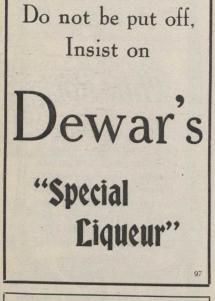
CANADIAN COURIER







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PROF. KEON, 136 O'Connor Street OTTAWA

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

hold a council of war. Some of the men were so eager in their impati-ence to get at the enemy that they could think of nothing but a concert ed charge through the bluff; but it was felt that there was no use in risking life unnecessarily. The Redskins had the advantage of the cover and the task of dislodging them was going to be no easy one. So it was decided to wait till the inspector ar-So it was rived with reinforcements and a nine-

pounder gun which was on the way. The outlaw and his companions kept up a continuous chorus of tauntrept up a continuous chorus of taunt ing "coyotes," as sentries were being posted on all sides, and the night crept down dark and cold. The long hours passed with desultory firing at intervals from the bluff, but beyond an occasional response, the sentries hugged their posts silently until the coming of the dawn.

Just before the first streaks of the new day were showing in the East there came a loud "Hulloo!" from

there came a loud "Hulloo!" from the bluff, and the renegade, Running Wolf, called out in the language of the Blackfeet: "Brothers, we've had a good fight. We've worked hard and are hungry. You have plenty of food; send us some, and we will finish the fight."

A strange scene was that on which the sun came up. During the night a large number of Indians and half-breeds had put in an appearance, and daylight found them encamped in a great circle of interested spectators, entirely surrounding the scene where the drama of authority and defiance was being played. Among them was the old mother of the Running Wolf.

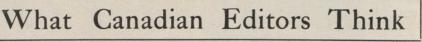
She sat upon the ground, rocking to and fro, and ever as she rocked rose the weird incantation-the deathsong that recounted the mighty deeds of her son.

So the second day came. nine-pounder gun had arrived, and the police lost no time in preparing to put an end to what was beginning to seem too much like a farce. men surrounding the bluff at close range were withdrawn and a wider circle of mounted men took their places. Then the shelling began.

The sun crept high into the sky and blazed brightly at mid-day upon the foliage of the hills and sparkled on the vagrant rivulets. Still the firing went on. The hours crept by, and the long shadows on the wolf willow began to steal along the grass. Still the great circle of spectators waited patiently for the ending of the fight. And ever through it all arose the weird chant—the Wah-ho-no-min that was sung by the mother of the Running Woif.

It lacked an hour or more of sundown when the inspector ordered the firing to cease and himself led a rush through the bluff. But the fight was already over. Running Wolf, the renegade, and one of his companions lay in the rifle-pit where they had been slain by shell-splinters. A little way off from there to the right lay the body of the third Indian.

He was a young Indian, and the muscles had once played like wires beneath the dark of his skin—the young Indian that was called "Jo," the Killer-of-Flowers that was of the lodges of the Blackfeet.



HISTORY IN LETTERS. (London Advertiser.)

T HE references to Canadian af-fairs in the "Letters of Queen Victoria," during the critical ten Victoria," during the critical ten years between the insurrection of 1837 and the triumph of responsible Government, show afresh the failure of the Imperial authorities of that day to grasp the situation in this country. One pitiable evidence was the treatment of Lord Durham upon his return to England with the materials for the report which was to be the Magna Charta of Canadian liberties. This great and generous man saw things as they were, and man saw things as they were, and promulgated principles which to-day govern the relations of the Mother Country and the daughter nations; yet he was overwhelmed with con-tumely by British statesmen, Whig and Tory, because of errors of judg-ment which were nothing by contrast with the splendid and enduring ser-vice he rendered the British Empire vice he rendered the British Empire. His proud spirit was broken and his early death hastened by the injustice and ingratitude of his country.

* * * CANADA'S FUTURE NO WORRY

(Victoria Colonist.)

THERE are a good many people who are unnecessarily exercis-ing themselves nowadays about the future of Canada as a part of the Empire. For ourselves, we do not profess to be able to see any further ahead than any one else, but we do make a practice of looking back-wards occasionally, and we endeavour to form some idea of what the future will be from what the past has been. These frequent retrospects lead us to regard the future with confidence, and cause us to cherish the belief that in some way, that is no more clear to us than the ways of the past

were to our fathers, the problems of Empire will be solved as they arise in a manner which will promote its welfare, and preserve it to be, what it unquestionably is, a nation in which human liberty finds its best expression.

* * * ENGLISHMEN IN CANADA.

(Montreal Gazette.)

THE alleged unpopularity of the Englishman in Canada, about which something has been said in Canadian newspapers, has started a discussion in English newspapers, with the result that some curious ef-forts are being made to account for what would be a serious state of afwhat would be a serious state of af-fairs, if it existed. The unpopular-ity, however, does not exist. There are Englishmen who make them-selves personally disliked. It is pos-sible, also, that men of this class have increased in number with the in-crease in the volume of immigra-tion which the Government and Par-liament have done much to encourliament have done much to encour-age during the past twelve years. These temperamental undesirables, however, can no more bring into dis-repute the English people, and espe-cially the English people who have made their homes in Carlada, than can the bumptious ill-informed Cana-dian degrade the intelligence of all dian degrade the intelligence of all of his people when out of his ignorance he thinks to cast a slur on the land which, next to France, has sent most men to work at the making of most men to work at the making of Canada. There is no department of activity in which Englishmen have not played a useful and honourable part. They have figured, and do figure, largely in public life. They have done credit to themselves in the professions. They are notable among the merchants and manufac-turers. The English artisan is grey turers. The English artisan is generally a master of his craft.

