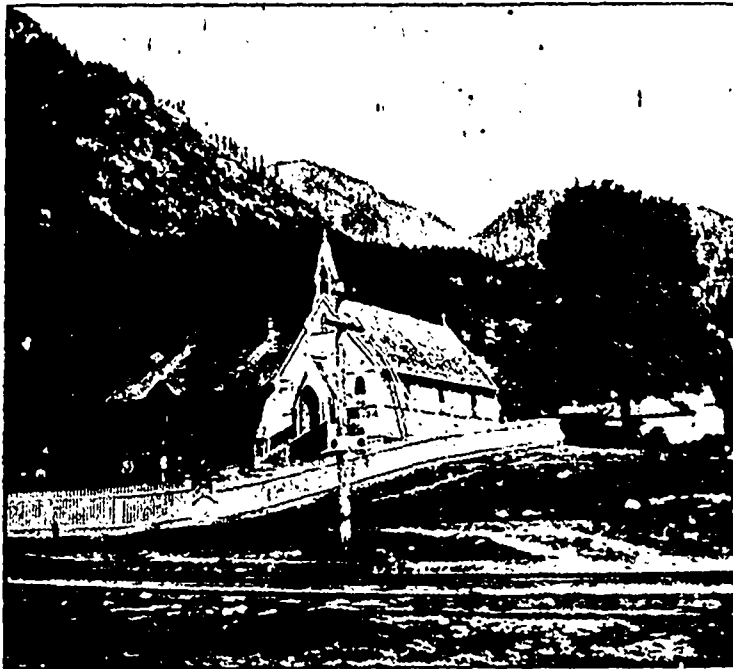




MISSION CHURCH, YALE, B.C.

The picture has never failed to excite a degree of enthusiasm among observers at missionary meetings.

A day with Rev. H. W. G. Stocken at his Indian school on the Sarcee Reserve, ten miles from Calgary, is profitably spent. As an evidence of the intellectual power of the red man, I may mention that a member of this small tribe, Mike Shootclose, is able to converse in English, Sarcee, Cree, and Blackfoot. The chief, Bull's Head, is a fine, tall, and attractive-looking Indian; but, like many others of his race, is impressed with an exaggerated notion of his own worth and importance. As an illustration of this trait of character, I may relate my experience with this gentleman of the prairie. Being very desirous of obtaining a likeness of the dark-faced patriarch, I asked Mr. Stocken to be good enough to introduce me to him and to ascertain whether he would consent to the ordeal. Accompanied by two tourists from the United States, who happened to arrive in a carriage at that moment, we paid a visit to Bull's Head as he was protecting himself from the midday sun in the seclusion of his royal teepé.

The object of the party having been explained by the missionary to the august ruler of a few hundreds, we were informed that our desire could be gratified upon the payment of \$5, of which amount the sum of \$3 was the price of the monarch's portrait, and \$2 that of a picture of his summer residence, the two subjects being inseparably connected for photographic

purposes. In vain did we three travellers, acting through our obliging interpreter, endeavor to convince the great man that \$1 from each was all that we could afford to present him for the desired privilege. Supported in his claim by one of the courtiers or "headmen," who chanced to be in the royal presence, he calmly but firmly declined to reduce the demand. Independently of the greatness of the privilege to be accorded, there was, he affirmed, the possibility of harm occurring to his person through the unseen and mysterious influence of bad medicine which the cameras might contain. The price asked was, therefore, little enough. The result of our interview was that, as we retired from the immediate vicinity of

the imperial residence, constructed of discolored canvas and poplar poles, we allowed the instruments to take one final, instantaneous look. The picture thus secured we got free of cost, although we were obliged so to take aim with our suspected implements as not to get the interior of the wigwam and the distinguished occupants within. An hour afterwards Bull's Head perambulated the encampment dressed in his government uniform, and was good enough to say that he would accept the sum offered by his visitors if they still desired a memento of their visit. Alas! the gentlemen from the great republic had by this time departed; and I, unaided, felt unable to entertain the proposal. Accordingly, although the chief and I departed as good friends, there was no exchange of values between us. If, however, I failed to get such a likeness of Bull's Head as I hoped for, I did not come away completely defeated, for in taking a general view of the mission buildings I was able to include his figure as he was walking between the residence and the church.

A striking example of the value and usefulness of photography was afforded during my brief sojourn in the Sarcee Mission by my ability to make pictures of the furnishings and general arrangement of two rooms of the mission house, in order that the sorrow-stricken missionary might send to the mother of his recently deceased partner in life and work proofs of his having done what he could to make his loved and lost one as comfortable