Topographical Survey of Canada is most excellent. They have a good staff of men; but, as they pointed out to us in Ottawa, the country is so large, that the survey of the mountains must be always the last thing they will take in hand. They have done good work to the south of the line, but in the north it only extends for a very few miles. The rough survey map that was made by the expedition under Prof. Coleman has been fitted to our own. There is one expedition into this country that Dr. Collie did not refer to—that of the Earl of Southesk in 1859. It is very difficult indeed to determine exactly where he was; but, roughly speaking, he must have been in the neighbourhood of the headwaters of the Athabasca, journeying south to the Bow valley in a second parallel valley to the main range. The peculiarity of these valleys is that, instead of being at right angles to the main watershed, they run parallel. We traversed the first valley, and I think the Earl of Southesk must have been in the second valley.

Taking Dr. Hector's reports, and comparing his rate of travel with our own, we compare very unfavourably indeed. It took him two days to do what we did in four, and Dr. Collie has told us that in the upper Saskatchewan he did not make 10 miles in four days. I can only conclude that the trails have fallen into a "bad state of repair," due to forest fires and to the want of Indian hunters and trappers, who no longer find the country as plentiful in game as in former years.

Mr. STUFFIELD: I very much regret Mr. Woolley is not here. I regret it all the more because, after the exhaustive paper by Dr. Collie and Mr. Baker's speech, there is little to say. As you will understand from the paper, we had a most delightful trip, and some very charming climbs. Dr. Collie did not tell you of the ascent of Athabasca peak, the very best climb of the expedition, which I unfortunately missed, having to go after meat for the expedition by myself, because, as you have heard, "the Collie would not go after the sheep." There is one thing I would like to say to you as to the sport, in case any members of the Geographical Society who are keen and ardent sportsmen might think we were living in a sportsmen's paradise. The contrary was the case. I was hunting several days, and kept a good look-out all the time, and except that one single day, which I look on as the luckiest in my life, I never saw any game. If people want sport they must go west. But if there is no game, there is something much better. Splendid mountains and magnificent scenery, new Alps, and a new Switzerland, larger than the old one, and scarcely inferior in beauty of the mountains and the varied charms of lake, forest, and river scenery. But, unfortunately, it is a Switzerland very little visited. At the bottom of Bear creek, where we made a cache of our provisions, is a spot where five large valleys converge, all leading to beautiful mountain scenery. There, I venture to think, in the days to come will be the Grindelwald or the Chamounix of the Canadian Alps, but now it is all "wasting its sweetness on the desert air." It gets no encouragement from the authorities in command. The Canadian Pacific railway people are sending two Swiss guides to Glacier House next year; but, though exceedingly keen business men, they have only just begun to tumble to the commercial value of glaciers. I was talking to a man at Glacier House, British