

MISS MIDDLETON'S LOVER.

OR—
PARTED ON THEIR BRIDAL TOUR.

By the author of 'A Forbidden Marriage,'
'That Pretty Young Girl,' etc.

CHAPTER VII.
IF I WIN HER AT ALL.

CONTINUED.

"Am I so very bad?" I asked bitterly.

"You are," he retorted, "so very bad that I repeat I would rather see Irene dead than married to you."

"If that were my wish, I would not have married you. You do not deceive me, nephew of mine though you are, you are at heart a villain. I will be frank with you, it is best, in the first place, although you are young, you have led a wicked life of it. I have heard, no matter how, of several little episodes in your college life that would not bear investigation. Irene is not of the class of women you understand. You are not even capable of appreciating her. She is far beyond you. You have broken the heart of more than one fair young girl, I hear, but you shall never break Irene's."

"Good heavens, sir!" I burst out, unable to endure it a moment longer, "I was not a young man myself, and you know that young fellows will be young fellows, and if they sow their wild oats early in life, so will the better."

"If they sow wild oats in their youth they will reap a full and bitter harvest in their old age," he said, sternly.

"In vain I pleaded with him. It was useless, worse than useless."

"Enough of this," he cried, harshly; "you will find that my ire is as yet and may be as yet young man! Irene is not for you."

"This brings me to another subject, he went on abruptly, "as I have said, I have studied you well since you returned here and I like you less as a man than I did as a boy; you have been brought up with the belief that you were to be my heir; but now I have to tell you that I shall never receive a shilling of mine to squander it up in viciousness and riotous living. You are not the kind of a man to be entrusted with a fortune. Tomorrow revoke my will; I shall cut you off with a small annuity, the rest I shall bequeath to Irene. Such a man as you needs to work for his living to keep him out of mischief."

"He rose abruptly to indicate the interview was ended."

"How I made my way to the room I never knew; my head was in a whirl and my heart was on fire. In an evil moment all my hopes were overthrown; from the prospect of wealth and affluence, I myself plunged down to absolute beggary again. It was maddening, maddening!"

"I rushed out into the street. I walked here and there for long hours, with my brain still on fire from rage and hate. One thought was uppermost in my mind, how could I prevent the old idiot from changing his will? He would send for his lawyer to-morrow, whatever was done must be done to-night. How I wished he would die in his bed that night."

"The sun went down and the dusk of the dusk of the summer night crept up still I paced the busy streets, that one intense thought uppermost in my mind, how could I prevent that will from being changed? I must think, think! I knew where he kept that will, in the safe, and I thought of the great stacks of bills I had seen that afternoon. If I had them, I need not worry about poverty, and I hated the man who had them with all the strength of my fierce nature. By some strange fatality, call it what you will, glancing up, I found myself opposite the house. It was quite dark, silent and dead as a grim sentinel carved in stone; just then the clock in a far off belfry chimed the hour of ten."

"With strange fascination I stood leaning against the trees, gazing up with malignant rage in my eyes at the banker's window, my soul warring with conflicting emotions. I had only while the darkness lasted in which to be a robber now. Soon after the onset of the morning rose I should be disinherited. I ground my teeth together, cursing my lack of I stood there. Suddenly, to my surprise, the carved canopy door opened, and there emerged from the darkness the figure of a woman, wrapped in a long, dark cloak, who glided down the marble steps like a phantom and hurried down the street."

"Recovering from my amazement I hurried in swift pursuit overtaking her just as she reached the first corner. Imagine my joy upon beholding, as the light of the gas-lamp fell upon her face, Irene."

"Irene," I cried, in dismay; "what can this mean, out alone and at night on the streets of London?"

"She did not answer me, she appeared not to hear me, gazing over my head in a strange, dazed, unnatural way. All in a sudden, it struck me just what was the matter. Irene was walking in her sleep; she was a somnambulist."

"I had heard of the danger of waking one too suddenly when in this condition. She fitted on before me like a shadow, I following. She was so feet of foot I could barely keep pace with her."

"Was it fate that had led this beautiful girl into my power? I thought with inward satisfaction. What an easy matter it would be to abduct Irene, to take her to—"

"My reverie was cut short, for she had suddenly passed before a window in which glimmered a faint light, as from an office back, and to my surprise she put out her white hand hesitatingly, gropingly, found the knob and turned it; it yielded to her touch; the door swung open. I drew back into an adjacent doorway where I could see and hear all that transpired, being at the same time unseen myself, for I had seen a man approaching the door from the interior of the store."

"The night had come on, intensely dark and sultry, but, by the lightning flashes which preceded the storm, I saw that she had entered the office of the safe and lock company, Oxford street."

"I saw the young man approach and ask her courteously what she wished, and I almost held my breath with intensity as I heard her murmur something about getting her uncle's safe opened. I heard the young man expositate, comparing the lateness of the hour for the work. I could have laughed aloud. Could he not see that the girl before him was in a state of somnambulism, utterly unconscious of her surroundings. Incapable of replying, much less comprehending his remarks, she repeated over and over only those words, she must get her uncle's safe open at once, and those replies fitted his remarks with wonderful aptness."

"It is strange how comedy follows on the heels of tragedy, and vice versa."

"Though she spoke but these few words, he replied, after a few moments of deliberation, that he would accompany her and open the safe for her."

"Matters were assuming an interest for me. How was this affair to end? What would happen if she were to awaken any instant? Surely the man gaining into that lovely, dazed face and expressionless eyes must see that there is something strange, unnatural about her. If he is not too enthralled by the girl's marvellous beauty to observe her closely, he must see that this is a case of somnambulism, I considered. But he apparently did not."

"She must have had it in her mind to visit this safe company's office, I judged, for only week previous she had said to me:—"

"Uncle forgets the combination of his safe of late; three times I have been on the point of going to that safe company's office to get someone to open it for him when his memory has returned to me. Alas! this is occurring so frequently of late."

"This, then, was the key, the solution to the whole affair."

"My dismay rose at the complication matters were assuming, when I saw the young man prepare to follow her, taking his tools with him."

"As unconsciously as she had entered the place, she turned abruptly and hurried down the street."

"To my amazement the young man hurried after her, with his case of necessary tools open, and I, of course following up the rear. I must overtake him and explain the matter to him."

"What law of nature is it that guides somnambulists that they thread their way through intricate paths, and returned unharmed to their own particular abodes?"

"As I saw Irene pass hurriedly up the marble steps, the young man following, a sudden demon seized me, urging me to let the affair proceed, it would place Irene in my power."

"Silently as a shadow I followed into the house, and into the banker's room to which we had proceeded, succeeding in securing myself behind the heavy velvet portieres unseen."

"This is the safe you wish me to open, I presume?" the young man said, and in a moment I heard him set about his task, Irene having mechanically walked from the room."

"The midnight bells tolled ere he had succeeded in opening the door of the safe. He made little attempt at caution as he worked, humming every now and then a few lines of popular songs. The noise he made in picking up and laying down his tools must surely awaken the banker in the adjoining room, I thought, but it did not."

"He waited some little time for the reappearance of the young lady who had summoned him, for this task at this unearthly hour. At length, reluctantly, as she was not forthcoming, he took his leave. I heard the outer door close behind him with a firm, metallic click."

"It was but the work of a moment for me to secure the money, which was in large packages of bills, and transfer them to my breast-pocket."

"This accomplished, a veritable demon seemed to possess me; for, in examining a small compartment to the right I saw the old banker's will lying before me. To some eager, impetuous restless nature, such as mine was, a sudden temptation comes, which, like burning scorching lava, sweeps away all before it. A sudden, terrible temptation came to me to put the banker suddenly out of the way, then and there; the will standing as it did would give me all his property. I had no idea of how much or how little he was possessed, and in connection with this still more daring thought occurred to me, I, whose initiation of the banker's handwriting was perfect, could easily insert the clause in that will, that Irene was to marry me. If she believed it to be her uncle's wish, she would never refuse to comply with it."

CHAPTER VIII.
A CONVICT'S BRIDE.

"Need I add, that I accomplished this? My steps were then turned toward the banker's sleeping-room. I had risked too much to turn back now. I crept across the threshold, my eyes gleaming with hate as they rested on the sleeper."

"I had resolved upon the modus operandi as to how I was to consummate my plan. I turned out the faint spark of a gas jet, then turned the gas on full head, hurrying out of the apartment and closing the door tightly after me."

"But, ah! the best laid plans of mice and men oft gang agley."

"Before I could make my exit from the banker's room there was a sound from the old gentleman's wale's room; he had detected the odor of escaping gas."

"In an instant he was out in the corridor. Perdition! Closing the door of the room in which I had started again, locking the door and putting the key in his pocket, muttering something about having nothing to do this evening in the evening. There was no way of escape for me save through the old banker's room, this was rendered impossible now, owing to the valet's presence there."

"In sheer desperation and fearful of detection, I darted back into my place of concealment, back of the heavy velvet portieres again."

"And again I muttered Perdition! The valet had thrown himself down on a divan in his master's room; the banker complaining of a terrible sensation in his head and head from the effects of the gas he supposed he had turned off wrong."

"A few words more and my confession is ended."

"I was forced to remain in my place of concealment until late hour the next day. I witnessed the banker's discovery of the safe having been robbed, as he entered the room with Irene; she, of course, being entirely innocent of the thrilling events that had transpired the previous night."

"When he sent me from the room he bowed his head on his hands, crying aloud that he was ruined, ruined!"

"I seized that moment to escape, but, turning sharply around, attracted by a slight noise he swept the portieres asunder and I was discovered."

"You are the thief, the robber!" he cried. "I knew it, I felt it! I struck him down, and he drew his pistol upon me and fired, but the ball, luckily for me, struck a marble pedestal close by, which turned its course and it lodged in his own heart. In the confusion I escaped."

"Now we come to the last act that closed my eventful career. Irene—"

"Whatever it was that Heathcliff, or Forrester, as we shall hereafter call him, purposed to say was never uttered, a terrible fit of coughing seized him, which brought on a violent congestion. He sank rapidly and straightway the doctors administered opium."

"The fearful strain of revealing all he had revealed had told upon him, the blood gushed from his mouth in a dark crimson pool."

"It is all over with his dear old doctor. 'Here,' calling hastily to the attendant, 'pour out four drops from that little phial beside my case; it will help him to die easier.'"

"In his extreme nervousness the attendant poured out ten drops and it was administered."

"His life will flicker out with the setting of the sun," said the doctor, and, glancing from the window—"the sun is setting now. He will not last five minutes at most." He took out his watch and timed the patient's rapid respiration."

"Five minutes passed—then—the doctor looked slightly puzzled; he bent down closer, an exclamation of surprise breaking from his lips; there was a slight pink glow spreading over Forrester's face, his lips were moist."

"I am of the opinion this man will live," he said shortly."

"The overdose of the drug administered by the attendant had saved his life."

"The above was the detailed account of the startling story the extras had contained. Who will wonder that Irene fainted outright when she read it, and that Frederick Emmond, steaming into London as quickly as the railway carriage could bring him, devoured every word of it with avidity, clenching the paper as he turned to the last word, with a shuddering groan."

"Oh Irene, beautiful Irene!" he cried, under his breath, "the happiest day of my life is this in which I find that you are innocent of that terrible robbery, and have been from first to last."

"A somnambulist! Great Heaven! that this did not occur to me before." In a trice all that had puzzled him was now as clear as noon-day to him. A blush of shame rose to his cheeks that he had doubted so noble a girl as Miss Middleton, how he hated himself for it."

"What must have thought of his incomprehensible conduct as he left her, on that memorable morning?"

"How shocked she must have been to learn, too, of the prominent part she played in that midnight robbery, surely the strangest and most wonderful on record."

"As a gentleman and heartfelt sympathizer,

PROVINCIAL TURF RECORDS.

Some of the Fastest Horses and Records of the Maritime Provinces.

(Hull's Record.)

The fastest horses owned in the maritime provinces by the records is Edgardo, 2:18, owned by W F Todd, of St. Stephen. Edgardo's son Tomah, owned in Boston, who has the fastest record made by a horse bred in the provinces, was formerly owned by John Lawlor, St. Stephen. Special Breed, 2:18, by Black Pilot, owned by LeRoy Willis, St. John, has a better record than any horse bred and owned in the maritime provinces; his 2:12 is the fastest record made on a maritime track ever, and he is the fastest trotting stallion ever bred in the provinces. Benny, 2:18, by Forrestright, Jr., has the fastest record of any pair owned in the provinces; he is owned by W C Burke, Charlottetown, P. E. I. Israel, 2:19, by Rampart, owned by A. C. Bell, New Glasgow, has the best record of any horse owned in Nova Scotia. Parkside, 2:23, by Clay, owned by W B Bowness, Summerside, has the best record of any trotter in P. E. Island. Parkland, 2:28, by Parkside, has the best record of any province bred mare owned in the Island. Diana, 2:21, by Israel, owned by A C Bell, New Glasgow, has the best record of any province bred mare owned in the provinces. Flora, 2:25, by Von Moltke, owned at Charlottetown, has the record for mares in P. E. Island, and Katrina, 2:24, by Harry Wilkes, owned by Dr. Steves, St. John, has the record for mares over provincial tracks. Nelson's exhibition mile at St John in 2:17 is the fastest mile ever made over a provincial track. J C Mahon's (Truro) Brazilian, by Brown Wilkes, in his race at St Stephen in 1893, in a four year old, made the three fastest heats ever trotted in a race in the provinces—2:24.5, 2:25.5, 2:24.5. Earle (Stanley) 2:20, owned by J Carey, Bedford, has the fastest record of any gelding owned in the provinces. Stranger, by Sir John Dean, 2:25, owned by E Mcgeeny, Halifax, has the best record of any gelding owned and bred in the provinces. Montrose, 2:33, owned by Ramsey and McNeil, Summerside, has the best record of any gelding owned on the Island. Amherst track has both the stallion and gelding records for the provinces, and Halifax has the best record ever made by a mare. Brighton Boy, 1:28, by All Right, owned by R. Steele, Charlottetown, has the half mile yearling record for the provinces. Parkland, 2:28, by Parkside, owned by B Bowness, Summerside, has the mile yearling record, and his 2:35 is the two year old record. Promoter, 2:31, by Preceptor, now in Boston, has the three year old record. Brazilian, 2:24, by Brown Wilkes, has the four year old record. Clayton, 2:24, by Allie Clay, owned by D. S. Mann, Pictouville, has the best mile record of any province bred horse owned in the provinces; also holds the pacing record for the maritime provinces, and his three heats at St. John, 2:24, 2:24, 2:24, are the three fastest heats ever bred in the provinces. Track records (trotting)—Amherst Special Breed, 2:21, by St. John, Special Breed, 2:21; Charlottetown, Special Breed, 2:24; St. Stephen, Brazilian, 2:24; Summerside, Parkside, 2:27; Moncton, Stranger, 2:26; Kentville, Special Breed, 2:23; Halifax, Katrina, 2:24; Yarmouth, Wilkes, 2:24; Fredericton, Light, 2:24; New Glasgow, Minota, 2:25. Katrina's 2:24 at Halifax is the fastest first heat ever made in a race in the provinces; Clayton's 2:24 at St. John the fastest second heat; Special Breed's 2:21 at Amherst, the fastest third heat; Brazilian's 2:24 at St. Stephen, the fastest fourth heat; Special Breed's 2:27 and 2:21 at Amherst, the fastest fifth and sixth heats; and Parkside's 2:24 at Amherst, the fastest seventh heat. Ardright's 2:24 at St. John is the fastest second heat by a trotter.

composed the regiment. Before leaving them he said he wanted to meet them again on his return to the city. He desired them to bring as many of the old comrades as they could find along, as he would be glad to see them all at the lunch with him. Fancy the laughly and imperious Herbert bent down to lunch with a lot of private. "By Jove, you know, it would be decidedly bad for you."

CURES CATARRHAL DEAFNESS. Strong and Unreserved Testimony of the Curative Powers of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

Actions speak louder than words. Mr. John McNeill of Washabuck Bridge, N. S. made use of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder and says: "I used the medicine according to directions and found it to be a wonderful cure for catarrhal deafness. I can hear as good as ever. You will find 60 cents enclosed for which please send me another bottle and blower to her also."

One short puff of the breath through the blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use. It relieves in ten minutes and permanently cures catarrh, hay fever, colds, headache, sore throat, tonsillitis and deafness. 60 cents. Sample bottle and blower sent on receipt of two three-cent stamps. S. G. Dehon, 44 Church Street, Toronto. Sold by W. H. Carten, C. A. Burchill and J. M. Wiley.

The Cubans are making strenuous efforts to throw off the Spanish yoke, and the motherland is much alarmed at the prospect of their ultimate success. General Campos, the leader of the imperial forces, advocates a policy of leniency towards the rebels, or 150,000 men will be necessary to quell the rebellion, and even then 75,000 men would perish.

DON'T YOU REMEMBER LONG AGO? As the years roll on we more and more recall the events of the past. School days with their tasks and chores come back again to us in memory, but with the glamour and enchantment of distant youth. The old school and church, the boys and girls we romped with, father's voice, mother's smile, the joy of the holiday—no pleasures of the present compare with those enjoyed in the days now ripped up in the eternity of the past. In a similar way we recall the old time tested friend of the past—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor—there failed us when and as just as sure to serve us now. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is sure, safe and painless. Use no other.

An interesting incident occurred on one of the Grand Trunk trains Thursday. A Polish of Hungarian emigrant gave birth to four infants while the train was nearing Detroit. They were all doing well when the train reached Detroit, and went through to Chicago.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night or broken in your rest by a sick child crying with pain of Cutting Teeth, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP" for children teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums and reduces Inflammation. Is pleasant to the taste. The prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurse in the United States. Sold by all Druggists throughout the world. 25cts per bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."

The coroner's jury at Chatham brought in a verdict of manslaughter against Doherty, the slayer of young Luke. The latter's funeral took place yesterday and was one of the largest ever seen in Chatham. It is said Doherty will give himself up to the authorities.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO SWEAR OFF Says the St. Louis Journal of Agriculture in an editorial about No-To-Bac, the famous tobacco habit cure. "We know of many cases cured by No-To-Bac, one of the most prominent St. Louis architects, smoked tobacco for twenty years; two boxes cured him so that even the smell of tobacco makes him sick." No-To-Bac sold and guaranteed by Chas. A. Burchill, No cure, no pay. Book free. Sterling Remedy Co., 374 St. Paul St., Montreal.

Speaking of Doherty who shot young Luke at Chatham, the World says: "Two or three months ago a lad died suddenly after having been roughly handled in horse play by Doherty and another youth who 'rammed him'—that is, made a beating ram him—and butted his head against a cart wheel. Nothing was done about it. A few weeks ago he stabbed a man, but so seriously, and nothing was done about that. Now, at the age of 20, he has reached the legitimate climax of his course of conduct."

Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away. Is the truthful, startling title of a book about No-To-Bac, the harmless, guaranteed tobacco habit cure that braces up nicotine-nerved nerves, eliminates the nicotine poison makes men gain strength, vigor and manhood. You run no physical or financial risk, as No-To-Bac is sold by Chas. A. Burchill, under guarantee to cure or money refunded. Book free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., 374 St. Paul St., Montreal.

Ex-Chief Police Page, of St. Cuneoged, a Montreal suburb, and Cyrille Moquina, a street butcher, were burned to death in a government dredge in the Lachine canal last night. Page was watching on the dredge and Moquina frequently stopped with him for company. It is believed the fire was started by a lamp explosion. When the firemen arrived both men were discovered burned to a crisp. Both leave large families.

A Prominent Lawyer Says: "I have eight children, every one in good health, not one of whom but has taken Scott's Emulsion, in which my wife has boundless confidence."

Mayor Robertson of St. John, Messrs. Hazen and Chesley, M. P.'s, W. Pugsley and W. C. Pittfield have gone to Ottawa to interview the government regarding mail subsidies.

Pelig J. Smith and Robert B. Smith will build a steam saw mill at Centre Blaville in the spring.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

ROYAL Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Children Shrink

When taking medicine. They don't like its taste. But they are eager to take what they like—Scott's Emulsion, for instance. Children almost always like Scott's Emulsion.

And it does them good. Scott's Emulsion is the easiest, most palatable form of Cod-liver Oil, with the Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda added to nourish the bones and tone up the nervous system. The way children gain flesh and strength on Scott's Emulsion is surprising even to physicians.

All delicate children need it. Don't be persuaded to accept a substitute. Scott & Bown, Belleville. 107, rue St. J.

Wiley's ... EMULSION ... OF COD - LIVER - OIL.

Preparation in the Market. Best Value for the Money. Readily taken by Children. No preparation equal to it. For Building up the System.

PRICE 50 cts. Sold Everywhere.

JOHN M. WILEY, Manufacturer 196 Queen Street, Fredericton.

Featherbone Skirt Bone. A light, pliable, elastic bone made from quills. It is soft and yielding, conforming readily to folds, yet giving proper shape to Skirt or Dress. The only Skirt Bone that may be wet without injury. The Celebrated Featherbone Corsets are corded with this material.

For Giving STYLE and SHAPE To LADIES' DRESSES. For sale by leading Dry Goods Dealers.

COUGH MEDICINES. FINE OVERCOATINGS. Latest Cloth for Suits, Gowns, etc.

Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Dr. Wilson's Syrup of Red Spruce Gum. Dr. Boschee's German Syrup.

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