Woman's Real m -:- Social and Personal -:- Fashions -:- Literature

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

"Just whistle a bit if your heart be sore;
'Tis a wonderful balm for pain.
Just pipe some old melody o'er and o'er
Till it soothes like summer rain.
—Paul Lawrence Dunbar.

REPOTTING HOUSE PLANTS

In February or the first part of March, when the house plants begin to make new growth, it is the best time of the year for repotting ferns, palms or other decorative things.

The soil for the decorative house plants- should be rich and well trained. One made up of equal parts a rotten sod or good garden loam, well-decomposed, manure, leaf-mold if it can be secured, and sand will serve the plant well. To prevent it from becoming sour a double handful of charcoal should be added to each peck of soil. The charcoal should be broken into bits the size of peas. A handful of bonemeal may also be added to each peck of soil; but if this is done, the soil should be mixed several days before using.

In repotting, the new pot should not be more than one size larger than the old one. The difference of an inch, from a six-inch to a seven-inch pot, for instance, is sufficient. More pronounced changes are dangerous, for when too much fresh soil is present in the pot it is liable to become water-soaked and sour.

TURKISH WOMEN LOSE FAMED HAREM FIGURES

Turkish feminine physique is thanging from the plump, cushiony ype suitable for the harem divan, o the wry, whipped-like form of the modern sports girl.

And its all being done with the aid of "jerks," or as they are termed by the Turkish inspector-general of physical education, "health and harmony movements."

Turkey has had a central school of Swedish gynastics since 1926, and the government encourages mixed mass demonstrations all over the country on a set gymnastic holiday each year.

KISSLESS CHRISTMAS IN CALIFORNIA TOWN

From now on, Christmas will be kissless in Tulare, California.

The city council, after considerable debate, voted to enforce an old ordinance which decares mistletoe a nuisance and makes it a misdemeanor for any resident to permit to grow.

Owners of property on which the parasitic plant is found are subject to prosecution unless they destroy it.

The ordinance, passed in 1904, was not enforced for years.

MORE REDHEADED BOYS THAN GIRLS

There are more redheaded boys than girls, according to a report issued by the medical research council, London, this conclusion having been arrived at by Miss R. M. Fleming, of the medical research council staff, after a study extending fourteen years and taking in 2, 219 boys and 2,073 girls.

The report also mentions the following facts:

The blue eyes of a baby may become brown, but no brown eyes ever become blue.

Changes in eye and hair color are always to darker shades not lighter.

Boys and girls are equal in average height up to eleven years.

Girls are taller than boys between eleven and fourteen. Afterwards boys become, steadily taller than girls.

SEE THAT YOUR NEW SPRING SHOES FIT WELL

When you sart out to buy new spring shoes, put yourself in the hands of a man who knows how to fit feet. The Easter parade will hold no joys for you if your feet are tired and aching long before the day is half over.

It is estimated that a great percentage of all foot ailments is caused by poor fitting shoes. If your shoes are too short, corns are likely to form on the tips of your toes. If shoes are too long, they have a tendency to slide up and down on your heels, causing blisters.

Bunions often come as a result of wearing narrow shoes. Arches ache and make you tired if your shoes are not designed for your particular type of foot.

Low heels are best for walking purposes. And the girl who likes to dance in shoes with medium heels will find some of the new spring styles right to her liking.

Stockings should be large enough to give your toes room to move about. At the same time, don't get them so long that they'll wrinkle and irritate your toes and heels.

Never wear the same pair of hose a second day without washing them. It takes very little time to dip your stockings in a pan of suds when you remove them at night. The hose will last longer and your feet will be more comfortable the next day.

HERE ARE THE USUAL SIGNS OF ACID STOMACH

Neuralgia Feeling of Weakness
Headaches Mouth Acidity
Nausea Loss of Appetite
Indigestion Sour Stomach
Nervousness Sleeplessness
Auto-intoxication

WHAT TO DO FOR IT

TAKE—2 teaspoonfuls of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in a glass of water every morning when you get up. Take another teaspoonful 30 minutes after eating. And another before you go to bed.

OR—Take the new Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets — *one tablet* for each teaspoonful, as directed above.

If you have Acid Stomach, don't worry about it. Follow the simple directions given above. This small dosage of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia acts *at once* to neutralize the acids that cause headache, stomach pains and other distress. Try it. You'll feel like a new person.

But—be careful you get genuine *Phillips'* Milk of Magnesia, or *Phillips'* Milk of Magnesia Tablets when you buy—25c and 50c sizes.

ALSO IN TABLET FORM

Each tiny tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of Genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

MADE IN CANADA

Phillips' Milk of Magnesia

"I am the picture of health"

"Before My Baby Was Born"

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound built me up before my baby was born. For five months I could not keep food on my stomach and I was so weak I had to lie down every day. A friend told me how much the Compound helped her so I started taking it. My appetite improved and I was soon strong enough to do all my work. I am the picture of health now. Your medicine is wonderful in pregnancy."—*Mrs. R. W. Campbell, 127 Blackburn Ave., Ottawa, Ont.*

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

98 out of 100 women report benefit

A Morning Smile

Sandy came home looking very down in the mouth.

"What's wrong?" asked his wife.

"Aren't we about the most unlucky family in the wurrld?" replied the Scot.

"I don't understand ye," replied his spouse, looking rather puzzled.

"There's a chemist in the toon selling his medicines at half price, and here are we just back from holiday and all in the best of health!" Sandy explained.

Mrs. Knagg—I was a fool when I married you.

Mr. Knagg—I suppose you were, but I was so infatuated at the time that I didn't notice it as much as I do now.

Best Remedy for Cough Is Easily Mixed at Home

No Cooking! No Work! Real Saving!

You'll never know how quickly a stubborn cough can be conquered, until you try this famous recipe. It is used in more homes than any other cough remedy, because it gives more prompt, positive relief. It's no trouble at all to mix and costs but a trifle.

Into a 16 oz. bottle, pour 2½ ounces of Pinex; then add granulated sugar syrup to make 16 ounces. Syrup is easily made with 2 cups of sugar and one cup of water, stirred a few moments until dissolved. No cooking needed. This gives you four times as much cough medicine for your money, and it's a purer, better remedy. It never spoils, and tastes fine.

Instantly you feel its penetrating effect. It loosens the germ-laden phlegm, clears the air passages, and soothes and heals the inflamed membranes. This three-fold action explains why it brings such quick relief in severe coughs.

Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of Norway Pine, used for generations for its healing effect on throat membranes. It is guaranteed to give prompt relief or money refunded.

THE COOK'S CORNER

Rough Puff Pastry

This pastry is used for mince pies. Eight ozs. flour, five-six ozs. fat, half a teaspoonful salt, cold water, two teaspoonfuls juice. Make the pastry and roll out to the thickness required. Cut out as many linings and covers as you have patte tins, using a slightly larger cutter for the top. Place a spoonful of mincemeat in each patte tin, wet the edges. Place the covers on top, make a small hole in each top, then with the back of a knife flake up the edges of the pastry. Brush the tops over with beaten white of egg. Bake in a hot oven for about thirty minutes. When done, dredge with sieved icing sugar or caster sugar. Serve piping hot on ad'oyley.

CHEESE RECIPES

Devilled Cheese on Toast

Two ounces of old cheese, one tablespoonful of any hot pickle preferred, one nut of butter; season with cayenne pepper and mustard. Place the cheese in the pan with the butter. When this has melted add the pickles, which should be chopped. Add also the made mustard and pepper. Serve at once on rounds of toast.

Tomato Cheese

Have one ounce of butter, put it in a pan, and melt it, then add one tablespoonful of tomato sauce. Stir well, and then add 2½ ounces of grated old cheese, seasoned with a little cayenne and lemon juice. Have some rounds of buttered toast ready, and serve very hot.

Using up Stale Cheese

Odd scraps of cheese need never be wasted. Grate the leftover cheese, then have a quarter of a pound of butter, together with one tablespoonful of made mustard; season with pepper and salt to taste. Mix all these to a stiff cream and put into dry pots. This will keep for some weeks.

WIN HONORS

(C. P. By Guardian's Special Wire)

KIRKLAND LAKE, Ont., Feb. 25. — New Liskeard Juniors won the central group honors of the Northern Ontario Hockey Association when they defeated Kirkland Lake at New Liskeard last night 7-4. New Liskeard won the round 19-9.

Ask for
ASCO
The Better Tablet for
Headaches
Neuralgia and Pain

If you have never tried ASCO, then you can not realize the beneficial effects in sudden attack of Rheumatism, Neuralgia or Headache. ASCO is the latest discovery for the relief of headaches and pain; it is better because it's more effective and is perfectly harmless. ASCO gives almost instant relief and does it without the use of harmful drugs and without any bad after effects.

Each tablet stamped A-S-C-O

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

Treating Spouse Fairly Pays Dividends Even to the Selfish—Disillusioned 16—Advice to Wife Whose Husband Can't Live With or Without Her

Dear Miss Dix—Leaving aside all questions of right and wrong and all demands of duty and affection, why do not husbands and wives treat each other better from purely selfish motives.

Say that Mrs. A. has invested all of her savings in a race horse for which she pays $25,000, and that, at best, will be a source of profit to her for but a short time, if at all. She is most solicitious about the horse, takes the best of care of it, sees that it is properly fed, caters to its peculiar nervous temperament.

Mrs. B. has a husband who produces a steady income of $25,000 a year, but does Mrs. B. take any such care of her husband as Mrs. A. does of her horse? Is she careful that he is properly nourished? Does she guard him from the irritations that upset him and make him nervous? Not that I ever heard of Mr. B. is lucky if she does nothing against him, lucky if she does not starve him or stuff him on indigestible food. Awfully lucky if she doesn't handicap him so that he cannot win out in the race of life. Why isn't a husband worth taking care of purely as a financial proposition?

DR. A. P. B.

Answer:

You call attention, doctor, to one of the strongest phrases of the matrimonial problem and that is, that neither husbands nor wives seem to realize that a happy marriage is something that has a commercial as well as a sentimental value, and that it is an investment that pays, even in dollars and cents, a better dividend than Government bonds.

Yet it is the solemn truth that a married couple who love each other and who get along harmoniously together have a hundred times better chance of prospering than a husband and wife who are antagonistic to each other and who are always fighting each other. Not only are they willing to work for each other and sacrifice for each other, but their minds are at peace and the men can give his whole attention to his career, instead of having his thoughts distracted by domestic grievances.

One of the most important factors in any man's success is his relationship with his wife. If he loves her, that love fires his ambition. It gives added powers to whatever ability he possesses because it furnishes him with an inspiration for doing the very best that is in him because he wants to give her every comfort and luxury. Most of the great things that men have done have been achieved for the sake of the women they love.

But if a man's marriage is a failure; if his wife does not satisfy him; if she makes a home that is a place of strife instead of peace, then he has to be a supergenius and a superman to succeed against such odds. Big employers takes into consideration the kind of wife a man has and his home life before they put him into a position of importance.

No man can go from a breakfast quarrel with his wife with his mind clear. One lobe of his brain is still concerned with the mean things she said to him and his hot comebacks, so he vainly tries to concentrate on the matter in hand.

Many a man fights with his partner and breaks up a profitable business or offends his best client or patient simply because he is grouchy with his wife. And many a man slacks down in his work just because he doesn't think it worthwhile to toil for a woman who never shows any appreciation of what he does for her.

It is even more profitable for a woman to make her husband happy than it is for him to make her happy, for in keeping him eating out of her hand her financial well-being depends.

Many a wife pays for her nagging and her whining and complaining by driving her husband away from home to some other woman who makes herself more agreeable. Many a woman living on a meager alimony sees some other woman splurging around on money that would still have been hers if she had thought it worth while to yes-yes her husband and jolly him along in order to keep her job as a wife, as any girl has to yes-yes and jolly her employer in order to hold down a good-paying situation.

It literally depends on almost every wife how long her husband is kept a going concern. By the way she feeds him, by the care she takes of him, by the peace and quiet she surrounds him with, is settled whether he will break down with nervous prostration by the time he is 40 or still be going strong at 70.

Oh, yes, it pays for husbands and wives to make each other happy. It saves many a doctor's bill and pushes many a man on to success.

DOROTHY DIX.

* * * * * *

Dear Miss Dix—Must one always take life just as it comes in the raw? My life has been nothing but unhappiness and I am lonely, disillusioned and discouraged. Nobody loves me. I have never had any real friends, either girls or boys. I am only 16, yet life seems to me useless.

DISILLUSIONED.

Answer:

Don't despair, my dear. The morbid view you take of the world is one of the phrases of adolescence and it will pass. God alone knows why, but girls and boys at your age nearly always look at life through green spectacles and see it jaundiced.

Perhaps it is because the very young alone believe in Santa Claus and think that they should have every good thing presented to them on a silver salver. When we are older we know that there is nothing for nothing in this world, and that for everything we get we must work or sacrifice.

Even love. Even friendship. And that we must make our own happiness. You complain because you are unpopular with your fellows and because you are unhappy. Well, what have you done to try to make yourself happy? Have you tried to adapt yourself to the conditions which you found yourself? Have you made an effort to look on the bright side of things instead of dwelling morbidly on the dark ones? For there is sunshine as well as rain, you know. Have you ever tried to make things pleasanter for other people instead of resenting every effort not being made for your pleasure?

Believe me, we all make our own happiness, but we don't manufacture it out of grouches and glooms and selfishness. The only happy people are those who are trying to make other people happy and who don't bother about their own happiness at all.

And if you haven't any friends, that, too, is your own fault, because the whole world is hungry for comradeship and eager to meet those half way who hold out their hands to them. Perhaps you are stand-offish and hard to get along with. Perhaps you are never willing to play anybody else's game and expect everybody to run after you. Why should they? Try pursuing them a while. Adapt yourself to them. Be pleasant and cheerful and you will not lack for friends ever, anywhere.

Of course, we have to take life just as it comes, a mixture of joy and sorrow, of pleasure and pain, but the thing is to take it on the chin. To have what Stevenson called "the brave attitude toward life."

DOROTHY DIX.

* * * * * *

Dear Miss Dix—I have been married fifteen years. About a year ago my husband told me that he did not love me any more and never would, and begged me to leave him, which I did. A few days later he came to me and asked me to come back home and said he had changed his mind about loving me. Now he wants me to leave again and I don't know what to do. The trouble is that he is crazy for children and I have none. What shall I do?

WIFE.

Answer:

Evidently your husband loves you and you are necessary to his happiness, but when he is with you all the time he does not realize this. My advice is to go away for a while and when he misses you and comes after you again, tell him that you will come on the condition that he will consent to adopt a baby.

DOROTHY DIX.

Daintiness With Chic Styles

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished with Every Pattern

BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON

What about your spring wear? A smart wardrobe is a definitely planned one.

Today's pattern is an advanced spring model that is also lovely for immediate wear.

It is fashioned of crepe silk in one of the loveliest new shades Paris is favouring in Mexican clay. Its trims are in deeper tone of the same color.

Bias seaming through the bodice and the hips, create a very slimming effect and narrow the waistline.

There are many charming printed crepe silks that would also be suitable and smart.

Style No. 461 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust.

Size 16 requires 3¼ yards of 39-inch material with ⅝ yard of 35-inch contrasting.

Price of PATTERN 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin is preferred). Wrap coin carefully.

No. 461. Size .....

Name .....

Street Address .....

City State .....

461

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S GRANDCHILD TO WED

New York, Feb. 26—For the first time since President Theodore Roosevelt died, his home at Oyster Bay, L. I., will be opened for a big public function when Miss Grace Green Roosevelt is married to William McMillan, of Baltimore, on March 3. Miss Roosevelt, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, s the first grandchild of the late President to be married.

It is announced that President Franklin D. Roosevelt and his family will come from Washington, and other Roosevelts will come from far and wide.

Sore throat
Quickly relieved by rubbing
VICKS VAPORUB
OVER 2 MILLION JARS USED

What Every Widow Knows!

By LUCILLE VAN SLYKE

He took from his own pocket a long folded document which he handed to Freddy." I—er—happened to find that in your coat pocket last Sunday—" he confessed awkwardly.

Freddy pounced upon the paper and gulped with relief.

I've looked high and low for that and been worried stiff," he confessed, "Why in heck did you take it? Couldn't you see it was important?"

Clarence grinned.

"More important to me than to you," he poked Freddy's ribs facetiously. "Omitting the whereases and the parties of the first and second parts, I gathered that it concerned one Kerry Rogers, named as beneficiary of much coin in his granddad's will. Nice little old past that Kerry had, but what he won't get will make it pretty soft for the widow he left, eh?"

"But he died under an assumed name and we can't find her—" Freddy waked important with office business.

Clarence blew a large ring of smoke.

"Keep your mouth shut, Freddy," he cautioned." Don't scream or call the police and I'll see you get a nice rake-off when the time comes. You may have the papers but I have the che-ild! In other words I have found the che-ild wife!"

"You!" gasped Freddy.

"Little choosy Clare did it!" he exulted. "I went off detecting right after I had cast my eye on the papers and oh, boy!" he ended glibly, "I not only found her but found he hadn't told her who he was and that she is low on cash and was going to go out into the cold hard world to make a living. So I steered a friend of mine who is in a real estate office right her way and he rented her the tea room place four doors down the street—and Allah be praised, she is the peach you saw passing with the large man just before we came in!"

"The one you said you might marry!"

"The one I must marry," Clarence gravely corrected him. "And the beauty of the scheme is that she doesn't know she's anybody's heiress and we won't break the news to her until after she is Mrs. Clarence Collins. For if anybody knew what she had coming to her, there might be more than one fly winging toward the little honey pot, eh?"

"But you don't even know her!" Freddy was stunned.

Clarence grinned as he picked up their clothes.

"You mean she doesn't know me. Well, my real estate friend is going to take her lease to her about nine o'clock tonight and I am going to happen along with him—just on my way to Mrs. Somebody's dance—Freddy, this is going to be a case of love at second sight!"

CHAPTER 3

ALL DRESSED UP AND NOWHERE TO DINE

That would be man-about-town, Clarence Collins, could with truth remark that he was spending a couple of hours at his club whenever he took his clothes to be pressed. For Jake's shop was labelled PRESSING CLUB and Clarence was eligible for membership. Anybody was who had a suit to be pressed.

In other clubs it had a distinctive atmosphere all its own. It was radolent of cleaning fluids and wet woolens and tobacco scented steam. Its proprietor was a hairy-hunch-shouldered, thick-spectacled little Lithuanian who looked somewhat spiderlike, as he bent over his dingy ironing board. And the ingenious arrangement of pulley lines, whereby he found room in a tiny basement for the wardrobes of numerous patrons made the shop seem not unlike a mass of spider webs.

He greeted the elegant Clarence with grudging courtesy on a certain mild spring evening when that jocular youth drifted into the smelly den with work for Jake. The fact that he had concealed the clothes to be pressed in an enormous brief case, belonging to his room-mate, did not at all fool Jake.

"I choos closing in twenty minoots," Jake grumbled as Clarence began pulling out his own suit and Freddy Burchard's coat. "I nod had time to eat—"

Clarence had plenty of time to eat but nothing to eat.

But he smiled ingratiatingly.

"What I really came in for Jake, old thing," he hazarded, "was a couple games of pinochle. You're the only good pinochle player I know and I'd rather play pinochle than — than — eat —" He reached around the ironing board for the box where he knew Jake kept the playing cards. He began shuffling the deck, "Make it worth your while, too, Jake. If I lose I pay you double for pressing these duds my—er—room-mate is going out of town on business on a midnight train, or I wouldn't bother you with them. Only as a favor to him I brought them over. Play you three games. I'll make him pay you double if I lose. But if you lose—why, you press 'em free and pay me the price of the pressing—"

Jake was not very keen about it. But his one weakness was his love for pinochle.

So the next two hours the passers-by were amused at the unusual spectacle of a shirt-sleeved tailor and a young man in immaculate evening dress intent on grimy cards on a grimy ironing board. At the end of which time the young man, outwardly nonchalant, but inwardly cursing, rose to hide his disgust at his losses in a well-stimulated yawn.

"Luck was all yours," he grumbled." "I'll be back in an hour for my clothes." He fumbled in his pockets. "Must have left my wad in my other clothes when I changed. Lend me a dollar bill till I come back, will you?"

Jake peered through dirty spectacles and grinned malignantly.

"My money no spik Englis," he vouchsafed.

The would-be man about-town went forth into a heartless world hungrier than ever and almost frantic for a smoke. But he hadn't a cent and he knew his room-mate hadn't one. And he still had an hour to kill before he could keep an important engagement he had with himself.

He walked briskly through the side street in which he lived, pausing before the unopened tea room where on the morrow Molly Benedict would begin her first business venture. He contemplated it with a proprietary air, that would have astounded the petite Molly, who hadn't the pleasure of the presumptuous young man's acquaintance.

The very sight of the place made his mouth water. It was dimly lighted. In the window were two candle-like lamps, whose orange shields let a cheerful glow upon a neat placard announcing.

"OPENING TOMORROW"

He mentally rehearsed a pleasant scene in which he meant to be leading man.

"She will sit by that old desk beside the door," he thought as he gazed through crisply starched dimity curtains. "I'll stroll in every night about seven and she will look up with a welcoming smile—"

He was a versatile actor. He was now rehearsing Molly's smile as he looked down on the prim row of terracotta flower pots that adorned the window. They were filled with thrifty plants of silvery sage and perky looking chives and pungent mint that hinted at the delicate seasoning tomorrow's cookery would have. He gazed appreciately at the blue lettering painted on the window.

"Molly Benedict requesting the honor of your patronage Mid Day Dinners 12 to 2. Hot Suppers 6 to 9.

"Neat but not gaudy," he murmured.

"Whereas you are both," a pert voice answered him.

There was a blue painted bench in the vestibule entrance; it stood in the shadow of two tubbed cedar trees. Clarence discovered a girlish figure perched upon it.

"Are you waiting for Mrs. Benedict too?" the pert voice continued. "She said she'd be here about nine—"

A black velvet tam pulled rakishly over bobbed blonde hair, and a jersey frock with demure linen cuffs made her look far more youthful than her alert grey eyes.

Clarence sized her up cooly, decided she'd do for a chance acquaintance, anyhow, removed his hat and spoke with an air of polite boredom.

"I beg pardon?" he drawled.

"I don't," she jeered, Wabby told me about you. Said you steered her his way to rent this. We are both beting you've your eyes on this—here-now window. But let me tip you off, bo', she is a whole lot wiser than she looks. I had a talk with her this afternoon about a job and she got so mad with her darned coolness that I beat it. But—I—well," she grinned, "—didn't have any dinner engagement so I came back—got a match?" she interrupted herself, pulling a packet of cigarettes out of an artist's portfolio beside her.

He had a box he had borrowed from Jake.

"Swap you one for a cigarette, sister," he laughed, sitting down beside her.

He held the lighted match for her, exulting in her prettiness as its brief flare accentuated the piquant line of her saucy little chin.

She was a cool piece! She eyed him from under her lowered lashes and laughed back.

I don't think I'd care to be a sister to you—not yet, anyhow—".

(To Be Continued.)

CHAPPED HANDS
Chilblains, Frost Bite
Quickly Healed by Zam-Buk.

Royals Are Eliminated

MONTREAL, Feb. 25 — Champions of Quebec in 1933, Royals today passed from the hockey playoff picture for 1934, beaten 2-1 by Canadiens in the second game and by 3-1 on the round. The teams entered a two-game, total-goal, series last Sunday by virtue of having finished second and third in the regular schedule of the Senior Group, Quebec Amateur Hockey Association.

The result upset the dope. Royals, who bowed to Montreal Hawks in the Allan Cup series last year, had been favored to advance over Canadiens and meet the winner of the McGill University-Verdun series for the provincial senior title. McGill defeated Verdun 3-1 last Wednesday and they clash again next Wednesday completing the total-goals series.

The winner will then meet Canadiens in a series from which will emerge the senior titleholder to advance against the provincial intermediate titleholders for the right to meet the Maritime champion, yet to be declared.

Dr. Wood's
Norway Pine Syrup

The Obstinate Cough That Keeps You Awake

It's the cough that sticks; the cough that hangs on; the cough it is hard to get rid of that causes the nerve and throat wracking cough that keeps you awake at night.

Why not get a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and see how quickly it will relieve this coughing condition. It loosens the phlegm, soothes the irritated membranes, strengthens the bronchial organs, and when this is done there is no more lying awake with the irritating cough.

Price, 35c. a bottle; large family size, 65c.; at drug and general stores; put up only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

BEWARE OF
"ATHLETE'S FOOT"

It's the Start of Ringworm

Itch or ringworm of the toes and feet is accompanied by intense burning that is hard to bear. Quick relief can be had in this way. First wash the feet in hot water; then rub some Nerviline between the toes and over the affected areas. Do this night and morning and you'll soon have strong, healthy flesh instead of germ-filled, itchy surfaces. Nerviline is sold by all dealers in medicine.

Perfect protection for Your Skin

Cuticura Soap Medicinal Toilet

Is found in the daily use of this pure medicated soap. Price 25c.

Canadian Depot: Lymans Agencies, Limited, 286 St. Paul St., W., Montreal.
Made in Canada