

canoe stole up with hardly the sound of a paddle, and you felt as if you must not speak or it would disappear as magically as it seemed to have come. Darkness fell, jolly campfires were lighted, and round them were grouped people young and old. From some came the sound of guitars and banjos, with the sweet mingling of male and female voices. At half past ten we started once more for Dauphin, our lamps streaming a path of light ahead that made fairy land of the Ridge Road.

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**Another Day
and Another
Lake.
Ninette**

It was a hot afternoon, and we came round the bend suddenly upon the lake, sparkling in the sunshine, tiny whitecaps chasing each other to the shore. In the old days this was known as Pelican Lake. It is surrounded by a circle of beautifully treed hills, and it is possible to have a thirty-mile sail. That evening, when the sun was down, we rowed across the lake to the little piers on the other side, were transferred to a motor boat, and chugged rapidly down to the far end of the lake. By this time the sun had set and the moon had risen. The engine was turned off, a sail hoisted, and back we came in the evening breeze. From the camps at different points of the lake came the sound of singing, of laughter and of happy chatter. Canoes glided slowly by, and every few minutes the moonlight caught the sail of some passing boat. The sound of the wind through the trees on the banks, and the lapping of the waters on the sands and the stones of the shore added to the quiet beauty of the night. Here, nestling among the hills, is the sanatorium for consumptives, and surely no more delightful place could be found.

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**Yet Another
Day and Yet
Another Lake**

It is hot, and we have been driving all morning. Near noon we round the top of a great swell of land, and suddenly to our ears comes the sound of the cool wash of water on a sandy beach. A moment later and the Big Quill lies before us, bright and blue, with its fringe of dark evergreens on its southeastern shore,