

their share in the half-breeds' rebellion, invited themselves to sojourn across the border where, on United States soil, they met with scanty welcome. "Uncle Sam," they were told, "had enough Indians of his own to keep him busy." As the party showed no inclination to leave their new home, the official wires were set in action, and much correspondence passed between Washington and Ottawa. The decision arrived at was that Canada would be responsible for her own Indians if America would kindly escort them to the border.

In due course 200 very dissatisfied and wild-eyed Crees, with 450 horses, were rounded up and started northwards, with a strong force of United States cavalry in attendance. They were met at the Boundary Line by three Mounted Policemen, one corporal and two troopers.

The American commanding officer looked at them with a surprised air.

"Where's your escort for these Indians?" he asked.

"We're here," answered the corporal.

"Yes, yes, I see. But where is your regiment?"

"I guess it's here all right," said the the corporal. "The other fellow's looking after the breakfast things."

"But are there only four of you then?"

"That's so, Colonel, but you see we wear the Queen's scarlet."

And the four red-coats proved sufficient. The corporal and his three men took over the Indians without any difficulty, and escorted the band 100 miles up into the north-west, where they would fret Uncle Sam no more.

Apart from the question of the cost incurred by the American and Canadian Governments respectively, the contrast in the methods employed is instructive.