

H. D. Folsom
Lumber Merchant

The Alberta Star

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CARDSTON, ALBERTA, FRIDAY, JULY 12, 1907.

No. 9

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Buggies**

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Toasts and Sentiments.

The following toasts and sentiments were read at the patriotic services on Dominion Day. They were received with such hearty applause and contained so many thoughtful expressions and pleasing remembrances that we have taken this means of preserving them.—ED.

The Pioneers

Gone are the days when we lived on fat bacon, Pushing beans and fried flapjacks on down by the pound When we rose from the prairie, the bed we had lain on And lazily scanned this new country we'd found.

Gone are the terrors we dreaded in slumber, Only Folsom and Jeppson now watch for the flood, This Day of Dominion is marked with a number Of Mays, Bateses and Walseys and many a bud,

That has sprouted since Cardston first started and settled, And Hammer and Miles sketched her out for a town, Since the Donovan sheep had our Anderson netted, By running right over the wheat he'd just sown.

Still the gone are those sheep, and the bunch grass they fed on, Fresh comers are growing all sorts of new things, The barley they sell comes back with a head on, The man who imbibes it gets so gay that he sings.

We've had Snow in the winter, yes again in the summer, It is known to have blown some and oftentimes rains.

If the storm's from the North and too much of a hummer, A little hot rum sends the blood through the veins.

Lights now are electric, our changes are rapid, We've ceased to burn candles and thrown out the oil, When we go for our water that water's not tepid, No hungry man waits for the kettle to boil.

Our lady draws water from out of a hydrant Set in the garden right under her nose, Phones for the doctor (Tom's in a fever) Hi Brant! "Give him a dose of your new rubber hose."

We have stock in the green fields we've oats in the ground, Beets and fine taters set out in the row.

We've corn and termaters coming on with a bound, But the price we trade wheat at is surely too low.

The Woolf and the Lamb can still mingle together, The summer and winter are still much the same, But the ways of the young ones will change and will differ, We old 'uns will soon be as naught but in name.

Still each year that we linger, the seasons go round, And old days are dimmer, still further behind, We can glance at each other and be certain we've found, Friends at all times around us exceedingly kind.

Though some may have left us, for we cannot keep all, And though others have come in they sure can rely On a welcome to all in this jolly great hall

If they come down upon us our First of July,

E. N. Barker.

The School Board.

On this occasion it is also fitting that our School Board should have honorable mention. It may be safely said that the Cardston school has never had a more liberal, progressive body of Trustees than at the present time. Their efforts to maintain a high standard of Public School education, in a school, which is hampered by lack of room and finance, are highly commendable. As citizens it behooves us to keep in close touch with this body of men. They are the governing power of the real character forming institution of the community. They are the men who determine the environment of our children two-hundred and ten days out of each year. Therefore, realizing the far reaching effect of their influence, let us always strive to keep men of true worth as the executors of the school. Such men we are confident we have at present.

J. W. Low.

The Ladies

It has always appeared to me rather strange that it is the custom the reply to this toast should always devolve upon some amateur, as in this case the terrified bachelor before you must be called.

Why is this? Is it because that the married man, through familiarity and daily communication with the superior sex, loses somewhat his capacity to transfigure and worship her qualities?

But this explanation of the selection of the bachelor as the mouth-piece of the Ladies is hardly a gallant or satisfactory, for the more we know of woman, the more we see to admire and reverence in her. Surely, since we owe her our very lives, we should at least lend in her behalf the best efforts of our tongue. For all the loving care, service and devotion, we have all of us received from one dear woman, (I refer to our mother, and not our best girl,) there should be not one of us, but who would be proud to tender to woman his best tribute in a few minutes speech particularly as such an opportunity is calculated to improve us, (in the art of public speaking.) Truly spoke the man who said, "Heres to the happiest days of my life, Spent in the arms of another man's wife. My mother."

And how well Emerson answers the Question "What is civilization?" It is the power of a good woman.

If we wish to know the political and moral condition of a state, we must ask what rank woman holds in it. Their influence embraces the whole of life. A wife, a mother Theirs is a reign of beauty, of love of reason. A man takes counsel with his wife, he obeys his mother. He obeys her long after she has ceased to live, and the ideas he has received from her become principles stronger than his purpose.

It is perhaps a blessing to the sterner sex that they may not always be taken at their true worth by women, else there would prob-

The Town Council.

When we consider that where, twenty years ago to-day, the birthday of our Dominion was celebrated by a little handful of people dwelling in tents and huts, there now stands a thriving town, owning its own electric lights and waterworks, it is fitting that some recognition be given the men through whose initiative these im-

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Mountain View

In company with Mr. and Mrs. Ibe and the good wife, the writer had the pleasure of visiting Mountain View last Sunday. Between here and Leavitt the party almost succumbed to mosquitoes but Mr. Ibe having joined the Cash Trade was able to meet all the bills—not so with the newspaper man for lumps and bumps left indefinite traces of the blood-thirsty attacks.

At Leavitt we saw some very fine fields of grain and Timothy. Coming in sight of Mountain View with the projecting chopped sides of Old Chief in the background and the wooded hillside skirting the Village one realizes very keenly

The Very Best Remedy for Bowel Trouble.

Mr. M. F. Borroughs, an old and well known resident of Bluffton, Ind., says: "I regard Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy as the very best remedy for bowel trouble. I make this statement after having used the remedy in my family for several years. I am never without it." This remedy is almost sure to be needed before the summer is over. Why not buy it now and be prepared for such an emergency? For sale by all druggists and dealers.

the appropriateness of the name.

We were kindly and generously treated and we had a splendid chance to view the district from an agricultural standpoint. The grain here is exceptionally thick and healthy. The term "mat" would be more applicable than that of "carpet." The people—and they are the best one can find—seem contented and happy.

The Mountain View Meeting House is just up to the first floor—the cobble rock basement being finished. It will be one of the largest and certainly the most substantial in the Alberta Stake of Zion. Messrs Parrish Brothers (but we since learn that John is the whole thing now) have built an addition to their store and now have a floor space of about 1200 square feet. Mr. James Coucill also has a neat little store on the hill just as you go down to Fish Creek on the Main Road.

The future of Mountain View is rosy for they have good soil, splendid location and a contented progressive people. Mr. and Mrs. William Clark is still looking after the hotel accommodations of the travelling public and also keeping a store in connection with the same. Mr. Levi Webster is blacksmithing when he isn't rustling for farm implements, Pumps and Windmills. There is a general air of stir and activity and the good people are bound to get there. Prospective settlers should see Mountain View and her possibilities before permanently locating elsewhere. Having their "better halves" along there was no "tip overs" for Messrs Elton and Ibe this time.

ably be a good many more bachelors in the world than there are.

There is a good deal more than appears on the surface in the saying "Let man pray that none of his womankind should ever form a just estimate of him."

Now a word to the bachelors. It may appear rather odd, that I, while trying in my humble way to speak so highly of woman, should be indefinitely a bachelor. The fact that I recently acquired a cottage does not portend a change (All reports to the contrary notwithstanding.) Nor does it infer that because a bachelor is a bachelor, that he might not like to be a benedict. Still, if he has such a high opinion of woman, why does he not marry? Perhaps it is because his susceptibility keeps him in a state of single misery, and that he likes the sex in general too much to attach his affections to any particular fair maid, being dazzled by the richness of the field of choice. So you see that the bachelor is perhaps a better lover than your attached male, but his affections are too extended.

However, we shall be easy on him and let his explanation go at that.

In conclusion I can only say "Here's to the Ladies, God Bless them, They are a riddle we cannot understand, but one which we shall never give up."