

Waiting.

BY JOHN BURROUGHS.

Serene, I fold my hands and wait, Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea; I rave no more 'gainst time or fate, For, lo, my own shall come to me.

Sons of Scotland Meet and Celebrate.

The Earl of Dundonald met with an enthusiastic reception from the people of the county of Glangarry, September 2nd, the occasion being the celebration of the Sons of Scotland of Stormont and Glangarry.

Lord Dundonald's address was the feature of the day. In opening, he said that it was as if a portion of Scotland had been detached and placed down in the middle of the new world.

"Brother countrymen," he continued, "your history and your glorious traditions are of romantic and absorbing interest. Your ancestors after fighting for the ancient and Royal House of Stuart, when the cause was hopeless, thronged the Highland regiment and fought for the British Empire in various parts of the world.

"One has only to recall to your memory such noted Canadians as Colonel John Macdonell, who died at Queenstown Heights, his brother, Colonel Hugh Macdonell, the first Adjutant-General of Militia for Upper Canada, the great Bishop Alexander Macdonell, from whom this town takes its name; Bishop Strachan, Dr. Bethune, Sanfield Macdonald, and many others.

"In eighteen hundred and thirty-seven when a rebellion broke out in this country, His Lordship Bishop Macdonell, who raised the Glangarry Fencibles and brought them out to this colony, with that indomitable spirit of loyalty which actuated him sent round the fiery cross, and the clansmen assembled to a man to support the British Crown. I remember my father, who was fighting here at that time, telling me many years ago that one of the most wonderful sights he had seen in Canada was the Macdonald and other Glangarry clansmen formed up, as volunteers, fathers in front with their sons behind. When I heard him tell me this story I little thought that one day I should come out here and be in command of the descendants of the very men whom he so admired in 1837.

I have inspected your 39th Regiment at Kingston Camp, and again have had the pleasure of seeing a portion of them to-day. I must congratulate you on the sons being worthy descendants of their fathers.

"I hear, indeed it is unnecessary for me to say that I hear, for the air is surcharged with the feeling, that the Glangarry men want to wear the dress of their fathers.

"Travelling as I do over Canada, and seeing what I see, I cannot but feel pride in the great work which Scotsmen have carried on in develop-

ing this country. Take the fur traders of the North-west and Hudson's Bay, with their forts, the earliest outposts of our civilization? Who organized these associations? Who commanded their forts? Who were their rank and file? Scotsmen! Who founded the great Allan line of steamers? Who was it built the great Pacific Railway of Canada? Who founded our chief universities over the country? Who established our splendid banking institutions which have become bulwarks of our commerce and examples of honorable dealing! To a large extent Scotsmen!

"Who stands higher in the hearts of the Canadian people, and not only the Canadian people, but the British race over the world than that great Empire builder, Sir John A. Macdonald, Prime Minister of Canada, a Highland Scotsman; than Mr. Alexander Mackenzie, Prime Minister of Canada, when Lord Dufferin was here, also a Highland Scotsman. Then have we not still with us that great Highland Scotsman, Lord Sarathona, who at his own expense sent a magnificent regiment out to South Africa, who by their gallantry in the field splendidly fulfilled their mission and carried out the great ideas of this patriotic Scotch Canadian.

"Gentlemen, these are facts connected with the history of this country, and facts are stubborn things. And it is only right and proper that I should bring those matters before your notice; for it gives me an opportunity of expressing my deep regret that Scotsmen have not got any great central national building where the records of their past history in Scotland could be contained; where the portraits, and the monuments of Scotsmen who have served Canada could be safely deposited; and where a general record and history of the Scottish race in Canada might be preserved.

"Such a building might also serve as a centre of Scottish Societies in Canada, as a meeting place for Scotsmen in Canada, and in the Mother Land; a building which might be the headquarters of an organization which in common with the Canadian Scottish Societies and Clan Societies of the old country might direct Scotch emigration.

"Gentlemen, people are influenced largely by what they see. Who, for example, can enter an historic house and pass along the portrait galleries representing men who took their part centuries ago in the history of their country without being deeply impressed? Who can see a Highland regiment on parade with pipes playing, without thinking of the glorious past? Thus it will ever be.

"Gentlemen, those who cannot be moved by pride of country and pride of race are inaccessible to those great sentiments, which stir men to great deeds. Men may acquire gold, but they cannot take it to the grave, it may be squandered by descendants, it may even do harm, but personal service to the state such as was given by the Highland soldiers of Glangarry has a firmer foundation.

"Fellow countrymen, the glorious traditions of your ancestors have survived the grave, and can neither be squandered nor lost. Yes, if I read aright the faces before me, your glorious traditions will never be allowed to fade, but will be perpetuated so long as Canada remains a country, and there are Scotsmen to stand by the old flag under which your forefathers fought and died, and for which you, their sons, are ready also to fight and die.—Montreal Star

O'Connell's Eloquence.

(Old Subscriber in True Witness.)

The eloquence of Daniel O'Connell has always been a favorite theme, especially amongst students of Irish history. There have been several collections of O'Connell's speeches published, and of the speeches contained therein several must have been either re-written, or corrected. In fact, beautiful, strong, and logical as these speeches are, they afford us no

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dea of his oratorical powers. Like all great orators O'Connell had to be seen and heard in order that his influence could be fully felt. Possibly no man has given a more lifelike picture of O'Connell, than the late Wendell Phillips, the silver-tongued orator of American We never heard Phillips speaking on O'Connell, but we did hear him on "The Lost Arts," and we can form an idea of the perfection and reliability of his appreciation of O'Connell. In his lecture upon the great Irish orator he gave the following splendid appreciation:—

"Broadly considered, his eloquence has never been equaled in modern times, certainly not in English speech. Do you think I am partial? I will quote John Randolph of Roanoke, the Virginian slaveholder, who hated an Irishman almost as much as he hated a Yankee, himself an orator of no mean level. Hearing O'Connell, he exclaimed: This is the man, there are the lips, the most eloquent that speak English in my day. I think he was right. I remember the solemnity of Webster, the grace of Everett, the rhetoric of Choate: I know the eloquence that lay hid in the iron logic of Calhoun; I have melted beneath the magnetism of Sergeant S. Prentiss, of Mississippi, who wielded a power few men ever had. It has been my fortune to sit at the feet of the great speakers of the English tongue on the other side of the ocean. But I think all of them put together never equaled O'Connell. Nature intended him for our Domosthenes. Never since the great Greek has the sent forth anyone so lavishly gifted as a tribune of the people. In the first place he had a magnificent presence, impressive in bearing, massive like that of Jupiter. There was something majestic in his presence before he added to it what Webster had not, what Clay might have lent—grace. Like a boy at 70, every attitude a picture, every gesture a grace, he was still all nature; nothing but nature seemed to speak all over him. Then he had a voice that covered the gamut. The majesty of his indignation, fitly uttered in tones of superhuman power, made him able to "indict" a nation in spite of Burke's protest.

"I heard him once say: 'I send my voice across the Atlantic, careening like the thunderstorm against the breeze to tell the slaveholders of the Carolinas that God's thunderbolts are hot and to remind the bondman that the dawn of his redemption is already breaking.' You seem to hear the tones come echoing back to London from the Rocky Mountains. Then with the slightest possible Irish brogue he would tell a story while Exeter hall shook with laughter. The next moment, tears in his voice like a Scotch song, five thousand men wept. And all the while no effort. He seemed only breathing.

"As effortless as woodland rocks. Send violets up and paint them blue. We used to say of Webster, 'This is a great effort of Everett. It is a beautiful effort: but you never used the word 'effort' in speaking of O'Connell. It provoked you that he would not make an effort. And this wonderful power—it was not a thunderstorm: he flanked you with his wit, he surprised you out of yourself; you were conquered before you knew it. His marvelous voice, its almost incredible power and sweetness, Bulwer has well described:

"Once to my sight that giant form was given, Walled by wide air and roofed by boundless heaven, Beneath his feet the human ocean lay, And wave on wave rolled into space away, Methought no clarion could have sent its sound Even to the centre of hosts around; And as I thought, rose the sonorous swell As from some church tower swinging aloft and clear, from airy tide to tide It gilded easy as a bird may glide Even to the verge of that vast audience sent, It played with each wild passion as it went; Now stirred the uproar, now the murmur stilled, And sobs of laughter answered as it willed."

"Webster could awe a senate, Everett charm a college, and Choate cheat a jury; Olney could magnetize the million, and Corwin lead them captive. O'Connell was Clay Corwin, Choate, Everett and Webster in one. Before the courts, logic; at the bar of the Senate platform, grace, wit and pathos all, unanswerable and dignified; or before the masses a whole man? Carlyle says: He is God's own appointed king, whose single words melt all wills into his. This describes O'Connell. Emerson says: There is no true eloquence unless there is a man behind the speech—one who could be neither bought, bullied nor cheated. He held the masses free but willing subjects in his hand."

While he is in Rome next month the Oar will pay a visit to Pope Plus X. He is sending his own state carriages to Rome for the journey from the Russian Embassy to the Vatican, during which he will be guarded by an escort of thirty Cossacks.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"A woman stopped at a cloth counter in one of the large department stores of Philadelphia recently, and asked to be shown some dress patterns suitable for early autumn wear. The salesman began on the lowest row of shelved compartments and pulled out and opened box after box until the counter on either side of him was piled as high as his head with goods. Three times he climbed a ladder to the upper rows and staggered down under a weight of box patterns, until when the woman took a survey of the shelves, but two patterns remained unopened. Then she said very sweetly:—

"I don't think I'll buy any today. I'm sorry to have troubled you; but, you see, I only came in to look for a friend."

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"How's de health er yo' settlement, Br' Jenkins?" "Well, we got de yaller jaundice," "My, my!" "Ea smatterin er measles," "You don't say so!" "En de rhuematism's wid us once mo."

"Now you talkin?" "En no harricane's been our way," "Tell it all." "But de sirthquake ain't swallered us yit—bless de Lord!"

Minard's Liniment relieves neuralgia.

"So you're living in a flat now. How do you like it?" "Oh, I've no room to kick."

A noted physician called on an exceedingly cranky patient, and was surprised to find hardly any improvement from the previous day. "Why," said he, "what's the matter? Did you follow my prescription?" "Not I," replied the man. "If I had, I would have broken my neck; for I threw the prescription out of the window."

"Would you oblige me," said the reporter who gets novel interviews, "by telling me what book has helped you most in your life?" And after a thoughtful pause the great man answered: "My bank book."

The Renewal of a Strain.

Vacation is over. Again the school bell rings at morning and at noon, again with tens of thousands the hardest kind of work has begun, the renewal of which is mental and physical strain to all except the most rugged. The little girl that a few days ago had roses in her cheeks, and the little boy whose lips were then so red who had been kissed by strawberries, have already lost something of the appearance of health. Now is a time when many children should be given a tonic, which may avert much serious trouble, and we know of no other so highly to be recommended as Hood's Sarsaparilla, which strengthens the nerves, perfects digestion and assimilation, and aids mental development by building up the whole system.

Justice.—What is your opinion of the last witness' reputation as to truth and veracity?" Witness.—Very bad, your honor. Justice.—You know him intimately, I suppose? Witness.—I don't know him at all; I only know that he is forecaster at the Weather Bureau.

Justice.—Ahl! That will do, sir; you may stand down.

"What am I to take this medicine in?" asked the old lady of the druggist's boy, who had compounded the mixture.

"Take it in your mouth," answered the wise youth. "Taint the kind what you rub in."

Professor.—I am sorry to say, Mr. Melcher, that your son does not make progress in the classics. Both in the Greek and Latin languages, he is very deficient.

Mr. Melcher.—That's strange! Why, he wasn't more than five minutes learning the college yell.

"Children," asked the school-committee man, "what is political economy?"

"Political economy," answered the precocious son of the district boss "is getting men to vote for you as cheap as you can."

"To what do you attribute your longevity?" asked the reporter. "My which?" queried the oldest inhabitant.

"Your longevity," repeated the reporter. "Never had it. As far as I can remember I ain't never had no such complaint."

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