

is the reason for their enduring and suffering much. When they do not hunt they live on a shell-fish called the cockle. They clothe themselves in winter with good furs of beaver and elk. The women make all the garments, but not so exactly but that you can see the flesh under the arm-pits, because they have not ingenuity enough to fit them better. When they go a-hunting they use a kind of snowshoe twice as large as those hereabouts, which they attach to the soles of their feet, and walk thus over the snow without sinking in, the women and children as well as the men. They search for the track of animals, which, having found, they follow until they get sight of the creature, when they shoot at it with their bows, or kill it by means of daggers attached to the end of a short pike, which is very easily done, as the animals cannot walk on the snow without sinking in. Then the women and children come up, erect a hut, and they give themselves to feasting. Afterwards they return in search of other animals, and thus they pass the winter. In the month of March following, some savages came and gave us a portion of their game in exchange for bread and other things which we gave them. This is the mode of life in winter of these people, which seems to me a very miserable one.

We looked for our vessels¹ at the end of April, but as this passed without their arriving all began to have an ill-boding, fearing that some accident had befallen them. . . . But God helped us better than we hoped, for, on the 15th of June ensuing, while on guard about 11 o'clock at night, Pont Gravé, captain of one of the vessels of Sieur de Monts, arriving in a shallop, informed us that his ship was anchored six leagues from our settlement, and he was welcomed amid the great joy of all.

On the 17th of the month Sieur de Monts decided to go in quest of a place better adapted for an abode, and with a better temperature than our own; so . . . on the 18th of June, 1605, Sieur de Monts set out from the Island of St. Croix.

¹ These had been sent back to France the previous autumn.

THE STORY OF LADY LA TOUR.

BY JAMES HANNAY.

Acadia can fairly claim to have produced one heroine who, from her character and achievements, is worthy to be compared with any of those whose names are embalmed in the world's history. She was