

To know that the expedition was a momentous one to those involved in its success, one has but to read the warnings of those who have gone before. We may well call it the "Inhospitable Land." A well-known hunting-country, many have gone into its fastnesses, only to be driven out by starvation, and the added sorrow of lost, starved, or drowned horses. Dr. Collie but voices that which may be read between the lines of all those who have written their experiences in this country. He says: "Jean Habel's outfit, like so many others, ran short of provisions and the expedition had to be curtailed; and much good work of exploration, which might otherwise have been accomplished, was thereby prevented. Some day perhaps, it will be possible to obtain an outfit manned and equipped with sufficient transport and provisions to last out a trip of three or four months. At present nobody seems to have mastered the problem; and the prospect of running short of food on the journey remains the most serious obstacle to all projects of extended exploration among the mountains."

That we would be tempted to dally day by day, we well knew, that the game was becoming, year by year, more scarce, previous trips and the hard experience of others had warned us; and the food problem became a very simple matter in arithmetic. As we had hopes of reaching most of the tributaries of the two rivers within the latitudes and longitudes given previously we reckoned food and clothing for four months. The season of 1907 was an uncommonly late one, and it was not till June 20, that we were able to leave all civilization behind and start for the higher passes. The morning of the twentieth, was anything but a typical June day, and the first twenty miles of the Bow trail were not what one might choose for a pleasure jaunt. It was spitting hail and snow, which struck not only our faces but deep into our souls; for those who had not the spirit of the wilds surging in their hearts, had prognosticated all sorts of mishaps, and if one were looking for "signs," they were about us in profusion. Our caravan consisted of eleven horses, one running light, that in case of chafed back or accident, there would be an extra one to use. This will seem an extravagance to many, but it proved to be one of the best investments in the entire outfit, as the appearance of our animals showed on our return to civilization, not a horse being out of commission, and every one of them capable of working four months longer.