

Withal, he is the least troublesome to law officials, and the least offensive to his fellow men, of all Her Majesty's subjects. An occasional indulgence in intoxicating liquids—and this is growing rarer every day—is the only cause that ever brings him into acquaintance with a bailiff or policeman. His honesty amid great want and frequent privation is proverbial. I have never known a single case of theft to have occurred in the tribe. In his dealings with traders who give him credit for the merchandise he purchases, he may be dilatory in meeting his engagements to make payments; but he never pleads the statute of limitation. His money may be slow of coming, but it is sure in the end.

St. Anne's Day, July 26th, is his greatest festival—his Christmas, New Year, and Thanksgiving combined. He repairs to his church, usually built on a picturesque island, and always on this occasion draped out with tasteful ornaments and finery, that is not by any means tawdry or otherwise inappropriate. Wild flowers deck the altar, and arches of evergreen lead to the entrance. He is dressed in his best, and his wife and daughters exhibit their well-preserved silks in a profusion that causes envy to many a peasant girl. The festival over, and his religious exercises very earnestly performed, he returns to his usual habitation and to whatever avocation he may have found best adapted to the securing of a livelihood. In years past, he used to wander through the forest, or pass in a canoe from headland to headland, pitching his wigwam where he passed the night, and never remaining long in one place. Of late, he has become settled in his habits, and dwells from year to year in the same locality. He builds a house and makes it comfortable. St. Anne's Day alone calls him forth from his home. He reverences his chief, and consults him in every serious undertaking. The young suitor gets his leave before uniting his fate with the dusky maiden who has won his regard. The chief's word is law when it is uttered; but custom and the unwritten traditions of the race, effectually dissuade that important dignitary from interposing his awful authority in other than matters of weighty import. And all the time the chief, notwithstanding the power he exercises, is to all appearance an ordinary Indian working at his trade, and eking out a precarious subsistence, undistinguishable from the subjects who acknowledge his dominion.

In the district under my supervision, very little farming, comparatively speaking, is carried on. A few persons cultivate potatoes enough for their own use, and one or two raise wheat. The lands reserved for them are not sufficiently extensive to admit of wider agricultural operations.

On the Pictou Reserve they have a small village and school, which latter, however, is not as well attended as the attainments and industry of the teacher should command,—still it is doing much good.

I have filled up the returns sent from the Department, and mail them herewith

I have the honor to be,

Yours most respectfully,

RODERICK McDONALD,
Indian Agent, District No. 8.

HEATHERTON, ANTIGONISH Co., N.S., 6th October, 1884.

The Right Honorable
The Superintendent General of Indian Affairs,
Ottawa.

SIR,—I have the honor to transmit to you the annual tabular statement of Indian Affairs, in my district, for the year ended 30th June, 1884, to which I can add but little by way of report. My appointment to the agency took place only three months before the end of the year, and, therefore, my experience in the capacity of Indian agent does not enable me to enter upon a complete report. The figures in the tabular statement can only be approximately correct in several instances, as it