

The Winnipeg Wolf

By Ernest Thompson Seton.
Naturalist to Gov't. of Man.

(Continued from last issue.)

The fever had seemed slight at first, so that every one was shocked when there came suddenly a turn for the worse, and three days before Christmas Jimmie died. He had no more sincere mourner than his "Wolfie." The great gray creature howled in miserable answer to the church-bell tolling when he followed the body on Christmas Eve to the graveyard at St. Boniface. He soon came back to the premises behind the saloon, but when an attempt was made to chain him again, he leaped a board fence and was finally lost sight of.

Later that same winter old Renaud, the trapper, with his pretty half-breed daughter, Ninette, came to live in a little log-cabin on the river bank. He knew nothing about Jimmie Hogan, and he was not a little puzzled to find Wolf tracks and signs along the river on both sides between St. Boniface and Fort Garry. He listened with interest and doubt to tales that the Hudson Bay Company's men told of a great Gray-wolf that had come to life in the region about, and even to enter the town at night, and that was in particular attached to the woods about St. Boniface Church.

On Christmas Eve of that year when the bell tolled again as it had done for Jimmie, a lone and melancholy howling from the woods almost convinced Renaud that the stories were true. He knew the wolf-cries—the howl for help, the lone wailing, and the sharp defiance of the Wolves. This was the lonely wail.

The trapper went to the river-side and gave an answering howl. A shadowy form left the far woods and crossed on the ice to where the man sat, log-still, on a log. It came up near him, circled past and sniffed, then its eye glowed; it growled like a Dog that is a little angry, and glided back into the night.

Thus Renaud knew, and before long many townfolk began to learn, that a huge Gray-wolf was living in their streets, "a Wolf three times as big as the one that used to be chained at Hogan's gin-mill." He was the terror of Dogs, killing them on all possible occasions, and some said, though it was never proven, that he had devoured more than one half-breed who was out on a spree.

And this was the Winnipeg Wolf that I had seen that day in the wintry woods. I had longed to go to his help, thinking the odds so hopelessly against him, but later knowledge changed the thought. I do not know how that fight ended, but I do know that he was seen many times afterward and some of the Dogs were not.

Thus his was the strangest life that ever his kind had known. Free of all the woods and plains, he elected rather to lead a life of daily hazard in the town—each week at least some close escape, and every day a day of daring deeds; finding momentary shelter at times under the very boardwalk crossings. Hating the men, and despising the Dogs, he fought his daily way and held the hordes of Cars at bay or slew them when he found them few or single; harried the drunkard, evaded men with guns, learned traps—learned poison, too—just how, we cannot tell, but learn it he did, for he passed it again and again, or served it only with a Wolf's contempt.

Not a street in Winnipeg that he did not know; not a policeman in Winnipeg that had not seen his swift and shadowy form in the gray dawn as he passed where he would; not a Dog in Winnipeg that did not cover and bridle when the telltale wind brought proof that old Garou was crouching near. His only path was the warpath, and all the world his foe. But through-out this lurid, semi-mythic there was one recurring pleasant thought—Garou never was known to harm a child.

Ninette was a desert-born beauty like her Indian mother, but gray-eyed like her Normandy father, a sweet girl of sixteen, the belle of her set. She might have married any one of the richest and staidest young men of the country, but of course, in feminine perversity her heart was set on that ne'er-do-well,

Paul des Roches. A handsome fellow, a good dancer and a fair violinist, Fiddler Paul was in demand at all festivities, but he was a shiftless drunkard and it was even whispered that he had a wife already in Lower Canada. Renaud very properly dismissed him when he came to urge his suit, but dismissed him in vain. Ninette, obedient in all else, would not give up her lover. The very day after her father had ordered him away she promised to meet him in the woods just across the river. It was easy to arrange this, for she was a good Catholic, and across the ice to the church was shorter than going around by the bridge. As she went through the snowy wood to the church she noticed that a large gray Dog was following. It seemed quite friendly, and the child (for she was still that) had no fear, but when she came to the place where Paul was waiting, the gray Dog went forward rambling in its chest. Paul gave one look, knew it for a huge Wolf, then fled like the coward he was. He afterward said he ran for his gun. He must have forgotten where it was, as he climbed the nearest tree to find it. Meanwhile Ninette ran home across the ice to tell Paul's friends of his danger. Not finding any firearms up the tree, the valiant lover made a spear by fastening his knife to a branch and succeeded in giving Garou a painful wound on the head. The savage creature growled angrily but thereforth kept at a safe distance, though plainly showing his intention to wait till the man came down. But the approach of a band of rescuers changed his mind, and he went away.

Fiddler Paul found it easier to explain matters to Ninette than he would to any one else. He still stood first in her affections, but so hopelessly ill with her father that they decided on an elopement, as soon as he should return from Fort Alexander, whither her was to go for the Company, as dog-driver. The Factor was very proud of his train Dogs—three great Huskies with curly, bushy tails, big and strong as calves, but fierce and lawless as pirates. With these the Fiddler Paul was to drive to Fort Alexander from Fort Garry—the bearer of several important packages. He was an expert Dog-driver, which usually means relentlessly cruel. He set off blithely down the river in the morning, after several necessary drinks of whiskey. He expected to be gone a week, and would then come back with twenty dollars in his pocket, and having thus provided the means of elopement. Away they went down the river on the ice. The big Dogs pulled swiftly but sulkily as he cracked the long whip and shouted, "Allez, allez, marchez." They passed at speed by Renaud's shanty on the bank, and Paul, cracking his whip and running behind the team, waved his hand to Ninette as she stood by the door. Speedily the caribou with the sulky Dogs and drunken driver disappeared around the bend—and that was the last ever seen of Fiddler Paul.

That evening the Huskies came back singly to Fort Garry. They were splattered with frozen blood, and were gashed in several places. But strange to tell they were quite "bummers."

Rumors went on the back trail and resounded the packages. They were lying on the ice unharmed. Fragments of the sled were strown for a mile or more up the river, not far from the packages were shreds of clothing that had belonged to the Fiddler.

It was quite clear, the Dogs had murdered and eaten their driver.

The Factor was terribly wrought up over the matter. It might cost him his Dogs. He refused to believe the report and set off to sift the evidence for himself. Renaud was chosen to go with him, and before they were within three miles of the fatal place Renaud pointed to a very large track crossing from the east to the west bank of the river, just after the Dog died. He ran it backward for a mile or more on the eastern bank, noted how it had walked when the Dogs walked and run when they ran, before he turned to the Factor and said: "A huge Wolf—the come after our caribou all ze time."

Now they followed the track where it had crossed to the west shore. Two miles above Kildonan woods the Wolf had stopped his gallop to walk over to the sled track, had followed it a few yards, then had returned to the woods.

"Paul he drop somein' here, ze packet maybe; ze Voolf he come for smell. He follow so—now he know zat eez ze drunken Paul zat slash been on ze head."

A mile farther the Wolf track came galloping on the ice behind the caribou. The man track disappeared now, for the driver had leaped on the sled and lashed the Dogs. Here is where he cut adrift the bundles. That is why things were scattered over the ice. See how the Dogs were bounding under the lash. Here was the Fiddler's knife in the snow. He must have dropped it in trying to use it on the Wolf. And here—what! the Wolf track disappears, but the sled track speeds along. The Wolf has leaped on the sled. The Dogs, in terror, added to their speed; but on the sleigh behind them there is a deed of vengeance done. In a moment it is over; both roll off the sled; the Wolf track reappears on the east side to seek the woods. The sled scurves to the west bank, where, after half a mile, it is caught and wrecked on a root.

The snow also told Renaud how the Dogs, entangled in the harness, had fought with each other, had cut themselves loose, and trotting homeward by various ways up the river, had gathered at the body of their late tyrant and devoured him at a meal.

Bad enough for the Dogs, still they were cleared of the murder. That certainly was done by the Wolf and Renaud, after the shock of horror was past, gave a sigh of relief and added, "Eet is le-Garou. He hab save 'my-lee girl from zat Paul. He always was good to children."

VI

This was the cause of the great final hunt that they fixed for Christmas Day just two years after the scene at the grave of Little Jim. It seemed as though all the Dogs in the country were brought together. The three Huskies were there—the Factor considered them essential—there were Danes and trailers and a rabble of farm Dogs and nondescripts. They spent the morning beating all the woods east of St. Boniface and had no success. But a telephone message came that the trail they sought had been seen near the Assiniboine woods west of the city, and an hour later the hunt was yelling on the hot scent of the Winnipeg Wolf.

Away they went, a rabble of Dogs, a motley rout of horsemen, a mob of men and boys on foot. Garou had no fear of the Dogs, but men he knew had guns and were dangerous. He led off for the dark timber line of the Assiniboine, but the horsemen had open country and they headed him back. He coursed along the Colony Creek hollow and so eluded the bullets already flying. He made for a barberry fence, and passing that he got rid of the horsemen for a time, but still must keep the hollow that baffled the bullets. The Dogs were now closing on him. All he might have asked would probably have been to be left alone with them—forty or fifty to one as they were—he would have taken the odds. The Dogs were all around him now, but none dared to close in. A lanky Hound, trusting to his speed, ran alongside at length and got a side chop from Garou that laid him low. The horsemen were forced to take a distant way around, but now the chase was toward the town, and more men and Dogs came running out to join the fray.

The Wolf turned toward the slaughter-house, a familiar resort, and the shooting ceased on account of the house, as well as the Dogs, being so near. These were indeed now close enough to encircle him and hinder all further flight. He looked for a place to guard his rear for a final stand, and seeing a wooden foot-bridge over a gutter he sprang in, there faced about and held the pack at bay. The men got bars and demolished the bridge. He leaped out, knowing now that he had to die, but ready, wishing only to make a worthy fight, and then for the first time in broad day view of all his foes he stood—the shadowy Dog-killer, the disembodied voice of St. Boniface woods, the wonderful Winnipeg Wolf.

VII

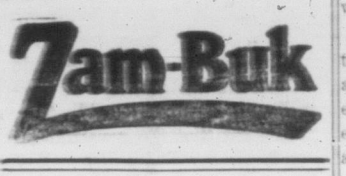
At last after three long years of fight he stood before them alone, confronting two score Dogs, and men with guns to back them—but facing them just as resolute as I saw him that day in the wintry woods. The same old curl was on his lips—the hard-knit fanks heaved just a little, but his green and

Soldiers' Sore Feet.

This is one of the many ailments for which Zam-Buk is needed at the front. It soothes tired, aching feet, heals blisters and cures "trench feet." Regular applications of this ointment will keep the feet in perfect condition.

Pfc. Frank Gaskin, of the 4th Canadian Infantry, writing from France, says: "After heavy marching, I find nothing so good as Zam-Buk for sore and tired feet."

Your soldier friends need Zam-Buk also for cuts, burns, barbed wire scratches, and sores of all kinds. Be sure to put some in your next parcel. All dealers or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto. 5th box, 3 for \$1.25.



yellow eye glowed steadily. The Dogs closed in, led not by the Huskies from the woods—they evidently knew too much for that—but by a Bulldog from the town; there was snuffing of many feet; a low rumbling for a time replaced the yapping of the pack; a flashing of those red and grizzled jaws, a momentary hurl back of the onsets, and again he stood alone and untraced, the grim and grand old bandit that he was. Three times they tried and suffered. Their boldest were lying about him. The first to go down was the Bulldog. Learning wisdom now, the Dogs held back, less sure, but his square-built chest showed never a sign of weakness yet, and after waiting impatiently he advanced a few steps, and thus, alas! gave to the gunners their long-expected chance. Three miles rang, and in the snow Garou went down at last; his life of combat done.

He had made his choice. His days were short and crammed with quick events. His tale of many peaceful years was spent in three of daily hunt. He picked his trail, a new trail, high and short. He chose to drink his cup at a single gulp, and break the glass—but he left a deathless name.

Who can look into the mind of the Wolf? Who can show us his wellspring of motive? Why should he still cling to a place of endless tribulation? It could not be because he knew no other country, for the region is limitless, food is everywhere, and he was known at least as far as Selkirk. Nor could his motive be revenge. No animal will give up its whole life to seeking revenge; that evil kind of mind is found in man alone. The brute creature seeks for peace.

There is then but one remaining bond to chain him, and that the strongest claim that anything can own—the mightiest force on earth. The Wolf is gone. The last relic of him was lost in the burning Grammar School, but to this day the sexton of St. Boniface Church avers that the tolling bell on Christmas Eve never fails to provoke that weird and indelibly Wolf-ery from the wooded graveyard a hundred steps away, where they laid his Little Jim, the only being on earth that ever met him with the touch of love.

Rumors of the killing of Alexis, the son of the former emperor, are confirmed. After the father was executed, the Bolsheviks went to the son saying: "We killed your father—a dog's death for a dog." Alexis burst into tears, and one of the band shot him dead. The boy was 14 years old on July 30.

A large number of German officials in Belgium have been called up for military service, according to the Nieuwe Rotterdam Courant, their places to be filled by women.

The Arachavala sugar refinery at Cardenas was totally destroyed by fire. The loss is estimated to exceed \$3,000,000.

Some of the many politicians who have got results—Send for booklets.

J. J. Muller, 2340 Winnipeg St., Regina.
Mrs. W. Stoddard, 1300 Halifax St., Regina.
STREET

Mr. N. Anderson, 1000 Halifax St., Regina.
E. M. King, Trades Stores, Regina.
E. S. Baker, Queen Hotel, Regina.
STOMACH RELIEVERS, COGNAC, TONIC

Mrs. Wilson, Regina.
Mrs. Bell, Greenhouse, Regina.
Mrs. C. B. Cameron, Regina.

LARDER'S SPICED BUTTER
1212 South St., Regina

German Imperial Vice-Chancellor Speaks About Peace

(Continued from last week's issue.)

Will Not be Ordinary Peace.

Herr von Payer considered that the present terrible struggle would not end with a peace of the customary character. A mere glance at the state of complete exhaustion of the world excludes such a possibility, he said.

"In former peace negotiations," he said, "the middle and lower classes when it came to the council table fell quietly into the background. This is now over and the governments will conclude the coming peace treaties in close harmony with the entire people.

The main thing for them in peace is not the acquisition of land, treasure and glory; they aim now always at least at the conclusion of a lasting peace and therefore there will be no peace of conquest."

Herr Von Payer considered that this might mean disappointment and renunciation to Germany's enemies which would be almost equivalent to a confession of defeat as "they have made the destruction and political shattering of us and our allies their aim."

Russia, he thought, might have remained in capable existence if she had granted tolerable conditions to the enslaved races by a federal constitution.

"She collapsed," the vice-chancellor said, "because she could not maintain internal cohesion. Our victories and those of our allies now have given the subjects of that colossal empire an opportunity to liberate themselves."

Wants to Save Poland.

The vice-chancellor said it was unattainable that Germany would contribute to the restoration of the despotic Russian Empire, which by its mere existence always menaced the world.

"We cannot hand over Poland to Russia," he added, "nor can we assist in having Finland again placed under the Russian yoke. We cannot leave to their fate the border states which lie on the German frontier and the Baltic to be subjected against their will to Russian imperialism or thrown into the perils of civil war and anarchy."

"In fact, those states having some to an understanding with us, as those most nearly interested, can only be an advantage to the world, and we can never permit anyone to meddle with us in this matter from the standpoint of the present European balance of power or rather British predominance."

Herr Von Payer asserted that Germany had peace in the east and would not submit to the entente for its approval or alteration the peace treaties with the Ukraine, Russia and Romania.

For Status Quo Peace.

"For the rest, the territorial possessions which existed before the war can everywhere be restored," the speaker added. "A preliminary condition for us and our allies is that all the territory should again be restored which we possessed on August 1, 1914. Germany must, therefore, in the first place, receive back her colonies, in which connection the idea of an exchange on the grounds of expediency need not be excluded.

"We Germans, as soon as peace is concluded, can evacuate the occupied regions. We can, when once things have been got to that stage, restore Belgium. If we and our allies are once again in possession of what belonged to us and if we first are sure that in Belgium no other state will be more favorably placed than we, then Belgium, I think, I may say, can be given back without embarrassment and without reserve."

The vice-chancellor said a requisite understanding between Germany and Belgium was easier, because their economic interests frequently were parallel and that Belgium was directly dependent upon Germany as a hinterland.

"It is hypocrisy to represent Belgium as the innocent victim of our policy," Herr Von Payer said, "and to clothe her, as it were, in the white garment of innocence. The Belgian government—and that is what matters, not the Belgian people—took an active part in Great Britain's policy of encircling Germany."

The vice-chancellor said there still was the question of war indemnities from one or the other party, and that Germany "been allowed to pursue her work in peace, there would have been no war or injury."

Rupture Kills 7,000 Annually

Seven thousand persons each are laid away—the burial certificates being marked "Rupture." Why? Because the unfortunate one had neglected themselves or had been merely taking care of the sign (swelling) of the affliction and paying no attention to the cause. What are you doing? Are you neglecting yourself by wearing a trunk, appliance, or whatever name you choose to call it. At best, the trunk is only a makeshift—a false prop against a collapsing wall—and cannot be expected to set as more than a mere mechanical support. The binding pressure retards blood circulation, thus robbing the weakened muscles of that which they need most—oxygenation.

But science has found a way, and every true sufferer in the land is invited to make a FREE test right in the privacy of their own home. The PLAPAO method is unquestionably the most scientific, logical and successful treatment for rupture the world has ever known.

The PLAPAO PAD when adhering closely to the body cannot possibly slip or shift out of place, therefore, cannot chafe or pinch. Soft, as velvet—ready to apply—impermeable. To be used whilst you work and whilst you sleep. No straps, buckles or springs attached.

Learn how to close the hernial opening as nature intended so the rupture CAN'T come down! Send your name today to PLAPAO CO., Black 3021 St. Louis, Mo., for FREE trial Plapao and the information necessary.

Would Forego Indemnities.

"There can be no question, therefore, of our paying," Von Payer said, "but only whether we should receive compensation for the injuries inflicted on us. We are deeply convinced that as the innocent and attacked party we have a right to indemnification. To go on prosecuting the war, however, that point would cost us such heavy sacrifices, irreparable by money, that we prefer, on calm reflection, and even with our favorable military situation, to abandon this idea, quite apart from the question of jeopardizing a future peace which would be inevitable if compensation were forcibly urged.

"Unrealizable conditions of peace should not be laid down for our participation in the peace negotiations. We laugh at the idea that we should first penitently ask for mercy before we are admitted. We laugh at the fools who babble for revenge. I have wished only to show that peace by understanding will bring nothing humiliating for us nor a period of misery or wretchedness.

"Strong is the consciousness of our invincibility, equal among the nations of the earth, we will lead a life of labor, but also with contentment and with an assured future. We will protect the world's peace from future dangers."

"It would be an illusion to calculate on will to peace in those circles among our enemies which are responsible for the opening and the continuing of hostilities. For years they have been living on the inflaming of war passions. They cannot admit to their countrymen that their aims are unattainable and that their sacrifices have been made in vain.

"Others among these peoples will think differently. Moreover, they will prevail sooner or later. Until then, however, there remains nothing for us to do but to defend our lives."

"We place the responsibility for the blood which will yet fall on the shoulders of our enemies, but whoever will not hear must fall. On our outer and inner front the will to destruction of our enemies will be shattered.

"Germany's strength, capacity, courage and self-sacrifice, to which for four years we owe everything, must teach them that it has become hopeless for them to continue to wage this baneful war.

"Despite everything, the peace treaty will have purely positive contents. The nations of the earth cry out for further preservation from the further misery of wars, for leagues of nations, for international courts of arbitration and agreements regarding equal disarmament, which eries the enemy governments have made their own, and the fulfillment of which would not be wrecked by the German government's opposition. We are on the contrary, ready to collaborate to the best of our ability."

Von Payer said these ideas were not new to Germany, and continued:

"We desire to have a disarmament agreement on the complete reciprocity applied not merely to land armies but even to naval forces. In pursuance of the same idea, and even going beyond it, we will raise in the negotiations a demand for the freedom of the seas and sea routes, for the open door in all overseas possessions, and for the protection of private property at sea. And if negotiations take place regarding the protection of small nations and of national minorities in individual states, we shall willingly advocate international arrangements which will act for re-deliverance in countries under Great Britain's domination."

SOUTH SASK. SPECIAL CONFERENCE (MO. SYNOD).

Regina, Sask., Sept. 12, 1918.

The South Saskatchewan Special Conference of the Mo. Synod will hold their meeting October 15th to 17th, at the parish of Rev. Kaiser, near Markinch, Sask. The following themas will be discussed:

Life-Insurance—Rev. Wetstein;
Can divine penitence be upheld according to the teaching of the bible—Rev. Kaiser;
Seasonable preaching—Rev. Krug.

Lectures on our Mo. Synod:

1. Introduction and organization—Rev. Baechler;
2. Privileges and duties of the parishes within the synod—Rev. Bochnke;
3. Interior-mission—Rev. Becker;
4. Exterior-mission—Rev. Bruss;
5. Institutions—Rev. Graupner;
6. Treasury of the Minn. Districts—Rev. Fuhr;
7. Publications of the Concordia Publishing House—Rev. Krueger;
8. Benevolent Societies—Rev. Kuehner;
9. Pastoral preacher—Rev. Graupner.

Confessional Sermon: Rev. Fuhr (Rev. Linnemeier.)

Rev. Kaiser, Markinch, asks every prospective delegate to kindly notify him in regard to attendance and arrival.

C. R. Rohloff, Sec.

Rheumatism

A HOME CURE GIVEN BY ONE WHO HAD IT

In the spring of 1893 I was attacked by Muscular and Inflammatory Rheumatism. I suffered as only those who have it know, for over three years. I tried remedy after remedy, and doctor after doctor, but with little relief as I received was only temporary. Finally, I found a remedy that cured me completely, and it has never returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted and even bedridden with Rheumatism, and it effected a cure in every case.

I want every sufferer from any form of rheumatic trouble to try this marvelous healing power. Don't send a cent; simply mail your name and address and I will send it free to try. After you have used it and it has proven itself to be that long looked for means of curing your rheumatism, you may send the price of it, one dollar, but understand, I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied no longer when positive relief is thus offered you free! Don't delay. Write today.

Mark H. Jackson, No. 231 E. Gurney Bldg., Syracuse, N. Y.
Mr. Jackson responsible. Statement true.

The ninth German war loan will be offered for subscription from Sept. 23 to Oct. 23, according to a despatch from Berlin. The loan will be issued in the form of five percent, bonds and four and one-half per cent, redeemable treasury bills. Both will be issued at 98.

A treaty of alliance has been concluded between Germany and Finland, under which the entire man power of Finland is put at Germany's disposal, according to a despatch to the Matin from Copenhagen.

One of a squadron of German warships cruising off the coast of the island of Ameland on Friday evening ran on a mine or was torpedoed, according to reports received here. The ship was seen suddenly to heeb over and disappear.

ENGLISH-GERMAN DICTIONARIES

at all prices 50c, 75c, \$1.20, \$1.50.

'American Adviser' 65c.

All kinds of books especially fiction and poetry.

When ordering, always include 10c above price to cover postage.

When in Regina, please call and look over our stock. You can make your own selection.

The International Book Co. of Canada
1825 Halifax Street,
Regina, Sask.