

ST. ANNE OF THE MOUNTAINS

ing on their hind legs. With wonder, awe, curiosity and much suspicion they drew nearer and nearer to the steamboat which was now resting in a little harbor. They had come quite near indeed and were eagerly discussing the strange object when, 'Let's give them a salute,' whispered one of the expedition.

"A loud shrill toot was next heard, but at the first shriek of the whistle the savages took to their heels! Back to the wilds they flew—large caribou, medium-sized and small, all vanishing as if by the power of the evil one, and soon not a hide was to be seen. It is supposed that they never halted until they reached their settlement, nor do I know that they ever again ventured to the coast.

"Ah could the ladies but have photographed that flying company!"

Now the fire burns low and the faces of our companions show but fitfully in the light of the dying flames. Silence has fallen on the company and the dark outer world is encroaching on our circle.

Suddenly the little Mexican dog starts, looks searchingly towards the deep recesses