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Nov 1913
Maud Woodworth

Ella Maud Woodworth

Bauff Alta

November - 1913

WEDDING BELLS

MOSEK — WOODWORTH.

Beautifully decorated with maple leaves and autumn flowers, the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Woodworth, of Moser River, presented a very pleasing appearance on the evening of October 19. The occasion was the marriage of their daughter Alice to Mr. Frank Moser.

Miss Woodworth was charmingly attired in white and wore the conventional bridal wreath and carried a pretty bouquet of bridal roses and lilies.

Both unattended, the bride and groom stood under a floral arch, which was tastefully finished with dainty flowers and bridal bells, and in the presence of their immediate relatives only, repeated the beautiful words which made them man and wife. The ceremony was performed by Rev. W. R. Walker, pastor of the Baptist church.

The short service was used and was beautiful and impressive in its simplicity. A short reception followed, which was made the occasion for general good cheer, expression of good-will and of wishing Mr. and Mrs. Moser many years of happy wedded life.

Both bride and groom being well known and popular, the custom of giving presents as an outward expression of the good wishes of friends was not forgotten, and the collection showed a combination of beauty and usefulness. Mr. and Mrs. Moser will make their home at Moser River.

A Silver Wedding

Possibly there is no family in the Park that have more friends than Mr. and Mrs. Ben Woodworth and their daughters and sons.

The anniversary of their 25th wedding day was celebrated last Thursday evening. Many friends drove out to the family residence and a most enjoyable evening was spent.

Crag and Canyon wish Mr. and Mrs. Woodworth many happy returns of the day.



JOHN WALKER.

Mr. John Walker, whose portrait is published above, has recently been appointed caretaker of the Basin, for the second time. Mr. Walker came to Banff on May 27th, 1899, having been appointed at Ottawa to take charge of the Cave and Basin. He held that position till July 31, 1897, when on the change of government he lost it. Mr. Walker has lived in Banff ever since and during most of that time has been in business on the main street, while he has resided, surrounded by his beloved flowers, in his comfortable home on Bear street. Mr. Walker has always done his utmost to promote the happiness of the children of Banff and has taken an active part in the public life of this town.



R. H. BOB PEARSON

Cupid's Court

Fuller-Lalonde.

A very pretty wedding was solemnized on Saturday at St. Mary's church, the contracting parties being Gladys Mary Fuller, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Fuller, late of the Channel Islands, and George Lalonde, of Cornwall, Ont., supported by Mr. Ed. Jesmer, also of Cornwall. The bride was attired in a cream silk Empire gown with pearl trimmings and fringe, and Gainsborough hat. She carried a lovely shower bouquet.

The bride was given away by Mr. C. J. Kane, at whose residence the reception was held. The happy couple were the recipients of many costly presents and will reside in Calgary.

The Far Away Boy

Pray may I ask you worthy lad,
Whose smile no care can smother,
Though busy life throbs round about,
Have you written home to Mother.

You are forgetting aren't you quite,
How fast the weeks are flying,
And that a little blotted sheet,
Unanswered still is lying.

Don't you remember how she stood,
With wistful glance at parting,
Don't you remember how the tears,
Were in her soul eyes starting.

Have you forgotten how her arms,
Folded around to express you,
Have you forgotten her last low words,
Goodbye my son, God bless you.

Ah, do not worry her patient love,
Save God's there is no other,
Be faithful through all mist of sin,
Fear not to write to Mother.

Tell her how hard it is to walk,
As walked the Master lowly,
Tell her how hard it is to keep,
A man's life pure and holy.

Tell her to keep the lamp of prayer,
Alight a beacon burning,
Where beam shall reach you far away,
Shall lure your soul returning.

Tell her you love her dearly still,
For fear some day tomorrow,
You'll hear away the listening soul,
And leave you lost in sorrow.

And then through bitter-falling tears,
And sighs you may not smother,
You will remember when too late,
You did not write to Mother.



BEFORE THE GAME. By Stuart Travis.



AS IT SEEMED TO HIM.
By Gordon Grant.

Photo-Galton Print, 11 x 9 in.
PRICE 25 CENTS.



THE OBVIOUS QUESTION.

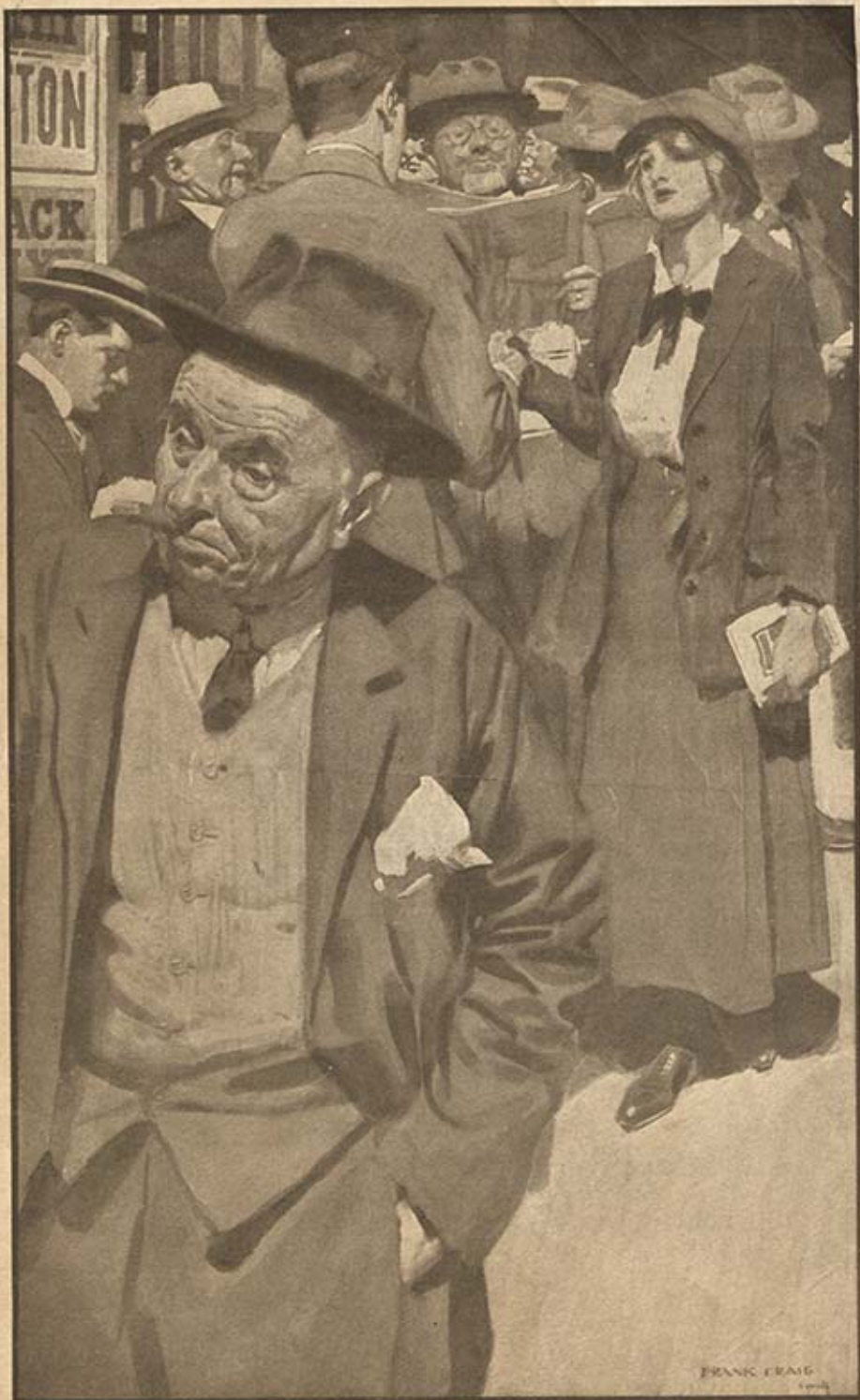
JUDGE.—You are charged with intoxication. What is your name?
THE CULPRIT.—Roderick McTavish McGregor.
JUDGE.—Hm-m-m! Who paid for your liquor?

The following lines by a Banff
bus driver express the feelings of
many travellers:

No doubt you have heard of Shaughnessy
And the famous C. P. line,
That runs all over Canada
But never cuts on time?
Your heart would fill with sorrow
As you think of "Home Sweet Home"
And your weary, weary waiting
For a train to come along.
Oh! Mr. Shaughnessy
Will you listen to our prayers?
If you cannot send a train along
Will you kindly send some chairs?
We will send you to Chicago, New York,
or Baltimore,
If you'll truly give us promise
That we'll have to wait no more.
God knows the nights are chilly
And we need some rest at home;
But we're weary, weary, waiting
For a train to come along.



SO YOU'RE GOING HOME TO-MORROW.



DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

"I'm glad I saw you," said the girl. "I hope you won't forget me. I am late; I must go—I suppose——"

(Athalie)

THE DOUBLE STANDARD

There was a man, it was said
One time,
Who went astray in his youth-
ful prime,
Can the brain keep cool and
the heart keep quiet
When the blood is a river
that's running riot?
And boys will be boys, the
folks say,
And the man is the better
who's had his day.

The sinner reformed, and the
preacher told
Of the prodigal son who came
back to the fold,
And Christian people threw
open the door,
With a warmer welcome than
ever before,
Wealth and honor were his to
command,
And a spotless woman gave
him her hand.

And the world strewed their
pathway with blossoms
abloom,
Crying "God bless lady, and
God bless groom."

There was a maiden who went
astray
In the golden dawn of her
life's young day,
She had more passion and
heart than head,
And she followed blindly
where fond Love led,
And Love unchecked is a dan-
gerous guide
To wander at will by a fair
girl's side.

The woman repented and
turned from sin
But no door opened to let her
in,
The preacher prayed that she
might be forgiven,
But told her to look for mercy
—in heaven.
For this is the law of the
earth we know,
That the woman is stoned,
but the man may go.
A brave man wedded her, after
all,
But the world said frowning,
"We shall not call."
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

WEDDINGS

MELLYVEN—SUTHERLAND

Miss Katherine Sutherland and Mr.
R. Lundy Mellyven were united in mar-
riage on Wednesday at 5 o'clock at the
home of the bride's mother, Mrs. C.
Sutherland, 112 Thirtieth avenue
west. Reverend J. A. Clarke offici-
ated. After a short trip Mr. and Mrs.
Mellyven will make their home at
Bankhead, Alta.

Cameron—Savage.

Yesterday afternoon Rev. S. E. Mar-
shall, united in marriage at the Cen-
tral Methodist parsonage Miss Ida E.
Savage formerly of Guelph, Ontario,
and Daniel A. Cameron of this city.
The bridesmaid was Miss Emma J.
Stevenson and the best man William
E. Stevenson. Mr. and Mrs. Cameron
will reside in Calgary.



"Junita" Hit of Yesterday

Soft o'er the fountain
Ling'ring falls the Southern moon;
Far o'er the mountain
Breaks the day too soon!
In thy dark eye's splendor,
Where the warm light loves to dwell
Weary looks, yet tender,
Speak their fond farewell!

Nita! Juanita!
Ask thy soul if we should part!
Nita! Juanita!
Lean thou on my heart.

And here is a modern instance:—

Every morning I go for a drive in the
park.
And Johnny goes too, Johnny goes too;
Every afternoon I go for a lark,
And Johnny goes too, Johnny goes too;
Every evening we go to some nice pic-
ture show,
And we don't get home 'til the lights
all burn low.
Then straight to cozy bed I go
And Johnny goes, too, Johnny goes
to his home across the way.

WHY SHE DIDN'T GO TO BED

How oft do scenes from my girlhood,
Come back in the after year,
And lessons I thought unneeded
In their true light now appear.

I remember my sweet faced mother
And the way she worried then.
If I was not safe 'neath the roof tree
When the clock in the hall struck ten.

And I still can hear the cadence
Of the thoughtless voice that said
"What waiting for me, dear mother?
Why didn't you go to bed?"

Ah then how her lips would tremble
With the weight of a heavy sigh
As she answered "Perhaps my
daughter
You'll know why by and by."

Half vexed I would seek my chamber
My pride by ignorance fanned,
Why mother should fret about me
I couldn't understand.

But time with his hoary finger
With care has marked my brow,
And the lessons I thought so useless
Are very plain to me now.

Only last night I waited,
Filled with a vague unrest,
And the cares that worried mother
Chilled now my anxious breast.

I thought of the countless pitfalls
That are laid for careless feet,
Of the subtle tongue of flattery
And the charm of the lighted street.

But the thoughtless child who tarried
At last from the threshold said,
"What waiting for me, dear mother?
Why didn't you go to bed?"

Mine now were the lies that trembled
With the weight of a heavy sigh
As I answered "Perhaps my daughter
You'll know why by and by."

Then as the lights were lowered
And quietness reigned about,
I lifted the shade from the window
And with tearful eyes looked out.

And I saw past the bright stars shin-
ing,
Far up toward the better land,
And I whispered, "Mother, darling,
How well I understand."

—Gertrude Cornish Knight.
Port Arthur, Nov. 11, 1911.

BEGINNING.

(By Charles Mackay.)

A little stream had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger stooped a well
Where weary man might turn;
He waded it in and hung with care
A ladle at the brink,
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that all might drink.
He passed again and lo, the well,
By summer never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside.

A nameless man, amid a crowd
That throng'd the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied from the heart,
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath,
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death,
O germ, O fount, O word of love,
O thought at random cast;
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last.

Beneath the light of a bright, starry night
Sang a lonely little Indian maid,
No lover's sweet serenade has ever won
me,
As in a dream it would seem down the
stream,
Gaily paddling his tiny canoe.

A chieftain, longing to woo, sang her this
song:—
Chorus:—
Your voice is ringing my Silver Bell,
Under its spell I've come to tell you of the
Love I am bringing o'er hill and dale,
Happy we'll dwell, my Silver Bell.

Many moons, many spoons, many tunes,
Wake the echoes of the still summer
night.

As down the stream gleaming bright,
He floated, dreaming in his canoe only
two sat to woo.

As they listened to the sigh of the breeze
That seemed to sing in the trees this
sweet refrain—Chorus.

HELEN McCULLOCH.
Naramata, B. C.

A very pretty wedding took place at Banff on Wednesday last when Miss Annie Katherine Heddbloom, second daughter of Erik Heddbloom, rancher of Clear, Alta., became the bride of Harry Hodgson, of Kendal, the Rev. Mr. Harrison, pastor of St. George's church, Banff, officiating.

The bride was attended by Miss Maudie Woodworth, of Buffalo Park, as bridesmaid, and was given away by Frank Woodworth, while the groom's attendant was George Mackenzie.

The bride, looking very handsome, was attired in a smart tailor-made going away suit of dark blue with a picture hat and ostrich feather to match, and carried to the altar a handsome bouquet of roses. After the ceremony a reception and dinner were given the happy couple at the C. P. R. hotel, at which appropriate toasts were proposed and responded to, and the young couple, together with the guests, took a coach drive through the mountains, winding up at the hotel, where dancing, etc., were indulged in.

The happy young people left on the midnight train for Vancouver, where they will spend a honeymoon of several weeks cruising the American coast and visiting coast cities. They will carry with them the good wishes of a host of friends in Clear, Alta., as well as many other points in the province.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hodgson, recently married at Banff, have returned from their honeymoon at the coast, and will reside at Clear villa, Banff, where they will be at home to their friends. Owing to stress of business the honeymoon was necessarily shortened.

The engagement is announced of Mr. Harry Brett, of Banff, and Miss Helen M. Fleming, head nurse of the Brett hospital, Banff, formerly of Nova Scotia.

The date of the marriage is not yet announced.

AU.

Along the yellow sands she walked,
The first time Maud I saw,
All lightly garbed in flimsy things,
Because 'tis warm in Au.
I thought she was a bonnie lass,
A souse thing and braw,
[Scotch songs by Pierrots were the rage
Upon the beach in Au].
I followed her, resolved to try
One bashful glance to draw,
For love is free-and-easy by
The sly sea waves in Au.
But Maudie would not look at me;
I smiled, I coughed, "Haw-haw!"
Serve she simply strolled away,
All on her own in Au.
I'm glad Maud didn't speak that day,
Though then I did feel raw;
[Her name praps wasn't Maud, but all
The girls are Mauds in Au].
Just as Maud cut me, came along
My wife and my-in-law,
So, by about an inch, I missed
A red-hot time in Au.

SPACE JONES TO

Jess Took

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fair
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at
Miss Jones
downtown
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a comer
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THE GROUCH.



He wears no simulated smile
At every time and place,
Sometimes you see for half a mile
The frown upon his face;
He is n't much on shaking hands,
His manner 's sharp and short
In fact, he scarcely understands
The way to be a sport:
He very seldom buys a drink
Or blows the bunch to
smokes;
He seems to want to spend
his chink
Upon his wife and folks;
The merry grafters call him
"close,"
The lusher say he's
"tight."

They dub him grouchy, sour, morose,
And doubtless they are right!

But when you're broke, and need a friend,
Why, he's right there, you bet!
He'll stick right with you, to the end,
Through trouble, woe, and debt;
He'll swear at you most heartily
(And stake you when you're flat);
It's pretty good, it seems to me,
To have a friend like that!

He loves his children and his wife,
And though his face is grim,
And though he does n't grin through life,
His friends all swear by him;
His workers love his very frown,
And for his goodness vouch;
And—well, I'll let you put me down
As one who loves The Grouch!

Berton B.

EVERSON-KNAGGS.

At 11 o'clock this morning the nuptials were quietly celebrated at Albert H. Everson and Miss Margaret Louise Knaggs, both of Calgary. Rev. Mr.

Mahaffy, officiated at the ceremony. The young couple will reside in the city.

GOOD-NIGHT, DEAR HEART.

Tonight, dear, in my loneliness,
You seem again to come to me.
To bring a smile, a soft caress,
From over Memory's silent sea.
Together in this sacred hour,
As slowly fades the dying light,
We part again in Fancy's power.
Good-night, Dear Heart,
Dear Heart, good-night.
Sweetheart, I read your letters o'er,
Each one a page from out your life,
And whisper soft, "Je vous adore!"
Ah, me! The pain cuts like a knife;
The midnight blackness of your hair
I kiss as I these lines indite.
Were you but here, my love to share—
Good-night, Dear Heart,
Dear Heart, good-night.
The little love things that were you—
See, I have tucked them all away,
Kissing each one—if you but know—
They grow more dear to me each day.
Where are you, Love? On some sweet star,
Low in the heavens burning bright?
Sleep peacefully, where'er you are.
Good-night, Dear Heart—
Dear Heart, good night.
C. L. S.

TAYLOR.

Much sympathy is felt by many friends in Banff and Bankhead with Mrs. Sarah A. Taylor in her loss by the death on Tuesday evening of her third daughter Ethel at the age of 15 years. Brochial pneumonia was the cause of death, the child having been ill just over two weeks. The funeral was on Thursday afternoon, the Rev J. H. Johnston officiating, and was attended by a large concourse of friends, the S.A. veterans joining the procession. Floral tributes were sent as follows:—

The family, a cross; Boys of the house, rose pillow; C.P.R. plumbers and gasfitters, gates ajar; Bankhead High School, wreath; Bankhead Public School, spray; Dr and Mrs H. G. Taylor, Calgary, spray; Mr and Mrs McCardell, wreath; Mrs Cowan and brother, wreath; Mrs J. Scarr, spray; Bankhead Oddfellows, wreath.

Mrs S. A. Taylor desires to thank all her friends for their kindly sympathy with her in her bereavement, and all those who sent flowers.

It is the little rift within the lute



That by and by will make the music mute.

(In this case the lute is L'il Arthur's own party).

McMillan—Died at the residence of her oldest sister, Mrs. Jas. Nicoll on Thursday morning, Velma H. McMillan, the youngest daughter of George and Catharine McMillan, of Orchardside farm, Chesterville, Ont. Members of the family consisted of: J. G. McMillan, Hoquiam (deceased); C. S. McMillan, of Edmonton, Alta.; G. B. McMillan, Prince Rupert; Archie and Amelia and aged father on the farm at Chesterville, Ont. The funeral will take place on Friday, De-

cember 1, at 2:30 p. m., from A. M. Shaver's chapel, and will be strictly private, and no flowers are requested. The services will be conducted by Rev. Mr. Kerby and Mr. Esler.

MILLIGAN.

Mr. A. B. Milligan, who had been in poor health for a number of years, died at the Hospital on Thursday afternoon from rheumatism of the heart. He leaves a widow and four children. The funeral will be at 3:30 this afternoon, and the service will be at the Presbyterian church.

FISHING MIXED WITH POLITICS

Local Party Found Fine Fishing in
Kananaskis Lakes—Returned
Yesterday

C. Trautwieser, E. W. Home, Dr. Mason and H. Pollard returned yesterday from a fishing trip in the Rockies; they spent the last twelve days packing through the Spray and Kananaskis valleys, which are very little travelled and afforded some excellent sport.

With a guide and a cook, six pack horses and six saddle horses, the party set out from Banff on the 12th of August and broke a trail back of Canmore to the first camp beyond the Spray Lakes. They camped again at Mud Lake in the Spray valley, and in the Kananaskis, and forded the Bow and Kananaskis rivers, eventually reaching Kananaskis station where they broke camp and took the train.

The journey was a rough one, and the route cut a crooked semi-circle from Banff to Kananaskis, including a detour round the picturesque Tombstone mountains. Trout were plentiful everywhere and the fishing was bully. Big game was sighted on two or three occasions within the boundaries of the park, and many kinds of birds, mammals and other animals, which are very tame and fearless, made friends with the intruders.

The only human being encountered during the twelve days was "Bill" Pettit, an interesting old fire ranger who knows the mountains near Pettit's hut one night, and Dr. Mason spent the twilight in hot debate with the host on reciprocity. Pettit had the last Eye-Opener and one or two Morning Albertans in his possession and took a very serious interest in the subject. According to the tales of the rest of the party, only their friendly interference prevented the forest ranger and the holiday-maker coming to blows on the subject.

Mr. Pollard brought back with him a very complete photographic record of the trip.



THE OPTIC NERVE.



"BULL" RITCHIE

The beefy big standby of the Tiger team who is expected to turn out next season. Bull did not play this year.

Animal Enclosures

The animal at the Buffalo Park have done remarkably well the last few months and though the increase has not been as large as might have been, this is due more to the fact that the care of them might have been much better in the previous eighteen months.

Ben Woodworth, the head of this department deserves a good deal of credit for the able management he has shown in the care of these wild animals. Though Mr. Woodworth's appointment is a government one, for the hit and miss style of the general run of appointments was a success in Mr. Woodworth's case. Not only does he look after his charges, but he has that gift seldom found in the human animal of a sympathy towards the four footed animals that they recognize, and for that very recognition the animals do better, are more at home and feel easier than they would otherwise.

The census of the enclosure is as follows—

Buffalo, 30 head all told; an increase of 2 from 8 cows.

Wapiti, 23 head; increase of 3.

Moose, 9 head; increase of 2.

Yack, 7 head; increase of 2.

Persian Sheep, 7; increase of 1.

4 Horned African Sheep,

7 head; increase of 2

5 Mountain Sheep, made up of

3 captured

1 lamb increase

1 old buck.

2 Mountain Goat.

Dame rumor is authority for the statement that a popular young Banff couple will be married today.

TWO KILLED IN WRECK

Freight Trains Meet Head-on Near Watmore

VANCOUVER, July 11.—William Johnson, a fireman, and Lee Wing, a Chinese boarding car cook, died at Kamloops today from injuries received when two extra C. P. R. freight trains collided head-on yesterday morning at 11 o'clock at Watmore, a small station 27 miles east of Kamloops. The third section of No. 3, which was due into Vancouver at about midnight last night, was delayed. This was the special train on which Minister of Railways Cochrane was riding.

METHODIST DELEGATES VIEW BANFF AND LAGGAN

Laggan, Alb., Aug. 12.—Banff and Laggan have proved a strong attraction to the Methodist General conference delegates. Scores of delegates and their friends from all parts of Canada have been spending a day in each place and revelling in the various scenery of the great national park. Some go on drives, some climb to dizzy mountain heights to survey the far extending snow-capped peaks, and some enjoy the hot baths at the sulphur springs. The difficulty is in finding words to describe it all. The half has not been told in a common expression. A special Pullman car from Toronto laid over at each place. Rev. H. Haig, the British delegate, is on this car. The strenuous tour the delegates has been very satisfactory, and much appreciated except complaints were made by some men on the special car that they were treated unfairly by drivers sent out through the Banff and Laggan hotel.

RED AND GREEN.

A LITTLE child on a sick-bed lay,
And to death seemed very near—
The parents' pride, and the only child
Of a railroad engineer;
And as the tears he shed,
To his wife he said,
I will leave two lanterns trimmed.

Just set a light
When I pass to-night;
Set it where it can be seen.
If our darling's dead
Then show the red—
If she's alive, show the green.

In the little house by the railroad side
Twas the mother's watchful eye
Saw a gleam of hope in the feeble smile
As the train went rushing by.

Just one short look, 'twas his only chance,
But the signal light was seen!
There arose on the midnight air a prayer—
Thank God, the light was green.

IN THE BAGGAGE-CAR AHEAD.

ON a dark stormy night, as the train rattled on,
All the passengers had gone to bed,
Except one young man with a babe on his arm,
Who sat there with a bowed-down head.

The innocent one commenced crying just then,
As though its poor heart would break.
One angry man said, "Make that child stop its noise,
For you're keeping all of us awake."

"Put it out," said another; "don't keep it in here,
We've paid for our berths and want rest."
But never a word said the man with the child,
As he fondled it close to his breast.

"Where is its mother? Go, take it to her—"
This a lady then softly said.
"I wish that I could," was the man's sad reply,
"But she's dead in the couch ahead."

Every eye filled with tears when his story he told,
Of a wife who was faithful and true,
He told how he's saved up his earnings for years
Just to build up a home for two.

How, when Heaven had sent them this sweet little babe,
Their young happy lives were blessed.
In tears he broke down when he mentioned her name,
And in tears tried to tell them the rest.

Every woman arose to assist with the child;
There were mothers and wives on that train.
And soon was the little one sleeping in peace,
With no thoughts of sorrow and pain.

Next morn' at a station he bade all good-by,
"God bless you," he softly said.
Each one had a story to tell in their home
Of the baggage-coach ahead.

While the train rolled onward a husband sat in tears,
Thinking of the happiness of just a few short years,
For baby's face brings pictures of a cherished hope that's dead;
But baby's cries can't wake her in the baggage-coach ahead.

THE ROSARY

The hours I spent with thee, Dear Heart,
Are as a string of pearls to me;
I count them over every one apart,
My rosary, my rosary!

Each hour a pearl, each pearl a prayer
To still a heart in absence wrong;
I tell each bead unto the end,
And there a cross is hung!

O, memories that bless and burn!
O, barren rain and bitter loss!
I kiss each bead and strive at last to learn

To kiss the Cross, sweetheart! to
Kiss the Cross.
From the pen of
ROBERT CAMERON ROGERS.

MUCH SOUGHT MAN DIED IN WINNIPEG

W. H. Disbrowe, Veteran of the
Northwest Rebellion, Did Not
Know He Was Wanted.

A letter has been received by Clark Bros. and Hughes from Superintendent Constantin, of the Northwest Mounted Police at Prince Albert, inquiring for particulars as to the late W. H. Disbrowe, who died in St. Boniface hospital about two weeks ago. It seems that Mr. Disbrowe's father, who was a Church of England clergyman, died some time ago, and friends asked the P.N.W.M.P. to locate the son several months ago, with the idea of getting him to take charge of the estate.

W. H. Disbrowe was a guest at the Dominion hotel, Main street, Winnipeg, all the time.

The late Mr. Disbrowe was an interesting personage. He came to Canada in 1876, and for a time settled in Ontario, coming to Winnipeg, where he established a farm implement emporium on Main street, close to where the Union bank now stands. For a time afterwards he was in the real estate business, and became manager for A. W. Ross in the Birtle Farming company, situated near Beulah, Man.

Had Government Position.

Later Mr. Disbrowe was appointed government guide by the late Sir John A. Macdonald, then premier of Canada. He was prominently connected with the militia in the early days, and was also a member of the volunteer fire brigade. He then went to Quebec citadel for a course of instruction as an officer in field battery work. While there he was appointed by the then lieutenant-governor of the province as aide-de-camp. When the troops were called out for the Riel rebellion he came to the northwest again, as transport officer, and became "galloper" to General Middleton. He was an officer along with Hugh John Macdonald in the first cavalry corps of Manitoba, which he organized and captained, and he was prominent here in both military and social circles. At cricket he was also quite an expert. He was a personal friend of Lieutenant-Governor Schultze, Lieutenant-Governor MacIntosh, A. W. Orendonk, James Imlister, the two latter being big railway contractors. T. G. Foynt, James H. Ashdown, Thomas Scott, and other prominent men were among his acquaintances in the early days. A strong Conservative, he was always active in the organization work of that party.

Moved to Banff.

Years ago Mr. Disbrowe went to Banff, where he established an outing house some distance away from the present hotel at that place. From there he went to Nelson, B.C. His latest achievement was to carry a pack from Fort George through the mountain fastnesses and across the prairie to Edmonton, where he took the train to Winnipeg, and remained here until his death.

He had a fund of stories relating to the early days here, when sidewalks

were practically unknown, and he told many interesting anecdotes of the trail men, now wealthy and prominent, who in after the early boom collapsed.

After his death his brother, who also has been in Canada for years, was located at Berens river, north of here, on Lake Winnipeg.

Joe Barker Killed at Bankhead.

Military Funeral.

Last Monday morning at Bankhead, one of the whitest westerners was lost to us in the fatal accident which befel Joe Barker. He was unloading a car of lumber and had loosened the chains and told his men to stand clear when five or six logs pitched off and he was knocked head foremost on to the track, his skull being fractured. Death ensued in a few hours. He leaves a widow and two young children.

Joseph Barker came to Banff in about 1890 and took charge of the C.P.R. stables, then owned by Major (now Colonel) Walker and Major Stewart, of Ottawa. Since then he has made his home here, following the pack trail for years. When the South African war came he was one of the first to answer the call of the Motherland and went out with the first contingent of C.M.R's. Joe packed for seven years for Tom Wilson, who says of him: "Joe was one of the best packers; he needed no boss to make him work; he never did a mean or dirty turn to anyone and he was a credit to the name of Englishman; such men as Joe made the Empire."

The South African Veterans of Banff gave their dead comrade a military funeral. The procession, led by Tom Wilson and W. Warren, was made up on the Bankhead road. First came the Bankhead band, then eight veterans with reversed arms, and two trumpeters, marched before the rig bearing the coffin, which was covered with the Union Jack and many wreaths; other veterans acting as bearers and rear escort, a large number of miners following with about 15 carriages full of mourners and friends. After a short service at the English church conducted by the Rev B. A. Arnold, the procession moved to the cemetery, where the interment was made with military honours, three volleys being fired and the Last Post being sounded by the trumpeters. The veterans and band marched back through the town to the customary quick-step and were dismissed near headquarters.

ATTEMPT TO MURDER JACK WILSON WAS MOST TREACHEROUS

Assailants Shoot Him Without Warning and When He Falls Unconscious Cut His Throat and Leave Him for Dead
in the Bushes

Six days having elapsed since the murderous assault on John Wilson by a couple of men, a mile west of Laggan, and the young man resting easily in the Brett hospital at Banff, with normal pulse and temperature, the danger period is practically past and his recovery is confidently looked for. As erroneous reports of the attempted murder have been sent out to the city papers, the following authentic account of the assault may be of interest:

"Jack," as he is familiarly called by his friends and acquaintances, had established a pack and guide camp on Dipper creek, some 300 yards north of the railroad track, a little over a mile west of Laggan. On Friday night, July 4, he was at the chateau at Laggan completing arrangements to guide a party of tourists through the mountains. Shortly after 11 o'clock while returning to his camp and near the point where he was to leave the railroad track, he was accosted by two men who, in a gruff voice, demanded to know where he was going. Wilson replied: "None of your business," and, stepping around so as not to pass between the two men, proceeded on his way. He had taken only a couple of steps when he heard one of the men make a remark to his companion and, being too well versed in woodcraft to be taken unawares from the rear did the men contemplate mischief, immediately faced about.

A Treacherous Shot

Almost instantly a shot rang out, the bullet piercing his left breast, and he fell to the ground, unconscious. When he recovered his senses some hours later he found himself lying in the bushes partially covered with brush and grass with a handkerchief over his face. He endeavored to arise, but was too weak from loss of blood and the pain of his wounds and again sank into unconsciousness. From that time until an early hour Sunday morning he lay where he had been dragged into the bush, too weak and helpless to regain his feet or call for aid. He could hear the section men working on the track and the passage of trains, but was unable to summon assistance.

A Trying Experience

Between periods of unconsciousness, warns of mosquitoes and flies later.

who was forced to grin and bear these onslaughts. The extreme cold weather on Sunday night helped to revive him, and early Sunday morning he managed to struggle to his feet by grasping friendly tree branches and, after steadying himself for a while, walked and crawled to his camp. Throwing himself on the bed he again lost interest in things by fainting, in which condition he was found by Sid Unwin who, when Wilson failed to keep his appointment at Hecctor, had set out to look him up. Unwin, after finding him up as well as he was able for the time being, hurried to the chateau where he secured the services of Dr. Campbell and Jack was conveyed to Laggan and placed on the train for Banff.

Shot and Stabbed

In the meantime, Unwin had notified the authorities and Wilson's parents and a carriage was awaiting his arrival here, when he was at once taken to the Brett hospital. An examination disclosed that young Wilson had received two bullet wounds, one striking just above and the other immediately below the heart. In addition to this a determined effort had been made by the ghoulies to silence their victim forever, and a knife, fortunately dull, had been drawn across his throat three or four times but without severing the jugular vein leaving, however, a wound which required five stitches to close. One of the bullets had struck a rib, followed it around to the back of the body and this was extracted Sunday evening. The other bullet is still in the body, an X-ray machine failing to locate it.

No Attempt at Robbery

Although Wilson had a watch and money on his person, no effort was made to rob the body, which leads to the inference that the would-be murderers were not of the hobo species. They were evidently men wanted for some crime and, perhaps, were under the impression that Wilson was an officer of the law and would apprehend them. However that may be they determined to effectually silence their victim. Whether the two shots were fired into the young man's body before he fell is only conjecture, but the fact remains that he was dragged into the woods, his throat slashed with a knife, his handkerchief removed from his pocket and placed over his face, his body partially covered with underbrush and grass, and he was left to all intents and purposes dead.

Constitution Wins Out

But Jack Wilson was of too robust a constitution to submit tamely to even the grim destroyer. Having spent his boyhood and young manhood in the mountains, clean living and with no vices, aged 22 years and in the prime of vigorous young manhood, standing 5 ft. 9 ins., and weighing 145 pounds, he was well able to give a good account of himself under ordinary circumstances had his assailants met him in fair combat. As it is his clean living and outdoor life is aiding materially in winning the battle for his life.

JACK WILSON, SON OF FAMOUS BANFF GUIDE, VICTIM OF SHOOTING

**Held Up By Two Men In Bush,
Shot In the Breast In Two
Places, Throat Cut: Uncon-
scious Man Is Thrown Into
the Bush and Covered Over
With Rubbish**

**RECOVERS CONSCIOUSNESS,
CRAWLS BACK TO HIS CAMP**

**Victim Is In Banff Hospital
While the Police Scour the
Hills For His Assailants;
Wilson Found By His Friends
In His Camp, After Being
Alone Twelve Hours**

Banff, July 6.—Held up by two men in the bush, shot in the breast in two places, his throat cut with a blunt knife, hauled into the bush and thrown down like a disused sack, twenty-four hours unconscious, found in an exhausted condition in his own bed after being missed for thirty-six hours—this is the fearful experience of young Jack Wilson, son of the famous Banff guide, the result of the fiendish acts of two hyenas in human form. Young Wilson rests in Dr. Brett's hospital with two bullets in his left breast, and game wardens and police are scouring the Laggan district to lay the two would-be murderers by the heels.

How this was all brought about has been related to your representative. It appears that the young fellow has a camp a mile or so out of Laggan, his horses being stationed there, and on Friday night he was in the mountain resort on business. He started for his camp about eleven o'clock, and was within a short distance of his location, when he ran across two men in the bush along the trail. It was too dark to make out their appearance distinctly, but he says they were both of middle height.

He was within a few feet of them when one of them asked him where he was going, standing quite still as he put the question. Wilson was suspicious of them at once, and, moving on, answered that it was none of their business. In a low voice one of the men muttered something to the other, the drift of which Wilson did not catch, but he faced the pair in the gloom, preferring to meet any menace rather than have his back to the skulking men.

Revolver Spoke Twice.

As he turned a revolver spat out its flame, and again, and struck in the breast, young Wilson reeled and fell to the ground, and immediately lost consciousness. The rest is conjecture, but Wilson remembers enough to lead one to piece a tale together of cold-blooded inhuman atrocity. Their victim bleeding and unconscious, the fiends were not satisfied with their work, and a rough gash was made in the young man's throat with the idea of effectively silencing him forever. Then, so that the lonely bush would keep the secret of the horrible deed from man's knowledge, they hauled the stricken form aside from the beaten trail, and, bestrewn some litter, moss and dead branches of underbrush over the inert body, left Wilson alone, satisfied that their work was undiscoverable. And they disappeared in the wilderness of the mountains.

JACK WILSON, SON OF FAMOUS BANFF GUIDE, VICTIM OF SHOOTING

(Continued from page one)

he was badly wounded and unconscious, and after briefly attending to the other's injuries, hurried off for help.

Wilson was conveyed into Laggan, Dr. Campbell attending to his injuries meanwhile, and Unwin and two other friends accompanied the injured man into Banff. In the meanwhile Coroner Thompson had proceeded to Laggan to investigate, it having been reported in Banff that Wilson had succumbed to his injuries, and, though fortunately his services were not required in his official capacity, he thoroughly investigated the affair at first hand.

Police Scour District.

As it happened, Sergt. Ryan, of the mounted police, was stricken on Saturday with appendicitis, and the work of investigation fell on Trooper Wake and Constable Reid, of the Dominion police. Chief Game Warden Sibbald proceeded to Laggan by the first train, and all game wardens have been instructed to keep a sharp lookout for the wanted couple, and to arrest every hobo on sight.

Wilson Regains Consciousness.

Amazing as it may seem, the unfortunate young man recovered consciousness after about twenty hours had elapsed, and flung the covering litter aside. Loss of blood rendered him very weak, but, making a valiant effort, he found the trail again and, almost by instinct, guided his feeble footsteps towards his camp. Night fell before he arrived there, and he had just sufficient strength to crawl to his cot when he again lost consciousness.

Saturday morning he should have been in Hector with his horses, he having made arrangements to meet a person there. Sid Unwin, a friend of Wilson, heard that he had not turned up on the Saturday, and, knowing that he usually kept his business appointments, went over to Wilson's camp early Sunday morning to see what was amiss. Arrived there, he found Wilson asleep on his cot, as he thought, but on closer observation he noticed that

(Continued from page one)

All points are watched, especially around Revelstoke, as it is thought that that is the direction the men were proceeding in, although this is uncertain. Two men were observed to get off a train on Saturday morning in Banff station, but they had dodged under some box cars in the siding and disappeared before anyone could get near them.

Whatever the object of the two men, it certainly was not robbery, for none of the possessions of Wilson were touched, every cent in his pockets being accounted for. A very likely theory is that the men are two of those who escaped from Edmonton penitentiary, and fearing that Wilson would give an alarm, and believing that he knew who they were, they resorted to their desperate deed.

Recalls Blair Murder.

All the district is aroused over the affair, and it will go hard with the thugs if they fall into the hands of any of the mountain men. With the discovery of the man Alan McKay, and the medical testimony that he met his death before his body was thrown into the river, residents of the district are expressing great concern, and an endeavor is being made to have more police stationed in the district. Last fall Brake-man Blair was murdered by ho-

Johnny Wilson, is home from the hospital, still weak and shaken after the terrible experience he went through. His many friends are pleased to hear of his better condition.

Student of

boes trying to cross the mountains on the blind baggage, and a big suspicion is gaining ground that McKay was done to death by the same outcast fraternity.

This is the bad season of the year in the vicinity of the great divide, for the continental wasters endeavor to beat their way from British Columbia to the eastern provinces, and those wishing to make the Pacific coast all converge on the single line of rail of the C.P.R. that spans the mountain range. From the middle of June to the middle of August it is calculated that hundreds make their way over the western range in both directions, and not one cent of fare falls into the coffers of the railroad. These passers-by are the most dangerous men on the continent—ruthless, unscrupulous, callous, and brutal, and they should be treated accordingly.

Wilson Resting Easily.

Last reports were to the effect that Wilson was resting easily, and an endeavor was being made on Sunday night to locate the bullets by the X-ray machine in Dr. Brett's hospital.

The father and mother of the young man are terribly cut up over the occurrence, and hundreds who know Jack Wilson, all over the country, deeply sympathize with him.

DIES AT BANFF.



ROBERT EARLE BRETT.

EARLE BRETT, POPULAR YOUNG MAN, IS DEAD

Was Prominent Athlete and
Well Known Local Real
Estate Broker.

The death occurred this morning at Banff of Robert Earle Brett, youngest son of Dr. R. G. and Mrs. Brett. Deceased was one of the most popular young men in the west, and his sudden death will come as a great shock to a wide circle of friends and acquaintances. Death was due to an attack of peritonitis and occurred after a very brief illness.

Mr. Brett was the best boy born at Banff and first saw the light of day on October 14, 1886, was educated at St. John's college, Winnipeg, and afterwards at the Manitoba Medical college. He was very active in amateur sports and took a prominent place in the athletic world of Manitoba, being perhaps the best cover-point the Varsity team ever had. He it was who was really the organizer of the present great hockey team. Mr. Brett entered into the athletic world with the same vim and energy that characterized him through life, and he was one of the best amateur athletes in the west, a lover of clean sports and an especially ardent advocate of amateur hockey.

Returns to Banff.

After a two-year course in the medical college he returned to Banff and took charge of the Sanitarium hotel for his father, Dr. R. G. Brett, later, in January, 1912, removing to Calgary, where he entered into business in partnership with M. A. Kelly.

His success in his business career was marked and he bid fair to lead in that walk of life as he had in the earlier field of athletics.

Deceased was married in December, 1910, to Miss Maudie Staepole, of Victoria.

EARLE BRETT BURIED

Funeral of Late Calgary Man
Was Held Yesterday
At Banff.

The funeral of the late R. E. Brett took place yesterday afternoon at Banff, the interment being in the Banff cemetery. There, beneath the pines and surrounded by the mountains among which he was born and spent his boyhood, lies the mortal remains of one of the most popular young men of the west. A great concourse of people turned out to do respect to the memory of the deceased. The flags in the town were at half-mast, mourning friends came from as far as Victoria, B.C., and Ottawa, Ont. A very large number of Calgary people were present.

Rev. Canon Hoggins, assisted by Rev. Mr. Arnold, conducted the impressive services, which were held both at the house and at the church.

The floral tributes were very numerous and very beautiful, and three well-filled wagons were required to carry them to the cemetery. Flowers were sent from all parts of the west, and beautiful tokens of sympathy and sorrow were sent from the Calgary Club, the manager and staff of the Imperial Bank at Banff, the Brett hospital staff, the Banff Curling club, the Calgary Tiger Hockey club, and the Varsity Hockey club of Winnipeg.

The family are nearly prostrated by their great loss and the greatest sympathy is felt for them. The pallbearers were A. E. Foster, Dr. George R. Johnson, M. A. Kelly, Harry Cardell, Phil Moore and Clarence Loughheed.

Taken Ill Suddenly.

Mr. Brett was taken ill suddenly on Saturday, May 25, and went to Banff to his father's hospital. One week later, on June 1, an operation was performed, but nothing could be done to save him and he passed quietly away last night.

He is survived by his wife and one little daughter aged four and a half months; his parents, and his brother, Dr. Harry Brett of Banff. Dr. Lindsay of Calgary is an uncle of the deceased. Mr. Brett was a member of the U.C.T., the Banff Golf club, the Curling club, the Calgary club, and was president of the Conservative association of Banff.

Mr. Brett had a very winning personality and his loss will be very keenly felt, not only in his own immediate family circle but by a great number of personal friends to whom the death comes as a direct personal loss, and a large number of Calgary friends will follow the body to its last rest.

Dr. and Mrs. Brett, who were in Los Angeles when Mr. Brett was taken ill, were summoned home by wire, arriving at Banff only last evening.

The funeral will take place at Banff on Friday at 2 p. m.

OBITUARY.

BRETT

The death occurred on Tuesday at Chicago of Mrs. Catherine Brett, 90 years of age, mother of Dr. R. G. Brett, of this town.

Death of Earle Brett.

It is with profound regret that "Crag and Canyon" records the death on Wednesday morning at the hospital of Robert Earle Brett, younger son of Dr R. G. and Mrs Brett. Earle, as he was familiarly called by everyone in Banff, was born on October 17, 1887, being the second boy to see the light in Banff, and passed his early school days here, afterwards going to St. John's college, Winnipeg, and later to the Manitoba Medical college. He was always fond of athletics and while at college was a prominent member of the Varsity team. In Banff he was active in all kinds of outdoor sports and his work for the baseball and hockey clubs was unsparing, while his love of our river and lakes was second to none.

Earle was an accomplished musician and his ready service at the piano on numerous occasions will be remembered by many.

On his return home from college he took charge of the Sanitarium hotel and the National Park Theatre for his father, afterwards becoming manager of the Lithia Bottling Co.

Earle was married in December, 1910, to Miss Maude Stacpole, of Victoria B.C., and leaves a widow and a daughter aged four and a half months.

In January of this year he went to Calgary and entered the real estate business with M. A. Kelly, and his success in that line of activity promised well for the future.

He came to Banff for the Victoria Day holiday and was taken suddenly ill on the 25th. His condition became so serious that he had to be removed to the hospital, where an operation was found necessary. This was successfully performed; but the patient gradually weakened and death ensued soon after seven o'clock on Wednesday morning.

The deceased was a general favorite and had a wide circle of friends by whom his death will be keenly felt; while the loss to his family is beyond words. He was a member of the U.C.T.A., the Banff Golf Club, the Curling Club, the Calgary club, and was president of the Banff Conservative association.

Dr R. G. and Mrs Brett were in Los Angeles and were telegraphed for on their son's condition becoming serious, arriving here Tuesday evening; but the boy was unconscious until the end.

IMPRESSIVE FUNERAL OF LATE R. E. BRETT AT BANFF YESTERDAY

Yesterday afternoon at three o'clock at Banff the funeral of the late R. E. Brett took place, attended by a very large number of mourning friends. It was the largest funeral ever held in that town and in itself was a tribute and an indication of the high esteem the deceased was held in his home town and in the west, friends attending from Calgary, Winnipeg and the coast.

Impressive services were held at the house and at the church. Rev. Canon Hogbin officiating, assisted by Rev. Mr. Arnold of Banff. A very large number of floral tokens were sent by friends of the deceased among which were those from the members of the Imperial bank staff at Banff, the Brett hospital staff, the Banff curling club, the Calgary club, the Calgary Tigers hockey club and the Varsity hockey team of Winnipeg.

Interment was made in the cemetery at Banff. The pallbearers were H. Cardell, P. Moore, M. A. Kelly, Dr. G. Johnston, A. G. Foster, and C. H. Loughheed.

The funeral was held yesterday afternoon and was attended by a very large number of friends of the deceased, many coming from outside points, while the beautiful floral tributes were so numerous as to fill two carriages in addition to the wreathes covering the coffin.

Flags were at half-mast all over the town and many places of business closed for the funeral, which started at three o'clock from the residence of Dr R. G. Brett, a long procession in carriages and on foot following the coffin. Messrs P. A. Moore, M. A. Kelly, Harry Cardell, Clarence Loughheed, G. R. Johnson and A. E. Foster were the pall bearers, and among those following were Drs B. Mackin, N. J. Lindsay and O. A. Lyman, Messrs Robert E. Campbell, P. McCullough, J. R. Miquelon, J. Irwin, C. B. Clarke, J. Cardell, Norman Loughheed, David McDougall, H. S. Johnston and J. McKinnon, from Calgary; E. W. E. Whiteside and Dr Jamieson, of Cammore; Senator Forget and many others. A special service was conducted in St. George's church by the Rev Canon Hogbin, assisted by the Rev B. A. Arnold, several well-known hymns being sung and a comforting address was given by the Canon, after which the procession moved on to the Tunnel Mountain cemetery where the final offices were said and the interment made amid every sign of emotion and sympathy for the bereaved family from the large concourse assembled round the grave.

Banff Suspends Activities To Pay Last Tributes To The Late Dr. Harry Brett

All Stores Close During Funeral Ceremonies; School Children
Line Bow River Bridge; Whole Town Attends Last
Rites; Hundreds of Floral Tributes

(Special to Albertan)

BANFF, May 12.—With every activity of Banff at rest, and with an extremely large cortege of mourners, Dr. Harry Brett was buried yesterday afternoon in the quiet peacefulness of a beautiful early summer day.

The funeral started from the residence going to St. George's church, where the rector, Tully Montgomery, conducted the service. Psalm ninety was chanted, and the lesson read from first Corinthians, fifteenth chapter. The choir rendered "Nearer My God To Thee," and, after prayers, "Peace, Perfect Peace," was sung as the body was removed from the church, from where the cortege proceeded to the Banff cemetery. At the graveside this service was carried on by Mr. Montgomery, followed by a full Masonic service.

Chief Mourners

The chief mourners were: Lieutenant Governor Brett, Miss Brett, Lionel Lindsay of Calgary; cousin R. M. Reoper and son L. Reoper, and Major Stafford, A.D.C., of Edmonton.

The pall-bearers were: Col. George Johnston, Dr. McKid and Dr. Gunn, of Calgary; Arthur Saddington, Dave White and James I. Brewster of Banff.

The Masonic body, B.P.O.E. and I.O. O.F. attended in force. The Banff Citizen band also being in attendance as were the staff of Brett Sanitarium.

A very large display of floral tributes, numbering considerably over 100, had been sent, a few noticed being from Charles Stewart, Commissioner Harkin, Park superintendent and staff, Alberta division Canadian Red Cross, Medical council, Government House, Rotary club, Mr. and Mrs. Scarth, Sanitarium staff, the Masons, Elks, Odd-fellows and many more, including Banff councillors, many from Calgary doctors, and a large number from private friends, among them being: Dr. J. S. McEwan, Calgary; Dr. Gunn, Calgary; Dr. McGill, Calgary; W. G. Hunt, secretary Alberta Medical association, and Dr. J. May, of Vancouver; also Eldon S. H. Wynn, former schoolmate in Calgary of Dr. Brett, now chairman workmen's compensation board of British Columbia, at Vancouver; A. H. Allison, of Calgary; Andrew Allerton, general manager, C.P.R. hotels of Montreal; J. E. H. Davies, manager Banff Springs hotel; Mr. Hunt, of Edmonton, of Alberta government executive offices.

Stores Close

All Banff stores closed from 2 to 4 o'clock and the school children lined the Bow river bridge over which the procession passed.

Practically everyone in town attended, among others being Inspector Ryan, R.C.M.P. superintendents Stronach and Wood; Rev. J. B. Thompson; Rev. D. White and Rev. Falter. Osborne, of Canmore and over 20 motor cars, full of mourners.

The afternoon was quiet and peaceful, very hot in the sun, with hardly a breath of wind. Under the experienced and thoughtful direction of Undertaker James Reid, the whole ceremony passed off quietly and reverently.

At the church places had been reserved for the pall bearers and Banff town council, of which Dr. Brett had been a member; also for Assistant Chief Engineer Stinson of the Dominion parks; for the superintendent of Rocky Mountain park; for the principal of Banff schools; for the president of the Veterans; the curling

club, the Golf club; for the Alberta Medical association; for Brett Sanitarium staff; for the Old Timers' association; for the Masons, Odd-fellows and officers of the Elks. The family mourners and immediate friends occupied front rows.

Mrs. W. H. Girling presided at the organ, and a full choir sang under direction of Victor W. R. B. Hall, the opening sentences of the burial service being interspersed with soft music. The hymns chosen were all by special request, an additional one, "Abide With Me," being asked for at the last moment by his honor, who found solace and help in its comforting words of assurance.

At the Residence

At the late doctor's residence private family prayers were offered by Rev. Tully Montgomery, and the usual funeral prayers at the church service, and the committal prayer at the mausoleum, after which the Masonic Order conducted their impressive service, and as did the other orders, all filed forward, and took a last leave of their departed brother.

The Sunday fixture at the Golf club was not played, being put off out of respect to Dr. Brett, an original member of the club, and at Monday's luncheon of the Rotary club a resolution of condolence with the lieutenant-governor and family was the only business transacted, Secretary George Hunter being delegated to convey it to the afflicted household.

It was learned that over 150 letters and telegrams, "from Halifax to Vancouver," had been received, and hundreds of Banff people called to express their sympathy.

His honor the lieutenant-governor will leave Banff Tuesday evening to return to Edmonton, returning here later.

Deeply Touched

His honor, with face giving grievous evidence of the deep sorrow, speaking to The Albertan in Banff after the funeral, said that he had been deeply touched by the most impressive num-

ber of fellow citizens "who had shown their love for Harry." He had also noted and spoke appreciatively of the little boys and girls—school children—who had lined each side of Bow river bridge, and he felt that "surely every man, woman and child in Banff had been there," and such was almost literally true, for without exception every business place was closed during the ceremony. The places of business conducted by several firms of Greek and Chinese merchants closed with the rest, these parties being seen in the cortege along with other citizens. Flags were half-masted everywhere, at park headquarters and government buildings, at R.C.M.P. barracks, over the fire hall, at the Mount Royal hotel, Brett Sanitarium and schools.

Banff Babies.

Since "Craig and Canyon" was last published, on Sept. 30, 1911, the stork has been a frequent visitor to Banff. The Registrar has kindly supplied us with the following list of births during the winter:

W. Harrison—daughter
S. Beamish—son
R. Oldham—daughter
C. L. Douglass—daughter
W. Alexander—twin daughters
Mel Parkyn—daughter
C. R. Prior—son
T. Horner—son
B. Harman—daughter
M. A. Kelly—daughter
C. G. Bickerton—son
R. E. Brett—daughter
A. C. Ashley—son
James Simpson (Canmore)—son
G. E. Hunter—daughter
F. C. Wardell—son
Walter Poyte—son
A. Lalonde—daughter
C. W. Prentiss—daughter



WHEN YOU WISH SHE WERE OLDER.
HER BIRTHDAY—A KISS FOR EACH YEAR!

THE HEART DEPARTMENT

No Address Given

"Dear Miss Libbey:—I would be pleased if you would send me in the enclosed stamped envelope the address of the young lady who wrote the letter to you on January 21st. The letter was headed "She Wishes to Marry."

With kind regards, I am, yours truly
J. W. Hankhead, Alta.

Sorry I can't give you the girl's address as she did not give it to me, although I have asked for it.

JUST BETWEEN FRIENDS

(Written expressly for Coal Age)
Doubtless your pay isn't highly luxurious,
Surely your job isn't easy or light,
Doubtless your life is a trifle penurious,
Still—are you doing your labor all
right?

Have you been fair to the man who is
paying you—

Have you been honest and square with
the boss?

Isn't your laziness often delaying you—
Hasn't your carelessness caused him
a loss?

No one denies that your task is laborious,
No one denies that you're often op-
pressed;

Still we would ask—though in no wise
censurous,

Have you been faithfully doing your
best?

Haven't you wasted a lot of coal need-
lessly—

Haven't you tried to get credit for
slate?

Haven't you monkeyed with peril quite
heedlessly—

Dallied with danger and trifled with
fate?

While you are thinking of grievances
various,

Maybe the boss has a grievance or two,
Maybe his business is mighty precarious,
Simply because of the things that you
do;

Bosses there are who are wrong in their
attitude,

Greedy and selfish and crazy for pelf,
But—have YOU really shown fairness and
gratitude—

Have you been doing the square thing
yourself?

THE WORKER

I have broken my hands on your
granite,

I have broken my strength on your
steel,

I have sweated through years for
your pleasure,

I have worked like a slave for your
weal;

And what is the wage you have paid
me?

You masters and drivers of men—
Enough so I come in my hunger
To beg for more labor again;

I have given my manhood to serve
you,

I have given my gladness and
youth;

You have used me and spent me, and
crushed me,

And thrown me aside without ruth;
You have shut my eyes off from the
sunlight,

My lungs from the untainted air,
You have housed me in horrible
places,

Surrounded by squalor and care,
I have built you the world in its
beauty,

I have brought you the glory and
spoil,

You have blighted my sons and my
daughters,

You have scourged me again to my
toll;

Yet I suffer it all in my patience,
For somehow I dimly have known
That some day the Worker will con-
quer

In a world that was meant for his
own! —BERTON BRALEY.

city relief and children's aid de-
cision of J. T. Robinson, present

ic power branch with the street
R. A. Brown, street railway

penditure of fire department.
penditure of police department
es to meet the estimated deficit

nses of stores department.
ks department estimates by

on tax payments be eliminated
nalties.

city machine shop, now operated
shut down and work transferred

reasurer's and the comptroller's



ON THE TRAIL.

THE ADVANTAGE OF HAVING BOY SCOUTS IN THE FAMILY.

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Taxes on property assessed at \$1,400,195, and caveats for 1922 on property assessed at \$2,972,594, showing an alarming increase of caveats placed on land with improvements; which probably means a larger amount of lands with improvements reverting to the city unless some measure of relief is given and owners encouraged to retain their present holdings.

PROTECT UTILITIES

"Until we have exhausted every effort to reduce present operating expenses, we are not prepared to recommend a further tax on utilities. With this thought in mind we are making certain recommendations to council, which, if endorsed and put in effect, will materially reduce present expenses and effect considerable savings, which savings can be applied to effect a reduction in the mill rate.

In the case of the waterworks department, an increase in rates will be necessary to offset the very heavy reduction in revenues to that department through loss of water frontage taxes by reason of lands reverting to the city in tax sale.

Action Imperative

"The municipal organization has been built up to meet conditions created by a rapidly expanding city and it is most difficult to contract expenses to anywhere near the same ratio as the reductions in revenues.

"The commissioners have no other alternative but the recommendation which we are now making, realizing that the adoption of these recommendations will entail reduction in salaries and the elimination of many employees who have served the city for some years. It is with considerable regret we do this, but under present conditions we feel the action is imperative.

James D. Sullivan, Department

Should the Husband Die That the Wife May Live!

WHEN THE TITANIC'S OFFICERS CRIED "WOMEN FIRST!" SHOULD WIVES HAVE LEFT THEIR HUSBANDS?—PROMINENT WOMEN SAY "YES" AND "NO."

The Titanic disaster made many widows, rich and poor, women who left the sinking liner in lifeboats while their husbands remained behind. They and other women might be asked: "Isn't it a woman's duty to stand by her husband even to the end?" Mrs. Harriet Stanton Blatch, president of the Political Woman's union, is of the opinion that every woman should have been placed in life boats before any man should think of saving his own life.

"The terrible loss of life," she adds, "is the result of man's failure to make laws which safeguard himself and family. Therefore he alone should bear the burden, which in this case was the sacrifice of life."

When asked whether it would be still "Women First" if equal suffrage were an established fact, Mrs. Blatch answered: "Then we would have laws requiring plenty life boat space, and

there would be no need for such a custom."

Mrs. James Lees Laidlaw, prominent American suffragist, and an officer of the national woman's suffrage party, thinks differently. She says:

"The only place where I can conceive of a woman leaving her husband to die when she is saved is where she is an expectant mother, or where she has a young child, so young as to be dependent on her."

"Women should always be considered," says the Baroness de Haxus, who was Mrs. Frank Leslie, the famous publisher. "They should be saved first. They are the mothers of the world. Personally, though, I wonder that every woman didn't try to stay with her husband to the end. Love should strengthen in danger."

"Let us not forget," insists Mrs. Blatch, "that it might easily require as great heroism to go and leave a dear husband on a sinking ship, as for the husband to stay and see his wife go."



Bany's First Toboggan Slide



Viewed with Point Mount Royal
Hotel

VICS DEFEAT BANFF AND ENTER FINAL ROUND IN THE RACE FOR HOCKEY HONORS

Local Men Win 6-2 and Take Series by Total of 8-5—Ice
Too Soft for Good Hockey—Visitors Given Good Time
Here—Guests of Manager McVittie After Game

Calgary will be represented in the final series for the intermediate hockey championship of the province and on Wednesday will play the first game in Lacombe. The return game will be played in Calgary on Friday night. This was decided last evening after the game between the Vics and Banff, which was won by the former by the score of 6-2. Banff won the first game 3-2 so that on the round Calgary Vics are winners by the score of 8-5.

The game last night was not what could be called a real fast and classy exhibition. The ice was very soft, which made it practically impossible for either team to even attempt any combination. The man who could carry the puck half the length of the rink was a hero. It was easily seen that the home boys were more used to the soft ice than were the visitors. The green and white men were absolutely at sea at times. Manager Jimmy Simpson stated that this was the first soft ice his team has played on this year.

But the spectators seemed to be satisfied. While the game was not so exceedingly fast it was very hard fought and there was not a slack minute during the two periods of play. Every man worked his head off and they were a real tired bunch of athletes who came off the ice at the end of the second half. It just played them out, the going was so heavy.

Have Nice Team

The Banff boys presented a pretty strong team and it looked for the first twenty-five minutes as if they were going to get away with the game. They had the best of the play for the first twenty minutes and it was only due to the sloppy ice that Honey Astel was not given more to do. The puck was in the vicinity of the Calgary net for the majority of the time during the first half, but not a great deal of shooting was done.

Only one goal was scored in the first half and this was notched by Graham after taking a pass from Greene. This tied up the series and when the teams appeared for the second half they were on even terms for the final honors. In the second half the Vics scored five goals while the visitors scored two. It was also unfortunate that both goals scored by the visitors were disputed by the home team. The goal umpires were changed twice by Captain Green after each dispute.

Locals Work Hard

Play started off in the second period with the locals having slightly the better of the argument. It did not take Walter Green long to score and after taking a pass back he slammed one in through the defence which gave Moore no chance to save, his vision being blocked. This gave the locals a little heart and they played harder as they had a lead of one goal in the series.

The next goal scored was the first of the evening. Melton rushed the puck down the boards. He came in and Moore stopped a stiff shot. The puck went out in front and Graham slammed it back. Moore cleverly turned this shot aside. Graham, however, reached out and pulled the puck back and swung right around, lodging the rubber in the corner of the net. It was a quick and clever goal, but play was in so close that no goal tender could have saved it.

Ogilvie Scores First

The Vics centre man then followed this up with another tally on a rebound from a shot by Greene. The next goal was scored by Banff. Jeff Ogilvie started the ball rolling and slipping up the boards with the rubber. He dodged the defence cleverly and then shot the puck across the nets. It hit Astel and appeared to have fallen in the net. The goal umpire raised his hand, but the Vics immediately set up a holler and claimed that it had hit the top bar and come out again. The goal was allowed.

Graham scored the next for Calgary and extended the lead to seven to four. This was on a pass from Steele. Dier then took a shot at the Vics goal and the goal umpire raised his hand. The home team again set up a holler and claimed that it did not go in. It was impossible from the other end of the rink to see whether it did or not. However, the goal was allowed to stand. Melton got the last one from a scramble in front of goal.

Melton in Form

One of the hardest workers on the ice was Melton on the wing for Vics. Jeff Ogilvie, well known in Calgary,

opposed him and the two proved to be fast and very clever wing men. They gave a great exhibition on their side of the rink and both played splendidly. Riley did the bulk of the rushing for the Vics defense and played one of his best games this season. Graham played a very aggressive game all through, but on a few occasions let this run away with him and got away with some stunts which he should have been given a rest for.

Graham took Benedict's place on the wing and did not appear to be quite at home on his opposite side. He was aggressive throughout though and worked hard. Walter Greene played his usual consistent game, but did not show his real form owing to the soft ice. He was a tower of strength to the line in attack. Astel did not have a great deal to do in goal, most of the shots being slow and on the ice.

Dier is Hurt

Of the Banff boys Jeff Ogilvie and Dier seemed to be the pick of the line. The diminutive left winger has improved wonderfully since his playing here and is a very tricky little board man. Dier took a little while to get going, but when he did he played a good, hard and very consistent game. He was unfortunate enough to receive a nasty cut over the eye and had to be patched up. Moore in goal had quite a busy time of it in the second half. He turned away some pretty hard shots and it was only on rebounds that the Vics scored.

All the rest of the team showed up in a pretty good way. Manager Jimmy Simpson, however, stated that while he did not want to take away any of the credit coming to the Vics, he was sure his team could have done much better on hard ice. This is the first game this winter that the Banff boys have played on soft ice and it certainly went against them. It was easily seen by the way they handled the puck that they were not used to the slushy surface.

Visitors Fine Fellows

The visitors prove themselves to be a fine bunch of fellows and appreciated their stay in the city. They arrived in Calgary shortly after noon and were taken to their hotel in Manager McVittie's autos. After they were settled at the hotel the party were given a ride around the city for over an hour and finished up at The Herald office where they were taken to the top of the building. They seemed to appreciate splendid view of the city which their high position afforded and one of the boys stated "that he could almost see home."

After the game last night the visitors were the guests of the Vics club at a supper at Cronn's. There were about thirty in the party and they all spent a very pleasant evening. The local club gave the visitors a fine time while here and entertained them splendidly. The home boys did not forget the way the Banff team treated them while there.

EIGHTY-NINTH BEAT EIGHTY-SECOND BY SEVEN TO TWO

It Was Not Such a One-sided
Game As the Score Looks
As You Read It

Lieut.-Col. Naamyt's Bears, 7; Lieut.-Col. Lowry's Lions, 2. Such was the score of last night's hockey game. Playing on fine hard ice it was another of the speedy contests that have taken place at the Mercantile rink.

The contest was one full of close checking and at times was pretty rough. Being a warm night there was a large crowd out consisting of both soldiers and civilians.

Dan McLeod and Eddie King handled the game in a masterly style, which did not give the players much to kick about. Dan was kept busy as there were many off-ends and Eddie caught most of the fouls.

The 59th showed that their team was better last night. They took advantage of every opening.

Their defence played a great game and the rushes of C. Malcolm, which were effective to a high degree were one of the features. Time and time again he went right through to the 52nd goal and had good shots. Three of which were goals. Milne, of old central fame, was the next pick and with Hamley played a fine, consistent and effective game.

Bryant, in goal, played a great game and stopped many a shot that looked good.

For the 52nd Woodworth was there with his great stick handling and made many a fine rush. W. S. Henderson and Carpenter and T. Henderson played their usual steady game. W. S. Henderson and Carpenter scored the goals for their team.

Game in Detail

The 59th attacked the opposing net with two and three man rushes, but Putnam and Woodworth repulsed them. T. Henderson skinned up the ice for a swift shot which Bryant turned aside. Milne was going good at cover point and gave the 52nd forwards some worry. Finally he got through and like a flash shot the puck into the net for the opening counter, giving the 59th the first score.

Each side continued to have about an even share of the rubber but the 59th was settling in on goal better and C. Malcolm, 59th, got in a Habsink shot which McAlister missed, giving his team two counters.

Hamley, of the 59th, was put off for roughing Putnam and Latham of the 52nd followed him a minute later.

T. Henderson secured and travelled up to Bryant who made another great stop. R. Malcolm of the 59th got the cabbages for two minutes. Then Hamley, who was waiting off to the side, to no purpose took a try on a long shot, scoring, giving the 59th three goals. 52nd lost a good chance to score.

Bryant threw away his stick, but shots were a little wild and were all around the net in safe territory.

R. Malcolm, coming back on the ice, took the puck off the boards and landed it right in the corner, making it four for the 59th.

22nd Made a Score

Carpenter then broke away from Dexter and in a wicked shot scored the 22nd's first counter, making it 4 to 1.

The 25th were playing with five men on the ice and Bryant sort of lost his head for a minute and slammed Woodworth with his stick for which King was down.

W. S. Henderson, in a pretty pass from his brother, then shot in another giving the 22nd two goals.

Florida was hurt in the play but resumed play. McAllister made a great save from Dexter and time was up for the first period with the score 4 to 1 for the 25th.

Second Period

The 22nd came back strong after the interval. For the first ten minutes they outplayed their opponents, but their combination could not get working after Hamley had missed the net and King put Carpenter, Woodworth and Putnam off in company with W. S. Henderson there were three 22nd boys on the fence and Milne with an open goal put another past McAllister, making it 5 to 2.

Woodworth missed an open goal shot after carrying the puck in a pretty piece of stick handling and C. Malcolm recovering, beat McAllister on a hard shot, making it six.

Higgin was hurt and went off and the 22nd dropped Carpenter. W. Henderson shot wild and was hurt in the play and went off the ice. The 25th dropped a man and it was five-man hockey. Play slowed down a little as the pace was pretty fast. T. Henderson missed an open goal and C. Malcolm ran down with Milne and passed a beauty right into the net. Game over.

Lineup:

22nd
Bryant goal McAllister
Higgin point Putnam
Milne cover Woodworth
C. Malcolm rover W. S. Henderson
Hamley center Warren
Dexter left wing Latham
R. Malcolm right wing Carpenter
Goals—22nd: C. Malcolm, 2; Milne, 2;
Hamley, 1; R. Malcolm, 1.
25th—W. S. Henderson, 1; Carpenter, 1.

Referee—Dan McLeod.
Judge of play—Eddie King.

SHOTS AT GOAL

The 25th now have a good start in their climb for top-line honors.

The 22nd hand lived up to the dull moments with the usual classic airs.

Lieut. J. K. Mathieson was on deck and extended a few words of advice to the officials.

The big crowd of khaki-clad fans clearly showed that it was soldiers' teams that were performing.

Among those noticed in the crowd were Lieut.-Col. Lowry, Major Woolly-Dod, Capt. Bagley and many others.

Carpenter has a mean disposition. He waited until the scribes had their working material put away before he dodged them and scored.

Quite a few officers in the crowd were pretty hard losers and more than lived things up when the play was at half end.

BANFF WINS FIRST GAME FROM VICS. BY SCORE OF 3-2

Good Exhibition of Hockey Is
Given When Locals Lose by
One Goal

Special Dispatch to The Herald.

BANFF, Feb. 27.—Banff won the first of the home and home hockey games with the Victorias of Calgary for the intermediate championship of the southern half of the province.

The score of 3-2 is a good criterion of the relative merits of the teams as judged by their play.

Calgary had a small edge on the Banff team in finish and combination, but the winners more than offset this by their persistent aggression and good condition.

The game was the fastest and cleanest that has been played on Banff ice this season, only one minor penalty being inflicted, and the whole town of Banff, which was present on the side lines, was decidedly pleased with the brand of hockey. Close checking and hard play marked the game throughout and there seemed to be no weak points, as the teams were so well balanced.

Kane was the star of the Banff forwards, while the sturdy defense of Beattie and Wilson was of senior class. For the Vics Graham was the bright light, his speed and sure shooting proving the most effective. Steele was good, Riley played well and was the only man to go on the injured list, a collision with Dyer resulting in a cut on his head and the necessity of a bandage. Phil Moore and Astell played stellar games in goal, there being little choice between them, as they both were putting up a splendid defense.

The game was played before a crowd of fully six hundred people, and was a series of fast rushes and hard shooting. The first goal was nicked after fifteen minutes of play, when Graham slipped one past Moore by coming right into the net. Ten minutes later Banff equalized Beattie, going down with the puck and passing to Kane, who scored. The half ended 1-1.

The second half was a repetition of the first, hard, clean hockey. The Vics scored their second goal after ten minutes' play in the second half as a result of a good run by Milton. Banff then redoubled their attack and Kane again slammed the equalizing tally for Banff into the net, after some pretty combination.

The last ten minutes of play was hard, but somewhat broken, as the teams allowed eagerness to get on their nerves. Banff carried the puck to shooting distance several times, but fell down either through wildness or Astell. Moore and the Banff defense were just as busy during this time, but Beattie and Wilson were more effective in mopping up the rushes. Fifteen seconds before time Woods shot

from right wing and scored a beautiful goal. This was the last score, the game ending 3-2 Banff.

The line-up—

Banff—Moore, goal; Beattie, point; Wilson, cover; Kane, rover; Dyer, centre; Woods, right; Ogilvie, left.
Vics—Astell, goal; Steele, point; Riley, cover; Green, rover; Graham, centre; Milton, right; Benedict, left.
Referee—Kouleau.
Judge of play—Crooks.

Robert Service's "Cabin" at Dawson



This picture is from a photograph which was taken of the cabin by a Calgary woman who visited Dawson last summer. In the front of the cabin is shown the placard in which is displayed a copy of the poem. The "moose antlers nailed over the door" show up very clearly in the picture, and all the surroundings mentioned in the touching little farewell can be seen.

GOOD-BYE LITTLE CABIN

O dear little cabin, I've loved you so long,
And now I must bid you good-bye.
I've filled you with laughter, I've thrilled you with song,
And sometimes I've wished I could cry.
Your walls they have witnessed a weariful fight,
And rung to a won Waterloo.
But, oh, in my triumph, I'm dreary tonight—
Good-bye, little cabin, to you.

Your roof is bewhiskered, your floor is aslant,
Your walls seem to sag and to swing;
I'm trying to find just your faults, but I can't
You poor, tired, heartbroken old thing.
I've seen when you've been the best friend that I had,
Your light like a gem on the snow;
You're sort of a part of me—Gee! But I'm sad;
I hate, little cabin, to go.

Below your cracked window red raspberries climb,
A hornet's nest hangs from a beam;
Your rafters are scribbled with adage and rhyme,
And dimmed with tobacco and dream.
"Each day has its laugh," and "Don't worry—just work,"
Such mottoes reproachfully shine.
Old calendars dangle—what memories lurk
About you, dear cabin of mine.

I hear the world call and the clang of the fight;
I hear the hoarse cry of my kind;
Yet well do I know, as I quit you tonight,
It's Youth that I'm leaving behind.
And often I'll think of you, empty and black,
Moose antlers nailed over your door.
Oh, if I should perish, my ghost will come back
To dwell in you, cabin, once more.

How cold, still and lonely, how weary you seem.
A last wistful look and I'll go.
Oh, will you remember the lad with his dream?
The lad that you comforted so.
The shadows enfold you, it's drawing to night,
The evening star needles the sky;
And hush! but it's stinging and stabbing my sight—
God bless you, old cabin, good-bye.

Happy Life in the Land of Make-Believe Around Banff

All Sorts and Conditions of People Go to Make Up Summer Population of Popular Mountain Resort, Said to Be Most Cosmopolitan Town of Its Size in North America

(By The Herald Correspondent)

BANFF, Aug. 24—Banff is, beyond the shadow of a doubt, the most cosmopolitan town of its size on the American continent—if not in the whole civilized world. One meets all kinds of people here, men and women with novel—sometimes erratic—ideas, and one ceases to be surprised at the strange theories advocated. But the writer met with a genuine surprise Sunday afternoon, when he entered into conversation with the "make-believe man."

A fairly well preserved man of mature years, whose accent and general appearance indicated a person of refinement and whose conversation revealed a student, a thinker, and a philosopher, stated soberly and

you it is a fact, I have dined sumptuously on a sandwich and my make-believe that it was a regular banquet. In the land of make-believe there are no worries, no taxes to pay, no regrets of inability to purchase raiment of the prevailing mode nor banquets of old-remembered delicacies.

The Elks' Toast

In conclusion of a really remarkable interview, of which the above is a mere synopsis, the man who dwells in the "land of make-believe" quoted the following lines from that anonymous gem, "The Elks' Toast," and, with a whimsical smile, said adieu:
Ah, youth is a madcap and age is a churl.

Bard of the North —Robert W. Service

June 1914

The Yukon has been a cradle for many poets and story tellers but none captured the spirit of an era or country as did Robert W. Service, the bard of the north.

This year would have been the 100th birthday of the famous lyric poet. He might be dead and gone but his creations not only qualify him as the most luminous of Sourdough word painters but rank him with the great epic poets of all time.

In his younger years Service dabbled in rhyme with mild interest and was a great reader of verse. He was an ardent lover of Kipling, whose work no doubt inspired and influenced him. Be that as it may, his songs of the North are written with a click and punch that no other poems have captured in spirit.

His lines reverberate with the feeling of the Yukon and he tells best of the great Klondike gold rush, an event of history unfortunately missed by the young poet. He arrived 10 years too late but managed to record, in his fashion and sometimes fantasy, the now legendary events of that era.

Service was born in England but raised and educated in Scotland. After spending time in a Glasgow university the wanderlust bug bit him and at 20 he hit the road. In his

Rhymes of a Rolling Stone he says:

"There's sunshine in the heart of me,
My blood sings in the breeze;
With a love of the lowly things of earth,
And a passion to be free."

His path led to Canada. After a rather disappointing experience coming across country from city to city he ended up in British Columbia and made his way up and down the Pacific coast from British Columbia to Mexico and back. This lasted for several years.

He supported himself in whatever job came along and finally landed a job as bank clerk in Victoria.

The Klondike gold rush was in its heyday when Service was hired north. He secured a transfer to the Canadian Bank of Commerce at Dawson in 1909.

The environment of the Yukon inspired him and combined with the tales of the gold rush, the rugged romance of the land and the golden glamor of the times his pen flamboyantly recorded those times.

It was in a small cabin, on a hillside street in Dawson that this quiet, extremely modest clerk immortalized this great era of Canadian history. Few realized the genius of his works at the time.

He was discovered by a close friend who read his works and this resulted in the publication of his *Spells of the Yukon*, *Songs of a Sourdough*, *Ballads of a*

Cheechako and other books of poems and a novel titled *The Trail of '88*. No issues of verse of its kind have ever met with such popularity and demand. His poems have been dramatized, recited, quoted and sung all over the world.

His ballads have made famous such names as Sam McGee and Dan McGrew and all those boys "whooping it up," and of course the lady named Lou.

His portrayal of the Yukon wilderness is as true today as it was in his time:

"It's the great, big, broad land way up yonder.

It's the forests where silence has lease;

It's the beauty that thrills me with wonder,

It's the stillness that fills me with peace."

Ironically he left the Yukon after a few years never to return. He died in France in 1953 at the age of 84. He has been debated, praised and cursed. Some people detested him for stretching the truth and never experiencing the actual gold rush. His fame is not one gained as a historian but as a poet and no doubt his songs will be read, quoted and loved longer than the criticism.

Service and the Yukon are synonymous and in Dawson his cabin still stands. Each summer the ghost of Service returns to enchant visitors with his eloquence and rhyme. There is a spell of the Yukon, and Dawson City, but not one has put it to words as did Service.



City Man Abroad

The summer boarder now proceeds
To gaily ramble through the weeds
Until he hears the farmer say,
"Keep off the grass! You'll spoil the hay!"

He thinks his fancy might suit
To pick the blossoms on the fruit.
"Don't do it!" shouts the hired hand.
"We're raising that stuff to be canned."

He stops to watch the gentle kine.
The milkmaid says, "I must decline
To let you hang around just now.
Your looks might irritate the cow."

And that is why he longs to roam
Back to the place called "Home, Sweet Home."
Where none but a policeman may
Instruct him to be on his way.
—Washington Star

A FLY SONG

Ten little flies
All in a line;
One got a swat!
Then there were
Nine little flies,
Grimly sedate,
Licking their chops—
Swat! There were
Eight little flies,
Raising some more—
Swat! Swat! Swat! Swat!
Then there were
Four little flies,
Colored green-blue;
Swat! (Ain't it easy!)
Then there were
Two little flies,
Dodged the civilian—
Early next day
There were a million!
—Buffalo Times.

Is it anybody's business
If a gentleman should choose
To call upon a lady—
If the lady don't refuse?
Or, to speak a little plainer,
That the meaning all may know,
Is it anybody's business
If a lady has a beau?

Is it anybody's business
When that gentleman does call?
Or when he leaves the lady?
Or if he comes at all?
Or is it necessary
That the curtain should be drawn,
To save from further trouble
From outside lookers-on?

Is it anybody's business—
But the lady's—if her beau
Rides out with other ladies,
And doesn't let her know?
Is it anybody's business—
But the gentleman's—if she
Should accept another's escort
Where he doesn't chance to be?

If a person's on the sidewalk,
Whether great, or whether small,
Is it anybody's business
Where that person means to call?
And if you see a person
As he's calling anywhere,
Is it any of your business
What his business may be there?

The substance of our query,
Simply stated, would be this:
Is it anybody's business
What another's business is?
If it is, or if it isn't
We would really like to know;
For we're certain, if it isn't
There are some who make it so.

If it is, we'll join the rabble,
And act the noble part
Of the tattlers and defamers
Who throng the public mart;
If it's not, we'll act the teacher,
Until each meddler learns
'T would be better in the future
If he'd mind his own concerns.

AN ODE TO THE OIL GAME

YOU may talk about your Klondyke, with its gold
and yellow stones,
And the good old Stocan district with its silver and
its ores,
But the province of Alberta is now boasting of its
spoil,
The wondrous well now flowing from the mighty
beds of OIL.

Chorus

So you work away, and bore away,
A drilling through the soil.
Where ere you go, both high and low,
They are talking of the OIL.

Unto this great discovery the farmer first gave birth
By planting some potatoes quite deeply in the earth.
He went and dug a basket full and put them on to
boil,
But when he came to take them off the pot was full
of OIL.

I fell across an OIL barrel and my left arm did
strain,
I went unto the doctor to have it set again.
I found him digging at his well, my blood began to
boil,
He says rub it with petroleum and take a dose of
OIL.

The tailor leaves his lap-board, the carpenter his
plane,
The merchant, cobbler, everyone has OIL upon the
brain,
The husband says to her husband, "Dear," when he
goes out to toil,
"What shall we have for dinner?" and he merely
answers, "OIL!"

As the lover sits a' courting his thoughts he does
divide,
One-half upon petroleum and the other on his bride,
The brokers now are busy, both day and night they
toil,
Looking for the suckers to invest in barrels of OIL.

—F. G. LITTLE,
Creston, R. C.

THE FALLEN SISTER

O little fallen sister,
Who walks the street for
gain,
And sells the moment's plea-
sure
For after years of pain.

Who drifts from home's fair
harbor
Upon life's swollen tide,
And barters her fair body
Sans all her virgin pride.

How many of your sisters,
Although you know it not,
You save from degradation
And from the wanton's lot.

For men will follow women
And hunt their quarry down,
And offer gold and silver
In lieu of love's bright
crown.

O little fallen sister
Who walks the sleeping
town,
Perchance in life hereafter
You'll wear a martyr's
crown.

WILL THE LIGHTS BE WHITE?

O! when I feel my coming near,
As o'er strange rails my face,
I strain my eye around the curve,
For what awaits me there,
When swift and true she carries me
Through paths unknown at night,
I look along the line to see
That all the lamps are white.

The blue light marks the coupled car,
The green light signals slow;
The red light is a danger light,
The white light, "Let her go."
Again the open fields we roam,
And when the light is fair,
I look up to the starry dome,
And wonder what's up there.

For who can speak for those who dare
Behind the curving skirt?
No man has ever lived to tell
Just what it means to die,
Swift toward life's terminal I trend;
The run seems short tonight
For only knows what's at the end—
I hope the lamps are white.

—The late C. F. Wagon.

Big Price for a Postage Stamp.

London, January 14. — Two penny
Mauritius postage stamps of 1847, were
sold at auction yesterday, for £125.
It is understood that they were pur-
chased by the Prince of Wales, who is an
avid philatelist.

Will Manufacture in Canada.

London, January 14.—A firm of carpet
manufacturers in the Midlands intend
to manufacture in Canada. The firm
will invest £100,000, and employ 100
hands in manufacturing tapestry and
velvet carpets.

MY PRODIGAL

LAST night the boy came back to me in dreams—
The little lad, with merry eyes of gray;
Came from far wanderings in stranger-lands;
So long—so long since he had gone away;
Unscathed by the world's wild strife he came
Just as he went; and with his brave young eyes
Mocked at the shadows by the great world flung,
Facing the future with a pleased surprise.

And I, grown old through patient grief and pain,
Gave him sweet welcome to my home and heart;
Laughed at his laughter as he dried my tears,
Soothed by the thought that we no more should
part.
So, binding him with gentle cords of love,
Lest he grow restive and away again,
I followed where his wayward footsteps led,
And in his joy, my heart forgot its pain.

But all too soon the cold gray dawn dispersed
The summer-mists from my sad eyes away;
My empty, aching arms again outstretched,
I was too grieved, too desolate to pray.
For on my shrinking heart, like thrusts of sword,
The cruel truth beat out this sad refrain,
"The boy, long-wandered among men, is lost;
Only in dreams will he come back again."

—HELEN WATTS-McVEY.

Every rig in town was engaged last Friday night to convey Banffites to the dance at Bankhead. Three young bloods, resolved not to be left out of the festivities, requisitioned Moy Fong's piebald ought-to-mobile and, with Jack Lowery in the chauffeur's seat, made the run to the briquet town in something less than three hours.

A SNAP

I'D SIT around the billiard hall,
And loaf the whole long day,
And life, to me, I'm sure would be
Just one long, grand, sweet song.
I wouldn't hustle to the mill
Like any common job;
I would be some aristocrat,
If my wife had a job.
I would not grab the dinner pail
And start to work at 6;
I'd stick around the corner store
And argue politics.
I'm sure I could become a boss,
In fact a real nabob.
If I could spend the time at 11,
And my wife had a job.
I would become an autocrat;
I'd just pass out advice;
I'd solve all naughty problems,
Without money, without price.
I'd pose as one great financier,
With Morgan I'd raise hob.
I could do all that and more,
If my wife had a job.
I guess that I can never join
That gang down at the store
Who have been rumm'ing of this world
For twenty years or more.
I've got to work and earn my way,
I'm just a common aleb.
With no one to look out for me,
My wife ain't got a job.



"OH, BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE
ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS, WHICH
I GAZE ON SO FONDLY TO-DAY—"

"—WERE TO BE HIDDEN, NEXT
YEAR BY A REACTIONARY FASHION,
I'D STILL BE TRUE."

A TRIBUTE!

See the heavy waters rolling
With a motion half consoling;
Can't thou hear the dreary meaning
Faint and distant o'er the sea?
Tis a tone of sullen sorrow,
For tomorrow and tomorrow
Shall not bring the dearly loved one's
Who are lost to you and me.

Now the mother hears no longer
Infant lips, for Death is stronger
Than the dearest love of mortals,
And the sea has claimed his own.
Side by side they drift together
Child and mother—as a feather
Tossed into the Great Forever,
Through the drifts of darkness blown.

Tears are falling, softly, sadly,
Men are praying, wildly, madly,
While the fleecy clouds are sailing
And the Heaven's seem to smile.
Surely God will hear our weeping;
Was the Master Pilot sleeping?
O, be patient! we are parted
From our loved one's but a while.
—ARION.

A deputation from Banff Rebekah Lodge No. 34 went down to Canmore, Tuesday, to assist in instituting a Rebekah lodge in that town. Between 25 and 30 members of the Order took the Rebekah degree. The Canmore Oddfellows gave the visitors a most enjoyable time.

Did any one know the name of the bride who came up from Canmore Wednesday night?

An Act of Heroism in the Canadian Rockies

All who know anything about the Canadian Rockies will have heard of the oldest and most celebrated of its guides, Tom Wilson, of Banff, who was with Major Rogers during the construction days of the Canadian Pacific railway, and who discovered the famous Lake Louise and the Yoho Valley. Mr. Wilson's home is at Banff, but his business of horse ranching takes him for a large part of the year to the Kootenai Plain, on the North Saskatchewan, where his ranch is situated. Some little time before last Christmas Day he started from his ranch to celebrate the annual festival with his family at Banff. It meant a snowshoe tramp alone of seventy miles through lonely tree-clad valleys, through rock-bound gorges and over wind-swept passes, where all nature lay stark and stiff in the icy grip of winter. The tale is best told in Mr. Wilson's own words, and those who know can easily read between the lines and can, perhaps, picture the terrible agony, the fierce despair, the grim determination, and the hardly-won fight against that overwhelming desire to sleep which is the most deadly enemy in a case of this kind. The trip was made up the Siffleur river, over the Pipestone Pass, and down the Pipestone to Laggan, and so by rail to Banff. Mr. Wilson writes me:—

"There is not much to tell of my trip over the Pipestone Pass. It was simply the case of a man starting on a seventy-mile snowshoe trip across the mountains to eat his Christmas dinner with his wife and family, and of getting there and eating the dinner, the pleasure being well worth the trip. I rode to within eight miles of the summit and started early the next morning on snowshoes to cross the pass (8,300 feet alt.). It was snowing a little and very cold when I started, and when I got opposite the Clearwater Gap a blizzard came up, and I could not see more than six or eight feet ahead in that grey snow light that makes everything look level. I was on the trail along the mountain side, and was afraid of falling down one of those steep side collars (which you will remember on that side), and of breaking my snowshoes, so I turned and went down the mountain to the creek bottom. The snow was seven or eight feet deep and I fell through a snow bridge, getting both feet wet. It was below zero and a long way to timber whichever way I turned; a little nearer turning back, but I never like hitting the back trail. It was eight o'clock at night before I crossed the summit of the pass and reached the first timber. I got a fire started, but it was drifting and snowing so hard that the snow covered my sox and moccasins as fast as I could wring them dry, and, owing to the fierce wind, the flames leaped in every direction, making it impossible to get near the fire, so at half past nine I gave it up, put on my wet footgear and snowshoes and started down the valley. I could not see and felt the way

away sleep; that he had no food, and always before him those interminable, slow, dragging miles of snowy wilderness. It must have required iron determination to make the end of that never-ending track, to eat his Christmas dinner with his wife and family.

Even such an awful experience could not dull Tom's keen native wit, and his remark to the doctor while examining his poor feet, "I hope I won't have to lose them, Doctor, I've had 'em a long time and I'm sort of used to 'em," shows the spirit of the man. We are happy to add that Mr. Wilson is now progressing well towards recovery. He has lost parts of several toes on each foot, but as he says himself, the doctor has left him well balanced, by taking the same number of parts from each foot, and he can't complain.



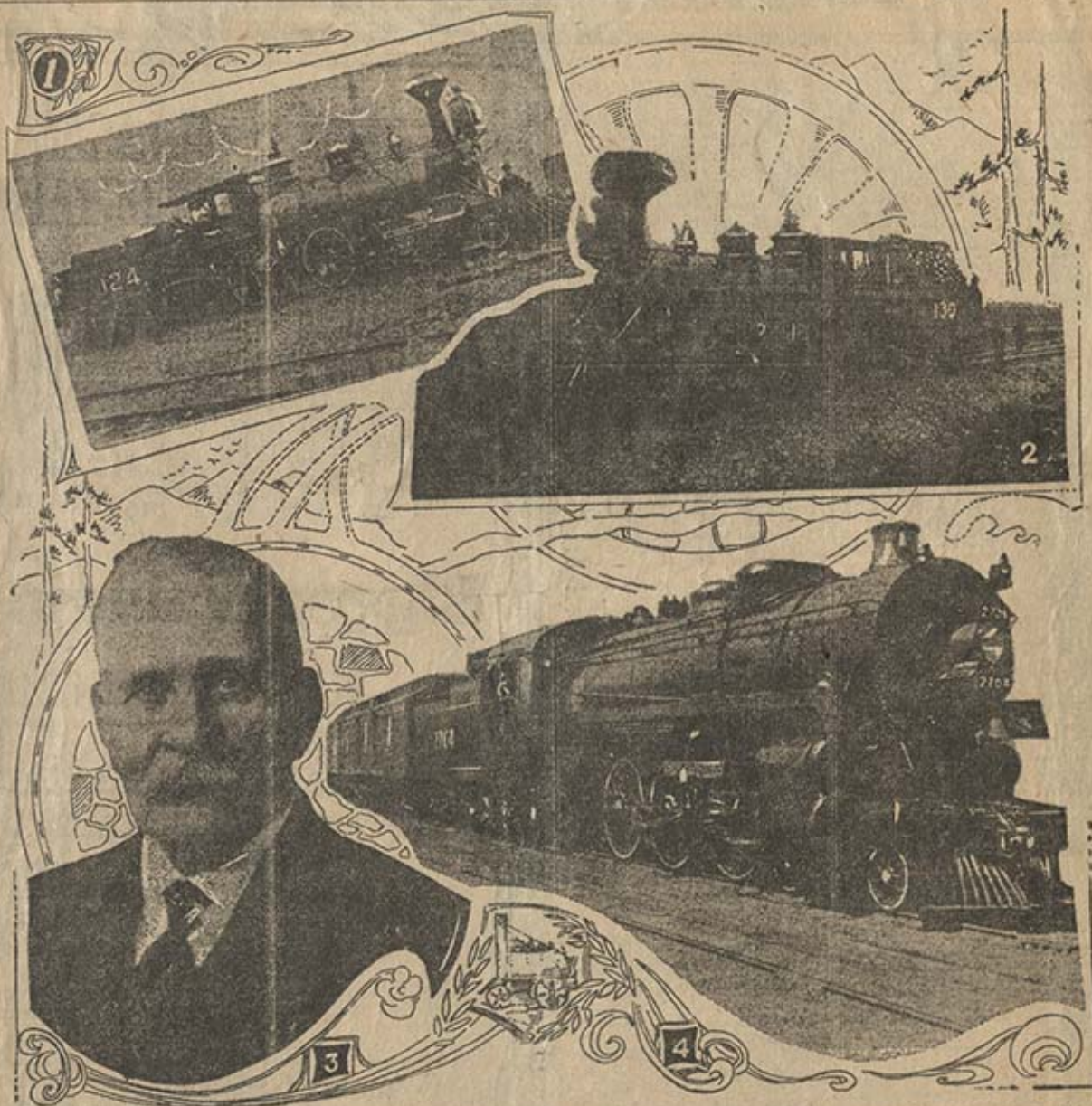
MOUNT TEMPLE AND CONSOLATION LAKE, WEST OF BANFF

show. I could not see and felt the way away sleep. By daylight I had made three and a half miles; not much, but it kept the circulation going. In the heavy timber I made a fire and got dried out. My feet were beginning to pain as they had been thawed out twice already. I made three miles more that day and finished the last of my grub. The big snowshoes sank fifteen inches in the soft new snow and were a heavy drag on frozen toes. I saw it meant three or four more days tramping without grub to make Laggan. I made it in three, but the last day I could only make about fifty yards without resting, and my back tracks did not leave a very straight line. The chief trouble I had was to keep from going to sleep; it would have been so much easier to quit than to go on."

Mr. Wilson concludes his letter with the remark, "I think this is the longest letter I ever wrote."

Think for a moment what it really meant; that every time he put on his snowshoes his toes got frozen owing to the tight shoe straps; that every time he took them off his feet had to be thawed out; that every step had to raise a load of ten to fifteen pounds of soft snow; that wood had to be collected and cut to keep alive during the night; that fierce pain would drive

Four Decades of Railroading with the Canadian Pacific Railway



1—The "124," pulled by Jim Fisher on the first transcontinental train on the Medicine Hat-Gleichen division. Engineer Fisher also made the fastest run ever made in this division on this engine. 2—The wood burner type of engine used in the construction days of the C.P.R. in the mountains. No coal mines were opened then. After the railroad was completed these were converted to "coal burners." 3—Jim Fisher as he is today, hale and hearty and, as he says, "never felt better in his life." 4—The "2704," on which he made his last trip a short time ago.

After forty years of engine driving on the C.P.R., Engineer Jim Fisher of Medicine Hat was retired recently on a pension, with a "clear card." During this period he established the remarkable record of never having had a trainman or a passenger killed on any train he ever piloted. In 1883, he took the first construc-

tion train across the first pile bridge erected by the C.P.R. over the South Saskatchewan river, at Medicine Hat. Three years later, driving the "124," he again crossed the river, pulling the first transcontinental train over his division, from Medicine Hat to Gleichen. On this engine he also made the fastest run ever recorded on

the Gleichen-Medicine Hat division, a distance of one hundred and twenty-five miles made in two hours and twenty-five minutes.

In the spring of '81 he worked on a construction engine in the mountains. During those days all engines used in the mountains were wood burners as no coal mines had been

opened up. Shortly after the C.P.R. was completed all engines were converted into coal burners.

Mr. Fisher is hale and hearty today and says he never felt better in his life. He is two years over the age limit of retirement of the company and the oldest "in service" living C.P.R. locomotive engineer west of Winnipeg.

And thus she just said?



The Dog: "YOU CAN'T PUT MY NOSE OUT OF JOINT"



"AH! WHO SAID 'FAT IS FATAL'?"

"Bobs" Carried to Last Resting Place



THE FUNERAL OF FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS

The funeral of Field Marshal Lord Roberts took place in London on Thursday, November 19, in a penetrating downpour of rain. The crowds of people lined up early in the morning along the route gave evidence of the nation's appreciation of its great loss and the measure of esteem in which the deceased warrior was held. The procession from Charing Cross Station, whence the coffin had been conveyed from Ascot, was along the Victoria Embankment, up New Bridge street and by way of Ludgate Hill to St. Paul's. As the cortege left the station the first shot of the nineteen minute guns fired in St. James' Park by the Hampshire Artillery was heard. Along the Embankment, swept by a mist of driving rain, passed the distinguished procession. The mourners followed close on the coffin, which was conveyed on a gun carriage of P Battery of the Royal Horse Artillery. Included in the cortege gathered to convey the dead Field Marshal to his last resting place was a mountain battery with Indian drivers and gunners. This, perhaps, more than anything else, brought home to the spectators something of the nature of the death struggle which is even at this moment proceeding in Belgium and France, and to the music of which Lord Roberts spent his last hours. The hardy mules on which the sections of the guns were carried, the inscrutable Indians at their side, touched the imagination of the spectator. In the above drawing Christopher Clark, a special artist for this newspaper, the New York Herald and the London Sphere, shows the procession along the Embankment, with the mountain battery in the foreground.

IN MEMORIAM

R. M. S. Empress of Ireland, May 28, 1914.

Not in the wild and raging storm,
Nor in the light of day,
But in the quiet of the night
Did death creep in to slay.
And, in the twinkling of an eye,
A thousand souls sank down to die.

O, many hearts are bowed with woe,
And many tears are shed;
But bleeding hearts and tearful eyes
Cannot recall the dead;
Canute, with all his kingly pride,
Could not retard the advancing tide.

At the black night so soon departs
To usher in the morn;
So will the gloomy tale be told
To children yet unborn;
And they will learn with hearts of
pride,

The way in which their fathers died.
Near to our native land they lie,
But sixteen fathoms deep;
Encircled by the inviolate sea,
Wrapped in eternal sleep,
Leave them in honor where they lie,
Clothed in the shroud of chivalry.

The sorrow that we felt should now
Be turned to joy instead;
And oceans of praise should ceaseless
swell:

For those we say are dead
Have reached a heaven far more blest,
And in a sweeter slumber rest.

By J. W. F. D.

JIMMIE LETHERBY HAS GONE AWAY TO WAR

Many Will Remember Him
as the Treasurer of W.
B. Sherman Interests

Sherman Tried to Dissuade
Him From Enlisting, but
James Would Go

Jimmie Letherby is going away to war. He has enlisted in the Princess Patricia regiment, that body of picked fighters from all over Canada, which is to leave Ottawa direct for France. Only the very best men, veterans of former wars, wearers of medals won where death lurked, men of fighting records, every one of them, are in this regiment. Jimmie won his right to go on the veldt of South Africa. Jimmie served all through the war against the Boers, for which he is entitled to wear a beautiful medal presented to him by a grateful government, but Jimmie is so modest that he didn't tell any of his friends in Calgary of his record, and only produced the medal and told of his achievements when he presented himself to the recruiting officer yesterday.

Everyone in Calgary knows Jimmie Letherby, and nearly everyone who knows him likes him. For years he had been the treasurer of the W. B. Sherman theatrical interests. Fully a million people have passed him at the door of the Sherman Grand and other theatres. Many probably do not know him by name but will recall the sturdy, little, good natured chap that passed out the tickets at the ticket wicket, and had something pleasant to say when he did it. He is one of those individuals who are always happy, the rare kind who look at life through optimistic eyes.

In the years that Jimmie has lived in Calgary he has accumulated considerable property. He has holdings of value in Calgary, a good farm in the Nanton neighborhood, real estate in many Alberta towns, and oil leases in sections of the district that are considered good. He has enough of this world's goods to keep a long lead on the wolf of want.

Would Not Be Dissuaded

Many of his interests are tied up with those of W. B. Sherman, his old time friend, and associate. Sherman labored for hours with Jimmie yesterday and the day before, trying to dissuade him from enlisting. At times Sherman's language, when he became exasperated over Jimmie's extreme patriotism, was of the picturesque variety for which the theatrical magnate is noted. But Jimmie was obdurate. The scent of the battle afar off was in his nostrils, and he would not be moved. Some of this dialogue occurred in the Albertan office.

"Dash it, Jimmie, you must not go away to war. You are not big enough to carry one of those heavy guns with which they are loading down the soldiers," said William B. "Think of all you are leaving behind. What if they strike oil while you are away? You will want to sell your leases while the boom is on, and where will you be? Probably lying in a ditch some place away off in France, with a lot of Germans shooting at you every time you stick your head up. And they are good shots, some of these Germans. And then when dinner time comes probably you would be served up a mess of stewed frog. Then while you are away at war some of these oil wells will be brought in, and you won't be here to sell your leases and you will come back after

LEATHERBY'S AILMENT

Letter from England Says He Is
Ill of Rheumatism

While the official dispatches state that Jimmie Letherby, the well-known Calgary theatrical man, is in a military hospital, suffering from cerebro-spinal meningitis, some of his friends here hope that he has not contracted the dread ailment, which has proven fatal to so many soldiers at the front.

Arthur Thornycroft, Letherby's business associate, recently received a letter from his sister, who is connected with one of the army hospitals. In this letter, she stated that Letherby had just been admitted to the hospital, and that he was suffering from a severe attack of rheumatism.

PRIVATE A. THORNCROFT, 434569, who left Calgary with a local battalion last fall, has been slain in battle according to a late casualty list received at the Herald office this afternoon. He was under canvas at Sarcee camp last summer, and departed from here with the regular unit in the early fall. The address of his next-of-kin is not stated, so further details concerning him could not be obtained.

the boom is all over, probably shy a leg or an arm, and have to start in all over again."

All day long Sherman kept at Jimmie in this fashion. At times the atmosphere about the two would get blue, but Jimmie was not to be moved. Sherman finally gave it up as a bad job, and Jimmie went over to the recruiting office and made the formal tender of his services, which were accepted.

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WHEN THE BAND PLAYED TIPPERARY

(AT VITRY-SUR-MARNE).

(By N. W. Jenkins, in New York Times.)

O little Red Cross Lady, my head upon your knee,
I dreamed I saw you coming, through smoke and fire, to me!
The night was dark and dreary, and death was in the air,
But the band played "Tipperary," and I know my friends
were near.

"It's a long way to Tipperary, it's a long way to go;
It's a long way to Tipperary, to the sweetest girl I know,
So, good-bye, Piccadilly, and farewell, Leicester Square;
It's a long, long way to Tipperary, but my heart is there."

There's an Irish girl named Mary, at home beyond the sea,
I saw her in the battle—she seemed to smile at me,
I stole a kiss from Mary the day we marched away—
The band played "Tipperary," and all was grand and gay.

We went with colors flying; I had but time to say:
"It's a long way from Tipperary, where we are called away;
So, good-bye, little Mary, till we come home again,
To the tune of "Tipperary, King George's fighting men!"

How black the skies are growing! The night is very cold,
My little Red Cross Lady, I want your hand to hold,
The muster roll is calling—the next name is my own,
It's a long way, and a dark one, for a man to go alone!

It's a long way to Tipperary, but the call has come for me!
No matter where the trail leads, or what the end may be,
So, good-bye, Red Cross Lady—good-bye, Mary fair!
It's a long, long way to Tipperary—but—my—heart—is—there!

FOR THOSE IN FRANCE

(By Robert J. C. Stead)

He heard the call of country clear;
He weighed no circumstance;
Afar from those who held him dear
He lies tonight—in France.

The tears of pride were in her eye;
All love was in her glance;
She sent him forth, if need, to die,
To die for you—in France.

His babies lip their prayer to Him
Who errs by no mischance;
While in the trenches, bleak and
grim,
Their father fights in France.

For lips that pray, and eyes that
weep,
And hearts that feel the lance,
Dig down, dig down, dig down, down
deep,
And pay—for those in France.

THE LAY OF THE P. F. LADY

"I'M ONLY a soldier's wife," said she,
As she cashed her monthly cheque.
"They say I spend my money too free,
And my private life is a wreck."

"And they say, as they sit in their fat content,
That I need a kindly friend—
One who will see that I pay my rent,
And watch the money I spend."

"But my man is fighting with Kitchener's men,
And he's doing his bit o'er the foam,
While I, I'm patronised, patted and snubbed
By the man who stays at home."

THE WAY IT SEEMS

Though chaos and confusion
Upon the earth I see,
Yet still they seem illusion
Unto the soul of me;
Though race with race is striving
And conflicts do not cease,
I feel that right is thriving—
I hear the voice of peace.

I know the wrongs existing
And growing hour by hour,
And yet my faith, perceiving,
Sees justice high in power;
I hear the voice of Reason
Enumerating ill;
But doubt of God seems treason,
And trust my bosom thrills.

Though nation wars with nation,
And we in darkness grope,
A curious exaltation
Gives pinions to my hope
Though sorrows and disasters
Descend upon our sphere,
My faith in wisdom masters
All sentiments of fear.

Along this world benighted,
Where clouds and shadows roll,
One narrow path is lighted
For each immortal soul.
The path of Love's endeavor,
To show the God within,
And who walks there will never
Be slave of fear or sin.

Mine is the mind of woman,
No logic in its store;
But, ah! my heart is human
And love is at its core.
The earth is God's expansion,
And love is all it needs,
And this is faith's confession
Of what it lacks in creeds.

ACTIVE RECRUITING OFFICER



Pioneer George Patten, well known in Calgary and Cochrane, who is at present in Banff recruiting for the Fourth Pioneers. His two sons are members of a local battalion which is now in England.

DAN'S WIFE

Up in early morning light,
Sweeping, dusting, "setting right."
Oiling all the household springs,
Sewing buttons, tying strings,
Telling Bridget what to do,
Mending rips in Johnny's shoe,
Running up and down the stair,
Tying baby in her chair,
Cutting meat and spreading bread,
Dishing out so much per head,
Eating as she can by chance,
Giving husband kindly glance;
Toiling, working, busy life—

Smart woman,
Dan's wife.

Dan comes home at fall of night,
Home so cheerful, neat and bright,
Children meet him at the door,
Pull him in and look him o'er;
Wife asks how the world has gone,
"Busy times with us at home!"
Supper done. Dan reads with ease—
Happy Dan, but one to please!
Children must be put to bed—
All the little prayers are said;
Little shoes are placed in rows,
Bedclothes tucked o'er little toes;
Busy, noisy, wearing life—

Tired woman,
Dan's wife.

Dan reads on and falls asleep—
See the woman softly creep;
Baby rests at last, poor dear,
Not a word her heart to cheer;
Mending basket full to top,
Stockings, shirt and little frock;

Tired eyes and weary brain,
Side with darting, ugly pain;
"Never mind, 't will pass away,"
She must work, but never play!
Closed piano, unused books,
Brightness faded out of life—
Saddened woman,
Dan's wife.

Upstairs, tossing to and fro,
Fever holds the woman low;
Children wander free to play
When and where they will today;
Bridget loiters—dinner's cold,
Dan looks anxious, cross, and old;
Household screws are out of place,
Lacking one dear, patient face;
Steady hands, so weak but true,
Hands that know just what to do,
Never knowing rest or play,
Folded now—and laid away;
Work of six in one short life—
Shattered woman,
Dan's wife.

—Mrs. Woods.



STARS

THE BIG DIPPER AND THE LITTLE DIPPER

The Cost

By
Dr. Frank
Crane



FOR which of you, intending to build a tower, sitteth not down first and counteth the cost, whether he have sufficient to finish it?"

Did you sit down, O kings and rulers of Europe! and count the cost, before you unsheathed the sword? Did you reckon these items?

Seventeen million men, the strongest, fittest, healthiest of Europe, are withdrawn from the work of creation and set at the business of destruction. They leave the plow, the saw, the pen, and seize the rifle, the bayonet, and the cannon.

The houses in which were happy families, the buildings where commerce thrived, the cathedrals centuries old, the works of art, the structures that were the joyous boast of cities and that strangers came to admire from the ends of the earth, bringing their gold and silver with them to enrich you, are battered down, blown up, or burned to the ground.

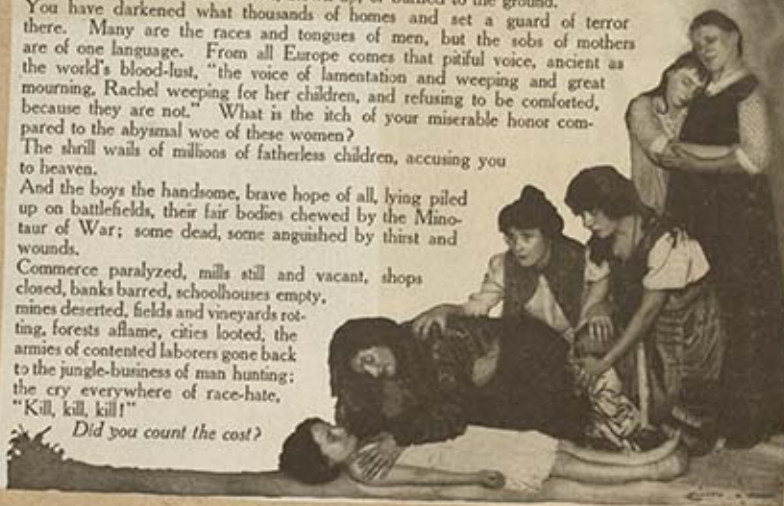
You have darkened what thousands of homes and set a guard of terror there. Many are the races and tongues of men, but the sobs of mothers are of one language. From all Europe comes that painful voice, ancient as the world's blood-lust, "the voice of lamentation and weeping and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted, because they are not." What is the itch of your miserable honor compared to the abysmal woe of these women?

The shrill wails of millions of fatherless children, accusing you to heaven.

And the boys the handsome, brave hope of all, lying piled up on battlefields, their fair bodies chewed by the Minotaur of War; some dead, some anguished by thirst and wounds.

Commerce paralyzed, mills still and vacant, shops closed, banks barred, schoolhouses empty, mines deserted, fields and vineyards rotting, forests aflame, cities looted, the armies of contented laborers gone back to the jungle-business of man hunting; the cry everywhere of race-hate, "Kill, kill, kill!"

Did you count the cost?



A quiet but pretty wedding took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. M. Cray, 635 sixth avenue west Calgary, on Tuesday, the 10th inst., when Miss Mary Alma Key became the bride of Mr. Thomas Clinton Kelly. The bride was becomingly gowned in a navy blue brocaded serge suit and wore a black velvet hat with white wings. After the ceremony a sumptuous wedding dinner was served, only the immediate friends of the contracting parties being present. Many handsome presents were received by the young couple, who were very popular in Banff where they both formerly resided. Mr. and Mrs. Kelly left on the midnight train for their future home at Swift Current.

Indisputable Evidence

Monday night, Miss Ethel Woodworth sprung a surprise on her friends by calmly announcing that she had been married on the 12th of September, and producing the husband and marriage certificate in proof of her assertion.

In September Miss Woodworth took a holiday, went down to Calgary in company with Mr. John Edwards and was married by the Rev. H. W. Shrove at St. Michael of All Saints' church in that city. The young couple kept the affair a profound secret until Monday night when the facts were announced.—Banff Crag and Canyon.

A Ballad of the Trail

By STANLEY J. WINDY CABE.

I ain't much of a poet, and seldom take a hunch,
But I'm goin' to make an effort and tell you of the bunch—

Just a bunch of dirty packers, but mostly white inside,
Who used to work together, but now are scattered wide.
Bill Potts adopted khaki and hit for the sound of guns,
He did his bit for his country, and was captured by the Huns.

Wattie, his young brother, has quit the single life,
And tho' he's still a packer, has got himself a wife.
"Soapy," one of the oldest, has got to quit the game,
Rheumatiz has got 'im, but we remember just the same.

The "Fargo Kid" 's promoted, he's one o' the bosses now,
But he's just as white as ever, we all of us allow.
"Tiny," a six-foot husky, who seldom went sober to bed,
Quit fighting "Johnny Walker," he's now fighting the Huns instead.

"Lord Jim" 's another at the front, he surely stood the test,
An' when the bunch had broke him in he showed up with the best.
Bob Logan, he done quit us, the one of the oldest crew,
Has settled down to ranching; he got married too.

Jack Giddy, "Poor Old Ugly," homely, but full of wit,
He's out in the deserts of Egypt, doing his little bit.
Fat Cain got hitched up double, so did Texas Wood,
They quit, and hired as Wardens, to teach us to be good.

Billy Lewis, he done left us, and beat it with his wife,
Down into the Eastern States, to lead a town guy's life.
Walt Jordan, he's another, who knew the trails a few,
He's sold his spurs and saddle and joined the soldiers too.

Com and Wesley Latam, youngsters at the game,
Who also quit the paking to uphold Britain's name.
The Hooknosed Kid has settled down and owns a husky team,
He's plumb subdued, his wildest sprees are nothing but a dream.

Bert lost a foot beneath a train when they hollered "All a-board,"
He's quit the life, has got a wife, and runs a dinky Ford. *Bert Safford*
"Big Bill" has wandered far away, he's listed with the "Strays,"
He's drifted back across the line to his cow-punching days.

Jack Bevan, too, has quit the job and chose a warden's life,
He's got a shack out on the "Red," and lives there with his wife.
Last, but not least, is our Boss "Jim," few better heads there are,
He's done his share of the packer's life, and now speeds up a car.

Then, "Windy," he's the writer of this here little "Pome,"
Who with this bunch has worked an' played an' with 'em made 'is 'ome.
An' now they're scattered far an' wide, as you can plainly see,
But if this bunch, e'er meet again, there'll be some Jamboree.

THE TABER COOKS ARE SOME HOCKEY TEAM



Champions of Alberta in 1912, and one of the best aggregations of puck chasers ever gathered together in a small town. Five of them belong to the same family, and they have played together now for three years. Last night they were defeated by the Sherbrooks in the last minute and a half of play, but gave one of the best exhibitions of hockey ever seen in Calgary. This is a picture of last year's team, and the Alberta Championship trophy may be seen in the centre of the picture. Krafe Cook, the fourth man standing from the left hand side, is now playing with the Edmonton Dominion.

A. D. Cook is the oldest brother and manages the team. He is the second from the left in the back row. The Cooks are playing better hockey this year than ever before, and if they do not win the championship this year it will be because the quality of the game played this year is superior to that of the past.

MRS. STONE TELLS W FOR FIRST TIME I OF MOUNT EON

Herald Staff Correspondent Secures Interview As She Lies In an Improvised Fly Camp Pitched Near the Scene Of the Fatality—Had Almost Reached Summit Of Virgin Peak When Husband Either Stepped on Loose Rock or Lost His Handhold and Fell Past Her Into Deep Chasm

MRS. STONE MAKES VALIANT ATTEMPT TO GO TO RESCUE

Grips on Rope Fails and She Drops, but Descent Is Broken By Narrow Ledge, Where for Eight Days, Without Food or Water, Bruised and Broken, She Waits Patiently for the End to Come—Swiss Guide Finds Her Unconscious and Performs Remarkable Feat in Removing Her to Safety

(By Herald Staff Correspondent)

MARVEL CREEK, July 29.—(By pony express and telegraph.)—Suffering from starvation and shock, Mrs. Stone is lying in an improvised fly camp on the side of Mount Eon, while the party who rescued her are busy building a raft to convey her down the Marvel lakes, the first stage of the 55-mile trip to civilization. The search for Dr. Stone, her husband, has proved unavailing so far and the rescue party are nearly exhausted from their efforts to find him. It is probable that the body, for Dr. Stone is dead, will be left until another and better equipped search party can be organized.

TRAPPED ON SIDE OF PRECIPICE

After having been trapped on the side of a precipice for eight days, without food or water, terribly bruised and realizing that her husband must lie dead somewhere beneath her, Mrs. Stone is in wonderful condition. True, she is weak, but Dr. Bell, of Winnipeg, who was one of the rescue party and who has been with her since she was found on Sunday, is confident that she is now out of danger. Though she has had little more than an hour's sleep since she was found, and little nourishment, on Wednesday evening she was able to speak briefly of her terrible experience. During the greater part of the time, however, the rescue party have been unable to converse with her except at odd intervals.

THE RESCUE PARTY

The rescue party consists of General Mitchell, head of the Alpine Club of Canada; Dr. Bell, of Winnipeg; Bill Peyto, Banff; Game Warden Rudolph Rammer, a noted Swiss guide from Lake Louise; Billy Childs, Banff; Constable Pounden and Billy Kerr.

HOW DR. STONE FELL

The accident in which Dr. Stone lost his life occurred on Saturday, July 16, and not on Sunday as was at first believed. Mrs. Stone has been able to relate some of the circumstances. On Friday she and her husband set out to climb the south-eastern slope of Mount Eon, near Mount Assiniboine. They established a fly camp on the slope of the mountain, and on Saturday morning commenced the ascent. They climbed without being fastened together by a rope. In the afternoon they had nearly reached the summit and were negotiating a particularly stiff bit of almost perpendicular cliff. Mr. Stone was slightly in advance. As Mrs. Stone looked up toward her husband she believes that he stepped on a loose rock or else a handhold on the mountain side broke away. Instantly he fell, and as he went past Mrs. Stone she saw him strike the face of the cliff several times, his body turning over and over until in a twinkling he disappeared into the grim abyss below.

Mrs. Stone's Game Attempt

Without stopping to count the cost and without realizing the impossibility of saving her husband's life, Mrs. Stone prepared to go to the rescue. Fastening a rope which she carried to the mountain side, she climbed rapidly down. When she reached the end of the rope, she found no foot or hand hold, and dangled against the cliff, 1,000 feet from the ground. For some time she hung there, then being unable to make her way up the rope again and finding nothing else to cling to, she relaxed her hold on her slender lifeline. Fate intervened to save Mrs. Stone from instant death, for below her the cliff sheered away abruptly for a thousand feet before a more gradual slope could be found. Dropping, her fall was broken about 18 feet from the end of the rope by a tiny ledge, not four feet wide. Here, without food or water, with little to hold to, she remained for eight long days.

Clings to Lone Chance

During that time clouds often surrounded the mountain top and frequent storms accompanied by vivid

lightning and thunder broke about her. Long ere help arrived she must have despaired of ever being rescued but her wonderful stamina carried her through, and caused her to cling to the faint chance for life. On Friday night, by a forced march, Rammer, Childs, Peyto and the mounted policeman, Pounden, arrived at Mount Eon. Previous to this, members of the government trail gang at Marvel Creek, knowing that the Stones were lost, had searched for them, but unsuccessfully. General Mitchell and Dr. Bell arrived at Mount Eon on Sunday morning, after riding hard from Banff all through the night.

Guide's Remarkable Feat

It was just after supper on Sunday evening that Rammer, the Swiss guide, found Mrs. Stone. Letting himself down to her ledge with a rope, he fastened the rope about her body, a difficult task, for she was terribly bruised. Drawing her up to where a foothold could be gained, he performed what Gen. Mitchell describes as a wonderful feat, for he carried the unconscious woman down the face of the mountain in his arms. At the present time an arduous journey remains for Mrs. Stone, for the trail to Banff is 55 miles of pack horse trail, beset with many difficulties. She must be carried on a stretcher every foot of the way, with the exception of the short span to the Marvel lakes.

A Difficult Feat

From the fly camp on Mount Eon to the head of the lakes, fallen trees, heavy brush, rocks, gullies and foaming water courses lie in the way for eight miles. The rest of the trail runs up and down mountains and over all sorts of abysses, similar to those found on the first leg of the journey. The trail is narrow, scarcely wide enough for a mounted man to travel in places.

What sort of time the party will make is uncertain. It may be that Mrs. Stone's strength will fall again, in which case she may be rested at one of the rough camps along the trail. It has also been suggested that she should be left at the centre trail camp, provided for those engaged in the walking tours to Mt. Assiniboine, until stronger.

Storms Are Frequent

Thunder storms with heavy rains, which have been very numerous during the past two days, are not conducive to easy travel, especially when an invalid must be taken care of, and this further complicates matters. The work of the rescue party securing Mount Eon from Friday until Thursday has been terribly hard and

the members of the little band are not far from exhausted themselves. The search for the crevasse where Dr. Stone's mangled body must lie, has been a minute one, but it is evident that a far larger force will be required. Details of the tragedy have heretofore been meagre, owing to the inaccessibility of the spot where the accident happened, even the guides in the camp at Mount Assiniboine, not eight miles distant, knew little of what was going on on Thursday morning.

MAJOR MOORE, OF 12TH MOUNTED, IS NAMED BRIGADE MAJOR

To Go to Winnipeg; Captain
Hervey to Succeed
Him Locally

Major Albert Moore, one of the most popular officers in the west, second in command of the 12th Mounted Rifle after turning down repeated offers to become brigade major of the Western Infantry brigade, under Col. F. H. Hitchen, at Winnipeg, finally made up his mind and nibbled the tempting bait yesterday.

While flattering in the extreme, involving a big advancement in position, the offer did not altogether appeal to Major Moore, because he is by training and desire a cavalry man. He prefers the dashing mounted corps to the stolidity of the infantry duties, although he is no mean handler of foot corps at that. When, therefore, about a month ago Ottawa notified him that the post of brigade major was open to him, and that he had but to say the word, to their surprise he said "No." After some correspondence the matter dropped, and Major Moore was under the impression that he would be left to work out his destiny along with the 12th Mounted Rifles, which was in the way of becoming a brack cavalry corps.

The gods that he destined otherwise, however, and yesterday he received a wire informing him that the post was still open to him.

It seemed on the face of it impossible to refuse, so that Col. Geo. MacDonald is already mourning the loss of a man who will be hard to replace, even with the promising material at hand.

The merit of Major Moore was recognized throughout the west. He is a military man to his finger tips, and but for the merest accident would have been at one time attached to the military staff here. Always taking the keenest interest in cavalry work, he was with the 13th Light Horse from the day of its organization ten years ago, and prior to that was with the "G" Squadron Canadian Mounted Rifles stationed here. He took the long course cavalry school at Kingston Royal Military college, and he didn't just scrape through; he emerged with the added distinction of honors. His ability has been known in Winnipeg for a long time, and therefore it was not hard to fathom why he should have been chosen for the important post to which he has been called.

While his loss will be a hard gap to fill in the 12th Mounted Rifles, some accomplished material is at hand, for the 12th Mounted have never had any dearth of good officers.

It is possible that Captain Hervey, the present adjutant, and an old Light Horse man, will fill his shoes, and with credit and distinction. Captain Hervey is also of the military cast.

Next in order, Captain Hervey's position is also likely to be filled by the promotion of Lieut. W. H. Berkinshaw, who has shown marked ability in his duties since the 12th Mounted began their work down at the barracks.

Who will fill Lieut. Berkinshaw's place again is a matter that has not yet been decided.

"SING ME TO SLEEP" IS TRENCH REFRAIN

Boys at the Front Are Least
Worried Over Progress
of the War

That the boys in the trenches are the least worried of all over the progress of the war, and find many moments of enjoyment, is indicated in a letter received by Mrs. Chester A. Bloom, of Parkdale, from one of three brothers serving at the front. Trooper Gordon Forster, C Squadron, Lord Strathcona Horse, Trooper Gordon encloses a humorous bit of poetry composed by one of his comrades, which parodies the life in the trenches to the tune of "Sing Me to Sleep."

The verses run:

Sing me to sleep where the bullets fall,
Let me forget the world and all;
Bump is my dig-out, and cold are my feet,
Nothing but belly and biscuits to eat.
Sing me to sleep where the bombs explode,
And shrapnel shells is A-I-a-mo-de!
Over the sand bags helmets you'll find,
Capers in front and corpses behind.

Chorus:

Far, far from Ypres I long to be,
Where German snipers can't get at me;
Thinking of me something where the worms creep,
Waiting for someone to sing me to sleep.

Sing me to sleep in some old shed,
A downy rat hole around my head;
Stretched out upon my waterproof,
Dodging the rain drops through the roof,
Sing me to sleep where the shells won't burst,
Give me a wet to quench my thirst;
Dreaming of home and nights of rest,
With somebody's big feet on my chest.

The letter refers to the great encouragement the soldiers received all along the line, because of the big advance made recently by the Allies around the Labasse front and says it is the firm belief of all the men at the front that "Fritz" is on his last legs. Trooper Forster also states that one of his brothers, Marshall Forster, who enlisted in this city and is now a sergeant of a machine gun section with the Ninetieth Winnipeg Rifles, is in the trenches a mile distant from the Lord Strathcona Horse. He adds, however, that he has not been able to see his brother yet, and the locations of the units are not given for military reasons.

PRIDE OF ALBERTA

(To the 12th O. M. R.)

Pride of Alberta, fearless and brave,
We bade farewell to thee;
You have come to fight in the cause of
the right.
For freedom and victory,
You gave up all to stand or fall,
And your turn in the trenches take.
We're proud to know that you gladly go
To die for your country's sake.

Sons of the Empire, truest and best,
We think of you far away,
God grant you safe return again,
When you've helped to win The Day.
Against Teuton shells, and at Dardanelles
These boys from across the sea,
Will prove their grit, and can do their
bit.
For the flag of the brave and free.

Pride of Alberta, dearest and best;
Husband, Father, or son,
Our hearts may break for Old England's
sake.

But 'tis to avenge the Hun,
O, God above by Thy gracious love
With aching hearts we pray—
In this cruel strife protect each life,
And be ever their guard and stay.

—W. St. J. Muller, Calgary.

Net by Kipling, Net:

"The Mullark's Song" runs as follows:
We have left the land of sunshine,
We have left the land of snow,
Yes! we came to fight for England
And lay the Kaiser low.
Yet we miss the pine tree swaying
And the maple trees in bud,
But still we have one comfort,
'Tis the dear old "Salsbury mud."

We hear the robins singin',
(As they do in nursery rhyme),
But the skies are dull and heavy
And it's raining most the time;
But we're going to "Tippecary"
And of course 'tis via Berlin,
But what will Kaiser Billy say
To the muddy state we're in?

It sticks to us like chowing gum
On the seat of a tramway ear,
It has the "trail" beat hollow
With the thunder storms afar.
In Canada we often kicked
About the sticky loam,
But Lord protect your little feet
If to Salsbury you roam.

We find it on the table,
As well as on the form,
And a trooper found some in his soup
As sure as you were born;
We're in it at "reveille,"
We wade it to "lights out,"
You'd laugh to see the awkward squad
Just try to "turn about."

It's nice to keep a-smiling
And prepare for things to come,
But "by gosh" we need some patience
When across the plains we run,
For the mud gets in our ear-holes,
And we're covered thick and fast
But I tell you 'tis a pleasure
When the boys are "marching past."

But, I guess we must not grumble
When we fall an awful thud,
For 'tis splendid training for the boys
When "slinging in the mud."
But when we meet the Germans
They'll be the boys to slide
And the quicker they can do it
They'll save their "darned old hide."

Tho' in Salsbury mud we're covered,
Our hearts are brave within,
And a-beating for the dear old flag
We're out to die or win.
So it's "Canada forever"
As the mud we're wading through,
And we'll show you in the trenches
What Canadians can do.

Silver Bonds of Empire.

[The immigration regulations are being strictly enforced. Each newcomer to Canada must produce \$50 in cash or be deported.]

MANY millions we have spent,
To encourage immigration,
Posters and advertisement
Plaster every railway station,
Lecturers talk wheat and oats
From Land's End to John O'Groat's.

So they come from London town,
From the Midlands steeped in history,
Where the pallid factories frown
O'er a land of smoke and mystery;
From the Humber, Thames and Clyde,
Britain's sons on every tide.

Do we meet them, hand to hand?
Give them loyal, hearty greeting,
To this fair young lustrous land,
Where the East and West are meeting?
Nay: Before they touch the sod,
They must open up their wad!

On the threshold of the land,
Flowing o'er with milk and honey,
So we make the Briton stand
Till he shows us all his money,
Thus the dollar's silvery chink
Is the Empire's strongest link!

Ottawa.

THE MACE.

THE 194TH BATTALION OFF TO DO ITS DUTY AT THE FRONT

Plenty of Enthusiasm as Col. Craig's Stalwart High- landers Entrain for Active Service

Another splendid battalion of Alberta soldiers is on its way to the front to fight for Canada and the Empire. The 194th, the Edmonton Highlanders, Lieut.-Col. W. C. Craig, officer commanding, has said goodbye and departed for "an unknown destination," where it will have to opportunity to win glory and honor in the "great push" which is driving the Hun out of France on the western battle front.

The Highlanders have been great favorites in Calgary and the sincere good wishes of all our citizens go with them on their high adventure. No better trained and disciplined battalion from western Canada has ever left to follow the long trail, whose end is in the firing trenches. They have been conspicuously free from participation in the "rough stuff" in which men of other units have indulged. They are in splendid shape, and may be depended upon to give a good account of themselves when they reach the other side.

Marched in From Camp

The battalion marched in from Sarcee camp late in the afternoon, the pipes and the bagpipes alternating in making music for the column. The electric lights were twinkling as they reached the city, but there were plenty of people on the streets to give the lads a hearty send-off. It was the same old spectacle, old yet ever new, of stalwart fellows in khaki, loaded down with kit bags, and luggage of every description, and with scores of wives, sisters and sweethearts tramping along with them on the way to the railway yards, where the battalion entrained on the waiting specials.

Yards Were Dark

The railway yards were dark as a pocket, illuminated only by the lights from the car windows and an occasional brakeman's lantern. Soldiers and spectators blended in one indistinguishable mass, bumping together and treading on one another's toes in the gloom with the utmost good nature.

The business of saying goodbyes and yet more goodbyes proceeded interminably. "Just one more," became a twice and thrice told tale before the trains moved out. The absence of lights afforded an admirable opportunity for farewells to be punctuated with osculatory remembrances. These salutes were by no means confined exclusively to the wives, sisters and sweethearts, of course. The 194th man who got away unharmed did so because he was a confirmed misogynist, or because he was so busy that he did not get a chance to share in the general distribution of good things that was going on.

A Hallowe'en Stunt

A merry Hallowe'en fest was pulled off at this stage of the performance. A sportive youth, dressed in girls' clothes, wearing a cute white hat and, altogether looking a perfect dear, took a hand in the kissing game. Beginning at one end of the train he climbed up on the trusses of every car and bestowed kisses galore upon the soldiers who crowded the windows. He was an expert in the business and his progress along the train gave a correct imitation of a machine gun in action. Every "Oleary" gave him at least one salute, and several bestowed two or three for good measure.

One of the soldiers happened to scrape his face across the grain of the strange game's chin. It felt like a piece of sandpaper, and the soldier, wiping his mouth with his handkerchief, relieved his outraged feelings with a few choice epithets. Someone lifted the skirts of the alleged girl, and, in the flash of a lantern, lo! pantaloons and masculine boots were revealed.

"Look at the pants! Look at the pants!" yelled the laughing crowd. The "girl" scrambled down and escaped and the kissing game languished for a space.

In Two Trains

The 194th travelled in two special trains according to the usual arrangement. The first section conveyed A and B companies, the machine gun section and the pipe band. It was in charge of Major T. C. Rubbra. The second section took C and D companies, the bagpipe band, the signalling section and the headquarters staff. It was in charge of Lieut.-Col. Craig.

The following officers accompanied the battalion: Lieut.-Col. Craig, Major Rubbra, H. H. Dawson, P. McMillan, and W. Whyte; Capt. Milne, Donald, Reynolds, King, Mills, McKay, Stewart and Taylor; Lieutenants Teviotdale, Anderson, Campbell, Fisher, King, Harvie, Buck, Edwards, Arnold, Dandie, Fane, Hamilton, Stevenson, Finn, McLachlan, Goodwin, Palmer, Morgan and Cameron.

"Tell the people of Calgary," said Col. Craig, when asked for a last message by The Albertan, "that we appreciate what the city of Calgary has done for us, and are sorry to leave it and to leave Sarcee camp. We have enjoyed our stay at Sarcee. We hope to do our duty and bear our part in the big fight over yonder, and you may be sure that Alberta will have cause to be proud of the 194th battalion."

202nd Going to Edmonton

The 202nd battalion (the Sportsman's), Lieut.-Col. Bowen commanding, will go to Edmonton today, to remain there for an indefinite period.

ROCK ME TO SLEEP

The following poem is by Elizabeth Akers (Mrs. Allen), who lived from 1832 to 1911. It is published by request:

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
Make me a child again, just for tonight!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years!
I am so weary of toil and of tears—
Tell without recompense, tears all in vain—
Take them and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay—
Weary of flinging my soul wealth away—
Weary of sowing for others to reap—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you.
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded our faces between;
Yet, with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I tonight for your presence again.
Come from the silence so long and so deep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Over my heart in the days that are flown,
No love like mother love ever has shone;
No other worship abides and endures—
Faithful, unselfish and patient, like yours:
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain.
Slumber's soft calm o'er my heavy lids creep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old;
Let it drop over my forehead tonight,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light!
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore;
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
Since I last listened your lullaby song;
Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream.
Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,
With your bright lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!



Ken Liddell

Edmonton, Alta.,
Aug. 22, 1959

Mrs. R. Blomfield,
973 Warden Ave.
Toronto, 13, Ont.

Dear Mrs. Blomfield:

In reply to your letter asking for information about the Alberta crest. You wanted the information for a talk you were to give to your Women's Institute at the end of the month.

As I happened to be in Edmonton, the capital city, I went to the legislative library to get the information. What I learned is too good to keep, so I hope you do not mind me scooping your Women's Institute.

I OBTAINED MY information from a document one of the library staff unearthed in a vault. It was either well-hidden or it was a dark vault because it took some time to locate the document.

It seems, Mrs. Blomfield, that the name of whoever designed Alberta's crest was not recorded. Because of this nobody knows for sure just how the design was arrived at, and I must say it gives me great pride in our free-wheeling, whoop-de-do province to learn that one theory is it was patterned from a design used on a box of Quaker Oats.

I'm not kidding. That's what the document said.

BRIEFLY, the description is this: "Alberta uses not the Royal but the national emblem of England, the St. George's Cross, red on white. Below the cross Alberta uses a landscape: A field of golden corn in front of a strip of green meadow-land at the foot of a range of snow-covered mountains against a blue sky."

It's real pretty.

However, the document pointed out, Alberta's crest is "more symbolic than strictly heraldic," and from history as revealed in the document, we can feel darned lucky to have that.

THE DOCUMENT INDICATED that after a crest was granted to Saskatchewan in 1906 (Saskatchewan and Alberta became provinces in 1905) Alberta was left in the unenviable position of being the only province in Canada without an official coat of arms.

This was not entirely our fault. In 1906 M. J. Macleod, clerk of the executive council, wrote to four eastern lithographing firms asking for designs. For some reason there were no submissions. Times have changed. The rest of the country has been falling all over us since we got into the chips.

ARCHITECTURAL firms and printing companies were asking for permission to use our crest. But we had none, and "some private citizens were embarrassed by their province's amoral nudity." So was Mr. Macleod. His reply to the requests was "our government has as yet not decided upon a coat of arms." Mr. Macleod was busy writing variations of this answer up to the end of 1906.

That year James White, geographer for the Dominion department of interior, prepared a big mining map. The border design was to include crests of all the provinces. There was a big hole where Alberta should have been.

MR. WHITE SENT six letters to the Alberta government asking for a copy of the crest. To each letter he received Mr. Macleod's pet—and only—answer. We were working on it.

In one reply Mr. Macleod said Premier A. C. Rutherford and the Alberta attorney-general were in Ottawa and for Mr. White to ask them. Mr. White called their hotel several times and got the answer they were not in.

On Dec. 5, 1906, a letter was sent direct to Premier Rutherford in Edmonton. It was signed by W. W. Cory, deputy minister of the interior in Ottawa.

Mr. Cory pointed out that Alberta was the home province of his minister. If Alberta didn't come across with a sketch of its crest, it would be tough on Alberta. Or perhaps Messrs. White and Cory.

THIS time Mr. Macleod had an answer. He allowed three weeks to elapse then he replied that a design had been decided "just the other day."

Mr. Macleod replied on Jan. 1, 1907. The design had been decided on Dec. 31, 1906.

Then the real trouble began. The design had to be approved by the College of Heralds in London, England.

ON MARCH 11, 1907, the College of Heralds wrote to say the design was "of the poorest class of heraldry." It regretted this conclusion, but it reached it for its own sake, not Alberta's. When a poor design was adopted everybody blamed the College of Heralds, not the party wanting the crest.

However, the College of Heralds said it would accept the design if Alberta would give a more clear definition of the description "azure in front of a range of snow-capped mountains proper a range of hills vert, etc." That would throw anybody, but what threw the College of Heralds was the term "etc."

The wording, the College said, "was quite impossible" and "what any heraldic painter would make of it Providence only knows."

MR. Macleod solved that by finding somebody who spoke English as it is understood by the College of Heralds. The Royal Warrant was issued May 30, 1907, and Mr. Macleod got some sleep.

But who designed the crest remains a mystery. There are three theories: (1) It was designed by an Innisfail or Red Deer man who was strongly pro-English and who preferred the St. George's Cross to the Union Jack; (2) the designer was R. W. Jeffers, then architect for the department of public works, who "was inspired by a design on a box of Quaker Oats," or (3) a combination of brains, including those of members of the executive council.

Sincerely,

KEN LIDDELL

PS: When returning the file to the clerk I noticed clipped to it a windshield sticker bearing the crest and caption "vacationland visitor." The crest on the sticker showed grain in the foreground in stook. On the crest proper it is standing. I asked the clerk who had done the harvesting. She wrapped up the day nicely by replying, "some farmer, I guess."

Sounding Brass

by Ray Bagley

x—x x—x x—x

Mr. Bagley, now 97 years old, was one of the original Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies and was connected with Banff and the Brewster pack train. A series of his poems will appear in the Summit News.

x—x x—x x—x

So this is the end of everything
And you are going away
You may not find it as simple as
that

Regardless of what you say,
Here is your ring untarnished
Though I've worn it all of these
years

The symbol of what it meant to me
And not for you these tears.

The rainbows end and the pot of
gold

With the new love lies
What if you find in the lonely hours
That the old love never dies.

Like a dog on a leash she'll own
you

Own you body and soul
Though you live in a brownstone
mansion

You will live on the wifely dole.

Why should I even wish you happi-
ness

You with your Midas touch
You may find in the dark of the
long, long night

It doesn't console you much.

♦ ♦ ♦

Should a driver get into a skid
on icy pavement, he should re-
main calm. Don't slam on the
brakes. Steer in the direction in
which the REAR of the car is mov-
ing. Gently decelerate when the
automobile is once again going in
the proper direction and be care-
ful not to oversteer. If the car is
kept in gear, the engine can be
an effective brake.

When you find what a dupe you
have been

Don't ever come back to me
There'll never be anything here
for you

Of love or sympathy.

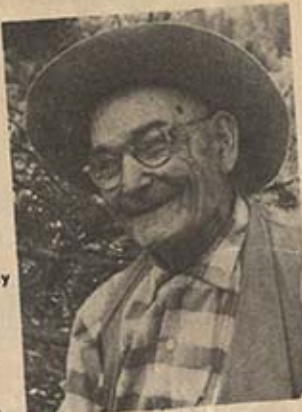
Don't think for a moment I shall
twiddle my thumbs

Pining away for you
The sun will shine on a better day

'Tis well that we are through.
Sure I am bitter - bitter as gall

A disillusioned lass
For the gold I treasured in my
heart

Was nothing but sounding brass.



RAY BAGLEY

An Old Fashioned Album

Mr. Bagley, now 97 years old, was one of the original Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies and was connected with Banff and the Brewster pack train. A series of his poems will appear in the Summit News.

x—x x—x x—x

Would you hand me that album,
dearie,

It is faded and worn with age
Only a handful of pictures

But a story on every page.
Garnered from out of the
yesterdays

Accumulated through the years
Stories of life and laughter
Sorrow and anguish and tears.

To you this is just a baby's face
Peering out of her bonnet so fine

But I cradled her close in these
old arms

And all of the world was mine.
Where is she now? The Lord
called her home

Ere her life had really begun
I bowed my head and tried to pray

Oh Lord, Thy will be done.
This soldier boy with the empty

sleeve
Never did he complain
More fortunate than many

Who never came home again.
He married this girl with the
golden hair

And sorely did we grieve
One of those hurry up weddings
On his embarkation leave.

A rose that grew on a dung heap
With a face like an angel fair

Wrong side of the track she was
nurtured

With scarcely a thought or care.
What she once was we could only
surmise

But our worries were all in vain
If there was anything wrong, 't'was
left over the track

For she never went back again.

You'd never believe this old tintype
Was me in the long ago

Big hoop skirts and pantalettes
The fashion then, you know.

Pictures are really a record
Of times and places and things

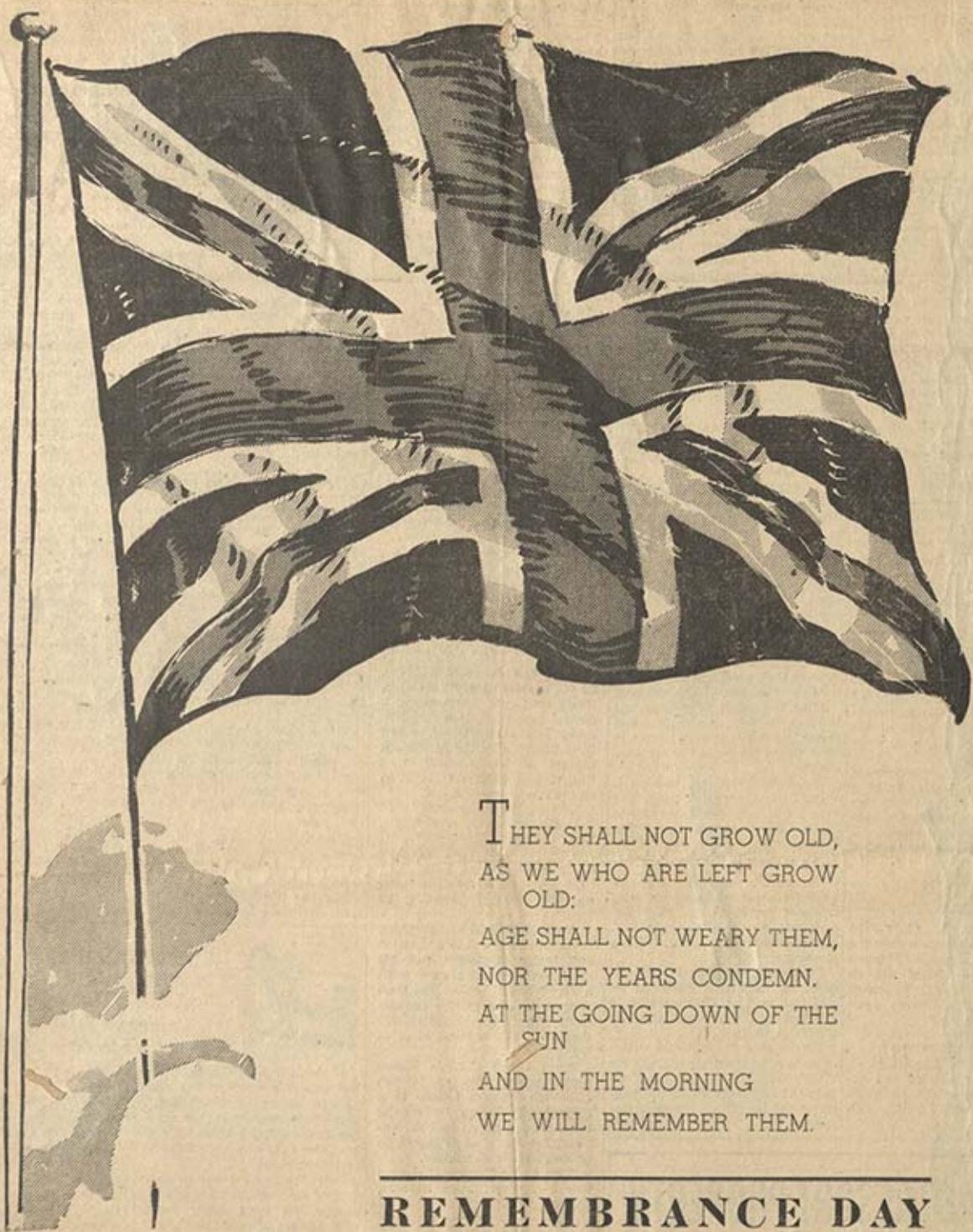
And I treasure this worn old album
For the memories it brings.

Money never bought a friend.
Never hired a man to love us;
They who're faithful to the end,
See the something better of us;
Neither silver nor the gold
Wins a friendship we can hold.

Dollars never make men loyal.
He who offers money only,
Though the coins he gives are royal,
Lives a troubled life and lonely;
Men who worship gold will fly
When another comes to buy.

Read the history of the ages—
Money cannot hatred smother.
Service is not built on wages,
We must come to know each other;
More than gold a man must give,
If his friendships are to live.

Let us cease to dwell in blindness,
Let us learn what men are seeking!
Love is born to human kindness,
Fellowship and cheery speaking—
May has longed since life began,
To be treated as a man.



THEY SHALL NOT GROW OLD,
AS WE WHO ARE LEFT GROW
OLD:

AGE SHALL NOT WEARY THEM,
NOR THE YEARS CONDEMN.
AT THE GOING DOWN OF THE
SUN

AND IN THE MORNING
WE WILL REMEMBER THEM.

REMEMBRANCE DAY

NOVEMBER 11th . . . STORE CLOSED

V324

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