

ancient—ancient beyond the imaginings of those who pass it daily.

Left behind by the receding glaciers, it lay for countless years untouched, while round it life slowly came into being upon the face of the earth.

The buffalo grazed around it. The Red Man knew it, and wove one of his ancient myths about it: and while the western prairies lay quiet and unknown, remote from pomp and tumult and all the striving and passion and heart-break and triumph and evanescent glory which form the warp and woof of what we are pleased to call History—the Stone rested where it had fallen from the glacier face, and the years smote upon it and it remained unchanged.

Then the white man came. His herds replaced the vanished buffalo: and hard upon the heels of the men of the open range came the men of the soil. Their ploughs tore up the ancient sod that a young and growing nation might be fed—and feed others. Their fences slashed across the face of the country, their roads grid-ironed the rolling western land, and the iron bands of their railroads completed the taming of the West.

But even before these men laid their hands upon the plains there had come others, few in number, but wearing the Great Queen's Scarlet, and, in Her Name, bearing with them the Law. It was these men who were, in later years (though they had no foreknowledge) to be linked imperishably with the Stone.

In the fullness of Time, men came and stood about the Stone, and talked and measured, and then brought horses and wag-gons, and with much labour they lifted the Stone from its bed and bore it to the City.

There they set it up at the eastern end of the principal street of the City with pomp and ceremony. There were bands of music, and mounted men in scarlet, and other men in khaki, and many of the people of the City. A Bishop blessed it and there were speeches, and then they fixed a plate of bronze with an inscription on it upon the broad breast of the Stone, to tell those who might come after why it had been set up in that place.

For close on thirty years the Stone stood in its place of honour within the City, and

men and women passed by intent upon their own affairs, and few paused to look at it, or even to remember why it had been set up.

Then, in the Holy Name of Business Necessity, the Stone was rudely uprooted from its place, and those who toppled it to the ground were well pleased with the work of their hands—but only for a space—for they found that there were many within the City who deemed them shameful—and their deed a crime. And they were amazed.

For nigh upon a year—while men wrangled—and excuses and promises of redress were made—the Stone lay where it had been cast—befouled and soiled.

Then, men came to it again, and moved it a little distance to a plot of grass, and there they set it up again to stand higher than it had before, because they set it firmly upon a base of two steps, to face into the South-west, toward the mountains whence it had come so long ago.

After this, upon a day appointed, men and women came to the Stone again—not so many as there had been when first it was raised up within the City—but enough—and they, each one of them, had memories that ran back far, as men reckon time.

And there were men in scarlet, wearing the Stetson that marks the men of the Mounted Police, and others, older men than those in uniform, but these men also bore a badge, a band of scarlet and gold about their right arms, to show that they too had once worn the uniform, and counted themselves honoured thereby.

And the others, the men and women who wore no uniform nor badge, in sooth needed none, for they bore in their hearts the memories of the old days when they and the West were very, very young.

Once more, in the sonorous and stately language of the Church, a Bishop consecrated the Stone to the memory, not only of the Police Post which marked the beginnings of Cal Garry ("Clear Running Water" in our English speech—Calgary, the City of the Foothills—as we know it today) but also to the memory of the men who had served, not only in the City, but wheresoever the call of duty had taken them throughout the Land: and especially in