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The Great English Remedy for all ailments of the throat, chest, and lungs. It is a powerful expectorant, and cures all forms of cough, asthma, and bronchitis. It is also a powerful tonic, and restores the system to its normal state. Price 25c per bottle. Sold by all druggists and mail order houses. **Wood's Phosphorine Co., Toronto, Ont.**

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DAILY BRITISH WHIG, published each evening at 506-510 King Street, Toronto, Ontario, at 50 per year. Editions at 2:30 and 4 o'clock.
WEEKLY BRITISH WHIG, 15 pages and over, published in parts on Monday and Thursday mornings at \$1 a year. Attached to one of the best job printing offices in Canada: rapid, stylish and cheap work; nice improved presses.
The British Whig Publishing Co., Limited
EDW. J. B. PERRIS,
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Daily Whig.

SHAMEFUL NEGLECT OF DUTY.
The complaint is made that some of the men who have been elected to serve the people in the council and the school board have very little time or inclination for the work they have to do. Meetings are called, in due form, and cannot do business because there is not enough members present. This not only applies to the committees, which have been strangely abandoned, but to the larger bodies.

What is the cure for this? The press of a city, in a certain year which can be recalled, made a careful record of each public man, and at the end of the year gave it publicity. There was the statement of the number of meetings called and the number the members attended. There was, moreover, a summary of the business transacted, and the part each member took in it. At the end of the year it is the practice of some aldermen to get from the city hall a memorandum of the financial position of the city, and especially of the money spent in the ward and to make much of it at the polls. The futility of this course would be apparent if there preceded him, in cold print, the details of his year's work, or neglect of work.

Something must be done in Kingston to inform the electors of the manner in which some persons are "representing," the wards in the council and the school board. There never was so much of this indifference as at the present time. The mayor has had to rebuke it from his seat in the council, and the chairman of the board of education has had to wait, not once but several times, until members could be telephoned for and a sufficient number of them drugged up to make a quorum. This is not the way the public men were expected to act, and it is pretty nearly time that something were done to emphasize their dereliction of duty and make the continuance of it impossible.

USE OF LARGE POWER.
A feature of the Public Utilities Act, which the New York State legislature has passed, is the tremendous power it gives to the governor. He appoints the commissions—two of them, of five members each, with individual salaries of \$15,000, and two secretaries at \$6,000 each. The governor can also remove them. If he be satisfied at any time that these officers of state are inefficient or incapable or fail to do their duty, according to his standard of excellence, he can displace them. This is extraordinary power, and power which only the strong man can exercise judiciously.

Mr. Hughes had an experience which was educative. He undertook to remove the superintendent of insurance on the ground that he was not effecting the reforms which the Armstrong commission made necessary. The senate defeated the governor's recommendation, but it did not dare to resent the wider demands of the Utilities Act. It had heard so much of the public indignation over the insurance case that it was sacred regarding the larger measure and gave to the governor all the power that he desired. With Mr. Hughes there is no danger of an abuse of his privileges. He is the most capable man that has held office in many a day. But he resigns for only two years.

The Utilities commission have to do with the regulation of all the companies which enjoy public franchises, including railroads, express, car, freight, pipe line, gas and electric companies, the purpose being to see that they account for all their earnings, that stock is not watered, and that the people, in reduced fares, suitable accommodation, are given all they are entitled to. Millions upon millions are at stake, and the commissions that direct the investments without the touch of improper influence will be the marvel of the age.

A MAN OF THE HOUR.
The Saturday Evening Post gives a personal sketch of Honore Joseph Jaxon, of Chicago, who, in behalf of the labour party, addressed a stinging note to Mr. Roosevelt some time ago and protested against his reference to "Moyer and Hayward and Debs as 'undesirable citizens.'" The president did not wait to enquire who Mr. Jaxon was. He simply caught at the idea that he had to define his position on a great issue,

and he did it in a letter which occupied a column in the average paper. The peculiar feature of the president's epistle was his coupling of Harriman with Moyer and Hayward, which association was regarded as very unfortunate by the friends of the respective parties. Mr. Roosevelt refused to make any amends for this seeming incongruity. "I am," he wrote to the mysterious Jaxon, "as profoundly indifferent to the condemnation in one case as in the other. I challenge as a right the support of all good Americans whether wage-workers or capitalists, whatever their occupation or creed, or in whatever portion of the country they live, when I condemn both the types of bad citizenship which I have held up to reprobation. It seems to me a mark of utter insincerity to fail thus to condemn both; and to apologize for either robs the man thus apologizing of all right to condemn any wrongdoing in any man, rich or poor, in public or in private life." It ought to count for something that Harriman is not on trial for crime, but the president evidently has his opinions as to the responsibility of the man for some of the wicked things that grow out of the schemes in which he is involved.

But who is Jaxon? That is the question which the Saturday Evening Post set out to answer. He is a hull bred, who was formerly associated with Riel in our North-West rebellion. He is alleged to have been arrested, for complicity in Riel's raids, but broke out of Fort Garry and fled the country. His case was covered by the amnesty which Canada passed in later years, but Jaxon never took advantage of it. He is a man of remarkable attainments, and in his time has acted as labour leader, doctor, oculist, chemist, trapper, architect, hunter, lawyer, solicitor, anarchist, spirit-fritter, colonizer and letter-writer. There is no limit to his capacity for work, and especially to his capacity for agitation. Yet without all he is a peaceful man. He does not believe in violence, and though an anarchist is a philosophical one.

"The achievement on which he prides himself most," says the Evening Post, "was the organization of the Solicitors' and Canvassers' Union. He wanted to be a delegate to the Central Federation of Labor and he needed a union to send him. When you think that anybody who offers anything for sale, from shoestrings to stocks and bonds, is eligible to join that union, the acuteness of Jaxon's intellect is proved. He will never lack supporters. Thus, when he took his pen in hand and wrote to the president: 'Hoping these few lines will find you well, but how about this—' and got a reply hot off the bat, he was not surprised. It was the most distinguished rebuke of the year, and Honore Joseph Jaxon knew he would get a bite when he put his letter on the hook."

EDITORIAL NOTES.
The Montreal Star has no use for the Baron d'Epine. He fired the last shot in his locker a little too soon. Is not the Jockey Club, which sells its information, as guilty of gambling as the fellows who indulge in book-making and betting? The World says the liberals are cleaning house. When are the Tories going into the work? It cannot be said that they have no cleaning to do. There is a row on among the conservatives of Toronto. The Ryerson Club has been repudiated by Ward Three Conservative Association. Too much local pap.

The local government gives out that the new governor of the Toronto jail is an independent. About as independent as Mr. Whitney and Mr. Hanna. The letter of Baron d'Epine, addressed to Hon. M. Prevost, is a dead give away so far as he is concerned. It contained the threat of a hold-up. This hold-up has been attempted, and without results. The Toronto News puts it squarely when it says that had Van Zant, governor of Toronto's jail, been a conservative, there would have been no complaints against him, no investigation, no removal. Mr. Hughes is holding the New York legislature in session and making it attend to business. He will soon be compared with the Egyptian taskmasters of whom the Sunday school people have been recently studying.

The Presbyterian church is taking care of its ministers. The minimum salary is now \$200 and a manse. The preacher is as worthy of his hire as anybody else, and he has in turn to meet the boom prices of everything that he needs. The commissioner who investigated the Toronto jail case found against the governor, but guards against future conspiracies by declaring that all the subordinates must be under the one head. Preacher Chambers will have the protection of the government. Sale of dry goods at Corrigan's.

Spirit of the Press
A Great Mystery.
Toronto Star.
Sir John Macdonald died sixteen years ago. If the Tories could only understand how he got into office and stayed there, they would be satisfied to leave the rest to the verdict of history.

A Word In Season.
Hamilton Spectator.
In condemning the proposal to go back to the old sectional ward system of electing aldermen, the Trades and Labor Council has done well, and has exhibited a spirit of progress that is highly creditable.

LOSS OF MEMORY
DR. F. H. VAN TASSEL EVEN FORGOT HIS NAME.
He Called Himself Smith—The Strange Case of a Berkeley Cal. Physician Who Wandered From Home.
San Francisco, June 11.—One of the strangest cases of loss of memory is that of Dr. F. H. VanTassel, a prominent physician of Berkeley, who disappeared ten days ago from his home and was found in Portland, Oregon, masquerading under the name of J. M. Smith and absolutely without any memory of his own personality. The doctor sought the advice of Dr. McKenzie, Portland, and told him a strange story. He had a bruise on his forehead and it is supposed he was attacked and beaten by robbers and that the blow destroyed his memory. He told McKenzie he suddenly found himself in Oakland, was impelled to cross to this city and then to take steamer for Portland. Why he called himself J. M. Smith he could not tell. He read San Francisco papers under the idea that if he saw an account of any disappearance it would bring back his memory, but when he read of the Dr. VanTassel case it suggested nothing, as he was sure he had never been a doctor.

He is at St. Vincent hospital, Portland, and will be taken home by his relatives.

FOUGHT WOUNDED BEAR.
Bryn Put Up Desperate Struggle on Edge of a Precipice.
Denver Post.
"Never in my life did I have such a thrilling adventure with a bear as I had last Friday about thirty miles north-west of Cobella, in Gunnison county. It was a hot fight."
This was the way G. Gordon Pickett started his story of the biggest bear fight of the season. He and Henry Carpenter, with J. J. Carpenter's fine strong of bear dogs, eight in number, started out, last Friday afternoon, from Cobella.

"The dogs jumped a good sized black bear along about three o'clock," said Mr. Pickett. "We followed him something like three miles and took a long shot at him, wounding him in the right foreleg. We lost sight of him for a while and then the dogs got next to him again. This time they had him cornered on the edge of a big bluff, at least 100 feet high. 'It seems that the wound I had given him made the bear crazy mad. He nailed two of the dogs, one after the other, and crunched their necks like so many soda crackers. He jumped down into a cleft of rock, where there was a little platform about twelve feet square, and beyond that the precipice. 'The dogs went after him and he went after them good and proper. He had already killed two, and it looked as if he was going to finish the entire pack. To save the lives of the dogs I jumped down to the little bench, but not until he had lunged at one of the best dogs and cuffed him clear over the cliff. 'Of course that finished that dog, and the bear turned. He wasn't five feet from me when I tore the top of his head off with a quick shot from my rifle. He didn't exactly have me 'bullheaded,' but I think I never in all my twenty-five years' hunting experience came so near being seriously rattled. The dogs killed were among the best fighters in the pack."

A Queer Little Ostrich.
On a big ostrich farm in Los Angeles, Cal., there is a little chick that has stopped growing. Ostrich chicks grow at the rate of one foot every month, but this one never grows. His life until recently was not the happiest in the world, for being so small, the bigger ostriches pecked at him and treated him badly, indeed. But now he is allowed to wander along the walks all by himself, and he is such a plump, funny-looking little fellow that he is quite a pet with visitors.

Both your eyes and your pocket-book are pleased when you get glasses at Chown's drug store. A man doesn't necessarily have to marry in haste to repent at leisure.

Dandruff Or Not?
You can choose. Wade's Ointment cures dandruff, and all other scalp humors. Better for general health purposes than any salve you ever used. It destroys germs and keeps little wounds from becoming serious ones through infection. Cures eczema, salt rheum, scald head, cold sores, the old pelias, piles, etc. In big boxes, 25c. At Wade's Drug Store.

Mestor's Palace.
Athens, June 11.—During excavations near Pnyx, conducted by the German Institute of Athens, a vaulted edifice, containing many gold ornaments and other valuables, was discovered. Experts believe the building to have been the palace of the Homeric King Nestor. This discovery is attracting great interest.

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