

a peaceful member of the tribe of Crees, which gains a precarious existence on the shores of the big bay. Big John had gone suddenly and violently insane, and for the space of a year terrorized a whole district. Weighing 250 pounds and a giant in stature, he killed three Indians before the big white father intervened on behalf of his terrified children, and ordered that he be removed. Lashed to a dog sled, Chakison was, in the spring of 1900, brought to Moose Factory over 500 miles of ice and snow and chained in an open field at the post.

When news of his arrival reached headquarters at Ottawa, Commissioner of Police Sherwood called Constable Giroux into his office.

"There is a big Indian at Moose Factory who has been behaving badly. I want you to bring him down to Hamilton Asylum," he said.

"Yes, sir," replied the constable, and started on his way. It was a journey of some 500 miles from Cochrane, the end of steel, to Moose Factory, but it seemed longer coming back. John Chakison attended to that. Straitjacketed though he was, the mad Cree had every night to be strapped to a tree while on the canoe journey; the voyagers never knew what moment their raving passenger, bound as he was, would upset their frail craft.

Yes, Constable (now Sergeant) Giroux thought his day's work was not wholly useless. And there were many of his comrades who could have matched it, fellow members of the Dominion police, a body that expects its men to do their duty whatever that duty be.

The Dominion Police Force of Canada, to give it its full title, is an organization created originally by the governments of Upper and Lower Canada before Confederation to take care of the country's buildings and assets at the seat of government, and in time of danger or excitement to guard its public works.

Some twenty to twenty-five millions of money—yours, mine, and the other fellow's—is entrusted to it in the performance of this "useless" duty. Special details have under their care the Canadian mint and the government strong vaults, while Rideau Hall, now the abode of royalty, the House of Commons, archives, militia stores, and other points in Ottawa, as well as the navy yards at Halifax and Esquimalt, also claim supervision.

The Dominion policeman, while on guard duty, must also be a mine of information to visitors and a bar to suspicious characters. He must be a diplomat in his dealings with the public, but is denied the diplomat's privilege of trifling with the truth. He must be ready to forsake city routine for some arduous journey; it may be thousands of miles through the lonely places that divide Indian posts in the far north of Canada, in pursuit of some refractory native, or to some crowded European centre to return to justice an extradited criminal.

In 1901, when the Prince and Princess of Wales, now King and Queen of England, crossed Canada from East to West, and again at the time of the Quebec tercentenary, when their Highnesses again paid this country a visit, the duty of guarding their progress was intrusted to the Dominion police. Needless to say, both visits passed off without a single mishap, although a couple of prematurely gray hairs in the head of the police commissioner pay tribute to the anxiety of that time.

To all these various duties of the Dominion police office there has recently been added the function of recording angel for all the big criminals. A year ago last April the first steps were taken in the establishment of what is known as the Canadian Criminal Identification Bureau, and to-day the system, which is modeled on the Bertillon or finger-