

SUNNY SOUTHERN ALBERTA

H. G. AHERN HAS NOT GOT HIS BACK FEATHERS UP AT THAT COUNTRY AND WRITES A PLEASANT LETTER.

Claresholm, Alta., Dec. 26, 1907.
Mr. Geo. Farries,
Editor Gazette.

Dear Sir:

I suppose you are still walking four miles per day for your health as you were when I saw you at the station a few days ago. Doubtless you have not sufficiently recovered from the effects of turkey gobbler and cranberry sauce to tackle such a stiff proposition as attempting to read one of my letters, however, there is always, biblically speaking, "the editor's right bower," the waste basket standing with its grim maw agape "seeking that which he can devour."

In looking over the locals of the "Claresholm Thrice-weekly whang bang" today I notice that Miss Lemyn Whitehead was spending the turkey eat with relatives at Calgary. I looked farther down the column and behold, Miss Violet Vinegarbloom will soon take charge of our new millinery store. Surely she deserves success if her name is any kind of an indicator.

By way of digression I might add that I lost \$700 on a quarter of land here by not buying it when I had the chance. There was about 20 acres of lake on one corner of it and I tried to jew the fellow down but he wouldn't bkey, so another man, a fellow from Toronto, bought it and sold a week later for \$700 more than he paid. Moral: If you see a good thing don't grab it but stand and look at it till someone else gets it, then growl.—Buster Brown, Well I've done as well and better than I expected to when I came here so I will not get my back feathers elevated yet, only it makes a fellow feel like thirty cents when he lets a snap jump through his bow legs and get away so easy.

Now should you see any of my friends? down there just tell them that I am dead, that I died game, eating a full meal to the last hour, that I died happily and departed for heaven two days ago, that there is great consternation in heaven as a telegram from there just stated that I have not yet arrived, but it is that I have returned to a better land, to Sunny Southern Alberta, the land of the free, the home of winter wheat and the rendezvous for overworked and underslept ex-Soo Line agents. As ever,

Yours,
H. G. Ahern.