The Albertan

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THURSDAY, MAY 26, 1910.

CALGARY CITY HALL

The reproach has been removed and now we can hold our heads aloft without any danger of being made game of by the people who knew our particular weakness. We have no city hall at the present time, but we are certainly on the way and very rapidly.

The vote of yesterday was a very satisfactory expression of opinion in favor of the completion of the city hall. *In this city we may do some extraordinary things* just to show that we are not quite satisfied with things, but we do not continue to maintain an unreasonable attitude, such as abandoning an unfinished city hall, just because we were not quite sure that some person had blundered about some things.

The city will proceed with the city hall with all manner of despatch. It should be finished and business transacted within its walls within three or four months.

And thus ends another chapter in the city hall episode.

ROADS AND BRIDGES

The Edmonton Capital is terribly and fearfully alarmed because the Albertan suggested that the money lying in the bank for the construction of the A. & G. W. could be used to great advantage in building roads and bridges for the people throughout the province. And the Capital wrings its hands despairingly and tearfully says: "This is what we have come to. That is the outcome of all this opposition to this A. & G. W. deal." It is terrible.

The Albertan is not sure what will happen to the money in the bank which was sent over here for railway building, but it is possible that much of it will go for the purpose of improving the highways of the province and it would serve the people remarkably well if the money for which the province is responsible found its way back to the people.

It is possible that some future government will devote the money towards the construction of a railway from Edmonton to Fort McMurray, but it is *safe to say that that* future government *will* have very much more information about the route, the conditions and the country before it plans *another* railway into that unknown district.

In the meantime there is nothing much more important than that of roads and bridges.

ARGENTINA

It is a hundred years or thereabouts since the national independence of Spain was declared for the greater part of Spanish South America. The event is to be celebrated in Argentina by a time of holiday-making which will go on during the present week, and this will be followed at the beginning of June by the opening of an international exposition at Buenos Ayres. Officially and predominantly the exposition will be the International Exhibition of Railways and Land Transport; but annexed to it will be international exhibitions of agriculture, arts and hygiene and a national exhibition of industry. The recent growth of Argentina has been such as to disprove many facile generalizations about the decadence of the Latin race. Given equally favorable conditions of climatic and natural resources, the Latin peoples who make up the population of Argentina have demonstrated their ability to keep pace with the self-complacent Anglo-Saxon. If the people of Argentina have given way of late to the intoxication of their own achievements, excuse for their exuberance is not wanting.

Argentina and Canada are the two "booming" pioneer nations of the American continent. A short statistical parallel between the two will establish the point just made regarding the rate of Latin-American progress. In 1901 we had a population of 5,371,000; today, reckoning on the basis of the same percentage of increase as obtained between 1891 and 1901 our population must be between six and a quarter and six and a half millions. Argentina in 1895 had a population of 3,955,000. On the first of January, 1910, the officially estimated population was 6,805,000. The two nations, therefore, are, in numerical strength, almost equal. Both are fed by huge streams of immigration, but though Canada within the last two or three years has been drawing the heavier number, Argentina still has a higher proportion of foreign-born among her population. Of Canada's 5,370,000 in the year 1901, just 700,000 were born abroad. Of Argentina's 6,800,000 in the present year, one and three-quarter millions were foreign-born. Of these the Italians numbered 944,000, Spaniards 424,000, French 105,000, English 26,300, Austrians 24,700, Germans 23,700. In point of numbers, the non-Latin element is proportionately not much more important in Argentina than the Latin element is in the United States.

With fairly equal populations, how do Argentina and Canada compare in economic growth? Only a few general figures can be cited. In the five years between 1902 and 1907 the mileage of Canadian railways increased from 18,368 to 22,462; in the five years from 1905 to 1910 the mileage of the Argentina railways increased from 13,000 to 17,000. In the latter year the invested capital was estimated at $900,000,000. Federal revenue in Canada during the years 1902-06 rose from $58,000,000 to $80,000,000, or about 38 per cent. Federal revenue in Argentina during the years 1903-07 rose from $75,000,000 to $107,000,000, or about 43 per cent. In 1900 the total of imports and exports for Canada and Argentina were, respectively, $320,000,000 and $259,000,000; in 1905, the figures were $453,000,000 and $509,000,000; Argentina had made an increase of 96 per cent. in five years and taken the lead. In 1908 the figures were: Canada, $604,000,000, and Argentina, $638,000,000. The record of the last decade shows, therefore, the South American republic moving forward in population, transportation and foreign trade at a faster rate than ourselves.

British and German capital and British and German industrial leadership have played a most important part in the economic development of Argentina. The fact that the forthcoming exhibition is an international railway exhibition, is readily accounted for. It is in Argentine railways more than in any other form of national enterprise that foreign capital, and, in particular, English and German capital, is closely itnerested. European railway investments in Argentina run into the hundreds of millions, and the less than thirty thousand Britons and Germans in Argentina are there as the representatives of so much invested wealth.

EDITORIAL NOTES

All eyes in the province are on Edmonton all right, but they are looking for something, and that something which only occurs once in a lifetime.

If the silence of Chief Justice Sifton is to be measured in gold, which seems to be the orthodox method, then that gentleman must be very rich indeed.

The report that some of the insurgents had turned over to the government forces, or that some of the government forces had turned over to the insurgents seems to have been somewhat exaggerated.

Canada stands fifth in the wheat producing nations of the world and Canada has hardly started in the wheat business. In a few years Alberta will be producing more wheat than all of Canada at the present time.

The paid assassins who have been set on the public career of Hon. W. H. Cushing glibly announce that he violated his oath of office in a letter he wrote to Hon. Frank Oliver. Let any sane man, who is also honest, read over the letter and tell any one how much private cabinet affairs were divulged and how far the oath of office was violated.

It might be well for the Calgary Herald to reproduce the boost articles about the A. & G. W. country which led the people to a large extent to accept the proposition as a good one without further enquiry, especially those choice descriptions of the muskegs which, according to the Herald, can be used to such advantage as market gardens and flower beds.

A United States senator knew a man who knew Lord Salisbury, and tells the story that Salisbury would have declared war upon the United States at the time of the Venezuelan trouble, but for the interference of Queen Victoria, who would not permit it. We doubt the statement, and if the illustrious senator knew a little more about politics in Great Britain he would also doubt it.

NEWSPAPER MEN AND THE PRESS

Toronto Globe.)

The man in the street is always ready to discuss with the man from the club the functions of the Press and to dogmatize on how newspapers should be managed. Almost any college professor or politician or preacher without any knowledge of the business can present a full Decalogue of journalistic ethics and frame an indictment against the whole craft. This readiness of judgment on the part of outsiders adds interest to the opinions of men in the profession when they talk among themselves of the things pertaining to their calling. For this reason the annual meeting of the Canadian Press Association now in session in Toronto is of peculiar public interest.

The presence of that conspicuous figure in American journalism, Colonel Henry Watterson, would in itself make this year's meeting notable, but more significant still was his insistence on the ethical fundamentals as absolutely necessary if the Press is to be either permanently profitable as a business or truly influential as an institution in the life of the country. His protest against any newspaper posing as a detective for the discovery of crime, as an attorney for its prosecution, or as a scavenger for the general collection of social garbage was approved by every responsible journalist present. His declaration that every journalist must keep unseared his sense of responsibility to his own conscience as a man of honor and to the interests of the public to whose service he is pledged suggested the secret of his own power and achievements in the journalism and life of the United States. His experience as a party journalist with a record in fighting the evil-doers in his own political party was of interest and instruction to the increasing number of newspaper men in Canada who are willing to be the allies of political causes, but who will not be the henchmen of discredited or self-seeking politicians.

It is true that the day of personal journalism is past or is passing, but there never was a day when a great personality counted for more than now or was more needful in newspaper leadership on this continent. By the quality of their thinking, by the strength of their convictions, and by their persistent devotion to their ideals of service the men who make a newspaper give to their journal an individuality, secure for it a constituency, and build up for it a tradition which is at once its chief asset as a commercial undertaking and the source of its influence as a leader of opinion. New conditions bring new duties, but under all conditions the elements of power are personal. The frank recognition of these ethical essentials and their unstrained emphasis gave ground for optimism as to the future of the Press which the veterans of the craft confessed and which to the newest recruit was an incentive and an inspiration. For the Press of Canada, the best it is to be.

CHRONICLES OF THE KHAN

Thums Down

Tattletown, Kickersville, the Second-Growth Hickories from the gravel road, the Plugulies and the Haymakers have formed a league, and Beeve Ham is going to donate a pennant to the winners. I don't know exactly what they are going to play during the season. If it's baseball it will be under the rules of 1870, and if it's football there won't be any rules worth mentioning. But what is agitating the peaceably-disposed people in the various rival hamlets is the fear that before the snow begins to fly next fall all the villages in the district will be at open war with one another, and there will be enough hard feelings to last till the crack of doom.

These neighborhood feuds are to be dreaded. A couple of little, quiet villages will be evenly matched for a championship of some kind—it doesn't matter what it is—and if they were rivals for the sport of the thing it would be great. It's too bad that altogether too frequently they will stoop to mean and cowardly tricks and subterfuges to get the better of an adversary. If the games were played by home talent, youths who belong to their villages, it wouldn't be so bad, either; but they are sure to hire toughs from the neighboring towns to help them win out, and they play down to their level every time. Next 24th of May there will be baseball and lacrosse games galore all over the land, and it's a safe bet that nearly all the teams will play ringers. Where's the fun in that? Can the young fellows from Punkinville explain to me where the glory comes in when their battery was hired in Guelph or St. Thomas, or their goal-keeper came from Markham, or they got their cover-point from Woodbridge?

The winning village is unduly hilarious and insulting; the losing hamlet is unduly sullen, sulky, and resentful. The question of who struck Ab Squilpin during the game Victoria Day will be discussed before and after church at every threshing, every bee, every dance and funeral for generations. On Resurrection morning they will be at it again before they are half-way out of their graves, chewing the rag as to whether the last goal kicked on July 1st, 1910, was a "goal" or not.

But the trouble gets into the papers. First thing you know, a Tattletown player will write to the Jericho Junction Standard denouncing the Soaptown as cannibals. Next week the Soaptown correspondent will get back with a pointed reference to the sassy crowd from Tattletown. Next a Kickersville scribe will get busy with a letter accusing the Soaptown aggregation and the Second-Growth Hickories with combining to lose all their games to the Plugugles so as to cheat and beat them, the gentuemanly Kickersville outfit, out of the pennant. Then, a wrathy Soaptown artist will hand in a paragraph to the effect that the writer of the scurrilous article in last week's paper is a bigger lian than Tom Pepper, who was kicked out of a certain place for prevaricating. Then the Second-Growth Hickories will butt in with a long rigmarole denouncing Peter Skin of Lynden, as a dishonest referee. This wakes up the Lynden poet, who writes seventeen verses of doggerel to be sung to the tune of John Brown's Body Lies a-Mouldering in the Grave. The Second-Growth Hickories hasten away to the talented duck on the tenth concession who writes poetry, and he furnishes them with a song about the other fellows, to be sung to the tune of old Dan Tucker.

The much-enduring Swamp Angels wake up about this time and accuse the Sod Wallopers with getting a pitcher from the Toronto's for their game at Puslinch Lake, and the Sod Wallopers get back by asking "Who played first-base for yous fellows on Labor Day? He got ten dollars and his expenses, and—where did the money come from?"

It's the thumbs-down spirit that actuated the spectators at the gladiatorial combats of old that accounts for it. Win fair if you can, but win anyhow—any old way! And the modern crowd seems to gloat over a rough play. The brutal preparations for a great prize fight are read with a relish by all classes. The prospect of a clash between the Second-Growth Hickories and the Sod Wallopers on Victoria Day will collect an enormous crowd.

And the great trouble is that the bitterness between two rival towns is fostered—for it is sure to swell the gate receipts. So that even our sports are degraded by the almighty dollar.

A Matter of Money

"If I was her," said Aunt Lucy, holding the paper in both hands and wriggling her nose till she got her spectacles far enough down so she could look over them at Old Twilight—"If I was her, I'd do jes' as she did. The magistrate has ordered him to pay her five dollars a week and keep away from her."

"I suppose, now," drawled the old gentleman, "if wimmen got the suffrage she'd have the gall to ast to hev her name on the voters' list, seein' as how she hes an income uv five dollars a week. Mind ye, I'm a wimmen-suffrage man, and that's the reason. Wimmen want to be put on a equality with men—well, the sooner the better—by hedges!—an' we'll see who'll squeal first. The way it is now, every girl thinks that there's a man somewheres round who is bound to support her an' a hired girl into the bargain, an' they spend must uv their time 'snoopin' round lookin' fer him. If she's disappointed in him after she gits him, she up'n leaves him, and gits some magistrate to make him pay her five dollars a week. 'Tain't fair! She kin make a dang sight better livin ner he kin. Kin she cook? She's liable to be kilt in the rush for her services. Kin she run a dairy? She kin git a salary that would make a big-league baseball pitcher discontented with his lot. Does she know anything 'bout hens? She could live in a Queen Anne suburban villa an' keep her own runabout.

"The average woman looks on a man as a life insurance policy—a purty good investment. He's got to support her whether she lives with him er not. I'd jist like to ast the president of the Female Sufferage society if she thinks that's right? Where's the equality come in?

"Us fellers has gone to work an' made a hull lot uv special laws fer the perfection uv wimmen, 'cuz we considered them the weaker vessels, same's Saint Paul did. We've gone to work an' put weepons in their hands that would make us look perfectly ridiculous if it wasn't such a serious matter. Will the ladies be willin' fer to hev these here special laws repealed? They can't talk about equality while they's on the statute books. But the wimmen hev got any quantity uv nerve, an' no mistake. They want the word 'obey' taken out uv the marriage service. That's all right, but what's the matter with us fellers gittin' the words, 'with all my worldly goods I thee endow,' extracted from the drama? They wouldn't stand fer that. What's sauce fer the goose is sauce fer the gander."

"He could pay her wages," put in Aunt Lucy.

"Yes, an' the police court would be crowded to the doors every mornin' with wimmen who had their hubbies up fer non-payment uv wages. That would be jumpin' out uv the fryin' pan into the fire.

"I've often wondered at a man up'n endowin' a young woman whom he'd only known a couple of weeks, with all his worldly goods, an'——"

"Most uv 'em haven't got no goods to endow anybody with. It's a bluff," persisted Aunt Lucy—"it's false pretences, that's what it is. When I got married, daddy endowed me with a cow, an' mother endowed me with a feather bed an' a clutch uv chickens. What did you endow me with?"

"If we git any more rain," said Old Twilight, rising hastily and making for the door, "we won't be able to sow them low lands before hayin.' Guess I'd better milk fer you this evenin'—it's mighty sloppy an' kind o' nasty round the stables."

And he grabbed a pail and started for the barn.

Borrowing Trouble

"If I was a preacher," said Old Twilight, "I'd get off a sermon 'bout this here comet. Here they's been any number uv people downright scared 'bout that celestial visitor, an' it's due, an' yet few hev seen it, yit. It's downright comical, when you think uv the hundreds uv thousands uv people who have been gapin' 'round at the sky fer months now, lookin' fer the thing that was a-goin' to smother us, burn us, or knock us into the middle of next week. I got out uv bed this mornin' good'n early to hev a look at her, an' I don't know fer sure if I see her er not. It may not hev bin a comet I see at all—it may hev bin Bejupiter, an' ten to one it was Bejupiter. Er it may hev bin Old Man Mars, er it may hev bin Venus; but whatever it was it wouldn't hurt a kitten.

"There was old Bildad Teeples. The doctor he up'n examined and announced that he would hev to go to the horspital and undergo an operation. Well, they sent across for me, an' I think I never was in such an unhappy fambly, onless there was sumbuddy real dead into it, before in all my born days. They was a-cryin' an' a-whoopin' an' a-hollerin,' an' they had poor Bildad purty nigh scairt cold. 'Goo'bye, Williyum,' he says. 'Oh, shet up!' I says. 'What's the matter of you?' I says. 'You ain't kilt yit, be you?' I says. 'Hev some style 'bout you, anyways,' I says. 'Yiv only got to die oncet,' I says; 'they can't kill you more'n once, that's a sure thing. Anyways,' I says, 'yiv lived a purty fairly honest life, an' yiv got as good a chance for Kingdom Come as most uv them,' an' I cheered him up that way. Well, he goes to the horspital, an' what's the consequence? Why, if you meet up with Bildad anywheres he don't talk uv a dang thing but that there horspital, an' the nurses, an' the doctors, an' what a bully time he had. He had the time uv his life. He slep' on a brass bed, an' a lady tuk him his meals on a tray—by hedges!—kivered with a clean towel. An' they called him Mister Teeples, an' they cracked jokes with him; an'—say, it was a picnic. He expected that he'd be clamped down on to a plank an' be pulled inside out amid the ribald laughter uv the inmates of the place. As a matter uv fact, he never felt it—no, sir; he never felt it!

"People worry their lives out about when they's goin' to die, an' when they do die they don't know a blame thing about it. It's just as easy as rollin' off a log.

"Folks'll be agreeably disapp'nted 'bout the next world, same's they was about the comet. They actilly won't notice that they're dead, an' if anybody tells them that they're dead they'll be indignant about it. Folks shouldn't borrow trouble. It's like poppin' the question to a girl—you git help. It isn't as bad as you think it is. You may think that the girl is a rip-snortin' comet, an' you'll be most awful scairt uv her, when as a matter uv fact she is just a nice little moon. Most any married man'll tell you that poppin' the question was the least difficult part of the ceremony.

"So don't you lose no sleep on 'count uv the comet."

"The Kids."

There is a slang expression that I would like to see banished from good society. Referring to children as "kids" seems so insane. They are the precious children, and to call a child a kid seems to me to be a good way to lower his self-respect.

And, talking about lowering their self-respect, I was at a school examination not long ago, and I listened to the most extraordinary harangue from one of the big men of the section that I had ever heard, I think. He told the poor little innocent children how much they were indebted to the ratepayers for building them a nice school and hiring a lovely little schoolma'am to teach them. He told them that they could never pay off the vast debt they owed him and the like of him who furnished the taxes, etc. As a matter of fact, it's the people and not the children who are under obligations. The poor little children were never consulted about coming into this world, and they were started into it with their blood tainted with the vices and follies of a thousand generations.

It's the children who are entitled to talk about gratitude. There wasn't one mouthful of sound teeth in the whole shooting-match. One-third of them, anyway, should have been fitted with glasses. Some of them were mentally deficient, and a few were deformed, and this was the crowd that ought to be everlastingly grateful because the ratepayers had built them a school. It seems to me that the ratepayers can never do enough for these children to make up for bringing them into a world artificial and wrong in so many things, while their poor little bodies and minds are handicapped from the very start.

And I wish you wouldn't call them "kids" any more!

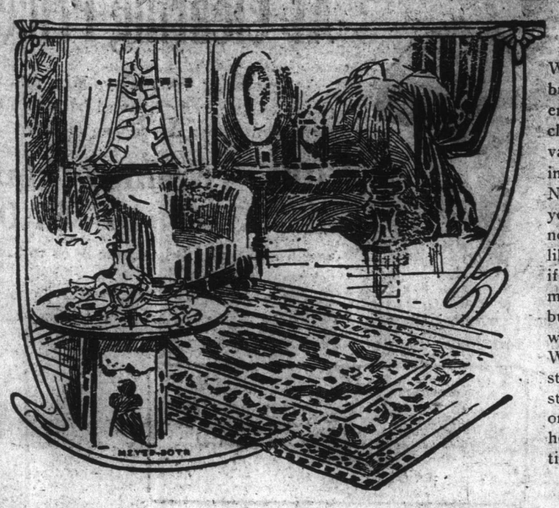
The Khan, in Toronto Star.

British Royalty's Home.

(Boston Transcript.)

Windsor is the home of British royalty. There they live a life that, while it is royal, is distinct from that they live in London. It is the instinct that leads people to desire that their last resting place shall be near "home" that has dictated to so many sovereigns the choice of Windsor as the place for their entombment. Westminister Abbey always seems to the world the place of sepulture for all the great dead of Britain, and the bodies of some famous monarchs are in its vaults. The force of the tradition, previously shattered, was broken a century and a half ago, but since George II, who died in 1760, there has been no king buried at Westminster. After him the Hanoverians preferred Windsor. Queen Victoria's grave is at Frogmore, not far from Windsor. King Edward's body, placed in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, will be near those of the majority of the Hanoverian monarchs of Great Britain.

Some Surprising Values in Floor Coverings.



What person wouldn't buy who has floor coverings to lay at house-cleaning time, with values like these staring them in the face? Not you—surely. And you may be sure you'll not get another chance like this for some time, if ever. The fact of the matter is, we couldn't buy them for the prices we're quoting below. We're bound to reduce stocks in carpets before stocktaking, and that only gives us a week, hence the steep reductions.

BRUSSELS—About 600 yards of this splendid quality carpet, some with borders to match. All are in most handsome designs in browns, greens reds, fawn and light blue. They represent splendid values at their regular prices, $1.50 to $2.00 yard. **Today and Friday** ..... **95¢**

WILTON—Just about 500 yards of this splendid make to go on sale at this big reduction. All have borders to match and are in the handsomest designs and richest colors. Regular $1.75 and $2.00 yard. **Today and Friday** **$1.35**

INGRAIN—Exactly 250 yards of this splendid union carpet, one yard wide and reversible, and in handsome shades of green, brown, red, etc. Regular 60c yard. **Today and Friday** ..... **40¢**
Also about 375 yards of 75c quality. **Today and Friday** ..... **50¢**
And 200 yards of our $1.00 quality. **Today and Friday** ..... **75¢**

TAPESTRY—200 yards or more in a variety of splendid colors and handsome designs. Regular $1.00 per yard. **Today and Friday** ..... **60¢**

A Down-Pour of Umbrellas To-day, and Friday

In pruning down stocks previous to stocktaking, we find that there are too many umbrellas for this season of the year, and consequently must reduce the number accordingly. We expect, therefore, from the following remarkable reductions tremendous selling for three days. Prepare yourself for the next shower. Our entire stock, comprising some thousands of splendid umbrellas of the best makes are reduced for **To-day and Friday** in the following fashion:

$1.00 qualities	$ .65	$2.75 qualities	$1.95
1.25 qualities	.85	3.75 qualities	2.50
1.50 qualities	1.00	5.00 qualities	3.75
2.00 qualities	1.50	6.00 qualities	4.50
		$7.00 qualities	$5.00

A Special Price Concession Brings These Handsome Belts to Calgary Women at Less Than Wholesale

At thirty-five cents these handsome black elastic belts should disappear like magic. Our buyer bought the entire line from an eastern manufacturer at a price concession too good to let pass. The purchase involved exactly 1584 belts. They are the fashionable black silk elastic belts with dull metal buckles of handsome design and trimmed with jet. Not a belt in the entire assemblage that would sell for less than 65c to $1.00. See them in the window today. On sale **Today and Friday** ..... **35¢**

China Sale

COMMENCING yesterday and continuing through today and Friday we offer thrifty housekeepers the opportunity of the season to stock up the china closet with dinnerware. We have just opened up another crate of that popular cream white dinnerware with a relief scroll work on all edges and handles that is so well known in Calgary homes for every day use. But don't judge the quality by the prices we're quoting. It is a very reliable and substantial ware. The reason of the remarkable prices is that this crate should have come to hand months ago. Now it drops in just before stocktaking, and instructions are to clear it all out before inventory sheets come from the office. At the following prices a continual clatter will make short work of it. See the display in the window today:

Tea Cups and Saucers. Reg. $1.50 doz. for	85¢	Soup Rim. Reg. $1.25 doz., for	75¢
Coffee Cups and Saucers. Reg. $1.60 doz. for	90¢	Fruit Saucers. Reg. 60c doz. for	40¢
Dinner Plates. Reg. $1.50 doz., for	85¢	We have a complete line of this splendid open-stock dinnerware to match above at equally low prices. Make enquiries when you're in tomorrow. Sale commenced **Wednesday** and continues **Today** and **Friday**.	
Breakfast Plates. Reg. $1.25 doz., for	75¢		
Tea Plates. Reg. $1.00 doz., for	60¢		
Bread and Butter Plates. Reg. 90c doz., for	50¢		
Soup Coupe. Reg. $1.25 doz., for	75¢		

El Hubaco

A Specially Good Cigar for the Particular Smoker

"Specially" good, because the Hudson's Bay Company demanded from the most noted cigar manufacturers in the country a brand of cigars a little better than the ordinary run, a brand that would meet every requirement of our most particular clientele—men who really want the best. This has been attained to the highest pinnacle of perfection in the all clear Havana filled El Hubaco Cigars.

Handsomely packed with the company's crest, "Pro Pelle Cutem," on every box, as well as on every band, an absolute assurance of the highest standard of cigar quality from the first draw to the last, long whiff. You'll thoroughly enjoy an El Hubaco.

Panatelas, box of 25	$2.75	Puritanos Finos, box of 50	$5.50
Panetelas, box of 50	5.00	Extra Conchas, box of 50	5.00
Perfectos, box of 25	3.75		

Last Call of the Wall-paper Sale.

A sale of this character puts a different price aspect on the cost of brightening up homes for the summer season. Remember that we are clearing out every roll of wallpaper in stock, which includes papers of the handsomest designs for either parlor, diningroom, kitchen, or, in fact, any room in the house. And clearing them out at less than you could buy them if you went to the factory for them. Don't you think it is worth looking into? The same generous reductions still prevail. Visit the house-furnishing section today, **Friday or Saturday**, and get your supply.

Rounding-up the Remnants for Final Clearance

Heavy selling the first of the season naturally creates hundreds of short ends, remnants of the most popular selling materials. And now stock-taking turns up dozens and dozens more. These must be cleared out in quick order regardless of cost or profit before inventory, and to make sure of the desired result we have marked them low—very low. These remnants include dress goods of a wide variety of different qualities, textures and shades together with a quantity of the season's best lines of summer wash materials, varying in lengths of from one to five yards. On sale as long as quantities last at **HALF-PRICE and LESS.**

HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY
The Great Traders of the Great West. INCORPORATED A.D. 1670.