

opened up on the other side of the Athabasca, and we were in doubt where the river entered. As it happened, we passed through a bit of woods cutting off a bend of the Athabasca at the critical point, missed Whirlpool River, and passed on to the Miette, a few miles farther down. This we took for Whirlpool River; and it was a day or two before the difference of latitude, the wrong direction of the valley, and the finding of railway survey pegs, convinced us that we had entered the Yellowhead Pass (Tete Jaune), where a survey was made a number of years ago for the Canadian Pacific Railway.

On the maps, Henry House, a trading post, is placed opposite the mouth of the Miette, but we found no trace of any house in that position. It has, perhaps, been destroyed by fire, and the site covered with second-growth trees. The law of the map-maker seems to be that of the consistent Calvinist, "Once in grace always in grace." A name once installed on a map, whether rightly or wrongly, stays there forever. We found that the Yellow Head Pass is still in use. A party had gone over it a week or so before us with horses much larger than our little cayuses, to judge by their big hoof-prints.

We ferried back across the Athabasca, and retraced our steps for a few miles, anxiously looking out for the mouth of Whirlpool River. Our first hint of its presence was given by the clearer green of the water on the opposite side of the Athabasca, which may be noticed a mile or two below the entrance of the Whirlpool.

At the mouth of the Miette, according to the railway survey, the Athabasca is 3,329 feet above the sea, but its descent is rapid, and we found the mouth of Whirlpool River about 300 feet higher.

We ferried across the Athabasca once more, and followed up the impetuous, sea-green Whirlpool River to its source. It is fordable with difficulty in its lower reaches, and my brother, on the tallest horse of the outfit, had to swim in exploring for a ford.

The Athabasca Pass was a thoroughfare for the Hudson Bay Company more than half a century ago, their voyageurs crossing it summer and winter; and it was used by hundreds of ponies and dog teams during the explorations for the Canadian Pacific Railway about eighteen years ago, so that we expected to find a good trail. In this we were disappointed. The pass has apparently not been used for a number of years; portions of the trail have been undermined and swept away by the river, and other portions were so tree-encumbered that we had a great deal of chopping to do.