

ashore at Baddeck and stopped over for the next boat. Everybody in the town seemed to have come down to meet us by lamplight. Baddeck (accent on the second syllable) has become quite classical in its way since Charles Dudley Warner made his famous pilgrimage hither: "Having attributed the quiet of Baddeck on Sunday to religion," he says, "we did not know to what to lay the quiet on Monday. But its peacefulness continued. Mere living is a kind of happiness, and the easy-going traveller is satisfied with little to do and less to see."

But I found a good deal to see. The Dominion Customs House and Post Office is one of the most elegant "Queen Anne" structures I have anywhere seen. I visited the quaint old jail—a low log building, more like a country school-house than anything else but for the iron gratings on each window. The cells were not cells, but good-sized rooms with a fire-place and wide bed in each. A prisoner was looking cheerfully out of the front window, taking advantage of the unwonted stir in the little town—for it was court-day. To the court, therefore, I went and found that I formed one-ninth of its constitution—the others being the judge, clerk, tipstaff, defendant, lawyer, and three spectators.

It was not very lively, so I went to visit the Indian village. This I found much more interesting. The Indians were Micmacs, who are said to be of purer blood than any other tribe on the Atlantic Coast. I visited several wigwams, but found their inmates rather stolid and uncommunicative. One thing they had of much interest. In several cases I got them to turn out from their little boxes in which they kept their few belongings, their prayer-book and catechism, printed in arbitrary characters invented for them by the Trappist monks. The characters resemble a mixture of Greek and Russian with some cursive letters; not nearly so simple as the Cree characters, invented by the Rev. James Evans. The Indians could read them quite readily, especially the women; but although they spoke English fairly, they said they could not translate what they read. The books are printed, as the German title page announced, at the Imperial printing establishment, in the Imperial city of Vienna—in der Kaiserlichen stadt Wein in Oesterreich. There was also a quaint picture of Christ—"the Way the Truth, the Life"—*Der Weg, die Wahrheit, das Leben*. Their religious training did not seem to have done much for the civilization of these Indians, for they were squalid and filthy