IRELAND FIRST

The Keynote of John Dillon's Great Speech at Birkenhead.

Ready to Resign his Title to Leadership and Retire to the Ranks.

The Sad Scenes Which Followed the Disruption of the Irish Parliamentary Party and the Causes Which Led to Disunion-Hopes For Unity of all Sections ere the Close of the Year.

The Irish Nationalis's of Birkenhead, Eng., and surrounding districts, held a monster mass meeting recently and it was followed by a banquet at which Mr. John Dillon, M.P., assisted. In response to the toast of "The Irish Party," Mr. Dillon delivered a patriotic speech which will be read by Irishmen and sons of Irishmen on this side of the Atlantic with a great deal of pleasure.

We take the following summary of Mr. Dillon's eloquent deliverance from the Dublin Freeman.

Mr. Dillon, responding, said-Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen, I speak here to day as the representative of the Irish Party, and while, of course, I cannot pretend for a single moment that I am satisfied with the present situation and condition of that party, I say with absolute confi dence that during the last two years there has been a progressive and a very marked improvement, not only in the condition of the party, but in the condition of the country behind the party. I claim that the improvement in the country is due to the improvement in the condition of the party. It goes without saying that at a time of crisis such as that which followed on the disruption of the party and the loss of a great leader there was certain to issue a period of confusion and friction which must endanger and weaken any political party in the world, and such as I am sorry to say happened to the Liberal Party. Differences of opinion were bound to appear; personal differences were bound to show themselves. Perfectly honest and good Irishmen took different views as to the best course to be pursued. I took very strong views on the situation at the time of the Bradford Conference, to which the proposer of the toast has referred. I had an opportunity of ascertaining the real condition of the country, and I came to the conclusion that there did exist, most unfortunately, a large body of fighting Nationalists in Ireland who were convinced Parnellites. I disagreed with them, but there they were, and those of us who fought with the Land League in Parnell's days. them previously on many a hard fought Those meetings were called upon the them previously on many a hard fought field knew the stuff of which they were made. We knew that they could not be wiped out,' as the phrase then was, and that the attempt to wipe them out would end in disastrous failure and serious danger to the cause. I never altered my opinion, for I felt I was right. If at the general election of '92 an arrangement had been come to between the Parnellites and ourselves we should have been spared many useless and expensive con tests both in that year and in the year '95, and a great deal of trouble would have been saved. I fought the Parnell ites as hard as I could at these two elections, much as I regretted to have to oppose men who fought by my side in dark and evil days. I knew the stuff they were made of, and I knsw, as I said before, that they could not be wined out.

In my judgment that was not the way to deal with them. The best way was to try and smooth away the iriction and to try and get both sides to bury the past and to work together again. I most carefully avoid on the present occasion, as I have ever been careful to avoid. making any attack upon individuals or dropping any observations of a character calculated to keep up disunion in the Irish Party. I should like to call your attention to this fact. When I advocated not the giving of fifteen seats to the Parnellites at the election of '92, but a compromise based upon giving them a fair share of the representation, so as to avoid plunging the country into the horror of an internecine struggle which has continued, more or less, ever since— I think even now that that would have been the better course to have adoptedwhen my advice was rejected, as I think most unfortunately rejected, I thought it my duty to act upon the decision that had been arrived at. I fought the Parnellites, and those who were loudest in their denunciations of that proposed compromise were furtheat from the fight in the hottest part of Ireland when the fight came on I have been in South Roscommon. in Waterford, and in Cork. We defeated Mr. John Redmond, but the fight was so hot that every day numbers of persons had their wounds dressed at the hospitals in consequence of the conflicts in the streets. I was throughout these bitter conflicts, the sights and scenes in which must have been sickening to any Irishman. I was in the thick of the police charges when, in the old days, the Nationalists fought side by side against the Government and felt cheerful under these circumstances, but when in the streets of Cork Isaw a Nationalist strike down Nationalist, and when on the bridge of Waterford I saw the blood of Irishmen flowing, and Irish National ists arrayed against each other, the best ablood of Ireland fighting for no worthy object, my heart sank within me, because Lielt and knew that we were doing the work of the enemies of Ireland. And has who denoming me for having at

tempted to save Ireland from those shameful scenes were to be seen neither in South Roscommon, nor Waterford, nor

My father told me once that when, in

1848, some of the people of that time were urging on the insurrection with all speed, he advised them that it was not wise, that the country was not prepared for it. They would insist upon insurrection and when the field was taken he was there and those who were londest in insisting upon insurrection were nowhere to be seen (loud applaase). Well, gentlemen, I have been denounced year after year and jeered at for my weakness and my desire for union. I have never denied that I have desired union. There is no length to which I would not go to secure union among my fellow countrymen. I have been insulted from both sides and for the take of the cause I have borne it and I am prepared to face everything of that kind. When I was called to the chair of the Irish party in the face of divided counsels and fierce opposition from within that party nothing but a strong sense of duty would induce me to accept it because there never was a more disagreeable position than a chairmanship of a disunited party. Our cause has been reduced to a position almost of despair, and I told those who voted for me, as I told the whole of the party, that if they elected me they had to count upon my pursuing steadfastly the course which I had pursued before.

For two years, in spite of abuse and misrepresentations, I have set one object before me, and to that object so long as I am responsible for the party I shall firect all my efforts—namely, the restor ation of unity. I regard all other objects at present as of no importance compared with that. As long as the Nationalists of Ireland persist in quarrelling with each other, in dissipating the National strength so long it is folly childishness. absurdity to waste time in wrangling as to whether the Liberals are in favour of Home Rule and the abolition of the House of Lords (hear, hear). Home Rule will not form a plank in the platform of he Liberal Party, so long as Irish Nationalists are disunited; but if, on the other hand, they are united, as I hope they will be, the Home Rule question will spring to the front, and remain in the foreground until it is settled. And accordingly since I have been in the chair of the Irish Party I have devoted all my influence and all my energies to the task of abating and removing, so ar as I could, the friction and the ill feeling that has existed between the Nationalists of Ireland, and I can claim with confidence that I have been to marvellous extent successful.

Anyone who goes over to Ireland in this year of '98 celebrations, and com pares the condition of the country and the feelings of the people with what they were two years ago, will be amazed at the change. True it is that apathy to some extent exists, but that is a whole some sort of apathy. It is better that there should be a lull in the political war and a truce to breaking heads, than that one set of Nationalists should be holding the other set up to contempt. For more than a year you have not heard one word said by any one Nationalist against another There were great meetings held throughout the length and breadth of the land, comparing favourably in enthusiasm and in order with the best meetings of principle that all the dissensions of the last few years should be buried out of eight, and that all should meet as Irish Nationalists. In that way the condition of the country has improved to an extent which I admit I hardly supposed possible some two years ago. Now the faith on which i am strong and on which I rest my conviction for the safety of the Irish cause is this. I refuse to believe that the men from Belfast in the North, and from Cork in the South, who have after years of separation met on the same platform this year and shaken hands and joined together at the same table. will after this year is over divide and separate into two opposite camps as before. I addressed a meeting in Carlow the other day composed in a great part of Parnellites, and I got a good reception from them.

I believe there is going on in Ireland a mighty transformation which will result in drawing the people together, and in putting into their hands a mighty power. For my part what I should like to see established is this. I have long held that it is impossible to bring about a true union by anything wearing the appearance of a triumph of one section over another. I hope to see in the course of this autumn those whose names have been used as the shibboleths of faction called before the people, and requested to lay down before the people any claim which they have to leadership. Then let them in the name of God fall into the ranks and show that they are loyal to the cause. I say whoever is chosen leader, be he the humblest man in the ranks, if the country work together there is an end to conflict, and in the course of time he who is most capable, most unselfish, and most loyal to the cause of Ireland will ultimately come to the top, and those olic Church. I will confess that in my disgraceful personal differences will be geography I was somewhat mistaken, buried beneath the contempt of the people. That is the object which I have so near Lake Champlain, and the sight have set before me, and I will not be a as I witnessed it coming up the beautiparty-I have refused to be a party to ful and historic lake will remain with any attempt to stamp out or crush down | me for many a day. As I sailed up the any section, any considerable section, of fighting Irish Nationalists so long as there is hope that they will yet fall into the ranks and work with their fellows for the good of their country. It would be a proud and happy thing for me if I could lay down my present position in a state of union among all parties; if I could see elected in my place someone who was not acquainted with the warfare and canflict of the movement in the last few years.

It is said that one pound of butter gives a working force equal to that of five pounds of beef, nine pounds of potatoes, or twelve pounds of milk.

The amount of gold coin in actual circulation in the world is estimated by bodies and pure souls. I will say again the Bark of England officials to be about eight hundred and sixty five tons.

AT CLIFF HAVEN.

Some of the Special Peatures of the Sixth Week.

His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons Delivers an Address Complimenting the Administration for Their Work--St. Ann's Parish, of Montreal, Sends a Delegation --The Social Events Highly Suc-

THE most eventful and important week of the Champiain Summer School was the 6:h week, which has just closed Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, Md. He was assisted by Rev. Dr. Waish, Rector of St. John's Church, of Plattsburgh, as assistant priest. The Deacons of Honor were Rev. Joseph Bigley, of New York, and the Rev. Father Siegfried, of St. Joseph's Seminary, Overbrook, Pa. The Deacon of the Mass was Rev. Jas. Fitzsimmons, Professor of St. Joseph's Seminary, Dunwoodie, New York City, and Rev. William Quinn, of St. Bernard's Church, New York, as Sub deacon. Archbishop Corrigan, of New York, was in the Sanctuary, and his chaplain was Father Mullany, of Syracuse, and also Treasurer of the School. The Right Rev. Bishop John S. Foley, of Detroit, Mich., was also in the Sanctuary, and his chaplain was the Rev. Dr. Talbot Smith, of New York City. The Rev. E Strubbe, Pastor of St. Anne's Church. Montreal, and the Rev. C. J. Crowley, of Plattsburgh, were also in the Sanctuary. The Rev. Dr. Lavelle, President of the School, and Rector of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, was the Master of Ceremonies. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Joseph McMahon, St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, and his text was taken from the 16:h chapter, 1st verse, of St. Paul to the Corinthians. The Rev. Father McMahon was indeed very elequent, and his resonant and powerful voice rang out through the magnificent edifice of St. John's Church in a most telling manner.

The grand reception given to the Cardinal at the Auditorium upon Sunday evening was a distinct success. The auditorinm was packed and the audience thoroughly appreciated all that was said and done by those participating. The entertainment was under the direction of Arthur R Ryan, and the first number was from the Summer School Choral Society which made its debut in one of Donizetti's delightful choruses, entitled dee H w Lightly We Sail O'er the Sea They also sang 'Maryland, my Maryland.' 'America,' and the 'Star Spangled Banner,' were sung in unison with the large audience. Miss Elizabeth Power, accompanied by Miss Agnes Kelly, both of Philadelphia, sang "For all Eternity"; Miss Jennie Naughton sang "The Angels' Serenade," accompanied by a mandolin obligate by Lou O'Donovan, and piano accompaniment by Miss Isabella Reid, all of New York; Miss Helen M Sweeney, of New York, read a couple of poems of her own composition; Mr. Frank Carr, of Wor-cester, Mass., sang "He was a Prince," and an encore "Tis but a Dream." At the end of Mr. Carr's song the Cardinal and Bishop, accompanied by the Rev. Dr. Lavelle, President of the School, Rev. Joseph Bigley, Rev. Joseph McMahon, Mr. Fernes, all of New York, and Hon J. B. Riley, of Pla sburgh, came upon the stage, as the Choral Society sang Maryland, my Maryland." The Rev. Dr. Lavelle, in a very brief but nest and polished speech, introduced the Car-

dinal. His Eminence said, in part, that it afforded him great pleasure to be present at the school. It is my first visit, and I am safe in assuring you that it will not be my last. The beautiful utterances that your President made in regard to the fact that the services were begun by praise, thanksgiving and love to God at Holy Benediction, that the love of human kind was sung at the reception, and also that the love of country was likewise sung by all in that beautiful hymn of our country, "America"—in-deed, my dear, friends, I can say from my heart that what I have seen here gives me great pleasure and joy. You are here as a Catholic community, and you listen to lecturers who impart knowledge to you without error. The very able sermon preached to you this morning is a fitting citerian for you to take home to your hearts. All the em-bodiments of true and beautiful knowledge were therein contained, and certainly from what I have seen and heard during my brief stay with you, assures me that you have all the advantages of deep, sound, true knowledge dominated by the religion of Christ and the Cathfor I did not know that Plattsburgh was calm and picture que lake, so replete with Catholic history, I bethought how sacred must be the atmosphere which environs your School. The beauty of nature, the beauty of your architecture. all appealed to me, and when I entered your midst and saw that your lives and being in your community were likewise beautiful. Your religious, educational moral and social existence were without the stain of sin. This certainly is the ideal we should strive for to attain at all times and maintain, and have it felt during the months we are not here Your out door life is as perfect as your educational and religious lives. You have pure air, perfumed with pure forests, and virgin view of the grand mountains of the Adirondacks and Vermont,

all conductive to clear minds, beautiful

that the piessure afforded me in this my

first visit to the Champlain Summer

ALBERTA TO THE RESERVE

brance of the hospitable and kindly pleasures accorded me shall not be dimmed by time. At the close of the Cardinal's remarks he was applauded loud and long.

Rev. President Lavelle introduced the very affable, kindly and gracious Bishop of Datroit, Rt. Rev. John S. afforded him was very great, and as he thought it wise to come to the East occasionally to get a few pointers, he had taken the opportunity afforded him, and was most agreeably surprised. I can assure you, as I stand here before you, that when I return to the West I shall have nothing but praise to speak of this great and gloricus Summer School that you have built here. I am sure that the Western people whom I see before me this evening will carry back to their Western home like sentiments of appreciation and praise. I thank you again for your kind reception accorded me. and shall hope to see you on future occasions, and likewise look upon many faces from my Western home.

At the conclusion of the Rt. Rev Bishop's remarks all adjourned and the gathering departed with the pleasant and honored memories of having seen and listened to the most distinguished princes of the Catholic Church in the

Western hemispnere. The Rev. Dr Lavelle, in his remarks prior to the Cardinal's speech, said 'no man was more capable of addressing the audience from the true spirit of a man than Cardinal Gibbons, whose love of God, man, and country had been ever his paramount aim, and hence was most dearly beloved and honored by all his fellow men in our great country.' more fitting tribute could be paid the great dignitary of the church, who honored us so highly, and certainly no man was more fitting or able than our most dear and worthy president, Father La veile, to render such a tribute.

After spending a most enjoyable time in which photograph groups were taken with the Cardinal as the central figure, and after receptions at the various cottages, the Cardinal departed on the noon train Monday, with the Rt. Rev. Bishop Foley, of Detroit, with a rousing send-off by the entire School, at the pretty little station of Buff Point, Summer School grounds. The parting at the station was affecting, and showed how dearly the great good Cardinal of America is beloved by all who know him and met him during his stay at the Assembly grounds. Verily, all the guests will carry home with them sweet sentiments of honored moments with the Cardinal. All America's national airs were sung. and the Cardinal waved his handkerchief upon the plaform of the train until distance dimmed the eyes that eagerly gazed upon the receding train which carried the great prince of the Catholic Church in America.

A feature of the week was the arrival of a large contingent of visitors from Montreal, under the direction of Rev E. Strubbe, C.SS R . the zealous pastor of St. Ann's, and the Young Men's Society in connection with that church. The visitors were taken in hand by several prominent members of the School during their brief stay, and manifested great enthusiasm in the different proceedings.

The lecturers of the week were. Rev Thos I. Gasson, S.J., Professor of Philcaophy in Buston College, Buston, Mass. his subject, the 'Will and the Freedom of the Will,' in a series of 5 lectures. running the entire week. Professor John Dwyer, Principal of Public School No. 5. New York, is the lecturer upon Pedagogy. Professor Thomas O'Hagan, of Toronto, delivered a series of three lectures upon English Literature.' The evening lecturer was to have been Mr. Henry Austin Adams, of Boston, Mass., and his subject was to have been the novel, in three distinct trestments, namely, 'The scope of the novel,' 'Novelists of the 18th Century,' and 'Romantic Novelists,' but owing to the illness of Mr. Adams, the lectures did not take place. It was source of much regret to the guests and members of the Summer School to learn that Mr. Adams was so ill that he would be unable to deliver his course of lec tures. Mr. Adams is one of the most popular and highly entertaining lecturers that has thus far lectured at the school.

The Rev. Mortimer E. Twomey, of Malden, Mass., delivered two Round Table Talks. The one upon 'Bible Study and the other upon 'Fiction Study in Reading Circles.' The Rev. Dr. Talbot Smith of New York, substituted the evening lectures of Mr. Adams by giving a series of readings and descussions upon 'Unknown Authors.'

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.

BOOK NOTES.

We take pleasure in acknowledging receipt of the "Parochial Hymn Book" (complete word edition), edited by the late regretted Father Police, S.M., of Boston.

The friends of the Orphan and Destitute Boys of the House of the Angel Guardian of Boston, "The Brothers of Charity," thinking they could do a good work by introducing this publication amongst the Catholic population of America, whom they are so proud to call benefactors of their Institution, wish to draw the special attention of our readers to this notice.

'This collections of hymns, the largest and most complete of its kind, contains all the chief truths of our holy religion; expressed in beautiful verse; it likewise unfolds the meaning of the liturgical seasons and chief festivals of the ecclesiastical year, thus giving the faithful an insight into the sublimity of Catholic worship, and tending thereby to increase in their hearts love for God and Holy

In order to meet the wants of all, the compiler has also added to his collection a set of prayers for common use among the faithful, and other prayers more suitable for special meetings of confraternities or other parochial devotions.

Church.

This publication is sold at 25 cents a copy, paper cover, and 35 cents cloth binding stamped in gold, delivery prepaid. A special edition with music is sold at \$1 00 a copy, postpaid. This book can be procured from the House of the Angel Guardian, Boston, Mass.

Bishop of Detroit, Bt. Rev. John S. The Terrible Scenes in Temporary Hospitals.

A PRW PICTURE OF THE SURGEONS AT WORK.

The Tortures of the Wounded.

A contributor to the New York Even ing Post gives the following terrible picture of the tortures suffered by the wounded during war times. He writes:

The hospital presents the nether and the frightful side of war. If it does not baffle, it forbide description. In it the glory of war is extinguished, the glitter disappears, and the facts of flesh become ghastly and ineradicable. Here it is that enthusiasm has to lie down helplessly with mystery, inertia, and pain. But the worst of it is that this aftermath of war is always unprovided for in the resisting forces of the human economy. So long as a man can oppose violence with resistance and match force with strength, he does so with an exulting mockery of death itself that is characteristic of the masculine animal. But, carried into the hospital, a door clange behind him. He is shut in with his own perishability, his own consciousness, and the surreon's helplessness. He brings with him physical outrages that science can only meet with a general assuggement. Your exploding shell has no regard whatever for special provision or special experience. The course of a rifle bullet when it enters the delicately adjusted physical economy of man foflows no predicable lines of the lesst resistance. It bores or crashes through vertebre, tissue, and artery. It outs ganglions and rends viscera. Every fresh patient is threfore a new case, and must have special treatment without the advantage of precedent.

My first hospital experience must have been that of tens of thousands. I passed in a twinkling from the ecstacy of physical excitement to the swoon of death. There was a click, then an exit of everything, as the lights were extinguished and the soul of me fled like a receding river. The next second a dull light, an overpowering smell of ether, a suppressed hurrying of feet, and the dissonances of human agony growing more audible and more intolerable as the light grew, told me that I was in hell or in an hospi tal. Two hours had elapsed. They have never been accounted for by me Then it was that I came slowly to the full consciousness of what a kindly blow was mine, that stunned while it stayed the courses of life.

Others were not so fortunate. We were

lying without order on the straw in a rade shed. Some of it had been used as edding for cattle. The ambulances were line. The direct effect of this at the decreas. The curses of the teamsters mingled with the grosus of their burdens. There were two surgeons and two assistants. They were in their shirt eleeves and had napkins or handkerchiefs round their necks. I lifted myself as well as I could and looked round. My eye fell first on what appeared to be a collection of boots, but which I speedily enough saw was a pile of amputated limbs, from which the boots and shoes had not been removed, and from which had dripped and ran a congealing stream of blood that was tracked all round the narrow spaces by the slipping feet of nurses. Instinctively I put my hands upon my own nether limbs to feel if I had lost them, and they made them-selves known by a convulsive wince as I did so. They were there, sure enough, but was I to keep them? In the centre of the place some boards, torn from the shed itself, had been placed upon two trestles, and this was the operating table. I tried to shut my eyes as I saw one form lifted off and another lifted on, but I couldn't. The business-like butchery of the surgeons fascinated me for a time. prevented me from heeding my own pain. Some kind of suspense was inwrought with the hideousness of it all. It would be my turn next. One or two of the men died under the operation. I could see that by the look of the surgeon and the extra haste of the attendants. One of the ambulance men, seeing me sitting up, came over to me and pushed me back rather roughly. "Keep still," he said, "you're all right if you don't squirm that tourniquet off. They've tied up your artery and you're in lack.'

We were about a mile and a half from the front. The battle was raging yet; the pulse of it could be heard at times above the inarticulate sounds in that place. Now and then a shell exploded somewhere in the vicinity. Nobody paid the least attention to it. The amoulances were coming and going. The curses and shouts outside and the growing dissonances of death and torture in side, made the injunction to 'keep still' a horrible irony.

A score of torn and dismembered men were stying things that no ear could disentangle, and yet they wounded and stung if you listened to them. Other sounds, still more dreadful, came from the mere automatism of muscles that best the floor with rhythmic heels and bit at the planking in the paroxysm of delirious pain. I shut my eyes with all my force in the effort to calm myself. But it was no use. They came back staringly to the routine of those heroic doctors which wore to me the air of an inhusition.

Nor was there the least attempt to screen, to mitigate, or to soften the dire work that was going on. The battle had come on unexpectedly, and, as usual, the hospital provision for it was laggard and inadequate. Mercy and tenderness had to be practically ruthless,

and business like, and off hand. Legless and business like, and off hand. Legless trumks were lake upon the recking straw with the gentleness only of expedition. The pile of limbs in the centre grew into a quivering mass, and the files, those invancible little harples of the shambles, added a million miseries of their own, and they lit muon the distorted faces of as they lit upon the distorted faces of armless men who could not brush them off, and eddied in clouds round the heads of the surgeons.

I meant to have told how in my second hospital experience, when the angel of mercy was reaching down into a tom and scarcely reorgalisable mass of humanity for the spark of consciousness that remained, a shell burst through the roof and obliterated both the nume and the patient, and how, for a moment, those of us who escaped and crawled out of the added wreck had one common thought, which was that those inhuman energies that man sets in motion, smite at times with indiscriminate irony all the puny efforts that man brings up afterwards to remedy and correct.

NEWFOUNDLAND LETTER

The Impressions of a Visitor From Ontario.

The Facilities to be Given by the New Railroad-Revival of the Whale Industry-A Large In. flux of Tourists this Year.

St. John's, Aug. 24,

I do not think I can better impress the readers of the TRUE WITTNESS with the rising importance of Newfoundland as a tourist resort, than by giving some ertracts recently printed in the St. John's Daily News, and setting forth the opinions of a representative of a Toronto journalist, Mr. F. Yeigh. This gentleman visited the country some few weeks ago, and during his stay made a very good etudy of the subject-Terra Nova-frem a tourist etandpoint. He had travelled entensively on both sides of the Atlantic, and was most favorably impressed by the general aspects of things Newfoundland, especially with the genial, obliging character of the people he met on the railways etc., as also with the rare beauty and grandeur of our coasts and seaports. To these impressions he gave publicity in a letter to the Herald (St. Johns), written from on board the Bruce' on his return to Canada. From Mr. Yeigh's visit to the colony, and from the evident pleasure he derived from it, as expressed in his letter to the Herald, we anticipate some interesting accounts in the papers at Toronto, and it goes without saying that it is for the good of a country, not yet fully known, to have report made of her by a friendly and experienced Canadian journalist. give one olipping in which Mr. Yeigh speaks of the ancient colony. It is taken from the News.

Mr. Yeigh says :- The new Newfoundland railway, now completed, over 500 miles across the country, means untold things for that country. It extends from St. John's to Port aux Basques on the west coast, and makes a through trunk to develop the internal resources of Newfound. Very fine iron mines have been discovered and are being worked near Conception Bay, and there are abundant evidence of coal and iron deposits in the country, along the line of the railway.
Mr. Yeigh thinks the new railway

may eventually be a factor of a quick mail route to the Irish coast. Mail and passengers can go right across the island by railway in 10 hours, and three days steaming from a port on the Atlantis side of the island would bring them to an Irish port.

The construction of this road means the dawn of a new era for the colony, which before had comparatively only a few miles of railway. The streams an full of fish; the country is an angling and sporting paradise, and by means of the line tourists will take advantage of

CONTINUED ON PAGE FIVE.



a sick horse you do not hitch him up to a sulky and take him to the race track for a little healthful spin. You docspin. You doc-tor him. You cannot work or recreate a man into good health any more than you can a horse. Bicycling will make healthy men more healthy; it will make unhealthy men more unhealthy. When a man has been living in too big a hurry, when he has worked himself out when he has got so that he does not sleep or eat, or rest, and the whole world looks gloomy to him, it is time for him to take medicine. Then,

When you have

it is time for him to take medicine. Then, when he is braced up a bit, it is time enough for him to take to the bicycle.

When a man's nerves have an edge on them, so that the least little disappointment rasps on his temper like a file, when his stomach and liver and nerves are deranged, and he is continually gloomy and melancholy, he should take Dr. Pierce's Golden: Medical Discovery. It makes a man as hungry as a fisherman and sees to it that all the vital elements of the food are absorbed into the blood. It braces up the liver and puts it to work in the right way. It drives all billious impurities from the system. It fills flesh, nerves, brain cells.

It drives all bilious impurities from the system. It fills flesh, nerves brain cells, snews and bones with the life-giving elements of rich, red, pure blood. It makes a man healthy and then a bicycle will make him strong. Medicine dealers sell, it, and have nothing "just as good."

Through your skillful treatment I am once more a well man, writes J N Arnold, Esq. of Gandy, Logan Co. Neb. J Luffered for years with constitution and torpidity of the liver irritation of the prostate and inflammation of the bladder. I took six, bottless of Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Pelleta, and am permanently cinedly You have been the means of saying my life.

