

This Coupon Is Good for
Prof. Beery's
 Introductory
 Course in
 Horsemanship
FREE!

CUT OUT AND MAIL TODAY
PROF. JESSE BEERY,
 Dept. 26, Pleasant Hill, Ohio
 Please send, free of cost, to the address below,
Prof. Beery's Introductory
Course in Horsemanship

Name _____
 Postoffice _____ State _____
 R. F. D. _____

To the first 100
 men *owning*
 horses, who answer this advertisement, I
 will positively send my introductory course
 in Horse Training and Colt Breaking AB-
 SOLUTELY FREE.

World's Greatest System of Horsemanship

Twenty-five thousand FARMERS and horse-owners have
 taken my regular course and found that *it does the work*.
 Even if you have only *one horse*, it will pay you to master
 my wonderful system. The Beery Course is the result of a
 lifetime's work as a tamer and trainer of horses. As one of
 my students has said, "The horse has never been foaled
 that Prof. Beery cannot handle." My record proves it.

Master Any Horse

The Beery Course gives
 you the priceless secrets of
 a lifetime—enables you to
 master any horse—to tell the
 disposition of any horse at
 sight—to add many dollars to
 the value of every horse you
 handle—and my students are
 all good traders

Break a Colt in

Double-Quick Time!
 You can do it by my simple,
 practical, humane system. There
 is a lot of money in colt training.
Make \$1,200 to \$3,000
a Year

Many of my graduates are
 making big money as profes-
 sional horse trainers at home or



My Graduates Are Doing Wonders

A. L. Dickinson, of Friendship,
 N. Y., says: "I am working a pair of
 horses that cleaned out several men.
 I got them for \$110, gave them a few
 lessons, and have been offered \$400
 for the pair." Fred Bowden, R. R.
 No. 2, Kookuk, Iowa writes: "It's
 worth many times its cost." I
 have many similar letters from
 graduates all over the world.

traveling. I made a fortune travel-
 ing and giving exhibitions. You
 have the same opportunity.

Send the Coupon

and get the Introductory Course in
 Horse Training FREE. This
 special offer may never be re-
 peated. Act now. Tell me about
 your horse.

PROF. JESSE BEERY
 Dept. 26, Pleasant Hill, Ohio

Bad Habits Cured

By Beery System

Refusing to lead.
 Running away when hal-
 ter or bridle is removed.
 Getting fast in the stall.
 Pawing in the stable.
 Pawing while hitched.
 Crowding in the stall.
 Fighting halter or bridle.
 Tender bit.
 Pulling on one rein.
 Lugging on the bit.
 Lunging and plunging.
 Refusing to stand.
 Refusing to back.
 Shying. Balking.
 Afraid of automobiles.
 Afraid of robes.
 Afraid of clothes on line.
 Afraid of cars.
 Afraid of sound of a gun.
 Afraid of hand playing.
 Afraid of steam engine.
 Afraid of the touch of
 shafts or harness.
 Running away.
 Kicking.
 Biting. Striking.
 Hard to shoe.
 Bad to groom.
 Breaking straps.
 Refusing to hold back
 while going down hill.
 Bearing at hogs or dogs
 along the road.
 Tail switchers.
 Lolling the tongue.
 Jumping fences.
 Bad to hitch to buggy or
 wagon.

The Passing of a Historical Landmark of Western Canada

By Irene Keane

Western Canada is almost too new a
 country yet for Historical Associa-
 tions, Veteran's Societies, Monu-
 ments, and the like, and this fact has been
 very painfully borne in on the minds of all
 who honor the historical associations and
 the memories of the pioneer days, and
 believe in bequeathing to the next gener-
 ation a fund of knowledge which will
 make them more thoroughly appreciate
 and honor the struggles of their parents.

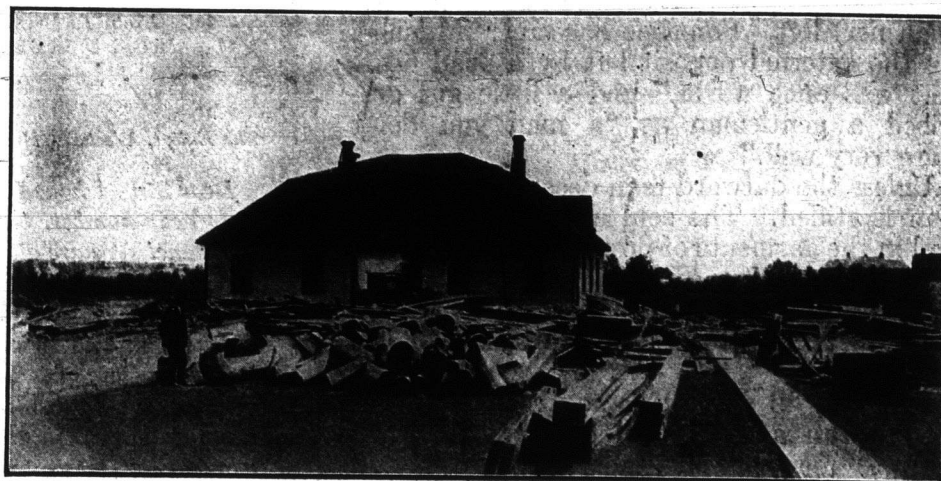
Others desire to see these evidences
 tenderly cared for, so that the incoming
 settlers may have pointed out to them
 the places where the struggles and the
 honors of their native land were gained,
 often at almost inconceivable cost.

Nevertheless, the citizens of Calgary,
 and the Government of Canada, have
 together through their neglect of historical
 values and covetousness of commercial
 gain, allowed one of the spots in Western

such wilful spoliation of the country's
 records would mean in the future history
 of Western Canada.

It is of but little avail at the present
 time, however, to voice these objections,
 for the God of Gold has triumphed over
 the Muse of History and the Spirit of
 Remembrance, and so these buildings,—
 the first permanent buildings in Calgary,
 are now no more, and the grounds where
 the first settlers in this part of Western
 Canada camped, have been cut up by
 railway tracks.

Early one morning in the late fall of
 1875, the Rev. John MacDougall, then
 stationed at Morley, was rudely awakened
 by the thud of the pounding of many
 hoofs on the prairie, and when he came to
 his door, a trembling affrighted group of
 savages confronted him, and told him
 that a large number of white men with
 strange costumes were making camp on the



This picture, taken July 1914, shows how the materialism and commercialism which permitted the
 spoliation of this property, was progressing. The building in the picture was all that remained
 at that date of the main barrack rooms. A mass of the metals, pipes, etc., required in the
 construction of the new terminal are also shown.

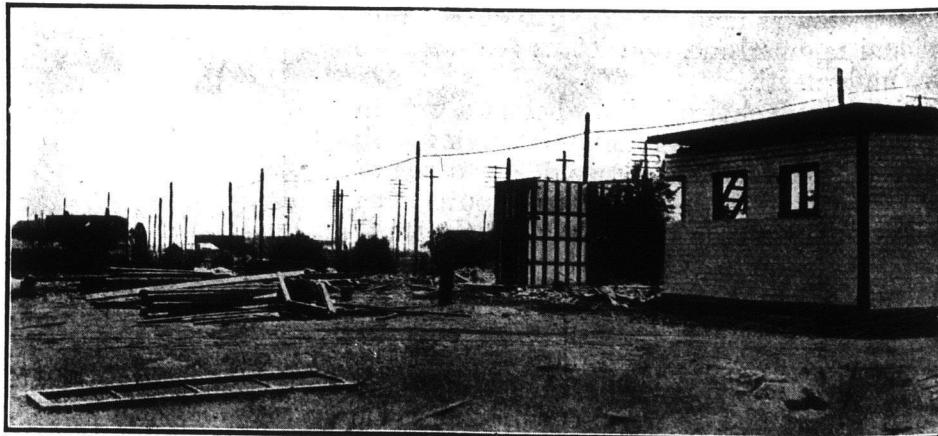
Canada most richly endowed with his-
 torical associations and memories to the
 first comers in the Canadian West, to be
 disfigured, and all semblance of its early
 characteristics blotted out for ever.

Of course, it is argued by some that the
 material wealth, and the increase in the
 population of Calgary which will result,
 quite overbalance all puny considerations
 of historic interest, or personal memories
 which any of the Old-timers may desire
 to see fostered. These arguments hold
 true to a certain extent only. It is all
 very well to build up a strong commercial
 city, and in no way can this be better
 accomplished than by the development
 of the great systems of transportation;
 but—"the people who have no vision
 shall perish," and in this connection we
 may take that vision which builds, not
 alone for the present, but links the past
 with the future. When our landmarks
 are allowed to pass away, and we think

banks of the Bow River. The Rev. Mr.
 MacDougall had a fairly clear impression
 regarding the identity of these strangers,
 but he leaped on the back of his pony and
 galloped along the sixty odd miles of trail
 as fast as the pony could gallop, just to
 make sure of the accuracy of the report.

When he reached the Bow River, it was
 too dark to safely attempt the ford, and so
 he camped on the first bank. In the
 morning he crossed over and found, as he
 expected, the detachment of the first
 contingent of the Royal North-West
 Mounted Police, under Inspector Brise-
 bois, including about fifty officers and
 men, of the protective force which the
 government had been promising the
 settlers for some years after the uprisings
 and Indian and trader's troubles. Mr.
 MacDougall remained some time with
 the detachment and lent them a hand at
 erecting their first buildings.

It is very unfortunate that we have no



Caught just as the last walls of the Guard Room were being razed. The cross bars on one wall show
 the remains of one of the cells, which were all built of sheet steel with lumber covering.
 About the centre of the picture is where the gallows location was, the last man to be hung
 from which was J. Fisk.

only of commercial gain, our doom is
 sealed, and therefore the objections of
 those who wished the Royal North-West
 Mounted Police Barracks and grounds in
 Calgary maintained for a historic museum
 and public park, and new barracks ar-
 ranged for if necessary, were not mere
 sentimental objections. They were pro-
 tests based on the knowledge of what

exact picture of these first quarters of the
 Mounted Police in Calgary, which were
 used for a number of years before the
 buildings which are now being torn down
 were erected. They were very pic-
 turesque, being built of logs, set side by
 side upright in the ground (not horizont-
 ally, as is the usual custom with log
 buildings). The bark was left on the top,

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