

skirting the slopes of heather and small spruce above the cliffs of Lake O'Hara, as a slip would be fatal, and we carefully prepared handholds by brushing away the new snow and grasping the heather and spruce boughs below. We descended by a gorge near the end of Lake O'Hara and making a cut off from the stream were soon at the foot of the Wiwaxy ridge.

Then for two hours we struggled in the thick forest before meeting the stream again, quite near the cataract. At four o'clock we reached Hector after a six days' absence.

After an absence of five days on a trip to the coast, I returned to Laggan the following Tuesday to make an expedition to Mount Assiniboine. This peak, fifty miles southwest of Banff, I had seen from the Twin Peak at Banff in the summer of '93, and had ever since desired to visit it. A glance at Dr. Dawson's map will show that the region east of this mountain, lying between it and the White Man's Pass, is unmapped and unexplored. From the west the peak was represented as accessible by the Simpson Pass from Cascade (there called by its old name "Castle Mountain"). This pass or trail followed the Heely Creek to the summit of the watershed, descending on the other side by the Simpson River and Vermilion river to the Kootenai country. A stream was represented as flowing into the Simpson River from the east and rising at the base of Mount Assiniboine, intending, therefore, to follow the Simpson Pass as far as this stream, I arranged to meet Carryer at Castle Mountain (on the map called by its old name Silver City), he taking provisions down from Field by train, and I riding a pony down the old Tete road from Laggan.

I had previously written to a famous prospector, whom I had heard was living at Castle Mountain, and had acquired a large knowledge of the trails to the south, requesting information concerning the best route to Mount Assiniboine, but he had been unable to tell me more than I already knew.

And here I will say a word concerning a delightful gentleman, Col. R. O'Hara, whose acquaintance I had made some time before. He had made a journey with pony back from Hector previous to mine, as far as the beautiful lake which I have called by his name, and which I believe he was the first to see. His purpose having been to force a passage through to the Bow Valley, he had of course not penetrated into the amphitheatre above, which he saw was blocked, and thus he had not ascended the series of cliffs to the level of Lake Oesa. Just as I was leaving the chalet at Lake Louise, with my pony, Col. O'Hara returned from an attempt to penetrate by the White Man's Pass into the region that I was about to try from the Simpson Pass. He had been stopped by forest fires which were raging south of Banff, and filled the atmosphere with