

through terrible winter weather to a place of safety. It meant watchfulness all day and practically sleepless nights, but it was done without flinching. In another instance, where a blizzard had overtaken a constable in such a case, he had to struggle with the maniac all one night, but he brought him to a post without mishap. Then the constable's own reason gave way under the strain, but a short rest restored him to full possession of his powers.

MODEST REPORTERS

The desire for display was so conspicuously absent from some of the reports sent in by constables as to be positively humorous without being so intended. One Corporal Hogg was stationed at North Portal, near the boundary, on the Soo line. These points are often a kind of "no-man's land," where liberties are taken with the law. His report of an evening's proceedings is a gem of its kind. Here it is: "On the 17th inst. I, Corporal Hogg, was called to the hotel to quiet a disturbance. I found the room full of cowboys, and one Monaghan, or 'Cowboy Jack,' was carrying a gun, and pointed it at me, against Sections 105 and 109 of the Criminal Code. We struggled. Finally I got him handcuffed behind

and put him inside. His head being in bad shape, I had to engage the services of a doctor, who dressed his wound and pronounced it as nothing serious. To the doctor Monaghan said that if I hadn't grabbed his gun there would have been another death in Canadian history. All of which I have the honour to report. (Signed) C. Hogg, Corporal." There is a rich sequel in the report of the case by the superior officer, who says: "During the arrest of Monaghan the following government property was damaged: Door broken, screen smashed up, chair broken, field-jacket belonging to Corporal Hogg spoiled by being covered with blood, wall bespattered with blood." Monaghan seems to have put up a fight worthy of his Donnybrook ancestors, but he had never come across a Northwest Mounted Policeman before. He would probably know better the next time.

It may be possible that Western Canada is now at a stage where the stern but fair methods of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police are no longer a vital necessity, but the final disappearance of the force would remove a historic and picturesque element that would be greatly regretted by the old-timers.

LINES IN MEMORY OF MRS. ALEXANDER FORBES, PIONEER MISSIONARY IN GRANDE PRAIRIE, ALBERTA

All honor to the gallant host
Of those who led the Gospel van
In frontier town and lone outpost,
Where some fierce torrent heedless ran.
Trekking across the boundless waste
Of prairie, o'er some wind-swept trail,
In search of souls, as one in haste,
Who followed hard the "Holy Grail."
Mercy's sweet angel oft was she,
In shack and hospital afar,
Her life a ceaseless ministry,
Pointing to Christ like some fixed star.

Seaforth, Ontario, 1918.

The "Lady of the Lamp," indeed,
To Indian child by fever fanned;
A strength to others in their need,
Who craved the touch of her kind hand.
She journeyed many a toilsome mile,
A friend to all, the learned, the poor;
The stranger stopped to see her smile,
No traveller turned from her door.
Such, and far more, was she, who lies
In glorious grave by Grande Prairie,
Her life a willing sacrifice
To God for frail humanity.

—H. ISABEL GRAHAM.