

# ALBERTA Is The Coming Wheat Granary Of The World!

You can buy land that will produce from 35 to 50 bushels of winter wheat, 45 to 60 bushels of barley and from 60 to 100 bushels of oats, from the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, at \$12 and \$15 per acre, one-tenth cash and the remainder in nine years at 6 per cent interest.

This land is in the Bow river valley east of Calgary, in the chinook belt of Alberta, along a main line of railroad, is well watered, free from rock, gravel and alkali and covered with grass which will make two tons of bunch grass hay per acre!

## One Sod Crop Actually Pays For The Land And The Railroad Company Will Help You Farm It. If You Raise No Crop You Make No Payment! You Can't Lose

Thirty practical farmers and investors of Umatilla and Union counties have bought this land. Ten car loads of work horses and farming implements are being shipped from Pendleton into this new district this spring. These farmers know a good thing when they see it.

The Alberta winters are not severe. The country is visited regularly by warm chinook winds during the winter season and cattle winter out and stay fat without hay or shelter.

## Hundreds Of Wide Awake Americans Paid For Their Land With Their 1908 Wheat Crop

It is no experiment. Hundreds of new homes are being built, railroads are being constructed, thousands of acres have been broken out and seeded and it is the last new country on the American continent.

Buy direct from the railroad company and get low prices and easy terms. The company wants you. It wants your citizenship in Canada and it wants traffic to haul out. It will help you pay for your land. It will fence, break sod, drill wells, build houses or do anything for its settlers.

It costs but \$55 to make the round trip from La Grande to Calgary and return, by getting our cheap rate. Go and see Alberta now. The weather is mild and open. Inquire for the date of the next trip.

Jonathan Johnson, Canadian Pacific Land Dept. Pendleton, Oregon.

Or J. E. Reynolds, La Grande, Oregon.

**The Mystery of The Yellow Room**  
By GASTON LEROUX  
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### CHAPTER X.

"We Shall Have to Eat Red Meat—Now."

THE Donjon inn was at least two centuries old, perhaps older. Under its signboard over the threshold a man with a crabbed looking face was standing, seemingly plunged in unpleasant thought, if the wrinkles on his forehead and the knitting of his brows were any indication.

When Rouletabille and I were close to him he deigned to see us and asked us in a tone anything but engaging whether we wanted anything. He was no doubt the not very amiable landlord of this charming dwelling place. As we expressed a hope that he would be good enough to furnish us with a breakfast, he assured us that he had no provisions.

"You may take us in," Rouletabille said to him. "We are not policemen."

"I'm not afraid of the police, I'm not afraid of any one," replied the man.

I had made my friend understand by a sign that we should do better not to insist; but, being determined to enter the inn, he slipped by the man on the doorstep and was in the common room.

"Come on," he said. "It is very comfortable here."

A good fire was blazing in the chimney, and we held our hands to the warmth it sent out. It was a morning in which the approach of winter was unmistakable. The room was a tolerably large one, furnished with two heavy tables, some stools, a counter decorated with rows of bottles of sirup and alcohol.

"That's a fine fire for roasting a chicken," said Rouletabille.

"We have no chicken, not even a wretched rabbit," said the landlord.

"I know," said my friend slowly—"I know. We shall have to eat red meat now."

"I confess I did not in the least understand what Rouletabille meant by what he had said, but the landlord as soon as he heard the words uttered an oath, which he at once stifled, and placed himself at our orders as obediently as M. Robert Darzac had done

when he heard Rouletabille's mysterious sentence. "The presbytery has lost nothing of its charm nor the garden its brightness."

The man pushed open a little side door and called to somebody to bring him half a dozen eggs and a piece of beefsteak. The commission was quickly executed by a strongly built young woman with beautiful blond hair and large, handsome eyes, who regarded us with curiosity.

The innkeeper said to her roughly: "Get out, and if the Green Man comes don't let me see him!"

She disappeared. Rouletabille took the eggs, which had been brought to him in a bowl, and the meat, which was on a dish, placed all carefully beside him in the chimney, unhooked a frying pan and a gridiron and began to heat up our omelet before proceeding to grill our beefsteak. He then ordered two bottles of cider and seemed to take as little notice of our host as our host did of him. The landlord let us do our own cooking and set our table near one of the windows.

Suddenly I heard him mutter: "Ah, there he is!"

His face had changed, expressing fierce hatred. He went and glued himself to one of the windows, watching the road. There was no need for me to draw Rouletabille's attention. He had already left our omelet and had joined the landlord at the window. I went with him.

A man dressed entirely in green velvet, his head covered with a huntsman's cap of the same color, was advancing leisurely, lighting a pipe as he walked. He carried a fowling piece slung at his back. His movements displayed an almost aristocratic ease. He wore eyeglasses and appeared to be about five and forty years of age. His hair as well as his mustache were salt gray. He was remarkably handsome. As he passed near the inn he hesitated, as if asking himself whether or no he should enter it, gave a glance toward us, took a few whiffs at his pipe and then resumed his walk at the same nonchalant pace.

Rouletabille and I looked at our host. His flashing eyes, his clinched hands, his trembling lips, told us of his tumultuous feelings.

"He has done well not to come in here today!" he hissed.

"Who is that man?" asked Rouletabille, returning to his omelette.

"The Green Man," growled the innkeeper. "Don't you know him? Then all the better for you. He is not an acquaintance to make. Well, he is M. Stangeron's forest keeper."

"You don't appear to like him very much?" asked the reporter, pouring his omelet into the frying pan.

"Nobody likes him, monsieur. He's an upstart, who must once have had a fortune of his own, and he forgives nobody because in order to live he has been compelled to become a servant. A keeper is as much a servant

as any other, isn't he? Upon my word, one would say that he is the master of the Glandier and that all the land and woods belong to him. He'll not let a poor creature eat a morsel of bread on the grass—his grass!"

"Does he often come here?"

"Too often. But I've made him understand that his face doesn't please me, and for a month past he hasn't been here. The Donjon inn has never existed for him! He hasn't had time to be too much engaged in paying court to the landlady of the Three Lilies at Saint Michel. A bad fellow. There isn't an honest man who can bear him. Why, the concierges of the chateau would turn their eyes away from a picture of him!"

"The concierges of the chateau are honest people then?"

"Yes, they are, as true as my name's Mathieu, monsieur. I believe them to be honest."

"Yet they've been arrested?"

"What does that prove? But I don't want to mix myself up in other people's affairs."

"And what do you think of the affair?"

"Of the attack on poor Mile. Stangeron? A good girl. Much loved everywhere in the country. That's what I think of it—and many things besides. But that's nobody's business."

"Not even mine?" insisted Rouletabille.

The innkeeper looked at him sideways and said gruffly: "Not even yours."

The omelet ready, we sat down at table and were silently eating when the door was pushed open and an old woman, dressed in rags, leaning on a stick, her head doddering, her white hair hanging loosely over her wrinkled forehead, appeared on the threshold.

"Ah, there you are, Mother Angenoux! It's long since we saw you last," said our host.

"I have been very ill, very nearly dying," said the old woman. "If ever you should have any scraps for the Bete du Bon Dieu!"

And she entered, followed by a cat larger than any I had ever believed could exist. The beast looked at us and gave so hopeless a miau that I shuddered. I had never heard so lugubrious a cry.

As if drawn by the cat's cry a man followed the old woman in. It was the Green Man. He saluted by raising his hand to his cap and seated himself at a table near to ours.

"A glass of cider, Daddy Mathieu," he said.

As the Green Man entered Daddy Mathieu had started violently, but visibly mastering himself he said: "I've not more cider. I served the last bottles to these gentlemen."

"Then give me a glass of white wine," said the Green Man without showing the least surprise.

"I've no more white wine—no more anything," said Daddy Mathieu surlily.

"How is Mme. Mathieu?"

"Quite well, thank you."

So the young woman with the large, tender eyes whom we had just seen was the wife of this repugnant and brutal rustic, whose jealousy seemed to emphasize his physical ugliness.

Stammering the door behind him, the innkeeper left the room. Mother Angenoux was still standing, leaning on her stick, the cat at her feet.

"You've been ill, Mother Angenoux? Is that why we have not seen you for the last week?" asked the Green Man.

"Yes, M. Keeper. I have been able to get up but three times to go to pray to St. Genevieve, our good patroness, and the rest of the time I have been lying on my bed. There was no one to care for me but the Bete du Bon Dieu!"

"Did she not leave you?"

"Neither by day nor by night."

"Are you sure of that?"

"As I am of paradise."

"Then how was it, Mme. Angenoux, that all through the night of the murder nothing but the cry of the Bete du Bon Dieu was heard?"

Mother Angenoux planted herself in front of the forest keeper and struck the floor with her stick.

"I don't know anything about it," she said. "But shall I tell you something? There are no two cats in the world that cry like that. Well, on the night of the murder I also heard the cry of the Bete du Bon Dieu outside, and yet she was on my knees and did not mew once, I swear. I crossed myself when I heard that, as if I had heard the devil."

I looked at the keeper when he put the last question, and I am much mistaken if I did not detect an evil smile on his lips. At that moment the noise of loud quarrelling reached us. We even thought we heard a dull sound of blows, as if some one was being beaten. The Green Man quickly rose and hurried to the door by the side of the fireplace, but it was opened by the landlord, who appeared and said to the keeper:

"Don't alarm yourself, monsieur. It is my wife. She has the toothache." And he laughed. "Here, Mother Angenoux; here are some scraps for your cat."

He held out a packet to the old woman, who took it eagerly and went out of the door, closely followed by her cat.

"Then you won't serve me?" asked the Green Man.

Daddy Mathieu's face was placid and no longer retained its expression of hatred.

"I've nothing for you—nothing for you. Take yourself off."

The Green Man quietly refilled his pipe, lit it, bowed to us and went out. No sooner was he over the threshold than Daddy Mathieu slammed the door after him, and turning toward us, with eyes bloodshot and frothing

at the mouth, he hissed to us, shaking his clinched fist at the door he had just shut on the man he evidently hated:

"I don't know who you are who tell me 'We shall have to eat red meat now,' but if it will interest you to know it—that man is the murderer!"

With which words Daddy Mathieu immediately left us. Rouletabille returned toward the fireplace and said: "Now we'll grill our steak. How do you like the cider? It's a little tart, but I like it."

We saw no more of Daddy Mathieu that day, and absolute silence reigned in the inn when we left it after placing 5 francs on the table in payment for our feast.

Rouletabille at once set off on a three mile walk around Professor Stangeron's estate. He halted for some ten minutes at the corner of a narrow road black with soot near to some charcoal burners' huts in the forest of St. Genevieve, which touches on the road from Epinay to Corbell, to tell me that the murderer had certainly passed that way before entering the grounds and concealing himself in the little clump of trees.

"You don't think, then, that the keeper knows anything of it?" I asked.

"We shall see that later," he replied. "For the present I'm not interested in what the landlord said about the man. The landlord hates him. I didn't take you to breakfast at the Donjon inn for the sake of the Green Man."

Then Rouletabille, with great precaution, guided, followed by me, toward the little building which, standing near the park gate, served for the home of the concierges who had been arrested that morning. With the skill of an acrobat he got into the lodge by an upper window which had been left open and returned ten minutes later. He said only "Ah!" a word which in his mouth signified many things.

We were about to take the road leading to the chateau when a considerable stir at the park gate attracted our attention. A carriage had arrived, and some people had come from the chateau to meet it. Rouletabille pointed out to me a gentleman who descended from it.

"That's the chief of the Paris police," he said. "Now we shall see what Frederic Larsen has up his sleeve and whether he is so much cleverer than anybody else."

The carriage of the chief was followed by three other vehicles containing reporters, who were also desirous of entering the park. But two gendarmes stationed at the gate had evidently received orders to refuse admission to anybody. The chief of police calmed their impatience by undertaking to furnish to the press that evening all the information he could give that would not interfere with the judicial inquiry.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

**Information Concerning Eighth Grade Final Examinations.**

I. Dates:

Three examinations annually. Each county superintendent to select months for his county.

(a) January 21-22, 1909.  
(b) May 13-14, 1909.  
(c) June 10-11, 1909.  
(d) September 2-3, 1909.

2. Program:

(a) Thursdays—Arithmetic, Writing, History, and Civil Government.

(b) Fridays—Grammar, Physiology, Geography, and Spelling.

3. Sources of Questions:

(a) Civil Government—United States Constitution.

(b) Geography—State of Oregon. Study: Redway and Hines. Natural School Geography.

(c) History—List of topics. History Outline in State of Oregon. Study and Current Events.

(d) Language—Buehler's English Grammar, no translations.

(e) Reading—The teacher to send to the County Superintendent the applicant's class record in reading, which shall be used by such superintendent as the applicant's standing on the 31st of August.

(f) Spelling—Elmly prepared from Red's oral lessons, twenty per cent, from material in Language.

Respectfully submitted,  
J. C. CONLEY,  
Supt. of Schools.

The first Elementary examination for the year 1909 will be held January 21-22.

Teachers prepare classes for examination will file report to office the number of applicants at least thirty days before above date.

Respectfully,  
J. C. CONLEY,  
Supt. of Schools.

**Reason Enthroned.**

Because meats are so tasty they are consumed in great excess. This leads to stomach troubles, biliousness and constipation. Revise your diet, let reason and not a pampered appetite control, then take a few doses of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets and you will soon be well again. Try it. For sale at Burnaugh & Mayfield's drug store. Samples free.