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The Alberta Star

Vol. XI

CARDSTON, ALBERTA, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1910.

No. 36

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The Alberta Star

A Dramatic Triumph

Before a capacity audience and a delighted crowd the Stake Sunday Schools presented the popular comedy "She Stoops to Conquer" on Wednesday night and scored a decided triumph. The expressions of delight heard on all sides must have been sufficient recompense to the clever players for the time and trouble devoted to the preparation. It was infinitely superior to the average professional troupe that visits Cardston. The players put life and spirit into the comedy and kept the audience convulsed.

In the comedy "She Stoops to Conquer" which has had long runs at some of the world's largest theatres, the rolls were all well sustained, some of them were all the action, vivacity and skill of seasoned players. It would be difficult to draw distinctions but THE STAR wishes to say for itself and many others that there wasn't a weak spot in the cast. The story of the comedy is well known to theatre goers and the staging was fine and much beyond expectations. Those who took part were, Mr. Devos Woolf who cleverly interpreted the roll of Mr. Hardcastle, a country gentleman; Mr. B. J. Wood as Tony Lumpkins, his step-son, had a roll calling for more than an ordinary degree of talent and was equal to the demand; S. M. Woolf and Perry Jordan as the two lovers were parts taken with all their usual skill. They had the faculty of entering into the spirit of the rolls and were very popular.

Norris Blaxall in the part of Sir Chas. Marlow, the English gentleman and father of S. M. Woolf, sustained his part well; Sylvester Low and Joseph Low as landlord and servant were very good and took the house by storm. Their make-ups and antics were certainly up to the expectations of the playwright. Of the ladies it would only be fair to say that they scored the big triumph and added the vivaciousness to the performance. Miss Beth Newton as Miss Hardcastle displayed all the spirit of a trained actress and could easily win for herself a place on the professional stage. Her appearance was charming and interpretation of the roll all that could be desired. Miss Zina Peterson as Miss Neville, an heiress, was exceptionally good and inspired the play with a big share of the sprightliness that gave the audience such great pleasure. Her stage appearance was also graceful and she acted without slightest trace of nervousness. Miss Edith Harker as Mrs. Hardcastle did her part well and sustained the roll with credit. Her make-up was excellent. Miss Emily Caldwell as the maid was very good, and acted her part to perfection. The audience would have liked to see her in a heavier part.

Taken all in all the play was a grand success.

Valentine Day Comes Once a Year

The old maid gets a valentine like this:

Of poor little mice
 You are deathly afraid
 Why don't you get married
 You cranky old maid.

So does the old bachelor:

You surly old fossil,
 You selfish old brute,
 Why don't you get married
 Oh, root-toot-toot.

Sunday Evening Meeting

The evening meeting at the Assembly Hall on Sunday last, was held under the auspices of the Stake M. I. A. and was well attended. Pres. W. O. Lee presided over the services which were as follows:

Singing by Choir and congregation, "Hail to the Brightness of Zion's Glad Morning"
 Prayer was offered by Elder C. E. Snow.
 Singing by choir, "Come, Go With Me"

The meeting was opened by a short address from Pres. W. O. Lee. He touched briefly upon the Improvement Era and Annual Fund.

Elder D. E. Wilcox of the Stake M. I. A. Presidency was next speaker. In reporting the recent trip to the northern wards he stated that three new organizations had been effected; one at the Pine Coulee Branch, one at the Star Line Ward and the other at the Claresholm branch. He concluded his talk by giving a quotation from the Era.

A beautiful solo was rendered by Mrs. Fanny Brown.

Elder Z. W. Jacobs then read a selection entitled, "Why Do I Live."
 Sister Jordan of the Y. L. M. I. A. gave a brief report of their work. She had also accompanied the visiting party to the northern wards. Found everything in good condition and had effected two Coulees and one at Star Line. Had enjoyed trip very much.

A solo, entitled "A Sailor's Grave," was rendered by Prof. Williams.

A beautiful recitation was given by Mrs. Zina Brown.
 Elder Gilbert Hartley, Mt. View, who has just returned recently from a mission to the Eastern States, reported his labors. In conclusion he asked the young people to prepare themselves for missions by taking advantage of the opportunities offered them.

A beautiful solo entitled, "I Have Read of a Beautiful City" was sung by Miss Sadie Wolsey. Choir accompaniment.

A piano solo was given by Mr. A. Hulbert.

Quartette "Lead Kindly Light" was rendered by Misses Mable Henson, and Etta Dowdle, and Messrs M. H. Woolf and J. F. Layne.

Pres. Lee in introducing the next speakers, stated that there was at present 13 organizations of the Y. M. M. I. A. in the stake and five of that number were in the northern wards.

Elder W. C. Vernon, Pres. of the Young Men's Mutual at the Claresholm ward, was the first speaker. He dwelt upon the condition of the ward, and in conclusion gave a strong testimony in defence of the Word of Wisdom.

A recitation was given by Mrs. Matkin of Leavitt

Elder Pack of the Star Line Ward was the next speaker. He was pleased to be present at this conference and was thankful for many things. He related how he acquired his testimony of the gospel. In giving his report Elder Pack stated that the ward was 13 miles wide and 40 miles in length, and was completely organized.

The beautiful solo, "Abide With Me" was then sung by Prof. Williams accompanied by Mr. Banner.

The concluding speaker of the evening was Sister C. E. Snow of the Y. L. M. I. A. She was

Help Swell The Crowd

The Grand Ball to be given by the Board of Trade on Friday evening, 25th inst., we hope will be of the successful kind. It is coming to the members of the Board of Trade to have their services and abilities recognized by the people of Cardston in a tangible way, and on the date mentioned it is up to our citizens to give them a bumper house. Let everyone be present.

Blind Auction

The dance and Blind Auction given by the Stake Sabbath School on Friday evening was well attended and much enjoyed. Over \$50.00 was realized. The only regrettable part of the entertainment was that the bidding was confined to just a small portion of the crowd. In an entertainment of this kind everyone should take part.

Double Stitch

The sewing circle Meets each week At a given point, Because they seek Savages to dress In coat and gown— Likewise to dress The neighbors down.—Ex.

Aetna Notes

Aetna, Feb. 14th, 1910. The people of Aetna have turned out and finished their meeting house by putting three chimneys on, plastering the upper room and painting the inside so it is now much more comfortable. Other improvements in the building line are also noticeable.

The Aetna Dramatic Co. placed before the people the drama entitled, "Conrad," or "The Hand of a Friend," last Thursday night with marked success, those taking part doing their parts well. There was a crowded house and \$40.00 was taken to apply on the meeting house. They expect to play in the other wards in the very near future.

Stake Quarterly Conference

The Stake Quarterly Conference just closed, held on Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 12th and 13th, was probably the best attend Conference held in the Stake for years. The Assembly Hall was well filled at the first meeting, and at the Sunday afternoon meeting a fourth of the people could not gain admission. Every Bishop of the Stake was present from the first session, and all but two of the High Council, and they were unavoidably detained away.

Pres. E. J. Wood delivered the opening address in which he reported the Stake as never in a more prosperous condition and dwelt upon the liberality of the General Authorities toward the Stake in the way of helping in ward maintenance and in the building of our Stake Tabernacle.

He dwelt upon the prosperity ahead of our colonies in Canada, and the generous reception accorded our people by the Government of the country. He complimented the Bishops and members of the High Council upon their faithfulness and urged preparation for missions upon the young men, and the responsibility of motherhood upon the mothers.

He was followed by returned missionaries. Henry M. Bohne, Frank Leavitt, C. Edgar Snow and Thomas Wilson, who all gave a splendid report of their missionary labors abroad, after which Pres. Rhode C. Hinman, who was baptized by the Prophet, Joseph Smith, bore his testimony and reported the Relief Society.

Sister Sarah J. Austin was the next speaker, she, also, having been baptized by the Prophet Joseph Smith. She felt that the responsibility of rearing a family ought not to be laid upon the mother alone, that the father, too, was in a measure responsible.

The afternoon session was taken up with excellent reports by members of the High Council and Bishops of Wards.

The Sunday morning session was occupied by the Stake Sabbath Schools, conducted by Supt. M. A. Coombs, when seventeen fully organized Sunday Schools all in good working condition were reported.

At the Sunday afternoon meeting more reports were given and the General and local authorities were sustained unanimously.

Great credit is due the Stake choir, under the direction of Chorister Frank Layne, and the several talented performers who favored the conference with such superb music during all of its sessions.

The Stake Mutual closed the conference on Sunday evening with a particularly pleasing program of exercises.

Altogether it was as usual, "one of the best conferences we have ever attended."

Storyettes

I HEAR Binks says married life is a failure.
"It was in his case. She married the other fellow."

HE—"So your husband has given up smoking? It requires a pretty strong will to accomplish that."
She—"Well, I'd have you understand that I have a strong will."

CALLER—"Snip & Co. have employed me to collect the bill you owe them."
Owens—"You are to be congratulated, sir, in securing a permanent position."

CHIEF OF DETECTIVES: "Now, give us a description of your missing cashier. How tall was he?"
Business Man: "I don't know how tall he was. What worries me is that he was \$2,000 short."

THE teacher had been telling the class about the rhinoceros family.
"Now, name some things," said she, "that are very dangerous to get near to, and that have horns." "Automobiles!" replied little Jennie Jones, promptly.

HE HAD worn all his father's cast-off clothing, from coats to collars, without a murmur; but now they found him shedding copious floods of tears.
"What's the matter, dear?" inquired his loving mother. "Have you hurt yourself?"
"No," he replied. "But father's had his beard shaved off, and now, I suppose, I've got to wear those old red whiskers!"

IN 1747 Mr. John Brown was invited to become the pastor of a church at Hingham. There was but one opponent to his settlement, a man whom Mr. Brown won over by a stroke or good humor. He asked for the grounds of his opposition.
"I like your person and your manner," was the reply, "but your preaching, sir, I disapprove."
"Then," said Mr. Brown, "we are agreed. I do not like my preaching very well myself, but how great a folly it is for you and me to set up our opinion against that of the whole parish." The force of this reasoning appealed to the man, and he at once withdrew his objections.

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THIS comes from an article which appeared in a leading New York paper last month. "When Dr. Frederick Cook stamped his mukluks on the icy hub of the earth's axle, he switched into his identity the colossal current of unrivaled fame, and instantly became a magnet."

TIS a curious fact," said a government shark, "As he read about commons and peeps, "That an Englishman votes with his eyes and his nose, and expresses applause with his ears."

A MAN had been very ill. Don't he had been very ill. He had been run over by a 60 horse-power hook-bunker, and one of his hands had been badly mangled.
"Doctor," he asked anxiously, when he was getting better, "when this paw of mine heals shall I be able to play the piano?"
"Certainly you will!" assured the doctor.
"Thanks, doctor—thanks!" murmured the patient. "You're a wonder! I never could before!"

A LONDON clothier was never known to acknowledge that he didn't have anything a possible customer might ask for. One day a customer entered the shop and asked if he had any trousers made especially for one-legged men.
"Certainly," replied the merchant.
"What kind do you want?"
"Dress pants," said the man. "The best you've got."
Hurrying into the rear of the shop, the enterprising merchant snatched a pair of trousers and snipped off the right leg with a pair of shears. Hastily turning under the edges he presented them to the customer.
"That's the kind I want. What's the price?"
"Thirty shillings."
"Well, give me a pair with the left leg off."

WHEN the English tongue we speak why is "break" not rhymed with "freak"? Will you tell me why it's true we say "saw," but likewise "few"; And the maker of verse Can not cap his "horse" with "worse"? "Beard" sounds not the same as "heard"; "Cord" is different from "word"; "Cow" is cow, but "low" is low; "Shoe" is never rimed with "foe"; Think of "those" and "dose" and "lose"; And of "goose" and of "chose"; Think of "comb" and "tomb" and "born";

AN ACTRESS'S LIFE
I THINK it was Miss Ellen Terry who once remarked that the vexations and worries of an actress's life often add ten or fifteen years to her age. That

there is much truth in the assertion few with any knowledge of the profession will deny. "Would you not like your time over again?" I said recently to a well-known American actress, who married and retired from the stage three years ago, after a highly successful career.
"Not for the world," she promptly replied. "When I think of my early struggles for engagements, the snubs and insults from ill-natured agents and managers, the dressing-room jealousies and bickerings, the never-ending rehearsals, and the fatigue and discomforts of touring, I am deeply thankful that I have been able to forsake the footlights for the domestic hearth."
I could sympathize with her, for I have experienced it all. True, I have been fortunate in the matter of obtaining engagements, but while the majority of agents and managers I have met have been most considerate and kind, one or two others were a discredit to the profession. I once went to an American agent and asked if he would book me for the tour of a certain play he was advertising. Yes, he could have such and such a part, and if I cared to invest \$100 in the production I could share the profits.

I thought the offer a fair one and paid him the money. A week later the agent appeared at my door with \$100, but with the money he had duped. He had no intention of producing a play. In fact, he was simply a bogus agent, and I mention the incident as a warning to stage aspirants against trusting their money to other than agents or reputable.

One girl I knew was robbed of all her savings in this manner, and left stranded in a town to which she had been induced to travel, on the pretext that a customer might ask for. One day a customer entered the shop and asked if he had any trousers made especially for one-legged men.
"Certainly," replied the merchant.
"What kind do you want?"
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The Horseman

THE big New York auction held recently demonstrated pretty plainly that the blood of Peter the Great is in demand all the time, even when it occurs in the female line of animals offered at vendue. Among the horses sent to New York by the Street-er estate of Kalamazoo, Mich., was a two-year-old stallion by Bingen out of Santos, dam of Peter the Great. This colt has a record of 2:30, but it was his blood lines and his individuality that brought him for \$3,750 to a Kentucky breeder.

The combination of strains forming the pedigree of this stallion, whose name is Mr. Forbes, is a peculiarly alluring one to breeders, as it unites in direct strains the blood of the two leading sires of today—Bingen and Peter the Great. If current criticism of the first generation of Bingen is correct the family has only two faults; its members jump rather too easily when hard pressed and they have been known to be languid at the finish.

But it will be found this is true of any colt family, especially if they are pure gaited trotters, because the more perfect the action of any horse the sooner he will tire if kept at top speed and the harder he will stop once he is through. A lot of people, ignoring this fact, railed against the Electioneer colts trotters, which were machine gaited to a degree, and it is worth noting that the greatest of all the family, Palo Alto, was by no means the best gaited, and he was able to recover from a break as quickly as any of the old timers trained for that particular feat.

The thoroughbred blood Palo Alto got from his dam may have made him game, as some people argued, but it is a sure thing the resting break he could make when he felt like it helped a lot more in the matter of enabling him to come down the home stretch at his best clip.

The colt by Bingen and out of the dam of Peter the Great should sire speed, and the same may be said of another colt of the same mare, two years older, whose sire is Moko. In the matter of getting stake-winning trotters over a period of ten years Moko is apart from all other horses. His daughter, Pereno, was the first winner of both divisions of the Kentucky Futurity. That was a decade ago, and in the meantime a lot of Moko's have won both races—Mabel, Susie N., Mochester, and others—while in 1909 Native Belle, daughter of Moko, made herself champion two-year-old trotter.

If she lives and stays sound, Native Belle's chance of duplicating Pereno's work in the Kentucky Futurity is more than good, and in case she pulls off the double event, the Moko family will have a distinction enjoyed by the get of no other sire.

In the meantime Peter the Great has been siring colt trotters of the highest class—Sadie Mae, Traumpst, Czarevna, The Wolverine, and others—and to mate the dam of such a sire with a stallion of the class of Moko certainly was a happy thought on the part of Mr. Streeter. Had he lived, it was his intention to keep the colts from Santos and by Bingen and Moko in order that he might still further carry out his idea on how blood lines should be mingled in order to produce the best results from a racing standpoint.

For a good many years Mr. Streeter had been breeding trotters, his great triumph, of course, being Peter the Great, but at the time that horse was in the limelight as winner of the Kentucky Futurity and a price was asked on him the Michigan man was not in a position to give the time to such matters that the establishment of a farm with the stallion at the head would have demanded.

of the other sons of Pilot Medium ranked anywhere near the first class in that line, so the \$20,000 the horse brought was enough for him, especially as Mr. Streeter reserved the right to breed two mares, Icon, 2:10, which he sold for \$9,000, and her sister, Amelita, 2:35 1/2, being among the produce of those mares, while Mr. Forbes, the colt that brought \$3,750 at auction, was secured by trading one of the services for one by Bingen.

Gray Petrus, which brought \$2,000, was one of the bargains of the Streeter auction consignment. He is by Peter the Great and out of an Onward mare. Last August, he was running in a paddock, had been sick, and Peter Johnston was not enthusiastic about him, as the best he had shown was a 2:40 clip, and the way he did it did not just suit the trainer.

But as soon as his strength came back Gray Petrus made speed faster than any colt Johnston ever handled, and at Lexington he worked a mile in 2:20 with about as little training as any colt ever did the trick. Petrovna, the two-year-old filly by Peter, that was marked in 2:34 1/4 at Lexington, was cheap at \$1,200, and J. H. Shultz, the Brooklyn breeder who got the filly, doubtless will mate her with one of his Axworthy stallions.

The American Association of Trotting Horse Breeders, of which United States Senator Bailey, of Texas, is president, and the membership of which includes a large percentage of the prominent trotting horse breeders, met in New York the other day and went on record as being opposed to the three heats or more plan of trotting stakes for three-year-olds.

The matter was first taken up a year ago, and at that time a considerable number of the members agreed to make no entries in colt fixtures where anything longer than a two heats in three system might produce was tolerated, but as most of the valuable three-year-old stakes were on the three in five plan, the boycott was not effective, not all the breeders seeing their way clear to keeping colts that looked to have a chance to win such stakes in the barn, while possibly inferior ones were contesting for the coin.

This year the Kentucky Futurity for two-year-olds, the richest affair of its kind, the winner receiving \$10,000, turned out to be a battle of five heats. Had it been two in three Czarevna would have been the winner in straight heats, and the same result would have obtained had it been of the "stop-at-the-end-of-three-heats" variety. But under the condition that some one horse must win three heats to decide the event, the victor turned up in Baroness Virginia.

A good many people have argued in print that Czarevna was the best of the field, but I have never been able to figure where she had anything on Baroness Virginia. The latter's third heat in 2:08 1/4, after getting a hard drive through the home stretch to beat the flag after being run into and sent to a break, was fully as creditable as the 2:07 1/2 second heat of Czarevna, because the latter had the pole all the way, while Baroness Virginia started in eighth horse place for the third heat and had to go a long mile.

She won the fourth and fifth heats by being strictly game and getting a perfect drive from Tom Murphy. Now, these two fillies, and Soprano, who trotted just as hard as the others, were as limber as eels the next morning, and, in fact, not one of the entire field of eight starters showed the slightest ill effects after the race.

in five will not decrease the number of trotting bred youngsters put on the shelf by early training, because where they get the hard knocks is during the work of the two-year-old stakes, which in these days are trotted around 2:12, except when a Native Belle comes along and spread-eagles the field in 2:07 1/4.

One of the chief topics of conversation among horsemen during the past week was the sale of the crack pacing mare Merry Widow, 2:09 1/4 (half-mile track), by Mr. John Gentles, of Kilmcardine, to Mr. R. J. McKenzie, of Winnipeg, Man. The deal was made by Mr. McKenzie personally, and by it he becomes the owner of one of the best of pacing mares, as it is a well-known fact that had trainer Romberg so wished, he could have driven her a mile very close to the two-minute mark over any first class mile ring. Merry Widow is not only a fast, but a good-mannered and game race mare and one that will in all probability prove for her new owner that she is one of the best racing propositions for the year 1910. She will be in the hands of that clever reinseman and race driver, Havis James, formerly of Hamilton, who has charge of Mr. McKenzie's harness horses. Mr. James has trained and driven many noted trotters and pacers during his past career on the track, but it is doubtful if he has ever drawn a line over a more classy pacer than Merry Widow, notwithstanding the fact that Gallagher, 2:03 1/4, and Maud Keswick, 2:03 3/4, were at one time his pupils.

The first symptom of loco poisoning in horses is often a change in the general condition of the animal. If high-lived, the animal becomes somewhat dull. Following this, irregularities in its gait and in its mode of eating appear. The irregularities in the gait may be due partly to weakness and simulate a paralytic affection. The horse drags its feet more or less, this being particularly noticeable in the hind legs. Associated with this paralytic condition is an apparent loss of muscular coordination. In stepping over a slight obstruction the horse lifts its feet unnecessarily high, or in going over a rut in a road it may leap as if jumping over a ditch. As the disease progresses the animal becomes solitary in its habits and seems to lose very largely its nervous sensibility. If one approaches a badly loosed horse the horse does not notice the person until he is within a few feet, when it may suddenly rear and perhaps fall over backward. When it drinks or wien it eats there is a peculiar stiff motion of the jaws, showing a lack of control of the muscles. If a loosed horse is used either in riding or driving, this lack of muscular coordination may make it extremely dangerous, as such a horse shies violently at imaginary objects, can not readily be led or backed, and if started in motion is inclined to go in an automatic fashion at the same gait until stopped by some obstruction.

C. A. KING, GLOBE TROTTER, is walking from Montreal to Vancouver, 2896 miles, on Catspaw Rubber Heels. Left Montreal one o'clock, Oct. 23rd, passed Sudbury, Ont., 430 miles, Nov. 16th. When will he reach Vancouver? 133 prizes offered nearest guessers. Contest is free. Write guess on postal card and receive prize list. Address Dept. D, Walpole Rubber Co., Ltd., Montreal.

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THE BUCK-EYE
VOL 1 WEEKLY EDITION NO. 11
It Pays to Advertise
When Cleopatra, wise old girl,
Got gay one night and smoked a pearl,
All frugal folk cried out "For Shame!"
But marvelled at her just the same.
And she was right and she was wise
To thus get in and advertise.
When Cheops made his subjects bid
On contracts for a pyramid,
He got a tomb well worth a king
(Though not a very useful thing)
But he was right and he was wise
To thus get in and advertise.
When old Diogenes began
Pothunting for an honest man,
His chances of success were slim;
But folks began discussing him—
And he was right and he was wise
To thus get in and advertise.
'Tis sad, but it is true, the same
That those who fill the Book of Fame
Have left their records, more or less
Through some tremendous foolishness.
Yet they were right and they were wise
To thus get in and advertise.
Now Buck-Eye cares no single jot
Whether you heed these words or not.
But try one—if you have a mind
To win Fame's hall—and you will find
Buck-Eyes are right. And you'll be
wise
To smoke Buck-Eyes—and advertise.
And it pays to smoke BUCK-EYES

The Alberta Star

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

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CARDSTON, ALBERTA

FRED BURTON
EDITOR AND MANAGER

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FEBRUARY 18, 1910.

RESERVE YOUR JUDGEMENT

The telegraphic news of the daily papers to hand indicate "something doing" at Edmonton. Judging from the editorial comments, there seems to be some good grounds for the agitation which has partially disrupted the provincial government, although such a reputable paper as the Lethbridge Daily Herald has so far refrained from expressing an opinion. The opposition's press is mean enough to charge the Herald with ulterior motives in its silence, but as to the correctness of their deductions we are not prepared to say and we prefer to await further developments before expressing our views on the greater issues, which enter into this difference of opinion.

There is no question though, that there is considerable selfishness at the bottom of all, the north versus south, ever since the location of the Capital which stirred the first session of the First Provincial Legislature.

After that came the location of various public institutions. Strathcona, just across the river from the capital, got the University, Calgary the South and Edmonton the North Alberta Land Titles Office. Ponoka has the asylum, while Medicine Hat got the Minister of Agriculture, and Calgary the Minister of Public Works and the Normal School.

So it went, until an Agricultural College and more rail roads were considered Alberta's next absolute necessities. Herein comes the real fight. The distribution of favors seemed to be pretty evenly divided, but as soon as Edmonton, because of its geographical location, got three transcontinental railways, then in addition to this was the first district to receive the much flouted government aid in support of Alberta and Great Waterways Railway and later it has been discovered, or rather it seems that way, that the question has been definitely decided to unite the proposed Agricultural College with the University which means its location at Strathcona, also the resignation of the Hon. Mr. Finlay and the appointment of Duncan Marshall of Olds to that Portfolio roused the ire of the South until "patience ceased to be a virtue." Such able men as J. W. Woolf of Cardston, to whom was promised this important position, and the unanimous opinion of the entire south that the best agricultural interests of the whole Province are south from Red Deer, with the very best of that half of the country lying nearer the United States boundary line, there seems to be good grounds for asking a change in the shuffle.

Until the present Legislature gets through with the fight it will be our advice to the readers of the Star to keep in close touch with events, study the particular issues which are stirring the public and reserve judgement until a little later.

WHY NOT?

Now that the thirty year debentures with which our new cement sidewalks were built during the last summer have been declared invalid, why cannot all those patriotic citizens who signed the petitions in the first instance get together and sign new petitions, and have the debentures issued for twenty years under the law? The action would relieve the Town Council greatly and insure the progress of the Town along the line of advancement so well begun. We cannot afford to take a backward step in the matter, nor to stop the improvement of the Town in the way of permanent growth, so that this seems to be about the only way open to us. The only difference this action would make would be to add slightly to the yearly payment that would be required of those in front of whose property the local improvement runs, and this difficulty would be offset by the shortening of the period over which the indebtedness is to run. We suggest that this would be the patriotic way of settling the difficulty. Who will take the first step?

A NATION IN SUSPENSE

From New York comes the word that a wireless message has been received from the Kentucky a steamer of the Alaska-Pacific Company, that she is fast sinking, with her Captain and seventy five men on board. Many vessels are hurrying to the rescue, and the question that is agitating the hearts of thousands is as whether they will any of them be in time to save the doomed vessel and her crew.

News of the Kentucky's desperate plight, struggling heavy seas, forty miles southwest of Cape Hatteras, was received in a dispatch from the United Wireless Telegraph Company's station at Cape Hatteras, a few days ago, and no word has since been heard from the scene of action.

The first distress call from the Kentucky was received by the Mallory Line steamer, Almo, which immediately proceeded to the rescue, heading for latitude 32 18. longitude 76.43, where the Kentucky reported her position. The message was the new international distress "S. O. S." signal, of the most urgent call that can be sent for aid to a disabled craft, and many vessels have made it known that they have received the message and are hurrying with all speed to the point of danger.

One is reminded upon reading of such an occurrence of the memorable first message of Morse, the inventor, over the first telegraph line erected not more than a generation ago: "What hath God wrought." At the same rate of progress, the next generation will see the world in as close communication as are now the citizens of a town where all are connected on the telephone. The United Wireless Telegraph Company certainly has the world for its field.

Home Missionaries

February 27, 1910
BEAZER
A. G. Scotter D. H. Caldwell
LEAVITT
H. D. Folsom Walter Pitcher
CARDSTON
J. A. Johnson John Nelson
KIMBALL
B. F. Lowry August Nielson
MOUNTAIN VIEW
Archie Nelson Bert Quinton
GLENWOOD
Hardia West Wm. T. Illey
WOOLFORD
H. M. Bohne Lorenzo Hanson
AETNA
Jabez Brandham Edw. Blazer
CALDWELL
C. F. Broadbent John E. Redford
TAYLORVILLE
H. M. Maughn A. W. Jensen

Joseph Card, who has been absent some two years on a mission in England, returned on Tuesday.

BURTON'S VARIETY STORE

"Cash Goods at Cash Prices"

NEW ARRIVALS

A big range of Ladies White Muslin Aprons from 20c up.

A large assortment of Childrens Pinafores from 15c up.

A choice lot of Childrens Dresses, 25, 40, 45, 65, 75 and 85c.

Womens Overall Print Aprons, 35 and 40c

Ladies Muslin Corset Covers, 25, 30, and 35c.

Best imported Checked Gingham at 10 and 11c per yard in 5 and 10 yard lengths

To Arrive Next Week

American Carpet Warp, in all colors

Salt Lake Mountaineer Overalls

Salt Lake Mountaineer Overalls, full stock of sizes in Men's and Boy's. Remember that we sell Men's sizes at \$1.00 pair, and boy's at a lower price.

Window Blinds

A big range of Spring Roller Window Blinds, in plain Lace and Fringe at our usual low prices

Burton's Variety Store

WRESTLING MATCH

O. K. RINK

Tuesday, March 1st.

Robert Saxon

MINNEAPOLIS

—and—

J. F. Ellison

CARDSTON

Saxon agrees to throw Ellison twice in one hour

\$1,000.00 Purse

Good Preliminaries

Main bout to commence at 9:30 p.m.

The busiest and mightiest little thing that ever was made is Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They do the work whenever you require their aid. These tablets change weakness into strength, listlessness into energy, gloominess into joyousness. Their action is so gentle one doesn't realize they have taken a purgative. Sold by all dealers.

We Wish

to thank the public for their generous patronage during our recent sale and wish to give our friends the opportunity of taking advantage of our cheap sale during stock taking.

Immediately

After Stock Taking

we will fill our shelves with a large and complete line of SPRING GOODS The best quality that can be had.

—THE—

Cardston Mercantile Co.

LIMITED.

Local and General.

The days are lengthening. Our weather continues pleasant.

T. W. Green, editor of the Magrath Pioneer, was in town today.

Owing to a break-down of our gasoline engine, the Star is a day late this week.

A Musical Festival will be held at Claresholm, Alta., on Wednesday, March 30th, 1910.

Flannelet blankets 10 quarter 11 quarter and 12 quarter to arrive at Burtons next week.

Read the Home Missionary appointments in this issue for Sunday.

J. W. Woolf M. P. P. was in town over Sunday returning to Edmonton on Monday.

Browns Moving Picture show at the Assembly Hall to-night. Prices 15 and 35c.

When you help your home paper you help your town and indirectly help yourself.

The weather man also deserves a few kind words for remaining on his good behavior so long.

Several parties from Cardston expect to attend the Board of Trade Ball at Magrath this evening.

Dr. Ellis dentist Lethbridge will pay a professional visit to Cardston on Monday and will remain to the 24th.

Many persons in town are in receipt of invitations to attend the Board of Trade Ball at Magrath this evening.

H. D. Folsom has received a car of coast fir flooring, siding etc. If you want to see nice lumber call on him.

Don't grumble if your paper is not always flush up to the high standard of your ideal. Charitable remember that no editor is capable of getting up quite as good a paper as you could yourself.

In reporting a continued demand for money throughout the western Provinces of Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation confirms previous accounts of the rapid developments under way in the plains country.

The Board of Trade Ball which was to have taken place this evening has been postponed for a week. This is on account of a Board of Trade Ball being given at Magrath this evening to which the Cardston members have been invited.

A wrestling match between J. Ellison and Robert Saxon, Minneapolis, has been arranged to take place on Tuesday evening March 1st. in the O. K. Rink. Saxon agrees to throw Ellison twice in an hour. From all appearances this will be a very interesting match.

In the debate last evening at the Canadian Club, the negative side, championed by W. S. Johnston received the decision. The affirmative side was upheld by S. M. Woolf and J. P. Low. The judges were H. B. Stacpoole, J. T. Brown and D. E. Harris. A large attendance was present and the debate was listened to with interest.

Mr. Brown, of Macleod, was in yesterday making arrangements to give a moving picture show. If everything can be arranged satisfactory a circuit will be established, consisting of the towns of Macleod, Raymond, Magrath and Cardston. The best films and illustrated songs on the continent will be shown. Two shows a week will probably be given here.

W. S. Short, wife and family left High River on Tuesday last for Mr. Short's old home in Nevada, where they will visit for six months. We are very sorry to lose such an estimable family and trust they will meet with every success in Nevada. Mr. Short came to Alberta ten years ago and was successful in gathering about him on his ranch a fine bunch of horses and cattle which he still holds. We hope Mr. Short may soon return to take up his residence in Alberta. —High River Times.

A guarantee of 50,000 hogs per year will be required from the farmers of Alberta before the government will undertake the erection of a pork-packing plant. W. F. Stevens, provincial live stock commissioner, has arranged for a complete tour of the farmers' unions in the province, for the purpose of securing the signature of farmers to the form of guarantee prepared by the government.

Herbs and herbs only in Bliss Naive Herbs. Sold at Phipps.

H. D. Folsom received a car of wood fiber and plaster this week.

The population of B. C. is 3,000,000.

Lent has begun. We intend to deny ourselves by refusing to read Hansard.

We carry a good line of mourning stationery, school supplies, etc.—Layne-Henson Music Co.

An immense assortment of lace and insertions to arrive next week at Burtons.

According to the man who has had discouraging experience this is not the time to plant the garden.

Owing to lack of space we are compelled to leave the report of the Institute Meeting over till next issue.

We have no trouble in our work. With joy we wander to it. For some one surely will drop in. To tell us how to do it.

Read every ad. in the Star. There are sure to be some offers that it will be to your advantage to seize.

H. D. Folsom has just received three cars brick for the new two story building for Cardston Implement Co.

The Aetna Dramatic Co. played to full house at Leavitt on Wednesday evening, "Conrad" is the title of the play presented.

Gentlemen; if its the correct thing in a hat you want. The Spencer & Stoddard Ltd. certainly have it in their spring stock.

Last Monday was St. Valentine's Day. We hope that every laddie and lassie in Cardston received the valentine that would please them most.

Shipments of farm machinery are already arriving for the local dealers and there promises to be no shortage of seeding implements when spring opens.

There is to be another daily paper to start in Lethbridge as soon as it is possible to get it going. It will be issued from the office of the Lethbridge News.

Now that the Canadian Club has settled the problem of the location of the Agricultural College the trouble at Edmonton should cease.

Elder J. Williams, Leavitt who has been absent for the past year on a mission in South West Virginia, returned on Monday. Ill health was the cause of his release.

The Hub Barber Shop changed management on Tuesday. Mr. Carter of Lethbridge taking control. Mr. Carter is an experienced barber and is a son-in-law of Thos. Sherwood.

If troubled by indigestion, constipation, no appetite or feel bilious, give Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets a trial and you will be pleased with the result. These tablets invigorate the stomach and liver and strengthen the digestion. Sold by all dealers.

The United Farmers of Alberta in convention at Edmonton passed a resolution of straight government ownership of elevators both terminal and internal and, calling upon the provincial government to take over and operate internal elevators.

Have you anything for sale or rent? Let all the people know about it in the cheapest way possible, that is through an advertisement in the Alberta Star. Everybody reads the Star every week. Get with the crowd.

Yesterday a member of the Mormon Church called in at the Herald office to correct a possible false impression that might have been given by a cut and accompanying reader in the Herald the other day. The cut showed the Salt Air pavilion near Salt Lake City and spoke of it as belonging to the Mormon Church and as being the place where the Johnsson Jeffries fight will take place. This gentleman says that the church has not owned the place for over two years and that they are doing all they can to prevent having the big fight pulled off at Salt Lake City. —Leth. Herald.

Great Falls, Feb. 16.—Dr. H. W. Brant, of Cardston, Alta., Canada, who arrived in the city a few days ago, has concluded to locate in this city and yesterday he purchased the C. W. Swearingen home, 412 fifth avenue, for a consideration of \$6,500. Dr. Brant will move his family to this city about the middle of next April, and they will make this their permanent home in the future. Dr. Brant left last evening for Chicago where he will take a post graduate course at one of the large medical schools of that city and upon his return here he will begin active practice.

H. D. Folsom received a car of boards and dimension this week.

Ward conference at Leavitt on Sunday.

Robt. Ibeby Taber is spending a few days in town.

Board of Trade Ball a week from tonight.

The Spencer & Stoddard Ltd. are now showing the correct thing in shoes.

Lots of American and English paper covered novels at 10 and 15c at Burtons.

Judging from the reports of the weather prophets, the coming summer will be warmer than the past winter.

If the people seeking lands only knew of the resources of the Cardston district, they would be flocking here faster than ever.

Ash Wednesday was not observed as a holiday in the town further than the schools were closed in the afternoon.

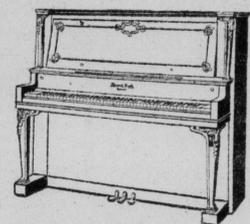
J. Ellison left for Magrath yesterday where a wrestling match had been billed between him and P. Estergard to take place that evening.

The presence of the Cardston Symphony Orchestra at the theatre on Wednesday, added greatly to the enjoyment of the entertainment.

What might have been a fatal accident, occurred at Leavitt on Saturday afternoon when a team belonging to Elias Pilling run away. A broken bit and rein was the cause of the trouble. Messrs. Chas. Quinton and Oscar Carlson, who were in the rig with Mr. Pilling, jumped from the buggy and were seriously hurt. The first named fracturing a bone in his heel, and the second lighting on his head, rendering him unconscious for 4 hours. The team was brought to a stop after a run of seven miles.

While it is often impossible to prevent an accident, it is never impossible to be prepared—it is not beyond any one's purse. Invest 25 cents in a bottle of Chamberlain's Liniment and you are prepared for sprains, bruises and like injuries. Sold by all dealers.

Before buying a



Piano or Organ



consult us. We represent the celebrated

Mason Risch Pianos

We also have the agency for SINGER SEWING MACHINES Sold on easy terms For up-to-date Stationery Phone 18

Layne-Henson MUSIC CO.

Just Arrived

The first shipment Spring goods all the latest novelties for the Spring season CALL EARLY and get your order in while the selection is good and avoid the rush. Good fit and style combined with

Good Workmanship Guaranteed, a trial order will convince.

Large Stock of ready to-wear pants to be cleared out at cost price

\$3.50 pants for \$2.75. \$5.50 dress pants for \$4.50 \$4.50 strong whipcord pants for \$3.50

Working vests made in corduroy and strong tweeds and tailored on the premises for \$2.00

W. P. Harper, Merchant Tailor.

We make Photos that will last

Give us a trial

Photo Postcards finished while you wait

The Henson Studio

Merry-Isabel Dairy

E. L. JESSEN—Proprietor

Milk delivered to all parts of the town, morning and evening at 6c a quart

Cardston. — Alberta.

MONEY TO LOAN

In large or small amounts on

FARMS (improved or UNIMPROVED) or TOWN PROPERTIES

No Delays. Easy Terms.

W. S. Johnston, Barrister, Cardston.

Get title to farm on your own terms

We will sell to you and look to the land for our pay. Don't rent when the same work will make you owner. We loan money on farm lands no delay. We buy for cash good farm lands, list with us.

Farm Security Company

Whitney Block, Lethbridge, Alta.

An attack of grip is often followed by a persistent cough, which to many proves a great annoyance. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has been extensively used and with good success for the relief and cure of this cough. Many cases have been cured after all other remedies had failed. Sold by all dealers.

High grade bon bons, candies, Chocolates of all kinds. We make a specialty of Nut Milk Chocolate. Large 5 ct. packet at Phipps.

Just in—a choice line of oranges, large size only 45 cents per dozen. Good eating and cooking apples and fresh lemons. Phipps.

Hot or cold baths any time of day.—Phipps.

A few minutes delay in treating some cases of croup, even the length of time it takes to go for a doctor often proves dangerous. The safest way is to keep Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in the house and at the first indication of croup give the child a dose. Pleasant to take and always cures. Sold by all dealers.

The Valentine Ball on Monday evening at the Assembly Hall, was well attended and much enjoyed.

Here we are in February. Why it'll not be long before Easter hats are in bloom again.

The robin having been duly discovered, it is now in order to let the winter finish its work.

Paris will now have a greater aversion to water than ever.

The condition of the city water sometimes is not conducive to temperance reform.

We propose to meet the prices of the catalogue houses

All we ask is that you deal with us on the same basis that you deal with catalogue houses, and give us the same amount of time to get the goods which it would require to get them from them.

Plank your money down when you order the goods and we will meet each and every price they make and furnish you the same goods at the same prices they offer you.

We will go further.

We don't ask you to take any goods where mistakes are made in ordering.

We'll shoulder the mistakes

If any of you have ever had anything come wrong you know what a nice little job it is to have it corrected, no matter how willing the firm is to do so.

It takes correspondence, stamps and freight on the goods to get them exchanged, to say nothing of the loss of time.

Some people prefer to buy away from home because it sounds big to be able to say they ordered from —, etc.

We know of one party who is actually paying more for goods bought away from — than he could buy them of his dealer here.

This kind of people we can do nothing for, but the kind who are making the dollar go just as far as they can, we can and will do something for.

Give us a trial on the proposition we make, if you are one of those who are buying away from home.

Bring your catalogue with you.

If we fail to furnish the goods without a reasonable excuse don't give us your confidence again.

Try us once.

We don't fear the result.

We are your home merchants.

We help pay the taxes.

We have to live and consume some of your product. Is our proposition wrong?

The whole trouble about our people is the same with which so many communities are suffering.

That old slow-coach credit.

Some of it so slow we never get it.

No merchant can sell goods cheap on that plan.

Spencer & Stoddard

—LIMITED—

DEPARTMENT STORE

THE WILD GEESE

BY Stanley J. Weyman.

(Copyright, 1909, by Stanley J. Weyman.)

Synopsis of Previous Chapters

Colonel John Sullivan, an Irish soldier, who has served abroad for many years, returns to his native Kerry on the sloop Cormorant, a French smuggling vessel. The cargo of the sloop is seized by the natives of Skull, against the futile protests of Captain Augustin, who realizes that he has no law on his side. Colonel Sullivan is coldly received by Plavia and her brother, The McMurrough, because of his alien faith and his undesirable position as their legal guardian. When Captain Augustin returns with Luke Ansell, the nearest justice, and demands the return of the cargo, Plavia and her guardian are in favor of returning the cargo, on the Captain's payment of the dues. The McMurrough objects to this, but finally agrees to it on Colonel Sullivan's offer to get back Plavia's favorite mare, which was seized by British soldiers. The Colonel and his servant, Bale, set out and find the mare at the residence of Tralee. The Colonel and the English officers, the messroom by the name Payton, who seized the mare, throws him in his face. The Colonel refuses to fight, because his right arm is permanently disabled. He is left handless, but at the same time winning the mare on a wager. At dinner upon his return to Morrisstown, he is amazed when Plavia drinks a toast to the King across the water, and fears that a rising is contemplated. His fears are realized next morning when his kinsman, Ulick, warns him to leave the place and people to their fate. The Colonel refuses and next morning breakfast is invited to join a family proposed uprising, knowing its futility. Fearing that the Colonel may turn informer, The McMurrough and his friends imprison him and his servant Bale. The next morning the two are led out to their death by the agent of The McMurrough.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued

A Message from the Young Master

THE DEVILS! Bale exclaimed. He choked on the word and worked his jaw, glaring at them, but he said no more. Only his eyes glanced from one to another, wild and full of rage.

Colonel John did not reply, for already O'Sullivan was addressing him. "There's no more to it," The McMurrough's agent said bluntly. "You've come your last journey, Colonel, and we'll go back wanting you. There's no room in Ireland from this day for them that's not Irish at heart! Not safety for honest men while you're walking the sod. But—

"Will you murder us?" Colonel John said. "Do you know, man," he continued sternly, "what you do? What have we done to you or your master?" "Done?" O'Sullivan Og answered, with sudden fierceness. "And murder, and like you for the sake of Old Ireland! You may make your peace, and have five minutes to that—and no more, for time presses, and we've work to do. These fools would have a priest for you!" He turned and spat on the ground—"but it is I, none better, know you are Protestants, and 'twould take more than that to make your souls!" Colonel John looked at him with a strange light in his eyes. "It is little as you say," he said, "and much to me. Yet, think, man, what you do. Or if you will not, here is my servant. Spare his life at least. Put him, if you please, on board the French sloop that's in the bay."

"Faith, and you're wasting the little breath that is left you," the ruffian answered, irritated rather than moved by the other's calmness. "It's to take or leave. I told the men a heretic had no soul to make, but—

"God forgive you!" Colonel John said, and was silent; for he saw that remonstrance would not help him, nor prayer avail. The man's mind was made up, his heart steeled. For a brief instant, something, perhaps of human fear which he had so often defied, flashed across Colonel John's heart. For a brief instant human weakness had its way with him, and he shuddered—in the face of the bog, in the face of such a man as this. Then the gracious faith that was his returned to him; he was his usual, unyielding self again. He took Plavia's hand and begged his forgiveness. "Would I had never brought you!" he said. "Why did I, why did I? Yet, God's will be done!"

Bale did not seem able to speak. His jaw continued to work, while his eyes looked sideways at Og. Had the Irishman known his man, he would have put himself out of reach, armed as he was.

"But I will appeal for you to the priest," O'Sullivan Og continued. "He may yet prevail with them to spare you."

CHAPTER XII.

The Sea Mist

Father O'Hara looked at the two prisoners, and the tears ran down his face. He was the man whom Colonel Sullivan and Bale had overtaken on their way to Tralee. He was a merciful man and with all his heart he wished that, if he could do no good, God had been pleased to send him another way through the mist. "What can I do?" he cried. "Oh, what can I do?"

"You can do nothing, father," O'Sullivan Og said grimly. "They're heretics, no less! And we're wasting your time, blessed man." He whispered a few words to the priest's ear.

Colonel John did not reply, for already O'Sullivan was addressing him. "There's no more to it," The McMurrough's agent said bluntly. "You've come your last journey, Colonel, and we'll go back wanting you. There's no room in Ireland from this day for them that's not Irish at heart! Not safety for honest men while you're walking the sod. But—

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"God forgive you!" Colonel John said, and was silent; for he saw that remonstrance would not help him, nor prayer avail. The man's mind was made up, his heart steeled. For a brief instant, something, perhaps of human fear which he had so often defied, flashed across Colonel John's heart. For a brief instant human weakness had its way with him, and he shuddered—in the face of the bog, in the face of such a man as this. Then the gracious faith that was his returned to him; he was his usual, unyielding self again. He took Plavia's hand and begged his forgiveness. "Would I had never brought you!" he said. "Why did I, why did I? Yet, God's will be done!"

"Faith, and I hope I may never do worse," Og answered, hardly, "than rid the world of two black Protestants, an' them with a priest to make their souls! Many's the honest man's closed his eyes without that same. But 'tis no time for prating! I wonder at your honor, and you no more than out of the black water! Bring them along bays," he continued. "We've work to do yet!"

"Lans Do!" the priest cried, lifting up his hands. "Give Him the glory!" "Amen," the Colonel said, softly. And for a moment he shut his eyes and stood with clasped hands. "Thank you kindly, father, for your prayers," he said. "The words of a good man avail much!"

No more was said. For a few yards Bale walked unsteadily. But he recovered himself, and urged by O'Sullivan's continual injunctions to hasten, the party were not long in retracing their steps. They reached the road and went along it, but in the direction of the landing place. In a few minutes they were threading their way in single file across the saucer-like waste which lay to landward of the hill overlooking the jetty.

"Are you taking us to the French sloop?" Colonel John asked. "You'll be as wise as the love of us by and by!" Og answered sullenly. They crossed the shoulder near the tower and strode down the slope to the stone pier. The mist lay low on the water. The tide was almost at flood. Og bade the men draw in one of the boats and ordered Colonel Sullivan and Bale to go into the bow, and the pikemen to take the oars. He and the two firelock men took their seats in the stern.

Half a dozen strokes carried the boat beyond view of it, and the little party were alone on the bosom of the water that lay rocking smoothly between its unseen banks. Some minutes were spent in stout rowing, and soon the boat began to rise and fall on the Atlantic rollers.

"Tis more deceitful than a pretty colleen," O'Sullivan Og said, "is the sea fog, bad cess to it! My own father was lost in it. Will you be seeing her, boys?" "Ye'll not see her till ye touch her!" one of the rowers answered. "And the tide running?" the other said. "Save us from that same!"

"She's farther out by three gunshots!" struck in a firelock man.

"We'll be drifting back, ye thieves of the world, if ye sit staring there! Pull, an' we'll be inshore an' ye know it."

For some minutes the men pulled steadily onward, while one of the passengers, apprised of their destination, felt anything but eager to reach it. A Spanish warship meant imprisonment, possibly the inquisition, persecution and death. When the men lay at last on their oars, and swore that they must have a vessel straining to the flow of the tide. In a twinkling the boat, travelling with the last of the tide, into the water.

Colonel John and Bale were nearest to the hawser, and managed to seize it and cling to it. But the first wave washed over them, blinding them and choking them, and, warned by this, they worked themselves along the rope until they could twist a leg over their slender support.

That effected, they shouted for help. But no shout was merged in the wails of despair, of shrieks and cries, that floated away into the mist. The

boat, travelling with the last of the tide, struck the cable with force, and was already drifting a gunshot away. Whether any saved themselves on it, the two clinging to the hawser could not see.

Bale shivering and scared, would have shouted again, but Colonel John stayed him. "God rest their souls!" he said, solemnly. "The men aboard can do nothing. By the time they'll have lowered a boat it will be done with these." "They can take us aboard," Bale said.

"Ay, if we want to go to Cadiz goal," Colonel John answered slowly. "He was peering keenly toward the land. "But what can we do, your honor?" Bale asked with a shiver. "Swin ashore!" "God forbid!" "But you can swim?" "Not that far. No, but that far, God knows!" Bale repeated with emphasis, his teeth chattering. "I'll go down like a stone."

"Cadiz goal! Cadiz goal!" Colonel John muttered. "Isn't it worth a swim to escape that?" "Ay, ay, but—

"Do you see that oar drifting? In a twinkling it will be out of reach. Off with your boots, man, off with your clothes, and to it! That oar is freedom! The tide is with still, it would not turn and we cannot do it."

"It's too far!" "If you could see the shore," Colonel John argued, "you'd think nothing of it! With your chin on that oar, you can't sink! But it must be done before we are chilled."

He was stripping himself to his underclothes while he talked; and in haste, fearing that he might feel his hawser slacken, and that the tide would slip and turn, already Colonel John had plans and hopes, but freedom was needful if they were to come to anything.

"Come!" he cried, impulsively. "Man, you are not a coward! Come!"

He let himself into the water and after a moment of hesitation Bale followed him, he gripped the rope, and with quick, nervous strokes, bobbed after him in the direction of the oar. Colonel John deserved the less credit, as he was the better swimmer. He swam wing and tail, with his head low, and his eyes watched the oar before him, and he swam quick, nervous strokes, bobbed after him in the direction of the oar. Colonel John deserved the less credit, as he was the better swimmer. He swam wing and tail, with his head low, and his eyes watched the oar before him, and he swam quick, nervous strokes, bobbed after him in the direction of the oar.

For five minutes nothing was said, but they proceeded slowly and patiently trusting—for they could see nothing—that the tide was still seconding their efforts. Colonel John had half a mile distant, he must, to reach it, swim slowly and reserve his strength. Though a natural desire to decide the question quickly would have impelled him to great exertion, he resisted it. At worst several days—before the first of the month, and that the men who get these moose hike for home and tell their friends what good luck they had in getting a moose the first day of the season. Of course they should do it; it is no more than fair and lawful to wait but where there are so many going out it would be strange if all were fair and lawful even in Canada, where everybody tells everybody else what a hearty reward for the law is born in the blood. And then they go out and break all the laws that seem to them to be foolish or obstructive to their ideas of what makes up the sum of human rights and human enjoyment. Particularly are they lax about game laws, and men who teach high in the organizations that have been formed for protecting game, are as ready to break the law as anybody—which is going a trifle and then some.

As to a good many reasons, I'd like to hear from some of the big game parties that went out. I don't suppose that anybody will come through with any of those pre-season shoot stories, but there's a lot of good stuff going to waste in the regulation shoots and it isn't necessary to have unlawfulness have excitement and a good story.

YOU know, I'm obliged to take my moose hunts by the absent treatment made up for a whack at it this year and the arrangements were all made with a big fat, good-natured moose to stand still while I shot him a few times—or, at least, while I made holes in the air around him. This moose has been waiting patiently out east of here for some weeks, I'm told—getting fatter and more amiable all the while with a good haystack to feed on and stories that were told him of how safe he'd be while I was shooting up his neighborhood. And then—I couldn't go; positively could not. It sure was cursed after I'd taken out a license, borrowed a gun and a sleeping-bag and camper's hatchet and a whole lot of other things that go with moose hunting or ought to, anyway. Business demands stepped between me and my promised joy and held me up so strong on an admission that I was forced to heed it. Of course I know that where business and pleasure conflict, business should give way, but this was another chap's business and it wouldn't give way or anything else but trouble.

And so I was disappointed, the more so because the gentleman who invited us to go had remembered his invitation all summer and had gone to a deal of trouble and expense to entertain us—say nothing of keeping that moose hanging around all this time. But there he's a lot of tomorrows that haven't been touched yet, and I am relying on some of them to bring my moose hunt along with them.

Even without a moose, it must be worth going for. To see the woods in their winter dress, all laced and feathered with snow. To look where the moose, or elk, or deer, have passed and to feel that it might have been—and may be—your good luck to be at hand when some of such passings take place. To trace the tracks and wanderings of other wild animals and perhaps to see some of the creatures that make them.

To meet a fox—even a wolf, maybe, or a bear. Any of these might happen though one came home moonless, and either would be worth going for. It would be worth while to sleep under the moon and stars and to hear the coyotes howl, and even to see the ruffed grouse beat its wings through a snow-drift or

"And the ship of war beyond? What would she be doing?" Colonel John replied. "Nothing, what? For the fog?" Augustin exclaimed. He clapped his hands to his head, ran up the companion and as quickly returned. "There is a fog," he cried, "like beyond I snap the finger at her! She is not! Then forward, me braves! Yet tranquil! They have taken the aim!"

"Ay!" Colonel John said, still eating. "Is that so? It seems to me that we must retake them. That first." "What, you?" Augustin exclaimed. "Why not?" Colonel John responded, looking round him, a twinkle in his eye. "The goods of his host are, in a manner, his own. He has taken the aim. And it is the duty—as I said once before—" "But is it not that they are—of your kin?"

"(To be Continued)

IN THE SPORTING WORLD

Big game shooting, eh? Are you one of the noble forty-five hundred who sallied forth to bring back a moose or two? Certainly, I know you couldn't bring back two unless you're twins or triplets, but did you get out and if you did, are you back yet? And if you're back, did you get the moose? And if you got him, how did you do it? And were there more left and where were they?

Pardon all of these questions but I should really like to know; it would be interesting and if some—even a few—of the army that went to seek the fest of moose in his lair would tell what happened to them so that we might read it, we should be very much enlightened and entertained, I'm sure. Aside from the general matter of moose hunting, it would be mighty interesting to know the exact truth about some of the successful hunts—those that bring home the goods. No doubt the unsuccessful ones would be interesting, too, but we're always a long sight more taken with the stories of those who did than with that happened to those who didn't; we want to know how to do things; ourselves rather than how not to do them.

Of course, there must be a lot of the stories that would be a lot of the instances: I was out toward the Riding Mountains four days before the big game season opened and there were a lot of chaps going in then. A good many had gone before that and in my mind was a good question: Why do they go to the season? I have been told, you know, that they go because there is a better chance to shoot your moose a few days before the season opens than afterward, and I just wonder if this better chance had anything to do with those early-bird hunters whom I saw making tracks for the bush so long before the season would be open. Frankly speaking, I think it did and quite believe that there are a good many moose shot a day or two—perhaps several days—before the first of the month, and that the men who get these moose hike for home and tell their friends what good luck they had in getting a moose the first day of the season. Of course they should do it; it is no more than fair and lawful to wait but where there are so many going out it would be strange if all were fair and lawful even in Canada, where everybody tells everybody else what a hearty reward for the law is born in the blood. And then they go out and break all the laws that seem to them to be foolish or obstructive to their ideas of what makes up the sum of human rights and human enjoyment. Particularly are they lax about game laws, and men who teach high in the organizations that have been formed for protecting game, are as ready to break the law as anybody—which is going a trifle and then some.

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lie straight.

a snow-laden thicket, is worth a good deal to a body who loves the woods and the wild things that are in them. It is all fine and splendid and worth while—maybe even more worth while when you don't get a moose—when you do, because some of my friends who have shot them tell me that there's no excitement about this moose or elk shooting; that they're about as hard to hit as a house and that it is rather tame sport in the actuality of it. Others say that it is so exciting that a good shot has been known to empty his rifle at a moose at forty yards and never touch it. Buck fever is a well-known malady but it doesn't seem like a very reasonable one, and while I like to believe what I'm told about a man shooting his load of lead into the ground at his feet or straight up in the air, instead of at the moose, it comes hard to swallow such a yarn—it goes down a bit sticky, you know. However, there may be, the hunting as the seeing things that go with moose hunting, must be the real goods.

If you meet a man with a wide, wide smile on these days, don't set him down for a happy father or a twing of a real estate. A better guess is to put him in the snowshoe class and the chances are that you will have him dead to rights if you do that. If it's a lady, never mind; the guess will be wrong only if it doesn't do her to refer to a lady as having a wide, wide smile—it sort of gets you with the girls to list them as anything but rosobuds in the mouth department.

But it is a fact that the snowshoos are a happy lot these days. Little rocks are a cause of joy to those who have the beautiful chances others—those who have not formed the snowshoe habit. He—or she, understand—doesn't care a derned ding, if every man in the neighborhood has the snowshoe until his back cracks every time he tries to straighten up. Not a whoop does the snowshoer care if the street railway company as its system all clogged up with snow, or how much it costs to get rid of enough of it to cause the trucks to passable. Neither hath the snowshoer tender thought for the poor, misguided milkman who has had so little judgment as to locate in a part of the world remote from the haunts of snow and wind-piled drifts in the winter time. For all that it pains the soul of the snowshoer, the milkman may expiate his milk-and-water sins on the altar of the snowdrift and dig himself and his rig out of as many drifts as lie between his city roots and the rural home he has selected for himself and his cows.

At these, and other miseries of mankind that fly on the wings of the blizzard, the snowshoer lightly scoffs, and smiles and smiles, like the villain in that his city roots and the rural home he has selected for himself and his cows. At these, and other miseries of mankind that fly on the wings of the blizzard, the snowshoer lightly scoffs, and smiles and smiles, like the villain in that his city roots and the rural home he has selected for himself and his cows.

Truly, this is the gala day of the snowshoer. Out of the city they take their way, across the moonlit prairie—if it is by night—or over the snow that lies white and sparkling under the sunshine—if it be by day. A good many snowshoos run are by night, and are too busy to get out for many daylight runs and they must go while the snow is here and the winter weather. Whether it is by day or by night, the trip of the snowshoer is a happy one, and it brings the beauties of town and country under the eye of the snowshoer enthusiast and brings health and strength and pleasure, too, to those who have this form of enthusiasm for snowshoes. In the spring, when the feeling of a winter spent, and the knowledge of work and pleasure combined and not so far away that the snowshoer has ever lost the healthful effects of his winter's sport. The hot days of summer are earned by thought, and snowshoes run over the feathery drift sand through the cold, bracing air, and fall brings the eagerness and anticipation, a joy rated by philosophers as having something of the delights of actuality.

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FASHIONS AND FANCIES

HERE are seasons when black and white are immensely fashionable, and again, other seasons when the all black and the all white gowns are not nearly so smart as the colored ones. This season, while gowns of pastel shades as well as the vivid colors are in style, there are many more white and black being made than has been the case for the last few winters. And the thin black gowns are especially smart, so varied in design and texture as to make it easily



Satin Gown With Black Chiffon and Velvet Tunic

possible for the woman who prefers always to wear black to be able to have an endless variety. Voile de soie is a most popular material in the order of chiffon and mousseline de soie, which it closely resembles in its light transparency, but, as its name indicates, it is silky and more lustrous. It is a most exquisite fabric, and whether plain or embroidered works out well in any of the present models in afternoon or evening gowns, although it is a material that seems far better suited to summer than to winter wear. There are many new fashions in regard to the manner of trimming the voile de soie gowns. Velvet is a charming contrast, and a broad fold or band of velvet black velvet ribbon is effective against the transparency of the voile de soie, or silk veiling, as it is sometimes termed. The tunic overskirt finished with a band of velvet is far more effective than when finished with merely a hem or band of satin or silk. Embroidery is also smart, while for the evening gown the embroidery on the material is worked out in a design that of itself forms the border, and not only for the afternoon gown but for the more elaborate model for the theatre the velvet finish for the moment is in the highest favor.

Theatre gowns are now so essential in every fashionable outfit that they receive more attention than almost any other style of gown. The decollete, evidently made over ball gown is not nearly so smart as the simpler model designed expressly for the occasion and which also does duty for a restaurant dinner gown. The perhaps too simple style of the plain black voile de soie gown is quite changed by the lining and trimmings that are used. Made up over black or even white (although black with white lining is very fashionable), the same model does not appear half so elaborate as when over a color and with trimming that corresponds to the lining. A coral pink satin gown with double tunic of black voile de soie is charmingly dainty and smart because of the color of the lining and a wide jewelled belt thickly set with coral beads and rhinestones. The same model carried out with turquoise blue satin lining and a turquoise belt is no handsomer than when all black with jet and rhinestone grille, but the color makes it seem much more so. With the all black more trimming can be employed, and without considerable jet and embroidery the gown is all too simple.

Black satin gowns are smart this season, but they are veiled with tunics of embroidered net or chiffon covered with a jerseylike bodice of heavy embroidery—net and jet combined or silk and jet. There are straight gurnitures of embroidered net that cover the front of the waist and then fall straight in panel or stole effect down the front of the gown. In description this does not sound very new and is on the same lines as last season, but there is a most marked difference apparent to any one who examines it closely—difference enough to make a last year's gown look up to date if freshened by the new trimming. The new gurnitures, as they are called, are bewilderingly beautiful, and both in tulle and net are embroidered in an endless variety of designs. Jet and steel, jet and silver, jet and gold, jet and diamante effects—one and all are fashionable; while in all jet numberless different and most effective designs are worked out by combining different kinds of jet—the cut beads, the spangles, the tail heads and the paillettes. The finest are extremely costly, as well they may be, for both materials and workmanship are of the highest order, but for the benefit of womanhood in the majority there are many, quite as many, different patterns in machine as in hand work, and at a tenth part, at least, of the cost. The woman who buys what she knows is the best, without troubling as to price instinctively chooses the hand work and the cut beads, but while the best is the best never was there a season when a limited amount of money could be invested to better advantage than at the present moment.

Excessively—it might be said aggressively—plain and simple in effect are many of the most expensive gowns this season, their cost, so it is said, being due to the originality

of design and the models designed by an artist. The whole is so harmonious that even an amateur in such affairs recognizes instinctively the beauty of the gown. But it is not a fashion to be copied rashly. A machine worked gurniture over a good fitting last year's gown will turn out far more satisfactorily than a copy of the severely plain and simple gown the cost of which counts easily three figures. To the lover of clothes, the woman whose taste has been educated and, incidentally, satisfied by an unlimited allowance for gowns the gowns this season are more attractive than she has ever known. She recognizes at a glance the fine quality of the material, the exquisite coloring and the wonderful beauty of line that exists under the apparently clumsy drapery, and she selects quickly what is becoming; for the woman who is not becomingly gowned this winter has either poor taste, no vanity or no money; and while these wonderful specimens of dress may be only for the wealthy, the woman of limited means can, by spending time and thought, select becoming things for herself, even in these extravagant days.

Gowns to wear at home in the afternoon or for informal luncheon and card parties are made of the black voile de soie in many instances. Open at the throat in a short V shape or with the V filled in with transparent yoke, the waist made in soft surplus folds of the material over softer folds of tulle and edged with velvet, the model is a most attractive one. But there is another model that is in great demand—the full blouse waist and the tunic skirt, slightly gathered with velvet belt, fastened with two fancy buckles. The sleeves are elbow length over longer sleeves of tulle or net and are also finished with a band of velvet ribbon. The description does not give the impression of low charming in this simple but extremely smart model, which has some of the lines of the long Russian blouse, so extremely becoming to a slight figure.

Embroidered tulle is one of the most fashionable of all materials for evening wear this winter. While of finest quality it has much more "body" to it than had the old-fashioned tulle, and the finest silk nets are wonderfully strong. They have to be to bear the weight of the spangles and embroidery with which they are adorned, but never do they look heavy and thick, no matter how elaborate the work, on account of the tenuity of the net. There are many fancy nets as well as the plain silk net and the tulle, and some of the openwork nets are all embroidered with fine cut jet beads that make an even lighter effect, while the diamante effect, the rhinestones embroidered or set in the net, makes the whole gown look as if made entirely of jewels.

The introduction of color into the thin black gown is most cleverly worked out this season, not only in the linings and bodices, as previously described, but in the trimmings on the waist. An openwork embroidery of jet on an all-black satin brocade gown will be laid over pink satin, of which just the edge of the satin will show. This can be intensified by the introduction of coral beads through the jet embroidery or in a large ornament on the front of the waist, but it is not necessary to even work in the color in such fashion, for the touch of pink satin under the jet will be quite sufficient to relieve the all black.

An afternoon gown of soft silk and wool material or crepe would be charming made like a model shown in New York. It emphasizes the tunic effect, which continues in favor, partly on account of its adaptability to the present fashion of ma-



Black Silk Voile Gown Embroidered with Pearl and Jet Over Pink Lining

terials and partly on account of its gracefulness. Clinging and unlined skirts require a double effect to make them appear at their best. This design reaches up to the bust line in what looks like an apron shape, and meets a rather elaborate yoke, or underbody, fashioned of lace.

Bands of passementerie or braid finish the lower edge of the tunic and outline it where it almost meets the hem of the underskirt in the back. The same trimming ornaments the armholes, which are cut out quite widely. An effective and simple banding to use is made of net dyed to match the cloth and embroidered in a heavy fibre floss of the same shade. With plenty of filling the design could be made to stand out boldly and handsomely.

Lace tunics that are sold separately and can be worn with different costumes are a novelty of the season and will be found helpful in remodelling a passe frock or in giving a little variety to one that has seen a great deal of service even though it is still in good style.

Among the new necklaces those made of small pearls strung in flat net-work are fashionable. The pearl band or necklace may be in the form of a net having circles, squares, triangles or diamond figures for its component parts.

THE ROMANCE OF FINGER PRINTS

A FEW months ago the New York police arrested a notorious burglar, considered to be the most expert man in America at safe-cracking. On searching his room there was found a note book filled with writing in cypher. The police were unable to understand the signs, but the feat was performed by a reporter on the "New York Evening Sun," who, incidentally, gave his paper a unique news "scrap."

The note-book turned out to be a remarkable "Guide to Safe-Cracking." It contained the results of the life-long experience of the criminal concerning the best methods of working in his line of business. The various makes of safes were analysed in detail, their weak spots were mentioned, and the most expeditious methods of blowing them open were indicated. Included in the guide was a set of rules to be observed by all cracksmen. The first of the rules, heavily underlined, read something like this: "Be sure always to wear gloves when at work, and once you start on your job never remove the gloves if you value your liberty. Take no risk whatever about leaving behind an impression of your fingers, and before you leave look carefully over the place you have been working, and if you see a finger-mark rub it out with a rag. Should you forget this, and should the 'bulls' (American criminal slang for police) find your finger-marks, they will know at once who you are. Beware of finger-marks."

This advice explains why gloves are now a recognized part of the outfit of criminals. Hundreds of pairs have been found by the police in the possession of arrested burglars. But even the use of gloves sometimes fails to protect a burglar from detection, and in one case they actually led to his arrest. Some little time ago the police found a new glove, accidentally left behind by a burglar who had robbed a Broadway store in New York. The glove was traced to the store where it was sold, and the salesman was able to give so accurate a description of the purchaser that the arrest of the criminal followed within forty-eight hours. This is an instance of carelessness on the part of a burglar that the American police never met before. It shows how the finger-print fear entered into the calculations of the cracksmen.

The American police have been using finger-prints for the identification of criminals for three years. As already told, the introduction of the system into the United States was due to the demonstration of its value given at the St. Louis Exposition by Sir Edward Henry, Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, who attended the exposition on behalf of Scotland Yard. The United States Government sent a representative to London to make a detailed report of the value of finger-prints in the hunting of criminals. A special bureau was immediately established at police headquarters, in Mulberry Street, and now the police in the principal cities of the United States would as soon think of doing away with the photograph gallery of rogues as of abolishing their collection of finger-prints. An exchange arrangement is in operation among the various American police departments whereby copies of all new finger-prints are distributed broadcast. There is a collection of nearly thirty thousand finger-prints of criminals at the New York police headquarters, and more than fifteen hundred identifications a year are made in New York by the finger-print method of law breakers, most of whom, otherwise, would succeed in concealing their identity.

While the matter was under discussion there was caught in New York the thief whose identification with a notorious English criminal by means of finger-prints has been described in these articles. From that completely successful experiment dates the instantaneous conversion of the New York police force to the value of finger-prints in the hunting of criminals. A special bureau was immediately established at police headquarters, in Mulberry Street, and now the police in the principal cities of the United States would as soon think of doing away with the photograph gallery of rogues as of abolishing their collection of finger-prints. An exchange arrangement is in operation among the various American police departments whereby copies of all new finger-prints are distributed broadcast. There is a collection of nearly thirty thousand finger-prints of criminals at the New York police headquarters, and more than fifteen hundred identifications a year are made in New York by the finger-print method of law breakers, most of whom, otherwise, would succeed in concealing their identity.

The rapidity of identification is frequently a valuable aid to the police in confining a prisoner after his arrest. In one instance, a suspected burglar was caught by local police in Boston, and was taken to a police station some miles away from the police headquarters. The man protested he was innocent, but his finger-marks were taken, the index numbers by which the prints are classified were worked out, and telephoned to police headquarters. In a few minutes there came back over the telephone the man's history, with some details concerning his recent movements. He was immediately put under a severe examination, and as the police fired question after question at him he broke down, and confessed to a recent housebreaking. Had he been given the time to recover himself that must necessarily have elapsed during his removal to police headquarters for identification it is probable he would have been able to nerve himself for the cross-examination, and would have come through it successfully.

All American policemen are schooled in the best ways of taking finger-prints, and in the system of computing the index numbers. The police of New York City attend lectures weekly, delivered by Lieut. Faurot, who is in charge of the finger-print bureau. Lieut. Faurot also has among his pupils the heads of police departments of other cities, who are contemplating adopting the finger-print system. The lieutenant is America's leading finger-print expert, and he carries in his head an unbelievable number of finger-print indices, so that he can identify without searching the records who many a criminal is immediately as he hears his finger-mark numbers.

Lieut. Faurot warns enthusiastic beginners to beware of hurried work, and to go slowly in computing the numerical values of the finger-marks. An instance is related of the danger accompanying too much haste, which led to the escape of a notorious criminal not long ago. The criminal, after robbing the safe in a large shop, left behind, on the side of the safe, clear impressions of his fingers. A reproduction

of them was made, and by some mistake a wrong index was secured, which happened to be the number of another thief. This thief was traced, after great difficulty and waste of time, but was able to prove a complete alibi, sworn to by the police of another city, in which he was at the time of the robbery. It was thought for a time that the finger-print system had come to grief, but the marks were examined again, and it was then discovered that a mistake had been made. The name of the right thief was then ascertained, but it was found he had sailed for South America, and had completely vanished. The local police knew of his sailing at the time of his departure, but they did not arrest him, for no charge had then been made against him.

An ingenious attempt to fool the police of Cincinnati by means of finger-prints occurred recently. A burglar forced an entrance into a private house, and after securing his plunder, he left behind a ball of putty, on which were the finger-prints of a non-criminal friend which the burglar had secured before starting on his job. His object was to make the police believe an unknown thief had done the work, and thus remove all suspicion from himself. Unfortunately, on leaving the house, the ingenious Raffles ran squarely into the arms of a policeman, and the scheme failed.

As already mentioned, some criminals purposely cut their fingers to make finger-print recognition impossible. A man was arrested not long ago in New York with scars on several of his fingers. The police knew from his actions that his finger-prints had been taken previously, but they could not trace them, and the man successfully hid his identity. He was obviously pleased with himself until the police told him that thereafter his scars would serve as absolutely certain identification marks, which nothing but the removal of his fingers could destroy. The criminal had not thought of that phase of the matter, and he began to swear. He used a peculiarly blasphemous curse, quite out of the ordinary vocabulary of oaths. Immediately the expletive was uttered one of the detectives present identified him by it. The man had sworn in the same manner when arrested some time previously, and the peculiarity of the oath had stuck in the detective's mind. It is curious that while American men prisoners readily admit their iden-

tity when it is proved by the finger-prints, women prisoners protest to the end that a mistake has been made. They seem to believe the finger-print system is nothing more than a "third degree" dodge, as severe police cross-examination is called, and that the police are guessing when they compare finger-prints.

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