NEW YORK SENDS NEW MODEL HATS

If you covet the distinction of wearing one of New York's Model Hats, designed and made in New York by New York experts, we can gratify your wish. They bring with them a revelation of the very newest inspiration in hatmaking and stands for very pronounced exclusiveness. They are made of best quality Ottoman and Bengaline Silk, best quality Satin, best quality Silk Velvet and Ottoman Silk Combined, and best quality French Fur Felt Black and all colors.

Wear a Marr Hat and you will know you have what's correct.

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Marr Millinery Co.

MONCTON AND ST. JOHN

THE WHEEL O' FORTUNE

By LOUIS TRACY

Author of "The Wings of the Morning," "The Pillar of Light," "The Captain of the Kansas," etc.

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(Continued.)

Mr. Fenshawe was skeptical. Mirage-phenomena were familiar to him, but never had they dealt with natural objects beyond a range of a few miles. For the most part, the mirage of the desert is a baseless illusion, depending on the bending of light-rays by air strata of differing densities. The rarer "looming," witnessed occasionally in more northerly latitudes, shows scenes actually in existence, and the best authenticated instance of a long-range view is that testified to by the inhabitants of Hastings, who during three hours on July 26, 1798, saw the whole coastline of France, from Calais to Dieppe, with a distinctness that was then regarded as miraculous.

But, whether Abdur Kad'r figures were correct or not, there was no gainsaying the evidence of the mirage itself. The collapse of the undertaking was imminent, and the millionaire's tone was exceedingly curt when he called von Kerber to conference.

"There are certain matters which must be cleared up, now that nature has assumed the role of guide," he said dryly. "I have been well aware during the past few days that you were not able to fix on the exact place described in the papyrus. I could pardon that. We are in a country where landmarks are bewilderingly alike, and therefore apt to cause confusion. But how comes it that our rivals can go straight to the place we are in search of, while we wander blindly in the desert? You assured me that yours was the only copy of the papyrus extant with the sole exception of the photographic reproductions supplied to me. Is that true? And, if it is true, who gave these others the information that has brought about our failure?"

Mr. Fenshawe's pride was wounded. All the wrath of the disappointed connoisseur welled forth in his contemptuous words. Their very calmness and precision showed the depth of his anger, and von Kerber like Abdur Kad'r felt that the time for specious pretext had gone. So he answered with equal exactness of phrase:

"I gave you that assurance months ago in Scotland, and repeated it in London, but I have not said it since we met on board the yacht, for the very good reason that the papyrus was stolen from me at Marseilles."

"Stolen!"

"Yes, I was waylaid and robbed while driving from the station to the harbor."

"Purposely, do you mean? Was the papyrus the object of the attack?"

"Yes."

"Then this man, Alfieri, knew of it?"

"I have never concealed that from you."

"It is hard to say what you have not concealed, Baron von Kerber. My confidence in you is shaken. How am I to know that this latest version of Alfieri's amazing interference in your affairs is the true one?"

No man is so sensitive of his honor as he who is conscious of by-gone lapses. Von Kerber started as though the other had stabbed him.

"That is an unworthy imputation," he cried. "Mr. Royson can tell you that the papyrus was stolen. He rescued me from my assailants, yes? Mrs. Haxton is aware of it, and, unless I am mistaken Miss Fenshawe also is no stranger to the news, seeing that our second mate is so greatly in her confidence."

The older man, still watching the last wraiths of the mirage, seemed to be deaf to the Austrian's biting allusion to Irene.

"I did not look for such a weg of deceit,' he murmured. "The papyrus was genuine, and I sought no other proof of honesty. You say Mrs. Haxton and my granddaughter are in this pact of silence. Let us have their testimony."

Irene, as might be expected, indignantly disclaimed any sympathy with von Kerber's methods.

"I heard, by chance, of the part Mr. Royson took in the affair at Marseilles," she said. "My maid told me. It was the gossip of the ship. Yet when I questioned Mr. Royson himself, he refused to discuss the matter, owing to some pledge of secrecy drawn from him to Baron von Kerber. You forget, grandad, how often you have told me that I did not understand this undertaking sufficiently to justify my hostility to it. I have never believed in, it, not for one moment. If you wish to know what happened at Marseilles, why not ask Mr. Royson himself?"

"Yes," said Mr. Fenshawe quietly, "that will be well. Send for him. Irene."

It was noteworthy that he addressed no question to Mrs. Haxton. That lady, nervous and ill-at-ease, could not guess how far the rupture between von Kerber and his patron had gone. She felt intuitively that the Austrian was puzzled perhaps alarmed by the presence of an official expedition in the very territory he had hoped to explore without hindrance—yet his manner hinted at something in reserve. Though he quivered under Irenes outspoken incredulity, his aspect was that of a man whose schemes have been foiled by sheer ill-luck. A rogue unmasked will grovel: von Kerber was defiant. For the moment, Mrs. Haxton was struck dumb with foreboding. Mr. Fenshawe's dejected air showed that a deadly blow had been dealt to the project to which she had devoted all her resources since the beginning of the march. She, too, had begun to doubt. Here, in the desert, the buried treasure was an intangible thing. In England, the promises of the Greek's dying message were satisfying by their very vagueness. In Africa, face to face with the tremendous solitude, they became unbelievable, a dim fable akin to the legends of vanished islands and those mysterious races to be found only in unknown lands, which have tickled the imaginations of mankind ever since the dawn of human intelligence. So, a live millionaire being a more definite asset than the hoard of a forgotten city, she had coolly informed von Kerber that if he wished to improve his fortunes, he would do well to pay attention to Miss Fenshawe, and leave her free to win a wealthy husband. It was a villainous pact, but it might have succeeded, at any rate in Mrs. Haxton's case for no woman could be more gracious and deferentially flattering than she when she chose to exert herself. And now, reality seemed to yield to unreality. The substantial fabric of close friendship between Fenshawe and herself had crumbled before the fiery breath of the wilderness. What a turn of fortune's wheel! Here were all her plans shattered in an instant, and the man on whom depended the future changed into a hostile judge.

Royson found a queer conclave awaiting him. Irene, distressed by the injustice of her grandfather's suspicion that she was sharing in a conspiracy of silence, had retired to a corner of the tent, and wore an air of indifference which she certainly did not feel. Mrs. Haxton, pallid, striving desperately to regain her self-possession, draped herself artistically in a comfortable camp chair. Von Kerber, scowling and depressed, stood near the entrance and Mr. Fenshawe was seated in the center of the tent. The red light of the declining sun was full on his face, and Dick fancied that he had aged suddenly. Nor was this to be wondered at. No enthusiast, not even a wealthy one, likes to have his hopes of realizing a great achievement dashed to the ground, nor is it altogether gratifying that a woman who has won one's high esteem should be associated with a piece of contemptible trickery.

Mr. Fenshawe's first question told Dick that a serious dispute was toward.

"It has been stated.," said Mr. Fenshawe, looking at him in a curiously critical way, "that a valuable document was stolen from Baron von Kerber at Marseilles—what do you know about it?"

Dick, hourly expecting a strenuous turn to the placid marching and camping of the past few weeks, was not taken unaware. He had mapped out a clear line, and meant to follow it.

"I regret to say that I cannot answer you, Mr. Fenshawe," said he, meeting the older man's searching glance unflinchingly.

"Why not?"

"Because I gave an undertaking to that effect to Baron von Kerber."

"But I am your employer, not he."

"No, sir. That is not my view of the contract I signed."

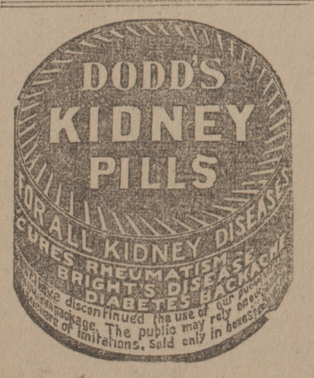
"Have you a copy of that contract?"

"Yes."

"Will you show it to me?"

"That is unnecessary," broke in von Kerber, with a savage impatience of the quasi-judicial inquiry which Mr. Fenshawe was evidently bent on conducting. "I give Mr. Royson full permission to answer any question you may put to him."

(To be continued.)



Fashion Hint for Times Readers



BE SURE AND OWN A SIK COAT.

The cloth skirt becomes immediately a costume of ceremony when topped by a smart coat of silk. The garment illus trated is of bengaline, with a piping of ottoman rep with wider wale. The neck is finished with one of the very high Napoleon collars which shows just a touch of gold embroidery.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

"PAID IN FULL" BY HARKINS TONIGHT

Tonight, at the Opera House, the W. S. Harkins Company will present "Paid in Full," one of the greatest plays given in America in years and now one of the big successes in New York, being played to crowded houses. It also has the distinction of being one of very few American plays that have made a hit in London. "Paid in Full" is a novelty for various reasons. In the first place it is without the usual dramatic effects. It has a story with the characters moving about as if in real life, it arouses curiosity and interest in illustrating how people are prone to believe evil of a man, rather than good.

No play has been the cause of so much controversy and in both New York and London, a continuous newspaper argument was kept up by correspondents, who had seen the play, each with his own opinion as to how the author ended the story.

The Recorder of Halifax says:—

"'Paid in Full' was promised by Manager Harkins to be one of the best plays he has ever presented and it is. Last night the academy was crowded, and, at the conclusion of each act, curtain calls were demanded, and at the conclusion of the great scene in the third act, there were several curtain calls. The piece is full of great opportunities for good acting, and the entire company took advantage of these opportunities, and the result was a good play, splendidly acted, beautifully staged and dressed, and a thoroughly delighted audience."

As seats are selling fast, an early call at the Opera House box office is advisable. Tonight after the performance it will be interesting to listen to the comments as to the ending of the play. No two opinions will be alike.

"PECK'S BAD BOY" AT THE NICKEL TODAY

That fun-classic, "Peck's Bad Boy, is the Dramagraph Company's strong magnet at the Nickel today and, to tell the story quickly, it is one continuous round of hilarious merriment. The German Band, Krausmeyer, the Grocer; Mrs. Flanagan, Aunt Dinah, and other characters will provoke no end of laughter. Something quite new in the line of dramatic pictures is "The Mummer's Daughter," a tale of a tent performer in the days when powdered wigs and knee breeches were the style. Incidental to this fine picture the Nickel's orchestra will play "Echoes of the Opera Season," a charming collection of gems from the leading grand operas. Still another feature will be the latest (Nov. 14) Biograph film, entitled "The Guerrilla," a wartime drama of the American civil strife. This picture is brand new. Comedy element will be supplied in others pictures. Tiny Pat Harrington will stay another week and will repeat his biggest hits, commencing today with "You'll Have to Wait Till My Ship Comes In." Miss Foley and Mr. Cairns have new songs.

DEMAND FOR GOOD SEATS FOR THE COMING CONCERT

The attendants at the Opera House box office were kept exceptionally buy today, on account of the big demand for choice seats for the concert to be given by Mrs. Lizzie Blair Miller and Mr. Harry McClaskey, assisted by Mrs. S. Kent Scovil, Miss Murray and Mr. D. Arnold Fox. The coming concert by these high class artists bids fair to the musical event of the season.

On account of the date for this concert being so near to St. Andrews Day, it has been arranged that both Mrs. Miller and Mr. McClaskey will sing several songs so dear to the sons of Scotland.

Most children eat too much, overtax the digestion, get thin, weak, languid, stop growing—that's malnutrition or non-digestion of food.

Scott's Emulsion

has helped countless thousands in this condition. It is both nourishment and medicine—a most powerful aid to digestion.

A small dose three times a day will work wonders, but be sure to get *Scott's.*

Send this advertisement, together with name of paper in which it appears, your address and four cents to cover postage, and we will send you a "Complete Handy Atlas of the World" :: ::

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126 Wellington Street W., TORONTO, ONT.

OBITUARY

David H. Anderson

David H. Anderson, one of the best known men in the county, died last night in the Metropolitan hotel, Charlotte street, at the age of ninety-three years. Some years ago he served a term as councillor from Musquash. For many years, and up to the time of his death, he was parish court commissioner for that parish.

During his long lifetime, Mr. Anderson had borne an honorable name. He was much liked by those with whom he was brought in contact and will be missed by many. He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Olivia N. Baker, daughter of the late Prince Baker of New Hampshire; one daughter, Miss Nettie A. Anderson of Musquash; and three sons, Charles H. B. Anderson of Boston; George A. Anderson and J. D. Anderson of Musquash.

Mr. Anderson was the last member of the family of the late Col. George Anderson of Musquash. He was born in 1815 in Eastport, which was then in British territory. From there the family moved to Dipper harbor, where they resided for eight years. From Dipper harbor Colonel Anderson moved to Carleton, where he lived till he bought a farm near Musquash, on which he died at the advanced age of ninety-five years. He was accorded a military funeral, which is still remembered as one of the largest ever held in that district.

David H. Anderson had been sick only about a week with general breaking up of the system. Up to within two hours of his death, however, he retained all his faculties and was strong enough to sit up in bed. General sympathy will be extended to the aged widow and family in their bereavement.

Mrs. W. R. Floyd

Mrs. Hannah Floyd, wife of W. R. Floyd, of Fort Fairfield (Me.), died in her home yesterday after a lingering illness at the age of seventy years. She had been in poor health for about a year. Mrs. Floyd was the daughter of John Howard, of Fort Fairfield. She is survived by her husband and three daughters as well as two brothers and two sisters. The brothers are John K. Howard, of Gaspereaux station and Stephen Howard in the west. Mr. Oxley, of Oxford (N.S.), and Mrs. Patterson in the Southern States are the sisters. The daughters are: Mrs. W. J. Patterson, of Fort Fairfield; Mrs. Onslow Haney, of Deer Island, and Miss Eva, at home. The funeral will take place tomorrow.

Mrs. Margaret Hallihan

Mrs. Margaret Hallihan, widow of Timothy Hallihan, died on Saturday evening in her home, 18 Hanover street. She is survived by one daughter, Mary. William Walsh is a brother and Mrs. Charles Doherty of this city is a sister of Mrs. Hallihan. The funeral will take place on Tuesday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock.

Dennis Hanley

St. Stephen, N. B., Nov. 15 (Special).—Dennis Hanley, who has been in failing health for nearly a year, passed away Saturday at his residence, Prince William street, aged 73 years. Mr. Hanley, who followed the sea in his younger days, has crossed the Atlantic seventeen times, but in recent years has been living here. He leaves a widow, two sons, Clifford, employed with R. F. McKenna; Frank, with Johnston & Johnston, and four daughters, Mary, Lottie, Maggie and Ethel. The funeral will take place Monday afternoon at 2.30.

Capt. Thomas Douglas

Halifax, N. S., Nov. 15 (Special).—Captain Thomas Douglas, who for twenty-five years has been connected with the hardware business of William Stairs, Son & Morrow, of Halifax, and who is one of the best known men in the city, died in New York last night, succumbing to an attack of pneumonia. He left on a trip to New York two weeks ago. During the last few days he had been thought recovering and expected to start for home in a week. Captain Douglas was master of ships when nineteen years of age, and has always been interested in shipping. Two vessels in which he is a large owner at the present time are the Calburga and Osberga. He was chairman of the Conservative committee for Halifax during the recent election and to his excellent powers for organization is due in part the return of R. L. Borden and A. B. Crosby.

Arthur M. Richard

Dorchester, N. B., Nov. 15 (Special).—The death of Arthur M. Richard, eldest son of A. D. Richard, registrar of deeds, occurred here this morning at 11 o'clock after a lengthy illness. Deceased was twenty-three years old and previous to his illness was employed with E. A. Wallberg Co., at the new I. C. R. shops, Moncton. One brother, Leo, is in the Royal Bank at Halifax, another brother, Rene, is studying law at the Halifax Law School. The funeral will take place Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock.

WEDDINGS

Kesson-Sisson

A despatch from Montreal of Saturday states: "At the residence of Mrs. Albert J. Brown, 123 Crescent street, yesterday afternoon at 5 o'clock, the wedding of R. B. Kessen, of St. John, and Mrs. J. T. Whitlock (nee Sissons) of Fredericton, took place. Rev. James Fleck, of Knox Presbyterian church performed the ceremony. The bride was handsomely gowned in brown satin. She was given away by Mr. Brown. The wedding was a very quiet one, those present being the following intimate friends: Mr. and Mrs. Henshaw, Miss Henshaw, Mr. and Mrs. Farquhar Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Duclos, Mrs. Leon Owens and Miss Hunt."

After a very informal reception held in the prettily decorated rooms, Mr. and Mrs. Kessen left for New York.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c

Rev. Prof. Fraser, of Montreal Presbyterian college will, among others, receive the degree of D.D. from Knox college, Toronto, on Thursday next on the occasion of the induction of Rev. Dr. Gardier, as principal.

A Woman's Reasons

In the selection of her furs a woman of discretion decides that quality is of first importance—all admit that price should be of secondary consideration—an article may be moderately priced, but the quality should be the best of its kind. Where high quality and moderate prices are combined the careful woman spends her dollars with that discretion that makes her a better shopper than her husband. Five times as many Dunlap-Cooke FURS are used today than twenty-five years ago—because since that time the Dunlap-Cooke stores are centered in five important cities—and the raw materials for these large fashionable and exclusive fur stores are purchased from the trappers in Canada and first hands in Europe and America in immense quantities to insure lowest cost and first quality. The Dunlap-Cooke FURS are high class because the quality is high—and the quality and style must be maintained because to us these are valuable assets. We are not trying to see how cheap—but how good we can make furs. Don't you think we've demonstrated the quality of the Dunlap-Cooke furs in the garment supplied to the future Queen? Perhaps you'd like to know something more about Dunlap-Cooke values—here's something special for you for Wednesday, Nov. 18, at 10 o'clock. Articles will be on view in show windows up to the time of sale.



	SPECIAL VALUES.	SALE PRICE.
Natural Grey Squirrel throws, 42 in. long, satin lined	$ 9.00	$ 5.75
Natural Grey Squirrel throws, 60 in. long, satin lined	12.00	8.00
Natural Grey Squirrel throws, 65 in. long, satin lined	14.50	9.50
Natural Grey Squirrel, large square pillow muffs	9.00	5.75
Natural Grey Squirrel, extra large pillow muffs	12.00	8.00
Natural Grey Squirrel, extra large pillow muffs	14.50	9.50
White Fox throws, 69 in. long, satin lined	18.50	12.50
White Fox throws, 77 in. long, satin lined	21.00	15.50
White Fox throws, 80 in. long, satin lined	22.00	16.50
White Fox throws, 84 in. long, trimmed with tails, satin lined	25.00	18.50
White Fox pillow muffs	15.00	10.50
White Fox. extra large pillow muffs	22.00	16.50
White Fox, extra large pillow muffs	25.50	18.50
Grey Wolf throws, satin lined, 48 in. long	8.50	6.00
Grey Wolf throws, satin lined, 72 in. long	12.00	8.50
Grey Wolf throws, satin lined, 84 in. long	16.00	10.00
Grey Wolf stole, 74 in. long	10.50	7.50
Grey Wolf, extra large pillow muffs	10.50	7.50
Blue Fox throw, 88 in. long, satin lined	22.00	16.50
Moleskin throws, 70 in. long, satin lined	18.50	15.00
Mole Skin pillow muff	22.50	18.50
Sable Squirrel throw, 72 in. long, satin lined	12.00	8.50
Sable Squirrel throw, satin lined, trimmed with heads and tails	28.00	18.50
Sable Squirrel pillow muff	20.00	12.50
Sable Oppossum throw, 56 in. long, satin lined	8.50	6.00
Sable Oppossum throws, 62 in. long, satin lined	10.50	7.50
Sable Oppossum pillow muffs	7.50	5.00
Sable Oppossum, extra large pillow muffs	10.00	8.00
Persian Lamb throws, 62 in. long	25.50	18.50
Persian Lamb, large pillow muffs	25.00	18.50
Natural Mink throw, 25 in. long	22.00	16.50
Natural Mink ties	35.00	23.50
Natural Mink Muffs	32.00	22.00

Ladies' Fur-lined Coats

Black cloth shell, Squirrel lock lining, Alaska Marten shawl collar, 45 in. long	$40.00
Brown cloth shell, brown Squirrel lining, Sable Fox collar and revers, 45 in. long	43.00
Blue cloth shell, Hamster lining, Black Marten collar and revers, 45 in. long	50.00
Black cloth shell, Squirrel lock lining, Sable Fox collar, 45 in long	57.00
Fawn cloth shell, Hamster lining, Mink collar and revers, 43 in. long	65.00
Blue cloth shell, Hamster lining, Sable Lynx collar and revers, 48 in. long	65.00
Blue cloth, Muskrat lining, Sable Fox collar	65.00

The Dunlap-Cooke Co.

(LIMITED.)

Furriers to H.R.H. The Princess of Wales.

54 King Street, St. John, N. B.

Halifax, N.S.—78-80 Barrington Street.
Boston, Mass.—167 Tremont Street.
Amherst, N.S.—Victoria & Havelock Sts.
Winnipeg, Man.—409 Main Street.

THE TEMPLE FAIR OPENED BY MAYOR

Large Patronage on Opening Night of Attractive Entertainment Which Will Last a Week.

The opening of the Alexandra Temple of Honor Fair in their new hall near Douglas avenue, in Main street on Saturday night was a great success. There was a very large attendance and all the departments were kept running in full blast. The Red Cross supper room upstairs and the booths downstairs were patronized to such an extent that those who waited on them were kept as busy as they cared to be.

At 8 o'clock Mayor Bullock declared the fair officially open. He was introduced in a brief speech by Dr. W. F. Roberts who sketched the history of Alexandra Temple, telling of the reasons why they had been compelled to change their quarters three times. He noted, among these, the growing membership of the organization and said that when they had appealed to the public for help it had always been extended to them.

His Worship complimented Alexandra Temple on the possession of such a commodious hall as the one in which they were. He believed that it was largely due to the efforts of Dr. Roberts that they had it and he took occasion to pay a compliment to him. He also complimented the ladies who had arranged the fair on their taste and skill as evidenced by the appearance of the various booths. He spoke briefly in commendation of temperance and in conclusion said he had much pleasure in declaring the fair open.

Much care had been exercised in decorating the new hall for the fair. Many electric lights have been used and the general effect is pleasing and artistic. The front of the building is outlined with lights and a large sign "Temple Fair" is so placed that it can be seen for a great distance. The entrance has been arched over from the street with evergreens. Within, 1,800 incandescent lamps have been brought into use so that the place is very brilliant. The walls have been hung with flags and designs of bright and attractive coloring.

The lower floor is taken up with the various booths. On the right hand side of the entrance proper is one called South Africa in which beautiful dolls are exposed for sale. On the left of the door there is a balcony from which the orchestra plays. Underneath this there is the Red Cross tea booth, while near at hand are the Australian and Indian booths each filled with tasty fancy work. The centre of the floor is taken up by a booth called Great Britain. This is in white and all the others are in various colors and each given over to the sale of souvenir goods or candy.

At the uper end of the hall will be found the booth Canada and the Gypsy tent. The latter which, as the name indicates, is given over to fortune telling, is quite fascinating in appearance.

The opening tea commenced at 6 o'clock on Saturday night and until 11 o'clock there was a stream of visitors to the Red Cross dining hall. The fair will continue until next Saturday night.

LIBERALS TO PROTEST NINE ONTARIO SEATS

Toronto, Nov. 15.—The Liberals will probably protest nine Ontario seats as follows: Centre Toronto, West Hamilton, Lennox, North Lanark, East Huron, Nipissing, East Algoma, North Simcoe and North Grey.

SNOW AT CAMPBELLTON

Campbellton, N. B., Nov. 15.—The North Shore is in the grip of a heavy snow storm. Early this morning snow began falling and somewhat of a blizzard raged all day. About 8 o'clock tonight it began to cease and about ten inches of snow has fallen. The storm was accompanied by a strong northeast wind. Above here in Quebec the storm is reported even more severe. Trains are slightly impeded by the heavy fall of snow and are running a little behind time.

"Don't Neglect a Cough or Cold."

It can have but one result. It leaves the throat or lungs, or both, affected.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is the medicine you need. It is without an equal as a remedy for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Pain in the Chest, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Quinsy and all affections of the Throat and Lungs.

A single dose of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup will stop a cough, soothe the throat, and if the cough or cold has become settled on the lungs, the healing properties of the Norway Pine Tree will proclaim its great virtue by promptly eradicating the bad effects, and a persistent use of the remedy cannot fail to bring about a complete cure.

Do not be humbugged into buying so-called Norway Pine Syrups, but be sure and insist on having Dr. Wood's. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark, and price 25 cents.

Mrs. A. Elles, Innisfail, Alta., writes: "Last spring I had Typhoid fever and Bronchitis, which left me with a terrible cough. I tried doctor's medicine but got no relief until my husband got me a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, and before I had finished it my cough was cured. My husband also uses it whenever he has a cough. I would not be without it."