

ducks are roasted in such a manner, as to tempt the appetite of the most fastidious. A few yarns after the evening meal, when the pipes are lighted completes a day of keen enjoyment, and as the last glowing embers of the camp fire begin to wane we seek our comfortable bunks and soon all are fast asleep, that restful state of mind and body which only those who live an

active outdoor life can fully appreciate. Thus we lived in perfect contentment, not merely finding satisfaction in the slaughter of game, but enjoying every phase of life in the realm of nature undisturbed, and loath indeed we were to break up camp and return to the artificiality of everyday life in the city.

## Indian New Year Calls.

By MARTIN HUNTER.

I cannot but think that the reception of the Indians at a Hudson's Bay Post (and the day is observed pretty much in the same way at all their establishments from Labrador to the Pacific) would be interesting to the readers of "Rod and Gun."

My opportunity of witnessing the gathering of the Bersimis Indians on this, their greatest day of the 365 was part chance and part owing to the kindness of the Hudson's Bay Factor at Bersimis, in asking me over to spend the day and see the natives.

I had been sent down by the St. Lawrence Lumber Co. to their establishments on the west side of the river Bersimis to do the final closing up of their business there and the Indian reserve being just across on the east side nothing was more natural than I should make the acquaintance of the Factor in charge of the Post.

The Indians began the day at 7.30 by attending their beautiful little church in a body to offer up thankful prayers for having been spared to the opening of another new year. This church and mission was established by the Rev. Pere Arneaud forty-seven years ago, and he still resides amongst the red children of the forest. Father Arneaud is one of those loveable old men that one cannot fail to respect and honour for his kind ways and his life long work to christianize the Indians.

Besides Father Arneaud there is another old priest that deserves equal notice having come on the coast along with his superior and laboured with him ever since. He resembles in appearance what we would picture to ourselves "La Hire" in "Joan of Arc" looked like, rather than a priest,

but, notwithstanding his rough exterior, he is a sincere old man and does good work amongst the Indians. He is what we would call a muscular minister of the gospel, and when necessity arises he cuffs the young ones and cudgels the older ones into good behaviour.

After the religious service is over the Indians troop over to the Presbyter where men, women and children receive a kindly greeting from the fathers. At last one of the Factor's younger boys comes bounding in saying "The Indians are coming." This tidings does not cause the same consternation it did a hundred years ago at a frontier settlement.

All the available chairs in the house had been brought into and lined three sides of the large dining room, at the other end where the massive table had been shoved out of the way were trays of mixed biscuits, apples, and candies. These were for the women and children; there were other trays of tobacco, clay pipes, and matches for the men.

They came in by the back door and when the dining room was full to overflowing the remainder squatted about the kitchen floor to the number of, I suppose, a hundred or more. The Factor with his family and your humble servant stood just inside of the dining-room door. The men shook hands as also the women but the latter, each and every one, held up her face to be kissed. Where they were good looking and passably clean this was not a hardship. But (there is always a but) the good looking ones were sadly in the minority.

When I saw one of the unsavoury ones