Slaves to Rheumatism

Freed by

"Fruit-a-tives"

"Fruit-a-tives" cure Rheumatism and Rheumatic pains by removing the poisons which cause the disease. Rheumatism means poisoned blood. Too much urea or tissue waste is retained in the blood, owing to defective action of the bowels, kidneys or skin. The retained urea becomes uric acid, which inflames nerves and joints and thus rheumatism is produced.

MRS. R. H. DENNIS, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., writes as follows: "I think 'Fruit-a-tives' are fine. I am using them for rheumatism, and have not felt it since I started to take them."

Fruit-a-tives or Fruit Liver Tablets.

"Fruit-a-tives" cure Rheumatism by greatly stimulating the action of the liver, kidneys and skin. "Fruit-a-tives" make each of these vital organs do its share of nature's work properly. "Fruit-a-tives" rid the system of excessive urea and uric acid—and so purify and enrich the blood and build up the general health, that there can be no rheumatism.

"Fruit-a-tives" are fruit juices, concentrated and combined by our discovered process, which makes them much more powerful medicinally. Then tonics and internal antiseptics are added and the whole compressed into tablets.

If your druggist does not have them, don't take substitutes. Sent prepaid on receipt of price—50c. a box or 6 boxes for $2.50.

FRUIT-A-TIVES LIMITED, OTTAWA.

A MILLION NEEDLES

COULD NOT INFLICT THE TORTURE WOMEN SUFFER FROM HEADACHES

Headache is not in itself a disease, but a symptom or accompaniment of other diseases, principally those of the stomach, liver and bowels, such as Constipation, Dyspepsia, Liver Trouble, Bad Blood, Female Complaints, General Debility and Weakness. Headache is common to both sexes, but more frequently affects females.

The varieties of headache most common are sick or bilious headache, nervous headache, headache from constipation, debility or indigestion, periodical and spasmodic headache. Undoubtedly the cause must be removed before permanent relief can be had.

Burdock Blood Bitters

removes the cause of the headache, and not only does this but it also restores the entire system to healthy action and buoyant vigor.

"I was troubled with headache for a number of years, but could get nothing to help me. I procured a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, and finding it was doing me so much good, I got two more. I am now fully cured and think there is nothing in the world like Burdock Blood Bitters for headache."

MRS. EDW. KEDDY,
NEW GERMANY, ONT.

B.B.B. is for sale at all Druggists and Dealers.

Dyeing with Soap!

Maypole Soap is the Household Dye that washes and dyes with one operation. Used almost exclusively in England. Yields fast, brilliant colors. Dyes to any shade. No streaks. And above all—*CLEANLY, SAFE, SURE.*

Maypole Soap — Made in England — Sold Everywhere

10c. for Colors—15c. for Black.

EMBOSSING Crests and Headings for Paper and Envelopes

ENGRAVING Calling Cards and Letter Heads

Rulings all classes of Letter Press Printing from a card to a volume.

THE WHIG, Kingston

REMOVED
DR. I. G. BOGART
To 102 Wellington Street.

BROADBRIM'S

Letter From Greater New York.

A NASTY SENSATION

MUST BE FELT BY SOME NEW YORKERS.

James R. Keene Can Have Done Nothing to Be Dished Up in Town Topics—A Veteran's Grand Funeral.

Special Correspondence Letter, No. 1,498.

New York, Feb. 2.—The most unpleasant and disagreeable sensation of the week has been the Hapgood libel suit which has brought into disgraceful prominence quite a large number of people who must feel heartily ashamed to see their names published as contributing scandalous articles to papers of the character of Town Topics and Fads and Fancies. There are names on the list of contributors and subscribers that one would hardly expect to find in such disreputable company; James R. Keene was king of the San Francisco stock market at a period of the wildest excitement that the golden state has ever known; "Consolidated Virginia" had suddenly jumped from $12 to $600 and began to pay a dividend of two per cent. a month on an enormous discovery: The Big Bonanza was struck and California went wild at the news; men sold houses and lands for hundreds of dollars that were worth thousands, anxious to get a share in the magic mine that was to make all millionaires. James R. Keene for months played battledore and shuttlecock with colossal fortunes. While hundreds were ruined, he piled up gold and silver stocks and bonds beyond the dreams of avarice. He was cursed with a vehemence that rivalled the Anathema Manaratha of the Roman Catholic church, and only left San Francisco when there was nothing further to gain. When he came east, looking for new fields to conquer, he crossed swords with Jay Gould and in a wheat deal the "Little Joker" threw him sky-high for several millions of dollars. It was Mr. Keene's first serious defeat but he made no complaint for his nerves of steel tided him over that losing cyclone. He at once made a change of base; from speculating in mining shares and United States bonds, he turned his attention to the raising of the best blooded equine stock that money could procure. His first great success on the turf was with Foxhall at Paris, where he captured the Grand Prix of the French derby, $25,000, which he handed over to the English jockey who had carried his colors to victory. His next great success was with Sysonby, who in a single season netted him $130,000. There is no sport on the globe that sharpens a man's wits like the betting ring or the stock exchange. James R. Keene had sounded all the depths of both with unmeshed feet, yet this successful plunger, who had wrestled with a desperate tiger and seldom got thrown, who could take a quick glance at a man's face and read him through as though he was a double barreled X-ray, got picked up and done-for by the stupid old dolt of Town Topics, as if he was an infant tenderfoot, and tapped his safe deposit for the enormous and comfortable loot of $90,000. Now, James R. K. is no spring chick. He is no Crockett's coon, to come down when Crockett threatens shooting; instead of coming down, he would more likely cry out, Shoot and be d—d," for that's James R's style. The point I wish to make is this: Mr. Keene has been before the public for many years, and he was supposed to be a man possessed of a very large fortune and was undoubtedly exposed to the numerous temptations that continuously beset our multi-millionaires, but in all of Mr. Keene's battles, fierce and to the finish, I have never heard his moral character assailed; he has always paid a decent respect to the proprieties of social life; scandal never invaded his home and now all New York is guessing what Mr. Keene could possibly have done to enable Town Topics to get a hack at him for the comfortable fortune of $90,000. I give it up it is too much for me, and I can only exclaim with old Bailis Nicol Jarvie, in Rob Roy, "Ma Conscience!!"

The verdict of acquittal of Mr. Hapgood's libel suit gives general satisfaction to every decent man and woman within the city limits. Judge Duel, who brought the suit against Mr. Hapgood, of "Collier's Weekly", had been enjoying public office continuously for thirty years; as judge of the city court he received a salary of nine thousand dollars a year; he was sworn to devote his whole time to the duties of his office, and to engage in no other business of any kind or character; he committed deliberate perjury when he engaged his services to Town Topics; Mr. Hapgood denounced him as a disgrace to the judicial ermine. The jury agreed with Mr. Hapgood, and literally kicked Judge Duel out of court.

The death of Gen. Joe Wheeler, though not unexpected, occasioned a more profound sorrow among his numerous friends than that of any man of public repute since the death of Gen. Grant. His life from start to finish was a romance, and whether he was fighting under the federal "stars and stripes," or the confederate "stars and bars," no man who knew him ever questioned his honesty or doubted his courage, and when the first taps came ringing, and he laid down to take his final rest, and last long sleep, he could honestly say, if ever man said it, "I did the best I knew how; by the light I had at the time." In measuring the life of this dead soldier and his services in the army of the confederacy, we must not forget the environment by which he was surrounded. He was born a slaveholder; Alabama had placed her foot on the supreme right to hold slaves, and if at any time, for any cause, it was displeased with the federal compact of 1787, it claimed the right to dissolve the bonds that bound her without let, or hindrance from any power whatever.

The wild shriek of rebellion, that rang out from South Carolina, was instantly re-echoed from Alabama. The first confederate congress was convened at Montgomery. Young Wheeler forsook the plantation and day after day listened to speeches that fired his Southern heart: "Fight to death in defense of their homes" was the "shibboleth" of the passing hour, and young Wheeler joined the army. What he did and how rapidly he rose to fame forms one of the most interesting pages of confederate history. At the age of twenty-six, when most young men are beginning life, he had distanced all competitors and was ranked as the second great cavalry leader of the confederate armies. The little boyish figure was full of a terrible energy that never seemed to feel the need of rest, but when the inevitable defeat came and Gen. Lee laid down his arms at Appomatox, Gen. Wheeler, like Gen. Longstreet, accepted the situation without any mental reservation and retired to his plantation. He was elected to congress from Alabama and served several times with honor. It was during his congressional career that he made the acquaintance of Congressman McKinley, who recognizing his sterling qualities, entertained for the ex-confederate soldier the warmest friendship and when he became president, and we were involved in war with Spain, he conferred on Gen. Wheeler the rank of brigadier-general of volunteers. He did brilliant service in the Philippines and in Cuba, and by one of those inscrutable accidents which sometimes take place in human affairs the ex-confederat became commander of the king of the rough riders, who is now president of the United States. His funeral in Brooklyn on Sunday, January 28th, was conducted with military honors. Gen. Frederick Grant, the commander of the department of the east, took personal charge of the ceremonial. The casket was draped with flags, and accompanied by a riderless horse, two volunteer regiments of infantry and a cavalry escort of regulars. The streets were crowded, and if, as some believe, the spirits of the departed are permitted to take cognizance of the doings of this sublunary sphere, the restless spirit which we now hope has passed the gates of pearl and gold could not, in his wildest dream, have asked for a more honorable closing tribute paid to his mortal remains by his fellow countrymen.

In sporting circles nothing has been talked about but the wonderful performance of a mile in a trifle over 28 1-5 seconds. What of it? What good has it done? Every advance that has been made in the speed of automobiles has been made at a fearful cost of human life: it is not alone the life of the unwarned pedestrian that is imperiled. The chauffeur urged on by a mad ambition to excel by a second or two, some fool's record that preceded him, dashes wildly forward, heedless of the consequences and carries his life in his hands. In the trials of last week three of the finest automobiles came to grief and one of the chauffeurs was nearly killed. Two of the racing machines blew out their boilers, and another finished the race with a broken tire, and that he was not killed is a miracle. Mariotte, who beat the world's record last week finished his triumph with blinded eyes and a face like a raw beef steak. Glorious, isn't it? I am happy to inform my fellow sufferers, that William K. Vanderbilt's 250 horse power automobile ran itself into the mud and they had not got it out at the last telegram. People are killed every day by trolley cars running fifteen miles an hour. What shall we do when red and gold autos are running on our streets two miles a minute? From such an evil may the Lord deliver us, poor miserable sinners, is the prayer of

—BROADBRIM.

AARON MARX.

A Norfolk, Va., butcher, beat the Meat Trust and broke the World's record for a single meat contract, by obtaining and filling a contract with the U.S. Government, to supply Admiral Evans' fleet with more than one million pounds of meat. It will be enough to feed 9,000 men three months.

Get The Best Liniment.

When you need a liniment you want the one that cures quickest and best. Smith's White Liniment penetrates deeply, relaxes the muscles, reduces inflammation and heals more surely, thoroughly and quickly than any other liniment on the market. Don't fail to get a bottle to-day for 25c. at Wade's. Money back if not satisfactory.

Degenerate Society.

In the London Magazine Miss Marie Corelli is very severe on the sins of society. Its Sunday, she remarks, "has degenerated into a day of gambling, feasting and motor racing. It is quite the fashion to play bridge every Sunday, when and wherever possible. When not playing bridge, society's observance is motoring. Flashing and fizzling all over the place, smelling abominably, the machines look uglier than the demons in 'Dante's Inferno.' Dinner parties with a string band, and a Parisian singer of the 'cafe chantant' to entertain the company afterwards, were once unknown to England on a Sunday but are quite ordinary now.

TOBACCO HABIT

Dr. McTaggart's tobacco remedy removes all desire for the weed in a few days. A vegetable medicine, and only requires touching the tongue with it occasionally. Price $2.

LIQUOR HABIT

Marvelous results from taking his remedy for the liquor habit. Safe and inexpensive home treatment: no hypodermic injections, no publicity, no loss of time from business, and a cure certain.

Address or consult Dr. McTaggart, 75 Yonge street, Toronto Canada.

THE BIG CATHEDRAL

GOING UP, ON MORNINGSIDE HEIGHTS, NEW YORK.

The Progress Made Has Been Excellent—The Comparative Cost of These Latter Days Shown—All Voluntarily Given.

Ten millions will be spent on the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Morningside Heights, New York City. More than $2,000,000 has been used up in the thirteen years during which work has been carried on, and in spite of progress which the building committee considers satisfactory, little more than the outlines of the choir, one colossal arch, and one of the seven "Chapels of the Tongues," are as yet visible to the casual sightseer.

Only the prosperity and wealth of America permit the erection without strain upon individual resources of such a building. The cathedral-builders of to-day have not at their disposal the assistance had in the construction of the famous churches of the old world. Tithes are unknown in America; no broad acres of fertile land pay rent to abbot or bishop, no peasants are called from their own fields to labor without pay on the growing structure. The revenues of the diocese of New York, derived chiefly from small assessments levied on parish churches, are barely sufficient to defray the expenses of administration. The builders have to rely solely upon voluntary contributions. The gifts which are making possible the project range from the $600,000 given last winter by former Vice-President Levi P. Morton to one-dollar bills from less distinguished persons. A large number of contributions are from persons living in Harlem, from whose streets the outlines of the growing cathedral on the Heights stand out against the sky.

In 1902 the Cathedral League was organized. Each member agrees to pay towards the erection one hundred dollars, either in a lump sum or in ten annual instalments of $10 each. The membership has increased steadily, until it is 600, and in the last two years it has contributed $15,000. Such a sum looks small alongside of Mr. Morton's $600,000, John Jacob Astor's $100,000, the $300,000 from the Cole estate for the endowment fund, and other gifts of six figures, but the trustees are determined that there shall be no excuse for thinking St. John's a rich man's church." The article in the league's constitution opening its membership to any person "in sympathy with the erection and proper maintenance" of the cathedral, is no empty formula. One of the earliest contributors to the undertaking was a well-known Presbyterian, who gave $100,000 of the $750,000 paid for the site, and from time to time Presbyterian clergymen have sent smaller sums. The most striking evidence of the wide appeal of the cathedral is furnished by the gifts for a porch for one of the transepts. The fund was started by women, and the contribution of one of them, $2, is immediately ahead of a $5,000 gift from E. H. Harriman and two annual subscriptions of $500 each.

Slowly as the cathedral grows to modern eyes, it is being built far more rapidly with these voluntary contributions than were a great majority of similar mediaeval structures for the erection of which all the resources of a feudalized church and an enthusiastic city government were called into play. When the good burghers of Sienna determined to surpass their rivals of Pisa in the magnificence of their cathedral, as they were striving to do in their political power, every man who owned an ox or a horse was compelled to draw without charge loads of stone from the quarries and every citizen, rich or poor, was obliged by law to contribute something in cash or its equivalent once a year. Even the valor of the citizen-militia was turned to profit, and the robber-barons of the surrounding country were glad to purchase peace at the price of heavy gifts to the undertaking. Many citizens devoted their lives and their entire property to the cathedral, and the city records contain provisions for the payment of pensions to several of the "oblates," as they were called. Yet, with all this effort, the Cathedral of Sienna still stands unfinished, more than six centuries after it was begun.

The prices paid for labor on such cathedrals as that of Sienna were ridiculously low, compared with modern standards. Niccola Pisano, the foremost sculptor of his time, accepted in 1262 the contract for erecting and decorating a marble pulpit. For this work he received eight cents a day and his assistants six. On the many holidays when no work was done there was no pay. Either painting was held in higher esteem than sculpture, or prices had risen in the next forty years, for in 1308 Diccio di Boninsegna obtained sixteen cents a day for painting the altar-piece. What the citizens of Sienna, who scrutinized with a jealous eye these expenditures, would have said to $200,000 for a chapel, can hardly be conjectured. The little chapel at New York's new cathedral on which this sum is being spent is the gift of August Belmont. Alongside of St. Saviour's, as the Belmont memorial is called, there are being dug the foundations of a second chapel—the gift of the late Mrs. Edward King. The great bulk of the contributions are made without restrictions. In such cases half the money is spent on building and half goes into the endowment fund to provide an income for the maintenance of the vast structure and the prosecution of the varied activities of which it is to be the centre. The wisdom of this course is apparent as the revenues of the organization growing up around the piles of granite on Morningside Heights are derived from the collections at the services.

The London Times makes this prediction, which, considering its hitherto conservative position, is remarkable: "Belief in the strengthening and supporting qualities of alcohol will eventually become as obsolete as a belief in witchcraft."

A big Jesuit university will be established in Chicago, on the north side, by Archbishop Quigly.

SOCIETY PERILS.

Bishop of Liverpool Points Them Out.

"There are not wanting signs of a break up of the old English style of home, and with it of that home influence which has helped to make this country what it is." Thus spoke the Bishop of Liverpool in a Christmas sermon at the cathedral. "In the upper classes nurses and governesses are taking the place of the mother, and schoolmasters and college tutors are expected to fill the place of the father. So great are the claims of business and politics that fathers and mothers declare they have no time to look after ther children." What is the remedy?" asked the Bishop. "It lies in the revival of true home life. Marriage must be treated with the utmost honor and reverence, and we must uphold the pure and reverent love of one man for one woman. The claims of society must never compete with the claims of home life." The Bishop of Manchester, speaking at Blackburn on the same day, viewed with amazement the large palaces springing up on all sides for the amusement of the people. "Clergymen," he added, "who cannot find people at their homes must follow them to places where they collect, and seek to make a first impression on them either in their places of amusement or near them, following them home to continue the work. Evangelists as well as pastors are required if the Church of England is to do its duty to the nation."

Speak Out Strongly.

The eight Roman Catholic Archbishops of Canada have memorialized the Minister of Justice for a strict Lord's Day Act, to protect one of our best national institutions. They propose that legislation should forbid all labor and business, "alike manual and forensic," excepting works of necessity and mercy for a limited number of hours; that it should apply not to employes only but especially to employers, individual or corporate, with adequately deterrent penalties; that pleasure excursions, sports and amusements to which an admission fee is charged and freight handling and hauling on railroads should be prohibited. This pronouncement will correct false views held by some Protestants regarding the Roman Catholic clerical estimate of the Sunday after Mass.

The Angry Sea.

The sea was very mad indeed;
It tossed its white-caps so,
And then 'twas foaming at the mouth
The surest sign you know.
"I wonder what it's all about?"
Said brave Horatio.
"Perhaps," his sister dear replied.
"It's stubbed it's undertoe."

Excited Curiosity.

Goose Clubs, a feature of London missions, have excited some curiosity as to their object. They are provident arrangements and are usually opened in September, with from 250 to 450 members each. These pay in 6s 8d in six penny weekly instalments, a sum rarely missed by them. For this they can choose on Christmas Eve a piece of beef, or a turkey or goose, besides tea, sugar, currants and raisins. Their Christmas dinner is thus secured against vicissitudes, and no matter how prices may be advanced. The goose club is a wiser plan than the free distribution of "Christmas Cheer." It reaches almost the same class, but exalting self dependence takes the place of depraving charity.

Emperor's Impressions.

The German emperor's impressions of the divine attributes of sovereigns are being demonstrated. In the elaborate ornamentation of the chief door of the new cathedral at Metz, under the figures of prophets and apostles, is a model of the Kaiser as the Prophet Daniel. In the new cathedral at Worms the stained glass windows contain figures of the Kaiser's seven children as cherubs. In the parish church of Wilhelmshoe, their favourite summer residence, is a window with the empress' picture as St. Elizabeth.

A Farmer's Wit.

An ingenious farmer discovered a simple way to discourage trespassing to which even a saintly writer could not object. He hangs up a placard inscribed, "Beware of the Hydrophodrogon." Now, a hydrophodrogon is not, as the unlettered might suppose, a dragon suffering from rabies, but only a drake. The farmer's little trick, nevertheless, protects his acres against marauders of both sexes and all ages. It's as active a deterrent as Huck Finn's Sick Arab, Harmless when not Out of his Head, and decidedly less mendacious.

The Best Is Cheapest.

"Solution of Ozone (the coupon kind)," is the purest and best form in which Ozone is put up. Each bottle of it contains a coupon entitling you to a package of "Celery King," the well-known tonic laxative, which should always be used with Ozone.

By buying "Solution of Ozone (the coupon kind)" you get Ozone in its most efficient form, and you get about twice as much of it for your money as of other brands. You also get the package of "Celery King" absolutely without charge for it.

No other brand of Ozone offers this advantage because no other firm can give you the "Celery King." That is the only way to procure the full value of your Ozone purchase.

"Solution of Ozone (the coupon kind)," is fifty cents and one dollar at your druggists, and if he hasn't it the Public Drug Company, Bridgeburg,

'Tis Economy In Health and Cash

To Cure a Cold in Its First Stages.

'Tis expensive—dangerous—ruinous to health and happiness to neglect even the slightest chill, cold or cough. Pneumonia can carry you off in four or five days. BEWARE OF SLIGHT CHILLS. Consumption works unsuspected and unnoticed, but all the more surely for that. BEWARE OF PERSISTENT COUGHS.

All dangerous coughs and colds were slight once. They grew with neglect. Every cold is a sign that you are not as healthy as you ought to be.

Every cold shows that you require something that is more than a "mere" cure. You may suffer from Bronchitis, or cold coming upon cold continuously. Did you ever think of the reason why "so-called" cough cures failed to rid you of these afflictions? It was because they left the system much as they found it—weak and run down.

MATHIEU'S SYRUP

OF TAR AND COD LIVER OIL

Is more than a cough cure—it is something which will so build up your natural vital strength that you will be able to shake off not only common coughs and colds, but those persistent hard-to-get-rid-of coughs that lead to Consumption and worse. It is the only remedy that really banishes coughs and colds from your system. The only one that gives to your system the permanent power of resistance, that places it on an unshakable pedestal of good health. Get a bottle—take it and note the difference not only in your cold, but in your general well being.

Mothers Should Give Mathieu's Syrup to the Children

By so doing they will prevent many illnesses, will make delicate children healthy and strong, will develop the power of resistance to disease—maybe save your child's life. Mathieu's Syrup is a food tonic for them. It makes healthy purified blood—firm flesh—and strong bones.

From All Dealers Only 35c. a Bottle

It is pleasant to the taste and easily assimilated.

The J. L. Mathieu Co., Proprietors, Sherbrooke, P. Q.

We (whisky makers, whisky sellers and whisky people) through and through, recommend temperance. Strange! Not at all! We mean temperance in eating, smoking, playing and working, as well as in drinking too. Intemperance always pays a penalty—no more so in drinking than in anything else. Be temperate! Use common sense and

DEWAR'S WHISKY

King Edward VII. Scotch

Is unsurpassed by any other Scotch Whiskey imported into this market. The secret of the success of this popular Scotch is that while it is made from Pure Barley Malt grown on the Moors of the Highlands it is aged in OLD SHERRY CASKS.

Greenlees Brothers Distillers, Argyleshire.

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We have been at it, same address, since 1891. Also Stencils, Steel Stamps, Co'pany Seals, Rubber Alphabet Sets for printing price cards, White Enamel Letters, &c. Write us, we'll do the rest. C. W. Mack, 9-11-13 King St. W., Toronto.

Typewriter Bargains

We have too many second-hand Typewriters on hand. You can get a Bargain for cash this month.

No. 2 Smith Premier. Good as new. Good value at $75. Sale price, $55. A snap.

No. 2 Underwoods and No. 4 Williams at $50.

No. 2 Remington and No. 2 Williams at $25.

Jewetts at $30. A Dougherty or Hammond for $10.

J. R. C. DOBBS & CO., 171 Wellington St.

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Iron, Cast, Malleable Wrought, Sheet, Fittings—QUICK

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