

said to be an off-shoot. They are, however, not nearly so fine in physique, being smaller in stature and very degenerate in general appearance, and said to be rapidly dying off from the effects of scrofula. They are not noted as being hunters, being unable to endure the hardships. There are computed to be not more than forty families now trading between Dunvegan and Grand Prairie.

I here learnt of a case of setting out poison, but as the parties interested were out of the district, nothing could be done. This was the only instance I could learn of in this locality of the setting out of poison, the hunters recognizing its evils, besides being afraid to handle the poison itself.

A rather interesting story was told me at Dunvegan regarding the division of the Beaver Indians, when what are now the Sarcee Indians, located at Calgary, severed from the main tribe. The story runs that about one hundred or one hundred and twenty-five years ago the whole Beaver tribe were camped on the prairies along the Big Smoky River, near Dunvegan. At that time there were two chiefs who had two sons just approaching manhood and anxious for distinction and power, and jealous of one another. A dog belonging to one of these young Indians committed a depredation in the tepee of the other. The owner of the tepee shot the dog, and was in turn shot by the dog's owner. The tribe immediately took sides with one or the other of these young men and a battle ensued; neither side gaining any advantage, the participants separated, leaving the camp standing and the dead and wounded uncaared for. One body went north-west across the Peace River, where they hunted for many years, and the others struck out for the great prairies. These Indians lost complete trace of one another for many years till their descendants met on a trading expedition some thirty years ago at Edmonton, since which time an intercourse has been kept up.

From Dunvegan there are two pack trails to St. John, both of which are said to be equally good, one on the north side of the river and the other on the south, the latter trail being the more direct by a couple of days travel.

On September 16th I left Dunvegan en route to Peace River settlement, distant sixty miles, travelling on a good wagon road and over a prairie country. This road is particularly good, except at each end (leaving Dunvegan and approaching the settlement heavy grades from the river bottom to the plateau above are encountered). The settlement I reached on the night of the 17th. The landing and settlement has a population of between sixty and eighty souls, including the church missions, whites and half-breeds. There is considerable farming done here with indifferent results, owing to the drought, but this year has been an exceptionally good one and I saw some very fine samples of grain, particularly some wheat at the Roman Catholic Mission, which was as fine grain as I have ever seen. The yield per acre is small, oats not averaging more than twenty-five or thirty bushels to the acre; oats sell at \$1.50 per bushel. It apparently is only the bottoms along the river which are suitable for agriculture, the uplands being particularly droughty. Some of the farms here are irrigated; the vegetables I saw at this point were not so good as at Sturgeon Lake, Spirit River, Dunvegan or Lesser Slave Lake, at which last place the Roman Catholic Mission has an extensive garden and a magnificent crop of all kinds of the ordinary vegetables, such as are grown throughout the Territories. Along the shores of Lesser Slave Lake, I am informed, summer frosts are never known.

From Peace River settlement to Peace River Landing is a distance of about fifteen miles, over a hilly wagon road. The river at the landing is very broad, about 500 yards, and deep. Just above the landing is the confluence of the Big Smoky and Heart Rivers with the Peace, both entering from the south. There is a wagon road from the landing to Lesser Slave Lake, distance about ninety six miles. Leaving the landing, there is a heavy grade of about one and a half or two miles to the plateau above, and the balance of the road is very bad, being worn into very deep holes from traffic. Several small streams and rivers are crossed, but all are well bridged. I would consider this an almost impassable road in wet weather. While crossing over this road I detected an Indian leaving his camp fire burning. I had him before me and pointed out to him the dangers of such an act and dismissed him with a caution.

I reached the settlement at Lesser Slave Lake on the 23rd, and remained there until the 30th. While there I had several long talks with the natives who came to see