

## ST. ANNE OF THE MOUNTAINS

to the parting of the ways.

When September has lived out half its days and the Shickshocks are white-crowned and the little pools ice coated, we bid farewell to the village and the hardy, kindly peninsular folk and turn our faces homeward.

"See!" we exclaim, when the ninety mile drive has been accomplished and we are again nearing the village of Little Metis.

"See! There is a welcome sight."

And the sight indicated is the brace of glistening steel rails which mark the path of the iron horse.

Nevertheless, it is with sincere gratitude and hearty good will that we echo the farewell of our village escorts.

*A l'été prochain.*