

as the State of South Dakota. Old plain hunters tell us that they recognized in old days, two grand divisions of the buffalo, that of the "Red River and Grand Coteau de Missouri," whose feeding ground has been described, and that of the "Saskatchewan," which wintered between the two great rivers of that name and moved south in the spring, in June crossing the Qu'Appelle valley and proceeding still south, the eastern flank often coming near the western flank of the Red River herd, which at that season of the year would be coming north and returning to the western slopes of the Turtle Mountain, into the valley of the Yellowstone River in Montana, and thence along the foothills of the Rocky Mountains back to their Canadian wintering ground.

Our readers, being largely young farmers, will be quite aware of the fact that a change of pasture is most desirable in running either a large herd of cattle or a flock of sheep, and will not be surprised when they are told that these great herds of buffalo, having no scientific breeders to examine the grasses for them and direct as to a change of feed, appear to have been given a wonderful instinct which guided each division year after year, and with such regularity as to time that experienced hunters, except in years when prairie fires had destroyed the grasses, could tell with accuracy the district in which the herd would be found in any month of the year. For nearly a century buffalo hunting was one of the principal occupations of the Red River and Saskatchewan districts; indeed, it would have been very difficult for the great trading companies operating in the country to have kept up their large establishments had it not been for the buffalo which furnished their employees with a constant supply of either fresh meat, dried meat or pemican.

Great preparations were made each spring for the campaign of the year, which, being carried on largely in the territory of the hostile Sioux Indians, who resented, and we now think quite rightly, the wasteful invasions of the half-breed hunters and their many Indian allies, necessitated careful organization and strict discipline. A president was first elected by the hunters making up the party, and this executive officer appointed captains of the hunt, while under these captains were a body of police, about ten for each captain, whose duties were to see that the laws of the hunt were faithfully carried out.

The rules in the very early days were most rigorous; for instance, according to tradition, in 1849 if a man ran a buffalo for the purpose of killing it before orders were issued for the commencement of the hunt, as punishment for the first offence his saddle and bridle were cut to pieces, and for a second offence his clothing was cut off his back. In later days, fines were imposed upon the law-breakers. A very strict rule was in force regarding the firing of guns when the party were in the buffalo country, and no hunter dared discharge his piece until the order came from the captain. No hunter was allowed to leave the party without the permission of the president, and this rule was very necessary, for, through desertions on one foolish pretext or another, a hunting party might have been so reduced in numbers as to become an easy prey to the ever-watchful Sioux warriors, always on the lookout for scalps.

An exciting chase was the "buffalo run." The hunters were all drawn up in line, the officers of the hunt taking their places in front of the rank and file, all mounted on trained running horses and armed to the teeth; the approach was made cautiously, the officers using every effort to keep their excitable followers in check. "Not yet," is the word of the president, "not yet" in a subdued tone. "Not yet," till the point was reached which, in his mature judgment warrants an attack, when from his lips the word "Now!" resounds down the line of dark-faced hunters, and away they go, each man singling

out his beasts and firing with great rapidity and precision; the horses, trained for the work, gracefully swerve right and left as the hunted beasts make an effort to elude the now blood-thirsty pursuers, and so the hunt went on until the signal is given to cease killing for the day. The number of people engaged in these crusades was sometimes formidable, for in 1849 Mr. Flett made a census at Chief Mountain, Dakota, of the White Horse Plains District, and reported it to consist of 700 half-breeds, 200 Indians, with 600 horses and carts, 200 oxen,



WM. WALTON, STOREKEEPER AT INDUSTRIAL FARM.

200 dog and one cat, and Mr. Ross, in his history of the Red River Settlement, gives the number of carts assembled for the hunt in 1840 as 1,210.

It was this manner of slaughter which in such a short time annihilated the wild bison of the plains; a small number, to be sure, are protected by the United States Government in the famous Yellowstone Park, there is a small herd in Kansas, recruited from Manitoba a few years ago, and Sir Donald Smith has upon his Silver Heights farm, near Winnipeg, a small herd, among the numbers being a few the results of crossing with domestic stock, a system which is not at all satisfactory as the offspring can lay no claim to either usefulness or beauty. The days of the half-breed hunt belong now to the things of the past; in the footpaths cut years ago by the hordes of buffalo in the western plains, the sleek Shorthorn cattle come home at nightfall to the yards of the prosperous English and Scotch settlers, driven by brown-cheeked, blue-eyed lads mounted on bronchos, and only a few days ago word was received here at the farm that one of our own pupils who came out in 1888 had located a homestead right in the rich district usually selected by the Messrs. Bison & Co. for their wintering ground.

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Thomas G. Murton, writing from Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, says:

"DEAR SIR,—I received your letter on the 28th and I was very pleased to hear from you. In answer to your letter I will explain all that I have got since I came to Prince Albert. In the first place I have an excellent homestead, and upon the land I have a good house, also a good horsestable and cowshed. I have 35 acres of land ready for crop this spring, and I intend breaking 15 acres more this summer if God spares me. I have one good team of horses, waggon, ploughs, harness, etc., and will be getting a mower very soon. I

expect in a year or two to have a great deal more about me, and will write and tell you of my advancement. Please send me one of the journals (UPS AND DOWNS); I will be very pleased to see one of them. With best wishes to all."

Thomas Murton is said by his neighbours to be in a fair way to make a successful farmer, and it is probably better that the buffalo *should* give way to him, letting him show what an Englishman can do if you give him but a fair field.

W. Walton

IN MEMORIAM.

A bright and promising career was cut short on the 19th of May, by the death at Bellevue Hospital, of Frederick L. Brewer, who succumbed to an attack of typhoid fever. The sad news was conveyed to the Home in a letter from Rev. Mr. Wallace, of Marchmont Home, Belleville, from whom we also learned that all arrangements for the funeral of our deceased friend had been taken in hand by the Sons of England, of which Society he was a highly esteemed member. Frederick came out to Canada in 1888 and at the time of his death was twenty-nine years of age. From the day of his arrival no word of complaint against him had ever reached the Home; on the contrary, from many sources during the last eight years has come testimony of his sterling worth and upright character, and he had received the bronze and silver good conduct medals. In Belleville and the neighborhood, where all his days in Canada had been spent, he enjoyed the respect of all, and the affectionate regard of a very wide circle of friends and acquaintances with whom he was united in work of a Christian and benevolent character. He was an active member of the Y. P. S. C. E., that organization which since its inception about ten years ago has done so much to foster the desire of young Christians to engage in active service for the Master. Knowing his unostentatious piety and his earnest desire to live up and help others to live up to a high ideal of Christian life, well can we believe that Frederick Brewer is with those to whom it has been said "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

We avail ourselves of this opportunity to give expression to our appreciation of, and gratitude, for the kindness shown to our deceased friend by the Sons of England, of Belleville, and also by members of the I. O. O. F. and A. O. F. of that city. Frederick died far from his native land, but his remains were borne by brotherly hands to their last resting place, and around his grave there gathered those who were anxious to pay a last tribute of respect and affection to one to whom they had been united in the deep bonds of brotherhood. We append an account of the funeral as published in the Belleville *Daily Sun*, of May 20:—

The remains of the late Frederick L. Brewer were interred this afternoon in the cemetery. The funeral, which was headed by the I. O. O. F. band, proceeded from the A. O. F. Hall, Front street, to St. John's Church, where services were conducted by Rev. D. F. Bogart. The funeral service of the A. O. F. was conducted in the court room by Mr. C. Hampton, C.R., of Court Quinte, and the S. O. E. service was conducted at the grave by Mr. C. Herring, President of Lydford Lodge. Members of both Orders attended in a body. The bearers were: From the A. O. F., Messrs. J. Thompson, J. Luscombe, F. Harris; from the S. O. E., Messrs. J. Bell, G. Brown, W. J. Ridley. Among the floral offerings were: A wreath from the Daughters of England; an anchor from Court Quinte, A. O. F.; a cross from Lydford Lodge, S. O. E., and a pillow from deceased's late employer, Mr. S. J. Wedden.