

To give as faithful a picture as possible of travelling down the Kicking Horse, I shall transcribe my next day's diary :

"*Friday, in the burnt woods.*—Moved off from 'Last feed Camp' at 7.30 a.m. Every morning we could get away an hour or two sooner but for the time taken in packing the horses. Rightly did the Romans call baggage and provisions 'impedimenta.' The trail was a series of precipitous ascents and descents. After two hours of slow movement, all of us on foot, we came across a forest fire burning right across the trail. This was bad, but it would have been much worse only for yesterday's rain. A flank movement was inevitable, at every step of which the poor horses boggled and stumbled and crashed through windfalls, and over slides of smoking earth and heated stones. George was in front leading the bell horse, two pack horses followed; then Dave adjuring the buzzard-heads to act discretely, and then his horse and other pack horses. I happened to come next. All went well till Calgarry, a strawberry-coloured old fox, always on the look-out to snatch a tuft of grass, or to outwit his fellows in some way, in turning a corner slipped over a wet rock covered with loose earth and tumbled down the hill along the face of which we were working our way. After rolling down twenty or thirty feet, he was brought up by one of the blackened polls that the fire had left standing. Dave yelled to George and both rushed to his rescue; but while they were doing their best to loose his pack, Calgarry struggled violently, and in a moment we saw him rolling—pack and all—more than a hundred feet down the precipice, out of our sight and, for aught we knew, into the foaming river at the bottom. The men were after him in an instant. I saw that there would be a long delay, and as the other animals had in the meantime gone steadily on, for we were on the trail again, I ran to the front, doubling round the trees as I came to each horse and so getting ahead of him until I came to the bell nearly half a mile beyond the scene of Calgarry's slip. Having thus stopped them from going farther on I sat down on a log to write my notes. In less than an hour George came along cool as usual, and Dave with his face like a red full moon. 'So, we've lost Calgarry,' I said. 'Lost him? No, there ain't nothin' wrong with him, he's packed again, all right,' panted out Dave. 'Do you mean to say that he's not hurt?' 'Oh, he snagged his foot a little, but he'll take care now where he steps, you bet.' These cayuses are the hardest brutes in the world. They live on branches of trees when there is nothing better to be had, are sure-footed almost as mountain goats, and take with equanimity exposure, hard knocks and tumbles that would kill a dozen ordinary horses. Dr. Hector tells us in his journal that when going up the Kicking Horse, an old gray of his fell down a precipice slope about 150 feet in height, till he at last 'slid on a dead tree that stuck out at right angles to the slope, balancing himself with his legs dangling on either side of the trunk of the tree in the most comical manner.' But they managed to get him up again so little the worse that a few days afterwards when they were almost starving the Dr. was about selecting him for food when fortunately his Indians killed a moose and the old gray was saved again.

"The march was again resumed, but difficulties seemed to accumulate. Half burnt trees still smouldering had fallen across the trail, and the wild gusts of last night had overthrown others. These had to be cut through or a new trail broken round them, in which case the trouble with the pack horses was very great. But worse was to come. The precipices became more precipitous, and instead of climbing and descending we had to wind along the face on a trail a few inches wide. Hills of clay and sand, shingle terraces, and great bluffs of limestone or granitic rock, seamed with quartz or a dyke of greenstone hemmed the river within an almost continuous canon. The trail wound round these at heights varying from two to seven hundred feet above the river, while an equal height of slate or rock rose above us, and above that again we could sometimes see a higher range. At times a few shrubs or trees spotted the sides of the precipices, so that the eye had something to rest on as it looked down; but oftener there was nothing between us and the torrent but a bare loose shelving hillside. One false step or a slip and down we would go into the green, white-crested river far below. That sort of thing continued for miles. It would be nothing for goats or experienced mountaineers, but we did not like it, though we knew that our only course was to follow our horses as quietly as possible and keep our heads from getting dizzy by looking upwards or to some point ahead rather than downwards. We made progress from hour to hour. Reaching a summit where signs of mountain sheep abounded, there arose, beyond the forest clothed hills that have enclosed the Kicking Horse, a range of snowy mountains. 'There they are,' said George, 'them's the Selkirks.' We had pretty well crossed the first range of the Rockies.

"Late in the afternoon on rounding a sharp point we saw in a nook near the trail two elderly gentlemen with clothes no better than our own. The nearer, a man with sinewy frame, well-cut features, quick glancing eyes and

white hair, came forward and said, 'my name is Rogers.' We had come upon the conqueror of the Selkirks, or he had come out to meet us, and after introducing us to his companion, Major Hurd, he gave the welcome information that the cache was only two miles distant. We reached it about sunset, our pace for half a mile or more decidedly quickened by an onslaught of wasps, on whose nest one of the horses trod. Tam O' Shanter's mare did not make better time than that cayuse for the next few minutes. The cache consisted of two or three log shanties that to us seemed quite a city. In one we had the luxury of the nearest approximation to a Turkish bath that the Rocky Mountains could supply, and in another a dinner of roast beef and plum pudding, which after the fatigues of a long day tasted like—but here language fails me, and I drop the curtain." GEO. M. GRANT.

THE WOMAN QUESTION IN ITS RELATION TO PROGRESS.

ABOUT twenty-five years ago there appeared in the *Westminster Review* an essay on "Progress, its Law and Cause," which immediately drew the attention of the scientific world. In this essay the writer, who was none other than Mr. Herbert Spencer, made systematic statement of a certain theory of progress, which had been first suggested by a German physiologist, and afterwards greatly expanded by himself. The theory was, in brief, somewhat as follows: Progress is essentially a change from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous, from the condition of being all alike throughout to the condition of being unlike throughout and composed of many different parts. From first to last it is a process of separation, diversification, and differentiation. Our most familiar example is that of the egg, the inside of which at first seems to consist of white and yolk only, each apparently all alike throughout its mass, with the exception of a single point in the centre of the latter. In the process of hatching, however, it develops into a bird, with beak, wings, claws, feathers, legs, body, and a full set of vital organs, among all which various parts are distributed many and diverse functions. The original all-alike mass has become greatly differentiated; there has been a change from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous, which would appear positively miraculous if it were not so familiar. The same theory is extended not only to the whole material universe, but also to the development of man upon the earth—to religion, government, sociology, and in fact to man's whole historical record. His steps of progress have been successive divisions of character and function. In the youth of the world the offices of priest and king were combined in one person, but later on the political and the religious functions were separated. After this the political ruler still made as well as executed the law, but the time came when the law was made by one authority and executed by another. This all-embracing theory includes among other things the nebular hypothesis, as the greater includes the lesser. The material universe, once an indistinguishable, homogeneous mass of nebulous matter, has become diversified into suns and systems, planets and comets, in various stages of development. The earth, once a gaseous and afterwards a fluid or semi-fluid mass, all alike throughout, has divided off into rocks, metals, soil, water, trees, plants, atmosphere, and what not. These examples may convey a tolerable idea of what Herbert Spencer's theory is, and of the lines upon which it has been built up. Only the law of progress, however, is here indicated; its cause, as laid down by him, may be left out of view for the present. The theory, which was promptly accepted by scientific men generally, may be said still to hold the allegiance of most of them. If not absolutely invulnerable at all points, it is still of wider reach, and offers explanation of more and more various phenomena than any other yet propounded. Here let another illustration be added—the extreme lengths to which the division of labour is now carried in the most advanced communities, in contrast with the striking lack of it which prevails among those that are backward and unprogressive. This is worthy of special note in connection with what is to follow.

One of the most prominent questions of our day is "the woman question," by which is generally meant the question of varied employment for women. Coming still nearer to the practical point at issue, it is the question of how far women should be permitted or encouraged to take up various callings and employments, now or heretofore believed to be suited for men only. Shall women become doctors, preachers, lawyers, professors and such like? Shall we substitute them for men in large numbers in shop and office, and at the counter? The woman's advocates say, "Yes, by all means;" and their constant endeavour is to prove that, in capacity and constitution of both body and mind, woman is far more like to man, and far more nearly his equal, than has generally been supposed. The likeness of woman to