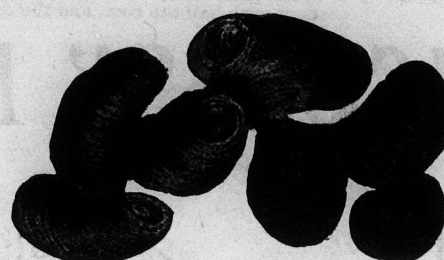


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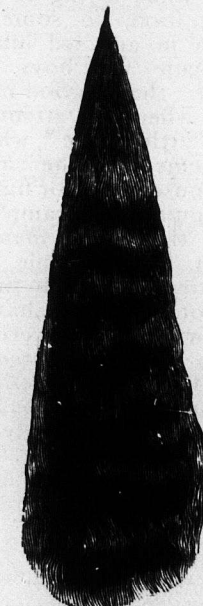
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Coiffure dressed
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2 1/2 in., 1st Quality.
\$10.00.

Such exquisite carving had never before been seen at Hanney's—that was freely admitted by all. Men pitied absent miners all over the State, and wondered why this delightful lingering, long-drawn-out system of slaughter was not more popular than the brief and commonplace method of the revolver. The Webfoot rapturously and softly quoted the good Doctor Watts:

"My willing soul would stay
In such a place as this,
and—"

when suddenly his cup of bliss was dashed to the ground, for Billy, stumbling, fell upon his own knife and received a severe cut in the abdomen.

Wounds of this sort are generally fatal, and the boys had experience enough of such matters to know it. In an instant the men who had been calmly viewing a life-and-death conflict bestirred themselves to help the sufferer. Pentecost passed the bottle of brandy over the counter; half a dozen men ran to the spring for cold water; others hastily tore off coats, and even shirts, with which to soften a bench for the wounded man. No one went for the Doctor, for that worthy had been viewing the fight professionally from the first, and had knelt beside the wounded man at exactly the right moment. After a brief examination he gave his opinion in the following professional style:

"No go, Billy; you're done for."
"Good God!" exclaimed the Judge, who had watched the doctor with breathless interest; "ain't ther' no chance?"

"Nary," replied the Doctor, decidedly.

"I'm a ruined man—I'm a used-up cuss," said the Judge, with a look of bitter anguish. "wish I'd gone under, too."

"Easy, old hoss," suggested one of the boys; "you didn't do him, yer know."

"That's what's the matter!" roared the Judge, savagely; "nobody'll ever know which of us whipped."

And the Judge sorrowfully took down his declining most resolutely to drink.

Many hearts were full of sympathy for the Judge; but the poor fellow on the bench seemed to need most just then. He had asked for some one who could write, and was dictating, in whispers, a letter to some person. Then he drank some brandy, and then some water; then he freely acquitted the judge of ever having fought any way but fairly. But still his mind seemed burdened. Finally, in a very thin, weak voice, he stammered out: "I don't want to make—to make it uncomfortable—for—for any of— you fellers, but—is ther' a—a preacher in the camp?"

The boys looked at each other inquiringly; men from every calling used to go to the mines, and no one would have been surprised if a back-sliding priest, or even bishop, had stepped to the front. But none appeared, and the wounded man, after looking despairingly from one to another, gave a smothered cry.

"Oh, God, he's a miserable wretch got to cut hisself open, and then flicker out, without anybody to say a prayer for him?"

The boys looked sorrowful—if gold dust could have bought prayers, Billy would have had a first-class assortment in an instant.

"There's Deacon Adams over to Pattin's," suggested a bystander; "an' they do say he's a reg'lar riproarer at prayin'! But 'twould take four hours to go and fetch him."

"Too long," said the doctor.

"Down in Mexico, at the cathedral," said another, "they pray for a feller after he's dead when yer pay 'em fur it, an' they say it's jist the thing—sure pop. I'll give yer my word, Billy, and no go back, that I'll see the job done up in style fur yer, ef that's any comfort."

"I want to hear it myself," groaned the sufferer; "I don't feel right; can't nobody pray—nobody in the crowd?"

Again the boys looked inquiringly at each other, but this time it was a little shyly. If he had asked for someone to go out and steal a mule, or kill a bear, or gallop a buck-jumping mustang to 'Frisco, they would have fought for the chance; but praying—

praying was entirely out of their line.

The silence became painful; soon slouched hats were hauled down over moist eyes, and shirt sleeves and bare arms seemed to find something unusual to attend to in the boys' faces. Big Brooks commenced to blubber aloud, and was led out by old Thompson, who wanted a chance to get out of doors so he might break down in private. Finally matters were brought to a crisis by Mose—no one knew his other name. Mose uncovered a sandy head, face and beard, and remarked:

"I don't want to put on airs in this here crowd, but ef nobody else ken say a word to the Lord about Billy Bent, I'm a-goin' to do it myself. It's a bizness I've never bin in, but ther's nothing like tryin'. This meetin' 'll cum to order to wunst."

"Hats off in church, gentlemen!" commanded Pentecost.

Off came every hat, and some of the boys knelt down, as Mose knelt beside the bench and said:

"Oh, Lord, here's Billy Bent needs 'tendin' to! He's panned out his last dust, an' he seems to have a purty clear idee that this is his last chance. He wants you to give him a lift, Lord, an' it's the opinion of this house that he needs it. 'Taint none of our bizness what he's done, and ef it wuz, you'd know more about it than we cud tell yer; but it's mighty sartin that a cuss that's been in the diggins fur years needs a sight of mendin' up before he kicks the bucket."

"That's so," responded two or three emphatically.

"Billy's down, Lord, an' no decent man b'lieves that the Lord 'ud hit a man when he's down, so there's one or two things got to be done—either he's got to be let alone, or he's got to be helped. Lettin' him alone won't do him or anybody else enny good, so helpin's the holt, an' as enny one of us tough fellers would help ef we knew how to, it's only fair to suppose that the Lord 'll do it amighty sight quicker. Now, what Billy needs is to see the thing in that light, and you can make him do it a good deal better than we ken. It's mighty little fur the Lord to do, but it's meat an' drink an'

clothes to Billy just now. When we wuz boys, sum uv us read some promises ef you'r'n in the book that was writ agood spell ago by chaps in the Old Country, an' though Sunday-school teachers and preachers mixed the matter up in our minds, an' got us all tangle-footed, we know they're dar, an' you'll know what we mean. Now, Lord, Billy's jest the boy—he's a hard case, so you can't find no better stuff to work on—he's in a bad fix, that we can't do nuthin' fur, so it's jest yer chance. He ain't exactly the chap to make an A Number One Angel of, but he ain't the man to forget a friend, so he'll be a handy feller to hev aroun'."

"Feel any better, Billy?" said Mose, stopping the prayer for a moment.

"A little," said Billy feebly; "but you want to tell the whole yarn. I'm sorry for all the wrong I've dont."

"He's sorry for all his devilry, Lord—"

"An' I ain't got nothin' agin the Judge," continued the sufferer.

"An' he don't bear no malice agin the Judge, which he should'n't, seein' he generally gin as good as he took. An' the long an' short of it, Lord, is jest this—he's dyin', an' he wants a chance to die with his mind easy, an' nobody else can make it so, so we leave the whole job in your hands, only puttin' in, fur Billy's comfort, that we recollect hearing how yer fergiv' a dyin' thief, an' that it ain't likely yer a-goin' to be harder on a chap that's alwas paid fur what he got. That's the whole story. Amen."

Billy's hand, rapidly growing cold, reached for that of Mose, and he said, with considerable effort:

"Mose, yer came in ez handy as a nugget in a gone up claim. God bless yer, Mose. I feel better inside. Ef I get through the clouds, an' hev a livin' chance to say a word to them as is the chiefs dar, that word'll be for you, Mose. God bless yer, Mose, an' ef my blessin's no account, it can't cuss yer, ennyhow. This claim's washed out, fellers, an' here goes the last shovelful, to see ef there's enny gold in it er not."

And Billy departed this life, and the boys drank to the repose of his soul.

A new anthem were written by music by G. He ing sold and circ It was written of The Colonial letter to this r Todd, the writer forms us that his cepted by His M The King, the I each of the Colo following are the

God bless our O'er it Thy m Protecting p May every col And each depo Be true to all, Their shield

Where norther On glacier, ben In arctic zon Where the fier Where fall ton O'er range, an Reign;—Thee

God bless our May she for e Home of the Head of all n First in each Averter still o Make her to

Bless Thou ou May his reign Honor and p And though th Let every bra Staunch to its And strong i

I mention these hardly possible letter without d novelty is the ne the Japanese sle sleeves are very moderate. Japan material is not o fortable but reall is a rage for J now, mainly I t accord so well v facts. All the coats show Japa is not such an as this type of sl A few of the s silk waists show sleeve. If you-f ting the correct local storekeeper off any one of the gowns he is sure have not yet seen Butterick pattern it will be by the

that has jumpe or for outing t all the virtues sunbonnet witho hot. It is marv a pretty girl, par roguish eyes to its brim. I hav get a pattern of it would be diffi one. It is held elastic run in a crown. It fits o hair and brings head.

If I were hanged I know whose I still; If I were drowned I know whose te to me; If I were damne I know whose pr whole; Mother o' min