

effigies with his big knife and stabbed them under the fifth rib.

After these events the spirit of basket-making died out among the Kanucks, and their wall gradually crumbled away. The outrage of the Spread Eagle tribes were so often repeated that in course of time there were no squaws left to make baskets in Keewatin, and when matters had come to this pass the Spread Eagle squaws raised the price of their baskets so much that the Kanucks found it more profitable to live on the other side of Cute-Eagle's wall. So, one after another, they bid farewell to their native land until the last canoe bore the last Kanuck across the river, and the words of Wild-Wind the great medicine man were fulfilled—Keewatin has become a deserted and desolate land. Nothing was left to tell the story of the decline and fall of a favoured and promising nation but a mountain of petrified baskets, and this sad but instructive history of

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