

tempt to make the arrest alone, the corporal withdrew and dispatched a message to Superintendent Crozier, officer commanding at Battleford, asking for instructions.

Crozier received the report shortly after midnight and at 9 o'clock in the morning, June 19, with Insp. W. D. Antrobus, the resident Indian Agent, J. M. Rae, Louis Laronde the half-breed police interpreter and 25 men, one of whom was Sergeant Bagley, hastened to the scene of the fracas. On Poundmaker's reservation they were joined by Farm Instructor R. Jefferson.

Ordering his men to remain behind, the superintendent accompanied by Antrobus, Rae, Jefferson and Laronde, none of whom knew the culprits by sight, continued on to Little Pine's reservation. Their appearance at the medicine lodge, where after the manner of their ancestors the Indian youths were striving to qualify as braves, was the signal for a wild commotion. They stood their ground in the face of considerable provocation but, despite the officer's exhortations, the Indians and their chiefs steadfastly refused to give up Craig's assailants or even to say who they were. Temporarily checkmated by the impasse thus created, Crozier and his party had no alternative but to retire.

Back on Poundmaker's reservation Crozier pondered the situation deeply and decided to postpone direct action until morning by which time the thirst dance would be over.

His thoughts next turned to the safety of the store house, three miles westward, where the trouble had originated. Would the supplies there attract a pillaging mob? Resolved to take steps against such a contretemps, he instructed that they be brought to the old agency building which he had appropriated as temporary quarters for his men.

It was an all-night chore and, though the police detoured with the loaded wagons so as not to pass through the Indian camp, the topography of the region made it impracticable for them to avoid the medicine lodge. As they approached this danger zone a pack of painted young bucks broke away from the dance festivities and, mounted on their horses which were daubed with ocre and paint like themselves, circled wildly about the police renting the air with war-whoops and firing shots into the sky. Realizing that this bold demonstration represented wrath

barely suppressed, savagery ready to unleash its ferocity at the slightest excuse, the police stoically ignored the carousing red men and maintained a steady advance to their goal. Their perseverance was rewarded, for in the light of dawn the wagons were unloaded and all the supplies stored away.

With this task behind him, Crozier sent to Battleford for reinforcements, and after breakfast started making preparations to withstand an assault should one occur. Under his directions two bastions were hastily thrown up, one at each end of the old warehouse. Logs from a hut which they tore down were used for the purpose and by noon the work was finished.

That evening the thirst dance ended and early next morning, June 21, Reg. No. 27, Sgt. Major M. J. Kirk arrived from Battleford with about 60 Mounted Police and a number of civilian volunteers. The Indians were silent, resting after the exhausting exercises of the night before. In the police bivouac the forenoon was spent making final preparations for the trouble that seemed certain.

By mid-afternoon the Indians were stirring about so Crozier, after appointing ten men one of whom was Bagley to each bastion and stationing others at strategic points, reopened negotiations. With him were Reg. No. 864, Cst. C. Young, Laronde, Rae and Jefferson.

The palaver took place in Big Bear's tent where during a prolonged session of speeches and debates the chief proposed that Crozier return to his quarters and await the Indians who would follow in a few minutes—to give the officer an opportunity to pick out the wanted man, if he could.

The plan was satisfactory up to a certain point only, for when the Indians got within half a mile of the warehouse they would not go any closer. Anxious to arrange an amicable settlement, Poundmaker and Big Bear at this stage entered the police fort. Both, however, lacked the authority and influence necessary to control their tribesmen, and when their deliberations terminated in a deadlock the two chiefs returned to their tribes without having accomplished anything. Crozier, realizing that nothing was to be gained by further parleying and now thoroughly out of patience with the way things had gone, determined to capture the