

better travelling. On the evening of the fourth day it snowed a little, and our spirits went down below zero, for deep snow meant to us, beyond doubt, starvation, unless we could get game. The sky soon cleared again, however, and the following morning the snow melted away. Early in the morning we ran onto an Indian trail, well tracked, and cut out for horses. Our spirits rose to summer heat, and we started out on it as fresh as if we had just commenced our journey. We indulged in all sorts of fancies. Would we run across the Indians, and secure the services of their ponies to pack for us? Would we be able to get some food from them? If not, would we find this trail all the way to St. John? It was going in that direction; the Indians who made it must trade there, and the tracks on it were quite recent.

About three miles after we found it, it ran into a piece of prairie, across which we could not find any trace of it, nor, search as we might, could we find where it made its exit. I was averse to spending too much time looking for it, so, with our hopes considerably dashed, we again took across country. One hope remained to us; we were now in the country frequented by St. John Indians, and might chance to meet some of them any day, which meant a good deal as we were situated.

That evening we ran onto the same trail, or another one going in our direction. This one was much older, and had not been travelled on lately. It was a great assistance to us, for it had been cut out for horse packs, and it allowed us to walk along without hindrance from the brushwood. That evening we came to a shallow, swift river, one hundred yards wide, which we forded, and camped on the south side. I afterwards found that this was "Pine River of the North," which joins Peace River about twenty-five miles below St. John, and that all the streams we had crossed since leaving Sicannie Chief River flowed into it.

This showed that the water shed was only a few miles from the latter river. Just above where we crossed, it bifurcated. Both branches were of nearly equal size, and sixty or seventy yards wide.

The valley is about two hundred feet deep, and there are many sandstone cliffs exposed, very similar in appearance to those seen along the Sicannie Chief and Peace Rivers. On two of the creeks we had crossed, I saw exposures of the same rock. In one of the cliffs, where we crossed the main stream, I found a seam of lignite coal, six inches thick. I could not find any trace of fossils. My observations this evening showed us to be in latitude $57^{\circ} 14'$, only about twenty miles south of our cache yet, but we had made about twenty-six east. We were thus less than thirty-three from our cache, and had made only a little more than one-fourth of the total distance to St. John in five days, a rate which would bring us to our destination in nineteen days, though we had started with provisions for only twelve days. On the morning of the sixth day, we found, after a short search, where the trail left the valley. Of all places, it was the least likely, in appearance, being the face of a steep slope. Once out of the valley, it took a north-easterly of direction, away from our home point; but as the bush was very thick, with much windfall, we were fain to follow it. It kept in this direction for about four miles, and I was on the point of leaving it, when it suddenly turned in the right direction. Hurrah!

About eleven o'clock we ran into a morass, whence, search as we might, we could find no trace of it. I had the Professor prepare dinner, while Gladman and I searched, but without success. We resumed our march, travelling all afternoon through a tangled windfall and brule, and near sundown came out in a prairie, and, marvellous to relate, here was the trail again. But just how it got there, we could not make out, for it began where we