The Cry of the BY Child

IGH above Brigid Neilly's house 1611 above Brigid Reilly's house,
Slievedhu, the Dark Hill, rose
threateningly. His shadow
was over all the bog-land, except
where the thatch of her house and t' where the thatch of her house and the spellow of her crops made a patch of gold right under him. He was a big cloud most days for a wide stretch of the bog-land. Else there were no shadows there except the shadows of boulders when the sun lay to the east or the west of them, or the shadows of clouds in the bog-pools, slow-moving, majestic, like a white fleet of ships, or hurry saurrying in a rough game with the sun. Or it might be the shador

of trouble or suffering in human eyes.
There were houses on the bog-land, but they hardly rose high enough to make a shadow; mere tatters of mud

make a shadow; mere tatters of mud and scraws, they were like deserted nests that the bird has no use for. You went into them bent double, and when you were in could see nothing for the sharp smoke that filled your lungs and made your eyes water. But so humble were they, and so much the color of the bog, that you had to be quite near them before you saw they were houses at all.

The dwellers in these cabins farmed patches of land, the fields of which were about the size of a tablecloth, let alone that the rocks stood up here and there in them to turn the point of the finest spade ever made. Poverty there was in the bog-land; famine and fever came so often that quite middle-aged men and women could remember half a score visitations. But poverty, in the worse sense of it, was not known by Brigid Neilly's hearth.

Brian, her father, had toiled early and late to make his daughter the helress she was. He was not only a hard worker, but thrifty and keen at a bargain, so he had been able to leave his girl the house and place, 'he crops and stock, and the golden guineas in the bank; and since Brian went—God rest him!—nothing lad dwindled, be sure, in Brigid's hands.

She was Brian'c daughter in practical qualities. But her mother, who had been taken from school to marry the strong farmer when he was already grey as a badger and hard as flint, had had her part, too. in the shaping of her child.

So Brigid, though she trafficked waser than many men in the selling and buying of cattle, and was knowledgeable in seeds and crops, and had now-fangled ideas upon putting manure in the land, was yet softer than you could have expected of Brian's daughter. The people nodded their heads and saids ow when Brigid broughthome Maureen Daly's child from the other side of the hill, and, herseff little more than a slip of a girl, set up to be rearing another woman's child.

The child of the dead woman was a poor miserable bit of a thing at the other woman's work with help to the door.

The women—and it was surprising what a number of the

cabins and the miserance of the Point—the women were all ready to advise Brigid how the child should be reared.

They were not cheerful advisers,

ready to advise Brigin now the child should be reared.

They were not oheerful advisers, however.

"You will never rear her, Brigid Neilly," said old Moll Sharkey, who had buried so many children that she was reputed wise in the rearing of them, and many a one would rather consult her than the lonely young doctor who had the dispensary over at Breagy.

"Take my word for it," she said, "you'll never rear her. She has the hollows behind the ears that never come but for death."

Then the other women all pressed marer to look at the child, who, with a cry as if she understood, ran to Brigid and clung sobbing with her face buried in her friend's lap.

Then Brigid bade them all begone with an anger that is remembered against her to this day by many. And after that she would take no advice upon the rearing of the child from them that were mothers. And as everyone said, it was the worst foolishness for her, a slip of a girl, to try to do the like without advice.

However, things didn't turn out se the women prophesse 'st all, and Brigid reared the child. It was a thing would have surprised old Brian to see the good milk and eggs she put into the starved little body. She was like a mother to the child; and as time went by you couldn't have known her for Maureen Daly's baby, that had been dwiny from the birth.

Brigid and little Maureen, as time went by, made an odd pair. Maureen was like a soft white kitten with her white face and pale gold hair and great eyes. Erigid, ou the other hand, though handsome, was something of the looks of Slievedhu himself. That is to see the was a street hand, though handsome, was something of the looks of Slievedhu himself.

moody-looking, there was a grandeur about her head and her walk that made pretty girle common beside her. Them that knew her best said Brigid had never any mean little ways in her. She could forgive anything but a lie and deceiffulnes. If she was a trifle hard at times she was just, and once she was your friend it took a deal to shake her. She knew there was plenty of ovil dealing and doing oven in the little londly world about her; but she was not suspicions, for all that, and if she liked you it would be easy to deceive her.

even in the little lonely world about her; but she was not suspicious, for all that, and if she liked you it would be easy to deceive her.

She was not one to love by halves, and she loved little Maureen entirely. She was not one to love by halves, and she loved little Maureen entirely. She was of the lonely natured ones that have never given away their feelings in bits here and there, and so have a deal to give when the time comes. She loved Maureen like a mother long childles.

"Brigid, child," said the priest to her once, "how will it go with Maureen who would have children of your own?"

"I've never yet seen the man l'd put master over me," said Brigid; "but if it should come so, Maureen won't be the loser, Father."

She was capable of any rashness of generosity to Maureen in those days. After the priest had spoken with her he went away and said that the boys might as well give up cooking their caps at Brigid. Better by far, he said, wait till Maureen was marriage able and send the matchmaker to Brigid for hers. But though he said it with a twinkling eye, and was ever a man for a Joke, people said there was sense in it.

Yoars went, and Maureen was growing a big slip of a gurl, and Brignd to

with a twinkling eye, and was ever a man for a joke, people said there was sense in it.

Years went, and Maureen was growing a big slip of a girl, and Brigid no longer as young as she had been. In those parts where a man keeps young while he is unmarried and a girl is old at twenty-five, Brigid began to be looked upon as an old maid. Little by little the matchmakers had grown tired of her rebuffs, and the last betaken themselves to more willing sweethearts. It seemed like enough that there would be no marriage made under Brigid's roof till little Maureen's turn came. For no one ever supposed that Brigid would have passed by all the straight, handsome lads, with no reproach to them out their poverty, to take up at last with Tom Dwyer.

Bull, stranger things have happened, and Tom Dwyer's persistence knew no bounds. He was a little, olderly, ugly fellow, and the only thing that could be said for him was that he wasn't a fortune-hunter, for he was well off himself and could have had his pick of the rich farmers' daughters over Omagh side. But Brigid never looked his way nor gave him the kind word, so it seemed like enough he'd have his perseverance for nothing.

When haureen was fifteen and a pretty slip of a thing, as white and soft as bogootton, what should Brigid do but send her to boarding-school at the Convent at Omagh.

"You got on yourself without the opinion of the neighbours." What is she that she skould be better than you?"

"I know the more what the want of it is," Brigid answered, more patiently that the she had and a pretigation of the respective patiently and went of the supplementation of the neighbours." What is she that she skould be better than you?"

"I know the more what the want of it is," Brigid answered, more patiently than the ward.

you?"

"I know the more what the want of it is," Brigid answered, more patiently than she was used to.

"What'll you do with her after?" said Mary Laverty again. "You make her too good for her place."

"Then her place must come up to her," said Brigid, and the saying was a dark one to the neighbours, but they got nothing more for answer.

It was while Maureen was at the Convent that Con Heffernan eame into Brigid's life. He was the son of a farmer from the Finn Valley, and nephew to Molsheen Heffernan, who, dying the fall of the year, let her little place to the boy she had never seen. It wasn't much of a place; a little sabin with two windows upon the flank of Slievedhu, and looking into Brigid's kitchen chimney; a few fields all heather and bog cotton. But the place was the woman's own to leave, and the little fields might come to something in the hands of a strapping lad like Con.

He came into the bog-land like a bit of sunshine. He had travelled about to places where there are no mountains up in the sky, and the cry of the sea is never heard. Lonesome it would be to them who opened their cyses on the mountains and heard first he seasong; but if wasn't in your blood to care for these things, maybe the country like a garden, that Con Heffernan talked about, would be likelier to make you bright and laughing as Con was.

He set in to dig old Molsheen's fields as if he had a lifetime to do it in, instead of gesting the land ready for the potatoes this side of Christmas. It was a mild, brighter autumn, and the storms delayed longer than usual; and to watch Con Heffernan at the digging, you'd think he had the year before him.

Sing he would at his work, a thing unknown among the sad-faced people thereabouts; and his heart was more in the singing than in the digging. If but the smallest child went by the road he'd be striding over for a bit of a talk, and presently the neighbours found out what a pleasant ladhe was, and one or another would come discoursing him for half an hour or so—and a pleasant half-hour in th

Dan shook his head at his new par-

ishioner.
"You're not used to our land, Con, he said. "It takes more patient than a young child. Go on as you'regoing, my lad, and you won't see potato the year." Father." Co

ne said. "It takes more patience than a young child. Go on as you're going, my lad, and you won't see a potato the year."

"Planty of time, Father," Con would respond with his winning smile. "I'll put the comether over them as soon as I set to work in earnest." He walked into Brigid Noilly's kitchen one day to beg a sod of turf for a light for his pipe. Brigid answered him shortly, for she wasn't under Molsheen's farm not to know the way the lad was idling his time. But Con's oyes were full of admiration as he looked at her olurning, and her round arms, brown and beautiful, bare above the olbow.

He bent to the smoudering turf to blow it into a glow. As he lifted his head, he smiled at Brigid, whose grave oyes were upon him. It was his way to smile roguishly at women; but something went through Brigid like a shock. Her arms for a moment jerked at the churning and atopped. Then she went on again, but the long lashes lay over her eyes, and the waves of colour were throb bing from her heart over her bosom and neck and into her quiet face.

It was the beginning of Brigid's infatuation for Con Heffernan that set all the vise women wagging their fortunation for Con Heffernan that set all the vise women wagging their fortunation for Con Heffernan that set all the vise women wagging their fortunation for Con Heffernan was walking Brigid's fields like a master, and Molsheen's land was left with the spads sticking in the bit of it that was turned to show Con Heffernan's industry.

There were things said, be sure, and many a laugh over Brigid's infatuation

souscen's land was left with the spade sticking in the bit of it that was turned to show Con Heffernan's industry.

There were things said, be sure, and many a laugh over Brigid's infatuation for a boy ten years her junior. But Brigid heard none of them, and went about handsomer than ever, as if a life had come into her beauty and made it glow and burn.

The most ill-natured couldn't say she was to be married for her money. Let alone that a child could see Con Heffernan had no craft in him, it was plain that he doted on Brigid. Something came over him in those days that made Father Dan, quietly observant, whisper to himself that maybe Brigid was going to make a man of the lad. There was that in Con's cardess blue eyes when he looked at her that said he knew he wasn't good enough for her. "Nor you wouldn't be, Con, my boy," said the priest under his breath, after he had surprised that look, "not if you were a thousand times the man you are." Still, he knew that the humility was a good sign.

Con was for having the wedding at Easter, hut Brigid in this one thing stood out against him. Maureen was to come home at the midsummer, and she must have time to get used to the change before they were married.

"She has always been the first, said Brigid simply, and her eyes had the pity of a woman's when her young child is pushed out of place by a later waid Con Heffernac. half lauchlug and

omid is busined solved in the said Con Heffernar, half laughing and half vaxed. "You love her better than me, collen oge." "No," said Brigid. "I love you the best, or I would not be afraid to hurt her."

"No," said Brigid. "I love you the best, or I would not be afraid to hurt her."

Maureen know nothing of Oon Heffernan till she came home at midsummer, pale as snowdrops in her black school-dress. Brigid tidd her when they were together in the room in the thatch which had been theirs for more than twelve years. She was beautiful as she told it, all flushed with love and joy, and her arms open for Maureen to come to her. Put Maureen's blue eyes grew wider and harder, and dismay covered all her small face. Instead of going into Brigid's loving embrace she turned away her face—dark and frightened. "But what is to become of me, Brigid Reilly? tell me that. What is to become of me?" she said, with cold lips Brigid drew her to her. "What is to become of you? Why things will be as they have been. Whisper, avourneen. I have made my will and it is with the counsellor at Fintona, and if I die you take half and Oon takee half. You have your right in this house, Maureen."

"What talk have you of counsellors and wills, Brigid Neilly?" said Mau-

"What talk have your figure."
"What talk have you of counsellors and wills, Brigid Neilly?" said Maureen festfully. "You will bring in a strange man to the house, and I shall have no place." And so she said for all Brigid's comforting, and Brigid watched her with the eyes of a mother who is sore at heart for her child's jealousy, yet loves it the more.

the style of a messac was soors as the seat for her child's jealousy, yet loves it the more.

Maureen turned a sillen face on Oon Heffernan when he came in out of the late sunset, and the gold of it on his hair. Oon was of the kind that is not happy under a frown, and he set himself to win Maureen's fayour. At first he went about it 'sughing, for Maureen was only a child. But Maureen turned her face from him the more.

"He looks at you as if you were the queen of the world," she complaint ed to Brigid, "and me he treats with mockery. Am I a child, to be laughed at?"

the child's friendship by greater gravity, and he attered his ways to please her. But for long he had no reward for his patience and his gentle ways with Maureen, except only the grave smile of approval with which Brigid watched him at his difficult task.

Soon it was September, and people were beginning to wondor if it was not time for Brigid's wedding. Brigid herself had not forgotten that she had promised Con they should be married about the quarter-day, but of late they had not appoken of it. Con had fallen silent after a time of urging an immediate marriage, when to all his prayers Brigid had answered only: "Give me time, let Maureen come round. I couldn't be happy if she were unhappy," and this time Con had not reproached her with loving Maureen before him. Perhaps he knew better.

At last the day was fixed, quite suddenly m the end, for Father Lan was going on a holiday and would have no one but himself to do the marrying of Brigid.

"Lot Maureen go back to the convent," he had said. "A third is not in place in the house of a newly-married couple. Afterwards, Brigid, child, what will you do with her?" and Brigid, with eyes of amazement. "This is her home."

"Shed her beek to her mother's people." Said Father Dan. "Maka

with eyes of the home."

"Send her back to her mother's people," said Father Dan. "Make what provision you like for her, but send her back."

"You think

what prysulur you the lot bee, so seed her back."

"Ah," said Brigid, "You think the jealousy will be on her, and she will make a shadow by my hearth. But she is a child, and the jealousy will pass."

"Be said by me, Brigid," urged the priest. "Send her home to her own scools."

priest. "

priest. "Send her home to her own people."
But Brigid shook her head, and the priest said no more.
Hor wedding olcthes were made, and her house set in order, when one night she wakened in the early meonlight and missed Maureen's soft breathing from her little bed in its dathing since it was a sound sleeper, because of her industrious life all the long days in the fields, but approaching her wedding she was too happy for steep.
But called Maureen once or twice and received no answer. Then she sprang up in the moonlight and went to the bedside; but there was no one there.

to the bedside; but there was no one there.

She went down the ladder into the kitchen. Shep, the collie dog, lay in the do rway as if on guard, and the place was full of moonlight from the open door. Brigid ran down the pathway from the gate calling Maureen's name, but there was no answer. A sudden great terror leapt into her heart. Could the child have wandered away from her into the world of which she knew so little? And, if so, where should she look for her? As she gazed frantically up and down the her patches of bog the dog tugged at her skirt.

gazed frantically up and down the bare patches of bog the dog tugged at her skirt.

"At." sighed Brigid, with a great relief, "you know where shie is. Take me to her, good dog; good old Shep." The dog looked up at her and then led the way. Brigid followed. It took her through the stackyard and down the rutty boreen to a group of hazel-trees in the middle of a little field overhanging a holy well. Far off Brigid saw the glummer of something white and guessed it to be Maureen. Her feet went on the quicker.

off Brigid saw the glummer of something white and guessed it to be Maureen. Her feet went on the quicker.

But as she came nearer she saw there were two people. With a great throb of fear that made her stop a minute she saw that Maureen had dung herself on the neck of a man. She could see the girl's face lifted in the monlight, but the max was half turned away, and he looked as though his eyas were on the ground.

Brigad was for reshing forward to snatch her lamb from the wolf who had led her into deceit and stolen meetings by night, but as she would have suprised the pair, Maureen's voice broke out in words that turned Brigid's heart to stone.

"You think too much of her, Con Heffernan," the voice complained. "You think too much of her and too little of me, She is old and we are young. It is we should be happy and not her."

"Whisht, Maureen, darling," said the man. "She is as much too good for me as the saints above. But her heart is in me. Are we going to break her heart?"

Brigid listened to Con's struggle to be true to her without hearing. Maureen's words had seemed to kill something in her suddenly. It was enough for her to see them there. Con's arms tight around Maureen, Con's lips upon her hair. As she turned and went back Con's voice followed her, but she heard without knowing what he said.

"Oome, asthoreen," he was saying. "Let me take you home. "Its no thing for a little girl to be out like this, and I'd no right to be listenin' to you when you asked me to come." Brigid lay a'l night cold as a stone. When the day came she stood by Maureen's bed and bade her go to her mother's people.

that is not happy under a frown, and he set himself to win Maureen's fayour. At first he went about it 'aughing, for Maureen was only a child.
But Maureen turned her face from him the more.

"He looks at you as if you were the queen of the world," she complain; det o Brigid, "and me he treats with mockery. Am I a child, to be laughed at?"

After that Brigid spoke to Con Heffernan that he chould try to win stayed away all evening, and when

she came back Maureen was gone. A day or two later all the neighbors knew Maureen had gone to her mother's people and that Con Hefferman had followed her. Then there was pity for Brigid; but the first comers with cutious sympathy found the door abut in their faces. Even Father Dan, who loved Brigid like a father, fell silent before her white face. "Better let her be," said he to himself, as he turned from her door with his head on his breast "Only God can heal such a wound."
But sensations were not over. Be-

God oan heal such a wound."

But sensations were not over. Before Father Dan could start on his holiday, Tom Dwyer was with him on a business which made the priest stare with surprise and dismay. Brigid's wedding day was fixed. There was to be no alteration except in the bridegroom. Father Dan implored Brigid to walt—not to marry in a moment of augar and despair. Srigid looked at him with a set face and again he fell silent. On a wet at tumn morning, when the rain beat aga not the windows of the mountain chapel and the little crops of the poor people were weshed out of the earth. Tom Dwyer and Brigid Neilly were made man and wife.

One condition Brigid had made was that Tom Dwyer should come to her house, not she to his, and so it was. They settled down together, and things went or well enough to all showing. Only Brigid's husband and the priest guessed at the tragedy behind Brigid's est face.

Com Heffernan and his young wife were living up there in the cabin that looked down on Brigid's thatch. Tom Dwyer often cast an eye that way and noticed that things looked poorer than ever. Rumors came to him that the young couple were not happy and were very poor. Maureen hadn't the health for the hard life and poverty, and though you might see Con working day after day in the wet bits of fields, it was plain that the man wasn't making much out of it. He lost his brightness and his handsome looks little by little. Maureen wailed and complained incessantly, till the heart would have been taken out of a better man than poor Con.

If Brigid know these things, she made no sign. She went her old way, managing her place, and buying and selling her cattle as of old, not as if her man had lifted anything of a burden off her. And, indeed, Tom had his own affairs to look to.

In the year that followed their marriage things did well with them—as well as they did badly up at Molsheen's farm. No one noticed except Tom, and maybe the priest, that the light had gone from Brigid's eye, and the colour from her cheek. But Tom Lever's las

Brigid looked over her flourishing fields and laughed.

"What of it, Tom Dwyer?" she asked.

"She's your own flesh and blood, asthoreen," said the man timidly.

"I said I'd see her hungry and thirsty" said Brigid. "I won't go back of my word."

"Tis not the heart of you that's speakin', Brigid, my woman," said Tom Dwyer. "We can spare them something for the sake of the childher that are comin'."

But Brigid turned on him in a white fury, and bade him go out of her sight that dared to name the woman's child to her, and vowed again that she would see Maureen begging for life, and laugh te refuse it to her. Tom Dwyer was frightened for her, and said no more.

Brigid's child came into the world, a weak, alling little thing, that did nothing but cry. But when it was born, Brigid seemed like a new woman. She lay with it against her breast, hush-o-ing to it, and with so soft and happy a smile on her face that they trembled to tell her the child had no strength to live. For a little while she held her heaven of happiness; then it seemed to drift from her, and as the knowledge came to her, it was as though someone was cutting bits of her heart away with a knife. Yet, through all the fear and the anguish, her sound health brought herself back to life and strength.

It was after those hours when Brigid had watched the child dying, and

her sound health brought herself back to life and strength.

It was after those hours when Brigid had watched the child dying, and prayed hard for God to take it, that she turned to her husband and gave him the first kies of her own will. He had been more than woman-tender to her, and in that hour, for the first time, the two hearts met above the cradle of the dead child.

But all night, in the wind and the rain, Brigid heard her lamb crying outside in the night for the warm breast he had turned from; and the pain of the milk made her like one with a fewer.

In the morning those that flock together where there is a death came into

Brigid Dwyer's house. They came and went for hours, ate and drank, prayed, departed, and came again. Then through the faver of the milk and the crying of her lamb in the rain, Brigid Dwyer hard what somewas caying, that Maureen Heffernan was like to die, and the child pining to death for the want of the breastmilk.

She stood un from the carner where

was me to death for the want of the breastmilk.

She stood up from the corner where
she was sitting and drew her shawl
about her head. Before they knew
she had gone cut from amongst them.
Her husband caught her up as she
wont. For a moment he thought her
mind had given way. Then, as he
looked in her face, he saw the strange
hope that had broken over it.

"Go back," she said, "and stay
with him. I go to feed Maureen's
child; and as I do to her may the
Mother of God do to me and mine!"
She stood at the door of the wrethed
cabin where a gaunt man, the ghost
of Con Heffernan, crouched by the
embers, and in the corner Mau-sea
lay silent with the child creeping and
crying against her. Con Heffernan
stood up and his face was humble.

"If you come in friendship, Brigid
Dwyer, you are welcome," he said; "if
you come in hatred your vengeance is
here before you."

"My child is dead," she answered,

you come in nature you."
"My child is dead," she answered,
"and he sends me to give his milk to
your child."
It her eyes looked at the

your child."

As she said it her eyes looked at the man with indifference, hardly seeing him, indeed. Her heart was with her dead lamb out in the rain, and what elee there was was turning to the dead child's father.

She still stood at the threshold of the house, and on her face the brightness great was seen the still stood at the threshold of the house, and on her face the brightness great was seen the still stood at the threshold of the house, and on her face the brightness great was seen as the still stood at the threshold of the house, and on her face the brightness great was seen as the still stood at the threshold of the house, and on her face the brightness great was seen as the still stood at the st

She still stood at the threshold of the house, and on her face the brightness grew.

"God save all here!" she said, with the familiar frish greeting. Then she went to Maurean's side, and took up the crying baby. Hungrily, hungrily she held it to her breast, and as the child fed, her face grew almost happy. She heard no more the crying of her lamb in the rain; and softly, softly with the milk her tears began to flow.

Bo Brigid Dwyer took the child of the man and woman who had betrayed her and fostered it. And the child's mother came back to life in time, because of the case and comfort that Brigid Dwyer brought her. But when she was well, and the child weaned, Brigid gave her the half of her farm and went away to live with her husband the other side of the mountain.

Indian Famine Conditions in Manitoba.

A correspondent of The Weekly Sun sometime since declared that the Galicians located in the Northwest were doing well, and were in a fair way to become comfortably well off. A correspondent of the Winnipeg Nor-Wester now tells a very different story, He says: Your correspondent has just interviewed a gentleman who has returned from the Galician colony north of Yorkton, and his tale of suffering had better be told in his own words:

returned from the Galician colony north of Yorkton, and his tale of sufficing had better be told in his own words:

"I have lately returned from a trip to the Galician colony at Occoked Lake, north of here, and if I had not seen with my own eyes the misery that these poor people are living in I should not have believed it possible that in our prosperous Dominion such squalor and poverty existed. It is paniful to note the emasisted forms of little children, and more painful still to look at is the glassy eye of despair and haunted expression displayed on the countanances of their mothers, but such a sight it has been my misfortune to look upon.

"The first house (if it could be called such) that I visited, contained a man, his wife and five children, all living together in one room 10 feet long by about the same wide. There was no bed, bedding, or furniture of any description whatever in the house and the woman was clad in the long chemise and esrge rug pseuliar to the people. The children were, without exception, clad in only one mesgre linen garment spicee. The food of the family consisted only of snow water and bread made from XXXX flour. The second house visited by me was built of sod and was about 10. feet by 16. The back wall is about four feet high and it possesses one window. In this palatial residence live three families, all in one room, which is all that the house (?) contains, six adults and eight children. No bedding or furniture of any description whatever could be detected around the place. The woman and children were chitched exactly like shose of the first house I visited.

"But why prolong the agony of description whatever could be detected received and the place. The woman of similar casse, but refrain from doing of similar casse, but refrain from doing to the first house I visited.

of similar cases, for the fine so.

In the House of Commons on Mon day, in reply to a question by Mr. Davin, Mr. Sifton said that in his opinion it was quite impossible the above report could be correct. He would, however, take immediate steps to have the matter inquired into.

Free and easy expectoration immediately relieves and frees the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm, and a medicine that promotes this is the best medicine to the throat and affections of the throat and choest. This is precisely what Bickle's anti-Consumptive Syrup is a specific for and wherever used it has given unbounded satisfaction. Children like it because it is pleasant, adults like it because it relieves and cures the disease.