

# THE TAMING OF THE WEST BY N. W. M. P.

The Royal North-West Mounted Police have no Roll of Honor—no Victoria Cross, no Distinguished Conduct Medal, no decoration of their own for distinguished conduct "in the field." Nor do they need one. Membership of such a force as the R.N.W.M.P. is in itself a distinction that is a passport to pluck, a bulletin of bravery, and a certificate of character that is never court publicity. They never boast of what they have done. To them, it is "all in the day's work."

But there are many deeds to their credit which cannot be buried in the oblivion of blue books, and which might well be gathered into a "livre d'or" to rank with the best works on the world's Roll of Honor.

Some of these have been collated in a form as praiseworthy as it is profoundly interesting in A. L. Haydon's "Riders of the Plains," in which may be read some of the anecdotes by which this story of "Canada's Own" seeks justification.

## Fighting the Fever Fiend

It was "all in the day's work" to Corporal D. B. Smith, when he found himself face to face with a fever fiend at the Norway House Post on the north corner of Lake Winnipeg. Diphtheria and scarlet fever had broken out in virulent form in the district. Indians and "Half Breeds" were dying by the score. Day by day, ravaged the district, the solitary policeman tended the sick, and was doctor, nurse and lawyer in turn as he passed from one stricken bedside to another. And at the end, when dread disease claims its victim for death, it was he who dug the grave and performed the last rites over the corpse. Untiring in effort, fearless in his unaccustomed and new work, did the Corporal earn promotion for these simple, but splendid, acts of devotion.

Of such heroism, a hundred stories might be told. The Northwest Mounted Policeman must be a man, not only of fortitude and endurance, of courage and character, but of initiative and resource. To the true patrolman of the plains nothing comes amiss. There is no end to his energies, just as there seems no beginning to the bravery that has made his name a by-word for all times and in all places.

To anyone who knows the Mounted Police at all intimately, the official reports sent in by non-commissioned officers and constables on duty have their amusing side. They are amusing not for what is said, but what is left unsaid. Their bareness of detail is almost indecent in the suggestion of the exposures they might, if they dared reveal. Here is a model of their reticence in report, whose author was stationed at the time at North Portal, near the boundary line:

## Just a "Disturbance"

"On the 17th inst., I, Corporal Hogg, was called to the hotel to quiet a disturbance. I found the room 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 behind and put him inside. His head being in bad shape, I had to engage the services of a doctor, who dressed his wound. 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.

Sd. "C. HOGG, Corporal."

What sort of a "disturbance" this was can best be surmised from a statement added to this report by Corporal Hogg's superior officer. "During the arrest of Monaghan," it says, "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." In fact, quite a little seems to have occurred between "We struggled" and "Finally!"

## Tracking a Story

With a member of the R. N. W. M. P. the fear of gush is the beginning of wisdom. To "nose" out and extract a story of his experiences from one of the force

requires keener detective work and greater diplomacy than was ever used in tracking or treating with a redskin. If you don't believe me, try for yourself on Major J. H. McIlree, I.S.O., the distinguished Assistant Commissioner of the R. N. W. M. P., of whose exploits I succeeded in securing for the Colonist Sunday



Colonel S. M. Steele, C. B., M. V. O.  
Former Supt. R. N. W. M. P.

Magazine three or four weeks ago. Assistant Commissioner McIlree, who has come recently to live in Victoria, is now retired, but his retirement has only added to his other, and inherent, retirement. You may cajole or "trick" this distinguished officer into an



Headquarters Staff, R. N. W. M. P., Regina, 1910.  
(Standing) Inspector, J. E. Burnett, Veterinary Surgeon; Inspector R. S. Knight, Adjutant.  
(Sitting) Major J. H. McIlree Asst. Com. Missioner; Lt.-Col. A. Bowen-Perry, C. M. G., Commissioner; G. Pearson-Bell, M. D., Surgeon.

anecdote redounding to the credit of a comrade, but his own claims to honor he keeps subtly hid in a forest of reserve, which even the sunbeams of fancy can scarce penetrate.

## 500 Miles With a Madman

So it is with such silent heroes as Sergeant Field and Constable Pedley, whose long, lonely jour-



Police Dog Team, Dalton Trail Post, 1898.  
Dr. S. M. Fraser, on Right

neys over snow and ice with raving madmen seem phantoms of some frenzied imagination rather than true stories of simple duty nobly done. It is a tragic feature of life in the unsettled parts of the great Northwest that some would-be homesteaders are driven insane by the strain of hard-

ship and the awful loneliness of their lives. Or it may be an Indian or a stranger from "down East" whose mind gives way on some ice-bound desert of despair. In such cases as these, the Mounted Police once again are called in to take charge; and owing to the small strength of the detachments, such a hazardous journey is generally a "one man job."

The story of Constable Pedley's 500-mile journey over ice and snow, river and ravine, with a mad missionary is beyond description in a few words. Sergeant Field was the hero of several long-distance journeys, of which one of the hardest was made with an Indian lunatic from Fort McKay on the Athabasca river to Fort Saskatchewan, another five hundred-mile trip, taking seventeen days to accomplish. Most of the way across country there was no trail. The strain on the dog team was increased by the constant violence of the redskin maniac, who often had to be strapped to the sled as he fought and bit like a mad dog. Another feat of somewhat similar nature was performed by Sergeant Field in 1904, when he was sent to arrest an Indian desperado, who was wanted on a charge of deserting his adopted children, whom he left in the bush to be devoured by wolves. After six months' pursuit, the arrest was effected and the witnesses secured. The next stage in the proceedings was to escort all concerned to Edmonton, a thousand miles away. For 667 miles Sergeant Field and his

as Sergeant Field or such a force, for that, even the loneliest and most inaccessible quarter of this vast Dominion, the law enforced by the Royal Northwest Mounted Police is a living thing that no man, red or white, dare set at naught?

## Quelling a Riot

An instance of the dauntless courage and reckless daring which has ever been characteristics of all Canada's Mounted Police force may be told, which occurred during the serious railway construction strike in the spring of '85. The scene was at Golden, the little mining town in the Rockies. The British Columbian detachment in the Rockies was then under the command of the redoubtable Inspector Sam Steele, who, with Assistant Commissioner McIlree, joined the force at its inception, and who is now a colonel in the Canadian forces. On the significant date of the 1st of April, 1885, some 1200 railway workmen struck, and openly threatened acts of violence against both the property and the staff of the railway. At Golden the tough element among the strikers, reinforced by a number of notorious bad characters who had drifted to the spot in quest of plunder, started the "fun." Constable Kerr, one of Inspector Steele's two men, had occasion to arrest a contractor, a desperado of note, and one known to be in active collusion with the strikers. The constable was attacked by a large crowd of strikers and toughs, from whom he barely escaped with his life. Enters now upon the scene Sergeant Fury. As his name suggests, Sergeant Fury was "a determined, bulldog little man," to whom fear was the one thing always deserving of death. Off went little Fury like a Nemesis of the Northwest, to avenge outraged order. He found his man in a saloon, surrounded by as rowdy and ugly-looking a gang of "gaggers" as one could wish not to meet. Without any ado, the Sergeant seized his man and hauled him out, only to lose his prisoner in a rush of the strikers, who politely intimated that another attempt at arrest would mean a vacancy in the police ranks. Nothing daunted, and armed with authority (and a revolver), Sergeant Fury said his instructions were to seize the offender, and to shoot anyone who interfered. These instructions he carried out promptly and to the letter. Having seized his man for the third time, and put one ring-leader of the rioters out of action with a bullet in his shoulder, Fury with two comrades started off for the barracks with the contractor nicely "contracted," and the mob of shouting strikers at their heels. Outnumbering, the three police by nearly fifty to one, they were determined to get their ally out of the clutches of the law. As the constables dragged their prisoner over a narrow wooden bridge spanning a mountain stream, there was a cry of "Now, boys!" Knives and revolvers flashed out quickly, and just as the fierce little Fury turned to cover his men an unexpected reinforcement appeared. Full speed down the road from the barracks came Inspector Steele, a revolver in one hand, a sword in the other.

"Now," he exclaimed, facing the infuriated mob, "the first man who sets foot on this bridge will be buried beneath it."

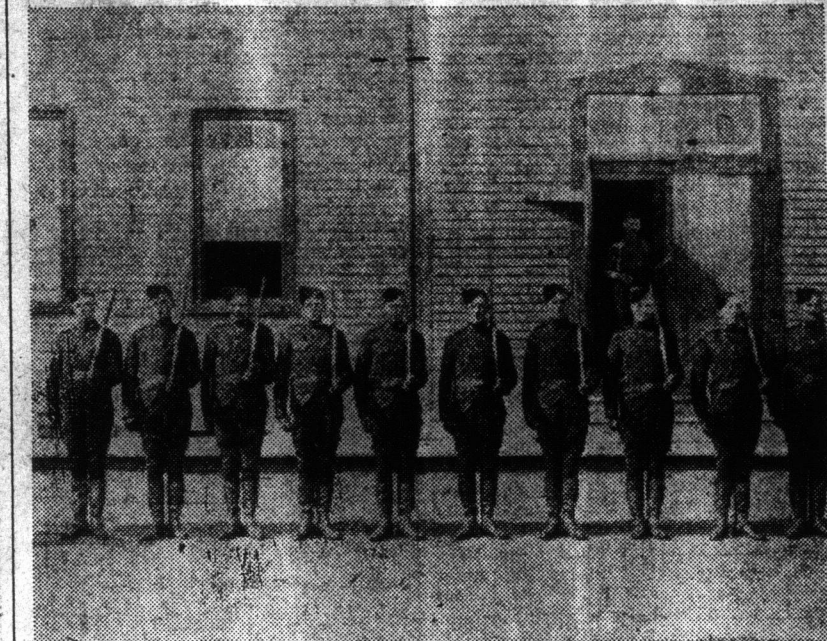
The crowd hung back from the grim figure of the man confronting them. Sam Steele was "stiff stuff" and a man of his word. It meant certain death to him who dared to make the first move. Such was the regard in which the power and personality of the Police was held that, though plenty of "guns" were out, not one was loosed; not a man of them having the nerve to fire a single shot! The contractor and the ring-leaders, who were in turn arrested, under the eye of Sam Steele's muzzle, were fined a hundred dollars each next day, and the strike collapsed. It really wasn't a good enough game with Sam Steele, Fury & Co. about. Nor was there any more trouble at Golden for a long time.

## The Avengeing "Fury"

Of the ferocious Sergeant Fury many a good story is told. One that may be called to mind has cover of the guns and knives, the fearless Fury than afd there tapped those kegs and spilled the whiskey as per orders. Simple? Yes; but a bit nerve-trying; when one remembers the "sing-me-to-sleep" shooters the British Columbia mining towns then harbored.

for its scene the same town of Golden. When the railway construction camps were scattered through the mountains, the Police were kept busy enforcing the whiskey-selling regulations. Many a "blind pig" got "stuck," until the squeals of the illicit spirit swine made Golden almost a prohibition town, much to the

Many persons claim that all the exciting days of the "wild and woolly West" are over, and that "we don't do that sort of thing nowadays." This is only true in a sense. The rigid but tactful and eminently just enforcement of the law has certainly brought cosmos out of confusion in the Western provinces. But, though acts of



Squad of Scouts, Regina Barracks

disgust of the miners and railway workers alike.

One day a daring spirit among them, known as "Bulldog Carney," ordered and received an entire carload of whiskey. A host of cronies were invited to sluice themselves with "samples." When things were getting merry, the avenging Fury and two con-

extreme violence are far less frequent than they were, of course, in those pioneer days, such things will still happen "even in the best regulated families." Nor is there any proof needed that whenever occasion should arise the present members of the force will honorably uphold the finest traditions of their predecessors. With



In Winter Dress.  
(Walking Out Order, Without Bandoliers)

stables suddenly strode in.

"My orders," said Sergeant Fury, producing his warrant, "are to destroy all whiskey in Golden." The "boys" knew it was all U. P. Every manjack of them would gladly have seen the policemen riddled like sieves, but though "guns" were out and threats were plentiful, not a hand was laid upon any of the three. Under the

the corps today, "Maintiens le Droit" is no empty phrase and the "Canada's Own" "maintain the right" today as fearlessly and honorably as in the old days of "bad men" and worse whiskey.

Let me tell one story illustrative of this, and I have done. It is not so long ago since we had a striking illustration of what one M. P. man can do to assert his au-



R. N. W. M. P. Post at White Horse, Yukon.

thority. The anecdote has quite a flavor of the past. At Weyburn, a small town near the frontier, the more or less peaceful and law-abiding citizens were one day disturbed by a visit from an Idaho "bad man"—one of the never-to-be-taken-alive-and-die-in-my-boots" class. This "Hell-fire

humorist" paraded the streets, taking pot-shots at the hotel verandas, and all that were thereon—so to speak. Whenever an Inquisitive or apprehensive citizen put his head out of the windows, he was told to withdraw it quickly if he didn't want it perforated. One prominent member of the community had to suffer the indignity of holding up his hat in the middle of the street, while the Idaho "terror" riddled it with bullets. On being threatened with the police, he replied, "Thar ain't no Johnny Canuck kin arrest me. An' I'll bet 25 dollars to a trouser button no (adjective) Northwest Mounted Policeman is goin' to hold up my show!"

This was a challenge that had to be taken up, and the local J. P. phoned to Halbrite (the nearest police post). Very soon in galloped Constable Lett. Unearthly the retreat of the "wild and woolly one" from Idaho, he advanced to make the arrest. Instantly the man's hand flew to his hip-pocket, but the constable was too quick with him. There was a sharp but sanguinous struggle on the floor, and Lett got off his man with the ruffian's loaded revolver in his grip. Then the policeman said curtly, "Hands up!"—and "hands up" it was! The bracelets were slipped upon his wrists, and the broken-in-bully was marched off to jail. Constable Lett got promotion, and the prisoner got penal servitude.

Such stories might be told almost "ad infinitum"; and even then one would not have told of the highest heroism exhibited by those whose work lies even within the Arctic zone. But that is, indeed, another story!

## NOTHING LIKE IT

They were discussing the things which help a man to obtain success in the world, when one young man said: "There's nothing like force of character. Now, there's Jones. He's sure to make his way in the world. He's a will of his own, you know." "But Brown has something better in his favor," argued his friend. "What's that?"

The recruit was being put through an examination in geography, wherein he proved himself astonishingly ignorant. At last, after a failure on his part of unusual flagrancy, the examiner scowled at him and thundered, "Idiot, you want to defend your country and you don't know where it is."

A London caddy who had left the ranks and taken up cab driving, sued a woman for not paying him the legal fare, and his constant remark in court was: "She ain't a lady."

"Do you know a lady when you see one?" asked the judge.

"I do, yer honor. Last week a lady gave me a sov'r'n instead of a shilling, and I called back 'Beg pardon, madam, I've got a sov'r'n instead of a shilling.' And she shouts back, 'Well, you old fool, keep the change and get drunk on it!' That's wot I calls a lady!"

Photographer—Say! Pardon me! But that's the third time you've covered your face with a handkerchief just as I was ready. Subject—I know, but I can't help it. I've been indicted a good deal lately, and I got the habit trying to dodge newspaper photographers.—Puck.

The artist was painting—sunset, red with blue streaks and green dots.

The old rustic, at a respectful distance, was watching. "Ah," said the artist, looking up suddenly, "perhaps to you, too, Nature has opened her sky pictures page by page. Have you seen the lambent flame of dawn leaping across the livid east; the red-stained sulphurous insects floating in the lake of fire in the west; the ragged clouds at midnight, black as a raven's wing, blotting out the shuddering light?—Excuse me, but I can't help thinking I have met you before.

She—All right, don't worry about it.

moon?" "No," replied the rustic, sharply; "not since I gave up drink."