

built a frame work on top, on which we piled everything we could not take, and then put the canoe on top upside down to keep off rain and snow, all was securely lashed together, and our cast-off clothing hung around to frighten away wild animals, should any come. Some dried meat, which we could not take away with us, was tied to the top of a tree which we bent down and then let go, thus raising it some twenty-five feet from the ground, and out of the reach of any large animal, as we thought, as none such could climb such a small tree. This was put some distance away from the cache to remove temptation as much as possible. All our bread, tea, sugar, salt, bacon, beans, and a necessary outfit of cooking utensils, were then gathered and weighed with a small spring balance which I had. For instruments, I took along a six-inch reflecting circle, a mercurial false horizon, my small camera, charged with a dozen plates, and a telescope. My rifle was selected to take with us, as it was light, and the ammunition for it was not very heavy. I started with 87 rounds. I also carried a pocket Smith and Wesson 38 calibre revolver, for which I had 50 or 60 shot cartridges that would knock a partridge over at ten paces. When this, an axe, a change of underclothing, and our necessary bedding was weighed, we found we had nearly 80 pounds apiece. This was all we believed we could get along with, and so we were compelled to leave many things we fain would have brought along. Among other things I had to leave were 84 exposed photographic plates, including views of scenery along the whole way.

I also had to leave all my rock specimens and curiosities, my double-barrelled shot gun, my transit, and many other things of value and interest. My intention was to get Indians at St. John, and send them back at once with my two men for this stuff, but more of that in another place.

In the morning the stuff was so divided that each had, as nearly as possible, the same weight, and we bade adieu to our good canoe, which had borne us safely from Athabasca Landing to Simpson, 1,066 miles down stream, and from Simpson to here, 551 upstream—in all 1,617 miles. We had expected to make 2,200 miles in it. Unused to carrying heavy loads more than a few yards at a time, we found our loads fatiguing at first, more so as we had to climb up 1,200 feet in less than three quarters of a mile.

It took us four hours to reach the edge of the valley, where we yet had 200 feet to ascend to reach the level of the plateau. When about half-way up I very nearly had my foot cut off or badly broken. As it was out of the question to clamber up the side of the slope with our packs on our backs, it being thickly wooded and brushy, we had to follow up the bed of the creek, which had worn for itself, in the soft sandstone, many a little basin into which it tumbled in tiny cascades. Into one of these, about seven feet deep, I got, and seeing a block of sandstone about twenty inches square and three feet long, and weighing about 1,300 pounds, projecting a few inches over the edge, I clambered up by the fissures in the sides and caught hold of it to help myself up, but the weight of myself and pack started it sliding on the smooth surface, and down it and I came together. Fortunately, in coming down I kept my hands on it, and pushed myself away from it, but as it was it fell on the smooth floor below, on the edge of two of its faces, only three inches from the toe of my left foot, rolled over and bruised the skin of my shin bone. Had it fallen on my foot, it would either have cut it off or bruised it so badly that it would have been as bad a case. You may be sure I was more careful after that about trusting my pack and myself to any loose rock for support.

At the top we had dinner, and con-