

sons. A short time ago I was up far north in the great Peace River country, which has only recently been opened up to the world. Traders, bootleggers, gamblers and construction gangs were working their way into the country, and where little shack-towns were growing up, laws in regard to gambling, the observance of Sunday, and such like, were being violated, and the local influences were so strong that a local officer would have had difficulty in withstanding efforts to keep him quiet. But suddenly a young scarlet-coated Mounted Policeman rode in from the nearest post, sixty miles away. He took in the situation in a short half-hour, and as he cared for nobody and for nothing except his general orders to enforce the laws of the country, he had that place quiet and orderly and repentant before the day was out! No one who knows the uniform ever disputed the orders of one of these men.

AN "INCIDENT" ON C. P. R. CONSTRUCTION

Incidents without number could be told of the way in which the Mounted Police tradition for courage and straightforward devotion to duty has been upheld. In the early '80's, when the Canadian Pacific Railway was being constructed across the prairie toward the Rockies, a Cree chief named Pie-a-Pot left his reserve contrary to law, and gathering a large and well-armed band of turbulent Indians, undertook to stop railway construction by camping on the right-of-way. The railway men worked up towards the camp, but Pie-a-Pot laughed at their requests to move, and his young bucks raced their ponies around the engineers, discharging firearms and acting dan-

gerously. The engineers wired to Regina headquarters of the Mounted Police, and soon an order came to the nearest little post at Maple Creek: "Trouble on the railway; tell Indians to move on." There were only two policemen at the post, a sergeant and a constable, but they rode out at once, and when they reached the Indian camp Pie-a-Pot sat smoking before his tent and laughed defiantly. The policemen rode up to him and sat on their horses, the sergeant pulling out his telegram and telling Pie-a-Pot that the police headquarters said he was to move out of the way. All the time the sergeant was giving this order, scores of armed braves circled around, discharging their firearms and backing their ponies up against the policemen, who remained motionless. After a while the sergeant pulled out his watch and said to the defiant chief: "I will give you ten minutes to start moving, and if you do not I will help to get you going." The jeers and defiance on the part of the Indians continued till the sergeant said: "Time's up!" Dismounting quickly, he threw the reins to the constable, leaped over Pie-a-Pot's squatting figure, through the tepee door, and kicked out the centre pole, bringing the tent down on the chief and his squaws. Then he told the prostrate Pie-a-Pot to pack up and get out, which he and his outfit at once did. It was all in the day's work with the police, and the names of these two men are not even known to history.

THE TYPE OF "INSPECTOR"

Not long after this, Inspector Sam B. Steele, already mentioned as having risen from the ranks, was policing the railway construction camps through the Rockies, and