

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. It is high time that this fund raising should be reduced to a minimum, and some system be adopted either by the local government or the board of trade whereby the demands upon the people will be commensurate with the income, otherwise many firms will be conspicuous by their absence before many months have passed.

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. In that picturesque essay of his on Villon he encounters a sinister little closed up house by the cemetery of St. John in Paris. It had been the scene of some of the vagabond poet's knaveries. The place impressed Stevenson strangely. What a subject for a grisly winter's tale! he exclaims, and he tucks it away in his storehouse. Sure enough we find that house in his story "A Lodging for the Night," and it is as grisly as he promised.

In another of his papers Stevenson tells us how certain scenes laid hold of his imagination and made him want to people them. Queen's Ferry in his own Scotland was one, and he never saw it, he tells us, without wanting to launch a boat there. Readers of "Kidnapped" do not need to be told that he launched it at last with David Balfour in it. Queen's Ferry had gone into the author's attic with the house by the Cemetery of St. John.

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. Whereas the present appointee is practically unknown on this side of the water. Those familiar with old country affairs speak in glowing terms of the peer as being one of the most able and popular men of the British empire. He has had a lengthy and distinguished official career, including a long parliamentary experience. In artistic, military and sporting life he has been prominent. Canadians will be interested particularly to note that the Duchess of Devonshire is a daughter of the Marquess of Lansdowne, former Governor-General.

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.

The Duchess is not a stranger to Canada, having been in Ottawa when her father, the Marquis of Lansdowne, was Governor-General. He was educated at Eton and Trinity college, Cambridge, taking a good degree, but although of reputed ability was not placed high in the classical tripos. He sat as M.P. for Derbyshire from 1891-1908, was treasurer of H. M. household from 1900-1903, Financial Secretary to the Treasury, 1903-1905, and has been Lord Lieutenant of Derbyshire, President of the Territorial Forces, Derby, and Chancellor of Leeds University. He owns about 286,000 acres of land, possesses mines in Lancashire and Derbyshire, and the picture galleries at his famous seat of Chatsworth, Derbyshire, are known all over the world. His genial and gracious manner has endeared him to hosts of friends, and he is a great favorite in clubland.

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. Then called I upon the name of the Lord; O Lord, I beseech Thee, deliver my soul. Gracious is the Lord and righteous; yea, our God is merciful. The Lord preserveth the simple: I was brought low and he helped me. Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee. For thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling. —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. A gliding sun beat fiercely o'er me Until your presence came and graced The arid stretch that lay before me. After my sweet consent to wed me, When all my lonesome, dumb despair No longer like a black leech bled me, After you broke my drinking set, And threw my boudoir in the fire, It seemed the same old desert, yet. Only it kept on getting drier! —By JANE McLEAN.

"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. A book too heavy, fruit and delicacies are often forbidden, and even flowers come under the ban of some nurses affected with the microbe and germ fear. A sunshine envelope is easily made, costs but a trifle, and if carefully selected is a good accompaniment for the medicine. First, select little clippings from newspapers and magazines. Select nothing doleful, but rather some good jokes, good cheery verses, the little optimistic jingles which abound in the present day periodicals. The illustrated books, too, have some good things, and a few helpful thoughts along the more serious lines. Of course, one must try to take the tastes of the invalid into consideration. Having collected the material, get a pad of paper, the ordinary note size, and a big envelope large enough to hold the sheets of paper. Separate the sheets and open up the clippings. Place them in the envelope and send them to the patient. The patient who is too weak to hold a book or a newspaper, can manage one of these envelopes conveniently, and that is why the paper pad is better than a scrap book. If the invalid enjoys pictures, the sheets may be filled with pretty pictures cut from the magazines, papers, fancy work, handkerchiefs and children's hospitals, pictures are a source of delight to the little ones and help them pass many a weary hour pleasantly. The sunshine envelope gives opportunity for a wide range of taste. When sending a gift to an invalid, do not, above all, send anything that will suggest the person's infirmity. Let your envelope be something that will make the sick one forget his afflictions. To make a booklet for an invalid is a short story which you have heartily enjoyed, remove it from the magazine by loosening the wire fasteners, bind with booklet paper in any desired color, decorate in fancy lettering on the cover or with an original bookcover design, punched, and tie with silk cord or ribbon. A convenience for a sick person is a good sized shoe bag, with ample pockets that may be fastened with large safety pins to the mattress, on whichever side of the bed it is needed. The pockets may be stored with books, papers, fancy work, handkerchiefs and various articles that are constantly being lost in the bed. This idea is suggested for one who is confined to a bed for some time, yet is unable to read, write and amuse oneself.

A pretty gift for an invalid is a linen pillow. Its cool softness will bring relief and rest. It may have an initial, a monogram or a spray of flowers worked on one end, but frills and trimmings should be avoided.

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 that Lloyd's is connected with shipping and with marine insurance, but in 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. Lloyd's is Britain's great market place for maritime insurance. It is a sort of stock exchange for the underwriters of England, who meet daily within its walls and "make the price" in different sorts of risks exacted by the brokers and jobbers make the prices of shares on the real stock exchange. It forms part of the royal exchange, close to the Bank of England. Many Americans, in times of peace, visit the royal exchange with the object of seeing the fine historical paintings there. You can insure anything. Though Lloyd's began as a market

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. The love and knowledge of these things is an enduring passion, and it never left David. More than once he must have found solace in a sunset and delight in the hills when there was not much else in his world that was comforting—when, for instance, his early benefactor and later enemy, King Saul, was hot in pursuit, "breathing out cruelty." How do we know all this? Why, we know it by reading the Psalms. It is written all through them. "When I consider Thy heavens," David writes, "the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which Thou hast ordained; what is man, that Thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that Thou visitest him?" In the sunlight of the rains, the new grass and the enduring hills, the psalmist finds his God. He finds Him, too, in the storm, solemn and awe-inspiring. The earth shook and trembled; the foundations also of the hills moved, and were shaken because He was wroth. There went up a smoke out of his nostrils and fire out of his mouth devoured: 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, yea, He did fly upon the wings of the wind. He made darkness His secret place, His pavilion round about him were dark waters and thick clouds of the skies. The Lord also thundered in the heavens, and the Highest gave his voice; hailstones and coals of fire. You catch an echo of his boyhood's days in that best known of his songs, the Twenty-third Psalm: "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters." The gathering clouds, it is evident, never failed to make an impression upon David. Frequent are such bits as these: "To Him that rideth upon the heavens of heavens, which were of old; to, he things that are hidden, and that no mighty voice. Ascribe ye strength unto God: his excellency is over Israel, and his strength is in the clouds. And again: The voice of the Lord is upon 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. Here the underwriters sit with their clerks beside them to record the risks accepted, sign policies or take down claims. At the end of each writing table is a wire basket in which are placed the signed policies ready for collection by the brokers, and the two broad gangways are thronged by an ever shifting and busy crowd of these and their clerks going to and from one underwriter or group of underwriters to another, most of them carrying in their hands neat leather cases of "slips" which are written all the particulars of the risks offered and taken. On the left as one enters is the desk of the superintendent of the room, and a little beyond it is a reading desk on which rests open one of the most interesting of modern volumes in existence. It is a great tome, bound in green leather, known as the Loss Book, in which, each day, is written the list of the casualties at sea. In normal times the merchant navies of the world lose nearly twelve hundred vessels every year, upon which Lloyd's pay out insurance. What will the total be this year, I wonder? At Lloyd's they refused even to hazard a guess. "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." The hubbub in the great room had ceased as if by magic. The caller pulled a cord and the great bell tolled once. "That means that the ship has gone down," said my guide. "The details will be posted up in 'The Chamber of Horrors.' The ancient bell is that of the once tall frigate Lutine, which, captured from the French, became a British vessel of war. In 1790, when laden with treasure worth upwards of 5 million dollars, she went down in the Zuider Zee, with only a single member of the crew surviving to tell the story of the loss to British capitalists. Successive generations of divers did their utmost to reclaim her cargo, but they got only a little over half a million dollars, and the rest remains for the fishes and the mermaids. But the bell of the old ship was recovered more than half a century after the loss and, presented to Lloyd's, has ever since been the tocsin of the institution. When a vessel is "posted" the old bell tolls once. In the unusual event of a ship's arriving in port after having been thus "posted," the bell is struck twice and the "caller" makes his announcement from the

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 Gall to visit her parents Mr. Gall. 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 week-end in Banff. Mr. P. J. Parker in Montreal on Wednesday spending a few days of the week. 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 home. The Misses Alice Garland, of Westport, holiday at Calgary. 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 Mr. Hardy, of Sydneyham. Mrs. Alfred Price, Dr. A. M. and Mrs. Saskaaton on their way to the city. Dr. Mary Crawford visiting her sister, Mrs. McCleod's sister, Mrs. Windermere. Calmarians register Alexandria hotel, week-end 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 she is in the city, will spend the remainder of her stay with her sister, Mrs. Windermere.

WIT and HUMOR

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 before they came along. On going to court, she 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 they 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. He returned home completely out of patience with the whole tribe of women. After he had been tucked into bed mother came to kiss him good-night. He refused to be kissed. Mother begged and begged, till in disgust he turned to his father, who was standing in the doorway looking on, and said: "Daddy, for the love of Heaven, give this woman a kiss."

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. "Parlez-vous francais?" demanded the interrogator, giving the applicant no time for recovery. "Oui," said the applicant. The president beamed with pleasure upon his fellow members of the board. "It seems," he said, addressing no one in particular, "that the gentleman is eminently qualified for the post. But, turning again to the applicant, 'there is one more question that I must ask you. What is the simian equivalent of fear as expressed in the monkey language as transcribed by Professor Garner?' Resolving that he had failed in the supreme test, the applicant turned saddy away.

WHAT IS IN SHOPS AND

This is the season—many pleasing fruits are in the shops and in the orchards. An Oriental cruised the girls in where you go 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 sale at the Binn chusive 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 ruffled trimmings for sle When Richards fers special barg well worth the at