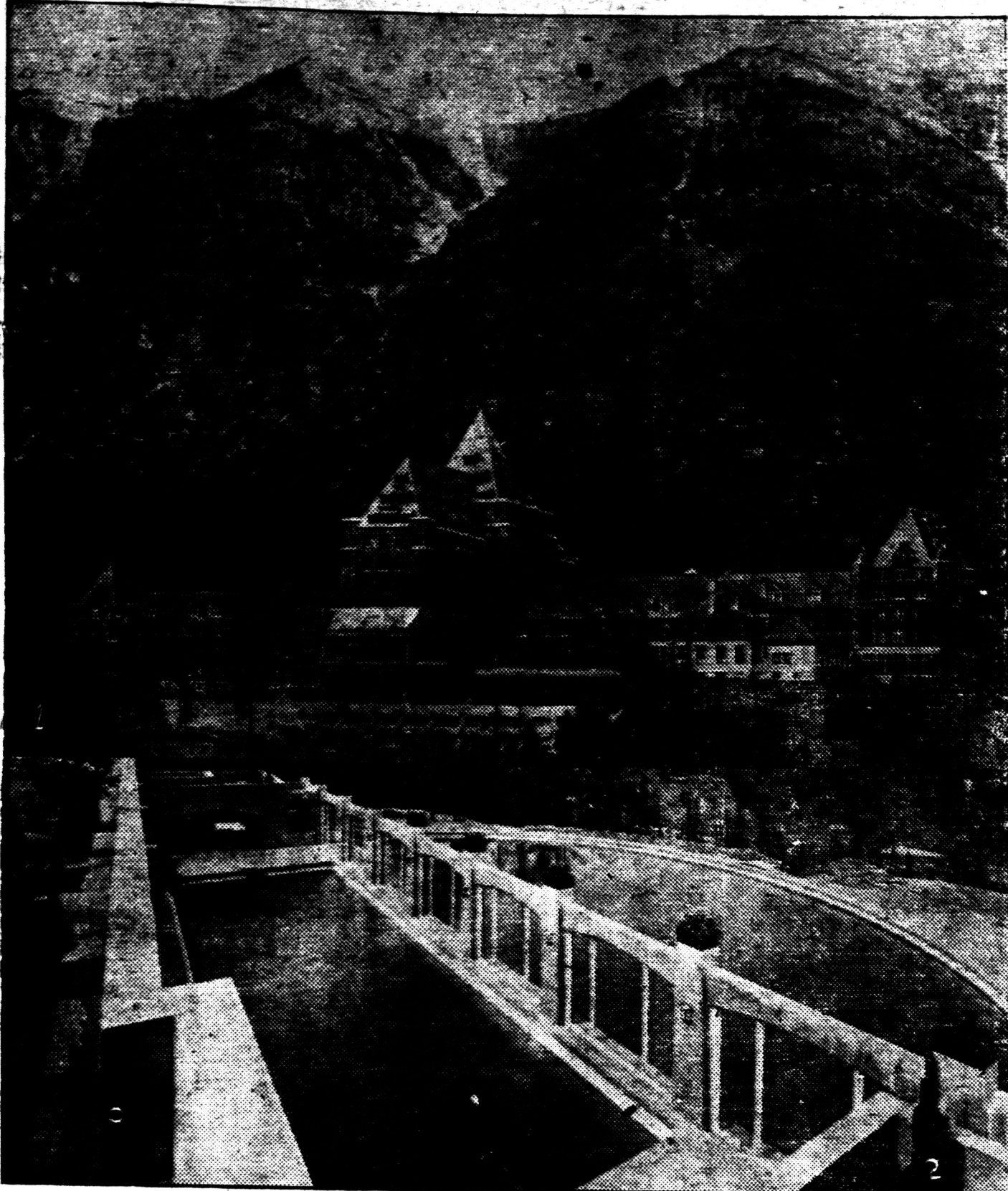


A Palace Amid the Peaks



(1) Banff Springs Hotel.

(2) The swimming pool at Banff Springs Hotel.

THIRTY-FIVE years is three and a half decades and a great deal might happen during that time. In fact, one might grow from a toothless, mumbling family pride into a white hope and a nation's pride, or one might grow from a white hope or a nation's pride into a toothless, mumbling civic burden. No matter what happens there are always changes, the few things remaining unaltered being the mountains, the ocean, the deep blue sky. Forests wither and burn and draw in their borders, fences and grain fields are now where the wild lands rolled, towns and cities flourish where the antelope and the mule-deer used fearlessly to slake their thirst.

Mountains, having the broader perspective, see the greatest changes, and the mountains of Banff could tell much if they would talk. Forty years ago they looked down on the primeval forests of their lower slopes and valleys, traversed sometimes by red men, sometimes by pioneer whites. Thirty-five years ago they saw the C. P. R. gangs stretching the first steel threads which binds the Pacific to the Atlantic and have opened the land for the coming millions. The white men lived in the open, in tents, in dug-outs and log cabins, they ate of the rudest fare, and they heaved a way for the following hordes who brought with every new contingent, new comforts and new developments.

Up on the slopes of Sulphur Mountain the sulphur springs ha-

ried, and smoked and steamed for centuries, known only to the wild animals and natives, but when the railway steel was put down white men came and saw the commercial possibilities of the medicinal waters. One of these earliest pioneers decided to be forehanded and obtain possession. On the northeast side of Sulphur Mountain, where the sulphur bubbled and a wondrous cave of gloomy pools and stalactites promised attractions for future tourists he erected a small log hut and placarded it with a roughly planned board branded "hotel" in letters of charcoal. Consequently, while waiting for the rush of tourists, he fed and jaded stray railroaders, trappers, guides and prospectors. He was a free and easy landlord, if there was room on his floor they could sleep under his roof, if there was flour in the sack and bacon on the nail they could eat. They paid what they thought was right. This was the first hotel in Banff park.

The government, realizing for the first time the great possibilities of the mountains, streams, and medicinal springs of Banff decided that it should be reserved as a national playground and health resort for Canada and the world. The settler who had hoped to retain the medicinal springs for his own profit, consequently bitterly disappointed, he took up other work and the "hotel" dropped in decay. Wood fires, mountain rats, bears, and moun-

tain storms soon wiped out the structure. To-day there is modern housing in the big Canadian resort for three or four thousand transients. The people of the world visit the springs, the caves, the fishing and hunting grounds. They live in the hotels and go away satisfied with the comforts provided. In the early days four walls and a roof were comfort, today bellboys, elevators, waitresses, servants, fine linen, baths, architectural marvels are necessities. Roman baths, foodstuffs from the distant parts of the earth take the place of the muddy pools and the flour and bacon of pioneer days. The first Bonifacio built his hovel from the timbers which grew on the mountains; the great C. P. R. hotel in Banff went deeper and builded from the very stones that underlaid the soil which fed those timbers. Tall, and grey as the very cliffs themselves the big structure looms up in castellated grandeur, not ever seemingly pignitized by contrast with the mighty precipices.

Eight guests would have strained the accommodations of the first log hotel, eight hundred is not too many for this one great building which now stands and overlooks the valley of the town. As one will admit to the town, with the changes, come with the years, though the mountains still stand as they stood when Rome burned and Nero played. — L. V. K.

Hun Trenches.

In the American Magazine an author says:

"Macdonald was in the Somme offensive, when the British pushed the Germans back from positions which had been made as nearly impregnable as possible. The Huns had constructed elaborate dugouts fifty feet underground which would accommodate five thousand men besides the officers. He occupied one of these officers' dugouts and found them almost palatial! They were big rooms with concrete floors, steel ranges, electric lights, paneled wood walls, pianos—all the luxuries of home! The ceilings were eight or ten feet high, timbered like a mine chamber, and with steel rails supporting the ground overhead. Holes had been drilled up to the air for ventilation. Some of these underground rooms were as big as good-sized restaurants.

"The front line trenches were paved with concrete and kept free of water by petrol pumps. While the British had been in mud to their knees, the Hun trenches were almost as dry as the Burlington Arcade."

What Was Needed.

One afternoon Mike was caught in a railway wreck, which, fortunately, wasn't a serious one, and when his friends found him he was sitting beside the track holding his head in one hand and a leg in the other, said members, of course, not being detached. "How are you feeling, Mike?" asked one of the party, stooping to help the bruised man. "Are you badly hurt?" "That O' am," answered Mike. "O' tale as if O' had trod to stop a fight between a road roller and a mule." "Never mind, old fellow," sympathetically returned the other. "It is not as bad as it might have been, and you will get damaged, you know." "Damaged?" exclaimed Mike. "Shure, an' O've had enough av thim. It's repairs that O'm nadin' now."

Home Hints.

For young housewives, a bit of soap—don't wash the beds with sodium

A DIVISION OF DEATH

BOHEMIANS ARE FIGHTING IN ITALIAN ARMY.

These Men Will Be Hanged If They Are Ever Captured by the Austrians, But In Their Desire for Freedom They Are Risking Everything in the Name of Patriotism.

RUSSIA, in a fine emotional moment, produced a Battalion of Death—women soldiers with poison phials in their blouses, sworn never to surrender. Bohemia, the enslaved and downtrodden, the mere historical remnant of a nation, has produced the first Division of Death.

It has been known for some time that there were about 20,000 Czech-Slovak troops in a single group with the Italian army—first in training near Perugia and later at the battle front itself. It is not commonly known, however, that these soldiers will never be used on the defensive except in the last extremity, and are being held by the high Italian command to be flung across No Man's Land when Italy strikes her next great blow.

The reason for this is simple. These men will be hanged if they are captured by the Austrians. Four hundred and seventy Czech-Slovaks since the war started have been hanged in Trieste alone—over one percent of the population—for offenses much more venial in Austrian eyes than that of serving in the ranks of the enemy. An army loses most prisoners when it stands on the defensive. When it strikes, its casualties in killed and wounded are higher, but the wounded can be cared for in the rear of the advancing forces. Therefore the Czech-Slovak division will be thrown forward only when the Austrians are reeling backward.

And yet these Bohemians, with the possibility of the Austrian noose always ahead of them, are the happiest men in Italy. They are in arms to realize a dream—to establish a new republic upon the ancient "coast of Bohemia" and in the very heart of the present Austro-Hungarian state. Throughout Italy they have excited the greatest enthusiasm. They are instantly recognizable, for though they wear the grey-green Italian uniform they carry on their collar stripes of their national colors—red and white—with another touch of red and white in their Alpine caps. Unlike the Italians, they are mostly big and blond, and as they pass along through the cheering crowds of the towns and villages near the front with flowers behind their ears or stuck in their coats they seem always to be laughing or singing.

They have been assembled from all quarters. Many of them are deserters from the Austrian armies. Others were taken prisoners—most willingly—in successful Italian drives. The Italians repeatedly found Czech-Slovak machine gunners in the mountains attached to their weapons by stout chains forged upon ankle bracelets. Victims of such a practice, of course, furnished ready material for the Bohemian division. Others came from Russia, seeping through one out-of-the-way channel or another into Italy. Still others volunteered for this foreign service in the United States.

This spring and summer, as the Bohemian movement for independence has grown within Austria itself, recruiting for the Bohemian armies has received a tremendous impetus. In addition to the division already on the front in Italy, a complete division is being organized in France. From Russia 30,000 more Czech-Slovaks are now on their way to Italy over a safe though little known route. The Czech-Slovaks in Russia, tens of thousands of them deserters from the Austrian armies in the early years of the war, and wholly unimpressed by the Bolshevik antinational doctrines, are especially restless. It is believed that eventually a large proportion of these will find their way to the Italian battle front.

But from the Austrian lines few are coming over now. Bohemians in the Austrian army at present are held in the interior as far as possible. When they are required on the fighting front they are sandwiched in between Magyars, their bitterest enemies, and Germans-Austrians, and watched like convicts.

The Bohemian division consists of Czechs, Moravians, and Silesians, mingled without discrimination. Most of them are peasants and small workmen—the latter highly skilled artisans, as Bohemia is the very industrial heart of Austro-Hungary. Practically no propaganda on the part of the Italians was necessary to enlist them, as they are intelligent and reasonably well educated. And in Bohemia, perhaps, more than in any subject state of Europe, the fires of an intense nationalism burn undimmed. The settled Hapsburg policy of division has proved fruitless among them. And Bohemia to-day is one seething ferment of rebellion, ripe for the inevitable explosion.

Throughout Italy it is believed that the Bohemian division is the glowing fuse which will fire this explosion. Here is a trained force, well disciplined, well equipped, well officered, under the immediate command of one of the most highly regarded major-generals in the Italian army. These men are prepared to die—practically sworn to die—but even more, they are prepared to win under the folds of their own flag. Once they fight their way into Austrian territory they know that the repercussion will sound throughout the Austrian state. Swarms of Bohemian patriots will flock to their standard ready to die with them if necessary.

And when that happens Austro-Hungary will be torn asunder, past the power of German cement to mend.

JANUARY IS OUR STOCK-TAKING MONTH

Before January 20th every yard of goods must be measured—Every Article in the building listed and counted to the last button and written down in the Store Record Books—To save labor many items throughout the store are priced very low to shorten the inventories. Here are some of them.

Women's Warm Winter Coats-- Sharply Reduced in Price

25 Women's Stylish Winter Coats in desirable colors and Black. Regular \$25, 30, a few \$35 Coats. Selling, your choice at... \$19.00

Several Items to be Sold at Half Price

Women's Lined Jersey Gloves in Brown, Black and Natural; all sizes, value \$1.00. Stock-taking Days... 50c pair

Chamoisette Gloves, white and white with black stitching. Regular \$1.00. Size 5-12 only. Selling for... 50c pair

Women's Chamoisette Gloves, Black, all sizes. Regular \$1.00 value for... 50c pair

Neck Scarfs for Men and Women in Crepe de Chine and artificial Silk. In durable colors. Regular \$2.75, 3.50 \$4.25 Selling at Half price... \$1.37, 1.75, and \$2.12

Cream and White Laces and Bandings, Cimps and Nets. Regular 50c to \$1.50. Selling at Half price... 25c to 75c

Boudoir Caps. Regular 75c to \$2.50. Half Price 35c to \$1.25

Women's Hand Bags, real leather, in Black, Navy and Brown. Regular \$2.50. Selling for... \$1.25

An odd lot of Women's Wool and Cotton Combinations, no sleeve, low neck, knee length drawer. Regular \$3.00 value. Half Price... \$1.50

For a Quick Clear-away in The Millinery Department we will sell

Several dozen Women's Juniors and Girls' Felt Hats trimmed—untrimmed and Ready-to-Wear. Choice... 50c. A table of Trimmed Hats in a final clearance. Choice 50c

Each Infants' Corduroy Velvet Bonnets, in white and colors... 25c

For Ostrich Feathers, in Black, White and colors. Regular \$2.00... 50c each

Fine Ostrich Feathers, in Black and colors. Regular \$2.00... \$1.00

Large Ostrich Feather Bandeau, in variety of colors. Regular \$4.50. Selling for... \$2.25

January Sale of Our Entire Stock of Splendid Furs

We Cannot Duplicate a Single Fur Coat or Set of Furs at the Price We are Selling Them For

See the table of Fine Sable (Skunk) Muffs at... \$19.00

See the table of Furs Sable (Skunk) Muffs at... 21.00

See the table of Natural Wolf Sets at... 19.50

See the table of Extra Choice Natural Wolf Sets at... 22.50

See the table of White Combed Thibet Sets at... 19.50

See the table of Natural Raccoon Sets at... 32.00

See the Sale Price Tickets on all Mink Sets—all Fox Sets—all Fisher Sets—all Sable (Skunk) Sets and all Fur Coats Men's and Women's.

It is hardly necessary to add—except to strangers—that every piece of fur is guaranteed

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