

west end of Lake Athabasca, and is at the head of many waterways which lead into the hunting grounds of the Chippewayans. At the dawn each morning we raised ourselves from about the ashes of the night camp-fire to proceed on our way, halting in a few hours for breakfast beneath some shady grove of trees, to eat our meat or fish, not resting for long at a time while daylight lasted, until about the end of June, when we reached Fort Chippewayan.

There were a great many Indians camped about the company's stockade, waiting for the summer supplies which we had brought up with us.

Most of them were Chippewayans, tall, wild-looking fellows, with foreheads and noses almost in one straight line. Everything about them was straight, while their faces had a peculiar copper lustre. A hundred years since they first met the whites had done but little to change them.

Of course we had to have a dance: wherever the boat brigades go there must be a dance, and presents are given. Fort Chippewayan was noted for its dances, more than any post in the north. It was at this dance that I fell in love. Many of the Indians had come up to take part, or to share in the presents, and among them was one young girl not so dark as the rest were. Perhaps she was the child of some old trader, but I did not know then whose child she was. At any-rate, I took a fancy to her at once. She could talk Cree a little, so we got along very well together, as she told me how her mother had died a long time ago, leaving her to the care of the chief, who was the woman's brother and her only kinsman.

It was not long until I found that we were being watched by one of the Indians. He was an unpleasant looking man, darker than any of his fellows, being without the bright hue I had noticed in the others—a sinister face. I found out afterwards that he was the medicine man of this band of

Indians, and one of the most noted and dreaded conjurors of the north.

A few days after this, the Indians, having traded for their supplies, loaded down their canoes with blankets, powder, tea and tobacco, and left for the eastern end of the lake.

Now, I had nothing to do, since the boats were not all going back just then; so I decided to go with one of the company's traders to Fond du Lac, where there is a trading post and a mission, and where I should meet the Indians once more. A week later we reached this place. Our friends, the Indians, were here making ready for their fall hunt, when they should go northwards up to the Barren Lands, in order to meet the caribou as they migrate southwards into the wooded country to pass the winter, for at that season only is the fur and skin in good condition for clothes and lodges.

I made friends with them easily, giving them all my pay in presents of powder and tobacco, for I longed to see the barren wilderness where there are no trees, only rocks and moss, and I found it very pleasant to be near Athildza, for that was my sweetheart's name. Still, I feared the dark medicine man very much, for he saw that I would come with them for love of Athildza.

This man's name was Hetsory, and he wished to make her his wife, although he had two already. But they were old and ugly, and could not do all that he wished of them.

So it came about that I went with them. We were about fifty lodges in all—men, women, and children, with canoes and those few things these people carry with them in their wanderings. We went but slowly through the lake country, camping here and there beside the shore wherever there was plenty of fish or game, until we came to the river which comes down from the Barren Lands many miles to the north. This river was very rapid, with many portages, over which we