

nose between his paws and quietly yield himself captive to the Queen of Slumberland.

The grizzly, cinnamon and black bears, their piggish eyes betraying gluttonous appetites, prowl through the pines, their surly growls startling the timid doe and fawn into flashing flight.

The elk, pushing his way through the thick grass, growing straight and tall in the marsh formed by the overflow of the stream, occasionally stops to proudly toss his antlered head and sound a message, clear and musical, to his mate awaiting him in a covert on the opposite shore.

The buzz of insect life floats out from the bushes and up from the ground, varied unpleasantly with the nerve-tingling hum of the mosquito.

And high above the tall pines, above the serrated walls, circling around the great light from the sun as a moth flies round and round a lighted taper, an eagle scans the valley for food for her young safely nestled in a dismantled tree standing alone on a prominence.

And thus did life awaken and turn from rest to labor one morning in the month of June, 1879, in a valley at the base of Castle Mountain, in the Rocky Mountains, not far from where the Canadian Pacific Railway now forms an iron trail up the eastern slope.

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