

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!—OSSETAN.

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LIFE OF JOHN SUNDAY.

SHAWUNDIAIS.

By Rev. John McLean, Fort McLeod, Alberta.

John Sunday was a Missisaga Indian. The Missisagas were a band of the great Ojibway Nation. In the days when the red men reigned supreme in Canada, a treaty was made between the Iroquois and Ojibways which was maintained for two centuries. Hunting parties of young men of both nations occasionally met and from words came blows until some of the Ojibway Chiefs were slain. The Iroquois tried to heal the wound thus made and for a time succeeded, but at last from some uncertain cause a deadly war began. During the progress of the war claims were set up by each nation to a vast extent of territory in Western Canada which had belonged to the Hurons.

Peace came slowly and not until both longed for the renewal of the ancient bonds of friendship. Wampum belts were exchanged, and in accordance with a symbol on one of the belts, they were no longer to be as allies, but brothers. That treaty now two centuries old has never been broken. When John Sunday in the strength of his manhood was engaged among his brethren as a missionary of the Gospel of Christ. The Missisagas on the River Credit Reservation were compelled to give up their lands. They appealed to the Iroquois on the Grand River Reservation, referring to the treaty and the wampum belts. The Six Nations listened to their request and granted them a large tract of land where they reside at the present day.

The Ojibway nation was one of the most populous on the American continent and was scattered over a wide expanse of territory. These people were to be found along the shores of the Mississippi and Red Rivers, around the chain of lakes leading from the haunts of civilization to Manitoba, Kewatin and the valley of the Saskatchewan, and in Michigan, Minnesota and Dakota. The man who thoroughly mastered the Ojibway language had a field opened up for him where he could employ the energies of a score of devoted Christian heroes, who might win trophies of grace that would adorn their crowns in after life with God. When these Indians entered a town they were in the habit of engaging in their begging dance. They began at one end of the town, danced from door to door, begging as they went. The string of wampum and the pipe of peace were the necessary accompaniments of the dance, as the precursors of friendship and benevolence. A peculiar custom of adoption by force prevailed in the tribe.

When a son or daughter died, the parents had a man to procure a substitute. This man acting as captain took some men with him, as if going to war. A black wampum belt was wrapped around the head of the prisoner, who when delivered to them was received with much affection in the place of the deceased. If the prisoner was a white man his head was shaved and painted. When any of the people were sick, dogs were slaughtered, the patient partook of the flesh, and the "medicine men" performed their incantations.

Their ideas of future state were sensual. To them heaven was a happy hunting ground.

As an instance of their burial customs, a chief who was buried with great honors may be given. He was dressed in his best suit of cloths, had his face painted red and was placed in a coffin. A wreath made of silver buckles encircled



JOHN SUNDAY.

(SHAWUNDIAS.)

ed his head, while apples were placed on one side and onions on the other. Wampum belts ornamented with silver decorations were wrapped around his neck and arms. His knife and flint, pipe and tobacco pouch lay by his hand, and beside the other were a loaf of bread, lead for making bullets, his powder horn and hunting pouch, a pair of shoes lay at his feet and beside them a hatchet, spoon, pot and bowl.

Sacrifices were made to the sun and moon, and prayer was sometimes made to the evil spirit that he might not hurt the petitioner.

John Sunday was born of this race about 1796, in the State of New York. His boyhood was spent amid the disadvantages arising from the peculiar habits of the Indians and the unholy influence of immoral white men. The Ojibways were industrious until the introduction of whiskey by the whites which induced them to live in idleness and vice. They built canoes that were so light that two men could carry the largest of

them and so strong were they that they could sail through the heaviest billows of our lakes and suffer no harm.

In the winter men roamed the forests in search of game. The furs were sold and the meat afforded them subsistence. When the spring opened, sugar making began in the woods and when the season was over and a visit had been made to the nearest town to dispose of the produce, the fishing season was near at hand.

The selling of the detestable fire-water transformed the industrious community into a lazy and filthy Indian camp. Then the wild revelry of drunken men, and the loud yells of debauched women filled the midnight air. Obscenity and all kinds of immorality prevailed. The children were neglected during these seasons of delirium and many were the tales of suffering that were told. John Sunday spent the years of boyhood and youth amid the darkness of heathenism. His parents were pagans, his companions were ignorant and degraded, and there was none to reach forth a helping hand or speak an inspiring word that would lead toward civilization or the enjoyment of the blessings of the religion of Christ.

The nation to which he belonged despite the influence of disease and immorality is still a very populous one. There are residing in the province of Ontario nearly eight hundred Missisagas. In the United States there are about ten thousand Ojibways, and in Canada about fourteen thousand, not including the Saulteaux of the North West Territories who number a few thousands and speak the same language.

This notable Indian was one of that band known as the Bay of Quinte Indians. They roamed from the county of Northumberland to that of Leeds, making Kingston, Bath and Cellville their chief places of resort. John Sunday's Indian name was *Shawundais* which means the "sultry heat which the sun gives out in summer just before a fertilizing rain." He was a man possessing a very strong physical frame and rather above the medium height. There was nothing prepossessing in his appearance, and had not the Gospel touched his heart and changed his life, there would have been nothing to make concerning him. Previous to his conversion his sole education consisted in the training he received in studying nature as a child of the forest. He was very apt in telling stories of a ludicrous nature, and oftentimes did he entertain audiences of red men and pale faces with his humorous tales that threw them into convulsions of laughter. He was a successful hunter and a notorious drunkard in these early years. Naturally quiet and inoffensive, once roused the fire of his anger, and he became an untamed lion that none dared approach. His striking

peculiarities made him famous among the Indians, and those of his neighbours who delighted to encourage the witty propensities of his nature. For a time this was all that he desired, but there came moments of meditation that banished peace from his mind. Alone in his wigwam sleep fled from his eyelids as thoughts of God and eternity filled his mind. Then would he say to himself "Who made the trees and animals and stars above and what sort of a Being is He? How did man come into being? And what will be his destiny when he leaves this world?" He fasted and prayed, blackened his face and waited until in a dream he would be told what object in nature he should choose and worship as his God.

He was unhappy, yet he shed not a tear.

In 1802 Christian Denke, a Moravian missionary began a mission among the Ojibways on the Jongquahamik, but after four years labour he was compelled to abandon the work without gaining a single convert. It was several years later that the converting power of the Devine Spirit fell upon the Ojibways of Canada.

The work had been progressing for some time before Shawundais heard the gospel of the grace of God. The Rev. Wm. Case, the Apostle of Canadian Indian Missionaries, and Peter Jones a converted Mohawk went on a missionary tour to the Bay of Quinte Indians in February 1826. Public service was held in the church at Belleville which was attended by whites and Indians. John Sunday had heard of the wonderful things the missionaries had to tell, and in company with Moses, another Indian, he came to hear for himself. Not being able to get into the church in the morning the two Indians sat outside, and when the evening service was about to be held they entered with others, that they might learn the way to life. Peter Jones spoke to the Indians present on the two ways, the one leading to destruction and the other to heaven. The arrow of conviction reached the heart of Shawundias and he resolved to try and serve the true God. The thoughts presented in the discourse of the converted Ojibway never left his mind. In May of this same year a second missionary visit to the Missisigas was made. During the interval between the two visits several laymen and ministers who were deeply interested in the work helped to carry it on. On Saturday evening May 27, 1826, a prayer meeting was held attended by a large number of Indians, many of whom prayed and spoke of the great things that God had done for their souls. Several young persons with tears in their eyes said "we are going to serve the Great Spirit because we love him with all our hearts," at this meeting Shawuncais gave his heart and life to God. He could not read or write, but after he had learned to do so, he wrote a quaint account of his conversion in the following words;—

(To be Continued.)

GI-YE-WA-NO-US-QUA-GO-WA.

SACRIFICE OF THE WHITE DOG.

C. A. HIRSCHFELDER.

(Continued.)

The proceedings on the sixth day seemed to attract a larger attendance than on any of the preceding, the council-house being well filled but not uncomfortably crowded. The women as usual sat at one end the men at the other. Chief Buck commenced the ceremonies of the day with an address. He drew the attention of those present to the necessity of returning universal praise and thanks for being spared to participate in these festivities, also for past favours. In enumerating the losses sustained by death many of the deceased, he said, he had no doubt entered the happy world where they would have perpetual joys, a place where no changes occur. The Creator having made man superior to all other animals, the families always peaceful here, were able to appreciate better than other animals the good gifts received. He thanked the Great Spirit for the herbs used as medicinal plants, and in speaking how useful they were to mankind, said the very discovery of their use showed that there was a power superior to our own, even independent of that the difference between us and other creatures in our having an everlasting world to come, as told by our ancestors, which proving that all other creatures are inferior to us does not detract from our dependence upon the Creator. He also spoke of the power of the air which carries off the germs of disease, he said the very air we breathe is one of the benefits we receive from the Great Spirit; and that the opening of the New Year is an especially appropriate season to return thanks for all the mercies received. After the delivery of this speech, two men with turtle rattles sat on a bench in the centre of the council-house facing each other, and commenced to beat the bench vigorously with the rattles, continually singing in a monotonous sort of chant. Two men next came forward taking peculiar steps, but each keeping perfect time with the beats; then a number of women came forward and joined the two men. They took a different step from the men being a sort of sideward glide. After this strange time beating and slow moving step had been kept up for some fifteen minutes, a number of men entered all bedecked and painted. They commenced dancing, yelling and shouting fairly making the council-house shake with their rapid motion while their howls and shouts were simply deafening. Every little while they stopped apparently from exhaustion. They kept going around the bench, upon which the two time beaters were, keeping all the time in a perfect circle. After the dancing had been going on for nearly half an hour, a man entered all dressed in costume, which was principally of a black color. He represented the dead, as soon as he entered the dancing commenced with renewed vigor and more joined in. I was rather surprised to see our squaw* among the dancers carrying a papoose, but was more surprised to

*The term squaw is looked upon by the Indians as a word we make use of in a degrading sense, towards them. I was severely reprimanded once by an Indian woman for using this expression.

see so many young ones in the council-house, and yet there was not one of them crying, although the noise and dancing put one in mind of a lot of maniacs, or people from the lower regions, yelling together. The time beaters and dancers worked themselves into a heat something terrible to behold, the perspiration poured off them. One could hardly imagine they could hardly keep up such violent exercise for such a length of time without their strength completely giving out. After this dance a short address was delivered by a keeper of the faith who had only been installed one year in office. He said his experience in one year as keeper of the faith was that the people had improved in their manner of living. He found fault with those who follow their own desires, and spoke of the behavior of the younger people as not up to the standard it should be, but that it was owing no doubt to their young age, being susceptible and easily misled. Chief Buck now arose and gave another address. He spoke of the Heavenly bodies made by the Great Spirit. The sun by which we are capable of doing our daily work, as the day passes and the moon introduces the evening which, although not as bright as the sun, helps to give light in the night time, also the stars give their assistance, all of which we must acknowledge was received from the Great Spirit. An exhortation followed to the people to offer more praise than they had the year past, the young were particularly exhorted to obey not only their parents but those who were older than themselves, that they would do better if they followed the advice of those who had more experience than themselves; altogether we should acknowledge the benefit of everything created, we should also keep our minds in a proper channel. The orator then turning to the visitor said "my brother, you are a friend of the Red men, we hail your presence with pleasure and consider it a great compliment that you should come all the way from Toronto to witness this ceremony. We hope that although this is the first festival at which you have been present amongst us, it will not be the last. My brother you have probably never witnessed a real war dance, and at the end of to-days ceremonies one will be given in honor of your presence amongst us." At the close of this speech an ejaculation of approval was given by all present. Another dance was now indulged in, which showed the original way their forefathers prepared for a conflict. This dance began similar to the preceding one, the only marked difference being that their movements seemed to be, if anything, more vigorous, they made more action with their arms. After they had stopped presumably for breath an Indian arose and said that they should all be grateful for being able to adhere to their ancient mode of thanksgiving, he hoped that all present would not only look forward to the pleasures of this life, but also the life to come. He ended by saying that there was amongst them a Pale face who had always taken a great interest in the welfare of the Red men, that they should all receive it as a great compliment to think he had come all the way from Toronto to witness this ceremony, he hoped they would all join in the war dance which was to be given in his honour. The writer now arose and in a few words thank-

Staff Capt. Summer, Salvation Army headquarters, Toronto has been at the Brant Reserve to make arrangements for the departure of some of the Six Nations soldiers, who are to take part in the great international congress which opens in London, England, on May 28.—*Brantford Telegram.*

ed them for their many courtesies and addressed a few appropriate words to them. After every few words which were interperated by Chief Johnston, they gave exclamations of approval. The dance was then continued, the women forming a circle on the inside, the men on the outside. After going through the most frightful contortions, for nearly half an hour, they all finally formed in one large circle, yelling at the top of their voices and striking various kinds of attitudes. There were soon fifty men, women and children in the dance, the women taking a gliding step which was not ungraceful. They seemed to close their two feet together, moving first the heels and then the toes. The war dance ending the days proceeding, which (was given in honour of their Pale faced brother's presence) commenced by two men, one with a rattle, the other with a peculiar little drum, beating time, while eight warriors all in full regalia gave a hideous yell and rushed into the centre of the council-house, going through a number of the most unearthly attitudes and contortions which one could possibly behold, while the men on the bench kept religiously beating time chanting incessantly a dreamy song, not stopping for a moment until completely exhausted. The proceedings on the seventh and last day of this great festival were similar to the preceeding, addresses being delivered exhorting the people to do right to be just in every way throughout the year to come and to lead a proper life. There was also one to the Great Spirit returning thanks for every favour received during the past year, and which have been so liberally bestowed ending with an exhortation, asking for His kind protection for the year to come. The dances were merely a repetition of the previous ones, with no change worthy of notice.

Thus concluded one of the most peculiar sights which a man could possibly witness; one in which an onlooker could not but be struck with the great earnestness with which they all joined in the ceremony. We may term these people savages, but there is much to admire and learned from them. It is certainly an extraordinary circumstance that we should find a people, who originally were so remote from the rest of the world, acknowledging a supreme being, in whose hands was the disposal of life and death and in whom they looked for everything both temporal and spiritual. We are altogether too accustomed, at the present day, to associate the name Indian with scalping, burning at the stake and other such cruelties. We must remember that the very tortures they put their captives to were the same kind of sufferings which they desired and expected to end their days with. It was really part of their religion. We have given the Indians many causes since the time we first came in contact with them, to treat us in the manner they frequently did when they captured any of us, and which has had the effect of so poisoning our minds and unbittering us against them. We were the first to act treacherously. For much kindness shown those who were in need of help, their brotherly spirit was returned by carrying off four of their chiefs, all of whom died before they again saw their people.* Again it is not

*I refer to the act of Jacques Cartier.

generally known that one of our governors burned some Indians at the stake in spite of his wife on her knees begging for clemency on their behalf, is this a christian example? Once more we forget that a reward or bounty was given at one time for Indian scalps, whether male or female, old or young, actually causing them to be hunted and shot like wild beasts. I might go on enumerating *ad infinitum* as to the way the Aborigines were treated by the early hunters, how they were cheated and robbed, &c., but shall end by mentioning the greatest sin was committed against them, the introduction of spirituous liquors, this has had more to do in degrading the Indians and lowering him to the standard in which we now find him than any other act, that a christian body of people ever perpetrated against a race of savages. It has been the ruin of their bodies and soul; they have become undermined by it, and are now the shattered remnant of the people, who were worthy of a better end.* I have been led to make these few concluding remarks, about the treatment the Indians have received from their pale-faced brothers, owing to the growing feeling of bitterness which is so strong against them. I consider it my duty as one who has looked into the Indian character—not in the degraded forces of the present day—but as he stood out in the days of his glory, to defend these defenceless people from the tongue of those who have no other word but dog for them. In my travels among the Indians and my dealings with them, I have found those, who have not become contaminated with the white peoples vice, honest, straightforward and just, doing unto their fellow men as they would others should do unto them. Do an Indian a kind act and he will never forget it, do him an unjust, and he will never rest contented until he has had his revenge.

*Intoxicating drinks have a peculiar effect upon the Indians, it seems to turn them into raving maniacs. I have pulled an Indian off a bon-fire who would otherwise have been burned to death, while, under its influence.

(Concluded.)

HOW COLUMBUS FOUND AMERICA.

The following story comes from a school in the Midlands of England. The master told the boys in the third class to write a short essay on Columbus. The following was sent up by an essayist: "Columbus was a man who could make an egg stand on end without breaking it. The King of Spain said to Columbus. 'Can you discover America?' 'Yes,' said Columbus, 'if you will give me a ship.' So he had a ship, and sailed over the sea in the direction where he thought America out to be found. The sailors quarrelled and said they believed there was no such place. But, after many days, the pilot came to him and said, 'Columbus, I see land.' 'Then that is America,' said Columbus. When the ship got near, the land was full of black men. Columbus said, 'Is this America?' 'Yes it is,' said they. Then he said, 'I suppose you are the Niggers?' 'Yes,' they said, 'we are.' The chief said, 'I suppose you are Columbus.' 'You are right,' said he. Then the chief turned to his men and said, 'There is no help for it; we are discovered at last.'"—*London Standard*.

COOPER'S YOUNG INDIAN.

APPOINTED MUNICIPAL POLICE, HE PROCEEDS OFFICIALLY AGAINST OLD MR. HANK ACKERS WITH A CLUB.

An Abbotsford, Wis., correspondent of the New York *Sun* writes; Col. Cooper, a well known hunter and woodsman in these parts, has recently had an experience with an Indian boy, which he says will last him through life. He found the lad on the reservation, and agreeing to do well by him and pay him \$5 a month he secured permission to take him into camp. The boy who was called Sam, was a bright eyed and muscular chap, who had never seen any other evidences of civilization than those to be witnessed along a railroad running through the wilderness. It was the Colonel's aim to make the boy useful, but at the same time he wanted to teach him something.

Before the Colonel and his Indian had been in the woods a week the former discovered that the boy had no conception of the restraints of civilized life, and it became his duty to teach him the fundamental principles on which society rests. The Colonel had books in his cabin, and when the weather was bad or when he was tired of the chase he would sit down with the boy before the blazing fire and endeavor to explain some of the things that he found in them that he thought might be of interest to the descendant of the savages. To all this Sam made no objection. He would listen attentively by the hour, grunt occasionally as if he saw the point, and once in a while he would ask a question or make a remark, which was accepted by the Colonel as an indication that his instruction was striking in.

The white man passed easily from books to newspapers, and from newspapers to lengthy dissertations on cities, and when he struck this topic Sam was all ears. After describing a big town for the lad's edification, the Colonel was gratified to hear an inquiry as to the method of government, and with that as a starter he branched out upon a long explanation of municipal authority, describing the mayor and common council, the police and fire service, and the host of employes. To illustrate the police system, in which Sam appeared to take the greatest interest, the Colonel told the boy that they would organize a city of their own in the woods. He (the colonel) would be the mayor, and Sam would be the police force. He then instructed the lad in the duties of the police, telling him how they were armed, what they did, and how under certain circumstances they would shoot and kill men who were violating the law or who threatened to take the life of others. In like manner he described the practices of burglars and sneak thieves and foot pads and the methods adopted by detectives in ferreting out guilt. In all these things the boy took an absorbing interest, and the Colonel began to feel that he was shedding some light on the youth, and might possibly hope to resume the books with him before long.

A light fall of snow made the prospects for hunting pretty good, and the two were so busy with deer and bear for a week or two that they had no time to study the science of government

In their search for game they had gone many miles from their cabin, and as the trail was fresh the Colonel had no desire to return. But being short of supplies of all kinds, he concluded to send the boy back, and with many injunctions to make haste, the lad started out. The next day he returned almost breathless with excitement, bearing two or three heavy pouches, and throwing them at the Colonel's feet he exclaimed:

"Me do 'em up."

The colonel was too busy assorting the ammunition to take in the remark, but after a few minutes' silence he asked, as if the thought had just occurred to him:

"Do up what?"

"White man—burglar," said Sam, proudly

"Where 'bouts?" inquired the colonel, getting interested.

"In cabin. Shoot him, kill him, arrest him. Eat biscuits. Bust him with club. Shoot him. Kill him."

The colonel's brow became a mass of wrinkles and the perspiration stood out on his face in great beads as he drawled out:

"Well, by thunder, if you wa'n't an Injun I'd take your word for it and jump the country, but seeing you are an Injun we'll go home."

This took Sam by surprise, and, although he plainly felt hurt, he said nothing for an hour or two. At length, as he feared he had not made himself understood, and that the colonel was wasting a great deal of time, he said:

"Oh, me kill 'em."

"Shut up, confound you!" roared the colonel. "That's just what I'm afraid of. I'll bet you a thousand dollars, you scoundrel, that you've been firing away at old Hank Ackers. He was due up here about now, and I suppose I ought to have told you about him."

"No use go back," continued Sam with some reticence, and they trudged along together without another word until they reached the cabin. The day was a fine one, and sitting in front of the little house in a very sour frame of mind was Ackers. When he saw the colonial and his companion he grabbed his rifle and began to yell at the boy:

"Stand off there, you varmint! Don't you come any clusser or I'll murder you."

The colonel continued to advance, and the boy sulked in the trees at the edge of the clearing. A few words between the men sufficed to put the colonel's mind at ease, and Ackers made his explanation.

"I came up here," he said, "expecting to find you here, but not seeing anything of you I just made myself at home, knowing as you would be here pretty soon. Day before yesterday, while I was out for a little exercise, I noticed this young savage approaching the house, and I came to see what was the matter. He got a lot of your ammunition and stuff, and I told him to tell you that I was here and that I'd just make myself to home until you got back. With that I sat down to the table to eat a biscuit, when the redskin that I thought was on his way back to you crept in and smashed me on the head with a club so that I couldn't see for four hours, and I guess he fired at me, but as to that I am not certain. It's a merciful providence that saved my life at all. Where is the savage till I blow

hiw open?"

Finding his old friend was not permanently disabled, the colonel regained his spirits, and after both the men had partaken freely of some refreshment, the cause of Sam's ferocious attack was explained. Toward evening the boy was called in and he got a sound drubbing from the colonel, who after polishing him off, said:

"Now, look here, Sam, from this time on you are an Injun, and nothing but an Injun. This here town is dissolved, and there ain't no more police force here. White man's government is a mighty deep problem, and I'm afraid you'll get hurt if you fool with it."

Since the Ackers episode Sam has developed into a very stolid sort of an Indian. He does as he is told. In all matters of woodcraft he is an authority. In cooking he is something of a success. In detecting the presence of game he is invaluable. But when by chance the colonel or Ackers tells him to something, or asks him a which he thinks beyond his reach, he looks solemnly to the sky, and, pointing his finger at his breast, says:

"Me Injun."

MAINE'S VANISHING RED MAN.

A HANDFUL LEFT OF THE ONCE POWERFUL TARRATINES.

The handful of Indians who represent all that is left of the once powerful Tarratine tribe, who were the foes and superiors in war of the Mohawks, are now loud in their lamentations over the death of Sockbesin Swasson, the governor of the colony on Oldtown Island, twelve miles above Bangor, Governor Swasson dropped dead the other night, and the tribe is left without a head until a new election can be had.

These Tarratines are intermixed with the French Canadians to a great extent, and are pretty well civilized, but for all that they are rapidly dying out, as are the Passamaquoddis, and the day is not far distant when it will be possible to count Maine's red men on the fingers. In view of this the Maine Historical society has taken measures for the preservation of Indian relics—village sites, mounds, shell heaps, etc. The Tarratines or Penobscots, as they are commonly called, live by river driving a faint attempt at farming and by the manufacture of canoes, snowshoes, fancy baskets, etc. No white man can make a canoe like the Penobscot Indian; neither can any other Indian fashion the birch so gracefully. Their snowshoes were so good that recently an order for 100 pairs was received from the far west. The fancy baskets go everywhere, as do the pretty bows and arrows and birch bark bric-a-brac—the like of which is not made anywhere else. The old men and squaws and the little children make these wares and sales now amount to about \$12,000 a year.

The state government pays the Tarratines an annuity of about \$8,000 a year, and this with the basket money and what the young men earn river driving and hunting, support, the 300 survivors of this once powerful tribe. Their money is expended largely for pork, molasses, tobacco, and rum, the latter commodity being obtained in Rangor, on the streets of which may be frequently seen a red man "over the bay." There are

several elderly squaws, principal among whom is called "Betsy Francis," who are familiar sights coming down in the morning with their burden of baskets and going back at night drunk. But the Tarratines are a great deal better people than they once were, and this is because of the watchful guidance of the Catholic priests and the island nuns.—*Bangor Cor. New York Sun.*

INDIAN AFFAIRS.

From the annual report of the Department of Indian affairs, we learn that the total Indian population of the Dominion on the 30th of June last was 129,525. Of this number, Ontario contained 17,004; Manitoba and North West Territories, 31,954; British Columbia, 38,470, while Prince Edward drops down to the foot of the list with 307.

The Indian population of Manitoulin and Cockburn Islands foots up to 1744, divided as follows: Cockburn, 46; Shesegwaning, 149; West Bay, 248; Sucker Creek, 107; Sheguianadah, 130; Sucker Lake, 39; South Bay, 61; Wikwemikong, 800; Wikwemikong-Sing, 145; Obidgewong, 19.

The total Indian population of the whole District of Algoma is in the neighborhood of 6,000.

The amount of money distributed in annuities in the superintendency under the control of Mr. Phipps amounted last year to \$21,431.64.

The following is a statement of the acreage of Indian lands sold on the Manitoulin last year: Bidwell, 300 acres; Homland, 100 acres; Billings, 100; Assiginack, 100; Campbell, 100; Carnarvon, 371; Sandfield, 100; Little Current, 8; Allan, 601; Burpee, 229; Gordon, 115; Gore Bay, 3; Mills, 200; Robinson, 303. The acreage of lands remaining unsold in these townships is as follows: Bidwell, 7,172; Howland, 4,190; Sheguinadah, 10,329; Billings, 4,375; Assiginack, 6,552; Campbell, 10,736; Carnarvon, 8,718; Tehkummah, 7,908; Sanfield, 5,984; Allan, 6,260; Burpee, 14,070; Gordon, 4,058; Mills, 11,251; Dawson, 32,937; Robinson, 61,747.

The Indians of the ceded portion of the Manitoulin have a capital account to their credit of over \$110,000. This capital last year yielded them an interest of over \$4,000, which, with other minor sources, made their total income \$6,037.—*Manitoulin Expositor.*

The great Northern Cree Chief, Big Bear, and three of his head men, all of whom have been pining under the restraints of Penitentiary life at Stoney Mountain, Manitoba, for nearly one year, for their acts in connection with the Riel rebellion, have been set at liberty and ordered back to their reserve. An attempt was made to interview Big Bear, but the crestfallen old In- refused to talk. He looks very much reduced, and shows the results of his imprisonment so clearly that all who have seen him consider that his health is irrecoverably broken. He is very thin in flesh, bent in form, wan in face, and rickety in motion.—*Deseronto Tribune.*

The Indians originally owned America and would still own it if they had not gone into the liquor business when the first white men arrived here.

REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS OF UNITED STATES

SIR: In compliance with the requirements of law I have the honor to submit my annual report of the operations of the Indian Bureau for the year 1885, prefacing the same with some observations which will indicate the policy which I think should be adopted in the management of the affairs of the Indians.

This Bureau will be fortunate if it should, amid the many conflicting interests with which the rights of Indians are confronted, be able to secure to them full and complete justice; while, on the other hand, it will fall very far short of its duty should it waver in its determination to require from them a substantial compliance with its regulations and an obedience to the laws.

FARMS AND HOMES.

It requires no seer to foretell or foresee the civilization of the Indian race as a result naturally deducible from a knowledge and practice upon their part of the art of agriculture; for the history of agriculture among all people and in all countries intimately connects it with the highest intellectual and moral development of man. Historians, philosophers, and statesmen freely admit that civilization as naturally as follows the improved arts of agriculture as vegetation follows the genial sunshine and the shower, and that those races who are in ignorance of agriculture are almost ignorant of almost everything else. The Indian constitutes no exception to this political maxim. Steeped as his progenitors were, and as more than half of the race now are, in blind ignorance, the devotees of amoninable superstitions, and the victims of idleness and thriftlessness, the absorbing query which the hopelessness of his situation, if left to his own guidance, suggests to the philanthropist, and particularly to a great Christian people like ours, is to know how to relieve him from this state of dependance and barbarism, and to direct him in paths that will eventually lead him to the light of liberty of American citizenship.

There are in the United States, exclusive of Alaska, about 260,000 Indian souls. Of that number there are in the five civilized tribes in the Indian Territory 64,000. There are in New York, 4,970, in North Carolina, 3,000, and there are some in Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, and a few in California and the Northwest, who are civilized; and still others who can lay some claim to civilization. Many others on the reservations have cast off the blanket and are adopting the fashions and dress of white people. But among all these, except among the Indians of New York and North Carolina, a few in some of the Northwestern States, and a part of the five civilized tribes in the Indian Territory, is a very large number who do not till the soil. Nearly all who are called "blanket Indians" have never tilled the soil to any extent, and fully half of the Indians of the United States, exclusive of Alaska, as yet have declined to commit themselves to the life of the farmer.

This brings me directly to the consideration of the practical policy which I believe should be adopted by Congress and the Government in the management of the Indians. It should be in-

dustriously and gravely impressed upon them that they must abandon their tribal relations and take their lands in severalty, as the corner-stone of their complete success in agriculture, which means self-support, personal independence and material thrift. The Government should, however, in order to protect them, retain the right to their lands in trust for twenty-five years or longer, but issue trust patents at once to such Indians as have taken individual holdings. When the Indians have taken their lands in severalty in sufficient quantities (and the number of acres in each holding may and should vary in different localities according to fertility, productiveness, climatic, and other advantages), then having due regard to the immediate and early future needs of the Indians, the remaining lands of their reservations should be purchased by the Government and opened to homestead entry at 50 or 75 cents per acre. The money paid by the government for their lands should be held in trust at 5 per cent. bonds, to be invested as congress may provide, for the education, civilization, an material development and advancement of the red race, reserving for each tribe its own money. This is all the Indians need to place them beyond the oppression and greed of white men who seek, as Mr. Barbour said in 1825 in his report as Secretary of War, "to bereave the Indians of their lands."

The advantages to the Indians of taking their lands in severalty are so important and far-reaching in their effects that I fear to dwell upon them in this report lest I be accused of drawing a roseate picture born of an enthusiastic imagination. Every Indian may own a homestead! For it will be his homestead if he takes land in severalty and dissolves the tribal relation. Contrast his situation with that of millions of white families in the country, to say nothing of the larger number of homeless people in the Old World, and of the negroes of the Southern States. What a heritage! A homestead his own, with assistance by the Government to build houses and fences and open farms; with a fund preserved and guarded by the Government for years to assist in teaching him and his children the arts of civilization; with the title to the homestead held in trust for a generation, if need be, so as to protect him from the selfish greed and relentless grasp of the white man; with the means not only for material development and progress, but also for the liberal education of his children. If this policy were adopted systematically by the Government it would be strange if in five years from its inauguration and establishment there should be an Indian of any tribe in the whole country who would refuse to accept so favorable and advantageous a measure.

Every step taken, every move made, every suggestion offered, every thing done with reference to the Indians should be with a view of impressing upon them that this is the policy which has been permanently decided upon by the Government in reference to their management. They must abandon tribal relations; they must give up their superstitions; they must forsake their savage habits and learn the arts of civilization; they must learn to labor, and must learn to rear their families as white people do, and to know more of their obligations to the Government and society. In a word, they must

learn to work for a living, and they must understand that it is their interest and duty to send their children to school. Industry and education are the two powerful co-operating forces which, together, will elevate the Indian, and plant him upon the basis of material independence. They will awaken the spirit of personal independence and manhood, create a desire for possessing property, and a knowledge of its advantages and rights. An Indian who has gone upon land, opened a farm, built houses and fences, gathered around him some stock, and become self-sustaining, is prepared to understand the advantages of educating his children will drive away the gaunt specters of want and poverty, which for generations have haunted the humble tent of the Indian, and in their stead will bring to his doors plenty, comfort, and home life.

In proof of the soundness of this position that the Indian can easily be made self-sustaining by agriculture, I refer to the progress made this year by the Apaches on the San Carlos Reservation, in Arizona, showing a most rapid improvement among them in learning and adopting the improved methods of agriculture. At the rate of improvement made this year by these Indians it will only be a year or two until they (the Apaches), the wildest tribe on the continent, will be self-sustaining and independent. I can also cite the advance made in the last few months by the Cheyennes and Arapahoes of the Indian Territory. Since the cattle have been moved from their lands, and they see that the Government intends that they shall abandon their indolent, thriftless habits and go to work, a marked improvement has begun. More than fifty have recently taken up lands for the purpose of farming them, and a general disposition to work is manifested. The same is true of many other tribes, as the records of this office for many years will attest.

Another idea connected with all this is that as you throw responsibility upon the Indians, it teaches them self-respect and individuality, and develops in them higher manhood. The success of the experiments that have been made of establishing Indian police, and courts of Indian offenses to regulate internal and domestic affairs on reservations, is referred to more particularly in another part of this report. This throwing responsibility upon the Indians who are selected to decide among themselves upon the rights of their fellow Indians, has had an elevating and restraining influence upon them and has made them more law-abiding.

SIX NATION CHIEFS.

The following Chiefs, being the seven oldest Chiefs now living on the Grand River reservation, together with the Interpreter and the Secretary of the present Six Nation Council, will have their photos taken by Snider in Lady Dufferin's Grove (upon Jas. Jamieson's farm, Onondaga, on Monday, May 10th: Jacob Jamieson, elected 1825 at Tuttele Heights; Wm. Jamieson, elected 1825 at Tuttele Heights; David Hill (Seneca,) elected 1846 at White School-house; Henry Church, elected 1853 at White School-house. Jacob Williams, elected 1852 at Middleport; John Buck, elected 1852 at Middleport; Moses Martin, elected 1867 at Oshweken.

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 Fort-nightly, and until further notice.

ADVERTISING RATES.

A limited number of advertisements will be received at the rate of \$4.00 per inch per annum solid measure. Contracts for shorter periods at proportionate rates. Special contracts with large advertisers at a reduction of 10 to 20 per cent. off above rates.

The Indian Publishing Co.

Hagersville, Ont. Canada.

Head Chief Kah-ke-wa-quo-na-by,
(DR. P. E. JONES) Managing Editor.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

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

DIED,

At her late residence on the New Credit Reserve, on Monday, May 10th, the widow of the late John Secord, aged about 100 years.

We feel certain that our subscribers desire that THE INDIAN should be a success. Not only a success in its endeavours to carry out the important and interesting subjects set forth in its prospectus, but also that it should be a financial success to the Editor and Publisher and not a drain upon his purse. To accomplish this end, it is necessary that we should have a large circulation, and, we ask each of our subscribers to act as an agent. Try to obtain one or more subscribers. You surely have friends and acquaintances, who are interested in the Aborigines of this country, and in their history. Ask them to subscribe and many of them will.

"The citizen who neglects to cast his vote is guilty of treasonable indifference to the public welfare. Equally indiffent to the demands of the public interest is the citizen who fails to secure himself in the franchise by getting his name on the voter's list."

The above is one of the editorial notes of the *Globe* of Saturday last, May 8th. We entirely agree with the advice given and hope our Indian friends will make every endeavor to see that this, "our Magna Charta," the greatest privilege ever granted to the Aborigines, is taken advantage of, and that every Indian who has been smart enough to obtain sufficient property to enable him to vote, shall see that his name is placed on the list for that purpose.

With this number, we commence a short sketch of the Life of John Sunday, the noted Indian Missionary, from the pen of the Rev. John McLean, Missionary to the Blood Indians at Ft. McLeod, near the Rocky Mountains. Mr. McLean is known as a great friend of the Indians. He has spent much of his life and labors amongst them, and his opinions and writings are respected and sought for by the

reading public. We can therefore promise our subscribers a treat while pursuing the sketch of the life of the celebrated Ojibway, John Sunday. The likeness we have had engraved is considered by those who knew him, to be an excellent one and we trust our Indian readers will appreciate our endeavors to make the INDIAN both interesting and attractive.

We would call the attention of our Indian friends to the advertisement of the Sun Life Insurance Company. Many of our people have good farms and are in a position to support their families comfortably without the aid of the annuity. Would it not be a good idea for such persons to invest the whole or part of their interest money in a life insurance policy? thereby securing for their wives and children in case of death, a sum of money which would, in a measure, compensate their families for the loss they sustain by your death. If you are able to earn \$1.00 a day for your family and die, your family lose over \$2.000. Be sure and have this partially replaced by an Insurance policy upon your life in a well established and sound Insurance Company such as the Sun.

We give in this issue extracts from the very fine report of the Indian Commissioner of the United States. The report is of such importance to our brethren across the lakes and of such interest to us in Canada, that we think it proper to reprint the greater portion of it in THE INDIAN. President Cleveland is the first Democratic heard of the Government for a number of years, and his election of the Hon. D. C. Atkins seems to be a wise one. As an Indian we would say that the great difficulty is to make the uneducated and laborous Indians believe that the Government intends to act kindly and justly with them. The Government should employ educated Indians to visit each Tribe and in their own language, let them know what you do, and what you expect from them, but before making a promise be sure you can keep it. If the United States Government once secures the good will of the Indian Tribe, it would never have more loyal and faithful subjects, but this can only be accomplished by honest, just and kindly treatment. Much care should be exercised in appointing these Indian agents for much depends upon them, They should receive these positions from known ability and integrity and not as political perquisites. In fact a strong and active political man has no business whatever in the Indian Department.

Speaking of timber reminds me of a curious thing told me by Mr. James Hager. He got a large elm tree from the Reserve this winter, and on getting it into firewood, what was his surprise to come upon distinct evidence that this self-same tree had been chopped into, and that the tree had in time covered up the wound and had since formed fifty-one annual rings. Accepting the record of the tree as the date of chopping, it must have been done prior to 1835, at which time there were no white settlers here. If we could interpret the language of the tree, what curious information we could get. Had this tree

but a tongue, what changes it could note since this bold, red man struck at its heart. I well remember that in May, 1881, a farmer, when digging post holes, came upon an ossuary of Indians, in Markham township, York county, about fifteen miles from Toronto. On digging further, over 300 skeletons were unearthed of all sizes, some of them being of gigantic size. Over the grave had grown and died a huge pine tree—dead in the memory of the oldest present. The tree was the data for solving the problem of the date of burial. How long this wholesale burying had taken place before the little seedling commenced its life, was a mystery, but it was unmistakable that the tree was over 300 years old. Antiquarians gave it as their opinion that it was a portion of the Huron tribe who had died of disease, or maybe of famine, for had it been war the skulls would not have been all unbroken. I have one very large skull which I got there. Although but the bare bone, it fits a No. 7½ hat. —*Brantford Telegram.*

THE HALDIMAND ELECTION.

In reply to Mr. Landerkin Sir John Macdonald said that the Government had not selected the Returning-officer, and did not think there was any great hurry about it. The electors lists were now being prepared under the new Franchise Act, and there would probably be an addition of twenty per cent to the electorate. It was impossible that the person elected should take his seat in the house this session. It would look rather absurd that a gentleman should be elected to represent an electorate that was effete and it would be something like an insult to the new voters to debar them from taking part in the election. Those were the reasons for the delay, and if the matter were pressed he would ask for a resolution suspending the issue of the writ."

By the above it will be seen that the election in Haldimand will not take place until about September next and after the new Franchise list is complete.

The Indians residing in the township of Oneida will therefore soon be able to exercise their right to vote and we trust from now on they will take a deeper interest in the politics of the country and especially that part relating to Indian affairs.

Mr. Coulter, of Cayuga, has been nominated by the Reform party. The Conservatives will hold their nomination on Thursday, May 13th.

A NEW FERRY.

Mr. George Clark is building a new ferry for our "Clark's crossing." It will be one of the most substantial in the Grand River. It is 30 feet long, 11 feet 3 inches broad and 22 inches deep. It is to be christened the "Indian Girl." Of course he will be invited to break a bottle of wine over it, or a keg of beer, if it be launched, as expected, before Saturday, May 1st.—*Brantford Telegram.*

The fishery question—What did you pay [for that string of fish?

A fly wheel—a bicycle.

held on the following Monday. This day, in accordance with the resolution, was held last Monday, notwithstanding it being in the midst of spring work, it was well attended. Many trees and shrubs were planted and the church yard cleared of rubbish. The graves, I am sorry to say were not touched, though it was one of the objects set forth, the said resolution to level and sod the graves.

PARRY ISLAND.

MARCH, 1886.

DEAR SIR,—I have made up my mind to write you an occasional letter from the Island which I hope will be of interest to the many readers of your very interesting paper, THE INDIAN. The first item I have to write about, though late, is about a tea-meeting held here this spring. The Indians from Shawanaga and Parry Island attended a grand tea-party in the Town Hall, Parry Sound, gotten up by our pains-taking local Superintendent by our Walton, Esq., M. D., on 26th February last. It was a grand success. His lordship, the Bishop of Algoma was present and delivered an interesting as well as an instructive speech. The Rev'ds Messrs. Gaveller and Clank, as well as the Doctor's speeches were interpreted by the Rev. A. Salt. Speeches were also made by Chiefs Sol. James, of Shawanaga, and Chief Peter Megis, Parry Sound. We also had the celebrated war dance by Nanabush and R. King. Wm. King sang and drummed on the tom-tom. I could not say too much of the Dr. and his family who lavished upon us such varieties of cakes, pies and apples and good tea. Singing was furnished by the choirs of both Bands of Indians, I occupying the place at the organ. Miss Walton was dressed in an Indian costume presented to her by the Indians last Christmas at a xmas tree held in Parry Island. She looked lovely. Owing to the extremely cold day and the roads being so slippery, the old women did not turn out, though the Dr. sent his son to bring them.

Yours,

BELLA.

OSHWOKEN.

From the Brantford Courier.

SPRING WORK.

The spring work among some of our native farmers has commenced, and many are beginning to put their seed grain into their fall ploughed fields; and the ground works good. Fall wheat in high lands is improving very much, while in the low lands or black mucky land it is not so good. Chief Joseph Henry has 25 acres of fall wheat as good as anyone ever wished to see, and if nothing prevents natural growth he will be abundantly rewarded for his hard work last summer. It is very gratifying to notice that many of the natives are beginning to see the necessity of industry in this direction. The clay roads on the Reserve are yet very rough. The bridges and culverts are, however, not so badly damaged as was noticed in other years.

FISHING.

Quite a number of the fishermen had fine sport spearing pike at the Pike Island on McKenzie Creek, near this place.

OFF FOR ENGLAND.

Some of the Indians at this point are preparing to take a trip to England during the summer. I consider it would be a grand thing if a delegation of chiefs would go and visit the Mother Country and take with them the Six Nation brass band in full costume to represent the people of the Six Nations of the Grand River.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. Josiah Hill and her niece, Maggie, are still away visiting friends in Lewiston Reservation, N.Y. While there Mrs. Hill is taking advantage of the doctor's treatment for hiccough. Mrs. Richard Hill also started off on Friday last to see her father, who is said to be very ill.

AN OLD CHIEF GONE.

A few days ago one of the old and respected chiefs was laid to his long resting place in the Kayengeh Cemetery. For a good many years he did not confine himself to work and the duties of chief, but worked with the missionaries of the Baptist denomination, who are sent down to us to labor among the people trying to save souls for God. The late chief had labored much among the people and no doubt he has been called to come up higher to receive his reward. The late chief was one of the grandchildren of old White Man, who lived on the south side of the Grand River, between Brantford and Paris. He was 87 years old. He had a large family of sons, daughters and grand children to mourn his loss, and the chiefs in council will feel his loss as well as the Baptist Church at Strong school house.

SERVICES.

Last Sunday services took place at the residence of Chief Richard Hill, and at 4 p.m. in the Council House, brother T. B. W. Henderson, of Brantford, acting pastor for the third Baptist Church, of Oshweken, preached at both places very instructive sermons.

In the evening a prayer meeting took place at the residence of Chief Richard Hill, and that little meeting went off very encouraging in many ways and brethren and sisters apparently were blessed at the close of the meeting.

TYENDINAGA RESERVE.

Miss Lydia Hill is this week visiting friends in Deseronto.

Mr. Peter Hill has taken charge of Chief S. Green's farm who will manage the farm for the Chief, and it is rumoured that the Chief will soon sail for England to renew acquaintances.

Many of the white tenants are removing from the Reserve, owing to failure in payment of rents.

Mr. William Clause says that he is going to build a new residence on his farm this summer; this will make a great improvement to Mr. Clause's farm.

Mrs. Susan M. Maracle is this week the guest of her sister, Mrs. Dow Clause, near Shannonville.

Mr. Jesse Green has purchased a span of horses and intends to run his own farm. Good on your head Jesse, this is the way we like to see our young men take advantage of the Reserve.

The churches were unusually largely attended on Sunday; there were over three hundred Mohawks at Christ Church in the morning and also to receive the Holy Communion, the largest congregation for some time. All Saints Church was also well attended in the afternoon.

VESTRY MEETING.

The annual Vestry Meeting was held in Christ Church, Mohawk Reserve, on Easter Monday morning. The Incumbent took the chair at 10 o'clock a. m., and immediately called on those present to record their names in the book which had been provided for the purpose; when 23 declared that they were members of the Church of England and connected with no other religious body. Walter A. Brant was then appointed vestry clerk, after the audit committee had done its work and the the finances were found in a satisfactory condition from the time the present Incumbent had taken charge of the parish, and accounts passed. The Incumbents appointed Mr. Alex. Loft, who had discharged the duty for several years under his predecessor, Clergyman's Warden for Christ Church, and the Vestry elected Mr. Jacob B. Brant for People's Warden.

In All Saints Church Mr. Thos. Clause was chosen by the clergyman as his warden and Mr. Isaac W. Green was the choice of the people. No lay delegate having been appointed for 1885, there were two vacancies which were filled by the election of Mr. John A. Loft for three years and Chief Annosothkah for the term of two years.

After much business had been transacted, including the appointment of committee to bring the subject of necessary repairs to the Parsonage before the Council of the Band, the following resolution was moved by ex-Chief Thomas Clause, seconded by Church Warden Alex. Loft, and carried unanimously:—"That whereas this Vestry had never before put on record its appreciation of Chief Annosothkah's services to the Band in collecting funds in England to build a mission school house in the secluded part of our Reserve, and its indebtedness to him for securing from the New England Company a sufficient sum to maintain a teacher; be it therefore resolved, that a vote of thanks be now tendered him for what he has done for his people."

It was subsequently moved by Lay Delegate John P. Loft, seconded by C. W., Isaac W. Green, and carried unanimously:—"That since our Parish Church is in a dilapidated condition, and the funds of the Band is not in a position to build it; be it therefore resolved, that Chief Annosothkah be requested to proceed to England at as early a date as possible, to select subscriptions towards the accomplishment of this desirable object."

The usual vote of thanks were passed to the officers of the church, and the vestry meeting of 1886, A. D., adjourned at 2:30 o'clock p. m. The Incumbent pronounced the Benediction, and all returned to their homes well pleased with the harmony which characterized the proceedings.—Deseronto Tribune.

Literary Department.

THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS.

A NARRATIVE OF 1757.

BY J. FENIMORE COOPER.

CHAPTER VII, (CONTINUED.)

As Hawk-eye ceased speaking, four human heads could be seen peering above a few logs of drift wood that had lodged on these naked rocks, and which had probably suggested the idea of the practicability of the hazardous undertaking. At the next moment, a fifth form was seen floating over the green edge of the fall, a little from the line of the island. The savage struggled powerfully to gain the point of safety, and, favored by the glancing waters, he was already stretching forth an arm to meet the grasp of his companions, when he shot away again with the whirling current, appeared to rise in the air, with uplifted arms and starting eyeballs, and fell, with a sudden plunge, into that deep and yawning abyss over which he hovered. A single, wild despairing shriek rose from the cavern, and all was hushed again, as the grave.

The first generous impulse was to rush to the rescue of the hapless wretch; but he felt himself bound to the spot by the iron grasp of the immoveable scout.

"Would ye bring certain death upon us, by telling the Mingoes where he lie?" demanded Hawk-eye sternly; "'tis a charge of powder saved, and ammunition is as precious now as breath to a worried deer! Freshen the priming of your pistols—the mist of the falls is apt to dampen the brimstone—and stand firm for a close struggle, while I fire on their rush."

He placed a finger to his mouth, and drew a long, shrill whistle, which was answered from the rocks that were guarded by the Mohicans. Duncan caught glimpses of heads above the scattered drift wood, as this signal rose on the air, but they disappeared again as suddenly as they had glanced upon his sight. A low, rustling sound, next drew his attention behind him, and turning his head, he beheld Uncas within a few feet, creeping to his side. Hawk-eye spoke to him in Delaware, when the young chief took his position with singular caution and undisturbed coolness. To Heyward this was a moment of feverish and impatient suspense; though the scout saw fit to select it as a fit occasion to read a lecture to his more youthful associates on the art of using fire-arms with discretion.

"Of all we'pons," he commenced, "the long-barreled, true-grooved, soft-metaled rifle, is the most dangerous in skillful hands, though it wants a strong arm, a quick eye, and great judging in charging, to put forth all its beauties. The gunsmiths can have but little insight into their trade, when they make their fowling-pieces and short horsemen's—"

He was interrupted by the low but expressive "hugh" of Uncas.

"I see them, boy, I see them!" continued Hawk-eye; "they are gathering for the rush, or they would keep their dingy backs below the logs. Well, let them," he added, examining his flint; "the leading man certainly comes on to

his death, though it should be Montcalm himself!"

At that moment the woods were filled with another burst of cries, and at the signal four savages sprang from the cover of the drift-wood. Heyward felt a burning desire to rush forward to meet them, so intense was the delirious anxiety of the moment; but he was restrained by the deliberate examples of the scout and Uncas.

When their foes, who leaped over the black rocks that devided them, with long bounds, uttering the wildest yells, were within a few rods, the rifle of Hawk-eye slowly rose among the shrubs, and poured out its fatal contents. The foremost Indian bounded like a stricken deer, and fell headlong among the clefts of the island.

"Now, Uncas!" cried the scout, drawing his long knife, while his quick eyes began to flash with ardor, "take the last of the screeching imps; of the other two we are sartain!"

He was obeyed; and but two enemies remained to be overcome. Heyward had given one of his pistols to Hawk-eye, and together they rushed down a little declivity towards their foes; they discharged their weapons at the same instant, and equally without success.

"I know'd it! and I said it!" muttered the scout, whirling the despised little implement over the falls with bitter disdain. "Come on, ye bloody minded hell-hounds! ye meet a man without a cross!"

The words were barely uttered, when he encountered a savage of gigantic stature, and of the fiercest mien. At the same moment, Duncan found himself engaged with the other, in a similar contest of hand to hand. With ready skill, Hawk-eye and his antagonist each grasped that uplifted arm of the other which help the dangerous knife. For near a minute they stood looking one another in the eye, and gradually exerting the power of their muscles for the mastery. At length, the toughened sinews of the white man prevailed over the less practised limbs of the native. The arm of the latter slowly gave way before the increasing force of the scout, who suddenly wresting his armed hand from the grasp of his foe, drove the sharp weapon through his naked bosom to the heart. In the meantime, Heyward had been pressed in a more deadly struggle. His slight sword was snapped in the first encounter. As he was destitute of any other means of defence, his safety now depended entirely on bodily strength and resolution. Though deficient in neither of these qualities, he had met an enemy every way his equal. Happily, he soon succeeded in disarming his adversary, whose knife fell on the rock at their feet; and from this moment it became a fierce struggle who should cast the other over the dizzy height into a neighboring cavern of the falls. Every successive struggle brought them nearer to the verge, where Duncan perceived the final and conquering effort must be made. Each of the combatants threw all his energies into that effort, and the result was, that both tottered on the brink of the precipice. Heyward felt the grasp of the other at his throat, and saw the grim smile the savage gave, under the revengeful hope that he hurried his enemy to a fate similar to his own, as he felt his body slowly yielding to a resistless power, and the young man experienced the passing agony of such a moment in all its

horrors. At that instant of extreme danger, a dark hand and glancing knife appeared before him; the Indian released his hold, as the blood flowed freely from around the severed tendons of his wrist; and while Duncan was drawn backward by the saving arm of Uncas, his charmed eyes were still riveted on the fierce and disappointed countenance of his foe, who fell suddenly and disappointed down the irrecoverable precipice.

"To cover! to cover!" cried Hawk-eye, who just then had despatched his enemy; "to cover, four your lives! the work is but half ended!"

The young Mohicans gave a shout of triumph, and, followed by Duncan, he glided up the acclivity they had descended to the combat, and sought the friendly shelter of the rocks and shrubs.

CHAPTER VIII.

They linger yet,
Avengers of their native land.

GRAY.

The warning call of the scout was not uttered without occasion. During the occurrence of the deadly encounter just related, the roar of the falls was unbroken by any human sound whatever. It would seem that interest in the result had kept the natives on the opposite shores in breathless suspense, while the quick evolutions and swift changes in the positions of the combatants, effectually prevented a fire that might prove dangerous alike to friend and enemy. But the moment the struggle was decided, a yell arose as fierce as wild and revengeful passions could throw into the air. It was followed by the swift flashes of the rifles, which sent their leaden messengers across the rock in volleys, as though the assailants would pour out their impotent fury on the insensible scene of the fatal contest.

A steady, though deliberate return was made from the rifle of Chingachook, who had maintained his post throughout the fray with unmoved resolution. When the triumphant shout of Uncas was borne to his ears, the gratified father raised his voice in a single responsive cry, after which his busy piece alone proved that he still guarded his pass with unwearied diligence. In this manner many minutes flew by with the swiftness of thought; the rifles of the assailants speaking, at times, in rattling volleys, and at others, in occasional, scattering shots. Though the rocks, the trees the shrubs, were cut and torn in a hundred places around the besieged, their cover was so close, and so rigidly maintained, that, as yet, David had been the only sufferer in their little band.

"Let them burn their powder," said the deliberate scout, while bullet after bullet whizzed by the place where he securely lay: "there will be a fine gathering of lead when it is over, and I fancy the imps will tire of the sport, afore these old stones cry out for mercy! Uncas, boy, you waste the kennels by overcharging; and a kicking rifle never carries a true bullet. I told you to take that loping miscreant under the line of white paint; now, if your bullet went a hair's breadth, it went two inches above it. The life lies low in a Mingo, and humanity teaches us to make a quick end of the sarpents."

A quiet smile lighted the haughty features of the young Mohican, betraying his knowledge of

the English language, as well as of the other's meaning; but he suffered it to pass away without vindication or reply.

"I cannot permit you to accuse Uncas of want of judgment or skill," said Duncan; "he saved my life in the coolest and readiest manner, and he has made a friend who never will be required to be reminded of the debt he owes."

Uncas partly raised his body, and offered his hand to the grasp of Heyward. During this act of friendship, the two young men exchanged looks of intelligence which caused Duncan to forget the character and condition of his wild associate. In the meanwhile, Hawk-eye, who looked on this burst of youthful feeling with a cool but kind regard, made the following reply:—

"Life is an obligation which friends often owe to each other in the wilderness. I dare say I may have served Uncas some such turn myself before now; and I very well remember that he has stood between me and death five different times: three times from the Mingo, once in crossing Horican, and—"

"That bullet was better aimed than common!" exclaimed Duncan, involuntarily shrinking from a shot which struck the rock at his side with a smart rebound.

Hawk-eye laid his hand on the shapeless metal, and shook his head, as he examined it, saying, "Folling lead is never flattened! had it come from the clouds this might have happened."

But the rifle of Uncas was deliberately raised towards the heavens, directing the eyes of his companions to a point, where the mystery was immediately explained. A ragged oak grew on the right bank of the river nearly opposite to their position, which, seeking the freedom of the open space, had inclined so far forward, that its upper branches overhung that arm of the stream which flowed nearest its own shore. Among the topmost leaves, which scantily concealed the gnarled the stunted limbs, a savage was nestled, partly concealed by the trunk of the tree, and partly exposed, as though looking down upon them to ascertain the effect produced by his treacherous aim.

"These devils will scale heaven to circumvent us to our ruin," said Hawk-eye; "keep him in play, boy, until I can bring 'kill-deer' to bear, when we will try his metal on each side of the tree at once."

Uncas delayed his fire until the scout uttered the word. The rifle flashed, the leaves and bark of the oak flew into the air, and were scattered by the wind, but the Indian answered their assault by a taunting laugh, sending down upon them another bullet in return, that struck the cap of Hawk-eye from his head. Once more he savage yells burst out of the woods, and the leaden hail whistled above the heads of the besieged, as if to confine them to a place where they might become easy victims to the enterprise of the warriors who had mounted the tree.

"This must be looked to," said the scout, glancing about him with an anxious eye. "Uncas, call up your father; we have need of all our weapons to bring the cunning varment from his roost."

The signal was instantly given; and, before Hawk-eye had reloaded his rifle, they were joined by Chingachook. When his son pointed out

to the experienced warrior the situation of their dangerous enemy, the usual exclamatory "hugh" burst from his lips; after which, no further expression of surprise or alarm was suffered to escape him. Hawk-eye and the Mohicans conversed earnestly together in Delaware for a few moments, when each quietly took his post, in order to execute the plan they had speedily devised.

The warrior in the oak had maintained a quick, though ineffectual fire, from the moment of his discovery. But his aim was interrupted by the vigilance of his enemies, whose rifles instantaneously bore on any part of his person that was left exposed. Still his bullets fell in the centre of the crouching party. The clothes of Heyward, which rendered him peculiarly conspicuous, were repeatedly cut, and once blood was drawn from a slight wound in his arm.

At length, emboldened by the long and patient watchfulness of his enemies, the Huron attempted a better and more fatal aim. The quick eye of the Mohicans caught the dark line of his lower limbs incautiously exposed through the thin foliage, a few inches from the trunk of the tree. Their rifles made a common report, when, sinking on his wounded limb, part of the body of the savage came into view. Swift as thought, Hawk-eye seized the advantage, and discharged his fatal weapon into the top of the oak. The leaves were unusually agitated; the dangerous rifle fell from its commanding elevation, and after a few moments of vain struggling, the form of the savage was seen swinging in the wind, while he still grasped a ragged and naked branch of the tree, with hands clenched in desperation.

"Give him, in pity give him, the contents of another rifle," cried Duncan, turning away his eye in horror from the spectacle of a fellow creature in such awful jeopardy.

"Not a kernell!" exclaimed the obdurate Hawk-eye; "his death is certain, and we will have no powder to spare, for Indian fights sometimes last for days; 'tis their scalps or ours!—and God, who made us, has put into our nature the craving to keep the skin on the head."

Against this stern and unyielding morality, supported as it was by such visible policy, there was no appeal. From that moment the yells in the forest once more ceased, the fire was suffered to decline, and all eyes, those of friends as well as enemies, became fixed on the hopeless condition of the wretch who was dangling between heaven and earth. The body yielded to the currents of air, and though no murmur or groan escaped the victim, there were instants when he grimly faced his foes, and the anguish of cold despair might be traced, through the intervening distance in possession of his swarthy lineaments. Three different times the scout raised his piece in mercy, and as often prudence getting the better of his intention, it was again silently lowered. At length one hand of the Huron lost its hold, and dropped exhausted at his side. A desperate and fruitless struggle to recover the branch succeeded, and then the savage was seen for a fleeting instant, grasping wildly at the empty air. The lightning is not quicker than was the flame from the rifle of Hawk-eye; the limbs of the victim trembled and contracted, the head fell to the bosom, and the body parted

the foaming waters like lead, when the element closed above it, in its ceaseless velocity, and every vestige of the unhappy Huron, was lost forever.

No shout of triumph succeeded this important advantage, but even the Mohicans gazed at each other in silent horror. A single yell burst from the woods, and all was again still. Hawk-eye, who alone appeared to reason on the occasion, shook his head at his own momentary weakness, even uttering his self-disapprobation aloud.

"'Twas the last charge in my horn, and the last bullet in my pouch, and 'twas the act of a boy," he said; "what mattered it whether he struck the rock living or dead; feeling would soon be over. Uncas, lad, go down to the canoe, and bring up the big horn; it is all the powder we have left, and we shall need it to the last grain, or I am ignorant of the Mingo nature."

The young Mohican complied, leaving the scout turning over the useless contents of his pouch, and shaking the empty horn with renewed discontent. From his unsatisfactory examination, however, he was soon called by a loud and piercing exclamation from Uncas, that sounded, even to the unpractised ears of Duncan, as the signal of some new and unexpected calamity. Every thought filled with apprehension for the precious treasure he had concealed in the cavern, the young man started to his feet totally regardless of the hazard he incurred by such an exposure. As if actuated by a common impulse, his movement was imitated by his companions, and together they rushed down the pass to the friendly chasm, with a rapidity that rendered the scattering fire of their enemies perfectly harmless. The unwonted cry had brought the sisters, together with the wounded David, from their place of refuge; and the whole party, at a single glance, was made acquitted with the nature of the disaster that had disturbed even the practised stoicism of their youthful Indian protector.

At a short distance from the rock, their little bark was to be seen floating across the eddy, towards the swift current of the river, in a manner which proved that its course was directed by some hidden agent. The instant this unwelcome sight caught the eye of the scout, his rifle was levelled, as by instinct, but the barrel gave no answer to the bright sparks of the flint.

"'Tis too late, 'tis too late!" Hawk-eye exclaimed, dropping the useless piece in bitter disappointment; the miscreant has struck the rapid; and had we powder, it could hardly send the lead swifter than he now goes."

The adventurous Huron raised his head above shelter of the canoe, and while it glided swiftly down the stream, he waved his hand, and gave forth the shout, which was the known signal of success. His cry was answered by a yell and a laugh from the woods, as tauntingly exulting as if fifty demons were uttering their blasphemies at the fall of some Christian soul.

"Well may you laugh, ye children of the devil," said the scout, seating himself on a projection of the rock, and suffering his gun to fall neglected at his feet, "for the three quickest and truest rifles in these woods are no better than so many stalks of mullen, or the last year's horns of a buck."

(To be Continued.)

A PETITION.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD—SUPT. GEN'L OF INDIAN AFFAIRS.

We, the undersigned members of the Six Nation Indians residing on the Grand River Reserve in the County of Brant, and Province of Ontario, humbly sheweth that for the reasons hereinafter shewn, you will be pleased to issue an Order in Council, directing that the provisions contained in Act 47, Vic., Chap. 28, and called "The Indian Advancement Act, 1884," be applied to the said Six Nations.

1. That the present system of committing the entire management of our affairs to a council of hereditary chiefs is in many ways detrimental to our advancement in civilization.

2. That the majority of the existing council consists of aged and uneducated men, totally unfitted to guide the destinies of a nation, largely composed of young men and young women, who, through education and training in the arts and practices of civilization are prepared for further advancement towards the responsibilities and exercise of municipal powers.

3. That the main influence of the existing Council is antagonistic to the advancement of education.

4. That little, or no encouragement, is afforded to young men of education and ability to devote their energies and talents to the good of the nation.

5. That a council of hereditary chiefs is not representative of the voice of the people, and thereby the majority, and that the most intelligent, have no share in the management of their affairs, or in the expenditure of their public funds.

6. That an Elective Council will tend greatly to promote general advancement as men of character and ability will be afforded an incentive to maintain an honorable reputation, which the young will esteem and emulate. Whilst all will be accorded their indisputable right of controlling the expenditures, and thus preventing such iniquitous misappropriations of their incomes as has been perpetrated in the past.

7. That it be enacted for this Nation in particular, a candidate for the position of Councillor shall be able to read and write, and express himself fairly in the English language, as the various dialects now spoken in Council, a great deal of which is said is unintelligible to the majority of hearers.

You will be pleased to notice how large a number of your petitioners have signed their own names to this their humble petition.

All of which is most respectfully submitted.

A SELF-MADE MAN.

One of the gentlemen upon whom the University of Queen's College conferred the degree of Doctor of Divinity a few days ago, is the Rev. Silas S. Rand, a Nova Scotia Baptist Minister, whose attainments in scholarship is remarkable, more particularly so when it is considered that he is a "self-made man." In the course of his remarks presenting Mr. Rand's name for enrolment as an honorary graduate, Principal Grant stated that in his younger years Mr. Rand had

worked hard at his trade of a stonemason and bricklayer, and while thus engaged he taught himself arithmetic and English grammar and the rudiments of the Latin, Greek and Hebrew languages. After entering the ministry of the Baptist Church he continued his linguistic studies with unceasing assiduity, and so successful was he in the prosecution of that labour of love, which seems to have been a passion, that at one time he was able to speak thirteen languages! In 1846 he devoted himself to missionary work among the Indians of Nova Scotia. No small degree of success has crowned his efforts. "Mr. Rand," said Principal Grant, "has never lost faith in the Indians. He believes that the Indian is a man capable of progress here and of mortality hereafter. And he has lived to see great changes for the better in the material and social condition of the Micmacs and Malisets. When he began his work they were all in their primitive barbarism, with the vices of white men superadded; whereas many now live in houses, own property and schools, have the gospel and other books in their own language, partake of our civilization, and are inspired with our hopes." Mr. Rand, Principal Grant further remarked, "has made himself the authority on everything pertaining to the history, manners, customs, legends and language of the Malisets and Micmacs, and has studied also the Mohawk, Seneca and other dialects. He has translated the holy scriptures into Micmac, and has composed in the same language tracts, catechisms and hymns. He is at present completing a Micmac English dictionary, in which about 30,000 words are collected and arranged. Last session the Dominion Parliament recognized his services by giving a grant to enable him to publish this great work." In recognizing Mr. Rand's varied scholarship and self-sacrificing labours, by conferring upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity, Queen's University by thus honouring him has honoured itself. It is impossible to read of what has been accomplished among the Indians by him without admiring his character as a man, and to think of his attainments in the mastery of languages, and that, too, under circumstances at times the reverse of favourable for study, without being impressed with what can be accomplished by earnest, patient toil in the requirements of knowledge.

The Indians on the reserves in the Moose Mountain district have made a very successful effort to raise their grain. A short time ago the western reserve Indians took eight sleigh loads of wheat to the Pipestone mills to be ground into flour, and seemed to be jubilant over their success in this direction.—Beaufort Telegram.

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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

CHIEF P. E. JONES, M. D., Secy-Treas. Hagersville, Dec. 1885. Office of THE INDIAN

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