

# THE CIVILIAN

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## "The Useful Man in Blue."

A Side of the Dominion Police Not Usually Seen by the Casual Public.

By John MacCormac.

*"The Civilian," as previously announced, has understood it to be a part of its duty to make known abroad the nature of the work that is being done by the government departments. But it is doubly satisfactory to run across an occasional instance where this duty is being done by others — satisfactory, that is in itself, and because such an experience represents as already in part achieved at least something of the result that "The Civilian" is aiming at, viz., the proper recognition of the important place of the service in the scheme of administration. The following article on the Dominion Police is from Collier's of a recent date. The author is one of the best-known newspaper writers of Ottawa, and readers of this article will agree that his reputation has been well won.*

"Isn't it a pity to see such a fine-looking man doing nothing?"

It was a party of tourists from Toronto. They wanted to "see the Tower," and had just asked the Dominion policeman who stood in front of the centre block of the Parliament buildings at Ottawa to direct them.

"First turn to the right and take the elevator," had replied that official with no waste of words or unnecessary display of gesture. He looked very tall and very erect. He looked very neat, too, in his uniform of blue, red striped as to trousers, and with a broad red and white band around his left arm, the distinguishing mark that indicated he was on duty. But it was Nature's careless prodigality of bone and brawn that had led one of the party to comment on his apparent lack of economic importance in the scheme of things.

"He's so big and it's—well—such a useless-looking thing for a man to do," she explained to her escort as she turned away.

The officer heard. For one instant an observer would have thought he was about to resent the remark. Then he turned and became again a statue in blue, tall, impassive, gazing straight before him. But his steady eyes wore a far-away look. He was thinking of a thousand-mile journey he had once made by canoe and over the wilderness trails, menaced by hunger and hardship, his burden an insane Indian giant and his purpose the transportation of the 250-pound maniac from Moose Factory, on the shores of Hudson Bay, to the Hamilton asylum for the criminal insane.

He was Constable Giroux of the Dominion police, and he was thinking of his day's work. A girl had called it useless, but not so with the Indians on the shores of Hudson Bay, whom superstitious fear had driven from fishing and hunting to Moose Factory, afraid to return until the white man had rid them of the devil that had entered the soul and body of John Chakison. Erstwhile