

**THE NORTHWEST LAND.**

SOME OF THE DUTIES PERFORMED BY THE MOUNTED POLICE.

The Experience of a New Brunswicker who was an Officer in the Force—How Louis Eked Died—A Letter Written Beside his Coffin—A Rich Country.

The Northwest Mounted Police was organized for the protection of the settlers, to stop the importation and sale of intoxicating liquor, and for the prevention of crime generally in the Northwest Territories. A chain of outposts is posted along the international boundary line, from Manitoba to the Rocky Mountains, under command of officers of the force, who are held responsible that perfect communication is kept up between detachments, and the country in the vicinity of their commands is thoroughly protected. There are also detachments on the Indian reserves, and the slightest disturbance among the Indians is at once reported to headquarters. Members of the force are liable to be called out suddenly at any hour of the day or night, in summer or winter, in pursuit of horse thieves or whiskey smugglers. At most of the posts, on a certain bugle-call sounding, a party of men, previously detailed for this duty, at once fall in on the barrack square. If at night, the stable pickets saddle the horses which the men are dressing, thus saving time. Rations for this purpose are issued and kept ready in the quartermaster's store; consequently a party thoroughly equipped with arms, ammunition and rations for several days, can start out on any duty, at very short notice.

The barrack routine is about the same as that carried out in any English cavalry regiment. The drill is mounted infantry, and the commands are given almost entirely with the bugle. The force consists of ten divisions or troops, of 100 officers, non-commissioned officers and constables each, which is but a handful, when the extent of country that they have to keep in order is considered. The work is hard, and recruits require to be perfectly sound and robust to stand it. Games of all sorts are provided for the men when off duty, and the recreation rooms at the different posts are well stocked with books and periodicals. Instruction in rifle and revolver practice is particularly attended to, each non-com. officer and constable being required to fire 90 rounds annually, in addition to mounted carbine and mounted and dismounted revolver practice.

There is no military force in the world better clothed or rationed than the Northwest mounted police. Rapid promotion is given to capable and steady men, and when a vacancy occurs in the commissioned ranks the non-com. officers are very rarely overlooked. Some of the best officers in the force have been thus promoted from the ranks.

I reported for duty at Regina in the autumn of 1885, shortly before Louis Riel was executed. Having witnessed the hanging of Riel I can vouch for all that has been said respecting his calm behaviour on the scaffold. Shortly before the awful hour that was to end his career on earth, being asked by the sheriff if he had anything to say, he turned for advice to Father Andre, who was heard to exclaim, "No, pray! pray!" I think Riel intended to make a speech. At breakfast in the officers' mess Father Andre remarked that Riel dead was more dangerous than Riel alive. Nothing has happened since that eventful morning to justify this remark. My turn for guard—an officer's guard of 30 men furnishing ten sentries with the customary two hours on and four off—came at 2 o'clock on the day of the execution, and during the small hours of that night, in one of the corridors of the guard room, with the rude coffin containing the body of Riel before me, I wrote to my friends an account of the most important event in the history of that period.

I did not like Regina. There are no trees or rivers near it, and the weather is very hot or very cold, according to the season. The thermometers indicated 105° Fahrenheit in the shade in summer, and 62½° below in winter the year I was there. Regina, the capital of the North West Territories, is the headquarters of the Mounted Police. The Wascana—pile of bones—creek, a muddy stream that partially dries up in summer, runs through here. The only sport it affords is muskrat shooting in the spring of the year, and a few ducks during the season.

The climate of Regina is too cold for profitable stock raising. Cattle could not remain out all winter the same as at Lethbridge, Macleod and Calgary; but it is not a bad farming country, barring the gopher—a ground squirrel—which causes no little trouble owing to its rapacious appetite for growing crops. The police barracks are situated about 2½ miles west of the town.

I was ordered to Lethbridge in August, 1886. Lethbridge is the terminus of the North Western Coal and Navigation company's narrow gauge railway, and is 109 miles west of Dunmore, a station on the C. P. R. line. Coal mining is the principal industry. The Galt mines, as they are commonly called, mine an excellent quality of soft coal. About 400 tons daily is the output.

The supply of coal in this district seems inexhaustible and is easily mined, being entered on level ground in the river bottom 200 feet below the town level. The coal is

carried from the mine to the loading point up a steep incline by an endless chain. Five loaded and five empty cars pass each other half way. The main road to the Belly river at this place is down through a deep coulee or ravine, on the sides of which the trail of the buffalo, now unfortunately nearly extinct, is still visible. The population of Lethbridge is about 2000 and is rapidly increasing. During the year I was stationed there police barracks were erected on a knoll south east of the town, enclosing an area 600 by 800 feet. An Episcopal church and a Roman Catholic church, the former of brick and the latter of stone, and the Union Bank's fine stone building, and a number of substantial private residences, adding greatly to the appearance of the town, were erected during the year.

The bricks used in building are manufactured in the vicinity, and the stone which is a light colored free stone is quarried on the banks of the river, which runs close by. The climate of Lethbridge is favorable for ranching. Stock can remain out all winter and look remarkably well in the spring. Vegetables grow rapidly and to an immense size. Watermelons, citrons, tomatoes &c., are easily raised in this district. Gophers, which are a great annoyance to farmers in most parts of the country here, as regards Lethbridge, "strangers yet." The chinook wind does wonders for this part of the country. When the ground has been covered with snow, perhaps for weeks, a dry chinook wind comes rushing over the mountains, and in a few hours not a vestige of a foot deep of snow remains, and the ground is left quite dry. The first view of the Rockies—travelling westward—is obtained here. On a clear morning—although a hundred miles off—with the sun shining on their snow-clad peaks, they present a sublime appearance. The chief mountain called the Author of Peace from its position near the international boundary line, the Spanish Peak, the Castle and Turtle mountains with others of higher or lower altitude form an unbroken chain as far as the eye can reach from north to south.

At another time I shall have some more to tell about the Northwest.

A RETIRED OFFICER.

**THE THYCKE FOGGE PAPERS.**

The Senator is Politically Pessimistic After Visiting Fredericton.

NO. V.

"Boys, I am disgusted," was the Senator's greeting, as on our usual evening a Number of Us gathered round the noble hearth whose glow cheers and decorates the sanctum. "Disgusted with what?" came in chorus from several of us. "Disgusted with almost everything," answered he of the colossal brain, but more especially with local politics as exemplified by the representatives of the people at Fredericton.

"Last week business called me to the city where it is a heart-breaking job for a man to get a drink decently and respectably—and by the way I would thank my young friend on my left to put a little less lime juice in my next glass—and I must honestly confess that I was very properly disgusted with our system of government. There is no doubt that we are a long-suffering patient, and too much governed community. I had the pleasure of a seat on the floor of the house during a morning's visit to the Legislative Chin Chapel, and I came to the conclusion that there was an awful waste of both time and money going on. I cannot see, for the life of me, why the business of this province should require the presence of forty-one men in the Lower House, and Heaven knows how many fossils up stairs, in which Silurian strata I am sorry to see my friend, the late provincial secretary, imbedded, when everything that requires to be done could be done with half of the number meeting biennially. Now, look at it, this mob, some of them are plentifully garnished with hay seed, meets every winter, and jangles and wrangles away for weeks, over what? The Crown Land revenue, the Dominion subsidy and the privilege of making some little picayune legislation and passing a few private bills. Why, I would guarantee to find five men who would transact the business of the province in half the time and for one-quarter the money that this body of squabblers cost us; but then there would be a lot of important individuals who would not be able to write M. P. P. after their names, and Mr. Speaker would not be escorted to and from his chair by an imposing servitor, armed with a sword, and there would be no quiet little games, nor no little room down in the cellar. Oh, I plainly see that for many reasons we will have to put up with our (Heaven save the mark) legislators.

"Why, think of it, boys, we have not in the province the population of the city of Boston, and yet we are governed with all the pomp and circumstance of a nation, and stranger still to me, we put up with it. I was rather amused, too, during my brief stay in the Halls of superior intelligence at the constant flitting in and out, now in the House, now in the committee, again in the lobbies, of a figure that was strangely familiar to me, but whether it was Mrs. Murphy on her annual quest for her fortune or—"

Right here, the sage looked round and found that all of us had fled with the exception of Second of Us, who, as usual, had devoted so much time and attention to the wine when it was red, that the disgusted expounder promptly put him into the glare of the Electric.

**THEY FOUND MORE FISH.**

WHAT BEFEL THREE YOUNG MEN FROM MUNC-TUN TOWN.

The Feast that was Kept in the Land, and from which they Fled in Haste—The Feast that they Journaled so Far to Find, and How they Learned Wisdom.

Now it came to pass that there was strife in the land of Never-Go-Back, and the chief rulers strove together with exceeding fierceness.

And the tumult reached even to the city of Munc-tun, and the priests and the Levites did battle together, especially the priests.

And behold two men of the city, which were lawyers, rose up and contended against each other, and disputed in the chief courts of the city, even the court which is called that of the Stipendiary.

And the names of the lawyers were like unto the names of David and Jonathan, for they were called David and George; but yet they loved each other not, but rather thirsted each for the other's blood. And so they wrestled together to gain possession of a dead letter which was called the Scott act, and which had slept with its fathers and been dead even from its infancy.

And behold the kings and the high priests and councillors of the land coveted the dead letter and yearned for it, that it might be placed in a casket and carried before them into battle, for they wist that he who fought under the shelter of the dead letter, and bore on his shield the name Scott Act, and took it for a battle cry, should prevail largely against his enemies.

And it came to pass, that the lawyers raged furiously, the one against the other, and they taxed the people, and waxed fat, and their coffers swelled with shekels, and their barns with corn, while their cellars were filled with wine of the grape, and they ate fat calves and goats every day, and they slept on spring mattresses of finest wrought brass, gilded about with gold.

And in the fullness of time the people murmured together, and groaned under the burden which was laid on the land, for behold the taxes levied were beyond their strength to bear, even fifty pieces of silver for the sale of one glass of gin to warm the heart of man, and give him a cheerful countenance.

And behold the people took counsel together, and gnashed their teeth, even the great ones of the land, whose teeth were filled with the gold of Ophir.

And they proclaimed a fast in which no man or woman should eat the flesh, neither of goats, or fowls, or swine, but only of fish, moreover of fish that had been salted to preserve his savor.

And the Scribes and Pharisees and elders forbade that men or women should eat of sweetmeats or of pies and they placed an embargo upon the succulent doughnut and the insidious sausage.

Now, it came to pass that in those days there dwelt in the land three young men, who were goodly to look upon, even as the young saplings in the forest whose heads are filled with sap, and the youths were tall, strong, and comely, like unto stately fir trees, and they were all young, so that on the lips of none of them was there more than a slight shadow of down.

And they belonged not to the tribe of the Episcopalians, but were of the congregation of the Presbites and Methodites, which kept not fasts, neither holy days. So they were exceeding wroth, and communed together and took counsel as to how they might escape the fast, which was as gall and wormwood in their mouths, for they loved the good things of the world, and were not spiritually-minded.

Now the names of these three young men were Seelae, Jac-co-Vert, and Robsimon, and they were strong in the defence of their rights. Now behold Seelae was a mighty man and tall above his fellows, and he rose up and discoursed to his comrades and said "Go to! we will find a way to thwart the plans of these tyrants who would compel us to eat fish and to abstain from flesh withal. We will even go three hours journey on the causeway which is built of wood and iron to the distant city of Sin-Jon and there where men know us not, will we go unto an inn and give weight of gold for savory meats and choice confections, and we will eat and drink right merrily."

Now it came to pass that when the day of the fast was come, the three youths met at a certain place known to them while the day was yet dawning, and they journeyed three hours on the causeway, and at high noon they reached the city of Sin Jon, and behold, the city was wrapped in fog as in a mantle, likewise were the streets ankle deep in mire.

And the young men, which were called Seelae, Robsimon and Jac-Co-Vert, were conscious of a great sensation of emptiness, and they hid them to an hostelry in all haste, for the paused not to ungird their sandals, nor to wash the dust of travel from their feet nor to anoint their heads, but seated themselves in the chief place at the table above the salt, and called to the serving men in gorgeous appeal, "Bring us that which is most choice, for we come from far, and are prices in our own land."

So the serving men bowed low when

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they heard that the young men were princes, and they gave them a royal salute, by placing their right fingers beside their noses and closing their right eyes when the royal youths were looking another way.

Now, the serving men in gorgeous apparel brought in the repast with great pomp, and they laid it before the youths, and bowed low and went out.

And behold the youths laughed and were merry and they removed the covers of massive silver beaten into divers shapes, and behold the dishes which did not contain fish were gnawing beneath the weight of a costly product of the earth called potatoes and the other dishes which were not filled with potatoes were heavy with the weight of fish! And the feast was spread!

Now the three young men rose up in great wrath to seek the chief serving man, and rend him in pieces. And they sought earnestly but found him not, for he had gone far out of reach.

Now behold their souls sickened at the fish and also at the potatoes, and their stomachs did also revolt from eating that which they had come many leagues to escape. So they said among themselves: "Peradventure if we seek another hostelry, which may be kept by our own people, the Methodites or Presbites. We shall find food that is to our liking. And they sought for a hostelry which served not up fish, neither potatoes till they were weary and footsore and they found none.

And behold their pride was brought low by reason of their nearness and their hunger, and they ate the fish and devoured the potatoes even to the skins, and were filled.

Now when they had eaten and drank, and their hunger was assuaged, they cast about in their minds how to answer their comrades in the city of Munc-tun, which knew of their making unto themselves a feast to escape the public fast when they questioned them.

And they said among themselves: "Tush! there shall no man know how we have fared lest peradventure they mock at us and jeer and ask us if we ever got left. So we will even say we feasted right merrily, and none will know different, for we are truthful men and of good report in the land."

And it came to pass that they talked eagerly of their banquet, and caused the souls of their fellows to rise up in envy.

But they wist not that there travelled with them on the causeway a Scribe who set down all their doings in mysterious characters on tablets of ivory, and who kept count of the fish bones which they ate, and this is his record which is true and worthy to be preserved in the chronicles of the city of Munc-tun, which are published from time to time.

**Why Jews Live Long.**

One of the Jewish pastors of Montreal, Rev. Mr. De Sola, has been lecturing upon a very interesting subject, that of the Jewish dietary laws which account in such great measure to the healthfulness for the race. The Mosaic law, he pointed out, permitted for use as food only the flesh of such animals as divide the hoof and chew the cud. In the killing of these animals the strictest examination had to be made to prevent the communication of the disease to man. Mr. De Sola said that as far as his congregation was concerned lambs and calves usually passed examination, but 50 per cent. of sheep and 20 per cent. of cows slaughtered in Montreal were rejected. Yet the rest of the population eats this contentedly enough. As to fish, the Jews only eat those with both fins and scales, and oysters, in Mr. De Sola's opinion, are simply "the scavengers of the sea." Lobsters, crab and other crustacea are likewise tabooed. The result of the great care taken by the Jews as to their diet is famous everywhere in the extraordinarily low death rate of this people and their immunity from epidemics which decimate other sections of the population.—Toronto Empire.

**Heart Affections.**

Nearly all dyspeptics are troubled with pain about the heart and naturally think it a disease of the heart; this is a mistake, the trouble coming from a gas, formed from undigested and fermenting food, which presses against the heart, causing much pain and great but needless apprehension.—Short's Pamplet on Dyspeptic.

**Ubiquitous Woman.**

She has a part in everything. 'Tis she may not begin it, 'Go back as far as Eden's case— You'll find a woman in it.—Pitts Times.

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I am the spirit stir  
To swell the grain,  
When fruitful seas transfer  
With laboring rain.  
I am the life that thrills  
In branch and bloom;  
I am the patience of abiding hills,  
The promise masked in doom.  
When the sowers lands are wrung  
And storms are out,  
And giant woods give tongue,  
I am the shout,  
And when the earth would sleep,  
Wrapt in her snows,  
I am the infinite gleam of eyes that  
The post of her repose.  
I am the hush of calm,  
I am the speed,  
The flood-tide's triumphant psalm,  
The wash-pool's heed.  
I work in the rocking roar  
Where cataracts fall;  
I flash in the primary fire that dances  
The dew's ephemeral ball.  
I am the voice of wind  
And wave, and tree,  
Of stern desires and blind,  
Of strength to be;  
I am the cry by night,  
At point of dawn;  
The summoning bugle from the sun  
In clouds and doubt withdrawn.  
I am the strife that shapes  
The stature of man,  
The pang no hero escapes,  
The blessing, the ban;  
I am the hammer that moulds  
The iron of our race;  
The omen of God in our blood that  
The foreknowledge veiled in our  
—Charles G. D. Roberts, in Unit  
Review.

**THE LUCKY-I**

Robert Ellis walked slowly drooping orchard boughs, and the heads of the tall field apparently paying small attention of his companion, Miss Ford, albeit she was the acknowledged Broad Oakes.

He knew that in the gossip borhood he and Harriet had been allotted to each other match"; and it was only past that he had come to see the situation, and tried hard himself into a warmer feeling some, clever, confident girl for himself was sufficiently flattering to his vanity, possessed of any.

The attempt, however was short, by the discovery that out an effort and almost unwell, fallen in love with Grasey, coquetish and altogether maiden who had come to spend her Aunt Ellen, on joining his own.

Then Robert had felt the his fate was already fixed for that time had done his best himself in Gracie's favor.

But he was a quiet and rational man, with but little confidence ability of bearing off the w others besides himself were.

And she was such a flirt he trust her when he saw her on" with Dick Lowrey, whom she did not like? or how he where rich Squire Willis' dashing son had met with sm Still he was constantly in ty; and there were times in her look and tone, or in which she greeted him, would heart a wild hope and aim that she really cared for him.

Of course she knew that for, though he had never had to tell her in so many words, it at times in a certain corner he could not but recognize.

And yet she gave him no and was often capricious and even cold toward him; so that he felt as though he could give estate to know whether she did for him.

It was to Gracie's gay vol laughter, and not to Harriet now listening, as they came the garden hedge, and pres in sight of her, as, with up airy pose, and she strove geous butterfly, while Dick his straw hat, was making tempts to assist her.

In her transparent pink d ring ribbons, and with her curls waving beneath the br garden hat, she reminded R the little porcelain "Watey he had seen in the city sto only that her face had in it of character and expression.

"Oh, don't hurt him!" Dick made a sudden swoop "I only want to look at him then let him go. There! last!"

Harriet King laughed, and which Robert did not qu "How characteristic that To catch him and let him looks just like a butterfly he der if she really has a heart!"

Gracie's next words seeme to this question: "Poor little thing! how h ble! Don't be afraid, my li would not hurt a hair of yo I mean a feather of your do the work. There, fly away little life while you may!"

And with a light, soft n hand, she watted the insect "Do you treat men as flies?" inquired Robert, as h her.

"How?" with an expressi inquiry.

"Why, make captives of yourself with them, for a send them off as you did th "This one came fluttering If men and butterflies li also, I don't trouble my them."

What did she mean? f flushed slightly, and she gav tons of her head.

Harriet glanced sharply flush arose to her cheek all

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