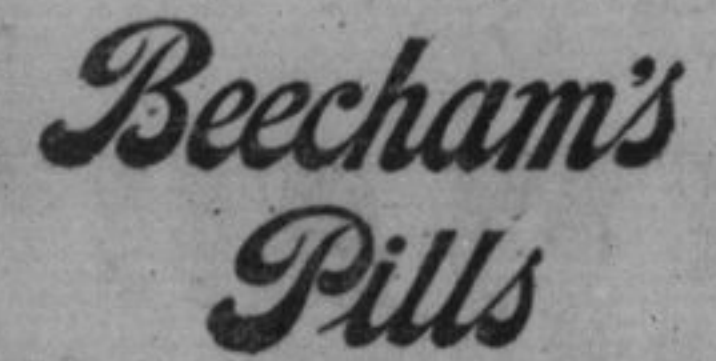


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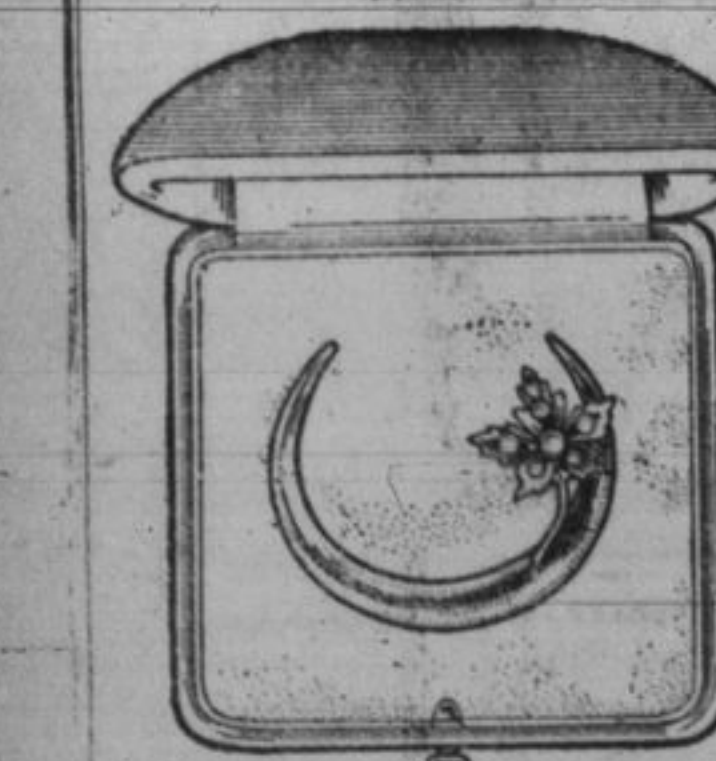
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BOYS FROM THE PLOW

SECURE MANY OF THE WORLD'S BIG PRIZES.

City Boys' Idea of Success is to be in Possession of Money For a Good Time—The Country Youth Starts in to do Things.

Why is it that so many of the big prizes of the world are won by country boys? Why have so many of the big things that have been turned out by the world's workshop been first dreamed of by boys leaning over plow handles or sweeping out country stores or working in country printing offices or wondering about things in general in quiet lanes and bush lots? Why is it? In the first place, the country boy sees and learns real life, while the city boy sees and learns artificial life. The country boy is brought up in a workshop and among the big, natural forces at the bottom of things. The city boy is brought up in a parlor or factory of some kind—all city work or business being like factory work—and in serious things has no knowledge of anything but a superficial understanding of finished products. The ambitious city boy aims to earn money and position. The ambitious country boy aims to make something—to do something. But the country boy's advantage goes further. His circumstances lead him, force him, to reflection. If he is stupid and ignorant—then he will ruminate. But if he has imagination—then he will look out for him. He will dream dreams together beyond the average city boy's experience; and after a while will probably find his way to the city to build something substantial on his dreams.

Suppose it is a fine Saturday in early summer, and that a group of small boys in a city and a group of small boys in the country start out to make the most of the day. The country lads steal off to the bush, to the "creek," to one of a hundred places they know, to follow a hundred more or less mysterious pursuits. The city boys take to the streets or to a vacant lot. But there is no romance or mystery or freedom there. For them there are no robber caves, no hunts for wild things in woods or river, no pets to care for and study, no rugged self-invented games that call for initiative and stimulate fancy, no hours spent in simply "wondering" about things in open places under the open sky. These days boys in all American cities are spending a whole lot of time, and incidentally doing a lot of damage, gathering horse-chestnuts. A country boy would call this foolish, for the nuts are useless. He is perhaps a student, the city boy, but when he smashes a tree, it is a beech or butternut or a fruit tree. For, although the country boy collects a lot of stuff which his elders appear to be trash, he rarely gathers anything which is not to himself useful.

The city boy spends too much time gathering metaphorical horse chestnuts—pretty, shining things that are useless, and some things not even pretty. As he sheds his knickerbockers, he gathers a fine crop of slang phrases and sporting and theatrical knowledge. But smart as he thinks himself, he knows remarkably little about the real things of life. His idea of success is to be in possession of money enough to "have a good time." The country boy likes to have a good time too, but he knows the difference between essentials and non-essentials, and he starts in, at the first chance, to do real things and be somebody, not merely to look like somebody. It is not the city boy's fault, but his misfortune, that he is at a disadvantage with the country boy. A boy can't very well dream of future conquests in business or in art in a little backyard or a vacant lot or in a noisy street. Some boys have done this no doubt. But the practice is far easier when one can lean on a plain handle. And in youth the qualities that make for success are more readily developed by teaming railway ties in dead earnest, with thoughts of future advancement, than in working in a comfortable city office with no thought or desire more serious than one which concerns hustling home as soon as the place closes, to get ready to take one's best girl to the latest musical comedy.

Is a Sane Organization.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union, which has a great strength in Canada, has been holding its annual session at Denver, Colorado, and it is pleasant to read in a daily newspaper's editorial column the kindest of words regarding it, since we all, in or out of the Anglican Church, should be interested in moral reform. "It has forty departments of work, but its greatest interest is in the prohibition cause. It is a pioneer temperance body. It has passed through the baptism of fire. It has been called nearly every name that ingenious opponents could apply to it, not the most disrespectful of which is that of a society of meddlesome grandmothers." It has weathered the storm of criticism and abuse and has grown steadily in influence and power. It is without any exception the best organized and most effective working body of prohibitionists in the world. Its remarkable success has been in a large measure due to a sane policy of reform work. It has avoided both extremes for so many years that it is one of the best evidences of woman's capacity of a sane cause is always to be commended. Hysteria gets us nowhere, unless it be to the sick bed. There are too many prohibitionists who are stumbling blocks rather than stepping stones in the path of progress. There is too much tendency, particularly on the part of the prohibition press, towards absurdity. The dictionary is thumbed black in the search for sizzling adjectives that prove nothing. The truth about the liquor business is sufficiently damning.

The Real Parties to Blame.

It cannot be too strongly urged that in dealing with neglected children, especially those guilty of offences against the law, it is not the children but the parents or guardians who should be held responsible. A child brought up in ignorance—its faults uncorrected and its better promptings unencouraged—is sure to be a source of future trouble, and the punishment is visited on its unfortunate head instead of on those who neglected their duty and ignored their responsibility. There is a greater cruelty to a child than physical ill-treatment—the cruelty to the mind and heart, that leaves it in moral destitution and robs it of its high purpose and mission in life. It is cruelty to a child to expose it unnecessarily to contact or association with vice or anything that defiles or educates—of a moral as well as of a secular kind—or to shut it out from those happy anticipations and pleasures which are the right and heritage of childhood.

GOSSIP OF THE PARISH.

Preachers Can't Support Wife and Family on Small Salaries.

Bishop Willard Francis Mallalieu, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, is opposed to the diminutive salaries that congregations are able to do better sometimes pay their pastor. "I once knew an excellent young man," said he. "He was in the church, just married; on a small salary, but contented and happy. Twelve or fifteen years went by. I had lost sight of the young minister—forgetting him, as we all do sometimes—when I met him, dressed well, but not clerically. We shook hands. He said he was doing excellently. 'What church?' he said. 'Oh,' he said, 'no church—the wholesale hat business.' 'But why did you leave the church?' I asked. 'For several reasons,' said he. 'And what,' said I, 'were they?' 'A wife,' he answered, 'and six children.'"

No one is in order of a good story or can tell one with greater effect than Dr. Clifford, who will lead the Nonconformist Emergency League against the Lords, should necessity arise. His father and mother worked in a Lancashire lace factory, and when the preacher was ten years old he, too, entered the factory, and often worked twelve or fourteen hours at a stretch. He relates how a piece of new machinery was being hoisted to the top room of the factory; the rope broke and the machinery got a damaging fall. "Well, I never!" exclaimed the manager. "To think I've hoisted with that rope for fifteen years and now it never happened!"

Former President Patton, of Princeton University, once preached upon faith at Fifth Avenue Collegiate church. He spoke of the blind faith of the client who puts himself at the mercy of a lawyer in preparing an action for trial, and the confidence of the sick in entrusting themselves to the physician. "A case of blind faith," said he. "The doctor writes out a prescription. Often than not you can not read it; you don't know what it is. He tells you to take it. 'Yours not to reason why, yours but to do and die.' Whether or not Dr. Patton meant it, there was a refreshing ripple throughout the congregation.

A young preacher, staying at a clergy house, was in the habit of retiring to his room for an hour or more each day to practice pulpit oratory. At such times he filled the house with sounds of fervor and pathos, and emptied it of most everything else. Philips Brooks chanced to be visiting a friend in this house one day when the budding orator was holding forth. "Gracious me!" exclaimed the Bishop, starting up in assumed terror, "Pray, what might that be?" "Sit down, Bishop," his friend replied. "That's only young D— practicing what he preaches."

At a meeting of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society in a large city church a discussion arose among the members present as to the race of people that inhabited a far-away land. Some insisted that they were a man-eating people; others that they were known to be cannibals. However, the question was finally decided by a minister's widow: "I beg pardon for interrupting, Mrs. Chairman, but I can assure you that they are cannibals. My husband was a missionary there and they ate him."

An Alabama negro became possessed of a seedy and forlorn-looking dog, to which he assigned the name "Moreover." "Jefferson," he was asked, "how did you hit upon such a name as 'Moreover' for the dog?" "I gits it outen de Bible," he replied. "The Bible?" "Sure, sah. Doan' yo' member where it says, 'When Lazarus lay at de rich man's gate, moreover, de dog, come an' lick his sores?'"

Small Nettie, seeing some large insects on the back porch, asked what they were, and was told they were ants. The next morning she discovered a number of small ants among the large ones, and exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, the ants have brought their little nieces with them to-day!"

The Pope's Personal Life.

Delineator. In his apartments in the Vatican the Pope has a piano and a pianola. These are innovations in which he finds great relief and solace from the weighty cares under which he struggles. He has always been particularly fond of his own favorite organist at St. Peter's, for whose education he himself paid, the Abbe Perosi. The world knows well that it was the present Pope who restored to the Roman Catholic Church the old Gregorian music, which of recent generations had fallen into disuse. The violin is also a favorite instrument of the Pope; in his younger days he was considered a considerable master of the bow.

It is a true story that when Cardinal Sarto journeyed from Venice to Rome to take part in the conclave to elect a Pope, following the death of Leo XIII, that he bought a return trip ticket. He, at least, had never dreamed that of all the college of cardinals, many of whom are eminent in scholarship, and learning, others skilled in the worldly diplomacy essential to the Head of the Church, that he of all these would be chosen for that high office. When the seventh ballot of that famous conclave was cast and Cardinal Sarto was declared the Pope-elect, the old Patriarch of Venice was so overcome with emotion that he fell back in a half swoon and restoratives were necessary.

Cities of Decaying Nation.

Teheran, Persia's capital, is one of the least interesting cities of that ancient land. The houses are mean, the streets narrow and dirty, and even the palace of the shah is not a thing of beauty. It has no history worth mentioning and is only redeemed by the birth of Haroun-al-Raschid in a neighboring village. Its importance comes from the presence of the court, but it undergoes a sad decadence in summer, when the unhealthy climate drives the greater part of the population to more sanitary places. Isfahan, the former capital, is far different. That city was once girdled by a wall of twenty-four miles, and Shah Abbas in the sixteenth century loaded it with magnificence. It contains splendid mosques and ancient palaces which appeal to the imagination. But Isfahan, too, has fallen upon evil days. Houses, bazaars, mosques, palaces, whole streets, writes a traveller, are in total abandonment.

DARE NOT MAKE FRIENDS

A SAD CONDITION OF AFFAIRS IN NEW YORK CITY.

Words That Cannot be Read Without a Feeling Akin to Shame—The Gospel of Chivalry Needs to be Preached Over Again.

After an attempt at suicide by a Canadian girl in New York, was found a letter addressed to her mother, which she had not despatched. It was an appeal for money to carry her home, a theatrical venture upon which she had entered having failed. The concluding sentences were: "New York is a bad place for a girl who has no money. A girl dare not make friends with anybody." Few can read the words without a feeling akin to shame. Miss Mary Kingsley, Miss Bird, and other women travellers have journeyed unprotected and unmolested amongst the uncivilized races of the earth. In the greatest, wealthiest and most highly developed community in the western world a girl in dire need "dare not make friends with anybody."

The pity is that in such a community there would be hundreds of good women, yes and of good men, who, if they were aware of a human soul at their doors, crushed with despondency, would hasten with their aid, and think it a privilege to help the sunken one out of the depths. But how are they to be described? True hearts bear no outward symbol; silk hats and silk dresses convey no assurance of honor or kindness. Indeed if a needy girl were to make an appeal to a stranger she would be safer to stop the man with his dinner pail and the grimace of toil on his hands and face. He might not be in a position to do much for her, but he would give her honest advice, and if he had little money to help he would have still less to harm.

Everyone has his particular remedy for the ills of the world, but assuredly the gospel of chivalry among men would—lessen—some of them. If eighty out of a hundred men were as eager to be helpful as their worse nature too often prompts them to be hurtful, what oceans of sorrow and shame would be banished from the world! Could there be a greater commentary on the civilization of a Christian city than the words of a girl, desperate to the verge of self-destruction: "A girl dare not make friends with anybody." Perhaps it will be conceded that Church Life was doing a public service in exposing the hard-heartedness of the Y.W.C.A. of New York towards friendless girls.

Sports Have Degrading Features.

"A man cannot be an athlete and a decent man," stated J. M. Robinson, of Hamilton, at the Provincial Sunday School Convention, Toronto. "The minute we admit the athletic spirit to enter our Sunday school we lower its moral tone. I make a distinction between athletics and physical culture as given by public school teachers and in Y.M.C.A. gymnasia. But I have seen so many young fellows dragged into the mire through participation in athletic games that I am convinced that our Sunday schools have no business with them whatever."

In reply J. Howard Crocker claims that half the missionaries in foreign fields were the best of athletes while at college. Athletes breed a spirit of manliness and conception of honor and duty that make positively the best men for religious purposes.

"Not only as a priest, but as a citizen, I forbid this disgraceful exhibition. Stop right where you are." This said Rev. John J. Preston, of St. Lawrence Roman Catholic church, in Weehawken, near New York, in the rooms of the Plymouth Athletic Club, into which he forced an entrance while a prize fight was in progress. As the priest reached the ring, a pugilist, known as "The Dixie Kid," was leaning, battered and exhausted, against the ropes. Rushing at him was Charles Sieger, his victorious opponent. Men in the crowd were calling to Sieger to "go in and finish him." "Get out of here, all of you," the priest said. "You boys, fifteen and sixteen years old, ought to be ashamed of yourselves; but you men who permit boys to see brutal fights like this should be more ashamed. Get out." Fighters, officials and spectators took the priest's advice and in less than three minutes the hall was empty.

An Adamesque Eden at Last.

No man will be allowed to own a share of stock or a rod of land or to hold office in the industrial colony about to be started in Western Australia by a number of British women, which will be situated within forty miles of Albany on a great rock facing the sea. The land has been secured from the government as a freehold property by Mrs. Emily Crawford, president of the householders' league; Miss Cooke, an expert lady gardener, now chief of the women's agricultural college established by Mrs. Martin in Worcestershire; Miss Hetty Sawyer, M.D., a successful London medical practitioner, and others. The moving spirit is Mrs. Crawford, a novelist and artist, and wealthy. Much of the capital is being supplied by Mrs. Martin, better known in America as Victoria Woodhull, the famous advocate of woman's rights, who married the late John Bidwell Martin and settled in England. Mrs. Crawford states: "It is solely a question of the parliamentary vote. There is no security in England for women's financial enterprise. We pitch our tents in Australia because there women have the franchise. Consequently, they have protection and the advantage it affords."

Ingenuous Theory Shattered.

Lately the press gave currency to an article of the Jewish World regarding the ages of the patriarchs, claiming that in the earliest times the month—the period of the moon's cycle, was called a year; Methuselah's age circle, was called a year; 783 years, and that of Adam's 930 to 754. Now, supposing this to be correct, we will have to accept the same for other events of the same period. Seth would be only eight years and nine months old when his son Enos was born. Enoch would only be five years and five months old when his son Methuselah was born; Selah 2½ years when his son Eber was born; Nabor 2 years and 5 months when his son Terah was born; Terah five years and ten months old when his son Abram was born. Nahor would be a grandfather at the age of eight years and three months. Cain and Abel were grown up young men. But supposing they were only lads between 15 and 16 when Cain murdered Abel, they must have been born five years before their father for he could then be only ten years old on the scale of the Jewish World.

WOMEN'S CLUBS OF MEMPHIS.

Working Out Same Principle as the Canadian National Council of Women.

Delineator. Memphis (Tenn.) women have proven what women's clubs can do. Co-operation is the new watchword with these organizations throughout the country. At a gathering of the clubs at Memphis three thousand people were present. Many had to be turned away from the Lyceum Theatre, where the meeting was held. Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle, the writer, presided. Fifty-three organizations were represented. As Bishop Gailor, (Anglican), rose he said, "The ethical ideals of a nation will never be higher than the ethical ideals of its women." This served as the keynote of the meeting.

The Memphis Housekeepers' Club is typical of the organizations of that city. It gave the city its first playgrounds, seven in number. It instituted the Annual Cleaning Day, and introduced domestic science into the public schools. It so stirred up the city fathers that a Civic Progress League was organized. Through its efforts shade trees are being planted over the city, and money raised for a tuberculosis hospital. Its latest work is the establishing of hygienic family laundries in every ward of the city. Each of the fifty-three clubs had progress and good work to report.

The Beethoven Club of Memphis, an organization of women, with 408 members, aims at musical culture for the whole city. It has established a permanent symphony orchestra and annually gives four concerts, for which artists of world-wide renown are brought. Then there are monthly concerts by club members. There is a philanthropic department, through which each month a concert is provided for some charitable institution. Settlement work is conducted through a corps of volunteer music teachers. The Junior Beethoven Department has seventy-five young musicians in training for club work.

The Christmas Club of Memphis was organized to provide holiday cheer for orphans and others in need. One December it raised \$1,612 and another year \$1,785. They distribute each year about 700 baskets.

Doing Justice to Punch.

The Record of Philadelphia lately told a story of Archbishop Ryan of that city, illustrative of his fondness for children. Seeing a small boy, anxious to get at the bell-pull of a house, and believing the youngster wanted to get in, the archbishop stepped to the rescue of the lad and sent a "clanging summons through the house." As he looked down the boy exclaimed, "Now, let's scoot; I was playing tricks." It's a good story, but it originated in Punch about 1875, with a fine drawing by Charles Keene over the dialogue.

But the good archbishop need not feel that he has been alone put upon by friends, for two years ago a story was current about Rev. Funk of Funk & Wagnalls, to the effect that when a kid he was extremely smart. One Sabbath, when at Sunday school, the superintendent asked him, "What commandment did Cain break when he killed Abel?" And the youthful Funk replied, "Please, sir, there wasn't any commandments then." However, this joke was published in Punch away back in the '60s, about an Englishman and had a drawing about it either by John Leech or Charles Keene.

A year ago a story circulated in Washington, saying that Mr. Taft was such a polite man that, when a street car was full and he was seated, he got up, doffed his hat, and gave two ladies a seat. This is also an old Punch joke of Charles Keene's. In Punch a very stout lady is standing at the omnibus steps and the conductor is bawling inside, "Will two gentlemen get up and give a lady a seat?"

Evangeline Booth's Policy.

Evangeline Booth's policy in the Salvation Army is always to meet the greatest need. Upon any one's distributing the charity of the public there rests the responsibility of seeing it worthily bestowed. Therefore, investigation practically eliminating the possibility of imposture is an especial satisfaction. For instance, at Christmas time, when the Army feeds tens of thousands in America, not one ticket is given away without the family being visited and its needs verified. She has two other rules: "To make the smallest amount go the longest way. Economy has been our principle, both before and by choice. Our aim is to make each gift meet some need and to reduce the cost of transit from donor to recipient to a minimum. This method is only possible by the officers being almoners, their expenses being simply such as will cover their bare subsistence.

To rob charity of its greatest foe—the risk of pauperization. It has always been my belief that a gift that does not detract from a man's self-respect is worth double its value. The few cents paid for a garment in our second-hand stores, the bit of honest toil for food and bed in our Industrial Homes, or the garment made or cleaned in our Rescue workroom or laundry, all fight for the retention of this principle."

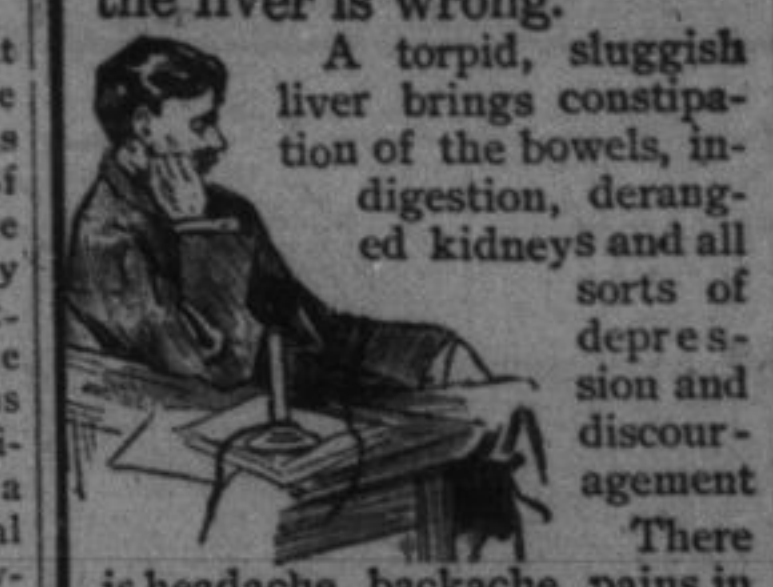
False Hair Has Been Banned.

Rev. Percy Stickney Grant, rector of the Church of the Ascension, New York city, has won his fight against rats and puffs and all forms of artificial hair upon the members of the choir of his church. The matter was broached by the rector a year ago as a suggestion. No effect was visible. On Friday when the choir was getting into vestments for the Clyde Fitch funeral, Henry Warren, choirmaster, issued an order, prompted by Mr. Grant. Whatever hair had not accrued in the ordinary course of events simply had to come off if the women wanted to stay in that choir. Of course, all wanted to stay, so right there in the dressing room hair began to fly and within a few minutes every one of the fluffy heads was as sleek as the most straight laced could wish. On Sunday the order was repeated and must be obeyed right along.

A Woman and her Names.

Site began as Elizabeth Bird, in Harrison County, Ky., and ventured from the home nest when she married Bud Martin. When Mr. Martin died she married Edward Crow, a farmer. When the time came to change nests she allied herself with William Robin and lived happily until the matrimonial season of Mrs. Robin again rolled along. Then David Buzzard, a widower, more attractive than his name would indicate, appeared, and Mrs. Robin became Mrs. Buzzard. Into the Buzzard roost Mrs. Buzzard carried one little Martin, two little Crows and one little Robin. One little Buzzard was already there to welcome the other birds.

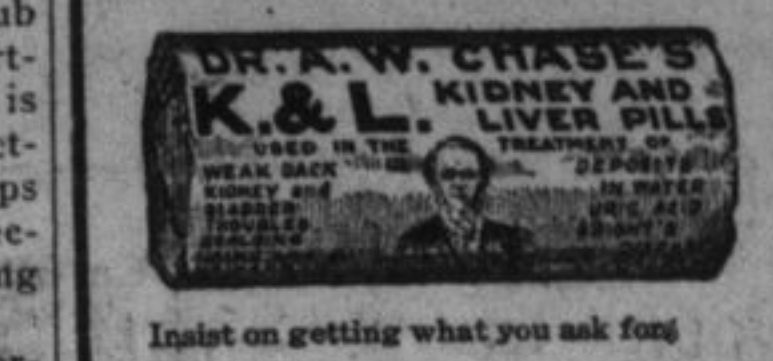
You cannot be cheerful, active and energetic when the liver is wrong.



A torpid, sluggish liver brings constipation of the bowels, indigestion, deranged kidneys and all sorts of depression and discouragement. There is headache, backache, pains in the limbs and rheumatism.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney & Liver Pills

cleanse the system of poisonous impurities and restore good digestion and assimilation. Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney and Liver Pills owe their phenomenal success to the fact that they positively cure liver complaint, biliousness, constipation, backache and kidney disease. One pill a dose, 25 cts. a box, at all dealers or Edman, Eaton & Co., Toronto.



Insist on getting what you ask for.

Heart Trouble Cured.

Through one cause or another a large majority of the people are troubled with some form of heart trouble.

The system becomes run down, the heart palpitates, you have weak and dizzy spells, a smothering feeling, cold clammy hands and feet, shortness of breath, sensation of pins and needles, rush of blood to the head, etc. Wherever there are sickly people with weak hearts Millburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will be found an effective medicine. Mrs. Wm. Elliott, Angus, Ont., writes: "It is with the greatest of pleasure I write you stating the benefit I have received by using Millburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I suffered greatly from heart trouble, weakness and smothering spells. I used a great deal of doctors' medicines but received no benefit. A friend advised me to buy a box of your pills, which I did, and soon found great relief. I highly recommend these pills to anyone suffering from heart trouble."

Price, 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Millburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

"GOOD GROWING WEATHER."

When the New Scalp Antiseptic is Used.

A good head of hair is as much a "crown of glory," for man as it is for woman, notwithstanding all the poetry on the subject applied to the female sex exclusively. In the season when flies bite, the bald-headed man can sympathize with the Egyptians, who were so sorely plagued on account of the children of Israel. Why not try Newbro's Herpicide? Others have benefited and are loud in its praise. It cleanses the scalp, kills the germ at the root of the hair and by keeping the scalp sweet, pure and wholesome, the hair is bound to grow as nature intended, regardless of the temperature. Try it and be convinced. Sold by leading druggists. Send 10c in stamps for sample to the Herpicide Co., Detroit, Mich. \$1.45 in 10c packages. G. W. Mahood, special agent.

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Epps's Cocoa is a treat to Children. A Sustenance to the Worker. A Boon to the Thrifty Housewife.

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In strength, delicacy of flavor, nutritiousness and economy in use "Epps's" is unsurpassed.

Children thrive on "Epps's."

See that the Name CROMPTON Is on your Corsets. It means Correct Fit Latest Style and Wearing Qualities unsurpassed—33 Years uninterrupted Popularity.

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