

the arrival of Elsie and Grace and had been gone three weeks. The supply of provisions was not sufficient to meet the demand for another month. And he hurried his men to extend the survey as far down the slope as possible.

Elsie and Grace had entered into the enjoyment of camp life in the mountains with all the ardour of happy youth. Under the protection of Jack, they had gathered the pink-bloomed heather, the exquisite fern-moss, and flowers of rare beauty and fragrance. At noon hours they preceded the cook to where the men were at work, and chatted with Angus while he eat the lunch they brought him. They had even fished fool-hens out of the bushes.

On the evening before the lake was to bid adieu to the visitors to its shores, Jack's favourite retreat was again offering welcome to its discoverer. And he was not alone. On his arm hung fair Elsie Macdonald, happy and silent in helping Jack to take a farewell look at the charming spot.

"Elsie," Jack said, with a new tenderness in his voice, "here in this lovely retreat I want to release the cry that has been sounding from my heart, it seems, forever."

Elsie hung more heavily on his arm, and drooped her head.

"When your hands have been clasped in mine as I helped you over the rugged paths, I could not see you, for my eyes were blinded with joy."

He turned and faced her, encircling her with his