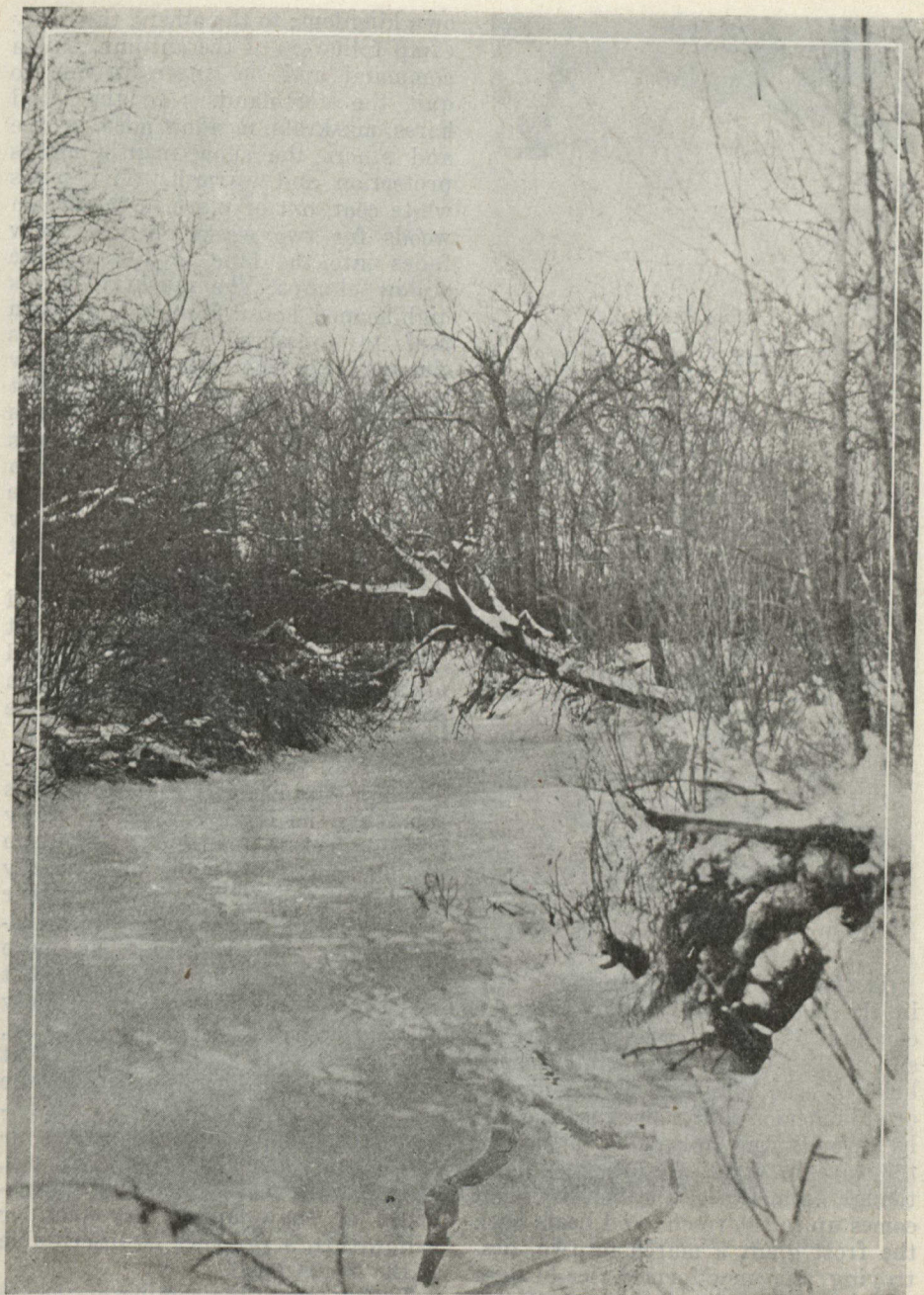




It is the end of a season—the hard grip of the North

thin, needle-fanged, which at dusk when I went for water was but forty feet wide (and how it growled and cried as I thrust the canoe through

it roughly to dip far out!)—now grows and grows wide, reaches out eager hands and builds its bridges towards mid-lake.