

the great Waputehk ice-field. The upper ice-fall proved troublesome, and four or five razor-edged ridges, connected by rickety ice-bridges, and with deep crevasses on either side, gave us the most ticklish piece of mountaineering work which I had during the whole trip. It did not last long, however, and soon we were on the *névé* of the Waputehk, which, though Mr Wilcox errs greatly when he says that it is much the biggest ice-field in the Rockies, is still a very fine glacier. The surrounding peaks do not exceed 11,000 feet, and are not particularly striking in form. The upper slopes of our peak were covered with fresh snow, and we had a terrible grind before we reached the top. Its height was 10,100 feet, and our view was one of the most remarkable I have ever seen, in respect of the multitude of mountains visible. Beginning southwards in this wonderful panorama, the first peak to catch my eye was Mount Assiniboine, the finest and highest south of the railway; next on the right rose Mount Temple and the Laggan group; the Ottertail mountains, and a group of unknown peaks; the Selkirks, with Mount Sir Donald, seventy miles distant, standing up quite clear; the Gold Range; next, and much nearer, the Freshfield group; Mount Forbes, towering above all competitors; the double-peaked Mount Lyell, partially obscuring Mounts Bryce and Columbia; Peak Wilson and the Murchison group; then the Slate Range, with innumerable

smaller summits; while over all was a cloudless sky of more than Italian blue.

Having next to no meat, we had been living practically on bread and porridge; but next evening we caught some fine trout in the Bow river, which took a fly readily, in spite of all we had been told to the contrary. Friday the 9th was our last morning in camp, and it afforded us a little mild excitement in the shape of a bear which was sighted on a hill above the camp. Peyto and I went after him; but he got our wind, and was seen by the party in camp to gallop over a range of hills 8000 feet high into the valley of the Blaeberry Creek. Our troubles were not yet over, as the burned timber in the woods above Laggan were worse than anything we had hitherto seen, the fallen trunks piled one upon another presenting a most extraordinary tangle. There were places where we walked on tree-trunks for some hundreds of yards without ever touching the ground. I cannot help thinking that it would repay the C.P.R. authorities to cut a good trail as far as Bow lake, as the district offers many attractions to sportsmen and fishermen as well as to mountain climbers. How the horses got through it all I don't know, as Collie and I dismounted and walked on ahead of the caravan. The distant scream of a C.P.R. locomotive warned us that we were approaching the haunts of men, and at five o'clock we found ourselves once more at Laggan railway-station. The outfit