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**Beautiful Souvenir.**

Ottawa Journal.

A very beautiful piece of ornamental penmanship and binding has just been turned out of the establishment of James Hope & Sons, of this city. It is the address presented at Kingston last month by the priests of that district to their new archbishop, Most Reverend C. H. Gauthier, successor to the late archbishop Cleary. The address was sent to Ottawa to be gotten up in proper shape for preservation among the archives of the Kingston diocese.

**They Are Made of Rubber.**

You can depend on our rubbers being the best and cheapest in the city. A. Abernethy, 127 Princess street.

A meeting of the city property committee has been summoned for to-morrow afternoon. Business of importance will be brought before the meeting.


## THE WHIG---65th YEAR.

DAILY BRITISH WHIG published each evening at 30-310 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 is one of the best Job Printing Offices in Canada; rapid, stylish and cheap work; nine improved presses.

EDW. J. B. PIRON, Proprietor.

## THE DAILY WHIG.

*"Optimi per Orbem Dies."*


### POLICE INCOMPETENCE

There is probably no class in Kingston with whom the Whig has more friendly relations or a greater reason for personal respect than the police officials, and when it is necessary to criticize them it is anything but a rollicking picnic. It would be more agreeable to continue to speak good words when the bravery of an officer, for his fidelity, calls for comment, but the time has come to shake the police force up to some sense of its prodigious incapacity. It is absolutely useless as a protective body; it lacks stimulating force and esprit de corps. The officers are nerveless and devoid of sensitiveness as to failure of duty. The gathering of idle men in places like the hotel she I burned the other night is naturally dangerous to property, when the police rarely disturb associations of that kind, as some properties in the west end have for years been a costly witness to. But when it comes to a man, — not a man but a beast, — year after year parading the streets at night, grossly insulting women and not being checked, it is time to cry not only shame on what is called "our manly force" but to ask each and every one to step down and out, and let a true man take his place. If the police do not know it, and assuredly they should, not a night has passed in the last month but a woman has been accosted or insulted on the street. It is not possible for that one man to escape the eyes of a dozen policemen, if each one of the policemen exercised ordinary zeal and intelligence. Men going about in the way this man is described as doing, half clothed, — with merely underclothes and overcoat, — are easy to detect even in the evening. There never was greater panic in any community than is now felt amongst the ladies of Kingston, and if the police had a spark of manly feeling and would think of the respect due to their own wives and daughters, for the brief space of five minutes, even their indifferent spirits might be roused to action. There is not a policeman on that force but should forthwith resign as unfitted for his position and his pay. It may be recalled that when fires were raging in Kingston and causing $50,000 of destruction every night on the average, the police poohpoohed the idea of criminal design and went on in the even tenor of their way. It was not until outsiders, realizing the risks and loss, met with insurance men and engaged special constables, that the dangerous crime was checked. It will be necessary now for the citizens to club together to engage a detective and to offer a reward to grapple with one sneaker in the dark because a whole corps of policemen have failed to do so for three years. In this connection no reduction is proposed upon Chief Harvey, who is undoubtedly too ill for active service, and who is so persuaded of his illness that his resignation will be tendered in the spring.

### DROPPING ELECTION PROTESTS.

The Telegram glories because a couple of law firms in Toronto have undertaken to settle and drop election petitions at their own sweet wills. It regards this as an useful surrender of the individual liberty to the powers that be. Where is the evidence of this?

"It would not be so bad," says the Telegram, "if the Toronto magnates arranged for the withdrawal of petitions in cases where there was no evidence of corruption. The game is worked under the auspices of the central authority in the house to withdraw a petition against the gent who has been correctly elected, if the gents will withdraw one against a tory who is equally elected by corrupt means." This, in the opinion of the Telegram, has prevented such a purification of the political atmosphere as the circumstances called for.

Now the fact appears to be that there has been an abandonment of the petitions because there has been no apparent some in going on with them. When the general election occurred the result was close, party feeling ran high, and there was an expressed desire to protest any case where it was possible to prove irregularities. This was followed by a great crop of protests. It took time to make the careful investigation which proceeds the filing of particulars. In this line it was discovered that the evidence was weak in many instances. It was a wise decision, therefore, to drop the petitions, and the Toronto legal firms are acting generally with the knowledge and consent of the local parties. Only in one case has there been any doubt upon this point, and in it the aggrieved persons have had an opportunity to give vent to their feelings.

The truth is that there has not been nearly so much corruption to was terminal and charged in connection with the local elections, and even some of the cases which have gone to trial might well have been abandoned. This would have meant a saving of money and worry and annoyance, to some people, and none of these things can be despised.

The one feature of the saw offs which is significant is Mr. Whitney's attitude in regard to them. He went out of his way to say something about the protests, and it was to the effect that they would be all carried to trial, so far as the conservative party was concerned. He was going to make a tremendous commotion in the country. He was going to drive out of public life every man who got his place by undue influence. Of course he inferred that the grits were the great offenders. He has been silent of late. Like Meredith and Marter he has found that his party is not perfect, that he cannot do as he likes, that all he knows is not gospel.

He is doing his best to pull out of the courts and the bye-elections with a whole skin, and he will be glad enough when the peace protocol has been signed and he can sit down and decide "where he is at."

### EDITORIAL NOTES.

Roosevelt in revolt! That's the news. He is at his Oyster Bay residence and working at a slate of appointments on his own account. Boss Platt is not saying much, but he is said to have his hand on the axe. He cannot decapitate anyone except with Roosevelt's sanction, but the hero of Santiago is still in fighting togs.

Hon. Mr. Hardy has been elected nine times by the same constituency, South Brant. The people up there have proceeded on the basis that they cannot have too much of a good thing. And they cannot. The stalwart liberalism of the constituency is perhaps largely due to the fact that it was represented by Mr. Hardy.

The demonstration in Hon. Mr. Hardy's favor in Toronto was a great success. The province generally was represented at the banquet, and honor was paid to him to whom honor is due. Mr. Hardy is an administrator and one of the best. In diplomacy and debate he holds a front place in Canada. As premier of Ontario may his reign be as long as Mowat's.

Lennox election to-morrow. How will it go? Hon. Mr. Hardy ought to know, and he alleges that it will go reform. "Although an old conservative county," said he at the magnificent banquet the people of Ontario tendered to him, "Mr. Aylesworth redeemed it in the last election, and he will hold it against all comers." That is enough. Now for the returns.

Have you seen the meteors fall? Have you been watching for the display announced to take place on the nights of the 13th, 14th and 15th? And you have been disappointed. Be of good cheer. The Andromeda meteors are due on the 27th — if they can overtake the earth. But a stern chase is a long chase, and it does not sometimes come off according to announcement.

The Hamilton Times agrees with the Whig as to the commercial education which should be given in the public schools. These schools, says our contemporary, are doing a good work, "and doing it so well that fault finders cannot get together and agree on what to condemn in it." The plain fact, it is averred, is that all would be well, so far as some criticism goes, if the schools were only under tory management.

Events of Ottawa, ought to be reasonable. It wants the prohibitionists to show what they can do by enforcing the law against bribery, a graver crime than drunkenness, and undermining the very foundations on which the system of government is built. But the prohibitionists are not the administrators of the law, and it is not to be supposed that they can usurp the rights and privileges of those who are. Let these look after the bribers who are past to do it.

The talk of economy in civic management will not amount to much until the city has, by the examination of some experts, found where an improvement can be made in the system of civic government. Kingston is not interested in what other cities are doing in the way of civic reform. It does not know what changes are being made in the way of book and record keeping, and it is paying for its indifference. This world is moving, and Kingston's civic government should go with it.

### BLOOD ON THE MOON.

**Harvey Farmer Realizes That Prophet Hagan Bring Bumper Harvest.**

Bobcaygeon Independent.

The very atmosphere is charmy. A farmer long farmer Ruby, of Harvey, pelted a couple of deer that were around in his woods. He called them, and put out his line, and as the fall came on they geared in the turnip field, ran with the cattle and were as fat as butter. Rube used to sit out on the stoop and think about those two deer. He would lean against the pig-pen and meditate on the flavor of browse fed mountain mutton; and at night while nestling in his straw tick, would dream of pans of venison steak sputtering on the fire, and awake with a start as a visionary pan took a coat on the open fire. November hit he was out bright and early, but he was not just early enough. Other eyes had watched those deer; other legs had smacked with glassworkle anticipation, and at that moment it was some other coat that enveloped those delicious steaks. Some heathen Chinee had been out on October 23rd. That is why the moon is sanguinary; that is why Rube was in town this week and blew himself to the extent of one pair of chickens and three bags of turnips.


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## SINGING TO THE QUEEN.

### AN HONORABLE BUT TRYING EXPERIENCE.

**Some Interesting Details Of the Affair—The Lady's Costume Had To Be According To Court Usage—The Selections That Pleased Victoria—The Queen Did Not Like To See Scotch Songs Go Out Of Date.**

Singing before the queen is at once a very delightful and a very trying experience, writes M. A. P., a lady who had the honor of being summoned to sing before her majesty at Balmoral a little time ago. The manner in which my appearance in the sovereign's presence was brought to pass was altogether unusual, I am told by professional artists who have been received at Balmoral. It came about in this way: I was visiting at a country seat near the royal abode, and one wet day which kept everybody indoors a very great lady, who was in close relation with the queen, drove over in her carriage. The noble owner of the mansion asked me to sing some Scottish songs for the duchess, who was much pleased. "How they would interest her majesty!" she said. "Wouldn't you like to sing for the queen?" Of course, I assured her nothing would give me greater pleasure, and said that I would go to any part of the kingdom to sing before her majesty.

Six weeks later I received a cordial letter from the duchess, who was one of the queen's bridesmaids and one of her closest friends, saying her majesty would be pleased to receive me. An official invitation followed. At ten o'clock on the night of the day named I drove with my mother to the castle. Two ladies in waiting received us in a palatial bedroom. A wood fire crackled, and a table was laden with refreshments — fruits, champagne and every delicacy imaginable. I was critically inspected by the ladies-in-waiting. Thanks to frequent consultations with lady — and other members of the nobility with whom I was acquainted, my toilet conformed to the requirements. If there had been the slightest deviation the ladies would have rectified it before my entrance to the drawing room. The corsage must be decollete. Had mine been too low, the ladies would have covered it. Had it been too high they would have lowered it. That is their business.

Her majesty objects to suede gloves. Only glace kid is tolerated. She dislikes artificial flowers in the hair or on the gown. Happily, my coiffure and train were loaded with white plumes, which she greatly admires. At 10.30, preceded by an usher in scarlet coat, knee breeches and powdered wig, and followed by the ladies in waiting, I descended through a labyrinth of lofty corridors, every door sentinelled by guards in livery, to an ante room. Presently the marquis of Lorne came in and told the ladies in waiting that her majesty was seated. Then I was led into the royal presence.

The great drawing room was aglow with thousands of wax tapers. Along the walls stood the guests to the number of forty-two. No guest is allowed to sit in her majesty's presence. In the centre of the room sat the queen. Beside her was princess Beatrice, who was also seated — the only one accorded that privilege. The queen wore a black satin robe, the most elaborately embroidered in jet. The great train was of striped velvet. On her head was a tiny white cap, the strings of which almost reached the end of her train. From her shoulders hung long sleeves of rare old white lace, through which gleamed her exquisite arms and hands. The effect was beautiful. She wore many jewels, diamonds and pearls. I noticed particularly her earrings — huge diamonds in long, old-fashioned setting. They were so heavy that they dragged down the lobe of the ear.

When I had made the low obeisance, which had been diligently practiced, and regained my feet without the aid of set I feared, I stood by the piano while princess Beatrice read to her majesty the list of Burns songs I had prepared for her selection. Her first choice was "The Flowers of the Forest," a melody always played over the graves of the servants and retainers of the queen. Her majesty beamed with pleasure when I had finished. Then she asked for "Treesie Lindsay," a very old ballad. When I had sung three songs, a waiter in scarlet — all the attendants seemed like giants — came in with a silver tray, and as was served. The queen thoughtfully asked if I would prefer champagne, as tea was not good for the voice. I thanked her, and said I did not care for refreshments until I had finished singing. After tea she called for "Comin' Thro' the Rye," then for "The Reel Row," which she encored warmly, and I repeated it.

Then her majesty rose and walked directly to me, and, crossing her beautiful hands on the piano, she asked who had taught me, and said she had never heard Scottish songs sung so well.

"Why have the people allowed them to die out?" she asked.

I told her I thought it was due to the fact that children were sent now adays to France and Germany, where they acquired easily the French and German songs, and were ignorant of the beauty of their native music.

"Is there anything I can do?" said her majesty. "We help their revival."

"You have given great help this evening, your majesty," I replied. "Sing anything we to sing them in your presence."

When I had sung about seven songs an attendant handed her majesty a morocco box. There was a little stir among the ladies-in-waiting. Without consulting my attendants, on the impulse of the moment, I bowed myself out of her majesty's presence, which was a great faux pas. I was followed to the ante room by the queen's secretary.

"You made a great mistake to leave the drawing room," he said. "Her majesty has a present for you."

Embarrassed and apologizing, I turned to retrace my steps to the drawing room.

"No," he said, "having once left her majesty's presence, she is not permitted to return unless she requests it."

He brought me the queen's famous birthday book, with her majesty's request that I write in it my name and the date of my birth.

Soon dinner was announced. Again the procession wound its way back in descending to the drawing room. Through corridors and corridors, everywhere attended by scarlet retainers beckoning wands like magicians in the Alhambra, we passed in silence, until a grand dining room was reached. My mother was invited to dine with me, but she was so overcome by the ceremonial and the splendor that she preferred to sip her champagne and goodies in the bedroom, where she stayed throughout the revelry.

There were seven servants to wait upon me, and not a soul sat at the table but myself. It was overpowering, but on behalf of her majesty's linen, china and champagne my every wish was marked "C. R." At length with a flourish of the wands, an official announced the darkness, who had been the cause of my appearance at Balmoral. She came without a word — and the seven servants and the ladies-in-waiting promptly vanished!

They recognized in the duchess a messenger from the queen. It was not etiquette for them to listen. The duchess broke the ice. She was warm in her praises. "So many artists are so nervous in her majesty's presence that they fail to do themselves justice; but you were calm and self-possessed," she said. The duchess brought the queen's present. She had made the selection, the duchess said, from twenty-four designs. It was a lovely bracelet, with fourteen brilliants and four large pearls. It was inscribed with the queen's initials and the date. When her grace withdrew, my mother and myself left the castle, and made for the nearest town which we reached at half-past two in the morning, and were glad to creep into the bed of the village inn, where we felt more at home.

### ALL MEN ARE SINNERS.

**One of The Hardest Lessons For Humanity to Learn.**

"There is no difference, for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." From these words Mr. Rodger spoke last night at the young men's christian association hall. In a very clear and forcible way it was shown from God's own word that there is no difference, for all had sinned and came short of His glory. This was one of the hardest truths for men to learn. In God's sight all men were bad, as far as the natural man is concerned. The law demands complete fulfilment. "Whosoever shall keep the whole law and yet offend in one point is guilty of all. In prison every man is a criminal. The law brings in every man a criminal before God.

The law was firm, not to save men, but to measure men by it. "By the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in His sight." Mr. Rodger went on to show from the bible that man, unregenerate man, was a total failure both under law and grace, in all dispensations; that God's estimate of man was to be found in Romans, chapter iii. He spoke on the fact that there was no difference as to judgment, illustrating from the types of the flood and passover. If all this is true, if all have sinned and come short of the glory of God, what hope is there for the sinner? What the law could not do, Christ accomplished. Christ died for me! This is my hope of eternal life. The Son of God was the sinner's substitute, He took the sinner's place, He died for the ungodly. He died for our sins and was raised again for our justification, and "all who believe in Him are justified from all things from which they could not be justified by the law of Moses." By request the subject to-night will be "Sowing and Reaping."

A bible reading will also be given to-morrow afternoon at 3.30 o'clock to the ladies' auxiliary to which all ladies of the city are invited.

**Here For Thanksgiving Day.**

The Cummings stock company, which has gained such a reputation through its successful run in Toronto, will appear at the Grand opera house on Thursday and Friday of next week. The engagement, which is limited to two nights and a matinee, will open with the afternoon performance on thanksgiving day. Paul M. Potter's dramatization of Du Maurier's great novel, "Trilby," will be presented on Thursday afternoon and evening, and Nat Goodwin's famous comedy, "Confusion," will be given on Friday night. Each play will be handsomely staged, and an excellent performance is assured.

**Gilbert Parker's London Home.**

It may be interesting to Canadians to know that lord Strafford sold his London house, at No. 90 Carlton House Terrace, London, Eng., to Gilbert Parker, the Canadian author, who married Miss Vantine, New York, some two years ago. The Parkers will find other Americans as neighbors in Mrs. Cavendish Bentinck, the sister of Mrs. Ogden Mills; Mrs. John W. Mackay and lady William Beresford, who was previously Mrs. Hammersley, of New York, and the duchess of Marlborough of England.

**His Sons Doing Well**

J. P. Treneer is very proud of the way his sons are getting along at the institute for the blind at Brantford. He has three boys there. The eldest, aged seventeen, writes in neat form and says he is progressing well in the art of piano tuning. He is studying music as well as the usual studies in the school. His brothers, too, are doing nicely. Mr. Treneer is grateful that such a valued training school has been one of the benefictions conferred on the blind by the Ontario government.

**To-Morrow Evening.**

All lovers of a clean performance should not fail to see Daniel R. Ryan and his capable company in their great success, the "Fatal Wedding," at the opera house to-morrow evening. Seats can now be secured at Sawyer's. Prices 10c., 20c. and 30c.

**They Are Made Of Rubber**

You can depend on our rubbers being the best and cheapest in the city. A. Abernethy, 127 Princess street.

Rev. John W. McCaughan will be installed as pastor of the Third Presbyterian church, Chicago, to-night. Interest in the ceremony is at fever heat for the charge to the people in the installation service will be made by Rev. Dr. John L. Withrow, Boston, a former pastor of the church.

There was only one subject talked about in the city to day, and that was the approaching Granites-Ottawa college football match. Granites seem to be the favorites here, though a few college friends offer odds on their favorites.

The horticultural society intends to hold its usual meeting at the proper time this year, and to draw the government grant. Last year the society did not meet and consequently lost the government grant.

Aldermen Curtis and Carson, two mayoralty candidates, were on the market square this morning canvassing


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DRESS GOODS.

Do you know of the real intrinsic value to be had from our Dress Goods department. Take a look at the 25c and 50c lines of Black and Colored Goods. That will give you an idea.

STAMPED LINENS.

Special for Friday. We want to clean up our Stamped Linen stock, and we offer some 200 pieces of Stamped Linens, sizes 5x6 in. up to 18x18 in., in two lots, at 5c and 10c each, regular price 10c to 40c. It is a chance to get a good thing to work between now and Christmas.

FLANNEL SHEETING.

Grey or White, extra fine finish and weight, 36 in. wide 25c yard. 72 in. wide 50c yard.

QUILTED LININGS.

For Coats and Capes, all ready to use. Italian cloth 85c yard. Black and Colored Satin at 75c and $1 yard.

DRESS LININGS.

New colorings in Fancy Stripe Moire and Plain Silk finishings. Dress Linings for Coats, Tailor made Suits, Skirts, etc., 20c, 25c, 30c yard.

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Perfect fitting Cork protected Busks 75c, $1, $1.25, $1.50 each.

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The good things of this world are for those who use them. Take ART BLINDS for instance. The total depravity of inanimate objects is best exemplified in an Art Blind Roller that "stutters." A balky horse can't be half as contrary. Just why anybody buys such Rollers nobody else can tell. As James Whitcombe Riley says: "It's just as cheap and easy to rejoice"—in the possession and use of good ART BLINDS mounted on Hartshorn Shade Rollers as to use any other and have trouble and annoyance all the time.

We can give you any color and any width at prices as low as you would pay for inferior qualities.

LACES and FRINGES to match any color in endless variety.

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# SHOES WORTH BUYING.

We recently received two large consignments of High Grade Shoes from Canada's best manufacturers—J. & T. Bell and J. McPherson & Co. These goods were intended for September delivery, but owing to a big rush of business the manufacturers were unable to keep their contracts. Rather than return the goods we have corresponded with the makers, and as an extra inducement to keep the shipment they have offered us a big cash discount. Now these are all First-Class Fall Goods, and we propose turning them into cash at once. Commencing **SATURDAY NEXT** we will offer every pair of this big lot of High Grade Shoes at such prices as will mean a speedy clearance of the lot. If you are interested in Fine Shoes call and see our prices.

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