

to the fine glacier at its source, climbed a low mountain on the creek's left (about 9000 feet), and were undoubtedly in the midst of Wooley, Stutfield and Diadem, but which was which, it was hard to say with the limited description given by their sponsors. On August 16, we climbed Peak Wilcox (10,050 feet), and should have had an interesting view of the country we had just come from, and others to which we were bound—but for the usual clouds.

On August 17, we were camped at 7000 feet, just below Wilcox Pass. The morning opened with a regular, old-fashioned snow-storm, and the arrival at our tent-door of a total stranger before any one was awake. It was a queer sensation, looking out from one's sleeping-bag and seeing a man when there was no cause to think that such an object save our own guides were within a hundred miles of us. It proved to be Dr. Coleman's party, Dr. Coleman who had threaded the by-ways of so much of this country through which we had just been, and of whom we had spoken so often while in the mazes of the Athabasca sources.

It proved a pleasant meeting in spite of driving snows, and we parted—they for the Yellow-head Pass and we for the West Branch and the Brazeau country. "The West-Branch-of-the-North-Fork-of-the-Saskatchewan!" The most beautiful valley of all those we visited, and to go by such a name! May it some day receive its due; certain it is, it has not had it yet. It is essentially a valley of tumbling cascades and deep gorges, of muskegs and sloughs at its mouth, and shingle-flats at its source, with few good camp-grounds except *on* the pass. It runs in a straight line for about fifteen miles, when Mts. Alexandra, Gable and Lyell, with their snowy glaciers block the way. Here at right angles, another stream comes in direct from Thompson Pass and the Columbia ice-fields, about fifteen miles distant. To avoid the hard travelling which following the river involves, those who may follow in the future will find a hunter's shack about five miles east of the base of Gable Peak, on the river's left. Fifty yards to the east of it, they will strike into the mountain and there come upon a fairly good trail winding over the shoulder of the hill. No packs had ever been to the summit of the Thompson Pass before, and it took some careful work to get the loaded animals up and around the rock ridges which balked us every few yards. What a camp that was by the calm, deep-green lake, which lies at the foot of Outram's Watchman's Peak! Not