

sent: and they sat at a distance until invited to talk or have something to eat. These Indians speak the Cree language, but, to our surprise, one of the women sang:

"Hush-a-by, baby, on the tree-top,
When the wind blows, the cradle will
rock, etc."

Imagine the feelings of any man with a grain of sense hearing that dear old nursery rhyme for the first time in years, and in such surroundings. It was all the English the woman knew, but we could not find out where she learned it.

While returning to East Main, there was quite a heavy sea running, but our canoes rode through it as gracefully as a pair of swans. Our return was celebrated by a dance: the music being furnished by a fiddle and drum. When the drummer got tired, he resigned in favor of his wife, who proved herself a far better hand. These Indians are great dancers, and dearly love to wear boots when at it, as moccasins don't show off step dancing to advantage. Prosper and Johnnie were voted the best dancers they had ever seen. Score one more for the "Big Seven."

Next morning we boarded a ten ton lugger belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, and set sail for Rupert's House, where we found a 28 foot Mackinaw fishing smack, belonging to the department, waiting for us.

The Rupert's House Indians are exceedingly superstitious. When a friend dies, they stretch a fishing net around the lodge to prevent *windigoes* and other evil spirits from crawling under and stealing away the soul of the departed. In all ages there have been people who believe the soul hovers about the body for three days after death. Doubtless Scotch and Irish wakes are relics of this absurd superstition. To keep away evil spirits, we saw drums beaten over the heads of the dead and dying, while every camp had its conjuring house and sweating booth. Though our canoe men were

only part Indian, and have lived at Lake St. John all their lives, they believed firmly in *windigoes* and *wawbenoes*. A *windigo* is a sort of cannibal devil, who goes through the bush at night. A *wawbeno* is a conjurer and fortune-teller combined.

Indians belonging to the bear totem will not shoot Bruin until they have told him they are very sorry to have to kill a cousin, but that they are driven to it by the cries of their hungry children. In dressing the carcass, if any grease falls on a camp utensil, or article of clothing, it is immediately cast into the fire. The first portion of meat is also burned: the rest is cut into slices and hung over poles to smoke. Dried bear meat and fish are the principle articles of diet in the interior. The skull is firmly fixed on a stake to bleach. Whenever a loon is shot, his bones are tied together and hung in a tree for luck.

Everywhere we went we found the Indians peaceable, ingenious, and industrious, being in every way superior to the Blackfeet and Crees of the North-West. At Rupert's House, the Indian women do beautiful work in silk, but very little in beads.

Leaving Rupert's House with our canoes lashed to the fore-deck of our boat, we ran to a deep channel between Charleton and Danby islands, where we anchored for the night. Here, Captain James, the discoverer of the Bay, wintered his ships in 1631, losing half his crew from scurvy. We saw their graves on the shores, and could not help thinking of the misery endured by James and his men during those awful months. In 1675, the Hudson Bay Company's ships discharged their cargoes from England at this point, and took in fur brought in sloops from different forts on the Bay. In 1884, the Company's ship left Moose too late in the fall to get out of the Bay, and wintered here.

From Charleton to Moose, we had a very rough passage. We ran it in a day, and were shipping heavy seas all