

CANADA'S SOLDIER POLICE

THEIR DUTIES AND RESPONSIBILITIES IN THE NORTH-WEST.

(Number of Officers and Men in the Force—Their Rate of Pay—Lead the Life of a Regular Soldier in Barracks—Some Incidents of Their Life on the Plains, and Showing Their Coolness in Face of Great Danger.)

In 1873, 150 men were sent to Manitoba from eastern Canada. That was the beginning of the Northwest Mounted Police. The following year, the force, 300 strong, marched to the Rocky Mountains. That was the beginning of the movement which has culminated in the dominating of the whole of the North-west Territories by these men. Within a few years the force was increased to 500 men, and during the Riel rebellion it numbered 1,000. It was divided into ten divisions, each division being designated by a letter and the depot. In 1894, it was reduced to 750 men. Last year there were in the Northwest Territories 548 men; in the Yukon, 184. The ten divisions are posted in different parts of the Northwest. There are three divisional headquarters near the United States boundary line. In each division there are outposts, with from two to ten men each.

The police officers are: a commissioner and an assistant commissioner; and, in each division, a superintendent and two inspectors. At headquarters there are two extra inspectors, one as quartermaster and the other as paymaster. Five surgeons look after the health of the police at the principal posts. A veterinary surgeon and an assistant veterinary surgeon are attached to the force, while each division has a veterinary sergeant to look after the horses. The pay of these several officers is as follows: Commissioner, \$2,600 per year; assistant commissioner, \$1,600 per year; superintendents, \$1,400 per year; inspectors, \$1,000 per year; surgeons and veterinary surgeons, \$1,000; staff sergeants, \$1.25 to \$2.00 per day; duty sergeants, \$1.00 per day; corporals, 85 cents per day; constables, 50 to 75 cents per day.

The full-dress uniform is a scarlet tunic with yellow facings, blue cloth breeches with yellow stripes, white helmet, cavalry boots, and cavalry overcoat. In winter fur coats and moccasins are worn when necessary. A serviceable khaki uniform and cowboy hat are used for rough work on the prairie in summer. In barracks the life is regulated on military principles. Every quarter or half hour the bugle calls the men to some duty—stables, parade, meals, lights out—just as in a military camp. The men have their rations, their mess, and their canteen. Each constable looks after his own horse. Each commissioned officer has a "batsman," or body servant, told off from among the constables. He pays this man \$5.00 per month additional out of his own pocket. The batsman is relieved of guard and some other duties. Mechanics of all descriptions are employed in the force; they do most of the building, and all of the repairing to harness, wagons, buildings, etc.

That's the personnel of the N. W. M. P. on paper. A force of 750 men to guard a territory stretching from the Great Lakes to the Rockies, and from the forty-ninth parallel, to the boundary of the United States, to the Arctic Ocean! How they can accomplish it with such efficiency as they do, guarding half a continent, peopled by warlike Indians, so well that a white man may walk from one end of it to the other, unarmed and alone, with greater security than he could pass from Castle Garden to Harlem in New York City, is just matter of wonder. Here are three illustrations; they, perhaps picture the method:

When Piapot—restless, quarrelsome, drink-loving Piapot—and his swarthy, hawk-faced following of Crees and Saultaux, hundreds of them, spread the circles of their many smoke-tanned tepees near the construction line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, beyond Swift Current, there was inaugurated the preliminary of a massacre, an Indian war, the driving out of the railway hands, or whatever other fanciful form of entertainment the fertile brain of Piapot might devise. The Evil One must have looked down

with satisfaction upon the assembly; there were navies of wonderful and elastic moral construction; bad Indians with insane alcoholic aspirations; subservient squaws; and the keystone of the whole arch of iniquity—whiskey. The railway management sent a remonstrance to the powers. The Lieutenant-Governor issued an order; and two policemen, two plain, red-coated, blue-trousered policemen, rode forth carrying her Majesty's commands. Not a brigade, nor a regiment, nor a troop; not even a company. Even the officer bearing the written order was but a sergeant. With him was one constable. That was the force that was to move this turbulent tribe from the good hunting-ground they had struck to a secluded place many miles away. It was like turning a king off his throne. Piapot refused to move, and treated the bearer of the Pale-face Mother's message as only a black-guard Indian can treat a man who is forced to listen to his insults without retaliating.

The sergeant calmly gave him fifteen minutes in which to commence striking camp. The result was fifteen minutes of abuse—nothing more. The young bucks rode their ponies at the police horses, and jostled the sergeant and his companion. They screamed defiance at him, and fired their guns under his charger's nose and close to his head, as they circled about in their pony spirit-war-dance. When the fifteen minutes were up, the sergeant threw his picket-line to the constable, dismounted, walked over to Chief Piapot's grotesquely painted tepee, and calmly knocked the key-pole out. The walls of the palace collapsed; the smoke-grimed roof swirled down like a drunken balloon about the ears of Piapot's harem. All the warriors rushed for their guns. But the sergeant continued methodically knocking key-poles out, and Piapot saw that the game was up. He had either got to kill the sergeant—stick his knife into the heart of the whole British nation by the murder of this unruffled soldier—or give in and move away. He chose the latter course, for Piapot had brains.

Again: After the killing of Custer, Sitting Bull became a more or less orderly tenant of her Majesty the Queen. With 600 lodges he camped at Wood Mountain, just over the border from Montana. An arrow's flight from his tepees was the Northwest Mounted Police post. One morning the police discovered six dead Saultaux Indians. They had been killed and scalped in the most approved Sioux fashion. Each tribe has a trade-mark of its own in the way of taking scalps: some are broad, some are long, some round, some elliptical, some more or less square. These six Indians had been scalped according to the Sioux design. Also a seventh Saultaux, a mere lad and still alive, had seen the thing done. The police buried the six dead warriors, and took the live one with them to the police post. Sitting Bull's reputation was not founded on his modesty, and with characteristic audacity he came, accompanied by four minor chiefs and a herd of hoodlum warriors, and made a demand for the seventh Saultaux—the boy.

There were twenty policemen backing Sergeant McDonald; with the chief there were at least 500 warriors; so what followed was really an affair of prestige more than of force. When Sitting Bull arrived at the little picket gate of the post, he threw his squat figure from his pony, and in his usual generous, impetuous manner, rushed forward and thrust the muzzle of his gun into Sergeant McDonald's stomach, as though he would blow the whole British nation into smithereens with one pull of his finger. McDonald was of the sort that takes things coolly—he was typical of the force. He quietly pushed the gun to one side, and told the five chiefs to step inside, as he was receiving that afternoon. When they passed through the little gate, he invited them to stack their arms in the yard, and come inside the shack and pow-wow. They demurred, but the sergeant was firm; finally the arms were stacked and the chiefs went inside to discuss matters with the police.

Outside the little stockade it was play-day in Bedlam. The young bucks rode, and whooped, and fired their guns; they disturbed the harmony of the afternoon tea, as the sergeant explained to Sitting Bull. "Send your men away," he told him.

The Sioux chief demurred again. "Send them away," repeated the sergeant, "if you have any authority over them."

At a sign Sitting Bull and the chiefs made toward the door; but there were interruptions—red-coated objections. And the rifles of the chiefs were stacked in the yard outside. Sitting Bull, like Piapot, had brains; likewise was he a good general. He nodded approvingly at this coup d'état, and told one of the chiefs to go out and send the boys away.

When the young bucks had withdrawn to their own camp, the sergeant persuaded Sitting Bull and the others to remain still a little longer, chiefly

by force of the red-coated arguments he brought to bear upon them. "Tarry here, brothers," he said, "until I send Constable Collins and two others of my men to arrest the murderers of the dead Indians. The Saultaux are subjects of the Queen, and we cannot allow them to be killed for the fun of the thing. Also has the boy told us who the murderers are?"

Then Constable Collins—big Jack Collins, wild Irishman and all the rest of it—went over to the Sioux camp, accompanied by two fellow-policemen, and arrested three of the slayers of the dead Indians. It was like going through the Inquisition for the fun of the thing. The Indians jostled and shoved them, and fired their pistols and guns about their ears, whirled their knives and tomahawks dangerously close, and indulged in every other species of torment their vengeful minds could devise. But big Jack and his comrades hung on to their prisoners, and steadily worked their way along to the post.

Not a sign of annoyance had escaped either of the constables up to the time a big Indian stepped up directly in front of Jack Collins and spat in his face. Whirra, whirro! A big mutton-leg fist shot through the prairie air, and the Sioux brave, with broken nose, lay like a crushed moccasin at Jack's feet. "Take that, ye black baste!" he hissed between his clenched teeth. "An' ye've made me disobey orders, ye foul fiend!" Then he marched his prisoner into the post, and reported his misconduct for striking an Indian. The three prisoners were sent to Regina, and tried for the murder. I do not know whether Jack was punished for his handiwork or not, though it is quite likely that he was strongly censured at least.

(To be Continued.)

Jeremy York.

"I am coming to that, sir," said York respectfully. "Everybody was against me whilst I lay in jail awaiting my trial at the assizes; but after I had been sentenced to be hanged, there came a bit of a change in some folk's minds; not that they doubted my guilt, but they thought it hard, perhaps, that a young fellow should die for a crime he swore he had never committed—that he should suffer death on no stronger evidence than some blood-marks and a knife and a coin, when by rights they should have found the murdered man's money upon him, besides making sure that he was dead," glancing as he spoke at Worksop, "by the discovery of his body. Sir, my sweetheart got to hear of this feeling and worked upon it, and got a number of young fellows to hang about the gibbet and shore me up, as is often done, I'm told, after the cart had been drawn away. The rope was too long, my feet touched the ground—that's what they told me. It all went black with me soon after I felt the tightness in my throat; and when I recovered my mind, I found myself in a little cottage some way the Deal side of Sandwich, with my sweetheart, Jenny, kneeling by my side, and a Sandwich barber letting blood from my arm. What was then to be done, sir, being a live man, but to get out of the country as fast as I could? Jenny helped to disguise me, gave me all the money she had, having spent what the owners of my ship had sent her on a lawyer to defend me at the trial; and walking as far as Ramsgate I found a vessel there that wanted a man; and coming to the Thames after a coasting trip, I signed for the West Indian arm out of which I have just been pressed. That's the truth of the story, sir, as Heaven bears me."

Once again he hid his face, and his strong frame shook with a violent fit of sobbing. They waited until he had collected himself, burning as they were with curiosity to hear Worksop's story, for the solution of the amazing mystery must lie in that.

"And now, what's your yarn?" says the captain.

Worksop seemed to emerge with his prodigiously elongated countenance out of a very trance or stupefaction of astonishment. He wiped his brow, threw a bewildered look around, dried his lips, and began.

"Your honor," he said, "this is how it was; and I do hope Heaven'll forgive me for being the involuntary cause of this poor gentleman's most tremendous sufferings. He comes to bed on that precious night all right, just as he says, and found me a bit growling and surly, I desay, for the fact was, your honor, that same afternoon, unbeknown to anybody belonging to the Lonely Star, I'd called upon a barber that was a stranger to me to let me some blood for an ugly pain I had in my side; and when this poor young fellow came to bed, I was lying very uneasy with the smart of the wound the barber had made. Well, I fell asleep, but was awakened by feeling my side cold and damp. There was light enough coming through the window as this young man has already told your honor, to throw things out middling visible; and with half an eye I saw that I was bleeding badly, and that if I didn't look sharp, I must lose more blood than I was ever likely to get back again. I dressed myself in a hurry, meaning to run round to the barber's house, that he might strap up the wound he had made in ship-shape fashion, just noticing, whilst I pulled on my clothes, that this young gentleman had left the bed, and was out of the room, though I scarce gave the matter a moment's heed, being too anxious to get the bleeding stopped to think of anything else. I bundled down the staircase, and as I arrived on the pavement, a group of men pounced upon me. They were a press-gang from the first-rate the Thunderer, lying in the Downs. I tried to make 'em understand my condition; but instead of listening, they turned to and gagged me, and carried me, dripping as I was, which they wouldn't take much notice of in the dark, down to a bit of a pier on the beach,

tossed me into the boat, and put me aboard, where I was properly doctored after the wound came to be looked at. When I'd served two months aboard the Thunderer, they transferred me to a sloop, and afterwards drafted me into this here vessel, your honor; and that's the blessed truth," cried he, smiting the palm of his hand with his fist, "as I'm alive to tell it."

"Did you miss the knife?" inquired the commander.

"I did, your honor, when I came to feel in my pockets."

"And the Spanish gold coin?"

"I did, sir, to my sorrow. I had thirty-six guineas in cash; the money was all right; but I'd have given it four times over to have got that Spanish bit back again."

"How do you account for your possession of it?" inquired the captain, addressing York.

"Why, your honor, I think I can explain that," cried Worksop, before the young fellow could answer. "I've no more belief that I was robbed of it than I have that I'm a murdered man. This will have been it, your honor. The blade of my knife was a bit worn, and there was a vacant length in the hollow of it when clasped. The coin must have got jammed into that vacancy. It would fit well, sir; mor'n once I have drawn out the knife with the coin stuck in it. There was no then, I suppose, but the wish to keep that coin away from my other money that allowed me to let it lie in the pocket where my knife was."

"A wonderful story indeed," said the captain.—"What is your name, my man?"

"Jeremy York, sir."

"It will be my duty to put you in the way of righting yourself with the law, that has most grievously sinned against you, at the earliest opportunity.—You can go forward, now, both of you."

The captain of the man-of-war was as good as his word. On the arrival of the vessel at Havana, he sent York and Worksop on board a king's ship that would be sailing for home in a few days. Out of his own purse he presented the young man with a handsome sum of money; whilst all hands, from the first-lieutenant down to the loblolly boy, subscribed dollars enough to handsomely tassel the handkerchief of the victim of circumstantial evidence. Further, the captain gave him a letter addressed to a relative of his holding an important official position at the Admiralty, in which he related York's story at large, and begged him so to interest himself in the affair as to contrive that the unfortunate young man should have his character thoroughly re-established, along with such reparation from government as influence could obtain.

The story is one hundred and thirty years old; time has blackened the canvas; one sees the singular picture but dimly, and such sequel as remains must be left to the imagination of the student of this blurred old-world piece. Yet tradition is not wholly unhelpful, for there is reason at least to believe that public emotion was sufficiently stirred by the representations of the broadsheets and prints of those days to result in a sum of money considerable enough not only to enable Jeremy York to marry his faithful sweetheart Jenny Rax, but to free the young man from the obligation of going to sea for a living, and establish them both in a snug business in the neighborhood of Limehouse.

The End.

ORIGIN ON "HIP, HIP, HURRAH"

Not English at All, but Found on Egyptian Monuments.

"Hip, hip, hurrah," has always been regarded as a thoroughly British cry, typical of the exuberant temperament of the race. Compared with it the "Vive," of the Frenchman, the "Hoch," of the German, and the "Slava" of the Russian are tame and expressionless, says the London Telegraph.

It is a cruel blow to find that the words are not in English at all. The one consolation left us is that they were not "made in Germany."

A gentleman named Adams has been investigating the mysteries of the pyramids and monuments of Egypt, and has found the phrase, "Hip, hip, hurrah," among the early hieroglyphics of that country.

The only consolation derivable from this remarkable discovery is the argument which may reasonably be deduced that the presence of these British words among the etymological treasures of Pharaoland give us a prior right to the whole of the Nile valley.

And this theory is strengthened by the fact that according to Mr. Adams the hieroglyphic "Hip, hip, hurrah," means, when translated, "On, on to plunder."

An Irish Egyptologist writes to assert that the phrase came from Pharaoland via Dublin. In the works of Sir James Ware, 1595-1666 the famous Hibernian historian and antiquarian of Ireland, there is a passage, which says:

"Some writers think that Ireland was called Scotia, from Scotia, the wife of Gaethelus, and daughter of a King Pharaoh, but of which name I know not; and that the Irish language was invented from the same Gaethelus, from whom it was called Gaelic. Others say that another Scotia, also a daughter of a king of Egypt, married Milesius, and gave the name of Scotia to Ireland."

Thus, says our Hibernico-Egyptian correspondent, "Hip, hip, hurrah," can well be Egypto-Irish, only the translation would have been happier, as "On, on, to conquest," for conquer means to take by force of arms, while plunder is to take by force of hands—grab, in the parlance of the day.

HER PRIVILEGE EXCLUSIVELY.

Dora—I let him kiss me on condition that he wouldn't mention it.

Coro—I suppose you wanted to break the news yourself?

Nervous Dyspepsia.

A YOUNG LADY IN TRENTON RELEASED FROM SUFFERING.

She Suffered Untold Agony From Stomach Trouble and Sick Headaches—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured Her.

From the Courier, Trenton, Ont.

Some years ago we reported the case of Wm. Pickering, Trenton, being cured of locomotor ataxia. He was not able to move and was confined to his bed for weeks. Upon advice he tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and immediately obtained relief. He is still free from the terrible excruciating affection, and enjoys active, robust health. We have just learned of another positive cure through using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It is the case of Miss Cassie Way, who has been an acute sufferer from that common foe of humanity and the foundation for many other ills, dyspepsia. For nearly eight years Miss Way suffered untold agonies with sick headache and pains in the stomach. She tried several doctors without any material benefit. A year ago she came to live with a friend in Trenton, Mrs. W. L. Derbyshire, and was so reduced that she could not sit up an hour. She feared her trouble would drive her crazy. She was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She replied that she had used a box before and they had done her no good. It was urged that she could not hope for relief from one box and she commenced them again. She continued using the Pills throughout the year with the result that she has completely recovered her health. Her appetite is good, she has gained flesh rapidly, and is able to attend to all her household duties. She voluntarily offers this testimony as a tribute of gratitude for the benefit she has derived with the hope that others suffering as she has, may be induced to try this health restoring remedy. Mrs. Derbyshire adds her testimony to the correctness of the statement of Miss Way.

Allow me to add that for four or five years the editor of this paper has suffered from an itching rash that attacked all his joints and all the ointments within reach failed to banish it. He took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills last year and is nearly well.

Dyspepsia, rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, nervous headache, nervous prostration, kidney trouble and diseases depending upon humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc., all disappear before a fair treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions and build up and renew the entire system. Sold by all dealers or sent post paid at 50¢ a box or six boxes \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Do not be persuaded to take some substitute.

TEETH MADE OF PAPER.

Latest Things in Dentistry Are Papier Mache Molars.

Paper teeth are the latest thing in dentistry. For years some substance has been sought for which could replace the composition commonly employed for making teeth, and a fortune awaited the man who was lucky enough to hit upon the right material. Although paper has some disadvantages, they are small compared to its many qualifications, and paper teeth are likely to be used exclusively, at least until a more perfect material is found.

Up to this time china has been used almost entirely, but it presents so many disadvantages that dentists always have been on the lookout for some other substances which could replace it. Not only does china not resist the action of saliva and turns black, but china affects the nerves of the jaws. People who wear false teeth often complain of suborbital neuralgia, and this is put down by many dentists as being caused by the heat or cold acting on the composition or porcelain. Porcelain or mineral composition also is liable to chip or break, and for these reasons has never been satisfactory.

The paper teeth are made of papier-mache, which is submitted to a tremendous pressure until they are as hard as required. Their peculiar composition renders them cheap, and the price of a set of teeth will go down considerably owing to the new invention. The color of the papier-mache can also be made to vary, which is an important point, as no two sets of teeth are identical in color, some teeth having a strong, yellowish cast, while others are bluish white. In order, therefore, to obtain the right tint the coloring matter has only to be introduced into the mixture before the tooth is cast in order to match the other teeth exactly. It is in this particular that china teeth often fail to appear natural, their color differing from the other teeth in the mouth and showing that the tooth is artificial.

Another novelty with regard to teeth consists in their filling. Dentists no longer use as much gold or platinum as they did formerly—in fact, metal fillings are out of date. Bone or ivory is the substance employed, and both possess the advantage of appearing more natural. Of course, those who already have gold or platinum fillings will not go to the expense and trouble of having them removed, but they have been tabooed by the smart set, and in future nothing so conspicuous will be used. Neither bone nor ivory satisfies the dentists, however, and they are hunting around for some composition which will be both durable, plastic and yet will match the color of the teeth.



"THEY SCOUTED THE LAND FAR AND WIDE."