

Chapter 1 : The Wild West - Wild Canada

The history of the Wild West for too many years, has been considered the exclusive domain of the men and women who inhabited the South-western states of Kansas, Arizona, Texas, New Mexico, Oklahoma and Wyoming. Canada had her share of men and women, good and bad, who opened the west for exploration.

They were Canadian, as Ted Meyers reveals. Bat, Jim and Ed Masterson all hailed from Quebec. However, the Canadian West had plenty of its own home-grown heroes and villains, many of which I had never heard of until Ted Meyers presented them here. To leave it there, however, would be to treat Canadian history the way it has generally been taught. Begbie arrived in Victoria, BC, in 1858, and was immediately assigned the entire area of what is now the Province of British Columbia, 944,000 sq. He therefore recommended to the lieutenant governor that most death sentences be commuted in favour of life in prison. He also had his own opinions on the issue of guilt or innocence, and did not hesitate to instruct the jury as to which verdict he deemed appropriate. Moreover, he would become more than a little irate when the jury went against his wishes, and would lecture them unmercifully as a result. The opposing side, mostly Canadians and British, was led by a hot-tempered, vocal Irishman named Thomas Walker. Tom Walker, his temper boiling over, pulled his revolver from its holster, levelled it at Yeast Powder Bill and squeezed the trigger. Walker tried to fire a second shot but his gun jammed. Yeast Powder Bill, howling in shock and pain, drew the pistol from his left holster and shot Walker through the heart. Walker died where he stood. It was his great bad luck that Bill was ambidextrous. Within seconds the shooting had become general and Evans lay prone in the dust with at least two bullets in his body. Although Evans was down his companions, thinking him dead, continued shooting. For several minutes the scene was one of sheer chaos. The men who were armed with clubs closed and began to beat on each other. When the shooting finally stopped the air was heavy with the acrid smell of gun smoke. Both sides retreated to count casualties. Nevertheless, I believe these examples are sufficient to show that Canada does have a rich and colourful history that has been hidden from view by the apathy of governments and educators. Therefore we owe a great vote of thanks to writers and historians like E.

Chapter 2 : Canada's Wild West - The Last Best West

Come explore my hometown city of Vancouver, Canada with me! Let's bike around the Stanley Park Seawall, trying some food at Granville Island, walk across the.

Just to the north was another Wild West: The frontier days of the Great White North have never held the mythic status of the American frontier. They were emptier lands, filled, for the most part, with fur traders and First Nations tribes, kept on a tighter leash than the wild settlers across the border. But as the Americans to the south started to expand further west, and as they began to be lured up north in pursuit of gold rushes, the Canadian West started to become every bit as wild as its neighbor. It turned into a place where liquor, theft, and murder ran rampant—and nothing but a handful of mounted policemen stood between civilization and complete anarchy. In 1846, a mob of American prospectors surged into Fraser Canyon, desperate for their chance at gold. A few got rich, but the whole lot of them very nearly got themselves killed. The Americans were terrified, and they wanted blood. Soon, it became a common sight to see a headless body drifting downstream anywhere a man walked. They found it in a group of American wolf pelt hunters. The Piikani men threatened them, stole their horses, and took them back to their camp. They gathered up a posse and rode into Canada in pursuit, looking for blood. They soon made it to Cypress Hills, where they found a native camp. The posse came on them with guns cocked and loaded, determined to burn the natives out. The Assiniboine tried to take cover, but the Americans thought they were getting ready to fight and opened fire. All the rest were women and children. They formed a police force and sent them out on a long march west. Their first target was Fort Whoop-Up, a trading post where two Americans were making a small fortune by illegally selling whiskey and weapons to natives in the Blackfoot Confederation. Their trademark drink was called bug juice, a liquor spiked with ginger, molasses, red peppers, and chewing tobacco, and the Blackfoot would trade everything they had for it. Blackfoot men had murdered each other at Fort Whoop-Up, carried away by the booze. Crowfoot had relocated his tribe to get them to stop drinking, but whiskey runners would follow them wherever they went, knowing that, whether Crowfoot liked it or not, his people were loyal customers. Ultimately, nothing ever happened to the men who ran Fort Whoop-Up. They were helped by a guide: He got them started—and after their whiskey started destroying his life, he became their worst nightmare. Potts was a child when he killed his first man. It filled Potts with hate, and when he was 16 years old, he hunted the Piikani man down and killed him. A man in his tribe called Good Young Man got drunk on bug juice and, in a drunken rage, murdered his mother and his brother. Potts, once more, dedicated himself to revenge. He spent the next year tracking down Good Young Man. As soon as Good Young Man saw Potts approaching, he tried to flee on horseback, but Potts shot him off his horse, killing him. From then on, Potts hunted whiskey runners. At first, he would track them down and kill them. When the Mounted Police came in, Potts joined them and worked as their guide. They lived out in Fort Kamloops, British Columbia, where they hardly ever saw a police officer. But a man named Johnny Ussher was determined to set them straight. The McLean boys responded with a hail of bullets, but Ussher was sure they were just trying to scare the posse. The boys were thieves, not murderers, he thought. So he got off his horse, walked right up to them, and told them to put down their guns and come quietly. The other boys got the bloodlust after that. Another group did come—but this time, there were 75 of them, and they were armed to the teeth. The McLean boys were brought in and hanged. The Gentleman Bandit Photo credit: He went out west and became an outlaw. Then, after a long stint in San Quentin prison, he moved on north, hoping criminal business would be easier in the Canadian West. At the time, that was enough of a fortune to live comfortably for two years. The second train he robbed had nothing in but mail and old newspapers. The Mounted Police tracked him down, shot one of his cohorts in the leg, and brought Miner in. The Gentlemen Bandit was behind bars. Miner later escaped prison and fled to the US. In a second, Kelly and his men would disappear into a winding network of tunnels and vanish. Kelly started his criminal career with a trek down to Montana, where some old friends were being held in prison. He would steal horses and cattle from Saskatchewan farms or sometimes move south of the border and hijack a train full of gold. He caused so much havoc that the Mounted Police set up a fort in the Big Muddy Badlands to try to

stop him, but he disappeared every time. After years of crime, Kelly had a change of heart. He walked into the police station and turned himself in. Bonding over a few beers and a mutual love of ill-begotten goods, the boys made a pact to become horse thieves. They even got a photograph taken together to commemorate the occasion. He formed a posse and went out looking for the boys, determined to bring them to justice. They sent word to the rest of the posse. The plan was to wait for backup before doing anything rashâ€”but when they saw Racette saddling his stolen horse like he was getting ready to leave, the men jumped into action on their own. When he saw his son getting arrested, the elder Racette snuck out the back door and jumped Mathewson from behind, knocking his gun out of his hand. The boys, now murderers , ran for the lives, but they forgot about one thing: The two were hanged in Two constables saw the light on in the window and went in, catching Wagner and his men in the act. A gunfight broke out. The first sound after Wagner breathed his last breath was a crowd applauding as his executioner announced: You have been privileged to witness 11 seconds clipped from the record. This time, he just pulled out his gun and shot the officer. A posse of Mounties and trappers went after him next. For three days, they fought him in a shootout , even dynamiting his roof off. Johnson somehow survived it all, though, and escaped in the camouflage of a blizzard. It was mid-winter and they were north of the Arctic Circle , but Johnson survived. For 48 days, he stayed ahead of the officers chasing him, hiding his tracks by climbing through mountain ranges and traveling with a herd of caribou. On February 17, , they finally found him at Eagle River, where he fought them off in one last gunfight. It was a final stand. The Mad Trapper died in the Arctic in a blaze of bulletsâ€”but not before shooting one more officer before he went down.

Chapter 3 : Ebook Wild Canadian West Free Download - Video Dailymotion

Wild Canadian West, by E.C. (Ted) Meyers A collection of meticulously researched and entertainingly-written historical vignettes that prove once and for all that Canada has a rich and colourful history equal to any in the world.

The history of the Wild West for too many years, has been considered the exclusive domain of the men and women who inhabited the South-western states of Kansas, Arizona, Texas, New Mexico, Oklahoma and Wyoming. Canada had her share of men and women, good and bad, who opened the west for exploration and exploitation. Many famous gunfighters, outlaws, gamblers and lawmen of the Wild West were Canadian. This book exhibits the differences between Canadian settlers and their American counterparts. It shows how the law was enforced in the west even though lawmen were few in number. It touches on the naivete of some settlers and the lack of judgement shown by some leaders. Two concern the history of the Royal Canadian Navy. Two others are of the Old West. The other takes place in the American Old West. Meyers was born at Saskatoon, Saskatchewan in 1914. He served several years in the Canadian Armed Forces during which time he visited many parts of the world. Since then he has spent his retirement years actively researching his greatest interest – the Old West on both sides of the border and writing on a variety of other subjects. Then, within 45 miles of the Canadian border and safety, fate turned against them and they were forced to surrender although some did manage to escape into Canada. For a future work Mr. Meyers is considering a book about little known adventures of the Northwest Mounted Police in the late 1800s. They were Canadian, as Ted Meyers reveals. Bat, Jim and Ed Masterson all hailed from Quebec. However, the Canadian West had plenty of its own home-grown heroes and villains, many of which I had never heard of until Ted Meyers presented them here. To leave it there, however, would be to treat Canadian history the way it has generally been taught. He therefore recommended to the lieutenant governor that most death sentences be commuted in favour of life in prison. He also had his own opinions on the issue of guilt or innocence, and did not hesitate to instruct the jury as to which verdict he deemed appropriate. Moreover, he would become more than a little irate when the jury went against his wishes, and would lecture them unmercifully as a result. The opposing side, mostly Canadians and British, was led by a hot-tempered, vocal Irishman named Thomas Walker. Tom Walker, his temper boiling over, pulled his revolver from its holster, levelled it at Yeast Powder Bill and squeezed the trigger. Walker tried to fire a second shot but his gun jammed. Yeast Powder Bill, howling in shock and pain, drew the pistol from his left holster and shot Walker through the heart. Walker died where he stood. It was his great bad luck that Bill was ambidextrous. Within seconds the shooting had become general and Evans lay prone in the dust with at least two bullets in his body. Although Evans was down his companions, thinking him dead, continued shooting. For several minutes the scene was one of sheer chaos. The men who were armed with clubs closed and began to beat on each other. When the shooting finally stopped the air was heavy with the acrid smell of gun smoke. Both sides retreated to count casualties. Nevertheless, I believe these examples are sufficient to show that Canada does have a rich and colourful history that has been hidden from view by the apathy of governments and educators. Therefore we owe a great vote of thanks to writers and historians like E. Located in Surrey, British Columbia, and Blaine, Washington, its focus is on non-fiction regional titles, emphasizing western and far north history and biographies, Native culture, nature and wildlife, cryptozoology and folklore. In Hancock House launched its first e-books. Check out their many fascinating titles, i. It is my first contest ever, so I would really appreciate your support. Please take a few minutes to vote. Vote for this blog for the Independent Book Blogger Awards!

Chapter 4 : List of mammals of Canada - Wikipedia

Canada's "Wild West" was very different from the American. Partially this was a matter of geography: to a Canadian of the era, the "West" meant anything west of Lake Ontario. Between the lakeshore and Victoria, British Columbia was a vast expanse of territory that was still almost entirely tribal, only intermittently punctuated by white fur.

Chapter 5 : Wild Canadian West by E.C. (Ted) Meyers

Canada's Wild West Canada's connection to the myth of the Wild West includes several well known individuals, and many lesser known. Canadian figures from the Old West of the s can really be broken into 2 categories: Members of the North West Mounted Police and Cowboys/Gunfighters.

Chapter 6 : Wild Canadian West Coast Stock Images - Photos

Five Frontiersmen of the Canadian Wild West. Thanks to Hollywood Westerns, the world will not forget icons of the American frontier any time soon. Gunfight at the O.K. Corral () immortalized Wyatt Earp, Doc Holliday, and the Cochise County Cowboys.

Chapter 7 : THE WILD CANADIAN WEST VANCOUVER CANADA - www.nxgvision.com Â®

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Chapter 8 : Canadian West Series by Janette Oke

The Canadian West of the 19th and early 20th centuries was as teeming with villains as its American counterpart. Indeed, many outlaws north of the 49th parallel were fugitive Yanks.

Chapter 9 : Wild Canadian West, by E.C. (Ted) Meyers Â« Gerry B's Book Reviews

There was a time when forts were scattered across the wild western frontier that is present-day Alberta. Some were built for the fur trade and others were built by the Mounties as beacons of law and order.