

A TRIP TO MOUNT ALBERT.

The mountain mentioned in the title is a beautiful but almost unknown one, situated in the Peninsula of Gaspé, about ninety miles due east from Father Point. It has of late yielded some splendid specimens of ore to energetic mineralogists.

We heard that the scenery at the base of the mountain was exceedingly fine, and decided to undertake the journey to see what benefit we could reap for our photographic collection. As we were fishing on the river, which is fed by the small streams that run from the mountain sides, we determined to gain the foot of Mount Albert by water.

Three of us deciding to go, and the current being very swift and the river very shallow, we were obliged to take three boats, each propelled by two men with stout ash poles. The first skiff held my two companions, one of whom was a small boy; the second, myself, and the third, our provisions and other camping paraphernalia.

On the first day we only ascended the river about ten miles, stopping here and there to fish in the pools. It was raining heavily, and as we looked up at the mountains on either side we saw the sun shining through the clouds and mist on the snow-capped summits.

We pitched our tent at a place on the river known to us as "Upper Camp": here we lit a huge fire and proceeded to dry our clothes.

The hut which our men erected is worth while mentioning. Two upright stakes, with crotches on the end were driven into the ground, then a stout pole was laid across the top in the crotches. On one side they leaned branches from the ground to the ridge pole, and kept out the rain by bark, which was laid on the roof, the whole forming a lean-to, the front of which was about five feet in height.

The men laid down, heads in and feet sticking out, almost into the fire, which they replenished from time to time during the night.

Next morning, although Sunday, we took to the boats again and went about five miles farther up the river, where, having landed, we hauled up our boats and left them hidden under the dense shubbery. Then we took all our stuff and tramped about a quarter of a mile inland, where

we deposited our superfluous baggage in a sort of bin, made of logs dove-tailed together and covered with branches, which was used by the hunters in winter as a store-house for rations.

We prepared our bundles for carrying on our shoulders and started the climb, of which the first few hours were very enjoyable. In our climb we passed some mink traps and a few trees recently barked by bears to get the gum, and occasionally we struck a path made by Cariboo deer.

After walking about a mile we came to a beautiful waterfall about forty feet in height, of which I obtained a photograph by the aid of the two guides, one of whom held my camera steady while the other hung on to me.

When I had taken this view we forded the river above the falls, and before sundown walked about half a mile up the mountain where we camped for the night.

Although we were only a mile and a half up the mountain, the change of atmosphere was very noticeable, the cold forcing us to keep up a roaring fire all night.

Next morning we started at daylight, and before six o'clock in the afternoon had come upon some narrow gorges filled with snow about forty feet deep, where we all, with the exception of my elder comrade, indulged in a snow-ball fight in honor of having come upon snow in the middle of summer.

The following day we decided to return, as there only remained four days before we had to take the steamer *Miramichi* at the mouth of the river. We began the descent as soon as we could, and had not proceeded far when one of our guides motioned to us to halt and beckoned me to him. I saw feeding on the twigs of a small tree three beautiful Cariboods. Although it was illegal to slay the animals at that time of year I could not repress my inclination to shoot, and having crept closer I singled out one of them, levelled my Winchester and by accident actually wounded it in the breast. It followed the others for about 300 yards when bleeding profusely it dropped down exhausted. Our French cook, who had blood in his eye, rushed on it and stuck the blade of his cooking knife in the animal's breast, killing it almost instantly. After securing the head for a specimen and the haunches for a more congenial