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The Alberta Star

Vol. XI

CARDSTON, ALBERTA, FRIDAY, MARCH 25, 1910

No. 41

A splendid range of

MEN'S CLOTHING

Two numbers in two piece suits not to be beaten
\$9.50 and \$14.00. Mens all wool worsted suits in
four of the leading colors only \$15.00.

FIT-RITE SUITS perfect in finish.	\$22.50	\$25.00
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Good full line of RIBBONS all widths. Also Ribbon
Velvets.

Pongee Silk in tan green and grey.

DRILLS and DISCS—The best in the world and
prices that suit the the closest buyer.

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DEPARTMENTAL STORE

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

The Star does Job Work
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Get Ready For Spring

Call and inspect our new shipments of

Plows
Seeders
Harrows
Wagons
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Cardston Implement Co., Ltd.

Petition To Change Time Table

The following is a copy of the petition which is being circulated among the business men this week. The promoters are influential citizens who evidently know what they are about. The letter which is as follows, explains itself:

Cardston, March 21, 1910.
P. L. Naismith, Esq.,
General Mgr., A. R. & I. Co.,
Lethbridge, Alta.

Dear Sir,—
With reference to the proposed change of the running time of the trains between Cardston and Lethbridge, we would say that we understand that if the time tables are so altered that the trains will leave Cardston and return the same evening, this service will be the only one to carry mails. If we are correctly informed, we, the business men of Cardston, would respectfully draw your attention to the serious disadvantage which will result to us as a direct consequence of the alteration in running time.

At present the mails from the east arrive in Lethbridge at some time during the night, but in ample time to connect with the train on your line in the morning, so that letters are in the hands of boxholders here by 1 p. m., and in matters of urgency can be re-placed by the same train. If the time table is changed, the result will be that the mail which now leaves Lethbridge at 8:30 a. m. will not depart until some time in the afternoon, arriving here too late for distribution that evening and we will be unable to get our mail from the office until the next morning after the outbound train has gone (nearly 24 hours later than under the present service) and a reply cannot be got away until the next day, so that the eastern correspondents will be obliged to wait fully 48 hours longer than at present for replies. We are aware that it is frequently necessary for parties from Cardston to spend two nights and a day in Lethbridge to transact business that

can be done in an hour. This, we admit is an inconvenience, but one we submit, which is many times outweighed by the inconvenience of delay in our mails. The people who do their business by mail are many times more numerous than those who transact their business in person, and the greatest number should be the test controlling the adjustment of the time tables.

We would suggest that if, instead of reversing the train service, the running time was reduced and also the time between trains here so that the Lethbridge-bound service would reach the city say at 3 p. m., it would give the same opportunities for business men sought by those who advocate the change, without impairing the usefulness of the mail service. We assume that the railway is out for doing business in a way that will please the greatest number of its patrons, and it is for the purpose of placing our views before you that this letter is written. If, as it is rumored, the new service is to be a straight passenger train, and that in addition there is likely to be an extra mixed train two or three times or more per week, this would give a chance for in-bound passengers frequently to do their business and get back to Lethbridge or the intervening towns the same evening.

Trusting that you will realize that this is not written in a spirit of fault-finding or criticism, but with a sincere desire to show what we conceive to be the public interest, and that you will accept it in the spirit in which it is written, we are,
Yours most respectfully,

An Easter Sunday Services will be held in the Presbyterian Church at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. At the morning services the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be observed to which all members of any of the Evangelical Churches are invited, also all who love the Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour. Special music will be rendered by the Choir. Service on Good Friday at 11 a. m. A cordial invitation is extended to all to join in these services.

J. W. Woolf Explains Railway Contract

A meeting of the citizens of Cardston, was held in the Court House on Monday afternoon, to hear the report of Mr. J. W. Woolf on the Great Waterway Railway question.

The meeting which was well attended, was called to order at 4 p. m. by Chairman Mark Spencer, who made a few brief introductory remarks. He then placed the time in the hands of Mr. J. W. Woolf.

The speaker in opening his remarks, stated that he was glad of the opportunity afforded him, to explain the Great Waterway Railway question, as the reports which had been sent forth by the newspapers were mostly unfair. The contract as it now stood, with the amendments, he was prepared to defend, although it was still far from being what he should desire. His chief opposition was the bonding of the railway for \$20,000 a mile at 5%, while only 4 per cent. was being charged on the bonds of the Canadian Northern and Grand Trunk. If the country through which the railroad passes is up to reports, the proposition is a good one, and will no doubt make good in time.

At the time when the question was first discussed, he had taken opposition to the agreement, as he thought a better guarantee was needed and thus the Woolf Amendment resulted.

At this point the speaker read a copy of the letter from Mr. Clark to Premier Rutherford agreeing to the amendment. He then explained the changes made by the amended contract.

The resolution of Mr. Boyle of Sturgeon, was taken up and discussed. Although the resolution wanted the government to take over the railroad, it was really a vote of lack of confidence, as the purchasing powers of the government are limited and the railway could not be taken over until it was in actual operation.

Lack of space prevents us from going into details, so we will just mention the principle points brought out.

Contractors will only be paid for actual mileage completed. Government operated railways are failures.

Referred to Cashings offer, the selling of the bonds and the stripping of the ties.

In conclusion the speaker stated that he thought the proposition as it now stands is a fair one and the best under the circumstances.

Several questions were asked by T. H. Woolford and D. S. Beach, which brought out the resources of the north country, and that the Canadian Northern would be built to Cardston in 1911.

After thanking Mr. Woolf for his speech the chairman brought the meeting to a close.

The Robert Meikle Com- pany

Robert Meikle the eminent Scotch baritone supported by Mr. Frank Lloyd, comedian, Miss Juanita Badgley, entertainer and Miss Nellie Malcolm, pianist appeared before a fair audience in the Assembly Hall on Saturday evening. Mr. Meikle has a baritone voice of phenomenal power and range, which was well brought out in his interpretation of the stirring Scotch songs. The comedy portion of the entertainment was well looked after by Mr. Lloyd and Miss Badgley.

The entertainment was high class in every way, and was much appreciated.

Big Sale of Farm Lands Near Macleod

Macleod, March 21.—E. Wipple has sold the Renfrew ranch, 1217 acres, on Belly River, to representatives of the Mormon Church for \$25 an acre, a total of \$30,425. Mr. Wipple has, in return purchased the C. M. O'Brien ranch at Standoff, 1050 acres for \$26,250.

Bodies Are Found

The dead body of Mr. William Green was found out on the prairie between New Pearce on the Macleod cut off and his homestead Saturday March 12. The deceased left Lethbridge by train on Saturday, March 5th, so he must have been dead a week when found. It is supposed that he was overcome by a fainting spell, took a rest and died through exposure.

The body of Mrs. Wm. Green, who, it will be remembered was drowned in the Belly River last November, was found on Sunday last, a mile below where the accident occurred. The finders were Geo. Coddington and a son of Mrs. Green's, who were out searching. The body when discovered was lying on a sandbar.

Little Gem

Composed by E. S. Tanner, Colesville, Wyo.

Now mother dear, while sitting here,
My thoughts are of you alone,
And to the valleys soon I'll come,
The hills no more to roam.

You taught me how to do my work;
Be very kind and true,
And now, until the very end,
I'll do my best for you.

But if I stay out on the hill
And herd these crazy sheep,
The time will not be very long
Till in my grave I'll sleep.

Some folks say that herding sheep
Is just like pie and cake;
But I'll not herd another sheep
For anybody's sake.

I started out around the sheep,
You know I am not in practice;
I stubbed my toe against a rock
And fell down in the cactus.

The prior pricked me very hard,
Which made me grunt and groan,
I know that every one of them
Went clear into the bone.

Now mother I am sorry
If I have caused you pain,
Or, if this writing makes you sad,
I'll ne'er do that again.

How well I do remember,
When but a little boy,
The things you used to give me
That filled my heart with joy.

How well I do remember
When you taught me how to pray,
And the little prayer comes to me
At the close of every day.

Now I lay me down to sleep,—
And then your lips I'd press,
Now mother I am tired
And so are you I guess.

Conference Rates To Salt Lake City

SALT LAKE AND RETURN	
Lethbridge	\$28.65
Stirling	27.90
Warner	26.90
Raymond	28.15
Magrath	28.55
Cardston	29.70

DATES OF SALE TICKETS
From March 24th to March 31st
both dates inclusive.

DESTINATION
Tickets are to be sold only to Salt Lake and that destination must be carefully written with ink or stamped upon each individual coupon and across the contract.

THE WILD GEESE

By Stanley J. Weyman.

(Copyright, 1909, Stanley J. Weyman)

Synopsis of Previous Chapters

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

Colonel Sullivan is coldly received by Flavia and her brother, The McMurrough, because of his alien faith and his undesirable position as the legal guardian. When Captain Augustin returns with Luke Asgill, the nearest justice, and demands the return of the confiscated cargo, Flavia and her guardian are in favor of returning the cargo on the captain's payment of the legal fee. The McMurrough objects to this, but finally agrees to it on Colonel Sullivan's offer to get back Flavia's favorite mare, which was seized by the British soldiers. The Colonel and his servant, Bale, set out and find the mare at the barracks at Tralce. The Colonel is invited into the messroom by the English officers, and one of them, named Payton, who seized the mare, throws wine in his face. The Colonel refuses to fight, because his right arm is permanently disabled. He wins a left-handed fencing bout with the maitre d'armes, at the same time winning the mare on a wager. At dinner upon his return to Morrinstown, he is amazed when Flavia drinks a toast "to the King across the water" and fears that a rising is contemplated. His fears are realized next morning, when his kinsman, Ulick, warns him to leave the place and people to their fate. The Colonel refuses, and next morning after breakfast is invited to join a family friends' dinner. He refuses to join the proposed uprising, knowing its futility. Fearing that the Colonel may turn informer, The McMurrough and his wife, Anne, and his brother, John, narrowly escape death at her hands. She and her brother had the Colonel's presence irksome and consider means of getting rid of him.

The Colonel did not heed his remonstrance. "And follow us!" he continued. "Are you hearing, boy? Go, then."

"Colonel Sullivan," Asgill repeated, "there could be no doubt about the other's meaning—I'm thinking this is a strange liberty you're taking. And I beg to say I don't understand the meaning of it."

"You wish to know the meaning?"

"I do."

"It means, sir," Colonel John replied, "that the sooner you start on your return journey the better."

Asgill stared. "The better you will be pleased, you mean?" he said. And he laughed harshly.

"The better it will be for you, I mean," Colonel John answered.

Asgill stared. "The better you will be pleased, you mean?" he said. "I must ask you to explain yourself further. I am here upon the invitation of my friend, The McMurrough."

"This is not his house,"

"I mean what I say," the Colonel answered. "This is not his house, as you well know."

"It is mine, and I do not propose to entertain you, Mr. Asgill," Colonel John continued. "Is that sufficiently plain?"

The glove was down. The two men looked at each other. Asgill was at a disadvantage. He did not know precisely how things stood. Yet if the tall, lean man, serious and growing grey, represented one force of strength, the shorter, stouter man, with the mobile face and the quick brain, stood for another. O'Hann had the look of no weak spot on his side; and if he must fight, he would fight.

He forced a laugh.

"More plain than hospitable, Colonel," he said. "Perhaps, after all, it will be best so, and we shall understand one another."

"I am thinking so," Colonel Sullivan answered. It was plain that he did not

mean to be drawn from the position he had taken up.

"O'Hann, I think that you have overlooked this," Asgill continued smoothly.

"It is one thing to own a house and another to kick the logs on the hearth; one thing to have the deeds and another to have the power to pass the punch bowl."

More by token, 'tis a hospitable house, this, Colonel, and if there is one thing that would annoy The McMurrough and the young lady, his sister, more than another, it would be to turn a guest from the door—that is thought to be theirs."

"You mean that you will not take my bidding?" the Colonel said.

"Not the least taste in life," Asgill answered gaily, unless it is backed by the gentleman or the lady."

"Yet I believe, sir, that I have a means to persuade you," Colonel John replied.

"It is no more than a week ago, Mr. Asgill, since a number of persons in my presence assumed a ledge so notoriously reasonable that a child could not doubt its meaning."

"In the west of Ireland," Asgill said, with a twinkle in his eye, "there is a trifle, my dear sir, not worth naming."

"But if reported in the east," Asgill averred, "it is a matter of which might not be seen."

"It might be a serious matter there."

"I think you take me now," Colonel John rejoined. "I wish to use no threats. The least said is soonest mended."

Asgill looked at him with the amusement of a man watching the transparent scheming of a child. "As you say, the least said is the soonest mended," he rejoined. "So—who is to report it in the east?"

"I will, if necessary."

"If you push me to it."

Asgill raised his eyebrows impudently. "An informer?" he said.

Colonel John did not flinch. "If necessary," he repeated.

"That would be serious," Asgill rejoined, "for many people. In the first place, for the young lady, your ward, Colonel. Then for your kinsman and Mr. Ulick Sullivan. After that for quite a number of honest gentlemen whose only fault is a tendency to heroics after dinner. It would be so serious, and for so many, Colonel, that for my part I should be glad to suffer in such good company. Particularly," he continued, with a droll look, the drollery for his appreciation of the Colonel's discomfiture, "if being a Protestant and a justice. I should, ten to one, be the only person against whom the story would not pass. So that, ten to one, I should go free and the others go to George's prison."

"I should be so glad to see you in such a discomfiture. He looked, indeed, so thankful, and at the same time so wrathful, that Asgill laughed aloud.

"Come, Colonel," he said, "it is no use to scowl at me. We know you never call any one out. Let me just hint that wits in Ireland are not quite so slow as

in colder countries, and that had I been here a week back you had not found it so easy to—"

"To send two old women to sea in a cockboat," Asgill replied, and he laughed anew and loudly. But this time there was no gavity in his laugh. If the Colonel had not performed the feat in question, in how different a state things might have been at this moment! Asgill felt murderous toward him as he thought of that and the weapon of the flesh being out of the question—for he had no mind to face the Colonel's small sword—he sought about for an arm of another kind. "More by token," he continued; "if you are going to turn informer, it was a pity that you did not send the young woman to sea with the old ones. But I'm thinking you'd not be liking to be without her, Colonel?"

Colonel John turned surprisingly red. "We will leave her out of the question, sir," he said, indignantly. "Or—that regarding the matter in the past that is known to me—and that you would not like disclosed, I believe, sir."

"You seem to have been raking things up, Colonel."

"One must deal with a rogue according to his rogery," Colonel John retorted.

Asgill's face grew dark. He made a movement, but restrained himself. "You don't mind matters," he said.

"I do not."

"You may be finding it an unfortunate policy before long," Asgill said between his teeth. He was moved at last, angered, perhaps apprehensive of what was coming.

"Maybe, sir," Colonel John returned; "maybe. But in the meantime let me remind you that your tricks as a horse dealer would not go far to recommend you as a guest to my kinswoman."

"Who shall assuredly hear who seized her mare if you persist in forcing your company upon her?"

"Upon her?" Asgill repeated, in a peculiar tone. "I see."

Colonel John reddened. "You know how," he said. "And if you persist—"

"You will tell her," Asgill took him up, "that I—shall I say—abducted her mare?"

"Sorra bit of your fun am I wishing at this present!" He wanted no trouble, and he saw that there was trouble. "I can tell you in a few words," Colonel Sullivan answered. "You know on what terms we are here. I wish to do nothing unwell, and I was looking for this gentleman to take a hint and go quietly. He will not, it seems, and so I must say plainly what I mean. I object to his presence here."

James stared. He did not understand. "Why man, if 'tis no Jacobite!" he cried. His surprise was genuine.

"I will say nothing as to that," Colonel John answered, precisely.

"Then faith, what are you saying?" James asked. Asgill stood by, smiling, aware that silence would best fight his battle.

"This," Colonel John returned. "That I know these things of him that make him unfit company here."

"The deuce you do!"

"And—"

But James' patience was at an end. "Unfit company for whom?" he cried.

"Eh! Is it Darby he'll be spilling?" O'Hann asked. "Or is it Morty he'll be tainting the souls of, and he a Protestant, like yourself?" Colonel Sullivan, it's clean out of patience he scolded and flouted and put right by you? Unfit company? For whom? For whom, sir?"

"For your sister," Colonel John replied. "Without saying more, Mr. Asgill is not of the class with whom your grandfather—"

"My grandfather—be hanged!" cried the angry young man. "You said you'd be master here, and faith, you're continuing with bitterness. 'Tis my master you mean to be. But there's a limit! By heaven, there's a limit!"

"Yes, James, there is a limit!" a voice struck in—a voice as angry as The McMurrough's, but vibrating to a purer note of passion; that the indignation which it expressed seemed to raise the opposition to Colonel John's action to a higher plane. "There is a limit, Colonel Sullivan," Flavia repeated, stepping from the foot of the stairs, on her room by the first outburst, she had heard the whole. "And it has been reached! When the head of The McMurrough's household is told on his hearth whom he shall receive and whom he shall shut to the door! Limit is it! Let me tell you, sir, I would rather be the poorest exile than live thus. I would rather beg my bread from door to door, never to see the sod again, never to hear the friendly Irish tongue, never to smell the peat reek, than live on this tenure, at the mercy of a hand I loathe, on the sufferance of a man I despise, of an informer, a traitor, a spy."

"Flavia! Flavia!" Colonel John's remonstrance was full of pain.

"Ah, don't call me that!" she rejoined passionately. "Don't make me have my name! Better a hundred times an open foe—"

"Have I ever been anything but an open foe?" he returned.

"She swept the remonstrance by. "Better," she cried, "than to see the better have you if you sweep it a score of times! Try, sir! You will injure your self, you will not injure me. Why, man," he continued, in a tone of unmeasured scorn, "you are duller than I thought you were! The ice is still in your veins and the fog in your brain. I thought when I heard what you had done, that you were the man for Kerry! But—"

"What is it? What is this?"

The speaker was James McMurrough. He had approached unnoticed, and his curt tone showed that what he had overheard was not to his liking. But Asgill supposed that James' ill-humor was directed against his own, and he appealed to him.

"What is it?" he answered, with energy. "If I tell you!"

"Then you'll be telling me indoors," James answered curtly.

"No!" said Colonel Sullivan.

"But," Asgill cried, "No? And why not, Confusion! It's too far for you are driving us." He continued, passionately. "Is it at your bidding I must stand in a mob of beggars at my own gate?—The McMurrough? and be telling and talking for all the gossoms in the country to hear? No! But it's yes, I say! Your bounds to it all, and if you must be falling to words with my friends, quarrel like gentlemen, within doors, and not in a parcel of loons at the gate."

He turned without waiting for a reply and strode into the courtyard. Colonel John hesitated a moment, then he stood aside, and with a stern face, he invited Asgill to precede him. The Justice did so, smiling. He had won the first bout now, if he was not much mistaken, his opponent had made a false move.

That opponent, following with a sombre face, began to be of the same opinion. In his simplicity he had supposed that it would be easy to bell the cat. But the cat had teeth, and claws, and the cunning of the cat, and was not, it now appeared, an animal easy to bell.

They passed into the house. There were two or three buccoons in the hall, and Darby and one of the down-at-heel serving boys were laying the evening table. "You'll be getting out," the men said.

"We will," replied one of the men. And they trooped out at the back.

"Now, what is it?" The McMurrough asked, turning on his followers and speaking in a tone hardly more civil.

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He turned without waiting for a reply and strode into the courtyard. Colonel John hesitated a moment, then he stood aside, and with a stern face, he invited Asgill to precede him. The Justice did so, smiling. He had won the first bout now, if he was not much mistaken, his opponent had made a false move.

That opponent, following with a sombre face, began to be of the same opinion. In his simplicity he had supposed that it would be easy to bell the cat. But the cat had teeth, and claws, and the cunning of the cat, and was not, it now appeared, an animal easy to bell.

They passed into the house. There were two or three buccoons in the hall, and Darby and one of the down-at-heel serving boys were laying the evening table. "You'll be getting out," the men said.

"We will," replied one of the men. And they trooped out at the back.

"Now, what is it?" The McMurrough asked, turning on his followers and speaking in a tone hardly more civil.

"It's what you're saying—Get out!" Asgill answered, smiling. "Only the Colonel here's for saying it, and it seems I'm the one to get out."

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CHAPTER XVII.

The Limit

IF there was one man more sorry than another that the Morrinstown rising had been nipped in the bud it was Luke Asgill. He had honestly tried to turn James McMurrough from the attempt, though he had seen that failure of the plot would provide his one best chance of winning Flavia. A score of times he had pictured, with rapture, the inevitable collapse. In visions he had seen the girl turn to him in the wreck of things, and he had seen her brother's life, it might be to save her brother, and in the same dream he had seen himself standing by her, alone against the world; as, to him, justice, he would have stood, no matter how sharp the stress or great the cost.

Keen, therefore, was his chagrin when, through the underground channels which were in his power, he heard two days after the event, in distant Tralce, what had happened. In a moment, not only was the opportunity to which he looked forward vanished before the horizon, but news still less welcome was whispered in his ear. The man whom he had distrusted from the first had done this. More, the man was still at Morrinstown, if not honored, protected, and if not openly triumphant, master in fact.

Luke Asgill swore heartily. Colonel Sullivan had got the better of him once, but he was not to be duped again. He examined the matter on many sides before he took horse to see things with his own eyes. Nor did he alight at Morrinstown until he had made many a resolution to be on his guard.

He had reason to call these to mind before his foot was well out of the stirrup, for the first person he saw after he had ridden the stable was Colonel Sullivan. Asgill had time to scan his face before they met in the courtyard, and he judged that Colonel John's triumph did not go very deep. He was looking graver, sadder, older, finally—he saw they saluted one another—sterner.

Asgill stepped aside courteously, meaning to go by him. But the Colonel stepped aside also, and so barred his way. "Mr. Asgill," he said—and there was something of the martinet in his tone—"I will trouble you to give me a word apart."

"A word apart?" Asgill answered. He was taken aback, and do what he could the Colonel's grave eyes discomfited him. "With all the pleasure in life, Colonel. But a little later, by your leave."

"I think now were more convenient, sir," the Colonel answered, "by your leave."

"I will lay my cloak in the house, and then—"

"It will be more convenient to keep your cloak, I'm thinking," the Colonel rejoined with dryness. And either because the meaning in his voice or the command in his eyes, Asgill gave way, and the two walked gravely and step for step through the gateway.

Outside the Colonel beckoned to a ragged archer who was pushing ducks and drakes with his naked pop. "Go after Mr. Asgill's horses," he said, "and bid the man bring them back."

"Colonel Sullivan!"

mean to be drawn from the position he had taken up.

"O'Hann, I think that you have overlooked this," Asgill continued smoothly.

"It is one thing to own a house and another to kick the logs on the hearth; one thing to have the deeds and another to have the power to pass the punch bowl."

More by token, 'tis a hospitable house, this, Colonel, and if there is one thing that would annoy The McMurrough and the young lady, his sister, more than another, it would be to turn a guest from the door—that is thought to be theirs."

"You mean that you will not take my bidding?" the Colonel said.

"Not the least taste in life," Asgill answered gaily, unless it is backed by the gentleman or the lady."

"Yet I believe, sir, that I have a means to persuade you," Colonel John replied.

"It is no more than a week ago, Mr. Asgill, since a number of persons in my presence assumed a ledge so notoriously reasonable that a child could not doubt its meaning."

"In the west of Ireland," Asgill said, with a twinkle in his eye, "there is a trifle, my dear sir, not worth naming."

"But if reported in the east," Asgill averred, "it is a matter of which might not be seen."

"It might be a serious matter there."

"I think you take me now," Colonel John rejoined. "I wish to use no threats. The least said is soonest mended."

Asgill looked at him with the amusement of a man watching the transparent scheming of a child. "As you say, the least said is the soonest mended," he rejoined. "So—who is to report it in the east?"

"I will, if necessary."

"If you push me to it."

Asgill raised his eyebrows impudently. "An informer?" he said.

Colonel John did not flinch. "If necessary," he repeated.

"That would be serious," Asgill rejoined, "for many people. In the first place, for the young lady, your ward, Colonel. Then for your kinsman and Mr. Ulick Sullivan. After that for quite a number of honest gentlemen whose only fault is a tendency to heroics after dinner. It would be so serious, and for so many, Colonel, that for my part I should be glad to suffer in such good company. Particularly," he continued, with a droll look, the drollery for his appreciation of the Colonel's discomfiture, "if being a Protestant and a justice. I should, ten to one, be the only person against whom the story would not pass. So that, ten to one, I should go free and the others go to George's prison."

"I should be so glad to see you in such a discomfiture. He looked, indeed, so thankful, and at the same time so wrathful, that Asgill laughed aloud.

"Come, Colonel," he said, "it is no use to scowl at me. We know you never call any one out. Let me just hint that wits in Ireland are not quite so slow as

ed; "Sorra bit of your fun am I wishing at this present!" He wanted no trouble, and he saw that there was trouble. "I can tell you in a few words," Colonel Sullivan answered. "You know on what terms we are here. I wish to do nothing unwell, and I was looking for this gentleman to take a hint and go quietly. He will not, it seems, and so I must say plainly what I mean. I object to his presence here."

James stared. He did not understand. "Why man, if 'tis no Jacobite!" he cried. His surprise was genuine.

"I will say nothing as to that," Colonel John answered, precisely.

"Then faith, what are you saying?" James asked. Asgill stood by, smiling, aware that silence would best fight his battle.

"This," Colonel John returned. "That I know these things of him that make him unfit company here."

"The deuce you do!"

"And—"

But James' patience was at an end. "Unfit company for whom?" he cried.

"Eh! Is it Darby he'll be spilling?" O'Hann asked. "Or is it Morty he'll be tainting the souls of, and he a Protestant, like yourself?" Colonel Sullivan, it's clean out of patience he scolded and flouted and put right by you? Unfit company? For whom? For whom, sir?"

"For your sister," Colonel John replied. "Without saying more, Mr. Asgill is not of the class with whom your grandfather—"

"My grandfather—be hanged!" cried the angry young man. "You said you'd be master here, and faith, you're continuing with bitterness. 'Tis my master you mean to be. But there's a limit! By heaven, there's a limit!"

"Yes, James, there is a limit!" a voice struck in—a voice as angry as The McMurrough's, but vibrating to a purer note of passion; that the indignation which it expressed seemed to raise the opposition to Colonel John's action to a higher plane. "There is a limit, Colonel Sullivan," Flavia repeated, stepping from the foot of the stairs, on her room by the first outburst, she had heard the whole. "And it has been reached! When the head of The McMurrough's household is told on his hearth whom he shall receive and whom he shall shut to the door! Limit is it! Let me tell you, sir, I would rather be the poorest exile than live thus. I would rather beg my bread from door to door, never to see the sod again, never to hear the friendly Irish tongue, never to smell the peat reek, than live on this tenure, at the mercy of a hand I loathe, on the sufferance of a man I despise, of an informer, a traitor, a spy."

"Flavia! Flavia!" Colonel John's remonstrance was full of pain.

"Ah, don't call me that!" she rejoined passionately. "Don't make me have my name! Better a hundred times an open foe—"

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That opponent, following with a sombre face, began to be of the same opinion. In his simplicity he had supposed that it would be easy to bell the cat. But the cat had teeth, and claws, and the cunning of the cat, and was not, it now appeared, an animal easy to bell.

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QUEERLY PLACED EYES

THERE is a most astonishing diversity among animals in respect to the number and location of their eyes. In mammals, birds, reptiles, and fishes they are limited to two and are invariably placed in the head; but others of the animal kingdom may have anywhere up to fifty thousand, and they seem to have been placed wherever that seemed handy. The dragon where that seemed handy. The dragon, composed of an aggregation of about fifty thousand smaller eyes, and the common house fly has about ten thousand, which may be seen by the aid of a magnifying glass of even small power.

In spiders and scorpions there are usually eight or ten eyes in one or more clusters on the dorsal aspect of that part of the body which is formed by the union of the head and thorax. The starfish has an eye on the tip of each of his five rays or arms, and in the scurrah, which is homologically nothing but a starfish with the ends of its rays and arms connected individually by a central nerve cord, the five eyes are gathered in a circle around what is considered the hinder portion of its body.

The scallop has numerous eyes on the ledge of its mantle, extending from one side of the animal to the other and forming a semi-circle. Some marine worms have eyes in clusters not only on the head, but also along each side of the body, even to the tip of the tail, and they are connected individually by a nerve cord with the median nervous cord. In the lowest forms we may find many infusoria which have neither eyes nor nerves, but are nevertheless sensitive to light, either seeking or avoiding it.

LUCKY HITS IN BUSINESS

COMMERCIAL is full of romance. A man of business has a "happy thought," and it leads on to fortune. A millionaire said the other day, "Most of my best notions have come to me on sleepless nights." No one can explain just how and when the idea will come which may turn the tide and bring fame and fortune. Here are a few instances of lucky inspirations which have led to success.

Some years ago a firm of printers in Paris was executing a large order for almanacs. Each sheet had to be punched with a small hole for eyeletting. A great heap of the tiny circles of colored paper accumulated in the room. One of the workmen took up a handful and threw the paper over a girl who was passing. She retained it with a look of awe over her him, and soon others followed the example. A miniature snow-storm was in progress when the head of the firm appeared. In an instant he saw that the material was here for a battle of confetti.

Instead of throwing away the punched-out circles of paper, he ordered special machinery for turning out this new kind of confetti that he turned out as much as fifty tons of confetti a week!

Soldiers all over the world wear khaki nowadays. Yet few people know the haphazard way in which the olive-colored canvas cloth rose into popularity.

For several years a greenish-brown cotton material was supplied to British troops in India. It had, however, the defect of fading when washed with soap. A Manchester man was told one day by an army officer that the first firm which could produce a cotton dyed incapable of fading would make a fortune. He came home determined to discover the secret. For years he searched for an olive dye which would be impervious to soap or soda. At last he and an enthusiastic colleague found a piece of dyed cloth which kept its color under every chemical test. Puzzling about it was that other pieces cut from the same cloth faded when soaped.

After months of experiments the problem was solved. The little piece of cloth which resisted fading was dyed by a liquid which had rested in a metal dish of a certain kind. Evidently this metal had added the quality necessary to fadelessness. From this point the rest was easy. The dye for years he had day was quickly evolved, and the demand for it all over the world is enormous.

Observations of Nature has often suggested ideas to business men. Many years ago James G. Blaine said to Dr. Hill that there was a rapidly-diminishing supply of rags and cotton for paper-making.

That set Dr. Hill thinking. One day he came into the office of a paper-manufacturer holding a hornet's nest in his hand. "Why cannot you make paper like this?" he said. Dr. Hill's trained eye had seen that the hornet's nest made from its nest by chewing up particles of wood into a fine pulp. That illustration led to the use of wood pulp for making paper. Today ten acres of spruce forest are cleared every day to provide for a single issue of one well known London newspaper.

FASHIONS AND FANCIES

HOW the young girl hated to give up her dainty lingerie frocks and tub gowns when the season began to call for the heavier materials. But in the multiplicity of fascinating styles for the older women the girl in her teens has not been forgotten. If she is yet in school there will be more use for a little semi-evening frock than the typical evening gown.

The frocks are all of soft silk or the silk crepes this season. One of the semi-evening frocks is of lace and soft silk over lace which has a fold of the fabric at each edge. The waist is what is called the round waist and has soft revers of the lace going back over the shoulder and has soft revers of the lace back. The belt is of soft ribbon of the same shade trimmed with a rosette of ribbon. A tiny lace yoke forms ready-tucked net or chiffon. The sleeves are especially pretty, of the tucked net or chiffon, the puffs of the fabric and the cuffs and rosette of the ribbon.

Another equally charming design for the young girl is one of smoother silks that the silk counters are showing. The skirt is the plain effect though it is developed with a pointed tablier, a square back tunic, and all-over lace tab panels and finished with a fold of the same material or of silk of the same tone as the costume. Another fold puts the finishing touch to the neck, sleeves and front of the bodice. The



Of Yielding Satin

sleeves are cut in one piece with the waist, as is so plainly the Paris fashion. The girdele is of soft silk and heavy all-over lace forms the bodice trimming with narrow lace at the neck.

An evening frock for the younger girls is no more elaborate than the semi-evening dress that have just been described. The waist is a round one with sleeves cut in one piece with it and a bib effect. All-over lace is the main trimming as in the other gowns. It forms the elbow sleeves and yoke. There is room for some embroidery and an artistic silk girdele. The skirt is the most graceful feature of the dress. It has a panier tunic draped in points over a full skirt and will be especially welcome to the tallish young girl who looks longingly on any pattern which looks as if it would detract from her height.

Perfect costumes are picturesque and velvet is a foundation for some of the most picturesque costumes. Velvets this season have reigned in turban, in muff and in costumes. One velvet suit seen is of Russian caftan. The long coat may be used as an extra garment or with the suit. The skirt is a semi-train with seven gores. The coat is double-breasted with a plait effect on the waist. The back has an inverted plait and the coat is fastened in at the waist line with a loose belt. The cuffs are trimmed with soutache or embroidery.

A great many of the afternoon costumes are of velvet. They are all of dark colors with broad white collars and cuffs lying back on the dark velvet. For street wear bands of fur are used extensively. The light collars for indoor wear are made from Irish crochet lace, rare point and Venetian.

The fondness for top coats has not diminished. They hold their own with the short skirt. Splendor is the quality that can be attached to many of them.

Fur, which was once a luxury, is now a necessity, or so one would imagine from its frequency. As a top coat it is first cousin to the leaves of Vallambrosa. Semi-precious pelts have lowered prices to rock bottom, and one now adds such a garment to the wardrobe, whereas in other days it was the main feature of the wardrobe.

Often its purchase necessitated careful economy along the whole range of clothes.

This season the long fur coat is worn by the lady of the moment and the girl going to work at 8 o'clock a.m. Its frequency has made many women hesitate before getting one, but in the end the fur coat is added to one's possession for fair days and rough ones.

Beyond this everyday garment there is a multitude of other top coats for formal occasions which are quite an important feature of the season. Those of panne velvet are very handsome, edged with stunk, moleskin or beaver. These are lined with brilliantly colored brocades and satins. Even the large inside pockets are edged with fur to add to the costly and sumptuous look.

Others are of watered silk, of that lovely weave that has a faint ripple of water over its surface, nothing wavy and definite as is the marking of moire. These are full length in effect and softened by fur collar and cuffs.

In truth, it is difficult to do away with the additions of fur no matter of what fabric the garment may be made. The approved coat suits for morning wear with short skirts, made of basket cloth and cheviot, have Russian cuffs that fit the arm made of shaggy, coarse fur. These take the place of a braid and buttons.

There is also a tendency to edge the front that fastens over with an inch of fur.

There is much character in this. It gives the look of warmth our winter days demand. It has a cheerful effect of a wood fire to the beholder.

Evening toilettes of lace and silk and chiffon and even old silk shawls have been converted into costumes in the hands of a clever dressmaker. One is of soft silk clinging to the figure and trimmed with V's made of the fabric corded. Graceful trimmings of the material cross in front and form jabot ends at the back. The bodice and sleeves are all in one piece and tiny laces creep out from beneath the fabric sleeves and lace trims the neck and the scarfs.

A glove cannot make a toilette, but it can complete it in a charming manner and it must be just the glove for that gown.

The tailored suits of mannish mixtures demand the heavy skins and large, single-button fastening and the tailored gowns of more elaborate construction require a lighter weight glove and lighter color.

Unless a glove exactly matches a dress gown it will be of white in preference, then champagne, tan or pearl grey. Black gloves are a boon to women having large hands, as they make them seem much smaller.

The eight-button gloves are always graceful with dress sleeves, avoiding any dividing line between glove and sleeve.

The glove sales attract shoppers on account of the low prices for 12, 16, and 20 button gloves, which retailers offer rather than worn pulled up, plainly over a too thin, too stout or too shelving an arm. The perfect wrist and forearm can endure any or no glove—others cannot.

Lighter laces are creeping in and ousting the heavy laces that have held sway so long. The renewed popularity of tulle and maline were the first signs of the change. Now the stores are filling with charmingly, imitation thread and English thread. If these laces succeed in staying in demand it means that the spring gowns will require a quantity of dainty ruching and beruffling, for that is the use to which such fine laces are put. Dark colors have been in vogue and now a "black season" is predicted by the fashion prophets.

The lingerie waist will not be an affair of set lines of insertion and embroidery and rows of tucks. The spring will find them artistically varied with detachable yokes of lace and embroidery, collar-and-revers, and suspender novelties.

The fad of the instant is strictly Parisian. It is the single or double ruffle seen on all of the waists, whether they be cotton, linen, silk or chiffon. The ruffles are hemmed or lace-edged, and are dressy details in the winter waists.

Chiffon jumpers are considered very smart to wear over the more elaborate waists. They are in all colors and suggest the surplice style. There are also the fancy waists made of chiffon over a foundation of white lace, or mousseline, and part of these waists do not always extend to the neck and are finished off with bands of satin embroidery, jet and silk braiding.

The black waist that is steadily gaining popularity will be of every kind of material suitable, net, crepe, voile, taffeta, moire, velvet, poplin, bengaline, mohair, satin. They will be braided and embroidered, and as the season advances they will tend to have transparent neck and sleeve effects.

Milady's fancy still leans toward large hats, which may be had in clusters of beads, jeweled or with metal flowers. Enormous butterfly and bug pins are often seen on the newest hats.

A very pretty hair ornament observed in a shop window was made of little pendants of colored stones, like a tiny necklace. The pendants were attached to a little chain and the whole was to be held in place with the little pins at the end of the chain. In the same window was displayed an enameled brooch representing a cluster of seashells.

Opals are very stylish this winter, especially when set in a necklace or a brooch, and if milady is not superstitious she should appreciate a gift of this beautiful stone.

Beaded belts in antique colored designs are as much worn, as bags of this description are carried. They come with large, fancy buckles and present an appearance almost barbaric.

It is a season of sashes. True, they are attached to the skirt, instead of being separated from them, but the effect is the same.

The waist line is draped. It is done in the high-waisted skirt as a means of finishing the sharp edge. It is done with the tunic and also with the separate bodice. One rarely sees the waist line without folds around it. And there is always a buckle somewhere with long shads ends that hang straight, or cross the figure and tie on the opposite side.

DIRT: CLEAN AND OTHERWISE

THE line between clean dirt and dirty dirt is drawn very clearly by Dr. R. G. Eccles in an article on "Dirty Hands," contributed to The Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette. Dirt is really dirt, according to Dr. Eccles, only when it is unhygienic; that is, in general, only when it contains the germs of disease. When we look at the matter in this way, we see that much visible dirt is really "clean." Likewise, much invisible dirt is of the deadliest kind. Says the writer: "Mad and soil, coal dust and ashes, paint and varnish are almost as harmless as the clothes we wear. It can kill no one in any such case as any single mortal is likely to be killed by it. The 'great unwashed' revel in such dirt from age to age, and the moral effect being excluded, no harm comes to them from it. But this dirt, of theirs, by being the 'invisible dirt' that is deadly. People who are willing to tolerate the visible dirt are pretty sure to be none too careful concerning the dangerous dirt. The two kinds get blended. There are foul and filthy hands, of the kind to which reference is here made, that are by their owners kept perfumed with the odor of frangipani, ylang-ylang, or musk, manicured till finger-nails shine and every vestige of visible blackness has disappeared, and are kid-glove besides. They wash, they eat and sleep, under the guidance of a clock. That there is a fitness in time for washing in order to be clean has not dawned upon their understanding."

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There were fifteen cars where sixteen were called for, and a further examination showed that car No. 907 was missing. Nobody could explain the discrepancy, but at last the train was allowed to proceed.

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CHIFFON DRESS— The Design Broadens the Hips

"It can safely be asserted that the chief unintentional crime of our age—if we can call that which is unconscious and unintentional a crime—is dirty hands. . . . Less than a most serious form. Like the hands of the average layman, the hands of medical men waterlogged, are filthy. Now, thanks to our knowledge of bacteriology, we know when and how to wash our hands so as to avoid doing as did our predecessors in the medical profession."

That the average citizen does actually fail to wash his hands when he should do so, the writer considers matter of fact. Bacteriologists, he says, have shown that after a dozen or so of average men and women have dipped their hands successively, into a vessel of water, the liquid contains large numbers of colon bacilli. Dr. Eccles then goes on to tell us much are of vital importance. He says: "Hands that are able to pollute water by a mere touch are not possibly be shaken without leaving behind evidences of unnamable dirt. These are the kinds of hands that handle our bread, our meat, our fruit, our vegetables, our potatoes, our pastry, and our money. No one can picture to himself the temptation in intense disgust. Even the recital of the facts is sure to produce an uneasy feeling that will make most people shrink from its fearless consideration. Unless we do, under it and unless we can, by example and precept, force clean habits upon the masses, we can rest assured that we have closed ourselves up in a veritable 'fool's paradise.'"

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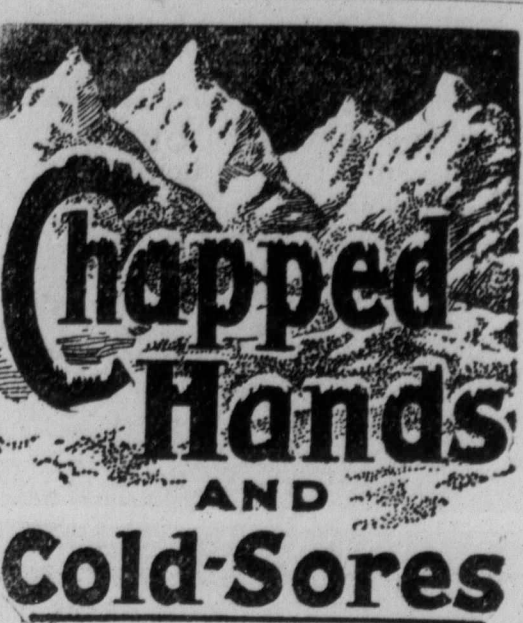
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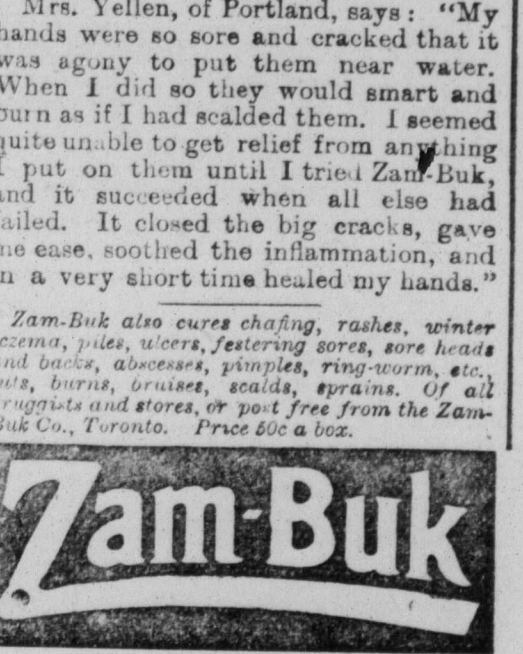
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Are your hands chapped, cracked or sore? Have you "cold cracks" which open and bleed when the skin is drawn tight? Have you a cold sore, frost bite, chilblains, or a "raw" place, which at times makes it agony for you to go about your household duties? If so, Zam-Buk will give you relief, and will heal the frost-damaged skin. Ancient the sore places at night, Zam-Buk's rich healing essences will sink into the wounds, end the smarting, and will heal quickly.

Mrs. Yellen, of Portland, says: "My hands were so sore and cracked that it was agony to put them near water. When I did so they would smart and burn as if I had scalded them. I seemed quite unable to get relief from anything I put on them until I tried Zam-Buk, and it succeeded when all else had failed. It closed the big cracks, gave me ease, soothed the inflammation, and in a very short time healed my hands."

Zam-Buk also cures chafing, rashes, winter eczema, pricks, sores, festering sores, sore heads and sores, abscesses, pimples, ringworm, etc. It cures burns, grazes, scalds, sprains. It dissolves dirt and stains, or post-free from the Zam-Buk Co., Toronto. Price 50c a box.



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—OF—
WHEAT, OATS and FLAX

will receive personal attention. We gladly wire what we can get before selling.

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STAMMERERS

The ARNOTT METHOD is the only logical method for the cure of Stammering. It treats the CAUSE, not merely the Habit, and insures natural speech. Pamphlets, particulars and references sent on request.

The Arnott Institute, Berlin, Ont.

FURS

Do you trap or buy furs? I am Canada's largest dealer. I pay highest prices. Your shipments solicited. I pay mail and express charges; return promptly. Also largest dealer in Beaufort Sheepskins, etc. Quotations sent free.

JOHN HALLAM, TORONTO

Do You Want to Buy Fort William Lots?

HERE IS YOUR CHANCE

We have for sale 460 Lots in South half of Lot 8, Con. 2, just North of the Avondale addition. Price \$150.00. TERMS: \$15.00 cash; balance \$10.00 month, 6% interest. Size of Lots 25x125 to lane. Fort William is the coming western city—cheap power, raw material, good water, three great railways and fine harbor, big industries.

BUY NOW!

JOHN S. MORTIMER
Suite 9, Alberta Bldg. Phone 6710. 255 1/2 Portage Ave., Winnipeg

OGILVIE'S ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR

FOR SUCCESS ON BAKING DAY

USE
OGILVIE'S ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR

IT ALWAYS GIVES SATISFACTION

THE OGILVIE FLOUR MILLS COMPANY, LIMITED
WINNIPEG FORT WILLIAM MONTREAL

The Alberta Star

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

Published every Friday at
CARDSTON, ALBERTA

FRED BURTON
EDITOR AND MANAGER

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

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Quarter-column. 5.00 "

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\$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.

MARCH 25, 1910.

This is the season of the garden rake.

A general "clean-up" day should be appointed by the Town Council.

No matter which way the affair at Edmonton turns out Cardston district knows that her interests will be well protected. There is no stronger man in the Alberta Legislature at present, than J. W. Woolf our member of parliament.

Easter may be as early as March 22 and as late as April 25. This year we come within five days of striking the earliest date possible. The high price of the necessities of life made it necessary to have it early while the more fortunate of them had a little cash left with which to purchase an Easter bonnet.

All the world over easter is a season of great rejoicing, as everything begins to cast off the dinginess of winter and nature herself exhibits the spirit of resurrection. Palestine, the spot where the resurrection we commemorate took place, is supremely emblematic of the season, because there the spring suddenly bursts forth and all the verdure of flowers spring up as though a magic wand had been waved over the land, for the excessive dreariness of winter is broken in the Orient when it is still winter in western lands.

It is difficult to ascertain the precise origin of the graceful custom so universal in France and Germany and more or less prevalent throughout the world of offering eggs at the festival of Easter. The Persians give each other eggs at the new year, the Russians and Finns at the festival of Easter. Among the Romans the year opened at Easter, as it did among the Franks and the Capets. Mutual presents were bestowed; and as the egg is the emblem of the beginning of all things, nothing better could be found as an offering.

The success of your town depends upon the public spirit of its leading citizens. If the leading men are not willing to lay out abundantly their means, erect neat and attractive buildings, advertise largely their business and the inducements offered in their town, and are not willing to patronize home trade and all home industries, then no town, be its advantages ever so great, can expect to grow or flourish. The natural advantages are great accessories to the growth of any place, but public spirit, backed up by common sense and energy will turn the prairie into a flourishing town or transform it into an elegant city.

The A. R. and I. Company certainly did the generous thing with the city by not charging anything for the power they supplied when the city's power plant was burned. If they had been like many other corporations they would have taken advantage of the predicament the city was in and made them pay dearly for whatever accommodation they got. It is hard to imagine what would have happened here during those days had the company not come to the city's aid so generously. Every citizen expected to pay for the assistance received. The company has shown again that it is the friend of the city and willing to do what it can in reason to help the city along.—Lethbridge Herald.

Mr. Woolf's attitude at Edmonton during the recent fracas, was fully endorsed by the liberals of Cardston at the meeting on Monday.

The Mix-Up in Alberta

Both the Edmonton Bulletin and the Calgary Albertan—the two leading Liberal journals of Alberta—are ardent supporters of the insurgent Liberals, who are seizing the life of the Rutherford Government. The Bulletin declares that the recent vote of 20 to 17 adverse to a motion of want of confidence, does not affect the fact, which it declares to be indisputable, that the Government has lost the confidence of the public. The Bulletin says:

"To suppose that the members do not understand the temper of the country on the matter of confidence is to suppose them a most unobservant group of gentlemen. The newspapers, the resolutions passed by public meetings, the communications received by the members themselves, the talk on the streets, all point unmistakably to one conclusion: that public confidence in the administration has gone. The people have read the evidence on both sides. They have rendered the verdict as clearly as it could be rendered without a general election. The house knows full well what the judgment is.

"That being the case there is a duty straight before the Legislature and a duty which must be discharged however unpleasant for many of the members. They were chosen to represent the people, not to represent their personal likes or dislikes. It has been established that the Government has made a cardinal mistake and it is the hard law of politics that only one cardinal mistake can be tolerated from the ministry. It would not be safe were it otherwise. Men who have been misled once are liable to be misled again.

"Public affairs are altogether too important and altogether too vital to the welfare of the community to be left in the hands of men who have made such mistake. Everywhere where popular government exists it is the invariable and unavoidable custom that one such error is the last. That such error was committed in the agreement with the Alberta and Great Waterways company cannot be questioned by any member of the house."

The attitude of the insurgents and their newspapers is unrelenting and uncompromising. They are determined to put the Rutherford Government out of business; and they are practically certain to succeed. A majority of three is not likely to resist for any length of time the assault in the house, reinforced by the vigorous crusade waged by the leading Liberal newspapers of the Province. The intention is to put Mr. Rutherford out and bring in Mr. Cushing; and the claim is made by the Calgary Albertan that a government headed by Mr. Cushing will command the support of a majority of the house. In view of the feelings engendered by the struggle this is problematical.

It may be impossible to form, out the present house, an administration which can command a working majority. In that case there must perforce be an appeal to the people. This is a contingency which has been taken into account, upon the assumption that the electors will decide between the Cushing Liberals and the Rutherford Liberals. But in the event of an election events might take a very different turn. Because there are practically no Conservatives in the legislature it by no means follows that there are no Conservatives in Alberta. They would become, we should say, rather numerous both in and out of the house in the event of an election, with the Liberals divided into quarrelling factions; and both Cushing and Rutherford followers might be given ample time to adjust their differences in the chill shades of opposition.—Manitoba Free Press.

BURTON'S VARIETY STORE

"Cash Goods at Cash Prices"

\$15.00

Tents, 10 x 12 with 3 ft. side walls, 10 oz. duck, with poles, ropes, stakes and everything complete for

Wickless Coal Oil Stoves

Solid brass. The most practical, simple, and solid cooking apparatus in existence—shipped direct from B. A. Hjorth & Co. Stockholm, Sweden, the largest manufacturers in the world. Our price \$3.20 and \$3.50.

Burton's Variety Store

75c Each

Popular Copyright Cloth Bound Books, regular price \$1.25 and \$1.50
OUR PRICE 75c.

- To Have and to Hold. —Audrey.
- Prisoners of Hope. —Mary Johnston
- Beverly of Graustark —Graustark
- Nedra —G. B. McCutcheon
- The Doctor —Ralph Connor
- The Virginian —Owen Webster
- A Little Brother of the Rich —Jos. Medill Paterson
- Bob Hampton of Placer —My Lady of the North
- A Sword of the Old Frontier —When Wilderness Was King —R. Farris
- The Port of Missing Men —Meredith Nicholson
- The Builder —N. G. Emerson
- The Hound of the Baskervills —A. Conan Doyle
- Where the Trail Divides —Ben Blair —Will Lillibridge
- A Chance Acquaintance —W. D. Howells.
- A Dash for a Throne —By Wit of Woman. —A. Marchmont.
- Constance Trescott —S. Weir Mitchell
- The Sea Wolf—Jack London
- The Claim Jumpers—S. E. White
- The Lady of the Mount —The Strollers—F. S. Isham.

- Satan Sanderson—H. E. Rivers.
- The Colonel of the Red Hussars —J. R. Scott.
- The Masquerader —The Gambler—C. C. Thurston.
- The Gentleman from Indiana —Booth Tarkington.
- The Jungle—U. Sinclair.
- The Kindred of the Wild. —The Hunters of the Silences —Red Fox—C. G. D. Roberts.
- Checkers—Henry M. Blossom
- The Garden of Allah—R. Hichens
- The Leopard's Spots—T. Dixon
- The Spoilers. —Rex Beach.
- The Idlers. —Merley Roberts
- Lavender and Old Lace. —Myrtle Reed.
- When Patty Went to College. —Jern Webster.
- Hilma. —Wm. T. Eldridge
- A Six Cylinder Courtship. —Ed. S. Field
- The Rose of Old St. Louis. —Mary Dillen
- Beautiful Joe's Paradise —Marshall Saunders.
- The Wheel of Life—Ellen Glasgow
- In the Bishop's Carriage. —Miriam Nicholson.
- The Midnight Guest. —Fred M. White.
- God's Good Man —Marie Corelli.
- The Fifth String —J. P. Sousa
- The Circular Staircase —Mary R. Richart.
- A Soldier of Virginia. —B. E. Stevenson
- The Halo. —B. V. Hutton
- Black Motor Car—Harris Burland.

Burton's Variety Store

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WESTERN HOME MONTHLY
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THE ALBERTA STAR
The Two for One Year for
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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY has long been recognized as the greatest illustrated home magazine of Western Canada and is read in over 35,000 homes every month. Every subscriber taking advantage of this offer, is entitled to participate in the contest organized by The Western Home Monthly in which
\$1,000 IS GIVEN AWAY FREE
IN PRIZES.

Address all orders to office of this paper where a sample copy of The Western Home Monthly can be seen.

Local and General.

All stores are closed today. Hot or cold baths any time of day.—Phipps.

Browns Moving Pictures to-night.

Sam Jessops, Magrath was in town this week.

J. W. Evans, Raymond was in town yesterday.

H. D. Folsom went to Lethbridge, yesterday.

D. A. Thompson and family, Kimball returned yesterday from a four month visit to Idaho.

Messrs. M. Godfrey, F. Blunell, and T. L. Johns, Magrath were, in town yesterday.

Several parties of young people are taking an outing trip to the Cochrane ranch today.

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

Mr. A. M. Hepler sold his residence in the west part of town on Tuesday, to Mr. V. V. Christie. The amount paid was in the neighborhood of \$1,750.

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

Don't you want to buy a Hudson Bay R. R. or your neighbors adjoining quarter? Its a good time to buy all the land you need. Let us help you buy it? W. O. Lee & Co.

We have 840 acres on the Cochrane East of Glenwood 250 acres broken 45 in fall wheat. Houses, stables, grainery for 3,000 bu. etc. etc. all for \$25,500 an acre. For terms see W. O. Lee & Co.

Mr. Joseph Y. Card of the real estate firm of W. O. Lee & Co. returned on Tuesday from a three days trip to the Cochrane Ranch, Macleod and Orton. He states that in every part of the country, seeding is going ahead rapidly.

The case of Robert Spencer Taylorville, for selling liquor at Aetna came up before the local J. P.'s Martin Wolf and J. Holmes on Monday afternoon. He was fined \$73.50, which includes costs.

A reception was tendered Mr. and Mrs. Johanas Anderson in the Relief Society Hall on Wednesday evening. Only the High Priests and lady teachers of the Ward were present. A very enjoyable time was spent.

One of this weeks snaps. A three room rustic cottage, pantry and closet, and shed for three animals, with lot 70 x 280 ft. Cement sidewalk, only one block from R. R. station and 2 1/2 blocks from Main Street, \$750. See W. O. Lee & Co.

Geo. Hendrickson and family, of Smithfield, Utah, arrived in town on Monday, and are at present residing in the Card house. Mr. Hendrickson has three sons who will arrive shortly with their families. The expect to buy land in the district and go into farming.

Easter is a movable festival. It is always the first Sunday after the full moon which happens upon or next after the twenty-first day of March and if the full moon happens upon a Sunday, Easter day is the Sunday following. This year we have our Easter on Sunday, March 27.

The petition which has been circulated amongst the business men in regards to the reversing of the passenger train service, has caused considerable comment for and against it. The Canadian Club is taking up the matter, and a debate on the same is being arranged for next Thursday evening. Everybody should be present.

During the absence of A. T. Henson on his honeymoon Mr. Oliver Hansen will have charge of the studio. Mr. Hansen is a photographer of wide experience having worked in several of the large studios throughout Utah. He will be here for the next two weeks, and those desiring high class work at low prices would do well to call on him.

Mr. Norval Sorrenson and Miss Nellie Redford, Leavitt, and Mr. Arthur Henson and Miss Madge Folsom, left yesterday for Salt Lake City, Utah, where they will be joined in the holy bonds of matrimony. A large crowd of young people were at the station to see them off, and the usual rice-throwing was indulged in, much to the discomfort of the prospective bridegrooms, who emerged from the fray with clothes full of rice and much ruffled countenances.

A fine program of Moving Pictures and Songs tonight.

Building is going on in nearly every part of the Town.

A. M. Hepler, left on Wednesday for High River.

James Carlson returned from Utah yesterday.

Owen Brant came in on yesterday's train.

J. W. Woolf M. P. P. left for Utah on Tuesday.

David Spencer left on Monday for High River.

David Richardson, is erecting a handsome two story residence, on the west side of town.

Mr. Robert Beck and son are erecting a handsome 3 room cottage in the western part of town.

Mrs. Arthur Flawn (nee Miss Bessie Mulligan) who is at present residing in Lethbridge, was a visitor in town on Wednesday.

Miss Agnes Anderson, left on Monday for Great Falls, Mont. It is reported that wedding bells will be heard shortly.

Have your photo taken this week at the Henson Studio. Mr. Oliver Hansen is prepared to do all classes of work.

Reports coming in from all parts of the district, show that the grain never looked better at this time of the year.

Mr. Irl Dawson representing the Standard Securities Co. of Lethbridge, was in town Thursday and Friday.

Mr. Coffee, Standoff, was in town on Tuesday. Mr. Coffee, who is the owner of a large farm, states that he has already put in this spring 160 acres of wheat.

Messrs. Fisher, Merkley and Smith Magrath were in town yesterday. They are looking over the district with a view to purchasing.

We have listed Mrs. Carlsons Three houses. Don't you want a nice home in Cardston? Come in and lets talk it over at the old "Land Office." W. O. Lee & Co.

Gentlemen:—If its a hat, cap, shoes or a pair of gloves you want we have 'em and won't hold you up for 'em either. The Spenser & Stoddard Ltd.

Several carloads of fish plates were unloaded at Browning last week. They are to be used in the construction of the Western Canada Railway to Pincher Creek.

Among the conference visitors to Utah yesterday were Jos. Ellison, Richard Pilling and Mrs. Rufus Pilling, Mrs. Oscar Bennion and Thos. Duoc.

The Board of Trade have secured the finest musical and literary talent in the District both local and visiting for their big free concert in the Assembly Hall Saturday night April 2nd. See full program in next weeks issue.

At the solicitation of many of the prominent educationists of the province, the Minister of education has taken the initiative in calling a Provincial Educational Convention. This Convention will be held in Calgary immediately after Easter,—on March 29th, 30th and 31st,—and all boards of trustees are urged to make it convenient for teachers to be present. The Minister is of the opinion that much benefit may be derived from such a Convention and hopes that steps may be taken to organize a permanent Provincial Educational Association which will arrange for annual Conventions. A register of attendance will be kept at the Convention and teachers will be required to record their attendance each day in order that there may be no forfeiture of grant by the school board or forfeiture of salary by the teacher. The term returns for the term ending June 30th should state whether or not teachers were in attendance at this convention. Teachers attending the Convention will not be expected to hold school on Friday, April 1st.

Easter Rates

"For the Easter Holidays, 1910, the Canadian Pacific Railway Company will authorize a rate of fare and one-third for the round trip. Tickets will be on sale March 21 to 28 inclusive, final return limit March 30, 1910.

Advertise Your Business

Don't imagine for a moment that advertising will not bring you results in your immediate field. That's an error that many merchants make, when they assure themselves that their store is so well known that it doesn't require newspaper advertising—that the trade will naturally drift his way, anyhow. There isn't a store anywhere in the world that has so secure a footing as that—not a single store—and you are not doing business in a field but that your sale can be increased by careful newspaper advertising. If this is not true why is it that a stream of mail orders is constantly going out of your town to catalogue houses? And are not these sales made by these catalogue houses the result of persistent advertising in the very field you feel that you have cultivated to the limit? Whenever you get such an idea fixed in your mind and really believe that there's nothing more to conquer, you are simply turning over ready money to the man that does possess the broader vision—you are sending territory and rights to others that careful newspaper advertising would retain in your possession.

Notice of Dissolution of Partnership

NOTICE is hereby given that the partnership heretofore subsisting between us, the undersigned, as blacksmiths, in the Town of Cardston, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. All debts owing to the said partnership are to be paid to Carl J. Danielson at Cardston aforesaid, and all claims against the said partnership are to be presented to the said Carl J. Danielson, by whom the same will be paid.

Dated at Cardston, Alberta, this 8th day of March, A. D. 1910.
Carl J. Danielson,
A. J. Thompson,
Witness:—W. Laurie.

New Shipments of Wall Paper arriving every week

We carry the largest and best stock in Southern Alberta

Singer Sewing Machines

Sold on easy terms

For Up-to-date Stationery

Phone 18.

Layne Henson MUSIC CO.

Linoliums, Carpets, Squares, Matings and Rugs, Curtains and Tapestries.

Everything needed in adorning your home. We have the largest range of these goods to select from in town.

OUR CAR OF FURNITURE - WILL ARRIVE SOON

HAVE YOU SEEN our Shoe Department? We have the swellest and nobbiest line to be seen. We are sole agent for THE FAMOUS McPHERSON SHOE. Give us a call. No trouble to show goods

Cardston Mercantile Co. LIMITED.

Photos that please at

The Henson Studio Phone 18

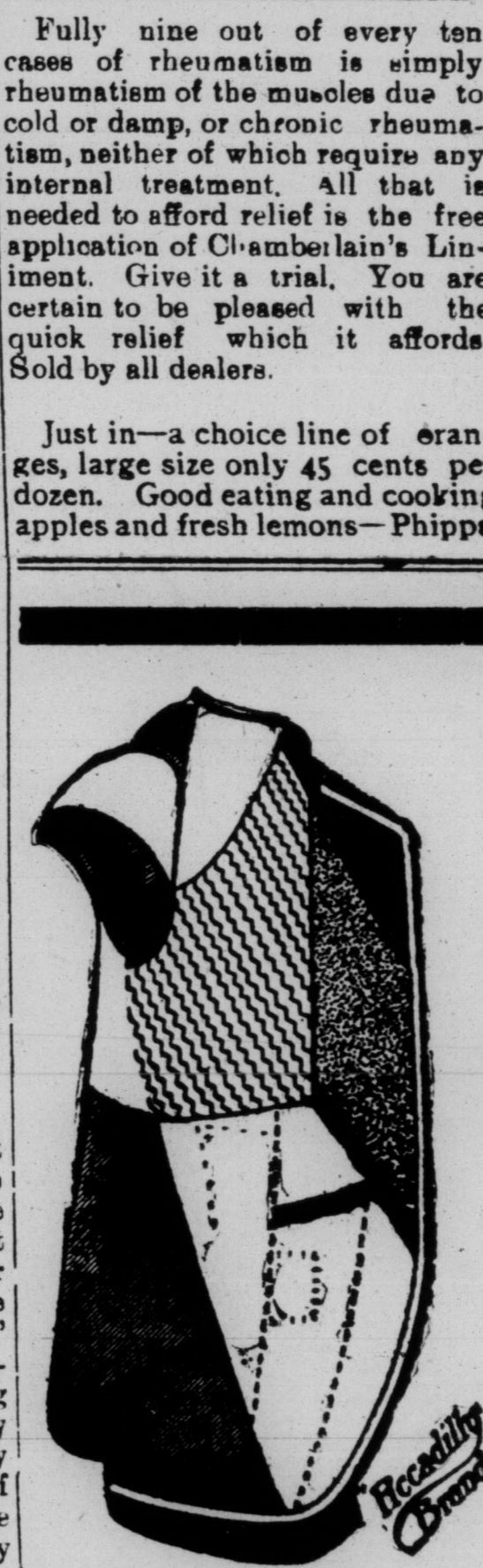
NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the Parliament of Canada, at the present session thereof, for an Act incorporating a company under the name of "The Alberta Peace River and Eastern Railway Co." with power to construct and operate a line of railway commencing at a point on the Alberta Railway and Irrigation Company Railway in Township 3 range 16 West of the 4th Meridian in the Province of Alberta; thence in a westerly direction to the town of Cardston; thence in a north westerly direction to Pincher Creek; thence in a northerly direction to a point at or near Cochrane on the railway of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company; thence in a northerly direction to Peace River Landing; thence in an Easterly direction to Fort McMurray; thence in an Easterly and North Easterly direction to Fort Churchill on Hudson Bay with a branch line from the most convenient point on said line in an Easterly direction to Edmonton; with power to enter into agreements with other companies and other usual and incidental powers; the capital stock of the said Company to be \$1,000,000 and the Head Office of the said Company to be at the city of Ottawa.

Culbert & Carss, Ottawa, Solicitors for the Applicants, Dated the 8th day of March 1910.

Maybe!

The folks upon the streets are sad, No one is bright and gay. The town does not seem the same Since ARTHUR went away.



Fully nine out of every ten cases of rheumatism is simply rheumatism of the muscles due to cold or damp, or chronic rheumatism, neither of which require any internal treatment. All that is needed to afford relief is the free application of Chamberlain's Liniment. Give it a trial. You are certain to be pleased with the quick relief which it affords. Sold by all dealers.

Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets invariably bring relief to women suffering from chronic constipation, headache, biliousness, dizziness, sallowness of the skin and dyspepsia. Sold by all dealers.

Are you frequently hoarse? Do you have that annoying tickling in your throat? Does your cough annoy you at night, and do you raise mucus in the morning? Do you want relief? If so, take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and you will be pleased. Sold by all dealers.

Just in—a choice line of oranges, large size only 45 cents per dozen. Good eating and cooking you will be pleased. Sold by all dealers.

Our Shape Retaining Garments



This shows the inside of one of our coats. Canvas, stiffing padding, hair clothing with cross-cross sewing and thoroughly shrunken—that's the reason our clothing holds its shape.

This shows the appearance of our suits when fitted. Just something a little different than you usually see.

Ladies Skirts!

Yes there's in see —them. And if you are needing one the price will not keep you from purchasing.

Of course you all know what our grocery department is

Spencer & Stoddard LIMITED

DEPARTMENT STORE

"Seven and one-half steps north of Post Office"

A Painter of the West

Frederic Remington and His Work

THE sudden taking away in his prime of an artist at work in two fields of art, such as Frederic Remington was, seems to affect the community like a double loss. For his was the rather rare instance of a painter doubled by a sculptor. It would be hard to say whether his paintings or his sculptures were the more popular, whether the scenes of the combat between the Indians and soldiers, the episodes in the life of cowboys and trappers, mine prospectors, and frontiersmen, depicted by his busy brush were more to the taste of the public, or the vivid groups which he modelled for bronze, wherein he brought to play an unrivalled knowledge of the horse, and, indeed, enjoyed the expression of that knowledge to the top of his bent. In both mediums he had the advantage of a long and intimate acquaintance with frontier life, at a time when specialized communities of adventurers and Indians still existed in certain parts of the country, and in both he has left a record of the particular way in which that life impressed itself upon him. What one man sees another overlooks. It is not enough to have the picturesque or the romantic or the grandiose present, there is also need of the brain to understand and the hand to execute. Though the problem is the same, two artists will not see it with the same eyes, any more than two historians will agree exactly in their accounts of a battle. Remington had his way of seeing things in the Indian country, his way of depicting the cowboy and the cavalryman; it was different, to mention contemporaries, from the view of a Russell or Schreyvogel. Of course such a painter of Indians, for example, as George Catlin was still more unlike Remington, for while he had a more intimate acquaintance with Indians he did not have the training in art of the younger and later artist. Catlin approached the Indian from the standpoint of a student of natural history, to some extent an ethnologist, while Remington used the Indian as material for the telling of a story in paint or clay.

Essentially an illustrator at first, Remington rapidly developed into one of the leading artists of Indian genre, but he was not content, as many of his forerunners had to be, with one or two hasty trips to the West to accumulate sketches on which to base many years of work in the studio. By his time communications had become so well established that an annual visit to his artistic hunting-ground was possible, and he availed himself of the advantage very often. In his case there were the memories of years passed as minor and cowboy and hunter in the West during his early life to draw upon, but he was always refreshing his impressions and seeking new material to set against the background of the actual landscape. And all this was done with the zest that comes with delight felt in the work in hand and a physical well-being that made ordinary hardships a pleasure. The robustness of his health and the fine vigor of his manhood made the death of Remington peculiarly unexpected to his friends and acquaintances, for he seemed destined to a long life full of greater honors than any he had so far attained.

Remington's talent for telling a dramatic incident of frontier life is shown in a picture as that of cowboys at a water-hole besieged by Indians, who are riding round and round at a distance, watching for a chance to snipe the man who exposes head or shoulder above the low mound in which the coveted water lies, or that showing a prospecting party, lying inside a ring of their horses, keeping off a raiding party of painted braves.

Like these is "Missing," a column of Plains Indians marching by twos. A chief in buckskins mounted on a lean pony leads as prisoner a hatless and coatless trooper on foot. The chief's lariat is round the captive's neck. With their chins in the air, their sharply curved noses suggesting wolves, their foreheads rendered still more retreating by their feather or fur head-coverings, the Indians ride along as conscious conquerors, while the white man steps out proudly as if he meant to emulate the red man in the firmness with which he proposes to meet his death. This is perhaps as Remington ever painted. The march is across the parched plain, made still drier by the dusty branches of the sagebrush. Purple hills touched with snow peep behind the slope of yellowish distant plain. The conditions of Indian warfare are better told by this peaceful scene than by the liveliest scrimmage. It is true, however, that the public has been more impressed by those groups in painting and sculpture which deal with hand-to-hand combats.

Realistic to the point of ruthlessness, these pictures of the defence by the Indian of his ancient home are also real in that they reproduce the sharp outlines in the clear dry climate that brings out colors very vividly and makes it hard to judge distance accurately. There is a metallic hardness to be observed in some of Remington's paintings, a clean-cut definiteness due in part to the atmospheric quality of the West, which is apt to lack those infinitely tender transparent veils of moisture found in Europe and some parts of the American seaboard. In part, however, it is due to his strong bent toward form, which also led him into sculpture. Of late years he was painting with a broader and warmer brush, while he had attained a very singular mastery of drawing, especially the drawing of the horse. He retained his love of riding, a thing that many men who have been compelled to ride a great deal in earlier life for business, not pleasure, fail to do. He was never tired of horses. He loved to be with them as well as paint them. F. Remington, who painted the steeds of the Kabyles of Northern Africa, has left on record how difficult he considered the task of painting horses in motion. Purely on this side of his work, the painting of the horse, Remington certainly surpassed Meissonier and F. F. Schreyer and Detaille.

In sculpture Remington came later and to this medium he brought the habits of the illustrator and painter; that is to say he approached sculpture from the pictorial rather than the monumental side. One has only to regard his first and by far the most popular statue, "The Bronco Buster," a cowboy holding his seat gayly while his steel executes the familiar contortions of a vicious animal. Genre in clay is like genre in paint, it is realistic almost to the verge of the photographic, and one cannot expect in such literal transcripts of fact the largeness of heroic sculpture. Remington carried boldness to extremes, as when he modelled "The Outlaw," in which the horse is doing an acrobatic turn on its forefeet with the hind quarters almost erect in the air or when he made his "Mountain Man" with a horse and rider coming down a slope of rock which would offer doubtful footing for a goat. A stirring scene of hand-to-hand conflict is the group "Old Dagoons of 1870," in which mounted Indians with tomahawks and bows are grappling with troopers. Statuettes in which he embodied the stealthiness of Indian raiders may be represented by "Horse Thief" making off on a stolen pony and waving his blanket as a signal. A bit of character of the group of a cowboy and rattlesnake, the horse shying at the sight, and the horseman just about to cast his broad-brimmed hat over the repulsive coils. Remington's daring violation of many of the rules of sculpture in an effort to produce the literal scene can go no farther than the large group of buffalo, pony, Indian, of which only one example has been cast in bronze. An old buffalo bull has hoisted a pony on his shoulders so that all four hoofs of the horse are off the ground, while the buffalo is still rearing. At the impact of the two animals the nude rider has been hurled into the air above his steed. This buffalo supports horse, and Indian soars above both. The rule that sculpture ought to represent momentarily suspended action, if action is needed, has been broken here without remorse.

It is true that sometimes there is a feeling of disquiet, because natural laws of balance and equilibrium seem to be violated, but this is offset by the realistic method of modelling which seeks to give the roughness of the horse's coat as well as the shagginess of the buffalo's pelt as well as all those minute differences in texture that for their exact reproduction demand the resources of the "lost wax" process. Whenever animals appear in sculpture one marks naturally back to Barre, and then we find that if Remington specializes and models individual animals instead of generalizing, if he does not express the nature of the creature so simply and so romantically as the great master did, yet he shows as thorough a knowledge of the horse as any of his contemporaries.

Remington has rendered a service to his country by preserving scenes, types, and subjects in forms of art which are passing away, some of which have gone already. The painted brave on his war-pony, the cowboy on his bronco, the prospector on his mule, have run their course as such, dismounted from their steeds, and turned into mere commonplace men. Their kind is as dead as Don Quixote. A collection of his paintings and sculptures would convince those artists who demand more difficult results in color and composition than after all the man who sets to work to tell the story of some portion of his fellow men in art, and does it to the best of his ability, has not worked in vain.

A great deal of Remington's early work was published by Harper & Brothers. His popularity was quick in arriving, and it did not fail him to the last. People have a healthy,

normal, and well-grounded love of a story; they like to see deeds of daring; they are not squeamish about bloodshed and death; they reward in princely fashion those who know how to please them. Remington was one of them, shared their likings and dislikes, and through that sympathy and comradeship was able to give them what they enjoy. Since the days of Fenimore Cooper the red man has looked romantic to the eyes of the people who live far enough removed from possible reprisals. Remington has shown the courage of the Indian and the daring and tenacity of purpose of the white. Rarely has he painted the negro, probably because the negro, owing to his former servitude, is not liked, notwithstanding his many attractive qualities. Another and more artistic reason may be the fact that the negro in white man's clothes loses in dignity and beauty when encained in the "follish tubes" which form the raiment of men today, and they lose far more



"A Bucking Bronco"

than white men, because their skins are naturally warmer in color and more beautiful than ours. As a last bit of injustice to alien races we ask them to hide their fine color and handsome muscles in the hideous apparel of "civilization." Fortunately for Remington, the red man used to go on the war-path nearly naked, leaving the precious products of our sweat-shops in camp, or he wore buckskin coats trimmed with feath-



"An Old-time Northern Plains Indian - The Coup"

ers or fur, decked perhaps with embroidery of colored quills, things that look right in the open air and broad sunlight, however out of place they sometimes seem within the four walls of a house.

A reserved and self-contained man to his acquaintance, a jovial and companionable one to his few intimates, Frederic Remington made an impression not merely on the public, but on his fellows in art. In sculpture as well as painting his early successes pointed a way and set the pace for other artists, who gathered hope when they saw how well patronized he was, and very naturally followed in his footsteps, often with greater reserve and a finer technical method, but not with greater popular success. In this way Remington was a path-breaker. His pictures and statuettes, if not monumental in the restricted sense as applied to works of art, constitute in their entirety a monument to a vanishing class of mankind.

ARMAGEDDON: THE GREATER DANGER

(By Robert Blatchford)

MR. BALFOUR once declared that the problem of imperial defence was the problem of the defence of Afghanistan. But times have changed since then, and I shall propose an amendment to the following effect:—

The problem of British defence is the defence of France.

There it is; the greater danger, the nearer danger than the danger of a German invasion of England, is the danger of a German invasion of France.

A German writer, quoted by me in a previous article, says that directly Germany feels herself menaced she will strike and France will be her victim. He continues thus: "Unhappy France! The British Navy may destroy the German Fleet and ruin German foreign trade. But nothing on earth can prevent the German Army from overrunning France from Paris to Lyons and from the English Channel to the Mediterranean. The French are laboring under a dangerous delusion if they suppose that Germany would be satisfied with an indemnity at the termination of such a war. Germany would take permanent possession of the northern provinces of the French Republic, thereby gaining access to the sea at Calais and Boulogne, while Belgium and Luxembourg would be annexed to complete the triumph of the Teutons."

Now, what do the Blue Water school say to that? Supposing France attacked and conquered by Germany, how would our Fleet prevent the annexation of Calais and Cherbourg? And what could our Fleet do to prevent the German conquest of France?

As for Belgium and Holland there would be no need for Germany to annex them. With Calais in German hands the Netherlands would be quietly absorbed.

Then Germany would have Calais at one end of the Channel and Cherbourg at the other. Also she would have Amsterdam and Rotterdam and Antwerp, which Napoleon said was like a pistol pointed at the heart of England. Also she would have the Dutch Navy and the Dutch craftsmanship. Then France would be a crippled Power, and Britain would

be unable to keep pace with the German output of battleships and sailors.

That is why I say that the problem of British defence is the problem of the defence of France.

Whether or not we form an offensive and defensive alliance with France the result is the same: the defeat of France is the defeat of Britain. The downfall of France is the downfall of the British Empire. The aggrandisement of Germany is the humiliation of Europe.

Now let us ask ourselves whether the defeat of France by Germany is possible. The Germans feel sure of it. The French apparently believe it; for it is not long since France was challenged by Germany and declined the combat.

The French have a grand Army: numerous, gallant, hardy, and well-trained. But the impression in military circles seems to be that France lacks the German perfection of organization and readiness.

Perhaps the presence of a great general, a Moltke or a Napoleon, on either side would make the difference. But that may not be known until the war begins. If Germany has the greater commander France is lost; if France has the great commander Germany may suffer a disastrous repulse. But so far as we may judge the chances are in Germany's favor.

Now, should France prove unequal to the task of repelling a German invasion, the Blue Water school would be helpless. Our Navy could do nothing.

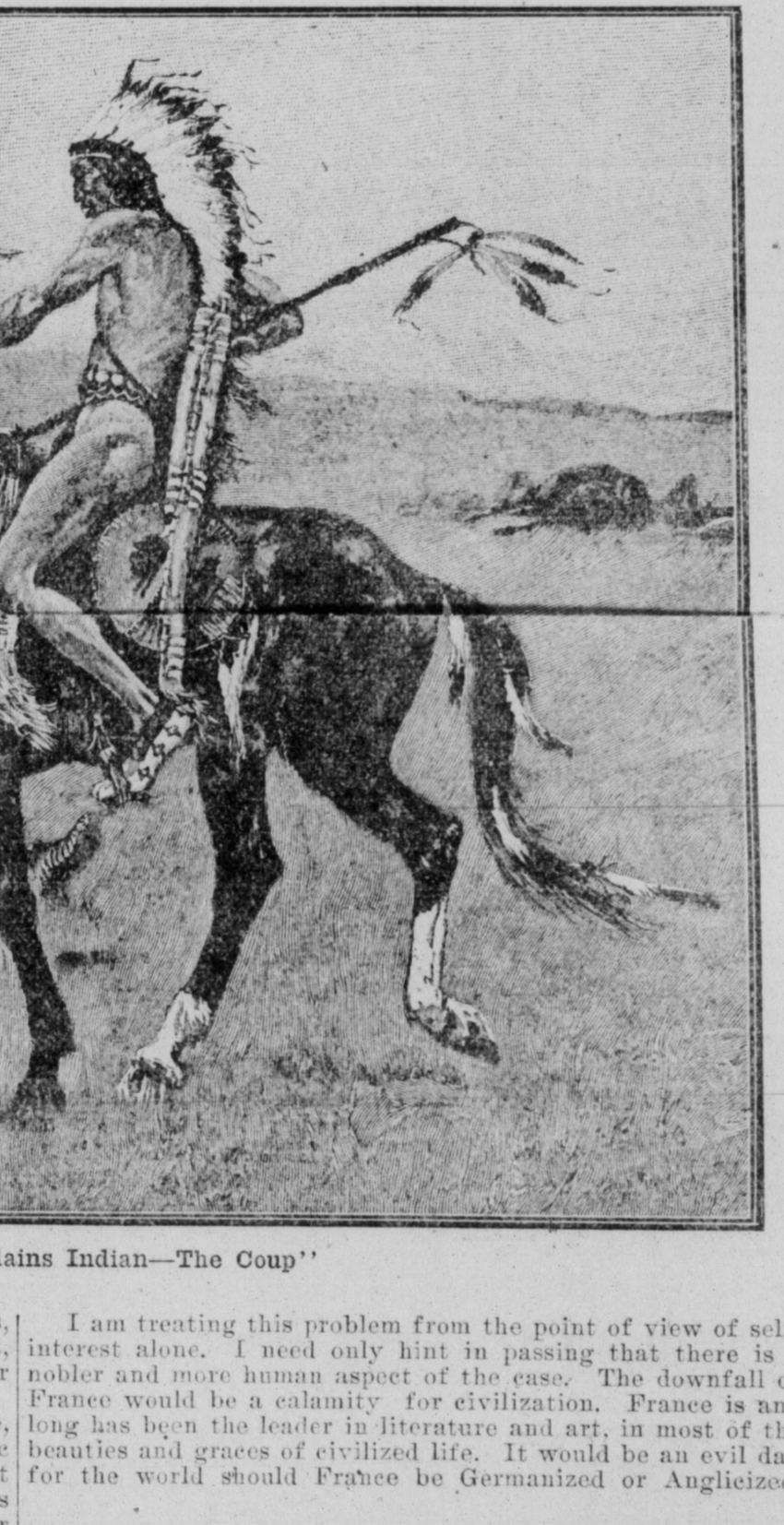
No. To make France secure, and in doing that to make ourselves secure, we should need a first-class British Army of at least half a million men—a million would be better. With a British force of half a million men in Belgium and Holland, with the French, British, and Dutch Fleets united, Russia, France's ally, might attack Germany on the eastern frontier. Then if Austria and Italy came in we should have Armageddon. Now, the Blue Water school have left Armageddon out of their calculations.

The Germans are a brave, stubborn, well-disciplined people, very obedient to their rulers. But it is doubtful whether they would allow themselves to be driven into a war so desperate and so unprovoked. A wanton invasion of France without the pretext of a quarrel, would not, one may suppose, be popular in Germany, even under present conditions; but a universal European conflict, provoked by the ambition of the Pan-Germanic Party, would be calculated to exhaust the patience of the German people.

But we have not an Army of half a million to send; and a two-Power standard Fleet could not help France nor defend the Dutch and Belgium.

That is what I call the greater and nearer danger: the danger of a French defeat by Germany. While such a defeat is possible the Germans have no need to risk an invasion of Britain. They can defeat Britain without fighting her.

The old theory of splendid isolation can be no longer held by Britain. An Empire like ours cannot stand aloof from the struggles of Europe. The balance of power means more to us today than it ever meant. A German Empire embracing Germany, Holland, Belgium, Austria, and perhaps Turkey, and having ports and fortresses at Calais, Cherbourg, Trieste, Antwerp, and Amsterdam, would wipe us out; would defeat and conquer us without firing a shot. Our Fleet would go; our trade would go; our Colonies would go; India would go. We should sink into the position of what one of our Cabinet Ministers calls "the conscript appanage of our stranger Power."



"Driving Cattle on the Plains"

I am treating this problem from the point of view of self-interest alone. I need only hint in passing that there is a nobler and more human aspect of the case. The downfall of France would be a calamity for civilization. France is and long has been the leader in literature and art, in most of the beauties and graces of civilized life. It would be an evil day for the world should France be Germanized or Anglicized.

by side with Germany we fought against Bonaparte at Waterloo. Today we have to stand by France or fall when she falls. We cannot escape our fate. We must uphold France or partake of her humiliation and share her ruin.

That is why the Blue Water school is wrong; that is why the strongest Navy will not serve our turn; that is why the nearer and the greater danger for us is not the invasion of Britain but the invasion of France; that is why the problem of the defence of Britain is the problem of the defence of France.

That is why we must have an Army as well as a Navy. That, I believe, is what lay heavy at the heart of Lord Roberts and the Cabinet Ministers, when they spoke daily of impending danger.

That is what the British people do not understand and ought to understand while there is time to avert the threatened doom.

GERMANY AND ENGLAND

(By Robert Blatchford)

THE Pan-Germanic policy is based upon Bismarck's theory: "The destiny of Germany must be worked out in blood and iron." It is a blood and iron policy, and all hopes of overcoming it by a policy of milk and water are doomed to failure.

Take, as an example, the fate of the innocent proposal for the limitation of armaments.

Any limitation of armaments must embody the principle of Britain's naval supremacy. But it is exactly that which the Pan-Germans resent and defy.

It does not require a very great effort of the imagination to enable us to see that proposal with German eyes. Were I a German I should say, "These islanders are cool customers. They have fenced in all the best parts of the globe, they have bought or captured fortresses and ports in five continents, they have gained the lead in commerce, they have a virtual monopoly of the carrying trade of the world, they hold command of the seas, and now they propose that we shall all be brothers, and that nobody shall fight or steal any more on the sea."

That is how a German must see the position. But the Germans see and believe much more than that. They believe that Britain has grown fat, and stupid, and cowardly. They see that Germany has a population 50 per cent. larger than Britain, and very much better educated, better trained, and better organized. They see that our Army is small and uncared for, and they know that their is excellent in quality, overwhelming in numbers, and in readiness and organization without a peer. They are sure that they can crush us on land. They believe they can beat us in trade; they hope on sea, and outbuild and outspend us and so become our masters on the sea.

And their rulers hold the theory that the destiny of Germany must be worked out in blood and iron.

To these strong, resolute, and stern men of blood and iron some of the suave and modest British ambassadors of compromise and conciliation. "My dear brothers," says one ambassador, "may I suggest a cessation of this ruinous rivalry in battleships? Would you mind curtailing your naval programme so that I may retain command of the seas without incurring more expense than my constituents will approve. I am really very sorry; but the command of the sea is essential to our national existence. Our people decline to become soldiers, and unless we are allowed to boss the sea we shall become an easy prey for any enemy. So, if you don't mind, we will arrange with you for a limitation of armaments, which will save us money and prevent you from using your superior military strength against us."

Now, is not that a pretty dish to set before a Kaiser? Really; the men of blood and iron did not laugh so loudly as one might have expected.

In fact, they did not laugh at all. They just shrugged their shoulders and went on building harder than ever. It is one of the funniest political episodes I can remember; and the funniest thing about it was the British Government's innocent and pained surprise.

"Ha!" said the men of blood and iron, "I smell funk. They are beginning to feel the pinch. Hurry up with those Super-Dreadnoughts." And it was so.

Then the Labor delegates went over to Germany and slapped their German comrades on the back and cried, "Hoeh, hoeh, hoeh!" And Mr. Keir Hardie actually believed that the fraternizing of British and German Socialists in Germany would so delight the Emperor that he would, to use Mr. Hardie's own words, perform the remarkable feat of "killing the war spirit before it was born."

Well, the British and German comrades "hoehed," and out boys came home. And when I was in Germany a few weeks ago I stood in Essen and looked at the chimney forest of Krupp-works, and reflected that the German blood and iron works had recently taken on twenty-eight thousand new hands, and that, in spite of our Labor members, Germany was now able to arm thirteen Super-Dreadnoughts in a year. It is not as though the Socialists had not conciliated the Kaiser for nuts. Even the resolution of the Labor party seems to have failed; perhaps because "the destiny of Germany is to be worked out not by speeches and majorities, but by blood and iron."

Then there is the expedient of building Germany in with a series of alliances. A really statesmanlike idea, were it not that Germany's obstinate resolution to break out makes it very unpleasant for the allies who are within reach of the giant's arms.

And there is the Socialist theory of joint action by British and German Socialists for the prevention of war. The idea is to stop the supply of coal and stores by means of strikes. It is one of those harmless games with which some Labor statesmen amuse themselves on dull days. The main result of it would be to hamper our Fleet. The Germans would settle their strike in swift and summary fashion—by the arguments of "blood and iron."

And there is the dazzling Mr. Winston Churchill, who called Lord Cromer and me a pair of "ridiculous Jingoes," and illuminated the whole crisis by the brilliant declaration that there is no danger as long as we continue to build up to a two-Power standard.

Building to a two-Power standard means, when Germany is in full swing, the arming of twenty-six Super-Dreadnoughts in a year. This, as the Frenchman said when the hand-box fell on his hat for the third time, "becomes amusing."

But we are told by many well-meaning countrymen of ours that all this sense about Germany is absurd, because of the evident friendliness of the German people and the British people for each other. "The British do not want war; the Germans do not want war," say these amiable persons. How true; how true. But it does not account for thirty-nine battleships a year.

Now I shall suggest that all these attempts at conciliation and compromise are based upon a misconception of the policy and government of Germany.

I believe the German people (although they have a million members in their Navy League) are not unfriendly to us. But the German people have no control over the German policy. They cannot prevent the increase of German naval power, even if they would—which is doubtful. They cannot prevent a war when once their rulers have decided upon war. They do not know the game their rulers are playing. They would be plunged into war before they were aware of the danger, and once in, their own soldiers would suppress any attempt at interference, supposing any attempt were made.

The Bismarck theory of blood and iron has the great merit of being simple and concise. The German theory of warfare fits it as a bludgeon fits the hand of a footpad. "Full steam ahead" is the motto for the German Navy. "Forward" is the motto for the Army. Go straight for the enemy and smash him; never mind the cost. We have plenty of men. We can afford heavy losses. But we must win.

This theory demands loyalty, courage, and discipline from officers and men. The German Army and Navy possess them. The theory of blood and iron is simple. You single out one of your neighbors at a time. You cajole him with friendly treatment while you prepare to make an irresistible and unexpected attack upon him. When you are quite ready, and when he is off his guard, you knock him down, jump on his chest, and accept his watch and purse as compensation. This is your destiny fulfilled.

Now a gentleman working on these lines is not to be fobbed off with fine speeches. He will not restrain his mailed fist because his victim is weak. Weakness is the opportunity he looks for.

No. If we do not want war with Germany we must be strong enough to cause Germany to want peace. Though Germany is a brave, resolute, and mighty enemy, she is not omnipotent, nor is she invulnerable. But she means business—blood and iron business—and all conciliation, subterfuge, and compromise provoke her to contempt and scorn.

Germany puts her destiny into the hands of warriors; we leave ours in the hands of politicians. Germany acts; we talk. Words count for nothing in the game of blood and iron. Arm or surrender; fight for the Empire or lose it. We can choose our alternative; no middle course is open to us.

NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the Parliament of Canada, at the present session thereof, for an Act incorporating a company under the name of "The Alberta Peace River and Eastern Railway Co.," with power to construct and operate a line of railway commencing at a point on the Alberta Railway and Irrigation Company Railway in Township 3 range 16 West of the 4th Meridian in the Province of Alberta; thence in a westerly direction to the town of Cardston; thence in a north westerly direction to Pincher Creek; thence in a northerly direction to a point at or near Cochrane on the railway of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company; thence in a northerly direction to Peace River Landing; thence in an Easterly direction to Fort McMurray; thence in an Easterly and North Easterly direction to Fort Churchill on Hudson Bay with a branch line from the most convenient point on said line in an Easterly direction to Edmonton; with power to enter into agreements with other companies and other usual and incidental powers; the capital stock of the said Company to be \$1,000,000 and the Head Office of the said Company to be at the city of Ottawa.

Culbert & Carss,
Ottawa,
Solicitors for the Applicants,
Dated the 8th day of March 1910.

Auction Sale of Lands

NOTICE is hereby given that pursuant to the order of The Honourable the Chief Justice made in a certain action in the Supreme Court of Alberta, Judicial District of Macleod, wherein The Canadian Bank of Commerce is Plaintiff and H. A. Donovan is defendant.

Firstly—Lots One to Four in Block One; Lots One to Four in Block Two; Lots One to Eight in Block Three; Lots One to Eight in Block Five; Lots One to Eight in Block Six; Lots One to Eight in Block Seven; Lots one to eight in block eight; Lots one to eight in block nine; Lots one to eight in block ten; Lots one to eight in block eleven; Lots one to eight in block twelve; Lots one to eight in block thirteen; Lots one to eight in block fourteen; Lots one to eight in block fifteen; Lots one to eight in block sixteen; Lots one to eight in block seventeen; Lots one to eight in block eighteen; Lots one to eight in block nineteen; Lots one to eight in block twenty; Lots one to eight in block twenty-one; Lots one to eight in block twenty-two; Lots one to eight in block twenty-three; Lots one to eight in block twenty-four; Lots one to eight in block twenty-five; Lots one to eight in block twenty-six; and Lots one to eight in block twenty-seven all inclusive and according to a plan of the North West quarter of Section Five and part of the South East quarter of Section Eight in Township Three, Range Twenty-five, West of the Fourth Meridian in the Province of Alberta of record in the Land Titles Office for the South Alberta Land Registration District as "Cardston 4937 1".

Secondly—All those portions of the said South East quarter of Section Eight which are not comprised in said plan "Cardston 4937 1" excepting thereout the North half and the South East quarter of legal subdivision Eight excepting out of the above lands all those portions which are covered by any of the waters of Lees Creek will be sold by Public Auction on Saturday the second day of April 1910 at hour of one o'clock in the afternoon at the Court House in the Town of Cardston in the Province of Alberta.

This property will be sold in bloc and without reserve Terms—20 per cent cash at time of sale and balance within thirty days thereafter.

Other conditions of sale as settled by the Court and which will be read before sale may be had on application to—

Edward P. McNeill,
Macleod, Alberta,
Solicitor for the Plaintiff.

Home Missionaries

March 27, 1910

LEAVITT
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Medicines that aid nature are always the most successful Chamberlain's Cough Remedy acts on this plan. It loosens the cough, relieves the lungs, opens the secretions and aids nature in restoring the system to a healthy condition. Sold by all dealers.

Estray Notice

On the premises of J. P. Low (N. W. 8-3-25 w 4), bay, two year old horse colt, branded 41 on left shoulder. Gelding, white, age about 12 years, branded triangle on left shoulder. Both been in vicinity for one year.

Auction Sale of Land

NOTICE is hereby given that pursuant to the order of His Honor A. A. Carpenter, Local Judge of the Supreme Court of Alberta, Judicial District of Macleod, given in a certain action in the Supreme Court of Alberta, Judicial District of Macleod, wherein The Union Bank of Canada is Plaintiff and David H. Caldwell, the younger, H. S. Allen and Peter Allen are respondents the West half of Section 26, in Township 2, Range 25 West of the Fourth Meridian in the Province of Alberta, will be sold by Public Auction on Saturday the 2nd day of April A. D. 1910 at the hour of 2 o'clock in the afternoon at the Court House in the Town of Cardston in the Province of Alberta and this property will be offered subject to a reserve bid.

Terms: 30 per cent. cash at the time of sale and the balance within 30 days thereafter.

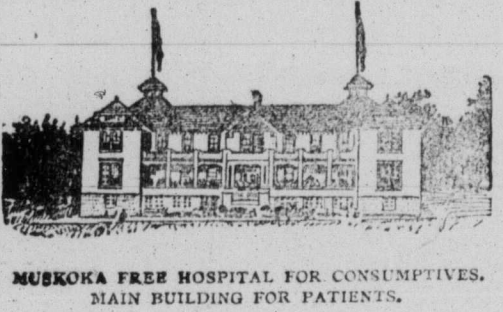
Other conditions of sale as settled by the Court, a d which will be read before the sale, may be had on application to—

Edward P. McNeill, Macleod, Alberta,
Plaintiff's solicitor hereto.

Would You Provide for the Care of Canada's Needy Consumptives?

THEN SEND YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE

MUSKOKA FREE HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTIVES



A national institution that accepts patients from all parts of Canada. Here is one of hundreds of letters being received daily:—

John D. McNaughton, New Liskeard, Ont.: A young man not belonging here, and suffering from, it is believed, consumption, is being kept by one of the hotels here. He has no means and has been refused admission to our hospital. The conditions where he is offer him no chance. Could he be admitted to your Free Hospital for Consumptives? If not, could you inform me where he can be sent, and what steps are necessary to secure prompt admittance? NOT A SINGLE PATIENT HAS EVER BEEN REFUSED ADMISSION TO THE MUSKOKA FREE HOSPITAL BECAUSE OF HIS OR HER INABILITY TO PAY.

Since the hospital was opened in April, 1902, one thousand five hundred and twenty-four patients have been treated in this one institution, representing people from every province in the Dominion. For the week ending November 20th, 1909, one hundred and twenty-five patients were in residence. Ninety-six of these are not paying a cent for their maintenance—absolutely free. The other twenty-nine paid from \$2.00 to \$4.00 a week. No one pays more than \$4.00.

Suitable cases are admitted promptly on completion of application papers.

A GRATEFUL PATIENT

Norah P. Canham: Enclosed you will find receipt for my ticket from Gravenhurst, hoping that you will be able to oblige me with the fare. I was at your Sanatorium ten months, and I was sent away from there as an apparent cure. I am now working in the city, and I am feeling fine. I was most thankful for the care I got from the doctors and staff, and I must say that I spent the time of my life while I was there.



The Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives is dependent on the good-will and gifts of the Canadian public. Money is urgently needed at the present time to make it possible to care for the large and increasing number of patients that are entering the institution.

Will you help?
Where greater urgency?
Truly, Canada's greatest charity.

Contributions may be sent to W. J. Gage, Esq., 31 Spadina Ave., or J. S. Robertson, Secretary, National Sanitarium Association, 847 King St. W., Toronto, Canada.

Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on Friday, the 15th. April, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, twice per week each way, between Cardston and Taylorville via Etina and Kimball, to commence at the pleasure of the Postmaster General.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Cardston, Taylorville, Etina and Kimball, and at the office of the Post Office Inspector,
B. A. Bruce,
Post Office Inspector,
Post Office Inspectors Office,
Calgary March 4 1910.

An eminent statistician estimates that during the course of an ordinary life, the average man will eat seven four-horse loads of food more than is good for him. Not so with an editor; we just figure it out that since we have been in the business we have eaten two four-horse wagon loads less than we should have eaten. Verily the life of the country editor is hard.

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No Delays. Easy Terms.

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W. S. Johnston

Barrister, Solicitor, Notary

Card Block, Cardston

Agent and Solicitor for The Canadian Bank Investment and Savings Co

Local Improvement Act

Educational Tax Act, Village Act, and the School Assessment Ordinance

Not as is hereby given that under the provisions of the Local Improvement Act, Educational Tax Act, Village Act and the School Assessment Ordinance, a Judge of the Supreme Court has appointed W. S. Johnston, Esq., the 6th day of April, 1910, at the City of Lethbridge, for the holding of a court for the confirmation of the local improvement Act in respect of the following Local Improvement Districts:—

Local Improvement Districts Nos. 458, 510, 584, 823, 1145, 1379, 1381, 1401, 1455, 1464, 1428 a d 1675 and at Edmonton on the 5th day of February, 1910.

J. W. HEPPLER,
Commissioner,
DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS.

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Is now conducting a strictly cash business and will pay cash for Butter, Eggs and Poultry.

Fresh Fish, Poultry and all kinds of meats will be kept constantly on hand.

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