

haze. The colonel had also an idea of trying to reach the Simpson Pass from the Vermilion Pass (which ran south from Castle Mountain, the old Silver City), his plan being to cut across from the summit by way of the Twin Lakes. I had no idea at that time of going anywhere near the Vermilion Pass, though subsequent events made me very familiar with it.

I followed the old Tote road, indistinct at best and in places obliterated. The broad Bow Valley, flanked with peaks, their summits white with new snow, or wrapped in fleecy clouds, opened before me like a great highway. Of the several streams which I forded, the Pipe stone only gave me any difficulty. As I was late in leaving Laggan, I was obliged to stop for the night at Eldon, a small log hut for the railway hands.

After a sleepless night upon a narrow bench, I hurried on to Castle Mountain, where Carryer was awaiting me in the Prospector's house. I expected to proceed at once to Cascade, in order to start over the Simpson Pass, but was led to change my plan through some information given by the prospector, who assured me of the existence of an Indian trail running from the lake near the summit of the Vermilion Pass down to the Simpson Pass. This was the idea suggested by Col. O'Hara, though, of course, he had known of no trail. This would be shorter for me than to go to Cascade, and would bring us to the Simpson Pass at a point quite near the stream we desired to ascend. Further, our outfit could be ferried over the Bow in a skiff owned by the prospector. Carryer thought the Vermilion Pass much preferable, therefore, and I finally decided to cross the Bow at once.

Ferried over in safety, we followed the south bank for several miles toward Laggan until we came to the Vermilion trail. Unfortunately for travellers, the railroad has cut numerous roads for handling ties from the forest, and it was difficult to follow the main trail. To add to our troubles, it soon began to pour, and rained steadily all the afternoon as we toiled through the woods in dripping mackintoshes. The pass became almost a flowing stream, and with uncertainty as to where we should spend the night, our situation was far from reassuring.

We reached an old logging camp at five o'clock, and at six came to another, where we passed a comfortable night in one of the huts. The rain had stopped by morning, but we lost nearly three hours in getting the right trail. Again at noon the trail failed, and we searched in the dense woods for two hours before finding a tentative trail which we followed for two hours to a lake. Here I waited while Carryer returned for the horse, which we had left behind, and as it was late when he arrived, we camped for the night.