

and on the other side were ripple marks showing that the wind blew over the waters and the leaves fell in those untold ages ago. I should like to linger many more days among these relics of creatures never seen by the eyes of man, but my men are getting uneasy and wish to get back to civilization, so we must leave the graves of these great saurians and hasten toward the more fertile banks of the South Saskatchewan.

Continuing our journey we glide quickly, and as my man remarks, gracefully down stream. It is a lovely morning, and but for the twittering of birds and rippling of water is as "quiet as a grave." But turning a sharp angle of the river we come suddenly on a large flock of wild geese which are feeding on the short mossy grass of the shore. I am not a sportsman and hate to kill anything, but Mac says we are getting short of grub, and hands me the gun. I fire and four fall. The skeleton of one is in the Dominion Museum, Ottawa. A little further on we pass three hungry looking coyotes making their way along the shore. We pass several small islands all well covered with rich vegetation. Suddenly the river widens out and becomes so shallow and full of sand-bars that we only make two miles in six hours, then we glide into a rapid stream and make ten miles in the afternoon.

Geologically this is not an interesting locality. Clay and sand banks occupy both sides of the river. It is evidently a good home for the beaver, for we have seen three and several beaver dams. We still hear the twittering of many small birds and the cooing of the dove, a large bald-headed eagle wings its flight over our heads, and in the twilight of the evening we hear the croaky cry of the big gréy owl.

Sunday, July 14th, we reach the confluence of the Red Deer and South Saskatchewan rivers, and on the 19th we pitch our tents on the shore near the Battleford and Swift Current crossing. Here there is a mounted police "shack," and we greet the first white man we have seen since we left our starting point nearly two months ago, and here we store our boxes of precious fossils. At day-break next morning we are in our boats again and in an hour or so pitch our last camp opposite the mouth of Swift Current. To the palæontologist this is an exceedingly interesting spot. High buttes of dark-colored shales, clays and sands—rocks