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Old Wiggins

A CHRISTMAS STORY IN THREE PARTS.

BY A. E. H.

I.

Again the old and passing year brings round
The season welcomed most by high and low,
That, over nineteen centuries ago,
Brought to the shepherds, seated on the ground,
The heavenly vision, and the babe Christ found
In swaddling clothes, from whom those blessings flow,
Which crown our lives with happiness, and shew
That love in which our very thoughts are drowned.
Thrice welcome, happy Christmas! may our hearts
Thy angel-melody be tuned to hear,
And know the joy that love alone imparts,—
The love that casts away all doubt and fear!
And from thy blessed treasures, oh! may we,
As having much received, give cheerfully.

The chill, dark December afternoon was waning into a bleak, cold and wintry eventide, with dull streaks of pale, vari-shaded crimson in the wake of the sunset, and a wind that blew most pitilessly about the tall buildings of the metropolis and adown the crowded streets, cutting with the keen edge of its sharp asperity to the very heart alike of man and beast, and driving before it the light flurries of fleecy snow flakes that kept falling from the cloudy recesses of the sky above. Whistling in its breezy gaiety, and in the frolicsome spirits of its winter freedom, the old and ever boisterous north-easter made merry with staid and sober pedestrians on the slippery pavement, now tossing off felt hats and gaily decorated bonnets from their heads of their unsuspecting owners, and laughing in unchecked glee as it hied away in mocking merriment to the secure retreats afforded by the alley-ways and cross lanes behind the lofty stores and offices of the thriving city. Indeed the spirits of the yule tide had been seemingly let loose from their prison dungeons and had come down to earth in all the strength of their giddy recklessness on the wings of the winter blast, and taken the town by storm, regardless of civic rights or constitutional etiquette. Did not the principles of Canadian freedom and the vim of a western climate permit such freaks of nature at the advent of the winter solstice?

William Jonnathan Bridshaw sat in his large and gloomy office over the first floor of a commodiously arranged and ornately architectural stone edifice o'er looking to the main thoroughfare of public transit, and gazed vacantly out upon the medley scene on the other side of the street. From his window he could see by the brilliant glare of an electric light suspended over the main entrance of Pearson Brothers opposite, the great multitudes of the city's populace hurrying by and on into the gloaming, with coats and jackets buttoned tight as protection against the biting blast, and carrying bundles of all sizes and descriptions, the purchases of the early Christmas shoping. People apparently in all the various walks of life—the rich and wealthy, elegantly clad in the warm clothing of the latest and most fashionable tailoring and design, and riding by in carriages drawn by gaily harnessed and spirited steeds; the professional, from business duties hurrying again to the warm fireside of home; the youth, the aged, the abjectly poor, and little childhood, gleeful and happy in the presence of winter and the near approach of the gladsome Yule Tide—all passed beneath his vision as he sat in his comfortable office chair and considered the great tide of humanity surging, rushing, hurrying by before him and on into the deepening twilight, like a ceaseless stream ever flowing onward, to commingle its waters with the vast ocean of eternity. Yet in all that multitude, with the exception of here and there an occasional business acquaintance whose face was brought into prominence by the blaze of electricity, there was not one whom he could call his friend; not one in all that throng with whom he could claim kinship, or from whom he could expect, even remotely, the grateful courtesies of tenderness and friendship. He seemed alone, excluded from their world of home, of pleasure, of social and domestic life, unable to bridge the great gulf that separated their sphere of joy or sorrow from his own sordid life of business and worldly cares and interests Alone in a great city, with its teeming multitudes of human beings, each one a member of an inner circle of his own, with friends and kin, and the gladness and sorrow that clusters around it, while he himself, the wealthiest banker in the whole metropolis, with bonds, and shares and real estate enough to make him wealthy, a hundred times over, but alone, excluded, isolated. It was an almost novel realization and one brought to him in the thickening gloom of a December day with the sad regret of a shadowed, cheerless, unsympathetic dreary and selfish existence.

From the view of the city's crowd hurrying by before him he withdrew his gaze and looked about him where he sat. His office was large, commodious, but bare. No pictures adorned the walls with their beauty of painting or photography; no carpet, or matting even, covered the floor, and all the appointments and furniture were of the plainest and simplest kind as though he were too poor—or stingy—to afford even the commonest comforts of this life. His desk, rude and old-fashioned, littered with papers; and clippings of stock markets, and letters to his address, bore plain evidences of once better days and apparently careless usage, and with but the exception of his stenographer's table at the other side of the room, and a few plain chairs about the apartment, there were no articles of either beauty or usefulness. An unburnished gas jet, suspended from the ceiling and branching out into a plain but somewhat ornamental dual candlebra, burned dimly in the half-lighted chamber whose shadows were made the more sombre and gloomy by the gathering dusk.

A large, portly figure clad in a dark but well fitting suit of broad cloth, a silk-lapelled Prince Albert, a large head, covered with a thick growth of black hair, faintly streaked with grey, clean shaven face that brought out the hard set lines of determination and a gruffness bordering on contempt, a high forehead, and eyes of a light brown, keen and piercing, that glanced in their sockets like evil spirits and set a bold and almost malignant aspect to the already not over winsome appearance of the features,—such was the exterior of our wealthy financier,—the "Old Wizzen," as he was called by his associates, and he was noted in business and commercial circles as the closest fisted, most penurious, grabbing and relentless old miser ever known in the whole metropolis. He had never been known to be on friendly or intimate terms with a solitary individual outside of his family circle,—what he was or might be in the home no one could do more than conjecture, for the very simple reason that no one had ever had the slightest invitation or pretext of ever entering to find out. He had never subscribed a solitary cent to any benevolent or charitable cause, and had generally ousted its canvassers in such hot haste that of late years he had been given a decidedly wide berth by those who had such institutions at heart as a consequence. His annual subscription of fifty dollars to his minister's salary, who had married him in the days gone by, and, after a few brief years of martial happiness, had visited his wife in her last illness, and buried her beneath the elms of a secluded plot in the Necropolis, and who was, as the old miser stoutly maintained, the only individual under the sun who had never tried to play on him with an attempt at financial enrichment,—this was the sole and only philanthropy of which his narrow, bigoted and sinful heart was capable. And a few years before, when his daughter, his sole and only child, had married and left home against her father's wishes, though the match was all that could have been desired from a financial and social point of view, the irascible old gent had sworn and sent her off with a farewell that breathed the hope that he would never see or hear from her again as long as he lived. And those who knew him best, and had felt the sour bitterness of his resentment, said they were not surprised. It may be so,—they ought to have known.

And since that day, now five years ago this very month of December, as he sat in his dingy old office on that fading wintry afternoon, he had grown a thousand-fold more sour, morose, sinister, and embittered. Nothing seemed to please him. Stocks might realize a dozen times their face value and bring returns that filled his coffers and lined his wallet with rolls of greenbacks; investors might sound his praises and he be boomed in the newspaper as the shrewdest speculator with whom the exchanges had to deal; or he might be denounced as the biggest thief and the most unfeeling rascal in the whole community,—it was all the same: his sourness of disposition and ugliness of temper suffered and would brook neither mitigation nor sweetening. He might be quoted as an authority in exchange and in the marts of commerce, and his opinion be given the greatest weight in the board of trade,—it was only to make his unfeeling heart grow the harder and his brusqueness be all the more uncivil and commandeering. There was absolutely not the slightest use in attempting to conciliate him; his rancorous temper would brook neither kindliness nor opposition. There seemed but one thing to do with the hardened old sinner and that was to let him alone. And this policy was most unanimously and universally adopted on all sides. He was let alone, and suffered to eke out his miserable existence as he chose.

II.

If thou art rich, thou art poor,
For, like the ass whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bearest thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee.
—Shakespeare.

A loud rap upon the office door and "Come in" being uttered by a rough, deep-chested voice issuing from the portly figure before the desk, a lad of about fifteen, clad in the blue clothing and brass buttons of an office boy entered, carrying a little bundle of letters which he laid upon the manager's table. They were the late afternoon's mail, the messages of a delayed train, which had just been delivered by the postman below. The manager took them without a word of thanks and glanced sharply at their several postmarks and addresses, while the little messenger hurried cautiously out of the room and down the stairs as if anxious to escape from the banker's presence. Quickly the keen old financier glanced through their contents and threw them up into their several pigeon holes, and some of them down into the waste basket with his low, coarse laugh, where he doubtless considered they belonged. "Those confounded money beggars," he muttered, "let them pay their interest, or I know a way of making them." Then he picked up the last of the pile addressed in an unknown hand, little better than a scribble, plainly a woman's writing, and postmarked Sylvester, Ohio. He glanced at it hurriedly before tearing open the envelope,—in that strange and peculiar writing he thought he could almost detect a faint likeness to characters he had seen before, but it puzzled him for a moment to know where. "Likely some more of those strangers pleading for money," he muttered to himself, with a half determination to toss it into the waste paper basket with the others, unopened. But, hesitating, he drew it from its envelope and laid it open on the desk before him, then started back in surprise and terror, commingled with bitterness, as he noted its salutation and signature. It commenced "Dear Father," and was signed "ever your loving daughter, Annie E." He picked it up and examined it again. There could be no possibility of mistake,—the letter, evidently written with considerable effort and difficulty, was from his long lost, yet through all these years, with all his evil and contemptability of disposition and temper, his dearly loved daughter, his only child. For a moment he was irresolute. His vow, uttered in that hour of wrath and intense pain, when he swore to return her letters unopened if ever she should dare to write to him; his exultation of revenge, swelling triumphantly for a moment, if haply she now happened to be in want over a marriage failure undertaken in direct opposition to his wishes and commands; his wounded pride, offended by his daughter's unfilial disobedience,—these conflicted strangely with the emotions of a parent heart which still clung with a tenderness and vain regret to the girl who once danced upon his knee and was her father's pride in her maturer years. There could at least be no harm in reading what she said at all events. Straightening out its folded pages on the desk he read it over.

Dear Father—I write you this many miles away from my dear old home, Woodcliff, where I used to be so happy in the long ago. As you will see by my writing, if you care to read this, I am penning these words with difficulty, for I have been very sick, and the doctor has just told me there is a very small chance for my life. Dear father, I write you this to say that I am so sorry for all the trouble I have brought into your life, but if you knew how dearly I loved Alfred you would not have blamed me for marrying him. We were so happy while he was spared to me, but he died a year ago last autumn. And now the doctor says I shall likely follow him. I am not afraid, dear father, but before going I should so like to ask you not to think too hardly of me, for many a time, even in our happiness, has my heart gone out to you, though you told me never to return. Will you not forgive me now, your own child, as it is nearing Christmas, and I am going to the eternal Christmas beyond the clouds. I have all that I need, both for this life while it lasts, and also for the life to come, but I would be oh! so happy if I could only be sure of your forgiveness and know it is all right before I go. Good bye, dear father.

Ever your loving daughter,
Annie E.

There was the silence in the tomb in that lonely office above the street where the multitude thronged by in a ceaseless stream of living humanity, as though the death angel himself was brooding over it in all the awfulness of his solemn presence. There was no move, and no word from the tightened lips of the shrewd old banker, who now regarded the thin sheet of note paper with its weak, unskilful lettering, and bearing the lithograph of a foreign hospital, in absolute stillness. For at least a minute he gazed in utter bewilderment at the feeble characters, as thoughts flitted through his mind, and memories of the long ago, and of the hour when he had seen her last,—ah! how often had he thought of it,—and now there was no complaint, no murmuring, no word of bitterness or anger from the girl he had driven from his heart and home. From his home, yes,—but ah! from his heart? And in that awful stillness his head bowed low upon the desk before him, while tears fell and blearred the uneven characters of the letter that lay upon it. Ah! who might know, but that the hand that wrote it was now still in the eternal slumbers.

"Oh, my child, come back," he sobbed, "my God, what have I done!"

There was a series of sharp, quick rings of the electric bell below stairs that made the office boy with his blue coat and brass buttons jump from his seat by the elevator as if struck by a bomb shell, and hurry up to the manager's office in all the hot haste of rapid and immediate despatch. In a twinkling he was hustling down again and out into the windy street with only his office cap on his curly head, and making excellent time to the stables of the nearest livery around the corner, while the president hurriedly wrote a few brief lines to his first vice, jumped into his overcoat in half a second, and was being driven up the main street to his home on the hill top as though an evil spirit had entered the horses and set fire to their hoofs. Carts, street cars, carriages, throngs of people hurrying in all directions, policemen—it made no difference; on they went recklessly, carelessly, heedlessly, bouncing over the crossings and down the avenue to the left with a swing that fairly made the driver's hair stand on end and brought the wheels within an ace of the opposite pavement. But they were not waiting on ceremony, and on they went up the hill to the president's home, turning in between the iron gates that guarded the driveway, till they drew up before the fine stone edifice, a veritable mansion, with large bay windows, lofty minarets, and tasty, decorative architecture, an ornate structure, which it had taken the best part of three years to complete. There was a stir and hustle on the part of old Margie, the housekeeper, when her master entered and bounded up the stairs without a word of explanation, as if his very life depended upon touching only every fourth step in the ascent. In ten or fifteen minutes he was down again and merely saying he would not be back again for a day or so was on his way to the station of the Central Railway company, before the aged domestic had fully recovered her wits. "I guess he's crazy," muttered the servant in the astonished surprise of her bewilderment. No, no, Margie, he's not crazy this time, he's only recovering from it!

They were covering the streets now where the traffic was less conjested and moving with the speed of an Arabian horse. Fortunately the best steeds that the livery possessed had not been out that day or the day before, and the keen fresh air, combined with an occasioned crack from the driver's whip about their ears, made them cut the air and beat a tatto on the hard, snow-covered pavement as though racing with the chariot of Apollo. The ticket agent at the station offices was an astonished individual a few minutes later when a large portly gentleman hurried up to the wicket just two minutes before the eastbound express was due to leave track No. 3, with a decidedly premptory command to hand over a "Sylvester, Ohio, return," with parlor and Pullman sleeper accommodations. The little messenger boy who grabbed his grip and followed the lead of the stalwart gentleman as he made for the tracks, pushing his way among the tourists, and travellers without even a "By your leave" would doubtless have given vent to some unusual bursts of amazement even for a messenger; but he pocketed the bill the man put into his hand as he stepped aboard and said nothing about the matter. The porter, just throwing aside the step used as a convenience for passengers, helped him up with the rather laconic comment, "Just in time, Massa." The engine gave a sharp, shrill whistle, there was a swish of steam, a few quick turns of the drivers, and the train pulled out.

Seated among the soft velvety cushions of the Pullman sleeper as they swung out along the bright line of rails, glancing around the curves and over the trestles in the mad rush of an eastern flier, the hardened old miser had ample time for reflection on his past conduct as well as on the decidedly recent turn that events had taken within the past hour and a half. There was even yet a possibility of hope, a faint one it might be, in this race with death. Thoughts of long ago kept crowding in upon him and memories of her childhood days when, a little fairy, with long silken curls and rosy tinted cheeks, he had tossed her in his arms and held her tight in all the warmth and tenderness of a father's deep, undying love for his only child. The time he had watched long and anxiously by her bed side when she lay seized by the malady of diphtheria, waiting in agony for the turn of the crisis and the doctor's words that would seal her ransom or his own great loss; how, when she was recovering from the dread disease he used to hurry home from his office at the earliest approach of dusk and play "Wee Winkle Wye" among the coverlids of her snowy cot, and the first day she could sit by his side at table and partake with him and her mother of the old-fashioned Christmas dinner, Ah! it was merry Christmas for him indeed. And this was she whom he had so litterly condemned, whom he had driven from his fireside as though she had been a reprobate, who lay at death's door in a distant hospital, or, it might be, was even then sleeping beneath the snows in a quiet plot where a parent's cruelty could no longer hurt her innocent heart. God forgive him! And as he thought of it he bowed his head in a bitterness of regret and a sorrow of remorsefulness that well nigh atoned for all his ugliness in the days of the past.

But unheeding either the joy or heavy sorrow of its many passengers, the swift express sped on into the settled darkness of the winter's night, the bright lamps in the coaches sending the rays of their light out into the thick drawn gloom, like the glad flight of a happy and cheering life through a world of bareness and waste.

III.

At even, e'er the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
O in what divers pains they met.
O with what joy they went away!

Thy touch has still its ancient power,
No word from Thee can fruitless fall,
Hear, in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all!

There was a stroke of six from the city clock when the express drew into the depot at Sylvester on the evening of the following day, combined with the sharp ringing of a bell in the hands of a lusty youth near the main entrance to the waiting rooms, who kept calling out to refreshments with a full hour for lunch; but without heeding him a man of middle age, stepping hurriedly from the parlor car at the rear of the train, and carrying a handsome leather suit case, walked over to the cab stand at the rear end the station, and, speaking a few words to the owner of a well-groomed span of bays, jumped into a carriage and was being driven over the frozen turf to an hospital situated in the other end of the town. Had you looked closely at him you would have thought he bore some resemblance to a certain "Old Wizzen" who has enjoyed a decidedly unique and unenviable reputation as being the hardest, cruelest, most relentless, grasping and niggardly old miser in his native city, but looking at him again on that quiet winter's evening, however, be it in the flare of the station lights, there might seem to be an almost indescribable change somewhere in his person or appearance. Dressed in the same suit which he wore at our introduction, the hard and rancorous cast of countenance seemed to have faded from the clear cut, firm set features, and a new light to have dawned in the keen brown eyes. It may be there had been a change somewhere. Or one cannot always judge by appearances. It is quite possible he was not as much of a selfish old miser as we had at first supposed.

In a private ward of a well equipped and successfully conducted hospital, a couple of physicians and a trained nurse were bending over an unconscious patient, whose faint and listless breathing gave no tokens of returning health to a frame wasted and wearied by months of weary suffering and pain, till now it had been brought to a crisis in the dread disease. Anxiously they felt her pulse, tenderly they bent over her, noting every indication that a physician's quick eye and a nurse's tenderness might direct that would lend a clue to even a remote hope for recovery and returning health. But she lay sleeping, every now and again moaning in inarticulate breathings as though uttering the fancies of a dream. They bent over to listen, but could catch no syllable of her strange tongue. It may be it was not given to mortals to translate her thoughts.

"She has been talking ceaselessly about her father during the last week," said the nurse, taking the snowy hand in hers. "There seems to have been some trouble between them. I gather from her words that he has treated her unjustly and it has cut her to the heart. But she loves him with all the power of her tender soul."

"Poor child," said the chief physician, a specialist in his line, and whom the patient had fearlessly trusted with her life. "Poor child! Is it not sad that anyone should be so cruel as to turn a loving daughter away from his fireside whatever she may have done! God pity us if we are always going to be bitter and resentful, especially at such a glad season of the year as the happy holidays!"

Could there have been a slight cadence in his tone caused by the memory of his own dear girl, travelling for her health in a distant land across the seas, and whom he had not seen for years?

"It is a shame," returned the nurse, "whoever he is may God forgive his hardened old heart."

There was a faint stir among the snowy counterpanes as the patient, still moaning in her dreamy sleep as though realizing the drift of the conversation going on about her, tossed to the other side, murmuring almost inarticulately, "Don't Father. Take me back again for I'm all alone now." The physician, bending to catch her feeble words as though they were her last, heard also among those dying accents the quick march of a heavy-footed man coming up the steps and hurrying along the corridor, guided by the light tread of an attendant. Quickly they approached, as though unconscious of the sound made by their footfalls in that sick filled place where mortals fought in combat with the spirits of disease, and knocked at the bedroom door. The assistant doctor opened it, when a brusque and middle-aged man brushed past him, now treading lightly to the bed on which lay the form of his only child,—his long lost girl. It is Wiggins. With a moan of grief he knelt at her bedside, and took her thin, spare hand in his own large palm and placing his lips to her ear he whispered in accents which have strangely lost a good deal of their old asperity and irony:

"Annie, my child,—your father, Annie, see, I've come for you."

The eyes opened faintly. There was a moment of delerium, then a smile of happy recognition as a new, heaven-born light dawned in the restless orbs and a little cry of childish pleasure burst from the fever-heated lips. She knew him then, thank God! It had not been too late, nor perhaps in vain. She might even yet return to the glad fireside that had been so sadly cold since the day she left it in the holidays of the long ago.

Christmas day dawned bright and clear, sunny as a fairy land, with the snows of winter glistening and scintillating beneath the radiant beams like diamonds scattered broad-cast and set in a sea of white, while bells pealed gaily from many a tower and city cathedral with the glad cheer of good-will and peace that sounded o'er Bethlehem's plains so many centuries ago. It was fresh and frosty, the sweet winter air being just sharp enough to set the blood a-tingle and make a long walk or drive in the invigorating beauty of the morning a healthful and pleasureable exercise. And on that gladsome day, with the sound of the merry peals ringing in his ear, a certain noted banker walked from his suburban home, at Woodcliffe, on the hillside, to his office in the heart of the city, where by former appointment the shareholders and trustees of the bank of which he was president were to meet to discuss the financial situation for the year just closing, and to prepare a statement for the investors' benefit. There was a look of contentment and happiness in his clear cut face which his acquaintances remembered never to have seen there before, and as he met the members of the corporation in his dingy office it almost seemed a miracle or sudden metamorphosis. They gazed at him in amazement bordering on bewilderment when he promised them more comfortable quarters to meet in at the end of another year, and offered to make a larger dividend that all might profit by the success of the past. Nor did their amazement diminish materially when at his suggestion they adjourned in time to attend the morning service held in the neighboring cathedral. It could only be compared to the supreme astonishment of his old domestic when informed, the evening before, on her master's return from a trip she knew not whither, to have his daughter, Annie's room ready by the middle of the following week; as she was coming home, sick, it might be, but coming home! She simply looked at him, as though the evil powers had turned his head. It was a tribute as eloquent as it was unique.

That morning at the Christmas service it seemed to William Jonathan Bridshaw that he had never heard anything half so beautiful in all his life. The singing was superb, there could be no other name for it: and as the organ pealed forth in its deep-toned notes of ecstatic rapture and melodious rhythm to the glorious old hymns of the yule tide, the heritage of the Christian church, it was as though the souls of the congregation were borne heavenward on the wings of angelic song. It also seemed to him that his pastor, always a man of ability and eloquence, was excelling himself in the sweet and simple story of the Infant Boy lying among the straw in a manger, watched by a virgin mother, and worshipped by magi from the far east with their gifts and treasuries of costly merchandise. So thought the steward when a little later, after the service on an appeal for the poor fund from the minister, he took up an order on a noted financier for one hundred dollars. Nor was he the only one who in the course of the day had reason to wonder at the transformation. People kept on wondering as the days went by, while their amazement deepened, ever asking the reason of it all. They knew not what to call it, but, reader, can you guess?

Christmas.

Hark! Throughout Christendom joy bells are ringing;
From mountain and valley, o'er land and o'er sea,
Sweet choral melodies pealing and thrilling,
Christmas is here,
Merry old Christmas,
Gift-bearing, heart-touching, joy-bringing Christmas,
Day of grand memories, king of the year.

In volume majestic deep anthems are pealing,
Harmonies heavenly swell on the air;
Lofty and lowly in brotherhood kneeling,
Peasant and prince mingle praise and prayer;
Christmas is here,
Sanctified Christmas,
Christ-bearing, life-giving, soul-saving Christmas,
Day of fond memories, king of the year.

Tender remembrances softly are stealing
Over the souls of the weary and worn;
Mists of the past, full of balm and of healing,
Soothing the sorrow of sad and forlorn;
Christmas is here,
Many-voiced Christmas,
Grief-soothing, heart-cheering, hope-bearing Christmas,
Day of sweet memories, king of the year.

Day of the poor, bringing Jesus the lowly,
Bearer of burdens and giver of rest,
Comforter, Saviour, Redeemer most holy;
Christianity's birth-time, eternally blest,
Christmas is here,
Merciful Christmas,
Faith-raising, love-bearing, all-blessing Christmas,
Sweetest and holiest day of the year.

Loss Of Sleep.

Nothing is so wearing to the constitution as loss of sleep, invariably due to impoverished blood, and general debility, a cure is found in Wade's Iron Tonic Pills, which increase the blood, and build up the system, as a nerve strengthen they are unequalled. 25c. at Wade's. Money back if not satisfactory.

J. H. Singleton, proprietor of Munster Golden cheese factory, Newboro, held the closing meeting recently, and gave an instructive address. The secretary's report was very satisfactory, gross proceeds amounting to $21,761.51.

Croupy Coughs and Asthma Gasps

Are Alike Relieved and Cured by The Soothing, Healing Influence of

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine

Thousands of mothers feel grateful to Dr. Chase because this great medicine has been the means of saving a darling child when frantically struggling for breath—a victim of croup.

It also frees the asthma sufferer from the dreadful paroxysms which cause him such keen agony and cures asthma, as has been proven in a hundred cases.

The effects of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine are both thorough and far-reaching, and it cures when ordinary cough medicines have little or no effect.

From childhood to old age this great treatment for ailments of throat and lungs stands as guard which prevents coughs and colds from reaching the lungs and developing into pneumonia and consumption.

Mrs. A. A. Vanbuskirk, Robinson street, Moncton, N.B., states:

"For years I have used Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine for my children whenever they take cold. I used it first with a severe form of asthma. We have never tried anything in the way of a cough medicine that worked so satisfactorily. It seemed to go right to the diseased parts and brought speedy relief."

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is sold by all dealers at the advertised price, 25 cents a bottle. Family size (three times as much) 60 cents. Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every bottle.

JUST LIKE BUYING RHEUMATISM

We put the bills in your pocket and take away the malady. Isn't that just like buying it?

There's the bunch of money you'll pay out to get rid of the rheumatism if you buy prescriptions with it. It's a cure you want, not prescriptions.

SOUTH AMERICAN RHEUMATIC CURE

pull the rheumatism out by the roots. No more doctoring, no more medicine, money saved; health saved, life saved.

CURES IN 1 TO 3 DAYS.

MRS. E. EISNER, a trained nurse, of Halifax, living at 92 Cornwallis St., writes: "I have been a sufferer for six years from rheumatism. Many doctors treated me, but relief was only temporary. I tried South American Rheumatic Cure, and after four days' use of the remedy, was entirely free from the disease."

SOUTH AMERICAN KIDNEY CURE

rich in healing powers, relieves bladder and kidney troubles in six hours, and in the worst cases will speedily restore perfect health. 2

Sold by W. H. Medley and G. W. Mahood.

Always Remember the Full Name
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Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in 2 Days

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