



GREAT BRITAIN'S DAY OF GRIEF.

(Continued from page 6)

silent save for the mournful strains of the bands and the woe of sound of guns that betokened neither peace nor war, but death. Past these and past the Hohenzollern, the huge though cumbersome Camperdown, the Rodney, and the Benbow, on through the line of British battleships—all as powerful as the Oregon or Kentucky—still on till Japan's Hatsuse, the biggest warship in the world, was left astern and the German Baden was beam to beam with Vice-Admiral Sir Harry Holdsworth Rawson's splendid flagship the Majestic of the channel squadron, the naval funeral procession slowly steamed. Ahead were eight destroyers and seldom have these speedy craft drawn their long black hulls so sluggishly through the water. Coming slowly after them was the royal yacht Alberta. Half screened by the awning on the poop, the royal coffin, placed on a crimson dais, the curtains of which were drawn back and tied to four poles, leaving free to view the magnificent casket and the robes. Sometimes ahead, sometimes behind, was the Trinity house yacht Irene, watching the course, while in the wake of the coffin came the royal yacht Victoria and Alberta, with King Edward and Queen Alexandra and the English royal family; the royal yacht Osborne, with other royalties; the imperial yacht Hohenzollern, with Emperor William, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and others; the Admiralty yacht Enchantress and a Trinity house yacht with officials on board.

The main squadron of battleships and cruisers was moored two and a half cables apart in one line extending from Cowes to Spithead.

The channel fleet, under the command of Vice-Admiral Sir Harry Holdsworth Rawson, formed the eastern portion, and the reserve fleet, under Rear Admiral Sir Gerard Henry Noel formed the western portion.

The foreign war vessels were moored southwest of the British ships in the order of their arrival and alongside of them were moored eight British gunboats, the Antelope, the Gleaner, the Skinjack, the Leda, the Rattlesnake, the Alert, the Circe and the Speedwell.

After leaving Trinity pier the Alberta with her attendant escort steamed along the deep channel between the coast of the Isle of Wight and the single line of battleships and cruisers. The main line was as follows, beginning at Cowes:

Alexandra, Camperdown, Rodney, Benbow, Collingwood, Colossus, Sans Pareil, Nile, Howe, Melampus, Severi, Galatea, Bellona, Patoulos, Pelorus, Diana, Conqueror, Arrogant, Minerva, Niobe, Hero, Hood, Trafalgar, Resolution, Jupiter, Hannibal, Mars, Prince George and Majestic.

Minute guns were fired by all the ships in Solent, and at Cowes, commencing when the Alberta left the pier. Each ship ceased firing immediately after the tail of the procession passed her.

After the procession had passed the Majestic the forts and ships in Portsmouth harbor commenced firing minute guns and continued firing until the Alberta was alongside the wharf.

No standards were displayed and ensigns and Union Jacks were at half mast.

The bands played the funeral marches of Chopin and Beethoven only. The national anthem was played. On the approach of the procession the ships were manned and the guards and the bands were paraded.

The officers were in full dress and the men in No. 1 rig and straw hats. The guards presented arms as the Alberta passed each ship and then rested on their arms reversed until the procession had gone by.

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A detachment of marines and the admiral's band was on board Nelson's old flagship, the Victory, in Portsmouth harbor.

When the Majestic had been left astern the Alberta was moored for the night. Tomorrow the body will be taken ashore at Portsmouth and thence conveyed to London and Windsor for the last tributes to the great Queen.

ARRIVAL AT WINDSOR.

WINDSOR, Feb. 2.—Great throngs of people assembled in the vicinity of the railroad station to meet the coffin. At 2 30 the guns of a battery stationed on Castle Hill signalled the arrival of the funeral train.

The great east window of St. George's chapel with its faint stained figures threw a soft light over this burial and worshipping place of Kings. Before each altar stall glimmered the waxen taper that burns when knights of the garter worship there. Above their heads, resting upon the carved sabres of the stalls, were the special insignia of each knight, while hanging over this were the motionless banners, bearing the strange devices of the members of this most powerful order. On each side of the chancel flamed two rows of candles, causing the gold and red of the knights to glitter. In sombre contrast with these rows of light and color sat the long line of princesses and ladies in waiting, making a foreground of deepest black. On the altar two tapers burned but within the rail on each side stood two large candelabra.

Among the early arrivals were ministers and ex-ministers in full state uniform. All the members of the cabinet took their seats in a row. Lord Salisbury followed, wearing a velvet skull cap and wrapped in an ordinary black overcoat. When this was taken off it revealed a plain coat uniform. The ladies in waiting, veiled as the princesses were yesterday, took their seats in a long bench below the stalls. The first member of the diplomatic corps to arrive was the Turkish ambassador. Long before the stalls were filled the nave was packed. It was here that the stands had been erected and the chancel screen on the organ completely prevented several hundred in the nave from seeing what went on in the church.

Lord Rosebery came in about 1.15. The most of the diplomatic corps occupied nearly two entire rows of stalls on the right of the chancel. The most noticeable by reason of his brilliant robes, was the Chinese minister. Baron Eckhardstein, the giant of the diplomatic corps, who was in attendance upon Count Von Hatzfeldt-Wildenburg, the German ambassador, towered above all others in the magnificent white and gold uniform of the German army. The Haytian minister with his pitch-black face formed a severe contrast to Count Von Hatzfeldt, who sat next to him. The ambassadors, cabinet ministers, knights of the garter and the noble congregation waited patiently while the gentlemen-at-arms took up their

stands at the chancel immediately in front of the pitiful line of mourning women. In their right hand they carried a halberd and, even against the brilliant background of the stalls, these huge scarlet figures stood out conspicuously. From the court yard came the sound of sharp commands as the troops were brought to attention or were shifted to some better position. Two o'clock came and the congregation was coughing uneasily. The long wait was trying. At 2.15 o'clock Sir Walter Parratt, at the organ, commenced playing Mendelssohn's march in E minor from "the songs without words." The castle clock struck the half hour and the organ ceased.

Quietly, with no heralding, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Winchester and the Dean of Windsor, walked from the vestry down to the chancel. The nobles rose to their feet and remained standing. Behind the Bishops came the choir.

The music of the bands playing could be heard, first faintly and then nearer and nearer until the majestic roll of the funeral march penetrated every corner of the chapel. For 15 minutes the congregation listened to the military bands outside. At 2.30 p. m. the doors swung open.

I Am the Resurrection was sung by the choir. Slowly, the white robed boys made their way up the aisle. After the Archbishop of Canterbury came the White Rods, then the coffin, and then the equestrians, carrying the pall and regalia. Grenadiers carried the coffin.

Walking together, came the King, Emperor William and the Duke of Connaught. Behind them were the King of the Belgians, the King of Greece and the King of Portugal, and after them came the royal princes, who filled the chancel and aisle and whose suits crowded into the nave.

Mr. Choate, in evening dress, entered with the procession and sat in the corner near the master of ceremonies. The choir having passed to their positions in the Queen's gallery overlooking the altar the service proceeded.

The archbishop stood at the altar steps, directly before the coffin. On his left was the Bishop of Winchester, clad in scarlet robes, who read the regular lesson for the dead. The Duke of Cambridge had to be helped to a stall, being unable to stand any longer. As the benediction was pronounced the King and all present bent their heads low.

An impressive feature was the pronouncement of the king-at-arms of the titles of the deceased. Standing before the altar he went through the old formula ending up with "God Save the King," delivered so forcefully and dramatically that his hearers started, stung into a realization of the change of regime which had so suddenly come about.

At 4 o'clock the service was over. The Archbishop of Canterbury buried his head on the altar and prayed and the kings and princes passed to the left of the altar, leaving the coffin and the catafalque, and passing into the castle.

COULD SCARCELY WALK

Mr. George Thompson, a leading merchant of Blenheim, Ont., states:—I was troubled with itching piles for fifteen years, and at times they were so bad I could scarcely walk. I tried a great many remedies, but never found anything like Dr. Chase's Ointment. After the third application I obtained relief, and was completely cured by using one box. Ask your neighbour about Dr. Chase's Ointment, the only absolute cure for piles.

Col. Sam Hughes, when questioned regarding the statement that he had offered to join Baden-Powell's constabulary, gave it emphatic denial.

N. Clarke Wallace, Grand Master of the Loyal Orange Association of British America, has telegraphed to Lord Minto on behalf of the order an "expression of deep sympathy with the royal family and the nation on the death of our beloved Queen, and the assurance of our continued fealty and devotion to the crown."

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The White Plague.

ONE-SIXTH OF ALL DEATHS DUE TO CONSUMPTION.

Its Ravages Spares No Class—Rich and Poor Alike Fall Its Victims—How This Dread Trouble May be Prevented.

Consumption has been well named the great white plague. One-sixth of all the deaths occurring in Canada annually are due to the ravages of this terrible disease. Its victims are found among all classes; rich and poor alike succumb to its insidious advance. Only a few years ago the victim of consumption was regarded as incurable, and horror-stricken friends watch the loved one day by day fade away until death came as a merciful release. Now, however, it is known that taken in its earlier stages consumption is curable, and that by a proper care of the blood—keeping it rich red and pure—those who are pre-disposed to the disease escape its ravages. Consumption is now classed among the preventable diseases, and those who are pale, easily tired, emaciated, or show any of the numerous symptoms of general debility should at once fortify the system by enriching and purifying the blood—thus strengthening not only the lungs, but all parts of the body.

Among those who have escaped a threatened death from consumption is Mrs. Robert McCracken, of Marshville, Ont. Mrs. McCracken gives her experience that it may be of benefit to some other sufferer. She says:

"A few years ago I began to experience a general weakness. My appetite was poor; I was very pale; was troubled with shortness of breath and a smothering feeling in my chest. Besides these symptoms I became very nervous, at times dizzy and faint, and my hands and feet were as cold as ice. As the trouble progressed I began to lose flesh rapidly, and in a short time was only a shadow of my former self. I had good medical treatment, but did not get relief, and as a harsh cough set in I began to fear that consumption had fastened itself upon me. This was strengthened by a knowledge that several of my ancestors had died of this terrible disease. In this rather deplorable condition I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I at once procured a supply and had not taken them long when I noted a change for the better. By the time I had taken six or eight boxes I was able to move around the house again and felt better and stronger in every way. I continued the use of the pills until I had taken a dozen boxes, when all my old strength and vigor had returned, and I was as well as ever. During the time I was using the pills my weight increased twenty-six pounds. Several years have since passed, and in that time not a symptom of my former trouble has made itself apparent, so that I think I am safe in saying that my cure is permanent. I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life, and I strongly advise ailing women to give them a trial."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a tonic and not a purgative medicine. They enrich the blood from the first dose to the last and thus bring health and strength to every organ in the body. The genuine pills are sold only in boxes with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," printed on the wrapper. If your dealer cannot supply you send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be mailed post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

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WASHINGTON LETTER

(From our regular correspondent)

WASHINGTON, D. C., U. S. A., Feb. 1st.—The death of the Queen, throwing the British and German embassies and the Portuguese legation into mourning, has taken most of the snap out of the social season here, and when added to the President's illness, has made Washington a rather dull place this winter. The President has now decided to recommence his regular dinner parties but not to hold any of the large receptions that are such a feature of Washington life. The British Embassy has of course, recalled all acceptances, and will remain in quietude for months to come.

It has been decided that Mr. Choate should have new credentials. His old credentials accredited him to the queen. He will now be accredited as United States ambassador at the court of Edward VII. Lord Pauncefote, it is expected, will receive new credentials as ambassador to the United States, his present commission being signed by the queen.

Lord Pauncefote, by the way, is likely to get himself disliked if he continues to stand on his rights as an Ambassador and refuses to have the snow cleared away from in front of the Embassy building. Every private citizen in this city is required to do this and is hauled up and fined promptly if he fails. Lord Pauncefote, however, is exempt from such laws and so far this winter has neglected to keep his sidewalk clear. Pedestrians who have been ploughing through the mess in front of his domicile have been making rather caustic remarks on the subject.

"I have often wondered," said J. F. Davidson, of Quebec, as he sat at the hotel window and watched the sleighs go splashing through the slush, "why some genius does not invent an automobile sleigh. It does not seem that the thing should be impossible. I suppose there are more horses killed during the short time there

is sleighing snow than during all the rest of the year. I should think a wheel set in the back of a sleigh and fashioned something after the style of a sprocket wheel in a bicycle would be sufficient to propel it. That might interfere with the smoothness of the running, but genius ought easily to overcome so small an obstacle. I know that even I could invent some kind of an automatic arrangement that would jingle the sleigh bells."

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For Cramps, Pains, Diarrhoea and all Summer Complaints, use that unfailing remedy, Fuller's Blackberry Cordial. Use Fuller's Blackberry Cordial.

A correspondent from Harcourt to the St. John Globe says:—Anthony Beers, son of Mr. J. Noble Beers, of Canaan Settlement, parish of Welford, last Wednesday slipped on the ice and, with a carpenter's axe which he was carrying, gave his right hand a cut, severing an artery. He was brought to Dr. Keith's surgery by Mr. Anthony Agnew for surgical treatment, and is doing well under the circumstances.

CAUTION.—Beware of substitutes for Pain-Killer. There is no other "just as good." Unequalled for cuts, sprains and bruises. Internally for all bowel disorders. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

The engagement of the Duke of Roxburgh to Miss Pauline Astor, daughter of William Waldorf Astor, has been definitely arranged. The wedding will take place sometime next summer.

Edward Murphy, a road house musician, and Maggie West committed suicide in a Jericho, Rhode Island saloon Friday afternoon by taking carbolic acid.

SEARCH

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