

to rescue them, within an hour's time; and Red Crow must bring them in person; otherwise, we shall ride in and take them, in which case Red Crow will have to abide the consequences."

When the ultimatum was delivered by Potts there was great uproar in the camp. The young men of the band were worked up to a high pitch of excitement by the dance, and were more in the mood for fighting than before. The situation was a critical one. The minutes slipped by, and the time limit fixed was nearly reached without any sign of the Indians. It was a tense moment for the police as they waited. There was no knowing that they were not in for a pretty stiff tussle. At last, the hour having expired, the inspector gave the word to mount, and the troopers got ready to move, when suddenly a solitary Indian appeared on the brow of the hill. After him came another, then two more, followed by others in small parties, until quite a number were seen to be approaching. Among them was the chief, Red Crow, himself.

With the police by their side the whole mob was marched into Fort Macleod, where Supt. Steele was ready to sit in judgment upon them. Those who had helped in the recapture of the prisoners were dealt with first, and severely admonished for their behaviour. Then Red Crow was summoned to receive a sharp lecture on his conduct. After him "Prairie Chicken Old Man" was brought in, handcuffed, sentenced, and led out in full view of his friends to the guard room. The second prisoner was similarly served, none of the other Indians daring to lift a finger in defence.

This sharp lesson had its effect. Red Crow's band was duly impressed, and departed back to their camps with chastened hearts. In consideration of their final good behaviour, however, and of the fact that they had come some distance, the Superintendent made them a few presents of tea, tobacco, and other things before they left. It should be added that "Prairie Chicken Old Man" and his brother in crime subsequently each received a sentence of seven years' imprisonment.

Begg, in his History of the Northwest, refers to the Royal North West Mounted Police in the following language:

"A mere handful in that vast wilderness, they have at all times shown themselves ready to do anything and go anywhere. They have often had to act on occasions demanding the combined individual pluck and prudence rarely to be found amongst any soldiery, and there has not been a single occasion on which any member of the force has lost his temper under trying circumstances or has not fulfilled his mission as a guardian of the peace. Severe journeys in the winter, and difficult arrests, have had to be effected in the centre of savage tribes, and not once has the moral prestige, which was in reality their only weapon, been found insufficient to cope with difficulties which, in America, have often baffled the efforts of whole columns of armed men."

Major-General Selby Smythe, once commander of the Canadian Militia, after an inspection of the Royal North West Mounted Police said:

"Of the constables and sub-constables. I can speak generally, that they are an able body of men, of excellent material and conspicuous for willingness, endurance, and as far as I can learn, integrity of character. They are fairly disciplined, but there has hardly been an opportunity yet for maturing discipline to the extent desirable in bodies of armed men, and, dispersed as they are through the immensity of space, without much communication with headquarters, a great deal must depend upon the individual intelligence, acquirements, and steadiness of the inspectors in perfecting discipline, drill, interior economy, equitation, and care of horses, saddlery, and equipment, together with police duties on which they might be occasionally required."

The stability of many individual constables may be seen in the story of a well-known mounted police sergeant who was very badly wounded in the Riel Rebellion. When the surgeon came to see him he was apparently unconscious. After examining the wounded man, he declared he would die. The sergeant suddenly opened his eyes and remarked very vigorously, "You're a blankety-blank liar." The badly injured man duly recovered, and still is in the land of the living.

A correspondent of the Associated Press tells the following incident of the daily life of General Pau, the commander of the French army in Alsace, who lost an arm during the Franco-Prussian war.

A dozen mud-spattered French infantrymen rested in a drizzling rain under some dripping trees. Suddenly the corporal stood erect and made a hasty salute. Through the fog and rain one of the three great leaders of the French army had appeared.

"Why do you not wear your cap?" asked General Pau.

"I have lost my cap, general."

"Where did you lose it?"

"When we were attacked in the woods this morning. A branch knocked it off, and I was too much in a hurry to go back and get it. It is gone."

"Take my cap."

The corporal hesitated. He feared that he would be punished for losing his cap.

"Take it, I tell you, and wear it," said the general.

And the humble corporal did as he was told, and became resplendent in the cap with the golden oak leaves. Since that day the corporal has marched along the country roads to the frontier, proud in the cap of General Pau.

"The general himself told me to wear it," he says to those who protest. "I obey the general's orders and the cap stays on my head."

The general knows his soldiers, and the world may understand why the tired, bedraggled and weary army goes on marching, and fighting, and dying for its commanders.



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## The Prairie Lily

By Alice J. Whitmore

THE October sun was setting over the Canadian prairie. A fine broncho stood tethered by the stoop in front of the farmhouse, and in the doorway its rider, a vigorous, well-built young man of about twenty-five, was parting from the girl he loved.

His arm was about her waist, and she clutched nervously at a button on his coat as if thus she might detain him. The time had come when words seemed to choke them both, but at last the young man spoke.

"You would not keep me back, little girl," he asked.

For a moment there was no reply. Then the girl raised herself proudly, and smiled bravely through the tears which she was striving in vain to keep back.

"No, Wilfred," she answered.

"You understand that, and I am proud of you. You will win glory for the empire." She fingered lovingly the maple leaf brooch into which was pinned the colors of the allies.

"You must go, dear, of course. But oh, Wilfred—it seems so far away—if it were here at home, on our own prairies—but there—across the ocean—and you may never—"

Here the girl broke down entirely, smothered by her sobs.

"I shall come back alright—little girl—you bet," her lover replied. "Buck up, my darling—oh don't cry so."

The girl pulled herself together.

"I did mean to be so brave, dear"—she flung her arms around him—"and I will be. Let me cry a moment, here with your arms round me, and then—"

The young man drew her close in a

passionate embrace, and their lips met in a long kiss.

"You are mine, dear—mine always—and whatever happens," he whispered. He stroked gently the dark head which rested on his shoulder, and murmured words of love into the girl's ear.

She was quieter now, and as the young man slowly released her and flung himself into the saddle, she smiled brightly, and sent him off with a word of cheer.

She watched him as he rode away, turning back from time to time to raise his hat, while she in turn waved her handkerchief until he was a mere speck in the long distance.

Returning indoors she changed quickly into a nurse's uniform, and walked swiftly in to the little prairie town. She arrived just in time to take up her duties punctually at the tiny cottage hospital.

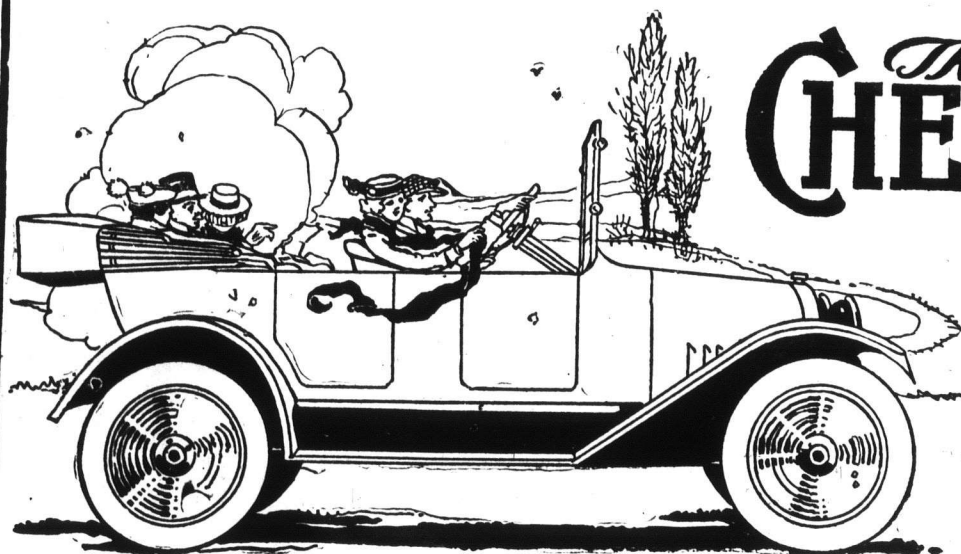
She had not asked for the extra leave she might have obtained, for she had judged rightly that as soon as Wilfred was gone her truest wisdom would be to forget her own trouble in caring for others. Her chief care just now was an Indian woman from a neighboring reserve who had met with an accident whilst on an errand to the town.

"I have just put the squaw to bed," the other nurse informed Margaret, upon her arrival.

"I told her to go to sleep, but she keeps muttering about the 'prairie lily.'"

"She's always calling me that—I can't think why prairie lilies are red," said Margaret.

"Of course," her companion answered. "I guess she's pretty cute for a squaw. It's your glorious complexion and your



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