

was Mamquam, from which the range of peaks continued southwards as far as Indian River. On the west a full view was obtained of the trail as it swept around from Lookout Mountain. It was a grand panorama. Meadows, streams, trees that told of winter storms, snowfields, ice-falls and towering peaks were all in sight from Jack's cabin door.

Everything was now ready for his guests, and the time for their arrival drew near. He pointed his glass at the lower end of the long curving trail. Yes, there they were, crossing the snow on this side of Lookout Mountain. George was leading; next came the two pack ponies, followed by Jean and Billy. But his eager interest in his visitors did not make him overlook the signs of a rainstorm approaching from the south-east. He caught up his camera and hurried down the trail as it swept around from Lookout Mountain. It was a grand panopupper Shadow Lake for a picture when the party should reach it. Farther on he met his old and tried friends with the warmest of greetings. Jean was full of delighted exclamations at the things she had seen on the way. "And, oh, Jack," she added, "I want to know everything about your Garibaldi! I am so glad mother let me come: for now I am to see it in all its wild grandeur!"

Jack pointed to the storm-clouds. But they held off until he had got his picture at the lakes. While descending into Green Valley, the rain came down. The storm passed quickly on its way to Mamquam, leaving the landscape fairer than before.

Jean was delighted with Jack's mountain home. He showed her into the annex. A roaring fire greeted her on her return to the living-room after changing her climbing dress. As she stood in front of it, she asked, "And did you really build that beautiful room in three days?" Presently she added, "Billy and I will get supper while you boys attend to the ponies."

The evening passed merrily in front of the fire. They told of their adventures on the trail, and their troubles with a new pony that tried to stampede. Then came Jack's letter and the park scheme, on which the criticisms of George Ward were sound and practical. Soon afterwards the fresh young voices were heard in familiar songs, Billy accompanying on his violin. Then they all said "good-night."

It seemed but a few minutes later when Billy yelled "Good-morning!" It was glorious out of doors. Showers during the night had freshened the colors of the landscape, and clothed the valley in bloom.

The first task was the building of a bath-room over a pool a little below the cabin. Jean was greatly interested when she heard that there was to be a fireplace in it.