

The Alberta Star

Vol. X

CARDSTON, ALBERTA, FRIDAY, MAY 28, 1909.

No. 51

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Quarterly Conference

The regular quarterly conference of the Alberta Stake convened on Saturday and Sunday in the Assembly Hall.

Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather nearly all the wards were represented and the meetings were well attended.

Apostle Rudgar Clawson and Pres. R. S. Wells represented the General Authorities from Salt Lake City. The splendid discourses and advice given by them throughout the conference were listened to with much interest.

The reports from the different wards showed the stake to be in a flourishing condition, and all the organizations in good working order.

One of the pleasing features of the conference was the splendid representation from the Taylor Stake. Among those present were: Pres. Allen and Redd, B. S. Young and Chas. McCarthy.

The first meeting was held on Saturday at 10 a. m. with Pres. E. J. Wood conducting.

SATURDAY MORNING SESSION.

Singing "How firm a foundation," choir and congregation.

Prayer by Elder W. Sorrenson, Singing by Choir, "Come O Thou King"

Pres. Sterling Williams reported a perfect union among the Stake Pres. The visiting of the wards in the north by them. Conferences at all of the wards of the Stake, except Beaver and Cardston. A good condition generally.

Elder John F. Parrish (Mt. View) representing the High Council, urged the necessity of visits from the General Authorities of the Church. Bore his testimony.

Bishop N. W. Tanner (Aetna) spoke of the benefits derived by the Ward from the Special Home Missionaries. Bore his testimony.

Sister Rhoda Hinman reported the Relief Society. Spoke of the grand characteristics of the Prophet, and the benefits of taking counsel from our leaders.

Singing by Choir, "Come go with me."

Pres. Rulon S. Wells spoke of the joy of a testimony and of the

glory of the last dispensation. Urged an appreciation of the privilege of associating with those who knew the Prophet Joseph, and, yet, felt that a testimony of the Spirit more precious than anything else. Adverted to the blessings of adversity and read from Doc. and Cov. to substantiate the doctrine and urged the acknowledgement of the hand of the Lord in all things. Bore his testimony.

Apostle Rudgar Clawson rejoiced at the spirit of the Conference. Read "How firm a foundation" and commented thereon, verse by verse, and spoke of the firmness of the foundation of our faith. Urged devotion and thoroughness to duty in all our work in Canada. Compared conditions 22 years ago with those of today.

Singing by Choir "I was glad." Benediction by Elder Chas. Cole.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Meeting commenced at 2 p. m. Pres. Duce conducting.

Opening exercises.

Pres. E. J. Wood regretted the inability of some of our members to attend conference and expressed pleasure at the attendance of the General Authorities, and Pres. Allen and others from Taylor Stake.

Read from Doc. and Cov. as to the necessity of tribulation and dwelt upon the purifying power of trials. Urged that we make the best use of our trials and get the good there is in them. Contrasted the growth among the Latter Day Saints with the sameness of the work in the world in their Sabbath Schools. Spoke of the system prevailing in all branches of the work throughout the world. Commended the faithfulness of the Saints in this Stake.

Pres. H. S. Allen, Taylor Stake, spoke in commendation of the courses of study in the Quorums of the Priesthood. Read from Isaiah V as to the gathering in the last days. Dwelt upon the erroneous teachings in some of the Theological Seminaries of the world, as also by some of the leading ministers.

Singing by Choir "An angel

from on high."

Elder G. Edward Cahoon, recently returned from a mission, rejoiced in his labors. Dwelt upon the variety of experiences in the field and contrasted the simplicity of the Gospel with the confusion existing in the world.

Apostle Rudgar Clawson spoke of the wonderful missionary system among the Latter Day Saints and contrasted it with that of the world. Rejoiced at the power and authority of the Priesthood. Thought it best to go to those missions where the Priesthood directs rather than to make our own choice. Gave the case of Geo. Q. Cannon in illustration. Adverted to the increasing influence of missionary work beyond the vale. Commended integrity to whatever we are called to do.

Singing by Choir "Come let us sing."

Benediction by Wm. A. Redd

SUNDAY MORNING SESSION.

Conference opened with Supt. D. E. Harris conducting.

Supt. M. A. Coombs gave a report of the Sabbath Schools of the Stake.

Clyde Brown reported the Religion Classes of the Stake.

Pres. E. J. Wood spoke of the privilege of teaching in the public schools under the law.

Hyraim Broadbent, lately returned from Samoa, reported the Sabbath School work there. Concluded by bearing testimony in Samoan, by request of Apostle Clawson, Pres. E. J. Wood interpreted.

Song by Avera Wilcox and Luella Stead.

Pres. Rulon S. Wells dwelt upon the weight of responsibility of Sabbath School teachers and of parents. Urged proper example. Dwelt upon the observance of the Word of Wisdom and adverted to local conditions.

Singing, "In our lovely Desert."

Apostle Rudgar Clawson adverted to the importance of early impressions and habits.

Singing, "The Lord is my Light."

Benediction by Elder Edward Leavitt.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON SESSION.

Thos. Duce conducting.

Opening exercises.

Pres. Wm. A. Redd of the Taylor Stake rejoiced in a testimony of the Gospel. Urged the necessity of works to obtain and keep a testimony as announced by the Saviour and by our missionaries. Adverted to the opportunities to work at home as well as abroad.

Elder Wm. Hoffman reported his missionary labors in Berlin, Germany. Had baptized thirty people and had made many friends.

Felt that a prosperous future was ahead of the teaching of the Gospel in Germany.

Pres. Thomas Duce expressed gratitude for the spirit and teachings of the conference. Spoke of the authority of our missionaries to teach the world.

The General Authorities and Stake Authorities were presented by Pres. Wood and unanimously sustained.

Solo "Face to Face" Berg Ellingson, (Magrath)

Apostle Rudgar Clawson spoke of the strength of the local organization. Urged union in favor of law and good order. Quoted "Except ye are one ye are not mine." We must be reliable and know to be so. A man may as well be dead as without honor. Spoke of labor unions.

Pres. Rulon S. Wells rejoiced in the uplifting power of the Gospel. Spoke of the continuous nature of the principles of faith, repentance and the reception of the Holy Ghost. Illustrated by reference to tithing, the word of wisdom and chastity, saying we should exercise these principles every day. Quoted "Ye must practice virtue and holiness before me continually," and dwelt upon the passage.

Singing, "Anthem by Choir.

Benediction by Patriarch Henry L. Hieman.

EVENING SESSION.

The evening session of the conference was held under the direction of the M. I. A.

Pres. J. W. Low conducted the services.

Splendid addresses were delivered by Apostle Clawson and Pres. Wells.

Pres. Low reported the Y. M. M. I. A. and Sister Annie Snow the Y. L. M. I. A.

B. S. Young, Raymond, gave a beautiful recitation entitled "The death of the Assyrians."

The musical numbers of the program were furnished by Mr. Ellingson, Magrath and Miss Etta Dowdle, Cardston.

Defeats St. Yves

Toronto, Ont., May 24—Percy Sellen, former amateur five mile crack of the Irish Canadian A. C., Toronto, tonight defeated Henri St. Yves, the Frenchman, winner of two international marathons, and John D. Marsh, of Winnipeg, winner of the Canadiana Derby Marathon on May 1, in a fifteen mile race in the record time of 1.22.56. Sellen finished alone from the 10th mile, both St. Yves and Marsh having been forced to quit. The track was four laps to the mile. Sellen took the lead at the start and held it, setting a very fast pace, covering the first mile in 4.59.



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What Happened to Polly



THE MANIKIN APPEARS

IT was an exceedingly warm day out on the farm. The wind had died completely down, and old Sol was doing his best to make things hot for everybody. The bees hummed so softly and drowsily that one knew they must be half asleep; even the flowers drooped their heads to keep off the sweltering sunshine and to take a little nap on the sly.

Polly dressed herself wearily across the orchard, meanwhile keeping her eyes open for the biggest tree that made the thickest shade. Presently finding it, she dropped down like a lump of lead, instead of like the very spry, lively little girl of 10 she really was. She thought she must be almost as old as grandma, who had just reached her fiftieth birthday, and Polly thought that was "awful old," so old that she often wondered how it was grandma could get around at all. Of course, she didn't tell this to grandma, for somehow the old lady, as Polly thought her, didn't seem to be old at all—in fact, quite the contrary, especially when she was dressed up for church, with those new puffs on her head, which she had bought the last time she was in town, and that leghorn hat with a long, white feather sweeping over its upturned side. But there; this story is about Polly, not grandma!

As I have said, Polly found the big, broad tree she was hunting for and threw herself flat down on the soft, green grass. It was a very nice place. I shouldn't have minded being there myself if I had the chance. From under her half-closed lids Polly could see the men in the adjoining field busy taking in the hay. She could see brother Tom, who was only two years older than she, gathering up forkfuls of a pretty big size for him, and tossing them into the wagon. Tom was warm, too, and somewhat cross, because grandpa should think it wise for boys to be kept out of mischief by giving them a little work to do. So Polly smiled quietly, all to herself, at Tom's fierce frown, for she knew right well he couldn't see her 'way under those low-hanging branches, and so couldn't tell grandma where she was. Grandma, rarely idle herself, thought it was only right that



"I'LL NEVER SNEAK AWAY AGAIN," SAID POLLY.

this little city-girl, who was paying her such a lengthy visit, should help all she could. Now, Polly wasn't lazy as a usual thing, but it was so hot today that instead of going into the rose garden to dig a little and pull off the dead leaves, as she was accustomed to doing in the morning, why she sneaked—yes, sneaked—(I know it isn't a pretty word, but it's just what she did) sneaked off way up in the orchard where she knew no one would ever think of looking for her. That sneaking troubled Polly's conscience quite a good deal—but the grass was so lovely and green, the shade so pleasant, and besides, there was a little bit of breeze, just a stray zephyr

WHISTLE MADE LOVE SONGS.
How a Driver on Virginia Railroad Won a Bride.
"Then You'll Remember Me," played on the siren whistle of his locomotive, followed by "Love Muh and the World is Mine" and other classics, has won a bride for Robt. Freeman Ellington, engineer on the Southern Railway.

The only siren whistle courtship in the history of love-making appeared to Miss Margaret Angel, a Manchester, Virginia, belle. She lived near the railroad. The night siren serenaded rising above the rattle of the trains won her heart. It's strictly against railroad rules to blow off steam into love songs, but Ellington has won a pardon from the chivalrous master mechanics and train masters of the Southern. For weeks the officials were hunting for the unknown engineer who

from the tip of old Boreas' wing—if Boreas has a wing—which made it next to impossible for human nature, especially little girl nature, to resist. So there she stayed, listening to the voices of the men calling one to the other, the soft pad, pad of the horses' feet, the gentle droning of the persistent bee, and an occasional chirp from a sleepy sparrow.

All of a sudden, a funny-looking little man stooped under the branches and peeped in at her. "My, what a lazy girl," said he, "leaving your grandma to do all the clipping and digging in the rose garden while you come up here to loaf! Aren't you ashamed of yourself? Just come out now, I'm working at something and I don't mean to do it alone when there's a big, strong girl so near to help me. Hop up and get a move on you!" Polly stared wide-eyed at the queer figure. She was annoyed at his familiar manner, yet afraid to resent it.

COMMANDS POLLY TO HELP
"Come along," he continued, "or—" and he made a motion as if to come toward her, but Polly sprang up quickly, exclaiming excitedly, "I'm coming! Can't you give me time?" "Well, I'm glad you are," he replied, "for I'm tired to death, and can't push that wheelbarrow of dishes any further, so you'll have to do it for me." "Wheelbarrow of dishes!" echoed Polly, aghast; "why I couldn't do such a thing. It would be too heavy for me." "Nonsense!" The little man laughed heartily. "Too heavy for you—a great, big, fat girl like you? How absurd!" Polly pouted. Tom was all the time calling her fat and she didn't like it a bit. So she wasn't any better pleased now.

"Where did you get the dishes?" she asked, rather pertly. "Get 'em? See here, young lady, you don't think I stole 'em, do you? Where would I get 'em but out of the garden? You didn't suppose I got 'em in a shoe shop? Ha! ha!"

"Oh, I don't know," he returned, airily, "I ain't so badly educated." Before Polly could speak he called out: "Get on, get on, one, two, three, up the go!" Very slowly they crept on, the sun growing hotter and hotter, and Polly more and more tired and fretful. Pretty soon the little man pulled off his coat, and throwing it over Polly's shoulders, panted: "Whew! but the weather's tan-

THEY REPROACH EACH OTHER
"Oh, no; just a couple of miles," was the cheerful response. "You certainly call things by queer names," she said, drying her eyes. "Oh, I don't know," he returned, airily, "I ain't so badly educated." Before Polly could speak he called out: "Get on, get on, one, two, three, up the go!" Very slowly they crept on, the sun growing hotter and hotter, and Polly more and more tired and fretful. Pretty soon the little man pulled off his coat, and throwing it over Polly's shoulders, panted: "Whew! but the weather's tan-

sermon that night. Later the evangelists found the engineer and got pictures of him, his wife, his pretty home and the welded steel instrument of love. He will use them in slides in all his sermons around the world. "There's a very pretty moral for every one in the story," Dr. Clafman says.—Philadelphia Star.

Too Busy to Grow
THE diminutive office boy had worked hard on a salary of \$3 a week, faithful and quiet. Finally, however, he asked for an increase. "How much more would you like?" inquired his employer. "Well," answered the lad, "I don't think that \$1 more a week would be too much." "You are a rather small boy to be earning \$4 a week," he replied. "I know I'm small for my age, but to tell the truth, since I've worked here I've been so busy I haven't had time to grow." He got the "rise."

"Yes, that's so; but other people have to work in the sun—grandma, for instance, and—" At the mention of Tom, Polly turned quickly, intending to call him to her aid, but the hay had all been gathered in and the field was quite empty. Indeed, there was no one in sight anywhere. "No use looking for Tom," said the little man curtly; "he's gone home long ago, so come on and push them dishes." "Them dishes!" said Polly, contemptuously. "Oh, I presume you'd say 'them there dishes,' wouldn't you, now?" he returned, ironically. "Well, I'm not so high-toned. 'Them dishes' is good enough for me."

A FUNNY KIND OF DISHES
Polly sniffed, but by this time she had reached the wheelbarrow. After looking intently at it for a moment, she exclaimed in a surprised voice: "Dishes! Are those what you call dishes? Ha! ha! ha!" "My, but you think you're funny," remarked the little man, gazing at her disapprovingly. "I'm not funny. You are," grinned Polly. "Why, do you call those things 'dishes'?" "Oh," he inquired in a very affected tone, "and pray may I ask what YOU would call them?" "Why, radishes, of course, you simple thing," she said, derisively. "Simple thing, am I, Miss Smarty?" he cried angrily. "That's enough now, you grab hold of those handles, and cankerous; put that on and it will keep off the sun."



POLLY TRUNDLES THE BARROW OF "DISHES."

don't be so saucy. You may call them 'radishes,' but life's too short to put so many syllables to one word. So I'll call them 'dishes' if I want." "Syllabubbs!" giggled Polly; "why that's what we have for dessert. You mean syllables." "There, there, you're much too clever for such a young thing. Just push now, and don't talk so much, for a change." Polly held on to the wheelbarrow and did her best to move it. "I can't do it!" she exclaimed, half crying. "Ugh! what a cry-baby!" said the little fellow, scornfully. "Come on now, I'll help." So, together they pushed and tugged, and tugged and pushed, making but little headway with all their effort. The perspiration ran down Polly's face. "That's great," said the man, smirking provokingly at her. "You'll lose lots of fat by this; it's fine exercise for you."

Polly didn't resent his remarks. Indeed, by now she little cared what he said, only asking fortly, "Do we go much further?" "Oh, no; just a couple of miles," was the cheerful response. "You certainly call things by queer names," she said, drying her eyes. "Oh, I don't know," he returned, airily, "I ain't so badly educated." Before Polly could speak he called out: "Get on, get on, one, two, three, up the go!" Very slowly they crept on, the sun growing hotter and hotter, and Polly more and more tired and fretful. Pretty soon the little man pulled off his coat, and throwing it over Polly's shoulders, panted: "Whew! but the weather's tan-

Tommy's Answer
A MERRY company was assembled at the dinner table, and all enjoyed the feast of good things provided by the genial hostess. One of the guests in a jocular manner asked little Tommy, the son of the hostess, where the turkeys came from. "Dunno," he answered; "but I can tell you where this one came from" (pointing to the one on the table). "Ma got it from a tramp for a half dollar, 'cause the man said he stole it. Didn't he, ma?"

Use for School.
"Well, my little man," said a clergyman to the son of one of his parishioners, "what do you do in school all day?" "I wait till it's time to go home, sir!"

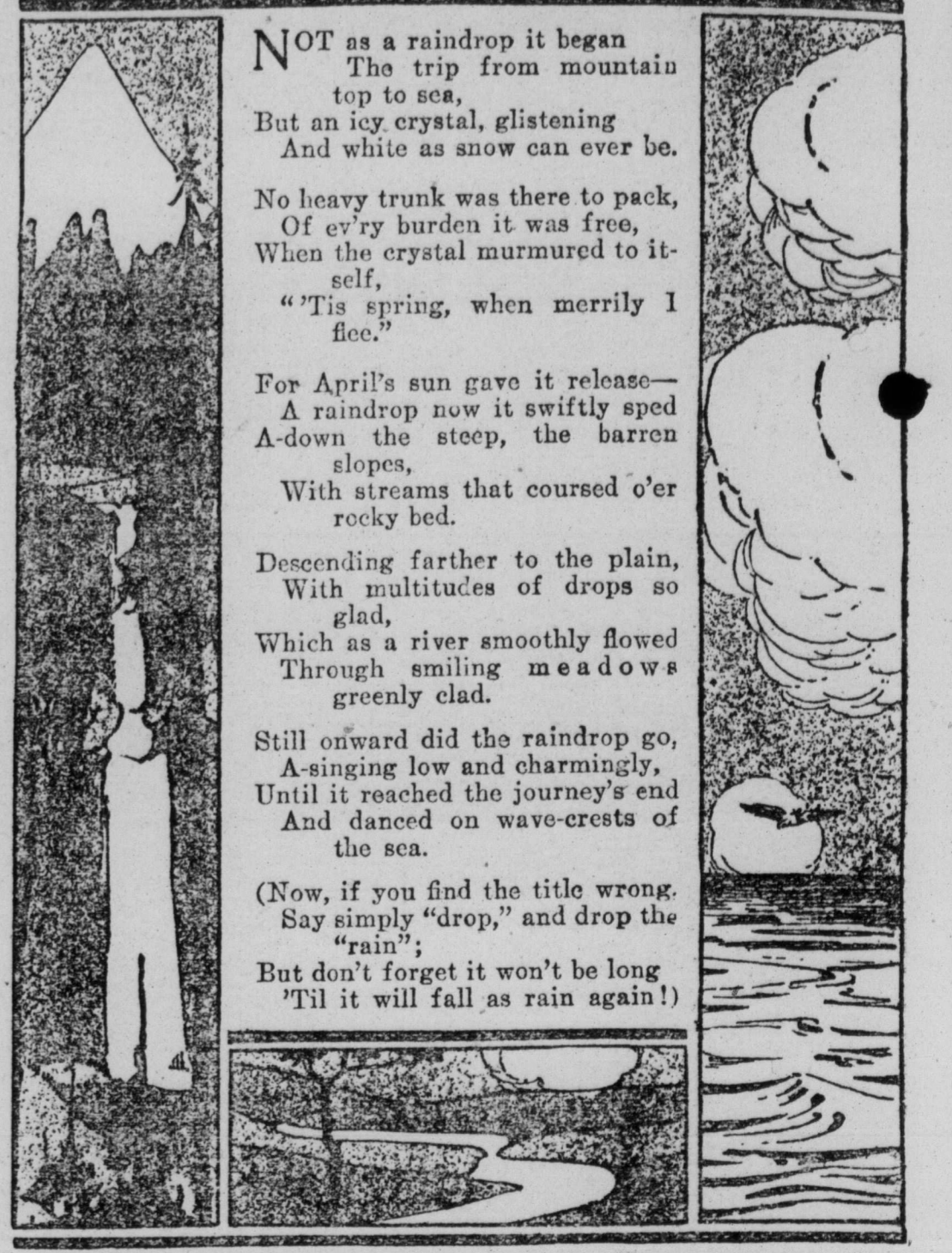
cankerous; put that on and it will keep off the sun." "What'll I do if it?" she rebelliously cried, pitching it on the ground. "Here, miss, that's my Sunday go-to-meeting costume, I'll have you know." He picked it up and carefully shook it. Then placing it again over her, he said, with a nod: "What'll keep out the cold will do the same for the heat." Polly shook herself angrily, but the coat hung on, seeming to grow heavier and bigger with every move she made, until it came almost to her feet. "You'll sneak off, will you, you mean, little thing!" "I'm not! I'm not!" sobbed Polly bitterly. Suddenly, without warning, the fellow began singing in a high, cracked voice: "Oh, pretty Polly, don't you cry. Or that'll give you a lunge-up eye; then you'll give a cold in your head. Which'll make your nose just fiery red. Tidy, tidy, unty, untidy, untidy!"

"I was always a great singer and poet," he remarked conceitedly. "I guess no one ever thought so but yourself," snapped Polly. "Oh, now you're getting nawsty," reproached he, "and I don't like nawsty folk. But come, we must be jumping, for it's getting late, and, besides, we are to take on a lot of pumps after while." "Pumps?" repeated Polly, mystified.

Made a Fuss
CLARA, aged 6, did not know the meaning of an encore, and was very much disgusted with the children's concert in which she took part. "I just knew we didn't make a single mistake," she exclaimed, "yet the people in front got cross and made such a fuss that we had to do it all over again."

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A Raindrop's April Trip



NOT as a raindrop it began
The trip from mountain
top to sea,
But an icy crystal, glistening
And white as snow can ever be.
No heavy trunk was there to pack,
Of every burden it was free,
When the crystal murmured to itself,
"Tis spring, when merrily I flee."
For April's sun gave it release—
A raindrop now it swiftly sped—
A-down the steep, the barren
slopes,
With streams that coursed o'er
rocky bed.
Descending farther to the plain,
With multitudes of drops so
glad,
Which as a river smoothly flowed
Through smiling meadows
greenly clad.
Still onward did the raindrop go,
A-singing low and charmingly,
Until it reached the journey's end
And danced on wave-crests of the sea.
(Now, if you find the title wrong,
Say simply "drop," and drop the
"rain";
But don't forget it won't be long
'Til it will fall as rain again!)

SILK AND GOWNS FOR DOGS

**FASHION IN LONDON REACHES
LIMIT OF EXTRAVAGANCE.**
Silver Plate and Bowl to Eat From
Instead of the Kitchen
Plate.

The cult of the toy dog has been increasing every year, and no smart woman is seen in London without a diminutive ball of brown or black or grey fluff under her arm. It is said, however, that 1909 is going to rival all its predecessors in extravagant fashions for the scented canine pets.

A toy dog will soon be a more expensive luxury to keep than a motor-car. One well-known society woman has a maid for a couple of miniature Pomeranians, and the little animals' outfits cost as much as many women spend on their own wardrobe. "The modern dog, who only weighs as much as a fair-sized doll, is one of the most important members of the household," the manager of a West-end firm said the other day. "It is as necessary for us to cater for him as for his owner or her children."

PLATES AND DRINKING BOWLS.
The old kitchen plate for the miniature 'toy' is out of the question now-a-days. Every pet has a little plate stamped with his name and a drinking bowl. These are made in anything from fine china to pewter or even real silver. The high-bred toy dog suffers intensely in the cold weather, and for this reason sweaters and miniature cardigan jackets are being made. The sweaters are crocheted or knitted, and cost about \$2.50. The cardigan jacket is made of brilliant scarlet flannel fastened with gilt buttons.

ALCOHOL FOR COLDS.
Medical Authority Tells of Fallacy of Belief in This Cure.
Dr. C. Stanford Read of New York, a medical authority, smashes that daring belief of so many persons that something "with a stick in it" will cure a cold. "One of the most prevalent at the same time, erroneous ideas concerning alcohol is that it prevents colds. How often do we hear the remark made to a guest, who is about to leave his host on a cold night: 'Now, do have a drop of something to keep the cold out.' Now, if there is anything that is certain in this world it is that alcohol lets the heat out and therefore predisposes to chill. It dilates all the superficial blood vessels of the body, thereby giving temporarily the sensation of a glow of warmth, and it is from this added heat that the temperature is lowered by radiation. In the very cold regions the inhabitants know only too well this effect of alcohol, and, realizing the danger, have to be abstemious in order to preserve their lives, and one finds, as a matter of fact, that persons who are frozen to death—in this country, at least—have usually met that fate through their having been in a state of intoxication when cold overtook them."

PLAYTHINGS FOR FIDO.
The toy dog's playthings are made of India rubber, and consists of balls, solid dolls, mice or tiny replicas of himself. The latest bed for Fido is not a basket. This resting place he selects in the daytime, but at night

he is provided with a miniature armchair. It is fitted with a down pillow, and there is a white fur rug to put over him. Solid gold or silver bracelet collars are fashionable for the toy dogs. These are engraved with the name and address of the owner, and are often set with gems.

ARISTOCRATIC PAUPER.
Wore Eye-Glass and Carried Silver-Mounted-Stick.

Richmond (England) Board of Guardians have just discovered in their workhouse a pauper who has been in the habit of writing begging letters from that institution. There arrived at the workhouse for the man, whose name is Slater, a letter which an official suspected contained money. On opening the envelope there was found in it a postal order for \$1 from a gentleman at Stoke-on-Trent. When interrogated Slater admitted that he had written letters to people all over the country asking for money, which was forwarded to him in postal orders. He always, he declared, addressed the letters from "2 Grove road," which is the registered postal address of the workhouse.

Slater was called before the board for an explanation, and created great surprise when he appeared before the guardians attired in a heavy double-breasted coat, with an eye-glass, and a silver-mounted walking-stick, presenting a very distinguished appearance. The guardians, after discussing various alternatives, such as retaining the money to pay for his maintenance or returning it to the sender, decided to give the man the postal order, and with it his marching orders. Slater was accordingly told that he was now no longer destitute, and must leave the workhouse.

UNCLE DICK;

Or, The Result of Diplomacy and Tact.

CHAPTER XXIX.—(Cont'd).

The Chantrelles went on with Dick to Ivy Cottage. It was arranged that Masters should turn up there in the evening for dinner.

He had been a trifle reluctant to accept the invitation at Dick's hand, but did so. He could have kicked himself, later, for doing so. As for Dick, the nearer they drew to the point where separation must come, the more full of admiration and real affection he became. He rested uneasily whenever his friend was out of his sight.

Masters impatiently ticked off the hours till the arrival of dinner-time. He wanted so to see the woman he loved. Wanted a quiet ten minutes, that he might pour out his heart to her. He was willing to ask her forgiveness on his knees—had she not knelt to him? Had a heart-aching, a tongue-itching, to tell her that she was the one woman in the world for him.

Things are not always disposed as man proposes; he did not tell her that. The quiet ten minutes did not come. When he entered Ivy Cottage before dinner it was with a light heart, the happiest man in Wivernsea. He left it after, with a heart of lead, the most miserable of men.

Beneath the surface, the dinner party was not a success; yet it cannot be said to have flagged. Almost every one was in good spirits, in too good spirits, apparently, to trouble about the quiet man who sat next to Dick.

Dick was thunderstruck at his friend's reticence. Thought at first that he must be, ridiculous as it seemed, suffering from shyness. Mrs. Seton-Carr thought she was getting a little of her own back! She got more; more than all.

Common decency prevented her cutting Masters dead. But, as nearly as was consistent with common politeness, that was what happened. As fuel to fire was the open and violent flirtation of the hostess with Percy Chantrelle.

Exultant as she was of her success, flushed as was her cheek with triumph—she knew Masters was smarting—she feared that she almost overdid it. But the pulsations of Percy's heart were accelerated; beat fast with hope; so did his sister's.

It was impossible to avoid seeing Mrs. Seton-Carr's flushed excitement. Masters noted too the soft glances she shot across the table to Percy Chantrelle's way; noticed them with a feeling at his heart which was more than painful.

The author was in possession of more than his usual keenness. Perhaps it was out-balanced his power of cool observation. Anyway, he saw not beneath the surface. The soundness of his deductions suffered by reason thereof.

They were happy enough, the brother and sister; the only real happiness there was around the table. Mabel was playing a part; playing it well; wore her mask with success. Her laugh rang out merrily at each of Chantrelle's jokes. But just as full as her face and voice were of mirth, so was her heart full of ache and pain.

Mrs. Seton-Carr would have given worlds just then to be able to rise from the table; she needed so greatly to go to her room for a good cry. But a Lucifer-like pride upheld her. Laugh, and the world laughs with you; weep, and you weep alone. She knew that.

The men did not remain long in union after the retirement of the ladies. To two-thirds of the trinity the cigars seemed flavorless. As a matter of fact, their respective elements lacked the power of combination.

The third factor, Chantrelle, was happy enough; triumph made him so. But there was no infection in his merriment. As a smoking-room raconteur he was usually a big success. But to-night his best stories fizzled out to lame and impotent conclusions.

The laugh of approval was conspicuously absent.

CHAPTER XXX.

The men left the smoke-room; there was no calamity of peace there. All Percy's efforts to be entertaining ended in—perhaps appropriately—smoke. They joined the ladies, to find harmony and concord; music was under way.

Masters was full of thought; deep misery kind. Whatever charm music may have to soothe a savage beast, it had none for him. He was ever a failure at social functions; was conspicuously so to-night; detested them, in fact, with a whole-souled detestation.

As to Dick, the gloom which had fallen on him during dinner seemed too thick for penetration. Merry Dick belied his nick-name; had no

more merriment in him than has a mute at a funeral.

In the drawing-room Masters was as miserable as he had been in the dining and smoke-rooms. Turned over photographs; sought in vain for something to make him look less of a fool than he felt. At last came to the end of his endurance; under a plea of some work he had to post to a publisher by the early morning's mail, excused himself.

"It's a glorious night, old chap!" Dick, speaking hoarsely, and getting into his great-coat. "I'll walk home with you. We will smoke a cigar together."

Masters said good-night; shook hands. Noticed the burning heat of Mrs. Seton-Carr's; as for a moment her hand rested in his—but did not accord the true reason for it. She was even laughing with Chantrelle at the very moment she said good night; was a natural actress: a woman.

"How quiet Mr. Masters is." The cat purring: Amy speaking, as the door closed. "But I suppose, socially, authors are as dull as ditch water. Keep all their clever thoughts for their books. It is selfish of them in the extreme."

Amy laughed gaily; continued in that strain. Laughter is the allotment of those who win; the Chantrelles felt justified in the belief that they were in no way losing.

Mrs. Seton-Carr professed accord in the opinion of Masters' dullness; the sea voyage had not improved him. Society was not the thing he shone in; in fact, she had found him rather depressing; was glad he left so early. Lies! Lies—each and every one of the opinions she expressed.

The two men who had left the bungalow walked along the Parade for a time without speaking. Each was full of emotion. Dick's found vent first; he blurted out—"I'm—I'm awfully sorry, old man!"

There was a faint tinge of nervousness in Masters' responding laugh; he was not a man to assimilate pity very well, even his best friends. Throwing away the cigar, which had gone out, he lighted his pipe; the match betrayed a shaking hand.

"Thanks. . . . Cloudless night; looks like being a fine day to-morrow, doesn't it?"

The effort to change the subject proved futile; Dick spoke impulsively—"Hang the weather! . . . You don't think I knew anything of this, dear old chap?"

"No! No!"

"Or you know I should have—"

"Yes, yes, I know."

"Mab has always professed to positively loathe Percy; tolerated him because she liked his sister. He is a bit of a bounder, you you."

"Your sister does not seem to share in that opinion of yours."

He could not quite keep the bitterness out of the way in which he said that.

"No!"

The brother admitted it; spoke just as bitterly. When they reached his lodgings Masters said—"Come round, will you?"

"You—you won't come on to the cottage to—"

"Oh, no! No!"

"No. I didn't expect you would. I had counted on things being so different! Counted on a merry Christmas."

"I made a mistake, Dick; that's all. I suppose all of us do; the world seems so full of them. . . . And let this be the last of it, dear old man, will you—Don't recur to it ever again; please. The sore is fresh, and—and—I don't mind owing to you, it hurts. Please don't let us talk about it—ever again—please!"

Dick grasped the hand extended to him; held it in a long, tight grip. Put his other hand on his companion's shoulder, and was about to speak. Then felt that speech would be a failure; simply said gruffly—

"I'll see you in the morning, old man; I'll walk round. Good-night."

Not another word passed between them; a tight hand-grip and they parted. Masters to his rooms, Dick homeward bound—a journey he made with the blood coursing through his veins at boiling point. He had more than a little of his sister's temper.

Dick was simply furious at the manner in which Mabel had treated Masters. He dared not trust himself to more talk that night. Just looked into the drawing-room at the bungalow, professed weariness, said a hurried good-night and retired to his room.

In the morning, Gracie offered strong evidence that she had a tongue in her head; was full of the return of Prince Charlie. She had heard of his arrival with delight; was running over with anxiety to see him. Instinctively she felt that Uncle Dick was the ways and means. When she heard that he was going to call on Masters that morning, she envied the limp; he could not have shaken her off had he tried.

"Get your things on, Puss," said Dick, as the breakfast things were being cleared away, "and I'll take you round to see him."

Miss Chantrelle professed the most acute astonishment. Not so much by what she said, but by the way she acted. Wasn't Mr. Masters coming in to lunch? . . . Nor to dinner? Not at all that day? . . . Those carefully combed eyebrows of hers almost disappeared under her fringe—she was so surprised!

Gracie had scampered off and returned in full war-paint: best hat, best shoes, best coat and, crowning glory, new muff! She did hope Prince Charlie would notice it and ask her all about it. But if he did not, she could tell him. That is one of the advantages of being very young.

When Gracie and Dick had gone out, Miss Chantrelle improved the opportunity with her hostess. Nearly drove that lady to the brink of madness by her anxiety to know if "they had quarrelled?" "What it meant;" "why he wasn't coming," etc.

Mabel did not know; really, the matter was of little interest to her. His presence made very little difference; she wondered Amy could bother about him.

That was what she was able to bring herself to say. But the effort was a big one; she was not a conspicuous success in lies of the top-notch kind.

Matters continued in this way. Things are not always what they seem; it was by no means a pleasant little party at Ivy Cottage. When at home—which was a very rare thing, for he spent most of his time at Masters' lodgings—Dick was sulky to the extreme of sullenness.

Affairs wore a different complexion a little later. When the rosy finger heralded the dawn of (the day before Christmas, it was the precursor of brightness of another kind. Two incidents happened which changed the current of things.

Miss Chantrelle had the watchful, veiled eyes of the domestic cat. On the principle of striking the iron whilst hot, she urged her brother to propose marriage to their hostess forthwith. Thought that delays were dangerous.

She took him out for a walk to discuss the pros and cons of the proposal. Was a wise little woman, and a firm believer in the theory that knells have ears. Knowing what she knew, she mapped out the route her brother was to travel in his journey to Mrs. Seton-Carr's heart.

But there is such a thing as being too clever; or sharp that one cuts oneself. The average brain has a direct way of working; sees no by-paths, so wastes no time on them; goes straight to the point.

Amy's cleverness led to her undoing. (To be continued.)

PAID TO SEE ROYALTY.

In the eighteenth century the Londoner could look at royalty on Sunday for a modest fee. In a guide to London, published in 1767, it was said: "At St. James' chapel royal by knocking at the side door and slipping a shilling for each person into the hand of the vergier who opens it, you may have admittance and stand during divine service in presence of their majesties; and for one shilling each person more you may sit in their royal presence, not in pews, but in turn-up seats on the side of them."

Manipulating a snow shovel detractions from the picturesqueness of the winter landscape.

The Farm

THE RAISING OF HOGS.

Swine breeding appeals strongly to men of limited means, for it requires much less capital to start and bring quicker returns than any other branch of animal husbandry. The buildings required are inexpensive. While warm dry buildings are necessary, they may be very simple and cheap in construction. And as to the herd itself, a man may invest \$25 or \$30 in a brood sow, and in six or eight months thereafter place on the market from six to ten pigs weighing 200 pounds each. And if for any reason he desires to retire from business, he can sell his entire herd to the first butcher he meets, for they are, or should be, always ready for the market.

To succeed with swine as with other animals we must start with good stock, not high-priced, fancy stock, for they often are sadly disappointing, but animals bred on such lines as to be able to reproduce themselves with fidelity. One of the requisites of success is that of the sow should be tame and docile. A sow that will show signs of fear or hostility at the approach of a man is generally unprofitable. She is naturally a most timid and sensitive animal. If you have her confidence she will follow you anywhere without fear or hesitation, as no other animal save the dog can be taught to do. If she regards you with suspicion, and you attempt to drive her, she quickly exhibits stubbornness. A daily visit to her quarters for a time preceding the advent of the expected litter and a few moments spent scratching her back or stroking her ears until she will welcome your approach with grunts of satisfaction, is time well employed. And when the little ones come, these visits should be continued; when the timid little pigs see your welcome and their mother gives no sign of fear or hostility, they will soon gather about you and nibble at your shoes and clothing, and you can handle them without their exhibiting the least sign of fear, and they will ever after look upon you as their friend unless you commit some overt act to forfeit their friendship. A pig started in life in this manner has a great advantage over one that regards man as its natural enemy.

A pig that can be grown to marketable weight in the quickest time and on the least food is the most profitable. They must be taught to eat. And the careful, painstaking man may provide a small trough so situated that the mother cannot have access to it, and there give them milk in small quantities. But unless the trough be thoroughly cleaned with hot water every time it is used, this had better be omitted, and instead they may be given a small quantity of dry midland oats, which they will soon learn to eat. Pigs for the September or October market must be born in early March when the weather is cold, and they must be closely housed. The little fellows have nothing to do but nurse and sleep,

get a little exercise, and all of us have seen our fattest and most promising die with what we call thumps. A little care on the part of the owner will entirely dispel all danger from this source. A slatted partition across the pen, so arranged that it will permit or slide up and down, will prevent the little ones to be placed on one side, when they will run up and down in an effort to get to their mother, causing them to grow and lengthen out as they will in no other way. The partition is slid up at noon to enable them to nurse, and they are then separated, but generally permitted to remain together over night.

After taking three bottles of your wonderful medicine, our baby was entirely well and needed no more medicine. At sixteen months of age she weighed thirty pounds. She had cried eight months, night and day, and nothing did her good until we tried Scott's Emulsion.

"MRS. E. C. SMITH, Villa Rica, Ga.

"After taking three bottles of your wonderful medicine, our baby was entirely well and needed no more medicine. At sixteen months of age she weighed thirty pounds. She had cried eight months, night and day, and nothing did her good until we tried Scott's Emulsion."

Do Not Persist in Reading When Overcome with Sleep.

It is a mistake to persist in reading when overcome with sleep, as the constant tendency of the eyes is to diverge, and they have to be forced back by a supreme effort of the will. This often results in congestion of the blood vessels of the mucous membrane which covers the external surface of the ball of the eye and the inner surface of the lids.

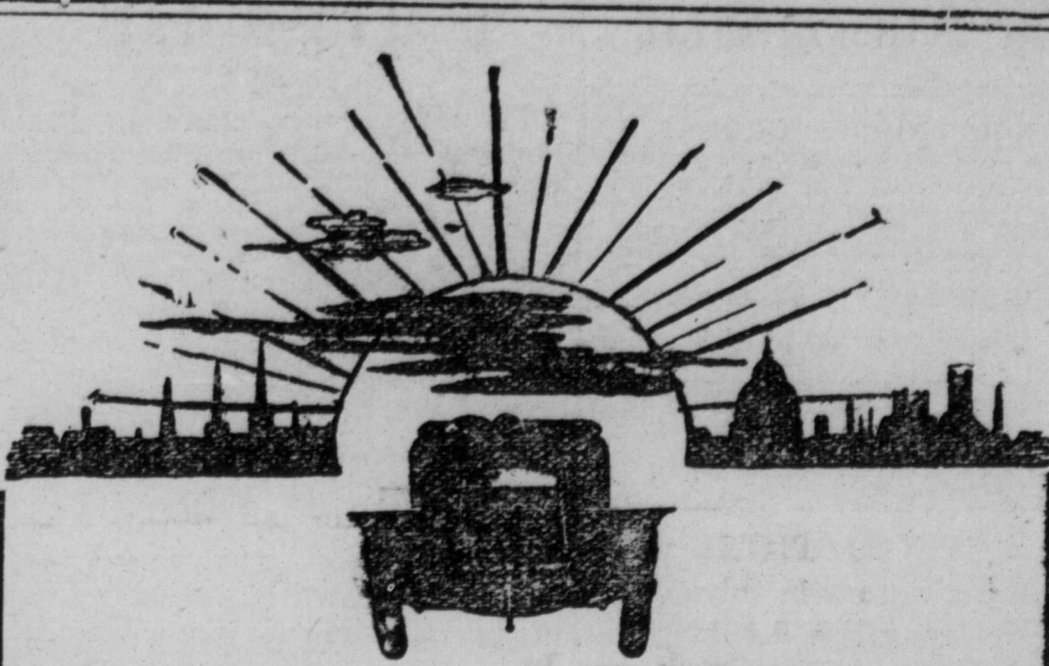
No matter how weary a girl may be with study or with pleasure she should never go to bed without first washing her eyes in order to remove any dust which may have gathered on their lids during the day. The sleeping room should be kept dark, as 'crows' tracks' will form under any sort of artificial light, particularly that of gas, which also consumes oxygen.

The eyes should not be exposed to a bright light immediately after awakening in the morning. For a few moments after arising it is better to get about the room by the aid of whatever light may penetrate the drawn blinds, meanwhile bathing the eyes in pure, cool water. On no account should the lids be rubbed, as that process will wrinkle them as quickly as will weeping. But if such an expression of grief is unavoidable be sure to gently massage the cuticle beneath the eyes with a little cold cream, as that is where lines first of all form, and if the skin is thin they are quite as likely to arrive at sixteen as at sixty."

ALL DRUGGISTS

A full copy of Mrs. Smith's letter and many others of a similar nature, together with some of our valuable literature regarding children, will be sent upon receipt of your address, mentioning this paper.

SCOTT & BOWNE
126 Wellington St., W. Toronto



The New DAIMLER

The 1909 type Daimler is a petrol-engine of remarkable efficiency, which for simplicity of construction, economy, and silence in running is incomparably superior to any motor yet designed.

Its introduction has called forth letters of appreciation from a number of leading motorists who have tested it, and all whom bear out the claim made for it by the Daimler Co.

A full illustrated description, together with the above mentioned letters, reproduced in fac simile, will be sent post free to all applicants to

The Daimler Motor Co., (1904) Ltd.

COVENTRY, ENGLAND.

In our next advertisement a full list of prices will be included.

Daimler

AN UNEXPECTED REWARD.

Poor Woman's Kindness Rewarded by Historic Legacy.

A poor woman's act of kindness has brought her an unexpected reward under a romantic legacy which a King of England granted to a subject over 250 years ago.

The story of the legacy's origin is famous. Flying from the Battle of Worcester, in 1031, King Charles II. was hidden from the pursuing soldiers amid the foliage of an oak tree by a farmer named Richard Penderel.

The King's gratitude took the form of six perpetual legacies, granted to Richard Penderel and other members of his family. Two were of \$500 a year, the others of slightly over \$250. These legacies have come down through many generations. Links being lost here and there, heirs occasionally disappearing.

Some time ago Mrs. Cassin, the wife of a London cab driver, appeared at the office of Messrs. Petch & Co., solicitors, having read of a Penderel legacy last July. Nine years ago, she said, her brother, John Penderel, a fruit porter, died, leaving a little daughter of four years old quite unprovided for.

Although she had no children of her own, and it was a struggle to make both ends meet, Mrs. Cassin adopted the little girl to save her from the workhouse. Her brother, she said, had spoken of an annuity which had come down to him from King Charles II., but her impression was that the pension ceased at his death.

Application to the courts and to trustees followed, and recently the dead man's little daughter was held to be legal successor to her father's pension, which amounts to nearly \$5 a week.

Mrs. Cassin's kindness to her little niece was rewarded by a sum of over \$1,000, which has accrued in the hands of the trustees. In addition she was created the guardian of the child.

"And the name is to be—" asked the suave minister, as he approached the front with the precious armful of fat and flounces. "Augustus Philip Ferdinand Codrington Chesterfield Livingstone Snooks."

"Dear me!" (Turning to the sexton)—"A little more water, Mr. Perkins, if you please."

The Alberta Star

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

Published every Friday at
CARDSTON, ALBERTA

FRED BURTON
EDITOR AND MANAGER

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

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

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

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

MAY 28, 1909.

It is estimated that there will be 7,500,000 acres under crop in the west this year, an increase of nearly fifty per cent over last year.

ARE WE GOING TO CELEBRATE

July 1st, is fast approaching and if we are intending to observe the national holiday, it is time that preparations were being made. Cardston hasn't had a real good celebration for many years, so one is due her, and by all means let's have it this coming Dominion Day.

The Baseball Association have so arranged the schedule in the Southern Alberta Baseball League, that Raymond plays here on Dominion Day—July 1st, and Magrath on Cardston Day—July 2nd. These games, together with a few horse races, foot races, meetings in the Assembly Hall, and dances in the evenings, will make up a good two day's program. A girl's Basket Ball Club is being organized, and arrangements can easily be made to have teams from the neighboring towns play here on both days.

It is up to the Mayor to call a public meeting, to decide whether the people want to celebrate or not. If a celebration is wanted, the various committees should be appointed immediately, as they have considerable work to accomplish between now and Dominion Day.

The San Francisco Opera Company, without a question of a doubt, the best Light Opera Company in America, will present "Floradora," at the Assembly Hall, Monday May 31st. While it is virtually an unknown quantity in this city the San Francisco Opera Company is well and favorably known in the majority of the larger Canadian cities as it has filled engagements that have been not only financial but artistic successes. The Lyric Theatre, Calgary has housed The San Francisco Opera Company for eight weeks during the past year and the Walker Theatre, Winnipeg has been packed to the doors on no less than three engagements. It may be worthy of mention to state that The San Francisco Opera Company opened the beautiful Colonial Theatre at Salt Lake, Utah and such well known residents of Salt Lake as Dan Spencer the chief clerk of the Union Pacific Railroad and George Peyer, Manager of the Salt Lake Theatre have requested Mr. Healey, manager of the company to look up old friends in this section. Bowmann Johnson, for years leading tenor of the Tabernacle Choir, Salt Lake, occupies a responsible position with the San Francisco Opera Company and Mr. Healey will endeavor to put on the quartette which was recruited from the many excellent voices of the Tabernacle Choir as a special feature during the engagement in this city. Teddy Webb, for ten years, principal comedian of the Tivoli Opera House, San Francisco occupies the same position with The San Francisco Opera Company. Mabel Day, a beautiful and accomplished prima donna soprano heads the female contingent Lucille Palmer, second soprano is the possessor of a splendid voice, J. Francis Leib is a handsome and well schooled young baritone. J. Russell Powell is the possessor of a glorious bass voice, Fred Snook is another clever baritone and there is Amy Leicester, character contralto, Frank Wocley, character comedy and 24 others.

HEALTH BY-LAW

The Mayor and Council of the Town of Cardston enact as follows:—

1. In this By-Law, unless the contrary appears from the context—

(a.) The word "Town" means the Town of Cardston;

(b.) "Council" means the Municipal Council of the Town of Cardston;—

(c.) "Board" or "Board of Health" means the Board of Health appointed in pursuance of the provisions of the Public Health Act.

(d.) "Health Officer" means the Medical Health Officer appointed in compliance with the requirements of the Public Health Act.

There shall be appointed annually by the Council a Medical Health Officer who shall be a resident medical practitioner, whose duties shall be as prescribed from time to time by the Public Health Act and amendments thereto; by this or any other by-law of the Town or by resolution of the Council or Board of Health.

3. There shall be a Board of Health which shall be composed of the Mayor, the Health Officer, the Municipal engineer (whenever such officer may be appointed) and three rate-payers to be appointed by the Council as follows:—One member to be appointed for three years, one for two years and one for one year. Each member retiring to be replaced by a member appointed for three years from the date of the appointment.

4. All officers, servants, workmen and agents of the Town shall give all possible aid and assistance to the Health Officer and to Board or any of its officers.

5. The Health Officer shall have a general supervision over all matters and things within the Town in any way appertaining to the public health, subject to the restrictions and provisions contained in the Public Health Act.

11. A complaint that there are any nuisances in or any unhealthy conditions about any land or buildings situate within the Town may be made to the Health Officer or the Board by any person injuriously affected thereby or by two persons residing in the Town or by any constable.

13. When, upon a complaint or the inspection of the Health Officer, or in any other way, the Board shall become aware of the existence of a nuisance or of unhealthy conditions, the Board shall give notice in writing to the person responsible for such nuisance or unhealthy condition, or, if such person cannot be found, to the proprietor or occupant of the land or building, requiring him to abate the same within the time mentioned in the notice.

17. In case of the non-performance within the time fixed by the notice prescribed by section 13, of the works required, to abate a nuisance, or to remove an unhealthy condition, the Board may cause such works to be done at the expense of the person to whom the notice was given, subject to the right of appeal given by the Public Health Act in cases where the execution of the work would occasion an expense of Two Hundred and Fifty Dollars or more.

21. No person shall suffer or permit any cellar, vault, private drain, cesspool, privy or sewer upon any premises belonging to or occupied by him within the limits of the Town to become nauseous, offensive or injurious to the public health.

23. No butcher shall keep or use or cause to be kept or used any stale, putrid or stinking fat, grease, or meat, nor shall any person keep for more than twenty-four hours any undressed hides, except at the slaughter house or where the same are to be manufactured.

24. No owner or occupant of any place of business shall suffer the same to become nauseous or offensive.

25. No owner or possessor of any animal which shall have died, shall suffer the same to lie on any public ground, street, lane, alley or private lot or place within the Town, nor shall any person throw or leave any such animal or any

BURTON'S VARIETY STORE

"Cash Goods at Cash Prices"

Tents

We purpose carrying a complete line of the most popular sizes in tents and we intend to sell them at the lowest living profit. We now have two kinds of tents in stock and more to follow.

Tents 10 x 12, 3 feet side walls, 10 oz. Standard Duck. Complete with ropes, poles, stakes, etc.

Our Price \$13.75

Tents 10 x 12, 3 feet side walls, 10 oz. extra double filled Duck. Complete with Ropes, Poles, Stakes, etc.

Our Price \$16.35

In The T. Eaton Co's. latest catalogue, page 190, you will find their lowest price for 10 x 12—10 oz. Duck tents, including Poles, Pins, etc. is \$19.25 and then you pay the freight from Winnipeg to Cardston.

TO ARRIVE

The popular Palmetto tent, size 7 x 7, extra quality, Blue and White Striped Duck, 6 feet side walls, 2 ft. 4 inch top, with valance center pole with hinged Malleable Iron Frame, which makes Tent sit perfectly. Can be set up or taken down in less than 3 minutes. A very useful as well as ornamental Tent.

Price will be about \$6.75

Hammocks, Baseball Supplies and Fishing Tackle. Bamboo Fishing Poles at 15c
Croquet Sets, only \$1.00. Ice Cream Freezers, 3 quart, 4 quart and 6 quart

Burton's Variety Store

THE LAYNE-HENSON MUSIC CO.

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

PENOYER & OLAND Contractors & Builders

vegetable or decayed animal matter or any slops or filth what ever, solid or fluid, upon any public ground, street, lane or alley, or into or upon the banks of Lees' Creek within the limits of the Town.

26. When any dumb animal shall die within the limits of the Town, the owner or person in possession of it shall, within twenty-four hours thereafter, cause the carcass to be removed to the nuisance ground and buried, or otherwise disposed of under the direction of the health officer.

27. No person shall by himself or another throw, place, or deposit or leave in any street, highway, lane, alley, public place or square

any ashes, animal or vegetable substance dead animal, fish, shells, shavings, dirt, rubbish, excrement, filth, ordure, manure, slops, unclean or nauseous water, hay, straw, paper, soot, offal, garbage, swill, or any other article or substance whatever, and in the case of any alley where any substance above named shall exist or have been deposited, it shall be the duty of every owner or occupant of any lot or premises within twenty four hours after having been notified by the Health Officer so to do, to remove from said alley adjoining such lot or premises all such substances deposited by such owner or occupant.

(Continued on Page 8)

Woolf Hotel

Pioneer Hotel of Cardston

European Plan

Our Service is Unexcelled

Pratt and Thompson

UNION BANK OF CANADA

Head Office, QUEBEC.

Comparative Figures For Fifteen Years

Capital Paid-up		Reserve and Undivided Profits	
May 31st 1895	\$ 1,200,000.	May 31st 1895	\$ 346,460.
" " 1900	2,000,000.	" " 1900	573,117.
" " 1905	2,500,000.	" " 1905	1,289,824.
Feb. 27th 1909	3,201,400.	Feb. 27th 1909	2,045,950.
Deposits		Total Assets	
May 31st 1895	\$ 4,904,128.	May 31st 1895	\$ 7,802,099.
" " 1900	6,573,637.	" " 1900	11,091,189.
" " 1905	16,533,876.	" " 1905	22,767,100.
Feb. 27th 1909	25,693,586.	Nov. 30th 1908	34,062,408.
April 3rd 1909	26,845,000.	Mar. 31st 1909	35,128,244.

Cardston Branch.

G. M. Proud Manager.

Local and General.

Lovely weather! eh neighbor. Mr. D. S. Beach was in Lethbridge on Tuesday.

The latest thing in colored and Shaded Glassware at Burtons. Fresh fruits in season, at Lamb's Restaurant.

A. J. Jones and E. Fraser, Lethbridge were in town on Tuesday.

Ladies white Muslin and Colored Blouses at Eatons prices at Burtons.

Ice Cream—we keep the best Ice Cream, Sodas, Crushed Fruits—Phipps.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Brown returned from High River on Tuesday.

Nearly all of the Scarlet Fever cases are dismissed.—Magrath Pioneer.

The best Lemons 30c dozen. The finest oranges 40c dozen at Burtons.

Walter Pitcher will move to his new residence across Lee's Creek this week.

Carl Danielson is building a blacksmith shop across the street from his old stand.

The advance agent for "Florodora" Opera was in town on Tuesday.

Mr. Albert Henson, Orton was a conference visitor. He returned on Monday.

A Social Evening will be held in the Presbyterian Church, on Friday, May 28th. All are cordially invited.

Jack Clarke left on Wednesday for Lethbridge, where he has accepted a position with the fire department.

Mr. U. Wood, of London, England, uncle of Mr. Edward J. Wood is spending a few days visit in town.

The postponed league baseball game between Magrath and Raymond, will take place at Magrath this afternoon.

The cheap rates to the M. I. A. Conference at Salt Lake City, Utah, start May 29th to June 3rd. Both dates inclusive.

Mr. W. Wood expects to hold his annual family reunion at his home next Thursday.—Magrath Pioneer, May 25th.

Apostle Rudgar Clawson and Pres. R. S. Wells, left on Monday for Stirling where they held a meeting that evening prior to their departure to the south.

Mr. Joseph Earl who has been teaching school at Stirling this winter, spent Sunday in town this week. He returned to Stirling on Monday.

Among the passengers for Lethbridge on Monday were: Misses Ida Archibald, Ione Woolf, Alta Stoddard and Elvira Reeder, and Messrs Devoe Woolf, Victor Spencer, A. M. Heppler and F. Burton.

A superb finish is obtained by using Campbell's Varnish Stain on floors, furniture or interior wood work. These stains are sold in 1/4 pit, 1/2 pint, pint quart and gallon cans. Ask H. S. Allen for color card.

The M. I. A. Concert given on Saturday evening in the Assembly Hall was much enjoyed. All the selections were well rendered, and those in charge of the entertainment are to be congratulated upon their splendid success of the same. The singing of Mr. Berg Ellingson, Magrath, and the recitations by B. S. Young, Raymond deserve special mention.

Among the conference visitors from the Taylor Stake were: Miss L. Hall, Miss Avilda Green, Mr. Berg Ellingson, Mr. A. M. Mercer and Mr. Wm. Wood, Magrath, Mr. H. S. Allen, B. S. Young, M. S. McCarthy and Wm. Redd, Raymond

Owing to the postponement of the Reid-Clark boxing exhibition on Monday evening, a dance was given in the Assembly Hall. It was well attended and much enjoyed.

The baseball game between Leavitt and Cardston on Monday afternoon was very exciting. The home team won by some 20 runs.

A sad death occurred on Saturday afternoon, when Doyle, the 14 month old infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hudson passed away. The immediate cause of death was measles and brain fever. The funeral services were held on Sunday afternoon at the residence. The speakers were Joseph Ellison, Pres. Wood, Sterling Williams, J. B. Brown and Bishop Harris.

Hello! here comes Straw Hat.

Picture Frames made to order at Henson's Photo Parlors

Mens Dress Shirts all prices from 60c up at Burtons.

The grain has made great progress during the past few days.

The Kerr Land Co. had sixteen land buyers in on Tuesday. Another lot came in yesterday.

A week Monday the Cardston Baseball team starts on its first tour down the A. R. & I. line.

Every citizen should read the extracts from the Health By-law, published in this week's issue.

Just arrived 250 of the best sixpenny Novels all different titles only 15c at Burtons.

Don't forget there is nothing like Bliss Native Herbs for the Blood—Sole Agents Phipps.

Edward Jessen is erecting a house near the home of Ernest Duce.

A car of horses billed for the north, was shipped on Monday by Arthur Perry.

J. W. Woolf, M. P. P. made a business trip to Raymond on Monday.

Will Ainscough was a passenger to Raymond on Monday's train. He returned on Tuesday.

The town presented a very quiet appearance on Monday last (Victoria Day.) All business places were closed.

See change in this issue of Home Missionary appointments for next Sunday on account of last Sunday being conference.

H. Russell Sloan will represent the Alberta Stake Y.M.M.I.A. at the annual June conference in Salt Lake City.

Misses Ida Archibald, Ione Woolf and Elvira Reeder returned on Wednesday from Raymond.

The train was two hours behind the schedule time on Tuesday. The trouble was a hot box on one of the wheels of the locomotive.

Owing to the non-appearance of Reid, the boxing exhibition on Monday evening had to be called off. We think it was a case of "cold feet."

The foot-bridge across the creek near Robt. Ibey's former residence, was washed away on Saturday night last. It was only carried a short distance down the stream.

The most interesting feature of this coal strike negotiations is the number of trifling matters which real grown up men are willing to dispute about when they really are disposed to disagree.

Notices have been put up around the town by James P. Low, Constable, to the effect that "Any person riding or driving within 10 feet of the fence line is liable to prosecution." So be careful.

We are still doing business at the old stand, and will continue so until June 4th, when Mr. J. T. Noble will take over the place.—Lamb's Restaurant and Bakery.

Service will be held in the Presbyterian Church on Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. A cordial invitation is extended to every one, and especially to strangers.

Penoyer & Oland have secured the contract for building the Beach residence and the Roger Cunningham Lumber Co's warehouse.

Bishops Cole and Orr from Claresholm and Orton respectively were in town during the conference. They were pleased to note the growth of Cardston. Each reported his ward in good condition. The Claresholm Ward are going to erect a meeting house this season.

Though the strike is not absolutely finished in the Crow's Nest mines, it is practically complete and will be finished in a few days. Both sides have to take a little time to show that negotiations like these cannot be concluded without each party showing some of the senselessness of school boys and much of the peevishness of old maids.

Mr. Young and a gang of Government Telephone men arrived on Tuesday from Magrath and will proceed to fix up the local lines. It is proposed to put in a cable on Daines and Lyman Streets, for which purpose new poles are being erected. Fifteen new phones are being installed, which will make a total of 60 in Cardston. When we reach the hundred phone mark, the town will be able to have a night service.

Lots of Childrens Sailor Hats at 25c at Burtons.

Mary Harker is spending a few days at Bow Island.

Hot or Cold Baths always ready at Phipps.

Miss Zina Peterson left for a visit to Stirling on Monday.

Secure your seats early for the "Florodora" Opera.

WANTED—Teams for stubble plowing. Inquire of Mrs. W. L. Thompson, Spring Coulee.

If you want to see the nicest new line of Post Cards call at Burtons.

Edison Goods, Sheet Music reduced to half price until June 1st.—Layne Henson Music Co.

Read the new ad. of the Penoyer & Oland, Contractors and Builders, in this issue.

We are expecting a variety of Fruits, Vegetables etc., for Saturday's Trade—Phipps.

Dr. Cartwright, Dentist is at the Cahoon Hotel for a few days. Call early and make appointments.

The Deacon's dance on Friday evening last, was much enjoyed by those present. From a financial view it wasn't a success.

WANTED—Good Buggy horse must be quite gentle for lady to drive. Apply at Drug Store.

While Mr. J. T. Noble has purchased the Lamb's Restaurant and Bakery, he will not take over the business until June 4th.

John Kenny, Customs inspector for the Province of Alberta and Saskatchewan, was in town last week.

The father and brother of Dr. V. V. Christie came in on Saturday's train. In all, probability these men will make homes here.

Ladies' Silks! Silks!

Taffeta, Louisinea, Striped Louisinea

Waist patterns and dress goods—the most up to-date.



Gentlemen!

We have everything for the head except hair. Hats caps, etc. Latest styles and lowest prices.

Always a full line of Groceries and and Garden Seed

Cardston Mercantile Co.

LIMITED.

COAL

We carry a full supply of BLACKSMITH COAL and Steam Coal for Engines, etc

SPECIAL RATES ON CARLOAD LOTS OF STEAM COAL

Will have plenty of domestic coal from now on.

Galt Coal Agency
M. H. WOOLF—Manager
Coal delivered. Phone 29

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

"For Sale man or woman.—My South African Veteran Bounty Land Certificate issued by the Department of the interior, Ottawa; good for 320 acres of any Dominion Land open for entry in Alberta, Saskatchewan, or Manitoba. Any person over the age of 18 years, man or woman, can acquire this land with this Certificate. For immediate sale \$790.00.

Phone, write or wire, L. E. Telford, 131 Shuter St. Toronto. Phone, Main 3066"

We are now ready to do business....

- Lumber
 - Lath
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 - Doors
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 - Lime
 - Cement
 - Brick
- In fact Everything required in the BuildingLine.....

Rogers--Cunningham Lumber Co., Ltd.
OFFICE and YARD
South of Cardston Milling Co.

Building loans. Why pay rent? D. S. Beach.

The best stock of

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Orders taken for Enlarged Work

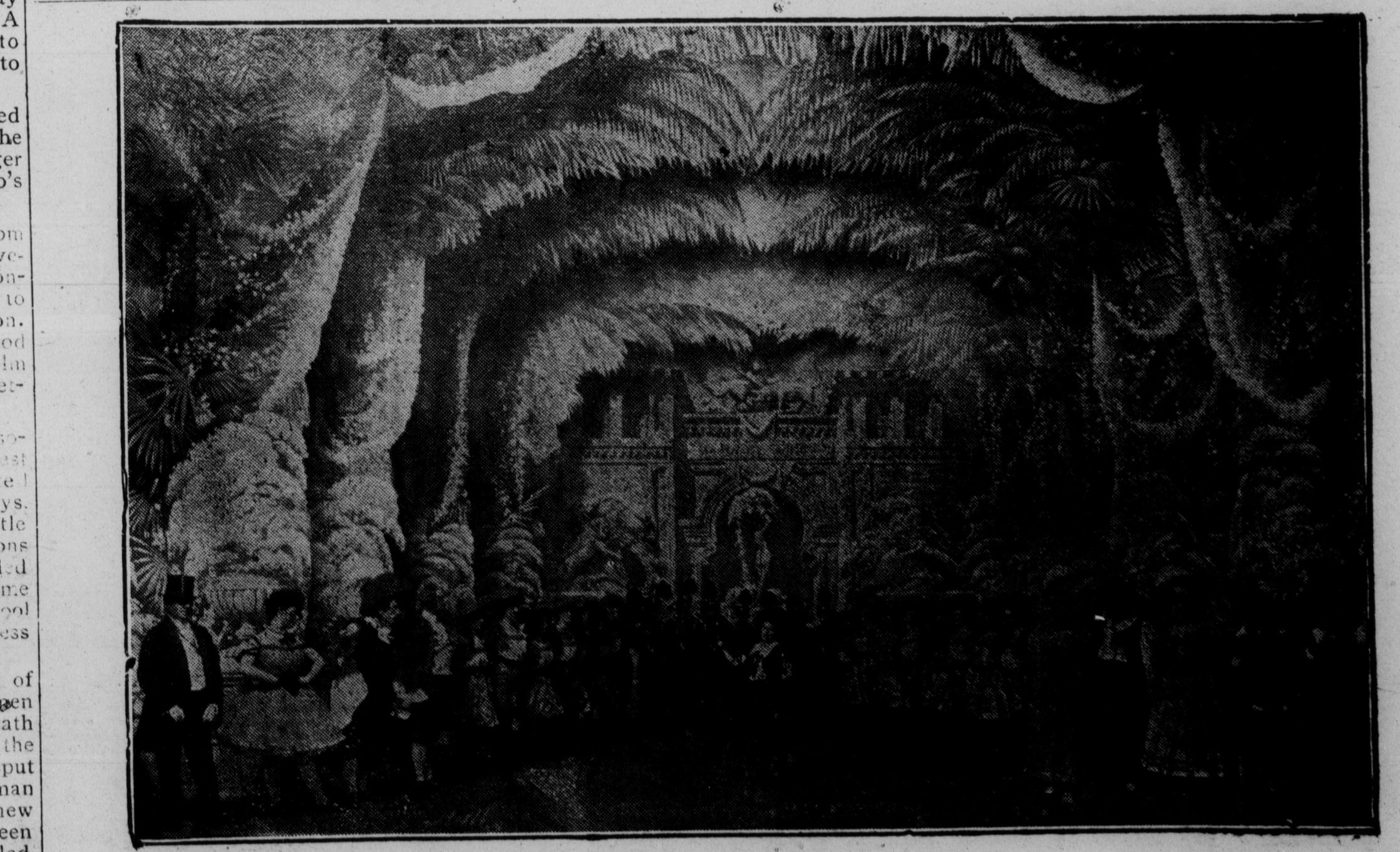
Satisfaction guaranteed

Agent for the Singer Sewing Machine Co.

Amateur work finished

Show rooms for LAYNE-HENSON MUSIC CO.

A. T. HENSON PHOTO PARLORS
Money to loan on real estate Apply A. M. Heppler.
Toronto, May 24.—The Tom Longboat-Alfred Shrubbs 20 mile race attracted a large crowd tonight. Longboat won easily and by a good margin in the fast time of 1:55.



Scene and ensemble, San Francisco Opera Company in "Florodora" at the Assembly Hall, Cardston, Monday Evening, May 31st.

LONDON STREET DANGERS

238 KILLED AND 16,772 INJURED IN 1907.

The Introduction of Fast Moving Traffic Is Causing Many Deaths.

It is abundantly clear that some definite step must be taken without delay for the regulation of the vast volume of London traffic, preferably by the institution of a Central Traffic Board, says the London (England) Express.

The most serious and at the same time the most alarming phase of this great problem is the increasing peril of the London streets. Until three or four years ago the danger increased gradually, almost keeping pace with the ever-advancing population; but during the last few years the tale of death and injury has bounded up out of all proportion to any natural growth, and to-day it stares us in the face as the gravest menace to the London citizen.

KILLED NUMBERED 238.

An idea of this growth can be obtained at a glance by placing the statistics of the last three years together. Thus in 1905 there were 172 persons killed and 11,688 injured; in 1906, 212 were killed and 14,090 were injured; and in 1907—the latest completed year—238 were killed and no fewer than 16,772 were injured. Compare these figures with those of ten years ago—when 165 were killed and 9,082 were injured—and the increase in the risk of accident is seen to be appalling.

Nor is it difficult to discover the cause of this great and rapid increase of death and injury in the London streets. A careful examination and analysis of the figures that are available show that it is speed which is the real determinant of danger. When speed was uniformly low, the growth of risk was slow; since speed has become greater, the growth of risk has been rapid.

CARTS AND CABS.

Let me first illustrate this by a simple comparison between the injuries inflicted by light carts, travelling at a comparatively rapid rate, and heavy carts, travelling at a comparatively slow rate. In the last year, light carts are responsible for 1,223 accidents and heavy carts for 230. So, too, with light vans and heavy vans, the former accounting for 1,767 and the latter for 1,120. This proportion is maintained by comparing light motor cars with heavy motor cars—the former being responsible for 1,420 and the latter for 138 accidents. Extend the comparison to hansom cabs and four-wheelers and the swift gondola of the London streets inflicts injuries in 896 cases as against the 240 inflicted by the staid growler. Clearly, speed may be said to be the great determinant of danger.

CARS AND MOTORS.

But still more striking evidence of this is forthcoming when one examines the "killed and injured" re-

cord of the motor trams and motor omnibuses, and compares the holocaust they annually compile with the damage done by the horse tram and the horse omnibus. During the last three years the motor tram and the motor omnibus have been rapidly evolving, and here are the figures which show at what cost to the life and limbs of the Londoner that evolution has proceeded:—

	Injured by Motor Tram.	Injured by Motor Bus.
1905	725	149
1906	1,130	1,108
1907	2,119	1,108

INCREASING RISK.

The above figures are appalling evidence of the rapidly increasing risks of the London street. The 212 accidents caused to persons by horse care, and the 460 accidents resulting from horse omnibuses for the year 1907 are as eloquent of the comparative safety secured by slow travelling as the figures of the motor tram and motor omnibus are eloquent of the great danger of speedy traffic in busy thoroughfares. Even in the square mile of the city, while the number of persons injured by horse traffic has in the last year gone down, the number of those who have been injured by motor traffic has more than doubled in twelve months.

Curiously enough, and contrary to expectation, this swifter traffic does not seem to select the old and feeble for its chief victims. It is even more relentless to the young and active, who, almost certainly, take greater risks. For instance, while nearly 1,500 persons of sixty years and over were caught and injured in the deadly traffic of the London street, no fewer than 4,817 youths and children under the age of fifteen succumbed to its dangers.

When one finds that for all those between the ages of fifteen and sixty the number of injured is not more than 10,491, the foregoing figures show an extraordinarily high proportion of risk attending the young and active.

THREAD USED IN SURGERY.

Are you aware that the modern surgeon employs in his work dozens of different kinds of thread for sewing up cuts and wounds? Among them are kangaroo tendons, horsehair, silk, and very fine silver wire. Many of these threads are intended to hold for a certain number of days and then naturally break away. The short, tough tendons taken from the kangaroo, which are used for sewing severe wounds, will hold for about four weeks before they break away. Silk threads will remain much longer, sometimes six months, while the fine silver wire is practically indestructible. With the entire outfit a surgeon is able to select a thread that will last as long as the wound takes to heal, and will then disappear completely. To accommodate this assortment of threads, special varieties of needles are required. Besides the needle craned in different segments of a circle, surgeons use needles shaped like spears, javelins, and bayonet points.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

Interesting Gossip About Some Prominent People.

The Duchess of Hamilton has a great belief in the flesh and milk of the goat for human consumption. Her four children—of whom the eldest is not yet six years old—have been brought up on goat's milk, and a goat accompanies them on their juvenile travels. She considers that the flesh of the goat would be indistinguishable from Welsh mutton in appearance and flavor except that it is a little whiter. Her Grace is president of the British Goat Society.

King Peter of Serbia is one of the most—if not the most—absent-minded rulers on the Continent. On one occasion he went to call upon the widow of an officer. "How is your husband?" he began. "My husband is dead, sir," replied the astonished widow. "Well, well, well," exclaiming the King impatiently, "how is your late husband?" Meeting an official one day, he inquired: "How many children have you?" "Five sir," was the reply. "How many boys?" "Three, sir." "Yes; and how many girls?"

The Crown Princess of Montenegro is the champion Royal lady wrestler of all Europe. Before her marriage to the future ruler of the little principality the Princess Danilo was the Duchess Jutta of Mecklenburg, Germany. She is a brilliant pianist, an expert needlewoman, and a caricaturist of no little skill, but her most favorite activity seems to be the masculine sport of wrestling. She has specially studied the Japanese art of jujitsu, and has so thoroughly mastered it that she is almost invariably successful in the bouts in which she engages.

The list of European Royalties who write is a fairly long one. The King of Italy writes books on numismatics; the Queen of Italy is a poet; the Queen of Roumania (Carmen Sylva) is a poet, dramatist, novelist, and magazine writer; the German Emperor is described as dramatist, poet, etc.; the Crown Princess of Germany is a poet and magazine writer; Princess Henry of Battenberg has written historical plays; the Crown Princess, Elizabeth of Belgium is a dramatist; the Queen of Portugal is a novelist; the Emperor of Japan a poet, while the Prince of Monaco has written books on marine science.

Sir Joseph Ward, the Premier of New Zealand, tells a good story of a certain Maori "witch-doctor," who was held in great awe and reverence by the superstitious natives. This man claimed that he was enabled by his magic to walk upon the water, and one day a number of his disciples went with him to the sea-shore expecting to see him perform the miracle. When they reached the water's edge, the man of mystery turned to his followers. "Do you really believe that I can walk on the sea?" he asked in solemn tones. "Yes, yes," they replied reverently, "we do." "Then," said the witch-doctor as he walked coolly away, "there is no need for me to do it." Nikola Tesla, the famous inventor, is possessed of wonderful

strength of mind, and even as a boy he was noted for his courage and invincible perseverance. One day, his father told him the story of the martyrdom of Cranmer, who held his right hand in the fire and watched it until it was burned. Master Tesla was apparently much impressed at the martyr's courage, and presently, without saying a word to anyone, he left the room. When he returned, he carried a lighted lamp, and to the astonishment of his relations he put one of his fingers in the flame, and held it there without uttering a cry until the flesh began to burn. Had his relatives not compelled him to desist, his finger would soon have been charred. After that, people were very careful about the kind of stories they told to the future inventor.

The recent death of Mr. Solomon Andrews, of Cardiff, Wales, closes a career picturesque and romantic to a degree. Mr. Andrews commenced life as a pedlar, and many are still living who remember him, carrying a tray suspended from a string around his shoulders, hawk-pies and tarts of his own baking in Cardiff. When his will is read it will be found that he died possessed of immense riches. In early life he had practically no education—indeed, it was only in his later years that he learnt to read and write—and yet he had at his fingers' ends the particulars of each of his varied undertakings, involving the circulation of hundreds of thousands of pounds annually and the employment of an army of workmen. His first venture was to supply Cardiff with cabs. Then he established his own carriage factory and started lines in omnibuses in many towns. Twenty years ago he extended his business to London, where he ran a line of vehicles, known as the "Star" line, between the Elephant and Castle and the Angel, Islington.

EMBLEM OF GOOD LUCK.

Clover Emblem is a Very Ancient Superstition.

The clover is an emblem of good luck is a very ancient superstition; either a two-leaved or a four-leaved specimen was supposed to bring the good luck. A common superstition in this country is that if a girl puts a two or four leaved clover in her shoe she will meet her lover as soon as she goes out of the house. The same charm is used to bring back an absent or wayward swain. In more ancient days the carrying of the four-leaved clover was believed to bring luck in play and in business, safety on a journey, and the power of detecting evil spirits. In rural districts it is looked upon as a capital barometer, the leaves becoming rough to the feel when a storm is impending. A person who found a four-leaved clover and put nine grains of wheat on it was supposed to be able to see the fairies, while an ointment made with a four-leaved clover, gathered at a certain time of the moon, was supposed to render fairyland visible, and the antedote one invisible to human eyes.

LESSEN BRUTAL SPORT

A SOCIETY HAS BEEN ORGANIZED IN ENGLAND.

Discouragement of Brutal Sports the World Over is Aim of the Society.

"The Society for the Discouragement of Brutal Sports" is the title of a society recently organized with the central bureau in London, empowered to establish branches in the United States, with New York as headquarters. Offices are to be established in Spain, Portugal and in all South and Central Americas, countries where bull fights continue to be the principal form of amusement.

The society does not intend to interfere with boxing contests, or even with the battles in the prize ring, which are essentially British, and demand prowess and endurance, but the ban is to be put on cocking mains, dog fights, rat killing with ferrets or with terriers in a pit, and cat battles—a recent diversion organized in Lancashire, where big tomcats in close confinement have been goaded into fighting humor by alternate starving and feeding on raw meat.

SPORT OF "PURRING."

The formation of the society was brought about primarily by the revival of the so-called sport of "purring" in Wales, which has been unheard of for twenty years or more, although purring matches have taken place in the coal regions of Pennsylvania among the Welsh miners in the last half dozen years. There is probably no other form of contests between human beings that embraces so many elements of brutishness and cruelty, and with the certain of life-long injury to one or the other or both of the contestants.

Originally, in the early part of the last century, the contestants were stripped to the waist, and wore tight-fitting trunks with an extension which came to the knees. Below that point the legs were bare. The feet of each man were encased in wooden sabots, and the object was to disable an opponent by kicking and stripping his shins.

AGONY EXCRUCIATING.

When the contestants faced each other they took a collar and elbow hold somewhat similar to the hold used in that style of wrestling, and then began sparring with their wooden-shod feet. In this way they became wonderfully expert, and thrusts would be made and countered, sometimes for twenty minutes, before an effective blow was landed, but when it did land there was either a fractured shinbone, a dent or a gash that was followed by hemorrhage bleeding. The breaking of the shin-bone invariably ended the wretched spectacle, because the agony was too excruciating to be endured.

This style of "purring" gave way eventually to foot fighting, in which the contestants kicked and sparred

with their bare feet, still maintaining the collar and elbow hold. In these matches the shin-bone suffered little or no injury, but toes were broken, and the arch of the foot smashed, for it was permissible to stamp on the instep with the heel. Permanent lameness was generally the result of these foot-fighting contests, and they fell into desuetude.

PONIES OF SABLE ISLAND.

They Have Fair Speed, Great Endurance, and Are Easily Kept.

Situated about eighty-five miles eastward of the coast of Nova Scotia is Sable Island, the home of herds of wild ponies. Once a year, writes Mr. Silver in "Farm-Cottage, Camp and Canoe in Maritime Canada," the wild ponies are rounded up. They are driven into a pond, and are bound and taken to the hold of a government boat.

Certainly Sable Island does not exactly tally with one's preconceived notion of the character of a horse-ranch. Yet here the ponies thrive in average seasons; here they roam in ignorance of the labors which most of their race are fated to endure, until at last the evil day arrives of the annual end, and a kicking, snorting, terrified mass is driven into a large pond.

Two or three dozen of selected ponies are then assayed, thrown down, bound, rolled over upon a hand-barrow, lifted up and slid into the surf-boat, rowed out, and finally hoisted on board for conveyance to Halifax.

The horses of Sable Island are seldom seen lying down to rest. They often sleep standing. They persistently refuse the shelter of a stable, or even the rough sheds erected for their comfort, and shun the near presence of man.

In severe weather it is the habit of the horses to gather in the gulches or hollows between the sand-hills. Here they arrange themselves in regular order, the colts in the centers, their elders outside of them.

As all the ponies are under thirteen hands, their usefulness is restricted. Some prove extremely serviceable animals, easily kept, with fair speed and great endurance, especially under the saddle. As a rule, when once broken and well cared for, they become affectionate and docile.

LIFE'S JOURNEY.

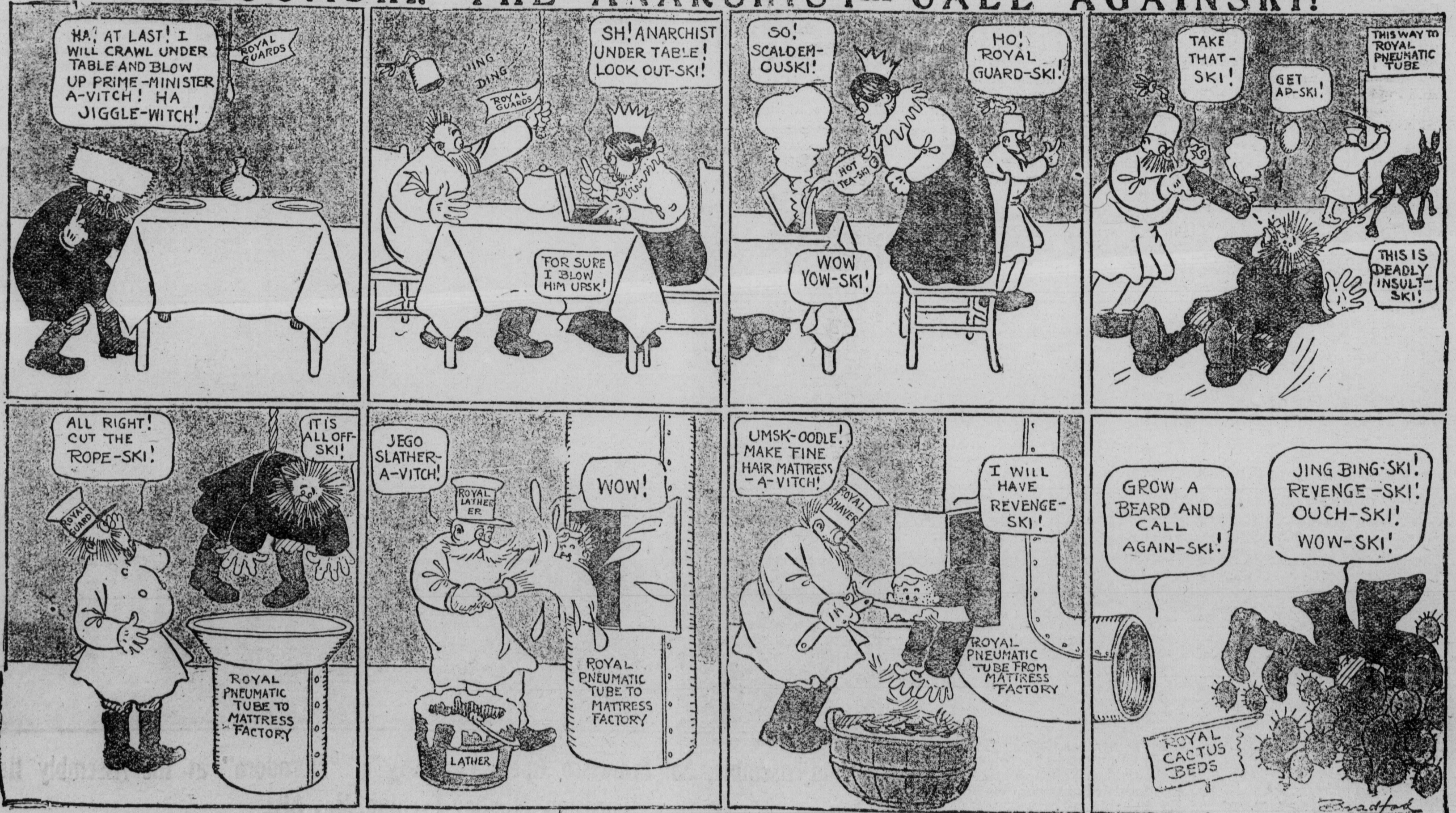
Lift up your load and go away
The mortal yoke along,
With spirits blithe and manner gay,
And courage ever strong.

In spite of sorrows and defeat,
And troubles that annoy,
A cheerful heart makes labor sweet,
And life brimful of joy.

He wastes the golden time who
Plains
From morn to dewy eve;
A frowning face no guerdon gains,
Despair wins no reprieve.

Be brave, be honest till the close,
Nor yield a hope forlorn;
The poorest weight may pluck the rose,
And still escape the thorn.

FIZZBOOMSKI. THE ANARCHIST--"CALL AGAINSKI?"



An Unexpected Confession;

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

CHAPTER I.

Our story opens in the far West—in the town of Oakland, California.

It was a wild, tempestuous night in late January. A cold, heavy rain had been falling all day, and the wind, which had risen to a terrible gale, seemed to moan and sigh and shriek like some human soul in torment, or like the howls of wild beasts upon the trail of their prey.

Upon the edge of the town there stood an humble cottage. Behind it there arose, abruptly, a high hill. Across the road, in front of and beneath it, there flowed what in summer was a lovely, placid stream, but which was now swollen to a mighty torrent, foaming, rushing, surging onward toward the ocean, thus making a hoarse accompaniment to the weird lamentation of the wind.

Inside, the house was cozy and homelike, although poorly and meagerly furnished.

There were but three rooms below; a sitting room, kitchen and bedroom, with corresponding chambers above. In the sitting room, upon a lounge drawn close beside a cheerful fire, there lay a man who, apparently, was in the last stages of consumption.

He was covered with what must once have been a handsome and costly India shawl, though it was now worn and darned in many places, and was evidently a relic of better days.

There was not an atom of color in the invalid's face; his eyes were sunken, and he was emaciated almost to a shadow, while in spite of his covering and his proximity to the fire, he shivered, and his teeth chattered with almost every panting breath.

Opposite him, and seated in a low rocker by a table, was a young girl engaged in mending stockings. She was painfully plain at sixteen—this young Western heroine of mine.

Having grown very rapidly, she is unusually tall for her age. Having been obliged to labor beyond her strength, she is extremely thin, and there is an awkward stoop in her shoulders. Her head is well-shaped, but, with its wealth of brown hair and broad, full forehead, it seems far too large for her slender neck.

Her features are sharp, her cheeks hollow, and her eyes—great, wide, wistful orbs, intensely black—give her face a weird, cadaverous look that almost makes one shiver. Her nose is good; but her mouth is rendered very unsightly by a set of exceedingly uneven teeth and two great tusks, one on each side, which cause her upper lip to protrude and give her a peculiarly unpleasant expression to her whole face.

She is apparently absorbed in her work, although, now and then a tear rolls over her pale cheek and drops into her lap.

Suddenly a heavier blast of wind than usual shakes the little dwelling to its foundations, dashing the rain against the window panes with a sound like sleet, or like gravel thrown against the glass by a vicious hand, and causing the invalid to shiver afresh.

"Are you cold, father?" inquired the girl, as she observed the movement, but without glancing up.

"No, Esther, not really; but the sound of the tempest sends a nervous chill over me," the man replied, in a hollow tone. "It must be terrible out of doors," he added, after listening a moment.

"It is," his companion responded; "it has rained steadily all day, and the river had overflowed its banks before dark."

"Is that so? I hope the bridge will hold."

Esther started, and her face grew a shade paler than before at his remark.

The bridge referred to was a railway structure, and spanned over the river almost opposite the home of the Wellingtons which we have described. It had been twice swept away by heavy storms, during their remembrance, although the fact had been discovered in season to prevent a disaster; but people had predicted that there would be a tragedy at that point, because the roadbed had not been sufficiently raised above the stream.

Nothing more was said for several minutes, both father and daughter being apparently absorbed in their own reflections.

"Esther," at length the invalid said, in a clearer voice than he had spoken.

"Well?" said the girl, in a cold, almost indifferent tone, which caused a bitter smile to curl the lips of the sick man.

"It will be a relief to you, my girl, when I'm gone—"

served, querulously, while he watched her face closely. She flushed a vivid crimson at his words and her lips twitched spasmodically, but she made no reply. She had heard the lament too often.

"You needn't look so guilty over it," he persisted, bitterly; "no one could blame you for getting weary of slaving, day in and day out, for a fretful, exacting invalid."

"I have never complained, father," returned his companion, in a repressed tone.

"Oh, no; you've borne your burdens without a murmur—like your mother before you; but, all the same, I know you've borne no love in your heart along with them. I don't suppose you could help it, if he went on, as he saw her cringe as if from a blow, and now there was a note of pain in his weak voice; "I don't claim that I have deserved much affection from you, but I haven't been able to forget the very plain language you regaled me with a year ago—"

"Oh, father, perhaps I was wrong, but I was wild with grief over losing mamma," Esther faltered, great tears flashing forth upon her dusky lashes and falling upon her now tensely folded hands.

"Well, I don't deny the truth of what you said, even though it wasn't exactly palatable," the man continued, still watching her intently. "I know I have never amounted to much—I know I always leaned upon your mother, from the day we married until she died. She had been nicely reared, and she couldn't be content to retrograde, so she earned and schemed and saved, to keep up appearances, and to give you advantages, such as she had enjoyed herself, as long as her strength held out; and you've had to shoulder her burdens since. For all that your tongue was like a two-edged sword that day, I have derived some comfort from one thing that you told me—that you would never be guilty of the same blunder that your mother made—that you would never marry a man who could not, at the outset, provide you with a comfortable home. Do you remember, Esther?"

But the girl made no reply. Her head had sunk upon the table in front of her and she sat motionless in dumb anguish.

Did she remember? Ah! could she ever forget that day—how, as with a breaking heart, she had stood beside her mother's casket, looking down upon the still, cold face, noting its lines of care and weariness, lines betraying disappointed hopes and aspirations and that had made her old before her time, she had dejectedly bemoaned his loss—as the indirect cause of that broken, wasted life—yes, wasted, because he had left her to bear his burdens and responsibilities, as well as her own, and it had been an unappreciated sacrifice.

She had been wild with grief, as she had said, and all the pent-up indignation of years over the patient woman's hard lot, had burst forth in an irrepressible torrent upon him.

Yet, while she knew that she had uttered only truths—truths which he ought to have realized years before—he was dying now, and she was wretched over having arrogated to herself the right to judge him so severely.

"I begin to believe, as you said," he rambled on, without appearing to observe that he had received no response to his query, "that all sense of my own moral responsibility was left out of my composition. Lying here so long, sick, I have taken a bird's-eye view of my life. I guess you were right—I have had an ease-loving nature that has prompted me to get through the world with as little worry and trouble as possible. But I never was niggardly—nobody could accuse me of that, and I always gave Dora money, when I had it; though I confess I spent a great deal upon my own pleasures, and didn't consider that it ought to have been laid by for a rainy day—and we've had a good many of them first and last. Still, Dora always managed to pull through, somehow. Anyway, we never got into debt, and there was always something to give away to a good cause—"

"Oh, father, father!" sobbed Esther, as she caught the little thrill of pride in those last words, and remembered the midnight oil which her mother had burned to keep out of debt, pay doctors' and grocers' bills, buy the winter's coal and even give a little to the church and missions.

"I know—I know," the man continued, querulously, "you might just as well have said that it was all your mother's doing; that it was she who thanks to me that we kept out of debt; that I never saved a dollar to give away. And I don't, now that anybody wants to take credit from Dora for what good she did in the world. I loved her, child—I did love her," he cried out, passionately, "for all you said that I had no real affection for her—that there is no true love without sacrifice, and that I was never known to sacrifice my own comfort or her when I could help it. You see I haven't forgotten your words, or what you said about drifting, and letting other people do the sowing. You werea pretty hard on me that day, Esther; but you've been a good child to me since—you've taken good care of me all through my sickness, and filled your mother's place as far as you were able. If you could only have loved me a little more," he added, with a sigh.

Again there was silence within the room, while the rain still beat against the windows, the wind howled, and the swollen stream foamed and plunged and roared over its rocky bed with added fury.

The sick man seemed to have fallen into a doze, while the girl by the table was motionless but for a long sobbing sigh which now and then shook her slight frame.

"I read somewhere, the other day," Mr. Wellington resumed, as if his ramblings had not been interrupted, and arousing suddenly, "that when we die we shall take up our lives, on another plane, just where we leave them here. I know that I am going to die very soon, and I have been wondering if I shall find Dora again, and we shall go on together just as we used—"

"Oh, father, for Heaven's sake stop, or talk about something else," suddenly interposed Esther, springing to her feet and turning a white, set face upon her companion, a look of keenest agony in her midnight eyes.

That her suffering mother should awake in another world, to take up again the burdens she had borne in this, was a thought which drove her almost to frenzy. She was quivering in every nerve of her sensitive body, and her voice shook with an emotion which she strove in vain to control.

"Ah," she added, as the clock began striking the hour of eight, "it is almost time for you to go to bed; shall I bring you your milk punch now?"

"No, Esther," replied the man, regarding her curiously, "I am not ready for my punch yet, and I have some other things which I wish to say to you before I retire. Even though you have thought me so morally irresponsible regarding my duties as a family man, I want to know that I have not been unmindful of your future welfare. Some time ago I wrote to John Cushman—your mother's adopted brother—who, you know, resides in New York, asking him to give you a home, after I am gone, allowing you to pursue your education until you yourself are fitted to teach."

"And have you received a reply?" eagerly inquired the young girl.

"Yes; one of those letters that came yesterday was from him. He says you are more than welcome to a home with him, although he has never seen you since you were a baby in your mother's arms. But, for the sake of Dora, whom—although there was no tie of blood between them—he loved as a dear sister, he will gladly assume the care of you as long as you choose to remain with him."

"Mamma and Mr. Cushman were reared under the same roof," said Esther, musingly.

"Yes; when Dora was ten, and John Cushman was twelve, your grandmother became the second wife of Mr. Cushman, and for years they lived like brother and sister, as you know," Mr. Wellington replied.

"But, between you and me, Esther," he continued, flushing, "John became very fond of her, and upon his return from college, would have married her. She did not respond to his affection, however, choosing instead, the next-door-well, who, according to your belief, has made her let so hard. I know it was hard, child; but I never unkind or discourteous to her. I did love her, Esther; don't you believe it?"

"What is 'love,' father?" the girl gravely questioned, while she held his eyes with her own steadfast gaze.

The man looked startled at the question, and a faint flush again diffused itself over his thin face.

The next moment a fit of coughing seized him, lasting for several moments, and his daughter's query remained unanswered.

(To be continued.)

REMARKABLE CAREERS

THE ROMANCE OF GREAT BUSINESS HOUSES.

Gigantic Houses of Trade Had Their Origin in a Very Small Way.

"It is no exaggeration to say that four out of five of the greatest business houses in the world have been cradled in poverty and obscurity." So said one of our great kings of commerce the other day, and the statement is as true as it is remarkable.

MARSHALL FIELD'S MILLIONS. Fifty years or so ago the great Chicago store out of which the late Marshall Field made his millions had its very modest beginning in a tiny Lake Street shop, in which Mr. Field himself sold pins and tape over the counter. A few years earlier he had been driving a plough in his father's fields on the bank of the Hudson, as a preliminary to doing clerk's work in a Durham store, and it was with a few hundred dollars thus saved that the Lake Street shop was stocked.

To-day the business thus cradled is the largest retail shop in the world, occupying a block more than a hundred yards square, with a floor area of thirty-six acres. It boasts a single sales room of 135,000 square feet, is visited daily by over 100,000 customers, and yields \$8,000,000 a year in net profit.

WANAMAKER AND ROUSS. The great department stores of Mr. Wanamaker, in New York and Philadelphia, are the gigantic development of a small clothing shop which \$2,000 would have bought out right forty years ago, when Mr. Wanamaker, who had been glad to commence his working life by carrying a dollar and a half a week as an errand-boy, first put his modest savings into a venture of his own, little dreaming that they were to be the nucleus of millions.

And Mr. C. B. Rouss, the blind single room rented at a dollar a day, the gigantic business in New York which has now an annual turnover of \$15,000,000.

HOW KRUPP'S ROSE. The world-famous Krupp steel-works, which to-day employ 40,000 men and yield a net revenue of \$5,000,000 a year to their fortunate owner, derive their origin from a village blacksmith's shop, in which the grandfather of their present owner plied hammer and bellows for a pound or two a week; and the great Armstrong manufacturing works at Elswick, England, which employ over 25,000 hands at a wage of \$300,000 a week, are the outgrowth of a very small factory on Tyneside.

BASS'S AND SMITH'S. The founder of the great firm of Bass, which supplies to thirsty humanity over a million and a half barrels of ale every year, was a Staffordshire carrier, who thought his fortune made when he turned brewer and supplied his neighbors with a few dozen barrels a month. The nursery of the mammoth business of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son, which distributes 360,000,000 papers a year and supports an army of 8,000 workers, was a tiny newspaper shop in the Strand, London, where its founder, in his shirt-sleeves, might have been seen at four o'clock any weekday morning packing newspapers.

START OF PICKFORD'S AND FRY'S. Less than a century ago a pioneer Pickford was running a van between Manchester and London, covering the journey in the then wonderful time of four days and a half. The original Fry, of cocoa fame, employed barely a dozen men in his small factory in Kewgate Street, Bristol. To-day his successors keep 4,400 pairs of hands busy and have a capital of \$7,500,000. The Cadbury cocoa business was cradled less than two generations ago, in a small Birmingham shop; and the gigantic industries controlled by Sir Christopher Furness had their nursery behind the counter of a provision dealer's shop.

Mr. Lever's gigantic soap business had its source in a grocer's shop in Bolton; Mr. Thomas Cook, of tourist celebrity was a journeyman printer when he first struck road to fortune by cheapening facilities for travel; and Mr. Thomas Becham sold his first box of pills from a fish-tub stall in the market-place of St. Helens.—London Tit-Bits.

AT HIS OWN RISK. Caller (on crutches and with a bandage over one eye)—"I have come, sir, to make application for the amount due on my accident insurance policy. I fell down a long flight of stairs the other evening, and sustained damages that will disable me for a month to come."

Manager of Company—"Young man, I have taken the trouble to investigate your case, and I find you are not entitled to anything. It could not be called an accident. You certainly knew the young lady's father was at home."

The Farm

SKIM MILK FOR SWINE.

The feeding of skim milk to swine is but imperfectly understood by many of those who feed it. The following may be said with reference thereto: The aim should be to feed the milk as soon as it is possible to do so after it has been obtained, as, especially in cold weather, it is a distinct advantage to feed it with the animal heat in it. No better food can be given to young swine aside from the milk of the dam while they are yet unweaned. At such a time they will turn to good advantage all the skim milk that they will consume.

Subsequently to the growing period they will turn to the best advantage not more than, say four pounds of skim milk to one pound of grain when they do not have any grazing. When furnished with grazing and grain not more than three pounds would be needed to one pound of grain. Much more may be fed, but the relative profit will not be so great. Not more than four or five pounds to one pound of grain should be fed to swine that are being fattened. Brood sows can turn to good account large quantities of skim milk, but not to such good account as the young swine which nurse them. It would seem correct to say that the younger the swine to which the skim milk is fed, the better will be the return from feeding it.—Prof. Thomas Shaw.

Notice how authorities differ. But conditions are not always the same by any means, and must be taken into consideration when applied by the feeder.

The proper thing to do is to post yourself on all sides of the question, consider how conditions surrounding you might affect results, and then plan things for yourself. Experiment a little, but sticking to certain fixed principles laid down by experienced breeders. Then write down the results.

TREATMENT FOR GRAIN SMUTS.

From smutty seed a smutty crop results—unless the seed is treated before sowing with a fungicide that will destroy the spores. As much of our seed oats and wheat is to a greater or less extent infected, treatment is called for in a great many cases. Three different lines of treatment have been advocated in turn, to wit: Hot water, blue-stone and formalin. The last is the best; and, of the two ways of applying, viz., sprinkling and immersion, the former is usually preferred. Spread the seed grain over on the barn floor and sprinkle until quite moist, with a solution of a pound of formalin (a pound is not quite as much as a pint) in thirty-two to thirty-five gallons of water, using the stronger solution if the grain is badly infected. Shovel over a few times, applying the solution as the turning proceeds. When all is well dampened, shovel the grain into a conical heap and cover with old blankets for two or three hours; then remove the blankets and spread the grain out to dry, stirring occasionally. It is better to mix each time just enough to treat the grain that can be sown within three days. After treatment, keep the seed free from infection by contact with bins or sacks in which smutty seed has been contained.

A pound of formalin (which is simply a 40-per-cent. liquid solution of the gas formaldehyde) costs about 75 cents, and may be had at any drug store. This quantity will suffice for 27 bushels of seed oats, or 32 of wheat.

Be careful not to use the solution stronger than advised, or the vitality of the germ may be injuriously affected.

USE A LITTLE COMMONSENSE

Carelessness about the farm, probably more than anything else, cuts into the profits. And what we call, and like to think of as bad luck, is in reality nothing more or less than rank carelessness; or, perhaps it may please us better to say, a failure to be thorough, and a willingness to take a long chance.

If we sit down and figure over the year's work we will be very much surprised to find that, though fortune has favored us very often, the balance is decidedly against her, and that the reason we are not able to show as good results as our neighbors lies in this very fact.

Don't take a chance on leaving an overheated horse unblanketed in front of the store because you'll be only half a minute. It's not humane, it's not safe, and you are more likely to stop a quarter of an hour.

If you're not sure you tied the mare, better light the lantern again and trudge to the barn, rather than take a chance of her being kicked.

On an average, the letter "o" occurs 137 times in 1,000 words.

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

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

Scott's Emulsion

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

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

ALL DRUGGISTS

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

SCOTT & BOWNE
128 Wellington St., W. Toronto

FROM ERIN'S GREEN ISLE

NEWS BY MAIL FROM IRELAND'S SHORES.

Happenings in the Emerald Isle of Interest to Irishmen.

William Harding has resigned his seat on the Ennis District Council.

Mr. T. Colleen, Ballynock, Tanderagee, has been appointed a magistrate for County Anagh.

The death is announced of Mr. P. McAviney, who was for over thirty years better inspector in Sligo market.

James McGuire, a "dove 'em cure-all" has been fined \$100 for posing as a qualified physician at Dugganstown recently.

Radford Guardians have appointed Mr. O'Sullivan, Rathdown, as teacher of Irish in the workhouse at a salary of \$60 per year.

The Local Government Board has sanctioned a loan of \$100,500 to Thurles Rural Council, to carry on the new Laborers' Cottage Scheme.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed Murtagh McCann, of 78 William street, Lurgan builder, to the commission of the peace for the county of Armagh.

Francis Irwin Houston, a brother of a Tyrone landlord, has been sentenced to two months' imprisonment by Sixmilecross magistrates, on a charge of assault.

The Leitrim County Council has entered a strong protest against the extra police tax imposed on the ratepayers of the county.

The police made a raid on several net fishers in Gortgrannah Bay, on Upper Loch Erne, recently. Thirty-five nets were captured, but their owners escaped.

Ennis Urban Council has applied to the Local Government Board for a loan of \$25,000 for the purpose of building houses for the working classes in Ennis.

Delvin Guardians have elected Miss Elizabeth J. McGuinness to the position of nurse in the workhouse at a salary of \$125 per year, with rations and apartments.

The grazing farm of Major Eccles, local Government board inspector, situated at Camms, near Ballymore, was completely cleared on Feb. 10, of all the stock, which numbered 19 head.

Professor R. J. Anderson, M.A., M.D., J.P., Queen's College, Galway, and Buckhill, Newry, has been appointed examiner in geology for the year 1909 in connection with the Royal University of Ireland.

Bryan Cunniffe, a private in the King's Liverpool Regiment, was arrested the other day at Kinsale, County Cork, charged with the manslaughter of Timothy Canon, Athenry, on Christmas morning, 1907.

At a meeting of the St. Patrick's Division, A.O.H., Bundoran, the resolution recently passed by the Hibernians of Belfast, advocating compulsory teaching of Irish in the new university was unanimously passed.

Roscommon County Council having refused to pay the claim for cost of extra police in the county, the Government have reduced the grants due the county by \$10,000, and no arrangements have been made in the new rate to meet this deficit.

HEALTH BY-LAW

(Continued from page 4)

28. No owner or occupant of any lot or tenement shall cause or permit any nuisance to be or remain in or upon such lot or tenement or between the same and the centre of the street adjoining.

29. No person shall deposit or leave, or cause to be left or placed or deposited in any part of the Town any animal or vegetable excrement or other substance which is offensive or which by process of decomposition may become offensive, and no person shall himself or by another throw, place deposit or leave in or on any street, highway, lane, alley, public place or square or on any vacant land within the Town, any loose paper or material used in packing, including tin cans or bottles, but all such paper and material used in packing goods, tin cans and bottles shall be destroyed on the owners premises or removed to the nuisance ground to be destroyed.

30. It shall be the duty of the Town Constable or any other employee or official of the Town to report to the Health Officer the existence whatever in the Town, and to perform all other acts relative to the same according to the general or special regulations prescribed in relation thereto.

31. It shall also be the duty of the Town Constable to keep a vigilant supervision over all streets, lanes, by-ways, lots or premises upon which any accumulation or deposit of anything which may endanger the public health, or upon which any manure or other refuse or vegetable or animal matter or other filth may be found, and to at once notify the Health Officer of same.

35. If any person shall own, occupy or keep any lot or land or other premises in such bad and filthy condition as to be offensive and a nuisance to the neighborhood or to any person or family, such person shall be subject to the penalties provided for an infraction of this by-law, and to like penalties for every day such nuisance shall continue.

46. No pile or deposit of manure or garbage nor accumulation of any offensive or nauseous substance shall be made within the limits of the Town, nor shall any person or corporation unload or discharge or put upon or along the line of any railroad or on any street, highway, or public place within said Town, any manure, offal, garbage or other offensive or nauseous substance, nor shall cars or flats or any wagon or other vehicle loaded with or having in or upon them any such substance or substances be allowed to remain or stand on or along any railroad street, highway or other public place, nor upon any lot or land within the said Town within three hundred yards of any inhabited dwelling.

47. All manure from stables where not more than five horses, cows or other animals are kept shall, between March 15th and November 15th of each year, be removed every thirtieth day at

least, and where more than five animals are kept such manure shall be removed at least every seventh day between such dates, provided that at no time in either of such cases shall more than one wagon load of manure be allowed to accumulate between said dates.

51. No pig shall be kept within one hundred feet of any house occupied or intended to be occupied as a dwelling, nor within one hundred feet of any street, square or other public place.

54. All putrid and decaying matter, animal or vegetable, or manure, must be removed from all cellars, buildings, outbuildings and yards on or before the fifteenth day of May in each year.

57. No person shall open or cause to be opened any privy, privy vault, cess pool or reservoir for the draining of any privy, water-closet, stable or kitchen sink, or remove or cause to be removed from any such privy, privy vault, cess pool or reservoir the contents thereof, or draw or carry any night soil or contents of any privy, privy vault, cess pool or reservoir through any of the streets, lanes, public squares or public places of the Town between the hours of six o'clock in the forenoon and ten o'clock in the afternoon.

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
Eita Dowdle
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Eth Newton

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"THE STAR" Job Department

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
Clareholm August 8
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 15-17
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

Municipal Directory, '0

TOWN GOVERNMENT

Mayor—J. T. Brown
Council—H. Stapcoole, Wm. Barton, 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. Lew

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY

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

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A.R. & I. CO. TIME TABLE
Arrives 12:20 p.m.
Leaves 2:15 p.m.

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. Lecorner, 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.

Lamb's Restaurant and Bakery

Meals 35c After 10:30 p.m. 40c.
Meal Tickets—21 meals for \$5.00.

Bread, cakes and pastry baked to order

A choice line of confectionery and fruit in season always on hand

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A fine assortment to select from.

We can supply anything you need in

General Merchandise

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One door north of city Meat Market

Hot Scotch Meat Pie

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BAKER and CAMPBELL

Schedule of Games

To be Played by the Southern Alberta Baseball League

Raymond at Magrath	May 24
Cardston at Magrath	June 7
Cardston at Raymond	June 8
Magrath at Raymond	June 11
Raymond at Cardston	June 18
Magrath at Cardston	June 25
Raymond at Cardston	July 1
Magrath at Cardston	July 2
Magrath at Raymond	July 4
Raymond at Magrath	July 9
Cardston at Raymond	July 23
Cardston at Magrath	July 24

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

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M. A. Coombs

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Groceries delivered to any part of town

Meals served at all hours

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Fresh Fish, Poultry and Game in season.

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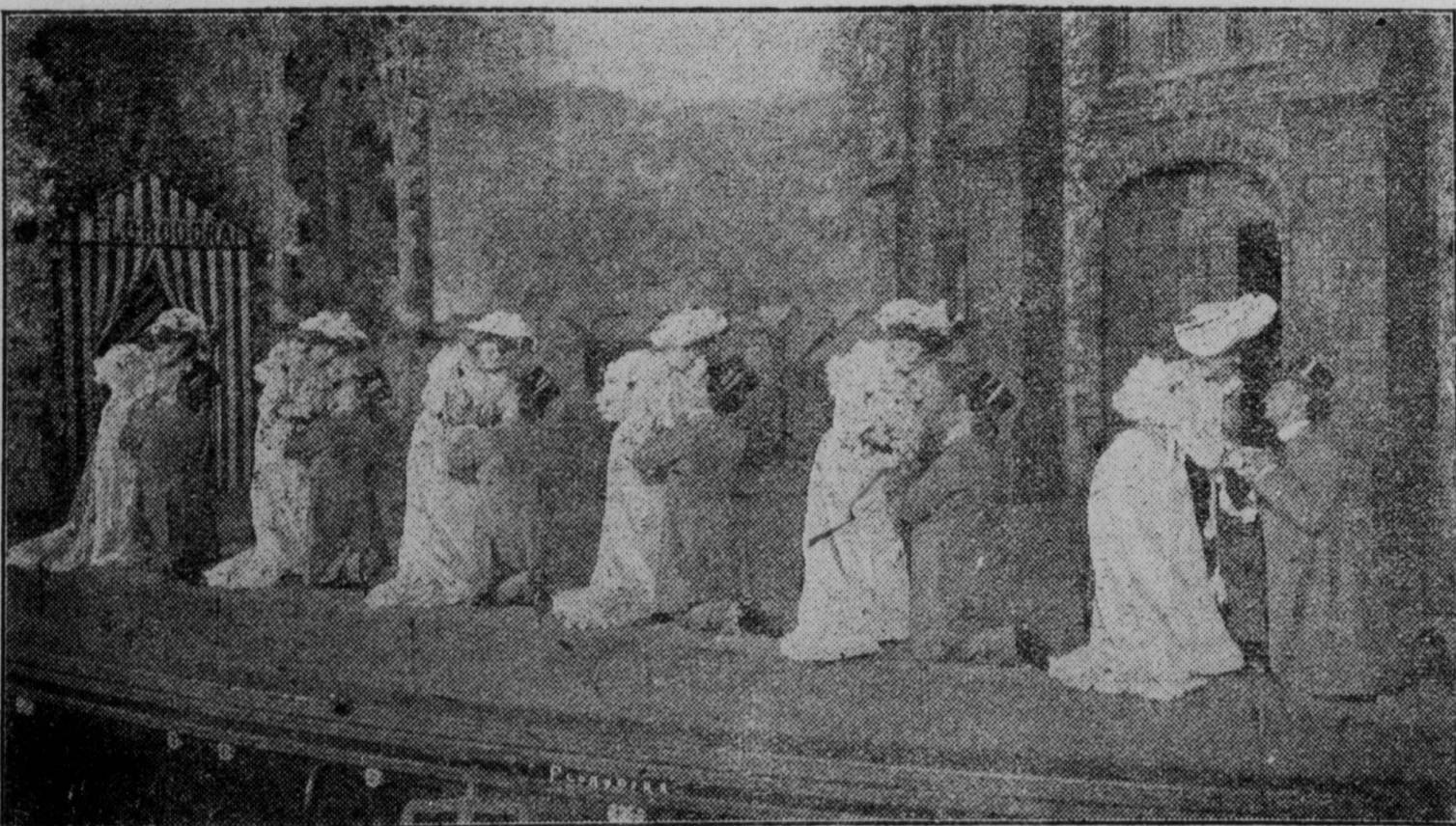
Those having work to be done should drop postal card to above address

William Carlos Ives

Barrister, Solicitor, Notary
Public, Etc.

LETHBRIDGE - - - ALBERTA

Lots of money to loan on town property. See D. S. Beach.



Double Sextet in "Florodora" as given by The San Francisco Opera Company at the Assembly Hall, Cardston, Monday Evening, May 31st.

Under the auspices of the Stake M. I. A.