

energies nearly gone; another mile of toiling along the path skirting the Bow, and the forest tramp ended.

By the friendly light of the moon we kept our way; very few words were spoken. We had reached the end of our strength, and it was necessary to husband the few remaining "foot pounds" the best we could, for there still remained over one mile along the track after the Bow was crossed. What a relief was experienced when we stepped on that bridge over which we came some sixteen hours before; ten of these had been occupied in climbing the mountains, and over five in descending it.

We reached Laggan a few minutes after ten a.m., tired, wet and exhausted. Some members of the mounted police, who were tented near us, kindly assisted us in preparing something to eat and drink. Four men more hungry than we never sat at a table. The meal was simple, yet hunger gave it a relish almost unknown to any of us. The normal condition of our bodies being restored, the silence was soon broken, and each testified to his hopes and fears during the feat just accomplished.

Wet and tired as we were, there was some fear that the following morning would find us much the worse of the ordeal we had passed. We did not sit late that night, but soon retired to refresh our wearied limbs. It was not long before all were asleep, dreaming of glacial lakes, mountain torrents, dense forests and thrilling scenes which no doubt had been impressed upon our minds for the remainder of our lives. Morning dawned and all were soon astir. Imagine the surprise and quick movements of one who on awakening remembered that he had hung outside of the tent to dry a coat which contained all his money and some valuable papers. Fortunate for him all was found safe. His purse might have easily been taken by men who passed quite close to the tent on their way to work. The writer never awoke stronger or more refreshed from any sleep, no vestige of weariness was experienced or evil effects from the previous day's exposure. However, there was one reminder of the rough journey home. The long march down the mountain side with shoes thoroughly wet had made havoc of his feet so that when he awoke, the first movements of them were accompanied with much pain.

As for the shoes worn the day before not a trace of blackening was left, the original color of leather alone remained and a hardness which seemed beyond the softening powers of any patented molliment.

The day had not advanced far before it was quite evident that the strain had been too much for the sportsman. He became sick and quite under the weather for some time. The botanist complained a little but the geologist seemed free.

It was considered wise to devote the day to writing up results of the climb, preserving the plants collected and attending to some other work in connection with our researches. In the afternoon the writer took a stroll up the track, where we had crossed the Bow River the previous day, and from this wandered along the edge of the river collecting some interesting plants, which want of time prevented him doing while on the way up the mountain. The botanist was busy the whole day. Towards evening the huntsman went fishing, and returning brought some twelve very fine mountain trout caught in a small stream which empties into the Bow. It was agreed that the next day should be spent at the end of the track. Inquiring we found that the construction train left Laggan for the summit about 5.30 a.m. This was an early hour, and some doubts were entertained regarding our being able to catch the uncertain train. However, we concluded as our visit was near a close, we must make the effort. We asked the watchman of the Mounted Police to call us at 4.45, feeling that this would give us ample time to be on hand as the station was but a few yards from the tent. Having made every preparation we could so that nothing might cause delay in the morning, we retired full of hope concerning the grand treat in store for the coming day.

The first intimation we had that day had dawned, was the gruff voice of the watchman as he shouted into the tent "Hallo, 4.45." We answered with a