

Chief Crawford
Advised Hyomei for Catarrh

J. Wilfred Brown of Water St., Campbellton, N. B., says: "Hyomei cured me of a severe case of catarrh and asthma after four years of suffering. I was contantly hawking and spitting and the catarrhal droppings that came from the head into my throat affected my stomach and I could not enjoy my meals. Chief Crawford having the same trouble advised me to try Hyomei. I did so and soon I was without a sign of the health racking disease that had troubled me for so long. I now recommend Hyomei to all catarrh sufferers."

Hyomei (pronounced High-o-me) is guaranteed to cure asthma, bronchitis, croup, coughs and colds. A complete outfit consists of a hard rubber inhaler, a bottle of Hyomei and a unique dropper for filling the inhaler. Your druggists will supply you the outfit for \$1.00 (extra bottles 50c), or postpaid from The R. T. Booth Co., Ltd., Fort Erie, Ont. Money back if it fails. Sold and guaranteed by E. W. Mair.

DOWVILLE

(Too late for last week.)

Although there is good sleighing, autos are seen on the roads quite frequently.

The school has closed and the teacher Miss Agnes Miller, has left to spend the Christmas holidays with her parents at Grand View.

Mrs. Percy M. Shaw, of Temple, is visiting relatives in this place.

The lumbermen have already commenced cutting sleepers for the St. John Valley Railway.

M. R. Hatfield was in Woodstock on a business trip 22nd. inst.

We had a very heavy rainstorm 23rd. inst.

J. R. Patterson, of Grand View, purchased a number of cattle in this place 22nd. inst.

Are You Bilious?
Mi-o-na Will Cure You

Black specks floating before your eyes—dizziness and sick spells, prove that your liver is out of order, your digestion bad and your internal machinery generally out of order. To remedy this state of affairs you must go to the seat of the evil and tone up the stomach.

MI-O-NA Tablets are a perfect stomach tonic and will relieve indigestion in 24 hours. They do more than this for they also cure biliousness, vomiting of pregnancy, sea or car sickness and stomach disorders caused by excessive indulgence.

MI-O-NA cures by strengthening and invigorating the stomach. It is guaranteed by druggist E. W. Mair who will refund your money if it fails. A large box costs you 50c, from your druggist or postpaid from The R. T. Booth Co., Limited, Fort Erie, Ont.

THE MOSLEM AT HOME

Old Before the Christian Dawn,
Tripoli Has Seen Many Changes,
But Always the Arab Remained.

Grown old before Christianity began, Tripoli has seen Norman, Spaniard, and Maltese Knight come and go again, leaving always the Arab and the Berber still in possession. Is the old granary of Carthage to become at this late date the granary of the old rival Rome? Who knows? For though the Turk may go, there still remain the Arab and the Berber, a factor not to be despised.

Viewed from the anchorage in the bay, a full half-mile from the shore, Tripoli is a delight to the eye. The white walls of the houses, the slender minarets of the mosques, the whole town in a setting of palm trees and green olives, in the foreground the deep-blue water of the bay, and a dazzling sunbath all, the picture is not easily forgotten.

Although closer acquaintance with Tripoli tones down very considerably the picture as seen from the sea and introduces one to an assortment of smells that can be neither localised nor diagnosed, yet withal it is wonderfully attractive. There the Moslem is at home—the Moslem as devoted to his religion as he was in the days of the Crusaders. No Christian dog may enter his Mosque, nor "Saint's" tomb, nor stand in a sacred cemetery beside the graves of "The Faithful." Because it is a principal portal of the Sahara and the centre of a once very rich caravan trade, one finds converging here an unparalleled mixture of nationalities. Tall, broad-shouldered, finely-featured Arabs, Berbers, deerskin Bedouins, Moors, Turks, full-blooded negroes whose fathers died here in slavery, all pass and regress in the narrow streets. The Jew, too, settled here since the days of Carthage, has his ghetto at the western side of the town; an intricate maze of narrow, unpaved, dirty, evil-smelling streets, unlovely by day and unlighted by night.

ANGEL OR CATAMOUNT

By Kit Brum

Many years ago, relates a woman writer, a lonely man dwelt in a cave up in the hills where rise the waters of the Iwaga. None know whence he came, nor who he was, except that he called himself Randolph Jackson, and that he had made himself a habitation in the cave.

Beyond the lodge the hill arose, its crest looking towards the north-west where Greylock loomed and opposite towards the south-eastern hills, below the valley lay the guarding hill precipitate in its descent. At the bottom the river murmured over its pebbled bed and between the forest-clad hills. For the stately pines the rugged oaks and spruce and the graceful birches were crowded close on either side, and far upward, till they reached the fertile fields that the first settlers had cleared.

From the front of the cave, Randolph could look far across the valley, and could see no human habitation or human being; only now and then he might watch an eagle soaring across, or see a fox skulk away in the shadow, or hear the soft flap of the wings of an owl, when the great darkness had come down.

Randolph worked for the farmers down beyond the valley and took for his pay mostly provisions, for money was scarce then in all this region, and trade was made by bartering. So from one he took the cloth, spun and woven there, that another farmer's wife made his garments from. Another gave him meal, another potatoes. From a fifth he secured the maple sugar that was his only luxury and from a sixth the pork that served as meat, or now and then a pat of butter. And then, too, he could use his musket, and sometimes also furnished himself a meal from the tender flesh of a rabbit, coon or quail; he would stride down the valley and from a brook on the other side of the river draw out an unsuspecting, unsophisticated trout. So Randolph lived.

One winter morning Randolph arose long before light, for he had work with a farmer down the valley whose hours were early, and he must be there to help before the tardy winter sun arose above the eastern hills. The winter had been hard, a thick coat of snow lay upon the ground. A day or two before more had come, and then had turned to rain, and then the rain had frozen into sleet, and formed a crust, hard enough to bear up the fox taken away from home, unawares and unfortunate, but not hard enough to bar the weight of the lone cave-liver.

When the long day's work was done, and the weary oxen in their stalls, and the dog snoring in the chimney corner and dreaming of the fox he had seen that day, Randolph started to his sheltering cave, across his shoulder a bag of potatoes, a side of salt pork, and a loaf of corn bread, given him by kindly Mistress Leonard. But it was darker than ever then. The dim ghosts of farm buildings, or towering trees were only a visible inky darkness, the fog was so thick and close. And Randolph had no lantern, and perforce must find his way, alone and unlighted, up the slope of the valley to the ledge that made his roof tree. And he was tired, and painfully groped his way along the beaten road that was his path for a part of the distance.

Then he left it to try and find his path through the forest trees, his path alone, for none other lived in that valley, and none other ever passed that way.

Did he find it? He could not tell, but groped darkly and alone through the misty trees. Soon he could not tell where he was. He could not tell how far up the hillside he had come, nor where the edge began its sinuous length. And he paused alarmed at last.

And then, far off in the distance, there came a noise, indistinguishable at first from the breath and whisper of the fir tree, then more plain and plainer yet until it seemed to Randolph that it was a voice crying, "This-a-way! This-a-way! Heere-eere! This-a-way!"

"Hey!" said the wanderer, and paused perplexed. "This-a-way!" cried the voice. "What was that?" he ejaculated. "Heere-eere!" pealed the voice far away in the darkness behind the spruces. "Heere-eere!" it pealed again and again. Randolph wiped the sweat from his brow, replaced his old fur cap, and went on again, slowly and painfully up the snow clad hill. Again it seemed to him that his path was not here, and again he paused, and then, "That-a-way!" cried the voice, "This-a-way! Here, heere-eere."

And the clump of dark spruce trees close at hand seemed strange to him, and lacked their familiar outlines. When he stumbled over a log that he had no recollection of, and paused again, the ghostly voice would be heard again in the forest. "This-a-way! This-a-way! This-a-way!" And so he climbed the mountain, pausing ever and anon for the sound of the welcome voice far away calling plaintively, "This-a-way," or near at hand, echoing with a soughing cadence, across the valley, "This-a-way!"

Until at last, while supposing himself to be a long way from home, he suddenly saw before him the glimmer of a fire; the few embers left burning from his fire of the morning, and he stumbled across the rocks, of his threshold with a sigh of relief, and threw himself down upon his couch of fir branches, tired and content.

And always, when he told the story of his long wandering up the hillside in the dark night, and mimicked the sound that had come to him, and led him upward in safety, he said that he

never knew if it was an angel calling him or a catamount.

Elastic for the Hair.

Some girls have invented quite a clever scheme this Summer to keep their locks in place in or out of the house by using the tiniest kind of hat elastic around the brow. It makes a tiny ridge, barely visible, where it tightens the hair, but the locks can easily be pulled up above it with a hair pin.

WHAT "AI AT LLOYDS" MEANS

A Well Known Phrase to Most People, but Few are Familiar with its Real Significance.

In the first place, it may be as well to explain that Lloyd's it not an insurance company. It is simply a combination of individual members, each member transacting his own business, but being bound by the common rules. In other words, Lloyd's does not insure as a body, all business being transacted by individual members. These members divide the risk, each member taking a small proportion only.

Thus, in the case of a policy for \$5000 it is quite probable that the risk would be split up between ten members. Each of these members would sign the policy, stating the amount of risk undertaken. As the signatures are written on the policy one under the other, the meaning of the term "underwriter" becomes apparent.

In the case of a large policy, there may be columns of names, and so it would happen that should a vessel be wrecked no individual person would be responsible for the whole loss, in the case of disaster no member would have to pay more than the amount underwritten by him. It frequently happens that the fractional risk taken by an underwriter may be underwritten again by other people, who will thus share his loss, if such occurs.

Lloyd's was started about the year 1688 by Edward Lloyd, the first of the Lloyds, who kept a coffee shop in Tower Street, and who at the same time provided such facilities for marine insurance that his name has always remained as the title of the association of underwriters who transact business under its auspices. Lloyd's grew and prospered. So much so that the members made fortunes. The years 1811 and 1871 were red letter years in the history of the association, the former witnessing the organization of the company on the lines on which it is still conducted, and the latter the Act of Incorporation.

In every port and upon every coast Lloyd's are represented, and at the present moment there are no less than 2000 agents stationed all over the globe. The movements of every ship from point to point are known to these men, and, as they are in constant communication with headquarters in London, the latter are in a position to answer all inquiries relative to vessels in which Lloyd's are interested.

Marine insurance and marine information are the specialties of Lloyd's, but every kind of risk is undertaken. The underwriters will insure any person against practically any imaginable contingency.

Always Her "At Home" Day

Carpenter-mason birds would probably own the hornbills as the head of their profession. A pair of these birds make their nest in the trunk of a tree, and the female, when about to lay her eggs, enters the hole and does not come away until the eggs are hatched. There is no way out, for her lord calmly fastens her in by plastering up the hole through which she has entered, leaving only a narrow slit through which she can thrust out her beak to be fed by him. The male has a hard time in feeding her and the whole family which is presently hatched. Still, his family costs him less than does that of the elder-duck, which plucks the down from its snowy breast to line her nest.

Birds build pretty well everywhere, with all manner of material. The king-fisher is content to have evil-smelling fish-bones in the hollow tree-trunk in which it lays its eggs; the hoopoe, similarly housed, has a nest which smells vilely, apparently as a means of protection. A bare ledge of rock for a sea-bird, a hole in the sand for the ostrich, a mound of decaying vegetation acting as a natural incubator for the eggs of the brush-turkey; nests of leaves, nests of spiders' webs, nests of dainty lichens; nests shaped like cups, like bottles, like hammocks, like sugar-loaves; nests made from a sort of glue from the bird's mouths—there is no end to the variety of nest-making, from the simplest to the most complex.

Opening Up the West Lands

One of the most remarkable features of the railroading in Western Canada this year has been the unflagging energy of the Canadian Pacific Railway officials in pushing forward its branch lines to completion. Despite the fact that the company has had to pay big prices for construction gauges, owing to the scarcity of labor, hundreds of miles of new road have been built, and good services inaugurated, greatly to the convenience of incoming settlers.

What is probably the longest of these new branch lines was opened for traffic early in November—the Regina-Colonsay branch. There were really two branches open, as at Valeport Junction, 24 miles from Regina, a sub-line leaves the big branch and

runs to Bulyes. From Regina to Colonsay it is 133 miles, while from Valeport to Bulyes it is 19 miles.

Never Too Late

Character may be improved, and it should be guarded and kept bright. Reformation is praiseworthy, and it is never too late for people to reform, and change and mend their ways. Reformation proceeds from within, and is independent of external circumstances. It may be produced by some good thought which enters and fixes on the mind, or it may come from the light produced from the flame developed by a spark of goodness which entered the heart, and radiates, and transforms darkness into light over the whole character. There have been many instances of people that have not seen, or corrected, the errors of their ways until they reached middle age, and they then turned over a new leaf, and became good and useful members of the community.

RIOTING IN MEXICO.

Striking Mill Hands Clashed With Rurales.

TORREON, Mex.—Rioting at Gomez Palacio, six kilometres north of here, was reported. Striking mill hands are said to have clashed with rurales in the streets. No casualties have been reported. Fifty cavalrymen and forty rurales were sent from here to assist in restoring order.

Strike conditions in this city appeared to have improved. Many of the employers have agreed to the eight-hour day, but the strikers refuse to return to work until all have adopted it.

The city water supply is threatened through idleness of the electric power plant which operates the pumps, but it is possible that it will resume operations under military protection.

"Were you introduced to the count last night, Marie?"

"Yes; we talked together for an hour."

"What did you talk about?"

"I haven't the remotest idea. We spoke in French."

COLDS
Quickly Cured

Everybody has a cold. Some resort to tablets and powders that contain dangerous drugs, and death from heart-depressing remedies is not infrequent.

It's poor policy to neglect a cold—especially when it can be cured so quickly without medicine.

You can send the soothing vapor of the pine woods, the richest balsams and healing essences, right to the cause of your cold by inhaling Catarrhozone.

Little drops of wonderful curative power are distributed through the whole breathing apparatus in two seconds.

Like a miracle, that's how Catarrhozone works in bronchitis, catarrh, colds, and irritable throat. You simply breathe its oily, fragrant vapor and every trace of congestion and disease flees as before fire.

Catarrhozone Cures

Don't experiment longer—Catarrhozone means sure cure. Two months' treatment, guaranteed, price \$1.00; smaller size, 50c, at all dealers, or the Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Ont. 17

The Humorous Elephant

The elephant is a humorist. The discovery has been made in a San Francisco paper, which tells the story of a keeper who was given thirteen oranges for his four elephants. Thrice the showman went down the line, and then he had one orange left. Every elephant fixed a greedy gaze upon that orange. It might have caused trouble to give it to any one of them. After a moment's reflection the showman decided that there was but one course to pursue. Accordingly he held up the orange so that all the elephants might clearly see it, then calmly peeled and ate it himself. He asserts that the elephants nudged each other, and shook their ponderous sides, and otherwise gave evidence of their appreciation of the humour of the situation.

GETS 'EM EVERY TIME



The First.

Seedy Visitor—"Do you have many ricks about here, boatman?" Boatman—"Not very many, sir, you're the first I've seen this season."

Definition of An Irish Island.

A school teacher asked an Irish boy to describe an island. "Sure, ma'am, a'ud Pat, 'tis a place ye can't lave ridout a boat."

A Little Different.

He—Dearie, can't we two be happy in the salary I earn? She—No, Willie, oh what we spend.

Druggist (to his stout wife)—Don't come in just this minute. I am about to sell six bottles of my fat-reducing mixture.

Boss—There's \$10 gone from my cash drawer, Johnny; you and I were the only people who had the keys to that drawer.

Office Boy—Well, s'pose we each pay \$5 and say no more about it?

Bride (putting on traveling dress): "Did I look nervous during the ceremony, Kate?"

Kate (bride's eldest sister): "A little at first, but not after Alfred had said 'Yes.'"