

no after-irritating effects. We lit "smudges," or fires of damp grass and weeds, to drive them off, but they proved of little use. At midnight a tremendous thunderstorm broke, with torrents of rain, and it was not long before a small stream trickling over my ground-sheet showed me that our well-ventilated *teepee* or Indian tent, which had a big hole at the top, admitted water as well as air. Next morning (Wednesday, 3rd August) we crossed the Pipestone Pass, 8400 feet above the sea. The scenery here was grand but desolate. Huge crags, grotesque rather than beautiful, with cliffs nearly 3000 feet in height, towered on our left. Northwards we could see through the mists the twin summits of Mount Murchison, and it was evident that the height of 15,789 feet which some ancient cartographer, with a fine parade of accuracy, assigned to it, and which still appears in the most up-to-date maps, is a great exaggeration. The weather was cloudy, but it cleared up as the day wore on, and we had no more rain for three weeks. From the head of the pass we descended into the valley of the Siffleur, a tributary of the Saskatchewan, at first through dense scrub of dwarf willow, and then once more through the everlasting pine-woods. The trail improved as we advanced, and we did two good days' march. On the Thursday we saw on our left across the river a fine glacier descending from the flanks of the Murchi-

son group of mountains, and pitched our camp in a pretty basin amid rocky hills. The Siffleur, its waters fed by the melting of the glaciers, had here grown to a good-sized river, and as our horses were all required for the baggage (we had done all the journey hitherto on foot), we had to ford it one by one on Peyto's fine mare, Pet. Byers rode over first, and then Peyto coaxed the mare back; I followed, and the same operation was repeated until we were all safely across. Farther on we found ourselves in a thick forest of tall pines with patches of bad *muskeg*, or marsh. Many of the trunks were rotten and tottering, and one of the horses had a narrow escape from a tree which he bumped against with his pack, and which fell right across the trail, narrowly missing the animal's haunches. Here and there whole clumps had been blown or burned down, and the logs, piled in wild confusion one on another, formed a tangle that made our progress very slow. However, our heavily laden team, though sinking deep in the boggy ground at every step, went gallantly on, headed by Molly, the old bell-mare, with her little foal trotting at her side. Every few minutes we had to halt while the men were cutting out the trail. It was tedious work, for one could do nothing except sit still on a log and scratch one's mosquito bites, listening to the tinkling of Molly's bell and the blows of Peyto's axe as they re-