

This Home-Made Cough Syrup will Surprise You.

Stops Even Whooping Cough Quickly. A Family Supply at Small Cost.

Here is a homemade remedy that takes hold of a cough instantly, and will usually cure the most stubborn case in 24 hours. This recipe makes sixteen ounces—a family supply. You couldn't buy as much or as good ready-made cough syrup for \$2.50.

Mix two cups of granulated sugar with one cup of warm water, and stir 2 minutes. Put 2½ ounces of Pinex (fifty cents' worth) in a 16-oz. bottle, and add the Sugar Syrup. This keeps perfectly and has a pleasant taste—children like it. Braces up the appetite and is slightly laxative, which helps end a cough.

You probably know the medical value of pine in treating asthma, bronchitis, and other throat troubles, sore lungs, etc. There is nothing better. Pinex is the most valuable concentrated compound of Norway white pine extract, rich in gulecol and all the natural healing pine elements. Other preparations will not work in this formula.

The prompt results from this inexpensive remedy have made friends for it in thousands of homes in the United States and Canada, which explains why the plan has been imitated often, but never successfully.

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.



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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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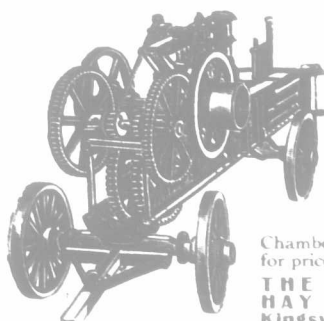
If you had trouble with prepared Cake Icing, it was not Cowan's.

Even a child can ice a cake perfectly, in three minutes, with Cowan's Icing. Eight delicious flavors. Sold everywhere.

The Cowan Co. Limited, Toronto.

The Columbia Hay Press

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THE COLUMBIA HAY PRESS CO., Kingsville, Ontario.

PLEASE MENTION THIS PAPER

all we hold sacred, we shall help to bring into existence for Canada and Canadians a wider, fuller, richer life. Could we send to this University sons and daughters of integrity, perfect self-control and sound body, I feel sure the Faculty would be grateful to us. And it is quite within our province to equip the young manhood and young womanhood of future Canada physically, mentally and spiritually. So, let us be pre-eminently homemakers, if we would lay the foundation of national greatness.

We should be very thankful for the phenomenal growth of our Institute under the able superintendence of Dr. Creelman and Mr. Putnam. When, fifteen years ago, a few women met in a sitting-room to talk over household matters, they did not dream that their little gathering was the nucleus of an institution comprising many thousands; neither did they expect that the watchword which was soon after adopted would be interpreted in its broadest sense. Yet these things have come to pass. We have gone from the simple principles of cooking and hygiene, to the deepest principles of character-building. We have done much for many causes, private and public, and have cultivated a broader outlook on the world in general. Whether we are rich or poor we can live in an atmosphere of "sweetness and light," as well as in one of unrest and gloom. It is not so much what we have, but what we are, that counts.

In these days we hear much of altruism and ethics; but generally these words are used in such a far-off connection we feel we have no interest in them. And yet, the spirit of the word altruism is simply regard for others. May we not well take it for the spirit of our home life; and surely we do not need to go beyond our own homes to give moral training where it will be most effective. Its influence may reach far out beyond our knowledge. If we can do the outside work, by all means let us do it, but if we cannot, do not let us feel that our life is circumscribed. There is one vital point we must not forget: What we would have our families be, we ourselves must be. We need not try to teach them: truth unless we hold, fervently and high, a love of truth. We must feel it a crime to be moody, discontented or envious, since this reacts on those around us. All the great leaders of the world, whether generals, foremen or house-mothers, have had the faculty of inspiring their followers. The very air about them was permeated with cheerfulness and hardihood, so that their retinues found unpleasant tasks agreeable, and the seeming unattainable easy of access. When the cheerful temperament is not natural to us, it can be cultivated, and will be found an important factor in the making of a successful home.

With the growth of the Women's Institute has come the popularizing of technical knowledge of housekeeping. We are learning that cooking, sewing, and all the simple works of the home are not haphazard occupations, but arts to be delighted in, and by which we can contribute our share to the world's happiness and well-being. By all means, let us send our daughters to the Macdonald Institute, the Lillian Massey School, the Technical School, or some other establishment where they will be taught the underlying principles of household arts.

As Dr. Creelman said last year of the farmers, we, too, "are just on the edge of things." Simplicity in methods and furnishings is growing in favor; science is coming to our aid by lightening labor, and we are realizing that home-building is not a mere matter of dollars and cents. Cleanliness, nutritive food, books with all their world of knowledge, and, above all, regard for others; these are in reach of rich and poor alike.

Kate Douglass Wiggin, in her new novel, "Mother Carey's Chickens," refers to that old metaphor of the family circle in this way: "There are none too many of them. There are parallel lines, never meeting. There are squares, triangles, rhomboids, but few circles." Is not this a pregnant thought, especially when we remember that the ripple of circles ever widening goes out to eternity?

We women of Ontario need to pause and think gravely of the conditions in the vast territory to the west of us, whither our young people are drifting. This territory is being largely settled by people from lands where the home is not so sacred as it is with us, from lands

whose traditions place the wife and mother on a level with the beast of burden. Our short experience with them has shown them ready to adopt better ways of living. Our opportunity to spread the gospel of home-making is before the influx becomes so great that we shall be overcome by the magnitude of the task.

Truly, "we are just on the edge of things," and the vast future before us as Canadians, just coming into our own, is filled with great vistas of progress.

May it be true of us all what was said by a German writer of a woman:

"Men at her side grew nobler, girls purer, and all through the town, the children were happier that pulled at her gown."

Recipes in Season.

Oatmeal Drop Cakes.—1½ cups shortening (half butter and half lard is good), 2 cups brown sugar, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon soda, 2 cups oatmeal, ½ cup sour milk. Beat all together and let stand for 2 hours, then stir in 2 cups flour, drop in spoonfuls on a buttered pan, and bake. Use plenty of oatmeal foods and suet foods during cold weather. Both are heat-producers.

Curing Pork in Pickling Brine.—For each 100 lbs. meat use 7½ lbs. fine salt, 2 lbs. refined sugar, ¼ lb. saltpetre. Rub the meat well with this mixture and pack closely in a barrel. Cover with about 10 gallons cold water, and place a weighted cover to press the meat well down. In about three weeks drain off the brine, rebol it to insure against impurities, and add original ingredients to make up the amount needed. When cold, pour over the meat and leave about four weeks longer, after which the pieces may be washed and hung to dry, and smoked or stored.

Spiced Corn Beef.—Make a brine of salt and cold water strong enough to bear a potato. Add a pinch of saltpetre, but this must be used sparingly, as it makes beef hard.—2 ounces will be enough. Lay the beef in the brine, turning it occasionally for two or three weeks. To have corned beef for all summer, make a brine as above and boil it down, say from three pailfuls to two pailfuls. It will keep sweet until late in summer. If you wish the beef spiced, add allspice, cloves, etc., to the brine.

Milk Soup.—Mash through the ricer 2 good-sized boiled potatoes. Cut an onion fine, and add; then add 6 whole allspice, 2 tablespoonfuls tapioca, and 3 pints cold water. Cook until the tapioca is clear, then add 1 pint boiling milk, 1 rounded tablespoon butter, salt and white pepper to season. Let boil up once, then serve for supper with croutons or small biscuits.

Baked Apples with Hot Sauce.—Remove the cores and stand the apples in a baking-dish. Fill up the cavities with sugar, pour half a cupful of water into the dish, and bake until apples are soft, adding a little more water if necessary. Remove the apples, beat together 1 tablespoon butter and 4 of sugar, and stir into the dish. Add 1 cup water and stir over the fire until cooked. Now add a teaspoon vanilla, pour the sauce over the apples, and serve.

Cream of Rice Pudding.—Wash half a cupful of rice through several waters, put with 2 quarts milk, a small cup of light-brown sugar, a pinch of salt, and a scant teaspoon of vanilla flavoring. Bake slowly for two or three hours, stirring two or three times during the first hour of baking. If properly done, this is a delicious pudding, but the baking must be slow to have it right.

Have you secured some of our premiums for sending in new subscriptions to "The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine"? If not, look up our announcement on page 2071 of this issue and note how easily you can earn a Complete Kitchen Equipment, a Set of Scissors, Set of Staghorn Carvers, an Austrian China Tea Set, and many other valuable premiums.

THE NEWEST STRATAGEM

Wild Duck—"Now, then, fellows, make a noise like a gasoline motor, and those fool hunters will think we're aeroplanes."

—Puck.

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Christmas Dusk.

Come, little boy, to mother's knee.
The Christmas twilight trembles down
With rose-tints for the wondrous tree,
And rose-glow for the snow-clad town.
And all is marvellous—but you
Most marvellous of all to me,
For I may hold you as I do,
As Mary held Him on her knee.

And He was sweet, and He was fair,
As are all mothers' little boys;
His lips, His smile, His eyes, His hair,
To Mary were her chiefest joys.
And she would sing to Him, as I
Sing while the sun dies in the west,
I hear your weary, sleepy sigh
As Mary heard His on her breast.

And in the after years, I think
When He was treading sorrow's way
And held the bitter cup to drink,
She brooded on the happy day
When He ran singing through the room
And found a hundred things to do
To drive away all chance of gloom—
And was a little boy, like you.

So drop your toys and let us sing
The songs that heart and home have blest,
For love is more than anything,
And life is work, and play, and rest
And Mary's was the mother-heart,
A heart of love all fair and fine,
That into tender throbs could start
For just a little boy, like mine.

Across the years I reach to her
And touch her white and empty hands,
Down all the ages seems to stir
A message that she understands,
The subtle rapture that I keep
Shrined in the very soul of me,
When I may hold you here, asleep,
As Mary held Him on her knee.

Written by Neshit, in Harper's Weekly.