

NEWS FROM THE OLD LAND.

Many Interesting Happenings Reported From Great Britain.

In an obscure lodging house in Soho death has put an end to the career of one of the most daring criminals of modern times. Richard Benham—which was the name of the dead man—during his lifetime brought ruin to hundreds of people. One of his victims was a prominent Cabinet Minister in a Liberal Administration.

The son of a lawyer's clerk, Benham first got into difficulties in 1878, when he raised money by stories of wealth and landed estates. A bank manager lending him £130 with which to secure certain deeds, Benham went to Brussels. There he was arrested for uttering fictitious cheques. His arrest led to the discovery that the "deeds" which he held of certain property in Charing Cross and Piccadilly were forgeries.

In 1884 Benham opened a bank at Charing Cross, called the "Western Bank of London." It "ran" for six months, and then suddenly closed down. Two years later this master criminal commenced a series of frauds on the London and General Bank, which led to the downfall of that institution. They covered a period of seven years, and culminated in Benham being sentenced to fourteen years' penal servitude, and his brother Alfred receiving five years' hard labor.

It was computed that the bank lost £400,000. Of this sum over £240,000 was by means of a forged will purported to be that of Benham's father, bequeathing to him property in London, Finsbury, Finsbury square, and seven sisters road, London, together with shares in a company worth £40,000. As a matter of fact, Benham's father died penniless, but on the strength of the forged bank advanced him the money. Pressed to prove the will, Benham made several excuses, and finally said he had lost the document.

While he was carrying on this career of fraud, Benham lived in Piccadilly in style, keeping horses and carriages, and boasting of his great wealth. He also kept establishments at Brighton and Tunbridge Wells, obtaining goods from tradesmen by cheques drawn on a bogus bank. At Tunbridge Wells he obtained £2,000 from a Mr. Riley, and established a volunteer fire brigade. Neither the fire engines nor the firemen's uniforms were, however, paid for.

One of Benham's favorite roles was that of a philanthropic millionaire. His plausible way and lavish display of bogus documents deluded even men of long experience. He had, in fact, a genius for swindling. The late Mr. Mundella, who was Vice-President of the Council for Education in Mr. Gladstone's Government of 1890, and subsequently President of the Board of Trade, was completely deceived by his "tall talk," and the Minister's innocent association with an enterprise with which Benham was connected wrecked in 1894 his political career. Benham's making in the House of Commons a pathetic explanation of his position, Mr. Mundella resigned office.

At the time of Benham's death detectives were at his heels for complicity in a bogus bank business. The circumstances of his death are mysterious. A few mornings ago Benham confided to a friend who had given him lodgings that he had come to the end of his tether. "I have been a wicked man," he remarked. "I lay on a sofa drinking a cup of tea when his friend went out of the room. When he returned Benham was dead.

At the inquest a verdict of death from natural causes was returned. He seemed to be suffering from heart disease.

STREAM OF GOLD FOR SUFFRAGETTES.

From the silent solitude of a prison cell Mrs. Pankhurst, the imprisoned chairman of the Women's Social and Political Union, came to preside on Thursday at the largest women's suffrage meeting ever held in the history of the movement.

Her release from prison a day before it was expected, and her occupation of the chair that would otherwise have been vacant, at the Albert Hall meeting, was the occasion of a demonstration remarkable for its overflowing enthusiasm. The meeting was remarkable, too, for the generous response that was made to an appeal for the sinews of war.

A contribution of £1,000 a year from a lady who desired to remain anonymous was the first sensational announcement from the hall. "My husband and I will add another £1,000 to that," promptly announced Mrs. Lawrence, amid loud applause. Cheques, bank notes and promises for £100 came in quick succession.

Both Dr. Garrett Anderson and her daughter were among those who contributed £100. Major-General Sir Alfred Turner was another member of the audience who contributed. "I will give £100," called out a lady in evening dress.

By leaps and bounds the figures on the scoring board went up, until a magnificent total of nearly £7,000 was reached.

As the strains of the "Marseillaise" from the great organ died away at the opening of the proceedings Miss Christabel Pankhurst, a slender figure in a green gown, was seen standing in the centre of the platform. Clear and resonant her voice rang through the enormous hall. "For some unknown reason not unconnected with the Pankhurst election," announced Miss Pankhurst, "the Government have unexpectedly decided to release Mrs. Pankhurst, who will take our chair to-night."

The great audience leaped to its feet, even as Miss Pankhurst spoke. Handkerchiefs waved from every box, from every tier, and the cheers were deafening. The welcome was almost unending in its superabundant enthusiasm, and Mrs. Pankhurst, with smiling eyes and quivering lips, waited until comparative quietude came. But again and again throughout her speech the gathering of women broke forth into applause that could not be restrained.

Miss Annie Kenney was chosen to second the resolution calling upon the Government to adopt and carry into effect the women's enfranchisement bill, which had been moved from the chair. It was Miss Annie Kenney who two and a half years ago came as a delegate from Lancashire to demand from the Premier at the great Albert Hall on the eve of the general election a statement of Liberal policy in regard to votes for women.

LORD ROBERTS AND DANGER OF INVASION.

Speaking in the House of Lords during a debate on the unpreparedness of Great Britain to repel an invading force, Lord Roberts said:

"It is difficult to understand why the country always seems to be distracted

when he ventures to give an opinion on the subject he has made his life study.

"Whatever undue military ardour I may be credited with, it must, I think, be acknowledged, at my time of life, after all I have seen of war, that I may be acquitted of any undue ardour, and that one and sixty years that have passed since I had the honor of putting on the uniform as a cadet may have brought to me some measure of judgment with regard to the exigencies of war.

"My one desire is to use my experience for the benefit of my country, and my hope that I may be able to persuade the people of the country of the necessity of being sufficiently garrisoned to protect it from the invader.

"If ever this country is invaded, it is almost certain to be done by surprise. This points to the extreme importance of the Home Defence Army (the new Territorial Army) being in a thorough state of preparedness. An invasion of the country by surprise is a danger we have to reckon with, and must be prepared for.

Lord Roberts laid stress on the importance of the Artillery, holding that of batteries or so which were efficient would be more effective than a much larger number of Territorial batteries.

"I say emphatically that the 196 Territorial batteries, by reason of their composition, their want of proper organization, and their lack of anything approaching a sufficient training and gun practice, would not, in spite of their numbers, be of the slightest use in the field. Not only would they not be of the slightest use, but they would be a positive peril."

He trusted the Territorial Forces would be made as efficient as it was possible to make them, and in passing he paid a tribute to Mr. Haldane for his labors in that regard; but he insisted that it would be hopeless to expect that the Territorial artillery could take a highly trained Continental artillery.

DARING ROBBERY FROM A BANK.

Shortly before noon on Wednesday a robbery of a daring character was committed at the Canute-road branch of Lloyds Bank, near the entrance to Southampton Docks, notes and gold to the value of £14,000 being stolen. It is believed that the theft was the work of a gang of experts and the result of a well-laid plan.

On Tuesday afternoon a man of medium height and rather stout build, wearing a blue serge suit, engaged a cab from the rank near the free library to drive him by a circuitous route to the bank. On reaching the bank he asked the cabman to go into the bank and request the clerk in charge to come out and speak to him, explaining that he was lame and that his foot troubled him. The cabman did as he was told, and the clerk led the bank and had some conversation with the stranger in the cab. The cabman subsequently drove his fare to an hotel, before entering which he gave the man an order to call for him about 9.30 the following morning.

At the appointed time on Wednesday morning the ordered carriage was on its way to the hotel, when it was met and stopped by the stranger. He told the coachman to drive slowly to the Docks branch of Lloyds Bank by the same roundabout way as he had taken the previous day. On arrival at the bank the man gave the driver a visiting card, on which was printed "Dr. Collins," and which he asked the coachman to take to the clerk, with the request for an interview at the carriage door. His foot, he again explained, was troublesome.

The clerk was again alone, but he left the bank to speak to the caller in the carriage outside. He was, however, absent only a few minutes, but it was in that short interval that the robbery was effected. How it was actually accomplished was only a matter of surmise.

The stranger was driven back to his hotel and the coachman was instructed to wait for him. He waited three-quarters of an hour, and then detectives, the manager of the bank, and the victim came hurrying on the scene. Inquiries at the hotel showed that the "bird" had flown.

William Warner, the cabman who drove the mysterious "Dr. Collins," is unable to say that he saw anyone enter or leave the bank while he was standing outside, and while the clerk came out to talk to "Dr. Collins," seated in the cab.

This forms the most formidable problem in the case, for it is impossible for anyone to enter by any other way than the front and out door. The branch consists of one small room on the ground floor of a small square, two storeyed, detached building. There is no basement, and the only windows are strongly barred. The operation of emptying the till, which was only about ten paces from the pavement, could not have taken more than a minute.

GIRL SOMNAMBULIST.

A remarkable case of a somnambulist can work and write in the darkness is told in this week's British Medical Journal by Dr. James Russell, M.A., assistant physician to the Birmingham General Hospital.

The case came under his notice in July, 1907, when a girl, aged twenty-one years, was sent to the hospital complaining of sleep-walking. She was a typist, a teacher and a student of music.

The girl first commenced to walk in her sleep after her father committed suicide by shooting himself.

When she is sleep-walking she does many things. She gets out of bed at about 1.30 or 2 in the morning. She does not seem to be asleep, but she has no sense of her surroundings, nor does she recognize anyone.

In this condition she writes letters and postcards in German, does crochet work, does all this in absolute darkness. If there is a faint glimmer from the gas she takes her work away to the darkest corner of the room.

On August 17, 1907, says Dr. Hincks, the house physician at the Birmingham Hospital, she sat up in bed and did crochet work. She did not talk. The ward was dark, except for two single and well shaded electric lights far away from the bed. Then she got out of bed and wrote a postcard, addressing it to a relation in Canada. The next night she did more crochet work, and wrote a letter in German, put it in an envelope, and enclosed a sovereign.

When she awoke the letter was shown her. She did not remember writing it, but recognized the writing as correct. Dr. Hincks asked her while she was awake to write the same address under the same conditions of light. This she

could not do properly. The lines all ran into each other.

A few days later, while in a somnambulist state she wrote a short letter to her music teacher, and a short essay on "The Sonata Form," which was perfectly accurate and intelligent.

She has now left the hospital and earns her living as a typist, but she still has occasional night wanderings. Her eyes have been examined, but the doctor has been unable to find out why she can see and write in the dark, when in her normal condition it is impossible for her to do so.

POLICE-SERGEANT KIDNAPPED.

After spending four days as a compulsory guest upon a battleship, Police Sergeant Gale, of the Metropolitan force, who is stationed at East Ham, has returned to London.

Gale arrived at Sheerness, where the Home division of the home fleet was anchored, in charge of a deserter from H. M. S. Bulwark. Chartering a boat, the sergeant boarded the battleship, and was formally handed over his prisoner when an officer hurriedly told him to get back into his boat. The fleet, he explained, was under immediate orders to sail.

"I went to the side of the ship," said the police-sergeant, "and looked over. My boat was gone. Then I remembered that the boatman had rowed off to an officer's ship. As I stood there in a quandary the engines of the Bulwark started and we steamed away."

"The officers treated the affair as a great joke, but they were very kind to me all the same. I was put to 'mess' with the petty officers, and hadn't a stroke of work to do, of course. If it hadn't been for the anxiety of not being able to send a message ashore, I might have enjoyed the trip very much. A note from the Bulwark put me ashore at Invergoron four days later. The first place I visited was the telegraph office. Then I took train to Inverness, and came on from there to London—a 600-mile journey altogether."

ARBOR DAY SONG.

A pretty ceremony marked the celebration of Arbor Day (set apart for the annual planting of trees), at Eynsford, Kent, on Saturday.

Trees were brought over and put into the earth by the undergraduates of Swanley Agricultural College, who, among other things, are now farming and gardening successfully in most parts of the British Isles. Processions of children and visitors followed the planters, an open space was dedicated, and hymns were sung in the open, followed by a service in the church.

The following verses of an Arbor Day song were sung by the school children and some 300 visitors:

The timber in each English house
Is either French or Russian;

The trap we buy to catch a mouse
Is either French or Russian;

The wood we make a three-legged stool
At home we can't obtain,
And that is why we ought to try
Plantation once again.

Mr. Charles Dawson, originator of Irish Arbor Day, said the some German towns get such value from municipal woods that there are no rates. England has imported 800 million of worth of wood in the last fifty years, and might have grown a good deal.

LONDON'S MAMMOTH HOTEL.

The magnitude of the work of constructing the Piccadilly Hotel, now in course of erection on the site of the old St. James' Hall and restaurant, with a frontage to Piccadilly and Regent street, may be gathered from the following facts and figures:

£200,000 have been used enough to reach from London to Budapest in placed end to end.
60,000 cubic yards of earth were excavated for the foundations, which are 40 feet deep.
100,000 cubic feet of Portland stone.
4,000 tons of Portland cement.
11,000 yards of wall-tiling.
8,000 tons of iron and steel work.
2,000 tons of asphalt flooring.
50 miles of electric light and power cables.
10,000 electric lamps have also been utilized in the course of the construction.

There are upwards of 700 bedrooms, while the hotel, which will be opened on May 6, will be replete with all the luxuries looked for in an up-to-date, first-class hotel. One special feature is that the water supply is self-contained, an artesian well capable of yielding 50,000 gallons per day having been sunk to a depth of 400 feet.

CRUELTY TO A CONGER EEL.

At Lifford on Monday, as the result of a test case brought by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, a fish hawker was fined for cutting up and selling a live conger eel. Attention has often been called to the cruelty inflicted by fishermen in not dispatching their fish directly they are landed, but it is almost a new thing for a cold-blooded animal to come directly under the protection of the law. The nervous structure of the conger, of all fish, is the most sensitive, and such that they can move often violently after they are dead and insensible. The difficulty in this case is to know how the conger could have been cut across without being immediately killed.

The secretary of the R. S. P. C. A. stated they regarded the case as quite an isolated one. It was usual to kill congers by cutting off their heads, and of course the society had no objection to that. "To deal with fish," he added, "is a difficult matter, and we don't want to take up an unreasonable attitude."

KIDNAPPED BRIDE.

A remarkable story of how a newly married husband was separated from his bride on their wedding night by a band of masked men is reported from the Ballinagragh District of County Leitrim (Ireland).

A young farmer named Flynn, who had been paying attention to a girl of the district transferred his attentions to another girl, whom he decided to marry.

When the newly married couple returned home after the wedding, owing to the refusal of the parish priest to celebrate it, was performed in a registry office, a boisterous crowd collected round the house, and finally some thirty men, with blackened faces and wearing crepe masks, burst open the door and called on the bride's father to take his daughter home. This he did, and the wedding girl was escorted back to her father's house by the masked gang.

Before leaving Flynn's house the masked men scattered the wedding feast in all directions and put an end to the festivities. Flynn, who attempted to accompany his wife, was thrown back into the house, and has not seen his bride since.

For several days Flynn has been kept in a close prison. He attempts to stir

THROW AWAY LINIMENTS

Here's the Prescription to Cure Rheumatism

Liniments only reach the skin and the muscles directly—under the skin. Now, liniments can't cure Rheumatism. They simply deaden the nerves for a time. When the effect wears away, the pain returns worse than ever.

If the bowels do not move regularly—if the kidneys are strained or weak—if the skin is dry or harsh—the blood is sure to be filled with impurities or urea. This urea is changed into uric acid, which is the poison that causes rheumatism.

Now, the only possible way to cure Rheumatism is to prevent uric acid from being formed. Logically, the only way to do this is to keep kidneys, bowels and skin in good working order, and prevent the stomach from being too acid. And the only way to do this is to take "Fruit-a-tives."

These marvelous tablets of fruit juices and tonics act directly on the three great eliminating organs—bowels, kidneys and skin—and put them in perfect condition. That is the only secret of their great success in curing rheumatism, sciatica and lumbago.

50c a box—6 for \$2.50. "Fruit-a-tives," Limited, Ottawa.

outside, he is followed by a howling crowd, and even if attempting agricultural labor in his garden, he has to desert from his work and flee from the missiles and shouts of the mob. He complains that the police are affording him no protection.

Meanwhile a strong guard is kept outside the house of the bride's father, Flynn having announced his intention of attempting to regain by force possession of his bride with the aid of a party of his friends.

Domestic Science.

What does it cost to take a course at the Macdonald Institute, Guelph, where one hundred and thirty girls are studying domestic science? In the current issue of East and West there is an interesting and illustrated signed article by Rev. R. Douglas Fraser, in which the question is briefly answered. He writes:

"The normal course of two years gives a thorough preparation for teaching, and leads up to the teacher's certificate in domestic science."

"What does it cost?" was asked of Miss Watson, the director of home economics.

"About \$180 a year will cover the expenses, fees, board, etc., and \$80, the short course of three months. Many girls earn the money themselves for the short course before they come; besides, we have an arrangement by which a girl may work her own way here. By acting as dining room girl for four months, she becomes entitled to the three months' short course free. While acting as dining room girl, she rooms with the students, and is permitted to wear their working dress."

To cure a cold in one night—use Vapo-Cresolene. It has been used since 1870, and cures more than twenty-four years. All druggists.

Fun for Times Readers

She Knew.

Teacher to new scholars—Now, Mary, I'll give you a sum. If your father owed the butcher \$13.17, and the baker \$2.25, and the coal dealer \$27.08, and the landlord \$15.30, how much would he have to pay them?

Answer—'I don't think he would have to pay them anything.

"Because I think we would move."

The Junior Herald.

The Fruits of Experience.

"I'll tell you who is the real green-goods man to avoid."

"Who is that?"

"The man who sells you the fancy crops for your suburban garden."

Baltimore American.

Himself to Blame.

A youthful versifier in Washington not long ago sought the criticism of a well-known publisher who claimed to be at the national capital on business with the copyright division of the library of Congress.

"Sir," said the near-poet, indignantly, when the publisher had brusquely advised him to "burn the stuff"—"sir, poets are born, not made."

Whereupon the publisher smiled broadly. "Young man," said he, "it won't help your case in the least to try to shift the blame on your parents."—Kansas City Journal.

Agreed to Once.

There is in Brooklyn a young, recently married couple who have been having the usual half-pathetic and wholly amusing experiences incident to some what limited means and total inexperience. Last Saturday there was a hitch in the delivery of the marketing, and Sunday found them with a practically empty larder. When dinner time came the young wife burst into tears.

"Oh, this is horrible!" she wept. "Not a thing in the house fit for a dog to eat. I am going home to mamma!"

"If you don't mind, dear," the husband exclaimed, as he visibly brightened and reached for his hat, "I'll go with you!"—Harpers Magazine.

A Railroad Man's Knock.

"That famous railroad man, the late Samuel Sloan," said a New York banker, "loved fast trains and hated slow ones. They tell a story about a trick he once played on a railroad whose service was notoriously slow."

"Having, several times, to use this railroad's afternoon accommodation, he caused a sign to be painted, which he took from his pocket and hung in front of one of the cars when nobody was looking. The sign said: 'Passengers are requested not to pluck flowers while the train is in motion.'"

Her Sweep.

"Your daughter," said the jolly friend, "has such a comprehensive sweep upon the piano."

"With wish," muttered the overworked mother, "she had that same about the house."—Baltimore American.

How Would He?

Muriel—When you eloped with George did you leave a note telling your people where you had gone?

Gabrielle—Why of course. If I hadn't have would papa have known where to send us any money?—Illustrated Bits.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S PATHETIC STORY.

INSPIRED BY GLOWING VISIONS, HE LEFT HIS HOME.

To Seek His Fortune in a Land of Plenty and of Opportunity—How He Sought in Vain for Work—Finally, Without Work, Money, Friends or Food, He Found, Instead of a Fortune, a Bed in the Woodstock Lookey.

Woodstock Sentinel-Review:—You don't seem to want to work, you have made no efforts to get a job, so I will remain you for a week," said Magistrate Ball when Walter Linton, aged 47 years, an Englishman, but a twelve-months out from London, whose trade he said was that of a carpenter, appeared in police court this morning charged with vagrancy.

"I have tried, twenty farmers since coming to Woodstock, but I can't get a job. Some say I am too old," was the man's reply.

"You want too much wages. I will remain you for a week. The warm weather will soon be here and then you'll be turned loose to hunt a job," said the Magistrate.

Linton is 47 years of age, and looks older. He is certainly a pitiable case as it was brought out in a conversation with a reporter last evening.

It seems, if his story is true, that he is a victim of misrepresentation as to the opportunities to be had in America. He is a tall well built man. His hair is now quite grey. His hands are those of a man who earns his living by the sweat of his brow. He is slightly scooped. He wears a King Edward beard and it too, is grey. He was dressed, when seen, very decently in the garb of one of his class. He uses good language and has been well educated. In fact, his whole make up is that of a mechanic whom one would think capable of turning out a good piece of work. He never drinks, he said.

Anyway, Linton was seen last evening wandering about. Finally a reporter met him and fell into conversation with him.

"I lived in London," said Linton, "and worked at my trade. I had a wife and family. We got along well. I didn't make much money, but made fair wages. We kept our children in school. We tried to give them a good education. In the early part of 1907, things were slow in London. I went one night to a meeting which was to be addressed by an immigration lecturer. So brilliantly were the colors painted, that I was left with the impression that Canada was a working man's Mecca. My family had grown up and as they weren't assisting in any way to keep the house, I told my wife that I would draw all the money I had from the banks and cross the ocean. My wife consented, finally. I left home and secured a ticket at a low rate, from one of the steamer ticket agents. Immediately I landed at New York, the farmer others, was shipped to Toronto, and with what little money I had saved, I went back to Toronto. I couldn't get work in Toronto, and soon my funds gave out. I pleaded with the immigration official to get me work. He sent me to Norwich. At Norwich the farmer I was sent to work for, said that he had a man. I was then in a worse plight than ever. I walked about for work but there was none to be had. The local immigration agent sent me to Woodstock. I arrived here Saturday. I had no money to speak of, and what I had I spent on a bed and supper. The immigration man here couldn't help me. Sunday night, for the first time in my life, I slept behind the bars in your city lock-up. Monday things looked darker. I was without work, friends or money. I ate nothing Monday morning or noon, but the Mayor gave me an order for a supper. Monday night, rather than sleep outside, I applied at the lock-up and was given a bed. To-day I have had nothing to eat, and I don't know where I will sleep."

The man seemed to be telling a truthful story. He was in earnest. The pangs of hunger were telling on his cheeks. When he referred to his family, he cried. He was broke and starving in the midst of plenty.

Linton applied for admission to the lock-up last night again, and so he was charged with vagrancy. He will have sufficient to eat at the jail for the next week, at all events.

Her Fourth Birthday.

Lolly had a lovely party—'Twas her fourth birthday, you know; All the guests were quite young ladies, Children were not asked to go; You may think it odd when told; Dolly's friends are all so old!

Not a game was played; the guests just Chatted, as they do at calls; No one brought a toy or gift, and Dolly doesn't care for dolls—All such things she put away Long before her fourth birthday!

But I quite forgot to mention, One important fact, my dears; Dolly has a birthday only Once in every four long years! So, though only four she's seen, Dolly's age is sweet sixteen.

"I understand that the Dubbighs' reception was a very select affair."

Vapo-Cresolene

Established 1879

Whooping Cough, Croup, Bronchitis, Cough, Grip, Asthma, Diphtheria

Cresolene is a boon to Asthmatics

Does it not ease, more effective to breathe in a remedy to cure disease of the breathing organs than to take the remedy into the stomach? It cures because the air rendered strongly antiseptic is carried over the diseased surface with every breath, giving prolonged and constant treatment. It is invaluable to mothers with small children.

Those of a consumptive tendency find immediate relief from coughs or irritable conditions of the throat.

Sold by druggists. Send postal for booklet. Lassar, Munn & Co., Limited, Agents, Montreal, Canada.

Men and Women.

Use Vigor for muscular weakness, nervousness, or indigestion. It gives full particulars and directions to be sent to plain wrapper, or by express, postpaid, at \$1.00, or 3 bottles \$2.50. Circular sent on request.

Every Woman.

Use Vigor for muscular weakness, nervousness, or indigestion. It gives full particulars and directions to be sent to plain wrapper, or by express, postpaid, at \$1.00, or 3 bottles \$2.50. Circular sent on request.

Use Vigor for muscular weakness, nervousness, or indigestion. It gives full particulars and directions to be sent to plain wrapper, or by express, postpaid, at \$1.00, or 3 bottles \$2.50. Circular sent on request.

Use Vigor for muscular weakness, nervousness, or indigestion. It gives full particulars and directions to be sent to plain wrapper, or by express, postpaid, at \$1.00, or 3 bottles \$2.50. Circular sent on request.

Use Vigor for muscular weakness, nervousness, or indigestion. It gives full particulars and directions to be sent to plain wrapper, or by express, postpaid, at \$1.00, or 3 bottles \$2.50. Circular sent on request.

Use Vigor for muscular weakness, nervousness, or indigestion. It gives full particulars and directions to be sent to plain wrapper, or by express, postpaid, at \$1.00, or 3 bottles \$2.50. Circular sent on request.

Use Vigor for muscular weakness, nervousness, or indigestion. It gives