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The Alberta Star

**Lumber!
Lumber!**

Alberta Lumber & Hardware Co., Ltd.

Vol. X

CARDSTON, ALBERTA, FRIDAY, MARCH 12, 1909.

No. 40

Special at Allen's this Week

Men's Working Shirts

A few dozen of Men's Dark Working Shirts with collar attached.

Mens and Boys Felt Hats

All the latest shapes and colours in Men's and Boy's Felt Hats.

Ladies Coats and Skirts

Ladies Coats and Skirts, latest fashion.

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Children's dainty Millinery at reasonable prices.

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„Cahoon Barber Shop.“

Hot and Cold Water Baths. Special arrangements made for the public accommodation
Tonsorial Service in all its phases

Peterson & McCune

J. W. Woolf, the Candidate For the Cardston District

The Liberals Select a Very Capable Representative for Riding—Nomination Made Unanimous

**Opposition for
Opposition's Sake**

What an exposure of stick-in-the-mud partizanship is made by the wearisome men who are trying to get up some show of opposition to the Rutherford Government. They call, through the editorial columns of the Edmonton Journal, for "candidates to oppose the Government's representatives." Think of that! Not for candidates to advance any good proposition, any reasonable ideas, but for "candidates to oppose the Government's representatives."

For no specified or imaginable reason—but just "to oppose." Kickers! Obstructionists! Come out a candidate to stand in the path of Progress. Candidates to oppose the locomotive! One thinks of the Indian who tried that when a transcontinental railway engine was first seen on the prairies. Poor Lo! He was "a Conservative," he would stand out for his party, the Indian party. So he lassoed the smokestack of the locomotive.

Some miles further on the train stopped. The driver took the lasso off the smokestack. To its other end was hanging some pounds of very much battered red meat. So Mr. Lo's Conservative opposition's sake had a sad but appropriate ending.

It may be with this cheerful reminiscence in mind that the organ goes on to declare,—"If strong and able men are selected in Edmonton, if they show eagerness to champion the Conservative cause, the effect upon Conservatives in the other constituencies will be inspiring." Verily, a great cynic once remarked that "there is something no displeasing in witnessing the misfortunes of friends." To see the wreck of any two Edmontoners crazy enough to oppose Messrs. Cross and McDougall, just for opposition's sake, would thus exhilarate the boys elsewhere.

"That noble spectacle," says the organ, "will induce good men elsewhere to sacrifice their private interest and to devote their energies to furthering the Conservative cause." No hope of election is held out, you see. No thought of public interest to be injured by silly opposition is invoked. But, dear geese, get your heads cut for the Conservative cause." Thus you may please sympathizers—especially Senator Loughhead. It reminds us of the Highland jailer, long ago, who said to the condemned one, "Now, Donald man, come awa'uo and kindly be hanged just to please the Laird." Opposition for opposition's sake! Was ever sillier bosh proposed to presumably sane men.

Present indications point to the fact that the Rutherford government will be returned with a large majority.

Alberta Red wheat was awarded the first prize for best hard winter wheat, open to the world at the Trans Missouri Dry Framing Congress at Cheyenne.

Cardston district isn't getting enough pap from the Rutherford government, says the opposition. How much more will the district get if it should make the mistake of electing Levi Harker.

A Liberal convention of the Cardston constituency was held in the Band Hall on Monday afternoon. The meeting was well attended and very enthusiastic, delegates to the number of about fifty being present from all points of the constituency. Mr. Mark Spencer was elected chairman of the meeting. After the election of officers nominations for a candidate to represent the Liberals of the constituency in the election to be held on the 22nd. inst., were then called for. Five persons were

enthusiastic and sociable manner.

He said it was up to the people to work hard and see that their riding went Liberal. He had received the nomination, and was in the fight right up to the last.

He wished them to understand that it was not himself but the Rutherford government they were asked to give their support.

In the Rutherford government they have a government that had done a tremendous amount of good work.

In conclusion he stated that the Cardston district would have three railways running through it in the near future.

**A Political
Boomerang**

Notwithstanding the patronizing commendation with which the Red Deer platform of the provincial opposition has been greeted by some of the opposition press in the province, it is safe to say that nothing has been done so much to shake the confidence of the rank and file of the Conservative party in their self-constituted leaders than that same Red Deer platform. The absolute recklessness and want of sense of responsibility displayed by this tag and of what was once a sober minded party is little short of astounding. They adopt without a thought of the industrial and economic consequences to the Province and pledge themselves to the carrying out of total prohibition upon a plebiscite vote, of governmental accident insurance, governmental guarantee of municipal securities, and governmental interference in established businesses with an enthusiasm that would put to shame the most ardent advocates of state socialism. Ninety nine per cent of the people who read this famous jumble of inconsistencies recognize it at once as a vote catching expedient without serious purpose and backed by no serious convictions. But this does not excuse the men who are responsible for it. They have by their own act stamped themselves as unworthy of the confidence of thinking people.

**The Rocky Mountain
Constituency**

The redistribution committee of the Alberta Legislature with Attorney General Cross as chairman, has shown a proper appreciation of its duties in separating the miners in the mountains from the farmers in the plain in southern Alberta. There is absolutely no community of interest between these two classes. The result of the fusion of them has been that organized labor in Alberta has remained unrepresented in the legislature until very recently when Mr. McNab was returned from Lethbridge. That this is not as it should be no one will seriously deny. A very large proportion of the voters in Alberta are labouring men and only a labouring man can truly know what is for the best interests of his fellow workers. It is practically conceded that the formation of the Rocky Mountain Constituency will secure a representative of the labour interests in the Alberta legislature from that part of the province at all events. It would not have been difficult for the government to have gerrymandered the miners into one of the southern constituencies where their influence would have been negligible, and in which it would have been out of the question for them to have seriously hoped to be able to elect a candidate of their own choosing. But the government have not done so. On the contrary they have seized the opportunity presented by the presence in the foothills of a considerable mining population to give the workingman a chance to make his voice heard in the legislature. More they could not have done.



J. W. WOOLF

Liberal Candidate for the Cardston District

nominated, namely, Mr. Meeks, Magrath, J. W. Woolf, Wm. Pilling T. H. Woolford, Cardston.

On a ballot being taken the vote was:

- John W. Woolf,.....26
- T. H. Woolford,.....13
- Mr. Meeks,.....5
- Wm. Pilling,.....3

Mr. Woolford then moved that the nomination of J. W. Woolf be unanimous, and that all support the candidate in coming election.

Mr. Woolf amid great applause was called upon to make a speech and responded in his usual en-

The nominee of the convention then took his seat amid round after round of applause.

The meeting was brought to a close about four o'clock by three cheers for Mr. Woolf.

If the representation at this convention and the enthusiasm displayed by the delegates are any criterion there can be no doubt that the Rutherford government so far as this constituency is concerned will be nobly endorsed on the 22nd. inst., and the nominee of this convention will be elected by a handsome majority.

Home Missionaries

SUNDAY MARCH 14th 1909.

Taylorville—James B. Wright, Erastus Olsen.

Kimball—Elias Pilling, Moroni Allen.

Aetna—V. I. Stewart, Samuel Webster.

Woolford—Andrew Jensen, C. F. Jensen.

Spring Coulee—R. A. Pilling, Thos. S. Low.

Cardston—D. K. Greene, August Nielson.

Leavitt—A. Cazier, Adam Gedleman.

Beazer—Chas. T. Marsden, Wm. Shepherd.

Mt. View—Thos. C. Rowberry, Fred Quinton.

Caldwell—S. M. Dudley, Ambrose Woolford.

Help Woolf boost Cardston and district.

A King's Little Playmates



KING FREDERICK of Denmark is very fond, indeed, of his little boy and girl subjects. Rarely does he miss a chance of playing with them. And you will see from the picture that he makes an excellent playfellow, even though he is a king.

Drummer of the Blues

CAPTAIN BEAUCOURT, a soldier of Vendee, was by no means idle during his furlough. Forced home because of a severe wound, no sooner did the conflict begin to center about his native town than he rose quickly to his feet and began directing the remaining defendants of the village, to the aid of which, fortunately, came several regiments of regulars. Today for six hours he had been fighting, so that now he was obliged to rest. Seated outside the inn, where he could have some view of the engagement, he calmly puffed on his pipe.

As the innkeeper brought a mug of ale, he said to the officer: "Captain, our men have charged the Blues and routed them. There remains but a handful of the enemy, sheltered by a ruined wall at the end of the lane."



MADE THE DRUMMER CAPTIVE

Doubtless they would retreat, too, were it not for a drummer who keeps persistently beating the 'Advance,' and so encourages his men."

The captain whistled, whereupon his own son, whom he had recruited as a town defender, came running.

"Jean," ordered the captain, "I want you to find some men and to clean out the Blues from the other end of the village."

The boy—he was only 15 years old—

proudly darted away upon his commission. Soon the captain heard the firing of muskets. A few minutes passed, then a soldier appeared dragging a drummer boy of the Blues.

"Our prisoner, sir," reported the man, "and one who doesn't observe the rules of honorable warfare. There wasn't another Blue in back of that wall, but this chit of a boy rolled and thumped away on his drum in order to deceive us and draw our pursuit from the fleeing enemy."

"Humph! that means death for him," curtly responded the captain. "Have a firing squad summoned as soon as possible."

"Pardon me, captain," the brave drummer boy interrupted, smiling as though the whole proceeding were a joke, "but couldn't you spare me a drink of something? I'm very thirsty."

"You won't feel thirsty when you're dead, which will be quite shortly," brutally replied the captain. The truth was, he didn't relish the trick played upon him by the little drummer, and in consequence, was in a beastly humor. Just then the innkeeper approached.

"Captain," said he, "there's—there's—"

"Go on," the officer exclaimed impatiently.

The landlord continued, after some hesitation: "Some of the young fellows out there tell me your son was rather badly shot in mistake by one of our own men. In fact, they're here with him now."

For an instant the captain shook unsteadily. But quickly recovering himself, he commanded: "Have them bring him to me."

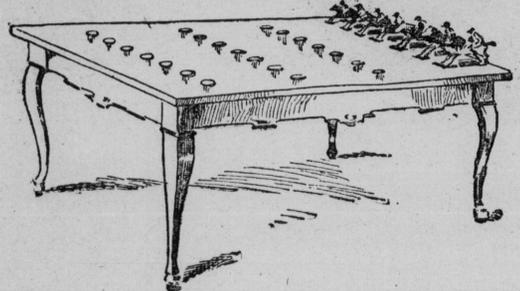
From around the corner of the inn appeared several youths carrying their burden upon a rough board. They laid the board, with that which was upon it, at the officer's feet and then silently withdrew.

A long time the captain gazed on the face of his boy—now dead!

Looking about him in a dazed manner, he perceived a 15-year-old drummer boy still standing with his captor.

"I've changed my mind about that execution," said Captain Beaucourt quietly; "and, as we've no way here of keeping prisoners, suppose we let him go without the usual parole."

Horse Race on Table



THERE'S lots of fun and excitement in watching a horse race. And it is possible for you to have one in your own home.

The horses—most any number—can be made from pasteboard and wood by the employment of a little skill. For the race course, use the level top of a light table. Glue little blocks of wood

to its surface, for obstacles in the course.

If you rock the table gently from side to side, after placing the horses at the starting point, the wee jockeys will ride their steeds toward the end of the course. Some will be stopped by obstacles, and some will travel faster than others, so that it will be difficult as well as interesting to pick the winner.

King Edward's Little Boy Friend

WHILE the King of England was taking tea one afternoon with a party of friends in the Bellevue Gardens of Marlborough, he observed a curly haired little boy, with bare brown legs, playing nearby. King Edward is very fond of boys and girls, and he offered the little fellow a piece of cake from the royal table. The boy drew near. Then, becoming seized with bashfulness, ran away to his nurse.

But the king persisted. Placing the cake on a plate, he pushed it over to the edge of the table and beckoned the youngster to approach. Finally, the boy's liking for cake triumphed over his shyness. He came slowly to the table, and hurriedly darted away with his prize.

Presently he returned with the plate. "Thank you," said he to the king, holding out his hand. The boy shook it and then ran away.

When the king was about to leave the gardens, the boy saw him, and, recognizing him as the gentleman who had given him the cake, broke away from his horrified nurse. He chased after King Edward, until he finally overtook him.

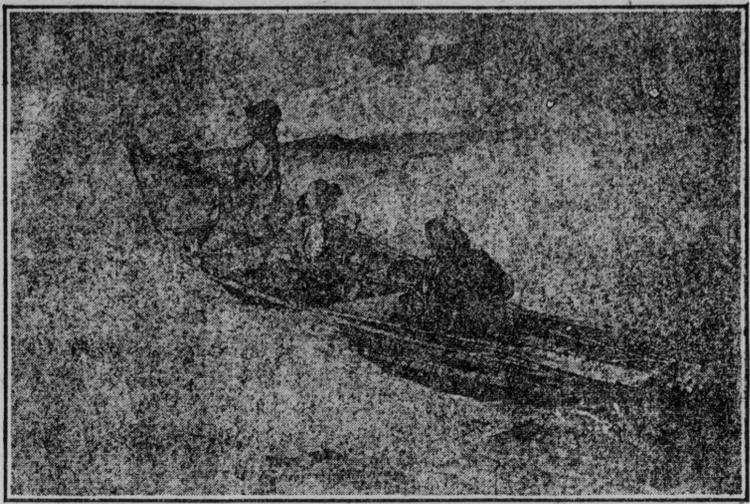
"Good-bye!" cried he. "The cake was very good."

His majesty rested a hand on the curly head. "Good-bye," said he, kindly and with a smile.

Mrs. Mater: "Have you seen Mr. Pater's son since he got home from college?" Daughter: "Yes, ma; saw him last night." Mrs. M.: "Has he improved much?"

Daughter: "Awfully. He's got a moustache." A set of dominoes can be combined in 284,928,211,840 different ways.

SABLE



HOWARD AND JIM GO OUT IN THE BOAT WITH SIM

WHEN Howard Rutherford paid his long anticipated visit to Uncle Hugh's cottage at Pleasant Point he found no enjoyment lacking. The town is situated near Halifax, on the eastern coast of Nova Scotia. From the veranda Howard could see the waves racing over the beach sands, while to the rear of the cottage stretched woods of birch, maple, spruce and pine; so that the salty breezes from the sea mingled with the fragrant, resinous odors of the forest. Then, too, Cousin Jim was of exactly his own age—14 years—and was as eager as Howard to paddle through the narrow streams and lakes upon fishing excursions and to make gunning expeditions into the forest.

Howard envied his cousin the possession of a real birch bark canoe, as well as a spirited pony, astride which the lads in turn would canter merrily along the beach. One day as they were strolling toward the sea to watch the



COUSIN JIM

fishing boats put out, he said: "I say, Jimmy, I'm going to write father for the necessary shekels to buy a canoe and pony like you have. I think they're great!"

"Yes, they are all right," returned Jimmy, "but suppose you postpone the letter until we come back from this sail. I think we can coax Captain Barnsby to give us."

The two, joining hands, raced across to where Captain Barnsby was supervising the repairing of a small boat. "Going out today, Cap?" asked Jimmy.

"Aye," replied Captain Barnsby shortly. "We're going with you, aren't we?" pursued the lad.

Without appearing to take further notice of his questioner, the old sailor jerked the short stem of an exceedingly black pipe from his mouth, and waving it in the direction of the boat, growled: "Caulk that seam good and tight, Sim, and then turn 'er over so's the keel get a look at 'er port side."

Jimmy waited patiently and was at

last rewarded by finding the captain's eye resting thoughtfully upon him. A moment later the reply came forth amid a cloud of tobacco smoke: "Perrived you parents are willin', young man, to have yuh venture on the briny?"

"Oh, that's all right," Jimmy reassured him. "Come along!" he shouted, clapping Howard on the back and dragging him toward the fishing smack Saucy Minerva, which lay moored in a sheltered cove beyond.

"You see," Jimmy explained, "the captain is just back from fishing on the Banks, and now since Bill Garrett is home sick and Lem Griffin's hurt his leg, he can't put off on a long trip short-handed; so he's making short voyages until the two men are replaced."

OFF TO THE BANKS

Once on board, Jimmy, who seemed thoroughly at home, showed Howard over the smack. Soon they were joined by Captain Barnsby and Sim, and the crew quickly got the boat under way.

Far from shore sailed the Saucy Minerva, until she was over the banks and submerged reefs, where swam those tiny sea folk, the annulaculæ, which the herring find so tempting and which the larger fish enjoy indirectly by gobbling up their weaker brethren, the herring.

But after trawling for a few hours the captain seemed dissatisfied with his luck, and signalled for the return of the small boats. When all were aboard he again set sail, and, in response to Jimmy's query, muttered: "Think I'll try over there 'round Sable Island. We're not makin' out well here."

Just when the lads could faintly distinguish among the dark clouds of fog what looked like a dozen low-lying hummocks in relief against the horizon, Captain Barnsby brought the boat to, graciously explaining that they were then over Sable Island Banks, near to that part known as George's Bank, where the usual depth of shoals (from thirty to seventy fathoms) was much decreased, as was made evident by the thundering roar of the breakers beyond.

DRIVEN BY GALE

"And the land over there," said he, "is Sable Island, shaped like a bow, with a hollow in its north side."

Jimmy begged to be allowed to go out in a yawl. The captain finally consented, so Jimmy and Howard lowered themselves into Sim's boat, where they could watch him float his trawling lines over the fishing ground. They were some distance away from the Minerva, when suddenly there came fitful puffs of wind.

"A storm!" exclaimed Sim anxiously. He took another look at the sky and then pulled like mad for the smack. But before he had rowed many boat-lengths the gale was upon them. Rain, fiercely driven by the wind, pelted the three. A thick mist had risen, hiding the Saucy Minerva from view. Sim had shipped his oars, and now lay in the bottom of the boat with the boys, whom

he had instructed to don oilskins and sou'westers.

Occasionally there would be a momentary lull in the storm; then the gale would renew its attack, driving the yawl before it at furious speed. Meantime they were rapidly approaching the breakers, whose savage roars burst more and more loudly upon the ears of the frightened lads. Sullen booms of thunder rolled above the shouting of the shoals in deep, dread undertone.

When it seemed that they were about



"CAP" BARNSBY

to be hurled into a boiling cauldron, inhabited by shrieking demons of the sea, the boat was seized aloft and pitched like a cockleshell hither and thither upon giant waves, crested with flying spume. Then began a frightful passage toward the shore, as tumultuous as it was brief. With terrific force the yawl was dashed upon the beach, where occurred an instant's respite in the fury of the pursuing waves. Sim was equal to the occasion.

"Up the beach!" he yelled hoarsely, flinging the lads from the boat. Struggling desperately with the waves, which already sought to drag them back, they staggered over the sand, at last finding refuge beyond the water line.

But even here great danger threatened. Masses of loose sand, swirled about by the tempest, would like to have engulfed them as in a sea. While they pressed blindly forward, seeking shelter, a pounding of hoofs was heard close by. They turned to find beside them a stalwart man, clothed in oilskins and mounted on a sturdy pony.

True Stories of Dogs

If you could travel through Germany and Austria down into the little country of Servia and visit its small army, you would be surprised to find there some very interesting ancient customs still carefully observed.

One of these customs is to have the big regimental drum drawn by a powerful dog. It rests on a two-wheeled cart, behind which the drummer marches and beats the drum with far greater ease than if he were also carrying its full weight from his shoulders.

The dog is trained to keep its place even in a long and tedious march.

"RANKERS" HAVE RISEN

REMARKABLE CASES OF PROMOTION IN THE ARMY.

Deeds of Bravery Won for Those Privates the Proud Title of General.

If it may not be literally true that the British soldier carries a Field-Marshal's baton in his knapsack, he may at least indulge in dreams of the day when he will be able to look down on a mere colonel from the loftier eminence of a General, as many another "ranker" has done before him.

If he doubts this possibility, we need only remind him that Colonel W. E. Peyton, D.S.O., who recently was gazetted Brigadier-General of the Meerut Cavalry Brigade, did his first drill as a full-blown private in the 7th Dragoons twenty-three years ago, just two years before he won a commission; and that Brigadier-General Robertson, C. B., D.S.O., who was recently promoted to that rank, has also climbed from the lowest rung of the Army ladder.

GRAND OLD "WILLIE M'BEAN"

And what these men have done others have achieved, and still others will achieve. When "Willie" M'Bean—a barefooted, shock-headed, awkward Scots lad—took his shilling and enlisted in the 93rd Highlanders, he would have laughed till he cried if anyone had told him that one day he would be a General. Probably he would have punched the prophet's head for his pains; but, all the same, Willie lived to be addressed as "General M'Bean, V.C.," and richly deserved his honors.

He gave such an excellent account of himself in the Crimea that he returned home a lieutenant and a hero, very much to his embarrassment. "Ye man still ca' me 'Willie,'" he begged of his humble Scots friends; and "Willie" he always was to his last day. At Lucknow Willie surprised even himself, and the enemy still more; for when eleven of the fiercest mutineers got him in a corner and set to work to make mincemeat of him he was put right on his mettle, and polished off the entire eleven, one at a time.

AN IRISH HERO

Luke O'Connor was an Irish lad of seventeen when he first donned the Queen's uniform as private in the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, little dreaming that he would follow in M'Bean's footsteps. A year's service saw him a sergeant; and four years later he won a commission in the Crimea. It was in the Battle of the Alma River that the gallant young Irishman had his first chance of showing the stuff he was made of. When Ensign Anstruther, who was carrying the colors, fell mortally wounded, O'Connor seized them and bore them gallantly through the thickest of the fight, though the blood was streaming from a severe bullet-wound in his chest. To orders and entreaties to go to the rear to have his wound seen to he turned a deaf ear. He would die on his legs rather than trust the colors to any other man; and, faint and reeling from loss of blood, he carried them till the last shot was fired.

For this act of gallantry he received his commission, the first step of the ladder up which he later climbed to the rank of Major-General.

A FATHER OF SOLDIERS.

More remarkable still was the career of Joseph Brome, who as a lad of twelve, rattled the drum in the Royal Regiment of Artillery, stationed in the Island of Minorca. Joseph rose through every grade until he was subbed Lieutenant-General, and, when he died, left behind him a son and a grandson, each of whom reached the same enviable goal.

But the most remarkable of all these ex-ranker Generals was undoubtedly John Elley, a charity schoolboy, who left the tan pits to wear the King's uniform as trooper in the Royal Regiment of Horse Guards. And it was lucky for John that he did so; for he proved so capable a soldier that he rose rapidly to full General's rank. He was Wellington's most trusted adviser at Waterloo, was knighted by George III., sat for Windsor at Westminster, and his virtues are perpetuated on a marble tablet above his last resting-place in St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle.—London Tit-Bits.

KING OF SPAIN'S CLOTHES.

The young King of Spain was indifferent about his dress until he was married, but the Queen is fond of good clothes and insists that he shall be particular. He goes to many of the King's tailors and haberdashers, and some of his friends say he imitates King Edward's style of dress. Of his dress uniforms he is especially proud of the costume of a German infantry colonel.

MAN, POOR MAN!

Mrs. Flutter—Mrs. Crabapple says her husband kisses her good-bye every morning of his life. Mr. Futter—I often wondered what gave him that sour expression.

Sister Jane's New Hat



WHEN I go out with Sister Jane, it will not matter if the rain comes suddenly—a pouring down while we are walking round the town.



For sister's hat is bigger far than daddy's big umbrellas are; And I just know I won't get wet if underneath her hat I get!

ELSIE PARRISH.

Mistress: "Your cold's very bad, Jane. Are you doing anything for it?" Jane: "Oh, yes, m'm. The chemist have giv' me some recom-mended stincture of Queen Anne."

Before going in for politics a physician should feel the public pulse. Over 305,000,000 passengers were carried on the railways of India last year.

Watchdogs now help to guard the treasures of the Louvre. There are over 19,000,000 deposits in the savings banks of Germany.

COUGHS AND COLDS.
I Took Pe-ru-na.



Mrs. Joseph Hall Chase, 804 Tenth St., Washington, D.C. Could Not Smell Nor Hear. Mrs. A. L. Wetzel, 1029 Ohio St., Terre Haute, Ind., writes: "When I began to take your medicine I could not smell, nor hear a church bell ring. Now I can both smell and hear. "When I began your treatment my head was terrible. I had buzzing and chirping noises in my head. "I followed your advice faithfully and took Peruna as you told me. Now I might say I am well. "I want to go and visit my mother and see the doctor who said I was not long for this world. I will tell him it was Peruna that cured me." Peruna is manufactured by The Peruna Drug Mfg. Co., Columbus, Ohio. Ask your Druggist for a Free Peruna Almanac for 1909.

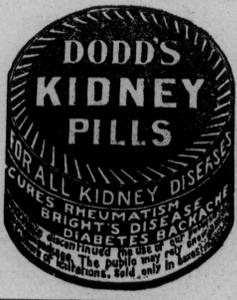
KNEW FOR A CERTAINTY.

There is something so honest and bold in the self-criticism of a man who appreciates his own virtues that it may well appeal the soul unaccustomed to confidence. A well-known general, in reviewing a corps of cavalry, suddenly stopped before a splendid-looking fellow, and asked abruptly: "Which is the best horse in the regiment, my man?" "Number Forty, sir." "What makes you think that he is the best horse?" "He walks, trots, and gallops well, is a good leaper, has no vice, no blemish, carries his head well, is in his prime." "And who is the best soldier in the regiment?" "Tom Bodgers, sir." "Why?" "Because he is an honorable man, is obedient, tidy, takes good care of his equipment and his horse, and does his duty well." "And who is the rider of the best horse?" "Tom Bodgers, sir." "And who is Tom Bodgers?" "I am, sir." The general could not help laughing, but he gave \$5 to his informant.

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH YOUR CHILD?

Is it stunted physically, undeveloped mentally? Let us tell you how to overcome all abnormal conditions by the use of the Glandular secretions that we recover from the glands of young, healthy sheep. It is a physiological medicine and mothers' hearts everywhere are glad to see it. It is a physiological medicine and mothers' hearts everywhere are glad to see it. Write to us for our illustrated Blue Book, which will be sent to you free. Describe to us in your own way just what your symptoms are and our physician will take up the matter with you. We furnish the element, the lack of which causes the sickness. Van Vleck Gland Extract Company, Kansas City, Mo., U. S. A.

Genius is said to be a certain form of madness, but the madness of most people is more or less uncertain.



ISSUE NO. 2-09.

MODERN WITCHCRAFT.

Story of an Incantation Told in an English Court.

In defending an action brought in the Crediton (Devon) County Court recently by a grocer named Ford to recover £2 for goods supplied, Edith Patten, a single woman, gave an extraordinary reason for not paying the debt.

When in the shop on one occasion, she said, Mrs. Ford offered her a cupful of tea, and while she was drinking it Mrs. Ford's daughter pronounced the following incantation:—

"Make them hot and make them swell, make them thin, walk them away and work them away. Put it in the arms and in the legs and in the feet. Put it in the face; fill up with neuralgia, toothache and more. Her have drunked it. Her have drunked it very well and don't know what her have drunked and will go to her grave."

In the evening, said Miss Patten, she became very hot and thirsty, so thirsty that she drank three quarts of tea and half a breakfast cupful of vinegar. She felt faint and thought she was dying.

The Judge—Do you believe that they bewitched you? I don't believe in anything of the sort, but I am getting thinner.

Judgment was given for the plaintiff.

AT THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

Scene: A Sunday-school—boys' class—young lady in command.

"Now, my boys," said she, "I want each of you to subscribe something towards the mission to the Caribbees. I shall hand round the box, and as each of you contributes you will, I hope, say some appropriate text. No one must give more than a penny. Now, Charlie, you should show a good example."

Whereupon a ruddy-faced urchin stepped forward, dropped in his coin, and observed:—

"It is better to give than to receive."

Then another contributed a copper, saying:—

"Waste not, want not."

This was ruled somewhat out of order, but it was fairly capped by a third youngster, who evidently parted with his penny with extreme reluctance, for as he dropped it into the box, he murmured out:—

"A fool and his money are soon parted."

SLEEPING DRAUGHTS AND SOOTHING MIXTURES.

A wise mother will never give her little one a sleeping draught, soothing mixture or opiate of any kind except upon the advice of a competent doctor, who has seen the child.

All these things contain deadly poison. When you give your baby or young child Baby's Own Tablets you have the guarantee of a government analyst that this medicine does not contain one particle of opiate or narcotic, and therefore cannot possibly do harm—but always does good. Mrs. Geo. M. Kempf, Carleton Place, Ont., says:—"I have given Baby's Own Tablets to my baby since he was two weeks old. He was a very small, thin baby, but thanks to the Tablets he is now a big, fat, healthy boy." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Manhattan, New York, is the most densely populated island in the world. It has a population of over 99,000 persons to the square mile.

To Know is to Prevent.—If the miners who work in cold water most of the day would rub their feet and legs with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil they would escape muscular rheumatism and render their nether limbs proof against the ill effects of exposure to the cold. Those setting out for mining regions would do well to provide themselves with a supply before starting.

Magistrate (about to commit for trial)—"You certainly effected the robbery in a remarkably ingenious way—in fact, with quite exceptional cunning." Prisoner (deprecatingly)—"No flattery, yer honor—no flattery, I begs on yer."

Allen's Lung Balm, in which there is no opium, cures sore throat and sore lungs, relieves the inflammation and rids you of the mucus that stops up the air passages. 25c, 50c, \$1.00 bottles.

DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING. "Oh, Jack, have you seen father?" "Yes; I have come straight here from his office."

"And did he give his consent?" "I couldn't quite make that out. He seemed disinclined to commit himself definitely."

"Why, what did he say?" "He didn't say anything at all."

"Did you ask him?" "I said, 'Sir, I wish to marry your daughter. Have I your consent?' He turned, and looked at me a minute. Then he began to grow red in the face, and then he grabbed me and threw me over the banisters, and before I could ask him again he had slammed his door and locked it; but he didn't say anything either way."

ATTENDED BY FIVE DOCTORS

BUT GOT NO RELIEF UNTIL HE USED DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Wonderful Cure of A. F. Richard, Who was Tortured by Rheumatism and Kindred Pains, Sets Kent County Talking.

St. Ignace, Kent Co., N. B., Jan. 4 (Special)—After being tortured for four years with Backache, Rheumatism, Stiffness of the Joints and Pains in the Loins, and getting no relief from five doctors whom he called in, Mr. Antoine F. Richard, a well-known farmer living near here, is spreading the good news that he is once more a well man, and that he owes his cure to Dodd's Kidney Pills. Speaking of his wonderful cure Mr. Richard says:—

"I was a helpless man in July, 1907. For four years I had endured the greatest torture from Backache, Rheumatism, Stiffness of the Joints and Pains in the Loins. I had dark circles under my eyes, my head ached and I was often dizzy. I was attended by five doctors, but not one of them could help me."

"Then I began to use Dodd's Kidney Pills and after the first few doses I began to improve. I used four boxes in all and now I am working every day on the farm a well man. I owe my wonderful cure to Dodd's Kidney Pills and nothing else."

There is no case or kind of Kidney Disease that Dodd's Kidney Pills will not cure.

SAFETY.

"Papa, what is a safety match?" Mr. Henpecked (looking carefully to see if his wife is within hearing)—"A safety match, son, is when a baldheaded man marries an armless woman."

A Woman's Sympathy Are you discouraged? Is your doctor's bill a heavy financial load? Is your pain a heavy physical burden? I know what cure myself. I want to relieve your burdens. Why not end the pain and stop your doctor's bill? I can do this for you and all if you will assist me.

If you need to write for a free box of the remedy which has been placed in my hands to be given away. Perhaps this one box will cure you—it has done so for others. If so, I shall be happy and you will be cured, too. (The cost of a postage stamp). Your letters held confidentially. Write today for my free treatment. MRS. F. E. CURRALL, Windsor, Ont.

You cannot be happy while you have corns. Then do not delay in getting a bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure. It removes all kinds of corns without pain. Failure with it is unknown.

Something More than a Purgative—To purge is the only effect of many pills now on the market. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are more than a purgative. They strengthen the stomach, where other pills weaken it. They cleanse the blood by regulating the liver and kidneys, and they stimulate where other pill compounds depress. Nothing of an injurious nature, used for merely purgative powers, enters into their composition.

Clarence: "Miss Sharpun has brains enough for two, by Jove!" Florence: "Then why don't you marry her, Clarence?"

For Chills, Frost Bites, Bruises, Sprains, neuralgia, the famous old remedy, Perry Davis' Painkiller. Keep a bottle always on hand. Equally good to check Chills and break up colds. At all druggists.

A professor was reproving a student for his idleness, when the latter said:—"It's no use finding fault; I was cut out for a loafer."

"Well," replied the professor, surveying him from head to foot, "whoever cut you out understood his business thoroughly."

For the Overworked.—What are the causes of despondency and melancholy? A disordered liver is one cause and a prime one. A disordered liver means a disordered stomach, and a disordered stomach means disturbance of the nervous system. This brings the whole body into subjection and the victim feels sick all over. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are a recognize remedy in this state and relief will follow their use.

Inquiring lady: "How much milk does your cow give a day?" Truthful Boy: "Bout eight quarts, lady." Inquiring Lady: "And how much of that do you sell?" Truthful Boy: "Bout twelve quarts, lady."

CELERY KING Don't let awake nights, nervous and feverish. Put to one your sleeplessness is caused by a torpid liver. A few days' treatment with Celery King, the tonic-laxative, will make your nights restful and strengthen your system. 25 cents, at all druggists or by mail. S. C. Wells & Co., Toronto, Ont.

Ten to One

Zam-Buk Besides being a specific for piles Zam-Buk cures hemorrhoids, blood-poisoning, cracked or chapped hands, hives, cuts, burns, bruises, scalds, rashes, ringworm, bad leg, frost bite, cold sores, and all skin troubles and diseases. All druggists and stores sell at 40 c. per box or from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto for price.

Razor Sharpener. Do not throw away your money in buying a new razor because your old one will not work, but buy a cake of our "Perfection Razor Paste," which will keep your razor in perfect cutting condition, and with care will last you a lifetime. If your Hardware or Drug Dealer does not handle this, send us 25c, and we will forward same post-paid.

CANADA HOME COMPANY, Wawanesa, Man.

INDEBTED.

As a pleasant-faced woman passed the corner Harris touched his hat to her and remarked to his companion:—

"Ah, my boy, I owe a great deal to that woman." "Your mother?" was the query. "No, my landlady."

Help your children to grow strong and robust by counteracting anything that causes ill-health. One great cause of disease in children is worms. Remove them with Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It never fails.

"My friends," said a temperance lecturer, lowering his voice to an impressive whisper, "if all the public houses were at the bottom of the sea, what would be the result?" And the answer came, "Lot's of people would get drowned."

An inheritance of weak lungs is a serious handicap, but Allen's Lung Balm, taken at the first sign of a cough, will cure permanently from this dangerous defect. Don't trifle with unknown cure-alls.

Milligan (a new warder), to prisoner causing a disturbance: "Hi, you in there, stop that row, or I'll speak to the Guv'nor and have ye chucked out into the street!"

While more prevalent in winter, when sudden changes in the weather try the strongest constitution, colds and coughs and ailments of the throat may come in any season. At the first sight of derangement use Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. Instant relief will be experienced, and use of the medicine until the cold disappears will protect the lungs from attack. For anyone with throat or chest weakness it cannot be surpassed.

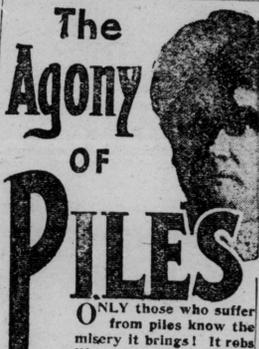
Englishman (in British Museum): "This book, sir, was once owned by Cicero." American Tourist: "Pshaw! that's nothing. Why, in one of our American museums we have the lead pencil with which Noah used to check off the animals as they came out of the Ark."

Put up in 1/2 Yard Bots. The famous "The D. & L. Mental Plasters," which cure lumbago, backache, sciatica, neuralgia, etc., are always put up in one yard rolls for physicians and family use. Davis & Lawrence Co., Montreal.

IMPOSSIBILITY.

It is impossible for a woman to understand how any man can have so much money that he doesn't know what to do with.

Shopkeeper: "Is there anything else I can send you, sir? What would you say to a piece of this cheese?" Customer: "I wouldn't care to say anything to it. It might answer me back!"



The Agony OF PILES ONLY those who suffer from piles know the misery it brings! It robs life of its pleasure, steals the brightness from existence, and substitutes days of dull pain and moments of acute agony. Most so called "remedies" give ease only for a time, and then—back comes the trouble and pain and misery! Zam-Buk cures Piles! And cures permanently. Proof of this lies all around you. Women and men in all stations of life have proved it—possibly some of your friends! Let it cure you!

Mrs. Wm. Hughes, of 253, Hochelaga St., Hochelaga, Montreal, says:—"I was a sufferer for years from blind, itching and protruding piles. The agony I suffered no one knows. Remedies after remedies proved useless. Day followed day and there was no relief for me—pain, loss of strength, dullness, misery, this was my experience until Zam-Buk was introduced. I know now that there is nothing on this earth like it! It cured me of piles, and once cured, I have had no return of the evil. I would like all women who suffer as I did to know that Zam-Buk will cure them!"

Besides being a specific for piles Zam-Buk cures hemorrhoids, blood-poisoning, cracked or chapped hands, hives, cuts, burns, bruises, scalds, rashes, ringworm, bad leg, frost bite, cold sores, and all skin troubles and diseases. All druggists and stores sell at 40 c. per box or from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto for price.

Zam-Buk

Razor Sharpener.

Do not throw away your money in buying a new razor because your old one will not work, but buy a cake of our "Perfection Razor Paste," which will keep your razor in perfect cutting condition, and with care will last you a lifetime. If your Hardware or Drug Dealer does not handle this, send us 25c, and we will forward same post-paid.

CANADA HOME COMPANY, Wawanesa, Man.

We Guarantee 9 Per Cent.

INTEREST ON YOUR MONEY AND GIVE YOU ACTUAL CASH SECURITY

Why draw only three in the Savings Bank? Your money can always be withdrawn by giving one week's notice. Interest paid monthly. No delays. WRITE US.

PATRIARCHE & COMPANY BROKERS

Standard Stock Exchange Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

CALVES Raise Them Without Milk. Booklet Free. Steele Briggs Seed Co., Ltd., Toronto

HOME SEEKERS; If you are looking for an ideal home, where sunshine, fruit and flowers abound it can be found in the famous Fraser River Valley. Free booklet and information from Publicity Association, New Westminster, B.C.

10 LOVELY POSTALS

25c. SILK Floral with Greetings and Your Name beautifully printed. Perfumed Satin, Easter Valentines, Love Shells of Ocean, etc. N.E.—This advertisement will not appear again in this paper. Please send 10c. for our price list and beautiful samples. American Pub. Co., Clintonville, Conn.

HOUSEKEEPERS

Supplied and wanted in all parts of Canada and U. S. Inform us confidentially just what you want and we can help you solve the question. Address Box 30, Ann Arbor, Mich.



RAW FURS. Shipments to us this year, to date, almost double last year. THERE'S A REASON. Over two hundred trappers and shippers who had previously shipped elsewhere have been added to our list. WHY NOT YOU? We pay best prices, shipping expenses and remit cash same day. Price list on application. A. & E. PIERCE & CO., 507 ST. PAUL ST., MONTREAL.

YOUR OVERCOATS

and faded Suits would look better dyed. If no agent of color in your town, write direct Montreal, Box 144

YOUR OVERCOATS

and faded Suits would look better dyed. If no agent of color in your town, write direct Montreal, Box 144

A. J. PATTERSON & CO.

33-35 SCOTT STREET, TORONTO, Stock Brokers & Financial Agents

COBALT

and other stocks bought and sold on commission. Correspondence invited. Orders may be wired at our expense.

APPETISING AND NUTRITIOUS FOOD

is what every lady desires to serve at her table.

BOVRIL

is the concentrated nourishment of beef.

A little added to any kind of soup makes it more tasty and greatly increases its value as a food.

A little BOVRIL in the gravy is an improvement with roasts of all kinds.

BOVRIL IS LIQUID LIFE

BELL WHY DO So many Institutions devoted to the higher Education select Bell pianos? The fact that they use and prefer the Bell is evidence of distinct merit! One follows professional advice in acquiring an education, why not follow professional custom in buying Bell pianos? The only pianos with the illustrious Quick Repeating Action.

ART PIANOS Send for (free) Catalogue No. 75. The BELL PIANO & Organ Co., Limited GUELPH, ONTARIO.

HOTEL TRAYMORE ON THE OCEAN FRONT, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

A magnificent ten-story fire-proof addition is just being completed, making this famous hotel the largest and most up-to-date of Atlantic City hotels. A new feature is the unusual size of the bed rooms, averaging 15 feet square. Every room commands an ocean view, bath attached with sea and fresh water. Chevrolet glass in every chamber. Temperature regulated by Thermostat, the latest development in healthful heating. Telephone in every room. Dull privileges. Capacity 600. Write for illustrated booklet.

CHARLES O. MARQUETTE, Manager. **TRAYMORE HOTEL COMPANY.** D. S. WHITE, President.

7% Interest Return With Safety.

Seldom can we advise investors to purchase a security yielding as high a rate.

We do so only after most careful investigation has proven the value of the security.

Sufficient details to permit the individual to form judgment will be furnished on request.

A. E. AMES & CO., Limited, 7 KING STREET, TORONTO

The Alberta Star

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL, Devoted to Politics, Education, Literature and the Presentation of Current News and the Diffusion of Useful Information.

Published every Friday at CARDSTON, ALBERTA

FRED BURTON EDITOR AND MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION: \$1.50 per annum in advance, Six months 75 cts in advance.

ADVERTISING: Column... \$12.50 per month Half-column... 7.50 " Quarter-column... 5.00 " Special reading notices in local column 10c per line in advance

TRANSIENT ADS. \$1.00 per inch per month Contract advertising paid for monthly.

The Alberta Star Job Department is well stocked with all the latest and most designs in plain and fancy type, first class presses, and will be supplied with the finest stationery and printing material of all descriptions.

MARCH 12 1909.

J. W. Woolf, Candidate

The nomination of J. W. Woolf by the Liberal Convention at Cardston yesterday is a source of gratification not only to the bulk of the Liberal party in that town, but to a very large portion of the general public who are not so much partisans. During the whole of the time that he has been the representative of his constituency both at Regina in the Territorial Assembly and at Edmonton as a member of the provincial Parliament, Mr. Woolf has been a consistent and persistent advocate of the rights and needs of his constituency. No member could have been more faithful to the trust reposed in him by an electorate and his efforts have been a large factor in placing the Cardston district in the high place it holds in the public eye. There is no doubt but what the electors of the Cardston district will remember the success of Mr. Woolf's efforts in their behalf and vote on election day, so as to place him in the position to continue the good work he has carried on as a member of the Legislative Assembly. — *Edmonton Herald.*

Do we want railways, or do we not want railways.

Cheer up! Even the road to success gets slushy some days.

Would Cardston turn down the Rutherford railway policy?

That Mr. J. W. Woolf will win out in this constituency is now a foregone conclusion.

Don't get too self-important. There may never be a day when the world won't get along without you.

Dr. Bett, the present head of the Conservative Party in Alberta is the manager of a licensed hotel at Banff, Alta.

The provincial government has spent \$1,000,000 in Cardston in the last few years, and that seems to be fairly good business, what do you say to that?

Do you want \$7,000,000 of Foreign Capital deposited in the Chartered Bank in Alberta to be credited to the Provincial Treasury to develop Rutherford? If so vote for the Rutherford Government.

The Conservative candidates in the north are insisting upon running as independents giving general support for the government. It is more than likely that Leader Rutherford will have about 45,000 votes supporting him on nomination day.

J. W. Woolf's Standing on the Question of Prohibition

To the Electors of the Cardston Electoral District.

GENTLEMEN: I have discovered since returning from my Legislative duties at Edmonton that a wrong impression has gone out with reference to my standing on the question of Prohibition. The cause for this impression is as near as I can ascertain is from the fact that I introduced a bill during the

last session of the Legislature to incorporate a club in the town of Cardston.

It is the duty of any legislator to introduce any bill that may be given him by any of his constituents for that purpose providing that it is not inconsistent with the laws in force in the province.

I was at Cardston for a few days during the last session of the legislature and was provided with a copy of the bill by the solicitor who had the matter in charge. The Moral Reform League were in possession of the facts in the matter and asked me what could be done to prevent the sale of liquor in the Club. I informed them that the proper procedure would be to circulate a petition, have it largely signed and forward to me at Edmonton which they agreed to attend to. I waited until after the time had arrived for the petition to reach me but it did not come, and upon enquiry into the matter learned that nothing had been done toward circulating the petition referred to. I took the Club Bill to the Attorney General and asked him if the Bill were allowed to pass as it stood whether or not the members of the Cardston Club would be allowed to dispense with liquor in the Club. He looked up the law on the matter and informed me that they would not owing to the fact that it would be situated within the limits of a Local Option District. I informed him that there would be no objection to the Bill passing with that understanding and that I would write him a letter recommending that liquor be not allowed in the Club and that he could write his reply stating his position in the matter, both of which would be kept on file, so there could be no mistake about it.

The following is a copy of the letter written to him and his reply:—

Edmonton, Feb. 19th 1909

Hon. C. W. Cross, Attorney General, Edmonton.

Dear Sir:—

Referring to our recent conversation re an act to incorporate the Cardston Club. You will notice that there is no provision in the Bill for the dispensing of spirituous liquors.

The conditions for the granting this Bill are unique from the fact that it is the only one that has been incorporated within the limits of a Local Option District. You will no doubt remember that the question was asked by the Leader of the Opposition, whether or not it was the intention of the members of the proposed Club to dispense liquor to which I replied that I did not know and was not in a position to promise that they would not. I am of the opinion that if the matter was left to the present members, that the majority would favor the dispensing of liquors at the Club. However if they were not, it seems to me that it would be unsatisfactory to leave it to the members to decide owing to the fact that there would be a continual struggle on the part of those opposing and those favoring the dispensing of liquor in order that they may get a sufficient number to join the Club who were in favor of their respective views to secure their carrying the day at the annual elections of the Club. There is no doubt the majority of the people in the Cardston district are opposed to the dispensing of liquor in the Club otherwise Section 2 of the Act provides that the Constitution, rules and regulations touching the administration of the said Corporation shall be formulated at a general meeting thereof and the Constitution, rules and regulations then adopted shall, subject to the approval of the Attorney General have full force and effect in so far as the same shall not be inconsistent with the laws in force in the Province of Alberta and the Provisions of the Act. Now as the conditions under which this application is made are so unlike any others that have obtained where Charters to a Club have been granted I would strongly recommend that you exercise your right in this matter and disallow the dispensing of spirituous liquors in this, or any other club, that may be incorporated within a Local Option District.

Yours very truly (Sgd.) J. W. Woolf, J. W. Woolf Esq. M. P. P. Cardston Alta

Now Gentlemen I am willing to leave it to you to decide whether or not I have done my duty in the matter. I am opposed to the illegal traffic of liquor, am in favor of Prohibition, would favor a plebiscite being taken out and that a majority of

BURTON'S VARIETY STORE

"Cash Goods at Cash Prices"

Youths and Boys bib Overalls at 50c.

Double and twist fast Black Denim, 1 Front and 1 Hip patch pockets, Riveted pocket corners, double stitched body Seams, riveted buttons. Will wear like Iron.

SIZES	Waist	Leg	SIZES	Waist	Leg
	22	x 15		27	x 26
	22	x 16		28	x 26
	24	x 16		28	x 27
	24	x 17		29	x 27
	24	x 18		29	x 28
	26	x 18		30	x 29
	26	x 20		30	x 30
	26	x 25		31	x 30
	27	x 25		31	x 31

OUR PRICE: .50

Burton's Variety Store

DON'T FAIL TO CALL ON
THE LAYNE-HENSON MUSIC CO.
— FOR —
All kinds of Musical Instruments and Sheet Music.
Mason-Risch, Weber, Newcomb, Classic, H. Herbert Pianos
Sheila k-Manning, Pohrey and Mason-Risch Organs
Orchestras furnished for Dances, Socials, etc.
A full and complete stock of McKinley Sheet Music due to arrive this week. Victor Gramophones, old and broken records exchanged for new ones.
Don't forget the place. Opposite Post Office

The
Woolf Hotel
Pioneer Hotel of Cardston
European Plan
Our Service is Unexcelled
Pratt and Thompson

UNION BANK OF CANADA
Capital, Rest and Undivided Profits Exceed \$5,000,000
Why Not Save?
The prudent man, in the day of plenty, systematically puts by a portion of his income against the time when he may need it. With a substantial Savings Bank Account, he does not worry about the future may bring.
You can start a Savings Account too soon.
\$100.00 opens an account. Interest at highest current rate, compounded at regular intervals. Money may be withdrawn at any time.
Cardston Branch. R. H. Baird, Manager.

Local and General.

A new firm of lawyers in town. Misses Alice and Ethel Stone, went to Raymond on Wednesday. Dr. Cartwright, dentist is in town this week.

Lots of Shamrocks for 17th March at Burtons.

An up-to-date telephone exchange has been installed. Fresh chocolates, and Nut Candy at Lamb's.

Miss Lexie Rodeback, Raymond, is visiting with her sister Mrs. A. M. Heppler.

Paints and Oils, every kind at the Alberta Lumber & Hardware Co. Ltd.

Mr. J. W. Woolf, Liberal candidate for this constituency, paid a visit to Magrath yesterday.

A meeting of the local Baseball Fans was held in the office of the Implement Co. on Wednesday evening.

A car of fresh groceries just in, and a big order of dry goods to arrive next week. "Spencer & Stoddard Ltd."

Magrath sent twelve delegates to the Conservative Convention on Friday and five delegates to the Liberal Convention on Monday.

At the Conservative convention held here on Friday last Mr. Levi Harker, ex-mayor of Magrath was the unanimous choice for candidate, and his was the only name brought forward.

The ball given by the O'Brien Orchestra, Raymond, on Tuesday evening in the Assembly Hall, was not as well attended as it might have been. The unfavorable condition of the weather, together with the large amount of sickness in town, no doubt was the cause of the lack of attendance. The music was by far the best we have had here for some time, and Raymond has good cause to be proud of her musical organization. Come again boys.

Prospects are bright for a Baseball League this summer composed of the towns of Taber, Stirling, Raymond, Magrath and Cardston. Captain D. Spencer of the local team received a letter on Monday from the secretary of the Raymond Athletic Club asking Cardston to send a representative down to the meeting which will be held there shortly.

The Liberal meeting in the Assembly Hall on Saturday evening, for the purpose of selecting delegates to attend the nominating convention, was largely attended and much enthusiasm prevailed. Two tickets were represented—Woolf and Pilling. When the ballots were counted, the results showed a majority in favor of the twelve men representing the Woolf ticket.

An announcement of more than ordinary interest to local theatre goers is the coming of that great play, "The Squaw Man" at the Assembly Hall on Thursday March 25th. "The Squaw Man" is the masterpiece of Edwin Milton Royle, Utah's most gifted dramatist who has made his name famous throughout the length and breadth of America, by his clever plays. The play will be presented here by the same company that made it so popular throughout the states the past season, with all special scenery and effects.

Oh springtime joyous springtime Has it really come once more, With its scouring and cleaning, Of the windows and the floor.

Oh make the home look lovely With Paint and Paper bright Don't think it much too costly Dirty kitchen, what a fright.

For good work and for cheap work—

Wm. Shepherd's at the top And you'll always find him handy At Hensons Photo Shop.

Mrs. Barker Passes Away

Mrs. E. N. Barker passed away quietly at her old home at Newburgh on Hudson, New York, Wednesday afternoon at 4.30 p. m. The funeral will be held on Friday and she will be buried beside her father and mother in Greenwood Cemetery, New Windsor, three miles from Newburgh. She faded away by slow degrees becoming weaker and weaker but eventually passed away without pain and in peace.

You can get Hot or Cold baths any time of the day at—Phipps.

Oranges Apples Lemons. We have a fine assortment of good fruit.—Phipps.

The organization of the local Liberal Association was effected on Wednesday evening.

Gentleman, it will pay you to buy your supplies this season at the Cardston Implement Co Ltd.

Candies and Chocolates, of the best makers in Canada. Large Assortment of Bon Bons fresh and choice.—Phipps.

Next month our biggest and best of the seasons theatrical entertainments will be "The Runaways" Shuberts attraction of thirty people and a catload of scenery—under the auspices of our stake M. I. A.

ESTRAY

One 3 year old Steer Branded—Y L on left Ribs. Color Red. Apply to Geo. Glassgo.

Sec. 12, tp., 2, Range 25, West of 4th. Mer.

Messrs. G. Roberston and W. J. Johnston, two able bright young lawyers, from Calgary have opened up a law-office in the Custom House Block, south of the Cardston Implement, Co. See ad. elsewhere in this issue.

Mr. Theodore Lorch and his company of players arrived in town yesterday. They presented "The Lieutenant and the Cowboy" last evening to a crowded house. The bill for this evening is Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, and Saturday evening this excellent company presents "College Chums." Tickets on sale at the Drug Store. Prices: 75—50—25c.

Read the new ad. of the Layne-Henson Music Co. in this issue.

Boys and Youths Black Bib Overalls at Burton's for 50c pair.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Jensen, Magrath, were visitors in town on Monday.

Messrs. Meeks and Merkley Magrath were in town the first of the week.

Blessive Native Herbs. The great blood Purifier. Kidney and Liver regulator, Sole Agent. Phipps.

Yes, Mens, Hats, in styles you never saw last summer at "Spencer & Stoddard Ltd."

Messrs. Fred Turner, Ben Matkin, D. Bingham, P. Clark, James Stacey, A. O. Rich, Magrath, were in town the first of the week.

Service will be held in the Presbyterian Church, at 11 a. m. and 7.30 p. m.

Strangers are especially invited.

Strayed—Bridle steer, with white face, branded VU on right side. Owner can obtain same by paying charges. R. S. Smith. 3 ml2 Boundary Creek.

A grand character ball was given by some of the Spring Coulee boys last Friday evening at the Spring Coulee school house. The Spring Coulee Orchestra was in attendance. The prizes were awarded to Miss. Amanda Hogelson, who was dressed as a Spanish girl and to Mr. Sanford Dudley who was dressed as a negro. Miss Hogelson received a handsome purse and Mr. Dudley a set of cuff buttons. The judges were Mesdames Ben Andrews, Albert Reed, and Mr. Charles Olson.

NOTICE!

TO ALL LIBERALS:

It having come to me that the Mormon Church in the Cardston Constituency were out advising its members not to vote for J. W. Woolf in the coming election, and not wishing to place them in a false light, I have seen and talked to President Wood and Duce and they flatly deny that the Church is in politics or has advised any one not to vote for J. W. Woolf.

Sgd. MARK SPENCER
President Lib. Ass'n.

EDITORIAL

The candidates have been selected and the political battle is on. The issue before the people of the Cardston District is, shall the people support the Rutherford Government or not? The only possible fault that might be found with the Rutherford Government might be in regard to the temperance question, but then, even in this instance, we have the record of the Rutherford Government and is there any proof that the Rutherford Government is weak on this point? We think not. Have we a right to switch at the eleventh hour to the Conservative side because we might believe that this Conservative party believes in absolute prohibition for the whole province. What have the Conservatives done to give us total prohibition as yet except by pre-election promises that if 60 per cent of electorate vote for total prohibition for the whole province, and if the Conservative party is returned to power it would pass the house. As there is not the least likelihood of the Tory party being returned to power in this contest promises that cannot be fulfilled are easily made.

The Rutherford Government has gone as far forward in the cause of temperance as it has been possible for it to go up to now. We have prohibition in force in the Cardston District at the present time under the Liquor License Act that has been so strengthened by the Rutherford Government that, if studied carefully, by temperance advocates, they must in all fairness acknowledge and confess that it is one of the most stringent temperance acts on earth. The conservative party in Alberta has not yet enacted any temperance legislation. Hot air is cheap.

Total prohibition for the whole province can only be forced upon the people of Alberta by a majority vote of the whole province. The Cardston member cannot force total prohibition on the province single handed. When the time comes to vote for total prohibition a liberal member can just as well vote for the issue as a conservative member. This issue may not

come up at all in the five years for which this legislature may be elected, but it can be far better brought up by a man running with the government than by one running against it.

Mr. J. W. Woolf is the candidate of the Rutherford Government before us in this election in this constituency. He stands for everything the Rutherford Government has accomplished, he stands solid as a temperance man temperate in all things, not just an advocate of temperance in one thing alone.

We are all conversant with the good works of the Rutherford government and it MUST be continued in power. If we go the contrary road we only follow a dream, a nightmare, a will o' the wisp without parts or magnitude, just an airy promise made in the heat of election.

If the people of the Cardston District, knowing of the past performances and of the solid plans made for the future development made by the Rutherford Government, now turn round and throw down the Rutherford Government they will be the laughing stock of the province, the butt of the Dominion and the everlasting joke of all civilized communities for all time to come.

Do you want to see your elected candidate, if a Conservative, sitting in the house at Edmonton in a small minority or upon his little solitary plank all alone, waiting for a chance to deliver himself, or do you want a man who will be in the inner circles where he can do the greatest good, grasping big problems, settling big projects and adding to the general welfare of all of us on every live topic that comes up in the five years ahead of us and helping to make us better men and women in many different ways.

Take your choice but if your choice is the latter then vote for John W. Woolf.

South African Scrip for Sale. Money to Loan. Write, A. D. Mabry, National Trust Building, Saskatoon, Sask.

Just arrived! Fresh California, Grapes, Lemons, Oranges and Apples at Lamb's.

Boots and Shoes

IN our big windows we can only show a few of the many styles of shoes we are carrying this season.

"The better the grade, the better the trade"

If its shoes you want, we have them

While in the store just notice how our shelves are loaded with Dry-Good, whose quality is guaranteed and price unequalled.

Cardston Mercantile Co. LIMITED.

The best stock of Picture Frames

ever in Cardston at REDUCED PRICES

Orders taken for Enlarged Work Satisfaction guaranteed

—Show rooms for—
GOURLAY PIANOS AND ORGANS
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A. T. HENSON PHOTO PARLORS

BIG STOCK REDUCTION SALE

Owing to our surplus stock, and being compelled to reduce same, we will offer special bargains for the next thirty days, at prices never before heard of in Southern Alberta.

All we ask is for you to call and examine our goods before purchasing elsewhere.

Full line of General Merchandise always on hand. Fresh groceries a specialty.

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KIMBALL - - - ALBERTA

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Alvin O. Rich

Real Estate - - - Magrath Men are enquiring of me for Ranches in the hill country. List with my agent Charles Findley, Mt. View.

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Capital (all paid up) \$14,400,000
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Mr. Barker Honored

Presentation by Board of Trade and Citizens

At the conclusion of the Board of Trade meeting in the Council Chambers on Tuesday evening, Mr. E. N. Barker, who is about to leave for Edmonton, to enter upon a new field of labor, was presented with a fine case containing six briar pipes, and a Tobacco pouch with his initials engraved on the clasp.

Pres. D. S. Beach made the presentation speech, which is as follows:

On behalf of the officers and members of the Cardston Board of Trade. I take this opportunity of expressing in a feeble way our deep affection of the many and varied services you have rendered Cardston and district. It is with regret we learn of your departure from our midst and think it would be base ingratitude to let you go without taking with you some token of our appreciation and the esteem in which you are held by all who know you here. I therefore beg you to accept this small gift and when in your new sphere of labor hope you will find leisure to enjoy it and while doing so think of your old associates.

As usual, the prophets do not agree on the early spring question.

Temperance Topics

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Having been requested to state where I stand on the liquor question, I take this opportunity of stating that local option is far preferable to the open saloon, but prohibition is still better and I pledge myself to work for Provincial wide prohibition at all times and places wherever the question comes before me and I will use all the influence I can exert to assist the local officers in my constituency to suppress the liquor traffic, with all the evils that follow in its wake.

LEVI HARKER

Government of the Province of Alberta Notice To Engineers

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that an examination will be held by N. Marshall a duly appointed Inspector of Steam Boilers for the Province of Alberta at the following places and times: Reading room, Raymond, March 8th, Town Hall, Magrath, March 8th, Town Hall, Cardston, April 2nd, Caboon Hotel, at 9 o'clock a. m. for the purpose of giving engineers and apprentices an opportunity of qualifying for Certificates under the Steam Boilers Act, 1906. Applications for examination should be made to the above named inspectors or to John Stocks, Deputy Minister, Department of Public Works, Edmonton, Alta.

UNCLE DICK;

Or, The Result of Diplomacy and Tact.

CHAPTER XIV.

An upward glance at the clock on the mantel. It was late; within an hour of midnight. The servants had already gone to bed. Going to their rooms she gently knocked at the door; called to one of them by name—

"Ellen!"

"Yes, ma'am."

The reply in a frightened, startled voice. The tone betrayed her maid's fear that she was to hear bad news. The next words were a relief—

"You know where Mr. Masters lives?"

The possibility of a want of knowledge on the part of the servants never occurred to her. She was not in the least surprised when an affirmative answer was returned to her—

"Yes, ma'am."

"I want you to get up at once, Ellen—I am sure you will not mind—and dress yourself quickly. Go to Mr. Masters, give him my compliments, and ask him—ask him to come here—to be kind enough to come here at once."

"Yes, ma'am. Certainly."

The girl had listened in astonishment, but obediently set about the task set her. She was fond of children, was Ellen; was thankful too, that she had not, as she had feared at first, been called to hear bad news about Miss Gracie.

The maid had no thought of grumbling at the late service demanded of her, although greatly wondering at the message she was to deliver. The over-wrought, tired woman returned to the sick room and waited. Presently the little lips—for the hundredth time—shaped the question—

"I want Prince Charlie; won't he come—and tell me about the fairy and Jack?"

The mother's heart was full of thankfulness that she had sent; that she had humbled herself to do so. She was able to bend over and whisper—

"Yes, darling. Mother has sent for him. He will be here directly."

She was without fear in making the promise; felt so sure he would come. He was a gentleman, he would understand. He would know how to get to the place which could demand his presence at that late hour—indeed, to send for him at all. Or would he think—No! She stifled it.

Waiting, waiting, waiting—wearily waiting! At last she heard the maid's returning steps on the path without; ran to the door and opened it. The girl spoke reluctantly; what she had to say made the mother turn sick at heart.

"Said, ma'am, it was too late to come out to-night. He would come round in the morning."

The mother's mind failed to grasp that message. The callous cruelty of it. It seemed too—too impossible. Had he misunderstood—misjudged her? Could it be! Had she fallen so low in his estimation? A crimson flood overspread her face. After a pause, clutching at a straw, she inquired—

"Did you see him yourself?"

"Yes, ma'am. He seemed to wonder what you could want with him. Said it would keep, whatever it was, till the morning."

"Keep—till—the—morning!" Gracie's pleading, her own promise, rang in her ears! Keep Till The Morning. The irony of it! She staggered against the wall, passed her hand across her brow—loath to believe that the author, fond of children, could behave so—asked again—

"You are quite sure you saw him yourself?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am. I know Mr. Masters quite well by sight." She did—Masters, the blacksmith! She had been to his shop in the High Street, and in response to her ringing of his house bell, he had put his head out of his bedroom window and spoken to her. Not in a very pleasant tone; he was not pleased that his beauty sleep had been broken into.

He was an early-to-bed and early-to-rise old man. He could see no sense in turning out at past eleven o'clock at night for any one. Not even for a sick child or for the finest lady in the land.

As he went grumbling back to his bed the blacksmith muttered that some of them fine ladies seemed to think it was a nonchance to be at their beck and call; summat to be proud of, it was, for a poor man like himself. None of their airs for he wasn't having any, this time. Such was his grumble; and with a plethora of adjectives, unprintable kind.

The mother staggered back in her bedroom, to the child's side. White-faced, trembling in every limb, supported herself by the bed rail. Noted the hour: past eleven o'clock. The crucial time the doctor had spoken of was approaching.

Gracie was in a quite rational mood. Her brightly burning eyes were fixed on her mother as she entered the room, and she spoke at once, eagerly—as eagerly as the feeble little lips could frame words—stuttering in her eagerness—

"Has Pr—Prince Charlie come yet, mamma?"

Right down in the depths of despair sank the mother's heart. She took the child's hot hand in her own; gently brushed the curls away from the little forehead with the other. As she did so the hot dryness of that brow was brought to her notice afresh. It was necessary to answer the child; the reply was given gently. Yet the utterance of each word was as a stab to her—

"Not—not yet, darling."

A little whimpering, plaintive voice uprose from amongst the pillows—

"I want him, mamma—won't he come?"

How was she to gratify the little one's desire: to get Prince Charlie there? The doctor had warned her that at this stage the child's demands were to be granted if possible. If possible. She had sent and he had refused to come. The doctor's words rang in her ears. If possible.

She thought of the man sitting—as she knew he would be—shaping with his pen, fictional pathetic pictures, intended to draw tears from the tender-hearted. She thought of the real pathos of this child, perhaps dying, to whom he might bring life and hope by his mere immediate presence. And he had returned that message: That It Would Keep.

The child tossed uneasily from side to side. The corners of the arched little mouth went down threateningly. If possible! Was it possible for her to sink her womanhood even deeper? To humble herself to beg of him to come!

Would he come even if she did? Then the direction came from the little form tossing restlessly from side to side; the weak voice whispered—

"You said he would come, mamma. Won't you fetch him? He will come if you fetch him."

Would he! Was that the possibility? Was the little one wise in saying that? She remembered that out of the mouths of babes and—Well, she could try. The mother in her was stronger than all else: prevailed.

There was no mental balance used in her decision. No conscious weighing of pros and cons. The duty—if aught prompted by love is duty—stood clear before her. Something greater than her own will impelled her decision. She would go to him herself.

Glancing at the clock again, she saw that the recorded time was half-past eleven. She would go to him. Go on her knees to him: would not spare herself further to him, for God's sake, to be more merciful than he had shown himself in his message. Entreat him not to put off until to-morrow—when it might be too late—that which could be done to-night.

Self-blame just then she was very full of bitterness for not having gone to him in the first instance herself. Tortured herself with the thought that it might now be too late. Wondered if God would forgive her obstinate pride. Still be merciful to her: still let her keep her child.

She bent over the bed and spoke close into the little ear. Made spasmodic but unavailing attempts to control her emotion; could not bring herself to utter the words more than just audibly.

"You'll be quite still, darling, won't you, whilst mother goes to fetch him."

The face turned upwards. The mother kissed it passionately, tenderly, again and again. The wasted little arms went around her neck and clung there gratefully. Mother was going to fetch Prince Charlie!

From the adjoining room the woman who assisted in the child's nursing came; posted herself by the bedside. Then the mother—staggering as if unknown gaped before her—left the room. In the hall slipped on the cloak which, she remembered, he had buttoned. She spent no time in seeking a hat. Swung the hood up from be-

hind over her head. So hurried out of the house.

So, into the night.

CHAPTER XV.

Wivernsea was asleep. Like its blacksmith, it believed in the theory of early rising. Not a light was to be seen in one of the windows she passed. Not until she came to the end of the Marine Terrace. There she saw an illuminated window: her beacon.

It was but a short distance from her own place; not ten minutes walk. She seems to have spent as many hours in covering it. Despite the proverb, time does not always fly.

The house which Masters lodged in was known to her. He had described the quaintness of its old-fashioned bay window; the only one in the row. She would have known it as his place without even the beacon light for identification. He was a slave of the lamp: consumed the midnight oil.

As she made towards the light she prayed, almost loud. Prayed for a conquering power—over her pride. That she might be humble. For the framing of words to move this man when she besought him to come. Soulfully prayed that God would incline his heart to hear her prayer.

Three steps—she faltered up them; proximity to her goal rendered her invertebrate—brought her to the level of the door. If she put her hand over the rails she could tap at the window. It would be better so than disturbing the household by knocking. She tapped.

Her actions elicited no response! She waited, with a hard-beating heart. Still no reply: dead silence! Had he expected this—this visit of hers and resolved to remain obdurate?

The window blind was not pulled down to its full length. Through the lace edging she could see the man calmly writing; writing as if thoroughly engrossed in his work. Evidently the thought of his cruelty did not trouble him in the least. In desperation, there seemed nothing else to do, she used her fingers again: loudly. Masters looked up; started in astonishment. Heard a distinct tapping on the glass of his window.

He walked to the window; pulled the cord, attached to a spring roller, and in a moment the blind had shot up. Outside all was moonlight brightness. At first he looked straight away; saw only the sea with the intervening roadway. Then, suddenly, at the side, on the steps, saw a woman with a ghastly white, haggard face looking at him! The Woman He Loved!

Start! He almost jumped in his amazement! Was he dreaming? Was it his phantasy? Then he came plump to earth; lost no further time in surmises; went to the door. The room opened on to the hall; the street door was but a couple of yards away. He had gripped its handle and opened it in a moment. The woman was there—no phantasy—flesh and blood, clinging to the railings.

"My God! What has happened to bring you at this hour?"

"Just—a—moment!"

The answer given weakly; breathlessly. A swerve, and she would have fallen but for an almost nerveless clutch at the railings—but that he was by her side in a moment, with a strong upholding arm round her waist.

There was unconsciousness of his clasping things were going round with her. She had a feeling of being lifted; then set down again. Then—then a blankness; consciousness left her.

For a brief moment Masters held her in his arms; her whole weight. For a brief moment the blood coursed wildly through his veins; surged brainwards. A wild, mad impulse seized him: to press his lips to hers, helpless, passive as she lay there.

With difficulty he restrained himself. Laid down his burden reverently; her angel's face seemed eloquent of innocence. Once, surely once on a time, it had spoken truth. Ah! What Might Have Been.

She opened her eyes. Found herself lying on a sofa. Masters standing by her side, holding brandy. She tried, feebly, to push it away; but his now full-of-authority voice commanded—

"Drink!"

She was constrained to do so by reason of a hand which went under and lifted her head; another which placed the glass to her lips. Struggling to a sitting position, passing her hand across her eyes, with a pitiful little drooping at the corners of her mouth, she said—

"I beg your pardon for—"

"Was I silly? Did I—I felt a little faint?"

He remained watching her. His own face had grown almost the color of hers. He had touched her, had had her hand in his, had felt the softness of her hair! It seemed to him as if the noise of the heating of his heart drowned the ticking of the clock.

"Tell me," he inquired, still supporting her, "what brings you here so late?"

She shook her head. Woman-

like, answered his question by another—

"Didn't the girl tell you?"

"What girl?" he asked in surprise. "Didn't the girl tell me what?"

"About Gracie. I—I sent to you half-an-hour ago. She—she—tell me—I think—Oh, my God!—I am so—so afraid!—is dying. She asked for you again and again. You sent a message you would come to-morrow."

"I!"

His astonished look, the blaze of suddenly aroused anger in his eyes, frightened her. Could he be even now deceiving her? His kindness was it falsity! She hurried on with her explanation; in her embarrassment the words tumbled from her lips.

(To be continued.)

FAMOUS DISHES IN LONDON.

Inns Which Have Won Success Through One Dish.

Formerly every London inn with any pretension at all had its own special dish, upon whose excellence it prided itself and to partake of which patrons travelled many miles. Eel pies were once the great feature of the duellist's breakfast served at the old Sluice House, near Finsbury Park. The necessary quantity of fish was regularly dredged up from the stream which ran under the windows. The pies are still to be had, but the eels are obtained from a nearby fish market. Simpson's in the Strand is noted for its fish dinners. The place was once very popular, and even to-day there is a certain following who swear by this repast. For a certain sum the guest eats as much of a variety of fish as he cares to. The Ship and Turtle, in Leadenhall street, is noted for three things—the turtle soup, the turbot and the Madeira. The first named is prepared after an old recipe which has been in the possession of the hosts of the house for over a quarter of a century. Only certain parts of the turtle are used and these are stewed and seasoned with a variety of herbs and spices, besides lemon and Madeira, making a most delectable dish. Another inn boasts of a special dish in the shape of a saddle of Southdown mutton. This is wheeled up to the table on a movable arrangement, in order that each individual may select the particular cut to which he is partial. The mutton is kept warm by means of water heated by a lamp.

"CHOOSING CHRISTMAS CIGARS."

A box of good cigars is always an acceptable present to a smoker. The cigars selected by ladies for presents are usually chosen on account of something fancy on the box, irrespective of the quality or workmanship of the cigars themselves.

They do not stop to consider that gold lettering on the boxes, silk or plush lining, cost money to the manufacturer and must be taken out of the quality of the tobacco. When they are choosing jewelry and silverware they always look for the Hall mark or Sterling mark on the article itself, the box being the last consideration.

Better get a dozen sterling silver spoons in a paste board box than a dozen plated ones in a plush case.

The same principle applies to the selection of cigars. The recipient of the cigars will be much more appreciative if he is presented with a box of some standard brand.

The "Pharaoh" Cigar manufactured by J. Bruce Payne, Ltd., is well known throughout the Dominion, and may be obtained in boxes of 50 each in sealed wax-lined pockets, or in boxes of 25, 50 or 100 each packed in the ordinary way.

The dealer who does not stock the Pharaoh will tell you that he can sell you something "just as good," but in the statement he admits that his standard of quality is not fixed by his other lines.

If he says he can sell you something "better" he knows not whereof he speaks.

SELECTION BY SUPPING.

When the parents of a young Russian decide that a certain young damsel would make him a suitable wife, they keep their own counsel, and one evening call unexpectedly at her home and stay for supper. During the meal they watch her narrowly. If she eats fast, she will work quickly; if she goes neatly and cleanly about her plate, she will be a cleanly, tidy housewife; if she talks little, she will be obedient and dutiful to her husband; if she prefers rye bread to white, she will be satisfied with her lot; if she does not gaze and stare, she may be trusted not to pry into her husband's business; and if she proceeds to clear away and wash up after the meal, she will be thrifty and careful with his money.

ATTRACTIVE.

"She has a pretty attractive figure."

"Yes, a small fortune left to her by her uncle."

HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY

OUTLIVED ALL RIVALS SAVE ONE IN 240 YEARS.

Has Posts Scattered Over a Domain Covering 3,700,000 Square Miles.

The history of the famous Hudson's Bay Company dates from 1670, when a license to trade in furs in Hudson (now Hudson) Bay was granted to a company which included several men of high rank. The Duke of York, the Duke of Albemarle and the Earl of Shaftesbury were among them.

The capital was £3,490, not a great amount with which to fight the rival companies and the intricate individual agents, chiefly French, whose competition was hard on the new enterprise. But the conquest of Canada helped it a good deal. English traders learned the ways of the Indians and their system of the exchange of goods.

Toward 1648 some merchants of Montreal combined to explore the fur country and founded that powerful Northwest Company, which soon became the centre of the fur trade. In 1798 this new company shipped furs to the value of no less than £120,000, and the existence of the Hudson's Bay Company was again threatened.

In "Conjuror's House" Stewart Edward White has given us glimpses of the picturesque life of the company.

HIGH-HANDED METHODS of "the company"—which now-a-days has but one meaning, the Hudson's Bay Company. But according to a writer in Fur News its early revival was no better.

"It shrank from no act, however iniquitous," says the account. "Its agents imposed on their own employees and speculated on the misery of the Indians consequently realizing immense profits in spite of the competition of new Russian and American companies."

The American Fur Company, for instance, was founded in 1809 with a capital of \$1,000,000 and operated west of the Rocky Mountains. The competition of all these rivals put the Hudson's Bay Company into greater danger than it ever had been.

But in 1821 a treaty was made amalgamating the Hudson Bay and Northwest companies under the title the Hudson's Bay Fur Company. At present it has only one rival of importance, the American St. Louis Fur Company.

The Hudson's Bay Company has posts scattered over a domain covering 3,700,000 square miles. Its principal establishments are on James Bay and toward the frontiers of upper Canada, on lakes Athabasca, Winnipeg, Methve, and near the Columbia, Mackenzie, Saskatchewan and Assiniboine rivers. Fort York, commanding the course of the River Nelson, is the headquarters of the company and its headquar-

ITS PRINCIPAL DEPOT. In 1842 it took a lease of all the Russian establishments in North America at an annual rent of £40,000, so that it is now working on its own account the vast tracts of country between the Mississippi and the Pacific Ocean.

The following is a list of the quantities of skins and furs despatched to Europe by the Hudson's Bay Company in 1833-34, which will give an exact idea of the extent of its trade:

Beavers	1,074
Skins and young beavers	92,094
Muskrats	604,062
Badgers	1,039
Bears	7,451
Ermines	491
Foxes	9,937
Lynxes	14,255
Sables	64,480
Polecats	25,100
Oters	22,303
Raccoons	713
Swans	7,918
Wolves	8,484
Wolverines	1,571

Such figures ought to bring in a large profit to the Hudson's Bay Company, but unfortunately they have not been maintained, and for the last twenty years have been decreasing.

Until 1839 the company was in a flourishing condition. In that year the number of furs exported was £350,000, but since then the trade has gradually declined, and this number is now reduced by one-half at least.

THE FOLLOWING TABLE,

taken from the "Voyage of Capt. Robert Lade," shows on what terms exchanges were formerly made with the Indians. Beaver skins were then the currency employed in buying and selling. The Indians paid Beaver skins.

One gun	10
Half pound powder	1
Four pounds shot	1
One axe	1
Six knives	1
One pound glass beads	1
One laced coat	6
One coat not laced	5
One laced dress	6
One pound tobacco	1
One box powder	1
One comb and one mirror	2

But, a few years ago beaver skins

"I can truthfully say that I believe that for the use of your Emulsion I would long since have been in my grave. I was past work—could not walk up-hill without coughing very hard."

THIS, and such more was written by Mr. G. W. Howerton, Clark's Gap, W. Va. We would like to send you a full copy of his letter, or you might write him direct. His case was really marvelous, but is only one of the many proofs that

Scott's Emulsion

is the most strengthening and re-vitalizing preparation in the world. Even in that most stubborn of all diseases (consumption) it does wonders, and in less serious troubles, such as anemia, bronchitis, asthma, catarrh, or loss of flesh from any cause the effect is much quicker.

Do not delay. Get a bottle of SCOTT'S EMULSION—be sure it's SCOTT'S and try it.

ALL DRUGGISTS Let us send you Mr. Howerton's letter and some literature on Consumption. Just send us a Post Card and mention this paper.

SCOTT & BOWNE Toronto 123 Wellington St., W.

became so scarce that the currency had to be changed. Bison furs are now the medium of trade. When an Indian presents himself at the fort the agents of the company give him as many pieces of wood as he brings skins, and he exchanges these pieces of wood for manufactured articles on the premises. As the company fixes the price of the articles it buys and sells it cannot fail to realize large profits.

JACK TAR'S UNIFORM.

Other Nations Have Copied the British Dress.

In the early days of the British navy it was still the custom to tie the hair in a queue after well greasing it, but much annoyance was felt by the men in consequence of the oil getting on the rough serge of their jumpers or blouses. This caused the blue collar of the same material as the jumper to be added, but without much success, as the collar looked quite as untidy, so the length of the idea of putting the drill collar over the serge was adopted, the drill collar being a separate appendage, and therefore easily washed and kept clean. The lanyard was worn to represent the ropes and rigging of the ship, and the jack-knife indicated that (to be paradoxical) the bluejackets object in life was death—to his enemy.

In those days the neck was exposed, but as time went on and more thought was given to the welfare of the men this was found to be injurious to the health, hence the substitute of the white neck flannel, white being used to give the effect of the uncovered neck.

The two rows of white braid at the top of the cuff represent England and Ireland, the one row at the bottom showing that Scotland had not yet become annexed. The rows of braid on the collar represent the victories of Nelson.

At the opening of Lord Nelson's grand career and his first victory at Aboukir the first row of braid was put on the collar, and Jack was a proud and happy man, and he became still prouder and happier when Aboukir was followed by Nelson's greater victory at Copenhagen, and the second row was added. But he became the proudest and happiest man, and alas, also the most sorrowful and grief-stricken, when that great hero and magnificent example of naval courage lost his life in his last victory at Trafalgar, and so the third row of braid went on, but there was no more to come after it, for "the last pipe" had sounded for the last sailor, his last fight fought, his last victory won. To signify the mourning which filled the hearts of all English sailors, the black scarf was added.

This was the origin of the British tar's uniform, which is both historical and biographical, and dear to the heart of all English people. Can one wonder that they look with a certain amount of contempt as well as anger on the nations who are content to copy from them their sailor's suit, and that one often hears them say among themselves: "Where did they get their Nelson?"

ALL-ROUND MAN. Marie—"I think Chollie is a delightful dancer; he's so light on his feet!"

Lillian—"When you're better acquainted with Chollie you'll discover that he's light at both ends."

UNCLE DICK;

Or, The Result of Diplomacy and Tact.

CHAPTER XIII.

Masters did not leave Wive. The obstinacy of his character came into play there; he had come down for a month and he stopped.

He had come for a purpose too—business purpose—had his book to finish. Was a trifling incident, the accident common to men's lives, to disturb the current of his life? To turn him from his prearranged plan in the smallest degree? Perish the thought!

All he had altered was the direction of his walks; he thought that wisdom. Because, like other wise men, he left the east and went west. It was Cliffland there; sheltered spots (numerous) were easily found.

She, yet more proud than he, altered nothing; took her walks with Gracie as usual. Sat on the seat at the far end of the walk; read novels there with stoic fortitude—except for an occasional long look across the waters.

Looking across the wide sea seems to afford scope for, to encourage, limitless, aimless reflections. At any rate here were aimless; she knew that. But a woman dearly loves the memories of the past, to bring them before her; to pet and fondle and keep alive with the warmth of her heart.

Being at opposite poles, east and west, their daily meetings ended. Once he met her in the post office; he was leaving as she was entering. He raised his hat, and would—

from mere courtesy—have said "good morning." But the unframed smile on his lips.

Her eyes, as they fell on him, lighted up with indignation; a second edition of what he had seen before. As they for a moment rested on him they seemed to scorch up what he would have said. His raised-to-hat hand trembled and fell; he passed out.

Reaching home she found that she had carried with her a recollection of his face. By the seat he had said things to her that no woman could forgive. She told herself that an average hundred times a day—to say nothing of the sleepless nights she passed with thoughts full of him. But she was sorry to see the haggard, worn look he was wearing as he left the post office.

Had appeared ill. His, she had said, was a face which had borne no worry lines; lines of thought but not of trouble. The absence of the latter had made him appear younger than he really was.

With a smile she thought back on the time—it seemed quite a long while ago—when she had fancied that she had almost come to love that eager, enthusiastic face; boyish but still with an air of manly determination about it, set in a manly frame.

Masters' shoulders were quite "My youngest boy, 3 years old, was sick with fever last June, and when he got better the doctor prescribed Scott's Emulsion, and he liked it so well that he drank it out of the bottle, and is now just as plump and strong as any child of his age anywhere. . . . two bottles fixed him OK."—MR. JOHN F. TEDDER, Box 263, Teague-Freestone Co., Texas.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

is the greatest help for babies and young children there is. It just fits their need; it just suits their delicate, sensitive natures; they thrive on it. Just a little does them so much good and saves you so much worry. You owe it to them and yourself to make them as strong and healthy as possible. SCOTT'S EMULSION will help you better than anything else; but be sure to get Scott's. It's the best, and there are so many worthless imitations.

ALL DRUGGISTS

Scott's Emulsion has just written us another letter about his mother-in-law's children. Let us send you his letters and other information on the subject. A Post Card, mentioning this paper, is sufficient.

SCOTT & BOWNE
122 Wellington St., W. Toronto

a patient. He advanced to take the child's hand lying on the coverlet; continued—

"This is a nice idea of yours, upon my word! Going to sleep in the day—"

His intent in the adoption of a reassuring tone was to change the current of her thoughts; the wild thoughts evidently surging in that active little brain. But when he clasped the child's hand in his own, the merriment left his voice, the smile his face. His other hand he placed on her forehead, then turning, said—

"Why did you not send for me?"

The mother was standing close beside the child, stooping so that her face was on a level with the terror-stricken little one's bright eyes. She was speaking loving words, in the loving way that appeals to children. Words which read so foolishly, yet sound so sweetly. She turned round suddenly, startled by the gravity in the doctor's voice.

"Send!" she cried. "Why? Why?—she is not—oh, don't tell me—"

"Hush!"

She became quiet at once. Another phase of the doctor's character showed: his will power. The loving anxiety was suppressed. The practical woman was to the fore, intent on the doctor's instructions—

"She must be undressed and put to bed. Have a fire here; it must be kept going night and day. Send one of your maids"—he was writing on a leaf of his note-book as he spoke, and finishing, tore it out—

"with this prescription at once." "Gracie was fever-stricken! Tossed in delirium all that night and the next day. All the next day and the night—and the mother sat by the bedside, tending, never leaving the little one."

The doctor came three and four times a day. Each time he looked grave. There was no sign of improvement in the child's condition. The mother, worn out with watching, looking at him for comfort, read none.

Did ever—during all those hours of waiting, anxious watching—the thought of "Masters cross her mind? He had shut him resolutely out of her heart, turned the key of consciousness upon him. But even bolts and bars are proverbially of small efficacy in similar cases.

In those long hours, the only silence breaking sounds were the monotonous ticking of the clock and the short, quick breathing of the little white-robed, white-faced form on the white pillows. Sometimes, then, the woman's resolution broke down; thoughts of The Man crept in upon her all unbidden. Gracie thought that she had harbored in the previous days: troubles' softening influence was around.

Their first meeting!—she thought of that. Of his affection for Gracie; of the child's love for him. Surely a child's instinctive love and trust went for something. Perhaps, after all—and then those horrible words of his rang in her ears, and she hid her hot face in the white coverlet. Never, never—they were unforgettable. Besides, he did not seek forgiveness.

Strange that, by the bedside of the panting child, with Life and Death fighting for the possession of his fragile little form, her ears ever straining to catch the sound of that softer breathing which she knew would signal Life's victory—strange, that with fear and hope surging in her bosom, even when her gentle hand restrained her dear dear one's restless tossing to and fro and cooled the burning forehead and feverish, clinging little fingers; strange that there should seem no wrong, nothing incongruous, in the thought of an almost stranger—of William Masters. Perhaps it was because Gracie loved him so dearly: that must have been the reason.

Poor little Gracie! She little knew what manner of man it was to whom she had offered her affectionate, trusting little heart. Yet he had been kind to her, more than kind. There was pleasantness in the memory of that.

Fugitive thoughts were these; stealing in under cover of the night. Those hours when that watchful keeper of the heart—a woman's pride—is prone to forsake his trust; to leave the secret of that heart revealed before its Maker, and herself. A moment, and the watchful sentinel is back again at his post; repentant for his lapse, guarding his treasure more jealously than ever.

The white soul of the child stood at the entrance of the Valley of the Shadow. Hour by hour the watching woman seemed to see the Shadow deepening, growing. Hour by hour she strove with all the power that in her lay to lead that white soul back into life's sunshine.

The watching and anxiety told on her. The doctor noting her sunken eyes, said firmly—

"You must take rest. You need it as much as your patient."

"Rest?" "Don't be foolish! You have a good woman; this woman who is helping you."

"She has been a nurse."

"I see she understands. You must take rest or you will be ill."

A Frank Statement

Pe-ru-na is the Best Medicine in the World.

I RECOMMEND PE-RU-NA.



MR. EMILE MAROIS.

MR. EMILE MAROIS, 1878 Ontario street, Montreal, Canada, writes:

"After taking nine bottles of Peruna, I find that I am cured."

"I still take it occasionally. For me it is the best medicine in the world."

"I have recommended it to a number of persons."

Mr. J. C. Hervu Pelletier, Dept. de l'Agriculture, Ottawa, Ontario, writes:

"The Peruna is particularly efficacious in the cure of catarrhal affections of the lungs and bronchial tubes."

"Six bottles cured me this winter of bronchitis. I am completely restored and I owe thanks to the Peruna."

"I have recommended this remedy to a large number of my friends afflicted with the same trouble, and they have verified my good opinion of this valuable remedy."

Ill, too, at a time when you are most needed."

"Tell me, doctor. Oh! For God's sake, tell me—you don't know what she is to me! Tell me—"

"My dear madam, I can tell you nothing. As it nears midnight, will come a crucial time. Humor her; whatever she wants, no matter how extravagant it may seem, let her have it. She has an excitable nature, a nervous temperament. Do all you can to soothe her. She must not worry for anything: it might prove her death. Gratify her desires and she may sleep—sleep will be her salvation. You understand?"

"Yes, doctor."

"Whatever she asks for, gratify her."

"Yes, doctor."

"She is needing sleep; rest for that active little brain of hers. She is full of ideas of triple-headed giants, fairies and stories of that sort. Don't contradict her, get her into a state of contentment if possible. Who is this Prince Charlie she was asking for just now?"

"A friend—a casual friend—some one we know."

"She is inexplicably anxious to see him. Soothe by letting her do so if possible. She has intervals when she is as rational as you or I; it is well to prolong those by letting her talk to people she knows and wants to see. Does he live far away—this Prince Charlie?"

"In—in the town."

"Then, by all means, if she asks again, send for him."

"Yes, doctor."

"INSIDE INFORMATION ABOUT CIGARS."

When you snip the head off your cigar, light your match and then leisurely tilt back in your swing chair, a pleasurable feeling comes to you as soon as the match is applied to the end of the cigar, and if the cigar is a "Pharaoh" it will continue until you reluctantly throw away the sweet end.

Did it ever occur to you, however, the amount of study and work necessary to produce a good cigar. We would advise you to visit a prominent factory the next time you have an opportunity and watch the "modus operandi."

In the basement you will find the original bales or cases as they come from foreign countries.

Then they go to the casing room where the bales are opened and the tobacco cased, or dipped in water, which requires an experienced man, for if too much water is used on a very absorbent tobacco, it will not dry well, and if worked too fresh in a cigar the cigar is apt to pull hard and go soft while smoking. If not enough water is used on a dry type, the tobacco does not develop its best flavor; will break easily thus causing waste.

The "hands" or "carts" are stood on the butt end in casing box for 24 hours, then shook out, sent to the next department where they remain 24 to 48 hours, until the tobacco has absorbed all the water and becomes supple and silky. It is then passed over to the strippers who take out the large middle stem.

The class of tobacco that forms the inside of the cigar is now called "fillers" and is sent to the drying room where it is placed on clean smooth floors, spreading it about 6 inches thick, turning it twice a day takes three to five days. Some manufacturers dry on screens in a few hours very dry, and then spray, dump in a box, and let it draw back.

Payne claims that quick evaporation runs away with too much of the aroma and gum, and induces a flatness to the taste, and if dried by steam or near a fire a "smokey" taste develops, and the cigar is apt to burn the tongue.

The fillers should now be laid away loosely for a week or more to cure, if a blend is being made the filler should be laid away four to eight weeks so that the cigars will run uniform, if laid away to dry they won't blend, if too moist they may go mouldy, a constant watch must be maintained.

Eventually the fillers are given over to the cigar makers, and here the cigar can be easily spoiled, generally by the workman placing some pieces crosswise, or by rolling too tightly, because the finest tobacco ever placed in a cigar will taste flat if the cigar does not pull easily.

When finished the cigars are laid away in humidors for at least 24 hours before packing, and after packing, are placed in a humidior for a couple of months to properly season.

Then it is up to the dealer to take proper care of his stock, as many a good cigar is spoiled by being kept down cellar in the summer, and by being kept up on the shelves in the winter.

For the past few years J. Bruce Payne, Limited, have been catering more particularly to the retail trade, or shipping in smaller lots and more frequently, to their jobber so that their "Pharaoh" cigar always goes over the counter to the consumer in prime condition.

"PROPHET" PREDICTS WAR.

Russian Court Circles Impressed With His Predictions.

Russian court circles—always susceptible to the influence of self-styled prophets, as was shown by the success of the soothsayer Papius before the war with Japan—are entertained at present a man called the "Magic Miller," whose prophecies, it is asserted, have never failed to come true.

At a recent seance the "Magic Miller" predicted a war in the Balkans in the Spring, a war in the near future between Great Britain and Germany, and "catastrophic troubles" over Persia. As many Russian dignitaries are convinced of the trustworthiness of these prophecies, the latter are not incapable of actually influencing the country's policy.

SNOW IMAGES.

In the little town of Andreasberg, in the Harz Mountains of Germany, making snow images has been reduced to a science, under the stimulus of an annual snow festival, in which the residents of the town compete for prizes. During the time it is in progress the little village is thronged with guests. One year 4,000 persons enjoyed the sport. The task of the judges is by no means an easy one. In back yards, front yards, and in the streets before the houses the models which include figures and complex groups of all kinds, have been set up. That worker in the snow is wisest who waits until the last moment and then works swiftly and skillfully. Many a good sculptor's work has been reduced to a shapeless mass before the judges got around just because the sun would not hide its face.

MABEL'S BROTHER.

How the Young Rascal Spoiled a Little Love Affair.

I was once a very sweet on a pretty girl who was unfortunate enough to be big sister to a fiend of the small-boy kind. The pretty girl's name was Mabel, and our little love-affair was progressing most beautifully when I went, "all in my Sunday best," one evening to escort her to a theatre.

Before I could ring the bell the small boy banged the front door open and popped out.

"You May's young man?" he asked, with an abruptness that took my breath away.

"Is Miss Mabel in?" I asked, with freezing dignity.

He leered at me out of his left eye, stuck his tongue in his cheek, and whirled three times round on his left heel before saying:—

"That's what she is. She's upstairs rigging herself out too fine for anything. She's got on ma's rings, and Aunt Sarah's gold chain, and—"

"Bob!" came in sharp, agonized tones from the head of the stairs.

"And she's had her fringe backing on hairpins for over an hour, and—"

"You Robert!" cried the voice of Bob's mother. But Bob went on pitilessly.

"And she's got the stunniest new dress, and it isn't paid for, neither; and won't pay for it when the bill comes for her new hat! Ma says he will, but May says she doesn't care if he does. May's plucky, she is; you'll find it out if she pulls off her little scheme of marrying you and—"

"Robert James, come up here this instant!" is shouted from the stair-landing. But Robert James goes on placidly.

"You've come to take May to the theatre, ain't you? I know it 'cause May's been jawin' 'cause you didn't get dress-circle tickets instead of the front row in the upper boxes. I said I'd tell on her 'cause she gave me a crack on the head for losing the pencil she does up her eyebrows with. I hid her plate that's got her three front teeth, but pa thrashed me into givin' 'em up before he went out. Ma says—"

Bob's mother came hastily down the stairs, very red in the face and very wild in eye. Bob bounds down the steps and disappears round the house, but thrusts his head out to say:—

"How sweet you are! Oh, my, dear little thing! Better get your moustache under cover 'fore the frost nips it. Whose darlin' is 'oo?"

"Walk in, Mr. H.," says dear Mabel's mamma, making a frantic effort to appear calm. "Our Robert is in one of his playful moods. He is so full of spirits. Mabel is so very sorry, but a sudden indisposition has—"

"ickles an' cheese an' cucumbers for supper," said Bob, appearing at an open window.

"The dear child has a most wretched headache. So sorry, but you will excuse her for this evening."

"Take me instead, won't you, sweetie?" asks Bob.

I drag my wounded vanity away. I am as broken and bruised in spirits as I wish Bob was in his head. Mabel and I meet no more. We have not the moral courage to do so while Bob is above-ground.

ASLEEP UNDER WATER.

A Diver's Escape on the Great Battleship Dreadnought.

As showing how much at home a man may be to-day under water, I may relate an amusing story, says a writer in "St. Nicholas." Some months ago, while the great battleship Dreadnought was at Malta, one of the seamen divers went down to clear her propeller from some fotsam that had become entangled, and he failed to come up.

It chanced that the rest of the battleship's divers were ashore, and grave concern was felt on the ironclad for the missing worker. Signals by telephone and lifeline were sent below, without avail. In the launch above the throb, throb of the air-pump's cylinders went on, but the attendants looked at one another in dismay, fearing some strange tragedy deep down in those leaving green seas.

The worst was feared when some big brushes and other tools came floating to the surface, and thereupon the navigating lieutenant sent ashore an urgent message for one of the other divers. The man came on board, dressed immediately, and went below, only to come up full of indignation.

"Why, that fellow's been asleep all this time," he said, wrathfully.

It was true. The man had just had his lunch, and, finding the work much less serious than he had thought, he finished it in a few minutes, and then sat comfortably on one of the giant blades of the Dreadnought's propeller and went to sleep, with inquisitive fishes swarming around him, attracted by the dazzling searchlight at his breast. The officers were so amused at the occurrence that no punishment was inflicted on the lazy one.

A greater variety of fish can be found in the Nile than in any other river.

THE Alberta HOMESTEAD

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THE Alberta STAR

A Weekly Local Journal

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FRIEND TO FRIEND

The personal recommendations of people who have been cured of coughs and colds by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy have done more than all else to make it a staple article of trade and commerce over a large part of the civilized world.

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One Plank of Conservative Platform

To Editor of Calgary Herald:
Sir,—Some days ago a contemporary of yours came out with a strong article on the proposition of the Conservative party to give advances to settlers and workers. The article presented many vulnerable points, and I have looked ever since for a reply, but none has materialized. I am surprised at this apathy. As a life long Liberal, I say the Conservative party by bringing out this plank have gained an enormous advantage, which they do not appear to appreciate. A person is

compelled to think that they must have built better than they knew. In any case this is the most momentous proposal ever placed before the people of Alberta, and as I have gleaned a little knowledge about the matter, I will endeavor to satisfy the amazement of the leader-writer in question. His chief trouble appears to centre around the question of finance; where is the money coming from? Where did the Australian states and New Zealand get the money from? They did not dig it up; they went to London, England, with their debentures, and returned with the cash. And as their purpose was to spend the money in agricultural development, the money was raised on most satisfactory terms, and they have been lending since 1899 on four and five per cent. interest. The Canadian farmer at the same time has been paying from 10 to 12 per cent. and must give good security at that.

The writer was entirely wrong in assuming that this is a matter of beneficence. It is a matter of pure business. In the Australian states it is managed so excellently that the losses are practically nil. The fear that a premier would administer the fund is also quite without foundation. Following the example of Australia all the premier will do will be to pass the necessary legislation; the governor will appoint the members of the advance board, after which the whole system will be taken out of the arena of party politics, and conducted on purely business lines. I am not closely enough allied to the Conservative party, or to any party to know what their intentions are, but suppose we follow the example of New Zealand and borrow for this purpose \$15,000,000; the fund to be administered by the three ablest men in the province for the development of agriculture. How many corporation railways, on paper, at \$13,000 a mile would take to produce an equally excellent result. Think it out for yourself.

The paper said that 20,000,000 settlers would want loans. Unconsciously, that was a great compliment to this suggestion. I believe, however, that figure to be exaggerated. Nevertheless, if we take this step, farmers will pour in from the states, from eastern Canada, from Europe, and we will have boom times no province or state has ever heard of before. Suppose in two years we get under this system 1,000,000 prosperous farmers, what will that mean to the business and workingmen? Railways! you can then get them at your own price.

After the first year some of this money will be refunded and will be available for some one else. Again I say think it out and don't allow any one to say it can't be done and throw dust in your eyes.

The following quotation is from the Australian year book: By the agricultural bank act of 1894, the governor of west Australia was empowered to form a bank for the purpose of promoting the occupation, cultivation and improvement of the agricultural lands of the colony. The bank was put under the control of "three trustees," appointed by the governor, in whom is vested the whole of the bank property. The necessary funds are provided for by the issue of mortgage bonds, paying interest at the rate of four per cent. per annum.

Advances are made for clearing, fencing, draining, for discharging any existing mortgage, for the purchase of breeding stock. Amount of advance: £300 advanced up to full value of improvements, £200 up to 50 per cent. of improvements, £500 altogether.

Payments: during first five years interest only at five per cent. is paid. After fifth year principal begins to be paid, and must be cleared up in 25 years. In regard to the repayments of

stock the trustees have discretionary power.

NEW SOUTH WALES.
Advances are made for: (a) to develop the agricultural or horticultural resources of the land; (b) to build homes on the land. Amount and repayment of loans: No advance to be less than £50 or more than £2,000. Priority given to loans not over £500. Repayment to be made within 31 years, as the trustees see fit.

According to the New Zealand year book, a worker in any laboring man or clerk in office or store whose income is less than \$1,000 a year. If he owns his lot, and no other land than that on which he intends to build; he can borrow up to \$1,750 to erect a home for himself. Repayment with five per cent interest extending over 20 years.

It is up to the Calgary worker to say if he wants to be put on an equality with his New Zealand brother, and to demand that equality at the ballot box.

Alberta first, last and all the time.

—ONLOOKER

Municipal Directory, '09

TOWN GOVERNMENT
Mayor—J. T. Brown
Council—H. Stuepsole, Wm. Burton, J. C. Cahoon, M. A. Coombs, Thos. Duce, J. Hunt,
Secretary-Treasurer—Martin Woolf Sr.

Solicitor—Wm. Laurie
Constable—S. Jeppson
Chief of the Fire Department—

BOARD OF TRADE
President—D. S. Beach
Vice-President—R. H. Baird
Secretary—D. E. Harris, Jr.
Treasurer—E. G. Woods
Executive Committee—Walter H. Brown, Martin Woolf, Van Brown.

SCHOOL BOARD
W. O. Lee (chairman), S. M. Woolf, S. Williams, D. E. Harris Jr., D. S. Beach.
Teaching Staff—J. W. Low (principal), Miss Keith, Miss A. Robinson, Miss A. Hudson, Miss Toffey, Mrs. Toffey, Miss Hamilton, Miss E. Harker, Miss A. Ward (asst. principal)
Secretary of Board—E. A. Law

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY
President—James Hansen
Secretary—S. M. Woolf
Treasurer—S. L. Eversfield

POST OFFICE
Money orders issued to all parts of Canada and the United States. Office hours from 8 a.m. to 7 p.m.
E. W. BURTON, Asst. P.M.

A. R. & L. CO. TIME TABLE
Arrives 12:30 p.m.
Leaves 2:15 p.m.

Sterling Williams

—AGENT FOR—
Calgary and Edmonton Land Co.
Some choice sections west at \$9.00 per acre. Other pieces at \$8 and \$5.00 terms cash.
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REWARD

A liberal reward will be paid for information leading to the recovery of the following described animal: One brown mare, weight about 900 pounds, branded bar over a crowfoot also on left thigh. One dark gray three year old filly branded G on right jaw. One black filly coming two year old, branded bar over crowfoot on left shoulder.

James P. Low

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Redemption day
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TIN GALVANIZED IRON and FURNICE WORK
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One door north of city Meat Market
Hot Scotch Meat Pie
Hot Tamales
Fruit Pies
Ham Sandwiches

J. T. NOBLE

Notice

Notice is hereby given that application will be made to the Parliament of Canada at the present session thereof for an Act incorporating a company under the name of "The Kootenay & Alberta Railway Company" with power in behalf of the Company to:—
1. Construct, equip, maintain and operate a line or lines of railway (a) From a point on the Crow's Nest Branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway between Cowichan and Finlay Creek Stations in the Province of Alberta, thence in a southerly direction passing through Beaver Valley to the North Kootenay Pass, thence in a southerly direction down the Valley of the Flathead River, in the Province of British Columbia, to the International Boundary. (b) From, at or near the forward point on the Crow's Nest Branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway, thence in a southerly direction passing at or near the Town of Picher Creek, through the Fairbairn settlement, through the Blood Indian Reserve, down the Elk River Valley to the International Boundary at or near Fort St. John. (c) A branch line at or near their said point on the Crow's Nest Branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway, thence in a southerly direction passing in the vicinity of Mountalnview, thence down the Valley of Lees Creek to Cardston.
2. Acquire and utilize steam and water power for compressing air or generating electricity for any purposes and commercially dealing in the same.
3. Construct, control and operate telegraph and telephone lines.
4. Enter into agreements with other Railway Companies.
Smith & Johns on Solicitors for the Applicants.
Dated at Ottawa, this 29th day, of January, 1909.

William Carlos Ives

Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public, Etc.
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Special offer—20c. per Share, will shortly advance to \$1

Mines directly west of Le Roi and Le Roi No. 2 shares sold from 5 cts to \$100.00 and Consolidated Mining & Smelting Co. of Canada, Ltd. shares \$150.00 each, the Giant California adjoining our own, shares about \$110.00. Granby Mine paid over 3,000,000.00 Dividends per year. Gold-Copper mines in British Columbia pay large Dividends. Big Four assays from \$5.00 to \$300.00 in gold copper, silver with 30 per cent in the treasury. Invest now and you won't regret it.

NOTE—Most of these mines sold for a few cents once, but over capitalized even now pay big dividends. Big Four is on the railway, near smelters. Howland mine received highest award for richest gold-copper ore sent to St. Louis, Exposition. Big Four had best display at Dominion Fair, New Westminster, B. C. No less than 100 shares sold for each, above time. Shares can be had on instalment plan, 25 per cent. cash, balance monthly.

Nearly Two Miles of Railway on Property

Company has no debts or liabilities. Send for illustrated Prospectus and Booklet, "Mining Jobs to Make" to Secretary, with 5c. stamp in stamp.

BIG FOUR MINES, LIMITED.

P. O. BOX 174, VANCOUVER, B.C., CANADA

Cash Paid For Raw Furs

Mink, Martin, Fisher, Lynx, Otter
Muskrat, Skunk, Wild Cat, Prairie
Wolf, Bear, Badger, Weasel

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Office—Over D. S. Beach's - Cardston