quiet dignity, and his face was aglow with pleasurable excitement. The red plumes and scarlet liveries of the outriders flashed out of sight from Pall Mall, but from the Mall, where great crowds had been waiting in silence for hours, there rose a distant roar of cheering as the King went on toward Buckingham Palace and the Victoria Station on his way to Osborne. When he was out of sight a royal salute was slowly fired, gun after gun, on the Horse Guards' Parade. The Victorian Era and the Guelph or Hanoverian Dynasty had ended. There was a new King of the Saxe-Coburg line; for, while the name Albert had been discarded for Edward, the Sovereign, by virtue of his father's blood and every tradition of primogeniture, had begun what was virtually a new dynasty.

The proceedings of Parliament have remained uninteresting, and an adjournment until February 14 is expected, when the King may open the business session.

The funeral of the Queen will be a single day military ceremony at Windsor on February 2, a week before the marriage of the Queen of Holland.

The new reign has opened simply and impressively. The King's tact and flexibility have been displayed, and while he has conducted every function with distinction of manner and princely dignity, he has touched the hearts of Englishmen by the evidences of the sincerity of his devotion to his mother's memory. I. N. F.

THE DAY'S CEREMONY.

DETAILS OF THE FORMAL PROCLAMATION OF THE NEW KING'S ACCESSION.

London, Jan. 24.—To London to-day was given a glimpse of mediæval times. The quaint ceremonies with which King Edward VII was proclaimed at various points of the metropolis exactly followed ancient precedents. The officials purposely arranged the function an hour ahead of the published announcement, and the inhabitants when they awoke were surprised to find the entire way between St. James's Palace and the City lined with troops. About ten thousand soldiers, Life Guards, Horse Guards, Foot Guards and other cavalry and infantry regiments had been brought from Aldershot and London barracks after midnight. All the officers had crape on their arms and the drums and brass instruments were shrouded with crape. The troops, in themselves, made an imposing spectacle, but they were entirely eclipsed by the strange spectacle presented by the officials of the College of Arms.

THE PROCLAMATION.

The ceremony began at St. James's Palace, where, at 9 o'clock, Edward VII was proclaimed King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and Emperor of India. The proclamation, which was read by William Henry Weldon, Norroy King at Arms since 1894, and formerly Windsor herald, was as follows:

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God to call to His mercy our late sovereign Lady Queen Victoria, of blessed and glorious memory, by whose decease the Imperial Crown of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland is solely and rightfully come to the high and mighty Prince Albert Edward we, therefore, the Lords Spiritual and Temporal of this Realm, being here assisted with these of her late Majesty's Privy Council, with members of other principal gentlemen of quality, with the Lord Mayor, Aldermen and citizens of London, do now hereby with one voice consent of tongue and heart to publish and proclaim that the high and mighty Prince Albert Edward is now, by the death of our late sovereign of happy memory, become our only lawful and rightful liege lord, Edward VII, by the grace of God King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India, to whom we acknowledge all faith and constant obedience with all hearty and humble affection, beseeching God, by whom all kings and queens do reign, to bless the royal Prince Edward VII with long and happy years to reign over us.

The King was not present. There was a large assemblage of officials and college heralds. Among those in attendance were Lord Roberts and members of the Headquarters Staff, and other army officers. There was a great concourse of people from the beginning to the close. The proclamation was greeted by a fanfare of trumpets. At the conclusion of the ceremony, the band belonging to the Foot Guards in the Friary Court played "God Save the King!"

The members of the King's household witnessed the ceremony from Marlborough House. On the balcony overlooking the Friary Court, from which the proclamation was read, were the Duke of Norfolk and other officers of State. The balcony was draped in crimson cloth. Beside the officials in resplendent uniforms were stationed the State trumpeters. Here were many prominent persons, among them Sir Henry Arthur White, private solicitor to the Queen.

SCENE AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.

In the yard of Marlborough House and the Friary Court were stationed a large body of police, soldiers and Foot Guards. The Foot Guards acted as a guard of honor, and they were posted immediately beneath the balcony. The spectators began to assemble at an early hour. The troops arrived at 8 o'clock, and shortly before 9 o'clock in the morning a brilliant cavalcade passed down the Mass and entered the Friary Court. It consisted of the headquarters staff, headed by the Commander-in-Chief of the Forces, Field Marshal Lord Roberts, in full uniform and carrying a marshal's baton, and General Sir Evelyn Wood, Adjutant-General to the Forces. At 9 o'clock the Court dignitaries, headed by the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl Marshal, appeared on the balcony. Then the heralds blew a fanfare and King-at-Arms Weldon, in the midst of dead silence, read the proclamation. All heads were bared. As the reading was concluded the King-at-Arms, raising his three cornered hat, cried loudly, "God save the King!" The crowd took up the cry, while the cheers, the fanfares of the trumpets and the band playing a national anthem made a curious medley. King-at-Arms Weldon read the proclamation in clear tones, which were distinctly heard at a great distance. The third fanfare of trumpets ended the ceremony.

THE JOURNEY TO TEMPLE BAR.

The officials then marched in procession from the balcony, through the palace to the Ambassadors' Court, where a number of royal carriages had been placed by the direction of the King at the disposal of the Earl Marshal. These took the officials who read the proclamation to the City, escorted by a detachment of Horse Guards, forming a picturesque and gorgeous procession.

The contingent from the College of Arms was composed of three Kings-at-Arms, four heralds and eight pursuivants. The costumes of the two latter were gorgeous beyond compare. They wore tabards, a garment resembling the costume of kings as depicted on playing cards. These tabards were beautifully and heavily embroidered with gold silk lions, the royal coat of arms and flowers in bewildering confusion. There was the Rouge Dragon, the Blue Mantle and the Maltravers, with all the armorial bearings of that quaint old body, the College of Arms, in full and solemn array.

A blare of trumpets announced the progress of the cavalcade as it proceeded through Trafalgar Square and the Strand.

AT THE CITY'S BOUNDARY.

The chief interest of the morning centred in the entrance of the heralds' procession into the City at Temple Bar. The gray minarets of the Law Courts and the tall spires of the Strand churches loomed, phantomlike, out of the fog, while a long, double line of overcoated troops stood, chilled and motionless, along the half deserted streets. The clocks in the Law Courts and St. Dunstan's tolled out mournfully the quarter hours till 9:15, when out of the gray mist from within the City boundary appeared a procession of carriages forming the Lord Mayor's entourage. It was there that the two processions were to merge in kaleidoscopic grandeur. The Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, Aldermen and mace bearers, in scarlet, fur trimmed robes, cocked hats, ruffled shirts, silk knee breeches and low buckled shoes, peered out from the Cinderella-like coaches, that would have been the envy of Alice in Wonderland. Overhead, in the midst of the pageant, the great griffin which marks the City boundary spread its wide, fantastic wings, like some Hindoo god. In their gold liveries the white wigged coachmen of the Lord Mayor looked down contemptuously upon soldier, herald and peer.

In the olden days a veritable bar, or gates, separated the City from without. To-day ten strong policemen stretched a red silken rope across the thoroughfare, in honor of the City's ancient privileges.

As the clock struck the time the officer in command of the troops cried "Attention!" The rifle stocks came down with a click upon the asphalt pavement, and two gold laced trumpeters appeared at the griffin's side. The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, mace bearers, chaplain, remembrancer and the white wigged Judges of the City Courts left their carriages and grouped themselves together between the lines of drawn up troops. Then the City Marshal, who was on horseback, wearing a uniform of scarlet, gold laced, with scarlet plumes, rode up to the barrier, and the Norroy King-at-arms, whose green and gold tabard outshone those of his colleagues, appeared at the imaginary bar. His trumpeter blew a shrill blast, which the Lord Mayor's trumpeters answered, and then the City Marshal rode up to the barrier and demanded:

"Who goes there?"

The Norroy King-at-Arms replied:

"The King's herald; read the proclamation."

"Enter, herald," said the Marshal, and conducted him to the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, who were still grouped in the street.

The herald read the proclamation, to which the Mayor and Aldermen replied:

"We, with one voice, consent, tongue and heart, pledge allegiance to King Edward VII."

The trumpeters blew a blast while the wondering crowd stood bareheaded and silenced, not knowing what to do, till a military band in the procession struck up "God Save the King." This familiar air has still but one meaning in England, and the crowd took up the words feebly, with "God Save the King" on the tongue, but with "God Save the Queen" in mind.

BEFORE THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

A few streets further on the proclamation was again read, and the procession advanced, by way of Ludgate Hill, to the Royal Exchange. The final proclamation was made in front of the Royal Exchange. The square before the Exchange, with the prisonlike walls of the Bank of England on one side and the massive official residence of the Lord Mayor on the other, was a stage setting whose age and solidity befitted the portentious ceremony. There were no decorations except flags, all halfmasted, save the city's red cross on a white field over the Mansion House. The royal standard hung above the Exchange, and over the surrounding business buildings flew the Union Jack. Black was the universal color worn by the people. Hardly a bright bonnet or gown relieved the sombreness of the crowd. Soldiers and policemen formed an almost solid lane down Cheapside, where the pageant was to pass. The people behind them, crowding for a sight over their shoulders, were of all classes, from prosperous brokers to East End costers. The mass was subdued and remarkably orderly, an impressive contrast to the usual London holiday crowd. The roofs of the Exchange, Bank and Mansion House and all the windows and balconies overlooking the scene were filled with solid rows of people. Big policemen kept a clear space in front of the Exchange. At about 10 o'clock the procession, which was disappointingly short, though gorgeous, swept down from Temple Bar at a rapid pace, and was received silently. The officials entered the Exchange by Cornhill and appeared on the top steps, the Lord Mayor, with the Sword Bearer, leading, Sheriffs, Aldermen, Recorder and City Marshal following.

A flourish of trumpets impressed silence upon the crowds, and the Lord Mayor, uncovering, stepped forward. All hats came off, and the men remained bareheaded throughout the ceremony, under the misty rain, for nearly half an hour. The Lord Mayor's voice was strong, and his oratorical words were distinguishable a block away while he read the warrant of the Privy Council to the herald. Thereupon the spectacularly attired herald, bareheaded also, and for the third time, delivered the proclamation. Probably no one fifty feet distant heard his words until, at the ending, he raised his voice and shouted "God Save the King," putting particular stress on the words.

When the Lord Mayor finished reading the warrant with the words, "His Majesty King Edward VII," the crowd for the first time cheered feebly and without unison, seeming to feel that too great a display of enthusiasm for the King might appear to partake of disloyalty to the memory of the departed Queen. It was only when the herald shouted, "God Save the King!" that the populace responded heartily with cheers, many people echoing the shout of "God Save the King!" and waving their hats.

The Lord Mayor, in the mean time proceeding to the Mansion House, stepped out on the upper balcony and said in ringing tones:

"Join in singing from the bottom of your hearts "God Save the King."

The response was uncertain, for the people present feared to undertake the unfamiliar words, until the Common Sergeant (legal adviser of the corporation) led off, whereupon hundreds joined in. This was repeated three times, each time hundreds more taking up the singing, until it became a mighty roar. Then came more cheers for the King and for the Queen Consort, hearty but solemn and of a vastly different sort from the shouts heard for Queen Victoria's Jubilee. There was an undertone of mourning

Then the Life Guards and officials from the West End moved away and the crowd broke up.

The City officers gathered about a table in the Mansion House and raised their glasses, drinking the health of King Edward VII, who had been proclaimed King according to the ancient ritual.

PROCLAIMED IN MANY CITIES.

King Edward VII has been proclaimed in many cities and towns of the United Kingdom, the usual procedure being that the Mayor, attended by the other members of the corporation, read the proclamation in the Town Hall or market place.

In Dublin uniformed heralds proclaimed Edward VII at one of the Castle gates in the presence of the Lord Lieutenant, Earl Cadogan, and the Irish Privy Council. An immense assemblage attended the proclamation.

THE KING RETURNS TO OSBORNE.

INCIDENTS OF THE TRIP—MET BY EMPEROR WILLIAM.

London, Jan. 24.—King Edward, escorted by a squadron of the Horse Guards and accompanied by the Duke of York, Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha and others, left Marlborough House at 11 o'clock to take the train for Osborne. The crowds still thronged the streets through which His Majesty passed, and the great cheering was in strong contrast with the silence which greeted His Majesty's arrival in London.

The vagaries of an apparently harmless lunatic occasioned some excitement at Victoria Station. During the entraining of the King a well dressed individual, bearing a letter addressed to His Majesty, was permitted to pass the barriers. He hurried to an equerry, and said he wished to present the letter to the King personally. The man was handed over to the police. The envelope contained only a telegraph form, on which were the words: "I wish to see my beloved Queen."

Cowes, Jan. 24.—An expectant crowd lined Trinity Pier as the royal yacht Alberta, with King Edward on board, turned the point and the first gun of the royal salute thundered from the British warship Australia. All the flags hitherto halfmasted were hauled down, marking the suspension of mourning till the King had landed. The depressing surroundings were somewhat lightened by the presence of the naval and military staffs in brilliant uniforms.

The King landed at 2:45 p. m. In acknowledgment of the silent greetings of the people, he frequently raised his hat. He came ashore with the Duke of Connaught, and drove to Osborne House, where Emperor William met him at the gates and warmly greeted him.

Immediately after the King landed the flags were again halfmasted.

His Majesty was somewhat careworn, but otherwise appeared to be in excellent health. During the crossing he was busily engaged with State dispatches and telegrams of sympathy and in dictating replies.

Emperor William's movements are not settled. He will attend the funeral, but, perhaps, will first return to Germany. The Imperial yacht Hohenzollern, with the Crown Prince of Germany, Frederick William, on board, will arrive here to-morrow.

A naval salute of twenty-one guns was fired at Cowes at noon to-day in honor of King Edward VII.

GRATEFUL FOR AMERICAN SYMPATHY.

LONDON NEWSPAPERS ON THE REGARD SHOWN FOR THE QUEEN.

London, Jan. 24.—England continues to evidence that she is profoundly touched by the universal sympathy, especially that of America, expressed on the death of Queen Victoria, and newspapers like "The St. James's Gazette" and "The Globe," by no means noted for their friendliness to the United States, have been among the first to evince gratitude. "The St. James's Gazette" returns to the subject again to-day, and says:

In particular we are grateful to our kindred in America. The American press is in every way a popular press. It knows and responds to popular feeling and popular will, and it is unanimous in its tributes of sorrow and recognition of the greatness and goodness of Queen Victoria. Nor have her public men been backward. Mr. Whitelaw Reid, whom we remember in London as the Special Envoy of the United States at the Diamond Jubilee, has pointed out that the Queen has been referred to for more than a generation in America as simply "the Queen." That alone is enough to show how Americans regarded her. All this is well, and should touch us profoundly; but it need not surprise us. The nearness of blood and community of language are not wisely counted on in a political way; but when simple feeling is in question—simple feeling in a matter over which no controversy can exist, then nearness of blood and community of language will surely tell. Beneath the differences of Government, the differences of place and many other differences of association, there is between the Americans and ourselves a great common heritage. Shakespeare and Milton are part of it, and Washington is part of it. What Englishman ever thinks of Washington as an enemy? We think of him simply as a great man, a noble character of our own race, and now Queen Victoria is part of this heritage of race and language.

COURTS GO INTO MOURNING.

Brussels, Jan. 24.—The Belgian Court will go into mourning for eight weeks.

Rome, Jan. 24.—King Victor Emmanuel has ordered that the Court go into mourning for a fortnight.

A SERVICE AT PATTI'S WELSH CASTLE.

London, Jan. 24.—At the suggestion of Adelina Patti (Baroness Rolf Cedarstrom), memorial services in honor of Queen Victoria, conducted by Father Bernard Vaughan, took place yesterday evening at Craig-y-Nos Castle, Wales. The musical portion was arranged by Mme. Patti, and was extremely beautiful. She and the barytone Santley sang.

For Mayor of New-York.

First Choice _____

Second Choice _____

Voter's Name _____

Address _____

TRIBUNE POPULAR BALLOT.

For Mayor of New-York.

Please cut out the ballot and forward it to THE TRIBUNE, naming both your first and second choice for the nomination for Mayor of New-York. Vote for anybody whom you may think fit and worthy. It makes no difference what his politics may be. To add interest to the plan, it is desired that each person shall select both a first and second choice. The names and addresses of voters are asked as a guarantee of good faith and to insure value for the result of the voting as a true expression of public opinion, but the names will not be published and will be treated as strictly confidential.

Readers are urged to indicate second choice as well as first. By doing this the voters may, perhaps, contribute toward an important result. It might appear, for instance, that some "second choice" candidate had a majority of all the votes, whereas the best that any "first choice" man could do would be to get a plurality, which would be a minority of all the votes cast.

Announcement of the present state of the balloting will be made to-morrow.

Address all ballots and nominations to

MAYORALTY CAMPAIGN, Tribune Office, New-York.

STORIES OF THE QUEEN.

MRS. CORNWALLIS-WEST RECALLS INCIDENTS FULL OF PATHOS.

London, Jan. 24.—At the request of a representative of The Associated Press, Mrs. George Cornwallis-West (who was Lady Randolph Churchill and, previous to her marriage, Miss Jennie Jerome, of New-York City), having had unusual opportunities of meeting Queen Victoria, has written the following:

I have been asked to give my personal reminiscences of Queen Victoria. So much has been written about Her Majesty—such a hymn of praise has burst forth from the whole civilized world—that even out of the fulness of one's heart, and had I one of the most eloquent of pens, it would be difficult to be anything but an echo. Still, it may be interesting to my countrymen to hear even my small note joining in this harmonious pæan as to her goodness—a goodness that was felt by all her people, as her greatness was apparent to all nations. To the American whose pulse beats quickly and whose brain works in unison the fulfilment of a high ideal, a noble life, must appeal with irresistible force. I am sure it is no exaggeration to say that the American people have placed Queen Victoria on as high a pedestal of virtue as their imagination can build. It is not for me to dilate on the qualities of her unique greatness. These will be immortalized by history. Still, I cannot refrain from saying that the great theme of all was her knowledge of and sympathy with human nature. When Colonel Towse recently went to Windsor to receive the Victoria Cross for a valorous deed by which he lost his eyesight, those present have since told me that as he advanced, led by his wife, toward the Queen, tears poured down her aged cheeks, and it was in a broken voice that she spoke to him. Few at eighty-one could forget their own dim and failing eyes for the blind ones of others.

The Queen may be counted on as one of the victims of the war. Every defeat, every unsuccessful skirmish the loss or wounding of any brave soldier, was personal to her. When I had the honor of seeing Her Majesty at Windsor, in December, 1899, before leaving for South Africa in the American hospital ship Maine, she evinced the greatest interest in all the details and fittings of the ship, and particularly as to the history of the hospital staff, doctors and nurses, whom she had received a few days previously. Several times she repeated to me:

"It is very good of the American people to subscribe for this ship, and I am most grateful to them for coming over and helping to take care of my sick and wounded."

I had not seen her for some years, and the melody of her wonderful voice and the fascination of her marvellous smile again came as a revelation to me. The most commanding presence and regal beauty could not have had a more thrilling effect upon one than this small figure bowed down with sorrows and age. Some years ago I was bidden to Windsor to receive from the Queen the Order of the Crown of India. It was a memorable day. The Queen, with one of the princesses and a lady in waiting, received me in a small room. She addressed a few kind words to me, to which, in my embarrassment, I made some inaudible answer; and then she proceeded to pin the order on my left shoulder. I remember that, my dress being thickly embroidered with jet, the pin could find no hold, and at last she stuck it straight into me. I could not hide what I felt, and the Queen was much concerned. But eventually the pin was put right, and I courtesied myself out. As I reached the door she called out, "You have forgotten the case," and held it out to me. I afterward said to the lady in waiting that I was afraid I had not comported myself properly, and she answered:

"You need not be troubled. I know the Queen felt more shy than you did."

At the opening of the Imperial Institute about ten years ago, the Queen sat on a throne in the middle of the huge hall, filled to overflowing, with a look of intense anxiety on her face. She had to make a speech; but, when she did so, her voice, soft and gentle as it was, never wavered, and it could be heard by all. Only great moral courage and capacity could have carried her through this ordeal.

Once again I remember the Queen, at her first Jubilee, sitting alone in the middle of the great nave in Westminster Abbey, a small, pathetic figure, surrounded by a vast assembly, their gaze riveted on her, while silent tears dropped one by one on her folded hands. What must have been the weight of her memory?

High and low, rich and poor, the whole English speaking race realize that they have lost in Queen Victoria the greatest of their sovereigns and the best of friends.

JENNIE CORNWALLIS-WEST.

THE QUEEN'S LAST ILLNESS.

GRADUAL PROGRESS OF THE AILMENTS THAT FINALLY PROVED FATAL.

London, Jan. 24.—"The British Medical Journal" publishes an authoritative account of the last illness of Queen Victoria. It says the Queen's health for a year had been failing, with symptoms mainly of a dyspeptic kind, accompanied by impaired nutrition and periods of insomnia, and later there were slight transitory attacks of aphasia. In the general arterial system there were remarkably few signs of age.

After alluding to the symptoms of somnolence increasing the cerebral exhaustion which Her Majesty's strong will enabled her to hide from momentary visitors, "The Medical Journal" confirms The Associated Press's information, saying that on Thursday her mental confusion was more marked, and a slight fluttering was observed in the right side of her face. Thence forward aphasia and facial paralysis were permanent.

It is important to note, "The Medical Journal" adds, that notwithstanding the great bodily weakness and cerebral exhaustion, the heart's action was steadily maintained to the last. The pulse was always regular and the temperature normal. In the last few hours paralysis of the pulmonary nerves set in. Beyond a slight facial fluttering, there never was any motor paralysis.

HER LOVE FOR PRINCE ALBERT.

Berlin, Jan. 24.—The "Berliner Neueste Nachrichten" quotes the following from Baron von Bunsen:

In 1845 Court etiquette had thrust the Prince Consort somewhat into the background, and a toast by King Frederick William IV, first to the Queen and then to her "most august spouse," deeply affected Queen Victoria, who at the first compliment bowed, and at the second bowed very low. Her eyes sparkled with tears, and as the King sat down she bent over and kissed him on the cheek, and then sat down herself, beaming with joy.

THE SULTAN MUCH AFFECTED.

Constantinople, Jan. 24.—The Sultan, who is much affected by the death of Queen Victoria, has telegraphed King Edward VII expressions of sympathy at his loss and felicitations on his accession.

Signs of mourning are general here. The heads of the various faiths have telegraphed condolences to the Archbishop of Canterbury, notably the Armenian Patriarch, who telegraphed that the Queen's name was immortalized. The newspapers deplore Her Majesty's death as that of a sincere friend of Turkey.

SIGNS OF SORROW IN PRETORIA.

Pretoria, Jan. 24.—Signs of sorrow over the death of the Queen are everywhere visible. Even the burghers show a respectful sympathy. It has been suggested by influential burghers that an amnesty proposal would have the effect of greatly hastening the return of peace.

THE CZAR LEAVES LIVADIA.

St. Petersburg, Jan. 24.—The Czar left Livadia yesterday on the royal yacht, taking a train for Sebastopol, leaving in the evening for St. Petersburg, where the Court goes in mourning.

CONDITION OF EMPRESS FREDERICK.

Homburg, Jan. 24.—The condition of the Empress Dowager Frederick continues satisfactory. Lately she has not suffered any pain, but this does not imply improvement. However, Her Majesty's sorrow and personal loss owing to the death of the Queen has been borne with comparative fortitude.

On Sale To-day; Price, 25 Cents.

The Tribune's "Story of the Nineteenth Century," in pamphlet form, splendidly illustrated.

GRIP

A great many people will be interested in seeing the form of the grip bacillus which appears in the border of this article. In the ten years or more since the Russian grip first invaded this country, it has proved fatal to hundreds of thousands of people. From 1889 to the date of the present epidemic, it is said that in New York State alone more than 52,000 deaths have been caused by grip. The present epidemic seems to be more disastrous in its results and even more wide spread than that which introduced the disease to this country and added a new word to the popular vocabulary. "What is grip?" people asked when the term first came into use. It took little time for the public to realize that this disease was more fatal than small-pox and more to be dreaded by reason of its after consequences. Small-pox scars the skin, but leaves the body strong. Grip leaves no outward scars, but so undermines the physical strength that it leaves the system a prey to any chance disease. It commonly results in chronic debility and frequently is followed by insanity.

The use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will not only result in a quick cure of grip, but will generally prevent the disastrous after effects which are often more to be dreaded than the disease itself, painful as that is. Persons suffering from grip need to build up the body and fortify it against the after consequences of this peculiar malady. This can be effectually done by the use of "Golden Medical Discovery." It restores the vigor and vitality of the body—gives new blood and new life.

"Last spring I had a severe attack of La Grippe," writes Miss Ency M. Van Wey, of Mitchellcreek, Tioga Co., Penn'a," and was under treatment of one of the best physicians in this part of the country from March until in July, and although greatly benefited by his treatment yet I was left in a miserable condition. Nervous prostration seemed to be the leading trouble; was very despondent; would awake mornings with a dull, heavy pain over my eyes; had bilious headache a great share of the time; great distress after eating; stomach would bloat and I was very weak. The least exertion would completely tire me out. I was advised to try Dr. Pierce's medicines. I wrote a letter of consultation to the Doctor and received a prompt and very satisfactory reply. I immediately bought a bottle of 'Golden Medical Discovery' and one of 'Favorite Prescription,' also a vial of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, and took them as directed. By the time I had taken two-thirds of these medicines I felt such a decided change for the better that I bought half-a-dozen bottles more—three of 'Golden Medical Discovery' and three of 'Favorite Prescription.' I can truly say that I feel better than in five years before. One by one my symptoms gradually disappeared. No more weakness, despondency, nor blues. Am well and happy, and I truly thank God that Dr. Pierce has been permitted to live to prepare and send out such valuable medicines for the relief of suffering humanity. I would say to all sufferers, 'Write to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, then give Dr. Pierce's medicines a thorough trial, and it is my sincere belief that you will just as sure get your health as that day follows night."

The source of all physical strength is food, which after digestion is converted into nutrition and in the form of blood becomes the sustenance of the body. When disease attacks the stomach or other organs of digestion and nutrition, or when the stomach is "weak," as it is after an attack of disease like the grip, the whole body is weak because of lack of nutrition. The only way to gain strength is by nourishing the body, and the only way to nourish the body is to enable the assimilation of food by strengthening the "weak" stomach and curing the diseases of the stomach and digestive and nutritive tracts. This is perfectly accomplished by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It does not make strength, no medicine can do that, because all strength is made from food properly digested and assimilated. It is by enabling the perfect digestion and asimilation of food that "Golden Medical Discovery" restores physical strength and sound health. No matter what organ is affected by disease through stomach weakness and lack of nutrition, whether heart, lungs, kidneys, liver, or any other organ, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery may be relied upon in almost all cases to give strength and health. It always helps. It almost always cures.

"I feel very grateful for the home-treatment given me by the World's Dispensary Medical Association," writes T. J. F. Brown, Esq., of Sands, Watauga Co., N. C. "I had catarrh for several years, then took Grip, and had hemorrhage from the lungs. I had the best medical attention, but only to bring partial relief. I got up for a few months, but had more hemorrhages. I took Dr. K——'s Discovery (twenty-five or thirty bottles), but in a few months I had more spells of bleeding. I wrote to Dr. Pierce and received directions what kind of medicine to use; I commenced taking his 'Golden Medical Discovery' and Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. I had only taken one bottle when I could see I was improving. I used three bottles of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and five bottles of the 'Discovery.' I have been able to do any kind of labor for more than twelve months. Well, I just simply owe my life to the World's Dispensary Medical Association."

Sick people are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter, free. All correspondence is held as strictly private and confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

The dealer who tries to palm off a substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery," does so in order to make the little more profit paid by the sale of less meritorious preparations. Insist on having Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and take nothing else.

21 CENTS' WORTH OF STAMPS

Will pay the postage on a FREE copy of Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. This great medical work contains more than a thousand large pages and over 700 illustrations. It is sent FREE on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing ONLY. Send 21 one-cent stamps for the book in paper covers, or 31 stamps for the cloth-bound volume.

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