

Western Standard

Independent Weekly Newspaper Illustrating Current Events and Devoted to the Advancement of Western Canada
Published Every Saturday by
THE WESTERN STANDARD PUBLISHING CO.
109 Sixth Avenue West
Calgary, Alberta, Canada.
Telephone: Editorial, 6600; Circulation, 6601.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:
Two Dollars per year anywhere on earth.
Subscriptions may commence at any time.
The date on your wrapper indicates when your subscription will terminate. Your paper will stop unless you renew promptly. It is always best to renew at least two weeks before expiration to insure uninterrupted service.
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Advertising rates upon application.
All advertising copy must reach the Standard Office not later than Thursday afternoon to insure insertion in Mail and Local Editions.
All correspondence and editorial communications should be addressed to THE WESTERN STANDARD, Calgary, Alberta.
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THE MUNICIPAL MARKET

"Tappy" Frost announces that the municipal market is a snare and a delusion. Although the citizens have paid many thousands of dollars to build this market, in the hope that it would lower the cost of living, it appears that they are being stung by those to whom the market offers the opportunity. If this charge be true we should shut up the market. Those who conduct the stalls therein have no substantial stake in the community, whereas the merchants, whom they are depriving of business, are heavy taxpayers and are entitled to do business without being handicapped. As conditions stand the city is bonusing those who sell stuff at the market to the detriment of the business men who are helping bear the cost of the institution. The Standard suggests that the incoming city council appoint a special committee to go into the market question with a view to effecting reforms or closing the place up.

GROUND FOR BIG MEN

Apparently the West is the developing ground for the big men of the Canadian Pacific Railway system and The Standard makes bold to predict that the next president of the road will be a graduate from the prairies. The head offices have evidently felt the need of the virile leaders from the West and hence we have lost George Bury and Alfred Price within the space of two years. Perhaps we should not say "lost" for both Bury and Price, knowing the problems and troubles of the West, will help the Montreal solons to solve them. D. C. Coleman has taken one step nearer the head offices and undoubtedly he will rise as time passes. He is now assistant general manager of western lines with headquarters at Winnipeg, taking Grant Hall's old post, while Hall steps into that vacated by Bury. A. E. Stevens comes to Calgary the first of the year as general superintendent. He was acting superintendent here last fall, so is not a complete stranger to the city. Mr. Stevens is not the "good mixer" his predecessors were but he is a top-notch railroad man who has yet to reach his highest level.

NOT A DESERVING CASE

One of our noble orators, who has been taking quite a prominent part in the unemployment deliberations of late, although not at the solicitations of any of those who know him, was given a job by the city Monday. He was placed, unfortunately for him, under a foreman who so far forgot himself as to insist that those, over whom he was put in charge, give honest work to the city. Consequently when this chap began to "soldier," he was sharply reprimanded by the foreman. Thereupon the "workman" answered, "I don't have to work; this is a charity job." And then the foreman fired him.

The Standard has this man's record on tap and proposes to use it if we hear of him making any more trouble for we have no patience with those men who clamor for work, whereas really work is the last thing they want. What they like is a chance to grouch in public, to get their names in the papers as potential reformers and to get some soft charity. These fellows will not make good wherever they locate. They are the drones in a community, but they lack the drone's inability to make trouble. They would not make good under any conditions. They are the cheap, noisy grumblers of the world.

CONTRACTORS AND CITY HALL

During the regime of Commissioner Samis contractors found few pickings around the city hall. True the police station was built while Mr. Samis was in office, but it was contracted for by the preceding administration. The paving contractors and others, who were wont to fatten their bank rolls with money from the municipal

There's only one standard by which we measure—achievement. There's only one record we will accept—and that is the finished work.—Herbert Kaufman.

treasury, honestly enough earned so far as we know, were far from numerous. It is therefore stated that the contractors went after Samis in the recent election in the hope that his defeat would make things easier for them in civic circles. Well, Commissioner Garden is a contractor but he has sworn to protect the ratepayers' interests and it will ill become him to depart from the economical and satisfactory policy inaugurated by his immediate predecessor.

SUGGESTIONS TO BOARD OF TRADE

It is proposed to celebrate the half century of Confederation in 1917 and the proposal has also been made that a world's fair be held in the Dominion to commemorate the event. This fair would open the eyes of the world to the great resources in farming, fishing, mining and lumbering which Canada possesses and would also open the eyes of the world to the rapid strides which have been made in the manufacturing and commercial world since 1867.

The progress which Canada has made in the last forty-five years is wonderful, and a fair that would show this development in concrete form would be an education in itself. In 1867 Canada West was simply a wilderness and a bleak prairie land, the home of the Indian, the Hudson's Bay trader and the buffalo. Today it is in the front rank of nations in every department.

Then why not have a world's fair in Eastern Canada, the home of the Confederation, as has been proposed and another in the West, and why should not Calgary make a bid for this fair? Even if we failed to land the prize—and there is no reason why we should fail—Calgary would get some real good advertising. Even with our war cares which may be over in a few months, Calgary could take some action in the matter. Some of the eastern cities are talking already. The little city of Charlottetown, P.E.I., the birth-place of the Confederation scheme, is putting up a strong bid for a claim in the Confederation celebration and although she is a little off the main line, has strong claims.

It is up to the proper Calgary officials to get busy with the suggestion made above. We would like to see the Board of Trade do something to show that it is alive.

DESERTERS

Artemus Ward, the famous American humorist, whose humor sometimes was a lance-thrower, once said that he was willing to sacrifice all his first wife's relations on the altar of his country. Many a man has been willing to let others do his fighting for him—willing, also, to share the rewards of peace and victory. Men of this type belong to the deserter class.

In Canada are hundreds of business firms striving with all their might to make better times for themselves and their communities. To them all honor.

But there are other firms—manufacturers, wholesalers and retailers—who are "standing pat," "playing safe," doing absolutely nothing to build up business. They are mere lookers on, not participants in the valorous struggle of their brethren to maintain and establish good times.

Look about you and you will find in the advertising columns of this and other newspapers many messages from firms with a sturdy confidence in the future.

Lifter or leaner—which are you?

MR. BENNETT AND LABOR

The labor men asked Mr. R. B. Bennett to bring before the Dominion government the needs of labor in the cities of the West. Mr. Bennett should be the representative of the people in a matter of this kind—his plain duty was to act as a representative and lay the matter before the House. It was the duty of the House of Commons to deal with it. We trust this will yet be done. Mr. Bennett does not represent the government—he only assumes that he does.

ALL ARE SOLDIERS

An eloquent evidence of the extent to which the German army draws upon men of all possible ages and professions is provided by the death in the field of Professor Atrick of Kiel. He was 48 years of age, and a distinguished professor of ancient history. He leaves a wife and five children, and was serving, not as a volunteer, but in the ordinary course of things in the Lundsturm, in which he held the rank of senior lieutenant. He had won the Iron Cross.

STANDARDISMS

Kisses speak louder than words over the telephone.

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's feet with which to do thy kicking.

It's a good plan to use your head if you would get there with both feet.

Strange as it may seem, high living has put many a man on his uppers.

Many a rich man has everything his own way, until his will is probated.

How a busy man does enjoy setting two chronic bores to boring each other.

Even the aviator who holds the high altitude record may not be above criticism.

A man can always count upon his wife to agree with him if he doesn't want her to.

TOPICS OF THE DAY

LIVE STOCK VERSUS "DEAD" STOCK

"Oh! these grand prairies! What charmed life! What a life! To old Tubal Cain's followers—such grandeur behold With sweeping undulations and richness of soil. Promoting agriculture, and laborers to toil— Gifts of the Creator Man's birthright to accept; They are not the only offerings to make them adept In such arts, inevitably tendered. Yet consciences teach All to receive the Giver—a power within reach."

Just merely a flash in the progress of time and the year 1914 has gone. What 1915 will bring forth remains to the wielder of the sceptre to disclose; there have been many indications which observant people may compare and draw conclusions, as to the immediate future in store for the West. Production is the element to ensure the prosperity of the provinces—the markets are already found.

It may not be an inopportune moment to revert back to what has happened in the building up of western Canada. Starting from Winnipeg, the first outlet to this immense distributing country—in its early days one of the Hudson Bay Company's directors had lavished considerable sums of money in the raising of cattle in that vicinity, and his efforts though meeting with scant success then, were renewed by others, at later periods, which helped to create the largest stockyard in the Dominion. The failure in the first instance was due primarily, to the want of knowing what class of cattle would thrive in so vigorous a climate as Manitoba. Breeders have since remedied this, and the western provinces have reaped the benefit of knowledge which time has brought. For many years the European markets open Canadian shipments always received first consideration. But there came a period when those markets gradually receded from buying Canadian stock and turned their backs on cattle in this part of the world. Why was this, and what made them do it? The best stock for breeding had been allowed to go to those countries and interior installed in their place. Breeders in the West expected to replenish their herds with blood of the right sort, and consequently the trade languished. Then, too, the long haul to the Atlantic coast left its marks on cattle in troubles and the loss in weight thereby incurred had also its deteriorating effects.

To counterbalance the loss of the export trade, the appearance of the aboriginal water in the West, and the advantage is on the side of the breeder thereby remains an open question.

Cattle raising is and always has been a business, and its conditions, be in any country, provided the right "blood" has been infused. No better acknowledgment of this is shown in the returns given out by the Argentine government, where the highest prices have been paid for pure bred stock. The same can be said of Australia and New Zealand.

It is not a question of those countries being superior to farming in this part of the world. Indeed, there are no finer in the world than what grows in Alberta for dairying or for beef. That is recognized. A careful study into the defects will disclose the reason—"inferior blood stock." Raise that standard and, immediately the province will receive outside consideration.

The idea of mixed farming being the "saviour" of these prairies has partly forced itself upon a community, which, during the next few years, should become the standard feature in the West. The productive side of the country. Irrigation will help those along who give their time to build up business. They are mere lookers on, not participants in the valorous struggle of their brethren to maintain and establish good times.

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WERE ALL RIGHT

The traveller had spent the night at the station hotel, and in the morning, after a hurried breakfast, found himself with only five minutes in which to catch his train. He made a helter-skelter progress to the platform, and then suddenly remembered that he had left his despatch case, containing valuables, on the dressing table in his bedroom. After a moment's hesitation he seized his bag and ran for the porter.

"Quick!" he cried, "run up as fast as ever you can to No. 69 and see if I have left a green morocco despatch case on the right-hand corner of the dressing table."

The youth departed like lightning, and the traveller, hanging out of the carriage window, watch in hand, timed the passing moments without mentioning anxiety. The train was on the move as the porter sprinted along the platform, empty-handed.

"Yes, sir," he panted, "that's right, sir; you left it on the corner of the dressing table, sir."

I HASTE NO MORE

At dawn or when the sun is down, The sun comes calmly to his place— I've learned the lesson of the sun.

In spring and autumn earth is decked, The leaves shall bud, the leaves shall fall— I've learned a lesson of the trees.

At flood or ebb, as it may be, The ocean answers to the moon— I've learned a lesson of the sea.

Whatever, whoever, mine—these must, On God's ways meet me in God's time— I've learned the lesson and I trust.

—Minot J. Savage.

BUILDING OF AIR CASTLES

UT THE FOUNDATIONS under your air castles. It was Thoreau who said, "If you have built castles in the air your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now put foundations under them."

That is, make them practical. Gather up and solidify. Shape affairs so that the thing you have been dreaming about will come out as you have been planning it should. Dreams are fine things because they inspire—because they lift up the spirit and make a man feel that he is fit to accomplish anything. If it weren't for our dreams of greater things to come there would be little incentive to work.

Your truly ambitious person isn't thinking about the money he is earning. He's thinking about the place he shall occupy in the business and professional world of the future. The ambition that makes him dream of better things to come makes him put the best that is in him in the work of today. Each hour he is striving to make his dream come true—building the foundation under his castles in the air. Making good. Fitting himself for something bigger and better. He doesn't neglect the thing of today because he has a big vision before him. He puts all of himself that he can into the things of today for that tomorrow may bring the realization, or the consummation of its dream. It is as if a well-known actress that she worked and waited patiently for an understudy for seven years before she got her first chance as an actress. But so well had she utilized her time of waiting—so well had she built the foundations under her castle in the air that when opportunity suddenly opened before her she was fully ready to grasp it.

Her dream came true because she established it on something solid and firm. Into the seven years of patient waiting was crowded all the hard and intelligent work of which she was capable. The results are shown today in her thoroughly human and very artistic characterizations.

Many an artist has worked a good many years longer than seven years, building his castles in the air, but always putting solid foundations under them so that when the real opportunity came along he was fully ready for it.

There are a lot of people who fall short of success because they have neglected the principle involved in the admonition "In time of peace be prepared for war." The person who is prepared can never be caught napping. It's the person who sleeps occasionally and usually at the most inopportune time who misses making connections with opportunity, who sees his dream remain nothing more or less than a dream.

As we build, building, plus hard work and intelligent planning, are the things that improve the world, that build the great bridges, the towering skyscrapers, the beautiful mansions, the trim yachts and create the great industries, paint the beautiful pictures, cut out the alluring statures and make energy vibrate through thousands of mechanical devices. Dreaming alone won't do these things. Every dream must be backed up with something more substantial than desire. Under each tier must be the solid foundation of honest endeavor, of patient effort, of intelligent direction and the score or so other things that go to make for solidity and substantiality.

And in most cases results repay the effort. There is always a great deal more satisfaction in being a Somebody in the community than there is in being a Nobody. The choice is so easily made, too.

Catherine Kipp

REASONS FOR OPTIMISM

Every optimist in Canada ought to take a pessimist in charge. The cheerful man should gently lead the dispirited one to the fact that the only thing of calamity to come quiet corner, his marks on cattle in troubles and the loss in weight thereby incurred had also its deteriorating effects.

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IN A LIGHTER VEIN

"I made a mistake," said Plodding Pete. "I told that man up the road I needed a little help 'cause I was lookin' for me family from whom I had been separated for years."

"Didn't that make him come across?"

"He couldn't see it. He said that he didn't know my family, but, he wasn't goin' to help in bringing any such trouble on 'em."

By An Aluminum Society

One of the costliest boys of a big Broadway hotel plausibly told of the rough house treatment that he had received in the early hours of the previous morning from the enthusiastic guests of a hilarious dinner party.

"What kind of a dinner was it?" asked a sympathetic listener.

"Why it was given by one of them college aluminum societies."

A Handy Man

A woman in the country recently advertised in the local papers for a "handy man."

"What I want," she said to the first applicant, "is a man that will do odd jobs as he ought to have known, but one that never answers back as I am always ready to do what I want."

"Ah," said the applicant as he turned away. "It's a husband you're looking for, ma'am."

Rather Angry

Little Jim, though he attended Sunday school every week, did not know quite as much about Scriptural history as he ought to have known. But when his sister asked him: "Where was Solomon's temple?" he was rather angry that she should think him unable to answer a simple question like that. "Don't you think I know any thing?" he asked. "Well where was it then?" his sister repeated. Then he informed her: "On the side of his forehead,