

The Beaver

A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH

Sept-1956



OUTFIT 267
NUMBER 2

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY

Hudson's Bay Company.

INCORPORATED 27TH MAY 1870



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Morant

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HUDSON'S BAY HOUSE

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WINNIPEG, CANADA

INCORPORATED 27th MAY 1670

THE BEAVER is published quarterly by the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay, commonly known as the Hudson's Bay Company. It is circulated to employees and is also sent to friends of the Company upon request. It is edited at Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg, under the direction of Douglas MacKay, at the office of the Canadian Committee. Yearly subscription, one dollar; single copies, twenty-five cents. THE BEAVER is entered at the second class postal rate. Its editorial interests include the whole field of travel, exploration and trade in the Canadian North as well as the current activities and historical background of the Hudson's Bay Company in all its departments throughout Canada. THE BEAVER assumes no liability for unsolicited manuscripts or photographs. Contributions are however solicited, and the utmost care will be taken of all material received. Correspondence on points of historic interest is encouraged. The entire content of THE BEAVER is protected by copyright, but reproduction rights will be given freely upon application. Address: THE BEAVER, Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg.



The End
of
the
Portage

Photo
NICHOLAS MORANT

HBC PACKET

On a sunny midsummer day with a breeze moving pleasantly down the valley of the Saskatchewan, the citizens of The Pas paused to honour the memory of Henry Kelsey, of the Hudson's Bay Company. It was appropriate and somehow significant that the people of this frontier town, where the immediate present is such a vital force in their daily lives, should leave their homes and shops and offices to make a gesture to the centuries and to the young apprentice who struggled up from the Bay into the unknown wilderness in 1691.

The cairn of field stones with its bronze plaque which the Historic Sites and Monuments Board of Canada has erected in Devon Park at The Pas was flanked on one side by the Union Jack and on the other by the ensign of the Company. It was guarded during the ceremony by men of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. It was unveiled by Hon. John Bracken, prime minister of the province, and Judge Howay, of the Historic Sites Board, Mayor Neely, of The Pas, Dr. P. C. Robertson, and Mr. William Burt made addresses. It was a bright and animated scene: colourful summer dresses, the sombre clothes of men who had ceased work to be present, the wide-eyed children who had abandoned their wading pool to sit and listen to the story of Henry Kelsey. And on the outskirts of the crowd Indians stood unmoved in the sun or sprawled on the grass. It was pleasant to recognize in the crowd the Hudson's Bay men—Mr. Hutton, of The Pas, and Mr. Anderson, of Nelson House.

One could not remain entirely unmoved; a lone Indian crossing the Saskatchewan in his canoe, the cries of the river gulls, and above the quiet voices of the speakers one could almost hear the creaking sweeps of the York boats, or perhaps the French voices of *les bourgeois* from Montreal at their post of Pas Riviere.

Generous and warming to the heart were the references made at the ceremony to the story of the Hudson's Bay Company. There was an under-

standing and an appreciation among the people living so close to the true North of the qualities of courage and individualism which belong to the men of the Kelsey breed. A city-bred crowd, or even people from "the fertile belt," could not have the same sympathy with Henry Kelsey's effort as these people who live on the new frontier. So, we left The Pas feeling that full justice had been done to "the boy Kelsey," and as the train rumbled back south into the heat of the prairies the journey was made cheerful by the friendliness of those northern people, miners, policemen, fur traders, missionaries, scientists and government officials.



The departure of the *Nascope* for the Eastern Arctic continues to be to us a routine annual affair, but to the press of Canada and the United States it is a matter of increasing interest each year. In July she received a burst of publicity such as any transatlantic steamship line might envy. The public interest is, of course, the old old emotion, the fascination of men and ships bound for far off places. Wherever life is different, strenuous and perhaps adventurous, people will long to go. The most prosaic accounts of a monotonous way of life, the bitterness of occasional tragedies or the accurate descriptions of discomforts cannot somehow shatter the illusion. The *Montreal Star* this year had an editorial which could hardly be said to take any glamour from the occasion. "Science has not yet succeeded in discovering any substitute for the famous Hudson's Bay ship *Nascope*—and today she goes on her way with the cheers of sailormen ringing in her crew's ears and with the good wishes of every Canadian who is proud of his country and of the gallant men who serve her within the Arctic regions. They have won a reputation second to none in the Empire today and they are maintaining it unsullied through the years."

It was somehow appropriate that the first letter to go entirely by air from Winnipeg to London should be from Hudson's Bay House, Main Street, to Hudson's Bay House, Bishopsgate. At 4.30 p.m. May 9, W. B. Burchall, of Canadian Airways, left Winnipeg bearing a letter from Mr. James A. Richardson, of the Canadian Committee, to Mr. P. Ashley Cooper, Governor of the Company. Mr. Burchall flew to Lakehurst, N.J., where he went aboard the airship *Hindenburg* which crossed England slightly north of London on May 13, slightly less than four days after leaving Winnipeg, including one day on business in New York. The airship landed at Frankfurt, Germany, and Mr. Burchall proceeded to London via Cologne and Brussels, arriving at Croydon 10 a.m. May 15, and the letter was delivered the following day. Mr. Burchall explains that no attempt was made to set a record and the six days' journey was broken at Chicago, New York and Brussels. He also adds that it gives some glimpse "of what the future may hold when Empire flying boats are put into operation on the North Atlantic route." We offer this paragraph as our prize astounding fact of the September *Beaver*.



Undiscouraged by gross indifference to our prolonged campaign in support of noon guns, we return to the subject once more. Noon guns are good publicity; they would bring attention to the Hudson's Bay Company every day in the year; they would be in the tradition of our old forts; they would be essentially useful to citizens every day in the year; they are economical to operate. Can anyone suggest a sound argument against H B C noon guns in H B C cities?



A rediscovered footnote to Canadian travel: "To realise Victoria you must take all that the eye admires most in Bournemouth, Torquay, the Isle of Wight, the Happy Valley at Hong Kong, the Doon, Sorrento and Camps Bay; add reminiscences of the Thousand Islands, and arrange the whole around the Bay of Naples, with some Himalayas for the background."—From "Sea to Sea" by Rudyard Kipling.



It has been a grand season for Hudson's Bay Point Blankets. We are sorry that there are restrictions which keep us from dazzling you with blanket figures hot from our own bureau of statistics. One of the principal pleasures of being in the blanket business is in dealing with completely satisfied customers. Can there be any more agreeable experience in merchandising than a regular inflow of letters from customers who are not only satisfied but enthusiastic? Recent references in these pages to the blankets have brought us many authentic accounts of point blanket adventures—tales of gold rushes, prospecting, trading, trapping and farming, and always the hero of the piece is a 3½-point or a 4-point.



The transfer of Wm. Gibson from the Western to the Eastern Arctic via Winnipeg is just another of those spectacular circuits which fur traders make from time to time. Leaving Cambridge Bay by dog team, he flew from Coppermine to Edmonton. (Take a look at the map and think that over.) He came direct to Winnipeg for a stop-over of a few hours between trains, and then on to Montreal barely in time to go aboard the *Nascopie* and start North again. At Lake Harbour, Baffinland, he will not be very far geographically from Cambridge Bay. It makes a good story and we have asked Mr. Gibson to write it for *The Beaver*.



The Construction Department of the Great Company probably feels very slighted. It all arises from our having assumed that they were a very modest lot who toiled happily over drafting boards in an atmosphere of air pumps and pressure gauges. For years past they have from time to time appeared in our doorway and with becoming modesty murmured some casual proposal: "Would you like to have the facts about the new linoleum we've put down in the women's rest room in the Edmonton store?" or, "Would it interest *The Beaver* to get a little write-up (it was always called "a little write-up") about the new plumbing we're putting into the creamery of the Winnipeg store?" And, thinking that the Construction Department was merely trying to help *The Beaver* in its ceaseless pursuit of copy, we tried to be cordial, if not exactly enthusiastic. But now it has dawned upon us, what the Construction Department wanted was *Publicity*.

They are not, it seems, shrinking violets at all. And now that big jobs are moving again and blue print-oxia—that feverish infection which inflames the minds of engineers—is rampant once more, it seems only right that we should make amends. So we have pleasure in announcing Bigger and Better Publicity for Construction; headlines all round and lots of pictures! As an opening feature, herewith some notes on a new well—

A well has been sunk 604 feet under the Winnipeg store, where it struck cold salt water. Every day 150,000 gallons of this water are available for washing and cooling the air. "Salt water washes 150,000 cubic feet of fresh air per minute," states the department's press bulletin. The summer temperature of the store can be kept ten to fifteen degrees cooler than Portage Avenue. The salt water is stored in a huge underground concrete tank of 100,000 gallon capacity. Knowing the infinite capacity we Canadians have for absorbing statistics, this seems to be a fair start on a Construction Department Public Relations Programme.



With a glittering record of having produced hundreds of thousands of dollars for the benefit of crippled children, the Company has received fresh from Australia and New Zealand Titania's palace, the most beautiful doll house in the world. It arrived in August in Vancouver, where Sir Nevile Wilkinson, the creator, met it to start it off on the next phase of its Empire tour. The palace will move eastward through the Company stores during the next few months, sponsored in various cities by service clubs and similar organizations. It is a beautiful and artistic object, and its record everywhere indicates a really astonishing appeal to children and adults.



The honour conferred upon Sir Alexander Murray, announced in the King's birthday list, is a matter of genuine interest to everyone in the Company's service. Sir Alexander has been Deputy Governor since 1932, and everyone who met him during his visit to Canada in 1933 must retain an admiration for his charm, his appreciation of Canadian problems and his remarkable understanding of the affairs of the Hudson's Bay Company. Sir Alexander was made a Knight Commander of the Indian Empire in recognition of his services as chairman of the Indian Textile Tariff Board.

The theft of \$42,000 worth of furs from Fort Nelson, one of the most remote posts in the northern interior of British Columbia, offers some choice material for fiction writers. In the fragmentary news accounts which have reached "outside," it has been suggested that an airplane had some part in the getaway. Fur traders point out that a plane could be utilized for a robbery at a place where there is only communication with the outside world twice a year. The thieves could move the fur bales to a remote cache and have them freighted out by air and sold months before the news of the crime reached the Company or the police. It is a reasonable speculation that the formula will find its way into fiction before many months are past.



In the course of historical events, it is about time for someone to write an unpleasant book about the Hudson's Bay Company. There have been several in the past, appearing at about intervals of every fifty years. And, as we are nearing the end of a cycle of debunking books, it can reasonably be expected. The book will be easy to write, easy to read and easy to quote. The author will probably seize upon the rum and Indian business or the fur trade paternity of the half-breed race, or the standards of barter in the trading with natives in the eighteenth century, and turn out some quite gaudy material. But the Company is equal to it. Truth in the writing of history has a way of living long, and, now that the Company's archives are open shelves to accredited historians, the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth will make an answer so complete and a narrative so absorbing that malice and distortion cannot hope to survive. Of course there are dark pages. But the history of the British Navy is no less glorious for its mutinies, nor the history of Canada by reason of political corruption. Company history is too big, too crowded with men and their adventures ever to be permanently stained by the small-minded exploiters of human error.



Collectors and others will be interested to note that Vilhjalmur Stefansson, whose Arctic library is one of the finest in existence, is seeking the following copies of *The Beaver*: October and November 1920, January and May 1921, January, March and October 1922, December 1923. His address is 67 Morton Street, New York, N.Y.

The Hudson's Bay Company and the Indians



Striped Wolf. From the picture by Winold Reiss.

By
F. G. ROE
Edmonton

Mr. Roe, from *Years of Reading and Research into the History of Western Canada*, Makes an Unbiased Enquiry into the Company's Treatment of the Indians and Decides That, Despite Inevitable Questionable Incidents, Previous Sweeping and Unfavourable Criticisms Are Unjustified; the Relationship Between the HB Fur Traders and the Aborigines Stands in Comparison with Any Commercial Enterprise Dealing with Primitive People.

A GREAT deal has been said, and even more has been insinuated, at various times concerning the relations between the Great Company and the numerous tribes among whom its fur trading operations have been carried on. The general nature of these statements, *pro* or *con*, is well known: on one side we have the conception of the hard and soulless corporation grinding the faces of the aboriginal poor, on the other the beneficent missionaries of civilization watching over their red children with a more than paternal solicitude. It is needless to cite examples of these respective viewpoints in further detail; and one might argue endlessly concerning their truth. There is one final criterion, and one only—evidence. While there may have been those in former days who would desire to suppress any evidence not highly favourable toward themselves, the recent policy of the Company in arranging and classifying the wealth of archives in

Hudson's Bay House in London for the facilitating of scholarly research can only be interpreted as signifying a willingness to let the facts of its history be accurately known. It has been said of history in general that it "consists largely of the bad actions of extraordinary men." Even if that proved to be true in this case, nobody who is fit to be out of Bedlam would visit the blame upon their successors, unless the latter were so unwise as to defend everything through thick and thin. In this article I shall endeavour to present some real evidence on this subject, in which nothing is extenuated nor aught set down in malice. It may be permissible to add that such facts as I have found were discovered quite incidentally in the course of several years' researches in western historical literature for a totally different purpose. From either point of view this may serve as my defense against suspicion of propagandist motives.

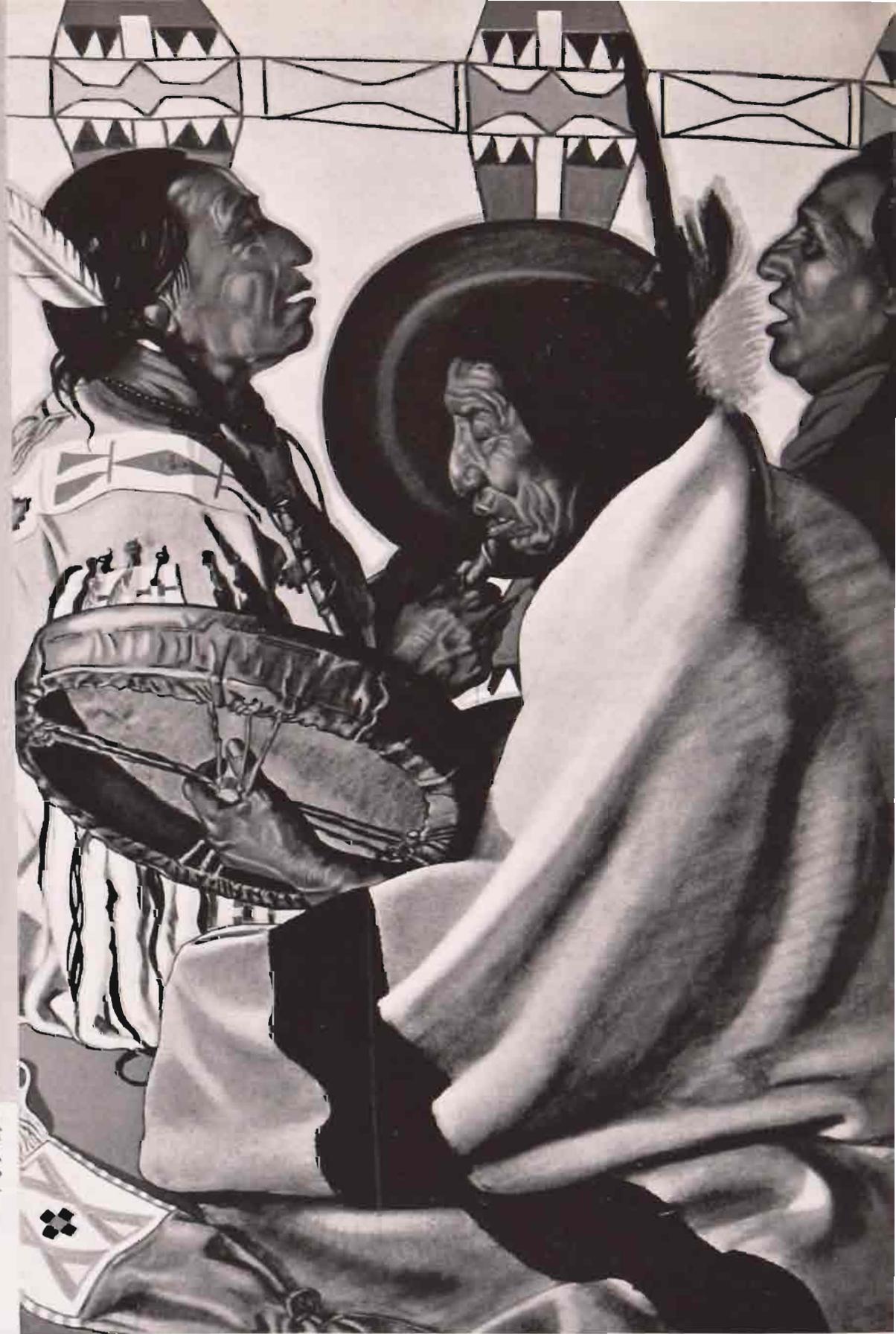


AN INDIAN SCOUT
Illustration from
"A Bunch of Buckskins"
by
Frederic Remington.

The fact is of course well known to careful and competent students of North American history that in virtually every instance—I have not found a single exception—where Europeans encountered any Indian tribe for the first time, they were hospitably received. Even the dreaded Iroquois might have remained friendly but for Champlain's folly in joining with their enemies in an inter-tribal war. This might furnish one rough yet not wholly unreliable test of the nature of the fur traders' relations with the native tribes. For, although the prevalence of this friendly spirit was not due in the first place to the trader, its disappearance might be very directly traceable to him in the event of such.

In the Hudson's Bay Territory at large the white man was a trader strictly. The white trapper, who from the time of the Astorians (1811) onward becomes a familiar figure along the Missouri and its

southern tributaries, was almost unknown. He was in ceaseless danger from the Indians for obvious reasons: he was in no sense a partner, but a constant and irritating competitor. The trader, on the contrary, satisfied wants which were not the less real to the Indians simply because they had not previously been felt. I have found little or no evidence to indicate that traders as a class ever had any serious difficulty in maintaining their position in the Indian country. In the plains territories at large the "Indian question" may be said to have had no significance until the immigrants and gold seekers began to throng on the Oregon trail. It was manifest to the tribes from the beginning that these people brought them nothing and devoured everything; buffalo, fuel, pasture were driven away, consumed or wasted; and, worse than all, many brought with them from east of the Mississippi a full-blown inherited



THE DRUMMERS — SURE CHIEF,
BUFFALO BODY AND HEAVY
BREAST, THE BLACKFEET ARE A
MUSICAL PEOPLE AND LOVE TO
DRUM AND SING ON ALL OC-
CASIONS.

ILLUSTRATION FROM "BLACKFEET INDIANS," PICTURES BY WINOLD REISS, STORY BY FRANK B. LINDERMAN

hatred of the red men which made "sniping redskins to watch them spin" a popular sport. The immigrants explained the strained relations which occasionally resulted by accusing the traders of inciting the Indians against them—a charge not wholly without foundation, since fur traffic was almost an impossibility under such conditions. Whether true or false, however, it clearly implies a considerable degree of intimacy between traders and Indians.

Rather curiously almost the only instances I have found of a pronounced exception to these conditions have to do with the Hudson's Bay Company. Their post at "Lower Fort Augustus" at the mouth of the Sturgeon below Fort Saskatchewan, Alberta, and on the river of that name, was burnt in 1807, and was not rebuilt. The new post, "Upper Fort Augustus," and later Edmonton, was erected where the present capital of Alberta stands. The same fate befell "Old Bow Fort" on the Bow river near Morley about 1832, and Chesterfield House on the South Saskatchewan at or near the Red Deer confluence (for the second and final time) about 1840. In each of these instances the attackers were the Blackfeet, but it requires no laboured special pleading to show that this involves no supposition of injustice on the part of the traders.

The Blackfeet, who are described by the very earliest Canadian explorers and traders (Antony Hendry, 1754-1755; Matthew Cocking, 1772-1773; both of whom wintered among them) as being very kind and hospitable, were turned into bitter foes of the white men through the shooting of a Blackfoot thief by Meriwether Lewis, the leader of the Lewis and Clark Expedition. From that time onward they were regarded as the most dangerous of all Indians, and the legend of their implacable ferocity lost nothing in the telling. At this very time however David Thompson journeyed through their country without mishap. Whether they regarded the planting of posts in their country as an implied claim of suzerainty by the white men, or whether they were additionally exasperated by these white traders invading their territory from the north and east—the region of the detested Crees, with whom the traders would appear to be on ominously good terms—these are difficult points to decide. It is quite certain, however, that their crime proved to be a blunder. For they found themselves under the necessity of entering the dangerous Cree country in order to trade, as they had to do before the southern posts were built. In 1795 Duncan McGillivray's Journal notes their presence at Fort George on the North Saskatchewan, close to Middle Creek station on the Canadian National line from St. Paul de Metis to Heinsburg, Alberta. I am unaware whether the post at Rocky Mountain House was established in response to their solicitations, or whether the Company took the initiative in order to keep such inveterate foes apart if possible. It was certainly there, with James E. Harriott in charge, as early as 1845; for Father De Smet was entertained there that autumn on his way to Edmonton, where he spent the winter—forming, amongst others, a delightful friendship with Rundle, the first Protestant

missionary in the North Saskatchewan country, as Rundle's own journal tells us. In spite of this post, however, the Blackfeet also came to Edmonton, and the Peace Hills near Wetaskiwin (= "peace" in a corrupted form) commemorate a peace made with the Crees in 1867 for that purpose. At other times they came without that precaution, and some bloody battles were fought about Edmonton, sometimes under its very walls. But the Company refused to re-establish any post in the southern Blackfoot territory without more adequate protection, and as late as 1873, when the McDougalls commenced their mission at Morley, the south country was regarded as a forbidden land where even the magic of the Company's name was of no effect. Under such conditions it would certainly require a very delicate tact, even if there were no positively humanitarian spirit, to handle mutually hostile tribes at a place like Edmonton, where McDougall tells us that in the 'sixties fourteen languages were spoken.

There is no lack of favourable testimony to their "beneficent sway" over the Indians of their territory. Whether a critically minded student can accept it all at its face value is another question. Much of it comes originally from travellers who had been hospitably entertained at the Company's posts, as such men invariably were, and this is repeated by historians and public men. In the first of these categories are Father De Smet (1846), Paul Kane the artist (1846-1848), Palliser and his colleagues (1857-1859), Milton and Cheadle (1862-1863), Warburton Pike (1889), and Ernest Thompson Seton (1907). Among historians are Professor John Macoun (1872-1882), Beckles Willson (1899), Dr. George Bryce (1900), and W. T. R. Preston (1916), the testimony of the last one being particularly valuable, since his "*Life of Lord Strathcona*" is distinctly unfavourable in general toward its subject. The eulogies of a former governor of the Hudson's Bay Company (1899) may be thought suspicious in the very nature of things, and those of the Marquis of Lorne, then governor-general (1881), may be dismissed as the utterances of one possessing no sufficient knowledge of the facts and not competent to judge. They belong to the class of Kipling's "Padget, M.P." Worth all these put together is the testimony of Dr. John McDougall, the pioneer Alberta missionary.

McDougall finds support, moreover, from a quarter which may be regarded as highly significant. Beckles Willson, in "*The Great Company*," gives the opinion of a United States commissioner on their relations with the Indians. The American historian, Hubert Howe Bancroft, cites the following from the journal of Rev. Samuel Parker, the Oregon missionary colleague of Dr. Marcus Whitman. At Fort Walla Walla (Washington) 1835: "Here Parker rested for two days only, but long enough to note the difference between the conduct of the servants of the British fur company and the boisterous and reckless behaviour of the American hunters and trappers in the mountains. Instead of boasting of the number of Indians they had killed, as the latter often did in his presence, he found the British company commendably kind in their treatment of the Indians, whose friendship they strove

to gain, and whom they sometimes even instructed in religion and morality. . . ."

A well known ex-HBC trader, Isaac Cowie, has drawn attention in "The Canadian North-West," edited by Prof. E. H. Oliver (2 vols., Ottawa, 1914, 1915), to Standing Order No. 38 of the Company's regulations, in which this precise policy is enjoined upon its men. This must be considered as evidence that in some cases at least it was not merely a dead letter.

Among the earliest and best grammarians and lexicographers in the Cree language were Joseph Howe, or Howse, and Mr. and Mrs. Ross, the latter of whom assisted James Evans materially in his development of the Cree syllabic system at Norway House in the 'forties. Such advanced knowledge implies a degree of interest and sympathy far exceeding the requirements for the everyday trade jargon in the Cree, which latter only excites the contempt of the true linguist.

We have some further most interesting testimony from the memoirs of General Grant, who writes:

"While I was stationed on the Pacific coast we were free from Indian wars. There were quite a number of remnants of tribes in the vicinity of Portland in Oregon, and of Fort Vancouver in Washington Territory. They had generally acquired some of the vices of civilization, but none of the virtues, except in individual cases. The Hudson's Bay Company had held the North-West with their trading posts for many years before the United States was represented on the Pacific coast. They still retained posts along the Columbia River and one at Fort Vancouver when I was there. Their treatment of the Indians had brought out the better qualities of the savages. Farming had been undertaken by the Company to supply the Indians with bread and vegetables; they raised some cattle and horses, and they had now taught the Indians to do the labour of the farm and herd. They always compensated them for their labour, and always gave them goods of uniform quality and at uniform price.

"During my year of 1853 on the Columbia River the smallpox exterminated one small remnant of a band of Indians entirely and reduced others materially. I do not think there was a case of recovery among them until the doctor with the Hudson's Bay Company took the matter in hand and established a hospital. Nearly every case he treated recovered. I never myself saw the treatment described in the preceding paragraph, but have heard it described by persons who have witnessed it. The decimation among the Indians I knew of personally, and the hospital, established for their benefit, was a Hudson's Bay building not a stone's throw from my own quarters. . . ."

H. H. Bancroft, already mentioned, ascribes Dr. John McLoughlin's success at Fort Vancouver in the 'forties to his justice and knowledge of the Indian character. Perhaps the question narrows down to just in what degree the attitude of the men on the spot represented official policy or individual temperament.

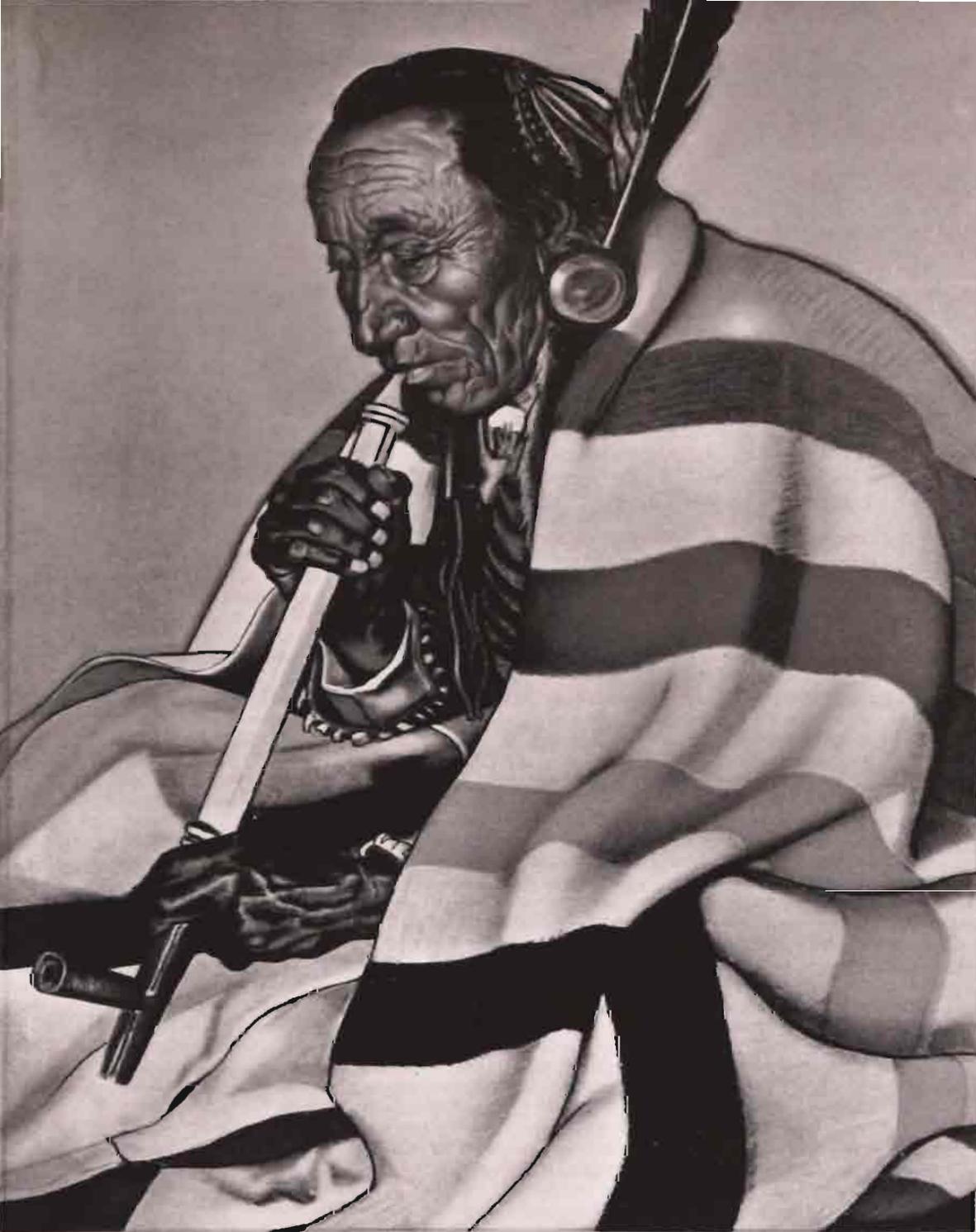
As against the foregoing class of evidence, others have contended that the Company's "humani-

tarian" policy was only the plainest of self-interest. "Like a medieval Jew-owner," says H. H. Bancroft. Something similar is charged by Dr. George E. Ellis, who contributes the section on the Company's history in Justin Wimsor's monumental "Narrative and Critical History of America." Old employees like John McLean (1849), unsentimental financiers like Sir Edward Watkin (1886, sometime president of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada), and early mounted police officers like the late Sir Cecil Denny (1874—) have expressed similar opinions. The last named in particular somewhat severely criticizes over-glorification by writers. It would of course be idle to imagine that such motives had no place in the policy of a commercial corporation, but the argument is a dangerous one to use. Turned the other way about, the plea of "manifest self-interest" was used—in the lack of a better, one must suppose—by the southern champions of slavery as a triumphant answer to accusations of cruelty. It was proved in controversy to be utterly false and fallacious, and the fallacy may be seen any day in men who neglect a home, a farm, a business, or an expensive automobile, or who thrash and abuse a valuable horse. If self-interest cannot keep men from doing positive wrong, it is very doubtful indeed whether self-interest alone will make them do what is positively right, beyond (possibly) a certain irreducible minimum. The Company may justly be awarded the benefit of the doubt.

The purveyance of intoxicating liquor to Indians at Hudson's Bay posts has been censured by several writers other than missionaries. This is a question which must be dealt with historically; it cannot be treated on the lines of a modern debate on the evils of drink. And perhaps it may be permissible to add that the present writer is a life-long total abstainer, so that he may fairly be considered to write on this subject without prejudice, in favour of drinking at least.

The practice dates from fairly early days in the fur trade, at an era when organized public opinion against drinking habits, whether on a large or a small scale, cannot be said to have existed. Consequently the formation of the habit among Indian tribes had, strictly speaking, no more to do with morals in the beginning than the creation by trading of a liking in any aboriginal people for red cloth, beads, or brass wire. It was apparently a definite policy with the North-West Company prior to the union of 1821. The journals of two of its officers, Duncan McGillivray (1794-1795) and Alexander Henry junior (1800-1811), show this quite clearly. The latter, particularly, contains an appalling catalogue of Indian drinking bouts and their consequences.

It cannot, however, be dismissed as a mere evil inheritance by the Hudson's Bay Company of an already deeply rooted North-West policy. Lord Selkirk, in his earliest instructions to Governor Miles Macdonell (1811), notes a sufficiency of liquor being shipped to York Factory over and above any necessary needs of the colonists, the surplus of which could be used for "trafficking with the Indians for meat." These instructions are printed by Prof. E. H. Oliver in the work already referred



ARROW TOP — PECUNNIE BRAVE
SMOKING A RED STONE PIPE.
SUCH PIPES ARE MADE FROM
SOFT STONE AND ARE SOME-
TIMES EMBELLISHED WITH IN-
TERESTING CARVINGS.

ILLUSTRATION FROM "BLACKFEET INDIANS," PICTURES BY WINOLD REISS, STORY BY FRANK B. LINDERMAN

to. The practice was deplored by Selkirk's executors and trustees. In their instructions to Capt. R. P. Pelly (January 1823) they strongly emphasize the importance of its abolition, although they considered it to be such a firmly rooted abuse that this would have to be done "cautiously and gradually."

Governor Sir George Simpson and his council cannot be accused of any indecent haste in the matter. There is no lack of pious resolutions or even of prohibitory mandates both by the council of Assiniboia for Red River proper and by the Council of the Northern Department for the "inland" region at large (1830-1843), as printed by Prof. Oliver. These met with very indifferent success in certain localities, and we can scarcely feel surprised that, where the prohibition was found to endanger the returns, it speedily went by the board. I quote one or two of the minutes on this question:

Minute of 1837: (Resolved) "That Liquor be not made an article of trade or medium of barter with Indians for furs in any part of the Country . . ." (Oliver, "Canadian North-West" ii, 772).

Minute of 1839: ". . . That no spirituous liquors be introduced into Lac la Pluie District after this date but that 40 pieces Provisions be supplied in addition to the annual supply of Country produce from Red River." (Ibid., ii, 781.)

Several of the leading officers concurred with Gov. Simpson that "no serious difficulty or inconvenience was likely to arise from immediately and henceforth interdicting the use of Spirituous Liquors in the Indian Trade" in Lac la Pluie and other specified districts. (Ibid., ii, 790-791.)

Minute of 1841: "As it is found that the Indians of this District will not furnish the requisite quantity of Rice for the use of the Posts unless they be indulged with a small quantity of spirituous Liquor; and as the want of such supplies would necessarily be productive of the most serious privation, it is Resolved "That in order to avert such privation, a quantity of Liquor not exceeding 8 Kegs be furnished Lac la Pluie District for the Current Outfit to be given as gratuities to the Indians of Fort Frances, Rat Portage, and Lac du Bois Blanc. . . ." (Ibid., ii, 822; repeated 1842, 1843, ii, 1842, 858.)

It was possibly these temperamental or tribal variations which led Bishop Anderson to complain in 1856 of the Company's policy in suppressing the traffic at some posts and not at others. One early writer, Paul Kane the wandering artist (1846), insists that rum was "prohibited" by the Company at Red River. This could of course be supported by ordinances galore, as we have seen. Isaac Cowie, the well known old H B C man, says it was "prohibited, except at competitive points." Agnes Laut sums up her discussion by stating: "Only for medicinal purposes or in fearful emergencies did the Hudson's Bay men use whisky. . . ." Miss Laut is in general, however, much more picturesque than accurate, and we cannot overlook contemporary testimony to the precise contrary. This is furnished, among others, by John McLean (1849), Professor Hind (1858), Sir William Butler's Official Report to Governor Archibald (1871), H.

H. Bancroft (1886), Rev. Father A. G. Morice (1906), Dr. A. O. MacRae (1912), L. V. Kelly (1913), John Hawkes (1924).

Even here it is only just to point out that at times it may have been only possible to maintain good relations with the Indian tribes by indulgences which the abstract moralist could hardly fail to condemn. It may be considered fairly certain also that if any serious outbreaks had occurred through the absolute refusal of liquor under any conditions many critics would have attributed them to a general policy of injustice and severity towards the Indians. If these considerations be rejected utterly, and liquor in any circumstances be held as an unmitigated evil—which is the writer's opinion concerning its presence in civilized communities—it cannot be supposed that its consumption among Indians would have decreased under a "free trade" regime. Such men as Bishop Anderson and Sir William Butler, both of them honourable and clear-sighted men, friends of the Indian, and the former particularly a keen and outspoken critic of the Company on occasion, viewed with apprehension the unrestricted admission of the "free trader" (of the contemporary type at least) into the Hudson's Bay territory. Perhaps these matters would be less noteworthy were it not for a certain amount of unctuous pronouncement concerning the "laudable and benevolent views of the Governor and Committee toward the diffusion of Christianity and civilization among the natives of this Country. . . ." (Oliver, "Can. North-West," ii, 811.) One is reminded of Macaulay's "Essay on Warren Hastings": "Govern leniently, be the father of the people," (etc., etc.), and send more money!

Probably the natives of the country were under little or no illusion concerning the workings of economic policy. An old Cree, who remembered the days prior to the union of 1821 between the Hudson's Bay and the North-West Companies, said to Professor Hind in 1858: "During the existence or the two companies, all went well with the Indians, they obtained excellent pay. . . . Since the union of the companies, they had not fared half so well." G. C. Davidson, in his work on "The North-West Company," cites something very similar. There is of course nothing surprising or specially blameworthy in this in so far as the Hudson's Bay Company are concerned; it is precisely why competitors so frequently amalgamate. On kindred lines of reasoning, from the Indian viewpoint, we find a Cree chief animadverting to Lieutenant-Governor Morris in 1874, on the Hudson's Bay Company "stealing" from the Indians ". . . The earth, trees, grass, stones, all that which I see with my eyes. . . ." On the other side of the question may be cited a notable passage from Sir William Butler's fascinating travel work, "The Great Lone Land," too long for quotation here, in which he sets forth the problem of transporting goods for enormous distances, and what he conceived to be the true economic relationships of the two parties, red and white. Butler, as a defender of a wealthy and powerful corporation, commands more attention and respect than are deserved by some writers on this topic. [Continued on page 64

Indian Syllabics

By S. A. TAYLOR
Long Lake Post

σ · Δ U^a σ · Δ σ)(J · Δ e , σ
L () X J · Δ e L b J s b σ '
▷ () s b · Δ s b d^a x Psalm li. 3

A Short Description of the Writing Devised by White Men for the Indians, Showing Its Usefulness and Examples of the Inevitable Humourous Errors.

	ā	e	o	a
	▽	△	▷	◁
p	∨	∧	>	<
t	U	∩)	(
k	9	p	d	b
ch	7	r	j	l
m	7	Γ	└	┌
n	8	σ	6	e
s	5	r	r	5
sh	8	s	s	s
l	7	r	j	l
y	5	r	r	5
v	∨	∧	>	<
p	~	~	~	5
w	▽	△	▷	◁

CAN you read that?" is a question I am often asked by my customers when they see me engrossed in some writing which looks to them like a kind of shorthand but which in reality is Indian syllabics.

There are some twelve characters to learn, and of these two are seldom used and can in fact be dispensed with entirely. These are the characters representing *ray* and *lay*, or R and L, these sounds being replaced in the Ojibway language by N.

Let us start with the letter A, which is represented by an inverted triangle representing *Ay*. By turning this triangle to its normal position with the apex at the top we have *Ee*, by turning it with the apex to the right we have *Ooh*, and by turning the apex to the left we have *Ah*. The same applies to each character, and once one has mastered the characters, all one has to remember is that by turning them in the four different positions described above one gets for instance *pay*, *pee*, *poo*, *pah*; *kay*, *kee*, *koo*, *kah*; *shay*, *shee*, *shoo*, *shah*, and so on. Could anything be simpler?

When it comes to reading letters in which goods are ordered however, there are many stumbling blocks for the novice, and I well remember, shortly after learning syllabics, receiving a letter asking for ".22 cartridges, *ah pah*," which kept me guessing for some time, but which I finally correctly interpreted as being ".22 high power." Similarly, *Ooh Chah*, referring to tobacco, means Old Chum. Characters written in half the size denote letters instead of syllables; the character for *Tay* written small represents T. Many of the Indians, however, dispense entirely with these, trusting to the ingenuity of the reader to supply them where required.

One of the most unfortunate mistakes I have made, from the recipient's standpoint, was interpreting *sah nah p* as *sayneebah*, the Indian word for "ribbon," whereas snuff was what was wanted. One

can imagine the chagrin of the Indian addicted to the use of snuff upon receiving a yard or two of ribbon instead. In this case, however, the error was partly attributable to the writer, who had turned his characters the wrong way, a not uncommon practice.

Errors of this nature not only make it very hard to read, but may change the meaning of a word. Syllabics are not "Indian writing," as some suppose, but were concocted by the white man for the use of the Indians, and we must take off our hats to the originator for his ingenuity in inventing so simple and yet so adaptable a form of writing the Indian language.

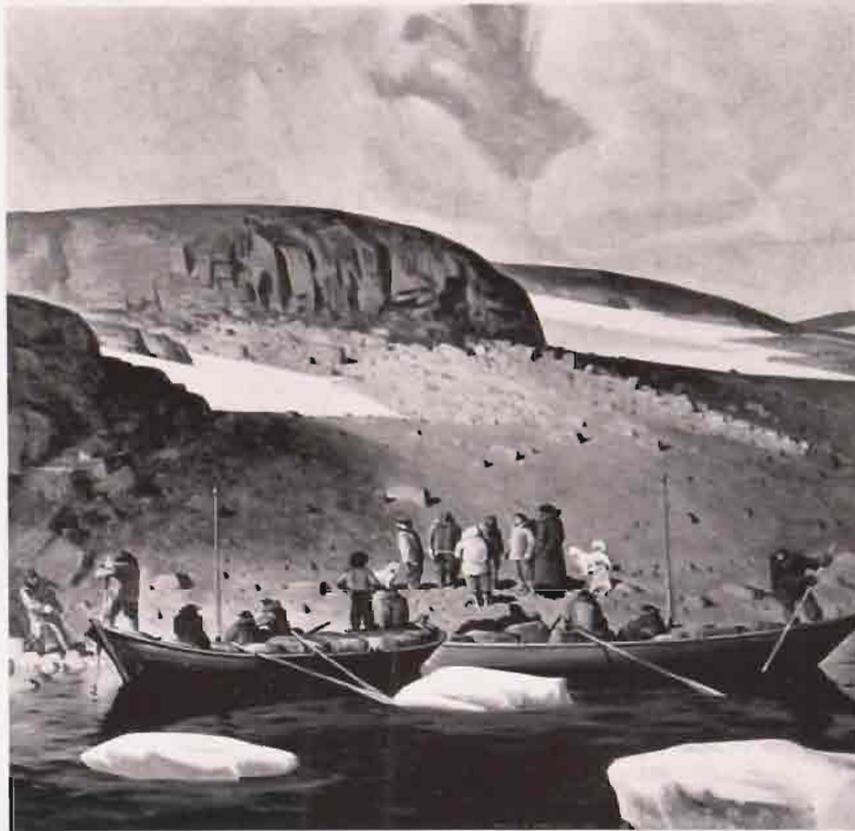
Before concluding this article, mention of the forms of stationery used by the Indians may be of interest. These comprise such articles as empty match boxes (extensively used), wrapping paper, and pieces of birch bark. The latter, when written on with a nail or the sharp end of a file, a burnt match or lead bullet, are exceedingly hard to read, but handy for lighting the fire in the morning.

Envelopes are usually addressed by somebody who can write a little English, and we were amused once to receive through the mail a letter addressed to "Hontsenbuer, Longlac," which was correctly interpreted by our worthy postmaster as being for us. The letter was in syllabics.

Is it possible that one does not need three guesses at the nationality of person who wrote the address?

Physician, Fur Trader and Explorer

By ROSS MITCHELL, M.D.
Winnipeg



Dr. John Rae at Repulse Bay. From a painting by Chas. F. Comfort for the Company.

Doctor John Rae Led Four Arctic Expeditions for the Company and Traced 1700 Miles of New Coast. He Brought His Medical Knowledge to Arctic Travel and Developed a Successful Technique of Living Off the Land. It Was Rae Who in 1853 Brought Back First Word of the Tragic Fate of Sir John Franklin and the Crews of the "Erebus" and "Terror."

AMONG Canadians, even those ordinarily well informed, there is little knowledge concerning John Rae. All have heard of Sir John Franklin; few know of Rae who brought back the first news of his fate, and who is rated by no less an authority than Stefansson as a greater explorer

than Franklin. The man who has led four Arctic explorations, traced over seventeen hundred miles of new coast, and has been a pioneer in living off that savage land, has deserved well of his country, and should be reckoned among its heroes. The service of the Hudson's Bay Company in

the nineteenth century attracted many men of the Orkneys as eager to follow the lure of adventure in new lands as their Viking forefathers of old. Among them was John Rae, born September 30, 1813, at Hall of Clostrain, near Stromness. At the age of sixteen he began the study of medicine in the famous Edinburgh school and graduated doctor of medicine in 1833. Immediately thereafter he proceeded in the Hudson's Bay Company's ship *Prince of Wales* to Moose Factory, where he was employed as clerk and surgeon till 1844, when he was appointed to Rupert's river district. His scientific training, his power of endurance and his capacity for leadership had not passed unobserved by Governor Sir George Simpson, and he was selected by him to carry on the work of Thomas Simpson, whose mysterious death in 1840 prevented that bold explorer from completing the survey of the Arctic mainland coast which he had almost finished the previous year.

Although already well equipped as leader of the proposed expedition, Rae sought to improve his scientific knowledge. Chief Factor Alexander Christie of Fort Garry, in a letter to Chief Factor Donald Ross dated November 30, 1844, wrote: "Dr Rae proposes proceeding with the bearers of our winter express for Canada where he will acquire a more perfect knowledge of astronomy and nautical surveying for his expedition on the opening of navigation in the spring of 1846." While at Moose Factory in 1837 Rae had carried out experiments in raising a balloon, *The Sunflyer*, by means of solar heat. On one occasion, when it was necessary for him to transact business at Fort Albany on the following day, Rae walked the hundred miles between Moose Factory and Albany on snowshoes in one day. As a leader he was always kind to his men, and took the lead, giving such an example as they were always delighted to follow though the means at his command were in some instances very small.

Let us regard what were means at his command in this first of his Arctic expeditions. They were defined in a resolution of the Northern Council passed June 7, 1845, at Red River settlement. "That a boat expedition be fitted out from Churchill for the purpose of tracing and exploring the Coast from the Straits of the Fury and Hecla to Dease and Simpson's farthest; the expedition to consist of 2 boats and 12 men, besides Dr. Rae, who is appointed to the Command with an outfit of provisions, goods, etc." Now the Straits of the Fury and Hecla marked the farthest point reached by Sir Edward Parry after two years' work in two ships at a cost of from £100,000 to £120,000. Rae's two boats, built at York Factory, were only twenty-two feet long, and the entire cost of the expedition of 1846 and 1847 was less than £1400.

In "Hudson Bay" R. M. Ballantyne, then a clerk in the Hudson's Bay Company's service, describes a chance meeting in 1846 with Dr. Rae, who was on his way to York Factory. "Dr. Rae appeared to be just the man for such an expedition. He was very muscular and active, full of animal spirits, and had a fine intellectual countenance. He was considered, by those who know him well, to be one of the best snowshoe walkers

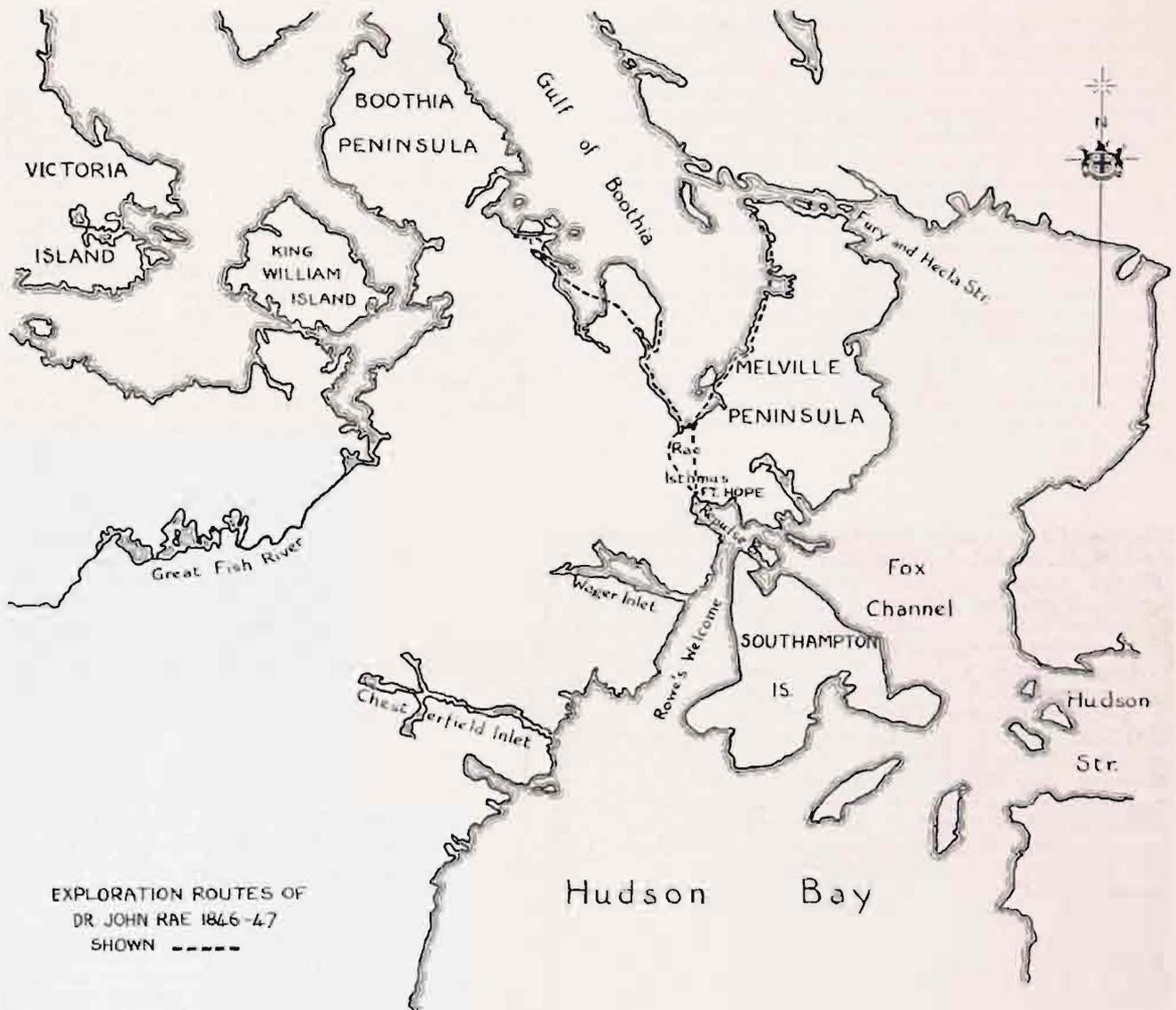
in the service, was an excellent rifle-shot and could stand an immense amount of fatigue . . . There is every reason to believe that this expedition will be successful, as it is fitted out by a Company intimately acquainted with the difficulties and dangers of the country through which it will have to pass, and the best methods of overcoming and avoiding them. Besides the doctor himself is well accustomed to the life he will have to lead, and enters upon it, not with the vague and uncertain notions of Back and Franklin, but with a pretty correct apprehension of the probable routine of procedure and the experience of a great many years spent in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company."

In this first expedition Rae sailed into Repulse Bay, where Back had been compelled to turn back in 1837, traversed Rae Isthmus, explored a part of Melville Peninsula, wintered at Fort Hope on the banks of North Pole river, in the spring proved Boothia to be a peninsula and traced the coast line from Parry's farthest (1823) to the coast of Boothia, explored by Sir James C. Ross (1833). Rae wintered in a hut built of stone, but thereafter he learned to construct snow igloos, and his unerring rifle so supplemented the four months' provisions brought with the party that, at the completion of the fifteen months' expedition, his men were in the best of condition.

In his "Narrative of An Expedition to the Shores of the Arctic Sea in 1846 and 1847," Rae mentioned "that celebrated navigator and discoverer, Sir John Franklin, whose protracted absence in the Arctic Sea is at present exciting so much interest and anxiety throughout England." This was his first suspicion of the fate of the expedition which, for the next seven years, was to occupy his whole activities. It is of interest to reflect that at one time in this expedition Rae was only 150 miles from the point where Franklin's ships were beset in the ice.

It may be asked why Arctic exploration was the subject of so much attention during the nineteenth century. Primarily it was a matter of commercial import. If a Northwest Passage existed between the Atlantic and Pacific, then the long and difficult voyage to the Orient around Cape of Good Hope could be avoided in favour of a route which would give England a great advantage in trading. This then, was the reason for the sea expeditions of 1818 which included Edward Parry, George Back, Edward Sabine, John and James Clark Ross, and John Franklin, all of whom gained lasting fame, Parry (1829 and 1833), Lyon (1825), the Rosses (1829 to 1833), financed by Felix Booth, Back (1836) and the land expeditions of Franklin and John Richardson, Back, Dease and Simpson, who sought to explore the Arctic coast lying between the points discovered by Mackenzie in 1789 and Hearne in 1770. Despite these intrepid attempts, the Northwest Passage was not yet revealed.

On the nineteenth of May, 1845, H.M.S. *Erebus* and H.M.S. *Terror* sailed down the Thames, carrying 129 men headed by the fifty-nine-year-old veteran, Sir John Franklin, and all England felt that surely success would crown this venture. There was a happy mixture of seasoned experience



and youthful enterprise, with the results of previous expeditions to guide them. The two ships spoke to a whaler in Baffin Bay on July 26, then came silence.

To the search for the Northwest Passage was now added the quest of the missing expedition. In the ten years after 1847 forty searching parties set out to find Franklin and his men. The British Admiralty dispatched expedition after expedition until 1852, when it was presumed that all had perished, but Lady Franklin, who had already fitted out expeditions at her own cost, persisted until the melancholy fate of her husband and his entire party had been fully revealed.

As previously in seeking for the Northwest Passage, there had been two avenues of attack, sea and land, so in the quest of the missing ships the search was carried out by both routes. Sir John Richardson, who had accompanied Franklin in his

land trips of 1819-1822 and 1825-1827, was naturally chosen leader of an expedition to examine the coast between the Mackenzie and Coppermine rivers and took John Rae with him as second in command. They wintered at Fort Confidence, on Great Bear lake, where Rae spent his time recording observations on meteorology and the dip of the magnetic needle. On July 14, 1849, the mouth of the Coppermine river was reached, and on July 30 Rae was at Cape Krusenstern awaiting an opportunity to cross to Wollaston Land, the southern end of Victoria Island, but the heavy unbroken ice presented an insuperable obstacle. He was obliged to return to the Coppermine, and in dragging his boats up the Bloody Falls he lost his Eskimo interpreter, Albert, by drowning. In a letter to Archibald Barclay, secretary of the Hudson's Bay Company, written on Mackenzie river five days' journey above Fort Norman, on the 22nd

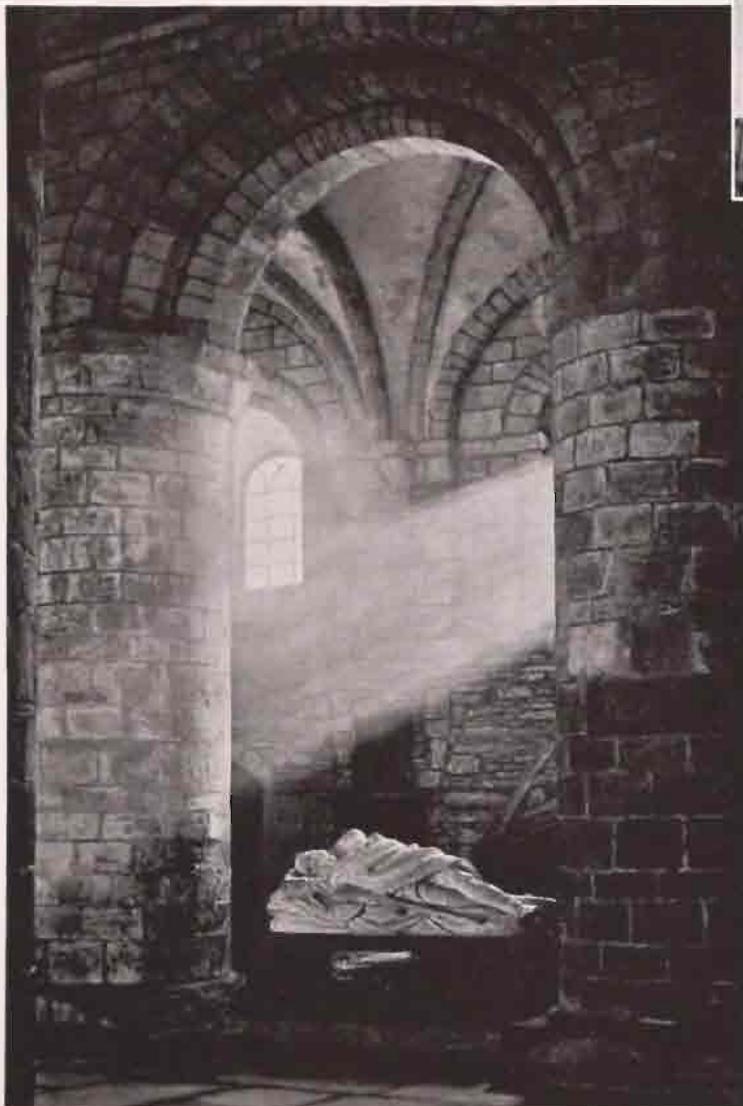
of September, 1849, Rae pays this tribute to Albert: "The brave lad was universally liked for his activity, cheerful and friendly disposition and extreme good temper and for attention to his duty which made him a most valuable servant." Fort Confidence was reached on September 1 and Rae took over the charge of the Mackenzie river district with the title of chief factor. In the spring Sir John Richardson, who was now sixty-two and had had a definite heart attack, handed over the leadership of the expedition to Rae and returned to England.

The fate of Franklin and his men was still unknown. In June 1850, a resolution of the Council of the Northern Department of the Hudson's Bay Company was passed:

"H.M. Govt. having called upon the Hudson's Bay Company to render their best assistance in prosecuting the explorations which have been set on foot in quest of the expedition under Sir John Franklin and a plan of combined operations to be conducted



Above: Doctor John Rae with relics of the Franklin expedition obtained during his 1853 Arctic expedition, which produced the first definite word of the fate of Sir John Franklin and his two ships. Left: The Memorial to Dr. John Rae at St. Magnus Cathedral, Kirkwall.



from the Mackenzie river under the command of Chief Factor Rae and Commander Pullen, R.N., having been arranged, it is ordered that all Officers in the Company's service render every assistance to the Expedition."

Rae, this time with only two men, descended the Coppermine river and in May succeeded in crossing Dolphin Strait to Wollaston Peninsula. He explored the coast of Wollaston Land to Cape Bering and then recrossed the strait to Cape Krusenstern and Kendall river after a journey of 1100 miles, the fastest on record of Arctic travel, the average rate being twenty-five miles per day. He then returned to the mouth of the Coppermine, followed the coast to Cape Colburn, about 725 miles, and explored Victoria Land. Here, had he but known it, he was only forty miles distant from the spot where the *Erebus* and the *Terror* had been abandoned in 1848. Ice prevented him from crossing over to King William Land and he was obliged to return without finding any trace of the Franklin expedition except the butt of a flagstaff. At a convenient point on his return one of his two boats was abandoned, the other hauled seventy miles overland



The ruins of Fort Hope at Repulse Bay where Dr. Rae with his party of twelve wintered in 1846-47. Despite the fact that there was no fuel for warming the house and only four months' provisions, Dr. Rae brought his party through the winter without sickness or discontent.

to Great Bear lake and so southward by Mackenzie river to Athabasca river. For discovering 725 miles of new coast line on this expedition he was awarded the Founders' Gold Medal of the Royal Geographical Society in 1852.

Once again Rae returned to the Arctic in search of Franklin. In 1853, with seven men, he wintered at Repulse Bay, killed deer as before, and in the spring made long sledge journeys. When three weeks out on Western Boothia he met an Eskimo. "The man was very communicative," Rae wrote in his "Report of the Arctic Searching Expedition under His Command," which was published as a parliamentary paper, "and putting to him the usual questions as to his having seen white men before, or any ships or boats, he replied in the negative, but said that a party of 'Kakloonans' (whites) had died of starvation a long distance to the west of where we were then, and beyond a large river. He stated that he did not know the exact place, that he had never been there, and that he could not accompany us that far" . . .

Rae immediately questioned and investigated, obtaining this picture: "In the spring four winters past (1850), whilst some Eskimo families were killing seals near King William Land, forty white men were seen travelling in company southward over the ice and dragging a boat and sledges with them— None of the party could speak the Eskimo language so well as to be understood; but by signs the natives were led to believe the ship or ships had been crushed by the ice, and they were then going to where they expected to find some deer to shoot— They purchased a small seal from the natives . . . At a later date the same season, but previous to the disruption of the ice, the corpses of some thirty persons and some graves were discovered on the continent, and five bodies on an island near it, about a long day's journey to the Great Fish river— There appears to have

been an abundant store of ammunition—a number of telescopes, guns, watches, compasses, etc., all of which seem to have been broken up, as I saw pieces of these different articles with the natives, and I purchased as many as possible, together with some silver spoons and forks, an Order of Merit in the form of a star, and a small plate engraved 'Sir John Franklin, K.C.B.'"

Rae decided he ought to return in order to prevent fruitless search for Franklin in wrong directions. First dispatching a letter to the Admiralty he turned eastward and reached York Factory August 31. This last of his Arctic expeditions connected the survey of Ross with that of Dease and Simpson and so completed the survey of the mainland.

On his arrival at London Rae found that the evidence he had submitted in his letter to the secretary of the Admiralty had been accepted and that he was entitled to the award of £10,000 offered for proof of the fate of the Franklin expedition.

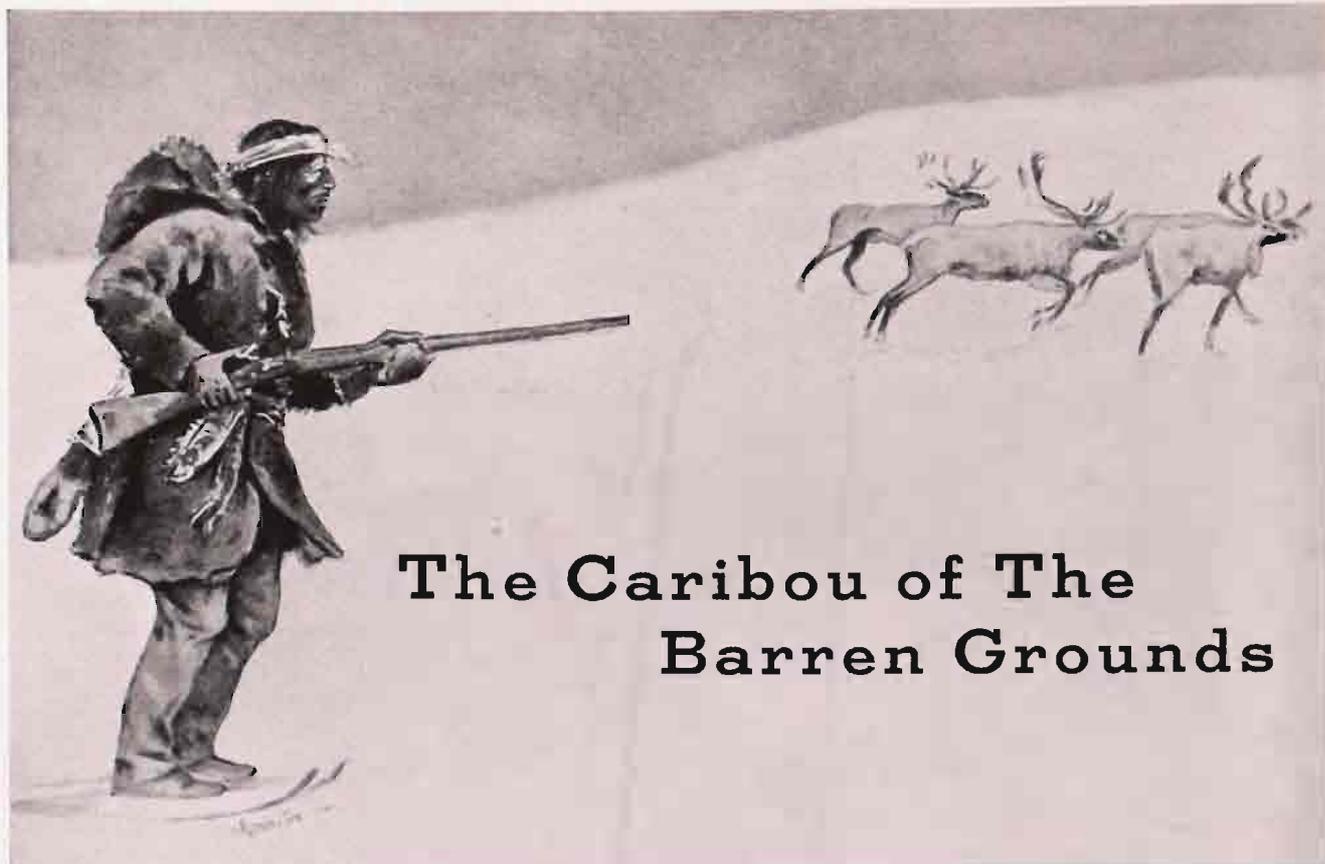
After being granted furlough for twelve months during 1855-6, Rae retired from the service of the Hudson's Bay Company. In 1858, in company with Honorable Edward Ellice, he made a tour of the United States and Canada, including the Red River Settlement. During that winter, when he was forty-five years old, he walked on snowshoes from Hamilton to Toronto, forty miles, in seven hours and dined out the same evening, showing no signs of fatigue. He made his home for a time in Hamilton and was one of the charter members of the Hamilton Scientific Association.

In 1860 another enterprise offered itself to Rae. The failure of the first Atlantic cable, which functioned only from August 15 to September 4, 1858, caused the cable company to become bankrupt and led many to think the experiment impossible of success. A combined tele- *(Continued on page 65)*



INDIAN TRAPPER

Photograph by Bassett, Associated Screen News



Drawing by Caspar Whitney, in "On Snowshoes to the Barren Grounds."

The Caribou of The Barren Grounds

By
GUY H. BLANCHET
Ottawa

"The Caribou Come Like Ghosts from Beyond. For Many Days We Have Plenty, Then, Who Knows Where They Go?" In These Words Old Souci, the Indian, Summed Up the Story of the Caribou and the Mystery of Their Sweeping Migrations Backwards and Forwards Across the Vast Solitary Barren Grounds.

TUKTOO," "Et-then" and "Attik" are cries that have brought joy to the hearts of Eskimos, Chipewyans and Crees, for they announced that the caribou had arrived and that times of ease and good living were about to begin. But out in the "great world" the little caribou of the Barren Grounds remains almost as mythical as the griffin and the hippogryph vaguely associated with the Christmas drive of St. Nicholas among the stars and chimney pots. Even for those most interested in this strange animal it has been difficult to gather facts as to their numbers and movements. The Eskimos of the sea coasts and the Indians of the woodlands had practically no contact with each other, and in between stretch the vast plains of the Barren Lands. To both these people the caribou emerged from the unknown, played an important part in their lives for a season, and then vanished beyond the farthest hills. In the traditions of the people and the tales told in

the encampments facts merge into vague superstition.

There are local variations in migrational routes and in the times of arrival and departure in particular districts, but there is a fundamental reasonableness directing the great migrations between the woodlands and the sea, involving food, seasonal conditions and pests and enemies. At the appointed times they know what to do and their old leaders guide them along the trails they learned in their youth.

Caribou are almost always on the move and usually trotting. On one occasion when I was watching the passing of the migration band after band with Old Souci Beaulieu, a caribou hunter of the old days, he remarked: "It is always 'hurry up' with the caribou to reach the place where they want to be. That is good when you journey to meet them, but when you are behind—then comes the misery of empty bellies and 'trip de roche'."

He told of times when the people "starved the whole," and of his own remarkable exploits in bringing aid.

From the earliest times of our knowledge of the North, even in the days of Hearne, the experience of caribou hunters have been the same. There are times when the caribou even wander among the teepees, others when you must make a long hunt to find a straggler, and times when the country is deserted, cold, inert and hungry.

The great migrations may be generalized with assurance, but it is hard to predict what will happen in a particular district any one year. Caribou are strange animals; a whim will direct them, but even a raging torrent will not stop them in migration. They often choose a rapid for a river crossing, sometimes the head of a waterfall. Often many have been caught in the cataract and drowned; still band followed band into the dangerous waters. When I visited Parry Falls on Lockhart river with Old Souci he told me that its head was a favourite "pass" and that many were drowned attempting to cross.

The old people secured a livelihood from their carcasses, but his father had considered the waste too great and had planned to build a fence across the "pass." Still they cross there!

During the early winter the caribou mill about their ranges in the border lands of the woods at the east end of Great Slave lake, the country of Fond du Lac, and that between Ennedai lake and the mouth of Seal river. Food is abundant and the forests give shelter from the gales that sweep across the open plains driving the fine snow in a blinding scud. At this time bulls, cows and young are mingled together. Caribou are unique in the deer family in that both bulls and cows have horns—an annual growth cast somewhat erratically in early winter. Normally the bulls lose theirs in December and the cows somewhat later. The hair of winter is long and grey, making them inconspicuous against the wintry landscape. Skins at this season are practically useless: the hair is too long for fur and the hide is full of warble holes.

The mounting sun of February awakens an instinct in the cows, warning them that the time has arrived to start their journey into the Far North, to the Arctic coastal plains where their young will be born. With them go most of the younger animals. They have far to go, and feeding and the heavy storms of spring delay them. The northward trails can be distinguished from those of autumn, being more lightly tramped and ending abruptly at the shores of large lakes which they crossed on the ice, and by the signs of winter feeding on the mosses of the hill tops.

The northwesterners of winter change to the more fickle winds of spring, the "great thaw" of May follows, and daylight lengthens until night is completely banished. Then, when the air is full of the nesting songs of the newly arrived birds and the land is emerging from its winter covering, the young are born in the far northern limits of the ranges.

Meanwhile, in the south, the older bulls take life more leisurely. They follow the retreating snow, feeding on the uncovered vegetation. They

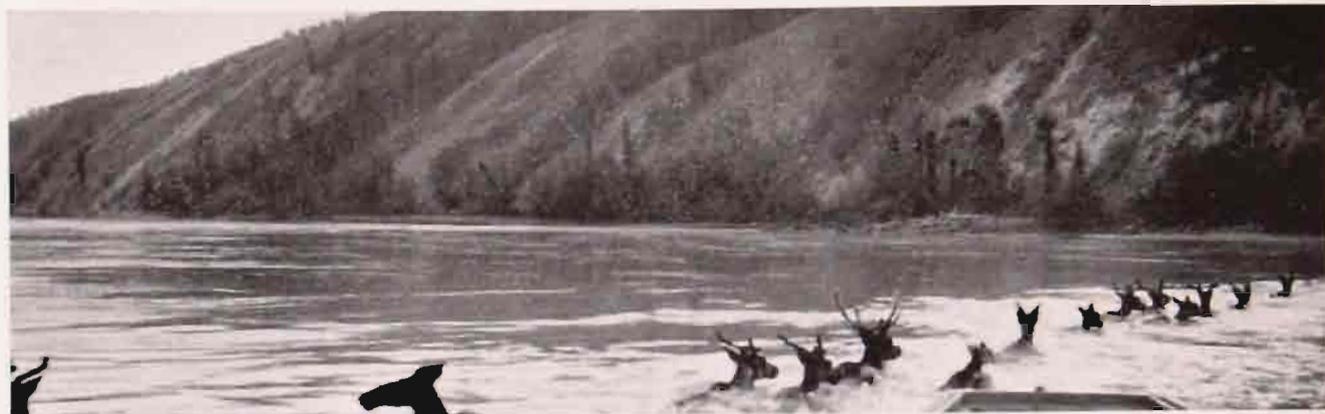
lose the herd instinct and, singly or in small groups, scatter widely over the interior uplands of the open plains. Their wanderings of summer are directed chiefly by the variable winds, for they must travel up-wind to get relief from the flies which follow them in clouds and often drive them frantic. They feed in snatches as they trot along, and their rapid motion makes them difficult to find and hard to follow. When Seton made his journey northeast of Great Slave lake, he noted, "When you see caribou horns at rest, they are willows; and if you see a boulder moving, it is a muskox." I would add that when you see a bit of tundra detach itself and scamper away, it is an arctic fox in his summer motley.

The heavy winter hair is shed before the end of July, and the caribou present a fine appearance with their new coats of dark brown effectively touched with white at the neck, belly and rump, and with the spread of horns, impressive for such a small animal. At this time the new horns are well developed, still in the "velvet," and one of the peculiar tid-bits of the northern Indians is this "velvet" from the tips of the horns, scorched for a few moments over a fire of heather. In other ways the Indians have strange ideas of food, starting with what is usually considered offal and ending with choice cuts. Delicacies that a white man can appreciate are the uncooked marrow and the tongue, dried in the sun until it becomes rich and jelly-like, with a flavour as delicate as caviare.

To enjoy such dishes as that prepared from the contents of the stomach, mixed with blood, or the grub of the warble fly plucked from inside the skin, one must overcome prejudices or be very hungry. In the matter of food, bulls are best during the summer, when they have accumulated a thick pad of "back fat." After the rutting season they are very poor. The cows, on the contrary, do not recover from the stress of the calving season until the late autumn and are at their best during the winter. While caribou meat is practically always tender, there is little food value in the flesh of a poor animal. One can eat to repletion of such meat and "starve" as the natives say.

By August the calves are well grown, and again the warning sweeps across the plains, from Hudson Bay to the Arctic, telling that the time has arrived to start the southward journey. Perhaps it is the first heavy storm, driving from the north with a suggestion of the Arctic, that stirs the migration instinct. A slow, widespread movement commences, casual and uncertain at first, but steadily becoming more marked and purposeful, like the gathering of waters by little tributaries into larger and larger streams. Down from the North come the cows and young, while the bulls journey to meet them.

There appear to be three principal migration groups. On the west caribou from the country north and west of Back's river gather towards the head of Coppermine river. Those from the great area north of Chesterfield Inlet unite on the Upper Dubawnt; and a third group occupies the country eastward of Kazan river. All through the late summer and early autumn the southerly drift continues. The fly scourge ends and life for the



Caribou are great swimmers, fearless in bad water and able to make wide lake crossings.

caribou at this period is a happy one as they wander across the country, pausing in the low-lying meadow lands, bands uniting until great herds are formed of thousands, hundreds of thousands—"la foule" of the northern Indians. But even the greatest herds are made up of individual bands consisting of a bull and his harem or several such, and yearlings often herd together.

The movement culminates in the final massing of all the caribou of the district at recognized points for the "rutting" season of October. The biological urge reaches its climax. Then, after a period of quiet feeding about the edge of the woodlands, the increasing severity of the weather drives them into shelter, the winter life begins and the year cycle is completed.

In the old days the lives of many of the natives were controlled to a large extent by the caribou. The northern Indians journeyed to meet them in the late summer at the "passes" and made great slaughter. At that time skins were prime for clothing, and meat and fat were in excellent condition for drying. During the winter, the people followed the wanderings of the caribou, sometimes feasting and often passing through periods of famine when they lost contact with them. It was small wonder that the natives gorged when meat was plentiful. Warburton Pike, when travelling with King Beaulieu, reproved him for improvidence. The old man replied angrily: "What is this improvidence? I don't like it. Why should we not eat well and be happy when we have plenty, to give us courage to meet the starving times that are sure to come?" The philosophy is reasonable

for a people who live by hunting. It is also the way of the wolf.

When the migration set northward there was also a spring hunt at the passes of the season, after which families gathered together at the large lakes of the woodlands, living a peaceful, easy life at the fisheries.

The inland Eskimos of Hudson Bay live a similar life today, slightly modified by fox trapping in winter. On the Arctic coast, however, caribou have always been too uncertain to depend on, and in winter they almost disappeared. The natives there learned the technique of seal hunting on the sea ice by which, during the nine long months of winter, they obtained fuel for their lamps and meat for the pot. Caribou came to them at the time they had to leave the ice and provided a change of diet and the very necessary clothing.

During the last hundred years changes have taken place. The whaler and the trader introduced rifles which permit greater slaughter, but they also brought the idea of trade in skins which made the people less dependent on caribou. The immediate result was more intensive hunting about the fringes of the caribou ranges but less hunting in the interior. More and more, the vast stretches of the Barren Grounds returned to their isolation, expeditions to the far passes were discontinued and the summer ranges were seldom disturbed.

Man with his rifle and the fires that start from his encampments



Old Souci dressed in caribou from poke to socks.



Reindeer, the little cousins of the caribou, en route from Alaska to the Canadian Arctic.

and destroy the slow-growing mosses on which the caribou feed have driven them from districts in which they were formerly numerous. But it is doubtful if the slaughter is as great as formerly and if there is any marked change in their numbers.

While the natives of the sea coasts and the woodlands see less of the caribou than formerly, a new agency permits wider and more accurate observation today—the aeroplane. Much of the caribou country has been flown over at different seasons. From an aeroplane, any moving object arrests the eye, even when far away, and the limited ground view is expanded into a composite picture. Instead of the sight of the local band which supplies one with meat, the observer can see the general movement of which it forms a part. One sees country empty as before the creation of life; the small scattered bands that are so elusive and hard to find on the ground; and the drift of the early stages of the migration is given significance by the distant view of the large lake that is causing the convergence or the wide stretch of tundra over which they are scattering (the old leaders know all about it). But the greatest sight of all is of "la foule." It has been seldom recorded from ground observation except in broad generalities. Pike tells of witnessing it from a small hill when caribou drifted past him like a flowing tide. From the air the sight has something uncanny about it as though the boulders that dot the country had suddenly

come to life and set out on some fantastic pilgrimage, hastening towards a happy fulfilment.

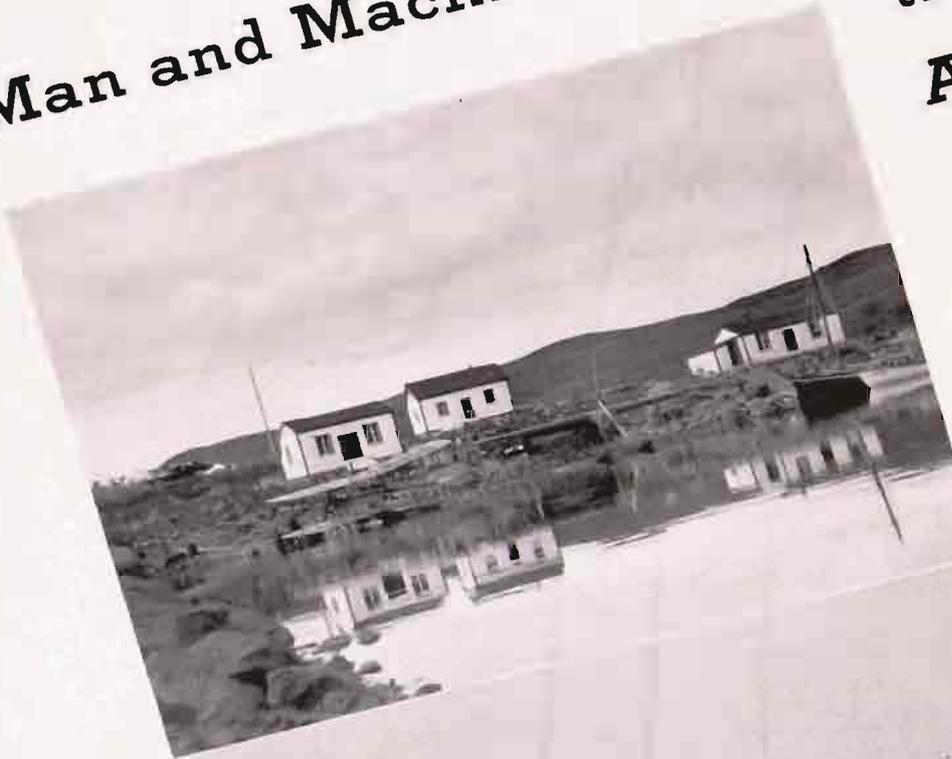
On one occasion I flew over the massed herds south of Aylmer lake, crossing their line of migration. The "stream" was fifty miles wide and stretched beyond our field of vision on either side. Here and there they were massed, but for the most part the bands were distinct, travelling in single file on parallel courses, making a lacework pattern on the snow. There were hundreds of thousands of them—it was only guess-work estimating their numbers. Shortly afterwards our plane was wrecked in the country which the migration had just left, and in more than two weeks while we were held there our only sign of life was a lean, lone, hungry white wolf. Again to quote Old Souci: "The caribou come like ghosts from beyond. For many days we have plenty, then who knows where they go?"

The North is changing. It has become easy of access by the royal road of the aeroplane; even the natives have their gasoline engines and keep to the great waters, avoiding the difficult byways into the interior. For them hunting has become an episode in the life of a trapper. The old circles of tent stones in the Barren Lands and the ambushes at the passes are already overgrown with moss, and the days when the meat pot was empty when the caribou failed to arrive and "the people starved the whole" have become old men's tales. One of these old men who used to tell me of the days of his youth and of tradition ended his stories with, "But we were men in those days." At least [Continued on page 66]



Caribou bull horns. They change from two prongs in youth to this elaborate, symmetrical form, the sharp "V" of the young animal developing into a "U."

Man and Machine Against the Arctic



By
W. E. BROWN
Manager
H B C Nelson River District

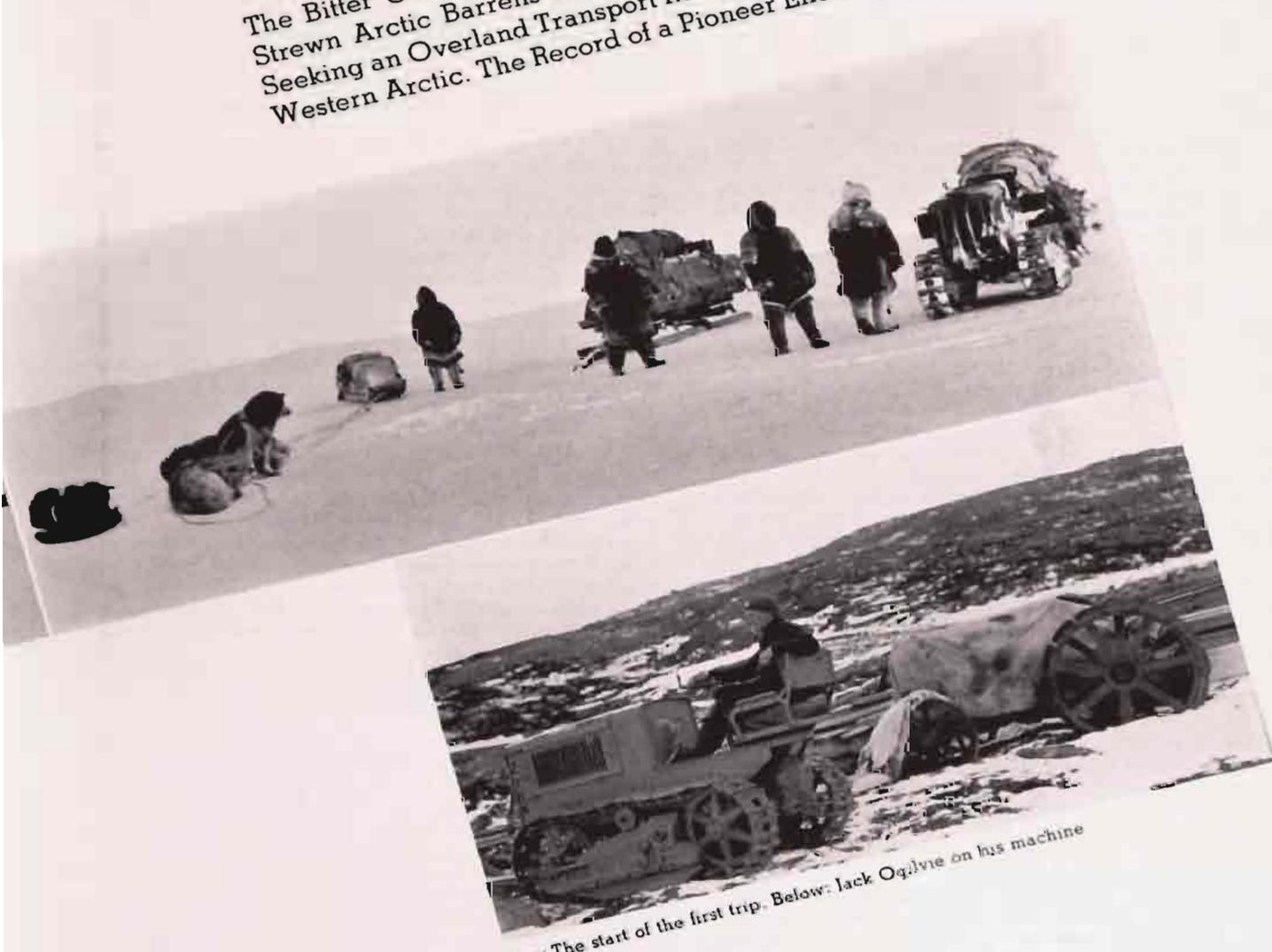


Top: Wager Inlet post Below: The tractor and dog team on arrival at Back's river

IN 1929 the Hudson's Bay Company M.S. *Fort James*, travelling from the Canadian Atlantic seaboard, reached Gjoa Haven on King William Island in the Western Arctic. The schooner anchored alongside M.S. *Fort McPherson*, also be-

longing to the Hudson's Bay Company, which had recently arrived from the west. Thus was accomplished what had been done only once before, and then by the famous explorer, Roald Amundsen, in his vessel the *Gjoa*. The feat was the bridging of

The Bitter Cold, Drifted Snow and Crusted Ice of the Rock
Strewn Arctic Barrens Failed to Stop Company Fur Traders
Seeking an Overland Transport Route from Hudson Bay to the
Western Arctic. The Record of a Pioneer Effort with a Tractor.



Top: The start of the first trip. Below: Jack Ojalvie on his machine

the Northwest Passage, and, being given little publicity at the time, the event passed almost unnoticed.

Coincident with this conquest of the Northwest Passage by the water route was the conquest, also

by the Hudson's Bay Company, of the overland route from Hudson Bay to Arctic tidewater by tractor. It was a winter's struggle of man and machine in league against the bitter cold, rock-strewn terrain, drifted snow, crusted river ice, and

the searing ground drift of the Barrens, with, in the end, man and machine emerging triumphant.

The man: Jack Ogilvie, tractor driver extraordinary.

The machine: A Holt two-ton tractor, that smashed its way through an almost impossible terrain, crashed through crusted river ice, laboured over rocks and through drifted snow until at last the roar of its exhaust awakened a sleeping Eskimo village on the west bank of Back's Great Fish river.

* * * *

For several years the Hudson's Bay Company, seeking to reduce the hazards and costs of transportation to the eastern section of the Western Arctic district, had investigated the possibilities of supplying that remote and isolated area from the east. A great natural barrier, Boothia Peninsula, lay between them and their objective, but preliminary investigations indicated that both the water route by way of Barrow Strait and Peel Sound and the overland route from Wager Inlet to Cockburn Bay might prove feasible.

These investigations culminated in the attempts of the schooner and tractor which have already been mentioned, and both of which, from the viewpoint of actual accomplishment, were successful.

The M.S. *Fort James*, sailing from St. John's, Newfoundland, in July 1928, with the great barrier of Boothia Peninsula safely behind her, reached Oscar Bay on the west side of the peninsula in September of the same year, where she wintered before continuing to her rendezvous with the *Fort McPherson* of Gjoa Haven. She had made a journey through waterways traversed by no ships other than the ill-fated *Erebus* and *Terror* and Amundsen's sturdy little ship *Gjoa*.

During the same summer the tractor, complete with sleds and equipment, was shipped to Wager Inlet post, the base of the overland tractor expedition in northwest Hudson Bay.

After the completion of a tractor garage and repair shop all hands, comprising the tractor engineer (J. Ogilvie), the writer and two natives, were kept busy well into freeze-up building sled racks, making alterations in sleds and equipment and generally getting lined up for the work to come.

As a great deal of the Back's river trail (the trail to be used) lay over river ice, it was considered inadvisable to risk loss or damage to the tractor or equipment by a premature start. Arrangements were therefore made for a start with the tractor about the beginning of February, thus taking advantage of the excessively cold January weather to "set" the river ice.

At the beginning of January the writer, accompanied by J. Ogilvie and the two natives, made a survey trip by dog team to Back's river to pick out the best route. On the outward trip we followed a northerly route, utilizing the Hayes river to a great extent, but, as the rugged nature of the country north of the height of land did not look very promising, arrangements were made with the guide, Aladanak, to guide us back to Wager Inlet by a southerly route. This trip was made without mishap, and, as this route seemed to show few obstacles to the successful issue of our undertaking, it was with renewed enthusiasm that we com-

menced preparations for our first test trip with the tractor.

The route having been selected, the sleds were loaded with gasoline, equipment and coal to a total weight of approximately three tons. With this load on February 6th we left the post.

On this occasion the party consisted of J. Ogilvie, W. A. Hunter, the writer and three Eskimos—Dick, Samson and Aladanak. Dick drove a team of dogs, and was to be our stand-by in case of mechanical breakdown. Samson, with a great deal of pride, filled the position of assistant tractor driver, while Aladanak was our official guide. W. A. Hunter, then manager of the Company's Wager Inlet post, eager to get into contact with the Ookoosikshellikmuits of Back's river, "worked" his passage as cook. The first morning out came as a bitter shock, for he had to turn out at 4 a.m. However, having adjusted himself to these godless hours, he was an invaluable assistant throughout the trip.

In the Barrens the snow conditions are a great deal different to those experienced in the "bush" country. Open to the full force of the frequent northwest gales, the snow drifts into the valleys and forms deep drifts in the lee of any incline or hill. These drifts are generally packed very hard, and frequently it was found possible to drive the tractor, hauling a three-ton load, over them and up an appreciable gradient and leave only the marks of the track grouters.

Sometimes, however, the tractor would break through the drifts, and the hard-packed nature of the snow would make it all the more difficult for the tractor to force a passage through it.

The 150-mile route between Wager Inlet and Cockburn Bay was ideal from the viewpoint of a testing ground as all possible conditions were experienced. Large lakes with glare ice varied with hard packed drifts, drifted hills, crusted river ice, open rock strewn plains, each and every condition presented their own problems.

Temperatures 50° below F., with no shelter from the frequent blizzards that sweep over the height of land from the Arctic Ocean, made repairs difficult. Owing to the accumulation of frost particles in the gas tank, a special gas-line filter had to be designed.

In the radiator a fifty per cent solution of methyl hydrate was used with a "topping" of glycerine to prevent excessive evaporation. A large ten-ounce duck tent was placed over the machine at night and the oil drawn off. In the morning two primus lamps were placed under the engine to thoroughly warm it, and the oil was heated to near boiling point by means of another primus lamp before it was returned to the oil sump. While the ordinary test gasoline was used in actual operation, high-test aviation gasoline was used for priming and starting.

The following extracts from my subsequent report on the tractor operations will show, in some measure, the difficulties encountered:

The going was very heavy on account of the intense frost in the steel runners, and we were delayed somewhat by the necessity of dropping some coal that was originally included in the load, as the tractor could not handle it.

At 5 p.m. we arrived at our old trapping igloo on Kuminalloo lake, about twelve miles west of the post, and here we stopped for the night.

The going over Kuminalloo lake, though level, was slow, as it was only in short bursts of a few yards that the machine could handle the load in high gear. This was caused, as previously mentioned, by the frost in the steel runners, which caused them to drag. We reached the west end of Kuminalloo lake about noon. From there the trail follows a river for some distance, the rocky nature of the terrain making it impossible to avoid it, except in a few places. The nature of the difficulties then encountered, on account of bad ice, will be realized when the fact that we covered two miles between 12.30 p.m. and 5.30 p.m. is kept in mind.

The ice was in many places about six inches thick with an air space underneath from six inches to two feet deep. The previous fall there had been but little rain; as a result shortly after freeze-up the river had run dry, leaving only a shell of ice over its course.

The following day we covered three miles up to 12 noon. At that time at the foot of "Big Hill" one of the poles was broken. It was a case of "doubling up" over practically the whole of the three miles, and heavy pulling at that.

The necessity of repairing or replacing the broken pole rendered it imperative that we return to the post. As a result an immediate start back was made with a light sled, leaving Dick and Aladanak to hunt caribou until our return. It was twenty-three miles to the post and, going light, we covered that distance in slightly over five hours. Quite a contrast to the two and a half days outbound.

The following day, February 9, was spent making a V pole and repairing the broken pole.

On the 10th we again left the post, reaching the Big Hill in five hours' running time. Here we replaced the pole on the sled, reloaded, and by "doubling up" had our outfit over the hill and at Dick's camp in a few hours. Luckily for the dogs, they had killed three deer that day.

On the 11th we covered about eight miles, again "doubling up" several times, as well as going through the ice in several places.

After seven hours' travel, covering about seven miles, on the 12th our fuel line broke, due to the vibration and rough going. As the whole tank had to come off to effect repairs, and it was three p.m. then, I sent the natives on a short distance so that they could be building a snow house while repairs



were being made. Bad going all day with a great deal of "doubling up."

The 13th broke very cold, with northwest wind increasing to a gale at times. Broke through the river ice several times. Detoured over the land in several places to avoid the worse spots in the river. Covered about eight miles. Managed to kill ten caribou late in the afternoon.

On the 14th we crossed to the north side of the river and travelled over the land for some distance. Although hilly, it proved better going than the river bed at that point with its bad ice and boulders. Covered about eight miles.

The following day we again crossed to the south side of the river after utilizing it for some distance. Holding a course parallel to the river, we camped a short distance to the east of the lake on the height of land. On the whole we made better time than on any previous day and covered about eighteen miles.

On the 16th, except for a few miles of soft snow and boulders in the morning, the going was fairly

good, and in the afternoon we camped about seven miles west of the lake, covering a distance of about fifteen miles.

On the 17th we had fairly good going, except for a short piece of river ice which gave us considerable trouble. (Over this bit we covered about three hundred yards in four hours.) We camped that night on a tributary of the Hayes river. Covered about fifteen miles. Gas line plugged several times on account of the frost particles that continually gathered in the gas tank.

The 18th was fairly misty and cold. Travelled about twelve miles, when we came to a range of sand hills with a subterranean river. Spent two hours shovelling a road in the side of a steep snow bank for the tractor. Covered a total of about twenty miles. Good deal of trouble on account of gas line freezing. The guide, Aladanak, had obviously gone astray in his zeal to find a trail for the tractor that would cut out a small river in the vicinity of Back river.

On the 19th we headed too far to the south and the guide got lost. Struck into some hilly country so bad in fact that the dog sled capsized several times on the steep slopes. Tractor, however, negotiated them with but little trouble. Aladanak seemed to be "guessing" his way across and trusting to luck. Fortune, however, was unkind and we spent the day mountaineering. Made camp at 6 p.m. while Aladanak, who was heartily ashamed of himself by this time, decided to carry on to his camp at Back river, which he maintained was only a few hours away.

On the 20th we were late in getting started on account of a stuck valve. We followed Aladanak's trail for a short distance, but Dick, although unfamiliar with that part of the country, declared that Aladanak was heading the wrong way. We then took an almost due north course and followed a river that flows into Back river estuary. (This is the river that Lt. Schwatka mistook for the Great Fish river.) The going was good and we made fair time. At 6 p.m. Aladanak hove into sight behind us. He had headed in the general direction of Baker lake until, reaching the Back river-Baker lake trail, he had realized his whereabouts. We made camp at 6.18 p.m. Aladanak carried on, intending to reach his camp by moonlight.

An exceedingly severe gale blew up during the night and we were forced to remain in camp the following day.

On the 22nd we broke camp, although still stormy, with a heavy ground drift. We found Aladanak's team and sled at 2.30 p.m. They were snowed over and had evidently been there for some time. No sign, however, was seen of Aladanak. On our arrival at the camp that afternoon we found that Aladanak had arrived only a few hours before us, having lost his sled shortly after leaving us two days before. He had been lost in the blizzard for two days and nights without even a snow knife.

Two days were spent at Back river, during which time arrangements were made for a guide to accompany me to King William Land, as the post has been moved some thirty miles from its old location, and for a native with a dog team to accompany the tractor back to the post in case of

breakdown or accident to the tractor en route. Fish were also cut up and sacked for dog feed between Back river and the post, for caches along the route and for my trip to King William Land.

Although the difficulties encountered in crossing over had been many, by far the most serious had been the crusted river ice. With the first trip accomplished and the trail broken, no future difficulty could be anticipated on this account as the ice, now broken in, would have time to pack full of snow, thus leaving a good trail. In fact, in the whole of the tractor's future operations, no more difficulty was experienced on this account.

(Such difficulty can be anticipated the first trip of each freighting year, but it can be greatly lessened by having two tractors in operation breaking trail, as they can then assist each other.)

On the 25th the tractor left for Wager post, reaching there March 3rd after six days' travel, being storm bound one day. On the return journey the hills we passed through coming were avoided and our original sled track more closely followed.

Although generally considered to be one hundred and twenty miles from Back river depot to the post, subsequent tractor and sled trips all seemed to indicate that the distance was not less than one hundred and fifty miles.

* * * * *

During the season other trips were made, the tractor covering from point to point approximately 973 miles under load and 765 miles light. These figures, of course, do not take into consideration the appreciable extra mileage covered by the tractor in "doubling," often necessary in soft snow.

As this was the first instance of successful tractor operation within the Arctic circle, and as the tractor is still an unusual mode of transportation in those regions today, the following figures may be of interest, in that they show the varying conditions of the different trips, with a trend towards improvement as spring approached:

1. First trip across—average two ton load, 150 miles under load, 150 miles light, 20 travelling days, 320 gallons gasoline and considerable digging and chopping of ice.

2. Second trip across to Back river—average two ton load, 150 miles light, 150 miles with load, 13 days, 234 gallons gasoline. Considerable soft snow encountered.

3. Third trip to Back river—average three tons, 8 days' round trip, 150 miles under load, 150 miles light, 194½ gallons gasoline.

4. Back river to cache and return—85 miles 2 ton load, 85 miles light, 5 days, 104 gallons gasoline.

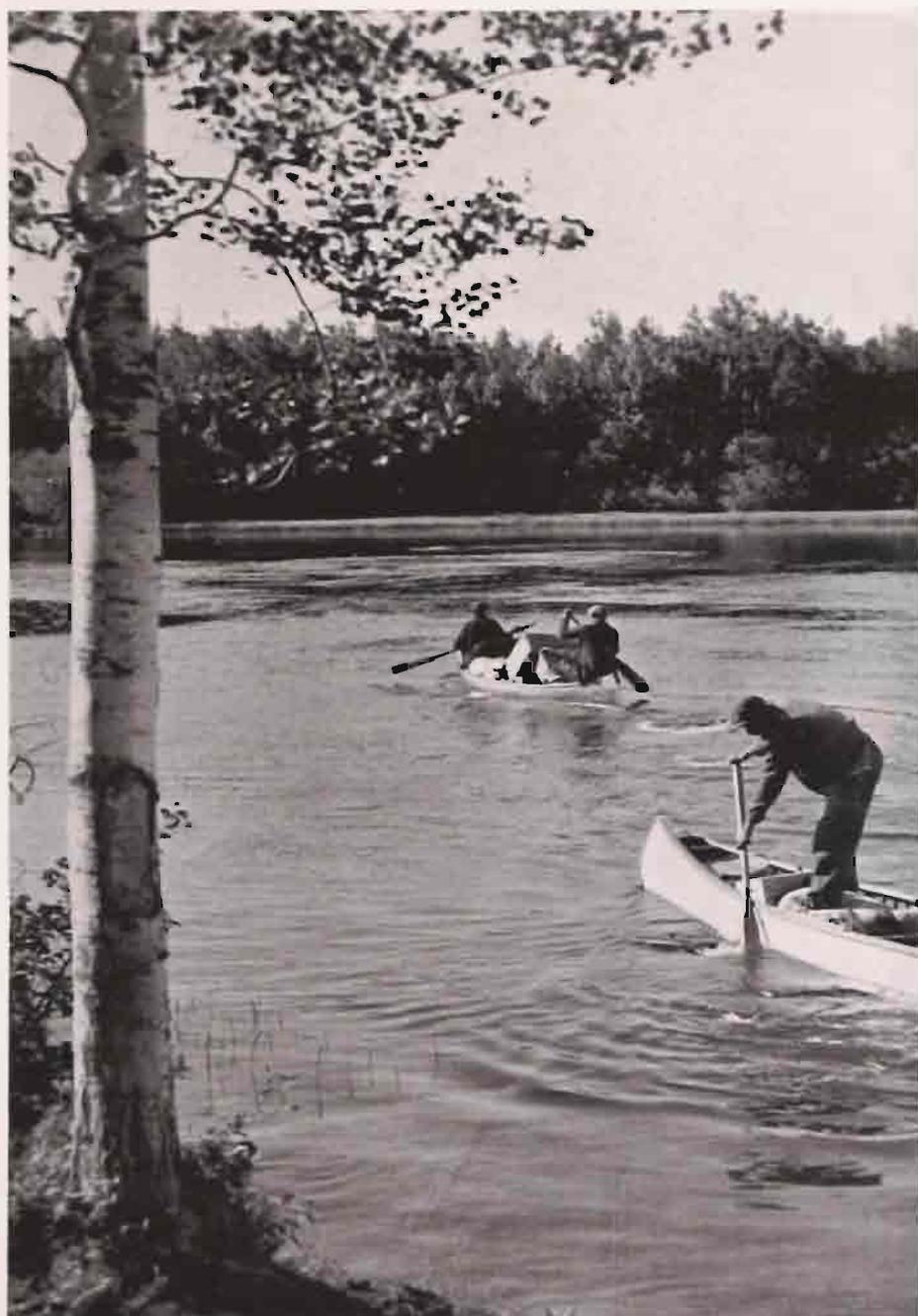
In conclusion, taking into consideration all freight handled, less the weight of gasoline used, the season's tripping totalled approximately 2065 ton miles on 1327½ gallons of gasoline consumption.

Undoubtedly the use of more than one tractor would have meant more economical freighting. For example, gas consumption is high in a tractor breaking trail, whereas others could follow in the broken trail with heavier loads and lower consumption, and in the event of a tractor getting into a bad spot or going through crusted river ice, another tractor could help it out, saving gasoline, time and exertion.

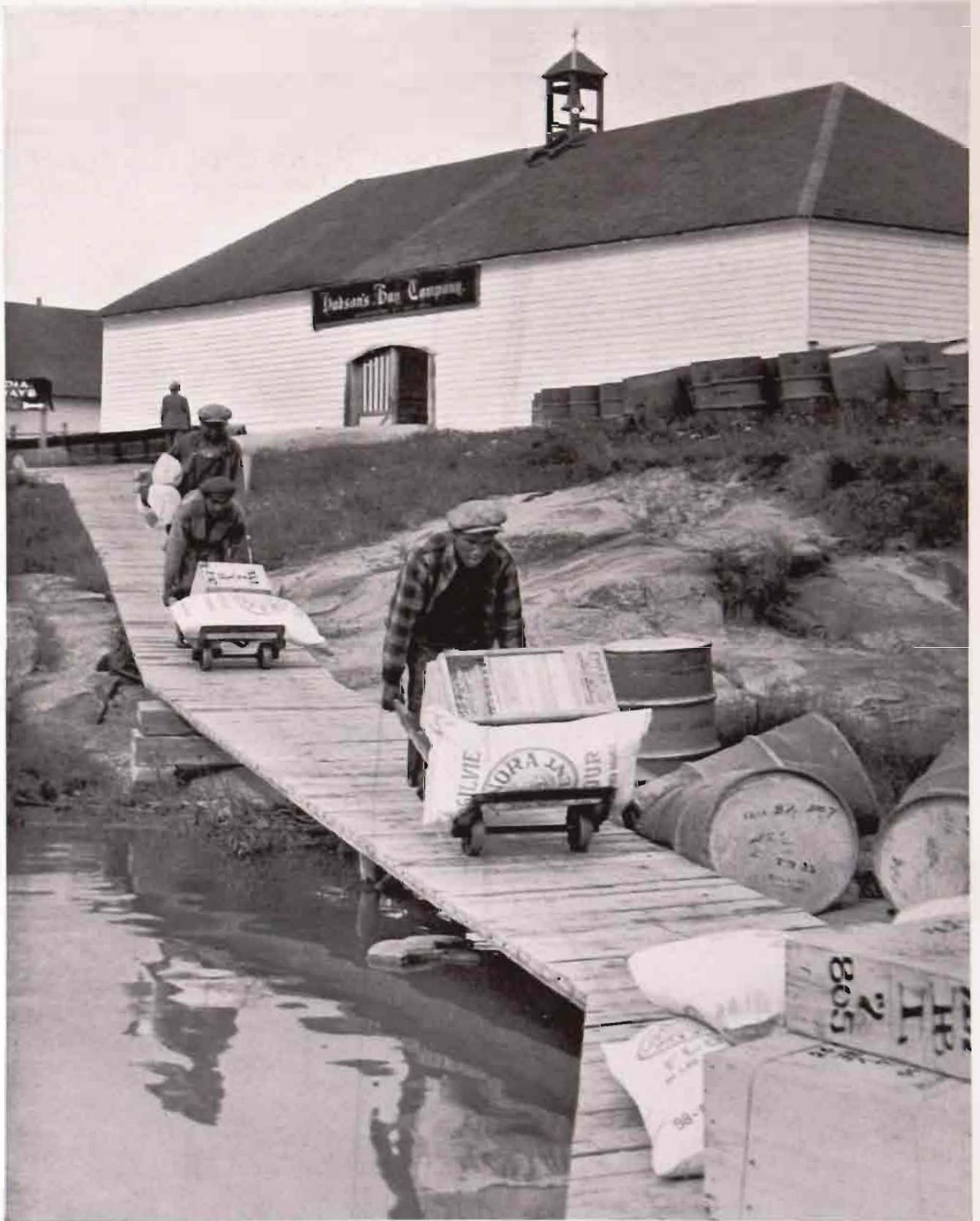
WITH THE CANOE BRIGADE

A SERIES OF NORTHERN PICTURES BY NICHOLAS MORANT

Despite the advent of the airplane, the canoe is still an important factor in northern transportation. Yet only a few of the old "canoe brigades" still operate, one of these being from Norway House, at the head of Lake Winnipeg, to Island Lake. It is this brigade which is the subject of this series of northern photographs.



Another portage left behind en route from Norway House to Island Lake.





Above: Leaving a portage. As soon as all the canoes are loaded and away from the bank they hitch up to the leader with the outboard motor. So the North changes.

Left: Norway House, where bales of fur from the distant post are exchanged for the boxes, bales and sacks containing the many things which make up a post "outfit."



Above: "Is there any more by each man as he drops the portage."

Left: Today the vital fish. Here the Indian mechanics the portage.





ore?" the question asked
his load at the end of the

Above: One man per canoe, be the portage a few
yards or a few miles. Actually it is the lightest
part of the load.

of the North is gasoline.
ic fills up at the end of

Below: Shooting a rapid, where a quick stroke of
the paddle means the difference between safe
passage and disaster.





Above: The airplane can do it in a few hours, but the canoe brigade means work for the native while he is not trapping, so the "outfit" goes by canoe.

Right: 250 pounds at a jog trot. On the one case can be seen the famous Company method of marking, 267 years old and understood everywhere in the North.





Gas and an outboard motor—both necessities in the North.

Titania's Palace

An example of the marvellous Tincraft to be seen in



Titania's Palace, at present touring Western Canada.

Seen by Over a Million People in a Hundred and Fifty Cities, Titania's Palace, the World's Most Beautiful Example of Tincraft, Is Now Being Shown to the People of Western Canada in the Retail Stores of the Hudson's Bay Company.

THE people of Canada, during the next few months, will see the world's most remarkable palace, Titania's Palace, that exquisite example of Tincraft created by Sir Nevile Wilkinson, K.C.V.O., arrived recently in Vancouver and will be exhibited in Western Canada in the Company's department stores at Vancouver, Victoria, Calgary, Edmonton, Saskatoon and Winnipeg.

To attempt to describe the beauty of Titania's Palace is all but impossible. Within its walls are over four thousand priceless works of art, all delicately proportioned, and some of great antiquity, as for example the uncut jewels in the casket in the palace chapel. These jewels were once worn by a princess at Ur of the Chaldees, centre of the world's oldest civilization, and are at least 4,000 years old. In the study of Oberon, prince consort, is a tiny enamel horse which was found in a mummy case discovered in a tomb close to that of Tutankhamen in the Valley of the Kings in Egypt. It is of Greco-Egyptian origin and probably 3,000 years old.

But not everything is of great age; exquisite furniture designed by Sir Nevile Wilkinson and executed by modern craftsmen are, because of the daintiness of colour and design, possibly of greater interest to the majority than the antiques. Again the ceilings, frescoes and floors painted by Sir Nevile, some of them taking him four years to do, are so beautiful that it is difficult to believe they are the work of a man who primarily was a soldier.

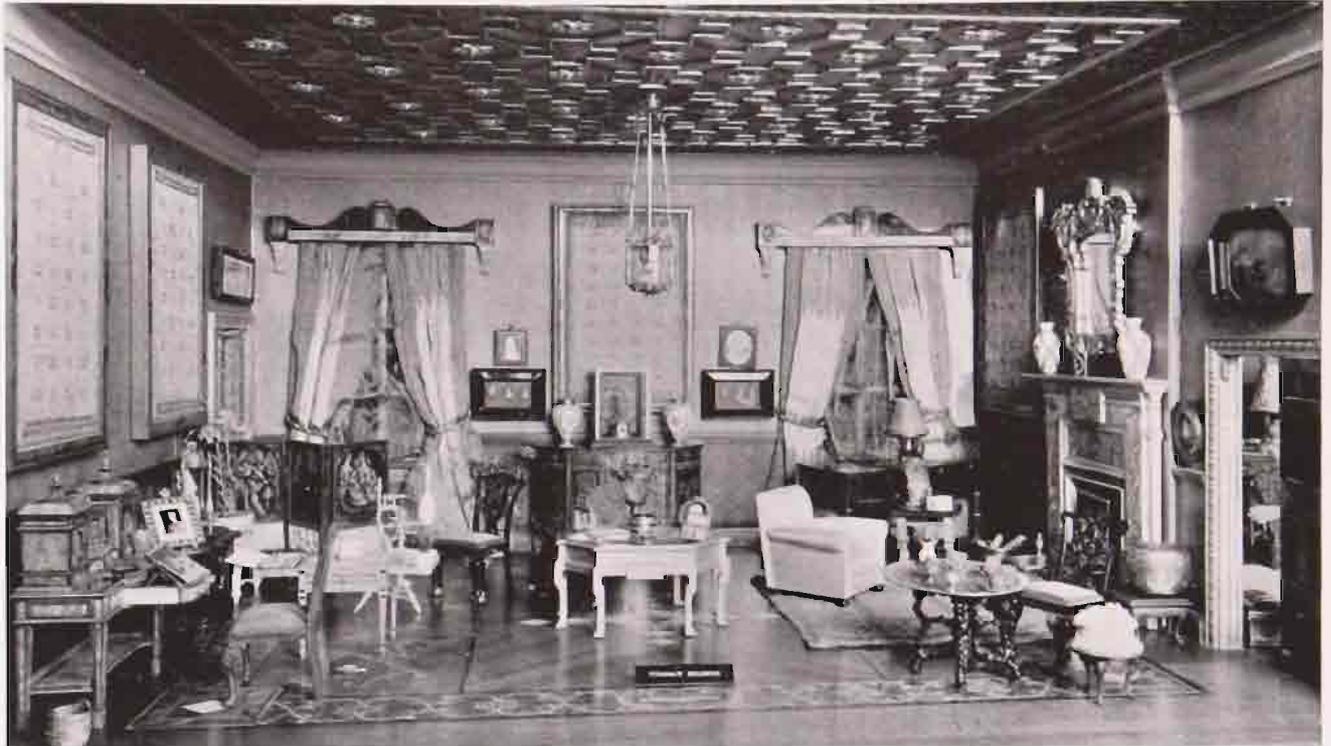
The idea of this fairy palace first came to Sir Nevile Wilkinson at his home, Mount Merrion, in Ireland. During the summer of 1907 he was at work at his easel, when his daughter, aged three, de-

clared that she saw a fairy disappear among the moss which covered the twisted roots. She asked where the fairy was going, and Sir Nevile told her that probably it was to her palace under ground. Inevitably came the question, "Oh, Daddy, can't I see it?" And Sir Nevile then promised that he would build a palace for Titania, Queen of Fairies, so beautiful that she might be persuaded to come and live above ground where all the children of the world might be invited to admire the Fairy Queen and her Court.

Sir Nevile began to draw the plan of a miniature building which, by the beauty of its decoration, should be a fit residence for Queen Titania, her consort Oberon, and the Royal Family of Fairyland. While the exterior was being carefully fashioned in the workshop of a famous Dublin cabinetmaker, Sir Nevile was using every minute of his spare time in painting tapestries, mosaics, tiles, frescoes and other wonderful interior decorations.

It was not until July 1922 that Sir Nevile felt his fairy palace was ready to be presented to Queen Titania and the children of the world, and that month it was officially opened by Her Majesty Queen Mary. Since that time it has visited more than one hundred and fifty cities in the British Isles, the United States, South America, Australia and New Zealand. It has been admired by over 1,000,000 people, and has handed to associations which work for the welfare of crippled, neglected or unhappy children, in the cities where it has been exhibited, the sum of \$300,000.00.

Possibly no piece of craftsmanship has been admired by so many famous people. Her Majesty



Above: Queen Titania's Boudoir. The height of this room is about twelve inches.

Left: Queen Titania's Throne. The jewelled peacock is a brooch given by Emperor Napoleon III to the Empress Eugenie. The tiny gold figures on the throne were made by Benvenuto Cellini himself.



Queen Mary was a frequent visitor while the palace was in England. Princess Elizabeth has also thrilled at the marvellous doll's house, remarking when she saw a portrait of Queen Mary hanging in the Hall of the Fairy Kiss, "There's my Granny."

Shirley Temple visited the palace at the Company's Vancouver store last month and spent an enraptured hour and a half in Fairyland. Asked at the end if there was anything she would like to look at again, she replied, "Yes, Oberon's toothbrush and soap."

There is something in the palace for everyone: a journey to the Realm of Fancy for the child; beauty of decoration, re-awakening of earlier dreams and fancies for women; and marvels of craftsmanship for men.

Already in Vancouver thousands have seen Titania's Palace. The admission prices are twenty-five cents for adults and ten cents for children, all of which goes to the cripples. A large sum has been collected for Vancouver's Crippled Children's Hospital, and it is the earnest hope of the Company that in each city visited by the palace those organizations which care for our crippled children may have cause to rejoice that Titania's Palace was able to visit Western Canada.

The Lamp Shines in Red River

By MARGARET MACLEOD
Winnipeg

To Florence Nightingale, Lady of the Lamp, the Indians of Red River a Century Ago Were Unknowingly Indebted. When Her Proposed Marriage with a Cousin Was Forbidden She Sent Him as Missionary to the Indians and by Her Constant Love Inspired Him to Great Heights of Endeavour.



1. Florence Nightingale, the Lady of the Lamp.
2. John Smithurst's house, the church and the school in 1837.
3. John Smithurst.

THE name of John Smithurst, of Red River, is known to few people, yet by virtue of his association with one of the greatest women in history he is a figure not only of historic but of romantic interest.

John Smithurst was born in England in 1807 and during his twenty-ninth year he and his young cousin confessed their love to an aghast Victorian family then assembled at Lea Hurst, Derbyshire. The engagement was forbidden without argument. Cousins! It could not be. It was not right.

The young cousin, who was Florence Nightingale, was promptly carried off to the continent to recover from her foolish infatuation, while John went on with his work under Sir Richard Arkwright. Later Florence returned, to discover

that what her parents called "infatuation" she and John still called "love," a love which had only grown more intense during the enforced separation. But her parents were as firm as ever. It was not right for cousins to marry; so finally John Smit-hurst and Florence Nightingale agreed they must renounce each other.

She, who even in childhood must sew and mend her broken dolls, and put the fractured leg of the shepherd's dog in splints, who visited the poor and found supreme satisfaction in nursing the sick, would train as a nurse.

"And what of me?" John asked. "What shall I do with my life?"

"Go to North America as a missionary to the Indians," replied Florence.

So Florence Nightingale mapped out their lives. John, who may possibly have had misgivings, nevertheless gave up his career and enrolled at the Missionary Church College at Islington to prepare for work under the Church Missionary Society.

The Anglican Church at the Red River Settlement in Rupert's Land functioned under this society, and an appeal had come from Rev. Wm. Cochran, the overworked missionary there, for an assistant for the Indian work.

The Indians too had written. The missionary had established them in a village at Netley Creek on the river below Lower Fort Garry, and their chief, Peguis, signing himself by his newly chosen name, "Wm. King, Chief of the Red River Indians," said: "My friends, my heart is sore to see our praying master (Mr. Cochran) driven about like a slave to teach all the people here. . . . You cannot know how far he has to travel. . . . I think you are killing our friend. . . . My friends, what are you about? You should send us another to teach us."

It was to such appeals that Florence and John planned he should respond. Accordingly, in 1839, after an impressive ceremony of ordination by the Bishop of London, the young curate sailed for Red River, then at the end of the earth, to be the first exclusively Indian missionary there.

Arrived at York Factory on Hudson Bay, John embarked on a further journey of many weeks to Red River in a boat manned by seven uncivilized Indians, to whom he could not speak a word.

John had come to a wild country, as his journal testified. An earlier description still fitted Red River, "a few scattered huts along the margin of the river, almost every inhabitant with a gun on his shoulder, and all living in a wild hunter-like state." Fort Garry was the only place where life at all resembled that in older countries, and as a chaplain of the Hudson's Bay Company John was supposed to live there. On his way, however, he learned that a house had been built for him at the Indian village; so on arrival at the fort he, with Mr. Cochran, waited on the Governor, and his diary says: "I declined acting on instructions given me in London. The Indians had been told in a letter that I was coming to them. So I told the Governor I must decline living at the Fort or taking the two Upper Churches (St. John's and Middlechurch). I purposed fixing myself at the Indian Settlement . . . and should devote my un-

divided attention to the Indians, but had arranged with Mr. Cochran that I would preach at Grand Rapids (St. Andrew's Church) every Sunday morning and that he should himself preach at the two Upper Churches. The consequence is, *I am no longer Chaplain to the Hudson's Bay Company*, but simply a missionary.

"Ambition might have been gratified by the title of Chaplain, worldly interest served by the salary attached to that office with a residence in the Fort, but conscience would not have been satisfied."

So John settled at the Indian village, where he found the Indians in little white-washed log houses around which were some small attempts at cultivation, while in the centre of the village stood the school-house, the church erected two years before, and the house just built for the much hoped for "praying master."

No doubt John made improvements to this first house, but some time after he said, "My house affords every convenience, having on the ground floor, entrance hall, dining room, sitting room, study, and a small room which my head servant occupies and where he keeps the earthenware and glass. The two kitchens stand behind the house and are connected with it by a passage. There are cellars under the kitchens and under the dining room, three rooms upstairs and a long room over the kitchens where we keep grain.

"I have two good Indian lads as servants (at £12 and £8 a year, respectively) most attentive, steady, and clever, both speaking English."

One of the men who had helped build the first houses of the village was known to have been a cannibal, having eaten nine of his relatives at different times of food scarcity, and the caretaker of the church was formerly a noted sorcerer, a great gain owing to his influence over his tribe.

John devoted much time to the study of Cree and said in his diary, "I have from the first used the Indian tongue in the service on the delivery of the Elements. The Indians told me they understood well, but I fear they flattered me when they said my pronunciation was correct." He soon recorded having translated the whole service for the benefit of the old people who knew no English.

During the first two years, as arranged, he conducted service on Sunday mornings at The Rapids, and he had "one of the best and fleetest horses in the Settlement," for which he paid £23 10s. No doubt Florence Nightingale often pictured him as described, going between the two places, "his horse up to its knees in water so that it took three hours to travel the fifteen miles," or "through storm and snow, his shoes freezing to the stirrups, his horse white with hoar frost and icicles of frozen breath hanging round its mouth," or so plagued by mosquitoes that he wrote desperately, "How truly thankful shall I be when winter returns!"

He reported that in all seasons and all weathers, as soon as he neared St Andrew's Church he saw people gathering from all quarters, "some on foot, some in carioles, hastening one and even two hours early to church to gain admittance . . . and the attendance would have been seven or eight hundred had there been room."

John Smithurst's record at Red River is that of a most enterprising young man, and he soon made improvements. We owe the beginning of the pleasant road north from St Andrew's Church to him; for with the help of his Indians and with labor in the mud which it is difficult now for us to imagine, he made a road along the banks of the river to facilitate travel between that point and his village.

The famous chief, Peguis, friend of the white man, whose monument stands in Kildonan Park, was one of Rev. Mr. Cochran's converts. He had finally conquered his one besetting sin of "taking a little" which often grew to "a little more" when visiting the Upper Settlement at Fort Garry, with the consequence of coming home drunk, and he, with his wife Victoria (named after England's queen) had been baptized the year previous to John Smithurst's arrival. Florence Nightingale no doubt knew all about Peguis, for he became a tower of strength to her lover in his work.

One frigid January day John stood sadly watching from his window a ceremony in which he, by his church ruling, could take no part. It was old Peguis burying his son—a prodigal son who once had tried to supplant his father as chief.

A heathen and a suicide, John could not allow the man to be buried in the churchyard as Peguis wished. So with a sore heart for the father in his grief, he had given permission for a grave to be dug just outside the boundary close to the place where the old chief himself expected to lie.

The body had been brought to Peguis in all its heathen trappings of the dead, "sewed up in a blanket with the hunting, fishing and war implements of the deceased; the face painted red, red feathers in the hair, beads in the nose and ears, and a necklace round the neck." Peguis had immediately stripped the body of every badge of heathenism and put it in a coffin and employed Christian bearers to carry it to the ground.

Robert Harper, who has dug the graves at St. Peter's Church for nearly sixty years, tells that when he was a lad they found this grave when the cemetery was enlarged. A few fragments of board preserved by the paint Peguis used on the coffin was all that remained.

Through the records of the Church Missionary Society and through John's journal one follows his new life. It was necessarily that of a farmer as well as a missionary. A journal entry comments on this.

"April 30, 1840—We are now engaged on the farm ploughing and sowing. This kind of employment is certainly of a very secular character for a clergyman, but without it in this country, there would soon be a suspension of the spiritual part of his duties. . . . I am so tired tonight I can scarcely move, and have found it no easy task to get through my usual evening service at the school-room, but as the Indians are never absent I feel a pleasure in meeting them after the labors of the day."

One thinks of the same ready acceptance of drudgery by Florence Nightingale in the life she chose, as illustrated in the well known incident on board ship bound for Constantinople and the Crimean war when a young nurse pleaded effusively with her "to get immediately to nursing

the poor fellows," and she replied, "The strongest of us will be needed at the washtub."

So John in his work told of "growing the crops, of threshing them on the frozen river, of putting up stores of provisions for winter use for himself, his farm servants, and the many demands on his hospitality, and of making candles from buffalo tallow for use on the long winter nights." One year he records freezing and storing "2000 pounds of buffalo meat and a larger quantity of beef and mutton"—an indication of the size and importance of his mission.

In 1841 he reported good crops planted on May 15th and coming to maturity in eighty-three days, a matter of amazement to him. In diary entries that year he writes:

"Sept. 1st—We now have securely stacked all our corn. It is estimated at 300 bush. of wheat, 200 bush. of barley, and 200 bush. of potatoes. With this, I trust I shall be able to provide for the schools and for the sick and needy.

"October 12th—I have been engaged all day with people at work on the Mission Farm. I have now nearly thirty working for their winter clothing. They have cleared three additional acres this autumn." (He found that the knowledge and orderly habits gained under a system of giving all work in turn on the mission farm soon showed on the native's own establishments.) "They are eager to do anything they see me do and endeavour to model their little farms after this. They have a willingness to learn both in temporal and spiritual things. How different from their original apathy and obstinacy!"

The following spring John noted:

"May 4th, 1842—I went early this morning to the Salteaux settlement to see how they were getting on with their sowing. All wears a promising appearance, more ground cleared this spring than ever before.

"May 16th—I have been engaged all day with a number of Indians who are erecting a new school-house. The old one, indifferently put up at first, is now in a dilapidated state. The men now working for me are, I apprehend, scarcely like the same persons as when employed by Mr. Cochran in building the first one. All goes on with the same order and regularity as if I had so many English workmen. I suggest, and they execute with ease and promptitude."

With the erection of this commodious building people at the evening service had no need to stand or sit on the floor as formerly, and John now started as well a singing school, so that visitors were soon remarking on the fine part singing in the church.

Henry Budd, an Indian boy given to Rev. John West in 1820 and named after Mr. West's rector in England who adopted the lad, was a catechist at The Pas, having been established there by Mr. Cochran and John Smithurst; so the latter went one year to aid and encourage him.

Setting off in a boat manned by ten of his young men, it took them twenty-six days to reach their destination. In the hurry of setting off John forgot to tell the lads to bring their books, but he was pleased to find that they had needed no reminder.

They brought them along, and when detained in camp by the weather they studied diligently.

On arrival at The Pas he set his crew immediately to work enlarging Henry Budd's house and fencing ground, while he began the examination of candidates who wished to join the church. The first night he worked till midnight, but after four hours work found himself not half through, and amazed at the work Henry Budd had accomplished.

The work in John's own village had wonderfully prospered. The Indians settled by tribes, and there was a Swampy Cree, a Salteaux, and a half-breed colony; so that, with the addition of new families every year, the little white cottages soon stretched four miles along both sides of the river. In one of John's reports to England he stated that the Indians' own houses were well built and well jointed and that most of them made their own carts and furniture.

A second grist mill became necessary, and this was built and owned entirely by the Indians. The old people in St. Peter's today recount their parents' tales of the whole area as one of waving grain.

Situated so that people arriving in Red River on their way to the forts and upper settlements must pass it first, the increasingly prosperous appearance of the village and its enterprising nature, with people at work in the fields, building, or bringing their grain to the busy mills, drew much attention.

A visitor at the mission house in springtime spoke of a walk before breakfast on which he saw "seed being put into the ground on one side of the road, wheat already up on the other, ploughing going on on both sides of the river, seven ploughs at work in one field, five or six in another, and children busy clearing and preparing the little garden round the parsonage."

By 1842 the work had grown so that John was given an assistant, Mr. Roberts, who on arriving wrote back to England of the surprisingly civilized environment. A superintendent for the farm became necessary too as the mission work made increasing demands on John's time; so he soon had a considerable staff—his assistant, Mr. Roberts; the farm superintendent, Samuel Tate; three school masters, Mr. Cook, Mr. Smith and Mr. Spence—and it was officially recorded that the community was "steady, industrious, and of good moral conduct."

The success John achieved may also be glimpsed



The monument in Kildonan Park, Winnipeg, to the Indian Peguis.

in the Bishop of Montreal's account of a visit to him in 1844. "We arrived just before service on Sunday," he said, "and the sight will never be forgotten. After travelling for over a month through an inhospitable wilderness and meeting at intervals heathen savages, we came at once, without any intermediate gradations in the aspect of things, upon the establishment of the same race of people in their Christian state.

"We saw them decently clothed from head to foot, already gathering round their pastor, their books in their hands. Around were their humble dwellings and farms, cattle grazing in the meadows. My servant, an Englishman to whom everything was new, told me afterwards that he could hardly restrain his tears."

With a keen grasp of the church situation in Red River, John Smithurst in 1842 wrote a strong letter to England urging the necessity of a bishop and stating that there were over a thousand people ready for confirmation.

But it was not until 1849 that Bishop Anderson came to be the first Bishop of

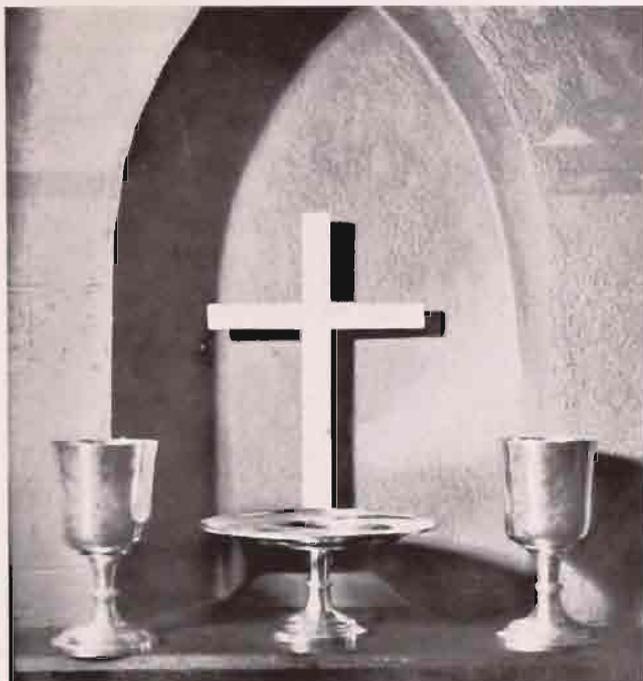
Rupert's Land. John had a letter of welcome, with an Indian vocabulary he had compiled, waiting for him at York Factory, which the bishop much appreciated.

He stopped off on his way to the Lower Fort, having had some preparation for what he would find through meeting some of John's Indians at York, who had the reputation of being "the best behaved and happiest boat crew" who came there and of "never omitting morning and evening prayers."

The bishop was eager to see the place where such work had been accomplished, and was delighted with what he found, reporting that "the little church, the school-house, and the parsonage, looked almost like an English village," with "the air of a parish at home."

It may be noted that John had a famous garden people came to see, that he experimented in horticulture and introduced to Red River cucumbers, melons, kidney beans, and other novelties. Bishop Anderson wrote again: "Mr. Smithurst has the best arranged house and garden in the Red River Settlement. He excels much in such plans and the whole aspect of the Mission Farm is most creditable to him."

John's Christmas of 1849 was made happy by having Bishop Anderson and a storm-stayed missionary and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, with



him, and the bishop related, "We talked much, and thought of friends at home." He told of John, "according to good old English custom at Christmas, distributing meat and vegetables among the poor; to every widow, six pounds of beef and a quarter of a bushel of turnips."

At the Indian village the bishop was visiting the second largest church in his diocese, and one which with only one other (the middle church) was furnished with a holy table. This table and the first collection plates (made from tin pie plates and ornamented with copper) are still at St. Peter's.

A few days after Christmas came the gala occasion of the year in the village—examination day at the schools, when the clergy gathered to examine the pupils and all dined afterwards at the mission house.

In 1851 John took part in a great occasion at St. Andrew's, the ordination of Henry Budd, the first Indian in the country to be ordained. People gathered from far and near; about two hundred decorated carioles passed along the river to the church, making a gay spectacle; all the clergy of the diocese but two were present, and eleven hundred people filled the church to overflowing.

As a man of culture and education, John Smithurst was an asset to Red River. He published an English-Cree dictionary and also a book designed to help the Indians learn English. He established needed schools in other districts in Red River, called meetings, travelled many miles to attend them and transacted the necessary business with the Church Missionary Society, which financed them.

In two instances his work was publicly recognized. In 1846 a detachment of the Sixth Royal Regiment of Foot was sent

(Continued on page 65)

Left: The communion service given to John Smithurst by Florence Nightingale, who for some unknown reason veiled her identity as donor from all save John Smithurst.

Above: The inscription on the base of the paten.

Below: John Smithurst's grave at Elora.



PLUMB LOCO—ALL OF 'EM



Sandy, feeling like a million dollars after the paleface had changed the "Mothball" into a "Queen Mary."

By NICHOLAS MORANT
Staff Photographer, Winnipeg Free Press

He Went into the Far North, Two Hundred Miles from Winnipeg,
to Take Photographs for the Company and Returned, Having
Given All the Insects a Taste of Nice Tender City Meat,
Convinced That the North Should Be Returned to the Indians.

IN the same manner as he persuaded me to prepare this historic document on how I made the Canoe Brigade picture series credited to me in this issue, the editor sprung the suggestion that I go North for him with my camera. Sweeping the hair out of his eyes, he snapped, "Howdja like to go North, young man?" Dull witted, endowed with a lethargic brain which should have belonged to the cow at Norway House, I discovered my tongue had been operating overtime—wagging faster'n a windshield wiper in a cloudburst. I must have said "yes," for there I was outside Hudson's Bay House, complete with the equipment worn by the well dressed photographer in the grim north country.

Lac du Bonnet, one of the jumping off spots for northern air travel, is an interesting little place.

When I got there at four in the morning the mayor had gone to bed; so had the board of trade; one hotel was burned down and the other locked tighter than Sandy Macpherson's wallet. In the parlance of police reporters, I "effected an entrance" by piling gasoline drums against a wall of the hotel and climbing through an open window on the second floor. (Piling gas drums is a crafty little trick I learned whilst mountain climbing in Tibet.) The result resembles the Tower of Babel, but as a practical structure it proved far more successful. Prowling down the corridor I peered through many an open door hoping to find an empty bunk. Never in all my life did I find so many Fuller brush salesmen snoozing in a fifteen-room hotel. Quiet as a little rat (except for the extra steps at the bottom)

I made my way to the logical place of hotel business downstairs. Here I was greeted by a small woolly puppy, whose overall length did not exceed twelve inches. We enjoyed the pleasant relationship until the sleepy-eyed proprietor cast his sombre shadow over our happy scene. (Since the hallway was almost pitch dark I plead artistic license about that shadow stuff.) What was I doing there? How did I get in? and Who was I? All these questions offered opportunities for funny answers. Unfortunately I am small with long artistic digits, he was a hairy brute with ominous fists suggestive of an impending visit to the infirmary. I was most polite in my explanations, which were accepted quickly enough, but he looked disappointedly at his diminutive houn'-dawg. "S'funny," said he, "you'd 'ave thought he'd 'ave given the alarm!"

Distance means naught to the Northerner—now that he has his airplane. First, however, one must get used to long trips in these aerial buggies, and so it came about that I wondered what that man was doing pressing a big cold frying pan against my tummy after we'd been in the air a couple of hours. I became even more perturbed when I discovered there was no such man at work. It was awful. He kept on pushing, and so did I. Then he changed tactics. He tied little pieces of string round my wrists till I tingled all over. Things were made far worse for a suffering lensman, due to the fact that Ron George, the Canadian Airways pilot, looked so darn healthy, happy and sunburned. Relief came quickly and, as to Mafeking, just in time. Suddenly we dropped into a small lake and coasted ("taxied" is the word—Ed.) up to an Indian who was working on a large fish with a knife. "Grab our rope!" shouted Ron. The way these northern folk help one another, the whole hearted co-operation shown everywhere—it's little things like that which show up the city folk in their true colours. You should have seen that redskin. He went right on carving his piscatorial perquisite as though there wasn't an airplane in the country. We went in and paid our respects to the post manager—"we," I mean Ron did; y' see he could get out of the plane, which was more than I could do. Someday I shall produce a treatise upon the various methods to be adopted in getting out of Junker planes without the use of can openers, shoe horns, fire axes, or encouragement from a blonde.

Later we landed on another small lake and taxied up to a small wharf built of saplings. ("Saplings" are not to be confused with the offspring of people who get hooked by confidence men in railroad stations.) Here was an upturned stove and beside it a notice. Ungrammatically phrased like a newspaper photographer's essay, it said "Mail inside of stove." We "cleared" the mail box, having industriously cleaned all the soot off the envelopes in order to find out where the letters were going. Delegates from all sections of the bug world were holding a convention at the wharf, and we were glad to wind up our official post office work for E. R. (Edwardius Rex) and be on our way again.

Eventually we arrived at God's Lake mine—just a little late for lunch. Still feeling a bit woozy in the tummy and more like some chicken soup than anything else in the whole wide world, I sat

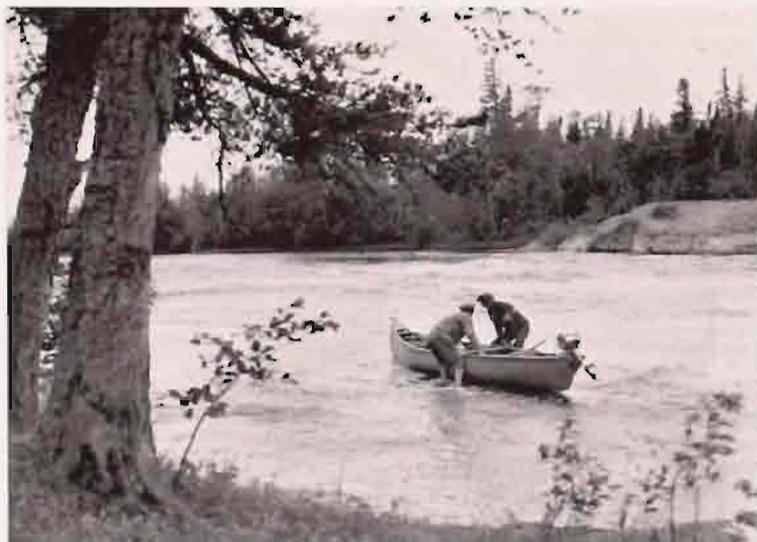
down at a long table in the mine dining hall. The cook said he would "fix me up." He did—for the rest of the afternoon. Without a word of warning I found myself faced with no less than three fried eggs, a heap of french fried, six slices of bread, at least a quart of coffee, and a can of pears. Utterly defeated in this my first real encounter with hardy northerners, I slipped quietly into the open spaces to commune with the aurora borealis—found instead only mosquitoes and a book about Lloyd's Agency from which most of the illustrations had been removed by some friend who knew I liked looking at pictures. For three long days God's Lake endured having a hook-nosed cantankerous picture snatcher in their midst. During this time I found a pair of false teeth "misaid" by a Dominion Day celebrant, met a miner who made most presentable natural colour photographs, watched men pouring some \$40,000 worth of gold brick whilst the foreman wondered what he'd better do about my taking "unofficial pictures," and broke one of Mrs. George's prize teacups. Then I left for Norway House.

At "Norway" Ron, wasting but little time in "gassing up," soon was winging his way in the opposite direction to that from which a horde of voracious mosquitoes came to greet me. With one accord these sadistic beasties descended upon me, saying to one another, "Here's a nice tender piece of city slicker; let's give 'im the works." They did just that in the thorough manner of all insects which gang up on human beings. Doing an artistic job of pictures of the old fort was a trying task, and my little pals proved themselves a formidable handicap in my race against a fast fading light. At night I crept into bed thinking that perhaps they might be afraid of the dark. Of course I was all wrong. They love it, since one cannot see them. Soon the night squadrons attacked. Hurriedly they pushed one another through the holes in the fly netting and, as Ed Wynn so aptly put it, proved themselves to be Hollywood mosquitoes—they passed the screen test.

Next morning I set sail with Sandy Scribe and a gent I always called the Sphinx, because he simply gazed at everything, said nothing and differed in only one respect from the tourist's dream in Egypt in that he ate quantities of pork and beans. Sandy spoke good English, having been educated at an Anglican mission, was gifted with a personality all his own and a most pleasing sense of humour. The *Mothball*, the canoe belonging to the Company of Adventurers (Hudson's Bay Company to you), was propelled by Sandy's own outboard motor.

Sitting in the bottom of the good ship *Mothball*, with the Sphinx gazing languidly at the countryside he'd seen hundreds of times before and Sandy at the tiller, I felt a lot like Gordon Sinclair or Richard Halliburton, except of course I'd never dream of doing the silly things they've done. Every once in a while the outboard would stop suddenly. "Outta gas," Sandy would mutter. The Sphinx moved not a muscle. I don't believe he was conscious half the time.

Once however things assumed a serious aspect. The outboard stopped without warning. "What t'hell," said Sandy, forgetting all the mission had



Sandy and the Sphinx arguing violently as to whether they were coming or going.

taught him about strong language. For fifteen minutes poor Sandy yanked at that engine with no more response than if he had tried to get it to lay eggs. I ventured a few suggestions, but there wasn't much left for poor perspiring Sandy to do. He had already twiddled all the gadgets in sight, the gas adjustments were hopelessly bawled up, so was the spark; taps were turned this way and that, and even the cranking rope became as frayed as his temper. Here was my opportunity. The white man, master of all things, would now display his prowess.

My small brother saves all his broken toys for me to mend when I go home—insists that I'm the one person on earth who can do the job. This isn't exactly true, because when he's finished with them even prayers won't help. Maybe, I thought, my brother is right; maybe I really am a master mechanic. Authoritatively I ordered Sandy to shore; I'd fix the damn thing. Even the Sphinx was wide eyed with admiration. The paleface was irked. In ten minutes I tore down the whole engine, spread pieces of it across the entire Central Manitoba region.

I blew mysteriously up pipes, turned more screws than you could shake a stick at, threw 'em all together (except for four odd looking bolts which I am now certain were on the shore when we landed). Sandy shook his head doubtfully, and I wasn't so darn cock-sure of things either. After five long anxious minutes of sweating and straining, to our surprise it suddenly started off with a deafening explosion. No longer was the *Mothball* a plodding tramp of the McLaughlin river. She was a *Miss America III*, a *Queen Mary*, an Overland Limited all wrapped in one. She ploughed up stream at a most alarming speed, careening first to one side of the stream then to the other as Sandy, scarcely recovered from his first jolt, tried to check the speed and steer simultaneously. When it was all over we missed the Sphinx. At first we thought he was overboard. But no, there he was sound asleep in the most uncomfortable position imaginable amongst my equipment cases.

All day long we journeyed, portaging here and there. Sandy and the Sphinx never seemed to be quite agreed upon definite plans of action at portages. One would go to pull the *Mothball* out of the water, whilst the other went to haul it with ropes along the edge of the rapids. They'd argue violently in Cree



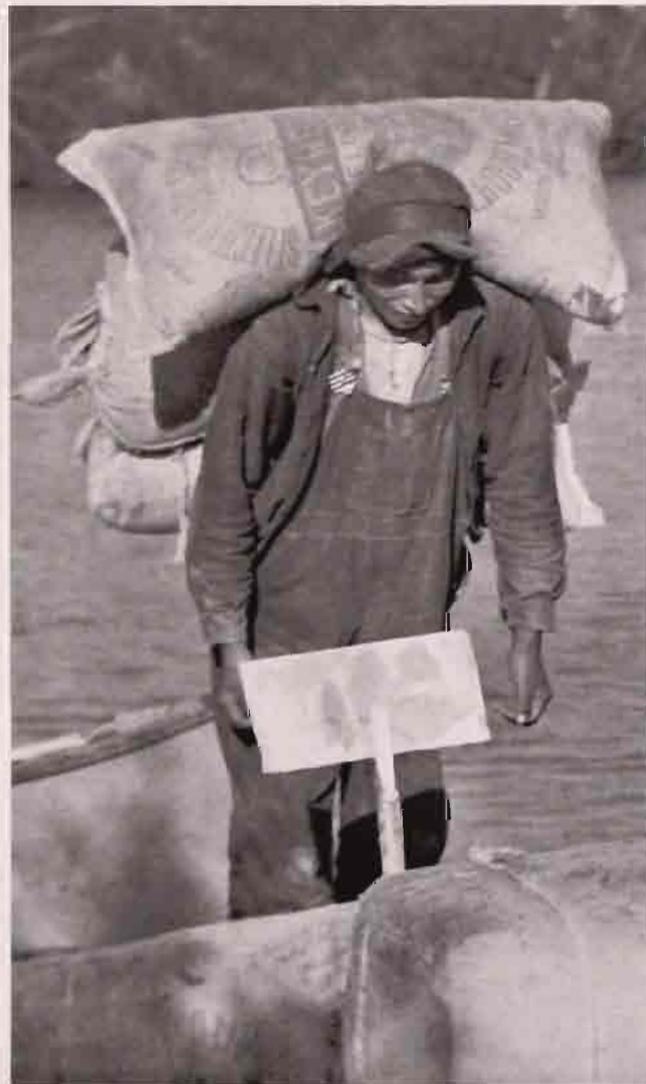
They pick up their canoes, go dashing off into the bush with them, looking for all the world like giant, elongated turtles.

and continue even when standing out in the rapids up to their knees in the rushing water.

Eventually we decided to camp overnight and overtake the canoe brigade early next morning. What a night! The mosquitoes were having a real field-day, so I climbed under my mosquito netting and slowly roasted myself into a deep coma. I dreamt of horrible giant gasoline engines which wouldn't go unless fed pineapple juice; of mosquitoes which dropped poisonous bombs instead of just being small and extremely offensive. When I awoke I was a mass of sores. The mosquitoes hadn't been able to get at me, so had communicated with the ground crew of the insect world. Ants

and nasty belligerent little spiders had worked into my bedding from below. Whilst I was in the deep sleep brought on by those bomb-tossing mosquitoes, the ground crew had reaped a rich harvest. This was evident from my condition. I looked like a Chicago "ride" victim. Exhilarating country this northland—for entomologists and Indian fakirs bent on making life a misery.

If someone were to ask me what a canoe brigade is (which they probably won't) I should explain that it is a group of canoe-totin' fiends who delight in tossing 100-lb flour sacks about the countryside after the fashion of caber contestants at Scottish sports. How the flour gets to Island Lake beats me. One finds little white splashes at the portages along the brigade route, leading one to the conclusion that if all the splashes were added together with a little yeast, enough bread could be baked to feed several of the starving Chinese soldiers in General One Bum Lung's northeastern



Canoe-totin' fiends who delight in tossing hundred-pound sacks of flour about the countryside.

army. All day long the brigade paddles, taking life as easily as a triumphant post-election politician. Once a portage is reached, everyone goes plumb loco. Some leap ashore tossing the freight indiscriminately onto the bank, others pick up their canoes and go dashing off into the bush with them, looking for all the world like giant elongated turtles. The bird with the canoe is the tribal softie; the others sling three or four hundred pounds of goods on a headband and stagger after the canoe bearers as if the Wendigo himself was on their heels. (The Wendigo, I might point out to the uninitiated, is not a new mining stock issue; it's another evil, a spirit of ill repute which is alleged to haunt Injun trails.)

At the other end of the trail all is confusion. Everyone is trampling over the other feller's freight, be it shotgun shells, paraffin candles or flour. With frenzied speed they toss everything in sight, their wives, papooses and purps as well, into the canoes. A moment later the canoe brigade is departing in the most leisurely fashion imaginable. In a week or so they'll be at Island Lake—or two weeks, who cares? Who ever heard of a schedule, or the difference between Saturday and Monday? Nobody but such weird, hook-nosed automatons as the bird they saw taking pictures at the portages.

Soon Sandy had the *Mothball* turned downstream, and once again the Sphinx made himself comfortable. The Sphinx, in addition to eating pork and beans and keeping himself happy, I learned, had a real purpose aboard ship. He was the pilot. He knew everything when it came to currents and hidden reefs. Occasionally he would rouse himself from one of his innumerable uncomfortable positions from which he gazed through sleepy optics at the passing country, and suddenly galvanize into real action. Gesticulating wildly and babbling incoherent Cree above the roar of the outboard, he would indicate what later turned out to be a hidden reef. Sandy would twist the boat violently to one side and we would go skithering over a shoal. As soon as the excitement was over I would turn round to see what next my hawk-eyed pal in the bows had seen and invariably found him disappeared from sight. The Sphinx, I'm sure, will never die. He can't possibly need that long eternal rest for which the poor schedule slaves of a big city yearn so much.

Since my visit to the Northland I'm a human derelict, a shattered soul—my body a disused battlefield of the northern insect world. Upon my return I dragged my aching body to the physician, told him of my encounters with funny looking beetles, and looked up hopefully at him, expecting to be ordered out to the Pacific coast for a three-weeks rest cure. Like all his tribe, he remained professionally aloof and tapped my chest in the most impersonal and unsympathetic manner. "Your troubles," said he, "are all hereditary and my fee is ten dollars."

I had thought at first to have this charge put to the editor of *The Beaver*, since it was his idea that I go up into that infernal country in the first place. I had a change of heart. "Fine," I said to the doctor, as I climbed unsteadily to my poor sore feet, "then charge it to my ancestors."

An Eskimo Wedding

By L. A. LEARMONTH

Post Manager

Fort Ross, Boothia Peninsula, Western Arctic

If the Woman Is Desirable, as Was the One of Whom Mr. Learmonth Writes, the Rivals for Her Hand Each Grab One of Her Arms; The One Who Can Pull Longest and Hardest Gets the Lady.



IN these days throughout the so-called civilized world women have pretty well won their battle for freedom from man's tyranny and are now at least as much emancipated as the great majority of their more or less unhappy brothers. In view of this it may be that a little reminder such as the tale I have to tell here will help some of them to be more contented with their lot. It should make them realize how far (or short) a journey they have travelled since the days of their great, great, great,

or thereabout, grandmothers; that is, if we are to believe history which teaches us that the natives of Europe and Britain, who I presume were our forbears, were much the same crude savages as the particular Eskimos I tell of are to this day.

It happened that sometime in August 1932 an Eskimo hunter was drowned at a fishing camp situated on the coast of Wellington bay, Victoria island, and left behind him a widow who had a reputation for being an excellent seamstress and a good fisher; in general, was hard working and energetic.

Now, women were scarce at this particular camp, and therefore at a premium. Thus, it was that the widow in question was very desirable from the point of view of most of the adult male mem-

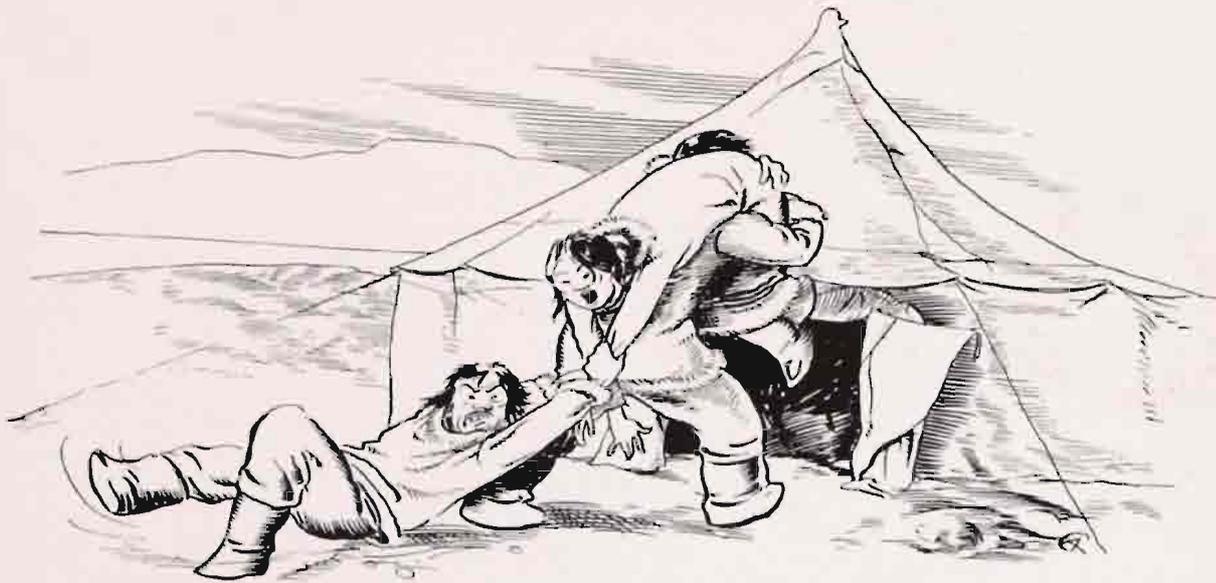


bers of the community and, whether they already possessed one or two or more wives or none at all, they pretty well all wanted her. But of course, as in most such communities as we are concerned with up here, although there are no recognized chiefs there are sometimes bullies or very acquisitive gentlemen who, either because of their extra cunning and greed or their physical superiority, generally manage to get the best of whatever may be going, even if, as sometimes happens, it is necessary to commit murder to attain what they may desire. So it was in this case that most of the men of the camp were just naturally out of the running right from the start, and the struggle for possession lay between three such acquisitive beings and one poor cripple.

widow into his tent with the cripple always hanging on grimly, until all three became thoroughly exhausted.

About this stage in the proceedings Avalagoh, another of the camp bullies, taking advantage of the exhausted state of Angoovik and the cripple, took a hand in the game and carried the widow off to his tent. But he had hardly got her inside when aspirant number four, Koomouya by name, arrived on the scene with the intention of dispossessing him. Then another tug-of-war commenced for the poor widow, who by this time had lost much of her skin clothing and was bruised and exhausted besides.

Eventually, as Avalagoh and Koomouya proved about a match at the tug-of-war, they gave that up



Now, amongst most of the Eskimos in all that country lying east of Coppermine and west of Baffin Land, the recognized way to settle a dispute for possession of a desirable woman who, from one cause or another, has become unattached is to have a pulling match for her by the parties concerned. One man will grab an arm of the prize and the other the opposite arm, and then they pull all they are good for, just as at a tug-of-war.

In this case it was agreed at the beginning that the right of possession lay between one Angoovik and Kanucichiak, the cripple. Well, they pulled for a while until Angoovik, becoming tired of hauling the widow and the cripple all over the place, picked the lady up with the cripple hanging on and carried them inside his tent, then kicked the cripple out. However, the widow was not satisfied to remain with Angoovik and promptly walked out, when the cripple grabbed hold of her again. And so it went on, time after time Angoovik carrying the

and got to grips inside Avalagoh's tent. And there they went at it, puffing and blowing and sweating and fighting and rolling around much as modern wrestlers do any Saturday night in Montreal or Toronto, until both became too tired to carry on the contest but with Avalagoh still in possession. Both had black eyes and were minus many teeth and much of their skin clothing.

But this was not the end of the struggle, as they all continued to fight intermittently for a couple of days, and it is hard to say what the outcome might have been had not Constable White of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, Cambridge Bay detachment, put an end to it by awarding the widow to the party he considered most deserving of her.

I may say that as a rule the Royal Canadian Mounted Police do not interfere with the customs of the Eskimos except on occasions, such as this, when serious trouble seems likely to develop unless some action is taken.

Reprinted from The Gazette, Montreal, 15.7.36

NASCOPIE SETS OUT ON ARCTIC VOYAGE

Veteran of Northern Seas
Given Stirring Send-off
Along Harbor Front

OLD STORY STILL NEW

Romance of Hudson's Bay
Trading Days Seems to
Cling to Ice-scarred
Vessel of Today

By JOHN R. STURDY

That brave little veteran of the Arctic seas, the Royal Mail ship *Nascopie*, is on her long way this morning to the top o' the world.

As she steamed out of Montreal yesterday, ablaze with pennants and her red ensign flying proudly at her stern, and as ships in the harbor spoke with blasting whistles a last farewell, the ice-scarred vessel was breaking contact with big cities for three months. Ten thousand miles of voyaging lay before her, and a mission of trade, of relief and law and order, and of mercy, that stretches to within 800 miles of the North Pole.

She sailed on this long Arctic voyage, and perhaps there is nothing more to say. It is an old story. It is 266 years old, with its beginning on that day when the first little ship of the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay set sail from Great Britain to the Arctic.

But it is always fresh. It is the story of one of few adventures left on earth, and Montreal, having seen the *Nascopie* sail so many times, has nevertheless never tired of the drama and the romance of this little ship as she puts out into the stream.

When she went yesterday morning there were crowds to see her off. On her decks stood red-coated men of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, going north on the long patrol of law and order that stretches across the eastern Arctic. There were priests and scientists and doctors—each with a mission in the Arctic—and in her holds were loaded the supplies, the medicines and the equipment that mean the difference between life and death to the men who stand guard in the Far North.

Taking Christmas Mail

She cast off her lines at 10 a.m., going astern from the wharf, and then, as her whistle shrilled in long echoing blasts, she straightened out and slowly moved downstream. The crowds on the pier waved



Left hand page, top: Captain T. F. Smellie, commander of the Company's R.M.S. "Nascopie," with his officers shortly before sailing. Some of this group are now real veterans of Arctic navigation. Below: Good-bye for three months, three or five years. Heavily laden, the "Nascopie" leaves the dock. Right hand page, top left: Deputy Com-

arms and handkerchiefs and hats in a last, too-quick farewell. There were tears in many eyes. Some of those figures on the heavily loaded decks—this man in the scarlet coat of the "Mounties," or that man in the black garb of a minister—were leaving for long vigils in the Arctic that would last one, three or five years.

The *Nascopie* was a proud sight as she slid from her berth. Bunting fluttered from bow to stern. The white pennant of the Royal Mail flew high from her mainmast—for she carried mail to the Arctic, Christmas mail.

Across the river the harbor tug *Sir Hugh Allan* was the first ship to bid her a rousing farewell. The blasts of whistles filled the air. More quickly, as waving hands grew less distinct, the *Nascopie* slid downstream, black smoke pouring from her fun-

nel, her heavily loaded hull deep in the water.

As she passed the end of King Edward pier, the Royal Canadian Navy destroyer H.M.C.S. *Champlain* saluted the veteran Arctic ship. White ensign and red ensign dipped in passing. Then further down H.M.C.S. *Saguenay* paid her respects to the *Nascopie*, and the ensigns dipped again.

Ships' Whistles Shriek

She continued on her way, the crowds still lingering on the pier, still waving, and as she steamed downstream—the ships in the harbor, all the way to Vickers and below, said good-bye to her with shrieking whistles.

The little ship will visit 35 posts flung across the eastern Arctic. She was a sight to see as she moved away. Lashed to her



missioner J. W. Spalding (left), with Inspector K. Duncan, inspects the Royal Canadian Mounted Police detail for the North. Below: J. Lorne Turner, director of the Northwest Territories' Branch, Department of the Interior, renews an old friendship with Capt. Smellie. Right are some of the Hudson's Bay Company Fur Trade passengers. Top: Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Smith, with their small daughter. Centre: C. N. Stephen, with a friend who waved him farewell from the dock. Below: E. B. Maurice and A. R. Scott.

decks were boats and canoes and drums of gasoline. In her holds lay everything from bags of coal to bath tubs. She carried provisions, medical supplies, beds, stoves, dog-sleds, Arctic sleeping bags, scientific equipment, radios—the list is endless.

And the passengers who crowded what space was left on her decks, they held interest. One of them, Douglas Leechman, of the National Museum, was bound for the Button islands at the eastern end of Ungava peninsula, where scientists believe there existed an Eskimo civilization of which there is no record now. Others will study the rock formation in the far north. Still others will make long surveys.

Also there were passengers who sailed on the voyage for pleasure.

The last few moments before the *Nascopie* put out from her berth held the great-

est drama. As the lines were drawn in, hands reached across and clasped together, ship to shore. There were words spoken—words that came chokingly.

Hot Merry Christmas

Someone shouted to Captain T. F. Smellie on the bridge: "So long! Merry Christmas!"

A tiny little spaniel pup sat dazed and bewildered on a lifeboat cover, his master close beside him. A red-coated Mountie saluted. A chef in a tall white hat wiped perspiration from his forehead and grinned across to shore. Only a moment more to say farewells, and many of them were said silently.

And then, the whistle shooting white steam into the air, the *Nascopie* was off.

Half of the drama in this yearly sailing

of the Hudson's Bay Company's little ship is hidden. She goes out of Montreal gaily, but her mission in many cases is not a gay one. She takes food and relief to lonely men. She is sometimes their only contact with "the outside," and sometimes their salvation, for no one knows what has happened in many of these isolated posts during the long winter. In the *Nascopie's* medical stores may be the thing that will save a life.

She brings long-awaited mail; she brings substitute men for the posts and the police stations. And she brings comfort—even to the white bathtub that was loaded aboard last week, and in the north a bathtub is the last word in luxury.

"See you next year!" somebody shouted. The 267th sailing of the Hudson's Bay Company to the Arctic was under way.

THE COMPANY NEWS REEL



We are undecided whether we should call this picture "The Season's Catch" or "The Temptation of a Fur Trader." The fur trader is G. C. M. Collins, the scene is Norway House, and the animal "Cat, Common, Domestic, 1."



We possibly should apologize for the wintry nature of the other pictures on this page, but, after all, this is a northern country and "The Beaver" a magazine of the North. Here we show some of our fur traders halting for a meal en route from Moose Factory to Rupert's House. Below . . .



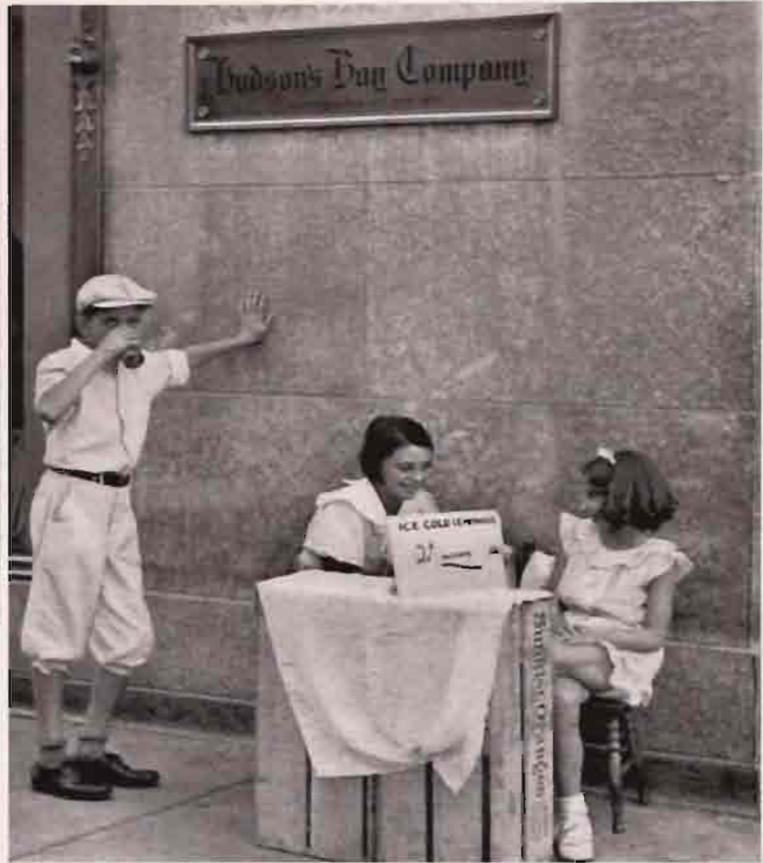
. . . are Norman Ross, Robbie Linklater, J. W. Andreson (district manager) and J. B. Tyrer enjoying the meal. Still lower . . .



. . . we see them on their way again after the meal, crossing the wind driven snow of James Bay. These three pictures were taken by R. N. Hourde, who is at present in the Western Arctic taking pictures for "The Beaver."



The two bright eyes and the smile belong to Master Hugo Watt, son of I. S. C. Watt, H B C post manager at Rupert's House, the Company's oldest post, on James Bay. The dog, we believe, is a good specimen of husky, and the photographer reports that Hugo and the dog are great friends.



Competition for the retail store in Winnipeg; and, as the temperature was nearing 100° in the official shade at the time, the two young ladies did a roaring business right outside the Portage Avenue entrance.

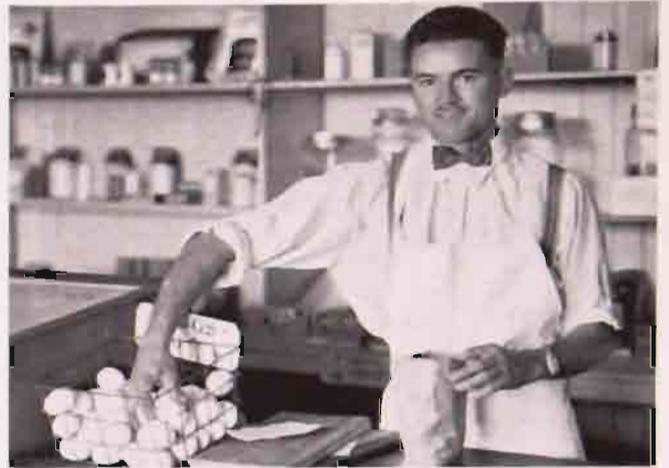


Left: S. Voisey, of the Repulse Bay post, sent in this picture. It reached us the day the young ladies shown above were selling their lemonade, and so we reproduce it just to show the diversity of editing a magazine of the north in midsummer.

Right: Even the God's Lake Indian children enjoy paddling, and Photographer Morant tells us that it was decidedly warm even in latitude 55° N.



Mr. C. W. Veysey, manager of the Company's Wine and Spirit Department, and Mr. Ferdinand Gianfranchi, of P. Pastene & Co., who looks after the sale of HBC Good Spirits in Boston. The picture was taken during the latter's recent visit to Winnipeg.



W. A. McGilvray, Company post manager at Rossville, just north of Lake Winnipeg, in his store, and incidentally showing what air transportation has done for the north country—eggs. Though we see that with true fur trade modesty they are not labelled "Fresh."



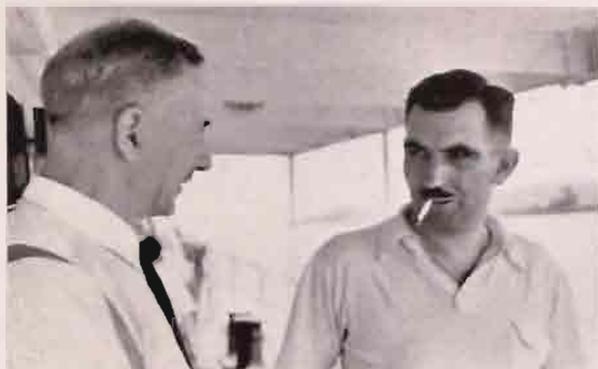
Above: A warm smile on a cold day—Miss E. Atkinson, nurse at the Anglican mission at Moose Factory.

Right: Ranger W. N. Campbell, of Dome Creek, B.C., sent this picture of one of the oldest buildings in British Columbia. It is the old warehouse at Fort St. James, in the upstairs dance hall of which hundreds of names of old-time merrymakers are scribbled on the walls.



Despite its historic past, the Company is here to do business in a modern way, as you will see from the above historic-site-advertising notice outside Fort St. James.





H. R. Bassett (right), of the Associated Screen News, whose pictures are so well known to "Beaver" readers, visited the "Nascopie" the Sunday before she sailed to renew friendships of the 1934 trip. Here he is talking to A. Reed, the popular chief steward.



R. H. Chesshire, assistant to the Fur Trade Commissioner (personnel) and R. A. Talbot, manager of the Saskatchewan district of the Fur Trade Department, get in a hurried pipe while their plane refuels at Berens River on Lake Winnipeg. They were making one of the modern high speed fur trade inspection trips.



Furs and mail from the Company's Berens River post to be loaded onto a Canadian Airways plane for Winnipeg. Messrs. Chesshire and Talbot, it will be noticed, are still having that hurried pipe.



There are several enthusiastic radio operators in the Fur Trade, and here is one of them (G. C. M. Collins, of Norway House) by the side of his home-made 100-watt transmitter. His call letters are VE4ZT, and he would like to hear from anyone anywhere. Such sets have wrought great changes in the North.



Above: Mail in the North is always welcome; even, so it seems, if it is somebody else's mail. The gentleman reading the letter is Roderick Ross, who claims descent from the one-time factor at Norway House, while the interested gentleman is Johnnie Robson, a local Indian.

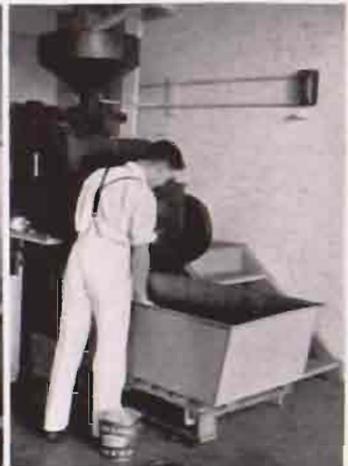
Right: Lois Lazenby, daughter of the Government Indian Agent at Rossville, northern Manitoba, with her dog "Tippy," which she drives to school in the winter.





Memorial Boulevard was officially named on Sunday, July 26, when Hon. W.J. Tupper, Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, unveiled the inscription cut in the stone of the Winnipeg Store.

The Thermalé process, the most scientific modern equipment for cleaning, roasting and cooling coffee, goes into operation in the Winnipeg and Vancouver Wholesale Departments in support of Fort Garry Brand.



On July 30th The Pas did honour to the memory of Henry Kelsey. Left, Hon. John Bracken, Premier of Manitoba, unveiled the cairn, with, right, the Company ensign flying over it, on the banks of the Saskatchewan river. Centre top: W. H. Hutton, of The Pas, A. W. Anderson, of Nelson House, with long service badges, were present at the unveiling. Centre below: Left to right, Wm. Bird, of The Pas; the Premier; Judge F. W. Howay, of the Historical Sights and Monuments Board; Mrs. I. Ager, The Pas; Dr. P. C. Robertson, of The Pas Board of Trade.

LONDON OFFICE NEWS

Mr. R. B. Ewbank, who has recently been appointed to the Newfoundland Commission of Government, was entertained to lunch by the Deputy Governor at Hudson's Bay House on 18th June. Mr. G. W. Allan, Col. J. B. P. Karlake, Mr. E. J. Bunbury, Mr. P. A. Chester, Mr. F. A. Stacpole and Mr. J. Chadwick Brooks were also present.

On 24th June the Governor and Mrs. Cooper invited the entire staff of Hudson's Bay House and Beaver House to their home at Chalfont St. Giles. The party, numbering nearly 150, travelled down by road and, in perfect weather, greatly enjoyed the varied programme of the afternoon. One of the chief features was an impromptu interdepartmental tug-of-war, in the final of which the General Office pulled over the Fur Warehouse after a great tussle. It was a great disappointment to all that the Governor was prevented at the last moment from being present.

On 30th July a party of twenty-five Canadian school teachers, touring under the auspices of the National Council of Education of Canada, came to Hudson's Bay House at the conclusion of an afternoon in the city. They were received by the Governor and after inspecting the archives were entertained to tea.

Mr. G. W. Allan, Chairman of the Canadian Committee, Mr. P. A. Chester, General Manager for Canada, Mr. F. F. Martin, General Manager Retail Stores, spent some time at Hudson's Bay House on their recent visit to London. Mr. E. F. Newlands, the controller of the Saskatoon store, and several of the Company's staff who were on the Canadian pilgrimage to Vimy Ridge also paid us visits.

Many of the Company's customers took advantage of the stores' offer that they might make use of Beaver House when they reached London after attending the unveiling of the war memorial at Vimy.

The buying office had a great many visitors calling for mail and seeking information to help with a rapid tour of London.

Recent visitors to the Company's archives included Miss Julia Jarvis, assistant secretary of the Champlain Society; Mr. G. Parsloe, secretary of the Anglo-American Conference of Historians; Dr. Burt B. Barker, vice-president of the University of Oregon; Professor R. C. Clark, also of the University of Oregon; and Dr. J. J. Auchmuty, of Dublin University.

Professor Morton, of the University of Saskatchewan, who is engaged on research work in connection with the history of Western Canada, and Mr. James A. Gibson, of New College, Oxford, who is writing a biography of Sir Edmund Head, a former governor of the Company, have both been doing research work here. Professor Giraud, who had been a constant visitor, left recently for Canada and expects to visit us again in the autumn.

THE FUR TRADE

Fur Trade Commissioner's Office

The Fur Trade Commissioner visited Edmonton during the month of June and later proceeded to Montreal, stopping off at Nipigon en route. Accompanied by Michael Lubbock and H. A. Cooper, he is now on an inspection tour of Mackenzie-Athabasca and Western Arctic districts, and will return to Winnipeg early in September.

Important staff changes took place during this summer. A. Copland, Ungava district, was promoted to the charge of Western Arctic district, succeeding R. H. G. Bonnycastle, transferred to the Fur Trade Commissioner's office. Mr. Copland will make his headquarters at Aklavik. Accompanied by Mr. Bonnycastle, he is now on an inspection of the district. Wm. Gibson, inspector of Western Arctic, was transferred to Ungava district in the same capacity. He is now making a round of the posts on the R.M.S. *Nascopie* in the company of J. Cantley, of the Fur Trade Commissioner's office.

Visitors to the office included: Dr. Charles Camsell, Minister of Mines, Ottawa; Charles Landau, of Landau & Cormack, Montreal; Supt. Irvine, R.C.M.P., Ottawa; Dr. Stone, Department of Indian Affairs, Ottawa; Bishop Turquetil, of Churchill; Archdeacon Faries, of York Factory; J. D. Forbes, London Fur Sales; Rev. W. J. R. James, of Baker Lake; Prof. John Q. Adams, University of Missouri; Lieut. P. M. Bennett, of the British-Canadian Arctic Expedition; Henry J. Fatten, Chicago; Dr. John M. Wilcox, of Woburn, Mass.

H. P. Warne is on sick leave for three months. We hope he will return to the office

in the best of health at the end of that period.

George Heaton has been transferred from the Fur Trade Commissioner's office to Sioux Lookout post as bookkeeper, and R. Ingram has been moved from Sioux Lookout to the Fur Trade Commissioner's office.

R. Wright, our manager at Bird's Hill fox farm, has had a further bereavement in the loss of another of his children—his only son, aged four years. We extend our sincere sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Wright.

We wish to extend our condolences to Mrs. T. C. Carmichael and A. H. Snow, who were both recently bereaved by the loss of their father.

E. W. Fletcher, Fur Trade controller, visited St. John's, Newfoundland, early in July, spending about a week there looking into the affairs of Labrador district.

H. E. Cooper, merchandise manager, made trips to the Pacific Coast and Montreal, calling at posts en route.

R. H. Chesshire accompanied R. A. Talbot on his inspection of some of the Saskatchewan district posts east of Lake Winnipeg.

John Courtney, of the Winnipeg depot, retired on pension August 1. Mr. Courtney had twenty-seven years' service, all with Winnipeg Wholesale Department and Winnipeg depot. We wish him many years to enjoy his well earned retirement.

P. Patmore passed through Winnipeg on his way back to Vancouver after assembling the *Nascopie* cargo at Montreal.

J. C. Donald visited Steeprock rat marsh during July, and is now touring the western provinces calling on silver fox farmers.

W. O. Douglas has returned to Winnipeg from St. John's, having completed his investigations into the possibilities of fur farming in Newfoundland made on behalf

of the government of Newfoundland. He visited the Company's fur farm at Mingan en route from St. John's.

Congratulations and very best wishes to Pat Carey, our fur purchasing agent at Peace River, on the occasion of his marriage on 22nd July to Miss Naomi Boyd, also of Peace River.

We have just received advice from London that N. H. Bacon passed away there on 2nd August, 1936. Mr. Bacon was Fur Trade Commissioner from 1913 to 1918, prior to which he was in charge of the London buying office.

British Columbia District

No less than three births in the district have been reported since the last issue of *The Beaver*, and we have pleasure in congratulating the following members of the staff: Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Kempple, Fort Grahame post, on the birth of a baby girl on 28th September, 1935; Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Murphy, Fort St. James, on the birth of a daughter on 24th May, 1936; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. T. Tipton, Telegraph Creek, on the birth of a son on 10th June, 1936.

Our best wishes are extended to Mr. and Mrs. G. Morrison, of Hazelton, who were married in the village of Kispiox by Rev. J. T. Burchill on 23rd May, 1936. Mrs. Morrison was formerly Miss Irene Westman, of the nursing staff of the department of Indian Affairs.

We also wish to congratulate Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Houston, who were married early in July in Prince George. Mrs. Houston was formerly Miss Orme, of Sioux Lookout, Ontario. They spent a few days in Prince George prior to proceeding to McLeod's Lake post, which is at present under the management of Mr. Houston.

We welcome J. T. Buchan, formerly manager of Cree Lake outpost in Saskatchewan district, who has now been placed in charge of our Liard post in Northern British Columbia.

From information received from J. Milne, who is at present inspecting posts in the Cassiar sector of the district, he encountered considerable difficulty when travelling in the Findlay River section. The river at Fort Grahame overflowed its banks and it was found necessary to transfer the post's stock to a higher level during Mr. Milne's visit. Fortunately the water receded in a short time, and it was possible to return the stock after clearing up the debris around the post. Very little damage was reported.

The Skeena river flooded early in June, and considerable damage was done to our property in Hazelton, where a number of residences were completely washed away and the damage ran into several thousand dollars. Our dwelling house, which was on the bank of the river, was flooded, and the manager and his family were forced to take up residence in the local hotel and then in the hospital. At time of writing, our dwelling is being moved to the store lot, and the residents of Hazelton are busy repairing damage to their property.

At the same time the section of the railway line between Kitwanga and Prince Rupert was completely washed away, and it was necessary to cease operations for two months. The service was resumed on 19th July.

This summer the Dominion government decided to abandon the Yukon telegraph line from Hazelton to the North. The ground wire was severely damaged during the recent floods, and, as repair expenses would have been enormous, it was arranged to carry on communication by means of short wave radio, which had already been installed. The ground wire has been in use since the gold rush days of '98.

The 1st of July was a red letter day for the natives of McDames Creek, who held their first annual sports programme. Races, horse-shoe tournaments and tugs-of-war were the main features, and, as it was the first time that the Indians in that part of the country had taken part in a general sports day, considerable amusement was derived from studying the efforts of the provincial constable, the school teacher, the mission priest and the Company's post manager as they demonstrated each particular event before it took place. A lacrosse match was organized between the Indians and the white people, and this was the most popular event of the day; unfortunately the game was broken up by a thunder storm, and the result of the match will be unknown until next Dominion Day, when it is to be resumed. Bearded prospectors and trappers who enjoyed the programme proclaimed that it should be an annual event.

The old hotel building at Port Simpson has been moved to a new site near the old store and has been completely renovated and converted into a combined trading store and dwelling. All merchandise and household furnishings were moved into the new building on 28th July, and trading operations were in full swing the following day. The contract was let to Tom Gosnell, a local builder, and operations were under the supervision of W. M. McNeill, of the Winnipeg office. The work has been considerably delayed, due to the opening of the fishing season, which caused a shortage

of local labour, but the old building is expected to be demolished before the end of August and a new warehouse erected. The new store contains a number of up-to-date features, and presents a pleasing appearance.

Mining operations in the Manson Creek and Dease Lake sections of the district are well under way, and, although no discoveries of an exceptional nature have been reported, we understand the findings have been such as to warrant a continuance of operations throughout the summer.

The Fur Trade Commissioner, accompanied by M. R. Lubbock and H. E. Cooper, paid us a visit on 27th July prior to proceeding to Waterways and points north.

J. Milne is expected to inspect Babine, Old Fort, Tacla and all line posts on his return from the Cassiar sector early in September, and to return to Edmonton some time in October.

Western Arctic District

The following members of the staff went into the Western Arctic by the first trip of the *Distributor*: R. H. G. Bonnycastle, Mr. and Mrs. A. Copland, Norman A. Wilding, Captain R. J. Summers, Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Nichols, A. Gavin, William Starkes, A. G. Figgures, and Ernest Donovan. The last two mentioned are the newly engaged apprentices who will be stationed at Aklavik and Fort Collinson respectively. We welcome these men to the service in the Western Arctic, and wish them luck in their new career.

Latest reports received from Tuktoyaktuk are to the effect that the M.S. *Fort James* has been successfully hauled out and will be repaired locally by George McLeod as soon as the necessary materials are delivered. The *Fort James* became badly crushed in the ice this spring, and for some time it was expected that she would be a total loss.

The M.S. *Margaret A* has been reconditioned and strengthened at Fort Smith, and at the time of writing has left Tuktoyaktuk on her first voyage delivering supplies. She will be assisted by the *Audrey B* in delivering supplies to the Western Arctic this summer.

Congratulations are in order to Inspector and Mrs. Curleigh, of Aklavik, on the birth of a son May 3rd.

We welcome to the Western Arctic corporal E. S. Covell of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, for some time stationed at Moose Factory, James Bay, and now at Aklavik.

Inspector William Gibson passed through Winnipeg on the evening of July 11, bound for Montreal to take passage aboard the S.S. *Nascopie*. Mr. Gibson covered the distance from King William Land to Fort Hearne by dog team and was flown out to Edmonton from Coppermine.

Mackenzie-Athabasca District

Since the last number of *The Beaver* was issued we have had visits from the Fur Trade Commissioner, M. Lubbock, H. E. Cooper, C. W. Vesey and R. H. G. Bonnycastle, all of Winnipeg; A. Copland, Mr. and Mrs. Nicoll and Ray Ross, of the Western Arctic district; D. W. J. McMul-

lin, manager of Upper Hay River post; H. Ambrose, of Portage la Loche; Captain Summers; and Norman Wilding.

The district manager left Edmonton on his summer trip of inspection on June 9, and he will visit almost every post in the Mackenzie River district before he returns to Edmonton.

Apprentice A. A. Holliday has been transferred from Wabasca to Fort Smith. M. H. Gates has been transferred from LeGoff to Fort Smith post. T. A. Retallac has been transferred from Fort Simpson to Wabasca. G. S. M. Duddy has been transferred from LeGoff to Fort St. John. George West has been transferred from Fort Smith to the charge of Nelson Forks post, relieving W. S. Crossley, who is coming out on furlough. C. H. J. Winter was transferred for duty to Winnipeg head office in June. In July C. A. Keefer was transferred from Fort Fitzgerald to Fort Rae, replacing M. C. Watson, who will be placed at Fort Resolution. R. E. Howell has been transferred from Portage la Loche to Fort Providence. J. K. Schurer has been transferred from Fort McPherson to Fort Simpson.

S. A. Stephen and Donald Forsyth have returned from furlough. Mr. Forsyth will take charge of Fort Liard post while Mr. Sime proceeds on furlough. S. A. Stephen will take charge of Fort Good Hope post, replacing W. M. I. Skinner, who has been transferred to Fort Norman.

Mrs. W. M. I. Skinner returned in July from a year's visit to Scotland, greatly benefited by her trip. With her three children she will join her husband at Fort Norman.

An interesting visitor to Edmonton in June was Mrs. S. Kirland Vesey, a great grand niece of Sir Alexander Mackenzie. Mrs. Vesey intends to spend the summer in the North and expects to follow, as far as possible, the route taken by her famous kinsman in his journey of exploration.

A. M. McDermot, manager at Fort Fitzgerald, retired on pension May 31 after fifty-one years of service. We extend to Mr. and Mrs. McDermot our wishes for many years of health and happiness.

We welcome P. J. Power and J. W. Stewart, late of Revillon Freres Trading Company, who have been engaged as managers of Fond du Lac and Rocher River posts respectively.

Another member of our staff who is retiring on pension after thirty-six years of service is A. F. Camsell, of Fort Norman post. Though relinquishing the position he has held with us so long, Mr. Camsell will not leave the district for another year.

Mackenzie River Transport

In spite of delays caused by floods, ice conditions and unlooked for accidents of varying nature, the speed with which freight has been moved during the first half of the season has exceeded past seasons with the result that the tonnage handled through our Waterways warehouse during the first half of the season is 1000 tons ahead of last year. The week of May 24 saw a record load leaving Waterways, namely 725 tons.

Our sympathies are due J. G. and H. L. Woolson on the death of their father at Victoria on May 28.

Ice was encountered on Lake Athabasca by our boats crossing to Chipewyan as late as June 1.

This has been a record summer for heat. Lack of rain during May and June has made itself felt in the river level, and it is anticipated that low water will hinder navigation during the latter part of the season.

H. N. Petty made two trips to the Smith Portage during May and June on business connected with the transport.

L. D. Hughes and H. T. Hamilton proceeded north to meet the S.S. *Distributor* on her return from Aklavik in July.

The M.S. *Margaret A.*, reconditioned by our shipyard crew, left Fort Smith for service in Western Arctic on July 4.

S.S. *Distributor* left Fort Smith on her first trip on June 17. She extended her usual run as far as Kittigazuit, where freight for Western Arctic posts was landed. She returned to Fort Smith in time to leave on her second trip as far as Aklavik on July 23. On the latter trip she carried a large quantity of building material and supplies for the new Anglican hospital at Aklavik.

The M.S. *Dease Lake* has been fully occupied freighting between Fort Smith and Resolution, Rae and Providence, after which she proceeded to Kittigazuit to move Western Arctic freight to Tuktoyaktuk. She left on the annual trip up Liard river early in August.

The M.S. *Hearne Lake*, having spent the past two seasons on Great Bear Lake, is being brought out to Fort Smith. The hazardous trip down the Bear river is under the direction of J. A. Davis.

The Fur Trade Commissioner, accompanied by M. R. Lubbock and H. E. Cooper, arrived at Waterways on July 29 on a tour of inspection of northern posts. They later proceeded to Fitzgerald by S.S. *Athabasca River*, and left Fort Smith at 4 a.m. July 3 on the inspection boat. H. G. Seybold accompanied the party.

Col. H. G. Reid, who proceeded north by first trip of the *Distributor*, returned to Waterways July 30. We are glad to report that his health is much improved.

Last fall a movement was started to raise funds for a public recreation hall at Waterways. The hall, completed in accordance with original plans, was officially opened by the Fur Trade Commissioner on the night of July 29.

Large quantities of machinery are arriving at Waterways for use in connection with the development of Fort McMurray tar sands.

The following were amongst the passengers carried by our boats to the end of July: Mrs. W. J. Skinner, R. E. Howell, Father Lafont, Constable Blues, Corporal and Mrs. Hobbs, Corporal and Mrs. Fielding and family, Corporal and Mrs. MacGillcuddy, Miss Hobbs, J. Faller, T. Retallac, H. G. Paris, Mrs. A. Law, J. W. Campbell, Constable Fyle, Lt.-Com. A. H. Robinson, Rev. and Mrs. Greenwood, Pierre Mercedi, Bishop Fallaise, Father Letreste, M. V. Morgan, Pat and Mickey Ryan, Mother Lusignan, Father Coudert, Constable Forbes, Father Mansoz, Mothers McQuillan, Lussiet and Lusignan, Constables Littlewood, McDonald, McKale, Thompson, Steeves, Rivett and Fenton, Dr. F. Jolliffe and party, Messrs. Fry, Carroll and Clarke, A. L. Sawle, G. A. Slater, S. Steed, W. B. Gourlay, Sisters St. Cyr and Metivier, R. H. G. Bonnycastle, Mr. and Mrs. Copland, Mr. and Mrs. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. Nichols, A. Gavin, Captain Summers, Messrs. Starkes, Stevens, Wilding, Figgures, Donavon and Mehmel, Mrs.

Catherine Vesey, Mrs. B. Caldwell, Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Moreland, J. Bartleman, Mrs. Hanssen and children, Mrs. J. Hall, Miss W. Neville, Dr. Westgate, Miss Sowden, D. Forsyth, Corporal and Mrs. Newton, Sergeant J. V. Eddy, Corporal Covell, Constables Mast, Anderson, Christy, Crannery and Moore, R. N. Hourde, Messrs. Steben, Innes, Watson, Latta and Reid, Mr. and Mrs. Ewing and children, Mr. and Mrs. Smith and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. K. M. Cooke, J. B. Streeter, Father Lavelle, Sisters Levesque and Andruchow, F. McMahon, Mrs. H. W. Lewis, Rev. and Mrs. Crawley, Father Mercedi, A. A. Holliday, Mrs. A. Doody, Colin Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Mackinnon, Bishop Sovereign, Corporal W. C. Beatty, Sister Guerette, Dr. Mercer, Mrs. F. Dent, Mr. and Mrs. Armitt, Mrs. G. T. Mackinnon, Mr. and Mrs. Wolki, Mrs. J. Milne, E. W. Reed, Mrs. J. Fraser, P. A. Von. Anerberg, S. A. Hutchinson, Mrs. A. Hamdon and Mrs. J. Darwish.

Saskatchewan District

Among the visitors to the district office during the past quarter were H. Kennedy and Fred Stevens, in connection with God's Lake freight; G. Granovsky, of Pine Falls; Mr. Todd, of Tuckett's Limited; H. W. Johnston, of the geological survey party operating at Beren's River; W. H. and Mrs. Hutton, of The Pas; Captain T. Pollock, of Selkirk Navigation Company; and Professor I. H. Hallowell of Pennsylvania University, Philadelphia, who is spending some time at and around Little Grand Rapids. Mrs. G. C. M. Collins also called in prior to spending a holiday in the Old Country.

The district manager, who left Winnipeg on 29th June, accompanied by R. H. Chesshire, of the Fur Trade Commissioner's office, to inspect Beren's River, Little Grand Rapids and Deer Lake posts, returned to Winnipeg on July 25. After spending a few days in town he left on August 10 for an extended trip covering Nueltin Lake, Lac du Brochet, South Deer Lake, Pelican Narrows, Stanley, Lac la Ronge, Souris River and Montreal Lake posts, and will return to Winnipeg, according to his present itinerary, on or about September 25.

W. A. Hunter accompanied the district manager on the flight from Churchill to Nueltin Lake, where Mr. Hunter will be stationed during this outfit.

D. A. Wilderspin, who was temporarily engaged at Norway House, reported back for duty to Ungava district in June.

C. W. Hampton returned from furlough in the Old Country and reported having a good stay there.

The following apprentices have been engaged for service in the district, and our best wishes are extended to them: A. J. G. Beautoy, God's Lake; G. R. Roberts, Fort Alexander; D. H. C. Bullock, Island Lake, and E. G. Cavaghan, Beren's River.

The following members of the staff are at present on furlough: T. McEwen, A. W. Scott and F. J. Mitchell.

Other staff changes are as follows: Apprentice Robert Rankin transferred from Beren's River to Norway House; E. W. Hampton, manager, Oxford House; J. F. Stewart, manager, from Clear Lake to Little Grand Rapids; Apprentice A. Stewart, from Fort Alexander to Deer Lake; J. R. McDonald, manager, Oxford

House to Buffalo River; E. J. Leslie, manager, Little Grand Rapids to Lac la Ronge; J. Goldie, of Deer Lake, and F. S. Skipper, of God's Lake, have retired from the service. T. J. Buchan, of Pine River, has been transferred to British Columbia district.

C. H. J. Winter arrived from Edmonton in June to assist in district office during the summer months.

Wm. Mitchell, of Montreal Lake, underwent an operation for appendicitis at Prince Albert in the latter part of May, and was temporarily relieved by J. W. Law, of Stanley post. Mr. Mitchell is now well on the way to recovery.

W. A. McGilvray, of Rossville post, will be married to Miss Janet McCulloch, of Killarney, Manitoba, in the very near future.

F. Reid, of Pelican Narrows, had occasion to visit Flin Flon for medical attention, but we understand that he is now back at his post ready for a busy summer.

The district staff will be sorry to learn that W. J. Gordon, of Norway House, has not been well since leaving the hospital on June 9, and it is necessary that he be granted indefinite leave of absence to regain strength before returning to his duties.

We have to report the deaths, by drowning, of three well known trappers of Isle a la Crosse. Full details are not yet available, but we understand that Einar Pederson, Ed. Arvick and Richard Schotter were drowned in Isle a la Crosse lake on June 24 when leaving the post to camp.

Forest fires have been raging throughout the district, but we are glad to report that evacuations have not been necessary.

Nelson River District

The launching of the M.S. *Fort Severn* was unavoidably delayed on account of exceptionally low tides at Churchill, and it was not until July 7 that the schooner cleared from Churchill bound for York Factory. At date of writing she has completed voyages Nos. 1 and 2 to York Factory and Eskimo Point respectively, and is due back from her third voyage, which was to Severn.

Pilot Jack Moar, of Wings Limited, is again in the North flying the Padley post freight from Eskimo Point to destination. Caribou post freight will also be carried by him, and we trust that success will again attend his northern operations.

Right Reverend Bishop Turquetil was on board the Roman Catholic mission schooner *Pope Pius XI* when she made her first trip from Churchill to Eskimo Point and Chesterfield Inlet. Ice conditions were not altogether favourable, but the trip was completed successfully. The *Pope Pius XI* has since made another trip to Chesterheld, and completed the return journey in the almost record time of five days.

The members of the British Arctic Expedition, under the leadership of T. H. Manning, were reported as being at Chesterfield Inlet early in July, and we presume have been established at their base at Repulse Bay for some considerable time.

Reverend W. J. R. James, missionary at Baker Lake, Northwest Territories, arrived in Winnipeg recently and will proceed to Churchill soon to connect with the *Fort Severn's* trip to Baker Lake. Reverend James has just returned from a furlough spent in the Old Country.

Reverend A. C. Huston, of Nelson House, Manitoba, is at present at Churchill awaiting the M.S. *Fort Severn*, in which he will make the trip to some of the settlements in the Northwest Territories.

Reverend Leslie Garrett has returned from a furlough spent in England and is once more at work in the Trout Lake area. We trust that Reverend Garrett's efforts to promote "harmony" amongst the Indians will meet with every success.

The S.S. *Ocean Eagle* has left Churchill on two occasions with the purpose of reaching Nottingham Island, but ice conditions were very bad and both attempts had to be abandoned.

Bush fires have been prevalent in Northern Manitoba all summer, and during July the settlements at Mile 286, Hudson Bay Railway, and Wabowden were seriously threatened. Prompt action by the fire rangers and local volunteers prevented the fires from spreading.

Recent visitors to the office were: Venerable Archdeacon Faries, York Factory; Reverend A. J. Swan, of Glasgow, Scotland; Flying Officer W. M. Murray, R.C.A.F.; R. W. Starratt, of Starratt Airways, Hudson, Ontario; A. L. Laws, vice-president of Montreal Shipping Company; Mr. Voss, also of the Montreal Shipping Company; and R. S. Wheildon, of Tavane, N.W.T.

W. E. Brown spent a month inspecting posts in the Trout Lake and Bearskin Lake area and returned to Winnipeg on 12th July. Since then he has been aboard the *Fort Severn* and will make an inspection of the northern posts during the summer.

The following staff changes have taken place recently: A. McKinley has been transferred to the charge of Severn post; R. K. Muir has been acting manager of Split Lake post since A. McKinley left, and will hand the post over to H. F. Bland when he arrives from Severn. W. A. Smart has been transferred to Churchill post. T. C. Carmichael has been transferred to Ungava district and went north on the S.S. *Nascopie* this summer. J. M. S. MacLeod has been appointed transport officer for this season and is in charge of all transport activities at Churchill. P. Dalrymple proceeded to Churchill and will assist temporarily at that point. John Tod visited district office during July and has since returned to Churchill. He has been transferred to Trout Lake post. Steve Bradbury took up duties as first engineer on the M.S. *Fort Severn* at the commencement of the transport season. Nelson Gaudin has been transferred to Assabano-kok, an outpost from Trout Lake.

We welcome to the service two new members: F. Batchelor, who will be in charge of Bearskin Lake post; and M. T. Allan, of Gillam, who will commence his apprenticeship at Trout Lake post.

We take this opportunity of congratulating Archie Harkes, Granville Lake, on the occasion of his marriage at Winnipeg on 12th August to Miss S. Beaton, of Glasgow, Scotland. After spending a few days in Winnipeg, Mr. and Mrs. Harkes left for The Pas en route to Granville Lake. We wish them both happiness and every success for the future.

Superior-Huron District

Since the last issue of *The Beaver* was printed two posts have been added to this district and one taken away. Pagwa River

and Ombabika have been taken over from Revillon Freres Trading Company Limited and Mattice post has been transferred to St. Lawrence district.

M. Cowan, district manager, returned to Winnipeg on 13th July, after having visited Pagwa River, English River, Ombabika, Fort Hope and Lansdowne House in company with Mr. Will, of Revillon Freres, and making arrangements for the taking over of the business at the points mentioned above.

M. Cowan left Winnipeg again on 2nd August and will visit St. Anthony outpost, Lac Seul, Red Lake, Sioux Lookout, Cat Lake and Osnaburgh before returning to the city early in September. R. H. Cheshire, of the Fur Trade Commissioner's office, will accompany Mr. Cowan to Red Lake, Cat Lake and Osnaburgh posts.

The Fur Trade Commissioner was a visitor to Minaki post on the 18th and 19th of June.

Alterations to the interior of the Minaki store have been completed, and the store layout now has a very modern appearance.

Cavell post has been moved approximately one mile east of the old site to Aroland, the location of the Arrow Land and Logging Company, and the new combined store and dwelling is now occupied.

The forest fire situation in this district has been very bad this year. Osnaburgh post was in such serious danger that the stock had to be moved to an island and the post vacated. It was only due to the untiring efforts of the post manager, A. Hughes, and the Ontario Forestry Department that the buildings were saved. Bucke, Hudson, Long Lake, and also Cavell, were the other posts most seriously threatened.

The Ontario Hydro Electric Power Commission are having survey work carried out along the Ogoki river, and a party from the geological survey are operating not far from Long Lake.

Owing to the extremely hot and dry weather, the blueberry crop in most sections is practically a failure this year and shipments to the Winnipeg market have been very light.

There have been a large number of Americans taking canoe trips in various parts of this district during the summer. Martin K. Bovey, of Concord, Mass., who took an extended trip through the Osnaburgh section and James Bay district last summer, is at present on his third trip of this season out from Cavell.

Congratulations are in order for Mr. and Mrs. H. Lariviere, of Mattice post, now of St. Lawrence district, on the birth of a daughter on 20th May.

D. K. Wilson, apprentice in charge of One Man Lake outpost, suffered a serious and painful injury to his leg in late May and had to be brought to Winnipeg for medical attention. He returned to Minaki about the middle of June and will be stationed there for the summer months.

M. S. Cook has returned from furlough in the Old Country and is temporarily in charge of Pagwa River. W. A. Wraight has gone from Pagwa River, where he was in charge for a short time, to St. Anthony outpost as manager, replacing A. L. Hill, who is at present in Winnipeg on holiday and who will later go to Pine Ridge to relieve Wm. Gregory while he takes a short vacation.

J. L. P. Plamondon, who was assistant at Gogama for several years, has been

transferred to St. Lawrence district. Our best wishes go with Mr. Plamondon for his success. Roland Roy has gone to Gogama as assistant to replace him.

Apprentice E. Lee, of Dinorwic post, was laid up with tonsillitis in the Dryden Hospital early in June.

Stewart Aitken, who was previously stationed with Revillon Freres Trading Company Limited at Lansdowne House as apprentice, has joined the service of the Company and will shortly go to Osnaburgh post.

Apprentice Hugh R. Williamson has recently joined the service, and will be stationed at St. Anthony outpost as assistant.

D. Donaldson has returned from furlough spent in Scotland and will leave in a few days for Nipigon House post to take over charge there from A. K. Black. We understand Mr. and Mrs. Black will both be going to the Old Country on leave of absence.

James Bay District

The M.K. *Fort Churchill* is again very much on the job of delivering the supplies to James Bay district posts under the command of Captain J. O. Neilsen, with Chief Engineer Cadney making the wheels go round. At the time of writing voyages have been made to Albany, Rupert's House, Attawapiskat, Fort George and Eastmain. The vessel has left on her voyage No. 7 to Belcher Islands and Richmond Gulf. The Schooner *Fort George* will be delivering supplies to Weenusk post and intermediate points on the west coast. The vessel is again commanded by Skipper J. W. Faries.

We welcome to the district the following new employees: Roy C. Ross and Bryce Merrill; also A. J. Cargill, son of the post manager at Moose Factory, who has been placed on the permanent staff and will be stationed at Neoskweskau during the coming winter. Our new post at Moosonee, which was taken over from Revillon Freres early in June, is temporarily in charge of P. J. Soper.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Melton arrived in Montreal early in July and will spend some time in civilization on furlough. Norman Ross has been appointed manager at Great Whale River post to succeed Mr. Melton. Ronald Thompson and Mrs. Thompson are now at Rupert's House, while J. S. C. Watt conducts his survey of the Rupert's House beaver sanctuary, after which Mr. Thompson will be stationed at Nemaska post. Other proposed staff transfers are D. C. Bremner to the charge of Attawapiskat to relieve R. M. Duncan going on furlough; F. K. Griffin to Ghost River after completing his term as transport manager at Moosonee; R. C. Ross to Weenusk post, and Bryce Merrill at Moose Factory. A. H. Michell is expected to arrive at Moosonee shortly and proceed to the United Kingdom on furlough. He will be succeeded at Weenusk post by R. B. Carson. J. A. Rodgers, formerly of Revillon Freres, Albany, is now an employee of the Company as from the first July and will be placed in charge of Kapisko outpost.

We regret to report the death of George Carey, Sr., at Moose Factory on June 19. Mr. Carey came out from the Old Country many years ago on the old sailing ships then delivering supplies to James Bay, and we understand returned only once to his native land after coming out as a boy. He

leaves one son and two daughters in James Bay district to mourn his loss.

J. S. C. Watt was a visitor to Moose Factory and Moosonee in June, when he brought over from Rupert's House a number of live beaver, which were eventually shipped to Agamiski Island beaver sanctuary for restocking purposes.

Mrs. W. T. Watt and Mrs. T. E. Jones, of Fort George, visited Moose Factory in July, going down by air and returning on voyage No. 4 of the *Fort Churchill*.

The usual treaty payments have now been made at Weenusk, Attawapiskat and Moose Factory, after which the party flew to Rupert's House, Nemaska and Neoskewskau on their way out to Ottawa. This party was this year in charge of Captain Patrick, who succeeds H. N. Awrey, for many years treaty paymaster and well known throughout the whole of northern Ontario. Dr. Tyrer again accompanied the treaty party on their flight.

On Sunday, April 5, a near tragedy occurred at Belcher Islands, when seventeen Eskimo hunters were carried away on the ice; but fortunately, after drifting about twelve hours, they made a safe landing some five or six miles from the point from which they had originally disappeared.

On 15th July Dr. Herbert A. Bruce, Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, honoured Moose Factory and Moosonee by an unofficial visit. The morning was spent inspecting the various operations at Moosonee, and in the afternoon the party proceeded to Moose Factory to view the museum, old cemetery, and other points of interest.

St. Lawrence District

The Fur Trade Commissioner visited Pointe Bleue post and the Lake St. John territory in the beginning of July. H. E. Cooper, merchandise manager, also made a trip to the Lake St. John section later in July.

Since the last issue of *The Beaver* the following have been visitors: P. A. Chester, General Manager; Garon Pratte, K.C., and Major C. G. Dunn, of Quebec; Rev. A. Turquetil, Bishop of Hudson Bay; W. E. Swaffield, Sr., F. C. Gaudet and J. L. Gaudet, pensioned officers of the Company; Mr. and Mrs. H. Stuart, of London; D. H. Laird, Winnipeg; W. J. Cobb, of Labrador district; O. K. Langley, former apprentice at Senneterre, now assistant accountant at Siscoe Mines; R. Ross, Seven Islands; T. A. Sinclair, of the Winnipeg Fur Purchasing Agency; Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Parsons, Portland, Maine; E. W. Fletcher, Fur Trade comptroller; F. W. Gasston and R. H. H. Macaulay of the Canadian Committee office; J. D. J. Forbes, London fur sales; G. Harris, North Bay fur purchasing agency.

The body of apprentice J. W. Ferguson, who was drowned in the Manouan river on April 21st, was recovered on June 11. The funeral took place at Montreal on June 13 and was attended by representatives of the Montreal staff.

J. H. Lymburner, Canadian Airways pilot who recently returned from the Antarctic, has resumed his duties in charge of Oskelaneo Airport for Canadian Airways.

A distressing accident occurred in the Chibougamau area on May 24, when a General Airways aeroplane in charge of Pilot W. H. Clarke crashed, the pilot and six passengers being killed.

Apprentice J. Stevenson has been transferred from Woswonaby to Oskelaneo.

Apprentice H. A. Graham supervised the canoe transport en route from Oskelaneo to Obijuan as well as the northern transport from Oskelaneo to Lynx Eye Lake and has now returned to Obijuan post.

J. P. Plamondon has been transferred from Gogama post, Superior-Huron district, to Weymontachingue post.

Mattice post was transferred to St. Lawrence district as at June 1, 1936.

S. Swaffield spent the winter with his brother, A. B. Swaffield, at Manowan post, and recently returned to Montreal.

G. A. Beare, accompanied by Mrs. Beare and their two children, returned in May from furlough in England. Mr. Beare has been appointed to the charge of Bersimis post, succeeding H. G. Evans, who had to return to London owing to the illness of his father.

A. L. Trimmingham entered the service on June 1 as apprentice and proceeded to Bersimis post to begin his training. We wish him success.

C. E. Letour, clerk at Bersimis, has been transferred to Seven Islands post.

The business of Robin, Jones & Whitman Limited at Natashquan was purchased by the Company in May. Mr. Peter Camiot, former manager for Robin, Jones & Whitman Limited at Natashquan is now in charge of our Natashquan post. A cordial welcome on his entering the service is extended to Mr. Camiot, and we wish him the best of good luck at Natashquan.

W. C. Newbury, who spent the winter at Natashquan, is at present inspecting eastern North Shore posts and superintending the fishery operations.

Our fresh salmon collection on the North Shore was fairly satisfactory this season, but the cod fishery at eastern points has been disappointing, the catch being one of the smallest on record.

C. Picaude, fur buyer, retired from the service in July.

Congratulations to Major and Mrs. T. V. Sandys-Wunsch on the arrival of a son and heir May 7, 1936, at Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario.

W. A. Smith, of Ungava district, spent several weeks assisting at Weymontachingue post and returned to Montreal to take passage on the *Nascopie*.

Ralph Jardine, of Western Arctic district, passed through Montreal en route to his home in Newfoundland.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Melton, of James Bay district, arrived in Montreal, having flown out from Fort George via Woswonaby to Oskelaneo.

Herbert Hall spent a few weeks in Montreal and returned to West Sugluk by the C.G.S. *N. B. McLean*.

R. Thevenet, of North-West River, visited district office in July and flew to our post at Grand Lake to see his son Jacques.

R. J. Summers, of the M.S. *Fort James*, arrived in Montreal from Southampton in the latter part of May, and after passing examinations for his coasting master's certificate left for the West early in the month of June.

H. Hodkisson, former manager of St. Lawrence district, paid us a visit before sailing for England to attend the Toc H convention at London.

Capt. Murchie, of the S.S. *Ingola*, was a visitor in June. He was formerly an officer on the S.S. *Bayrupert* and S.S. *Baynain*.

Labrador District

The M.S. *Fort Garry* sailed from St. John's in June on her annual voyage to Ungava Bay with posts' supplies. As arranged the *Fort Garry* met the S.S. *Nascopie* at Hebron for transfer of cargo instead of at Port Burwell as in other years. The latest from the *Fort Garry* gave her arrival at Port Burwell on July 31.

The district manager is at present inspecting the northern section of the district, having finished the southern posts during the early part of the summer.

Messrs. Job Brothers' refrigerating ship, the S.S. *Blue Peter*, returned from Cartwright early in July.

W. J. Cobb, manager of Hopedale post, is now out on a short furlough and is proceeding to Montreal to take a course in fur grading. On his return to duty in the fall he will be given charge of Cartwright post, relieving J. S. Blackhall, who will spend the coming winter in Scotland.

We were pleased to see E. W. Fletcher, of the Fur Trade Commissioner's office, when he recently inspected the local district office.

Stewart Boa, of Canadian Industries Limited, paid us a visit during his recent business trip to Newfoundland.

W. O. Douglas, superintendent of fur farms, who has spent the last six months in Newfoundland, returned to Canada on July 23. Before proceeding to Winnipeg he will inspect Mingan ranch.

J. Maurice, of the London office, is now on a visit to Montreal, Winnipeg and New York. It is expected he will return to St. John's during September.

Visitors at the office lately included R. N. Pennington, of Quebec, who is on his way to Northwest River. He is interested in the timber reserves of that section of Labrador and will do considerable timber cruising during his stay. A. A. McCloskey, of the Buchans Mining Company staff, called recently to renew old acquaintances. He is en route to Labrador, where he will investigate molybdenite deposits in the vicinity of Hopedale.

Ungava District

Our notes for this issue are being written from the *Nascopie* at Churchill. As has been recorded elsewhere, the *Nascopie* sailed from Montreal July 14 and, after calling at Hebron, Port Burwell, Lake Harbour, Stupart's Bay, Sugluk, Wolstenholme, Cape Smith and Port Harrison, arrived at Churchill at 6 p.m. August 12. The trip has been remarkable mainly for the prevalence of fog and the absence of ice. Except for two scattered fields, one between Stupart's Bay and Sugluk and the other in Hudson Bay between Port Harrison and Churchill, practically no ice has been met.

Staff arrangements made during the present season include Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Smith to Fort Chimo, C. N. Stephen to Fort McKenzie, S. C. Knapp to Diana Bay, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Carmichael to Stupart's Bay, D. A. Wilderspin to Lake Harbour, and E. B. Maurice to Sugluk.

J. Bell, Gordon Webster, W. E. Swaffield, J. A. Ford and A. Broomfield will be coming out on furlough this fall. W. G. Calder went out on furlough from Churchill.

Apprentice A. Hambling has gone to Fort Chimo as clerk, and Apprentice Nel-

Ungava District News

(Continued)

son Adams has been transferred to Ungava Bay.

Alan Scott is holding the fort at Port Burwell until the return of the *Nascopie*, when he will proceed to Tukik. A. B. Fraser accompanied the ship to Stupart's Bay and is now engaged in making an inspection of the Ungava Bay posts.

While at Hebron, the Eskimo brass band, through the courtesy of Reverend Mr. Harp, gave a very enjoyable concert on board the ship.

Experiments have been carried out during the summer with three Marconi broadcasting and receiving sets, and very satisfactory results have been obtained. Two-way communication has been established between Wolstenholme and Lake Harbour, and we obtained a distance of almost five hundred miles on these small sets. D. A. Wilderspin and N. Roberts have become quite proficient in their operation.

O. M. Demment was at Lake Harbour to meet the *Nascopie*, but J. Cormak had not arrived, having apparently been delayed by ice in Frobisher Bay. We expect to see him on our return to Lake Harbour.

Captain Isaac Barbour went ashore at Lake Harbour to sheath the M.S. *Nannuk*. He will rejoin the ship on our return.

Corporal McBeth is remaining at Lake Harbour, and Constable Turner is relieving Constable Moore.

Lance-Corporal Bolstad accompanied the ship from Port Harrison to Wolstenholme, where he landed with the *Lady Logan* and two Eskimos, to return to Port Harrison. Constable Yoemans was relieved at Port Harrison by Constable Boorman.

There was considerable excitement aboard the ship outside Wakeham Bay when a bear and two cubs were sighted on the drift ice. Soon after a walrus with one young one was also sighted on the ice.

Reverend Geo. Gillespie came out from Fort Chimo to Churchill. Reverend A. C. Herbert, Mrs. Herbert and Ruth are on board on their way to Pangnirtung.

Bruce Campbell was transferred to Port Harrison from Cape Smith, and L. A. Hodgson is on board en route for one of the northern posts.

The staffs at all the posts we have visited were in excellent health in spite of the rather tough year, and are looking forward to the coming year with hope that it would bring them better "luck."

The Hudson's Bay Company and the Indians

(Continued from page 14)

He seems to have been constitutionally incapable of truckling to the great or of suppressing inconvenient truths, and more than once he suffered for it cruelly. His character gives weight to his opinions apart from any inherent logic they possess.

Other factors tend to indicate that the Indian scale of values may differ from our own. I can well remember in the foothill country in western Alberta over forty years ago that while a splendid breech-loading shot-gun was not greatly valued by the Crees and Stoneys (Assiniboines) because of the cumbersome paraphernalia of "reloaders" and the rest of it, a muzzle-loader was snapped up eagerly at a far higher price because of its simplicity of loading methods. An uninitiated witness of

such a transaction might readily wax eloquent concerning the high price taken from the poor Indian for an old muzzle-loader, and so on. It is well to remember that in most of those famous deals of corner lots for saddle blankets, beyond any doubt it was the man with the saddle blanket who went away chuckling!

The rival schools of academic opinion might continue to dispute endlessly from such data as have been given above, and particularly, perhaps since, amid all the testimony from various classes of witnesses the only "direct testimony,"—as we may call it—from the Indian himself seems rather unfavourable on the whole. I shall now proceed to cite some "indirect" unconscious testimony from the Indian in the form of cold fact.

In the winter of 1870-1871, when events at Red River had caused grave unrest among the western plains tribes, the Hudson's Bay officers at Edmonton manifestly felt but little confidence in the Company's standing among the tribes of the Blackfoot confederacy in the southern portions of their district. For they begged John McDougall, a young fellow of only twenty-nine years, to seek the Blackfeet as their—scarcely "ambassador;" intercessor, surety, protector, would be more fitting terms. This McDougall successfully did through a bitter February storm. The same man performed a similar office for the Canadian government (acting through the Company's officers at Edmonton, who again declined the task for themselves) in 1874, in preparing the southern bands for the coming of the Northwest Mounted Police. Similarly, as late as 1899, when the Dominion Treaty Commissioners needed neither a guard nor a guide, nor an interpreter—for these could be had for money and their mission led them into regions where even the old "Black-Coat Voyageur" could not perform the latter functions—but a "passport" through a territory where the Great Company had long been known, they found one in the unblemished reputation of Father Lacombe, who accompanied them.

Common fairness demands that other cold facts should not be ignored. The proximity of the Red River Settlement to the Sioux country gave rise on more than one occasion prior to the Minnesota massacre of 1862 to apprehensions of an attack by the Sioux, and even more so after that event. Governor Dallas, however, was not afraid, and the result justified his confidence. Rev. Egerton Young tells us that when he first crossed the Dakota prairies in 1868 under the guidance of Rev. George McDougall, the father of John, the settlers warned them against the Sioux and the danger of having "those fine horses" stolen at the very least. McDougall proudly answered that he had a little flag that would act as a charm against the Sioux, and when the red men blocked their way a day or two later the mere sight of the Union Jack turned them instantly into friends. John McDougall himself had a similar experience in 1872, and likewise Professor John Macoun in the late 'seventies or early 'eighties. Several observers, including Principal George M. Grant in 1872 and Hon. Alexander Morris, lieutenant-governor of the Northwest Territories about the same time, noted the good feeling then existing between the expatriated Sioux who had fled into Manitoba after the Minnesota massacre and the settlers on the Portage Plains, and the desire of other Sioux to live under the British flag. Several historians and "old-timers" have

recorded the contrast between the contempt manifested for the American officers by Sitting Bull at Fort Walsh in 1877 and the respect shown to Col. Irvine of the Mounted Police at the famous conference to induce the Sioux to return to their old homes in the United States, whence they had fled after the defeat and annihilation of Custer's force on the Little Bighorn in 1876. The great chief shook hands with Col. Irvine and scornfully turned his back upon Gen. Terry and his staff. It is difficult to imagine how else such conduct can be explained than as a recognition on his part of a spirit of justice not to be found in his own native country. For otherwise he would scarcely have trusted himself in Col. Irvine's power.

Phenomena of this character do not appear without cause, and it would be utterly idle and flagrantly unjust to deny the Great Company a considerable share in the development of the better relations which as a whole unquestionably prevailed between the red and the white races on the Canadian side of the international boundary. To whatever degree such abstractions as British justice or "the Great White Chief across the water" may have penetrated into the Indian mind, these things were personified for them almost entirely by the Hudson's Bay Company throughout vast territories. It must be considered perfectly certain that if the general everyday conduct of the great trading concern which quite plainly dominated the situation had been in active and glaring contradiction to the spirit of the handful of missionaries the efforts of the latter would have been thrown away. In the southern Blackfoot country, where only missionaries dared to enter singly, it is doubtful if this would have been possible had there not existed among all the intractable hatreds of the Blackfeet a recognition of general fair dealing at those Hudson's Bay posts where they were wont to trade.

In addition to positive causes of this nature, I am of the opinion that the policy of exclusiveness, which in the abstract scarcely admits of defence and has found little from outside sources, has had a considerable bearing on the maintenance—not the creation, for that I consider to be their own—of good relations. In trying to keep out everyone but themselves they undoubtedly did exclude a large number of utter scoundrels. Although early observers such as Palliser, his colleague M. Bourgeau and Butler were dubious about settlers unless they were well protected, I believe it is correct to say that apart from 1885 (which lies principally at the door of bureaucratic stupidity at Ottawa), the only white blood shed in the earlier times was that of a small party of miners in the Blackfoot country about Crows' Nest Pass. Although miners and Indians were commonly hostile one toward another, other miners en route to Cariboo about 1861, got through safely in so far as the territories of the Hudson's Bay Company Indians were concerned. Even Palliser, in spite of his forebodings, noted that a party of immigrants in 1855 were well treated by the Saskatchewan tribes, and H. H. Bancroft instances another such party in 1859 which travelled from Minnesota to the Columbia River settlements in Oregon, wintering in Western Canada by the way, also without molestation. "Cold facts" of this character speak for themselves, and must not be overlooked in any general estimate of the Hudson's Bay Company's "Indian record" as a whole.

I have tried to be impartial. I have spared neither fact nor comment (where the latter seemed needful) simply because of its unfavourable character. I am nevertheless of the decided opinion that the Company's conduct, by and large, will endure comparison with that of any such undertaking at any era dealing with an aboriginal race.

Physician, Fur Trader and Explorer

(Continued from page 20)

graph and cable route was then suggested from Scotland via the Faroes, Iceland and Greenland to America. Rae undertook the land part of the survey. Nothing came of this, although this route is now favoured for aeroplane travel between England and America. In 1864 the Hudson's Bay Company and the Western Union Telegraph Company became interested in a scheme for telegraph and cable service through Siberia, Bering Strait, Alaska and British Columbia. Dr. Rae again entered the Hudson's Bay Company's service, surveyed and designated the route from Fort Garry to Victoria and accumulated at both points the material for the construction of a continental telegraph. In the course of this survey along latitude 53, he descended some hundred miles of the Fraser river in a small dugout canoe without a guide. Those who know this river will realize how perilous was this feat. The successful laying of the second Atlantic cable on 27th July, 1866, postponed the consummation of his labours, but the material he accumulated at Winnipeg was utilized in 1871 in linking up the province of Manitoba with the eastern provinces.

In 1860 Rae married Catherine Jane Alicia, daughter of Major George Ash Thompson, Ardcell, County Londonderry, and Glenchiel Nunehcrane, County Tyrone. He left no children.

The latter years of his life were spent chiefly in London, where he attended meetings of the Royal Society, of which he became a Fellow in 1880, the Royal Geographical Society, the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and the Royal Colonial Institute. He was a governor of the Imperial Institute and one of the first directors of the Canadian North-West Land Society. His Alma Mater, Edinburgh University, awarded him the

honorary LL.D. degree, McGill University the honorary M.D. In a letter dated 4th July, 1880, to his friend Hargrave, the historian of the Red River Settlement, Rae wrote: "I still continue to be a volunteer and although not shooting so well as usual"—he was then 67—"I am to be one of my corps (the London Scottish) to shoot for the Queen's prize next week, and also to form one of a team of twenty to fire a match with the artillery corps in a few days."

In October 1882 he revisited the Red River and lectured at the Wesleyan Institute before the Manitoba Historical Society on his Arctic explorations and on the value of Hudson Bay as a commercial route. His address was reported almost verbatim by the press of that date and is to be found among the transactions of that society. The vote of thanks from the society was moved by Archbishop Tache and seconded by United States Consul Taylor.

His writings and lectures show him to be modest of his own achievements and ready to give praise to his men. Archbishop Tache, who had frequently met men who had accompanied Rae in his expeditions, said that from the way they spoke of him he deserved to be successful. In an address before the Foreign and Colonial Section of the Society of Arts in 1880, "On the Condition and Characteristics of Some of the Native Tribes of the Hudson's Bay Company's Territories," Dr. Rae paid a high tribute to the physical prowess and devotion to his master of one of his Cree hunters and boatmen, Mistegan.

Dr. Rae was a keen naturalist and in all his expeditions he made collections of characteristic plants and animals as well as physical and meteorological observations of great value to subsequent explorers.

His writings include: "Narrative of an Expedition to the Shores of the Arctic Sea," "Reports in the Journal of the Royal Geographical Society," a paper on "Formation of Icebergs and Transportation of Boulders by Ice," the substance of which is repeated in his paper read before the British Association in 1860. At the same meeting he read a paper (unpublished) on "The Aborigines of the Arctic and Sub-Arctic Regions of North America."

In the Historical Museum in the Winnipeg store of the Hudson's Bay Company there is a fine engraving of Dr. Rae from the portrait in oils by Stephen Pearce which was exhibited at the Royal Acad-

emy in 1852. A later portrait by Hodge is in the museum at Stromness and there is a bust by George MacCallum in Edinburgh University.

More lasting even than these memorials in the perpetuation of his name in the geography of the Canadian Arctic: Rae Isthmus at the base of Melville Peninsula; Rae Strait between King William Island and Boothia Peninsula; Rae River, discovered and named by Sir John Richardson in 1848, and Fort Rae at the northern end of Great Slave Lake. With Horace, Rae might boast that in these place-names he had raised a monument more enduring than brass.

After a short illness he died at London on July 22, 1893. The obituary notice in the London Times contains these words: "Although born in the Orkneys eighty years ago, until his last illness, no more vigorous looking or active man walked the streets of London . . . his tall, lithe muscular figure and disposition at once generous and sensitive."

He is buried in the churchyard of St. Magnus Cathedral, Kirkwall, and within that ancient edifice there is a noteworthy memorial. The old explorer is lying with a blanket thrown loosely over him and his trusty rifle by his side, as if in battling with the Arctic he had caught the spirit of Sir Andrew Barton in the old ballad,

"I'll but lie down and bleed awhile
And then I'll rise and fight again."

The Lamp Shines in Red River

(Continued from page 45)

from England to the Red River Settlement and one hundred and fifty men were quartered at the Lower Fort. When Smithurst learned that no arrangement had been made for their spiritual needs, he, voluntarily and with no thought of remuneration, throughout the two years' stay of the regiment came seven miles every Sunday to hold service and visited the sick during the week. Someone later wrote to England about this fine work, and John was suitably rewarded by the government.

During his last years at Red River he was made a member of its governing body, the council of Assiniboia. The minutes of the council record that "the meeting of October 12th, 1849, was called to receive as members Rev. John Smithurst and the Bishop of Ruperts Land, both gentlemen, who . . . were duly sworn by the Presi-

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dent, and took their seats as Councillors."

But the work among the Indians to which Florence Nightingale had sent him was closest to John's heart. One senses in his work the wonderful inspiration of this great woman; and great as her work was in its field, it was hardly greater than that of John Smithurst in his. It is doubtful if there has since been a finer piece of work done among the Indians than John Smithurst achieved almost a hundred years ago at Netley Creek. And one wonders was it only coincidence that John's work was at "Netley Creek" and Florence's first crowning reform in England was at "Netley Hospital?"

In all his busy life at Red River there was little of looking back in John Smithurst's journal. On May 4 and 5, 1840, he said: "In heart with friends at home—thought of this time last year . . . and longed to be with them." Another entry said, "I have few inconveniences to put up with . . . the great drawback is the lack of more frequent communication with England."

In the back of John's original journal of 1840, in his faded handwriting, there is the beginning of a tentative letter which reveals his heart.

"My dear Miss—(name undecipherable)
"Lea is associated in my mind with too many tender recollections ever to admit of its being deprived of a place in my heart. . . . I could picture to myself your ivy-mantled dwelling and my humble birth-place under the shadow of the old elm, and while I thought on days long since past I could not repress the tear that such recollections called forth."

Strong feeling evidently ended the writing. Florence's home at Lea was conspicuously "ivy mantled," one writer has pictured the two under "the old elm," and in that formal age "Miss" was not an unusual form of address even in fervent love letters. Were these lines, written under intense emotion in the privacy of his journal, an out-pouring of John's heart to Florence?

After twelve years' service at Red River John returned to England, and friends of his later years who had his confidence affirm that he went with the hope of marrying Florence.

But it was not to be. No doubt he found family feeling in the matter unchanged, but whatever else may have transpired to thwart his hope is not known, though there are many surmises. A later event proves that Florence still loved him; she had in the intervening years refused offers of marriage, and entries in her diary the year John was home indicate that she was most unhappy.

There are many questions in one's mind. Why, after twelve years' separation, if she still loved him, did she not come to Canada with him? They were by that time old enough to make their own decisions. Why, in after years, when we know he was still dear to her, did she not come?

He returned alone to Canada, but never again to Red River. He took charge of St. John's Church at Elora, Ontario, where he later became rector.

And it was then that Florence, veiling her identity, save from the man she loved, sent him a gift that touched his life at its most sacred moments, as no doubt it was planned to do. It was a final fitting symbol of their love, a beautiful English silver communion service for his church.

It is still treasured in the church at Elora, where it may still be seen. The translation of the Latin description on the paten is: "Acting as agent for someone, Ebenezer Hall gives this set of communion silver to John Smithurst, a very dear friend, in grateful recognition of his many kindnesses. A.D. 1852."

John did not remain long at Elora, his work was almost over. Broken in health—and, it seems, in spirit—he built himself a small house on a bush farm and retired there, naming it Lea Hurst, after the place where he and Florence had known brief happiness. He died at Elora in 1867.

The late J. R. Connon, historian of Elora, has published an authoritative brochure on this broken romance. Mr. Connon states that when Florence Nightingale's name was on every tongue during the Crimean War, John Smithurst spoke to friends of his relationship to her, and that while in ill health in his last years he revealed the giver of the communion service—the "someone" who had long been a matter of conjecture to the people of St.

John's. It was then, too, that he told of the engagement and renunciation with ample proof of its truth.

Another who had made a study of this subject, Vera Mundell Muir, visited John Smithurst's grave at Elora. She writes: "The plot was covered with snow, the headstone blackened and loosened on its pedestal, but I saw not these material things; my eyes spanned the sea and visioned the two young lovers and their great renunciation, by which the world was given one of her most wonderful nurses, and Canada a faithful missionary."

The Caribou of the Barren Grounds

(Continued from page 25)

some fine qualities have been lost in achieving a life of greater economic security. Still, however one may regret the past, it remains that since the arrival of the "Great Company" the people have become independent of the somewhat fickle wanderings of the little caribou, and by skill and industry they may widen their opportunities and escape from the phantom of famine that formerly dogged their trails.

In brief, this is the life of the caribou, sweeping backwards and forwards across the vast solitary stretches of the Barren Grounds, between the woodlands and the seas, scattering and uniting, at the proper seasons; touching the lives of the people and retreating into the sanctuary of their interior fastnesses, and preserving themselves in number and habits as in the days of long ago, in that traditional past.

As Old Souci crouched over a fire of gnarled roots at the edge of the "little stick" country on our return from the source of the Coppermine, he said, "To me, a fire is like a father, but the caribou of the Barren Grounds, she is my mother."

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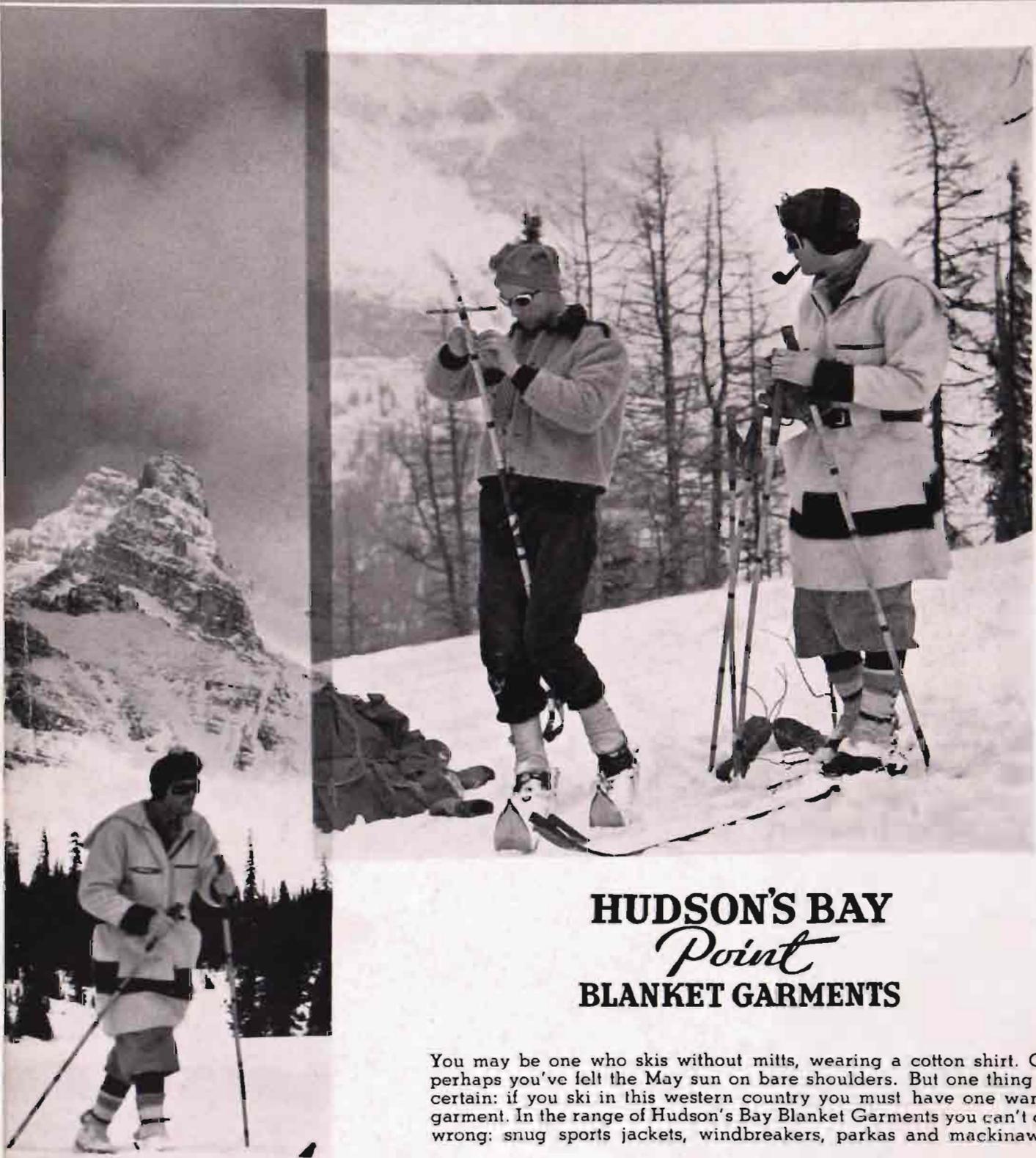
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