

"Gentlemen Unafraid"

True and Thrilling Stories of Canada's North West Mounted Police

Written for Leslie's by JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

EDITOR'S NOTE—A member of Leslie's editorial staff, recently returned from the Yukon Territory, where he talked with and about the famous Royal North West Mounted Police, says emphatically that the efficiency of this renowned body of men has not been exaggerated in Mr. Curwood's article. In their demeanor and conscious dignity of service, in addition to their unquestioned bravery, he regards them as the finest men he has ever seen in uniform anywhere in the world. The illustration on the front cover is from a photograph recently made at White Horse, on the Klondike trail. As explained by Mr. Curwood, the Royal Mounted are not mounted except in the prairie districts to the eastward. Throughout the Yukon and other parts of the frozen North, they travel by dog teams and canoes and on foot. It is extremely rare to see a horse in that region, where feed for animals must be imported at very high cost.

INSPECTOR FITZGERALD, R. N. W. M. P. was not afraid of death. He had faced it a hundred times, and had come out winner. But this time he knew that he had lost. The Arctic coast was a hundred miles straight north, and Fort McPherson between thirty and forty miles to the south and east. He was on the Big Wind River. It unwound itself behind him, narrow, and frozen, and twisting, a veritable trail of death. Ten miles back lay Constable Kinney, with a bit of chewed moose-hide still between his stiffened jaws. Close beside him lay Taylor, his rifle gripped in his hand, and the top of his head shot off. And here, at his own feet, Fitzgerald looked down upon the last of the three who had fought their way down the river with him, and who had showed him, one after the other, how the men of the Northland die.

Carter was the third—and last: He had died only a few minutes before. With what little strength remained in his own frozen and swollen limbs, Fitzgerald drew the body back fifteen feet from the charred remains of their last fire, and crossed his hands over his breast. Then he spread a handkerchief over his dead comrade's face and weighted the corners of the handkerchief down with bits of charred wood, so that the wind would not blow it away.

Foot by foot, at times on his hands and knees, Fitzgerald dragged himself back through the terrible gray gloom to the river, a hundred yards away, and to the end of a willow that hung out over the Big Wind he tied a red neck handkerchief. It was more difficult in getting back, but he wanted Carter for company, even though he was dead. He pulled himself to the fire-bed, but there was no longer a warm coat there. From his coat pocket he drew forth a heavy manila envelope. His frozen fingers were too stiff to hold a pencil, so he picked-up a charred stick, that had burned to a point. With this stick he scrawled on the envelope:

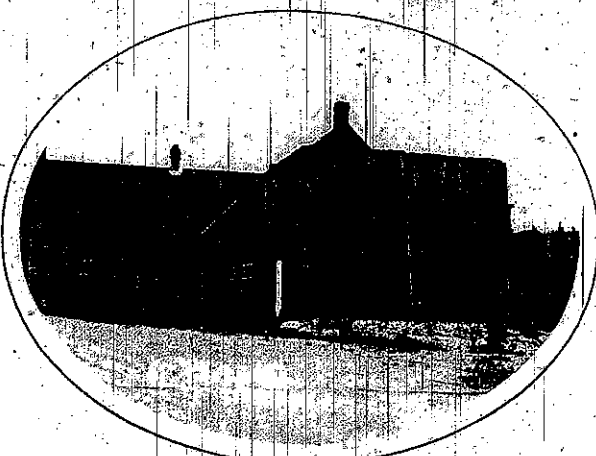
All money in despatch, bag and bank, my clothes, etc. I leave to my dear beloved mother, Mrs. John Fitzgerald, Halifax. God bless all.

F. J. FITZGERALD, R. N. W. M. P.

He put the envelope back in his pocket, then wrapped himself in a blanket, and stretched himself out on his back where the fire had been. He no longer felt the sting of the intense cold. He no longer felt pain. He crossed his hands on his breast, and left his face uncovered, looking to the fast straight up into that dead and awful gloom of the Arctic sky.

In that way he died.

This is not fiction. It is a tragedy in real life—a tragedy of that savage Northland whose stories seldom reach civilization, and where a few thousand men and women are living, as they have lived for more than two centuries, amid those grim environments where the one great law of life is that of the survival of the fittest. In fiction the dying man who wrote his last words with a bit of charred wood when he had a pencil in his pocket would be called unreal. But Fitzgerald did that, and he crossed his hands over his breast, and straightened himself out before he died, for in that way he could be more easily carried when he was found. And Taylor had shot himself, because he wanted to die quickly and not lingeringly. And Kinney had fought for life until the last, and died with a bit of tough moose-hide in his mouth.



THE "SKOOKUM HOUSE" AT WHITE HORSE
Skookum House is the picturesque name for jail in the Yukon Territory. Little used, however, for Canadian justice is swift.

They were brave men—splendid types of that finest "police" force in the world, the Royal North West Mounted, and their grim story is but one of hundreds, many of which are never heard of outside of the wilderness, except in Government blue-books and in the dusty files of the Hudson's Bay Company's posts. In them the naked truth is often more thrilling than fiction. Real tragedy becomes at times almost the melodrama of the stage. And these men and women are not mere memories, like those of the dead and gone centuries of romance and chivalry; they are living today. Each year they add a little more to that wonderful story of life in the far North. For more than two hundred years it has been writing itself out in the Company day-books and records at the Hudson's Bay Company's posts, but scarcely a whisper of it reaches the outside world.

The Crusaders of the early days never faced more thrilling undertakings than the modern crusaders of the North—the Royal North West Mounted Police, and certainly their tasks were more frequently less dangerous. No fanfare of trumpets accompany the achievements of those 626 heroic men who patrol a country that reaches a thousand miles east and west and twelve hundred miles north and south. Consider for a moment that these Crusaders in real life "police" a country approximately twenty-six times the size of Ohio, and that their total fighting strength is numerically smaller than the police force of a single city like Detroit, Buffalo or Cleveland.

And they not only police this vast territory, but they do it well. No journey is too long, no risk too great, for the man of the Royal Mounted. The whaler who commits a murder up on the shore of the Arctic Sea is not too far away for the long arm of the law that reaches a thousand miles. In an American community, if a murderer is at large, scores and hundreds of man-hunters are on his trail. Up in that big, frozen world one man is sent out with those epic words from headquarters ringing in his ears: "Don't come back until you've got your man!" It is a service whose "long arm" is typified in scores of instances like that of Corporal Handcock, who last year traveled 577 miles by dog team, with the temperature ranging from

thirty to fifty degrees below zero, merely to serve a subpoena on a witness! "Dollar a day heroes," Rudyard Kipling is said to have called them once, but they don't work for that dollar a day. It's what Lord Strathcona calls "the spirit." Money alone could not hire the day's work done. But the Honor Roll inspires it.

It was "the spirit" that urged Fitzgerald and his brave comrades on to their death. In December they left on the patrol from Fort McPherson to Dawson, with three dog teams of five dogs each. On February 28th Corporal Dempster and a relief patrol set out to discover what had happened to them. The old trail in the snow told a part of the story, and Fitzgerald's diary told most of the rest, when the bodies were found late in March. Fitzgerald and his comrades had lost themselves for a week. Food ran short. There was ample time for them to have turned back. But the spirit of "do or die" urged them on in their search for the trail that was never found, until they entered at last upon the "Roll of Honor" on that day of death on the Big Wind.

Many gruesome as well as perilous tasks fall to these men of iron and nerve—and especially to those whose service is in the frozen zone and not in the prairie countries,

and who therefore use canoes, snowshoes and dogs instead of horses—from which the service takes its misnomer, "Royal Mounted." In the coldest period of the winter Corporal Handcock, who was at Green Lake, traveled 215 miles with a dead man. The body was that of a trapper who had frozen to death on his trap-line, Handcock was ordered to bring him to Prince Albert. The trapper was frozen to the rigidity of iron. His arms and limbs were sprawled out, and his body was so doubled that it could hardly be kept on a sledge. For twenty days Handcock was alone in that grim company. Every night the wolfish "huskies" (his team of man-eating dogs) wailed and howled in the presence of that terrible dead, and Handcock's eyes grew dark and sunken. The body had to be repacked several times a day. At this same time Constable Thorne was packing in another frozen trapper from the west, with the temperature fifty degrees below zero.

Here was tragedy alone—but farther north, away up near Du Brochet, a heroic little woman was giving a touch of romance to death. She was a young half-French woman and her husband was trapping foxes along the edge of the Barrens when death came into their little home.

The nearest post was forty miles away. Wrapping the body of her husband in a blanket, the wife packed him on a sledge, and with four dogs set out in February. A terrible storm swept down upon her and she became lost. For a week she struggled through that Arctic desolation, building her camp-fires at night and sleeping close beside her dead husband. On the eighth day she was found by a Hudson's Bay Company's outfit from Brochet. Her long black hair, hung in masses about her. Her cheeks were sunken, she was almost blind, and one of her feet was frozen. She had covered nearly a hundred miles. One more night and she would not have risen from her sleep beside her dead husband.

In this country, where one has to travel perhaps fifty or a hundred miles to reach his nearest neighbor's cabin, distance does not count for much. Take the Athabasca and Mackenzie River district, for instance, a territory

(Continued on page 305)



POLICE BARRACKS AT WHITE HORSE
Headquarters of the Royal North West Mounted Police at the head of navigation of the Yukon River, on the old trail of the Klondikers.

before Baby Comes

build up mother's
When called upon
den of maternity
must be provided
leading phys-

Extract

babys arrival, it
surplus of
promotes
al glands.
in palat-
welcomed
ach easily
trans-
blood
body.



Happy Marriage

Depends largely on
knowledge of the whole
and health. This knowl-
edge does not come
of their own
correctly from ordinary,
every day sources.

COLOGY

(Unfair)
M. H. D., imparts to a
Should Have
and Should Have
old Have
old Have to His Son
and Should Have
Should Have
ould Have
2 Report to Her Daughter
Should Have
L. H. D., 22, 2nd Ward
Perry St., PHILA., PA.

ans for



\$25 to
\$75 Saved

ROLLERS

It the Wonderful
ice. Price \$5 Each
used candies direct from
Guaranteed, packed and
by expert bakers special-
ize in the finest flavors
and prices. Jambles Roll-
ers each. Chorus Lead-
ers. Each also guaranteed.
Ask for free book
from
NATURE'S SOLO
SINGERS \$3.00 each
Imperial Birds, Royal
Carnaries with nat-
ural voices untrained
but exquisite with
songs. Nothing equals
them. Price \$5 each.
Illustrated catalog free de-
signed fish and all supplies.
M. Des Moines, Iowa

Liant Heater

ANY ORDINARY ROOM IN
THREE AT ALMOST NO COST
central draught lamp or gas
flame or mantle burner.)
D LIGHT AT ONE COST
Home, 712 2nd Ave. S. E., Minne-
apolis, Minn. Giant Heater a spe-
cial. I would not be without it in

BULBS FOR 10c.

aple Trees, 50 Bulk Culture,
100 Bulk and beautiful Catalogue—
FOR 10 CENTS
24-Bulbs, 5 each of 5 different
Tulps, Jacqulin, D. Bractintha,
white, etc. will make beautiful
216 for window or lovely wall
flower for the garden. Plant seed-
boxes of Hyacinths, Tulips, Her-
mion, Primulas, pansy, etc. etc.
Price 10c. 100-1000.
D. C. Royal Park, N. Y.

MONEY Growing

many money making
opportunities. Write for
free book. 10c. 100-1000.
D. C. Royal Park, N. Y.



Karo

the favorite home syrup
is now in season for
griddle cakes, waffles and
hot biscuit.

Always in season for
taffy, fudge, fondant
creams and chocolates—
Karo insures success in
scores of recipes for deli-
cious home-made candy.

Karo spread on bread
is the daily after-school
snack for millions of
healthy children.

The many table and cook-
ing uses of Karo are shown in
the new Corn Products Cook
Book which every housewife
should have.

New desserts and dainty
dishes shown in beautifully
illustrated color pages.

The young folks will be
especially delighted with the
collection of recipes for home
candy making. Simple direc-
tions which will insure success
in every case.

Send your name at once
and obtain your free copy
of this valuable cook book.
Write to

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING CO.

New York
Dept. T P. O. Box 161



Gentlemen Unafraid

(Continued from page 23)

that comprises 620,000 square miles—slightly less than a twelfth part of the North American continent and about a fifth of the whole of Canada. This vast region, which reaches from the Yukon eastward half-way to Hudson's Bay, and northward along the Mackenzie to the Arctic Ocean, is patrolled by three officers and twenty-five men. In spite of this, no lay-breaker in the whole of that territory is safe from capture, for once set upon a trail, a man-hunter of the Royal Mounted forgets distance and becomes a veritable Nemesis. As an illustration, the Inspector at Fort McPherson called in one of his men one afternoon, and said to him quite casually: "Here's a white man who is selling liquor to the Indians. He's down on the White Hare River. Go and get him."

The officer set out that same afternoon, and the White Hare River was three hundred miles away! To get his man, who was selling to the Dog Ribs, the man-hunter had to go through a country that was almost unexplored. He traveled 800 miles—and he brought back his man. His experience among the Dog Ribs was a highly humorous illustration of the fear and respect with which the men of the Royal Mounted are regarded throughout the country they patrol. Word of his approach had preceded him to the village by a half day, and when he reached the camp it was deserted. The Dog Ribs had scattered—before one man! It took a week to find the white man who was selling liquor.

I met a man 500 miles north of civilization, west of Fort Churchill, who was on the trail of a man-killer. He told me his story one night beside our camp-fire, and he spoke of his task as casually as an American officer might speak of serving a warrant on a man in an adjoining county. He was alone, and he had been on the trail for five months. His name was Barry. It was two months later before he got his man; and in those seven months he traveled over 2,000 miles! Another man-hunter of the Royal Mounted started in at Prince Albert in mid-summer, spent Christmas at Herschel, on the Arctic coast, and caught his man near Fort Rae; on the Great Slave.

While every man in the Royal Mounted, and particularly those in the far northern branch of the service, is supposed to be a "distance-killer," the record in this respect is held by Inspector E. A. Pelletier, Corporal Joyce, and Constables Walker and Conway, who set out from Fort Saskatchewan, without guides, to cut completely across unexplored North America to Hudson's Bay. A complete account of this remarkable journey would fill several volumes of fascinating adventure. For nearly a year these heroic men were utterly lost in the wilds, and when at last they came out on Chesterfield Inlet, Hudson's Bay, they had

traveled a distance of 3,400 miles. During all of that time their lives were in their own hands. Unlike the much talked of Arctic explorers whose "thrilling dashes" of a hundred miles on two or four-legged animals wherever a paper is printed over the world they had no ship or supplies a few days' journey behind them. Everything was carried in their camp; when winter set in, and the chances were abandoned, life, warmth, everything depended upon the packs they lashed upon their shoulders.

I once talked with a Mission man up in the Great Slave country. He had spent fifteen years in the wild country of the North, and he said to me one evening: "In all my experience up here I cannot remember having found a coward. It is a wonderful country—a country that breeds M.P.W. For that reason it is not hard to believe that in those few words he epitomized that "spirit" which I have tried to describe. The day's work is a "man's work"—and only death, and never fear or cowardice, can stop it. The men who do it don't strut in peacock's feathers, nor rush into print.

There was McCall, for instance, who, after one of the most desperate winter journeys ever taken in the far north, wrote down from the edge of the Barrens, and said: "I beg to report that our journey to Aberdeen Lake was filled with great danger and misfortune. We were storm-bound frequently, and the temperature fell to sixty-five." LeBarge died at Baker Island. Scott and I pulled in with only two dogs, lying on bark and roots for the last hundred miles. It is unfortunate that three of my fingers were frozen, and have been amputated." Is there anything that can beat this for modesty and brevity? What "copy" such an experience would have made for an "Arctic" explorer!

In this great Northland, by which I mean the country a thousand miles wide reaching between the Yukon and Hudson's Bay, and most of which is practically unexplored, the men of the Royal Mounted are each year doing a great deal of exploratory work, and some of their discoveries, if made almost anywhere else, would create little less than sensations. Sergeant McLeod, striking into the unexplored country northeast of Fort Vermillion, came upon an unknown lake, which he believed to be almost as large as Lake Ontario; and almost simultaneously with this discovery, Sergeant A. H. L. Mellor and Constable Johnson found a new lake far to the south and east of the Great Slave, which was from thirty to forty miles in width, and from eighty to one hundred in length. Into this lake emptied a stream which in places was a mile in width. It is probable that in the next maps of Canada these discoveries will be named after the men who made them.

Conjugated

Inquisitive Friend—Don't you find that your wife is very subject to moods?
Especk—No; she has only one mood, the imperative, and I'm the one that's subject to that.—Judge

Delaying the Law

"How in the world will you dig up evidence to get me a new trial?"
"Don't worry about that," replied the lawyer. "All you have to do is to dig up more money."—Judge.



NOTED FRENCH VISITORS TO AMERICAN CANNERIES

The first to America of Maître Fernand Labori, of Paris, the famous French lawyer, recalls the great crisis of Dreftus and Emile Zola, both of whom M. Labori ably defended. The part, a new in the West, and while in Chicago visited the stock yards and watched with interest and amazement the canning of meat. The picture shows them inspecting the packing. M. Labori is shown in the center, with Madame Labori and her daughters to his left. They all spoke enthusiastically of American canneries and of the cordial feeling existing between the two nations and expressed a belief in its continuance.

answering advertisements to please mention "Leslie's Weekly"

Nearly Always Some Bad Judgment

about food or drink causes
the headaches, sleepless-
ness, bowel troubles, heart
failure, nervousness and a
dozen and one other dis-
turbances.

It's easy to prove Whether or not Coffee

is the hidden cause.

Some persons are really
anxious enough to recover
lost health, to make the
experiment and find out.

Quit coffee absolutely
for 10 days and use hot,
well-made



A genuine food-drink
made of wheat and a small
percent of New Orleans
mlasses. It supplies a
hot table beverage with a
coffee color and a snappy
flavour much resembling
Old Dutch Java. Postum
is pure and absolutely free
from caffeine, or drug of
any kind.

If the aches and ails
begin to disappear in a few
days, you will know how
to avoid that kind of trouble
in the future.

Postum comes in two
forms:

Regular Postum—must
be well boiled.

Instant Postum is a sol-
uble powder. A teaspoon-
ful dissolves quickly in a
cup of hot water and, with
the addition of cream and
sugar, makes a delicious
beverage instantly.

It's a lot of fun to be
perfectly well.

There's a Reason for POSTUM