

Sunday Standard

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BE OF GOOD CHEER! VICTORY FOLLOWS THE FLAG

TAX THE CATS. A local resident points out that cats ought to be taxed just the same as dogs. This person, who has been driven nearly insane by the howling of half a dozen cats in the immediate neighborhood, and is at present feeding several poor, bedraggled members of the feline family who have been left behind when somebody moved away, thinks it is about time the city authorities made a move to register every cat kept in Hartford.

SUMMER IS HEALTHFUL. Hot weather has a habit of forcing itself on people's attention in a disagreeable way. There is no escaping it. When the thermometer registers above 90 everybody knows it is hot.

REDUCE THE FINANCIAL DEMANDS. Now comes the provincial government with a notice of an extra tax of twenty cents per thousand dollars to be assessed on the capital of every corporation in Alberta. This act is called The Corporation Taxation Act, and was passed by the last session of the legislature.

Every loyal Canadian desires to do his duty and help to defray every justifiable expense that the war has imposed upon the government, but there is a limit to every thing and many of us begin to feel that the limit has nearly been reached.

OVERHAUL YOUR STOREHOUSE

A surprising storehouse is the human mind, sometimes referred to as an "attic." A good place to rummage in on rainy days. We turn up things we had not thought of for years, often with profit and always with delight. Two such examples are furnished us by Stevenson, who rummaged a good deal in his own rich attic.

So don't count anything lost or useless that goes into your attic. Some time when the things you counted more valuable have turned out of no account you may go back to these discarded belongings and find them the very things you need to work with.

CANADA'S NEXT GOVERNOR-GENERAL

The selection of the Duke of Devonshire to be the next Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada came as a great surprise. Not that the Duke is not capable in every way to fill the high office in a creditable manner, but it was thought that the British government would select a man better known to the people and one that was more conversant with Canadian affairs at this critical time.

The present Duke of Devonshire, ninth in lineage of that historic family, was born on the 31st May, 1868, and is, thus, forty-eight years of age. He was the nephew of the late Duke, being the eldest son of the late Lord Edward Cavendish and Emma, daughter of Right Hon. W. S. Lascelles; succeeded his uncle in 1908, and married Lady Evelyn Mary Fitzmaurice, daughter of the present Marquis of Lansdowne. They have two sons and five daughters.

His genial and gracious manner has endeared him to hosts of friends, and he is a great favorite in clubland.

COMMENTS OF A CYNIC

Water, water everywhere, and nothing else to drink. If the Germans keep on receding they will soon reach home.

What will the country club do now that prohibition is in force. Drink pop! Ugh!

Canada needs 150,000 men. Will the unencumbered lawyers and doctors please take notice.

Recently an editor was shot in Ireland. We protest against this indignity. An editor may be half shot but should never be shot.

The new book is not out, and we haven't any more old ones. It is the answer every one receives when the subscribers make inquiry off the telephone company for books. From present indication and judging from the military manner in which the book is being compiled Calgary's population will materially change before the publication is issued.

GOD'S MERCY

I love the Lord, because he hath heard my voice and my supplications. Because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live. The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell got hold upon me: I found trouble and sorrow.

—Psalm 116:1-8.

TOPICS OF THE DAY

THE DESERT. Before I knew you, lady fair, Before I heard your low voice tinkling, I found no respite anywhere. And never watched the bright stars twinkling. The whole world seemed a desert waste.

"SUNSHINE ENVELOPES" SURE TO BE WELCOME TO INVALIDS. It is rather a difficult matter to tell what to give an invalid or convalescent for pastime and amusement.

Prompt Pay at Lloyd's. Lloyd's deals in big figures. When the Oceana, laden with bullion for India, went down in March, 1912, as the result of a collision with a German steamer off Beachy Head, and the cargo failed to reach her, the underwriters went to work, and within twenty-four hours had handed over \$3 million dollars to the Bank of England to make good the loss and enable the Oceana to proceed to dispatch a duplicate golden cargo by the very next boat leaving for Bombay.

As we walked about, my guide suddenly laid his hand on my arm. "Listen," he said. He pointed to the top of the partition screen, where I saw what was evidently an old ship's bell, around which hung a mass of rusty rudder chains. Beneath it was a sort of pulpit, topped by a great sounding board, in which stood another gorgeous robed official of Lloyd's who is known as the "caller."

WHAT "LLOYD'S" IS. London (by mail)—"Lloyd's" reports that the steamer Minneapolis has been sunk. All were rescued except eleven killed. "Lloyd's" announces—"It has 'announced' the sinking of vessels of practically every neutral nationality in Europe to say nothing of merchant ships after merchantmen belonging to the allied nations. "Lloyd's" announces. "But exactly what and where is Lloyd's? Most Britishers have a misty idea of Lloyd's, which is connected with shipping and with marine insurance, but they know the knowledge of the ordinary man-in-the-street ends, even though he may wend his way past Lloyd's every day of his life."

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When a Ship is Lost. I visited Lloyd's a few days ago, between 3 and 4 in the afternoon, the busiest time in the day, when some thousands of men congregated in the famous underwriting room. The underwriting room is a large, lofty chamber with a domed ceiling, down either side are rows of low pews—technically known as boxes—each of which contains a narrow writing table, where the underwriters sit with their clerks beside them to record the risks accepted, sign policies or take down claims.

The Shepard Boy of Israel

David, who wrote poems that have endured long after his battles are forgotten and his kingdom crumbled into dust, grew up as a sheep herder. He spent long, lazy days in the hills, watching the clouds that rode in the blue sky, hearing the voice of the wind in the tall grass, seeing the eagle wheeling far up overhead. For weeks, months at a time, he lived in the open, and he grew very learned in knowledge of the out-of-doors; he knew how the beasts came down to the streams to drink in the dusk, and he knew the dolorous song of wolves in the dawn, and a great deal more which you never learn except by seeing.

There went up a smoke out of his nostrils and fire out of his mouth devouring coals were kindled by it. He bowed the heavens also and came down, and darkness was under his feet. And he rode upon a cherub and did fly, he did fly upon the wings of the wind.

Where the birds make their nests: as for the stork, the fir trees are her house. The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats; and the rocks for the conies. He appointeth the moon for seasons: the sun knoweth his going down.

WIT and HUMOR. A witness, a jolly, plump old lady, on trial in the Supreme Court at Worcester, was asked at what time a certain train of cars passed her house. She replied that she began knitting at three o'clock and had knit twice over, of course, was how long it would take her to knit twice around. The judge here, in his usual quiet humor, suggested that she would depend upon the size of the stocking. To this the witness remarked that the stocking was for herself and she could exercise their own judgment as to the size and guess how long it would take.

COULD GUESS. A witness, a jolly, plump old lady, on trial in the Supreme Court at Worcester, was asked at what time a certain train of cars passed her house. She replied that she began knitting at three o'clock and had knit twice over, of course, was how long it would take her to knit twice around. The judge here, in his usual quiet humor, suggested that she would depend upon the size of the stocking. To this the witness remarked that the stocking was for herself and she could exercise their own judgment as to the size and guess how long it would take.

BEGINNING EARLY. Jack disliked being kissed, and being a handsome little chap, sometimes had a good deal to put up with. One day he had been kissed a lot. Then he made matters worse, on going to the picture palace instead of his favorite cowboy and Indian pictures, there was nothing but a lot more hugging and kissing.

THE MODERN TEST. "You aspire to become our professor of modern languages?" asked the president of the board of trustees of the Milledgeville College. "Yes, sir," was the respectful answer of the applicant. "Koenen Sie Deutsch sprechen?" asked the trustee sharply. "Jawohl!" came the answer of the applicant, not to be taken off his guard thus easily.

When it comes evening frocks in the West to be sold at the Binnich and original store make a gains they are off may be seen in the gains that every New fall skirts er lines than have mer. Tiny ruffles trimmings for sle When Richards fers special barg well worth the at



PERSONAL

Miss Kathleen South at tea on Wednesday. Major and Mrs. Lee last week-end in Banff. Mrs. Everett Spafford Banff to spend some time.

Mrs. L. Winice and are spending a month in the city. Mrs. John Clark and Clark have gone to Banff. Mrs. Gertrude Gallon to visit her parents Mr. Gallon.

Mrs. Dorothy Long Banff on Tuesday after in the city. Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Wednesday last for to the East. Mr. and Mrs. Patton are visiting their son of Riverdale after a long absence.

Mr. P. J. Parker on Monday on Wednesday spending a few days in the city. Capt. D. Whyte and guests at the Royal Winnipeg on Tuesday. Mrs. J. H. Kerr left San Francisco and will be away about a week.

Mrs. R. J. C. Stead have gone to Manitowishkeek with Mrs. Stead. Mr. O. E. Tiedahl Tuesday, he expects days at his old home. The Misses Alice Garland, of Westport, holiday at Calgary on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Job Dredgen, Ont., are in the city. Mrs. W. J. Stokes, B. C. Mrs. George Cast Jean, of Westport, her brother Mr. Black. Mrs. F. W. Hardy, Mrs. E. Hardy, of Edmonton Hardy's daughter.

Mrs. Bonnon, Mrs. Laub, of Letbridge Sarcee while their 113th are stationed. Mrs. Hardy and daughter, arrived in the city and are visiting Mrs. Hardy, of Sydneyham. Mrs. Alfred Price, Dr. A. M. and Mrs. Saskaaton on their way to the city.

Calmarians register Alexandria hotel, were included, Alex. Lawrie, J. G. Haight, A. T. Short, Mrs. Mrs. A. H. Sanders, Johnson and D. McLeod. Mrs. H. S. Bell, Miss Jessy, where oral months, will Mrs. McLeod's eldest son, who served in the war, expects to ob

WHAT IS IN SHOPS AND

This is the season—many pleasing found in the Hudson suit greatly in demand summer resorts is belted in at the red silk. An Oriental cruised the girls in where you go one with tassels. The bargains of donald, 132 Eighth street, make a week are worthy the public. When it comes evening frocks in the West to be sold at the Binnich and original store make a gains they are off may be seen in the gains that every New fall skirts er lines than have mer. Tiny ruffles trimmings for sle When Richards fers special barg well worth the at