

SIR JOHN THOMPSON.

THE WHOLE BRITISH NATION MOURNS AN HONORED SON.

His Tragic Death Illuminates the Grief —
Warned of His Probable Fate Months
Before — A Lesson That None should
Neglect.

The sudden death of Sir John Thompson, premier of Canada, at Windsor Castle a few days ago has cast a gloom over all Canada and called forth sincere expressions of sorrow from every quarter of the British empire. From the sovereign on the throne down through the ranks of the nobility and government officials of the highest standing to the lowliest, there have come lamentations and regrets coupled with the heartiest sympathy for the bereaved widow and children of Canada's chief statesman.

It was but natural that the event should cause such widespread grief. Sir John Thompson's fame as a statesman was not merely local and his labors were not confined solely to Canadian affairs. He was an important member of the board of arbitration on the Behring sea disputes between the United States and Great Britain, and in the performance of his duties there came in contact with foreign statesmen of high diplomatic standing, whose admiration was aroused by the ability he then displayed. But a few months ago he came closely in contact with the prominent men of the different British dependencies at the Colonial conference at Ottawa. These two events alone made his name known far and wide throughout the world.

His dramatic end, too, served to bring him more prominently before the eyes of all people. He had been summoned to the hereditary home of England's sovereign to be sworn a member of the highest council of the empire and to take part in its deliberations. Hardly had he left the council board when the arrow of death laid him low. Is it to be wondered at, then, that from the queen, whose presence he had hardly left, down to the meanest subject, a wail of sorrow should go up over the death of a man whom his sovereign delighted to honor?

To the living Sir John Thompson's sudden and tragic death teaches a lesson that none should neglect. But a few months ago, when in Toronto, the state of his health led him to consult a prominent physician, who told him plainly that he must lighten his heavy labors or a few months would see him in the grave. Bright's disease of the kidneys had taken hold of him, and the utmost care of himself was necessary if he wished to prolong his days. The judgment of the Toronto physician was confirmed by a specialist of high standing in London, Eng., whom Sir John Thompson had consulted after his arrival in England a few weeks ago.

Sir John Thompson was so burdened with public business that he could not obey the instructions of the doctors to desist from work. Had he but known it, a cure for his disease lay within easy reach. Not in one but in hundreds of cases of Bright's disease has the victim been cured after physicians have pronounced the death sentence, and by the simple, easy remedy—Dodd's Kidney Pills. This assertion is not made lightly, but is re-inforced by the testimony of the many who have proved that these pills cure this disease. The testimony of Dr. McCormick, of Richmond, Que., who was cured of Bright's disease by Dodd's Kidney Pills, is of importance in this connection. Diabetes and Bright's disease were always considered fatal and incurable until this remedy was placed before the public. This is no longer the case, for multitudes of cures prove that these pills will surely root out every trace, not only of these two disorders, but also of every known form.

A CHRISTMAS TALE OF OLD ENGLAND.

'Twas in old England, long ago,
And merry was the time;
The bells rang o'er the distant hills,
In many a pleasant chime;
The yule log burned upon the hearth,
And through the house were sounds of mirth.

The Squire was a mirthful man,
And yet at times, I ween,
A look of sadness, half subdued,
Upon his face was seen;
And often in his joyous mood
This shade of sadness would intrude.

That night—it was a Christmas night—
The guests were in the hall,
The holly with its berries fair
Was decking every wall;
And music from the harp so sweet
Made pleasure's round of joy complete.

What made the Squire turn so pale,
As on the Christmas air
There rose without the manor halls
A voice so sweet and clear?
"Who sings without?" the squire said;
"Not her, not her, for she is dead."

That quaint, old song, he knew it well;
She sang it when a child—
That girl, sole daughter of his house—
That girl, so wayward, wild!
Who disappeared one Christmas night
Forever from her father's sight.

"Go, bring the singer in," he said;
"I fain would see her face."
The hall door opened, tigh a form,
Still wearing beauty's grace,
Walked slowly in, with drooping head,
"My child!" was all the Squire said.

"Forgive, forgive!" the singer wailed,
And knelt down at his feet;
The guests, amazed, all gathered round,
To hear her to a seat;
The Squire raised her, and in tears
Said, "Child, I've waited many years,

"To say the word that now you crave,
My friends, the lost is found,
The dove's returned, her weary feet
Could find no standing ground;
The ark of safety gives her rest,
And then he clasped her to his breast.

And all the guests cried out in glee,
And pressed the squire's hand;
This was the happiest Christmas night
In England's "merrie" land,
Ah! would that all who're turned aside,
Would but come home at Christmas tide.

JANE E. BUTLER.

All He Wanted.
"Papa," said the little Jack, "I only want five things for my Christmas: Choo-choo cars, choo-choo cars, choo-choo cars, choo-choo cars and choo-choo cars." — Puck.

SIMPLY A SUGGESTION.

What's the use of sighing?
Just as cheap to laugh.
What's the use of crying?
Just as cheap to chaff.
Song will sweeten sorrow,
Sun will rise to-morrow,
And relief you borrow
For a guiding staff.

What's the use of fretting,
When the clouds hang low?
What's the use of getting
Left where'er you go?
Just step out and hustle,
"Mid the din and bustle,
Brains and brawny muscle
Always stand a show.

What's the use of moping?
Doesn't pay your rent.
What's the use of groping
In your tenement?
Tho' the skies are grieving
And the birds are leaving,
Stand up for achieving,
Never be content.

Pleasant Debt We Owe to Dr. Holmes.

Among the titles of Dr. Holmes to gratitude and enduring remembrance, which recall themselves to us so numerously and forcibly at the moment of his death, there is one I hope no one will lose sight of, and which perhaps ought to be called his influence as a civilizer. He not only showed us, it seems to me—and I am thinking of some of his more didactic poems, of the opening chapters of "Elsie Venner," of countless passages in the "Autocrat" and the "Professor"—what a fine foundation we Americans have to build upon, but he was the means of inciting directly a multitude of readers to work toward ideals of real and sincere culture (not the sham article) which have never in our literature been put into such sane and comprehensive form. I should like to see a number, and I am sure it would be a large one, of the men now in middle age whose mental tone has been, consciously or unconsciously, considerably influenced by the kindly castigation, until they seemed intolerable, of shams and half-baked pretences that otherwise they might have gone on tolerating; by the flashes of unmaligned wit in which even small boorishness and meanness were suddenly shown up in so unmistakable a light that it seemed impossible ever to permit them again; by the numberless cumulative touches by which an ideal of the gentleman was built up, wholesome, sensible, unpriggish, attainable by every sincere sham-hating man; by also full of quiet, high things, charity, consideration for others—"a man of gentle will."—From "The Point of View" in Scribner's Magazine.

Remarkable Literary Workshops.

Genius has frequently had remarkable workshops. Robert Burns once went galloping over a remote Scottish moor. His horse on this occasion was not much troubled with the guidance of the rider. Burns was busy, brooding over a glorious theme. His lyrical powers touched one of their highest points. The result of this journey was the impassioned national lyric, "Scots Wha Hae Wallace Bleed." J. S. Mill framed his "Logic" as he walked from his home to his office and back again. Sir Matthew Hale composed his "Contemplations" as he rode on horseback about country on his circuit journeys. While traveling in the same fashion on his numerous and prolonged preaching tours John Wesley contrived to accomplish a vast quantity of literary work. Byron composed the larger portion of the "Corsair" in a London thoroughfare, as he walked up and down Albemarle street, between Grafton street and Piccadilly; and states himself, that he composed "Lara," not in the study, but at the toilet table. "The Revolt of Islam" took form in Shelley's brain as the poet apparently frittered away summer hours lying in a boat on the bosom of the Thames at Marlow.—Chamber's Journal.

German Women as Farmhands.

The utilization of women in Germany's farmhands, which so many moralists have considered their duty to censure, apparently meets with approval from Dr. Joseph Krauskopf, the Rabbi, for in a letter from Germany to his congregation he says: "Such farm work for women is neither degrading nor taxing. They have pledged to become helpmates to their husbands and they regard it as their duty to lessen the labors of their fathers, and being physically able to do their share they regard it wrong to permit the stronger sex to slave themselves to death while they are idling at home. Judging from their happy and healthy looks, they seem to be none the worse for taking their places alongside the men folk for the purpose of honestly earning their bread. Had we a little more practical good sense and less sentimentality among our women at home, many a woman's life might be happier to-day, happier for being more useful, and many a man's life would be spared the necessity of slaving itself to death to indulge a wife's or a daughter's idleness and luxuries."—Philadelphia Record.

The Manna of Arabia.

In some of the Eastern countries, notably Arabia and Persia, a manna answering closely to that mentioned in the Scriptures is still naturally produced in considerable quantity. It comes from the tender branches of the tamarisk, and is shown to the Persians by the name of tamarisk honey. It consists of tear-like drops which exude in consequence of the puncture of an insect in June and July. In the cool of the morning it is found solidified, and the congealed tears may be shaken from the limbs. That, in fact, is one of the methods of gathering manna.

Herodotus alludes to the same nutritious product; so that there is no doubt it has been known in those regions from the earliest ages. It is easy to see how it might be produced in wonderful quantities without any special manifestation of the supernatural. It is a sweetish substance, pleasant to the taste and highly nutritive. Some students of the Bible have supposed the manna there mentioned to have been a fungus growth, but while the explanation would be a natural one, the modification which it would require is an unnecessary one.—Good Housekeeping.

Why Cats Alight on Their Feet.

The French academy of sciences has been discussing for the last fortnight the curious scientific problem of why cats fall on their feet. The scientific world takes sides, one party maintaining this is a popular superstition and it is impossible for a cat to turn on its own axis in the air with out support; the other party pointing to the fact that an acrobat can turn somersets in midair, and, if so, why not cats? The controversy raged fast and furious till finally M. Deprez constructed an apparatus to prove the mechanical possibility of cats turning in the air, and skeptics are convinced. Henceforth cats have the authorization of science to fall on their feet.

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A BRIGHT STAR.

THE MAN WHO LED MANY ANDERSON TO FAME.

Also Played Leading Roles With Booth, Barrett and Thorne—Conspicuous Figure on the Stage—His Amateurs Re-noved St. Louis Chronicle.

One of the most conspicuous figures in the stageland of America to-day is John W. Norton. Born in New York city forty-six years ago, the friends of his youth were Thomas W. Keene and Frank Chanfrau. We find Keene a star at the age of twenty-five and Norton in the flower of early manhood, the leading man for Edwin Booth at the famous Winter Garden theatre. He was starred with Lawrence Barrett early in the 70s and alternated the leading roles with Charles Thorne in New Orleans in 1876. Norton met Mary Anderson, then a fair young girl who aspired for stage fame, took her under his guidance and as everybody knows, led her to fame. Mr. Norton is now the proprietor of the Grand opera house in St. Louis, and the Duquesne theatre, Pittsburg. One afternoon in June he hobbled into his New York office on Broadway, and encountered his business manager, George McManus, who had also been a rheumatic sufferer for two years. Norton was surprised that McManus had discarded his cane. Who cured you? he asked. "I cured myself," replied McManus, "with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

"I was encouraged by Mr. McManus' cure, and tried the Pink Pills myself," said Mr. Norton to a "Chronicle" reporter. "You have known me for five years and know how I suffered. Why during the summer of 1893 I was on my back at the Mulvaney hospital, in this city, four weeks. I was put on the old system of dieting, with a view to clearing those acidulous properties in my blood that medical theorists say is the cause of my rheumatism. I left the hospital feeling stronger, but the first damp weather brought with it those excruciating pains in the legs and back. It was the same old trouble. After sitting down for a stretch of five minutes, the pains screwed my legs into a knot when I arose, and I hobbled as painfully as ever. After I had taken my first box of Pink Pills, it struck me that the pains were less troublesome. I tried another box, and I began almost unconsciously to have faith in the Pink Pills. I improved so rapidly that I could rise after sitting at my desk for an hour, and the twinges of rheumatism that accompanied my rising were so mild that I scarcely noticed them. During the past two weeks we have had much rainy weather in St. Louis. But the dampness has not had the slightest effect, in bringing back the rheumatism, which I consider a sufficient and reliable test of the efficacy of Pink Pills. I may also say that the Pink Pills have acted as a tonic on my stomach, which I thought was well nigh destroyed by the thousand and one alleged remedies I consumed in the past five years."

BUDDHISTS IN THE WORLD.

Interesting Extracts From Frank Carpenter's Japan Letter.

It will be surprising to many to know the vast number of Buddhists there are in the world. It is, you know, the chief religion of Siam, Burmah, Japan, Corea, and it has millions of followers in China and India. There are in Japan 72,000 Buddhist temples, and in the city of Kioto, which is about as big as Washington, there are 3,500 temples which are devoted to this religion. I do not know whether it is due to their religion or not, but the Buddhists of the East are, in most respects, kind and gentle one toward another. The Japanese people are the soul of refinement, and you see many old faces which you would not object to having among your ancestral portraits. A great deal has been written about the young girls of Japan. The old women are to me quite as charming, and I have seen old couples whose gray hair and wrinkles shone with the beauty of the kindly souls within them.

There are almost as many Buddhist sects in Japan as there are Christian sects in America. They all believe in Buddha, but they have different doctrines and different modes of worship. Those of one sect sell medicine and charms which will protect you against coughs, consumption, the devil or the smallpox. They sell all kinds of sand, which is supposed to make the limbs of the dead soft and flexible, so they can be easily doubled in the box-like coffins which are used by the Japanese. These are known as the Tendai sect, and they have between 4,000 and 5,000 temples in Japan. The Monto sect, the Nichiren and the Jodo sect may be called the three most powerful branches of the Japanese Buddhists; the Montos worship Amida Buddha, and they say that earnest prayer, noble thoughts and good works are the elements of their faith. It is to this sect, I think, that these two big temples which I have described belong, and it has also immense temples in Tokio and elsewhere. The Nichiren sect are the shouting worshippers of the faith. They are violent and noisy, and they think that all other sects except themselves go straight to hell. The Jodo sect do not eat flesh, and they insist that their priests should not marry. They pray without ceasing, and spend a great part of their time squatting before bells of wood and brass, on which they pound in order to wake up the gods.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

A Leading Question.

A young man very prominent in Kansas City society, and one of whom Dame Rumor has had much to say in a matrimonial way of late, appeared before Judge Phillips in the United States court yesterday to qualify as a bondsman for a friend. After the customary questions regarding his property holdings, Judge Phillips bluntly asked:

"Are you a married man?"

"No, sir," came the reply, with many blushes.

"The next was a stunner.

"Do you want to get married?" The judge's voice was strong and clear.

That young man is still stammering, his face won't resume its normal look for a week, and he is wondering if that question is put to all men under similar circumstances.—Kansas City Times.

Race Troubles in Georgia.

ATLANTA, Ga., Dec. 20.—A reliable citizen of West Point, Ga., who was here last night stated that last Saturday night two young white men shot a negro preacher named Turner, who had written an insulting note to their sister. Learning that Turner was not dead, they went to the house where he was being nursed to finish him. They took a friend with them. At the door they were by a negro woman, who brained one of the party. She was then shot dead and Turner was killed.

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