



Burgess Pass in the Canadian Rockies

IF YOU ARRIVE in the afternoon or evening, mind that you just shut your eyes to the scenery," my travelled friend had said. "It will be something you'll never forget — the morning sun on that wonderful blue water, and the yellow poppies swaying in the wind."

And so, after our little journey in the dusk, in a Rolls Royce driven car that runs on rails from the train to the Chalet (vaguely extended there in the shadows) — we stepped at last into the great entrance hall, with our thoughts all on the morning, and these yellow poppies above the blue waters.

"Why, there's 'Sherlock Holmes' again!" whispered Jean excitedly. "Funny how we meet him at every stop—"

Sure enough, the dark-eyed young fellow in the checked cap which had helped us to nickname him, was standing near the desk in earnest conversation with another chap. As he caught sight of us, he came forward, smiling.

"You'll pardon me—" he said, snatching off the cap, "but we've just been arranging a horseback party for Moraine Lake tomorrow. Perhaps you would like to go?"

After some hesitation and murmured complaints by Jean that "she knew, she positively *knew*, she'd fall off and disgrace us," and reassurances by Mr. Sherlock to the effect that "these were sure-footed mountain ponies, comfortable as a rocking-chair," and settling of the riding togs and lunch questions, we finally consented to lend our presence to the sporting event.

Off to Early Start.

And now it was morning—almost the "crack of dawn", indeed, since

ious, outspread in the triangular gorge of the great black peaks.

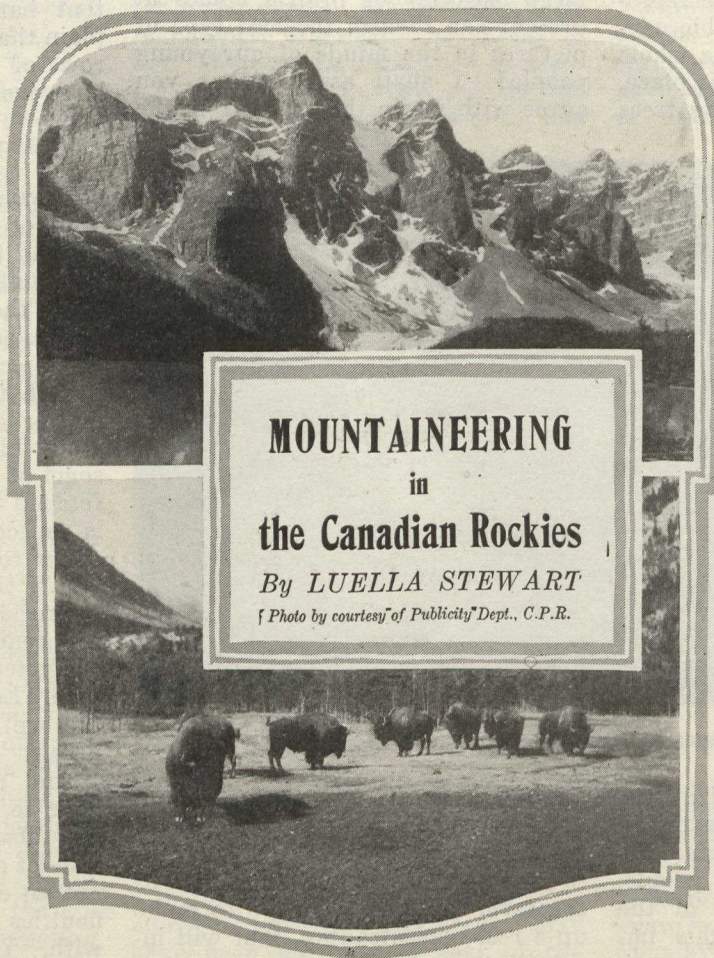
It was a sacrilege, after that, to think of breakfast; but—!

A little later, when we crept sheepishly down the steps in our borrowed riding-breeches—for it isn't considered safe to ride side-saddle in the mountains—and who wants to ride side-saddle, anyway? — there were the "sure-footed mountain ponies" lined up in waiting. Our steeds looked sure-footed enough, indeed, and also sedate enough; with heads down, and an expression of pathetic boredom, they were listlessly nibbling at the lawn. When we had been hoisted to the saddle — trying hard to look experienced and debonair—the cavalcade set forth.

We were a motley party—as varied as the Canterbury Pilgrims. There were Jean and I — just average New York girls; a breezy young widow from California, dark and dashing, and a graceful figure

on horseback (the only such among us, I might add!). Then, there was a tall, lanky Irishman, with an unquenchable fund of humor; a little Scotch ship's doctor who had never been on a horse before and soon began to realize it; a taciturn Western lawyer; and Sherlock Holmes and his friend—both Harvard boys. ("You can always tell a Harvard man — but you can't tell him much.")

We passed through wonderful scenery from the very start—woods, and mountain pastures, boulder-strewn valleys, and steep hill-sides where rocks clattered down under our ponies' hoofs; and always dark peaks looming up behind us and in the distance — black against the pale-



we had arranged to be called for a very early start. Jumping out of bed, Jean dashed to the window, and gave a cry of delight.

"Quick!" she called to me. "There was never anything so beautiful!"

She was right. From our windows in the Chalet, a spacious lawn sloped down to the water; and just at its edge was a host, a marching army, of poppies as gloriously yellow as the lake was gloriously blue. And what a strange blue that water was! Not a turquoise, exactly, and certainly not an azure; but a strange, opaque, baffling shade, seen only in water fed by a melting glacier.

There lay the glacier, too, just across the blue interlude of the lake—greenish-white, majestic, myster-