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The Times for Job Printing

A NOTORIOUS OUTLAW George Ade Table

Fearless "Billy the Kid," Who
Reveled in Carnage.

ONLY A BOY, YET A TERROR.

This Youthful Desperado of the South-
western Territories Was but Twen-
ty-one When He Met Death at the
Hands of Sheriff Pat Garrett.

When General Lew Wallace was
governor of New Mexico and the war
that raged for several years between
the rival cattle companies was at its
height, "Billy the Kid" had reached
the flood of his murderous career. He
arrived in Lincoln county to take sides
in the cattle warfare, known and
feared in every range town and min-
ing camp in the southwestern terri-
tories.

Pure wanton love of carnage was all
that attracted him to Lincoln county.
With the band of desperadoes he led
he raided ranches, "shot up" towns,
killed, burned houses and committed
outrage after outrage with the blind
recklessness of a maniac. Fear was
extinct within him. He cared no more
for detachments of cavalry than he
did for covering sheriffs.

Affairs in New Mexico finally came
to such a pass that half the citizenry
paid the youthful desperado tribute.
He was only after Pat F. Garrett was
made sheriff of Lincoln county and the
author of "Ben-Hur" (General Wal-
lace) urged that fearless gun fighter
and gambler to capture Billy the Kid
that a determined effort was made to
end his reign of terror.

The obstacles that Garrett had to en-
counter called for all his headlong en-
ergy and nerve. Billy had the entire
countrywide in a state of subject terror;
friends were ready to give him timely
warning of pursuit; ranchmen dared
not deny him lodgment or concealment.

Pat Garrett undertook the capture in
October, 1880, and on Dec. 20 he sur-
rounded the Kid and his band in a
deserted house near Stinking Springs.
After a siege lasting most of the day
the outlaws' ammunition was exhaust-
ed. Billy the Kid surrendered. He
and his four followers, surrounded by
a great force of armed men, were taken
to Las Vegas and thence to Santa Fe
for safe keeping.

An array of indictments charging
murder confronted him. He was tried
on one indictment and acquitted, then
tried on another and convicted. He
carried himself throughout with sneer-
ing defiance. After he had been sen-
tenced to hang, Garrett took him to
Fort Stanton, near Lincoln. Two de-
puties armed with Winchesters were as-
signed to guard him in the temporary
jail in the Murphy & Dolan store build-
ing.

In some mysterious fashion the
Kid possessed himself of a revolver,
shot down his guards, seized their
weapons and appeared at the window.
When another guard, another desper-
ado, rifled his body with buck-
shot. Then he called to an old man on
the plaza to bring him a file. Filing
off one of his shackles, he called for a
horse. One was brought, and he es-
caped.

For nearly three months after that
Billy the Kid led a fugitive life.
Garrett dogged him patiently and finally
got wind of his hiding place—the
ranch of Peter Maxwell, near Fort
Sumner. It was nearly midnight when
Garrett and two deputies quietly ap-
proached the Maxwell hacienda. Gar-
rett crept into the room where Max-
well was sleeping. Softly awakened
the sleeper, he questioned him concern-
ing the whereabouts of the Kid.

At that moment the hunted youth
sprang into the room, calling out in
Spanish, "Quien es?" "Who comes
there?" "It was Billy." He was un-
armed, and as he reached for his rifle
Garrett shot him. The body of Wil-
liam Bonney (Billy the Kid) was bur-
ied in the military cemetery at Fort
Stanton July 15, 1881. His age at the
time of his death was twenty-one years
seven months. There his body is to-
day, though in later years a corpse was
exhibited throughout the west as that
of the famous young outlaw.—Harper's
Weekly.

None Left Alive.
"An orator," said one of our states-
men, "was addressing an assemblage
of the people. He recounted the peo-
ple's wrongs. Then he passionately
cried:
"Where are America's great men?
Why don't they take up the cudgel in
our defense? In the face of our man-
ifold wrongs why do they remain cold,
immovable, silent?"
"Because they're all cast in bronze!"
shouted a cry in the rear."

Bucolic Humor.
"Hiram, why don't you speak to that
city gal out there a-sittin' on the grass
with her back up agin your 'No Tres-
passing' sign?"
"Mandy, that young woman is be-
neath my notice."—Boston Transcript.

But Not the "One."
Mrs. Hoyle—My husband had \$100-
000 when I married him. Mrs. Doyle.
How much has he now? Mrs. Hoyle.
Oh, he has most of the elphers left!—
Bohemian.

The Whale's Blow.
Porpoise—What is the whale blowing
about? Dolphin—Oh, he got so many
notices for his feat in swallowing Jo-
nah he's been blowing ever since.—Re-
charge.

Progress is the real cure for an over-
estimate of ourselves.—Macdonald.

Hazel's Two Husbands and
What Became of Them.

(Copyright, 1920, 1921, by Robert Howard
Russell.)



10:30 A. M.

drew the Diploma she was eating her
Pickles and just crazy to be an Au-
thoress.

A few Months later she Debuted
with a Fanfare of Trumpets, after
which she was so busy straightening
out her life as I writing over her
Dance fragments that she forgot all
about her Literary Ambitions.

Hazel was built on the Gibson Plan
and it looked as if a good, fresh
Breeze might blow her away. Just the
same, when she went to a Hop she
was good for everything from the
Grand March to "Home, Sweet Home."
All she needed to keep her on the
Jump throughout the entire Night was
a dab of Chicken Salad and a Mac-
aroni about 1 a. m.

Hazel stood in with the real town-
Doves and was present at most of the
tall Dances, but she was a trifle shy on
Wardrobe. Papa had a large Family
hatched behind her lovely Apple-Cart,
and he could not provide Hazel with
very many Snake Rings and Diamond
Belt-Buckles.

So foxy Hazel had the Weather Eye
at work. She was looking for some-
thing kind and easy.
Of course she liked the Boys she met
at the Dances. They were lovely Chaps
and kept their Hair combed nicely.
Each one of them owned another Suit
of Clothes and a Banjo, but Hazel
was not looking for a Banjo. She was
hoping for a Perfect Gentleman who
would hand her a Check-Book and tell
her to go as far as she liked.

Therefore, when an Elderly Bachelor
with an income of several Dollars per
Minute began to hang around, she
hesitated to the Voice of Reason.

Hazel found herself in a swell Shack
right on the Boulevard, with 14 Vas-
sals to do her Bidding and a Change
of Jewelry for every Hour in the Day.
Husband would arise at 7:30 and
pique to the Office, but Hazel would
take her Coffee in Bed about 10:30 and
then read the Society Notes, for fear
that her Name had got into the Papers.
Then she would have her Hair done up
and permit two or three strong Serv-
ants to lift her into her Clothes. Then
she would go out for a little Ride in a
Royal Equipage padded 14 inches deep
with fur.



THE SLOTHFUL.

All this time the
Money-
Getter
would be
answering
the Tele-
phone
with one
Hand and
dictating
Contracts
with the
Other.
At 6:30,
when the
Producer
showed up
for Din-
ner, he
would
be
glowing
with
glamour,
and had about as much Glump as a Wet
Towel. But Hazel, when she began to
sniff the Night Air, was just as kitten-
ish as a Broncho and keen for a Frolic.
She was for taking in a chaste and in-
structive Musical Comedy and then
having a tasty little Supper of about
11 Courses.

If the Producer tried to lie down and
claimed that it had been a Hard Day
at the Office, Hazel accused him of be-
ing a Slothful, and intimated that
he had ceased to Love. After sitting
around all Day, Hazel was not hun-
gry for any Quiet Evening in the Li-
brary. She wanted to get out and hit
up the High Spots and dazzle the Pub-
lic with her All Exhibit of Precious
Stones.

Papa knew that if he did not go she
would call up some of the Live Ones
and leave him behind. He wanted to
be game, so he would trail along and
hover like a Dark Cloud at the Out-
skirts of the Happy Group. The only
time any one paid any Attention to him
was when the Check came.

Hazel had him going South most of
the Time.
If he ever started to rise up and de-
clare himself she would give him a
sweet little Kiss, right on the Fore-
head, and tell him to lie down and Be-
have.

There is only one Finish for the de-
fiant Mortal who tries to work on a
Day Schedule and at the same time
cover the Detroit District with the Prin-
cipal Attraction of a Daylight Function
at which six of his old-time Friends
wear White Gloves. Every one sends
Flowers, but he does not have to ac-
knowledge them.

THE SIGNAL

See that this Shirt bears the
Trade Mark "Signal," 100% gen-
uine without it. Are you wear-
ing one?—then commence the
year well by wearing them.
Endorsed by the Railroadmen
as the only shirt for wear and
comfort. EVERY SEAM is
double sown, but of the coat
patterns has three pockets, two
collars, and last, but not least,
the material is guaranteed fast
Indigo dyed. 14½ to 16½

Spencer & Todd

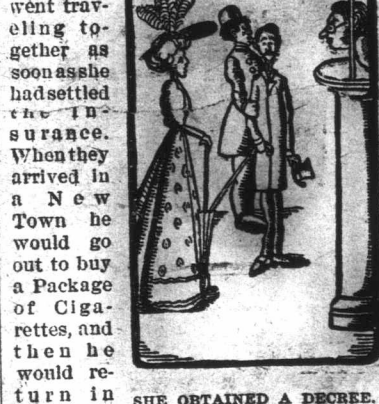
Agents for the Male Attire
Tailors

Hazel looked very well in Black, but
it was Hard Lines for her to stay in
doors. She knew it would cause Talk
if she cut loose before the Grass was
green in the Family Lot, so she was
pulling for an Early Spring and plenty
of Rain.

When she bought her Second Ticket
for the Merry-go-Round she was de-
termined on one Thing.
"The next one I pick out will not be
tied down to any Office," she told her-
self. "I want a Man who can keep
awake all Evening. I refuse to travel
with Quitters. What we need in this
Country to put Ginger into our Social
Affairs are Gentlemen of Leisure who
begin to get Good along about Mid-
night."

So she picked out a handsome
Wretch of Good Family who never
had worked a Moment in all of his
Life, and who hated the sight of a
Bed.

He argued that it was Bad Form for
any one to suggest going home be-
fore Day-
break.



SHE OBTAINED A DECREE.

They went
travelling
together,
as soon as
he had set-
tled the In-
surance.
When they
arrived in
a New
Town he
would go
out to buy
a Package
of Ciga-
rettes, and
then he
would re-
turn in
three days
to find out if everything was O. K. and
if she was having a Nice Time.

But you could say she Ward to his
Credit. He never interfered with any
of her Arrangements, for the Reason
that when the Arrangements were be-
ing made he was Non Est. He be-
longed to several Clubs, at which the
Members removed their Pajamas to
put on Evening Clothes. Sometimes he
met his Wife at Dinner-Parties, and
when he did so he showed her every
Consideration and asked her if she was
still living at the same Place. He never
forgot to be a Gentleman, even at a
Dinner-Party.

Although she saw him only about
once a Week, she always had this Con-
solation: She knew he was not work-
ing himself to Death in any Office.
When she applied for a Divorce, the
Officers had to Hunt a long Time be-
fore they found him.

He was very much Pained, and said
he had never used a harsh or cruel
Word to her, because he always talked
over the Phone, with Central listening.
She obtained a Decree, and as she
was leaving the Court-Room she was
met by a sympathetic Friend.

"What are you going to do next?"
asked the Friend.
"I am going to buy a Dog," was the
Reply.

MORAL: It is often necessary to try
two or three before the Right Kind is
found.

Lethbridge by-election takes place on
annary 10th. Donald McNeil is the
only one in the
field as yet.

The Provincial Government meets on
annary 14th.

**CURE FOR
DYSPEPSIA**

As is well known, this trouble
plaint arises from over-
eating rich food, lack of
exercise, bad
The food should be
and never boiled or swall-
stimulants must be avoid-
taken if possible.
A remedy which has rarely
prompt relief and
even in the most ob-

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digestive organs, removing
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Mr. Amos Sawyer, Gold River, N.S.,
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medicine there is for that complaint."
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