

Joint Reading Room

# The Alberta Star

Vol. XI CARDSTON, ALBERTA, FRIDAY, JULY 30, 1909. No. 7



## JUST ARRIVED!!

Large shipment of

## Walk Over Shoes



A Good Line Of Men's Shirts--75c.

We still have some Men's Hats that are going at half price

## H. S. ALLEN & CO., LTD

DEPARTMENT STORE

**The Alberta Drug & Book Co.**  
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LETHBRIDGE AND CARDSTON

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

**It's not what you earn**  
that makes you rich  
**But what you save**

We pay 5 per cent interest on Savings  
Deposits and Compound Quarterly

**C. E. SNOW & Co.**  
BANKERS.

**Job Printing!**

We do the better class  
of printing, and we do  
that class just a little  
cheaper than the other  
fellow. Wedding invi-  
tations, letter heads, bill  
heads, sale bills, state-  
ments, dodgers, cards,  
all receive the same care-  
ful treatment—just a  
little better than seems  
necessary. Prompt ser-  
vice always.

**The Alberta Star**

### Leavitt Notes

Leavitt, July 27, 1909.  
Pioneer Day was celebrated here  
in a good old fashioned way. Il-  
lustrative of the hardships en-  
dured by the founders of the  
State of Utah in travelling across  
the almost trackless desert, and  
making homes in a barren waste.  
The speeches given by various  
ones on the program were im-  
pressed on the minds of all pre-  
sent especially the young who little  
realize the extent of the trials and  
hardships their parents in many  
instances endured for the sake of  
life, and their religion. Many of  
the incidents connected with the  
landing of the Pilgrims, are  
nothing, as compared with some  
of the cruelties and privation im-  
posed on the Saints when driven  
from Nauvoo and forced to seek  
refuge in the Rocky Mountains.

After the program all joined in  
making a gala day for the children  
and elderly people present.

At 4 p. m. the Base Ball team  
drove over to Beazer and played  
a game, resulting victorious for  
Leavitt in a score of 6 to 3. Also  
with the Boundary Creek boys  
who were visiting Beazer and  
came off victorious with a score of  
5 to a goose egg. The jumping  
match between Wandell Coombs,  
and Robt. Low, Beazer, for a purse  
of \$5 was a decided success for  
our Leavitt man, Mr. Coombs  
winning with an easy margin.

Mrs. Clara E. Coombs returned  
Saturday from a trip to Lethbridge  
where she has been during the  
past week, seeking pleasure and  
visiting her son Leo, who is em-  
ployed as grocery clerk by the  
Bentley Co., Ltd.

Yesterday four Mormon Elders  
arrived in town and have notified  
the citizens that they purposed  
holding an open door meeting  
Sunday August 1st at which time  
they will discuss the various prin-  
ciples of their religion. Good  
singing assured.

Elder Norval Sorenson who  
has been laboring in South West  
Virginia Conference for the past  
eight months, and who was trans-  
ferred to Albany on account of  
ill health arrived home this week.  
He has suffered from prostration

from sunstroke. It was necessary  
for an Elder to accompany him  
home as it was deemed unwise for  
him to travel alone.

### Splendid Results

Some time ago, our readers will  
recall the mention we made of the  
efforts being put forth by our  
Board of Trade and the good work  
accomplished by Mr. Jelliff and  
others before the Railway Com-  
mission at Lethbridge. The con-  
tention was made that Cardston  
and district was discriminated  
against in the matter of passenger,  
express and freight rates on the  
A. R. & I. line. This week the  
Board of Trade through Sec. D.  
E. Harris Jr., is in receipt of a  
communication from the Commis-  
sion, which had taken the matter  
under advisement, that hereafter  
passenger rates over this road shall  
be three cents per mile—with an  
sixth reduction for return fares.  
This will make the trip to Leth-  
bridge and return \$3.30 as against  
\$4.45 heretofore. The freight and  
express rates will also be reduced.

This reminds us that we do not  
tully appreciate the organization  
of such a splendid body as our  
local Board of Trade. The gentle-  
men who comprise its membership  
give of the very best of their time  
and judgement, but much more  
could be accomplished if they  
were not hampered for means.  
Let us aid the Board officers when-  
ever they want us to boost for  
Cardston.

### Walking Around the World

New York, July 21.—J. A.  
Greenlee, only survivor of a party  
of four young men who started  
June 1, 1905, with a penny apiece,  
to walk around the world for  
a \$75,000 prize is at the Astor  
house. He called to-day at the  
city hall and the Mayor's clerk  
signed his credentials. The four  
started from New South Wales,  
Australia. According to Greenlee,  
two were slain by blacks in Africa  
and one died of fever on Colorado  
desert.

### Passed In Standard V

Edmonton, Alta, July 28.—In  
Standard V. examinations, the  
successful candidates at Leth-  
bridge, Raymond, Cardston,  
Claresholm, Macleod, Pincher  
Creek, Leavitt, Warner, Magrath,  
and Stirling, are as follows:  
Anderson, Clara; Baker, Ina;  
Bennett, Mary M.; Biglow, Guin-  
eveve; Boyson, Emma; Brodie,  
Catherine; Brown, Emily; Brown,  
Frank; Byrne, Mary; Cascadden,  
P. N.; Carter, Feri; Clarke, Peter;  
Clarke, V. Leonie; Coombs,  
Fannie E.; Conrad, Angus; Cox,  
George; Cyr, Led; Dempster,  
Cristina; Dunlop, Franklin;  
Derine, John; Fisher, Marion; Fol-  
som, Lawrence; Fortin Rachel,  
Gay, Howard; Gibb, Myrtle;  
Gibson, Vivian; Gourlay, Agnes;  
Haig, T. R.; Harker, Samuel;  
Hazel, Nellie; Henderson, Nessie;  
Hoey, W. J.; Hutton, Mable;  
Hyde, LaFayette; Kerr, Bessie;  
Laverick, Minnie; Lepman, Neil;  
Link, Norman; Main, J. R. K.;  
Miller, James; Morgan, Arthur;  
Charles, A.; Macleod, Margaret;  
McDonald, Margaret; McFarland,  
Eugene; McHardie, Edith; Mc-  
Lean, Robert G.; McLean, Robert  
R.; Nielson, Myra-Grace; Niven,  
Agnes; Norton, Myrtle; Norton,  
May; Parker, Joseph Earl; Pat-  
terson, George W.; Peterson,  
David C.; Ponton, Isabel;  
Robertson, Margaret; Sheffield,  
Archie W.; Skouson, Hazel;  
Sloan, Ross; Smith, Allen;  
Smith, Marion; Spokeman, E.  
Victor; Soley, Julia; Steed,  
Luella R.; Stoddard, Mable;  
Summer, Ivy; Thorpe, Verne;  
Wilson, Margaret; Withers, Nellie  
G.

### Relief Society Conference

The Relief Society Conference  
of the Alberta Stake will be held  
August 7th, in the Relief Society  
Hall, Cardston. Meetings to  
convene at 11 a. m. and 2 p. m.  
A good attendance is desired as  
some of the general Board from  
Salt Lake City will be present.  
Mary L. Woolf.

### Benjamin Scoville in the Lou- isville, Ky., Herald

I see a man pushing his way  
through the lines  
Of cops where the work of the  
"fire field" shines.  
"The Chief?" I inquire—but a  
fireman replies:  
"Oh, no! Why, that's one of  
those newspaper guys."

I see a man walk through the door  
of a show  
Where great throngs are blocked  
by the sign, "S. R. O."  
"Is this the star that no ticket  
he buys?"  
"Star nuthin'! He's one of  
those newspaper guys."

I see a man start on the trail of a  
crook  
And he scorns the police, but he  
brings him to book.  
"Sherlock Holms?" I inquire—  
someone scornfully cries:  
"Sherlock H—! Naw, he's one  
of dese newspaper guys."

And some day I'll pass by the  
great "Gates of Gold,"  
And see a man pass through  
unquestioned and bold,  
"A Saint?" I'll ask, and old  
Peter'll reply:  
"No, he carries a pass—he's a  
newspaper guy."

LOST.—Between Harness  
Shop and M. A. Coombs resi-  
dence Wednesday July 21st, a  
good cloth over coat, finder will  
be rewarded by returning to M.  
A. Coombs.

New shipment of  
**Cockshutt Plows**  
—and—  
McCormick "Alberta Special"  
**MOWERS**  
The best on the market  
**Cardston Implement Co., Ltd.**

TALK TO CAHOON ABOUT  
**Haying Outfits**  
Mounted Ropes and Pulleys, Hay Car  
Cable Cars, Hay Slings and  
Hay Forks  
Screen Doors, all kinds and sizes  
SPRING HINGES AND FIXTURES  
The place of price and quality  
**Alberta Lumber & Hardware Co., Ltd.**



# An Unexpected Confession;

Or, The Story of Miss Percival's Early Life.

## CHAPTER X.

The speaker sprang to his feet, and darted around the rock, thus coming face to face with the startled girl, who was deathly pale, and trembling with nervous fear.

"Who are you, and what are you doing here?" the man rudely demanded.

Esther did not attempt to reply, but turning to one side, was about to pass on, when he again placed himself in her path, and regarded her with an insolent, threatening look.

"Look here, girl," he curtly remarked, "if you have been playing the spy upon us, you may as well own up. Did you hear the story I have been telling?"

Before she could answer him, even had she been so disposed, Frank Cushman appeared in the grounds above, and called in a loud voice:

"Esther! Esther! Wellington, mamma has come home and wants you."

With a gasp of terror at having her name thus revealed to the rogue, who, for ten long years, had been searching out the Wellington race, Esther bounded past him and sped like the wind up toward the house.

The man stood staring after her in mute amazement for a minute, then turning back to his companion, he gave utterance to an excited oath.

"Did you hear that, Bent?" he cried, "that girl's name is Wellington! And did you see how frightened she looked? By my soul, I believe fate has put me on the right track at last. I'll bet she has got that ruby, or at least knows where it is!"

"Pshaw! Rand, you are letting your imagination run away with you," returned his comrade, with a skeptical shrug of his shoulders; "you'll be a monomaniac yourself, if you don't look out. It's a queer coincidence, though, that the girl's name should be Wellington! But where could she have been hiding?"

They went around the rock, upon a tour of inspection, and thus found Esther's cozy nook, after which they resumed their seats, and remained in earnest conversation for some time.

For several days after that Esther scarcely dared venture beyond the cottage grounds, lest she should meet the man who was searching for the "twin ruby," and he should interview her upon the subject. But she saw nothing of him, and gradually the fear wore away, while, as they were to return to New York by the end of another week, her mind was considerably exercised with thoughts of going to school, mingled with anxiety regarding how Mrs. Cushman would respond to the request she purposed making to that effect.

The evening previous to their departure from Lake George, Esther was kept busy until after ten o'clock, assisting Mrs. Cushman with her packing.

When she was finally released she went immediately to her own room, where her own trunk had yet to be packed. She emptied it of its contents, and then sat down upon the floor to arrange everything in an orderly and compact manner.

While thus engaged, she came across the leaden case, which her father had committed to her care or the last night of his life, and which had now become like a mountain upon her heart.

"Oh, what a burden you are!" she murmured, with a sigh, as she turned it over and over, in her hands, observing where it had been freshly soldered, and wondering if she would ever know to whom it belonged.

"Ah! if I could but have kept still one minute longer that day I might have learned the name of that lord, and that would have been something gained," she sighed, regretfully, as she recalled the snapping of the twig which had betrayed her presence to the two men down by the lake. "But I was so frightened, when I heard my name spoken, my only thought was to get away as soon as possible."

She sat thoughtfully regarding the object in her hands for some minutes longer, when, all at once, some singular influence caused a shiver to run through every fibre of her frame. Glancing up involuntarily, she saw, plainly reflected in the glass upon her dressing case, a face, partially masked, looking in at the window on the opposite side of the room.

A thrill of terror passed through her, causing her whole body to prickle, even to the tips of her fingers. She knew instinctively that one of the men, of whom she had, at that very moment, been

thinking, was observing her every movement, and must have seen the leaden case containing the precious ruby of which he was in search.

What should she do? She knew that she had betrayed her possession—that the rogue would never rest until he had exhausted every possible means to secure the treasure he so much desired.

In spite of her fear, she did not think she had betrayed a knowledge of his presence, for, after that momentary glance into the glass, her eyes had fallen again, and she had sat motionless.

He could not enter her room without forcibly raising her window, which she had closed before beginning her packing, to shut out the damp, chill air from the lake, and she did not think he would attempt such a bold step while the house was lighted and people moving about. He would probably wait until everything was quiet, and then try to rob her of the priceless ruby.

These thoughts flashed through her mind with a rapidity of lightning; then, assuming a calmness she was far from feeling, she deliberately replaced the leaden case at the bottom of her trunk, after which she proceeded with her packing until she had rearranged everything which she had taken out.

This done, she arose and moved toward her bureau, to empty the drawers of their contents, glancing again carelessly, as she did so, at the window, to find, to her intense relief, that the face had disappeared.

She longed to spring forward and draw down her curtain, but she did not wish the man to know that she had discovered his presence, so she quietly proceeded with her work until her trunk was fully packed.

Then she removed her boots, after which she began to unbutton her dress, preparatory to retiring, when she appeared to observe, for the first time, that her curtain was still up.

Very deliberately she walked to the window and drew it down, and three minutes later had extinguished her light.

But she had no intention of going to bed at present, for the next moment she was again upon her knees before her trunk, when, diving to its depths, she once more drew forth the precious casket.

"What shall I do with it?" she whispered, tremblingly. "It will never do to let it remain here, for that man certainly means to have it; he has seen the case in my hands—he saw me put it at the bottom of the trunk, and if he should break into the house and seek and not find it there, he would probably torture me to learn what I had done with it."

She sat thinking deeply for some time. "I do not want to give it to Mrs. Cushman, and tell her the secret of it," she went on at length. "I do not trust her—she might take it from me, saying I have no business with anything so valuable in my possession. No—Oh, I know what I will do!"

She sprang to her feet, seized her lamp, with some matches, from her bureau, and taking it into her closet, set it upon the floor in the furthest corner.

Then, returning to her trunk, she took from it a skein of coarse, crimson worsted, a crochet needle, and a pair of shears.

Going back to the closet, she shut the door, when she relighted her lamp, having taken all these precautions so that the light should not be seen in her room, and thus excite the suspicions of the prowler, if he should still be outside, and on the watch.

Then she began her operations. First with her shears she cut and pried off one end of the leaden case, although she was obliged to work some time before accomplishing her object.

Then, withdrawing the inner box, she removed the wonderful jewel from it, and folded the note accompanying it closely about it.

This done, she unknotted her skein of worsted, and began to wind it tightly around the package thus made, continuing her occupation until the whole was wound into a large ball.

Then, with her crochet needle, she began a piece of fancy work, crocheting steadily for half an hour or more.

"There!" she at length exclaimed, with a deeply drawn sigh, as she carefully wrapped the strip she had done around the ball and fastened it with her needle. "I don't believe anybody would ever suspect this innocent-looking ball of wool contained such a fortune."

Extinguishing her light, she went again to her trunk; thrust the

empty leaden case back into its former place, replaced the tray in to which she tossed the work she had begun, along with some other things of the same character.

Then she ran lightly down the hall to Mrs. Cushman's room and knocked upon her door.

"What is wanted?" questioned that lady, who had but just retired. "It is I, Esther," said the girl; "I came to tell you that I saw a strange man looking in at my window a little while ago. He must have climbed up on the back porch."

"Mercy!" exclaimed Mrs. Cushman, in a voice of alarm. Then, after thinking a moment, she added: "Well, light the gas in the hall, and let it burn all night. I will also burn mine, and you can keep your lamp going; burglars will never attempt to enter a house where there are so many lights."

Esther recognized this as a strong argument, and proceeded to carry out her instructions.

She did not, however, obey the order to keep her own lamp burning. She feared that by so doing she might arouse the suspicions of her masked visitor that she knew of his presence. She went into an adjoining room, that was not occupied, drew down the shades, and lighted the gas.

She reasoned that if the man did not accomplish his object that night he would be sure to seek that leaden casket in her trunk at some time in the future.

But once away from Lake George, where he had seen the case, unbroken in her hands, she felt that she could defy him—she would even dare to tell him that she had even dared to place a safety case in it, and he would probably think it was securely lodged in some safety deposit.

She was very weary when she finally retired, but she could not sleep, for her nerves were in such an excited state.

Now and then she caught a short nap, but most of the night she lay listening intently for steps and suspicious movements about the house. Not until dawn began to dawn faintly in the east did she gain anything like a sense of security; then, tired nature asserted itself, and, falling into a sound slumber, she did not awaken until after seven o'clock.

The family left for New York on the midday train, and, although Esther felt sure that, sooner or later, she would again encounter the seeker of the "twin ruby," she gave utterance to a sigh of relief over the fact that she was going back to the city where it would be more difficult to find her.

The following week, after the Cushmans were settled in their elegant home for the winter, Estherventured to again broach the subject that lay so near to her heart. It happened thus:

Mrs. Cushman came into the sewing room one morning with an armful of towels, the fringes of which was to be overcast, and after she had concluded her instructions regarding them, Esther quietly observed:

"Mrs. Cushman, the schools begin next Monday, do they not?"

"Yes, and those blouses and collars for Frank must be finished before that," the woman replied, too intent upon her own plans to think for the moment toward what the question tended.

"Well, then, I would like to go to school during the coming year," Esther continued, with a little stress on the pronoun.

"You!"

"Yes."

"Well, you can't!" snapped the matron, sharply.

"Why not, if you please?"

"Because I need your help at home."

"I will help you all I can, night and morning—I will get up an hour earlier every day—"

"It is out of the question," interposed Mrs. Cushman, with tightly compressed lips. "You told me," she added, "that you had been through the grammar school and had spent one year in the high school. If that is so, you have education enough for a girl in your position."

"But I may not always be in my present position," Esther returned, with some show of spirit, a spot of bright scarlet burning upon each cheek.

"Really! what exalted position do you contemplate occupying in the future, may I inquire?" demanded her companion, with stinging sarcasm.

"I do not know, of course," replied the girl, calmly; it was characteristic of her that as other people became excited she grew more quiet and self-possessed; "but I do not intend always to be a nurse or chambermaid."

"Indeed! Possibly you think yourself so attractive that a lord of high degree will come along some day and want to marry you," sneered the haughty woman, with a coarse laugh.

Esther would not deign a reply to the rude taunt.

She did not pause in her work, but there was a very determined expression on her young face which her task-mistress did not fail to observe, and which irritated her beyond measure.

"What has put this notion into your head?" she demanded. "Who do you imagine, is going to sup-

port you and allow you to spend six hours of every day in school?"

"But I certainly did expect, when I came to New York, that I should have an opportunity to pursue my studies," Esther firmly replied, "and I did not expect," she added, looking steadily into the face of her companion, "that I was to become the drudge that I have been made, and receive no remuneration for my services. I have more than earned a year's schooling during the six months that I have served you. I have tried to do faithfully whatever you have asked me to do, and now I demand it, as my right, that I be allowed to go on with my studies during the coming year."

Mrs. Cushman regarded her in undisguised astonishment for a moment after she ceased speaking, and while doing so she was also amazed to see how greatly she had improved in her personal appearance during the last few weeks, while the gentle dignity and self-possession with which she spoke were a sharp contrast and reprimand of her own rudeness and vulgarity.

All this did not tend to smooth her ruffled plumage. "You impudent wench! take that, and never presume to address me in this style again!" "That" was a sound box upon the cheek and ear, which echoed sharply through the room, and left the print of three fingers upon Esther's smooth cheek.

(To be continued.)

## HOLLAND'S FREE FARMERS.

In Holland there are few able-bodied paupers. There is a tract of public land containing 5,000 acres, which is divided into six small farms, and to one of these is sent the poor person applying for public relief. If he voluntarily serves till he learns agriculture, he is allowed to rent a small farm for himself, and he what is called a free farmer. Every pauper who is thus reclaimed to honest regular industry is so much gain to the State.

There is also a forced labor colony, where beggars and vagrants are sent and made to do farm and other work whether they like it or not.

## ONIONOLOGY.

After eating onions a girl should immediately sit down and persevere some work of fiction that is calculated to take her breath away.

## SPRAYING POTATOES.

The potato-spraying experiments of the New York State Experiment Station (Geneva) for 1907 and 1908 are summarized in a single "popular bulletin," No. 397-311, which is now being distributed. These two years were dry seasons, so that blight was almost wholly absent one

Sheep pastured on hillsides are apt to be near-sighted in one eye.

# The Farm

## YARDING FOWLS.

It must be remembered that yarded fowls are fowls actually in confinement. Hence the importance of having the yards as large as possible. In truth, fifteen birds should enjoy no less space than 1,300 square feet, and it would be far better for them to have 1,500 square feet. It little matters how the yard is laid out, or constructed as long as it contains the requisite amount of room to keep its inmates in perfect health, and able to produce plenty of eggs. At first thought it seems as if poultry would do better to have free range as nature intended, but if rightly confined and properly cared for this is not so. It is true that in roaming life fowls can pick up and choose such food from the fields and meadows as suits their fancy, but this, on the other hand, requires so much exercise that it results in eating to live rather than to produce any given quantity of eggs; their food, for the most part, is converted into bone and muscle, with just sufficient flesh added to keep up general health and only in the favorable seasons of the year are eggs plentifully laid. When yarded, however, it is possible to supply just such kinds of food as are wanted and furthermore determine to a certainty how many eggs each coop lays as well as get all that are laid day by day. There is no opportunity for a single egg to be lost in the grass nor for some obstinate biddy to steal her nest in some out of the way corner. Therefore while the labor in yarding fowls is doubled that they eat to feed as they require and by hand the increase in the egg yield let alone the satisfaction of knowing exactly where one's poultry is, is almost sure to be enough more to make it pay.

When pigeons have their liberty they gather considerable weed seeds. In the crop or one bird killed at nightfall were found nearly 4,000 weed seeds, and the crop was only partly filled.

## LIVE STOCK NOTES.

Get rid of the flies in the stable and eradicate their breeding places. The results of experiments by government surgeons, physicians and other medical experts afford ample backing to the statement that of all summer dangers, the fly pest is the greatest, and against them the least precautions are taken.

The advantages of providing water for bees are, first, to prevent the disease known as thirst; second, when bees are allowed to forage away from the apiary, they obtain, oftentimes, water which is impure and of so low a temperature as to be injurious to their delicate organisms, and they become chilled and can not return to the hive. Place pure water in close proximity to the colony; keep the temperature of the water right.

Frequently, horses are watered while hot and fed while hot. They are stuffed with hay and put to hard work while gorged with bulky food. Is it not a wonder that horses which are thus neglected do not break down much sooner than they do? Of course, the man who thus neglects his horses pleads the hurry of the season, and there is no objection, except upon humane grounds, to treating his horses as he may like, but does it pay? Is it profitable to wear out \$2 worth of horses to do \$1 worth of work? Does it pay to waste the flesh in order to save in some other direction? We do not believe that there is any profit in that sort of management.

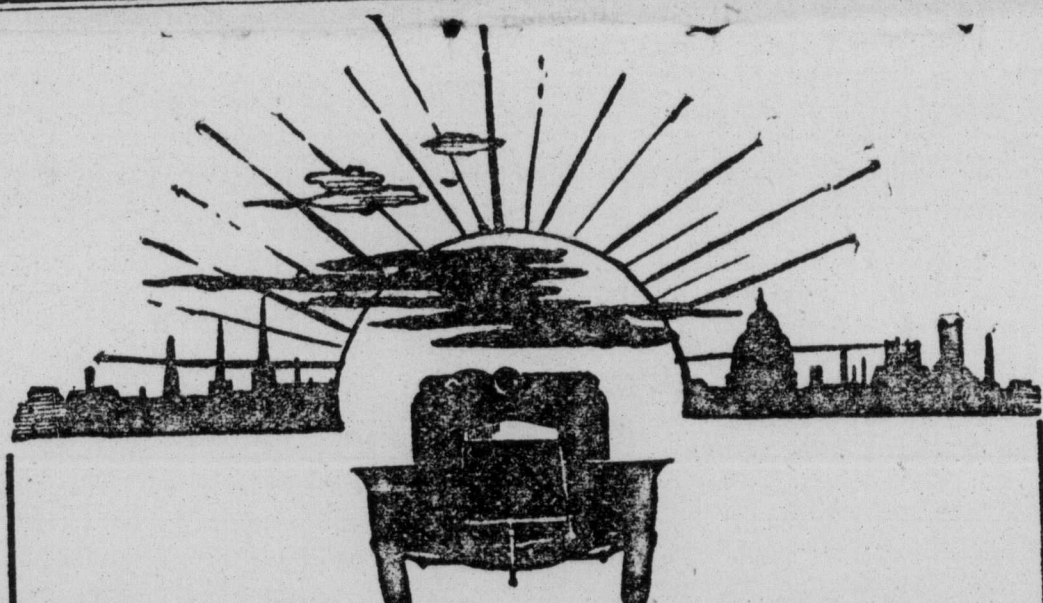
## LIONESS DEFENDS HER CUBS.

Fatally Wounds Arab Who Sought to Steal Them.

When her cubs have finished teething, the lioness leaves them a few hours each day, while she accompanies her lord and master on the prowl. The Arabs, on discovering a lair of cubs, watch for the departure of the lioness, and then rob her of the whelps. Posting themselves on a high cliff, or in a tree overhanging the lair, as soon as they see the lion and lioness go down to the plain, they creep to the lair, wrap the cubs in the folds of their berrouses, in order to smother their cries, and carry them to the edge of the wood, where men are waiting with horses. One day sixty Arabs surrounded the vicinity of a lair, and by shouts tried to rouse the lioness. She, however, remained in her hiding-place, and, thinking she had gone without their noticing her, several of the men crept into the thicket and brought out the whelps. Pleased at their success, they were retiring to their tent, when suddenly the sheikh, who was on horseback, and a little behind his men, saw the lioness rushing directly for him. He called and his nephew Meacoud and friend Ali ran to his aid. The lioness sprang at the young nephew, who, placing his gun to his shoulder, pulled the trigger when she came within six or seven feet; but the cap only exploded. The young man threw the gun away and presented his left arm wrapped in his berrouse. The lioness seized it and began crushing the bones. The young man, without a cry, drew his pistol and fired at her breast. She dropped the arm and bounded on Ali, who fired a ball down her throat as she sprang at him. He was seized by the shoulder and thrown down, but the lioness, before she could injure him greatly, expired on his prostrate body. The nephew, however, died the next day.

## DIDN'T WANT MUCH.

Old Lady—"I want an umbrella for about 50 cents, young man." Clerk—"Yes, ma'am. Have you any particular choice?" Old Lady—"Oh, I'm not particular—just so it has a silk cover and a solid silver handle."



# The New DAIMLER

## 1909 CHASSIS PRICES

Delivered C.I.F. Duty Paid to Montreal.

22 H.P.		38 H.P.	
		10 1/2 ft. Wheelbase	
Chassis	£520	Chassis	£ 730
Phaeton Car	770	Phaeton Car	930
Limousine Car	840	Limousine Car	1050
Landulette Car	850	Landulette Car	1095
38 H.P.		48 H.P.	
		9 1/2 ft. Wheelbase	
Chassis	£725	Chassis	£ 900
Phaeton Car	875	Phaeton Car	1085
Limousine Car	945	Limousine Car	1155
Landulette Car	960	Landulette Car	1175
57 H.P.			
		Six Cylinder	
Chassis	£1055	Limousine Car	1320
Phaeton Car	1225	Landulette Car	1320

For full particulars of any of the above write to

The Daimler Motor Co., (1904) Ltd.  
COVENTRY, ENGLAND.





# HIS MOMENTS MADNESS

"What's that? Who's there?" It broke in a fierce, half-scared rattle from Ben Agnew's dry lips. He was upon his feet with an unsteady bound. For what seemed hours he had sat there in that defiant stupor, hands and teeth clenched. Just in time he flung the table-cover over that smiling, arch portrait of a woman's face—Eva's face—into which he had been staring with such hypnotic fixity.

One stumble forward, a deep-drawn breath, and he stood ready. It was the quick step on the stair for which he had been unconsciously waiting so long. It was his chum, Dave Cottrell, who stood framed in the doorway there, a hand held out, his big chest heaving as after a race, his boyish face pallid with the suppressed thrill that comes but once in a man's life.

"It's me, Ben," he said. "I've run near every step. I meant—I meant that you, my old chum, should be first to wish me—wish us both—!" It sank away. Slowly his hand went down. "Ben," he whispered, "what's the matter?"

He stood, the pallor deepening, the smile dying out of his wide blue eyes.

"Go on!" Agnew's throat suddenly forced out the rattle. "You have seen her—made her speak her woman's mind at last. Go on!"

And Dave's voice came weak and subdued through that thick pause.

"I forgot. I'm sorry, old chap; I started you springing in unawares. Yes, she has given me the promise at last—at last! I can't explain. I simply said that I could not live on without her—or without a reason for her silence. It was not—it was not as if I could not hope to give her a home that would make her happy. She is to choose it for herself—her own furniture—everything! I have only to wait a few weeks longer. Weeks! Ben, old chum, you understand?"

He half turned, a hand to his eyes, as if fearing to awake. What it had cost the other man to stifle that roar of fierce, ironic laughter he was never to know.

All over! In the dusk Agnew felt out for his chair. Deep down in his mind he had been vaguely prepared; yet it came now as a grotesque shock. She had turned from him to marry Dave Cottrell—for Dave's bit of money!

He held his breath, staring into space. Just a few hissing sentences were all that was needed to bring down for ever this big, simple fellow's sublime faith in her. "Go back and ask her how often the scale has swayed! Her letters to me prove that I could have won that same promise. But I was only a happy-go-lucky penny-a-liner, spending more than I earned. And then you, my chum, came on the scene—with the money you have saved. And gold won. Not love! Realize it for all time; she has given you the Judas kiss!"

Again and again his lips parted, as the crimson impulse surged up, and each time, as he looked at Cottrell's still, wishful figure at the door, there surged up, too, the thought silently into his hand in the dark hour of journalistic struggle. All that was best in him fought madly against the brutal thing—implored to keep at least a merciful silence—for Dave's sake, not hers.

He stumbled suddenly toward the door, pushed heavily past, groped a way up the stairs, and crashed open the door of his bedroom. Eva had sold herself—for gold! She could go; she should pay the price of her mercenary mistake to the uttermost. Even now he could step between them and make an eleven-hour romance of it—a triumph for himself, a tragedy for Dave. But, no; enough in itself to picture Eva, mated or life to slow, simple, plodding Cottrell, who had the mind of a child in his big, rugged body.

An hour had passed. Quite dark now. He would not move. Not safe to trust himself face to face again with that other happy man—to-night—perhaps never again in life. Long before dawn the problem of the unbearable position must solve itself for good or for evil.

It did. As the grey and gold light stole in Ben Agnew stole out. He had his boxes. He had left some coins for the landlady and a vague, chilling little note of farewell for Cottrell. That was all. By mid-day he found himself in new, strange apartments, miles away. All London lay between. He need never have to look into Dave's blue, wide eyes again; and as for the woman—he told himself that his love had already merged into contempt. Fate would do the rest. The halter of wedlock with the wrong man should remain about her white neck for all time. Slow months ticked by—months of stubborn, suppressed perversity, that had aged him by as many years. They had been man and wife some time now, he knew. What was happening in all this silence? Perhaps—just possibly, they were quite happy.

That thought ate slowly into him. Not even yet had he admitted to himself that his chance with Eva was lost for ever. She would be chafing, like a caged bird. If he could catch a glimpse of her face once—just once—he would know!

It was early—supremely, dangerously early. He shadowed Dave home from his City place of business one evening. He drew a deep, quivering breath as the door of the detached villa closed behind Dave. A deadly fascination—the nameless sudden thought that some sort of revenge for all was still open to him—held him near the spot. Presently the door opened again. Dave came out and strode away down the lamp-lit, quiet street.

The blood suddenly surged in a wave to Agnew's brain. As he crept nearer, a curtain beyond the French window had stirred. A woman stood there, looking out. She saw nothing. It was Eva. Eva—her beautiful dark eyes gazing thoughtfully past him. Only the sheet of glass between!

Before he knew it—before he could count the possible cost—he had taken a leaping little run up the path and pushed at the glass doors. They went slowly back. There was no need of his breathless warning to check her cry. To her, maybe, at that moment, he was as a figure risen from the dead. The slow whisper that at last struggled from her lips was hushed with awe and pity.

"Ben! You! You have come at last to see your friend—my husband!"

"No!" There was a note of triumph, of challenge, palpitating beneath his huskiness. He was craning forward to look deep into her eyes. That dilated fear in them could only mean that she was paying the price of her mistake in full.

"No!" Did you tell yourself I was effaced?—that I could stifle all my own hopes as easily as that? Eva! Just one moment—the last! Look me in the face. Dare to tell me that you are happy even with all that his money can give you! That is all I ask to-night!"

"Yes, yes. I know now. You think to remind me that I played a part when I gave him my promise. You told yourself that you only had to wait and one breath of disillusion would break his heart and turn him cold. You are too late! You would not think of it. You knew him so well. Oh, Ben—no!"

"What of me?" he demanded, thickly. "What have I suffered? Think a moment."

"Too late!" she repeated, on that low, rapt note. "I only live to make reparation to him—to give him back in full the affection he has given me! I was weak, blind, then; but not now! What you thought was a mistake—the mistake that might end in my hating him, and thus giving you your revenge, —has roughed me a happiness I strive to deserve. I honor him—my Dave! Yes, even if I were not worthy of his love and care, I should be something less than a woman if I listened to you. You, who were his trusted friend, hoped in your heart that you could crush him. Vile! Ben, if you respect me—respect your own manhood—go!"

"My manhood!" He echoed it sneeringly, not stirring. He scarcely knew what he said. "Once in those 'weak' days, you wrote letters to me that you would not care for him to see now! You are deceiving yourself to save him. You are letting him live on in a fool's paradise. Eva, no! Listen! As Heaven hears me, I did not come to say one such word as this; but I'll never believe that in my heart."

"Go!" she said again, her slight figure drawn up. "Let that word convince you. I love him, treasure him, more than life itself. And he knows it. That is my answer. Go!"

The glass doors swung together. On the outer side, his hands and teeth clenched, was left a man in whom all that is weakest in human nature fought for some vent.

Dave Cottrell! Dave had robbed him of her, blackened his life, even if all unknowingly. But what if Dave were made to realize that he had only won a hollow, legal right to call her his? If he waited there long enough—if he dared trust himself to look full into the other man's eyes, speak of those old letters of hers, and tell him that he was selfishly chaining her to a life of silent martyrdom—yes, such a barb as that must find its mark!

Suddenly, convulsively, he started. Some hand was gripping his shoulder. Slowly he brought his haggard, hunted face round. Dave Cottrell stood there—big, boyish, simple-minded as of old—vast wonder and delight struggling together in his blue eyes.

"Ben! My old chum—Ben!" he said, in his deep voice, that refused to break. "You've come at last—at last! I knew you would. I knew it!"

The pause—that pause while the vehicles and figures moved by as in the muffled atmosphere of a dream. The words that would shatter his abiding trust were thronging in Agnew's throat; but they would not sound—not yet. And presently even Cottrell seemed to divine something deeper beneath it all. The loving, determined grip tightened.

"No, not here!" he said. "You were here, to see me. You wanted to explain—but you cannot. My home is yours. Come straight in with me; let the blank be forgotten!"

Agnew stood stiff. His throat rattled, but that was all. And in that moment the pained blue eyes seemed to take in his haggardness, his slabbiness, his recklessness, and Dave's hand drew back quickly, and seemed to be fumbling in his breast-pockets. His averted face worked oddly. Then, of a sudden, Ben Agnew found something thrust between his clenched fingers.

"You will—for old times' sake," came the whisper. "You need help; you are too proud to ask it of me. Not a word. If I've found such happiness in my own new life, let me think that I could do a little something. Good night!"

It broke off in a sort of a sharp sob that would not be suppressed. He turned and strode quickly away. As the door of the house closed behind him Agnew's staring eyes looked down. He was clutching a little roll of Bank-notes, the gift of the man whom he had waited there to crush.

It was the psychic moment in which the turn of the scales meant all. And the scale went down—down! Something seemed to have snapped in his brain. With a moan of hate a chair he crushed the notes into a pellet, to hurl them back at the house—and then paused.

How long he remained in that quiet spot in the same rigid, craning position, that one nameless thought burning in him, he would never know. All had grown still; the street was deserted; the lights in the windows had gone out one by one. Those bank-notes—he was clutching them still. Destroy them? What was their loss to the man who had found happiness? But—but to use them as a brand to destroy the house that Cottrell had bought and prepared for his bride—oh, the exquisite, fiendish irony of that sudden mental illumination! To see the glare going higher, higher! To read to-morrow that Cottrell and his Eva had stood mutely watching the blackened shell of their nest!

He had no sense of fear—could not realize anything deeper—as he looked around and then went creeping up the path again. He seemed to be like an animal absorbed only by the thought of its prey. It was purely automatically cunning which took him toward those glass-doors which suggested to him that perhaps he had been about to lock them, and had forgotten in her dread. If not, there were a score of other ways. Passion is brief madness; and nothing can baffle the cunning of the madman.

He pushed, and they yielded a little. That was enough. He stooped, put a lighted match to the small sheet of bank-notes, and held them against the lowest fold of the thick curtain. His fingers were scorched, but he scarcely knew that. A hole had been burned; the edges of it glowed. Bending lower, he puffed in panting breath upon the flame, and a greenish-yellow flare suddenly curled up. Ablaze! He drew back, hardly breathing, the sweat pouring down his face. One inner voice cried, "Stamp it out!" Another yelled, "Let it burn!" And now it was out of human hands. A breeze had passed him and fanned the flame. With a hissing little roar it caught some lace hangings near, devoured them before his eyes, and was licking at the walls and woodwork. With a low cry of part horror, part exultation—Ben Agnew stumbled up and was gone.

"Dave! Dave!"

It was a woman's swooning cry, as they bore her out of the danger zone and let the fresh air of heaven play upon her dead-white face. It came from Eva's lips, and was heard and whispered back through the spellbound crowd that seemed to have massed there by magic.

"My husband! Save my Dave!"

The crowd had sprung up from dreams, to realize the red glare that threw an unholy light over all. They seemed to be dreaming still. Her husband—Dave! All had happened as in a flash of time. They had seen him stagger to that topmost window, look out upon the firemen and the gathering mass of figures below, and then vanish. No! The half-suppressed roar went up. He was back, bearing in his arms the woman—his wife. A struggling fireman, half-blinded by the smoke and spray, had caught her as she dropped from his grasp—another lower down had caught her in turn. And the man? He would jump—he must! The rooms below were belching flames that curled hungrily about him as he hesitated.

"Jump!" went up the roar from a hundred parched throats. There was ghastly silence as he protruded his head and shoulders again—and then as incredulous moan as he slipped back—overcome, beyond help, in death's very grip.

"Can't do it!" The husky shouts and made dash upon dash for the topmost window. The fire-escape, blustered and blazing in a whirl of flame, stood useless. No volume of water could beat down in time the lava of destruction that poured out from the whole lower portion of the house—flames that seemed to expand like a fan on every living approach. "Can't be done!" Suffocation had claimed him, even if the flames failed.

And then—suddenly—a wedge seemed to be driven through the dense, fascinated crowd. Men and women were hurled back by one panting, staring, sobbing man, who fought a mad, resistless way through the close ranks. He seemed to have the strength of a Titan. He was through, the clothes half torn from his body. Constables sprang, but he fought them back. In the same instant, it seemed, he was on his knees by the side of the woman who lay there so pale and still. Eva? His lips had darted a touch upon her forehead.

"Eva!" He cried it in a crackling voice. "Look up! You know me! Will you know who saved Dave?"

Ere anyone could realize, he was at the foot of the nearest ladder. Shouts warned him back, hands were thrust up to drag him down; but he fought like a madman and got his boot up—up! They saw his head thrown back, as the red fury sprang at him. They saw—but they closed their eyes to that, and prayed to forget. He was just a moving, nebulous something now in the wreathing whirl. Never—never—yes! He had groped for the inner sill, and gripped it. A moment—a never-forgotten moment—and then, as with a superhuman struggle, he had dragged himself through. Oh, Heaven, the lifetime of suspense crowded into that next moment!

One—two—three—and then the delicious hurricane of sound was let loose. "Here! His name—his name! Victoria Cross for a hero!"

He was facing them—but, as they afterwards knew, not seeing them. He bore something in his arms; something around which a rug had been flung. He leaned out, groping again for the charred ladder. It was a feeble effort; even such strength was all but spent. He was staggering back under his living incubus.

"Let him drop! Leap for your life!"

He heard. He balanced his burden upon the hot framework for one instant, and then toppled it forward with all his last strength. It was caught just on the edge of a tarpaulin sheet held out by men who risked their own lives in the last rush of all. Yet one more instant he stood, a discolored hand to his eyes. "Leap!" the roar swelled again. And he clambered feebly up, threw out his arms, and dropped like a stone. The shouts and sob, maybe, reached his dulled brain and told him what he had done that night, but the rest—the rest was blotted out.

He was not to realize until long afterwards—until months had seemed to pass.

He lay upon a white bed, in some spotless ward. But he only knew that when they told him. The bandage was gone from his eyes, but the darkness remained. That would never lift. He was blind.

"You can hear it?" a woman's hushed whisper—Eva's whisper—asked him again and again. "You can hear it, if you know it is his hand you are holding—if you know that he has forgiven with all his heart the wrong you have confessed to us in your delirium? He's here, he's listening; he wants to know—your old chum, Dave."

"Yes," Ben whispered faintly back. "Tell him—yes. Dave knows—and Heaven knows—that the price has been paid."—London Tit-Bits.

## ABOUT THE HOUSE

### SEASONABLE RECIPES.

**Green Peppers as Salad Holders.**—A nice way to put salads in a lunch box is to use green sweet peppers. Remove the seeds after cutting off the small end of each pepper and stuff them with the salad.

**Cooking New Potatoes.**—Place them in boiling water with two or three sprigs of mint. When they are cooked and drained pour over them some melted butter. The mint adds a more delicate flavor. New potatoes should have the skins removed by rubbing them with a brush. When rubbed they will be white and smooth.

**Strawberry Pie.**—Make rich pie crust and line you pie pan; bake crust; then fill crust with fresh strawberries, sugar to taste, cover with the well-beaten whites of two eggs, add a tablespoonful of sugar and a few drops of vanilla; return to oven and bake to a light brown. This makes a delicious dessert. Raspberries or ripe peaches may be used instead of strawberries.

**How to Cook Peas.**—Take the outside leaves of lettuce and lay them in the bottom of a sauce pan; then put the peas on top of the lettuce leaves and gradually bring them up to a boil. The juice from the lettuce leaves is sufficient to cook them without the aid of water and gives them a delicious flavor. Cook them over a slow fire. Before serving them put a piece of butter on top of the peas—almost the size of a nutmeg.

**Lucana Potatoes.**—Wash and bake six large potatoes, cut a slice from the top of each potato, scoop out the inside and mash. To three cupfuls of mashed potato add six cupfuls of finely chopped ham, two tablespoons of finely chopped parsley, whites of two eggs, well beaten, four tablespoons of cream or rich milk, salt and pepper to taste. Line potato shells with this mixture, place in each cavity a poached egg, and cover well the mixture and bake until browned. Poach the egg delicately. Boiled stuffed potatoes are popular.

**Preserved Whole Gooseberries.**—Make a strong syrup, two pounds of sugar to a pint of water. Pierce gooseberries in several places and put them in the syrup, then take them from the range and let the gooseberries remain in the syrup all night. Repeat twice, reheat, stopping just short of boiling point, again letting berries stand overnight in syrup. While still cold place them in bottles and pour the syrup over them; place bottles in water. Should the berries seem to be cracking before the water boils, remove the bottles at once and seal; otherwise let stand until water is at boiling point.

**When slicing pineapple.**—Pull the stem out and with a sharp knife slice in round circles or rings about one-half inch thick, then place each circle flat, trim off the rind so as to include the eyes, and your circle is ready to slice toward the core in the centre. By this method two large pineapples may be sliced in a few minutes. The prudent housewife who considers waste a sin and would make the best of everything, should save the pineapple parings, wash, and put them over the fire with just enough water to prevent burning. When they have boiled soft, squeeze and strain them through cheesecloth. Measure the liquid, return to the fire, add a pound of sugar for a pint of liquid, cook a few minutes, skim, and you have a delicious jelly.

### IN THE LAUNDRY.

To remove grass stains from cotton gowns wash in alcohol.

When ironing roller towels try slipping them over the board as you would a skirt. They are half the trouble and the edges meet when folded.

In laundering Madras curtains the newness will be preserved with less trouble than in using "stretchers" if while wet they are placed one at a time full width on the rod at the window, another rod being run through the hem of the lower edge of the curtain, removing when perfectly dry. Experience has proven this an easy and satisfactory process.

To successfully iron the present long sleeves on shirt waists, you must slip your left hand into the sleeve to the point, spreading the fingers to flatten out sleeve; begin by ironing the point, then turn hand over the sleeve with it, and iron other side, gradually working upward by ironing first on one side then on other, keeping your fingers spread, and pulling your hand back as you proceed. You will have a nicely ironed sleeve, tucks and insets notwithstanding.

**Family Washing.**—To a boiler of water add one cup washing fluid and one bar of good soap. While heating sort the clothes, making four piles—best white in one, second best white in the second, common white in the third, and colored in the fourth. Put the best clothes into the washer, adding one and one-half pails of hot water from the boiler and then enough cold

water to cover. Turn the washer wheel from fifty to a hundred times. Wring out the clothes and put into the boiler. If needed add more water to boiler. Let clothes boil well. While the first boil wash the second. Take the first from the boiler and put in second, adding one-half cup fluid. Treat all the white in the same way. Then wash the colored without boiling. Put clean cold water in washer. Wash all the clothes through. Then rinse in the washer by giving a few turns to the wheel. Starch without blueing and hang out. Should be done in less than two hours. Washing Fluid.—One box of lye, one and one-half gallons water, one ounce liquid ammonia, one tablespoonful of salts of tartar.

### HOME HINTS.

If a child evinces any weakness in its ankles, rub the affected part daily with warm salt water. Sea water is the best, but a good substitute is a teaspoonful of kitchen salt dissolved in a pint of water.

Old umbrellas may be made use of in the kitchen. Strip the frame, and hang it up by the handle. You will then find the ribs useful for hanging collars and handkerchiefs to dry.

If in cooking the whites of eggs are required at once, and it is intended to use the yolks later on in the day, they should not be left exposed to the air, or they will harden and become useless. The best plan is to beat up the yolks with a very little water, and then place them in a covered bowl in a cool place.

A convenient method of removing the close-fitting cover from a new can of baking-powder, shoe-polish, etc., is to place the can on its side on the floor with a piece of paper under it, and stepping on the cover, roll it backward and forward under the foot. This will cause the tightest cover to drop off with very little trouble.

A man's discarded felt hat can be turned to many uses. The thin leather lining may be cut into narrow strips, and sewn around trousers-leg bottoms inside. They will not then fray out. The felt itself can be made quite flat by heat. It makes excellent insoles for boots, is warm, and wears better than ordinary cork soles.

For burns and scalds nothing is more soothing than the white of an egg, which may be poured over the wound. It is softer as a varnish for a burn than a colloidion, and being always at hand can be applied immediately. It is also more cooling than the sweet oil and cotton which was formerly supposed to be the surest application to allay the smarting pain.

Here is a little hint on how to "get up" a lace necktie or scarf without the help of a hot iron. Wash the lace by squeezing in a lather of hot water and soap until it is quite clean; rinse it, r out at the edges, and then fold the lace in half and roll it up evenly, pulling out the edges as you go. Leave it folded up for about a quarter of an hour, then unroll it, but leave it still folded in half. Pull it carefully lengthwise and across to keep it in shape, and hang it (still folded in half) over a towel horse. When dry the lace should look as well as if it had been ironed.

**THIS KING IN BAD HEALTH.**

**Cambodia's Ruler Making Things Uncomfortable.**

The Paris Journal learns from Cambodia that all is not well with King Sisowath, whose health is being undermined by rheumatism and other ills. He is a difficult patient with whom to deal, and the French Resident is somewhat uneasy with regard to him.

The King has become neurasthenic; he complains that the dancers of his palace no longer dance as they used to; that the elephants of the palace die one after the other—a bad omen—and that the workers in the royal art palace do not work with good will. The monarch flies into temper at the slightest provocation, or without any at all.

King Sisowath is also troubled on religious matters. He sent for a French missionary, and, it is said, asked what he would have to do to become a Catholic. The populace is ignorant of these facts, but the King's entourage is aware of it, and views the situation with uneasiness. The Bonzes are opposed to the conversion of Sisowath, and declare that if need be they will shut him up in one of their convents.

The question of a successor to Sisowath is already being discussed. Sisowath himself desires to be succeeded by his young son Sonphanovong; the Bonzes and the Ministers, however, favor the eldest son of the King, Monivong, an ensign in the French army, at present at Pnom Penh, who is known to be well disposed towards France.

### HIGHER EDUCATION.

Little Willie—"Say, pa; what is the higher education?"

Pa—"The higher education, my son, is one that teaches young man that he must work in order to earn an honest living."

### 3,000,000 BURIED COINS.

**Prospectors Say They Know Where It is Buried.**

The startling story of the hidden treasure of King Lobengula, which is now agitating South Africa, is in the main probably quite correct. According to the Transvaal Leader, it consists of £3,000,000 in British coined gold, besides bar gold and dust, quantities of diamonds, and ten wagon-loads of ivory.

That the dusky chief of the Matabelle was possessed of great wealth at the time of his death is fairly certain. It was seen by many white people of repute, one of whom estimated the total value of the hoard as being certainly not less than five millions sterling.

Very little of this was found at his capital, Bulawayo, when it was occupied by the Chartered Company's forces in November, 1893; but a certain amount of coined gold was discovered and looted by the Bechuanaland police, who were first in.

Thus, two men, named Wilson and Daniels, were proved later on to have appropriated one thousand sovereigns between them, and were sentenced to fourteen years' penal servitude. Another man, who escaped, carried off £1,200 in his saddle-bags.

But for the most part, the treasure was removed by Lobengula's orders before the British occupation, and it is known that it accompanied the King in his wanderings up the Zambesi valley. What became of it after his death, however, has always been a mystery.

This mystery, it is confidently affirmed, is now about to be cleared up, a party of prospectors from Johannesburg being actually on their way to the spot where they say they know it to be buried. The cost of their expedition is high, some £5,000 in all, for the district where they are operating is a savage and desolate one. But if success crowns their efforts, and they are confident that it will, they will recoup themselves a thousand times over.—Pearson's Weekly.

Your luck is good if the other fellow's is worse.



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JULY 30, 1909.

### GET AN INTEREST IN THE FAIR

The Premium List for the Cardston Agricultural Fair Association has just been issued from the Star press. The success of the Fair, which is to be held on Sept. 28 and 29th, cannot be made what it should be, simply on the two days appointed, nor can the directorate attain the result all by themselves, but it depends upon the several Exhibitors.

Now is the time for the farmers, gardeners poultry and stock men, with grain, vegetables, stock, poultry and other things on the prize list to start getting ready for the Fair.

A careful perusal of the list will show that the prizes given make it worth while to make some extra exertion toward the part we shall take in the exhibition.

But aside from the financial view of the question, it is a duty of those who have the stuff suitable to make an exhibition of it.

These Fairs are the best possible means of publicity and it is to show the great possibilities afforded by the country, that every one should lay an obligation upon himself to make each succeeding show a greater success than the one preceding it.

People come to these fairs from all parts to see what the country can produce, and when there is a lack of exhibits, they come to the conclusion that we do not have the stuff, thereby getting a wrong impression of the whole Country.

Now is the best time to make selections of the very best samples of grasses, and for that purpose every person who has some extra good growth should hand pick, or, carefully select the best samples, see to it that they are cured and safely stored until fair time then to make the entries properly and thus become a booster if not altogether a money-maker.

The gardener should now mark the choicest of his plants and if needs be, give a little extra touch to the cultivation of his choice vegetables and it may be a material advantage if dry weather continues, to apply the needed moisture from a sprinkling can. The good house-wife too, can be nourishing the finest of her house plants, or the best of the garden flowers in order to make the show better and brighter. We recall with considerable regret that at the fair held last year there were only two collections of wild grasses and the same of tame. It was also an adverse comment which was offered about the display of threshed grains. True, the storms did go a long way toward preventing the placing of many exhibits which had been entered and it is to urge upon all to provide if possible against such an emergency being repeated, that we make this appeal. From present appearances this year will prove the most successful the district has passed through so let every person become an exhibitor or a booster. We certainly owe it to the officers of the Association and to ourselves,

### CEMENT SIDEWALK TO THE STATION

The good people owning property along the way now have a petition ready to present to the Town Council asking for a cement sidewalk extending from main street two blocks west from Allen's store and one block north to the railway station. The council, however, can, of course, carry the walk no further than the edge of the reserve, but we are informed that Hon. P. L. Naismith, general manager of the A. R. & I. Co., has generously signified the willingness of his company to meet the Town in a reasonable manner in regard to extending the walk right up to the station building over the company's property. As it will be necessary to have the cement thoroughly dried before frost comes, work will no doubt commence right away.

### REJUVENATING THE WATER SYSTEM

From what we learn, Mayor Brown and the Town Council appear to be in the position of the hunters who went into a cave after a squirrel and found a bear.

They laid out to give the people a rejuvenated water system; first to clean out and cement up the little cracks in the tank on the hill, afterwards to repair the leaks in the mains, and, later, to instal new service that is in such demand in different parts of town.

But they found the tank in such a condition that instead of taking a day to fix it, as was anticipated, it took over a week. They found that the bottom of the tank had sunk away from the sides so that there was a crack nearly a foot wide between the bottom and the side walls, near the middle. Besides this, there were numerous outlets in the walls, and a great fissure in one corner through which a man could thrust his arm; and the entire surrounding hill was so saturated with water that, after the tank was emptied the water continued to flow back into the tank for two days. But finally, the tank was cleaned and dried so that cement would hold, and the work of repairing has been done thoroughly. Meantime the pump was kept running day and night, pumping water directly into the mains, so as to keep water-takers supplied as far as possible. But the situation demanded patience on the part of the people, and so far as we have been able to learn, very little complaint was made. So long as the people know that everything possible is being done in their service, they are slow to complain. And this is as it should be.

Now that the tank is in good repair, work has begun on the mains and it is hoped that very little inconvenience will be given the water-takers while this labor is under way.

In the meantime two more blocks of piping have been ordered with which to extend the mains. Here's hoping the Mayor and his Council will not be discouraged in the good work.

### SUCCESS TO "UNCLE TOM"

Now that the matter of a swimming hole for our boys, as we are informed, is being taken in hand by President Thomas Duce, something may be expected to be done. "Uncle Tom," proposes to use a small part of the surplus funds left over from our patriotic celebration of Dominion Day, to fit up a good swimming pool just below town, and if he can get the support of the several chairmen of the other committees, the work will be undertaken at once.

The funds were contributed by the citizens of the town in the interest of pleasure, and a small part could be used in no better way than to provide a healthful, pleasant and profitable pastime for our boys. What shall be done with the rest of the fund? No doubt the committee would be glad to hear from the public.

# BURTON'S VARIETY STORE

"Cash Goods at Cash Prices"

# Fruit Jars at the Lowest Price In Alberta

Extra Rubber Rings  
and Glass Tops

Burton's Variety Store

DON'T FAIL TO CALL ON

## THE LAYNE-HENSON MUSIC CO.

—FOR—

All kinds of Musical Instruments and Sheet Music.  
Gourlay, Mason-Risch, Weber, Newcomb, Classic, H. Herbert Pianos  
Sherlock-Manning, Doherty and Mason-Risch Organs  
Orchestras furnished for Dances, Socials, etc.

Mail orders promptly attended to

Edison Talking Machines

Don't forget the place. Opposite Post Office

## PENNOYER & OLAND

Contractors & Builders

## Money To Loan

On Improved Farms and City Properties

At lowest Rates. No delays

The Canadian Birkbeck Investment and Savings Company

Capital paid up \$1,100,000

For full information, apply to

Dr. Stacpoole or to W. S. Johnston, Barrister, Cardston

The Alberta Lumber & Hardware Co. have established a branch at Raymond. The new branch is situated just west of the Card Hotel. Six cars of lumber is already on the grounds, and offices and sheds will be erected immediately.

An aggregation of "Baseball Players" from Leavitt blew into town on Saturday last, and played a match with our local nine. The game was merely a farce—Cardston winning by a score of 23-0. More practice, Leavitt!

## Roy L. Folsom GENERAL BLACKSMITH

Dealer in Blacksmith Supplies—Hardwood, Spokes  
Fellies, Tongues, Bar Iron and Steel, Blacksmith Coal.

The only up-to-date Disc  
Sharpener in Cardston

We have facilities for sharpening 200 plow  
blades per day. Feed chopping in connection.

All work promptly attended to and  
prices reasonable

## UNION BANK OF CANADA

Capital, Rest and Undivided  
Profits Exceed  
\$5,000,000

### Provide for the Future

You have no guarantee that you will always be able to do your present work, or make your present income. It is

wise, therefore,—necessary in fact—to lay aside a certain amount regularly, and build up a reserve fund.

The best way to do this is to open a Savings Account in the Union Bank, on which interest will be paid regularly at highest current rates.

It will lessen your worries, and increase your self-respect.

Cardston Branch. G. M. Proud Manager.



## Local and General.

A splendid rain fell throughout the district on Monday last.

Ideal weather for the hay-makers.

New potatoes and new cabbage arrived at Phipps.

The Primary Association is giving a dance in the Assembly Hall this afternoon.

We have oranges, peaches, plums, bananas, and nuts of all kinds—Phipps.

Misses Florence Olsen, Leone Archibald, and Ivy Leavitt, were visitors at Magrath last week.

Are you aware of the fact that you are on the last lap of the year 1909?

If you want a good meal when in town, go to Phipps Restaurant and get it.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Spencer and Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Low, returned on Tuesday from Seattle. They report a delightful time.

Asa Brown has been appointed agent for the "Home Steam Laundry Machine." See ad. in this issue.

President Wood and party, during their recent visit north, organized a new ward just east of Claresholm. It will be known as the Star Line Ward.

Edison machines and records just arrived. Plenty of recorders and blanks to make your own records, also sheet music reduced to 5c a copy at Layne-Henson Music Co.

REWARD—\$5 per head reward will be given for the recovery of any horses branded 2-1 on left thigh, or HS on left shoulder. Apply,

Herbert W. Savory,  
Box 240  
Lethbridge, Alta.

We received a subscription this week from G. E. Goodenough Morrison, Ill. Mr. Goodenough recently purchased 960 acres of land near Spring Coulee, and he expects to put in 500 acres of wheat this fall.

Edmonton, Alta., July 27.—In the course of the next few weeks a convention of Liberals of Strathcona Federal constituency will be held, probably at Wetaskiwin to decide upon a candidate to contest the by-election resulting from the death of Dr. McIntyre.

Now that our town is to have an installment of water works system our next civic improvement should be granolithic sidewalks. Magrath and Cardston are installing these, let us not be behind them.—Raymond Rustler,

The Farm Security Co., Minneapolis, branch of the O. W. Kerr Company, bought a half section last week from Dan Thompson. Cash was paid for the land, which is situated southeast of Kimball. Immediately after the transaction, the Company in turn, disposed of the plot on the crop payment plan to Mr. Talbot, Kimball. The deal was put through by Mr. Owen, who is the local agent for the company. Another transaction last week by the above firm on the same terms, was the buying of the half section from E. L. Pilling, near Aetna and selling it to Mr. Dawson, Kimball.

Claresholm Review: "Bill" Bailey, who was arrested at Nelson on a charge of stealing \$25 from the room of Mrs. Sutcliffe, housekeeper at a Granum hotel, was tried before Judge Carpenter, at Macleod, on Friday and was sent to jail for three months. Mrs. Sutcliffe didn't appear but the court admitted a confession made to Pte. Smith, R.N.W.M.P., and sent the prisoner down.

A picked baseball nine from the city amateur league journeyed to Raymond on Saturday and there received a trimming. The score was 8-4. Both teams made an even break on the matter of errors, but the home nine connected with the ball oftener and at more opportune times with success. The visitors have a grievance over the umpiring which was coarse in the extreme, and much against them they say. However, the superb pitching of Roy O'Brien was mainly responsible for Raymond winning.—Lethbridge Herald

The statement that Montreal's shipping tonnage has doubled in five years, and that it handles a greater volume of business than any other port on the continent, is highly gratifying to all who regard the St. Lawrence route as the natural and ultimate outlet for the exports of the greater part of North America,

Boost for the Cardston Fair.

Dr. Cartwright, Dentist, is in town, at the Cahoon Hotel.

We are receiving fresh fruits daily and can supply you with same, at Phipps.

Mr. Burt Kelly, Spring Coulee is erecting a fine new residence near the store there.

If you are going to the lakes you can get your supply of bread at Phipps.

Pioneer Day was celebrated at Aetna and a good time is reported.

Messrs. E. W. and F. Burton returned on Wednesday from attending the Fair at Seattle.

Several parties from Magrath passed through this week enroute to the Waterton Lakes.

The Maple Leaf Baseball Team of Lethbridge is trying to arrange for a match with our local team.

Mr. Golden Woolf is now stationed at Pincher Creek, in the employ of District Engineer Gordon, who is at present surveying in that locality.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Henson, Orton, were visitors in town this week. Mr. Henson reports the crops to be in a flourishing condition, and up to the 1908 mark.

The Layne-Henson Music Co. will occupy the middle building of the new Spencer & Stoddard Block. The building is now nearing completion.

STRAY—I have on my place three miles due west of town the following stray horse: Dark bay, branded I and crowfoot on right shoulder. Address Wm. Blackmore, Cardston.

The Pollard Opera Company, the first Pollard adult company to tour America and Canada, appeared in Cardston a week ago Tuesday and Wednesday. Fair sized audiences witnessed the performances, which were said to be very creditable. The musical farce, "Widow O'Brien" was presented on the first evening.

Pioneer Day was celebrated in grand style on Friday last. The days program was in charge of the Sabbath School, and was ably carried out. Woolf's Grove, where the celebration was held, proved to be ideal picnic grounds, and although it is across the St. Mary's River, many people were present and all report an enjoyable time. The "doings" were brought to a close by a grand ball in the evening at the Assembly Hall.

They have praises for the umpire as three balls are being announced.

But eulogies are easily forgotten.

Three strikes in quick succession: opinion then announced, Is Rotten, Very R-R-Rotten, Chase him, Rotten.

Cobalt and Sudbury have done a lot to make Canada famous throughout the earth. The one is the world's greatest silver camp, and the other the world's greatest nickle producer. The one last year yielded over \$9,000,000 worth of silver, and the other nearly \$2,000,000 worth of nickle. Cobalt has placed Ontario in ninth place amongst all silver-producing countries. The Province mined over \$500,000 worth of iron ore during 1908.

At this time of gradual recuperation in business on this continent, it is of great moment that the United States is promised the largest corn crop in its history. For the first time on record the yield of this most important cereal is likely to rise over the three billion bushel mark. The indications for the oat harvest is that it will all but touch the previous high record. A pretty heavy wheat crop is expected, and it will probably bring unusually good prices. According to this optimistic forecast the United States railways will have plenty of business in hauling the grain to market, and the farmers will have so much money that they will hardly know what to do with it.

For neglecting to destroy noxious weeds after having been given notice to do so by the Weed Inspector, a farmer in the vicinity of Medicine Hat was brought before Inspector Parker of the Royal North West Mounted Police on Friday, July 16th, and fined \$13.00 and costs. This is the first infringement of the Noxious Weeds Act this season and should be a warning to farmers and others who have noxious weeds on their property. It is the intention of the Weed Inspectors to see that their instructions are carried out this season.

## Money To Loan

Plenty of It

If your property is improved you can get the money

—See—

**A. M. HEPPLER**

The Cardston Realty Co. Ltd. Office

### A Perfect Home Steam Laundry Machine

Washes Clothes in 5 minutes without Labor

Test one in your own home free of charge

For information, guarantee, etc., see

**Asa Brown - Cardston**  
AGENT

Machine on view at Folson's Lumber Co. Office

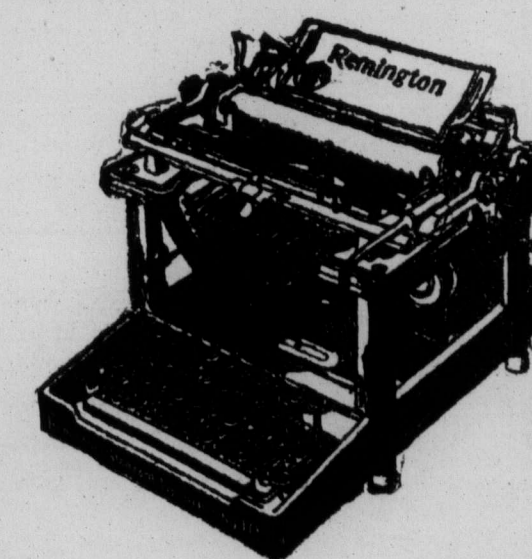
Ottawa, Ont., July 27th.—In the present state of speculation in futures considerable importance naturally attaches to the world's visible supply of wheat, that with residue of last season's crop has not yet been marketed. It will therefore be interesting now that Canada has become a factor in the world's bread supply to July 5th the visible supply of wheat amounted to about 1,862,738 bushels.

London, England, July 26.—Louis Bleriot, the Frenchman who made history yesterday by flying across the English Channel from Les Barbus to Dover, a distance of twenty-one miles in the remarkable time of a little less than half an hour, and his famous "little monoplane," both reached London this morning, the former to receive the monetary fruits of his achievement in the shape of a cheque for one thousand pounds and the latter to be placed on exhibition to the financial advantage of both a London hospital and the enterprising proprietor of the only American department store here. The famous aviator is finding hero worship much more trying to endure than the strain of navigating the air.

### William Carlos Ives

Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public, Etc.  
LETHBRIDGE -- ALBERTA

If you want to sell, list your land with the Cardston Realty Company. A. M. Heppler, Mgr



The New Models 10 and 11 of the **Remington** Typewriter

are the ripest fruit of Remington experience, the highest achievement of Remington skill and the perfect evidence of Remington leadership.

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Herald Block, 706 Centre St.,  
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## Summer Goods Below Cost

Children's Dresses and Aprons, white and colored

Baby's Bonnets and Hats

Ladies' Shirt-Waists at greatly reduced prices

The preserving season has commenced and we have the latest improved

## Schram Fruit Jars

## Cardston Mercantile Co.

LIMITED.

### The best stock of Picture Frames

ever in Cardston at REDUCED PRICES

Orders taken for Enlarged Work

Satisfaction guaranteed

Agent for the Singer Sewing Machine Co.

Amateur work finished

Show rooms for LAYNE-HENSON MUSIC CO.

**A. T. HENSON**  
PHOTO PARLORS

A summer vacation does a man good because it reminds him how much easier his work is.

We make a specialty of selling business lots. For this purpose we have secured some of the best property in Cardston and will divide to suit purchaser. We have a few lots left in the Beazer corner, the Frank Snow corner, the W. O. Lee corner, Mrs. Messenger's corner, Bert Cask's house and lot and all of the lots in Mr. Barker's Addition. Good time to secure you a town lot now before another Rail Road comes in. See W.O. Lee and Co.

FOR SALE—1/4 section of land, 3 1/2 miles due south of town, well fenced and splendid spring. Will sell on easy terms. Apply Cardston Mercantile Co.

Coal! Coal! Coal! Lethbridge Galt Coal—best and cheapest. Price same as before the strike. Also good Blacksmith Coal. Apply Galt Coal Agency, M. H. Woolf—Mgr Phone 29.

Money to loan on real estate Apply A. M. Heppler.

## A Carload of Fresh Groceries Arrived This Week

ASK FOR PRICES

## Spencer & Stoddard

—LIMITED—

Prompt delivery



## The Shepherd's Crook

Utterly unconscious of the blow Fate had in store for her, Mary Tredgold was waiting in the lane for her lover, Bob Cheriton.

It was a glorious spring evening. The boisterous March winds had swept the sky clear before they died down at sunset, and the moon was flooding the countryside with silver.

Bob Cheriton was a sheep-farmer, and the Easter market was approaching. Everything depended on his getting his lambs to market in the pink of condition, and he was determined to leave nothing to chance.

First thing in the morning and last thing at night he paid visits of inspection to his flocks—"Worryin' the life out o' me," as his shepherd put it. He was resolved upon securing the highest possible price at the Easter sheep and lamb market, for a very special reason. The difference between top and middle price would mean close upon fifty pounds; and one can spend a very comfortable little honeymoon on fifty pounds, with a bit to spare when it is over.

Every night, when he was returning from his last round to the old farmhouse he fondly hoped soon to make her mistress of, Mary made a practice of meeting him, and shyly inquiring after his sheep. Knowing that his capital was small, and that the refurnishing and partial refurnishing of the dilapidated old farmhouse had proved expensive, she it was who had insisted that there should be no honeymoon unless his lambs sold well.

To-night, however, he was long coming, and she was just beginning to wonder if anything had gone amiss with the sheep, when she heard footsteps. She started forward, and paused. Her lover's car told her that the footsteps were not Bob's, even before her eyes showed her that the man approaching was a stranger.

Tall, burly, he came striding along as if the road belonged to him; and, though in the moonlight she did not recognize him, she felt instinctively that there was something familiar about his figure.

"Evening, Mary!" he said gaily, doffing his cap as he came up to her.

She shrank back, her heart beating wildly against her ribs, her body trembling.

"Don't be frightened!" he laughed. But she was frightened. She had always been afraid of him. "I've come back," he went on, after waiting for her to speak. "It is Alfred West himself, and not his ghost, who has taken you by surprise, my dear."

He came closer, and held out his arms; but she shook her head.

"Your welcome is a cold one, Mary!" he exclaimed. "And her spirit rose."

"So is my heart—to you!"

"I have come back thousands of miles to claim you!" he protested.

"Maybe. But why did you go? Why did you leave me, five years ago, without a word?"

"I—I went off on the impulse of the moment," he explained lamely. "Those fresh discoveries of gold in the Yukon fired me to go out and try my luck. So I went—"

"Without a word, leaving me in the lurch," she interrupted.

"Of course, I might have written—I ought to have written; but, you see, I was so terribly busy, so engrossed in finding things out. He waved his hand magnificently in the air, and his "casualness" saddened her. This—this was his apology—his explanation—and her satisfaction was to be taken for granted.

"Thank Heaven you went!" she cried, in a fury, her wrongs over-coming her inherent dread of him. "Thank Heaven the marriage didn't take place!"

He looked at her, astonished. "Peculiar creatures, women," was the thought that flashed through his brain.

"I've come back, if not exactly rich, still, with enough," he answered, in a tone he imagined soothing. "Of course, you are angry; but you'll forgive me, won't you? The marriage shall take place as soon as you please."

"Oh, can't you understand," she cried, "that, after the way you have treated me, I wouldn't marry you if you were the only man left on earth?"

He couldn't understand; he was built like that. What he did was always right in his eyes. He began to feel disappointed, aggrieved; he had expected her to receive him with open arms. Over the camp-fire he had dreamed many a time of her joy when she beheld him again.

"Come, Mary," he exclaimed, in his old, bullying way, "you must be reasonable! I've had about enough of this!"

"Reasonable!" she jeered. "I am reasonable! Five years ago I was a girl—a foolish girl, to be lectured into thinking that I loved you. You deserted me. To-day I am a woman, able to see through

you. Do you think I don't understand? Out there you were lonely, and it comforted you to think of me waiting like a dog or a slave for you to come back and hold up your hand. But I am not your dog, or your slave. I will have nothing to do with you!"

He began to shake with anger. How dared she scorn him like this! Hadn't he come back to her? Hadn't he always taken it for granted that she would be true to him? "There is someone else!" he said furiously. "And she did not deny it. 'Who is it?'"

"Go!" she cried. "I tell you I am done with you!"

"Who is it?" he demanded again. "It wasn't so much that he loved her—he loved no one but himself; as his conduct clearly showed—but he had always regarded her as his, and the thought that another had supplanted him drove him distraught with jealous rage. 'I'll find out,'" he shouted. "And, if he won't be warned off, I'll kill him like a dog!"

An icy fear began to creep into poor Mary's heart. The even course of her happy little love affair had been so suddenly interrupted that she felt half-distracted. She knew this man was dangerous and unscrupulous, of an ungovernable and lawless disposition, and the wild life of a gold-digger was not likely to have improved his nature.

"There is someone else, if you must know," she said nervously; "but even if there weren't, all would still be over between us."

He laughed—a hard, brutal laugh.

"Understand me, Mary, if I can't have you, no one else shall! That's the kind of chap I am!"

"You forfeited all claim on me when you chose to disappear like that!" she protested. "You cannot make me marry you now."

"No; but I can prevent anyone else from marrying you."

The girl shivered at the determination in his voice. Bob might arrive at any moment, and, at all costs, the two men must not meet while West was worked up into this passion of jealous hatred.

But even while she was casting about in her mind for some way of getting rid of him the figure of Bob Cheriton appeared in the lane. Light-heartedly he came hurrying up, whistling under his breath, and swinging the long shepherd's crook he carried to enable him to examine a sheep by catching the "crook" around one of its legs. A little surprised to see Mary in converse with a man, but all unsuspecting, he came up to them.

For a second or two nobody spoke. Bob looked inquiringly at the stranger, West looked inquiringly at Bob, and Mary looked with frightened eyes from one to the other, like an animal at bay.

"This—this is Alfred West, Bob," she faltered, hoping against hope that he would neither by speech nor manner reveal their relationship.

But Bob—fond, blundering fellow—promptly gave it away.

"Please to meet any friend of my sweetheart's!" he exclaimed genially, holding out his hand.

West made no attempt to take it. "So this is the man you thought to throw me over for, is it?" he sneered.

Bob started as if he had been stung.

"What does he mean, Mary?" he asked, growing suddenly stern.

"I—I was engaged to him five years ago," she answered, "and he has come back to-night."

Bob was dumbfounded.

"But—Mary is going to marry me at Easter!" he exclaimed.

"She isn't!" said West firmly.

And, angered by his tone, Bob retorted, with equal firmness, "She is!"

He placed his arm defiantly round her waist.

"You are going to marry me, who are you, aren't you, darling?" he whispered.

Convulsively she wrenched herself free.

"Yes—oh, yes, Bob!" she sobbed. "But I'm afraid he'll do you a mischief. Five years ago, when I was only a silly girl, he made love to me, and we became engaged. Then, one day, he took it into his head to disappear. To-night he has turned up again, and—and he expects me to marry him—!" She broke off, overcome by a paroxysm of tears.

"I think you'd better clear off!" said Bob, with dangerous quietness, to the burly desperado.

"Not I! It is you who had better git—and quick too!" West retorted.

Bob was no whit intimidated.

"You have heard what Mary says. She is going to marry me."

"Yes!" cried Mary, suddenly drying her tears. "I wouldn't marry him for all the gold in the world! I hate him!" She stamped her feet. "I hate the very sight of him—the bully!"

"You little spitfire!" cried West. "I tell you shall marry me or no one!" He turned to Bob. "Clear out!" he snapped. "You've had your warning! Clear out—quick!"

Instead of moving, Bob assured him with his eye, calculating what his chances were against so burly a ruffian, so much his superior in size and weight. He was a plucky little chap, and he loved Mary with all his heart.

"We don't want any fighting before a lady, if we can help it," he

said calmly. "I give you while I count five to go, and never show your face near her again."

West laughed.

"One!"

"Oh, don't fight him, Bob!" pleaded Mary. "He is so much bigger than you—the brute!"

"Two!"

West's hand went to his hip.

"Three!"

Mary screamed as the moonlight fell upon something bright.

"Four!"

Bob found himself looking down the barrel of a revolver.

"Enough of that!" said West. "Move an inch, and you are a dead man!"

For a few seconds they all stood there silent and still; then West spoke:

"Give me your word that you will not marry this girl!"

"Never!" said Bob.

"Very well." Still keeping his eyes on Bob, he addressed Mary. "Swear on your honor, my dear, that you will keep your old promise, and marry me," he said.

White and trembling, she shook her head.

"Then I'll tell you what I shall do," he went on. "If you won't marry me, I shall shoot him dead where he stands. Don't move, on pain of your life," he added, as Bob started. "Come along, Mary! Promise to marry me, or I fire!"

She moistened her lips in a vain effort to scream. It was awful to be confronted with this terrible choice of promising to marry him or seeing her lover shot before her eyes. It flashed across her mind that she might promise, and then refuse when Bob was safe; but before she could force her tongue to speak West made it clear that the same idea had occurred to him.

"Mind you," he added, after making a threatening motion to Bob, who seemed inclined to move. "I mean it. I am not to be trifled with. You won't be able to promise, and then come back because it was forced out of you. Night and day I'll lay in wait for him if you do. You are fairly cornered, you see—isn't she?" he asked playfully of the man who was covering with his revolver.

It was hopeless. There was nothing for it but to yield. Again she moistened her lips, and gulped at the lump in her throat that was choking her; but still she could not speak.

At last she spoke—at last she managed to compel her tongue, cleaving to the roof of her mouth in a nightmare of horror, to obey her. But what she said was very different from what either of her hearers had expected.

"Bob," she gasped, "your crook—like you do the sheep!"

Her woman's wit, inspired by love and dread, had seen a way, and as she spoke Bob saw it, too. He still had his long shepherd's crook in one hand, and West was only a few feet away.

In a flash—while the ruffian was still wondering what Mary meant—she flung the crook round one of his legs, and West fell helplessly backward. But as he tumbled he pulled the trigger, and the noise of the shot was followed by a piercing scream from Mary, who fell prone on the ground.

That scream turned the bully's heart to water, drove all the jealousy out of his soul, and filled it with fear—fear for his own neck. Dazed by the suddenness of his fall, he believed that he had shot Mary, and, leaping to his feet, fled wildly into the night.

Bob rushed to his sweetheart's prostrate form.

"Are you hurt, dear?" he asked anxiously. "Did he hit you? Speak—oh, speak to me, Mary!"

Just as he was preparing to carry her bodily to the nearest house she opened her eyes.

"Is that you, Bob?" she murmured. "Are you wounded?"

"No, no; I'm not hurt! Are you, dearest? Did the bullet—?"

She sat up, suddenly recovering her full senses.

"No, Bob; I'm not hurt. I—I swooned with fright when he fired, because I was afraid that, through trying to carry out my plan, you had been shot, after all."

He gathered her in his arms.

"He has fled, dearest," he whispered. "And I don't expect we shall ever see him again!"

And they never did.—London Answers.

## PACKING WITH FERNS.

It has recently been discovered that the leaves of the fern plant, which grows almost anywhere, is an excellent preservative for packing articles of food, fruit and even meat. It is said that on the Isle of Man fresh herrings are packed in ferns and arrive on the market as fresh a condition as when they were shipped. A number of experiments have been demonstrated that potatoes packed in ferns keep many months longer than those packed in straw. In fact potatoes packed in fern leaves are as fresh in the springtime as when they were first dug in the fall.

Wife: "John, there must be a lot of iron in your system." Husband: "Why do you think so?" Wife: "Because you invariably lose your temper when you get hot."

## LADIES OF OLDEN TIME

### IN THE DAYS WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD.

#### Man Never So Entirely Under the Thumb of Woman as at the Present Time.

It is generally supposed that the age when steel-clad gentlemen tutted with long spears in honor of their Dulcineas was the golden age of ladies; but on looking closely into the household annals of the days of chivalry, we discover that the "queens of love and beauty" for whom so many midrifts were tramped and caputs cloven, worked rather harder than modern domestics.

#### SOMETIMES, NOT ALWAYS.

Now and then they sat in state in galleries hung with brodered tapestry, and saw cavaliers wearing their scarves and mittens let daylight into other cavaliers who disputed the potency of their charms; but those gratifying spectacles were luxuries too expensive for the ordinary routine of a "lady's" life in the chivalric era. As at once monotonous and laborious.

The stately countess of the olden time spun and carded and wove as industriously as any of her handmaidens, serve out bread to the poor on "loaf days" at the castle gate; shaped and helped to make her husband's and children clothing, and her own (for in those days tailors and dressmakers were few and far between); supervised the laird and the dairy; carried the ponderous keys of the establishment, and in short, played to perfection the careful house wife in the stronghold of her lord, while he rode about the country with curial axe at his saddle box, and a longer, ash skewer at his stirrup-leather, in a chronic state of wolfishness and ready to do battle for any cause, or no cause at all, with whomsoever it might or might not concern.

#### NOT SO TO-DAY.

In this delightful modern era of Fine Ladyism, a fashionable woman does not perform half the amount of useful labor in a year that a high-born dame of mediaeval times accomplished every month of her life.

Instead of skeins of flax she spins pretty yarns; her carding is done with bits of painted pasteboard; and if she weaves at all, it is meshes for eligible young men—on her own account if single, for the benefit of her daughters if a matron.

She has no objection to being fed from her kitchen, her pen-haps; but as to serving out bread to them with her own delicate hands, after the manner of the fair "bread dividers of the olden time," she couldn't think of it.

If her husband should wait for even the lightest of his garments until she found leisure to make them, the chances are that he would go shirtless to his dying day.

#### SEWING TABOOED.

She seldom sews. Sewing spoils the tips of her fingers.

In point of fact, the aristocratic dams and demoiselles of old were mere druggies and dowdies as compared with the female patricians of this our day and generation.

Nay, even our housemaids and cooks have more leisure and take things more easily than did the duchesses and countesses of the Iron Age.

Modern chivalry accords to ladies all the privileges they ought to desire, and such liberties as the "tyrant sex" does not voluntarily concede they generally manage to take.

Never at any former period in the history of man was he so entirely under the thumb of woman as he is now.

And now the ladies are not satisfied, but like Oliver Twist, clamor for more!

#### DANCING AND FIGHTING.

##### In Montenegro They Have Their Own Way of Doing Each.

The national dance of Montenegro is the kolo, somewhat similar to the horo of Bulgaria. Both sexes take part, crossing hands and forming an unjoined circle. The music they supply themselves, each end of the horn alternately singing a verse in honor of the Prince and his warlike deeds.

The kolo is always danced at any great national festival, and the effect of the sonorous voices and swaying ring is very fine. Then there is another dance performed by four or five, usually youths, to the accompaniment of a fiddle, the leader setting a lot of intricate quick steps which the rest imitate at once. It is really a sort of jig and makes the spectator's head swim if he watches it for long.

"I never saw any dances in northern Albania," says a writer in The Wide World, "though certain Slav artists love to depict wonderful sword dances, with beautiful maidens swaying gracefully after the style of nautch girls. A casual observer who has seen the Albanians come into Montenegro

markets or to their great weekly gathering in the bazaar of Scutari could never picture these stern men dancing or at play.

"They never smile and they look the life they lead, each clan ever ready for war with its neighbor and absolutely pitiless in the vendetta. When fighting the Turks the Montenegrins evince a heroism and utter fearlessness that is remarkable. The strongest men carry bombs, or rather hand grenades—things the Turkish soldier particularly abominates.

"I was told once how a certain man whom I knew well saved his band from destruction. They were fairly cornered, and the Turks closing in, when the bomb thrower stood up amid the hail of bullets, lit the fuse with his cigarette and rushed toward the soldiers, who, seeing his intention, promptly made tracks.

It was, of course, lucky that the Mohammedan soldier, who does not much mind being sent to Paradise with a bullet, thinks his chance of eternal bliss very doubtful if he is blown up with dynamite. The nerve required to be a bomb thrower is worthy of a little reflection. He must absolutely expose himself, and as the fuse is very short the ignition must be coolly considered.

"If premature it means the destruction of himself and comrades, and when it is fairly aight the bomb must be thrown with mathematical exactitude. In other words, the man must leave his cover and charge an overwhelming force alone and not throw till he is close up to it."

#### TEACHING A HORSE TO JUMP.

##### It May be Done by Coaxing, Lunging or Driving.

There are three methods of teaching a horse to leap—coaxing, lunging and driving. In the coaxing method the young horse is turned into a small paddock having a low hedge or hurdle across the centre. In plain view of the pupil a rider on a veteran jumper should take him over this hurdle several times.

The trainer then goes to the opposite side with a measure of corn or oats and calls the horse, shaking up the grain and pouring it in with his hand back and forth in the receptacle. The boundary will soon be cleared, and when a few mouthfuls have been eaten the station of the instructor should be at the other side of the hurdle and the lesson repeated. If this be done daily the hurdle may be gradually heightened.

The habit of jumping is thus acquired without those risks which attend a novel performance when a heavy burden oppresses the strength and whip and spur distract the attention. The horse's body, says Country Life in America, is not partially disabled by the imposition of a heavy load before the powers are taxed to the utmost and his capabilities are unfettered.

The second method is termed lunging. A long rein or cord is attached to the bit and the animal is exercised in a circle in which a hurdle has been placed or a shallow ditch dug. A long lasbeu whip, used only to keep him in motion, or lightly applied at the proper moment, will keep him up to his work. Soon the horse will enter into the spirit of the occasion, and by unmistakable signs will manifest his enthusiastic enjoyment of the exercise.

The third method, driving, is exactly what its name implies. At first the obstruction should be slight. Any open space will answer the purpose, an earth or sod surface of tanbrak being preferable. Long reins, a straight bar or snaffle bit, a long whip and patience and perseverance are required.

All things considered, the driving method is the quickest and surest way of teaching the horse to leap. When he has become somewhat proficient, having thoroughly learned what is required of him, the saddle may be called into requisition and the practical lessons begun.

Almost any young horse can be taught to leap. Of course his proficiency will depend on the care bestowed on his training and on his general characteristics of wind, limb and nerve. An ordinary cob or Morgan will attain the proficiency of an Irish hunter, but any horse that is used for a saddle will be of far greater value to his owner if he can be taken occasionally for a cross-country ride and put over ditches and low obstructions.

#### DUSTY.

And yet, you know, expensive porch furniture will get just as dusty as any other kind.

#### SAID UNCLE SILAS:

"Say, you fellers like to dance—why don't you ever dance with your own sister, hey?"

The man who makes up his mind to do nothing soon discovers that there's an awful lot to do.

The smart man knows when to quit the game, but the fool keeps everlastingly at it until he advertises his failure.

Jack: "Yes, poor John may have had his faults, but his heart was on the right side." Wagge: "Is it possible? No wonder he died."

## MURDERESS TO LECTURE

### COUNTESS WHO KILLED HER BAND OFFERED CHANCE

#### Trial of Woman, Brother and Other Accomplishes was a Sensational One.

A well known Italian impressario has made a tempting offer to the Countess Bonmartini to deliver a series of lectures in Italy and abroad. She has not decided yet whether or not she will accept the offer. The Countess has just been released after serving a term in prison for the murder of her husband.

The murder was committed in Bologna in 1904. In the dock was the Countess when the trial began at Turin were Tullio Murri, the Countess' brother, who afterward confessed to the actual murder; Dr. Carlo Secchi, the Countess' lover, with whom she formed the plan for the killing of the Count; Dr. Pio Naldi, who was a tool of Murri's, and a maid named Bonetti, who fetched and carried for the conspirators.

#### A SENSATIONAL TRIAL.

The trial was sensational. Nearly 400 witnesses were called, including a cardinal, two generals, several Senators, the grand master of the Italian Masons, ten famous experts on the nervous diseases of women, and sixty medical experts. The grand master of the Masons was called to testify that when Murri, who was a Mason, was in danger of arrest some of the murderer's relatives approached the grand master and begged him to screen Murri. He indignantly refused.

Among the letters written to her brother by the Countess were some containing phrases like these: "Who will deliver me from this imbecile? I still stand in need, and now more than ever, of love; of being loved."

After a trial that lasted months a verdict of guilty was brought in, and the following sentences were imposed: Tullio Murri and Dr. Naldi, thirty years each; the Countess and Dr. Secchi, ten years, and Bonetti, seven years.

#### SOMETHING LIKE SHOOTING.

##### Remarkable Shots For a Humane Object.

The champion marksman of the world has been discovered at last. He is Arthur Douglas, a hitherto unknown American, who has leaped into prominence through an exhibition of shooting that had for its object a humane act.

Douglas has always been skilful with the rifle. He hunted moose in its fastnesses, and followed the deer and wary bear through Southern Canada; but he is a modest, retiring man, and few knew his skill until a few mornings ago.

A white dove that had freed itself from a snare became entangled in a telephone wire through a piece of string that was hanging to one of its legs. The bird vainly fluttered for freedom. There were no ladders to be found, and since there seemed to be no other way to reach it the men who had gathered in the street made preparations to shoot the bird and free it thus of its misery.

When the gun was produced, however, no one volunteered to shoot. Then Douglas came down the village street. He took careful aim, and, without removing the pipe from his mouth, fired. The dove shook its wings, free once more, for Douglas hit the white string which held the dove's leg to the telephone wire.

Then something happened that changed the joy of the onlookers to sorrow, for the dove, hovering on the wire, became entangled a second time.

Without a word to anyone, Douglas slowly raised the rifle, squinted along the barrel, and fired.

Great was the wonder of all who watched to see him repeat the first shot, for once more he succeeded in freeing the dove.

#### KITE SWIMS UNDER WATER.

A strange kite has been devised by a Swedish engineer, which is made to swim under water. It is constructed of canvas adjusted to a light but strong metal frame, and in shape is not dissimilar to the aerial kite, except that it is made in two sections, the lower and smaller one depending from the upper, with which it is connected by a sort of coupling. The object of the engineer is to provide ships with an ever-ready automatic guard, or watch, that will give instant alarm if the vessel enters shoal waters, and is approaching a spot where the depth is not sufficient for safety.

#### A CLEVER COOK.

Mrs. Nurich was in the jewelry store. "Here are some new souvenir spoons we have just got in," said the clerk, placing a tray for her inspection.

"Oh, ain't those lovely!" she exclaimed. "I must have some of those! Our cook makes such lovely souvenir!"



# INDIGESTION CURED EVIDENCE IN PLENTY

## Your Neighbors Can Tell You of Cures by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Every case of indigestion, no matter how bad, can be cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Not only cured, but cured for good. That's a sweeping statement and you are quite right in demanding evidence to back it. And it is backed by evidence in plenty—living evidence among your own neighbors, no matter in what part of Canada you live. Ask your neighbors and they will tell you of people in your own district who have been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills of dizziness, palpitation, sour stomach, sick headaches, and the internal pains of indigestion. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure because they strike straight at the root of all stomach troubles. They make new, rich, red blood and new blood is just what the stomach needs to set it right and give it strength for its work. Mrs. Geo. E. Whitenet, Hatfield Point, N. B., says: "I am glad to have an opportunity to speak in favor of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for they deserve all the praise that can be given them. I was a great sufferer from indigestion, which was often accompanied by nausea, sick headache and backache. As a result my complexion was very bad and I had black rings under the eyes. I took a great deal of doctor's medicine, but it never did more than give me the most temporary relief. About a year ago I was advised to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. Before I had taken a couple of boxes I found relief, and by the time I had used a half dozen boxes I found myself feeling like a new woman, with a good appetite, good digestion, and a clear complexion. I can strongly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for this trouble and advise similar sufferers to lose no time in taking them. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure all the troubles which have their origin in bad blood. That is why they cure anaemia, indigestion, rheumatism, eczema, St. Vitus dance, partial paralysis, and the many ailments of girlhood and womanhood. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

### FOREIGN POLICEMEN.

#### London Bobbies Carry No Clubs—Hoods for French Police.

London patrolmen carry no clubs. Attached to the middle of the belt behind is a dark lantern. The cuffs of their coats have vertical stripes, blue and white, signifying rank and distinguished service. During the frequent snows and rains they wear little waterproof caps. Their silent regulation of street traffic by hand signals is a realization of perfection.

In Paris the ordinary patrolmen wear blue caps and coats and in summer white duck trousers. They carry short swords, says the Travel Magazine, rather as an emblem of authority, but in extreme danger use the flat side as a club. In a downpour of rain the Paris policeman hangs his cap on a hook in the back of his belt and draws over his head the hood of a short blue cape of heavy cloth.

This hooded cape is called a capochon, and in its longer form, reaching to the knees, is used by civilians as well in cold or rainy weather. Accordingly at such times the streets of Paris seem to be alive with cowed monks.

Recently the London plan for controlling vehicles has come into vogue successfully on the Paris boulevards. The policemen detailed for such duty wear white gloves and signal with white clubs. German policemen wear helmets and have a distinctly martial air.

### KEEPING CHILDREN WELL.

Every mother should be able to recognize and cure the minor ills that attack her little ones. Prompt action may prevent serious illness—perhaps save a little life. A simple, safe remedy in the home is therefore a necessity, and for this purpose there is nothing else so good as Baby's Own Tablets. They promptly cure all stomach and bowel troubles, destroy worms, break up colds, make teething easy and keep children healthy and cheerful. Mrs. Jos. Levesque, Casselman, Ont., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets and have always found them satisfactory. My child has grown splendidly and is always good natured since I began using this medicine." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

### EVERYBODY TO FLY

#### Aerial Passenger Service Begins Next Spring.

The managing director of the Zeppelin Airship Construction Company, Herr Colmann, in a lecture at Strasburg, Germany, on Count Zeppelin's future plans, stated that the Count intended to establish a number of airship lines for the regular conveyance of passengers between different towns. Count Zeppelin had already been in communication with various municipalities, and had received promises of support from some of the most important towns in Germany.

The Town Council of Cologne, for instance, is willing to invest \$25,000 in the new company for the inauguration of a line of airships which will establish aerial communication between Cologne and other important centres of population. The municipality of Duesseldorf is also willing to subscribe a substantial sum towards the capital of the new company.

In some cases regular lines of airships will be established, while in other cases pleasure cruises will take place at regular intervals. Herr Colmann stated that 300 days per year are suitable for aerial voyages. The Zeppelin airships which will be used for this purpose will carry a crew of six, including the engineer, and will be capable of conveying twenty passengers. It is intended that each voyage shall last about seven hours, except in the case of longer distance cruises from certain fixed towns to other towns.

Two airships for the conveyance of passengers will be completed by the early Spring of next year, and two more will be ready by May. The first regular line of airships will be established between Duesseldorf and Lucerne, with Cologne Bonn, Mayence, Frankfurt-on-Main, Karlsruhe, Stuttgart, and one or two other towns, as calling stations. Other lines of airships will be established to connect other towns with stations on the direct route between Duesseldorf and Lucerne.

Herr Colmann added that the German War Office has promised a subvention in support of the line connecting Duesseldorf with Lucerne in view of the military advantages of establishing aerial communication in this part of Germany.

Herr Colmann concluded by stating that fares for aerial passengers would be somewhat expensive at first, owing to the heavy cost of the upkeep of the airships. The costs would, however, naturally diminish in proportion to the general development of aerial navigation, so that in course of time aerial voyages would no longer be a pastime for the wealthy, but an ordinary means of communication, at any rate for the middle classes.

### SICK SKINS IN SUMMER.

Summer is the hardest time for the human skin. Its delicate tiny pores, if worked under the best conditions, would have a rough time because of the heat. How when they have to work when impaired or damaged by sunburn and heat spots? No wonder one has rough patches, freckles, etc. Z-Buk heals sick skins. When a patch of skin on face, neck, or arms is blistered by the sun, apply Zam-Buk at once. It will cool and soothe beautifully, and new skin will be quickly formed. When you are footsore, or have some chafed places, Zam-Buk will give you ease. When the mosquitoes raise lumps on your Zam-Buk will stop that terrible itching and smarting. Keep Zam-Buk handy, use it freely, and this will be the happiest summer you have ever spent, viewed from the skin health standpoint. All druggists and stores.

### CHANCELLOR AND PREACHER.

Mr. Lloyd George is a Local Preacher as well as a Financier. Never before has England been able to boast of having a Chancellor of the Exchequer who can adorn a pulpit equally as well as he does the Treasury Bench. But Mr. Lloyd George manages to do both. When not engaged in financial problems or in "robbing hen roosts," he is to be heard preaching in his native tongue from the pulpits of many a Welsh Bethel.

Several excellent sermons connected with the little Welsh Chancellor's preaching and fine eloquence have already been circulated, but one that has hitherto escaped publication relates how, preaching one day, he took for his subject the Creator's wisdom and knowledge as to what is best for man, and he exhorted his hearers, instead of rebelling against their lot, to believe in the doctrine that all things work together for good. Mr. Lloyd George wound up his address by saying: "The Almighty does with you just as a good gardener does with his flowers. He plants geraniums and heliotropes in the sunshine, because he knows they will grow better there, but he looks out for a shady nook for the fuchsias."

Feeling pleased with the sermon, and, considering it a helpful one, Mr. Lloyd George was not astonished when, upon leaving the chapel, an old woman rushed up to him and grasped his hand, saying: "Oh, Mr. George, what a real helpful sermon yours was! So practical, so wise!" "I am delighted to hear it," he replied. "I only hope it may prove a help to you." "Yes, indeed, in double deed, it has helped me," said the dame,

"for never before have I ever been able to tell what the matter with those dratted fuchsias!"

### WILL CHARGE THE BOOM.

#### Realistic War Test to be Made at Portsmouth.

Preparations are now being made at Portsmouth, England, for a realistic war test of the efficiency of the harbor defences. In time of war, to prevent the entrance of hostile torpedo craft at night the narrow entrance to the harbor will be closed by a heavy boom. Some naval officers hold that a destroyer rushed at it at top speed might break her way through it or even leap over it.

A crucial experiment is therefore to be carried out. The old destroyer Ferret, a vessel of 290 tons and 4,400-h.p., which under favorable conditions can steam twenty-seven knots, will make a rush at the boom, in circumstances as closely as possible resembling those of actual war.

For her attack a section of the boom will be laid out in the upper part of Portsmouth Harbor in shallow water. She will then charge the boom at top speed. No little nerve will be required on the part of her officers and crew.

The boom which is to be attacked is composed of heavy logs of timber about 300 feet long, placed a few feet apart, end-on to the line of attack. They are secured together by numerous strong steel hawsers. On their seaward ends the top logs are studded with long steel spikes to tear open the hull of any boat which runs up against them and sink her. The width between the logs is not sufficient to admit the hull of even a destroyer.

Some years ago a steam launch leaped over a less formidable boom at Berehaven.

### A Woman's Sympathy

Are you discouraged? Is your doctor's bill a heavy financial load? Is your pain a heavy physical burden? I know what these mean to delicate women—I have been discouraged, too; but learned how to cure myself. I want to relieve your burdens. Why not end the pain and stop the doctor's bill? I can do this for you and will if you will assist me. All you need do is to write for a free box of the remedy which has been placed in my hands to be given away. Perhaps this one box will cure you—it has done so for others. If not, I shall be happy and you will be cured for 2c (the cost of a postage stamp). Your letters held until sent. Write to Mrs. F. E. CURRAN, Windsor, Ont.

Scales which can register the difference in weight between a fly dead and alive have been made by a Californian jeweller.

As the Oil Rubs in, the Pain Rubs Out.—Applied to the seat of a pain in any part of the body the skin absorbs the soothing liniment under brisk friction and the patient obtains almost instant relief. The results of the use of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil have surprised many who were unacquainted with its qualities, and once known it will not be rejected. Try it.

Many a man makes a noise like a pessimist in order to let the world know he is in it.

ONE TEASPOONFUL of Painkiller in hot water sweetened will cure almost any case of flatulency and indigestion. Avoid such condiments, there is but one "Painkiller"—Perry Davis'—25c. and 50c.

There are only 770,000 natives in all of Siberia.

One trial of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will convince you that it has no equal as a worm medicine. Buy a bottle and see if it does not please you.

"I think," said the merchant, "I'll have to dismiss your friend Polk. I never saw anyone quite so lazy." "Show in everything, is he?" "No, not everything. He gets tired quick enough."

No other fly killer compares with Wilson's Fly Pads.

It has been proposed that the crater of Vesuvius should be used as a crematorium for the dead of all nations.

Hard and soft corns cannot withstand Holloway's Corn Cure; it is effectual every time. Get a bottle at once and be happy.

APPRECIATION. "And your wife aimed at and struck your head with the cup?" "Yes, sir."

"Well, then, all I have to say is that you should be very proud of her."

**DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS**  
CURE ALL KIDNEY DISEASES  
URIC ACID, GRAVEL, RHEUMATISM, GOUT, DIABETES, BRUISES, SWELLINGS, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE URINARY SYSTEM.

ISSUE NO. 25-09.

### ONCE MORE THE PROOF IS GIVEN

#### THAT DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURE EVEN INHERITED ILL-HEALTH.

#### Charles Dayon Suffered from Early Youth, but the Old Reliable Kidney Remedy Banished His Ills and Made Him Strong.

St. George, Man., June 14.—(Special).—Yet another case in which ill-health inherited from parents has been vanquished by Dodd's Kidney Pills is that of Mr. Charles Dayon, a farmer well known in this neighborhood. "I suffered from a number of ill-healths from an early age," says Mr. Dayon, who is now thirty-two years old. "I inherited my trouble from my parents. I was weak, nervous and run down. I suffered from backache and my muscles would cramp. I had a heavy dragging sensation across the loins. I was always thirsty; I had great difficulty in collecting my thoughts, and my memory was failing me."

"I was altogether in a bad way when I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills, but they helped me almost from the first box. They gave me strength and helped me so much in every way that I am satisfied a little longer treatment will make me a well man."

Mr. Dayon's symptoms were the symptoms of Kidney Disease, and Dodd's Kidney Pills cure every form of Kidney Disease no matter what stage it is in or how it is contracted.

### AFRAID TO BRAG.

"Brown must be terribly in debt." "What makes you think so?" "He got a raise in salary the other day and never said a word about it."

After making a most careful study of the matter, U. S. Government scientists state definitely that the common house fly is the principal means of distributing typhoid fever, diphtheria and smallpox. Wilson's Fly Pads kill the flies and the disease germs, too.

Tommy looked for a long time at his father's moustache, in a contemplative way, then broke out with, "When I grow up, shall I have feathers like father, mummy?"

WE GIVE YOU A TIP! Buy the genuine. "The D. & L. Mouth Fillets." Unprincipled manufacturers are trying to take advantage of the great sale of "The D. & L." by putting up a substitute. The genuine only made by Davis & Lawrence Co.

"Dear Teacher," wrote little Johnny's mother. "Kindly excuse John's absence from school yesterday afternoon, as he fell in the mud. By doing the same, you will greatly oblige his mother."

A Pill That Lightens Life.—To the man who is a victim of indigestion the transaction of business becomes an added misery. He cannot concentrate his mind upon his tasks and loss and vexation attend him. To such a man Parlee's Vegetable Pills offer relief. A course of treatment, according to directions, will convince him of their great excellence. They are confidently recommended because they will do all that is claimed for them.

It looks as though my marriage with Miss Mullins would have to be postponed. "What's the matter, old fellow?" "She got married to young Dobson yesterday."

Try Murine Eye Remedy.

For Red, Weak, Watery Eyes, Granulation, Pink Eye and Eye Strain. Murine doesn't smart! Soothe the Eye. It is composed by experienced Physicians; Contains no Injurious or Prohibited Drugs. Try Murine for your Eye Troubles. You will like Murine. Try it. It is Baby's Eyes for Sealy Eyelets. Druggists sell Murine at 25c. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, will send you interesting Eye Books Free.

"My wife has that awful disease, kleptomania." "Is she trying to cure it?" "Well, she is taking something all the while."

Through indiscretion in eating green fruit in summer many children become subject to cholera morbus caused by irritating acids that act violently on the lining of the intestines. Pains and dangerous purgings ensue and the delicate system of the child suffers under the strain. In such cases the safest and surest medicine is Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. It will check the inflammation and save the child's life.

### PURIFYING RIVER WATER.

Drinking water is now being prepared, says Nature, from the lower reaches of the Thames, and from many European rivers, which is as wholesome as any that can be obtained from the mountains of Wales or Scotland. River water, which may carry hundreds of objectionable germs in every cubic centimeter, can, by the methods of purification now in use, be made entirely safe to drink. In truth, it would appear that such water is safer than some derived from supposedly innocuous country sources.

### BRIDGET'S REQUEST.

Servant—"Please, ma'am, can you give me my character?" Mistress—"Certainly, Bridget; but what do you want it for? You are surely not going to leave me without giving notice first?" Servant—"Oh, you never fear, ma'am, I'm not thinking of leaving you, but my sister's going to service, and she wants the loan of it."

### THE GREAT NORTH COUNTRY.

Nimrod was a mighty hunter, but had he hunted in the "Temagami" region he would have been a mightier one. Nimrod hunted for glory, but Temagamians hunt for game. Those Indians who made the first canoe of birch bark long ago, were our greatest benefactors. The children of these Indians know the canoe, and they know how to use it, and if you go to Temagami this summer they will paddle your canoe in their own superb way. They will be the best guides you ever had. Students who camp in summer along the Temagami lakes are able to do two years' work in one. Finest of fishing and hunting. Good hotel accommodation. Easy way System. Information and beautiful descriptive publication sent free on application to J. D. McDonald, Union Station, Toronto, Ont.

### AN OPINION.

The opinions of other people would be more interesting if they did not conflict with our own.

A Safe Pill for Suffering Women.—The secluded life of women which permits of little healthful exercise, is a fruitful cause for the pains and lassitude that so many of them experience. Parlee's Vegetable Pills will correct irregularities of the digestive organs and restore health and vigor. The most delicate woman can use them with safety, because their action, while effective, is mild and soothing.

"Jenkins declares that where he was in Switzerland the mercury often dropped to zero at night." "That's nothing." "What's nothing?" "Zero."

If allowed to roam over your house those few innocent-looking house flies may cause a real tragedy any day, as they are known to be the principal agents for the spread of those deadly diseases, typhoid fever, diphtheria and smallpox.

"I don't want my hair brushed over my forehead any longer," declared Harold. "I want a crack in it, like father's." "What's nothing?" "Zero."

### Peak's Hair Grower

Has never failed to stop Falling Hair. It positively kills the Dandruff Germ. Try it and be convinced for years. YOUR MONEY REFUNDED IF IT FAILS. Write for Descriptive Pamphlet. The Peak Mfg. Co., 129 Victoria St., Toronto, Ont.

**E.H. BAULD'S PERFECT CORN SALVE**  
SURE CURE. MAILED 25c.  
E.H. BAULD, TORONTO, ONT.

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

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

### ANOTHER CASH PRIZE CONTEST

## ORANGE MEAT

Announces a New Prize Contest  
MORE PRIZES THAN THE LAST  
The First Prize will again be a LIFE ANNUITY of FIFTY-TWO DOLLARS CASH  
Equal to One Dollar per Week Every Week during Lifetime  
A Second Prize of One Hundred Dollars Cash  
Two Prizes of Fifty Dollars Each  
Ten Prizes of Twenty Dollars Each  
Ten Prizes of Ten Dollars Each  
One Hundred Prizes of One Dollar Each

CONDITIONS are similar to the last Contest, except that all Orange Meat Carton Bottoms must be sent in on or before November 30th, 1909.

Full particulars on private post card in every package of Orange Meat. If you enter this contest, complete the blank space below with your name and address, cut it out and mail it to Orange Meat, Kingston, Ont. It will cost equal to ten carton bottoms.

To ORANGE MEAT, KINGSTON.  
I desire to enter your prize contest which matures November 30, 1909.  
Full name.....  
Address.....

### WOMEN MAKE MONEY! WHY NOT YOU?

Sewing cotton CANTON GLOVES. Estimated demand at your own home soon as you start. All you require is a sewing machine and a few minutes of your spare time. Supply 12,000 dozen hands per month. Ready to start. No experience necessary. You could buy the gloves for 12c. and sell them for 15c. or 18c. per pair. Write for particulars. TARGOX BROS., 274 Dundas St., TORONTO, ONT.

Shepherds of Landes, France, walk on stilts, and think nothing of being perched up from dawn to dusk like this.

### FOR SALE.

TOP RUGGIES, equal to anything selling from \$75 to \$90, delivered PREPAID at any station in Ontario for \$65 to \$70. Fully guaranteed. No such value ever before offered in Canada. Catalogue free. Other special lines—Hosiery and Groceries. The Clement Brown Trading Co., Toronto, Ont.

### WANTED.

PANTRY WOMAN. Liberal wages, and girl for dining-room work. Write to Wm. Chas. H. for particulars. Apply "The Herald" St. Catharines.

### WOOL

Wanted. Write me for price and market conditions. Wm. Chas. H., 120 George St., Toronto.

### FEATHER DYEING

Cleaning and Dyeing and Kilo Gloves cleaned. Free estimates. BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO., MONTREAL.

### GLASS INSURANCE AGENTS WANTED

National Provincial Glass Insurance Company, Limited. Head Office, London. Registered in Canada. Capital, Fifty Thousand Pounds Sterling. For Agents at unrepresented points, Province of Ontario, address J. H. EWART, Chief Agent, No. 18 Wellington Street East, Toronto. Send for booklets "Glass Insurance."

### WE GIVE FREE SAMPLE CASES TO AGENTS MEN OR WOMEN.

Make \$3 a Day and establish permanent business. Our high class case sells for \$1.00 in every home. We will send you up and repeat orders until you are satisfied. Exclusive territory given. THE HOME SUPPLY CO., Dept. 50, Toronto, Ont.

### ALEXANDER WARREN,

(Late Treasurer Presbyterian Church in Canada)

### BONDS AND STOCKS

Cobalt stocks bought and sold on commission. 13 TORONTO STREET, TORONTO, CANADA. Long Distance Phone—Main 2573, MAH 2573.

### WARREN QZOWSKI & CO.

Members Toronto Stock Exchange. 51 Broad Street, TORONTO. NEW YORK.

### STOCKS AND BONDS

We are now specializing in COBALT Stocks. Write us for information.

### WANTED

10 United Empire, 250 Western Oil and Coal, 50 Wallaceburg Sugar, 20 Sterling Bank, 20 Trusts and Guarantee, 10 Birbeck Loan (fully paid 6 per cent), 50 Collingwood Shipbuilding, 1000 Badger, 2000 Cobalt Gem, 3000 Diamond Vale Coal.

### FOR SALE

1000 North Cobalt, 5000 Cobalt Development, 1000 Shamrock, 5000 Maple Mountain, 20 Colonial Investment, 3000 Cobalt Majestic, 1285 Rothschilds, 2000 Bailey, 2000 Luckyboys, 260 Halesbury Silver.

HERON & CO., 10 King St. West, Toronto.



## A Lusty "Infant" Industry

A notable and most significant fact in connection with the tariff situation in the United States is that the common stock of the United States Steel Corporation keeps on advancing, though the duties on iron and steel and manufactures of the same are reduced, in some cases as much as 50 per cent, by the pending tariff legislation, these reductions being practically the only reductions of the Dingley Tariff provided by that pending legislation. The chairman of the board of the Steel Corporation has announced that the proposed tariff reductions suit the Corporation. It is, indeed, clear enough that the steel industry in the United States could stand a much larger tariff reduction; as Mr. Carnegie maintains, it needs no protection whatever.

The \$500,000,000 of common stock of the Steel Corporation, par value, was practically all water eight years ago; now there is a dollar of property behind every dollar of it.

This was not contributed by the shareholders, but has been created out of the exorbitant prices which the tariff has enabled the steel trust to exact from the purchasers of its output in the United States. It has been taken out of the pockets of the people of the United States by the Dingley Tariff and put into the pockets of the steel trust, which sells its products, notably as steel rails, cheaper in foreign markets than in the United States. Here, then is one of the many lusty "infant industries" in the United States which has finally stopped its squalling for more high protection; and this fact constitutes the strongest kind of an argument against the reactionary upward revisers of the Dingley Tariff in the Senate, against whom President Taft is taking his stand, with the great bulk of the people of the United States behind him, Republicans as well as Democrats. The question which puts itself with irresistible force, in view of the attitude of the steel trust, is, How can the other highly protected industry in the United States require a continuance, to say nothing of an increase, of their present measure of high protection?

## A City Without Taxes

Down in Texas there is a city of the Blessed, a city without taxes. It has three free schools, a water system without rates, a public dock, a library that is free and yet not a Carnegie library, and a telephone system with absolute no charges within the county except the initial cost of installation. In the "Success Magazine," Franklin Clarkin tells about it, The Toronto "World" summarizes Mr. Clarkin's story thus:

"Some fourteen years ago, three or four Iowans settled on a sandy beach in Texas for the purpose of creating a city free from taxation. The community steadily grew and a legal corporation was formed on progressive lines, including the right of initiative and the referendum, in order that public opinion might always be effective. The city itself owns the land and it is leased to individuals for ninety-nine years. All that is exacted is the yearly ground rent and \$50 down for installing a telephone if one is wanted. Fairhope, after paying the state and county taxes and the cost of administration and improvements, has been enabled to establish its free public services out of the surplus revenue derived from its ground rents. There is thus nothing extraordinary about its finances. It has simply retained the ownership of its land and dealt with it as any prudent private owner would have done. Over in London, England, a few noblemen are drawing millions annually from sites within the city and their incomes increase as the leases expire. At Fairhope the community will get the benefit. That is the difference.

## Public Notice

The Supreme Court of Alberta

Sittings of the Supreme Court of Alberta, both en banc and for the trial of cases civil and criminal, and for the hearing of motions and other civil business, will be held at the following times and places.

EN BLANC  
Place—Edmonton. Dates—Tuesday 21st September 1909; Tuesday 15th March 1910.  
Place—Calgary. Dates—Tuesday 14th December 1909; Tuesday 7th June 1910.

FOR TRIAL OF CIVIL-NON-JURY CAUSES  
Edmonton and Calgary. Tuesday 5th October 1909; Tuesday 2nd November 1909; Tuesday 7th December 1909; Tuesday 1st February 1910; Tuesday 1st March 1910. Tuesday 5th April 1910; Tuesday 3rd May 1910; Tuesday 7th June 1910.

FOR TRIAL OF CRIMINAL AND CIVIL JURY CAUSES  
Edmonton and Calgary. Tuesday 19th October 1909; Tuesday 15th February 1910; Tuesday 17th May 1910.

FOR TRIAL OF ALL CIVIL AND CRIMINAL CAUSES  
Wetaskiwin, Tuesday 5th October 1909; Tuesday 5th April 1910.  
Red Deer, Wednesday 10th November 1909; Tuesday 10th May 1910.

Medicine Hat, Tuesday 12th October 1909; Tuesday 12th April 1910.  
Macleod, Tuesday 23rd November 1909; Wednesday 25th May 1910.

Lethbridge Tuesday 26th October 1909; Tuesday 26th April 1910.  
Dated at Edmonton, 11th June 1909.  
S. B. WOODS,  
Deputy Attorney General

## We have a large stock of BLOTTERS

white and colored  
We will print them for you in one, two or three colors.  
CALL AND SEE US FOR PRICES

## "THE STAR" Job Department

## Chew Lee Laundry

Collars 3 for 10c  
Any kind of shirt 10c  
Family wash 40c dozen.  
Blankets 50c pair.  
Handkerchiefs 20c dozen.  
Socks 2 pair for 5c.  
Collars (starch and ironing only) 2 for 5c.  
Cuffs 10c pair.

## 50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE PATENTS

TRADE MARKS, DESIGNS, COPYRIGHTS &c.  
Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the Scientific American.  
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$1 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.  
MUNN & CO. 361 Broadway, New York

## PARRISH BROS. LIMITED

Mt. View - Alta.  
Manufacturers of Dairy Products and dealers in General Merchandise

## Municipal Directory, '09

TOWN GOVERNMENT  
Mayor—J. T. Brown  
Council—H. Stacpoole, Wm. Burton, J. C. Cahoon, M. A. Coombs, Thos. Duce, J. Hunt.  
Secretary-Treasurer—L. Wilson  
Solicitor—Wm. Laurie  
Constable—James P. Low

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

SCHOOL BOARD  
W. O. Lee (chairman), S. M. Woolf, S. Williams, D. E. Harris, Jr., D. S. Beach.  
Teaching Staff—J. W. Low (principal), Miss Keith, Miss Wallace, Miss A. Hudson, Miss Toffey, Miss Gundry, Miss Hamilton, Miss Taylor, Miss Alward (asst. principal)  
Secretary of Board—E. A. Le w

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

POST OFFICE  
Money orders issued to all parts of Canada and the United States. Office hours from 8 a.m. to 7 p.m.  
CORA LAYTON, Asst. P.M.  
A.R. & I. CO. TIME TABLE  
Arrives 12:20 p.m.  
Leaves 2:15 p.m.

## FAIRS FROM JUNE TO OCTOBER

Cardston will hold a two day's fair this year on Tuesday and Wednesday Sept. 28th and 29th. Below is published a list of the majority of fairs to be held this year, together with their dates. Three of these are held by exhibition associations, Edmonton, Calgary and Fort Saskatchewan. The others are held by agricultural societies:

Edmonton June 29-July 2  
Calgary July 5-10  
Innisfail July 12-13  
St. Albert August 3  
Fort Saskatchewan August 4  
Olds August 6  
Claresholm August 3  
Macleod August 4-6  
Lethbridge August 10-12  
Leduc September 21  
Daysland September 22-23  
Sedgewick September 24  
Innisfree September 27-28  
Vegreville September 29  
Lloydminster September 30  
Vermilion September 30-Oct. 1  
Taber September 30  
Nanton September 20-21  
Pincher Creek September 22  
Magrath September 23-24  
Raymond September 16-17  
Cardston September 28-29  
Irvine October 1  
Didsbury October 5-6  
Ponoka October 6-7  
Lacombe October 7-8  
Three Hills October 12  
Priddis October 14  
Alix October 29

## Musical Corner

CARDSTON CHOIR  
(65 members)  
Frank Layne—Director  
Andrew Archibald—ass't. dir.  
A. T. Henson—Organist  
Ida Archibald—ass't. Organist  
Blanche Olson—Sec. Treas.  
Willie Thorpe—Librarian  
John Blackmore—Organarian  
Practice every Wednesday at 8 p. m. Assembly Hall.  
CARDSTON MILITARY BAND  
(35 members)  
Wallace Hurd, President.  
Sylvester Low, Sec. & Treas.  
S. S. Newton, Musical Director.  
Practice Tuesday and Saturday, 8 p. m.  
CARDSTON GLEE CLUB  
Frank Layne, Director.  
Milton Woolf  
Leo Coombs  
Joseph Low  
Sadie Wolsey  
Etta Dowdle  
Ida Archibald  
Beth Newton  
Open for engagements.

## Large shipments of Dry-Goods arriving continually

A fine assortment to select from.

We can supply anything you need in

## General Merchandise

THE BEST QUALITY —AT— THE RIGHT PRICE

## LOW & JENSEN

KIMBALL - - - ALBERTA

—Get your—  
TIN GALVANIZED IRON and FURNICE WORK —done at the—

## Cardston Tin & Cornice Shop

BAKER and CAMPBELL

## We are now ready to do business....

Lumber  
Lath  
Shingle  
Doors  
Windows  
Wood Fibre  
Mouldings  
Lime  
Cement  
Brick

In fact Everything required in the Building .....Line.....

## Rogers-Cunningham Lumber Co., Ltd.

OFFICE and YARD South of Cardston Milling Co.

## Restaurant and Confectionery

Meals at all hours

LUNCH COUNTER  
Hot Meat Pies, Sandwiches, etc.

Confectionery and Fruit  
Ice Cream and Sodas

## J. T. NOBLE

Prop. - - Cahoon Hotel Block



## FRIEND TO FRIEND.

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

## Harness, Saddles, Whips, Robes, Blankets and everything for your horse

Special attention given to orders of all kinds

## M. A. Coombs

## TAI SANG & COMPANY RESTAURANT and BAKERY

Frest fruits arriving daily from the coast

Groceries delivered to any part of town

Delicious Ice Cream always on hand  
Ice Cream furnished for Parties, Socials, etc. We have the power facilities so bring your cream and let us freeze it.

Meals served at all hours  
CHINESE LABOR FURNISHED

## PEOPLE'S MEAT MARKET

Wm. Wood & Son. have purchased the above market, and will supply customers with the best meat at fair prices.

## Fresh Fish, Poultry and Game in season.

THREE DOORS SOUTH OF CAHOON HOTEL

## High Grade Clothing made to order

## D. S. BEACH

## Bank of Montreal

ESTABLISHED 1817

Capital (all paid up) .....\$14,400,000  
Res. Fund .....\$12,000,000

## Head Office: Montreal

HONORARY PRESIDENT  
Rt. Hon. Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal  
PRESIDENT  
Hon. Sir Geo. A. Drummond  
VICE PRESIDENT AND GENERAL MANAGER  
Sir Edward S. Clouston

Branches in every Province of the Dominion, also in New York, Chicago and London, England

Drafts sold, payable in any part of Canada, the United States or Great Britain

Interest allowed on deposits in the Savings Department

A General Banking Business Transacted

## Cardston Branch - F. G. WOODS (MANAGER)

## W. S. Johnston

Barrister, Solicitor, Notary  
Card Block, Cardston

Agent and Solicitor for The Canadian Birkbeck Investment and Savings Co.

## William Carlos Ives

Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public, Etc.  
LETHBRIDGE - - ALBERTA

If you want to sell, list your land with the Cardston Realty Company. A. M. Heppler, Mgr.