

boarded-up windows and a general air of desolation left to show what had once been the scene of life and gaiety. But the grandeur of that autumn sunset on those lonely islands, and the beauty of that changing foliage showing up red, brown and golden against the sky, then dipping down to the water's edge in many places, was well worth the late trip up the Lake to see. Stately



A SCENE IN THE MUSKOKA REGION

and grand stand those many-hued trees clad in all their autumn glory, and one wishes they might remain always so and be spared the destruction of the settler's axe.

At one of the smallest islands our steamer landed us bag and baggage, rather unceremoniously, it is true, and away on up the lake she steamed again in the fast gathering darkness. Here our hostess met us, having rowed herself from Sandy Point Camp about a mile off, and into a small boat we were again packed, arriving at our destination, cold and hungry enough to be very appreciative of the big glowing fire of logs that met our