WANDERLUST OF EASTERN SCHOOLMA'AMS AND HOW IT BROUGHT THEM TO ALBERTA

The Story of the Experience of Ontario School Teachers; They Undertake to Teach the Youthful Minds of Northern Alberta Children, Who Can Understand No English; Some of Their Difficulties and Experiences.

(By HUGHENA MACK).

We three girls had been pursuing the lone Western trails for four months. We had come from Ontario homes, which means that for all our years we had mingled on terms of intimacy with apples, Toronto, school trustees, church union, ladylike people and cents. But of the world outside we knew nothing, and we yearned with unspeakable yearnings. What with these yearnings and the life of straight lines and squares which we were leading, we took on that lean and lofty look characteristic of school teachers. So our parents, with one accord, hearkened to our importunities and allowed us to turn to Alberta, that teacher's revivifier.

With considerable maneuvering, two of us (Florence and myself) had received adjoining districts in a Scandinavian settlement, in the newest of lands, but Ella, our third, was cast away in the wilderness some twenty-eight miles from us.

And now four months had elapsed—four months of thrills. Absolutely everything was new. We had seen no native-born Canadians, nothing even remotely resembling an apple, a cent, or a ladylike person. We had watched the children trapping musk-rats; had shivered at the blood-chilling call of the coyote; had been lost all night on a strange trail; had seen the wonderful greening of the world about us—the willow bluffs and fire-swept prairie; had passed through a rainy season, supporting millions of mosquitoes in the lap of luxury; had been wooed in Norwegian, Dutch, Swedish and Bohemian fashion, and pronounced them all good.

But as summer drew on we began to realize that thrills were becoming rarer, that coffee four times a day and "furrin langwitch" forever were losing their halo of novelty and becoming prosaic facts, and that the wanderlust was creeping over us. Fate intervened in the shape of our two week's holidays.

We Start on Our Trip.

There were several features to be considered in our scheme of enjoyment. We must reach Ella as immediately as possible; we possessed most limited funds, and, last, we must try to include Trouble. Trouble was our pinto, our pink and white, purchased jointly by us on condition that Florence should have exclusive rights over the pink spots, while I should guard and nourish the white. She had kind eyes. If she had been a woman she would have weighed eighty pounds. All spring we had given her oats and peace, and we began to take some pride in her bursts of sprightliness, though, heaven knows, she was averse to vulgar haste. However, we could not enjoy ourselves without Trouble. So we fastened on a scheme of driving as far as Ella's, and letting circumstances shape our course after that.

Then I announced to my mosquito-harrassed flock that if they would produce for me a cart, becoming to the fragile form of Trouble, holidays would be their reward. Illustrating my words by a blackboard drawing, I felt sure of being understood. Sure enough, next day a cart was produced—a loan from two gallant Galician bachelors—hardly the build for dainty Trouble, but too good to pass by.

Behold us, then, on the first evening of holidays, seated in a home-made Galician cart, suit cases swathed in a gunnysack and strapped on behind, sheepskin robe artistically draped over certain deformities (in the cart), listening feverishly to Norwegian directions regarding our route to the nearest village, fifteen miles away. Considering that the trail was absolutely new, that we were absolutely new and that Trouble was absolutely old, our venture was looked upon with concern by our good Norwegian friends. But, obviously, Nort' Dakota's ways were not our ways, so we were dismissed with gloomy warnings not to get lost in the "ticket."

The conditions for our jaunt were perfect. The rainy season was just over, leaving green scrub and green prairie as sweet as a new-bathed babe. The faint trail, with the bluffs so close as to often clasp overhead; the curving round a bluff to come suddenly upon a dainty little lake, fit size for the scrub around it; the careless splash of the wild duck, the whirr of the partridge—and then perhaps an open stretch showered with prairie rose and alive with gophers. It was glorious. True, our progress was almost negative, so slow it was. But at the worst there were only coyotes to fear. The nights were warm, and our slogan was "Nothing matters." So, philosophically, Florence and I crawled out of our cart and loyally walked beside our respective spots.

We Meet a Boy From Home.

As if in response to our indifferent attitude, we found ourselves on a "main trail," and here our pony showed unmistakable signs of life. With ears back and a purposeful light in her eyes, she turned into the trail at a near-trot. She was on familiar ground. Fearing to break the spell, we hurled ourselves in detached pieces into the cart and never so much as spoke till we drew rein at the village.

We entered just as the nine o'clock twilight was slipping into night. With pats of approval we left Trouble to the curiosity of the liveryman, and ourselves hied to the hotel. After much mental strain the superior wreck at the desk decided that he had no accommodation for us, unless "one of the boys" resigned his room. Then to this room we were shown. We felt uneasy at this introduction into a town full of men and empty, almost, of women. But, mustering courage, we reconnoitered the room. "He's a pretty decent chap," commented Florence. "There is a photograph of his father and mother, instead of a line-up of maidens fair." Curiosity took us across the lamp-lit room, when a gasp of surprise proclaimed that Florence had made a discovery. "Why, I know them—those old people," she said. "They live in Glencoe, and we must be in Jack Brown's room. I knew he was in the West some place." It was unnerving to be twenty-five hundred miles from home and to stumble thus unconventionally across a boy we had known for years—unnerving, but beautiful. So we again approached the clerk, with inquiries about Jack Brown.

"Oh, then and there was hurrying to and fro," and a run on the barber shop, and mad flights down the back alley to the laundry, and a slamming of doors—and then the formal introductions. For were we not girls from back home, and were we not semi-youthful, and had we not by our arrival doubled the female population of the town? Jack Brown introduced the town, and we all knew someone that someone else knew, and it was a glorious reunion for "back-Easters."

The old timers told us of the early years when they had trapped and traded with the Indians, of the awful loneliness of that silent life on the long north trails. And they all unconsciously interspersed their telling with snatches of Kipling, of Emerson, that had become a part of them in that lonely life.

The new-comers had not yet been weaned from the East, and they wanted to talk of home, the home team and the home girls. Ah, of the girls they really wanted to talk! Scarcely a boy but had left "his girl" in the East, and to him, as yet, the only really living day of the week was mail day.

How that evening did fly! We sang songs that had been new two years before, and Varsity songs, and were all very happy. Never had the town seen such an invasion of girls—two, and just from the East. The oldest inhabitant remembered one girl, six months before, coming to town. But she was whisked into the wilderness before any of the felolws could get a collar on.

The Town Bids Us Farewell.

In the morning we were on the quivive to reach the street and survey this first stopping place by daylight.

To the casual glance all Western towns are the same—front street facing the railway, or prospective railway (for the towns appear long before the railroad is laid); sidewalks possessing every trait of uncertainty, blossoming nobly where least expected, and utterly lacking at critical places; frame houses, shacks, round-roofed eight-by-tens, Alberta hotel and pool parlor. It was just an every-day town, without individuality as yet—glaringly, actively, joyously ugly.

But our myriad men were there, with beauteous shaves, waiting for the passing of the school teachers. It was a slow paesing, withal a dignified. Down the main street we went, waving good-byes, and off again in search of adventure.

Trouble walked. So Florence and I, being disciplinarians only in necessity, walked too. For the most part we strolled or drogn along in the shade, keeping always to the shadiest trail, hoping that we were bearing ever to our long-lost sister. The utter absence of shack or any landmark often left us in doubt. But on we went instinctively. Sometimes we rested by the roadside, sometimes we struck a quicker pace, leaving the leisurely Trouble to follow. But over us all was the lazy content of a midsummer day on an unworked land.

Toward afternoon we began to look for signs of Battle river, of hills and coulees. And with the looking we found ourselves out upon the dge of a high plain. Below us, far and away below, ce could see the winding river. The miles between us were criss-crossed with every man's trails. On the other side were plain and coulee. Old prospectors had told us that this spot, far from the beaten road of traffic, was the prettiest in all inhabited Alberta. And we were seeing it for ourselves.

Away several miles along our twisty trail we could see the tiny settlement of Duhamel, one of the old trading posts of the West. Homesteads, too, began to appear, with here and there a strip of cultivated land. Thoroughly in keeping with their setting were the shyly curious French halfbreeds, whose desire seemed to be to see without being seen. The girls were wonderfully pretty, but the women looked toil-worn.

And now we were upon Ella's stamping ground, and it behooved us to conduct ourselves soberly, as befitted the school ma'am's friends. With burning words we exhorted Trouble to buck up and to carry us through this all-seeing village speedily. We emphasized our desires by wild, concentrated prods on the larboard of our steed. In vain. We rumbled over the bridge full into the fierce white light that beats upon all strangers. A will mightier than ours halted before the post office. And most disconcerting was the gray, twinkly understanding goze of the postmaster. He knew we suffered. But sternly we called for biscuits, mail and lemons. Then on we crawled, feeling the twinkly eyes and the humorless eyes upon our rigid backs. But soon the friendly hillside thrust itself out to cover our embarrassment. We rounded the curve, and straightway we forgot our rage and lived in the new glories that were granted us.

The trail wound dound hill after hill, or rather scallops off one big hill. A narrow little trail it was, seeming to have "just happened." Below us was a creek, pine-hidden and still. Even at noon it was dark down there—dark and cold—and one quite believed that bears were seen in that very coulee. But above us stretched the sunshiny, friendly, rose-covered slope.

Ella Welcomes Us.

We strolled on, munching biscuits, "hitting up" the lemons, possessed by all sorts of vagrant impulses. Perhaps we might have succumbed to the call of shady pine and distant waterfall had we not heard a most un-Ontario shriek far above us, and there, waving wild arms and uttering wilder cries, was that mad woman, Ella—the once stately Ella. An hour before her eye had been attracted by a strange group across the valley. Instinct had told her that it was her dear lost companions; the field glass cerified, and here she was.

We were glad to see her, of course, but much chagrined to realize that in all probability every field glass for miles had been turned on us, watching our weird, uncanny moves. However, a tactful mention of ham and eggs restored us to cheerfulness, and on we hurried.

Now, ham and eggs on a hot July afternon may not sound alluring. But when you have subsisted for four weary months on strange, wild, doughy things and hash effects, achieved by an old "voman," who solaced herself in these menial tasks, with a pipe—then ham and eggs is a perfect fit.

So we left the valley for the plains and were presented to Ella's friends, the Schneiders. The next hour must ever be a fragrant memory—real, sure enough bread, and wild strawberries and cream! Nothing endears you to a housewife like a violent appetite. I, myself, have won more friends by my undiscriminating appetite than by any gentler graces.

So it was that by evening we were established in the hearts of the Schneiders. And in the evening, to make stronger our foundation, we sang to them. Now, anyone who could ask us to sing must indeed crave music. It is wonderful how they love it, these Germans and Scandinavians! Every shack has its banjo, guitar and violin, often home made. But the prosperous Schneider boasted an organ, bought on the chance that a passing traveler might some time play to them. So Florence played it, and we sang all that we know and much that we didn't know. But best of all, as the evening mellowed, the Germans forgot our strangeness and softly started their own folk-songs, Florence accompanying them, falteringly, but successfully enough to leave them in a mist of joy.

The Road to Lacombe.

Later, when we turned to future plans, and when Ella uttered a wail at not having had the fun of a driving-walking tour with our Galician cart, old Jacob Schneider, strangely softened by the music, offered to us his own horse, Jump, to be used as we pleased, for walking with or driving behind.

Jump, it seemed, was strong and eager. Indeed, Jump did promise to be an ideal companion. Ella had a fried twenty miles to the southwest. About twenty miles further on was the town of Lacombe, on the Calgary and Edmonton road. Once having reached Lacombe, we could plan further adventure.

There was something so haphazard tbout the scheme, in contrast to our well-ordered, down East vacations, that it appealed to us. We retired to dream of it. To be sure, we had to dream three in a bed. But when one has dreamed with thousands (a vulgar, horrible fact), three, and three only, isn't bad.

Next morning Jacob offered up Jump, and all was settled. Every strap that had clothed our Trouble had to be adjusted to its limit, for Jump was colossal.

So, haughtily, we set forth, and as we came to the valley of our humiliation we looked at the twinkly postmaster and we swept through his little, one-sided village.

This time to reach the plains we had to climb an almost perpendicular trail cut in the hillside. There was room, and just room, for our cart. On one side the ground dropped uncompromisingly to the river; on the other the hill pressed close and loomed over us. So it was with a breath of relief that we came out on top.

Ella did seem to be a Jonah. We never could continue for long on the right trail. Sometimes our gay career took us to a cut bank, sometimes to the river, sometimes to a tiny shack, and sometimes to a corral. But by these tokens we knew we were wrong, and back we turned to the last forking trail. Nothing mattered. We were hearing the call "of the long white road to the far horizon's wall."

At noon we halted at neat looking, whitewashed homestead, and a Scotch woman appeared, the Britisher's roslness betraying her even before she spoke. Scones, chees and milk were instantly forthcoming. So we rested and fed ourselves and our Jump, and after drowsing away the hottest hour we turned again to the road, leaving the Scotch woman to wonder what there could be in this big, bare country to excuse such daft-like proceedings. Now, if it were bonnie Scotland!

On we went, the more deeply marked trail and the occasional single-strand fence marking the approach of civilization.

Sometimes tired with looking at the world about us, we drifted back to the other world we had known—to school days, to first school experiences, to all that we had learned and unlearned about children, to old "half-forgotten, far off things."

And just as the bluffs began to grow hazy with evening's peace, we saw before us the imposing story and a half house (surely a wonderful structure) of our friend. A formidable array such as ours would have paralyzed an Eastern housewife, but it is the merest incident to an emergency-meeting Westerner. So it was that our friend's welcome was unfeignedly glad and sincere. And we rested there.

Next day another twenty-mile program was planned, and after that—still the dark. We were now not twenty miles from the railroad and people were taking on all sorts of metropolitan airs. We met them, several people that day, all driving horses instead of the much favored oxen. We asked them all if we were on the right trail, just to hear them speak. Sometimes we listened to the full-mouthed English tones, sometimes to Scotch, but most often to straight Canadian or American. And we felt a thrill of excitement as we drew near to the haunts of men.

But at the same time the remance of the prairie was passing; the trails were degenerating into fenced roads, the range was becoming fielded farms, the gumbo and rough lumber houses were yielding to gorgeously painted structures, sign boards began to obstruct the view, and it took little "dipping into the future" to see the day when telephone wires would infest the air, automobiles infest the earth, and when bridge and party calls would rule with iron hand. It was a sad thought.

Lacombe was the usual town, only it was reaching its second-teenth stage. Substantial brick buildings were replacing the unpainted frame. It was no doubt spoken of at local banquets as "our thriving little city."

Again we were fortunate in finding our friends at home. Moreover, they were equipped with a stable. And they opened their house and their stable to us and our charger, and allowed our cart to beautify their yard.

To Calgary We Go.

The only inspiration which Lacombe offered to us was the much advertised holiday excursion to Calgary. To Calgary, then, we would go, and to Calgary we went.

The trains were jammed till one wondered where all the people gathered from. Every nationality rubbed shoulders and everyone glowed with an inward purpose. But for us we were going for the sidewalks and the lights, and the novelty of being not "the new-comer school ma'ame," but three insignificant mites in a city full.

After several hours of prosaic railway travel we found ourselves being carried by the crowd out upon the platform at Calgary. And at that time there was in Canada probably no more conglomerate gathering of peoples than was a daily feature of Calgary station.

Calgary is a city of lightning changes, which even in our four four months' knowledge of it had added to its stature. After depositing our grips (we had shed our gunnysack at Lacombe), we were drawn irresistibly to the crowds down town. The tooting of horns, the clink of horses' feet, the hurry Western citizens, were fascinating. But we felt a real, understanding sympathy for the groups of "new-comer" foreigners who stood huddled together, dazed and dumb, utterly bereft of their fragments of English speech. One wonders often how they ever reach any place, but under that surface daze, must exist some rock-like determination to be part of this life—a determination crowned with success. Ourselves, fresh from coyotes and the coffee mill, could scarcely repress an inclination to turn and listen every time that we heard English speech, to linger by the hurdy-gurdy and to fly the presence of the motors. Our nerves were being sadly shattered, so we repaired to pour a few libations upon the altar of city compensations, and we joyed in the flesh pots as never before, just to live and more and have our being in a crowd of people was enough for us.

We found ourselves specially interested in distinguishing the westerner from the man from the east. The easterner, well pressed, decorous, but perplexed, had eyes for nothing, so much as for the Indian. He was looking for the red man of romance. Indians gathered in from the reserves, from everywhere were there, blanketed, travised, papoosed—everything as should be. No westerner so much as vouchsafed a second glance. His eyes were all for the "barkers," the motors, the theatre, all civilization's products. Not for him the mock broncho busting contests (which thrilled us), nor the Indian parades.

A couple of days spent in shopping convinced us that unless we fled from the lure of the shops all was lost. And, as if in answer to our cry for deliverance, on every side was lifted up posters, "Excursion to Banff $2.50." From Calgary we could descry the outlines of the Rockies white against the sky. But here was an opportunity to meet them face to face.

We Go to the Rockies.

There are some phrases which every one uses, or at least feels, upon entering the shadow of the Rockies—first, the ranching foothill country brings involuntarily "the cattle upon a thousand hills." And as we charge full into those great gray walls, every soul feels with something of fear "the everlasting hills." We had attained our wish—we were seeing the mountains, but they were very stern, very rocky and very gray. We wished feebly for the placid friendliness of the prairie.

This feeling was with us as we dismounted at Banff, even as the fragrance of the pine filled valley was wafted to us. But otherwise I think we thought the scheduled thoughts. We sat on the hotel balcony—a school-teachery hotel—and watched those sinister forms above us. We were subdued.

Next day was Sunday and an important day for we were to hear a church service in English, with perhaps even psalms for good measure. For four months we had gone faithfully to church as became "newcomer school ma'ams" and listened to hours of Norwegian singing, praying and preaching. And now we who were not ever thus, found ourselves actually anticipating the Sunday service. That day was "a red rag in our patch work guilt" of western life, for, summering at Banff, was one of the greatest orators of Canada, who conducted church service that day. We had our reward. We sang inspiring psalms about hills. And the "hill" spirit laid hold of us temporarily.

Banff we found was very much a show-place. Points of interest were listed, you were practically told when and where to have your thrills. The village was alive with finger signs. It made one feel like a tourist instead of a wanderer. And we wanted to feel free to get lost creditably and found at our leisure, and to discover our own points of interest.

To be sure, we did discover certain imprinted joys—the bridal couples. For Banff is to the west what Niagara Falls was in our parents' time. In varying stages we saw them—the June brides and grooms.

And we bathed that day. We record it not because of the bridal couples nor because of the bath, but because of the healing sulphur waters in which we bathed. If we had had the forethought to contract rheumatism or a lengthy "drunk" before these baths we might have felt better. But as there was really nothing about us that needed careful boiling and as we rashly boiled our hair as well, which is opposed to the best interests of one's hair, we were not healed. On the contrary, we went to the hotel and re-bathed our dear hair in Christian water.

After more, but all too few, glimpses of enchanting scenery, came the realization that our holidays were on the wane. Back over our route we must go. Would the second impressions be charm-dispelling? As we crossed the rolling foothill country, we rowed some time to walk or drive to Banff, so that we might turn aside and see behind those sleepy, velvet hills. It must be great discipline for a curious woman to live amongst mountains and to never know what is on the other side.

But we were glad, glad of our friend, the prairie. The mountains had filled us with the terror that only a covenanting forefather might have inspired. But we extended the right hand of fellowship to our own prairies.

Back to the Prairies.

We tarried in Calgary only a night. But we looked and listened in order that we might carry back for the lonely hours, the tramp of feet, the glare of lights, the casual glance and the noise—the dear noise.

And louder and more loud came, to our hearts, a pink and white call.

We found the noble jump anxious to be gone from the stir of Lacombe. So, off again we went. So careless were we and so tri-minded as to land marks that we were mostly on new trails. And we gossiped about the old friends whom we had met and we learned much poetry about everlasting hills. And all too soon we found ourselves at Schneider's door—arrived there, only Jump knew how.

Jump, intact, was restored to Jacob, while a wonderfully rejuvenated trouble gave us a glad eye.

Next morning early we bade Ella and German hospitality a regretful farewell, prepared to journey our remaining twenty-eight miles.

Not far on our way, our attention was distracted by the approach from a cross-trail of an Indian cavalcade. Several wagons there were, with Indians, squaws, papooses and Indianettes. A dozen ponies ran loose, and countless dogs—cayote hounds, wolf dogs—all barking. They gained upon us and we felt a qualm lest these great dogs should jump round our airy cart.

But as the wagons turned out to pass, a change came over Trouble. A last she was with her own, and there new soul entered her. She champed her bit. She darted into the centre of the procession and whinnered for joy. At she would stay.

Once as we were climbing a steep slope, her staying powers were hard put to it. She faltered. Seeing a notable feature of his cavalcade weakening, one old bedaubed Indian crawled from his wagon and, with awful grins tt us, seized Trouble's bridle. A momentary fear that we were being kidnapped assailed us. But soon we blushed at the unworthy thought. With strange encouraging grunts, he renewed the pony and she "dug in her toes and went more so." With snother hideous grin which we returned in kind, he remounted his wagon.

Ella's last sight of us was as the central figure of the lond procession lost in reminiscence with the ponies which trotted by her side. Trouble did not realize her compromising burst of speed. And it was no time till we forded the creek and swung into town. Down the main street we went, still holding our central position, and very proud of our sensational return. We saluted our friends, the white men, laconically and stolidly, as became the friends of Indians. But after an exchange of more hideous grins with our chief we were obliged to forsake the cavalcade and call a halt.

The white men were unpleasant about our achievements. Some even suggested that the Indians were a rescue party who had found us, like Lucy Gray of old, wandering upon the lonesome wild. But they approved with the plainsman's approval of our attitude toward mountains. So an amicable spirit rested over all, once more.

But our most uncertain piece of road was still to cover—just one shack on all that fifteen mile trail. Disdaining escort, for we wanted the glory of a safe return for ourselves, we set forth to our own dear land of flaxen hair and hazy trail.

It must have been our "woman's instinct" which saved us, for we made no serious mistakes, and anyway as Florence observed "'Twas better to be lost and found than never to be found at all."

By sundown we topped a hill. And blessed hill! It overlooked our boarding house. Like debilitated eagles we swooped down toward home. Even now the coyoes began their hungry chorus, and their stealthy forms came sneaking from the bluffs. In defiance of them we heard the sharp bark of Shep, our cattle dog. Trouble heard too and straight as a dart she flew over the range, needing no urging now.

Next day, as the strange, familiar Norwegian language floated around us, and the voice of the coffee mill was heard in the land we decided that this had been the most wonderfully renewing holiday of our lives. We had laid up for ourselves treasures, which would be ours forever.

Five years of this western drama have whirled by us, since this holiday, and things have come to pass even as we feared.

That jabbermock, the real estate man, has gone up to our land to possess it. Townsites dot the range. Our "aggressive railway policy" is checkerboarding the prairie. Remotest Olsens have their telephones. All stages of advance surge over each other.

Some there be who sit in Byronic gloom and mutter, "'Man marks the earth with ruin,' there is now no real west."

But only five years ago, in a now highly inhabited region, it was given to us to see our own little bit of "real west."

Not Always to the Swift.

Redd: So he beat you in the chess game?

Greene: Oh, yes; I wasn't slow enough.—Yonkers Statesman.

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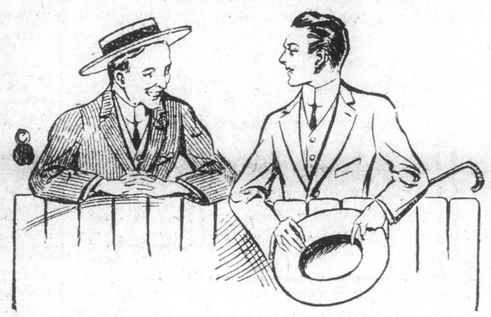

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You may be wise to provide an umbrella, best values are offered and there are Colored Umbrellas suitable for use as parasols also; very smart. Regular $4.50. Special **$4.00**

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Note specially the new "robespierre" collar, turn-down shape with a double fall of lace in front. You will be very pleased with it. Price only ..... **75¢**

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That won't linger at these little prices.

When the good housewife sees the prices on this lot of fine bed linens she will certainly attend to the replenishment of her supplies.

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Pillow Cases, good cotton, strongly made, in all sizes; $4.50 dozen pairs on sale, these cases are worth 40c pair. Monday special, pair .. **29¢**

Still Chances of Great Savings on Boys' Clothing

Boys' Jersey Suits, in white, cardinal, brown, myrtle, reseda and navy, to fit boys, ages 2 1-2 to 6 years **$1.95** and **$2.50**

Boys' Suits, in all wool imported English and Scotch tweed, in grays, browns and mixtures, cut on the new single-breasted model, also in double-breasted styles and Norfolk, with bloomer pants, only a few of each size, ages 7 to 16 years **$4.50**

Boys' Wet Weather Coats, in cloth finish or paramatta, these garments are suitable for all weathers. Monday and Tuesday **$5.50**

Balance of our Boys' Wash Suits, to be sold regardless of cost.

Boys' K. & E. Blouses, in sizes 13, 13 1-2 and 14 neckband only.

New Fruit Sealers

Pints, special 2 dozen for **$1.25**
Quarts, special 2 dozen for **$1.45**
Half Gallon, special 1 dozen for ..... **95¢**

Phone China Department

33 1-3 Off Trunks, Suit Cases and Club Bags

This is the floodtide of summer travel. Judging by the busy selling in our trunk department, every Calgary citizen who is planning either a business or pleasure trip has decided that the best place to get his travelling equipment is at Pryce Jones—33 1-3 off such reliable qualities as we sell is certainly worth coming for.

Trunks, wardrobe trunks, steamer trunks, hattrunks, men's and women's personal trunks, suitcases and club bags of every description.

$60.00 Trunk, Suitcase or Club Bag	**$40.00**	$12.00 Trunk, Suitcase or Club Bag	**$8.00**
$45.00 Trunk, Suitcase or Club Bag	**$30.00**	$ 9.00 Trunk, Suitcase or Club Bag	**$6.00**
$30.00 Trunk Suitcase or Club Bag	**$20.00**	$ 6.00 Trunk, Suitcase or Club Bag	**$4.00**
$21.00 Trunk, Suitcase or Club Bag	**$14.00**	$ 4.80 Trunk, Suitcase or Club Bag	**$3.20**
$18.00 Trunk, Suitcase or Club Bag	**$12.00**	$ 3.60 Trunk, Suitcase or Club Bag	**$2.40**

BELGIAN ROYALTY DINING WHEN LIGHTNING STRUCK CASTLE

Six Bolts Hit the Turrets, But Royal Famliy Were Not Disturbed

Brussels, July 26.—During a severe storm yesterday lightning six times struck the castle of Ciergnon, in southern Belgium, where the Belgian royal family is staying with the prince consort of Holland as a guest. The members of the royal party were at lunch at the time, but did not lose their self-possession.