

ATKINS can supply that suit you want, made to your measure, cheaper than ready made

The Alberta Star

Vol. XI

CARDSTON, ALBERTA, FRIDAY, MAY 13, 1910.

No. 48

Ladies Wash Suits

Ladies Wash Suits—Northway make \$9.00

Curtain Muslins

Our long Curtain Muslins are just perfect, ranging from 15c to 90c

White Flannelette

White Flannelette, special value 15 and 17½ c.

Rain Coats

Ladies and Gent's Raincoats

Table Damasks

Table Damask, bleached and unbleached, 30c to \$1.00 per yard

Boy's Suits

Our Boy's Suits cannot be beaten, \$3.00 to \$12.00

H. S. ALLEN and CO. Limited

DEPARTMENTAL STORE

The Alberta Drug & Book Co.

Limited
LETHBRIDGE AND CARDSTON

Everything in
DRUGS, STATIONERY, SCHOOL BOOKS
FISHING TACKLE, KODAKS and Supplies.
Quality first, Price next

H. C. PHIPPS

BAKER AND CONFECTIONER

Fresh bread and cakes daily. Wedding
and birthday cakes made to order on
the shortest notice.
FRUITS AND CONFECTIONERY

Restaurant & Ice Cream Parlors in connection

Call and inspect our new shipments of

Plows
Seeders
Harrows
Wagons
Buggies
Stoves
Ranges

Cardston Implement Co., Ltd.

King Edward VII Is Dead

Death Occurred 11:45 Friday
Night

London, May 7.—The official
bulletin announcing the King's
death reads as follows:

May 6, 11:50 p. m. His Majesty
the King, breathed his last at
11:45 tonight. Those present
were Her Majesty, Queen Alex-
andra, the Prince and Princess of
Wales, the Princess Royal, the
Duchess of Fife, Princess Victo-
ria and Princess Louise Duchess
of Argyll.

(Signed) Laking, Reid, Pow-
ell and Dawson.

Regular Quarterly Conference

The regular quarterly conference
of this the Alberta Stake will con-
vene Saturday and Sunday May
21st. and 22nd. to commence at
usual time and place.

Friday May 20th. at 4 p. m.
the High Priests of the Stake will
meet in conference in the Card-
ston Relief Society Hall.

At 7:30 same evening we will
hold the re-union of Stake and
Ward officers. At 9 p. m. the
Cardston Y. L. M. I. A. and the
Stake Sunday School officers will
tender a reception to all present.

Edw. J. Wood
Thos. Duce
Stirling Williams
Stake Presidency.

The Crop Outlook

Some one recently was bold en-
ough to write to the papers and
say that all the winter wheat in
Southern Alberta was dead. Now
this very Cardston district started
the winter wheat business, pushed
it forward and is still very much
in the game. Farmers are of the
opinion in the Cardston district
that the winter wheat never prom-
ised better. The stand is good,
the growth vigorous so the color
is right, and now that a good rain
has fallen our prospects are the

finest. Booming and lying about
poor crops do no one any good,
the truth is best. Last year some
sections beat us for we had too
much wet and the crop was late.
This year we are off to a good
start with a fine crop prospect and
are consequently all feeling in
good spirits.

Spring grain will now come
racing after the fall grain and hay
prospects are made fairly safe.

Gardens are up and only need
the water which has fallen.

(Other papers please copy.)

We are not trying to detract
from the many advantages of other
sections of Alberta, but when it
comes to growing winter wheat
the Cardston district is still in the
lead.

"Are You Crazy"

Synopsis of Play to be Pre-
sented To-night

The plot of the play is around
Tom Stuhope, forbidden by his
father to marry the girl of his
choice and is driven from home.
He resorts to strategy in order to
remain near his fiancée. He finds
a photograph and with the assist-
ance of a wigmaker disguises
himself to appear like the original
which later proves to be one of two
twin brothers. In his disguise he
meets his father and induces him
to favor his attention to the young
lady. His father thinking him a
stranger falls into the trap. In
his disguise he is continually mis-
taken by fiancée of two twin
brothers. Miss Armitage, Tom's
sweetheart meets the twins at
different times thinking of course
it is Tom in disguise. The Gener-
al, his father, meet all three
separately thinking there is but
one man. As they look exactly
alike, it gives rise to many funny
situations and laughable mix ups.

The object of advertising is to
teach people to believe in you
and your goods; to teach them to
think that they have a need for
your goods and to teach them to
buy your goods.

Hugh Chalmers.

Notes and Comments

It is more or less easy to tell
when summer is coming because
there are not so many people at
church on Sunday.

We rightly take great pride in
our new sidewalks, but they might
have been made a little wider for
there are so many baby carriages
in town that single individuals
have to step down and out so often
to let the baby carriages go by.
That these singles cannot be said
to obtain full use of said sidewalk.
The proposed tax on bachelors
might be offset by a reduction in
the rate to those who do not get
their share of the sidewalks, espe-
cially in the Alberta air there does
not seem to be any sign of a
diminution in the birth rate. One
writer is, however, very cruel, he
says, "Wall luxuries should be
taxed, why not a tax on bachelors."

The Cardston district seems so
far to have struck a lucky streak
as regards winter wheat which is
growing fast and promises well.
In other sections of Alberta the
accounts are not so rosy. Time
will convince many that when
they should have come here they
didn't. We always knew this was
the best location in the west es-
pecially for winter wheat and now
the wet has come we can show it
later.

Mother—"Johnny, if you don't
behave I shall spank you.

Johnny—"Er—don't you think it
would be more womanly to use
indirect influence.

The political situation is so
mixed just now we will follow
Johnny's example and suggest the
same remedy.

Some people are born foolish,
some acquire foolishness, and
others thrust their foolishness
upon us.

When cruising about the world
we are never quite sure of what
we may run up against. Thus:

Mrs. Nicholas Longworth (ex-
President Roosevelt's daughter,) at
a dinner in Cincinnati, told a
quaint story about a precious boy.

"They are very precocious in-
deed," she said, "those little chaps
from Eton or Rugby, with their
round, sober faces and their quiet
air."

"A very pretty American girl
was talking one evening to one of
these urhins.

"And have you got a sweetheart
yet, Tommy?" she said playfully.
"No, said Tommy. Still, I'm
game enough for a bit of spooning,
if that's what you're after.

Teacher: "Jimmie, correct this
sentence—Our teacher am in
sight."

Jimmie: "Our teacher am a sight.
It's a good thing for a lot of us
that the prayers of our enemies
are not always answered.

The Macleod farmers have chosen
as their candidate for the
provincial by-election, to be held
to fill the vacancy caused by the
death of Mr. Collin Grence, Mr.
Robt. Patterson a real old timer
who is well known in Southern
Alberta. Mr. Patterson came to
Alberta via the old Benton trail.
This marks quite a departure in
election matters, for during the
convention in Macleod, not a word
was said about party politics.

The delegates assembled from
many districts and held a most
enthusiastic meeting, finally sel-
ecting Mr. Robert Patterson on a
straight farmers ticket. Those
who attended the U. F. A. conven-
tion at Edmonton this year began
to realize what a powerful factor
the farmers party is becoming,
and may become if it sticks to-
gether and studies out its prob-
lems.

We are a farming community
and farming is our main industry
so why should not the farmer look
after his own interests. He is
foolish if he don't.

Some real estate sales have
been made recently, Mr. Sam
Harris of Boundary Creek has
sold out to some town people.

Mr. Chas. Gigot, formerly man-
ager of the Union Bank at Cardston
has sold three quarters five miles
south of town to some Dakota far-
mers at a good price. The price
of land keeps up and buyers drift
in and out. Town property is also
creeping up in price, and the new
assessment makes some people
believe they are better off than
they thought they were.

New Real Estate Firm

A new real estate firm to be
known as the Card—Harris Land
Co. Ltd. sprung into existence
this week. The members of the
firm, J. Y. Card and D. E. Harris
Jr. are well known in this com-
munity and need no introduction.
Both of these men have keen bus-
iness ability, and will no doubt
receive their share of the patronage
of the district.

Mr. Card has had considerable
experience along this line in con-
nection with the firm of W. O.
Lee and Co., of which he was a
junior member. It is the inten-
tion of the company to bring in
buyers from the eastern states,
and those who have land for sale
will do well to list at once. Their
office for the present will be found
in the front portion of the Henson
Studio, which they have suitably
fitted up.

Leavitt Post Office

Broken Into

On Tuesday evening, May 3rd,
the post office and general store
at Leavitt belonging to Moroni
Allen was broken into. Twelve
dollars in cash was taken from
the post office till and thirteen
dollars in merchandise from the
store. The thieves, who are un-
known let themselves in by the
transom. This is the third rob-
bery this season and if the thieves
are found out their punishment
will be severe.

By making our town attractive
a better impression will be given
those who are contemplating
making Cardston their home.
So let the good work go on,
and let every citizen and house-
holder take an interest and don't
forget that fresh paint adds trem-
endously to the appearance of
buildings.

The Opera H. M. S.

Pinafore Delights

Audience

A representative of the ALBER-
TA STAR had the pleasure of
witnessing the comic opera, "H.
M. S. Pinafore" at Magrath on
Friday evening last.

The opera was under the di-
rection of Mrs. L. Alston and was
presented by a company of twen-
ty-four young ladies.

The "Pinafore" is one of the
popular modern comic operas
that have come to stay. It is
light, breezy and tuneful, with a
well defined and interesting story.
The deck of the ship with the
English sailors and ladies gives
an opportunity for beautiful
scenery and costumes,
and this was not neglected.

The cast is a large one and is
filled by the musical girls of the
town. The leading singers were
Mrs. Jennie Barclay, Miss Erna
Karren, Miss Ida Stacey, Miss
Ada Gibb, Miss Marinda Heap,
Miss Susie Stacy and Miss Inez
Rich.

The play was well presented
and is numbered among the best
we have been fortunate enough
to witness. The only criticism
we could have to offer would be
the lack of spirit in the acting of
the sailors in the opening scene
of the play.

All Magrath turned out to wit-
ness the offering and the large
meeting house was filled to over-
flowing. Never before have we
seen a more appreciative audi-
ence than that which was present
on Friday evening at Magrath.

An effort is being made to have
this excellent company present
their play at Cardston in the near
future.

OLD CHUM Cigarettes

TEN FOR TEN CENTS

THE SECRETARY'S PIPE

HIS Majesty, Ernest Augustus, King of Hanover, could not endure the scent of tobacco, and his private secretary, General von Düring, was hard put to it to indulge himself and yet not offend the King. This was his method of fumigating:

Half-past nine was the general's hour of morning attendance. Five minutes before that time four servants stood in the passage leading to the ante-room. One held an old horse soldier's cloak with a slit behind; one held a red-hot shovel with a long handle like a warming-pan; one held a decanter of water and a glass and a bottle containing a colored liquid; and one was there to hold the papers and to take the pipe the general smoked down the passage to the very last moment.

Number one then covered the old secretary's shoulders with the threadbare and stained cloak, which had gone

through the Peninsular War and which was now buckled tight about the neck. Number two poured some incense into the hot shovel and inserted it between the general's legs through the slit in the cloak behind. The process was continued for a minute or two till the old man was nearly stifled. The number three, from the decanter in his hand, poured out a glass of water from which the general took a hearty gulp, rinsed his mouth, and spat the water out on the carpeted floor; then he threw off his cloak, seized his papers and letters from number four, and rushed steaming into the King's presence as the various clocks struck the half-hour.

Some women's complexions are so we can see through them.

No, Henry, the asbestos curtain in a theatre is not to protect the villain from the burning indignation of the audience.

NA-DRU-CO

When you see this Trade Mark on any Medicinal or Toilet Preparation you purchase, it is an assurance to you that every ingredient entering into that preparation is of the highest quality that money can procure. What is even more important, it is an assurance that these ingredients have been compounded, according to the best formula known, by expert chemists of long experience, in the employ of one of the largest wholesale drug firms in the world, the National Drug and Chemical Company of Canada.

As you have probably noticed, "NA-DRU-CO" is made up of the first parts of the words "National Drug Company". It is pronounced "NA-DROO-KO", with the accent on the second syllable.

What the Laws Say

For the protection of the public the law of each Province in Canada states that only thoroughly qualified men are allowed to dispense prescriptions—these men being physicians or graduates of recognized Colleges of Pharmacy.

The logical conclusion is that as the laws are made by the representatives of the people, the people want protection, and should welcome the opportunity of being able to procure in any part of Canada the NA-DRU-CO line of medicinal and toilet preparations, compounded by expert chemists from the purest and best ingredients, and guaranteed by a firm of our standing.

When you see the NA-DRU-CO Trade Mark you have this opportunity and the guarantee for which you are looking.

Source of the NA-DRU-CO Formulas

The National Drug and Chemical Company of Canada, Limited, acquired the businesses and maintains the honorable traditions of 21 of the principal wholesale Drug Houses in Canada, from Halifax to Vancouver.

All of these firms had long and successful careers, some of them fifty to one hundred years, and during their existence they had accumulated a splendid lot of formulae which all became the property of the "National." After giving these formulae careful study and practical tests for several years we have now brought them, based on them, the NA-DRU-CO line of about 125 medicinal and toilet preparations. All the ingredients in these preparations are the best and purest that money can buy, and they are compounded by a staff of expert chemists, each of whom ranks high in his profession.

We have such implicit confidence in NA-DRU-CO Preparations that we offer them with

A Four-Fold Guarantee

The First Guarantee

is the firm behind the NA-DRU-CO Trade Mark.

The National Drug and Chemical Company of Canada, Limited, is one of the largest wholesale drug firms in the world, having a Paid-up Capital of over Five Million Dollars. We have wholesale branches in the principal distributing centres in Canada so that you can at all times satisfy yourself that there is such a firm. We are the largest buyers of drugs and do the greater part of the wholesale drug business in Canada. We employ a staff of about nine hundred people and distribute in salaries, dividends and other

Write for the 1910 NA-DRU-CO Almanac, giving a list of NA-DRU-CO articles and prices, with other useful information. Address "National Drug Co., Advertising Department, 34 St. Gabriel Street, Montreal."

National Drug & Chemical Company of Canada, Limited

Wholesale / Halifax—St. John—Montreal—Ottawa—Kingston—Toronto—Hamilton
Branches: London—Winnipeg—Regina—Calgary—Edmonton—Vancouver—Victoria

FOR THAT NEW HOUSE

Sackett Plaster Board

The Empire Brands of Wall Plaster

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY

The Manitoba Gypsum Co., Limited

WINNIPEG, MAN.

The Horseman

THE National Trotting Association's action relating to the abolition of the troublesome hoppers seems to be about as great a way of dealing with a most annoying problem as could be devised. If the American Association takes similar action, as it doubtless will, the way seems clear to ridding the turf of horses which must have their legs tied together in order to race during the next four years. According to the new rule, no performers as young as two-year-olds or younger will be permitted to wear hoppers in races this year. Next year, 1911, the rule will apply to three-year-olds or younger; in 1912 to four-year-olds and younger; in 1913, to five-year-olds and younger; in 1914, to six-year-olds and younger, and after that to horses of all ages. There will be a lot of opposition to the carrying out of this rule, but no one at all conversant with the conditions surrounding harness racing will contend that its enactment and enforcement will not eventually mean a long stride forward in this branch of racing sport. A large number of the more prominent trainers, including Ed. Geers, W. J. Andrews, Lon McDonald, John Dickerson refused to drive hopple horses some time ago, and others who still drive horses so rigged have asserted that they did so fully aware of the dangerous risks they ran and would gladly see a rule passed making it impossible to use the leg straps.

The method of gradual elimination adopted with the new rule will work the passing of the hoppers without working hardship on the owners and trainers of aged horses which wear hoppers, for by 1915 none of those now racing will be of an age to require hoppers, and all trainers and owners will know how to go to work on their youngsters to train them to race without the straps. It will doubtless require longer training to make good gaited performers of one racing year without the use of the hoppers, and it will also demand a higher quality of reinsmanship on the part of men who take them to the races, for there is no question but that a heavy-handed driver possessing few of the qualities of reinsmanship can successfully drive a hopped horse, but would be badly outclassed when it comes to driving a free-legged horse. Thus the new rule will not only improve the quality of harness horses, but will also heighten the standard of reinsmanship, in addition to doing away with a source of real danger and a set of extra harness that is absolutely disfiguring to the horses which are compelled to wear it.

For the benefit of those who are of the opinion that racing is not necessary for the development of horses, either those that wear harness or those that race under saddle, and that the market value of such horses is not influenced by the race track, the case of the two winners Joe Patchen (II) and Hal B. Jr., are striking examples for consideration. The former was bought as a two-year-old at a comparatively small figure, considerably less than \$10,000. He was trained a little as a three-year-old but had not been prepared to race. As a four-year-old last year he was raced a few times in half-mile belt contests but it was not until the present winter that he was actually sent to the track in races of mile heats. After his first race his owner, Mr. R. Hodgson, of Orillia, was offered \$3,000 for the horse, which offer was increased to \$5,500 after his second race, and on the third race he had won at Ottawa for offer of \$8,000 was made and refused for Joe Patchen II.

Hal B. Jr., was bred by the present owner, Mr. P. Kastner, of Sebringville, and raced by him in the present winter on the Stratford track. He was raced but little during 1909, and like Joe Patchen (II), was not put to racing in earnest until the present winter and from the showing made by him in his three races a bona fide offer of \$5,000 was made for the young stallion. Now the question is how much would either one have been worth had he never been on a race track—certainly not 25 per cent. of his actual value. If the stallion Fitz Herbert had not been most successful on the race track it is a sure thing that Mr. Madden would not have paid the enormous figure of \$40,000 for him, \$1,000 would have been a big price for the horse without racing experience.

In a recent letter M. D. Shutt, of Reok Rapids, Iowa, owner of the star stake winning trotter of 1909, Penisa Maid, 2:04 1/4, states that the little mare is wintering splendidly, having taken on a lot of flesh since the close of her racing season at Lexington, and he makes the prediction that he will drive her a mile in 2:00 before the close of the season of 1910. Under the conditions governing records at the present time no trotter has ever taken a record that fast, the nearest approach to the 2:00 goal in the official record being 2:01 1/4 of the ill-fated Hamburg Belle, made in the first heat of her race with Ullian at Cleveland last August.

Although it is a far cry from 2:04 1/4 to 2:00, the game little mare from Iowa looks to be as good a prospect for that honor as any trotter which has appeared with the possible exception of Ullian, 2:02 1/4, and now that the black whirlwind has become a member of the Billings matinee stable and will probably exhibit his speed in the most cases to wagon, with an amateur driving, the chances of his breaking records do not look to be of the best.

The past season may be said to have been the first for Penisa Maid, as she has never before been raced on the mile track, although she won races and took a record of 2:19 on the two-lap courses in 1908. The first time that she turned around for the money on a mile track was at Terre Haute, last July, where she won and took a record of 2:08 3/4. Two weeks later at Detroit she started favorite for the 2:11 trotting stake but was not herself and was beaten by the veteran Comety Jdy. In the \$10,000 stake at Kalamazoo the following week she also was not at her best, Margin winning and Penisa Maid finishing outside the money. In all of these races she had been driven by her owner, who was an amateur, and many of the critics found fault with his handling of her. At Cleveland she started in a \$5,000

Storyettes

HARD-WORKIN' wife you've got, Bill." "Yes, I wish I'd a couple more like her."

DICK: "I know a girl who accepts rings from men she doesn't know." Clara: "I don't believe it. How could she?" Dick: "Why, she has to, you know; she's a telephone-girl."

A GENTLEMAN of Arizona once changed himself to the bed post by his suspenders. The verdict of the coroner's jury was: "Deceased came to his death by coming home full and mistaking himself for his pants."

BOOKTOKN (with statistical bent): "Do you know, old man, I've just been reading up a lot of statistics on present-day mortality, and I have learned some remarkable things! Why, every time I breathe a man dies!" Booktokn: "By the great autumens! Then why in the name of the census don't you chew cloves?"

MR. KAJONES, who happened to step into the parlor while looking for a book, was just in time to see somebody slip hastily off somebody else's knee. "Ah, Bessie," he observed, pleasantly, "this is a merger, is it? Or is it a limited partnership?" "Neither, papa," said Bessie, recovering herself instantly; "George is my holding company—that's all."

RECENTLY a party of tourists were visiting the Louvre. By mistake one of the tired number carried a catalogue of the Luxembourg. Upon being confronted by a fantastically modern nude study with a black cat in the background, she turned to the corresponding number and complacently announced to the astonished listeners: "This is Whistler's Mother."

DR. DAVID STARR JORDAN, discussing at a dinner in Washington certain rulings of the International Fisheries Commission, said: "The fish there get no chance. They have as hard a time of it as the whites in the interior of China. A Chinese druggist said to his clerk: 'Didn't I see a foreign devil come out of here as I came down the street?' 'Yes, sir,' the clerk answered. 'He wanted a permanent cure for headache and I sold him a bottle of rat poison.'"

A CERTAIN local candidate was addressing a small bunch of farmers at a district school-house in the western part of Columbia County a week or so ago. While he was in the midst of telling them how bad he wanted the office, a tall, hungry-looking fellow rose up in the back of the house and said: "If you get elected I'll move." "All you'll have to do," returned the quick-witted candidate, "is to throw a gourdful of water on the fire and call your dog."

A FRIEND met a cheerful Irish citizen who had plainly suffered some hard knocks. "Well, Pat, how are you getting along now?" he inquired. "Oh, Oi'm hard up yet, but Oi have a fine job in Honolulu, and fare paid. Oi sail tomorrow." "Sure man, you'll never be able to work there. The temperature is 100 in the shade." Pat had endured too much cheerfully to be discouraged. "Well," he replied hopefully, "Oi'll not be wurkin' in th' shade all th' time."

THE lodger's pet aversion was cats, and he cherished a special grudge against a feline which sometimes shared his meals without his consent. Just as he was preparing for bed he caught sight of a suspicious lump under the counterpane. "The brute!" he muttered, and his eyes glared murder as he reached for one of the ten-pound

Storyettes

A FIT-UP theatrical company was touring the West, where they were billed to play "Romeo and Juliet." The leading man approached the manager. "Boss," he said, "I've got to have twenty-five cents." "Twenty-five cents?" growled the manager. "You're always yelling for money. What do you want the money for?" "What do I want the money for?" repeated the leading man, bitterly. "I want it for a shave, that's what I want it for. I can't play Romeo with five days' black beard on my face." "Oh, well," said the manager, "you won't get no money out of me. We'll change the bill to 'Othello.'"

THE Rev. Stanford Culver Hearn, pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, Yonkers, is relating a street-car incident which concerns a conductor, an Irishman, and an Italian. Each had given a dime to the fare-taker, but had received no change. "I want da nick," complained the Neapolitan. "You've got your nick. No more nicks for you. See?" And the conductor moved to the rear platform. The Italian sat meekly in silence, but the Irishman differed tactics. He went to the doorway. "Gimme five cents change," said he to the conductor. "You've got all the change you're getting to get," was the retort. "See here," exclaimed the Irishman, "you may play that chune on a hand organ, but you can't do it on a harp. Gimme five cents." And he got it.

EXCITED FISHERMAN (to country hotel-keeper): "There isn't a bit of fishing about here! Every brook has a sign warning people off. What do you mean by luring anglers here with the promise of fine fishing?" Hotel-keeper: "I didn't say anything about fine fishing. I you read my advertisement carefully you will see that what I said was 'Fishing unapproachable.'"

CHURCH—"I feel some concern about my son." Gotham—"You mean the one in college?" "Yes, you see they are talking of abolishing football." "Oh, is he a football player?" "No; but he's studying to be a surgeon."

CONSIGNMENTS

—OF—

WHEAT, OATS and FLAX

will receive personal attention. We gladly wire what we can get before selling.

Continental Grain Co., Ltd.
222 GRAIN EXCHANGE
WINNIPEG

LEARN THE BARBER TRADE

Only eight weeks required. Free Tools

Positions secured at \$14 to \$20 per week.

Wonderful demand for barbers. Call or write for Free Illustrated Catalogue.

Call and see Canada's largest and finest Barber Shop.

MOLIER BARBER COLLEGE
222 Pacific Ave. Winnipeg

THE BUCK-EYE

VOL. 1 WEEKLY EDITION NO. 22

Stick to the BUCK-EYE and You're Safe

"Stick to the farm," says the President
To the wide-eyed farmer boy,
Then he hies him back to his White House home,
With its air of rustic joy.

"Stick to the farm," says the railroad king
To the lad who looks afar,
Then hies him back on the double-quick
To his rustic private car.

"Stick to the farm," says the clergyman
To the youth on the worm-fence perch,
Then lays his ear to the ground to hear
A call to a city church.

"Stick to the farm," says the doctor wise
To those who would break the rut,
Then hies him where the appendix grows
In bountiful crops to cut.

"Stick to the BUCK-EYE," the smoker says
To the man who's still in doubt,
Then—to show you how differently this proposition works out from the foregoing—
—he goes right out and buys a quarter's worth, to show that his heart's in the right place and that the BUCK-EYE is the king-pin of all ten cent cigars.

P.S.—Every man who ever smokes a BUCK-EYE becomes a BUCK-EYE smoker. See the point? Well, try one; then you'll know.

ON THE TRAIL TO BLUE LAKE

(By A. A. Major)

LOCATED somewhere in a northerly direction from her snuggled a lone cabin. For three long, weary, heart-breaking days she had been striving to reach it, but the never-ceasing and low clicking of snowshoes brought her no nearer to it. Before her the great roads of the endless forest stretched heavenward and she came to no indications of Blue Lake along the trail. His cabin was hidden among the brush on the shores of Blue Lake, but she had never seen it, never having been over the trail in the past.

Her steady, patient, and long strides denoted strength. The heavy pack on her shoulders had not begun to fatigue her. Her eyes were bright and her face ever watchful and searching the north and the vast woods. Her thoughts were far from her surroundings. The waning gray light of the afternoon called her to a sense of the present. She stopped short and looked at the giant timber to the right and left, then her eyes followed the trail in the snow again back to where it was lost in the gloom, which was quickly gathering. A feeling of loneliness came over her for the first time during the day. The immenseness of the stretches of timber, the calm stillness that seemed to reign, the falling dusk, all impressed her. But she did not remain idle long. Finding a spot between two giant trees, she scraped the first snow of winter away until dead leaves and dry twigs were laid bare, when she started a small fire. Taking from her pack a stewpan, she melted some snow in it until the pan was nearly full of water. Then she laid on more dead sticks and twigs until the fire blazed up cheerfully, and set the water on to boil. She replenished the fire with some twigs at the sides of the pan to hasten it. The fire was a small, steady, clear fire, and she spent nearly a half hour sipping it slowly from the pan. Rousing herself from her meditation, she extinguished the almost dead fire with snow, after hanging the empty pan on her belt and stepped into the sharp shadows, she stopped to fasten her snowshoes, straightened up, slung the pack, and proceeded to the north.

Harry made the journey to his winter cabin from the settlement in three days; surely she could cover the distance in four at most. She had never before been on more than one day's shoeing from the settlement, but gave no heed to that. She was not a very experienced shoeer or well acquainted with the trail, but strength and endurance were her main factors and counted a great deal. No thoughts of the trail caused her to worry or annoy her, but intuition blinled her north. She had often heard Harry and other trappers tell of the Blue Lake trail and its character. She kept on thinking that by perseverance she could not miss Blue Lake. As she advanced she observed the change in the nature of the timber. Now the lay of the woods extended towards the north and was more irregular. Just what this signified she had no knowledge of. She felt certain that Blue Lake was not much farther and determined to reach it that night. At the end of a long hour's hard and steady trudging she found herself near a little frozen stream, and discerned that its general course lay to the north. It must lead in the direction she was traveling—to Blue Lake—she was positive of it, though she understood not why she was so certain of it. Intuition in such matters is often a safe guide.

She proceeded ahead faster and with increased strength at the edge of the frozen stream. Faith and hope are stimulants of a strong character; they impart strength. The even surface of the snow now made the trail a trifle easier. Rapidly the stream widened. Her idea that Blue Lake was near by grew firmer the farther she traveled. The less dense timber and occasional rocks would have informed her Blue Lake was less than a mile away had she been familiar and acquainted with the North woods in that section. Where the stream and Blue Lake met she could not tell, the object of search being the great sheet of snow stretched before her in the bright moonlight. In the distance lying low was a dark, semi-circularly defined line between the clear, starry sky and the glaring expanse. It was the timber on the opposite shore. She traveled on to the north. The large Blue Lake stretched away to the left and right so far that the timber line 'twixt heaven and lake was indistinguishable. Turning and retracing her steps to the shore she descended in the shadows of the brush three pairs of greenish eyes—such that sent cold shivers down her spine and cold shrunks across her shoulders—glaring out at her. And these temporary trembling sensations were largely due to her thoughts and her wonder at how long the rifle had followed. She unsling the rifle that hung across her back and deftly slid a cartridge into the chamber and kept on the shore. The eyes backed out of sight; she had reckoned they would. Game was too plentiful for those gray devils to attack a human being. They were only prying. But the six eyes held close together and

darted into the deeper shadows as she advanced. While she skirted the edge of the lake to her left they followed her. They had frightened her; she kept an eye on them. After she had traveled nearly three hundred yards they halted, and she noticed that they ceased their following, sitting back on their haunches. The woman wondered, but she kept on. She picked her trail, at the same time watching the six eyes.

Another hundred yards had been covered—discovering the trail of two mammoth snowshoes, almost fresh. Her heart beating faster and with increasing hope within her breast, she followed it. It led into the woods near the shore and from the lake to the south and west. But those eyes of the gray demons—she could not forget them. Into the timber farther and farther she traveled. Once she thought her nose detected dry-wood fire. She sniffed again, but the scent was gone. She again imagined her nose scented fire after a few steps and she halted. It was fire she was positive; but where and how near? No cabin in the shadows of the distance could be seen. She proceeded again with senses more alert than ever. The smell of fire grew sharper. Whether to expect a cabin or the fire of some lone trapper on the trail, she did not know. She reasoned, and on second thought came to the conclusion it must be from a cabin. No trapper would kindle a fire near Harry's hut. He would not spend the night before a big fire unless he were an enemy. In that case his pot's fire would not be too close to Harry's. Doubtless the trail led to a cabin and she followed it the more eagerly.

She understood now why darting from shadow to shadow parallel to her trail six greenish eyes were not following. She was nearing the habitation of man—these hungry wolves knew better than to approach within the radius of his circle; while the woman, with eyes almost closed, had gone into it heedlessly except for the trail she was traveling. The trail led straight in the direction she was going, into the thickening timber, and the fire smell was truly growing stronger. Perhaps there was a cabin nearby. Her imagination made her various huts among the distant shadows as she peered into them. It was necessary to give each a look the second time she passed them, as she stuck close to the trail. Never had she heard Harry say anything about the distance of his cabin from Blue Lake. She debated she must have gone back into the timber at least a mile south and west. Instantly, and almost immediately in front of her, shot out a glare of dull red light upon her. In the centre of it looking directly at her stood a tall man. He had heard the approach of the interfering snowshoes and stepped into his doorway to locate it. The instant she overcame her surprise she recognized those broad shoulders and large, long limbs. He put a hand to aid his sight. She said nothing. Certainly that is no woman, he was thinking. Then he stepped out into the snow and looked closer. That could not be she? The red scarf and familiar skirt of blue—he knew them. His heart fairly jumped. So very queerly whirled his head that he could not distinguish anything now. His head whirled so swiftly and perplexedly that he could only stand with his jaws apart and gazing into the boiling whirlpool of moon, timber, and shadows.

Kicking off her oppressive and cumbersome snowshoes, she spoke to him, her breast pounding doubly hard. "Harry, my dear Harry, I still love you," and threw both her arms about him, and longingly looked up into his great red face. Tears welled in her eyes as she clung to him and buried her face in the folds of his heavy jacket. He was quiet, looking into the woods and the expanse beyond, his arms hanging awkwardly at his sides. His head ceased its whirling and the moon wended on its way in the starry sky, giving form to the shadows again. Strength and power of the Northern woods were again his—he felt it. The spirit of the man, strong and courageous, was returning to him. Two great arms found their way round her, and looking down on her head, he kissed it, then he proceeded to carry her into a low, fire-lit shack.

The reaction after the long, strained hours of the trail caused her to collapse, the force of soul and strength of body having left her. She was incapable of bearing up under the weakness of the instant, though she could work and labor under the great strain until the thread of life had nearly reached the parting point. Hers was his love again. With the joy it gave came the snap of the rigidity it produced. The tall, strong man poured a few swallows of red liquor down her throat from a dark-colored bottle after having laid her on a rough bunk. Unexpectedly, he bestirred himself and took off her damp and heavy packs, rubbing her cold feet until indications of life became apparent. They were not frozen, but only chilled. He deposited a stone in the coils of fire to heat. Wrapping it in a thick piece of blanket, he placed it at her feet. He chafed her cold hands, pulled off her jacket, scarf, skirt, woolen blouse, and wrapped her in heavy, warm blankets. Her lips were cold, pale, blue; the blood had left them. It seemed as though Death claimed her, her eyes being closed.

Harry placed another stone on the fire to heat and more dry wood, watching the woman meanwhile. From the opposite side of the small log hut came a stir. There on another bunk lay a weak and feeble person who had stirred. Two sunken, deep blue eyes looked from between the blankets at the standing, tall man. The pair of the eyes at first did not notice the presence of a third person. Another stir was heard, the eyes came to a better position and looked at the figure on the opposite bunk. "Harry," called the feeble person of the blue eyes. He turned about, startled. "What, Gretchen?" "Who been dat lady?" "It been my wife," he replied, accenting the last word. "She haf?" "Yes, she just arriv'd." A number of stirs came from the bunk. The weak one turned to the wall and was very quiet. Her strength, too,

was slowly leaving. Afflicted with nausea for sixty days, as she had been, undermines life.

The tall man stepped to her bunk, tucked the blankets about her and said: "I reckon maybe she been soon help for you."

To those words he received no response. None was necessary. The trapper placed a warm stone at the feet of the chilled and exhausted woman for the third time. She drew back slightly to get away from it. He looked at her. She was staring at the log roof, her eyes wide open. Harry sat down on a large block at the head of the bunk his wife occupied. Taking both of her hands within his own, he rubbed them briskly. Her head turned toward him slowly—she was fast regaining her senses—and saw large tears slowly trickling down his bearded cheeks. No words were necessary to explain, to ask her forgiveness, to receive it, as they gave out to each other their deep natural souls, without speaking. His was a cup full of overflowing. The light they had always known until another had come between them flashed from eyes to eyes. He would not forget. The woman in her weakness had brought the strong man to knowledge and appreciation of her great affection. Where deception and trickery cease to interfere, love heals her own wounds. The tall, strong man folded her in his great arms. The language which her eyes gave forth invited it.

As the tall man laid the weak Gretchen on the padded sled, his wife cautioned, "Place her down easy, Harry."

"Yes," he replied cheerfully, "Ay bane keeful." The trapper had devised a rest on the sled for the feeble woman's back, and she felt quite comfortable lying against it. A few days' care were the means of a great change in her strength. They were going back to the small settlement with her. Thanks to a woman's rough nursing and simple remedies, the fearful nausea had been quieted. She had been forgiven, had repented, and was resting unmoiled. The packs were adjusted and made

son. Nay, Cynthia, go farther and hazard the prognostication that the man-made mountain can do no better than to make his muscles and brain count for something besides mere weight and wallop.

WHAT whipped Nelson's Headwork. To be sure, some of it was the thicker skull side, but Nelson always favored Jeff by scrapping. It was perhaps it would be more accurate to say it was the lack of headwork that lost Nelson the lightweight championship, but it comes pretty much to the same end in applying the statement to his case or Jeff's, and the fact stands out like a long nose from a short face that Nelson's painful lack of brains put it away out of his reach to beat Wozzeck and it is equally clear that the same thing may stand in Jeff's way bigger than a mountain.

Certainly, Jeffries hasn't shown any more brains than a woodchuck so far. He went out and got a lot of money, but if he had been a driving idiot—and still had his reputation as a champion fighter, the coin would have come just the same. As for picking his managers, if there's anything in signs, Jeff ought to begin in the A. B. C. class for that. He's had some good managers and trainers, but he hasn't them now, and doesn't seem likely to, as far as I can see without a Lick Observatory. Look at this guy that came to Winnipeg to arrange for showing Jeff and his outfit here. He wanted \$3,000, and rather than take fifty cents less, he goes down into a North Dakota town to proposition and pulls out about half what he asked to show in Winnipeg. I don't commend our home promoters, because it looks to me that they were as dead as Hardisty when they play in luck—but if Jeff's man had had a look of life, he would have gone in on a percentage and would have pulled down what he asked for more. It was a best-bet layout that the biggest place in Winnipeg wouldn't have held the men that would dig up

the modern movement in favor of aviation that is such a marked feature of today.

Everyone now recognizes the influence exerted by Langley on the development of this art. The Wright brothers, too, have laid their tribute at his feet. "The knowledge," they say, "that the head of the most prominent scientific institution of America believed in the possibility of human flight was one of the influences that led us to undertake the preliminary investigations that preceded our active work. He recommended to us the books which enabled us to form some ideas at the outset. It was a helping hand at a critical time, and we shall always be grateful."

Langley's experiments in aerodynamics gave to physicists, perhaps for the first time, firm ground on which to stand as to the long-disputed questions of air resistances and reactions. Chanute says: (a) They established a more reliable coefficient for rectangular pressures than that of Smeaton.

(b) They proved that upon inclined planes the air pressures were really normal to the surface.

(c) They disproved the Newtonian law that the normal pressure varied as the square of the angle of incidence on inclined planes.

(d) They showed that the empirical formula of Duchemin, proposed in 1836 and ignored for fifty years, was approximately correct.

(e) That the position of the centre of pressure varied with the angle of inclination, and that on planes its movements approximately followed the law formulated by Joessel.

(f) That oblong planes, presented with their longest dimension to the line of motion, were more effective for support than when presented with their narrower side.

(g) That planes might be superposed without loss of supporting power if spaced apart certain distances which varied with the speed, and the support of the machine in the air, should be reduced to a minimum.

After laying the foundations of a science of aerodynamics, Langley proceeded to reduce his theories to practice. Between 1891 and 1895 he built four aerodrome models: one driven by carbonic acid gas and three by steam engines.

On the 6th of May, 1896, his aerodrome No. 5 was tried upon the Potomac River near Quantico. It was myself a witness of this celebrated experiment and secured photographs of the machine in the air, which have been widely published.

This aerodrome carried a steam engine, and had a speed of wing of from 12 to 14 feet. It was shot into the air from the top of a house boat anchored in a quiet bay near Quantico.

It made a beautiful flight of about 3,000 feet, considerably over half a mile. It was indeed a most inspiring spectacle to see a steam engine in the air flying with wings like a bird. The equilibrium seemed to be perfect, although no man was on board to control and guide the machine.

I witnessed two flights of this aerodrome on the same day; and came to the conclusion that the possibility of aerial flight by heavier-than-air machines had been fully demonstrated. The world took the same view; and the progress of practical aerodynamics was immensely stimulated by the experiments.

Langley afterward constructed a number of other aerodrome models which were flown with equal success, and he then felt that he had brought his researches to a conclusion, and desired to leave to others the task of bringing the experiments to the man-carrying stage.

Later, however, encouraged by the appreciation of the War Department, which recognized in the Langley aerodrome a possible new engine of war and stimulated by an appropriation of \$50,000, he constructed a full-sized aerodrome to carry a man.

Two attempts were made, with Mr. Charles Manly on board as aviator, to shoot the machine into the air from the top of a boathouse; but on each occasion the machine caught on the launching ways, and was precipitated into the water. The public, not knowing the nature of the defect which prevented the aerodrome from taking the air, received the impression that the machine itself was a failure and could not fly.

This conclusion was not warranted by the facts, and to me, and to others who have examined the apparatus, it seemed to be a perfectly good flying machine—excellently constructed, and the fruit of years of labor. It was simply never launched into the air, and so has never had the opportunity of showing what it could do. Who can say what a third trial might have demonstrated? The general ridicule, however, with which the first two failures were received prevented any further appropriation of money to give it another trial.

Langley never recovered from his disappointment. He was humiliated by the ridicule with which his efforts had been received; and had, shortly afterward, a stroke of paralysis. Within a few months a second stroke came, and deprived him of life.

His greatest achievements in practical aerodynamics consisted in the successful construction of power-driven models which actually flew. With their construction he thought that he had finished his work; and in 1901, in announcing the supposed conclusion of his labors, he said: "I have brought to a close the portion of the work which seemed to be specially mine—the demonstration of the practicability of mechanical flight—and for the next stage, which is the commercial and practical development of the idea, it is probable that the world may look to others."

THE JARR FAMILY Uncle Henry Tries to 'Get Acquainted' DOGGONE IT!" said Uncle Henry apropos of nothing. "These yer city houses with a lot of families in 'em just like barns, only they're full of human critters instid of dum' ammile critters."

"I only know this one is as cold as a barn," said Mrs. Jarr, shivering under the little house show she wore on her shoulders. "Why is it the janitor won't send up any steam on a cold day and will send up so much on a warm one?"

Uncle Henry couldn't answer this question (Nimrod can). "Wall," he said, "it seems queer to me to live in this way, packed like the amilles in a Noah's ark. And what's more, I don't see nobody in overall; nobody seems to do any work. No wonder the honest farmer has to toil so hard from dawn to dark, summer and winter—there's so many city drones to keep."

"You've been dropping a little yourself," Uncle Henry," said Mrs. Jarr. "You haven't done any work in the weeks you've been visiting us."

"My wife, your Aunt Hetty, is on the farm doing the work," said Uncle Henry. "A man and his wife is one, so what she's doin' I'm doin'."

And Uncle Henry yawned and stretched as if just resting up between while for his wife.

Mrs. Jarr only tossed her head, and Uncle Henry went on with his criticisms of the ways of city folk.

"I got to go home pretty soon," said Uncle Henry, "and while I ain't got no use for city people, that ain't no reason why I shouldn't treat 'em nice. I ought to go around and be neighborly, and tell 'em if they want a good place to board in the country next summer—fresh milk and eggs, and rates reasonable—they kin come out to my farm at Swamp Corners. Plenty to eat there, and if we ain't got beds enough we can give them shake-downs."

"Oh, you'll give them 'shake-downs' all right!" said Mrs. Jarr.

She seldom used slang, but this time the temptation was too great to resist.

"Who lives next door to ye?" asked Uncle Henry.

"I don't know," replied Mrs. Jarr. "It's a new family; only been there a year or so. I never looked what name was on the letter-box."

"Who lives down stairs?" asked Uncle Henry.

"Why, I've heard the children say there's a family named Williams," replied Mrs. Jarr. "They have a little boy that our Willie plays with sometimes. The Wilkinsons live on one side and a family named Brown lives on the other side, down stairs. No, I think the Browns moved before Christmas. There is a new family in that flat."

"Who lives up stairs, over ye?" asked Uncle Henry.

"Mrs. Kittingly lives above us, on the other side," was the reply.

"That's the purty little widdier?" said Uncle Henry. "Gosh! That reminds me I got to take the widdler to a church fair or suthin' before I go back."

"I don't think she'll care much for a church fair," remarked Mrs. Jarr. "You'll have to take Mrs. Kittingly to the theatre and to supper afterward."

"It'll be too late for supper," said Uncle Henry. "I'll take her to an ice cream parlor, if one's open after the theatre show. If she's a widder with money she'll pay for everything, won't she? 'I'll ask her," he added, "when I go visitin' round."

"Go visitin' around?" repeated Mrs. Jarr. "Surely you are not going to do that?"

"Where'd my manners be?" asked Uncle Henry. "How long you've lived in this house? And you don't visit 'round?"

"We've lived here four years," replied Mrs. Jarr, "and certainly I haven't visited around. I wouldn't do such a thing. I know no one in this house except Mrs. Kittingly, and we got acquainted with her by chance."

"Ain't neighbors neighbors?" asked Uncle Henry. "What's the matter with San Francisco folks? They regard each other as hoss thieves."

"It's the best way to get along in a flat. San Francisco people have found that out," said Mrs. Jarr.

"I'll show you," said Uncle Henry. "I'm going around to see the neighbors and make myself at home."

And, despite all Mrs. Jarr could say to dissuade him, he started out. The first that he knocked at a woman's shrill voice called through the door and asked who was there.

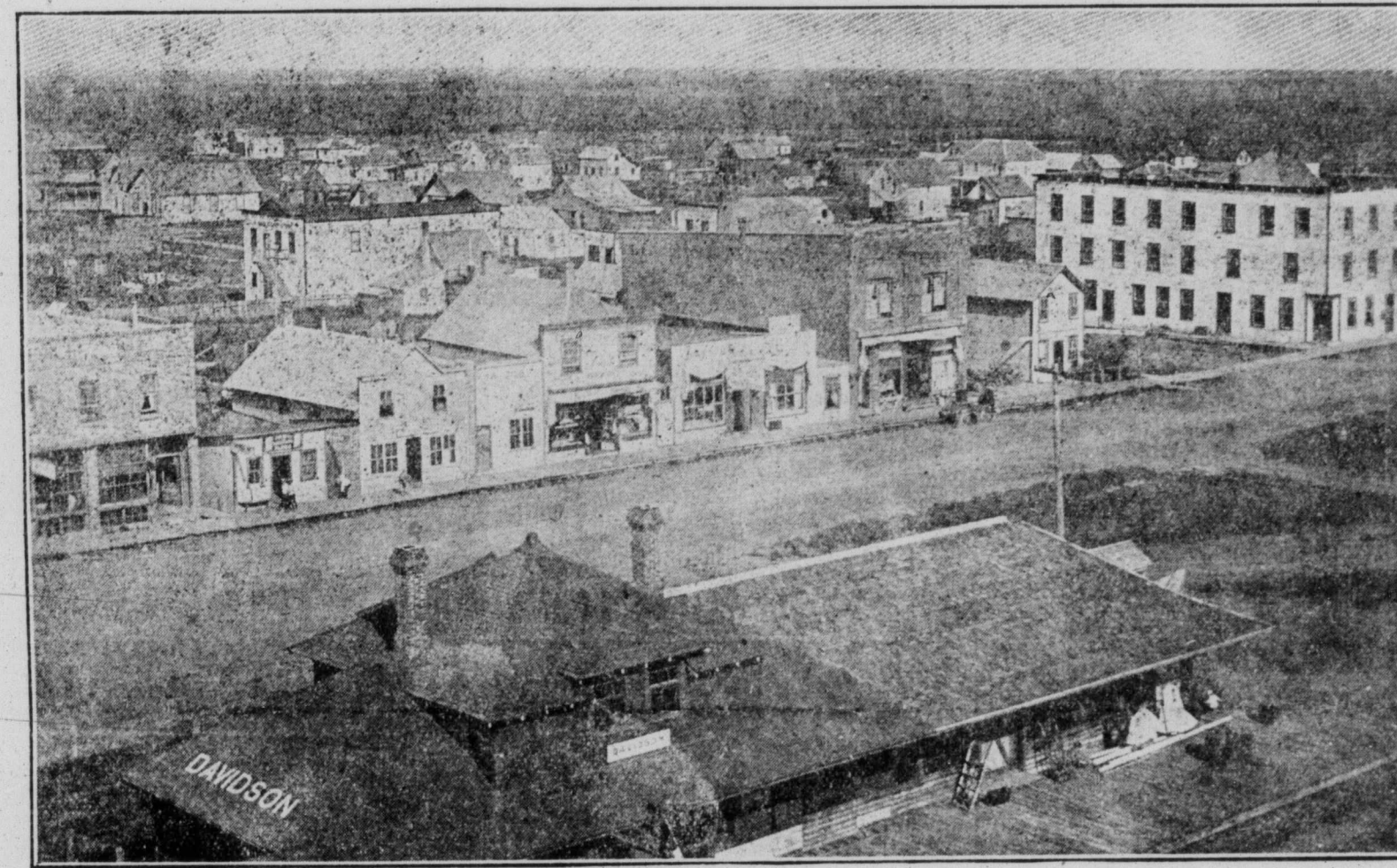
"I's a neighbor," said Uncle Henry, heartily.

"Let neighbors mind their own business and go away," replied the voice. Mrs. Kittingly wasn't at home.

In response to his knocks at other doors Uncle Henry was greeted by old and young with suspicion.

Doors were opened but slightly and were held inhospitably on chains. He could not convince the various tenants that he wasn't a beggar, a flat house thief, a peddler or an industrial insurance agent.

"By gosh, I'll sit on the steps and git acquainted as they come out and go in!" said Uncle Henry.



DAVIDSON, SASK.

secure, as well as the human load on the sled. Having closed and fastened the cabin door, Harry took up the sled-things and they commenced their homeward journey south along the snow-covered trail.

Sporting Chat

THE BOXING WORLD A FRIEND has sent me a picture of his idol—James J. Jeffries—and asks me to note the fact that there are no rolls of cotton in Jeff's ribs, nor any cigarettes lying about.

I have noted these things and several more. One of them is that there is a small cut of that other James J.—Corbett—along with Jeff's picture, and there are a few words, too, which say that Corbett is Jeff's trainer. Of course, that's not exactly an item of news, because Corbett announced it himself some months ago. At that time, James J. the gentlemanly demeanor said that rather than have the black cloud of a colored champion hanging over the Balkans of sport any longer than necessary, he was to take hold and do his best to help Jeff hand Johnson a good thumping, and thus demonstrate the superiority of the proud and haughty Caucasian over all races, but especially over one that has the hardihood to turn out this Johnson man. It took a good big column of our fighting news to Pompadour to tell how he was going to help Jeff turn the trick, and it listed mighty good, but—hallo! there's that measly bit again; it's always butting in, so to speak, in a manner, seemingly, but this but is no less a butter than Jeff himself. When Jeff got at his bit of up was a caution. He took one good look at it and said: "Naw; tain't so."

And he has kept on saying that whenever he said anything—which isn't too often, you know, because Jeff is as stingy with words as he is with money, and that's making a world's record, I hear. And you know that looks had and listened bad. Allow that Corbett had a bit of an eye on the main chance when he handed out that column of dope, and what then? Everybody who is on the stage has to keep in the bright and get the glow of our fighting news as a diamond to be stolen, or a live divorce case on hand, he just must do something to land good, and James J. sure didn't put any hardwood bushels over his incandescent with that column call to the curious.

But what if he did? Was there any need for Jeff to put his N.S.P. on Corbett's little play to the peaks? If anybody gets you in a corner and insists on something definite, you may say in all sincerity that Jeff may do a deal worse than to have Mr. James J. Corbett for his spiritual adviser when—

two dollars apiece to see Jeff and his outfit. That's an average; a lot of them would cough up five without shaking a shoulder.

And here's this Berger handout: what sort of a scrapper was poor that he couldn't beat Berger with both hands tied, and if Jeff didn't put it all over the Fitz and even told him when to hit the blow that put the old man away—

—but Jeff won't speak to the wily Thomas nowadays. Same with Delaney. They quarrelled, and Jeff sees red when he meets Delaney, but won't see him.

And yet we hear a deal about Jeff hitting the blow that put the old man away—

—but Jeff won't speak to the wily Thomas nowadays. Same with Delaney. They quarrelled, and Jeff sees red when he meets Delaney, but won't see him.

However, let him go it; by and by we shall see how much good it does to tote a grouse around under one's arm. Take it from me; it's no good for mix; I've seen a number of 'em try it and lose out.

THE PIONEER OF AERIAL FLIGHT

By Alexander Graham Bell

WHO are responsible for the great developments in aerodynamics of the last few years? Not simply the men of the present, but also the men of the past.

To one man especially is honor due—our own Dr. S. P. Langley, late secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. When we trace backward the course of history, we come unawfully to him as the great pioneer of aerial flight.

We have honored his name by the establishment of the Langley medal; and it may not be out of place on this, the first occasion for the presentation of the medal to say a few words concerning Langley's work.

Langley devoted his attention to aerodynamics at a time when the idea of a flying machine was a subject for ridicule and scorn. It was as much as a man's reputation was worth to be known to be at work upon the subject. He bravely faced the issue, and gave to the world his celebrated memoir entitled, "Experiments in Aerodynamics."

In this work he laid the foundation for a science and art of aerodynamics, and raised the whole subject of aerial flight to a scientific plane.

The knowledge that this eminent man of science believed in the practicability of human flight gave a great stimulus to the activities of others, and started

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MAY 13, 1910.

PAINT REQUIRED

A visitor to Cardston this week took us to task for what he considered a great omission in the general aspect of our main street, viz, the absence of fresh paint. Not only do we require brightening up, but surely, there is danger of injury to buildings by the absence of the necessary covering to the buildings.

"Your sidewalks are fine," said this gentleman, "and your general aspect as a town is good. The place is lively and is doing good business, but the whole is spoiled by a want of freshness of your exteriors." In fact our main street buildings want new clothes. The cost of this should not be so great that the landlords cannot afford it, and if there is anything that will improve us or give Cardston a boost we should like to see it happen. Who will set the fashion and put the paint pot to work. In a little while there will be several new brick buildings, all spick and span. There are already several good stone buildings, but we must agree with our critic that our wooden buildings need brushing up sides, roof and all exterior facings.

KING EDWARD THE VII

The British Empire, of which we form an important part, was startled and saddened on Saturday last by the sudden news that King Edward the VII was dead. His end came suddenly, but not by means of an ailment which had been suspected for some years, for King Edward was thought to be troubled with heart disease. He died after a week's illness of a combination of throat trouble and pneumonia.

His reign lasted from January 22nd, 1901 to May 6th, 1910, a little over nine years. Many were the doubts and fears expressed when he ascended the throne as to the outcome, but King Edward outlived all criticism and gathered confidence and renown throughout his reign which increased year by year as this reign lengthened out. He will live in history as King Edward the peacemaker, and it is doubtful if in this era, or in many others, we have possessed a head of the people that exceeded him in the knowledge of foreign affairs or in his unique ability as a diplomat.

Not until future generations can gauge his merits, or the extent of his work, will it be partly known what perils he steered Great Britain out of, or how many lives or how much treasure he may have saved by his astuteness and tact at critical moments, in handling foreign problems. He was a man who was not an extremist in anything, and, as such, besides being possessed of infinite tact, he made a most capable ruler of a polyglot Empire, composed of all sorts and varieties of people of many and varied colors and races.

His was a friendly nature as shown by his having and holding so many personal friends, usually a most difficult accomplishment. As an evidence of this we may go back and quote the scriptures, the wisdom many centuries long gone by, as authority and cite the following, "A man that has friends must be friendly"—Proverbs. What was true then is just as true now, to have friends we must be friendly, to have tact, a nature must be kindly and acute.

King Edward VII was born at Buckingham Palace, London on November 9th, 1841 and succeeded Queen Victoria to the throne on January 22nd, 1901. He married Princess Alexandra of Denmark March 10th, 1863 and has four children living and two have died. His second son George Fredric Ernest Albert now succeeds to the throne as George V. King Edward as a young man toured the United States and Canada and was also well acquainted with the countries courts and people of Europe as well the greater part of the earth beyond the British Isles.

His father was a man of great ability, far sighted, brimming over with tact constantly laying plans for the future welfare of the nations of the British Empire. His position was a difficult one, so he was at times badly misunderstood by the British people, but possibly in a great measure to him we owe some of the great success of the reign of Queen Victoria, so eminently noted for tact and common-sense of King Edward VII who followed closely in mother's footsteps. We now see the advent of another generation and start into another reign full of hope, and prosperity and belief in the times to come.

We all regret the death of King Edward VII and deeply sympathize with those nearest and dearest to him, and, in bidding farewell to one of the wisest heads that ever sat on the British throne, we may make use of the inscription on a tomb in St. Margaret's West Minister of another illustrious Englishman, viz Sir William Raleigh,

"Should you reflect on his errors,

Remember his many virtues,
And that he was mortal.

Two impressive memorial services in honor of King Edward VII were held in the Presbyterian Church last Sunday by the Rev. A. W. Whiteman who was very ably assisted by the choir and the organist.

Don't forget that today is Arbor day. Let each one do a little towards beautifying their premises and thereby add to the general appearance of the town.

COMING! COMING!
Cardston Assembly Hall

Friday, May 13th.

The Claman
Players

in the best show of the season
—entitled—

Are You Crazy

Which is in reality "The Three Twins" that had a long and successful run in New York City.

This has been voted the best of the comedies ever placed before the public. The management renamed the play "Are You Crazy" as in the last act they all wind up in a lunatic asylum in a grand mixup, each one thinking the others are crazy.

14 People 14
Band and
Orchestra

Two free seats—noon
and night

Prices 50 and 75c

Tickets on sale at Music Store

Positive guarantee
with every ticket

BURTON'S VARIETY STORE

"Cash Goods at Cash Prices"

To Arrive

1,500 yards of English Fast Color Gingham—giving you a chance of 25 Patterns at our usual low price.

50 White Embroidered Muslin Waists Ladies sizes, price \$1.00. The best dollar waist ever offered in Cardston.

600 pairs Men's Summer Cashmere Socks. This is a direct shipment from England and we will sell at an English price

Burton's Variety Store

Are You Looking?

For a Home. If so let me show you my list of properties for sale in Cardston.

Now Is The Time To Buy

Prices are going up steadily for all property. My prices will remain as they are, for some time yet, to enable those who wish to buy a home to have a chance to do so.

E. N. BARKER

CARDSTON

ALBERTA

Dressed and Plain

LUMBER

FOR SALE

\$13.00 to \$28.00 per M.

Shiplath Flooring
Drop Siding Common Lumber
Size Dimension

MOUNTAIN VIEW SAW MILL

The Clamans, who are presenting "Are You Crazy" tonight, will be here tomorrow night also with an entirely different play, the name of which is not yet known. The company are offering a positive guarantee with every ticket.

The Town Council have challenged the Business men to a game of baseball on May 24th.

Memorial Services

The Presbyterian Church and the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints will hold joint Memorial Services in respect to the death of the late King. The services will be held in the Assembly Hall on the day of the funeral, which will probably be on the 20th a week today. Various committees have been appointed, and arrangements are being made to have the school children present.

Tenders For Fence

Sealed Tenders marked "Tenders for Cemetery Fence" will be received by the undersigned up to six o'clock p.m. on Tuesday May 17, 1910, for the material and labour required in fencing the Cardston Cemetery.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

The successful tender to deposit an accepted cheque for 5 per cent of the amount of his bid before commencing work.

Drawings and specifications to be seen on application to the undersigned.

J. Hunt.

Chairman
Works and Property
Committee.

Local and General.

It is about time that Cardston was making some preparations towards celebrating Empire Day.

The Elite Millinery Store has just received a large shipment of new goods. Call and inspect them.

The base ball game on Friday evening last between the Married and Single men was very exciting, and resulted in a win for the Singles. The ball curvers were Messrs Hanna and Best, and they proved to be very efficient artists.

Aunt Zina Y. Card and son Rega arrived on Wednesday from Logan, Utah, and will spend a few month's visit here.

The town herd will do away with so many stray cattle on the streets.

Arbor day to-day. All stores will close at 1 p. m.

There is every prospect for a heavy crop all through the Cardston district this year.

Only 1 1/2 months remain before Dominion Day, and no mention has been made as to its celebration.

For Victoria Day the Canadian Pacific Railway announce a rate of fare and one third for round trip. Tickets will be on sale May 21 to 24 inclusive, final return limit May 26, 1910.

Everything you need in furniture at Cardston Mercantile Co. Ltd.

Misses Beth Newton, Leone Low, Mable Henson and Leone Archibald were the hostesses at a very pleasant party given in the Henson Studio on Monday evening. The spacious apartments had been suitably decorated for the occasion, and everything looked bright and cheerful. The evening was spent in singing and games, at the close of which a most splendid repast was served. The memories of this pleasant occasion will remain long in the minds of the young people present.

Our specialty this week is calico at at 10c per yard. Cardston Mercantile Co. Ltd.

A. F. Scott of Mt. View was brought up before Justice Holmes and Barker last Friday, by Corporal Green of Twin Lakes, and charged with contravention of the customs law in bringing goods across the boundary line without entering them at a port of entry. The accused was found guilty and had to pay a fine of \$50 and cost besides the duty. There does not seem to be much profit in this transaction.

Mr. Rodert Spoor, just recently arrived from England, has leased the Magrath Pioneer plant from T. W. Green. Mr. Spoor is an experienced printer and we wish him every success in his future work. The former editor, Mr. Green, has purchased a gasoline engine and gone into plowing on a large scale.

Refrigerators, just the thing you well need, at the Cardston Mercantile Co., Ltd.

Immediately after the regular Re-union of Stake and Ward officers, in the Assembly Hall on Friday evening, May 20th, the Y. L. M. I. A. and the Stake S. S. will tender a reception to the officers.

Silk dress lengths in all shades and colors. Cardston Mercantile Co. Ltd.

T. W. Green, Magrath, was in town on Monday.

London, May 9.—It is stated that the Duke of Connaught, in accordance with the desire of King Edward, will succeed Earl Grey as Governor-General of Canada.

The recent rain was all that could be desired, and as a result the crops were never looking better. According to Mr. Martin Woolf, who represents the government bureau, nearly 1/2 inch of rain fell this week. The average rain-fall in this district for the past five years was 19 3/4 inches.

The choir was entertained after their practice on Wednesday evening, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. Cazier.

Baseball match today at 4 p. m. Cardstonians vs. True Blue.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Brown returned this week from their visit to California.

Just arrived first class tennis balls at the Layne-Henson Co.

On account of the death of our late beloved King Edward VII the services in the Presbyterian Church will partake of a memorial character. All are kindly invited to join in these services. Appropriate music will be rendered.

Angus Wood, Taber, was in town the first of the week.

We carry clothing for the man that cares. The Spencer and Stoddard Ltd.

We desire to compliment Mr. A. T. Henson on the handsome appearance of his studio. During the past two weeks the place has been repapered and painted, and the interior as it looks today, is without equal in Alberta. Mr. Henson has refitted the studio all through and he is now prepared to meet the demands of the public for any work in his line.

The work of excavation for the new brick building just north of Tai Sang & Co. Ltd. on rain street, is going ahead rapidly.

A treat will be given the people of Cardston Saturday evening May 21st. Through the efforts of the local Y. L. M. I. A. and the Stake S. S. Board. Miss Mattie Clark, Alberta's sweetest soprano and Mr. Williams of Calgary, Western Canada's leading baritone will give a concert assisted by Mr. Cure and other local talent. Efforts are being made to obtain the services of Mr. B. S. Young of Raymond to assist. The reputation of Mr. Young as an elocutionist is too well known to need comment. Tickets will be on sale at Layne-Henson Music Store.

The Sanders Restaurant has undergone a change during the past week. Two booths have been petitioned off in the dining room, thus making apartments for private parties.

Kid Howard, St. Paul, was in town on Monday making arrangements for a wrestling match with Ellison to take place at Raymond. When asked by a Star representative why the match wasn't arranged for Cardston, he stated that since arriving in town, he had learned that the last match had been "faked" and that the people had lost confidence and wouldn't be likely to turn out to another one whether good or bad. If the above is true we are pleased that wrestling has met its deserts and died the inevitable death which comes to all faking schemes. The STAR has always been of the opinion that there is nothing better in the line of sports than a good wrestling match, but when it comes to faking, it is better that it was done away with altogether, as there is nothing more disgusting than a fake wrestle.

The Sanders Restaurant makes a specialty of their Ice Cream, which is made from the purest of cream. They also carry a full line of imported goods, such as Cadbury's confectionery, etc. etc.

The fall wheat throughout the district is looking splendid and is growing rapidly. On Monday, April 9th, J. A. Hammer brought in a sample from his field which borders on the southeast of town. The stalks were very healthy looking and measured fifteen inches in length. Reports from all over the country show that the grain was never in better condition at this time of the year.

Some good baseball games are in store for Cardston this season. Two teams have been formed, suits have been ordered, and last of all the boys are getting down to real practice. A series of games will be played, the first this afternoon. It has been decided to set aside \$50.00 as prize money—\$25 to go to the team averaging the most runs, and \$25.00 (in three prizes) to be divided amongst the players according to their batting average. This ought to create good interest. Be sure and take in the game today boys, as you might prove to be the missing link of one of the teams, and your assistance will be required.

Wanted—A girl for Burton's Variety Store. Apply to Wm. Burton.

Golden Wedding

On May 11 Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Wolsey celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding. A very enjoyable time was had, dinner being served at 4 p. m. after which a program was rendered. Luncheon was served at 9 p. m.

Those present were Messrs. Ferd Binaldi, Sam Lavne, Ed. Wolsey, Luther Wolsey, Emer Harris, A. M. Spence and wives, Burrell and Dolores Wolsey and Homer Layne, besides 16 grandchildren and one great-grandchild of Mr. and Mrs. Wolsey. There were 2 sons, 2 daughters, their husbands and wives and 21 grandchildren absent.

Fake wrestling has killed itself in Cardston.

Call and see our souvenir postals for Dominion Day. Layne-Henson.

Something new in granite and tin ware at the Spencer and Stoddard Ltd.

Mr. S. L. Eversfield paid a business visit to Cardston on Tuesday. He returned to High River the following day.

A subscription list in aid of Walter Hoy who lost his hand on Saturday last, was passed this week. The sum of \$205.15 was raised.

Our ladies coats are going every day. Have you got yours yet?—Cardston Mercantile Co. Ltd.

Make me an offer on my 1-16 interest in "Bulls Head" mine, located in the Swiftcurrent mining district, Montana. Best copper prospect in district. C. E. Matson, Babb, Mont.

\$3.00 per month buys you a singer sewing machine on the installment plan. Layne-Henson

A touch of rheumatism, or a twinge of neuralgia, what ever the trouble is, Chamberlain's Liniment drives away the pain at once and cures the complaint quickly. First application gives relief. Sold by all dealers.

STRAYED—on the Coolis Ranch on or about the 10 of April, one red shorthorn cow, coming 4 years, branded—R R on left ribs. Apply to T. Adams.

All the latest styles in visiting cards at The Alberta Star office. Let us do your printing.

Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets will clear the sour stomach, sweeten the breath and create a healthy appetite. They promote the flow of gastric juice, thereby inducing good digestion. Sold by all dealers.

FOR SALE—Purebred Yorkshire swine both sexes. Farrowed March 1910. \$10.00 each. H. E. Williams, Leavitt, Alta.

Dressed and plain lumber for sale, \$13 to \$28 a M.—Mountain View Saw Mill.

The splendid work of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets is daily coming to light. No such grand remedy for liver and bowel troubles was ever known before. Thousands bless them for curing constipation, Sick headache, biliousness, jaundice and indigestion. Sold by all dealers.

Be sure and hear the free Band concert by the Claman players.

Pure bred Berkshire pigs at J. P. Low's. Call and see "Queen of Alberta" and litter.

SPECIAL OFFER—The Family Herald and Weekly Star and the Alberta Star for the balance of 1910 for seventy-five cents.

FOR SALE

Raw Land. S. W. 1/4 of Sec. 14, Township 6, Range 27, W. 4 M. All of Sec. 15, Township 6, Range 27, W. 4 M. W. 1/4 of Sec 17, Township 6, Range 26, W. 4 M.

Improved Property. N. E. 1/4 of Sec. 19, Township 6, Range 26, W. 4 M. N. W. 1/4 of Sec. 20, Township 6, Range 26, W. 4 M.

For price and terms apply to J. W. Harwood, Pincher Creek, Alta.

Special Offer for 30 Days Only.

Photo Postcards finished while you wait \$1.00 a dozen

All Photos Reduced

The Henson Studio Phone 18

Thousands of Dollars

Have been added to the pockets of the farmers of the Cardston District by the recent beautiful rain.

Thousands of Dollars

Worth of goods have been added to our stock, and we are prepared to supply your every need. Our Dry Goods department is larger and better than ever. We have added a large shipment of Cashmeres, Prints, Gingham, Calicos—including a full line of Mill End Calicos at 10c per yd. Cottons, Silk Dress lengths, Ladies' Gloves, etc. etc. Don't forget our Furniture Department. Our Grocery Department can supply you with everything you need

The store that aims to please.

The Pioneer General Store

The Cardston Mercantile Co. Ltd.

3,000 ROLLS 3,000

HIGH GRADE

Wall Paper

We are continually receiving large shipments of Wall paper and are prepared to supply the wants of our customers and the general public.

Prospective buyers will do well to see our stock before ordering elsewhere as our prices are right and our goods unexcelled.

Singer

Sewing

Machines

Sold on easy terms

For Up-to-date Stationery Phone 18.

See our line of

Baseball and Tennis Goods.

Layne-Henson

MUSIC CO.

Mail for the east now closes at 11:15. Don't forget.

John D. Rockefeller would go broke if he should spend his entire income trying to prepare a better medicine than Chamberlain's Colic Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy for diarrhoea, dysentery or bowel complaints. It is simply impossible, and so says every one that has used it. Sold by all dealers.

Advertise in The Alberta Star

Ladies and Gentlemen we want your Shoe Business

and

Groceries

Carload

just

unloaded

Spencer & Stoddard

—LIMITED—

DEPARTMENT STORE

"That store next to post office you know"

THE WILD GEESE BY Stanley J. Weyman.

(Copyright, 1909, Stanley J. Weyman)

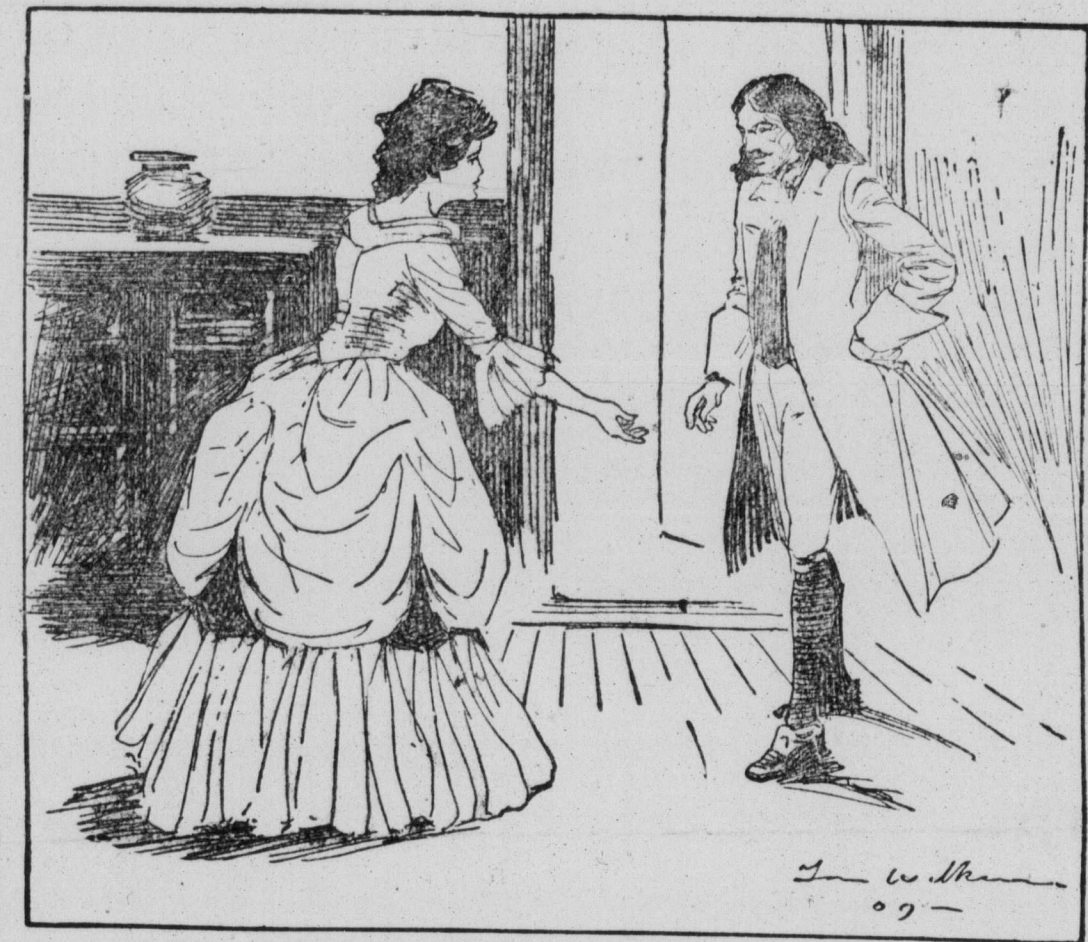
Synopsis of Previous Chapters

Colonel John Sullivan, an Irish soldier, who has served abroad for many years, returns to his native Kerry on the sloop Cormorant, a French smuggling vessel, laden with Bordeaux wines. The cargo of the sloop is seized by the natives of Skull, against the futile protests of Captain Augustin, who realizes that he has no law on his side. Colonel Sullivan is coldly received by Flavia and her brother, The McMurrough, because of his alien faith and his undesirable position as their legal guardian. When Captain Augustin returns with Luke Asgill, the nearest justice, and demands the return of the confiscated cargo, Flavia and her guardian are in favor of returning the cargo on the captain's payment of the dues. The McMurrough objects to this, but finally agrees to it on Colonel Sullivan's offer to get back Flavia's favorite mare, which was seized by British soldiers. The Colonel and his servant, Bale, set out and find the mare at the barracks of Tralee. The Colonel is invited into the mess room by the English officers, and one of them, named Payton, who seized the mare, throws wine in his face. The Colonel refuses to fight, because his right arm is permanently disabled. He wins a left-handed fencing bout with the mare's owner, at the same time winning the mare on a wager. At dinner upon his return to Morristown, he is amazed when Flavia drinks a toast "to the King across the water" and fears that a rising is contemplated. His fears are realized next morning when his kinsman, Ulick, warns him to leave the place and the people to their fate. The Colonel refuses and next morning after breakfast is invited to join a family council of war. He refuses to join the proposed uprising, knowing its futility. Fearing that the Colonel may turn informer, The McMurrough and his friends imprison him and his servant Bale. The next morning the two are led out to their death by the agent of The McMurrough, O'Sullivan Og. At the last moment this sentence is revoked and the Colonel and Bale are rowed out through the mist to imprisonment on a Spanish war ship in the harbor. The McMurrough captures the two prisoners, luckily escaping, take refuge on the French sloop, Captain Augustin and his sailors, under the Colonel's direction, sail to the house at Morristown under cover of the fog, and seize and imprison the leaders of the uprising on the sloop. The Bishop and Admiral Cannon are to be carried to sea for a period, and The McMurrough, on swearing that he will attempt nothing against Colonel John, is released and returns to Morristown with the Colonel. Flavia, incensed at his return and the failure of the uprising, attacks the Colonel, who narrowly escapes death at her hands. She and her brother find the Colonel's presence irksome and consider means of getting rid of him. When Asgill comes wooing Flavia, and because of earlier treachery is forbidden the house by the Colonel, The McMurrough and his rebel at the Colonel's authority. Flavia induces the Colonel to send away his faithful servant, Bale, on the plea that he may be injured by the inimical peasantry. She then lures the Colonel to an old tower at night and has him imprisoned there, without food or water, in the hope that he may thus be induced to sign over to The McMurrough all that he holds under the will of Sir Michael McMurrough. Meanwhile, Payton, with some of his soldiers come from Tralee on investigation. Flavia is remorseful, fearing the Colonel, still obdurate, may die of starvation and his death be upon her head. She releases him and bears him back to Morristown with the assistance of Payton, while her brother and Asgill flee. That night Payton insults her and angers The McMurrough, who challenges him to a duel. Unable, through drink and cowardice, to meet his opponent, he persuades Flavia to ask Asgill to contrive a way out. Asgill takes his place, and Payton stabs him, after disarming him—an act which, all unknown to Payton, was observed by Colonel John from an upper window.

CHAPTER XXIV. The Pitcher at the Well

THE surgeon of that day was better skilled in letting blood than in standing it. It was well for Luke Asgill, therefore, that none lived nearer than Tralee. It was still more fortunate for him that there was one in the house to whom the treatment of such a wound as his was an everyday matter, and who was guided in his practice by the rules of the faculty than by those of common sense. Even under his care Asgill's life hung for many hours in the balance. There was a time when his breath, in the old phrase, would not raise a feather. The servants were ready to raise the "keen," the cook sought the salt for the death plate. Colonel John, mindful of many a man found living on the field hours after he should, by all the rules, have died, did not despair; and little by little the Colonel's skill and patience prevailed. The breathing grew stronger, and, though the end must remain uncertain, death, for the moment, was repelled. Now, he who, when others are distressed and wring their hands, knows both what to do and how to do it, cannot fail to impress the imagination. Un-supported by Flavia, Colonel John might have done less; yet she who fetched and carried for him, and shrank from no sight of blood or wound, was also the one who succumbed the most completely to his ascendancy. Flavia's feelings toward her cousin had been altering hour by hour, and this experience of him hastened her tacit surrender. Having seen how high he could rise in adversity, she now saw also how naturally he took the lead of others, how completely he dominated the crowd. While she no longer marvelled at the skill with which he had thwarted plans which she began to appraise at their value, she found herself relying upon him to an extent which startled and frightened her. Was it only that morning that she had trembled for her brother's life? Was it only that morning that she had opened her eyes and known him craven, un-

worthy of his name and race? Was it only that morning that she had sent into peril the man who lay dying before her? For if that were so why did she now feel so different? Why did she now feel inexplicably relieved, inconceivably at ease, almost happy? Why, with the man whom she had thrust into peril lying in extremis before her, did she find her mind straying to another? To one whose hands touched hers in the work of tenderness, who, low-toned ordered her hither and thither, and was obeyed? She asked herself the questions as she sat in the darkened room, watching. And in the twilight she blushed. Once, at a crisis, Colonel John had taken her roughly by the wrist and forced her to hold a bandage so, while he twisted it. She looked at the wrist now, and, fancying she could see the imprint of his fingers on it, she blushed more deeply. Presently there came, as they sat listening to the fluttering breath, a low scratching at the door. At a sign from Colonel Sullivan, who sat on the inner side of the bed, she stole to it and found Morty O'Beirne on the threshold. He beckoned to her, and, closing the door, she followed him downstairs, to where, in the living room, she found the other O'Beirne standing sheepishly beside the table. "It's not knowing what to do, we are," Morty said. "He did not look at her, nor did his brother. Her heart sank. 'What is it?' she asked. 'The fend's in the man,' Morty replied, tapping with his fingers on the table. 'But—it's you will be telling her, Phelim.' 'It's he that's not content,' Phelim muttered. 'The thief of the world!' 'Curse him!' cried his brother. 'Not content!' she echoed. 'After



"For You!" She Cried, in a Voice That Betrayed her Heart. "Ah!"

what he's done?" Then the downcast demeanor of the two men told the story, and she gasped. "He's for—fighting my brother?" she whispered. "No, he'll be content with no less," Morty answered, with a groan. "Bad cess to him! And The McMurrough—sure he's no stomach for it. And whirra, whirra, on that the man says he'll be telling it in Tralee that he'll not meet him, and as far as Galway City he'll be his comb for him! Ay, bedad, he says that!" She listened, despairing. The house was quiet, as houses in the country are of an afternoon. Her thoughts were no longer with the injured man, however, but in that other room, where her brother lurked in shameful fear that in a while, but in him, head of his race, last of his race, never! She came of heroes. To her the strain had descended pure and untainted, and she would rather have seen him dead. The two men before her, she was very sure, would have taken up the glove, unwillingly and perforce, but they would have fought! While her brother, The McMurrough—But even while she thought of it, she saw a man sauntering toward the doorway, his sword under his arm. It was the Englishman. She felt the added sting. Her cheek, that had been pale, burned darkly. "Patrick fly away with the toad and the ugly smile of him!" Morty said. "I'm thinking it's between the two of us, Phelim, my jewel! And he that's killed will help the other." "Heaven forbid!" Flavia cried, pale with horror at the thought. "Not another!" "But sure, and I'm not seeing how else we'll get rid of him handsomely," Phelim replied. "Not!" she replied firmly. "Not I forbid it!" Again the man sauntered by the entrance, and again he cast the same insolent, smiling look at the house. They watched him pass, an ominous shadow in the sunshine, and Flavia shuddered. "But what will you be doing, then?" Morty asked, rubbing his chin in perplexity. "He's saying that if The McMurrough'll not meet him by four o'clock, and it isn't short of it, he'll be riding this day! And his face gone red, he's a bitter tongue, and it will be foul shame on the house." Flavia drew in her breath sharply. She had made up her mind. "I know what I will do," she said. "I will tell him all. And she turned to go. "It's not worth the shoe leather!" Morty cried after her, letting his scorn of James be seen. But when she returned a minute later she was followed, not by James McMurrough, but by Colonel Sullivan. The Colonel's face had lost the brown of health; but he trod firmly, and his eyes were clear and kind. "I am willing to help if I can," he said. "What is your trouble?" "Tell him," Flavia said, averting her face. The told him in almost the same words

in which they had broken the news to her. "And the curse of Cromwell on me, but he's parading up and down now," Morty continued, "and cocking his eye at the sun did whenever he passes, as much as to say, 'Is it coming you are?' till the heart's fairly melted in me with the rage!" "And it's shame on us we let him be," cried Phelim. Colonel John did not answer. He was silent even when, under the eyes of all, the ominous shadow passed again before the entrance gates—came and went. He was so long silent that Flavia turned to him, and held out her hands. "What shall we do?" she cried—and in that cry she betrayed her dependence on him. "It is hard to say," Colonel John answered gravely. His face was very gloomy, and to hide it or his thoughts he turned from them and went to one of the windows. They waited; Flavia with a growing sense of disappointment. She did not know what she had thought that he would do; but she had been confident that he could help, and it seemed that he could do no more than others. He came back to them presently, his face sad. "I will deal with it," he said—and he sighed. "You can leave it to me. Do you," he continued, addressing Morty, "come with me, Mr. O'Beirne." He was for leaving them with that, but Flavia put herself between him and the door. She fixed her eyes on his face. "What are you going to do?" she asked in a low voice. "I will tell you all—later," he replied gently. "Not now," she retorted, controlling herself with difficulty. "Now!" You are not going to fight him?" "I am not going to fight," he answered slowly. But her heart was not so easily deceived as her car. "There is something under your words," she said. "What is it?" "I am not going to fight," he replied gravely, "but to punish. There is a limit." Even while she spoke she remembered in what circumstances those words had been used. "He has the blood of four on his head, and another

CHAPTER XXV. Peace

Uncle Ulick, with the mud of the road on his boots, and the curls still stiff in the wig which the town barber at Mal-low had dressed for him, rubbed his chin with his hand and owned himself puzzled. Had his absence run into months instead of weeks the lapse of time had not sufficed to explain the change which he felt, but could not define, in his surroundings. Certainly old Darby looked a thought more trim, and the room a trifle better ordered than he had left them. But the change did not stop there—perhaps did not begin there. Full of news of the outer world as he was, he caught himself pausing in mid-career to question himself, and his eyes scanned his companion's faces for the answer his mind refused to give. An insolent Englishman had come, and, after running Luke Asgill through the body, had paid the penalty—in fight so fair that the very troopers who had witnessed it could make no complaint nor raise trouble. So much Uncle Ulick had learned. But he had not known Payton, and, exciting as the episode sounded, it did not explain the difference in the atmosphere of the house. Where he had led suspicion and a silent battle, he found smiles, and easiness, and a cheerful sense of well being. Again he looked about him. "And what will James be?" he asked. "He has left us," Flavia said, with her eyes on Colonel Sullivan. "It's away to Galway City he is," Morty O'Beirne explained with a chuckle. "The saints be between us and harm!" Uncle Ulick exclaimed in astonishment. "And why's he there?" "The story is long," said Colonel Sullivan. "But I can tell it in a few words," Flavia continued with dignity. "And the sooner it is told the better. He has not behaved well, Uncle Ulick, and his request and with—the legal owner's consent—it's I have agreed to pay him one-half of the value of the property." "The atmosphere of the house, where he had led suspicion and a silent battle, he found smiles, and easiness, and a cheerful sense of well being. Again he looked about him. 'And what will James be?' he asked. 'He has left us,' Flavia said, with her eyes on Colonel Sullivan. 'It's away to Galway City he is,' Morty O'Beirne explained with a chuckle. 'The saints be between us and harm!' Uncle Ulick exclaimed in astonishment. 'And why's he there?' 'The story is long,' said Colonel Sullivan. 'But I can tell it in a few words,' Flavia continued with dignity. 'And the sooner it is told the better. He has not behaved well, Uncle Ulick, and his request and with—the legal owner's consent—it's I have agreed to pay him one-half of the value of the property.' 'The atmosphere of the house, where he had led suspicion and a silent battle, he found smiles, and easiness, and a cheerful sense of well being. Again he looked about him. 'And what will James be?' he asked. 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SPRING SKIN TROUBLES

Pimples, Eruptions and "Spotty Complexions"

At this season, scores of people—girls and young women especially—find their faces disfigured by pimples, dark spots, eruptions, etc. The skin needs attention—needs renovating after the trying time it has passed through during the winter.

Just think what it has gone through! You have been out in rain and sleet and snow. You have been at one moment perspiring from skating, or some other exertion. Then you have stood to "cool off." You have spent hours of the day indoors at a temperature equal to summer heat. Then you have covered up your skin—except your face—and gone out into a temperature away below zero! No wonder that, with all these changes, the skin of the face and neck shows signs of needing attention.

Don't forget that the skin has to do work just as any other organ of the body, and if you overwork it, it gives out. Zam-Buk is the remedy. Smear it lightly over the spots, the eruptions, the scaly patches, at night, and notice how quickly your appearance improves. As the rich, refined, herbal essences sink deep into the tissue, the hard, scurf-like patches are removed. Better color results. The cells of the skin become transparent. The blood beneath is able to impart its proper coloring to the tissue, and the delicate bloom of health replaces the sallowness and pallor of disease.

Zam-Buk is also of great use for skin injuries and diseases. Eczema, ulcers, chaps, ringworm, acne, yield to its use. For cuts, burns, bruises, children's rashes, etc., it is unequalled, and it is a sure cure for piles. All drug-gists and stores at 50c box, or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. Refuse harmful substitutes and imitations.

FASHIONS AND FANCIES

It is said that tunics finished with fringe will be very smart this summer, and already there are many charming models in the embroidered nets and tulle that are made with long tunic effect and finished with fringe of crystal beads. For street wear, when the weather is warmer, the darker color voles de soie gowns will be most popular. Black is to be fashionable, either the all black, with only a touch of color in the embroidery on the waist, or made over color, or white and with only black embroidery or trimming. Queer shades of dark blue and green are very attractive and will be most popular, but not the ordinary shades. Embroidery on the material itself—heavy silk embroidery—is more fashionable than bands of trimming, and then there are heavy embroidered laces that are used and that blend well with



Grey Voile de Soie Gown with Silver Embroidery

the voile de soie as material. There is such a variety of choice in color and design that it would seem as though a failure were impossible.

Among the charming new garments for young girls lately evolved by Paris costumers is a fascinating cloak made rather short, as it is made only as long as is necessary to cover the very short dancing frocks. One such cloak was made of old rose liberty, trimmed with bands of black liberty and fastened in front with a huge black clasp.

The cloak is very full and turns over at the top in a cape that reaches to the waist, and is drawn tightly over the shoulders like a shawl. There is a deep band of black around the bottom of this upper cape and around the top also. The two black borders come together in the large clasp in front. A white mousseline de soie frock for a girl is laid entirely in narrow pleats—bodice, sleeves and skirt. The pleats on the bodice and skirt are vertical, while those on the sleeve are crosswise. A deep band of embroidery wrought in the mousseline de soie encircles the top of the bodice and is carried down the outside of the sleeve. There is a single embroidered ornament in the middle of the front of the bodice just above the girle. The neck is a little low and round and finished with a frill of embroidered mousseline de soie. The skirt is finished with a deep band of the embroidery and beneath this is a full ruche of taffeta. A plain underskirt shows for a few inches below this upper skirt. There is a girle and long ends of taffeta.

The embroidery used on this gown is on the order of English eyelet work, and is done in red.

A velvet frock is made something like a princess, but has just a little fullness at the waist, which is held in by gathers. The effect is that of a one piece gown, with gathers set in at the waist, but the model is very likely made in two pieces and then sewed together, the piecing being hidden by the gathers.

The frock is buttoned down one side of the front from neck to hem with small velvet buttons. At the foot there is a band of fur which is carried diagonally across the skirt. The neck is low and a wide sailor collar of lace is worn. The sleeves are short, being finished above the elbow with a band of fur. Beneath this is a full sleeve of black satin.

A model for a broadcloth or cashmere gown is quite unusual and very charming. The trimming is of soutache. Guimpe and collar are of mousseline de soie embroidered or braided with soutache, and the undersleeves are of the same material, tucked diagonally and trimmed with bands of cloth braided.

The model shown was in wistaria satin finished broadcloth braided in the same color, and with guimpe and sleeves of mousseline de soie to match. Coral of an unusually dark shade was used for another gown made according to this model, and the trimming and guimpe were in slightly varying shades. Several shades of a rather unusual order of green are also used for this costume. In broadcloth the gown is excellent, but perhaps it is a little more charming in silk cashmere. The material to be employed is, however, selected with regard to the use to which the costume is to be put.

Very striking, and most becoming to many figures, is an excellent model for a black crepe de chine gown or for crepe de chine in any color.

The model shown was of pale green silk cashmere, with trimmings of chiffon and black satin. The skirt has an overskirt pointed front and back, and bordered with a broad band of satin. The underskirt has a broad band of satin at the foot and a narrower one above it. The bodice is plain on the left side and back, and filled in with draped chiffon in a lighter shade of green on one side of the front. The sleeves, of cashmere, reach half way to the elbow and are finished with deep cuffs of black satin. There are long mousquetaire sleeves of chiffon below these.

A scarf of black satin is carried from the right shoulder to the left side of the waist and finished with long ends that fall to the end of the overskirt. The full girle is also of the satin.

One of the newest lines noticed in the fashionable dresses intended for early spring wear, is the horizontal one extending across the bust rather high, and, while in this instance

it is not carried over to the shoulders, it very often does reach that far in an apparent effort to accentuate the effect.

The line is made here by the juncture of the thin guimpe and the inset band of embroidery filling in the curved section of the "U" shaped yoke. It could be attractively accomplished by extending this piece of embroidery and eliminating the curved trimming. However, this style will be found becoming to many figures, and would look well carried out in one of the latest designs of pongee with Oriental trimmings and bands covered with a braided pattern.

There is a delightful fashion at the present time for long oval and round shaped bags, hung on old silver frames and suspended low from the arm by heavy corded silk handles trimmed with tassels and tied in knots.

They are made of many materials, velvet, antique moire and short-haired furs, but black velvet is most liked, and they are really charming when carried with a black velvet suit, or ermine. They are only carried, of course, in the afternoon everyone seems to have, if they are not wearing chinchilla or ermine. They are only carried, of course, in the afternoon or evening, and are used almost to the exclusion, for the season at least, of the elegant gold and platinum ones we have been so accustomed to seeing.

They are delightful for an elderly woman, and they have a decided air of quaintness when carried by a young girl. The fur bags are delightfully old-fashioned, like everything else made of fur this season. Some are in two parts, having a double frame, with a space in between just large enough to hold the hands.

These are especially nice to take on a shopping trip to keep the hands cosy, when a large muff would be in the way. Another pretty fashion, which has just come out, are the tiny frills of tulle or net which are so much worn instead of the standing collars on the pretty dressy blouses and gowns.

They are from an inch to three inches deep, and finely gathered or knife-throated and attached to the yoke or collar at the base of the throat, and worn in place of the high boned collars.

For the girl who is accustomed to wearing the turned down Dutch collars they will be pretty and becoming for the fancy type of blouse, which requires something more fluffy as a finish at the neck than a plain flat collar, no matter how elaborate it may be.

They are wonderfully pretty when worn on a velvet dress, and the velvet dresses, by the way, are bringing out the most beautiful old laces, which are used for yokes and cuffs.

The new yoke which Dressell is using, and everyone seems to be wearing, are made of a straight band of tulle, chiffon or embroidered net, and simply drawn on a shirring thread around the neck and again where they are attached to the yoke of the blouse.

THE IMPORTANCE OF PLAY

WHILE we have little or no control over heredity, we should, in the case of children, possess absolute mastery over environment, so we are told by Dr. T. S. Clouston, a noted Scottish alienist, in a recent lecture before the Child Study Society. We read in a report of his remarks in *The Hospital* (London, January 8):

"The effects of environment are such that they may make or mar the mental development of a child, may equip it physically to face the world and its work with ease, or leave it a relatively miserable, incapable, anemic. These environments include the outward forces of nature, such as light and air. At birth the child possesses no mind at all, and if it is deprived of sight and hearing it will remain in a condition allied to idiosyncy. Such a child, brought up in darkness, would be mutilated in mind, and would not develop thought or feeling or conduct. To state this is to condemn every form of local government which suffers insanitary houses and overcrowded dwellings to remain within the area of its jurisdiction. The members of such bodies who permit these evils will one day have a heavy account to settle for their misdeeds through the neglect of a plain public duty. Town life under the best conditions is apt to make children unstable in mind. Yet stability of mind is the most desirable quality for any growing human being. It follows that for



Orange Voile de Soie Gown Embroidered in Gold Over White Satin

the children of all residents in towns should be secured good food, plenty of fresh air and sunlight, and the fullest opportunities for play and exercise. No city, or town, or rural community for that matter, is entitled to regard itself as modern which does not possess adequate playgrounds for its children. Who can estimate the loss to a nation which arises from the absence of playgrounds, whereby the physical and moral characters of men and women are materially affected for evil everywhere?"

Loose Tea Loses Flavour

It not only loses flavour, but worse than this, loose tea takes on new odors, such as coal oil, molasses, onions, coffee, soap, etc.,—to say nothing of its exposure to the sun, dust, dirt and air. Therefore for your protection



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Johnville, Que., Jan. 9, 1908.

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Yours respectfully, John Smith.

#1 a bottle—4 for \$5. Get our book "A Treatise on The Horse" at dealers or write us.

Dr. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburg Falls, Vt.

\$15,000 PAID FOR Melville Lots IN ONE WEEK

Our sales in South Melville for the past week total over \$15,000. This is a record mark. But we believe we will beat the record every week for the next month. Enthusiasm is growing intense. We advise intending investors to get in early. Enthusiasm is advancing rapidly. Every purchase puts them higher. Write for map and booklet—or call.

Melville Land Company, Limited

Union Bank Building, Winnipeg

Aetna

The Aetna singers being successful in capturing a prize in a contest at Cardston some months ago, purchased a very nice bell with the prize money, and presented it to the ward. It is placed upon the meeting house and its beautiful tones remind us of their faithful labors.

Primary conference was held Sunday last, sisters Sarah Card and Etta Dowdle being present in the interest of the stake. Home missionaries and S. S. officers being present, a pleasant time was spent.

Mr. Geo. B. Black of Chicago Ill., who owns land in Aetna and Taylorville districts under management of Bishop Tanner was out looking over his possessions and has decided to crop 300 acres this season.

Mr. Oscar Fedit met with a serious accident Saturday. While riding after horses the horse fell with him bruising him considerably; he was hurt quite badly inwardly. We hope he will soon recover.

This beautiful storm pleases the people very much.

Leavitt News

(Continued from last week)

The following program was carried out:

Marital of the day, Wm. Glenn, Chaplain, Sam Baker.

King—Master Leonard Pilling, Queen of the May—Miss Ruth Spence.

Speech of Welcome—Supt. Robinson.

Recitation—Master Vernon Williams.

Song—Miss Louella Leavitt.

Drill—School children led by Miss Rose Archibald.

Speech—Francis Broadbent.

Song—Amos Leavitt.

Quartet—Barbara Glenn, Emma Leavitt, Ela Coombs, and Sarah Broadbent.

Duet—The Misses Olsen.

Speech—Bishop W. G. Smith.

After lunch and a dance for the children a game of ball, Leavitt vs. Mt. View Score, 7-5 favor of Mt. View, Umpire, David Rawlins.

You certainly did miss a treat by not attending the wedding reception last Wednesday in honor of our newly wed. You may not have received an invitation, but that was on account of your not being a relative. The tables were laden with so many nice things that one was loth to break the spell lest by so doing all would suddenly vanish, which did in due time. The main feature was the punch bowl filled from the spring, and the Trough Dance. This last was dexteriously performed by Prof. W. D. Sorenson, brother of the groom. He roundly protested but when the trough was brought in through the window and his shoes taken from his feet, he submitted and, doffing coat, collar and tie, made all other competition take a back seat. A vote from the audience showed that he was an expert.

Resolution

Passed Unanimously by the Alberta Stake Conference of the Y. M. & Y. L. M. I. A.

Believing as we do the strength of a community lies in the moral, upright living of the people and that such a condition can be secured by a wholesome observance of the Sabbath day, the laws of virtue, temperance and sobriety, and that each individual can and ought to contribute to the betterment of existing conditions it is resolved:

By the officers and teachers of the Y. M. and Y. L. M. I. A., of the Alberta Stake in conference assembled, that we will use our

utmost endeavors to secure the setting apart and observance of Saturday afternoon during each week of the summer season as a half holiday, and the use of the same for the ball games, races, excursions, and all other out of door sports.

Be it further resolved that we all agree to work unitedly for the uniformity of this half holiday throughout the stake and that we encourage interward meets in friendly athletic contests.

Cow Herd Commences

A cowherd commenced on Tuesday, and will run during four months on the reservation. The herder this year is George Blackstone (Indian) to whom the monthly fee of one dollar per head should be paid in advance. A grazing fee of two dollars per head is also required by the department, and should be paid to Jno. Holmes. This fee allows the use of the reservation for four months. The above terms were the best that could be obtained from the Indian department.

Examinations

The Departmental Examination for Standard V. and VI. will be held this year on June 27th, 28th, 29th, and 30th.

The examinations in these two standards will be conducted at the same centres, during the same days and under the same presiding examiner. The department will supply the required paper and ink but candidates are advised to provide themselves with rulers, compasses, penholders etc. Forms of application and copies of time-table will be mailed upon request.

PLACES OF EXAMINATION
Edmonton, Vegreville, Innisfree, Vermilion, Tofield, Viking, Wainwright, Strathcona Leduc, Wetaskiwin, Canrose, Daysland, Killan, Eardisty, Provost, Ponoka Lacombe, Alix, Sletttler, Red Deer, Innisfail, Olds, Didsbury Carstairs, Calgary, Banff, Gleichen, Medicine Hat, Okotoks, High River, Nanton, Claresholm Macleod, Pincher Creek, Coleman, Lethbridge, Taber, Raymond, Cardston.

To Complete Milk River Project

Figures showing the amount needed to complete the irrigation projects in Montana have been furnished to the ways and means committee by Secretary Ballinger of the interior department. For the Milk river project \$18,570,000 to complete the dams and flood-water canals: in the Milk-river valley; principally the north and south Dodson canals. The department also estimated that four million dollars additional would be necessary for the Milk river project to complete the storage dam and portion of the canal from St Mary's river to the head of Milk river, the transportation of water through Milk river in Canada back in United States, the construction of the Chain Lakes reservoir, or the use of other basins for storage and development of the Chinook unite.

The International Waterways Treaty has been signed at Washington.

Loses Hand

A serious accident happened on Saturday morning at the Mt. View saw mill, when Walter Hoy caught his left arm in the planer and before he could withdraw, the hand was severed at the wrist. He was brought immediately to town and placed under the care of Dr. Stacpoole. He is at present doing nicely and bears up well considering the terrible ordeal which he has passed through.

The accident occurred just two hours prior to the closing of the mill for the season.

RICH RED BLOOD

You Will Never Have It as Long as You Have Dyspepsia

Just as long as you have dyspepsia your food will not properly digest, and the nutritious elements in the food will not be extracted or absorbed, and impoverish or watery blood will follow.

This condition may not be apparent at first, but it will come just as sure as the sun will rise again.

Any stomach ailment, including all forms of indigestion, can be promptly cured by using Mi-o-na tablets, a scientific treatment unsurpassed.

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Never hesitate about giving Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to children. It contains no opium or other narcotics and can be given with implicit confidence. As a quick cure for coughs and colds to which children are susceptible, it is unsurpassed. Sold by all dealers.

Stolen

A five dollar reward will be given for information leading to the recovery of a black mare, 4 years old, one white hind foot, and branded "E" on right shoulder. Was stolen about March 1909 from Gus Nielson's place, 4 miles west of town. Apply to Star office.

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we are prepared to render you.

Notes or other Negotiable Paper discounted or taken for collection. Money transmitted by Draft, Money Order or Telegraph or Cable Transfer. Foreign Exchange bought and sold. Travellers' Letters of Credit issued.

Highest current rate of interest paid on Savings deposits. \$1.00 or upward starts an account.

Cardston Branch. G. M. Proud Manager.

Total Assets Oct. 30, 1909
Over \$42,000,000.

Every Service
A Bank Can Render

to a Farmer, a Merchant, a Business Man, Firm or Corporation, a School Board or a Municipality.