

Thus the man of Pokemouche is a lumberman in winter, a farmer in summer, a sportsman in the autumn, and a fisherman at odd times.

Before leaving the geography of Pokemouche, I must mention a very interesting matter about its past. Scientific studies have shown that all this part of New Brunswick has undergone great changes since early times. There is every reason to believe that the land once stood far higher above the sea than now, and that a great ancient river followed the present course of the upper Pokemouche, ran across to St. Simon and over Shippegan Island to the east of Miscou, while later the present Pokemouche was two rivers, with a ridge between, one heading in the Waugh and running southeast as now, and the other heading in the North River and emptying through the South River, south of Green Point. I have not the space to follow this matter farther, but if the reader cares to know more of it, he can find a full discussion in the *Bulletin of the Natural History Society of New Brunswick* (published at St. John), Volume V, page 423, supplemented by a note later in the same volume.

So much for the kind of a place that Pokemouche is. We come now to inquire what people have lived there. The very first residents known to us were the Micmac Indians, for whom it was once a favorite resort, but who, despite the presence there of a Reserve, have long since left it, to join the villages of their race near the larger towns. I do not wonder the Indians liked Pokemouche, so rich it was in all things dear to Indian life—in fish, in game, in charming camp-sites, in open pleasant places. Their principal resorts, thanks to the aid of Rev. Father Fitzgerald, of Upper Pokemouche, to whom I make my acknowledgments more fully below, I have been able to locate, and to show on the accompanying map. Their chief village, occupied within the recollection of residents