

into the country of the Star Hill Saulteaux to survey an end and side of their Reserve. A colonization company that owned adjoining land was claiming one corner of the Reserve in virtue of an old Government grant, but the Saulteaux had minds of their own and were determined to recognize nothing but their treaty-limits. They had some old line-blazing and a cedar treaty-post to show for proof, and gray-haired Indians to swear to the planting of that post. If the white chiefs had not done their "measuring" correctly before the Treaty, the Saulteaux declared that was not their fault. "A bargain's a bargain," they said in its Saulteau equivalent, "and here is the Post!"

Government officials were inclined to believe in the Company's claim—the red sealing-wax and the documents were convincing. But the Saulteaux clamoured for justice, in picturesque English, forwarded by their agent, and after a time a medium of Justice did descend upon the Reserve in the person of Edgar Collett, with a surveyor's theodolite for a visible emblem.

He was to mark out the defining line almost under the Saulteaux' eyes, with a warning from his chief in advance that there was a great deal of French blood mixed in that band, and that if they had the finest faces of any Indians in the west they had the quickest tempers too.

He began his work at the river end of the Reserve, half a mile from the village. The survey was to be first made south over the prairie, and Collett kept his camp near the river for more than a week because of the water supply. They bought milk and bread at Running Elk's cabin—and it was Rosalie who made the bread, as white and light as a white woman's.

Running Elk was an old man and very well known among the whites in that part of the West. His woodcraft was perfect; his English artistic, and he was himself the soul of honour. Everybody liked Running Elk. He had been guide for bands of treaty-makers before Edgar Collett's time, and had been with Collett upon a few surveys. That was one reason the surveyor often stopped to talk with the old man at his cabin. The other was to hear unofficially the Saulteaux' side of the land question.

The old guide was not well then, and spent his days lounging about from a chair to the bed. But he could talk, and he