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DISASTROUS FIRE CAUSES DAMAGE OF ABOUT \$250,000.00.

WINNIPEG, Man. — The building occupied by the C. S. Judson company on Logan avenue, corner of Chambers street, with its entire contents of agricultural implements, farm power machinery, hardware, farm supplies, wire fencing and harness, was entirely destroyed by fire on Saturday before last.

The flames were first noticed at 6.57 p.m. The building was of four stories and basement, brick structure. The outbreak was on the third floor, and by the time the brigade, which was prompt in answering the call, had reached the scene, the upper portion of the structure was enveloped in one volume of flame and the heat was terrific.

Shortly after the arrival of the brigade a loud explosion occurred, caused possibly by the intense heat, and from this glass and debris flew in every direction. A large crowd had gathered in the vicinity, but so far as could be learned by the authorities no person was injured as a result of the explosion.

The heat of the burning building was so keen that plate glass windows in the stores on the opposite side of the street soon began to crack and fall in pieces; the trolley line of the electric street railway was softened and ultimately snapped, and as a result of the short circuit created, flames shot from it, threatening the lives of the firemen, the police and the more foolhardy of the spectators whom the officers had difficulty in protecting.

surprise that no person in the crowd had been seriously injured. About an hour after the outbreak, while the building was blazing like a vast furnace, the west wall of the building fell; the crash startled the vast assemblage and there was somewhat of a panic; then a few minutes later, before the excitement had subsided, down came the south wall with a greater jar and clang than the first had created. The falling of these walls completely obstructed Logan avenue and Chambers street on which the building faced. With the falling of these walls a number of firemen had narrow escapes for they were playing about a dozen streams on the building and were necessarily in close proximity. The pluck and energy exerted by the firemen was noted on all sides, and while the building on which they were working proved a total loss, their indefatigable efforts undoubtedly saved the adjoining buildings, which escaped with comparatively little damage. Rain was falling at the time and this supplemented the efforts in that direction.

MADE FATAL LEAP THROUGH WINDOW.

WINNIPEG, Man. — Arseli Maki, farmer, of Alma, Man., jumped from the second floor of the Strang block, Main street, at 11 o'clock Wednesday last. His head striking the sidewalk, he was almost instantly killed, his skull having been fractured.

The deceased, a Finlander, was a steady working farmer. His health had been indifferent of late, and urged by his friends he had been induced to come to Winnipeg for medical treatment. His physician, Dr. Thornstein Bjornson, had recommended Turkish baths as an adjunct to his treatment. The deceased went to Prof. William May, proprietor of the baths on the second floor of the Strang building, and after the regulation treatment remained in the building; he was weak and suffering from nervous breakdown. In the evening the

professor took him to a restaurant, where he apparently enjoyed a hearty meal.

It was immediately after the bath he received before the time of retiring for the night that the fatal leap was made. Prof. May stated that the man appeared quite rational, and the only peculiarity about him was his unusually quiet demeanor and his silence. After the bath the deceased took a towel and assisted the operator in the drying operation. This completed, the operator turned to accompany Maki to his bedroom, and it was then that with a sudden impulse the man rushed from his side and jumped against the closed plate glass window, smashing the pane, which was 2 1/2 by 5 1/2 feet, and falling to the sidewalk, below. His forehead struck the pavement.

Maki never regained consciousness and expired before the hospital was reached.

The deceased was a hard-working farmer and generally respected by his neighbors. He was about 30 years of age, and on his person was found a photograph of his wife and child.

SULLIVAN AND JOHNSON PAY EXTREME PENALTY

WINNIPEG, Man. — Without a tremor Frank Sullivan and Philip Johnson, on Wednesday last, at sunrise paid the supreme penalty of the law for the murder of Constable Snowden. Hangman Ellis carried out the execution without a hitch.

The trap was sprung, and Johnson never finished a protestation which he had begun with the words "I am in" — presumably a declaration of innocence.

At the same instant, Sullivan, in the midst of a volley of protest against the judge, the jury and police, speaking in a firm voice through the black hood, fell with Johnson.

minutes after 7 o'clock. A small crowd of policemen, two jurors, and a few other persons, stood around the scaffold.

Sullivan walked fearlessly up the steps to the elevated gallows, then turned to the crowd.

"I want to tell you, gentlemen, and I want you to tell my sister, that I am innocent. I know nothing about this," he began. "The policeman who said he heard me say I killed him is a liar. The jury and the judge did not give me a square deal. The minister of justice—"

Sullivan was here cut off by the preparations of the executioner.

Johnson was then led to the platform, and stood beside his accomplice. He did not show Sullivan's composure, but he walked up the steps without the slightest display of weakness.

Within a few seconds all was ready. The trap doors slammed back, and the two men fell.

Within 15 minutes the bodies had been cut down, viewed by the jurors, and the verdict of lawful death had been handed in.

The services of Arthur Ellis, hangman, for the double execution cost the province just \$330.70.

FARM LANDS IN DEMAND

WINNIPEG, Man. — Farm lands in the Dauphin district are in demand owing to the succession of good crops in the northern sections of the province. One sale reported recently is that of a farm owned by Chas. McLaughlin, which has been purchased by Ernest A. Martin for \$40,000. The half section is improved and has modern buildings.

MAN SHOT IN LEG WHILE A DESERTER. DIES AS RESULT

WINNIPEG, Man. — William Korlick died at the Tuxedo military hospital of septic poisoning, and Dr. McConnell, provincial coroner, stated that an inquest concerning the circumstances surrounding his

death would be held at the central police station.

It is alleged the deceased had been a deserter and about three weeks ago a platoon was sent after him to Brokenhead, and it has been stated that he, after the body discovered his whereabouts, fired upon them. With the object of intimidating him the platoon fired back, but one of the bullets caught him in the leg. As a result of the wound blood poisoning set in and amputation of the limb became necessary and in his weakened condition Korlick never recovered from the shock.

OVER 79 BUSHELS OF WHEAT PER ACRE

WINNIPEG, Man. — J. D. Rowley, who farms 220 acres of land one and a half miles east of West Selkirk, has just threshed 316 1/2 bushels of No. 1 Marquis wheat from four acres of land, or 79 1/2 bushels per acre. The wheat was seeded on April 16, and cut on Aug. 23, or 109 days from time of seeding. The land had been in potatoes and other roots for several years. It is 50 years since the soil was first broken, it being one of the very early farms of the Red River valley. Mr. Rowley bought it 29 years ago, and at that time it was badly infested with Canadian thistle, but good cultivation has destroyed them. Wheat on other and much larger fields yielded 38 and 40 bushels. Mr. Rowley goes in for mixed farming, and breeds horses, cattle, pigs and poultry. Owing to the near vicinity of the C.N.R., he has moved his cattle on to a small ranch on the Fisher branch of that road. He raises many potatoes and carefully sorts them, keeping all the small ones at home for pig feed. He believes in smaller farms and bigger yields and has given practical demonstration of the value of that belief.

CHILDREN CRY FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Mr. Rowley is quite willing to have the four-acre plot re-measured, if anyone cares to do so.

WOMAN CHARGED WITH UTTERING SEDITIOUS LANGUAGE

WINNIPEG, Man. — The city police, acting on information laid by the military district intelligence office, arrested Mrs. Sarah Jane Knight, of Edmonton. The arrest was effected in Fort Rouge while Mrs. Knight was preparing to leave for the United States.

The prisoner will appear before Sir Hugh John Macdonald in the police court, when a charge will be laid of "having used seditious language calculated to detract from the united effort of the Canadian people." The offense is said to have committed in the Rex theatre last Sunday evening when Mrs. Knight addressed a gathering of international socialists under the chairmanship of George Armstrong.

EDITOR INTERNED

WINNIPEG, Man. — M. Knezo-vitch, associated editor of "The Working People," the Ukrainian paper published in Winnipeg was ordered interned by the registrar of alien enemies. Articles in his paper for some time, have become more inflammatory each week. Officials of the district intelligence office placed him under arrest, and he is now on his way to the internment camp. He is an Austrian and has resided here for about 10 years. Orders also came from Ottawa forbidding the possession in Canada of copies of the paper.

WOMAN MAY RUN FOR CIVIC HONORS

WINNIPEG, Man. — Among the names mentioned as possible aldermanic candidates are: Mrs. A. H. Oakes, president of the provincial W.C.T.U. for Ward 6; Mrs. S. Randall, 2667 Ingersoll, prominent worker in the Civic league, the Consumers' Protective association,

the Home Economics and the Women's Labor league; Mrs. James Munro, active for years in various women's organizations and a well known city woman, for Ward 3, and Mrs. Luther Holling, ex-president of the late Non-Partisan Political Educational league, for Ward 3. It is understood that while the candidature of these four women has been widely discussed among city women, none of them have formally consented.

300 STUDENTS FOR FARM COLLEGE

WINNIPEG, Man. — Hon. Valentine Winkler declared a few days ago that three hundred students are expected at the agricultural college this year. Applications are coming in from Saskatchewan and other outside points, and last year's record of 250 students should be considerably surpassed, he said.

BOY KILLED BY WAGON

BRANDON, Man. — Henry Chaufner, aged ten, while jumping off a wagon of the Imperial Oil Company, ten miles northeast of Brandon, fell under the wheels and was so badly crushed that he died shortly afterwards.

FIRE HALL CLOSED

WINNIPEG, Man. — After having been in operation for the past four years, No. 5 fire hall, on Sherbrooke street, near Portage, was closed in accordance with the city's retrenchment plan. The district formerly protected by this station will in future be looked after by other halls, while the staff, which comprised thirteen officers and men, has been distributed among the other halls. The apparatus also will be placed at other stations where most needed. Fire Hall No. 5 has for years been one of the best kept stations in the city, and the beauty of the site was much enhanced by the magnificent garden which has for several seasons been looked after by the men stationed there.

YOUR HOUR

OF LEISURE

CONTENT.

By Lynn Harold Harris

As turneth the rose to the sun when first he cometh to view Till all his course is run, so turn'd my heart to you.

Having known you, I needs must love, as the rose to the sun must tend— But how from his throne above shall the sun to the rose descend?

You are gone, but why repine? I liv'd in your light awhile. For me alone did you shine, on me alone did you smile.

And the rose that the mighty sun hath kiss'd day after day Is content when the summer is done to wither and fade away.

The Miracle Of It.

By Alice Garland Steele.

(Continued.)

But Elizabeth could only remember something Sidney had said to her the night before. "She's great!" he had said. She was beginning to see why he had said it. Cicely was looking at her from the window. "I am trying to prove to you," she said slowly, "that I would not hurt your boy if I could!"

Elizabeth had risen. Her face was pale still, but it had lost its hardness. "I believe you, Mrs. Bertine," she said.

Cicely made a mute gesture. "But you are still a little afraid.

Perhaps you will not be when I tell you that Sidney is—not in love with me!"

Elizabeth held with one hand to the chairback. "But he told me last night—"

"That he was in love? He is. With my little sister, Rosalie."

Elizabeth could find no word. Her lips were quivering.

"You came here," said Cicely quietly, "thinking that it was I. I saw that at once, and I—did not at once disprove it. You hurt my pride—I have pride left, you see. It hurt me most because all my life I have kept one thing unspotted—a love that I believed in but could never hope to possess. You have taken it as one of the lovely, common things, but for me it has been like God's mercy, something to believe in and hope for to the end. Do you think now that I could hurt your boy?" She stopped to smile brokenly.

"I have wanted my little Rosalie to have what I have missed, Mrs. Travis. She came to me four months ago, fresh from a convent school in France. I have kept her there, growing up like a lily among the nuns. Was it strange that when I saw them together, she and your boy, I let them have their chance? But you must not be afraid, it will be easy for you to love Rosalie—she is not—like me! It is beautiful to see them together," she said; "for them, too, it is—Miracle, but not so much as it is for me—they have the loaves and fishes, but I am fed!" She stopped suddenly and held out her hand. "You will not visit my sins upon my little sister!"

Elizabeth took it in both of hers, but all she said, a little huskily, was—"Let me see—your Rosalie."

She came in upon them, in her short frock, at Cicely's call. Her eyes were brown, like Cicely's, but they were eyes that hoped all things, believed all things; and she wore still about her the freshness of that overseas garden. She was very charming with Sidney's mother, and a little timid, because Sidney, it seemed, was just behind.

It was on Sidney's face that his mother's eyes dwelt longest. She was realizing afresh the responsible beauty of it, that she had brought a man child into the world, and that now, because life had called to him, he had put away forever childish things. He was a man—it was indeed a miracle—that he had grown to his full stature in a day!

Cicely was saying something, in a voice that fought off, with an effort, a very real emotion.

"And they are not to marry for years," she said smiling; "no matter what he tells you, Mrs. Travis—not until my little sister grows up and Sidney has become a famous engineer!"

He had his protest ready. "Oh, I say—look here—" but Cicely shook her head.

"Don't you see," she said, "that it is going to grow all the bigger for the waiting?"

Rosalie turned her brown eyes full on Sidney's mother. They held a very girlish appeal. "How can it be bigger than it is?" she said.

It was Cicely again who answered. "Darling, that's the miracle of it!"

— The End. —

The Impatient Customer.

It was in the afternoon of a trying day, and Susan Jones was waiting on an old lady, a very particular old lady. The customer was fingering first this brush and then that, asking one question after another until Susan wondered if there were any more questions a person could ask. Susan was hot and tired. She had been thirsty for half an hour, and had not been able to get away for a drink of water.

She was wondering if the customer would never take a brush and go when up came a woman with snappy, black eyes. She looked at the customer a moment, then impatiently tapped the glass with her hand. Susan knew that Miss Smith and Miss Mahlberg and the New Girl were all busy.

Now, Susan Jones was a good salesgirl, and she knew, in her heart of hearts, that she could perfectly well excuse herself to her customer, find out what the other woman wanted, and show it to her.

But Susan was tired and thirsty. The thermometer outside said one hundred and one and Susan—well, Susan yawned.

"Young lady," said the woman with the snappy, black eyes, "I have to catch a train. Will you wait on me at once?"

"I'm busy, madam," said Susan, scarcely glancing at her, and thinking to herself: "She can't work that train trick on me."

The customer walked straight to Mr. Brown, the salesman. "Are you the man in charge here?" she asked. "I want to report that

young lady over there. I've been there over fifteen minutes, and she has ignored me."

"Miss Jones!" asked Mr. Brown. "I am surprised at that, madam; she is one of our good salesgirls. Do you mean the one nearest us?"

"She's the one," said the customer, walking back to Susan with the floorman. "I tell you, I've been here over fifteen minutes and she pretended not to see me."

Susan looked up. "I beg your pardon, madam," she said pleasantly, "but you couldn't have been here for fifteen minutes."

"Young lady," said the customer, "I'll thank you not to contradict me. What's more, I've shopped enough to know you could just as well have waited on me as not, only you were too lazy. I want a hard, white toothbrush, and hurry up."

The quick tears sprang to Susan's eyes as she gave the customer a toothbrush and finished with the other customer.

Susan sat down on the stool and brushed the hair back from her forehead. The telephone rang. She let Miss Smith answer it.

"Say, Miss Jones," she called, "the buyer wants to see you right away."

Susan walked slowly over to the buyer's office. If that customer had complained!

"Miss Jones," said the buyer, "what's the matter? I've just had a customer in here who said she wanted to report you for telling her she lied and for not waiting on her when you could have. What was it?"

"I was busy with another customer."

"Couldn't you have spoken to her?" asked the buyer, looking sharply at Susan.

Susan hesitated, then she said: "Yes, I guess I could have, only I was so hot and tired I thought I'd let Miss Smith or Miss Mahlberg do it. And then, when she said she'd been there fifteen minutes, I told her she couldn't have been before I thought. I'm sorry, Mr. Suiter, but I was so hot."

The buyer smiled kindly. "We all are today," he said.

"Now look here, Miss Jones, I called you in because I wanted to see if you're sick. I was surprised to have a complaint about you. But I find you're not sick, you're just—"

"Cross," said Susan with a faint little smile; "just cross."

"Well, cross because you are tired, and the remedy for that is—"

"Make up your mind to forget how hot it is and not be cross," said Susan.

"That's one, I'll admit," continued the buyer; "but not the one I mean. I mean an early pass and a good night's rest for Miss Jones. I want her to go home and forget about work. Then she'll come in to-morrow fresh and ready for business."

"Mr. Suiter," said Susan, "I'm sorry. I thought a little while ago I didn't care if I never sold another thing as long as I lived. But now you make me want to go right back and sell some more."

"No, don't go back," said the buyer, "but by to-morrow you'll be ready to sell out the store on

our new bathing caps. It's hard never to get irritable, Miss Jones. But don't take it out on customers. Take it out on me."

"I will," said Susan; "I mean I won't. No, I mean I won't be cross after this."

THE LITTLE BANK AT HOME

We all admire the doric-columned, stately, granite savings bank in the downtown block. But we do not realize that this big bank is the legitimate offspring of the little child's bank in the home. That is how the downtown bank began. And suppose that every child in this country should be "given a home bank, and then were not to break the bank open at intervals and speck what is in it, but to deposit its contents in the big bank downtown—think what a different country this would be and what a different people. And the place to begin is in the little bank at home.

One father had the right idea when his child periodically broke open his bank and spent its contents. "He sees me doing practically the same thing," said this father. "I spend, but do not save." So the father and his boy made an agreement. Each got a bank and each put whatever he could into it. When the boy became of age he had enough saved to form the nucleus of a business investment. His father passed away a rich man, and before he went he said: "It all started with that home bank." The son is today a millionaire, and only the other day he echoed his father's words: "It all started with that home bank."