PROM THE IRISH BENCHES.

PACE TO PACE.

United Irelan Pace to face at last, with a few yards of floor between them and all the world lesking on! Mr. Balfour did not come in until his opponent was actually on his feet, receiving with bent head that wonderful tribute from the whole Opposition which proclaimed him victor before this final conteat had begun. Yes. This was the man Mr. Balfour had vowed to degrade, and there was Mr. Gladstone cheering him, and John Morley and Sir George Trevelyan, a bench of Privy Guncillors and ex Cabinet Ministers, and behind them, rank on rank, her Majesty's Opposition. A prolonged, whole hearted cheer which expressed everything—welcome, admiration, indignation, triumph. Mr. Balfour as he moved to his place found his "criminal" the hero of an apotheosis. Not degraded! Het alinking in a corner, shunned and cowed! But erect, the cynosure of every cye, face to face with him across the finer of the House of Commons. . . It must have been a moment of bitter dislikation for Mr. Balfour. Infatuated young man, whom people call a statesman because he belongs to the stupidest party that ever engineered the great machinery of Government, he really had these notions about degrading and dra scening away the Irish difficulty, and thought himself a mighty brilliant fellow for having them.

Mr. Balfour came in with a large depatch box under his arms, bulging with papers. These were the materials of the speech with which he was announced to follow Mr. O'Brien. He tack his seat with careless aplomp, and deposited the despatch-box on the ground before him. He had arranged a gold pince-nez smile, which, with the aid of a sheet of notepaper and a pencil to jet down an occasional note, was to carry him juntily through the onslaught of his enemy. Earl Spencer, pressing his ample beard against the railing of the Paper' Gallery, aurveyed him curiously

bise jauntily through the onslaught of his enemy. Earl Spencer, pressing his ample beard against the railing of the Peers' Gallery, surveyed him curiously from his perch above the clock. Another ex-Viceroy of Ireland, Lord Aberdeen, looked over the Red Earl's shoulder. This loggia of patricians was crowded. So was every gallery, including the long side galleries of the members. As for the ladies' cage, that fluttered with unwonted excitement. What prise fight which the men alone were privileged to witness could equal in interest this intellectual prize-fight between champions thus dramatically brought together? The combat was duly announced. The prisoner of Tullamere had got the adjournment of the debate the previous evening, and his jailer, the clothes-stealer, the hibeller, "the brave Mr. Balfour," in a word, had taken up the challenge and published his intention of following him in reply. So a great audience had assembled—an audience which went up tier on tier to the ceiling, and was animated by some

a tear as he listened to this man, straight from the prison house and face to face with his torturer, speaking with the deep accents of profound emotion not in anger or bitterness, but in gratitude and hope—gratitude and hope because of the friends by whom the one time lahmaels of that House were now surrounded, and because of the great old man who in the evening of his life had wrought a miracle of reconciliation and wrought a miracle of reconciliation and mutual understanding between two long-estranged and long-warring peoples. mutual understanding between two long-estranged and long-warring peoples. The Tory benches did not jeer, not once. They listened shamefaced and silent. And never did I witness such a tribute to the dignity and goodness of human mature as when William O'Brien read our mature as when William O'Brien read our Lord Salisbury's witticism about his "small clothes," which evoked "rosrs of laughter" at Oxford, and when those Tory benches angrily hushed up the faint tittler of a few thoughtless boys near the gangway, which alone broke the silence of the House. No wonder William O'Brien is a believer in human that we have the secret of discovernature. He has the secret of discover-ing and going straight for the golden vein that lies somewhere amid the dross of every human heart.

This magnanimity did not prevent him vindicating himself and withering his enemies in the process. Lord Salisbury, in order to justify his nephew's barbarities before the English people, had not scrupled while Mr. O'Brien was in prison to assert that the offence for had not scrupled while Mr. O'Brien was in prison to assert that the offence for which he was punished was for inciting tenants to a violent resistance to the payment of just debts, and that in consequence of that resistance efficers of the Crown, engaged in collecting these debts, were scaled with boiling water, and some of them brought near to death's door. Mr. O'Brien told the story of the Michelstown estate, and showed that lstown estate, and showed that Mitchelstown estate, and snowed that Lord Salisbury's assertion was out-rageously false and misleading from beginning to end, showed that not a hair of a single head was hurt in consehair of a single head was hurt in consequence of his advice, that his advice had the effect of stopping the evictions which were actually being carried out, and of keeping in their homes, from that day to this, tenants whom the landlord by these evictions intended to cheat out of the benefits of a Land Bill which was on the point of becoming law. "I have no doubt," said Mr. O'Brien, using a figure of startling power, "that technic.

ally it was illegal for me to save these people as it would have been illegal for the landlord in two days more to ruin them—I dare say it would be a breach of the law to hold the arm of the executioner even if you knew and if he knew that a reprieve was actually arriving at the gates!"

that a reprieve was actually arriving at the gates!"

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As to "the foul play, the vile acts of indecency, the miserable little prison torments and indignities" that were resorted to, to give pain and humiliation to Irish representatives and besmirch their character to the people of England, Mr. O'Brien thought he could afford to pass them things by. He believed many even of his opponents were rather ashamed than exultant over these exploits of Mr. Balfour. It was only when he referred to "the stealthy and loathsome insinuation" of Mr. Balfour's letter to Mr. Armitage that he was betrayed into much warmth, and then he challenged Mr. Baltour to produce from any of the three official doctors sent to examine him a shadow, a tittle of foundation for the cowardly charge. Mr. Balfour started and winced under this passage, and we shall see presently how he met the challenge when he came to reply. This closed the personal portion of Mr. O'Brien's address. Its more formidable and more extended portion followed, when by a magnificent presentation of argument and fact he proved the utter failure of Mr. Balfour's Coercion policy. He showed that the Plan of Campaign was never more successful than under Mr. Balfour's guns, that the National Lesgue was never atronger than since he took to suppressing it The pettiness and futility of Mr. Balfour's attack upon the Press because it recorded his failure by publishing reports of the "suppressed" National Lesgue he illustrated by a splendid metaphor. "He might as well," he said, "issue a proclamation suppressing the sun in the heavens and then go about smashing the fact that the sun was shining as usual." On a tide of noble eloquence the orator was carried along from argument to argument, from thought to thought, amid the rapturous cheers of his friends and the silence of his opponents until he closed with a percration of wonderful beauty and passion. It was a speech which shook men's souls. For the Government it was a tremendous, a ruinous indictment. You

his opponents until ne closed with a peroration of wonderful beauty and passion. It was a speech which shook men's souls. For the Government it was a tremendous, a ruinous indictment. You could see Mr. Balfour literally wilting under it. Where now was his gold-pincener-smile of amused superciliousness? It had fled in a panic long ago. A nervous scowl had taken its place, which Mr. Balfour was too genuinely alarmed to care to conceal. The sheet of notepaper and pencil were also discarded. between champions thus dramatically brought together? The combat was rought together? The combat was really announced. The prisoner of Tullamere had got the adjournment of the debate the previous evening, and his lighter that the college and published his intention of following him in reply. Be a great audience had assembled—an audience which went up tier on tier to the ceiling, and was animated by some thing of the same spirit as an audience of Romans gathered to witness a combat to the death between two famous gladiates in the arena of the Coliseum. It was in such a scene William O'Brien well, expected something very fierce and bitter from him. There in front of him was his enemy, who had done his worst against him, and done it meanly and like a coward. Now to let forth a lava-flood of pent-up feelings—now to wreak some measure of vengeance for the wrongs and tortures of the past three months. How little those who looked for this knew the man they dealt with; and what a surprise, what a revelation it must have been to them when Mr. O'Brien began to speak? The magnamity of those opening sentences capitizated the whole opening sentences capitizated the whole opening sentences capitizated the whole whole while while when the prison house and face to face with his torturer, speaking with the face with his torture

> Thursday and Friday night. On Thursday he collapsed, like a broken gilly-flower. On Friday he had had twenty-four hours to sleep and to prepare his answer, and the exhibition he made—well, the collapsing was the decenter exhibition of the two. They speak of Mr. Balfour as an able man, and he is a twen given credit for some courses and exhibition of the two. They speak of Mr. Balfour as an able man, and he is even given credit for some courage and consistency. To such an extent can a capacity for making smart speeches impose upon the public in this age, when every act of policy must be advertised or apologised for. In the whole of Mr. Balfour's policy and conduct, since he became Irish Chief Secretary, I should like to know where the ability, the courage, or the consistency comes in. He had an opportunity of showing on Friday evening, and he failed to make use of it. Instead of that, he evaded every point of Mr. O'Brien's speech on which a reply was expected from him. And he evaded them unskilfully and meanly—in a way which brought discomfiture and disgrace upon himself, and disaster upon his party. To refer only to personal points: There were two charges of Mr. O'Brien's which could be met with honour only in either of two ways. of Mr. O'Brien's which could be met with honour only in either of two ways—either by disproving them or by admitting their truth and manfully apologising for them. One was the charge as to Lord Salisbury's false assertions regarding the nature of Mr. O'Brien's offence. This, Mr. Balfour strove to ignore altogether, and left himself open to Mr. Gladstone's merciless sarcasms later on. The other was the charge that Mr. Balfour in his letter to Mr. Armitage falsely insinuated, at a time when Mr. O'Brien was not in a position to contradict him, was not in a position to contradict him, that Mr. O'Brien had sheltered himself that Mr. O'Brien had sheltered himtelf under a plea of ill health to escape being forced to wear the prison clothes. There he was, face to face with his accuser, the whole House looking on, and how did he meet this terrible accusation against his character? He tried to shuffle and hide the point like a thimblerigaer concealing the pea. Mr. O'Brien was examined by the prison doctor and was declared to have delicate lungs and a

weak heart. Yes, he is reminded, but what you insinuated was, that Mr. O'Brien pleaded this delicacy to eccape the punishment you would have otherwise meted out to him. "I never asserted any such thing" Not boldly asserted but insinuated, "My letter does not bear that interpretation." Read your letter. "The hon, gentleman did not read it yesterday." This, in presence of the whole House, Mr. O'Brien himself procures the letter and reads out two damning sentences.—"The fact is, that he is dealt with exactly as any other criminal would be dealt with who, like him, could succeed in sheltering himself under a medical opinion"; and—"The only prin ciple involved would seem to be one upon which there need not be any difference of opinion between us. It is this—when a convicted prisoner who is able to plead a weak heart and delicate lungs refuses to attire himself in the prescribed dress force will not be applied to him." What had Mr. Balfour to say now? He tries to brazen it out, and the whole House looking on at the miserable exposure. "The hon gentleman," he says, "has quoted perfectly accurately, and it fully bears out the statement I have just made!" Then he proceeded to another lie and a jest, both worthy of his illustrious uncle, putting beyond further question, as he did so, the fact that he himself was personally responsible for every one of the squalid little strategies and tortures of his glorious prison policy. "No one," he declared, "watched the health of the hon. gentleman with greater interest or anxiety than I did. During the whole course of his imprisonment it was a subject of daily solicutude. I have the satisfaction of knowing that when he was restored to his admirers has aubsided Mr. O'Brien has risen to make a slight correction. "It is not a matter of much importance," he says, "but, as a matter of fact, I was weighed the morning I went in and the morning I went out I was five pounds lighter." Baffled again! Capacity to lie like this, or to use Mr. Balfour's favorite word, mendacity like this, may b

where the control of the rest of six speech, he tried to relevant another than the control of the rest of six speech, he tried to relevant another than the control of the speech of six speech, he tried to relevant another than the control of the speech of the rest of six speech, he tried to relevant another than the control of the speech of the speec

clases to be treated as "any other criminal like him." Mr. Balfour, to be logical, should disfranchise Ireland, and allow no Irish member to sit in the House of Commons. As it is, he is buffled at every step he makes towards his ideal medieval despotism—for if his policy had any purpose at all that is what it means—by the forms, the prejudices, and the institutions of a democratic age and nation. The task this Sim Tappertit, of piccadilly pessimism, has actually set himself is to roll back the tide of British liberty and progress that has advanced with resistless flood from difficulty to difficulty, from precedent to precedent for the past two hundred years, and to restore the status quo ante—the revolution of 1688—with nimselt and his corpulent uncle in the positions of a Wentworth and a Buckingham.

It was a historic night altogether. The speech of Mr. Gladstone, I think, without exaggeration, must be described as one of the greatest of his whole career. It was the most sustained effort of his genius since his speech on the introduc-tion of the Home Rule Bill. For over tion of the Home Rule Bill. For over two hours, with a strength of voice and a vigor of gesture greater than he has displayed in recent years, he carried on this superb intellectual achievement. The old man seemed to have renewed his The old man seemed to have renewed his youth since last session. His voice rang out like a bell, all the huskiness that for the past two years had murred its tones utterly chased away; his eye flashed with the fire of a mighty passion; he sprang on the balls of his feet and threw out his arms with the lightness and grace and nerve such as no young man in the House can match. At an exercise of pure athletics that was an amazing feat. With what dismay the Party whose one hope is the decay or exercise of pure athletics that was an amazing feat. With what dismay the Party whose one hope is the decay or death of their great enemy must have beheld this exhibition of renewed intellectual and physical power. And then as to the spirit of the speech. Never did this leader of men, who has all his life been showing the way to heroic enterprises for others to follow, speak with a bolder, more defiant, or more confident note of resolution. He was taunted with his watch. defiant, or more confident note of reso-lution. He was taunted with his watch-word, "Remember Mitchelstown!" Yes, that watchword he would reiterate and emphasise. And forthwith he proceeded, in a few rapid, masterly strokes, to sketch the story of that day, and then would up

his denunciation, which he delivered with tremendous force of voice and gesture, leaning half across the table, and pointing with his fore-finger straight towards Mr. Baltour, who shrank from the detack, by stigmatising the action of the Government forces as "cruel, wanton, disgraceful bloodshed." He went through the characteristic phases of Mr. Baltour's puny Coercion regume, pointing out its littleness and its barbarities, and vehemently declaring that its distinguishing mark from beginning to end was "meaning to end was "meaning to end was the colly result had been, and could only be, "total and ignominious failure" At be, "total and ignominious failure" At the end of tuis wonderful torrent of reasoning and invective Mr. Gladstone's reasoning and invective Mr. Gladstone's voice sank into a low and solemn cadence, and he began, perhaps, the noblest peroration that ever closed a Parliamentary speech. He besought the Government, now in power, to reflect more deeply upon the problem that lay before them, and to do while the time was propitious that which they knew to be inevitable, and which would be a blessing if done now, but might be the breeder of evil if delayed too long. Whether it was in the magical voice, or in the seer-like figure of the orator, or in the circum stances under which the speech was spoken, or in all these things together the charm consisted, I know not, but while Mr. Gladstone was delivering this peroration the whole House seemed cast under a spell. It held its breath, and did not dare to cheer, but when it closed, as if released from the thraldom of an incantation, the members on the Opposition side sprang to their feet wildly, waved their hats, and cheered and cheered, not for one minute, but minute after minute till the Speaker left the chair, till the strangers in the gallery, all on their feet likewise, wondered if it would never stop, and till finally the recipient of this unexpected demonstration, who had sat pale and trembling while it continued, rose from his seat and hurriedly left the chamber.

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Fancy Mr. Goscoen replying to a speech like this. Whatever his reply might have been, the life and soul was knocked out of it shortly after he had begun by the appearance of the Liberal whip coming up the floor with the news of the great Home Rule victory at Southwark. At this there was another demonstrated whip coming up the floor with the news of the great Home Rule victory at Southwark. At this there was another demon stration. The Irish members leaped to their feet and shouted passionately again and again. Here was an answer from the heart of their own Tory London to the Baifours, the Goschens, and the whole gang of bragging and bullying Coercionists—here was a wash of the 'flowing tide." Nobody now minded Mr. Goschen struggling to finish what he himself called his truncated speech. The Coercionists did not conceal their chagrin and depression. This was a feiling blow coming after so destructive a debate, and it seemed almost cruel of Sir William Harcourt to get up and flug them as he did. When Mr. Goschen sat down the Treasury Bench looked like a lot of whipped hounds in the corner of a kennel while he stood over them lash in hand. Mr. Balfour rested his head against Mr. Goschen's elbow, and Mr. Goschen sat doubled up with his shoul ders touching his ears. They did not seem to have vitality enough left to whimper.

> grauting the return is that it would subject his Removables to "criticism." Exactly. Does not that prove our whole case? If his assertions about them should turn out to be true, would it not cut the ground from all criticism, and cover the Parnellite torturers of those immaculate lambs with discomfiture and disgrace?

## Silver and Gold.

Pere Caussade, in his little book, "Abandonment to Divine Providence" (Benzigers), says: "A soul becomes subject to the livine action the moment a good will is I am asked : How does this good will

I answer: By loving everything as God

I am asked again: But suppose I love my dinner; I love and enjoy the taste of the food, the feeling of satiety; and I

the food, the recting of salety senjoy my appetite?

I answer: Very well; that was all right with the Jews. God's will was to give them a good dinner as a reward. Did He not give them the land flowing with milk and honey? But the Christian is included as bicker reward, and therefore invited to a higher reward, and therefore his love cannot lawfully rest upon what the love of the Jews could. He is called

the love of the Jews could. He is called to a far higher love.

The Jews could pay silver over the counter; that was all God asked from them. From us He demands nothing less than gold. Why did He demand silver of them and gold of us? Because He gave them a silver prize, but us He gives a golden one.—I. T. Hecker in Outholie World.

Ayer's Hair Vigor stimulates the hair to a vigorous growth. It contains all that can be supplied to make the hair beauti-ful and abundant, removes dandruff, and renders the hair flexible and glossy.

Gilbert Laird, St. Margaret's Hope, Orkney, Scotland, writes: I am requested by several friends to order another parcel of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. The last of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. The last lot I got from you having been tested in several cases of rheumatism, has given relief when doctors' medicines have failed to have any effect. The excellent qualities of this medicine should be made known, that the millions of sufferers throughout the world may benefit by its providential discovery.

ST. JOSEPH.

BY J.M.

Of all the saints whom we are called upon to honor there is none so worthy of our homage as St. Joseph. He standpre-eminent, and is entitled to our highest praise. After his virgin spouse, the Mother of Christ, he occupies the most intimate relations with God, and stands in the closest proximity to Him. This exalted position is accorded to him on account of the sublime office for which he was selected, as well as in recompense for his great virtues and faithful correspondence to the graces and favors vouchsafed to him by heaven.

St. Joseph was the chosen agent or cooperator in the accomplishment of a work of the most momentous importance to the whole human race, namely, that of the redemption. In that great work he performed a necessary part in the designs of Providence Appointed by heaven to be the foster father of Jesus and the guardian of Mary, His Mother, he had intrusted to his care the most precious treasure that has ever been confided to the keeping of mortal. That his virtues corresponded to the great dignity of his office we are assured; for the Scripture declares that "he was z just man in all his waya." Indeed, it was for that reason that he had been chosen for so distinguished and exceptional a trust. In bestowing upon him with abundant graces and showered upon him with lavish hand His choicest favors. We may, therefore, conclude that he was possessed of a plentitude of grace and every virtue in its highest and most perfect degree. If some of his virtues are brought more prominently before us than others, it is only to impress more deeply on our minds and hearts their great utility and the marvelous perfection which they attained in him. His surpassing meekness, profound hundlity, and untiring zeal for the welfare and happines of his precious charge are instanced solely to remind us of the great necessity for the practice of those virtues in our daily lives; for we, too, are charged with maintaining the honor and promoting the interest of Jesus and Mary.

St. Joseph, though far inferior in

that what infinite Wisdom had rejected could not be good for him. He was content, nay happy, in the position which he occupied. He knew that the creature is what he is in the sight of heaven, that what he is in the sight of heaven, that God regards persons for what they are in His sight and no more. Judged according to that standard—the only true one—St. Joseph was rich indeed; for having cooperated with the designs of heaven, grace constantly increased and multiplied in his soul until it became a vast treasury or store, bouse full of precious marks.

Possessed of these virtues, clothed with the loftiest attributes of true greatness, the loftiest attributes of true greatness, and standing as he does in the nearest possible relations to God, it will be seen that St. Joseph has great influence and power in heaven. Hence, pious Christians are accustomed to invoke his aid, confidently relying upon his assistance. Nor do they rely in vain, since there is abundant testimony to show that he succors those who have recourse to him. The great St. Teresa de Jesus—the heroic mother and reformatrix of Carmel—has left it upon record that she never asked left it upon record that she never asked St Joseph for a spiritual favor without receiving it. To other saints, says she, receiving it. To other saints, says she, God seems to grant special favors, but to St. Joseph He accords all that he asks. If any one should doubt the truth of my saying, St. Teresa continues, I beg of him to make the trial for himself. The great value of this testimony of St. Teresa becomes apparent from the fact that she wrote under the direct inspiration of the Holy Ghost. Even from heaven she has reiterated her oft repeated declarations when on earth as to the immense power of St. Joseph, and his eagerness to exerof St. Joseph, and his eagerness to exercise it in our behalf. In this connection it is worthy of remark that, in the designs of God, the development and progress of the devotion to St. Joseph are largely due to the writings and untiring efforts of St. Teresa, who never reased to proclaim his

By the wise and timely action of the great Pontiff Pius IX., of immortal memory, devotion to St. Joseph has been greatly augmented in our own day. Constituted by him se patron of the Universal Church, extraordinary devotion has sprung up for him on all sides. It was peculiarly fitting that the saintly Pius IX. should have been instrumental, in the hands of God, in bringing about this happy condition of things. Having Praises.

By the wise and timely action of the

placed upon the virgin brow of the Mother of Christ her most endearing title, the one by which she likes best to be known and honored—"The Immaculate Conception"—as declared by her own lips, it was most appropriate that the same Pontiff should crown St. Joseph with an aureola whese splendor and beauty is second only to that of his virgin spouse. Among his many glorious deeds these two great acts will ever endear to the hearts of devout Catholics the memory of Plus IX.

We see, then, the many reasons which suggest themselves to pious Christians for honoring St. Joseph. The sceptre which he carries in his hand, and by which he is known, symbolizes his mission and his characteristic virtue. The lily is the type or expression of his stainless purity. He is the father of a new and spiritual generation, that beautiful and chaste generation extolled in Holy Writ, "the memory whereof is immortal, because they are known both to God and to men." generation, that beautiful and chaste generation extolled in Holy Writ, "the memory whereof is immortal, because they are known both to God and to men." The custodian of the honor of the Queen of Heaven, the guardian of Christ Himself, St. Joseph, of right, claims the tribute of our affection and the homage of our love. He stands before us robed in the royal magnificence of his virtues, panopiled with the grandest attributes and the richestadornments which the Almighty, in His munificence, could bestow. Whits contemplating his marvelous qualities and imposing grandeur we may well exclaim: O glorious patriarch St Joseph, thou art rich in the gift of God! deign to bestow upon us the favors of which we stand in need; but of all the favors which we solicit at thy hands voucheafe to us in particular the grace of a happy death, like unto thy own—in the arms of Jesus and Mary!

## WELSHMEN AND THE SCOTCH

WITH REGARD TO THE PROPAGATION OF

WITH REGARD TO THE PROPAGATION OF THE HOME RULE DOCTRINK AMONG THEM BY PARRELLITE M Ps.

Lecturing to an Irish audience a few days ago on the work of the Irish party in Great Britain, J. L. Carew, M P, said, among other things: To enlighten the minds of the people and dispel ignorance were the aims and objects of the Irish Poet Accepts. Since it was established. were the aims and objects of the Irish Press Agency. Since it was established, now just a year and a half ago, more than three million lesslets and two hundred and fifty thousand pamphlets had been distributed through the various constituencies in England, Scotland and Wales. In the first quarter ninety meetings were supplied with Irish members. In the last quarter Mr. Abraham and Mr. John O'Conner attended more than seventy meetings each, and the total number attended amounted to more than three hundred. Hundreds of applications had to remain unsatisfied. Some of the best meetings had been held in Birmingbam, where Gentleman Joe dared not address a

> the lesser meetings in the country dis-tricts. How successful the frish members had been would be seen from the follow-ing letter which he received at the close ing letter which he received at the close of the old year from Mr. MacDugall, the secretary of the Scottish Liberal Association: "Dear Mr. Carew—I must again plague you about assistance to address meetings. It is hardly necessary to repeat that wherever your colleagues have spoken there have been numerous conversions. Their fame has been noised abroad, and incessant are the applications which have come in and are coming in daily and incessant are the applications which have come in, and are coming in daily from places which have not had the privilege of hearing Irish members. If seats are to be won, it will be through the instrumentality of Irish members." Mr. Carew also read a letter from Mr. Symonds, secretary of the National Reform Union, Manchester, stating that he was entreated from several places to get form Union, Manchester, stating that he was entreated from several places to get an Irish member to speak. England was awaking to her true position. England, the knight errant of nations, the chivalric champion of oppressed nationalities, now found that she was a tyrant in her owa realm. She had heard the story of her rule in Ireland from the lips of Irish members, and beard the confirmation of members, and heard the confirmation of the story from the lips of her own deputa-

Don't Be Humbuged

with the foolish idea that Catarrh cannot be cured! The world moves, and medical be cured! The world moves, and medican science is progressive. The proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will pay \$500 reward for a case of Nasal Catarrh, no matter how bad or of how long standing, which they cannot cure. Remedy sold by drugglets, at only 50 cents.

Nova Scotia News. "I had Scroftla on my neck very bad for two years, had tried all remedies and doctors, but did not get any help until I got a bottle of your Burdock Blood Bitters which cured me of it entirely" James