THIS was the Kootenay

By Clara Graham

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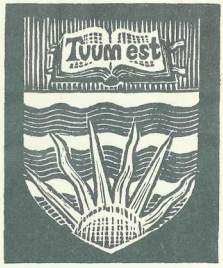

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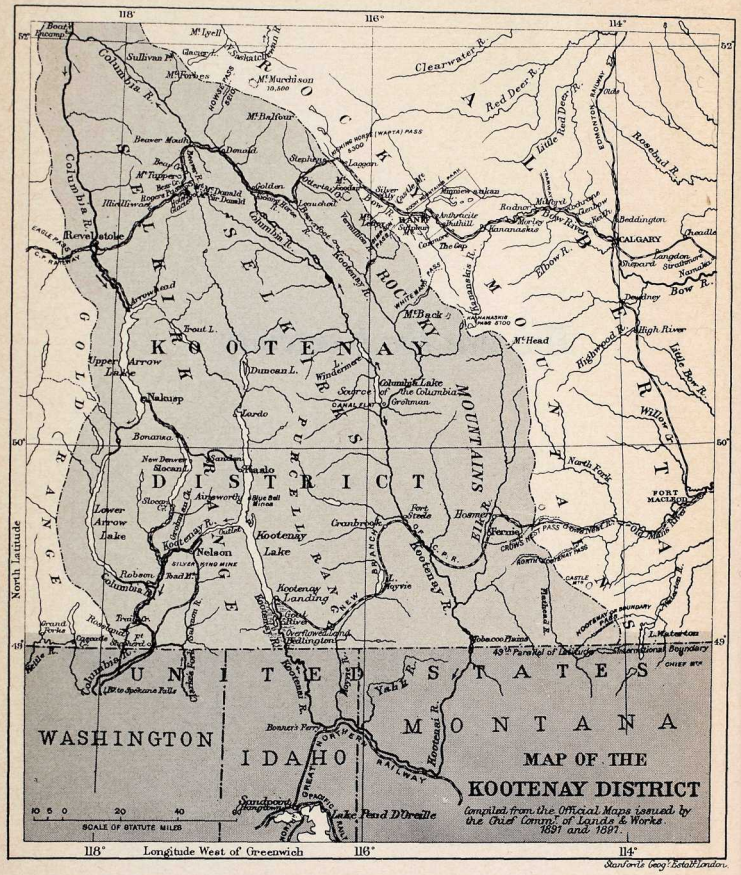
MAP OF THE
KOOTENAY DISTRICT
Compiled from the Official Maps issued by the Chief Comm.r of Lands & Works. 1891 and 1897.
SCALE OF STATUTE MILES
10 5 0 20 40
Longitude West of Greenwich
North latitude
118°
116°
114°
52°
50°
49°
KOOTENAY
DISTRICT
UNITED STATES
WASHINGTON
IDAHO
MONTANA
Columbia R.
Kootenay R.
Kootenay Lake
Upper Arrow Lake
Lower Arrow Lake
Nelson
Revelstoke
Nakusp
Kootenay Landing
Fernie
Hosmer
Michel
Elko
Cranbrook
Fort Steele
Golden
Donald
Beaver Mouth
Sullivan
Mt. Forbes
Mt. Sir Sandford
Mt. Murchison
Mt. Balfour
Mt. Dawson
Mt. Head
Mt. Back
Mt. Fisher
Mt. Hector
Mt. Stephen
Mt. Lefroy
Mt. Temple
Mt. Assiniboine
Mt. Aylmer
Mt. Ball
Mt. Ogden
Mt. Tupper
Mt. Begbie
Mt. Cheadle
Mt. Sir Donald
Mt. Sir Wilfrid
Mt. Sir Alexander
Mt. Sir Cornelius Vanderbilt
Mt. Sir Sandford

This was the Kootenay

Illustrated

By CLARA GRAHAM

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PREFACE

Some years ago this writer's first historical effort, *FUR AND GOLD IN THE KOOTENAYS,* was launched. The knowledge that that work had barely scratched the surface of the subject has inspired this sequel which is not altogether a continuation of events during later years, but, also a description of life in that part of British Columbia during its early days. With local history finally and slowly coming into its rightful place it is hoped that this work may serve a useful purpose.

The undertaking could not have been accomplished without valuable help from many people, some of whom have passed on. Tales were gathered from old Kootenays and early pioneers—the late Mrs. Charles Levitt of Fort Steele, Father Nicholas Coccola, Mr. C. M. Edwards, for many years mining recorder at Fort Steele, and others. Back files of various provincial newspapers have supplied much information. Mrs. Olga Johnson of Libby, Montana historian and writer, Mr. Norman Hacking of the *Vancouver Province, Rossland Miner* Publishing Company and many others all helped by giving permission to use published material. Mr. F. M. Ethridge, Supervisor of Libraries for the Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company of Canada, Trail, B.C. and Mr. Gordon German, chairman for some years, of the Rossland Historical Museum Association have both given constructive criticism and checked some material. Also thanks is due many people whose names are not forgotten but space limits the list.

Much of this narrative takes the reader back and forth across the 49th parallel because Kootenay history is closely connected with that of Montana, Idaho, Washington, Oregon and even California. David Thompson, Finan McDonald, Jaco Finlay and others of fur-trading days knew no international boundary line and these British and Canadian explorers and traders were the

actual discoverers of much present day American territory.

It is astonishing how far these oldtimers travelled back and forth across the country. Davy Crockett of Tennessee and Alamo fame and Johnny Appleseed were probably out-distanced many times by these Canadian traders who possessed an untiring urge to wander far on the limitless western frontiers. We in Canada have our own folklore heroes.

Placer miners of the eighteen-sixties poured into East Kootenay from depleted diggings of the western States and, later, the hard rock mining camps of the Kootenays were, in their boom days, definitely American as far as population was concerned. This was not to be wondered at because ingress from the south was easy while the country was cut off from the coast region of British Columbia by enormous mountain ranges and several hundred miles of rough terrain.

Confederation of the Province of British Columbia with the Dominion in 1871 and the great railway-building period of the 1880's and '90's were both very necessary to the future development of the Kootenay Country and gave this region an opportunity to prove its importance in the growth and expansion of Canada.

The days described in the following pages have gone long ago and with them the people whose effort and foresight have developed this land and built, from humble beginnings, its progressive and important cities and towns. Hard work, optimism, drama and comedy all went into the lives of these pioneers. They accomplished much because they were not easily discouraged. Life was not too complicated. Basic necessities were appreciated more than they are today. People were more self-reliant. Hardships were common and were bravely faced, and, after all, these are blessings in disguise because they develop a strong, resourceful people.

Clara Graham

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Part One

EAST KOOTENAY

Chapter I

THE KOOTENAY COUNTRY

The earliest records of the Kootenay are written in its mountains and valleys, rivers and lakes. Seams of coal, layers of rock and earth, mineral deposits, gravel beds and other physical features tell us how, in ages past, this part of the world was formed.

Many millions of years ago great convulsions took place in the interior of the earth and mountain ranges were upheaved. Then, across a long period of time, these elevations became worn down and others were forced up by the tremendous internal agitation. It is evident that this process was repeated many times in the course of ages, and life, as it existed at the time of each upheaval, was buried deeply below the earth's new surface. From the depths of the earth today coal with beautiful traceries of ferns and trees is obtained and sometimes on the tops of the highest mountains are discovered remains of creatures, that in an age long past, lived in the depth of the seas.

After these repeated upheavals water covered all the land, following which came bitter, cold weather and the whole country was buried under a great, moving ice sheet. Gradually, as the land became warmer, the ice melted and moraines were formed in the river valleys by accumulations of rock that had been broken and ground by the action of slow-moving glaciers. In this way the beautiful lakes of this region were formed and present day conditions gradually evolved.

It would appear that this great land had no human inhabitants until probably two or three hundred years ago when the ancestors of the present Kootenay Indians arrived. The Kootenays closely resemble the prairie tribes, both in features and build and it is thought that, at some time in the remote past, they lived east of the Rockies but tribal warfare had forced them into the

mountains for safety. The Kootenays themselves are not able to help solve this problem because they do not know.

Dr. A. F. Chamberlain[1] in his study of the Kootenays, says "The curiously combined tradition and myth of the Kootenays inform us that, in their opinion, their ancestors formerly dwelt in some locality east of the Rocky Mountains and had arrived at that locality by an earlier ascent, doubtless up the Saskatchewan River. That they had been steadily forced westwards by their persistent enemies and supplanters, the warlike Algonkians of the powerful Blackfoot confederacy, seems clear from the concurring traditions of both parties."

Ross Cox, who spent six years on the western slope of the Rockies (1811-1817), tells us that "their language bears no affinity whatever to that of any of the western nations".

The Kootenays are divided into two groups—the Upper or Horse Indians, and the Lower, Canoe or Flatbows. They themselves called the first group the Kutenuha and the Flatbows were Akoklako. The Tobacco Plains group, a division of the first mentioned were known as the Yaket-ahno-Klatak-Makanay. This information comes from records left by Mr. R. L. T. Galbraith, long time Indian agent and East Kootenay pioneer.

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1 From *Report of the British Association for the Advancement of Science 1892*, page 22.

Chapter II

LIFE AMONG THE KOOTENAYS

TRIBAL WARFARE

The Blackfoot confederacy which consisted of the Blackfoot, Bloods and Peigans, were the dreaded foes of all tribes west of the Rockies. Like the butcher bird or shrike, who impales his victim alive on a thorn so that he can thereby ensure for himself a reserve supply of fresh meat, these savage Indians kept the Kootenays in the mountains and prevented ingress and egress to them in order that they could not meet white traders and thereby secure firearms. The Blackfoot themselves raided the territory of their western neighbours in order to steal horses with which to chase the buffalo, also to obtain prisoners and to plunder.

The Kootenay country appears to have had little game and the cultivation of food crops was unknown to the natives. According to early travellers, these people were often on the verge of starvation. Baillie-Grohman tells us[2] that "the Kootenay tribe were a gallant lot, and from time immemorial they had fought against heavy odds when they crossed the Rocky Mountains and descended in their annual hunts upon the plains in quest of the prized buffalo, which did not exist in their own home. Their mortal foes were the bloodthirsty Blackfeet (sic), whose country extended up to the foothills of the Rockies.

"Retribution was, of course, wreaked by the Blackfeet, who came down upon the Kootenays in much the same stealthy manner in which the former surprised the prized bison herds in the enemy's country."

Three times a year the Upper Kootenays went on these buffalo hunts. The summer hunt was in July after the

[2] *Sport and Life in Western America and British Columbia,* page 309.

animals had fattened off the spring grass when large parties went. During September and October smaller numbers of hunters made the journey and after the new year just a few went on snow shoes. Horses could not be used on these winter hunts because of the deep snow and the following procedure, which appears to have been a common Indian packing method, was followed. One buffalo hide made two sacks, each of which held one hundred pounds and one hunter was responsible for these. When the party started homeward each man carried one sack and they travelled one half day's journey where they left their burden and returned to their starting point for the other. After having spent the night there they started, early next morning, and travelled one half day's journey beyond the first. There they camped and returned for sack number one and, with it, travelled a day's journey westward. This procedure was repeated until the party finally reached home.

These journeys across the Rockies to the prairies were often fraught with much danger and continually the Kootenays had to be on the look-out for attacks from their enemies. The following adventure has been recounted by an old Indian. Once a party of Kootenays went to the prairie to hunt buffalo. Two hunters did not stay with the rest of the band, but went off by themselves scouting for game. They soon spied a party of Peigans and promptly dropped down into a coulee, dismounted and crawled cautiously up about one hundred and fifty yards to have a peek over the top and see if their enemies had noticed them. As soon as they reached the summit of the hill and put their heads up through the prairie grass a shower of bullets whistled around their ears. They had, indeed, been seen by the Peigans. Promptly they retraced their steps down the side of the coulee and lost no time in rejoining the main party of Kootenays.

On one occasion a hunting party of seven Kootenays was surrounded and all killed except one — Little

William, who was shot four times, but saved himself by digging into a big badger hole and hiding.

During one of the many raiding expeditions carried out by the Peigans against the Kootenays the intruders caught sight of a party of men, women and children busily engaged in fishing at a small lake somewhere near the present city of Cranbrook. They crept quietly up before attacking their victims, then murdered every member of the party except one very small child whom they evidently overlooked. Then they departed.

A couple of days later another party of Kootenays, while searching for the missing members of the tribe, came upon the scene, found the dead lying where they had fallen and this small child, the only living member of the party, beside its dead mother from whose breasts it had drawn sustenance which had kept it alive. This child was cared for, survived, and his many descendants today are living in the State of Montana in the vicinity of Tobacco Plains.

Once some Blackfoot scalped a Kootenay and threw him into a pond or lake to drown. It seems hard to believe, but, according to the narrator, he came to, struggled out of the water and survived this ordeal.

Then there was "Scalpy", a well-known Tobacco Plains Kootenay who was scalped and yet lived.

The more scalps a Blackfoot or Kootenay had to his credit the higher he stood in the estimation of his people.

Sometimes, instead of Blackfoot raids, inter-tribal wars lent excitement to life. One ancient legend relates that a Tobacco Plains youth wandered into sacred territory at White Swan Lake and there met another young Kootenay who belonged to the Columbia Lake band. In the fight that followed, the Columbia Lake youth was killed and the victor took what plunder he could find and departed southward to his home.

Soon members of the dead boy's band discovered his body and promptly departed to wreak vengeance on the

enemy whom they captured just as he was entering his tribal camping ground. The Tobacco Plains Indians rescued the boy and then pursued the northern Kootenays until they found themselves in the country of their enemies and near the entrance to Sheep Creek Canyon. There the St. Mary's and Columbia Lake bands ambushed and defeated the invaders after a long battle.

For many years a pile of stones on the trail to White Swan Lake marked the spot where these braves fell and it has been said that no Indian, and seldom a white man, passed by without placing on the spot a little twig of evergreen, a token of remembrance for the warriors who fell in that battle of long ago.

SHAMANISM

The Kootenays, in their savage state, believed that everything on earth, animal or otherwise, possessed a spirit or manitou as well as a material form and if a young person could secure the guardianship of a special spirit he, or she, would be helped through life. A boy, on approaching manhood, was taken, usually by the shaman or medicine man, to a sacred place marked by a circle of stones in the woods or on a mountain-side. There, in solitary meditation, by fasting, bathing in the waters of a stream or lake, and performing other exercises, he underwent training and discipline. Most important of all, however, a vision or dream would come to him of his guardian spirit. This spirit did not always have the form of a man and might appear as an animal, bird, or even a stone or tree.

After having experienced the vision he would carry a charm which was supposed to ward off evil. This charm might be a feather, claw, or even a stone but must be connected with his vision. A candidate often assumed the name of the animal or object which had become his manitou. This evidently strengthened the bond between them. The youth was forbidden to tell his experience

when he returned to his people but was expected to show that he had contacted a spirit by his actions in helping the sick or those in need or trouble, and in time of war he would be expected to display marked heroism.

These periods of solitary meditation varied in length from several days to months and probably years if the candidate aspired to become a shaman. In the weakened physical condition which followed the fasting the spirit was supposed to take over. There were medicine women also but they appear to have been scarce.

The shaman was usually more important than the chief for was he not in communication with the spirit world? Disease and illness, so these people believed, were caused by disturbing spirits and the most important work of the shaman was to dislodge these unwelcome guests. In order to accomplish this the magician went through a variety of performances. He sang or chanted, beat a drum, waved a rattle or nupeeka which consisted of tails of animals, dried deer hoofs containing small pebbles, fur, feathers, bones etc. and in general tried to create enough disturbance to compel the unwanted spirit to depart.

In order to foretell the future the shaman first concentrated his thoughts on the subject under consideration. He then purified his body with wood smoke and retired behind a blanket which was hung in the lodge. There he chanted, waved his rattle, and in various ways, called on the spirits to reveal themselves. When smoke issued above the curtain the people knew that the shaman had made contact with the spirit world. When he blew a whistle he had succeeded and would soon emerge and inform them of whatever the future held respecting the matter in hand.

We have a tendency to berate the shaman as a notorious fraud who preyed on the superstitious beliefs of his people. This may have been the case, however, he appeared to have been, in most instances, sincere and

probably was what we would call psychic. He claimed to have dreams and visions and worked on the minds of his people. If he told a patient he, or she, would recover the sufferer usually did and, of course, if he made too many mistakes faith in his magic would deteriorate and that would not be good for his reputation. He was dispenser of wisdom, prophet and weather man and could tell the tribe if their enemies were spying on them or planning an attack. Old and young accepted his counsel and heeded his warnings. He dwelt in a special lodge and was greatly respected by his people.

There is a story in Dr. Paul E. Baker's booklet *The Forgotten Kutenai,* a folklore tale, about a medicine man named Raven who, while leading his men to battle against the enemy, left his group and encircled the foe. They kept shooting at him but the bullets could not harm him. When he returned to his men he shook his garments and the missiles dropped to the ground. The men gathered them up, loaded their guns and fired again at the enemy. This they did several times and the story is supposed to illustrate the way the spirit-possessed person had the advantage in warfare.

DANCES AND CEREMONIALS

The different events and seasons brought their festivities when the Kootenays decked themselves out in fur, skins and feathers and, with fitting ceremony, celebrated each occasion.

The war dance, scalp dance, winter spirit dance which also may have been their New Year's dance, called for strict observance by the people. Coming from far and near, they assembled at a given place, generally the scene of generations of such celebrations. There, often at night, in a wide space, with a backdrop of forest trees and surrounded by a circle of wigwams, each with its camp fire, scenes and dances of times past were re-enacted.

Huge drums or tom-toms made from hides stretched

tightly on wooden frames and beaten by four or six people with voice accompaniment, throbbed out the weird, barbaric music which entranced these people as they chanted and danced in a wild, rhythmic motion. Ceaselessly, hour after hour they kept it up, dancing in circles, lost in the beat of the drumming tom-toms which could be heard for miles, and transported until dawn into a world of savage and furious ecstasy.

The sun dance, a very notable celebration, was held at intervals of one, two, or three years. The great, central body of our solar system was acknowledged by these people as the giver of life and a place to which the spirits of their dead departed and remained for, at least, a time. The sun was not worshipped as a god but, together with the dawn, as an instrument of a great supernatural power which ruled all things.

At this sun dance ceremony a sacred pole was erected on which were placed offerings, each of which must represent a sacrifice on the part of the giver. Prayers, too, were offered and tobacco, placed in a pipe, was directed three times to the sun, then to the four points of the compass by leaders of the worshipping group. After these ceremonies the participants danced around the pole, enumerated brave deeds accomplished in battle, gave thanks for their blessings and requested favour and guidance for the future.

It would appear that terrible cruelty was sometimes enacted at these ceremonials when skewers were hung from the sacred pole and young men, eager to be initiated as warriors would permit their breasts and backs to be pierced by these skewers after which they would pull with all their strength in order to release themselves. Few records of this cruel practice remain apart from verbal accounts from ancient members of the Upper Kootenays also Diamond Jenness, in his "Indians of Canada" (page 358), records this custom.

The most popular sites for these sun dance ceremonies

KOOTENAY CHIEF PAUL DAVID OF TOBACCO PLAINS, from *Provincial Archives*

OTHER EXAMPLES OF NATIVE DRESS. The headgear worn by the man on the upper right is made from a narrow strip of horse hide cut from the top of the animal's neck and includes the coarse, mane hair which is trimmed the desired length. The band is cut required size and the ends joined.

KOOTENAYS IN TRIBAL COSTUMES

KOOTENAY INDIANS, lower left. Taken many years ago when these people were still camera shy. Many were afraid that when a photographer obtained their likeness he also became possessed of a mysterious power over them.

Photographs read from left to right.

were Lake Pend d'Oreille, Tobacco Plains and probably White Swan Lake. After Christianity was accepted by these people the sun dance ceremony was forbidden, though some old Indians, less than thirty years ago, claimed that they, as children, had witnessed it.

The winter spirit dance was held in January and it appears to have served as a reminder to the people of those who had passed beyond. The participants danced in a circle and each one made a wish for the future as he or she stepped inside the ring. It was thought that their departed relatives would do all in their power to make the petition come true.

The fish festival was an important ceremony among the Kootenays and Father De Smet has given us an excellent description of it. Late in the summer of 1845 he met his first Kootenay friends near Flathead Lake and was just in time for this ceremonial feast in which men alone were partakers though the women did the work of preparation.

No fish bones must be broken during this initial feast of the fishing season. If this mishap occurred evil would descend on the tribe. Silently and carefully the Kootenays ate and after everyone had finished his repast, Father De Smet included, the bones were spread out and each man examined his neighbour's. None had been broken and none were missing. The people were glad as the chief rose to his feet and thankfully announced that no evil would befall them during the season which lay ahead.[3]

After the preliminary feast, fishing proceeded apace, everyone ate, usually to capacity, then the remainder of the catch was smoked to provide food for the long months which lay ahead. This was generally a happy and sociable time. Trading, visiting with members of other tribes, story-telling, singing, gambling, tribal dancing, all together made these occasions events in the lives of the people.

[3] From *Father De Smet*, page 140, by Helene Magaret.

The Upper Kootenays did not always fish within the accepted boundaries of their own territory and sometimes they travelled quite far away. Within the Kootenay precincts there were fishing grounds but their yield does not appear to have been as bountiful as at some other places, besides, the opportunity to trade was a great inducement to more distant travel.

In Washington Irving's *Captain Bonneville* mention is made of the Cottonies (evidently Kootenays) whom he met on the Snake River with furs to trade. The Flatbows do not appear to have journeyed nearly as extensively as the Upper Kootenays and they did not take part in the buffalo hunts.

Another Kootenay ceremony which, even now, is re-enacted from time to time recalls the days when these people went to the Blackfoot country to hunt. The drummers visited every teepee during the night and beat the tom-toms inside in order to let their foes know that the Kootenays were on guard. Despite these precautions, the Blackfoot sometimes managed to enter the enclosure and steal horses from the centre of the circle. And the first white settlers of Western Alberta, upon whose ears fell the wild, barbaric music of the Indian drums, shuddered, thinking possibly that the sound meant an attack on them. They did not know that likewise in the minds of the Kootenays was the fear of an assault and this was only a part of their method of protecting themselves against their enemies.

The common sweat bath appears to have had a religious significance as well as physical. Wicked spirits, which brought suffering to the people, could be gotten rid of in this way and the plunge from the steam bath immediately into ice-cold water no doubt was a tremendous shock, not only to the evil ones, but also to the patient. Chanting, along with prayers and petitions accompanied this performance.

Many of the Kootenays accepted and practised Christ-

ianity quite readily after Father De Smet introduced it in 1845. Nineteen years later Arthur N. Birch, Colonial Secretary, had this to say about them. "The Kootenay Indians are by far the finest specimens of the race that I have yet seen, and are among the—I fear—few tribes remaining that have not been demoralized by contamination with the white man. I believe, with few exceptions, that they have become converts to Christianity, and it was a pleasing sight to see the chief of the tribe, who accompanied me on my road for some days, kneel down before each repast and thank God for his daily bread."[4]

Despite the time absorbed by hunting and other necessary activities, the men had, occasionally, many leisure hours and much of this time was spent in various games. Horse racing, wrestling, sometimes on horseback, running, swimming, tugs-of-war, and a form of lacrosse were all popular pastimes. These people were confirmed gamblers, especially the Flatbows, and would sometimes squander all their worldly possessions — even to their canoes, shirts and teepee coverings and then boast about it afterwards.

One gambling game was played by a number of men who lined up on two sides. They used four bones, two of which were marked, and each side was equipped with a number of sticks. The aim was to guess who held the marked bone. If the guess was wrong a stick was surrendered by the loser and the side which got all the sticks won the game. This pastime, which was popular at tribal gatherings, was accompanied by singing or chanting and sometimes lasted all night.

The women, in their spare time, played a form of cat's cradle, sang, danced and chanted.

Horse stealing was considered quite legitimate and honorable, both by the Blackfoot and the Kootenays.

Slavery was common among all the native peoples and

[4] From *Vancouver Island and British Columbia,* page 257 by Matthew MacFie 1865.

that was the fate of any women or children who fell into the hands of the enemy.

A tale is told in Olga Johnson's *Story of the Tobacco Plains Country* about an Indian girl of seventeen whose name was Mary and whose home was near Colville. She was stolen by the Blackfoot during one of their recurrent, predatory raids across the mountains. They carried her back to their country and took most of her clothes from her, and her moccasins, so she could not run away.

The courageous girl, however, did get away, followed an old trail over the main range of the Rockies, made a raft in order to cross the north fork of the Flathead River and, after weeks of travel, reached the Kootenay River. There she saw white men passing on their way to the placer diggings at Wild Horse. She was afraid of them and hid in the brush, watching, until they disappeared on the trail.

When Mary arrived at Bonners Ferry she was so footsore she could go no further. However, she discovered some prospectors camped there and, under cover of darkness, stealthily visited the camp and stole a pair of shoes and some bacon. Fortified by this good fortune she reached Colville and her own people who gave a powwow to celebrate the happy occasion of her return.

The lot of the Kootenay women was not enviable and their life was one of drudgery and constant struggle. They collected firewood, set up and took down the teepees, dug roots and gathered berries for food. They prepared and cooked or smoked fish and game. They skinned animals, scraped and tanned the hides, sewed moccasins and made clothing and, of course, took care of the babies. Ross Cox tells us that when a Kootenay killed a deer he merely took enough for a meal, generally the tongue, returned to the lodge, and despatched his wife for the carcass. She was guided to the spot by notches he had cut in the trees.

Mrs. Algernon St. Maur, in her book *Impressions of a Tenderfoot,* tells us that the punishment given to women

who had offended the tribe was to fell a large pine tree with nothing but a small tomahawk.

Kootenay women still appear, in many instances, to do much hard work. Some of the beautiful Christmas trees which grace our homes during that festive season are likely to have been chopped down by the capable hands of Indian women.

Olga Johnson, in her *Story of the Tobacco Plains Country,* tells us about a Christmas tree cutter who hired a Kootenay to haul out some trees he had cut at the bottom of a steep canyon. When the tree cutter returned the next day he was amazed to find all the trees piled in a neat row at the top of the canyon. "You did a good job," he said to the Kootenay, "how did you do it?" "Oh, him easy," the Indian brave replied. "Did you use horses?" the white man asked. "Oh him easy," the Kootenay repeated, "squaw do it."

A few years ago an old woman of the Kootenay tribe met with an accident one day when a team of horses got frightened, ran away, and threw her from the democrat onto the highway. The victim, apparently quite badly hurt, was taken to hospital. A few days later, when enquiries were made as to how she was progressing toward recovery, her husband said that she was busy cutting Christmas trees. And so we see that the Kootenay woman is not easily incapacitated and, with the march of progress, has found a new job.

These people were, in their primitive state, decidedly children of nature and they gratefully accepted her gifts. The bounty of rivers and lakes, the wild life of the forest, and a crude shelter were all they asked of life.

They made no effort to improve their lot and thereby be assured of a less strenuous mode of existence. When they first gathered black stones to set under their food, so that it would cook over the camp fire, they marvelled that these stones caught fire and burned but strange to say, they appear to have never made use, to any extent, of coal.

The use of metals was unknown to them until the white man brought guns and showed them how to melt lead for bullets. They found very little practical use for the trees of the forest except to provide warmth and tee-pee poles for their lodges and from the bark of some they made medicine. Like sunshine and the mountain scenery, these people blended with the expansive country of which they were, and continue to be, an essential part.

Not so the white man. David Thompson, explorer and trader, had an eye for timber as well as furs; Father De Smet saw, besides a harvest of human souls, vast timber limits plus coal wealth; Captain Warre, the soldier, Dr. Hector the geologist, and others recorded the presence of various metals years before the era which ushered in the prospector and gold pan.

However, we who are a few jumps ahead of our native people as far as certain phases of civilization are concerned, have allowed them to exceed us in much simple, basic philosophy. They are deeply religious; their wants are few; they have a marked sense of humour; are not concerned too much with what to-morrow may bring forth, and, with the odd exception, are honest. They are hospitable and kindly disposed to those whom they know as friends and unforgiving and resentful toward enemies. The older generation are convinced that the younger folk are going straight to the dogs. Life has been made too easy for them and, as a result, they lack the grit and backbone of their forefathers. The greatest desire of these young braves is to wear a cowboy outfit and ride a bucking horse and few have ambitious desires to fit themselves as leaders of their people. Such is the view of many of the older members and somehow part of it has a familiar ring.

The white man's errors and folly have cut deeply into the lives of these people and it is a sad reflection on our civilization to see what it has done and is doing to those simple, kindly folk who dwell in our midst and whose lands we occupy.

Chapter III

KOOTENAY FOLKLORE

In 1891 Dr. A. F. Chamberlain spent considerable time among the Kootenay Indians and collected much valuable material concerning their traditional background and tribal legends.

In his report he acknowledged able assistance given him in this important work by R. L. T. Galbraith, Indian Agent, Mr. Michael Phillips, Father Coccola, the Sisters of St. Eugene Mission and the native people themselves. This work was published the following year by the British Association for the Advancement of Science.

All Kootenay legends appearing on the following pages have been taken from this source and some have been more or less shortened and adapted.

COYOTE AND THE GROUSE

One pleasant, sunny day father and mother Grouse left their many children at home and went for a quiet walk.

Coyote, too, was out walking that day and, with his sharp eyes, spied the tent where the Grouse babies were all alone. He entered, took a bag and put all the children into it. Then, throwing the bag over his shoulder, he departed, thinking as he went, about the good supper he was soon to enjoy.

But the frightened Grouse children had other thoughts and busily scratched until they made a hole in the bottom of the bag. Then, one by one, they dropped to the ground and ran to safety.

After a while Coyote began to feel hungry and thought it was time to eat. He looked into the bag and was very surprised to see that it contained no little Grouse.

Disappointed indeed was Coyote as he trotted off in search of his supper somewhere else.

COYOTE AND THE DUCKS

Coyote and his two children were walking beside a lake on which many ducks were swimming about. He wanted the ducks on land so he could catch them more easily and said to his children, "Cry".

The young coyotes sat down, raised their heads and sent forth wild, plaintive howls.

The ducks heard the weird cries and thought it was a manitou calling. "Go to him," said the leader of the ducks, "and listen to what he is talking about." One duck swam ashore, climbed the bank and said, "Why are you crying?"

Coyote said, "Come ashore, all of you." All the ducks came ashore. Then he and his children caught the ducks, tore off their feathers and ate them.

Thus Coyote showed his children how to catch their food.

COYOTE AND OWL

Long ago in a Kootenay village everyone was sad because Owl had taken their children. There was only one child left and he was crying.

"Don't cry. Owl will take you," said his mother. But the child cried. When darkness fell Owl swooped down, put him in his birch bark basket and carried him away. Then there were no more children.

Coyote knew what to do. When night came he cried aloud. Then Owl came, put him in his birch bark basket and carried him to the tent where the children were. Coyote took gum, rubbed it on Owl's eyes, then when Owl was blind, threw him into the fire.

Then all the children went back to the tents of their parents.

LAME KNEE (Ko'matlk'a'nko)

There was a town. The chief said they would break camp and go to plant tobacco. The chief's wives went to

get water. Lame Knee came limping and seized one of them, then ran away. The chief pursued him, cut off his head and threw it away. The head turned over. It laughed very much as it travelled along.

Then the people went away and put up their tents at Where-they-used-to-sow-tobacco. At night the people were asleep. Someone heard singing. The singer was Lame Knee who attacked and killed the chief then ran away with his wives.

This is probably the reason the Tobacco Plains Indians were sometimes called the Men-of-the-Flying-Head.

WAR IN THE SKY

A LEGEND OF MOUNT BAKER NEAR CRANBROOK

Long ago when the world was young the birds and animals busied themselves more with human affairs than they do today.

This story tells of a wicked deed committed by Muskrat and of the lie which he told to save himself. Also we hear about the troubles and adventures which befell the birds and animals concerned.

Muskrat killed a woman with an arrow of unknown design and when the people found her lying dead they asked for the owner of the arrow. Muskrat said it came from the sky.

The animals and birds then made war against the sky. Coyote shot an arrow but it did not reach high enough. Other animals tried in vain. Finally two hawks shot. Their first arrow struck the sky after flying one day and one night. Then they made a chain of arrows and Raven held them together by putting his beak in the notch of the last arrow. Up this trail the birds, animals and fishes travelled to the sky.

Wolverine, who wanted to look after his traps before he started, asked the others to wait for him. They did not. Therefore he became angry and tore down the arrow chain which, when it fell, was transformed into a mountain.

Unable to return to their homes the animals and birds were troubled. Their arrow trail was broken and they had to find some other way to get back to earth.

Muskrat had also climbed up into the sky where he had made tents along the shore of a lake. The other animals killed him because he had started all the trouble.

Then they planned how they were going to get back to earth. Finally they snared Thunderbird and those who took his feathers flew down. Coyote sailed back, steering with his tail. Sucker broke all his bones and was given a new set and now Suckers have more bones than any other fish.

Thus we see how the animals, birds and fishes in olden times were very clever, brave and resourceful. Also it did not pay to do a bad deed and then tell a lie about it. And today Mt. Baker stands, a mountain made of arrows—mute evidence of this tale of a time long past.

BARNABY—TELLER OF TALES

Christian Barnaby, the story teller, was born at Tobacco Plains, Montana in 1861 and his Indian name was White Sun. Many years ago the Kootenays living south of the 49th parallel were given the choice of remaining there or coming to Canada and Barnaby decided to become a Canadian and a member of St. Mary's band. He was admitted as such in 1886 by Michael Phillips, the Indian Agent.

For many years Barnaby was a familiar and striking figure in that part of East Kootenay where he chose to spend his life. Armed with his long staff, which he always carried, and garbed in his picturesque, native attire, his appearance was not easily forgotten. Small, white children gazed at him in wide-eyed wonder and, when he pretended that he was about to grab them, they would hastily retreat. All that many mothers had to do if their small fry played about too late in the evening was to

Barnaby, Teller of Tales and his wife.
Photograph by the writer.

warn them that Barnaby would get them if they did not watch out.

During the fall, in potato-digging season, Barnaby and his wife Bridget often set up their wigwam on the outskirts of Cranbrook and helped to harvest the crop. Few white people knew them intimately nor guessed that Barnaby was a story-teller of no mean ability. He told legends and tales of his people and many of them are preserved in the Archives of the Smithsonian Institution.

Barnaby was a small, active man and in November 1950, while doing some chores at his home, he fell on ice, broke his hip and died in a few days.

The following are two of Barnaby's stories.

THE STAR HUSBAND

One beautiful summer night two Kootenay girls, standing in front of their tent, gazed up at the shining stars high in the sky above. "That is a nice little star hanging there. I'll marry him," said one of the girls. Then they laughed and went back into their tent.

Early next morning when this girl awakened she heard people talking and knew that the voices were not those of her parents. She arose and discovered that she was among strange people and an old man was sitting beside her.

"Here I am. You wanted to marry me," he said. Then the girl cried when she saw that she had been taken away from her country and was married to an old man.

When the star women went to dig roots the girl went with them. She was told, "Don't break the ground where there is a tree." She could not understand why, so she went to a tree, dug a hole, and found the ground was very thin. She looked down through the hole, saw this world far below and her relatives walking about.

Then the girl made a rope, tied herself to it and came back down to her own people. They were glad to see her and asked where she had been. She told them about her star husband.

That night everyone in the tent slept soundly and when morning came all but the girl awakened. She was dead, struck down by the star whom she had left.

NALMU'QTSE*

A LEGEND OF CANAL FLAT

And now we must tell about Nalmu'qtse the great-great-grandfather of the Kootenays. He crept about the country giving names to all places so that his children might not forget him. And everywhere he crawled he made river beds. Wherever he went there is water now.

A Water Monster was in Kootenay River. He was

* Variously known as Nalmu'qtse, Nalm'qtsin, Numiltsque & Nathmuktin.

chased into the Columbia. Nalmu'qtse broke off a piece of a mountain, shaped it with his knees and made the portage between the Kootenay and Columbia Rivers. Then the Monster could not get back into the Kootenay.

Flicker and Duck were swallowed by this Monster. While in its stomach they made a fire with their canoe. The Monster asked them not to make too large a fire because it might melt its fat. Woodpecker pursued him but when the Monster looked at him Woodpecker was afraid. Coyote finally took a tomahawk, killed him and Flicker and Duck came out.

They cut up the flesh, scattered it about and had food for the people. The ribs they threw down the river where they became cliffs.

After all his crawling about the country Nalmu'qtse thought, "I'll stand up for a while. I'll stretch myself." He stood up and stretched his back. When he stood up his war bonnet touched the sky. His war bonnet fell down. Then the chief fell and died.

The mythology and folklore of the Kootenays contains tales about the sun, moon, stars, etc. The Great Bear is called "Tla utla" which means "grizzly bear" and before taking up its abode in the northern sky had been an Indian woman. Being a female bear, she was very fierce sometimes and grabbed Indians who later became the stars in her tail.

A great bird that lives far up in the sky makes thunder (numa) and lightning is caused by the shooting of its arrows.

Chicken Hawk appears to have been a famous hero. He is credited with discovering the moon and one tale states that he killed the monster Yeonik who had swallowed all the water in the lakes and made everybody thirsty. When Chicken Hawk's arrow pierced Yeonik it caused a great flood and the people had to climb the mountains to save themselves from drowning.*

* Another version concerning the death of Yeonik is found in *Fur and Gold in the Kootenays*, pages 12-14.

When the world was first made there were no clouds (aqk' atl) and when the daughter of the Coyote married the thunder her father gave her the clouds for a blanket.

Totems and secret societies were unknown among the Kootenays.

Chapter IV

THE DAVID THOMPSON PARTY

INTRODUCTORY AND THOMPSON

The Upper Columbia Valley possesses an historical background of very great interest because, for a time, it was the headquarters of a notable company, the first white people to arrive in the Kootenays.

A short distance below Windermere Lake is the site of old Kootenae House which was established by *David Thompson* in 1807. This was the earliest white man's trading post on the Columbia River and was headquarters for nineteen persons, including six children, who lived there during a part of the time, from the spring of 1807 to 1812. Life was hard for them, especially during the first year when starvation threatened and the Blackfoot Indians plagued them.

The establishment of a new North West Company frontier on the western slopes of the Rockies, together with the discovery of the source, descent, and survey of the Columbia River to the Pacific Ocean were the aims which prompted Thompson to undertake this and later expeditions. American interests were preparing, under John Jacob Astor, to invade the region of the Lower Columbia and the heads of the North West Company were anxious to forestall Astor's Pacific Fur Company.

And now an outline of the backgrounds and future accomplishments of some of these first arrivals in the Upper Columbia Valley may not be amiss here.

Thompson himself was a man of unusually high character and ability, modest, efficient, highly intelligent, and possessing an almost uncanny knowledge and understanding of Indian character. His wife Charlotte was a native daughter of Canada whose mother was a Cree and her father an Irish trader, Patrick Small. Thompson and

she were married at Isle a la Crosse on the Churchill River in 1799.

Probably the only available description of David Thompson is the following by Dr. J. J. Bigsby, the naturalist of the International Boundary Commission who first met Thompson in Mr. McGillivray's home in Montreal about the year 1817.[5] "A singular looking person of about fifty. He was plainly dressed, quiet, and observant. His figure was short and compact, and his black hair was worn long all around, and cut square, as if by one stroke of the shears, just above the eyebrows. His complexion was of the gardener's ruddy brown, while the expression of deeply furrowed features was friendly and intelligent, but his cut, short nose gave him an odd look. His speech betrayed the Welchman.

"No living person possesses a tithe of his information respecting the Hudson's Bay countries which from 1793

[5] From *DAVID THOMPSON: EXPLORER* by *J. B. Tyrrell, Maclean's Magazine, March 1911.*

to 1820 he was constantly traversing.[6] Never mind his Bunyan-like face and cropped hair; he has a very powerful mind, and a singular faculty of picture-making. He can create a wilderness and people it with warring savages, or climb the Rocky Mountains with you in a snow storm, so clearly and palpably, that only shut your eyes and you can hear the crack of a rifle, or feel the snowflakes on your cheeks as he talks.

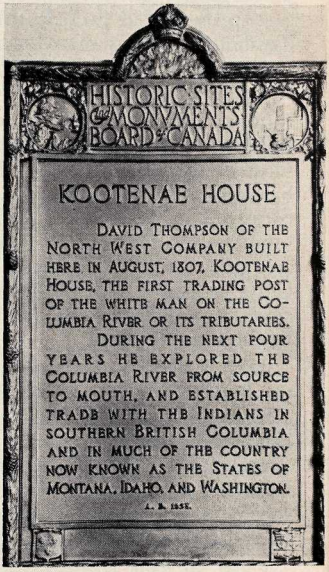
"Mr. Thompson was a firm Churchman, while most of our men were Roman Catholics. Many a time have I seen these uneducated Canadians most attentively and thankfully listen, as they sat upon some bank or shingle, to Mr. Thompson, while he read to them in most extraordinary (sic) pronounced French, three chapters out of the Old Testament and as many out of the New, adding such explanations as seemed to him suitable."

Mr. Tyrrell continues. "He never used alcoholic liquors, and during the time that he was in control of the fur trade west of the Rocky Mountains, and while most of the posts kept by the fur traders were merely bar-rooms of the lowest type, where the Indians were encouraged in drunkeness (sic) and debauchery of every kind, no alcoholic liquor was allowed to be brought to any post under his charge. Both morally and scientifically, he was a man of the very highest type. As a discoverer and explorer of new continental lands, he stands in the highest rank."

In this present day, when we are becoming aware of the immense power potentialities of our great rivers, Thompson's name and the work he did comes into the limelight. During the years between 1807 and 1812 he surveyed the Columbia River from source to mouth, the Kootenay River, parts of the Pend d'Oreille and Canoe Rivers as well as a great number of smaller streams and lakes, and covered many thousands of miles all within

[6] *In 1821 the North West Company was absorbed by the Hudson's Bay Company. (C.G.)*

David Thompson Memorial Pageant 1922.
Indian Encampment, Windermere, B.C.
From Provincial Archives



Tablet affixed
to monument near Invermere, B.C.
From Provincial Archives

the present boundaries of British Columbia, Montana, Idaho and Washington.

Previous to that time Thompson had surveyed the Saskatchewan River from its mouth to its source also the Bow and South Saskatchewan, part of the Churchill, the Athabasca from its source to its mouth, the Peace from Fort St. John to its mouth and the whole or parts of Lakes Winnipeg, Athabasca, and Lesser Slave, besides many others, and had discovered the headwaters of the Mississippi.

When Thompson, in 1812, returned east at the age of forty-two, he had spent twenty-eight years in the west. He resigned from the North West Company at that time and settled at Terrebonne, Quebec, where he concentrated on the completion of his map of the North West Territory. This famous map, with a scale of fifteen miles to the inch, hung for many years in the headquarters of the North West Company at Fort William and now belongs to the Ontario Government.

J. B. Tyrrell, the famous explorer and engineer who edited Thompson's Journal for the Champlain Society in 1916, has this to say about Thompson's map. "It has been my fortune to follow Thompson's courses for thousands of miles through this western country, and to take astronomical observations on the same places where he took them, and it is impossible for me to speak too highly of the general excellence of these surveys and observations. For three quarters of a century Thompson's map was the standard of North Western Canada, and even yet, some parts of it have not been superseded."

In 1816 Thompson was appointed by the Government of Great Britain to define part of the boundary line between United States and Canada and for nine years he worked on an international survey. Mr. Tyrrell tells us "the maps which he made are still and will always continue to be the ultimate authority on this long line dividing two nations, extending from the state of Maine

to the north-west angle of the Lake of the Woods."

It is impossible for us to realize the tremendous amount of knowledge, natural aptitude, painstaking detail, and down-right hard work that went into these seemingly insurmountable tasks which Thompson set for himself and which he accomplished with such success. Today, when perfection is demanded more than ever before, we marvel at the qualities of a man who could accomplish what he did.

Thompson died February 10, 1857 at Longueuil, Quebec at the age of eighty-seven after an old age spent in blindness and wretched poverty—a poor reward indeed for a brilliant life expended in the exploration of his adopted country. His wife soon followed him, dying May 7th of the same year.

JACO FINLAY

Jaco Finlay, the scout who spied out the way from east of the Rockies into the Kootenay country for the Thompson party was, in spite of his name, a French Canadian with a very meagre knowledge of the English language. He was born in 1768, probably of a Chippewa mother and was one of those roving, wilderness-loving characters who delighted in the freedom of the prairie and the forest, the thrill of the mountains, and the dangers that lurked in the rapids of the turbulent rivers of the Great West.

Finlay had spent many years with the North West Company and about 1798 was factor in charge of an outpost in Saskatchewan where he led a fight against attacking Indians, probably Blackfoot, in defence of the fort. In 1799 he was listed among the higher paid members of the North West Company staff and besides, appears to have carried on a trade in furs on his own,

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References: *DAVID THOMPSON: EXPLORER,* by J. B. Tyrrell, reprint from *Maclean's Magazine,* March 1911.
THOMPSON'S NARRATIVE.

never letting anyone know where he got them.[7]

Following the building of Kootenae House on the Columbia River Finlay was delegated by Thompson to go south with Finan McDonald, contact other Indians, build trading posts and thereby absorb the native trade in the southern territory and discourage John Jacob Astor's Pacific Fur Company. One result of this move was the establishment of Spokane House in 1810-11 by McDonald and Finlay, and the latter appears to have remained permanently in charge of this post for its duration.

Jaco Finlay's footsteps covered many miles over the area of the north-western States and the famous American writer Washington Irving has recorded the following little incident concerning him. In his book *Astoria* published in 1836 Irving describes the adventures, hardships and accomplishments of the two expeditions sent by Astor to establish the trading post Astoria. One party came by sea and the other by land. Those travelling overland had many narrow escapes from savage and hostile tribes. However, when they reached the Umatilla River in what is now northeastern Oregon, they met friendly Indians who told them that white men were coming to trade with them, and they spoke of Jaco Finlay who had visited their tribe, given them tobacco, and smoked with them. Jaco, so these people said, had a house somewhere up The Great River. This was, of course, Spokane House on the Spokane River, a tributary far up the Columbia from Umatilla, whose inhabitants were overjoyed at the prospect of trade.

In the spring of 1826 the Scottish botanist, David Douglas, visited the Spokane country. According to his *Journal* he left Kettle Falls on the morning of May 9th with two guides, the sons of Jaco Finlay. He had two horses, "one to carry him over the bad places of the way" and the other to transport his provisions which consisted

[7] Much of the above is from the *Sam Johns Historical Collection,* Kalispell, Montana Public Library and kindly obtained by Olga W. Johnson.

of dried buffalo meat, a little tea and sugar, blanket, and paper for his precious plants.

Douglas was very interested in meeting Mr. Finlay because of the latter's extensive knowledge of the country and was rather disappointed next day when he arrived at Spokane House and discovered that Finlay could not talk English and, as Douglas did not understand French, the information which he had hoped to receive was not obtained.

In spite of language difficulties, however, Finlay made Douglas very welcome, for hospitality is the same in any tongue. He regretted exceedingly that he had not a single morsel of food to offer his visitor. He and his family had been living, for the past six months, on camass root and black moss. Douglas, who had ample provision, shared his supplies and it was the best the family had enjoyed for some time.

The visitor needed his musket fixed and Finlay was the only person within a radius of eight hundred miles who could do the job. He repaired the gun and received, for his reward, one pound of tobacco.

Three months later Douglas found himself again at Spokane House and his host was not in such dire need of food as previously. He was able to give his visitor an abundance of fine, fresh salmon.

Not many years later Jaco Finlay passed away at abandoned old Spokane House and we may conclude that the notable activities of the Finlay family had ceased but such was not the case. In 1863 his sons found gold on Finlay Creek in East Kootenay and thereby started, at Wild Horse Creek, one of the greatest gold rushes in British Columbia.

FINAN MCDONALD AND CONCLUSION

Finan McDonald, Thompson's foremost assistant was another well-known personality of his day. He was born in Inverness, Scotland and came to Canada as a boy in

1786 when his father, Angus McDonald, led a party of five hundred and forty Highland immigrants to this new land. They crossed over on the good ship McDonald and settled in Glengarry County, Ontario.

The pioneering life there evidently did not appeal to Finan's spirit of adventure and he joined the North West Company in 1804. Three years later he crossed the Rockies and was for a time in charge of old Kootenae House during the absence of David Thompson and was later delegated south in the interests of his fur company.

When the Hudson's Bay and North West Companies amalgamated Finan McDonald continued on in the fur trade with the newly reorganized Hudson's Bay Company. As has been mentioned before, he had previously, with Jaco Finlay, established Spokane House and that post appears to have been his headquarters for some time. He married a woman of the Spokane tribe and had two children, a son and a daughter.

In 1822-3 McDonald led a motley group known as the Snake Country Expedition into what is now the State of Idaho. It was a trapping enterprise, the first attempted by the Hudson's Bay Company into that region, and consisted of French-Canadian and Indian trappers, Sandwich Islanders etc., and their families. They were attacked by a party of seventy-five Blackfoot who suffered a disastrous defeat with sixty-eight killed—hence McDonald's fame as an Indian fighter. At the end of the season the party returned to Spokane House with a wealth of furs.

In 1826, after many years spent in the west, McDonald decided that he had experienced enough of the fur trader's life and that he would return home. A fearful adventure befell him on the Saskatchewan prairie while on his homeward journey. The party met a herd of buffalo and, as they needed meat, McDonald and another man decided to replenish their supply. Approaching the animals they selected a likely one but only succeeded in

wounding and infuriating it. The buffalo charged and McDonald seized the beast by one horn and its forelock and hung on while the animal plunged and leaped in order to trample the life out of his adversary. Other members of the party could not shoot for fear of killing or injuring their leader. The enraged animal would not give up and McDonald hung bravely on. Finally after three hectic hours the buffalo became exhausted. Night had fallen when a random shot frightened the animal and it fled in the darkness.

McDonald was still alive but unconscious after this harrowing experience. He had a punctured chest, two broken ribs, a thigh laid open to the bone, and other injuries.

David Douglas, the botanist, the only man of science available, was travelling with this brigade and he appears to have taken charge of the injured man. Bleeding was the accepted remedy in those days and so Douglas took a lance which he carried in his pocket and bled his patient who had been losing blood already for more than two hours. After McDonald's wounds were dressed he was carried to the river and placed in a boat after which Douglas administered twenty-five drops of laudanum. He was then taken down stream to the nearest doctor three hundred miles away and a five and a half days' journey. McDonald survived this drastic treatment and later became a member of parliament in Upper Canada where it has been said "he injected into his parliamentary debates some of the fighting tactics he had used in the west against the Indians and the buffalo!"

*Brosnan describes Finan McDonald as "one of the strangest-looking leaders which the fur trade produced. He was six feet, four inches tall. He had broad shoulders, a large bushy red beard, and red 'flowing locks'. He was looked upon by the Indians and fellow fur traders with

* *History of the State of Idaho,* revised edition, by C. J. Brosnan.

both awe and affection. He would at times surprise them by his oaths which were a strange mixture of Gaelic, English, Cree and French."

McDonald was always kind to men of small physical stature and it has been said that he would take all the good-natured ridicule they would give him with utmost good humour—but not so a big man. And 'to the gentleness of a lamb he united the courage of a lion.'

No place, lake or river in the vast territory which he explored commemorates the name of this indomitable Scot. David Thompson called Moyie Lakes and River after him but with the passing of the North West Company the name fell into disuse.

And now, after having followed the fortunes of the leaders of the little group who built Kootenae House, let us return to that location and see what had come to pass there following Thompson's final departure from the West.

This fort was in existence for probably no longer than five years and the main reason for its short duration was the establishment of a fur trade route via Athabasca Pass and down the Columbia River. Also further south, in the Tobacco Plains region, lay the centre of the Kootenay territory and consequently a larger native population. However, in spite of these disadvantages, Kootenae House might have continued, at least for a time, as a subsidiary post had it not been exposed to Blackfoot raids.

The old fort had vanished and had evidently been completely forgotten locally, as was indeed, its founder when Mr. Basil G. Hamilton, writer and historian, came to the Upper Columbia Valley in 1907, just one hundred years after David Thompson's initial arrival. He found, on the Toby Creek site, remains of the chimney bases and faint tracing of the line of the picket fence belonging to Thompson's fort. Mr. Hamilton also unearthed one of

the old pickets and several other relics from this location and when the site was going to be ploughed up by a nearby farmer, he bought the lot at his own expense in order to save it for posterity.

The actual site of the old fort is now marked by a cairn and lies near the banks of Toby Creek. In 1922 a log fort, overlooking Lake Windermere, was built by the Hudson's Bay and Canadian Pacific Railway Companies as a memorial to David Thompson who had landed near that spot one hundred and fifteen years before.

Chapter V

FORT KOOTENAY

The settlement on Tobacco Prairie appears to have been the heart of the Kootenay country for many generations. Long before the white man came these people made their home in this wide valley, held their tribal rituals, scalped and were scalped when their enemies raided them or returned an attack. They hunted and fished here, no doubt found life good, occasionally exciting, and often very hard and cruel.

David Thompson of the North West Company, in the spring of 1808, while on his way down his newly discovered Kootenay River, visited these people at the Indian Village on Tobacco Plains—The-Place-Of-The-Flying-Head. This was the first of a number of journeys made by Thompson through the region.

Following in the famous explorer's footsteps came *Joseph Howse* with nine men to Tobacco Prairie in the fall of 1810. He represented the rival Hudson's Bay Company and had been sent out by them to investigate and report the doings of the North West Company on the western slopes of the Rockies. He came by way of Howse Pass, the entrance which Jaco Finlay and Thompson had pioneered more than two years before. Howse established a small post south of the 49th parallel and evidently on Clark's Fork above Lake Pend d'Oreille. This was the first Hudson's Bay outpost west of the Rockies. The following spring he departed eastward across the mountains after having concluded that the route was not feasible though he brought out furs which yielded almost £1,000 profit.

When Thompson's Kootenae House near Lake Windermere had to be abandoned around 1812 Tobacco Village was chosen as the most suitable site. The new

location was more central, less liable for attacks by the Blackfoot confederacy, was closer to the Kootenays' allies, the Flatheads and to the new trading posts established by the North West Company south of the 49th parallel. Here, tobacco, apparently the only crop grown by the Kootenays, was planted and harvested each year. Smoking, to these people, was a sacred rite and, morning and evening, they performed the ceremony as an offering to the Great Power which ruled all things.

Ross Cox was among the first writers to give us an account of Fort Kootenay. He describes the location as it was in his day as "approximately 49° 30′ N. latitude and 115° W. longitude." Later writers, however, record that its position was changed at various times because of raiding Blackfoot tribes. This fort was the centre of a large Indian population, and, according to Cox, fur-bearing animals such as beaver, otter, marten and bear were plentiful.

Nicholas Montour was a North West trader among the Tobacco Plains people in those early days and he tells us that "they are strictly honest in all their dealings and remarkable in their adherence to truth."

About this time the rival American Pacific Fur Company sent a trader, Francis Pillet, with six men, into this territory. Montour and he were bitter antagonists during the winter which they spent together, and once, it is reported, they fought a duel in which one got a pistol bullet through his trousers leg and the other through his coat collar. According to the tale "the tailor speedily healed their wounds and, happily, when spring and the time for departure came they parted good friends.

M. Edouard Berland was a Hudson's Bay trader at Fort Kootenay who had served as a guide through the country for Sir George Simpson's party in 1841. Berland was a devout Catholic and did considerable missionary work among the Kootenays both before and after the visit of

Father De Smet in 1845. He taught them to sing songs in French and Kootenay, reminded them to say their prayers, and to strictly observe the Sabbath. He showed them how to keep track of the days and months by cutting notches in wooden pegs.

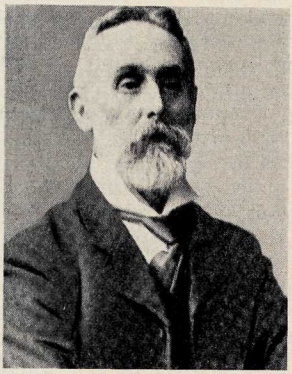
Berland died about 1852 and his successor at Fort Kootenay was *John (Scotty) Linklater* who, for twelve or thirteen years, spent each winter at this post, returning, when spring arrived, to Colville. In the spring of 1858, according to report, Linklater took to Fort Colville 220 bear skins, 800 martens, 500 beaver, 2,000 rats and a large amount of dressed moose, elk and buffalo hides.

As has been stated before, Fort Kootenay was moved to many locations in the region of Tobacco Prairie. Records show that in the spring of 1858 it was transferred to the east bank of the river, about a quarter of a mile north of the present international boundary line and later that year it was moved to Lake Livermore about eight miles south. After the boundary was surveyed in 1860 the post was moved back to the site of the present Gateway.

Gold discoveries on Wild Horse Creek signalled the end of activities at this colourful and shifting outpost. Mr. Linklater moved the Hudson's Bay supply centre to the new bonanza in 1865, then went back to his native Scotland where he eventually married, and, though he never returned to the West, it is a safe guess that his thoughts dwelt often on the great country beyond the Rockies where he had spent so many years of his life.

The clerk, *Michael Phillips,* who had been appointed by Mr. Linklater to take over the new trading post, was a young Englishman whose father was Reverend Thomas Phillips of Densall, Herefordshire, England, and his mother was the daughter of a well-known and wealthy English family. Shortly after his arrival at Fort Kootenay he married Rowena, daughter of Chief David of Tobacco Plains.

Business was good on Wild Horse and it has been said that on the opening day at this post Mr. Phillips took in more than $1,800 in gold dust. It was evident, however, before long that he was not to make this calling his life



MICHAEL PHILLIPS
From THE STORY OF THE TOBACCO PLAINS COUNTRY.
Courtesy Olga Johnson.

work. He was among the last Hudson's Bay factors in that part of British Columbia and the first homesteader to take up land in all the immense area which comprises the present East and West Kootenay districts, and a part of the environs of old Fort Kootenay became the first government recorded homestead.*

Mr. Phillips was interested always in the exploration and development of the country and, according to local records, was the first white man to make the trip, in 1872, through Crows' Nest Pass and later he brought to the

* The first homesteader to take up land in the Kootenay Country was Michael Phillips. His location was made on August 27, 1867, and this was recorded at Lytton on February, 1868, giving a good idea of the slowness of travel in the early days.—*Vancouver Sun,* April 3rd, 1954.

ELK RIVER BRIDGE

attention of the Dominion Government the great coal resources of that region.

On his extensive acres at Tobacco Plains Mr. Phillips raised oats, potatoes, and other crops, and built the first sawmill in the region. Being in need of a river crossing and not easily daunted, he bridged the Elk River Canyon by constructing a remarkable span high above the seething stream. In this project he used no metal and worked from one side of the canyon only. He also built the cus-

toms house at Joseph's Prairie—the first building erected on the site of Cranbrook.

For many years Mr. Phillips was Indian agent at Tobacco Plains and at times, especially during the restless eighties, his work was difficult and often thankless. Ill feeling existed among the native people because much of their grazing land was being taken from them, and, though he had nothing to do with this business, he was sometimes an object of suspicion and criticism among them.

Mr. Phillips died in 1916 at his home near the site of the almost forgotten old Fort Kootenay where he had spent the greater part of his life.*

* Much reference material is from *The Story of the Tobacco Plains Country* by Olga Johnson (passim) in this chapter.

Chapter VI

GOLD ON WILD HORSE

Shining, yellow gold which had been exchanged for supplies at a Hudson's Bay Company trading post was the magnet which drew men from the far corners of the west to Wild Horse Gulch early in the spring of 1864. They came, a restless, pulsing swarm of humanity—gold miners on the move—from the more or less depleted diggings of Idaho, Montana and California to this new, and hitherto unknown, region in the Rockies of British Columbia. In those days a new Eldorado mushroomed over night and became the scene of a frenzied gold camp where streams and gravel bars were washed for pay dirt and rich harvests were gathered in the gleaming gold pans.

Along the creek for four and a half miles men washed for gold, built flumes, rockers, dug ditches and did hydraulic work. Every nook and corner of surface was investigated and if a cabin happened to have been built on ground that gave any promise of containing gold it was demolished after three days' notice to the owners. Even the government office and records were burned one night because they happened to be on supposedly rich property. Many good sized nuggets were discovered, some about the size of little potatoes, and, out of a small place on the principal thoroughfare of the town, gold to the value of one-half million dollars was unearthed at one time during those early years.

In August of '64 the first government officials arrived at the new camp. They were John C. Haynes, gold commissioner and magistrate and William Young, constable. A few weeks later Honourable Arthur N. Birch, Colonial Secretary, visited Wild Horse and his report, dated at

New Westminster October 31st of that year, proves very interesting today.

Mr. Birch found about seven hundred men living on the creek and was told that at least three hundred more were out prospecting in the neighbourhood. Although quite a number of reports came in daily of new and important discoveries he could obtain little authentic information. He visited most of the claims and found them all paying well. Fifty sluice companies were at work employing from five to twenty-five men and taking out from $300 to $1,000 per diem. One hundred rockers were averaging from 2 oz. to 6 oz. per day. Eight companies had commenced running tunnels into the side of the hill but the Gold Hill Company was the only one sufficiently advanced to be on a paying basis; this company was taking out nearly an ounce to the hand per diem. Four shafts were being sunk in the bed of the creek but at the time of Mr. Birch's departure no satisfactory results had been obtained although all parties concerned seemed quite confident of success. Seventy men were employed in constructing a large upper ditch, some five miles long, which they expected to have completed early in October when more than one hundred hill claims, which were lying over for lack of water, would commence work. Labourers were receiving $7 a day and gold was worth $18 an oz.

A good sized town had sprung up on the creek. Four restaurants were established and regular boarders paid from $14 to $18 per week—rather cheap when we compare with prices of commodities. Numerous substantial stores had been erected, a large brewery was established and the camp was well supplied with the necessities of life. It was expected by the traders that there would be a rush of from 10,000 to 15,000 miners from the Boise country in the spring and large amounts of supplies were being sent in. Mr. Birch, on his return trip out, met daily ten or twelve heavily laden pack trains coming in from

Walla Walla, Wallula and Umatilla. He carried with him seventy-five lbs. of gold for the colonial treasury which Mr. Haynes, the gold commissioner, had collected and was anxious to get rid of.

According to the Colonial Secretary it was almost unbelievable the change that had been wrought in the short space of time since the coming of the magistrate. When Mr. Haynes reached the camp he found about 1,500 men from south of the border, many of whom had no consideration for law and order. Life and property were very insecure, and, for common protection, some miners had banded themselves together, formed a committee, and drawn up a code of laws which they had intended to enforce had a government officer not arrived on the scene. A copy of these laws was handed to Mr. Birch by Mr. Robert Dore who headed the committee. These men later cheerfully rendered Mr. Haynes every assistance in upholding the law of the land and the Colonial Secretary, when he arrived, found the mining laws of the colony in full force, all customs duties paid, no six shooters to be seen, and all quiet and orderly.

Today we think the price of butter is high, but, in '64 at Wild Horse, it retailed at $1.50 a lb. after having been brought in hundreds of miles by pack train and, of course, without benefit of refrigeration. Bacon was $1.00 a lb.; beans 50c; lard 80c; tobacco $2.50; tea $2.25; coffee $1.00; flour 40c; dried apples, 60c; sugar 70c; and candles 75c. Plenty of excellent beef was driven in on the hoof from Salt Lake City and sold for 30c. These prices are quoted from a report written by Mr. Haynes and dated August 30th, 1864.

Bookkeepers and credit salesmen could never have prospered at Wild Horse where gold dust was the medium of exchange and every man paid his bills promptly. The miners' method of handling their accounts was very simple. A careful record was kept during the week.

Sunday was the day of reckoning when each individual divided profits, squared himself with his neighbour and, incidentally, did his laundry. This simple arrangement had many advantages but there was no way of finding approximately just how much gold had been taken from the creek during the season because all records were promptly destroyed as soon as week-end bills were paid. So this was, at least, one reason why the Colonial Secretary was not able to get as correct a report as he would have liked.

In the fall of '64 the stampede to Wild Horse camp was temporarily halted, work slackened on the creek and the Big Bend of the Columbia River beckoned on to new excitement. The years 1865 and '66 marked a large population and great activity at Wild Horse gulch. This continued spasmodically until 1870.

Quite a percentage of the population of Wild Horse headed each fall for the excitement and glamour of large cities and San Francisco apparently was a favourite rendezvous for miners from these parts. During the summer they panned their gold and in the winter many spent it—often very foolishly. No miner ever appears to have made a fortune gambling but many tried to and the dizzy sprees that some went on are best forgotten.

The story of Wild Horse camp would not be complete without mention of Jack Fisher whose name is perpetuated by Fisher Peak, the Galbraith brothers who ran a store and ferry and gave their name for many years to the present site of Fort Steele, Judge O'Reilly and many others.

A typical citizen of those days and among the first to arrive at Wild Horse was Dave Griffiths. He was one of the many interesting characters of that time and the record of his years describes a way of life that has completely disappeared. He was a Welshman, born in Swansea, Wales in 1830. When a young man he came to Cali-

fornia, then to the Cariboo and, finally, Wild Horse camp where he washed gold for more than fifty years. Just a few weeks prior to his death at his Fort Steele home, in July 1914, he took out his fiftieth consecutive miner's licence.

During his many years at Wild Horse, Dave Griffiths embarked on other occupations besides mining. He ran a store and it has been said that considerable rivalry existed between him and the other storekeepers. His skill as a cribbage player made him famous, at least locally. He had learned to play this game in California during the gold rush days of '49 and had evidently become quite an expert.

For thirty-four years Wild Horse had a post office, known as Kootenay, and during most of that time Mr. Griffiths was postmaster. In those days the inhabitants of Galbraith's Ferry had to travel to Mr. Griffiths' store to get their mail and quite a long way it was, especially in the winter time when the snow was deep and such contrivances as modern snow plows were undreamt of. This post office was discontinued in January 1900. During later years and previous to that date there had been a post office at the Ferry (then Fort Steele).

In 1897 Mr. Griffiths sold some property on the creek for $50,000 cash and decided to take a trip back to his old home in Wales. This was a great experience in more ways than one. He rode on a railroad train for the first time in his life, indeed he had never seen a train before, having come around Cape Horn to San Francisco before railways had penetrated the Far West.

Some years later Mr. Griffiths took a trip to Vancouver and when he was asked how he enjoyed it he said that on Wild Horse he was a king among dogs but in Vancouver he found himself a dog among kings. He was referring, in the first instance in this disparaging manner, to the patient Chinese who washed the creek for gold after the majority of the white men had left.

Racial prejudice ran high on Wild Horse, as it did elsewhere in the west, during those days. The white man was imbued with the idea of lofty superiority toward the humble Chinese who followed in his wake and who accepted this unkind attitude with philosophical and humble spirit. It was simply a part of the price which was his to pay for the right to earn a livelihood on the creek or, indeed, anywhere else in the white man's domain.

According to Dr. Chamberlain, the local Indians, too, lorded it over the Chinese. They called them the *"goo'klam"* and often made a good living from them. The Kootenays, being excellent hunters, killed a large number of skunks, *qa'qas,* which the Chinese miners bought for medicinal purposes.

Missionaries, who were generally in the forefront on the frontiers, appear to have been conspicuous by their absence at this particular diggings and, indeed it would seem that they were not welcomed with open arms among many of the early placer mining fraternity. Not that these miners were irreligious but they had their own code of ethics and did not consider a missionary's efforts necessary to their spiritual wellbeing.

Nearly one hundred years have passed since those exciting and adventurous days. Dave Griffiths' and Robert Dore's hydraulic equipment has long since ceased to disturb the waters of Wild Horse Creek. The placer miners have laid aside their picks, shovels and gold pans and all have gone to rest—many in the shadow of the great, grey peaks where they toiled and, like the Argonauts of old, dreamed of high adventure and shining gold.

Chapter VII

OLD TIMES ON PERRY CREEK

Few streams of its size in British Columbia have inspired so much persistent effort, unyielding determination, and high hopes on the part of mining men as has Perry Creek, that tumbling stream in East Kootenay which heads far up in the mountains not far from the headwaters of its neighbour, the Moyie River. And men of many nationalities, in their search for the end of the rainbow, must have tried their luck in its waters and that of its tributaries for it has Galway, Rome, Limerick, Liverpool, Lisbon, Paris, Glasgow, etc.—all little creeks running into it.

It is a far cry from the present time to that day in 1867[8] when Frank Perry, Dan Kennedy and "Little Sullivan" shouldered their packs at Wild Horse and set out in the direction of this nameless stream to try their luck with pick, shovel, and gold pan. The yellow treasure was found in paying quantities and the camp became known as the New Kootenay Mines. As time went on considerable placer gold was obtained below the falls, promising showings of coarse gold were found further up the creek and by 1869 claims were staked from fifteen to twenty miles upstream. Shafts were sunk which yielded operators excellent returns. In one place the Hough Company obtained $1,500 in two days from a space measuring 8 x 8 feet. Some shafts yielded $11 a day to a man and others three times that amount. However, while Lady Luck smiled on some operators, others met with keen disappointment and were driven out by water.

Perry Creek was a busy camp in those days. The population reached many hundreds—some writers say four or five thousands—in the days of its greatest activity. Reck-

[8] *Bancroft's History of British Columbia,* Page 526.

less, rough, enterprising and, as a rule, honest men comprised the population which floated in, mostly from the western States. Many were drifters, there for a short time, then off to some other mining discovery or the bright lights of a city, maybe, to squander their hard-earned treasure.

Amusing little stories come down the years from those faraway times and from them we gather that the miners did not lack for excitement even apart from that occasioned by the golden glint of treasure.[9] There was a customs house at Perry Creek in 1871, also a policeman whose name was Carrington. A storekeeper in the camp one day received a shipment of hams in bond and did not have the cash on hand to pay for it and so the hams were put safely behind lock and key in Her Majesty's customs house.

Soon a hungry miner appeared on the scene and swore he would have a ham. The merchant offered no objection and the determined miner, along with several comrades, proceeded to the cabin which served as customs house, kicked open the door and helped himself.

Carrington swore in special officers and after a show of fight on the part of the offenders they were arrested, shackled, and taken to Wild Horse jail. Judge Haynes was absent and Carrington, after waiting a while, started with his prisoners to Victoria, the jail there being at that time, the general receptacle for law-breakers on both the Mainland and Vancouver Island. As the party made their way westward along the Dewdney trail they met Judge Haynes and together the judge, policemen and culprits returned to Wild Horse where the prisoners were tried and discharged on condition that they leave the country.

Thus the offenders not only lost the ham but also the privilege of any further gold washing operations on the rich gravel-bars of Perry Creek. The law had been upheld

[9] *Bancroft's History of British Columbia,* pages 435-6.

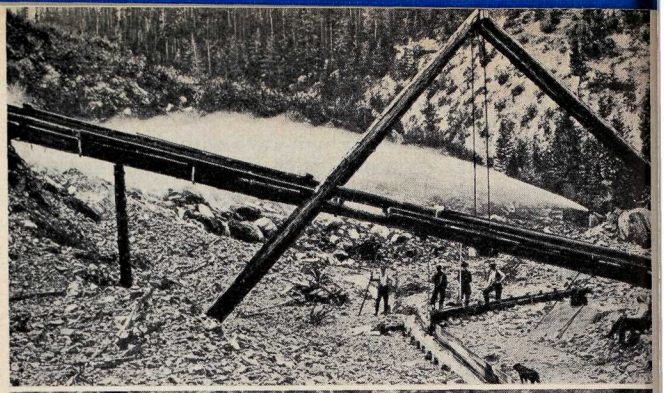
and no unruly miner would get away with the crime of kicking open the door of Her Majesty's customs house and taking the spoils from under the very nose of the law.

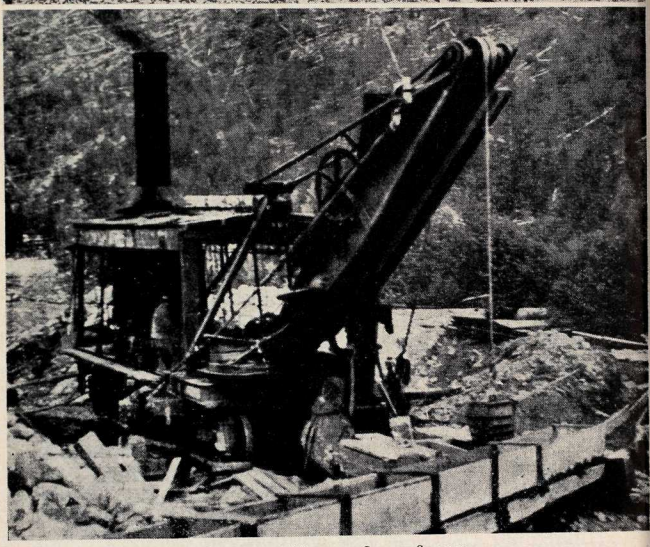
Those responsible for law enforcement in East Kootenay mining camps during early days had their own troubles. The country was easy to travel through, horses were plentiful, and if a law-breaker escaped he had not far to go before he was safe in American territory. Therefore every precaution had to be taken to prevent prisoners getting away.

New places and things gradually become old and so we find that this brave, busy mining camp, in the course of a few decades, became known as Oldtown. Gone was its youth, much of its glamour, and surface treasure and a deep calm appears to have settled for a time on this erstwhile lively stream.

Gold sinks to bedrock and often before it can be uncovered tremendous quantities of gravel have to be removed and much capital is required to finance operations of this type. About 1888, after the shallow gravel along the creek was worked out, the Perry Creek Gold Mining Company ran a 550 ft. tunnel into a gravel hill about three miles above Oldtown. This involved a great deal of work and again the main obstacle was water, and the problem—how to get rid of it. A flume was built from the creek to supply the hand-made water wheel and, so, operate the pump. This undertaking was very costly as day labour was high and nails expensive after having been packed in on horses and mules for many miles.

The completion, around the turn of the century, of a railway between Cranbrook and Kimberley was the inspiration for renewed projects on Perry Creek. Heavy machinery could then be transported nearer to the scene of operations. An American syndicate, the Perry Creek Hydraulic Mining Company established a sawmill on Sawmill Creek in order to supply lumber, built a long





HYDRAULIC WORK — STEAM SHOVEL

PERRY CREEK HOTEL

and substantial flume and did considerable other work.

Another company, local men who held leases on property about four and a half miles above the falls, brought in a self-propelling steam shovel, weighing about forty-five tons, to lift the gravel into the sluice boxes. This machine was unloaded off the North Star branch, transported on its own steam over the rough wagon road from the railway to the scene of operations on movable sections of track. This was but one example of the tremendous tasks which were accomplished without the aid of any of our present day equipment.

Since that time, as before, many have staked their all on Perry Creek—some with from good to fair results, and others have refused to accept disappointment. Fire has destroyed the ancient landmarks of Oldtown. Within recent years the emblem of a new era, a huge sawdust pile, has appeared on the scene and the bulldozer has invaded the little cemetery where the remains of Frank Perry and his comrades have lain these many long years.

NOTE—The East Kootenay Historical Association recently restored this old cemetery.

Chapter VIII

TWO ISADORES OF EAST KOOTENAY

Some years ago an old man died at his home on St. Mary's Indian Reserve near Cranbrook. To the majority of people he was just another oldtimer who had passed on, but, to those who knew him, he was somewhat of a character. His interesting, and, at times, hectic career was a bit out of the ordinary and the thrilling adventures of his younger days seem now to belong to another time and place other than just a few score years ago in East Kootenay. Also, his passing recalls the almost forgotten memory of another Indian character of that time.

Isadore Michel was born in 1856 and was known among his people as Little Isadore in order to distinguish him from Chief Isadore who was head of his independent and freedom-loving tribe. Chief Isadore was, for a time, a firebrand who inspired his people and defied the white man's law, while Little Isadore, for years, was a fugitive from justice, sought by the whites and sheltered by his tribe.

These two were not in any way related by family ties though they possessed more than one claim in common. Each, in his own way, made life uneasy for the few white settlers in the district. Each created a keen problem for Colonel Sam Steele and his contingent of North West Mounted Police. Both finally died at peace with God and man, the chief, when a young man and with his last breath exhorting his people to never forget their prayers nor give up their land, and Little Isadore, frail and very old, at the end of August, 1949.

And now let us look back across many years to the setting in which these two men spent their youth. During the early eighties there was much unrest among all the native tribes of western Canada, including, of course,

LITTLE ISADORE

Chief Isadore's people. Whites had established themselves on land which the Kootenays had, for generations, claimed as their own. Surveyors had appeared on the scene to block out Indian reservations, and in the country were many strangers seeking gold. In this setting of suspicion and hatred toward the whites our story begins.

One day in 1884 Little Isadore found himself encamped on the west side of the Columbia River along with two companions, Baptiste a youth, and Kapula an older member of the Shuswap tribe. After having spied a campfire smoke on the east side of the stream they

crossed over because they were hungry. Upon arrival at the camp they discovered, not members of their tribes, but two white men who received them, according to Little Isadore, with abusive and very bad language. Then each packed his belongings on a pack animal, mounted a saddle horse, and headed north on the trail.

The three Indians were very angry, Kapula especially, and they followed the whites, took a short cut, and reached a stream located near Brisco, and later known as Deadman's Creek. In the language of the Kootenays the name of this stream meant "to leave your bundle behind". Isadore, as we shall see, instead of leaving his burden behind there, assumed one—the evil conscience that a murderer carries with him, the hunted, miserable life he led for four years, and the life-long memory of a crime that he had committed.

There they hid in ambush to await their victims and soon their keen ears heard the clatter of horses' feet, the jingle of their bridles, and the sound of men's voices. As their unsuspecting enemies approached, guns were levelled and each Indian hit his target. The men instantly dropped from their saddles, graves were quickly scooped on the spot and their remains were buried in the shallow earth.

The Indians then took the horses and got out of the way, cooked a meal from the miners' supplies, turned the animals loose, and went back to their camp across the river.[10]

A great hue and cry was soon raised by the miners and other white residents of the district when it was discovered that two Americans, Hilton and Kemp, who had been washing gold on Finlay Creek, had been murdered on the Golden trail. The finger of suspicion was pointed definitely at Kapula and Little Isadore but months, and even years, went by and neither of the culprits could be

10 Isadore, in his narrative to the writer, stressed the point that robbery was not the motive.

found. Not much wonder that the small and scattered white population was nervous with two murderers abroad in the land and being shielded by their own people. How many more might take a shot at a white man if so disposed, and be sure of protection from their tribesmen?

Finally, one night, in the winter of 1887 Kapula boldly ventured to Galbraith's Ferry where he was recognized and promptly landed in Wild Horse jail. Little Isadore, a firm believer in dreams, declared that the night Kapula was caught he dreamt that white men were coming to arrest him. In the morning he started across to Bummers' Flat to feed some horses. On the way, however, three horsemen leading a riderless white horse, came into view and Isadore, very discreetly, disappeared. That was indeed a narrow escape, but his dream had prepared him for this possibility and warned him to be unusually careful.

With Kapula, the acknowledged instigator of the murders, under arrest, the whites could breathe a bit easier. However, that security was very short-lived, and more excitement soon followed. Chief Isadore, with some of his strong men, stormed the jail and released the prisoner after which he ordered Provincial Constable Anderson, who had arrested Kapula, and Honourable Fred W. Aylmer, land surveyor, to leave the district and never return. He also informed the authorities that any of his people who were charged with wrong-doing were accountable only to him, their chief, and that they would be tried and punished according to the laws of their tribe.

Feeling ran high. The white population was very uneasy, and more police protection was definitely necessary. It was at the time of the spring break-up and the trail to Golden was impassable for a horseman, so the messenger, Archibald McCormick, walked the entire distance from Fort Steele to Golden, there boarded a C.P.R. engine and rode to Donald. From this point he sent the

message to the Provincial government requesting immediate assistance.

In time A. W. Vowell, gold commissioner and magistrate of the district, Dr. Powell, General Superintendent of Indian Affairs for British Columbia, and Lieutenant Herchmer arrived on the scene by way of the Moyie trail.

After considerable consultation between these officials and Chief Isadore the fiery leader was induced to hand over the two culprits to governmental authority. These men discovered that the Kootenays were quite well armed, as they had several hundred fighting men and about two thousand horses in readiness.

After due consideration the government decided to send Colonel Sam Steele and his detachment of North West Mounted Police into the district to enforce law and order. In July of that year they arrived and later set up Fort Steele, the only post established in British Columbia by the North West Mounted Police.

About this time another newcomer arrived in the district—Father Nicholas Coccola, who took over the duties of priest at the St. Eugene Mission. He was well liked by the Indians until he became, as they thought, too friendly with Colonel Steele and his police force. They thought that he was conspiring against them and he was ordered to leave the country at once. Father Coccola emphatically declared that he would not go as long as there was work for him to do among Isadore's people. He later acted as mediator between the police and Isadore, who was ordered to produce the culprits.

In later years Little Isadore described his arrest. He was busy cutting hay one day on Bummers' Flat when Chief Isadore and another Kootenay approached and explained that they had orders from Colonel Steele for his arrest. They then proceeded to Wild Horse jail where the prisoners spent seven or eight days. To keep him and Kapula from running away, according to the ex-culprit, a soldier was on guard all the time, the prisoners were

handcuffed and a great dog was tied to each one's leg.

In due time the hearing took place and there was not enough evidence to convict the prisoners. They were given their freedom and, according to Little Isadore, Colonel Steele announced that this affair would be, from then on, a closed book. He wanted to hear nothing more about it and Kootenays and whites must always try to live peaceably together.

Colonel Steele was the man for the job. He combined innate kindness, wisdom, tact, and a knowledge of Indian character in his difficult task of bringing understanding and protection to red and white alike.

Little Isadore was for many years the sole survivor of this tale of bygone days, and he lived with his memories of a colourful and exciting past. Not only had he taken an active part in the foregoing episode, but also had memories of the days of the buffalo hunts when he defied the Blackfoot and, with his people, crossed the Rockies in search of food.

Source material for this chapter:

Little Isadore's story as told by himself to the writer (1940).

Letters from Father Nicholas Coccola to the writer (1938).

Chapter IX

UPPER COLUMBIA COMMUNITIES

About seven years after the final departure of David Thompson from the Upper Columbia Valley the first white settler arrived in the district and he was, indeed, the first to take up permanent residence in any part of the Kootenay country, either East or West. Francois Morigeau hailed from the village of St. Martin, a few miles west of Montreal, where, apparently, the plodding, ordered existence of the French Canadian habitant did not appeal to him. The yearning for adventure and the wandering, carefree life of the coureurs des bois beckoned and Francois followed until he had placed many long miles between his old home on the banks of the Ottawa and what was to be the new—the wide, open spaces of the Upper Columbia. There he spent many interesting years and finally found a last resting place at old Fort Colville, Washington.

Francois Morigeau and his wife, the daughter of Chief Peter Kinbaskit, left a large family, descendants of which are numerous and well-known today throughout the Kootenays. As useful citizens of the country, some of them have more or less distinguished themselves. Their son Baptiste had trading posts at Golden and Windermere during railway construction days and brought in supplies from Calgary and Sandpoint, Idaho. Baptiste also supplied the North West Mounted Police at Fort Steele with oats for their horses, which crop had to be threshed by hand and sold for $5.00 per cwt. Later he owned one of the first threshing machines in the district.

After Francois Morigeau's day many years elapsed before Edmund Johnston, a native of Ontario, came to the Windermere District and remained to make his permanent home there. Johnston arrived in the early eighties

and pitched his tent on land which was later to be the site of the Experimental Farm near Windermere. The Kinbaskit tribe objected and, after a generous application of war paint and accompanied by unfriendly gestures, they surrounded his temporary abode and pulled up the stakes which marked the boundaries of his proposed farm. Johnston re-staked the property, then, with his rifle across his knees, he defied them to repeat the action. They tried to explain to him their point of view, but the sight of Johnston's rifle was stronger "talk" than mere words. Finally he decided to settle on the west side of Windermere Lake, where, on April 18th, 1882, he pre-empted eighty acres.

Another farmer of those days was Francis Patrick Armstrong, later of Upper Columbia River steamboat fame, and who, during World War I, was commissioned by the Royal Engineers, to assemble and operate steamers carrying men and supplies on the Tigris River for the Mesopotamia campaign and later, during that war, he was superintendent in charge of all military vessels on the River Nile.

Armstrong took up 320 acres of land on the east side of Columbia Lake, on the spot which Father De Smet, many years before, called the Plains of the Nativity. There he grew potatoes which found a ready market in C.P.R. main line construction camps. The seed for these potatoes he brought in by pack train one hundred and fifty miles from Montana and sold his first crop for $150 a ton at Golden, after transporting them down the Columbia in bateaux which he made out of whip-sawed lumber. These bateaux were flat-bottomed affairs somewhat like scows and averaged 30 to 40 feet in length, were about six feet wide, three feet deep and could carry up to ten tons of freight. They were propelled by four Indians rowing, two on each side.[11]

[11] Most of the material contained in the two paragraphs immediately preceding is taken from *Steamboat Days* by Norman Hacking in British Columbia Historical Quarterly, January-April 1952.

Captain Armstrong's bateaux had considerable competition because pack trains also brought supplies into Golden from Montana, Walla Walla and other points south and it has been said that three hundred mules sweated on the job.

A few years later mining excitement developed in this region. The most important discovery was the Parridice, a silver-lead-zinc producer which was recorded August 7th, 1899 by John Jeffery and John Watson. This famous property produced more than a million dollars for its several owners, prominent among them being Randolph Bruce, formerly engineer on the survey of the Crowsnest Railway and later Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia and Canadian Minister to Japan.

Ore from the Parridice was raw-hided down to the Columbia by Indian ponies and later, when roads were built, it was hauled by teams of horses. And here Captain Armstrong comes into the picture again. He had long since forsaken his potato farm, and his boat, the second Duchess, with other small steamers, transported this ore, ten tons each trip, down the river to Golden from which point it was shipped to Trail smelter.

Copper from the Swansea Mine, located high in the Rockies on the east side of the Columbia River, was raw-hided and packed down the mountain of that name, and taken to Athalmer, shipped by barge to Golden, then by train to Vancouver, and finally by boat, to Swansea, Wales, where it was refined, at a profit, according to reports.

Another promising mine of those days was the Ptarmigan and there were other properties up Toby Creek and Horse Thief, all of which brought a more or less fleeting prosperity to the small places on the west side of Columbia River.

Mention of Horse Thief Creek recalls an incident of frontier days reminiscent of the eighties and has been recorded by various writers. In early days, it appears, a

man was accused of stealing a horse or horses from a packer named Jim Kane. Some raconteurs claim that the animals in question were those which had formerly belonged to a man named Baird who had been murdered by a notorious character, Bull Dog Kelly, during main line construction days. Be as it may, the thief was chased up this stream, caught, and evidently the posse into whose hands he fell were all for hanging him. However, the authorities came to his rescue and took him to Wild Horse camp where Kelly, the magistrate, acquitted him. Then the mob, under Tom Wright, the Wolfer of the Plains, undertook to lynch the magistrate. Happily, wiser counsel prevailed and Kelly got off with no more than a ducking in Wild Horse Creek.

The year 1896 marked the beginning of what is now the village of *Wilmer*. Three years later a townsite was laid out and called Peterborough. This name stuck until 1902 when the C.P.R. suggested another designation and the name Wilmer was chosen in honour of Wilmer Wells M.L.A. who ran a sawmill at Leanchoil and who, for a time, served as Minister of Public Works for the Province of British Columbia.

In its early days the town was very small, with a population of not more than a hundred people, and was made up of miners, prospectors, and a few cowpunchers. Gambling and drinking appear to have been very popular pastimes in this picturesque village and it has been said that when the one hotel could not hold the number of tables required by the poker players the overflow played on the street.

During the production period of the Parridice Mine this little town was considered quite an important business and residential centre. It boasted a newspaper called the *Wilmer Outcrop*, also government offices, bank, hospital, and the medical centre of the district's pioneer physician, Dr. Robert Elliott.

A little settlement, occasioned by some mining excitement, sprang up on Edmund Johnston's property and he called it Copper City. In 1900 the Canterbury Townsite Company took over and called their prospective town Canterbury after the old cathedral town in England. This project was a failure but some years later mining developed and the little town of *Invermere* came into being.

Athalmer was named by Honourable Fred Aylmer, who laid out the townsite and called it by an old adaptation of his family name, Athol (most noble) mere (lake).

It had formerly been known as the Salmon Beds, and there the Indians, in the days before the arrival of the white man, had caught and smoked salmon and built their keekwillies. These were holes in the ground, one type of which was used for smoking and storing fish and game, which was strung on lines inside, and the other larger pit was used for winter dwellings. These keekwillies were covered by poles over which were placed skins, branches of trees, and earth. An entrance hole in the roof let out the smoke, and a crude ladder facilitated entry. Traces of these pits are still to be seen in the vicinity.

In time the salmon runs, the Indians and their keekwillies faded out of the picture, and we find that, during the early boom days of the century, quite a busy little town had developed on this site. There were two hotels, two banks, a customs office, jail, a newspaper called the *Columbia Valley Times,* and numerous other places of business.

An event of considerable importance to the valley, and which presaged the end of the Upper Columbia River boats, took place here on the cold, bleak morning of January 1st, 1915. The first scheduled Kootenay Central train arrived at Lake Windermere station in charge of Gus Erickson of Cranbrook. The passengers consisted of a few soldiers en route to World War I.

Windermere, the oldest white settlement on the Upper Columbia, was named by Gilbert Malcolm Sproat. Long before, in 1807, David Thompson discovered Lake Windermere and, in the 1860's and '70's came Walter Moberly who, at that time, was engaged in preliminary survey work for the Government of Canada. Moberly passed through this area a number of times and; in the winter of 1871-2, wintered his pack animals at Windermere Lake. He records that he saw, in the summer of 1866, great piles of elk horns scattered over the country.

Some winters appear to have brought very severe weather to this region and dire tales of bitter cold and deep snow have, from time to time, been recorded by oldtimers.

According to Indian tales there was a snow-fall of twelve feet during the winter of 1865-6. Elk could not move through the valley and they died by the hundreds. There was a surfeit of food for the Indians and that winter the women went out with clubs and killed the animals where they lay. This terribly deep snow, coupled with severe cold, was a calamity to the native population because their food supply was drastically cut during the years which immediately followed.

There was no white settlement at Windermere until about 1883. The government building was erected four years later and in the same year James Stoddart built a stopping place for the travelling public who journeyed by river boat and horse stage between Golden and Fort Steele. The following description of Windermere during those early days is taken from *"B.C. 1887"* by Lees and Clutterbuck. "The city of Windermere consisted of the hotel, with two rooms, a kitchen and a loft; the store, with two rooms; the Government House, with four and a cellar. All were newly built, the last mentioned one being barely finished, and at present guiltless of chimneys. The other two were inhabited, but in a very primitive and unkempt state."

Mrs. Algernon St. Maur, later Duchess of Somerset, in her book *"Impressions of a Tenderfoot"*, tells about her experience in the Windermere Hotel in October 1888. Everything was beautifully clean and she and party enjoyed a most excellent tea. The only drawback, however, to their repose and comfort was the saloon or bar. The lady tells us that after they had gone to bed, there was too much noise to allow them to sleep and the drunken orgy ended in what was called "a bull's ball" in the west. A fiddler arrived on the scene, about thirty men danced together, and the shuffling of feet and the talking and laughter, together with the reek of bad tobacco, disturbed the party until an early hour the next morning.

Doings in the Windermere Hotel that year were not always so wild and boisterous. A few months previous to the visit which Mrs. St. Maur describes, John A. MacDonald, the first Presbyterian student missionary to visit these parts, held a service one Sunday morning in the dining room of this same building. Father Pat (Rev. Henry Irwin) was also known in the Valley in those days, as was Father Coccola and his predecessors.

In Windermere stands the first Protestant church erected in the Kootenays. St. Peter's Anglican was originally built at Donald during construction of the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. When that project was completed and Donald became a ghost town the little church was dismantled, then shipped by train to Golden and by barge to Windermere, where it stands today. The bell, by the way, was appropriated by the Anglicans of Golden.

The word "appropriated" conveys a rather doubtful meaning, reflecting somewhat on the doers of the deed. So, in order to partly absolve the Golden Anglicans of the charge of having seized something to which they were not entitled, it is necessary to explain that certain Windermere residents had designs on both the church and the

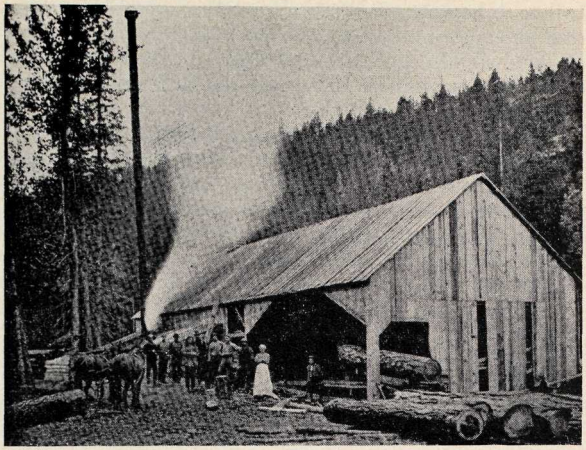
bell, and these they had taken from Donald without sanction of higher authority. The plunder, while in process of removal, had got as far as Golden when this latter deed was perpetrated and there the bell remained for sixty years.

After all this time the belfry needed repairs and so its tenant was carefully removed and lowered to the ground. Then in the darkness of night along came some Windermere residents who stealthily transported their treasure back to their own territory. Thus the bell and St. Peter's were again reunited—for a time.

CANAL FLAT

Here is one of the most historic sites on the mainland of British Columbia. David Thompson first passed this way in April, 1808 and called the spot McGillivray's Portage. He also at that time discovered a great, new river—the Kootenay. Many other explorers and travellers followed his pathway, among them Sir George Simpson, for many years head, in America, of the Hudson's Bay Company, Father De Smet on his way to the Blackfoot country, members of the Palliser Expedition who camped there, as did the Sinclair party of 1854, not to mention innumerable others.

In the late 1880's William Baillie-Grohman planned to build a canal at this point which project was to turn part of the headwaters of the Kootenay River into the Columbia and thereby reduce the annual flood condition on Kootenay flats near the present town of Creston, and so make that rich land available for his proposed agricultural project. The C.P.R. Company complained about the extra volume of water because it would damage their new railway bed and the Dominion Government refused to allow Baillie-Grohman to carry out his plans, except for a small, navigable canal with one lock, same to be closed during high water and, upon completion, to become Dominion property.



Baillie-Grohman's Sawmill at Canal Flat 1887 from *Sport and Life* by Baillie-Grohman.

St. Peter's Church Windermere. *Photograph by the writer.*
The Government House—Lake Windermere from *B.C. 1887*.

This indefatigable man, after having received the promise of an extensive land grant, went ahead with this smaller undertaking and, during the building of the waterway, about two hundred men were employed while a flourishing, though short-lived town came into being at this location. It was called Grohman, and consisted of three dwellings, a sawmill, warehouses, store, post office, and licensed hotel. The post office department, according to Baillie-Grohman, paid him $4 a month and he had to pay the Indians $2 twice a week to ride down to the landing and fetch the mail, but it is a certainty that he made up for this deficiency in other financial undertakings.

About this time the North West Mounted Police arrived at Fort Steele and with them came the germs of a serious epidemic of typhoid fever. It attacked whites and Indians alike and it is impossible to say just how many victims succumbed to this dreaded disease. We, today, cannot realize the unbelievably crude conditions, coupled with lack of hospital and medical facilities, which sometimes on the frontiers, faced those who were overtaken by illness.

Baillie-Grohman, who himself nearly died following an attack of this plague, gives us a grim picture of an incident which took place at his newly-erected mill. It appears that two policemen, returning from a long ride to Golden, became suddenly ill. Their condition, in the course of a couple of hours, grew very serious and Baillie-Grohman sent one of his men forty-odd miles to the police headquarters at Fort Steele for medical assistance. This man rode all night and in the evening of the next day one of the police freight wagons, drawn by four steaming horses, arrived back at Canal Flat. It had been hoped that a doctor would have come, but no such luck. There were too many sick men at the Fort and no other medical man was nearer than Donald, four days' journey.

The sergeant in charge of the conveyance had orders to bring the men to the Fort and so, in spite of their desperately serious condition, they were given strong doses of anodyne, fir branches were placed in the wagon box and the patients were lifted on to the improvised bed. The long, painful journey was soon under way. The horses were driven at a trot and the terrible jolting of the springless wagon over stumps and roots and through water holes was enough to daunt the most intrepid traveller.

It was raining heavily at the time, and as the driver had forgotten to bring the canvas wagon cover, the doctor's instructions to the sergeant to bring with him as much inch lumber as he could find room for was acted upon by lashing a sort of roof over the wagon bed in which the sick men lay. Baillie-Grohman here reminds us that death is habitually taken in a lighter vein by western men than it is in more civilized surroundings where accidents are rare, but nevertheless the sergeant's reply, when asked for what purpose these inch boards were required at the Fort, must have seemed of grim significance to the sick men lying there in plain hearing. "Oh," said the sergeant, "the doc. told me that if the men were looking bad I should bring enough lumber along to bury them with, for they have more dead men than lumber at the fort, and whip-sawing ain't healthy this weather."

The sergeant was not very far wrong, as one of the men was dead when the post was reached and the other one "used up the balance of the lumber a day or two later."

And now, having had a glimpse of the facilities forthcoming (or lack of such) for the sick and dying, let us turn to the spiritual side of the picture. Two missionaries held, at least, one service each at Canal Flat in 1888 —Father Pat from Donald and John A. MacDonald from Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario. Mrs. Algernon St. Maur, who was living up Finlay Creek at that time,

records that on September 16th, 1888 Rev. Henry Irwin held a service at the Grohman Camp. She and Lady Cochrane had hoped to attend, though it was a ride of over twenty miles. All the ponies, however, had stampeded except one and, as they were nowhere to be found, the idea of attending church had to be given up.

According to the above mentioned writer, Father Pat, during a visit at the Cochrane abode, told of his annual journey through the Kootenays in which he had covered, in seven weeks, an area equal to that of Scotland and which embraced seven hundred and eighty miles of territory.

Two other projects which were uppermost in the missionary's efforts and thoughts were described, the little church at Donald in which were sometimes held as many as five short services on a Sunday and which, he said, the railway hands had helped to build, by carving, during their spare time, all the cedar benches.

The hospital at Donald, a very essential institution in that mountainous region where accidents were numerous among the workers, was a topic of conversation also. "At first," so Father Pat said, "it was defective in many respects but now the men are well cared for, the nurse being a man who came there as a patient and expressed a wish to remain. They had as many as twenty-one patients at one time in hospital."

Chapter X

INTERNATIONAL RAILWAY RIVALRY

When James Sinclair's emigrant parties started on their treks from Fort Garry to the Lower Columbia region in 1841 and '54 they crossed the Canadian prairies in Red River carts. Further west the creaking, clumsy wheels had to be abandoned because the giant Rockies barred the way for them to the land beyond their summits. But not for long were those ancient symbols of transportation challenged. Man is not easily discouraged.

In 1871 British Columbia, with a white population of about 10,000 people, joined confederation after having been promised a connecting railway link with eastern Canada. To many this appeared an utter impossibility and some authorities even went so far as to declare that if the impossible were achieved fifty railways would not galvanize B.C. into prosperity. That the newly-acquired western province was a barren, mountainous land not worth keeping appears to have been the consensus of opinion among many eastern Canadian citizens of that day.

Fortunately there were men, including Sir John A. MacDonald, Canada's first Prime Minister, who had a different opinion. Not only would this railway connect Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific but it would open up the unknown resources of immense regions, and farms for many of Great Britain's crowded population would be had for the taking on the limitless western prairies. This project would be the first step in a vast plan to open new and important Pacific Ocean routes and so, give British commerce direct access to Australia, New Zealand and other dependencies in the Pacific as well as to China and Japan. There was still another very

important reason. Between 1853 and 1856[12] Governor Stephens of Washington Territory had led a series of explorations and plotted the route of a proposed government-sponsored Northern Pacific Railway which was to terminate on Puget Sound. To the Americans that region was very desirable as a terminus of a future trans-Pacific route because the distance to the Orient was shorter than further south. Also, in 1858, the Governor of Minnesota stated that[13] "a great interoceanic communication is more likely to be constructed through the Saskatchewan basin than across the American desert". These straws in the wind were followed by a report presented by a committee of the American Senate, "The opening by us first of a Northern Pacific Railway seals the destiny of the British possessions west of the 91st meridian. They will become so Americanized in interests and feelings that they will be in effect severed from the new Dominion and the question of their annexation will be but a question of time."[14] The American government and railway builders thus made no secret of their intention to run this line close to the Canadian boundary and project branches into Canada. Potential pressure was brought to bear from another direction also when, in 1867, the United States purchased Alaska from Russia.

All was not smooth sailing for the sponsors of the proposed Canadian Pacific Railway. Years were required to obtain the necessary finances, plot the route and overcome political differences and recession threats.

By June 1880 financial backing had been secured and a syndicate formed comprising the following: George Stephen, head of the Bank of Montreal, Duncan McIntyre, head of the Canada Central Railway, John S. Kennedy Bankers, of New York, R. B. Angus and J. J.

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12 Bancroft's *History of British Columbia,* page 374.

13 *Vancouver Island and British Columbia,* page 343, by Matthew MacFie, 1865.

14 From *Steel of Empire,* page 177, by John Murray Gibbon.

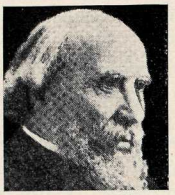
Hill, of St. Paul, Minnesota, Morton, Rose & Company, of London, England, and Kohn, Reinach, of Paris, France.

Sir John A. MacDonald's enterprise began to take shape when, on February 15th, 1881, the Canadian Pacific Railway Company was incorporated to build the much debated railroad. George Stephen acted as president, Duncan MacIntyre vice-president, and R. B. Angus and J. J. Hill were on the executive committee. Donald A. Smith, better known in years to come as Lord Strathcona, represented Hudson's Bay Company interests and was also a financial supporter of the undertaking. He later served on this Board.

Those were all far-seeing and able men but attention is especially directed to one member of that executive. James Jerome Hill was an efficient and ambitious man who had learned the railway game from scratch and in later years did much to shape the development of the American west and to limit the activities of the Northern Pacific, which railway he regarded with considerable antagonism. Besides, he was to make his influence felt in British Columbia where, for a time, his far-sighted annexing propensities met with an astonishing degree of success.

A Canadian born in a frontier log house near Rockwood, Ontario, James J. Hill, early in life, had decided on a career in the west. At the age of eighteen he went to New York, where he planned to work his way to the Pacific by way of Red River. When he reached St. Paul the last brigade for the north had left so he took a job as clerk in a shipping office and later became a fur trader. Hill also developed a transportation business north to Red River, first by team and barge, then later part way by boat. Colonists, during those years, were flocking north into Manitoba via St. Paul instead of to the American west so, in 1879 Hill built his first railroad into

Canada, the St. Paul, Minneapolis, & Manitoba, the nucleus of what was to be the Great Northern Railway and later, through his publicity campaign, he was instrumental in bringing many thousands of settlers to the new province.



James J. Hill

Sir John A. MacDonald

The executive of the new Canadian Pacific Railway Company lost no time when the necessary capital had been obtained. In Ontario the proposed road was to connect with the Canada Central Railway at Lake Nipissing. Winnipeg was soon to become an important distributing centre for supplies which were being brought in over James J. Hill's St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railway. Also some 20,000 settlers arrived at this point the first season.

Among the most difficult tasks of this entire road-building undertaking was that of getting the line across the Rocky and Selkirk Mountains. Yellowhead Pass had been chosen by Sandford Fleming but James J. Hill wanted a route farther south, nearer to the coal fields of southern Alberta and British Columbia, and in closer proximity to the international boundary line in order to prevent the Northern Pacific Railway from making any encroachments into Canadian territory.

Hill was in close touch with men having the required experience and whose services could be obtained for the difficult work which lay ahead. Major A. B. Rogers, a

New Englander, was engaged by Hill to locate a satisfactory pass through the Selkirks. Rogers, who in his youth had been a sailor and carpenter, had fought in Indian wars and graduated from Yale as an engineer, appeared a good man for the job. He had done much railway construction work for various American roads and his ability and know how in locating practical routes had impressed Hill.

Major Rogers started on an exploratory trip from Kamloops April 29th, 1881 with a party which comprised his nephew, A. L. Rogers, and ten Indian guides whose services were obtained through the efforts of the Oblate Mission. The terms laid down in order to keep the Indians on the job were rather drastic. If any returned without a good report his earnings would go to the church and the chief of his tribe would give him one hundred lashes on his bare back.

J. H. E. Secretan, a writer and surveyor of those days, describes Major Rogers as follows: "A rough and ready engineer, or rather pathfinder. A short, sharp, snappy little chap with long Dundreary whiskers. He was a master of picturesque profanity who continually chewed tobacco and was an artist in expectoration. He wore overalls with pockets behind and had a plug of tobacco in one pocket and a sea biscuit in the other, which was his idea of a season's provisions for an engineer. His scientific equipment consisted of a compass and an aneroid slung around his neck.[15]

Walter Moberly advised Rogers to explore the south fork of the Illecillewaet River and his nephew, A. L. Rogers, gives a vivid description of the journey in the following paragraphs:

"Being gaunt as greyhounds, with lungs and muscles of the best, we soon reached the timberline where the climbing became very difficult. We crawled along the

15 From *Steel of Empire* by John Murray Gibbon.

ledges, getting a toe-hold here and a finger-hold there, keeping in the shade as much as possible and kicking toe-holes in the snow crust. When several hundred feet above the timber-line we followed a narrow ledge around a point that was exposed to the sun. (Here four Indians fell over the ledge.) It was late in the evening when we reached the summit, very much exhausted.

"Crawling along this ridge, we came to a small ledge protected from the wind by a great perpendicular rock. Here we decided to wait until the crust again formed on the snow and the morning light enabled us to travel. At ten o'clock it was still twilight on the peaks but the valleys below were filled with the deepest gloom. We wrapped ourselves in our blankets and nibbled at our dry meat and bannock, stamping our feet in the snow to keep them from freezing, and taking turns at whipping each other with our pack-straps to keep up circulation.

"Only four hours we waited, but it seemed as if those four hours outran all time. At two o'clock dawn began to glimmer in the east, and as soon as we were able to distinguish objects we were only too glad to crawl back to the ridge. Coming to the foot of a great triangular peak we had named Syndicate (now Mount Sir Donald) we traced the valley to the upper south fork of the Illecillewaet and found that it extended but a short distance in a southerly direction and paralleled the valley on the opposite side of the diving (sic) range, through which we concluded ran the waters of the Beaver which emptied into the Columbia on the east side of the Selkirks."[16]

The party did not have sufficient supplies to proceed farther and it was more than a year before Major Rogers completed his explorations and reported that he had found a satisfactory pass.

Thus was discovered the way through the Selkirks, where, in later years C.P.R. transcontinental passenger

[16] From *The Selkirk Range* by A. O. Wheeler, Ottawa and *Steel of Empire* by John Murray Gibbon.

trains and heavy freights thunder through tunnels and snow sheds, across great bridges and over steep and difficult grades connecting east and west. Today the magnificent Trans-Canada Highway has been completed through this almost impossible region in which Major Rogers and his struggling party pioneered a route more than eighty years ago.

At that time Major Rogers appears to have had two important irons in the fire. After fulfillment of this Canadian Pacific contract he returned to the United States and continued the survey of James J. Hill's Great Northern Railway from Sun River, Montana to Puget Sound.

It may be presuming too much to suggest that, with more suitable and less difficult passes as well as extensive coal fields to the south, it is questionable if Hill entirely approved the location of the Rogers Pass route. This section, however, had to connect at Eagle Pass with Onderdonk's western project which was, at that time, being blasted through Fraser Canyon.

While surveying and road-building operations were proceeding in the west other important developments were taking place further east. Differences were becoming evident between the C.P.R. executives with reference to the route a certain section of the new railway should take. James J. Hill insisted that part of the line should be built south of the Great Lakes through United States territory, then north into Manitoba, while the other members of the Board were determined that it follow an all-Canadian route and be built north of Lake Superior in spite of the rockbound, barren and muskeg country through which it would have to pass and the consequent enormous expense of construction. Hill, who believed that a successful railway must create its own traffic, took a very dim view of this course and claimed that, apart from the formidable cost of building via this route there would be no local business and through

traffic would not yield enough finances to meet fuel, payrolls and repairs, etc. The chief hope was to get settlers to the prairies and the only way was via St. Paul.

George Stephen (afterwards Lord Mount Stephen) voiced the opinion of the majority when he declared the project "a National enterprise which is regarded by the Canadian people as a means whereby they are to be rendered independent of United States railway lines, and to promote which the Imperial Government have already assisted the Dominion Government by a guarantee of some £3,000,000 sterling."

When Hill saw that construction was to be undertaken north of Lake Superior he resigned and decided to direct his effort toward building a rival route to the Pacific.

Without delay Sir John A. MacDonald's gigantic project went ahead and in spite of many difficulties the pledge was fulfilled when the last spike of the Canadian Pacific's main line was driven at Craigellachie in 1885, more than five years before the date required in the terms. The iron horse had not only threaded its way around Lake Superior and crossed the Rockies but had also found a way through the Selkirks, the Cascades, the Coast Range and down the great canyon of the Fraser to the Pacific. Within Canada's boundaries the continent had been spanned and all was in readiness for the next important step—a line of steamships to connect with the Orient and Australia.

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Chapter XI

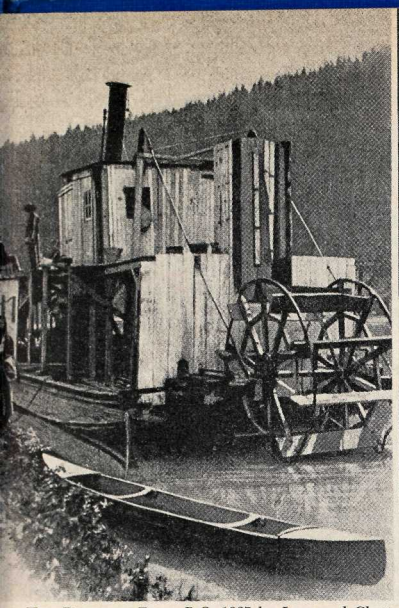
STEAMBOAT DAYS ON THE UPPER COLUMBIA

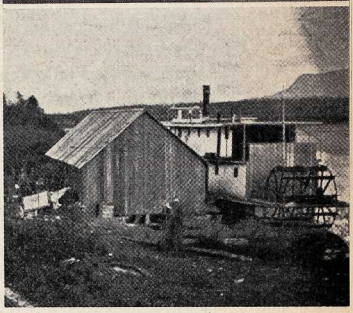
The completion of the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway was of very great importance to the erstwhile isolated East Kootenay country. Immediately Golden became an important port of entry into the immense valley to the south and the Columbia River furnished a ready waterway. Previous to that event the only practical entrance was from American territory to the south and there were, as yet, no roads in the country over which freight could be hauled.

During the late eighties there was considerable activity in the region of Fort Steele occasioned by a mining boom on Wild Horse Creek, Indian excitement, and the subsequent arrival of Colonel Steele of the North West Mounted Police, and his contingent of seventy-odd officers and men. Also, at Canal Flat, Baillie-Grohman's new project was under way and, since the railway had arrived, settlers would be finding their way into the valley.

In order to help meet the demand for transportation occasioned by the foregoing events Captain F. P. Armstrong built, out of odds and ends from an abandoned mill at Donald, a boat, the *Duchess,* of pioneer Columbia River fame. This remarkable craft has been described as a flat-bottomed, slab-sided affair with immense superstructure and projecting decks. It was propelled by a clumsy wheel set at the stern and resembled somewhat an overgrown lawn mower. As for speed, it could make five or six miles an hour against the stream, or double that if travelling with the current, and was capable of carrying an unlimited amount of freight.

During the building of this boat its fame spread abroad and one day a delegation of Shuswaps from Windermere





THE DUCHESS—From *B.C. 1887* by Lees and Clutterbuck.
Courtesy of Longmans, Green and Co., London.
STEAMER ISABELL on the Columbia nine miles from Golden. About 1909.
SAM'S LANDING AND STAGE—From British Columbia Year Book 1897.

arrived on the scene to have a look at the strange structure. They decided that it was just a case of "white man's folly" and could never be handled by oars, but later these critics were to change their minds.

On May 8th, 1886, about six weeks after the keel had been laid, all was in readiness for departure to the Windermere. With flag flying and whistle blowing, the *Duchess* steamed away from Golden, and when she arrived at Sam's Landing near the head of Lake Windermere the Shuswaps could not believe their eyes. Then, recovering from their astonishment, they rushed down to welcome her and pull her off the sand bar where she was temporarily grounded.

Previously sugar in that area had cost 40c a lb., but with the arrival of the *Duchess* a dollar bought six lbs. and prices of other commodities were reduced in like ratio. There was a grand pow wow and "Strong Arm" according to accounts was acclaimed a great chief who had come to make them rich and happy.

In 1887 the *Cline,* another remarkable boat of those days, appeared and it transported the makings of Baillie-Grohman's sawmill part way to the scene of its future operations. He records that it took twenty-three days to cover one hundred miles. Every minute of daylight was made use of, either in slow progress up the river or in collecting fuel to fire the boiler. Wet weather had drenched all available fire wood which had to be cut up "to about the size of grown-up toothpicks" then soaked in coal oil, in order to get any steam. Sometimes the boat was navigated up a blind channel and then the crew had to retrace their course for miles. So, it appears, there were other reasons for the steamer's slow progress besides its own inefficiency.

This boat came to grief on its second trip up stream while carrying equipment for the North West Mounted Police, when it sank near Spillimacheen. The Duchess also met with disaster when it sank near Canyon Creek with a shipment of oats for the N.W.M.P. and, though it was later raised, this steamer proved anything but a financial success.

Financial assistance, mostly from Lady Adela Cochrane, the services of an expert ship builder, and good quality lumber which had recently become available, all helped to enable Captain Armstrong to build two more boats, the *Duchess* and the *Marion.* The new Duchess, which contained the machinery of the old, was a great improvement, as far as comfort was concerned. It was launched in the spring of 1888 and boasted a dining saloon and staterooms. The Marion, which was built for

use during low water, has been well described by Mrs. Algernon St. Maur, who that fall, travelled to Golden on this small boat. There was no cabin, just a board roof or hurricane deck with canvas hangings at the sides which afforded some shelter against the pouring rain. The passengers who were able to, sat shivering around the funnel of the steamer, while others who were ill lay stretched on blankets amidship. This little boat, so it was jokingly said, could float in a heavy dew.

That was a good year for Captain Armstrong and his river boats. He transported 370 tons of freight and 685 passengers to points south of Golden. His cargoes consisted of ore for which he charged one dollar a ton to Golden from any point, lumber 33c per hundredweight, and whiskey $1.25. During high water boats ran twice a week and there were stage connections at Canal Flat for Fort Steele, Wild Horse and Cranbrook. Also south of Mud (Adela) Lake there was a four mile portage.

Many tales of early days have been recounted by old-timers who travelled on these little river boats. It was quite useless for passengers to be in too much of a hurry to reach their destination, and, if a boat became stuck on a sand bar or hung up on a snag, the only thing to do was to make the best of it. One could, indeed, feel lucky if he was not called upon to jump overboard and help push. If the prospective passenger happened to be waiting for the boat on a cold, wet river bank there was nothing to be gained by becoming restless. Patience was a virtue then which we, in this modern day of speed and efficiency do not sufficiently appreciate.

Accidents sometimes befell members of the crew but seldom were the results fatal. It appears that the Chinese cook on one of the boats, while stooping down to dip a pail of river water, lost his balance and fell overboard into the Columbia. The alarm was promptly sounded, "Chinaman overboard!" "Oh," said the captain, "let him

go. We are not going to stop for a Chinaman." However, when it was discovered that the unfortunate victim was the cook he was promptly fished out of the cold water.

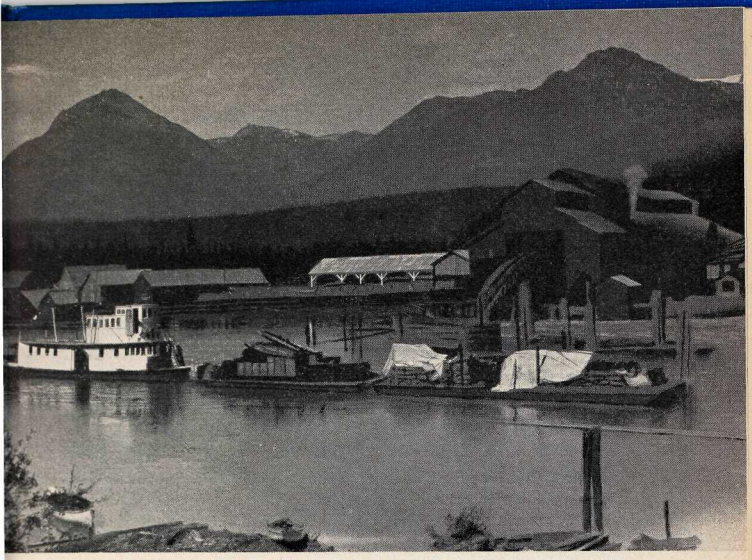
In 1891 the Upper Columbia Navigation and Tramway Company was incorporated and given the right to build a tramway from the C.P.R. station at Golden to the steamboat landing on the Columbia River, a distance of approximately two miles, and another tramway from the west shore of Mud Lake to the north end of Columbia Lake and from the head of navigation on Columbia Lake to Kootenay River.

This company comprised Thomas B. H. Cochrane, Lady Cochrane, and Honourable F. P. Norbury, owners of a placer mine on Finlay Creek, Honourable Frank Lascelles, son of the Earl of Harewood, and at one time purser on one of the river boats, J. F. Armstrong of Golden, secretary, and Captain Frank Armstrong, manager. The finances of this undertaking were contributed mainly by the first four mentioned members of the company.

Two tramways were built, one at Golden and the other a 4¾ mile stretch between Mud and Columbia Lakes. Light rails were laid and horsedrawn cars hauled passengers and freight. The *Duchess, Hyak* and *Pert* were the pioneer boats in this enterprise.

A great improvement in navigation on the Columbia was brought about by a government dredge built at Golden and launched in April 1893. This equipment dredged out sandbars, deepened shallow places, cleared away obstacles of one kind and another, closed side channels, and, in short, made it possible for larger boats to operate. Barges, sometimes two or three at a time, could then be pushed along ahead of a boat and thus facilitate the movement of considerable freight.

In the scattered and thinly settled region served by these river steamers getting the occasional letter posted



S.S. SELKIRK and freight barges on Columbia at Golden.

was one of the problems confronting the pioneer settler, and often he depended on the boats for this important service. This entailed considerable inconvenience for the crews, so, when the stage coaches took over the mail contracts from the U.C. Co. in 1897, the company decided to issue their own postage stamps and thereby discourage the practice of signalling the boats. These, about the size of ordinary stamps of that day, were marked with the letters U.C. Co. 5c and were encircled by a wreath of red leaves. One thousand were issued before the Dominion postal authorities caught up with them and now these stamps have become treasured collectors' items.

A journey in 1897 from Golden to the then flourishing town of Fort Steele was not as convenient as today, but decidedly more exciting. Every Tuesday morning when navigation was open, Captain Armstrong and his current boat left Golden on the 113 mile trip to Mud Lake Land-

ing where passengers and freight were transferred by horse tram to Columbia Lake. There they were met by the steamer *Pert,* a converted bateau captained by "Dirty Drake" who later died, so it has been implied, as a result of having been compelled to take a bath. Probably Drake did not get time for this luxury because he was captain, engineer and deck hand on his boat and must have been quite a busy man.

A fifteen mile trip on the *Pert* landed the travellers at Canal Flat. A horse stage took over at that point, and the next stop was "Governor" Hanson's road house where an overnight stay was made, then, on to Fort Steele.

When navigation ceased a weekly stage between Golden and Fort Steele carried passengers and mail.

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Chapter XII

THE NORTH STAR MINE, FORT STEELE AND SOME KOOTENAY RIVER BOATS

Seldom has the opportunity been given one man to share in the discovery of so many famous mines as did Joe Bourgeois, the French Canadian miner. After he and his partners had located the Centre Star, War Eagle, Virginia, Idaho and Le Roi on Red Mountain near the head of Trail Creek, Bourgeois, prompted by an urge to seek new fields of endeavour, turned up in East Kootenay.

One day, in 1892, while prospecting in the vicinity of present day Kimberley, he and his party met some Indians who were on their way back to the Mission following a berry picking expedition. They told him that a woman of the party had picked up some bright, heavy stones which might be chicamon (money) rock. They had intended to give these pieces to Father Coccola who had constantly urged them to look for ore as well as berries, but fate, in the form of another patch of the tempting fruit, had decreed otherwise. All their containers were full so they threw the money stones away and made room for their latest find.

Bourgeois lost no time in locating the discarded rock and followed the outcroppings which finally led him to a ledge rich in mineral. Thus the North Star, one of the first silver-lead mines in the Kootenay, was located across the ravine from where is now the mighty Sullivan.

The North Star Company was formed to work this property and in 1895 a wagon road, the McGinty trail, costing $11,000 and twenty-one miles long, was built to North Star Landing on Kootenay River about eight miles above Fort Steele. In summer a four horse team could take down five or six tons of ore a day, and during

winter months, six to eight tons at a contract price of $5.00 per ton.

Boats carried the ore to Jennings, Montana and from there it was shipped to Great Falls to be smelted. For his labour the average miner and timber man was paid $3.50 for ten hours and shift bosses $4.00 to $5.00 per day.

The North Star Mine was, for some years, the backbone of Southeast Kootenay and as a result of its development wood-burning steam boats came to the Upper Kootenay River and the cost of living dropped to about half the price it had been. There was a tremendous prospecting boom and men poured into the district from all directions. Old trails were improved, new ones opened, and a great wave of prosperity hit Fort Steele which place was, according to some authorities, the centre of the most flourishing district in British Columbia.

Lots sold like hot cakes in this prosperous town. Prospectors set up their tents wherever space was available and along the streets were hitching posts and feeding racks for saddle and pack horses. The main thoroughfares were lined with stores, hotels and other places of business. Seven licensed saloons ran day and night, full blast. Mining brokers and insurance agents flourished and government, assay, telephone offices and sawmill comprised a partial list of places of business and industry in this lively and prosperous burg.

After this boom hit Fort Steele the old town was not quite the frontier mining camp it had been in earlier years and, as time passed, it gradually changed to a more or less modern village, measured by the standards of that day. Families moved in and a two-room school and church followed. Music teachers arrived on the scene, one being Albert Gretz, who hailed from faraway Chile. E. J. Cann sold pianos; Thomas McVittie, provincial land surveyor, opened an office and C. M. Keep established a private bank; Dr. Watt appeared on the scene and A. B. Grace

TOP—GALBRAITH'S STORE, Fort Steele, 1890. Mr. R. L. T. Galbraith in doorway (left side).
BELOW—This store as it appears to-day.

published *The Prospector*, Fort Steele's first and only newspaper. A dentist, jeweller and others all set up business and, for a time, prospered. Then there was Lum Kim, the vegetable man and butcher, who, with his horse and wagon, peddled his produce around the country, in-

cluding the North Star Mine, where his best customers were located. Another Chinese ran a butcher shop and sold all cuts of meat, no matter what part of the animal, for the same price—regardless, a case of first come, best served.

Many steamboats came up the turbulent Kootenay River to North Star Landing during those exciting days but the distinction of having been the first goes to the *Annerly*. This boat was built by a former Texas stockman on his homestead south of Tobacco Plains and was launched in 1892. It was a small stern-wheeler, approximately ninety feet on the water line and sixteen feet beam. It burned wood and could run only during high water. This little boat was a going concern, off and on, for eight or nine years.

Shortly after the discovery of the North Star Mine Captain Armstrong decided that American interests were not going to grab all the profits accruing from transportation of ore from this new property and so he built, for the Upper Columbia Navigation and Tramway Company, a

THE ANNERLY—*Courtesy Mrs. Charles Levitt.*

small 63½ ft. boat with which to haul part of the North Star ore to Montana for smelting. This craft was the *Gwendoline,* named for Lady Gwendoline Rous, daughter of the Earl of Stradbroke, who was at that time living at Thunder Hill Ranch.

This project was commenced in 1893 at Wasa but could not be completed there. Bad roads, lack of material and skilled labour soon proved that this was a poor location and, so, the hull, later that summer, was transported on skids and rollers across Canal Flat to Columbia Lake, then floated down the Columbia to Golden where the job was finished.

The builder's intention being to run the *Gwendoline* on Kootenay River, he pressured the government to spend $2,500 to repair the canal and so make it open for navigation. The locks were in bad shape partly because the gates had been blasted open in June that year during high water in order to save the sawmill and Grohman Hotel.

On May 22nd, 1894 the *Gwendoline* set out on the voyage from Golden to Fort Steele and it appears that those on board had few idle moments. It carried considerable freight and when the crew was not making a superhuman effort to get the boat out of the mud, steer it clear of rocks or other obstructions there was always wood to cut for fuel and the *Gwendoline* had a voracious appetite.

Five days after its departure from Golden the ship had cleared the canal and entered the Kootenay—the only time the passage was made from north to south through this waterway. The little steamer sailed into Fort Steele almost on the crest of the great flood of '94.

In 1896 it was lengthened and a few years later ended its career when it toppled from railway flat cars into Kootenay River above Bonners Ferry while it was being transported to Kootenay Lake, where its owners en-

visioned a share in transportation activities.

Between the years 1893 and 1898 a number of steamboats transported North Star ore to Jennings, Montana and brought back passengers, supplies, etc. The majority of them came to grief in the Kootenay River canyon.

The *North Star* appears to have been the most practical of all those river steamers and usually made the trip from Jennings to Fort Steele in two or three days. Like the other craft, it travelled by day and when night came tied up to a tree. There were seven places where boats had to be pulled up by head line and capstan and when the water level dropped there were more. In one year the *North Star* earned $30,000 during the season, which closed usually about September 1st.

The Cranbrook Herald of April 12, 1898 carried the following advertisement:

THE POPULAR ROUTE TO EAST KOOTENAY

The large and commodious Steamers
North Star and J. D. Farrell
Capacity
100 passengers and 150 tons freight each
Will open the navigation season on the Kootenay River
from
Jennings, Montana on the Great Northern Railway
For all points in East Kootenay
About April 20th

For passenger and freight rates address
The Companies' agents at
Jennings, Montana
or
Fort Steele Mercantile Co.
Fort Steele or Wardner, B.C.

INTERNATIONAL TRANSPORTATION CO.
KOOTENAY RIVER TRANSPORTATION CO.

The first trip following publication of this ad was made by the steamship *J. D. Farrell* financed by Great Northern interests. This craft, after an enthusiastic send-off, left Jennings on April 17th well loaded with passengers and freight, including a generous supply of liquor, some to celebrate the occasion, no doubt, and the greater part for Fort Steele consumption. It was an entirely new boat with excellent accommodation including steam heat and electric lights and was equipped with all modern appliances for speedy and safe navigation.

This was an inopportune time to commence the undertaking as the river was too low and the boat became stuck on almost every sandbar en route. Five days were spent on a bar a few miles below Elk River and while there supplies had to be replenished by pack horses from Tobacco Plains. It took twelve days to reach Fort Steele and it has been said that the paddle wheels were worn out from threshing the bottom of the river. However, this up-and-coming town gave the *J. D. Farrell* a rousing welcome when it finally arrived. The Fort Steele brass band was out in full force and a salute of exploding dynamite sticks from the assembled crowd added to the excitement.

This boat met disaster a few weeks later after it had made eight trips up the river. It struck a rock in the canyon where, it has been said, the water swept through like a race horse. The vessel sank to its upper deck but the captain was able to beach it and all the passengers were safetly landed after which the boat disappeared below the surface, all except the pilot house. This craft was salvaged later in the season when the water level had dropped.

The *J. D. Farrell* had cost $15,000 to build and was out of action during the greater part of a very busy season which, of course, was a severe blow to the owners. It was the last steamer constructed for navigation on the upper Kootenay River.

The *North Star* was the only steamer ever to proceed north to Golden through the old 100 ft. Grohman lock at Canal Flat. In June 1902, after much preliminary work earlier in the season followed by a supreme effort during the two weeks previous to the event, Captain Armstrong accomplished the seemingly impossible after which the *North Star,* battered, but still a going concern, found itself afloat on the Columbia.

After having stopped to pick up the steel rails belonging to the old, abandoned tramway, the boat proceeded on its way down stream, the sound of its deep, bass whistle "re-echoing from peak to peak of the Rocky and Selkirk Mountains" as it proclaimed its arrival at Windermere, Canterbury, Athalmer and Wilmer. After many difficulties had been overcome the *North Star* arrived at Golden midst exuberant excitement and it has been said that at the banquet which followed the wines and spirits flowed almost as freely as did the waters of the Columbia itself.

This boat was later used to haul ore from the Parridice Mine to Golden but it proved unsatisfactory, being too large for the twists and turns of the Columbia, besides it consumed too much fuel.

Finally the law caught up with the *North Star* when it was seized and impounded at Golden by the Canadian customs. The vessel had been built at Jennings, Montana, the registry had not been changed and Captain Armstrong had paid no duty on his ship. This did not worry the owner too much as the craft was unsatisfactory in this latest venture. It, however, served still another useful purpose, even in captivity. Parts and equipment for other craft in need of repair were appropriated as required until finally it was converted into a barge.

By the fall of 1898 the anticipated Crowsnest Pass Railway was in operation and a few months later the North Star, or as we call it today, the Kimberley branch

of the C.P.R., was completed. Those railway developments cut out any further use of the McGinty trail and North Star Landing and in this corner of British Columbia the day of the river steamer was ended.

With the passing of the boats Fort Steele's prosperity was at an end and a great disappointment befell the citizens of the old town who had fervently hoped for a railroad. The Crowsnest Pass Railway by-passed them in spite of the efforts of Fort Steele property owners, and Cranbrook, a hitherto unimportant location, was chosen for a railway divisional point. It was but a matter of a short time until the government offices were moved to this new location and old Fort Steele, which was to hear no more the welcome whistle of the little river boats, nor for some years, the shriek of a railway engine, settled back to reflect on her memories of life and wealth, bustle and excitement, which had been her lot in days gone by.

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Reminiscences of Mrs. Charles Levitt.

Chapter XIII

EARLY HISTORY OF THE SULLIVAN MINE

During the early '90's, when hard rock miners from south of the border poured into the Kootenays, Kaslo and the Slocan country ranked high in interest and speculation. Thus it was that Walter Burchett, a farmer of Colbert, Washington, caught up by the urge and excitement which were abroad in the land, forsook his hoe for a miner's pick, and eventually shared in the discovery of what was to be one of the greatest lead-zinc mines in the world.

Fired with prospecting zeal, Burchett and his friend Ed Smith, an experienced miner, headed down the Kootenay to Kaslo. Together, they scrambled up the rough trails to Sandon and New Denver, prospected but found nothing. Returning to Kaslo they met John Cleaver, a quiet, reserved German immigrant and Pat Sullivan, a tall, handsome, red-headed son of the Emerald Isle who hailed from Bantry Bay on the south coast. These two men and Smith were old friends, having met before in the Coeur d'Alene country.

The mountains to the west held no further interest for the party but another inspiration came to them. Why not cross the lake, climb the Selkirks, surmount the divide and try their luck on the other side in the Fort Steele mining district where Joe Bourgeois' recent discovery had focussed widespread attention?

The four wasted no time. They obtained supplies, crossed the lake, and set off on their difficult journey, each carrying one hundred pounds pack on his back. As they struggled up the steep and rugged mountain sides, they were forced to resort to the slower Indian relay pack method as going was very strenuous and their burdens were too heavy. Steep, slippery terrain, half melted snow

at the higher levels, rock slides and other obstacles made this a dangerous, difficult route.

Finally, after thirty-seven days from Kootenay Lake, with physical strength at a low ebb, their matches, and last bit of provisions gone, the exhausted and starving men met some Kootenay Indians. Their new friends gave them food and guided them to St. Eugene Mission, where Father Coccola welcomed them and where rest, food, and shelter were forthcoming.

From the missionary and the miners at Fort Steele the new arrivals heard wonderful accounts of Joe Bourgeois' North Star Mine and they decided to see for themselves something of this new and incredible find. The four streams, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, named by Father Coccola, poured their waters into the St. Mary's River from the north and up Mark Creek this body of rich ore was located.

It was not difficult to find the site of the North Star. The four prospectors, noting the entire hillside was staked, crossed Mark Creek and searched the other side. About a mile from Bourgeois' discovery the first piece of float was picked up from where was to be the famous Sullivan Mine and, acting on the suggestion of Sullivan and Smith, the party staked two claims, the Shylock and Hamlet. They little realized that they were standing on a mountain of ore and Smith, in later years admitted that neither he nor his partners foresaw a particularly bright future for the property and if he had not left a nine dollar compass on the spot where they staked the claims they probably would not have returned to the location. Later, with a borrowed grub stake provided by Father Coccola, they came back to the scene and uncovered a ledge of rather low grade lead-zinc ore.

These men did not have the finances required to carry on development of their property and for four summers they worked for day wages in order to maintain one of

their number at their discovery. It was during this period that Sullivan was killed in a cave-in at a mine in Idaho, according to reports.

In 1896 the three remaining partners sold their mine for $24,000 to a Spokane syndicate who were operating Rossland's famous Le Roi Mine. Each of the three discoverers received $6,000 and Pat Sullivan's share was sent to his relatives in Ireland. Ed Smith went farming on St. Mary's Prairie and in 1900 was elected to the Provincial Legislature. He passed away at his farm home in May, 1924. Burchett returned to Washington and John Cleaver went back to Germany.

The new owners sank small shafts and did some surface stripping. Then McKenzie and Mann, who held the controlling interest in the North Star, contracted with the C.P.R. to build a railroad from Cranbrook. The first rail shipments of ore were made from the Sullivan in 1900 to Hall Mines Smelter and the Canadian Smelting Works at Trail. Nine years later the Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company of Canada took an option on the property and in 1910 they purchased it.

For a considerable time this mine presented a very difficult problem because of the complex nature of its ore content but persistence and study won out. Its well-hidden secrets were finally disclosed and it has become, through the years, the industrial heart of the Kootenays. Today when we try to comprehend the immensity and importance of this tremendous ore body our thoughts go back across the years to that day when, on the banks of the St. Mary's River, Pat Sullivan tried to sell the mine to Sir Donald Mann for $10,000.

Patrol men today ride the "sno-cats" and power wagons from Kootenay Lake over the Selkirks to service the 170,000 volt Kimberley power line. Times and conditions have changed since the days of Sullivan, Cleaver, Smith and Burchett, who wandered for more than five

weeks, evidently lost part of the time, in a forty-odd miles stretch of mountain wilderness.

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Chapter XIV

PIERRE, KOOTENAY INDIAN

Pierre, the Kootenay, first distinguished himself as Chief Isadore's leading strong man in the raid on Wild Horse jail in 1887. At that time he was a bitter enemy of the whites and has been aptly described by Colonel Sam Steele, who judged from his savage looks and gestures, as an out and out fire-eater. Pierre never ceased to mutter threats on the few occasions in which Steele held conferences with Chief Isadore. He resented the presence of the police with a keen intensity and he hated the representative of the church who was friendly disposed towards his sworn enemies.

One evening, as Father Coccola sat in his rectory at St. Eugene, the door opened quietly, and Pierre, armed with a rifle and with a look of blind and furious rage in his eyes, entered.

Father Coccola, who knew his Indians probably better than they did themselves, showed no sign of fear or surprise as Pierre ordered him to leave the country. When the missionary refused the Indian declared that he would kill him, but the answer which he received surprised him. Father Coccola explained that he was there to help Pierre's people and would remain as long as one was left. He refused to be intimidated, stood up, faced his irate visitor and told him to go ahead.

This cool-headed courage impressed Pierre. His outburst subsided and he lowered his gun.

Thus came about the beginning of a remarkable friendship which lasted many years and to the end of his days Pierre proved himself a loyal friend of the priest whose life he had once threatened.

In later years Father Coccola, always very much alive to the mineral potentialities of the country, incessantly

lectured the Indians on their laziness in allowing white men to discover the mineral wealth of the land, while they, the natives, if they would only get busy, might find the makings of a mine themselves and thereby be able to build a decent church at the Mission instead of the little log building in which, at that time, they worshipped. Also, they might improve their living conditions.

Finally, one day in June 1893, Pierre, who was sometimes known as Indian Pete, went hunting and when he returned to the Mission he brought Father Coccola some heavy, glittering samples of rock which his sharp eyes had discovered on a spot located some miles away. These

PIERRE, KOOTENAY INDIAN, from Cranbrook Courier.

ST. EUGENE MISSION CHURCH. Built with part of the proceeds from Pierre's discovery.

pieces might be chicamon rocks and, if so, thought Pierre, the missionary's great desire, a church, would probably be assured. He explained that after many day's search he had found a great ledge of this rock near the shore of Moyie Lake to the southward and there was a greater showing of rich mineral there than at Joe Bourgeois' newly discovered North Star Mine. "And you will not tell us again," he said to Father Coccola, "that all Indians are lazy and shiftless."

After inspection the priest announced that he wasn't sure about the value of Pierre's find. Someone who was a better authority on the subject than himself would have to be consulted and no one was better qualified than James Cronin, who had mining interests in the district. One evening, while on his way from the North Star Mine, Cronin called at the Mission to inspect Pierre's discovery and recognized it as high grade galena.

Father Coccola then went to Fort Steele, obtained a miner's licence, and one morning at dawn he and Cronin, guided by Pierre, set out for the vicinity of Moyie Lake.

And what a striking group these three men made as they built their camp fire on the lonely and beautiful lakeshore where, as yet, no railway had penetrated! Father Nicholas Coccola, O.M.I., a native of Corsica, that far-away island in the Mediterranean, James Cronin, the Irish dreamer and miner, who had pursued the elusive and fickle Lady Fortune from the mining camps of Mexico to those of Alaska, and Pierre, native son of the Kootenay and erstwhile bitter enemy of every white man in the country.

Next morning they climbed the steep and rugged mountain to the place where Pierre had obtained his samples. Upon arrival there, Cronin was pleased with what he saw—a very promising outcropping of galena. Two claims were staked, the St. Eugene and St. Peter. Cronin received one-half interest, Father Coccola and Pierre the remainder. This latter share was eventually

disposed of for $12,500 and Father Coccola was enabled to build his church and, within a stone's throw of it, a comfortable and good-looking home for Pierre, who became known among his fellow tribesmen as Pierre the Rich.

From that time on Pierre was greatly attached to his two friends and one day declared that now he had two fathers—his father in the church and his good friend James Cronin. And then Pierre the Kootenay made a remarkable decision—he took the name of Pierre Cronin.

His discovery in time passed into the possession of the newly-formed Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company of Canada and became the famous St. Eugene, the largest silver-lead mine of that day in Canada.

And Pierre Cronin, in his wanderings back and forth over the mountains, sometimes found himself, when night overtook him, in the region of the great mine which he had discovered. Then, so it has been said, he claimed as his privilege, the right to sleep under the table in the drafting room. And who, if he wanted to, had a better right?

Pierre lived for many years, then, finally one day in 1926 his friends missed the feeble old man, went to his home and found that he had passed away in his sleep. Thus closed a most extraordinary life and the story of Pierre Cronin will always stand out as an important part of the history of East Kootenay.

A granite slab has been erected to his memory in the little Mission cemetery by the Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company of Canada, and inscribed on it in letters of gold is the following:

PIELLE* CRONIN
1846-1926
Kootenay Indian discoverer of the St. Eugene Mine
Moyie, B.C., June 30, 1893
Died May 17, 1926. Aged 80 years.

* Pielle is the Kootenay form of Pierre.

NOTE: Mr. J. S. Carter, for many years C.P.R. District Passenger Agent at Nelson, B.C., in an address to the local Rotary Club on the occasion of his superannuation (1933), stated that the C.P.R. around the turn of the century, contracted to carry 100,000 tons of St. Eugene silver-lead concentrates to Antwerp, but when the company delved into the costs necessary for ocean carriage, they discovered that there was little profit in the transaction. Dependence upon outside steamship companies was unsatisfactory and this problem of transporting St. Eugene ore helped the C.P.R. to make an important decision. In 1903 the company bought the Beaver Line of steamships and embarked on their own trans-Atlantic service between Liverpool, London, Antwerp and Canada.

So, like the ripples caused when a pebble is cast into a pool, the results of Pierre's discovery had travelled far.

Chapter XV

THE BUILDING OF THE CROWSNEST PASS RAILWAY

The Crowsnest Pass Agreement[17] became law June 29th, 1897 and by its terms the Canadian Pacific Railway Company was to construct a railway from Lethbridge, Alberta to Nelson, British Columbia. The C.P.R. was granted a Dominion subsidy of $11,000 per mile subject to certain conditions as to the price of coal, traffic arrangements, etc. and British Columbia agreed to contribute 20,000 acres of land per mile to the railway company while the C.P.R., in turn, surrendered to the Dominion Government 50% of coal-bearing lands obtained thus. Highest permissible rates for certain commodities moving in stated directions and between designated points were provided and it was stipulated that no higher rates should be charged for such traffic after the date specified. Provision was also made for reduction in grain rates eastbound from the prairies.

The new act presented problems for the future which were not immediately perceived but which, as time went on, became very acute.

Survey of the route had been undertaken in January, 1897 and the advance mountain survey party started from Fort Macleod the following May. Axemen slashed out the preliminary line for the railway right of way and pack horses carried the necessary provisions and equipment. This proved a tough job because of rain, mud, high water and mosquitoes. When the party arrived at Cranbrook in July they found there only Col. Baker's residence and a small eating place.

Following completion of this survey a tote road was

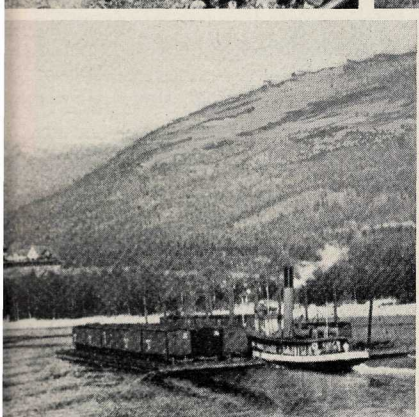
[17] See *The Economic Aspects of the Crowsnest Pass Rates Agreement* by Theodore Herbert Harris M.A., MacMillan Company of Canada 1930.

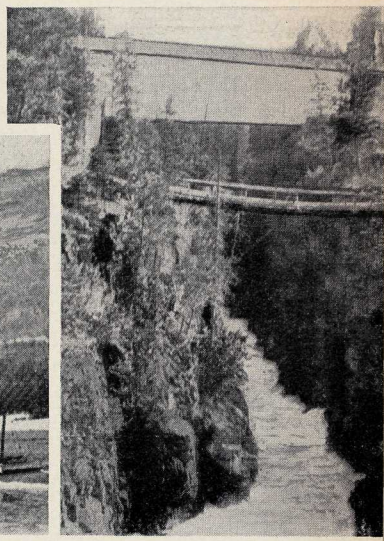
cut. Supplies had to be brought in and buildings erected before the work of railroad construction could be started, which latter project required the efforts of approximately five thousand men and one thousand teams of horses. Railroad ties were made by sawing suitable logs the required length, then these rough sections were hewed and shaped by hand. That work alone furnished employment for many expert axemen who, according to accounts, could hand-hew from fifty to sixty ties a day. Rivers and creeks had to be spanned; roads graded over muskeg and cut through solid rock. Telegraph construction, laying steel, building tunnels all called for skill and hard labour and M. J. Haney in charge of operations was given but fifteen months in which to complete the job.

As the new railway pushed westward frontier centres sprang up along the way. Fernie came into being and Cranbrook rapidly became an important location, but the liveliest town of all appears to have been Moyie City. Initial development of the rich St. Eugene Mine had been undertaken some time before by James Cronin, financed by American interests. This company cut tunnels, sank shafts, built a concentrator and shipped consignments of ore and concentrates to Belgium and Chile, packing the shipments down to river boats for the long journey to their destination. Only the highest grades were transported and the tailings were run off into, or dumped beside, Moyie Lake. During railroad construction much of this material was reclaimed and used as track ballast and it has been said that this section of the C.P.R., for some miles each way, is the richest railway bed in the world.

In 1896, according to the Report of the Provincial Department of Mines, several thousand tons of ore were ready and waiting for shipment when the railway would come through.

When mining operations first started here a discerning





UPPER LEFT—MAIN PORTAL of the St. Eugene Mine in its very early days.
Courtesy Consolidated Mining & Smelting Company.

UPPER RIGHT—INDIANS WATCH PASSENGERS at the CPR's Moyie station. Nearby, the St. Eugene ranked as B.C.'s biggest lead-silver ore producer.
Courtesy Consolidated Mining & Smelting Company

LOWER LEFT—C.P.R. TUG AND FREIGHT CARS en route to Procter from Kootenay Landing. C.P.R. hotel at Balfour in the background.
Courtesy Consolidated Mining & Smelting Company

LOWER RIGHT—GOAT RIVER CROSSING showing the old pack bridge.

individual, with an eye to business, had foreseen the possibilities and secured pre-emption rights of what was later to be Moyie townsite. It was not very long until real estate was valuable and rents high in this busy camp and during those prosperous boom days quite a number of shacks were built on rafts moored below the railway tracks where the inhabitants had no rent to pay. Once two Chinese arrived on the scene to start a laundry and attempted to set up business on a raft, but some of the citizens, who were determined that Moyie was to be a white man's town, cut the mooring cable and set the floating shack adrift. The Chinese decided that this town was not for them and they made a hurried departure.

The coming of the Crowsnest Pass Railroad was being looked forward to with eager anticipation and in August 1898 when the track-laying crew reached Moyie all the citizens took a holiday to watch the steel being laid. There was, in spite of this noteworthy occasion, an ominous cloud on the horizon. The C.P.R. demanded possession of every other lot in the town and the principal owner refused. If this demand was not met, so the C.P.R. declared, the town would be passed by and the station built at the foot of Moyie Lake about two miles away. Still this determined citizen refused and a new townsite called Moyelle was surveyed and lots were sold. A C.P.R. station, telegraph office etc. were built there, a store was opened and the proprietor of the newly erected Alberta Hotel declared business was good. Families were moving to the new site and sixteen children helped swell the population of Moyelle while the trains whistled as they sped through Moyie City. This was a bitter pill for the up-and-coming town, the only place of any importance in the country and, to add insult to injury, the name Moyie did not appear on the first railway maps of the Crowsnest Pass line. However, the railway company, after a short time and some negotiating, forsook its Moyelle location

which later became known as Aldridge, and moved the station and offices to Moyie, which town was to prosper for some years to come.

Another location which probably eclipsed Moyie tem-

COSY CORNER LUNCH COUNTER—on site of present day post office—Cranbrook.

THE ST. EUGENE MINE AND MILL.

porarily was Kuskonook, supply point for the west end of construction. This camp was located on the east shore of Kootenay Lake about three miles from Kootenay Landing and was chosen because water was deep at the shoreline and boats could easily land as contrasted with the shallow, marshy conditions at Kootenay Landing.

Immediately this location was selected for a landing place it became a boom town. Shacks appeared like mushrooms as railway workers and others arrived to share in the prosperity. In 1898 Kuskonook had a population of more than one thousand people and comprised four hotels, three or four stores, a small company hospital, post office and a newspaper, the *Kuskonook Searchlight,* whose editor informs us that it was a common thing to see no fewer than twelve steam craft moored along the wharves at one time.

During this construction period very unhygienic conditions developed along the railway line. Many of the horses, working in mud and soft ground, became afflicted with foot rot, others met with accidents on the rough roads and steep grades, and hundreds of injured animals had to be destroyed. This, together with lack of camp sanitation, brought about unhealthy living conditions for the workers and typhoid fever broke out, while blasting and other accidents took their toll.

A hospital was established at St. Eugene Mission and the medical doctors on the scene were each responsible for certain sections along the line of construction. At Goat River Crossing, where two hundred workers at one time were camped, the typhoid epidemic became alarming and Dr. F. W. Green, who had his headquarters at Kuskonook and whose territory extended from that point to Moyie, took charge of a forty-bed log hospital at this Goat River location. Many patients were brought there and, in spite of all that could be done for them, an estimated ninety men died. Dr. J. H. King (later Senator)

had the territory from Moyie to Elko; Dr. Saul Bonnell was in charge at Fernie and log cabins, tents and box cars served as emergency hospitals.

During this time railway construction was being carried on with feverish haste until finally the job was finished to Kootenay Landing, one hundred and eighty-two miles from Crowsnest.

The next step was to built a railway between Procter and Nelson with facilities at the former location for a tug and barge terminal to handle freight, ore and coal shipments.

This stretch of road was completed in a little more than two years' time, also an agreement was consummated with the Great Northern Railway Company whereby they and the C.P.R. would share the five-mile stretch of G.N. track east from Nelson.

Thirty years later part of this route was changed when the link around Kootenay Lake was completed and as a result transportation was greatly speeded up. New Year's Day 1931 saw the first scheduled through train arrive at Nelson depot from the east.

With all due regard for the march of progress perhaps a nostalgic note may be forgiven here. When this more efficient and speedy service was adopted Nelson lost one intangible charm – the deep-throated whistle of the "Crow boat" with the subsequent bustle and excitement at the city wharf. These daily events provided a never-to-be-forgotten thrill to those who knew Nelson in earlier days.

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Pioneer Charles Stevens Passes, Cranbrook Courier, November 17, 1955.

Chapter XVI

LATER RAILWAY DEVELOPMENTS

The completion of the Crowsnest Pass Railway did not signal the end of prosperity for the thriving construction camp of Kuskonook. The Kootenay Railway and Navigation Company was flourishing on Kootenay Lake and the G.N.R. decided to subsidize the Nelson & Bedlington Railway from Bonners Ferry northward to Kuskonook and thereby provide daily passenger service between Spokane and Kaslo, Sandon, Cranbrook and way points.

Construction of this railway commenced in November 1898, and early the next spring more than two thousand men were busy on the project. In a short time G.N.R. trains were crossing the C.P.R. tracks near Creston northward bound to Kuskonook, the terminus which the C.P.R. had lately forsaken and where a station, round house, wharf improvements and other facilities were being built.

This road did not pay. Instead it put the G.N.R. in the red and, as a result, was discontinued in a few years. Hotels and stores closed; the mining recorder's office was moved to the new town of Creston; the railway round house burned down, and the population drifted away.

Once during its heyday Pauline Johnson, the Canadian poet, found herself at Kuskonook where she was forced to stay overnight in order to catch the G.N. train south. According to an account of her visit the population of this town at that time was about three hundred people, and among them were six Methodists who wanted to build a church. In order to raise some money to aid this cause Miss Johnson was asked to give a concert. She consented and promptly two young people were sent around town ringing bells and proclaiming "Concert tonight. Fraser's saloon." A billiard table was pushed across the

corner of the room with a soap box for a step, Hudson's Bay blankets made a dressing room and a two hour programme was presented.

No Methodist church ever graced that long forgotten village beside Kootenay Lake but worthwhile efforts have never gone unrewarded, we trust, even in Kuskonook.

* * *

The rigid terms of the Crowsnest Pass Agreement were doomed to give rise to bitter contentions across the years and have been the means of bringing about one of Canada's major national problems.

As has previously been noted this act provided reduction on grain rates eastbound from the prairies but there was no provision made for reduction of future grain and other shipments westbound over the mountainous terrain of Canada's Pacific province which shipments would be much more expensive than those across the flat prairie with cheap water transportation down the Great Lakes and rivers east of Fort William, plus U.S. competition. No one, at that time, could quite foresee how this was to affect British Columbia, the future importance of which was not realized, and where grades were heavy and numerous, wear and tear on equipment very considerable, and where the railway company found it necessary to employ 3.3 men per mile of line compared with 2.7 in prairie regions. The harbours of Vancouver, New Westminster, Victoria and Prince Rupert had not, as yet, been developed. Alberta, in 1897, was still a part of the North West Territories and had not begun to yield grain in appreciable amounts, while Ontario at that time was the greatest grain-producing area in Canada.

The months immediately following the first World War were difficult times. British Columbia coast cities had, for years, complained because freight rates charged from Vancouver to interior B.C. points and as far east as Calgary and Macleod were being discriminated against

as compared with westbound traffic from Winnipeg. War conditions had closed money markets which had previously been open to the railway and returns on financial investments had dropped while cost of upkeep had to be met. Living expenses had been steadily mounting and employees who were definitely feeling the pinch of inadequate pay cheques were prepared to strike.

Finally, in 1919, an Order-in-Council, approved by Parliament and effective for three years, satisfied the demands of employees and temporarily eased freight rates pressure. This action, at a very critical time, prevented the collapse of the Canadian transportation system and saved the country's economy.

In 1922 when the Special Parliamentary Committee met again to consider transportation costs, G. G. McGeer, who represented the Province of British Columbia, protested strongly against restoration of the Crowsnest rates since British Columbia had not been included in their scope. This province lost the decision and the next year appealed to the Board of Railway Commissioners. Finally, in 1925, the rates were equalized.

Slowly differences have been ironed out and across the years British Columbia's seaports, which have possessed, since 1925, the same advantages as Montreal, have developed at an unprecedented rate. The *Vancouver Sun* of July 4th, 1961 states that the four grain ports of this province shipped 20.1 million bushels of grain to world markets during the month of June of that year. Tremendous shipments to the Orient and elsewhere in 1961-62 have made Vancouver the world's greatest grain port.

* * *

Years before the Crowsnest Pass Railway had been built and after James J. Hill had severed his connections with the C.P.R. an understandably strained relationship developed between the opposing parties. The latter decided that it was not in their best interests to place too

much dependency on the St. Paul, Minnesota & Manitoba Railway and a strategic move in the transportation game was made when the C.P.R. took over the bankrupt Minneapolis, St. Paul & Sault St. Marie Railway. A branch line was built north to Portal, North Dakota and the C.P.R. ran a connection to that point from their main line. This move gave the Canadian Pacific Railway a western entrance to Chicago as well as access to the upper Mississippi Valley.

Some years after the Crowsnest branch was completed the further importance of this "Soo Line", as it came to be known, was greatly enhanced. In 1906 D. C. Corbin completed the building of the Spokane International Railway from Spokane, Washington through Sandpoint and Bonners Ferry to the international boundary line at Eastport, Idaho, a distance of one hundred and forty miles, where it connected with the Crowsnest branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway at Yahk. In 1916 the C.P.R. purchased this road and in so doing obtained a direct line —and the shortest—from the State of Washington to Chicago giving daily passenger and fast freight service.

Sometimes during the summer and fall large fruit consignments and other perishables were rushed to eastern American markets and as many as three heavy "Soo" trains were often required every twenty-four hours to move shipments eastward across the mountains over this route.

This, a less publicized, nevertheless very important development, gave to the Crowsnest Pass branch and other railway divisions concerned a considerable impetus and so spelt more activity and accompanying prosperity to C.P.R. business and labour than would otherwise have been the case.

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Chapter XVII

FLEETING SCENES OF EARLY CRANBROOK

A Kootenay Indian village, A'qkis ga'ktleet,[18] once occupied the site of the city of Cranbrook. Located, as it was, on a flat and grassy plain, with a plentiful water supply and a prevailing breeze which kept the mosquitoes away, this was almost an ideal spot on which to dwell. The business of obtaining a livelihood kept the population employed and the occasional Blackfoot raid provided excitement for everyone.

Those were uneasy days when their enemy, with his death-dealing weapons, occasionally crept up on the camp or on a small band of hunters in the vicinity, scalped the men, took women and children prisoners or probably killed many, after which the marauders departed with their victims' horses or anything else which they fancied. It paid the Kootenays to keep a sharp lookout, and the little, steep hill which is sometimes called Isadore's Peak was their point of vantage from which they scanned the countryside far and wide for possible enemy attacks. The narrow canyon below, through which the railway passes, has probably many times witnessed the passage of moccasined feet and echoed to the wild whoops of returning Peigans who had successfully raided their western neighbours.

Then a new day dawned for these people. White men arrived on the scene and brought them weapons of defence which they needed desperately. Prototypes of these guns and knives which the traders brought they had seen before in the hands of their foes and sometimes stained by the blood of their own people. At last they were able to defend themselves against their ancient predatory enemy.

[18] Dr. A. F. Chamberlain in *Report of the British Association for the Advancement of Science 1892.*

The white man's urge for gold once again changed things. Along in the early 1870's white men came to live at this place which the newcomers called Joseph's Prairie after the Kootenay Indian chief of that day. Mr. Henry E. Seelye, the customs officer, evidently arrived first with his family and soon Mr. and Mrs. John Galbraith, who bought many acres, built a home, and started a small store. In the days that followed this store was a meeting place for miners and trappers from Perry Creek, Moyie River, Palmer Bar and other places. Here they bought their supplies, discussed their various locations and compared operations and luck at their several diggings.

As for the Kootenays, they thought, "Why all this excitement about gold?" Had they not many times seen this shining, yellow metal between the teeth of wild sheep and goats which they had killed on the mountains? It could not be eaten like the berries and roots or fish of the countryside and so it fulfilled no desire of theirs. They simply were not interested.

No unfriendliness appears to have developed to mar the happiness of all, or indeed anyone concerned until after ten or twelve years had elapsed when Colonel Baker bought and fenced his farm and many more acres of land which the Kootenays had claimed as theirs for generations. This, of course, led to hard feelings, much trouble, and the final removal of these people from this location. They were paid for improvements and were ceded certain lands in the vicinity of Mayook, and so the last vestige of the Indian village disappeared and Colonel Baker renamed the location Cranbrook.

In the fall of 1883 the Northern Pacific Railway was completed and soon American construction workers, cattle drovers, gamblers, bootleg gentry, and others passed through Joseph's Prairie, as it was still known, on their way north to where the C.P.R. main line was being built and where they all hoped to obtain wealth by honest

means and otherwise. Mr. Norris, the customs officer, had a most lively and busy time keeping track of customs collections, while long strings of pack horses and mules, many laden with contraband, passed through from Sandpoint, Idaho over the Moyie train. With the completion of the railway this picture faded and once again Cranbrook was in the doldrums.

The possibility of another and closer railway soon cheered the hearts of the few settlers in the country. The great coal deposits of Crows' Nest Pass lay untapped and at many places potentially great industries could not develop without the use of this important asset. So it followed that in a few years a railway line was being surveyed from east of the Rockies through Crows' Nest Pass and on across the Kootenays. Excitement ran high as at some places more than one preliminary survey was being run. In southeast Kootenay three different routes were marked out, one by way of the Dewdney trail from east of Cranbrook to Moyie Lake, another through Mr. Baker's farm, and the third by way of Fort Steele and up the St. Mary's River.

The owner of Cranbrook's many acres was a keen-sighted business man and a very influential politician. Another landowner was Mr. A. R. Hogg, a surveyor who had helped to survey part of the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. He had bought some land on the Dewdney trail which, he anticipated, would make a desirable townsite provided the road went that way. Many people thought it would because it was supposed to be a shorter and better grade than either of the other two routes. However, Colonel Baker had aspirations for his farm and much more influence than anyone else and the result was that the railway survey ran through his farm and it became eventually a city while Mr. Hogg's townsite reverted to a farm and was known for many years as the Hogg Ranch. The St. Mary's Lake survey died a natural death.

For some years during its very early career, Cranbrook had a post office and mail came from Golden. Following Joe Bourgeois' discovery of the North Star Mine and when steam boats had commenced travelling up and down Kootenay River, the post office was moved to Wardner. The Cranbrook Trading Company, in the Cranbrook Herald of May 17th, 1898 carried the following ad. "Our free pony express will carry your letters to the post office every Friday, connecting with Royal and U.S. mails." A later ad informs us that "the pony express is still running."

With the coming of steam to Kootenay River Cranbrook's customs office was moved to Tobacco Plains and from 1896 to 1905 it was located at Fort Steele. One of the Canadian Immigration officers at this latter town during those years was Charles Mair, author of *Tecumseh* and one of Canada's better known poets. Mr. Mair later kept a book store and news stand at Moyie.

In the spring of 1897 the townsite of Cranbrook was surveyed and that year the first saw mill was established to cut lumber for the C.P.R. and to supply material for the first buildings to be erected in the new town.

July 27th, 1898 was a red letter day for Cranbrook because it marked the arrival of the first train of the new Crowsnest branch of the C.P.R. It was a work train, laying steel and was manned by A. Lockhart, conductor; Fred Genest and Joe Belanger, brakemen; Engineer was H. J. Brock and fireman Neil Campbell. Everyone was happy. The long-hoped-for and much discussed railway had at last arrived and Cranbrook was on the road to becoming a prosperous and important divisional point.

We are very conscious of culture, or lack of it, nowadays, but culture is not a new idea. It has been with us, for better or worse, since the world was young and decades before radio and TV made inroads on our minds and time dwellers on our western frontiers occasionally

enjoyed the keen thrill of seeing excellent plays and hearing the music of the masters, thanks to high calibre travelling troupes who made annual journeys across the country.

The Metropolitan Opera Company, before the turn of the century, was not far up the ladder of fame, but what they lacked in finances and renown they made up for in courage and effort. Members of this talented organization toured, not only the large cities of the East, but also the booming mining camps and frontier towns of the West.

They played Cranbrook in the spring of 1899—presented *La Mascot* to a crowded house and with very limited stage accommodation for thirty actors. The footlights were coal oil lamps; the curtain a strip of white canvas; the dressing rooms were sections thinly curtained off, and the box office was a nail keg with a board across the top. The players met the difficulties of the situation with cheerfulness and good humour. The singing and acting, according to reports, were excellent and receipts amounted to more than $300. The audience enjoyed the play immensely and some went over to Fort Steele later to see *The Bohemian Girl.*

Unfortunately, on their way to this latter town, two ladies of the Opera Company experienced painful injuries when the horses hitched to one conveyance ran away while descending the "half way hill". The driver and his two passengers were thrown out and the ladies suffered broken bones, cuts and shock. They later recuperated in Fort Steele Hospital.

The talented Canadian poet, Pauline Johnson, in her buckskin Indian attire and bear claw necklace, was a popular attraction during those far away days. Sponsored in April, 1899, by Cranbrook's Presbyterian Church group, this talented woman held her audiences spellbound as she recited her poems and tales of Indian life. Then, to add variety to her entertainment, she, later in

her programme, appeared in beautiful evening costume and recited poems and prose that were stinging reproaches on the weaknesses, pretensions, and insincerities of life. "Her sarcasm was as keen as a Damascus blade, her wit as sparkling as champagne and her pathos as touching as the sob of a child."

Many excellent circuses played Cranbrook in its early days, probably because of its location as a half-way point between the larger towns of Calgary and Spokane and the consequent necessity of unloading and exercising the animals during the long train journey.

Main's Circus arrived in town one day in August 1899 and performed before a large audience. However, quite a number of the employees quit the big top and went to work on construction of the North Star branch where labourers received two dollars a day and teamsters thirty dollars a month, board included and the company furnished the horses. That was big money compared with circus pay.

Following the building of the Crowsnest Railway Cranbrook, for many years, was a busy and prosperous town. While predominantly a railway centre, lumbering, mining, and farming all assumed a varied importance.

As time passed this town shared the common lot of other British Columbia communities. It weathered two world wars, the flu epidemic of 1918-19 which took many lives, and the depression of the hungry thirties, that distressful period in the story of our Canadian West, and, indeed, of much of the rest of the world. In 1929 the resounding crash of the stock market echoed across the continent and was the signal that grim times were upon us. The next decade witnessed a period of calamity in the prairie provinces when the relentless wind blew the top soil in clouds across the drought-stricken land. Poverty and starvation were abroad; the bleached, white tumbleweed was piled high in fence corners and, in the

Junes of nearly a decade, many thousands of acres of rich prairie land could not produce one blade of green grass.

Some farmers stuck it out while others gathered their few movable possessions together and set out for some more favoured spot. Many of these people journeyed into the Kootenays on their way to fresh opportunities and a new start. They came in dilapidated old cars, some without engines and hauled by horses. These were called Bennett buggies after R. B. Bennett, at that time, Prime Minister of Canada. Wagons and democrats containing families, and drawn by starved and worn-out horses, passed through Cranbrook while each west-bound freight carried dozens of "boes". The great majority of these men were not shiftless vagrants, as the name would imply, but honest men, glad of a chance to work if only they could find something to do. East Kootenay jails were often occupied, not by law-breakers, but by homeless men who requested from the police a bed and a shelter for the night. Thousands of young men, and sometimes girls, rode the freights seeking employment in apple orchards, on farms or any place that offered a chance to earn a dollar. Occasionally prairie farmers drove their flocks and herds westward in search of pasture land and a new location.

Grant MacEwan, in his book *Blazing the Old Cattle Trail,* recounts the following narrative of courage and effort seldom equalled in any land. It concerns Mr. and Mrs. Marion Eppard, who, in the spring of 1933, left their drought-stricken prairie farm near Estevan, Saskatchewan with their five-year-old son, a collie dog, three hundred sheep, a team of horses and wagon on which were loaded their few belongings, and cash assets totalling $3.40. With this sum total of worldly goods they set out westward in search of grazing land and a new home.

Progress was slow. They sold wool along the way, occasionally mutton was exchanged for groceries and the in-

cidental job presented itself en route. Their home, part of the time, was their wagon, the canvas top of which sheltered them from the inclemencies of the weather.

More than a year passed before these resourceful people reached East Kootenay but all was well. The flock had doubled and a milk goat had been acquired along the way. Upon arrival at Cranbrook the travellers decided to go up the St. Mary's River and over Rose Pass in spite of misgivings on the part of local people and some Kimberley residents declared that Eppard was a fool if he thought he could get his flock over the Selkirk Mountains—a rough, rugged region where a trail was hardly visible and besides, it was grizzly bear country.

The Eppards were not to be dissuaded. They went—humans, nannygoat, collie dog and six hundred sheep up the St. Mary's River which had to be crossed more than once. Wherever the goat was led the sheep invariably followed and so they pushed on. Obstacles in their way were many. Windfalls had to be cut out and removed, swift mountain streams negotiated and to less hardy souls it would have been a fearful route.

After having reached the summit Mr. Eppard turned back, located his horses and wagon, drove to Creston, then north along the lakeshore. In the meantime Mrs. Eppard had brought the flock down the west slope of the Selkirks to Crawford Bay with but one casualty and the little group were reunited again at Kootenay Lake. This wide expanse of water presented another obstacle in their westward trek but this indomitable sheep man and his courageous wife were not discouraged. Mr. Eppard walked to Riondel, made a bargain with a man who was the possessor of a float and motor and another who was willing to help get his sheep across Kootenay Lake. A railing was built around the float and the sheep were loaded, fifty or sixty at a time, and after two and a half days all the animals were transported safely to the west side of the lake.

These wayfarers and their woolly charges then continued on their journey through Ainsworth, Kaslo, New Denver and Nakusp, rousing much comment and speculation as they struggled forward. Lower Arrow Lake was crossed at Needles, Monashee Pass was successfully surmounted and this pioneer family, with their flock, finally settled in the Okanagan Valley.

All across the west hard times had hit and there were many workers without jobs. As yet there was no social assistance, old age pensions or child allowances and people in desperate need were strictly on their own resources. Government relief camps were set up where single, homeless and unemployed men could receive shelter, food, clothing and twenty cents a day in return for road work. The year 1939 brought the black cloud of war and many of these men joined the forces, went overseas, and some paid the supreme sacrifice.

Cranbrook, being in the beginning a railway town, it is interesting to sum up the development, and in recent years, the decline of railway activity at this point. Mr. H. J. Brock, veteran C.P.R. railway engineer, has given a word picture of the situation as it was a short time ago as compared to what it had been in earlier days. Progress, according to Mr. Brock, from a railroader's point of view, has set Cranbrook back. First the machine shops, where heavy repairs were made to the locomotives operating out of Cranbrook, were moved to Nelson and Calgary along with the men required to carry on this work. Then, later cars, especially Kimberley ore dumps, when in need of heavy repair work were taken to Nelson and the local car staff was thereby reduced. Finally all train despatchers were moved to Nelson. This reduced the C.P.R. pay roll at Cranbrook and hit the business men of the town.

There were times, Mr. Brock recalled, when this railway point had four passenger trains a day, two each way, a local between Macleod and Cranbrook alternate days,

a daily mixed train to Kimberley six days a week and return and a mixed train to Golden twice a week. All these trains carried mail except the Spokane Flyer, and each required a crew of seven men. Now one self-propelled car on the Crowsnest Railway, with a crew of four, carries passengers and hand baggage. All mail and express are transported by truck. Freight trains are handled by diesel engines plus two units and operated by a crew of five men. These handle as many cars as three steam engine trains, thereby causing a reduction of two crews or ten men. This diesel power requires no coal or water en route and this eliminates coal chute and pump men and consequently cuts down further on labour. "And still," concludes Mr. Brock, "the cost of operating a railway at present is very high."

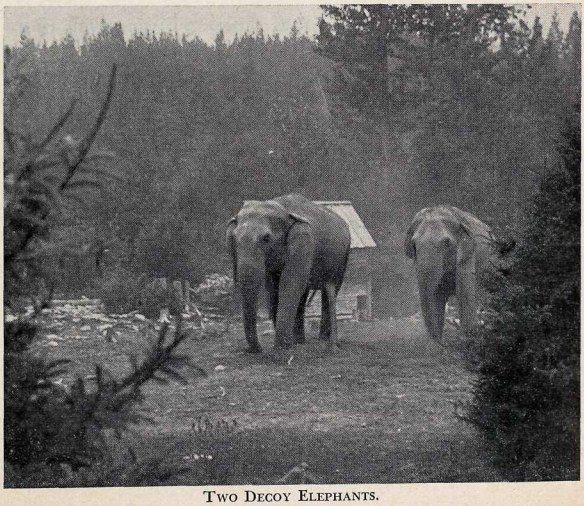
Today the outlook is even more unpromising and it appears that the Crowsnest Railway may, before very long, retrench even farther.

CRANBROOK'S FAMOUS ELEPHANT HUNT

It began August 6th, 1926 when a huge Sells-Floto circus train arrived at the railway station. While the animals, which panic easily, were being unloaded, something frightened them and eleven of the great beasts escaped. Eight were soon caught, but three—Tillie, Myrtle and Charlie Ed wandered over the mountains for weeks.

Tillie, after fourteen days of freedom, was the first of the three to lose her liberty. Her feet were very sore after having travelled over rough, rocky country, and she spent some time in the C.P.R. stockyards with her bruised and painful nether extremities wrapped in gunny sacking. She was also suffering from the bullet of a high powered rifle fired by an Indian woman. In spite of her sufferings she was most gentle and friendly with the small boys of the town who brought her apples and other tasty

OLD GOVERNMENT BUILDING, CRANBROOK, B.C. This early picture was taken by R. J. Binning and shows part of Col. Baker's pride and joy, the beautiful grove of poplars long since vanished. To the south, about where the Legion building is now, was, according to accounts, his duck pond.



TWO DECOY ELEPHANTS.

tidbits. This elephant was later taken to Peru, Indiana where she underwent an operation for the removal of nine pieces of splintered bone and a bullet.

Myrtle was also a victim of sore feet and rifle fire. Badly wounded in the hip, she became very dangerous and finally died of pneumonia near the Gold Creek trail. The next year a party of Boy Scouts, with their leader and a professor from Edmonton, salvaged her bones and took them to the University of Alberta—Myrtle's contribution to higher education.

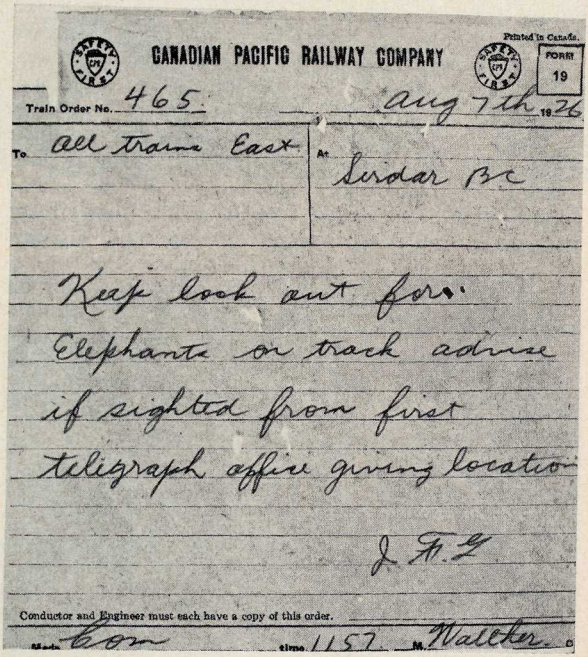
Charlie Ed, a little trick elephant, at large for about six weeks, was rounded up just the day before the first snow-fall of the season. He, later, was the star attraction at the local fall fair, after which he departed by express for Santa Rosa, California. It was said that his travelling expenses cost in the neighbourhood of $1,200.

Those unfortunate animals were the victims of any volunteer, Indian or white, who decided to share in the excitement of an elephant hunt. The harm the runaways did was almost nil. Some owners of a mineral claim registered a complaint against the Sells-Floto Company for damage the fugitives had done in wrecking a windlass at the mouth of a shaft on their property which was partly filled with water, and it was presumed the animals were thirsty. Needless to say, people were afraid to go camping that season.

The Sells-Floto Company reckoned that this escapade on the part of their pachyderms had cost in the neighbourhood of $20,000. This was evidently a modest estimate when the pay of top flight circus men who came in chartered planes from distant points to help round up the runaways, was considered, as well as that of the many helpers of lesser importance who aided in the search. All across the northwestern States billboards had advertised the coming of this great circus with its star attraction, the elephants. Disrupted schedules, because of their non-

appearance, resulted in financial loss to the company as well as disappointment to all concerned.

This episode led to the issuance on the Cranbrook division of the C.P.R. of the most unusual train order ever delivered on the North American continent, a copy of which appears below.



Printed in Canada.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY

FORM 19

Train Order No. 465. Aug 7th 1926

To All trains East

At Sirdar B.C

Keep look out for
Elephants on track advise
if sighted from first
telegraph office giving location

J. A. G

Conductor and Engineer must each have a copy of this order.

Made Com time 1157 M. Walker

Chapter XVIII

THE FRANK SLIDE

Frank, Alberta is a small community in Crows' Nest Pass. The coal mines there were first developed in 1901 by H. P. Frank, one time mayor of Butte and member of the Montana legislature. This town, in its early days, was closely knit to communities further west and many of those who comprised the population of Frank were former Kootenay people.

In less than two years after the mines had opened a dreadful disaster befell this small town. About 4 o'clock in the morning of April 29th, 1903 a great wedge of rock broke away from the face of Turtle Mountain, thundered down the mountain side and covered part of the community to a depth of sixty feet and more, and all in the space of a very few minutes. Most of the victims were in bed asleep when this great slide hurtled down, crushing homes and inmates. It spread fan-like for more than two miles across the valley, filled the air with limestone dust, and ushered into eternity more than eighty souls. The portal of the mine above town, in which the night shift was working, was closed by the slide and all dwellings on one street were buried beneath the rubble.

All that day great masses of rock came thundering down the side of Turtle Mountain and the slide backed up the Old Man River for a mile above town. Little outlying farm homes were buried, as were their owners, and many bodies were never recovered. The Van Dusen family had come to Frank from Fernie a short time before and when the disaster occurred a Fernie neighbour immediately went to the stricken town to see if they were safe. All were dead—buried under the rocks. This neighbour, who ran a butcher shop in Fernie, depended for some supplies, on a dairy in Frank. Upon arrival there

he found the dairy destroyed and ninety head of cattle lost. The only survivor was a little terrier pup which was found alive in, what had been, a manger.

Rescue crews did heroic work and the injured and dying were brought to the little building which served as the miners' hospital. Homes and other buildings, too, sheltered many. Three small girls were found safe and near the ruins of their wrecked home. The bodies of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alex Leitch, and four small brothers were located and later buried in Cranbrook cemetery. The little girls were taken across the boulder-strewn valley and cared for temporarily in the Trelle home.

A C.P.R. freight crew were switching cars at the west end of the yard when the slide occurred and the men knew that the west-bound Spokane Flyer was almost due. Another fearful catastrophe would be sure to happen if that train was not stopped because thousands of feet of track had been destroyed, and the course of the river was changed. A brakeman, Sid Choquette, took his lantern in the pre-dawn of early morning and set out over the rubble in spite of the chance of being buried in another slide or suffocated by limestone dust. Visibility was poor, but he kept his bearings in the semi-darkness, and climbed, slid, and groped his way over the huge boulders for about mile, then flagged the on-coming passenger train.

More than eighteen hours after the slide had come down a miracle appeared to have happened, when the miners, supposedly entombed in the mountain appeared on the scene. They had heard the sound and thought it was caused by an earthquake (there had been a slight one the year before) or a cave-in, and though the mine entrance was closed, the tunnels were not damaged and so they found their way out at another location. These men must have received a very great shock when they emerged from the mine. The homes of some had van-

ished; the familiar contour of Turtle Mountain was changed; the Old Man River had disappeared, and a thick pall of dust hung over the scene of desolation.

The only mine casualty was old Charley the pit horse. This unfortunate animal wandered through the tunnels for a considerable time, dragging a chain and hungrily chewing the timbers within his reach. When he was finally rescued someone gave him a drink of water. This caused the wood which he had eaten, to swell and so, old Charley died—another victim of the Frank slide.

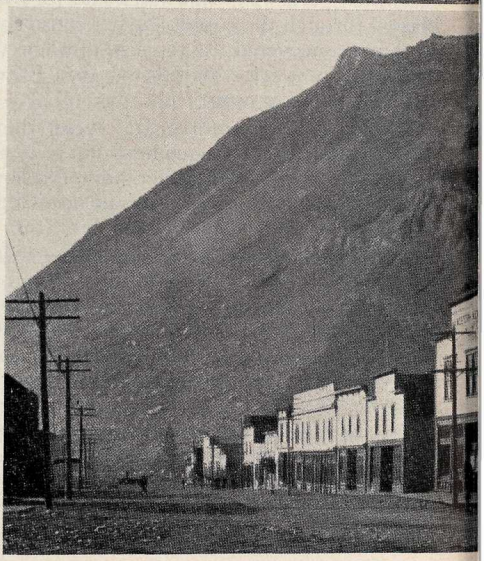
The portion of C.P.R. track covered by the debris was blocked for about six weeks and passengers, mail, baggage and express were transferred around the spot by horses and wagons. Soon the railway company had completed the permanent new track and later a highway was blasted through the rubble during construction of which workmen uncovered the remains of a few victims of this disaster. These were re-interred in a little fenced area and marked by a cross.

Following this unfortunate event the majority of Frank's citizens went elsewhere but a few remained in spite of the fact that another huge crack was gradually opening in Turtle Mountain and growing wider every year.

The Leitch sisters were adopted by widely separated relatives and never met again until forty-one years later when they were finally reunited in Vancouver. And Herman Trelle, a small boy at whose home they had been temporarily sheltered, later graduated from the University of Alberta and became a world-renowned agriculturist.

For many years the rock from this mountain side has been used very extensively by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company for fills, especially around Kootenay Lake and great quantities have also been used for highway construction.

LANDSLIDE, FRANK, ALBERTA.



FRANK, ALBERTA, taken about 1903.

Today, as we view that immense waste of boulders at the base of Turtle Mountain we realize, somewhat, the fearful calamity of more than sixty years ago. And the courageous act of a railway man with a lighted lantern who set out on his life-saving mission over that rubble in the darkness and choking dust reminds us that all heroic deeds do not belong to the far away and long ago.

Chapter XIX

FERNIE

The city of Fernie traces its beginnings to the building of the Crowsnest branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Immense deposits of coal were available in the district and this product was very necessary in order to develop mining and other potential industries in the Kootenay and adjacent territory.

While the railway was being constructed the newly organized Crows' Nest Pass Coal Company built a colliery at Coal Creek and many coke ovens at Fernie to supply the demands of the smelters at Nelson and Trail, also the requirements of the Canadian Pacific and Great Northern Railway Companies, the city of Spokane, and prairie points. In 1903 James J. Hill built his Great Northern Railway from Gateway, Montana and in 1904 Fernie became a city. A large payroll spelt prosperity for the new town and business blocks, schools, churches, stores, and many homes were built.

Fernie's record of catastrophes and other misfortunes ranks high in the history of Canadian communities, all brought about, so the old and oft repeated story goes, by a curse which a Kootenay Indian woman inflicted on the region. Fires, mine explosions, and a flood of major proportions have all combined to bring disaster at various times and the Home Bank failure was a financial blow to the people already accustomed to reverses. Labour troubles plagued Fernie almost from its start. Coal mining was dangerous and the gas often turned the mines into death traps. The work was laborious, the pay below that of metaliferous miners in other parts of the country and the workers wanted a closed shop.

Explosions took many lives and the worst of these calamities occurred May 22nd, 1902 at Coal Creek. The

night shift, comprising one hundred and fifty men, had not been long at work when the disaster took place, killing one hundred and twenty-seven of them.

In 1905 a serious strike tied up the Fernie mines when fifteen hundred miners were affected. They returned to work after some concessions had been granted, but on September 22nd, 1906 went on strike again because they refused to work with non-unionists. Hundreds of men were thrown out of work and Trail smelter was forced to close because of lack of coal. This strike terminated on November 13th of that year. In July 1907 a strike occurred at Hosmer because the workers wanted the same pay as metaliferous miners which, according to the Labour Gazette of 1907, was as follows: machine men $3.75, muckers $2.75, rock miners $3.50, all for eight hours, and outside labour $2.50 for ten hours. Because of low wages and existing working conditions labour unrest continued down through the years, sometimes resulting in strikes.

Fires took a severe toll during Fernie's early days. The first took place in the early morning of April 29th, 1904 when fifteen stores, six hotels, the Bank of Commerce building and other structures were wiped out.

On Saturday, August 1st, 1908, a second fire struck while twenty or more miners were being dug out of a cave-in. A terrific wind fanned a bush fire which was burning in the vicinity of Elk River and the blaze suddenly spread, setting fire to the town. The force of the violent hurricane lifted roofs from buildings and scattered them far and wide. It has been said that sixteen-foot planks, 2 x 8's, were blown along like autumn leaves, and everywhere the inferno raged. In two hours the destruction of Fernie was complete and more than three thousand people were left homeless.

Cranbrook was also fighting a fire which was encroaching from the south, when, about 4 p.m. a message was

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After The Fire Of August 1st, 1908.

received at the C.P.R. station that Fernie was in serious danger. Then the wires went down. Later the Fernie operator cut into the line west of the stricken town with the message stating that Fernie was destroyed and asked for relief trains and food. Two trains were promptly manned and despatched. It has been said of that night that mile after mile of valley, mountainside, and gulch presented one of the most awe-inspiring sights ever witnessed by man as the whole country was lighted by fire.

As soon as possible the trains arrived at the scene of disaster and on every side lay smouldering ruins of what, but a few hours before, had been one of the most prosperous cities in the interior of British Columbia. Business blocks, mills, and homes had been wiped out and all that was left were twenty-three dwellings, the office building of the Crows' Nest Pass Coal Company, the Western Canada Wholesale warehouse, the Great Northern Railway depot and water tank. On lawns and grounds lay the forms of sleeping men, women and children who had dropped from sheer fatigue, and the floors of buildings still standing were covered with hundreds more.

About two hundred miners had previously arrived from Coal Creek, six miles distant, to assist in fighting the flames and they nearly lost their lives on the way because of the fires through which they had come. Relief trains had been made up of box cars, coal and cattle cars which were covered with wet sacking so as to help withstand the walls of flame through which their human freight would be forced to pass. When the conflagration along the track had somewhat subsided a large number of refugees were taken to Coal Creek.

Two trainloads left by the Great Northern for Hosmer, but that town was on fire and the powder house had blown up, shattering every window in the place. These trains were forced to return half way to Fernie for safety and had to run through nearly two miles of raging bush fire.

Help came from near and far and the disaster made world news. Neighbouring towns did their utmost to supply food, shelter, and financial help, and committees were formed to care for hungry and weary people, lost children, etc.

At first the loss of life was thought to have been extensive, but apparently only ten people met death. A family of four sought shelter in a well, but did not survive and their bodies were actually boiled. Six other people were known to have perished. Every sawmill in the vicinity, together with great supplies of lumber, was burned. The C.P.R. lost all their buildings including coal chutes full of coal, large numbers of cars loaded with coal and coke, all of which added to the intensity of the fire, and immense damage was done to their tracks and equipment. The G.N.R. lost about two hundred loaded coal and coke cars, several bridges, and miles of trackage. Financial loss to the railway companies, Elk River Lumber Company, Crows' Nest Pass Coal Company, home owners and others was estimated at $5,000,000 with practically no insurance on the homes destroyed.

An interesting aftermath of this fire came during the second world war. A man in Rugby, England, Tom Climic, told a Canadian Air Force man who happened to be a native son of Fernie, that he had spent considerable time in Canada during earlier years and had been in Fernie when the latter was born. The flier wanted proof. "Tell me," he said, "when was the Fernie fire?" "August 1st, 1908," said Climic. The air force man agreed and said he was born on that day. "Then," said Climic, "your name is Fernie Clark." Again right, and the reason he knew was that he had helped carry Mrs. Clark and her baby son from the burning hospital to safety on that disastrous day back in 1908.

Hard knocks did not keep the people of Fernie down. The wealth of coal was still there, stored away in the

seams of the gigantic mountains, awaiting the effort necessary to make it available for pressing demands. It was not long before the town was rebuilt and more substantially than before. However, another misfortune befell this ill-starred city within recent years when the railway companies changed their power from coal burners to diesel and now the mines of Fernie are closed. A number of the miners travel to and from Michel where they have secured work in the coal mines, otherwise there is little doing in Fernie.

William Fernie, the man for whom the city is named, had a remarkable career. He was born in Kimbolton, England, the son of a physician and left home about 1853 when he was sixteen. The youth travelled to Australia, New Zealand, South America, and finally landed at Fort Colville.

WILLIAM FERNIE.
Provincial Archives.

In November 1861, he, with eleven companions, went up the Columbia River to prospect for gold. The weather was very cold and on the way they met Indians headed south who tried to persuade them that they had better

turn back or they would freeze to death. They pushed on instead and reached the vicinity of where Revelstoke now stands and there they wintered. It was a bitter cold season and on May 1st of the next spring, according to Mr. Fernie, the ice on the river, in places, was six feet thick. Next day it went out with a rush and the party nearly lost their boats and everything else they had.

That winter, in Oregon and British Columbia, according to this intrepid pioneer, was the coldest ever known to white men. The Columbia River was frozen over for two months from Astoria to its source, and miners going from San Francisco via Astoria to the new mining discoveries of Idaho used sleds, and travelled on ice all the way to Lewiston on the Snake.[19]

Again, in the spring of 1865, this courageous trail blazer set out from Colville up the Columbia to do some placer mining at Canyon Creek, just south of the present town of Golden. From there he and his party went on to the Crossing of the Kootenay (now Canal Flat) and finally to Wild Horse Creek. That season he worked as foreman on a section of the Dewdney trail, then later packed in supplies to Wild Horse Gulch. When Henry E. Seelye, customs officer at Joseph's Prairie, died at that outpost in March 1876, Mr. Fernie took over until a regular official arrived. He was government agent and mining recorder for the Kootenay District from 1876 to 1882.

Mr. Fernie obtained immense coal interests in the Crows' Nest Pass region and later sold his property to the Crows' Nest Pass Coal Company. After his defeat by E. C. Smith in a Provincial election he retired to Victoria and died there May 15th, 1921.

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[19] Robert W. Yuill, one of West Kootenay's real oldtimers, recalled once that an aged Kootenay chief had told him that one winter during his youth Kootenay Lake was frozen over and the Indians crossed on ice with their pack ponies.

References:

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Special Bulletin Cranbrook Herald, August 2nd, 1908.

Chapter XX

THE AUTOMOBILE COMES TO EAST KOOTENAY

That new invention — the automobile — was viewed distrustfully by many people fifty-odd years ago. *The Daily Mail* of 1908 or thereabouts records "The motor car, after woman, is the most fragile and capricious thing on earth," and another writer of those days doubted "that men or machines can surmount the ordeals that await them."

And there were ordeals, at least, in this mountainous province. In the early 1900's British Columbia's highways were but trails and often very poor ones, and the means of locomotion on these routes of travel were saddle horses, horse-drawn vehicles of various sorts from six to four horse (or mule), ore wagons and sleighs to the democrat and buggy in summer and the cutter in winter, though the latter two were not in common use in many communities.

Along the trails were no garages or filling stations and when a party set out to travel in a motor car it was with the grim determination to hope for the best even if one feared the worst. If best came to middling, and then some, and worse came to worst, probably, if they were lucky, a farmer and team would come to the rescue, or maybe, after much cranking, exploding, sputtering, etc. the temperamental machine might suddenly start and probably nobody, not even the expert in charge, would know just what had persuaded it to go.

Nearly everyone agreed that these modern contrivances were a marvelous means of travel and many thrills and adventures awaited the stout-hearted. Roads were narrow and poor; grades were sometimes terrific; curves were numerous and often sharp; besides, one never knew when a wagon and team would be encountered and horses

were nervous and frightened by this new, noisy and speedy monster. Demon Webster and Governor Hanson were probably the two best known automobile drivers of those days in this corner of British Columbia and they both were terrors on the roads, at least, so some folks thought.

Horses running at large, and there were many, constituted a continual menace on "the highway". When a car confronted one, or a number, of these contrary animals they would not get out of the way immediately, but would run along ahead, sometimes for miles, and all the horn-blowing and imprecatory ability of the driver would not persuade them to give way to this new upstart which was, indeed, before many years, to oust them, from the position of man's most important beast of burden, to the tin can.

Nils Hanson of Wasa appears to have brought the first automobile into East Kootenay. It was a Rambler and arrived early in the spring of 1906 from Spokane. The following little incident was common in those days and is copied from an old newspaper clipping. "It (the newly acquired car) was the envy of all eyes. All cars were open so the Governor was attired in a long linen duster, the regulation automobile cap of the time, gauntlet gloves and goggles. The car passed several horses and buggies on the way and a few Indians on horseback. Horses shied off the road and all stared at the new contraption. Then, out on the Six Mile Hill the engine coughed and gave up the ghost. She refused to budge. Hanson talked to it in Scandinavian, English and Chinook but to no avail. Then he got out and hiked the remaining miles to Fort Steele, hired a man and team to go back and haul in the machine to a blacksmith shop to be fixed up." Such were the common misfortunes which drivers had to contend with in those days.

And James Fraser, driver of the Windermere stage at

that time, stated that he was not a bit jealous of Hanson's automobile and he maintained that the only reliable way to go to Windermere was by his old and time-tried horse-drawn outfit.

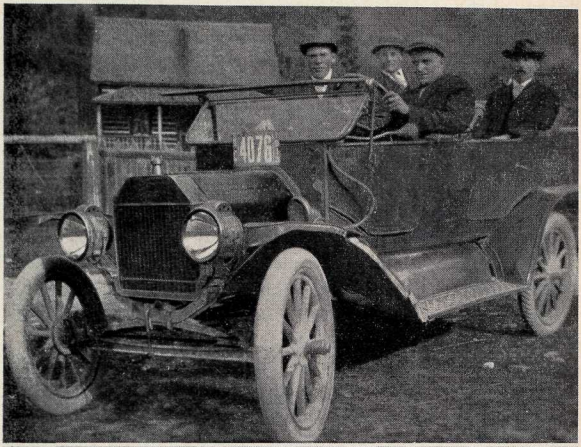
The following cautious car owner evidently profited by his predecessor's ill-starred luck when he took the precaution to engage a car expert to teach him the complexities of his new Rambler. Old records tell us that "on September 25th, 1906, V. Hyde Baker returned with his magnificent new automobile of Rambler pattern. It is a thirty horsepower and a beauty in every way. Mr. Baker has spent two weeks with an expert and is now thoroughly familiar with the machine. For the past week with . . . his instructor, Mr. Baker has been having a fine outing at Wasa driving his machine all over the country." (And this all under the very nose of Governor Hanson who was learning the hard way.)

In May 1908 V. Hyde Baker purchased a White Steamer, "a magnificent-looking car", and it is recorded that on June 24th, 1909 he and some other notables from Cranbrook set out for Golden. They planned on going as far as Wasa that day, then on to Windermere the next and the third day, all being well, they would arrive in Golden.

Early in the summer of 1909 a party of American professors and writers from the Eastern States invaded the erstwhile secluded valley of the Upper Columbia. Golden, which they described as a solemn town sitting between the solemn mountains, was their starting point and Wilmer, eighty-five miles away, their objective.

These visitors travelled in two automobiles and Demon Webster was at the wheel of the first. Those of a younger generation cannot form a concept of what that road was like more than fifty years ago. It was a rough, narrow trail with tremendous grades and abrupt curves that made the traveller hold his breath. But let one of those American

visitors tell us about it as follows:[20] "The trail sweeps out of Golden and takes the left bank of the Columbia. Immediately it attacks the mountain side. It goes up. It is



ABOVE. This early day picture was taken at Nickolson near Golden.
BELOW. AT THE END OF THE TRIP—eighty-five miles from a railroad.
Photograph by Allen S. Davies.

[20] From *Another Playground for the World* by Wilbur D. Nesbit in *The World of Today.*

just wide enough for the machine. Colonel Webster goes around the corners with an airy grace that makes you wonder what might happen to a team if it should chance to be approaching the curve and you should meet it. That is your thought at the first or second curve. After that you are occupied with speculation over what might happen to you instead of to the team. . . .

"Forty miles from Golden you whirl up to a little tavern alongside the road. The place is called Spillimacheen. Phonetically you are convinced it is aptly designated as indicative of the road over which you have travelled and the path that lies before you . . . The two chauffeurs pour water into the noses of their fiery steeds. Then we are off again. . . .

"If ever I am struck by lightning, blown up in a powder mill or dropped from an airship, my first conscious act will be to look for Demon Webster. Many a time during the ride I wished that half of me was in the other machine. I felt that under such circumstances I might have half a chance of reaching home. . . .

"A branch line of the railway is now being built from Golden to Lake Windermere. It will be comfortable and time-saving, no doubt, to reach the lake by rail, but when there is a trail which is eighty-five miles of switchback, scenic railway, roller coaster, merry-go-round, shoot-the-chutes and bump the bumps combined, the tourist should have the opportunity to go by that route—and with Demon Webster at the wheel he need carry no magazines to while away the idle moments in reading."

After many exciting adventures the travellers arrived safely in Wilmer, as the accompanying picture proves.

The branch line referred to by our American friend was a long time materializing. Some grading was done at that time but nearly six years elapsed before the Kootenay Central Railway was completed.

Part Two

WEST KOOTENAY

Chapter XXI

THE LAKES INDIANS AND THE SHUSWAPS

Before the coming of the white man Indian tribes whose homes were very far apart made long journeys to Kettle Falls, at the junction of the Columbia and Kettle Rivers. The Flatheads, Pend d'Oreilles, Kootenays, Spokanes, tribes from the Bitter Root Mountains of Montana, and others gathered at this crossroads of the country, drawn by the tremendous quantities of fish to be obtained there. Trade at this place was very important as various groups brought buffalo hides, tallow, red clay for paint, baskets, red and green pipe stone, shells, etc., to barter.

We are safe in assuming that wandering Shuswaps from the Thompson River area drifted into the Upper Columbia Valley long before fur trading days. Also Okanagan Indians had found their way eastward to the Columbia River, both tribes, in all probability, inspired by the opportunity to catch fish and trade at Kettle Falls. These people belonged to the great Interior Salishan nation as did also the Colvilles who had settled in the region around the mouth of the Kettle River and adjacent territory a long time before the Hudson's Bay trading post known as Fort Colville had been established there.

Some of these Colville people drifted up the Columbia from the fishing grounds and were designated as the Lakes tribes by early white traders and explorers. To their own people they were known as the Senijextees, and they dwelt along the Columbia River, Arrow and Trout Lakes, Slocan River and Lake, Kootenay River from its mouth to the west arm of Kootenay Lake, Kettle River and Christina Lake.

Early travellers tell us that these Lakes Indians and

Shuswaps were brave and intelligent people, but lazy, improvident, confirmed gamblers, and sunk in savage superstition. The medicine man had great power over them except when his charms and incantations failed, as when a hunting expedition proved unsuccessful, or illness struck, such as the smallpox epidemic of the early nineteenth century, or a battle was lost. Then his people's confidence in his powers vanished and he sometimes paid with his life for his failure. The Shuswaps, in common with their neighbours the Kootenays, had great respect for the coyote who was the hero of many of their legends much as the raven was among the coast people. According to their folklore Coyote taught the women to make baskets and a Shuswap myth credits Coyote with power to control the coming of the salmon.

The following material was collected by James A. Teit, who lived among the Thompson Indians for a great many years and, during 1904, 1908, and 1909 he personally contacted the Colville, Lakes and other tribes in order to obtain knowledge of traditions and the historical background of these Salishan people.[21]

[21] From *The Salishan Tribes of the Western Plateau* by James A. Teit and edited by Franz Boaz.

Mr. Teit tells us that he obtained what is probably a full list of their old villages and main camps of the Lakes tribe within British Columbia. They were as follows: (transcribed)

1. Skexi'kenten — On the creek opposite the present town of Revelstoke. This place is said to have been the headquarters of a rather large band, which was reinforced at certain seasons by people from lower down the Columbia. It was noted as a trading, trapping, hunting, berrying, and salmon-fishing centre.
2. Nkema'peleks (base or bottom end, with reference to the end of the lake) — At the head of the bight in Upper Arrow Lake, above Arrowhead, near the

mouth of Fish River. Called "Comaplix" by the whites. Said to have had a large population. It was a specially important centre for fishing, berrying (especially huckleberries) and root digging.

3. Kospi'tsa (buffalo robe) — At the upper end of Arrow Lakes, where the town of Arrowhead now is. This also was a salmon-fishing place, and a noted centre for digging roots of *Lilium columbianum*.
4. Ku'sxena'ks — Now called Kooskanax. On Upper Arrow Lake, a little above Nakusp.
5. Neqo'sp ("having buffalo"). There is no tradition of buffaloes occurring here. — Now Nakusp, near the lower end of Upper Arrow Lake, on the east side. A noted fishing place for salmon and lake trout.
6. Tci'uken — A little below Nakusp; a centre for hunting. Some fine caribou grounds were near this place.
7. Snexai'tsketsem — Near the lower end of Upper Arrow Lake, opposite Burton City. This was a great berrying centre, especially for huckleberries.
8. Xaie'ken — At a creek below Burton City. A centre for the catching of land-locked salmon or little red fish.
9. Qepi'tles — At the mouth of Kootenai (sic) River, just above the junction with the Columbia. A great many people lived here formerly, most of them on the north bank of the Kootenai, within sight of the Columbia. Some old and modern burial grounds may be seen in the neighbourhood.
10. Snskekel'um — At a creek on the west side of the

Columbia River close to Trail. This was a centre for gathering service berries.

11. Nkoli'la — Close to Waneta, on the east side of the Columbia River, just above the mouth of the Pend d'Oreilles (sic) River. Many people are said to have lived here formerly, and there are some very old burial grounds nearby.

Villages and camps are listed along the shores of Slocan Lake and River, the most important being Sntekeli'tk near the junction of Slocan and Kootenay Rivers. This was a noted salmon fishing place. Salmon ran up the Slocan River but could not ascend the Kootenay because of the great Bonnington falls. Salmon were formerly plentiful throughout the Slocan district and many people lived at all the villages.

There were, according to Mr. Teit, twenty Lakes villages in West Kootenay, besides camps situated at where is now Rossland (Keluwi'sst), Trail ,Tceaulexxi'xtsa), and Nelson (Kaia'melep) and "it seems there was an old village near the site of old Fort Shepherd on the west side of the Columbia River, a little north of the international boundary line, and old burials are reported there." We know that this is so because of Hudson's Bay Company records.

The population along the Columbia and its tributaries in those days was probably two thousand or more people, according to one estimate which appears rather conservative. Smallpox struck twice, once around 1800 and again about thirty years later, and depleted the population considerably. According to Mr. Matthew Hill who came to the Pend d'Oreille Valley in 1892, skulls were found in a sand bank at Waneta where builders were excavating, preparatory to the erection of an hotel, in 1894, the year of the great flood. An old Indian of more than eighty years, told Mr. Hill of a smallpox epidemic many years before. This dreadful plague, according to early writers,

BONNINGTON FALLS on Kootenay River taken many years ago.

had first been brought to the Indians of Montana by white men, and, as a result, whole communities were wiped out. Other natives, not knowing the disease was contagious, took horses, tents and blankets from stricken villages where the owners had died, and so spread the disease far and wide.

The Lakes tribe appears to have been a peaceable people and nearly all the skirmishes they had were evidently with the Lower Kootenays. According to Mr. Teit they had some small fights and one big war with the Kootenays, who tried to take possession of the fishing grounds at the mouth of the Slocan River. After a number of attacks the Lakes Indians held a council and decided that they would make an assault on their enemies. Many of them assembled and a large war party went up Kootenay Lake and attacked the Kootenays on their own home ground near Creston. The invaders killed a great many of the enemy and the Kootenays learned their

lesson and ceased to molest their western neighbours. This appears to have happened about one hundred and fifty years ago. In those days, so it has been said, when war parties of Shuswaps appeared in Lakes territory on their way to attack the Kootenays, the Lakes people sometimes gave them assistance in crossing the Columbia.

An incident occurred in August 1826 when twenty-one Kootenay warriors from Columbia Lake arrived at Kettle Falls, all set for trouble.[22] It appears that an old quarrel had smouldered for nine years between the Kootenays and Lakes tribes, and, with the enemies in close proximity, each prepared for battle. The tribes had all assembled for the salmon-fishing and, by their war-like attitude towards each other, the Kootenays and their enemies caused considerable uneasiness among the whites and other native people.

The opponents met stark naked, except for their war bonnets of eagle feathers. Their bodies were painted with black, red, yellow and white war paint and their weapons consisted of bows, arrows, and a few muskets. A chief was hit by his opponent's arrow, but not seriously injured, when Mr. Dease, the Hudson's Bay factor at Fort Colville, intervened by administering a blow to the aggressor which knocked him unconscious. "The day was spent in clamour and haranguing", Douglas writes, "and as we were not sure what might be the result we were prepared for the worst." Mr. Dease proposed that the opponents should make peace with each other and become friends. This they did the next day after much uproar and bustle and the bargain was sealed by an exchange of presents and a great feast.

Possibly the earliest record forthcoming concerning the Kinbaskit tribe was written by Ross Cox some time be-

22 This episode is from the *Journal* of David Douglas. There is a possibility that the Kootenays intended battle, not against the Lakes Indians, but instead, against their allies the Shuswaps under Peter Kinbaskit who had recently, with his people, come to live near Lake Windermere, and whose claim to this territory the Kootenays resented.—C.G.

tween 1811 and 1817. He says, "A small tribe exists on the upper lakes of the Columbia[23] which wanders about in straggling parties of three, four or five each. They appear to be timid in approaching white people but are not unfriendly. They have no horses, are poor hunters, go nearly naked and subsist principally on fish."

The Lakes people have long since departed from their old haunts in West Kootenay and have taken up their abode in the Colville region with their American relatives. As for Peter Kinbaskit's tribe, they are still flourishing on the Shuswap Reserve near Windermere.

[23] Windermere and Columbia Lakes.

Chapter XXII

THE PEND D'OREILLE VALLEY IN RETROSPECT

High in the Bitter Root Mountains of Montana and near the great continental divide a small stream begins its long journey westward. As it hurries steadily on it grows accordingly in volume and at one place expands and forms a large lake around the shores of which, in the earliest days of our written history, dwelt a tribe of Indians who, for personal adornment, wore shell rings pendant from their ears and so were called by the French Canadian traders the Pend d'Oreilles. Thus we have the name of the river which, after travelling many miles through the States of Montana, Idaho and Washington, enters British Columbia and empties its waters into the Columbia River at Waneta.

David Thompson of the North West Company, early in the fall of 1809, was disappointed in the Pend d'Oreille. Fur trade routes were so necessary and what an important stream this would be if there was no impassable water between the upper reaches and that wide, potential trade route, the Columbia River! Thompson was, in all probability, the first white man to view the lower reaches of this stream.

As early as 1826 the Hudson's Bay Company speculated on the possibility of the Pend d'Oreille as a trade route and Sir George Simpson directed John Work, the energetic Irishman who was in charge of the newly-established Fort Colville, to investigate this stream. Simpson figured that many overland miles could be saved if the Kootenay and Flathead outfits could be sent by this water route instead of by pack train from Spokane House, which outpost was not entirely satisfactory because there was a sixty miles pack trail from Kettle Falls on the Columbia to Spokane. Waterways were much less expensive and far

more satisfactory. Nothing ever came of this because the very obstacle which today furnishes the means to produce power for the development of great industries prevented the use of this river by the fur traders.

In 1856 Angus McDonald of Fort Colville sent prospectors into the Pend d'Oreille Valley to investigate possibilities of placer gold. As a result of this 220 ounces of gold were sent to Victoria, and we can only guess how much went into American territory. A trail of sorts was cut along the river side and apparently went no further than the Salmon and its tributaries. The main stream of the Salmon, together with the North and South Forks, appears to have yielded quite encouraging results and many miners washed the sand bars. Salmon were very plentiful in these streams and great numbers of bears frequented the locality, attracted, obviously, by the enormous quantities of fish.

According to an article written by Mr. George Green, which appeared in the Vancouver Daily Province of July 8th, 1944, murder was committed on the Pend d'Oreille early in 1856.

In that year a sailor named James Houston came to Puget Sound and, hearing of the recent gold discovery somewhere near Fort Colville, deserted his ship and set out to make his fortune placer mining. At Colville he met a man who became his partner and together they travelled to the Pend d'Oreille River and commenced prospecting somewhere near the new gold strike. Showings appeared bright for them and they were very optimistic as they washed the yellow grains in their gold pans.

One night, while they slept in their tent, Indians stealthily approached, cut the ropes and let the canvas collapse on the sleeping men. Then, with long knives, the savages stabbed through the flattened tent, killed Houston's partner, then disappeared. Next morning Houston, shocked and fearful of another attack if he re-

PLACER MINING on the Pend d'Oreille. Matthew Hill and Will Hayes. This snap taken the winter of 1896-7. Will Hayes was later shot in the Spanish-American War. *Courtesy Matthew Hill.*

mained in the vicinity buried the victim, packed his supplies on his horse and departed.

He headed westward with the idea in mind of reaching Fort Hope if possible. Somewhere in the vicinity of Osoyoos he was surrounded again by a large party of Indians who thought he was an American. He told them that he was a King George man but they did not believe him. His claim to the protection of the Hudson's Bay Company, however, saved his life but not his supplies, and they relieved him of all he possessed.

A few weeks later, Houston, nearly dead from exhaustion and starvation, stumbled into Fort Kamloops. Afterwards, when he had recovered from his ordeal, he did some prospecting in that locality and found gold in a small stream near where the sanitarium was later located, and with it he was able to pay the board bill which he owed the Hudson's Bay trader, McLean. This was put in a packet with some more collected by Indians around Kamloops, and finally found its way to the mint at San Francisco. The arrival in the California city of the packet, of which this gold was a part, led to the stampede to British Columbia in the spring of 1858 according to Jason Allard who was at one time in charge at Fort Shepherd.

In all fairness to many western Indians of those days it is well to explain that too many Americans did little to cultivate a kindly feeling toward the red man, and an Indian's life was often of little or no account to them. On the other hand, the Hudson's Bay Company personnel or anyone who was known as a King George man, was safe from attack because of the friendly feeling which existed between them.

Sir George Simpson, always alert to opportunities advantageous to his company, decided to build a trading post near the mouth of the Pend d'Oreille River. His reasons for this step were two-fold. First, duty on goods from Fort Langley to the Hudson's Bay post at Colville was very high and Simpson realized that a post was necessary on the Canadian side of the 49th parallel in order to take care of the fur trade in that district. Also, a considerable number of miners were busy washing gold on the Pend d'Oreille.

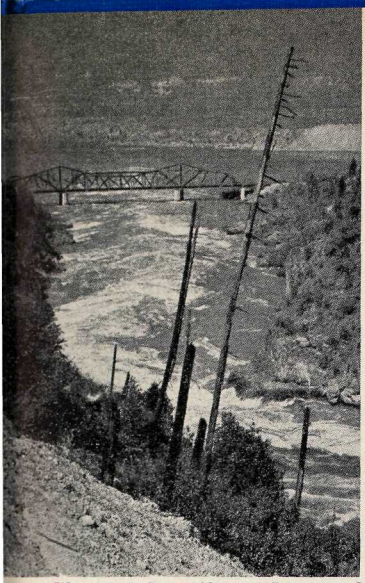
The new post was ready to do business by August 1st, 1856 and was known as Fort Pend d'Oreille during the first two and a half years of its existence. The name was later changed to Fort Shepherd in memory of John Shep-

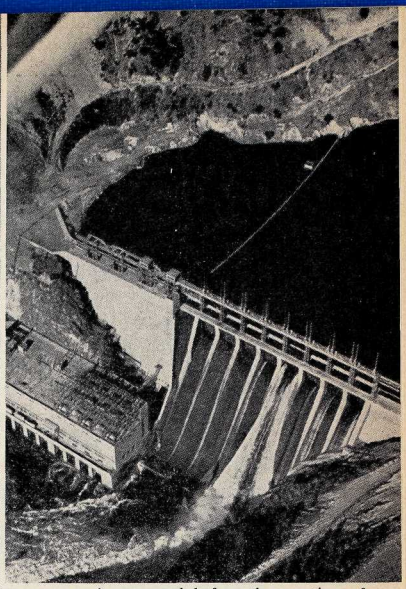
herd, Governor of the company who died in January of 1859. The usefulness of this post was short-lived and it was permanently closed in the summer of 1870. The buildings burned two years later.

It was not until the early fall of 1859 that John W. Sullivan, a member of the Palliser Expedition, made his difficult way from Fort Shepherd, up the Pend d'Oreille, over the summit and down to Kootenay River—the first white man ever to accomplish that feat so far as available records go. Sullivan, who for nearly one hundred years has been almost unknown, pioneered on that trip, in spite of difficult terrain and other handicaps, the route from Fort Shepherd to the head of Upper Moyie Lake. Because of near starvation he and his Indian guides were forced to turn back again to Kootenay Lake from the approximate site of present day Jerome tunnel near Moyie. He was followed six years later by the builders of the Dewdney trail.

One day in September, 1864 Mr. Arthur N. Birch, British Columbia's Colonial Secretary, found himself in the Pend d'Oreille Valley en route to Wild Horse Creek from New Westminster. In his report, dated October 31st of that year, he included a descriptive account of the Hudson's Bay and Colville merchants' trail-building operations up the Pend d'Oreille. It appears that the company cut the trail originally and the merchants cleared it out occasionally so as to enable the mining population to trade at Colville. According to records Fort Shepherd was not open for business at all times but was occasionally closed for quite long periods during its brief existence.

Before Mr. Birch reached this post he had heard about the rough trail from the Indians, and so decided to go to Colville and get his already footsore horses shod in preparation. He tells us that no attempt had been made to grade the steep inclines and it appeared to have been the





LEFT—WHERE THE PEND D'OREILLE JOINS THE COLUMBIA as it appeared before the erection of Cominco's dam and power plant with the G.N.R. bridge spanning the stream.
RIGHT—C.M. & S. POWER PLANT at Waneta. *Courtesy Cominco Magazine.*

ambition of the road builders to carry the trail through as many swamps as possible, then over high bluffs and back again to the swamps.

Along with Mr. Birch's party a Hudson's Bay outfit, in charge of John Linklater of Fort Kootenay, set out to cross over to the Kootenay Valley. It took Linklater's outfit fourteen days and they lost six horses, one of which disappeared with its entire pack of 250 pounds of flour. Scarcity of feed for the horses on part of this route was also stressed by this official.

Much against his will Mr. Birch returned from Wild Horse over this same trail and with him he brought seventy-five pounds of gold—the first gold escort from the Rocky Mountains to the seaboard of the colony.

In the decades that have followed few noteworthy

events have broken the even tenor of this peaceful corner of the Kootenay country. For many years a farming population has dwelt in the valley of the Pend d'Oreille, hard rock mining property has been partially developed, and gold is still being washed. The trail described by Mr. Birch is greatly improved and when the Bayonne highway goes through to Salmo from Kootenay Lake another interesting section of the country will be easy of access.

The insurmountable obstacle of fur trading days, the wild Pend d'Oreille River which daunted the hardy oldtimers, has become the scene of one of the most important power projects of our day. At Waneta the Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company of Canada has built a $30,000,000 power plant, a great steel and concrete structure, rising 210 feet from the river bed, creating a fall necessary to utilize about 20,000 tons of water a minute and producing 205,000 h.p. For about six miles upstream from this enormous project the river has become an immense storage basin. And so we see that, as Aladdin's famous and wonderful lamp had the power to summon the presence of the demon of old, so today engineers, with the light of modern knowledge, have summoned and harnessed the slave of the lamp, the gigantic genie who dwells in the turbulent waters of the Pend d'Oreille.

Source material for this chapter from:
Vancouver Island and British Columbia by Matthew MacFie (1865)
Palliser's Journals
Cominco Magazine, July 1951.

Chapter XXIII

INTERNATIONAL RAILWAY RIVALRY (Continued)

The 1880's witnessed, in the west, the beginning of a great era of railroad construction both north and south of the 49th parallel. That decade also saw the beginning of a keen international railway rivalry which did not end until the completion of the Kettle Valley line in 1915.

In order to get a proper perspective it is necessary to go back to the years before James J. Hill had severed his connections with the infant Canadian Pacific Railway. During that time he had eyed with suspicion the development of the Northern Pacific and when that company completed its trans-continental railway in 1883 conveniently close to the 49th paralled Hill embarked on a daring scheme. He would build his Great Northern Railway between the Northern Pacific and the Canadian border and eventually run branch lines into British Columbia, and so cut off the N.P.R. In time this urge was fulfilled and wherever Hill decided that his project would pay his feeder lines entered British Columbia.

As the first step in this direction and before the last spike was driven on the Great Northern Railway Hill gained control of the New Westminster Southern, which road had been built in 1889 to connect the above-mentioned city with Douglas on the international boundary, then in 1891, he ran a connecting line southward to Seattle, Washington. Later the Fraser River was bridged and Hill's railway entered Vancouver.

Now we must go back some years to another section of British Columbia. In 1883 no permanent town or settlement had, as yet, come into being in all the immense hinterland that was then known as West Kootenay. The only white centre of activity, if such it could be called, appears to have been at the Big Ledge, an extensive

galena outcropping on the lonely, rocky shore of Kootenay Lake where two Americans had staked treasure.

Canadian interests were very much aware of the potential importance of this great, empty region of the province extending from the American boundary to the new Canadian Pacific Railway which was then being rushed through the Selkirk and Rocky Mountains. This Kootenay country was easily accessible from south of the border and in order to prevent already threatened, as well as future, American interests from taking over, it was necessary to immediately launch a Canadian plan of development.[24] In 1883 the Columbia & Kootenay Railway & Transportation Company was incorporated to build, equip and operate a continuous line of road from the outlet of Kootenay Lake to a point on the Columbia River as near as practicable to the mouth of the Kootenay River, and to build and run a line of steamers from that point to the spot on the west bank of the Columbia where the Canadian Pacific Railway crosses it near Eagle Pass, also a line of steamers from the point on Kootenay River where the southern boundary of British Columbia intersects the river, thence down the river to Kootenay Lake and throughout the lake and its navigable tributaries.

The opportune time to carry out this project did not arrive until some years after the completion of the C.P.R. In 1890, when the Kootenay country was beginning to bestir itself and James J. Hill was posing a threat from the south, the Columbia & Kootenay Railway & Transportation Company, because of financial difficulties, found itself unable to carry on. The partnership was reorganized and became known as the Columbia & Kootenay Steam Navigation Company and their object remained as before—to establish a line of steamships south on Columbia River and Kootenay Lake and to connect the two by a railway. Their first steamer on the Revel-

[24] *History of British Columbia* by H. H. Bancroft, page 691.

stoke-Northport run was the *Lytton* and, indicative of events to come, one of the passengers on that steamer's first trip was William C. Van Horne, president of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. Business was fairly brisk and other small steamers were gradually added.

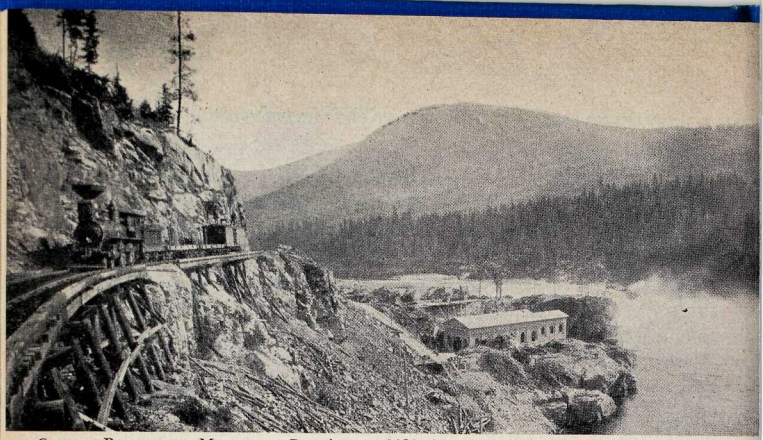
In 1890 the Spokane Falls & Northern Railway, a subsidiary of the Great Northern, was built by D. C. Corbin to connect Spokane and Northport (the Little Dalles) in Washington. This made the latter a steamboat terminus and railhead for Columbia River traffic from the north and also brought Spokane nearer to Revelstoke than the latter was to Vancouver.

The C. & K.S.N. Company, in 1891, engaged Captain James W. Troup to act as superintendent of lake and river service with headquarters in Nelson which town had great expectations because of its close proximity to the Hall brothers' Toad Mountain claims. The newcomer, whose salary had been doubled as an inducement, was an experienced Union Pacific water transportation director and, in 1883, had seen service as captain on Fraser River boats during C.P.R. construction days.

In June of 1891 the C. & K.S.N. Company launched its first stern-wheeler on Kootenay Lake. This boat, the *Nelson,* built at that centre, was for some time the largest steamer on that body of water, and measured 134.4 feet in length, 26.5 in width, and had a tonnage of 496. The *Galena* was still a going concern and all dwellers along the lake, although they admired the new arrival, continued to have a friendly feeling toward this little boat which had served them well in the past, but was a bit out-dated measured by more modern standards of speed and capacity. Dick Fry's tug *Idaho* and the *Mudhen* still roamed the lake at will, picking up whatever business they could find.

The next year the Columbia & Kootenay Railway con-

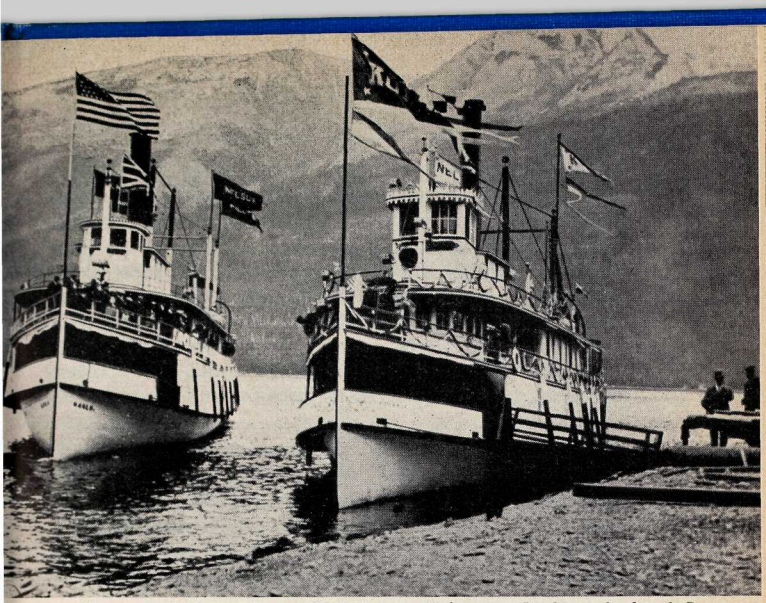
Note: See Pages 199-200.



COMING ROUND THE MOUNTAIN, Bonnington 1898 Columbia & Kootenay Railway engine and drag en route to Robson. *Courtesy C.M. & S. Company*

necting Nelson and Robson was completed. This line, subsidized by the C.P.R., was the first section of the anticipated Kettle Valley line which was to eventually reach the coast. According to accounts this short railway boasted eighty bridges and did not operate during the winter until about 1897. After completion of this railroad in 1892 the steamship *Nelson* carried Canadian merchandise and supplies to Kootenay Lake centres which included Kaslo, Ainsworth and Bonners Ferry and diverted whatever outbound trade it could get to Nelson where it was despatched over the new railway to Robson, then by river boat to the C.P.R. main line. The C. & K.S.N. Company did not have things all their own way because by that time James J. Hill's boats were on Kootenay Lake too.

After Eli Carpenter and his partner, in the fall of 1891 had made their spectacular discovery in the isolated Slocan region the country was seething with excitement. Prompted by this find together with mining activity at Ainsworth and elsewhere Hill's Great Northern Railway launched the Kootenay Railway & Navigation Company



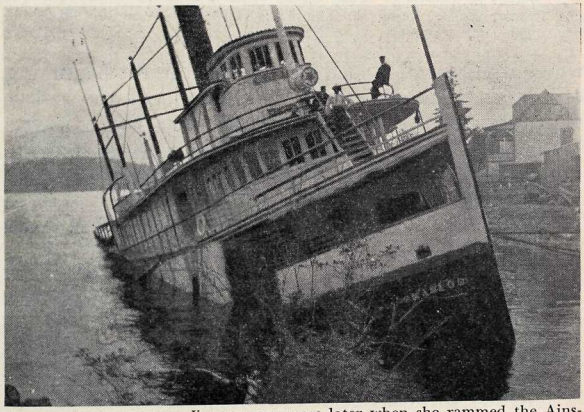
STARS AND STRIPES ON KOOTENAY LAKE. C.P.R. Steamer *Kokanee* at Lardeau wharf and Great Northern Steamer *Kaslo* coming in. The *Kaslo*, fastest craft on the lake, was launched in September 1900.

whose transportation facilities consisted in the beginning of a large tug, the *Kaslo, S.S. International* and a fleet of barges whose home port was Bonners Ferry, Idaho. This was an excellent stroke of business as far as Hill's interests were concerned but bad for the opposition. The Great Northern main line was conveniently near at hand with no long, expensive hauls, and water transportation all the way made freight rates lower for the customers. Besides, the only extensive facilities available for smelting ore were in Montana and Washington. Kaslo was the main Great Northern port in the Kootenays and, in 1894, Hill built a railway from that point to Sandon which his company was to operate for more than a decade.

This checkerboard game continued with American interests frequently getting a jump or two ahead of their

opponent. In 1893 the Nelson & Fort Sheppard Railway, a Great Northern subsidiary and extension of the S.F. & N.Ry., was built by D. C. Corbin from Northport to South Nelson (Mountain Station), then down the steep mountain side to Five Mile Point on the Lake shore where the railway connected with Great Northern boats. Two years later this railway was completed from Five Mile Point to Nelson's lower station. Besides making contact with G.N. Lake boats this road gave Nelson excellent year round access to Spokane and other American points.

The descent down the mountain side, over flimsy-looking wooden trestles and around sharp curves on "the Graveyard Special" to the boat landing below was a hair-raising and precarious journey to the unaccustomed or nervous passenger. Apparently no fatal accidents ever happened although once an engineer died in his cab,



DISASTER OVERTOOK THE KASLO some years later when she rammed the Ainsworth wharf and backed away before it was realized that serious damage had been done.

the effect of a heart attack but the fireman carried on and no one but the train crew knew of the happening until afterwards.

While G.N. interests were forging ahead in this locality the C. & K.S.N. Company was also extending its activities. Captain Troup, aware of the fact that more boats were needed, had the *Spokane* built at Bonners Ferry in 1892 for the Kootenay Lake trade. The Great Northern, next year, added the *State of Idaho* to its fleet and oldtimers have told about the exciting races between this speedy boat and the *Nelson* in which the former usually won. Its career was short-lived as it ran aground at Ainsworth later that season during a November fog.

In 1892 other developments were afoot in the Kootenays. On March 19th of that year the C.P.R. announced their decision to build the Crows' Nest Pass branch and later that season survey parties were busy in the district plotting preliminary routes for the proposed railway.

Service on the Columbia was augmented by another vessel, the *Columbia* and the *Illecillewaet* a steam scow which could cope with very low water conditions and in winter could be used as an ice-breaker. *The Columbia,* said to have been one of the largest and finest steamers in the Northwest and her sister ships the *Lytton* and *Kootenai* were popular passenger boats of their day. Besides carrying many other travellers up and down the river, they transported large numbers of settlers from the Palouse country and Colville region in Washington and other American points up the river on their way to the Canadian prairies. During one trip when a large party of American settlers bound for the prairies were aboard the *Columbia* a baby girl was born on the river boat. Bishop Sillitoe of New Westminster was on board and he baptised the infant in full canonicals, giving her the name Columbia Florence Holliday. This event caused much friendly interest on the crowded steamer and the

little girl was presented with a purse of eighty dollars.

This Columbia River route opened a new frontier for world travellers and many distinguished people from faraway places made the trip up or down this stream. In 1893 the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, whose assassination at Sarajevo in 1914 precipitated the outbreak of World War I, travelled down this river on the *Columbia* while on a trip around the world. Also Thomas Edison, with his wife and family, once made the journey on one of those river boats. In 1894 the *Columbia* was destroyed by fire just north of the international boundary line. Its place was taken by the *Naksup* which had been designed by Captain Troup and was said to have been the finest stern-wheeler in Canada. It measured 171 feet in length, 33 feet beam, had three decks, thirty-three staterooms and boasted a crew of eleven. This boat, the last large steamer built by the C. & K.S.N. Company, was destroyed by fire at Arrowhead on December 23rd, 1897. Sale of this company's assets to the C.P.R. was announced at the end of December 1896 and that year a branch line of the C.P.R. had been built from Revelstoke to Arrowhead.

During the years which followed the C.P.R. Company put a number of passenger boats on these runs—the *Rossland, Bonnington, Kootenay* and *Minto* on the Arrow Lakes and the *Kokanee, Kuskanook, Nasookin* and *Moyie* on Kootenay Lake. After the Kettle Valley line was completed through to the coast the Arrow Lakes boats were gradually discontinued.

Now to go back a few years. In 1891 small shipments of ore from Rossland mines were being transported from Trail Creek Landing down the river on little freight boats to the S.F. & N. Railway, then on to Butte, Montana. In the spring of 1895 the *Illecillewaet* made two trips a week carrying supplies, merchandise and construction material to South Kootenay and taking this

ore down stream to Northport. The *Trail* and other small boats were also being used for this purpose. This embryo transportation business received a set-back when the Red Mountain Railway, an extension of the S.F. & N. entered Rossland from Northport in 1896. The great Rossland mines were booming then and their mineral wealth, amounting to millions of dollars, was directed southward over this railway.

During these years James J. Hill had not overlooked opportunities in East Kootenay to further his railway designs. In 1892 he obtained stock in the Crows' Nest Coal Company and the following year built a branch of the Great Northern from Rexford to Gateway, Montana. Later he secured a controlling interest in the coal property, then, in 1903, extended this line to Michel, B.C.

SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE

The C.P.R. had realized for some time that they must, at all costs, get a railway through Crows' Nest Pass to Vancouver and so curb American activities and Hill's

declared intention to build his own railway to the Pacific coast within Canadian territory. No one realized this state of urgency better than William C. Van Horne the dynamic and efficient head of the C.P.R. who, by the way, had been persuaded by Hill to join the company in more congenial days before the latter had severed connections with it. Van Horne had the situation sized up when he instructed Randolph Bruce, engineer on the Crows' Nest surveys, to keep near the international boundary line. Indicating on a map the Great Northern branch lines running north he said, "Look at these . . . . like hungry hounds ready to jump in." It was plain to be seen that if the C.P.R. did not get busy very soon the mineral, coal and other resources of southern British Columbia would be lost to Canada.

Construction of the Crowsnest branch[25] got under way early in 1897 and on October 5th, 1898 the last spike was driven at Kootenay Landing, two hundred and eighty-three miles from Lethbridge, Alberta.

Some months before this the Canadian Pacific Railway Company had acquired from F. A. Heinze the Columbia and Western Railway connecting Trail and Robson, also the charter from Midway to Penticton. With a railway already in operation between Nelson and Robson and good boat service on the Columbia, no time was lost by the C.P.R. in continuing west from the latter point.

Up Farron Hill and over the top to Cascade was real railway building. This involved the construction of a tunnel three quarters of a mile in length and a grind from West Robson to the summit of 2500 feet.

It has been said that five thousand men were employed in the building of this section of railway and materials for construction were brought by river transportation from Revelstoke to Brooklyn which was situated on the

[25] The C.P.R. changed the spelling of "Crows' Nest" to "Crowsnest".

west side of Lower Arrow Lake across from Deer Park. From that point a tote road was built over which horses hauled supplies up the steep mountain side. There were more than one hundred teams busy for a few short months and construction was carried forward very rapidly.

When this portion, including the tunnel, was completed the crews moved on to the next scene of operations, taking with them the doors and windows from the buildings that were left behind to help start the new construction camp at Gladstone (Coryell).

Later they made Cascade their destination and so on to points west. Among the fleeting enterprises established temporarily at Brooklyn was a local paper, the *Brooklyn News*, and as the railway forged ahead, the editor and his printing press went along too, first to Gladstone, then to Cascade where there was already a newspaper, the *Cascade Record*. The day the railway reached this camp was, so the editor stated, a red letter day and to mark the event the *Cascade Record* appeared with its front page printed in red ink. There appeared enough business for two papers at this camp as extensive irrigation projects were being envisioned and the word was abroad that a smelter might be built there. This railway project was completed as far as Grand Forks in 1899 and soon the builders reached Midway.

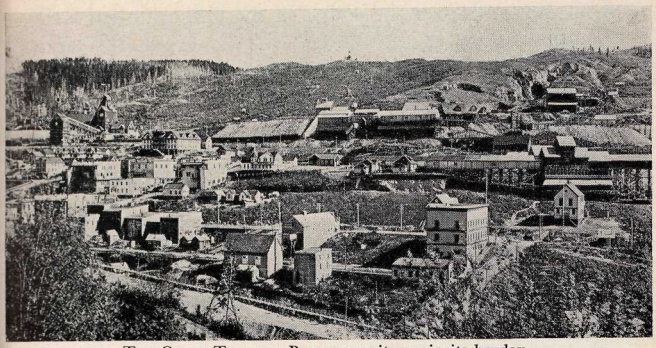
The Boundary District together with the Similkameen had, in times past, provided considerable mining excitement. Forty years before, in the spring of 1860, placer gold had been found on Rock Creek and the following October five hundred miners from the Fraser River and across the line were busy washing the gravel bars of this and other streams in the vicinity. In 1891, shortly after the spectacular Le Roi and other important discoveries had been made at Rossland, many hard rock claims were located in the Boundary region, among them

the famous Motherlode at Greenwood and the Granby holdings at Phoenix. All contained immense copper content and some gold. Before the coming of the railway the main source of supplies for the region had been Washington points and ore was packed out on horseback down the Kettle River to Marcus, the shipping point on the Spokane Falls & Northern Railway.

About the time the C.P.R. reached this district three smelters were being built. The British Columbia Copper Company established a plant at Greenwood to process ore from the Motherlode Mine which was located at Deadwood about five miles away and on the opposite side of the valley from Phoenix. The Dominion Copper Company located a smelter at Boundary Falls which later was absorbed by the British Columbia Copper Company. The third and most important plant was built at Grand Forks by the Granby Consolidated Mining Company to process copper ore from a number of promising claims at Phoenix. It was located on the Kettle River, one-half a mile lower and twenty-three miles from the mines at Phoenix and the C.P.R. ran a branch line from Eholt to Phoenix (altitude 4500 feet) over which to haul ore to the Granby smelter. This plant had a daily capacity of 4000 tons and started operations in 1900.

Here James J. Hill entered the picture again when he built the Great Northern Railway feeder line up the Kettle River by way of Laurier, to Grand Forks, then on to Phoenix, this latter extension at the request, so it has been said, of the Granby Company who felt that the C.P.R. was charging them more than they wanted to pay for haulage and opposition would reduce charges.

Another branch of Hill's Great Northern Railway crossed the boundary at Midway. Also, in order to tap the rich Similkameen country, a third feeder line entered the Boundary country from Wenachee, Washington. This latter road continued to Keremeos, then to Hedley



THE GHOST TOWN OF PHOENIX as it was in its heyday.

where the famous Nickel Plate Mine was located, and on to Princeton. All these branch lines gave easy access to Spokane and other American points.

So long as the mines flourished these Great Northern incursions paid, but the day came when mining excitement declined and Hill's dream of a Canadian approach to the Pacific had long been abandoned. By 1915 the C.P.R. had completed its Kettle Valley Railway through the formidable Coquihalla to the main line at Hope, which point, many years before, had been the western terminus of the old Dewdney trail to Wild Horse.

Some time later the price of copper fell on world markets and the consequent decline forced closure of the Greenwood smelter in 1918 and the Granby the following year. In time most of the Great Northern Railway lines leading into British Columbia were abandoned and the rails lifted. Today the road beds, in places, serve as highways, notably the Hedley-Princeton section of the southern provincial route and the approach to Rossland

from the south over the course of the long-vanished Red Mountain Railway.

The Kettle Valley Railway, though it has served southern British Columbia for many years and has proved a vital link with the Pacific Coast, has been plagued by almost impossible Coquihalla winter conditions and slides, as well as by dynamite and rail displacements by unknown perpetrators.

Huge and speedly freight trucks on our highways may, in time, replace the western extremity of this line and when that time comes the K.V.R., whole or in part, will follow its American counterparts into oblivion.

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Chapter XXIV

THE BLUE BELL MINE

During the days of the North West and Hudson's Bay Companies the occasional white trader and trapper paddled the length and breadth of Kootenay Lake. This large body of water, so easily approached and conveniently near the fur traders' route, must have beckoned not a few adventurous wanderers to its shores. These men, though primarily interested only in the fur trade, probably suspected something of the potential mineral wealth of the region. Indeed, in the 1820's Hudson's Bay trappers and Indians are reported to have used in their muzzle-loaders lead which they obtained on the site of the present Blue Bell Mine.

It was not until a number of years had passed, that the first tangible record concerning the discovery of minerals in this area was forthcoming. According to Dr. Grace Lee Nute, in 1844 a young German botanist and explorer in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, Karl Andreas Geyer, while at Fort Colville, obtained leave of absence and later, while exploring this body of water, then known as Flatbow Lake, recorded the silver-lead outcrop which was to be known many years later as the Blue Bell Mine. Also that same year Chief Factor Archibald McDonald of Fort Colville visited this location and took some ore samples which were later sent overseas to the Hudson's Bay Governor and Committee for analysis. This outcrop was the first recorded mineral discovery in the Kootenays.

For nearly twenty-five years following its discovery this rich ore body lay untouched though it probably caused considerable interest and speculation on the part of the few who knew of its existence. "The Big Ledge," as it was commonly known, consisted of an immense vein of

silver-bearing galena, and by using a pick on any part of its surface bright, silvery chunks of lead-weight galena could easily be pried from the main body.

The day of the fur trader passed and gradually the story of the possible treasure of the Big Ledge was noised abroad. Other men, unconcerned about the furry pelts of muskrat and beaver, were drawn to the scene as the steel needle is attracted by the magnet.

In 1868 an American prospector, Henry Doane, rediscovered this property and did some work on it. Later he interested Senator George Hearst of California in his discovery and to their joint efforts is attributed an unsuccessful attempt in 1873 to smelt the ore on the ground. Primitive equipment, poor results in their smelting operations, and transportation difficulties forced these men to give up the undertaking.

Years later, according to a Dominion Geological Report, an employee of the Hudson's Bay Company, Mr. A. C. Anderson of Victoria, had some specimens assayed which yielded 83% lead with 20 ozs. of silver to the ton. This report stressed the great handicap in the development of this ore body—its almost complete inaccessibility, the only means of approach being the Kootenay River which was barred by falls and rapids near the mouth and could be navigated only by light canoes.

Across on the Idaho side of the line, at Bonners Ferry, lived, in those days, an oldtimer named Dick Fry. He had travelled much around Kootenay Lake and had done considerable placer mining and trapping, and incidentally, he has left his name on the map of the region—Fry Creek near the north end of Kootenay Lake.

One day a stranger arrived at Bonners, or, as it was then called, Dick Fry's Ferry. He was Robert Evan Sprowle, an American who had evidently done some prospecting in the western States. Being nearly broke, Sprowle was anxious for a job, and Fry hired him to help

build a ferry boat. He proved a good workman and a congenial companion, and told Fry the following story about himself. Some time before, he had discovered coal near Seattle and staked his claim, but other prospectors, who were also searching for the coal, discovered his location and re-staked it. Later Sprowle was accused by these men of having burned a barn in Seattle and was duly arrested. While in jail awaiting trial they approached him, explained that they had a clear case against him, and that he could have his choice—skip the country or go to the penitentiary. Sprowle, who was a married man, decided upon the first course, and so, turned up at Dick Fry's ferry. Later Fry learned through the press of the coal discovery, and the men whom Sprowle had named as the claim-jumpers were listed as the locators.

After having spent some time in that vicinity the urge to do more prospecting caught up with Sprowle. Fry had told him about the Big Ledge and, so, armed with a map of the location and a borrowed rowboat, both of which Fry had supplied, Sprowle set out in the fall of 1882 on a prospecting trip along the shores of Lake Kootenay. He staked claims on the galena ledge but could not record them because the mining laws of that time made it necessary to forthwith record a claim at the nearest gold commissioner's office and, at the same time, not absent one's self for more than seventy-two hours from the claim in question. This was impossible with the nearest recorder's office located at Wild Horse and the distance there and back being four hundred and eighty miles by trail and canoe. A long detour through northern Idaho was necessary as the Dewdney trail was impassable because of fallen timber, slides and washouts, and no work had been done on it for years.

About this time Captain George Ainsworth, a millionaire from Portland, Oregon arrived in the Kootenay Lake region. He saw the great mining possibilities of the dis-

trict and the agricultural potentialities of the Kootenay flats in the present Creston area and was desirous of obtaining the controlling interest in the region. In 1882 he made an offer to the British Columbia government to build twenty-odd miles of narrow gauge railway from the west arm of Kootenay Lake to the Columbia River in return for the Kootenay flats acreage together with about 750,000 acres of land, much of which would be useless for agricultural purposes but would, in all probability, be rich in mineral wealth.

This part of British Columbia, in those days, had no other exit than south into American territory and, in the opinion of many, it was considered doubtful if the country merited the tremendous, and to some, impossible feat of building a railway across the mountain ranges on the Canadian side of the 49th parallel. The main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, then under construction, would cross the Columbia River at Revelstoke. A water route was available up this stream from the mouth of the Kootenay and with the completion of Ainsworth's proposed road a connecting link would be formed.

Many people thought that the coming of the C.P.R. would mean little to this isolated region to the south of it. Railways were coming very close on the American side. Transportation south would be convenient and the only available smelting facilities were in U.S. territory.

While Ainsworth's offer was before the House in Victoria during the 1882-3 session W. A. Baillie-Grohman made a proposition to the Provincial government which was to reclaim and settle the forty-eight thousand acres of land comprising the Kootenay flats, pay one dollar an acre for it within ten years and put a steamboat on Kootenay Lake. This offer, which was backed by influential British interests, was accepted.

Ainsworth then faded out of the picture temporarily as far as his railway and land deals were concerned, but

he still had his eye on the mineral resources. Silver and lead in those days were very high and fabulous fortunes were being made in the western States. He had in his employ as mining scout, a young Cornish prospector whose name was Thomas Hammil. In 1883 Hammil located the *Lulu* and *Hot Springs* claims, the first properties to be staked at Ainsworth. Then he crossed the lake and lost no time in staking more claims, including Sprowle's, on the galena ledge, and, as a result, has been awarded the doubtful honour of having been the first hard rock claim jumper in the Kootenays. In an effort to score another major point over his adversary, Hammil induced the Wild Horse gold commissioner, Judge Kelly, to visit Kootenay Lake and in this way, so he figured, his claims would receive priority on the government register.

Sprowle disputed Hammil's claim on the ground of the impossibility of complying with the law. A bitterly contested quarrel was then imminent between the two claimants and, according to Baillie-Grohman, if the location had been somewhere in the western States instead of Galena Bay in the Kootenay, Winchesters and six-shooters would likely have settled the dispute before long-drawn out legalities could possibly have gotten under way. The contestants camped on the spot, and the shake roof of each cabin sheltered men whose hostility toward the other side ran high. Sprowle, who exhibited undisguised and violent hatred toward Hammil imparted to his partners and witnesses considerable of his own intense feeling toward the opposing party. Baillie-Grohman who, in the absence of a qualified lawyer, was commissioned to act as Sprowle's defence in the legal battle which was then pending, summed up the picture in the following words as he described the feeling prevalent in the rival camps. "Here we were, the first white men in the country, fighting and squabbling over a heap of glittering stone which had been there since the world was created . . .

chattering and hissing at each other like angry geese."

One day in August 1883 a canoe was seen approaching and all the inhabitants of Galena Bay streamed down to the lake shore to meet Judge Kelly, the gold commissioner from Wild Horse who was described as "a genial oldtimer whose silvery locks and quaint Irish humour soon gained for him the respect of all concerned." There was no place for the judge to stay except in one or other of the opposing camps and so he jokingly announced. "Now, boys, I think it will be fair to both camps if I grub in the one and sleep in the other, so just let me know who has the better grub outfit." Sprowle's fare was slim as far as variety was concerned, but Hammil had extras—onions, molasses and canned goods, etc., and so it is a safe guess that the judge became Hammil's star boarder. Each morning and evening during his stay he was escorted from one enemy camp to the other by his hosts.

Court opened on August 31st and Judge Kelly insisted that, so long as the court sat, all revolvers be deposited in a box by his side. There were four claims in question. Delays and adjournments followed and it was not until October 16th that a final decision was given in Sprowle's favour. The other side, who had a capable, clever lawyer, appealed and took the case to Victoria where Chief Justice Matthew Baillie Begbie decided three of the four cases in favour of Hammil. Sprowle lost all, as his remaining claim had to go to pay costs.

This was a severe blow to the loser and he seethed with bitter hatred toward Hammil. Returning to Dick Fry's to await the day on which his enemy would commence operations, Sprowle announced that Hammil would never work the claims and, as he was a man of his word, Fry feared there would be trouble.

The day came when Hammil started work. That noon he did not appear for dinner and upon investigation he was found shot through the hips, his back broken and

groaning in great pain. When asked if he saw the person who shot him he said he did not and his sufferings ended in death a few hours later.

Sprowle, with diabolical cunning, had carefully planned the deed and got about six hours' start before the constable, Henry Anderson, son of A. C. Anderson, could get together a couple of Kootenay Indians to paddle his canoes. Anderson judged that Sprowle would head for American territory and stopped at an Indian camp where he learned that the murderer had been there a few hours before and had bought some dried fish. At the head of the lake Sprowle had discarded his canoe and taken to the bush.

Anderson camped on the west side of Kootenay River near the International boundary line and his supply of provisions, as time passed, became increasingly low. One of the Kootenays, feeling the pinch of hunger, took it upon himself to shoot a black bear, which action was expressly without Anderson's permission.

Sprowle, after four days of wandering in the bush, was starving but was afraid to use his rifle for fear of being discovered. He heard the shot and reasoned that no search party would fire a rifle and so disclose its location, and concluded that an Indian or prospector was in the vicinity. He made straight for the spot in the hope of obtaining food.

Anderson, after having upbraided the Indian for shooting, was waiting for a helping of bear meat, when, suddenly, Sprowle stepped out into the little clearing. Ragged and haggard, he saw only the Indians and their camp fire. Anderson, who was screened by some bushes, ordered him to drop his gun. Instantly Sprowle appeared to collapse, then bracing himself, he hesitated but seeing Anderson's levelled rifle and hearing his command, he capitulated.

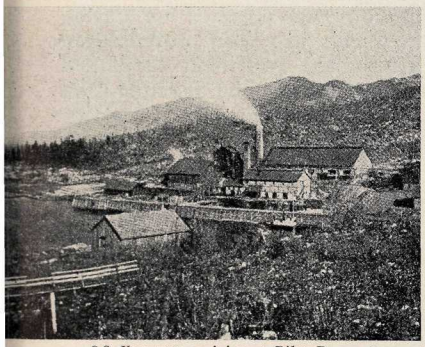
The culprit was taken across the river to the Canadian customs house at Rykerts and later was escorted to Vic-

toria over the Eagle Pass trail by a lone constable, Paddy Miles. He was tried, sentenced and, on October 29th, 1886, was hanged for a crime which, according to Baillie-Grohman, directly caused the deaths of two other people besides his victim and himself. The lawyer who defended Hammil died as a result of hardships and exposure brought on by a journey to the Kootenay and Hammil's mother succumbed to shock following the news of her son's tragic death.

Owing to their attorney's neglect the Blue Bell property was lost to the Ainsworth interests, but their concern in the Kootenay country continued. A few years later George Ainsworth became one of the promoters of the Kootenay Railway and Navigation Company.

The subsequent owner of the Blue Bell property was Dr. W. A. Hendryx of Sandpoint, Idaho. In 1884 a partnership was formed known as the Kootenay Mining and Smelting Company and comprised Dr. Hendryx, his brother A. B. Hendryx, manager, and other partners. The name of the site was changed to Hendryx Camp, a tote road was build from Sandpoint to Bonners Ferry and a small tow boat, the *Surprise,* was used for freighting supplies to the property.

In 1894-5 a two hundred ton smelter was built at Pilot Bay at an estimated cost of $650,000. The plant was located on a small peninsula about eight miles south of the mine and ore was brought down on barges not only from the Blue Bell but also from Ainsworth properties. This smelter comprised three main buildings, the roast house, smelter and concentrator besides offices, laboratories, and workshops and the daily capacity of ore processed was about one hundred tons. During 1895 the company employed daily an average of two hundred men and paid for labour $170,000. The population of Pilot Bay was one thousand people with five hotels, two stores, restaurant, etc., and hopes were high that it would be-



S.S. Kokanee arriving at Pilot Bay. Count Riondel and S. S. Fowler. Pilot Bay Smelter. *From B.C. Year Book 1897.*

come, in time, a successful smelting centre. It must have been a very law-abiding community. There was a jail, but only one law-breaker qualified for admission—and

this on a minor offence. As it was winter time and the shack which served the purpose was cold, Joe Davis, the night watchman at the plant, who also served as policeman, took his prisoner home, where he remained the allotted time. This jail also doubled as a morgue.

In 1896 the mine and smelter were closed pending the completion of the Crowsnest branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway which accomplishment would make cheaper fuel available and reduce transportation costs both of which had previously prevented profitable operation of the enterprise.

The property was not re-opened by the Hendryx interests and, in 1899, it passed into the hands of the Bank of Montreal.

In 1905 a French firm known as the Canadian Metal Company, whose president was M. Edouard Riondel, and manager S. S. Fowler, acquired the property and renovated the smelter. The mine was operated, off and on, for many years but the smelter had never proved a complete success and, being obsolete, was finally dismantled.

In 1929 the Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company of Canada took an option on the mine and in 1931 completed the purchase.

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Chapter XXV

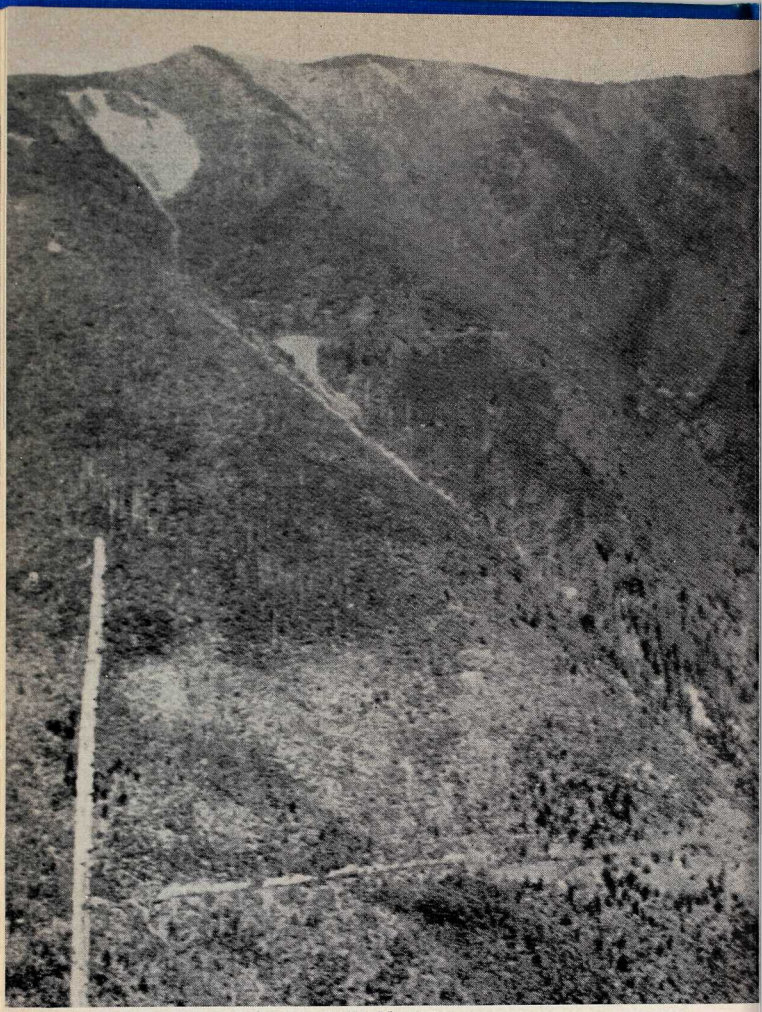
EARLY DAYS IN KASLO

In the days of the Hudson's Bay Company a French Canadian trapper named Casleau built for himself a cabin in a beautiful stand of timber at the mouth of a mountain stream which emptied into the west side of Flatbow Lake. There he trapped and did a little placer mining, then betook himself to parts unknown, and so, faded out of the picture.

The site of the little cabin lay forgotten for many years, except for the occasional trapper's visit. Then, in the late eighteen-eighties two miners from Colorado, Jim Pringle and Jim Brennan, high in the mountains of the Slocan, staked a claim which they called the Ibex and had samples of their new discovery assayed in Ainsworth. The mineral content was high, 150 ounces to the ton in silver and considerable lead. This report caused much excitement among the miners in the Ainsworth camp and elsewhere. However, they possessed but one clue concerning the location of this find, and it was that these rich samples had been brought from a locality farther north.

Soon men flocked by boat to the site of the ancient cabin, then fought their way up the turbulent stream which came tumbling down the steep gully to the west, and on, in search of the potential bonanza high in the rugged mountains of the Slocan. Hard work, adventure, and disappointment were in store for many who toiled across seething torrents, up gigantic mountainsides, and over deceptive, yawning glaciers in search of the elusive treasure hidden in these grim mountain strongholds for men have always been willing to risk their lives, and sometimes even their very souls, for the glint of treasure.

Following in the wake of this stampede into a country rich in mineral came the discovery of many notable



PAYNE MOUNTAIN.

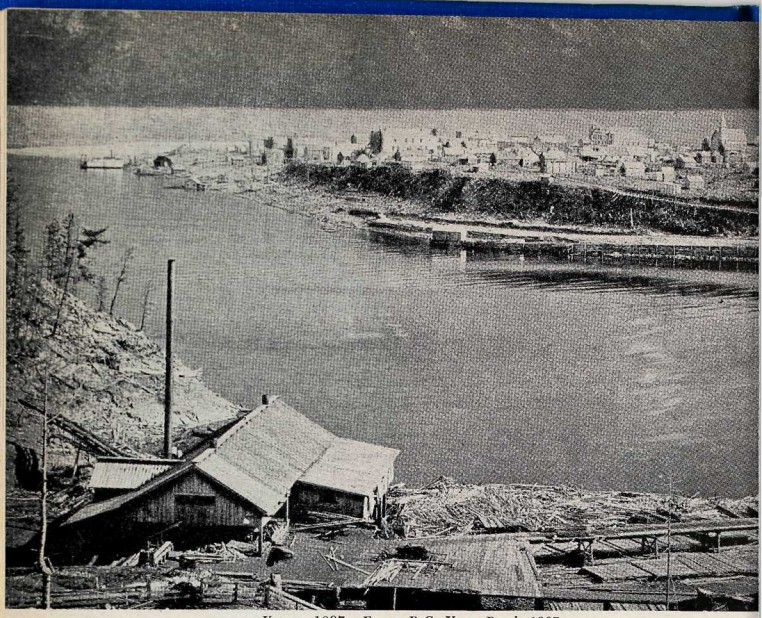
From Public Archives of Canada.

mines. The first important showing was found on Payne Mountain north of where is now the ghost town of Sandon. This outcropping was located on September 9th, 1891 by Eli Carpenter, a circus performer turned miner, and John L. Seaton. These two men, after an unsuccessful trip into the country to the north, climbed Payne Mountain with the hope of finding a more direct route back into Ainsworth and accidentally stumbled on this rich vein.

After their return to Ainsworth, so the story goes, Carpenter deceived Seaton by showing him an assay report from an Ainsworth claim instead of that obtained from their rich Payne Mountain samples. Seaton promptly lost interest until Charles Olsen, an hotel proprietor at Ainsworth, overheard Carpenter making plans with another party to return to Payne Mountain and stake the surrounding ground. Olsen urged Seaton to guide a prospecting party to the new location. He did and they travelled by the popular and direct route up Kaslo Creek. Seaton's party was made up of five men—himself, W. M. Hennessey, J. J. Hennessey, J. G. McGuigan, and Frank Flint. They called themselves the Noble Five, and on September 28th, 1891 these men located several claims on Payne Mountain, among them the famous Noble Five.

In the meantime Carpenter and his companions made their way back to the new location by way of Nelson and Slocan Lake in order to not attract attention. Doubtless he was somewhat surprised and disappointed to find his erstwhile partner, with four other prospectors, on the ground ahead of him.

According to one authority eighty claims were staked in the Slocan during 1891, and in 1892 there were seven hundred and fifty locations. Kaslo, almost overnight, became a surging, busy western camp. Each boat brought in hundreds of passengers and before many months the



KASLO 1897. *From B.C. Year Book 1897.*

population had grown to more than 3,000 people. In the spring of 1893 the new mining camp boasted a small government building, a weekly newspaper, the *Kaslo Claim,* whose editor was Col. R. T. Lowery, a bank opened by Col. John Burke, an American promoter of doubtful reputation, many hotels and saloons of high and low degree. The bulk of population consisted of miners, merchants and hotel men. Tinhorn gamblers, with the prospect in view of easy money, invaded this boom camp just as they did every other mining town in the west, and the old Theatre Comique, gambling houses, and saloons furnished the major amusements for those who had the money to squander, and many appear to have had it.

The streets were roughly graded. Rocks and stumps

which were too well rooted to move easily simply remained where they were and citizens walked around these obstacles. There were too many more important jobs in sight then to do much about even the main thoroughfare, and according to a chronicler of the day "to men accustomed to mountain trails these streets were veritable paths of peace."

Water was delivered in barrels; kerosene and candles solved the light problem and one street boasted a sidewalk. Lumber and merchandise were piled on the beach after having been unloaded from the boats, then hauled up town by teams of horses. There was no gun play or serious affray, and one policeman appears to have been able to keep order. Boats brought 125 to 150 men each trip and accommodation was at a premium where beds were occupied in shifts. Hotels were built of green lumber and when the boards dried out there was little privacy. Buchanan's sawmill on Kaslo Bay was running day and night in an effort to supply the demand for that important product.

Reports of new discoveries back in the hinterland to the west were continually pouring into town and served as a subject of conversation in bar room, on the street or wherever people met. Everybody was optimistic. Lake steamers stopped almost anywhere to let a prospector off with his supplies and pack horse or mule. Roads and trails were cut and aerial tramways built in order to get the ore down to transportation. It was shipped to American smelters.

Everything appeared to be booming when a serious slump in the price of silver caused five Spokane banks to fail in one day. Disastrous repercussions followed in Kaslo and the Slocan, where much development was dependent on Spokane money. Currency became scarce, payments were postponed, options surrendered, development work ceased, and consternation and disaster

descended on many who had been busy making and spending. One Monday morning in July 1893 Kaslo's bank failed to open for business and upon investigation it was discovered that the cashier, the Saturday evening before, had unceremoniously departed in a rowboat for destination U.S.A. Col. Burke had previously left for Spokane.

Among the casualties of the silver market was the local paper, the *Kaslo Claim,* and an early day account tells us "the reverberations of the bank failure were still echoing in the hills when the *Claim* blew up with a loud report, carried to such far corners of the earth as were covered by its circulation. The last edition was as unique as its editor and financier—as Col. Lowery styled himself. On the front page was a tombstone with the caption 'Busted by Gosh' . . . sacred to the memory of the *Kaslo Claim* . . . Born May 12th, 1893; died August 25th, 1893. Aged sixteen weeks . . .and then the following:

This monument upon the primal page
Speaks in sad words of the impending gloom,
Tells of the battles that the Claim did wage
To save the town of Kaslo from the tomb.
But all its loyal efforts are as naught,
Its pennant now is trailing in the dust;
By the financial flurry it was caught,
And like the town of Kaslo, it is 'Bust'."

In 1895 its editor resurrected the *Claim* and later its name was changed to the *Kootenian,* and such was the amazing optimism of newspaper men of that time that three years later there were two daily papers in Kaslo—the *News* and the *Evening Kootenian,* and both published despatches.

Col. Lowery was indeed a unique editor, and some of his methods were very original. For example, advertising material, if it was paid for, appeared in his paper printed in the normal position. If only partial payment had been received the ad met the public eye set sideways, and if

no cash had so far been forthcoming it was printed upside down.

In 1894 two major disasters hit the new town. On February 26th a great fire destroyed most of the business section and many dwellings. Then, in June, Kootenay Lake rose about fifteen feet higher than any known previous record and the terrible hurricane which swept the country at that time dealt Kaslo an even greater blow than other places had received.

On Sunday, June 3rd, in the middle of a hot afternoon, heavy thunder clouds were seen approaching from the southeast. Then a series of hot gusts of wind made people wonder what was coming next. When the force of the cyclone hit sand, lumber and everything movable was whirled about and it was impossible to see across the streets. On the lake waves were from five to ten feet high and one woman was drowned, while many persons had narrow escapes. Between sixty and seventy houses, the majority shacks, were wrecked. The front was blown out of the Great Northern Hotel, the wharf was destroyed, the Galena Trading Company's store "gave three cracks and disappeared and the only things saved were the barrels of liquor which were found floating in the lake." The jail was a casualty and added its share to the floating wreckage. Byers' hardware store and the Chinese laundries went and many people had nothing left but the clothes they wore. Men and women worked all night trying to save what they could.

Not only the lake but Kaslo Creek presented danger to the population as the hot wind melted the great snow fields that lay high on the mountains. Early Monday morning this creek began to rise even higher than it had been, and by ten o'clock it had washed away nearly all that the fire and storm had left of the town. A conservative estimate put the loss at $100,000.

In the years which followed no one knew better than

the people of Kaslo just what it meant when disaster struck and maybe that was the reason why, when the Victorian Order of Nurses was formed in 1897 and a drive was made for funds, the first collection reported by the Dominion Provisional Committee, headed by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, was a contribution from Kaslo, B.C., received on March 18th, 1897.*

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* *Vancouver Daily Province,* February 14, 1948.

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Chapter XXVI

THE BEGINNINGS OF NELSON

When Captain John Palliser passed the site of present day Nelson, in September 1859, on his way down the Kootenay River to Fort Shepherd, he recorded nothing of note in that locality. Eight years later gold was discovered on Forty-nine Creek, and a minor rush of prospectors from the American side appeared on the scene, but no substantial, permanent mining activities followed.[25] It remained for the Hall party from Colville, Washington, to make the discovery which rocked the country with excitement during the late eighties and led to the beginnings of the city of Nelson.

The Hall party had come up the Salmon River and Hall Creek to Toad Mountain in the fall of 1886. Two boys of the group, while hunting for horses, accidentally discovered some rich copper pyrites and thought it was gold. One of them, on his way back to camp, threw his samples at some grouse which they had frightened, but his companion showed his specimens to other members of the company. Next day the scene of the outcropping was inspected and samples were taken to Colville, where they were assayed and showed very encouraging results. The property was not staked immediately because there was no mining recorder any nearer than Donald.

Next spring some members of the Hall party returned to Toad Mountain and four claims were staked and registered, chief of which was the Silver King. By that time there was a mining recorder on the scene, Mr. Henry Anderson. A number of prospectors were abroad in the vicinity and, during that season, many claims were staked.

In a surprisingly short time a mining camp mushroomed down on the lake shore and Anderson, who also

[25] Bancroft's *History of British Columbia,* page 530.

acted as constable, purchased some land, built a log cabin, and named the place Salisbury. Also Ward's boarding tent opened for business. Charles Busk, a land surveyor of those days, tells us that this was the only boarding house in existence there in July 1888 and it stood on the brink of a gully where the court house now stands, and, in those days, on the bank of Ward Creek. This boarding house, "the height of luxury, was a large, canvas tent divided into three compartments. One half was the bedroom with small cots set along the wall. The other compartment was divided into two rooms, the first being the bar and the second the dining room. The kitchen was behind the main tent." Today Ward Street recalls the name of this pioneer resident of Nelson, and Josephine Street commemorates Mrs. Ward's name.

In 1888 Judge Sproat, Assistant Commissioner of Lands and Works for the Province, renamed this camp Stanley, and that fall, following the addition of a few more primitive dwellings, a townsite was surveyed and the small community received a third name, Nelson, after the lieutenant-governor of that day. In time Anderson's townsite became part of what was known as Bogustown and later, Fairview.

Transportation at that time was by pack train and small, wood-burning steamboats. A rough trail was cut connecting the new camp with the Columbia River at Sproat's Landing (later known as Robson), and this job entailed, among other things, the building of a ferry across Kootenay River. Judge Sproat supplied Andrew Wallace, an excellent builder of that day, with a sack of oakum, a keg of spikes, a whipsaw and an axe and commissioned him to do the job. Wallace completed the undertaking as well as many other important projects in the district, including the erection of mills, concentrators, and a number of public buildings.

During the excitement which followed the Hall

brothers' discoveries on Toad Mountain Baillie-Grohman's little "Midge" was resurrected to carry passengers to the new bonanza. This little boat, the first steamer on Kootenay Lake, had rested for four years in the mud at Rykerts when a prospective owner and his partner decided they could make use of it. A four and a half days' journey was made to Canal Flat in order to bargain with the owner, a transaction was made and the new proprietors spent several days getting the small boat afloat and cleaning the mud out. They were rewarded for their effort by finding that she was little the worse for her long exposure to mud, weather and water, and she was renamed the *Mudhen.*

The first job accomplished by this renovated craft was a trip from Rykerts to the new camp on the west arm with six passengers—a party of prospective mining investors headed by one of the Hall brothers.

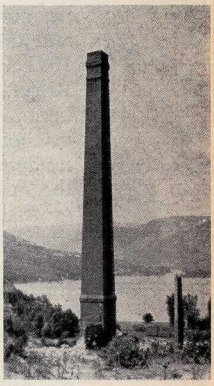
The *Galena,* another small steamer of those days, was owned by Dr. Hendryx's Kootenay Mining and Smelting Company and it plied between Bonners Ferry, Blue Bell, Ainsworth (Warm Springs), and Nelson. This little boat made two trips a week to the new camp and its arrival was an eagerly anticipated event when crowds gathered at the wharf, looking for supplies, and mail which was carried by courtesy of the boat owners and not through any government arrangement.

Another staunch boat was the *Idaho,* a little tug which did a big job. It towed logs to local sawmills, brought down bargeloads of merchandise from Bonners Ferry and hay and vegetables from farms along Kootenay River. It also transported the occasional bargeload of ore from Hall Mines to Bonners Ferry. It has been said that the *Idaho* was principally engine, boiler and tow line and that can be well imagined. The crew lived aboard and the skipper and engineer, when they slept, each occupied a bench eighteen inches wide in the only cabin forward.

The rest of the crew slept aft wherever they could find a space where cordwood was not piled. There was no room for a cook's galley but a stove was, at first, provided. This, it appears, was always in the way so it was given to a needy prospector and the cooking was done with live coals raked out of the fire box, or by steam injected through a hole in the lid of a cooking pot.

Previous to 1890 Nelson and the surrounding district were completely isolated from the rest of the province and were almost entirely dependent on American sources for supplies, including even postage stamps. During that year a passenger, freight and mail service down the Columbia River from Revelstoke was established but this was unsatisfactory during the winter months when boats could not always get through. Contracts were then let to responsible parties to bring the mail in by pack train up the Columbia from Marcus, Washington and travellers, in those days, Nelson-bound, must have been courageous and determined people. In the winter of 1891-2 the manager of Nelson's first bank, A. H. Buchanan, travelled more than fifty miles on snow shoes from railhead at Northport, Washington to open the Bank of Montreal in the new town.

By 1892 Ward's tent had been replaced by eight hotels and the International was advertised as "the only first class and two storey hotel in town." Vernon Street was the main thoroughfare and a trail led off among the stumps to Bogustown. J. Fred Hume's general store contained a large supply of groceries, dry goods and mining supplies and numerous pack trains left this centre with provisions for claims on Toad Mountain, Eagle Creek, the Slocan and other places in the district. Excellent showings of copper, gold, silver and lead created a general spirit of optimism and miners, with their blankets on their backs, travelled rough trails where Nelson streets are today and many miles beyond.



SPROAT'S LANDING 1896. Notice the water barrels on the roofs.
Courtesy Consolidated Mining & Smelting Co.

NELSON, B.C. *From B.C. Year Book 1897.*

HALL MINE SMELTER STACKS 1917.

Another public building was the little log jail and one of the first officers in charge was Paddy Miles. According to legend, he generally had in custody a few trusties, and these men were permitted to depart on short errands whenever occasion arose or, in some instances, simply to fraternize with their friends.

Occasionally convivial celebrations delayed their return and the officer of the law at last lost patience. One evening when a trusty was departing for a visit with his friends his custodian duly warned him that he was getting tired of waiting up and if the departing one did not return by ten o'clock he would be locked out.

Paddy Miles was later drowned while attempting to cross Kootenay River above Bonnington Falls.

Missionaries did not neglect the new settlement. Catholics and Presbyterians were in the field as early as 1888 and they made three or four short visits each year. In 1891 a young Presbyterian missionary, Rev. Thomas H. Rogers, arrived in Nelson and he is especially noteworthy because he started the first public school, was the first teacher and received no monetary remuneration. Having no definite place in which to conduct his church services, the missionary, with the aid of voluntary assistants, erected a building on a vacant Baker Street lot to which they had no title. This community effort was a very useful addition to Nelson's public buildings and served as a Presbyterian and Union Church, public school and hall until an avaricious real estate agent sold the lot. The little building, into which so much unselfish effort had gone, was for many years, a warehouse for the Canadian Explosives Company.

In 1893 a sudden drop in the price of silver affected this little distributing point severely and when the blow descended this camp, with the rest of the country, suffered a crippling depression.

Fortunately all events that year were not depressing.

Nelson received year around railway service when the Nelson & Fort Sheppard Railway was completed to Mountain Station and the lake shore. An unscheduled train arrived on November 20th and primed the tumultuous reception given the first official train from Spokane which reached Mountain Station on December 19th. This train comprised two box cars, a baggage car and coach and carried thirty passengers, twenty-six for Nelson and four for lake points who took the steamer at Five Mile.

The train was welcomed with general jubilation by representatives of the local Board of Trade, Nelson's band, and as many town folk as could be present. Its arrival, according to the *Daily Colonist* of Dec. 23, 1893, was the signal for the wildest kind of demonstration. Free whiskey increased the jollification and free stages, decorated with streamers, took the passengers all over town. A merry crowd followed through the streets, making a tremendous noise. Everything in Nelson was free and a good many citizens stayed up all night.

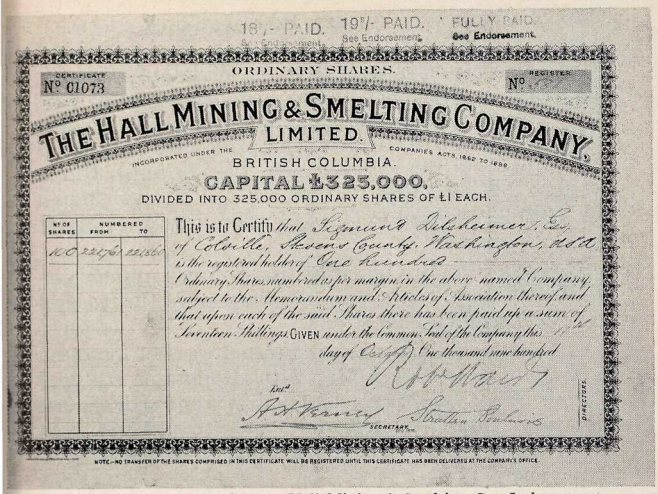
It has been said that D. C. Corbin, builder of the road, encountered considerable financial difficulty in the building of this particular part from the boundary to Nelson and when it became necessary for him to put up a bond which would enable the train to cross the International boundary line he did not have the required amount of cash. American and Canadian volunteer conductors, however, came to the rescue and, by their presence, bonded the train.

The winter of 1893-4 brought a tremendously heavy snowfall to the Kootenay district and late spring ushered in unseasonably warm weather and caused water levels to rise alarmingly. On June 3rd a violent storm which brought thunder, lightning, rain and a hot wind, hit the country and gave momentum to the already swollen streams. The enormous quantity of snow from the high

peaks, which the scorching wind melted, served to swell the already raging torrents. The wind, of hurricane force, flung trees in every direction across telegraph wires, and Nelson had no communication with the rest of the world for two weeks. Water was six feet deep at the down town depot and the wharf was completely submerged. Railway bridges and approaches, which had withstood previous onslaughts, were washed out and a few days before the water reached its peak, on June 9th, the last Columbia & Kootenay Railway train left Nelson's lower station and did not return for more than three months. Among the casualties of this memorable gale was the little steamer *Galena,* which was sunk in Pilot Bay.

As for the Hall properties on Toad Mountain, little development had taken place across the years. The owners had been plagued by partnership disputes, law entanglements, and lack of satisfactory ore treatment and shipping facilities. Finally, in 1895, the Hall Mines Company of London, England, was formed with a capital of £325,000. This company was able to buy the property outright, undertake development on a large scale, and build a smelter at Nelson which was blown in January 21st, 1896. In order to transport the ore from the mines to the smelter an aerial ropeway was erected extending from the Silver King Mine to Nelson, a distance of four and a half miles. This line was equipped with eight hundred and seventy-five buckets with a combined capacity of ten tons of ore per hour. The smelter not only processed ore from the Hall properties but also from Slocan, Ainsworth and Rossland mines.

The steady growth of Nelson, occasioned by the town's growing importance as a commercial and mining centre, brought about its incorporation as a city in 1897 and the first mayor of the new city was John Houston, a remarkable citizen of those days who had taken an active part in local affairs for a decade. Mr. Houston arrived in the


18/- PAID. 19/- PAID. See Endorsement. FULLY PAID. See Endorsement.

CERTIFICATE No. 01073 ORDINARY SHARES. REGISTER No.

THE HALL MINING & SMELTING COMPANY LIMITED.

INCORPORATED UNDER THE COMPANIES ACTS, 1862 TO 1888.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

CAPITAL £325,000.

DIVIDED INTO 325,000 ORDINARY SHARES OF £1 EACH.

No. OF SHARES	NUMBERED FROM	TO
100	221501	221600

This is to Certify that Sigmund Dilsheimer, Esq. of Colville, Stevens County, Washington, U.S.A. is the registered holder of One Hundred Ordinary Shares numbered as per margin in the above named Company, subject to the Memorandum and Articles of Association thereof, and that upon each of the said Shares there has been paid up a sum of Seventeen Shillings. GIVEN under the Common Seal of the Company this 17th day of October One thousand nine hundred

Secretary. DIRECTORS.

NOTE.—NO TRANSFER OF THE SHARES COMPRISED IN THIS CERTIFICATE WILL BE REGISTERED UNTIL THIS CERTIFICATE HAS BEEN DELIVERED AT THE COMPANY'S OFFICE.

CERTIFICATE OF SHARES, Hall Mining & Smelting Co., Ltd.

spring of 1887 from Donald where he had established the first newspaper published in the Kootenays—the *Donald Truth*. This sheet was widely quoted in American mining journals and extracts from it appeared weekly in the mining press of San Francisco. Mr. Houston and his partners in the newspaper game wasted no time in getting a paper started in the new Toad Mountain camp. It appeared on Saturdays and was known as *The Miner* and each Wednesday he published *The News* at Ainsworth. Later, in Nelson, he also published a daily known as *The Tribune*. For a time Mr. Houston served as local member in the Provincial Legislature and was noted for biting and sarcastic tirades, and, so, made many enemies.

He later departed for new fields of endeavour and at Prince Rupert encountered opposition when he at-

tempted to start a newspaper. He was refused a location so filed a mineral claim in town and there published Prince Rupert's first news sheet. In the fall of 1909 this indefatigable citizen set up the first newspaper in Fort (now Prince) George and all through the winter, working in a canvas covered shack, he promptly, each Saturday, turned out the weekly paper *The Tribune*. Illness overtook Mr. Houston that winter and he died March 8th, 1910 on the trail to Quesnel where he was going for medical treatment.

A memorial to this noted British Columbian stands on Nelson's Vernon Street near the scene of his many local and governmental endeavours.

In those early, busy times recreation was not forgotten in Kootenay towns and May 24th, Dominion Day and Labour Day were always celebrated in grand style. Sports of various kinds attracted contestants from many places in the district and hundreds of dollars were posted for the winners.

The town band, volunteer fire brigade, and monster parade led off. Then came the contests—rock-drilling, log-sawing and chopping, log-rolling, tug o' war event, and mucking contests in which men shovelled crushed rock from one bin to another (and contestants could be disqualified for incorrect methods or style). Bannock-making was an important accomplishment and procedure consisted of making a fire, mixing flour, salt, baking powder and water together and, at the right moment, flipping the finished product. The rock-drilling contest was thrilling and rewarding for the winners and always one of the highlights of the day. Log-rolling was exciting too, and required considerable skill and agility on the part of the contestants who each tried to keep from falling into the water while twirling the unhewed timber and at the same time endeavouring to duck his opponent.

Excursions to Kaslo were popular, as were water

sports, boating, baseball, lacrosse, etc. On July 1st, 1891 the celebration opened with a twenty-one gun salute, followed by the local band, and another attraction of that day was the first of many excursions on Kootenay Lake when the *Galena* towed a barge carrying holidaymakers to Ainsworth and return.

For many years Nelson had a street car system, the only one, for a time, between Vancouver and Winnipeg, and of which every citizen was proud. It consisted of two cars and ran from the residential district on the hill down to, and along Baker Street, past the wharf, the sawmill, through Bogustown to the park, the shipyards, and return.

These cars were a blessing to people who, otherwise would have had to climb the steep streets, and the conductor was not just someone who collected your fare. He knew where everybody lived, also the shortcuts to homes if they were not beside the track, and so, could direct the stranger.

How very pleasant it was on a summer Sunday afternoon to take the street car from somewhere south and up, for an outing at Lakeside Park, or, as it was once known, Tramway Park! If you lived far enough up the hill you got a seat and were able to contemplate, as they arrived, all the excited and happy faces of fellow-passengers, from one to ninety-odd years, who were also pleasure bent. Picnic baskets were greatly in evidence, acquaintances were renewed, bits of harmless gossip exchanged, and it was no wonder the conductor was a well-informed man.

Some times these little cars bumped valiantly up the hill and down again with few or no passengers. This, however, was a mere detail as the summer crowds on Sundays and holidays, along with "rush hours" on week days made up, with the assistance of the light department, for any financial discrepancies.

Once a firebug was abroad in the town and started a

number of blazes between eleven and twelve o'clock nearly every night and everybody sat up waiting to hear the fire alarm. This went on for about two weeks and considerable damage was done. The most noteworthy casualty was the Hall Mines Smelter which burned on the night of September 4th, 1911. The Silver King Mine buildings had been destroyed by a raging forest fire during July of 1910.

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Vancouver Province, May 9, 1909.

Chapter XXVII

ROSSLAND CAMP

Early placer miners and prospectors, while travelling back and forth over the Dewdney trail to and from the diggings of East Kootenay, were attracted by the unusual surface colour of Red Mountain and the iron-stained cappings in the region at the head of Trail Creek. Lode mining, however, was a different proposition from that of simply washing gold from streams. The surface rock in this section of country was of low grade, and great expense and difficulties would have to be overcome in order to mine and transport the ore to a smelting centre. For these very obvious reasons this region was passed up for a number of years. Finally, when placer mining on Wild Horse, Finlay Creek and other parts of East Kootenay was at a low ebb, attention was directed toward this possible Eldorado, and thus Trail Creek camp came into being.

In 1887 the first mineral claim, the Alpha, was staked by George Bohman and George Leyson. It, however, was not recorded until the spring of 1890 after having been re-located by Messrs Bordeau and Hoover and renamed the Lily May. This claim, which was close to the Dewdney trail, had created much speculation in previous years.

During the early months of 1890 two French Canadian miners, Joe Bourgeois and Joe Moris, appeared on the scene. They joined forces and promptly located, on July 2nd of that year, four important properties—the Centre Star, War Eagle, Virginia and Idaho. These men also, on that eventful day, discovered a fifth claim, but because of a technicality of the law, they were permitted to hold the first four only.

The day following their discovery they started up the Columbia River for Nelson and upon arrival there had

their samples assayed. The results were disheartening as, out of ten samples, the best proved hardly worth consideration, and six showed no trace of value.

Joe Bourgeois did not want to spend the money to have these apparently worthless claims recorded. Indeed he did not even desire to return to the Trail Creek area, but, instead, try his luck elsewhere. Joe Moris, however, persuaded his partner to think differently and Bourgeois later showed their samples to an acquaintance, Eugene Sayre Topping, better known as Col. E. S. Topping, who served as constable and assistant mining recorder in the new town. A bargain was made in which Topping agreed to pay $12.50, cost of recording the five claims, and, in return, have the fifth claim registered in his own name.

He advised Bourgeois to not give up but to go ahead and investigate his claims and, so, armed with fresh hope and determination to at least see what the ground contained, Bourgeois and Moris set off down the Kootenay for their doubtful properties at the head of Trail Creek. Topping arrived on the scene a few days later, located his claim and called it the Le Roi.

The following November, in an effort to interest U.S. capital, Topping took some samples of ore to Spokane where he contacted a group of American business men. These men took a bond on 16-30ths of the claim, paid Topping $16,000 and agreed to perform $3,000 worth of assessment work on or before June 1st, 1891. The remaining 14-30ths were later purchased from Topping and the company thus formed was registered in Washington as the Le Roi Mining and Smelting Company of Spokane.

Early the next spring two of the shareholders in the new company, accompanied by Topping, landed at the mouth of Trail Creek. The weather was bitterly cold, and four feet of snow covered the ground. On the flat where is now Tadanac they camped, and, next morning

before sunrise, set out on the snow crust for their new claim on Red Mountain. The head of this small group, Oliver Durant, an experienced mining man, examined the claim and was favourably impressed with the showings. After having visited other promising prospects, he departed leaving a small crew of men to work on the Le Roi.

These men sunk a shaft and each week, with considerable difficulty, packed ore on mule and horseback down Trail Creek and Columbia River to Marcus, Washington, for assay purposes. Some of this ore ran five to twenty per cent copper, three to ten oz. in silver and from forty-eight dollars to four hundred seventy dollars a ton in gold. Later ten tons of picked ore from the bottom of the thirty-five foot shaft, where the vein was nine feet wide, were packed out and shipped to the smelter at Butte, Montana. This ore yielded eighty-four dollars and forty cents per ton in silver, copper and gold. These results were very encouraging and the narrow Dewdney trail to the Columbia River was soon abandoned. A road higher up on the hillside was built over which wagons and sleighs could pass, and the ore was loaded on small steamers at Trail Creek Landing, then transported by boat and rail to the smelter at Butte.

In 1892 a rough wagon road was completed between Rossland and Northport, Washington which provided more direct transportation of Le Roi ore to railhead. Traffic over this route was heavy and in 1893 as many as forty wagons were ordered from Chicago by the Le Roi Company, also a stage for passenger service was operated. Production, however, from other Rossland properties still continued to be shipped from Trail Creek Landing, also some Le Roi ore.

As much ore as possible was hauled out over the Rossland-Northport route during the winter months when sleighing was good. It is hard to imagine how bad the

roads were, especially during the spring break-up when the heavy wagons would sometimes become mired in mud to the wheel hubs. At all seasons of the year it was often very difficult for wagons or sleighs to pass each other on the narrow, dangerous trails. These conveyances were drawn by teams of four or six horses or mules, the teamster sometimes walking and driving by means of a "jerk line".

The Rossland-Trail road too was a busy highway as, day and night, ore and freight teams, miners, speculators, gamblers, adventurers and other types of humanity travelled over it. Occasionally some of them were noisy, having partaken of one at least, too many drinks from the cup that cheers.

Probably because of the unpredictable times of boat arrivals at the latter terminus an organized system of passenger transportation between these two places appears to have been lacking until the spring of 1895. Many a man, with his pack on his back, simply walked up the hill or, if he had the finances coupled with a desire to ride, a conveyance could always be hired.

Charles St. Barbe, in *The Kootenay Mines* describes a journey from the Columbia River in January 1895 as "an easy pull of seven miles from Trail Creek Landing up a well-graded road to Rossland. On the way we pass sleigh after sleigh, twenty in all, bringing down 3¾ tons each of glittering ore from the mines—each sleigh load valued at $200."

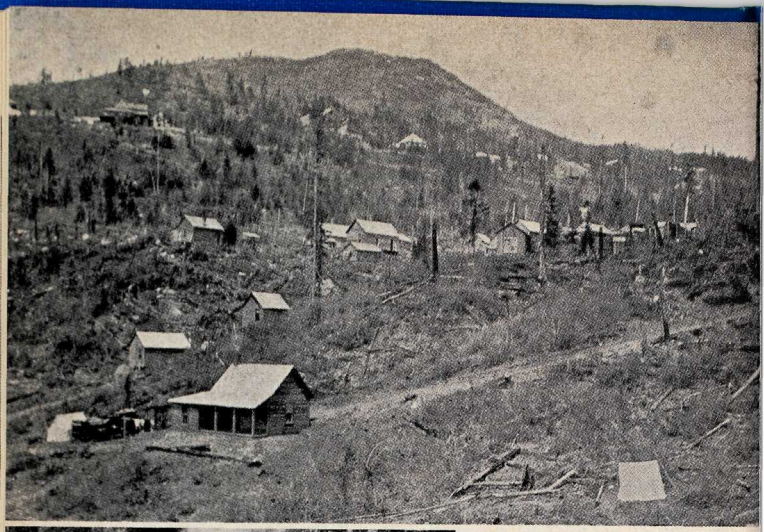
This writer also provides a glimpse of Rossland in those days. He continues, "In September of 1894 there were only four houses in the place. A few months later (July 1895) the camp had an estimated population of from 1,200 to 1,500 inhabitants. It is not easy to rent hotel space for your blankets, the hotels send away, they say, nearly 100 would-be customers a day . . . Fifty four-horse teams are at work daily upon the road between Trail and Rossland . . . the recorder records from 18 to

20 claims per diem show that the activity at Rossland is very genuine. No wonder whilst the mountains all around echo with blasting . . . while men see great wagons loading up all day with ore, no wonder the camp is jubilant."

The first issue of the *Rossland Miner,* published March 2nd, 1895, tells us that there were already four hotels, three restaurants, three general stores, shoe maker and blacksmith shops, a bakery, three doctors, one lawyer, a land surveyor, customs house, two barber shops, a bath house, two sawmills, two newspapers and *neither* a real estate agent nor constable. Justice was dispensed by a J.P. and straight whiskey by four bartenders. The town was orderly and already more than the required number of children were forthcoming to start a school.

The camp's main thoroughfare, Sour Dough Alley, the Broadway of this new bonanza, extended between where is now Esling Park on Spokane Street to First Avenue, and ended near the head of St. Paul Street. It served originally as a trail over which equipment was hauled to, and ore from, the mines and both sides were lined with places of business and many makeshift dwellings.

A smelter and a railway were badly needed in the region and without these necessary adjuncts the Rossland mines were handicapped. D. C. Corbin, builder of the Nelson & Fort Sheppard Railway, had received as grants from the Provincial Government, vast tracts of land in the Rossland area and he refused Heinze, builder of Trail smelter, the right of way for a railroad between Trail, the new smelter site, and Rossland. Corbin planned to build a road himself from Northport to Rossland but, so far, had been unable to get permission to cross the North Colville Indian Reservation. Finally this land was thrown open for settlement and he was able to construct his road. He then withdrew his objections to Heinze's Trail-Rossland project and, by 1896, the previously isolated camp had a nearby smelter and two rail-



ROSSLAND MINING CAMP.
B.C. Year Book 1897.

RED MOUNTAIN ENGINE AND EMPTY ORE CARS Rossland bound from Northport crossing Sheep Creek.
From Cominco Magazine,

way connections—the Red Mountain and the Columbia & Western which latter, for a time, was locally known simply as Heinze's Tramway.

It is safe to assume that there never was another railroad quite like Heinze's narrow gauge Tramway but, in

spite of all its peculiarities, it did a big job. The locomotive wheels and the railway track were not fitted exactly to each other and the shay engine had an exasperating trick of running off the rails. It travelled almost as slowly as the world-renowned tortoise and made a tremendous noise and huge smoke as it struggled up the steep grade, emitting from its smoke stack, as it progressed, showers of live sparks. It took from two to five hours to travel the twelve or so miles to the skyline camp and the train climbed an average of four feet in every hundred.

The shay engine was no more of a curiosity than one of the two cars which carried the passengers and which, at some previous time, had been the special car of Brigham Young, the Mormon leader. Its ceiling was decorated with frescoes and cherubs and probably served to remind the travellers of a better world which they might, or might not, arrive at if the engine took a dive down toward Trail Creek.[26]

Corbin's standard gauge, better equipped and more up to date railway brought to Rossland cheaper and more convenient transportation southward. Not only the Le Roi but other spectacular mines, the War Eagle, Centre Star, Josie, etc., continued to pour from their rock-ribbed walls vast wealth, much of which went to the States, especially to Spokane, and built in that progressive, flourishing young city and elsewhere great buildings and financed American business operations of various kinds.

By 1898 Rossland had developed surprisingly and was the most important mining centre in Canada. There were no fewer than five banks. Brokers, so one writer tells us, were almost as numerous as the number of claims recorded in the area. A stock exchange was in operation

[26] According to the late Mr. B. A. McKelvie this car was later used as parlour and observation car no. 242 on the White Pass and Yukon Railway, and when this railway was taken over by the American Army in 1943 the car was used as living quarters for soldiers.

and thirty saloons were doing business twenty-four hours a day and seven days a week. The International Music Hall and the Opera House provided places for prize fights, dances, election campaigns, touring vaudeville shows and classic opera performances. Hotel rooms cost, sometimes, ten dollars a night and those who could not afford that luxury could rent a chair at the International for one dollar and stay till morning. Seven newspapers kept the population informed, one of which, the *Rossland Miner,* was, for a time controlled by F. Augustus Heinze, and through it he verbally pummelled the C.P.R. and its policy.

The following tale has been related by the late Mr. W. K. Esling. One day Mr. Shaughnessy and party arrived in Rossland and were approached by Jack Egan, city editor of Heinze's *Rossland Miner.*

Upon being introduced to the group Egan said that he was delighted to meet the president of the greatest transportation company in the world.

"And what paper do you represent?" asked Shaughnessy. "The *Rossland Miner*", answered the city editor. Mr. Shaughnessy replied, "It seems to me that you have been paying your respects to me very generously. "Yes," said the editor, "it is like this. If you hired a painter to paint your house white, he would paint it white, and if you hired him to paint it black he would paint it black. I was hired to paint you black." "Well," said Mr. Shaughnessy, "you have done a damn good job."

Rossland's customs house stood at the west end of Columbia Avenue and the men in charge attended to their duty with efficient zeal. It was a risky business trying to smuggle anything across the line as Patsy Clark, owner of the War Eagle, learned when he had his team of horses, carriage and silver-plated harness confiscated, temporarily, because he attempted to cross the boundary on a Sunday.

This camp, during those exciting and interesting days, had its stalwart and notable citizens. The majority have been forgotten across the years but there have been recorded a few names which give colour and lustre to this early day mining town. One of the best remembered was Rev. Henry Irwin, or Father Pat, as he was better known. Father Pat was an Irish missionary of Anglican persuasion who firmly believed that words without deeds are dead and in many practical ways he helped the people of Rossland and the surrounding district. He preached to them on Sundays, married and buried as occasion arose, visited them when trouble came and did countless charitable and worthy deeds. Wherever men congregated, in churches, camps, or hotel bars, Father Pat held his services. Old hymns were sung and helpful, sincere discourses made their appeal, not without results, to the rough, careless men of his day and sometimes when a poker chip or dice made its way slyly to the collection plate it was invariably later exchanged for cash by its donor in order to help some of the missionary's ever-pressing needs.

As for life in the town of Rossland we borrow Father Pat's amusing description of its people, their surroundings and a few of his experiences. In a letter to a friend he wrote: "There are some six thousand of us, mostly in shacks, with one good suit of clothes which we wear on the streets and on Sunday . . . We have a very handsome pipe organ . . . Our full choral Sunday Celebration often astounds our brethren and even our bishops from the other side of the line . . . The church is lighted by electricity which is brought from fifty miles away, and though it sometimes goes out, it is a good light. I am trying to give you an outline of the bench we are on . . . so you can understand the strange position I hold of being licensed by the American Bishop as well as our own, so I can pray for the President now and then when

I have a foot across the line. And I glory in proving that the 49th parallel doesn't run through the church even if it's found in the Customs Houses. . . ."

While not the first, Father Lemay was the best known pioneer Roman Catholic priest in Rossland. He built the first church of that faith and was instrumental in establishing the forerunner of the present Mater Misericordiae Hospital.

The first recorded murder occurred in the winter of 1895 when two squatters quarrelled over a building site in the vicinity of Sour Dough Alley. One attacked and fatally wounded his adversary with an axe. After having spent a couple of weeks in Rossland's log jail the prisoner was taken to Nelson for trial, found guilty and sentenced to eleven months.

As has already been stated, the responsibility for law enforcement rested with the gold commissioner, who also acted as Justice of the Peace and, when occasion demanded, he swore in a constable to assist him. This happened when the murderer from Sour Dough Alley had to be escorted to Nelson for trial, and it led to the appointment of John Kirkup, a well-known officer of the day, as Rossland's first policeman.

Kirkup, as described by a contemporary, F. J. Smyth, was recording angel, gold commissioner, and constable all in one. He came to Rossland in 1895 and although he remained but sixteen months because of a quarrel with the town's mayor, he left a lasting impression, many friends, and it is almost certain—some enemies.

To enforce law and order Kirkup did not carry a gun but instead, a famous cane which had been presented to him by an ex-convict who had served time in an Idaho penitentiary. It was a steel rod covered with leather, heavily loaded at the butt and in the capable hands of this powerful policeman, it inspired a healthy respect for the law.

Kirkup had his own way of settling disputes and punishing law-breakers. One day a fight developed on Columbia Avenue and soon a crowd of lookers-on gathered. The constable made his way quickly to the scene, swinging his famous cane threateningly and refereed the fight. After a knockout blow was delivered he ordered the friends of the vanquished to take him home and bind up his wounds while the victor received some whacks across the seat and was ordered to make himself scarce.

Another story tells about two negroes who were staging a boxing match and it was plainly evident that the combatants were not trying to fight but were simply dragging their performance. Kirkup ordered them to get busy and put on a show and announced that whichever one lost would go to jail. The fans then got a real exhibition and the constable later relented toward the vanquished.

Once a squatter insisted on building his shack on the bank of a stream against the express order of the policeman who was trying to protect the town's water supply. Kirkup inspected the partly built structure, had a few words with the owner, then, with his great strength, pushed the shack over into the stream.

As time passed various differences cast their grim shadows on the mining activities of Rossland and unfortunately, like the Rhinegold of old, much of the wealth buried deep in the heart of Red Mountain was doomed to eventually bring trouble, quarrelling, scheming, and even death to those interested in it.

One of the most sensational mining deals in the history of the North American continent concerned the Le Roi which exciting and fascinating story makes a wild west thriller appear dull and insipid. Mining men from Spokane, Lieutenant-Governor MacIntosh of the Northwest Territories, and Whittaker Wright, head of the London and Globe Finance Company of England were the leading actors in this drama. Among the contentious

Le Roi owners dissatisfaction developed toward Trail smelter and the company built their own smelter at Northport, Washington. Discord continued among them and the only solution they all agreed on was to sell the mine. After much bickering as to price and many technicalities pertaining to legal and international law, the Le Roi finally passed into the hands of the British America Corporation, headed by Whittaker Wright and Lieutenant-Governor MacIntosh who had previously purchased the Josie, Nickel Plate, West Le Roi and other properties.

In western mining centres around the turn of the century labour unrest was widespread chiefly because the miners wanted the eight-hour day and managements opposed it. Strikes, some with disastrous results, occurred in Montana, Idaho and Colorado where hazardous situations had developed which led to bloodshed and even loss of life.

In Rossland, too, where labour uneasiness was at the boiling point, the miners wanted the eight-hour day and they decided to send a representative to the Provincial Legislature in Victoria. A Rossland merchant, James Martin, was elected and a bill was passed in February 1899 giving British Columbia miners the desired legislation. Some mine owners tried to appeal the law claiming that they could not afford to keep the mines operating under the new regulations, but they did not succeed.

For some time a bad situation had been developing at the Le Roi where American agitators had stirred up contentions and confusion, and strike inciters had also infiltrated into the local Miners' Union. A strike threatened at the Le Roi which the British American Corporation insisted was caused by these American agitators while the miners' executive affirmed that the strike had been planned by Whittaker Wright who hoped, by this delaying tactic, to gain time to set his financial affairs in order

and so regain extensive threatened losses elsewhere. This latter opinion appears to have been given credence because the strike was called just a month after an enquiry had been held in London concerning the affairs of the London & Globe Finance Company.

The executive of the Miners' Union at Rossland, which was a branch of the Western Federation of Miners with headquarters at Denver, Colorado, appealed to Ottawa for an enquiry claiming that the Le Roi Company was importing American labour. As a result W. L. Mackenzie King, then deputy minister of labour, arrived on the scene and advised the miners to call off their impending strike and return to work. This advice only served to create antagonism toward King and made him thoroughly disliked.

In spite of the efforts of the executive, the strike vote was carried. The mining company immediately brought in men from U.S., including ex-convicts from Missouri and members of the notorious Swain gang, who were supposed to have been hired by Whittaker Wright. Canadian law and vigilance, however, prevented outrages such as had been perpetrated south of the border and plots instigated by the Swain gang and others were usually uncovered before damage was done. One of the perpetrators tried unsuccessfully to borrow the miners' tug of war rope to hang a man from the Centre Star bridge and another distributed a dozen guns among the miners to shoot up the Missouri Saloon, so he claimed. The guns were all quietly collected and that episode ended before it got properly started. Bombs were attached to alarm clocks and other mischievous devices were employed in order to cause damage to individuals and property.

The miners next asked the minority shareholders of the Le Roi Company to send an investigator which they did with the result that charges were laid against Whittaker Wright for dishonest use of funds.

The exposure of the London & Globe Finance Company's affairs had proved a great physical and mental strain for Wright and when the warrant against him was issued he was in New York recuperating. For six months he fought extradition but at last returned to England to stand trial. The story ended in tragedy for this dishonest man. He had misappropriated funds and so, found himself in the toils of the law, was tried and sentenced to seven years. Another exit, however, presented itself. Wright had secreted on his person a dose of deadly cyanide which promptly accomplished its purpose and the unhappy culprit never saw the inside of his cell.

For many years a monument to this man's foolish and dishonest business deals stood near Godalming, England. It was an extravagant castle, "Whittaker's Folly," set in Whitley Park, an estate comprising 1,360 acres. There were eighty rooms in the building, it contained a glass-roofed underwater ballroom, and it has been said that more than two million dollars of Wright's ill-gotten gains went into the property. This mansion was later bought by Lord Pirie, shipping magnate who built the ill-starred *Titanic* and eventually passed into the hands of a third owner, who, because of tax burdens, decided in April 1952, to auction the contents. Six months later this extravagant edifice, which Le Roi wealth had helped to finance, was gutted by fire.

After the Le Roi investigation the directors appointed John H. MacKenzie, a distinguished mining engineer, to take temporary charge of the mine and he brought about a satisfactory settlement with the miners. All unqualified employees were dismissed and the property from then on was operated in an honest and impartial manner. In 1909 the Le Roi Mining Company went into liquidation and the mine was purchased by the Consolidated Mining & Smelting Company of Canada. Previous to that time, in 1906, the *War Eagle, Centre Star, Nickel Plate, Josie* and

other properties were absorbed by this company.

Metalliferous miners in British Columbia today have their predecessors in Rossland to thank for the eight-hour day, also for the introduction, in 1900, of the Workmen's Compensation Act by Smith Curtis, M.L.A. for Rossland and later B.C. Minister of Mines.

In 1898 Corbin's Red Mountain Railway was taken over by the Great Northern along with the Spokane Falls & Northern and Nelson & Fort Sheppard Railways, all of which roads had been previously subsidized by the Great Northern Railway Company.

The Red Mountain Railway was abandoned in 1920 and the next year saw the steel being lifted. In 1929 the Le Roi and Centre Star mines were closed because they were unprofitable and thus an era had ended for the Rossland camp.

Red Mountain provided the people of Rossland with other excitement apart from that occasioned by its mineral wealth. In winter the glistening white slopes invited skiers from far and near to try their skill in the crisp, bracing air. Carnivals were held and special trains brought competitors and other interested visitors from Revelstoke, Butte and other places. All this meant business and renown for the town as well as the pleasure and excitement of this thrilling winter sport.

The man who started this recreation in Rossland was Olaus Jeldness, a native of Norway who arrived in the camp in 1896 and who, for a time, operated the Velvet Mine. Jeldness' enthusiasm was boundless as well as contagious and in 1898 Rossland held the first of the Canadian Ski Championship carnivals which were to continue for many years and made Red Mountain one of the continent's most famous ski centres.

A very interesting sequel to these events of more than sixty years ago came to light recently and is here related by Mrs. Alice Martin of the Rossland Historical Society

as follows: "In the February 16-17-18th issues of the *Rossland Miner* of 1900 the ski events were recorded, and the first prize, a gold medal together with the Hon. C. H. MacIntosh cup, was won by Olaus Jeldness and the second prize, a silver medal, went to Alex Olsen of Revelstoke.

"Many years after this event there was found on a mountain in Norway a silver medal bearing the inscription 'Canadian Ski Championships Rossland, 1900'. The Oslo radio tried unsuccessfully to find who might have lost it. They then sent it to CBC, Montreal and from there the medal was returned to the Rossland Society after which an effort was made by that group to trace its meanderings from Rossland to the mountains of Norway."

Standing out prominently in the history of many towns and cities is some unforgettable event—a fire, flood or other calamity which visited the locality at some time in the past. So, in Rossland, mention of the explosion in the powder house on Red Mountain recalls a few first-hand accounts by early day citizens who, more than fifty years ago, experienced this distressful and unfortunate event.

This explosion took place early in the afternoon of Saturday, December 16th, 1905 at the *Centre Star Mine.* First intimation of the catastrophe was a great flame shooting upwards. A moment later came the sound of a terrific explosion, then concussion which sent chimneys tumbling and houses creaking and reeling. This was followed by the terrible sound of falling glass as nearly all the windows in Rossland were being shattered. Doors were smashed, gaps torn in the sides of buildings, pianos were lifted and people hurled across rooms. Confusion and consternation ruled everywhere.

People rushed out of their homes, some thinking an earthquake had struck until they saw the great column

of grey, black smoke billowing six hundred feet into the air over the scene of the explosion. Many rushed up Red Mountain toward the mines and soon they met bleeding men on their way down.

Farther up the hill the snow was splashed with blood and a half acre of snow-covered ground was blackened by the powder. Buildings near the scene of the explosion were extensively damaged as were also the connections for steam, air, water and electricity.

When the excitement subsided and all were accounted for it was found that the number of serious casualties were few. The loss of but one life was recorded—that of ex-chief of police John Ingram, powder man, who was instantly killed. Scores of people were injured by falling timbers and cut by broken glass.

Immediately following the explosion a Rossland merchant telegraphed an order East for a carload of plate and window glass, and during the cold, snowy days and nights that followed the citizens anxiously awaited the arrival of that necessary commodity.

During the late 1920's Rossland suffered two extensive fires. On Friday, January 21st, 1927 an $111,000 blaze on Columbia Avenue, the town's main street, destroyed nine places of business, and again, on March 1st, 1929, a disastrous fire struck about 11:30 p.m. and raged all night. Very little could be done to check it because the fire fighters were hampered by lack of water which was frozen in the mains. Dynamite charges, however, helped to check the inferno. Flames leaped 200 feet high and the wind scattered pieces of burning wood far and wide. Telephone lines were destroyed and light and power in the city cut off.

Twenty-one stores and residential buildings in a two block section were demolished. The brick post office and Bank of Montreal buildings were partially damaged and were the only structures left standing on the upper side of Columbia Avenue between Washington and Queen

Streets. Fortunately there was no loss of life, but material damage, according to an estimate at the time, amounted to about $500,000.

Today the names of many of Rossland's streets, St. Paul, Spokane, Butte, Nevada, and others are all reminders of early boom days in this famous camp where, on Dominion Day 1895 the post office was open for business but closed on July 4th while the population celebrated their big day with fireworks, pistol shots, and other excitement, and letters mailed in Rossland at that time bore American stamps. Other reminders of this town's colourful past are hidden from view beneath city streets —the remains of eighty-five miles of tunnel that went here and there wherever a rich vein led in pursuit of the wealth that made the camp famous. Recovery is given at one million dollars per mile of tunnel.

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Chapter XXVIII

EARLY TRAIL

The name of this small port of call on the Columbia River was another reminder of the Dewdney trail, that important thoroughfare which opened to prospectors and miners a great, undeveloped section of British Columbia. The discovery and development of the Rossland mines and the shipment of ore by small steamers from Trail Creek Landing to American smelters prompted F. Augustus Heinze to build a smelter at this excellent location, and so, the town of Trail had its beginning.

Before that time, however, Colonel E. S. Topping, the original owner of the Le Roi property, had appeared on the scene. Topping, a shrewd American, with an eye to future possibilities, in 1890, pre-empted 320 acres of land at the mouth of Trail Creek for himself and his partner, Frank Hannah. The following year he had the townsite surveyed and took out his Canadian citizenship papers.

Born in New York State fifty-two years before, Topping already had a very interesting and novel career. He had been a sailor for eleven years, had fought against the Sioux Indians in the western States, and was a writer of considerable ability. Being an adaptable man and always ready to tackle any new job that offered, he had tried his hand at many other occupations—had been a railroad worker, trapper, and miner. After four years of poor mining luck he had drifted across the line to Nelson but his ill-fortune, for a short time, remained with him. One day, while stooping to get a drink at a stream, a .44 pistol which he had in his pocket, accidentally discharged and put a shot through his wrist. Undaunted and resourceful, he started fishing as soon as he was able, and managed to earn one hundred dollars a month with only one hand to manage his boat and fishing gear.

After Topping's spectacular luck on Red Mountain he transferred his interests to Trail Creek Landing, and there he was joined by Hannah, who with his wife and children, took up his abode at this new location in 1890.

Twenty pack animals transferred the Hannah family and household necessities over a rough pack trail from Nelson to Robson where they boarded the steamer *Lytton* on its second trip downstream. Upon their arrival at Trail Creek Landing where there was but one tent erected, the partners prepared at once to provide more accommodation. They rafted rough lumber down from the mill at Robson, some dressed lumber from Revelstoke, and soon had a building completed, 24 x 50 feet, two stories high and with an additional 22 x 30 feet attached to it. This, the Trail House, was the first building in Trail and was opened by Topping and Hannah as an hotel to accommodate the travelling public who debarked from the little river steamers on the way to the mines on Red Mountain and vice versa.

The steamboats which plied up and down the Columbia River between Revelstoke and Northport were a most important adjunct to the little settlement at the mouth of Trail Creek and also to its more consequential neighbour up on Red Mountain. With the Canadian Pacific Railway to the north, American railways conveniently near the international boundary line, and a great waterway connecting the roads of both countries, it is not difficult to see that these small boats served a most useful purpose.

There was no wharf at Trail Creek Landing in its early days and the boats put passengers and cargo ashore at convenient places on the river bank. Going ashore or boarding one of these steamers was sometimes, in itself, a bit of an adventure as the following notice published in a Trail Creek News of 1896 appears to prove "The steamer 'Trail' will land her passengers at the foot of

Victoria Street, near the St. Elmo. Don't forget the place and, in getting off, be as expedient as possible as the steamer will not tie up."

The unpretentious little settlement of Trail Creek Landing consisted, in the early part of 1895, of the Trail House which comprised hotel, saloon, post office and restaurant; a blacksmith shop whose proprietor, Frank Hannah, did some prospecting when business was slack and time hung heavily on his hands; a small, frame building which had been kept from floating away during the 1894 flood by War Eagle ore which had been stored in it. This structure housed a general store and there were two or three plank platforms on which ore was piled. These were sometimes referred to by the more high-sounding designation of ore depots. Doubtless a number of other shacks had, by that time, appeared to replace those swept away by the disastrous flood when the waters of the river swept over parts of the townsite to a depth of four and a half feet.

During this stage of Trail's development James Breen, associate of F. Augustus Heinze, head of the Butte smelter, arrived on the scene to look things over, and he urged Heinze to visit the camp personally. The result of this visit was that a bargain was made whereby Heinze agreed to built a smelter on condition that he received 75,000 tons of Le Roi ore—the cost of smelting the first half of this to be $11.00 a ton and the balance less if possible. This contract was accepted by the Le Roi Company, land on the Columbia River was granted by the Provincial Government and Heinze commenced erection of the smelter on October 10th, 1895. In spite of the season, which fortunately that year was mild, and the difficulties of getting necessary building supplies and machinery on the ground, much of which had to be imported, the first furnace was blown in on February 1st, 1896 and within a few months Canada's first gold ingot was poured at Trail smelter.

The building of this project was a momentous step forward for the little landing place at the mouth of Trail Creek and it heralded the modest beginnings of what was to be an important Canadian city. A sawmill, hotels, stores, churches, school, opera house, hospital and many homes were built and the fame of the new town spread afar. Like Rossland it was definitely American in its infancy and, as was usual in all new western towns, a newspaper promptly appeared. The editor, W. F. Thompson, arrived from Sprague, Washington and brought with him a decrepit printing press which had been rescued from a fire some thirteen years before, also an unlimited supply of odd-sized type of almost every style. The first issues of the Trail Creek News were printed on brown wrapping paper and recorded a somewhat sketchy but interesting picture of what Trail was like sixty-odd years ago.

This editor was not the man to let a golden opportunity pass by and when Hewitt Bostock, one-time speaker of the Senate, was a Liberal candidate in an election of those days, Thompson wrote to him offering, for the sum of fifteen hundred dollars, space in the Trail Creek News during his election campaign. Bostock replied that he did not want to pay that sum to a newspaper in a community in which there was but one registered voter—E. S. Topping, a pronounced Liberal.

During the nineties living was cheap in the mining camps of southern British Columbia. Across the line, especially in the Colville region, Washington farmers had, for many years, produced cattle, field and garden crops, and fruit, but they had a very limited demand for their produce and ready cash was scarce. These people welcomed the market which the mining and smelting towns of the Kootenay presented. Also supplies were brought in from other sources as well, and the little river boats did a big business. Wages were low but the dollar

counted for something. Christmas dinner in Rossland in 1896, complete with turkey and trimmings, cost twenty-five cents. The Fashion Restaurant in Trail advertised the best meals in town for that price and the IXL offered meals for fifteen cents and up with board and room at $5.50 a week.

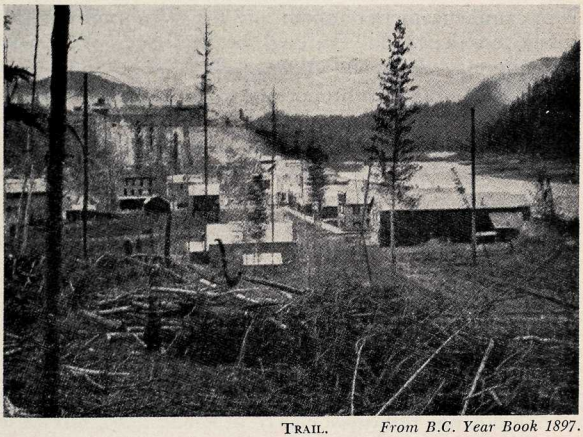
The development of Trail and Rossland at that time was closely related because both depended solely on the Red Mountain mines for their existence. Some months after the completion of the smelter which, in the beginning, had a capacity of 400 tons per day, five more furnaces were operating and, because of lack of coal, the mountain sides were denuded of nearly all usable timber. Plans for further extensive additions to the smelter were under way, all of which would treble the capacity of the works and improve conditions.

Trail was the Cinderella town where toilers worked long hours for a small wage and during the struggling days following a furnace shut-down or breakdown and later commencement of operations the town's more hopeful citizens declared, "Trail will be Trail yet". Work was once more available and all was well.

Rossland, the more important town, rejoiced in spectacular mining deals and all the glamour and excitement which accompanied such doings and where disappointments and failures went unrecorded and were soon forgotten.

Mining in the Boundary country looked very promising at this time and Heinze, who held the necessary charter, decided to extend his Columbia & Western Railway westward from Rossland to Christina Lake, to Midway, and on to Penticton, roughly following the route of the Dewdney trail. The Provincial Government agreed, on completion of the line, to grant to Heinze 10,240 acres of land per mile of narrow gauge or 20,000 per mile of standard gauge railway.

THIS IS A VIEW OF TRAIL SMELTER in its very early days. Wood was the fuel used in the furnaces and docking facilities are shown at the foot of the hill. The site of the present day Memorial Centre and Victoria Ave. are at the left. *From Cominco Magazine*



TRAIL. *From B.C. Year Book 1897.*

This move caused considerable stir not only in the Kootenay and Boundary regions, but also at the coast, where it was thought that Heinze's plan might eventually mean a southern route from the interior of the province to tidewater by American instead of Canadian interests. Developments were being watched too, in St. Paul, where James J. Hill viewed with concern the possible outcome of Heinze's proposed undertaking.

While this project was being anticipated construction had not yet commenced on the Crowsnest branch of the C.P.R. and back in Montreal the heads of that company were more than slightly uneasy as they contemplated what this ambitious, capable and unpredictable man might do next and quick action on the part of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company was vital to the success of their undertaking.

Heinze, in order to raise the necessary finances, decided to go to London in an effort to interest British capital in his proposed project and Lieutenant-Governor Dewdney, who had built the Dewdney trail more than thirty years before and who had signed the railway charter, accompanied Heinze on this journey. Their effort was unsuccessful and Heinze's dream of a railway westward was, at least temporarily, ended. However, he had another card to play. If he could not build the Columbia & Western as planned he would extend it in another direction, and so he obtained a charter, mortgaged part of his Montana holdings, and built a railway line from Trail to Robson which was completed in September 1897, shortly after construction of the C.P.R.'s Crowsnest line had got under way. This clever move posed a serious threat to the C.P.R. There was a possibility that Heinze might connect his road with the Red Mountain Railway and Spokane Falls & Northern and thereby provide a direct outlet for American territory. Also, he might still obtain, after this strategic move, the finances, from one

source or another, to extend his Columbia & Western Railway to the coast.

Fate, however, was against Heinze. His affairs in Butte became involved and he badly needed money to fight his legal battles. Differences cropped up with the Le Roi Company. They built their own smelter in Northport and his key man, James Breen, along with others, left him in order to operate the new smelter. Labour troubles were proving a headache and last, but by far not least, the C.P.R., which company held a charter for a railway from Blueberry on the Columbia River south-west to Rossland, obtained an option on land at the former location and commenced preliminary preparations to erect a smelter at that point and thus sidetrack Heinze's plant at Trail, and he had no way of knowing whether this move was a ruse or not on the part of his opponent.

Finally Heinze decided to make a deal with the Canadian Pacific Railway Company and disposed of all his British Columbia holdings, which included the Trail smelter, mining interests, Columbia & Western Railway and railway charters. This transaction took place March 1st, 1898 and Heinze returned to Montana, later made a $50,000,000 fortune then lost it on Wall Street. His death, in 1914 at Saratoga, New York ended the career of a remarkable man whose name flashes like a meteor across the pages of western mining history.

The C.P.R. with a smelter on their hands as well as much railway building had to look around for someone who could take charge of their new acquisition. The Canadian Smelting Works was formed and Walter H. Aldridge, a native of New York who had graduated with F. Augustus Heinze from the School of Mines at Columbia University, was chosen by Sir William Van Horne to act as manager of the new organization.

The year 1898 saw the completion of the Crowsnest branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway and also of the

West Kootenay Power & Light Company's plant. A supply of coal and coke from the newly opened Fernie mines and electricity from Bonnington were thereby made available to the smelter.

Trail became a city in 1901 and, very appropriately, the man who had first caught a vision of its future importance years before, Col. E. S. Topping, became the new city's first mayor.

In 1906 the Canadian Smelting Works was reorganized and with a total capital of $5,500,000 became the Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company of Canada, Limited. The new organization included the Trail Smelter, Rossland Power Company, Centre Star and War Eagle mines on Red Mountain and the St. Eugene at Moyie. The next year the "Iron Mask", "Idaho" and "Enterprise" at Rossland were purchased, also the Phoenix Amalgamated Copper Mines and other properties in the Boundary country.

A couple of years previous to this reorganization of the Canadian Smelting Works about 350 men worked at the smelter but at times when the entire plant was in operation as many as 500 men were employed.

Across the intervening years many properties, far and wide, have become a part of the C.M. & S. Company and in 1961 the employees at Trail smelter alone numbered approximately 4,500 persons. The Rossland properties, which, during its infancy, were the backbone of this undertaking, were replaced in time by other mines, the mighty Sullivan, the Blue Bell, Salmon River valley properties and others, all of which pour their raw wealth into this immense smelter. The company has greatly expanded. The Con Mine at Yellowknife, N.W.T., Pine Point's lead-zinc showings on Great Slave Lake, Vancouver Island's Benson Lake Copper, New Brunswick's newly opened Wedge copper mine are among the many Canadian interests of the C.M. & S. Company as well as

properties in other lands. Chemical fertilizer, a residue of the smelting process, and other by-products find a ready market, not only in Canada, but also in distant countries.

The small, crude plant which F. A. Heinze and James Breen built sixty-odd years ago on the hill overlooking the Columbia was the beginning of what is now probably the greatest non-ferrous metallurgical plant in the world and is the nerve centre and heart of the Consolidated Mining & Smelting Company of Canada.

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Chapter XXIX

THE SALMON-BEAVER VALLEY

This region was a little way off the fur traders' beaten track and the first actual records we have date back not much more than one hundred years.

According to a history of Colville, written by Thomas I. Oakshott and published in 1960 by the Colville Chamber of Commerce, gold was first discovered on the Pend d'Oreille in 1854 by Joseph Morrell, a teamster in the employ of chief trader Angus MacDonald. Two years later the usual stampede of prospectors invaded the region. They poured in, many from California, and washed, not only the bars of the Pend d'Oreille, but its tributaries also. Up the Salmon, North Fork, and other streams they pressed, and, in many instances, found gold in paying quantities.

The nearest source of supplies for many of these miners appears to have been Walla Walla, despite the close proximity of Forts Colville and Shepherd. Sometimes these posts were in short supply and Fort Shepherd was often closed for indefinite periods. These were at least two reasons why the majority of the mining fraternity preferred to trade at the more distant, but larger centre of Walla Walla. Distance, to these gold seekers, appears to have counted for little.

Lemuel Dole, a well-known miner of those very early days, recalled that he and his partners, while washing gold on the North Fork River, realized one day that their provisions were beginning to run low. Mr. Dole remained behind on the stream while the other two took the total proceeds of their labour and departed for Walla Walla. Evidently the attractions of the big town were too much for them because when they finally returned their gold was spent and they had brought back no supplies.

The North Fork, Hall and Quartz Creeks were all paying locations in the old days. The site of the ghost village of *Erie* appears to have been the centre of considerable mining when the bars of the North Fork were first washed there, in all probability, more than one hundred years ago. For a long time this little camp was known as North Fork, then, along in the 1890's, after the railway had arrived, and presumably about the time a post office was located there, that name was changed because there was a North Fork of the Kettle River. It was renamed Erie by Marc Gilliam, an early day packer and miner.

In later years this region had a number of productive mines, the Arlington, Second Relief, Keystone and others, and Erie, around the turn of the century was quite a busy little community and comprised two general stores, drug store, post office, two hotels, railway depot, two livery barns, and a number of homes. Education caught up with the camp later when mining had declined and a small school was added.

Salmo came into being during the building of the Nelson and Fort Shepherd Railway and was first known as Salmon Siding. It appears to have been a rough and tumble camp inhabited mostly by railway construction workers. A sawmill commenced operations during construction days, and in the years which followed the magnificent timber resources of the surrounding country supported an important lumber industry.

The old Yellowstone, first gold mine discovered in the district, was located in 1896 and, as time went on, the Queen, H.B., Emerald and other properties of the Sheep Creek region brought a wave of prosperity to the locality and Salmo grew accordingly.

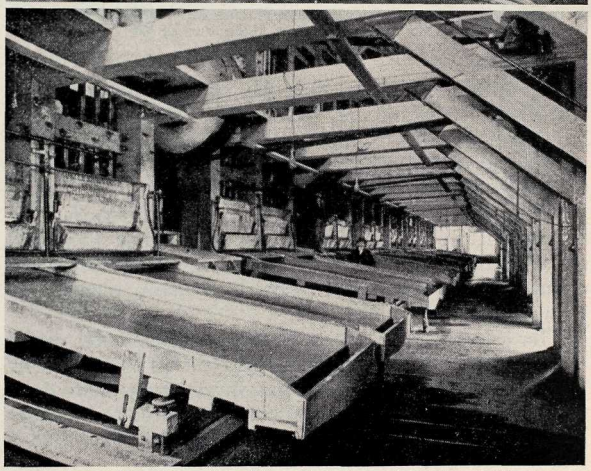
In its very early days this town seems to have carried on quite a lively feud with the railway company over the location of the depot and, as a climax to the dispute, the

PACK TRAIN leaving Salmo about 1905 or '06.

latter put the building on a flat car and moved it to Northport, Washington. Afterwards, when the Great Northern Railway Company purchased the road, this station was replaced by a larger and better one and thus the feud was happily terminated.

A tote road was built from Waneta to Nelson in 1892 and over it the railway contractors brought in their supplies. This was not a very good trail, being just wide enough for a wagon, corduroyed in many places and with little grading done.

The late Dr. E. C. Arthur, as district coroner, made his first trip from Nelson over this road on foot as far as Boulder in 1892 when a cook in a survey camp there died of apoplexy. In the spring of 1893 Dr. Arthur rode horseback from Nelson to Salmon Siding after two men had a



STAMP MILL YMIR GOLD MINES (exterior and interior views).

fight in Stewart's construction camp. One was thrown against a log hut and died of his injuries four days later.

The small village of *Ymir,* first known as Quartz Creek, was a busy place in its very early days. Placer gold was taken from Wild Horse, Quartz Creek and other streams and the camp, according to the local newspaper, *The Quartz Creek Miner,* was a flourishing community when, in 1897, D. C. Corbin, president of the Nelson and Fort Sheppard Railway, decided to build a side track and depot at this point. He named the station after a range of mountains in the vicinity which Dr. G. M. Dawson, the eminent Canadian geologist who had explored the region some years before, had designated as the Ymir Range after the first of the Ice Giants of Scandinavian mythology.

When hard rock mining commenced many important mines were worked, the principal being the Yankee Girl, Porto Rico, Dundee, etc., and—most important of all—the old Ymir Mine. This property produced millions of dollars and employed at one time nearly four hundred men. During its heyday it not only made Ymir a prosperous camp, but brought a great amount of business to Nelson, where the company's main office was located and where supplies were purchased.

There was plenty of work, not only in the mines but in logging camps and lumber mills and at one time the town boasted nine hotels, a number of stores, hospital, church, school, miners' union hall, jail, the local newspaper, which is later years became known as *The Ymir Miner,* and many homes.

Previous to 1921, when road construction under De Wolf and Ham commenced, there was no highway between Nelson and Ymir. It was not until 1923 that the first automobile made its way over this route. The trip was accomplished by Ed Wheeler, Great Northern agent at Ymir.

On public holidays these little towns, especially Ymir and Salmo, did not lack for amusements and sports. Travelling facilities being poor, few of the citizens took part in Nelson's bigger celebration but instead, stayed home and furthered the local observance. Nearly everyone attended so they could take part in the programme or enjoy the keen rivalry of the contestants. Generous sums of money were offered as prizes for the various competitions and as a result the hammers rang, the chips flew, and the contenders sweated under the summer heat, for these were trials of physical strength, skill, and endurance.

Other pastimes of less merit were gambling and drinking. These were very common, and often when pay day came some miners went to town and remained there until their last dime was spent, after which they returned to their toil in order to earn the wherewithal to repeat the performance.

This small section of the province has not been without its tragedies. Probably the worst occurred at Beaver Falls on July 22nd, 1906 when two cars of the Nelson & Fort Sheppard passenger train left the track while on the bridge and went into the canyon below. The buffet car was first to leave the rails and it carried the day coach with it.

Four people lost their lives, including Judge W. B. Townsend of Rossland, while two members of the train crew and five passengers were injured.

The native population appears to have been conspicuous by their absence in this region. Long ago, according to native legend, a Senijextee Indian chief was killed by a bear or caribou while hunting in the valley of Beaver Creek. His people then set fire to the country and for many years they stayed away. Around the turn of this century a few families returned in the fall of the year to hunt.

The last remnant of these people had a camping ground about twelve miles upstream from the mouth of

Beaver Creek and, during their occasional visits to the region, set up their shelters at this spot, built a little willow fence to keep their half dozen or so ponies out of an adjoining meadow which belonged to the owner of the land, and spent a few days hunting. The ponies could have walked through the fence but they seemed to understand that they had no business to trespass.

The Indians have long gone and the white man has brought about many changes since the days of the early miners with their strings of pack horses and lumbering wagons. Today blacktop highways serve this region and, with the completion of the Creston-Salmo cut-off, a part of the southern trans-Canada highway, another page has been turned in the story of the Salmon-Beaver valley.

By the way this was not the first transportation project planned through the region. The Dewdney trail pioneered part of this course nearly one hundred years ago and before the turn of the century when railways were the ultimate means of land transportation a route was surveyed from Kootenay River via Summit Creek, Salmo and the Beaver valley to the Columbia and on to Trail. This road, which would by-pass Nelson, was urged by the Rossland Board of Trade who wanted a more direct route from Crownest coal fields to Trail Smelter. It was to have been built on the opposite side of Beaver valley from the Great Northern and, like many railway plans of those days, got no further than the survey stage.

Chapter XXX

THE AEROPLANE COMES TO THE KOOTENAYS

In 1912 aviation was in its infancy and, until that time, no aeroplane had ever been seen in this part of British Columbia.

As a drawing card for the Nelson Fall Fair, held September 23-28 of that year, a contract was made with a flyer, W. M. Stark, to bring his plane to Nelson and put on an air show. Mr. Stark, however, crashed at Portland and arranged for F. A. Bennett and Walter Edwards to cover the fair in his stead.

These men arrived in Nelson September 22nd and assembled their plane at the fair grounds. It was a Curtiss biplane with a sixty horsepower, eight cylinder engine.

Neither was familiar with the country and Edwards, the flyer, was uneasy because of the close proximity of the mountains and he expected to have to contend with strong air currents. He made his initial scheduled ascent on September 24th—the first aeroplane flight in the Kootenays. The Nelson News of September 25th tells us that "the airship shot at a sixty mile clip over Fairview, past the Hume School and shipyards to a point about three miles up the lake. Still rising, Edwards steered across the water, and then . . . commenced his journey back to the city, keeping close to the mountains on the north side of the lake. He passed the grounds, flew a short distance west, and then shot back in front of the grandstand, dropping within a few score feet of the spectators on the ground as he again shot eastward, up the lake then flew back, made a turn over the C.P.R. flats and swooped like a great hawk to the ground." The landing was perfect and he had been in the air nine minutes.

The crowd was thrilled but Edwards did not enjoy the prospect of further flights and remarked later that if

his record of no accidents in eight months were broken he would not be surprised.

Next day he flew again for twelve minutes, following the same course, but nearly had a smash-up while landing on the small field.

On September 26th, in spite of a strong wind, Edwards made his third flight and his plane was blown about in the most alarming manner. He reached a ceiling of seven hundred feet and was carried as far as Five Mile Point before he could turn the machine and head for the landing field. He had to encircle the town several times before attempting to land and when he reached the ground hit a fence. The pilot jumped from the machine at the last moment, hung on, and acted as a drag in order to prevent a serious impact.

By two o'clock the next afternoon the machine was repaired and Edwards went aloft for his final flight. The weather was excellent and the spectators were treated to a concluding thrill. The courageous airman had fulfilled his contract and no doubt felt thankful that it was over and no serious accident had marred the adventurous undertaking.

Edwards continued to fly until he was killed near Spokane, Washington.

Next on the scene was Weldon C. Cooke of Oakland, California with his Curtiss-type machine, and he attempted a number of flights at Nelson during a carnival in July 1914. His first efforts were successful, then high winds and atmospheric conditions prevented him rising from the water. However, "he delighted the spectators with an exhibition of speeding along the surface with his machine."

Within a few days World War I had burst upon the nations with all its attendant horrors, and flying, during the next few years, developed with great speed and efficiency.

CAPTAIN HOY FLIES OVER THE ROCKIES

August 7th, 1919 was an important day in western Canada as it marked the beginning of a new era in Canadian air navigation. That morning Captain Ernest C. Hoy set out from Minoru Park on Lulu Island (later Brighouse track) to attempt a flight over the Canadian Rockies—a daring and hitherto unaccomplished feat. He flew alone in a 90 horsepower Curtiss "Jenny", the type of plane used to train pilots during World War I.

The flight was sponsored by the *Vancouver World,* forerunner of the *Sun,* the *Lethbridge Herald,* the *Calgary Herald* and the town of Golden. Lots were drawn between ex-war pilot members of the British Columbia branch of the Aerial League of Canada, and Captain Hoy's name was the first taken from the hat.

The plane carried thirty-four gallons of gasoline including an extra twelve gallons in a tank in front of the cockpit. This was enough fuel, under ordinary cruising conditions of 75 miles per hour in calm air, for a flight of approximately four hours.

The pilot took along a small bag containing forty-five letters officially stamped, also a bundle of newspapers. These letters were the first air mail over the Canadian Rockies and the envelopes, twenty-seven years later, were worth $250 each.

At 4:13 a.m. Captain Hoy left Vancouver and at 5 o'clock his machine was sighted at a great height above Chilliwack. At 7:18 that morning he landed at Vernon, where he refuelled, then on to Grand Forks, arriving there at 10:34 a.m. The places of business had been closed and a large crowd gathered to welcome the flyer after word had been received that he had passed over Midway. He followed the Kettle Valley Railway line and flew high over Nelson.

Reaching Cranbrook at 2:05 p.m., thirteen minutes ahead of schedule, Captain Hoy circled the town and

landed on the open prairie where smudges had been built in order to guide him as to wind direction. Many interested citizens turned out and gave the airman a tumultuous welcome. After having refuelled the small plane was away again at 3:25, setting a course for Lethbridge.

The flyer experienced a strenuous crossing of the Rockies where possible disaster faced him and his small craft for many miles. He found it very difficult in places to force his machine high enough, and once the altimeter showed only one hundred and fifty feet clearance between the wheels of the plane and the rocks and treetops below, and he could not make the machine climb another foot. The plane had a ceiling of but 7,000 feet with the weight it carried and, in some places, there were air pockets and up and down draughts which the pilot did not know about until he hit them.

The mountains were finally surmounted and Lethbridge was reached at 6:22 that evening where a rousing welcome awaited Captain Hoy. But darkness would soon be approaching and, in less than an hour, he was off again on his last lap.

Five thousand people were on hand at Bowness Park, Calgary to welcome the flyer—the first man to surmount the formidable and jagged Canadian Rockies. In the gathering dusk hundreds of car lights and gasoline flares lighted the field when he landed there at 8:55 p.m., just sixteen hours and forty-two minutes after having left Vancouver.

On August 11th, at 9:50 a.m. Captain Hoy set out from Calgary for the return flight to Vancouver. This time a more northerly route was planned by way of Banff, Field, Golden, and Revelstoke. He circled Calgary at 5,000 feet, then headed west and reached his first stop, Golden, at 12:30 p.m., and by that feat became the first human being to gaze down from the sky on that tre-

mendous sea of gigantic mountains. However, he remarked later that "many of the surrounding granite monsters pierced the sky at far greater heights that he himself was flying, but, as the weather was good, there was no danger of running into a cloud with a rock in it."

After a couple of hours spent in Golden preparations were made to depart, but he was doomed to fly no further. Just as the plane cleared the ground two spectators ran out in front of it. The pilot banked sharply in order to avoid hitting them, but he lost speed. One wing-tip struck the ground and the take-off ended in disaster, but luckily the flyer escaped injury. He shipped the wrecked plane back to the coast and returned to Vancouver by train.

This was, as we shall see, the second time within a few days that the effervescent and unpredictable enthusiasm of humanity was more to be feared than formidable peaks, air pockets, or other perils of mountain flying.

THE ILL-STARRED FLIGHT OF LIEUTENANT HALL

Captain Hoy was not the only courageous pilot to start on a trans-mountain flight that August day in 1919. A second machine, piloted by Lieutenant E. O. Hall, also of the Aerial League of Canada, left Vancouver that morning in an attempt to fly over the Rockies. He flew from Minoru Park in a more or less straight line east, keeping near the international boundary much of the way.

That was a field day for everyone along the entire route. Ordinary duties took second place, and from sunrise until the planes had passed over watchers scanned the sky. Afterwards the adventures, possibilities, and advantages of flying were the main topics of discussion everywhere.

Lieutenant Hall's first stop for refuelling was Midway, and he passed over Grand Forks while Captain Hoy was

(Above) Captain Hoy lands at Cranbrook. *Courtesy of Provincial Archives, Victoria, B.C.*

Mrs. "Bill" Cameron	Capt. Hoy	Mr. Bill Cameron	Mr. W. H. (Henry) Wilson	Mr. F. M. (Frank) Macpherson

(Below) Lieut. Hall at Kamloops Aug. 1st, 1919. A few days later this plane met disaster near Creston. *Courtesy of Provincial Archives, Victoria, B.C.*

landed there. He changed from his easterly direction east of Trail and followed the Great Northern Railway line to Nelson. As the little plane came slowly up Beaver Valley the sound it made could be heard afar. Men working in the fields straightened their backs, shaded their eyes, and gazed in wonder at the tiny speck far up in the sky. A Chinese land clearer saw it, dropped his axe, and ran to the house so that those inside might not miss the thrill of this unusual spectacle. It passed over, chugging its way loudly as it went, and faded into the blue.

Sharp on schedule the graceful outline of this small plane came into view above Nelson as it approached from the direction of Cottonwood Creek. It was flying at an estimated speed of between sixty and seventy-five miles per hour at a height of about four thousand feet, and was in sight over Nelson for about fifteen minutes. Soon after came Captain Hoy, who was flying much higher and who approached by way of Kootenay River.

Early that afternoon Lieutenant Hall, who was running short of gasoline, was forced to land east of Creston. The only available spot in the vicinity was a field near the Canyon City Lumber Company's mill. He landed there and spent some time checking and servicing his machine, while from far and near came interested spectators to help, to wish him well, and to view his plane. The cars and people on the field cramped his take-off space and besides, engine trouble had developed.

Finally he attempted a take-off. The plane rose but six feet and was travelling about fifty miles an hour speed when it descended and hit an automobile, nose on. It turned a somersault and was almost completely wrecked, as was the car. The pilot, who was drenched with gasoline, suffered a few minor bruises but was able to crawl from under the wreck. Fortunately the machine did not take fire, and, according to accounts, if the plane had not crashed into the car there would have been serious casu-

alties as there were at least a dozen people in its path.

The race, for this flyer, ended here near the site of the crude hospital which had sheltered casualties of another initial transportation project of more than twenty years before. Lieutenant Hall shipped the wrecked plane back to Vancouver by train.

Flyers, in those days, took tremendous risks. Perched in the open cockpit of their flimsy machines and often burdened with heavy, bulky clothing in order to keep warm in high altitudes, they gambled on weather, on fuel supply, maintenance, darkness, air currents, mountain peaks, and the hundred and one other things they had to guard against. Unknown to them were the radio beam, plane and ground communication, and the many other modern improvements that ensure the convenience and efficiency of present day flying.

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Chapter XXXI

THE DOUKHOBORS

No story of the Kootenays is complete without mention of the Doukhobors, those enigmatic people from Russia, some of whom have, for a long time, been a thorn in the flesh of the Federal Government, the province of British Columbia, and especially, the people of the Kootenays.

The protestations of a fanatical and extreme element, the Sons of Freedom, or Freedomites, against the laws of the land have been voiced by nude parades, the burning and bombing of schools, homes and public buildings, dynamiting of railway tracks, pipelines, bridges, and other unlawful and destructive acts. They have kept a part of British Columbia in considerable turmoil for many years and have cost the country millions of dollars.

The Doukhobors, who call themselves "spirit wrestlers", broke away from the Russian Orthodox Church nearly three hundred years ago because the authority of the czars, archbishops, priests and landlords, who represented this church, oppressed and held them in bondage. Later some were conscripted into the Russian Imperial Army where, during a war against Turkey, many threw their guns down. These people were serfs and knew little apart from labour and drudgery. They were beaten, imprisoned, and some were banished to distant parts of the country, but all this appears to have welded them closer together despite the fact that they had many internal differences.

One of their first leaders was Ilarion Pobirobin, who took charge of the group about 1775. He was a wool merchant who had travelled about the country considerably, was educated, took part in religious debates and claimed to be Christ. He introduced community living such as the early Christians had practised (Acts 4, 31-37)

and chose twelve apostles and "twelve death-bearing angels" whose duty it was to punish all back sliders. This leader was banished by Catherine the Great to Siberia along with his family and some of his followers. The sect was scattered and some became serfs while others were conscripted into the army.

This trend of events disturbed the Doukhobors very much and in 1790 they secretly rallied around another leader Savely Kapoustin. This man had seen twenty-five years' service in the Russian army, had great organizing ability, was an eloquent speaker and exercised tremendous power over the minds of his simple followers. Kapoustin taught the doctrine of transmigration of souls, that the Doukhobors were a people chosen of God and that Christ dwelt in the persons of their accepted leaders. He developed further the system of communal sharing of labour, property and storehouses. Assisted by his twelve apostles and thirty elders, he paid all taxes, kept no written records, impressed on the people habits of secrecy and unquestioning obedience and did not permit them to learn to read or write. As a result they became very shy and suspicious of strangers, narrow in their outlook and extremely visionary.

When Alexander I became czar of Russia in 1801 he received reports of harsh treatment accorded these people by various authorities and approved a plan of migration to a fertile portion of southern Russia on the Sea of Azov. By 1816 three thousand, headed by Kapoustin, had established themselves there in nine villages. Under his rule the sect was knit closely together in a despotic efficient system. They firmly believed that their government was under the immediate direction of God, whose all-powerful representative was their inspired leader, Kapoustin.

After the death of Kapoustin his son Vasily Kalmikof succeeded to the leadership and following the latter's death in 1832 a grandson, Ilarion Kalmikof, ruled for

nine years. Neither of these men had the remarkable ability of their predecessor and evil days befell the group. The council of elders seized power and inflicted, under pretext of their religious belief, a court for the enquiry and punishment of heretics. A mere suspicion of treachery was punishable by torture or death. This was a convenient way of getting rid of opposition and further developed a spirit of secrecy.

These people were in a very unhappy state and Czar Nicholas I decided to transport the group to Caucasia, but before doing so, gave any members who wished to adhere to the Greek Orthodox Church a chance to remain behind. During 1841-42-43 about four thousand were transported. They were excellent agriculturists and "plowed acres of grassland, built sturdy villages and raised sheep, cattle and horses. Many houses were built of earth and rock with sod roofs, bright with flowers in summer and snow in winter."

Their new leader was Peter Kalmikof, son of Ilarion, and under him the people prospered. This man died in 1864 and before his death he told the people that his wife Lukeria had been chosen by God to succeed him and on her the spirit would descend. She was an excellent leader and the colony continued to prosper.

For a time after their move to Caucasia these people were exempt from military service but later their young men were drafted into the army of the czar. They firmly believed that it was wicked to kill men, even in war, and Lukeria told them to shoot over the enemy's heads.

Lukeria died December 15th, 1886 and according to her wish Peter Vasilivich Verigin, her nephew, for whom she had a very strong attachment, succeeded as head of the group. This leader, known to his people as "the lordly" because of his pious manner, was a handsome, arrogant man, well educated and, as usual, was accepted as Christ by many of his followers.

About this time a marked difference became apparent among the Doukhobors which some claim was inspired by the brothers of their late leader Lukeria. The contending parties became known as the "mad brothers" and the "bad brothers". The former were a fanatical group who maintained that it was wrong to use horses and cattle to work for them, to accept money bearing the likeness of an earthly ruler, to use metals obtained from the earth and some went so far as to declare that it was not right to till the soil because Jesus had, in His lifetime, forsaken manual labour and had gone about teaching the people. The "bad brothers", who comprised the great majority but who were less vocal, had not such extreme ideas and were satisfied with the familiar and more practical ways of life. Deeply engrained in the minds of all were the definite refusal to fight in war and to take the oath of allegiance to any king, queen, emperor or other worldly ruler. "Let us bow to God in one another for we are the image of God on earth. Sons of God need no rule but His," so thought the entire group. The marriage ceremony was unpretentious. It was simply a contract between man, woman and God and witnessed by parents and other members of the community. It was no concern of any government. Ministers and priests were not recognized as necessary in their religious life. Each person should pray to God and spread the Truth as it is revealed to him. In 1886 Peter gave the sect the name of the Christian Community of Universal Brotherhood and laid down laws forbidding the use of tobacco, alcoholic liquor and meat.

The Russian government, in August 1887, arrested and banished Peter to Siberia, but, in spite of great difficulties, he kept contact with his followers. He continued to urge and persuade them to accept the laws of God only and to submit to no other power. Allegiance to an earthly ruler was wrong and they must not heed the decrees of local authority.

In 1894 Peter refused to swear the oath of allegiance to the new czar, Nicholas II. "Oaths are unnecessary and wrong," he said, "and I, as one of God's humble servants on earth, cannot hold allegiance to anyone but Him. If you strike me I can only obey Christ and turn the other cheek."

Still the ominous threat of military service hung over the people, and Peter, from his prison, ordered them to destroy all weapons with which men and animals were killed—all firearms, every rifle, every sword, scimitar and long knife—as a demonstration of their faith.

The momentous day arrived June 24th, 1895. Great fires were built and all the weapons were gathered from far and near and destroyed, also young men tore up and burned their conscription orders. Afterwards, as punishment, the people were flogged with great whips by the Cossack soldiers.

Following this episode the Russian government gave them permission to leave the country. Through the efforts of Count Tolstoi, who turned over to them the proceeds of his book *The Resurrection,* and the English Quakers, represented mainly by Aylmer Maude of London, England, a committee was sent to Canada and the Canadian government assured it, in 1898, that they would never be called upon to serve in the Canadian militia. They were, however, required to furnish vital statistics, to pay taxes, and to have land registered by individuals and not en bloc. The Doukhobor delegates agreed to this but did not fully interpret conditions of entry to Canada to the rank and file of their people.

In 1899 four ships brought these immigrants to Canada. The last boat to arrive carried 2,318 passengers, among whom were discovered thirteen cases of smallpox which the others had tried to hide from the ship's doctors. Peter Verigin's mother, who was on board, declared this fact to the authorities and the ship was quarantined

for a while. By the winter of 1899-1900 more than seven thousand were settled on the western Canadian prairies in the vicinity of Yorkton, Saskatchewan where some of the men obtained jobs in railway construction, farm work and in mills. When the land had to be broken for crops the women hitched themselves to ploughs and accomplished the seemingly impossible. Almost penniless, without knowledge of the country or the language of their new homeland these people showed extraordinary fortitude and perseverance. Peter Verigin was still exiled in Siberia and his son Peter II (Petrovich), who belonged to the "bad brothers", remained in Caucasia and had no desire to leave Russia.

These people were soon proving a headache to the Canadian government. Their aim for generations had been to acknowledge no law but their own and to live and labour in peace with all authority entrusted to their leader, who paid their taxes and took care of other business. Their great desire was to preserve their primitive community life, customs and language. They refused to record births, marriages and deaths and when homesteads were to be granted many declined to take the oath of allegiance but preferred to continue on as a community. They feared that when the government had their names listed on records the authorities had the drop on them and they might some day be required to do military service.

In the fall of 1902 extremist members of the group started on their first pilgrimage in Canada. Their aim was to meet Christ, to find a country where there was no government and where fruit grew on trees. Before starting they gave what money they had to the government (Caesar), turned their animals loose, rejected leather shoes because all life comes from God and man has not the right to destroy it, cut the metal fastenings from their clothes because it was wicked to use articles produced by

machines, and then set out for Winnipeg. By October 28th they had gone as far as Yorkton, where the women and children, totalling 1,060, were stopped. The men evaded the authorities and by November 8th had got as far as Minnedosa, Manitoba where, upon arrival, a special train was awaiting them. They resisted the police by locking arms together and refusing to move. However, they were abruptly forced into the cars and returned to Yorkton. Their banished leader, Peter Verigin, arrived from Siberia the next month and the main object of this journey had evidently been to meet him.

After the arrival of Verigin, who had been separated from his people for about fifteen years, an effort was made to smooth out the differences between the three parties—the police, the "bad brothers" and the "mad brothers". In many instances individual entries were made for land and vital statistics supplied, but irrational behaviour still continued. In May 1903 their first nude parade in Canada was staged when twenty-eight extremists, attired only in their birthday suits, were arrested and given three months' imprisonment in Regina. Members of the "mad" element declared that man-made contrivances were an affront to God, who had decreed that man must eat his bread in the sweat of his face, and so they set fire to machinery which Verigin had purchased. Six were arrested and sent to jail at Yorkton.

Verigin appears to have been, in some respects, a good leader. He had many thousands of acres of land broken up; brought in horses, cattle and farm machinery; started the cultivation of flax; built flour and flax mills, sawmills, brick and tile plants and the colony, in 1904, produced 100,000 bushels of wheat. Railway transportation was conveniently close at hand and their produce found a ready market.

Education among his people was definitely discouraged and Verigin prepared lists of questions which the police

were likely to ask, also non-commital answers which he carefully instructed his followers to make in reply and as they understood little or no English it was difficult for the Canadian authorities to explain to them what constituted the law, especially when they did not want to understand.

Still there were the restless, dissatisfied extremists who would not take the oath of allegiance or furnish vital statistics; who refused to keep domestic animals and who still yearned for a country with a more moderate climate where fruit grew on trees and where no government would interfere with them; where there would be no individual ownership of land, no crime, no prisoners, no laws and where every man could do as his conscience dictated.

Verigin, who could see the handwriting on the wall, had reason to encourage this desire to move. His influence in the settlement was waning because many members were breaking away and taking up their own farms, besides, public schools were spreading throughout the newly organized province of Saskatchewan. After having decided to locate the faithful elsewhere he bought property outright from private owners and in this way the oath of allegiance was not required.

The land of promise in which these Sons of Freedom were to make a fresh start was in the West Kootenay district of British Columbia and the first contingent arrived at the new location in the early fall of 1908. They settled at Brilliant on the site of the old mining camps of Waterloo and Montgomery, and along with them came others of the more reasonable persuasion whose interests had not been too deeply embedded in the prairie soil and who felt that this move was an excellent idea. Others later settled around Grand Forks in the Boundary district as well as in many other parts of the Kootenays. They proved themselves very industrious people and

many acres of wild land were cleared and cultivated; fruit trees were set out; sawmills, brickyards, and numerous big, square, brick community houses were erected and their K.C. jam was, in the opinion of many consumers, the best on the market. Money for the land and projects had been borrowed from their central treasury in Saskatchewan and from loan companies, and they were registered as the Christian Community of Universal Brotherhood.

These people in due time were given notice that their children must attend public school. Governmental authority, they realized, was threatening them and this notice, in the great majority of instances, was disregarded as contrary to their ethics. They were answerable to God alone and Canadian education could only lead to war and killing. Their young people would be taught ideas and principles which the parents did not sanction and to show their disapproval they burned the schools. A sizeable group of independent Doukhobors were more amenable to Canadian laws but it was often difficult for an outsider to know where the Freedomite rules and ideas left off and the others began. School attendance and registration were still among the most trying difficulties with which the authorities had to contend.

Bombing and burning of buildings and other property had become commonplace by the middle 1920's and the culprits were seldom caught. Innocent members of the group who deplored such outrages nevertheless resented government authority and would seldom inform on the guilty even if they and their families suffered as a result of the violence perpetrated. Probably they sympathized with the law-breakers or feared reprisals. Occasionally, during a religious frenzy these people would burn their tools, furniture, machinery, radios and any other article the possession of which proved to them that they had fallen from grace.

On October 29th, 1924 their leader Peter Verigin was killed in an explosion which took the lives of nine persons including that of John Mackie, M.P.P. for Grand Forks. The crime took place in a C.P.R. day coach of the westbound Kettle Valley train and occurred two miles west of Farron. A highly charged bomb blew the sides and top out of the coach. An alarm clock with wires and a dry battery attached was found in the wreck and the criminal was never located. This method of destruction was to be repeated countless times across the decades which followed.

Three years later their new head, Peter Verigin II, arrived. His wife and family he had left in Russia. His father had been a fairly good leader, but if all we hear of Peter the son is true, he was a very bad man. He swindled his people, gambled their hard-earned money and tangled their affairs in interminable lawsuits. Between his mismanagement, factional differences, the temptation on the part of the men to find employment outside the colony in order to earn money and thereby neglect their orchards and the depression of the thirties, the Doukhobors were hard hit.

The law finally caught up with Verigin and he received a three years sentence in the Saskatchewan Penitentiary at Prince Albert. His people's faith in him, nevertheless, was not shaken because, to them, he was still their spiritual head and could do no wrong. His imprisonment was a signal for nude parades, much voluble debate, and accusations against the authorities for the so-called ill-treatment of their leader. Hundreds were arrested and jailed in Nelson. The cells were filled to capacity, tents and temporary buildings held the overflow, and barbed wire encircled the jail yard. When the accusations were read they all said "pravda" (true) and each received a sentence of three years. They were then sent to Oakalla and Piers Island to serve their terms.

Verigin's sentence was cut to eighteen months and when half of that time had been served he was freed and deportation orders issued. However, when he was about to be put on board a boat at Halifax a writ of habeas corpus saved him and he flew back to Saskatchewan.

Further difficulties in the Kootenays followed when Verigin tried unsuccessfully to force non-conformists off their land. Later he became involved in a brawl and the police at Nelson put him in jail. This was the signal for another demonstration. The Sons of Freedom group set out for Nelson to protest against this treatment of their spiritual head. Their divine leader was being persecuted and they would go to jail too. So declared some of the women who threw themselves, screaming, on the steps of the courthouse.

During this time their financial affairs were going from bad to worse. Money required by the Christian Community of Universal Brotherhood to pay back the debts owing on their land was not forthcoming and the Sun Life Insurance and National Trust Companies held the mortgages. Peter became ill and his interest in the community waned. Finally he died in Saskatoon February 11th, 1939 and, after an elaborate ceremony, was buried beside his father. A memorial service was later conducted at the tomb above Brilliant at which his son Peter III was acknowledged as their new spiritual head. Peter never assumed this leadership but died in 1942 in a Siberian prison camp according to Soviet authorities.

At the present time these people are divided into three groups. The *Orthodox* headed by John Verigin, great-grandson of Peter "the lordly" are settled principally in the Grand Forks area where a number of individuals are buying their land back in an effort to make a fresh start. The *Independents* have across the years, quietly become a part of the Canadian population. The *Sons of Freedom,* whose main centre is what is left of Krestova, claim as

their head Stefan S. Sorokin, who appeared on the scene in 1950 and was immediately accepted as their spiritual leader. Until recently a governing body of 52 men comprised a Fraternal Council under Sorokin, who for years has made his home in Uruguay. Following a wave of bombing and other outrages these leaders, along with others of the group were arrested and charged with "conspiring to intimidate the Parliament of Canada and legislature of British Columbia by committing arson and setting explosives". They are at present in jail and the women have burned nearly two hundred of their dwellings in protestation.

When the Doukhobors were unable to meet their financial obligations the provincial government paid the money owing on their land but was not able to collect from them and many have since been living simply as squatters with no taxes to pay. The government has offered to sell back the land at a reduced price with one important stipulation—that the land be sold to individuals and not to groups. Few appear to be taking advantage of this offer because by accepting it on these conditions their fundamental brotherhood ideal would be shattered and many appear satisfied with the present state of affairs. Those individuals who buy their land have thereby broken faith with the community and in many instances have had their property destroyed by fires or bombs.

For decades nude parades have shocked the Canadian people but Adam and Eve went about without clothing until they sinned and according to some writers these people followed the same practice during summer in the colony and saw no reason for not doing so. When they wanted to make an impression on the Canadian public the Sons of Freedom tried nudity and found that their plan worked. It spread consternation among the populace, brought publicity to the perpetrators and those who went to jail were martyrs to the cause. The Freedomites

are definitely the trouble-makers and not only Canadians but Doukhobors who are trying to become law-abiding citizens suffer in many ways because of acts of terrorism and violence which have been gaining momentum across the years. They are indeed, as Mr. Aylmer Maude, the man who helped make arrangements for their entry into Canada more than sixty-odd years ago, stated, "a peculiar people."

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SOME KOOTENAY PLACE NAMES

Arrow Lakes expansions of the Columbia River, so named because early travellers reported having seen innumerable numbers of arrows sticking out of crevices in the rocks.

Balfour, named by the C.P.R. for a Superintendent of Bridges during construction days.

Boat Encampment: David Thompson spent the winter of 1810-11 in this vicinity. Later a stopping place was established at this point for the accommodation of fur traders of the North West and Hudson's Bay Companies as well as other travellers. Those coming west left horses, snowshoes and other equipment which they had needed to cross the mountains, and travellers eastward bound stored their boats. The post consisted of cabin, stables and boat house. Now a location on the Big Bend Highway.

Bonnington falls and railway station, named after Bonnington, Scotland, the home of Sir Charles Ross, once president of the West Kootenay Power & Light Company.

Brisco. Captain Palliser named the Brisco Range of mountains after Captain Brisco, 11th Hussars, who was a member of his exploratory party. The settlement later adopted this name.

Caithness, named for Caithness, one of the most northerly counties in Scotland.

Castlegar, for Castlegar, a seat in Galway County, Ireland. The word means "short castle"; Irish gearr, short. The Irish village is situated about eight miles east of Galway City in an agricultural district and the population comprises but a few hundred people. From *Geographical Board of Canada* and *National Library of Ireland,* Dublin.)

Columbia Gardens, first known as Sayward, after a well

known British Columbia lumberman. A large orchard was once set out at this spot in order to demonstrate that smelter smoke would not damage fruit trees.

Creston townsite was previously owned by Fred Little, who had come from Creston, Iowa where he worked for the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railway. He would not deed his B.C. property to the C.P.R. until they agreed to name the station "Creston" after his old home town. (From *Canadian Board on Geographic Names.)* Creston was known as Seventh Siding during railway construction days.

Crowsnest. Here a legendary battle took place between the Blackfoot and Crow Indians. The latter, who lived in what is now American territory, had encroached on the Blackfoot domain, stole their horses, then camped close to what we today call Crows' Nest Mountain. Here the Blackfoot attacked and annihilated the Crows, leaving not one to tell the tale.

Donald, after Sir Donald Smith.

Duncan Mountain, glacier and river flowing through lake of same name into the north end of Kootenay Lake. Named for John Duncan, a prospector. (From Geographic Board of Canada.)

Elko, name derived from the Elk River.

Field Mountain and railway station. Named by railway officials in 1884 after Cyrus W. Field, promoter of the first Atlantic cable, who was in the locality that year. (Geographic Board of Canada.)

Golden. First known as "The Cache". During the building of the main line of the C.P.R. a rival construction crew called their location at Castle Mountain, Silver City. The crew of The Cache decided to go one better and called their camp Golden City. Before long the "city" was dropped and the town has since been known as Golden.

Hosmer station on Crowsnest branch of C.P.R., named for Charles R. Hosmer, at one time president of the C.P.R. Telegraph Company, also a member of the first board of directors of the Consolidated Mining & Smelting Company.

Kimberley. Probably named for the Earl of Kimberley, British Secretary of State during the planning and building of the C.P.R. or for Kimberley in South Africa.

Kinbaskit lake, expansion of the upper Columbia River. Named for Peter Kinbaskit, the well-known Shuswap chief.

Kingsgate on International Boundary Line, established as a Canadian port of entry in October 1905.

Kitchener, once called Russell Creek. Changed to Kitchener by C.P.R. in honour of Lord Kitchener. Station renamed McConnel.

Kokanee park, peak, glacier and creek flowing into West Arm of Kootenay Lake. Kootenay Indian name for land-locked salmon.

Kuskonook, near south end of Kootenay Lake (not Kuskanook), Indian name meaning "end of the lake". (Geographic Board of Canada, 18th Report.)

Lardeau, from the name of a prospector who worked in the area. Properly Alado according to B.C. Year Book 1897, page 80.

Marysville, town on St. Mary's River, hence the name.

Mayook, named for a well-known Kootenay Indian family.

McGillivray, first called Bullhead, later McGillivray after a C.P.R. superintendent of bridges.

Michel, a coal mining town for a Kootenay Indian chief of early days.

Morrissey, named for James Morrissey who, with John Ridgeway, was engaged about 1878 to blaze a trail from Elko to Crows' Nest Lake. It has been said that

from seams of coal which they found in that region they took samples to Michael Phillips who, in turn, sent the specimens to Ottawa.

Moyie, derived from the word "mouiller" to make wet. So named because of the moist condition of the valley during fur trading days.

New Denver, first called Eldorado City, then the name was changed to New Denver after the great Colorado mining centre.

Procter, named for T. G. Procter, manager for the Kootenay Valley Company. These people were extensive landowners and speculators.

Revelstoke, first known as Farwell, then the Second Crossing of the Columbia and finally was named after Lord Revelstoke, head of the British banking firm of Baring Brothers who took over $15,000,000 of the first bond issue of Canadian Pacific Railway.

Robson, named for John Robson, who became Premier of British Columbia in 1889.

Rosebery, named for Lord Rosebery, who was a C.P.R. director.

Rossland, for Ross Thompson, who originally owned part of the townsite.

Sandon, for an early day prospector.

Silverton, a town on Slocan Lake at one time important as a mining centre.

Sirdar, named by C.P.R. in honour of Lord Kitchener who, in 1898, crushed a revolt in the Soudan and re-established British rule.

Skookumchuck, strong water (Chinook).

Slocan. Palliser records having passed the mouth of the Schlocan River in 1859. According to "Studies in Shuswap," page 30, "slok-ken" means "frogs". This might be the derivation of the name Slocan.

Tadanac. T for Trail and Canada spelt backwards.

Taghum in Chinook jargon signifies "six".

Toby Creek, after Dr. Toby, a prospector from Colville, Washington who spent some time in the region about 1864.

Tye. For F. W. Tye, Chief Engineer C.P.R. during construction of Crows' Nest Branch.

Waneta, from an Indian word meaning "rushing waters". (Canadian Board on Geographic Names.)

Wardner, for James Wardner, a real estate boomer of early days.

Wasa, named by Nils Hanson for a city and lake in his native Finland.

Wycliffe, on St. Mary's River. In the nineties the homestead of Harry Bradford, who named his property Wycliffe after his old home town in England.

Wynndel, after a pioneer fruit rancher in the district.

Yahk. Frank B. Linderman, author of *Kootenai Why Stories,* tells us that the Kootenay word for "bow" is *yaak,* and this name was applied by these people to the Kootenay River because it flows south, then makes a sweeping curve and turns north again, thereby completing an imaginary bow, while the smaller stream, which flows south into the Kootenay in northern Idaho and which is known to us incorrectly as the Yahk River forms the arrow or *aak.* According to Dr. A. F. Chamberlain one type of arrow made by the Kootenays and tipped with stone or bone was called *aqk.*

Note: Other place names are described in preceding chapters.

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