

How to Make Pine Cough Syrup at Home

Has no equal for prompt results. Takes but a moment to prepare, and saves you about \$1.

You know that pine is used in nearly all prescriptions and remedies for coughs. The reason is that pine contains several peculiar elements that have a remarkable effect in soothing and healing the membranes of the throat and chest.

Pine cough syrups are combinations of pine and syrup. The "syrup" part is usually plain sugar syrup.

To make the best pine cough remedy that money can buy, put 2½ ounces of Pine in a 16-oz. bottle, and fill up with home-made sugar syrup. Or you can use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup.

Either way, you make 16 ounces—more than you can buy ready-made for \$2.00. It is pure, good and pleasant—children like it. You can feel that you have a cough or cold in a way that means business. The cause is the same—infamed membranes—and this Pine and Syrup combination will stop it—usually in 24 hours or less.

It is also famous for relief of colds, too, for bronchial asthma, hoarseness, or any ordinary throat ailment. Pine is a highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, and is famous for relief of colds, too, for bronchial asthma, hoarseness, or any ordinary throat ailment.

Beware of substitutes. Ask your druggist for 2½ ounces of Pine with directions, and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money refunded. The Pine Co., Toronto, Ont.

THE COUNTRESS OF LONDON.

CHAPTER VII.

"Come into the town," she replied. "I don't know what for. She was up early this morning."

"Early?" he said. "Why, it isn't seven o'clock now."

Both Katie and Lottie laughed. "That's late for us folk," said the former.

Royce toasted five slices and laid them on a plate, covering them with another, and was proceeding with the sixth, when Madge came up. Royce looked up with a smile of greeting, which developed into one of admiration, for as she stood above him she looked like an embodiment of the spirit of morning. Her slim figure was as erect as a dart, the walk—or the sight of him—had brought a delicious glow to her rosy face, and her dark eyes shone like stars, or like a pool reflecting the early rays of the sun. But she looked from him to Mother Katie with straightened brows, as if displeased, and Mother Katie, answering the look, exclaimed:

"It ain't my fault; he would do it."

Madge bent down and laid her hand upon the wooden fork.

"You must not do that," she said, quietly. "You should not have been up so early."

He caught her hand, laughing, and liberated the fork.

"No, you don't!" he exclaimed. "I'm trying to make myself useful, and it's of no use your treating me like a sick child with the measles any longer, Madge. I feel as strong as a horse this morning and as obstinate as a mule. Besides, when you talk of early, what about yourself? What have you got there?" and he nodded at a basket she held in her left hand.

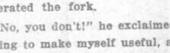
She colored for a moment, then she took out some rolls and a basin of clot-d cream, and placed them beside him.

"I—I thought you would like them," she said, with forced indifference. "Our bread is hard and coarse."

Royce looked up at her with a curious expression in his eyes.

For Colds, Influenza and as a Preventive

Take



Bromo Quinine Tablets

The First and Original Cold and Grip Tablet

The box bears this signature

C. W. Snow

Price 90c

Made in Canada

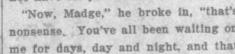
Loosen Up That Cold With Musterole

Have a jar of Musterole handy. The moment a cold starts use it freely. Just apply this clean white ointment with your fingers over the congested parts. You will immediately feel a warm tingle as it penetrates the pores, followed by a soothing cooling sensation and quick relief.

Made of pure oil of mustard and other simple ingredients of well-known medicinal value, it will not blister. Many doctors and nurses recommend Musterole not only for colds but in cases of bronchitis, sore throat, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, cramp, neuralgia, and congestion. Taken in time it may prevent pneumonia. There is nothing just like Musterole or nearly so good for any of the above ailments.

Buy a Jar of Tube today—if your druggist hasn't got it insist that he get it.

Better than a mustard plaster



Sold and Recommended by J. J. KIELLEY, Druggist.

Jan 18, 1924

Royce, eager to assist, caught hold of the rope.

"It's a good coil," he said.

"Yes, but a contrary one," remarked the old man. "He'll want a lot of breaking."

"Oh, I don't know," said Royce, cheerfully. "Give him to me. Here"—he pitched his tobacco-pouch to the man—"you sit down and smoke a pipe while I try my hand on him."

The old fellow glanced doubtfully out of the corners of his eyes at Royce, then filled his pipe, and squatted on his haunches resignedly.

"You won't make much out of him. I speak, my gentleman," he remarked.

"Oh, I don't know. I'll see," said Royce, and he went up to the coil and patted him.

The animal received the overture with anything but good-humor, and got up on his hind legs, tossing its rugged mane defiantly.

Royce stroked the wild young thing and soothed him for some minutes, then he quietly and gently led it into a clear space, and gradually lengthening the rope by which he held it, urged it into a trot.

The colt reared at first, but presently it started off, and Royce persuaded it to describe a circle. Every now and then he stopped it and drew it toward him and patted it, and gradually the colt grew quieter and more amenable.

Then, quite suddenly but easily, Royce sprang upon its back. The colt reared and jumped and shied, and tried all it knew to get rid of its incubus; but Royce sat like a rock, and after a time the inferior animal yielded to the lord of creation and consented to be turned this way and that, and at last Royce rode him, trembling and breathing hard, up to the spot where the old man sat.

"How's that, umpre?" he said.

The old fellow leered up at him.

"First rate, my gentleman," he croaked. "You oughter been a gypsy."

Royce got off the colt and went to his van.

The old man's words had seemed like seeds sown on rich ground.

"You oughter been a gypsy."

The speech rang in his ears. He lighted a pipe and smoked, thinking profoundly. What was he? He was the Honorable Royce Landon. But his own mother had called him an outcast—a disgraced outcast—and she knew what she was saying. He was a ruined man. He and the outside world had done with each other forever. Why should he not stay with these other outcasts and vagabonds—these simple wanderers?

He reflected on the charity which they had shown him, on Mother Katie's good-nature, on Madge's gentleness and tender pity. Why should he not stop with them, and—yes, become one of them?

It was true he was the Honorable Royce Landon, and that only his brother Seymour stood between him and the earldom which his father's bravery had made famous; but Seymour was a young man, and would marry and have children.

Then there was Irene. He thought of her with a sharp pang and a painful constriction of the heart. But he had dug, by his reckless folly, a deep gulf between himself and the lily maid. He could never go back to Monk Towers—could never go back to Irene.

What was there for him to do? Turp navy, farm laborer? Much better stay here with these kind-hearted folk who had, like good Samaritans, nursed him from death to life. Much better stay with—yes, with Madge.

(To be continued.)

SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

A CROSS ATMOSPHERE.

Don't you hate to have people be cross to you? Naturally. Who doesn't?

I think I hate more than almost anything in the world. I am one of the worst examples of that amiability toward I have held up to your scorn. And next to having people be cross to me, I hate to have people be cross to other in my presence. I wonder if that feeling of discomfort is also shared.

Here is the sort of thing I mean. I had my hair shampooed last summer at a new place. I had an excellent shampoo at a reasonable price. And yet when the time came to go again I hesitated and wondered if I should try some other place. Why? Because there was plainly a strong antagonism between the shampooist and the girl who did the manicuring and waving.

The Shampooist and The Manicurist. You could feel it in every word they spoke to each other. The air was electric with it. When either asked the other a question the other answered in monosyllables. When the manicurist came in to get some of her tools and passed so close to her that she brushed the shampooist's elbow the latter glared at her. When the shampooist asked the manicurist if she could lend her some soap, the latter replied shortly that she had none too much for herself.

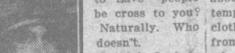
I didn't know what the vendetta was about but I did know this. That it didn't make a restful atmosphere in which to spend an hour. I wanted to go back on account of the good workmanship, and then again, I didn't want to go back on account of that atmosphere.

On another occasion the saleswoman and the fitter quarrelled so

THE DEPARTED.

John B. Jinx is dead and planned peace and rest to him are granted, precious boons we all should possess when we're old and bent and tried; yet his friends are wildly wailing. Heaven's gates they say are closed to one so good a man expired. He has crossed the silent river in Old Charon's floating giver, he is done with tribulation, taxes both him no more; he is done with punk diseases, done with all its sneezes, and there are no docs and druggists, waiting, waiting at his door. He is done with weary soiling, there's no pot to keep-a-boiling in the sunny fields of Eden where the saints are playing lyres; where angels strain as swelling to one needs to seek his dwelling for the price of shoes and clothing, gasoline and rubber tyres. No one hands him now a warning in the early hours of the morning that the boss will shrewdly dock him if he is a minute late; strikes and walkouts do not grind him, and the drivemaths cannot find him when they'd raise a fund of money to repair the town hall gate. All eternity's before him, there is nothing that can bore him, as the aeons roll serenely as the gentle age flows; why, then, all the heart-sick weeping? Why are friends and neighbors keeping dreary vigils in the boneyard, with the panoply of woe?

The test of Ivory Soap is that it keeps its promise which is to cleanse the skin thoroughly. No soap can do more. Many promise to work wonders with your complexion—but how many soaps can faithfully keep that promise?



WALT MASON

with their fierce exhortations that they should be assassinated.

Swinging Clubs for Four Days

The non-stop dancers who established a world's record in the North of England not long ago are not the only people who believe in running a good pastime to earth in a somewhat haphazard fashion.

Roller-skaters, not to be outdone, recently accomplished a distance of 220 miles. The record was created by two Frenchmen, who skated without a break for twenty-four hours and seven minutes.

A girl who lived at Esler claims to have knitted 58 jumpers in 88 working days, while an enthusiastic but probably untuned pianist published an instrument for 32 hours—and then went into a fit of delirium! This was also the fate of an Australian club-swinging, who swung a pair of 316.6oz. Indian clubs for 107 hours continuously.

An army sergeant established the record for ball-punching by hitting a 40oz. leather ball with elbows, wrists, knuckles, and forearms for 28 hours on end.

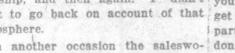
Use Your Head

"A woodpecker pecks out a great many specks of sawdust. When building a hut he works like a nigger. To make the hole bigger—He's sore if His cutter won't cut. He doesn't bother with plans of cheap artisans. But there's one thing that can rightly be said: The whole excavation—Has this explanation—He built it. By Using His Head.—M. Illegate Monthly.

Columbia Dry Batteries

—they last longer

For every ignition use



For Sale by All Dealers

Westclox

The wage earner's helper

THE man who must be at work by a certain time each day is the one who best appreciates Westclox dependability.

For him his Big Ben, or other Westclox alarm, is more than a timepiece, it is part of his working equipment—it starts his day.

Because it runs on time and calls on time he depends on it to wake him and devotes his bed-time hours to sound, restful sleep.

He looks for the trade mark Westclox on the dial when he needs a new alarm clock or a low priced watch for every day service.

WESTERN CLOCK COMPANY, LA SALLE, ILLINOIS, U. S. A.

Makers of Westclox: Big Ben, Baby Ben, Sleep-Meter, America, Good Mornings, Jack o' Lantern, Blue Bird, Black Bird, Glo-Ben, Pocket Ben.

A Cure for Snoring

"The Academy of Medicine has just received the good news that snoring can be suppressed, not painlessly but with benefit to those whose musical slumbers sometimes cause insomnia in others. Dr. Georges Gaultier, who has for twenty-seven years been studying the human respiratory system, has concluded that in a large proportion of people, particularly city dwellers," says the Paris correspondent of the Daily Telegraph, "the air passages from the nose to the throat are so small that they materially reduce the supply of fresh air to the lungs, thereby actually shortening life in some cases, and in many others retarding both physical and mental development. Dr. Gaultier has therefore perfected a method by which these air passages may be painlessly enlarged. This is achieved by passing from the nostrils to the throat a succession of probes of gradually increasing dimensions.

17,000 Miles for a Bride

A Canadian recently crossed two continents and an ocean to marry a Greek girl and take her back with him to Skagway in the remote North-West. The journey to Greece and back extended over 17,000 miles and cost nearly £1,000.

An even more trying journey was undertaken by a Russian who had emigrated to the United States. He heard that his sweetheart in Russia was in danger from the Bolsheviks. Immedi-

Teach your child internal cleanliness

THE mother who permits constipation in her baby or older child is risking the health, even the life of her little one.

It must be remembered that an infant is helpless, unable to tell that constipation is making its life miserable. Consequently the mother must be able to recognize signs of constipation in her baby. Convulsions, night terrors, grinding the teeth in sleep, feverishness, fretfulness and such symptoms—any of these may indicate that poisons from baby's stagnant intestine are flooding the little body.

In older children biliousness, coated tongue, loss of appetite warn the mother that constipation is present. Constipation, unchecked in youth, may lead to serious consequences. In the case of more than three-quarters of all illness, including the gravest diseases of life.

Laxatives Only Aggravate Constipation

The mother should not resort to laxatives. A noted authority says that laxatives and cathartics do not overcome constipation but by their continued use tend only to aggravate the condition and often lead to permanent injury.

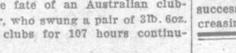
Why Physicians Favor Lubrication

Medical science, through knowledge of the intestinal tract gained by X-ray observation, has found in lubrication a means of overcoming constipation. The gentle lubricant, Nujol, penetrates and softens the hard food waste and hastens its passage through and out of the body. Thus Nujol brings internal cleanliness.

Not a Medicine

Nujol is used in children's and general hospitals and is prescribed by physicians throughout the world. Nujol is not a medicine or laxative and cannot gripe. Like pure water it is harmless. Let your infant or child have Nujol regularly—and see rosy cheeks, clear eyes and happiness return once more.

Get rid of constipation and avoid disease by adopting the habit of internal cleanliness. Take Nujol yourself as regularly as you brush your teeth or wash your face. For sale by all druggists.



Nujol

For Internal Cleanliness

Sole Agents: J. B. ORR COMPANY, LTD., ST. JOHN'S.

How to

Scientific Method, The 100-Up Physical Text Book of the Complete Ring Craft, coll., Muscles of Saxon's We Art of In-Ball Punching, Spalding's How to Win Health by How to Present by ed.

Leading m.w.t.f.

Toronto

Eighty-Nine Mines-Moslem Because Treaty

TORONTO DOCT

The Star to-day story which states Dr. Thomas J. G. has perfected his discovery, secret laboratory been called the vance of the age, definitely isolate and to have per complete cures i recent declarat Canadian doctor this man, the S other than Dr. G.

\$9 BODIES CASTLEGATE

Eighty-nine bodies covered up to a mine of the U.S. explosion occu while 173 men mine. Eighteen fled.

DEPOSED CAL

TERRITET, St Abdul Medjid, Caliph, has ten tem population termine throu group leaders v garding the Cal exile. He declar measure deposi the Caliphate a ritigious and va

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President of the Free State, reporting on the ment in the am a letter was r

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FRANCE

The treaty u tain, Italy and xarable to Han territorial a was ratified by puties to-day

REPORTS CH

With its sup anit majority Committee o Manitoba this the third read at the Unioe proving of the submitted.

NOTHING HI

No word in 315 afternoon French freight asted a S.C.S for two o'e to Atlantic