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THE NEW WEST.

BY L'INCONNU.



NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE.



I HAVE never got away from that memory of my childhood's home on the outskirts of the little country town. I can see it yet, the hollyhocks, and the long old garden, with the two steel rails at the foot, shining like gold in the sun as they drew nearer together till they passed out, between the drop in the hills, to the far North-West. There was a fascination about those rails for my childish mind, a something that drew me always after the two shining lines leading beyond the hills.

On the wall of the roomy old kitchen within hung an immense map of North America, the United States, on the lower half, all dotted with cities and lined with railways. On the upper half was Canada, for the most part a vast yellow waste, with just

the rivers wriggling through. But ere long my childish ears heard talk of other steel rails than those at the garden end, or a great railroad that was to stretch across the continent on Canadian soil.

Gray-haired men sat and discussed the problem, the cost, the difficulties. These they talked of till the picture became quite plain to my imagination. I could see the vast rocky region about Lake Superior, the deep lakes and mighty rivers. There was the black line of the Red River on the map, and across that, they talked of a great plain stretching for a thousand miles, known only to the fur-trader and the Indians. Further still came range after range of mountains, gigantic and unexplored. The difficulties were legion, and to add to these, the question became one of domestic politics, dividing parties and creating political contentions.

A few years later thousands of