

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 police had the British dislike to saving anything about their own deeds, as the following incident will indicate:

One Corporal Hogg was stationed at North Portal, near the boundary, on the Soo line. These points are often a kind of "no-man's land," where liberties are taken with the law. His report of an evening's proceedings is a gem of its kind. Here it is: "On the 17th inst. I, Corporal Hogg, was called to the hotel to quiet a disturbance. I found the room full of cowboys, and one Monaghan, or 'Cowboy Jack,' was carrying a gun, and pointed it at me, against Sections 105 and 109 of the Criminal Code. We struggled. Finally I got him handcuffed behind and put him inside. His head being in bad shape, I had to engage the services of a doctor, who dressed his wound and pronounced it as nothing serious. To the doctor Monaghan said that if I hadn't grabbed his gun there would have been another death in Canadian history. All of which I have the honour to report. (Signed) C. Hogg, Corporal." There is a rich sequel in the report of the case by the superior officer, who says: "During the arrest of Monaghan the following property was damaged: Door broken, screen smashed up, chair broken, field-jacket belonging to Corporal Hogg spoiled by being covered with blood, wall bespattered with blood." Monaghan seems to have put up a fight worthy of his Donnybrook ancestors, but he had never come across a North-West Mounted Policeman before. He would probably know better the next time.

Nothing in Mounted Police records is finer than their work in the Yukon during the gold rush of '98, when by reason of their presence, life and property were safe on the British side of the line

to a degree rarely ever known in such a frontier mining camp.

One reason for the remarkable history of these policemen is found in the fact that the force was completely removed from political and local influences. They cared for nothing and for nobody, except for the strict enforcement of law, the good name of their famous corps, and the honour of British justice. And though the identity of this great body of men may be lost through the exigencies of the Great War and their enlistment therein, some similar body will still have to carry on their work in the West.

GOLDEN CHRYSANTHEMUMS

(In the Hospital)

I am a-thirst;
Send Thou Thy sword to smite the rock;
Let living waters flow for me
That I may quench the pangs that mock
My soul with wounding ecstasy!

Where is Thy sword?
Naught see I but a flower of light,
And yet, from out the rock, there bursts
A cooling stream; I drink as might
A hart that for the water thirsts.

Where is Thy sword?
Naught see I but a flower of light;
Its stem a flash that, from Thy blade,
Doth melt into the mirrored flight
Of quivering wings their beating stayed.

Where is Thy sword?
None see I, but a fragrant breath
Of chast'ning beauty cools my brow;
The rock Thou smitest answereth
Thy hidden sword with healing flow.

Thy sword I see!
Thou, tender One! lest I should fear
The unsheathed sword, upon its tip
A blossom Thou didst set! O, hear
My praise from beauty-quenched lip!

Thy sword it is
That, tipped with flower or flame of star,
Doth smite the rock to ecstasy,
A living fount for souls that are
A-thirst for beauty and for Thee.

—A. M. W.