

WHY AND WHEREFORE

DURING the two summers of the herein described little journeys among the Canadian Rocky Mountains, there had never been a thought that the daily happenings of our ordinary camp-life would ever be heard of beyond the diary, the family, the few partial friends.

However, when the cold breath of the mountain-tops blew down upon us, and warned us that the early winters were not far away, that the camping days were almost done for the year, when we reluctantly turned our backs upon the sweet mountain air, the camp-fire, the freedom, discarded the much loved buckskins and hob-nailed shoes for the trappings dictated by the *Delineator*, we emerged into the world—the better known world—sure of the envy of all listeners.

Did they listen? No, scarce one. With all the pigments we might use, the numbers were few who "enthused." Those who needed "enthusing," they with aches and pains, with sorrows and troubles, listened the least, or looked upon our mountain world as but a place of privation and petty annoyances.