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With the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police.



BY H. CHRISTIE THOMPSON.

THE mounted police of the Canadian Northwest have, by the trend of circumstances in the farthest extremity of their Alaskan border, become an object of considerable interest across the line.

Eternal vigilance is the price of the control which these silent patrols up to the eternal snows have gained over the natives, and neither the service which individuals will be called upon to perform, nor its extent, can be foretold from hour to hour. The bureau of information moves its atoms, and "Theirs not to make reply; theirs but to do and [if need be] die."

I recall an instance that will serve, perhaps, as a timely example of this.

I was crossing the barrack square at Battleford, late in the fall, when an order was put into my hand which read as follows: "Inspector M—— and Sergeant L——, with horses, regimental numbers 1242 and 1673, will leave to-morrow morning at 9 A. M. for Pelican Lake, on special duty. They will be accompanied by Constable T——, with horses, regimental numbers 1485 and 1640, and light patrol wagon number 2. Guide and interpreter S—— will go as teamster's off-man. They will take ten days' rations for four men, and ten days' forage for four horses."

The object of our trip was to discover the truthfulness of certain reports concerning the restlessness of the Indians, at Pelican Lake, under a chief called Yellow Sky. They were said to be in an extremely restless and dissatisfied state of mind.

The morning was a busy one for me.

Rising from my cot at the first strains of reveille, I was soon dressed, and at once began making up my roll of bedding. I had been long enough in the country to realize the necessity of sleeping warmly, so three pairs of heavy blankets, a rabbit-skin robe and an oil sheet, with a big, fat, soft feather pillow, a pair of socks, moccasins, towel, soap and toothbrush were placed in the blankets, which were rolled tightly in the oil sheet, and securely strapped.

My next care was for my wagon. I carefully oiled that and saw that oil, wrench, spare bolts, straps, etc., were stowed away in the jockey box, that the tires and wheels were tight and everything in good running order.

Then the bugler sounded "Stables," after which I harnessed my horses and went to the mess-room for breakfast. After that meal, my off-man appeared on the scene, and together we hitched up the team, and carefully overhauled the harness. Then we started around the barracks to collect our load, first visiting the quartermaster's store, where we loaded the large bell tent, with its complement of poles and pins, and obtained cooking kit, pots, pans and kettles, axes, spades, etc., together with the rations and oats. The former consisted of soft bread and hard-tack, pork, potatoes, butter, tea, sugar, salt, matches and candles. The bread and potatoes were packed in gunny-sacks, the remaining rations in the mess-box with our tableware.

We next drove to the sergeant-major's, where we obtained horse-blankets, nose bags, picket-ropes, hobbles, and other