

white man's medicine. A laughable incident occurred at the Touchwood Hills. The conjuror of whom mention has just been made, entered the room at the post where I was sitting with Mr. and Mrs. H., who were temporarily in charge. The Indian and a companion seated themselves upon one of my boxes which contained a small medicine chest. Mrs. H. asked me to give her some sticking plaster. I crossed the room to open the medicine chest, when Mrs. H. (a half-breed) said to her husband, in the Cree language: "Will his medicine do me any harm if I stop here while he opens them?" Mr. H. answered jestingly, "yes, you had better go into the other room." I motioned the Indians to move, they rose, and I opened the chest; the moment they saw the bottles they hurried out of the room, hastened to the summit of a neighboring hill, and divesting themselves of every article of clothing, shook their garments repeatedly, and, after hanging them on bushes in the sun, squatted on their haunches to await the deodorizing influence of the breeze.

In the valley of the Qu'apelle River, we frequently found offerings to Manitou or Fairies suspended on branches of trees; they consisted of fragments of cloth, strings of beads, shreds of painted buffalo hide, bears' teeth and claws, and other trifles. Our half-breeds always regarded them with respect, and never molested or liked to see us molest these offerings to Manitou. This custom prevails everywhere in the valley of Lake Winnipeg, and it may truly be said that the Medicine drum is heard far more frequently in some parishes of Selkirk Settlement than the sound of church bells.

A conjuror celebrated for the potency of his charms will often exercise a very injurious influence over an entire band consisting of ten or twelve families, in deterring them from frequenting particular hunting or fishing grounds if they offend him. Out of numerous instances of this dangerous influence, I select the following. It occurred on the Dauphin River. When ascending that stream, we came upon a large camp of Ojibways who were on their way to the Hudson Bay Company's Post, at Fairford. Their usual wintering place was at the Pike's Head, an excellent fishing station, on Lake Winnipeg; but they had abandoned the intention of wintering there in consequence of a threat which had been conveyed to them from a noted conjuror of the Grand Rapids of the Saskatchewan, to the effect that if the band ventured to winter at the Pike's Head, "He would do something." This ambiguous threat was quite sufficient to