

warp and woof are pure wool, so the lower St. Lawrence "*éttoffe du pays*" bears close inspection, and vies in popularity with the famous tweeds of Scotland and Halifax.

Half-breed Indians with a strong intermixture of French blood, aquiline features, piercing eyes and straight black hair, bring panniers on their backs filled with boxes and baskets, mats and trays made of sweet grass from the wayside ditches, and bark stripped from the slender silver birch. Mocassins, gaily embroidered in beads and multi-coloured silks and porcupine quills, rivalling in brilliancy the early Tyrian and Phoenician dyes, strings of beads and wampum, toy canoes, beaded cushions, slippers and bags make up their stock in trade, with bows and arrows and miniature toboggans cunningly fashioned from the white pine. All amazingly clean when one takes into consideration the filthy, dirty conditions in which most of these Indians live.

Far away I see the waggon of the Magasin Général of Murray Bay winding up the valley, its cream-coloured umbrella looking like an animated mushroom in the distance. Beside me is a basket heaped with treasures gathered this morning while walking to the Ravine. There are daisies and buttercups, single and double pink roses, purple vetch, saffron-tinted