

DISAPPEARANCE OF THE BUFFALO AND STARVATION AMONG INDIANS

(Written for the Woman's Hospital Aid Edition of Regina Leader by Madame Forget.)

By a singular coincidence the Buffalo commenced to disappear from the Territories the very year the seat of Government was established at Battleford. On our arrival there, at the end of September, 1877, we were informed that the buffalo had frequently been seen, until recently, in the vicinity, not a few being killed by the men engaged in the construction of the Government buildings. Halfbreeds and Indians kept following them, as they gradually moved south, and occasionally some of the meat was brought to Battleford, late that fall and early part of winter.

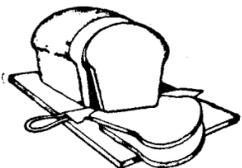
In the spring following we looked in vain for their reappearance, as it had been their wont every year in the past. They never came back, and with the exception of a few stray herds, during the next four or five years, none were seen after the winter of 1878. The Indians, whose very existence depended on the buffalo, soon found themselves in consequence, in the most distressing condition.

We were now in the Spring of 1878. So far pleasure only had been my lot; fear, however, was soon to be a disturbing element in our quiet Western existence. A mild winter was succeeded by an early spring, and every day added a new beauty to the picturesque landscape, so characteristic of Battleford. The plateau extending between the Saskatchewan and the Battle River was like a velvety carpet of green and the Eagle Hills were looking so luxuriant after long months of winter whiteness. I was happy in my little home, never for a moment anticipating the days of anxiety which were to follow.

First a rumor from the plains reached us that Indians were coming north. Small bands from numerous points commenced to arrive, all bringing confirmation of tales of great hardship during the winter. By the mail, which came to Battleford once every three weeks, we had the report that the Blackfoot Indians had sent a message to the officer in command at Fort Calgary, calling attention to their starving condition. "We have heard," said the message, "that a daughter of our great Mother is now on the side of the Great Lake. She has her Mother's heart, let her know that women and little children ask her to give them life for our great Mother's sake. She is good and will hear us and save us."

Their prayers were not made in vain, and many cases of distress were relieved by the Mounted Police. But this did not prevent large numbers of Blackfeet finding their way to the Capital (of the N. W. Territories, i.e. Battleford). Early in May a deputation from that tribe headed by Minor Chief, Three Bulls, and the Sarcees with their Chief, The Drummer, waited upon His Honor Lieutenant-Governor Laird. They could not realize the disappearance of the buffalo. In fact few did; but attributed their absence from their usual haunts to Americans, Halfbreeds and others killing them and preventing their migration north. The interview was long, but ended satisfactorily in the Indians being presented with some provisions and ammunition for their return to their own part of the country.

So far nothing of an unusual character had occurred to cause alarm. The visit of the Blackfeet Indians had on the contrary been quite welcome. They were the first we saw. Their manners, dresses and language, so different from those of the Crees, attracted our curiosity and helped in breaking the monotony of our peaceful life.



Are you a success as a bread-maker? Is your cake and pastry complimented by your friends?

If not, whose fault is it—yours or the miller's. If you are successful in other lines, your reputation as a cook is vindicated, and it is plainly the fault of the flour.

Look up the good bread and pastry makers of your acquaintance and get their flour experience.

You will find that most of them are using

Royal Household Flour gladly paying a little more per barrel for it and getting for that extra cost a purer, better flour. For bread or pastry, it has no equal.

Ogilvie's Royal Household—repeat the name to your grocer.

Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., Ltd. Montreal.

"Ogilvie's Book for a Cook," contains 130 pages of excellent recipes, some never published before. Your grocer can tell you how to get it FREE. 153

But from now on, during a couple of months, starving Sioux, Sarcees, Blackfeet, Stonies and Crees, kept coming in increasing numbers, until some three or four thousand of them were camped near our houses. The most alarming rumors regarding their intention were kept circulating. All night long, commencing with the break of day, gangs of Indians kept moving around our houses, chanting weird and monotonous songs, with accompaniment of the inevitable tam tam and the firing of guns. Assistance, of course, was given to them; but the provisions in the few stores in the Town of Battleford became very soon exhausted, and quite a long interval elapsed before any new supply, coming all the way from Winnipeg by carts, could be procured. The white population, for that reason also, were not in a much better condition. Meat of all kinds was fast becoming scarce. The few head of cattle yet remaining, with the exception of milk cows in the possession of settlers, belonged to the Mounted Police and none of these could well be spared for general distribution. We had to live in the main, on milk and bread. Mushrooms were fortunately plentiful that spring and proved quite a change in our meagre diet. The little fresh meat that we procured occasionally from the Police had to be cooked in the greatest secrecy, with doors locked and blinds down, and even the keyhole of the kitchen door stuffed, for fear of exciting the envy of the Indians. When the cows were milked a number of Indians never failed to be around with vessels of all descriptions for a share for their starving children. One morning, breakfast had just been cooked. The door for some cause was accidentally left unlocked while I went upstairs. To my great consternation, coming down, I found five Blackfeet squatted on the floor and my breakfast vanished. Everything in sight, in the shape of eatables, had also disappeared, even including salt and mustard and matches. My husband then went out looking for mushrooms; and desirous of teaching the Indians the use they could make of them, invited a few of them to come and see how to prepare them for the table. The dish was nearly ready and they were about to have a taste of it, when he happened to mention that great caution had to be exercised when picking them on the prairie, as some kinds were poisonous. The words were hardly out of his mouth when they began to leave one after another, and none could be prevailed upon even to touch of the new dish.

If the Indians ignored the virtue of the mushrooms they were well acquainted with the wild turnip and the rhubarb. The prairie abounded, fortunately, with the former, and great quantities were gathered daily by the women and children. For miles around numerous little lumps of freshly turned soil indicated where these tuberous roots had been found. These with ducks and gold eyes in the Battle River, and such little flour as they could procure in exchange for ponies, sufficed to eke out a living. But their grumblings were daily getting louder and louder, and their demands for assistance more pressing. Many interviews they had with the Lieutenant-Governor and the acting Indian Superintendent. Threats were not yet made openly, but everybody felt that the climax was fast approaching, unless assistance was soon given. Yet this could not be had until the arrival of freighters with provisions

from the East. These were on the road, but coming slowly. Would they only arrive on time?

It was then June 26th. We had had an anxious night. Indians had kept prowling with but little interruption during the whole night and had come singing death songs under our very windows. In consequence we had but little rest that night. Breakfast as usual had been prepared and speedily despatched within closed doors, and my husband had just left for his office, when a sudden volley of rifle shots quite near the house drew my attention outside. Some five or six hundred Indians, painted in the most hideous manner, mounted on their ponies, with rifles in hand, were galloping in all directions and firing at random, apparently taking little care whether any person was hit or not. Fearing to venture outside, I sought refuge in the house, locking doors, and there I was all trembling, not being able to understand what this performance meant, when my husband came rushing back home. This was a war or hungry dance, so he had heard, as a prelude to a last meeting with the Governor. Notice of this had been sent to His Honor, with the assurance that no harm was intended, but no time was given to make it known and the alarm among the white people became very great. Most of them, however, came up the hill from the town to a view the strange sight, which lasted about thirty minutes. At the close of dance the wild riders of the plains drew gradually together and moved in a compact body towards Government House, followed by a great number of women and children. The meeting with the Governor took place in the wide open space near Government House, in a most orderly manner. The Indians themselves formed three lines of a square and the women and children behind. His Honor, for a little time, stood alone, fronting them, but was soon joined by his few officials and two Mounted Police, and the pow wow commenced. The occasion was most impressive, and none but a firm man could have faced it as did His Honor Governor Laird. The speeches were few, but all of the same tenor. They were starving and unless relieved at once they were to die. As one of the chiefs ended his demands, an Indian standing opposite the Governor at a distance of about 50 yards, knelt down, and lowering his rifle, apparently aiming at the Governor, fired and the bullet was heard whistling close to His Honor. The Governor never made a move, and acted as if nothing had occurred. Whether the shot was fired purposely or by accident was never known; but I leave you to imagine what would have become of all who were there on that day, if purposely or otherwise, the shot had taken effect. The incident, pregnant with consequence as it was, actually however, helped in bringing the interview to a peaceful closing. On behalf of the Indian Superintendent, the Governor promised the Indians some measure of immediate relief, to be followed with more liberal assistance to take them to their homes as soon as the freighters had arrived. The provisions given after the interview comprised some tea, flour, a small quantity of bacon and a live animal, the latter being contributed by the police. The steer was shot by the Indians themselves, after having been run down as a buffalo, and proportionately divided by the chiefs to individual Indians, each carrying his minute share of beef and bacon on pointed sticks. Little as this assistance was, they were contented, for they believed in the words of sympathy spoken to them by the Governor, and that he had done all he possibly could under the circumstances. The night was spent in dancing and feasting.

Three or four days later the long expected provisions were finally received, and the authorities were not slow in providing the Indians with sufficient supplies to permit of their returning to their respective parts of the country, and our anxieties were brought at last to an end.

To the credit of the Indians be it said that after all they behaved in a remarkably orderly manner during those trying weeks of starvation and suspense, certainly better, as was then often remarked, than a similar body of white people placed in a similar position. In fact, we often wondered at their not, for instance, interfering with the cattle of the few settlers around Battleford, which were daily seen peacefully grazing around their teepees, assuredly the temptation must have been great, and had they chosen to do it the few members of the Mounted Police, an officer and twelve men in all, could not have offered much protection, brave and willing as they have always proved to be. As a matter of fact no show of authority was ever attempted during that trying time, and the security of the

NORTHERN PACIFIC YELLOWSTONE PARK LINE \$60 ROUND TRIP All North Pacific COAST CITIES On Sale, June 1st to Sept. 15th. Limit, Oct. 31st, 1906. STOP-OVERS. Tourist Rates to all Summer Resorts From June 1st. FAST FREIGHT LINE. Route all your Freight care NORTHERN PACIFIC, at St. Paul or Duluth. H. SWINFORD, General Agent - Winnipeg - Ticket Agent R. CREELMN, Ticket Agent PHONE 1446 - 341 MAIN STREET

two or three hundred souls, constituting the white population of Battleford, rested entirely on the personal authority of Governor Laird. On this, as on many other occasions during his term of office, he proved himself a wise administrator and a true friend to both the white and the Red man.

WATER IN YOUR BLOOD? Lots of people have thin, watery blood.—They eat plenty, but don't digest. When digestion is poor, food isn't converted into nourishment—in consequence the body rapidly loses strength. To positively renew health, nothing equals Ferrozone. It excites sharp appetite,—makes the stomach digest, forms life sustaining blood. Abundant strength is sure to follow. If you need more vitality, extra energy, better nerves, then use Ferrozone, the medical triumph of the age. Fifty cents buys a box of fifty chocolate coated Ferrozone tablets.

A REMARKABLE REGIMENT OF BRAINLESS BIGOTS The annual convention of Southern Baptists in session, at Chattanooga, Tenn., closed its labors on last Monday afternoon. According to press despatches it was a great gathering. There were 1,714 accredited delegates and three times that number in attendance.

As usual the Catholic Church came in for its customary abuse. A Baptist gathering without this element would be a very tame affair. And as it predominated to a large degree at the closing session, the convention in Baptist estimation was a grand success. The vicious and debauched Christianity which imbued the gathering manifested itself in the following adopted report concerning work in "papal" countries and the opposition displayed on the question of sending missionaries thereto:

"This opposition is based on the groundless supposition that they have sufficient truth, though distant and obscured, to lead them to the cross. Shall we acknowledge an institution to be a true Church of Christ which persecutes His true followers, holds the Word of God from millions, enslaves the minds, binds the conscience, robs the living and the dead, sells salvation, worships images and saints, fosters ignorance, teaches a corrupt system of morals, and is more a political than a religious institution?"

All Catholics are well aware that individual anti-Catholic bigotry is common in many parts of our country. They are constantly experiencing it in many avenues of life. But it is seldom that they meet with it in such cumulative doses. That there should be enough individuals in so large a collection to profess belief in the falsehoods they father by adopting such a report is astonishing.

By so doing they not only forfeit their integrity, but brand themselves as a remarkable regiment of brainless bigots. The things they allege as matters of doctrine and the charges they make against the Catholic Church have long ago been repudiated by all honest and intelligent non-Catholics. Their utter falsehood is a matter of ready information for all who desire to know the truth. But the truth and the Southern Baptists, from their expression at Chattanooga, seem to be elements impossible

Boyd's Chocolates and Confections They sell best wherever the best is sold. The purity and delicious quality of these sweets have made them the most popular confections in the west. THE W. J. BOYD CANDY CO. WINNIPEG.

IT SATISFIES You can't look at a loaf of our bread without being tempted to eat a slice. It's light-sweet—well-browned, just as palatable as it looks. 20 Loaves \$1.00 MILTON'S 524 Main Street, Phone 2623 Cor. Neza and Bannatyne. Phone 2595. 405 Ross Avenue, Phone 1344

James Richardson & Sons WINNIPEG, MAN. GRAIN AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS Quotations furnished on all kinds of Grain Trial consignments solicited

BRITISH BEER BREWERIES Manufacturers of Genuine English Ales and Stouts Guaranteed pure and made of the finest English malt and hops. These Ales and Stouts are sold at local prices. Ask your dealer for them or Phone 4843. Address, WINNIPEG, MAN.

Give us a call when you want anything in English, French or Polish Books, Stationery, Fancy Goods, Church Ornaments, Religious Articles, Toys, Pictures and Frames at lowest prices. Beautiful assortment of Prayer Beads from 5c. up to \$17.00. M. E. KEROACK, Cor. Main & Water Sts. Winnipeg also at St. Boniface.

FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

Proclaims Its Merits. 2 VIVIAN, ONTARIO. It is with gratitude and heartfelt thanks I pen these lines: My wife had lost all control of her nerves and could only speak at times, and was in a very low condition generally. She commenced using Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic on August 4th and a few days afterward she could come into the parlor and sing to the music and execute the solo part of hymns alone, is also able to do work about the house. I am sorry that I did not hear of this wonderful remedy sooner for I could have bought twenty-five or more bottles for what I paid the doctor here, just to come and look at her, for he did no further good whatever. Pastor Koenig's Tonic will be a blessing to all, and I can strongly recommend it. I send to-day for another bottle for my wife, and also for one for another lady whose nerves are weak, and whom I told what your Nerve Tonic had done for us. JOHN MITCHELL. A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a Sample bottle to any address. Poor patients also get the medicine free. Prepared by the REV. FATHER KOENIG, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and now by the KOENIG MED. CO., CHICAGO, ILL. Sold by Druggists at \$1.00 per bottle, 6 for \$5.00. Agents in Canada—THE LYMAN BROS. & CO., LTD., TORONTO; THE WINGATE CHEMICAL CO., LTD., MONTREAL.