

## ST. ANNE OF THE MOUNTAINS

ant happenings are repeated. There is fishing, singing, loitering, shore-investigating and forest reconnoitering, and at last we arrive at the camp which represents our shelter for the night.

A little farther on, the stream in its windings brings one suddenly to the sight of the comparatively near Shickshocks, though six or seven miles distant they still are. But the vision of the unveiling of the solemn, lonely mountains will not be ours till the journey is resumed and the cloud-crowned monarchs are bathed by the morning sun.

Lonely enough the deserted camp appears as we view it from our skiffs. The sun has already disappeared behind the forest-clad hills, and the chill of a late August nightfall makes itself felt. The voices of the stream are minor-keyed now, and strange shadows brood over the mysterious country that stretches off toward those solitary regions where the Wild holds undisputed sway.

But it is with the speed of magic that gloom is banished and a transformation scene effected. The empty skiffs are drawn up on the beach while rugs, blankets and provisions are being transferred to the little lodge whose