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# The Alberta Star

Vol. XI

CARDSTON, ALBERTA, FRIDAY, MAY 6, 1910.

No. 47

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### Very Sad Case of Poisoning

Young Child of William Pratt  
Ate Medicine Tablets  
and Died

Leth. Herald, May 2.—A sad case of accidental poisoning occurred in the city on Saturday evening. Adaannan Pratt, aged one year and nine months, the infant child of Mr. and Mrs. William Pratt, of Bompas street, west, was playing around and somehow got hold of a box of patent medicine tablets. Her father saw her with some in her mouth and took them out, throwing them in the fire. It did not occur to him she had swallowed any, and he thought no more about it. A couple of hours later the child was taken suddenly ill with convulsions, and died from strychnine poisoning a short while after the doctor's arrival. No more of the tablets were found and it is not known what kind they were.

The body was taken charge of by Addison and Sons, and this morning was taken to Cardston to be interred. The child's parents formerly resided at Mountain View near Cardston.

### Home Missionaries

May 8, 1910  
LEAVITT August Nielsen  
B. F. Lowry  
KIMBALL D. H. Caldwell  
A. G. Scotter MOUNTAIN VIEW  
C. F. Broadbent John E. Redford  
GLENWOOD  
Jabez Brandham Edw. Blazer  
CALDWELL  
Hardin West Wm. Tolley  
CARDSTON  
H. M. Maughn A. W. Jensen  
WOOLFORD  
Archie Nielson Bert Quinton  
TAYLORVILLE  
H. M. Bohne Lorenzo Hanson  
AETNA  
H. D. Folsom Walter Pitcher  
BEAZER  
E. A. Purcell John Nelson

### A. R. & I. Time Table

Times Trains on Cardston  
Line Leave and Arrive

PASSENGER—Leave Lethbridge daily except Sunday 7.30 a. m., arrive Cardston 10.15 a. m. Leave Cardston 12.01 p. m. arrive Lethbridge 2.45 p. m.  
MIXED—Leaves Cardston 7 a. m., arrive Lethbridge 11.30 a. m. Leave Lethbridge 4 p. m., arrive Cardston 8.20 p. m.

### Opening of New Organ

The opening of the new organ in the Presbyterian Church, took place on Wednesday evening. A splendid program had been prepared, consisting of solos, duets and anthems. A large attendance was present, and during the evening a collection was taken in aid of the organ fund. The special features of the entertainment was the singing of the choir and the playing of the organist, Prof. J. Banner.

### Baseball Meeting

A meeting of baseball enthusiasts was called on Monday evening at the office of the Cardston Realty Co. A good attendance was present and a baseball association was formed, with Leigh Young as president, Victor Spencer as manager, and F. Burton as secretary.

It was the voice of the meeting not to join the league this year, but to form two ball teams in town, and to have a game every Friday afternoon. Special games will be arranged with Magrath and the surrounding towns.

It was also agreed upon to raise funds by public subscription and the selling of membership tickets, which will admit the holders to all games during the summer.

A. M. Hepler was elected captain of one team, and Martin Woolf, Jr. captain of the other.

The pool table and bowling alley belonging to the Birkett brothers and formally used in the Cahoon Hotel basement, were sold this week. The pool tables going to Lethbridge and the bowling alley to Raymond. The Brewerton brothers of Raymond were the purchasers.

### Notes and Comments

No doubt some of us have wondered how it was that papers, supporting the government cause, are so keen to tell us that the government courted the investigation re the A. G. & W. R. R. in fact suggested the idea and were hungry for a solution. In glancing over Everybody's Magazine we find what might possibly be a solution of the enigma. This: Teacher to Tommy.—"What makes you keep scratching your head?" Tommy—"Cause I see the only one that knows jist where it itches."

The pass word into inner circles is "Hush." We must not talk too loud or some one might hear us, and it is not just the thing that us common people should know too much about our own affairs. We must be satisfied with the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table.

History has a nasty habit of repeating itself. Many years ago a tenderfoot drifted up this way and was staying over night at a wayside hotel, where everything was public and you washed in the office and threw the suds out of the door. Our tenderfoot wanted to shave—which fact he kept to himself—so he rigged up a blanket or two and made himself a private alcove in the lounging room of the hotel and proceeded to shave. A puncher who was sitting by the stove, spitting tobacco juice all over it trying to see how red he could make it, had quietly watched the proceedings, and just as Mr. Tenderfoot was ready to commence Mr. Puncher reached over the back of his chair and yanked the curtain down. Tenderfoot jumped around in a hurry with a, "What in h— did you do that for?"

"Wall, I just wanted to see what you were so goldarned private about."

That's just it. Some of us want to know what the tenderfoot up north want to be so goldarned private about.

If this commission keeps on a few weeks longer the American invasion into Canada will be somewhat counteracted by the Canadian invasion into America.—Calgary Albertan.

One great requisite in Cardston is something that will represent standard time. We have two engine whistles, one of which gets us up ten minutes too early and another ten minutes too late. There is a new bell on the school which rings, as a rule, 15 minutes behind the rest of the town time, which some say, is to give the teachers a chance to eat breakfast and still appear on time. If this is a libel we want to be set right on the question. However those that are bringing up the rising generation, in the way it should go should be the authorities on right time, so let us have right time whether it is school time, town council time or flour time.

Up north they are reviving the undesirability of the English emigrant and repeat an advertisement designed in Saskatchewan, "that no Englishman or loafers need apply." They seem to have lots of trouble with the English in other parts of Canada but the friction is absent here. There are some English amongst us, a very inoffensive lot going their own gait and many succeeding. Did you ever hear of any trouble brewed by Tom Duce, H. C. Phipps, F. W. Atkins, John Holmes, Dr. Stacpooles, E. N. Barker, H. A. Donovan, Tom Woolford, A. G. Scotter, the Shepherds, Sam Newton, the Gregson family or by a Blackmore or a Perry. Each and all can shine up fairly

well in his particular line, and they do not all take the bottom rung in the ladder when it comes around fair time, or there are prizes to be won showing good farming of the best of Alberta's products. Some are heard outside of their locality and are pretty well known all over the Dominion.

Up north they have Dr. Clarke M. D. of Red Deer, a possibility for Dominion Cabinet honors. G. S. Smith of Camrose one of the coming provincial members, N. J. Tregillus of Calgary, E. J. Fream the brilliant secretary of U. F. A., R. Shepherd and others too numerous to mention that we see in the van, especially in out-door pursuits, farming or live stock circles. Ask them what the Lloyd Minister boys did at the Provincial Seed Fair. Have a look at the short horns bred by such men as J. J. Richards. Come nearer home and see what the despised Englishman is doing at Magrath. Alberta can stow that kind of talk away especially when we remember it was Rawlinson hackneys from Calgary that beat out New York and cleaned up the World's Fair at St. Louis and so we might go on.

Do you ever hear an Englishman in Cardston kicking at everything or living on the town?

### Spring Coulee Notes

The winds of yesterday and today have made farm work entirely disagreeable around Spring Coulee. The dryness of the season threatens destruction to many of the crops.

Men who are able to drive four and six horses are in great demand here at present. Good men seem scarce this season.

Carpenters are badly wanted here at present. Mr. Johnston's men seem to be of very youthful appearance though they have erected a large barn and a very fine looking farm house in which the family are already living.

Mrs. Carl Smith, who recently returned from Illinois where she has been visiting during the winter, accompanied her husband on a pleasant drive to Railey last Sunday.

Mr. Walter of Railey has gone to Mt. View to purchase cattle. Mr. Reeder, the Cardston butcher was in town last week collecting and buying beef and hogs.

The insurance adjuster yesterday visited Mr. Leutycheu's place which was the scene of a fire a short time since. Mr. Leutycheu carried \$1500.00 insurance on his effects but his renter Mr. Rice was without insurance and lost nearly all he possessed.

Butter which has been at premium for some time past is now coming in plentifully.

The Ladies Aid of the Presbyterian Church met with Mrs. W. L. Thompson last Friday and properly organized. Much is expected of this body toward the defraying of church expenses.

Florence Thompson gave a party Tuesday to her little friends, the occasion being her birthday.

Ernest Hagal of Mt. View was a caller at the Spring Coulee Hotel yesterday.

### Cardston Tennis Club

A meeting of the Cardston Tennis Club will be held in the Council Chamber at 8 o'clock on Monday evening May 9th, for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of other business. All those interested in tennis are requested to attend.  
W. S. Johnston,  
Secretary—Treasurer.

*Go to Reading Room*

### How Canada Acquires Her Buffaloes

**T**HE extraordinary difficulties encountered in rounding up the last great herd of buffaloes is told by C. A. Carter in Munsey's magazine.

By virtue of the shrewd public spirit of the Canadian government, and through the United States government's failure to seize a proffered opportunity, a splendid herd of 730 bison, the last wild survivors of the species, is now the property of the Dominion. The United States government might have kept these magnificent animals on American soil, where sentiment demanded that they should remain. But they are gone now, and the only consolation left to those patriotic citizens who mourn their loss is that the Canadians had to earn their buffalo before they got them.

In order to move the monarchs of the prairie from Montana, where they were bred, to uttermost Alberta, it was necessary to ship them by rail. Before they could be shipped they had to be rounded up, of course, and corralled. Yet "rounding up" and "corral" are not precisely the words to use in this connection, for they are associated with the driving of domestic cattle, whose spirit has been broken by ages of submission to man's dominion. Besides, they fail to convey an impression of the two years of desperate endeavor by the flower of Montana's cowboys, and of the heroic resistance offered by those true Americans, the buffalo. It was more like a war of extermination, in which many a brave soul died fighting with his last breath and in which the survivors suffered what to them was worse than death—removal from their native pastures.

To whatever it may be likened, this last great series of buffalo-hunts was an event which has no parallel in history, and which is not likely to be repeated.

I must begin at the beginning of the story. In 1884, Michel Pablo, of Missoula, Montana, and a neighbor, C. A. Allard, bought 13 young buffalo from a Pend d'Oreille Indian, the progeny of four calves which the Indian had captured a few years before. Nine years later, Pablo and Allard added to their growing herd 26 head purchased from Buffalo Jones. Upon Allard's death, soon after, Pablo became sole owner.

The buffalo were allowed to run wild in the Bitter Root mountains, on the Flathead Indian reservation in Montana. Pablo's only care was to protect them from hunters and to prevent them from straying. He sold a few head occasionally, but looked to the future for a profit on his investment.

In 1905, it was announced that the Flathead reservation was to be thrown open to settlement. As this meant that he was to be deprived of his range, Pablo realized that he must dispose of his buffalo. He hurried to Washington with a proposal to sell the entire herd to the government. President Roosevelt approved the offer, and Congress decided to make the necessary appropriation, and that was the end of the matter.

Hearing of this turn of affairs, Alexander Ayotte, Canadian commissioner of immigration, suggested to Howard Douglas, commissioner of Dominion parks, that here was a chance to obtain some highly desirable stock for Canada's national parks. The matter was laid before the minister of the interior, Frank Oliver; parliament promptly granted money for the purchase, and Douglas was instructed to take the first train for Montana and buy the buffalo. A contract was made for the entire herd at \$200 a head, but Douglas paid \$10,000 down to bind the bargain. Pablo thought he had 300 of the animals, but as he wasn't sure about it, he would only sign a contract to deliver 250 head or the entire herd, whatever the number might be.

One day early in May, 1907, Commissioner Douglas appeared at Missoula, and was accompanied by a retinue of enthusiastic Canadian newspaper correspondents and other loyal subjects of King Edward, who had invited themselves up to see the fun. These volunteer spectators imagined that all there was to do was to go and get the buffalo. Literally speaking, this was true, but if they had dreamed how much was involved in the getting, they would have prepared for a longer stay than any of them contemplated.

The first round-up was the easiest of the series of five great hunts, though this does not imply that it was a simple job. Pablo, who knew the country and thought he knew the buffalo, managed it, with the aid of 20 cowboys.

It did not take long to disclose the fact that the herd was very much larger than his owner had supposed. By two weeks of hard riding from dawn to dusk, Pablo and his cowboys managed to get 200 buffalo into a corral at Ravalli, Montana. The corral was enclosed by a fence nine feet high, made of two-inch planks spiked to posts set eight feet apart. It was a good fence (but the buffalo did not treat it with much respect). One old bull, who chanced to take exception to the conduct of a cowboy on the other side of it, charged through the fence as if it had not been there. Another, to show his contempt for such a flimsy affair, inserted his horns under a plank, and ripping it off with a single toss of his head, threw it over his back a dozen feet to the rear. Still another made a swipe at a panel of fence, and cut such an extraordinary gash with one horn that Commissioner Douglas ordered him to be shot at the first opportunity. It was an inch and three-quarters deep and three feet eight inches long.

Clearly, such animals as these could not be shipped loose in an ordinary stock car; so it was arranged to drop a rope around the neck of each buffalo as it passed up the loading chute, and to lash the animal securely to the car as soon as it could be got inside. Arrangements being completed the loading began. All the Canadians, the entire population of Ravalli and all the railroad men who happened to be in town at the time, gathered to see the performance.

After nearly an hour of hard work by the full force of cowboys, a bull was finally headed up the chute. At the right instant, a man dropped a noose over the animal's neck. At the touch of the rope the bull made a spring which landed him in the car; but, quick as a flash, on finding himself in a trap, he hauled about and came out again. There was the usual stock-yards arrangement of two heavy gates about eight feet long, made of two-inch planks bolted together, which were swung out on either side to make a passage from the corral across the loading platform to the car. As he came out, the bull caught the left-hand gate on his horns, tore it from its hinges and started diagonally across the platform to jump back among his fellows in the corral, instead of going down the chute.

Commissioner Douglas, Commissioner Ayotte and Mr. McMullen, the livestock agent of the Canadian Pacific Railway, had chosen a position on the top of the fence beside that particular gate as a sort of stage-box from which to see everything that happened. They were almost touching the gate when the bull ripped it loose and prepared to spring toward them, with the timbers hanging on his horns. There was no time to climb out of the charging animal's way. They could not do anything but just let themselves drop into the corral, nine feet below.

The three men hit the ground in a heap, right among the buffalo, while the bull, still carrying the gate on his horns, leaped over them. All were stunned momentarily by the fall, and McMullen broke an arm. The men spectators yelled, the women screamed and the uproar so disconcerted the buffalo that none had the presence of mind to seize the opportunity of going their helpless enemies, who were quickly rescued. All three were firmly convinced that the yelling alone saved their lives.

After McMullen had been cared for and the excitement had subsided, the spectators once more took their places and the attempt at loading was renewed. No one wanted a seat on the fence this time, but the car-roof was well filled. Commissioner Ayotte, a dignified Canadian Frenchman, stationed himself on the opposite side of the car from the corral, and peered through the cracks.

Thirty minutes of strenuous endeavor induced another bull to venture into the chute. Like the first, the instant the felt rope touched his neck he sprang forward as if shot out of a gun. The cowboys had learned wisdom now, so a firm had been taken around a post and a dozen men held the loose end determined to keep the bull inside the car if they ever got him there. Before they could take up the slack, however, the bull made a leap at the farther side of the car, went through it as if it were made of paper, and hung there with half his body outside. But for the rope, he would have gone clear through.

When he saw the bull coming straight at him, Mr. Ayotte started to step back, but he was not quick enough to escape altogether. He received enough of the force of the concussion to make him stagger. The bull had struck the car with such terrific violence that he nearly knocked it off the tracks. All the spectators on the roof were thrown down and some fell off the car. One, a half-breed Indian, landed fairly on Ayotte's head as the half-stunned commissioner tottered backward.

The damaged car was removed, another was put in its place, and the task was resumed. The next bull that went up the chute charged through the car, striking against its side

with such violence that he broke his neck and fell dead. It took an hour and thirty minutes to get the first buffalo—a fine young bull—hoisted in a car and safely anchored with a rope passed around his neck and secured to uprights on each side. But the other end of the bull was still free, and he proceeded to get it into action without delay. There was a dark brown flash as a heavy heel swung back, and a crash as a plank was ripped off the side of the car. Crack, crack, crack, went those heels, like the reports from a machine gun sending a shower of splinters on each side until nothing was left within reach.

As soon as it could be done, the bull was taken out of the car into which he had been forced with so much labor. Ultimately he was secured in another car, with two-inch planks lashed inside, so that he could not get room to swing his heels. In this way every buffalo had to be secured. Eight big bulls or ten cows with calves were all that could be put into a car, and it required from half an hour to an hour and a half to load each buffalo.

One magnificent bull, the monarch of the herd, 25 years old, was resolved not to go to Canada. He was finally driven into the chute, and a rope was placed around his neck; but he was so powerful that not enough men could get hold of the rope to drag him into the car. Every trick that the ingenuity of the cowboys could suggest was tried. His heels were kicked, and tin cans were jangled behind him, with the idea that he would kick and be thrown off his balance, so that he might be jerked a few inches; but he scorned such pernil devices.

Finally he lay down in the chute and refused to get up. Finding that he meant to resist to the death, the cowboys left him lying there overnight in the hope that he might think better of it by morning; but in the morning he was dead. As there were no signs of physical injury to be found, the cowboys unanimously agreed that the indignities to which he had been subjected had broken the old monarch's heart.

Altogether, a month of hard work was required to get the first shipment of 199 head started for Canada. A second shipment of 204 head was made in September of the same year, at an expenditure of six weeks' toil and trouble, and enlivened by quite as many spectacular incidents as had marked the first round-up.

It was then found that about three hundred buffalo still

horseman and one of the best cowboys in the west, offered to "sweep the range" for a matter of \$2,000. A bargain was made on that basis, and on May 9, he started out with a band of picked men.

For three days the gang rode the range, cautiously driving small bunches of buffalo together, taking special pains not to stampede them. As they were driven in the opposite direction to that which they had taken in previous round-ups the buffalo went readily enough. At the end of three days, a herd of 340 had been assembled within an area of five square miles.

Next day it was planned to turn them and begin the 60-mile drive toward Ravalli. According to a carefully arranged scheme, the cowboys closed in on all sides at a certain hour to start the turning movement toward a big draw leading down the mountainside of the Pend d'Oreille river. It was fearful riding over extremely rough country. Horse after horse dropped exhausted, but the remuda was kept close up, and the men were remounted with but little delay.

One at a time by twos, threes and half-dozen, the buffalo bolted and escaped so that by nightfall only 103 were driven into a corral 20 miles from Ravalli. All the horses were used up, and the men were equally exhausted, so there was no choice but to rest; and during the night, the buffalo, which were not even winded, escaped.

None of driving these "outlaws," as they were called; to the railroad was now abandoned. Instead, it was planned to drive them in small parties into a corral 35 miles from Ravalli and to haul them, one at a time, in cage wagons to the station.

Another start was promptly made, with an outfit of 48 horses and 18 men, the best cowboys in Montana. After two weeks' riding, reinforcements of ten men and 50 horses were procured. Every day, Sundays included, the heart-breaking task proceeded, the men often starting out at 4 o'clock in the morning and not getting back to camp until night. Every day men were thrown, bruised and battered. Pablo's favorite horse broke a leg; another wrenched its back so that it had to be killed, and still others were done for in various ways. For continuous, grilling work, it was a round-up without parallel in the history of the range. Yet many a day the gang returned without a hoof. The most successful day's work brought in 20 head.

### New Map of the World

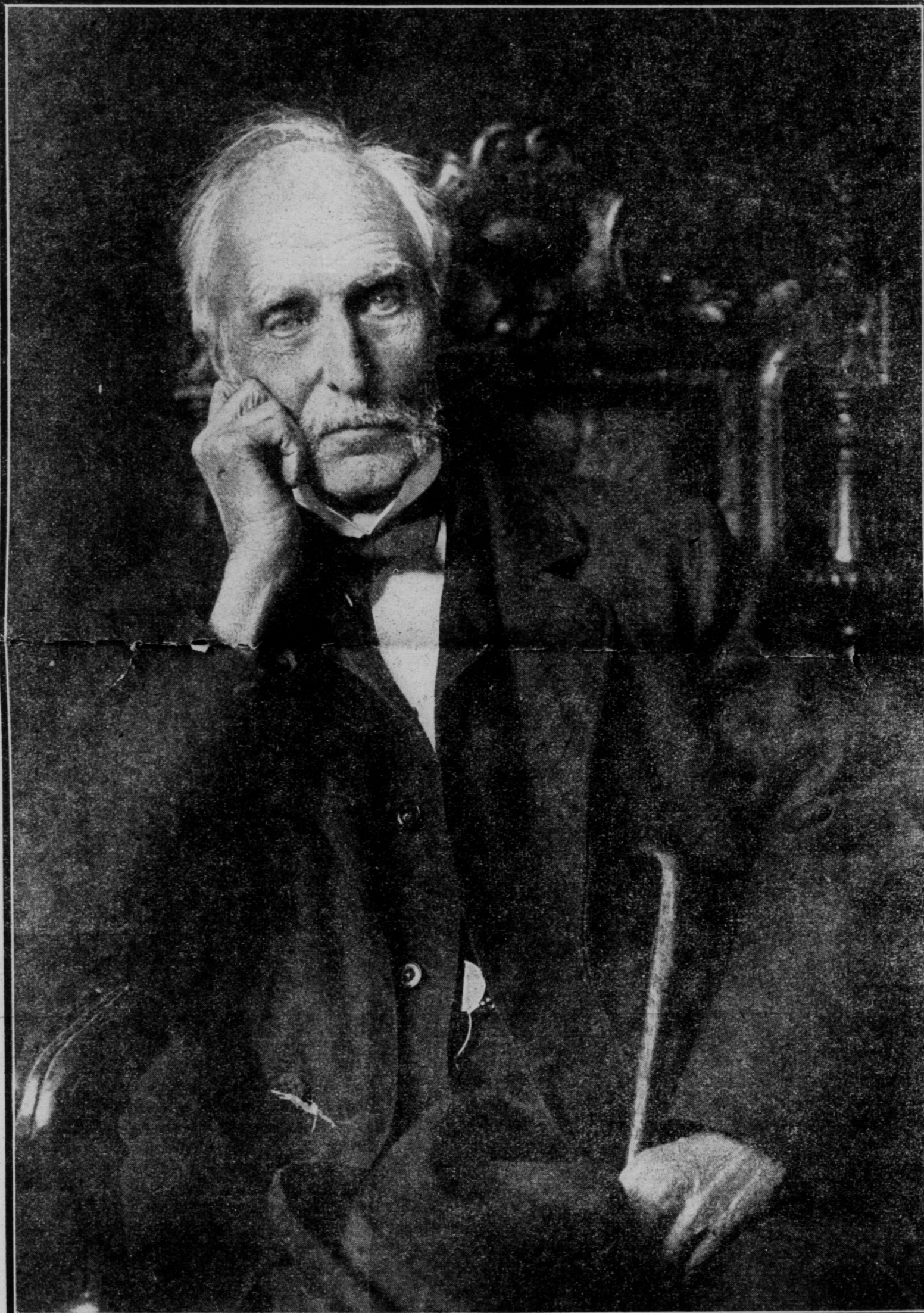
**O**N a proposition made several years ago by Albrech Penck, professor of geography in the University of Berlin, and adopted by the Geneva conference two years ago, a new map of the world is to be made. This proposition was more recently discussed at an international conference held in London, at which all the great European nations, the United States, Canada, Egypt, India, and Japan were represented, and the plans were brought to a point where it is only necessary to take practical steps to put them into effect. Great Britain has undertaken to construct a sample sheet on the plans adopted as a specimen and working model.

This new map of the world will be what is known as a hypsometric map, and the contour lines will be drawn in brown at intervals of 100 metres or in decimal multiples or submultiples of that measure. The interval of 100 metres will be used up to a certain altitude, beyond which the interval for a further altitude will be 200 metres, the interval increasing at certain stages up to 7,000 metres and above. The spaces between will be tinted in green for the lower altitudes, and then in different shades of brown, increasing in darkness of color to a certain altitude, where the brown will merge into other tints. Altitudes above 7,000 metres will be left white. The sea will be shown by blue tints, increasing in darkness according to depth. All other waters will likewise be in blue, special symbols being used to indicate rivers, perennial, non-perennial, and unstreamed, the navigability of rivers, obstructions of various kinds, salt and fresh marshes, swamps, and mountains. There will also be special characters to indicate main and secondary roads; for railways, built, projected, and in course of construction; telegraphs, post-offices, boundaries (both international and provincial), and towns both great and small.

The sheet for each country will be entirely independent, and the projection adopted will permit every sheet to fit exactly together with each of the four sheets adjoining its four sides. These conditions are made possible by adopting what is known as a modified polyconic projection, instead of the ordinary one in a plane instead of a spherical surface. Each sheet, therefore, will be independent as far as it goes, and it will not be necessary for any one to have the entire map unless it is desired. All the sheets of the United States pasted together, not including Alaska, will make a map about eighteen feet east and west by about twelve by about nine feet north and south.

There is no uniformity whatever in existing maps of the world, and the advantage of having a map of the entire world upon a uniform scale and a uniform base for geology, as well as topography, is a thing to be appreciated.

The expense of the map is being paid by the respective governments, by geographical societies, and other official and unofficial organizations, and each government will adopt its own plan of distributing the results of its work to the public.



MR. GOLDWIN SMITH

remained on the range. Elaborate plans were laid to finish shipping them in the autumn of 1908. Pablo himself selected a horse-shoe bend in the Pend d'Oreille river in which to corral the buffalo, where escape would be impossible. The river at this point was 225 feet wide and 19 feet deep. Encircling the bend on the opposite side of the stream was a perpendicular bank, no where less than 50 feet high, apparently impossible for any four-footed creature to climb.

By building a fence across the neck of the bend, a corral of several acres was made. The fence was to be buffalo-proof. It was built of logs eight inches in diameter at the small end, laid one above another, making a solid wall nine feet high. This wall was strengthened on each side with posts six feet apart, with their ends set four feet in the ground and their tops lashed together with wire.

Opposite the corral was a corral which led down the slope from the buffalo range to the river. Wing fences were built along the sides of the coulee for 12 miles on one side and seven miles on the other. The fences were wide apart at their outer ends, drawing together like a funnel at the river, across which booms of logs were stretched, so that the buffalo could not swim around the corral and escape. All this required an immense amount of labor but Pablo wanted to have a pen that could be counted on to hold his buffalo.

After six weeks of hard work, the entire bunch of more than 300 head was finally encircled and headed toward the corral. Two-thirds of them broke away and escaped before they could be coupled up between the wing fences. The rest headed down the coulee, swam the river and entered the enclosure. At 4 o'clock one afternoon there were 114 buffalo in the corral. To secure them, it was only necessary to swing a boom down the river in deep water, so they could not swim back to the coulee. Pablo and his weary men slept the sleep of triumph that night.

Next morning there was not a buffalo in the corral. All of them had swum the river to the perpendicular clay bank and made a trail diagonally up its face, cutting down the clay with their forefeet a little at a time, taking many a tumble into the water in the process, until at last they had as near a 12 per cent grade to the top as any engineer could have built.

It was too late in the season to make any further attempts at shipping that year, so the discomfited cowboys rode home with nothing but a herd of worn-out, broken-down horses to show for their six weeks' toil. In the following spring, however, Charles Allard, a son of Pablo's old partner, a splendid

loading into the wagons was quite as difficult as loading into cars, but the men now had the advantage of experience. The eight wagons were placed end to end, and opened up into a single long passage. Once a buffalo was started, it would make a dash for the farther end, and men stationed on the last wagon would drop a gate behind it. The animal was then securely tied.

The process, however, was rarely so simple as this. More often the buffalo had to be dragged into the wagons by main strength. Twenty or 25 men would heave on the rope around the animal's neck, while others would dangle tin cans or bags behind it, to tease it into kicking, and so throw it off its balance. In this way, if the men on the rope were quick enough and pulled all together, they might gain half a yard or so before the buffalo could get its feet down again.

One Sunday afternoon, John and Joe Decker were riding close together, trying to drive a bull, when the animal whirled and charged. John was so near that he could not get out of the way. Seeing this, Joe tried to draw his revolver to shoot the bull, but fumbled and lost his chance. The bull sank both horns in the side of John's horse and, lifting it clear of the ground, carried both steed and rider 100 yards at full run before throwing them to the ground. Fortunately for Decker, he fell clear of the horse, and near enough to the fence, to escape, while the bull stopped to gore the dead animal.

The round-up that began on May 9 ended on June 30, with 130 buffalo still at large.

The casualties were five horses gored to death and twenty-five buffalo killed; but when the cowboys finally limped into Ravalli, they were said to be "the worst used-up outfit that ever took part in a round-up."

### THE COLDEST CITY ON EARTH

**T**HE coldest inhabited place in the world is undoubtedly Verkhoyansk, in northeastern Siberia, with a mean annual temperature of less than three degrees above zero, Fahrenheit, and a winter minimum of eighty-five below.

Verkhoyansk is in north latitude sixty-seven degrees, on the great Arctic plain, scarcely more than one hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea. Probably there would be no town there if it were not necessary to Russian governmental purposes to have an administrative centre for a region where many thrifty Yakuts, the fur-trading "Jews of Siberia," carry on their operations.

All its inhabitants, save a few officials and other Russians, are Yakuts. This does not prevent its being a place of some importance, for the Yakuts are the most progressive people in northern Siberia, excelling the Russians themselves in enterprise and adaptability to Siberian conditions of existence.

The average temperature of the winter in Verkhoyansk is fifty-three degrees below zero, Fahrenheit. The rivers freeze to the bottom, and the small trees have been known to snap and split from the force of the frost.

Yet, with all this, Verkhoyansk is, as it is claimed, not a disagreeable place of residence, and is preferred by the Russian officials to many more southern and warmer posts. Its atmosphere in winter is always clear, and for the little time that the sun is above the horizon its beams are unobstructed. The air is still, too; no blizzards or drifting snow-storms make life a burden to the inhabitants.

The Siberian dress completes the comfort of the citizens of this Arctic city. It consists of two suits of fur, an outer and an inner suit. The inner suit is worn fur side inward, the outer fur side outward. With his hood down, and just enough space left to see out of and to breathe through, the Verkhoyansker is vastly more comfortable in a temperature of eighty below than many an American, in his cloth overcoat, in a temperature of five above zero.

The winter, indeed, is more enjoyable than the summer, which is hotter than might be expected. The average temperature of July in Verkhoyansk is fifty-nine above zero, and very hot days are not uncommon. The earth becomes green and vegetation thrives, though only the surface of the ground is thawed. At Yakutsk, which is farther south than Verkhoyansk, but not much warmer in winter, the mercury rises in July to one hundred degrees.

### THE CHARM OF KISSING

**O**NCE more the warning goes out that kissing is dangerous. This time it is voiced by Miss Ellen M. la Motte, the ranking officer in Dr. Bosley's corps of fair and accomplished nurses. The contact of lip and lip, says Miss la Motte, accords an ideal opportunity for the voyaging of pathogenic organisms. Most of these germs, when they enter the body at all, do so by way of the mouth. Of this sort are the germs of diphtheria, tuberculosis, meningitis, influenza, the simple cold and all the familiar juvenile plaques. Therefore, it is thoughtless and often cruel to kiss, and sometimes suicidal to be kissed.

Thus speaks science, and its mandate should be observed as to babies and by invalids. But the great majority of folks will, no doubt, keep on kissing. We have often wondered at the enormous popularity of the exercise. Why do people kiss? The act itself is ridiculous as a spectacle and unsatisfying as an amusement. Its sole physical accompaniment is a feeling of suffocation, and on the psychic side it is frequently embarrassing, particularly if an unexpected audience reveals itself, say, by satiric whoops and catcalls. It has none of the charms and other pleasures, such as solfeggio, eating, and automobiling, for example. Kissing will never build up the anemic nor soothe the neurosthenic.

But still it thrives, and no jermiads on its perils will ever work its abolition. The man who makes a practice of kissing the fair sex is a man attracted rather than repelled by danger. He knows that every kiss he steals is full of fearful hazards. The girl herself, however, rarely, stab him with a hatpin or call for the police; and then again she may choose to regard his idle favor as an offer of marriage and accept him before he can escape. Yet again, her father or brother, detecting him with his arm around her neck and his eyes gazing into her forehead, may rush in and hail him as a relative, touching him for small loans, calling him by his first name and seizing offensively upon all other familiarities which relatives-in-law affect. Finally, the mother of the girl may knit him pulse-warmers and send him amateur remedies for his rheumatism and red nose, and her little sisters may giggle every time they see him.

### A SPIDER'S ODD ADVENTURE

**T**HERE was once a spider that went through at least two battles and took a long journey by sea and land, all without mishap. The first time this particular spider came into notice was just before the fight at Athara, in Upper Egypt. It had taken up its quarters in the ventilator of the helmet of a British officer. It was an energetic spider, coming out at night to feed, and, after having its supper of flies, returning to its hiding-place. The officer left it unmolested, and when he went into the Athara fight it was still in his helmet. Men were killed all about this officer, but he and his spider were unhurt. At Omdurman the officer commanded a battery, and once more his spider went into action. When the African troubles were over, the British officer packed articles to be sent home, and among them the helmet that had seen action. Inside that helmet was the spider. Not until too late did the officer remember that he had sent his little friend on a long voyage without stocking its ladder, but nothing could now be done to help it.

When the British officer reached London, it was with some compunction that he opened the helmet-box, expecting to find the dead body of the spider. He was, however, rejoiced to find his friend alive and vigorous, and not even lonely. Upon the way the occupants of the helmet had increased in number, for now two young spiders shared the strange retreat.

### THE AGE OF NIAGARA

**S**O the question: "How old are the Niagara Falls?" geologists have returned replies varying by tens of thousands of years. At first it was estimated that the Niagara River came into existence, through changes in the level of the land around the Great Lakes, about fifty-five thousand years ago. Later this was reduced to only twelve thousand years. Lyell increased the estimate again to thirty-five thousand years, and still later other scientists lowered it to about five thousand years.

At one period, many thousands of years ago, the height of the falls was four hundred and twenty feet.

KITCHEN INFORMATION FOR THE THRIFTY HOUSEWIFE

A LITTLE salt added to rinse water will prevent clothes from freezing on the line.

A teaspoonful of sugar added to the water in which you are cooking green peas or when heating canned peas will add to their flavor.

When you are making an omelette that requires bread crumbs for thickening, and you have none handy, try using a slightly larger amount of any of the flaked breakfast foods.

It is the custom of many housewives to use sandpaper for scouring and cleaning almost anything in tin or agate ware in their kitchen.

A bottle of ammonia and a bottle of kerosene are very useful for cleansing some kinds of utensils which will not stand very generous rubbing.

In the bath room the nickel faucets can be kept as bright as new indefinitely if frequently washed and given a brisk rub daily when the room is set in order.

KINDNESS UNTOLD

A LADY residing in the suburbs crossed the lawn sloping to the foot of the hill in front of her home.

"Wait a minute, boys," he said kindly, "and get your wind. It's a hard road. Now, you've got it. Go ahead."

Such thoughts multiplied, requiring but a little effort at understanding of the other's need, would go far toward smoothing the problem that perplexes us all.

The pedestrian copied the address on the wagon that she might notify the owner, a brick manufacturer, of the driver's kindness to the horses.

SHARK FINS

SINGAPORE has an important shark fin trade which supplies the local 200,000 Chinese with this Oriental delicacy.

The Malay shark, called the "ikan ya," is the most dreaded by the natives. During the terrible disaster of the French steamer La Seyne from its collision with the British ship Onda in the Straits of Rioh last November, many of the ninety passengers lost were, as soon as they reached the waters of the strait, seized by the sharks and dragged beneath the surface to be devoured by these fierce Malayan fish, which are especially feared by the native fishers and pearl divers.

Seventeen species inhabit the far eastern seas, some of them attaining a length of twenty-five feet. It is reported that a black-fin shark was captured some time since whose liver weighed 250 pounds. The largest is the hasking shark, which ranges from the Cape of Good Hope to Ceylon, and often exceeds fifty feet in length. This fish has small teeth, and is not considered as dangerous as the monsters of the Malayan Archipelago.

Learn to Draw

Cut this out and send it to the Western Correspondence School of Art, and we will send you full particulars of how to learn to draw by mail.

THE Western Correspondence School of Art, Ryan Block, Princess Street, Winnipeg.

Advertisement for 'GOLD FREE' watches, featuring an image of a watch and a list of features.

ITCHING ERUPTIONS QUICKLY COOLED

Just a few drops of the famous D. D. D. Prescription applied to the skin will take away instantly the worst kind of an itch.

Oil of wintergreen, a mild soothing liquid, combined with such healing substances as thymol and glycerine, will penetrate to the inner skin, kill the germs, and heal.

Don't go on suffering from eczema or any other itching skin disease, when relief is so easily obtained.

Write for a trial bottle today. For sale by all druggists.

FASHIONS AND FANCIES

THE restaurant gown is an especially important factor in the wardrobe of every woman who spends the winter in a city. She wants a gown which can be worn to dinner in the fashionable cafe or to the theatre, because so many people entertain their guests in one of the leading hotels or restaurants.



Coat of Braided File Net, Bound in Satin

of the tunics. With the restaurant gown comes the broad hat with its charming outline. Many of the new hats which are showing the spring styles avoid the abrupt flares of the brim and curl away from the face gradually rolling up the most in back.

A quaint little evening gown for a young woman is shown by a smart ladies' wear designer. Chiffon was used over a lining of satin. The skirt has two gathered flounces of chiffon. The upper flounce is gathered under a broad band of lace insertion and the skirt is gathered into the belt.

The street suit may be developed in serge or cashmere. These suits, which will prove popular in the browns and blues, will be trimmed in self-colored velvet of a darker shade in bands. The style is of the Russian blouse order, opening in front, with the sleeves in the plain shirt-sleeve style.

Petticoats are in high favor again. Every variety, beginning with the lingerie petticoat and ending up with the plain tub skirt of gingham or zephyr, is in demand.

Generally speaking, the new petticoat is a flounce from the knee down, and the flounce, plaited or otherwise constructed, flares full at the bottom. Tops are constantly being improved in their shape and fitting, and while the many patent adjustable tops are more or less convenient and adopted, it is the petticoat with the close-fitted top and the usual additional tapes that are offered and taken in the greatest number.

There is evidence that changeable taffeta is in favor with the consumer for the spring petticoat. This is gratifying from two points of view—it makes the petticoat a refined garment and brings back an old friend in the material.

Cotton taffetas, which include all high grade silk-finished and thoroughly beetled percalines, are growing in favor for petticoats, and, according to one manufacturer of them, are in black, interfering with the sale of silk taffetas for petticoats. Their fine appearance, moderate price and serviceability are powerful arguments in their favor, and petticoats made of cotton taffeta are therefore in universal demand.

London drapers insist that they are going to claim the honor of indelibly marking the New Year in my lady's calendar as the season which brought in something new under the sun in the handkerchief line. To this end they have induced Dame Fashion to put her stamp of disapproval on the white handkerchief, and if they have their way its place is to be taken by the finest lawn handkerchiefs in colors to match the gown.

The reticules, smart leather bags, immense purses, have made way for the Directoire bag. This is now used as it was in the days of its pristine glory for all social occasions after the noon hour.

They are most convenient. More so than the bag of leather, because they have not its stiffness, its unwieldy bulk. It is more ornamental than those of hide and it harmonizes with the costume in an artistic way.

It has taken the place of the chain bag of silver and gold, though, of course, women who own these hundred dollar luxuries will not give them up, though they will add the Directoire bag to their costume in the evening when a metal bag is out of place.

One fashionable form is made of beaded silk, with the metal clasps at top and deep fringe at the bottom. This has a silken cord to go over the arm. Simpler ones are made of old brocade with silk fringe and a gathered top with silk cord.

Black velvet ones for afternoon are heavily embroidered in jet and edged with jet fringe; others are of all-over jet lined with cloth-of-gold or silver.

There are alluring ones for debutantes made of gold galloon and cloth-of-gold profusely trimmed with satin roses in Watteau tints. This has a gathered heading and a double silken cord. Others of cloth-of-silver with a huge brilliant rose with outspread leaves as its ornament.

Extra smart ones are made of etoffs ancienne, which has been revived from medieval times. This is a heavy brocade with gold and silver threads woven through it. It is heavily trimmed with rusty gold medallions or the bees of Napoleon or the Empire wreath, with one's initial in the middle.

These Directoire bags can be made at home. If one wishes them mounted to a rim of metal at the top it is quite easy and not too expensive to have it done.

The usefulness of these bags comes in the fact that they may be carried when leather bags or metal ones would not be appropriate. One takes them to the play, to the restaurant dinner or supper, to the opera and out to dinner and card parties.

The military note is strong among the street costumes of Paris. The two and three cornered hats of Napoleon made their way first, and then followed all manner of garments carrying the insignia of battle, or at least of standing armies. Soldier clothes are at their best in cloth, although the velvet costume has borrowed a gay trapping now and again.

Brass buttons abound, the loose leather belt hangs low, suggesting a place for the sabre; and gold fringe may be found for the looking.

On the fur coat are shown metallic buttons fastened up each side of the front, a braided belt, a straight collar, metal trimmed. This is equalled in correct outline by cloth street suits, the skirts of which are straight and plain (far more like trousers than a plaited skirt would be) and the coats of which resemble closely the best military cut.

Embroidery and curious cross-stitching in coarse yarn are used to repeat the customary Cossack decoration on Russian belted-in frocks and coats, while the beloved one-piece frock, which even an army cannot wrest from us, still retains the moya-age cuirass outline, although it is rendered military by a strange jumble of side fastenings and brass buttons with its medieval hand-embroidery.

It is English, and a custom which many women on this side have adopted, to look carefully to the gaiters when out for a walk.

They are checked and are worn to match the covered hat. Blue and white gaiters look smart with a blue turban, grey and white with grey, brown and black with brown, and so on through the variety of tones of this winter's millinery.



Perfect Harmony in Cut and Combination of Color

The luxury of tailless ermine is seen in a closely fitting auto bonnet which is beautifully soft and warm.

It is made after the fashion of a huge baby's cap, with a turned-back portion of the fur.

Soft chiffon laid in folds lines the cap next to the face and chignon streamers tie this lovely hood to the heaving bust. These are tipped with fluffy fur pompons, which give an airy finish to this model.

The military style is another pleasant form of the best turban. Felt of the softest quality has been turned up at the sides and back and held in place by a broad band of velvet ribbon. Notice the point in front and surved side line. The cabochon of feathers is exactly the ornament for this type.

All of these new forms are closely fitting, and should be placed well down upon the hair. Their charm is indubitable, and women who aim at a certain dainty line in headgear will seize this latest idea with eagerness and profit by its beauty.

Brushes lace or fine, towbeby malines can be fashioned into flowers and spread in this form on the dark softness of a fur hat. Petals are made of the lace, and the centres are supplied from the millinery department of any store.

Advertisement for 'OLD CHUM Cigarettes' featuring an illustration of a man sitting in a chair and the text 'TEN FOR TEN CENTS'.

Advertisement for 'Jumbo' grain cleaner, featuring an illustration of the machine and the text 'TEST THEM ALL, THEN TRY THE "/>

Advertisement for 'Ogilvie's Royal Household Flour', featuring an illustration of a flour sack and text describing its quality and availability.

Advertisement for 'SEED CATALOGUE' by 'WM. RENNIE CO., LTD.' with the text 'OUR 1910 SEED CATALOGUE IS NOW OUT'.

Advertisement for 'About Ourselves' by 'The Mason & Risch Piano Co., Ltd.' featuring an illustration of a piano and text about their products.

**The Alberta Star**

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

Published every Friday at  
CARDSTON, ALBERTA

FRED BURTON  
EDITOR AND MANAGER

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ADVERTISING:  
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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 newest designs in plain and fancy type, first-class presses, and will be supplied with the most stationery and printing material of all descriptions.

MAY 6, 1910.

**A TOWN HALL**

Cardston has been dragging along for years behind her neighbors without any proper town headquarters. For a long time we have been paying rent to various real estate owners for the use of rooms for council and offices for the officials. The present quarters are now so cluttered and unsatisfactory that what might be called a crisis has arrived, and it is an absolute necessity that we should take early steps towards securing a permanent building for the housing of the city fathers, the records, books and belongings of the town. It is no longer a case of can we thrive as we are or can we make out, but is a case of "Must."

Many advantages would accrue from the use of a large building. The officials would be far more comfortable and far better able to do their work properly, than is possible now in the cramped quarters they are compelled to make use of. Besides this the annual rents we pay would soon pay for our city hall and the longer the building of a town hall is put off the greater price shall we have to pay for real estate upon which to build it. We have a good court house but no office for our town constable, and our secretary-treasurer is badly hampered for want of room and storage facilities for his paper, books and records.

It is also the duty of citizens to attend Council Meetings, to be asked for their advice upon matters they are well versed in or to keep track of what is going on in their own interest. The Council Meetings are in reality, or would be public meetings, but this is impossible in the present quarters which will only provide sitting room for the councillors, and any spectator can only poke his head around the door jamb and obtain a partial view of the proceedings. Let us have a town hall and build it quick.

**SOME GARDENING NOTES**

Seeing how well carragannas do here it makes us wonder why our citizens do not sow the seed instead of waiting for the young shrubs from a distance, the supply of which is often exhausted before those we send for arrive. The seed is easily obtained, germinates freely and is very satisfactory. It is most probable that sowing the seed is the best way to obtain a good hedge of this pretty and hardy plant, which often makes a better growth when coming from seed and is just as rapid because it does not have to be moved.

We are now fairly on the way towards the making of a fine town and as our civic pride increases so much our knowledge of greenery.

Besides carragannas many species of lilacs are ever hardy and so are many of the willows. Plant now because a year lost is a year we can never pick up again.

Last week we said there was no hurry about the main garden and

this has proved to be true. Seed planted now will be just as far ahead by June 1st, as that sown April 1st. Remember June is our most rapidly growing month, and during that month it is necessary to nip out all weeds in their earlier stages. A garden in good shape on July 1st, and clear of weeds will not give much trouble afterwards.

Because the early sown seeds did not come up in the flower garden do not worry but sow again. Those sown now will be just as early as those sown a month ago, i. e., as regards those sown outside.

Let us have lots of flowers in the gardens this year and as the fair is late this year why cannot we have a horticultural show in August when everything is at its best? Let us form a Horticultural Association which will cost us nothing but our efforts, and if we hold a show the provincial government will pay the prize money. Let us combine and suggest this strongly to the fair association.

Who will be the first to help form a Horticultural Society that will do us all good and afford each and all of us lots of pleasure.

**Leavitt News**

Mr. Editor: As you did not accept the general invitation we extended to you to spend May Day with us, and knowing you would like to be in possession of the good time we missed I will tell you what we did. Probably never before in our history were so many visitors enjoying the festivities. Our main thoroughfare was a scene of activity from early morn till late at night. Automobiles, carriages and wagons were all used to carry people to the main playground. The booths were all well patronized as was also the ball in the evening. The day was an ideal one and on all hands the eye could see the opening of spring budding forth in bloom and verdure. Everyone vied with each other in making all feel gay and happy. Especially the children.

(To be continued next week.)

Another school year is drawing to a close. How many of you parents with children in the schools have done your parental duties by visiting the schools? We feel that a majority of parents have failed in this. If you have failed to visit the schools the past year, there remains a few weeks in which you will have an opportunity for the performance of this duty. Such visits have a stimulating effect on pupils and teachers, as well.

Garden making is at hand again and it's also time to pen up your chickens or other live stock if you have any. To have chickens wander on your premises and garden causes a lot of hard feeling and it makes no difference whether they do any harm or not, your neighbor does not want to be annoyed with your chickens and you should not cause trouble by allowing your fowls to run at large.

COMING! COMING!  
Cardston Assembly Hall

**Friday, May 13th.**

**The Claman  
Players**

in the best show of the season  
—entitled—

**Are You Crazy**

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

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

**14 People 14**

**Band and  
Orchestra**

Two free street concerts—noon  
and night

**Prices 50 and 75c**

Tickets on sale at Music Store.

**BURTON'S VARIETY STORE**

"Cash Goods at Cash Prices"

**SHOVELS**

Jones Solid Cast Steel Shovels round mouth, long or short handles. The best shovel made, **OUR PRICE \$1.00**

**WHEELBARROWS**

Full bolted, extra long tray, staves bent and dried to correct form, held by four 3-16 inch steel wires through all staves, 16 inch steel wheel, non-turning axle bolt. **OUR PRICE \$3.75.**

**Burton's Variety Store**

**Are You Looking?**

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

**Now Is The Time To Buy**

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

**E. N. BARKER**

CARDSTON ALBERTA

**A Dance Without Programs Is Not Complete**

They not only serve a useful purpose at the time but also constitute a delightful moment of the occasion.

The ALBERTA STAR will be only too pleased to submit samples and quote prices.

Dressed and Plain

**LUMBER**

FOR SALE

**\$13.00 to \$28.00 per M.**

Shiplath Flooring  
Drop Siding Common Lumber  
Size Dimension

**MOUNTAIN VIEW SAW MILL**

## Local and General.

How do you like the new train service?

A. M. Merkley, Magrath, spent a few days in town this week.

Ere long we'll rise at break of day to let the big fish get away.

Don't forget the meeting to organize a Tennis Club, Monday evening at the council chambers. Your presence is desired.

A large number of people went into Lethbridge on Wednesday's train to witness the opening of the Western Canada Baseball League, Edmonton vs. Lethbridge.

Reports from all over the district show that the fall grain, although in need of rain, was never in better condition for this time of the year.

Mr. W. S. Johnston has been appointed solicitor for the town of Magrath.

Hats off to Mr. Jelliff and the Cardston Board of Trade.

Tickets will be on sale Monday at the Lane-Henson Music Store for the play "Are You Crazy" which will be presented in the Assembly Hall a week tonight.

See "Napoleon" at the Assembly Hall this evening. The grandest film ever presented in the west.

1200 cattle were dipped on Wednesday for Mange at Twin Lakes. Inspector McCune, who was in town yesterday, states there is very little mange in the country this year.

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

The beautiful illustrated song, entitled "Comrade Mine" will be rendered at the Assembly Hall this evening.

**Browns Moving Pictures to-night.**

A committee from the Board of Trade waited on the Council this week in regards to the erection of a Town Hall. The matter was very favorably received and was referred to the Works and Property Committee.

The Raymond Military Band left for Edmonton on Monday. Several of the local boys accompanied it.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Tanner, a son on May 12th. Mother and child doing well.

The Town Council has accepted the proposition of the baseball association and will guarantee \$200.00 toward the erection of an \$800.00 grand stand on the square.

Next Friday, May 13th, is Arbor Day and a public holiday. All stores will be closed.

A good soaking rain would be greatly appreciated at present.

Have you read the advertisements?

John Bradshaw, Magrath, was in town yesterday with his auto.

Tennis club meeting on Monday evening in the Council Chambers.

**Don't fail to attend the Moving Picture Show this evening.**

When our troublous times are over and the balance is re-adjusted, the wheels oiled and all going smoothly again, we want to hear something more about projects for establishing chilled meat plants in Canada for they would be a very material aid to our stock industry.

Rain or snow would be the greatest blessing that could be experienced in this part of the world at present. The fall wheat is looking well but moisture is needed badly.

Mrs. H. C. Phipps is being favored with a visit from her cousin, Miss Taylor, who arrived on Monday from England.

Elder Wm. Steed returned to Cardston on Saturday from a two years mission in the states.

The gas well on the Van Pelt property has been capped, and the gas will be used for domestic purposes. The flow is stronger than ever, and when lit the flames leap up to the height of four feet. Another well is being sunk close by for water.

Our enterprising confectioner, Mr. H. Phipps, has secured the services of an experienced baker, Mr. Albert Morris, who arrived on Monday from England. Mr. Phipps is going extensively into the bakery business, and expects in the near future, to turn out fresh bread and cakes daily.

A meeting to organize a Tennis Club is called for Monday evening in the Council Chambers.

**A fine program of Moving Pictures and Songs tonight.**

Read H. C. Phipps' ad. on first page.

All property owners in town have received assessment notices this week. The date for the sitting of the Court of Revision has not yet been decided on.

Coming Friday May 13th at the Cardston Assembly Hall, the best show of the season entitled "Are You Crazy" or, "The Three Twins."

The question of re-fencing the Cemetery came up before the Council meeting on Wednesday evening. A committee was appointed to investigate the cost, etc.

Just as we go to press we received word from Edmonton stating that the Raymond Band won the first prize of \$250.00 in the Band Contest.

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

Wm Duce has taken over the People's Meat Market.

The Star will be issued one day earlier next week on account of Arbor Day coming on Friday.

Wanted—At once, young lads to learn type-setting—Apply Star Office.

The sale of farm implements in town has been very great, during the past fortnight.

One unlucky result of the early adjournment of the Legislature was the shelving, for the time being, of the proposed legislation giving rural districts supervision over their own roads, with power to raise money for construction and repair. Some of the trails leading out of this district are in dubious condition, with stones, holes and bad pitches which make driving or motoring after nightfall a risky business.—Macleod Advertiser.

Cardston never does anything by halves. We are going to have two baseball teams this summer.

Before you give your order for wall paper consult our prices. We will meet the other fellows prices and hang it for you.—Layne-Henson Co.

Something new in rain coats at the Spencer & Stoddard Ltd; see them.

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

New shipments of Wall Paper arriving every week at Layne-Henson Co.

Don't you feel the need of ice these hot summer days? Ten cents a day will keep your refrigerator in nice cold shape, save you that much or more in left over food besides making the butter stand up and look decent. What! haven't a refrigerator? All right, let us sell you one, \$5.00 down and a few dollars each month this summer will purchase one for keeps.

Yours loely,  
W. O. Lee & Sons

We sell clothing to men who know.—The Spencer and Stoddard Ltd.

Have you seen those up-to-date grain drills? We have just a few of them left.—The Cardston Implement Co. Ltd.

For Sale—Good Early Rose Potatoes, Seed Wheat and Oats, Turkey eggs.—Jas. Blackmore (2 miles west of Cardston.) 4-M6

MASSEY-HARRIS have the best Forecarriage for Disc Harrow, and the best Harrow Cart ever offered the farmer.

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

### FOR SALE

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

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

For price and terms apply to  
J. W. Harwood,  
4m20. Pincher Creek, Alta.

The MASSEY-HARRIS "PERFECT" SEPARATOR leads.

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

See the MASSEY-HARRIS MOWER before buying elsewhere.

MASSEY HARRIS BINDER, the world's favourite, has a frame built like a bridge.

Photo post cards finished while you wait, \$1.00 dozen, Henson Studio.

Screen doors and windows at The Cardston Mercantile Co., Ltd.

The MASSEY-HARRIS CREAM SEPARATOR has a self-balancing bowl, which runs lighter, works better and cleans easier than any other.

One pound glass Jars of vase-line 25c. at Burtons.

You will need a refrigerator during the summer months. Call and see our line Cardston Mercantile Co. Ltd.

MASSEY-HARRIS FLEXIBLE DISC HARROW, WITH COIL SPRING PRESSURE, is easy on the man and on the horses, but cuts where others skip.

Maple wood chopping or mixing bowls 25c. at Burtons.

You will need straw hats soon. We have the largest line to select from in town. The Cardston Mercantile Co. Ltd.

If you love your horses, and want an easy running wagon, you will buy the MASSEY-HARRIS "BAIN."

A splendid line of stoves and ranges at the Cardston Implement Co., Ltd.

Lots of wash tubs, wash boilers and sprinkling cans at Burtons.

To harvest Alberta's heavy crops the MASSEY-HARRIS FLOATING ELEVATOR BINDER is the best.

Lots of sunbonnets 35c. each. at Burtons.

MASSEY-HARRIS GREAT WEST and IMPERIAL GANG PLOWS are what the farmer needs.

Boys blouses 35c. at Burtons.

The Binder that works the best, pleases the most and lasts the longest, is the MASSEY-HARRIS.

For baseball and tennis goods go to the Layne-Henson Co.

Some few ladies summer coats left yet. If you wait you may be too late. Cardston Mercantile Co., Ltd.

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

The MASSEY-HARRIS ALBERTA MOWER saves your horses, saves your time and out lasts two ordinary machines.

Call and see our new shipment of buggies, wagons, drills, etc.—Cardston Implement Co. Ltd.

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

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

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

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

A big line of furniture to select from. Cardston Mercantile Co., Ltd.

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

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

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Phone 36.

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Rhoda Hinman,  
Lydia Brown,  
Stake Supt.

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We want rain and

**MORE RAIN**



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Men  
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**DEPARTMENT STORE**  
"That store next to post office you know"

SHE HAD THIS SORE FOR FOUR LONG YEARS!

Now Zam-Buk Has Healed It

You can't equal Zam-Buk for sores of all kinds, whether recent or of long standing. That is the opinion of Mrs. Wilson, of 110 Wickson Ave., Toronto.

"About four years ago a sore spot appeared on the right side of my face, just about the angle of the jaw. This spot increased in size until it became about half an inch in diameter, and very troublesome. I went to a doctor, from whom at different times during fifteen years I had received treatment, but the ointment I got did not have any good effect on the sore. I had it cauterized, tried poultices and all kinds of salves, but it was no good, and this continued for four years. A sample of Zam-Buk was one day left at our house, and I used it.

"Although the quantity was so small, it seemed to do me some good, so I purchased from Mr. Bauld, Druggist, Scollard and Yonge Streets, a supply of Zam-Buk. Each box did me more and more good, and to my delight, before I had been using Zam-Buk three weeks, I saw that it was going to heal the sore. In less than a month it was healed! It has now been healed for almost a year, and at the present time the only trace of it is a small patch of skin a little whiter than the surrounding tissue. If Zam-Buk can heal a sore of this kind, which had defied all treatment for four years, I am sure it must be a thing needed in scores of homes."

Try Zam-Buk for eczema, ulcers, sores, bad leg, varicose ulcers, skin eruptions, face spots, baby's rashes, inflamed places, piles, blood-poisoning and all skin injuries and diseases. See all druggists and stores, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. Refuse "just as goods" and imitations.

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FURS Do you trap or buy Furs? I am Canada's largest dealer. I pay highest prices. Your shipments solicited. I pay mail and express charges; remit promptly. Also largest dealer in Beechides, Sheepskins, etc. Quotations and shipping tags sent free.

For DISTEMPER Pink Eye, Epithelitis, Shipping Fever & Catarrhal Fever Sure cure and positive preventive, no matter how horses of any age are infected or "exposed". Liquid, given on the tongue, expels the poisonous germs from the body. Cures Distemper in Dogs and Sheep in the country. Largest selling live stock remedy. Cures La Grippe among human beings and is a fine Kidney remedy. Keep it. Show your druggist who will get it for you. Free Booklet "Distemper, Causes and Cures." DISTRIBUTORS—LE WHOLESALERS—DRUGGISTS

WALL PLASTER The Empire Brands MANUFACTURED ONLY BY The Manitoba Gypsum Co., Limited WINNIPEG, MAN.

The Horseman

DID YOU ever in your career own a "game performer" or a confirmed gold-brick? If you are a horseman you won't need to be told the difference that the designations imply. If you are not, we will say for your benefit that the strictest interpretation is that a game performer is one that races creditably and finishes well whenever his owner wants him to. A gold-brick is one that you have invested all your savings in and then quite absolutely and coldly whenever first money is whispered in his ear. You will notice that there is a proviso in the definition of the opposite types that involves the owners' and drivers' wishes. For if you are gifted with the regulation amount of observation you have undoubtedly viewed races in which horses of unquestioned gameness have failed miserably in the stretch with their drivers apparently trying all known means, physical, spiritual and otherwise to land their charges in front. And when the heat was over and everyone had quit chewing his cigar, you would often hear: "That ridden horse and that pretty slippery customer; he wasn't trying to win."

Perhaps in some particular cases the driver wasn't threatened with nervous breakdown from over-exertion. In others he was just as surely giving the mount all the tonics that he had in his cabinet of first money producers. It is human to err, and more human to criticize everyone but ourselves. And it is distinctly human and typically American to put ourselves on the back and swell up because we have "discovered" a job in a race.

But all this is neither here nor beyond. Our two definitions are taken from the latest turf dictionary, which before it becomes infallible, must have the unqualified approval of the National Order of Stable Mechanics. And the swip should know. Season after season he travels with all manners and forms of the horse kind. Their life is his life, their habits, dispositions, peculiarities constantly before him. With them he labors incessantly, and intelligently as the vast majority of his kind are, he distinguishes the desirable and undesirable qualities early and unerringly.

It is for every man who loves a horse to give some time in life to indulge his brain in the extravagant fancy of a get-rich-quick career with some coming sensational performer. Have you not in some dream and cold winter time felt the excitement of the track, the lure of the racing scene, and feasted your mind upon the glory of the winner and the emoluments that winning carried? With your feet tilted high, your pipe bringing soothing feelings to your mind, you looked out across the frozen fields to the invisible summertime so filled with promise of pleasures. You had for long years been the admirer of the harness horse and attended race meetings—many of them. But now there came to you an overwhelming desire to get closer to the game, to own a trotter—perhaps to drive one. In that twilight vision, you saw all the bright, alluring features—none of the disappointing ones. A grand going trotter or pacer, sensational speed, winning races, cashing checks. You saw it all. And when you had awakened from your reverie, it was with a fixed determination to buy a racing prospect.

Maybe you fell for the clever manipulation of an unprincipled dealer eager to unload an animal that had often been proven a counterfeiter. Perhaps you bought of an honest person who represented the horse just as he knew him. If the latter was the case you may have realized some of your dreams—some of them. For it is written that not all horses live up to the good reputation that precedes a change in ownership. Place the blame where you will, driver, horse, swipes, judges, tracks, or any of the innumerable and often time inconceivable items contained in the excuse book. The nag that raced so bravely and well for the other fellow may be a rank counterfeiter in your hands, unnatural as it may seem and exceptional as it may be.

Whichever one of these cases you fell into your dreams were a disappointment. For horse-racing, at its best, never gives up the combination to the safe wherein lies the gold, without unceasing toll and never ceasing strain that makes the winning of all its glamour and paid none too liberally for the work involved in winning. When you made your first start with your new trotter, you had gained a good conception of the horse entailed in shaping a horse for the races. But as you gradually became accustomed to the disappointments and re-summations that you are trainer as well as owner, you felt that a mere first money would be sufficient in your opening race. And of this you felt confident for your horse had shown plenty of speed and no inclination to break in his work. So it was pretty disappointing, wasn't it, when your noble racer attempted to jump his shadow down on the first turn where the horses were "chick and racing furious. But it wouldn't have been nearly so bad if in making the aforesaid jump he had found room to jump

ahead or outward, instead of climbing the inner rail and leaving your fine neck bike clinging to it in an unrecognizable state while you did the loop in your own peculiar style.

You didn't take any particular enjoyment in listening to that starter's announcement wherein your horse's name and the magical word "distanced" were linked in loving proximity. But you had sympathetic friends who said it was too bad, and others who said that it was the only way you could lose, though neither feature helped you to feed bills, or paid any freight toward the next town. But you dried away your tears and patched up your bike and vowed you'd win yet, which was a very commendable determination, although sometimes quite hard to carry out.

At your next start, you are overjoyed to find the field small and quite devoid of the bear-cat specimen. Small fields, of course, you are aware by this time, are what your horse desires, for you feel sure that in a small field the deplorable accident of the previous week would never have occurred. So your spirits are high to see that you have floated away with two heats in the easiest kind of style and you counsel with yourself about taking your mount to the "big rings" after you have him better proved to your own money laid by. You have no notions that this heat will be different from the preceding one for you seem to have the small field absolutely at your command and typically American you stretch and ponder over what share of the money you will send home and what present you will drop in the swipes' sock when next he removes that impudent and typically American gait that has again completely entrapped you and in those few seconds that your trip to the wire entails, you live days and months in which luxury and ease predominate.

But the sweetest, dearest dreams of humanity are not exempt from the most interruptions. Back from out of that hurried eye you heard a rataplann of dispersed hoof beats that suggested immediate action on your part. But still the horse with the ear was nearer and finally his nose was at your charge's throat latch. And then you grew desperate and used your whip and spur and voice and everything that you could muster to keep your horse from not only was beaten; he seemed to embrace the breeching fondly, rather than attempt to beat out his opponent. One by one you saw them go by and then you finish a very bad last. You finish, that heat is repeated in two more and buffaloes of training camp (for we as you contented yourself with second money).

You are new in the game, your deductions are not backed with years of experience with all kinds of campaigners and all forms of disposition that might be met and credited with stamina or otherwise. So you conclude that your trotter was sick. The exact nature of his ailment was not determined, but the fact that he didn't win the third heat, and curled up when asked to fight was enough evidence to your untutored brain that the nag wasn't feeling just as he should. So you carried him along, with your bank account growing smaller and your hair growing thinner. Some months we from sheer surplus speed; more often he lost, and finally it began to dawn on you that the mysterious sickness was sure to develop when another horse came up to third heat and you were unable to explain the nature of his trouble dawning on you and you finally realized that a lack of gameness was his most prominent characteristic, and you were simply wasting your money and time in a racing him. So you either gave up the game or got something else that raced when called upon.

Racing horses that were afflicted with "yellows" had been a dear experience to many horsemen. Seldom has a confirmed "yellows" a good money winner. Starting off in green classes with great speed ability, the superfluity of that commodity may carry the "yellows" horse along for a while well up in the surmise. He may win a number of races at the start also, for it is notorious that horses inclined to "back up" are nearly always good mannered from their first start. But when the first heat is over, the horse has reached the class where he must battle with horses of equal speed he is sure to come back. When the battle in the stretch produces the winner, the race goes to the gamer animal rather than the speedier.

NAUNDORFF—THE FAKE "CROWN PRINCE OF FRANCE" A FRENCH King and his wife—more foolish than the wicker—helped to bring their country to such a state of ruin and despair that the people arose, overthrown the monarchy and put the whole royal family in prison. The king—Louis XVI.—was beheaded. So was Queen Marie Antoinette, his wife. Their little son, the "Dauphin" (Crown Prince) of France, was thrown into a dungeon and was there treated in an unexpectable horrible way that in 1795 (according to history) he died.

In 1815 the monarchy was restored. Had the little Dauphin been living he would thus have become King of France. But as he was supposedly dead, the crown went to a member of a younger branch of the royal Bourbon line. Immediately, in various parts of the world, young men came forward, each claiming to be the missing Dauphin. The only claim of the sort that seemed worthy of any belief came from Eleazar Williams, a New York State clergyman, who really believed himself to be the Dauphin, put forward strong testimony to that effect, and refused to accept his alleged royal rights, because the noisiest and most notorious of the pretenders was one Naundorff. So stoutly did he maintain his assertion that several historians, the Dutch government, and a throng of hot-headed royalists firmly believed in him.

Naundorff was the son of a Prussian locksmith. He was about the same age as the Dauphin and somewhat like him in looks. Either he was gifted with a vivid imagination or was the ready tool of politicians who hoped for advancement by putting him on the French

throne. Here in brief is the story Naundorff told: He said that as he lay ill in prison, in 1795, a pauper's imbecile son was carried into the cell in his place. This second lad either died or was killed. Naundorff was drugged, put in a coffin and exhibited to the authorities. Then he was secretly spirited away by friends and the coffin was filled with stones and interred. He was ten years old at that time. The conspirators who had rescued the child took him to Venice. There, enemies kidnapped him and shut him up in Strasbourg fortress. Later he was moved by night to a dungeon somewhere—a place infested by "rats as large as rabbits." He stayed there four years, was again rescued, arrested by the French as a spy, finally escaped from jail and made his way to Germany. In Berlin he went to work as a watchmaker at No. 22 Schutzen strasse; he called himself "Charles William Naundorff." So much for his own account. It was not until 1834 that he set up any sort of formal claim to the French crown. Then, so plausibly did he plead his own cause that he soon gathered around him a number of followers. He moved to Holland and married. The Dutch government believed in him—no other European power did—and allowed him to call himself "Charles Louis de Bourbon, Duke of Normandy, a King of France," "Comte d'Herisson," the noted historian, wrote a book in later years declaring Naundorff was the lost Dauphin. Naundorff's backers said their leader had convinced the Pope of his royal identity. Roman authorities retorted that the only documents in the Vatican bearing on the case was a Papal "brief" denouncing Naundorff as an impostor.

In 1843 Naundorff died, after publishing a pamphlet entitled "Story of the Dauphin's Misfortunes." His tomb at Delft, Holland, was inscribed: "Here lies Louis XVII, Duke of Normandy, King of France." But the fight for recognition was carried on by his son Charles. In 1851 the suit was brought to trial in the French courts, the famous Jules Favre acting as counsel for Charles Naundorff. But the pretender lost his case. In 1874 the affair came to trial again with the same result.

Charles died in Holland in 1889, to the last calling himself "King Charles XI of France." His son, John Naundorff—a Paris wine merchant—then assumed the title of "King John IV," and gathered about him a ludicrous little court. By that time the ancient pretense had become so absurd that even the watchful French police refused to take any notice of the matter.

INSECTS IN COAL DISCOVERIES in the coal-mines of central France have furnished by far the greatest advance that has ever been made in our knowledge of the insects which inhabited the world millions of years, as geologists believe, before the time when man made his appearance upon the earth. In that wonderful age when the carboniferous plants, whose remains constitute the coals of today, were alive and flourishing, the air and the soil were animated by the presence of flies, grasshoppers, cockroaches, dragonflies, spiders, locusts, and scores of other species which exist but slightly changed at the present time. But the insects of those remote times attained a gigantic size, some of the dragonflies measuring two feet from tip to tip of their expanded wings. The remains of these insects have been marvellously preserved in the strata of coal and rock.

PINEAPPLE CLOTH IN the search for fibres that may be used in cloth-making it has been suggested that the pineapple plant might be pressed into service. Pineapple leaves contain silk-like fibres which can be divided into exceedingly thin filaments and then spun into threads. In Eastern countries delicate fabrics, as light almost as cobwebs, have been made of this material. But as yet no good process of producing the fibres in commercial quantities has been discovered.

Storyettes

MISS PRIM—I want a husband who will be easily pleased. Miss Grouch—That's the kind you'll get. TEACHER—Jimmy, you look very pale this morning. Are you ill? Jimmy—No ma'am. Ma washed my face this morning herself.

SHE'S going on the stage. "Is that so? She can't sing, and I never saw her act." "I know, but that's all she can do. Her husband has deserted her, and she never learned to work at anything before she married."

THE JUDGE—Did you arrest this chauffeur for speeding? The Policeman—No, yer honor; I pulled 'im in for obstructin' the road; he was goin' thirty miles an hour, and he was complained about by them that was riding at the regular rate.

HONEY, I can't find a retraction of that story about your sister's elopement with the Chinese cook after poisoning her husband and forging her father's name to a \$50,000 check! Where did you see it? "It's inside, my dear, next to the 'Lost and Found' column, and about the size of a pure food law label."

JOHN—John, whispered Mrs. Gidgely, nudging her husband. "What is it?" he sleepily asked. "There's a burglar in the house." "What do you want me to do—get up and run the risk of being killed?" "No; but if you find in the morning that somebody has gone through your pockets, don't blame me."

DURING the French Revolution a thief and a marquis jolted in a tumbril side by side through the wild streets of Paris on the way to the guillotine, while a venerable priest tried to console their terrible last ride with moral reflections. "A but, in noblesse! Down with the aristocrats!" shouted the red-capped mob. Thereupon the thief rose in the cart and cried: "My friends, you deceive yourself. I am not an aristocrat. I am a thief." The priest plucked him by the sleeve, saying reproachfully: "Sit down. This is no time for vanity!"

It was with a good deal of confidence that he walked up to the magistrate's desk, notwithstanding the fact that a policeman had a firm hold on both sleeves. He waited quietly till one of the policemen had made the accusation of "drunk and disorderly," and then asked Magistrate Scott if he might speak. "Yes," replied the magistrate; "what have you to say?" "Well, judge, I was drunk last night; but it does not often happen. I have lived in this ward nearly all my life and any one can tell you that." "Oh, lived here all your life, have you? Do you know any one in the ward that can speak for you?" asked the magistrate. "Yes," he said to the prisoner, "I know—He can tell you all about me." "You know him, do you? Well, so do I. Ten days."

ON one occasion when Mr. Gladstone was announced to speak in Manchester the hall was packed and the air was stifling. For some reason it was impossible to open the windows, which were very high, and one had to be broken. It was feared that the noise would startle the audience, and the mayor stepped forward to explain what was proposed. The audience, however, had not assembled to listen to the mayor or overwhelmed him with cries of "Gladstone," "Gladstone!" At last the misconceived and infuriated official restored silence by shouting at the top of his lungs: "I'm not going to make a speech, I've got something to say!"

DO you think a college education helps a man in business? "Sure, I've had two college boys workin' for me durin' the last year, and I was afraid to discharge either one of 'em for fear they'd find fault with my grammar when I done it." SAID a nervous lady to an Austin lady, at whose house she was making a call: "Are you not afraid that some of your children will fall into that eastern in your yard?" "Oh, no," was the complacent reply; " anyhow, that's not the eastern we get our drinking water from."

ASSEMBLYMAN John C. Hackett of New York recently told this story in a speech: "I was up in Rockland County last summer and there was a banquet given at a country hotel. All the farmers were there and all the village characters. I was asked to make a speech. 'Now, I said, with the usual apologetic manner, 'it is not fair to you for the toastmaster to ask me to speak. I am notorious as the worst public speaker in the State of New York. My reputation extends from one end of the State to the other. I have no rival whatever when it comes—' I was interrupted by a lanky, ill-clad individual, who had stuck too close to the beer pitcher. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'I take 'ception to what this here man says. He ain't the worst public speaker in the State. I am. Yoh all know it, an' I want it made a matter of record that I took 'ception.' 'Well, my friend,' said I, 'suppose we leave it to the guests. You sit down while I say my piece and then I'll sit down and let you give a demonstration.' The fellow agreed, and I went on. 'I hadn't gone far when he got up again. 'S all right,' said he, 'you win; needn't go no further.'"

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THE BUCK-EYE

VOL. I WEEKLY EDITION NO. 22

Conflicting Evidence

The Chairman of the Railway Commission, Judge Mabey, was once explaining the intricacies of evidence to a complainant before the Commission. "Usually, in conflicting evidence," he said, "one statement is far more probable than the other, so that we can decide easily which to believe. "It is like the boy and the house hunter. "A house hunter, getting off a train at a suburban station, said to a boy: "My lad, I am looking for Mr. Smithson's new block of semi-detached cottages. How far are they from here?" "Twenty minutes' walk," the boy replied. "Twenty minutes!" exclaimed the house hunter, "Nonsense! The advertisement says five!" "Well," said the boy, "you can believe me or you can believe the advertisement; but I ain't tryin' to make no sale." "That sounds like a knock for advertising; but it's not. What would the man do in such a case?" He'd TEST THE EVIDENCE FOR HIMSELF. That is where the value of conscientious advertising proves itself. If we are telling the truth about BUCK-EYE, we need have no fear as to the result of your test of its quality. Remember, my friend, that the sale of one cigar to you means a profit to us of practically nothing, that was all we could hope for, we couldn't afford to pay for this advertisement. Our aim is your continued custom, which we believe will follow after our first sale to you. That being the case we invite you to test the BUCK-EYE for yourself. The accumulated acquisition of knowledge is wisdom. A knowledge of the BUCK-EYE cigar is essential to the connoisseur in tobacco. THE BUCK-EYE costs ten cents. This conclusion is inevitable. You buy a BUCK-EYE. Thousands, like you, have bought BUCK-EYES, and GOT THE HABIT. Why not you?

Test the BUCK-EYE for Yourself

# THE WILD GEESE

BY Stanley J. Weyman

(Copyright, 1909, by Stanley J. Weyman)

### Synopsis of Previous Chapters

Colonel John Sullivan, an Irish soldier, who has served abroad for many years, returns to his native Kerry on the sloop Cormorant, a French smuggling vessel, laden with Bordeaux wines. The cargo of the sloop is seized by the natives of Skull against the protests of Captain Augustin, who realizes that he has no law on his side.

Colonel Sullivan is coldly received by Flavia and her brother, The McMurrigh, because of his alien faith and his undesirable position as their legal guardian. When Captain Augustin returns with Luke Aggill, the nearest justice, and demands the return of the confiscated cargo, Flavia and her guardian are in favor of returning the cargo on the captain's payment of the dues. The McMurrigh objects to this, but finally agrees to it on Colonel Sullivan's offer to get back Flavia's favorite mare, which was seized by British soldiers when she was a child. Flavia is in a quandary. The Colonel and his servant, Bale, set out and find the mare at the barracks of Tralee. The Colonel is invited into the mess room by the English officers, and one of them, named Payton, who seized the mare, throws wine in his face. The Colonel refuses to fight, because his right arm is permanently disabled. He wins a left-handed fencing bout with the maître d'armes, at the same time winning the mare on a wager. At dinner, upon his return to Morristown, he is amazed when Flavia drinks a toast "to the King across the water" and fears that a rising is contemplated. His fears are realized next morning when his kinsman, Eliek, warns him to leave the place and the people to their fate. The Colonel refuses, and next morning after breakfast is invited to join a family council of war. He refuses to join the proposed governing body, his faculty, fearing that the Colonel may turn informer. The McMurrigh and his friends imprison him and his servant Bale. The next morning the two are led out to their death by the agent of The McMurrigh, O'Sullivan Og. At the last moment this sentence is revoked and the Colonel and Bale are rowed out through the mist to imprisonment on a Spanish war ship in the harbor. The rowing men, luckily escaping, take refuge on the French sloop. Captain Augustin and his sailors, under the Colonel's direction, steal to the house at Morristown under cover of the fog, and seize and imprison the leaders of the uprising on the sloop. The Bishop and Admiral Carmock are to be carried to sea for a period, and The McMurrigh, on swearing that he will attempt nothing against Colonel John, is released, and returns to Morristown with the Colonel. Flavia, incensed at his return and the failure of the uprising, attacks the Colonel, who narrowly escapes death at her hands. She and her brother find the Colonel's presence irksome and consider means of getting rid of him. When Aggill comes visiting Flavia, she tells of the treachery is forbidden the house by the Colonel. The McMurrigh and his sister rebel at the Colonel's authority. Flavia induces the Colonel to send away his faithful servant, Bale, on the plea that he may be injured by the imminent peasantry. She then lures the Colonel to an old tower at night and has him imprisoned there, without food or water, in the hope that he may thus be induced to sign over to The McMurrigh all that he holds under the will of Sir Michael McMurrigh. Meanwhile, Payton, with some of his soldiers come from Tralee on investigation. Flavia is remorseful, fearing the Colonel still obstinate, may die of starvation and have the tower set on fire. She releases him and bears him back to Morristown with the assistance of Payton, while her brother and Aggill flee. That night Payton insults her and angers The McMurrigh, who challenges him to a duel.

### CHAPTER XXII.—Continued

"Can't you be seeing?" he answered frantically, but for very shame he could not face her eyes. "Cannot you be seeing I am not fit to get up? See how my hand shakes!"

"What is to be done, then?"

He cursed Payton in a frenzy of rage. He beat the pillow with his fist.

The man swearing in the bed leaped at the hope, as he would have leaped at any hope. Nor was he so upset by fear as not to reflect that, whatever Flavia asked Aggill would do. "Ah, tell him," he cried, raising himself on his elbow. "Do you be telling him! He can make him—wait, maybe."

At that moment she came nearly hating her brother. "I will send him to you," she said.

"No!" he cried anxiously. "No! Do you be telling him! Do you hear? I am not so well to see him."

She shivered, seeing plainly the unmixed selfishness of the course he urged. But she had not the heart to answer him. She went from the room and, going back to her own chamber, she dressed. By this time the house was astir, the June sunshine was pouring with the songs of birds through the windows. She heard one of the O'Beirnes stumble downstairs. Next Aggill opened his door and passed down. In a twinkling she followed him, making a sign to him to go on, and led him into the open air. Nor when they were outside did she speak until she had put the courtyard between herself and the house.

For she would have hidden their shame from all if she could. Even to say what she had to say cost her in humiliation more than her brother had.

"That does no good," she said.

"I believe you want to kill me!" he complained with childish passion. "I believe you want to see me dead! Why can't you be managing your own affairs, without—without—heavens! And then, in a dreadful voice, 'I shall be dead tonight! And you care nothing!'"

He hid unmanly tears on his pillow, while she looked at the wall, pale to the lips. Her worst misgivings had not pictured a thing so mean as this, a spirit so poor. And this was her brother, her

idol, he to whom she had fondly looked to receive the glories of the race. Truly she had been blind.

She had spoken to Luke Aggill the night before, and he would help her, she believed. But for that she would have turned, as her thoughts did turn, to Colonel John. But he lay prostrate, and the O'Beirnes were out of the question; she could not tell them. Youth has no pity, makes no allowance, expects the utmost, and a hundred times they had heard James brag and brawl. And Uncle Eliek was away.

There remained only Luke Aggill. "If you are not well," she said, in the same hard voice, "shall I be telling Mr. Aggill? He may contrive something for you."

It was not in his selfish life. But it had to be said, and after a pause, and with eyes averted, "My brother is ill," she faltered. "He cannot meet—that man this morning. It is—as you feared. And—what can we do?"

In another case Luke Aggill would have blessed the chance that linked him with her, cast her on his help. He had guessed, before she opened her mouth, what she had to say—nay, for hours he had lain sleepless on his bed, anticipating it. He had been certain of the issue—he knew James McMurrigh; and, being a man who loved Flavia indeed, but loved life also, he had forgotten, with the cold sweat on his brow, what he would be driven to do.

He made no haste to answer, therefore, and his tone, when he did answer, was dull and lifeless. "Is it all he is?" he asked. "It's a bad morning to be ill and a meeting in hand."

"She did not answer."

"Is he too bad to stand?" he continued.



'It's You That Struck Him After He Was Disarmed!' Morty Cried

ed. He made no attempt to hide his comprehension or his scorn.

"I don't say that," she faltered. "Perhaps he told you," Aggill said, and there was nothing of the lover in his tone—"to speak to me?"

"She nodded."

"It is I am to—put it off, I suppose?"

"If it be possible," she cried. "Oh, if it be possible! Is it?"

He stood there, with a gloomy face. From the first he had seen that there were two ways of extricating The McMurrigh. The one by a mild explanation, which would leave his honor in the mud. The other by an explanation after a different fashion, with the word "liar" ready to answer the word "coward." But he who gave this last explanation must be willing to back the word with the deed, and stop cavilling with the sword point.

Now, Aggill knew the Major's skill with the sword; none better. And under other circumstances the justice—cold, selfish, scheming—would have gone many a mile about before he entered upon a quarrel with him. None the less, love had drawn him to contemplate this very thing. For surely if he did this and lived, Flavia would smile on him. Surely, if he saved her brother's honor, she would be won. It was a forlorn, it was a desperate expedient. For no other advantage would Luke Aggill have faced the Major's sword point. But, what- ever he was, he loved. He loved! And for the face and the form beside him, and for the quality of soul that shone from the girl's eyes, and made her what she was, and to him different from all other women, he had made up his mind to run the risk.

It went for something that he believed that Flavia, if he failed her, would go to Colonel Sullivan. If she did that, Aggill was sure that his own chance was at an end. This was his chance. It lay with him now, today, at this moment—to dare or to retire, to win her favor at the risk of his life, or to yield her to another. In the chill morning hour he had discovered that he must risk all or lose all; and he had decided.

"I will make it possible," he said, slowly, questioning in his mind whether he dared make terms with her. "I will make it possible," he repeated, still more slowly, and with his eyes fixed on her face.

"If you could!" she cried, clasping her hands.

"I will!" he said, a sullen undertone in his voice. His eyes still dwelt darkly on her. "If he raises an objection, I will fight him—myself!"

She shrank from him. "Ah, but I can't ask that!" she cried, trembling. "It is that or nothing."

"That or—"

"There is no other way," he said. He spoke with the same ungraciousness; for, try as he would, and though the habit and the education of a life cried to him to treat with her and make conditions, he could not; and he was enraged that he could not.

The more as her wet eyes, her quick, mounting color, told of her gratitude. In another moment she might have said a word fit to unlock his lips. And he would have spoken; and she would have pledged herself. But Fate, in the person of old Darby, intervened. Timely or untimely, the butler appeared in the distant doorway, cried "Hiss!" and, by a backward gesture warned them of some approaching peril.

"I fear?" she began.

"Yes, go!" Aggill replied, almost roughly. "He is coming, and he must not find us together."

The garden gate had barely closed on her skirts before Payton issued from the courtyard. The Englishman passed an instant in the gateway, his sword under his arm and a handkerchief in his hand. Then he looked up and down the road with an air of confidence that provoked Aggill beyond measure. The sun did not seem bright enough for him, nor the air scented to his liking. Hastily he approached the Irishman, who, affecting to be engaged with his own thoughts, had kept his distance.

"Is he ready?" he asked, with a sneer.

"With an effort Aggill controlled himself. "He is not," he said.

"At his prayers, is he? Well, he'll need them."

"He is not, to my knowledge," Aggill replied. "But he is ill."

Payton's face lighted with a joy not pleasant to see. "A coward!" he said coolly. "I am not surprised. Ill, is he? Ay, I know that illness. It's not the first time I've met it."

Aggill had no wish to precipitate a quarrel. Only in the last resort had he determined to fling off the mask. But

at that word "coward," though he knew it to be well deserved, his temper, sapped by the knowledge that love was forcing him into a position which reason repudiated, gave way, and he spoke his true thoughts.

"What a bully you are, Payton," he said, in his slowest tone. "Sure, and you insult the man's sister in your drunkenness!"

"What's that to you?"

"You insult the man's sister," Aggill persisted coolly, "and because he treats you like the tipsy creature you are, you'd kill him like a dog."

Payton turned. "I will not trust you, too," he said, "if you say another word! What in heaven's name is your will with you, man, this morning? Are you mad?"

"I'll not hear the word coward used of the family I'll speak be one of us!" Aggill returned, sneering on the spur of the moment, and wondering at himself the moment he had made the statement.

"That's what I'm meaning. Do you see? And if you are for repeating the word, more by token, it'll be all the breakfast you'll have, for I'll cram it down your ugly throat!"

Payton stared, divided between rage and astonishment. But the former was the more. At the moment when he was slow to get the upper hand, and "Enough said," he replied. "If you are willing to make it good, you'll be coming this way."

"Willingly," Aggill answered.

"Have a care what you say!" Payton answered slowly, and in a terrible tone. "You'd do better to look to your friend, for he'll need it."

"It's you that struck him after he was disarmed!" Morty cried, almost weeping with rage. "Not a bit of a chance did you give him!"

"Silence, I say!" Payton answered, in a fierce tone of authority. "I know my duty, and if you know yours you'll look to it."

He turned aside with that and thrust the point of his sword twice and thrice into the soft before he wheeled the weapon. Meanwhile Morty had cast himself down beside the fallen man, who, speechless, and with his head hanging, continued to support himself on his hand. A patch of blood, bright colored, was growing on his forehead, and there was blood on his lips.

"Oh, whirra, whirra, what'll I do?" the Irishman exclaimed, helplessly wringing his hands. "What'll I do for him? He's murdered entirely!"

Payton, aided by one of the troopers, was putting on his coat and vest. He paused to bid the other help the gentleman. Then, with a cold look for the fallen man, for whom, though they had been friends, as friends go in the world, he seemed to have no feeling except one of contempt, he walked away in the direction of the rear of the house.

By the time he reached the back door the alarm was abroad, the maids were running to and fro and screaming, and on the threshold he encountered Flavia.

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"Ay, now. Where is—"

He stopped on the word, and was silent. Instead, he looked across the courtyard in the direction of the house. If he might see her again. If he might speak to her. But no. Yet—as it came in that she knew—that she understood! And if she understood, would she know that he passed to the meeting well-nigh without hope, aware how large, how very large, were the odds against him?

"But, faith, and it's no jest fighting him, if the least bit in life of what I've heard be true!" Morty said, a cloud on his face. He looked uncertainly from Aggill to the house and back. "Is it to be doing anything you want me to?"

"I want you to come with me and see it," Aggill said. He wheeled brusquely to the garden gate, but when he was within a pace of it he paused and turned his head. "Mr. O'Beirne," he said, "I'm going in by this gate, and it's not much to be expected if I come out any way but feet first. Will you be telling her, if you please, that I knew that same?"

"I will," Morty answered, genuinely distressed. "But I'm asking is there no other way?"

"There is none," Aggill said. And he opened the gate.

Payton was waiting for him on the path under the yew trees, with two of his troopers on guard in the background. He had removed his coat and vest, and stood, a not ungraceful figure, in the sunshine, bending his rafter and feeling its point with his thumb. He was doing this when his eyes surprised his opponent's entrance, and without desisting from his employment, he smiled.

If the other's courage had begun to wane that smile would have restored it. For it aroused in him a stronger passion than fear—the desire for hatred. He knew the man before him, the man with the cruel smile, a demon who, in pure malice, without reason and without cause, would take his life, would rob him of joy and love and sunshine, and hurk him into the blackness of the gulf. And he was seized with a rage at once fierce and deliberate. This man, once would kill him, he would kill! He thrust to set his foot upon his throat and squeezed the throat of him. These were the thoughts that passed through his mind as he paused to throw off the encumbering coat. Then he advanced, drawing his weapon as he moved, and fixing his eyes on Payton; who, for his part, read the other's thoughts in his face—for more than once he had seen that look—put himself on his guard without a word.

Aggill had no more than the rudimentary knowledge of the sword which was passed on to him by all his forefathers. He knew that, given time and the delicate observations of the fencing school, he would be a mere child in Payton's hands; that it would matter nothing whether the sun were on this side or that side of the longer or the shorter of an inch.

The moment he was within reach, therefore, and his blade touched the other's, he rushed in, lunging fiercely at his opponent's breast, and striking as he did so, of his attack and the circular sweep of his point to protect himself. Not seldom has a man skilled in the subtleties of the art found himself enclosed and overpowered by this mode of attack.

But Payton had met his man too often on the green to be taken by surprise. He parried the first thrust, the second he evaded by stepping adroitly aside. By the same movement he put the sun in Aggill's eyes.

Again the latter rushed in, striving to get within his opponent's guard, and again Payton stepped aside and allowed the randy thrust to pass wasted away in the air. He parried, he evaded, he evaded with the ease and coolness of long tried skill. By this time Aggill, forced to keep his blade in motion, was beginning to breathe quickly. The sweat stood on his forehead, he was more wildly and with less strength or aim. He was aware—it could be read in the glare of his eyes—that he was being reduced to the defensive, and he knew that to be fatal.

An arch broke from his panting lips and he rushed in again, even more recklessly, more at random than before, his sole object now to kill the other, to stab him at close quarters, no matter what happened to himself.

"I'll not hear the word coward used of the family I'll speak be one of us!" different fashion. He retreated a step. Then with a flicker and a girding of steel on steel Aggill's sword flew from his hand, and at the same instant—or so nearly at the same instant that the disarming and the thrust might have seemed to an untrained eye one motion—Payton turned his wrist and his sword buried itself in Aggill's body. The unfortunate man recoiled with a gasping cry, staggered and sank sideways to the ground.

"By the powers!" O'Beirne exclaimed, springing forward. "A foul stroke! By heaven, a foul stroke! He was disarmed. It—"

"Have a care what you say!" Payton answered slowly, and in a terrible tone. "You'd do better to look to your friend, for he'll need it."

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Pale as the stricken man, she looked on Payton with an eye of horror, and as he stood aside to let her pass, she drew her skirts away, that they might not touch him.

He went on, with rage in his heart. "Very good, my lady," he muttered; "very good! But I've not done with you yet. I know a way to pull your pride down. And I'll go about it!"

He might have spoken less confidently had he, before he retired from the scene of the fight, cast one upward glance in the direction of the house; had he marked an opening high up in the wall of the yew, and noticed through that opening a window, so placed that it alone of all the windows in the house commanded the scene of action. For then he would have discovered at that casement the face he knew, and a pair of stern eyes that had followed the course of the struggle throughout, noted each separate attack, and judged the issue—and the man.

Ah! he might have taken warning. (To be continued)

**INVENTIONS OF THE FUTURE**

UNDER this heading, Thomas A. Edison's forecast of the manner in which we may be going to solve some of our present industrial and scientific problems is published in the Independent (New York) in the form of an interview with Mr. Edison, who afterward, it is stated, revised and corrected the manuscript. The article runs, in part, as follows:

"Among the many problems which await solution in the future, one of the most important is to get the full value out of fuel. The wastefulness of our present methods of combustion is tremendous. A pound of coal has enough energy in it to carry itself around the world. We are able to extract only a small fraction of its heat and power; the greater part goes to waste. Our best steam engines use about 15 per cent. of the energy of the coal they consume. With gas engines probably 20 to 25 per cent. of the energy is utilized.

"There are various methods being tried out to convert coal directly into electricity without the use of a boiler—eliminating fire and steam. Some of these are oxidation methods. They are scientifically successful, though not yet commercially successful. Oxidation is, of course, a form of combustion. It is slow burning. The only difference between rusting, burning and exploding is the speed of the chemical reaction. Explosives burn very fast, and though they are used to some extent as fuel in the propulsion of torpedoes, they are not economical. There is not as much power in a ton of 40 per cent. dynamite as there is in a ton of coal. Everything in nature would burn up if it were not for the fact that nearly everything except coal is already burned up. Iron would burn and make a good fuel—if in very fine powder—but it has already been consumed in Nature's furnace. Coal is stored up sunlight; it is the storage battery of the sun, to which we owe about all our energy.

"We may discover the germ of getting all the power from fuel tomorrow; and then again it may take a long time to find out.

"Radium has great power. It has no appreciable limit of end. It is not combustible. It gives off intra-atomic energy. We don't know how its energy was stored up. A carload of radium would have as much energy as all the millions of tons of coal mined in the United States in a year. Radium is the cause of the earth's heat, according to the view of most scientists today. That explains why the earth constantly radiating vast quantities of heat into space, doesn't cool down. The planet would be pretty chilly after all these millions of years if it had no radium in it. While only small quantities of radium have been isolated, it exists everywhere in water, rock, and soil; it is universally distributed, and a little of it goes a long way. The possibility of harnessing this force for our use is somewhat of a speculation. A radium clock has been made, and it will go several hundred years without winding.

"I have a splanthroscope, which is a tiny bit of radium, of a size that will go through the eye of a needle, mounted over a piece of willemite. It has been shooting off millions of sparks for the six years that I have had it, and I expect it will be shooting sparks the same way for thousands of years. There will be enough sparks given out by that fragment of radium to cover and illuminate the State of Rhode Island. Some day they travel at the speed of light, others 12,000 miles a second. This speed is the source of radium's power. Infinite velocity makes up for lack of mass.

"Radium is found along with uranium and thorium. Sometimes some one finds immense deposits of it, and then it will be a problem how to handle it without dangerous consequences. A large quantity of the stuff would kill everybody nearby. A fellow shot up with 17,000,000 atomic cannonballs poured into him with the velocity of light would feel uncomfortable.

"Besides its mechanical possibilities radium is valuable, it is said, in the treatment of skin cancer and some other diseases. Cancer is a hard proposition, but when it bucks up against radium it meets its match. I guess it is a case of similia similibus curatur.

"There are lots of things besides radium that we don't understand. These five senses of ours are pretty dull detectives. We perceive only a little that comes within the range of our senses. A thing drops below our level and we don't perceive it. Here and there now and then, some one finds out a new thing we didn't dream the existence of. In this room and in your room at this moment there are fifty wireless messages going through. Without instruments we can not detect them."

After we have developed the power of our waterfalls, the utilization of the tides, Mr. Edison thinks, will possibly follow. The sun's heat is a vast investment. More practicable, he says, are windmills connected with storage batteries to lay up the energy of the winds in electrical form. Sun-engines Mr. Edison considers very promising machines. They will absorb the sun's heat and convert it into liquid, or concentrate it by focusing the sun's rays on a boiler. In Arizona there is a 30-horse-power sun-engine using a steam turbine. We read further:

"In steaming volcanoes there is a source of power which might be obtained and sent out by electricity. At Yellowstone Park the geysers are wastefully spouting a large amount of energy. In the Comstock Lode and all through

that region nature has a power-house which man could use. Steam under pressure to run engines and make electricity can be had there merely by sinking artesian wells.

"To get rid of friction in our machines is one of the future problems. The only machine without friction that we know is the world, and it moves in the resistless ether.

"The monorail does not appeal to me. It was a fundamental mistake that our railroads were built on, a 4 foot 9 1/2 inch gauge instead of a 6-foot gauge, which we will probably have to come to yet.

"The aeroplane of the future will, I think, have to be on the helicopter principle. A successful air-machine must be able to defy the winds. If Wright's aeroplane had one-twentieth of its surface, the wind would not affect it. The helicopter principle is the only way to rise above atmospheric conditions. By increasing the velocity of propeller revolutions the size of the machine can be diminished and thereby we vanquish the hostility of the wind. A helicopter could have four-size planes distributed on a 90 to 150-foot circle and controlled from the centre by wires.

"Chemical food has been worked out pretty well by Emil Fischer and his students, but it won't be a commercial proposition. There are lots of synthetic things made. Carbohydrates of the same nature and bulk as the natural material are produced, but you can't beat the farm as a laboratory, commercially speaking. If we should dry up like Mars and couldn't raise vegetables on the earth, we might turn to a chemical diet. There might be local famines which could be mitigated by the food-productions of the chemists. The complaint today seems to be that there are too many chemicals in our food.

"The clothes of the future will be so cheap that every young woman will be able to follow the fashions promptly, and there will be plenty of fashions. Artificial silk that is superior to natural silk is now made of wood pulp. It shines better than silk. I think that the silk-worm barbarism will go in fifty years, just as the indigo of India went before the synthetic production of indigo in German laboratories.

"There is much ahead of us. We don't know about gravity; neither do we know the nature of heat, light and electricity, though we handle them a little. We are only animals. We are coming out of the dog stage and getting a glimpse of our environment. We don't know, we just suspect a few things. It will take an enormous evolution of our brains to bring us anywhere. Our practise of shooting one another in war is proof that we are still animals. The make-up of our society is hideous.

"Communication with other worlds has been suggested. I think we had better stick to this world and find out something about it before we call up our neighbors. They might make us ashamed of ourselves.

"Art will be increased and distributed as we emerge more and more from the dog stage. Society will have to stop this whisky business, which is like throwing sand in the bearings of a steam engine. In 20 years or so the cheapening of commodities, the ordinary laborer will live as well as a man does now with \$200,000 annual income. Automatic machinery and scientific agriculture will bring about this result. Not individualism, but social labor will dominate the future; you can't have individual machines and every man working by himself. Industry will constantly become more social and interdependent. There will be no manual labor in the factories of the future. The men in them will be merely superintendents watching the machinery to see that it works right.

"The work-day, I believe, will be eight hours. Every man needs that much work to keep him out of mischief and to keep him happy. But it will be work with the brain, something that men will be interested in, and done in wholesome pleasant surroundings. Less and less man will be used as an engine, or as a horse, and his brain will be employed to benefit himself and his fellows."

**WASHINGTON'S CHERRY TREE**

THE capital city is to have two thousand Japanese cherry trees. They are a gift from Tokio to Washington, and are now on their way to Washington, where they are expected to arrive about the middle of January. The plan is to set them out along the new speedway skirting the Potomac River in time for them to bloom in all their splendor during the coming spring.

Mrs. Taft, the wife of the President, was responsible for this gift. She expressed a desire to purchase some of these trees, and to present them to the city. Her desire rapidly reached the ears of prominent Japanese officials in this country, the result being that within a very short time afterward, Dr. Takamine and Mr. Midzuno, consular officers of Japan in New York, asked permission in behalf of the Mayor of Tokio to make a gift of the trees to the United States.

Every one of the two thousand trees has been as carefully selected as if it were to be placed in the Imperial gardens of Japan. There are one hundred and ten varieties in the gift, and no part of the Japanese Empire was left unsearched for the best. The varieties include the sekuyama, which produces blossoms of ten petals and scarlet in color. These blossoms are about two inches in diameter. This species, as may naturally be concluded, was named after Mount Sekiyama, one of the famous mountains in Japan. Then there is the asahibata, meaning morning peony, producing a bright red flower which fades before the sun. The name is supposed to be a falling to a pale pink. The choshin, named after the province in which it grows, is another variety. "Looking backward from the carriage" is the interpretation of the species called mikurima-gayeshi. The name is supposed to have been given to this tree from the fact that one of the rulers of Japan was so attracted by the beauty of the tree that he looked back at it every time he passed.

**DAISY:** "Oh, Dolly, I have had such a nasty, spiteful, anonymous letter."

**Dolly:** "Whom was it from?"

**Daisy:** "I don't know, can you guess? The wicked creature says I am a vain, silly, frivolous, chattering, overdressed, empty-headed flirt."

**Dolly:** "I really can't imagine, dear; but" (reflecting) "I think it must be someone who knows you quite well."

### Little Country Paper

[We are indebted to Elder Alonzo Lamb, for the following poetry, which we received this week. Elder Lamb is at present laboring at Denver, Col.]

When the evenin' shade is fallin' at the endin' o' the day,  
An' a feller rests from labors smokin' at his pipe o, clay,  
There's nothing does him so much good, be fortune up or down,  
As the little country paper from his o' home town.

It ain't a thing o' beauty, an' its print ain't always clean,  
But it straightens out his temper, when a feller's feelin' mean.  
It takes the wrinkles off his face and brushes up the frown,  
That little country paper from his o' home town.

It tells of all the parties and balls of Pum' Kin row,  
Bout who spent the Sunday, with who's girl, an' how the crops 'll grow,  
An' it keeps a feller posted 'bout who's up and who is down,  
That little country paper from his o' home town.

I like to read the dailies an' the story papers too,  
An' at times the yeller novels an' some other trash—don't you?  
But when I want some readin' that 'll brush away the frown,  
I want that little paper from my o' home town.

### Aetna

Last week Bishop N. W. Tanner sold a quarter section of land, belonging to J. G. Dinwiddie of Somers, Montana, to A. Cazier of Cardston for \$40 per acre.

Our farewell parties for departing missionaries, J. E. Nielson and C. C. Jensen were very well attended, the first one clearing \$50.00 and the second one being for our retiring faithful Sunday School Supt. the people and children swelled the amount to about \$90 not including a nice gold watch and chain presented by the S. S. officers and teachers.

Bishop N. W. Tanner has been on the sick list for some time with stomach trouble, and has been confined to his room for the past two weeks. The doctor's orders were milk diet and complete quietness. He is improving.

May Day was celebrated in Aetna in full bloom, Monday, under the able direction and management of the amusement committee. A very interesting program was rendered in the forenoon. Among other prominent features was the crowning of the Queen, Miss Mattie Ellison. The afternoon was taken up in sports, foot-racing being the first feature. Basket ball next by home teams of girls, so naturally the girls won the game, but the sisters of more mature mature (married of course) thought they could show the winning girls a point or two in playing and they did it too.

Baseball followed, married men vs. single men. The single men were a little too active for them and carried off the honors. In horse racing, the Ellison boys being the swiftest, took the money. Some rather boisterous and rough language used here, being the only jar of the day.

A large, quiet dance followed, being the the closing feature, and a good enjoyable time was had by all. Refreshments were on hand all day and evening. Other wards contributed in making the crowd. The weather was ideal and the committee reports a liberal collection to apply on meeting house.

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

The first copy of the Stirling Star reached our exchange table this week. It is neatly printed, has a good share of advertising, and is full of news. Stirling has certainly good reasons to be proud of its newspaper.

### Alberta Musical Festival

For the third time the citizens of Edmonton and others who visit the city next week will enjoy the advantages that the annual Alberta Musical Festival has to offer. This is without doubt the greatest musical event of the year. It has proven so during the past two years and the Festival of 1910 will be a larger and grander scale than ever. Inaugurated two years ago for the advancement of music throughout the province, it has grown to wonderful proportions in its short history. Until today the interest it creates in all parts of the province is nothing short of wonderful. The Alberta Musical Festival will live, not always in Edmonton, for other cities in the province will claim their rights and privileges as fit and proper places for the holding of the festival, and they will undoubtedly be recognized. The experimental stage has been passed and the Alberta Musical Festivals will go on.

The opening day is Tuesday of next week, when the brass and Military bands will compete in the Thistle rink. Wednesday and Thursday the other competitions will take place in the All Saints school room, and on Thursday night the grand concert will be held in the Thistle Rink when the winning competitors will take part in the program. In addition a chorus of over two hundred and fifty voices and an orchestra of almost fifty will perform. The chorus will sing: "The Song of Vikings," and the "Ballad of the Clamphedown." The remainder of the program will be made up of male chorus, ladies' chorus, ladies' trios, male quartettes, choral numbers, solos, etc., making one of the finest programs ever given in the province. Last year over two thousand people attended this concert and the number this year will be even greater. During the evening his honor, Lieutenant Governor Bulyea will present the prizes. A large attendance from outside points is assured. Single fare rates will prevail on all railways.

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In answering state, "Saw Advertisement in the Alberta Star"

### Stolen

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

### TO HAIR DRESSERS

A Splendid Hair Tonic that Makes Beautiful Hair

Every hair dresser should know about Parisian Sage, the quick-setting hair dressing, that does just what this paper tells you it will do. Parisian Sage is a most delightful and different hair dressing, a fact that will be recognized the moment it is applied to the scalp. There is not a particle of stickiness in it; it is not greasy; it has a delicate odor, and is a truly invigorating tonic that will make the hair grow, if the hair root still shows the least sign of life.

Try a bottle of Parisian Sage. It will brighten up the hair in two days.

Parisian Sage is guaranteed by The Alberta Drug and Book Co., to cure dandruff, stop falling hair and scalp itch in two weeks, or money back. It is particularly in demand by women of refinement, who desire soft, luxuriant hair, that compels admiration. Price 50 cents a large bottle by the Alberta Drug and Book Co. or direct, all charges prepaid, from the Canadian makers, the Giroux Mfg. Co., Fort Erie, Ont.

### Alberta Fairs, 1910

- Circuit No. 1.
- Calgary—July 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 7.
- Okotoks—July 12, 13.
- Innisfail—July 14, 15.
- Circuit No. 2.
- MacLeod—August 3, 4, 5.
- Lethbridge—August 9, 10, 11.
- Clareholm—August 15, 16.
- Medicine Hat—August 17, 18, 19.
- Edmonton—August 23, 24, 25, 26.
- Circuit No. 3.
- Raymond—Sept. 19, 20, 21.
- Magrath—September 22, 23.
- Pincher Creek—September 27.
- Taber—September 28.
- Cardston—September 29, 30.
- Lloydminster—October 4.
- Vermilion—October 5.
- Innisfree—October 6, 7.
- Mannville—October 11.
- Vegreville—October 12.
- Circuit No. 4.
- St. Albert—September 16.
- Daysland—September 20.
- Sedgewick—September 21.
- Camrose—September 22, 23.
- Wetaskiwin—Sept. 27, 28.
- Bowden—September 28.
- Lacombe—September 29, 30.
- Red Deer—October 4, 5.
- Stettler—October 5, 6.
- Alix—October 7.
- Milnerston—October 11.
- Circuit No. 5.
- Leduc—September 13.
- Olds—September 14, 15.
- Grand Valley—September 16.
- Three Hills—September 20.
- Wabamun—September 22, 23.
- Rexboro—September 27, 28.
- Holden—September 28.
- Viking—September 30.
- Fort Saskatchewan—October 4.
- Ponoka—October 5, 6.
- Didsbury—October 6, 7.
- Gleichen—October 11, 12.
- Pridas—October 12.
- High River—October 13, 14.

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