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BUSY SHOE STORE.

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ARE IN BUSINESS
To meet their demands with good goods at right prices.

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MORAL: Be sure and buy only PURE SPICES and these requisites. Buy them at
HOAG'S
Drug Store, Opposite Windsor Hotel.

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62nd YEAR.

THE DAILY BRITISH WHIG is published every evening at 306-308-310 King street, Kingston, Ont., at SIX DOLLARS PER YEAR, payable in advance; otherwise $7.50 will be charged.

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THE WEEKLY BRITISH WHIG, 8 pages, 64 columns, is published every Thursday morning at $1 a year, if paid in advance; otherwise $1.50 per year.
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TELEPHONES
Business Office . . . 243.
Editorial Rooms . . . 229.

THE DAILY WHIG.
"Opifer per Orbem Dicor."

MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT.

The Toronto Star has been collecting the opinions of representative men as to what they think of municipal government and how it can be improved. Various have been the views expressed, but the soundest, in the WHIG's estimation, is that of J. Herbert Mason, who observes:

"I would not favor a change that would take from the people the right to elect their own municipal representatives. I believe that the legislative and executive functions of the council should be separated, and that there should be permanent, capable officers at the head of the different departments."

That is the philosophy of many municipal legislators in a nutshell. Municipal government is a business which can only be successfully managed by skill and experience. It has its complex features which cannot be understood and mastered easily, and the municipal life of some men is too short to enable them in the time snatched from their own usual occupations to become as useful in the administration of public affairs as they would like. Hence the wisdom of Mr. Mason's contention, that the duty of the alderman would be legislative and legislative only. The German system makes the heads of civic government responsible for the management of the people's business. These superior officials are men who in youth have been selected for a special service because they have held a special qualification for it, and who have been advanced, in offices of trust and responsibility, as they have shown a development in executive ability.

The German municipal council is practically an advisory board, taking into account, on representations made to them, the requirements of the people and providing for them by good and wholesome laws. But the administration of them is left with the officials, and there is no ground for complaint that these officials are neglectful or partial. The German system is, therefore, the ideal system of government, ahead of anything that is known or reached in America or in Europe outside of Germany.

A REPUTED COME-DOWN.

Such is the language applied to the statement telegraphed from Ottawa and printed in the Toronto News, referring to the purpose of the government to have the Manitoba school question enquired into by a royal commission. "The government having ordered Manitoba to restore the separate schools," says the Hamilton Spectator, a conservative paper, speaking plainly on the issues of the day, and not always under inspiration from Ottawa, "and having threatened to pass legislation to compel the establishment of separate schools, cannot now appoint a commission to ascertain whether it was right or wrong in its order or threat. That would be a come-down indeed."

Would it? Well a change of policy seems to be in order, and it's for a foreseeing friend of the government to say how it can avoid the crisis which will surely follow the attempt to enforce the first remedial order by legislation. The Spectator has pointed out how absurd this remedial order is by criticizing it in this manner:

"We hope we do not betray undue anxiety about the future of the liberal-conservative government; but we would really like to be told what is likely to happen. The government has promised remedial legislation, 'if that man Greenway doesn't do something.' That man Greenway is as unlikely to recede from the position he has taken as he is likely to commit suicide by cutting his throat with a bar of soft soap.

"That man Greenway is in the right place now, and not being an idiot he'll stay there. Then, according to the program, the government must produce its 'remedial legislation.' Of what nature will it be? Will it be an act to restore the separate schools of Manitoba? Hardly; according to the inviolable 'constitution' the Manitoba legislature has the exclusive right to make laws governing education in the province?

"Then, perhaps, 'remedial legislation' is to consist in an act ordering the Manitoba legislature to amend its school act. That will be amusing. It will be like this: Her majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the senate and house of commons of Canada, hereby orders her majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the legislative assembly of Manitoba, to amend the school act passed by her majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the legislative assembly of Manitoba. And when her majesty will have ordered her majesty to do this, her majesty will, of course, refuse to do anything of the sort. Then what will her majesty do about it? That is what we want to know?"

Some come-down seems to be in order, and a start has been made in that direction by the second epistle which Sir Mackenzie Bowell has sent to Manitoba, and which has been interpreted as an abandonment of the coercive tactics suggested by Sir Hibbert Tupper and an appeal for concession and conciliation. The next step is the commission. It has been favored by the Manitoba government, and it will have to be accepted by the federal government, sooner or later, since it is necessary to know more about the school system before an attempt can be made to remedy it.

To Cure Croup.

DEAR SIRS,—I have used Hagyard's Yellow Oil with all my children for croup, and I think it is the best medicine ever made. I am never without it in the house.—MRS. T. H. JACKSON, Hilton, Man.

The condition of Miss [illegible]son, whom John Laing attempted to murder, has changed somewhat for the [illegible].

EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

What is this good citizenship movement meant? Will some young Christian Endeavorer, who is supposed to know all about it, tell the people it?

* * *

The nail manufacturers have formed a combine to keep down competition and put up prices. The government can cure the evil by a slight change in the tariff.

* * *

The electors of Delta are preparing to give Mr. Laurier a great reception to-morrow. Mr. Taylor, M.P., is quite disturbed that Mr. Laurier should invade his constituency and tell the people anything that may weaken his chances of re-election.

* * *

It looks as if in all the United States Corbett and Fitzsimmons will be unable to find a spot in which they can pound each other for the championship. The Fiji Islands are open to them, and if the cannibals made a feast off them they would be forgiven by a long suffering world.

* * *

The Hamilton Spectator is anxious that Mr. Laurier should be persuaded to tell what changes he proposes to make in the tariff. The Spectator is rushing things. Mr. Laurier is not yet in office. Mr. Foster still holds the finance department and gets $7,000 a year for looking after the tariff.

* * *

A London, (Ont.,) gentleman is suing the corporation for damages for injury he received from a vagrant cur. If the people of Kingston whose lawns have been damaged by unlicensed and untaxed dogs would sue the council for damages perhaps it would do something towards enforcing its by-laws.

LAURIER AT RENFREW.

Great Enthusiasm For the Liberal Leader in the Rain.

RENFREW, Oct. 14.—Saturday was a wet and miserable day here, but in no way dampened the enthusiasm over the arrival of the Hon. Wilfrid Laurier and his lieutenants. He was received by a large delegation of liberals and conservatives and escorted to the agricultural grounds, to which he was accompanied by Hon. Mr. Longley, attorney-general of Nova Scotia, and Messrs. McMillan and Dawson. On the whole the reception was on a par with the grand demonstrations accorded the liberal chieftain at other points in the immediate neighborhood. Mr. Laurier spoke for about an hour and a half, dealing mainly to the Manitoba school question in the able manner that he has throughout his tour. The Montreal Gazette, he observed, had accused him of pusillanimity, while it spoke of the courage of the government. But if the government were courageous why did they back down? They had a difficult question to deal with and desired him to come to their rescue. Let them submit their policy, and if it commended itself to his judgment he would support it. If it did not he would oppose it and leave it to the people to judge between them. Had the government consulted him they would not have acted as stupidly as they had. They dared not discuss the question before the people, but would rather let him speak, while they crawled into every rat hole they could find. The liberal leader denounced the government for extravagance and corruption, and promised if a liberal government were returned to put an end to the franchise act and the superannuation system.

THIS IS THE LATEST.

Fifty-Two Pound Lunge With a Four-Pound Whitefish Half-Swallowed.

Prescott Messenger.

True fish stories are scarce, but this one is true "s'elp me." On Tuesday last a gigantic maskinonge arrived here, by express, in a box which looked like a medium sized coffin. The big fish weighed fifty-two pounds, and had a mouth like a cavern. The big brute was caught in the Rideau river, near Kemptville, but by whom we could not gather; some say it was Dr. Jones, of that village, who hooked the big one. However, the fish was hooked and sent here, addressed to Mr. Leach, of the Bradley house.

While an admiring crowd that surrounded the express waggon in front of Alex. Wells' store when the fish arrived was gazing at the big mouthed finny, S. Boyd, who is, perhaps, the most enthusiastic fisher in town, chanced to take a look down the enormous maw and remarked to a friend, standing by, that something like the tail of another fish seemed to project. Everybody looked in, of course, and sure enough there was the tail of a fish sticking out of the maskinonge's throat.

At this Mr. Boyd rolled up his sleeve and proceeded to investigate, excitement around the waggon was at fever heat when Mr. Boyd, catching the projecting tail, pulled out a four pound white fish. The "big" little fish could not have been in the fresh water shark's stomach more than a few hours, as it was almost intact. Then the two fish were driven to the Bradley house.

THE DISTRICT DASHES.

News of the District Condensed From the Whig Exchanges.

Measles are epidemic in the east end, Belleville.

John McCann has started a marble factory in Perth.

James Herron, Lanark township, has leased the Perth grist mill from the Hon. John Haggart.

William Stafford, aged sixty-five, a Lancaster manufacturer, was struck by a locomotive near that place on Sunday and killed. Almost every bone in his body was broken.

Dr. A. E. Hanna has bought the residence of Robert Lillie, Perth, paying for it $3,000. Isaac Wilson has purchased a house opposite the court house from Thos. McLaren for $1,350.

Queen's Vs. Osgoode.

Toronto Mail.

Now that Queen's and Osgoode have both got through the first round in the Ontario union series, with large scores to their credit, all interest in the game around Toronto will be centred in the match to be played between these teams at Rosedale on Saturday next. It is generally conceded that Queen's and Osgoode have the strongest teams in the field in Ontario this season, and that the two matches—one here and one at Kingston—will practically decide the Ontario championship. The local men are making every effort to place a strong fifteen in the field against the champions, but, owing to injuries to several players, the team will line up on Saturday with at least two substitutes.

Queen's is about as strong as last year and will play with only one or two changes in the team of 1894. The committee of the Osgoode Hall club have decided to open a reserved seat plan for the match on Saturday, and are making all necessary arrangements to handle one of the largest crowds that ever witnessed a football game in Canada.

Keelerville Crinkles.

KEELERVILLE, Oct. 12.—Wedding bells have been ringing here. S. Keeler has returned home from the other side. The whistle of the steam thresher is coming nearer. J. E. Anglin had a sheep killed by dogs. Husking bees are quite frequent, corn being an excellent crop. Two of our young men are going to New York; they will be sadly missed. William Dixon has erected a new shed. Fishing is still continued though the weather is rather cold. Miss M. Robb has been spending a few days in the city. J. and B. Clark left last week for Uncle Sam's domains. Visitors: John Clark and Miss M. Jackson, Cedar Lake, at J. E. Anglin's; Mrs. Moore, Kingston, at Samuel Hagerty's; D. Ames and family at Joseph Keeler's; Henry Knapp and family at Mrs. Lizzie Keeler's; Miss B. Morhan, at Mrs. G. Louck's. A little visitor has come to stay at R. Dixon's—it's a girl.

TWO COLONIAL DEMOCRATS.

SIR OLIVER MOWAT AND SIR JOHN MACDONALD.

A Racy Story From An English Publication—Few Are Attracted By the Appearance of Ontario's Premier—He is a True-Hearted Statesman.

From the Sketch, London, Eng.

If you happened to pass Sir Oliver Mowat in the street during his recent visit to England, you would not have turned to look at him a second time. There is nothing in his short, thick-set build and impassive Scotch face to arrest attention. A student you would certainly take him to be, and probably a professor or a well-to-do family doctor. Yet this man has a record in statesmanship second only to that of Mr. Gladstone among living public men. Where else will you find one who has held the reins of power in a democratic state for twenty-three years without a single break; the supreme ruler of a British province for nearly a quarter of a century, and now left, in his seventy-fifth year, without a rival in the field? That is the record of Sir Oliver Mowat in Ontario, the most British and the most progessive of the Canadian provinces—the New South Wales of Canada, as it were. There is hardly a political battle during the quarter of a century in which he has not led one party, and the successful party, too. You cannot say the same of any other Canadian, colonial, or British statesman.

This unbroken record of success would have turned many a man's head. He began public life, as is the fashion in Canada as here, in the municipal field. Alderman Mowat was "always on top." Nearly forty years ago he turned to politics. His first contest made him a M.L.A. Before he had been a member of the assembly two years he was a minister, and up went his electoral majority on re-election. Contest followed contest, but, whoever else fell out of ranks, he remained. After eight years on the bench, he came back to politics, and was at once called to the premiership. Six general elections have passed over his head, and he is premier still, and talks as confidently as any of us of his own political future. In a word, to speak of Ontario as a political factor is to speak of Sir Oliver Mowat, just as, in years gone by, Sir John Macdonald stood for Canada in the world's mind.

There is something very curious in the way in which these two great men in Canadian history crossed and recrossed each other's path. Scotland gave them both to Canada—in Sir John Macdonald's case at first hand, for he was a Glasgow lad; in Sir Oliver Mowat's case less directly. His father was a Caithness man, and a veteran with the "Great Duke," too, in Portugal and Spain, but young Oliver himself first saw the light in the Canadian city which was Sir John Macdonald's home—Kingston. At this lakeside "limestone city" they went to school together, and the Ontario premier will tell you what he, as a youngster, thought of the older Macdonald, and what a frolicsome, favourite lad he was, so different from the scholarly, serious little Oliver.

John took to the law, and when Oliver's turn came he took to it too, and spent four years of his term in the office of his former schoolfellow—the man who came near being his keenest political rival, and did become his opponent in battles over the state rights in the courts. In time, Macdonald became premier and attorney-general, and from his hands Mowat received his appointment as queen's counsel. Even then, politics were driving them apart, and Macdonald, as an astute man, may have thought of the possibilities of opposition from this stern, unbending young reformer. The cause of confederation made them colleagues for a time. They worked together in preparing the scheme upon which the province of Canada became a federal dominion.

This was the climax in Sir Oliver Mowat's career. He and Macdonald were seated round the historic conference table at Quebec. News came to Macdonald, as premier, of a vacancy on the chancery bench of Ontario. Instantly he passed a note across the table to Mr. Mowat. "Will you accept the post?" Mr. Mowat hesitated. What would men say and think of his acceptance of such a post from the rival political party? "Then take the vice-chancellorship," said the premier, and take it he did.

That is one of the "might-have-beens" of Canadian history. Had Mr. Mowat remained in political life at that juncture, it is difficult to believe that Sir John Macdonald would have retained so unparalleled a mastery over Canadian affairs. When Macdonald did afterwards meet Mowat in the courts, it was generally Macdonald that had to give way, and it is probably safe to say that, but for that judicial appointment from the hand of his astute friend the enemy, Sir Oliver Mowat would have had it in his power to change the whole course of the federal history of Canada.

For eight years Mr. Mowat remained on the bench, and those eight years sufficed to fasten the great personality of his former law partner and political opponent upon Canadian political life. When the chance came to return to politics, it was in the more restricted provincial sphere, while his rival reigned supreme in federal matters.

His enemies called Sir John Macdonald a political juggler—a wizard who drew men after him, whether they would or not. He could tell a man he was a fool, but so do it that the man would leave smiles and thanks behind him: Sir Oliver Mowat is an opportunist, too, in his way, but an opportunist in dead and solemn earnest. Yet he is a safe man, and here lies his great hold upon Ontario. He is pre-eminently a man to be trusted. A serious statesman, a great lawyer, a cautious financier, a sound patriot, and an unswerving friend of British connection—what duels such a man might have fought with the great "Sir John," and won!

BY RAIL AND WATER.

Chicago the American Home of Many Kingstonians.

The low water in the canals and rivers, which has had such a damaging effect upon the steamboat lines, inasmuch as it has led to a reduction in the amount of freight carried by the boats, has worked to the benefit of the railways, in proportion as it has injured the steamboat lines, and the overplus of freight, which the boats are unable to carry, is falling to the share of the railways.

Passenger traffic on the railways has reached its normal state. There is much less traffic during the late autumn and the winter months, by rail, than during summer, when the steamboat lines are in competition, and the majority of the boats being now laid up for winter, travel has fallen off proportionately. T. Hanley, of the G.T.R., states that travel from this city to Chicago is now beginning to recover from the blow dealt it by the reaction after the world's fair. The windy city, he says, is one of the principal points of emigration in the United States, from Kingston, and there are more Kingston families settled there than in any other city in the union. During the thirty years he has been connected with the G.T.R. in this city, he says that not thirty families that have left Kingston with the intention of settling in Chicago have returned.

Neuralgia's Persistent Agony

Has but one source of relief. Nerviline—nerve pain cure—penetrates to the irritated nerves, soothes them into repose, and affords relief almost instantly. The whole range of medicine affords no parallel to Nerviline as a pain reliever.

The Crop of Europe.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 15.—The general conclusion in the British cereal trade that the harvest of the world for 1895 is about 100,000,000 bushels less than that of 1894, is announced in the report of the European agent of the agricultural department for October. The estimates of this season's wheat crop in the united kingdom vary from twenty-three to twenty-seven bushels an acre.

A Great and Unusual Offer.

For every case of Throat and Lung disease that Shiloh's Cure fails to cure, the cost price will be refunded. For sale at Wade's drug store.

A BACKWOODS SERMON.

Characteristic Address by a Preacher with Humor in His Speech.

"Avoid it."—Proverbs, iv, 15.

To go purposely one inch within a million miles of temptation is to go 999,999 miles, 5,279 feet, and 11 inches too near to it. When I see some of you, dearly beloved, flirting with sin, I realize that the undertakers have not yet buried all the fools. Some of you deem yourselves possessed of Gibraltar-like powers of resistance, but the knees of Delilah make a perilous cushion for even a Sampson to sit on. And some of you long-haired fellows are not Sampsons either. A half-witted fellow told me that after he quit drinking and became a sober man, and sometimes had to pass a saloon that had formerly entrapped him, he passed by on the other side. Brethren, if that man was half-witted he used well the half that he had.

Some of you kindly tell me that whenever I am within a mile of your house I must be sure to stop there. Brethren, when you are within walking distance of temptation stop there, right there. Avoid it! right about face and away from it. The English brother who spelled saloon with a hess and a hay and a hell and two hoes and a hen was not entirely wrong. Many a man has had a spell of hell because he congregated in the saloon. But you cannot spell all sin with the letters that spell saloon nor all temptation with an R and a U and an M. There is a vast variety of sins. I dare say that the devil has a museum of curiosities and no doubt he shows specimens of all the various sorts of sin and sinners that the world has ever witnessed. He uses different weapons for different game, but he gets there just the same, and with wonderful precision. One man fools with lions till he gets his head in a lion's jaws, and then there is a snap, and not a soft snap, either. Another man pets the panther. Still another prefers to buck the tiger. Snakes are some men's toys. It is the elephant that others of you go to see, and the elephant's trunk could reveal some singular contributions, I assure you.

Brethren, I do not pretend to enumerate the pet sins of each sinner in the crowd to which I minister, but I level my gun, I take my aim and I blaze away with my text at some of them. Brethren, that pet transgression which seems so small that you are rolling it around as a sweet morsel under your tongues is big as an avalanche, and it is bearing down upon you with lightning-like rapidity, and so I thunder out—Avoid it!

Depend upon it, brethren, there is densely concentrated wisdom in that brief but telling legend, "Don't monkey with the buzz saw." Once upon a time a man with an enquiring turn of mind sallied forth to visit a factory. The machinery fascinated him. He saw the buzz saw. Some one on guard saw that he saw the buzz saw, and called attention to the legend aforementioned. But so silently, swiftly, so almost imperceptibly did the buzz saw make its revolutions, putting Cuba and all the South American states out of sight, that the man could not believe that there was motion there. He put his foot against the buzz saw to see if it was running. Brethren, it was, but he will run no more. His investigation cost him some of the best toes that he ever possessed. There was motion and emotion and commotion then, brethren, and he now painfully recognizes the wit of the saw, "Don't monkey with the buzz saw." Rise and sing:

We are prone every one to temptation;
It is human to err and to stray;
'Tis a fact that may lack explanation,
But, 'tis one you cannot gainsay.

So my text is a wise one for mortals
When they're nearing the door of sin:
It is better to keep from its portals,
And to quit it before you begin.

Sure, the gospel tries hard to impress it;
'Tis a story oft told in the law,
And I'm sure it is easy to guess it,
O beware of the circular saw.

COULD DRINK WITH THEM.

The Duke of Marlborough Down in the Blue Grass Country.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, Oct. 14.—Stories are beginning to come in from Lexington, Ky., about the young Duke of Marlborough, who has been there as the guest of Major McDowell, grandson of Henry Clay. The major took him out to the race track to see the run for the Transylvania stakes. The Kentuckians seemed to be well pleased with the young Englishman's manners, but disappointed in his diminutive stature. Judge Bowerman took him down to the bookmaker shed and taught him to bet on the American fashion. The duke was only mildly interested. He quite lost the judge's favor a few minutes later when, in the fury of an exciting finish, with fourteen horses pounding down the home stretch for the $5,000 stake, the duke missed one of his gloves and began looking about and inquiring anxiously for it. They took him over to the club house for lunch and Col. Todhunter pressed the finest Kentucky bourbon upon him. "I like your whiskey better than your bookmaking," said his grace. They sat and drank for several hours and the duke kept up his end of the string, never missing a round and filling his glass quite as full as Col. Todhunter himself does. When the Kentucky colonels issued from the club house at the end of the eating and drinking the duke was the soberest one in the party. "He carries well for a kid," observed Col. Todhunter.

IN THE TREATY PORTS.

A Canadian Product Finds Favor in the Land of Confucius.

VANCOUVER (Special), Oct. 14.—A passenger by the last vessel from China stated the other day that among other Canadian products which are fast coming into favor in the Chinese treaty ports, is the Canadian specific remedy for kidney diseases of all kinds known as Dodd's Kidney Pills. The medicine was first introduced by Canadians and the increase in its use both by Europeans and natives is attributed first to the accounts of its success in the Canadian and American newspapers, many of which are received at Shanghai, and other ports, and later to its established efficacy in curing all kinds of kidney diseases which are very prevalent in the country.

FATHER OF THE PRESS.

A Sketch of William Litle, Who Claims The Title.

L'ORIGNAL, Ont., Oct. 14.—Watson Litle, the venerable editor and publisher of the Advertiser here, may justly be termed "the father of the press" in Canada, for he has conducted a newspaper office for upwards of sixty long years, fifty of which on his own account. He was born in Ireland in 1822. He entered the Bytown (Ottawa) Independent office in 1836, and in 1847 purchased it, the name having been changed to Gazette. In 1847 he established the Perth Constitutional, removed it to Cornwall, and in 1850 established the Advertiser, which in 1868 he removed to L'Orignal. His paper has always been conservative, an unswerving supporter of the policy of the late Sir John Macdonald from his first entrance into parliament.

Hamilton's Mandrake Pills Cure Biliousness. One a Dose.

The liver stimulating properties of Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut make them the most certain and speedy remedy for biliousness that can be obtained. If you have been subject to bilious attacks use as directed. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut—they never fail to cure biliousness. Sold at Polson's drug store.

Another of Grant Allen's Novels.

Toronto Mail.

Grant Allen, who not long ago contributed a most unwholesome book to the weltering flood of sickly fiction, has taken another tack and is about to publish what he calls "A Hilltop Novel." This name, we understand, from Mr. Allen's preface, is supposed to indicate the lofty moral loveliness of the tale; and it is to be attached hereafter, he declares, to each one of his stories which he "writes of his own accord, simply and solely for the sake of embodying the force of his own opinion." The title of the first "Hilltop" is "The British Barbarians," and it is on the press of the Putnams. This is often a weary world, and never wearier than when it listens to Grant Allen.

SINCERE IN HIS REGARD.

ALMOST FORGOTTEN ROMANCE OF A ROMANTIC ERA.

When Boulangism Was a Peril to the French Republic—A Landlady Upset by the Impetuous Greetings of Boulanger and Madame De Bonnemain—The General's Letter.

Men and events are quickly forgotten in France, and to-day, while the multitude at Longchamps are frantically applauding the National Army and the troops are marching past in front of the Presidential Stand, few people think back far enough to recall the National Fete Day of some years ago when Boulanger was the popular idol and Boulangism a peril to the Republic. The General, who shot himself in a Brussels cemetery beside the grave of Marguerite, and who sleeps his last sleep there, was at any rate sincere in his intense passion and attachment for Madame de Bonnemain, and in connection with this, his last and strongest love in life, a very interesting book will be published in the course of the present week entitled the "Journal de la Belle Meuniere"—the diary of the pretty miller's wife. In to-day's Figaro several columns are devoted to the book, and extracts of retrospective interest are given from it. "La belle Meuniere," the landlady of a small hotel at Royat, was a good deal mixed up in the liaison between Boulanger and Madame de Bonnemain, the two having chosen her house as a place of rendezvous whenever it was possible for them to spend a few hours or days together. Their first visit took place in the autumn of 1887, when the General, "exiled" at Clermont Ferrand, contrived to escape under a disguise and rejoin his beloved Marguerite at Royat. She was awaiting his coming in feverish anxiety at the little hotel, dressed, relates "La belle Meuniere," in a delicious evening toilette, which left exposed her beautiful neck and arms. The landlady, on seeing her, ejaculated, almost involuntarily, "A Dieu, Madame, que vous etes belle," which brought from Marguerite the reply that for the man one loves one can never be too beautiful. The General arrived, she writes, in the midst of a fearful storm, rushed into the sitting-room, clasped Marguerite in his arms, covering her with impetuous kisses, the scene of this meeting between the lovers being so touching, and, to the worthy landlady, overcoming, that she was completely upset. In December of the same year a second meeting at the same hotel was arranged, and in the course of it came the news of M. Ferry's defeat at the presidential election, and M. Carnot's triumph. The event was much talked over by the two, Marguerite expressing her conviction that "her Georges" would before long be at the Elysee, an honor she longed for, yet feared on account of the dangers which encompassed a president or dictator from the assassin's knife or the dynamiter's bomb. They both seemed perfectly persuaded, relates the "belle Meuniere," that the General was destined to become master of France, and Marguerite, at this period of their liaison become aware she was enceinte, their landlady was let into the secret, and asked if she would undertake the charge, at the given moment, of the "infant Dauphin." In the spring of 1889 they were again together at Royat. Their conversation turning on the tragical, mysterious death of the Archduke Rodolphe of Austria, the General, accepting the version that he had killed himself on his seeing his mistress dead, gave his opinion that he was justified in cutting short his days if he felt his grief to be incurable, intimating that under similar circumstances he would do likewise. Marguerite turned pale whilst listening to him, and the two seemed weighed down by a species of presentiment of coming sorrow. The last extract in the Figaro deals with the fatal illness of Marguerite at St. Brelade, whither "la belle Meuniere" had followed them. She foresaw her approaching end, her sole desire being that life might be prolonged until she could be legally married to "her Georges." She hoped for a miracle, and between the dying woman and the General the most pathetic scene took place, the latter solemnly swearing that if she were the first to go he would not be long in following her. He refused, however, to admit she was nearing the tomb, and clasping her in his arms he formed projects for the future, plans irrevocably destroyed shortly afterwards by the death of his adored one. After the funeral "la belle Meuniere" relates her return to her little hotel at Royat, where the General never again appeared. She received, however, one letter from him dated from Brussels. "It is really true," he wrote, "my poor, kind 'Meuniere,' that she is no longer beside me, that adorable creature who gave me the only happy years that I have had in my life. She is gone, leaving me alone precisely at the moment when a slight improvement in her health made me hope for her recovery. Happily the dear and so much loved creature was not conscious at the last, but passed peacefully away without the pain of witnessing my overwhelming grief. But our separation will not last long. Her family wished to have her body. I refused to give it up. I have kept it near me, my only consolation being to go daily to the cemetery to talk with her. She reposes in a vault peacefully in the midst of the flowers she so loved, and there she awaits me. For you, who knew her, you must surely understand that it is impossible for me to survive the loss of this angel of beauty, grace, gentleness and goodness. I know I do not belong to myself, but to my country. Therefore, as long as possible, I will resist my yearning to rejoin her. But I am a body without a soul or a mind, and when I go to her I shall have nothing with which to reproach myself. Write to me about her, and think sometimes of a man who was one of the happiest and is now one of the most unhappy.—General Boulanger." Two months after this letter the General blew his brains out on the tomb of Marguerite.

Inattention.

Listlessness, inattention and preoccupation are the common faults of some Christian people when in the service of the church. They do not hear the sermon. When not otherwise occupied they look up for a moment with a flush of interest, but it subsides in a moment and then they stare into vacuity, toss the head from one side to the other, shift their position, turn the leaves of the hymn book, or show some other evidence of the listless spirit that possesses them. When they leave the church they criticise the preacher for not interesting them. Such conduct is not much of a compliment to the preacher nor to the Gospel that he preaches, but it is a smaller compliment to themselves, because it is evidence of bad breeding as well as a small mind.

Du Chaillu's Chance.

"You are still a bachelor?" I asked.

"I am," he said, with a hearty laugh; "but I have had more offers than most men. Once, in Africa, the king of a tribe who loved me dearly offered me a choice of 853 women. 'Sire,' said I, 'to take one would leave 852 jealous women on the earth.' His solution was immediate. 'Take 'em all,' said he. But I am a bachelor still."

Burglars blew open the G.T.R. station safe, at Brantford, and stole about $20. The safe was not locked at the time.

"Many diseases arise from one cause—blood impurity.
Beecham's Pills
WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.
(Tasteless)
Purify the blood and, thus, go to the root of many maladies.
WHOLESALE AGENTS:
EVANS & CO. LTD., MONTREAL
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS

FRY IT in Cottolene

Fry your food in Cottolene instead of lard and it will be free from that greasiness and "richness" so distressing to dyspeptics; the flavor will be delicious instead of rancid, and your food will *do you good*. Put it in a cold pan, heating it with the pan. Cottolene reaches the cooking point much quicker than lard—care should therefore be taken not to overheat it. Follow these instructions—you will never use lard again.
Genuine Cottolene has trade-marks—"Cottolene" and steer's head in cotton-plant wreath—on every tin.
THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Wellington and Ann Sts., MONTREAL.

Happy Thought
Cooking Range
Radiant Home
Heater
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Fill the bill where excellent goods are wanted in this line.
McKELVEY & BIRCH,
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LADIES' & CHILDREN'S
Mantles...
Purchased direct from the Manufacturers save a Middleman's Profit.
We have received this morning over 400 of the most stylish and latest London designs Mantle Cloths, in all colors and kind.
Buying direct from the manufacturers, we are the only house in Kingston that can show you the newest designs and at prices no other house can touch. Inspection invited.
RICHMOND & CO.

Our grandmothers
as far back as can be remembered, used E. B. Eddy's Matches. Like the pioneers these are identified with the early history of Canada.
A good thing always has imitations—beware of them.

W. R. McRAE & CO., Agts., Kingston.

The People's Life Insurance Co., Toronto,
Issues Policies on every plan of insurance, including Ordinary Life, Limited Payment Life Endowment, with or without profits, Deferred Premium. Annuity Bonds at lower rates than any other company.
100 Wellington street, Ottawa, Head Office of the Company.

UNDERWEAR..
Ladies' Heavy Long Sleeved Vests, only 25c.
Ladies' Shirts and Drawers, fine quality, 50c.
Ladies' Extra Fine Shirts and Drawers, in all wool.
Children's Vests, in 6 different qualities.
Ladies' All-Wool Tights, in all qualities.
HEALTH Underwear in all makes and sizes.
R. WALDRON

Threatened With Pneumonia.

GENTLEMEN,—Last spring I had a heavy cold and was threatened with pneumonia. I used two bottles of Norway Pine Syrup and it completely cured me. It is the best preparation for a cough I have ever used. J. K. MACDONALD, Whycocomagh, Cape Breton.

Quiet has been restored at Corea.

The Ills of Women.

Constipation causes more than half the ills of women. Karl's Clover Root Tea is a pleasant cure for Constipation. For sale at Wade's drug store.

Piles are cured in twenty-four hours by using Dr. Williams' Pile Ointment. It never fails. In boxes 25c. Sold only at Wade's drug store.