SECOND SECTION. PAGES 7 TO 12

THE DAILY BRITISH WHIG.

72ND YEAR. KINGSTON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1905. NO. 23.

People Who Enjoy Being Sick.

Nine Persons Out of Ten Have Kidney Trouble—Warner's Safe Cure is the Only Positive Cure.

There are thousands of men and women going about the world today with kidney trouble, who are apt to die at any moment of Bright's disease, diabetes or blood poison.

They evidently enjoy being sick and subject to sudden death, because they don't or won't even take the trouble to find out what's the matter with them.

Some of them don't suffer enough—they think it's "nothing much and will wear off of itself." Kidney disease never cures itself.

Others have doctored so much and are so completely discouraged that they have made up their minds there is no hope for them anyway; the doctor has told them they must die, and at last they believe him.

And yet thousands upon thousands every year, even in the most advanced stages of kidney trouble, when too sick and weak to move in bed, even when the shades of death are hovering near, have been cured—literally snatched from the grave.— by Warner Safe Cure.

LOOK TO YOUR KIDNEYS.

If the morning urine becomes cloudy, containing a brick dust sediment, or if particles float about in it when it stands in a glass or bottle 24 hours, it is absolutely certain evidence that your kidneys have been diseased for months. You need Warner Safe Cure, and need it quickly. It will purify, tone-up and strengthen the kidneys, so that they will do their work properly, and then you will feel and look well all through.

Don't tamper with your kidneys by delay; don't snuff out the last chance of permanent cure by taking the dangerous, useless doctrines sold as "kidney cures." Warner Safe Cure is the only scientific, certain cure. It's recommended by doctors, and sold by druggists everywhere at $1.00 a bottle. You should have our medical booklet; it's free.

TRIAL BOTTLE FREE.

To convince every sufferer from diseases of the kidneys, liver, bladder and blood, that Warner's Safe Cure will cure them, a trial bottle will be sent absolutely free, postpaid to any address. Also free doctor's advice, and a medical booklet which tells all about these diseases, with a prescription for each, and contains many of the thousands of testimonials received daily from grateful patients who have been cured by Safe Cure. All you have to do is write Warner's Safe Cure Co., 44 Lombard St., Toronto, Ont., and mention name of this paper. The genuineness of this offer is guaranteed by the publisher.

PURE FOOD INSURES GOOD HEALTH

MAGIC BAKING POWDER INSURES PURE FOOD.

E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED TORONTO, ONT.

DR. WEAVER'S TREATMENT.

WEAVER'S SYRUP
For Humors
Salt Rheum
Scrofulous Swellings, etc.

WEAVER'S CERATE
Cleanses the Skin
Beautifies the Complexion.

Combined, these preparations act powerfully upon the system, completely eradicating the Poison in the blood.

Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., Montreal.

CALLING CARDS
ENGRAVED FROM
COPPER PLATE

The British Whig

NO NEED TO SEND OUT OF TOWN FOR ENGRAVED CARDS

WHIG WORK IS GOOD WORK

WE ALSO DO
STEEL DIE EMBOSSING

LET ME HAVE YOUR SALE

And I will guarantee you satisfactory results. We don't brag, but perform the work. Nothing sacrificed, but your best interest studied.

W. J. MURRAY, The Auctioneer.

BROADBRIM'S

Letter From Greater New York.

HIS SUMMARY

OF RUSSIA'S PRESENT DREADFUL CONDITION.

He Looks For Revolutions, as all Faiths Are United to Stamp Out Oppression, And Make Russia Free.

(Special Correspondence. Letter 1,444.)

New York, Jan. 27.—The United States is now called upon to face a crisis on which the lives and happiness of millions depend. While I write

THOMAS KAY NIEDRINGHAUS.
The central figure in the Missouri senatorial contest.

Russia, the greatest empire on which the sun rises and sets; is in an incipient state of revolution; over a hundred thousand fighting men are enriching the soil of Manchuria with their blood, and that victory may perch upon his banners, one of the mightiest fleets that ever sailed the sea is sweeping on its mission of vengeance, the czar having declared his intention to wipe the empire of Japan from the face of the earth. But while seeking for a victory which he has never achieved, and the firm establishment of an empire, which he has continually disgraced, he suddenly finds himself confronted by the spirit of revolution, and despite the Wands with their swords and the Cossacks with their spears, who surround the winter palace, a spirit of revolution rises more dreadful in its certainty that any war he was ever call-

UNITED STATES SENATOR JOHN H. MITCHELL.
Of Oregon, who has been indicted for alleged connection with the land frauds unearthed in the North-West.

ed upon to meet, and like the ghost of Banquo the spirit will not down, except it is dedged in the purest revolution blood that was ever shed in the holy cause of human liberty. It is no longer a question of the massacre of a race. While the persecution of the Jews may have helped to accentuate the revolution, it is beyond any faith, Christian, Jewish or Pagan. It is deeper seated than any popular uprising that the empire has been called upon to encounter. The Russians who have been dragged from their homes to become targets for Japanese bullets, as they sink dying in the different strongholds that the Japanese have rescued from their power, these wretched exiles are left dying on the battlefields by hundreds and thousands, their vision turning back to the Cericassior and Corcassior mountains in the homes of their dreaded Enlands, and the cruel Cossacks of the Don, those forced fighters have no sympathy with the power that has sentenced them to death and their dying curse is the last human effort as they pass the gates that divide eternity from time.

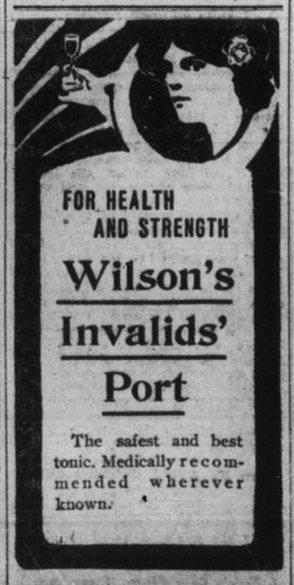
A week has hardly passed since one of the most magnificent assemblages of the empire was gathered on the banks of the Neva to celebrate its annual blessing which is a fete that excels any other civil or religious holiday known to the empire. The czar was there surrounded by such a distinguished and glittering escort as few other rulers on the face of the earth can evoke. With the firing of a salute from one of the royal forts which was in charge of an honored section of the empire's body guard, whose officers were especially from the most loyal families in the empire, the emperor approaches, the czar stands on the holy spot dedicated to thankfulness and prayer; near him is the metropolitan, who, has come down escorted by hundreds of priests from his sacred quarters at Moscow. The emperor raises his hand as a signal that all is ready for the festival to begin. The metropolitan is about to ask the blessings of God on the sacred river, when a thundering salute is fired from the royal fort below. It brings no message of thankfulness and praise, it was a message from hell. A terrible shell burst amidst the royal cortege and nearly threatened death to the czar. The flying bullets tore the windows and walls and on the instant it is realized that it was an attempt to assassinate the czar in one of the scenes of his greatest glory. Instantly a body of Cossacks dash down toward the fort to arrest all conspirators within reach. When the commander of the fort learned of the great crime, he blew his brains out; he was followed by his lieutenant and several subordinates and the authorities are now making a rapid investigation on whom to fix the crime.

While this scene was going on at Neva, a Russian priest, whose name will live on records of human liberty as long as time shall last, is gathering around him in the streets of St. Petersburg, thousands and thousands of working men who represent the muscle and brawn of the laboring classes of Russia. Father Gapon, the chosen leader of freedom's host has been many times arrested by the authorities, for his revolutionary speeches and has been given to understand that unless he abandons the cause which he has chosen, death, swift and terrible, may be the penalty. But death has no terrors for this loyal priest; he tells the authorities he is not there to fight, but he is ready to die, if needful. The spirit that animates the leader runs through the entire host of that mighty and devoted army. They bear no arms or bombs which threaten destruction and death; they look for their protection in the hour of peril to "The God Who Feedeth the Raven and Maketh the Sparrow Fall." The world is counting the possibilities of the coming hour. Will fate strike her last blow? We shall see.

By a complex working of destiny, we of the United States in the present have a more intimate and perilous interest in Russia's deadly peril than any other nation on the face of the earth. Russians who are subject to military duty are pouring in upon us by thousands. Over seven thousand arrived last week and in a short time nineteen hundred have been deported back to Russia as immigrants of a character that were apt to become a public charge. If the thousands of Russians who desire to come here, were permitted to land at our ports, all our public charities would be hampered; our Christian and Jewish charities are solely taxed at present. It is terrible to think of what will become of these unfortunate refugees when they reach their prison in Russia. God help them, but self preservation is the first law of nature among nations as well as men.

I sicken to tell the story which has occupied the attention of New York for the past week, where John Platt has sat in court with his colored paramour on whose charm he lavished the frightful sum of six hundred and fifty thousand dollars. I have often thought that the confessions of Rousseau were the ne plus ultra of human baseness and degradation. In ancient or modern literature, it has had no parallel up to the present time. Eighteen years ago he took her and has lavished on her a golden stream, that in a short time, amounted to nearly three-quarters of a million dollars. The records of Aspasia and Phynne are put to shame. As far as history informs us, no such reward was paid for human prostitution before. It has been a most fortunate find for the lawyers and for everyone else who could get a pull at her strong box. One lawyer got $20,000 and even ex-Governor Black, of the great state of New York accepted a retainer of $10,000, which was money that this colored harlot had fleeced from old John Platt. But we are brought face to face with another phase of this shameful story. Andrew H. Greene, the most trusted comptroller that New York ever had was killed by the assassin, Davis, in mistake for old John Platt. Mr. Greene was the guardian of many estates, amounting in the aggregate to millions; his sudden death brings to light the villainy of his trusted lawyer, one Andrews, who has fled to parts unknown. What a pity that the bullet which killed Andrew H. Greene, did not send to the happy hunting grounds the old villain, John H. Platt.

—BROADBRIM.



J. Thompson, Agent, Kingston.

A CRISIS IN WOMAN'S LIFE.

There Are Backaches and Headaches And Days When Life Seems Scarcely Worth Living.

There comes a time in the life of all women when they are face to face with a grave crisis; when there are distressing backaches, headaches, dizziness, when even some women are threatened with the loss of their reason; when they suffer because they are women. The happiness of women for the rest of their lives depends upon being safely tided over this crisis. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have proved a blessing to women at all ages, and are particularly valuable at two critical periods—when girlhood is merging into womanhood and when women are approaching the turn of life. These pills make the rich, red blood that stimulates all the organs of the body, expels disease and makes the weary sufferer bright, active and strong. Mrs. A. Jones, Cypress River, Man., says: "Out of gratefulness I feel that I must let you know the good Dr. Williams Pink Pills have done me. For years I suffered from inflammation of the womb and kindred troubles. Only those who have been similarly afflicted can tell how much I suffered, or how dreary life seemed. I tried many medicines but none of them helped me. Then I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I am grateful now for that advice, for after using about a dozen boxes every symptom of the trouble disappeared and life again seemed worth living. It is now several years since, I took the pills and as there has been no sign of the trouble since, I feel safe in saying the cure is permanent."

What these pills have done for Mrs. Jones they will do for all suffering women if given a fair trial. But you must get the genuine with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail post paid at 50c. a box or six boxes for $2.50 by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

President To Go A-Visiting.

Special to the Whig.

Washington, D.C., Jan. 28.—President Roosevelt kept his secretaries and assistants busy to-day cleaning up all business of a routine character preparatory to an absence of several days from the White House. To-night the president is expected to attend the Gridiron Club dinner, and to-morrow being Sunday, there will naturally be no business transacted. Monday morning the president will take a trip to Annapolis, to attend the graduation exercises at the naval academy. From Annapolis a trip will be made to Philadelphia, where Mr. Roosevelt will attend a dinner of the Union League and also deliver an address at the semi-centennial celebration of the Philadelphia Y. M. C. A.

A "Slight Cold," cough, hoarseness, or sore throat, if neglected, frequently results in an incurable lung disease, or chronic throat trouble. Brown's Bronichial Troches give prompt and effective relief. Sold only in boxes.

People often stop to listen to the peal of a church bell. They are also stopped sometimes by the peel of a banana.

Potatoes. Crawford.

A man can be in politics and be honest, but he can't stay in.

THE VALUE OF CHARCOAL.

Few People Know How Useful It Is In Preserving Health And Beauty.

Nearly everybody knows that charcoal is the safest and most efficient disinfectant and purifier in nature, but few realize its value when taken into the human system for the same cleansing purpose.

Charcoal is a remedy that the more you take of it the better; it is not a drug at all, but simply absorbs the gases and impurities always present in the stomach and intestines and carries them out of the system.

Charcoal sweetens the breath after smoking, drinking or after eating onions and other odorous vegetables.

Charcoal effectually clears and improves the complexion, it whitens the teeth and further acts as a natural and eminently safe cathartic.

It absorbs the injurious gases which collect in the stomach and bowels; it disinfects the mouth and throat from the poison of catarrh.

All druggists sell charcoal in one form or another, but probably the best charcoal and the most for the money is in Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges; they are composed of the finest powdered Willow charcoal, and other harmless antiseptics in tablet form or rather in the form of large, pleasant tasting lozenges, the charcoal being mixed with honey.

The daily use of these lozenges will soon tell in a much improved condition of the general health; better complexion, sweeter breath and purer blood, and the beauty of it is, that no possible harm can result from their continued use, but on the contrary, great benefit.

A Buffalo physician in speaking of the benefits of charcoal, says: "I advise Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges to all patients suffering from gas in stomach and bowels, and to clear the complexion and purify the breath, mouth and throat; I also believe the liver is greatly benefited by the daily use of them; they cost but twenty-five cents a box at drug stores, and although in some sense a patent preparation, yet I believe I get more and better charcoal in Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges than in any of the ordinary charcoal tablets."

MME. RISTORI

FAMOUS ITALIAN TRAGEDIENNE IS EIGHTY-THREE

She Rivalled Rachel—Retired Twenty-five Years Ago—In Private Life Is Marchioness Del Grillo—Is Happy With Her Children.

ADELAIDE RISTORI.

Special to the Whig.

Rome, Jan. 28.—To-morrow will be the eighty-third birthday of Adelaide Ristori, the famous Italian actress, and she is already in receipt of a flood of congratulatory messages, many of them coming from America, where she achieved her greatest histrionic triumphs.

Ristori was born at Cividale, Italy, on January 29th, 1822. After achieving fame in her native country she made her first appearance in Paris in 1855, winning popular favour and becoming a rival of the celebrated Rachel. Her subsequent receptions in other countries, especially in America, were enthusiastic. Among her leading parts were Maria Stuart, Francesca da Rimini, Myrrha, Phoedra, Judith and Lady Macbeth. The last character she played in America with Edwin Booth. She retired from the stage a quarter of a century ago.

In private life Mme. Ristori is the Marchioness del Grillo. Her husband, to whom she was passionately devoted, died some years ago. The marchioness is one of the most honored women in Rome. Her only son, Marquis Giorgio, has for years been one of Queen Margnarita's gentlemen-in-waiting, the queen mother showing the utmost deference to his aged mother, going occasionally to see her and always distinguishing her by her notice when the two are in the same room. Mme. Ristori has also a daughter, Donna Bianca, who is of quite exceptional beauty, and is her mother's stay and comfort, accompanying her everywhere.

The celebrated actress is now a little old woman, with pronounced features, sparkling dark eyes, and hair that is still abundant. Her hands, covered with magnificent rings and with silk mits, are as eloquent as ever, and as she uses them to emphasize her meaning, and her beautiful modulated voice rises and falls, one can realize even now, glimpses of where her power lay in the past.

Her daily life is simple in the extreme. She rises somewhat late, after a cup of coffee in bed, and, if the day is fine, goes for a drive in a closed carriage together with Donna Bianca. She returns after an hour or two, has her grandchildren in to amuse her and about noon they all have lunch together. After lunch she rests, and usually does not go out again. In the evening she seldom goes out, except to the theatre, and there she is often to be seen, especially on first nights. She made a special effort when King Edward was in Rome last year, and went to the English embassy on purpose to be presented to his majesty, whose father had been one of her most fervent admirers.

England Through African Eyes.

Ham Mukasa, the private secretary to the Katikiro, or prime minister of Uganda, during their tour of England at the time of King Edward's coronation, took copious notes on all he saw, which subsequently he embodied in a book. His observations appear in the February Booklovers' Magazine and command attention by their naivete and unexpected shrewdness. As the two had never before been beyond the borders of theair own native state in Central Africa, the "marvelous things of the English" aroused their keen interest, but were mostly "not understandable."

Ham Mukasa could not reconcile himself to the waltz and two-step. "I saw how the Europeans dance to the piano, a thing which they like to do very much. When they dance they jump up and down and twist round, men and women holding on to each other in pairs; for my own part I preferred the music to the dancing. I thought it was very wrong for a man and woman to hold on to one another and dance together; these dances are like the bait which is on a fish-hook."

It would be hard to find a more picturesque and graphic description of the coronation ceremonies in Westminster Abbey, which Mukasa details at length and concludes: "When the crown rested on the head of the king all the peers put on their coronets and cheered with a loud voice, and the electric lights were turned up all over the building and flashed out; and the organ and violins and flutes and bugles and drums all sounded, and the singers sang, and it was a marvellous thing, and one's hair stood on end on account of the exceeding great glory!"

Potatoes. Crawford.

Eight Reasons

Why we think

Red Rose Tea

Is the best Tea in Canada have been published in this paper.

Have they been convincing enough to induce you to try the Tea?

If they have the advertising has done all that was expected. The Tea must do the rest, and I think it will.

If you have not yet tried the Tea you will perhaps be interested in learning that several more reasons are yet to follow.

They will be interesting and well worth reading.

T. H. ESTABROOKS, St. John, N. B.
Branches: Toronto, Winnipeg.

Children's Coats

Sharply Reduced in Price

Think of it! The great January reductions mean that you buy a prettily TAILORED GIRL'S MANTLE, full of style and daintiness, at much less than the cost of the materials alone—this, too, just when most needed—the coldest time of the year.

DECISIVE SAVINGS IN EVERY DEPARTMENT

During the "Sweep Sale." Savings in Millinery, in Mantles, in Underwear, in Lingerie. Some very special bargains this week in several lines of STYLISH DRESS AND WALKING SKIRTS—not every size in every line, but every size is included in the lot.

SPENCE'S, The Leading Millinery and Mantle Store.

Don't Buy Shoes

With Your Eyes Shut.

Keep Wide Awake to the Bargains We Offer?

Does 25% discount mean anything to you? If you were sure of getting $1 worth for 75c, would you hesitate? In some instances we give $1 worth for 50c. The bargain tables are loaded with just such values. Fancy a ladies $3 shoe selling for $1.98. Don't wait till the end of the month, buy now! When buying a ticket for the theatre are you last at the wicket? Suppose we said we had a big lot of ladies' shoes, stamped price $3.75 and $4, for $2.89, and a nice dressy strap slipper or Oxford for $1. It you need shoes will you let this chance pass? We have supplied a lot of shrewd shoe buyers. How about you?

J. H. Sutherland & Bro.

WHAT IT IS

Labatt's!

London Ale

It is genuine.

It is nourishing.

It is absolutely the best.

Gained the Highest Award and Gold Medal over all other brands.

JAS. McPARLAND, Agent.