



The Chateau, Lake Louise—"Part of the beauty and not foreign to it"

"You can't," said Una, with grim firmness. "There's nothing to walk on and if there is Bingo needs it all. If he should stumble over you, where would I be?"

The nervous lady didn't care where Una would be and said so, but Stove-pipe seemed quite undisturbed by her evident distrust. With nose resting peacefully upon the trail of the pony preceding, he followed the direction of Pedro's whistle and took the angle with all the calm of a true fatalist.

We had turned aside from the lake now and our way wound through the mountain woods, a steady climb up an easy slope, till Pedro's voice, sounding cheerfully from the rear, announced Mirror Lake in the near distance.

Who found it first, I wonder, this wonderful mountain looking-glass, when no one knew the way save the birds and the mountain beasts who came to drink; when there were no trails, no ponies, no tourists? It is not blue like Lake Louise. Its waters are sadder, darker. It lies there in its fringing trees quite hidden and aloof.

Beside it rises a domed mountain curiously like the bee-hive for which it is named. The trails wind up to the very summit of this, trails easily climbed by the sure-footed ponies, and providing the highest point on the continent reachable by pony travel. To our right hand the trail by which we had come sloped steeply up and, having allowed us a sufficiently long interval for breathing space, our leading pony turned resignedly to his unfinished task.

"I'm getting used to it, I think," said the nervous lady, "or else I feel safer because I can't see the bottom."

"Yes," agreed Una, "the most pressing danger now is that of sliding off backwards. The bridles seem strong. Let us hope the man who made them had a conscience."

He probably had, for even Una's weight did not trouble the good stout leather. The ponies bent to the stiff grade, heads down, disdainfully unheeding of the wriggling humans upon their backs; their twitching ears attentive only to the whistle of their guide.