

THE DAILY BRITISH WHIG.

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NO. 129.

Is Your Head Clear?
If not, it is probably the fault of your liver and you need a corrective. You will be surprised to see how quickly your brain will clear and how much better you can work after taking

Beecham's Pills
Sold Everywhere. In boxes 25 cents.

7 Sutherland Sisters
Hair Grower
GREW THIS HAIR



VICTORIA SUTHERLAND.
This lady is but one among the thousands who have used and been benefited by the 7 Sutherland Sisters Hair Grower and Scalp Cleaner but the fact that she is one of the Sutherland Sisters, and well known, her experience, and the manner in which she recommends these valuable preparations to the public, cannot fail to invite the attention of all who are interested in the culture and preservation of the hair.

7 Sutherland Sisters,
Sole Manufacturers and Proprietors.

CANADIAN OFFICE:
11 COLBORNE STREET,
TORONTO.
where all letters of inquiry and orders can be addressed. The photographs of the Sutherland Sisters (group) must be on every box.

PERRIN GLOVES
"Perrin" Black Suede Gloves have all the "Perrin" perfection of fit and finish, while the kid used is of remarkable softness and perfect dye.

JOHN LAIDLAW & SON,
Sole Agent for Perrin Gloves.

Trunks
Buggies
SEEING IS BELIEVING
Hay & Wilson.

Hay & Wilson.
MASSEY-HARRIS AGENTS,
132 CLARENCE STREET.

DRIVEN TO DEATH

WOMEN RESPONSIBLE FOR MAN'S DOWNFALL.

Handsome Man in the World Hounded to Death by Infatuated Women—Forced to Fly From Their Advances.

Boston, June 3.—Victor Mazoleni, the handsomest man in the world, loved by over 1,000 women, killed himself because his beauty led to ruin.

The man over whom women of three continents raved, the man who fled from Chicago ten years ago because a beautiful and wealthy woman—a married woman, sought him, and would have abandoned all for him, killed himself in the hall bedroom of a Boston boarding house, cursing his beauty.

The fatal curse of beauty led the man to flee from Italy, abandoning his post as an officer in the imperial army. It drove him from London, where he was amassing a fortune. It exiled him from New York, from Chicago, and finally, broken by the curse, he settled in Boston and became the head waiter in an hotel.

Even in that position women, viewing his majestic beauty, which artists as well as women raved about, sought him out, and, throwing modesty to the winds, begged for a smile of him.

Women in China, in Japan, in Africa, in India, in Paris, in Rome and in Vienna adored the man, and they—and their husbands and sweethearts—made him an Ishmeel in part, for though his hand was raised against none all men's hands were raised against him.

And despite his great beauty, despite the adoration of women, he remained heart free, holding women at bay by his coldness, although always courteous and gentle. He died longing for the love of one woman whom he never found during a life in which beauty, wealth, and cleverness bowed to him and pleaded for a kiss.

Beautiful as a Greek god, amiable as the softest hearted of his countrymen, Victor Mazoleni, who might have been the hero of a thousand romances, died by his own hand and turned the romance into tragedy.

He was a prince among men—but men refused him; and a god among women, whose homage he refused to accept.

His hair was white—white from young manhood—with a lustrous whiteness, and his face was the face of a god—strong, tender, expressive. The eyes were the most beautiful of all, filled with charm that no longer resisted—except men. His teeth were white and perfect, his complexion superb, and his form that of Apollo.

But he was a spendthrift. Money he lavished upon others, and sometimes upon himself. No longer asked that did not receive; no friend strove to borrow in vain. He spent money with lavish prodigality, entertaining sumptuously and as often as he found one to dine with him.

Mazoleni was born beautiful. In Lombardy, in Italy, it is said he was the most beautiful child that ever was carried to the sacred font for baptism. He was of a noble house and his father was wealthy. Before he was fifteen his career of contest began, and when he was in school the olive checked daughters of his native land adored him and sighed for his favors.

Then his father sent him as agent to many countries and his beauty filled with charm that no longer resisted—except men. His teeth were white and perfect, his complexion superb, and his form that of Apollo.

There were stories, gossip, angry men—although it is declared Victor never encouraged any of the women nor had anything to do with them, having cherished an ideal in his mind and being determined to love no woman until he found his ideal.

He returned to Lombardy, and his father fearing the adulation of women would ruin his handsome son, sent him to London to take charge of his immense silk establishment there, English women proved the same as the Indians, the Japanese, and Chinese. He was loved everywhere, he was sought after day and night by women of wealth, of beauty, or rank.

He was a rage in London for one season. Refusing scores of invitations he was forced to go out at times, and he went and everywhere women begged his favor and pleaded with him.

Women swarmed around him. They begged his favors, pleaded for a smile, showered gifts upon him. He paid no attention to them, but his failure to do so appeared only to add to his attractions. Men, disgusted, turned away. The man spent his time in entertaining men and women, striving to spend them, for the memory of the ideal who had turned her back upon him was fresh in his mind.

Yet the women, swarmed after him. He was a well known figure around the hotels and theatres, and the men who hated him because the women loved him helped spend his money.

In less than a year he was "broke." Mazoleni said then that the day he spent his last cent was one of the happiest of his life. He believed then that, with money gone, women would cease to pursue him. Quietly and without sense of shame he sought a position and was appointed head waiter in the dining-room of a hotel, where he had entertained lavishly. The men sneered openly and were glad, rejoicing over his supposed downfall, but as head waiter his charms appeared to have more power. He saw more women, and to see women was to make a conquest with him.



Captain Richmond Pearson Hobson and his bride, Miss G. H. Hull, whose wedding took place this week at the home of the bride's parents at Tuxedo Park, N. Y.

to love them.

It was in London that he found the ideal—the one woman in the world whom he met and failed to win.

The irony of his life was climaxed there. The man whom a thousand women loved could not win the love for the one woman he desired. She was kind to him. When she dismissed him she gave him her photograph, and when he shot himself in his room in a Boston boarding house a few days ago that photograph was clutched to his breast.

The last letter he wrote was a request that her photograph be buried with him.

He left no letter for any woman when he sent himself on the last journey, but left a note to two of his men friends who knew the pitifulness of his life, and asked them to tell her—and they alone know who she is.

The other 999 were as nothing to him.

Mazoleni was practically driven from London by the curse of his face.



The United States battleship Missouri, which recently won the ocean race of battleships from the West Indies to the North Atlantic.

tal beauty. He was an extravagant entertainer then, striving to return the favors of those wealthy and noble persons who, because of his beauty, invited him to their houses. The open and brazen attentions of a noble Italian attracted attention, and to save her name and prevent a grave scandal he left London and came to the United States.

It was in 1896 that Mazoleni appeared in Chicago. He had money—more than \$50,000—with him, but it was not his money that attracted attention. His remarkable beauty, his distinguished carriage, his brilliant conversational powers, his easy grace at entertaining, attracted attention from the first.

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Perhaps Mazoleni felt the sneers of the men. At any rate he seemed after that to cease to resist the women and to take pride in his conquests. He never spoke of them, but when women invited him to their homes he went, sometimes. He was the guest at a fashionable Michigan avenue house one night, where four society women were his hostesses and all openly confessed their love for him. Servants told the master of the house, the women, fearing a soap opera, were panic-stricken and for their sakes Mazoleni quietly resigned his position and disappeared from Chicago, leaving a score of aching hearts.

He appeared in Boston, settling in the Italian quarter in the old north end in North Square, under the shadow of the Hotel Italy. The women

of that quarter adored him, but he had nothing to do with them.

He sought employment and found it as head waiter at the fashionable Hotel Somerset. The position there became impossible. Rich women of the Back Bay district, heiresses, society women, actresses sought him with the same fervor that the Italian belles of the north end showed. He resigned and became steward at the University Club, seeing only men, and for a time had peace.

But his beauty could not be hidden nor his gallantry suppressed. What over a woman asked—except love—he gave. He spent his earnings for flowers for the women to whom he refused love.

Then he became head waiter at the Berkeley. There an actress came to his life—a beautiful and talented woman, who loved him wildly and refused to be refused. Gently he repudiated her—and sent her gifts of opers. He did not love her, but he could not hurt her, and he made the

mistake of forgetting that he was the head waiter and not the count that he had been when he fled to America. The hotel proprietors resented his forgetfulness and he lost his position. A week later he fell sick. An operation became necessary, and it was performed in his rooms in the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Killam, 1479 Washington street, who loved the handsome, gentle Italian, as a father and mother.

The operation was only partly successful. During his sickness his room was filled with rare flowers sent by his admirers, but the man appeared not to notice them, or to be disgusted with them. He wrote a long letter to the ideal and a short reply came.

The next day Mazoleni piled up all the letters—the burning love letters, written to him by hundreds of women—and destroyed them by fire for fear that some one might know and that some woman's reputation might be hurt.

He talked sadly to the portrait of the thousand and first girl, and then, taking a revolver from his trunk, he stood before the mirror, gazed for the last time upon his beautiful face, and destroyed his fatal beauty by firing a bullet into his brain.

Perfect Soda Water.
Ours is perfect because we manufacture it with scrupulous care. Everything we use is pure and fresh. Our soda water is as cold as ice can make it. We use nothing but pure fruit juices. Pure ice cream and large, thin glasses. Wade's Drug Store.

A new church edifice was built lately for the Congregational church at Ho In, South Chinese mission, costing \$6,000. There were between 400 and 500 baptisms in that field in the last year.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. A regular medicine. A strong medicine. A doctor's medicine. A medicine that cures hard colds, severe coughs, croup, the grip, bronchitis, asthma, pneumonia.

ANTE-NUPTIAL FETE

OF GERMAN CROWN PRINCE MOVES ON A PACE.

Bride-to-Be Has Arrived in Berlin—100 Young Women of Leading Families Give Her Flowers.

Berlin, June 3.—The crown prince's ante-nuptial fete whirl along with bewildering impetuosity. They have converted Berlin into a city diffused with rainbows. Pictures of the crown prince and his future consort gleam from almost every wall and window. The patriotic Germans are making bedlam of the streets, and visitors agree that never before have they seen such extraordinary wealth and brilliancy of decorations.

Great silken flags, with red and black streamers, panmants of silver and gold and festoons of cedar, choke the air, resolving the sunbeams into partial night. The decorations hang thick in every thoroughfare and drape every public square.

To-day's link in the chain of royal festivities was the arrival in the capital of the bride-to-be, the Grand Duchess Cecile of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. The crown prince, with a numerous suite, met the duchess, who was accompanied by her mother and a number of attendants.

The duchess was received at the Brandenburg Gate by the chief burgomaster and the city fathers, and by 100 young-women of leading families, who presented flowers to their future empress. The girls were dressed alike in Gretchen costume, with their hair in braids down the back.

Behind the crown prince and his bride rode a cavalcade of royal trades and occupations. There was also a numerous military escort, consisting of picked men from all of the crack regiments' quarters in the capital and its vicinity.

The public understanding that this was to be the only spectacular feature of the wedding festivities which everyone would be permitted to see turned out in enormous numbers. The cavalcade moved through Unter den Linden from the Brandenburg Gate to the Bellevue Palace. The route was but three-quarters of a mile long and as a consequence every foot of the way was filled with the crowds. Windows and even single seats commanded fabulous prices, while house-tops, trees and other points of vantage were all occupied by persons desirous of seeing the procession.

The Duchess Cecile, riding in a state carriage drawn by eight snow-white ponies, with outriders in royal livery, was greeted all along the route with hearty ovations, which she acknowledged by graciously bowing to right and left all along the way. No less enthusiastic was the reception accorded the crown prince.

Large numbers of mounted and unmounted police and troops drawn from every part of the empire pitted their strength against the masses of spectators who struggled for positions in the streets. There was little or no disorder, however, and it was evident that the people have entered into the celebration of the happy national event with intense enthusiasm. Singing societies, workmen's societies and other organizations, with bands of music, marched past the Bellevue Palace in the afternoon and early evening in honor of the bridal couple. The crown prince and his future wife, with the emperor and empress and other members of the imperial family and distinguished guests, showed themselves on the balcony and were loudly acclaimed.

There will be great doings from now until the wedding day, though the general public will not be permitted to share in much of the programme. Except for the numerous court equipages and uniforms which will be seen in the streets and the princes going and coming from every hotel, there will not be anything else for the public to see, as the festivities will be private, and only members of royal families, ambassadors, officials, and a few other important personages will take part in them. A state banquet is scheduled for to-night. To-morrow there will be a special service at the new cathedral, and a dinner at which the Hohenzollern and Mecklenburg-Schwerin families and the visiting princes, of whom there are nearly three scores, will be present.

Just What Everyone Should Do.
J. T. Barber, of Irwinville, Ga., always keeps a bottle of Chamberlain's colic, cholera and diarrhoea remedy at hand ready for instant use. Attacks of colic, cholera morbus and diarrhoea come on so suddenly that there is no time to hunt a doctor or go to the store for medicine. Mr. Barber says: "I have tried Chamberlain's colic, cholera and diarrhoea remedy which is one of the best medicines I ever saw. I keep a bottle of it in my room as I have had several attacks of colic and it has proved to be the best medicine I ever used." Sold by all druggists.

Needs Bread The Worst Way.
Fessenden Advertiser.
It is reported that one of Harvey's fastidious newly married ladies kneads bread with her gloves on. The incident may be somewhat peculiar, but there are others.

"The editor of this paper needs bread with his shoes on, he needs bread with his shirt on, and he needs bread with his pants on, and unless some of the delinquent subscribers of this old rag of Freedom pay up before long, he will need bread without a thing on, and North Dakota is no garden of Eden in the winter time."

Do not suffer from sick headache a moment longer. It is not necessary. Carter's Little Liver Pills will cure you. Dose one little pill. Small price. Small dose. Small pill.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt.
You know its story of health and happiness to sufferers from stomach troubles—that's all.

A teaspoonful in a glass of water in the morning.

25¢ and 60¢ a bottle.

Fit-Reform

Look for Proof.

Every genuine Fit-Reform Suit and Overcoat bears the Fit-Reform label.

It is your guarantee of perfect satisfaction—your protection against faulty fabrics and tailoring.

Always look for the Fit-Reform label in every garment you buy.

Make your Suit and Overcoat prove its identity by showing the Fit-Reform label.

The only Fit-Reform Wardrobe here is at
E. P. Jenkins, Kingston.

If the water used in ale is impure, the best of equipment, skill and other ingredients cannot produce a pure, health-giving beverage.

The water used in Carling's brews is taken from Carling's private springs at a depth of one thousand feet, and never tested less than 99.08 degrees pure by Government Analysts.

Carling's plant is equipped with every modern facility for producing pure, wholesome ale.

Sold every where by all enterprising dealers.

Carling's Ale
Noted for its Purity, Brilliance and Uniformity.

When You Think of Your Walls
and what it will be best to do with them this spring, think about Church's

ALABASTINE

and if you don't know about it, and the artistic effects you can get with it, at less cost than with wall-paper, paint or kalsomine, write us for booklet "The Alabastine Decorator's Aid," sent free.

Remember, too, that ALABASTINE will not annoy by rubbing and scaling off, which is characteristic of all kalsomine preparations.

ALABASTINE is handy to get, as it is for sale by hardware and paint dealers everywhere.

ALABASTINE is mixed with COLD WATER, and ready for use IMMEDIATELY. ALABASTINE is easily applied. Anyone can put it on—no one can rub it off. All communications promptly answered. Address

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