

blue sky—and the scent of the firs always in our nostrils.

"Flirting with Death"

"Help!" wailed Jean suddenly. "Look! Look what he's doing!"

We were picking our way, at that moment, along a two-foot mountain trail, with a sheer drop of hundreds of feet, below us; and Jean's "sure-footed mountain pony" was calmly, placidly, stretching his neck out into the abyss for a juicy thistle far below—with two of his famous feet hanging right over the edge!... Oh, well, we got used to trifles like that before the day was over.

The little ship's doctor rode with us, whenever the trail was wide enough. After the first hour or so, his cheery smile had faded. "Aweel, 'tis a verra long way, do ye mind," he would mutter, "an' this beastie none the easiest ridin'..."

However, at twelve o'clock his sad heart was cheered by wild shouts from the van of the procession. Moraine Lake was in sight.

What a scene! A flat, rock-strewn shore, sparsely grown with grass (at which our steeds' eyes glistened covetously) and tiny spruces and birches here and there; before us, the lake—almost as wonderfully blue as Lake Louise—hemmed in by sharply-cut dark crags towering into the sky. Piles of shale and huge rock seemed sliding gradually into the waters from those summits. This was the moraine which gave the spot its name; debris carried down by some vanished glacier—vanished long years ago, for tall firs and cedars had rooted themselves in these piles of rock.

Here we rested and feasted, alike on the scenery and on the hotel's delicious sandwiches and cake; and posed for photographs; and dozed and day-dreamed, gazing off over the hills, through a burned black thicket which fantastically pierced the brilliant blue of the sky, like a giant's lace pattern.

And then the homeward trail. How wonderful it all was, even on a second view! We agreed with the English traveller who had written in the Chalet guest-book, "The Alps—the Andes—the Himalayas—Lake Louise is more beautiful than any of them!"

But how those sure-footed ponies, all afternoon, did hover over the edge of the precipices, "flirting with death" for the sake of some green delicacy or other! And how "Sherlock Holmes" and his friend teased

the little Scotchman, who, sitting as sideways as possible on his charger, with pale drawn face, and tense hands clutching the pommel of his saddle, still vowed that he had taken a great fancy to that horse; it was a wonderful beastie; he was going to charter it for the whole summer, do ye ken!

Full of Scenery and Ozone

At last as the dusk was falling we reached the Chalet, full of scenery, and ozone, and pleasant sleepiness. While we unbent our creaking joints, dismounting, the Western lawyer called out, "We're all dining together to-night—in half an hour—remember!"

The joke of it was, that when we drifted into the dining-room by ones and twos, all washed and combed and polished up—we didn't recognize one another! It was a jolly dinner, though, when we did get ourselves sorted out—one of those parties with everyone telling things on everyone else; and anecdotes ad lib., chiefly contributed by the lanky Irishman; and unlimited fun poked at the little Scotch doctor, balancing cautiously on the softest side of his chair.

After the banquet, as Jean and I were sleepily departing, the Western lawyer stopped us at the stairway.

"You're both staying another day, aren't you?"

We admitted it. Who would willingly leave Lake Louise sooner?

"Well, then, we're the sole survivors; all the rest are going right through to Banff... Don't you think it's your duty to keep me amused to-morrow?"

Why, of course! And duty must never be shirked.

"Very well, then! Very well!" He rubbed his hands together gleefully. "We'll meet down here, right after breakfast. Just leave all the details to me!"

At eight-thirty the next morning, we found Mr.—Mr. Denver (he came from Denver, anyway)—awaiting us in a dashing golf costume which quite transformed him.

"Good morning! Are you ready? Come along, then—"

We crossed the terrace, with one more view of those golden poppies, and soon found ourselves at the brink of the lake—and at the boat landing—and getting into a row-boat.

"Why, where are we going?" Jean wrinkled a puzzled brow.

"Over to the glacier. Don't you want to see it at close range, and go into the ice-cave—"

Deceiving Distances

"Oh, good!" Both of us were delighted. "We can row right over can't we, and spend the whole morning there!"

Mr. Denver gave an odd smile at the words "Row right over"—but we got in and he began to row...

The day was gloriously clear, the water gloriously blue, and the glacier just before us—practically in the hotel's front yard.

Mr. Denver went on rowing.

How wonderfully the sun shone!—and there was the glacier, right before us...

Mr. Denver went on rowing.

This might be continued indefinitely, but I will spare you. Briefly, we were informed later on that it was three miles across that lake.

Finally, we did arrive. The boat was tied securely (for the water was a trifle coolish for a three-mile swim)—and then began the upward scramble, through a fringe of rocks and boulders, with little streams of water trickling through them, up to the ragged edge of the glacier.

There it lay before us—a prehistoric monster, dingily green and white; soiled, battered, and yet majestic; outspread through the valley, silently defying the suns and winds of the marching years.

Jean was struggling and slipping along, with stifled grunts—"These rocks! I'll break my ankle yet, I know I will..." while Mr. Denver, far in the lead, beamed back at us now and then and called cheerily, "There are only two kinds of girls, the clinging vines and those that aren't. I can always tell 'em apart... I wouldn't insult you by offering to help!"

We forgave him, however, when, after we'd gazed with awestruck faces and chilled noses into the green depths of the ice-cave, he picked out a nice sunny rock near by for a resting-place, and brought out a big box of chocolates...

The row back, through the warm sunlight, was glorious. We floated on blue Lake Louise like a toy boat on some strange opaque, magical mirror; the black crags towered high above us, and far ahead lay the Chalet, glistening in the sun, outspread on its green terraces like a carved ivory toy on a velvet panel.