

### Recipe for 16 Ounces of Cough Syrup.

No Better Remedy at Any Price.  
Fully Guaranteed.

Make a plain syrup by mixing two cups of granulated sugar and one cup of warm water and stir for two minutes. Put 24 ounces of pure Pinex (fifty cents' worth) in a 16-oz. bottle, and fill it up with the Sugar Syrup. This gives you a family supply of the best cough syrup at a saving of \$2. It never spoils. Take a teaspoonful every one, two or three hours.

The effectiveness of this simple remedy is surprising. It seems to take hold instantly, and will usually stop the most obstinate cough in 24 hours. It tones up the jaded appetite and is just laxative enough to be helpful in a cough, and has a pleasing taste. Also excellent for bronchial trouble, throat tickle, sore lungs and asthma, and an unequalled remedy for whooping cough.

This recipe for making cough remedy with Pinex and Sugar Syrup (or strained honey) is a prime favorite in thousands of homes in the United States and Canada. The plan has been imitated, though never successfully. If you try it, use only genuine Pinex, which is the most valuable concentrated compound of Norway white pine extract, and is rich in eucal and all the natural healing pine elements. Other preparations will not work in this recipe.

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, Ont.



### FEMININITY GONE Face Like a Man

When will womankind learn the lesson that the use of depilatory lotions and powders only stimulate and increase a growth of hair on the face? We have spent time and money advertising the fact that depilatories, no matter how fanciful the name is, are worthless. Electrolysis is positively the only treatment that will eradicate

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Is famous for its fertile farms and up-to-date farmers. This year they have grown a large crop of clean, well-colored

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which will comply with the "Seed Control Act." I can save you money, because I buy from the grower and sell direct to you. Also good values in **Alfalfa, Alsike, Timothy** and all small seeds. Let me know your requirements, and you will receive samples and prices by return mail. **Special quotations to farmers' clubs.**

**JAMES HANLEY,**

Seed Merchant,  
Belleville, Ontario.

admire the kind that work themselves to death, and are so soon forgotten, and their home and children left to someone else's care.

I cannot endure the gossiping woman, one that does such a lot of harm, makes so many heartaches by her dreadful tongue.

I dislike the rude, disagreeable woman, she will ruin any home; will, in fact, spoil everything she touches. I dislike the vain, proud, cold woman, who only thinks of herself, so narrow and light-minded. I dislike the ignorant woman, one that never takes time to read and think. I dislike the woman that makes dress her god, and leaves all the great things in life uncared for; you will find this type of woman very empty and small in heart and life.

I dislike the woman void of sympathy and love, also the unladylike woman.

There are many more qualities I might mention, but these are the most important in my way of thinking. Of course, this will not agree with the men's ideas. I know. They like the women that are good cooks first, I think, and secondly, the women that wear small hats.

However, my sisters will agree with me that these things are not the most essential in the good woman.

A FRIEND.

Bloomfield, Ont.

## The Garden of a Commuter's Wife.

(By Mabel Osgood Wright.)

VI.

### A RAINY DAY.

Afternoon. October 31 (afternoon). I have already declared that I am about to try the joyous uncertainty of an American Garden. I desire the most flowers at the least cost, as befits the frugal wife of a commuter. Flowers for the table, flowers to go to town with Evan and whisper home to him as he sits in his office. Flowers for village brides, for the children, and for church festivals, and flowers to make the silent journeys from the hospital, that some must take, less dreary for those who follow them.

I know what I may expect and what I must not. I do not seek to duplicate Kew Garden on the side lawn, or to start an elaborate scheme, and endeavor to copy in a few years what has taken generations of old-world growth to produce; for, like the copy of an old master, the imitation garden must lack the freedom of touch of the original, and, before time has mellowed it, the unrest that is in a sense one of our mounding forces will have pushed the mimic garden into other hands before it is even ripe. But anyone may have an American garden, and it is such as these alone that from their simplicity and the love born of their making may be kept from generation to generation.

However simple this garden of mine is to be, I must see its shaping before I begin even to plant my bulbs, or confusion will be my portion. A little mistake now may mean a year's delay.

O my Garden of Dreams! do not vanish when I am ready to embody you. This morning father gave me mother's garden journal from the little trunk under the eaves. To-night is Halloween! Who knows but if I sit here and look out over the leafless garden that was, that a vision of the new will come from between the morocco covers?

This quiet rain is very soothing to my impatience, and the little splashes that drop from the eaves to the piazza roof below, with first a single and then a double drip, as the gutter is more or less full, seem to say, Wait, wait, wait. Patience, patience, patience, in a coaxing way.

A fair amount of damp and rain is rather good for me, otherwise my spirits keep so volatile that they would often lead my body a sad chase if it were always sunny weather.

In spite of the delay in planting,

this day is a perfect boon, ministering to me in the same degree as does fresh air, a drink of water, or sleep at other times.

It is also a pleasure to be in the attic again. One may marry and leave, and life seems wholly changed, but a room remains the same, year in and year out. The furniture consists of a hammock, divers trunks and chests, one an odd little affair from which the journals came, covered with the mottle skin of the hair seal, the key to which father wears on his chain, an ample and antique haircloth lounge, two shabby but hospitable chairs, a cupboard, and an old library table that makes up in drawers and pigeonholes for what it lacks in varnish. At first the drawers are obstinate, and decline to open. Here in one are papers of seeds, and, of all things, a string of Dan'l's hickory nut beads, with my initial cut on the biggest or king bead, as we used to call it. Truly, I am growing old!

There is a peculiar odor in this attic on rainy days that is as much a part of it as the smell of the hickory logs in the stove, the familiar furniture, and the view from the window. During the past two years when I have closed my eyes, led by memory I have gone from room to room of the rambling house, and trodden every inch of the home soil from the path beneath the Mother Tree in the garden to the farther side of the field toward the bars where the wild apple blossoms make a rosy wall. When I arrived at the attic, the room and the odor always came together—the pungent, waxy smell of wasps!

To-day, in addition to wasps and wood smoke, a third tincture is added—wet dogs! Bluff is here as a matter of course, and, owing to his long hair and affectionate disposition, his fragrance is the most in evidence of the five. It has been very amusing to watch Bluff, for his perturbation of mind as to whether he should follow father or me is singular. The first week he bounced wildly hither and thither as if he had lost his wits, not being able to decide what to do; but during the past few days he has adhered to an evidently thought-out plan of following the Stanhope in the morning and staying with me in the afternoon; that is, unless I then go out also, in which case he continues to follow until he begins to lag, and we stop and pull him into the gig, where he lies blissfully content at my feet, occasionally giving my shoes a furtive and affectionate lick, as he used to the birds he retrieved.

Pat, the wire-haired terrier, was a six-weeks puppy when I went away. He had been given to father by a dog-breeder in the next village, in an outburst of gratitude for a little bit of deft surgery that he had done in the goodness of his heart for a pet dog which the man loved with the intensity that some rough natures feel for dumb animals. There was no veterinary surgeon in the neighborhood, and father was always willing to aid animals where his knowledge was applicable, regardless of professional criticism, though he would not accept fees for such services.

The natural result had been that there was never a dearth of animals about the place. I have always counted from one to half a dozen dogs at my heels since babyhood, and it was invariably a small dog with a blanket pinned on shawl fashion that rode in my little carriage, instead of the orthodox doll.

It was not to be expected that Pat should remember me, and in truth he did not. Bluff, however, had evidently told him all the facts of the case and impressed him in my favor, for he is now continually sneaking away from Tim, with whom he has always lived at the stable, and nosing me out. Then when I am found, he stands with his body drawn back, ward, one ear cocked and the other lopping over, a grin on his homely, hairy face, as with a sort of twinkle of the eye he gives a few short barks, as much as to say, "Did you

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