

saloons comprised the settlement of Dufferin.

Waiting to welcome it were the officers and men of A, B and C Troops with additional supplies, half-breed guides and herders to drive the extra stock. The camp was splendidly located on the north side of the Boundary Commission grounds, and the new arrivals made good use of the commission's buildings.

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And here in B Troop was Reg. No. 289 (later changed to 52), Sub-Cst. William Grain. He had been engaged at Fort Garry on May 10, substituting for Reg. No. 93, Sub-Cst. H. Moffatt who resigned in disgust after being reduced in rank from acting constable and acting hospital sergeant. Born at Wingham, Ont., on Jan. 20, 1850, the son of John Thomas Grain a British Army officer who had come to Canada with General Pilkington, he had received his education at Rochford Military Academy and upon graduating had eventually turned up at the Red River.

On the night of the day following the union of the '73 and '74 men, a storm broke over the camp. High winds lashed hail and rain down with stinging velocity, forked lightning streaked across the sky and thunder shook the earth.

About 10 o'clock everyone was ordered to turn out. The horses were corralled in an enclosure of stakes and cable beyond which the wagons were arranged in a circle. The storm worsened until it reached cyclonic proportions, and the lightning seemed closer. The canvas coverings on the wagons were ripped open by the first strong gusts. Terrific claps of thunder, the driving rain, howling wind and flapping canvases frightened the horses into a frenzy. Rearing and plunging, they battered

the makeshift barrier with frantic hoofs until it finally gave way, and screaming wild the maddened animals broke free.

Straight toward the camp they raced, and human efforts to stop that living avalanche of terror-stricken horses availed nothing. Fortunately a flash of lightning revealed the main body of the camp directly in the way, and the stampede shied off past the shouting men. But it had already wreaked havoc; wagons were overturned, tents flattened and several men had been knocked down and injured. Reg. No. 190, Act. Cst. W. Latimer's scalp was partially shorn and pulled down over his forehead, but luckily there were no other serious casualties.

In the general uproar some of the men, including Mitchell, had vaulted to the backs of a few animals as the horde dashed by, and Bagley coming across one that had been unable to break away quickly saddled it and joined the others to help recover the runaways. For the next 24 hours he was without rest or food and when his mount walked into camp at midnight of June 21 fatigue had exacted its toll — fast asleep in the saddle, he was so used up that he had to be lifted off and put to bed.

Though this renowned stampede caused delay at the time, it may actually have been a blessing in disguise for it impressed on all the necessity of taking greater precautions against a similar happening later on. Had it occurred on the plains, leaving the men stranded in an unknown territory, the history of the Force undoubtedly would have run a different course.

But conditions still were unfavorable. The rain had left the heavy loam in such a sticky and boggy state that it would have been sheer folly to start out before the ground dried. In the days that followed, last-minute preparations kept everyone busy. Many adjustments were made: men were transferred to bring up the strength of A, B, and C Troops; transport packed and arranged, and beef, cattle bought,