My Friend The Chauffeur.

By C. N. & A. M. WILLIAMSON, Authors of ..THE.. Lightning Conductor ..THE.. Princess Passes, ETC.

(Continued).

By the time we got into Alessandria, with its mighty maze of fortifications, I was so weak from laughing that I giggled hysterically at sight of the Prince standing in the doorway of a hotel which we were sailing past. I pointed at him, as Maida had pointed to Vittorio Alfieri's tablet, and Mamma gave a welcome meant to drown my giggle. Mr. Barrymore stopped, and His Highness came to the side of the car.

"I was sorry to miss you this morning," he said, "but after bidding you au revoir last evening, I suddenly remembered that I had a friend in Alessandria whom I had not seen for long, and it occurred to me that I would pay him a visit. After all, I might have saved myself the pain, as I found that he was away."

"At least you saved yourself the pain of a bad night," said I.

"Oh, that would have been nothing," he exclaimed. "Indeed, if there were hardships to be borne, I would have preferred to share them with you."

I don't know what would have happened at that moment if I'd met Maida's eyes, or Sir Ralph's eyes, or indeed, any eyes on the prowl; but all avoided mine.

The Prince was expecting, or said that he was expecting, Joseph to arrive at any instant with the car. Then he would follow us, and we planned to stop at Pavia and he did not, he would be in Milan before us. We had suffered so many delays at the hands, or rather the hoofs of our four-footed brethren, that we had no time to waste in compliments with irrelevant Princes, so we quickly sped on again as well as the uneven roads would allow, leaving behind the big fortified town which Mr. Barrymore said had been built by the Lombard League (whatever that was) as a place of arms to defy the tyranny of the Emperors.

Though the road was poor, except in bits, and gave us all the bumps mentioned in Sir Ralph's rules, the country was lovely and loveable. Grapes, mulberries, rice, and stuff called maize, which looked exactly like our American corn, grew together like a happy family of sisters, and from the hills dotted about, more thickly than Mamma's crowns on her toilet things, looked down old feudal castles as melancholy as the cypresses that stood beside them, like the sole friends of their adversity.

Of Tortona and Voghera I carried away only the ghost of an impression, for we darted through their long main streets, deserted in the noon-tide hour, and darted out again onto the straight white ribbon of road that was leading us across all Northern Italy. It was so dusty that Mamma, Maida, and I put on the motor-veils we had discarded after the first few hours of the trip till now; things made of pongee silk, with windows of talc over our eyes and little lace doors for our breath to pass through. It was fun when we would slacken speed in some town or village, to see how the young Italians tried to pry into the motor-masks' secrets and find out if we were pretty. How much more they would have stared at Maida than at her two grey-clad companions, if they had known! But behind the pongee and the talc, for once our features could flaunt themselves on an equality with hers. Even monks, brown of face and robe, gliding noiselessly through wide market places in the blue shadows of hoary campaniles, searched those talc windows of ours with a curiosity that was pathetic. Young officers, with dark eyes and slender figures tightly buttoned-up in grey-blue uniforms, visibly preened themselves as the car with the three veiled ladies would sweep round a corner; and really I think there must be something rather alluring about a passing glance from a pair of eyes in a face that will always remain a mystery. If I were a man I believe I should find it so. Anyway, it's fun for a girl to guess how she would feel about things if she were a man. I suppose though, we're generally wrong.

After we'd frightened enough horses and other domestic animals to overstock the whole of Northern Italy and felt quite old in consequence (considerably over thirteen), a sweet peace fell suddenly upon us. We had passed the place where Napoleon's great battle was fought, and Voghera, where we might have stopped to see the baths but didn't, because we were all too hungry to be sincerely interested in anything absolutely unconnected with meals. Then turning towards Pavia, we turned at the same moment into Arcadia. There were no more beasts in our path, unless it was a squirrel or two; there were no houses, no people; there was only quiet country, with a narrow but deliciously smooth road, colonies of chestnut and acacia trees, and tall growths of scented grasses and blossoming grain. It was more like a by-path through meadows than an important road leading to a great town, and Mr. Barrymore had begun to wonder aloud if he could possibly have made a mistake at some cross-way, when we spun round a corner, and saw before us a wide yellow river. It lay straight in front, and we had to pass to the other side on the oldest bridge I ever saw; just old grey planks laid close together on top of a long, long line of big boats that moved up and down with a lazy motion as the golden water of the Po flowed underneath.

"This is a famous bridge," said the Chauffeulier; so Mamma hurried to get out her camera and take a picture, while we picked our way daintily over the wobbly boards at a foot pace; and another of the man at the far end who made us pay toll—so much for each wheel, so much for each passenger. Maida never takes photographs. She says she likes better just to keep a picture gallery in her brain. Mamma always takes them, but as she usually has three or four on the same film, making a jumble of Chicago street cars with Italian faces, legs, and sun-dials, as intricate as an Irish stew, I don't see that in the end they will be much of an ornament to the journal of travel we're keeping.

"This is where the Po and the Ticino meet, so we're near Pavia," Mr. Barrymore told us; and if our eyes brightened before our masks, it wasn't so much with interest in his information, as at the thought of lunch. For we were to lunch at Pavia, before seeing the Certosa that Maida had been talking about for hours with the Chauffeulier; and before us, as we crossed the Ticino — bridged by a dear, old, arching, wooden-roofed thing supported with a hundred granite columns —bubbled and soared a group of grey domes and campaniles against a turquoise sky.

The roofed bridge, that seemed to be a lounging place and promenade, led into a stately city, which impressed me as a regular factory for turning out Italian history, so old it was, and so conscious, in a dignified kind of way, of its own impressiveness. I felt that, if I could only remember, I must have studied heaps of things about this place at school; and the town was full of students who were probably studying them, with more profit, now. They were very Italian, very good-looking, very young youths, indeed; and they were all so interested in us that it seemed ungrateful not to pay more attention to them than to their background. They grouped round our automobile with a crowd of less interesting people, who had stopped before a hotel, and some of the students came so close in the hope of seeing what was behind the motor-veils, that Maida was embarrassed, and Mamma and I pretended to be.

XIV.

A CHAPTER OF SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

Mamma's lunch was spoiled because, in pronouncing "campanile" for the first time, she rhymed it with the river Nile, and realized what she had done when some one else soon after inadvertently said it in the right way. She didn't get over this for a long time, and so the landlord profited, and must have been pleased, as all the Italians at the table d'hote took twice of everything. Those who were not officers were middle-aged men with fat smiles which made them look like what I call 'drummers," and Sir Ralph wastes time in naming commercial travellers. He and Mr. Barrymore explained that, at all these quiet privincial hotels with their domed roofs and painted ceilings, their long tables and great flasks of wine hung in metal slings, more than half the customers come every day to eat steadily through cheap monthly subscriptions.

"They can live like fighting cocks for next to nothing," said Sir Ralph. "If the Riviera Sun ever suffers an eclipse, I shall probably end my days in a place like this. Pavia for choice, because then I can make my friends at home believe that I live here to worship the Certosa."

Now to make up for her slip about the campanile, Mamma began to talk about the Certosa as if it were an intimate friend of hers; but though she hurried to get out the word while Sir Ralph's pronunciation of it still echoed under the painted dome, her first syllable was shaped so much like a "Shirt" that I had to take a drink of water quickly. It is a funny thing, if people have no ear for music, and can't tell one tune from another, they don't seem to hear foreign words rightly, and so, when they speak, their pronounciation is like "Yankee Doodle" disguised as "God Save the King" It is that way with Mamma; but luckily for me, Papa had an Ear.

We had to pass through "Pavia of the Hundred Towers" after a look at the grand old Castello, and go out into Arcadian country again to reach the Certosa. Our way lay northward now instead of east, beside a canal bright as crystal, and blue as sapphire because it was a mirror for the sky. Then, we turned abruptly down a little side road, which looked as if it led nowhere in particular, and suddenly a wonderful thing loomed up before us.

I don't know much about churches, but there are some things which one is born knowing, I suppose; such as the difference between really great things and those that don't touch greatness. One would'nt need to be told by a guide-book that the Certosa of Pavia is great—as great as anything ever made, perhaps. Even "little Beechy Kidder" felt that at first glance; and then—there was nothing to say. It was too beautiful to chatter about. But it did seem strange that so pure and lovely a building could have owed its existence to a crime. I had heard Mr. Barrymore telling Mamma that it was originally founded in thirteen hundred and something, by the first Duke of Milan with the view of taking off the attention of Heaven from a murder he had committed—quite in this own family—which got rid of his father-in-law, and all his father-in-law's sons and daughters at the same time. No wonder it took a whole Certosa to atone for it, with statues of the founder dotted about, presenting models of the church to the Virgin; or praying with clasped hands; or having his funeral procession in great pomp. But I didn't like his face; and judging from its expression, I shouldn't be surprised if he were glad the Certosa had been taken from the monks to be made a national monument, so that more people could glorify him.

It was n't until I had seen a great many other things, however, that I made acquaintance with his Dukeship Gian Galeazzo Viconti (it is always easy to remember wicked people's names), for at first sight there was only the wonderful gateway, with a glimpse of the dazzling marble church, a splendid great dome, and some bewildering towers glittering in the sun.

Mr. Barrymore hired a youth to guard the automobile and the dog while we went in, strange figures for such a place, in our motoring get-up. I didn't know before what exquisite stuff terracotta could be, but had despised it in America as the thing cheap statuettes are made of. Now, when I saw it mellowed by centuries, combined with marble ornamentations, I made up my mind that I would never have a house of my own unless it could have terra-cotta window and door-frames, and chimneys, and everything else besides that could possibly be made of terra-cotta.

But the cloisters, great and small, were better than anything else; better than the facade; better than the marble church, with all the lovely little side chapels; better than anything I ever saw; and I walked about alone, pleased with myself because, in spite of my ignorance, I had enough sense of appreciation to be happy. Still, I wasn't sorry when Sir Ralph left Mamma listening with Maida, to things Mr. Barrymore was saying about moulded brick and terra-cotta architecture in North Italy, to join me.

"Terry says there's something in the world more beautiful than this," he remarked.

"I suppose he's thinking of Maida," said I.

"Not at all. Probably, if you could see into his mind you'd discover that he's wishing you hadn't wandered away from his orations. The thing which he considers more beautiful is the cloister of Monreale, at Palermo, in Sicitly. But, then, this isn't the part of Italy Terry loves best. He won't begin to shine till he gets to Verona; and even Verona he calls only a charming inn where the world's great travellers have left mementoes of their passage, rather than a true Italian town stamped with the divine genius of Italy. When he's at Venice he'll be at home. You'll like Terry in Venice."

"The question is, will he like me in Venice" I asked, looking out of the corner of my eye at the tall Chauffeulier in his leather coat, showing a heavenly white marble doorway to Maida, and Mamma.

"Of course he will. You mustn't be discouraged by his manner. If only he thought you were poor!"

"Shall I intimate to him that Maida is very rich?"

"No, no. I wouldn't deceive him about that. Let well alone. All will come right in time."

"Meanwhile, I suppose I must put up with you?"

"If you can. Unless I bore you. Would you rather I left you alone?"

(To be continued).

WOMEN WHO CHARM

HEALTH IS THE FIRST ESSENTIAL

It Helps Women to Win and Hold Men's Admiration, Respect and Love.

Woman's greatest gift is the power to inspire admiration, respect, and love. There is a beauty in health which is more attractive to men than mere regularity of feature.

To be a successful wife, to retain the love and admiration of her husband, should be a woman's constant study. At the first indication of ill-health, painful or irregular periods, headache or backache, secure Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and begin its use.

Mrs. T. E. Gillis, Windsor, N. S., describes her illness, and cures, in the following letter :

Dear Mrs. Pinkham :—

"When I commenced to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was suffering with weakness and womb trouble, headaches, backaches, and that worn-out, tired feeling. I have only taken the Vegetable Compound a few short weeks, and it has made me well, strong and robust. I believe that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is without equal for female troubles."

Women who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, backache, bloating, (or flatulence), inflammation or ulceration, that "bearing-down" feeling, dizziness, faintness, indigestion, or nervous prostration may be restored to perfect health and strength by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

PONCA INDIANS HAVE PITY ON LONGWORTH

Bring Buffalo Waistcoat as Wedding Present — Tell Roosevelt Bride-elect Must Not Get Them All.

Washington, Feb. 15—Ten Ponca Indians, who came from Oklahoma to present Representative Nicholas Longworth with a buffalo skin vest, were much disappointed at not finding Mr. Longworth in the house when they visited the capitol this afternoon. The Indians were especially painted and dressed in beaded buckskin clothing in anticipation of an elaborate presentation ceremony. Their gift for the president's prospective son-in-law is made from the hide of a young buffalo which is more highly prized by the Indians than any other trophy of the hunt.

The Ponca Indian delegation called on President Roosevelt this afternoon to pay their respects to the "Great White Father." Incidentally Eagle Horse,chief of the band, presented the president their gift for his future son-in-law. The chief added that they made a present to the groom and not to the bride, because the bride already had received many presents and they felt that the groom ought not to be neglected in this respect. President Roosevelt laughingly accepted the waistcoat on behalf of Mr. Longworth, promising to see that he should get it.

Mrs. Montgomery, of Carleton Heights, gave a number of little folks a valentine party on Wednesday.

NO STRIKE OF SOFT COALERS

Growing Conviction in Pittsburg that Bituminous Miners Will Not Strike.

PITTSBURGH, Feb. 15—There is a growing conviction here that there will be no strike in the bituminous coal districts. This is the opinion of leading interests, whose knowledge of the industry is unquestioned. It is quite true that the radical element among the miners is still insisting upon a strike unless the operators of the Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois fields grant an increase of 10 per cent in wages. But the soft coal trade is in no position to stand an advance. Overproduction and the severest competition in years have depressed prices to a level at which the producers are not making any money. The Pittsburg Coal Company suspended dividends on its preferred stock last July, and there is no present prospect of a resumption of disbursements within the next two years. The Monongahela River Consolidated Coal and Coke Company, the other coal combine in this district, paid only 77 cents per share on its preferred stock for the year 1904, and but 97 cents per share for the year ending October 31, 1905.

Independent operators have declared for months that prices were unremunerative and that the closing of numerous mines would be absolutely necessary before any improvement in prices could be expected. Many mines have been closed for some time, while the open winter, prevailing prior to February 1, had restricted demand enormously, not only at home but in the Northwest, where hundreds of thousands of tons of Pittsburgh coal are stored during the lake season for use in cold weather.

The miners are now receiving 85 cents per ton for coal going over a 1 1-2 inch screen. They receive 90 cents per ton in 1903 and accepted the reduction in February, 1904, effective April 1 of that year. Relations between miners and operators have been rather harmonious for the past six or seven years, both profiting thereby until the past two years during which time the miners have been receiving comparatively better results than the operators. The unsatisfactory situation, so far as the operators are concerned, is directly attributable to the exceptional profits made during 1902 and part of 1903, during and following the anthracite coal strike, when an enormous demand for bituminous developed. Profits arising from operations then were largely reinvested in coal lands, while new companies were formed with a rapidity that was almost startling. The direct result was overproduction and reduction of profits. The trade has at no time in the past two years shown any recuperation worth mentioning.

SACKVILLE

SACKVILLE, Feb. 14. — Court Tantramar and Companion Court Sackville gave an "At Home" last evening in their hall to about one hundred guests. The guests were received by Mrs. H. Dixon and W. B. Thompson, and the committee in charge were, W. Turner, F. J. Tingley, J. W. Doull, T. A. Patterson, Mrs. H. Dixon, Miss H. Marshall and Mrs. W. K. Best.

Last evening, Rev. Egerton R. Young delivered a lecture on "Romance in the Land of the Auroras" before a large audience in the vestry of the Methodist church.

Charles D. Stewart, chairman of the merchants' committee of the board of trade, entertained over twenty of the leading merchants to an oyster supper at Ford's Hotel on Monday night. The object of the gathering was to discuss matters of importance, such as early closing, merchants' day, an early morning train, regulation of prices, etc. Remarks were made by Senator Wood, F. B. Black, C. W. Cahill, W. Turner, F. J. Tingley, B. C. Raworth, C. D. Stewart and others. At the close of the gathering, a hearty vote of thanks was tendered Mr. Stewart.

SACKVILLE, Feb. 13—The reading circle in connection with the Methodist church, was held last evening at the home of Mrs. Hiram Copp, Squire street. The topic for discussion was Sierra Leone. Miss Grace Paisley presided and was ably assisted by Mrs. W. W. Andrews, Miss Hattie Stewart and Miss Mabel Oulton. Mrs. Walter Cahill read an excellent paper on the missions of Sierra Leone. Refreshments were served at the close.

R. H. McCready, who at one time was acting agent at Aulac, has received an important promotion by the B. & A. Railway.

At the regular meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society, on Tuesday, it was decided to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Sackville society on March 6th.

The marriage of C. W. Palmer, of Lancaster, New Hampshire, and Miss Carrie George, of Parrsboro, N. S., was solemnized recently at the Baptist parsonage, Sackville, by Rev. B. N. Nobles. Mr. Palmer is a member of the Boston Comedy Co., of which H. Price Webber is manager.

Mrs. Ansley Teed and family, of this town, will leave next week for Gardner, Mass., where they will in future reside. Mr. Teed, who went there some time ago, holds an excellent position.

CHANGE IN BOSTON'S LICENSE LAW

Boston, Feb. 15—A bill to permit hotels within 400 feet of a public school house to sell liquor, provided the hotel has a closed bar, and the bar itself is outside the 400 feet limit, was passed to be engrossed in the house of representatives late today. The vote was 137 to 33.

The legislation was introduced to relieve the liquor situation at the Hotel Touraine, this city, and other public houses in the state located near school buildings.

Longworth Has His License.

Washington, Feb. 15—The marriage license of Miss Alice Roosevelt and Representative Nicholas Longworth was issued by the clerk of the court today at 4.15 o'clock.

The Baird Company's Wine of Tar Honey and Wild Cherry

A Lubricant to the Throat
A Tonic to the Vocal Chords

AT M·R·A's ·LTD·

A VARIED COLLECTION OF HIGH-CLASS FURNITURE FROM US TO YOU AT FACTORY PRICES JUST NOW.

Spring Furniture Bargains a Month Early, But Don't Let Them Slip Past You

Holiday Seasons Are Busy Times in our Furniture Building and great inroads are made in the vast array of useful and ornamental articles. In fact the supply is left more or less unsorted, mis-matched, and mixed after the rush. This is the stock we are now selling so cheaply. It is all genuinely good and of recent manufacture. See it.

Brass and White Enamel Beds,
Several Good Dining Tables,
Bureaus and Commodes, Etc.
Exquisite Cheffoniers,
Luxurious Parlor Cabinets,
Buffets and China Closets,
Bedroom, Parlor, Dining Chairs,
Every Kind of Good Rockers,
Fine Line of Parlor Suites,
Superior Mantel Mirrors,
Dressing Tables and Secretaries,
Some Upholstered Couches,
Full-Length Triplicate Mirror,
Numerous Little Items Also.

Prices Down 33 1-3 to 50 p. c.

MARKET SQUARE.

AT M·R·A's ·LTD·

"OPEN SHOP" IN FUTURE FOR METHODIST BOOK CONCERN ESTABLISHMENTS

Recent Test Since Strike Began Shows Better Service Than Under Union Rule.

Cincinnati, O., Feb. 15.—At a meeting of Methodist editors and publishing managers of the United States it was decided that every printing establishment controlled by the Methodist Book Concern shall hereafter be run on the "Open shop" plan, making no distinction between union and non-union workers.

The decision applied particularly to the printing plants in Cincinnati, Chicago and New York. It was declared by those who spoke that since the open shop plan had been introduced there had been better service in every way, and that it would be absurd of thinking of ever restoring the alliance with the unions.

NO ONE

WHO HAS EVER SEEN OR HEARD THE HELPLESS CHOKING OF A CONSUMPTIVE

CAN THINK LIGHTLY OF A COUGH

A single dose of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup will convince you that it will stop the cough, sooth the throat, and start you on the road to recovery.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP

is rich in the lung-healing virtues of the Norway pine tree, skilfully combined with Wild Cherry Bark and the soothing and expectorant properties of other pectoral herbs and barks. It is a pleasant, safe and effectual medicine for Coughs and Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Pain in the Chest, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, Quinsy and all troubles of the Throat and Lungs.

Be sure and do not accept a substitute for Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. The genuine is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark, and the price 25 cts.

HAS NO EQUAL

"I had a very bad cold which settled on my lungs. I tried many remedies but could get no relief. On the advice of a friend I procured a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Before the bottle was half finished I had not the slightest trace of a cough, and in my opinion Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup has no equal as a cure for coughs, colds, or any affection of the throat and lungs.

J. J. McINNIS, Woodbine, N.S.

SHEFFIELD

SHEFFIELD, Feb. 13—Mrs. James Belyea, James Belyea, Jr. and Miss Belyea of Fox's Creek were in Sheffield, Sunday on their way to Fredericton.

The many friends of Mrs. Orland Carle of Lakeville Corner will be sorry to hear she is no better. Mrs. Carle's mother, Mrs. George Hunter, of Carleton Co., is with her at present.

A bean supper is to be held at the Methodist parsonage, Sheffield, Thursday evening, Feb. 15th. Proceeds for parsonage.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Fulton and family who have been spending the winter with relatives in Lakeville Corner left this morning for their home in York Co.

Miss M. E. Dolin left yesterday for Boston and New York.

Furniture Prices Cut

A reason for it, of course—a business reason. Nothing the matter with the Furniture. We want the room for New Spring Samples, want it bad enough to sacrific patterns we are going to discontinue.

The Styles are just as good as the newer goods—and Furniture Style anyway is largely personal taste, so you need not fear getting anything out of date.

These Pieces at reduced Prices and our advice is buy early.

Sideboard was	$75.00	now $55.00	Fancy Chair was		$ 7.00 now $ 5.25
"	45.00	now 34.50	" "		8.00 now 6.40
"	38.50	now 29.35	" "		9.00 now 6.75
"	20.00	now 15.75	" "		10.50 now 8.65
China Cabinet was	$50.00	now $38.00	" "		6.50 now 4.25
" "	38.50	now 29.00	Rocker was . .	..	$ 7.00 now $ 5.45
"	28.50	now 22.50	"		13.00 now 9.75
Bedroom Suite was	$27.50	now $21.00	"		15.00 now 11.50
" "	23.50	now 17.00	"		9.00 now 6.50
" "	24.00	now 18.00	"		4.50 now 3.60
"	34.00	now 25.00	Hall Rack		$36.50 now $19.00
" "	100.00	now 75.00	" "		26.00 now $18.50
Dressing Table was	$28.75	now $19.25	" "		18.00 now 13.50
" "	26.00	now $19.00	" "		$13.00 now $10.40

No guessing about the quality of Furniture you buy—you know if an article we sell don't prove as we say, it will be made right. That's safe buying, isn't it? Goods stored until required.

Chas. S. Everett,

91 Charlotte Street.

NOTICE.

We have appointed Messrs. Wm. Thomson & Co. of St. John and Halifax, as our General Agents for the Maritime Provinces for

MARINE INSURANCE.

Messrs. Thomson will appoint Local Agents.

DALE & CO.,
Marine Underwriters, Montreal.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Saint John Railway Company will apply to the Legislature, at its next session, for the passing of an Act authorizing the Company to make an agreement with the City of Saint John relating to the repairs of the streets and the removal of snow; also as to the extension of the Saint John Railway system. The Company and City to have the power to arrange for the payment of a fixed annual sum or a percentage of the Company's earnings in lieu of taxation.

The Company will also apply to have all Acts repealed or amended so far as they are inconsistent with 60th Victoria, Chapter 33.

January 31st, 1906.

WELDON & McLEAN,
Solicitors.

2-1—1m.

FRANK P. VAUGHAN,
ELECTRICAL ENGINEER AND CONTRACTOR.
5 Mill St., St. John, N. B.
Telephone No. 319.
Crocker & Wheeler Dynamos and Motors, Telephones, Annunciators, and Bells. Wireing in all its branches.

Always Remember the Full Name Laxative Bromo Quinine Cures a Cold in One Day. Grip in 2 Days. E. W. Grove on every box. 25c