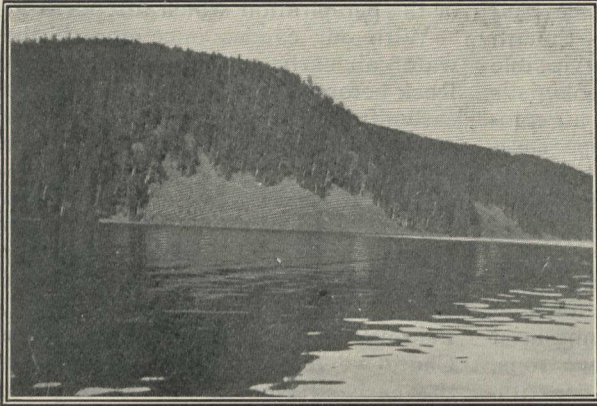




A LAKE SHORE, SHOWING A TRAP LANDSLIDE

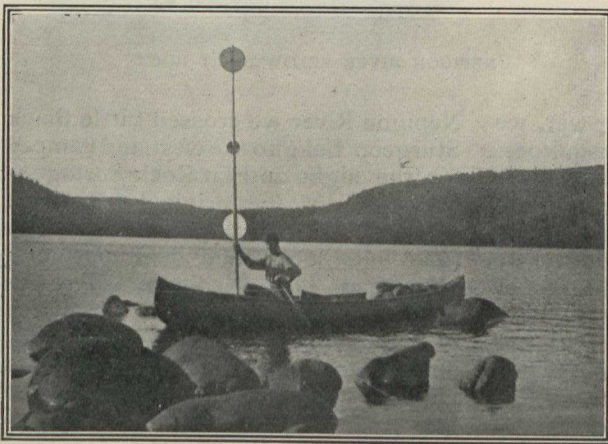
Lake Nepigon whistling for a wind, living on cold pork and bread, and sleeping on the uneven planking of a superannuated Mackinaw. Then, finally, on the fifth day, we crawled into Gull Bay, and about noon arrived at the mouth of Gull River. Here is situated, perhaps, the most important Indian village on Lake Nepigon, and in ten minutes almost the entire tribe had swarmed around the boat and the bales which we carried ashore. We made a fire, boiled some tea and ate our dinner in the unembarrassed gaze of the multitude, who were pleased to pick up what scraps we threw away. As a matter of fact, it is doubtful which worried us most all summer, the

Indians or their dogs; for both invaded our camp, and with equal politeness. Whenever a white man intrudes on an Indian settlement the whole village expects to be maintained during the visit. Compromising with this rule we invited Wikwass, the chief of the Gull River Indians, to sup with us that evening. Sharp at six o'clock he appeared at the head of his retainers, a feather in his cap and withal a most pleasing figure. We had no

prepossession for the rank and file, nor the howling huskey dogs, but we accepted the *tout ensemble* with resignation. Wikwass proved a most intelligent Indian; sketched out the adjacent country for us, and promised to secure us guides.

We passed three interesting days at the village and were fortunate enough to be spectators of the annual festivity which attends the payment of the Treaty money. As everyone knows, each full-blooded Indian, man, woman and child, receives from the Government an annuity of four dollars in recognition of his original ownership of the soil. For several days the Indians had been on tiptoe expecting the

Agent who was charged with the liquidation of this mighty matter. It was really laughable to see their tense faces. At last, on the evening of the sixteenth of July, a sail was descried on the bay, and soon the Indian Agent and his half-bred retinue moored their lugger amid the rattle of breach-loading musketry and the barking of dogs. A loaded boat of the Hudson's Bay Company came in soon afterwards—for an Indian and his money are easily part-



TYPICAL LAKE SCENERY, SHOWING THE USE OF THE DISC-POLE