MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

BAD STOMACH.

Many in St. George are Being Thorougly Purified by Mi-o-na the Guarantee Cure for Indigestion.

People of St. George who suffre from dyspepsia and other stomach troubles are getting tired of taking preparations containing pepsin, because pepsin simply digests the food artificially. Pepsin relieves it never cures.

And remember pepsin only digests animal food; it has no effect on starchy food, such as potatoes, rice, bread, etc.

Mi-o-na cleanses and purifies the stomach and bowels, and tones up and puts energy into the stomach walls, so that they properly mix the food with the natural digestive juices of the stomach.

Mi-o-na tablets quickly arouse the stomach from inaction, and in a few days it is able to do its work easily and without exertion. There will be no more sour stomach, fermentation of food, dizziness, sick headache, belching of gas, or foul breath

Mi-o-na only costs 50 cents a large box, and is guaranteed by J. Sutton Clark to cure dyspepsia, sea or car sickness vomiting of pregnancy, and stomach sickness resulting from over-indulgence of the night before or money back.

HYOMEI
(PRONOUNCED HIGH-O-ME)
CURES CATARRH, ASTHMA, Bronchitis, Croup, Coughs and Colds, or money back. Sold and guaranteed by

The "Scrub" Unprofitable

The array of breeding animals to be seen at the annual fairs held throughout the country each year serves to throw up in a very bad light the ever present "scrub." How any farmer who visits a fall fair, large or small, can be content to go back to the use of the "scrub" breeding animal is a mystery. Good animals there are in plenty, especially on the male side, in this country, and there is no excuse whatever for using the "scrub" bull or "scrub" stallion. Still many farmers cling to the "scrub" with a tenacity which, if applied to the breeding of high class stock only, would soon make them famous in the breeding world. There may have been a time, but it is long since, when breeding stock was not as plentiful or of as good quality as it is today, when the farmer was compelled to use the "scrub" or go without increasing his herds and his flocks. But that day has gone forever.

The man who pins his faith to the "scrub" in these days of improvement in live stock breeding is totally blind to his own interests, and to those of his family who may follow in his footsteps. The "scrub" animal whether it be a horse, a cow, a sheep or a pig never did make any money for its owner. It may have supplied a need when there was nothing better, but conditions have changed. It is the high quality animal the people are after today; and what the people want there is the most money in, which is as true of the products of the farm as of the products of the factory.—Tor. Globe.

The Wife Came Back.

A Frenchman, whose wife deserted him, amused his neighbors by telling how he got her back without trouble.

"Did I run after her and beg her to come back?" he dramatically asked. "No, I did not run after her. I zhust publish in ze papaire zat I have drawn fifty tousand francs in ze lottery, and she vas back much quicker zan in no time."—Tit-Bits.

Among the Incurables.

Daisy—What do you think? Clarice went and sang at an entertainment in a private insane asylum.

Edie—Did she say whether they showed their insanity much?

"Oh, yes; they encored her three times."—Tit-Bits.

From Page 4

"The diggings," replied Stark addressed the stranger

"Mining now?"

"No; same old thing, but staking a few men, as many them stays here. I may go in Dawson if the camp is they say it is."

"This here's a good place" Stark laughed noiseless out mirth "Fine! Ther hundred people living her

"Never mind; you take i said the miner positively now on the quiet There doing." His one sharp the lieutenant close by friend aside and began

earnestly and with such evident effect as to alter Stark's plans on the moment, for when Rumion entered the store shortly Stark spoke to him quickly, following which they both hurried back to the steamer and saw to the unloading of much additional freight and baggage. From the volume and variety of this merchandise it was evident that Mr. Stark would in nowise be a burden to the community.

Burrell was not sufficiently versed in the ways of mining camps to know exactly what this abrupt change of policy meant, but that there was something in the air he knew from the mysterious manner of "No Creek" Lee and from the suppressed excitement of Doret and the trader. His curiosity got the better of him finally, and he fell into talk with Lee, inquiring about the stranger by way of an opening

"That's Ben Stark I knew him back in the Cassiar country," said Lee

"Is he a mining man?"

"Well, summat He's made and lost a bank roll that a greyhound couldn't cop over in the minin' business, but it ain't his reglar graft He run one of the biggest places in the northwest for years."

"Saloon, eh?"

"Saloon and variety house—seven bartenders, that's all He's the feller that killed the gold commissioner Of course that put him on the hike again."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, he had a record as long as a sick man's drug bill before he went into that country, and when he put the commissioner away them Canadian officials went after him like they was killin' snakes, and it cost him all he had made to get clear If it had happened across the line the coroner's jury would have freed him, 'cause the commissioner was drunk and started the row But it happened right in Stark's saloon, and you know Canucks is stronger than vitriol for law and order. Not bein' his first offense, it went hard with him."

"He looks like a killer," said Burrell

"Yes, but he ain't the common kind He always lets the other man begin, and therefore he ain't ever done time."

"Come, now," argued the lieutenant, "if it were the other man who invariably shot first, Stark would have been killed long ago."

"I don't care what would have happened, it ain't happened, and he's got notches on his gun till it looks like a cub bear had chawed it. If you was a western man you'd know what they say about him. 'The bullet ain't been run to kill him.' That's the sayin'. You needn't grin. There's many a better man than you believes it."

"Who is it that the bullet hasn't been run to kill?" said the trader's deep voice behind them. He had finished with his duties and now sauntered forward.

"Ben Stark," said Lee, turning. "You know him, John?"

"No; I never saw him, but I know who he is; used to hear of him in the Coeur d'Alenes."

"That's him I was talking to," said the miner "He's an old friend of mine, and he's going to locate here."

Burrell thought he saw Lee wink at the trader, but he was not sure, for at that moment the man of whom they were speaking re-entered. Lee introduced him, and the three men shook hands. While the soldier fell into easy conversation with the newcomer, Gale gazed at him narrowly, studying him as he studied all men who came as strangers. As he was doing so Alluna entered, followed by Johnny and Molly. She had come for sugar and asked for it in her native tongue. Upon her exit Stark broke off talking to the lieutenant and turned to the trader.

"Your squaw, Mr. Gale?"

The old man nodded.

"Pah-Ute, eh?"

"Yes Why, do you savvy the talk?"

"Some. I lived in California once."

"Where?" The question came like a shot.

"Oh, here and there! I followed the mother lode for a spell."

"I don't recall the name," said the trader after a bit.

"Possibly. Where were you located?"

"I never lit on any one place long enough to call it home."

It seemed to Burrell that both men were sparring cautiously in an indirect, impersonal manner.

"Those your kids, too, eh?" Stark continued.

"Yes, and I got another one besides—older, a girl."

"She's a 'pip,' too," said "No Creek" Lee fervently. "She's plumb beautiful."

"All of them half breeds?" questioned Stark.

"Sure." The trader's answer was short, and when the other showed no intention of pressing the subject further he sauntered away, but no sooner was he out of hearing than Stark said; "Humph! They're all alike."

"Who?"

"Squaw men."

"This one ain't," Lee dec[illegible] "He's different A[illegible] he lieute[illegible]

"He cert[illegible] ell. This was th[illegible] had heard of No [illegible] h [illegible] s [illegible] f- [illegible]

came close [illegible] to him. "Can he be the one?"

"I don't [illegible] Stark is not the name, bu[illegible] have changed it. He had re[illegible] ough."

"Who is [illegible] Stark?"

"I don't [illegible] that either. I used to hear of h[illegible] en I was in British Columbia."

"But surely [illegible] must know if he is the same. She must have told you how he looked [illegible] thers must have told you"

Gale sh[illegible] head. "Very little. I could not [illegible] and others knew him so well [illegible] ever doubted that I had seen him but this much I do know, he was d[illegible]k"—

"This man is dark."

—"and his spirit was like that of a mad horse"

"This man's temper is black."

—"and his eyes were cruel."

"This man has evil eyes."

"He lacked five years of my age," said the trader

"This man is forty years old. It must be he," said the squaw.

Even Necia would have marveled had she heard this revelation of her

"The most wonderful thing has happened," she began.

father's age, for his hair and brows were grizzled, and his face had the look of a man of sixty, while only those who knew him well, like Doret, were aware of his great strength and the endurance that belied his appearance.

"We will send Necia down to the mission tonight and let Father Barnum keep her there till this man goes," said the squaw after some deliberation.

"No; she must stay here," Gale replied, with decision. "The man has come here to live, so it won't do any good to send her away, and, after all, what is to be will be. But she must never be seen in that dance girl's dress again, at least not till I learn more about this Stark. It makes no difference whether this one is the man or not. He will come, and I shall know him. For a year I have felt that the time was growing short, and now I know it."

"No, no!" Alluna cried. "We have no strangers here. No white men except the soldiers and this one have come in a year. This is but a little trading post."

"It was yesterday, but it isn't today. Lee has made a strike, like the one George Carmack made on the Klondike. He came to tell me and

(Continued Next Week.)

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Notice

The undermentioned ratepayer of School District No. 14, Parish of St. George, County of Charlotte is hereby notified to pay the amounts set opposite his name to the undersigned Secretary of School Trustees within thirty days from the date hereof together with the cost of this notice, otherwise the property will be sold.

Geo. Lasley, Sr.

School year ending June 30,					1908---$2.82
"	"	"	"	"	1909---5.17
"	"	"	"	"	1910---3.36
"	"	"	"	"	1911---3.51

Total---$14.86

Dated at Back Bay, N. B.
This 12th day of December, 1910.
A. S. KINNEY,
Secty. of Trustees.

WANTED

A Second Class Female Teacher for School District No. 16, L'Etang, Char. Co., N. B.

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Synopsis of Canadian North-West Land Regulations.

Any person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties—Six months residence and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section along side his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—must reside upon the homestead or pre emption six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may enter for a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres, erect a house worth $300.00.

W. W. CORY.
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

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