

Try Making Your Own Cough Remedy

You can save about \$2.00 a year by making your own cough remedy. It is a better remedy than any made kind. It is made in 10 minutes.

If you combined the curative properties of every known "ready-made" cough remedy, you would hardly have in them all the curative power that lies in this simple "home-made" cough syrup which takes only a few minutes to prepare.

Get from any druggist 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex (30 cents worth), pour it into a 16-oz. bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. The total cost is about 65 cents and gives you 16 ounces of really better cough syrup than you could buy ready-made for \$2.00. Tastes pleasant and never spoils.

This Pinex and sugar syrup preparation gets right at the cause of a cough and gives almost immediate relief. It loosens the phlegm, stops the tickle in the throat, soothes the irritated membranes that line the throat, chest and bronchial tubes, so that you can breathe freely and easily. It is really a tonic. A day's use will usually overcome the ordinary cough and bronchitis, croup, whooping cough and bronchial asthma. It is splendid.

Pinex is a most valuable concentrate of genuine Norway pine extract and has been used for generations to break up severe coughs.

To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2 1/2 ounces of Pinex" with full directions, and don't accept anything else. A guarantee of absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded goes with this preparation. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

IN THE TOILS;

But Happiness

Comes at Last.

CHAPTER XI. FORGOTTEN PROMISES.

"Florence," he said, "I must go to the Boudoir to-night—a month ago I promised Hamilton I would do so. Lord Hamilton is one of the proprietors, and the Boudoir is the theatre which makes a stand against burlesque and the degradation of the stage. The young actress is a sister of Katrine Haldine's, the great tragedienne, and all we who have had so much to say about the elevation of the drama ought to support her. For my own part, I don't care a rap about it," he put in with a smile, "but I promised Hamilton I would go, and I must."

"And I," said Florence, with a flush on her cheek and a gleam of wounded pride in her eyes, "have promised the duchess, and I cannot break my promise."

Charlie inclined his head. There was something wrong, he scarcely knew what.

"Very well," he said; "Ellinton will see you and Lady Fanshaw safe to Utstovon House. Good night."

And he came forward and held out his hand.

"You must go," she said, with a smile that was at once tremulous and mocking.

"I have promised," he said simply. "Good night, then," she said, just touching the tips of his fingers. Then she turned to the marquise with a radiant smile. "How kind of you to think of the duchess! I should have been bored to death at the theater; there is nothing more trying than

these raw, untrained actresses! My fan! Thank you so much! Won't you go to the fire and warm yourself!"

And Charlie, looking back, saw the marquise bending over the fire, with his face all aglow with happiness turned toward Florence.

Poor Lady Florence! Where was her guardian angel that night?

CHAPTER XII. A NEW STAR.

EVERY one now knows the Boudoir, if not by that name, by its old one, the Empire. Every one with any pretensions to maturity can remember what a tumble-down, disreputable little place it used to be; the house of highly spiced melodramas, nautical pieces, and screaming farces. It was known as the Dust Hole, as often as by its proper description, and its prices were, at the highest, two shillings, and as low as three-pence. Even at this moderate tariff, the theater did not pay; the neighborhood—it stood and stands in one of the side streets of a by-no-means fashionable West End thoroughfare—was too poor to support it, said those who were justified to express an opinion, and when it was closed, and all its windows broken by the light juvenile spirits of the locality, some one suggested that it should be turned into a night refuge or a soup kitchen.

When, moved by Heaven knows what inspiration of sanguine hope, a certain gentleman, none other than Lord Hamilton, bought the lease, removed the dust from the hole, decorated it in the new medieval revival style, put in comfortable seats, abolished fees, and engaged a manager after his own heart, who undertook to get together a company who could play some of the new school of comedies, and would work for something beyond the mere salaries, which, by the way, was not by any means illiberal, there was great talk in the clubs and dining rooms of Mayfair. People smiled and shrugged their shoulders, and pitied "poor Lord Hamilton." Certainly he would take a lot of raining; but, as they said, a theater and such a company was no bagatelle even for his fortune.

At last the opening night was announced. There was considerable curiosity about the whole affair; the theater, which was rumored to be so wonderfully transformed; the new, high-class company, and the new specialty written for them to perform. The opening night came, and brought a long line of carriages, and a fashionable array of critics. The speculation proved to be a gigantic success. The drama rose suddenly from the mire which had clogged and obscured it so long. The papers were enthusiastic; the audiences were delighted. The comedy had caused some of the success, but the actors carried off the principal palms.

Conspicuous among them, standing out prominently indeed, was a cer-

tain Katrine Haldine. She had been engaged at the last moment in place of one of the ladies who had been compelled to relinquish her engagement through sudden indisposition. No one quite knew from whence Miss Haldine had sprung; Lord Hamilton himself, who had been the active agent in her engagement, was chary and indefinite of information upon the point. All that could be learned was that Katrine Haldine had served her time in the provinces, though those who were interested in gleanings of the lady's name in the provincial papers, nor meet with any country managers who had at any time engaged her. But the public did not care a jot about her antecedents—were quite indifferent as to whether she had ever been born, or had, like Topsy, merely "grown." The people thronged to see and applaud her, and it was, in great measure owing to Katrine Haldine that the Boudoir rose to the proud position which it occupied in the world of art and fashion.

The mystery which clung about her past history seemed to hang about her present life. She made no friends; the place in which she resided was known to but very few; she was uncommunicative and reserved with all. But on the other hand, she had never been known to be late for rehearsal, to be imperfect in her part, or to put in any characters she assumed. And the female characters which she could not play might be counted on the fingers of one hand. Such an actress was invaluable. The success of the Boudoir seemed to rest in her hands, and it could not have depended on better ones. At last she became virtually, if not nominally, the manageress of the little temple of art, which Lord Hamilton had raised from the ashes of the old Dust Hole, and still no one knew from whence she came or the secret of the past which she hid so impenetrably. When, then, it was rumored that a new actress would make her debut at the theater, and that this actress was to be none other than Katrine Haldine's sister and pupil, judge of the excitement and curiosity. Under less powerful auspices a young debutante attracts little attention. The world—and with good reason—is rather incredulous of born and ready-made Juliet and Paulines. It is an old and often proved truth that an actress must go through a long and arduous apprenticeship; that only by years of toil and study can she learn to play satisfactorily even a small part. Those who denied this assertion were laughed at and pooh-poohed. Could it be possible that Katrine Haldine had undertaken to answer for the success of an untried, unpracticed novice? The manager, Mr. Gossop, when Katrine had told him that she had found a new Pauline and Juliet, one, so to speak, born to the art, had stared aghast and incredulous. Then he had smiled and bowed.

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Vapo-Cresolene
 A simple, safe and effective treatment avoiding drugs. "Vapo-Cresolene" is a non-toxic preparation of "Whoooping Cough" and relieves Spasmodic Cough at once. It is a non-toxic preparation from Australia. The ether carrying the antiseptic vapor, is held in wait every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes the sore throat, and stops the cough, preventing repeated nights. It is invaluable to mothers with young children. Send no postal for descriptive booklet, or for sample. **VAPOR-CRESOLINE CO.** (London, New York, etc.)

"We didn't want any better Paulines or Juliets than you, Miss Haldine! We are quite satisfied, and so is the public."

But Katrine Haldine had smiled in her quiet way.

"You will see a Pauline to whom I am not fit to hold a candle," she said.

Then Mr. Gossop knew that she was determined, and inwardly praying that she was not going to make a mistake and "change the luck" of the Boudoir, had prepared for Olive's appearance; and it was publicly announced that Miss Adrienne Haldine would, on the fourteenth of February, play Pauline, in the "Lady of Lyons," for the first time on any stage.

And when the advertisement appeared, Mr. Gossop groaned and trembled.

It was the fourteenth of February, half-past six, and a crowd was waiting with the usual good-tempered impatience of the British crowd outside the doors of the Boudoir. Inside, behind the magic green curtain, the carpenters were busy building up the exquisite interior which represented Scene 1. of the "Lady of Lyons." Art realism was carried to its legitimate extreme at the Boudoir; tables and chairs were really luxurious; costly hangings replaced the old-fashioned paper; rare and antique china and objects d'art were presented. The scene was as beautiful, as refined, and more costly than many a countess' real drawing-room. Men in linen jackets and paper caps were hurrying to and fro, or hard at work, as if their lives depended upon it. The stage manager, Mr. Avery, was here, there, and everywhere, apparently at one and the same moment, giving a word to one and a glance to another; his keen, practiced, comprehensive eye overlooking nothing; his restless fingers dragging out his watch every now and then to mark the rapid progress of the arch enemy, time; his quiet, resolute voice issuing some command or exhortation. Mr. Gossop, the manager, with his good-natured face twitching with hardly suppressed excitement, hurries on and looks round.

"Twenty minutes to time. Look them up, Avery. Bless my soul, I wish we were well through the night!" and he wipes the perspiration of apprehension from his broad forehead.

"All right, Mr. Gossop," says Mr. Avery. "We"—meaning the scene-shifters and the supers—"shall do our part well enough; it's the rest of 'em!"

"It's the she of them!" retorts Mr. Gossop, with a groan. "I only hope it may come off safely. We are not used to failures; we don't know what they mean at the Boudoir, and—and it will kill me, Avery, if there is a breakdown!"

"The house will be very full," says Mr. Avery, thoughtfully.

"Every seat booked three weeks ago. If we do score a success, it will be a big one! Have you seen her this evening, Mr. Gossop?"

Mr. Gossop shakes his head.

"No; she is dressing. Miss Katrine keeps her as close as a cat does her first kitten. No one has seen her since rehearsal, not even Lord Hamilton."

"What does his lordship say?" asks Mr. Avery.

"Say!" groans Mr. Gossop. "What does he always say? Everything Miss Katrine says. She can't do wrong in his eyes."

"Well," says Mr. Avery; "you must admit she isn't wrong often."

Mr. Gossop nods.

"That's true enough," he says; "but this is the first time she has undertaken to bring out a Pauline. If she were going to play the character herself you wouldn't find me trembling, Avery. Here, boy!" he says, faintly calling to a lad who is hurrying past with a cup of coffee, "where are you going with that?"

"To Miss Haldine's dressing room, sir."

(To be continued.)

PRIZES!

MEN-- Buy **BUDDY BOOTS** for yourself and the boys, and see if you will not be one of the Prize Winners this year.

WOMEN-- Buy **BEAR BRAND RUBBERS** for yourself and the Children, and see if you will not be one of the Prize Winners this year.

Send us your name as often as you make a purchase of **Buddy Boots** and **Bear Brand Rubbers**, or have your dealer register your name.

We will give away free, this year, to those who purchase **Buddy Boots** and **Bear Brand Rubbers**, the following prizes, viz:

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ONE FIFTY DOLLAR SEWING MACHINE.
TWELVE PAIRS MEN'S BUDDY HIP BOOTS.
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TWENTY-FOUR PAIRS WO'S LONG BOOTS.
TWENTY-FOUR PRS. MISSES' LONG BOOTS.
FIFTY PAIRS WO'S BEAR BRAND RUBBERS.

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Food will win the war. Consume less. Produce more.

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"The D. & L." Hazel-Menthol-Plaster. A soothing and drawing plaster for the quick relief of Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Lumbago, Backache and Neuralgia. Combines the well-known virtues of Witch Hazel and Menthol. Each plaster in air-tight tube. Price, 25c. each; also supplied in 1 yard rolls, equalling 7 regular size plasters, \$1.00.

Davis' Liver Pills for Constipation and Sick Headache; gentle but effective. 40 pills, 25c.

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Dyckin Toilet Cream. A delightful and effective liquid preparation for the Complexion, Hands and Skin. Preserves against wind and sun. Attractively put up, 50c. per bottle. Send 5c. for facsimile trial size bottle to Davis & Lawrence Co., Montreal.

"The D. & L." Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil. Invaluable to build up delicate women and children, restore the weight and vitality after attacks of Bronchitis, Colds, etc. Palatable as cream. 50c. and \$1.00 bottles.

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Consequences of Food Control.

The public—even the most ignorant section of the public—is beginning at last to awaken to the consequences of the attempt to control food prices. In the poorest quarters it is to-day a common saying that "Directly the Food Controller touches anything you cannot get it any more." This is a result which every student of political economy could have predicted months or years ago, and many economists did predict. Very few people listened to them. Indeed, even Mr. Walter Runciman got practically no hearing when, as President of the Board of Trade, he met complaints against rising prices by pointing out that the question of supply was more important than the question of price, and that if prices were controlled supplies would probably disappear. The mass of the population took no heed. They imagined that by some unexplained mechanism it was possible for the Government to supply them with the commodities they were in the habit of buying at the low scale of prices achieved in time of peace. This scale of prices, it must be noted in passing, was very far below that to which their fathers and grandfathers had been accustomed. But people quickly forget past prices, as well as other past events, and it is a very natural instinct to demand the maintenance of a standard of comfort that has been reached after long years of struggle.

If any of our politicians had had the courage at the beginning of the agitation against high prices to tour the country, pointing out that a rise in prices was a necessary consequence of the limitation of supply caused by the fact of war, it is just possible that most of the evils we have since suffered might have been averted. By dint of careful and repeated explanations the country might have been taught that the only way to deal with a shortage of staple commodities is to allow prices to rise, so that the rise might, on the one hand, encourage producers to increase supplies, and, on the other hand, discourage extravagance on the part of consumers. Instead of taking this line, the Food Controllers took the easier course of allowing the ignorance of the public to guide the policy of the nation.

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