

while he was suffering from an attack of mountain fever his eight constables were faced by a dangerous strike of several hundred navvies, many of whom were foreigners and quite reckless men. The strikers threatened the lives of the engineers and said they would burn up the company's property. Sergeant Fury, a grim, rather short, bulldog type of a man, who later on was one of the gallant fighters in our column against Chief Big Bear, was ordered by Steele to arrest a striker who had assaulted an engineer. Fury did so, but the man was rescued by the mob. Fury reported to Steele, who said: "Go and arrest him again, and if anyone interferes, shoot him." Fury carried out both orders, but as he and another constable were bringing the man over a bridge the mob of several hundreds followed, many of them being armed. Steele saw all this from his cabin, and rising from his bed, he grabbed a Winchester rifle and ran across the bridge, where he stood in front of his few police, saying that he would shoot the first striker who tried to cross. They were amazed to see the sick man on the bridge. Someone cried out: "Look at the man—even his deathbed does not scare him!" and they soon melted away. That was the end of the strike. Later on, I remember one day that Steele, who was commanding a body of scouts with our column, suggested to me, as I was sitting in a clearing while we were skirmishing under fire through a broken country, that I should take better cover; but he himself, oblivious of his own danger, was sitting on a horse of seventeen hands and with his own colossal figure clearly outlined against the sky. Steele served with great distinction

through the Boer war, and has been recently knighted for his services to the Empire.

#### YUKON INCIDENTS

The services of the Mounted Police in the Yukon gold rush time, when they kept order in Dawson City and on the creeks, is one of the periods where real history reads like romance. The police, serving for a pittance a day, were proof against all the gold that men could offer in order that law enforcement be relaxed. The police protected human life, allowed no "necktie socials," as lynchings used to be called in mining camps, convoyed thousands in gold nuggets in safety to the outside to be minted, and one of them on one occasion kept two millions in bills safely in his cabin till the bank erected a safe for it. Not less remarkable—perhaps even more so—were cases of a different kind where the service was of another sort. For instance, one Corporal Smith was alone in charge of a post at Norway House when virulent diphtheria and scarlet fever broke out one winter amongst the Indians and half-breeds. Smith was nurse and doctor and chaplain and friend to every one. He hardly took any rest. He nursed the sick, comforted the dying, buried the dead, disinfected the stricken houses, in the most unselfish and devoted way. He said nothing about it, but when it was all over the word got out somehow, and he was made a sergeant in recognition.

Extraordinary, too, were the frequent instances where cases of insanity were reported in the solitudes. In one instance a constable went miles alone for an insane man whom he had to bind on the dog-sled and bring back some hundred miles or more