

Canada's Buffalo Herd Is Now the Largest On the Continent

In a general way it is known that the Dominion of Canada purchased the Michel Pablo herd of the Flathead Reservation some years ago, and used it as a basis for the Canadian national herd at Wainwright, Alberta, says the Saturday Evening Post. That herd today is the largest and best on the North American Continent. It lives practically on open range and comprises this year forty-three hundred and thirty-five head. In all, Alberta has forty-five hundred and forty-three buffalo preserved against her rainy day. There is an estimate regarding the most or less mythical wood-bison herd of Athabasca, placing the number at five hundred head. This herd is more or less an uncertain quantity, as it ranges a remote and little-known portion of the far north. In all of Canada there are, according to the obtainable figures, and as given by the bison society, five thousand and eighty head

of the American bison. In Australia, another far-off appanage of the Crown of Great Britain, three specimens have been imported. The noblemen of Europe, especially of Great Britain, have done much for this species. The herd of the Duke of Bedford has forty-eight individuals today, and in London there are still three specimens left alive. Belgium owns one bull, Germany two head of buffalo, Holland seven head. That is all for Europe of our species, the American bison. In Uruguay, South America, there are two head. The total, looking for the world's census makes it five hundred and ninety-two buffalo alive in North America and gives a total of eighty-four hundred and seventy-three bison now alive on the North American Continent. The total for the world is eighty-five hundred and thirty-nine, and there were thirteen hundred calves born last year.

Alberta's Forest Fires

During Past Season Province Suffered Rather Lightly. Statistics compiled by the office of the forestry branch show that Alberta suffered rather lightly through forest fires during the past season. The situation may be summarized as follows: The number of fires reported was 221, and the estimated damage is \$55,000 and the estimated damage is \$55,000. This does not include forest fires occurring in Dominion parks. Of the 221 fires, 221 were caused by railways, 62 by campers, 58 by settlers, and 60 by various miscellaneous agencies, such as lightning, smokers, sawmills, etc. In the case of 20 of these fires it was impossible to determine the cost. It is interesting to note that only 209 fires were reported during the summer of 1919, but the damage to timber and cost of fire fighting were many times higher than during the season just passed. Of the 295 fires in 1919, 225 were caused by railways and 15 by campers. The figures show a rather alarming increase in the number of fires started by campers and those people who make use of the forest reserves for camping and fishing trips are earnestly warned to exercise the utmost care to prevent forest fires.

Population of B.C.

British Columbia's New Claiming 555,556. The population of British Columbia is 555,556, according to Dr. Henry Young, secretary of the Provincial Board of Health, who has made public his report for 1919. This total includes the Indian population. The total population in 1918 was 529,700 or a little more than 20 per cent. over the previous year. The death rate for the whole province last year was 9.22, which is less than half the rate, which was 15.6. The total births for the year was 10,002 and the number of deaths 2,000. Marriages numbered 4,650, an increase over the previous year of 1921. In 1921 there were 6,696 deaths, due largely to the influenza epidemic, while the birth rate was 13.3 per 1,000 of population, in that year.

Brigating A Million Acres

That Federal Government May Undertake Huge Scheme. Surveys to ascertain the possibility of a project to irrigate a million acres of land in Central Alberta and Saskatchewan will probably be undertaken by the Dominion Government during 1921. The area covered by the project is located in the neighborhood of Youngstown, north of Regina, and extends almost up to the city of Saskatoon. The water would be taken from the North Saskatchewan River and stored in a large reservoir at Buffalo Lake, Alberta, from where it would be distributed over a large area, extending south and east to Saskatchewan. William Pearce and other prominent irrigationists drew attention to the advantage of the scheme some time ago, and a strong recommendation to the Dominion Government that it be undertaken.

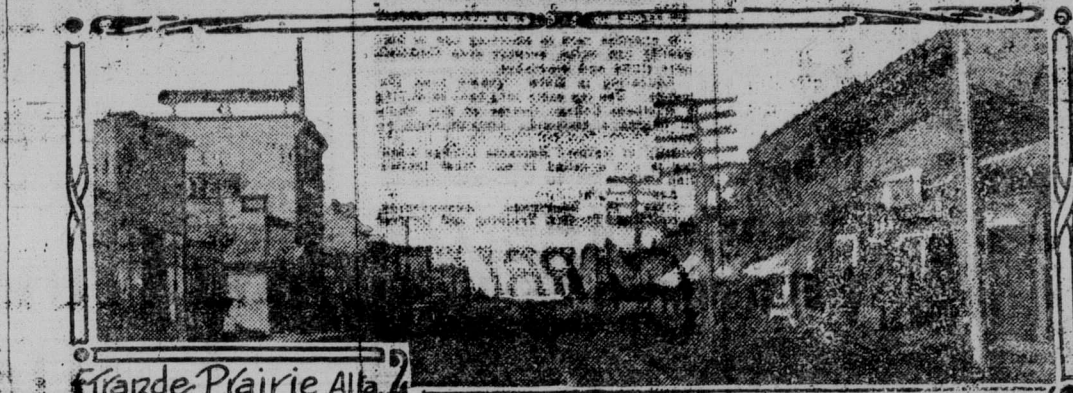
To Harness The Tides

Huge Scheme Projected in England That May Furnish Power Greater Than Niagara.

The British Ministry of Transport has just made public a scheme to harness the tidal waters of the River Severn at a cost of £30,000,000 and to erect a power plant greater than that of Niagara Falls. The Severn divides England from Wales. The project is an outcome of the efforts of Sir Alexander Gibb, chief engineer of ports construction in the British army during the war and builder of the great naval dockyard at Rotherham. It is calculated that the power plant could produce 4,000,000 horse-power at its peak load capacity, and that it would save 3,000,000 to 4,000,000 tons of coal a year. It is claimed that it would revolutionize the whole industry of the west of England, and even supply London with cheap electric current. A concrete dam would be placed across the river, creating a locked basin, 27 square miles in extent, into which vessels could pass through a channel. It is estimated that the undertaking would provide work for 250,000 men for seven years.

In the spring tides the Severn rises to the second highest tide after the Bay of Biscay. The fact that the water never goes back to the ocean is one of the reasons for the scheme.

PIONEERS IN PEACE RIVER DISTRICT



Grande Prairie Alta.

One August morning ten years ago a Dominion Cabinet minister at Ottawa interrupted for best part of a day the normal course of business to visit the Peace River district, up the Mackenzie Basin to Fort McPherson.

"We have no wish," said he with emphasis, "to induce settlers to enter as yet the new Promised Land." This, remember, was in 1910. "I speak of the future only." But I am satisfied that when the present prairie lands are disposed of, then this back country will be taken up, because it will be people better to secure land than to pay the price for it.

One first, however, must be made. The land has to be surveyed. A journey was made to ascertain these undertakings would be justifiable. And my verdict is yes. The land lies north, it is not a colder than the southern portion of the province. At Edmonton the climate is as favorable as at the northern boundary, owing to the lower altitude, and for the same reason, with other conditions, a couple of hundred miles north of country makes little difference.

In 1910, the way gang, and in 1911, the way was done, in present-day pioneers. This year I have seen what I have seen, I endorse the plan.

That the country is of uncommon value, great tracts of prairie, with a few light bushes, set among low hills, and intersected by belts of timber and by fine rivers and streams. Park-like is the descriptive term that springs to one's pen. Roses flourish where by millions, and scent the air. Lilies challenge them for grace and glow. A thousand tinted roses and soft undertones, as they ripple in the breeze. Rarely have I been so moved with visions of a country's future as when our automobile pounded along the ninety-mile trail from Peace River Crossing to Spirit River. The naked prairies of the south have their charm—at least under a sunny sky—but here is a country where the eye is rested and the soul inspired, while still the pocket fills.

And the pocket does fill, surely. In some instances it puzzles one to explain how it is that the theory of taking in one's own territory, though there is "taking in" of some sort, if the ordinary stranger suffers. But where the occupation is farming the mystery is explained. Nowhere south or east have I seen better crops, and last year this district prospered when others nearly failed. One man gleaned 120 bushels of wheat to the acre, and 45 bushels of barley. He is located about twenty miles above the crossing and grows grain down there in scows, freightage ten cents per bushel, and with a stream running pine poles an hour he doesn't lose much time.

Just north of Dunsmuir, on the 14th July, I plucked oats, four feet high, and upwards, became pocket measure. And wheat, rye, timothy and indeed all kinds of hay, were luxuriant. A man may be no agriculturist or authority on soils, but even a fool can't mistake the evidence of growing crops.

The pioneers, I said, are pressing in, and more than pioneers. Wise men, not merely from the East, but also from the South and West, are nosing around to pick up the traps and secure their stake in what will surely be a rich country. At one point in Peace River, in a day, there were visitors registered from Brandon, Moose Jaw, Victoria, Sacramento, Los Angeles, San Francisco, New York and London. At Dunsmuir Crossing I met camping with pack horse, knife and gun, a picturesque stranger who was by passing his long evenings with Annie France's "Les Dieux ont Soif." What was a man of such culture doing there? Prospecting and picking up good things, you bet your life.

And the people already settled are of the right stuff—downright, enterprising, sociable, "sports", earn their play as in work. Spirit River has just had a two days' sports meeting. The folk came in from as far as eighty miles—chiefly in automobiles. There wasn't a bed to be had. We walked the street all night. Others slept in their cars or on the unsuitable floors of barns, offices and poolrooms. But nothing daunted their zeal. After a boxing contest in the late evening, a dance followed until the small hours. The sports

In the Halls of Learning



W. W. SWANSON, Pioneer in the Peace River District.

Wife. How nice it would be if all things in this world would work in harmony. I wouldn't it thought. For instance, if coal would go up and down with the thermometer.

ALMIGHTY VOICE

Some New Sidelights on the History of This Famous Indian Outlaw.

By O-GE-MAS-ES (Little Clerk).

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Some twenty years ago, more or less, our nation's settlement was thrown into a great state of excitement with the shooting of a North-West Mounted Policeman by an Indian, about fourteen miles west of where McLeod now stands. This was the first mention of Almighty Voice, this famous outlaw, who kept this section of Saskatchewan in an uproar for a couple of years. This young Indian was a Saulteaux of the Duck Lake band, and noted for his fast running. He was imprisoned at Duck Lake by the Mounted pending trial on the supposed theft of a deer, broke jail that night, crossed the south branch of the Saskatchewan through drifting ice, secured a pony, cart and single barreled gun from some of his Indian friends and struck north towards Fort La Corne, a young woman accompanying him. The police were on his track next morning, and the sergeant (an ex-Late Guardsman) with a French half-blood interpreter, caught him up just about where the village of Beatty now stands. The Indian stopped his pony, got out, knelt down and holding his right hand, called out, "Stop, or I will shoot!" Bravely the old soldier shot the outlaw down, but a single shot struck him dead. And now, with an empty gun and a muzzle-loader at that, was the opportunity for Mr. Meis to capture him. But alas he turned tail and rode back as hard as he could, pursued by Mr. McLeod (the famous scout) who was bringing on the rear with a buck board, and some twelve miles back at a settler's house, waiting for their return with their prisoner. If Joe had been along, Mr. Almighty Voice's career would have ended right there, for the sergeant was greatly beloved by his comrades.

The winter passed and small bodies of police were constantly traversing the district, visiting Indian camps and settlers' houses, but without success, though rumors were plentiful as blackberries in regard to his whereabouts. The outlaw had sworn he never would be taken alive, and stated to his Indian friends that he was innocent of the crime he was imprisoned for. His success in eluding the Mounted Police and also avoiding one or two of the men in civilian search parties had made him a hero in the eyes of his countrymen, and there was no doubt he constantly received food, clothes and shelter from the various Indian camps, for after all blood is thicker than water.

About a year after his escape, one of Kinistin's sons, killed at his house and hung around Indian fashion until his wife lost patience and fled for goodness sake, what that Indian wants and get rid of him. I was no longer engaged in the fur trade, as my farm and cattle kept me busy, but

in the winter, we sat down for a good smoke, that grand preliminary to all peace parleys. Finally, I said, "My brother, something is troubling you, tell me all, and relieve your heart." His face lighted up, and laying his hand on my breast, he thanked me and said, "Oh, my brother, how good it was that when my father was dying he told us all that for the first and only time in his life he had taken a white man for his son and a brother to his children." I agreed with him, but we were making no progress, though I half suspected his errand.

"Ne-pen-quanip then proceeded. 'This is very bad having soldiers constantly visiting our tents looking for the one who has done wrong. It is very seldom an Indian will mention names. Do you think it is a good thing having this man wandering from tent to tent?'

"No, I do not," was my reply. "Do you remember how you made all our band promise not to take the law into their own hands when the white men began to come in, and when the lumbermen struck me in the face and I ran for my skin with only the thought of revenge in my heart, then my promise to you came back to me and I caught a pony and rode right in to see you and you came right out and saw justice was done for the Indian as well as the white."

"I remember, oh, my brother, you did tell, but don't forget after you had the gun in your hand it was your good wife reminded you of the promise made to me."

"True, well this Almighty Voice is our cousin, but he is wrong. He kills an innocent man and wounded two others. Perhaps other Indians will join him and there will be more bloodshed. It would be a good thing to stop him. Is there any reward offered for his capture?"

"Not that I have ever heard of," answered.

"Well, if there is a good reward you and I could catch him." And he then detailed his scheme, which was that I was to start trading again and engage him for my man. Stuck on the usual trips from campment gradually draw near his hiding place, where in the dead of night it would be easy to throw a blanket on him, tie him up and hand him over to the police. I cannot say I was much in love with the scheme. Rather a dangerous one, I thought. No doubt the man was desperate. But after the Indian telling me he was getting sympathizers, I finally consented to write the Commissioner of the Mounted Police and report results to him.

(To be continued)

Productiveness of Siberia

Greater Wheat Area Than Canada, Argentine and United States.

Col. George H. Emerson, who was sent to Siberia during the war to operate the Trans-Siberian Railway, says that when Siberia, China and Manchuria are developed and conducted on a sound basis, the foreign trade of the Pacific coast will exceed that passing through the American Atlantic ports. He says that the Trans-Siberian Railway is greater than the total acreage of the United States, Canada and the Argentine combined. Even during the war, when most of the men were at the front, Siberia, with a population of only 15 million, produced nearly 400 million bushels of wheat. We lubricated our car and engine with butter.

Ten thousand carloads of beans dumped at Harbin more than two years ago were still there at the commencement of this year, because no vessels or railroads were available to carry the beans to a market.

There is practically no market for butter in Siberia, and the surplus is being shipped to the West.

But what I have seen makes me eager, and to public utility companies and intending settlers alike, I say—Make Hasten—D. C.

Oldest Woman Dead

Was the Daughter of a Full-Blooded Indian Chief.

Barbette Johnson, said to be the oldest woman in Western Ontario, died at Woodstock recently at the age of 115 years and three months. She was born at Sarnia, Ont., during the time of the fur trade, and was the daughter of a full-blooded Indian chief and a mother who was a white woman. She was the famous "Old Barbette" and she was a great favorite of the late Indian chiefs.

Where Automobiles Go.

Two-thirds of all the cars sold in 1920 went to users in agricultural districts. More than half of all the cars were in use in the western states.

The greatest recent increase in registration has been the south-Collier's.

Tomatoes Popular.

In certain parts of the United States so many tomatoes are used for food that a plan is being worked out to use waste tomato seeds, which amount to 1,000 to 2,000 tons yearly, in the big pulp plants east of the Mississippi River. In Mississippi there are now 223 tomato canning factories. Thirty-seven of these reported during the past season that they were turning under contract 100,000 acres.

Camouflage.

He—Let's kiss and make up. She—If you're careful I won't have to.