

Thanksgiving Day, and were in every respect a success. The attendance was good, the prize lists generous, and the shooting very good indeed. The weather was favourable. In each case the prizes were presented in the evening at the annual banquet, which was attended by many influential friends. The usual toasts and speeches were indulged in.

HOTSPUR.

An Episode in Mounted Police History.

(From the Winnipeg Siftings).

The month of November, 1881, is an epoch that the Mounted Police at Fort Macleod and the people of the surrounding country will long remember. There was great excitement at that time, and it was not without reason, for the Blackfoot nation, the most numerous and warlike tribe of Indians in those parts, had commenced hostilities by killing cattle on some newly established ranches. Some of the ranchmen showed fight and applied to the Police for protection.

Captain Crozier was at Fort Macleod with one troop of Mounted Police. He sent what men he could to Fort Calgary, and some twelve or fifteen men to the Blackfoot Crossing, eighty-five miles distant, with an Inspector in command. This officer, with his detachment, took up his quarters at the Indian agency, and for some days all was quite enough, but one morning a difficulty arose between some Indians and the beef contractor issuing rations. After some dispute the case was reported to the Police officer, who took the matter into consideration, saying, I think, that he would settle the matter the next day.

During the afternoon the Inspector went out for a walk on the river that runs about twenty yards from the agency, and was met by a party of about one hundred and fifty squaws. It had been reported at the camp that it was his fault that the Indians did not get what they wanted from the contractor, and, as they knew that every afternoon he went out on the river for a walk, the squaws gathered on the ice and waited for him. As soon as they saw him they came forward and surrounded him.

Just imagine one hundred and fifty black and red viragos, axes in hand, (for if you meet three squaws near a camp, two will have axes) yelling and threatening one man, and you will have an idea of the unlucky officer's bewildering situation. He tried to speak, but what was the use? They could not understand, and if they had understood it would not make any difference. The officer could not speak their language, but when he saw them cutting a hole in the ice at his feet and making certain downward signs that he perfectly understood, he began to think that some mischief was really meant. He tried his best to make his way without striking through the crowd, but in vain. As the hole in the ice was just getting large enough for a man to pass through easily he heard a terrible yell. A man named Daly was coming like a whirlwind towards him, and, without the slightest respect for the sex of the assailants, struck right and left, knocking down about twenty squaws. He made a passage for the officer, who went home rejoicing in his deliverance.

It then was said that one of the squaws, who had been hit by Daly, who is a powerful man and did not probably mean to caress her, had been seriously hurt. Daly said he was sorry, but could not help it. He lived with another man in a house near the agency, and as he was preparing a meal an Indian came noiselessly into the house, took a rifle from underneath his blanket and cocked it. The click of the gun started Daly, who turned around and saw the Indian taking aim at him. He jumped aside, and the bullet passed between his right arm and his body, lodging itself deep in the wall behind him. The Indian immediately fired another shot, which grazed Daly's hair. This time Daly had his enemy by the throat. He took away the rifle from him, and the Indian getting loose ran away and hid himself in the camp. Daly went to the Police who decided to arrest the would-be-assassin. The officer himself, with six men, went into the Indian camp in the dead of the night to capture the culprit, who was the husband of the wounded squaw. The prisoner was taken to the Police quarters.

Half an hour afterwards the building was surrounded by about two hundred armed Indians, who demanded the release of the prisoner. The officer at a glance took in the situation. He saw that one single shot fired by him or his men would be the signal for the massacre, of not only himself and party, but also of every white man in the agency. He gave up the prisoner after vain attempts to persuade the enraged Indians that he was doing nothing but his duty. He tried during the night to send a courier to Fort Macleod, but the latter was stopped by armed Indians posted on the road and brought back to the post. Next day they could see a cordon of Indian sentries surrounding the post at a distance. At last Sergeant Howe said that he could go to Fort Macleod in spite of the Indians. He had a very good horse so well trained that he would follow his master like a dog, and come to his whistle.

Have hid a pair of reins and bit under his great coat, he took a piece

of bread and meat in his pocket, and went out apparently for a walk. As he was on foot the Indians let him pass. Then his horse was turned out of the stable as if for an airing, with a blanket and a headstall on him. The horse began to run and play around the place, but all at once he stopped and seemed to listen. Then he started at full gallop and went to his master, who caressed him and continued to walk about leisurely, the horse following him. He went down a small ravine, put the bit in the horse's mouth, folded the blanket to make a pad, and vaulting on the noble animal Sergeant Howe in a short time was out of sight. He left the post at nine in the morning, and at seven in the afternoon he was in Fort Macleod. Eighty five miles in ten hours without a saddle is a pretty hard ride.

On hearing his report Captain Crozier lost not a minute, and started with twenty men, all he could muster, and one field gun, 9 pr. He travelled all the remainder of the night and the next day, reaching the Blackfoot Crossing at eleven the next night. He immediately took from the Indian stores a quantity of sacks of flour, and made a kind of rampart large enough to hide his gun and protect his men. Early in the morning, who should come in but the very Indian they wanted, the rescued prisoner. He was a minor chief, and wanted to show his bravery by coming alone to the Police station, thinking that the Police were scared enough for him to do it with impunity. They saw him come through, and two men were posted on each side of the door. As he stepped in he was seized and put in irons. Some time afterwards about eighty young warriors came in sight of the Post, but when they saw that the little garrison had been reinforced they went back to the camp with the news. The watch around the place had been abandoned after Howe's departure.

Crowfoot, the head chief of the tribe, knew that his minor chief, the prisoner, had gone to the Police Post, and he guessed that he had been recaptured. He took two of his councillors and went to the agency, after ordering all his men to take arms and follow at a distance. Admitted to Captain Crozier's presence, he saw the irons on his man. "Do you know," he said to the officer, who this brave is you have put in irons?"—"I know," said Captain Crozier, "that he is a would-be-murderer, and he must indeed be a *brave* to fire twice at an unarmed man!"—"I will not allow you," said "Crowfoot, "to put irons on him. He is a minor chief in the nation, and it is only on thieves that chains are put."—"Look here," said the officer, "I did not come here to receive orders. I came here to command, and if you want to interfere in this business you will have irons on yourself, big chief as you are!" At a sign two men took post near Crowfoot, ready to handcuff him.

The Indian Chief then said:—"Do you know that in no time I will have three hundred warriors at your door? Here they are coming down the hill yonder. Will you release the prisoner, or will I have to fight you?"—"Fight me, by all means!" said the officer. "That is exactly what I came for. Ready for action, men! Take your posts!" They all went behind the rampart, and as the war party came within thirty yards, "Clear the gun," ordered the Captain. As soon as the Indians saw the black muzzle of the nine-pounder, they took to their heels and left Crowfoot with the Police.

"Now," said Crozier, "you see your brave warriors. They are wise. I will remain here till to-morrow. If you want to fight, come, I am ready. Go back to your people, and tell them that I consider this little difficulty settled, but should you or yours force me to come back again to meet you not one of you will live to tell the story." Captain Crozier started the day after for his Fort, taking his prisoner with him.

Militia General Orders (No. 19) of 28th December, 1888.

No. 1.—STAFF.

His Excellency Lord Stanley of Preston, Governor-General, has been pleased to make the following appointments upon his Staff, viz:—

To be Extra Aides-de-Camp:

Lieut.-Colonel Philippe Landry, 61st Montmagny and L'Islet Battalion.

Lieut.-Colonel John Russell Armstrong, New Brunswick Brigade of Garrison Artillery.

Lieut.-Colonel James Pennington Macpherson.

Lieut.-Arthur Edmund Curren, 1st Halifax Brigade of Garrison Artillery.

Lieut.-Colonel George Dudley Dawson, 10th Battalion Royal Grenadiers.

Lieut.-Colonel Edward Gawlor Prior, British Columbia Brigade of Garrison Artillery.

Major Charles John Short, Regiment of Canadian Artillery.

Major Hector Prevost, 65th Battalion Mount Royal Rifles.

To be honorary Aide-de-Camp:—Lieut.-Colonel Hewitt Bernard, C.M.G.,