



A FLOOD OF LIGHT FROM KEROSENE COAL OIL

THE ALADDIN MANTLE LAMP generates, with Coal Oil (Kerosene), a light far more brilliant than gas or electricity. It is simple, durable, portable, odorless and safe. Satisfaction guaranteed. AGENTS MAKE BIG MONEY by showing the lamp, the light makes the sale. It revolutionizes rural lighting, needed in every home. The SUNBEAM burners fit all ordinary lamps. Ask for Agency proposition or how you can obtain a lamp FREE to introduce it.

The MANTLE LAMP CO. of America, Chicago, Winnipeg and Dept. B, MONTREAL.

How to Make Better Cough Syrup than You Can Buy.

A Family Supply, Saving \$2, and Fully Guaranteed.

Sixteen oz. of cough syrup—as much as you could buy for \$2.50—can easily be made at home. You will find nothing that takes hold of an obstinate cough more quickly, usually ending it inside 24 hours. Excellent, too, for whooping cough, sore lungs, asthma, hoarseness and other throat troubles.

Mix 2 cups of granulated sugar with 1 cup warm water, and stir for 2 minutes. Put 24 ounces of Pinex (fifty cents' worth) in a 16-oz. bottle, then add the Sugar Syrup. It keeps perfectly. Take a teaspoonful every one, two or three hours.

This is just laxative enough to help cure a cough. Also stimulates the appetite, which usually is upset by a cough. The taste is pleasant.

The effect of pine and sugar syrup on the inflamed membranes is well known. Pinex is the most valuable concentrated compound of Norway white pine extract, rich in guaiacol and all the natural healing pine elements. Other preparations will not work in this formula.

This Pinex and Sugar Syrup recipe is now used by thousands of housewives throughout the United States and Canada. The plan has been imitated, but the old successful formula has never been equalled.

A guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this recipe. Your druggist has Pinex or will get it for you. If not, send to The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ontario.

A Thick Neck

This is the name usually given to Goitre, a most uncomfortable, unsightly and dangerous condition. A few years ago we were asked to prepare our home treatment for Goitre, a trial having been so satisfactory in one case. Since that time our

GOITRE SURE CURE

has been a winner. Letters of gratitude from those who have used it received frequently. A young man recently said: "My collar is a size smaller in three weeks, and my health is better. Internal and external treatment. Price \$2, express paid."

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR, Moles, Etc., permanently removed by our reliable treatment. Electrolysis, which is given only at our offices here. Satisfaction assured. Booklet "F" mailed free.

Hiscott Dermatological Institute, 61 College St., Toronto. Estab. 1892



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ONE DYE FOR ALL KINDS OF GOODS

JUST THINK OF IT!

Dyes Wool, Cotton, Silk or Mixed Goods Perfectly with the SAME Dye—No chance of mistakes. Fast and Beautiful Colors! 10 cents from your Druggist or Dealer. Send for Color Card and STORY Booklet. 7¢ The Johnson-Richardson Co., Limited, Montreal.

"It's not the cough that carries you off. It's the coffin they carry you off in."
—New York American.

He—I am crazy to kiss you
She—Well, if you think so, you needn't.
—Harvard Lampoon.

quite appreciated the green morocco bindings on my Bacon's works. I haven't told you that last winter I secured a copy of that 1753 folio edition, in three volumes, with the Vertue portrait, that I missed through irresolution at the sale, though I could not have it bound until after your Aunt Lot's marriage.

"He is all eagerness, too, about a course of reading I had planned for him this winter, even hoping for early frost, so that he may begin."

"Early frost is one thing he cannot be allowed to have, for I want open ground for a month to come," I said, hardly able to keep my face straight.

Dear old dad was terribly in earnest, and so easily imposed upon, and this wretch had keenly scented out his chief foible. It also made my heart ache to think of father's loneliness during those two years, when he had no one to appreciate his treasures but a gardener. Book-collecting up to a certain point is a secretive occupation, but something in the pleasure is lacking if there is no chance to display the latest purchase in a nonchalant way to the gaze of someone who knows its value.

"He may be discerning," I said, after steadying myself; "in fact, too much so for our needs, but not in gardening. You weren't thinking of employing him to catalogue your books, I suppose?" I ventured.

Then father laughed heartily to cover a certain confusion that told me plainly that he entertained Quixotic views of Chris's capabilities of education, and stammered:

"My dear, he can write like copper plate!"

"Were the vegetables good last summer?" I continued frostily. "There seems to be very little over in the root cellar."

"No, not very, but—er, you see it was first dry and then wet—quite wet."

"Why have the grapevines been allowed to tumble off the arbor and lie on the ground?"

"Chris said the string I bought was poor."

"Why isn't the celery banked yet?" He says the new way is to let it get a touch of frost first."

"Is he cheap?"

"Barbara, my child, you know I never beat down the price of labor."

"Of what use is Chris?"

"He has some good points, and—er—we must have someone for Tim has all he can do to follow me about and keep horses and stable in trim."

"Mother was her own gardener, and I want to follow her as closely as I may, and yet be quite myself," I said gently.

"Then, all will be well, indeed," said father, a load seeming to slip from his shoulders, "for after all I believe that I must have let Chris go," he continued, with a suspicious twinkle in his eyes, "for he told me yesterday that you do not appreciate him, and that sympathy is more to him than wages. He announced that he can 'go to the big house on the bluff where folks never interfere with the gardener.' Though, come to think of it, his remarks were hardly consistent, for 'letting alone' is not sympathy, and I believe he mentioned that they offered wages which were really fabulous."

"Still, I am afraid you'll be disappointed. You are so eager to block out your garden and plant all those bulbs before frost, and Evan is too busy in getting settled at his work to do more than give you advice. I fear you are undertaking too much, and you will have no time left for enjoyment."

"Not a bit, and nothing could suit me better. Now, you dear old father, please pay me every month the wages that you paid Chris, and—you shall see—well, either something or nothing. You may not notice the difference at first, but you will soon. Oh, daddy, daddy I don't believe, after all these years, even, you know exactly how I love flowers and all things that made the old home, which are increased tenfold in

the new. Evan does, and that is the wonder of it, and the reason why he is content to take up this life and help to make it surer for me every day. The thought of what it all means for the years to come goes singing through my head even when I'm asleep. I want to do the things, not have them done for me. You know you always preach that babies brought up by servants and led in after dinner are not at all the same things, nor as lovable, as those cuddled and nursed by their mothers. And it's the same way with a garden."

"Of course, I must have an animated shovel in the person of a useful man, maybe a boy to do weeding in the growing season; and that reminds me that I must ask Tim if he can't find me a man for to-morrow. We'll give Chris the rest of his month's wages and let him go, won't we, dear? for he is as impossible to gardening as a bump in a shoe to walking. And you need not have qualms, for he has really dismissed himself."

"Perhaps there is someone about the hospital I could get," suggested father.

"Daddy, dear," I begged, putting both arms around his neck, and looking him in the eyes until our noses met, a trick of childhood, to fix his attention, "I'm the same Barbara as ever, but my eyes have seen, and I have learned a few new things. I will sew for the hospital, grow flowers and vegetables for it, visit it, bring the poor convalescents over here to sit in the sun, grow white flowers for those who never go home, and give it a great deal more of your time than I want to spare, but please, please, let wages be wages, and charity charity. The two are harder to mix properly than mayonnaise in hot weather. Don't you remember, dearest, what times we have had with the people you have tried to serve without putting them under obligation, by letting them think they were aiding you, while it usually ended, after much discomfort, in our being considered under obligation? People that were not ill enough for the hospital, and yet needed tinkering. I don't think I was troubled by it at the time, but I observed, and the facts must have stowed themselves away somewhere in my brain; for since I have been a wife, and the domestic side of me is developing, I partly realize Aunt Lot's dilemmas, and the whole fantastic crowd lit in front of me, exhibiting their infirmities, as if in warning."

"There was the man with rheumatism who thought he could care for cows because he had driven a milk wagon. The first thing he did was to dump a load of windfall apples into the corner of the pasture, so that when Black Bess, who was always greedy, came home that night, she did not lead as usual, and her ears hung down and she leaned against the gate, she was so intoxicated from the cider the fermented apples had made in her stomach. Then you had to fuss over her all night, and her milk dried up."

"Surely you remember the winter that Aunt Lot struggled with the cook who had a lame knee and couldn't go down cellar, and the waitress who had vertigo and couldn't take the dishes down from the top pantry-shelf without dropping them. Then the next cook couldn't even wash her dish-towels, because it hurt her to bend her liver, and when the washing was all put out, expected higher wages than if she had been able to do it."

"But Tim came to us through the hospital," said father, brightening as he caught at this plank in a whirlpool of disasters, "and surely we could not do without him."

"No, Tim is the exception to the rule. In the face of experience even, we should never dream of parting from him, or he from us. I firmly believe."

Tim, Timthy Saunders, or Crumpled Tim, as he is locally called on account of his curious body, which, owing to a railway smash-up, with-

out being absolutely hump-backed, looks as if a giant had taken him in his hand and literally "crumpled" him up, is a Scotchman, with a keen, not over-suave tongue, a sharp eye, and as honest a heart in his crooked body as ever beat. He has lived with father ever since I was little enough to call him my camel and think that being given a ride on his hunched shoulders was the finest sport in the world.

Now, happily for me, Evan and Tim had formed an odd friendship early in our courtship, based on national loyalty, so that neither could do wrong in the eyes of the other. This was providential, and promised to make the "commuting" side of daily life smooth, for Tim will never grumble at the extra horse, or if he has upon occasion to drive Evan to an earlier train than usual; while Evan seems fully prepared to take the blame upon himself, instead of scolding Tim, if they fail to catch it, which mischance, of course, may happen. Now, in addition, Martha Corkle, egged on by reason of family and national pride, had served a good breakfast to the minute of promptness during this, as we call it, "commencement week," so that the rocks of which neighbors are already so kindly warning us, me at home and Evan on the cars, have not appeared in the road. In fact, I've a glimmering idea that it is because we commuters and others hold our servants responsible for bridging certain inconveniences of living, instead of acknowledging them and bearing the responsibility ourselves, that makes domestic service such a vexed question in America. Personally, I do not know of but a single family of all my acquaintances with whom, were I a servant, I would be willing to live, and I'm not yet sure that I would live with myself; but I shall probably decide this when the anniversary of my return comes around.

In short, at present I feel at perfect liberty to give myself to the garden, body and brain. I think my soul always stays outdoors, except at night, when it watches my sleeping body.

After a few moments' silence, during which each of us did some thinking, father said, "How would you like a married man with a family as well, to please you I won't call him a gardener, but a 'general useful'?" You know there are four or five good living rooms that were once used, over the carriage-house. Perhaps a married man would have more ambition, and certainly more experience, and his wife also might be occasionally useful."

"To a married man I have no possible objection, but to having his family on the place, no, if you please. There are doubtless very competent married men and women, but they are rarely married to each other. Oh, father, do you remember the last time those rooms were occupied? You surely haven't forgotten Peter Schmidt?"

"No; for though he insisted on straight lines, worshipped cabbages, and slighted the flowers, he was the most faithful worker we ever had or ever shall have," he replied, very significantly.

"I beg pardon. I should have said, do you remember 'Mrs.' Peter Schmidt?" I hastened to add.

At this father laughed until the tears came to his eyes, though there was a time when it was not considered a laughing matter, and fled to his gig, which Tim was driving around from the stable, I following to bespeak for the next morning the man with the shovel—who, by the way, is an infinitely superior grade of being to the "man with the hoe," who merely walks slowly along, shuffling his inefficient tool.

(To be continued.)

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is the difference between "well" and "good"?
Pa—I have noticed, my son, that about the only time when you are good is when you are not well.—Donver Post.