

hear any person, who respects same, say ought against your command."

In the same vein although more directly concerned with a somewhat later incident, the Riel Rebellion, the Commissioner included in his 1885 annual report a letter from Mr. Galt, manager of the North-West Coal and Navigation Company. This letter, dated Aug. 17, 1885, Lethbridge, NWT, was addressed to Major John Cotton, commanding the NWMP post at Fort Macleod. It read: "As this company's railway is now approaching completion, I wish to bear testimony to the assistance rendered by yourself and your command during its construction. The presence of your men among our workmen along the line during the late rebellion inspired them with confidence without which it might have been a difficult matter to have kept them at their work.

"I have also to thank you for your prompt action in sending men when required to this neighborhood, their presence being a guarantee that good order will be preserved, and that horse stealing will not be tolerated."

As these testimonials so adequately prove—the presence and actions of the Force was of material benefit to the construction of these railways during a period of tumult in the unsettled west. During this same period the men of the NWMP were also charged with the responsibility of conducting the mails being transported by the CPR. For instance, three constables from Regina performed the duty between Moose Jaw and Medicine Hat. Two from the Maple Creek division then safeguarded the mail to Calgary and two constables from Calgary division took it from there to Laggan. These men were all sworn officials of the Postal Department and conducted these affairs to the complete satisfaction of that department as well as the Commissioner, as he mentions in his annual report of 1884.

Other, in some cases quasi-humorous, incidents occurred from time to time, among which are noted the exploit of Chief Pie-a-Pot. This worthy decided to test the mettle of the Government (or so it must be surmised) and forthwith set up camp smack-dab in line with the surveyed right of way of the CPR during the earlier stage of construction in Manitoba. This resulted in something of an *impasse*, as might be expected. After all what does one do with a truculent Indian chief, especially with "Custer's last stand" still fresh in the mind? The chief's braves cavorting around on their ponies brandishing firearms and, no doubt, the odd crock of firewater, did little to allay the qualms of the engineers and surveyors who built up to the chief's tent which stood squarely in the right of way and then withdrew to a discreet distance. The chief had naturally enough refused to move when politely asked so word was sent to the nearest detachment.

The total strength of the detachment (a sergeant and a constable) proceeded en masse to the railhead and firmly but politely instructed the chief to move. He again refused and his braves really whooped it up at this show of defiance. The sergeant pulled out his watch with some ostentation and consulting it gravely, informed the chief he had ten minutes to get going. The next ten minutes were probably the most nerve wracking that that sergeant and constable ever spent and they probably remembered them for a long time. In any event the chief did not move so the sergeant at the end of ten minutes swiftly kicked down the chief's tent along with some others, and ordered the Indians to move on their way. Strangely enough—they went. Perhaps they were impressed by the audacity of these two redcoats, as the Indians always held courage in high regard.

