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The Riders of the Plains*

Who is it lacks the knowledge? Who are
the curs that dare
To whine and sneer that they do not fear
the whelps in the Lion's lair?
But we of the North will answer, while life
in the North remains,
Let the curs beware lest the whelps they dare
are the Riders of the Plains;
For these are the kind whose muscle makes
the power of the Lion's jaw,
And they keep the peace of our people and
the honor of British law.

A woman has painted a picture,— 'tis a neat
little bit of art
The critics aver, and it roused up for her
the love of the big British heart.

*NOTE.—The above is the territorial pet name for the Northwest Mounted Police, and is in general usage throughout Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and Alberta. At a dinner party in Boston the writer was asked, "Who are the Northwest Mounted Police?" and when told that they were the pride of Canada's fighting men the questioner sneered and replied, "Ah! then they are only some of your British Lion's whelps. *W's* are not afraid of them." His companions applauded the remark.