

abruptly stopped eating and raised his head.

After one look, he snorted and with head lowered started running. The presence of the police had so rattled him that he failed to note his direction, and heading straight for the caravan crashed into a cook wagon that lay directly in his path. The wagon collapsed, but Mr. Buffalo thundered on.

That berserk animal started something; others in his vicinity had become aroused and soon there was a full-scale stampede. The police were forced to halt, hemmed in by the thousands of buffalo that raced past, their pounding hoofs sending up cloying dust clouds and beating a rumble that rolled across the plains. For two hours the police were held prisoner and though they suffered no casualties there was considerable arguing afterwards regarding the approximate number of bison in the herd. Estimates ran from 30,000 to 100,000.

The stop-over that night, October 12, was a bleak one — there was no fuel of any kind. Next morning the way led along the river, on the other side of which was plenty of wood. At 10 o'clock a halt was called and the men set about making camp on an island wondering why such an early stop at such a spot had been ordered. They were not left long in doubt and listened with mingled emotions to the announcement, "If you want to write home, now is your chance. Your address is c/o NWMP, Camp Macleod, Northwest Territories."

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Soon Grain and his companions were chopping cottonwoods and preparing them for construction purposes. Though only mid-October, winter had swooped down on them and the first few days were cold and marked with blizzards. But afterwards fine weather lightened their task and just before Christmas the buildings were sufficiently ready for occupancy. First to go up were makeshift accommodations for the sick men, then

stables for the horses, then the men's quarters and finally shelter for the officers.

This cluster of ramshackle huts, the first outpost of constituted authority in the Far West, was formally christened Fort Macleod in honour of the assistant commissioner, a name officially accepted by the authorities in Ottawa.

But construction work wasn't all that engaged the attention of the police. Within two weeks of their arrival, a ten-man patrol under Insp. L. N. F. Crozier arrested a Negro named William Bond and four accomplices who, some 45 miles distant, were trading fire-water to the Indians for their horses; the patrol confiscated a wagon-load of 166 buffalo hides, 50 of which were to provide warmth and comfort to the shivering policemen; some not suitable for anything else were cut up and made into mitts and caps.

The coming of the police brought a desirable metamorphosis to the district. Depredations by the trading riff-raff ceased, and decent people on both sides of the line were pleased and relieved when by Christmas the whisky trade in that part of the country was completely checked. That the red men, too, were grateful was clear from the remarks of one Indian chief who told the assistant commissioner: "Before you came the Indian crept along; now he is not afraid to walk erect."

The year 1874 closed on a note of tranquility such as the district had never known.

Reg. No. 52, ex-Sub-Cst. W. Grain.

