

The Over-erect Man

Is full chested, hollow-backed, with large hips, and straight nape of neck, and his coat usually wrinkles at the back over his shoulder blades, "draws" at the armholes, and "binds" at the collar.



In "Fit-reform" garments for this type, the front half of the coat is made a size larger than the back, the collar sets well to the rear, and the hip space is made unusually full.

The Over-erect man wears to best advantage close-fitting garments, such as "Morning," "Shooting," "Frock," or "Dress" coat, the loose-fitting "Sack" being prone to wrinkle over his hollow back, and between his shoulders.

All Portly men are necessarily Over-erect, because of the backward poise of the figure, required to carry the corpulence of the front.

Few tailors succeed in fitting this type of man, and in "Fit-reform" only can he find his shape "ready made".

Prices \$10.00 to \$25.00 per suit.

Nearest Agencies—D. W. DOWNEY, Brockville, THE KENNEDY CO., Limited, Montreal.



The risk and dissatisfaction of using cheap soaps is enormous. They make a porous lather, quickly drying and clogging the scalp pores, thus creating disease germs, leaving a parched and heated sensation, leaves the hair thin, dry and standing out like bristles.

ALL DRUGGISTS 2c.

1,000 Pairs Ladies' \$2 Laced and Button Boots.

Kid and Patent Leather Tips, your choice for \$1.25.

SEE OUR EAST WINDOW.

SUTHERLAND'S

BILLIARDS!

Remember the POOL... BILLIARD... \$25 to \$150 POOL.

THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT IN THE DOMINION.

E. L. ETHIER & CO.

PICTURES

Such as you can see at

Kirkpatrick's Art Store.

Make beautiful presents.

Christmas Novelties arriving.

Gallery always open to visitors.

159 PRINCESS STREET.

Music and Dancing Class.

THE WHIG--65th YEAR.

DAILY BRITISH WHIG published each evening at 206-210 King Street, at \$6 per year, delivered in the city; \$5 by mail, if paid in advance.

WEEKLY BRITISH WHIG, 12 pages, published every Thursday morning at \$1 a year. Attached to one of the best Job Printing Offices in Canada; rapid, stylish and cheap work; nine improved presses.

Edw. J. B. DENNE, Proprietor.

THE DAILY WHIG.

"Opus per Orbem Dior."

RAISED A POWERFUL PLEA.

On jubilee day, in Chicago, when the people and the troops were celebrating the peace proceedings at the close of the war, a notable figure appeared upon the public platform and raised a powerful plea on behalf of his race. Who was he? Booker T. Washington, the eloquent negro, the man of lowly origin, who, by efforts the most heroic, has educated himself until he has become a commanding figure in the public life of the nation.

Mr. Washington is in demand on public occasions, and he has never, in his speeches, disappointed those who have come within the influence of his voice. Of fine presence, of good face, of voice that is strong and penetrating, and gesture that is appropriate, he is indeed an orator, and on Jubilee day this is what he said:

"If there is one class of our citizens that has a right to rejoice more than another over the outcome of our recent war it is the American negro. You know he could clear your forests, mine your coal, build your railroads, and raise your rice, sugar cane and cotton—yes, more cotton than the world can consume; but you doubted whether or not he could be depended upon to fight for liberty, to defend the honor and safety of this republic. At Santiago and El Caney you trusted the negro with the highest interests of this country. Did he disappoint you in endeavoring to beat and fever? Did he disappoint you in the use of the bullet or sword? As we measured up the highest test of manhood at every point where we were tested in connection with the Spanish-American war, in the same degree we can be depended upon to defend and preserve the highest interests of this country, whether in war or peace."

"When we have so prepared ourselves as a race we are going to ask that in every part of this country you accord as the same business and civil opportunities that you now extend to all classes and conditions who here find shelter and a home from foreign lands. We are going to ask that as you forget the color line when that interred black regiment saved the rough riders that you forget it in your industry and civil conduct. We are going to ask that, as you did not judge of the effectiveness of the bullets by the color of the man behind the gun, you cease to judge the value of citizenship by the curl of the hair or the hue of the skin."

And every sentence of the speech was cheered to the echo. Were these cheers given in approval? It would appear so, for those who heard Mr. Washington remembered that as the head of an educational institution he was fitting his people for any trust, and that he and his associates made one forget his color in the goodness of his heart.

Verily the colored troops before Santiago rendered the nation a service it can never forget. Henceforth the negro stands upon higher ground. The slave has disappeared from sight, and the citizen and soldier has taken his place.

POWER OF THE PULPIT.

There is an agitation in the United States, originating in one of the large cities, for the abolition of the Sunday evening services in the churches. It is based on the argument that the family ought to be intact one evening in the week, that there is so much to distract it during the week nights. But on Sunday all its members are home and they should make it an occasion for social and religious convenience, or for the study of those things which promote the family ties and extend the spirit of brotherhood. Those who projected this idea may have been serious enough, but there are many quite willing to say "hear, hear," who have little sympathy with it.

I have been pained out that in this age there is a spirit of unrest which touches and affects everything. The church can not expect to escape its blighting influence, and the church, in some places, undertakes to deal with it by adding to its attractions. "The fact is," says a cautious preacher, in discussing the question, "the people are getting tired of preaching. Too many ministers think that the falling off calls for the adoption of artificial and sensational means for retaining the interest of their congregations. That is a mistake. If the story of the gospels, told with the deep earnestness that should animate a preacher in his deliverance, will not draw the people no other form of service will. Any plan will succeed for a few weeks or months, but soon will hold men and women to the churches but the power of that gospel which for nineteen hundred years has been a source of comfort and consolation to humanity."

One thing is certain that the abolition of the evening church service will not add to the enlightenment and education of the people. For one that would make this Sunday evening the occasion for family communion a score would pass the time in idleness, in wayward visitation, in irreligious exercises, in amusements, in woe. There would not be anything to offset, to replace, to compensate for the loss of divine service, and sooner or later the experiment, if tried, would be pronounced a dismal failure.

The demand is not for less church service, but for more of it on Sunday. Sunday is a day for rest and worship, and the one implies the other. Preaching is only one feature of the service. Sometimes it is the chief feature. In that event it should be worthy of the place it occupies.

There is some ground for the complaint of an educationist in the Christian Guardian against some of the sermonizing of the day. The feeling is that the preacher does not develop something that appealing to the understanding of the people, is calculated to improve the mental condition.

and through the moral condition of the people. The demand is for an educated ministry, and the men who, when they preach, have something to say, something that has engaged their thoughts and is destined to engage the thoughts of others, will have hearers in an ever-increasing number.

The pulpit is the great source of leadership and light, in the moral and religious life of the people, and it will never lose its power—if power is put into it.

SATURDAY THOUGHTS.

Who's the most popular member of the city council? The question has been asked, and the Whig passes it on so that some one else may answer. It's easy, of course.

Frederick Harrison was a Christian Scientist while he was in health. When he took sick he sent for the doctor, but too late to be benefited by his treatment. It was ever thus.

On dit that Sir Richard Cartwright will shortly succeed Lord Strathcona as High commissioner in London. It's an office Sir Richard could fill to the queen's taste. But he cannot be spared at home.

In Montreal the city engineer directs the chopping down of any poles that are erected on the streets without the permission of the roads department. But the streets in Kingston do not belong to the city. That makes a difference.

What's the matter with the tory press? The government cannot appoint anyone to service in the Yukon who is not objected to. What's the kick about? All these men cannot be crooks. The insinuation is disreputable and a scandal to the press in which it appears.

Montreal is disturbed because Lord and Lady Aberdeen respectfully declined to visit that city and give prestige to the opening of the opera house. Their excellencies probably saw the bill of fare for the opening night. They have to draw the line somewhere, and they draw it at the ballet.

A nice condition of things would follow if judges, the dispensers of justice, were subject to a political pull. Yet that's Mr. Croker's, or Tammany Hall's, idea. The wonder is that Mr. Croker doesn't run for judge himself. The people might as well elect him as the man who does his bidding.

The Chicago Inter-Ocean now has it that there is really less hope of an Anglo-American alliance now since France, Russia, Austria and Italy are clamoring for American meat. These nations were clamoring for the same thing when the war was on, and England came to the rescue. But for the alliance would have helped to make mince meat of the American army.

At the nomination meeting in East Wellington the conservatives, directed by the conservative candidate, would not let Mr. Park, the former independent candidate, speak because he now favoured the election of Hon. Mr. Gibson. Dr. Coughlin will probably be sorry for that act before the campaign is over. Neither he nor any other man can suppress public opinion.

Rev. Mr. McLaughlin has left Toronto for Chicago. He meant to make his home in Toronto, to do his life's work there, but suddenly he discovered that his star of destiny—the star that guided him from Ireland to America—was pointing him to Chicago, and he dare not refuse to follow. It was first \$1,000, and then \$6,000. Wonderful star, this star of fate, of dollars and cents.

Dr. Coughlin, the conservative opponent of Hon. Mr. Gibson in the East Wellington campaign, is a dandy. He is down upon Mr. Park, who ran in the last election as an independent, because he has become a liberal, a turncoat. Yet he is a turncoat himself, having changed from liberal to conservative for what there was in it, and he was backed up in his nomination address by H. Carleton, of Hamilton, a turncoat of the imposing kind. The beauty of Dr. Coughlin under these circumstances is worthy of admiration. His photo ought to be passed around.

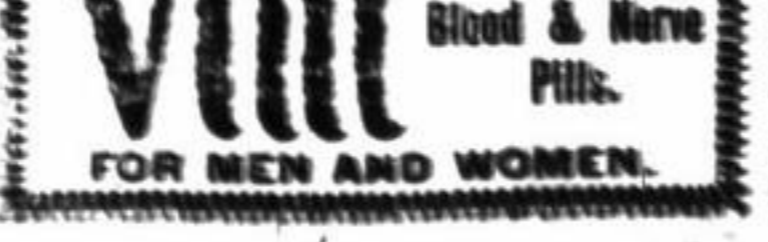
The Canadian Shoe Journal scores those newspaper proprietors who refuse to give frankly their circulation. The purchaser has as much right to know this as to scrutinize the quality of goods purchased. The Whig is all right; it is the only paper in Kingston whose circulation, sworn to, has been given in detail every quarter and recorded in New York, Philadelphia and Chicago. The Shoe Journal further charges that the publisher who gives false circulation and gets orders upon it obtains money under false pretences, and is no better than the forger or confidence man.

An Attractive Painting.

On exhibition in S. Lowe's store, Portmouth, is a striking marine painting, the work of Capt. Pierce. The sea party is in Portmouth harbor, with the pennant flying, the front row and town hall, and the ship yard standing out prominently as a harbor. On the harbor appears Capt. Pierce's yacht under full canvas and bending low to a heavy breeze. The painting has been favorably criticized.

The Bay of Quatre Reys new short line for Toronto, Niagara, Deseronto and all but one point. Train leaves City Hall depot at 6:10 p.m. R. J. Wilson, C.P.R. telegraph office, Clarendon street.

"Do you use coffee? Try our Java and Mocha blend. Jas. Rankin & Co.



AN UNKNOWN PRINCESS

And Her Wildly Romantic History.

WAS EXCHANGED AT BIRTH

FOR THE SON OF A POOR PEASANT.

She Was The Daughter Of The King Of France—Interesting Story Of A Lady Whose Father Married—The Confession Of Her Strange Tale.

In the annals of the past there is no more remarkable story than that of Maria Stella Petronella Chiappini, who became in the first place the wife of a Welsh baronet and Irish lord, and in the second a lady of the noble, while she ultimately claimed to be a princess of Orleans and a daughter of the king of France. She was in her teens and was engaged in a Florentine theatre when an Irish peer named Sir Thomas Wynn took up his abode there.

He was a widower, and to while away the time resorted frequently to the theatre. He was much attracted by the grace and beauty of Maria Stella Petronella Chiappini. This lovely ballerina won him completely, and in the course of time he made her his wife, and returning to England introduced her to society as Lady Newborough. Strange and incongruous as this union of May and December, of plebeian and peer, at first seemed, it nevertheless proved to be a happy one. She became the old man's pet, and she returned his love. Two sons were the result of the marriage. When in 1807 his lordship died he left nearly the whole of his large fortune to the two sons, having also made adequate provisions for the education of his children.

After the death of her husband she determined to visit the land of her childhood and see how it fared with her parents. She found that many changes had taken place during the lapse of the years. Her father had been in the army, and had been in country prison, but was now in easy circumstances. Her eldest brother had settled in the city of Dante as a medical gentleman, and had a fairly good practice with distance, and had extensive practice. This was to her, of course, a source of joy, but there was another change which gave her pain; that was the altered feeling of her family towards her. She was treated with distance and reserve, although with profound respect. In spite of her entreaties that they would ignore her now exalted position and regard her once more as one of themselves, the restraint was continued, especially by a brother.

At last, after failing to break through the barrier which seemed to have risen between them, she left Florence, and spent some time with her two boys in Italy, and then returned to Italy. While still in Italy, news of Chiappini's serious illness reached her. She immediately hurried off to Florence, which she reached a few days before the old man's death. The dying man was evidently glad to see her, and seemed anxious to make some communication to her. But in this he was prevented by his son, who turned a deaf ear to the old man's entreaties to let her see her father. The dying man was evidently glad to see her, and seemed anxious to make some communication to her. But in this he was prevented by his son, who turned a deaf ear to the old man's entreaties to let her see her father. The dying man was evidently glad to see her, and seemed anxious to make some communication to her. But in this he was prevented by his son, who turned a deaf ear to the old man's entreaties to let her see her father.

Lady Newborough hastened to the town named in the confession, and found the steward still living, who told her everything she desired to know, and that the nobleman was the count de Joinville. The steward's former master—the owner of the villa rented by the count—was not so communicative, and but for the steward Lady Newborough's parentage would have remained a mystery. She then went to France, and to the town of Joinville, and to her profound astonishment discovered that the count de Joinville and his highness the duke of Orleans, were one and the same. From Joinville she hastened to Paris, where she issued in all the principal Parisian papers, the following advertisement: "If the heir of the count de Joinville, who travelled and resided in Italy in the year 1774, will call at the Hotel de... Rue... he will hear of something greatly to his advantage."

It may be relevant to state here that before the restoration of the Bourbons, after which event Lady Newborough arrived in Paris and issued the advertisement above, she had contracted a second matrimonial alliance with a Levonian nobleman of a very ancient and illustrious family, and of considerable fortune. Baron von Ungarn Sternberg. The issue of the second marriage was also a son, but it does not seem to have been as happy as the first. After a time the lady and the baron do not appear to have lived together much. He gave her no support or countenance in the prosecution of her claims. Indeed, it has been stated by a nephew of the baron that his uncle was in receipt of a large annual allowance from Louis Philippe, then king of the French, to induce him to withhold his aid from his energetic lady.

Lady Newborough was fully convinced that she was the eldest child of the late duke of Orleans (whom the revolutionists named Philippe Egalite), and with one exception, his only surviving child, Louis Philippe, the then duke, being in her estimation, the child of the jailer of an obscure town in France. She put forth her claims in a little volume in which she mentions two very curious facts. She tells us that when Louis Philippe was brought to the baptismal font, his weight was a matter of astonishment to those who held him, he being as heavy as a child of five or six months, and this would have been his age if he had been born in the Tuscan provincial town and secretly smuggled to Paris. The other fact is that when she visited the Palais Royal, her little boy, seeing a portrait of the duke of Orleans, was so struck by the strong likeness to old Chiappini as to exclaim, "Oh, mamma, here is a portrait of grandpa."

In all Conditions of Debility, whether from overwork, or protracted illness, or in convalescence, the digestive organs partake of the general weakness, and are unable to assimilate sufficient food to build up the wasted tissue. In such cases

Pabst Malt Extract The Best Tonic

IS JUST THE NUTRITIVE TONIC you need. It gives tone to the stomach, and stimulates the appetite. It feeds in itself and aids in the digestion of other foods.

Sold by all druggists.

Canadian Depot: PABST MALT EXTRACT, 66 McGill St., Montreal. (P.)

You Are Missing Some Extra Dry Goods Values

These days if you let the weather keep you from this Store.

Trefousse French Kid Gloves, dome fastener, fancy stitching, regular \$1.25, for \$1.

Pewney's Kid Lacing Gloves \$1 and \$1.25, for 75c.

Women's Black Ribbed Cashmere Hose 15c pair.

Children's Black Ribbed Cashmere Hose 10c pair.

Boys' Wool Ribbed Hose 20c and 25c pair.

Boys' Heavy Worsted Ribbed Hose 25c to 50c pair.

Women's Wool Combination Suits 75c each.

Women's Pure Wool Health Dress Combination Suits \$1.75 each.

Special Line in 60c Fancy Dress Gowns at 25c yard.

Special Line in Mantles at \$8.50, \$5, \$7, \$9, \$10.

Special lot of Sample Dress Trimming Sets at about half regular prices.

Tubular Braids 25c dozen.

English Cottons worth 7c, for 7c.

English Cottons worth 12c, for 10c.

Blankets and Comforters at prices that give the most worth for least money.

Starr & Sutcliffe,

FORMERLY RICHMOND & CO.

118 and 120 Princess Street.

make whatever preparation to you that was in my power. Truly I thank you for the great English lord placed you in the position to which your birth entitled you, and great was my anxiety when you returned to Italy to throw myself at your feet, and grant me your pardon. I had it now I should be more content."

Advertisement for Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, featuring an illustration of a woman and text describing the medicine's benefits for various ailments.