

# Saskatchewan HISTORY

★ The  
Barr  
Colony

BY

CLIVE TALLANT

★ Sinclair Lewis  
in Saskatchewan

BY

D. J. GREENE



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# Saskatchewan History

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## The Break With Barr

### AN EPISODE IN THE HISTORY OF THE BARR COLONY

THE Barr Colonists, who were responsible for settling the Lloydminster area, emigrated from the British Isles in 1903. The movement had been initiated by the Rev. Isaac M. Barr, assisted by the Rev. George Exton Lloyd, both clergymen of the Church of England. The former made an exploratory trip to Western Canada in the fall of 1902, and secured from the Department of the Interior a land reservation comprising the even-numbered sections, exclusive of Hudson's Bay Company land, in sixty-eight townships. On his return to London, Barr started an extensive publicity programme for a non-denominational and self-supporting emigration scheme. His pamphleteering and other means of advertising were so successful that he and Lloyd received far more applications for membership in the colony than had been contemplated. On paper, Barr planned practically every detail and move which would face the emigrants from the time they left their homes until they reached the settlement. One detail led to another, and soon Barr was in receipt of money sent to him for various purposes, including homestead entry fees, absentee entry fees, shares in stores and transportation syndicates, hospitalization, insurance, and the like. Naturally, those who paid the money expected in return exactly what he promised them. He even sent three agents in advance to prepare the way, but neglected to give them financial support. Some two thousand persons, being the main body of the emigrants, sailed from Liverpool on the S.S. *Lake Manitoba* on March 31, 1903, reaching Saint John, New Brunswick, on April 12. The emigrants travelled via Canadian Pacific Railway to Regina, and Canadian Northern Railway from Regina to Saskatoon. Detraining on April 17 at Saskatoon, the end of the steel, they were faced with an overland trek of approximately two hundred miles to the settlement.

On arriving in Saskatoon, the colonists, who had found accommodation none too comfortable on the over-crowded *Lake Manitoba* and on the trains provided, discovered that Barr's plans for their reception had not been carried out. The Department of the Interior had, however, provided a city of tents for their occupancy, in which they lived while procuring the necessities for their trek. Prices became inflated, and many colonists became discouraged by this situation and by the difficulties which lay ahead. Barr failed to cope with the confusion which existed, but the majority persisted in their plans and set out for Battleford at the end of April. The Department of the Interior provided tents, fuel and fodder at stopping places all the way from Saskatoon to the settlement. The trek to Battleford, which proved very trying to people entirely unaccustomed to overland travel under primitive conditions, took a week on the average. Discontent with Barr's lack of leadership mounted, until in Battleford it became so acute that Barr was forced to resign. The purpose of this article is to describe the details of the break between Barr and the settlers.

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*Editor's Note:* This article is part of a study of the Barr colony which is in course of preparation.



At Battleford, where the colonists rested for several days, the government had provided accommodation in tents and the immigration hall. As it was uncertain what could be procured at the settlement, provisions to last several weeks were purchased. The colonists were more impressed with Battleford than they had been with Saskatoon, possibly because they found the barracks of the North-West Mounted Police there. Newspapers in Eastern and Western Canada had taken considerable interest in the migration, and sent their representatives to Battleford. Their reports, in general, praised the pluck of the immigrants but criticized Barr's leadership.

Barr arrived in Battleford on May 2, and after several stormy days with the disillusioned settlers, left for the settlement on May 7. The Battleford weekly, *The Saskatchewan Herald*, commented on Barr's arrival in the following tone: "Mr. Barr has come. The colonists are dissatisfied with his arrangements. There is every chance now of a hot spell. There is no more connection between these interesting items than the fancy of the reader may invest them with." The settlers were made uneasy by rumors that some of their people had given up after reaching Saskatoon and were returning home. C. W. Speers, the general colonization agent of the Dominion government, had held a meeting on April 23 in Saskatoon, which resulted in his finding employment for those without sufficient means to proceed to the colony. Confusion had arisen in the minds of the immigrants as to the allotment of homesteads. Some members of the advance groups who had been in Battleford for two weeks were bitter against Barr over the delay in homesteading. The first ugly rumors that Barr was exploiting them arose among the settlers while in Saskatoon. There an indignation meeting had been held on April 30, at which Barr had aroused much antagonism. At a second such meeting called by James Clinkskill (M.L.A. for Battleford, and owner of stores in Saskatoon and Battleford) Barr had acted badly and the meeting had dispersed. When Barr reached Battleford, the discontent erupted in earnest, led by several strong-willed, aggressive colonists who felt insecure and frustrated.

Both Speers at Saskatoon and R. F. Chisholm, agent of Dominion lands at Battleford, found themselves in a quandary as to what they could do for the colonists. Barr violently opposed any attempts by Chisholm to send settlers on ahead to locate for themselves, and warned James A. Smart, Deputy Minister of the Interior, "If there is bloodshed and destruction of the colony as a result I throw whole blame on you." Chisholm, a practical man, had realized how impracticable was Barr's scheme of allotting homesteads to settlers before they had seen the land. He knew also that the people would wish to settle close together for the sake of church, school, and other advantages, rather than to be scattered throughout the reservation. Unable to reason with Barr, Chisholm advised the colonists to proceed at once from Battleford to the reservation, and to contact Mr. George Langley, the sub-agent of the lands branch. As a result, settlers began to move westwards. When Barr protested, Chisholm told him that not only did the people distrust him but were beginning to be suspicious of the government officials as well. Furthermore, he stated, he did not believe that Barr had any authority to dictate to the people as to where they should homestead. Chisholm took this firm stand in order to end Barr's bullying tactics. When Barr threatened



to abandon the direction of the movement Chisholm felt that such an act would be all to the good, although he considered it to be a mere bluff, for Barr would have laid himself open to legal action by those from whom he had collected absentee fees. The dispute was resolved by Smart's firm yet diplomatic telegrams to Barr, who left Battleford on May 7 full of promises of conciliation and consultation with the colonists regarding allotments. But as a safeguard against Barr resuming his dictatorial tactics and quarrelling with some of the colonists who were "of a decidedly pugnacious disposition," Inspector McInnis of the N.W.M.P. left Battleford for the colony on May 10, taking with him a few policemen.

The first general movement of the main party from Battleford to the settlement began on May 2. Outfits took from one to two weeks to cover the journey of approximately one hundred miles. At Bresaylor, the only settlement on their route, they were able to purchase ponies, milk cows, seed grain and feed at moderate prices. Rumors were prevalent that prices were high at Barr's store in the settlement. The colonists trekked through swampy country and over stretches blackened by prairie fires. A heavy snowstorm struck, delaying some for a week. Fortunately the government tents were available for shelter. Rev. G. E. Lloyd, chaplain of the party, who had gone on to the settlement with Barr, began working back down the trail to encourage the trekkers, and this greatly impressed those settlers who might otherwise have turned back. Nevertheless some were met returning from the colony even as late as May 31.

At the colony, where the Stores Syndicate had set up a store and the settlement headquarters had been established, the colonists met with further disappointment. There was great confusion over making homestead entries. Some colonists accepted their allotments from Barr, while others after looking over the allotments refused them and entered elsewhere in the reservation. The headquarters camp was soon the scene of angry demonstrations by colonists who felt that Barr had not lived up to his bargain. To pacify some of the more aggressive settlers, Barr issued cheques to reimburse them for money they had paid him for shares in the syndicates. After a few days at the settlement, Barr returned to Battleford which he reached on May 15. With him went the three nurses whom he had brought to operate his hospital.

By that time Mr. Lloyd had returned to Battleford. On Barr's return, Lloyd and others interviewed him and found him willing to give up all claim to future leadership. A meeting of the colonists still encamped at Battleford was called, at which a resolution was passed unanimously to appoint Mr. Lloyd, A. Still, and N. Jones to interview Barr and to have an agreement drawn up authorizing Lloyd to assume the leadership with a provisional committee of twelve members elected by the colonists. The desired agreement was formulated, and then to intercept and prevent more colonists from leaving the settlement, Lloyd, Still, and Jones left immediately for the headquarters camp. The Battleford resolution was adopted unanimously at every gathering of colonists along the trail and by those at the headquarters camp.



The record of Barr's movements and activities between May 21 and the middle of June is vague. He evidently returned to the headquarters camp to settle business matters with Lloyd and the committee. On May 21 a colonist on the trail noted significantly in his diary: "Mr. Barr and his horse transport arrive in great style. No N.W.M.P. escort . . . witness a scene with Barr and big colonist re C.P.R. land money. Colonist gets his money." In winding up his business arrangements with Lloyd and the committee, Barr signed papers to cover the following agreements: resigning all claim to his homestead and to any other homestead in the colony; turning over all stores on the ground to the committee to satisfy the claims of the people for several thousand dollars in shares; making over all the hospital equipment to satisfy the hospital staff and those who had paid for hospitalization tickets; and permitting the committee to apply all monies so realized to satisfy the people's claims for money invested. In return the committee, who had "pried loose" Barr's account books from his keeping and had investigated them, gave Barr \$800.00 in recognition of what they called "a moral obligation" in the matter of the homestead which he had intended to enter. By June 5 Barr had returned to Battleford, where he settled up more of his affairs and refunded money paid to him for C.P.R. land. Some colonists there distrusted him so much that they patrolled the Battle River bridge to prevent him leaving Battleford until his accounts were settled.

Barr left Battleford for Saskatoon on June 12, drawing the comment from the *Herald* and Saskatoon *Phenix* that Barr's people could sing with heart and voice "Britons never will be slaves." There is no record of Barr's activities in Saskatoon. On July 8 he left for Winnipeg, via Regina, where he barely escaped being rotten-egged by some Englishmen. In Winnipeg, when interviewed by the press, Barr defended his operations. This drew rebuttals from "Britannia Colony," as the settlement had been renamed. From Winnipeg Barr proceeded to Ottawa to press his claims to a bonus for bringing over the settlers. In a press interview he stated that although he had received \$13,000 in commissions on steamship tickets, he had spent \$8,000 on his London office, while incidental and unforeseen expenses had more than exhausted the remaining \$5,000. He said, "I was not in this work out of feelings of pure philanthropy, and would think it would only be fair that I have my services appreciated." He felt satisfied with the migration as he claimed that over 1,800 of those who had come over had settled on the land, and the remainder were scattered around the country working for others as they had intended to do. But he was not successful in his attempt to secure the bonus from the government.

Instead of returning to England and gathering a group to emigrate in 1904, as he had repeatedly stated was his plan, Barr went to the United States. He wrote to Smart from Chicago in December, 1903, suggesting that a full investigation into the affairs of the colony be made in a proper court. He was willing to appear in a Canadian court, but he wrote, "As I am an American subject, I shall ask the protection of the American Government." Whether this statement was a bluff, or whether he had already taken out his first papers for American citizenship can only be conjectured. He again referred to the bonuses to which he considered himself entitled "and which you promised me," asking that they be used to meet



any just debts he had incurred in connection with the colony. He claimed to possess copies of documents which had implied that he should receive the bonuses, and threatened to have the copies produced in court. Smart was unmoved by this threat and denied ever having promised to pay Barr bonuses, but stated that the matter had been left in abeyance. He felt that the Department might have taken a very liberal view of the whole situation (*i.e.*, might have paid Barr bonuses) if it had not been found necessary to spend so much money to provide against the chance of disaster in the colony; the Department had spent many times the amount that the bonuses would have totalled. In view of these facts, and because no responsibility could be attached to the Department for the failure of the movement to work out in Barr's interest, Smart refused either to make any payment to Barr or to undertake the investigation he had suggested. Barr's correspondence with government officials apparently ceased accordingly. Rumors and newspaper reports indicated that Barr had dropped the title of "Reverend" and had entered business in the United States. It is believed that later on he took a group of Americans as colonists to Australia. A newspaper despatch from Melbourne in January, 1937, reported that he had died in that country on January 22, 1937.

A restless individual, with a fertile mind and a facile pen, Barr was capable of planning but not of implementing. At the age of fifty he emerged from an unspectacular career to become involved in an emigration project which became rather famous. His movement began for the economic betterment of a group who were largely dependent upon others, but developed into a selfish scheme for his own advantage. To some who worked with him he appeared fundamentally honest, but unable to resist the financial temptations which his plans created. To others, especially those with whom he had disputes, he appeared completely selfish and dishonest. These critics blamed all the suffering of the colonists upon Barr's greed. Of his three advance agents, W. S. Bromhead and Rev. John Robbins remained loyal to him and optimistic regarding the settlement scheme, but both returned to England before Barr's collapse as leader. Possibly neither Bromhead nor Robbins saw as much evidence of Barr's failure as did Mr. Charles May, who had been the first advance agent sent out, and who remained to homestead near Battleford. Mr. May came to regard Barr as a "bester," chiefly interested in personal gain. The majority of the colonists lost faith in Barr because, after building up their hopes and producing such grandiose plans, he disappointed them. From their embarkation at Liverpool to their arrival at the settlement, they met with disillusionment. As a result they suspected Barr not only of bungling but of dishonesty. There was not too much complaint over their hardships, for Barr had warned them that they would have to face up to difficulties. There is no doubt that Barr was autocratic, quick-tempered, and undiplomatic. Being too self-centered to accept criticism, he turned many against him. After his failure as a leader, he still believed himself capable of organizing a second project the following year, avoiding the perplexing details of his first attempt. Perhaps the fairest statement of Barr's weaknesses would be that although he could plan details and organize enterprises in general outline, he lacked the ability to administer them. He did not possess the tact and business qualifications necessary



for the management of so extensive an undertaking. To his credit must be placed the initiation of the plan for emigration and settlement; but credit for its fulfilment must be given to the Rev. G. E. Lloyd for his inspiration, to the Canadian government for its assistance, and principally to the settlers themselves for their tenacity.

—CLIVE TALLANT.

#### Note on Sources

Sources used in the preparation of this article were: Department of the Interior files Nos. 737973 and 758120 (Barr Colony) in the Public Archives of Canada; Barr Colony manuscripts, University of Saskatchewan Library; Lloydminster file, Saskatchewan Historical Society, Archives Division, Legislative Library, Regina; Barr Colony file, Regina Public Library; Township General Registers, Lands Branch, Department of Agriculture, Regina; Rendell Papers, Saloway Papers and Diary of Robert Holtby, Archives of Saskatchewan; Diary of Mr. F. Hembrow Smith, Saskatoon; *The Saskatchewan Herald*, 1902-03; *The Saskatoon Phenix*, 1902-03; *Narratives of Saskatoon, 1882-1912*; interviews with: Mr. H. C. Messum and Mr. S. S. Hall, Lloydminster, Mr. R. Holtby, Marshall, Mr. C. Maule, Lashburn, Mr. D. J. McCarthy, Melfort, Mr. F. Hembrow Smith, Saskatoon, Canon W. H. English, Regina.



#### A Letter of the Rev. I. M. Barr

(From the Saloway Papers, Archives of Saskatchewan)

#### BRITISH COLONY FOR THE SASKATCHEWAN VALLEY NORTH WESTERN CANADA (Under the Sanction of the Canadian Government)

Founder and Director  
Rev. I. M. Barr

Head Offices: 14, Serjeants' Inn  
Fleet Street,  
London, E. C.

Mr. Ben. P. Saloway,  
23, St. Mary's Street,  
Bridgnorth

Dear Sir,

I have the pleasure in enclosing Homestead form you ask for, which kindly fill in carefully and return with homestead fee of £2.1.8. I hope that you may be able to join the settlement in the course of a year. I notice that you lived in Boston Mass. for a time and therefore know something of life in the far West. Hoping to hear from you again.

In haste.

Yours truly,

I. M. Barr



## With Sinclair Lewis in Darkest Saskatchewan

### THE GENESIS OF *Mantrap*

*Mantrap* (New York, 1926) is hardly one of Sinclair Lewis's greater novels. Coming as it did, after his masterpieces *Main Street*, *Babbitt*, and *Arrowsmith*, and quickly followed by the immense *succès de scandale* of *Elmer Gantry*, it was for the most part written off by the critics as a minor aberration and generally forgotten.

No one is likely to go to much trouble to disinter *Mantrap* from its oblivion. Its plot consists chiefly of an unconvincing and boring love affair between the lifeless Ralph Prescott and Alverna Easter, quite the most repulsive of Lewis's long and generally unsuccessful series of "dream girls." Still, one has the feeling that if Lewis could have kept sex from rearing its ugly head, the novel might have come off. It is indeed—in spite of the efforts of innumerable Canadian writers—the only approximation that I know of to an honest contemporary picture of "the North." It is also of interest to literary historians, in that a well-documented account of its origin is in existence—something that may be of use to the student of Lewis's methods of novel-making.

That account is available in the files of the Indian Affairs Branch,<sup>1</sup> Department of Citizenship and Immigration, Ottawa (formerly the Department of Indian Affairs). The sparse population of the northern half of the province of Saskatchewan consists mostly of Indians (chiefly Woods Crees), who are officially wards of the Canadian Government, living on the shores of the larger lakes, and making a precarious living by fishing, hunting, and trapping. During the nineteenth century, most of these bands of Indians made "treaties" with the representatives of the Canadian Government, whereby their claims to land were relinquished in return for certain privileges. Among these is the payment by the Government of an annual sum of money—five dollars to each Indian man, woman, and child, and twenty-five dollars to each chief. Once a year a tour is made by the Indian Agent—the local representative of the Indian Affairs Branch—of all the bands in his area. The main ostensible purpose of this tour is the payment of the "treaty money," but actually it serves as a general tour of inspection, during which the Indians are examined medically, a census is taken, disputes and grievances investigated, and so on. The Indian Agent is accompanied on these expeditions by a staff of assistants. The annual tour of the "treaty party," as it is called, is carried out with a certain amount of ceremony and formality, and is the great event of the year in isolated Indian communities.

The initiating letter of the correspondence in the files of the Indian Affairs Branch relative to Sinclair Lewis's trip to northern Saskatchewan and Manitoba in 1924 is dated January 28, 1924, and is from the Secretary to the High Commissioner for Canada in London to Duncan Campbell Scott, then Secretary to the Department of Indian Affairs. It quotes at length a letter from Lewis, who was

<sup>1</sup>I should like to acknowledge the assistance in obtaining information for this article that I received from the late T. R. L. MacInnes, Secretary of the Indian Affairs Branch, and from my friend, Mr. R. W. Tanner, of the Dominion Observatory, Ottawa.

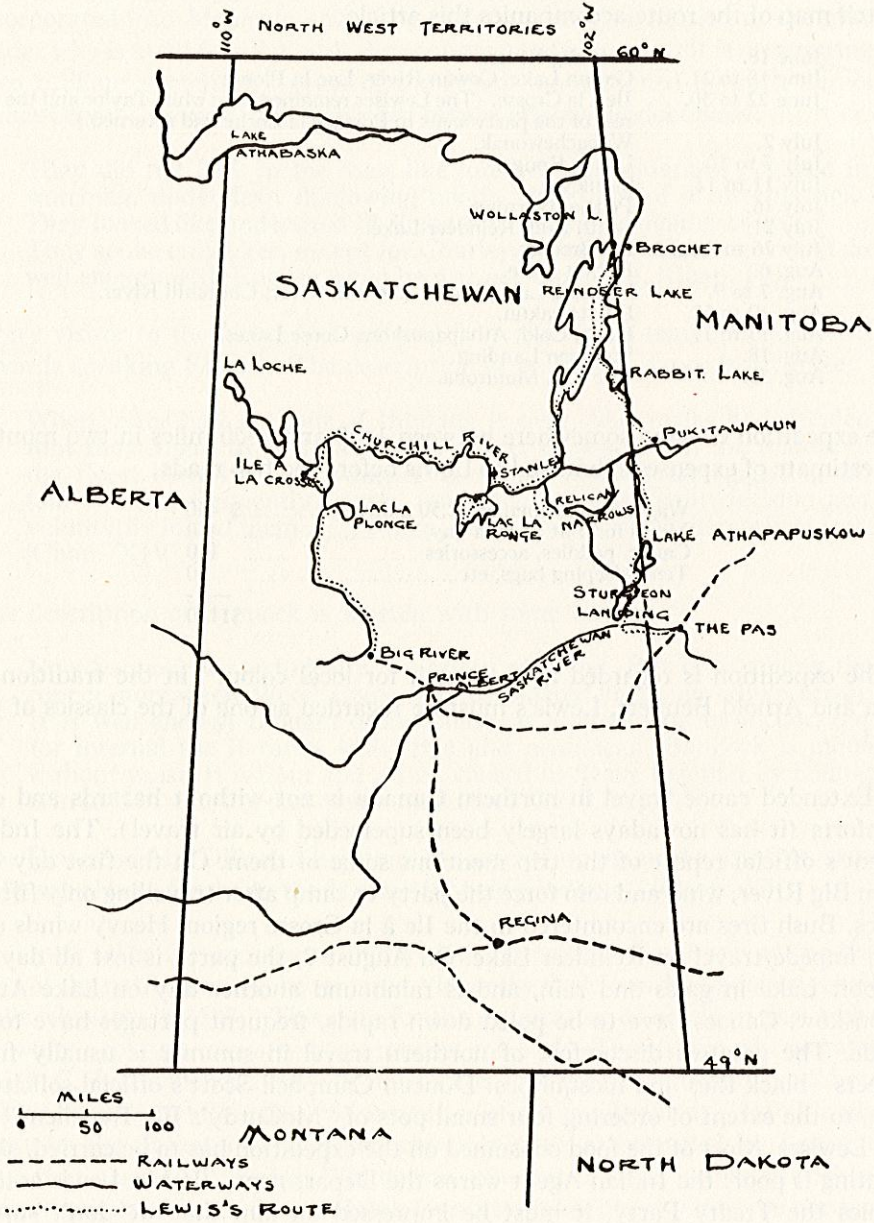


then in Europe, to Sir George McLaren Brown, European General Manager of the Canadian Pacific Railway; Brown, presumably unable to furnish the desired information himself, turned the letter over to the High Commissioner's office. In this letter, Lewis asks Brown if he knows anything about "an annual party sent out in Canada, either by the Hudson's Bay Company or the Department of Indian Affairs; it is, I believe, called the Indian Treaty Party trip." Lewis wants to know if it would be possible for him and his brother, Dr. C. B. Lewis, of Sauk Center, Minnesota, to accompany such a party, paying their own expenses. He might write articles for a magazine on the "British-Canadian way of handling Indians," he suggests. "Possibly later they might be made into a book."

Scott, himself a Canadian writer of some prominence, appears to have welcomed the suggestion cordially and to have acted as Lewis's mentor (by correspondence) throughout the preparations for the trip. (As an instance of Lewis's prestige, it may be mentioned that the Department, the same spring, refused a request from another quarter to send a moving-picture cameraman and assistant with a treaty party, on the grounds that it was "altogether inexpedient that the Treaty Party should be encumbered with additional men.") Scott replied to Lewis on February 19, suggesting that Treaty Party Number Ten, covering northern Saskatchewan, would be the most suitable. This party, Scott points out, travels wholly by canoe, whereas such a party as that which travels down the Mackenzie River travels mostly by motor vessel; "it is thought that you would much prefer to travel by canoe, as it is only by this means of transport that a traveller has a proper opportunity of securing an intimate acquaintance with the life and conditions of the Northern Canadian forests." Lewis will have to provide his own canoe. In later correspondence (from Madrid and London) Lewis agrees to the venue (but is there not a party which goes clear up to Hudson Bay?) and the Department of Indian Affairs agrees to purchase a canoe on behalf of Lewis; at the end of the trip the canoe is to be sold back to the Department. There is much technical correspondence about the canoe; a twenty-four foot canoe is decided upon, in preference to the more usual eighteen-footer: the Lewises, not being physically hardened, will not be of much help in the work of paddling and portaging, and so will have to have at least three Indian canoemen with them. Lewis requests anxiously that these be hired in advance, so that they will not have to pick them up at the last minute from the Indians loafing about at Prince Albert. Lewis's brother proposes to bring along his own outboard motor, which is not of a make favored by the Department's experts. And so on.

Lewis sailed from England on May 10, and travelled to Sauk Center. On June 10, he and his brother left Regina, Saskatchewan, by train for Prince Albert, in company with W. R. Taylor, Indian Agent. They spent some days in Prince Albert, and on June 17 proceeded by train to Big River, a lumbering and fishing village at the end of steel. There the party transferred to canoes: Taylor, the Indian Agent, in charge, with a medical doctor and six to eight Indians; the Lewises and three Indian canoemen in their own canoe. A summary of their itinerary follows. Their route can be traced in detail on the Department of the Interior's large-scale maps of the country—though with some difficulty, because







of the intricacy of the waterways and because of differences of opinion between the Department of the Interior and the Department of Indian Affairs over the nomenclature of lakes and rivers: it is frequently necessary to translate the Cree name of a lake into English or French, or vice versa, before spotting it. A rough sketch map of the route accompanies this article.

June 18.	Left Big River.
June 18 to 21.	Cowan Lake, Cowan River, Lac la Plonge.
June 22 to 30.	Ile à la Crosse. (The Lewises remained here while Taylor and the rest of the party went to Portage la Loche and returned.)
July 2.	Wapachewunak.
July 7 to 10.	Lac la Ronge.
July 11 to 14.	Stanley.
July 16.	Pelican Narrows.
July 21.	South End, Reindeer Lake.
July 26 to Aug. 3.	Du Brochet.
Aug. 6.	Rabbit Lake.
Aug. 7 to 9.	Hunting Lake, Loon Lake and River, Churchill River.
Aug. 10 to 12.	Pukitawakun.
Aug. 13 to 17.	Duck, Cold, Athapapuskow, Goose Lakes.
Aug. 18.	Sturgeon Landing.
Aug. 20.	The Pas, Manitoba.

The expedition covered somewhere between 1500 and 1800 miles in two months. An estimate of expenses submitted to Lewis before the trip reads:

Wages 3 canoemen at \$2.50 a day.....	\$ 450
Meals for 5 at \$1.50 a day.....	450
Canoe, paddles, accessories.....	150
Tent, sleeping bags, etc.....	80
	<hr/> \$1130

If the expedition is regarded as a "search for local colour" in the tradition of Zola and Arnold Bennett, Lewis's must be regarded as one of the classics of the kind.

Extended canoe travel in northern Canada is not without hazards and discomforts (it has nowadays largely been superseded by air travel). The Indian Agent's official report of the trip mentions some of them. On the first day out from Big River, wind and rain force the party to camp after travelling only fifteen miles. Bush fires are encountered in the Ile à la Crosse region. Heavy winds and rain impede travel on Reindeer Lake. On August 7, the party is lost all day on Rabbit Lake in gales and rain, and is rainbound another day on Lake Athapapuskow. Canoes have to be poled down rapids, frequent portages have to be made. The greatest discomfort of northern travel in summer is usually from insects—black flies and mosquitoes: Duncan Campbell Scott's official solicitude goes to the extent of ordering four small pots of "McCurdy's Fly Repellent" for the Lewises. Most of the food consumed on the expedition has to be carried, since hunting is poor: the Indian Agent warns the Department, "If Mr. Lewis accompanies the Treaty Party, it must be impressed on him that we don't supply luxuries on this trip. Breakfast bacon is the staple food we carry. We cannot get loaf bread, and bannock [see Lewis's description below] is the bread we eat." On his way to the North, Lewis encounters an additional hazard to which the ordinary traveller in the wilderness is not exposed: the local branch of the Canadian Authors' Association wants him to lecture at Regina on his way through,



and the Canadian Club wants him to attend a dinner in his honour. Lewis declines.

The impressions of northern Canada gained on this extended trip Lewis incorporated into *Mantrap*: and, if he can suppress his irritation at the plot, the reader who is at all familiar with the country must agree that it is an amusing and even brilliant sketch of aspects of the North unmentioned by such authors as James Oliver Curwood. The noble red man is effectively debunked:

They did not look in the least like lords of the wilderness engaged in watching, under lean shadowing hands, the flight of a distant eagle. They looked like undersized Sicilians who had been digging a sewer . . . They spoke only Cree, except for Charley, an older Indian who could do well enough with English when he was not too bored. [Chap. IV].

Every visitor to the North has suffered from the Cree's temperamental attitude towards speaking English. The description of an Indian dance is accurate:

When, after half an hour of thinking it over, four males had decided that they might as well dance this dance, they stood in the middle of the floor, their hats on, whispering to one another and giggling, till four squaws, frequently young, made the same difficult decision and voluntarily joined them . . . Bump, bump, bump of the moccasined feet. [Chap. XIV].

The description of bannock is written with some feeling:

Now bannock is, technically, a variety of bread. But only among the copper-stomached Wood Crees is it considered to be an edible bread. It is well enough thought of as ballast, as a missile, or an anchor, but for internal use it ranks with tripe and pemmican. Bannock is made without yeast. It is flour and water, caused to cleave together by boiling it in lard in a frying pan over a maddened fire. [Chap. V.]

The Reverend Mr. Dillon, missionary, is summed up in one devastating sentence: "He was always forgiving the Indians for being Indians." [Chap. XI].

Lewis takes the occasional liberty with his setting. Emphasizing the historic past of the north country, he remarks, "Here the first French missionary-explorers built wigwams in 1587." This date for the penetration of northern Saskatchewan by white explorers is nearly two centuries too early. The paddle-wheeled steamer *Emily C. Just*, which plied the "yellow waters" of the "Flambeau River" between "Whitewater" and "Kittiko," is somewhat of an anachronism. The "Flambeau" must be the Saskatchewan River, the only river encountered by Lewis in his tour that has muddy water; Whitewater, the end of steel, is then probably The Pas, Manitoba (that is to say, Ralph Prescott makes his way into the north country over the route by which Lewis left it). But no craft so elaborate as the dictional *Emily*, which ran a regular passenger service and boasted "a cabin-de-luxe fitted with running water and a china cuspidor," has plied prairie waters for many a decade. Lewis may have been recalling stories of the short heyday of Saskatchewan River steamers during the 1880's and 1890's.



It may as well be recorded that Lewis's realistic descriptions were not greatly appreciated by the white inhabitants of the hinterland, who were used to seeing themselves through the eyes of more romantic novelists. When I lived, some years ago, at one of the largest settlements on Lewis's itinerary, its citizens still recalled *Mantrap* with some bitterness. I was told that various incidents and characters in the book were drawn from life and had the privilege of being acquainted with what were claimed to be the originals of the Rev. Mr. Dillon and Pop Buck. But no doubt such identifications are inevitably made wherever the locale of a story can be determined with any exactness.

To anyone sufficiently detached from romantic preconceptions, however, Lewis's *aperçus* of the North in *Mantrap* make rewarding reading. The pity is that they have to be winnowed out from among the dry bones of the Ralph-Alverna love story. It would have been better if Lewis had written up his 1924 experiences in the form of a travelogue, after the fashion of, say, *Innocents Abroad*, rather than as a novel.

D. J. GREENE.



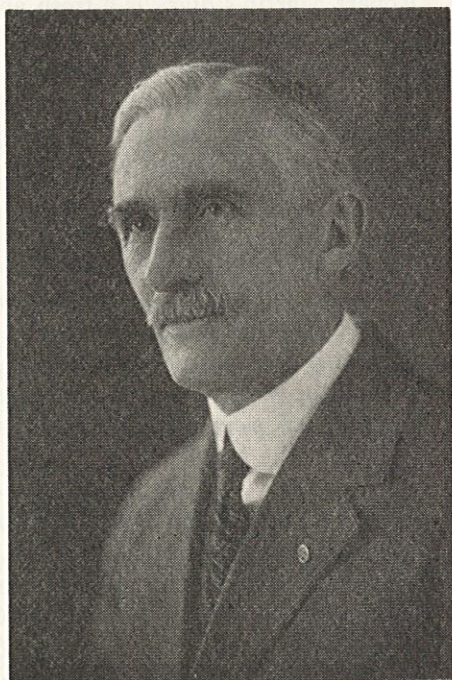
## DOCUMENTS OF WESTERN HISTORY

# The Diary of Robert Martin: Part I

### INTRODUCTION

THIS year (1953) is the seventieth anniversary of the selection of Regina as the capital of the North-West Territories. The choice of the site however had been made the previous year, 1882, while the Canadian Pacific Railway was being built across the southern portion of the present province of Saskatchewan. Construction proceeded so rapidly during that year that a dozen towns and cities were born almost overnight, and a land rush such as the Territories had never witnessed before brought thousands from Ontario and other parts of Canada to the area adjoining the railway line. One young man kept a diary of his travels and adventures, the first part of which is reproduced in the following pages; the second part will appear in the next issue of this magazine.

The North-West was a fabulous and exciting land to Robert Martin and hundreds of other young men from Ontario who left home in 1882 to try their luck at homesteading on the plains. Some found land to their liking; others, like the author of this diary, decided to settle in one of the new towns and pursue a professional or business career. Robert Martin was a druggist, a graduate of the Ontario College of Pharmacy, who had been working in Windsor and Toronto. After savoring the opportunities and qualities of life on the plains during the summer of 1882 he went back to Ontario, but returned the following year to Regina, where he remained for the rest of his life. He was connected at first with the firm of Dawson, Bole and Co., in 1888 he purchased this business, and in 1897 he reorganized it in association with Messrs. Peter Lamont, W. G. Pettingell and C. H. Black as the Canada Drug and Book Co.



ROBERT MARTIN  
1858-1942

To Regina Robert Martin made a distinguished contribution as businessman, citizen and mayor. But his interests and influence extended beyond the confines of the city in the promotion of professional and educational enterprises. He was



a pioneer member of the North-West Territories Pharmaceutical Association and was appointed as an examiner for that body at its first meeting. He assisted in the formation of the Canadian Pharmaceutical Association in 1907 and later served as its president. He became a member of the Senate of the University of Saskatchewan and served in that capacity until his death in 1942. The Robert Martin scholarship in pharmacy at that University is an appropriate reminder of his contribution to the profession in this province.

When Robert Martin left for the west in August, 1882, the railway had not penetrated northern Ontario beyond Lake Nipissing, and while steel had been laid from Fort William to Winnipeg, passenger traffic had apparently not commenced. Transportation was by boat from Collingwood to Duluth and thence by railway through Minnesota to Winnipeg. From this point he and his companions (his brother Alex, Jack Bruce, Jack Glanville, Martin Love and Wm. Castile) were able to travel on the new C.P.R. line as far west as Broadview. Here they were forced to detrain, for while the steel had been laid beyond Regina, no traffic over this portion of the line was yet permitted. "We left Broadview," he writes, "with 'Buck and Bright' [two oxen] drawing the well-filled waggon and us fellows all walking."

Robert Martin's diary is a fresh and vivid account of travel during the land rush which accompanied the building of the C.P.R. across southern Saskatchewan. It contains the impressions of a young man who was obviously enjoying his first real adventure, and as such it reveals the interests and enthusiasms of thousands of young Canadians of that generation whose life stories are the fabric of Western Canadian history.

— *The Editor.*

*Friday 4th and Saturday 5th [August, 1882]*

Dark. We do not pass anything worth mentioning except Griffith's Island which at a distance is very pretty, so thickly wooded. The trees on it seem so high towards the centre of the Island and taper off gradually and evenly until they reach the water. Passing this we see very little else until dark. We read until 10.15, go to bed, sleep soundly until 5.30, get up and we are just out of [Georgian] Bay and into the Manitoulin Channel. We stop at Killarney for fifteen minutes. We got off, stood on a big rock, saw a crowd of Indians, fishermen, etc. Wrote a p[ost] card home and left. Killarney has about twenty-five houses in it, all told, and nothing but rock in all directions. Any way we look we can see an Indian wigwam and the smoke from a small camp fire as they cook their breakfast. Across the channel a very short distance, is George's Island, just one mammoth rock specked with shrubs. A short distance farther on we enter the small [bay] named [Frazer?]. This scene is simply too grand for me to describe. I am just enchanted with it. On either side the rocks rise away up in noble piles, protecting the lake from the wind. The water is smooth as glass, no houses to be seen, an Indian wigwam and the loons are the only signs of life around. The rocks which now and then rise above the water like grey buttons on the blue surface, make a pretty effect as well as a rest for the loons and gulls. Passing through this lake [bay] we pass islands by the score—a perfect Moving Panorama. To the left of us is the



Great Manitoulin with all these little islands, and on the other is the Algoma District. At Little Current, Manitoulin Island, we stopped for wood (10 a.m.). Saw the village, more Indians, divers deepening the channel, and left there 10.30. Next place of interest is where we take a quick half-turn through a narrow passage between the rocks, and just at Spanish River Mills. The scene through this part is very fine. Rocks! Rocks! Rocks! Passing this and at 3 p.m. we stop at Algoma Mills, C.P.R. dock. I heard a voice saying "Martin"! "Bob"! and soon found that it proceeded from the mouth of Jack Ramsay. I had only time to say "How are you" and "Goodbye" until the boat left . . . . Tanned almost black, I hardly knew him. Leaving there we are in a wider space of water and not seeing so many lovely sights. This afternoon Purser tells us some yarns of his own experience at which we laugh heartily: flies, sea sickness, etc. Last night one of the cows had a calf. We are feeling splendidly. The cold I had when I left home is leaving me. A great many of the passengers on board are for Winnipeg. At 5 we met the *Asia*. Tonight there is quite a concert on board. We lend a hand to it . . . . We next call at Bruce Mines. No wood. I got off and walked the long wharf. We only stop here for about fifteen minutes and then (10.00) leave and stop at Hilton. Get wood here. We had a lovely sunset tonight. They are at Hilton dock and we going to bed 10.45.

*Sunday, August 6th*

We are up at 5.45, feeling very well, slept soundly. The boat lay at Hilton until daylight on account of the difficulty in going up the Sault [St. Mary] River. At 4 she left Hilton and now she is quite a distance up the River and just entering Muddy Lake. Going through this we pass a number of dredges. Leaving Muddy Lake (7.30) we again go up the River. The scenery is nothing striking. Canada side is quite pretty—hilly and green. All along on both sides the country is thickly settled. The country presents a good appearance. At 9.45 we reach Sault Ste. Marie (Canada side). This is a small village. Good sidewalks. We go up to the Post Office. Pass a very cosy residence with a great variety of lovely flowers and a nice lawn. The flowers attracted us, such large healthy looking blossoms on them. On our way back to the boat we get some raspberries and have a "gorge" on the boat. About 10.30 we leave the Canada side, cross over and stop opposite. All the passengers, nearly, got off and went up town. We visited the "Chippewa Hotel," had some lemonade, then to the Fort. Barracks, bears, etc., back to the boat at the "locks." This side is far ahead of the Canada. Lots of pretty residences, a splendid school and Court House, quite a long line of stores, and a great many hotels, saloons etc. The canal is a very fine one, having a bridge and dam combined, the like of which is only to be seen in France. We leave the lock at 11.20. Along the canal we get a fine sight of the Rapids. Leaving the canal we get on to Ouska Bay. Meet the *Arctic*. About 12.45 we round Point Par and are on Lake Superior (proper). The scenery is all to north of us now, high, wooded banks. Feeling sleepy at 1 o'clock I lay down and slept until 2.30. The day is very warm on land, but too cold at the bow of our boat. We noticed the great change in the air as soon as we get through the canal. There were 34 more passengers got on at Sault, that makes 2 tables, and today at dinner we hung round the tables like



vultures until the bell rang. Then a grand rush. We never make a miss. We soon lose sight of land. Tonight we gather round the piano and sing hymns in a style that would do credit to any church. Afterwards I read *John Halifax* and at 10 go to bed.

#### *Monday 7th*

We are up at 6 feeling gaily. The boat is rocking a little on account of a slightly rough water. Completely out of sight of land until about 10 when we get sight of Isle Royale and Passage Island. Before dinner I have a little snooze. Captain says that by some mistake we have been 50 miles out of our course. There is the same rush for dinner. We get there. At 2.15 we are directly between Royale and Passage Islands. From here we can see the mainland. Thunder Cape, McKay's Mountain, Pie Island, The Paps, and two other islands the names of which I didn't learn. The only sign of life on Passage Island is a lighthouse on the point. Royale has not even that much—very thickly wooded. Is 25 miles from Thunder Cape. In the forenoon the wind calmed down but took hold again in good style in the afternoon making the lake quite rough. Nobody sick. At 4.45 we landed at Silver Islet. A number of us went to the crushing mills for specimens but were only there when the whistle blew and we had to return in double quick time. There is a small village here built on the solid rocks. About a mile back the bluffs rise up to a huge height (1350 feet above the water level). Leaving here we pass between the Cape and an Island—a heap of rocks. Rounding the Cape we have a grand sight of it. A glorious sight. The west side presents the finest appearance, a great wall of rock topped with cedars, at the foot of which is Thunder Bay; through it we sail to Prince Arthur's Landing, passing within a mile of Pie Island. On the east and west sides of this Island there is a huge rock (rising separate from the rest) which presents a picture of an ancient castle overgrown with runners like ivy. The centre is rolling rocks and hills. Further on we pass the Welcome Islands, and McKay's Mountain. Rocks to south of us and a solid rock north of us, making a picture grand in the grandest sense of the term. How tame our native country looks beside this! "How wondrous are Thy works." At 7.45 we land at P.A. Landing. Everybody goes up town. We wander all around it. A fine town, the best we have seen since leaving Owen Sound. At 9.30 we come back to boat and at 11.30 go to bed.

#### *Tuesday 8th*

Wake up this a.m. at 5.20, get up and dress. Find we left P.A.L. at 3. Now we are just past Devil's Point and islands on all sides of us, the principal one being Victoria I. Leaving these we are in the open lake close to the shore of Minnesota. We have a game of cards and a good time generally. Begin to get better acquainted . . . We left a number of our passengers at the Landing, and got new ones on. Both feel splendidly. The air is terribly cold. Very few sitting outside. Doors all closed and fires going to keep us warm. If we were at home and as cold as this we would expect snow.

The wind is from the Nor-west, the boat rocks slightly. I saw one lady sick looking. The sails are up and the boat making good time. We have a Chinaman on board, an Indian, Negroes, and representatives of various other countries.



Tonight we have songs and recitations, quite a concert. No other items of interest taking place until 11 o'clock, [when] we land at Duluth. After considerable talking one way and the other it was decided that the passengers should all stop on board until morning. So about 12 o'clock we retired to our beds for the 5th time on the boat.

*Wednesday, August 9th*

Up at 5 after a good sleep. Get our baggage examined, then up to the Bay-view House. After breakfast we see the town, write some letters etc. After dinner we go out on "Minnesota Point" take off our shoes and look for agates until 4 o'clock. Then back to Hotel. Get supper at 6 and to train at 7. We make ourselves as comfortable as possible and sleep snatches all night through.

*Thursday 10th*

About 5 we eat some lunch and are "up for the day", feeling very well considering. Meet Ab and Hilliard Wilton on their way to Montana. We reach Glyndon at 7. Have some more lunch, change on to the St. P[aul], M[inneapolis] & M[anitoba] R.R. and with 12 hours ride over flat prairie we reach Winnipeg at 7 p.m. Alex and Martin Love meet us at St. Boniface. Cannon met us at Winnipeg. We steer for 370 Main St. where Jim Straith hangs out, have a wash and all go to McLaren's for tea. After tea we walk round the city. A splendid lively city, far ahead of my expectations. About 11 we go to bed.

*Friday and Saturday 11th and 12th*

Are spent walking round the city buying part of our supplies. Saturday night I go to bed very tired after so much racing round. . . . Met scores of old acquaintances.

*Sunday 13th*

We are up at 9.15, go through the usual order, and then to breakfast at 10. To Presbyterian Church, hear Rev. Gordon [Ralph Connor] give his introductory sermon in Winnipeg, does very well. After church I wrote some letters then we all go for a walk, Jim Straith, M. Love, Alex, Jack G. and I. Called at Smalls with a parcel, then all to McLaren's for tea. Quite a happy family to be sure. Mrs. McL. was very kind to us. We went to the Presbyterian Church again and after church to J. Bruce's tent and back to 370 to bed at 11.

*Monday 14th*

Up at 7. All forenoon we rush round getting ready to go to Portage la Prairie with a freight train at 1.30. After a lot of work packing etc., we started for train and had to go over a mile off Main St. to get on train. We got on out at 2. Started West. From Winnipeg as far as Garfield the prairie is as flat as a lake, thickly settled and under good cultivation. But on towards Portage the country begins to roll and is much prettier than any we have seen in the province. Large wheat fields, gardens, and all well fenced. The villages are very little more than a dozen of tents, an odd wooden building in some. Portage la Prairie is reached at 7.45, a handsome town of 4,000 population. We lug our baggage (which consists of tent, blankets, overcoats, guns, axes, 3 valises filled with clothes and one filled with ammunition—this one we call the magazine) to an adjoining lot. Martin



Love and I go for provisions and soon get back to where our tent is to be, with 1 can corned beef 50c—loaf bread 10c— $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. cheese 10c— $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. biscuits 10c and a quart of milk 10c—in a bottle and an old peach can. We fall to work and soon have our tent pitched. Rain comes on and we hasten to get our baggage under cover and ourselves likewise. Then we gather round the grub and do justice to it. After we eat and fix things into shape again, and when the rain ceases, we go downtown. Hunt in all the hotels for W. P. Shaw and fail to see him after all. The streets are being fast built up with large wooden stores, and Portage is a big town. About 10 we return to camp tired and sleepy. The mosquitoes are bad so we manage to get a smudge going and banish them. Then we spread our rubber coats on the ground, then our blankets, and, next, ourselves. Alex on the north side, me next, Jack next and Martin south. The mosquitoes grow bad, we get out the nets and protect ourselves as well as possible. They hum and sing and thirst for gore. I doze off to sleep and at 1.30 wake, I guess with the noise of the millions of mosquitoes which are attacking us from all sides. Great day! Why there must have been millions of them, worse than any bee hive was the noise from them. We got desperate, so did they. We fought, but they had the majority. "Let's start a smudge," said Alex. We started one and by perseverance got the blood thirsty enemies conquered. Many were the choice ejaculations and remarks from the human being, while those devils kept up their song and war whoop until the leader of the choir remarked something about the unwholesome state of the atmosphere and proposed an adjournment. It was agreed upon and we laid our tired bodies down once more. . . . About 4 we all woke again. The old mob were back reinforced. Golly such screamings and yells from them. We knew how to treat them and we treated them to another dose of smoke. Then we slept until 7 a.m.

#### *Tuesday 15th*

Got up, took the guns, towel and soap and all went to the slough, had a wash. There are lots of ducks but cannot get near them. Martin goes up town, I for a loaf of bread and a quart of milk. We have breakfast, pack up, and at 10.45 took the passenger train for Brandon. The country is rolling prairie, pretty well wooded. Nearing Brandon it gets quite hilly with plenty of stones. The train is loaded chuck full of passengers, 4 or 5 cars. We reach Brandon at 2.30, get our "effects" to Jim Whilpley's shanty. Jim gets dinner for us, and we eat hearty. Then we put in the balance of the afternoon looking for oxen. We purchase a yoke of brindles at \$180.00 from Johnston, Starr & Co. Brandon is built on a stoney hill. Is just one year old, a lively place, some large buildings and a great many small ones, tents, shanties, etc. 3000 of a population. We have supper at Jim's shanty at 8 o'clock. The shanty is 10 x 12; a small camp stove, a few dishes, a table, a chair, three benches, one lamp and a broken mirror constitute the furniture. About 10 o'clock we spread on the floor—our tent, then our blankets, and then ourselves. Wake up several times during the night. It is quite cold and makes us draw under more blankets. The floor is as hard as pine boards usually are, but when

#### *Wednesday 16th*

comes, we get up at 6.30 feeling well slept, and all first rate. All today is spent looking for waggon and buying supplies of all kinds. We expected Bruce and



Castile along today but are disappointed. Jim Whilpley cooks for us and dishes up tip-top meals. At night he goes up to Yeoman City with his cousin George. I wrote a letter or two today. We all go to bed in the same order as last night about 10 o'clock and sleep well until 6.30.

*Thursday Morning 17th*

We all feel well. Alex and Jack go to the craal for the oxen while Martin and I get breakfast. The boys soon return with the oxen. We discuss the proper names for the oxen but arrived at no conclusion. I'm afraid they will get "Buck and Bright" after all. We get a letter from Bruce which says that they cannot be here before Friday. We think it advisable to ship our freight so that there will be no delay when they come. In the afternoon we gather up our supplies together, a waggon, plow, etc., etc. Then we pack the groceries into better shape and at 6 o'clock have all loaded on a car ready to go on the first train. The train goes about 9 with Alex and Martin on it. We are waiting for Bruce and Castile. Go to bed in Jim's tent about 10. Through the night it came on a heavy thunder storm which kept us awake for quite a while.

*Friday 18th*

At 7 o'clock Friday we rise, have breakfast—pork and bread—write a long letter home—see Jno. Watt at the station on his way back to Winnipeg. Get dinner at 12.15. We fully expected Bruce and Castile by the 2.30 train and all to go on together. Accordingly, we have all our traps ready to start. Go to the station to see the boys. The train was on time; but greatly to our disappointment, the boys failed to come. We were really mad, were tired hanging round Brandon doing nothing yet couldn't go until the boys came as we had given almost all our money to Alex and Martin and besides had to wait to settle a bill with Johnston. We telegraphed to Jim Straith to hurry Bruce up. Then we put our time in the best we could, got beefsteak for supper. After supper we sat around the shanty in the dark until 9.30, then went to bed in the tent. The night was very cold. We had lots of covering to keep us warm and were soon asleep.

*Saturday August 19th*

We wake up at the usual time; but as we have nothing to do we lie on the rude bed until 9 o'clock. I was just thinking about our outfit when suddenly the thought struck me that the spade we bought along with our other hardware at Smarts had been left out by mistake. I asked Jack about it and he didn't remember seeing it among the other stuff. We got up in a hurry, and soon after breakfast, we picked up to Smarts, told the young fellow that the spade had been forgotten; he said he believed it had, and told us to pick out another one, which we did. (I may here mention that when we got to Broadview we learned that spade No. 1 had not been forgotten, so we were a spade ahead.) On the way back to the shanty we dropped into the "Grand Central" and got a telegram saying that Bruce and Castile started on a freight at 3 p.m. (day before). We hastened down to the station and learned that "No. 17" would be in about 12 noon. At 11.30 "No. 17" came, and happily the boys were on it. We were glad to see them. Took them up "to our shanty" and after a moment's consideration B., C., and I went up and settled with Johnston. On our way back got 2 lbs. steak, 1 lb. chop. Got



back to shanty, cooked the meat, read two letters (which Bruce brought) from Windsor, ate a hearty meal (bidding good-bye to beefsteak for a while), got our baggage to the station etc. and at 3.10 left for Broadview. Brandon is not a nice place at all, and I was pleased to get out of it. About one mile from Brandon we noticed the train hands excitedly stopping the train. The passengers rushed to the doors to see what was the matter. "A man fell off the train" was the report. The train backed up to just opposite a warehouse from which there is a gangway built to the railway track. There the young fellow lay dead. We have since learnt that he was Frank Auld, a minister's son from Ontario who was a brakeman on the Express. He had been leaning out looking under the rear car, was caught between the gangway and the car and rolled the full width of the gangway. He gasped only once after he was freed. I saw him. His right ear was split, his forehead bruised. His eyes wide open. They put the body into the baggage car and backed up to [Brandon] station. After a little delay we started again. We viewed the country until dark. All along from Brandon the country is inclined to be rolling. Quite a lot of small poplars in parts while for miles again a tree was not to be seen on either side. There are lots of sloughs abounding with wild ducks. Stations every 7 or 8 miles all the way along. Flat Creek or Oak Lake is the busiest place we saw all the way. There are several stores, eating houses etc., all under canvas. At Virden (formerly Gopher Creek) we stopped for supper. This place is like all the others, just about a dozen tents, lunch rooms, stores, etc. Soon after leaving there Bruce saw a wolf and badger quite close to the track. After dark we were settled down quite comfortably until stopping at Moosomin we were visited by a dozen or so of Mounted Police in search of liquor. Fortunately they passed our valise but opened one not over 3 or 4 seats from us. The law is very strict, \$100 fine. The fine is seldom imposed. Any liquor found is emptied right out on the spot. We were pretty scared but got through all safe. At 11.30 we left Broadview. Alex and Martin were waiting for us. We hustled our stuff to the tent. There are a dozen or two mounted Police stationed here, Redcoats, all young fellows. We passed safely. After supper (of tea and bread and canned apples) and getting our big tent pitched, Bruce, Castile and I occupied the big one, other three the small one and settled down on our bed—rubber coats next the ground, overcoats next, ourselves next. I lay comfortably. Bruce complained about the uneven state of the prairie. I was soon asleep, and not before it was high time for it was about 1 o'clock.

*Broadview 275 miles from Winnipeg, Sunday Aug. 20, 1882*

Awoke this a.m. at 6.30. No more sleep for us. Bruce got up and I next. Got out and gazed on the scene around Broadview. This is the terminus (so far) of the C.P.R., therefore there are numbers of cars and engines in the yard. Our tent is pitched on the south side of and about 100 yards from the track. West of us is the city, built on both sides of the track. All tents with few exceptions. There are 17 stores, eating houses (called high toned names), a few shops, blacksmith, etc. To the south of us a few miles distant is a ridge of high land called the "Scrub Hills". Nearer us to the south is a party of surveyors' camps—carts, waggons, etc. North across the track are the tents belonging to the Police and a few Indian camps. The prairie is almost flat, slightly rolling, very little wood, good water. It



was not long until we were all up. Alex and Bruce take the oxen about half a mile away to good pasture and tie them to stakes. Martin and I take a pail each and towels and soap and cross the R.R. for water. I take a good wash in a slough, head and feet. Returning, find a big friendly old Indian visiting our camp. He was wrapped in a big Buffalo skin, had yellow beads in his hair, couldn't speak a word of English. He sat down near the stove watching our pot boil. Soon after eight or nine squaws in paint and beads, with youngsters came round and picked up the heads of some ducks (Alex and Martin shot yesterday). Soon after, about 100 young fellows from the neighbouring tents (railroaders) paid us a visit. We chatted with some, and soon we were alone again. We had porridge for Bkfst made from "x lut" which we got in Brandon. After breakfast we were again visited by Indians. The bucks wear a kind of leggings which come up to their thighs, and a shirt (often red flannel) which comes down and meets their nether garments. These today were decorated with beads strung on their long hair. The squaws, some rather nice looking, painted with pink striped with blue. The old fellow filled his pipe, and the young chap lit it for him. He tried to explain to me why the squaws were taking the ducks heads . . . Now we are all lounging around. Alex, Martin, B. and C. are writing letters. Jack and I are writing up our diaries, while the neighbours are out shooting at a mark with their revolvers. The days are all fine, nights cool. There is a pleasant breeze blowing this a.m. All feel well. Alex and I were just saying that we never felt better than we have lately. I haven't had to take a drop of medicine since I left home. We have splendid appetites and enjoy our camp life tip-top. At 12 we start to get dinner. Alex and Martin shot five ducks for our Sunday dinner. We stew them, and golly what a dinner we had. Yum! Yum! After dinner we write for a time then across the prairie about a mile and a half to a lake and had a bath. We felt better for a wash. The prairie is perfectly riddled with gopher and badger holes. We see lots of gophers. Come back to tent about 5, settle down to write again. About 5.30 a train of 15 carts goes westward past our camp. We supper at 6. A crowd of fellows gather and have an exciting game of baseball near the camp. We go to church in the station. The preacher's name is Hewitt. He did very well indeed. 32 men and 2 women was the extent of the congregation. After church we finish our letters. Take them to a letter box (there is no Post Office here) and about 10.15 go to bed.

#### *Monday August 21st*

We are up at 5.30 busy getting ready for our start across the prairie. We intend shipping our whole truck to the end of the C.P.R. or, at least, as far as we could—but the contractors wouldn't under any consideration carry any freight on their trains, so we have to drive. As we had to add other stuff to our outfit, we were delayed with that and other minor things until 8.15 o'clock. We left Broadview with "Buck and Bright" drawing the well filled waggon and us fellows all walking. There can be little said of the country over which we passed, just rolling prairie with a very few settlers. We trod along at a three mile rate until 11.30 when we stopped for dinner. I was cook. We had fried bacon, bread, tea and syrup. We have all good appetites and all satisfied ourselves. Here we organized ourselves. Jack Bruce and I to cook and clean game, Alex



and Jack Glanville to wash dishes and pick game, Martin and Bill Castile to attend the oxen, pitch the tent and pack the waggon. About 2.15 we started out again. All the way along we passed several sloughs. The boys managed to bag four wild ducks for our supper. Bruce and Castile pull off their pants to wade for the ducks. Bruce left his off and trudged along the road (trail) two or three miles with his bare legs. About 11 o'clock we crossed Weed Creek—a pretty little stream. About 4 we passed through a nice looking country. Two tents close together. We interviewed both. All Ontario fellows. Passing these we come to a tent where it was said we could get milk. Alex asked a young woman, but we couldn't get any. At 7 we stopped at Summerberry Creek. We were told we'd get plenty of good water here, but alas! there were a few stagnant pools floating with green. There was also a soakage well, but it had just been emptied so we had to use the water out of the pools. We had stewed duck for supper. It was good. The mosquitoes were awful bad. Before bedtime Bill set off a bluff or two of powder. Then about 10 o'clock we went to bed. 18 miles from Broadview. We all felt well and happy. Amused at the epithets, various, slung at the mosquitoes. Bruce capped everything by calling them "Devilies". Most of us slept well until towards morning when the mosquitoes had got back to us. Got milk from a traveller. (South of here is Wolf Hills.)

*Tuesday August 22nd*

We rise at 5.30 feeling tip-top. We had porridge for breakfast. The well at the creek had a lot of water in it, so we had better water to make breakfast with, and to fill our keg. We got a start at 7. Shot some ducks on the way. Passed the cows again also a few other tramps, mostly making for Moose Jaw or Pile of Bones. One waggon had a woman in it. Stopped for dinner at Wolf Creek. Here we got pretty good water. Had bacon and beans for dinner. Eat hearty. The cows caught up to us, and we had some more milk. This creek was also dry, and the water we got was from a soakage well. We started again at 2. Bright was not well. During the afternoon he got worse. Nothing of importance transpired along the trail. We passed the Wolf Hills, and through an indifferent piece of country. At 5.30 Bright got worse so we pulled up at a big slough and pitched for the night. The first thing we *all* did was to give Bright a dose of laudanum and B. Pepper. Alex poured the dose down him while we held his head. I shot a snipe and wild duck. We had duck and snipe stew (5 ducks and a snipe). We ate it all. Mosquitoes were bad again. They bothered us a great deal through the night. We just made about 18 miles today.

*Wednesday August 23rd*

We rose this a.m. feeling pretty stiff and tired. The mosquitoes were so troublesome that we didn't have a satisfactory sleep. We rose at 4, and after the usual order of packing up, breakfast, and loading everything on the waggon, we started away at 6 o'clock. All forenoon we passed through a pretty piece of country. The sloughs are mostly all dry. A great number of bluffs—small scrubby bushes grow around them. Along the road we raised a covey of prairie chickens. The guns were ahead; however Jack Bruce killed a couple with his revolver. We passed a very pretty spot, quite a lot of timber (poplars) growing on the face



of the Squirrel Hills. A pretty field of oats too. At 11.30 we stopped on the Bell Farm, on the bank of a creek for dinner. We had prairie chicken stew. We started again at 1.30. Here we crossed the R.R. track and left the H.B. Co's trail and took the R.R. trail. The H.B. trail turns and goes to N. Qu'Appelle. It is a good road, but the R.R. trail to S. Qu'Appelle is quite rough. We reached Qu'Appelle at 4 o'clock. A bloomin' town. The far famed Qu'Appelle has 15 tents big and little *all told*. Not one wooden house. We got six measly loaves of bread for \$1.25. They were small but good weight at 4 lbs. each. Four miles past this we camped (6.30) for the night. We got good water here. Mosquitoes bad. Had duck for supper. Smoked out the tent after our work was done. South of this is the prettiest country we saw anywhere so far. A great many small bluffs. We fixed the mosquitoes o.k. and went to bed at 9 o'clock.

*Thursday August 24th*

We are up at 4.30 feeling tip-top. The night was cool, the mosquitoes vetoed and we had a good sleep. Started at 6. Passed through a really bushy country. Lots of wild ducks; we got several. At 10.30 we stopped for dinner. The day is very hot, hottest we have had yet so the oxen played out. While we were eating dinner a man came along on horseback. He stopped and asked us some questions, and told us that he had been up with A. T. Galt to pacify the Indians. We asked him to take some dinner which he did. We had considerable fun asking him questions, etc. He was a queer old codger. While with us he counted his money. He had attempted to take a near cut through a slough, his horse had fallen, and gave him a great deal of trouble, besides a good soaking. He left us and we got away again at 2. Bill is driving the oxen today. One of his odd expressions is "Move on my firey untamed steeds". They moved on very slowly. At 3.30 we had to stop again and rest the oxen. We stopped for an hour, had a drink with brandy in it. Had more shooting, and stopped at 7 o'clock beside a big slough at 8th siding. Rain, thunder and lightning makes us hurry up pitching tent, getting supper. Don't have a duck for supper. Jack G. is not very well. The mosquitoes are in thousands. We treat them to their usual dose. While we were eating supper the rain came on. We made everything secure and about 9.30 Alex and G. spread their beds. Martin and Jack Bruce were spreading theirs when they noticed a real lizzard on the blanket. To describe the "reptile"—he was about 6 inches long and as big around as my big finger and of a dark mottled green colour—clammy and cold. Can run like sixty; eyes as sharp as a trap. Well it was this chap that the boys discovered on their blanket. We killed and dragged him out of doors. All of us went to bed excepting Bill who was sitting reading. We were just asleep. Everything was quiet when Alex gave a desperate jump and exclaimed: "There's another of those darned lizzards", and so it was, a darned measly lizzard—and had been crawling up Alex's leg—he was killed. I lay for a minute or two and watched the others putting on their clothes. I concluded to do likewise and got up and right where my head was, was another lizzard. Bill got out his big knife and inside of 15 minutes killed seven. Golly our blood ran cold. We all said we'd not go to bed, however after putting on all our clothes our pants under our sox, our belts tight, a h'kf tied round our heads, a mosquito net over our heads,



we rolled ourselves in our blankets and went to sleep leaving the lantern burning. Sometime later I awoke and shook a lizzard off my hand. We had a terror of a time.

#### *Friday August 25th*

We got up at 4.30. Most of us felt tired after our excitement. I had wild ducks for breakfast. Got started at 7. The oxen fresh and the day cool. We passed through a rough scrubby country, lots of sloughs and thousands of ducks. About 10 o'clock while crossing the R.R. track, the hames on Buck broke. We were delayed a time getting it fixed. Fortunately for us there were lots of poplars near so we got timber handy. We got off again and soon passed these bluffs and into open rolling prairie. We were getting along nicely until we had to cross a slough, and got stuck in the centre of it. After we got out we soon broke our new hame. There wasn't a bluff in sight but we got an axe handle and got it on the collar. We stopped at 12 for dinner, and here I baked my first batch of biscuits. I had considerable bother with them, but they were very good. Got away after dinner at 3 o'clock. We are past sloughs and bluffs entirely (except an odd slough). We got plenty of good water in a well where we stopped for dinner (19th siding) and filled our keg. The prairie is quite rolling, sandy soil. For some miles we were ankle deep in sand. Saw some cattle killed for R.R. beef in a ranch near the track. All round the Big Mound the prairie is burned over, and that lets us see the lots of buffalo bones all scattered over. Alex and Bill went to the top of the Mound and registered on a big pile of buffalo bones. We passed a prairie fire. The wind was calm so the fire kept mild. We stopped for the night about eight miles from Pile of Bones. We made good time today and all felt well, although tired. We are camped in a dry spot tonight about 10 yards from the R.R. track. We get very good water about half a mile back. The prairie is burned all round here. The day has been fine. Yesterday was very warm. We found two horse shoes and two shovels. The road is rough and very crooked, crossing the R.R. track scores of times back and forth. I get all the cooking to do now which is no small job. Went to bed after 10. Didn't see a woman today.

#### *Saturday August 26th*

Got up at 5. Started away at 7. We were told that the R.R. trail is very bad towards and past Pile of Bones and that by striking north a mile we'd get on to the H.B. trail. We took the advice and started. Most of us walked. We crossed a burned prairie—rough and marked like alligator hide in squares. All round is scattered over with buffalo bones. We turned over some old heads and horns. We came to a trail and followed it along for quite a distance until we came to a halt where the trails meet—new ones. There are settlers here, living in tidy log houses. We asked them where we were. They told us that the little creek is "Boggy Creek" and we were  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles from the H.B.Co's trail. Keep a little N. of W. We kept on for a couple of miles until we came to the creek again. Here we were told to keep right along the bank of the creek and we'd get the trail  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles further up. Golly the prairie was rough, this alligator style is bad to travel over. The country is quite pretty—no wood within 10 miles—and sandy and gravelly soil. Very hard. At 11.45 we came to the trail and camped for dinner



on the bank of the creek. Range 20 Tp. 18 Sec. 24. The day is pleasant, inclined to be warm. We are 40 miles from Moose Jaw, 6 miles from Pile of Bones Creek. Leaving Boggy Creek at 1.45 we passed over a lovely piece of prairie. Started up a covey of prairie chickens. Shot three which we'll have for Sunday's dinner. We interviewed an Irishman who had just settled on the prairie in June. Came out three or four days after the murder of Cavendish. He told us we could get plenty of fine land within 10 miles of Piles of Bones City [Regina]. The land is simply grand. At 8 o'clock we crossed Pile of Bones Creek. Approaching the creek—in the "gloamin"—from the trail the bank runs out like a cape, and one imagines that you could walk about 300 yards and stand on the point but on closer observation shows that there is a horse shoe shaped hill and a pretty flat valley extending away out for fully half a mile, making a very enchanting scene, perfectly lovely. The creek winds around the horse shoe and the hill is lined with bushes. All around the creek is quite hilly and bushy poplars seven or eight inches thick. The creek is a pretty rippling stream. Oh what a glorious sight after crossing the prairie so abundant with sloughs. I feel at home here so fresh and nice. It is just dark when we camp. The mosquitoes are not very bad. We lie and discuss locating on the bank of this creek and at 10.30 go to bed.

*(To be continued)*



## ARCHIVES

Archives are much greater than collections of non-current records, old books, diaries, and faded letters, to be kept behind glass for curious eyes. The people of past generations, once vital like ourselves but now vanished from the earth, come to life again in their records. We see their faces looking out of old portraits, or silent in bronze and marble. We enter into their daily lives in their correspondence and intimate diaries, and into their thinking in books long out of print. Frayed ledgers reveal their business transactions, and journals of travel lift the curtain from the land as it once was.

There is a legend chiseled on the base of a statue in front of the National Archives in Washington which reads: "The heritage of the past is the seed which brings forth the harvest of the future." Those who have gone have so much to say to us, could they speak from the Unseen. But they do speak through their memorabilia. We can see their moving hands as they write the script of their letters. The visions they saw, the motives that inspired them, the wisdom they garnered, the warnings from their mistakes and failures, are ours if we search for them. They lie like gold hidden in the drift of ancient rivers, to be recovered for the enrichment of oncoming generations.

—Rev. Worth M. Tippy, Archivist,  
DePauw University, Laurel, Mississippi



RECOLLECTIONS AND REMINISCENCES—By Eleanor Brass

## The File Hills Ex-Pupil Colony

THIS unique colony was established in the spring of 1901 "with the idea of extending the training received by young Indians at the different government schools in the Northwest," by placing the ex-pupils on farms of their own. The founder of this colony was W. M. Graham, Indian agent at that time and later commissioner of Indian affairs for the three prairie provinces. He asked the government for 10,000 acres of arable land on some reserve. Approximately 19,000 acres was granted on the Peepeekisis reservation, one of four occupied by the File Hills Bands, close to Lorlie and about three miles north and east of Balcarres, Saskatchewan.

The land was surveyed into eighty acre lots. Each farmer was given a lot or more according to his ability and means. As time went on it was found that some of these farmers could handle from six to seven lots at a time. The unsurveyed area of approximately thirteen sections was left for those who desired to continue the old livelihood. The inhabitants of this portion have had an equal education, yet do not seem to be progressing. Only graduates from Indian schools were to be established on this colony. It was planned that they should be away from the older people with their primitive habits of living.

Being one of the first babies born in this colony, I have seen it in various stages, through depression to approaching prosperity. The extent of progress depended mainly on the methods of supervision under the different Indian agents. My father, Fred Dieter, and his school mate, Ben Stonechild, started with the colony. They turned over the first sod. Little did they realize their efforts were opening up a new era, turning a page in the history of the livelihood of their people. For no longer would they and their descendants be content to depend entirely on the bow and arrow and hunting knife. They built their first homes of hewed logs, neatly finished with a lime and sand plaster. They later enlarged them by adding lean-tos which served as kitchens and possibly a bedroom. A few yokes of oxen were used in these pioneer days. It was remarkable to note the progress made with only the ox and horse power available at that time.

This colony made rapid progress during the first twenty years of its establishment. Its success may be attributed to the initiative of the colonists, who were allowed to conduct their own affairs. Constant encouragement by officials, missionaries and other interested parties contributed much also. Authorities on agriculture were brought in to lecture, and to give demonstrations and instructions in grain growing, care of livestock and the use of implements. So keen was the desire for the success of this plan that the founder made his own rules, which were felt to be quite strict. A few beginners could not stand up to these rules and soon left for other parts.

<sup>1</sup>See *Annual Reports of the Department of Indian Affairs*, 1903-04, and 1906-07.



As Indian Head was the nearest point on the railroad for the first few years the early farmers grouped together to haul their grain there. This meant a two-day trip and also meant some hardship for the young wives who were left alone to do the chores. Some of the early colonists had a hand in turning over the first furrows for the grade of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway which was put through from Melville to Regina in 1908. This passed one corner of the colony and solved the problem of marketing the grain and other produce.

The homes were equipped with all the necessary household effects to encourage the young wives to learn how to cook and prepare food properly. This housekeeping got rather tedious at times, as they were not allowed to visit with one another frequently. Indian people enjoy calling on each other, especially at this stage when they are just emerging from the camp life of their ancestors. One outstanding rule that has been kept for years was a by-law made by the colonists themselves, "That no couples should live together unless lawfully married by the laws of the country or their respective churches".

On or about the year 1911 an agreement was made by Mr. Graham and the colonists of that time that they would allow, if necessary, fifty Indian school graduates into the colony; this agreement was open to select students for a period of twenty years. From what we have observed of the colony, the founder apparently had every right to select the graduates from any Indian school regardless of ancestral background.

Working with Mr. Graham were two principals from the nearest schools. The late Mrs. W. R. Motherwell, wife of the former federal minister of agriculture, formerly Miss Catherine Jane Gillespie, was in charge of the File Hills Boarding School. The other was Rev. Father Hugonard of the Lebreton Industrial School. They selected prospects from among their pupils to place on the colony and kept in touch with them by visiting and helping in their homes. As a result two fine churches, were built, a Presbyterian (now United), and a Roman Catholic. In later years a five-roomed manse was financed and erected by the supporters of the United Church, while the Roman Catholics built a new church and converted the old one into a fine club hall. These two centres have been the scenes of many social activities—teas, suppers, bazaars, sales, etc. The women have a Woman's Missionary Society and a Homemakers' Club. In conjunction with the Women's Missionary Society there are Canadian Girls in Training, Baby and Mission Bands, and a Boy Scout group.

In the earlier days of the colony fiddle dances, pow-wows and any form of tribal ceremony were forbidden, as the founder considered them a hindrance to progress. These colonists were young people and liked an occasional dance. I remember as children my sister and I accompanied our parents to a fiddle dance held secretly in one of the homes. Everyone seemed to enjoy themselves very much—possibly the more so because they had been forbidden.

About the year 1914 a small cottage hospital was built to accommodate emergency cases. A few years later a wing was added. This hospital served the colony, surrounding reserves, and even had some patients from other provinces. It was



in operation till the hospital at Fort Qu'Appelle was built and the old one cleared away. Needless to say the absence of this service was keenly felt, as it necessitated considerable inconvenience for emergency cases.

In the early days of the colony, there were three or four occasions when it was visited by royalty, which caused much preparation, including instructions on proper forms of addressing and curtsying to such guests. When Earl Grey was Governor-General of Canada, he took a special interest in the colony and made it an annual visit. He donated a shield to be presented to the farmer who grew the finest crop of wheat for the year. It went its rounds, some held it for more than one year at a time. I remember seeing it hanging in our home for a period of time. This shield is still in existence and hangs in one of the homes on the colony. Many other notable people were brought in to visit the colony at that time.

For a few years an annual exhibition was held. We often wonder why it was discontinued, as these might have promoted greater progress in the building of this colony. The colonists competed with one another in grain, stock, home-cooking and sewing. They also had sports such as horseracing, footraces and ballgames. There were various athletic clubs and a soccer football team which were well known in the district. The File Hills Indian Colony Instrumental Band was also well known throughout Saskatchewan. It was organized and led by trained bandmasters, and made its first appearance at Regina Exhibition in the year 1912. From then on it played at various functions in the province. This band was used for recruiting purposes during World War I. In 1915 it played daily in the Winnipeg Exhibition. Musicians of this band found places in military bands of the first and second world wars.

There is no question as to the loyalty of the Indian people. They love their country, as has been proven by their responsiveness to its call in the last two wars. Their number exceeded that of other communities in proportion to population. Of this number we shall always have the memory of those who lie in foreign fields.

Practically all farming is now done by machine power. The V.L.A. grants contributed much to this and the veterans are all doing as well as can be expected under the prevailing conditions. A few sections of light land on the northeast corner of the colony are of little use for farming, so it is used as a community pasture where all the spare horses and cattle graze during the summer months. Shorthorn and Hereford cattle are the main breeds kept. It had been the practice in past years to hold an annual cattle sale, but they now sell according to market conditions. There is a fine beef club organized with eighteen members enrolled. They also take in members from the surrounding white community. Some ten members participated in grain plots under the Gillespie Grain Club. They also won their share of prizes. Some of the Indian farmers hold positions on the executives of the local wheat pool and co-operative associations.

More and more couples and young people are leaving the colony, for not all are farmers. Some are "city farmers", working in the city and growing grain on the colony. The single young people are occupied in various positions.



A larger number of children are now attending high school. The Catholic students are able to continue their high school studies, but accommodation for some of the Protestant children creates quite a problem: at present they go to a school in Manitoba. It would be more satisfactory to all concerned if it were possible for them to attend in their own province. There is still a great need for improvement of the educational system of the Indian people. A new day school was erected on the colony and has been in operation for two years, with an enrollment of approximately 35 pupils.

The File Hills colony is a monument to the dreams and labor of W. M. Graham. "It will be hard going but you will never be sorry," he told the first settlers. Reviewing the achievements of the past half century it is apparent that his efforts have borne fruit, for nearly four hundred people regard this colony as their real home.

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### INDIAN HEAD

The news that the Experimental Farm had been located at this place was sufficient to raise the enthusiasm of our citizens to such a degree that an oyster supper was gotten up on Friday, Feb. 17, to celebrate the event. The supper was served in W. A. Boyd's usual first-class style, and about forty sat down. After disposing of the luscious bivalves, the chair was taken by R. Crawford, M.N.W.C., and the vice-chair by Coun. P. Fergusson, and among the visitors were noticed Messrs. W. D. Perley, M.P., S. A. Bedford, M.N.W.C.; Angus McKay, and others. The usual toasts were given, Mr. Perley replying to the House of Commons, Messrs. Crawford and Bedford to the N.W.C., and Mr. McKay to the toast of the evening—"The Experimental Farm and Agricultural Interests." Mr. McKay gave a good idea of what work would be done on the farm—the grains grown, the stock used, and the trees and seeds to be tested, etc. The singing of the National Anthem brought a very enjoyable evening to a close.

—*Qu'Appelle Vidette* (Fort Qu'Appelle), March 1, 1888.



## Place Names in Churchbridge Municipality

Mr. Gilber : Johnson of Marchwell, a frequent contributor of valuable historical articles to the weekly press of his district and to *Saskatchewan History*, has compiled the following information on place names in the Rural Municipality of Churchbridge, No. 211. Mr. Johnson has attempted, wherever possible, to identify the person responsible for suggesting the name, to describe its significance or meaning (i.e., what its originator had in mind in suggesting it), and to provide the date of its adoption. Place name research along these lines is a most significant contribution to social history. We invite any reader of this magazine to submit material of this type for publication.<sup>1</sup>

—THE EDITOR

THINGVALLA (S.D. No. 108, 1887; P.O., 1892).

Named after Thingvollur in Iceland (plural, Thingvellir, genitive plural Thingvalla). Thingvollur was the site of the old Icelandic National Assembly which was held in the open on a level greensward. It is a composite word formed of "thing", and assembly, and "vollur", a level greensward. The original settlement was Icelandic.

CHURCHBRIDGE (S.D. No. 124, 1888; P.O., 1889; village, 1903).

Named after the Church Colonization Land Society, which organization brought in most of the original settlers, and which also established a colony near Qu'Appelle. A. S. Morton in his *History of Prairie Settlement* states that this venture "failed from lack of knowledge of the simple elements of agriculture, both in its promoters and in the settlers". "An Anglican cleric, a member of the directorate, wrote to the colonists to explain that, under the government scheme, they were equipping them; and they would buy oxen rather than horses because not only would they be good for ploughing, but they would supply a suitable quantity of milk for the families!"

ROTHBURY (S.D. No. 204, 1891; P.O. 1892).

Named after Rothbury, a town in Northumberland, England. Name was suggested by Robert Athey, one of the original settlers whose birthplace was Rothbury, England.

LOGBERG (S.D. No. 206, 1891; P.O. 1892).

Logberg (literally Law Rock) in Iceland, was a flat rock situated on a slope above Thingvollur (see Thingvalla) the site of the ancient Icelandic National Assembly. From this spot the "law speaker" declared the laws to the National Assembly and from there formal announcements were made and judicial decisions handed down.

MINERVA (S.D. No. 390, 1895).

Named after Minerva, the Roman goddess of wisdom, of war and of the liberal arts. This was also originally an Icelandic district.

<sup>1</sup>The dates appearing in the list are the dates of establishment of the school district (S.D.), or post office (P.O.)



ECHO (S.D. No. 255, 1897).

Name believed to have been suggested by Robert C. Patterson, a member of the original school board. No reason is known for the selection of this name.

CLOVA (S.D. No. 806, 1903).

Name derived from Clova, a village in Forfarshire (Angus), Scotland. The name was probably suggested by either James L. Anderson or by John L. Anderson, two brothers who came from Clova in Scotland. Both were members of the original school board.

BERESINA (P.O., 1899; S.D. No. 835, 1903).

Named after Beresina or Berezina (birch grove), a German village in the Russian province of Bessarabia from which several of the original settlers came. It was not named directly after the Berezina River as is commonly supposed.

GOEHRING (S.D. No. 910, 1903).

Named after Ludwig Goehring, one of the original trustees who took an active part in the organization of the school district.

KENSINGTON LAKE (S.D. No. 1083, 1904).

The school district was named after Kensington Lake, a small body of water east of Bredenbury, Sask. The lake took its name from E. D. Kensington, an Englishman whose farm was situated near the lake. Mr. Kensington was a member of the first school board.

FLOWER VALLEY (S.D. No. 1098, 1904).

At a meeting the German name "Blummenthal" (flower valley) was suggested by George Haas, one of the original trustees. The English translation, Flower Valley, was suggested by Neil McFadyen, and agreed upon.

PENNOCK (S.D. No. 1437, 1905).

Named after Pennock, a small village in Kandiyohi County, Minnesota. The name was suggested by John W. Anderson and the motion seconded by Mrs. H. Adler. Mr. Anderson had previously resided near Pennock, Minnesota.

CZERNAWKA (S.D. No. 1712, 1907).

Named after a village in Bukovina, at that time a duchy of the Austrian empire, now a part of the Ukrainian Soviet Republic. Some of the original settlers of the district came from that village.

CHATSWORTH (S.D. No. 1771, 1907).

Named after Chatsworth Road, Clapton, London, England. Name was suggested by Joseph Cross, the first secretary of the school district, whose home in London was situated on that street. Chatsworth Road is said to have taken its name from Chatsworth House in Derbyshire, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire.



**HOHENLOHE (S.D. No. 2705, 1910).**

Named after Prince Hohenlohe-Langenburg who visited the area in the early eighties of the last century. Before the arrival of the railway, the settlement was known as Colony Hohenlohe. The station and post office was later named Langenburg, but the original name survived in this school district some four miles distant from Langenburg.

**MACNUTT (S.D. No. 793, 1912).**

Named after the MacNutt Post Office which was named for Thomas MacNutt, one time member of the Legislative Assembly for Saltcoats and later member of Parliament for the constituency of Melville.

**ZORN (S.D. No. 3697, 1916).**

Named after Philip Zorn, who took an active part in the organization of the school district.

**LANDESTREW (P.O., 1892; S.D. No. 3698, 1916).**

Named after Landestreu, a German village in the province of Galicia, now a part of the Ukrainian Soviet Republic, from which many of the original settlers came. (Landestreu is a composite German word, Landes, pos. land or country, and treu, true or faithful, loyal).

**DRESSLER (S.D. No. 3732, 1916).**

Named after Fred Dressler, who is said to have donated the land for the site of the school on the condition that the district be named Dressler.



## The Newspaper Scrapbook

At three o'clock in the afternoon a goodly number of citizens assembled to see the ceremony of driving the last spike [of the Regina-Prince Albert railway line] performed by the Lieut.-Governor [Joseph Royal]. Mayor Knowles in introducing His Honor referred to his pleasant visit upon a former occasion and spoke of the interest which he had shown both in this District and the North-West generally.

The Lieut.-Governor thanked the Mayor for his kindly words of welcome and the citizens for their hearty reception. He looked upon this as a red letter day in the history of Prince Albert. The driving of the last spike meant the completion of the line of communication which brings this district into touch with the rest of the world. The people here had been laboring at a great disadvantage in consequence of their isolation. The farmers need not attempt to produce large quantities of grain as they had nothing but the local market to supply. From this time however there would be every inducement to develop the resources of this country as there would be no difficulty in getting your productions conveyed to the markets of the world. He congratulated the people of Prince Albert upon the successful completion of an enterprise which they had desired so long.

His Honor then proceeded to drive the spike which he did in a very vigorous and quite professional manner amid the cheers of the by-standers.

—*The Saskatchewan* (Prince Albert), Oct. 23, 1890.

A very successful meeting was held in the Board of Trade rooms, on last Thursday evening, for the purpose of organising a public library and literary institute for this district. Shortly after eight o'clock the meeting was called to order, and on motion the Rev. A. Robson was voted to the chair, and Mr. T. Proctor was appointed secretary. The chairman, in introducing the business of the evening, briefly set forth the desirability of such an institution, and stated what had been done in the way of raising subscriptions. A very respectable sum having been subscribed for this purpose, which, being considered sufficient to warrant the commencement of operations for the establishment of a public library in our midst, it was decided at this meeting that no time should be lost in carrying out the views of the subscribers, and a motion to organize was carried unanimously, whereupon a resolution was submitted declaring that the officers should consist of a president, vice-president, and secretary-treasurer, who, together with a committee of four, should constitute the executive. The meeting proceeded to the election of officers, with the following results: President, Rev. A. Robson (acclamation); Secretary-treasurer, T. Proctor (acclamation). Committee: Rev. J. P. Sargent, Dr. Collinge, E. W. Miller, W. Sutherland, M.L.A. A committee for the selection of books was also appointed, consisting of the following gentlemen: Rev. A. Robson, Rev. J. P. Sargent, Dr. Collinge, H. Noble, D. H. McDonald, F. S. Proctor, E. W. Miller, J. Nixon, and Mr. Nicolls.

—*Qu'Appelle Vidette* (Fort Qu'Appelle), Oct. 30, 1890.



## Book Reviews

DOUKHOBORS AT WAR. By *John P. Zubek and Patricia Anne Solberg*. Toronto: The Ryerson Press, 1952. Pp. viii, 250. \$3.00.

THE DOUKHOBORS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA: REPORT OF THE DOUKHOBOR COMMITTEE, *Harry B. Hawthorn, Editor*. Vancouver: The University of British Columbia. 1952. Pp. ix, 342.

A HUNDRED years hence the people of Saskatchewan will be intensely interested in that amazing mixture of groups from every part of Canada, the United States, Europe, and even some from Asia. A hundred years hence the main social and ethnic distinctions between these groups will have become submerged in a common way of life. Also, a hundred years hence descendants of these groups will be deeply grateful for those histories, records and accounts written and preserved now which faithfully and carefully tell the story of what will be then "far-off" events.

The Doukhobors came to Saskatchewan in 1898 under exceptional conditions. After ten years some of them moved on to British Columbia. Most of the Doukhobors in Saskatchewan have now settled down to normal farm and community life though still retaining traces of their former attitudes and customs.

The small section, known as "Sons of Freedom" which moved to British Columbia have attempted to retain what they believe to be the original ideas of the sect. They have thus posed a very difficult problem in assimilation and have attracted a disproportionate share of unfavorable publicity which has unfairly prejudiced opinion against Doukhobors generally.

The problem of the "Sons of Freedom" in British Columbia is dealt with fully in the "Report of the Doukhobor Committee" referred to above. It shows an earnest desire to be helpful and fair. The Committee which compiled the Report was composed of scholars from the University of British Columbia and was established at the request of the Government of that Province. While the Report deals mainly with the "Sons of Freedom" in British Columbia it has background material which bears also on the history of Saskatchewan.

The book by Zubek and Solberg is wider in its sweep. The authors attempt to tell in outline the general story of the Doukhobors. It is, however, a disappointment. It incorporates a good deal of that type of publicity which has already prejudiced public opinion. At the same time it omits that careful historical documentation which would be so satisfactory to our descendants a hundred years hence. If I am not mistaken these enlightened people in the year 2053 A.D. will find sufficient thrill and romance in our history if they can only be assured of the sober parts, and a fair distribution of attention between the small purple patches and the large brown areas.

GEO. W. SIMPSON



*BETWEEN THE RED AND THE ROCKIES.* By Grant MacEwan. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1952. Pp. x, 300. \$3.50.

THIS work belongs in the category of "anecdotal" history. The author says in his preface, "the agriculture of Western Canada was thus a personality that is rich and colorful. The story of its romantic rise should reveal entertaining, academic, and cultural values . . .". It is quite apparent that MacEwan has attempted to demonstrate all of these values to the reader. It is equally apparent that his interest in and emphasis on the humorous anecdote and his own frequent quips have prevented him from bringing out the academic (or objective) and perhaps even cultural values of the story of Canadian prairies. Nevertheless the author has some very interesting stories to tell and some of them had an important bearing on the development of the West.

The first few chapters recount the revolution from a fur trading to an immature agricultural economy. The author discusses the Red River Settlement and its many trials at considerable length. This settlement and the small agricultural developments adjoining the forts and trading posts throughout the prairie areas were the first "test-plots" of agriculture in the west. The next impetus to agricultural development was given by the explorers, including Palliser, Hind and Macoun, each more enthusiastic than his predecessor. Palliser's influence in particular is still felt today with a mild controversy being carried on with respect to what area Palliser's triangle really included (in the discussions of the South Saskatchewan River Project). In Chapters 3, and 4 MacEwan briefly re-counts the effect of improved law and order and transportation facilities on settlement.

In Chapters 5 to 9 the author discusses initial settlement and the growth of the livestock and grain economies. The influx of a complex of racial and religious groups is stressed in Chapter 5, and considerable space is devoted to the Barr and Cannington Manor colonists. The stressing of this relatively insignificant type of immigration in the settlement of the West is illustrative of MacEwan's interest in the romantic aspects of history, which at times present completely misleading guides to objective analysis. "King Wheat" (Chapter 6) is an interesting chapter on the introduction of useful varieties into Western Canada.

Perhaps the most interesting chapters in this book are those on the introduction and development of ranching. MacEwan is obviously at home here and the result is a series of well developed chapters. Exception might be taken with the chapter on "Klondike Beef" which describes in considerable detail the shipping and driving of beef from the Prairies to the Yukon. Although it makes entertaining reading the effect of this very small market on the industry could not have been very significant. However, the author justifies his lengthy account by stating, "Above all, it proved that Canadian cattlemen could finish a difficult job as well as start it."

Agricultural societies, research and education, and technology are discussed in chapters 10 to 15. MacEwan gives good accounts of developments in these areas and their impact on prairie agriculture. The author takes a short excursion



into politics in Chapter 14, "Union for Strength". All in all his analysis falls short of a realistic appraisal and he has failed to capture even the romantic flavour of the political development of the western farmer. Far from being exuberant and enthusiastic in this chapter MacEwan is rather subdued and modest in his comments. For instance, he describes the grain trade and transportation system at the turn of the century in this way: "there was a monopolistic flavour about the whole thing."

The question of diversification is raised in Chapter 15 and MacEwan concludes that "It is apparent that the Canadian prairies need not be a one crop country." This is demonstrated in physical terms, but the book fails to give sufficient weight to the economic factors involved. Considerable space is devoted to describing horse breeding, but it is obvious that there are limited economic possibilities for large scale horse production. Chapter 16 contains a discussion of Depression and Recovery and the author wisely stresses the lessons learned and the progressive physical programs arising from the depression and drought. The development of irrigation, community pastures and better varieties are all discussed.

MacEwan's last chapter, "Today and Tomorrow" is an excellent but compressed review of present conditions and future possibilities. He predicts the continued supremacy of wheat, and the growth of livestock output, the latter based on expanding needs in the United States. The possibilities for opening new areas and intensification of present land use through irrigation are also posed. Here, too, MacEwan assumes, and with ample justification, that rising food demands can be expected. Finally the continued impact of agricultural technology is stressed.

*Between the Red and the Rockies* is a very readable book. Although it suffers from lack of objective description and analysis and a somewhat distorted perspective it will undoubtedly find many receptive readers particularly those wishing to re-call "the good old days". Special mention should be made of the excellent format and the attractive sketches.

M. BROWNSTONE

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THE LAND OF TWELVE-FOOT DAVIS; A HISTORY OF THE PEACE RIVER COUNTRY. By James G. MacGregor. Edmonton: Applied Art Products Ltd., 1952. Pp. 395, illus. \$4.50.

IN the opening pages of *The Land of Twelve-Foot Davis* the reader enters the Peace River country by way of routes as old as the fur trade. The second chapter is a guided tour down the Peace from the Rockies to the marshes of Lake Athabasca. Subsequent chapters narrate the story of the river's discovery and the history of the fur trade. The reader paddles upstream and trudges over Hudson Hope portage with Alexander Mackenzie and his voyageurs on the famous journey to the Pacific. The banks of the Peace were the setting a few years later for a bitter struggle for pelts between the Nor'Westers and the men from Hudson Bay, a drama which reached its climax in October, 1815, when



thirteen of the English traders died of starvation as they struggled along the river ice toward Fort Wedderburn.

Later chapters trace the history of the early settlements along the river—Peace River, Dunvegan, and Fort St. John. Incorporated into the history of these settlements is valuable information about the sites of trading posts as rediscovered by local historians in recent times. Included are diagrams and pictures of ruins, and handy synoptic tables of data on posts. The settlements away from the river are much younger, most of them dating from agricultural settlement in this century. The concluding chapters of the book tell the story of the missionaries, the Klondikers, and the settlers. Interspersed through the history are sketches of colorful frontier characters such as Nigger Dan and Twelve-Foot Davis. The frontispiece of the book is a view—truly a magnificent one—as seen from Davis' grave eight hundred feet above the valley.

This regional history is a worthwhile contribution to the growing number of authoritative books on western Canada to appear in recent years. The early chapters of *The Land of Twelve-Foot Davis*, being based largely on published fur-trade journals, contribute little information not already available. However in writing of the later period the author is a trail-blazer. He has gathered information from many sources, including newspapers and interviews with pioneers. Throughout, Mr. MacGregor's love of the great outdoors gives to his pen a lyrical touch when describing nature in its primeval state. His ability to recreate the sights and sounds and aromas of unspoiled nature make the experiences of traders, missionaries, and pioneers real to the reader.

The only typographical error noticed by the reviewer was a date on page 216; Kerr could not have brought maples to Sturgeon lake in 1811.

BRUCE B. PEEL

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GOLDEN IS THE WHEAT. By Eva E. Moses. New York: Exposition Press Inc., 1952. Pp. 302. \$3.50.

EVA E. Moses was born in Iowa, and went to school there and in Minnesota and Saskatchewan. She lives now in Los Angeles. Her novel is supposed to tell of the early part of this century in the area about Qu'Appelle (pronounced Kwahpell according to a note.) It is divided into three parts with the addition of a somewhat unnecessary author's note.

In the third part the writer's romantic idealism works itself into a sudsy lather, so that in contrast the first two parts seem quite restrained and could be based on her recollections. In a foreword however, she insists that none of the characters ever existed except in the imagination, while the countryside exists only in part—which may explain the rambler roses over a farm porch, and the triumph of the farmers over every difficulty. However in all fairness to the writer she may be remembering in the latter case such bumper crops as that of 1915.

A naturalist might be interested in the description of a coyote hunt when "the fields were becoming overrun and several packs had picked up wolves as



their leaders. A coyote by himself was pretty much a coward, but once a wolf joined them, they became vicious and plundered everything in their path."

Education in Canada, the writer claims, is on a high level—"we are now in a country where the old expression 'the King's English well-spoken' is really practiced." Montreal "brought back memories of the lovely French families in Qu'Appelle" where the heroine had learned not only French but Italian too, and music. For all that, the English used in the novel is most casual.

Blizzards, of course, like the King's English, show respect for the international border, and are entirely strange to a family from Minnesota.

But true love flourishes everywhere.

Such romanticised recollections can add nothing to the story of life in western Canada during the earlier years of the century. This reviewer still prefers Sarah Binks.

RUTH MATHESON BUCK

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A meeting of the Life Underwriters of Saskatchewan was held last evening, a good representation being in attendance. Vice-Pres. Marsh being absent, Mr. C. C. Knight was voted to the chair, who announced the object of the meeting and introduced Mr. P. G. McConkey, Hon. President of the Dominion Life Underwriters Association.

Mr. McConkey in a few well chosen remarks briefly outlined the work and objects of the association in general.

He said that the association brought men together, creating friendly relations and eliminating many evils resulting from the strenuous competition which obtains where men do not know each other.

. . . . .

A discussion followed as to the advisability of forming an association here and it was unanimously decided to do so.

The following officers were then elected.

President, C. C. Knight of the Sun Life. Vice-Pres., J. H. H. Young of the Canada Life. Secretary, J. W. Mowbray of the Metropolitan. Treasurer, W. L. Dodds of the Continental.

The Executive Committee consists of the above officers and the following gentlemen: Messrs. H. B. Andrews, S. P. Saunders, F. J. Reynolds, W. D. McBride and J. A. Reid of Regina, and A. W. Irwin of Moose Jaw; P. Allan and Mr. McEwen of Saskatoon.

— *The Morning Leader* (Regina), April 3, 1907.



## Notes and Correspondence

A Saskatchewan newspaper, the Saskatoon *Star-Phoenix*, received one of the awards of the American Association for State and Local History at its annual convention, held at Houston, Texas in October, 1952. These awards were instituted some years ago to recognize outstanding achievement in the field of state and local history by individuals, societies and other organizations, governmental agencies, business firms, labor organizations, school systems, newspapers, or any other agencies or groups in the United States and Canada. The Provincial Archivist of Saskatchewan is regional chairman for Western Canada for the Awards Committee. The award to *The Star-Phoenix* was "for planning and publishing an extensive series of illustrated town-history articles, the first effort of its kind in the province, which have been very effective in stirring historical interest in its service area". The Historical and Scientific Society of Manitoba also received one of the 1952 awards "for planning and subsidizing a series of scholarly historical and sociological studies of ethnic groups in the province of Manitoba", thus making a contribution of fundamental importance to the historiography of Western Canada.

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*Corrections.* The last issue of *Saskatchewan History* contains an error in the note accompanying the picture on page 18: Y.M.C.A. should read Y.W.C.A. On page 39, line 6, Canora should read Kenora, Ont., and the author of *Prince of the Plains* is Anne MacMillan (page 36).

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The membership of the Saskatchewan Jubilee Committee, appointed under *The Golden Jubilee Act*, 1952, was announced by Premier T. C. Douglas last February. The Committee consists of a large and representative group of Saskatchewan citizens. Officers of the Committee are: Chairman, Mr. Justice E. M. Culliton, Regina, member of the Saskatchewan Court of Appeal; Vice-Chairman, Hon. W. S. Lloyd, Regina, Minister of Education; Secretary, John Archer, Regina, Legislative Librarian; Treasurer, William Haney, Regina, Provincial Treasury; and the Executive Director, Fred McGuinness.

The following sub-committees have been appointed: Tourist Promotion—Mr. George Grant, chairman; Historic Sites and Publications—Dr. Geo. W. Simpson, chairman; Homecoming and Reception—R. L. Hutchinson, chairman; Creative Arts—Dr. W. A. Riddell, chairman; Exhibitions—Mr. T. H. McLeod, chairman; Publicity; Community Participation; Religious Activities.

The executive director of the committee, Fred McGuinness, has emphasized that on major Jubilee projects work will get under way early this year. Suggestions for projects are welcomed either by the committee members, or the Golden Jubilee office, Legislative Building, Regina.

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The Saskatchewan Department of Natural Resources has announced the appointment of Mr. J. D. Herbert, M.A., as Supervisor of Historic Sites. Mr. Herbert, who is a member of the advisory board of *Saskatchewan History*, was, previous to this appointment, the director of the Fort Battleford National Historic



Park. As Supervisor of Historic Sites Mr. Herbert will be closely associated with the sub-committee on Historic Sites and Publications of the Golden Jubilee Committee.

Miss Evelyn Eager, M.A., Assistant Provincial Archivist, has been granted a year's leave of absence to continue post-graduate studies, and has received the Maurice Cody Research Fellowship from the University of Toronto. During her absence Mr. Earl Drake, M.A., will be acting Assistant Provincial Archivist.

Mr. H. C. Young of Redvers has contributed the following information on his experiences as a young English immigrant who left Liverpool on March 18, 1897 on the Allan line steamer "Persian":

"We had as passengers the following: 100 first class, 191 second class, and 376 steerage. The crew numbered 125. Food was good and abundant. For exercise we used to march around the deck two and two for an hour. Time never dragged . . . Passengers were mostly men—very few women—and of several different races.

The colonist cars were comfortable enough; the seats could be extended to make a bed for two, and a hinged shelf could be let down to make a bed for two. With a stove at the end of the car we could boil water for tea and the three day journey to Winnipeg was not a bit too long. Sometimes the engineer was good-hearted enough to give us hot water from the engine. There was a pipe beside one of the drive wheels—he would pull a lever and release some hot water. This deserves to go on record as a willingness to help the newcomer. In those days the C.P.R. depot was very different from now, with a large Immigration shed adjoining. There was no C.P.R. hotel but a hotel across the street facing the depot. Other hotels had busses meeting the trains and busy hotel touts. In the winter time the wheels were taken off the busses and runners affixed. They were not a bit like a modern motor bus; they resembled a London bus (horse drawn)."

Mr. Young wonders if there are any left of those who came over in the "Persian" in March, 1897.



## Contributors

CLIVE TALLANT is a Superintendent of High Schools in the Department of Education, Regina. D. J. GREENE is a graduate of the University of Saskatchewan and is pursuing post-graduate studies in English at Columbia University, New York.

ELEANOR BRASS, Regina, has contributed articles to the daily and weekly press on Indian life.

GILBERT JOHNSON is agent for the Saskatchewan Pool Elevators at Marchwell, and has written numerous articles on local history.

GEO. W. SIMPSON is Head of the Department of History, University of Saskatchewan.

M. BROWNSTONE is Director of Economic Research for the Royal Commission on Agriculture and Rural Life, Regina.

BRUCE B. PEEL is Head Cataloguer in the Library of the University of Alberta, Edmonton.

RUTH M. BUCK, Regina, has done extensive research in the early history of Western Canada.



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*Compiled by* CHRISTINE MACDONALD

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