

(Doctor) Herchmer,² some mounted constables, Brazeau the half-breed scout and interpreter, and a Red River cart in which the prisoner rode, left the fort in quest of the 'starvation' camp.

During the preliminary stages of the journey all efforts of the police were frustrated by false leads given by their prisoner. Through miles and miles of bush, swamp and muskeg that was fortunately still partly frozen he directed them. Finally, Sub-Inspector Gagnon, realizing that drastic action was necessary, consulted with Brazeau. The interpreter understood perfectly what Father P. J. de Smet, the famous Catholic missionary, meant when he spoke of the "riddle of the Indian stomach."

"Well, mon capitaine," Brazeau advised, "I tell you. Give heem the strong *muss-kee-kee-wah-bwee*, an' he weel tell you everyting."

This 'strong medicine', looked upon by many Indian braves as the very elixir of life, consisted of a strong brew of tea to which a generous quantity of plug tobacco was added and allowed to soak. In Kah-Kee-See-Koo-Chin's case the toxicity of the concoction was even more effective than the modern truth serum, scopolamine, might have been. Under its influence the Indian became very talkative, and Sub-Inspector Gagnon brought what might be called psychology into play.

When the prisoner was properly 'lit up', the sub-inspector asked, "What did you do with the bodies after your family died from starvation? The ground was frozen, so you couldn't dig graves."

"I piled them in a heap and covered them with branches and leaves of trees."

"But," said the officer, "that would be no protection against bears and wolves."

The doped-up Indian swallowed the bait and fairly shouted, "*Tapway! Tap-*



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way! Ekoosee Mahgab! (True! True! That's the way it is, but) *Wabbankee Keezikow* (Tomorrow I show you)."

The next morning while still under the 'influence', true to his promise, the prisoner led the police party towards the thickest part of the bush. As he drew near the edge of it he stopped short, threw back his head and gave vent to a long wolf-like howl.

Sub-Inspector Gagnon looked at him sharply and murmured, "Ha, we're getting warm."

He gave orders to search the immediate vicinity, and in a short time the abandoned camp was located in a small clearing on an island in the middle of a large muskeg easily accessible as it was still partly frozen. The searchers found the Indian's traps hanging on the limb of a tree and his moose-hide tepee, not boiled and eaten as he had claimed, but very much in evidence, neatly folded and stowed away in the branches of the tree that held the traps.

The police party stared aghast. Gradually the truth came to them. Human skulls and bones scattered around the dead camp-fire and tripod, and greasy finger-marks on the trunks of the sur-

²Reg. No. 14, ex-S/Sgt George Field Herchmer, M.D., joined the Force on July 6, 1875, and upon the expiration of his term of service took his discharge on July 6, 1881, at Fort Saskatchewan 'D' Division. He was a brother of Col. L. W. Herchmer, commissioner of the N.W.M.P. 1886-1900.