

# PRINCE OF WALES MADE STONEY INDIANS CHIEF AT BANFF



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(1) Stoney Indian Chief, Banff.  
 (2) The Prince Receives His Indian Chief's Outfit.  
 (3) Stoney Indian Camp, Banff.  
 (4) Indian Ceremonial Dance Making Prince a Chief.  
 (5) Row of Indian Chiefs at Banff for the Ceremony.  
 (6) At the Indian Dance.  
 (7) The Prince Receives an Address From the Mayor of High River.  
 (8) The Prince as an Indian Chief Making a Speech at Banff.  
 (9) The Ceremonial Dance.  
 (10) Indian Squaw Races Assembled at Banff for the ceremony.  
 (11) Stoney Indian Camp, where the Prince was Named "Chief Morning Star."  
 (12) The Prince talks with Shuswap Indians at Kamloops

## PRINCE ELECTED CHIEF

It was at Banff that the Prince of Wales was made Chief Morning Star, with the right to wear the shining buckskin robe with a blue belt of beads and a head dress of bright and nodding feathers of a chief of the Stoney Tribe.

When the Prince stepped off the train amid the high peaks and exquisite spruce clad valleys of Banff, he found himself among Indian braves clad in all the vivid colors of the spectrum, feathered and beaded from crest to moccasins and mounted on their small, swift horses.

At each branch road, a fresh body of Indians, a fresh splash of vermilion and yellow and cherry and blue and green moved out from amid trees and fell in behind the escort, so that as it went the cavalcade became a moving train of shifting color.

The procession went until it reached a big open race course where Indian tepees, red starred on white, and gay with flags, were set and where the ceremony was to be held. As the Prince came on to the grounds, braves whirled their ponies about and raced through veils of dust in a ride of welcome, while the low throbbing of tom-toms joined itself to the high, thin whoop of the Indian welcome.

On a dais and in the centre of a circle of braves, some with skins painted some yellow so that they looked like masks of death; some daubed with red, some barred with blue, some with yellow paint on sleek hair, the Prince received the welcome of Young Thunder, the chief. He was a big roughly carved Indian clad in white, hairy chaps and cowboy shirt, and as he read his address in stingsong Cree, his body was curved back as though he still sat on a pulling horse.

He read first in his olden tongue and then in English of the honor the Prince was paying to them, and of their enduring loyalty to him and to his father, and he asked the Prince "to accept from us this Indian suit, the best we have, emblematic of the clothes we wore in happy days."

"We beg you to allow us to elect you as our chief and to give you the name of Chief Morning Star," he said. Then he handed the Prince a magnificent head-dress of feathers and beads and fine duck skin robes. The Prince, putting on the head-dress, spoke to the circle of braves of the honor he felt they had done him.

When he finished almost at once a circle of braves of the honor he felt they had done him. When he finished almost at once a circle of braves of the honor he felt they had done him. When he finished almost at once a circle of braves of the honor he felt they had done him.

It was a wonderful scene, this mass of Indians in the deep cup rimmed by steep and white crags and not the least picturesque of attractions there were the bead and leather garbed babies, who grubbed about on the earth.



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