

The Time Hyomei Takes to Relieve a Cold or Croup

At the first sign of a cold breathe Hyomei (pronounced High-o-mie). It will relieve the most stubborn cold in the head in five minutes.

Hyomei's way is nature's way. It is a well known fact that we breathe disease germs and can only overtake them by breathing the healing essence provided by nature. The medicated air of Hyomei immediately comes into contact with the disease germs. These they quickly overcome and destroy. The work of healing is then commenced.

The Hyomei outfit consists of a hard rubber pocket inhaler and a bottle of Hyomei. This costs \$1.00. (Extra bottle 50c.) All drug stores or postpaid from The R. T. Booth Co. Ltd., Fort Erie, Ont.

Hyomei is guaranteed to cure catarrh, asthma, bronchitis, coughs, colds and croup. Money back if it fails. Sold and guaranteed by E. W. Mair.

to be a little boy, she entered into everything he did, and talked to him a great deal, so he became very 'old-fashioned,' as in the quaint way of saying he was old for his years.

'Why haven't I a father?' he asked at the age of six and a half.

'Your father went to Heaven when you were a baby,' replied Betsy.

'Was he any relation to you?' then required the boy.

'No, he was related to the lady who left you with me. Aren't you happy?' the adopted mother could not restrain herself from asking passionately.

'Yes, very!' he answered, and felling that that there was need for comfort. 'We don't need a father, we're getting along all right. Aren't you happy?'

Betsy knew her only happiness was his happiness, but she longed to know if he felt anything lacking in the love she gave him.

'Could you love her as much as you do me?' she asked one day. He looked at her surprised.

'The other lady? No,' he said simply. 'You are my mother; but I'm sorry for her, 'cause you said she had a hard time. How much am I her little boy?'

Betsy told him God had given him first to the women, but she had no home, and was not able to take care of him, so He thought best for Betsy, with her home in the country, to bring him up, and when he was a man he could go where he pleased.

'Why, I couldn't leave you, mother, he said, and her loving heart almost burst with joy.

'I want to work for you,' he said, when he was fifteen. 'I see how you have worked for me.'

Betsy, however, wanted to give him more schooling, but he stoutly objected. He had gone through the village school, and had had two years at High School in a near by town. So his wishes were gratified, and he went to work on a farm.

'He's paid me back right along,' she reasoned with herself. 'I've had fifteen years of seeing life through young eyes, and I thank God for it! If she was to come for him to-morrow, I couldn't say but what everything was fair, and no regrets.'

Steve worked two years on the farm when he was seventeen the aged owner turned all the responsibility over to him; he was to share profits equally, and it was rumored that he would be the old man's heir. At any rate, his future was assured.

Betsy was musing on these things one Saturday afternoon, waiting for Steve.

A knock at the front door, and Betsy hastened out, her face beaming welcome for her belated boy.

'Oh!' she gasped, at sight of a weary, jaded figure standing on the porch.

Continued on Page 3

Hair Goods

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THE LITTLE MOTHER.

(By Harriett Gordon, in 'The Christian Globe'.)

Miss Betsy Dodd sat in the garden waiting for six o'clock, when she would put her lonely little supper on the table, and eat it by her lonely little self.

As she arose to go in she saw a woman approaching. There was an unfamiliar look about her, and it could hardly be expected that Betsy would resist waiting to find out if she was a stranger. The woman stopped, gave a questioning look, then advanced slowly up the path and said: 'Good evening!'

'Good evening ma'ma,' returned Betsy, looking down upon a weary dejected figure, 'are you a lady traveller?'

'Yes,' answered the woman, poking a lock of pale blonde hair behind her ears to keep it out of her eyes, 'no--yes--Oh, may I sit on the step?'

'Come right in,' cried Betsy, 'I ought to a-seen how tired you are.'

The woman dumbly followed her in the house and sank into a rocking chair, with a tired sigh of 'I'm so thankful to you!'

Betsy saw her faded blue eyes filling with tears, and with innate delicacy hastened to the kitchen; but the woman was either too tired, or had no desire to wipe them away surreptitiously, for

when Betsy returned, the tears were still on her cheeks.

'Some folks you can't accept favors from,' observed the woman, as she took a cup of tea from Miss Betsy's hand. 'I've only known you a few minutes; but I'd accept from you, where I wouldn't from some I've known all my life. Have you ever took boarders?'

'No, I've never took boarders--seems like I couldn't. Mother used to say when we was all here, 'our home's our home.' Now the home's come to me--I'm the only one left an' it seems like I couldn't take no outsiders in.'

'I don't blame you,' sighed the woman. 'A home is a home. A home's what I need. I want to be taken care of, and I got a chance to be taken care of again.'

'Why don't you take it?' asked Betsy. 'There ain't no sense in a woman refusing to let a man take care of her, un'ess he's a bad man, or she'd rather be alone. I take it you've been married once?'

The woman's red face changed to pallor; she rose agitated.

'Don't look that way,' cried Betsy. 'Set down, I ain't inquiring into your private affairs--I wouldn't for the world.'

'I've been married right and honorable,' said the woman, sinking back into the chair. 'My husband died. He was honest an' good to me and I had no cause to complain.'

Betsy started clearing the table, and the woman, to be doing something, got up from her seat and aimlessly gathered up the teaspoons, dropping spots of tea on Betsy's clean table cloth.

'Do you suppose I'd have any luck se'ling postcards?' inquired the woman.

'I don't know,' answered Betsy. 'I'd take some.'

'No you shan't!' cried the woman, suddenly bursting into a flood of tears 'I lied to you, I did. I have got postcards to sell, but that ain't what I come here for, I wan't a night's lodging, and I can't afford to pay for it, and I got a baby down to the station.'

'A baby!' screamed Betsy, springing to her feet. 'The poor blessed little thing! How could you leave it all this time without saying nothing?' She pulled excitedly as she called at an old maid who showed her in the door.

'You don't mind children?' asked the woman, eyeing her curiously, as Betsy shoved her out and locked the door with a snap.

'Mind them? No 'Cause I'm an old maid isn't no sign I'm as dried up inside as I am outside. Who did ye leave it with?'

'The lady at the station at the refreshment counter. I expect she'll think I am a long time, but I was afraid to tell you. It was so home-like, and I was afraid you'd put me out.'

They walked in silence till in sight of the station, when the lusty screams of a child greeted their ears. Betsy ran, the lady traveller made a brave effort that trailed away after a few steps. When she reached the station Betsy had the child in her arms, and the vigorous little fellow had ceased his importunings to regard the new stranger. The girl in the refreshment counter, red of face and worried looking, was holding the bottle to the baby's lips.

'He'd pull and cry, but he didn't seem to get anything,' she cried.

'You didn't take the cotton out,' said the mother. She removed the nipple and took out a wad of cotton that stopped the bottle and threw it away.

The girl looked shamefaced. 'It was all right till the little fellow got hun-

gry,' she said. 'I tell you I felt bad when I couldn't satisfy him.'

'Everybody here's big-hearted,' said the lady traveller as they went out. 'It does seem like the city takes the heart out of people. But there's a fascination about it; no denying--why, I could sit and watch pretty dresses and pretty people till--my, but you hold that baby like you'd had a dozen. Anybody seeing us would think things had reversed around, and you was his mother. How'd you like to have him?'

'Oh, ain't you ashamed to joke about such a thing?' cried the little old maid, and clasping the baby close. 'I'd be frightened a judgement would be put on me, and he'd be took away.'

The woman tried to scare up a show of resistment at the asper-ion put upon her motherhood, and Betsy, absorbed in carefully wrapping the baby in her shawl, did not hear her rapid remarks.

When they reached the house the woman waited on Betsy, who undressed the baby, with such a happy, mother look in her face; that she seemed ten years younger. She could hardly bear to leave the babe with the mother in the spare room, making as many excuses as she could think of before she finally went out and shut the door; going back half a dozen times to listen at the door, at last tiptoeing in to see if there was enough cover to keep the little pink form warm. Mother and babe, exhausted from travel, were sound asleep. Betsy kissed the little fat fold of wrist that lay outside the cover and slipped out. In her own bed she lay sleepless and excited until the clock struck twelve.

About four she was awakened by the baby's sobbing. She felt as if the sound had been going on for some time, and had just forced itself into her tired consciousness. The crying, with no mother voice hushing it. Betsy hastened to the spare room. The baby lay with his round, bare legs kicking outside the cover. His cry grew lustier when he saw her. Betsy picked him up and cuddled him.

'We'll go to find your mother, you precious, hungry baby,' she said.

The first rays of the sun lit upon Betsy's shining pots and pans, as they entered the kitchen. Baby's bottle was warming on the stove, but the mother was not to be seen. The whistle of a train shrilled through the morning air. A foreboding clutched at Betsy's heart. She pressed the babe to her bosom, and laid her hot cheek against his.

'Oh, baby baby!' she sobbed. 'A precious little baby!'

Then frantically, she rushed through the house, calling, 'Miss, Miss!'

How foolish it sounded! A married woman! But 'Mrs.' sounded more foolish. What was the woman's name? Where had she come from? Where had she gone?

By eleven o'clock the whole village knew that Betsy Dood had a baby. A few who understood congratulated her. The arguments of those who predicted unending trial are care, with probable ingratitude as a reward, were indignantly refuted by Betsy.

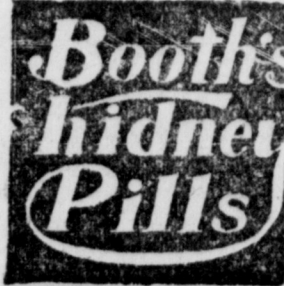
As the days wore on, Betsy's fear of her treasure being taken away grew less. The blonde lady seemed to have completely faded out of existence. The baby's name had not been mentioned, so she nanked him Stephen, after her father. And Stephen became a beloved member of the community. Betsy never left him alone. As he grew

Women Suffer More than Men

Women have more than their share of the aches and pains that afflict humanity. They must "keep up," in spite of constantly aching backs, or headaches, dizzy spells, Edward Calwood of 123 S. Harold Street Fort William, Ont., says:

"I suffered with dull miserable pains, soreness across my back and in my sides for months. They would catch me so badly times that I could scarcely move around. I would have dizzy spells and altogether, felt generally run down. After using a number of remedies without finding relief, I learned of Booth's Kidney Pills and found them an excellent remedy. They not only relieved, me of the miserable pains and soreness in my back but cured me of my kidney trouble."

Booth's Kidney Pills cure Backache, Dull Shooting Pains Thick and Cloudy Urine, Gravel or Stone, Rheumatism and all diseases of the kidneys and bladder.



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