

Grammar
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Mt. Assiniboine 12,500 ft. above the sea and never yet been scaled by man.

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CHEESE and WILDCATS

Fergy, the guide, had stuck a knot of balsam pine in the fork of a tree near by and it cast a red and fitful light over the tail gate of a wagon which he had mounted on two forked uprights to serve as a table. The other man, seated on an upended grocery box, had eaten his lunch and was doubtfully examining a yellow mass, thin and hard, that lay before him.

"That's cheese," said Fergy, standing near.

"Yes?" said the other man questioningly. "As one interested in scientific research, I am glad to have my doubts removed."

"Yass," said Fergy. "It's funny, but I never had any luck when there it cheese in camp. I told that gal at the hotel not to put no cheese in with our grub and the fust thing I jam my hand agin when I unpack the box is that thar. Pat it in yer pocket and keep it to hit

an Injun with. You fellers w'at takes three drinks an then hugs yer enemies an fights yer friends makes me fay-teeged. Hit him anywhere atween his knees an his hair an it'll fetch him.

The other man said nothing.

"Ain't never had no luck with cheese sence old man Blandon o' Injyanny come up here. He's a banker when he's at home. Nice ol' man he were, easy an peaceful like, an didn't look more'n half awake at no time. I don't understand how he made his money. Bill Humes told me he were wuth four billion dollars, an he got it from a red headed feller with a impediment in his speech what kep him from bein a liar. Most o' his truck which I packed to this very spot, were grub what he brought from home. He were so careful o' it I gues't he must a kep it in his bank. They was nothin' but canned goods with writin' on em I couldn't read, never see the likes o' em before, and cheese! He were a conosher bout cheese. Had thirty diffent kinds, or maybe thirty-

one. I learnt the names o' some, but not all. This is where the story begins."

"Fust night in camp ol' Blandon took a hatchet and broke open one o' his boxes what I had lugged out here, an took out a little round can an cut it open with his knife and said: "Fergy, we'll have a little Kou-em-bare." He spread the stuff on some toast an handed it to 'ue an sir, she were good. We et hal' .he can and left it on the table an went to bed. Long bout 1 o'clock I were woke up by the stranges' sweetest music as ever was heard, an I use ter be a fiddler myself. I laid there an liss'nd till I was broad awake an then I lifted my head an looked. Sitten by the fire that had most died down, his tail curled over his back an a grin on his face like the angels wear, were the bigges wild cat I ever see before nor sence. An he were chuck full o' cheese. He were so jyful he hadder sing. I love music, an that were music, but I don't want no wild cats round where I'm sleepin, so I reached fer a chunk to shy at it when.

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