

fifty souls left their homes on the head waters of the Qu Appelle River and marched three hundred miles to the Cypress Hills, which had been Blackfoot territory. It was there the last herds of bison roamed the western plains of Canada, and for a few years Chief Piapot and his band fared well.

But in the year 1880 the bison herds were getting scarce in Canada, and the red men no longer dined on the nice juicy buffalo steaks they and their forefathers had feasted on for centuries. But in the wooded ravines of the Cypress Hills were many elk and some grizzly bears, so Chief Piapot and his band still had plenty of fresh meat to eat. But in the Spring of 1883 the Canadian government compelled Piapot and his band to move on to a reservation ten miles southwest of the town of Wolseley, and about two miles from our homestead. In the Summer of 1883 while Piapot's band were cutting down poplar trees and building log cabins for shelter during the Winter months, my father, too, was building and driving nails into lumber, making a shelter to protect us from the chill frost of winter.

One day early in June, the Indians of Chief Piapot's camp heard the resounding blows of my father's hammer and came to see what it was all about. There were two of them. When my father saw them coming he jumped down off the roof of the building, and ran into our tent and filled his pockets with shotgun shells, then brought forth his double barreled shotgun and set it aside on the roof where he was working. Our dog Dona, which we brought from Scotland, did not seem to like the Indians, for he sprang at one of them, and tore a hole in his blanket. To show that we wanted to be friendly my mother made them a pot of black tea. And gave each of them a well buttered Scotch scone, which they seemed to relish. That was our first visit from the Indians of Chief Piapot's camp. I remember the stocks of their long single barreled flint lock rifles were densely studded with brass tacks. Their powder flasks were made from large buffalo horns, and their bullet pouches of buckskin, decorated with beads.

But late in the Fall of 1883 a deadly epidemic broke out in Chief