

flood. A prospector once approached the heavenly kingdom, footsore and weary, but was refused admittance. St. Peter said they were simply swamped with prospectors and simply could not admit any more for at least an eon. The old prospector was naturally disappointed but he was not the sort of man who would give up easily and he knew the mentality of prospectors. So he asked permission to put up a sign on the celestial wall—a small, insignificant sign, which read: "Great Gold Strike on Nehanni River."

That was all. Then he sat down outside by the gate and waited. The news spread like wildfire and soon there came pouring out of the gate a stream of prospectors, complete with tools, earthward bound.

St. Peter beckoned to the old man and told him the glad news. He could go in. But the old man hesitated, he seemed somewhat uneasy as he looked after the disappearing line of prospectors. He suddenly picked up his pick and set off in haste to join the exodus. As he passed down the airway he was heard to murmur: "You never know—there may be something in this."

Always in Alberta there is a fresh wind blowing. It began to blow when the farmers organized during the first war and swept away the Liberal government in 1921. They were an eager, earnest group of people, that first farmers' government, burning with zeal to banish forever the taint of party politics. They had convinced each other there was no health in either of the old parties. They knew there must be dark scandals to be uncovered in the Big House under the hill. So their first act was to conduct an audit of the books at a cost of \$40,000, only to find that all was in order. It was a blow to the young crusaders but they settled down to give much the same service as their predecessors had given.

The women of Alberta have always been tireless in