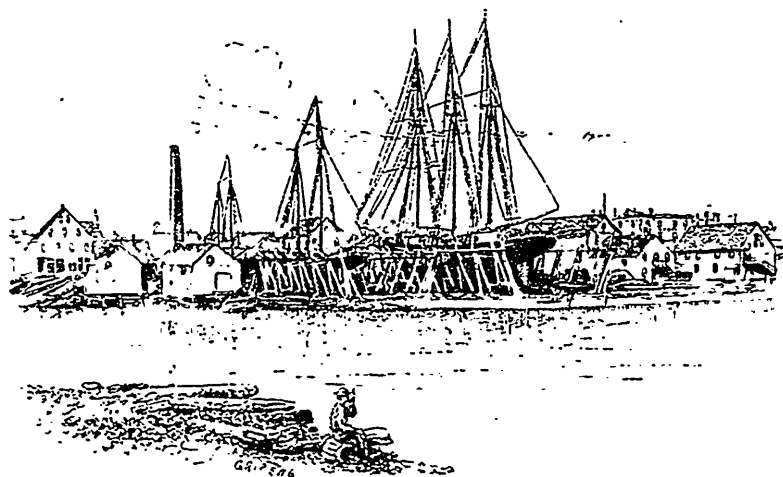


It was not very lively, so I went to visit the Indian village. This I found much more interesting. The Indians were Micmacs, who are said to be of purer blood than any other tribe on the Atlantic Coast. I visited several wigwams, but found their inmates rather stolid and uncommunicative. One thing they 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 that they could



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not translate what they read. The books were printed, as the German title-page announced, at the imperial printing establishment, in the imperial city of Vienna—in *der Kaiserlichen stadt Wien 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 in the extreme. Yet it is said that once a year they all meet at an appointed rendezvous, and all the marriages and christenings and other religious rites for the year are duly performed.

The railway runs from the Strait of Canseau, amid picturesque scenery. This great highway between the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the North Atlantic Coast is some fourteen miles in length and about a mile in width. It is of itself a picture worth coming far