

be possible to take the horses along the right bank of the gorge. At 2.30 we got to an open place, where horse-feed would have permitted to camp for a night. From here to the southwest another very fine waterfall was visible, — a twin fall of considerable height: two glacier-streams approach close to each other, and, going down separately over a perpendicular precipice, unite at its foot. Here we turned to the northeast, and stood at 3.10 beyond the gorge (5770 feet), on the high bank of the river, overlooking its opposite bank and part of the glacier, from which the former originates. We returned from here to our camp, keeping close to river and gorge, and arrived there at 5.45, convinced that it would be very difficult to get our horses further up on this side. So we decided to try the other side of the river, and left at ten o'clock next morning. Starting ahead of the horses, I climbed a little too high. Travelling closer to gorge and river, they passed me, and at 12.30 P. M. I found camp 6 (5650 feet) already established on a small elevation close to the stream, and in view of the beautiful glacier which, as source of the North Fork of the Wapta, may fitly be called "Wapta Glacier." The river emerges from a fine ice cave, at the foot of which (5680 feet) I determined the boiling point¹ of the water to be $95.545^{\circ}\text{C.} = 623.43\text{ mm.} = 24.545\text{ inches.}$

After a very cold night, during which the thermometer, moistened by heavy dew, went down to freezing point, we started at 7.30 A. M., ascended the tongue of the glacier, and crossed over to its right bank. At 9.30 we passed the entrance to a western side valley, marked by a green island with some trees on it, and reached at 10.30 the highest point of the lateral moraine (7670 feet). From here we descended a few feet down to the glacier, which we soon found covered with soft snow, obliging us to take the rope. We were now on the great ice-field, which in this part of the Rockies is said to stretch far to the north, and in this direction perpendicular ridges of rock, several hundred feet in height, emerge from the same. We turned to the western part of the basin, which perhaps sends down another valley glacier (292°), towards the so-called North Branch of the Kicking Horse River, and halted there at 1.15 P. M. (8840 feet), lunching, observing, photographing. Fine,

¹ July 25, four P. M. Temperature of the air, 8°C. (46.4°F.).