



The Royal North-West Mounted Police, who are to be retained for another period in Alberta and Saskatchewan.
Photograph by Byron-May Co., Edmonton.

PEOPLE AND PLACES

Little Stories by Land and Sea, concerning the folk who move hither and thither across the face of a Big Land.

THE RIDERS OF THE PLAINS.

ALBERTA is naturally glad that the mounted police are to be retained in that province five years after the termination of the present arrangement between the Dominion and Provincial authorities. Alberta without mounted police would be difficult to imagine. The advance of civilisation and the bringing in of the local town constable has not lessened the need for the "riders of the plains." The work has changed. The need is still as great as in the days of whisky smugglers and horse thieves. The Provincial Government has for some time felt that the work of the police should be more directly under the surveillance of the attorney-general of the province. Be that as it may, the riders of the plains are able to police the country much more effectively and cheaply than any other kind of constabulary that could be devised.

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THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

ONLY the fittest survive. That truism of nature is being proved again, this time in British Columbia. Near Hazelton, in the northern part of that province, the Indians of the Kispiox tribe for many moons have hunted and fished and died. Now comes the invading white settler, who squats down and calls his own the pastures of the children of the forest. Naturally, they resent his aggressive attitude. Their protests have been heard. About a month ago, Indian Commissioner Steadman, Ottawa, held a pow-wow with the braves with a view to straightening out the tangle. His diplomacy, however, met with but temporary success. The situation of late has become menacing. The other day a tragic story leaked out of the upper country of the finding of the body of a man riddled with the bullets of a redman sharpshooter.

The *Victoria Daily Colonist* recently published a word of admonition to the officials in whose province falls the control of the Indian situation. The editorial said in part:

"If our information is correct the case of the Indians of Northern British Columbia is one that will need very careful handling. At present, there is no real danger. Nothing more than what may be described as a general condition of unrest. * * * We feel very sure that with promptness, firmness and fairness any serious trouble can be avoided, but we would like to impress upon every one the absolute necessity of avoiding anything like politics in the discussion of this subject. No matter what we may think—and we do not suggest for a moment that anything has occurred calling for adverse criticism from a political point of view—it is of the greatest importance that the northern Indians should be given to understand that the white people are a unit in this matter. It is also important that the Indians should be impressed with the power of the Government to control the situation, if it should unhappily become necessary to resort to force. They must be made to understand that whatever their claims may be, they will only be adjusted by peaceable means, that the Government—and in a matter of this kind the Federal and Provincial Governments should act as a unit—is strong enough to preserve the peace and to punish all who violate the law. As to the way in which this should be demonstrated it may be a little too soon to express an opinion, further than to say that it

is desirable, as long as possible, to avoid any appearance of coercion; but we feel very sure that during the coming winter, if not before, all doubt on that point should be removed from the minds of the Indians."

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THE PASSING OF A PIONEER.

GAVIN HAMILTON is dead. The autocrat of the Cariboo belonged to another day, another civilisation in the north when the wild alone called, and a degree from an engineering school had nothing to do with the choice of a career among the redman and his squaw. His life was crammed with romantic incidents which if set down would rival those of the redoubtable Colonel Cody. He started auspiciously by running away to sea from his father's home in the Orkneys. The good ship *Norman Morrison* dumped him off in British Columbia in 1853. Then he got a clerkship in the Hudson's Bay Company through the efforts of his relenting parent. The callow clerk proved his mettle by going up the Fraser one day and bagging three stout grizzlies single-handed. That feat made him a big chief among the Indians and tickled the fancy of Peter Ogden, the greatest factor of them all at that time. He became deputy to Ogden at Stewart's Lake and there was promptly smitten with the charms of the factor's daughter and married her. At the death of the patriarch, he succeeded to his honours and ruled over a vast area of territory till a few years ago, when he resigned from the service of the Hudson's Bay Company.

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RAILROADS IN THE NORTH.

BILLY KEHOE has returned to Edmonton and is talking of his travels. For the past seven weeks, he has been seeing that the boys vote right for J. K. Cornwall at Peace River. Between the spasms of the election, Billy has kept his eyes noting the progress of civilisation in the hinterland of Alberta. The other day he was chatting with a *Standard* reporter as to the railway situation and remarked:

"The railroads are going into that north country, and going in there in the immediate future. You are certainly going to see one of the greatest railway races in the history of the North American continent within the next two years for the last feasible pass in the Rockies. In Edmonton here we see a survey party go out into the wilds and pay but little attention to the incident, scarcely considering it worth while to inquire their destination. Out there it is different. The advent of the railway means the real birth of the country, and the pioneers are watching with most careful eye every move of every party in the north. Railroad talk is the one unfailing topic, and railroad guesses and prognostications are to be met on every hand. But the one first best guess, and the one point on which all in the north are agreed, is that both the C. P. R. and the C. N. R. are pointed due northwest to the Pine River Pass, and that the next great race in the railroad world is going to be between these two roads and it will be for this pass."

The Hon. Charles Murphy, who has been touring the West, also says that railway and crop conversation is the only kind that goes out there.



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