

of a first-rate type could meet the requirements.

Soon after Butler's recommendation Sir John A. Macdonald, then Premier of Canada, himself introduced in the House of Commons "a Bill respecting the administration of justice and the establishment of a police force in the North-West Territories." So the famous corps was organized in 1873. In looking over this Act, the other day, I was interested to find this particular clause: "No person shall be appointed to the police force unless he be of sound constitution, able to ride, active and able-bodied, of good character and between the ages of 18 and 40 years, nor unless he be able to read and write either the English or the French language." These men were to patrol and keep in order many a frontier. And their task was to be no child's play. For the frontier always speaks out and says in the words of Robert Service:—

"Send not your foolish and feeble; send
me your strong and your sane:
Strong for the red rage of battle; sane,
for I harry them sore.
Send me men girt for the combat, men
who are grit to the core.
Them will I gild with my treasure;
them will I feed with my meat;
But the others—the misfits, the fail-
ures — I trample them under my
feet."

That the Mounted Police were of the type demanded by the frontier some of us know well. During the second Riel Rebellion I served in the same brigade with them and can vouch for their splendid physical strength, their tremendous powers of endurance, their unflinching stamina and their marvellous skill as plainsmen. And to illustrate the point as to their physical qualities, I recall that a detachment of them went over on the occasion of Queen Victoria's Jubilee under Major (now Commissioner) A. B. Perry.

Having campaigned with Perry, I had word in Winnipeg, and meeting

them there as they passed through, saw them fall in to the bugle call after a few hours' stop-over at that point. The men looked like models for the statue of Apollo, and with the clear eye, bronzed faces and alert movement born of their clean and healthful outdoor life on the plains, they were goodly to behold. As to their moral character, when a remark was made that it was generally looked on as rather a dangerous thing to let a body of men loose amid the temptations of a strange city, Perry replied: "That has no bearing on these men, even though there was a saloon on every corner. Every man feels that the honour and good name of the force depends on his individual conduct, and so he can be trusted." And when in London, the Mounted Police won golden opinions, not only for their splendid appearance, but for their gentlemanly conduct.

The most remarkable thing in the history of the Mounted Police was the way in which they kept peace amongst the thousands of Indians on the great plains, even though the disappearance of the buffalo and the incoming of immigration changed the whole face of the world for these red-skinned children of the wild. This was accomplished by the Police by real guardianship, tact and fearlessness, as well as absolute fairness in their dealing with the wards of the nation.

As an illustration of the way in which the Indians recognized how the Police had guarded them against the exploitation by traders and gamblers, I quote the famous Crowfoot, chief of the powerful Blackfeet tribe, who always remained loyal to British interests. At one of the treaties in 1877, Crowfoot, whom I remember well as a very fine specimen of manhood, made a great speech by the camp-fire, in the course of which he paid a fine tribute to the Mounted Police, concerning whom he said in his picturesque way, "They have protected us as the feathers of the