

"THE MORMON BULWARK OF CANADA"

What W. Arthur Gill, Special Correspondent for the London "Morning Post," Has to Say About Alberta and What He Calls the New Fiscal Policy and Suggestions for Philanthropists—Some Adventures in a New Settlement.

UNDER the heading of "New Fiscal Policy," the Morning Post, the ultra-conservative and fashionable daily of London, prints the following article on the Mormons in Canada from the pen of its special correspondent, W. Arthur Gill:

When a man enters a country of scattered pioneers fighting hard with nature he may begin to doubt if he ever believed in the supreme importance of politics. Surroundings such as those in which I now am make politics seem frivolous, akin as it were, to Paris, light and frolic, and from the banks of the Belly river Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Roseberry have the air of fantastic shadow-fighters. The real politicians there are the rival travelers in agricultural implements and the rival buyers of live stock. Ask one of the settlers what he thinks about imperial preferential trade, he will reply eagerly: "What is that?" He will be ready enough, however, with the local value of grain and cattle, and little heed as he and his kind give to the political game they are among the pieces on the board, and may help by their position to decide the next move.

I have spent the last few days among some such conditions of life in southern Alberta and the mining districts of the Crow's Nest, close to the international boundary and the Rocky mountains, where the means of communication are primitive and the accommodation, as a son of the West put it, "alarmingly weak in spots."

This district was represented to me as having special reasons, commercial and social, for desiring closer union with the neighboring republic, and if anywhere in the Dominion such a desire exists it might be expected to exist here. You are about two days by rail from Winnipeg, as far or further (in time) from Vancouver, with no direct outlet to the coast, and on the other hand close to some considerable American centers, such as Spokane in Washington, and the towns of Montana.

THICK BELT OF MORMONS.

It would be strange if along the enormous frontier of over 2,000 miles the most attractive market was not sometimes to be found on the other side, but truth has a trick of being strange, and the specious assertion that the natural outlet for Canadian produce lies to the south appears to me, after inquiring nearly from coast to coast, to have little other foundation than ignorance of the actual local conditions. It may be true in a few insignificant cases—of some thousands of bushels of oats here, of some thousands of tons of coal there—but as anything like a general proposition it can only be classed with many other popular delusions about this country, such as that the climate is Arctic, or that the West desires annexation, or that the West is in favor of Free Trade. The day I reached Winnipeg Manitoba elected a Protectionist government by a vast majority. But I will return to these matters later on.

One of the notable features of this district is the large Mormon immigration into it from Utah. This movement began some fifteen years ago, when the Latter-day Saints were undergoing a period of storm and stress. The American government had not only prohibited polygamy, but was trying to enforce the law retroactively, so as to annul plural marriages contracted before its enactment. Those who came to Canada did not hope to be allowed to practice polygamy under the Union Jack, but they were threatened with imprisonment at home unless they reduced their existing stock of wives. They brought one wife apiece into exile—one of Brigham Young's daughters, who still lives, was in the first batch—and left the rest in Utah, where they continue to maintain them and to give their heirs without risk of being locked up. Since then the American authorities have

that a gap between two of them was East Second street. The cost of these dwellings ranged from £20 to £50, and there was an artistic finish about their little gable-ends which is not common in the packing-case towns of the west. Presently we went to look at the main irrigation ditch, from which smaller canals are soon to convey clear water along every street, as at Salt Lake City. The Mormons, who have made the story deserts of Utah to bloom like a rose, are past-masters in irrigation. Despite my own experience of the district—it was still raining heavily—this part of Alberta has an uncertainty of the future which is not unimportant.

IN THE BISHOP'S "RIG."

In default of other conveyance I got leave to ride in a cattle truck, or on the engine, at my choice, to a point within a few miles of one of their towns, from which I set off across the prairie in pouring rain. In such weather there is no difference between a Canadian prairie and a Mormon one, except that the prairie is larger and stickier. Nothing was in sight but a vast treeless green, spreading in waves and wells of sudden green. After a time I saw a row of black dots on the horizon, and then I met a young man coming from that direction. He had a handsome Saxon face, but it was the specimen of that type which I saw during my visit. He was wearing a coat of yellow oilskin like a fisherman's known in these parts as a "slicker." He asked me where my "slicker" was, I answered that I had been told the country was so dry as to need irrigation. I soon discovered that he belonged to the Mormon Church, and seemed to inquire whether he believed in polygamy. "Believe in it," he said, "but the law of the land forbids it." Even with polygamy made a difference between the Mormon religion and any other as between daylight and dark. He repeated some familiar, about the Diet which sounded uncommonly pantheistic, and left me to make it out by myself. Presently the black dots on the horizon grew into little houses of unpainted pine, scattered around a wooden spire. Then I reached a wire fence, which enclosed the whole town in a space two miles square. I had to follow it to a gate, and was surprised to notice among the buildings inside what looked like a grand stand and a judge's box. From the gate I made for the nearest shack, surrounded like all the rest by a neat paling and garden, and inquired for the residence of the Bishop, to whom I had brought a letter. I was told that I might find him at his office alongside the store up the street. I could not see at first where the street was. The town, which has 2,000 inhabitants, sprang into existence only two years ago, and its streets are nothing as yet but vague trails across the turf. The Bishop, a grave man of 30 in lay dress, who is also a sugar refiner, sent for his "rig"—a spider-wheeled buggy with a pair of trotters—and after borrowing a "slicker" for me offered to drive me around the settlement. We proceeded at a smart pace over the ground far from smooth in a vehicle about as heavy as a tri-cyle. When I came straight-out ditches a couple of feet wide it was necessary to hold on. He tried to reveal to me the plan of the town, which was modelled, he said, on the famous Elysian quarter of Paris. "This," he remarked as we reached a large opening on the grass with a flagstaff in the center, "is the Place de l'Etoile. The avenue running that way," he indicated a shaggy stretch of green—"is Utah avenue. This is Sugar avenue. I will now take you to the Pointe-a-la-Croix." On our way to that point, a locality we passed the temple, a roomy wooden building of two stories, which might have been a Methodist chapel. The houses appeared to an uninitiated eye to be scattered about the prairie, but all had their places on the plan, and I was informed

ought to have known, but did not. It is a universal saying out here that the Englishman is hopelessly undependable—a shock to one's belief that the English make the best colonists in the world. In the west of Canada, Scottish, Germans and even Irish are considered superior to them. The ex-soldier, who was London-born, did not go to disprove the theory, and, owing to his lack of adaptability, we now had to gallop to catch the train. The years flew by in a moment. We leaped over deep coulees and slithered around slopes at an angle of 45, which explained why the wheels of these vehicles are set so wide apart. Meanwhile my companion, who was wearing large spectacles, informed me that he was an Elder, and that after only six months in the place, he owned his own house and that it would have taken him 10 years to get as far in the old country. However, we caught the train.

MORMON BULWARK.

The settlement is evidently exceedingly well managed. As far as religion may be judged by their material fruits the revelation of Joseph Smith would appear to be a useful addition to the Bible, which the Mormons accept in its entirety. The people seemed to be happy, industrious, and pervaded by a most brotherly feeling towards one another, and the community is unquestionably more successful than anything else of the kind that has been attempted in Canada. Might not some philanthropist at home who would like to serve the poor of the empire at the same time copy the example of this Mormon millionaire? Without capital behind it the work could not be attempted. But the Mormons are shrewd at making the best of both worlds, and I fancy the founder of this settlement will get a fair return on his outlay in the long run. He owns the best factory, and sells the land under strict conditions. Every purchaser of a town lot is obliged to put \$200 worth of improvements into it within two years. But the money may be advanced, and then he is allowed 10 years to pay it off.

The inhabitants are inclined to be contented with their lot. I saw plenty of pictures of King Edward and Queen Alexandra in their cottages. On Dominion day (July 1) they had a race meeting—every man in this country is a semi-detached cottager—and a prominent citizen who had but lately crossed the border delivered a harangue from the rostrum of the judge's box. It resembled an American Fourth of July oration, and vibrated with "tail-wagging." But the fact that this time was not the lion's but the eagle's, and his Mormon brethren applauded vehemently. "I'd shoulder a gun to defend this country tomorrow," declared an American-born immigrant to me. "We are well treated here; the taxes don't amount to anything. And do you think we've any cause to be fond of Uncle Sam?" He drove us into the wilderness to be scolded by Indians and then persecuted us for getting off. Land of freedom, indeed! We don't forget what's written in history. The Apostle prophesied in his sermon that there would soon be a hundred thousand of his brethren on the British soil, and I doubt if a more reliable bulwark for this part of the Canadian frontier could be constructed in any other way.

More Hints.

Disturbances of strikers are not nearly as grave as an individual disorder of the system. Overwork, loss of sleep, nervous tension will be followed by utter collapse, unless a reliable remedy is immediately employed. There's nothing so efficient to cure disorders of the Liver and Kidneys as Electric Bitters. It's a wonderful cure, and effective nerve and the greatest aid around medicine for run down systems. It dispels Nervousness, Rheumatism and Neuralgia and expels Malaria germs. Only 50c, and satisfaction guaranteed by Z. C. M. I. Drug Store.

HE DIED CURED.

Carroll D. Wright, the authority upon questions of labor, passed a good part of his boyhood in the New Hampshire town of Dunbarton. There used to live near Dunbarton a physician remarkable for his pleaded stupidity. Mr. Wright said of him recently:

"A good story about this physician used to circulate in our town. According to it, an old woman stopped his gig one day, and pointed toward a house with a crane on its roof. 'So doctor,' she said maliciously, 'Mr. Brown is dead, for all you promised to cure him.' 'The doctor looked at her in his pompous, stupid way. 'You're mistaken,' he said, 'You didn't follow the progress of the case. It's true Mr. Brown is dead, but he died cured.'"

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The present municipal campaign in the Empire City is bringing a number of capable and enthusiastic women to the front, who either act as aids to secure the election of their husbands as in the case of Mrs. McClellan, or others who throw themselves into the arena of politics to help out the side on which their sympathies lie.

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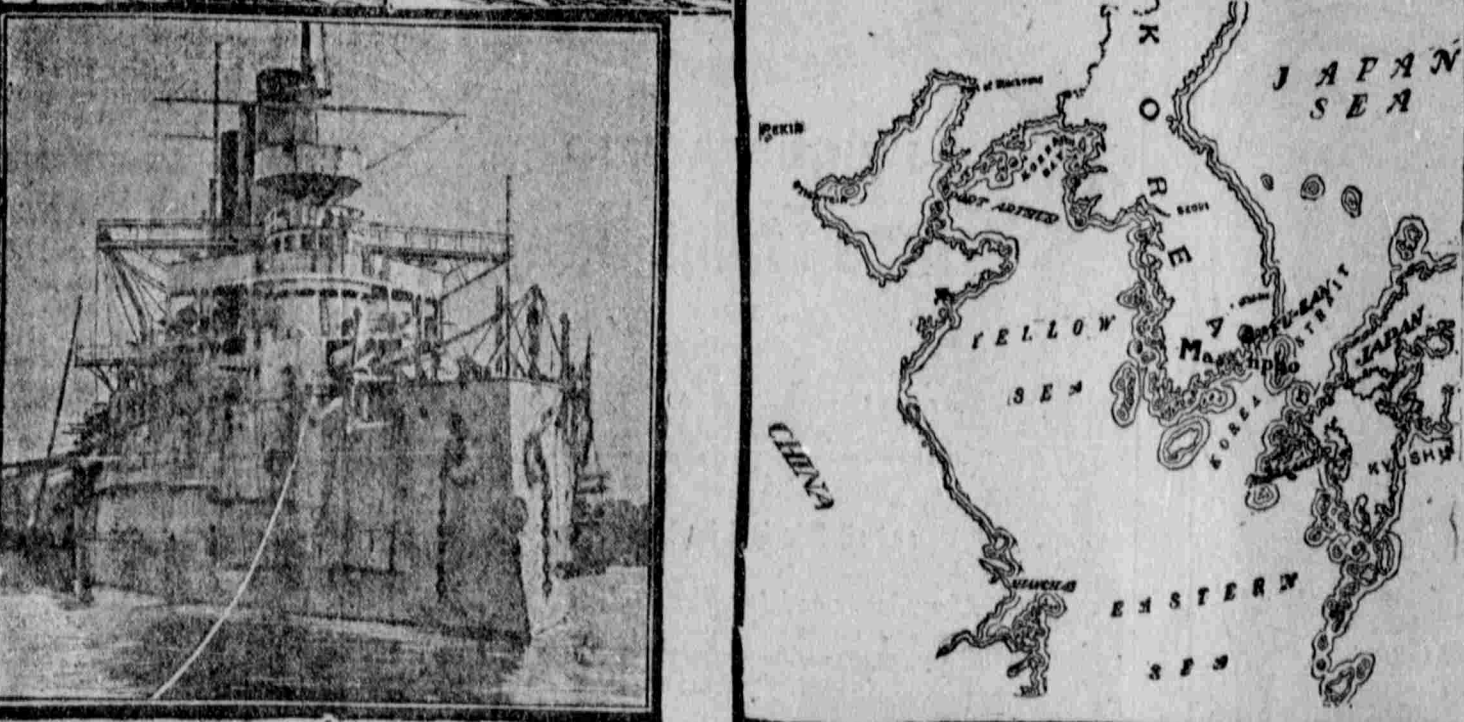
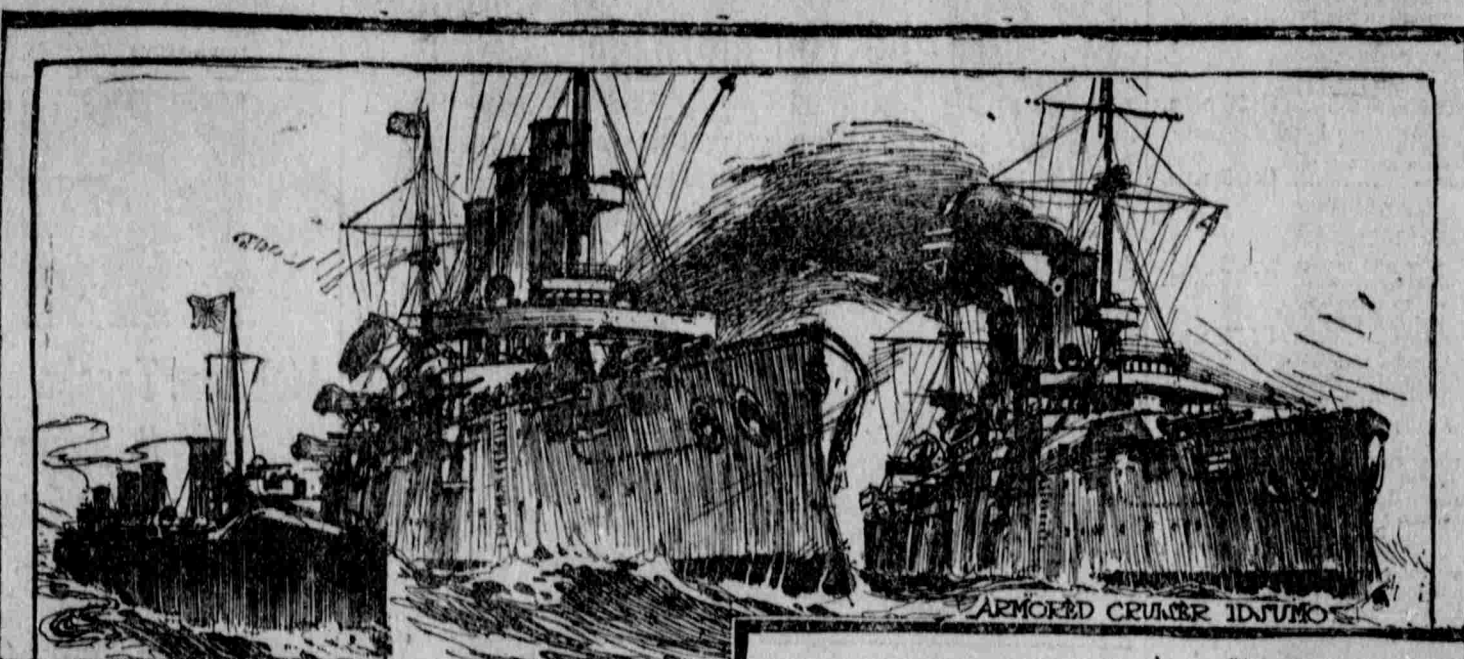
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TENSION IN EAST.



The trouble between Russia and Japan in the Far East, which may, or may not, develop into war now, is over the evacuation of Manchuria by Russia and her attempt to assert Russian influence in Korea, which country, Japan claims, is within her legitimate sphere of expansion. Should these two powers fight for supremacy other powers may be drawn into the struggle—England as an ally of Japan and France as an ally of Russia; also, possibly, Italy on account of a naval pact with England. Russia can place an army of over 300,000 men in Manchuria to face the 250,000 splendid troops of the Japanese.