

Father Lacombe and the Blackfeet at the Building of the C. P. R.



The coming of the railroad into the prairie country, stirred the minds of the Indians of the West with uneasy forebodings. They saw in the surveyors with their instruments, measuring out the lands, magicians of evil omen, putting a 'bad medicine' upon the country and its people. As they watched the long rails creeping resistlessly across the plains, the herds of laborers at work, the endless loads of supplies, the iron monsters that followed, belching smoke and flame, their fears increased, and they began to realize more keenly the approach of the white flood which was to overwhelm them. A steady the buffalo had gone, and isolated settlers had planted themselves here and there on the lands over which for ages the red man had roamed. They had met the white chiefs in council, and by one treaty after another had surrendered their rights in exchange for the substance which the plains no longer yielded them. Numerous and extensive areas of land had been set aside throughout the country for the various bands; but most of the territory they had given up was still unoccupied, and the boundaries of their Reserves as yet were merely lines on the unbroken prairie. The building of the railroad struck them clearly that the wandering freedom of their old life was over. They watched its steady advance with sullen discontent, which some-

times broke into passionate protest, and on a few occasions into active opposition. Among others, the Cree chief, Piapot, set himself to obstruct the progress of tracklaying. He pitched his camp across the right-of-way, and refused to move, while his braves galloped threateningly around the railway men, whooping and firing their guns. Word was sent to the nearest Mounted Police post, and a sergeant and a constable rode swiftly to obey the orders of the police. The sergeant strode to Piapot's tepee and kicked out the poles; the other tents were pulled down in the same way, and cowed by the cool intrepidity of the two policemen, Piapot and his braves shifted the obstructing camp, and the work of tracklaying proceeded unmolested. Steadily the iron road crept westward till it reached the Blackfoot country. Here the survey lines had been run through a portion of the Reserve allotted to this warlike tribe some sixty miles east of Calgary. It was the intention of the Government to compensate the Indians for the land taken for the railway; but through some departmental carelessness, at the time only too common when Western affairs were concerned, no word of this had been sent to them. When the laborers began to lay the rails on the lands of the reserve a crowd of angry Indians met them and tore up the track. Their great chief, Crowfoot, forbade the railway men to enter upon their lands, and bloodshed was threatened if they persisted. This meant serious trouble for the Blackfoot confederacy, the most numerous and formidable body of Indians in the Northwest. One man there was who might be able to allay their excitement and hostility. It was Father Albert Lacombe, the missionary, who years ago had earned the name of 'The Man with the Good Heart,' among the Blackfeet by his devoted services during the epidemics of small-pox that ravaged their camps. He was the friend of every tribe, at home in every lodge, a peace-maker, a ready helper in times of famine, a man upon whose word the Indians relied with absolute confidence. To him at Calgary the railway builders sent word of the trouble. He rode for the Blackfoot Reserve at once. There he found the Indians absolutely confronting the laborers determined that not a rail should be laid across their lands. Father Lacombe gave his word of honor that the Government would give them other lands in payment for the right-of-way, and won their consent to allow the tracks to be laid through the Reserve. It was but one of many errands of peace that he undertook during more than fifty years of missionary service among the Indians, the Metis, the railroad laborers and the settlers. To the influence of the missionaries,

Catholic and Protestant alike, is due the peaceable settlement of the Canadian West, and among them none rendered more extensive and valuable service than Father Lacombe. For the Indian, in particular, he had an intelligent sympathy and a ready intuition, which perhaps was quickened by the slight strain of Indian blood which he inherited. In 1865, a party of Algonquin warriors captured the eldest daughter of a habitant farmer at St. Sulpice, on the St. Lawrence below Montreal, and carried her off to Sault Ste. Marie, where she was forced to become the wife of one of the Indian raiders. Five years later she managed to escape with her two infant children, when a party of traders visited the Sault, and she was recognized by an uncle who was among them. She was restored to her family, and one of the rescued children became the ancestor of Father Lacombe. Close rooted to the soil, the family clung to the home by the St. Lawrence, and it was on the same farm from which the little French girl had been carried away that the great Indian missionary was born in 1827. Eighty-nine years later he died in the home for orphans and the aged poor which he had established at Midnapore in Alberta, after a life-time full of adventure and of work for the welfare of his fellow men, red and white. (Copyright by C. W. Jefferys, R. C. A.)

Needless Suffering. Advertisement for Aspirin featuring an illustration of a person in pain and the Aspirin logo.

Happenings of the Week. (Continued from Page 8) Spring hats are appearing. There are long brim backs in some instances, cut off backs in others, and also the compromise where the long back is suddenly slashed up to the nape of the neck, since it is a temptation for women with hair dressed in back curls to show them. Hats slanting down very much on one side are the vogue. The only floral note so far revealed in new models is the addition of a single flower at the tip of the downward sweep, a detail favored by le Monnier. Otherwise flowers are not included in trimmings. The familiar grosgrain band, the small feather fantasy and the felt bow continue to be employed for simple effects. Patou is using egret for afternoon and evening hats while Agnes bands some of her models with lichen instead of grosgrain. A variety of springlike millinery materials for making the hat body are seen, such as printed crepe, shantung, satin, tweed, linen as used by Agnes, grosgrain featured by Florence Walton and, of course, straw. The new straws are very pliable, from the silky fin-textured to the coarse, the latter smart in brimmed styles with drooping lines. Felt of unusually soft supple quality still is a consistent rival of all other hat fabrics, despite the season. Yet there is no doubt that straw has definite prestige. The relationship between matching bags and footwear has been firmly cemented. In further proof summertime for the young girls is a lustrous peasant print for the high heeled pump and handbag. One

Advertisement for Plymouth cars. Features a large question mark graphic and the text 'What's the ANSWER'. Lists various car models and their features, and identifies A. Home & Co. and Prince Motors as dealers.