

torrent tracks and rock slides. The mist would be upon them in a few minutes. Jack explained their situation to Jean. "Well, boys," she said "I am going to see another phase of the mountains; but I am safe with you."

Down they scrambled in haste, through snow-banks, oozy ground, and tangled growths, the white streamers swirling around them. As they reached a narrow valley, Jack plunged ahead to scout, guiding them with his voice. The one thing he feared was the treacherous crust of snow above the hidden streams in the valley. But they got across in safety.

The mist was thick when they got to Rock Valley. George and Jack scouted in opposite directions, while the others stood still. At last Jack called out, "The ridge!" In a few minutes they were safe inside the stout walls of the cabin. But the strain had been great; and Jean collapsed as soon as it was removed. A blazing fire and a cup of tea soon brought back her color. They were all glad, however, to try Jack's prescription of hot water and clean clothes.

As they sat at supper amid the brightness and comfort of the cabin, they talked with animation of the day's experience and the storm-warning. Jean looked at Jack, and said, "You have learned to know the mountains and to read their secrets. Do they always tell you of their storms?" "Yes, Jean," he replied; "Nature never plays false."

The wind began to whistle around the cabin, and rain was soon patterning on the roof. Jean rose. "Good-night, boys," she said. Billy impulsively kissed her. "One for mother and one for myself. Good-night, Jean," he said.

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The sun had been up for some hours before the cabin showed signs of life.

The events of yesterday were talked over at breakfast. The conversation was continued in the garden, where Jack had planted roots and seeds of the mountain flowers; and there they discussed their next move. Work was Jack's greatest delight, and he felt that he must get to it at once. His alert mind was already engaged with the construction of the first permanent road into Garibaldi Park. So it was decided to give the rest of the day to the gathering of flowers and resting, so that they could all start for the Squamish Valley in the morning. Jack and Jean made their way to the big rock near the meadows, where they retrieved some withered blossoms, now more prized by both than the fairest products of the gardener's art.

And thus began a "Romance of the Mountains," which we leave to run its course amid the beauty and sublimity of Nature all untouched.