

On the 9th we camped about 100 miles from the summit, near the mouth of a large branch stream, coming in from the southwest, which appeared to be about half the size of the stream we were following. As we were now out of fresh meat, the men went hunting in the evening, one on each side of the river. Christie jumped a small bull moose among the timber on a high bench behind the camp, and as it ran, fired several shots after it, one of which broke a fore leg. The moose ran down the front of the bench and crossed a narrow channel of the river to a wooded island. Riddell came back from the other side of the river when he heard the shooting, in time to see the moose coming down from the bench, so he dropped down the river, landed on the island, located the moose and killed it.

There were more Indian signs in this vicinity than we had seen hitherto. The oldest stumps were four square and tapered, showing the the trees had been cut down with a wedge and mallet. All the stumps of this kind were decayed in the ground and could be kicked over, but the stumps of trees cut with axes were all still solid in the ground.

From the rapidly melting snow on the mountain summits, and the influx of the large tributary, the river below this point attained considerable dimensions, and was scouring bedrock in a continuous rapid with white water all along its course.

To make landings for surveying was now becoming too dangerous, so we had to abandon the micrometer survey of the river and rely on sketches made during the triangulation of the valley from the mountains. As we could only land at a few places, we always decided while on a mountain

peak where our next stop would be, the valley being usually straight enough to enable us to select a stopping place with the aid of the field glasses.

There were several canyons on the river, and we always landed above these, and carefully inspected the water. We knew that there were no falls as the Indian boats ran through, but from their large size they could run water which would swamp our small craft.

The ranges we were now passing through were built principally of dolomites and sandstones, with crests rising to 5,000 feet above the river, the rocks being weathered to a variety of soft and beautiful colours, somewhat resembling the mountains at Field and Laggan, on the main line of the C. P. R.

On the 14th we passed out of the rugged range, and came to a belt of mountains with flat or dome-shaped summits. While on one of these mountains we saw a band of about thirty sheep feeding in a deep ravine. They were principally ewes and yearlings, and only a few spring lambs, all pure white. On the morning of the 16th, from our camp on the river, we located some sheep, on the side of the mountain to which we were bound that day, and as this seemed a good chance to get some mutton, we went prepared for that purpose. After reaching the top of the mountain, Christie stalked the band of sheep and succeeded in killing two. The animals had a rather scraggy appearance, owing to having lost their winter coat, and the new hair being very short, otherwise they were in good condition; they were pure white and belonged to the species known as *Ovis Dalle*.

*(To be continued.)*