

MOUNTED POLICE DETACHMENT AT WOOD MOUNTAIN.

Sitting Bull and the other remaining Chiefs. As a result of several interviews, he was able to inform the Government that he expected the Sioux to surrender quietly at no distant date.

Finally, in July, 1881, Sitting Bull, with those of his followers who had remained loyal to him, surrendered to the U. S. authorities at Fort Buford. The Sioux chapter, and its effect on Wood Mountain were history. The entire southern prairie country, Ottawa and Washington, breathed more freely.

Wood Mountain's importance as a Police centre died down with the Sioux exodus. At the end of 1882, with Regina as the new Headquarters and the trend of settlement along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the strength was down to nine of all ranks.

With the American Indians out of the way, the question of removing their Canadian cousins, who roamed the South-West, to the new reservations in the North, came to the fore. While this was a touchy business, Wood Mountain was scarcely affected, except, indirectly, by one episode, partly arising out of these Indians' ruffled feelings.

During April, 1882, while Mr. LeGarre, a prominent trader and Justice of the Peace at Wood Mountain, was en route home from the boundary, he was attacked by a war-party of thirty-two Crees who demanded provisions. He was accompanied by a Half-Breed and a Sioux Indian. Food was given to the party but they seized articles from the carts and threatened the lives of the party, whom they held. During the night, Mr. LeGarre heard the Indians in council arranging to kill him and the Sioux. For some time the two factions in the war-party could not agree as to when the killing should take place; but finally it was agreed to permit the prisoners to eat one more meal. In the morning, simulating full confidence as to the safety of his party, Mr. LeGarre started to leave. A terrible scene followed: the Indians took possession of the carts; the noise was fearful; cries were heard for the scalps of the entire party. The great confusion of the *mêlée* proved the salvation of the party, as the Crees were afraid of killing one another. In the end Mr. LeGarre succeeded in buying off the lives of his men, the Indians being permitted to take what they wanted.

Inspector A. R. McDonnell, who had returned to Wood Mountain as Officer in Command, upon learning of the incident, started in pursuit with Mr. LeGarre and every available member of his detachment. At a Camp of 45 Lodges, 15 miles from Wood Mountain, he located seven of the war-party. Despite opposition and resistance they were made prisoners and brought to Wood Mountain. Subsequently they were committed for trial, and in due course convicted.

With occasional, but minor exceptions, this ended the era of Indian troubles, with all its savagery, its anxiety, and the precariousness of settlement at Wood Mountain. From 1882, onward, although still a frontier town, it ceased to have more than its share of the excitements usual to Western settlement.

The buffalo had definitely ceased to be a means of sustenance, either as food, or for the trading value of the hides. The soil, which had first