A PAGE OF GENERAL INTEREST TO WOMEN READERS

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Sealed Packets Only.

Try it—it's delicious. BLACK GREEN or MIXED.

Mrs. Brown's Change and Rest

[Continued from Friday.]

"You have lots of machines," the preacher said,
Looking around at the rakes and drills
Which had overflowed from the big red shed;
"You've paid some big machinery bills!"
Machines were there, blue, green and red—
A threshing machine with a canvas head!
While broken ones were weathered and grey,
As if they'd lain there many a day.
"We have to have them," said Mr. Brown.
"No matter what we have to pay;
The seasons are short and it's up to us
To make the most of every day.
These things cannot be borrowed or lent,
So it's foolish to scrimp for the sake of a cent;
But of course a man must use his sense.
People try to do you every day.
It isn't more than a month ago
A fellow came around this way,
And he was surely a smooth-tongued gink,
And was bound he would sell me a kitchen sink!
Jane would have taken it on the jump,
For she's always wanted a kitchen pump.
But I showed her 'twould give us no return,
And told her I hadn't no money to burn."

—Then the neighbors came and they laid her away,
And they blamed the Lord in the same old way;
And they wondered how, if God is good,
He could take her away from her little brood.
But looking down on that tired face,
The minister knew what had taken place;
The Great Physician, from the skies,
Had looked on her with His kindly eyes,
And prescribed the cure he thought the best:
"For Mrs. Brown, a Change and Rest."
Then he did as the country doctors do,
Not only wrote, but filled it, too;
So the minister blushed as he read the Word,
"Inasmuch as it hath pleased the Lord";
And all the way home, the grey bird's song
Piped out, "It's wrong! It's wrong! It's wrong!"

Mrs. Brown passed out on St. Patrick's Day,
Mr. Brown dried his tears by the end of May;
He painted his buckboard and looked abroad,
And decided he'd try Bud Thompson's Maud;
For Mauld was willing and big and strong,
And he thought she'd be able to get along.
So he went to Maud and he laid his case,
And told her he thought she'd a lovely face;
He had always liked her quick, bright ways,
He believed he'd marry her some of these days;
Did she think she'd like to be his wife?
But Mauld replied, "Not on your life!
For an early grave I've no desire;
You've had great success in working land,
Now at housework, why not try your hand?
When you've worked that a month or two,
You'll learn the truth your poor wife knew;
Your work has been done by gas and steam,
By man and tool and four-horse team;
Your yard looks like a machinery shower,
But your house all ran on woman power,
And one day, of course, the power gave out,
And that is how it came about,
That you must fill the woman's place,
And you think I have a lovely face!
And you'd like it well if I would come
And pitch right in and make things hum!
But I am wise, and so decline.
You're very kind, but—not for mine!"
John Brown drove slowly down the lane
And wished he hadn't lost poor Jane.

4 Points.

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3. Very delicious for enriching soups, stews, pies, etc.
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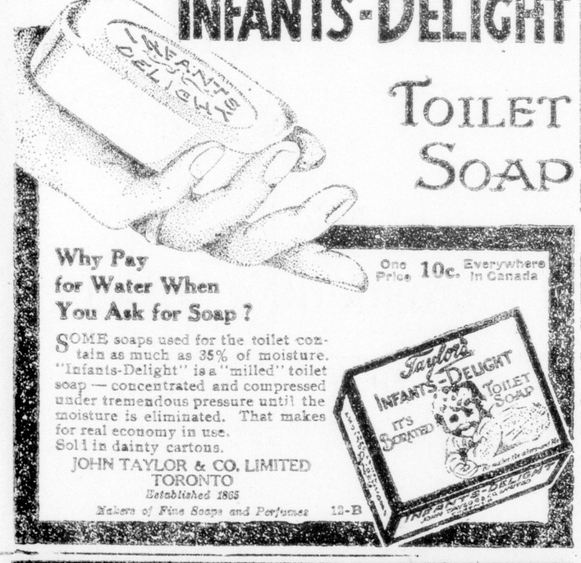

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More Bread and Better Bread

Cynthia Grey's Mail-Box

[Correspondents are requested to make their inquiries as brief as possible, and to write on one side of the paper only. It is impossible to give replies within a stated time, as all letters have to be answered in turn. No letter can be answered privately.]

What D. V. Means.

Dear Miss Grey,—1. I read a book a short time ago, and where a lover was writing to his sweetheart he used the letters, D. V., quite often. Can you tell me what they mean?

2. What salary does Mary Pickford receive? Where is she at the present time?

3. Are the universities and colleges going to close at Easter for the summer? If not, when?

4. In order to have a lighting system, such as Niagara, would we have hydro if it were not for the Falls, or has the Falls anything to do with the lighting system? Really I am ignorant on such matters.

5. What do the letters Y. O. C. mean?

6. What do you think of my writing?

7. Have any of the readers taken osteopath treatments for catarrh? If so, about how many treatments did you have to take? Kindly let me know through this column.

SINCE CHRISTMAS EVE.

Ans.—1. The letters stand for a Latin phrase "Deo volente"—God being willing.

2. Sorry, but I do not know.

3. I understand that the institutions are not to close, but that pupils willing to work on the farms may leave at Easter and receive their certificates next term, the same as if they had passed their examination.

4. Yes, my dear, without the Falls there could be no hydro. By "harnessing" and controlling the mighty forces of Niagara's water, the power to make the light and to operate radial roads, is produced. It's the same system as the old-time grist mill; no doubt you have watched the waterfall and the wheels merrily turning, to grind the farmer's wheat.

5. I do not know.

6. It is very neat and easily read.

7. No replies to this query can be published here; if any information comes for you, I'll put a note in the box.

Whose Place is It?

Dear Miss Grey,—I have been a silent reader for a long while, but have come to you for help. Will you please answer these few questions:

1. Whose place is it to speak, the boy's or girl's?

2.—If the girl speaks first, and speaks to every boy she knows, would not some boys call her a flirt, or think her forward?

3. If a bunch of boys were standing on the street and a boy is passing who they all know, whose place is it to speak first?

4. What day did March 27, 1901, fall on?

5. Last but not least, what do you think of my writing?

6. May I call again?

I will close this time, thanking you in advance, we are,

TWO BLOCKHEADS FROM THE BACKWOODS.

Ans.—1. A girl is supposed to speak first in meeting a boy friend, but it seems a bit absurd to be formal with folks one has known all one's life. With such, I would say let either make the first recognition.

2. Not necessarily. A quiet nod of the head and a pleasant "Hello" or "God-day," is sufficient, and would give no earthly reason for being considered forward.

3. Goodness, I didn't know "backwoods boys" were so troubled with the formalities of life; would say which ever got his tongue ready to say "Hello, Bill," or Jack, or whatever the name is.

4. Wednesday.

5. Rather good.

6. Yes.

Ten and Bashful.

Dear Miss Grey,—I have been thinking of writing, but oh, I'm very bashful. Now, will you kindly answer a few questions:

1. Now to settle a dispute will you please tell me what date Easter is on?

2. Some people say my writing is too small. Do you think so? As I am in Senior III. and 10 years of age.

3. I am four feet two inches. Am I too short for my age? I weigh 84. So you can imagine how stout I am.

4. Will your kind readers supply me with the song "Billy Grimes"? The first verse is:

"Tomorrow morning I am sweet sixteen
And Billy Grimes the drover
Has popped a question to me ma,
And asked to be my lover."

A BRUNETTE.

Ans.—1. My calendar says it comes on April 8 this year.

2. Your writing is very neat for a 10-year-old, and plenty large enough.

3. Your height is fairly average, my child.

4. This old song is in our collection of "old favorites," so I can send you a copy.

Come Right In.

Dear Miss Grey,—May I enter your pleasant corner once again? This time to offer help and ask for some. I saw "A Woman's Question" printed on our page recently, and as I have "Answer to a Woman's Question" and "A Man's Reply," I could send them for you to print on the page if you wish. I have several other nice pieces, including "Asleep at the Switch," "The Sheriff's Sale," "The Old Musician and His Harp," "St. Peter at the Gate," that I could send if anyone cares for them, and in return I would like to get a temperance song that is sung to the time of "Swanee River" and some words in it about "Dying from the curse of rum." There is another also that I would be much pleased to obtain. It's about a ship sinking and the people of a "village by the sea" are gathered on the shore helpless to give aid, and they could see a man lashed to a mast and hear him singing, "Jesus, lover of my soul." Hoping I have not been too much trouble, and here's hoping this war will end before 1918. I am, as before,

MRS. ORIOLE.

Ans.—It would be very nice to have the "Man's Answer" to the "Woman's Question," so you may send it along. The poem about the "village by the sea" has appeared on our page, but unfortunately I have no clipping at hand just now.

Three Helpers.

Dear Miss Grey,—We have been silent and interested readers of your page for some time, and we now venture to write.

We are three girls, 15 years of age, and are in the entrance. Do you think we are far enough advanced for our age? We have been held back by changing schools.

2. Have you a lonely soldier's name and address you would send us (for which inclose a stamped, addressed envelope)? We wish to send him a box.

Well, bye-bye for this time. We are

THE SILENT TRIO HELPERS.

P. S.—Do you receive many letters from this place?—T. S. T. H.

Ans.—1. As well as I can judge, you are not to blame for not passing your entrance examination at or before fourteen. Don't miss it this year, though!

2. Yes; one is being sent you.

3. Quite a few.

Four Friends Now.

Four Mail-Box friends have been found for the Scotch lad referred to last week by "Skylark." In addition to "Scotch Lassie" and "Falkirk Bairn," two other friends wish to send him "cuts" from Ontario. Here are their letters:

Will Cynthia Grey kindly forward address of "Scotch Laddie," who has been in the trenches since July and has no friends, to above address, and parcel will find its way there, along with other parcels to "Boys doing their bit"? Thanking you for address. Every little parcel or letter helps on the poor lads.

Also this: Dear Miss Grey,—Please me a lonely soldier's address (a "Scotch Laddie's") sent in by "Skylark."

AN INTERESTED READER.

Needless to say the address has been gladly sent forward.

A Girl's Problem.

Dear Miss Grey,—I have not read your page for some time until this last day or two, as I have been away from home, so I do not know whether this question has been discussed or not. Forgive me if it has and toss it into the wastepaper basket. However, I hope that is not to be its fate, as I am in a quandary.

What is a girl's duty toward the young men of her community? That is the way it was given me, so I am passing it along to the readers of your page as well as yourself.

I am a girl of almost 21 years, Miss Grey, and have made almost all my friendships among the ladies, young and old, of this community. I have never had anything beyond a passing acquaintance with any boy, and so it was that one of my elderly lady friends broached the subject the other day that I was what she called "wasting the fragrance of my youth and accomplishments upon the desert air." Do you think I am, Miss Grey? I know I am not altogether unattractive, as I do not think God sent anyone into this world with nothing attractive or helpful about them, but I always thought boys rather superfluous where I was concerned, especially as the majority are so "soft." I know because the rest of the girls tell me their experiences. You see, I am considered "safe" re the "cutting out" process.

I long ago gave up all ideas of the companionship of the opposite sex, Miss Grey, because I never met or happened to hear of a man who was content to use his brains instead of what my girl friends call "arm and lip movements." I have rather an idea that the city boys are behind our "country bumpkins" in that line, as they seem to observe more etiquette. At any rate I always had that impression, especially from the city girls' letters.

Miss Grey and Readers, I have never allowed a boy friend to put his arms around me and my lips have never been kissed. I have always found boys easy to control, but have never been popular because I am what is called "slow." What is your verdict? I have been left out of a great many youthful enjoyments because of my dislike of this sort of thing. Was I and am I right or wrong in persisting in the path I have chosen? I have been told time and again that it was just silliness on my part, and "how can a boy love a girl or show her that he does if she is so strict," is often asked.

Hoping you and your readers will not consider me silly, even if I am "slow," and may be able to help me solve my problem. I remain,

JUST ONE GIRL.

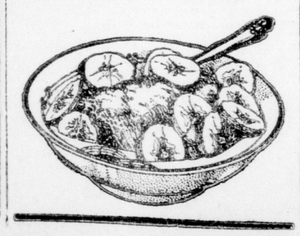
P. S.—May I ask you the old question: "What do you think of my writing?" and may I come again some time?

J. O. G.

Ans.—My dear, you are right—a million-billion times right—in not allowing promiscuous familiarities from boy friends just to be popular. The girls who cheapen themselves by allowing little caresses are really not esteemed highly by the boys themselves. Or at least that is what I understand. However, I shall ask our young men readers what their opinions are.

May say, too, that you are very young yet to say that "long ago" you gave up all thought of companionship from the opposite sex. Why, my dear, your best years are still before you! No doubt I'll have more than one application from youths who will wish you to expend some of that "fragrance" on them. Now folks, all, don't you think "Just One Girl" is on the right road?

"The Perfect Day" is the day when you work in harmony with law. Health comes from Harmony. Get in harmony with Nature's laws by eating Shredded Wheat, a simple, natural, elemental food which supplies the greatest nutriment with the least tax upon the digestion. Try it for breakfast with hot milk or cream. Delicious with sliced bananas or other fruit. Made in Canada.



DAILY BIBLE QUESTION CLUB

By Rev. T. S. Limbocott, D.D.

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The six daily studies for this week constitute the International S. S. Lesson for next Sunday. Read the Bible Story on which this study is based, as you ponder the following questions:

"Reverence of Jesus For His Father's House." John, ii., 13-22.

Golden Text—"My house shall be called the house of prayer." Matt., xxi., 13.

4. Verse 15—Why should not those be turned out of the Christian Church, who are endeavoring to finance it with pew rents, concerts, tea-meetings, "talent teas," bazaars, lectures, and many other commercial devices?

5. Verse 16—By what process can those who are raising money in the church by commercial methods, persuade themselves that they are the followers of him who said, "Make not my Father's house an house of merchandise"?

6. In view of what Christ states here, what opinion have you of a pastor, who looks favorably upon his members when they adopt commercial methods to finance the church?

Advertiser Patterns

AN ATTRACTIVE UNDER GARMENT

1857—Ladies' Corset Cover and Drawers.

This design has the cover in surplice style, and the drawers in the popular envelope design. Muslin, cambric, nainsook, batiste, crepe and silk are good materials for this garment. The pattern is cut in three sizes: Small, medium and large. It requires 3¾ yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

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Please send above-mentioned pattern, as per directions given below, to:

Name .....

Town .....

Province .....

Age (if child's or misses' pattern) .....

Measurement: Bust ..... Waist .....

Caution: Be careful to inclose the above illustration, and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is bust measure you need only mark 32, 34 or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26 or whatever it may be. If a skirt, give waist and length measure. When misses' or child's pattern, write only the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "years." Patterns cannot reach you in less than one week from

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No matter what else you do be sure and buy yourself an active membership in the "WHITE" Progressive Club. On an initial payment of only TWENTY-FIVE CENTS you get the benefit of the greatest easy-payment plan that was ever offered. A plan so simple, so scientific and yet so liberal as to limit distributing its benefits to only Fifty Members.

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12th Paym't 75c	13th Paym't $1.00	14th Paym't $1.00.	15th Paym't $1.00
16th Paym't $1.00	17th Paym't $1.10	18th Paym't $1.10	19th Paym't $1.10
20th Paym't $1.10.	21st Paym't $1.20	22nd Paym't $1.20	23rd Paym't $1.20
24th Paym't $1.20	25th Paym't $1.30	26th Paym't $1.30	27th Paym't $1.30.
28th Paym't $1.30	29th Paym't $1.40	30th Paym't $1.40	31st Paym't $1.40
32nd Paym't $1.40.	33rd Paym't $1.50	34th Paym't $1.50	35th Paym't $1.50
36th Paym't $1.50	37th Paym't $1.60	38th Paym't $1.60	39th Paym't $1.60
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By joining the "White" Progressive Club you are indorsing Canadian products, and in turn are putting in your home the best sewing machine money can buy. White Rotary attachments include the latest Five-Stitch Ruffler, the Edge-Stitcher and Foot-Gatherer.

Club price of this model is $49.20

10c is what you will earn if you make any one final payment in advance. Save as much as you like.

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ODDS AND ENDS

PICKED UP BY PENLOPE PENN.

Have you planted your garden yet? Now don't look mad and gain the idea that I'm trying to be "fresh." I mean it, really and truly, for I've got mine all complete, several times over—mentally, of course. Now, do you see? These cold, blustery days are just the coslest time of all to sit before a cheerful fire, with a few seed catalogs, and a stubby pencil, and map out the flower and vegetable plot for the coming spring. Of course, nine times out of ten you'll never carry out your ideas and plans for beautifying and enriching the earth, but it's heaps of fun thinking about it—and one isn't gossiping about one's neighbor's affairs when so engaged, or spending money at the bargain counters for something you don't really want!

Just now we're especially strong on a graveled path, with all sorts of hardy annuals and perennials bordering one side, and some viney things clambering over the fence at the other. A trim border of daisies, violets, pansies and forget-me-nots will run along the edge of the bed, then something a bit higher, like stocks, asters and such behind these; and some lilies, foxglove, and maybe cosmos, at the farthest side of the bed. Here and there a clump of peonies, some roses, and possibly a cactus dahlia or two, if there's an empty corner and—but, oh dear, don't smile! We're having so much pleasure out of our lovely bed and its constant succession of bloom, but if you're going to be skeptical about it we shan't tell you another blessed word, so there!

P. S.—A mass of double white asters against a background of brilliant salvia is another of our pet ideas. What's yours?

PENLOPE PEN.

Here's a clipping I gathered up for "Odds and Ends," as it's about modern man. I am certain of it proving interesting:

"I am afraid I don't understand the modern man," Loretta sighed, as she looked over her mail. "He is a problem."

"You speak as if you had been a member of the social sets before the flood," declared her brother, "and had come to pay the present century a little visit. What has the modern man done now?"

"You don't know young Mr. Peck," Loretta said dreamily. "But he's not so awfully young, either. I have met him every once in so often at week-end parties and at a dinner or two. He is neither wealthy nor handsome, and I liked him in a mild sort of way—the way one likes a hundred men one meets."

"You have a large acquaintance. By the way, does the modern man understand you?"

"Don't make fun of me," Loretta said, severely. "I will not allow it. Well, about eight weeks ago, I met Mr. Peck at a dinner over at Mabel's. The man on the other side of me was busy talking to somebody else, so I just had to listen to Mr. Peck."

"Don't apologize," murmured her brother. "No excuse is necessary in a case of that sort when you know the gentleman in question."

"Well, you don't know him," Loretta retorted. "All the evening he talked about the kind of girl that he would like if he should find her. He called the modern woman thoughtless and luxury-loving. He said she cared nothing for home life and the higher things of today."

"Complimentary to you," he said.

"He wasn't thinking of me," Loretta said scornfully. "He was just so earnest that he had to tell somebody. He said that appearance, as far as beauty went, had nothing to do with the matter. He liked style, of course, but style meant not being fashionable but having an air. He said the present fashions made him sick at heart, and he sometimes wondered what had become of the sweet women like his mother and his grandmother. He declared that insincerity and a strong desire for display in order that one might be regarded as a personage in her circle had made the modern woman a ridiculous and pathetic fashion plate who was even unable to pick up her handkerchief without a catastrophe."

"I am afraid he was no gentleman," Loretta's brother said severely. "Why didn't he pick it up for her?"

"You know what he meant. Don't be foolish!"

"What else did he say in his own eloquent way?"

"He said the use of rouge had become so common that one was growing discouraged at the scarcity of real complexions. He said women wanted to seem brilliant and dashing, and were apt to be only silly——"

"Did you rise and bow your thanks?"

"That they cultivated those who would help them in their onward march toward position and joined clubs and societies only because such things forced them forward.

"You must have been unusually well informed about the members of your sex by the time the ice cream came along," her brother said. "Doesn't he know any good-hearted, well-meaning women, young or old?"

"Oh, he said that a man loved his wife, was devoted to his mother and sometimes—note that—sometimes was fond of his sister, but laughed at the rest of womankind."

"Why didn't you crush him with your scorn?"

"He was really a nice man," Loretta said, with spirit. "I found him very entertaining and it wasn't until afterward that I realized the drift of all he said."

"It would have taken anybody some time to grasp his views if what you have repeated is only a sort of summary."

"Oh, he said lots more," Loretta said, quickly. "I haven't done him justice, either. He said it all so well and was so interesting. I haven't told you one-half of all he said about homes and the fireside and the gentle influence of a real woman. He was certainly charming."

"The past tense makes me sad," declared her brother. "Is he, perchance——"

"Married, yes!" Loretta said blithely. "Here are his cards. Married a girl he had known five weeks. She's Daisy Tucker, who uses up a fortune in rouge, wears the most extreme crowns possible, never heard of baking powder, can't sew a stitch, and wants to go to bridge parties or the theatre every minute!"

Those of you who followed the fortunes of "Pollyanna," as related in the two volumes "Pollyanna" and "Pollyanna Grown Up," will be interested to hear that there is a new hat invented in New York that bears the name of the "glad" girl. The hat is for young girls and said to be very pretty and attractive. The youthful shape turns up at the left side in an envelope effect and flares into points at the opposite side, at the front, and at the back, the trimming is simply a bow of grosgrain silk ribbon.

FAMILY TREES.

"John," said Mrs. Atwood, thoughtfully, "everybody in society appears to think an awful lot of genealogy these days."

"Jennie what!" exclaimed John, as he looked up from his evening paper.

"Genealogy," repeated Mrs. Atwood.

"What's that?"

"I don't exactly know," replied Mrs. Atwood, "but I think it's a tree of some kind. At least, I heard some ladies refer to it as a family tree."

"Well, what of it?" he asked.

"Why, it seems to be a sort of fad, you know, and everyone who is anyone has to have one, I suppose."

"Buy one, then," he said, irritably. "Buy the best one in town and have the bill sent to me, but don't bother me with the details of that affair. Get one, and stick it up in the conservatory, if you want one, and if it isn't too large."

"But I don't know anything about them."

"Find out, and if it's too large for the conservatory, stick it up on the lawn, and if that ain't big enough, I'll buy the next garden in order to make room. There can't any of them fly any higher than we can, and if it comes to a question of trees, I'll buy a whole orchard for you."

Still she hesitated.

"The fact is, John," she confessed at last, "I don't know where to go for anything in that line. Where do they keep the family trees and all such things."

"What do you suppose I know about it?" he exclaimed. "You're running the fashion end of this establishment, and I don't want to be bothered with it. If the florist can't tell you anything about it, hunt up a first-class nurseryman and place your order with him."

HIS STATUS.

[Washington Star.]

"Are you head of the family?"

"Not exactly," replied Mr. Meekton. "my position is rather that of the man higher up who gets blamed when anything goes wrong."

PURE, RICH BLOOD PREVENTS DISEASE

Bad blood—that is, blood that is impure or impoverished, thin and pale—is responsible for more ailments than anything else.

It affects every organ and function. In some cases it causes catarrh; in others, dyspepsia; in others, rheumatism; and in still others, weak, tired, languid feelings and worse troubles.

It is responsible for rundown conditions, and is the most common cause of disease.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is the greatest purifier and enricher of the blood the world has ever known. It has been wonderfully successful in removing scrofula and other humors, increasing the red-blood corpuscles, and building up the whole system. Get it today.

Flattering to the Original

But Imitations Only Disappoint

There are many imitations of this great treatment for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis and whooping cough. They usually have some sale on the merits of the original, but it should be remembered that they are like it in name only.

This is a facsimile of the package bearing portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D.

Robert's SYRUP OF 35¢ A bottle Cod Liver Oil & Tar

Is a scientific remedy in which the powerful curative properties of Cod Liver Oil and Tar are combined. The nauseous effect of the oil having been removed, the extractive principles remain to build up wasted strength and remove the irritation set up by Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and other affections of the respiratory organs. Try it, for it

does stop coughs

Surprisingly Good Cough Syrup Made at Home.

Costs Very Little and Easily Made, But Is Remarkably Effective.

You'll never really know what a fine cough syrup you can make until you prepare this famous, home-made remedy. You not only save $2 as compared with the ready-made kind, but you will also have a more effective and dependable remedy in every way. It overcomes the usual coughs, throat or chest colds in 24 hours—relieves even whooping cough quickly.

Get 2½ ounces of Pinex (50 cents' worth) from any good drug store, pour it into a 16-oz. bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. Here you have 16 ounces—a family supply—of the most effective cough syrup that money can buy—at a cost of only 54 cents or less. It never spoils.

The prompt and positive results given by this pleasant tasting cough syrup have caused it to be used in more homes than any other remedy. It quickly loosens a dry, hoarse or tight cough, heals the inflamed membranes that line the throat and bronchial tubes, and relief comes almost immediately. Splendid for throat tickle, hoarseness, bronchitis, croup and bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, combined with guaiacol and has been used for generations for throat and chest ailments.

Avoid disappointment by asking your druggist for "2½ 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 Company, Toronto, Ont.

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