

"Bronchitis."

THE SYMPTOMS ARE

Tightness across the Chest, Sharp Pains and a Difficulty in Breathing, a Secretion of Thick Phlegm, at first white, but later of a greenish or yellowish color coming from the bronchial tubes when coughing, especially the first thing in the morning.

Bronchitis is generally the result of a cold caused by exposure to wet and inclement weather and when neglected will become chronic.

Chronic Bronchitis is one of the most general causes of Consumption. Cure the first symptoms of Bronchitis by the use of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

Miss Martha Bourget, Little Pabos, Que., writes: "Last spring I was very poorly, had a bad cough, sick headache, could not sleep, and was tired all the time. I consulted two doctors, and both told me I had bronchitis, and advised me to give up teaching. I tried almost everything but none of the medicines gave me any relief. One of my friends advised me to try Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I had scarcely taken the first bottle when I began to get better and when I had taken the fourth bottle I felt as well as ever, my cough had left me and I could sleep well."

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"No," said the old man kindly, "still stay with us, you are our guest; we made you welcome, and you are still welcome. I only paused because your words made me think of my son, who was killed in a drunken brawl fifteen years ago. If he had lived, would his life have been like yours, I wonder? We must give you a lifting hand, stranger, for his sake. What do you say, Volumnia?"

"That would be my wish," said Volumnia Webster earnestly. The fiddler bent down and reverently kissed her hand.

"I have not heard such words for years," he said. "I feel a different man for them. They will make everything easier for me. And now for some music," he added cheerily. "Fit audience let me have, though few. I am nothing of a musician now, you know. The music generally required at country inns does not reach a very high standard: it is not precisely classical. So do not be critical. I think I shall play you a maypole dance."

Perhaps he was nothing of a player, but he knew how to make his fiddle speak to the old couple resting in the settle. He had forgotten them. He was standing on the village-green fiddling for the maypole dancers. Perhaps he heard the village-folk cry "Faster, faster, fiddler!" for he perpetually increased his speed, and did not seem to tire. But now these merry notes died away, giving place to a gentle melody, such as would linger in a listener's memory. The fiddle sang, and sobbed and sobbed again.

The clockmaker started as though he were pierced.

"Volumnia," he whispered uneasily, "where have I heard that music? Ah! I know—I have heard it these many years, and sometimes, when I have refused to listen, I have heard it all the same. Why, it was the little piece our boy wrote for my birthday greeting; you have it safe, Volumnia. Tell me, Volumnia, am I dreaming?"

"No, dear, you are not dreaming," she answered. "That is the very music our boy wrote—you remember how proud we were!—we had such hopes for him, hadn't we? He was so talented in every way—poor Ralph!"

"How all the past returns, Volumnia," he whispered, "until everything has become the Past!"

Her head rested on his shoulder, and her hand fondled those grey curls, fondled so often in the days gone by.

All unconsciously the stranger had put them under a spell, the spell of the Past. They had forgotten him and his personality: they only heard the music.

The stranger ceased playing, and, looking up, saw how the clockmaker rested like a tired child on the little old lady's shoulder. He saw that they had both forgotten him.

"And naturally too," he said to himself, "for I have no claim on their remembrance. I have intruded on them long enough as it is, and now I must go out into the darkness of the night and take up my loneliness again."

He glanced round the cosy kitchen, at the red fire, at the quaint clock, at the copper warming-pan, at the dresser stocked with old china. Everything spoke to him of a home. He was glad to have seen one again: the remembrance would be pleasant to him. Just as he was putting his fiddle into the green bag, the string broke with a loud clang—and the little old lady woke from her reverie.

"Ah! you there!" she said. "Tell me how you knew that music; why did you choose that to play to us? I must know why you chose that."

He wondered at her eagerness to know.

"I seem to be telling you all my secrets tonight," he said, smiling sadly. "If confession is good for the soul, then my soul has gained something tonight. You spoke of that man who had dragged your son down. Your words sank deep into my heart, for that reminded me what I had done in a similar way to a young fellow as full of promise as your son might have been. And I suppose I was thinking of him when I played that melody, for he wrote it, and I was the first to play it to him. I always thought it was a beautiful melody."

The clockmaker started up and put his hand roughly on the stranger's arm.

"You knew him, then?" he asked excitedly.

"Knew him!" laughed the fiddler. "Why, we were inseparable. He was my shadow. I could do anything with him—twist him round my finger—twirl him just as I pleased. He was rare good company, too—could sing a rattling song with anyone; full of wit and fun. Heavens! how he made us fellows laugh! Why, he was the wildest of—"

The fiddler stopped suddenly: the little old lady was leaning over the back of a chair glaring at him, just like a tigress preparing to spring; the clockmaker was standing a few steps off, his arms tightly folded together, and his face working like the face of a man who was trying to make up his mind about something or other, trying to puzzle out some mystery.

"What is the matter with you both?" the fiddler asked nervously. "Have I done anything wrong, have I said anything to hurt your feelings?"

A wild cry broke from the little old lady's lips. She rushed to the cupboard in the recess, pulled out some papers and threw them on the table. She turned them over with trembling hands, and at last found the packet she required. She tore it open, and took out the faded photograph of a young man. She held it up for the fiddler to see.

"Was that anything like your friend whom you dragged down to hell?" she hissed out.

The stranger started back as though he had been struck. His face was deadly pale.

"My God!" he cried. "That was the very man—Ralph Webster!"

The photograph dropped from her hand.

"Then at last," she said slowly, "we stand face to face with our son's worst enemy. It is worth while living to see him like this: an outcast from every home!"

The stranger bowed his head. He tried to speak, but the words would not come.

"Go!" said the clockmaker, touching him roughly on the shoulder and pointing to the door. "This is no resting-place for you."

The stranger took up the fiddle and bow and green bag, and crept to the door. The rain was still pelting against the windows, and the wind was still howling its dismal story. The stranger paused just by the door, hoping against all hope that the little old lady would relent and say one word of kind dismissal. If ever a human face was eloquent with pleading, his face was eloquent at that last moment.

"What are you waiting for?" she asked sternly, "go before my tongue is loosened."

He swung open the door, went into the shop, unlocked the shop-door, which banged mournfully after him as he passed out into the darkness of the wild night.

When he had gone, the little old lady's composure broke down, and she sank into the settle and wept bitterly. The clockmaker bent over her and comforted her, taking the little tear-stained face into his hands and kissing it.

"Volumnia," he whispered, "we have been drawn very near to each other tonight."

And she smiled to hear his words. She watched him pick up the photograph, and put it back into the cupboard; and she watched him fix his pipe in the rack which hung just over the bellows, and she saw him throw his favorite tools into their accustomed drawer. The clock struck twelve.

"You have a long journey to go on the morrow, Thomas," she said, "and you ought to be getting to rest. I must stay up a little longer to finish your overcoat."

"Never mind that," he answered, as he took the coat from her hands, "I am not going on a journey either tomorrow or any other day. I shall stay here with you, Volumnia, and live my twenty years here. The fiddler was right in saying that we were mad. May I stop, Volumnia? I could not bear to part with you now."

And she bade him stay always, promising him half-humorously that the naval captain should not worry him more than was absolutely necessary. And she spoke of the fiddler and his lonely

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