THE PEANUT VENDOR TELLS THE ENGINEER HOW A GREAT RAILROAD SHOULD BE RUN.

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GLENWOOD

Salesmen will be there to show you the lots not sold. If you hesitated last week, you ***Cannot Hesitate Now.*** The building up of GLENWOOD is a certainty, a great number of the lots are already sold; sold to nice thrifty people, who realize that they have but one life to live and to live the last half in comfort means to own their home and

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Think What Ten Years' Rent Amounts To!

Real estate is the safest investment on earth. It can't get away and in a city like London (under present conditions) and in a locality like Glenwood, it is bound to enhance rapidly.

Do You Realize Our Splendid Offer

Lots for **$50.** Only $2 down and balance at the rate of 75c per week. Every lot high and dry. No Taxes (UNTIL LOT IS DEEDED), No Interest, No Mortgages.

A Chance Like This Comes But Once in a Lifetime.

It requires no capital. It stimulates saving. It ends by you owning Real Estate. The surest stepping-stone on earth to wealth.

Remember, GLENWOOD is situated on the Hamilton Road, east of Egerton street, and schoolhouse on the property. Salesmen on the grounds 9:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m.

CITY OFFICE OPEN DAILY TILL 9 P.M.

VENDOR---J. WALTER GAGE, ROOM 60, BANK OF TORONTO CHAMBERS, Richmond Street, LONDON, ONT.

HALLOWE'EN WAS WELL CELEBRATED

Merry Gatherings at the Normal School and the Helena Company's Factory.

A very successful Hallowe'en party of the good old style was held by the employes of the Helena Costume Company and their friends last night in the company's building on King street. About two hundred persons were present to enjoy such Hallowe'en games as "dipping for apples," and eating the apple on the string. The spacious room was appropriately and tastefully decorated with flags, pumpkins and Chinese lanterns. During the evening the Helena Male Quartet, Mr. C. Davis and Miss Wilson rendered enjoyable vocal music. Miss Baker delivered an address, Miss Grimshaw gave a recitation and Miss Wilson played the piano to the enjoyment of all. It was a late hour before the festivities were brought to a close.

The students of the Normal School enjoyed themselves greatly last night at the first entertainment of the term, given under the auspices of their Literary Society. Mr. Alexander gave two very choice selections. The singing of Messrs. Roy McLean and Arthur Sanister was really a musical treat. Miss Johnson, of the Normal School, also sang, and many thanks are due to the Knox Sunday School Orchestra. Miss Belle Campbell performed the duties of accompanist in her usual manner. Dr. Merchant, the principal of the school, was in the chair. One specially bright and original feature of the evening was a musical contest conducted by Misses McChesney and Belle Campbell. It is not known yet who has won the first prize. After the programme many games were played in the drill hall. In one corner was a fortune-telling booth, presided over by Miss Lou Pettit. The refreshment committee furnished an abundant luncheon. The gaiety ended in time to enable the students to get the last car, and all spent a very pleasant and also profitable evening.

$100 REWARD, $100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Radiant Home stoves, cook stoves, parlor and heating stoves, feather pillows, mattresses, wire springs, extension tables, dining chairs, brass and iron bedsteads, at the Feather Bed and Mattress Cleaning Factory, 593 Richmond street. Telephone 97. J. F. HUNT & SONS

"A Week at St. Louis."

Do you know that the greatest exposition ever held closes in six weeks, and that if you miss it you will always regret doing so. Every businessman that is trying to keep abreast of the times, can afford at least a week to see the world's best exhibition, and it will be time and money well spent. Wide-awake merchants are sending their bright, young men and women to it. Why? Because it pays. If you want further information obtain a copy of the Grand Trunk booklet, a superb illustrated publication of 48 pages, free at city ticket office.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Owing to the advance in the price of material, etc., the horseshoers of this district have decided to advance the price of shoeing, as has been done by shoers in the surrounding counties some time ago. Advanced prices begin Nov. 1. 39u t bw

DAILY DOINGS IN STRATHROY

Party of Sports Leaving for the Muskoka Hunting Grounds —A Club Reception.

Strathroy, Oct. 29.—A party of local sportsmen left on Friday for Muskoka. They were Messrs. J. Mills, L. Williams, H. Anderson and J. Haney. A few more expect to leave in a week or so, but they feel their little X will have to be placed in the proper place on the ballot before they can take their holidays.

Francis Gilley, who had his foot cut off at the G. T. R. recently, is getting on quickly. He has been out for a drive.

The "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Company played here on Tuesday evening to a fair-sized audience. The company had their own private sleeping-car and the usual hounds and donkey that go to complete the make-up of this show. It was a great drawing-card for the young folks, who turned out as usual in large numbers to witness the parade and the show. The performance was very fair, but it is not probable that they went away very much richer than before they came.

There died in Watford on Thursday, Oct. 27, Mrs. James Roy (nee Christina Small), who was well known throughout South Caradoc.

Mr. George A. Scott, of Ilderton, won the silver medal presented by Mr. L. H. Dampier, manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, as a special prize for the best team of horses on the grounds at the late West Middlesex Union Fair.

Guy Bros.' Minstrels will appear at the Lyceum here this (Saturday) evening.

The reception tendered the members of St. Andrew's Young Men's Club at the Alhambra Club rooms by its members, on Monday evening, was a great success. The principal speakers were Mayor Geddes and L. H. Smith, whose addresses were both interesting and instructive. Games and a good programme were also enjoyed and a very pleasant and profitable evening spent.

Mr. R. R. Nicholson, youngest son of Mr. R. Nicholson, of this town, a well-known Strathroy young man, has decided to give up business and engage in the Methodist ministerial work.

Rev. H. D. Borley, B. A., now attending the universiay in Chicago, has accepted a call to the Westminster Presbyterian Church, at Big Rapids, Mich., a good-sized town of about 6,000 inhabitants. Mr. Borley was a popular Strathroy Collegiate Institute pupil some years ago.

Miss A. Hull has tendered her resignation as teacher in the Strathroy public school.

Mrs. M. Campbell is visiting in Toronto and Brown Hill.

Mrs. E. Rason has moved to Toronto.

Mr. Brown, of Sarnia, has purchased the Kerwood Hotel from F. O'Neil.

Mr. Minnis, a Methodist evangelist, who has been holding a series of meetings in the Methodist Church at Kerwood for some time, is drawing big crowds nightly. He has been preaching on some of the most common evils, and also on subjects that are much thought of. His discourse of Thursday night was "Seven Roads from Kerwood to Hell." He will finish his work at Kerwood on Sunday evening.

Dr. M. P. Corrigan was married at Omemee, Ont., on Wednesday last, to Miss G. I. Cameron, of Collingwood.

Mr. R. Moore has purchased the blacksmith shop on Caradoc street formerly owned by J. B. McNeil.

JOYFUL NEWS FOR LOVERS

Antiseptic Applied to Lips Makes Kissing Harmless.

Chicago, Oct. 28.—The young folks of Chicago are jubilant because Dr. J. F. Biehn, city bacteriologist, himself a young man, has joyful news for all lovers.

In a few words he has dispelled the gloom arising from the discovery of the dread "craw-craw," a disease caused by kissing.

Dr. Biehn tells how young folks may kiss, and kiss again, and yet defy "craw-craw." Courting couples, he advises, might carry small vials containing simple antiseptic solutions, like sulphate of copper or boracic acid.

Before greeting the loved one in the hallway, pause for an instant. As you gaze lovingly at her, reach gracefully for your coat-tail pocket, and get the vials of boracic acid. Remove the cork quickly, and deftly apply the solution to the lips with the fingers or cork. Then replace the solution in the coat-tail pocket. You'll need it later.

While you are thus engaged the young woman should be doing likewise. She, too, should carry a vial of boracic acid, or for variety, might have one of sulphate of copper. An ornamental vial hung about the neck by a gold chain would be a pleasing novelty.

When the lips of both have been wet with the antiseptic—then kiss. Kiss without fear; kiss a dozen times, for, on the word of young Dr. Biehn, you will be safe.

If the young woman's parents are encamped in the front parlor, the antiseptic solution will not be needed until the departure, but if the coast is clear an application at occasional intervals during the tete-a-tete will be a diversion as well as a positive safeguard against "craw-craw."

According to Dr. Charles W. Behm, of the health department, the disease cannot be transmitted unless the muscous membrances come in contact with the germs, so kisses may be evchanged between husband and mother-in-law, young woman and spinster aunt, etc., without previous applications of antiseptics. Such osculations are merely spook kisses, and therefore harmless.

One Dr. Dencer Whittles, who lectures on dental histology and pathology at Birmingham University, England, started the "craw-craw" panic. He declares that in Birmingham there is "craw-craw," brought from Africa, and that sometimes the "nematove worm," whatever that may be, "is distinctly shown in the blood films."

"THAT LONDON, ONT IS A BAD PLACE!"

(Continued from page 1.)

on Sunday as Mr. Murray's guest?" "Unfortunately I will not be home on Sunday," said I. "Will you meet me at 9 o'clock on Monday morning at the Falls and get all the luggage at the custom house?" "Delighted to aid you," said he.

We shook hands and bowed. The tired lady bowed, and I withdrew. I walked straight to the telegraph office. On the way I thought it over. The man was lying. I was sure of it. I wired: "Shadow this man, but do not arrest him unless he attempts to cross into the States."

Know the Crooks.

Mr. Murray treats entertainingly of the necessary qualifications of a good detective. Among other things, he says: "A wide acquaintance is one of the most valuable assets of a detective. The more crooks he knows the better. Crime is a disease. It is hereditary, just as consumption is hereditary. It may skip a generation or even two or three generations. But it is an inherent, inherited weakness. Once dishonest, always dishonest. That is the general rule. I believe in it absolutely. Reformation is the exception. I believe in circumstantial evidence. I have found it surer than direct evidence in many cases. There are those who say that circumstances may combine in a false conclusion. This is far less apt to occur than the falsity of direct evidence given by a witness who lies point blank."

BIG STATUE IN ST. PETER'S

Colossal Figure of St. John de la Salle Raised to Its Place.

Rome, Oct. 28. — The raising of the colossal statue of St. John de la Salle into its niche in St. Peter's, sixty-five feet above the pavement, occurred yesterday before a great concourse of people, mainly foreigners, and including many Americans.

Cardinal Oreglia, doyen of the Sacred College, witnessed the operation from the papal balcony.

Scaffolding ninety feet high was raised for the purpose, and eight pulleys with ropes having seven-ton strength were used. The work was successfully performed without incident by 120 workmen, under the direction of the architect, Herr Schneider, who was afterward received by the Pope and was congratulated by his holiness on his work.

A Splendid Magazine.

Do not fail to get it. November "Four-Track News." At Newsdealers.

STRANGE SECT IN SAXON TOWN

Say That a German Girl Is Christ Incarnate

SPEAKS IN VARIOUS TONGUES

The Girl Displays Remarkable Powers When in a Trancelike Condition—A Visitor's Narrative.

Berlin, Oct. 28.—The attention of the police of the little town of Annaberg, Saxony, has recently been directed to a very remarkable sect. Its main characteristic consists in the adoration of a young girl, who possesses the gift of speaking in various tongues. She has declared herself to be the veritable Christ, and the members of the sect say the Saviour has reappeared in the form of this girl. The devotees hold regular meetings on the Poehlberg, a hill in the environs of Annaberg.

A strange sight awaited the police when they came to this place of worship. They found assembled a large concourse of people, kneeling before the girl, who was resting on a green cushion. When the police removed the girl in order to take her to a hospital, the fanatical worshipers made the most tumultuous opposition. Soon afterward, however, the girl was allowed to leave the hospital, as nothing abnormal in her condition could be discovered.

Ebernard Buchner, who recently was in Annaberg, relates that he had the greatest difficulty in learning any particulars about this wonderful girl. The members of the sect had become very suspicious and destroyed every sign which led to their abode. But wherever the traveler went he heard of the sect and of its practices. He says that he soon discovered a religious epidemic of the worst kind. The girl seized by the police on the Poehlberg is not the first female prophet of Annaberg. The sect which adores her has existed for many years. The Methodists of Annaberg also declare that not long ago they had an eloquent girl in their midst.

The population of that country seems to have a strong and feverish desire for religious sensation of this kind. It is supposed that owing to the mechanical, tiresome and unprofitable work in which most of the people are compelled to engage, a fanatical spirit has been aroused in them.

A Miserable Community.

Annaberg is a town much visited by tourists. The direst misery, however, is to be found in its suburbs. Home industry and factory work give the men only enough to satisfy the barest necessities. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at that these people find their only satisfaction in religious phantasms.

The home of the wonderful girl was finally found. She, however, had gone out, and the visitor talked only with her mother, sister, and a Mrs. S., a small, energetic woman, who is the intellectual leader of this religious movement. It is said in Annaberg that she recently inherited considerable money, and is taking care of the girl and her family. Many of the women living in the community have given up work, trusting in Jesus, who, they assert, will surely help them.

The traveler asked for permission to attend a meeting at which Gretel (the girl's name), would speak, but he did not receive a favorable answer. The people declared that only Christ could decide on his request through the mouth of the girl. Herr Buchner learned the next day that Gretel in the evening, upon her return, had fallen asleep, and in this condition had given an answer consenting to the presence of the visitor.

When he appeared at the girl's house the next evening, Gretel pretended to be surprised at his coming. Herr Buchner found Gretel an unusually handsome girl of 15, her face having a tender expression, but from her eyes came a sad and thoughtful look. Without much ceremony she offered her hand, and for a time looked straight into the stranger's eyes. Then she turned around and joined a girl friend, with whom she laughed and joked as any young girl would do.

Other people sat around a table, relating to Herr Buchner what had taken place on the Poehlberg. The women complained bitterly that they could not live according to their convictions, for as soon as they intoned a religious song a suspicious mob assembled before the house. "But they will not dare to harm us," cried the fiery Mrs. S., "even if I have to go on the scaffold. I will defend my Lord Jesus. Even when they take off my head." The 19-year-old son of this woman is also said to be gifted with the power of prophecy, and Herr Buchner was told that he had recently been sent away from Annaberg to find, by the direction of God, a quiet place in Saxony where the sect could live unmolested.

The Girl's Trance.

Then songs were sung and prayers were offered, until Gretel made preparations to go into a trance. She lay down on an old couch, a soft cushion was placed under her head, and she apparently went to sleep. A few times she stretched herself, and then she remained perfectly quiet.

By order of Mrs. S. everyone present was absolutely silent, awaiting intently what was coming. Suddenly Gretel raised herself in a half-reclining position. She stretched her arms wide and uttered in a changed and clear tone: "Peace be with you. I am Christ, your Saviour, the crucified Christ." And she again and again made the sign of the cross over those present who were prostrated on the floor.

Gretel in her trance condition spoke a perfect high German, while her previous language had shown traces of dialect.

"This poor girl," she said, "is a very poor girl, but a very good girl, an angel-like child. The poor and weak will be saved."

There was no hesitation in her speech. "The words fairly bubbled out," says Herr Buchner, "beautiful pious words."

At the height of her ecstacy she asked the visitor to put his hand in hers and promise henceforth to remain faithful to the believers. "Not every one is worthy to hold Christ's hand. You are a chosen one, and I place high grace in your hands," she said.

The catastrophe could no longer be prevented Herr Buchner refused Gretel his hand and called her by name. A cry of horror reverberated through the room, then a second, and a third. "Blind one! What are you doing? For God's sake, there will be a misfortune, a fearful misfortune, fearful, terrible!" cried the fanatical woman. "For God's sake, give her your hand. It is Christ, the living Christ," they cried.

"No, it is Gretel's hand," Herr Buchner answered.

"It is Christ's hand, take the hand, or you will be eternally damned," was the rejoinder.

Herr Buchner thereupon took Gretel's hand. When the girly awoke she was informed of what had happened, and in an angry tone she said: "You lack faith." She then broke into tears.

Herr Buchner was compelled to leave the house in a hurry, after telling the company that he believed the girl's manifestations to be of a somnambulistic or medium-like nature. Curses followed him. Herr Buchner believes that the girl is acting in good faith, but not so her relatives or Mrs. S.

Relief For Toothache.

Wonderful, when you consider what awful pain that tiny nerve causes. Bathe the gums, with Nerviline, and plug the cavity with cotton wool saturated with Nerviline. This brings instant cure. Nothing so prompt, nothing so extraordinary; good for any kind of nerve-pain as Polson's Nerviline. Get a 25-cent bottle; it will save a doctor bill some day.

Mr. Dooley on the Russian-Japanese War

BY FINLEY PETER DUNNE.

This is a tur-ible war," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Nawthin' tur-ible about it," said Mr. Dooley. "It's a war. I can't say more thin that. All th' other wars ye've iver shone in hes been ayther German wars, which is carried on be markin' examination papers; or English wars, which is th' same as stealin' money fr'm childher; or our own late gloryous war, which is like gettin' dhrunk an' being fined twinty millyon dollars or a hundred years in th' Philippeens. But this is a rale war. It's a gloryous war. What cud be finer to th' editor iv a London newspaper thin th' spictacle which he can well imagine iv th' dauntless Jap'nese hurlin' thimselves at their gijantic foe and recklessly layin' down their lives that England may live? An' what cud be more sublime to a warlike banker in Paris thin th' thought iv th' increased activity on th' hanks iv th' Lo-yang? It ought to stir th' blood in th' heart iv iv'ry American citizen.

"It don't in mine," said Mr. Hennessy.

"It ought to," said Mr. Dooley. "War is a fine thing. Or perhaps I'm wrong. Annyhow, it's a sthrange thing. Here's th' Czar iv Rooshya an' here's th' Imp'ror iv Japan. They have a diff'rence iv opinyon. All right, says I, lave thim fight it out. It's a good, healthful exercise. I'll arrange th' preliminaries, fix th' polis an', be hivens, I'll rif'ree th' fight. I make th' offer now. Anny time anny two high-spirited monarchs feel that their rile blood threatens to blow up I'll arrange iv'rything down to th' photygrafts. Whiniver th' boys are ready I'll find th' barn. An' th' offer also goes f'r sicreties iv state.

"But what happens? A couple iv stout, middle-aged gintlemen get into a conthroversy. Instead iv layin' their stove-pipe hats on th' table an' mixin' it up, they hurry home an' invite iv'rybody in th' house to go out an' do their war-makin' f'r thim. They set up on th' roof an' encourage th' scrap. 'Go in there, Olaf!' 'Banzai, Hip Lung, you're doin' well f'r me!' There goes one of me brave fellows. I'd almost send something to his widow if I cud larn her name. And so it goes. Bill Ivanovitch is settin' at home with his wife an' 40 small childher. He has jus' done a good day's wurruk an' his salary iv nine cents is jinglin' in his pocket. He sets at th' head iv th' table carvin' th' candle an' jus' as he has distributed th' portions among th' family an' kept th' wick f'r himsilf, there's a knock at th' dure an' a man in a fur cap calls him away to thravel 8,000 versts, a verst bein' Schwartzmeister's way iv describin' a mile on a Rooshyan road, an' fight f'r Gawd an' his Czar. It's th' ol' firm. Whiniver I'm called on to fight f'r Gawd an' me country I'd like to be sure that th' senyor partner had been consulted. But Bill Ivanovitch puts on his coat, kisses th' fam'ly good-by, an' th' nex' his wife sees iv him is a pitcher iv th' old man an' a Jap he niver met befure locked in an endurin' embrace, an' both iv them as dead as anny Mikado or Czar cud wish the most lile subject. Th' Jap don't know what it's all about. In Japan he was a horse. There ar-re no rale horses in Japan. If they were th' people wud have more to eat. So th' citizens iv th' counthry harness thimsilves up an' haul th' wagons. All ye have to say to a Jap is 'Get ap,' an' he moves. So th' Mikado says 'Git ap,' an' th' little fellow leaves his fireside an' his wives an' families an' niver comes home no more. Th' best he gets whin he is kilt is a remark in th' news fr'm Tokyo that Gin'ral Odzoo's plans is wurrukin' fav'rbly. That ought to make him feel good.

"Now, if I had my way, Hinnessy, I wudden't let th' common people fight at all. That's th' way it used to be. Whin wan iv' th' ol' kings in Brian Boru's dav had a spat with a neighbor, both iv thim ordhered hats at th' hardware sthore an' wint out an' pounded thim till their head ached. That's th' way it ought to be. Supposin' th' Czar iv Rooshya an' th' Mikado iv Japan fell out. What wud be dacinter f'r thim thin to have a gintlemanly mix-up? Nick Romanoff, th' Rushyan champeen, an' Mike Adoo, th' cillybrated Jap-nese Jiu Jitsu bantam, came together las' night befure a crowd iv' representative spoorts in a barn on th' outskirts iv th' city. Th' Rooshyan was seconded by Faure, the Frinch light-weight, an' Bill Honezollern, th' Prooshyan whirlwind. In th' Jap's corner was Al Guelph, who bate th' Llama iv Tibet las' week, an' Rosenfelt, th' American champeen, who has issued a defi to the wurruld. Befure th' gong sounded th' Jap rushed over an' sthruck th' Rooshyan a heavy blow beneath th' belt. A claim iv foul was enthered, but not allowed. At th' tap iv th' bell both boys went at it hammer an' tongs, but it was soon apparent that th' Rooshyan, though heavier, was not in as good condition as his opponent. It was Walcott an' Choynski all over, only th' Rooshyan hung on with gr-reat courage. At th' ind iv th' twintieth round, whin both boys was on th' ropes, th' ref'ree, the well-known fight promoter, Misther Rothschild, declared th' bout a dhraw. Considerable bad blood was aroused be th' claim be th' fighters that durin' th' battle they were robbed iv their clothes be their seconds. As a financial enterprise th' fight was a frost. Th' box office receipts did not akel th' rent iv th' barn an' thrainin' expinses, an' th' ref'ree decided that as th' fight was a dhraw, he was entitled to the stakes.

"Wudden't it be fine? Who wudden't walk to Bloomington, Illinye, to see that sturdy but prudent warrior, th' King iv England, mixin' it up with th' Llama iv Tibet, or our own invincible champeen takin' on th' Imp'ror iv Germany? If they didn't like th' weepins, they'd have me permisison to use axes. I'd go further. I wouldn't bar annybody fr'm fightin' who wanted to fight. If annybody felt the martial spirit in time, he wud have a chance to use it up. I'd have armies composed on'y if officers. It wud be gr-reat. D'ye suppose they wud iver get neer enough to each other to hurt? They'd complain that th' throuble with th' long distance guns was that they cudden't be made distant enough. Supposin' Gin'ral Kuropotkin had to do all th' fightin' f'r himself. It wud be betther f'r him because thin he cud ordher an advance, without bein' so crowded comin' back. Supposin', to gatify his hearyoic spirit, he had to ordher himsilf to carry a thrunk, a cook stove, a shovel, a pick-axe, an' lion an' a wurruld iv good cheer fr'm th' Czar two hundred miles over a clay road, an' if he did it successfully an' didn't spill annything, he might hope to be punctured be a beyonet. An' suppose Gin'ral Oyama had to walk, barefooted, acrost Manchuria, an' subsist f'r four months be whettin' his beak on a cuttlefish bone. How soon d'ye think there'd be a battle? War wud be wan continyous manoever with wan iv thim manooverin' west an' th' other manooverin' east. They'd niver meet till years afther th' glorious struggle.

"They'll niver do it," said Mr. Hennessy. "There have always been wars."

"An' fools," said Mr. Dooley.

"But wudden't ye defind ye'er own fireside?"

"I don't need to," said Mr. Dooley, "if I keep on coal enough me fireside will make it too hot f'r annywan that invades it."

A GRAND SPECIAL OFFER ALL FOR 10cts.

In order to introduce **Dr. Jenner's Vapor Inhaler** and prove that it will radically cure **Catarrh and Catarrhal Deafness** by oily vapor inhalation, we have arranged with the undersigned druggist to supply (within the next ten days) Dr. Jenner's Inhaler, together with two bottles of medicine for using in same, for

Only 10 Cents.

We do this to make known the wonderful merits of this noble remedy. You inhale (see illustration) clouds of healing vapor into every air passage of the nose and throat, healing the membrane and radically curing Catarrh, whether of one or twenty years standing. Cures a cold in a day. Cures Catarrh in a few weeks. To those who cannot call at the drug store, Dr. Jenner's Inhaler, with medicine complete, will be mailed, post paid, on receipt of ten cents (silver). Address—

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