SALE,

7.30.

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me particularly good
7.30 to 10 o'clock.

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Cotton, different styles.
trimmed with beading and
ed with fine embroidery.
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ht, 69c Each.

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Green, Navy, Brown,
ck of black. These are
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tty shade of brown,

t, 15c yard.

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linen fronts; some with
e are 75c quality, others

t, 25c Each.

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c and 35c, others at 39c.

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New Holiday Books.

"The Weavers," by Sir Gilbert Parker.
"Arethusa," by F. Marion Crawford.
"The Car of Destiny," by Williamsons.
"Bud," by Neil Munro.
"The Shuttle," by Fr. Hodgson Burnett.
"The Halo," by the author of "Pam."
"The Daughter of Anderson Crow."
"Susan," 10,000 sold before publication.
"Light fingered Gentry," by D. G. Phillips.
"Days Off," by Henry VanDyke.
"Romance of An Old-Fashioned Gentleman, by Hopkinson Smith.

An immense stock to select from at R. Uglow & Co's.

Everything marked down in portable lamps, gas and electric chandeliers; Newman-Spriggs Electric Co., 79 Princess street.

New stock of gold-filled eye glasses for Christmas at Bests'. Eyes can be properly tested later.

Manicure sets in ebony, handsome designs, at Bests'.

See Bibby's $2 fur lined gloves.

ating Boots.

The skating season is here, and we have a good assortment of the best kinds of Hockey Boots

Men's Patent Inside Ankle Supports, a splendid shoe, $2.50.

hoe, $2.85.
same shoe, $2.85,
Hockey Protected Heel, In-
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ed Tongue, $2.00.

ENDID BOOTS.

T SHOE STORE.

SECOND SECTION. PAGES 9 TO 12.

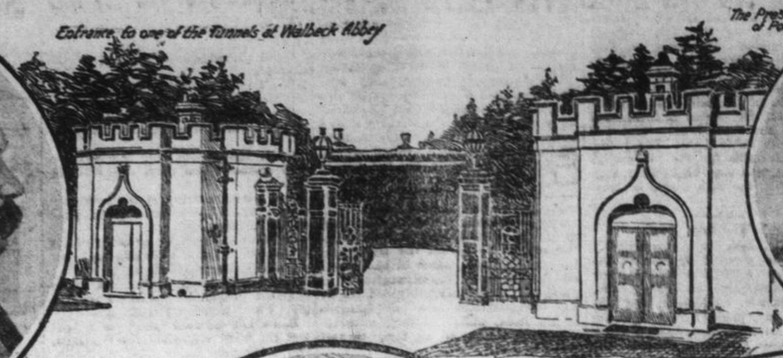
The Daily British Whig

YEAR 74. KINGSTON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1907. NO. 286.

THE FAMOUS DRUCE CASE, LONDON'S LEADING TOPIC AT THE PRESENT TIME.

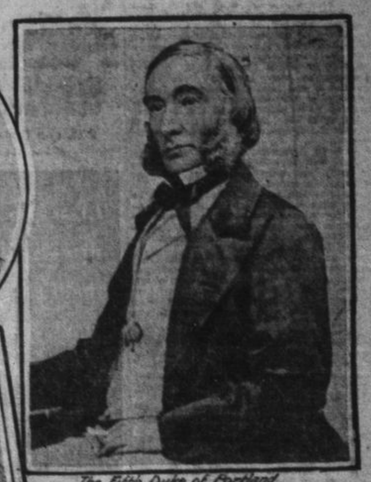
T. C. Druce – Proprietor of the Baker St. Bazar

George Hollamby Druce Grandson of T. C. Druce



Entrance to one of the Towers at Welbeck Abbey

The Present Duke of Portland



The Fifth Duke of Portland

Bazar in Baker Street Kept by T. C. Druce

Grave of T. C. Druce
Coffin is said to contain only lead and brass

London, Nov. 30.—The famous Druce case continues to be the leading topic in London, and day after day the police court at Marylebone is crowded by an aristocratic audience that listens intently and wonderingly to the extraordinary evidence presented to the magistrate.

The dramatis personae in the latest phase of the claim to the title and estates of the present Duke of Portland are:

Thomas Charles Druce, sworn to have died on Dec. 23rd, 1864.

Herbert Druce (the defendant), his nephew, who said he saw him in his coffin.

George Hollamby Druce, plaintiff, who is proceeding against his uncle, the last-named, for perjury, inasmuch as he avers Thomas Charles Druce did not die till 1879; that the funeral was a mock one, and that deceased was in reality the fifth Duke of Portland.

Robert Caldwell, a native of county Monaghan, Ireland, who emigrated to America in 1871, and who states that it was he himself put the lead in the coffin for the alleged mock burial.

The essential facts in this romantic case were first published in 1898. The claimant was then Mrs. Anna Druce. For several years Mrs. Druce, who believed herself to be the widow of the eldest legitimate son of Thomas Charles Druce, of the Baker street Bazaar, made unavailing efforts to compel the consistory court to grant her an order to open the grave of her husband's father in Highgate cemetery. In this grave, she alleged, was buried not the body of Thomas Druce but a quantity of lead. Druce, she said, was really the fifth Duke of Portland, who did not die until 1879. Unfortunately for Mrs. Druce the facts as to the death were sworn to by doctors and a housekeeper, and the courts refused to grant the order.

The Druce case was beginning to lose interest, when a new claimant appeared in the person of George Hollamby Druce, an Australian carpenter. He claimed to have a better right than Mrs. Anna Druce to take an interest in the Portland claim, inasmuch as he was the son of the eldest son of Thomas Charles Druce by a first marriage with Elizabeth Crickmer, at Bury St. Edmunds, on Oct. 19th, 1816.

A Runaway Match.

According to the Hollamby Druce claim this marriage was a runaway match between T. C. Druce, described as a linen-draper, and a schoolgirl heiress with a fortune of £15,000. The "draper" is said to have appeared from nowhere, a handsome young man, without friends or relatives. For three years he lived with his wife, spending his money freely. In 1820, his wife's fortune having disappeared, he deserted her and her children.

For fifteen years the Druce family at Bury St. Edmunds heard no more of their father. In 1835 he seems to have suddenly repented of his desertion, and, discovering that the ship on which the father of the present claimant was serving his apprenticeship was lying in the Thames, he went down to Gravesend and sent for his sixteen-year-old son.

Now for the first time the Druce family learned that the missing father was the proprietor of a bazaar in Baker street. The boy was taken there, educated at a naval academy and again sent to sea. His sister, the aunt of the claimant, was also sent for, and lived for many years with her father, who now appears as the owner of a residence at Brighton, a hunting box in Leicestershire, and a country seat at Hendon.

The question that the courts are now asked to decide is: Was this man, Druce, the owner of the bazaar, grandfather of George Hollamby Druce, really the fifth Duke of Portland?

Lord Howard de Walden comes into the case by reason of the will left by the fourth duke, who provided that in the event of the fifth duke and his brother dying without heirs the life interest in the estate should go to the survivor of four sisters and then to the descendants of that survivor. Lord Henry Bentinck, dying without an heir, the life interest went to Lady Howard de Walden, and so to her son.

Immense Property Involved.

The present charge is regarded by George Hollamby Druce and those acting on his behalf as a preliminary to a struggle for the London estate of the present Lord Howard de Walden.

In his will the fourth duke of Portland directed that this property should descend to his son, the fifth duke, and to his son's heir.

Failing the fifth duke having an heir, the property was to descend in the female line. On the assumption that the fifth duke did not marry, the estate went to the Dowager Lady Howard de Walden.

But now George Hollamby Druce is seeking to establish that the fifth duke did marry in the name of T. C. Druce, who was this George Hollamby's grandfather. On these grounds he will seek to establish his title to this London estate.

This property alone is worth an almost fabulous fortune. It lies in the region of Oxford street, Portland place, Cavendish square, Wimpole street, Harley street, Wigmore street and other thoroughfares. When it came into the possession of the Dowager Lady de Walden it is recorded that it furnished her with the splendid income of £180,000 a year. It is impossible to say exactly what it yields to-day, but its value has risen considerably since that time, and it is probable that the estimates, which place the annual rental at between £250,000 and £300,000, are fairly correct. If we take £300,000 a year as the total rental this capitalized would mean an immense fortune in itself.

The Portland Estates.

At present the plaintiff is not making a direct claim upon the estate of the Duke of Portland. But if he should succeed in establishing his right to the De Walden property, he confidently expects that he will obtain that of the duke. This would mean the transference of such estates as go with the dukedom, properties dazzling in value so far as size and dignity go.

The Portland estates cover an area considerably greater than that of the whole of Middlesex.

The annual value of these properties is variously estimated at from £120,000 to £150,000, if we take the higher figure, that represents at five per cent. a capital of £3,000,000, or at four per cent., £3,750,000. But even this does not fully represent the wealth of the duke. Welbeck Abbey is crammed with precious pictures, statuary, tapestry and furniture which alone are worth a fortune. Some idea of the value of these treasures may be gathered from the fact that a single table there is said to be worth £15,000.

BROADBRIM'S

Letter From Greater New York.

THE OLD PURITANS

AND THEIR FAILURE TO ABOLISH CHRISTMAS.

New York School Besieged With Letters Begging That Firm Stand Be Taken Against Jewish Encroachment on Liberty.

Special Correspondence; Letter No. 1,592.

New York, Dec. 6.—Thanksgiving, the greatest Puritan holiday of the year, has come and gone, but was not the old-time celebration of fifty years ago. John Knox and his immediate coadjutors wished to have nothing in common with those who believed in saints, which they regarded as popish superstitions, but they felt the necessity of a special day to return thanks for the bounties of the year. Christmas was close at hand this was the special religious holiday of oth the Roman Catholics and the Protestants, who held religious services in the morning, had games in the afternoon, and an early dinner in the evening, at which they gorged themselves with roast beef and plum-pudding, after which pipes and rum-punch were in order, and the host felt that his hospitality had not received full justice if all of his guests departed for home perfectly sober.

The Puritan had no saints in his calendar. The birth in the manger, at Bethlehem, had no special reverence for him. Friday was a religious day in the church, when the true believer might eat no meat. All these observances the Puritan adhered,—so he made his day of thankfulness, Thursday, and not Friday; turkey took the place of roast beef, pumpkin pie and mince pie, took the place of plum-pudding. There were many reasons why the wild turkey should be chosen instead of roast beef. The wild turkey was abundant when the pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock; he was a beautiful and courageous bird, and was the largest that soared heavenward above the fields. His color was a beautiful blue-black, and shone like a mirror, and his weight was frequently between thirty and forty pounds. He was easily domesticated and in defence of his brood he never turned his back on the challenge of the bald-eagle, or the giant night hawk; he fought the wolf, red fox, or mountain lion with equal courage, and only surrendered when inevitable death was the penalty. He was native here and to the manner born, and the only one of the large game birds that did not leave us in the winter for a warmer climate. When it became evident that some symbol should be adopted that would define the Puritan character, (irrespective of the Thanksgiving menu), when the eagle was proposed, he was promptly rejected on account of his bad character. He was a thief of the meanest kind, a highway robber on land or sea, plundering and destroying all who were weaker than himself; sometimes the great American fish hawk provided him with his food. Imagine the hawk, who has dashed into the fierce flood of a cataract, and secured a prize by fighting a life and death battle to reach the land where he can devour his hard-earned meal, being quietly watched by the powerful eagle, who only waits to see the coveted prize safely landed when he pounces upon him and his prey, and, leaves the poor hawk to starve while he, the robber, grows fat on the plunder. How like this bird are some notable American multi-millionaires.

Some ungrateful recipients of the Almighty's favor, seem to think that they have little to be thankful for, although the gracious earth has responded to their demands with enormous crops—to the tune of 87,500,000,000,000. It is beyond the power of thought; the eye can reach the figures, but the mind is not able to grasp the tremendous bulk. With our vast crops we laid the world under tribute, and a shining flood of gold which came in response helped us to tide over the financial storm through which we have just passed, and which will not be forgotten by this generation. Thanksgiving observances, if not so enthusiastic as of yore, were quite respectable; your real Puritan never forgets his early training; I noticed around the tables men who had come from the other side of the globe to eat their Thanksgiving dinner at home; there were representatives from Alaska, the Sandwich Islands, Australia and the Philippines; and also many who had risen to distinction in foreign lands—for the New Englander is a hustler both at home and abroad.

The horse show, at Madison Square Garden, has been brought to a satisfactory end; the entries were fewer than in former years, but the class was unusually high. A gratifying feature was a large number of lady exhibiters, and the stock presented took a number of blue ribbons and medals of merit, of which the owners were exceedingly proud. The horse show is one of the high-class fashionable fads of the season. All the ladies exhibiting have a neat uniform, which gives a very distinctive character unlike that of any other association. Automobiles may come and go, but our old-time friend and companion, the horse, is not dead yet; in the day of his supremacy he was not responsible for a tithe of the murders and accidents of the automobiles; we may be able to get about the world considerably faster, but it is at heavy penalty and terrible cost.

The demand of the Jews to kill off our dear old friend, Santa Claus, and to knock our whole calender of saints has aroused a heavier storm than was expected. Letters from all parts of the country are received by the hundreds daily, begging our most influential men to take a firm stand against the school board and the Jews. It seems to me that the only fair way to look at it is this: The Christian countries of England, Germany, France and the United States, have given the Jews greater freedom than the pagan countries. As a proof of this assertion is the fact that Judaism and Jews have risen to wealth and power equal to the best Christian citizens; a Jewish family, the Rothschilds, stands without a peer in the financial world of to-day; the Jews are the greatest merchants, bankers and stockholders of paying stocks everywhere; so, it is evident that Christian observances have not injured them. For a thousand years Santa Claus has ministered to the happiness not only of the children, but Christmas is remembered in extreme old age as one of the brightest and happiest memories of our lives. It looks very much as if an attempt was made to consolidate the brutal and ignorant host at the poles and to barter our old time liberty for a mess of potage. That costly jewel, the American ballot, must not be made a bargain of sale; we have paid dearly for it, and, if needs be, will fight and die for it.

—BROADBRIM.

SEVEN MEN WHOSE AGES AGGREGATE 513 YEARS

The Clarkes, of Duffield, England, are a remarkable family. There are seven brothers and a sister; they are all in robust health. All the brothers have been (two still are) employed in paper making, one being manager of the local paper mills. Their ages are as follows (reading from left to right on bottom, then back row): Adam, 82 years 6 months; Tom, 77 years 7 months; (Mrs. W., sister, not in group, 76 years 1 month); Paul, 74 years 6 months; Joseph, 73 years; Andrew, 71 years 8 months; John, 69 years 4 months; Silas, 64 years 7 months. As some of them have settled away from their native place—one in Westmoreland, another in Kent—the whole family have not beentogether for many years, so they specially foregathered in order that the record might be made. Hale and strong, they all bid fair to reach a ripe old age; in fact, they gave the photographer a commission to take another group when they were 100.

Has Wesley's Christening Robe.

Miss Emily Pashley, now in her ninetieth year, and the oldest lady in Worksop, England, has in her possession John Wesley's christening robe. It is of white silk edged with silver thread. When Epworth rectory was destroyed by fire John Wesley, then an infant, was carried to the house of her grandfather, Dr. Pashley.

A Purely Vegetable Corn Cure.

Putnam's Corn Extractor contains no acids, but is entirely vegetable in composition. Putnam's never stings or causes discomfort. It cures quickly, painlessly, permanently.

PHYSICIANS' FORTUNES.

Large Estates Left—Last Words of Famous Doctors.

British Medical Journal.

Nothnagel, who died alone in his room, noted his own symptoms to the last. A letter to his assistant is said to have ended as follows: "Written late on the evening of July 6th, after experiencing these severe attacks. . . died of calcification of the arteries. Traube also made observations on himself to the very end. Locock expressed a wish to be present at the postmortem examination on himself, and among Cuvier's last recorded words is a remark, as his fingers twitched involuntarily, "Charles Bell is right; 'Ce sont les nerfs la volonte qui sont maladies.'" Dyce Davidson, professor of Aberdeen, died immediately after saying to his class, speaking of the next meeting which was never to take place, "Four o'clock on Monday, gentleman; four o'clock."

Several doctors have taken their leave with a blessing to those around them. Astley Cooper's last recorded words are, "God bless you and good-bye to you all!" He had previously said to his physicians, Bright and Chambers, "God's will be done; God bless you both!" adding, "You must excuse me, but I shall take no more medicine." Benjamin Brodie was heard to mutter, "After all, God is very good." The saddest of all recorded last words are probably those of Oliver Goldsmith, who, when asked by his physician if his mind was at ease, said: "No, it is not!" On the other hand, William Hunter's mind seems to have been full of bright thoughts at the moment of death, for he said: "If I could hold a pen, what a book I could write!"

Pasteur and Darwin, though not belonging to the medical profession, are venerated by it as teachers. Darwin's last words were: "I am not the least afraid to die." Pasteur was offered a cup of milk, and, being unable to swallow it, murmured, "I cannot." He passed away with one hand in his wife's, the other grasping a crucifix. Lastly are mentioned the last words of Mirabeau, which are said to have been addressed to a doctor. He wrote on a slip of paper which he gave to his physician, the philosopher Cabanis, the single word "Dormir." Another account, which may be an expanded version of this, is that, after begging for an anodyne, he said reproachfully to the doctor, "Were you not my physician and my friend? Did you not promise to spare me the suffering of such a death? Must I go away carrying with me the regret of having confided in you?" This is rather a long and rhetorical speech for a dying man.

It is given to few men of any profession to accumulate such large fortunes as the late Lord Brampton and Mr. Murphy, K.C., have left behind them—fortunes amounting to £141,000 and £234,000 respectively, but to say, as stated by a contemporary, that such an achievement is only possible in the law is scarcely in accordance with the facts. Three medical men at least have left estates still larger than the greatest of these. Thirty years ago Dr. Blundell died worth more than a third of a million pounds—more exactly, £350,000; during fifty-three years of strenuous professional life Sir William Jenner accumulated the enormous sum of £375,000, though it is doubtful if he ever made more than £12,000 in any year; and Sir William Gull left personalty valued at £340,000. Dr. T. R. Armitage died, at sixty-six, worth £217,000; Sir Erasmus Wilson left £264,000 behind him, and Sir Andrew Clark's savings reached £204,000.

Adam's Punishment.

In the latest number of Heimgarten, which has just been published at Graz, Pastor Rosegger tells this story: "I visited a school one day where Bible instruction was a part of the daily course, and, in order to test the children's knowledge, asked some questions. One class of little girls looked particularly bright, and I asked the tallest one: 'What sin did Adam commit?'

"'He ate forbidden fruit.'

"'Right. Who tempted Adam?'

"'Eve.'

"'Not really Eve, but the serpent. And how was Adam punished?'

"The girl hesitated and looked confused. Behind her sat a little eight-year-old, who raised her hand and said: 'Please, pastor, I know.'

"'Well, tell us; how was Adam punished?'

"'He had to marry Eve.'"

Don't Invite Rheumatism.

Rheumatism and a variety of other painful affections cannot come as long as your blood is pure and abundant. These affections are due to poisons in the blood which must be expelled. Keep your vitality high and your blood rich and red by use of Wade's Iron Tonic Pills (Laxative). They are a great nerve strengthener and blood maker. In boxes, 25c., at Wade's Drug Store. Money back if not satisfactory.

WILLIAM WALCOTT,
In "The Fatal Flower," at The Grand, on Monday, Dec. 9th.