

ST. ANNE OF THE MOUNTAINS

business exigencies and interferences that the masculine brow grew gloomy. For as word had been left that none but urgent messages were to be sent after us, our sportsmen naturally interpreted the intrusion as a menace to their well-earned, and—at best—all too limited respite from business thralldom.

However, as is so often the case with threatened evil, our speculations were all astray and our fears proved groundless. It was through a misunderstanding that some harmless, unimportant messages were allowed to make their way to us. In the end, the misunderstanding even turned to our advantage, for, through the error, our party of guides was reinforced by two sturdy vil-lagers with powerful lungs and good song repertories. Thus two lusty voices were added to the chorus with which the forests echoed as we gathered around the fire at the close of the banquet: the feast so alarmingly interrupted but so happily resumed.

And such a camp fire!

Out on the stony beach at a point where the river repeats the glowing picture, is the site selected for the conflagration.

A huge accumulation of logs, (more than