

driveway, at the farther end of which stood, far flung, the wonderful summer home of Herbert Lyndon.

"But?" queried Robert, with indrawn breath.

"But, you're too late!" She flashed an impish glance at him. "And there's Father!" she cried.

The millionaire came toward them slowly, ponderously, his ruddy face glowing with health behind the curling smoke of his big cigar. The doctor gave a grunt of impatience, and the next moment responded to his host's genial greeting.

DINNER, the other guests, bridge, and not least, Herbert Lyndon himself kept Corliss from hurling at Marjorie the "why" that was on the tip of his tongue. He went to his room at last, and to bed, a veritable living question mark. Restlessly, he tossed to and fro, the ever-recurring question torturing him. "Too late!" she had said. Why? He fell asleep finally, with the little teasing word, half-whispered, on his lips.

The next morning, Corliss was up and out of doors before any of the other guests in that pleasure-loving house had thought of waking. The trees and lawns were asparkle with frost as he sauntered across a wide terrace in the direction of the tennis court.

Marjorie was standing on the back line, a basketful of balls beside her. One after another, she sent them whizzing over the net with a smashing, businesslike serve toward an imaginary opponent. So intent was she on her practice that she was unaware of his presence until Robert stood close beside her. Without a word, he picked up the basket, reached for the racket, which, in her surprise, she relinquished without knowing why, and strode toward a settee in the shade bordering the court. Marjorie followed, assuming a meek, little-girl air.

"Good morning," she said, demurely. "Do I infer that you wish my attention?"

Corliss turned. "Oh, good morning," he said; it was evident that he was unused to the simpler amenities of life. "I do."

He looked at her as she stood before him in the morning light, her sleeves rolled up, her waist slightly open at the throat, the level sun-rays turning her brown hair to gold. He drew his breath sharply.

"Why?" he said.

"Why what?" she parried.

"Why did you say that I was too late?"

A burning wave of colour swept over the V of her white throat, suffusing her cheeks and brow. She refused to lower her eyes, however.

"Because I am engaged," she said, quietly.

"Oh—is that all?" Corliss breathed a sigh of relief. "I thought you might be married."

"How absurd!" she cried, a glint of anger darkening her eyes. "Didn't I tell you I was Marjorie Lyndon? I always play fair."

"Yes, but"—he hesitated—"one has queer fancies sometimes—when it's a matter of life and death. By the way, who is it?"

"Peter Bush."

"The gambler?"

"The what?"

"I know," said Corliss, hastily, "he calls himself a stock broker—so he is—but, to my mind, faro's just as good a game."

"What a queer view to take of it," laughed Marjorie. "Most of the men I know are on Wall Street."

"What do they get out of it?"

"Why, money, I suppose. Isn't that enough?"

"Do you think money is so very important?"

"Don't you?"

"No; I don't. I make a lot; but it doesn't stick, somehow."

"What do you do with it?" she asked, with sudden interest.

"Oh, I don't know," said Robert, carelessly. "Give most of it away, I guess. All my patients aren't millionaires, you know."

Marjorie regarded him with open-eyed surprise. The men in her set were sometimes guilty of boasting about the money that they spent lavishly on idle pleasures. Peter Bush had done so on occasion, she recalled. But that a man, poor, according to her standards, should speak casually of giving it away impressed her. A pucker of thought creased her brow.

"Don't look so disapproving," laughed Corliss.

"I'm not!" she declared, indignantly. "You merely made me think."

There ensued a pause, which Robert broke awkwardly.

"I wonder," he said, "just how poor a man you could marry and be happy with."

"Why do you ask?"

"Because you're going to marry me," he asserted.

"Doctor Corliss!" protested Marjorie, frowning.

"Are you offended?" he asked, casually.

She glanced at his face, and dropped her eyes.

"I should be," she declared, in a vexed tone; "but, somehow, you're different." She raised her head again defiantly. "See here," she said, evenly, "I am a perfectly normal girl, not at all averse to flirting; but there are some things that you must not say."

"Then I have your permission to flirt with you?"

She nodded, a mischievous sparkle in her eyes.

"Thanks; but that is just what I don't want to do." Robert stood in silence for some moments, his eyes on her flushed, up-turned face. "You're adorable!" he breathed, at last.

"That's better!" she laughed. "Of course, I am!" Turning from him, she ran toward the terrace. "Breakfast!" she called, mockingly, over her shoulder.

Corliss tried in vain the rest of the day to get a moment alone with Marjorie. Whether by intention or accident, she was always with one or another of her guests. As the day wore on, his impatience grew with each successive failure. He was in a self-confessed execrable humour when, after dinner, Mr. Lyndon drew him aside.

"Come to my study, and discuss my case," bade the millionaire, leading the way to his den.

When he had seated himself in his deep chair, lighted a cigar, and moved a decanter within easy reach, he said, abruptly:

"Now, Doctor, what's the matter with me?"

"Nothing," replied Corliss, succinctly.

"Eh! But—I don't feel well!" exploded the other.

"Naturally."

MR. LYNDON had a suspicion that the doctor was joking, but a glance at the young man's grim face disabused him of the idea.

"What do you mean? What shall I do?" he asked, almost plaintively.

"Eat less, drink less, smoke less, and exercise more," said his adviser, without a moment's hesitation.

The old gentleman cleared his throat once, angrily; a second time, with less choler; he hemmed, hawed, chuckled, and burst into a genial guffaw.

"Young man," he said, "you've got sense! I guess I don't need you any more in your professional capacity. Can't I tempt you, though, to stay as my guest?"

The doctor accepted with alacrity, and decided that the day had not been a failure after all.

It was not until the next afternoon that Robert

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On the Trail of Krag

Near the New Hunting Grounds of the Tete Jaune Cache

By BONNYCASTLE DALE

WHEN you buy a ticket to Prince Rupert via the Yellowhead Pass and Mt. Robson and the Skeena, you will remember having read in this issue of the CANADIAN COURIER probably the raciest and most humorous description of that country ever written—and by a naturalist. Mr. Bonnycastle Dale was pounding round in that undiscoverable country years before any railway company dreamed of laying a steel road under the eaves of Mt. Robson. His guileless story of how he roughed and toughed it in the land of Krag the goat, along with his inimitable Fritz and the Tsimshian Indians should become a classic in the literature of travel.

WHAT a world of adventure lingers about the name—"Tete Jaune Cache"—or literally, the "Cache on the Yellowhead Pass." What a tale of heroic labour is that of the pioneers that trod this perilous trail that skirts the now world famous Mt. Robson! Listen to the names that tell of the wonders of the trail—"Interlaken on the Athabasca," "Rainbow Canon," "Snowbird Pass," "Valley of a Thousand Falls," "Grizzly Peak," all in a land of upthrown pinnacles, swiftly rushing rivers—for do not the Fraser, the Lennan and Sand Creek meet at this cache of the yellow-headed man? All about are the tops of the Fiddle Back Range, the tops also of "Terrace," "Reef" and "Mural Glaciers"—a veritable sea of flowing frozen rivers, and domineering them all like a monarch on his throne—the mighty Robson, a terraced giant, each step outlined in snow. Here is the ancient feeding-ground of the fearsome scented "Billy" and the mighty-horned Rocky Mountain Sheep. Here they may climb and feed and play for generations yet to come, for all the land from Obed on the east to Tete Jaune on the west, from Fortress Lake on the south to the wide waters of the Smoky and the Hay is now the celebrated Jasper Park of B.C., a game sanctuary, where the furry ones may breed and spread out over the Canoe River and Fraser River districts—where I would advise the man that wants a few good skins and heads to hunt.

We are many of us familiar with the wonderful scenes that meet our view along the magnificent Kicking Horse Pass, and the Crows Nest Pass farther south. Here is a new scenic route opened to the big game hunter, this valley of the Yellowhead, this Yellowhead pass. Oh! how I envy the chap that goes in now—we took twenty days once—

days of fording a river that incessantly corkscrewed, that raised its flooded waters many feet in a single night and made us poor trail-beaters build great, unwieldy rafts that always threatened to part amid-stream. And why will a swimming band of pack horses always land right up against an impenetrable forest and make the unfortunate owners wade in and lead them splashing? Oh, yes; they always splash you when the day is nice and cold. Now, as our guide says, "Hyak yaka chaco, Ikt moo-sum mokst klose-nan." Which, being translated, means, "you



A mighty hard chase—but "Billy" was worth it.

do it in one sleep and two looks on the railroad," in this case the Grand Trunk Pacific.

Westward of Jasper Park, all the way to Fort George, you can get your heart's desire satisfied with big game hunting—aye, and shooting at them, too—of course you've got to hit them, I can't. I am trying to head you there—here lies the famous Caribou district, with many a game range yet unhaunted. Moose and caribou are liberally distributed over this huge district. Bear roam it, "billies" scent the air on almost every range, the sheep are shot along the Peace and the Liard. To the man that loves wild fowling, or thrills all over at the click of the reel here is a ground for his adventure. I hold no retainer by the Province of British Columbia, but I know that the Caribou and Cassiar districts attract the big game hunters of the entire world, and now when our Ontario woods have a hunter at the foot of every tree, it is well to know that a four-days trip will take us to the edge of the hunting grounds. Remember that while they let us shoot one another for a couple of dollars apiece in our Ontario forests, the price is raised in the western hunting grounds, and really you are more likely to get a good head than a poor man there. You can get all information from the Provincial Game Warden, Vancouver, B.C.

HOW often I have wished that I could take up some of the rich lands that form the valleys of the Nechaco and the Stuart! They were then covered with wild vetch, a sort of wild pea that grew rankly all over. I have seen it higher than the heads of the Indian children playing in it. Much of this is for sale now at fair prices, and the crops can be disposed of conveniently—taxes half of one per cent.; price-purchase \$10, or pre-emption \$1 per acre.

Did you ever get lost? No! Well come with us in this topsy-turvy country, when the trails were all made by the four-footed ones and you toted and cached your way from Alberta to the Pacific.

We had left Tete Jaune. We had also left the lower Nechaco—an error, gentlemen, for which I blamed Fritz, Fritz blamed me, and we both blamed the two silent guides. We had foolishly turned north into the Stuart, and our main party was steadily heading westward for Fraser Lake—along the true road, the Nechaco. The trail was well defined—for a trail was then very faint. There were mighty few motor road signs in those days to tell a chap which way led to a cache and which to