

ST. ANNE OF THE MOUNTAINS

and utters a low, threatening growl.

"Ah la fine petite bête! She hears something. Some prowling creature; a moose perhaps. Shall we call?"

Soon a beautiful sheet of white birch is twisted into a gigantic horn and through it is uttered a wild, roaring, bleating challenge—a challenge which always closes with a strange grunt or a series of grunts.

Again and again the woods ring with the call of the guides, but only the echoes answer. The forest itself is more silent, more solemn, more mysterious than ever.

Once more silence falls on the company. A drowsy silence it is, for the gayer mood has passed and the hour for rest has come.

Then good nights are uttered, the company breaks up and we betake ourselves to our shelter, there to sleep as do care-free, light-hearted little children.

But one sound reaches us as we linger on the borders of the dream country. A voice floats over to us from the cabin where the men lodge. It is the refrain of Isabeau.

Sur le bord de l'eau

Sur le bord vaisseau.

Then silence, forgetfulness, sleep.