

their domain a certain faction of the men under the leadership of "Three Bulls" were inclined to make things unpleasant for them. They could not be made to understand that the party were doing them good, and they delighted to torment and frighten the pale faces. One of their favorite schemes of torture to the minds of the surveyors was the riding of their cayuses at full tilt toward the chain men while they were at work.

"They would come up to within four or five feet of us," tells Mr. Ross, "and stop with a jerk. When they saw that we didn't care they would ride off and come back again at us harder than ever and closer than ever. They had us pretty well buffaloed, but we stood our ground, and they finally left us to concoct some new means of bothering us. I don't think they would have been long in really doing us some harm, had we not solicited the aid of old Chief Crowfoot, who was leader of the more peaceful faction of the same tribe.

"Piapot, the notorious Indian, who really started the Riel rebellion, was a member of the Blood band, and all of his followers were viciously inclined. When we appealed to Crowfoot the notorious ones were getting real bloodthirsty. Their favorite pastime was the pulling of all our stakes as soon as they were driven. But Crowfoot was a very wise and good Indian, and he had a great deal of influence with his own followers. After he had been apprised of the real meaning of our mission, he had no trouble in retaining peace. After that we were the best of friends with all the Indians, and often spent our Sundays teaching them acrobatic stunts which they appreciated very much.

"One of their favorite sports was racing around a stake on horseback against one of us on foot. They would place the amount of money they wished to bet on the ground, and if it were covered the winner, who was usually the rider, would collect the spoils. The most marvellous thing in connection with their riding was the ease with which they could reach the ground from the backs of their horses when picking up the stakes."

Crop-Eared Wolf, the last of the old chiefs of the Blackfeet, died last year. He was head of the Blood band, and had under him some 1,200 of the least civilized of the Indians of Canada. He was stern with his people, but kind with the white man so long as he did not infringe in any way on Indian rights.

NO "FRILLS"
Just a Statement About Food.

Sometimes a good, healthy commercial traveller suffers from poorly selected food and is lucky if he learns that Grape-Nuts food will put him right.

A travelling man writes: "About a year ago my stomach got in a bad way. I had a headache most of the time and suffered misery. For several months I ran down until I lost about 70 pounds in weight and finally had to give up a good position and go home. Any food that I might use seemed to nauseate me.

"My wife, hardly knowing what to do, one day brought home a package of Grape-Nuts food and coaxed me to try it. I told her it was no use, but finally to humor her I tried a little and they just struck my taste. It was the first food that I had eaten in nearly a year that did not cause any suffering.

"Well, to make a long story short, I began to improve and stuck to Grape-Nuts. I went up from 135 pounds in December to 194 pounds the following October.

"My brain is clear, blood all right and appetite too much for any man's pocket-book. In fact, I am thoroughly made over and owe it all to Grape-Nuts. I talk so much about what Grape-Nuts will do that some of the men on the road have nicknamed me 'Grape-Nuts,' but I stand to-day a healthy, rosy-cheeked man—a pretty good example of what the right kind of food will do.

"You can publish this if you want to. It is a true statement without any frills."

Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Some six years ago an agitation was raised among the Indians to sell the southern half of their reserve, the largest in Canada. A price was offered that would have made every Indian on the reserve independently rich. But the old chief refused to agree to it. He would have nothing to do with the sale of Indian lands to the white man. He insisted that the treaty gave the land to the Indians while water ran and the sun shone, and from this position he could not be moved.

One of the last things that Crop-Eared Wolf did before his death was to call a council of his minor chiefs and people, and make them promise that they would never sell their land to the white man.

The old chief was, of course, a brave. On more than one occasion he has bared his breast and shown the writer the scars of many a severe test. From his armpits to his very throat there were thong marks, but never in one of the ordeals did he flinch or show anything but the bravery that would one day make him a chief of his band.

It will surprise most people to know that Crop-Eared Wolf had a comfortably furnished home. Carpets covered the floors. A modern range did the cooking instead of the open fire of the teepees. Iron bedsteads replaced the blanket on the ground. Lamps lit the house, blinds covered the windows, cooking utensils were in their proper places, and a table was set such as any man might care to dine at.

Wolf became an adherent of the Roman Catholic faith. At his funeral a brass band composed of Indian boys from the boarding schools played "Nearer my God to Thee," and instead of the old chief passing out to the happy hunting ground of his forefathers he died in the faith of the Son of God and went to be with Him.

There are many interesting legends and traditions among the Blackfeet. The most interesting of these has to do with a famine in the land of the Blackfeet which is said to have prevailed from 1835 to 1837. The legend is told by a Blackfoot Indian of education and refinement living on the South Peigan Reserve in Montana. At that time the Blackfeet Indians owned everything from the Hudson's Bay to the Rocky Mountains, and in all that land there was no green spot except in the valley which is called Two Medicine. Even the buffalo left the country because there was no food for them.

The old men of the tribe built lodges in this valley at Two Medicine and worshipped their Great Spirit, and prayed that they might be saved from the famine. And the Great Spirit heard them and directed them to send seven of their patriarchs to the top of Chief Mountain, where the Wind God was then residing. They followed these directions but the old men were afraid to go near to the Wind God to make their prayer, and after their long journey they went back empty handed to their people.

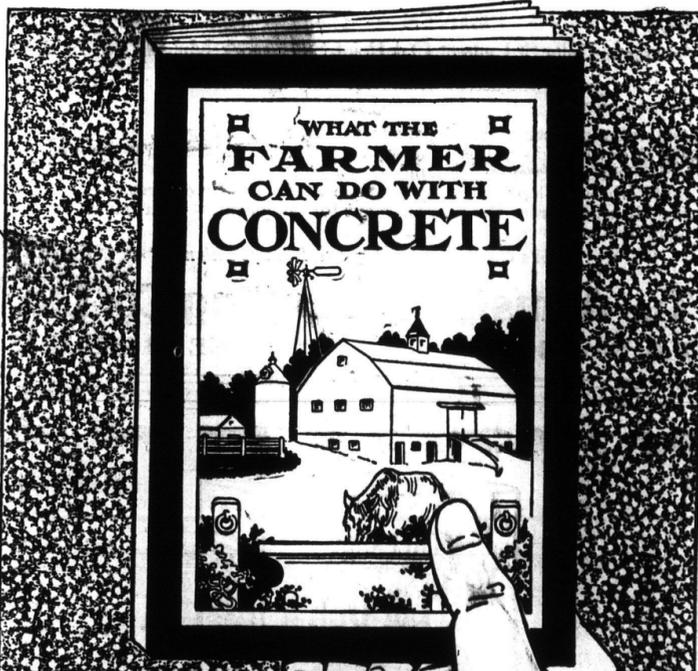
The Medicine men then directed them to send fourteen of their bravest young warriors to intercede with the Wind God. These young men eventually reached him and made their prayer. He listened and his wings quivered and quivered, and gradually clouds began to gather over the plains, and the rain fell as in a deluge. He stretched one wing over the plains telling them in this way to go back out there and they would find the famine gone.

The young men returned to their people and they found that already the buffalo had returned and the famine was gone.

The Blackfeet is still the largest tribe of red men in Canada and their reserves cover more area than those of any tribe of Indians in the world. They have become quite peaceful, and where it once took several detachments of Royal N.W. Mounted Police to keep them in subjection, now one policeman on each of the three reserves is all that is necessary. Government agents are in charge and competent instructors in the various crafts and in agriculture direct the work of those who have a desire to become self supporting. Schools are established and the religious life of red men cared for by the Anglican and Roman Catholic churches. Notwithstanding diligent mission work, there are sixty per cent of the Blackfeet still in paganism.

The saving in the Soup Tureen

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