

## An Old Irish Woman's Jubilee Address to the Queen.

"Dear Sir, I am a rather late in the day for an old Irish woman to present a loyal and sympathetic address to her Majesty on the occasion of her diamond jubilee. The delay must not be attributed to want of zeal and loyalty, but to the fact that she lives far from the 'madding crowd,' remote among the 'Mourne' ranges, where news, like the gladness of springtime, is late in coming. Being unused and very much overworked to address her Majesty directly, she would like exceedingly if you would generously find room for her address. Yours sincerely, M. M. L. Rathfriland, county Down, July 1.

I've bin thinkin' me laddy, alone me meself, in this cabin down here be the shramme, That the Jubilee folk, wid their noise and their talk, Don't know half what these Jubilees mane.

Sure you'll not be offended at all when I say I'm as odd as yourself to a day, But, acushla, be reason of sickness and could I'm more stooped in the shoulders and gray.

You've maybe had griefs, spite of scepters and crown And hercavements that bur-don the heart; So have I, but in frailty, I'm waitin' the cab, That bids sorrow and sighin' depart.

But their talk makes me think of the years far away And the friends and odd ways that are gone; Thru the shramme and the sunshine are here, and the blooms, But their freshness and gladness are flown.

Sixty years do they say? I was then a colleger Wid the bloom on me cheek, and me glance Was as bright as the mairin', and there on the green Wid young Dan every evenin' wud dance.

And on Sundays wid comrades we'd wander the hills. Where the heather was bloomin' and Dan One sweet evenin' said, "Norah, I love ye, astore!" And I gave him me heart wid me han'.

But we heard that a Prince was sweetheartin' yoursilf, And, "Bogorra," says Dan, "twud be foine For to make that Queen's weddin' day ours!" And we did, Sure, you'll me remember the toime.

I was happy wid Dan as yourself on the throne, Not a trouble came near us for years; But the Famine came soon, and the Fever, ochone! Me odd eyes are too odd to shed tears.

Sure, me heart nearly bruk whin me Danny was gone, And I cried when your troubles came, too; For on a widdy, odd, on a throne; Sorra lonelier I am than you.

So I sit in me cabin alone be the shramme Wid me childer all over the say; And, me laddy, you'll not be offended at all If I'm sad on your Jubilee Day.

—Pall Mall Gazette.

## Went Like Fun.

Three Fishermen Had a Sensational Ride After a Whale.

In Charging a School of Fish the Animal Managed to Get the Boat's Anchor in Its Mouth—Then It Got Scared and Ran.

"That's the narrowest escape I ever had in my life, and I have been through a number of strange experiences. And I'll tell you right now there's no more ocean fishing for me—that is, unless I am in a good-sized boat."

The speaker was Tom Butwell, keeper of the Ang-Nuevo fog signal, says the San Francisco Call, and he was engaged in helping two pale-faced men out of a small skiff on the water off at the island. The pale-faced men had little to say. In fact, they were shaking like the leaves of a poplar tree when the autumn winds blow, showing plainly that they had been frightened. Anyone would have had a hard time to get through what they had on that morning a few weeks ago.

"Come up to the house, and I'll tell you all about it," said Tom, after the boat had been made fast. "I kinder feel as though I would like a little something to steady me, myself. I guess a little would do us all good."

After the pale-faced men had been made more comfortable and Tom was feeling as "steady" as he could expect, he tilted his chair back and told the wail and told the story of how a whale had that morning gotten hold of the anchor boat and would have been edly have taken it had not the rope been cut just as the sea was coming over the gunwale.

**TRIED DEEP WATER FISHING.**

"You see," began Tom, "my assistant, Jim, here, and my friend, Mr. Jones, all concluded we would try our hands at deep water fishing about a mile or so to the west of the island. The tide was just right this morning, and we had little work rowing out."

The man who lies at the mercy of an assassin's shudders, who shivers as he thinks of the death that is at his door, who is as cold as steel as it cuts its way to his heart. The same man, for some unexplained reason, will lie at the mercy of that most deadly of assassins, consumption, and apparently not experience a tremor. Of all the human beings that go down each year to premature graves, one-seventh are the victims of this relentless enemy.

There is a prompt and practically unfailing cure for this awful disease within the means of the poorest. It is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption, it cures bronchitis, asthma, laryngitis, lingering cough, spitting of blood, weak lungs, throat and nasal troubles and all diseases of the air-passages. It acts directly on the lungs and mucous membranes of the air-passages, building up healthy tissues and driving out all impurities and disease germs. It weakens the appetite, makes the digestion perfect and the liver active. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. A sufferer does not have to take these assertions on trust. Thousands have testified to their recovery under this marvellous medicine after all hope was gone. Copies of their letters, with names and addresses, may be had by writing for them to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Do not neglect constipation. Your general health is at stake. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. They never fail. They never gripe. One little "Pelle" is a gentle laxative and two a mild cathartic. They cure biliousness and regulate and invigorate the stomach, liver and bowels. All medicine dealers sell them and have no other galls that are "just as good."

## Picked Up in Passing.

In the central part of Africa court etiquette demands that a courier who bears news to the king should stand on one leg while he is repeating it. This undoubtedly insures short reports, and saves the king from sores and those who would unnecessarily take his time.

Queen Victoria has a strong objection to tobacco smoke, and will not allow in any room used by her, or anywhere where she is likely to smell the odor of it. Even the late Prince Consort forbore to smoke in her presence.

In response to an invitation from Robert Lewis Stevenson to visit him in Samoa, Conan Doyle asked the great romancer how one got there. "Oh," said Stevenson, "you go to America, cross the continent to San Francisco, and then it's the second turning to the left."

Roscoe Conkling, in his early days made a habit of reading at least an hour or two every morning from one of the best writers of English prose. He read Milton that he might gain a rhythmic and melodious flow of language. He studied Macaulay, committing many passages from Macaulay's most brilliant essays, and to that habit he attributed whatever gift he afterwards revealed of fascinating narration.

A new philanthropy in Chicago is proposed in the form of a "Training School for Nurses," that is, for nursery maids. The training is to cover six months, at the end of which time a certificate will be granted. The course will include theory and practice, lectures and lessons being accompanied by practical nursing in a hospital. There is no fee; the school will be sustained by private contributions.

Florence Nightingale has come to the defense of tea in print. She thinks there is altogether too much said against tea drinking, and says she would be very glad if "any of the tea abusers would point out what to give in its place." She continues, "I have undergone great fatigue, such as riding long journeys without stopping, or sitting up at night, and I find that tea, which they could do best on an occasional cup of tea and nothing else."

A practical measure in behalf of the Audubon Society has been taken by the Civitas Club, of Brooklyn. In order to show that birds are not to be trimmed without using the plumage of birds, the club will hold in its rooms, some time this month, an exhibition of trimmed hats and bonnets adorned with no feathers, except ostrich tips. It is hoped that this time to show that hats can be made so attractive without the sacrifice of birds as to win many converts to the creed of the champions of "our little brothers of the air."

Many a sad mystery of the sea may be readily explained if it be remembered that the calamity to a small rock, some 60 feet long by 8 wide, the existence of which in that spot was entirely unknown until last May, the captain of a British ship first brought tidings of it. The rock is situated in latitude 37 degrees north and longitude 37 degrees west. It is just awash, with the exception of a more elevated portion in the middle. It seems strange that this rock should never before have been discovered, but perhaps the previous discovery was entirely unimportant. It is a small, irregular, and form of sudden and irrefragable wreckage upon it, whence no warning tidings have ever come back to land.

## The Poets.

Give Us Men.

The following lines, by the Bishop of Exeter, England, were received by Canon Fenton, of London, with striking effect. They are as good for Canada as they are for England:

Give us men!  
Men from every rank;  
Fresh and free and frank;  
Men of thought and reading,  
Men of light and leading,  
Men of loyal breeding,  
England's welfare speeding;  
Men of faith and not of faction,  
Men of lofty aim in action;  
Give us men—I say again,  
Give us Men!

Give us Men!  
Men whom highest hope inspires,  
Men whom purest honor fires,  
Men who trample Self beneath them,  
Men who make their country wealth  
and then

As her noble sons,  
Men who never shame their mothers,  
Men who never fail their brothers,  
True, however false are others:  
Give us Men—I say again,  
Give us Men!

Give us men!  
Men who, when the tempest gathers,  
Grasp the standard of their fathers,  
In the thickest fight, and  
Men who stand for home and altar,  
(Let the coward cringe and falter),  
God defend the land;  
True as truth, though lone and lonely,  
Tender as the brave are only;  
Men who tread where saints have trod,  
Men for Country—Queen and God:  
Give us Men—I say again—again—  
Give us such men!

In the Sweet of the Year.

Merrily piping a carol of mirth,  
And of thanks for the life that was  
Glad of the breath of the Spring o'er  
the earth,  
Sang a bird in the sweet of the year.

Singing a message of death as it sped—  
Swift from the life that we fear—  
Fell the bird in the sweet of the year,  
—Sunday Magazine.

Catarth Cured. A clear head and sweet breath secured with Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy, sold on a guarantee. Nasal injector free. Sold by all druggists.

## Animal Curiosities

Some Summer Stories of an Odd Character  
Well Told—Buffalo Jones Starts on a Sensational Hunt for Big Game—Church Choir Upset by a Collection of Cats in the Organ.

## Fly Buries a Spider.

Samuel Simon, son, a well-known resident of Neshannock township, while strolling near his home one day recently, noticed a fly about half an inch long, and of a dark color, with a slim body, bearing a large dead spider, says the New Castle (Pa.) Democrat.

The fly crossed his path and laid his load down, it then went about eighteen inches in another direction and entered a hole in the ground. His curiosity being excited he stopped and watched the work. After the fly had dug about half the length of himself, he went to where he had left the spider and took its dimensions. After going back to the hole he found it was not big enough and commenced digging again. After taking out a quantity of earth he again went to the spider and again took its dimensions. He did this eight times and as often enlarged the hole. When the little fellow had the hole too deep to throw the earth clear he would go on the bank and force it with his back. He had the spider in his mouth and he had the hole in his back. He had the spider in his mouth and he had the hole in his back. He had the spider in his mouth and he had the hole in his back.

Tracking Bison.  
Badminton Magazine.

The tracks are quite fresh, drops of blood are on the leaves he had brushed against, and with both rifles ready we get nearer and nearer to him. We are going up a steep hill now, the jungle in places is not quite so thick—open patches here and there. "There is an English Chippaw, who has been like a hawk and snort and a short crash above us tell us we are seen. "Shoot!" Chippaw says, and to our cost I do. With no cover below him no open place to meet him, and everything in the bull's favor, I ought never to have fired, but my hand was on the trigger and I could easily have got above him and in comparative safety."

However, there was no match time to think of these things, and as I fire one barrel of the 10-bore into the jungle, the other barrel, which he comes down the hill like a steam engine. I give him the other barrel, and with a snort, he comes down the hill like a steam engine. I give him the other barrel, and with a snort, he comes down the hill like a steam engine. I give him the other barrel, and with a snort, he comes down the hill like a steam engine.

The whole choir was dumfounded. There were no feline musicians in sight, still the moving kept time to the strains of the organ. In a few minutes a large cat crawled out from beneath the pedals of the organ, much to the dismay of the organist, as she had her feet on the pedals at the time, and the glaring fire in the eyes of the feline feline motioned her to explain who the new musicians were.

However, no effort was made to find them until after vespers, but then a search was made under the direction of Father Tobin. Deep in the bowels of the organ were found four little kittens about two hours old. They could not have been any older, as they were surely not there while high mass was sung and played in the morning. The mother was allowed to return to her young, who was not disturbed, as they were very comfortably quartered in the new \$4,500 organ.

**The Bladder**  
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THOMAS JOYCE,  
124 Peter St., Hamilton.

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**A CLEAR COMPLEXION**  
The Outward Sign of Inward HEALTH.

A Perry, Okla., dispatch says: I believe the big game with which the forests and plains of the United States, Canada and British Columbia once teemed can be preserved from utter extinction, and it is because that I believe that I must start this week for the north to capture as many specimens of the animals, big and little, that are now becoming so rare that only the most patient hunters have and even then a loss of the expedition which I command is backed by ample capital, and I do not doubt that it is going to succeed.

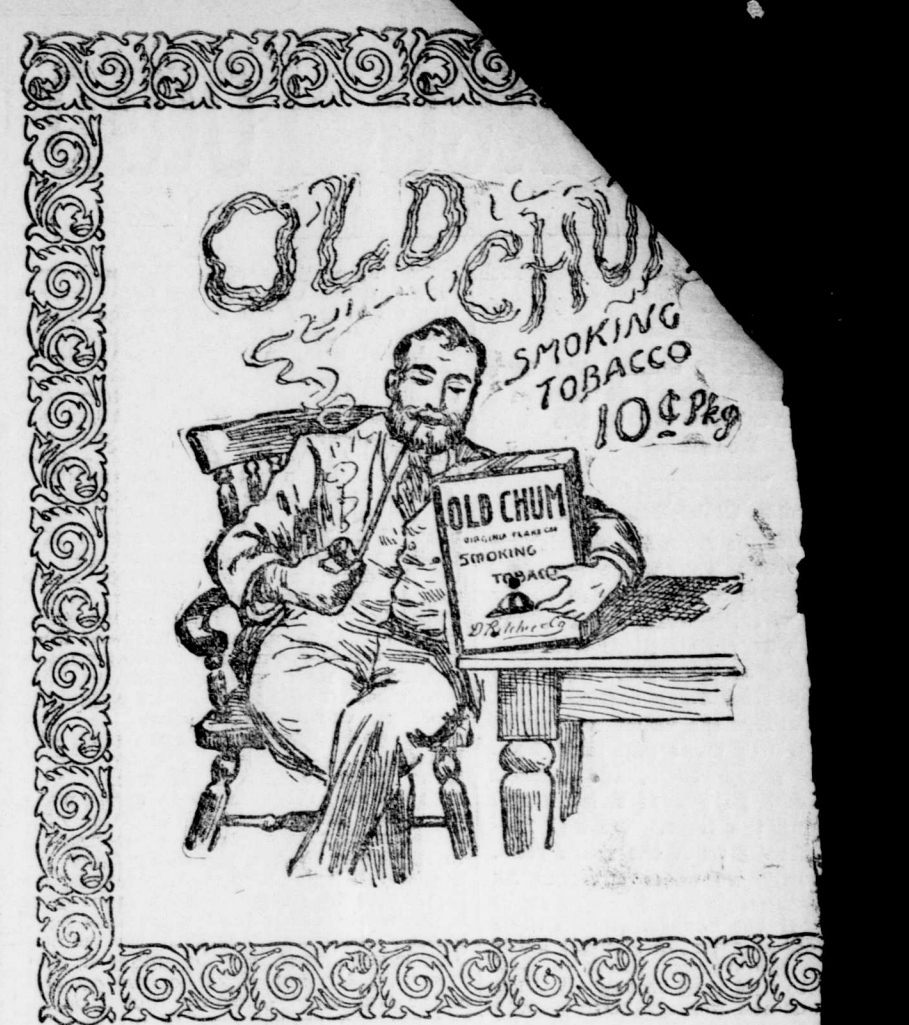
An island in the Pacific has been purchased and the animals will be taken and kept there under the best conditions. I believe they will increase in number. It used to be said that the buffalo would not thrive in captivity. I disproved that by capturing a lot of them from the last few specimens of the "last and best of the United States. They thrived so that they increased their numbers to 200, and even my bank account will, never mind, just how much, but it suited me. I believe that all our North American game animals, large and small, are in a better condition, and my success with the buffalo confirms that belief. The government has now a large number of animals alive, instead of shooting them, as the Smithsonian hunters did, and they got on so well in captivity that I soon had a herd of 200, from which I supplied a herd of sixteen to the late President, who was very much pleased with the stock of many other public and private parks.

The buffalo the huge, sly wood-bison and muskox of the far north

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