

"The enclosed map, which has been prepared from your notes and sketches, covers almost the same ground as you suggested. The boundary of the Reserve takes in part of Round Mountain, that section of the Mud River Valley which you propose for a game preserve, the whole of Garibaldi and Mount Mamquam, and all those picturesque summits which surround Garibaldi Lake. The finest part of the district is thus secured against encroachment.

"I understand you are about to return to the Garibaldi region. Will you have a pony trail made to the Lake if possible? I wish to see these wonders for myself; but I must await the trail for I am not a mountaineer.

"You will doubtless submit some plans for further work. We can go over these together before drawing up a general scheme. I wish you every success.

"Yours sincerely,

"_____"

To Jack this letter carried with it many possibilities, of which he dreamed on that summer evening. These dreams were not all of park improvements. He had first to build an annex to his cabin. The cabin was convenient and comfortable, though made out of rough materials. But the annex had to be fit for the occupation of a queen.

The glory of the sunset broke suddenly upon him. Prismatic colors played on the gray mists above and turned the mountain tops to burnished gold, while the valley was flooded with rosy light. The picture held his gaze for so long that he seemed to lose his own identity. "No wonder," he thought, "that early man bent knee and head in worship of the sun." The chill of evening brought him back to earth. He re-entered the cabin, lighted his candle, and prepared for a good night's rest.

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The morning mists lay thick over valley and meadow when Jack opened his cabin door. He lost no time in getting to work on the annex.

Its walls were built of flat slabs from the neighboring slopes, which were bedded in cut sods. His skill in woodcraft enabled him to make stools and chairs from gnarled tree-growths. But he did not stop there. He transplanted shrubs, heather and wild flowers to cover the traces of recent building; and the result was a masterpiece of ingenuity and fitness. It took just three days to complete. It was sheltered on the north by the south-east spur of Columnar Mountain. The front looked southwards, over Green Valley and the broad meadows. On the east