

# THE INDIAN.

—A PAPER DEVOTED TO—

The Aborigines of North America,

—AND ESPECIALLY TO—

THE INDIANS OF CANADA.

SUBSCRIPTION \$1.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

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The following prominent literary gentlemen have promised to contribute:—Dr. Wilson, Rev. Dr. Scadding, Arthur Harvy, J. Hirschfelder, Horatio Hale, C. Mair, James Bain, David Boyle, Major C. A. Boulton, W. M. Glyndon, Lieut. Col. G. T. Denison, Ed. Furlong, W. H. Merritt, Peter Purvis, Rev. Dr. Armstrong, W. J. Franklin, Birmingham, Eng., Geo. H. Harris, Geo. S. Conover, Hy-we-saus; Major F. H. Furniss; Sawgemaw, and educated Indians upon the various reserves.

## ADVERTISING RATES.

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## TRAVELLING NORTH.

When the Indian Reserve at Owen Sound was sold it was done by only a few who were strongly in favor of moving while the majority although opposed to the surrender did nothing to prevent it, and the Nawosh Indian reserve was accordingly ceded to the Crown and Cape Croker was chosen as the future residence of the Indians. When the time for removal came only two or three families did so, and they took up the best land next to the water. The majority stopped behind, some joined their friends at Coepoy's Bay where there was an Indian Reserve and there spent one or more years, and quite a number of families kept wandering among white settlements. They felt so discouraged that for a long time nothing was done to make any permanent improvements, and as there was then an abundance of game and fish that gave them a good living.

However in the course of time the whole Band finally came and settled in the place chosen by the few who had all along represented it as the Eldorado of the country. It was not settled as it is now, the people camped or at any rate only made temporary habitations. It was not until the hunting and fishing gave out that the Indians took up land and began to work it in earnest.

From the year 1854, the time of the surrender, to 1876 hardly any improvements had been done, but from the latter date up to the present time, great improvements have been carried on. Besides their own individual work they had to make long lines of roads through scattered situations necessitating the cutting down of high hills and blasting rocky cliffs to make them passable. Today the roads leading through the Reserve are better than those in the adjoining townships.

Now all the Indians are in possession of their

own lots and are occupants of good houses of their own building, and are the owners of considerable live stock and now a great deal of property has been accumulated.

Now when those who were opposed to the removal look back to the old Reserve and its market facilities they still blame the promoters of the scheme for coming so far away from town. Taking things all round however and considering the improved state of the Reserve. I do not think it was such a bad move after all as they live quite happy here, being so far from the ills of crowded settlements and the fast growing village of Warton with a railroad brings a market plenty near enough.

The removal to Cape Croker has cost the rising generation the loss of the English language which they would of had if they had staid in Owen Sound which in itself is something to be deplored. Our friends in the south think it a good thing to perpetuate the Indian language which as in their case would now be lost. However the people are satisfied and that is a great blessing.

The fish was so plentiful that from the month of September in each year to the close of navigation, about Jan. 1st, each boat or canoe engaged in fishing could easily make from \$300 to \$400 selling fish on the spot to traders who paid either in goods or cash.

The water was all free then and persons could start fishing operations anywhere on the coast. But this state of things could not last long, it was to good, and unexpectedly to the Indians, at least, the Government assumed all the fisheries, and no person was then allowed to fish without a license. The Indians were thrown into a very sad disadvantage on account of being too late to make an application for fishing grounds, which, however, they could not obtain as the then Fishery Overseer was very unfriendly to the Indians. The only alternative left for them was to sublease from white people. In the course of years, however, by repeated applications and through the exertions of Wm. Plummer, Esq., Superintendent, a suitable and larger ground than the frontage of the Reserve can command was obtained.

Now it is not looked upon as such a great boom as the waters are overfished. Yet it is of some value, those who carry on fishing would not like to part with it.

It is to be hoped that by careful adherence to the laws now in force which leaves the fish unmolested while on the shoals depositing the spawn, will in a short time replenish the waters of Georgian Bay and the Lakes.

SAHGIMAW.

## A HOLIDAY RAMBLE IN LONDON, ENGLAND.

A fine Easter Monday is an excellent opportunity for watching London, in the real, not the conceitedly exclusive "society" sense, taking its pleasure. The Bank Holiday Act may, perhaps, have caused the day to be kept sacred from business a little more generally than it was before.

Of course there are sulky faces to be seen in London on Easter Monday, chiefly among street car and omnibus men, river steamboat men, rail-

way officials and policemen. On street after street the shops are close shuttered; street cars and omnibusses are filled, both outside and in, with holiday makers; hansoms are darting about like flies. In fact you might think that all London was going out of town, and yet in north, south, east and west London the mill-wheel of everyday life is grinding round as unresistingly as ever. It is in the city proper that Easter Monday as a general holiday most forcibly asserts itself. Banks and exchanges are closed and all business streets are deserted.

To show to what an extent Easter Monday is appreciated by the business men I may mention that I witnessed a picnic luncheon of bread cheese and something out of a black bottle taken on a doorstep of one of the Lombardy Street banks. A newspaper spread on the top step answered for a table cloth, and shortly afterwards turning into George Yard I came suddenly upon two most affectionate lovers embracing each other in broad daylight. I fancy it must have been the making up of a lovers quarrel caused through having taken opposite sides at the university boat race, as the maiden was attired in Oxford blue and the swell sported a Cambridge tie. At any rate Oxford and Cambridge had met and were very fondly kissing each other when my footfall startled them.

The Zoological Gardens and the Crystal Palace are, I think, two of the best places to visit, but the Crystal Palace finds greater favor with the British public on holidays. There is more room to move about in there and a greater variety of attractions. Let no one bound for the palace on a public holiday take a first-class ticket under the impression that it will secure him select company, the better way is to take a third class ticket and take your chance, which is quite as good, if not better, of being pushed into a first-class carriage, and into whatever class you may be carried by the excited throng you will find much the same kind of crowded company.

Of course there is a free give and take of "chaff" on such occasions. If you don't know how to give it back effectually take it in good part.

In my return from the palace I had, for a wonder succeeded in getting a seat which enabled the railway company to carry out the latter half of its first class contract with me.

One of my fellow passengers was a costermonger, who exultingly exhibited his ticket to show that he had secured first class accommodation without having been fool enough to pay for it. A very smartly dressed girl looked into the compartment. "Come in, miss," said the costermonger, "if we can't make room for ye no h'other ways ye can sit on my knee."

In disgust at the "low feller" the girl walked away, whereupon the coster put his head out of the window, and shouted after her, "cushions ain't good enough for yer, arn't they, miss? telly-grarf to the seckerinterry, an' maybe he'll send ye down a sop'ly." I asked this same coster, if we were on the right train for the city, and he shouted in reply: "Do ye thing I'd lose my way? a furriner to tell me that, and me a Lunnuner born an' bread. Why I were never hout o' Lunnun. Sit ye down, guvner, an' make yer mind heasy."

S. L.