

Sir Richard Banqueted

Ontario Liberals Do Honor to the Minister of Trade and Commerce—The Veteran Financier's Masterly Address—Eloquent Speech by the Premier.

Ottawa, May 11.—The Ontario Liberal members and senators of the Dominion Parliament Wednesday honored Sir Richard Cartwright, the Ontario chief, at a brilliant banquet in the senate restaurant. The greatest enthusiasm and devotion to Sir Richard marked the banquet. Sir Richard delivered a speech charged with his old-time vigor and wit. Sir Wilfrid Laurier spoke in terms of unqualified admiration of Sir Richard and expressed complete confidence in the triumph of the Liberal party at the next election. The dining-room was decorated with flags and portraits of the Queen, the premier and Sir Richard Cartwright, and the dinner was excellently served.

The chair was occupied by Mr. Wm. Gibson, M. P., who proposed the toast of the Queen, briefly speaking of the close feeling that now exists between Canada and the mother country. In no place in the world was the Queen more beloved than in Canada. The toast was honored with great enthusiasm. Mr. Frost read letters of regret from Hon. David Mills, Mr. N. A. Belcourt, M. P. of Ottawa, and Hon. Wm. Patterson, who was detained in the house.

SIR RICHARD'S HEALTH.

Mr. Wm. Gibson, in proposing the toast of Sir Richard Cartwright, said that no one was better entitled to the regard of the Liberal party than the Minister of Trade and Commerce. He had always stood up steadily for the principles of the Liberal party, and had upheld Liberal opinions. The Liberal representatives did themselves honor in recognizing the important services of Sir Richard Cartwright during his long term of public life. After speaking of the great difficulty that the committee had in restricting the attendance to the Ontario Liberals, Mr. Gibson said that the Liberals loved Sir Richard because of the unkind things that had been said of him in the last quarter of a century by his opponents. He was the man of all men who was the bogy of the Conservative party. He was a worthy successor to George Brown. Long before the passing away of George Brown, Sir Richard received a large share of the ill-will of the Conservative party throughout the Dominion. No one could look at Sir Richard's long career and say aught against him as to his loyalty to the Liberal party. He was loyal to Mr. Mackenzie and loyal to the party he honored. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the provincial chief from which he comes looked up to Sir Richard as the beacon-light of the Liberal party. As long as he was connected with the government they were assured that the government would be honestly and uprightly administered. Sir Richard had served under Mackenzie, and had served through the eighteen years of opposition, and was now in the government. He would go out, he supposed, in the course of ten or fifteen years. (Cries of "No.") and "You are a pessimist." Mr. Gibson said he was willing to make it twenty-five years, but whether the time be long or short, they all felt from the experience of the past that Sir Richard and the government of which he was a member would have the same regard as the Mackenzie government for honesty and fair dealing.

The toast of the guest of the evening was honored with great enthusiasm. The meeting sang "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" and cheered and cheered again with vim.

SIR RICHARD'S REPLY.

Sir Richard Cartwright on rising to speak, was received with three more cheers, heartier than the others. He said:—Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, I rise on the present occasion with very mingled feelings. I must say I feel extremely gratified, indeed, to see around me tonight so many old comrades, not forgetting a few of those whom I hope to take our places when we can serve the Liberal party no more. But while I see a very considerable number of gentlemen with whom in times past I have fought and conquered, with whom in times past I have fought and been considerably well beaten, and in times not so long past fought and conquered again, I cannot help looking back over the time when I was one of the youngest men in parliament. I cannot but feel somewhat sensible of the losses the Liberal party has sustained and of the very large number of good and true men who have passed away from public life, and from life altogether, since I first had the honor of a seat in the parliament of the two Canadas in 1863. I find of the 65 gentlemen who sat with me in the first Parliament of the United Canadas, I find myself am the only one in the Province of Ontario who still retains a seat in the House of Commons. Of the 200 who sat with me in the first Parliament in the Federal Canada, I think there are but two besides myself who still retain seats in the House of Commons. It would be in that length of time strange and unreasonable if one did not learn some things, and I am bound to find myself able to tolerate a considerable number of things that in former times would have brought down a great deal of virtuous indignation on my part. I can recollect, as Byron would put it, I

can recollect in the old times, when I was young, when John Macdonald was king and Sir George Cartier viceroy over him. The time was when I retained pretty strong views on a great many subjects, and gave strong expression to them. For instance, if I had to deal with Sir Charles Tupper's variations on facts I am afraid I sometimes was induced to look with undue harshness on his little eccentricities, and even to make use of much stronger language than I would deem necessary at present. But, as I said, with age and experience one comes to understand these things, and I have come to recognize that in the case of Sir Charles Tupper, for instance, I was dealing with a very remarkable specimen of humanity, one of those personages who were brought into the world, as I might say, morally "color blind," who are physically and congenitally incapable of distinguishing black from white, or right from wrong, or truth from falsehood. Under these circumstances, you see, I learned to regard Sir Charles as a curious psychological specimen. Some hard things have been said even by gentlemen around this table about Sir Charles. It was from lack of understanding. (Laughter.) I have heard, I am afraid, some members of the Liberal party and the Liberal press speak of Sir Charles, for instance, as an immoral man. I do not regard him as an immoral man. I do not know I would call him immoral, for if I were called upon to define his species or genus I would say he was what you might call an immoral man. (Laughter.) The difficulty in his case, as I read the situation is not that his morals are bad but that he has no morals at all. You and I, Mr. Chairman, and I am afraid half a dozen archangels too, might reason with him in vain, and you would not convince him that he had made any mistake in his life or done anything wrong. He would not understand. All that he knows is that on a given occasion he has followed his instincts, and they were all the law he ever had.

COMPARED WITH KRUGER.

Now, I have lately come on a curious bit of information, which I do not feel disposed to keep to myself with respect to Sir Charles. A considerable time ago I was very much struck with certain portraits of the most estimable Mr. Paul Kruger, and with the remarkable resemblance in face and figure between himself and Sir Charles Tupper, and when a little while after he published that celebrated ultimatum of his, in which he gave Great Britain 48 hours in which to withdraw from South Africa, I felt that in addition to the physical resemblance there was considerable mental resemblance. In fact, if I had not known that Sir Charles was promoting companies—not in the Rand, but in British Columbia—if he was within one thousand miles of South Africa, looking at the stupendous effrontery, at the 46,000,000 horse-power impudence of the ultimatum, I would have said, "Aut Tupper, aut diabolus." I would have concluded that Sir Charles must have been there. I am going to impart to you a most profound secret. In Germany they are in the habit of preserving with great minuteness records of families. I caused inquiries to be made, and I am in possession of facts that I think warrant me in stating that there are reasons to believe that at no very distant period the families of Kruger and Tupper were very close together. So far as I have been able to find out, it appears that somewhere about the end of the seventeenth century there resided in Munsterland, near Jacobus Von Double, this Carl Jacobus Von Double had two daughters; one, Katarina, is reported to have married Christopher Kruger, who went to South Africa and founded the family of Krugers there. The other, Gretchen, married a certain Carl von Tupper, and the descendants of these worthy people seemed to have enlisted in the Hessian contingent, who, in the reign of George III, immigrated to this continent in the pursuit of glory and of loot; and although I am bound to admit that here the connection is somewhat loose, there is strong reason to believe that this Tupper was the ancestor of the Tupper of that ilk whom we now enjoy. At any rate, you will observe that if my information be correct, Sir Charles comes perfectly honestly to his dislike to the British preference, and while his kinsman, Paul Kruger, has been for some years back busy trying to undermine British supremacy in the southern half of Africa by setting English against Dutch and Dutch against English, his kinsman, Sir Charles, is now actively employed in the utmost of his power in undermining British supremacy in the northern half of this continent by setting French against English and English against French. Sir Charles said me of the French quotation "Mauvais sujet mais bon soldat," which, roughly translated, means that a man may be a good fighter without being very much of a saint. To that praise at any rate Sir Charles is fully entitled.

THE CONSERVATIVE REACTION.

Sir Richard said, in continuation, that he was filled with admiration at the way the Conservatives were booming the Conservative reaction in this Dominion. They were defeated at the general election, and at 42 out of 45 elections since then, and in something like five local elections. It was true that they had carried the Province of Manitoba, but that was under peculiar circumstances, and Mr. Greenway had a majority of the votes; it was not of the representatives. A Conservative youngster of ten years with a penny-trumpet could make more noise than a Liberal orchestra with a brass band. It was all noise and nonsense, but must not be disregarded.

THE LIBERAL PARTY'S POSITION.

Sir Richard then devoted some time to the position and duties of the Liberal party in Ontario. He did not think it was in the slightest degree exaggerating when he said that the four years that elapsed from 1896 to 1900 had been pre-eminent fruitful years in the history of Canada. Looking over the past he challenged any impartial man to point to four years in which Canada had made such gigantic strides, both morally and materially, as it had done under the

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their wonderful power to conquer disease, and caused the miraculous cures that have startled the scientific world. Thousands of cases have demonstrated that this remedy is an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, pale and sallow complexions, and all forms of weakness in either men or women.

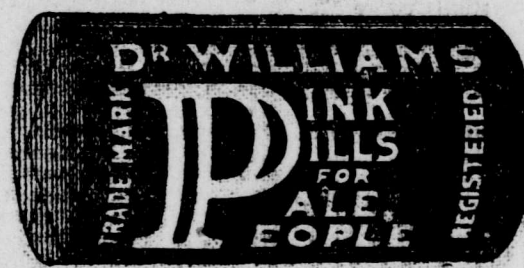
But you must get the genuine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Imitations never cured any one, and other so-called tonics are but imitations of this great medicine.

A SEVERE CASE OF ANÆMIA.

Miss Mabel J. Taylor, living at 1334 City Hall Avenue, Montreal, writes: "I write to give you the honest testimonial of a woman who believes her life was saved by the use of your Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. In November 1897, I was suddenly stricken with loss of voice, and for eight months could only speak in a whisper. At the time I was completely run down. I had no appetite, no energy; suffered from headache, palpitation of the heart, and shortness of breath. I was not able to walk up or down stairs. I was given up by the best doctors, and the different remedies I took did me no good. While in this condition I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. By the time I had taken four boxes my voice was restored, and after the use of eight boxes I am feeling perfectly well. I cannot find words to express my thanks for what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me, and you are at liberty to publish this letter, in the hope that it may be of benefit to some other sufferer."

NOT ABLE TO TURN IN BED.

Mrs. J. Sinclair, of Rockway Valley, Que., writes: "I have suffered more than my share from the agonies which accompany a severe attack of rheumatism. I was first attacked with the disease some four years ago. The trouble gradually grew worse until finally I was confined to bed, and could not turn myself. I was not able to put my hands to my head, and every bone in my body ached, and pained if I dared to stir. I was run down and felt very weak and wretched. I took several bottles of medicine prescribed by the doctors, but it did not help me. I saw Dr. Williams' Pink Pills so highly recommended that I got a few boxes, and before I finished them I saw I was gradually gaining health and strength. I kept on taking them for a couple of months, when every pain and ache had left me, and I was enjoying the best of health. I am never troubled with rheumatism now, and I have to thank Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for my release. I always recommend them to friends who are ailing."



The Genuine are Sold only in Packages like the Engraving.

At all dealers, or direct from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

PRODIGAL AND HIS BROTHER

Rev. Dr. Talmage Shows How Many Christians Today Resemble Those Two Men.

In his last Sunday's sermon Dr. Talmage pleads for a hearty reception to all those who have done wrong and want to get back, while the unsympathetic and self-righteous are excommunicated. Text, Luke xv. 20—"And he was angry and would not go in."

Many times have I been asked to preach a sermon about the elder brother of the parable. I received a letter from Canada saying: "Is the elder son of the parable so unsympathetic and so cold that he is not worthy of recognition?" The fact is that we ministers pursue the younger son. You can hear the flapping of his rag in many a sermon, breeze, and the cranking of the pods for which he was an unsuccessful contestant. I confess that it has been difficult for me to train the camera, obscure upon the elder son of the parable. I could not get a negative for a photograph. The father in the parable of the prodigal had nothing to brag of in his two sons. The one was a rake and the other a churl. I find nothing admirable in the dissoluteness of the one and I find nothing attractive in the acid sobriety of the other.

WELCOME OF THE PRODIGAL.

From all the windows of the old homestead bursts the minstrelsy. The floor quakes with the feet of the rustics, whose dance is always vigorous and resounding. The neighbors have heard of the return of the younger son from his wanderings, and they have gathered together. The house is full of congratulators. The elder son stands at the corner of the house, a frigid phlegmatic. He has just come in from the fields in very substantial apparel. One would have thought that on hearing that his younger brother had got back he would have gone into the house and rejected. The father rushes out bareheaded and coaxes him to come in. He will not go in. He scolds the father. He says: "Father, you put a premium on vagabondism. That vagabond deserves to be cowhided instead of banqueting. Veal is too good for him!" That evening, while the younger son sat telling his father about his adventures, and asking about what had occurred on the place since his departure, the elder brother goes to bed disgusted. That senior brother still lives. You

can see him any Sunday, any day of the week.

THE ELDER BROTHER.

First, this senior brother of the text stands for the self-congratulatory, self-satisfied, self-worshipful man. With the same breath in which he vituperates against his younger brother he utters a panegyric for himself. He was disobedient, for when the father told him to come in he stayed out. He was a liar, for he said that the recalcitrant son had devoured his father's living, when the father, so far from being reduced to penury, had a homestead left and instruments of music, had jewels and a mansion, and instead of being a pauper was a prince. This senior brother, with so many faults of his own, was merciless in his criticism of the younger brother. The only perfect people that I have ever known were utterly obnoxious. I was never so badly cheated in my life as by a perfect man.

Again the senior brother of my text stands for all those who are faithless about the reformation of the dissipated and the dissolute. In the very tones of his voice you can hear the fact that he has no faith that the reformation of the younger son is genuine. That is the reason why more prodigals do not come home to their father's house. It is the rank infidelity in the Church of God on this subject. There is not a house on the streets of heaven that has not in it a prodigal that returned and stayed home. There could be no unrolled before you a scroll of a hundred thousand names—the names of prodigals who came back forever reformed. Who was John Bunyan? A returned prodigal. Who was Richard Baxter? A returned prodigal. Who was George Whitefield, the thunderer? A returned prodigal. And I could go on in all the aisles of this church to-day and find on either side those who, once far astray for many years, have been faithful, and their eternal salvation is as sure as though they had been ten years in heaven.

CENSURE OF THE FALLEN.

Oh, if this younger son of the parable had not gone so far off, if he had not dropped so low in wassail, the protest would not have been so severe; but, going clear over the precipice, as the younger son did, the elder son is angry and will not go in. He is not so hard in your criticism of the fallen, lest thou thyself also be tempted. Again, I remark that the senior brother of my text stands for the spirit of envy and jealousy. The senior brother thought that all the honor they did to the returned brother was a wrong to him. He said: "I have stayed at home, and I ought to have had the ring and I ought to have had the banquet, and I ought to have had the garlands." Jealousy is not only absurd, but it is killing to the body and it is killing to the soul. How

seldom it is that you find one merchant speaking well of a merchant in the same line of business. How seldom it is that you hear a physician speaking well of a physician on the same block. Oh, my friends, the world is large enough for all of us. Let us rejoice at the success of others. The next best thing to owning a garden ourselves is to look over the fence and admire the flowers.

THE DISCONTENTED CHRISTIAN.

Once more I have to tell you that this senior brother of my text stands for the putting Christian. While there is so much congratulation withal, the corners of his mouth drawn down, looking as he felt—miserable. I am glad his lugubrious physiognomy did not spoil the festivity within. How many putting Christians there are in our churches! Christians who do not like the music of the churches, Christians who do not like the hilarities of the young—putting, putting, putting at society, putting at the fashions, putting at the newspapers, putting at the church, putting at the government, putting at high heaven.

Oh, what a God we have! Bring your dogologies. Come, earth and heaven, and join in the worship. Cry aloud, lift the palm branches! Do you not feel the Father's arm around your neck? Do you not feel the warm breath of your Father against your cheek? Surrender, younger son! Surrender, elder son! Surrender! All! Go in to-day and sit down at the banquet. Take a slice of the fatted calf, and afterwards, when you are settled, with one hand in the hand of the returned brother, and the other hand in the hand of the rejoicing father, let your heart beat time to the clapping of the cymbal and the mellow voice of the flute. It is meet that we should make merry and be glad, for this, thy brother, was dead, and is alive again; he was lost and is found.

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