Getting Down to Facts.

"In your opinion," asked the member of the investigating committee, "what is the cause of the evident unrest among the Indians?"

Comanche Pete, the noted scout, blew a cloud of smoke into the atmosphere.

Then he took his pipe out of his mouth.

"Fleas," he answered.

The young man who hesitates during leap year is won.

HELPFUL ADVICE

You won't tell your family doctor the whole story about your private illness — you are too modest. You need not be afraid to tell Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., the things you could not explain to the doctor. Your letter will be held in the strictest confidence. From her vast correspondence with sick women during the past thirty years she may have gained the very knowledge that will help your case. Such letters as the following, from grateful women, establish beyond a doubt the power of

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

to conquer all female diseases.

Mrs. Norman R. Barndt, of Allentown, Pa., writes:

"Ever since I was sixteen years of age I had suffered from an organic derangement and female weakness; in consequence I had dreadful headaches and was extremely nervous. My physician said I must go through an operation to get well. A friend told me about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I took it and wrote you for advice, following your directions carefully, and thanks to you I am today a well woman, and I am telling all my friends of my experience."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration.

160 Acre FARMS in Western Canada FREE

What a Settler Can Secure in

WESTERN CANADA

160 Acres Grain Growing Land FREE.
20 to 40 Bushels Wheat to the Acre.
40 to 90 Bushels Oats to the Acre.
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Chances for Profitable Investments.

Some of the choicest grain-producing lands in Saskatchewan and Alberta may now be acquired in these most healthful and prosperous sections under the

Revised Homestead Regulations

by which entry may be made by proxy (on certain conditions), by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Entry fee in each case is $10.00. For pamphlet, "Last Best West," particulars as to routes, rates, best time to go and where to locate, apply to

M. V. McINNES, 6 Avenue Theatre Block, Detroit, Michigan; or C. A. LAURIER, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

PAY WHEN CURED

PILES

POSITIVELY NO MONEY ACCEPTED UNTIL CURED

WRITE us a full description of your case as you understand it AND IF NOT CANCER we will guarantee to cure you or charge nothing. You do not pay one cent until satisfied you are cured and you are to be the sole judge. Write to-day and we will send you a booklet explaining our new treatment and containing testimonials showing what we have done for thousands of people from all parts of the country.

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Before the end of this year this stock will sell freely in the open market for three times and more what it can be bought for now. Send at once for prices and detailed information. Free on request.

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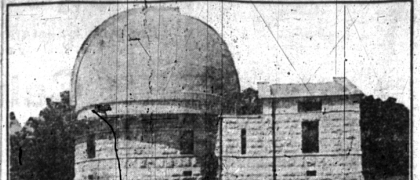

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In this building at Washington, D. C., the officially correct time records are kept. Time signals are sent from here daily to all parts of the country.

BABS' SAREWITCH

By Norman Hopewell

(Copyright.)

"I fink I shall go and back the win her now," observes Lady Babs.

The nine-year-old daughter of the earl of Fulham, preparatory to putting her intention into execution, holds up her riding habit with both hands, so as to exhibit as much as she can of her new top-boots to the crowd in the birdcage.

"You're going to do what?" asks Mrs. Fane, in astonishment; but Babs pretends not to hear.

"I say, young woman," calls her father. "One moment. Where have you been for the last half hour?"

"I've been on the Hidaf wiv Alured and Mrs. Fane. I fink Newmarket's the nicest place I know for a gallop. You ought to have seen my pony! I held Alured from the Ditch right across to the Bushes wivout extendin' him; and Alured's mare is quite moderately good, you know. Seen my boots, admiral?" she asks ingenuously of an elderly man who comes up at the moment.

The admiral fixes his pince-nez on his nose and affects deep interest.

"By Jove, they're splendid!" he declares.

"Ain't they rippin'? I showed them to Kink, and he said they were quite yewy down the road. Isn't anybody goin' to take me into the ring to back Velveteen for the Sarewitch?" she asks.

"But, my dear child," demurs Mrs. Fane. "The ring! You mustn't think of it!"

"Why Velveteen?" asks the earl. "She's at 33 to 1! Hasn't a ghost of a chance. Why not support your dad's horse, Babs?"

They are standing at the door of the loose box where the earl's four-year-old is awaiting the event of the day. Babs gives him a perfunctory glance and shakes her little head sagely.

"Not for anyfing," is her decision. "He can't stay the course, and besides it wasn't at all satisfied why the way he moved at exercise yesterday."

"The deuce you wasn't," says the earl, with a laugh. "You're getting too know too much. Is that your personal opinion, or did you read it in the papers?"

"I never read the papers," affirms Babs. "Kink says they only give winners once a year, and then it's only for a walk-over."

"Who is Kink?" asks Mrs. Fane.

"He's our head gardeners son, but now he's appendixed at Mr. Wilson's, the trainer, and he's a great friend of mine."

"He's mashed on Babs," explains her brother, Alured, with a grin.

"He's a much nicer boy than you are," retorts Babs. "And he rides as well as—as Otto Madden!"

"And he says that Velveteen will win, does he?" puts in the admiral, and Babs nods affirmatively.

"I suppose he hasn't given you his reasons for that astounding prediction?" suggests the earl.

"It's nothing of the kind," objects Babs, without quite knowing what prediction means. "It's a stone-blind cert." She puts no emphasis on the phrase, merely uses it as one might a plain statement of fact.

The admiral is vastly amused, but has a struggle not to show it.

"Oh, don't ask me," murmured the earl in reply to Mrs. Fane's look of questioning astonishment. "I don't know where she picks up her stable talk."

"Well, what else did your—did Mr. Kink say?" inquires the admiral when he has regained control of his features.

"I can't quite 'member his exact words," replies Babs, "but I fink he said the favorite couldn't win in a couple of fortnights if Velveteen—that's Mr. Milton's filly, you know—only stood right sides up."

This she says with a perfectly innocent expression on her cherub-like face, and shows considerable indignation when it is received with an explosion of laughter.

"I'm perfectly serious," she protests. "I know Velveteens form to an ounce. It's a fousand to a fick'n on her."

"Babs!" exclaims Mrs. Fane. "How dreadful!"

"But—Velveteen!" deri des the earl. "She's the rankest outsider of the whole lot!"

"That has nothing to do with it, daddy," argues Babs. "Kink told me to put my shirt on her."

"I don't think he can be a very nice boy to talk to you like that," demurs Mrs. Fane.

"Oh, but I assure you he is," declares Babs, "or they wouldn't have him in the choir of St. Maffews."

"Is that where he gives you tips?" she asks in a shocked voice.

"Sometimes—during the anfem, when my governess is local terror for the organist, and I'm wiv her."

"Local what?" gasps the earl.

"During the anfem I wonders Mrs. Fane." Why during the anfem? I should have thought the offertory—"

"Oh," interrupts her ladyship, "Kink wouldn't dream of talking; but he sings what he wants to tell me while the anfem's goin' on. He does it like this:

Vel—vet—een is hot stuff,
Vel—vet—een is hot stuff,
She—won her tri—al yes—ter—day
And no—fing else is in it straight.
Back oh back her wiv all your spon—
du—lics!
Back her.

The weird words, though chanted in a subdued treble, are strangely reminiscent of last Sunday's service. Mrs. Fane is filled with dismay. She gives an apprehensive glance to right and left. The earl laughs sardonically.

"What rot!" exclaims Alured.

"Well, I'm—blessed!" murmurs the admiral as the saddling bell rings. He reaches down to the little hand. "Come along, Babs. I'll take you into Tattersall's. You've earned it!"

He threads a way through the shouting crowd until he finds the book maker he is in search of.

"Oh, go and git your teeth stopped with your 'af quid!" the latter is advising a troublesome backer; but his manner suddenly changes when he sees the newcomers.

"Lady Barbara Valence desires to do a little business with you, Mr. May," says the admiral.

The bookmaker raises his hat. "At your ladyship's service," he bows.

Babs lifts her little dog skin-gloved hand and exhibits a sovereign. "I want to put this on Velveteen," she informs him.

"Forty to one, to you, my lady," returns the bookmaker.

"Will you give me back the sov. erein?" asks Babs.

"Yes, your ladyship—if Velveteen wins."

"Oh, she will," comments Babs amid amusement from the bystanders. "Ain't you goin' to back her, too, admiral?" she asks.

"Dash my main-deck battery if I don't!" exclaims the admiral suddenly; and Mr. May books four hundred to ten to him.

"Now we'll go and watch Velveteen win," observes Babs placidly.

Ten minutes later she is leaning over the front of the club stand watch

"I Want to Put This on Velveteen."

ing the race through the admiral's glasses. The field are coming out of the dip. Babs follows them steadily. In dull thunder they pass the Bushes, while the ring yell confusedly.

"The favorite wins!"

"That's all gas and gaiters!" observes Babs placidly.

Presently there arises a mighty shout:

"The favorite's beat—beat to blazes!"

A bay—in Mr. Milton's claret and gray—forges past the leader. Babs puts down her glasses.

"Velveteen strolls in," she announces, "a dead snip, wasn't it, admiral?"

"I've a jolly good mind to kiss you!" beams the admiral.

"I've a jolly good mind to let you," smiles Babs.

What It Leads To.

Wife (reading)—A scientist claims that cryptococcusanthogeniacus causes yellow fever.

Husband—Indeed! I always imagined it was something of that kind that caused lockjaw.—Chicago Daily News.

Its Definition.

Pop, what is a biting remark?"

"I suppose it is the kind that you say to a person's teeth."—Baltimore American.

WHERE PRICES RUN HIGH.

Mother's Suggestion Helped George Out of a Predicament.

"The late Henry O. Havemeyer," said a sugar jobber of New Orleans, "possessed in a marked degree the kindly virtue of charity.

"On my last visit to New York—it was some months before the panic,—I spoke harshly of a millionaire who had been accused of double dealing in a banking transaction.

"Said Mr. Havemeyer: 'Let us not condemn this man unheard. Remember that his guilt has not yet been proved, nor has he yet told his own side of the story.'

"Then Mr. Havemeyer laughed and said that in the most untoward conditions accused men were often able to clear themselves. He told of a young girl who a week or so after Christmas complained bitterly to her mother:

"'Mamma, I doubt if I shall be happy with George. I fear he is of a deceptive nature.'

"'Why, darling, what do you mean?' the mother asked.

"'Well, mamma,' said the young girl earnestly, 'you know that collar pin he gave me for Christmas? He swore to me that he paid $25 for it, but today I saw its exact counterpart priced at five dollars at a jeweler's.'

"'Ah, but, my child,' said the mother, 'you must remember how very religious George is.' Undoubtedly he bought the pin at a church fair.'"

Murdered by a Statue.

The death of Kenith, the half-mythical king of Scotland, was one of the most curious and remarkable in history, if it may be called a historical fact. It seems that Kenith had slain Cruthlintus, a son, and Malcolm Duffus, the king and brother of Fennella; she, too, he revenged, caused Wiltus, the most ingenious artist of the time, to fashion a statue filled with automatic springs and levers.

Finished and set up, this brazen image was an admirable work of art. In its right hand Wiltus placed a ewer and in the left an apple of pure gold, finely set with diamonds and other precious stones. To touch this apple was to court death. It was so arranged that any one guilty of such vandalism would be immediately riddled with arrows shot from loopholes in the statue's body.

Kenith was invited to see the wonder, and, kinglike (and just as Fennella hoped) tried to pluck the imitation fruit. He was instantly riddled with poisoned arrows, dying where he fell.

The Stampless Man.

"Did you ever stop to think how helpless a man is without postage stamps?" inquired the man with the armful of packages the other day. "We use stamps lots of times without thinking about it—didn't realize how many things we mail from day to day. Just awhile ago I started to mail a big bundle of Christmas packages, and wanted about 50 cents' worth of stamps. The hotels were all sold out or nearly so. I stopped at three drug stores without finding a single stamp, and then I made for the post office substation down in the arcade. There was a line of people there half a block long. I couldn't wait there and I went on down to the post office. The line there was just as long.

"Well I finally got my stamps but it took me about two hours altogether. I never had any idea a man could waste so much time just over the postage stamp problem in a town this size."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Bungle's Bad Break.

Mr. Bungle always takes a deep and sympathetic interest in the welfare of his fellow man. While out for a stroll one day, he met a friend who seemed in a great hurry.

"Hold on, Jones," said Bungle, grabbing his friend's arm, "why this rush?"

"Bungle," said Jones, removing his hat and wiping his brow, "I'm hotfooting it to a specialist; I believe my brain is affected."

Mr. Bungle, to allay the fears of his friend and show the customary commiseration, said, jovially:

"Pshaw, Jones, you shouldn't worry about such a little thing as that."

"What?"

"I mean you shouldn't let such a little thing as your brain—that is, Mr. Jones, you shouldn't get so excited over nothing—of course—ah, good-day, Mr. Jones!"—The Bohemian.

Not Exorbitant.

The summer resident looked sharply at Mr. Jameson's guileless moon face, and then at the mild and none-too-sprightly horse he was offering for sale.

"Don't you think $150 rather a stiff price to ask for a horse like that?" asked the summer resident. "How old is he?"

"He's only jest thutty," said Mr. Jameson, calmly.

"Thirty years old, and you expect to get $150 for him!"

"I don't know as I expect to get it," said Mr. Jameson, without rancor, "but it seems as if I'd ought to have full as much as that. It don't come to but five dollars a year, and he's cost me a good deal more'n that most years."—Youth's Companion.

Required a Chauffeur.

The applicant for the shoes of the dethroned queen of the kitchen had asked all the usual questions. Finally she inquired:

"Can what make of auttymobile have you?"

"Ours is a Centaur," replied the lady.

"I'm not familiar with that make of masheen," said the applicant; "an' so, of course, I would expect your husband to take me out."

That was the last straw.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Necessities of Modern Methods.

An unofficial estimate places at about 8,000,000 the number of telephones now in use in the world. This aggregate has been reached in a little over 30 years. Modern business would stagger for a season if the "hello" instrument were to drop suddenly from availability. Yet such a disappearance would in visible effect scarcely compare with an unexpected lapse in the electric light invention—a development practically of the last 25 years.

THE TIME TEST.

That Is What Proves True Merit.

Doan's Kidney Pills bring the quickest of relief from backache and kidney troubles. Is that relief lasting? Let Mrs. James M. Long, of 113 Augusta St., Staunton, Va., tell you. On January 21st, 1903, Mrs. Long wrote: "Doan's Kidney Pills have cured me" (of pain in the back, urinary troubles, bearing down sensations, etc.). On June 20th, 1907, four and one-half years later, she said: "I haven't had kidney trouble since. I repeat my testimony."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

STILL HAD USE FOR BOOTS.

Kafir's Newly-Acquired Treasure Put to Queer Use.

An army officer in charge of a native district in South Africa presented to the kafir boy who acted as his particular servant a pair of strong, heavily nailed army boots.

The boy was delighted with the gift, and at once sat down and put the boots on. They were the very first pair he had ever had in his life, and for several days afterward he strutted proudly about the camp with them.

But at the end of the week he appeared as usual with bare feet and the boots tied round his neck.

"Hello!" said his master. "Why don't you wear your boots? Are they to small for you?"

"Oh, no, sah," replied the kafir, "they plenty big. Berry nice boots, sah, but no good for walking or running. Make uni feliah too much slow, sah. Keep boots now for wear in bed."—London Answers.

ANOTHER NARROW-MINDED MAN.

De Quiz—What do you call good winter weather?

Do Whiz—Weather cold enough to make a man's wife think her own fireside a better place than a matinee.

The Simple Life.

Abe, a licht mulatto, called upon a minister for whom he had formerly worked.

"Yo' know, boss, I'se gwine be married nex' week," he admitted haltingly, according to Lippincott's Magazine. "I'se gwine to marry Miss May Felicity Johnson, an' May she say she wants ter be married jus' like white folks." "All right, Abe, I'll marry you if you want," the minister replied. "How much you gwine charge?" "It will cost you $5 to be married like white folks." Abe scratched his head. "Guess we'll hab ter be married like, colored folks, then," he said. "You see, boss, we's goin' to housekeepin', an' I ain't got but $8."

Satan Terrified.

There is as great genius displayed in advertising as in the higher branches of literature. No problem daunts the modern advertising man. In the window of a little bookstore in Eighth avenue, New York, was recently heaped a great pile of Bibles, marked very low—never before were Bibles offered at such a bargain; and above them all, in big letters, was the inscription: "Satan trembles when he sees Bibles sold at low as these."—Woman's Home Companion!

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA a safe and sure remedy for Infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

In Use For Over 30 Years.
The Kind You Have Always Bought.

True life should be a perpetual climbing upward. We should put our faults under our feet, and make them steps on which to lift ourselves daily a little higher.—J. R. Miller.

The very wisest advice: take Garfield Tea whenever a laxative is indicated! Pleasant to the taste, simple, pure, mild, potent and healthgiving. Made of Herbs, not drugs.

Making things appear to prove what we want them to prove; is one way; having them prove what they do prove is another way.

When Your Throat Feels Sore

get a 25c box of Brown's Bronchial Troches. They give immediate relief. Contain nothing injurious.

Different.

The good die young, but this isn't true of jokes.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.

PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

Is it not sheer madness to live poor to die rich?—Juvenal.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

KILL KIDNEY DISEASE
RHEUMATISM
BRIGHT'S DISEASE
DIABETES
BACKACHE

375 "Guarantee"

WOES OF THE QUERY EDITOR.

Little Wonder the Poor Man Is Gray Before His Time.

The "Answers to Correspondents" man, feverishly rumpling the hair that his duties had too soon made gray, tossed a letter on the table.

"An ex-widow of 30," he groaned, "says she loves her second husband better than her first. She wants to know if this is wicked or un-Christian."

He sneered and ripped open another letter. Then he said:

"A Methodist minister has too large a nose. What is he to do? What, indeed?"

He read a third letter.

"Here's a girl," he said, "who wants to know in what winter resort hotel she will meet the largest numbers of eligible bachelors."

"Reggie," he went on, "asks me the best way to avoid the effects of heavy drinking. I'll tell him, I suppose, to avoid heavy drinking.

"Is it possible," Charles inquires, 'to tell when a black man blushes?'

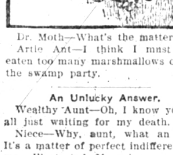
"So the questions go, ten or twelve of them a day. Is it any wonder I am gray before my time?"

Millions in Oats and Barley.

Nothing will pay you better for 1908 than to sow a plenty of high yielding oats and barley with oats at 40c to 50c a bu. (Salzer's new Emperor William Oats averaged 50 bu. per acre more than any other variety in 1907) would pay immense; by while Salzer's Silver King Barley which proved itself the biggest yielder at the Wisconsin Agricultural Station during 1907 if you had planted 50 acres would have given you in 1907 just $3,500.00 on 50 acres. It is an enormous yielder.

Just send this notice AND 10c to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., and we will mail you the only original seed catalog published in America with samples of Emperor William Oats, Silver King Barley, Billion Dollar Grass which produces 12 tons per acre, Spinfoin the dry soil luxuriator, etc., etc., and if you send 14c we add a package of new farm seeds never before seen by you.

IN BUG HOLLOW.



Dr. Moth—What's the matter?

Artie Ant—I think I must have eaten too many marshmallows over at the swamp party.

An Unlucky Answer.

Wealthy Aunt—Oh, I know you are all just waiting for my death.

Niece—Why, aunt, what an idea! It's a matter of perfect indifference to me.—Illustrated Magazine.

A man's ideal woman is one kind of a pipe dream.

ONLY ONE "BROMO QUININE"

That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

As a man dresses so he is esteemed. —Danish.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

The best swimmer is the first to drown himself.—Italian.

Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna

acts gently yet promptly on the bowels, cleanses the system effectually, assists one in overcoming habitual constipation, permanently. To get its beneficial effects buy the genuine.

Manufactured by the
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SOLD BY LEADING DRUGGISTS—50¢ a BOTTLE

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Genuine must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

Brentwood

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DEFIANCE STARCH never sticks to the iron.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 7, 1908.

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WET AND DAMP CAUSE COLD IN THE JOINTS

ST. JACOBS OIL
TAKES OUT THE PAIN AT ONCE, REMOVES THE STIFFNESS, PREVENTS ITS RETURN, TOO. FINE FOR BRUISES, SPRAINS AND SORENESS.
Price 25c and 50c.

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SHOES AT ALL PRICES, FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY.
MEN, BOYS, WOMEN, MISSES AND CHILDREN.
W. L. Douglas makes and sells more $3.50, $4.00 and $5.00 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world. Because they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater value than any other shoes in the world to-day.
W. L. Douglas $4 and $5 Gilt Edge Shoes Cannot Be Equalled At Any Price.
CAUTION. W. L. Douglas name and price is stamped on bottom. Take No Substitute. Sold by the best shoe dealers everywhere. Shoes mailed from factory to any part of the world. Illustrated Catalog free to any address. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

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The greatest irrigated valley in California, offers the man of limited means but limitless ambition a home, a livelihood and a surplus.

Forty acres of this land is ample; twenty will give you a start. Land can be bought for about $60.00 an acre on attractive terms. Water for irrigation is abundant and cheap. You begin marketing some of your crops the first year. Alfalfa, peaches, oranges, grapes, all the big money crops are proven successes.

You can go at small expense this spring.

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I have a profusely illustrated booklet filled with valuable information that I want to send to you—it's free. Won't you supply the name and address?

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