

THE ALBERTAN

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THE DRILL HALL SITE.

Perhaps Col. Sam Hughes will not accept the site which Calgary has selected for a drill hall; perhaps he will. If he should deign to accept the site it will become government property.

The Dominion government is acting very cheap when it insists upon the different cities furnishing sites for drill halls. There is no more reason why they should furnish a site for a drill hall than that they should furnish a site for a customs office or for a post office. If the drill hall should be located in this city, the government should secure its own site and go ahead with the building. If it should be located here, the gift of a site is neither wise nor fair.

The city of Calgary is not well supplied with lands at the present time, as we all know. No western Canadian city is. The Dominion is rolling in wealth derived by excessive taxation of the people. It has just given sixteen million dollars to a couple of railway promoters. It could well afford to pay one-half of one per cent. of that amount for a site for a drill hall.

And these people not only insist upon us going down in the city strong box and digging up for the site, but they insist upon getting the very best that we have, and scoff at anything less than that. First, they wanted the barracks site. Then they insisted upon getting the heart of Mewata park. Now they are not so sure that they will take what they offer. They propose to look hard at the mouth of the gift horse, and perhaps they will turn it aside.

Winnipeg declined to give alms to the beggarly department. If Col. Sam Hughes doesn't like this site, the city should directly take the same course. We can manage to worry along without a drill hall if it comes to the worst.

The Dominion government has money enough to buy its own sites. It is leaving tribute upon the different cities which believe they should have drill halls.

U. S. IMPORTATIONS.

An examination into conditions across the line will show very clearly why the president of the United States and a very large section of his supporters desire the removal of the duties upon grain and cattle. During the last Dominion election campaign, the people who favored the wider markets pointed to the decline of the republic as an agricultural country. They insisted that Canada must take the wider market, and that wider market was the United States. That country was not a competitor, but furnished the logical market.

For the calendar year figures just issued by the United States government show an exportation of only 33,000 cattle, as against 164,000 in 1911, 204,000 in 1906, and 599,000 in 1904. In other words, eight years ago the total number exported was nearly twenty times as great as last year.

In the matter of imports the same facts are shown. In 1904 the total imports of cattle amounted to 16,000 head, valued at \$310,000, while in 1912 the total imports amounted to 300,000, valued at \$2,000,000. The exports of meat show a similar falling off. Moody's Magazine states that the exports in 1901 amounted to 354,000,000 pounds, in 1905, 270,000,000; in 1908, 156,000,000; in 1911, 100,000,000, and in 1912, 9,000,000.

Meatstuffs exported in 1912, while showing a larger total than in 1911, on account of the much greater market, show a great falling off compared with the earlier years. The total for the year 1912 approximated \$165,000,000, against \$215,000,000 in 1907, and \$277,000,000 in 1901.

These facts indicate very clearly that the United States is practically importing its food at the present time. During the recent election opponents of reciprocity looked with some alarm at the prospect of

Editorial Notes

Such growth will suspect that they exaggerate. The man who has no very great amount of stocks at the present time is having rather the better of it, and is escaping an amount of worry.

The Presbyterians have decided upon church union, and have given them a reasonable time limit to carry that decision into effect. Having beaten Edmonton twice in succession at baseball, life is somewhat more pleasant and everything is very much more rosy.

R. B. Bennett returned from Ottawa yesterday with some interesting information, but he says nothing about the time of Premier Borden's fall. He says that the promise he made years ago to transfer the control of the nature...

Canada widening its markets to take advantage of the needs of our nearest neighbor. That alarm was to a great extent fictitious, for the same people are now rejoicing because the United States will probably remove the tariff from meat, grain, and flour. The removal of that duty must come some time.

AIRMANSHIP IN WAR.

Some time ago a suggestion was made that Calgary should raise money to build an aeroplane for the British air squadron; a movement well intentioned, but seemingly ill-advised. Nothing seems to have come of it. It is well that it is so, for whatever may be the merits of such a scheme, the time has not arrived, seemingly, for very much expenditure in that direction.

The London Nation deprecates the fact that there is a campaign on foot in the Old Country to induce the government to spend vast sums on air craft for military purposes. The armament-mongers, for their own self-interested motives, are doing their best to drag the most glorious and soaring human achievement down from the height where it might have disseminated the spirit of brotherhood and peace among men, to the lower level of the "Krupps" atmosphere, for the selfish object of putting pelf into their pockets. It is difficult—may, idle—not to suppose that the ubiquitous "Krupps" is not behind the scene to which the Aerial Defence Committee of the Navy League has fallen of late a victim. It might not be too curious to inquire what are the grounds for assuming at the present moment that the aeroplane or airship has revolutionized warfare, or that either of them is yet a practical military machine.

In the last two years Europe has been the spectator of two wars, both of them conducted by highly expert and well-found combatants on either side, each of whom was equipped with, and ready and anxious to use, this new arm which man's genius and daring had provided. In Tripoli the Italians had many aeroplanes, and they had also a dirigible balloon; Italian airmen, too, are among the most skilled and daring in the world. In the deserts of Libya, furthermore, they had an arid and level country without any natural means of concealment, and therefore singularly well adapted to aerial reconnaissance. Yet absolutely nothing was accomplished in reality. The airmen failed on every important occasion to locate the enemy they were sent out to find, and their bomb-dropping failed to cause either damage or terror. A more ambitious attempt to use the aeroplane in the field was made by the Bulgarians a year subsequently; and the armies of King Ferdinand I. had a large number of the latest and most effective machines, and the services of some very competent English, French, and Russian airmen. Yet it is very clear that in all the functions for which it is claimed the aeroplane is indispensable in modern war the Bulgarian air corps accomplished nothing. Finally, coming to yesterday, A. M. Williams, an aviator, of Douglas, Ariz., U.S.—who has been flying with Didier Masson in his Guaymas, Mex., experiments—is reported to have just returned to Douglas. It is stated by him that Masson is not able to manipulate his machine at an altitude consistent with safety for the airmen, and has consequently given up the much trumpeted attempt to blow up the Federal gunboat now lying in Guaymas harbor. It is added that it has been decided to use the machine only in scout work.

In view of these facts, therefore, it is impossible not to agree with the writer in The Nation when—concluding a lucid and convincing article—he remarks that "no competent student of flight, still less any airman with any practical experience, would assert for the aeroplane at the present moment any effective offensive qualities at all. We must have them, so the argument runs, because Germany has them; and though nobody knows how many Germany has, we must have twice as many." The public, it would seem, is to be stampered into the expenditure of untold millions upon aircraft, aircraft not being enough for us; the said millions to ultimately swell the bank accounts of the armament-mongers and their friends. The study of the early history of the balloon is not without its value in this connection. Invented in 1783, by 1785 the British Channel had been crossed; and by 1794—at the Battle of Fleurus—it had been applied to military purposes by the generals of France's first republic. Yet we now see that, though expected a century ago to revolutionize the art of war, the art of war has not been revolutionized by it as yet. May it not prove to be the same with the airship and the aeroplane as with the balloon?

The cornet is a small brass instrument with a high-pitched voice and a determined disposition to be heard, regardless of anybody's feelings. On a still summer day, when everybody is trying to sleep except the feeble frog, a new, untuned cornet in the hands of a passionate beginner can be heard nine miles from the county seat.

The cornet is played by forcing long thin strips of breath through its bronchial tubes. When these strips escape into the crowd they become very pleasing to people who prefer their music without any sharps or flats. The favorite method of playing the cornet is to hold it firmly against the front teeth, tilt the head back as far as it will go, shut both eyes, and blow until his lips of the neck can be seen with his naked eyes two blocks away. The street. This causes the player to assume an enraptured and apoplectic appearance, and arouses concern in the minds of all present for fear the cornet will run out of breath and die away in the wrong key.

In band work the cornet is used to cover the lead to the other instruments. This is the reason why the average brass band seldom hits the same temperature two measures in succession. The leader of a band is always a cornetist who keeps time with his head, which can be waved up and down without affecting the enthusiasm of his utterance.

The cornet is subject to sudden attacks of bronchitis, and in cold weather has to wear a flannel collar around its throat. A thoroughly chilled cornet is about as pleasant to listen to as a hired man sharpening a rip saw. In warm weather the cornet suffers from triple-tongue, and under the shadow of some musical enthusiast who is playing in five separate and distinct languages.

The cornet would be more popular if it were not played by so many people who try to see how high they can go and how long they can stay up.

Lyons' Torments.—Neighbor—What's the matter with Mother?—The fortune-teller told her that she'd go to marry a tall, handsome, dark-eyed, good-looking fellow, and that it'd be a good fortune. Mother—Yard think you had now, she'd broken-hearted at the thought of giving the little fellow-off, sandy-haired, bricklayer who's in love with—Judge

The Poet Philosopher

By Wait Mason
DEPENDENCY
I sometimes think when I am tired of writing dippy verses, that naught to which I have aspired is worth a tinkler's curse. I look around with a shiver, and see my doleful gloomy eyes, in these my doleful moods, and everything question the shies seems bargain counter goods.

The figures of 178 for and 44 against in the final vote in the union question before the Presbyterian assembly, look suspiciously like the runs for and against the Australian cricket team which is now regularly taking the scalp of the western Canada cricket teams.

An evening paper tells of the romantic story of Bill and Dan. There is nothing to compare with it since the days of King Midas or the Count of Monte Cristo.

R. B. Bennett tells an evening newspaper that there must be a greater party in the province of Ontario which will give similar favors to the United States. While we are busy looking over the tariff on other countries, we have come in and get the market which geographically should belong to us.

The weather man is particularly kind to Alberta this season. Some parts of the province needed rain and needed it very badly, and then the soft-hearted weather man turned on the tap and now everything is in the best of shape again.

Dispatches from Ottawa say that Mackenzie and Mann are not half the party needed in the province, and that the government is not half the party needed in the province, and that the government is not half the party needed in the province.

Sidewalk Sketches

By Edward L. Bean
George Stephenson, the author of the steam locomotive and the Janus-faced child, was born in England on this date in the year 1781. He was a poor boy, and if he had not thought of the steam engine he would probably have remained poor at a very gratifying rate of speed.

At the time George was born the extra fare on the parlor car with telephone and shower bath attachment had not been heard of. When people wanted to go anywhere they slipped the harness onto a pair of oxen and wended their way at the rate of about eight short wends per day. There was not so much indiscriminate and tenacious visiting done those days, and when a man and a woman came home in the evening without finding a flock of inquiring relatives, they were in the front hall with telescope glasses and an air of complete satisfaction with their lot.

As a young man Stephenson had tinkered with a traction engine until he knew every part of it, and one day he decided to put one of these engines on rails and see how far it would run. He was working on the rails when he was looking on. When the neighbors heard of George's intentions they called at his house with their needles and informed Mrs. Stephenson that she had married the prize maniac of the nineteenth century. People who owned George for repairing their concealed plumbing and spark plugs refused to pay him, and he was made nine-tenths non compos mentis and one-tenth crazy. His life was very sad at this time.

Finally, however, Stephenson got his engine on the track and soon was able to maintain a speed of ten miles an hour for several feet. All was changed, however, when a man sharpening a rip saw, in warm weather, the cornet suffers from triple-tongue and under the shadow of some musical enthusiast who is playing in five separate and distinct languages.

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Vest Pocket Essays

By George Fitch
DAYTON, OHIO.
Dayton, which was given a rude and unexpected bath by Nature last March, is still engaged in drying itself, and is one of the prides of Ohio. It is situated at the junction of most of the rivers and interurbans in the state, and was originally made great by the aforesaid second great Ohio discovery, the day today it had a chance. Wolf Creek, Stillwater River and Mad River are all in the city, and Dayton lines up in the month and Dayton lines up in the month and Dayton lines up in the month.

Dayton is regarded with great reverence in Europe because it was the birthplace of aviation, and some day when Americans get interested in aeroplanes they will all come together to the little old bicycle repair shop of the Wrights. Dayton also reduces most of the cities in the world in a factory which has all the comforts of home and so many more that the employes have to be given away at quitting time.

Dayton has the oldest public library in Ohio, a court house which would be mistaken for the Parthenon if it were not in such good condition, a national home for war veterans on the site of a beautiful hotel which was razed to the ground by fire last March. Dayton also has a handsome river boulevard and park, and was laid out in 1796, but wasn't even jarred in 1913, and will be handsomer than ever since the Great Miami has floated all of its shacks away.

Our idea of a provident wife is one who has saved her bridal veil to make a mosquito bar for the baby.—Dallas News.

An Adept.—Farmer Bentover—what's your nephew that's come from college doin' now? Farmer Hornebeck—Nothin'; and he's got more original ways of accomplishin' it than any fellow you ever seen.—Judge.

Grandpa—Are you getting along nicely at school, Freddy? Freddy—Yes, grandpa; I got the best place in class. Grandpa—And what is that, at the top? Freddy—No; near the fire.—London Opinion.

THE CORNET.
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Quaker Newspapers

A few years ago a journal called The Lunatic Herald made its appearance in London. There is a beggar's journal regularly published in Paris, which gives particulars of charitable institutions and of "pitches" that are worth "working," besides announcing in advance the big society weddings, funerals, parties, etc., where a beggar may do good business, and there is published in Zurich, Switzerland, The Engaged Couples' Advertiser, the object of which is to furnish advertising firms with the names and addresses of those who are about to set up housekeeping. The latter profit by the numerous samples of goods sent them. The Hirundo of Budapest is the only "news-paper" in the world which telephones instead of printing its news. For sixty cents a month the subscriber has all the news of the day phoned to him. At noon he may take up his receiver and listen to an enthralling short story, and in the evening he may listen to the music and singing at the Grand Opera House.

Spouting Whales
(The Youth's Companion, Boston)
The prevailing impression that whales spout water through their blow-holes is declared to be incorrect. According to Prof. Willy Kucken, an eminent zoologist of Breslau, Germany, what has been taken for fountains of water by sailors and others is really the breath of the whale charged with moisture, like the visible breath of a man on a cold morning. Doctor Kucken suggests that the breath of the whale is sent out from the lungs under powerful pressure, and the expansion of it as it reached the air makes the vapor visible. A whale's blow-holes connect directly with the lungs, but the mouth has no connection with the nasal passages, so that it is impossible for the water taken in at the mouth to be thrown out at the blow-holes. Doctor Kucken points out the fact that young whales do not blow, and larger ones are never seen to blow on hot days.

"You say your present master treats you better than I did?" "Yes, sir, and often."—Tatler.

How would it do to promise the women the right to vote just as soon as they solve the servant problem?—Philadelphia Ledger.

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