

## Catarrh

Whether it is of the nose, throat, stomach, bowels, or more delicate organs, catarrh is always debilitating and should have attention.

The discharge from the mucous membrane is because this is kept in a state of inflammation by an impure condition of the blood. Therefore, to cure, take the best blood purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla.

In usual liquid form or chocolate tablets known as Sarsatabs. 100 doses \$1.

**Where It Falls.**  
"Well, what do you think of indoor baseball?"  
"It will do well enough as a pastime, but it isn't a game. It'll never develop any national heroes."

**Mothers Will Find Mrs. Winston's Soothing Syrup the Best Remedy for their Children's Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, and All the Croupy Affections of Infants.**

**Both Guesses Wrong.**  
Algy—"But I worry you, Miss Capucine, I'm a great talker."  
Miss Capucine—"On the contrary, Mr. Featherfoot, you don't worry me at all, and I find your small talk very diverting."

**FITS.** Dr. Wm. D. Hoar and Dr. J. C. Hoar's Great Nerve Remedy. Sold for \$1.00 per bottle and 50¢ per bottle. Dr. W. D. Hoar, L. E. Hoar, Philadelphia, Pa.

**Langley.**—What have you done for the party in this campaign, anyhow?  
Mumley—"More than you have. I've contributed a dollar or two and made no campaign speeches."

**Breaks a Cold Promptly.**  
The following formula is a never failing remedy for colds:  
One ounce of Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla, one ounce of Toris Compound and one half pint of good whiskey, mix and shake thoroughly each time and use in doses of a tablespoonful every four hours.

**His Marital Trouble.**  
"On what ground," asked the lawyer, "does your wife want a divorce? Incompetence?"  
"Something of that sort, I reckon," answered the man. "My income isn't compatible with her ideas of comfort."

**Best for Men, Women and Children—Young and Old.**  
To get its Beneficial Effects Always buy the Genuine which has the full name of the Company.

## Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna

Cleanses the System Effectually, Disperses Colds and Headaches due to Constipation; Acts naturally, acts truly as a Laxative.

Best for Men, Women and Children—Young and Old.

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### CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

By whom it is manufactured, printed on the front of every package.

SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS. One size only, regular price 50¢ per bottle.

**HOWARD E. BURTON.**—ASSAYER and Chemist, Leadville, Colorado. Assays and analyses: Gold, Silver, Lead, Zinc, Copper, Iron, Tin, Cobalt, Nickel, Uranium, etc. Also analyses of all kinds of ores and minerals. Estimates and analyses of all kinds of soils. References: Colorado State Journal, etc.

## TOWER'S FISH BRAND WATERPROOF OILED GARMENTS

are cut on large patterns, designed to give the wearer the utmost comfort.

LIGHT-DURABLE-CLEAR GUARANTEED WATERPROOF

SUITS \$3.00 SLACKERS \$2.00

BY THE WAY: THE GARMENTS ARE MADE OF THE BEST OILED CLOTH.

ALSO TOWER'S OILED CLOTHING.

## W. L. DOUGLAS \$3.00 SHOES \$3.50

The Madam was steaming down from France to Saint Pierre. It was the third morning after the tragic eighth of May. On the evening after the eruption the ship had touched Port de France, and left the natives there to join Father Damien's colony. Then the Madam was dispatched to Dominica, where Constable cabled to New York for officers and men to complete the ship's company, and succeeded also in reaching Mr. Stansbury by cable, with the word that his daughter had been saved, before the planter could get passage for the White Sepulchre.

W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's \$3.00 and \$3.50 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world, because they hold their shape, fit better, and wear longer than any other make.

Shoes at All Prices, for Every Member of the Family, Men, Boys, Women, Misses & Children.

W. L. Douglas \$3.00 and \$3.50 shoes cannot be equalled at any price. W. L. Douglas \$2.00 and \$2.50 shoes are the best in the world.

First Quality Materials and Workmanship.

W. L. Douglas, 115 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

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# The White Sepulchre

## The Tale of a Pelee

BY WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

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CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

All that had been serene partook of strange disorder now. Negley should have made an effort to reach him. The power that devastated the city and with unspent violence swept the mornie might have reached three leagues at sea! Save that the gray was unchangeable in the roof of the world, he could not believe that all this was one day. . . .

Lara would never forgive him for being whole at the price of her mother's eyes! There seemed no adjustment possible for this cruel play of his service. . . .

He called the mother's name softly, but his words made no impression—called in frenzy at last, and felt her shudder in his arms. "Boy!" "Yes, yes."

"Tell Lara that there was no yesterday—no last night! And leave me here—in the dark!"

How long afterwards he never knew, but he awoke to find himself uttering incoherent sentences. The woman was quite dead. . . .

The hours drew on into eternity, but the gray still lived in the sky. He loosened his arm, and the blood rushing into the strained limbs bore with it a thrashing pain. The water had cooled, but he did not put his burden down. He had not yet fathomed the extent of her surrender, nor the signet and color of her personality upon every word she had spoken. . . .

He heard a cry from Lara, and deemed it the encroachment of personal madness. Scornfully he answered. Again the voice of the woman. He arose and called her name. A shadow darkened the orifice, and he saw his lady in the sky.

It may be in this marvelous world, where men carry on their wars and their wooings, some pursuing their little ways of darkness, some bursting into blooms of valor and tenderness—it may be that of the most exalted passages of agony and terror, two of Earth's people were returned to each other in the strangeness of these. One swooning at the curb of an ancient cistern, under the hot leaden sky, the falling sea before, and Pelee, with his tens of thousands slain, on her right hand; the other in the pit below, standing in the cooling water, and calling upon him to forgive him for falling in that which only the gods could do. It may be that in the collection of Earth's tableaux another such film is curled away—from another age and another cataclysm.

"Niver you worry your heart, sorr," called Macready, to whom the voice of his friend had brought imperious consciousness, man-wise, instead of collapse. "The fact is nothing. 'Tis a fortune far thim as can faint for joy, an' no hurt in it, sorr. Have you th' streng' t' do th' overhand up th' chain, wit' th' fairest av tin' 'ousand at th' top, sorr?"

Constable placed his burden upon the stone slabs, caught the chain, and pulled himself free from the water. His weight was a mountain. The five days had done what a hundred and ninety pounds of manhood which struggled upward under Macready's cheers, and fell across the rim of the cistern into Macready's arms.

Lara awoke and found Constable bending over her. Her eyes rested upon his lacerated hand, upon the swollen veins in his throat and temples. She saw blood upon his clothing, blisters upon his neck, sweat and mire upon his face. . . .

The reality came that he was praying for her to forgive him—because her mother had died in his arms.

"Peter, my beloved!" she murmured. "You say—that mother—"

She halted, for the grief upon its fullness in her mind. The day had put a look of horror in her eyes that months would not efface. . . .

But there was no mortal hurt upon her. Her nostrils, lips, hands—all moved in their way of dear perfection. Some time she would see that he had done his best. . . .

Though he had failed in all else, he had saved this masterpiece from harm. "But if I had not come back, she never would have known," he pleaded. "And she forgave me—I'm quite sure—as you'll forgive me—"

"What are you saying?" she cried suddenly. "What do you mean? It is horrible, but I came thinking to find you all lying here—as they are in the city—all dead and down—and I have found my lover living!"

Macready and Ernest, afar off, watched the puffs of smoke and steam rise like gray-white birds from the ruins.

"Ernest, lad," said the other, "th' boss an' th' Padin' lady are havin' an' intel-lectual repast in th' cinter av th' stage, be th' 'ould well. Revar in mind you're a chorus girl, an' conduct yourself in accord."

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Madam was steaming down from France to Saint Pierre. It was the third morning after the tragic eighth of May. On the evening after the eruption the ship had touched Port de France, and left the natives there to join Father Damien's colony. Then the Madam was dispatched to Dominica, where Constable cabled to New York for officers and men to complete the ship's company, and succeeded also in reaching Mr. Stansbury by cable, with the word that his daughter had been saved, before the planter could get passage for the White Sepulchre.

Constable and Lara were sitting together at the cabin door in the sunlight and soft winds. The girl wore a robe purchased ready-made in France. It was white and lustrous, a strange native fabric, which the man regarded with seriousness and awe. This was an item in the first consignment of feminine apparel he had ever had the honor to purchase. The joy was full and rare.

"I come to you empty-handed and very well from the heat of the journey, sir," she had told him; "but father will reimburse you."

"Father will be allowed certain privileges, but not that," he had replied, and many were the booties, flounces, ribbons, and mysteries which they drew, together

and apart, from the treasure houses of little Basse Terre.

Peter was in white, too, of a freshness only found on shipboard. His right hand was in the swathed state which denotes repairs, and a thickness of lint was fitted under his collar. There was, too, a drawn look about his mouth and eyes, to which the recuperative forces had not yet attended. Negley, multifariously bandaged, was on the bridge, in company with a new officer, secured temporarily at Dominica. The captain was unable to walk, but signified his intention of heading aboard decks. Constable was regarding the sad face before him, and the beauty of it had made him dumb for several moments.

"Lara," he said finally, "we'll make the pilgrimage together to Saint Pierre—or the 'Place'."

"The 'Place' was very beautiful and very proud—our mother!" the girl whispered unsteadily. "She told you to leave her there—in the dark, so that we would never see—how changed she was. I know—how she felt."

Lara, Peter and Cruise made their arduous way up the cluttered road into the Rue de Rivoli. A smoky charm, Saint Pierre, was burning only by the incense of those who had come down for their dead from Marne Rouge and the hills. The wind was still; and the sun shone through silent towers of smoke, and it was noon. No one had spoken for several minutes. The fruit shop had fallen in part. The stone arch remained, although the wooden door had been leveled and partly buried under the fire. Cruise remained outside with Lara, while Peter went in to see if the place was safe. They heard his steps upon the stones, the rattle of falling plaster. The waiting was long before he appeared and beckoned. They followed him into the little stone shop. A breath of coolness still lingered in the dirt place, and the faint odor of spilled wine. The ash-covered floor was packed hard, and still was damp from the gusts of rain through the open door and the broken-backed roof. Steady as a clock ticking there was heard the "drip, drip" from somewhere among the merciful shadows, where the old soldier of France was sitting.

"Lara, dearest, I should have spared you this. Meet you go farther?" Peter whispered. "Cruise and I will be only a moment."

"I am going, too," the girl answered.

The three climbed over the heap of stones, which was the rear doorway, and entered the court from whence the song birds had flown. Across the drifts of ash, into the center of the place, they went. Constable leading, Cruise last.

They were sitting together—the lovers. She had been listening, like Desdemona, as he "spoke of most disastrous chances—battles, sieges, fortunes." Soronia had been the first to see the sinister face of fate at the door! She had bent forward and covered in her arms the face of her soldier, her painter of pictures. . . .

Thus they had fallen—the adventurer in the shelter of the golden vine. Pelee had covered them with dust—each particle of covering dust fresh-wrought from the fire in which the stars were forged.

"Don't touch, Cruise!" Peter warned.

Something in the tone caused the man who was accustomed to do as he pleased to forget his investigations. After all, his own life had been spared because Constable had taken him captive, and the trip had paid. Cruise did not understand what was between the millionaire and the revolutionist. It occurred to him at last that this something must have been greater even than dollars; yet he was not sure. The look upon Constable's face as he led the woman into the sunlight was that of fortunes lost! Cruise left them there, and made his own way back to Port de France, to wait for his ship. He was happy to be alive, but he carried a crowning mystery in his brain. This had to do with a millionaire's generosity on the one hand, and a millionaire's perversity on the other. After all, he acknowledged that he knew less of Constable than when he left New York.

Peter and Lara had descended nearly to the shore when she said: "If your strange friend had not come into our lives, we could never have known each other and we do now. We might have loved and gone our way, without knowing all that it means to be human, without knowing all that our hearts could make us."

"It all worked out like a mosaic for you and me, Lara. Our valiance fell about us, but we were left. Always in our greatest need a man arose to help—Breen, Negley, Ernest, little Denny—"

"Was there work for Pugh to do?" she asked.

"Ah, Pugh—the weak sister! He kept you from going into the harbor too soon! I shall pay him and let him go his way tonight in Fort de France. The sea is a strange mistress to mother two such sons as the lion Negley and the poor little Jackal Pugh! . . . Sweetest Lara, I am in love with you and the world! Revar witness that I forgive Pugh—aye, forgive Mondet! See, down the Rue Victor—the wreck of Les Colonies! The little editor was there, perhaps, writing his paragraphs on the stanchness of Pelee! . . . Once, Lara, my mother said, 'Peter, some time you will breathe the breath of life!' I know what she meant now. I wonder how she knew?"

"Mothers are close to the heart of things."

There were tears in her eyes. To the right of them, among the ruins, a waiting woman had found her own.

They had traversed the Marne d'Orange. The sun bathed the fields. The wreck of the great plantation house was hunched closer to the ground. As he neared the rim of the cistern, Peter halted suddenly by the stricken lianas, and beckoned Lara back. The well curbing was broken away, and the earth for yards surrounding had caved into the pit.

"Mondet was right, after all, about the earthquake," he said.

Without speaking, they stood there for several moments. Then Peter took her

hand and led her back toward the roof at the Sugar Landing.

Night had fallen. Up through the streets of the capital, they strode, the man and woman. Casements were open to the stars and the sea, but the people were dull with grief. Martine had lost her first-born, and Port de France, the gentle sister of Saint Pierre, was loved in the spirit of weeping. They had loved and leaned on each other, this boy and girl of the mother island.

Through the silent crowds Peter and Lara walked, a part of the silence, passing the groves and towers, where the lava of France are born again for the little alien; treading streets of darkness and mourning, streets of light and tears. A field of fire-lights shone ahead, their red glow shining upon new canvas. This was the little colony of Father Damien—brands plucked from the burning of Saint Pierre. They passed the edge of the bayhouse. A woman sat nursing her babe, fire-light upon her face and breast, drowsy little ones about her. Coffee and night-air and quivering lullabies; above all, beautiful Josephine in marble, smiling dreamily among the stars. It was the most potent instant of Constable's life; some great joy or thrilling tragedy was breathing upon his heart. He saw a tear upon the cheek of Lara. The voice of Father Damien came from the distance:

"Go thy way, eat thy bread with joy, and drink thy wine with a merry heart; for God hath already accepted thy works. Let thy garments be always white; and let not thy head lack ointment. Live joyfully with the wife whom thou lovest, all the days of thy life—"

There was a cry from behind. It was from the lips of the woman with the babe at her breast. She had caught the garments of Lara in her hands, and half kneeling, with her face toward Peter, she exclaimed in a voice of joy:

"He is come! He is come!"

The silent camp arose with a shout of gladness. The remnant of Saint Pierre gazed about the man and woman, crying, laughing, kissing their hands. Constable had not dreamed of such glorifying gratitude; and yet he was humbled to tears. These were so few, and Saint Pierre so vast!

"Father Damien," he said, when his voice came to him, "we are come to take you out to our ship—"

"Not on the ship, but here—now!" the old priest cried. "It is the moment of ten thousand years!"

And so they were restored to each other, in the midst of their devoted, in the fire-light, beneath the Seven Palms and the blessings of the Empress.

(THE END.)

### LITTLE BOY WON REPRIEVE.

Son of Attorney General Brewster Pleaded for Criminal.

The coming wedding of Miss Mary Brewster and Donald Cassels is of great interest to all old Washingtonians because it united two families who have always been identified with Washington society.

The grandfather of the bride-elect, was Benjamin Harris Brewster, who occupied the position of Attorney General during President Arthur's administration. When a young man Mr. Brewster risked his life in a heroic effort to save his sister from death by fire, and was himself terribly burned and disfigured for life. He had most fascinating manners and was noted for his brilliant conversational powers.

There is a very interesting anecdote told of Attorney General Brewster and his son Andre, now a captain in the United States army, which is probably not known to this generation.

During Mr. Brewster's term as Attorney General a notorious highwayman and criminal was caught in Louisiana and brought to trial. It was a celebrated case, and finally the trial ended, and the prisoner, having been proven guilty, was sentenced to be hanged. But his counsel put in a stay of proceedings, and telegraphed the Attorney General, asking him to intercede with President Arthur and secure a reprieve for the prisoner.

This telegram did not reach Washington until the day before that set for the execution. The Attorney General had gone to Philadelphia for the day, and the telegram was sent to his office instead of his office, and placed on his desk to await his return.

Andre Brewster, then a little lad, full of life and mischief, was a privileged character—an only son—and a great favorite with all the prominent government officials. He had the run of his father's library, and from the moment that telegram arrived he became possessed with a desire to read it. Finally, curiosity got the better of him, and when he had mastered its contents he was deeply impressed with it. During the afternoon he asked his mother all manner of questions in regard to the President's exercise of clemency, and she could not imagine why the boy was interested in that subject. Andre kept his own counsel and reluctantly retired to bed before his father's return home.

Late that night the Attorney General returned, and going to his desk, found on top of the pile of letters the Louisiana telegram, with this indorsement in Andre's round, boyish hand: "Dear Papa: Give the poor man a chance. ANDRE"

It was raining and sleeting, but Attorney General Brewster's carriage had remained at his door, and taking the dispatch, he hurried off to the White House. President Arthur read it, and the indorsement; laid it down, and turning to the Attorney General, said, with his kindly smile: "This is Andre's first case, Brewster; send the reprieve."

But, alas! for Andre's success as a special pleader. Twenty-four hours later the President was besieged with letters and telegrams from Louisiana begging him not to release a dangerous criminal in a law-abiding community.—Washington Post

### Don't Be Afraid of Originality.

Do not be afraid of being original, even eccentric. Be an independent, self-reliant, new man, not just one more individual in the world. Do not be a copy of your grandfather, of your father, or of your neighbor. That is as foolish as for a violet to try to be like a rose, or for a daisy to ape a sunflower. Nature has given each a peculiar equipment for its purpose. Every man is born to do a certain work in an original way. If he tries to copy some other man, or to do some other man's work, he will be an abortion, a misfit, a failure.

### Divine Inspiration.

Ellie, the little daughter of a clergyman, pranced into her father's study one evening while the reverend gentleman was preparing a lengthy sermon for the following Sunday.

She looked curiously at the manuscript for a moment and then turned to her father.

"Papa," she began, seriously, "does God tell you what to write?"

"Certainly, dearie," replied the clergyman.

"Then why do you scratch so much of it out?" asked Ellie.

### He Could Wait.

"Has your husband an old pair of pants that he ain't usin', ma'am?" asked Wareham Long, respectfully removing from his head the shapeless remnant of a hat.

"No," shortly answered the woman of the house, eyeing him suspiciously. "My husband has only one pair of trousers, and they'll last him six months yet."

"All right, ma'am," he rejoined, taking from an inside pocket a soiled scrap of cardboard and making a memorandum on it with the stump of a lead pencil. "I'll be around again six months from today. Afternoon, ma'am."

### Wayside Communion.

Adam Zaxof—What'd you do if you had a million plunks?

Job Sturky—Th' fust thing I'd do would be to prescribe a Turkish bath for you, an' if you didn't take it, by jings, I'd kill ye!

### No Scoop on Ma.

"Mille," said the young man, as he slipped the engagement ring on her finger, "have you told your mother about this?"

"O, you innocent!" exclaimed Miss Millicent. "Why, Clarence, mamma knew it six months before you did."

### Hopelessly Out of Style.

"Peter," said Mrs. Pneurich, "I want you to have that roof taken off our garage and one of a different kind put on."

"What for?" demanded Mr. Pneurich.

"What's the matter with it?"

"I heard an architect say the other day that it's a hip roof. Everybody knows that hips are out of style now."

### Scored on Him.

Mr. Tye-Phist—Talk about women having any capacity for dealing with financial questions! Have you any idea, for instance, how much money is in circulation in this country?

Mrs. Tye-Phist—I presume it's all in circulation—except what you happen to get hold of.

### Deep Design.

"I thought you said you had no use for that man."

"Yes," answered Farmer Cornstossel; "that's what I said."

"Yet you did your best to send him to the Legislature."

"Sure. I want to see him where he'll have a chance to call public attention to his usefulness."—Washington Star

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FREE—If you will send us the name of a dealer who does not handle Martha Washington Comfort Shoes, we will send you free, postpaid, a beautiful picture of Martha Washington, size 15x20.

We also make Honorific Shoes, Leading Lady Shoes, Yerma Cushion Shoes, and Special Matt School Shoes.

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