

that each man, woman and child then living would be apportioned eighty acres each,¹⁶ according to the number of Indians then belonging to his tribe.

"I and the others all understood exactly as you now explain. Further than that, the Governor also mentioned the amount of land each Indian would be entitled to when they picked their reserves next year. For myself, I can only occupy a small portion of the land my family would be entitled to, but I understand that all the land, regardless of the amount each family uses, will belong to the band and can be used by our children's children."

"You are quite right, William. I know the chief is a stubborn man but surely he is a man of his word. He has promised to abide by the agreement that all the other chiefs signed. He signed for his band and so did you."

"This thing will someday make trouble for us, mark my word," said William Bull, "for the man is not easily turned from his way, once he makes up his mind. I am afraid he will persist in claiming that the land was promised by the Governor, and many of our people will follow his lead. You and I both know differently but will the people believe us? Suppose they did, can we go against our chief?"

"Well, William, we will cross the bridge when we come to it. In the meantime, I do not think we should bother our heads about it. All the Governor promised, as I said before, was that he would bring his request to his superiors, and he also said that he was certain that they would refuse."

We were heavily loaded but by travelling early and late, we made good time. The weather remained clear and our stock stood up to the work. Our equipment did not give us any trouble or cause of delay. My iron bound cart proved an excellent improvement over the other all-wood carts.

My family was not yet home by the time we arrived at Whitefish, so we unloaded our carts and arranged to have my new horses taken care of. I caught up a fresh saddle horse and started out to meet the buffalo hunters.

I shot a black bear near where the village of Spedden is now situated. He was standing on his hind legs eating saskatoons on a side hill. He was bending the branches with his paws much as man would do. I shot him just behind the front legs in the body. He dropped and rolled almost to my horse's feet from about twenty-five steps away. The thick growth of grass had deadened the sound of my approach. It was a tempting shot but a foolish one. If our party were not on this side of the Saskatchewan, the meat would spoil before it could be used. I felt guilty of a crime against all the laws of prairie life — unwritten laws, but