1944

THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE.

Household Economy

How to Have the Best Cough Syrup and Save \$2, by **Making It at Home**

Cough medicines, as a rule, contain a large quan-tity of plain syrup. If you take two cups of granu-lated sugar, add one cup of warm water and stir about 2 minutes, you have as good syrup as money could but

lated sugar, add one cup of warm water and stir about 2 minutes, you have as good syrup as money could buy. If you will then put 2½ ounces of Finer (50 cents worth) in a 16-ounce bottle, and fill it up with the Sugar Syrup, you will have as much cough syrup as you could buy ready made for \$2.50. It keeps perfectly. Any housewife can easily prepare it in five minutes.

ve minutes. And you will find it the best cough syrup you we used even in whooping cough. You can feel And you will find it the best cough syrup you ever used—even in whooping cough. You can feel it take hold—usually stops the most severe cough in 24 hours. It is just larative enough, has a good tonic effect, and taste is pleasant. Take a tea-spoonful every one, two or three hours. It is a splendid remedy, too, for whooping cough, croup, hoarseness, asthma, chest pains, etc. Pinex is the most valuable concentrated com-pound of Norway white pine extract, ich in guaiacol and all the healing pine elements. No other prep-atation will work in this formula. This recipe for making cough remedy with Pinex and Sugar Syrup is now used and prized in thous-ants of homes in the United States and Canada. The plan has often been initiated, but never success-fully.

A guaranty of absolute satisfaction or mo promptly refunded goes with this recipe, if the genuine Pinex is used. Your druggist has Pinex, or will get it for you, if you ask him. If not, send to The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.



down the room to tell Abel, an' then I hed to tell him why we'd best hurry. "Abel laughs a little when he heard about it.

"Dear old Timothy,' he says, 'servin' his God accordin' to the dictates of his own notions. Wait a minute till I release the princess.'

"When he said that, I was afraid he must be tellin: a worldly story with royalty in. An' I begun to get troubled myself. But I heard him end it: 'So the princess found her kingdom because she'd learnt to love every living thing. She saved the lives of the hare, the dormouse, an' the goldfinch. An' don't you ever let anything suffer for one minute an' mebbe you'll find out some o' the things the princess knew.' An, royalty or not, I felt all right about Abel's story-tellin' after that.

"Then we all brisked round an' begun settin' the children up on the cots-two or three, to a cot with one of us to wait on 'em; an' both the little sleepy ones woke up, too. An' when we sliced an' spread the bread an' dished the hot chicken broth an' see how hungry they all seemed, I declare if one of us could feel wicked. The little things'd begun to talk some by then, an' they chatted soft an' looked up at us, an' that little Mitsy-she'd got se she'd kiss me every time 'I ask' her. An' I was perfectly shameless. I donno's the poor little thing got enough to eat. But cometimes when things go blue-I like to think about that. I guess we was all the same-our principal feelin' was how dear they was, an' to hurry up before Timothy Toplady got there, an' how we wish't we hed some milk.

"Then all of a sudden while we was flyin' round, I happened to go past the front door, an' I heard a noise in the I thought o' Timothy an' Silas, entry. with sheriffs an' firearms an' I comin' didn't know what; an' I rec'lect I planned, wild an' contradictory, first about callin' an instantaneous congregational meetin' to decide what was right, an' then about telegraphin' to the city for constituted authority to do as we was doin', an' then about Abel fightin' Timothy an' Silas both, if it come really necessary.

"I got hold o' Mis' Sykes an' Mis' Eppleby Holcomb, an' told 'em quiet. Somethin's the matter outside there,' I says to 'em, kind o' warnin', 'an' thought you two'd ought to know it.' An' we all three come round by the entry door, careless, an' listened. An' the noise kep' up out there, kind o' soft an' obstinate, an' we couldn't make it out.

"We'd best go out there an' see,' says Mis' Sykes, low; 'the dear land knows what men will do.'

"So we watched our chance an' lipped out-an'

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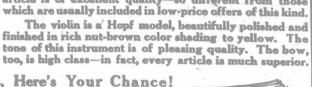
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person who plays, or who desires to play, a musical instrument should know. It also shows some astounding values in musical instruments and will prove The Walcart metrics and will prove a most welcome holiday shopping guide. The Violin Outfit described in this ad-vertisement is only one of the marvel-lous values to be found in this big book of musical information.

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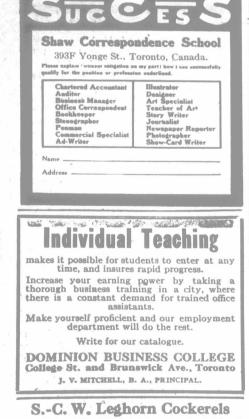
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guess, for all our high ways, we was all three wonderin' inside was we really doin' right. You know your doubts come thick when there's a noise in the entry. But Mis' Sykes acted as brave as two, an' it was her shut the door to behind us.

"An' there, right by the stone just outside the entry o' the church, set Mis' Timothy Toplady, milkin her Jersey cow.

"We could just see her, dim, by the light o' the transom. She was on the secunt pail, an' that was two-thirds full. She hed her back toward us an' she didn't hear us. She set all wrapped up in a shawl, a basket o' cups 'side of her, an' the Jersey standin' there, quiet an' demure. An' beyond, in the cut an' movin' acrost the Pump pasture, it was thick with lanterns.

"But before we three'd hed time to burst out like we wanted to, we sort o' scrooched back again. Because on the other side o' the cow we heard Timothy Toplady's voice. He'd just got there, some breathless, an with him, we see, was Eppleby.

"Amanda,' says Timothy, 'what in the Dominion o' Canady air you doin'?' "I shouldn't think you would know," says Mis' Toplady short. 'You don't do enough of it."

"She hed him there. Timothy always will go down to the six-ten accommodation an' shirk the chores.

"Amanda,' says Timothy, 'you've disobeved me flat-footed."

"'No such thing,' s'she, milkin' away like mad for fear he'd use force. ain't carried a drop o' milk here. I've drove it,' she says. "Timothy groaned.

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"'Milkin' in the church,' he says. "'No sir,' says Amanda I'm outside on the sod an' you know it."

"An then my hopes sort o' riz, because I thought I heard Eppelby Holcomb laugh soft-like he'd looked under the situation an' see it wasn't alike on both sides. An' 't the same time Mis' Toplady she changed her way, an', 'Timothy,' s'she, 'your hungry ?' "I'm nigh starved,' says Timothy. 'It



3-12 MONTREAL.

"No,' s'she, 'so you adn't . Not with them poor babies in there hungrier'n you be an' nowheres to go.'

"With that she got done milkin' an' stood up an' picked up her two pails. "Timothy,' s'she, 'the worst sacrilege that's done in this world is when folks turns their backs on any Wittle bit of a chance that the Lord gives 'em to do good in, like He told 'em. Who was it, I'd like to know, said 'Suffer little must be eight o'clock,' s'e. 'But I ain't children'? Who was it said 'Feed my' lambs'? No. 'When' or 'Where' about lambs'? No. 'When' or 'Where' about urgent why. the chu for the elders his ha secunt Silas S wrong body w guess i "We sweet 1 by the an' wa picked he just round think (waters. everyth dedicat the big someth boly."