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Another Shipment arrived at our store Saturday. They are the swellest lot of Shirts in the city. SEE, we have them.

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...That... Preposterous ..Will..

BY L. G. MOBERLY.

(Continued.)

As she spoke the smile left her face, and at the same moment her color died away too, leaving her very white. A little shiver ran through her, she turned quickly away from Mrs. Grey, and leant against the mantlepiece, supporting her head on her hand.

"No—accident?" Mrs. Grey's voice was low and deeply moved. "Molly, dear, think well what you are saying; don't accuse any one rashly of—of——"

"Of a second attempt at murder?" the girl questioned fiercely, lifting her white face to look straight into the troubled eyes of her guardian.

"Molly—my dear—my dear," Mrs. Grey faltered.

"It is true," Molly said, still in the same fierce low tones she had before used. "I am not a fanciful person, I do not invent stories. This is the second time Mrs. Bedsworth has tried to murder me, but I do not think she will try again," Molly was now shivering so violently, that Mrs. Grey took her by the arms, and put her gently into a big armchair, then stood beside her, stroking her hair with tender, soothing touch.

"She meant me to go down—down into that awful place," the girl went on, a strong shuddering now and again interrupting her words; "she meant me to drop into the stream—that roared—and roared—oh!—if I could only forget its roar!"

She put her hands to her ears, as though the sound still throbbed in them; her eyes lost their fierce gleam, and a look of fear came into them. But in spite of Mrs. Grey's well meant efforts to hinder her from further speech, her voice went on monotonously, in dull, level tones, and it was evident that she did not even hear the little widow's gentle accents.

"I keep on seeing the black sides of that hideous pit," she said; "every time I shut my eyes I feel myself back there again—clinging to something that kept me from falling—down—down into the darkness. I think it was a spike in the wall that caught and held me. I do not know—only I remember that I clung to something that saved me from the roaring stream underneath!"

"But surely, dear," Mrs. Grey began, and Molly again interrupted her.

"It was not an accident," she said, leaning a little forward in her chair, and fixing her eyes on the fireplace, "there was nothing accidental about it. When Sir Ralph had finished telling us about the dungeon —and—and the oubliette, everybody moved towards the staircase, and it so happened that I found myself behind the rest of the party, and close to Mrs. Bedsworth. She and I were standing together, and all at once she put out her hand and seized my arm so tightly that it quite hurt me. Her hand was very hot, I could feel how it was burning, even through the sleeve of my dress She put her face very close to mine, and I saw how strangely her eyes were gleaming.

" 'Molly,' she whispered, and she spoke so oddly and hoarsely, ' I want to speak to you. I want to ask you to—to forgive me—to——" When she broke off her sentence like that her voice shook, and I was sorry for her. I thought perhaps she did really mean to ask for my forgiveness. I thought she was sorry for what she had done before. So I stopped, and answered her kindly, and I was willing to make friends with her. The rest of you had gone on up stairs, and I don't think anybody noticed we had been left behind, and I was so intent on what Mrs. Bedsworth was saying that I did not see that the door at the foot of the staircase was shut.

"Then all at once, before I could cry out or even speak, her grip on my arm grew so tight that it was torture; she put her hand over my mouth till I nearly suffocated, and she pushed me back towards —towards that ghastly hole." The bare remembrance made the girl shudder violently, and Mrs. Grey said gently—

"Would you rather tell me about it another time, dear? It is upsetting you now."

"No—no—I don't ever want to speak of it again—after tonight. Let me tell you now. I would rather tell you now," Molly answered excitedly. "Where was I? I was telling you how she pushed me."

"Was she strong enough to push you?" Mrs. Grey asked, in an awestruck, incredulous voice; "I should have thought—credulous voice; "I should have thought——"

"You would have thought that I could resist her with the greatest ease. Yes—I should have thought that too. If any one had told me—yesterday morning that Mrs. Bedsworth could have mastered me, I should have laughed at them. But in the dungeon, yesterday afternoon, I was helpless in her hands, as helpless as a little child. She seemed suddenly endowed with demoniacal strength. I can use no other word."

"My poor child," Mrs. Grey whispered, but beyond pressing the hand that held hers, Molly made no response, only continued her narrative.

"The light in the dungeon was very dim, but I could just see the fierce gleam in Mrs. Bedsworth's eyes. They looked more like the eyes of some terrible wild beast than like a woman's eyes. Oh! they were awful—awful," and again the girl shivered all over.

"I think the whole thing must really have taken a very few minutes, but it seemed to me that I was centuries in the dungeon, being pushed nearer and nearer to that black gulf, until at last—at last—something seemed to slip away under my feet—and I fell.

Her voice dropped to a whisper, she shuddered closer to Mrs. Grey, and clung to her like a frightened child, whilst the widow's arms went tenderly round her, and soothing words were murmured in her ear.

"I seemed to be slipping—slipping—slipping—for ever," Molly resumed after a pause; "the sound of the stream below came nearer to me every second, and the thought of its black depths and sharp rocks sent me nearly mad with terror. They came into my mind so plainly, it was as if I could really see them. My slipping stopped: I felt something catch and hold my dress, and I put out my hand and found what must be an iron hook and ring. Oh, how tightly I caught hold of them! I think it must have been that which made my hands all torn and bleeding when I was brought to the top again. And as I clung to them, hanging there in the darkness that seemed like something I could feel pressing all round me—I called for help—and called, and called again. Once I thought I heard some one answer me, and then there came a stillness which made me think that no help would ever come, and through the stillness I could hear the roar of the stream below, as if it were mocking me and saying, 'I am waiting for you—I am waiting!'

"Everything I had ever done in all my life came into my mind as I hung there in the darkness and silence. I saw my father and mother again, and myself a little child with them. And next I seemed to be back in the lodging-house, and heard Mrs. Mannering's voice shouting for me from upstairs, and I tried to answer and could not speak a word; and then I must have lost all knowledge of where I was or what had happened. Perhaps I fainted. I don't know: only I remember nothing more until I woke in my own bed, to see your face, and to know I was safe."

A long, long silence followed the end of Molly's narrative, and Mrs. Grey made no comment upon all she had heard. She only stroked the girl's hair caressingly, and looked tenderly into the white face, which still bore traces of the terror and agony she had undergone. It was Molly who spoke first, and she did so with a repetition of the hard little laugh that had before startled her guardian.

"She has tried to murder me a second time. She hates me. I don't know why she hates me so much. It isn't only because I've got Mr. Dayrell's money; there's something more in it than that. This time——"

"This time—what" Mrs. Grey asked, as her companion paused.

"This time I shan't try to shield her, or get her off. When anybody asks me what happened yesterday, I shall tell them the truth."

During another long pause, Mrs. Grey sat silently looking into Molly's face, noting the new, hard line about her mouth, the strangely hard light in her eyes. The elder lady seemed to be hesitating whether or not to tell the girl something, but after those few moments of thought, she evidently came to some definite conclusion, and she said gravely and quietly—

"I think, dear—that after what you have told me just now, there is something I ought to tell you."

"What ought you to tell me?" Molly twisted herself round to look more fully into Mrs. Grey's face. "Has anything else happened? Mrs. Bedsworth has really gone away, hasn't she? She is not here?"

"No, dear, she is not here," Mrs. Grey's voice grew graver; "she left this morning—but—a great tragedy has happened to her. Since yesterday afternoon she has not been herself, and she went out of the house today a raving madwoman."

CHAPTER XVIII.

"We must certainly find out the truth." Sir Ralph's words were spoken gravely and decidedly, and Mrs. Grey, who sat opposite to him in the library of Maillard Hall, nodded an emphatic approval. But it was Lady Connell's voice that answered—

"I feel very strongly that we must leave no stone unturned to find out why Miss Hume is so exactly like Ralph's beautiful ancestress, and—there is another matter which seems to need some light thrown upon it."

"What is that?" Mrs. Grey asked, looking into the grave, puzzled face of her hostess.

"It concerns something said by that unfortunate woman, Mrs. Bedsworth, during her wild ravings on the night after the oubliette accident. And it seems to me to point to some connection between that accident and Mr. Godfrey Haines—your ward's godfather—and—"

"How could poor Mr. Haines have been connected with the accident?" Mrs. Grey broke in, profound amazement visible in her face and voice; "he has been dead for nearly three years."

"Yes—I know he has," Lady Connell spoke slowly, and a frown drew her brows together; "but in some mysterious way Mrs. Bedsworth evidently connected him with what happened in the dungeon. I was sitting beside her bed during part of that dreadful night, and every word of her ravings has haunted me ever since."

"What did she say?" Mrs. Grey asked with deepest interest.

"She kept on repeating—over and over again, 'I have had my revenge, Godfrey; I have had my revenge. She is dead, and the money will come to Stella. Ah! Godfrey, I have had my revenge.' And every time she came to that place in her sentence, she laughed—a laugh that made my blood run cold."

"What had Haines to do with her?" Sir Ralph said with a puzzled frown.

"I do not know," his wife answered, "but over and over again Mrs. Bedsworth seemed to think he was beside her in the room. Sometimes she stretched out her hands, as though in welcome, and said, 'Why, Godfrey—is it you—at last?' At other times she shrieked to him to go away, to leave her in peace, and not to threaten vengeance. And yet again she would say in the most mocking, scornful tones, 'I have got the better of you this time, Godfrey. She is dead—dead—dead.' The shriek into which her voice rose when she said those words seems still to ring in my ears, and that seemed to exhaust her, for her voice sank into dull mutterings, and I only heard her murmur something about the stream—the rocks—revenge upon Godfrey, and baffling Godfrey's plans."

"Well, my dear," Sir Ralph said, as his wife ended, "from what you say it would seem there was some connection between Mr. Haines and Mrs. Bedsworth, but that does not give us the clue to the extraordinary likeness between Miss Hume and the picture in Lady Patricia's chamber."

"No—o, and yet—I feel as if the two things had something to do with one another," Lady Connell answered thoughtfully. "I have no real reason for my supposition," she added with a smile, "it is purely the surmising of a woman's brain, and therefore probably illogical; but it is quite evident that there is some mystery which alike envelopes Mrs. Bedsworth, Mr. Haines, and Miss Hume, and which also includes your ancestress. That mystery, it is our business to solve."

(To be continued.)

There is a report, said to have originated in Ottawa, that H. A. McKeown is to be elevated to the Supreme Court bench under the provisions of the judicature act.

GROWING OLD WHILE YET YOUNG

What a number of women there are who feel that these words exactly suit their case.

There are thousands of females all over our land, broken down in health and dragging out a miserable existence, overburdened with disease peculiar to their sex, apparently growing old while yet young.

From early morn till late at night they have been on the go year after year, attending to the household duties. Is it any wonder then that sooner or later there comes a general collapse? Palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, smothering and sinking spells, weakness, dizziness, sleeplessness and many other troubles follow. What a woman wants is something to build up the system and for this purpose you cannot equal

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

Mrs. W. J. Russell, Vasey, Ont., writes: "At one time I suffered greatly from my heart and nerves, and the shortness of breath was so bad I could scarcely do my housework. A friend of mine advised me to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, which I did and I only took them for a short time before I was better.

The price of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills is 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for $1.25 at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.

BLOUSE MODEL IN PA LE BLUE MESSALINE.

A charming blouse is here illustrated, the model being of pale blue messaline inset with half-inch-wide fine cluny beading, and fine tucked sections of the silk. A design in hand embroidery in pale blue silk of delicate, maize color and silver ornamented the front of the corsage and the sleeves. The small square yoke was of cream-white Chantilly, lined with chiffon.

THE HUDSON BAY RAILWAY SCHEME

C. P. R. Manager McNicoll Merely Smiles When it is Mentioned--He Asks Some Questions.

Montreal, Feb. 24—"I haven't much money, but what little I have I would not care to invest in a Hudson Bay railway." Thus spoke D. McNicoll, the first vice-president of the C. P. R., in answer to the question of what he thought of the proposed line to Fort Churchill, which Sir Wilfrid Laurier seemed to have foreshadowed in his speech in the house on Friday night.

"How many months in the year is the Hudson Bay open? Let me see: From June or July to September. How much freight would be got in these few months? And what could be secured in September? And would you have hundreds of boats lying frozen in for a whole year? And what would the farmer in the northwest, who is grumbling already at delay, say to the proposition? I have not gone into the question fully, and perhaps the experiment may be made. Let it be made."

"Do you mean that, being so prosperous, we need not mind experiments, however costly they may be?"

"Well," smilingly, "if you want to test things you must come to the point of decision."

"The C. P. R., Mr. McNicoll, would not be jealous of such an undertaking?"

"Rubbish; we would be only too glad if such an experiment came to anything and relieved the pressure. I would have doubts as to its commercial success. At the same time, I do not feel free to discuss what will likely, according to the remarks of Sir Wilfrid Laurier in the house, be a government measure."

"They will soon be making us out to be a southern railway, which we would not object to this weather," said Mr. McNicoll as he reached for the reports and showed that in the northwest the temperature still remained much below zero pretty nearly all over.

Safeguard Against Dyspeptic Tendencies

To enjoy perfect health you must possess strong digestion.

This is only possible under certain conditions.

FIRST: Your bowels must be regular, you must avoid constipation, which is the beginning of sick kidneys, weak stomach, and of course dyspepsia.

SECOND: Give your diet careful study, and commence at once a treatment with Dr. Hamilton's Pills; do this, and you'll soon be well.

Never was a remedy more successful than Dr. Hamilton's Pills, and simply because they correct the conditions which lead up to dyspepsia.

No better evidence can be given than the case of Mr. Michael Miller, of 153 Kent street, Ottawa, who says:—

"Last winter I was very sick. I had measles and was left in a run-down miserable condition. My stomach seemed all wrong. Food fermented, caused me great distress, and I couldn't keep strong. I had dyspepsia of the worst kind, and my bowels were constantly constipated. When I used Dr. Hamilton's Pills I was helped. I continued the treatment and was restored to a condition of health and strength that I never knew before. Dr. Hamilton's Pills are wonderful medicine, and I recommend them to everyone, sick or well."

Nothing invigorates and freshens like a treatment of Dr. Hamilton's Pills; they put new life and vim into those who feel run down and ailing. Simply one or two pills before retiring; perfectly safe and unsurpassed in the benefits they surely do accomplish. Sold in yellow boxes, 25c. each, or five for $1.00 at all dealers.

As many as 1,000 immigrants landed from the Allan line turbiner Victorian at Halifax yesterday, and were taken away on three special trains. Two of the trains passed through here, one at midnight, and the other early this morning. A Grand Trunk Pacific construction car was attached to the midnight train. The third immigrant train went west over the I. C. R. via Moncton.

FIREMEN HAD BUSY SUNDAY

Moncton Had Four Fires Within Four Hours Yesterday.

Moncton, N. B., Feb. 24—With four calls within four hours today it will be seen the Moncton fire department is having a pretty busy time. Three of the alarms today were for slight fires caused by defective flues and very little damage was done. The first call was for a fire in S. J. Doucett's house, in Robinson street, which was badly damaged. The fire ran through the attic and second story, and before it was extinguished the building was badly gutted with water. Some furniture in the upper part of the house was burned and damaged by water, and Mr. Doucett estimates his loss on furniture alone at $600. The damage to the house is placed at $1,200 with $800 insurance. There is no insurance on the furniture.

While this fire was in progress an alarm came in for a burning chimney in P. S. Archibald's residence, corner Main and Archibald streets. A slight hole was cut in the roof but there was no damage by fire.

About the same hour the firemen were called to the Park hotel, in Telegraph street, for a slight blaze originating from a defective chimney. The fire was put out with a few pails of water.

These three calls were between 10 and 11 o'clock, and at 2.30 the firemen were called again for a blaze in the Lea house, at the corner of Victoria and Wesley streets, occupied by Weldon Carter and W. Blackwood. A small hole was burned in the roof, with slight damage by water to the furniture.

This makes twelve fires during the present month, nearly as many as the whole of last year. Today is the anniversary of the big I. C. R. conflagration, and the numerous alarms filled citizens with apprehension.

Insurance men completed the work yesterday of adjusting the losses by Thursday night's fire. All the parties settled with were well satisfied. Andrew Ruddick was allowed $1,200 on his building; Fred. C. Jones' building, $1,125; Forbes & Charters' stock, $1,23.50; Jennie McGee, stock, $750; McDonald & Burgeois were offered $278 on the stock, but they would not accept. They carried $1,000 in the Atlantic Mutual.

Last night was the coldest of the winter. The lowest marking of the thermometer reported was twenty-six below, while other places reported from twenty to twenty-five at 6 o'clock this morning.

The funeral of the late Conductor Fred. C. Palmer took place this afternoon under the auspices of the Brotherhood of Trainmen, and was very largely attended. The body was taken to Shediac by special train, a large number of the railway brotherhood and Knights of Pythias attending. At Shediac services at the grave were conducted by Rev. D. MacOdrum, of Moncton, and Rev. W. Penna, of Shediac. The pall-bearers were representatives of the K. of P., B. of R. T., and O. R. C.

Father Savage, pastor of St. Bernard's church, this city, and Father Dufour, of Kent county, will leave tomorrow for Rome.

Moncton hockeyists are much disappointed over the failure of Sackville to keep its engagement to play here last night. Much indignation is expressed at the action of the president of the N. B. A. H. L. in threatening Sackville, and also with the latter at yielding.

C. B. Trites, secretary of the M. A. A. A., will go to Halifax tomorrow as Moncton's representative to the M. P. A. A. A. meeting to urge the acceptance of the Victorias' challenge to play for the Starr trophy.

CONSERVATIVES IN CARLETON CO.

Flemming Smith and Munro Chosen for Provincial Opposition.

Woodstock, N. B., Feb. 24—J. K. Flemming, M. P. P.; B. F. Smith, M. P. P.; Mayor Donald Munro were nominated by the delegates attending the Conservative convention yesterday afternoon.

The gathering was a large one that met in Graham Opera House for the purpose of nominating candidates for Carleton county in opposition to the present government.

A special train from Bath, which returned after the evening meeting, brought about 197 delegates.

The meeting was called to order by E. R. Teed at 2.30. He said before proceedings were opened he wished to thank them for the honor of electing him president pro tem. But he was away from home so much that he felt he should not be able to fill the position during a campaign; so he nominated as president of the opposition association in this county George E. Balmain, of Woodstock. This was seconded by Major John R. Tompkins and carried unanimously.

Mr. Balmain was received with applause. He was sorry that Mr. Teed was unable to continue as president, for he (Teed) was a man who never made any mistakes, and it was really too bad that he could not take the position permanently. He hoped they would deal leniently with him, as everyone is liable to make mistakes. He suggested the appointment of an advisory committee of five to assist the president, and suggested that a secretary be elected. On motion John P. Malaney was unanimously elected secretary.

The chairman regretted the absence of Colonel Vince and J. C. Hartley, who were detained by the storm on the way from Ottawa, and read a letter from Mr. Hartley promising his hearty support to the candidates selected.

The chair stated the object of the meeting and said it was now open to receive nominations.

Coun. Kinney, of Kent, presented the name of J. K. Flemming, M. P. P., of Peel, which was seconded by Messrs. Savage, Hemphill and others.

Coun. Williams, of Wilmot, nominated B. Frank Smith, M. P. P., of East Florenceville, in a brief speech, which was seconded by Major Tompkins, of East Florenceville, and many others.

Ex-Warden A. G. Bailey, of Woodstock, nominated Mayor Donald Munro, of Woodstock, in an able speech, which was seconded by Hon. G. W. White, of Centreville.

Messrs. Hazen, Morrissey, Morrison, Grimmer and Glasier, M. P. P., now entered the hall amid applause and took their seats on the platform.

J. A. McIntosh, of Glassville, moved that nominations close, which motion was carried unanimously. By a standing vote the nominations were ratified and Messrs. Flemming, Smith and Munro took seats on the platform.

Speeches were made by the candidates and Messrs. Hazen, Morrissey, Morrison and Grimmer. A. B. Connell, K. C., of Woodstock, seconded by Major Tompkins, of Peel, moved a resolution of confidence in the leader, J. D. Hazen. Carried.

Major Tompkins moved a resolution condemning the recent railway legislation of the provincial government, which was carried.

Coun. Williams moved a resolution affirming the principle that none but local issues should be raised and that the people of this county should consider the administration of the affairs of the province upon its merits and entirely free from party politics. Carried.

The convention adjourned by singing the national anthem.

The evening meeting in the Opera House was a large and enthusiastic gathering. Dr. Peppers, of Centreville, presided and stated that as the speeches would be limited to twenty minutes, he would not call upon the candidates, but the time would be given up to visiting gentlemen.

Mr. Grimmer spoke on provincial expenditure and particularly on the expenses in connection with the attorney-general's office.

Mr. Morrissy gave his reasons why such a staunch Liberal as himself was opposing the present local government, and condemned the stumpage policy of the government. He promised to be in the next house with three supporters from his county and challenged the premier to read a ticket in opposition to the Morrissey-Morrison ticket.

Mr. Morrison told of his work associated with Mr. Smith, on the public accounts committee, dealt with the Restigouche election, and prophesied that the government must go to defeat.

Mr. Hazen closed the meeting by a general criticism of the administration. He promised to sign an agreement with the premier for a pure election. He condemned the proposed International railway legislation, and was confident that he would be the next premier of New Brunswick.

FIRE IN AMHERST

Double Tenement Owned by W. A. Fillmore Badly Gutted Last Night.

Amherst, N. S., Feb. 24—At 11 o'clock tonight fire broke out in the double tenement house, on Deacon street, owned by W. A. Fillmore, and occupied by H. R. Raines and M. J. Welsh. The Raines' apartment was badly gutted and considerable damage done by water. He saved most of the furniture on the lower flat.

A. H. Skinner, manager of the Cumberland Telephone Company, and his wife occupied rooms on the upper flat, losing nearly everything except the clothes on their back. Welsh's apartment was uninjured except by water.

The loss will probably reach from $600 to $800 dollars. It is understood the house was insured.

The doctors who went out under the direction of the local board of health to investigate as to the existence of smallpox in lumber camps in the vicinity of Musquash have returned. They visited Whalen's and other camps and report everything in satisfactory condition. They speak well of the treatment accorded them at the camp, saying nothing was done to obstruct them in their work.

Every Nurse will tell you "Invalids require nourishment that's easily digested, for in cases of sickness the gastric juices are so weakened they cannot act properly on ordinary foods."

Some stimulation is also required, but it must be **stimulation without reaction.** Tea, coffee, spiritous drinks and similar preparations, are stimulants ——stimulants that react.

Beef tea and meat extracts are also stimulants, but with this difference, they don't react. Yet while they have stimulating properties, they are practically devoid of nourishment.

"Bovril" not only stimulates but nourishes as well, for in it the nourishing qualities of beef, fibrine and albumen are fully preserved.

BOVRIL IS A TRUE FOOD Not merely a stimulant.

MERITED ENDORSEMENT.

¶ Vin Mariani has been eulogized by the litterateur, rendered into exquisite verse by poets of eminence, sung about in glorious hosannas by the world's greatest musical composers; it has been painted, sculptured, engraved, illuminated, beset with jewels, decorated and made the veritable embodiment of all that is classic and beautiful.

¶ And all this, too, by artists of such renown as to be above suspicion of other influence than an impromptu obeisance in recognition of unusual merit. It has been praised by kings, princes and potentates of high degree, and even been blessed by the Pope.

¶ More than the praises of princes, greater than blessings, embellishments and sentimental honors, is the unsolicited endorsement of more than eight thousand practising physicians, each of whom found

VIN MARIANI

so serviceable to patients in time of direful need, that waiving ethical custom their appreciation of so unique a remedy was spontaneously given.

¶ For overworked body, for overworked brain, take:

VIN MARIANI

ALL DRUGGISTS. EVERYWHERE.

161

TO PREVENT BRONCHITIS or CONSUMPTION

Do not neglect a cold or cough no matter how slight as the irritation spreading throughout the delicate lining of the sensitive air passages sooner or later will lead to fatal results.

If on the first appearance of a cough or cold you would take a few doses of

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

you would save yourself a great deal of unnecessary suffering.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup contains all the lung healing virtues of the pine tree combined with Wild Cherry Bark and other pectoral remedies.

It stimulates the weakened bronchial organs, allays irritation and subdues inflammation, soothes and heals the irritated parts, loosens the phlegm and mucous, and aids nature to easily dislodge the morbid accumulations.

Miss Belle Campbell, Long River, P.E.I., writes: "For some time I was troubled with bronchitis. A friend advised me to try Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. So I procured three bottles but it only took two to cure me."

Be careful when purchasing to see that you get the genuine Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

It is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark and the price 25 cents at all dealers.