

bird protect it from the frosts of winter."

As an example of tact, I quote the case of Major Walsh, who in 1873 had occasion to deal with Sitting Bull, the fighting Sioux chief, who after the Custer massacre, had come across into Canadian territory, flushed with victory and with over 2,000 warriors in his camp. Walsh, with three Mounted Policemen, rode into the camp at night, and slept there unconcernedly. In the morning Walsh had an interview with Sitting Bull and told him with skill but with firmness that he and his warriors must be peaceful on this side of the line, and the chief promised readily and kept his word. Some time later, when he was promised an amnesty, the redoubtable warrior, on the advice of Walsh, whom he trusted implicitly, returned to the American side.

As an example of fearlessness, out of an endless number I recall the following incident:—

In the early '80's, when the Canadian Pacific Railway was being constructed across the prairie towards the Rockies, a Cree chief named Pie-a-Pot left his reserve contrary to law, and gathering a large and well-armed band of turbulent Indians, undertook to stop railway construction by camping on the right-of-way. The railway men worked up towards the camp, but Pie-a-Pot laughed at their requests to move, and his young bucks raced their ponies around the engineers, discharging firearms and acting dangerously. The engineers wired to Regina headquarters of the Mounted Police, and soon an order came to the nearest little post at Maple Creek: "Trouble on the railway; tell Indians to move on." There were only two policemen at the post, a sergeant and a constable, but they rode out at once, and when they reached the Indian camp Pie-a-Pot sat smoking before his tent and laughed defiantly. The policemen rode up to him and sat on their horses, the sergeant pulling out his tel-

egram and telling Pie-a-Pot that the police headquarters said he was to move out of the way. All the time the sergeant was giving this order, scores of armed braves circled around, discharging their firearms and backing their po-



CROWFOOT—Famous Chief of the Blackfeet

nies up against the policemen, who remained motionless. After a while the sergeant pulled out his watch and said to the defiant chief: "I will give you ten minutes to start moving, and if you do not I will help to get you going." The jeers and defiance on the part of the Indians continued till the sergeant said: "Time's up." Dismounting quickly, he threw the reins to the constable, leaped over Pie-a-Pot's squatting figure, through the tenee door, and kicked out the centre pole, bringing the tent down on the chief and his squaws. Then he told the prostrate Pie-a-Pot to