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WARDWELL & THOMPSON, F. A. Wardwell, G.G. Thompson

THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR

There been no particular "progress" along the war lines this week. Around Verdun there have been no infantry assaults only cannonading. The only progress has been that of time and undoubtedly time is a factor for every day means much expenditure of men, money and munitions.
There has been considerable peace talk ever since Germany said in her recent note to the President that she had offered to talk peace twice but has been turned down by the allies. Whether Germany is or is not actually looking for peace, such an intimation would tend to put the blame for the continuance of the war on the allies.
The allies take the stand there can be no permanent peace until Germany is conquered. Earl Grey, the war lord of England, in a notable talk with a correspondent said, the war would be a failure if it did not teach the whole world the folly of war, and compel a worldwide pact for permanent peace.
In Mexico there is no special change in conditions. The conference of Gen. Scott and Gen. Obregon ended without any agreement so far as published, but probably did end in a "gentlemen's agreement," which neither party cared to put in black and white because of possible future complications. Meantime the U. S. troops are getting some valuable training.

THREE KINDS OF IRISH.

Caesar wrote "All Gaul is divided into three parts." If that celebrated author was now writing the history of Ireland for the last three centuries he would begin his book with a similar expression. Perhaps there is no race which are as much alike individually as the Irish Celts, and it is rather a strange streak of psychology that because they are so much alike they differ so much one with the other.
The Irish are witty, generous, whole souled, bright, warm hearted and faithful. But they are impetuous and excitable, full of energy and fight. There have been but few wars but in which at least some Irishmen were found in the

ranks and often on both sides fighting against each other. Whether with fist, shillaloy or musket the Irishman is always one of the bravest and best of fighters.

The United States owes much to the infusion of Irish blood. Thousands of Irish immigrants from the earlier days have left a marked impression on our cosmopolitan mixture, while on the other hand the resulting generations of Irish have themselves been modified largely by the infusion of the blood of other nationalities. The United States has never had a better class of citizens than these resulting generations thus impregnated with the qualities which stood out so prominently in the Irish fathers and mothers.

The Irishman is a natural born extremist. His national history is most remarkable for its own contradictions. He is the most patriotic of all nationalists but has the most contradictory ways of showing it. He is the man who put both "Pat" and "riot" into patriotism. His idea of patriotism is largely a "patriot", but is always conscientious about it.

In Ireland today, and for more than a century there are three general divisions of opinion. These divisions are mostly founded on religious differences, and have been handed down from father to son for several centuries with an accompaniment of the uttermost bitterness.

Broadly speaking, there is a faction that desire a complete separation of Ireland from British rule and that Ireland take its place as a separate nation in the world. We wonder, however, if this dream could ever come true what would happen to the Irish people who are so bitterly prejudiced against each other. We fear that it would be like the "Kilkenny cats" tied by the tails and thrown across a clothes line.

Then in the north of Ireland there is another lot of extremists who not only want Ireland to remain under English rule, but object to even a home parliament for Ireland. These are Protestants and their principal objection to "Home Rule" is that with a home parliament Ireland would be ruled by the Catholics who outnumber the Protestants. These extremists just before the present European war were gathering arms and drilling with the object of rebelling against any law that gave Ireland "Home Rule" if passed by the British parliament.

Again there is a third faction that have been fighting for years for Home Rule and would be satisfied with being a part of the British Empire but want a parliament which would govern their own country much as do other colonial dependencies of the Empire, which government has already been agreed to by the British parliament.

The unfortunate rioting and disturbances in Dublin two weeks ago, carried on by the first described faction who seek to take advantage of the European war and free Ireland from the "English yoke."

Thus we have the contradictory spectacle in that unhappy country that within two years time, one faction was ready to fight against England because the latter country was about to grant "Home Rule" and now the other extremists are fighting to separate Ireland entirely from the Empire, while the third faction is entirely satisfied with things as they are or will be in a short time.

Ireland may have its grievances but it is little wonder that England has blundered so often trying to govern these three warring factions of Irishmen.

THE ELOQUENCE OF MOTHER LOVE.

A True Story.
It was sixty years ago that the writer stood as spectator on a steamboat wharf in Bangor, Maine. It was a busy and interesting scene full of life and color; full of business and sentiment. In the background coaches with passengers and friends, and drayloads of barrels, bales, boxes and crates were constantly

arriving and unloading. The plank platforms of the wharf were filled with on-lookers, business people and the steam boat roustabouts rushing the delayed freight on trucks down the inclined gangways to be stowed on the lower decks of the boat. At another gangway the passengers were passing in an endless procession upward to the cabin decks of the steamer, with many a hand-shake, farewell and bon voyage from their friends on the wharf. As they went on board they sought places and seats along the galleries nearest the wharf to be close to their friends as long as possible and to exchange the last words of farewell. Their combined weight made the great steamer incline toward the wharf even as if she shared the feeling of friendliness and leaned lovingly towards the crowd that she was so soon to leave behind.

The captain was on the hurricane deck walking back and forth casting impatient glances at the hurrying roustabouts with the last loads of freight; the whistle had blown for the second warning, the bell began to toll for the last of the passengers to hurry on board and the friends who were not to go to hurry to the wharf, while men took their places at the mooring piles ready to quickly obey the command of the captain to "Cast-off."

Just then down from the street came to the wharf a hurrying bus but delayed for obvious reasons until the last moment. From this carriage descended several police and they in turn assisted four or five men to alight, the latter being chained one to the other. They were the product of the district court held the day before and were on their way to Thomasston state prison to serve the terms to which they had received righteous sentences.

They stood there waiting until the last loads of freight were trundled down into the depths of the steamer where they would follow to make their fifty mile trip, apart from curiosity and thus to begin their long separation from their fellowmen. They stood with looks averted, they had no interest in that busy throng so full of life; they were going to temporary death with no mourners at their funeral.

The crowd gazed at them with emotions akin to those we feel when at the circus or museum we see the wild and disgusting hyena snarling behind the bars of his cage. These were but animals and dangerous to humanity. There was no pity for these outcasts, only fear against the class and a relief that these at least were to be placed for a time where they could not harm society.

But suddenly, from among the silent by-standers came a cry, a long wailing cry, almost a rhythmic lament, like it was a song of sorrow. It was Rachel mourning for her first born, even as David sang in his sadness "Absalom, my son, Absalom!" Couched in Irish brogue mingled with Celtic endearments that lament went echoing over the crowded platforms and up to the crowded galleries of passengers on the boat. Above the noises of escaping steam, above the roar of traffic, came the Irish mother's wild lament and as she rushed through the cordon of bluecoats and threw her arms about the neck of her boy with the tears streaming down her aged cheeks, that touch of mother-love made the whole world akin.

The spectators forgot that the son was a "plug-ugly" who had been born and raised on the "Devil's Half-Acre" in that same city, they forgot that he was well known as a desperate criminal, that he was only a human hyena in a cage, the only thing they heard was that wild Irish cadence, all they saw were those mother tears.

Amid the rugged rocks of criminality, among the arid sands of vice, through a crust of sordid ignorance had sprung a clear beautiful spring—and the spring was all the more beautiful because of the contrast with its surroundings.

Most of those passengers and friends and prisoners have long ago passed to their final destinations, but the memory of how that mother-love changed the feelings of that careless crowd, how those precious mother-tears washed out the feelings of bitterness from the on-lookers and perchance from the criminals, will always remain with the writer as long as he lives.

MERIDIAN ROAD ACTIVITIES.

The Pioneer Express is in receipt of a neatly printed map of the Meridian road in colors, showing the route from Galveston to Winnipeg. Every town and city along the entire route is shown, which in itself is a big advertisement to these places. The maps are issued by the National Highway Association, Washington, D. C., and sold at 4 cents each and the issue is unlimited. In the north end two divisions are given, the one via Hamilton and Grafton and the other via Drayton, intersecting at Pem-

bina at the north end and Marvel the south end.

The signs that were placed along the entire route when the road was first laid out were elaborate but they did not prove durable, for most of them are faded so only the black printing is readable. The Meridian road officials have taken the matter up and are recommending a change, by painting the letters "M" "R" in large letters on telegraph and telephone poles, or any other place where such lettering can be done to advantage. Besides these the following stripes are adopted for the guidance of the travelers: Straight ahead—A twelve inch white band.
Turn ahead at road intersection—A twelve inch red band above a twelve inch white band. Paint three poles before and three after each such turn. The lower edge of white band should be about four feet from the general level of the ground.

If heretofore painted at a different elevation do not change the elevation. It is expected that you will use telephone and telegraph poles, fence posts and trees, or erect posts suitable for the purpose. Be sure to use best white paint and a dark non-fading red paint. The red is hard to distinguish at night and, to bring out the red band, you are recommended to paint a narrow white band above the red band. To secure a true line it is recommended that you use a strip of burlap or tin in doing the work. A workmanlike job will be a credit to the community and a pleasure to all passers-by.

The Jefferson highway which starts at New Orleans and ends at Winnipeg, taking in the Twin Cities and angles northwest to Bemidji and Thief River Falls, intersects with the Meridian road at Emerson, promises to be a strong rival to the Meridian road and from the south, and there will be a strong competition between these two trans continental automobile highways. It is recommended that the local organizations all along the line see that the road is kept in the best of condition for travel and that everything is marked according to recommendation of the national organization.

There is no question but that the Meridian highway has the advantage over the Jefferson highway comparing this state and Minnesota. For four hundred miles to the south the Meridian road runs through a level country, with a soil under ordinary conditions as hard as Macadamising while the Jefferson highway runs through very sandy country most of the way. On the other hand the "Park Region" of Minnesota will be a drawing card to many who are interested in watering places enough to offset the hardships of traveling on heavy roads.

Let the local organizations of Pembina county take this matter into consideration and see that the roads are kept in good shape and proper signs are put up and we will have the travel. The Meridian road is established, thousands of people have already made the trip, and in years to come a farm on the Meridian road will be worth considerable more than if the road had never been established. When we say on the Meridian road we mean for miles on either side of the National highway.

It may be that in the course of time the federal government may take charge of these roads, like they are doing in Europe in many places and when that time comes we will be doubly rewarded. See that the Meridian road is kept up in your community.

GOOD AND BAD ATHLETICS.

Athletics and particularly school athletics are not only valuable for physical culture but are equally beneficial for mental and moral improvement. The boy that enters a race, or throws weights, plays foot or basket ball, must use his brains as well as his muscles. He must also learn to keep control of his nerves and temper, and make quick decisions at exciting periods. He should also learn to be manly and honorable and take no mean or unsportsmanlike advantage of an opponent. Honor is the crux of all amateur athletics. When the defeated can shake hands with his competitor then both have succeeded in the strife, otherwise neither win.

During the meet at Walhalla last week, as well as for several years previously, the participants and spectators have returned full of adverse criticism, giving details of tricks, unfairness, prejudice and bull-dozing which tended very greatly to make the objects of the meet a failure in every respect. This criticism however, is confined to one school only in the county; with the rest of the schools there has always been the kindest of feelings and good fellowship.

Unless this phase of athletics can be corrected we think it would be a good idea to omit the yearly county meet in the future. If such meets are productive of more bad feeling than good, the banners and medals are but empty honors or worms. It is the wrong kind of training for our boys.

HENEMAN SAY'S:

Most all the young ladies going to school will want a nice new dress for graduation exercises, class play and, all the festivities connected with the close of the school year. We have a nice assortment of white goods suitable for these occasions at moderate prices, and would like to show you our nice fine

- Persian lawn at 50c
- Organdies at 40c
- Voile at 30 and 65c
- Flaxon at 35c
- Stripe seed voile at 60c, and a lot of other white goods both in stripe and plaids. Fine edgings, lace and buttons for trimming.

- ### Saturday's Specials:
- I can Hesperian sliced Pineapple..... 18c
 - I can Ulikem Peaches..... 18c
 - I jar of Bengal minced meat..... 20c
 - I can Heinz's minced meat..... 15c

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The Fargo Courier News of last Sunday devotes one of its leading articles to A. C. Townley and Townley Brothers, the head men of the Nonpartisan League movement. A table taken from the records of three counties on the Missouri slope shows that these promoters have outstanding judgements against them amounting to \$378,296.04, all of which the Courier News construes will become a lien on every individual who signs up and donates his nine dollars and thereby becomes a partner with these men. Whether this is law or not the Pioneer Express is not in position to say, but one thing is certain that no farmer or any one else would engage men to run their personal affairs who shows up such stupendous blunders in managing their own affairs. And if they are not competent to conduct their own business how can one expect that they will do differently in managing a fund amounting to several hundred thousand dollars contributed at so many dollars per membership. The Pioneer Express warned its readers to beware several months ago and we reiterate the same caution.

The St. Thomas Times entered upon its thirty-fifth year last week. In his rehearsal of the experiences of the past Editor Hager calls attention to the fact that there are five too many newspapers in the county as measured by its population. He also says that the communities in which these newspapers circulate have to support these publications locally to a certain extent, is true. The Times, which is owned by Mr. Hager and locally managed by Thomas Hetherington, is filling its field to the credit of its management, and we can always find items of interest by looking over the Times every week.

To Rid Child of Worms

Don't scold the fretful, nervous child. Often it's due to worms. Get rid of these by giving one half to one lozenge Kickapoo Worm Killer, a laxative worm candy. Give only plain nourishing food, lots of out-door exercise and put to bed early. Watch stools and continue giving Kickapoo Worm Lozenges, they will positively remove the worms. 25c at Druggists.