

Canada's Grand Old Man

H. F. Gadsby in Saturday Night

Gentlemen, we have with us this evening the Right Honorable Sir Wilfrid Laurier, G.C.M.G., P.C., M.P., K.C., L.L.D., and G.O.M.—the last his proudest, as it is our dearest, title—Grand Old Man.

Yes, sir, that happy eminence is yours. Your right there is none to dispute. You are still the outstanding figure of Canadian politics at home, where your character and achievements are known, and abroad where the memory of your gracious presence is cherished. Even now when you are supposed to be in eclipse, the casual visitor to the Capital sees Laurier first and Ottawa afterwards.

It has befallen you, sir, to receive those tributes of reverence and affection which are usually bestowed upon the illustrious dead. We have not waited to inter your bones before speaking good of you. No Roman emperor of old ever had by stern edict, the ample apotheosis this Canada has accorded you of her own free will. We call you statesman—a name we reserve for other politicians until the tomb has closed over their virtues.

And statues, sir! How many stone poets have embalmed you in marble? And portraits! How many limners have traced your classic features on canvas? And books! How many authors—not excluding Sir John Willson's "Life of Laurier" in two quarto volumes—have tried out their adjectives on your career? How many universities have captured a reflected glory by adding your name to their rolls? Art, literature, learning, have all honored you and their fruit of praise is displayed in many public places. When the new Parliament Building is opened your figure in bronze or marble will have the first place in the Hall of Fame. The other members of the Pantheon, now out in the cold on Parliament Hill, will be moved inside to form a Standing Committee of which you are the permanent chairman.

And then that smaller grist of renown—the great hotels that have been called after you, the noble avenues that wear your name, the clubs that claim you as an honorary president—the clubs moreover, that name themselves boldly after you, knowing that you are the Gibraltar of opinion and that you will not wobble as Mr. Tardif did, leaving the laugh on us. We have too, in our time, smoked the Laurier cigar—mostly when an election was on—but we are bound to admit that it fell below your merits as did the Laurier Scotch, from a much betartained bottle, which bit like an adder. Such are the matters big and little which let you know, while you are still alive, that you are the Grand Old Man; you are king of our hearts. O King, live forever!

The Grand Old Man! I wish, sir, to explain that Old is not an invidious word. Its implications are altogether affectionate. It is a caress—embrace—an act of homage—what you will. It connotes our pride in your personality, our confidence in your integrity, our belief in the purity of your motives, our faith in your patriotism, and our gratitude for your wise conduct of the ship of state over many a troubled sea. It means, too, that you were the Father Confessor of your followers—smoothing out their cares, binding up their hurts, sometimes distributing penance. You were the great rock in a weary land—grave but kindly, serious but sympathetic, a shelter for jangled ambitions. Your party calls you the Old Man. Believe me, sir, none of your many orders outshines these two which are the very mintage of love. Time has dealt lightly with you. Age has not bent your graceful form, dimmed your eye, or clouded your faculties. The White Plume is a little whiter—that is all. Your wisdom is riper—your tolerance broader—your understanding more complete. Your rivals, casting a hurried glance at the clock, say that seventy-eight is a great age. Nonsense! A woman is as old as she looks—and you, sir, I assure, feel as young as you are at the beginning of another career. If Lord Palmerston could plunge head over heels into an election at the age of eighty there is no reason why you should not come out on-topdog when this Union Government totters to its fall.

I can well believe, sir, that your countrymen of Quebec look on you

as something more than human. I have always liked that little story which made one of your admirers say when asked if you were greater than St. Paul, "Ah, but Laurier is only a young man yet." I wonder what he would say now that the reproach of extreme youth has been removed? That other anecdote too—saddled on Jean Batiste—about King Edward's coming to the throne—"What a pull he must have had with Laurier!" It all goes to show, sir, that the Grand Old Man—unlike those other grand old men in the Senate—is not without honor in his own country. Indeed who could say otherwise with the "Solid Quebec" in rebuttal?

Our guest is proud to be known as a Democrat Up To The Hill. I believe he is. At any rate he stood by the British North America Act in its recent trials and the British North America Act is the most democratic thing we have in Canada, albeit a scrap of paper at this moment. No doubt Sir Wilfrid will put the scraps together at his next convenience—perhaps at the next session of Parliament. Some people have said that Sir Wilfrid Laurier was not a democrat because he took a title. I confess that it rankled in my bosom—a bosom in no danger of such decorations—for many years. We felt that a title added no lustre to his great name—and that it did him no particular good to line up with Sir Joseph Flavelle and the rest of the crowd. Now that titles are bad form in Canada we hear many excuses—as, for example, that the victim took it in self-defence, that he accepted it as an honor to his country, that he had it put on him in spite of his screams. But Sir Wilfrid Laurier's explanation is the best of all. When he dined with Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle he found the blamed thing staring at him from the menu card. The dear old lady had slipped it over on him, made it, so to speak, part of the bill-of-fare, and he had to swallow it or be guilty of disrespect to his sovereign's hospitality. Such being the case everything is forgiven. Sir Wilfrid can now proceed to do his work as a democrat up to the hilt with no regrets for the past.

Some of us can remember, sir, the thrill of the glad news that Laurier had arrived after eighteen years of John A. and his surroundings. Those of your political stripe welcomed it as an invitation to the promised land and the platform of 1893 made flesh. We were, I recollect, going to reform the Senate. Well, did we reform the Senate—not reform perhaps, but the matters big and little which let you know, while you are still alive, that you are the Grand Old Man; you are king of our hearts. O King, live forever!

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make the Canadian navy a reality, but again Mr. Bourassa beat you out. Enough of that sad story. Some altruist has said that he would rather be right than premier—or words to that effect—but you, sir, have known what it is to be right and to be premier, too, and I have no doubt that you preferred the former condition because the right is so much more effective when one is premier to carry it out. That you were once wrong—on conscription—is with many a moot question. It is possible, sir, that you were more afraid of Bourassa than of conscription. What would have been if you had taken your White Plume over to the trenches where the boys could see it, and had then come back and said: "Bal! Bal! Bourassa! have you any wool?" I don't know—but it would have been something quite different.

Gentlemen, charge your glasses and drink to the health of Sir Wilfrid. Three cheers and a tiger! For he's a jolly good fellow.

GOOD DIGESTION A GREAT BLESSING

An Acute Sufferer Tells How She Found New Health.

Very few people appreciate what good digestion means until they lose it. To be able to eat what you want and to properly digest it is a priceless blessing. But if you find that your indigestion is in any way impaired, you cannot afford to risk experiments by trying uncertain remedies. Strong medicines are hard on the stomach; pre-digested foods only aggravate the trouble. What is needed is a tonic that will so strengthen the stomach as to enable it to do its own work. There is no tonic for the stomach that is not at the same time a tonic for every other part of the body. As the blood circulates through all the body an improvement in its condition quickly results in strengthening any weak organ. Rich red blood is absolutely necessary to good digestion. If your stomach is weak, if you are troubled with sour risings in your throat, a feeling of nausea after eating, pains or fluttering about the heart, try at once the true tonic treatment of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. So many people have been helped by this treatment that every sufferer from indigestion should promptly try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Among the many who rejoice in a renewed digestion through the use of this medicine is Mrs. William Dale, Midland, Ont., who says: "I suffered for a long time from a severe form of indigestion and had lost so much without benefit that I had all but given up hope of getting better. Everything I ate caused me intense pain, and some days I did not touch a thing but a cup of cold water, and even that distressed me. As a result I was very much run down, and slept so poorly that I dreaded night coming on. I was continually taking medicine, but was actually growing worse instead of better. Having often read cures made by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I finally decided to give them a trial. I have had great cause to bless this decision for by the time I had used a couple of boxes there was no doubt the pills were helping me, and in less time than I had anticipated the pills had cured me, and I was again enjoying not only good digestion but better health in every way than before."

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills through any medicine dealer, or by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Dressing for Wedding

Winnipeg Man Arrested for Theft and Forgery. Winnipeg, Feb. 8.—Lieut. Conway Edward Dobbis was charged in the Police Court with the theft at the point of a gun, of a book containing twenty express money orders, from Lee Koey, a Chinaman, and with issuing nine forged money orders for fifty dollars each. He was remanded until February 11th, on bail of \$10,000. No plea was entered at this preliminary hearing.

Dobbis was arrested at a local hotel, while dressing for his wedding, which was to have taken place within an hour. He is a returned soldier, and has been undergoing treatment here for wounds received at the front.

A Remedy for Bilious Headache. To those subject to bilious headache, Parmentier's Vegetable Pills are recommended as the way to speedy relief. Taken according to directions they will subdue irregularities of the stomach and so set upon the nerves and blood vessels that the pains in the head will cease. There are few who are not at some time subject to biliousness and familiar with its attendant evils. Yet none need suffer with these pills at hand.

SYSTEMATIC AND FEROCIOUS BRUTALITY WAS INFLICTED ON BRITISH PRISONERS OF WAR

Stories of Freed Captives Caused Britishers to Burn With Indignation—Men Became Mere Skeletons—German Red Cross Women Were Particularly Revolting and Barbarous in Conduct to British.

Of all the crimes committed by the German nation none has created a more lasting impression of revulsion and horror in the minds of the British people than the systematic and ferocious brutality suffered by the British prisoners of war in Germany. It took a long time for the British people to realize the shocking nature of this ill-treatment, and it is only now that 40,000 men are returning from Germany to almost every town in Great Britain that the mass of people understand the full truth. Some time ago the British Government took steps to collect all the evidence with a view to the ultimate punishment of the instigators of these crimes. A strong committee under Mr. Justice Younger have carefully examined the statements made by prisoners returned from Germany and evidence from other sources and have published reports which constitute a terrible indictment of Germany.

The story of this great crime may be divided into four parts: (1) The first few months of the war when British prisoners were transported to Germany in appalling circumstances. (2) The terrible conditions that developed in some of the prison camps. (3) The employment of British prisoners taken during the spring and summer of 1918. It is only possible to refer to a few features of these judicial reports.

One witness, at Salonme stated that 250 British were in a hut 600 yards from the German front line and the hut was often hit. Fourteen British of the 55th Division were killed and eleven wounded by the British shell fire. This was during the German offensive last spring. The committee speak of the utter disregard by the German command of its obligations with reference to prisoners whether entered into before the war or since; the abuse of the Red Cross flag; the compulsory employment of prisoners on pain, at times, of death, in operations directly concerned with the then German offensive, the sealing of their imprisonment and place of work with their own hands; their constant semi-starvation; their unsanitary surroundings; the absence of every facility for keeping themselves clean; the continued refusal of either clothing or warmth to men debilitated by want of food and weakened by excessive toil; and the denial of hospital treatment to those prostrated by consequential disease.

Camp Heavily Shelled

Here is one extract from the evidence of prisoners who were at Salonme:

"We were put in a cage where there were 400 of us in all. There were huts and beds being made, but we were horribly crowded and the vermin were awful. The camp was in the middle of a pioneer dump and was heavily shelled. Twice at night we were turned out by sentries, who kicked and struck us and marched down the road to get out of the shell-hole. Our work was loading shells and digging ammunition pits. We protested, but were told that the German prisoners were being made to do the same work at Arras. The Landsturm guards were very brutal and knocked us about with sticks and rifle butts. The food was again starvation diet. The men were like wild animals with hunger, and scrambled for any piece of food which might be lying about, also for cigarette ends. The water we had to drink was from a filthy marsh near the camp. Besides much dysentery there was a lot of dropsy, men's legs and bodies swelling horribly." This statement is typical of a great mass of evidence.

As to the treatment by the German armies behind their firing line in Belgium and France of British N.C.O.'s and men earlier in the war, the committee stated that it would be hard to find a parallel to the amount of unjustifiable suffering caused by the treatment by the enemy of their prisoners in occupied districts have always been strictly forbidden by the German command and the evidence has gradually filtered through from other quarters.

Contrary to the laws of warfare, the prisoners have been forced to work within the range of the Allied

guns and many have been killed and wounded by shells from these guns. The men were half starved. Of two men who weighed 13 stone when captured, one was sent back from the firing line too weak to walk and weighing eight stone only; the other escaped to the British lines weighing no more. Another man lost two stone in six weeks. Food parcels sent regularly from England did not reach these men. In November, 1917, there were at Limburg-am-Lahn undelivered between 18,000 and 20,000 parcels for British prisoners on the German western front. Letters or communications from their friends rarely reached them.

"For some reason best known to the German command," says the committee, "the existence of prisoners in occupied territory is not officially acknowledged. In any postcard or letter which they were permitted to write the prisoners were required to give as their camp address, first Wahn, later Limburg-am-Lahn, later still, Friedrichsfeld—all of them German prison camps which no one of these men had ever seen."

A British general staff officer, a major in the 1st Anzac Corps, stated on April 18, 1918:

"Three men escaped from behind the German lines to us the other day. They had been prisoners three months and were literally nearly dead with ill-treatment and starvation. One of them could hardly walk and was just a skeleton."

"He had gone down from 13 stone to less than eight stone in three months. I fetched him back from the line and it almost made me cry. All that awful January and February out all day in the cold and wet; no overcoat and at night no blanket, in a shelter where the clothes froze stiff on him; no chance of underclothing in three months and he was one mass of vermin, no chance of washing. The bodies of all of them were covered with sores. 'Beaten and starved,' one of them said. 'Sooner than go through it again I'd just put my head under the first railway.'"

It is impossible to quote more than a fraction of the evidence set forth by the committee. One witness from a German camp stated: "In May this year a large party of British came into the camp who had returned from behind the German lines. They were ravenous through being starved, and half savages. I spoke to several of them. Men were shot at sight for a slight cause, such as dropping out to get bread from Belgian civilians. The state in which they returned was the worst sight I have ever seen in my life. Their clothes were ragged, they were half starved, verminous, suffering from skin diseases, and were savage with hunger and had treatment. After their arrival the commandant of the camp issued an order (which I saw) that no more of these parties should be taken through the main street of the town, but should go by the by-ways on account of the feeding which had been caused among the population. I am told that the population showed a great deal of sympathy, tears, etc. The last statement about the sympathy of the German population indicates the change that had been gradually coming over some of the civilians as the hour of their disillusionment drew nearer and as their own privations increased. Their demeanor in 1917 was very different to that in those amazing days of 1914 when men, women and children of all classes behaved like maniacs towards the first British prisoners to be captured and taken to Germany in carriages labelled 'English swine.' It must be remembered that it was from the very beginning of the war in 1914, that these barbarities towards the British prisoners commenced and to its lasting shame the German Red Cross did not only actively encouraged them, but deliberately inflicted privations upon the British wounded during their transport to Germany."

Rivetless Ship

Largest Electrically Welded Craft Built in Britain

There has been much discussion of late about the feasibility of building electrically-welded steamships and thereby avoiding the time and expense consumed in riveting. From England comes word of the completion of a rivetless 275-ton barge, supposedly the largest electrically-welded craft so far produced. It is 125 ft. over all, and 15 ft. of beam. The hull is rectangular in section amidships—only the bilge plates being curved. All water-tight joints as far up as the latter are continuously welded on both sides, while those thereafter are tack-welded on one side. The process permitted an estimated saving of from 25 to 40 per cent, in time and 10 per cent, in material. The expense of welding amounted to \$1,500, \$390 of which went for electrodes. In normal times this item would be less by about 60 per cent. Another experimental barge, with certain parts rivetted and others welded is to be built—Popular Mechanics.

R Cross Revolting

The committee in their report lay stress upon this fact. They report that all things considered it was the behaviour of the German Red Cross that was the most revolting. At every station there was an elaborate installation of food and drink, and

materials for medical aid, presided over by women wearing the Red Cross. Consistently they refused anything whatever to the English, however desperate their needs. They would bring water and soup in cans and pour it out on the platform in front of the Englishmen and in this respect the women seemed to be even worse than the men. Very occasionally it would happen that a German officer would order one of these women to bring something for the prisoners, which she would do most unwillingly, and even with averted face.

The German soldiers who travelled in charge of the prisoners would often do what they could for them—which was very little—when they could be sure of doing so unobserved by their superiors or by the crowd.

Major R. F. Melkjohn, of the Royal Warwick, in his evidence, thus described what happened in the course of his journey from Cambray to Brunswick, September 1916:

Women Were Barbarous

"German Red Cross women refused us any food, calling us insulting names and spat towards us, telling us they would give nothing to the English 'schweinhunde', although we told them some of us were very ill and all were wounded. German soldiers at Aachen and other places climbed up on the platforms of the carriages, shaking their fists at us, spitting, and abusing us, while their officers looked on, saying all English should be killed etc. I myself saw one, and other officers saw several German women dressed as nurses and ladies, and wearing the Red Cross, deliberately empty bowls of soup on the platform before us saying something about giving nothing to 'the English swine.' Other officers among whom I understand was Capt. Pellham-Burn, Gordon Highlanders, saw Red Cross women spit in the soup before offering it to them. Throughout this journey the conduct of the German women, especially those dressed as Red Cross nurses was revolting and barbarous beyond words, and as a result of the continuous brutality of Red Cross women and officials, many prisoners of war besides myself have still a repugnance to seeing a Red Cross armband."

Where the conditions were made specially degrading for the English the French were better accommodated and allowed privileges in the matter of obtaining food at stations. Not only were the English prisoners thrown into trucks, often inches deep in animal manure, but for day and nights at a time they were forbidden to leave them for any purpose.

Officers and men alike were exhibited to the gaols of soldiers and civilians and assaulted as if they were so many wild beasts.

Said Sergt. R. Gilling, of the Royal Scots Greys, who travelled from Mons to Osnabruck in September, 1914: "The train passed through Brussels and on arrival at Louvain the doors of cattle trucks were opened and we were told by Feldwebels (one a Feldwebel lieutenant) to look on the ruins of Louvain, and that was what we should see on our return to England. On arrival at Cologne, the truck doors were again thrown open and the crowd of soldiers, civilians, women and children amused themselves by throwing buckets of water over us. Any utensil which would hold dirty water, and even urine was used.

The statement that all this savagery was in reprisal for ill-treatment of prisoners in England is scarcely worth considering. The committee refer to the recorded statement of a German general at Villiers, on April 17th, 1918, that he knew their men were being well treated in England.

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IRELAND

Rev. Fred Re

Editor Ontario.— I was not in the when I read Mr. G. letter. In fact, I am glad of it for it is story of Ireland's me tell your read read a history of I sire anything auth well known fact exists. No English it, and no self-res would attempt it. readers try Carlyle French Revolution —they will be ab when they have fin ever got that far.

He, like the other evitable appeal to Irish Presbyterian wonder to me the recent Presbyterian the late member to ways a Presbyterian Well, let me tell hi I come of good old ian stock, and was som of Irish Presb say that any such est.

The Irish Presb asy has settled and forever, for in unanimous vote the Home Rule, while one half per cent men said Amen to The Irish Episcop absolutely dead ag

I am not appeal to bygone da purport of Irish clouded by reason troubles—and who were agitated by su lordism. But with these mists, the re folded, and with the few malecontents, who remembered his grand-father had to for self-made impr with these expletic for it is not long s and I visit it yet, no protestant Ireland Rule. Any action Southern Unionists fear of isolation for Unionists, and the them and their pro ment in Dublin. F nor's claim that the majority in Ulster positively false, and ignorance, or is a presentation. I can only was there a tr against Home Rule the Irish Presbyter bodies—reiterated ing of assembly and the Society of Pr placed themselves o to it. All you h Editor, is to write the Irish Presbyter the Lord Primate Prolapsed—in ord statements. This point than consult ments. Take even Irish Presbyterians cent times they act quith and Birrell— sity on Belfast. The cept this sop offered the action of these ing a Roman Cath Dublin. Then to m a chr of Scholastic introduced in the versity, that is a su only be taught by a priest. Presbyteri such insults. Let duce a chair, that a Protestant clergy tional University an happen. Ulstermen stions know they e toled by a new clothed. These pos size a very few ant

I can speak with ter, for I moved a people; was in bus Belfast; know the know only two es mind—Sir Hugh M Keightley, and the men are astonished their fathers. Ulst however, don't tak seriously, as their sufficient evidence former was propri Per that was fin pounds for slander avowed himself a mistrusted and fina to get into prilam seat as a Liberal a ed down. Now he ed man rewarded like the others, be