

guns, strung their bows, and with violent demonstrations (such as they calculate will frighten people), said they were going to take the ox in any case. McKay reasoned with them as long as he could, but in vain, and when further parley was useless, he stepped within his door and returned rifle in hand. Indicating a certain post between the Indians and the coveted ox, he spoke to them as follows: "I have your blood in my veins and you are my brothers; but I have also the blood of the white, and therefore I am more prudent than you are. We must have food here for our families, and cannot give away all our animals, or we cannot sow our fields. We have always done, and will always do our best for you; but now, I have drawn a line at that post; you know my rifle never misses, and I tell you that the first man who crosses that line will drop." None of them made the attempt, and from that time onward McKay had more influence over them than ever before.

Some years afterwards, when Prince Albert became largely a white settlement, he moved