Home-made, but Has No Equal for Coughs

Makes a family supply of really dependable cough medicine. Easily prepared, and saves about $2.

If you have a severe cough or chest cold accompanied with soreness, throat tickle, hoarseness, or difficult breathing, or if your child wakes up during the night with croup and you want quick help, try this reliable old home-made cough remedy. Any druggist can supply you with 2½ ounces of Pinex. Pour this into a 16-oz. bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. Or you can use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup, if desired. This recipe makes 16 ounces of really remarkable cough remedy. It tastes good, and in spite of its low cost, it can be depended upon to give quick and lasting relief.

You can feel this take hold of a cough in a way that means business. It loosens and raises the phlegm, stops throat tickle and soothes and heals the irritated membranes that line the throat and bronchial tubes with such promptness, ease and certainty that it is really astonishing.

Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, and is probably the best known means of overcoming severe coughs, throat and chest colds.

There are many worthless imitations of this mixture. To avoid disappointment, ask for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with full directions and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

THE Phantom Lover.

(By the Author of "A Bachelor Husband.")

CHAPTER II.

He turned his back on the letter and lit a cigarette, but he let it go out almost at once, and turned back again to stare once more at the name scrawled on the envelope.

What had Ashton written to her? It worried him because he did not know. Ashton had had other love-affairs—not quite such serious ones, perhaps, but still serious enough—and Micky knew that when he had wearied of them he had set about getting free of them by the shortest route, caring little if I were also a brutal one. He thought of the despair he had seen in Esther's face that evening; he dreaded that there might be something in Ashton's farewell letter that would plunge her back more deeply into her misery.

Out in the night the bells were still ringing joyously.

It was New Year's Morning, and perhaps, if he sent that letter . . . He stood quite still for a moment, staring at it; then suddenly he threw his cigarette into the fire and snatched the letter down from the shelf.

He tore it open impulsively and drew out the enclosure. He unfolded it and began to read. The silence of the room was unbroken save for the little crisp sound as Micky turned the paper; then the letter fluttered to the rug at his feet and lay there, half-curled up, as if it were ashamed of the words it bore and wished to hide them.

Micky raised his eyes and looked at his reflection in the glass above the mantelshelf. The pallor of his face surprised him, and the look of passionate anger in his eyes.

He was a man of the world. He was no better and no worse than many of the men whom he knew and called his friends, but this letter, in its brutal callousness, seemed to shame his very manhood.

He had liked Ashton, had been his constant companion for months, but he had never suspected him of being capable of this.

He supposed he ought to be ashamed of having opened the letter, but he was not ashamed; he was glad that he had been able to spare the girl this last and hardest blow of all—the knowledge that the man whom she loved and trusted was unworthy.

Presently he picked the letter up from the rug. He picked it up with the tips of his fingers, as if it were something repulsive to him, and threw it down on the table.

The first few words stared up at him at it lay there.

"Dear Lallie,—By the time you get this letter I shall be out of England, and I hope you won't make things worse for me than they already are by trying to find out where I have gone or by writing to my people and making a scene. The worst of these little flirtations is that they always have to end, as this must, and you must have known it." . . .

Micky drew in his breath hard; not an hour ago in this very room Ashton had made out how cut-up he was at the turn his affairs had taken, and yet all the time he had written this letter.

He flicked over a page and read on:—

". . . I shall never forget you and the good times we've had together. I should try and get back at Eldred's, if I were you. It's a good thing we didn't get married as matters have turned out, or the fat would have been in the fire with a vengeance. As it is, I shall have all my work cut out to put the mater in a good temper again. I am sending you some money by Micky Mellowes; he's a friend of mine and as rich as Crœsus, and as selfish as the devil. If he offers to take you out, let him, by all means. It wouldn't be a bad thing if he took a fancy to you; he doesn't care a hang for any one but himself. If only I'd got half his money . . . but what's the use of talking about it? Anyway, this is good-by; I shan't write again. Be a sensible girl, and try and see things from my point of view. It would only have meant ruin for both of us if I'd stuck to you. Good-bye; I send you my love for the last time.

RAYMOND ASHTON."

And this from the man whom she loved; the man who had pretended to love her!

Micky dragged forward a chair with his foot and sat down straddlewise. He leaned an elbow on the chair-back and ran his fingers through his hair with a sort of bewilderment.

"He's as rich as Crœsus and as selfish as the devil . . ."

And this from Ashton, his friend—the man whom he had helped out of scrapes scores of times; the man to whom he had lent money without the least hope of its ever being returned; Micky felt as if he had a blow in the face.

His thoughts were in a whirl; the whole world needed readjusting. Was he selfish? he asked himself in perplexity—if so, it was quite unconsciously, and anyway Ashton was the last person who should have made the accusation.

"I am sending you some money by a friend of mine . . ."

There was no hint that the money was first to be borrowed; he had evidently been sure of his prey; Micky swore under his breath.

Of course, Ashton had not dreamed of the letter being opened, had not dreamed of anything but that his carefully-made plans would be minutely carried out and nothing more said.

Micky sat for a long time, lost in thought; the hands of the clock crawled round to one and the chime struck; he looked up then, glancing at the clock vaguely.

If he had not met Esther Shepstone there might have been no Esther in the world at all now; if he allowed that letter to reach its destination he would be plunging her back again into the abyss of despair from which he had dragged her only that evening. She loved Ashton; of that Micky was sure. Very well then, she should at least have some part of her ideal left to her.

He went over to his desk and took up paper and pen; he spread Ashton's letter out before him and studied the writing carefully.

Ordinary sort of writing, rather unformed and sprawly, but after a trial run Micky managed a very presentable copy of it.

He sat back in his chair and eyed his handiwork with pride; he had missed his vocation, he told himself with a chuckle; he ought to have been a forger.

Then he dipped the pen in the ink again and squared his elbows. He had never written a love-letter in his life, but he knew positively that he was about to write one now.

He thought of Esther and the wistfulness of her grey eyes; she was the girl whom a man could love. He coloured a little as the thought involuntarily crossed his mind; she was a girl whom—he began to write rapidly.

"My darling little girl——"

Micky was naturally rather eloquent with his pen, though he had never before tried it in this especial direction.

"This is the most difficult letter I have ever had to write in all my life; first, because I love you so much; and, secondly, because I am afraid it is going to hurt you nearly as much as it hurts me. Dear, as it will be some time before I see you again, and because I cannot explain everything to you, I am going to ask you to trust me till we meet again. I am leaving England to-night. . . ."

Micky paused and ran his fingers through his hair agitatedly before he struggled on once more: "I shall be thinking of you every minute till we meet again, and of the happy times we have had together. I will write to you whenever I can. . . ." The pen paused, and Micky groaned, recalling that Ashton had said he should not write at all.

"It'll have to do, anyway," he muttered, and again the pen flew: "I'm not much of a hand at writing letters, as you know, but you must try and read between the lines, and guess at all I would say were we together . . . All I will say to you when we meet again."

That last sentence was rather neat, Micky thought with pride, then a wave of compunction swept through his heart as he remembered the tragedy behind it all, and he finished the page soberly enough: "Ever yours, Raymond Ashton."

"Damn him!" said Micky under his breath, as he blotted the signature; then he took two ten-pound notes from a drawer in his desk, and, enclosing them in the envelope, sealed and stamped it.

It was half-past one, but Micky climbed into his coat again. He locked Ashton's letter into his desk, and, taking the one he had written, went quietly down to the street.

The world was sleeping and deserted, and Micky's foot-steps echoed hollowly along the pavement.

"You're a fool, you know!" he told himself, with a sort of humour. "You're a bally fool, my boy! it won't end here, you see if it does."

But he went on to the pillar-box at the street corner.

When he reached it he stood for a moment with the letter in his hand.

"You're a fool," he told himself again hardily. "Micky, my boy, you're a bally idiot, interfering with what doesn't concern you—with what doesn't concern you in the very least."

He looked up at the stars and thought of Esther Shepston, of her eyes and her wavering smile, and the soft note in her voice as she had asked him—

"Are you always as kind to every one as you have been to me?"

No concern of his! It was every concern of his; he knew that he was only living for the hours to pass before he saw her again. No concern of his! when the greatest miracle of all the world had come to pass during those last hours of the old year, inasmuch that Micky Mellowes, heart-whole and a bachelor for thirty odd years, had been bowled over by a girl without a shilling to her name—a girl who loved another man, but a girl to whom Micky had without wishing it, without knowing it, dedicated the rest of his life!

He was her champion for the future, some one to stand between her and the callousness of the man of whom even now she was probably thinking.

"No concern of mine!" said Micky to himself with fine scorn. "Why, of course it is! Every concern of mine."

He squared his shoulders and dropped the envelope into the pillar-box.

And so Micky Mellowes posted his first love-letter.

CHAPTER III.

In spite of the events of the night Micky Mellowes slept soundly. It was half-past nine when he woke, to find his man Driver moving noiselessly about the room.

When he saw that Micky was awake he approached the bed.

"Good-morning, sir, and a happy New Year."

Driver had an expressionless voice; he announced tea or tragedy in exactly the same tone.

"Eh?" said Micky vacantly; the words opened the door of memory, and he sat up with a start. It was New Year's Day, and last night . . . ye gods! what had not happened last night? Micky tingled to the tips of his fingers as he remembered the letter he had written and posted; he had expected to feel rotten about it in the light of day; it was an agreeable surprise to find that he did not feel anything of the kind.

When he went in to breakfast there was a pile of letters waiting for him; he looked them through carelessly—there was one from Marie Deland, which he opened with a vague feeling of nervousness.

Marie was a nice little girl; he really was quite fond of her, and yet . . . surely the days of miracles had not yet passed away, seeing that in a few short hours his feeling for her had changed from something warmer to more brotherly affection.

(To be continued)

BABY CLARK.

"Doctor said He would not live."

71, Cobham Road,
Seven Kings.

My baby at three months weighed 7¾ lbs. The doctor said he would not live.

He is now ten months and weighs 19¾ lbs. I attribute this wonderful progress to Virol. In addition to this gain he has eight teeth and has given no trouble with them, for this also we praise Virol.

Yours truly,
(Signed) A. CLARK.

Virol is used in large quantities in more than 2,000 Hospitals and Infant Clinics. It is invaluable for the expectant and nursing mother herself, whilst for children it supplies those vital principles that are destroyed in the sterilising of milk; it is also a bone and tissue-building food of immense value. Virol babies have firm flesh, strong bones and good colour.

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MOTHER naturally thinks of the possibilities of the fabric shrinking in the wash. It is therefore a relief to her to know that the fabric will not shrink or lose its charm if Lux is used for its cleansing.

Durability, charm of colour, quality of texture, the freshness of newness—these are preserved to all good fabrics washed with Lux. A packet of Lux—a bowl of warm water—and dainty hands can cleanse delightful fabrics in a delightfully easy manner.

The beautiful pure Lux flakes are whisked into a creamy, bubbly lather in an instant. Gently squeeze this cleansing foam through and through the soiled texture — then rinse in clean water and hang to dry. Lux cannot harm a silken thread. It coaxes rather than forces the dirt from the clothes.

LUX
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March Winds and COLGATE'S TALC

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PREVENTION is better than cure, and the best advice we can give to those who are about to get their skin made rough and sore by the harsh winds of March is—don't! Use a little Colgate's Talc just before going out. It will protect your skin. The extra Boric Acid in Colgate's—one of its distinguishing features—soothes and comforts.

Most good dealers carry Colgate's Talc in twelve different styles—all good for your use, and for babies'.

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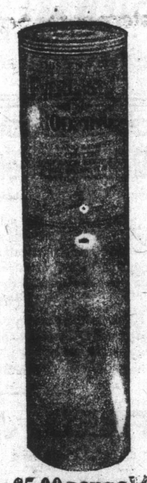

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Something to Look Forward To!

OLD MOORE TRIES TO MAKE OUR FLESH CREEP.

Happy days! In case we have not enough worries already nowadays, Old Moore, that incorrigible prophet who still seems to be going as strong as ever, is making our flesh creep with forebodings for 1921.

He whispers of further strikes and rioting in January; of trouble among the police and miners; a fearful railway crash in the north of England, and a mutiny in India before the end of the month.

In February, unsavoury scandals, in which M.P.'s and the "new rich" are involved, will be the home sensations of the month. There will also be a tragedy in which a woman "will be murdered in the Midlands under circumstances of unspeakable brutality."

Assassinations and plots will again be rife in India, while the thrones of certain Royalties who remain in Europe will tremble in the balance.

A Nasty Mess All Round!

March will be comparatively quiet in this country, although France is promised a lively time, owing to "a scandal of the gravest magnitude, in which prominent members of the Government will be implicated."

In April it will, says Old Moore, take all the efforts of the statesmen of Europe to prevent another war in the Balkans. Rioting on an unparelled scale against new taxation will accompany the April showers.

With the merry month of May Pussyfoot will be on the warpath again and make considerable headway.

Ferocious crimes, earthquakes, and typhoons will further "brighten" the hot days of June, and the Sin Feiners will still be fighting guerrilla warfare in July. Trade will be paralyzed by strikes among dockers and railway workers, incendiary fires and crimes of violence will cause much alarm among the public, while the harvest will be shattered by a strike of agricultural labourers all over the country in August.

Old Moore prophesies that we shall return to war bread in September, and also predicts that clothing will be so scarce that "many City men will be compelled to wear the discarded uniforms of the police and military."

In October, families will emigrate because of the growing shortage of houses. Fierce outbreaks of racial hatred in the United States, resulting in many Negroes being killed, will probably be followed by Bolshevist revolutions in France and Italy.

The black shadow of poverty will overshadow Great Britain in November; and the year will end with misfortunes to Royalty, an appalling murder, and danger of yet another paralyzing strike.

Thanks very much, Old Moore!

Altogether a very happy 1921.—Tit-Bits.

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A Vapor Treatment for Coughs and Colds

The time for Vapo-Cresolene is at the first indication of a cold or sore throat. It is simple to use, you just light the little lamp that vaporizes the Cresolene and place it near the bed. The soothing antiseptic vapor makes breathing easy, relieves the cough, eases the soreness and congestion, and protects in epidemics. Recommended for Whooping Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Influenza, Bronchitis, Coughs, Nasal Catarrh and Asthma. Cresolene has been used for the past 40 years. The benefit is unquestionable. Send for descriptive booklet.

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Peculiar Declaration

BY BRABANT ASSIZE COURT.

No Crime to Take a Life to End Suffering.

Brussels, March 9.—The question whether one person is guilty of a crime in hastening the death of another who is suffering from a mortal wound, has been decided in the negative here in the case of a married man who shot and killed a girl who had attempted to commit suicide. His plea was that he killed her rather than to watch her suffer. He was arrested but acquitted of the charge of murder by the Brabant Court of Assizes.

The man in the case was Jerome Hermans, 32 years old, and the girl was Coline Vandyck, age 18. They had a love affair and the attempt at suicide resulted. The shooting occurred in the Bois de Cambre, Brussels' largest public park.

"Coline ran from the path into a thicket," said Hermans. "I heard a shot and ran after her. She had shot herself in the temple but was still alive. I could not see her suffer and I took her revolver and shot her in the neck. Then she was still, and I shot myself."

Hermans recovered from his wound and was in prison for eight months until acquitted. Medical testimony given at the trial was to the effect that the girl's suicidal wound ultimately would hve been fatal.

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