

The Bow trail to the summit of the pass, is at the present time, rather a discouraging proposition, but there is one satisfaction, it is one of the poorest bits of trail that is to be experienced throughout the entire trip. It was of course at its very worst this late June day, for the mountains were still discharging their winter snows into the soaked and over-flowing valleys. Dr. Collic's map, compiled from the work done by himself, Wilcox, Coleman, Drewry and McArthur, Noyes and Thompson, was our constant companion in the saddle. It is necessarily far from perfect, distances here and there being too long or too short, but a very good friend to have at all times. Often when the trail was dim or obscured, or completely lost, have I thought of and admired the men, who with only an occasional suggestion that the Indian hunter had been before them, fought their way through the discouraging valleys, found a passage round impassable gorges, and eventually reached the higher peaks of the Rocky Range.

The upper Bow Lakes and Bow Pass were the first plunge into fine scenery. If one may go no further, this is a trip worth taking. At the summit, where the spruces remind one of a great natural park, a short detour to the left leads over easy slopes to the cliffs which overhang Peyto Lake, the waters of which are the outpourings of the Wapta neve. It is the first glimpse of the Saskatchewan country.

Here at our feet Bear Creek (on some maps Mistaya (Bear) but never locally so-called) has its rise, flows north, taps the beautiful lakes known as the Waterfowl, goes rippling, and gurgling, and dancing along in happy oblivion to the superb panorama on both shores—Howse Peak, the stately Pyramid, the frowning Bungalow, and lastly Murchison, losing its final identity in the turbid Saskatchewan at the base of that great, wandering, outspread, pile of crags—Mt. Wilson. The days on Bear Creek grew hotter and hotter. We hurried along as fast as our heavily loaded horses would permit, knowing that each hour was adding inches to that angry, impetuous river and anxious to reach the other side before we had to swim for it. At 4 p. m., on June 25, we had crossed Bear Creek at its mouth (no easy matter when the water is high, for the river-bed is covered with huge boulders) and faced the first serious proposition—crossing the Saskatchewan River. An excellent ford across the North Fork may be found about one mile