

London Advertiser.

PUBLISHED BY JOHN CAMERON IN 1897.

The Daily Advertiser.

Daily by mail, per year 6 to 16 pages, \$4.00.
Daily by mail, for three months, \$1.00.
All subscriptions payable in advance.

Western Advertiser.

(OUR WEEKLY EDITION.)

By mail, per annum, \$10.00.

Advertising Rates made known on application at office. Address all communications to

ADVERTISER PRINTING CO. (LIMITED)
LONDON - CANADA.JOHN CAMERON, President and
Managing Director.God's in His Heaven,
All's right with the world.
— Browning.

London, Tuesday, Sept. 21, 1897.

The New York Sun asks, "Has France an Aristocracy?" Certainly it has. Every country has an aristocracy. Even among the Yukon Indians, there are aristocrats.

Many former friends of the honorable gentleman in Bruce county will regret to hear of the death of John Hettie, Liberal M. P. for Turtle Mountain, Man. He formerly resided in Teeswater, Man. Hettie was a leader in the promotion of progressive dairying in the Prairie Province.

If oil is discovered in paying quantities in the vicinity of the Yukon river, it will prove a great boon for the miners in the Canadian gold region. At present the gold bearing gravel can only be thawed out by the slow process of building fires over it, and letting them burn down through the dirt being dug out as fast as it thaws. Some one tried blasting with dynamite, but it was unsuccessful. Cheap petroleum would be a great boon to the miners.

The Council of the Toronto Board of Trade yesterday unanimously resolved, on the motion of President Edward Gurney, seconded by Mr. Rogers, that an invitation be extended to Right Hon. Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier to visit that city as the guests of the board, and that on behalf of the board a banquet be tendered the Premier on that occasion. It was also resolved that the co-operation of the civic authorities be accepted in the direction of a public reception to the distinguished visitors.

Many Advertiser readers will be glad to hear that Mr. Andrew Pattullo, M. P. for North Oxford, who has been lying ill at Oakville of typhoid fever, is now so far recovered as to be able to be about. Since he left home, the Woodstock-Sentinel Review, the paper of which he is proprietor, has come out in a handsome new dress of type, printed from a new set of press. The Sentinel-Review is one of the best managed and edited newspapers in the province, and its get-up reflects credit not only on its enterprising owner, but on his two chief assistants, Mr. Norman Smith, managing editor, and Mr. Charles Abraham, business manager.

Everybody cried "Amen" when Sir Wilfrid Laurier told the British newspaper men that a war between Canada and the United States is a thing "not to be thought of." But John Bull has a strong habit of thinking of just such things, and he has sent over Lord Chelmsford to inspect and report upon the frontier from a military point of view. Perhaps Sir Wilfrid thinks that you can prepare for a war without thinking of it.—Boston Journal.

It is a very easy thing to conjure up a bogey of this kind on little or no provocation whatsoever. The Montreal falsifier did send out the report that Lord Chelmsford, a long since retired military officer, had come to Canada on a mission of investigation into the military defenses; but the distinguished visitor promptly denied the statement. He is here merely in a private capacity, and the fire-eaters in the neighboring republic need not lose sleep over his doings. War with the United States is the last thing that the British people would think of.

A remarkable discovery is alleged to have been made by Prof. Elmer Gates, of Washington. He says that he has worked out a process by which objects can be magnified to a size 300 times greater than by any of the microscopes now in use. His invention, it is what he claims, will revolutionize microscopy, and will advance science to a point hitherto undreamed of. His discovery, he says, will be of special value in bacteriology and the study of the cellular tissues. The professor declares that he has succeeded where all other scientists have failed—in discovering a way by which the magnified image projected on a lens can be magnified by a second as if it were the original object. To do this has been the aim of scientific photographers and microscopists for many years. Prof. Gates does not take the public into his confidence sufficiently to divulge the details of his invention, but he says he will be ready to give it to the world in a few weeks. The power of the new instrument is mentioned as 2,000,000 diameters.

Dr. Weir Mitchell, whose novel, "Hugh Wynne," proved to be one of the most successful serials the Century has printed, has written another novel that will appear in this magazine during the coming year. It is called "The Adventures of Francois," and is a story of a Frenchman's adventures during the French Revolution.

Canada's Future Relations With the United States.

The manly, straightforward speech which Sir Richard Cartwright delivered last week at Montreal represents the true attitude for Canada to assume towards the neighboring republic. Sir Richard said that he is not now, and has never been, in the smallest respect in favor of abating one jot or tittle of the best rights of the people of Canada. Canadians, Sir Richard affirms, owe it to themselves, and to the empire, in the highest degree to do everything that they honorably can to convince the people of the United States that they desire to live as good neighbors and as good friends with them. But Canadians must also show the people of the neighboring republic that if, for their own reasons, they choose to wrap themselves in commercial isolation, if they refuse to trade with us, Canada is not depending upon them or upon any other country for a living.

We can paddle our own canoe and we mean to do it. But it would be a mistake not to be ready and willing at all times to trade on equal terms with a country that is so closely situated to us as is the United States, along a border three thousand miles long. This view of the rightful attitude of Canadians towards their neighbors is indorsed by so independent an authority as Principal Grant, of Queen's University, Kingston, who in an interview in the Westminster, says:

"One thing is very clear to me. The majority of the English-speaking race must find its home within the boundaries of the great republic, and it would therefore be madness for us not to do everything in our power to cultivate friendship with them and to ally irritation and acrimony. I am sorry to find a tone of irritation towards the Americans growing up in the minds of Canadians generally, such as never existed before. Of course it may be said that there are causes for this. But when a people have done the great things that they have done, at such enormous sacrifices of blood and treasure, who have as yet done comparatively little, and who to this day are wholly dependent on the mother country for protection whenever we trade or travel or preach abroad, are they to sneer at them? They deserve, rather, our admiration and our sympathy. When we share in the responsibility we shall be less likely to say or do anything to provoke quarrels. The strong man is usually calm, whereas, poor, weak creatures, unless greatly sustained by divine grace, are apt to be fussy and provoking. It is the same with newspapers as with men. A little car snarl and barks ten times as much as a Newfoundland or a St. Bernard."

We in Canada have everything to gain by pursuing a self-respecting, conciliatory policy towards the United States. It is true that politicians over the border have formulated laws intended for our injury, but more than once these laws have hurt the makers rather than those they were leveled against. What we can show these men is that this nation cannot be bulldozed into taking any line of action that it does not consider to be for the public welfare. That we believe is the policy of the present Government, but in carrying it out it is not necessary for our people to be braggarts, or threateners, or general mischief-makers. There is all the more reason for following this course now that citizens of the United States are flocking into Canada for settlement, as they have never done before. From the United States, as Sir Wilfrid Laurier put it the other evening, will come very many settlers for our new lands. We will teach them, by and by, to sing the National Anthem, as the Premier predicts, and they will just as thoroughly appreciate British rule as we have it in Canada as their predecessors have done.

Listening to the jingo element in a community alone, a new comer might be tempted to believe that Canadians hate their neighbors, and do not expect any good thing to come out of the republic. But the earnest student of history knows that a very large number of the leaders of Canadian industry now and in the past have either been citizens of the United States or descendants of citizens of that country, who cast in their lot with us, while our sons and daughters balanced the account by crossing the borders and giving their brains and energies for the promotion of the welfare of the adjoining country. One is struck with the record of the great captains of industry in modern times in Canada, who originally hailed from the United States. The Leonards of London, the Sawyers, the Williams, the Gurneys, the Wanzers, Hon. W. E. Sanford, and London & Bisby firms of Hamilton, Waterous of Brantford, Tillson of Tillsonburg, Breithaupt of Berlin, Wm. Buck of Brantford, Barr of Guelph, Corbin and Hamilton of St. Catharines, and many others that we could name were all of United States stock. The forefathers, of course, hailed from the old world, but the newer generation came to Canada from the United States, and brought with them the energy and push acquired in battling with the conditions of the new world. We look for an increased influx of settlers from the United States, as well

as from Europe, under the new and better condition of affairs in Canada, and it is our desire, as we are sure it is that of every patriotic citizen of Canada, that these new comers should not only be encouraged to cast their lot with us, but to as speedily as possible declare their preference for Canadian citizenship and Canadian institutions. That amalgamation can best be promoted by pursuing the course so appropriately marked out by the Canadian Minister of Trade and Commerce.

Tupperian Disgruntlement.

Sir Charles Tupper is back in Canada. He keeps talking. He has but one theme. It is Tupper! Tupper! Tupper! and how much better he would manage this great Dominion than Sir Wilfrid Laurier or anyone else if he had been given the chance. The Ancient Mariner of Canadian politics, indeed, believes it to be impossible for anything to be done right unless he is at the head of it. He can scarcely understand why British statesmen and British people received Sir Wilfrid Laurier with so great cordiality, or why his fellow-countrymen have tendered the Premier a welcome home of unparalleled warmth and whole-souled enthusiasm. If such ovations had been tendered to a scion of the house of Tupper, Sir Charles could understand it all, but that the demonstrations should be in honor of a Liberal leader and of a Liberal policy for closer trade relations with Great Britain, is indeed, as gall and wormwood to the disgruntled old man. He tells an interviewer that the reason why he did not attend any jubilee banquets in England was because if he had done so he would have felt called upon to get up and repudiate the trade policy of the Premier of Canada. This professed magnanimity, were it brought under the notice of British statesmen, would simply be a source of merriment. If Sir Charles had attended the banquets, it would have been as a listener, not as one having an opportunity of displaying his chagrin as a denunciator of the guests of her Majesty. Back numbers did not count in the jubilee celebration.

STATISTICAL.

[Chicago Record.]

"Before a man is 20 he falls in love with every pretty girl he looks at."

"Yes?"

"And after he is 20 he falls in love with every pretty girl who looks at him."

NOT USEFUL, MERELY ORNAMENTAL.

[Syracuse, N. Y., Standard.]

Two women have ridden triple centuries on the wheel in New Jersey. Neither one of them, probably, could darn a stocking or make a breakfast roll.

IN MEMORIAM—THE SIMPLICITY OF A SORROWING HEART.

[Washington Evening Star.]

MYERS—In memory of Frank Myers, who died two years ago today.

Just two years ago today

The one we loved has passed away.

Although a link has been broken from the chain.

We hope to meet him in heaven again.

He had just joined the Pioneer Baseball Club.

His comrades to enjoy.

But the fatal slide to second base

Caused the death of our darling boy.

—By His Parents.

A GREAT ACHIEVEMENT.

[The Westminster, Toronto.]

His task (Sir Wilfrid Laurier's) was to place his country before the eyes of England—and of Europe—in a new light. He found Englishmen in the act of awaking to some sense of the importance of the Dominion, and his fine presence, the popularity which he achieved, and the message he brought completed the task. Henceforth one thing is done: our kin across the sea have a lively perception of our importance. A knowledge of the geography may be expected to follow in due course, so that less will be heard of Englishmen landing at Halifax to walk over to Niagara. Sir Wilfrid's achievement has been to strike the imagination of the Englishman. It is an imperial imagination, accustomed to big achievements and big men; but stirred it he has. Handbooks of Canada failed to do it; now it is done, and the handbooks will be consulted.

WIDE TIRES SAVE ROADS.

[Ottawa Journal.]

The municipal assembly of St. Louis has recently adopted an excellent sample of wide tire bylaws.

The ordinance requires that a vehicle having an axle two inches in thickness shall have three two and three-fourths inches wide, and a vehicle having an axle three inches thick shall have tires at least five inches wide. Every size of axle is to have tires of proportionate width, all duly regulated by this ordinance.

The ordinance further provides for the appointment of four inspectors of vehicles, each at a salary of \$900 a year, to aid the license commissioner in the collection of the vehicle license and in the enforcement of this ordinance.

Anyone who has noticed the effect in Ottawa of the broad tires which a great number of wagons have adopted during the past two years may realize the remarkable value of such tires in preserving, and, indeed, making good roadways. The wide tire bylaw which Ottawa passed last year, at present suspended, was in principle one of the best pieces of legislation the city council ever tried. In detail, the St. Louis idea may possibly be better. But whatever the details, the ratifiers, if they wish to consult the interests of their own pockets in a diminished expenditure on the streets, should insist that when the wide tire law is brought again into force, as it should be next spring, it must be unflinchingly maintained.

LYNCHING A KLONDIKE THIEF.

The Gold Hunters Hanged a Man Who Stole Provisions.

[Globe-Democrat.]

San Francisco, Sept. 20.—A letter from Juneau, under date of Sept. 6, tells of the lynching of William G. Martin, of Missouri, for stealing flour from Lord Bennett. The tragedy occurred on Sept. 3.

Martin had sold what he could of his provisions at Skagway, abandoned the remainder, and started in for the Klondike with less than a 60-pound pack on his back. Being so "light," his arrival attracted particular attention from camps of boat builders. His pack was secretly examined to see how much grub he had. It was noticed that he had about twenty pounds of bacon, among other things, but no sugar. Martin camped back on the side of the hill in the brush alone. He must have heard how necessary provisions were expected to be in Dawson City next winter. He was suspected and watched, but he was not till after he had tried to buy provisions.

The second day it was seen that he had sugar for his coffee, and that night his pack was uncovered and a side of bacon branded with the private mark of one of the campers was found. A poor excuse was made, and the other ate the mark. The investigators reported the facts to the few campers who had not been sleeping, and although it was late, the entire camp was quietly aroused and a miners' meeting held. It was the general sentiment that an example should be made of the thief. The question was put, "What reply to the motion was an instantaneous rising to the feet of every miner, and a crowd of about 60 determined men moved off into the brush, in the direction where Martin's dying campfire could be seen dimly flickering. Martin was asleep. He was unrolled roughly from his blankets, and stood blinking on his feet.

"We stand on stealing in this camp. You say it quick," Martin was told. He started to speak, but said nothing, and stood trembling from head to foot.

"Do you want to go to the gallows or your friends?" he was asked.

"No," said the man on the brink of the gallows.

"Do you want to pray?"

"No," said Martin.

"If there is anything you want to say, say it quick," said the spokesman.

A slipknot had been made at the end of a long painter of the boat, and the ropes were fastened to the trees.

"Boys," said Martin, with faltering voice, "you know how it is when a man has mortgaged his soul to the Klondike, and sees that he can't get there. If I am not hanged my life is not worth a cent to me, anything I've got I'm going to give to you. I've got 1,000 pounds of flour, and I'll promise on my life to carry it in here for you."

"Brough of that. It would not save you if the stuff was here."

Martin was half dragged down to the shore of the lake. It took the least two minutes to lash two slender pines, dressed for masts, in a forked upright and drop another mast from the rock over between the forks.

"May I write a message, boys?" asked Martin.

"Be quick about it," was the answer.

Poor Martin took a letter from his pocket and kissed it. Then he tore it up, saving only the back of the envelope, stooped, pulled off his rubber boots, and placing the paper on the top of one, wrote in darkness the following in a dim and trembling hand:

"If you can get the money I might make in the Klondike, sacrifice would go out the door and love return to me. I will write it. I left you. Kiss Ted, but never tell him. (Signed) Martin."

In the morning Martin's body was seen turning first one way and then back, like a kettle dangling over a fire, his hands tied behind him with a pack strap, and the other half of the envelope which Martin tore in two were his name and the postmark, St. Louis.

THE TURK AND THE IRISHMAN.

Among the Turks employed on the line of the first Turkish railway was an old man who had a son who was a soldier in one of the regiments in the garrison at Rustchuk, whom he had not seen for a good many months. Each day through the train arrived, and left, but the old Turk never got the chance to run up to Rustchuk to see his son, for the train just came and went at the very moment when he was engaged at his midday prayer. And so the days and the weeks passed, and the old man, between his devotion to his religious duties and his love for his son, was left lamenting the inconvenient arrangement of the railway timetable. One day he confided his trouble to the Irish foreman, whose name was Flynn.

"Ah! my friend, you do not know how sore my heart is."

"(Father), what is the matter with you now?" asked Flynn.

"Well, you see," said the old Turk, "my son, whom you know is up at Rustchuk, and I have not seen him for so many months and his mother is longing to hear something about him."

"Why don't you get him, then, and go to see him?" said the practical Irishman.

"Doesn't the train come in and go away while I am at prayers?" Allah wills it that I should not see him."

And so the time continued to pass, the old man telling Flynn how his heart was weary to see his son. It happened one day that, as the train drew up at the station, the old man was engaged at his devotions on his prayer-carpet close to the line, an empty truck with the door run back had stopped just opposite where he was on his knees and his forehead to the ground, and the Irishman came along. Seized by a sudden inspiration, he caught up the old Turk, prayer-carpet, and all, and landed him in the truck just as the train moved off. Two days after the old Turk, beaming with pleasure, "Ah! my friend," he said, as he saw Flynn on the platform, "only for you I should never have seen my son. It must have been Allah who put it into your heart to throw me into the train. May he reward you for it!"

Blood Humors.

Whether itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusty, pimply or blotchy, whether simple, scrofulous, or hereditary, from infancy to age, specially cured by warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, gentle anointments with CUTICURA OINTMENT, the great skin cure, and mild doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, greatest of blood purifiers and humor cures.

Is sold throughout the world. For sale by Dr. J. C. FOWLER, 111 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo. "How to Cure Every Blood Humor," free.

FACE HUMORS. Falling Hair and Baby Blemishes cured by CUTICURA SOAP.

Is sold throughout the world. For sale by Dr. J. C. FOWLER, 111 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo. "How to Cure Every Blood Humor," free.

Is sold throughout the world. For sale by Dr. J. C. FOWLER, 111 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo. "How to Cure Every Blood Humor," free.

Is sold throughout the world. For sale by Dr. J. C. FOWLER, 111 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo. "How to Cure Every Blood Humor," free.

Is sold throughout the world. For sale by Dr. J. C. FOWLER, 111 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo. "How to Cure Every Blood Humor," free.

Is sold throughout the world. For sale by Dr. J. C. FOWLER, 111 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo. "How to Cure Every Blood Humor," free.

Is sold throughout the world. For sale by Dr. J. C. FOWLER, 111 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo. "How to Cure Every Blood Humor," free.

Is sold throughout the world. For sale by Dr. J. C. FOWLER, 111 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo. "How to Cure Every Blood Humor," free.

Is sold throughout the world. For sale by Dr. J. C. FOWLER, 111 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo. "How to Cure Every Blood Humor," free.

Is sold throughout the world. For sale by Dr. J. C. FOWLER, 111 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo. "How to Cure Every Blood Humor," free.

Is sold throughout the world. For sale by Dr. J. C. FOWLER, 111 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo. "How to Cure Every Blood Humor," free.

Is sold throughout the world. For sale by Dr. J. C. FOWLER, 111 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo. "How to Cure Every Blood Humor," free.

Is sold throughout the world. For sale by Dr. J. C. FOWLER, 111 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo. "How to Cure Every Blood Humor," free.

Is sold throughout the world. For sale by Dr. J. C. FOWLER, 111 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo. "How to Cure Every Blood Humor," free.

Is sold throughout the world. For sale by Dr. J. C. FOWLER, 111 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo. "How to Cure Every Blood Humor," free.

Is sold throughout the world. For sale by Dr. J. C. FOWLER, 111 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo. "How to Cure Every Blood Humor," free.

Is sold throughout the world. For sale by Dr. J. C. FOWLER, 111 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo. "How to Cure Every Blood Humor," free.

Is sold throughout the world. For sale by Dr. J. C. FOWLER, 111 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo. "How to Cure Every Blood Humor," free.

Is sold throughout the world. For sale by Dr. J. C. FOWLER, 111 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo. "How to Cure Every Blood Humor," free.

Is sold throughout the world. For sale by Dr. J. C. FOWLER, 111 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo. "How to Cure Every Blood Humor," free.

Is sold throughout the world. For sale by Dr. J. C. FOWLER, 111 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo. "How to Cure Every Blood Humor," free.

Is sold throughout the world. For sale by Dr. J. C. FOWLER, 111 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo. "How to Cure Every Blood Humor," free.

Is sold throughout the world. For sale by Dr. J. C. FOWLER, 111 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo. "How to Cure Every Blood Humor," free.

Is sold throughout the world. For sale by Dr. J. C. FOWLER, 111 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo. "How to Cure Every Blood Humor," free.

Is sold throughout the world. For sale by Dr. J. C. FOWLER, 111 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo. "How to Cure Every Blood Humor," free.

Is sold throughout the world. For sale by Dr. J. C. FOWLER, 111 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo. "How to Cure Every Blood Humor," free.

Is sold throughout the world. For sale by Dr. J. C. FOWLER, 111 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo. "How to Cure Every Blood Humor," free.

Is sold throughout the world. For sale by Dr. J. C. FOWLER, 111 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo. "How to Cure Every Blood Humor," free.

Is sold throughout the world. For sale by Dr. J. C. FOWLER, 111 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo. "How to Cure Every Blood Humor," free.

Is sold throughout the world. For sale by Dr. J. C. FOWLER, 111 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo. "How to Cure Every Blood Humor," free.

Is sold throughout the world. For sale by Dr. J. C. FOWLER, 111 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo. "How to Cure Every Blood Humor," free.

Is sold throughout the world. For sale by Dr. J. C. FOWLER, 111 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo. "How to Cure Every Blood Humor," free.

Is sold throughout the world. For sale by Dr. J. C. FOWLER, 111 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo. "How to Cure Every Blood Humor," free.

Is sold throughout the world. For sale by Dr. J. C. FOWLER, 111 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo. "How to Cure Every Blood Humor," free.

Is sold throughout the world. For sale by Dr. J. C. FOWLER, 111 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo. "How to Cure Every Blood Humor," free.

Is sold throughout the world. For sale by Dr. J. C. FOWLER, 111 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo. "How to Cure Every Blood Humor," free.

Is sold throughout the world. For sale by Dr. J. C. FOWLER, 111 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo. "How to Cure Every Blood Humor," free.

Is sold throughout the world. For sale by Dr. J. C. FOWLER, 111 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo. "How to Cure Every Blood Humor," free.

Is sold throughout the world. For sale by Dr. J. C. FOWLER, 111 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo. "How to Cure Every Blood Humor," free.

Is sold throughout the world. For sale by Dr. J. C. FOWLER, 111 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo. "How to Cure Every Blood Humor," free.

Is sold throughout the world. For sale by Dr. J. C. FOWLER, 111 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo. "How to Cure Every Blood Humor," free.

Is sold throughout the world. For sale by Dr. J. C. FOWLER, 111 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo. "How to Cure Every Blood Humor," free.

Is sold throughout the world. For sale by Dr. J. C. FOWLER, 111 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo. "How to Cure Every Blood Humor," free.

Is sold throughout the world. For sale by Dr. J. C. FOWLER, 111 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo. "How to Cure Every Blood Humor," free.

Is sold throughout the world. For sale by Dr. J. C. FOWLER, 111 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo. "How to Cure Every Blood Humor," free.

Is sold throughout the world. For sale by Dr. J. C. FOWLER, 111 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo. "How to Cure Every Blood Humor," free.

Is sold throughout the world. For sale by Dr. J. C. FOWLER, 111 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo. "How to Cure Every Blood Humor," free.

Is sold throughout the world. For sale by Dr. J. C. FOWLER, 111 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo. "How to Cure Every Blood Humor," free.

Is sold throughout the world. For sale by Dr. J. C. FOWLER, 111 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo. "How to Cure Every Blood Humor," free.

Is sold throughout the world. For sale by Dr. J. C. FOWLER, 111 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo. "How to Cure Every Blood Humor," free.

Is sold throughout the world. For sale by Dr. J. C. FOWLER, 111 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo. "How to Cure Every Blood Humor," free.

Is sold throughout the world. For sale by Dr. J. C. FOWLER, 111 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo. "How to Cure Every Blood Humor," free.

Is sold throughout the world. For sale by Dr. J. C. FOWLER, 111 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo. "How to Cure Every Blood Humor," free.

Is sold throughout the world. For sale by Dr. J. C. FOWLER, 111 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo. "How to Cure Every Blood Humor," free.

Is sold throughout the world. For sale by Dr. J. C. FOWLER, 111 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo. "How to Cure Every Blood Humor," free.