Lost Articles are Recovered Almost Every Day Through Announcements in the Lost and Found Columns of the Last Bulletin

Horrible Story of Blood and Crime

Captain of Whaling Steamer Olga tried to Murder Whole Crew in Wilds of Canadian Artic.

Seattle, Wash., Nov. 28.—As from a voice from the dead will come to Capt. Charles Klinkenberg, of Point Barrow, Alaska, the accusation of George Johnson, colored, that the captain shot to death Paul D. Jackson, his chief engineer on the steam schooner Olga; later sent his assistant engineer, Walters, and a foremas hand, Herman, to a watery grave on a cake of ice, and finished his red-handed career by poisoning another foremast hand, Mitchell—the latter three being witnesses of his murder of Jackson.

Johnson, who was steward aboard the Olga, rises like a Nemesis the color which providence has given him, to strike into his heart, fresh haunting fears that his crime will find him out.

The last Klinkenberg heard of his steward was when he was marooned on a bleak Siberian coast. Johnson, surmounting almost impregnable obstacles, has come back to civilization from the whaling grounds of the Arctic Ocean, to point the finger of accusation at his former master, the alleged murderer.

The colored man has made affidavit before United States District Attorney Charles R. Sullivan, charging Captain Charles Klinkenberg with the murder of Jackson and Mitchell, and he supplements this with a statement to the Times that the former master of the Olga is responsible for the deaths of Walters and Herman.

Charges of murder will be pressed against Klinkenberg, either by the local district attorney, or by United States District Attorney Hoyt of Nome. The formalities of the law may be complied with only after possible questions of international character are involved but the justice which man universally demands dare not be spared in the case of this whaling captain.

He is charged with being the cause of four Americans losing their lives, and there are enough good American men to swear him life away, despite the fact that he once stilled the tongues, when they would and should have spoken, by the implied threat that the same fate would be theirs as befell Jackson, Mitchell, Herman and Walters.

George Johnson has left his deposition on Hershell Island. Since arriving in Seattle last Tuesday from Nome on board the Quito he has made affidavit to the facts before U.S. Dist. Attorney Sullivan. Through The Times he tells the story in detail for the first time, and it rings with a sincerity of purpose, while it sticks to detail with the tenacity of a bloodhound on the trail.

Johnson is a resident of San Francisco. A cook by vocation, as a cook and steward he has rounded the world many times. His harrowing experience in the Arctic Ocean has stilled forever the desire to spend another day on shipboard. He declares the wanderlust, inspired by the smell of the sea air, is dead, as dead as the four hapless fellows who went to satiate the bloodlust and cowardice and fear of his former master Klinkenberg. Let Johnson tell his story:

JOHNSON'S STORY OF BLOOD AND CRIME

"I shipped from San Francisco on the schooner Charles Hanson, in March, 1905, for a whaling expedition in the Arctic Ocean. At Unalaska we were transferred to the schooner Olga, stationed there, both boats being owned by the same firm, George E. Plummer & Co., of San Francisco.

"After reaching Point Barrow, the northernmost point of Alaska, Capt. Dent was relieved by Captain Chas. Klinkenberg. Cruising without any luck, we met the Charles Hanson at Bailey Island, near the mouth of the Mackenzie river. We were low on provisions and the Hanson gave us enough for about three weeks. This was on September 1. Orders were given to go down the Mackenzie for driftwood and then return to Herschell Island for the winter.

"Instead, our captain and chief engineer Jackson, with a scheme to gather enough furs on the side to make it profitable to disobey orders, directed the vessel in an opposite direction and we went to Banks Land, an almost unknown country, where no ship ever wintered before to my knowledge.

"Only three weeks' supplies were aboard and that is all we had regular provisions until the following August, almost a year. It was a terrible winter because of lack of food. I had some condemned flour, wet and hardened like plaster of Paris. I beat it as fine as possible, mixed it with salt and seal oil and served it as a delicacy.

"Once we killed a walrus, shortly after our arrival, and ate the flesh. Later when foxes and polar bears could not be found we became desperate with hunger and went and got the walrus hide and I boiled that for soup a number of times.

"The crew consisted of nine men and the captain. With him was his wife and six children from Point Barrow, one child beinhg born in February of that winter. There were also three natives with their families, bringing the total number up to twenty-five persons. The natives lived on the ice during the depth of winter, coming in once a month to trade meat for hard bread and tea, both of which were denied the crew.

"On September 20 (this was last year, understand) the captain and Paul D. Jackson, chief engineer, had a dispute but the matter was dropped for a time. On September 30 the captain came to me and said, 'If I speak to him again he will kill me.' I said 'A man should be careful about making such remarks.' With a string of frightful oaths Klinkenberg responded, "Well, I'll not give him a chance for his life."

"Jackson was late for dinner that day and when he left the table he went to his bunk at once, tired from hunting. I expected trouble and peeped through the porthole of the poop and saw a rifle in the captain's left hand.

"I saw him raise the rifle and say to Jackson something about gathering fuel. I could not catch the engineer's reply but Klinkenberg almost shouted, "Well, you're a dead man." He fired Jackson pulled down his rifle from above his bunk and each fired two shots but the engineer had been wounded and his aim was bad the captain escaping unhurt.

"Running down into the cabin I found the engineer lying on the floor. I found he was not dead and lifted him into his bunk. When I got on deck again the captain asked me how he was wounded. I told him that one bullet struck him near the heart. "Well" he said, 'that is where I intended it to go.'

"Mate Benjamin Whitney was sent down to help Jackson, the captain remarking that someone had better look after him for the looks of things. Whitney and I washed and dressed the engineer's wounds for some time. One bullet had gone in the left nipple and plowed under the skin for three inches and emerged. The other passed through the left arm and coursed downward and then across coming out below the right shoulder blade. He spit blood for some time and I am sure it struck his lung.

"On October 9 Klinkenberg came to me in the galley, and in a confidential tone, said, "I don't know what to do about that fellow. He's improving all the time and may get up and annoy me." In the meantime the captain had moved out of the cabin with his family and gone to live forward. He was in mortal dread of Jackson shooting him through the wooden partition. He had grown careworn and had a look of fear and a deathly paleness all the time.

"While we were together he called the cabin boy, Alfred Hailey, whose parents live at Tuolumne, California, and told him to fetch a black bag from his cabin up to the galley, and returned, asking me for a piece of the magazine I was reading. I tore off a piece and gave it to him. He turned his back and gave me back the paper made up into a small package.

"'Here,' he said, 'when Jackson's pitcher comes up for milk—we were using canned milk—I want you to drop this stuff in it. It is poison—understand, poison,—so do not spill it around the grub.' I felt like taking an axe and killing him on the spot, but I was afraid if I showed any signs of disobedience he would kill me when I was asleep.

"As it to make me understand that he meant business he said, 'I mean just what I say. Put that poison in his milk.' Young Haley heard the whole conversation; heard him trying to make a murderer out of me.

"But I used strategy. I watched my chance and tore off another piece from the magazine and put baking powder in it. I knew the captain would watch me when the pitcher came up, so I poured the powder in, as he directed, but I put too much, and when Jackson tried to drink it he could not and sent it back with the boy, asking what I meant by putting baking soda in his milk. Then I told Jackson all about it and told him not to drink the milk unless he knew that I had attended to it.

"Klinkenberg had seen me put it in and said, 'Ah, that will fix him.' Then he went below and his wife and children kept watch to see that Jackson did not come towards him. An hour later he returned and wanted to know 'how things were.' He asked if Jackson was dead. When I told him that he would not drink it he said, 'You must have put in too much. Wait, I will give you some more,' and he returned shortly with more of the poison, which he said was strychnine, and said, 'Here is enough to kill a polar bear. Give it to him in two doses, if the first doesn't work.'

"Everybody aboard the ship knew what was going on by this time.

"I could not stand it any longer. It was telling on every man on board. We knew the captain was a coward and was mortally afraid of Jackson. so I said to the Captain:

"'If you are that scared of him why dont you take his arms from him and put him in irons?'

"'Well, I will send men down to take his gun and revolver, and if he refuses to give them up I will shoot him through the partition.'"

CAPT KLINKENBERG MURDERS JACKSON.

"Jackson was feeling much better that day; he had risen and eaten a hearty meal of soup, bread and coffee. He returned to his bunk and went to sleep. The captain had become desperate, however, and he did not carry out his plan of having his men disarm the engineer. He had made up his mind to do it now, and remove the terrible fear from his heart.

"I saw him sneaking aft with his rifle. A minute later I heard a rifle shot and saw the captain coming out of the cabin. Without waiting for any question from me, he said, his face in a terrible smile, "I went down and demanded his guns, and he raised up in his bunk and reached for his rifle, and I had to kill him in self-defence.'

"I rushed down and found Jackson dead. Petty Officer Frank Miller saw the whole affair, and told me afterward that he had seen it all. Klinkenberg had shot him while he was asleep.

"I wanted to see what position he was in when he was killed. I found that he had been shot under the left ear. The flesh was burned black where the rifle had been placed against his head. The bullet came out over the right ear. In the top of the pillow it had plowed a furrow and had imbedded itself in a life-preserver he had used on his bunk. It was in direct line to where he lay on the pillow. He never raised up for his rifle.

"The ship's carpenter built a box tie next day and we took Jackson's body out to the beach and set it on the rocks. The ice has long since carried it away no doubt.

"Fear now, of those who knew of the tragedy, took hold of the murderer, and his disposition of two others came shortly afterward. The captain, the assistant engineer, Walters, a foremast hand and a native, went out hunting on November 7. On the 18th the captain and a native returned about 10 o'clock at night. The captain asked for the engineer and Herman. I told him they had not been back since they left with him.

CARRIED OUT TO SEA ON ICE

"Six days ago I sent them back to the ship with some meat on a sled drawn by six dogs and they should have gotten back long ago. Klinkenberg remarked. Several of us went out to look for them. We found white their tracks led up to a bay, twenty miles wide, leading toward our boat, but we could not find any mark on the opposite side to show that they had ever landed. We knew the northwest wind was taking the ice out to sea and realized that they must have been carried away on the ice while attempting to cross.

"On returning to the ship we told Klinkenberg, and he said he had told the men not to cross at that point, as it was dangerous; that they should go low around the beach. I did not believe him, so I asked the native and he told me that he had heard Klinkenberg tell the men that they must make the trip in one day; to go straight across the bay on the ice to where the ship lay. The native followed them from the tent and told them that it was dangerous, and said that they should not attempt to cross. They said they had their orders and intended to do as they were told. We never saw them again, but one of their dogs was shot by a member of the crew of the whaler Alexander, which was wrecked later on Cape Perry. He shot it for a wolf. The dog had probably drifted over to the mainland on the ice.

"Three were gone, but still the captain was afraid. He seemed to size up every fellow as the one that might tell, or was ever on the lookout to dispose of some member of the crew hoping in the end that all would go as easy as the two he sent out to sea on a cake of ice.

"On February 12, this year, Frank Mitchell, a foremast hand, came in from gathering driftwood, with a frozen toe. Mitchell was a native of New York state. His foot gave him so much trouble that he did not go out again to gather wood. He laid around all winter and spring, and the captain called him a loafer, and compelled him to sleep on deck, ordering his bunk nailed up.

"On June 10 or 11, Klinkenberg came back to the ship from a home he had put up on the ice for himself and family. He had gone several days before to spend a month and returned unexpectedly. He found Mitchell trying to warm his hands over a blaze of gasoline he had started in a keg on deck.

"The captain took an anchor chain and let the iron end down into the forecastle about eighteen feet. He took a Yale lock with a chain attached, ran this through the links of the anchor chain and fastened the lock chain to Mitchell's wrists. He locked the man in the forecastle as punishment for his offense.

"The same night he went back to join his family, handing me the key to the lock and saying "Mitchell told me he was sick, and I gave him some medicine. In case he should die, I want you to give the key to Patterson (the petty officer) and he would see to his burial." Then he added "He will never come on deck a live man."

"I hurried down to Mitchell as soon as I could get away from the captain, and I asked him if he had taken the medicine yet. He said he had not, and I told him to throw it away as it must be poison. He did as I requested.

"Capt. Klinkenberg returned to the ship June 20, the ice getting soft and floating away making living on the ice impossible. He asked me how everything on the ship was getting along, and when I told him that Mitchell wanted to see him he almost shrieked:

"'Is that old — — — — alive yet?'

"Early the next morning I was awakened by Mitchell calling for water. I was about to get up to take him water when I heard Klinkenberg getting up. I heard him go on deck, break the ice in the keg and dish out the water. This was after he had first gone to Mitchell and talked with him, and had returned to his room, where he rummaged round and then had words with his wife, during which I heard him say:

"'Well, that beats everything. Every time I leave the ship somebody enters my room and steals something. Someone has taken that poison.'

"Then with a grunt of satisfaction, he found what he was searching for and went for the water.

"It must have been an hour later when I agin heard Mitchell crying for water most piteously. He cried, "For God's sake give me water.' I couldn't stand it any longer and I got up. His cries ceased about the same time and several members of the crew all headed for the forecastle to do something for the poor fellow.

"'By God, I believe he is dead,' someone said, and we found him stretched out on the floor. It was not until the next morning that we could enter the forecastle which had been Mitchell's prison for twenty days. It was to find him dead.

"When we awoke on July 4 we were out to sea, the ice having gone out and taken us with it. We started for Herschell Island and during the thirty-six days of the trip killed seven polar bears and ate them. We had no bread, nothing but meat, and I boiled it and roasted it, prepared it in every way possible to give the men a change.

"Before any of us realized what was happening, Klinkenberg went to the English authorities there and told how he had killed Johnson in self-defence. One after the other we were taken before the officer there and the boys were afraid to open their mouths. The captain even had some of the boys on the quiet sign papers to the effect that he had killed the engineer in self-defense. They were afraid he would kill them when he got out to sea again if they told the truth.

CAPTAIN ACQUITTED OF THE MURDER.

"They asked me only one question—'Did I see the bullet strike Jackson? He must have taken me for a fool. The next thing he knew Klinkenberg was showing a paper declaring his acquittal of the murder. Then he left us and set out with his family in a sailboat for his home at Point Barrow.

"Several days later we hoisted sail on the Charles Hanson, to where we had all been transferred, and we set out to rescue the crew of the schooner Alexander, which was wrecked off Cape Perry. After they had all been picked up we started for Point Barrow, the mate of the Charles Hanson in command.

"There we met the United States revenue cutter Thetis, with United States Deputy District Attorney Landais aboard. They had already heard of Jackson's murder from natives, and had arrested Capt. Klinkenberg and held him aboard the cutter. They sent for me and several others of the crew, and I told them of the story, but Klinkenberg flashed his opinion of acquittal from the English authorities at Herschell and the case against him was dropped for the time. I made my deposition, however, as I had done at Herschell Island.

"Landers told me to lay the matter before United States District Attorney Sullivan in Seattle, saying that he would submit the evidence, along with that of the others and diagrams of the Olga, to cover all the cases, but particularly the Mitchell and Jackson cases.

"But I was not to get back so quickly. We took a whaling course to the westward to a point northeast of the extreme northeast coast of Siberia, and after getting one whale had to turn south, as it began to freeze up. We got down as far as North Head, St. Lawrence Bay, where we took on fresh water.

"A little freighting sloop from Nome engaged in trade with the natives of the Siberian coast, was lying there. She was named the Chichahwker. Three of us got permission to visit her, and we went out on a native skin boat to the sloop, where the captain and my two companions, John E. Mapes, and Antonio Delacruz, left me to accompany two natives back to shore from a visit to our schooner.

THREE MAROONED ON SIBERIAN COAST.

"I was standing on the beach about ten minutes when one of the natives pointed out to sea and I saw my vessel going out. Mapes, Delacruz and myself were marooned, and I could not help but think that Klinkenberg had gotten rid of another witness.

"When the sloop decided to leave on October 15 the pipes of her gasoline engines burst from frost, and if it had not been for the knowledge of sailing possessed by Mapes we might never have reached home again. It took us fifteen days, or until the first day of this month to reach Nome.

"There I met Landers again, and he and the customs officer got us passage aboard the English freighter Quito, bound for Seattle. We worked our way down and arrived here Tuesday. I am here to see this thing through, and with District Attorney Sullivan's help we are going to bring Capt. Klinkenberg to his deserts."

Steward George Johnson is miserably clad, a pair of great mutlucks encasing his feet. All of his clothing and personal effects were left aboard the Charles Hanson when the master of the vessel marooned the three seamen on the Siberian coast after he had given them permission less than a half hour before to leave the ship. The three men are being cared for temporarily by the local seamen's association.

DIED

REED—On Sunday at the family residence Mrs. Margaret T. Reed. The funeral today at 9.30 a.m. to the Roman Catholic cemetery.

BORN

MACDONALD—In Edmonton, Nov. 26th, to Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Macdonald, a daughter.

WANTED

SCRIPT WANTED.

WANTED SCRIPT, GUARANTEED, or Red Back; large or small quantities. Address P. O. Box 8, Montlach, Sask.

WANTED

Teachers holding first and second class certificates wanted at once. Salary $45 to $50 per month. Apply the Edmonton Teachers' Agency.

WANTED—A TEACHER FOR 1907, for Deep Creek, S. D. No. 307, applicant to state certificate and salary. Apply John Fluke, Sec.-Treas. Beaver Hills P. O., Alberta.

TEACHER WANTED.

For Josephburg School District. Term one year. Duties to commence first Monday in January. Applicant to state salary required.

G. DOZE,
Beaver Hills, Alta.

SCHOOL TEACHER WANTED.

For Coronation School District 749, duties to commence Jan. 2nd. Apply, stating certificate held, and salary required, to

ALFRED J. TROUNSON,
Edmonton P. O.

WANTED — FOR THE ECLIPSE School District, No. 600, a duly qualified teacher for 1907, holding a first or second class certificate; duties to commence 2nd Jan. Salary $50 per month. Apply to

JAMES SHARP, Sec'y.
Lacombe, Alta.

STRAYED

STRAYED ON TO MY PREMISES, St. Albert road, on Nov. 1st, two black muley heifers, one year old. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses. Michael Cassidy, St. Albert.

STRAYED—ABOUT NOV. 12, COW, calf at foot. Owner may have same by proving property and paying expenses. J. H. Melick, Belmont.

STRAYED — ON TO MY PREMISES grey pony mare, 11 years old, 800 lbs. weight. Owner can have same by paying expenses. Toussaint Tremblay, Lamoureux, Alta.

LOST—ON NOV. 4TH, 2 BAY HORSES, weighing 1,000 lbs each; branded "M.P." on left side. Reward on return to Frank Ayres, Belvedere.

STRAYED.

From near Ray P. O., brown horse, 3 years, weight about 1200, white spot on forehead ,one white hind foot, rangy, no brand. Scar on inside of right hind leg. $15 reward.

R. SOETAERT, Ray P. O.

STRAYED — ON TO MY PREMISES Lobstick Lake, May last, one black and white three-year-old steer, 700 lbs., branded I.D.5, large horns. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses. Leon Lambert.

LOST—CAME TO MY PREMISES ON Nov. 11th ,three 3 year old steers, black, roan and red and white, muley or dehorned. Owner can have same by paying expenses and removing property. Robert Mitchell, Belmont, s.w. 36 33 24 west of the 4th.

ROYAL NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE.

Sealed tenders addressed to the Supply Officer, R.N.W.M. Police, Regina, Sask., marked "Tenders for Provisions and Supplies, Northern Northern Detachments," will be received until noon of the 15th day of December, 1906, for the supply and delivery of provisions, supplies, and coal oil for the years 1907-1908, at the following posts of the R.N.W.M. Police, viz., Lesser Slave Lake, Peace River Landing, and Fort Chipewyan, on or before the 15th day of March, 1907.

Forms of tender showing approximate quantities required to be obtained from the R.N. W.M. Police, Edmonton.

Tenders must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, or cash, for a sum equal to 5 per cent of the total amount of the contract.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

For further information apply to the Supply Officer, R.N.W.M. Police, Regina.

Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority will not be paid.

C. CONSTANTINE,
Superintendent,
Commanding "N" Division.
Lesser Slave Lake, 1st Nov., 1906.

INSURE YOUR STOCK

against death from any cause in the

PACIFIC LIVE STOCK ASSOCIATION

The strongest stock insurance company in existence.

Over $5,000,000 of business now in force.

Reference Union Bank

Agents Wanted

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Take a ten mile walk—or a twenty mile drive—with the thermometer so low zero—and your feet will be warm and comfortable in Elmira Felt Shoes. Your dealer will show you the Elmira line.

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Stanfield's Underwear is the most perfect protection against Canadian winters.

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Stanfield's "Unshrinkable" Underwear

is made of Nova Scotia wool—the finest in the world—and is guaranteed absolutely unshrinkable.

See that your dealer gives you what you want—STANFIELD'S Underwear. 89

PUBLIC SALE

W. J. Keen, residing on S. E. 1-4 of Section 6-54-24, 6 miles north and 1 mile west of Edmonton, and 7 miles south-east of St. Albert, having arranged to devote most of his time to the interests of the American Society of Equity, of which he is Provincial Secretary, authorizes me to sell on

Wednesday, December 5,

Beginning at 11 o'clock a.m. sharp.

The following list of property.

HORSES—4 year old Bay Gelding, blocky built, weighing 1400 lbs; 3 year old Bay Mare, blocky built, weighing 1600 lbs.; 8 year old Bay Mare, weight 1500 lbs.; 7 year old Brown Mare, weight 1300 lbs., in foal to draft horse; 7 year old Bay Gelding, weight 1300 lbs.; 9 year old Bay Gelding, weighing 1100 lbs.; 7 year old Sorrel Gelding, weighing 1200 lbs., rangy and a good mover; Bay Gelding, 1100 lbs weight; Bay Gelding, 1250 lbs. weight; Brown Mare, 1150 lbs. weight; Brown Mare, 1150 lbs. weight; Brown Gelding, 1000 lbs. weight; 12 year old Grey Mare, a good farm worker, large and strong; Good Colt, rising 3 year old; 4 year old Bay Mare in foal, block built and a very good one, weighing 1100 lbs.; Good Cayuse Mare, in foal.

CATTLE—Good 3 year old registered S. H. Bull; Eight Good Cows; Three rising 3 year old Heifers; Four rising 2 year old Heifers; nineteen good last springs' Calves, fourteen of which are still running with the cows and are nice and fat.

IMPLEMENTS—1 good Disc Cang Plow; 1 set Bob Sleighs; 1 Cutter; 1 McCormick Binder; 1 set Single Harness.

TERMS—Twenty Dollars and under Cash; on amounts over Twenty Dollars, Credit will be given until January 1st, 1908, by purchasers giving approved joint lein notes bearing 8 per cent interest; 5 per cent discount for cash.

FREE LUNCH AT NOON.

GEORGE SUTHERLAND, Clerk.
C. H. WEBBER Auctioneer.

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Art Pianos and Organs

The Mendelssohn, The Evans Bros. and the New [illegible] Pianos are built for music [illegible] endurance. The Newcombe [illegible] awarded Gold Medal at the Paris Exposition in Paris, France by the following artists: H.R.H. The Duches of Argyle, Sir Chas. Tupper, Dr. F. H. Torrington and R. Watkin Mills, Esq., etc. Dealers in all kinds of musical instruments. Astley-Jones Piano and Organ Co.

even in the vicinity.
re is a heavy demand in the for building material, including lint, and consequently a large t for linseed oil, which makes portunity for linseed oil mills monton. The Alberta climate mirably adapted for the growing k.

Pressed Brick Works.

manufacture in Edmonton of d bricks is already a very considerable industry, and the product is ly consumed in the home market. Orders have come from as far as Winnipeg, but Edmonton facturers are not yet able to fill This industry is capable of expansion.

The Lumber Industry.

monton is also a lumbering centre of some importance, the mills g about 25,000,000 feet of lumber y mill is now being built which, estimated, will increase the output 0 per cent. The timber is ht down the Saskatchewan river d the supply will last for many to come.

integral part of the lumber industry is the planing mill and sash door factory, and they are on a scale in Edmonton. These manufacturers are branching out and ow making a fine line of Bank office fittings as well as store es, etc.

As a Wholesale Center.

monton, viewed from almost any point, has every natural advantage essential to the growth of a large distributing point. The vast ry to the north, northeast and is rich in everything desirable. one great storehouse of undeveloped mineral and agricultural wealth, us deposits of iron and high copper ore, lead, petroleum, natural gas ,building stone, asphaltum, beds, mica, and gold and silver. agricultural possibilities, the ry for hundreds of miles adjacent to Edmonton is almost one continuous stretch of that rich black so dearly beloved by the thrifty farmer. This top soil varies in ness from 18 inches to six and eight feet, and is the most prolific soil in North America.

rapidity with which this district is filling up is nothing short of menal. Thousands of eastern and American farmers have ated to this section during the t just closed. Homesteads have aken up, in fact there is virtually nothing available within a radius miles of this city, and many settlements in the line of railway surveys have sprung up for a undred miles beyond this radius.

C.N.R. is building into our and west country. The G.T.P. finally determined on the location of its pass through the mountains to the coast, the E. Y. and P. xtend its line into the virgin of the northern wilderness, P.R. will shortly be racing with N.R. and the G.T.P. for the ore terminus. All this means to the manufacturer, the wholesaler and the merchant. Hundreds ns will spring up all along the f steel advancement, the country will fill up and a yawning market peedily develop, the demands of settlements must be met, and will be better prepared to compete for these markets than the inses, manufacturing and wholeenterprises of Edmonton, Alta. the shrewd manufacturer we ome. To the far seeing business man we say, come. To the farsighted we point with pride to the fulfilment of our great expanse of agricultural lands. To the skilled mechanic ree Press extends the glad hand come. Our towns are building unequalled rapidity, and there ent appeals on every hand for l workmen in the building and highest wages paid. monton is prospering. It is a city to tie to.

OU-----

ung women and young men, wish I could talk with you rsonally.Really if you are nking about shorthand you uldn't miss another day, but get right into shorthand sses at the

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I prepare. Gregg shorthand eo interesting you feel like ping at it all the time. There no discouraging periods. And know what that means if kno wanything at all about orthand. Call anyway. Fees we can help you.

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