hunt. It was by the hunt that they made their living, and may be it was the liking common to all men to be interested in their principal occupation, or perhaps the possibility of getting a job of guiding you to the hunting grounds, that they were always ready to give you any information in their power. The hunting stories that they tell are so quaintly put in their broken English that they seem doubly interesting to the listener, especially if those stories are told with all the accompanying gestures with which an Indian illustrates his speech. The act of aiming in shooting, the blowing of the moose-horn, and imitation of the soft and cautious motion of the paddle on approaching game, are some of the few movements made by an Indian in telling a hunting story.

The Montagnais canoe is noted for its beautiful form and finish, and each yard has its complement of birches, some usually in the process of construction, for they are always made out of doors. The only tools used are an axe, a crooked knife, and an awl made of deer horn, and it is astonishing what good work is turned out with these primitive tools. No compass or square covers the weakness of the Indian workman, for every piece tells the exact truth of his eye and hand. A hunting canoe only lasts about two or three years, and consequently about two thirds of the tribe build canoes here every summer.

Next in interest to the canoes and the hunting stories, to me, came the Museum of Natural History and Indian antiquities, collected by Father Arnaud, the Jesuit priest, who has given up his life to converting these Indians to Christian faith. When the Oblat Fathers came, in 1844, they found that the Montagnais had lost nearly all traces of the Christianity which had been taught them years before, in 1782, by the first Jesuits, and had returned to almost complete barbarism. Now, about one half of the five thousand comprising the whole tribe have been converted, all of those at Betshiamits being among the number.

The Museum, which numbers among its attractions a stuffed gorilla from South Africa, is exceedingly interesting and complete. Being an enthusiastic lover of nature, Father Arnaud eagerly embraced the unrivalled opportunities for collecting the birds and animals of the region, together with a fine collection of Indian antiquities gathered from Labrador to Baffin's Strait and Hudson's Bay. He lives in a comfortable parsonage in the garden of which strutted three peacocks,—the last birds in the world to expect in an Indian village. He was exceeding kind to us, giving all the information in his power about his life and that of his Indians.

On our departure he accompanied us to our boat, which was waiting to take us to our yacht, which was anchored, with steam up, a short distance off shore, and bade us adieu with that courtly politeness which always characterizes a true Frenchman.

Even as we left the shore we were again treated to the sight of another native custom. A family about to start for the woods were loading the canoe which was to carry them up the river. The cotton sheeting or the tent was spread on the bottom, amidships, to protect the bags of flour, rolls of blankets, guns, traps, and kettles; there were also rolls of birch bark for roofing the wigwam, a roll of baby packed in moss and laced up in a wicker-work basket, and three dogs. The only people on the beach besides the travelers were half a dozen girls, who squatted on the sand and surveyed the preparation for departure with considerable indifference. When everything was ready, the children were settled in their places in the centre, the dogs thrown in for the third time, and the wife took her place in the bow, paddle in hand, while her lord and master seated himself in the stern. Both paddles were set in the sand, a united push was given, and they were off to the wilderness where perhaps they would not see a human face for weeks or even months. As they paddled steadily up the river they did not