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THE INDIAN.

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Where are our Chiefs of old? Where our Heroes of mighty name?
The fields of their battles are silent—scarce their mossy tombs remain!—OSIAN.

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VOL. I.

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NO. 17.

CHIEF GEORGE H. M. JOHNSON.

(ONWANONSYSHON.)

His Life and Work Among the Six Nations.

BY HORATIO HALE.

The career of this eminent Mohawk chief, who did more perhaps than any other individual of our time for the elevation and advancement of his kindred of the red race, deserves a more permanent record than that of a newspaper obituary. His biography forms the latest and by no means the least interesting chapter in the annals of that famous Iroquois confederacy, which has held an important place in the history of the United States and Canada from the era of Champlain almost to our own day. As he claimed a descent from a champion and fellow-counselor of the great founder of the league, the brave but peace-loving lawgiver Hiawatha, so his character and his acts recall something of the traits and the deeds which authentic tradition ascribes to that no longer mythical hero.

The death of the chief occurred on the 19th of February, 1884, at his residence, Chiefswood, on the Grand River Reserve, in the Province of Ontario, a few miles from the city of Brantford. Though he had attained the age of sixty-seven, his death must be deemed premature. He belonged to a long-lived race and family. His venerable father, Chief John Smoke Johnson, for many years Speaker of the Six Nations' Council, in which he is known by his truly poetical Indian name of Sakayenkvaraghton, or "Disappearing Mist," is still living, in vigorous health of mind and body, at the age of ninety-two. The causes which enfeebled the stalwart frame of his more noted son, and made his last illness fatal, were undoubtedly the injuries which he received in his endeavors to protect the morals and the property of his people from the white outlaws and desperadoes who formerly infested the Reserve. It is somewhat remarkable that an Iroquois chief should, in our peaceful time and among the quiet and law-respecting people of Canada, die from the effect of wounds received from his enemies of the European race, as

doubtless many of his predecessors had died in the fiercer days of old. But the conditions were strangely reversed. The conflict was still one of civilization with barbarism; but in this case Indian civilization stood at bay with White savagery, and conquered in the end, though at the expense of a noble life.

Chief George Henry Martin Johnson—as his name is recorded in full—was born on the 7th of

name of Martin, and had some strain of European blood, derived from the marriage of an Indian chief, in former days, with an active white girl, adopted into a Mohawk household. None the less it was known as one of the fifty noble families of the Iroquois confederacy, descended from the fifty great chiefs who, about the middle of the fifteenth century, under the leadership of Hiawatha, framed that confederacy, and thus

founded an Indian state which was for a long time the dominant power on our continent north of Mexico. During the American war of independence, this confederacy, in the clash of stronger forces, was for a time broken up. At the close of that war Brant and his followers, comprising the greater portion of the Iroquois people, left their ancient abodes on the south side of the lakes, and withdrew to Canada. The government for which they had fought gave them lands along the Grand River, from its source to its mouth; and here, just a hundred years ago, they re-established their league, and rekindled its council fire. The laws and policy framed by Hiawatha and his associates, more than four centuries ago, are still in force among their descendants in this district. The territory has shrunk, by many sales, made at the well-meant instance of the protecting government, to an extent of little more than fifty thousand acres, with a population of some three thousand souls. But in this small domain the chiefs are still elected, the councils are still conducted, and the civil policy is decided, as nearly as possible, by the rules of their ancient league. Not many persons are aware that there exists in the heart of Canada this relic of the oldest constitutional government of America—a free commonwealth, older than any in Europe, except those of England and Switzerland and perhaps

two small semi-independent republics which lurk in the fastnesses of the Pyrenees and the Apennines.

Chief John S. Johnson was in his way an educated man. He had learned to read and write, but only in the Mohawk language, as it was written by the missionaries. He was determined that his son should have better advantages than he had enjoyed, and accordingly sent him



G. H. M. Johnson

Onwanonsyshon 2. Chief

October, 1816, at what is now known as Bow Park, then a part of the Grand River Reserve, where his parents resided. Of his father, an eminent war-chief and orator of the Six Nations, bore a notable part as a military leader in the war of 1812, some mention has already been made. On the mother's side the boy's lineage was, according to Indian notions, still more distinguished. Her family had taken the English

for a time to the school in the then small frontier village of Brantford. Here the lad showed an intelligence and an aptitude for learning which fortunately attracted the attention of a newly arrived missionary. This was the late Rev. Adam Elliot, a clergyman of the English church who for many years devoted himself with untiring zeal to the religious instruction of the Iroquois converts. He found their language—which is a peculiarly complex speech and is broken up into several dialects—not easy to master. As the Mohawk (or Canienga) idiom was spoken by the largest number of the people and was generally understood by the others, it occurred to him that his best course would be to train up an intelligent youth of that nation to interpret his exhortations to his hearers. Young George Johnson was recommended for this office, and thus had the good fortune to find himself installed in Mr. Elliot's family, as at once his pupil and his assistant. He was still but a lad, and the instruction and practice which he needed to qualify him for his responsible duty occupied several years. To translate readily the recondite reasonings of an English sermon into a language of a different type as the Iroquois was a task of no small difficulty. That he finally mastered this art, and was able to convey to an Indian audience, promptly and accurately, the meaning of the most complicated passage of an English speech, was admitted by all among his hearers who were acquainted with both languages. In translating rapidly from Iroquois into English he was not always so happy. In his childhood he had spoken and thought only in Mohawk. English always remained to him, in a measure, a foreign speech; and a certain hesitation was sometimes apparent in finding the right word, which, however, usually came at last. But in his own language he was always ready, and could, when his feelings were stirred, rise into the eloquence proper to his race.

In 1840 young Johnson was formally appointed to the office of interpreter for the English Church Mission on the Reserve, an office which brought with it a small salary, and no little toil and exposure. He was the constant companion of the missionary in his rides or drives through the reserve, over roads that were bogs in the spring and autumn, and were commonly piled with snowdrifts in the winter. He had often to make long trips by himself, on horseback or on foot, by night as well as by day, to carry announcements, to read the services, and to visit the sick, when the missionary was otherwise engaged. But the work seemed light to him, for he was young and hardy, and his heart was entirely in it. His religious feelings were fervent; his attachment to the English Church was sincere; and his affection to his people amounted to a passion. Many of them were pagans, as some unfortunately still remain. Young Johnson saw, or thought he saw, no hope for these, either in this world or in the next, except in becoming Christians. On one occasion his zeal for their conversion led him beyond the bounds of prudence, though happily with no ill result. Among the Indians on the Reserve was a small band of Delawares, an intelligent but highly conservative race, who for the most part still adhered to their heathen belief. They had formerly been conquered by the Iroquois, but had lately been ele-

vated by them to the position of members of the confederacy. The Indians of the United States and Canada, as is well known, had in general no idols; but the Delawares had advanced, as some ethnologists would say, to the status of idolaters. They had carved a post into a rude image of the human form, and around it performed their religious dances. When the young Mohawk neophyte heard of these awful rites, he mused until the fire burned in his heart. Seizing an axe, he made his solitary way through the forest to the distant outskirts which had been allotted to the Delawares. Here he suddenly appeared before them, and after haranguing them, to the best of his ability, on the monstrous nature of their religion and its ceremonies, demanded to be allowed to destroy the image. The people listened sullenly, ready at a word to rush upon the intruder and fell him to the earth. But their chief was a well-informed and prudent man, possibly half a convert in his heart. He knew that the youth belonged to an influential family in the dominant Mohawk tribe, and that any injury done to him would meet with condign punishment. He gave a seemingly reluctant consent, and at the word the axe descended, and the obnoxious image soon lay in fragments. The triumphant iconoclast carried off the head as a trophy, which is still preserved. Not long afterwards the conversion of all the Delawares was announced; and at this day they are among the most steady attendants upon the missionary services on the Reserve.

(To be Continued.)

THE GRAND GENERAL INDIAN COUNCIL.

The minutes of the Grand General Indian Council lately held at the Saugeen Reserve will be published in THE INDIAN, commencing next issue. Much important work was done.

Amongst the resolutions passed was the following, which shows the feeling of gratitude of the Indians for the franchise lately given them:

"It was moved by Chief John Henry, seconded by Able Waucaush, and resolved, that this Grand General Indian Council do tender their sincere thanks to Sir John A. Macdonald and his Government, for having granted the Indians the privilege to vote, as already exercised by some Bands in Ontario; thereby placing us, in this respect, equal to the white man.—Carried unanimously.

THE FIRST INDIAN VOTE.

Owing to the death of Mr. David Thompson, M. P., who had for so many years represented the county of Haldimand in the Dominion Parliament, it became necessary to hold an election in that county.

In the township of Oneida, in Haldimand, there is a portion of the Grand River Reserve, occupied by the Six Nations and a small part of Mississaugas of the Credit.

The revising officer in his final list, approved of 119 names of "persons" living within this portion of Oneida, as being qualified to secure the franchise, and constituted it a new division, No. 6, of that Township.

Great efforts were put forth by politicians of both parties to secure this Indian vote.

Many meetings were held by speakers on both

sides, and the Indians with their usual stoicism, listened for hours while these other "persons" explained to them the reasons why they should vote one way or the other. The expressions of approval or dissent came principally from the younger men. The older heads showing scarcely any excitement.

Greatly upon this account the politicians were puzzled. It was difficult for them to judge of what impression they had made. The white population near the Reserve were divided in opinion as to how the Indians would vote, for they kept their ideas greatly to themselves.

The 8th of September came. Dr. P. E. Jones had been appointed deputy returning officer, and Mr. A. W. Johnson, (son of the late Chief G. H. M. Johnson) his poll-clerk. The candidates were Mr. Coulter, lawyer, of Cayuga, Reformer, and Mr. Merritt, mining engineer, of North Cayuga, Conservative. Mr. Coulter had appointed Mr. Woodyatt, of Brantford, and Mr. F. Loft, of the Six Nations, as his scrutineers; and Mr. Merritt, Mr. Robb, of Hamilton, and Mr. Clabren Russel, of the Six Nations, as his.

The poll opened at nine a. m. and by ten o'clock twenty votes had been polled which was considered rapid work. Nearly all the votes were polled by one o'clock.

At five o'clock the poll was closed, and the ballots counted and this was the result:

74 out of the 119 had voted.

51 voted for Mr. Merritt, Conservative.

23 " " Mr. Coulter, Reformer

28 being the majority for Mr. Merritt.

Two pagan Indians presented themselves to vote, but refused to name the man they wished to vote for. Of the 43 who did not vote the most of them were the pagan chiefs and warriors who had been told that if they did so, they would endanger other treaty rights and be struck off the Indian pay list.

Out of the 74 ballots cast not a single one was spoiled, they were all marked accurately, and the scrutineers on both sides, said that it was the cleanest ballot box they had ever seen.

Only two of the Indians had their ballots marked for them, from inability to read. There was not a government agent within many miles of the polling place, though Mr. Paterson, M. P. for Brant, spent most of the day about the door. The interpreter was seldom required, and the constable was not used at all, except to keep unauthorized persons from entering.

The result of this the first ballot used upon an Indian Reserve, shows several important things to be untrue, which were said respecting our people, upon the floor of the House of Commons by the Reformers, and by the Reform Press, and speakers outside.

1ST. It shows that Government agents are not allowed to "lead Indians up to the polls."

2ND. It shows that the Reformers will place their most influential man in a position for that purpose.

3RD. It shows that Indians who have obtained \$150 worth of property, outside their land, can use the ballot more intelligently than even the white man after years of experience.

4TH. It shows that over two-thirds of the Indians in this neighborhood appreciate the value of the franchise, and support the government which has granted it to them.

Altogether, the result of THE FIRST INDIAN VOTE must be very satisfactory to the intelligent Indians of the Dominion, and to the whites who sincerely desire the advancement and education of our people.

TECUMSEH'S PREDICTION ABOUT STAMPING HIS FOOT AT DETROIT.

Connected with the great earthquake period of 1811-12 already mentioned, occurred one of the romances of American history. It was the lucky prediction of this great earthquake that made the fame of Tecumseh, the celebrated "Indian false prophet," and led to the uprising of the Creek Nation and the Indian war that followed. "Tecumseh" was a Shawnee warrior and first appeared among the Seminoles in Florida and the Creeks in Alabama and Georgia as early as 1810, endeavoring to form them into a confederacy, whose aim it was to rise up against the whites in the Northwest and exterminate them. He failed, and on the breaking out of the war with England in 1812 entered the service of the British, and again set out to stir up sedition among Southern Indians. He had been told by the English when a comet would appear, and he told his excited Indian hearers that at a certain time they would see his arm stretched out over the sky on fire, and that he was going to Detroit to prepare them for their rising against the Americans; when the proper time came he would strike the ground with his foot so hard that he would shake down the houses in their head city.

He left the Creeks, and at the time when he promised to smite the ground, strange to say, came the great earthquake. All the territory bordering on the Gulf was agitated. The ground of Alabama trembled like an aspen, while from the earth came terrifying rumbles and groans. Toockabatcha, the capital of the Creeks, was shaken to ruins, and, as the earth heaved and shook the frightened Indians ran from their dwellings crying: "Tecumseh is at Detroit?" "Tecumseh is at Detroit?" "We feel the stamp of his foot!" At the same time the comet appeared in the heavens. This was too much for the superstitious Creeks, They rose to a man, and, after two years of sanguinary fighting, they were a defeated and ruined nation. Tecumseh was killed in the battle on the Thames in Canada (October 5, 1813), by American troops under the command of Col. Richard M. Johnson, of Kentucky. Tecumseh, who was serving in the English ranks, commanding a band of Indians, was carried off the field by followers and buried, no one knew where.—*Boston Herald*. [The *Boston Herald*, the paper from which this prediction has been taken, has fallen into an error when stating that Tecumseh was the "Indian false prophet." It was his brother, Elskwatawa, who set himself up as a prophet, denouncing the use of liquors and many other customs introduced by the whites. The prophet fought with Tecumseh in his march from the Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. His prestige as a prophet was lost at Tippecanoe on the Wabash, where General Harrison defeated him and his warriors; from that time forward he sank into obscurity, and but little is known of him.]

GRAVE CREEK MOUND.

This gigantic tumulous, the largest in the Ohio valley, was opened some fifty years ago, and found to contain some articles of high antiquari-

an value, in addition to the ordinary discoveries of human bones, &c. A rotunda was built under its centre, walled with brick, and roofed over, and having a long gallery leading into it, at the base of the mound. Around this circular wall, in the centre of this damp mass of earth, with its atmosphere of peculiar and pungent character the skeletons and other disinterred articles, are hung up for the gratification of visitors, the whole lighted up with candles, which have the effect to give a strikingly sepulchral air to the whole scene. But what adds most to this effect, is a kind of excluded flaky matter, very white and soft, and rendered brilliant by dependent drops of water, which hang in rude festoons from the ceiling.

To this rotunda, it is said, a delegation of Indians paid a visit a year or two since. In the "Wheeling Times and Advertiser" of the 30th August 1843, the following communication, respecting this visit, introducing a short dramatic poem, was published.

"An aged Cherokee chief who, on his way to the west, visited the rotunda excavated in this gigantic tumulus, with its skeletons and other relics arranged around the walls, became so indignant at the desecration and display of sepulchral secrets to the white race, that his companions and interpreter found it difficult to restrain him from assassinating the guide. His language assumed the tone of fury, and he brandished his knife, as they forced him out of the passage. Soon after he was prostrated, with his senses steeped in the influence of alcohol.

"'Tis not enough! that hated race
Should hunt us out, from grove and place
And consecrated shore—where long
Our fathers raised the lance and song—
'Tis not enough!—that we must go
Where streams and rushing fountains flow
Whose murmurs, heard amid our fears,
Fall only on a stranger's ears—
'Tis no enough!—that with a wand,
They sweep away our pleasant land,
And bid us, as some giant foe,
Or willing, or unwilling go!
But they must open our very graves
To tell the dead—they too, are slaves."

HIS LAST RUN.

He had been sick at one of the hotels for five or six weeks, and the boys on the road dropped in daily to see how he got along and to learn if they could render him any kindness. The brakeman was a good fellow, and one and all encouraged him in the hope that he would pull through. The doctor didn't regard the case as dangerous, but one day the patient began sinking, and it was seen he could not live the night out. A dozen of friends sat in the room when night came, but his mind was dead; he did not recognize them.

It was near one of the depots, and after the great trucks and noisy drays had ceased rolling by, the bells and the short sharp whistle of the yard engines sounded painfully. The patient had been very quiet for half an hour, when he suddenly unclosed his eyes and shouted—"Kalama-zoo!"

One of the men brushed the hair back from the cold forehead, and the brakeman closed his eyes, and he was quiet for a time. Then the wind whirled around the depot, and banged the

blinds on the window of his room, and he lifted his hand and cried out:

"Jackson! Passengers going north by the Saginaw road change cars."

The men understood. The brakeman thought he was coming east on the Michigan Central. The effort seemed to have greatly exhausted him, for he lay like one dead for the next five minutes, and a watcher felt for his pulse to see if life had not gone out. A tug coming down the river sounded her whistle loud and long, and the dying brakeman opened his eyes and called out—"Ann Arbor!"

He had been over the road a thousand times, but had made his last trip. Death was drawing a special train over the old track, and he was brakeman, conductor and engineer.

One of the yard engines uttered a shrill whistle of warning, as if the glare of the headlight had shown to the engineer some stranger peril, and the brakeman called out;

"Yp-sil-anti!"

"He is coming fast," whispered one of the men.

"And the end of the run will be the end of his life," said a second.

The dampness of death began to collect on the patient's forehead and there was that ghastly look on the face that death always brings. The slamming of a koor down the hall startled him again, and he moved his head and faintly said:

"Grand Trunk Junction! Passengers going East by the Grand Trunk change cars!"

He was so quiet after that that all the men gathered around the bed believing that he was dead. Suddenly his eyes closed. He lifted his head and whispered:

"De—"

"Not Detroit," but Death! He died with the half-uttered whisper upon his lips, and the headlight of Death's engine shone in his face, and covered it with such a pallor as nothing but death can bring.—*Detroit Free Press*.

WA-WA-BE-ZO-WIN.

FROM THE TRADITIONS OF THE OBJIBWAS.

There was an old hag of a woman living with her daughter-in-law, and son, and a little orphan boy, whom she was bringing up. When her son-in-law came home from hunting, it was his custom to bring his wife the moose's lip, the kidney of a bear, or some other choice bits of different animals. These she would cook crisp, so as to make a sound with her teeth when eating them. This kind attention of the hunter to his wife, at last, excited the envy of the old woman. She wished to have the same luxuries, and in order to get them she finally resolved to make way with her son's wife. One day, she asked her to leave her son to the care of the orphan boy, and come out and swing with her. She took her to the shore of a lake, where there was a high range of rocks overhanging the water. Upon the top of this rock, she erected a swing. She then undressed and fastened a piece of leather around her body, and commenced swinging, going over the precipice at ever swing. She continued it but a short time, when she told her daughter to do the same. The daughter obeyed. She undressed, and tying the leather string as

she was directed, began swinging. When the swing had got in full motion and well a going, so that it went clear beyond the precipice, at every sweep, the old woman slyly cut the cords and let her daughter drop into the lake. She then put on her daughter's clothing, and thus disguised went home in the dusk of the evening and counterfeited her appearance and duties. She found the child crying, and gave it the breast, but it would not draw. The orphan boy asked her where its mother was. She answered, "She is still swinging." He said, "I shall go and look for her." "No!" said she, "you must not—what should you go for?" When the husband came in, in the evening, he gave the coveted morsel to his supposed wife. He missed his mother-in-law, but said nothing. She eagerly ate the dainty, and tried to keep the child still. The husband looked rather astonished to see his wife studiously averting her face, and asked her why the child cried so. She said, she did not know.

In the mean time the boy went to the lake shores, and found no one. He mentioned his suspicions, and while the old woman was out getting wood, he told him all that he had heard or seen. The man then painted his face black, and placed his spear upside down in the earth and requested the Great Spirit to send lightning, thunder, and rain, in the hope that the body of his wife might rise from the water. He then began to fast, and told the boy to take the child and play on the lake shore.

We must now go back to the swing. After the wife had plunged into the lake, she found herself taken hold of by a water tiger, whose tail twisted itself round her body, and drew her to the bottom. There she found a fine lodge, and all things ready for her reception, and she became the wife of the water tiger. Whilst the children were playing along the shore, and the boy was casting pebbles into the lake, he saw a gull coming from its centre and flying towards the shore, and when on shore, the bird immediately assumed the human shape. When he looked again he recognized the lost mother. She had a leather belt around her loins, and another bolt of white metal, which was, in reality, the tail of the water tiger, her husband. She suckled the babe, and said to the boy—"Come here with him, whenever he cries, and I will nurse him."

The boy carried the child home, and told these things to the father. When the child again cried, the father went also with the boy to the lake shore, and hid himself in a clump of trees. Soon the appearance of a gull was seen, with a long shining belt, or chain, and as soon as it came to the shore, it assumed the mother's shape, and began to suckle the child. The husband had brought along his spear, and seeing the shining chain, he boldly struck it and broke the links apart. He then took his wife and child home, with the orphan boy. When they entered the lodge, the old woman looked up, but it was a look of despair, she instantly dropped her head. A rustling was heard in the lodge, and the next moment, she leaped up, and flew out of the lodge, and was never heard of more.

It is reported that the C.P.R. has secured the control of the Manitoba Railway.

THE METHODIST CONFERENCE.

During the past two weeks the Quadrennial Session of the Methodist Conference has been in session in Metropolitan Church, Toronto. The great question of the Federation of Victoria College with Toronto University was the first business of importance that came up. One of the grandest debates ever heard in Canada took place over the discussion of the question, finally the Federationists gained the day, and the motion favoring Federation was carried by a majority of 25 out of a vote of 275. The Methodists have, by their action in conference in several ways, proven themselves to be the faithful friend of the Indian. The son of Rev. John McDougall, who laid down his life on the frozen fields of the North-West while bringing the story of the Cross to his Indian friends, was in attendance and brought with him from his mission field three chiefs representing the leading tribes. These warriors were converted under the teachings of the noble McDougall and came from their far away homes to tell the white man in his home what the missionary was doing for them, and well they told their story, and created in the hearts of all who heard them an ardent desire to push forward the great work of spreading the Gospel to attain the greatly desired end. The committee having in charge the Missionary work in connection with the Methodist conference have recommended in regard to the Indian Missions that the Government be requested to subsidize the McDougall Orphanage and Training Institute at Morley; that the Government be requested to grant to the Church the management and control of an industrial school at Bottle River, similar to the institutions granted by Government to other Churches, and the committee recommended that correspondence with the Government be continued until the prayer be granted. The committee further recommended that the Government be requested to grant the deeds and titles to mission property held by the Methodist Church during periods ranging from five to thirty years, viz:—Blood Indians, Belly River, Morley, Woodville, Battle River, Victoria, Saddle Lake, Whitefish Lake, Fisher River, Beren's River, Norway House, Oxford House, and Nelson River. The committee recommended the continuance of correspondence until this prayer be granted. The report was received.

It may not be generally known in America that the Bee is always the pioneer of the white man. Wherever the white man may go in search of new domains he will find that the buisny bee has preceded him. It was a fact well known by the Indians centuries ago and the sight of the honey bee was a sure sign, that the tramp of the white man's foot would soon be heard and that by degrees their forest homes would yield to the axe of the pioneer. The chiefs in Tecumseh's day saw with dismay and sorrow the inroads made by the white man in the western part of this province, and bitterly told their story of wrongs and misdeeds committed by the pioneers. Their eloquence availed them not, and the bee was henceforth looked upon by the Indians as the forerunner of disaster and ruin to
(Many meetings

the tribes. It is a well-known and curious fact that will serve as a lesson for our naturalists to grapple with, that the bee was seen, only a few years ago, on the banks of the Saskatchewan, and other settlements now possessed by the hardy white settlers of the North-west.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

A bag of hot sand relieves neuralgia.
Vinegar will clean the mica in the stove doors.
Salt should be eaten with nuts to aid digestion.
Rub window-sills with fine wood ashes and rinse with clean water to remove flower-pot stains.

In washing bedsteads use strong brine or hot alum water.

Wash grained woods with cold tea, wipe dry and rub with linseed oil.

Cayenne pepper blown were mice and ants congregate drives them away.

It may not be generally known that a little ammonia in water will cleanse glass thoroughly and impart to it a considerable brilliancy.

Glaze the bottom crust of fruit pies with the white of egg and they will not be soggy.

Put a small piece of charcoal in the pot when boiling cabbage, to prevent it filling the house with the smell.

Quick boiling toughens all meat, whereas a slow bubbling renders the meat tender and secures a better flavor.

Hash, to be good—and it can be good—must not stew and simmer, and simmer and stew, but be heated through as quickly as possible and sent to the table at once.

Ham, to be eaten cold, should stand in the water in which it is boiled until it is cold; it will not be so dry and hard.

The most effectual remedy for slimy and greasy drain pipes is copperas dissolved and left to work gradually through the pipe.

To clean marble the following is recommended: Common soda, two pounds, powdered pumice-stone and finely powdered chalk, one pound each. Pass through a fine sieve and mix to a thin paste with water. Rub it well over the marble and the stains will be removed, then wash the marble over with soap and water and it will be as clean as it was at first.

WHITE SOUP.—One quart of water, three potatoes, three onions, one sliced turnip, a sprig of parsley. Boil until soft, then pour water and vegetables through a colander, then return to kettle. Just before serving add one pint sweet cream, or part milk, add a little pepper and salt one tablespoon corn-starch, stirred smooth with two tablespoonfuls butter. Let it boil up once and serve.

Never serve potatoes, boiled or baked whole, in a closely covered dish. They become sodden and clammy. Cover with a folded napkin that allows the steam to escape, or absorbs the moisture.

TO KEEP EGGS.—Three gallons water, one pint freshly slacked lime, one half-pint salt. Use perfectly fresh eggs with sound shells. Put them in carefully. If more lime is put in it eats the shell; if more salt it hardens the yolk. If the recipe is strictly followed, the eggs will keep sound for a year or more.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM THE RESERVES.

ONEIDA RESERVATION—(RIVER THAMES.)

The Oneida Agricultural Society will hold their annual exhibition on the 14th and 15th of October next.

Mr Elija Sickles received one hundred and thirty dollars in prizes at the Colonial Exhibition.

The Indians are busy seeding on the reserve.

News has been received from Oneida, Wisconsin, that several of the Indian's buildings were burned from bush fires.

The pupils who have been attending the Mohawk Institute and were home spending their vacation, returned on Saturday.

Mrs. Sarah Green, an Indian woman who is over one hundred years of age, is visiting her great grand son, Mr. H. Green.

The lawn social, held on Saturday last, was the most successful one of the season. The proceeds will be used in decorating and fencing the cemetery at the Methodist church.

Farmers are busy threshing and preparing the ground for fall wheat. The ground is extremely dry and rain is much needed to make it plow well and to bring it into a proper state to receive the seed.

Dr. Oronhyetetha was in his office here on Saturday and Sunday as usual, after a three weeks sojourn in St. John's, N. B.

TYENDINAGA RESERVE.

Mr. Dingman, Inspector of Indian Agencies, is at present on the reserve.

The Mohawk Demonstration Committee realized about \$300 by their grand pic-nic at the parsonage. This is a handsome sum to be added to the parsonage building fund.

Chief M. J. Pandaush, second chief of the eastern Ojibway confederacy, attended the late demonstration on the Reserve and made the parsonage his home. The chief informed us that twenty-two years had passed since a former visit to the Tyendinaga reserve. He saw every indication of great progress, and had no doubt that the Indians on the Tyendinaga reserve were farther advanced than those of any portion of Canada. He thought the schools on his own reserve were better than those he had visited here. He attended services on the reserve three times last Sunday, and was particularly impressed with the good order which prevailed, and the devout spirit manifested by the large congregations, of worshippers on each occasion. a state of things very different from what he had observed on other Indian reservations.

An honest ignoramus who had accomplished an act of heroism, was complimented for his bravery. One lady said, "I wish I could have seen your feat." Whereupon he blushed and stammered, and finally producing his pedal extremities, said, "Well, there they be, num."

THE MANITO TREE.

There is a prominent hill in the vicinity of Sault Ste. Marie, at the outlet of lake Superior, called by the French *La Butte des Terres*. An Indian footpath formerly connected this hill with the old French settlement at those falls, from which it is distant about a mile. In the intermediate space, near the path, there formerly stood a tree, a large mountain ash, from which, Indian tradition says, there issued a sound, resembling that produced by their own war-drums, during one of the most calm and cloudless days. This occurred long before the French appeared in the country. It was consequently regarded as the local residence of a spirit, and deemed sacred.

From that time they began to deposit at its foot, an offering of small green twigs and boughs, whenever they passed the path, so that, in process of time, a high pile of these offerings of the forest was accumulated. It seemed as if, by this procedure, the other trees had each made an offering to this tree. At length the tree blew down, during a violent storm, and has since entirely decayed, but the spot was recollected and the offerings kept up, and they would have been continued to the present hour, had not an accidental circumstance put a stop to it.

In the month of July 1882, the government sent a military force to take post, at that ancient point of French settlement, at the foot of the falls; and one of the first acts of the commanding officer was to order out a fatigue party to cut a wagon road from the selected site of the post to the hill. This road was directed to be cut sixty feet wide, and it passed over the site of the tree. The pile of offerings was thus removed, without the men knowing it ever had had a superstitious origin; and thus the practice itself came to an end. I had landed with the troops, and been at the place but nine days, in the exercise of my appropriate duties as an Agent on the part of the government to the tribe, when this trait of character was mentioned to me, and I was thus made personally acquainted with the locality, cutting of the road, and the final extinction of the rite.

Our Indians are rather prone to regard the coming of the white man, as fulfilling certain obscure prophecies of their own priests; and that they are, at best, harbingers of evil to them, and with their usual belief in fatality, they tacitly drop such rites as the foregoing. They can excuse themselves to their consciences in such cases, in relinquishing the worship of a local manito, by saying: it is the tread of the white man that has desecrated the ground.

FOND LOVERS IN A PERPLEXING PREDICAMENT.

A very laughable thing happened recently at Bridgeport, Conn. They had been putting down a new granolithic pavement, and the last slab to be laid was still green. This peculiar composition, when first put down, is very sticky, but dries quickly and becomes as hard as iron. As said before, the last slab was still green, and a spooney young couple in stopping to say good night, happened to stand on this particular slab. As every one knows who has been there, it takes

a long time for a couple of lovers to say good night—that is, and mean it. They may say good night, but there is always more or less kissing to follow, and as it generally tastes like more, the dose is repeated several times. Well, after the young couple in question had lingered on the suburbs of each other's lips for about twenty or thirty minutes, the finally decided to close the deal, and after one more fond embrace attempted to part company, but the slab upon which they stood had hardened, and they were actually rooted to the spot. In vain they tried to release themselves, and as a last resort they yelled for help. A night watchman answered their cries, and with the help of a pickaxe succeeded in digging them out.—*Ex.*

A CAUTION TO TEACHERS.

Let me warn teachers, especially young ones, against attempting to reply to any questions asked by a scholar when they really do not know what answer to give. No one can be prepared for every question that can be asked. The veriest fool can ask more in five minutes than the greatest philosopher can answer in a lifetime. I know the temptation is great to give a reply of some sort, which may be right or may be wrong, "for fear the scholars should think us ignorant;" but that temptation must be battled with. The real reason why an answer is attempted, in ninety nine cases out of a hundred, is pride, and it is pride which will certainly have a fall, for if the scholar does not know at once that the reply was a guess, he will remember it at some most inopportune time—perhaps quote his own words against him. Then, indeed, will the scholars look down upon that teacher, and probably give him a far lower place in their regard than he really deserves. If, however, that teacher is generally well-informed, and well ahead of them, he will not sink at all in their estimation if he honestly confesses that he cannot answer some particular question—it is generally one of fact—on the spur of the moment. Still, he should carefully treasure the question, and see that he obtains the correct answer to it, for the very next time he meets his class he should give them the reply, with any other information about the subject he may think fit. I can speak from a lively experience on this matter. A few days after I took my first and only class, we had a lesson in which some of the mountains of the Holy Land were mentioned, and as we spoke of them, I was suddenly taken aback with the question. "Teacher, what's the highest mountain in the world?" I confess I had some sort of an idea that it was Chimborazo; but fortunately, my better nature conquered, and I admitted that I did not know, but added I would tell them in the afternoon. I know that I have never forgotten since then that it is Mount Everest, and I do not think they have forgotten it either. I found that the boy who asked me knew it, and had I made a guess, would have tripped me in fine style.—*The Quiver for August.*

A Brooklyn man advertises for 1,000,000 kittens. He must be preparing a serenade to the muwses.—*Exchange.* Probably he is going to issue a catalogue of feline catastrophes.

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

Will be published by THE INDIAN Publishing Company, of Hagersville, and for the present will be issued fortnightly, and until further notice.

ADVERTISING RATES.

The advertising department has been neglected owing to all our efforts being put forth to create a large subscription list and circulation. Having been successful in this direction, we now intend to devote special attention to this department. THE INDIAN is a first class medium for advertisers, being widely circulated having 15,000 readers. If you think THE INDIAN worthy of patronage, and wish to place your advertisement, we will quote rates on application.

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BIRTHS, MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

Insertions under this head for Indians will be 25 cents.
For other than Indians 75 cents each insertion

The Six Nation Indians Addressed by Sir John A. Macdonald.

Who Clearly Explains the Effect which the Franchise Act of 1885

Has in Placing the Indian upon an Equality with His White Brother.

On Monday, Sept. 6th, Sir John Macdonald, Premier of Canada, visited the Six Nation Indians' reservation near Brantford, and in the afternoon addressed the Indians at their council house. The proceedings were commenced by a speech by Chief George Buck, the fire-keeper of the great council, who welcomed Sir John Macdonald on behalf of the Six Nations, and said that they were prepared to hear what the great chieftain had to say.

Sir John Macdonald, on rising to reply, was greeted by the dignified councillors with loud applause. He said: Chiefs and warriors of the Six Nations: I must thank you most cordially for your kind reception of me to-day. I had long wished for an opportunity of visiting your band to see for myself the state in which Providence has placed you. I had always heard of the prosperity of the Six Nations, of their obedience to law and order, of the progress of education among them, and that as farmers, as good citizens, as good members of society and loyal subjects of Her Majesty the Queen, whom we all reverence, they were not excelled by any portion of Her Majesty's subjects in the Dominion of Canada. (Applause.) I have been travelling as you know, in the great west for some time. I have been through from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, and I have met your red brethren from one side of the continent to the other, and now I have the pleasure of finding myself among the loyal and true hearted band of the Six Nation Indians. (Applause.) I think it was two years ago that a deputation from the Six Nations was in Ottawa, and I then promised that deputation that I would do myself the honor and pleasure of visiting you here. Cir-

cumstances prevented me from fulfilling that promise until now, but here I am in fulfilment of that engagement. (Loud applause.) My first object in making that promise was that I might make the acquaintance of my friends, the chiefs and principal warriors on the reserve. It was my duty to do so from the office her Majesty has been pleased to confer upon me as Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs, and in pursuance of the solemn oath of office which I then took I have been trying to perform these duties to the best of my ability. While here I will be glad to hear from the council of the Nation if there is anything I can do'

TO FORWARD THEIR INTERESTS.

If anything has been neglected or omitted which ought to be attended to in order to forward these interests, it is my desire to remedy it and do all in my power to increase the development of civilization and prosperity. (Applause.) Another great object, and perhaps the particular object of my coming here to-day, is for the purpose of explaining to you, in my position as Superintendent General of Indian affairs, the effect that what is well known among you as the franchise bill, passed in 1885, will have upon the Indians. When the Government of which I am First Minister made up their minds to extend the franchise and give more people the right to vote, I introduced that bill in parliament as the head of the administration, and while that bill was being prepared I had to think of my duty to the whole population of the Dominion of Canada, who were fit to exercise the franchise and vote and who were unfit, and who had a moral and political right to have conferred upon them the privilege of voting. It was also my special duty to see that those who were particularly my wards, those who came under my charge in my capacity as Superintendent-General, should not be neglected; that they should be put on an equality with all other loyal subjects of her Majesty. You all know that every white man having the necessary property qualification, has the right to have a vote; and I was satisfied that the Indians of the older provinces were equal in intellect and education to the white and colored population that we were going to give the franchise to. (Applause.) Her Majesty, in her wide dominions, which extend to every portion of the world, has subjects of various nations; take India, for instance: there she has two hundred millions of subjects, and not one of these two hundred millions is a white man, but every one of these people are British subjects and if they came here to Canada would have a right to claim a vote if they had the necessary qualification. Her Majesty has colonies in Southern Africa, she has built a great dominion there; they are all black people there, but if any one of them came to Canada and had the necessary property qualification he would be entitled to vote. In other portions of the world she has brown subjects and yellow subjects and, except that by special legislation the Chinese race are prevented, they have all the right to vote if they came to Canada and had the necessary property. And I asked myself and I asked my colleagues and I asked parliament, is it right for every one of her majesty's subjects, no matter what their color, race or antecedents may be, if they come

here and have the necessary property,

TO HAVE A VOTE,

the right to stand in a position of political equality with every other British subject, yet the red men of Canada, the original owners of the soil, who were found by the white men when they came here as usurpers' that they who have the same education and capacity, have taken the same stand amongst the civilized races of the world with all the other races of men that call her Majesty their most gracious Sovereign, that they in their own country should be considered inferior and placed as inferior by the law of the land to all those other races whether black or brown, and should be placed in such a position by the laws of their own country? I considered this a foul wrong to your great race, a wrong that might be remedied and remedied at once. (Loud applause.) It is admitted by everyone that you, for instance, in your reserve, stand in intellect, civilization, and education, in a position in equality with your white brethren who surround you, and why should you be stamped with inferiority, why should you not occupy the same position as free men sharing in the government of their own country and help to send to parliament the man who you think can best serve the interests of your great race. (Loud and continued applause.)

He then went on and further explained his reasons for giving the Indian the right to vote, our space not allowing us to give them.

Chief William Smith, replying on behalf of all the chiefs of the Six Nations, thanked Sir John A. Macdonald for his commendation of their progress in education and agriculture, and hoped they would continue to merit his good opinion of them. He assured Sir John that the patriotism and loyalty which had characterized the Six Nations on former occasions when they had fought side by side with the British against the invaders of our soil was still as strong among them as it was among their ancestors, and they are just as ready to-day if occasion required to go out to the front and take up arms with their brother Canadians and fight in defence of their common country. In conclusion he thanked Sir John for his explanation of the Franchise bill, and said that the matter had been discussed by them in the council on several occasions, and that now after hearing the great chieftain's words they would consider the question in the new light thus shed upon it and come to a decision regarding it.

AT THE PICNIC GROUNDS.

Sir John Macdonald and his party were next escorted by the chiefs to the picnic grounds, where a vast crowd of both Indians and white people were patiently awaiting him. They received him with thunders of applause, and it was some time before quiet was restored, the cheers being renewed again and again.

Addresses were then presented to him by the chiefs and warriors of the Conservative association in the constituency of the south riding of the county of Brant and of the Grand River reservation, the warriors of the Six Nations, and by the directors of the Six Nations' Agricultural Society.

The assemblage was then addressed by Mr. J. J. Hawkins, of Brantford, who was followed

by Mr. Robt. Henry.

Sir John Macdonald then came forward and received an ovation from the crowd, even the usually grave and dignified Indians shouting and throwing up their hats in an abandon of enthusiasm. The cheering continued for some minutes and when at last it had subsided, the honorable gentleman spoke as follows :

Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen: This meeting is altogether unexpected on my part, and I had not the slightest idea when I was coming to this part of the country that I should be greeted by such a large assemblage as this. As I have already explained to the chiefs in the Council House, I came up here in pursuance and fulfilment of a promise made two years ago to a deputation from the Six Nations, that came to me at the seat of government, that I would pay them a visit as soon as I could spare the time to make a trip out here to their reserve. The business of a public man is so constant and pressing that I have not been able to fulfil that promise until to-day. (Applause.) And I have made this trip now with the idea of simply meeting my red brethren, the Indians of the reserve, and did not expect to be greeted by such a number of the other inhabitants of the country. But here I am and I am glad and happy to see you. (Applause.) I must in the first place thank the various associations who have presented me with the three addresses which you heard when we first came upon this platform. I have to thank you from the bottom of my heart for the warm address from the Liberal-Conservative association of the Six Nations. In presenting me with that and the other addresses the Indians of the Six Nations have in them assumed all the responsibility of electors; they thank me for the franchise bill in terms which show that they fully appreciate the great consequences of that measure and appreciate the benefits and advantages that are bound to accrue to the Indian race by being placed on a political equality with their white brethren, aye, and their black brethren. (Applause.) I was aware, gentlemen, that there was a great deal of doubt instilled into the minds of the Indians that this act was some hidden scheme to deprive them of some of their time-honored rights. I was aware that especially in the council that some of the chiefs thought that their position as chiefs and warriors would likely be affected by it, and I came up here to disabuse them of all these insinuations and misstatements.

The conferring of the franchise upon the Indians was a great boon to every Indian in the Dominion. (Applause.) Is it right that we who are comparatively interlopers on this continent should prevent these men, who are the original owners of the soil, from having by the casting of their votes and exercise of the franchise a share in the government of the country? As you all know when a man exercises the franchise he is part of the government so far as his vote goes. It is by the collection of a number of individual votes that members of parliament are elected, and in parliament these members cast their votes for any minister or ministry and the majority of these votes appoint the government to office. So you see that the most humble man who comes and gives a vote to a member of parliament exercises a power with that in-

dividual vote that may result in making a government, in making a minister, in making a premier. Why should the red man not be as good as you and me.—

Continuing, he explained how the Indians in the North West had been treated, convincing all present, beyond doubt, that the Indians in that district had been fairly dealt with.

LESSONS LEARNED FROM THE INDIANS.

The Indian manner of living, learned from the climate and hard necessities of the wilderness, afforded many suggestions to the colonists. In Virginia, as in New England, the planting of the Indian's corn saved the first settlers from starvation, and the white men imitated the Indian method of planting and cooking it. Having no iron, the savages cleared their fields awkwardly by girdling the trees and letting them stand, if the forest was not dense, or by burning down the tree, and then severing the trunk into logs by means of little fires. The stone axes used in some tribes were accounted precious and were handed down as heir-looms. They were provided with helves by splitting a cleft in a young tree and inserting the ax; here it remained until the wood had grown about it, when a section of the sapling was taken out with the ax inclosed. The Southern Indian twisted a hickory withe about the axe-head for a handle. Even after they had got iron tools from the whites, it suited the temper of the race better to burn down the trees than to chop them. They had hoes made of wood, of a turtle-shell affixed to a stick, or of a sharp stone, or a deer's shoulder-blade similarly arranged. The corn was planted as our farmers plant it, in hills three or four feet apart, with four or five grains in a hill. Beans grew about the stalk then as now, and pumpkins or squashes filled the intervening space.

The very names of our dishes are witnesses that the European-Americans learned many ways of cooking from the Indians. Pone, hominy, samp, succotash, and supawn are words borrowed from the aboriginal tongues; and the preparations of Indian corn which bear these names were served in wigwams, no doubt, for ages before white men had ever seen the gay streamers and waving tassels of the maize-field. On a hot stone, or the bottom of an earthen vessel set before the fire, the aboriginal baked what the pioneer afterward baked on his hoe and called a hoe-cake; the toothsome southern "ash-cake" was also first made by the Indian women, who shrouded it in husks before committing it to the fire. The Indians knew how to hull corn by applying lye. They celebrated the coming of the delicious green "roasting-ears" by a solemn feast. They nourished infants and invalids with maize-gruel, and they were before us also with the merry pop-corn—"the corn that blossomed," as the Hurons called it.

But "our wild brethren and sisters" used Indian corn in ways unknown to us; it was their chief food, and they "put it through all its sauces."

Jerusalem artichokes, dried currants, powdered mulberries,—indeed, almost all other sorts of fruit and flesh,—were mixed with it. They

cooked little doughnuts of meal by dropping them into maple syrup. One of their most useful preparations was probably that which, in Virginia, was called *rockahominy*, and in New England, *nohick*—simply parched corn pulverized, and carried in a pouch in journeying; it was mixed, before eating, with snow in winter and with spring water in summer. They used maize for many other things; of the meal they made poultices with a bowl of mush, given by the bride to her new lord, some tribes celebrated marriages; by means of the grains of maize, to represent a penny or stiver, the savage cast up his accounts with the trader; grains of corn were sent as tickets to those who were bidden to a feast; and, by putting them into gourds and turtle shells, rattles were made. The husks they braided for mats and wrought into baskets, into light balls for some of their games, into salt-bottles, and even shoes, long before the white man took the hint and made of them chair-bottoms, floor-mats and collars for horses. Maize was worshipped as a divinity. Children were kept in the field to watch the precious grain as it grew; but some of the tribes protected the thievish crow, because of the legend that a crow had brought them the first seed of the plant which supported their life on so many sides.

From the aborigines the settlers learned the use of other articles of food, such as the persimmon of the South, and the so-called ground-nut of the North. Penn found the savages eating baked beans, as white people do yet in Boston. The festoons of drying pumpkin in the frontier-man's cabin are imitated from the Indians.

None knew better than the red man with what last resorts to sustain life in time of famine. The roving Adirondacks, who planted little, if at all, were called "tree-eaters" by their enemies, because they were often obliged to subsist on the "rock-stripe" lichen, and the inner bark and buds of trees. The starving condition to which many of the European pioneers were reduced obliged them to eat the food with which the savages supplied their wants. The first Virginia settlers were glad to feed on the green snake, and a hundred years later the meat of the rattlesnake was regarded as "dainty food" by some of the planters. The Indians were not epicures. Even their varied preparation of maize must have been insipid from the lack of salt in most of the tribes. But a savage appetite is not fastidious. Putrid meat, whole frogs, the intestines of the deer just as taken from the animal, and fish-oil or bear's oil, even when rancid, were not refused. Fruit was not suffered to ripen, lest others should find it; the tree was felled, and the fruit sour and acrid as it was, consumed at once.

The importation of swine from Minnesota and Dakota into the Dominion is prohibited except by way of Emerson, Man., where they will have to undergo twenty-one days' quarantine.

Seventy thousand pounds of fine grade merino wool have been furnished by this year's clip in Alberta, N. W. T.

The cattle ranches in the Canadian Northwest will have five thousand head of cattle for export this year and ten thousand next year.

EDUCATION OF INDIAN YOUTHS.

No one doubts the importance of education in the elevation of the Indian race. The standard of civilization in each generation is measured by the power of education in the lives of the young people of that generation. In recognition of this fact the authorities at Washington have appropriated funds for the establishment of schools in the states and for the education of young men and young women from the different tribes within the limits of the United States. These schools have no doubt done much good, but not the good they might have accomplished if differently located. The same may be said of other schools in the States. Young men and young women are taken from their Indian homes and associations and from four to eight years know nothing of their people at home only from memory and occasional reports. All these years their habits of life and associations are isolating in sympathy and feeling from their friends at home. Their education, intellectually, socially and physically, is, in so far as their tribe is concerned, a growth entirely by itself. When they return to their people after these years of absence there seems to be no point of contact at which their influence can be felt for good. The result is in very many cases one of these two things, either to not associate with their people or else to fall back in their old ways. Where strength of will and character is prominent we see the former result, and their influence for good upon their people is less than that of the whites. Their fathers and mothers then say the education of our children has alienated them from our affections. It is not good. It causes our children not to love us or to sympathize with us. In the second place the young people find themselves cut off from society. Their new habits stand in direct conflict with the habits of their people. They have no strength to stand, and so fall back to their old ways. After a few years the question arises, "What good has their education done them or their associates?" In the former case many of those who return with a desire to help their people have such a tilted style of teaching that they do but little good. They think and speak and act in a plane far above their surroundings. They do not know how to come down to their people and mingle with them, and while so doing lift them up. In the latter case they move on to a certain point, then give up all for the sake of society, and the Indians see a practical illustration of the power of their ways above civilization, and say, "Those who have tried the civilized way find, after all, that the old way is the best."

Now, what is the remedy? How can Indian children be so educated that their education shall be a lever to elevate their people after they return to them? We believe it is in the principle adopted by the founders of Indian University, viz.: To educate Indian youths so as not to sever the chord in sympathy for those whom they have left at home. This University is located at a central point in the Indian Territory. During vacations young people return to their homes and associate with father and mother brother and sisters, relatives and friends. Their friends can visit them occasionally at their school especially at the closing exercises where, with

paternal pride, they can witness the efforts their education has enabled them to make. They can see the way their children are cared for, and meet the earnest Christian teachers who instruct them. Thus the confidence and support of parents is better secured. They can feel easier about their children when they see how well they are cared for. Friends of the children also meet at these closing exercises of each year's study, and are mutually helped and encouraged in the better way. When the prescribed course of study at the University is completed and the young people return to their homes they can associate with their people, readily adapt themselves to their circumstances and extend a sympathizing heart and helping hand to help their friends and associates to a better life. Their friends can feel that each of these educated young people are one of them, not a different race. They see for themselves that education makes their children better, that it holds them and at the same time continues to unite in sympathy, and interest in their people.—*Indian Missionary.*

THE FARM.

Write out your experiences for your agricultural paper.

Farmers' picnics and summer institutions are a good idea:

A good coat of paint upon farming tools is a profitable investment.

Don't make the public highway a barnyard, or catch-all for wagons, implements, wood-piles, compost heaps, etc.

A big weed near a tomato plant, or a hill of squash, or a big tussock of crab grass, will, in a week, take out of the soil enough of the plant food to make a peck of tomatoes or squashes.

"Naturally a boy should follow the calling of his father. That the sons of farmers so exceptionally often refuse to do, shows conclusively that there must be something wrong," says an exchange.

Some one estimates that nearly one half of the producers of farm products get an average of ten per cent. less for what they raise than they would if sufficient attention were given to the business of selling.

Prof. Roberts, speaking of the great efficiency of modern labor-saving implements and machines, says that the "boy of to-day, with his sulkie plow and self binder can rob the soil of more plant food in a year than his grandfather could in all his lifetime.

If the farmer had an evaporator, says the *Orange County Farmer*, and should diligently run it during the berry season, keeping the children occupied and hiring others to help, he could net a handsome sum, as evaporated berries find a ready sale.

Some of the farmers in the northwest have been wondering why hay could not be cut and cured in the shock like wheat and oats, and it is said that some of them have been experimenting in this direction with success. They have been cutting hay with the reaper and binder, throwing the sheaves into shocks to cure.

The business of farming has two sides; one

lies full in the glow of the warm, bright sunlight; the other is on the shady side, buried in gloom and darkness. Every man can choose which side he will live upon. The path to which diverges from a plain road, plainly, so that it cannot be mistaken. The business of farming is one in which no man can fail who uses common prudence, who is industrious, persevering, careful, foresighted, economical. It has the world's wants to supply. The farmer feeds and cloths the world, and every product of the soil has its waiting customers.

ALL SORTS.

Wholly uncalled for—a dead letter.

A bee is very economical—in fact, quite stingy.

Why should artists not be trusted? Because they are designing men.

"This is what I call border warfare," is Spriggin's exclamation whenever he assaults a steak in Mrs. Coldtea's mealery.

Forty rods make one rood, but one rod will often make one civil, especially in the case of the small boy.

There is nothing like prosperity to cover faults and it may be said that money covers more than charity.

The small boy learning the alphabet is very much like a postage stamp—he often gets stuck on a letter.

Some men have greatness thrust upon them, especially when a fat person sits next to them in the street cars.

The man whose wife woke him up in church by sticking a pin in him says he doesn't like such pointed suggestions.

"Some men have so much genius that they can't do anything but sit down in the shade and think about it," says a philosopher.

In leap year Japanese girls who want husbands set out flower pots on the front portico as an emblem. In this country they sit out there themselves with a young man as an emblem.

One of the graduates of a female college had for her essay, "Our Crowning Glory." But the girls thought it inappropriately named, as it did not contain a single reference to bonnets.

"The born poet," truly remarked Miss Cleveland, "has no agony in his song." Indeed no. It is the poor wretch who listens to his songs who lies awake and moans for the chloroform.

"Was the man intoxicated who fell in the circus tent last evening?" asked Mrs. DeGroof of her husband. "No, the man was all right," was the reply, "he was walking a tight rope."

DR. BLITZ—"How is Col. Blank?" Dr. Mitss—"He was getting along finely, but yesterday he took a relapse and died within ten minutes." Dr. Blitz—"What caused the relapse?" Dr. Mitss—"One of the morning papers published a woodcut of him."

The *Merchant Traveler* tells of a small boy whose nose had been put out of joint by the advent of a baby brother with tremendous lung power. "Did little brother come from heaven, ma?" he asked. "Yes, dear." He listened to little brother's yells, and said, "I don't blame the angels for bouncing him. Do you, ma?"

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS.

A NARRATIVE OF 1757.

BY J. FENIMORE COOPER.

(Continued.)

"Friend" replied the low voice of Chingachgook; who, pointing upwards at the luminary which was shedding its mild light through the opening in the trees, directly on their bivouac, immediately added in his rude English, "moon comes, and white man's fort far—far off; time to move, when sleep shuts both eyes of the Frenchman!"

"you say true! call up your friends, and bridle the horses, while I prepare my own companions for the march!"

"We are awake, Duncan," said the soft, silvery tones of Alice within the building, "and ready to travel very fast, after so refreshing a sleep; but you have watched through the tedious night in our behalf, after having endured so much fatigue the livelong day!"

"Say, rather, I would have watched, but my treacherous eyes betrayed me; twice have I prove myself unfit for the trust I bear."

"Nay, Duncan, deny it not," interrupted the smiling Alice, issuing, from the shadows of the building into the light of the moon, in all the loveliness of her freshened beauty; "I know you to be a heedless one, when self is the object of your care, and but too vigilant in favor of others. Can we not tarry here a little longer, while you find the rest you need? Cheerfully, most cheerfully, will Cora and I keep the vigils, while you, and all these brave men, endeavour to snatch a little sleep!"

"If shame could cure me of my drowsiness, I should never close an eye again," said the uneasy youth, gazing at the ingenuous countenance of Alice, where, however, in its sweetest solicitude, he read nothing to confirm his half-awakened suspicion. "It is but too true, that after leading you into danger by my heedlessness, I have not even the merit of guarding your pillows as should become a soldier."

"No one but Duncan himself should accuse Duncan of such a weakness. Go, then, and sleep; believe me, neither of us, weak girls as we are, will betray our watch."

The young man was relieved from the awkwardness of making any further protestation of his own demerits, by an exclamation from Chingachgook, and the attitude of riveted attention assumed by his son.

"The Mohicans hear an enemy!" whispered Hawk-eye, who, by this time, in common with the whole party, was awake and stirring. "They scent danger in the wind!"

"God forbid!" exclaimed Heyward. "Surely we have had enough of bloodshed!"

While he spoke, however, the young soldier seized his rifle, and advancing towards the front, prepared to atone for his venial remissness, by freely exposing his life in defence of those he attended.

"'Tis some creature of the forest prowling around us in quest of food," he said, in a whisper,

as soon as the low, and apparently distant sounds, which had startled the Mohicans, reached their own ears.

"Hist!" returned the attentive scout: "tis man; ever I can now tell his tread, poor as my senses are when compared to an Indian's! That scampering Huron has fallen in with one of Montcalm's outlying parties, and they have struck upon our trail, I should not like, myself, to spill more human blood in this spot," he added, looking around with anxiety in his features, at the dim objects by which he was surrounded; "but what must be, must! Lead the horses into the block-house Uncas, and, friends, do you follow to the same shelter. Poor and old as it is, it offers a cover, and has rung with the crack of a rifle afore to-night!"

He was instantly obeyed, the Mohicans leading the Narragansets within the ruin, whither the whole party repaired, with the most guarded silence.

The sounds of approaching footsteps were now too distinctly audible, to leave any doubts as to the nature of the interruption. They were soon mingled with voices calling to each other in an Indian dialect, which the hunter, in a whisper, affirmed to Heyward, was the language of the Hurons. When the party reached the point where the horses had entered the thicket which surrounded the block-house, they were evidently at fault, having lost those marks which, until that moment had directed their pursuit.

It would seem by the voices that twenty men were soon collected at that spot mingling their different opinions and advice in noisy clamor.

"The knaves know our weakness," whispered Hawk-eye, who stood by the side of Heyward, in deep shade, looking through an opening in the logs, "or they wouldn't indulge their idleness in such a squaw's march. Listen to the reptiles! each man among them seems to have two tongues, and but a single leg."

Duncan, brave as he was in the combat, could not, in such a moment of painful suspense, make any reply to the cool and characteristic remark of the scout. He only grasped his rifle more firmly, and fastened his eyes upon the narrow opening, through which he gazed upon the moonlight view with increasing anxiety. The deeper tones of one who spoke as having authority were next heard, amid a silence that denoted the respect with which his orders, or rather advice, was received. After which, by the rustling of leaves, and cracking of dried twigs, it was apparent the savages were separating in pursuit of the lost trail. Fortunately for the pursued, the light of the moon, while it shed a flood of mild lustre upon the little area around the ruin, was not sufficiently strong to penetrate the deep arches of the forest, where the objects still lay in deceptive shadow. The search proved fruitless; for so short and sudden had been the passage from the faint path the travellers had journeyed into the thicket, that every trace of their footsteps was lost in the obscurity of the woods.

It was not long, however, before the restless savages were heard beating the brush, and gradually approaching the inner edge of that dense border of young chestnuts which encircled the little area.

"They are coming," muttered Heyward, endeavoring to thrust his rifle through the chink in the logs; "let us fire on their approach."

"Keep everything in the shade," returned the scout; the snapping of a flint, or even the smell of a single kernel of the brimstone, would bring the hungry varlets upon us in a body. Should it please God that we must give battle for the scalps, trust to the experience of men who know the ways of the savages, and who are not often backward when the war-whoop is howled."

Duncan cast his eyes behind him, and saw that the trembling sisters were cowering in the far corner of the building, while the Mohicans stood in the shadow, like two upright posts, ready, and apparently willing, to strike, when the blow should be needed. Curbing his impatience, he again looked out upon the area, and awaited the result in silence. At that instant the thicket opened, and a tall and armed Huron advanced a few paces into the open space. As he gazed upon the silent block-house, the moon fell upon his swarthy countenance, and betrayed its surprise and curiosity. He made the exclamation which usually accompanies the former emotion in an Indian, and, calling in a low voice, soon drew a companion to his side.

These children of the woods stood together for several moments pointing at the crumbling edifice, and conversing in the unintelligible language of their tribe. Then they approached, though with slow and cautious steps, pausing every instant to look at the building, like startled deer, whose curiosity struggled powerfully with their awakened apprehensions for the mastery. The foot of one of them suddenly rested on the mound, and he stooped to examine its nature. At this moment, Heyward observed that the scout loosened his knife in its sheath, and lowered the muzzle of his rifle. Imitating these movements, the young man prepared himself for the struggle, which now seemed inevitable.

The savages were so near, that the least motion in one of the horses, or even a breath louder than common, would have betrayed the fugitives. But, in discovering the character of the mound, the attention of the Hurons appeared directed to a different object. They spoke together, and the sounds of their voices were low and solemn, as if influenced by a reverence that was deeply blended with awe. Then they drew warily back, keeping their eyes riveted on the ruin, as if they expected to see the apparitions of the dead issue from its silent walls, until having reached the boundary of the area, they moved slowly into the thicket and disappeared.

Hawk-eye dropped the breach of his rifle to the earth, and drawing a long, free breath, exclaimed in an audible whisper—

"Ay! they respect the dead, and it has this time saved their own lives, and it may be the lives of better men too."

Heyward lent his attention, for a single moment, to his companion, but without replying, he again turned towards those who just then interested him more. He heard the two Hurons leave the bushes, and it was soon plain that all the pursuers were gathered about them, in deep attention to their report. After a few minutes of earnest and solemn dialogue, altogether different from the noisy clamor with which they had first collected about the spot, the sounds grew

fainter and more distinct, and finally were lost in the depths of the forest.

Hawk-eye waited until the signal from the listening Chingachgook assured him, that every sound from the retiring party was completely swallowed by the distance, when he motioned to Heyward to lead forth the horses, and to assist the sisters into their saddles. The instant this was done they issued through the broken gateway, and stealing out by a direction opposite to one by which they had entered, they quitted the spot, the sisters casting furtive glances at the silent grave and crumbling ruin, as they left the soft light of the moon, to bury themselves in the gloom of the woods.

CHAPTER XIV.

Guard.—Qui est la ?

Puc.—Paisans, pauvres gens de France.

KING HENRY VI.

During the rapid movement from the blockhouse, and until the party was deeply buried in the forest, each individual was too much interested in the escape, to hazard a word even in whispers. The scout resumed his post in the advance, though his steps, after he had thrown a safe distance between himself and his enemies, were more deliberate than in their previous march, in consequence of his utter ignorance of the localities of the surrounding woods. More than once he halted to consult his confederates, the Mohicans, pointing upwards at the moon, and examining the barks of trees with care. In these brief pauses, Heyward and the sisters listened, with senses rendered doubly acute by the danger, to detect any symptoms which might announce the proximity of their foes. At such moments, it seemed as if a vast range of country lay buried in eternal sleep, not the least sound arising from the forest, unless it was the distant and scarcely audible rippling of a water-course. Bird, beasts, and man appeared to slumber alike, if indeed, any of the latter were to be found in that wide tract of wilderness. But the sounds of the rivulet, feeble and murmuring as they were, relieved the guides at once from no trifling embarrassment, and towards it they immediately held their way.

When the banks of the little stream were gained, Hawk-eye made another halt; and, taking the moccasins from his feet, he invited Heyward and Gamut to follow his example. He then entered the water, and for near an hour they travelled in the bed of the brook, leaving no trail. The moon had already sunk into an immense pile of black clouds, which lay impending above the western horizon, when they issued from the low and devious water-course to rise again to the light and level of the sandy but wooded plain. Here the scout seemed to be once more at home, for he held on his way the certainty and diligence of a man who moved in the security of his own knowledge. The path soon became more uneven, and the travellers could plainly perceive that the mountains drew nigher to them on each hand, and that they were about entering one of their gorges. Suddenly, Hawk-eye made a pause, and waiting until he was joined by the whole party, he spoke, though in tones so low and cautious, that they added to the solemnity of his words, in the quiet and

darkness of the place.

"It is easy to know the pathways, and to find the licks and water-courses of the wilderness," he said; "but who that saw this spot could venture to say, that a mighty army was at rest among yonder silent trees and barren mountains?"

"We are then at no great distance from William Henry?" said Heyward advancing nigher to the scout.

"It is yet a long and weary path, and when and where to strike it, is now our greatest difficulty. See," he said, pointing through the trees towards a spot where a little basin of water reflected the stars from its placid bosom, "here is the 'bloody pond;' and I am on ground that I have not only often travelled, but over which I have fought the enemy, from the rising to the setting sun."

"Ha! that sheet of dull and dreary water, then, is the sepulchre of the brave men who fell in the contest. I have heard it named, but never have I stood on its banks before."

"Three battles did we make with the Dutch-Frenchman in a day," continued Hawk-eye, pursuing the train of his own thoughts, rather than replying to the remark of Duncan. "He met us hard by, in our outward march to ambush his advance, and scattered us, like driven deer through the defile to the shores of Horican. Then we rallied behind our fallen trees, and made head against him, under Sir William—who was made Sir William for that very deed; and well did we pay him for the disgrace of the morning. Hundreds of Frenchman saw the sun that day for the last time; and even their leader, Dieskau himself, fell into our hands, so cut and torn with the lead, that he has gone back to his own country, unfit for further acts in war."

"'Twas a noble repulse!" exclaimed Heyward in the heat of his youthful ardor; "the fame of it reached us early, in our southern army."

"Ah! but it did not end there. I was sent by Major Effingham, at Sir William's own bidding, to out-flank the French, and carry the tidings of their disaster across the portage, to the fort on the Hudson. Just hereaway, where you see the trees rise into a mountain swell, I met a party coming down to our aid, and I led them where the enemy were taking their meal, little dreaming that they had not finished the bloody work of the day."

"And you surprised them?"

"If death can be a surprise to men who are thinking only of the cravings of their appetites. We gave them but little breathing time, for they had borne hard upon us in the fight of the morning, and there were few in our party who had not lost a friend or relative by their hands. When all was over, the dead, and some say the dying, were cast into that little pond. These eyes have seen its waters colored with blood, as natural water never yet flowed from the bowels of the earth."

"It was a convenient, and, I trust, will prove a peaceful grave for a soldier. You have, then, seen much service on this frontier?"

"I!" said the scout, erecting his tall person with an air of military pride; "there are not many echoes among these hills that haven't rung with the crack of my rifle, nor is there the space

of a square mile atwixt Horican and the river, that 'Kill Deer' hasn't dropped a living body on, be it an enemy or be it a brute beast. As for the grave being as quiet as you mention, it is another matter. There are them in the camp who say and think, man, to lie still, should not be buried while the breath is in the body; and certain it is that in the hurry of that evening, the doctors had but little time to say who was living and who was dead. Hist! see you nothing walking on the shore of the pond?"

"'Tis not probable that any are as houseless as ourselves, in this dreary forest."

"Such as he may care but little for house or shelter, and night dew can never wet a body that passes its days in water," returned the scout, grasping the shoulder of Heyward with such convulsive strength as to make the young soldier painfully sensible how much superstitious terror had got the mastery of a man usually so dauntless.

"By heaven! there is a human form, and it approaches. Stand to your arms, my friends; for we know not whom we encounter."

"Qui vive?" demanded a stern, quick voice, which sounded like a challenge from another world, issuing out of that solitary and solemn place.

"What says it?" whispered the scout; "It speaks neither Indian nor English."

"Hui vive?" repeated the same voice, which was quickly followed by the rattling of arms, and a menacing attitude.

"France!" cried Heyward, advancing from the shadow of the trees to the shore of the pond, within a few yards of the sentinel.

"D'ou venez-vous—ou allez-vous, d'aussi bonne heure?" demanded the grenadier, in the language and with the accent of a man from old France.

"Je viens de la decouverte, et je vais me coucher."

"Etes-vous officier du roi?"

"Sans doute, mon camarade; me prends-tu pour un provincial. Je suis capitaine de chasseurs (Heyward well knew that the other was a regiment in the line)—j'ai ici, avec moi, les filles du commandant de la fortification. Aha! tu en as tendu parler! je les ai fait prisonnières pres de l'autre fort, et je les conduis au general."

"Ma foi! mesdames. j'en suis fache pour vous," exclaimed the young soldier, touching his cap with grace; "main—fortune de gueere! vous trouverez notre general un brave homme, et bien poli avec les dames."

"C'est le caractere des gens de guerre," said Cora, with admirable self-possession. "Adieu, mon ami; je vous souhaiterais un devoir plus agreable a remplir."

The soldier made a low and humble acknowledgement for her civility; and Heyward adding a "bonne nuit, mon camarade," they moved deliberately forward, leaving the sentinel pacing the banks of the silent pond, little suspecting an enemy of so much effrontery, and humming to himself those words, which were recalled to his mind by the sight of women, and perhaps by recollections of his own distant and beautiful France—

"Vive le vin, vive l'amour, etc., etc."

"'Tis well you understood the knave," whis-

pered the scout, when they had gained at little distance from the place, and letting his rifle fall into the hollow of his arm again; "I soon saw that he was one of them uneasy Frenchers; and well for him it was that his speech was friendly and his wishes kind, or a place might have been found for his bones amongst those of his countrymen."

He was interrupted by a long and heavy groan which arose from the little basin, as though, in truth, the spirits of the departed lingered about their watery sepulchre.

(To be Continued.)

From Breckenridge, Minn., through the columns of the *Waukegan County Gazette*, comes words of greeting to THE INDIAN. We are pleased to have such gratifying and encouraging words addressed to us from a place so far remote as the rising city of Breckenridge, Minn., which only a few years ago was the home of the Chippewas of Minnesota.

As the remarks of the *Gazette* are of interest to all our readers, we append them for perusal.

"We have this week received from Hagersville, Ontario, a real well filled paper of twelve pages bearing the startling title—THE INDIAN. It is a paper edited by an Indian chief, bearing the euphonic name—Kah-ke-wa-quo-na-by, whose English name is Dr. P. E. Jones. THE INDIAN certainly does credit to his scholarship and literary taste. This is the only paper in the world devoted entirely to the interests of the Indians.

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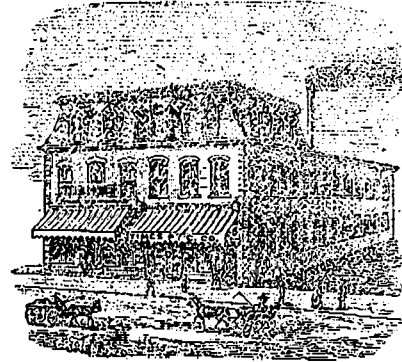
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The next meeting of the Grand General Indian Council will be held in the Council House upon the Saugeen Reservation (near Southampton) commencing on

Wednesday, 8th Sept., 1886, and continuing from day to day until the business is completed.

The minutes of the last Council will be published in a few weeks and will be freely distributed among the various Bands, and also to the Dominion Members of Parliament.

Any correspondence connected with the business of the Grand Council should be addressed to the Secretary-Treasurer, Hagersville, Ontario.

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Will always be treated right and goods sold cheap. Corn mats, Baskets etc., taken in exchange for goods.

M. C. R. Canada Division.

Trains Leave Hagersville as follows

GOING EAST	
Boston and New York Express, Ex Sun.	4.20 a.m.
Limited Express, daily	3.34 p.m.
Mail and Accom. except Sunday	11.43
Atlantic Express, daily	5.05
Boston and New York Express, daily	5.05
GOING WEST	
Michigan Express Except Sunday	11.25 p.m.
Chicago Express, daily	8.26
St. Louis Express, daily	8.55
Mail and Accom. except Sunday	2.43 p.m.
Pacific Express, daily	2.43 p.m.

All trains run by Ninetieth Meridian or Central Standard time.

Making connections for the East at Buffalo, and the west at Detroit. Connecting with the C. V. R. & L. & P. S. Railways at St. Thomas.

Through tickets issued to all parts of the United States and Canada. Baggage checked through. No change of cars between Hagersville and Chicago. Tickets issued to the Old Country via the Anchor Line of Ocean Steamers.

O. W. RUGGLES, Gen'l Passenger Ag't. Chicago. J. G. LAVEN, Canada Passenger Agent Toronto. J. H. SALTER, Agen Hagersville.

N. & N. W. Railways.

Trains leave Hagersville as follows:

TO HAMILTON	TO PT. DOR
7.40 a. m.	8.55 a. m.
10.50 a. m.	3.30 p. m.
6.40 p. m.	6.40 p. m.

The N. & N. W. Rys. runs in direct connection with the Collingwood Lines of Steamers, and connects with all important points either by Rail, Stage or Steamers. Through tickets issued to all points on Lakes Huron, Superior, Georgian Bay, etc. Freight for the Northwest billed straight through thus avoiding delays and inconvenience of customs.

ROBERT QUINN, Gen'r Passenger Agent, WM. MAXWELL, Agtpt, Hagersville.