

The Canadian Frontiersmen

By Francis J. Dickie

"Why in Jupiter did Keelatee hurry back to leave his Medal at Wiseman's ranch? That's what gets over me."

It was the grey haired rancher who answered the question.

"That is quite in order to anyone who knows Indians," he said. "At the Mission Station they are taught that the Medals are priceless things and that they bring a blessing upon those who are presented with them."

The Captain shrugged his shoulders. "And why," he asked, "did the Indian finally leave the sheath of his dagger?"

"It is a symbol of peace," replied the grey haired rancher. "When an Indian is at war he leaves this symbol with some one on whom he wishes the blessings of peace to rest. That is why he carries his dagger unsheathed when at war."

Again the Captain shrugged his shoulders, and with an air of superiority and swagger, he turned to Wiseman.

"Before accepting your evidence," he said, "I would like to know what proof you have that the—"

But Wiseman cut him short with savage vehemence.

"Like the Indian," he snarled, "I do not answer your questions. What authority have you to ask them? What authority have you to pose there as a judge of men, and to exact capital punishment at your own pleasing? It is you who stand guilty of intended murder, not the Indian. Before any thinking tribunal he would be proved innocent, but before such rabble as you Christ Himself was called guilty. In an hour or so, the sheriff and his posse will be here, and you, Mr. Spokesman, had best get on your way before he comes."

"You, too, Berry—" he turned suddenly upon his partner. "Hell's full of men like you!" he added, with a clearness of speech that bore no taint of blasphemy. "You were frightened of the Indian, like the coward that you are. You found his Mission Station Medal, the most sacred of his possessions, and with it you tried to prove him guilty of an act that you alone would have stooped to. The Indian would have met you face to face in fair fight when the time came—he would not have taken you in your sleep, as you had dreaded—now go."

"Berry would have gone, but as he turned, the grey haired rancher closed upon him with the strength of a madman."

"Not yet, my son!" he shouted frantically. "You've got to pay for getting us cursed like this. Wiseman is right in what he says, but you are the biggest skunk of all!"

Berry tore himself free like a man possessed, and ran for his cayuse, the yelling mob at his heels. He gained it safely and fled into the grey twilight, and that was the last that any of them ever saw of him.

As the boys returned, Wiseman handed the ornamented sheath to his Indian partner, and before the eyes of all, Keelatee restored his dagger to its resting place.

DAME NATURE HINTS
When the Food is Not Suited

When Nature gives her signal that something is wrong it is apt to be with the food. The old Dame is always faithful and one should act at once.

To put off the change is to risk that which may be irreparable. A western man says:

"For years I could not safely eat any breakfast. I tried various kinds of breakfast food, but they were all soft, starchy messes which gave me distressing headaches. I drank strong coffee, too, which appeared to benefit me at the time, but added to the headaches afterward."

"A friend persuaded me to quit coffee and the starchy breakfast foods, and use Postum and Grape-Nuts instead. I shall never regret taking his advice."

"The change it worked in me is wonderful. I now have no more of the distressing sensations in my stomach after eating, and I don't have headaches. I have gained 12 pounds in weight and feel better in every way."

"Grape-Nuts makes a delicious as well as a nutritious dish; and I find that Postum agrees perfectly—never produces dyspepsia symptoms."

"There's a Reason." Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

KIPLING gave to them the name of the "Legion that never was listed."

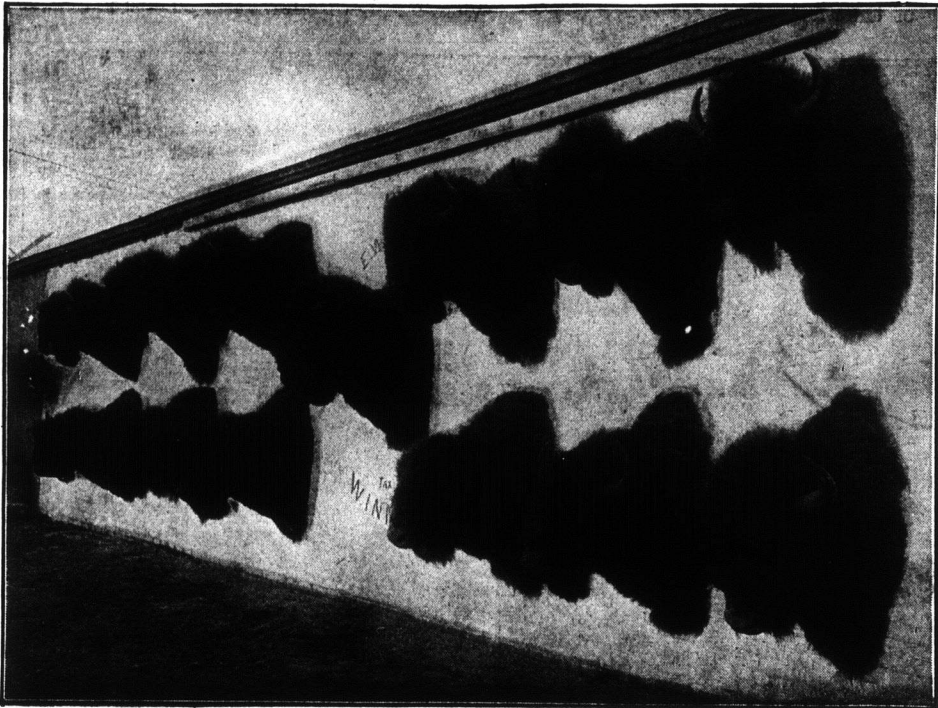
And truly they are little known, though they have done great deeds at the front. To the average Canadian the name "Canadian Legion of Frontiersmen," brings no clear picture. The gallant corps of fighters who in little units and one fighting battalion have been making history on the western front, are not even a name. Yet they were the only men ready when the call came to arms. In Canada, ten thousand sturdy, hardy men of the mountains, the plains, and even the great cities, leaped to the call of battle. And all this because a little over a decade ago a lonely mounted police man away up in the wilderness stretches of Alberta dreamed a dream that after years of indefatigable labor came true.

That man was Roger Pocock, sometime mounted policeman, plainsman, gentleman adventurer and wide ranger; a man trained to making his way in the roughest places. In 1903, he was in charge of the then lonely little mounted police post of Lac St. Anne, in northern Alberta. There, with only an occasional Indian or passing white to break the monotony of existence, Pocock fell to pondering upon a plan for the gathering together in one

training would be of immense value in time of war, were also accepted upon the Legion's roll.

In so vast a land as Canada, the various units, of course, were of a necessity often very far apart. To overcome this, various headquarter camps were established, chiefly throughout the west at such large centres as Edmonton, Calgary and other points.

Very slowly the list of names upon the Legion's roll grew. But Pocock persisted. In 1910, after much hard labor the founder placed his plan before the British war office in London, England. It was received with high favor, and, after suggesting two or three slight changes, the war office set their seal of approval upon the venture. This brought Pocock into the limelight and drew his plan to the attention of noted men who were so taken with the idea that they lent their services to the furthering it, and the following men formed themselves into an assisting council: Ex-Field Marshall Viscount Sir John French; Admiral Prince Louis of Battenburg; Earl of Lonsdale; General Lord William Seymour; Viscount Helmsley; Sir Percy Scott; Earl of Meath; Lord Powerscourt; Sir Reginald Hart, V.C.; Sir Claude DeCrispigny; Sir Henry Seton Kerr; Sir Edward Hutton; Sir Edward



A group of very old timers

great body the sturdy adventurous spirits that Canada was so full of. His was not a dream of militarism, but rather that of preparedness. Canada, in spite of its enormous advancement, was still primarily the land of the pioneer. The men of the Dominion, to a greater extent than perhaps any land, were a race of hardy spirits. Thousands of them had done grim battle with nature, faced dangers every day as an every day matter.

So Pocock sat dreaming his dream; and gradually it took shape—he would form in Canada a Legion of Frontiersmen!

Presently he resigned his position with the mounted police and set actively to work upon the building of this body. Like all new things, the founder met with large obstacles. Men in high places, pacifists, and others, opposed him at every turn. But still he proceeded.

His idea was to have men all over the wide Dominion go through such a course of training as would make them fit and ready should war ever come. But, too, this same training was a physical benefit, even in case the country was never called to go to war. At the same time, the Frontiersman was not an organization that the weakling or the unexperienced man could get into. Those men chiefly eligible were cow-boys of the genuine kind, with years of experience on the plains, who could ride like centaurs, shoot straight, and stand hardship and cold. Men with three years experience in the army and navy were also eligible, as well as lumbermen, prospectors, timber cruisers and others that had lived life in the big outdoors. In addition to these civil engineers, telegraph operators, sappers and miners and similar trades, whose knowledge and

Brabant; Captain Crutchley, R.N.; Major General Sam Steele; Sir W. Haines-Smith; Sir Gilbert Parker; Erskine Childers; R. Selous, famous hunter; Arthur Pearson; Charles D. Fry; Rider Haggard; Edward Wallace; Leslie Rundle and Commander Davis. With such notable names as these lending themselves to the Legion, it quickly gained favor.

When the war broke out there were spread throughout Canada some eight thousand men enrolled in Canada alone. Owing to the war office not at first accepting any individual units, the offer of this troop in a body was not accepted. But many of the men quickly attached themselves to various battalions. That these were wonderful fighters is now evident. In the Princess Patricia's alone were some three hundred Frontiersmen; and who is there to-day who has not read with fast beating heart, the record of this heroic band.

At the time of the outbreak of the war, Lt.-Col. Driscoll was commander-in-chief of the Legion. Even with the ranks of the body depleted by several thousand of the members enlisting in separate units, the commander still had some five thousand of the finest, hardest body of fighters in the world, on his roll call. All of them were eager to go to the front, but they also wanted to go in a body. After endlessly besieging the British war office, the Colonel received permission to form a troop. This he did of the five thousand frontiersmen. This unit shortly after went to the front under the name of the "Frontiersman's Battalion." To-day it is showing itself to be one of the finest field forces upon the western front.

The Commander was eminently fitted for his work. In the Boer war, he gained

the honor of D.S.O., by making a forced march with only fifteen men into the town of Fouriesburg, in the Orange Free State, and, defeating an enormously superior body of Boers, released some three hundred British prisoners being held in the town. Equipping them with rifles taken in the town, Col. Driscoll started a retreat toward the main body of the armies, all the time harassed by a superior force of the enemy. He made the retreat successfully. All through the campaign, his way was marked with similar daring deeds, and he gained the name of "the man who slept with one eye open." In the Burmese campaign of 1886-1888, he also distinguished himself. When the Germans were making their almost irresistible march on Paris, in the first few weeks of the present war, it was on his suggestion that a raid was made on the German line of communication by way of northern Belgium. This is only one of the dare-devil and forlorn hope schemes that has marked this man and many others of the Legion in the present war. Little is told to-day of these things, but later, when the war is over it will be seen that they were all men of infinite resource, and daring.

Another noted member of the Legion is Lieutenant S. W. Caws. For his gallant single-handed attack on German Taubes, his name will go down to history. Lieutenant Caws was one of the few Frontiersmen to join the aviation corps. In charge of an aeroplane, and accompanied by Lieutenant Wilson (now a prisoner in Germany) Caws gave battle for upwards of a quarter of an hour to the three Taubes, destroying two of them. At last, however, at the height of eleven thousand feet, he received his death wound. In attempting to drop the plane inside the lines, his assistant, Wilson, fell within the German lines and was taken prisoner.

These two are outstanding cases of individual bravery of men of the Legion. Hundreds of others have been performed, but in the telling would take up many ponderous tomes.

The founder of the Legion's original idea was that the body should be confined to Canada alone. But in recent years, its members became spread all over the world, there being units in Mexico, China, the Falkland Islands and Brazil. In these countries, there has been a great deal of German intrigue going on. In combating this and reporting to the British Headquarters, a number of the members of the Legion in these far places did excellent service. How vast, complicated, and, too, effective, the German system is, has been fully shown many times since the war began. Though what these Frontiersmen in far places found out and reported to the war office, has as yet never been made known, it is at the same time known that their services were of immense value.

That the founder of the Legion had that right idea—that the men accepted by the Legion were men, has been instanced a thousand times since the war began. Out of the warp and woof of one lonely man's dream away up in the waste places of northern Canada has sprung a race of fighters as great as those that came from the Dragon's teeth of old. Through one man's working and dreaming, and struggling on in face of all obstacles, Canada can to-day boast of a hardy daring corps of men that were fully ready and prepared when war's cry rang loud—The Legion of Frontiersmen.

Tokens

By Julie K. Lippmann

I watched the shadows of the night
Crash out the day on left and right,
Till, with the birds' last lingering croon,
The shadows deepened, and the moon
Rose sad and white.

Rose sad and white the moon, and pale;
About its head a misty veil;
Or, was it, like a sainted soul
Blessed with a heavenly aureole,
Pure, radiant, frail?

Pure, radiant, frail the mist appears.
"Tis rain" I thought. In after years
I found that, in our lifetime's night
An aureole's faith, heavenly light
Betokens tears.

The Book of Life will last when all
other biographies have burned.