

time, had I
 eral Clarke,
 I, and gave
 Mr. Sinclair,
 I was paid
 Mr. Clarke,
 s were well
 value—every
 p land about
 stage stop
 ere.

English very
 English; I
 e acquainted
 scribed. We
 onsidered my
 other man's
 overment of
 and, one hun-
 neral Clarke,
 claim and im-
 en for people
 pany wanted
 whiskey and
 sold also.

me well, and
 use till I sold

1880.

at Two Little
 id if I did not
 ought before a
 nder Scott, of
 speak French
 strange at the
 was Mr. Blan-
 the time we
 y. I am now
 not intend to
 at I was made
 declaration.
 lish, because I
 ll, and under

I did not knowingly declare that I only sold twelve chains of land to Mr. Clarke, because I sold him twenty chains, and I had stated the fact to Mr. D'Auteuil, the first surveyor who came to survey the land in 1871, and also to Mr. Martin, the surveyor who made the survey after Mr. D'Auteuil's death. Nor did I ever intend to be understood that I had only sold twelve chains to Mr. Clarke, and I was not aware that I was made to say that in the declaration made before Mr. Blanchard, as I was well aware that in the deed I gave to Mr. Clarke twenty-four chains was first mentioned, and Mr. Clarke himself informed me at the time that twenty chains was all I could sell, as the Government of Caanada had determined to reduce our twelve chain claims to ten chains each to equalize the surveys. In consequence of that the deed was changed to twenty chains only.

As to Michael Meehan I knew him well. He was known to all the neighbours as *Le Bœux Noir*, because he had a splendid large team of black oxen, and was not very well liked by the people, he was so cross. Fully a year before he sold out his claim to Mr. Clarke the said Mike Meehan came with his wife and family and took up land near me. He first drew logs and built near to completion a house on the bank of the river near to where Mr. Winkler's house now stands, on Lot 9. Before his house was completed one of my cattle came home badly riddled with shot. I cannot say that Meehan shot the animal, but people began to talk about his coming to settle there so close to me. I suppose he heard their talk, because he came to me a day or two after and asked me to show him the boundary of my claims. I told him I was not certain before the lines were run, but I thought he would be on my land. I did this to get rid of him, as I was afraid of the man. He was a very cross old fellow, and I was afraid if my cattle annoyed him I would have trouble. I did not want him for a near neighbour, so he stopped building at that point and went away out about a mile and a half, more or less, on the prairie, in a line with his first building, and built on the west side of the high road then leading to Fort Garry, where he built a good substantial oak log house. The oak logs he used were very fine, because he bought them from men who were rafting the oak logs down from the States, and I know they were the best logs of any used in building in our neighbourhood. I saw him drawing the logs up the river bank with his black oxen, and they were very heavy. Several men were with the raft coming down the river, but I can only remember one of them. His name is Ned Lennon, who afterwards, for many years, kept the red saloon in Winnipeg, and now keeps the "Gable Hotel."