THE STORY OF EARL GREY'S WILGRIMMAGE

(Continued Page Three)

pretty sharp gust of wind and under and near the end of Swampy lake on the following day there were repeated showers of rain, driving clouds and a good deal of heavy wind. It was not so bad as to make it impossible to forge ahead. But as the next stage was to be the great day of portages, through brush and swamp, it was decided that it would be too uncomfortable to proceed and we wisely sat tight in the perfect comfort of our tents listening luxuriously to the wind and the ineffectual patter of the rain drops on the water-proof canvas, and indulging in reading or conversation. With the exception of two hours of violent head-wind on Oxford lake this was the one stop in the whole course of our travels by land or sea imposed upon us by unfavorable conditions of weather.

On the 17th, after crossing the mile of Swampy lake that still remained, we entered upon the last lap of our overland journey. Here we began the real and rapid descent to the salt water of the Hudson's Bay. The whole of the 17th and the morning of the 18th was one dizzy succession of falls and rapids about fifteen in all. It was a brilliant and exhilarating spectacle at those rapids, full of sparkling life both in the river and in the crews—the flashing and tumbling water, the bold jutting rocks often crowned or overhung by glossy foliage, the bustling Indians in the full glory of their most congenial activity and at the utmost tension of their powers. Sometimes the party disembarked and the canoes with the baggage still in them were steered dexteriously down the ticklish places, at other points they were lightened of their entire load, and again had to be carried bodily. There the rapids were most dangerous only the most skilful of the Indians were entrusted with the perilous task, so that the same men had sometimes to repeat their feat several times over. They never made a single mistake among all those sharp rocks. Their tense faces strained in sharp look out. They seemed to know instinctively where and just how much to give the needful turn to the swift paddle. It was pretty to see how much more smoothly they managed after they had once gone down. The first time the canoe might at moments abruptly and somewhat ominously bob and rock and sway but the next one steered by the same two men who knew their channel now, would rise lazily with an indolent grace to the waves—the "gushing impulse" and easy spontaneous movement of a swan.

In the morning of the 18th Rock Portage, the best of all, was passed. Everything had gone as smoothly as if the rough river had been a tramway of polished steel rails run over by well-oiled wheels. No wonder it is hard for the Indian to take to farming: It is difficult to conceive of men capable of the brilliant bursts of energy as well as of the wary tension required for this exciting kind of work, breaking the slow clods and waiting with loving serenity to see turnips and potatoes grow. Thank Heaven, there are rivers and forests enough in Canada to give her own red-skinned offspring for a long time yet abundant scope for the exercise of the splendid qualities of manhood she has bred in them.

From Rock Portage we had before us one hundred and ten miles of even broad and rapid water through high clay banks covered with scrubby spruce and abounding in all manner of berries including red and black wild currents. It was here we saw the single hill, and that one of very moderate elevation, which we met on the whole course of the journey from Winnipeg to the sea.

At 7 p.m. August 19th, we reached York Factory. That was the one day we had travelled in rain. It came down for the last hour in large drops dimpling the water. As His Excellency's canoe, with the others following abreast in good order a little way behind, rounded the last point, our ears long unaccustomed to such sounds were startled by the roar of cannon, and a salute of twenty-one guns besides an illimitable fusillade of quick cracking musketry. We stepped out of the canoes which had carried us for four hundred miles without even, one might almost say, so much as barely splashing up with spray. Received by Mr. Sling, of the Hudson's Bay Co., and the Rev. Mr. Farries, who left nothing undone to make our stay of twenty-four hours at York Factory a bright spot in our memories, we walked up the wooden pavement of the wharf, slippery with the rain and no doubt with the blubber of many generations of whales and seals, to enter the first indoor quarters we had known since we left Winnipeg.

At York Factory there was much to remind us of the ancient glories of the Hudson's Bay Company—spacious warehouses in which lay innumerable skins, some of them literally worth their weight in gold, mostly tied up in bales waiting for the Pelican, the Company's ship, to carry them to England; large stores and an excellent library containing much valuable historical material. The fact that we were in Polar latitudes was brought vividly home to us by an incident of the day before our arrival. A polar bear had strayed within the palisade and had been shot.

Its flesh had disappeared within the capacious maws of the husky dogs kept by the settlement for sleighing; we saw the skin drying on a fence. In the morning after the arrival at York Factory, His Excellency, accompanied by most of the party, visited the mouth of the Nelson river which enters Hudson Bay within two or three miles of where the Hayes disembouches. Some 350 miles back he had left the waters of the Nelson, crossed the watershed and embarked in the Hayes only to find himself after these long wanderings back in the inevitable Nelson once more. Both here and at Fort Churchill, the two rival harbors for the proposed Hudson's Bay steamer service, the Canadian government have commissioned survey parties to make careful investigations so as to establish the question of priority between them beyond all doubt. To the eye of the casual travellers, I must say, the mouth of the Nelson with its shallow water and extensive sand banks and the two great rivers to keep them constantly supplied with fresh silt does not look very promising. One would think a tremendous amount of dredging would have to be done there and constantly kept up.

Late on the evening of the 20th the party embarked in a gasoline launch belonging to the S.S. Earl Grey, whose first officer along with the pilot, Captain Bartlett, had come ashore to receive us at York Factory. The Earl Grey had left Pictou on the third of August and had arrived on the mouth of the Nelson some days before, having met with nothing but perfect weather throughout the whole of the voyage, though she had been rocked by a pretty rough gale as she lay at anchor waiting for us. Towards her the motor-boat groped her panting way, among the sandbanks in somewhat moist weather, and after about four not particularly exhilarating hours in darkness, illuminated by a rather uncertain moon and some play of lightning, we were delighted by the sight of her headlights and soon after of our portmanteaus, sent on board at Pictou, and welcome changes of raiment which we found stowed away in her comfortable state rooms. This experience was characteristic of the whole trip. We had just hint enough of possible distresses, lying in wait in the background and sometimes peeping through, to give some zest to the steady level of our well-being which was just sufficiently broken to prevent its becoming stodgy.

Sunday, August 21st, was spent quietly on board in making acquaintance with our new quarters, the excellent quality of which was no more than done justice to by the description of them by a very helpful member of the party as the very lap of luxury. The Earl Grey has proved herself a most efficient vessel for her special purpose, she is in all points magnificently equipped, admirably officered and no less comfortable than she is serviceable.

On the 22nd of daylight we reached Fort Churchill. This is something like a harbor. High rocky ground all round, deep water almost everywhere and plenty of room for anchorage. Some dredging at one point would improve it, but it could be done once and once for all. We visited first the Mission and the Hudson's Bay Co. station surrounded by the tepees of the mild and smiling Eskimos. They are the most good-natured looking people I have ever seen, the most appreciative of and responsive to a gentle greeting. They are also excellent and steady workers, the women being very dexterous with their fingers.

With some guidance and good models as regards color-schemes they could turn out no end of acceptable work in the various kinds of skins, chiefly seal and deer and walrus, which even at present they show great ingenuity and some taste in producing. We had some converse with a good specimen of their female beauty clad all in skins which however fell away enough to let some bits of brown neck show through. She was rather shy though quite genial and after a little sought the shelter of her tent. I should think the crankiest craft in the world is the Eskimo canoe which they call a kyak. It is made of seal-skin sharply pointed at both ends, with so solution of continuity in its surface except a hole just large enough to receive the body of the Eskimo paddler who often stows away his wife and children, his provisions and his catch in the hollow places on each side of his legs as he rides fearlessly over wave and surf plying his narrow double paddle with the rapid regularity and sureness of a steam-engine. No white man would dare to enter the thing without first pushing his hair in the geometric middle. From the Hudson's Bay Co. store and the Mission station we walked a few miles along the coast to the Northwest Mounted Police quarters where we found the utmost neatness and good order thrown into strong relief by the rather squalid appearance of the tepees we had just left. The house of Captain Starness and his charming wife, a Montreal lady, the daughter of Justice Scotte was a perfect model of what a white man's house should be in such surroundings, a little focus of beauty and well ordered life. It had an excellent library furnished in great part by the benevolent and intelligent activity of the Victoria league in far distant London. There one saw the best of what the Empire means, kind hands and strong, reaching three thousand miles across the sea to scatter light and blessing and strike down wrong. It may not be very long before the heart of our British civilization will be brought into a scarcely less effective proximity with this extremity of it than it stands in now with Montreal.

From this tiny hearth of warmth and light we walked about two miles to view a scene not so flattering to our pride of race. Prince of Wales Fort, now the doleful ruins of what was once an imposing output of the might of England, the well-squared masonry fallen away into crumbling debris, loose and shapeless stones strewn at random over the ground and the 42 guns all rusted and overgrown with berried shrubbery. And this stronghold built at so much expense and so elaborately armed, has no past glories to shed some radiance over its present desolation. It never fired a shot at an enemy. It capitulated to the not very formidable force of La Perouse in 1782, but 40 years after "the ingenious Mrs. Robson" came out to superintend the building of it, without striking a blow. The Hudson's Bay Company, though once ruling over a larger territory with no less ample powers than the war-like "John Company" in India, never produced a Clive. These northern waters stir no proud memories in the British mind. It was then, too, that the gallant d'Iberville with one ship put three English ships out of business. It is no bad thing for a nation to remember defeats as well as victories; and in any case as Canadians our withers are unwrung. The great deeds of the past, whether of Gaul or Briton, are equally our own in a land where the two races are happily united to form a single loyal people.

The 23rd of August was spent in crossing Hudson's Bay as we made for the Straits. This sea is the Mediterranean of British North America, and for anything we saw to the contrary it might have been the sea of old renown that has appropriated the name. It was just as sunny and scarcely less blue. We had coffee on deck before breakfast in our pyjamas, in latitude 63. There seems to be no earthly reason why navigation here and through the Straits, if the ordinary precautions in the matter of buoys and charts and lights are taken, should not be just as safe for at least three months of the year as it now is during the season through the Straits of Belle Isle and the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Fort Churchill is as near Liverpool as Montreal is. What this means to the Northwest and to the more effective commercial unification of Canada and the Empire, if the route is taken in hand and vigorously pushed through there is no need to dwell upon.

On the 24th we stopped to visit Prefontaine Harbor, a magnificent basin on the north coast of Ungava which could easily accommodate the whole British fleet (two power standard). Steaming along through Hudson's Straits on the 25th we coasted along Charles' Island and had a sight of walruses disporting themselves behind us in the calmer water of the Bay. On the 26th we shaped our course for Baffin's Land on the north side of the straits. This was the day of icebergs. We saw a good many, but I was disappointed to find that they were not so numerous as I have seen them from the deck of an Atlantic steamer in the Straits of Belle Isle. Their fantastic and various shapes with the Emerald glints diversifying their whiteness in the brilliant sunshine with which we were favored, were as they always are under such conditions a memorable sight. We had glimpses of the Grimel Glacier as we coasted along Baffin's Land. At last taking out leave of Canadian waters for a while we headed for Port Burwell, a small, but deep-water harbor belonging to Newfoundland on the most northern point of Ungava. Here we stayed two days taking in water and visiting the Moravian Mission, whose Eskimo settlement provided us with a welcome supply of delicious fresh cod. The missionary gave us an account of a typical incident in the life there, which had occurred the evening before our arrival. A walrus had entered the deep little harbor with its sheer cliffs all round, down one of which the fresh water forms in a pretty broad, but not very high or abundant stream from a chain of little lakes behind, winding away back into the recesses of the hills. Some one shot and disabled it. In a moment the kyaks were in the water and all the Eskimos were in hot pursuit. They caught the poor creature and fell upon it, and in an instant they had torn it to pieces and devoured it like hounds breaking up a fox. They left absolutely nothing except a very few of the larger bones which were beyond the elasticity of even their deglutition.

On the 29th we left Port Burwell. Owing to some fog we were unable to go through Gray Straits. So keeping well out to sea we steered clear of the most northerly islands off Cape Chudleigh, turned southeast and skirting the coast of Labrador arrived at Okkak on the afternoon of the 30th. This was our days of mountains—tossed about at every angle in the most lavish profusion of bold rock-sculpture, their edges and ridges clean cut like crystals, sharp and high with occasioning drifts of snow and sometimes wisps of trailing mist. By far the most striking is the well-named Mitre with its cleft peak accentuated by a white streak of snow just beneath, nearly 4,000 feet high. If there had only been some heather and trees—there was nothing but iron rocks—with bracken and the rich yellows and browns of seaweed, one might have been on the lovellest coast in the world, the west coast of Scotland.

Okkak is another Moravion Mission Station, a very active summer centre of the Newfoundland cod-fishing industry. We saw there great quantities of drying, dried and salted fish and big tanks of blubber oil. Here His Excellency did an exceedingly well-concerned and finely executed piece of international entertainment. He had all the crews of the Newfoundland schooners lying at anchor there to high-tea on board of the Earl Grey, where they had the first taste of fresh meat which had regaled their palates for a long time. There was a doleful tale to tell of the fishing. They confirmed the story of our Eskimo pilot:

"All fishermen catch no fish." These men were all keen politicians. (We heard from them some of the most recent slogans of Newfoundland politics.) His Excellency talked to them in the heartiest way with a great deal of off-hand felicity. He indicated that there were many ludicrous prejudices abroad in their country regarding the dismal consequences of union with Canada and gave some blood-curdling instances. Canada, he hinted, was not at all eager for the union but would not be too coy if the advances came from the other side. Like a maiden who says: "I'll take of you if you ask me." The door was them to come in.

His Excellency never missed a chance of giving missionaries and fishermen a square meal and a good sympathetic talk. It was vainly suggested that stores were running low. He would rather have put himself and all his company on ships' biscuit and cheese than let the genial currents of his hospitality be frozen by such miserable considerations. I must admit that my observation of his activities opened my eyes to quite a new sense of the value of his high office to the country. The Governor-General is an asset to Canada, much more so than most people have an opportunity of suspecting. Many a lonely man and woman for instance, in these solitary places living a life of patient heroism, it may be, with little notice from the world, will go through next year's work lightened up and warmed within by words and looks of cheer that fell upon them from the Dominion's ship Earl Grey. And many seeds of pregnant suggestion as well as of many kindnesses dropped from the same source, will blossom yet, it is to be hoped, in the fields of Canada.

We left Okkak on the morning of the 31st, and on September 1st reached Indian Harbor on the northern side of Hamiltos Inlet. Here we were within the radius of the far-reaching activity of Dr. Grenfell. What he has done is too well known to need any account and would take a volume. But at Indian Harbor and at St. Anthony, which we reached on September 3rd, the proofs were plain to see of what is perhaps his chief success and in great part the secret to his other successes, his wonderful power of gathering around him the very flower of our race: English and Scotch doctors and charming American and English girls in enthusiastic devotion to the wonderful work he is doing and in perfect enjoyment of their own lives. At St. Anthony with its splendid hospital (where, by the way, one of the most distinguished surgeons on this continent performs miracles of trepanning and other spectacular operations), its orphanage industrial school, experimental farm, delightful society and charming houses one felt in the presence of the University of Labrador, where only the discomforts of civilization had been left behind. We saw among the hills about two miles from the colony a considerable portion of Dr. Grenfell's notable reindeer herd, about 700 of these beautiful and gentle creatures sleek as well groomed horses, the velvet often hanging in strips from their great branching antlers as from partially peeled wands. They have multiplied exceedingly and grown larger in their new home. They seem to be almost certain to take the place of the husky dogs who with all their virtues are sometimes pretty ugly customers—we were told of some of them eating a baby not long ago—as they will also be substitute for cows both as regards milk and meat. They cost nothing to feed, thriving luxuriantly on the mosses and brush-wood. To use a striking phrase of His Excellency's, they are likely to furnish the larder, dairy and transport of the North.

We left St. Anthony at eight o'clock in the morning, touched at the fishing village of Blanc Sablon, where we were once more in Canada, and shaped our course for the lovely Bay of Island, Newfoundland, which in my opinion does not yield the palm of beauty to any bay in the world, arriving there at the wharf of the Humber mouth after a day of brilliant sunshine, at 3.35 p.m. The Earl Grey lies there now as I write.

"I had beeen troubld with constipation for two years and tried all of the best physicians in Bristol, Tenn., and theey could do nothing for me." writes Thos. E. Williams, Middlebro, Ky. "Two packages of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets cured me." For sale by dealers everywhere.

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"THE KLONDYKE'S MOTHER LODE"

The storehouse from which the famous placer creeks, Bonanza and Eldorado, received their fabulous wealth, have been uncovered on the claims of The Victoria Gulch Mines, situated on the ridge at the head of Victoria and Gay gulches. The company's holdings consists of four quartz claims of about 200 acres 14 miles from Dawson, on a good wagon road and two miles from the Klondyke Mines R.R. There are two true quartz veins, between perfect walls 6 and 10 feet wide on the property, the free milling ore from which is literally encrusted with the yellow metal. Read what some of the world's greatest authorities say:

R. G. McConnell, B.A., of the Geological Survey, says in his report on the Klondyke Goldfields:

"A sample in which no free gold could be detected with the naked eye, or an ordinary magnifying glass, was assayed in the laboratory of the survey and gave 2,625 oz. of gold and 3.267 oz. of silver to the ton."

Pro. Henry A. Mairs, D. Sc. F.R.S., Waynflete, Professor of Mineralogy in the University of Oxford, in collaboration with Professor A. P. Coleman in a report to the Minister of the Interior says: "At the head of Victoria Gulch which runs into Bonanza, a creek opposite Gay Gulch, a tributary of Eldorado, and at a height of about 2,300 feet above Dawson, has been opened what appears to be a true quartz vein, showing nuggety gold in abundance. The gold is distinctly crystalline in character, and the crystals are of a peculiar form having a triangular outline due to the fact that they are octahedra, and in particular a remarkable variety known as "spinel twins." Now it is significant that the gold found in Victoria gulch is also crystalline and has the same characteristic outline. There then we have fairly convincing evidence that the gold found in a stream gravel is identical with that found in situ in a quartz at the head of the valley and in this instance there can be little doubt as to the origin of the gold."

Dr. Eugene Haanel, Director of Mines, a noted authority on mineralogy in a report to the department in 1902 says: "Masses of quartz were seen protruding from the surface all about the locality, and it needed only to wet the surface of the quartz with water to reveal the bright specks of gold adhering to their surface.

"Gay gulch and Victoria gulch, the former a tributary of Eldorado creek, the latter of Bonanza creeks, limit Victoria Hill toward the sources of Bonanza and Eldorado creeks. Above Victoria and Gay gulches, Bonanza and Eldorado creeks respectively are unproductive, below these gulches the creeks are rich. It seems a rasonable conclusion that the gold in these creeks, at least as far as they flank the side of Victoria Hill, was derived from Victoria Hill.

Mr. R. W. Brock, Director Geological Survey, says: "The district is not glaciated. Gold in the recent gravel freshly derived from its original source is similar to gold in the corresponding White Channel gravel. Many of the gold grains and most of the nuggets, enclose quartz. Quartz nebbles are found containing gold, some at least very rich in gold. The quartz of the boulders is similar to the quartz of the veins, and gold of the veins to gold of the gravels. From the foregoing and other facts, it is obvious that the gold is absolutely local in origin, derived from the basins of the pay gulches and creeks.

Fred T. Congdon, Member for the Yukon, stated on the floor of the House of Commons last January that some of the richest gold quartz in the world was being mined close to Dawson.

Just stop and think of the immense possibilities of rich returns from the development of the claims of The Victoria Gulch mines, when two miles of the Mother Lode runs through the property from which the $55,000,000 in placer gold has been already won from Eldorado and Bonanza creeks, the one-third the Klondyke's entire output. 100,000 shares of treasury stock of the par value of $1 is now offered for public subscription at 25 cents per share fully paid and non-assessable.

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TEACHERS WANTED.

TEACHER WANTED—For Coronation School District. Apply, stating certificate held and salary required, to the secretary, Alfred J. Trounson, Edmonton P.O.

TEACHERW ANTED—For Sandy Lake S.D. 645. Duties to commence January 2, 1911. Apply, stating salary wanted, to Chas. Ellett, sec.-treasurer, or William Henschel, Strathcona P.O.

TECAHER WANTED AT ONCE FOR the Whitford Public School District No. 392, holding first or second class certificate; male preferred. Robert H. Menie, secretary, Andrew P.O., Alta.

WANTED TEACHER AT ONCE FOR Populardale School District. Apply, stating experience, to W. H. Stuart, secretary, Populardale School District, No. 1628.

WANTED — Teacher for Imperial School District, No. 893, for year 1911; state experience, certificate and salary expected. Percy Fordham, sec.-treas., Vegreville.

WANTED—Teacher, male or female, for Sturgeon Protestant Public School, 1st or 2nd class certificate; duties to commence 1st of January, 1911. Write, stating salary, to A. R. Weeks, sec.-treasurer, Namayo P.O.

WANTED—For the Radway School District, No. 2136, Teacher with second class certificate; duties to commence January 3, 1911. Apply, stating salary, to James E. Doherty, sec.-treasurer, Radway Centre, Alta.

WANTED — Protestant Teacher for Comrey School. Address communications to O. C. G. Roen, sec.-treas., Comrey, Alta.

WANTED—First or Second-class Alberta Teacher for Pleasant View School, No. 663, must be of Protestant religion; duties to commence January 1, 1911. Write, stating salary, to John McK. Hughes, sec., Pleasant View S.D., Port Saskatchewan, Alta.

WANTED — Teacher for Bellerose School District. Applications to be in by Dec. 20. Duties to commence Jan. 1st, 1911. Apply giving qualifications, etc., to secretary, John Harrold, Jr., Box 537 Edmonton.

WANTED—Teacher, male or female, holding 1st class certificate. Apply, stating salary, Lance T. Smith, sec.-treasurer, School District No. 839, Athabasca Landing.

WANTED—Experienced teacher for the East Clover Bar S. D., No. 1001, near Edmonton; duties to commence Jan. 9th, 1911. Write immediately, stating qualifications and salary required and oblige M. Latam, secretary-treasurer, East Clover Bar P. O.

WANTED—Experienced Teacher at Rosebriar S.D. 396; salary $60 per month; yearly engagement preferred; boarding-house close; two miles from post office; a Protestant. Duties to commence January 2nd, 1911. George Brunner, sec.-treas., Lewisville, Alta.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE — Registered Shorthorn Cattle and forty Pure-bred Barred Rock Cockerels. J. H. Melick, Belmont Stock and Poultry Farm, Box 645, Edmonton, Alta.; Phone 7403.

FOR SALE—15 Horse-power Gasoline Engine, in perfect order, cheap. A paying proposition for anyone going in for custom chopping, etc. F. C. Clare, North Edmonton P.O.

FOR SALE—65 Tons of Hay, S.W. 1-4 31-55-26, one-third damaged, rest fine upland. In stack or f.o.b. Morinville. Write me or enquire from W. Irwin, Rivierre Qui Barre. W. W. Howard Gardner, Ill., U.S.A.

Bishop Farthing's Anniversary.
Montreal, Nov 29.—The Rt. Rev. John Craig Farthing, D.D., Lord Bishop of Montreal, celebrated his 25th anniversary ordination to diaconate today in a quiet private manner.

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having been surveyed, will be made available for homestead entry on the 14th day of December, 1910, at the Red Deer Dominion Lands Office and each Sub-Office for the District.
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BUSINESS CARDS.

MOLER SYSTEM of Barber Colleges will open one of their famous schools in Calgary, Alberta, November 21st. We teach the barber trade and guarantee positions; wages $18.00 to $30.00 per week. A reduction will be given to students joining on opening day. Full particulars free. Write for special offer. Moler Barber College, Spokane, Wash.

WANTED.

WANTED — Information concerning the boy Joseph Longoz, who has run away from St. Albert Convent. Description: Eleven years old, rather small for his age, hair dark, brown eyes, suit of clothes brown color; cap same color. Was in Wetaskiwin between the 23rd and 25th October. Was last seen at the Hotel Driard, Wetaskiwin. Any person having any information please communicate at once with the father of the boy, J. Longoz, care General Hospital, Edmonton, Alberta. Any person coming across the boy is requested to hold him and advise the father, who will call for him and pay all expenses.

FOUND

FOUND—In the town of Stoney Plain on Wednesday, Nov. 23, about three o'clock, lady's gold watch. Owner may have same by proving property and paying expense of advertising. Ferdinand Horn, Rosenthal, Stony Plain, P.O., Alta.

LOST.

LOST — From Fort Saskatchewan, Sorrel Mare, about 1,000 lbs., brand inverted C on shoulder; white spot on forehead. Charles Shand, Fort Saskatchewan.

STRAYED — Heifer at Burtonsville, owner will please call or write for same at post office, Burtonsville, Alta.

STRAYED—Five Steers, four year old, skin raised on left side of jaw; color, two red, one red with little white over body, one red with white face, one roan; brand (if any) not plain. B. Crozier, Namayo, Alta.

STRAYED—From the premises of the undersigned, Buckskin Mare, weight about 900; brand united JHC. Information will be gladly received by W. A. Milotte, Partridge Hill, Alta.

LOST—Buckskin Cayuse, weight about 800 lbs., branded Lazy "B" on right shoulder. $5 reward for information. J. A. Rocque, Lamoureau P.O., Alta.

STRAYED—From the G.T.P. Stock Yards, several head of Cattle, Cows and Steers. Reward paid for any information regarding strays. T. Burns & Co., Ltd.

STRAYED—Five steers, four year old, skin raised on left side of jaw; color, two red, one red with little white over body, one red with white face, one roan; brand (if any) not plain. D. Crozier, Namao, Alta.

STRAYED—From the premises of the undersigned, Three Head of Mares and Colt. Bay Mare with bay colt has circle on right shoulder, others each have brand figure "one over a circle," other 2, one a bay and the other a buckskin. $5.00 reward for information leading to their recovery. Wm. Callihoo, Villeneuve P.O., Alta.

STRAYED—$10 reward; colts astray since November 1, from my farm, s.e. 1-4 58, 1, w. 5. One bay mare 8 years, small white strip on forehead and nose; heavy mane and tail; no brand. One light bay mare, coming 2 years, white face; no brand; one white hind foot. One bay colt coming 2 years; narrow white stripe on face; no brand. One blue-grey, white spot on forehead; hind legs and one front leg white; no brand. Address, Alex. Swanson, Independence, Alta.

STRAYED—One sorrel mare, about 1,100 lbs., with white star on forehead. Shod on front feet. One white hind foot; no brand. Owner can get same by proving claim and paying expenses. Apply A. Walberg, S.E. 8-56-2 W.5.

STRAYED—To the premises of the undersigned, blue roan mare, about 900 lbs., brand on right shoulder. Owner may have same by proving property and paying expenses. R. Carr, S.W. 44-4-24, Edgerton, Alta.

LOST OR STRAYED—From Lamoureaux, four head cattle, steers) belonging to Mrs. B. Hetu, Edmonton. All branded. Finder will please return to H. Balspoly, Lamoureaux, Fort Saskatchewan.

$10.00 REWARD—To anyone restoring alive a lost ox to undersigned. Brown, partly white on face and thigh, ends of horns roughly cut of and wearing ring in nose. Carl Johnson, Graminia, Alta.

NEWSPAPER PRINTING PRESS—At a bargain, "Wharfdale" pattern, 30x24, will print two six-column pages if double chase is used. In good condition. Gives fine impressiona nd runs steady as a clock. Capacity 600 per hour. Just the press for a country office. Not wanted here as larger press has been put in. $250 cash takes it, or $100 down, $200 in quarterly payments, secured by lien notes. Price f.o.b. The Macleod Advertiser, Macleod, Alberta.

STRAYED—About Nov. 11, to the premises of the undersigned, S.W. 1-4 section 20, Tp. 53, R. 25, W. of 4th, 5 miles south of St. Albert, two colts weighing about 500 lbs. each, one a chestnut and the other a black with legs partly white and some white on face, no brands on either one. Owner may have same by proving property and paying expenses. Stuart Anderson, Edmonton, Alberta.

STRAYED—To my premises about two months ago, black muley heifer, rising two, white spot on forehead, little white on flank. No brand. Owner may have same by paying expenses. John Harold, jr., Box 537 Edmonton.

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