

minor grievances were aired and attended to, then speeches were given regarding the welfare of the people. These concluded, the Indians received their money and the meeting ended with respect and good friendship on all sides. Later the Indians feasted and danced.

In early morning of June 28 Bouvier and I regretfully parted with John Routh whose company and assistance had proved so valuable. Fortune favoured us on this last lap of our journey for we travelled with all our equipment aboard the Department of Mines and Resources schooner *Pilot* part of the way, disembarking that afternoon and arriving a

few hours later at Providence.

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WE had been absent 26 days and gone 768 miles. As guide and interpreter Bouvier had proved himself very competent. Our trip in one respect was the exception rather than the rule in that we saw numerous black bear, moose and other animals. Usually on such excursions very little game is seen. That we saw so much is partly due to the fact that the rough waters of Hay river are not conducive to travel and have kept man at a distance. A sort of natural preserve exists in this great wooded domain where animals of the wild roam undisturbed.

The Scarlet Cunic

THE red coat was a respected symbol of law and order in the pioneer days of the West as it is today. The red-coated mountie on his horse was a welcome visitor to the tiny communities that were sparsely spread across the vast prairies in an earlier time, and his reputation for tracking down the law-breaker made him an ominous figure to those who had reason to fear the law.

Regina Leader-Post.

Ith Chat Cho

THE corporal thumbed through the complaint book. Suddenly he paused, flipped a page back. One entry caught his eye.

"Strange", he mused. "What farmer in this district ever had that many pigs?"

He summoned Constable Green, a recent arrival from "Depot" Division. "That report about the pigs", said he, pointing to the book, "you're sure you got it down right?"

The young constable glanced at the writing, nodded. "That's what the complainant said. I took the call myself. There were 2,025 pigs stolen from his place last night."

The N.C.O. shook his head incredulously. "That's a lot of pork. I'd better check on it."

He reached for the phone, and was soon talking to the farmer. "This is the R.C.M.P. Are you the man who lost 2,025 pigs?"

"Yeth, I am", came a lisping voice.

The corporal grinned abruptly. "We'll look after it", he said and hung up.

Still grinning, he looked at the constable. That's what the man said all right", he announced. "Notify the local butchers to be on the look-out for black-market meat."

He pulled the complaint book closer, picked up a pen, drew a line through the number 2,025 and wrote in 27.