

### Sentinels of The Silence

THE Royal Northwest Mounted Police force of Canada is a combination of all sorts and conditions of men blown together by the wind-up of the winds of heaven. In the ranks we find Western bronco-buster, Eastern log-birler, lumberjacks, unspirited Cockneys, Cree-Scot half-breeds, time-expired men from every branch of the Imperial service, side by side with the French Canadian born "free days he-side Kebeke." Two years ago the roll-call of one troop included in its rank and file a son of a colonial governor, a grandson of a major-general, a medical student from Dublin, an Oxford M.A., two troopers of the Imperial forces, and half a dozen ubiquitous Scots. For many years a son of Charles Dickens did honorable service with this force, yet even served beside him a runaway circus clown and the brother of a Yorkshire baronet. Several of the full privates have tucked away in the bottom of their mess-kit medals won in South Africa, Egypt, and Afghanistan, but the lost legion of gentleman-rankers predominates, and it is Rugby and Cambridge man-rankers in the unbroken prairies that set the fashion in mufti and manners.

A compelling factor making for dignity and decency in a border-country as big as Europe is this little band of red-coated riders, scarcely a thousand in number, spurring singly across the plains with sealed orders and turning up just when most wanted.

The beat of the Mounted Policeman is on Hudson Bay to the Pacific, and from the forty-ninth parallel to the frozen Arctic, and he does not take his rest or sleep on duty; you cannot bulldoze him, and it is not exactly safe to try to "square" him. Of this man, as of Lord Bobs, we may say, "I don't advertise"; it is the boast of the service in Canada that they seldom get into print. Yet it is strikingly true that on the margin of the magazine or newspaper a history of this great, lone land the figure of this solitary horseman is vignettized.

#### Arms and the Man

In 1870 the Hudson's Bay Company gave up to the Canadian Government their exclusive rights in "Rupert's Land," the great prairie Northwest of Canada. The intrusion into the then unguarded Indian-country of wolves and illicit whisky traders from the States made it necessary for the man from the white man's cupidity, to enforce law and order on the frontier, and to try the unique experiment of making by moral suasion law-abiding British subjects out of warlike Sioux, Assiniboin, Blackfoot, Blood, and Ojibwas.

How far the little force has succeeded in its mission may be judged from the fact that Canada has never seen a lynching, that she has never had an Indian war (the nearest approach being the two ill-advised and soon-suppressed half-breed risings of 1816), and that, with one weak-kneed exception, there has been no hold-up of a train within Canadian borders.

An officer of the Mounted Police is not an exponent of the law; he is the law itself. When he rides his cayuse to foot-hill camp or threads on snow-shoes the worn north trails of the trapper, he goes with the authority of courts. He preserves order, but he also makes arrests; he tries offenders in his own courts, and then escorts the man upon whom sentence has fallen to a prison of his own making, where the law-breaker may be incarcerated for ten days or thirty years.

Back of that slight, silent, steel-nerved rider is the strong arm of England and the whole of Canadian jurisprudence, and when he speaks it is as one with authority. In extreme cases when the death penalty has to be enforced, one Mounted Policeman may have to act as clergyman, executioner, and coroner.

"All this I swear without any mental evasion, equivocation, or secret reservation. So help me, God,"—with these impressive words do raw recruits and grizzled soldier enter the service of the Mounted Police and swear fidelity to His Majesty Edward VII. It is not prospective wealth that tempts a man to become an empire-builder in this mounted force of Greater Canada, "for hard is his service, poor his payment."

The newly recruited constable gets sixty cents a day, his term of engagement is five years, and he may look forward to re-engagement on a second term, with a staff-sergeant's pay of from \$1.00 to \$1.50 a day to work up to. Recruits must be between the ages of twenty-two and forty, active men of thoroughly sound constitution and possessed of certificates of exemplary character. They must be able to read and write either in English or French, understand horses, ride well, measure up to the minimum height of five feet, eight inches, have a chest measurement of thirty-five inches, weigh not over 175 pounds, and be unencumbered with a wife.

#### What is Demanded of the Trooper

There is scarcely a department of the Canadian Government service that is not assisted by these judges in red coats. As veterinarians they aid the Department of Agriculture by dipping every doubtful lot of stock that comes across the border; they act as escorts to the officials carrying treaty-money to Indians at the time of the annual payment; they guard from theft the crown timber reserves, and make complete weather reports for the Meteorological Office. Mounted Policemen are called upon to be physicians and gentle nurses, bailiffs and interpreters. The patrolling policeman, riding his lonely rounds, makes Piegan Indian and Swampy Cree keep each to his respective stamping grounds, calls upon Four Horse and Eagle Sitting Down to account for each new Mormon from marrying overmuch, and Doukhobors from eating grass.

Your Mounted Policeman sent out to make an arrest must not shoot first; he has no orders to bring in his prisoner "dead or alive." If he brings him in dead, he acts three months' imprisonment with hard labor; if he fails to bring him in, though he go single-handed into a hostile Indian camp or a gambling-hell on that errand, he is equally accorded "three months' hard." So the record of the force is one long bead-roll of divine tragedies, brave adventures, and impossibilities made facts.

The official blue-books of the R.N.W.M.P. issued by the Government at Ottawa are interesting chiefly because of what they do not say. One has to read the romance that lies between the lines of "beg to report" and "I have the honor to be." The blue-book has its origin in the business-like stub of the pencil with which Constable Smith or Sergeant No. 897, riding from Cree camp to settler's hut, jots down the condition of the crops, the state of the roads and bridges, the peculiar cattle-mark adopted by the last Ruthenian settler, the amount of gold that the prospector washes out of the sands of the Saskatchewan. The real constituents of the Mounted Policeman in the piping times of peace are rarely heard from. Many of the settlers of Western Canada are foreigners; it is a land of distances and solitudes. Wherever in the lonely places a man and a woman with their little baggage of loves and sorrows have builded themselves a roof-tree and feel the children pulling at the skirts, there a thought of thanksgiving goes out to the solitary rider whose untiring vigilance holds them in safety.

#### Three Glimpses

Down the main street of one of Canada's raw railroad towns struts a "policeman." Spick and span from forage-cap to burnished spurs, you may take him as type of the corps. While twitch of swagger-stick and lift of shoulder hint the devil-may-care, in set chin, arched eyebrow, and thin nostril one reads breeding. Our young policeman swears, but he does not lie; he gambles, perhaps, with that magnificent pay of his, but he does not steal; you may detect the rougher and the grosser vices, but his also the more virile virtues. His work has trained down his lean frame; fatigue and suffering, hunger and thirst and cold, have drawn their marks on the smooth boy face; there is a ring of command in his voice. He is good to look at. A mere private on the prairie, this country class, for the Mounted Police is a colonial Maison Rouge, where the constable possesses equal education and pride of birth with his officer.

Take another view of that jaunty, bespurred boy. We come across him doing patrol on the United States border line, a prairie edge extending 800 miles, with a hinterland of over a million and a half square miles also calling for protection. Dirty and disheveled, his unshaven face suggests a broken-down cow-puncher. He may be dirty, but his mount is not, and his accoutrements are immaculate. To the Indian and the horse-thief he looks extremely businesslike.

Catch another silhouette. It is winter; we see our youngster trailing his narrow flat-sled among the ice-hummocks and mounds of the far North, breathing like any Eskimo the icy air of the Arctic. The frozen-in American whaler on Herschel Island and the fur-chand Komollye at the door of his country house equally respect him. "Over in the Klondike, the

land of cruelty and cupidity, where even the kindly become bitten with the chilling lust for gold, our policeman, as the god from the machine, is the sane adjuster of things. Let a man's cache be rifled or his sluice-box tampered with, the quick feet of this constable bring the miscreant to justice. No "bad man" in the Yukon amuses himself by "shooting up" the town; it is not healthy amusement. On five minutes' notice the policeman starts off fifty miles over the ice to carry rations to starving miners or give burial to an ancient Jewish peddler. It is the dog-sled of the police that carries to farthest claim the letters from the outside world more precious than gold—letters that tell of homes and wives and the ruddy faces of children.

#### As Sure as Death

"You must not expect him to talk; has he not done the deed?" Kipling wisely says. It is next to impossible to get a member of the R. N. W. M. P. to speak of his work, but if he is not fearing publication, sometimes a man lets us get an inside view. Of his duty in the Yukon of ten years ago Major Constantine tells us: "The thermometer showed 70 deg. below. We had but five hours' daylight, with candles at \$1.00 apiece, \$120 a box. I was Commander-in-Chief, Chief Magistrate, Home and Foreign Secretary. Three tables furnished my room, with a different kind of work on each of them. I walked from one to the other to rest. It was the end of July when I got there, and before the middle of November we had built nine houses, one of them seventy-five feet long. We cut and squared all the timbers ourselves. Yes, our shoulders got raw." Major Constantine made the name of British justice respected in that frozen Northland. One incident shows the mettle of the man.

A fugitive having fled from a ghastly murder committed in the Klondike, Major Constantine sent out his sleuths on the track, and for half a year they followed their man. The papers had little to say about it, for the Mounted Police are silent riders; it is capture, not kudos, that they are after.



A Sentinel of The Silence

South from White Horse the constables dogged the murderer, picking up their first clue in a little logging camp on Puget Sound. The man was trailed from Seattle to Butte, thence to Spokane, and north to Rosland, British Columbia; then at Ogden, Utah, we see Canada's watch-dogs, and on the Nevada-California line. Finally the hunted man was run to earth at Laredo, where, waiting extradition, he was carried to the coast of the Gulf of Mexico, and put on board a British vessel. The only ship in the harbor floating the Union Jack was bound for Jamaica, so prisoner and police embarked for that island, and took ship from there to Halifax. At Halifax the strong arm of Canadian law was laid upon the Klondike murderer, and he had to face the consequences of his deed. There is but one thing on this planet longer than the equator, and that is the arm of British justice.

#### Redskin vs. Red-Coat

As the Canadian Pacific Railway Company was throwing its transcontinental spine across Canada, 4,000 navvies worked on construction. The Indians looked askance at the track-laying. Would their lands be taken from them? Were the rails bad medicine to scare off the last of the buffalo? Piapot's tepee stood in direct line of the rails, and Piapot brusquely announced that there his tepee would remain.

The C.P.R. appealed to the Lieutenant-Governor, and he turned over the complaint to the headquarters of the Mounted Police. Headquarters ticked its orders, and immediately two smart red-coats, forage-caps balanced jauntily on the traditional three hairs trotted briskly into Piapot's camp—two men to bring two hundred armed braves into subjection! Even the stolid Indians saw the absurdity and shouted with derision. One of the two mounted men wore on his sleeve a sergeant's triple chevron, and this one, pulling up his service pony before Piapot's tent, read aloud his written orders: the Indians must strike tent and take trail to the northward.

The chief demurred; Sergeant Whitsname in quiet tone told Piapot he had fifteen minutes in which to obey orders, and drew out his watch to check the seconds. The camp became a stirred-up rat-hill, braves mounted their bucking broncos, and jostled the horses of the police, while Indian maids laughed, young bucks sneered, and belandemes chuckled.

The officer and his men were motionless figures. With the tick of the fifteenth minute, the sergeant, losing his reins to the constable, jumped off his horse, and clanked over to Piapot's tent. He said no word, but with dramatic deliberation kicked down the keyhole of Piapot's lodge. A yell of crazed rage was followed by a closing-in of the mounted ponies and a display of arms, and standing in the midst of it all was an erect boy-sergeant, and back of him his red-coat comrade on horseback.

Piapot was doing the thinking as the sergeant with delicious sang-froid went down the line and with military precision knocked out the key-hole of each tent as he passed it, ignoring the yells of the mob, and following with intuitive insight the workings of the mind of the outraged chief. Piapot was no man's fool; he noted, coolly, the character. Though no word had been spoken, it was a duel of self-control between redskin and red-coat, and each in a stern school had learned his lesson of repression.

Piapot concluded that he had either to plunge his spear into the breast of the whole British Empire by the murder of these two stripping police, so exasperating in their unrefused dignity, or call off his war-dogs and move away. He chose the latter course, for Piapot had brains. During the first year of work not a single crime was committed along the construction line, and the C.P.R. a record that stands unparalleled in railroad-building through unorganized frontier-lands.

Retribution at Lesser Slave  
Last summer the writer traveled the Athabasca trail with Sergeant Anderson, R.N.W.M.P., of Lesser Slave, and from him, piecemeal and reluctantly rendered, got the story of the King-Hayward murder and Anderson's wonderful detective work therewith.

In September, 1904, two white men entered the Lesser Slave Lake country, ostensibly prospecting for gold. Subsequently the Indians reported that one of the men seemed to be traveling alone, an observant Cree boy adding "The white man's dog won't follow that fellow any more." The answers given by Charles King of Mount Pleasant, Utah, regarding his lost companion were not satisfactory, King was arrested, and there began one of the most splendid bits of detective work which Canada has record.

Sergeant Anderson turned over the ashes of a camp-fire, and found three hard lumps of flesh and a small piece of skull bone. In front stretched a little slough, or lake, which seemed a likely place in which to look for evidence. Setting Indian women to fish up with their toes any hard substance they might find in the ooze, Anderson secured a stick-pin of unusual make and a sovereign-case. He systematically drained the lake, and found a shoe with a broken-eyed needle sticking in it. The camp-fire ashes, examined with the microscope, yielded the missing part of a needle's broken eye, and established an unbroken connection between lake and camp.

The maker of the stick-pin in London, England, was communicated with by cable, and the Canadian Government summoned a Mr. Hayward to come from England to identify the trinkets of his murdered brother. Link by link the chain grew. It took eleven months for Sergeant Anderson to get his case in shape. The Mounted Police brought from Lesser Slave Lake to Edmonton forty Indian and half-breed witnesses. The evidence was placed before the jury, and the Indians returned to their homes. A legal technicality cropping up, the trial had to be repeated in its entirety, and once more those forty men, women, and children left their traps, fishing nets and came to Edmonton to tell their story.

The result was that Charles King was found guilty of the murder of Edward Hayward, and paid the death penalty. The trial cost the Government of Canada over \$30,000—all to avenge the death of one of the wandering units to be found in every corner of the silent places, an unknown prospector.

#### By Frost and Fire

These brave men are tried by frost and fire. Far up on the map, hundreds of miles from Edmonton, and Edmonton is a thousand miles northwest of Winnipeg, is Fort Chipewyan on Lake Athabasca. Corporal Pedley stationed here had to escort a dangerous lunatic to Fort Saskatchewan. He reported:

"I left Chipewyan, with the lunatic, December 17th, taking an interpreter and two dog-trains. After travelling five days through slush up to our knees, we made Fort McKay on the Athabasca River. Owing to the extreme cold, both the patient's feet got frost-bitten. I bought some big moosehorns for him, and wrapped him up well. I travelled without accident to the 27th, reaching Big Veעהume; here I had to lay a day to get a guide, as there was no trail. I made Lac la Biche on New Year's Eve and secured a team of horses to carry me to Fort Saskatchewan; on January 7th I handed over my charge."

The unfortunate lunatic thus escorted out to civilization had gotten badly frozen about the feet, and the exposure caused paralysis of the tongue. However, every kindly care was taken for him, and on February 23, his mind and speech as good as ever, he was discharged. How about his benefactor?

Constable Pedley, relieved of his charge, started back to Chipewyan. At Lac la Biche, as a result of the hardships of his trip, anxiety, and lack of sleep, the brave man himself went violently insane, and was taken to Brandon asylum. In six months he recovered his mind, reported to police headquarters, and was given five months' leave of absence. At the end of his parole, so great is the fascination of this service, Constable Pedley re-enlisted. He is now on the

force, ready at the word of command to start for Labrador, Hudson's Hope, or lone Herschel Island.

Pedley was tried by cold. His brother-in-arms, Corporal Conradi, was baptized by fire. Conradi was doing prairie duty when a fierce fire licked up the summer grass and surrounded the shack where a distant settler lived with his wife and ten little children. The nearby ranchers declared it was impossible to reach the family, but Conradi called back as he galloped off: "You can't call a thing impossible till you try."

The settler, Mr. Young, gives the sequel to the story in his letter to the department: "My wife and babies under God owe their lives to Mr. Conradi. In that awful heat which suffocated horses and live stock and ate up hay and barns like tinder, I was helpless; I thought to see my family burned before my face. I can't praise too highly Conradi's pluck and endurance in the hell of that heat, fighting as he did until he was nearly choked, went on fire, eyebrows blackened, hair and face singed, but burned off his head. He is a brave man; I shall never forget his splendid courage."

#### Bravery at the Bar

Golden, in British Columbia, was a dry town, but the miners were not dry by choice. To the lot of Sergeant Fury, R.N.W.M.P., came an order that to most of us would be a Swireller "staggyver." Times were good, but there was nothing to celebrate with. One miner declared, "My hoops are fallin' off for want of a drink." His comrade replied, "I'm so brittle that I'd break if you hit me." One "Bulldog Carney" evolved a scheme to relieve the situation and incidentally fill his own pockets with gold-dust. He ordered a car-load of whisky. It arrived, and the customers were there. Bulldog was artistic, and would make a ceremony of opening the first case. About him stood and sat the miners, a couple of hundred strong, thirsty and anticipative.

In clinked Sergeant Fury and one constable, with telegraphed orders to "destroy all whisky in Golden." As well

send a two years' child to corral coyotes or pasture wolves, it would seem. But despite snarls and the threat of guns, Sergeant Fury spilled that unlawful whisky in the face of those lawless and thirsty men, and, as Cromwell said when he expelled the Long Parliament, "not a dog barked." For North Portal "blew" in recently with the avowed intention of "showing them some," one Cowboy Jack, a bad man. The guard-book account tells the story with the briefness of a Napoleonic despatch:

"On the 17th instant, I, Corporal Hogg, was called to the hotel to quiet a disturbance. The room was 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 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 not serious. To the doctor Monaghan said that if I hadn't grabbed his gun there'd be another death in Canadian history. All of which I have the honor to report. (Signed) C. HOGG, Corporal.

Note that succinct sentence of the Corporal, "We struggled." The official record attached to Hogg's report by his superior officer reads: "During the arrest of Monaghan the following Government 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." It is too bad about the chair and the screen, and that broken door. Pity that Corporal Hogg could not have arrested his six-shooting desperado in some more lady-like way!

#### Trapper Trapped

A Lonechew Indian is now putting in a life sentence within a Canadian prison. This red trapper beyond the Arctic Circle and had a two-year-old baby. He took the little child to an island and there abandoned her to die of starvation. A Mounted Policeman heard the story from the Indians, followed the wretch to a point nearer the Pole than many explorers reach, got his man. He was taken to the nearest post of the Mounted Police, and then sent outside for trial. To his capturer was given the task of conveying the arrested man to the Barracks at Regina. The brave fellow stocked a canoe with provisions, and the long and hazardous journey up the McKonzie River, being gigantic and the Nemesis of that poor, wee baby whose dying wails in the icy North no human ear had heard.

Great Slave Lake was crossed, the Smith Rapids passed, Athabasca Lake and Athabasca River, and the hundred miles of portage that lead to Edmonton and the Saskatchewan. The railroad took accused and accused to Regina, where Constable No. 307 handed over his prisoner, salted, and fell back three paces. He had no report to make; there was no commendations, no freeworks.

#### The Death of Donaldson

Last summer the writer floated down the Athabasca with a detachment of the Mounted Police, a little party of four men with Inspector Pelletier in command. At Resolution, on Great Slave Lake, we parted company, the police party essaying a patrol from the Mackenzie Basin by way of Artillery Lake, Clinton-Golden Lake, and the Thelon River to salt water on Hudson Bay.

The police were reticent regarding the scope of that expedition, but it was understood that, in addition to establishing the cross-continental route and collecting data of flora, fauna, and mineral wealth, the main object was to seek trace of George F. Caldwell, who two years before set out west and north from Hudson Bay on a government survey, and had not since been heard of.

The writer continued on to the edge of the Arctic, and returned by way of the Peace and the Lesser Slave, reaching civilization in November; but no word of the Pelletier party had yet floated down from Hudson Bay. Donaldson succeeded week, 1908 died, and the new year took its place, January merged into February, and March possessed the land before the news came that eased the tension of anxious hearts. When at last it was learned that the brave little party had forced its way from Great Slave Lake westward to salt water, pride in their achievement was not unalloyed, for it was earned by a note of sadness and vain regret.

Arrived at Hudson Bay, the Pelletier party was augmented by Corporals Donaldson and Reeves. These men, hunting ivory in an open boat, made their way into an immense school of walrus. They managed to kill two, and to get a couple of brutes, and then the rest of the angry herd gathered about the small craft and, according to Reeves, made a determined attack. The side of the boat was penetrated by the tusks of a huge walrus, and both men were thrown into the water. Reeves regained the upturned keel, but Donaldson struck out for shore. He was a good swimmer, and did not know the meaning of fear. In fact, it was his total disregard of danger that had taken him into such a perilous place; for there is no other recorded instance of hunters invading the heart of a walrus-herd.

As Reeves, clinging to the cockle-shell wreck, watched each shoreward stroke of Donaldson, he tells us that he saw one gigantic animal make for the swimming man. A cry went out across the lone waters of the Northern sea, and Donaldson sank. It was the end of a brave life—a life that had been devoted to King and country for years in the silent places on the edge of things.

"Have Done My Best"  
The official maxim of the force is "Maintien le droit," which the constable, or "buck," as he calls himself, freely translates into "Go where you are sent."

Winter closing in, one hard-bitten stripling was sent on two hours' notice to hunt up strayed horses in the Pend d'Oreille. It is cold in winter on the prairie, biting, stingingly cold. There is more than frost-bite to fear. With the breath of the blizzard come the chilling of the heart and brain—coma, delirium, death.

The lone rider knew this, and, knowing it, exulted in the very danger.

"At home they're making merry  
"Neath the white and scarlet berry,"  
hummed he, as he stroked his horse's neck, whispered in his ear, and moved his numbing feet in the stirrups. "Good King Veneslaus looked out on the Feast of Stephen; and you better look out, Pinto, if you let your feet ball up like that." The boy thought aloud the mad running back to the rug days, when, a choir-boy, he sang "O Christmas Tree" with Paddy Oakes and Harrington and Paddy Fitz-Maurice. Where were they now? he wondered. Paddy was in India when last he heard of him, and Paddy had inherited the title and gone in for the heavy. And just when the blizzard struck him, and the reins and the reins and the reins of horse and rider were pierced by the driving bits of ice-steel.

When the anemones were pushing their furry crowns through the snow debris and dried leaves the next spring, a grizzled member of the force on patrol rode into a cut-off corral, and there his eye caught the glint of a red uniform. But let us read the lad's own obituary. The officer picked it up under the skeleton that a wolf had stripped, scribbled on a page torn from a diary: "Lost. Horse dead. Am trying to push ahead. Have done my best."

THE GROWING TRADE OF THE PACIFIC PORTS  
THE launch of the steamship Prince Rupert is an event of importance, not only to the Grand Trunk Railway system, but also to the Dominion. Less than a quarter of a century ago the coasting traffic along the western shores of Canada was trifling, while the trans-Pacific trade was confined to sailing vessels. When the Canadian Pacific Railway Company entered into the steamship business and introduced its famous "Empresses" as mail-carriers to China and Japan, its enterprise was looked upon as more in the light of a good advertisement than a paying proposition; today not only are there two or three other well-known British steamship companies operating a regular service of large liners from Vancouver and Victoria to Japan, China and Australasia, but Japanese as well as American companies have also fine vessels crossing the Pacific which visit Canadian ports. One of the objects of the present visit of the chairman of the C.P.R. to England is understood to be the allotment of contracts for still larger "Empresses" for the ocean route of the company, and more vessels of the "Princess" type for its coasting traffic. The Prince Rupert is to be the first of many "Princes" built to run under the flag of the C.P.R. in friendly rivalry with those of the C.P.R.; and the more closely the trend of events is examined, the more reasonable does it appear to be to anticipate that there will be ample freight and passengers for all. By the time the port of Prince Rupert is connected with the Grand Trunk system, being alongside its wharf doubling sea 10,000-ton "Empresses" lying alongside its wharves waiting to transfer transcontinental mails and passengers across the Pacific Ocean at a far higher speed than any vessel now operating is capable of making.



A Member of Canada's Mounted Police bringing home his prisoner