

Had Pneumonia

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP CURED HIM.

A cough is an early symptom of pneumonia. It is at first frequent and hacking, and is accompanied with a little tough, colorless expectoration, which soon, however, becomes more copious and of a rusty red color, the lungs become congested and the bronchial tubes filled with phlegm making it hard for the sufferer to breathe. Males are more commonly attacked than females, and a previous attack seems to give a special liability to another.

On the first sign of a cold or cough you should get a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and thus prevent the cold from developing into some serious lung trouble.

Mrs. E. Charles, North Toronto, Ont., writes: "Two years ago my husband had a very bad attack of pneumonia, and the doctors said he was getting consumption. A friend came in to see me and told me to get Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I got three bottles, and they seemed quite clear his chest of the phlegm, and now he is fine and well."

I shall never be without it in the house as it is a very valuable medicine.

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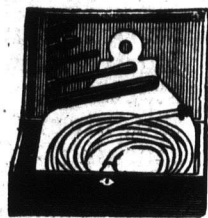
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Knox followed him. The little kitchen was cold and dreary. Piles of ashes lay in the grate; the china on the dresser was dirty, and Tom's tea, laid out on a piece of sacking, meagre and wretched—a lump of orange-hued margarine, half a stale loaf, a tea-pot waiting to be filled. Tom was poking sticks into the grate, while the lean pig grunted outside and the un milked cow moored loudly. Bryan Knox walked in, sure of his welcome.

"Go on with the fire, Tom. What's this I hear about a trespass case and Mollie Day? You should take the pooker off the cow and put it on the woman."

Having mustered a melancholy grin, Tom plunged into the story, weaving a sorry web of the black shame it would draw upon his head.

"Every man in the parish in court, an' the attorneys makin' jokes—an'—I was fond of the girl onst—if—yer Honour could say a word."

Knox stroked his chin thoughtfully as the tale poured on.

"Watches me in an' out—day after day. Bitter as weasels—snortin' she do be as I passin'."

"Does she now?" Knox spoke thoughtfully. "H'm!" He nodded his head as he ruminated. He looked at the comfortable, dirty room, at the pale, spluttering fire. "If Mollie managed the cow there'd be no trespass," said Knox. "If she had stopped caring she wouldn't be spiteful." Bryan Knox knew the ways of womankind. "Tom, settle it by marrying her now."

"Marry!" Mollie choked as she jumped up. "Marry Tom—that wretched— But the words died away. She seemed to see the desolate bent figure going to and fro to work, the ripping patches of his coat, the broken boots—to see the cold, dirty house—the hens which only laid for Hannie's son. "Yer Honour's mad," she said; but she passed her rough hand across her eyes.

"I'll send him over. Tell him you will," and ere she could cry protest Mollie was alone.

"Go over to her, man," said Knox. "It's the one way to settle it," and Knox wheeled away with eyes which still were sad as his lips smiled.

Tom went out on to the road. The day's rain had rolled away; the sweet breath of late April called May to life. He splashed through the puddles clumsily, wondering if he dreamt. Molly, his enemy, stood by her table—staring.

"His Honour said—" Tom stammered and half turned, and one of the coupled goats prodded him with a delicately inquisitive horn.

"His Honour said indeed—" "Shtay an' take a sup of tay," she half whispered. "Ye're cowlid."

Tom ate silently but with evident appreciation. He coughed often and drank with feverish thirst.

"Ye could always make the fine bread," he said, biting at the steaming loaf, speaking as if it was but yesterday he had taken tea with her and her mother. "An'—he cracked the shell—" "I never sees an egg."

"The market sees them," said Mollie



Horsey.

Tom started to his feet—speech reft from him.

"I'll run across; wait for me."

Knox fled, and though he laughed his eyes were sad.

Mollie was beginning her tea. Her cloth was white, her china shone; she was splitting and buttering some cakes of hot bread, and her turf fire glowed golden red. Bacon hung on the smoky rafters. Mollie was well-to-do.

She rose, proffering tea and a fresh egg.

Knox stroked his chin again, remarking he'd been with Tom.

Mollie burst into ready anger.

If his Honour thought he could settle it, he was entirely mistaken. She'd drive the man from before her door, so she would.

"He'll find it hard to get a house, and he's comfortless where he is," said Knox gravely. "A bad housekeeper, I'm afraid."

"An' he is not even his own," Mollie rushed into a tale of Hannie's pilferings, of Tom's patience, of his homecomings to a fireless hearth, while the old woman carried plunder for her son. Of how sometimes—for sheer charity—"neighbors'd find the key and redder the ashes for him," and her old cheeks flamed fiercely, knowing how in wild fear of discovery she had done it herself.

Knox looked up when she had finished, painting the misery of Tom's tea and margarine, stale bread, no warmth to dry dripping clothes.

"He wants a wife," said Bryan Knox gravely. "And he'll never take anyone but you. Come, Mollie, you've waited long enough. Marry him."

briefly. "Ye can hear thim hins of yers cacklin' every day, and I sees Hannie gatherin' the eggs."

She bustled about silently seeing to his wants, wondering if she were mad to do so.

Tea over, Tom drew his chair to the bright hearth, crouching close to the warmth. Mollie turned the wheel of the bellows until the sparks rushed upwards in a rosy shower. The day waned and the cottage grew dim save for the fire's glow.

The comfort of it warmed the man's tired heart. He puffed his pipe stolidly, looking at Mollie as she sat beside him.

"I come over," he said at last. "If we could settle it anyhow, Mollie, and faix I'm lonesome often. Lonesome—an' cold—an' the cow—ye'd manage her. If ye could—" he said, puffing hard.

The idea grew upon him. Mollie sat silent. Then suddenly put out her hand.

"We might as well," she said simply. "Sure neither ov us iver looked at another one."

"We'll speak to his reverence tomorrow," said Tom; "twill be a matter of a week or so."

After a few minutes Mollie spoke briskly:

"Ye'll put ye pig with mine tomorrow," she said; "poor misfortunate animal. I'll soon mind him. The cow can go into me field at the back with mine. An' I'll move the hins across at night, but I'm afraid they'll stop layin'. But one can't have everything," said Mollie regretfully.

"That's true," said Tom. "That's true, Mollie."

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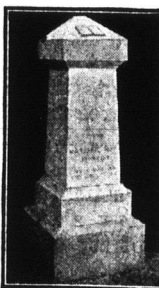
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