Men of the Mounted

by Captain G. Elliott-Nightingale

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SEND A REGIMENT? NO, SEND FOUR MEN

THE difference between the American and Canadian methods of handling troublesome Indians was clearly demonstrated back in the late nineties when about four hundred Wood Cree Indians, fearing that they would be involved in the violation of a certain treaty between all the Cree tribes and the Canadian government, sneaked quietly away from their reservation in small groups one night and slipped across the border into Montana. Upon assembling there, the American peace officers and military men told the Wood Cree chieftains that they had better go back to Canada, because Uncle Sam had more Indians than he needed.

The Crees refused to depart and stayed "put" where they'd camped, threatening all kinds of trouble if they were bothered in any way. The result of this defiant attitude was that a thousand United States cavalrymen were soon uprooting the Crees and herding them north to the border. While the party was en route, messages concerning the return of the Crees were hurried through to the Assinaboine authorities, and the Northwest Mounted Police, requesting that an armed force be at the border to take charge of the returning Wood Crees. The messages were to the effect that these Wood Crees were a murderous lot and would take some handling if trouble or massacre were to be prevented.

Upon arriving at the designated crossing place on the border, the American colonel of cavalry was quite disappointed at not finding a regiment of red-coated infantrymen to meet the party and take charge of the 400 Wood Crees. His disapppointment later turned to rage and anger for, veteran Indian fighter that he was, his advices about the handling of the troublesome Crees had been totally ignored for there was not even a squadron of Northwest Mounted Police to relieve him of his deportees. Just when the air was blue with profanity, with brown spots here and there emanating from spluttering tobacco juice, three Men of the Mounted walked, not rode, into the American cavalry officer's presence.

"We have come to take over the Crees," the corporal announced.

"You've WHAT!!!!?" shouted the colonel. The corporal repeated his remarks.

"Why . . . Good God, man . . . where's your troops? Why . . . you'll need a regiment to handle this bunch of rascals. How many men have you?"

"Well, sir, there's three of us here. The fourth man of my party is packing up our kits. He'll be with us in a minute, sir, asking your patience."

"Four men . . ." blustered the cavalry officer. "Why . . . it's murder."

"Not at all, sir," replied the corporal. "You see, we know these Indians, and they know we wear the queen's scarlet. They know, too, that we have kept all treaties with them. Ask them, sir. Find out for yourself."

The colonel did as requested and without any help or advice from the Men of the Mounted, the chieftains of the Wood Crees stepped out and said that never in all their experience since the redcoat pony soldiers had come, had they found a "forked tongue" among them. They had always been faithful to all treaties, and the chieftains concluded with the admission that they were glad to be back on Canadian soil, and that they would not have run away if they had not believed that they would be in serious trouble with the pony soldiers because the Swampy Crees had broken a promise and a treaty they'd made with the Northwest Mounted.

Later that week four Men of the Mounted were leading, not driving, 400 supposedly "bloodthirsty, scalping savages" northward, well into Canadian territory, finishing the job without any untoward incident, and without the loss of man, woman, child, or horse. On one side of the line Indian affairs were handled by grafting politicians who, under British law, would be classed as just plain criminals and crooks. North of the line Indian affairs were handled by a force of intelligent, trustworthy men whose efforts were unhampered by politicians, men who could not be bought and sold, men who kept faith with the promises they had made when they donned the scarlet and gold for 60 cents per day, and found.

The Name Josephine

The name Josephine, feminine form of the Hebrew Joseph, has the same meaning—"he shall add (children)." The name commemorates the happy exclamation of the mother of the patriarch Joseph at his birth: "The Lord shall add to me another son." Josephine, empress of France (1763-1814), most famous person ever to bear the name, must have found its meaning an ironic mockery, since it was because she bore him no son that Napoleon divorced her.

THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

Clean Comics That Will Amuse Both Old and Young

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S'MATTER POP—Big-Shots Have Their Troubles, Too By C. M. PAYNE

MESCAL IKE By S. L. HUNTLEY

A Heck of a Note

FINNEY OF THE FORCE By Ted O'Loughlin

Sound Practice

POP—A Silent Friend By J. MILLAR WATT

Sound Practice

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

REGULAR NUISANCE

Little Mary met the doctor.

"You brought a little baby next door, didn't you?" she inquired.

"Yes," he answered: "Shall I bring one to your house?"

"No, thanks," came the prompt reply. "Why, we've scarcely time even to wash the dog."

The Right Turn

Western Paper—While negotiating a sharp corner, Mr. Turtle tried to turn his car too abruptly.

We're relieved to hear that the car didn't turn Turtle!

How Long Is a Second?

Wifie—I'll be ready in one second.

Hubby—All right; I'll be back in half an hour.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

MORE ROOM

Mother had finished cleaning the living room and had rearranged the furniture.

"We have so much more room in there now," she said, referring to the new arrangement.

"We should," answered Ellen. "You have all the dirt out now."

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