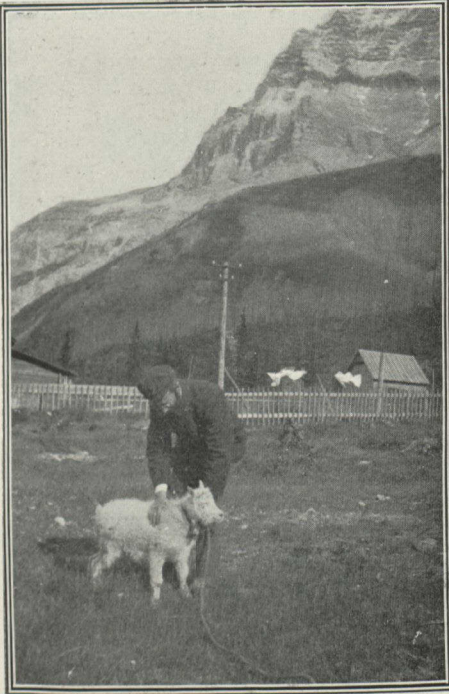




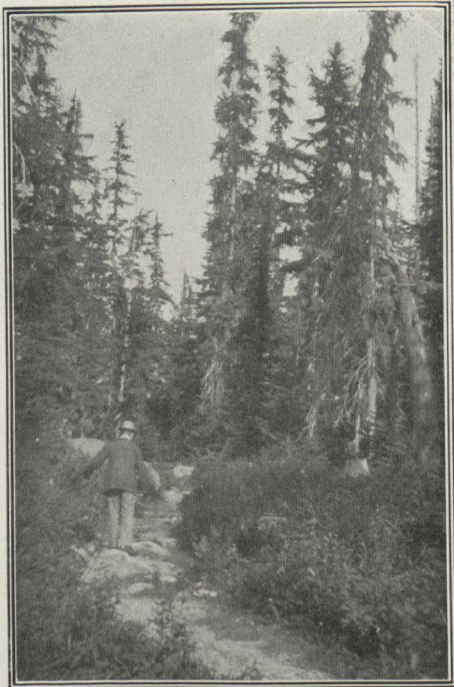
A WHITE ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOAT IN CAPTIVITY AT FIELD

science has given us the best of cameras and kodaks. At such points as Field, Nature offers us unrivalled scenery to work upon. The fast-flowing Kicking Horse River, the lakes lying like a chain of sapphires and emeralds of the purest water upon the bosoms of the hills; the grand old mountain-monarchs drawing their snow-mantles closely around their superb shoulders, and holding erect their stately ice-crowned heads; the glaciers clinging to the upper slopes between the castellated ranges, and clasping the rocks with their sparkling fingers; cataracts, water-falls, cliffs and canyons, each and all combined, afford an unlimited variety of subjects.

One morning, having spent the night in camp at the log cabin at Emerald Lake, I started off soon after sunrise to ride through the woods, and incidentally to shoot whatever game might chance to come my way. It was heavenly to smell the fresh unbreathed air of

the forest, sweetly laden with the scent of the balsam-pines. My mount, a sturdy little Indian pony, plodded steadily on, oblivious alike of word or whip. He knew those trails, cut deep into the tangled woods, far better than I, for was he not bred and born among them? The gnarled root had never grown that would trip his wary hoofs, nor the loose avalanche shale been discovered that could make him stumble on the precipitous hillsides. Across the sheen-like surface of the Emerald Lake the pine trees threw reflections, perfect as themselves. Overhead the sky was blue, like unwinking eyes of a doll. It was a day fit for the gods—and sport.

I had strapped my gun (a seven-pound Remington with a short stock, and such a one as I would strongly counsel any woman bent on shooting small game to use) to the off-side of my saddle, and was jogging complacently along the trail, more hungry—I must confess—for the beauties of Na-



A JOYOUS PATH