THOUSANDS

are suffering from kidney trouble and do not know what ails them. They may have either rheumatism, dropsy, headache, backache, bad breath, bad temper, sick stomach, swollen feet, puffed face, sleeplessness, brain fag, loss of courage, melancholy, or any of the one hundred and one troubles that arise from disordered kidneys.

Bu-Ju The Kidney Pill, will cure any and all of these troubles, because it attacks the seat of the disease and then the symptoms disappear. Why suffer and be a burden to yourself and everyone around you when you might be cured at so small an expense and so little trouble? You take no chances.

Bu-Ju, The Kidney Pill

is guaranteed to cure kidney troubles. It is within the reach of all. Thousands have been cured. Why not you? Begin today.

Bu-Ju is for sale by druggists, or will be sent by mail on receipt of price; 50c per box.

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KIDNEY TROUBLE

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Doan's Kidney Pills.

Mr. Benjamin Brooks, a well-known farmer of West Cape, P.E.I., tells of how his son was cured of Kidney Disease, and how he was cured of Backache.

The First Sign of Kidney Trouble.

He says: "Our little boy was troubled with kidney disease. We had tried many kinds of kidney pills but they only helped for a time. We got Doan's Kidney Pills and one box effected a perfect cure. About six weeks after this I caught a very bad cold that settled in my kidneys. My back was so sore I could hardly walk. I went to the drug store and got a box, took them according to directions and the result was that my back was completely cured. I believe they are the best kidney pill on the market to-day."

There is not a kidney trouble from Backache to Bright's Disease that Doan's Kidney Pills will not relieve or cure. The price is 50 cts. per box, or 3 boxes for $1.25 and may be procured at all dealers or from

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The Leading Auctioneer.

SACRIFICING WOMEN.

Japan, The High Priestess Of Patriotism.

Scribner's.

Much is being told in Japan of the devotion of the people left at home. The women let their hair go undressed once a month that they may contribute the price of the dressing—five sen. A gentleman discovered that every servant in his household was contributing out of his wages each month, and in consequence he offered to raise wages just the amount each servant was giving away. The answer was: "Sir, we cannot allow that; it is an honor for us to give, and it would be you who would be doing our duty for us to Japan."

A Japanese lady apologized profusely for being late at dinner. She had been to the station to see her son off for the front, where already were three of her sons. Said another straightway: "How fortunate to be able to give four sons to Japan."

Hundreds and thousands of families are denying themselves one meal a day that they may give more to their country. One rich merchant, who has already given 100,000 yen, has cut off one meal, and will live on one the rest of his life for the sake of Japan.

On every gateway is posted a red slab where a man has gone to the war, marked "Gone to the front"—to be supplanted with a black one—"Bravery forever"—should he be brought home dead. And when he is brought home dead his body is received at the station by his kin with proud faces and no tears. The Roman mother has come back to earth again. And it is the Japanese mother who makes Japan the high priestess of patriotism.

"Thought governs action"
Before buying your tea, just think whether it won't pay you to try Blue Ribbon

IN ISOLATION

A MODERN AND REFINED SYSTEM OF CRUELTY

Says M. S. Burnette—Modern Primitive Systems Far Behind That of Pentateuch — More Guards Needed—Should Be No Dungeon.

Kingston, June 8.—(To the Editor): I wrote the subjoined communication about a year since, upon the occasion of the death, by suicide, in the Kingston penitentiary of a convict confined in the prison of isolation; I have not handed it sooner to the Whig for publication, because I thought that some might construe the same as an attack upon this institution which it is in no sense intended to be. I am attacking a system not any particular institution, and our penitentiary as respects the subject matter is neither better nor worse than the prisons in the United States, or England. Further, I am too much tarred with gritism myself to desire to attack any branch under the control of the present liberal government. The article speaks for itself, and shows no personal criticism is intended.—M. S. B.

Every nation, since the dawn of human history, has claimed to be the most highly civilized, and so the province of Ontario boasts of an advanced place in the scale of civilization, but really with England and the United States occupies, perhaps a place not too high; the proof of this is to be found in the fact that it believes in and practises a refined system of cruelty and torture. I know not in how many of the so-called highly civilized nations of the world the prison of isolation is to be found, but I do know, at least to my own satisfaction, that any state that makes use of such a torture-house is not properly civilized. But some will say that human nature is so desperately bad and incorrigible that such a place as the dungeon-house is needed; I do not believe it. Again, some will affirm that such a place exercises a deterrent effect upon the convicts, and so subserves a beneficial purpose. This may or may not be so, but if so, is not a sufficient justification for the use of such a place.

As we turn the pages of history we stand revolted at the cruelties and tortures inflicted by different peoples upon the victims of their power. Byron thought that the descent of the Northern Barbarians upon the ancient, wealthy and cultured city of Rome was a punishment upon her for the torture she inflicted upon certain classes of her populace, and so, in describing a gladiatorial contest in the Coliseum, he exclaims, "Butchered, to make a Roman holiday! Arise ye Goths—and glut your ire!" Suppose the great English poet on a divine day in June like unto this upon which I write, were to take a boat on the Ontario, a more beautiful sea than any of which he ever wrote, and in sailing by the Kingston penitentiary, which looks so finely from the lake, should be told that amidst all this splendid setting of nature, there was before him an institution that had within its walls every device known to the wit of man in the line of cruelty and torture. Think you not that great souls would indite an other "Prisoner of Chillon?" I wonder how many of the readers of the Whig ever entered through the open door of a prison of isolation.

Some years since, while on a visit to the county jail at Ottawa, one of the officials took me to the "dark cell," and bade me enter. As I stood within the four walls of that horrible place, in a darkness that could be felt and in a silence worse than the grave, I felt my reason leaving her throne, and I wonder not that the unfortunate victim of the tragedy in our prison of isolation a few weeks since sought death by suicide as a merciful relief from the horrors of dungeon-house. We Anglo-Saxons boast of our power and prowess, but there is an element of savagery and cruelty in our make-up that will yet be broken on the wheel of war and revolution, and should be. We are not a whit better as to all these awful scenes of carnage, cruelty and torture than were those of the worst ages of which history has given any annals. The tortures known as the "water cure," inflicted by the soldiers and generals of the United States armies in the Philippines are equal to any thing recorded of the Spanish inquisition, or the surpassing cruelties of the Roman emperors in the worst days of Rome. And so the jury empannelled on the coroner's inquest at the death of the convict consigned to the "punishment cell," a milder form of the dungeon, reported that "they had no criticism to pass upon any one." Several weeks have elapsed and the pulpit and the press of this city of churches have entered no protest against this relic of barbarism, and have said no word concerning that soul summoned before its time in the presence of the Great Judge of the universe. Could any thing afford a greater proof of the calloused conscience and the hardened heart of this sordid and materialistic age.

Proudon tells us that all private property is the fruit of robbery, and, reduced to its last analysis, I think the statement of this great publicist is correct. But it will be said that the suicide was justly sent to prison for violating the law, the divine law, if you like, of private property, and that he made a murderous assault upon a guard—admit it all, and yet there is no justification for his incarceration even in the punishment cells, or the dungeon. The law, in its wisdom, has provided a mode of procedure for those who make a murderous assault, and it is, that they may be indicted and brought to trial before the regular tribunals of their country, and if declared guilty, receive an adequate punishment. I will not here discuss who are the authors of the mode of punishment known as that of the prison of isolation further than to say that it is the result of the united act of the community, and that it is the system that I desire to criticise, rather than any single individual who may have been an instrument in the execution of the details of the system. When any thing disastrous happens, as the suicide now under review, we are all very prone to seek shelter under a personal criticism of the official, as the warden of the penitentiary, instead of putting the blame where it really belongs, upon our own shoulders. We seem to forget that at all times, and under all circumstances, systems are of more importance than individual actors, and that our stricture should be directed against ourselves as constituting that great body corporate out of which everything proceeds. Let the people of this province, of all creeds and classes, bear in mind that they are responsible for the suicide of this convict, and not the head of that penal institution only. The subject of prison reform has engaged the best minds of the age for a considerable time, and it is a gratifying fact to know that much reform has come about in the matter. Humaneness has characterized many features of prison reform. I am one of those who believe, rightly or wrongly, that there is not one convict in the Kingston prison, or any other prison, who is not there as the result of the crimes of society at large upon its weaker members. Men go to prison because the world is framed along the lines of the survival of the fittest, and because the selfishness of human nature has created conditions that have deprived many persons of that environment that would have made of them intelligent and respectable members of the community. This being so, prison discipline should be made as easy and as humane as is consistent with the public safety. I can find an example for us to follow in the punative systems as laid down in the Pentateuch, for we make the greatest possible mistake when we imagine that we have improved upon the systems, in any aspect of society, as formulated under the Mosaic code. This may not seem flattering to an optimistic and an ignorant age, but it is the truth nevertheless. I would like to know if to turn a key upon a man behind the prison door, and thus shut him from light and liberty, is not sufficient punishment for anyone? When a great crime is committed, like the assault in the prison, an investigation should be held, and the statements of all concerned heard and printed in the press, so that the facts may come out, and the public have a knowledge and so a judgment. No summary punishment like the torture of the dungeon-house should be permitted, and there should be a sufficiency of guards, and last place where the public service should be crippled is in a place like the Kingston penitentiary. I close as I began. We have no right to torture a human being, and it matters not what he has done. Two wrongs do not make one right. Take a man's head off slick and clean, if necessary, but do not torture. The Southern States and also some of the northern ones, in some localities, should again be broken on the wheel of war, if nothing else will teach them common lessons of humanity. I well know the reasons that are urged for these harsh measures. My friend, Dr. Phelan tells me that the prison authorities must protect themselves, that these desperate measures are necessary, because it is a desperate class with which they have at times to deal, that society must be protected from the criminal class and all that; that none but prison officials know how they are tried and so forth. Kingston as seen from the water at a considerable distance, presents an imposing appearance. To the stranger it would seem to be a city of a hundred thousand. Its domes and spires point the nearest way to heaven and blaze with a resplendence that suggests as far as earthly scenes may be allowed to suggest, a fine phrase of Hawthorne, as he speaks of those who catch "the distant shine of the celestial city." Its halls of learning are famous, and its natural beauty beyond the portrayal of the ordinary pen. In this glorious season of the summer-tide, at this gate-way to the Thousand Isles, while thousands of people of two nationalities were bathing their senses in every delightful bounty of nature, there lay in the dungeon-cell of this fair city, one whose reason was soon to come crashing to the dungeon-floor. Has the offended law been vindicated by the tragic death of this unfortunate convict? Perhaps so, but in my opinion at too great a cost. I would seek milder means. I would have shorter terms of imprisonment, I would have less numbers of prisoners confined within the walls of any particular penal institution, and with my friend, Mr. Corbett would have prisons constructed in ward systems, to the end that convicts might be set apart in classes. We must all confess that prison discipline as conducted in England, Canada and the United States, not to speak of other countries, is largely a failure, and that confinement in those institutions tends to make convicts worse rather than better. The subject is a large one, and a difficult one, and I should like to see it discussed in the columns of the Whig. But whatever we do or do not do, let us abolish the torture cells, as a feature that cannot commend itself to the enlightened conscience of the twentieth century.

TALK IT OVER

Yes, talk over the question of the best food to give your baby with every one who can help you. Especially talk it over with your doctor. You may have been fortunate during the past Summer, but you know of very many mothers who have had serious trouble with their children because the right food could not be found for them. You remember the experiments they made, the constant change from milk to one food or another, and the struggle and danger which it all meant.

We will send you, free of charge, a trial package of Nestle's Food sufficient for eight meals.

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Schools For Dogs.

A school for dogs is the latest development of the educational movement. It has been established in Paris with the object of teaching, not letters, but politeness. The schoolroom is furnished with chairs, tables, and rugs, to give the necessary "local colour" to the surroundings. The dog pupils are trained to welcome visitors by jumping up, wagging the tail, and giving a low bark. When the visitor leaves, the dog accompanies him to the door and bows his farewell by bending his head to the floor. He is trained likewise to pick up a handkerchief, glove, or fan, that has been dropped, and return it to the owner. He is taught further to walk with "proud and prancing steps" when out with his mistress.

Saratoga's Beginning.

The Mohawk Indians met in solemn council and decided to convey Sir William Johnson to Saratoga that he might imbibe the waters of the mineral springs, and gain relief from his chronic illness. It was a great concession to their "beloved white brother," for never had white man known of the springs. Sir William lived in a bark hut and partook of the bubbling medicine of Nature, to such good effect that he was able to return home on foot. That was in 1767. Saratoga has had one hundred and thirty-six "seasons" each bringing improvements and additions until the great American spa has every convenience of the twentieth century.

Broken Leg Brings Fortune.

Through overwhelming competition a merchant at Munich, Bavaria, was compelled some months ago to declare himself insolvent. He and his family were penniless, and the climax of misfortune came when he fell and broke his leg.

While lying a hopeless sufferer he, however, discovered a new method of setting a broken leg, and doctors at once pronounced his apparatus to be of the first importance. A few weeks later patents were taken out in different countries and a company was floated.

When the merchant recovered he was paid £15,000 for his discovery, and has been made a director of the undertaking.

By the time a man thoroughly understands the ways of a woman he is so old that he doesn't care anything about them.

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