

Eighty Years On The Plains

INSTALLMENT IV

By MARIE ROSE SMITH
10737 - 78th Ave., Edmonton, Alta.

CHAPTER VII

The Two Rebellions

FOR a long time, after the signing of the Treaties, the Red Man could not accustom himself to the White Man's civilization. He fretted in the close confines of his house on the Reserve, longing to roam the plains once again and erect his cozy Teepee.

It was not long before, among the young men of the tribes, a restlessness broke out which later was fanned into open rebellion. In fact, there were two rebellions, both of which were headed by a clever half-breed, Louis Riel, and these disturbances are the stories as told to me by my brother-in-law, George Ness, who endeavored, unsuccessfully, to reason with the young men of the tribe when he saw them headed toward destruction a second time.

It was the first rebellion of 1869 that brought Louis Riel a prominent place in the annals of history. He was a young man of twenty-five years, who had been educated at the College in St. Boniface, thus the Metis had great faith in him, for they felt that he now knew White Man's civilization and so could meet them on their own grounds. Their faith proved to be justified for Riel succeeded in securing for every half-breed a scrip of land—240 acres.

But Riel made a grave mistake when he permitted the shooting of Tom Scott. Six of Riel's soldiers were chosen for the firing squad; but one of them refused to be a member of such a party, which he declared was really murder and so removed the cap from his rifle before the command to fire was given. Every member of that squad was an expert marksman and at such close range could not have failed in his aim, yet of the five bullets fired, only one struck the victim. He fell to the ground, wounded.

Then one of their number, named Guilmette, stepped forward, drew his pistol and shot Scott in the head where he lay on the ground. The bullet entered the upper part of Scott's cheek and came out through the nose. While still living, he was placed in a rough board coffin. The lid was fastened down and a soldier placed on guard.

From noon until late that night, the wounded man lay in the box moaning and was heard distinctly to say, "For God's sake, either take me out of here, or kill me."

Before midnight, Lepine, one of Riel's men, removed the lid and with a butcher knife finished him, exclaiming as he returned the lid to its place, "The D— traitor won't talk again."

For this deed, Scott's friends searched for the leader, Riel, and would have lynched him, but he narrowly escaped and crossed the American border. Here he made himself a home, married and was teaching school, when unrest again seized the Red Men, later fomenting into open rebellion, for the second time.

This second rebellion, is known in History as The North West Rebellion of 1885. My brother-in-law, an Englishman

by birth, was at this time a Justice of the Peace and living in Batoche, Saskatchewan.

In the previous year the half-breeds began a series of meetings, discussing their rights and acknowledging their fear of White Man's law. When George heard of these gatherings, he attended them and said, "Brothers, you can't buck the White Man's government, it is of no use to try. They are the Great White Mother's servants; you are her children. Let us send a message to the Great Teepee."

So they sent their petitions to the government at Ottawa asking for the Indian's right to hunt in the great open plains. But no reply came!

The famous Gabriel Dumont, with a few others, said, "We will stir up something; we will make them take notice of us." So they decided to cross into Montana and get Louis Riel, to help them again to secure their independent rights.

At first Riel refused to come back into Canada. He and his family were living comfortably near his little school house, but with the incessant pleadings of his people and his interest in seeing the half-breed retain his rights, he listened to them, and accompanied them back.

At first their only desire was to win through negotiations. Governors Forget and Dewdney were anxious to settle the difficulties before trouble occurred, but now, having gone so far, and not getting any of their terms settled, they were willing to go the whole way, even unto death.

The half-breeds were represented by Charlie Nolin, and several others. Nolin had no knowledge of half-breed ways, still he was chosen speaker with the result that the Metis ignorantly took up arms against the government.

The rest of the story is history. For this and especially the cruel slaying of Tom Scott in the first rebellion, Riel was hung in Regina on November 16, 1885. He walked to his death unafraid, assisted by Rev. Father Andree, O.M.I. Bishop Tache had been very fond of Riel and had known his family well at St. Vital, so in their honor, he gave their rebel son a Christian burial.

Story of Almighty Voice

In this chapter, I would like to tell the story of another brave, but misguided In-



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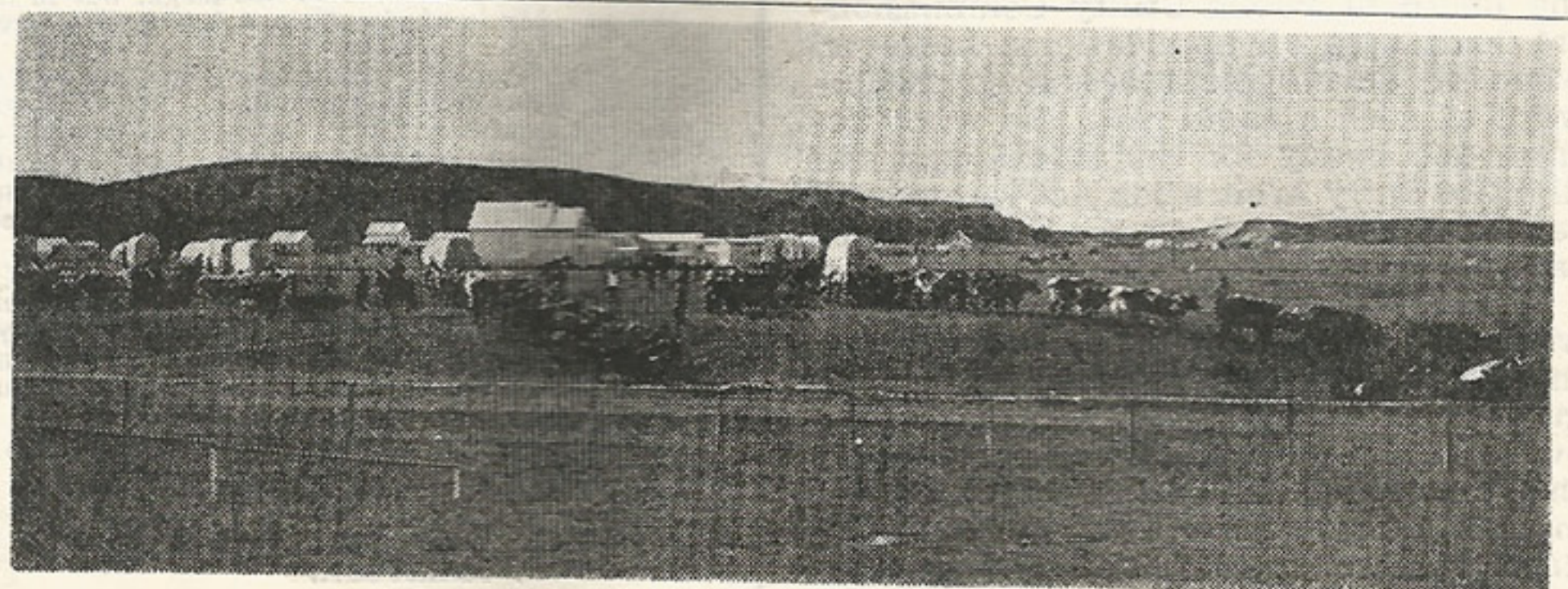
dian, who also ran afoul of the law. His is one of the most interesting tales told around the winter camp fire. This was Ka - kee - man - i - tow - wayo, known in history as Almighty Voice, who only asked for what he thought was rightly his, food for his family.

Almighty Voice first went to the Indian Agent and asked for meat. His little boy was hungry, crying for food, but the agent failed to heed him.

"If you don't give my child meat," he threatened, "I'll get it myself. You kill our buffalo, now I kill your cow." It was still difficult, in 1895, to keep the Red Man within the White Man's law, but when the word reached the agent's ear that Almighty Voice had carried out his threat, the police were sent to bring the man in for trial.

When Almighty Voice heard that the police were looking for him, he went into hiding from place to place to escape capture. Then he made his big mistake, for he shot and killed a police officer and declared as long as his ammunition lasted he was going to use it.

Many times he had no food. He reasoned that if he used his ammunition to get food, then he lessened his chances to defend himself against his enemies. For several months, while the police scoured the country round for hundreds of miles,



Showing bull teams at Standoff about 1878.

Almighty Voice lay low, he and his two companions.

All summer a keen watch was kept in the neighborhood of the Indian Reserve. The Indians never showed themselves near their own people. They had a large country to roam over and not before the second year were they caught in a bluff of quite thickly timbered land.

Almighty Voice and his two companions fought like warriors, though they were hungry and getting quite short of ammunition. Poor mother of Almighty Voice was sitting on a hill, singing her war song, to encourage her boy to die like a Brave. At last his two friends beside him were killed.

"I have but one shot left, come and get me," he shouted to the police. Shortly after, the police heard one shot and then no more. All night they lay watching, but by morning, having heard nothing more from the Indian's hiding place, they crept carefully to the line of brush; and there lay Almighty Voice, shot through the head by his own rifle.

Another Fugitive

Almighty Voice was a good Indian according to Indian standards. He shot for food and protection only. But there was another type of Indian—the bad young man, Charcoal—who gave the police nearly as bad a time as Almighty Voice.

On October 13, 1896, Charcoal killed another Indian—Medicine Pipe Stem, on the Reserve—and threatened to kill, also, the Indian Agent of the Government.

A week later, Charcoal went to Little Pine's Lodge and told him he had killed Medicine Pipe Stem. Little Pine wanted to arrest Charcoal at once but could not do so without assistance, so he went to see some friends and ask for aid. In the meantime Charcoal had disappeared, taking with him his family of four squaws and two children. After searching for several days, the posse concluded that Charcoal and his family had made for the mountains to hide, so the chase began in earnest. Some of the posse followed the Belly River, others going in different directions.

To several members of one party, a settler reported that while loading timber in the mountains, an Indian stole his coat. The police thought they must therefore be on the right trail. After several days' searching, they sighted the killer's Teepee in a deep valley, pitched in a dense wood of pine trees surrounded by mountains. Though the police were very careful not to show themselves, still Charcoal learned that they were near and fired several shots to scare them away. Then with two squaws and one child he ran deeper into the fastnesses of the mountains, leaving the other two squaws and one child behind.

The chase lasted many weeks, and the settlers were very excited while the murderer was at large. From the mountains he fled to the Porcupine Hills by night, calling on farmers en route for food.

At last word was brought that he was camping on Beaver Creek, near the Peigan agency, and again they trailed him to the Blood Reserve. Sergeant Wilde, in charge at Pincher Creek, organized a party to search the Dry Fork country. Soon they sighted Charcoal on the north fork of the Kootenay River. He was riding a pony, bare back, and leading another to pack his provisions and blankets. Sergeant Wilde was too daring in his attempt to capture the criminal.

He rode up to Charcoal, reached over and laid his hand upon him. The Indian

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swerved around and fired. Sergeant Wilde fell, and the Indian rode on a few yards, but soon turned and riding back to the fallen policeman, shot him a second time; he then took the Sergeant's horse, gun and ammunition and made off.

Free again, he once more made for the mountains, but the posse was now increased by several times its original number, even the Indian Scouts joining their white brothers.

At last, being so hotly pursued, there was no rest, no time for food, so he made for the camp of his relatives. But they were afraid of him, and taking his gun they sent word to the nearest police post, and in a short time Charcoal was safely chained in a prison cell. He was tried and paid the penalty of death.

CHAPTER V

My Courtship and Marriage

I was still young when my father died and mother once again settled on the

farm on White Horse Plains. This land was the heritage of my younger brother, though mother was to have the use of the land as long as she needed it to rear her family. However, two years later she married again, and being used to life on the trail, she and step-father, Gervais, decided to freight for the Hudson's Bay Company, taking my two brothers and baby sister with them, but entering sister Liza and me at St. Boniface boarding school.

Mother had twenty Red River carts, a democrat and thirty head of horses. Their route took them to the North West Territories as far as what is now Edmonton, and after delivering their freight of merchandise and groceries, they wintered near an Indian Encampment, where they thought the trapping would be profitable. They also bought furs and hides from the Indians and in the Spring, laden with their

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34

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80 YEARS ON THE PLAINS

(Continued from Page 213)

own precious cargo they returned to Winnipeg and rejoiced the hearts of two lonesome, homesick girls.

Four years at St. Boniface Convent taught Liza and me to read and write both French and English; we already could speak the Cree tongue, and during my eighty years I have kept the three languages as my modes of expression.

But now mother thought we were old enough to help with the work on the trail, so we said good-bye to school and our good teachers. Let me pause right here to pay tribute to the memory of my mother, who, even though many lonely tears were shed by her little girls, so much enriched our lives with the education we received.

The second year, after coming out from Convent, we started as usual on our western trek. After several days of travel, we caught up with a trader named Charlie Smith, a big, raw-boned Norwegian, of very fair complexion. From the size of his outfit—carts and horses—we knew him to be a "big trader". He had four riders working for him, but during the night several horses had strayed away, and he was now waiting until the riders found them and brought them back to camp.

Trader Smith always carried with him a good supply of liquor—and, I must confess, more than his "permit" called for. Here we stopped for dinner, and afterwards Trader Smith invited my parents over to taste his liquid refreshments, with the result that we camped here all night.

Two days previously, my step-father had killed a young bear, and Charlie Smith was glad to buy half of the meat from him. He was anxious that we stay in camp until his riders returned, but since this part of the country was very bushy, my parents feared the men would be a long time in locating the animals, and it was necessary that they go on with their freight.

The next morning, while Liza and I were helping to hitch the horses to the carts, Trader Smith came round and helped me with my work; talking to me he said, "You're Marie Rose?" but I wouldn't answer him, and then on glancing upward into his face, I felt his eyes burn into mine, which made me lower my gaze quickly, and thence after to try and avoid him, but he still persisted in helping me to hitch the horses to the rest of the carts.

He was twice as old as I was, yet I knew from that glance that we were destined to meet again.

"Where are you making your winter quarters," he asked father Gervais, but of course he couldn't tell him, for we never knew just where the greatest Indian camps would be and the best places for trading.

Our Winter Home

We usually roamed around the prairie for three or four weeks, killing buffaloes for our winter supply of meat, and then, choosing a suitable place we settled down for the winter.

As I said before, there would be several families wintering together, so all set to work cutting logs, putting up shacks and plastering them with mud and hay. The windows and doors were of parchment, made from fawn skins, which were scraped very clean of hair and flesh and

then stretched very, very thin. This made very good doors and windows.

The fireplace was also made of mud and hay. Turf was used for roofing, so when all took a hand in building, it didn't take long to build the winter quarters.

After saying good-bye to Charlie Smith, we continued with our freight. Nothing of interest happened along the trail, so after delivering the cart loads of merchandise, and when we had shot sufficient buffalo meat, we made camp alongside "Trail Creek," that runs out of Buffalo Lake, south east of Lacombe. Today this camp site is known at the town of Nevis. We were some distance from Bear Hills which now is the Cree Indian Reserve near Hobbema.

But that good-bye was not farewell to Charlie Smith. "There," he told himself,

"is the girl I must have for my wife." So he determined to follow after us.

"See anything of a trader named Gervais?" he asked the first trail rider he met. "Big outfit, got two girls just out from Convent?"

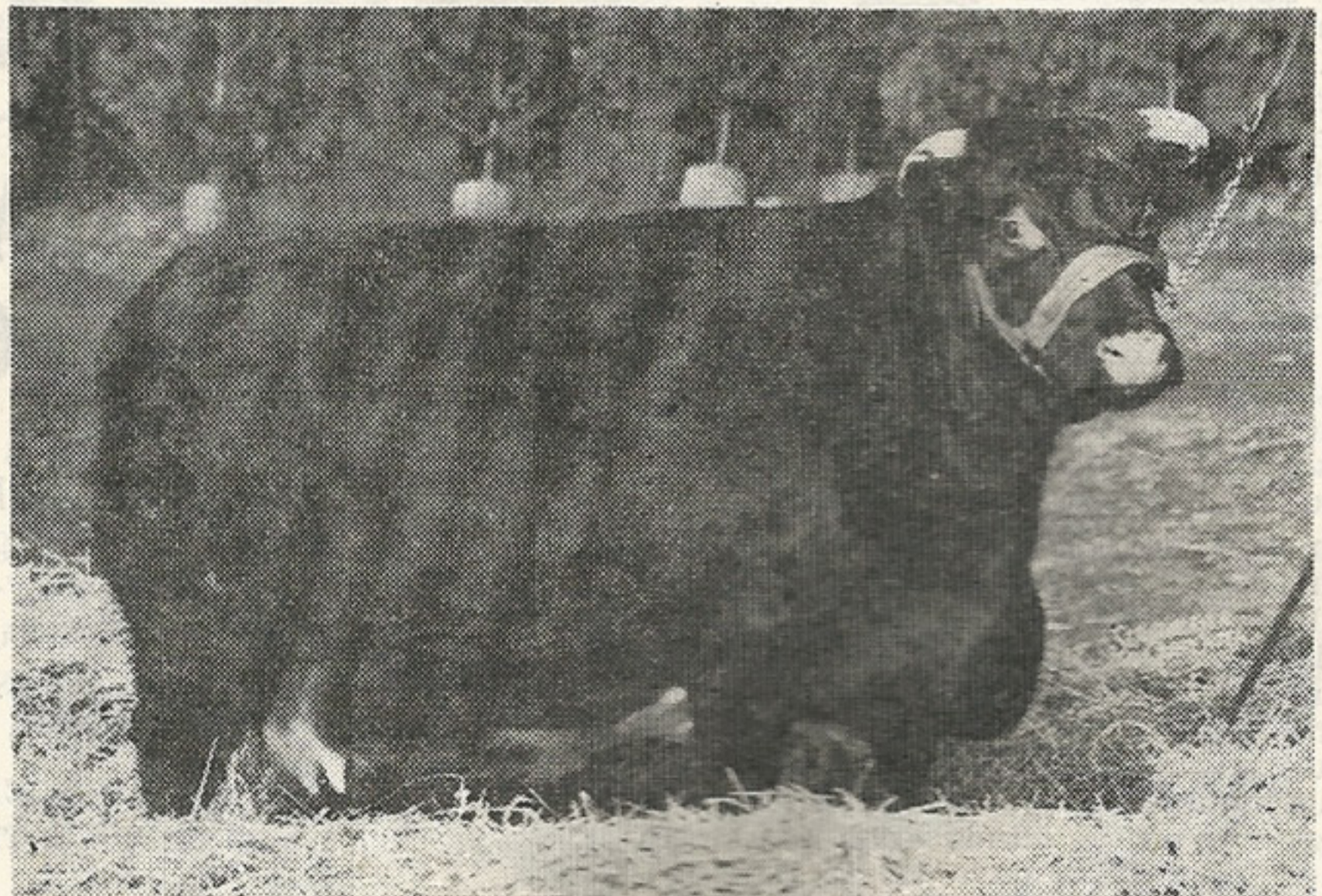
"Yes, they're on the Edmonton Trail," answered the horseman. So the Smith outfit continued on their way. Again and again the question was repeated of each rider he met, until one evening a tall, raw-boned, lanky Norwegian called halt to his riders and the old Bear Hills looked down on the beginning of another age-old romance.

At the age of twelve, Charlie Smith left his home to try his fortune as a sailor, running into many perilous adventures on the sea and in foreign parts, until he finally settled as a rancher in the

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beautiful foothills of the majestic Rocky Mountains beside a small, but noble, stream that gathered its waters from many mountain streams.

Here, too, perils stalked him when trading with the Indians, for he often ran afoul of them, as the many scars on his body testify, and after one of these encounters he was left with a crippled arm.

Finally, as the railway edged its way westward, but still far on the eastern horizon, he decided to "take up" land and after scouring the country from north to south he chose a homestead in a sheltered spot on the banks of Pincher Creek as it winds its way out of the foothills.

To this place he brought, travelling overland, 250 head of cattle, from Montana. This homestead soon came to be known as "Jug Handle Ranch," from the brand on the neck of the cattle. The loose skin was cut and left hanging like a handle, or lug of a jug, and the owner was often known or called by his brand.

To all, friends or foes, neighbors or strangers, there was a welcome here, at day or night, and though I was often tired or angry at the extra work involved, yet no one ever left the place hungry, whether he be White man or Indian.

But to go back to our winter quarters, on Trail Creek, when Trader Smith was hunting for the camp of freighter Gervais, who was travelling with two daughters just out from Convent. Near these winter quarters was another village, about two miles away, where we often went to church.

One evening Liza and I, with our adopted Sioux brother, walked to service and to our surprise Trader Smith, riding in a flat sleigh, his horse prettily decorated with tinkling bells, caught up with us.

"Nice evening for a walk," he called, "but you had better step into the sleigh".

None of us answered him, but kept right on, walking a little faster, perhaps, and looking straight ahead.

"Going to church?" he asked, keeping even with us; but still no answer.

Not discouraged, he stabled his horse in the town and waited for the church service to finish. On our return journey, when we were still a mile from home, we met Charlie Smith again and this time he joined us in walking.

As we neared the house, the three of us hurried real fast, and then Charlie caught hold of me, saying something. I was so frightened I knew not what his words were, but just cried out, "Yes, yes, let me go!" Whereupon he kissed me and loosed his hold. I ran like a wild antelope trying to catch up with my sister and brother before they entered the house.

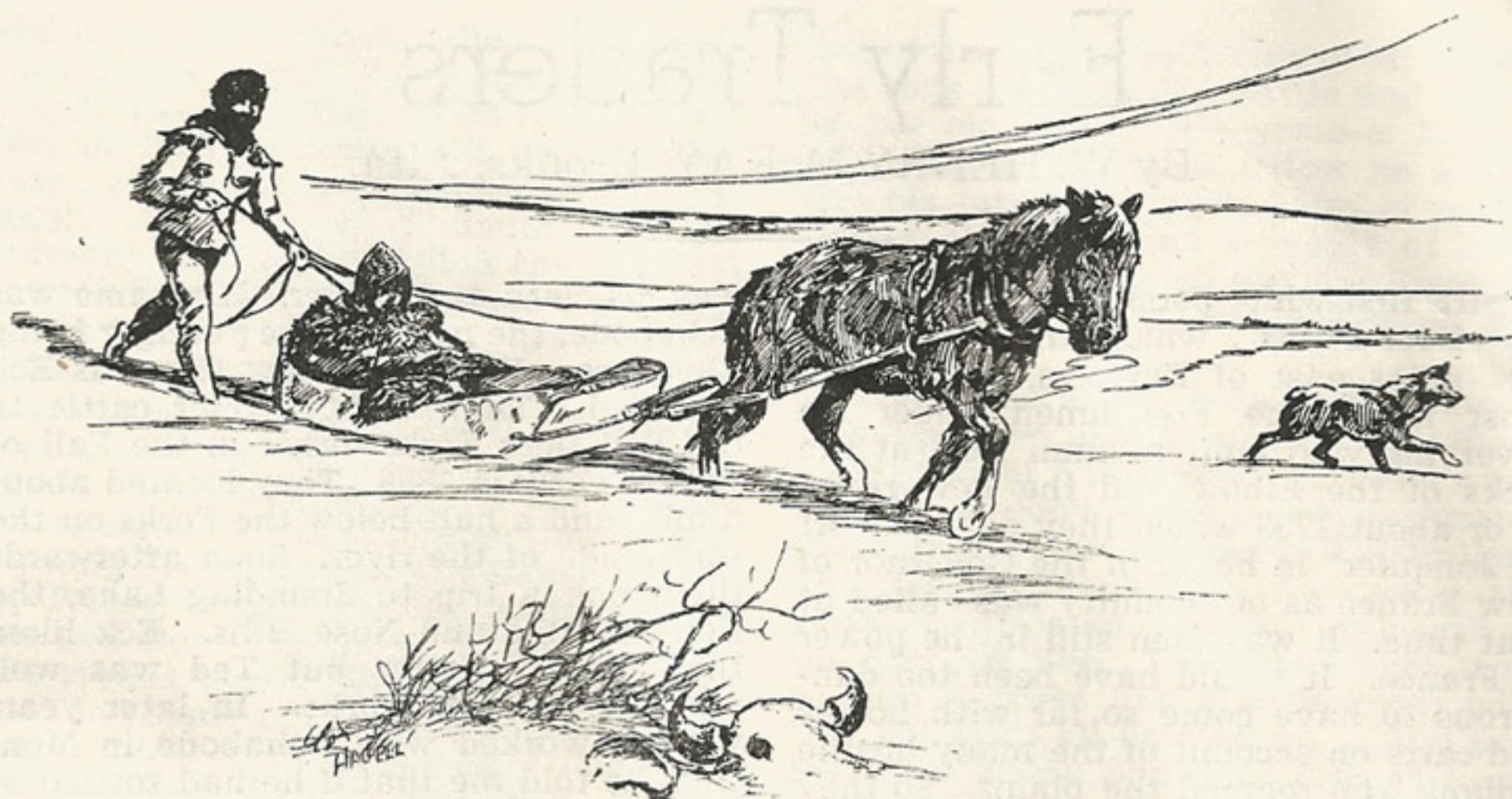
I was still trembling from fear as we entered the doorway, for we girls were not allowed alone with men—and mother, noticing, said, "What is the matter?"

"Oh, say, Mother," I cried, "you know that white man, Charlie Smith, well he grabbed me and began to talk."

"What did Mo-ni-ash (white man) say?" she asked.

"I don't know," I cried again, "I just kept saying, 'Yes, yes, let me go!' But first he kissed me."

So ended my courting days. Fleet as a bird. For the next day, this big Norwegian trader, with his flat sleigh and jingling harness, drove up to our house.



By flat sleigh to St. Albert for her marriage to Charlie Smith in 1877.

He was warmly greeted by my mother and step-father.

There was much pleasant conversation between the three, and then Smith asked my mother for permission to marry me. As she looked surprise he said, "I asked her yesterday, and she said, 'Yes'."

"But I didn't know what he was saying," I shouted at them. That made no difference. It was settled between my parents and Charlie right then and Charlie gave my mother a present of Fifty Dollars. Was I not then sold for that sum?

After Charlie left, mother called me to her, "Come here, Marie Rose, you promised to marry that man, for he said so." But I could only repeat, "No, mother, I never did. I just said, 'Yes, yes,' to let me go! No, no, mother, I don't want to get married." I tried over and over again to explain, but it was useless. She would only say, "Since you promised the man, you must marry him."

So I, a little girl of sixteen years, was forced into a marriage with a man twenty years my senior, and of whom I knew nothing.

Since Charlie was a Protestant, the local Priest could not marry us, so we must go to Edmonton; thence to St. Albert where the Bishop resided.

Journey to Edmonton

The very next week, preparations were made for the trip north. Charlie Smith

furnished all the necessary things for the journey. Three flat sleighs and horses, with drivers.

I doubt if many of you know what flat sleighs are. The traders made them themselves. First they took two very wide boards and soaked one end of each in boiling water, until they could be curved upwards, much like a toboggan. In the meantime, buffalo hide, which had been scraped clean of all meat and hair, was soaked in water until it became very pliable. The hide was then stretched into long sheets, about two or three feet wide, and dried. It was then very tough and hard as wood. In this stage, the hide was placed around the sleigh to form the front and two sides.

(I have never seen the remains of these flat sleighs anywhere, for when summer came, the traders just left them where they were on the prairie, and next year made new ones.)

It was three of these flat sleighs that Charlie provided, for the wedding group, complete with horses and decorated harness, but the bridegroom himself, rode horseback.

The snow was unusually deep that year in February, 1877. It took us three days to reach St. Albert. I, the bride, had a sleigh all to myself, with a driver. On starting on this trip, I was carried from the house to the vehicle and well

(Continued on Page 220)

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80 YEARS ON THE PLAINS (Continued from Page 217)

wrapped in buffalo robes. Any time we halted and made camp, I wasn't allowed from my cozy seat, until the men dug away the snow, pitched the Teepee and had the fire burning brightly. Then I was carried in; but I didn't enjoy all this attention.

I would rather have been out playing in the deep snow with my brothers and sisters. To such an extent was obedience enforced among the Traders' children.

So I was married by the Rev. Bishop Grandin to a man I hardly knew, much less loved, and who seemed so old to a child of sixteen, one who had travelled over many seas and visited many countries, while I was but a prairie child.

That year was the most unhappy one of all my life. Day after day I went away by myself and cried; surely God would perform some miracle in my behalf. But for the fact that my parents travelled with us all that summer and I could still be with my brothers and sister, I fear I could not have endured my married life, for when night came and I was alone with my stranger husband, alone in a camp of our own, such fear seized me, that I bound my clothes about me with raw hide ropes.

"Beat her into submission," was the advice given to my husband. But Charlie was patient and determined to win me through love.

Finally when we settled on the ranch at Pincher Creek, we had two boys (one born in Montana and one in Winnipeg) and Jug Handle Ranch was the birthplace of our other fifteen children. This family of seventeen children, was a heavy responsibility for which to provide food, clothing, medicine—with the nearest doctor, for many years, being no nearer than Macleod, 30 miles away.

Overland to Winnipeg

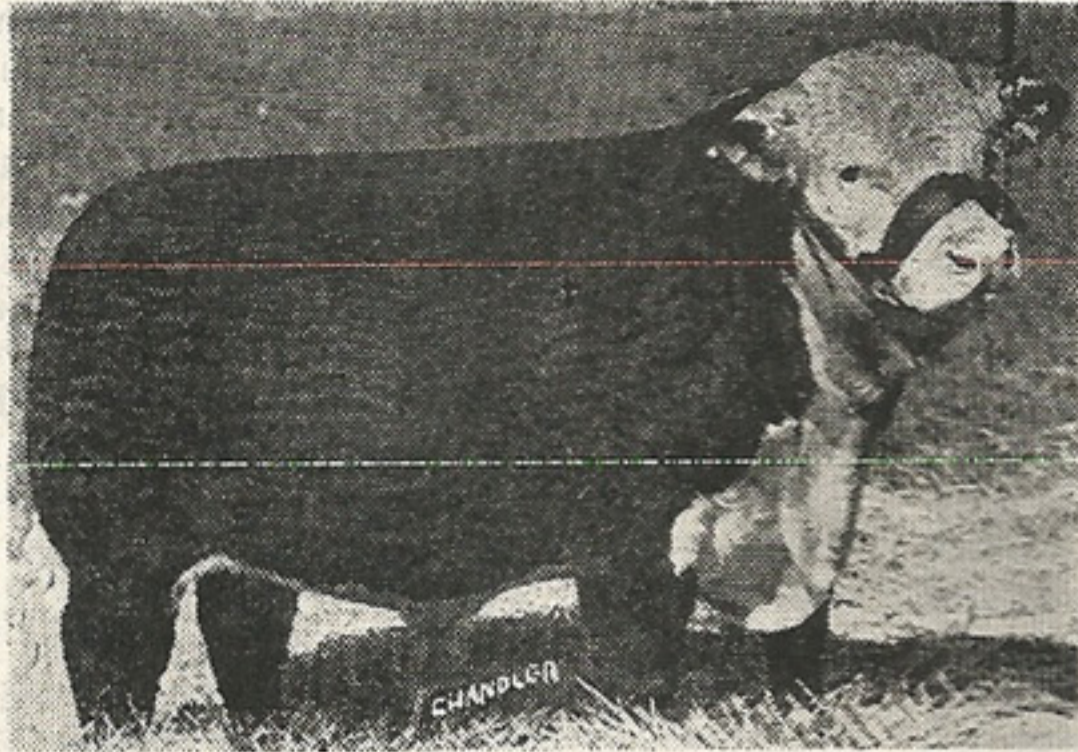
Shortly after settling on the ranch, in fact, in 1882, there was a boom in real estate in Winnipeg. We had, working for us that year, a man named Jack Bruce, a Scotchman. He had property in Winnipeg and when the word spread about the boom, he offered Charlie One Thousand Dollars to take him there. That was on April 10th.

The snow was very deep, but they took the buckboard to carry their bedding and cooking utensils, which consisted of a frying pan and teakettle. One horse drew this light load, while two others were tied behind. They were gone all summer, and I was left behind with my three boys and a hired man to look after the cattle and horses. He was a good worker and planted for us a good-sized garden.

But it was lonesome with only my small children, and when the hired man began to get "fresh" and wanted to kiss me, I knew I would rather suffer hardships on the trail than be subjected to the ugly attentions of this hireling.

Thus I made ready for the trip, heading toward Winnipeg, with a covered democrat, five head of horses, a tent, the necessary clothing and food enough to last until I would meet my husband, somewhere on his route back.

But the children and I were not alone. A neighbor, Mrs. McGilliss, with her son and daughter, were going to the Cypress Hills and we went along together. There was also an elderly man, Joe Brown, also starting for Winnipeg, and as he was a



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good fiddler, it made a pleasant addition to our party.

Everything went well for about a week, when one morning Joe announced, "I believe there are some Indians following us. I saw moccasin tracks when I went after the horses this morning."

We were now near Fort Walsh, so we made an early camp that evening in order that we might tidy ourselves before going to visit our friends at the Fort.

By morning, excitement ran through our little company as we prepared to set out for the Fort. Mrs. McGilliss boiled the kettle while Joe went after the horses. Then came our big disappointment, for we saw Joe returning, carrying with him the hobbles which had been cut from our horses' feet. The Indians had made off with all the animals except Molly, an old brown mare. Joe owned but one saddle horse, a beautiful roan mare, that was to him like an only child, so he vowed vengeance to the thieving Red Skins. It was a sad group that sat down to breakfast.

It was an angry Joe Brown who rode into Fort Walsh, that morning, to hire horses that we might use to move us into town. After seeing us settled at the Fort,

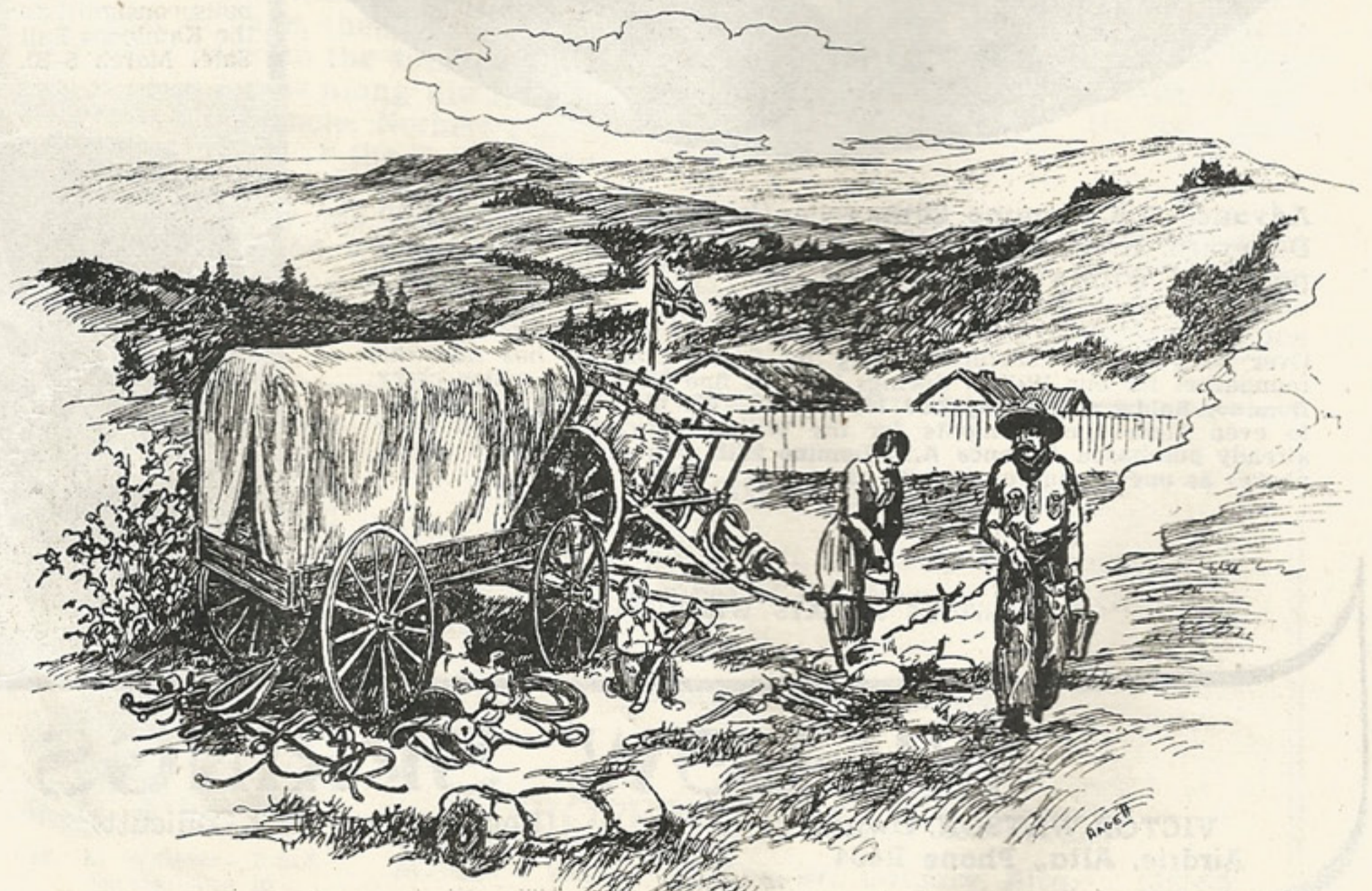
Joe secured a saddle pony and announced, "You'll not see me coming back until I'm driving every critter before me that them hoss thieves stole."

Day by day we waited, looking toward the Montana border for Joe to return. Our food supply was getting scarce, and I had brought but little cash with me. A month we waited, a month watching the sky lines for our rider's return.

While to the south, on a lower road, there drove a man in a buckboard, his spirits rising, for he thought he would soon see his wife and three babies. What a happy reunion he looked forward to, little realizing that a few miles across country was a little family on its way to meet him on the Winnipeg trail.

We had no mail by which we could communicate with one another, so at the end of the month, when Joe returned, bringing with him his own beautiful horse, three of mine and four of Mrs. McGilliss', we again started on our way east, and hoping to meet my husband on the trail very soon.

Before we left Fort Walsh Joe said, "How much money you got?" I



We camped at Old Fort Walsh until our horses were recovered.

answered laughingly, "Only Five Dollars."

"Well, we can't go far on that," he exclaimed. Of course, Joe had his gun, and like all pioneers of his day, he was a good shot, so we had plenty of game for food. I knew as soon as I met Charlie there would be plenty of money, and anyway, even if we had to go the whole way to Winnipeg, I could get the money my father had bequeathed to me.

But our immediate need was money, right away, and as luck favored us, I met an old Indian Trader, who knew my father years ago. When he learned of our plight he lent me Twenty Dollars, happy to be of use to us.

Now we continued our journey, by way of Batoche, where my mother's family lived. Liza, now Mrs. George Ness, decided to come along with us and get her inheritance that lay in trust for her in Winnipeg.

She brought her two very small girls with her. We parted company with Mrs. McGilliss, and now my sister with her children, I, with my little ones and Joe Brown set out again. Liza brought her own democrat and two horses.

When we left Batoche, spring was well on the way and the trail was very wet and muddy. Day after day I expected to meet Charlie and wondered what was keeping him so long, and when the wagons sank into the mud traps up to the hubs, and the horses got mired, the children became tired and began to cry, how I longed for Charlie's help and the chance to cast the whole burden on to him!

The streams were swollen with the melting snow and the fords were swift, but in time we arrived at the end of steel, near Flat Creek, after a slow and difficult journey.

"Look here," said Joe, "you women better get into the train caboose, and go to Winnipeg by rail. I'll bring the horses and democrats."

Glad to change our mode of travel, we were delighted to do as he suggested, and the day being warm we left all the blankets and pillows in the wagons. Little did we know what travelling in a caboose meant.

There were no seats in such a car, so we had to sit on the floor, and would you believe it, **that train didn't leave until next morning.** What a night that was! Our little ones, cold and hungry, cried all night without ceasing. Five little tired bodies and two distracted, weeping mothers.

There was sleep for none of us. But, oh, how lucky we were that the styles of 1877 called for shirred, full-length skirts and several of them. There was but one thing to do, spread our skirts on the floor, lay our children upon them and cuddle together for warmth. How hard and cold the floor was that night! And uncomfortable, for we couldn't move, as changing our position only dragged the skirts off the children. But morning came at last and the train started its journey to Winnipeg.

On our arrival we went to the Hotel McTavish, and stayed until Joe Brown appeared with our camping outfit. We pitched our tent, rested for a few days and then went to visit Grandfather

Urbain Delorme, in the Parish of St. Francois Xavier, near White Horse Plains.

We visited Grandfather two days, thence back to Winnipeg. Since father had left quite a good estate, and the money had been put in trust in the bank for us children, we went across the river to St. Boniface and with the kind permission of Archbishop Tache, the executor of father's will, we drew what money we needed from the bank. We also visited the farm left to my youngest brother and how glad he was to see us.

But all this time we saw nothing of Charlie, so I began to enquire around and soon found that my husband had left for the west some time before. Well, there was nothing I could do except to retrace my steps westward.

I at once bought a well-matched team of brown mares, that were real quiet, and as soon as Liza got her money, too, we set out again for the western plains.

We arrived back at Batoche during harvesting time. My step-father was busy cutting his wheat, so I stayed at home about two weeks.

"I hate to see you travel back alone," worried mother; then to her husband said, "How about going along with Marie Rose to the west?"

"Good," he replied.

It was a treat, indeed, to have them with me. On their part they wanted to see the country where Charlie and I had settled.

On arrival at Pincher Creek we were greeted by a big snow storm (though it didn't stay long on the ground) and drew our horses to a stop at the home of the happiest husband that the west has ever seen.

Clutching hold of me he would exclaim, "Mary, Mary, I nearly went crazy!" Then he told me how he walked the floor at nights, imagining all sorts of things. "You and the children gone," he cried. "If I closed my eyes I saw a picture of you and the young ones murdered, or perhaps even worse! Don't ever do that again!"

It took Charlie a long time before he could drive from his mind the awful nightmares that had beset him so long, for he had arrived home so shortly after I had left. (You remember I told you it was while we were waiting for Joe Brown to bring back the stolen horses to Fort Walsh, that Charlie passed by on the lower trail.)

Establish Ranch Operations

I want to take you back now to the year 1879, when we went to Montana, "following the Treaties." This was an expression used by the fur-traders, who followed the Government agents into Indian territory, as they paid the treaty money to the Indians. The traders obtained money easily from the Indians at such times, for any merchandise they had to sell, and Charlie decided to use the wealth he thus acquired for purchasing livestock and become a rancher.

By this time the buffalo had become quite scarce and fur-trading had lost its glamor. So we settled for the winter in Missoula, Montana, a well-populated town, in a pretty valley near the mountains.

Every open range had its farm home, was well stocked with cattle and was the

Saskatchewan BULL PREMIUM POLICY

In 1948, the Saskatchewan Department of Agriculture began providing financial assistance to the pure bred breed clubs and associations in the province for grading their bulls before marketing or selling. Voluntary applications for assistance resulted in 250 bulls graded in the three beef breeds.

Commencing April 1, 1949, a premium will be paid to the purchaser of a pure bred bull graded under this plan. The premium will be paid only on bulls that have been graded either "A" or "B" or such grade designation as may be set up by the breed club concerned to describe the two top grades. The top grade will be suitable for use in pure bred herds and the second grade will designate good commercial herd sires. A higher premium will be paid on a top grade than on a second grade.

For further information, apply to your Agricultural Representative or the Live Stock Branch, Department of Agriculture, Regina, Saskatchewan.

SASKATCHEWAN DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

HON. I. C. NOLLET,
Minister

M. E. HARTNETT,
Deputy Minister

C. E. BEVERIDGE,
Live Stock Commissioner

most populous looking ranch country we had visited. Charlie rented a house and furnished it, then during the winter visited the different ranches, buying what cattle he could, but making arrangements for the ranchers to feed the stock until the spring.

He obtained the pick of the herds, paying an option on each deal. Thus we became acquainted with many friendly neighbors and spent a happy winter there. With the coming of spring, Charlie and his man rode from ranch to ranch, gathering what stock was his and drove them

(Continued on Page 224)

80 YEARS ON THE PLAINS

(Continued from Page 221)

into Canada and his home at Pincher Creek.

But the travelling was slow. Cows were calving along the road and there was milking to be done. At that time of year game was plentiful, swarms of wild fowl were moving north, and the lakes and ponds were black with feathered visitors. The beating of their wings, when rising from the water sounded like distant thunder. There were swans, grey geese, waxies, pelicans, ducks and sand-hill cranes in untold numbers. Prairie chickens, too, were plentiful and coveys of this grand game bird were everywhere.

Sometimes it is difficult to convince new arrivals that so much wild life was formerly in evidence and when one claims to have seen acres of ground literally covered with waxies and grey geese, their look of unbelief is far from flattering.

Our first home in Pincher was a long, one-room house. At one end I had a hammock, made of two ropes of raw-hide, with blankets and pillows placed between the ropes as a bed for my baby. I scarcely had time to pick my babies up, even to nurse them, but would stand beside the high hammock until the baby nursed his fill, then covering my breast and giving the rope a push, I went about my work while the swinging cradle lulled the baby to sleep.

I also used an Indian baby bag to wrap my newborn babies in. Three times a day, my baby was unwrapped from his bag, and when he felt the freedom about his legs and arms, how he did stretch! This was his exercising period, and he enjoyed it for perhaps an hour each time.

In the morning after the daily bath, the baby looked forward to being wrapped up in his bag again and placed in his swinging hammock. I should tell you about the moss I used in my Indian baby bag. I bought it from the Northern Indians, and mother taught me to heat it in a frying pan, so if there were any insects hidden in the moss they would be driven out or killed. So much for my babies! Now I am going to tell you about another foolish trip I went upon alone, except for the three little ones.

After settling on the ranch, so far from neighbors, I grew lonesome for the sight of another woman. One day I announced to my husband, "Charlie," I said, "I want to go to the head of Mill Creek and visit Mrs. Boone."

There was a crew of men cutting logs at the head of Mill Creek, in the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, and Baptiste Boone and his wife were part of this crew. I knew Mrs. Boone would welcome me and looked forward to a day of pleasure.

"Sure, Mary," he answered, "but you don't know the road."

"I'll just follow the wagon tracks," I replied, for I was determined to go. "Give me a gentle team and I'll be alright."

Charlie never refused me any request, so I prepared for my wild trip, packing a lunch for the children and heading westward.

The trail was very plain to follow when I started out, but soon grew very dim. To be sure I was on the right trail, I stopped the team again and again, tied

them to a tree and hunted about to see if there were any clearer tracks. This continued until late afternoon and still I saw no sign of another human being, and fear that I had lost my way, took hold of me, for my trail now led through fallen timber.

I tried to hurry the horses, for night was beginning to overtake me and it was becoming cold. I had no wraps for the children, save a blanket and pillow for the baby. By now my way led up one steep hill and down another—as we went further into the foothills—until at last we reached one very steep slope which I was afraid to descend.

I was really scared by this time; I was afraid to go forward, still I was afraid to go back. The hill in front of us was like the sides of a teepee, and I dared not risk the lives of my babies. Darkness kept creeping on. I must hurry!

Taking the children out of the wagon, I set them upon the hilltop and alone guided the horses down that awful incline, not for a moment daring to think what would happen to those children up there if I failed to reach the bottom, right side up. But heaven was with me! At the bottom I tied the horses to a tree and scrambled up the hill again. Taking my baby in my arms, and encouraging my five- and seven-year-old boys to follow closely, we slid and rolled to the base.

Now I really was in a dilemma! There were no tracks out of that place, and a single horse trail. But this was not the time to sit and wail. I unhitched the team, and led them a little distance away and again tied them to a tree. I lifted the children back into the wagon, gave them sandwiches and doughnuts and warned them not to move or fight while I was gone.

Down the single trail I ran and ran! Then in front of me loomed another hill which I must climb. At the top I again found a dim trail. It was getting darker and darker; I was running farther and farther away from my babies along that trail.

Fear lent wings to my flying feet as through brush and twigs and swamp I ran. The mud sucked off one of my slippers, but I dare not take time to stop for it. To encourage myself I repeated over and over, "It can't be far now, it can't be". But I was lost, and knew not in which direction was the Mill Camp nor where I had left the children; still I ran on.

At last, breathless, flushed, and crying, I stumbled into camp, with breath enough

WOODLANDS HEREFORDS

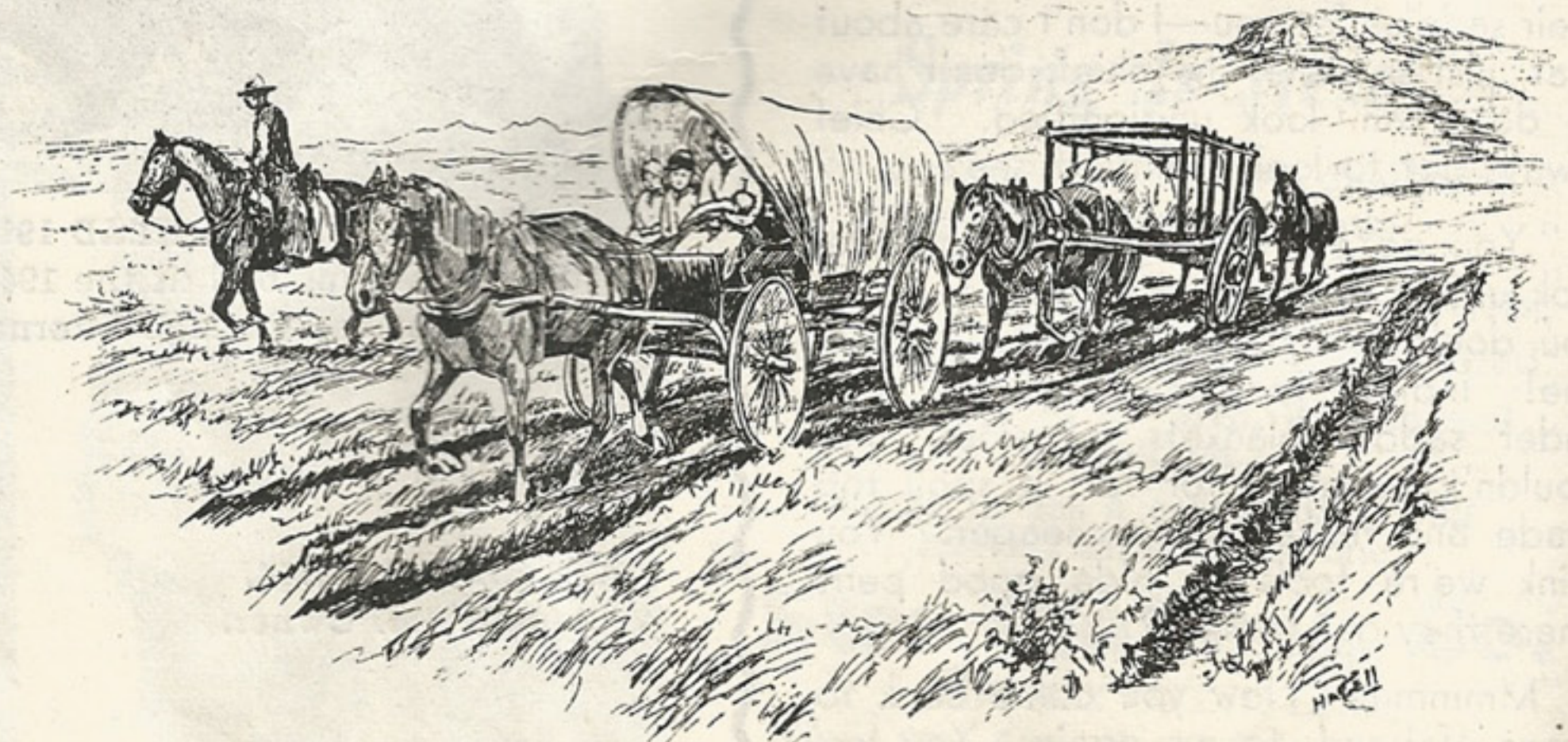
We will have five bulls at the Regina Sale, one **Domino** and four sired by **Bocaldo Mischief 189**. This bull sired the Senior Champion, Junior Champion, Reserve Grand and Grand Champion at the 1948 Regina Sale.

Visitors always welcome at the ranch.

W. N. Catley & Sons

CRAVEN

SASK.



Pincher Creek to Winnipeg before the railroad.

again, gathered tightly in my arms, an awful picture rose up before my thoughts, of what might have been, for Mr. Boone had found tracks of a bear around that wagon!

The following day we awoke to a white world. Snow had fallen silently in the night, so I was held at the mill for two weeks, but when I left for home I did not go alone. The Boones now showed me where I had taken the wrong trail from the beginning. After these two mishaps Charlie never let me go away alone again.

Even though Charlie went with me, I still ran into difficulties. In 1905, Mr. Gillingham owned a store near the Old Man River. I had made three dozen pairs of buckskin gloves and wished to take them to this store to trade for groceries. It was a lovely morning in September, and fortunately this time, we had left the children at home. We enjoyed our drive in; everything was so peaceful and still and warm.

Mr. Gillingham insisted that we put our team in his barn and stay with him for dinner. He had married a Japanese and they had two children, and as this was the first time I had seen one of this nationality I was quite interested. Mrs. Gillingham was a very pleasant woman and a good cook. Her costume was of fine silk, most unusual at this time on the prairie, as we were accustomed to wear calico dresses, while the men wore overalls and seamless sacks made suits for the boys.

Well, at last we had to bring our pleasant visit to a close and started jauntily for home when it commenced to rain, and the wind to blow. Then without the slightest warning the sky turned dark and there hurtled upon us from the north, driven by a blasty wind, the worst snow-storm I was ever in, cutting against our faces and so dense we could scarcely see our horses before us. We lost the trail!

"We'll have to go back to the store", Charlie gasped in the gale.

"I'm sure we're nearer home", I shouted back into the wind. So we kept on. It became darker and the storm grew worse, the blizzard roared around us, and we had on only summer clothes, for I told you the morning had dawned so calm and warm.

The animals were anxious to turn against the storm, the trail was dim, so we lost our way several times. "Charlie", I yelled, trying to be heard, "I know there are coulees around here. Let us get into one of them and wait until morning".

So he guided the team into the next little valley and unhitching them, tied them in the shelter of some brush. We overturned the democrat and crawled beneath, covering the groceries with canvas and ourselves with a homemade quilt and a badger robe. Thus we cuddled together to keep warm and wait for morning. When the first streaks of daybreak showed in the east, the wind had died down and we were on our way again to home and a cup of hot coffee.

The first great sadness to enter our home came in 1897. Up to that time there were no schools in Pincher, so Rev. Father Lacombe was instrumental in entering our nine-year-old Mary Ann at the Convent of the Holy Names in Valleyfield, Quebec. All went well with her until the last week in November, we received this kind but heart-breaking letter:

"It is my painful duty to give you the details of poor Mary Ann's sickness and death. It was all so sudden that we

could not warn you of the danger that threatened her life. She was taken sick with croup on November 18th and breathed her last the following morning. She did not seem to suffer, and said she was glad she was going to see the Infant Jesus.

"Last Sunday, she brought a new white dress the Sister had given her. 'Do you want to wear that dress in Winter, Mary Ann?' the Nun asked. She smiled saying, 'yes, yes'. Poor child she did not imagine then, it would be put on as a shroud. Enclosed is a letter begun just a few days before her death.

"This morning, when the pupils were told of her death, many of them burst into tears."

So we lost our first little girl, many miles from home.

1914 brought me many sorrows. In the spring, my husband, my comrade of thirty-seven years died; but there was one consolation for me. He died in the Faith. It had been my constant prayer through all those years, so surely I dared not grieve too much.

In June of the same year, my eldest boy came from Montana for a visit; while here he became very ill and died, leaving behind him a wife and three children.

But my greatest sorrow came when my three youngest boys, proudly entered the house wearing red ribbons on the lapels of their coats. When I looked up and saw that I cried, "No, no, boys, you can't"! It was the cry of mothers heard over the world when their men folk come home to break the news that their country has called them to war.

"Now, mother", soothed Jonas, standing so straight in the hour he had heard his country's call, "Canada needs us"! I shall not weary you with the details of the arguments that followed; suffice it to say that day by day, from the window of my town house, I watched those boys march by; laden down with their heavy knapsacks, but strong, virile, the pride of many a mother's heart, and when they returned, foot-sore and weary, while

BREEDER OF
Registered Galloway Cattle
A. S. WALLACE
High River Alberta

their officers rode along, still fresh on their fine horses, I grieved, "We have not learned democracy yet".

I don't care to dwell upon the day we were summoned to meet in front of the King Edward Hotel to say good-bye to our boys. You went through the same thing in your town. As Pincher Creek is two-and-a-half miles from the station, the boys had to march that distance to entrain for training at Calgary. We mothers, too went to the station and the last I saw of two of my boys was a waving handkerchief from each of their hands.

Though three of my boys enlisted, yet but two went away overseas, for I had written to headquarters asking for the release of one of my boys, as I needed him to help me work my homestead, which I had taken after the death of my husband. So they sent back my youngest.

I divided my time between the farm and the boarding house in town. My three girls assisted me in town and when the last letter came from the boys that they were proceeding overseas I wrote to army headquarters with the result I just mentioned.

How can I write of that awful day, August 15, 1917, when one exploding bomb claimed the lives of my two heroes. There were no more cheerful letter to receive, only the memory of those waving handkerchiefs as the train pulled out of Pincher Station; and how can I tell of the awful, tearing loneliness, when later the Armistice was signed and my boys could never return with those whose homes were blessed by their re-union.

Seventeen children were now reduced to six!

(To Be Continued)

A CO-OPERATIVE MARKETING ORGANIZATION

Sales are conducted at the following points where the ASSOCIATION maintains corrals and other facilities for conducting AUCTIONS:

CARDSTON	MACLEOD	PARK BEND
CLARESHOLM	NANTON	PINCHER CREEK
HIGH RIVER	PAKOWKI	WARNER
LUNDBRECK		WHISKEY GAP

The table below reveals the growth in popularity of this method of marketing livestock:

1945	26 Auctions	Aggregate Value \$ 897,050.87
1946	30 Auctions	Aggregate Value \$1,311,319.75
1947	39 Auctions	Aggregate Value \$2,168,371.19
1948	47 Auctions	Aggregate Value \$3,601,098.68

Watch for schedule of sales for season 1949.

Community Auction Sales Association

Head Office — PINCHER CREEK, Alta.

S. WALTER JENKINS, President,
TWIN BUTTE, Alberta.

ARTHUR E. RYAN, Sec.-Treas.,
PINCHER CREEK, Alberta.