

the day. Lilac print pillow-slips can be kept as clean as white things, but they certainly do not give the same fresh look to the bed you would see !

And now, whilst we have been gossiping, the father has come in, and is waiting for his evening meal of fried fish and bread ; butter is a luxury not to be indulged in. He is an honest-looking fellow, with a touch of Indian in him, as is the case with most of those with whom we have to do. His wife is nearly pure Indian. He goes by the name of Jack McDougall, but there is as much of that glorious uncertainty about names as there is about ages in these parts. Maggie is always called "Maggie Jack" by her companions, and this custom of calling children by their father's Christian name causes surnames to disappear amongst the more Indian part of the community.

The next day Babbie decided that the baby was well enough to be left in Maggie's charge, whilst she went out to get fresh supplies for their larder, or, I should more properly say, for their frying-pan. So baby was set in the Indian cradle and taken outside, and there stood up endwise against the house wall, while the sister-in-charge played round with a host of barefooted, bareheaded, brown-skinned little ragamuffins, just as happy as the day was long. Babbie joined her brother's wife, Jane Mark, and set off for the river ; here lay their birch-bark canoe, bottom up, high on the bank ; they turned it over, and, each taking hold of one side, carried it gently down the steep muddy slope, and slid it into the water. These canoes are so easily bruised and torn, and are so important in life on the Bay, that they are treated far more tenderly than are human beings here, and are never, under any consideration, dragged on the ground, always *carried*. The women deposited their implements in the canoe, and took their places, one in the bow and the other in the stern, both kneeling and leaning back against the narrow thwarts, and so they paddled quickly away round the island. Their destination was the mouth of one or two streams or "creeks" on the northern shore, where they had fixed their nets, and they reached the grounds after a half hour or so of stiff paddling. The nets were set right across the creek to catch the fish as they came up with the tide, and as the two women hauled them up bit by bit they got out, with great satisfaction, a number of splendid, glistening white fish. It being well on into September, the ducks and geese were beginning to fly southwards, and Jane had taken her gun, for she was a very good shot, and they might well get a chance at some birds in the creeks, and with this idea they stayed about some hours, but at last turned back towards the Post, having had no luck, except with the fish. On