

SHERBROOK.—The members resumed work in September.

WINDSOR MILLS.—Monthly meetings have been held regularly, also a special one in July at which some change of officers was made. Mrs. Roe, was elected President, and Mrs. Mc Hardy and Mrs. Stephens, Vice Presidents. This Branch has undertaken to make stockings and flannel shirts for the boy's at the Piegan Reserve, instead of clothing a girl. One new subscriber to the LEAFLET, and three new members this quarter.

The address of our Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Edmond de Lotbinière is 45 Ste. Geneviève St.

*From the Rev. H. W. Gibbon Stocken, Sarcee Reserve, to the Corresponding Secretary.*

"Many thanks for your letter. It would be unreasonable of me to expect Quebec to do everything that was asked of it, especially when it is already doing so much for me. I know that whenever it finds itself in a position to help us further it will not forget us. The new school-house which the Government enabled us to put up is complete and in use, and we are very thankful for it. The funds for our much needed hospital come in slowly, but if we have not enough to finish the building, I shall hope, in the spring to put up all that the money will allow of our doing. I expect we shall have sufficient to complete the exterior, I am hoping too, that the Government will see its way to putting up a suitable Girls' Home for us, I know they will if they can. In our Mission House we have not nearly enough room for them."

*From the Rev. D. D. Macdonald, to the Secretary of the Levis Branch.*

"I am in receipt of the barrel of goods sent out for my Mission by your Branch, for which we are very thankful indeed. The suit of clothes was just what I required, but they were too small. I would just like to give you an account of the way these Indians conduct themselves in their daily life. Now then let us go down on the lowest end of this reserve and enter the "Spirits" house. Ka-man-too-we-num or "The Spirit" is the name of the first man we see; when you enter you can see about half a dozen dirty Indians lying on the floor, not a board floor, but the bare earth. They just have one old blanket apiece, while all around is dirt and filth too dreadful to describe. In the corner