

An Irishman's Letter

Here is a letter written years ago, during a rebellion, by an Irish member of parliament to his friend in London: My dear Sir,—Having now a little peace and quietness, I sit down to inform you of the disastrous results and confusion we are in from these bloodthirsty rebels, most of whom are, I'm glad to say, killed and dispersed. We are in a pretty mess—Glad to get nothing to eat, no wine, no drink, and when we sit down to dinner we are obliged to keep both hands armed. Whilst I write this I hold a sword in each hand and a pistol in the other. I concluded from the beginning that this would be the end of it, and I see that I was right, for it is not half over yet. At present there are such goings on that everything is at a standstill. I should have imagined your letter a fortnight ago, but I did not receive it till this morning. Indeed, scarcely a mail arrives safely without being robbed. No longer ago than yesterday the coach with mails from Dublin was robbed near this town. The bags had been judiciously left behind for fear of accident, but by good luck there was nobody in it but two outside passengers, who had nothing for the thieves to take. Last Thursday notice was given that a gang of rebels was advancing here under the French standard, but they had no colors, nor any drums except bagpipes. Immediately every man in the place, including women and children, ran out to meet them. We soon found our force much too little, and we were far too near to think of returning. Death was in every face, but to it we went, and by the time half our little party were killed we began to be alive again, and as we had plenty of muskets and ammunition, we put them all to the sword. Not a soul of them escaped, except some that were drowned in an adjacent bog. In a short time nothing was heard but silence. Troops are now stationed all around the country, and I have only to add that I am in great haste. If you do not receive this, of course it must have miscarried. Therefore I beg you will write and let me know. Yours truly, —Harper's Round Table.

Dark Eyed One.

Dark eyed one, dark eyed one, come hither to me, I'll sing thee a song, 'neath the tamarind tree, The queen of the garden, the ruby lip'd rose, On her cheek shines the dew-drop, and she is the proudest flower. Out braid the gay queen in her own gaudy tower. I'll sing thee a song, and the burden shall be, Dark eyed one, dark eyed one, I languish for thee. So laden with sweets is each sight of the gale, I'm sure my beloved is smothering the vale. The turtle is murmuring vows to the pine, Oh, was not the moment so precious to love, Come drink with the tulip, and court with the dove. I'll sing thee a song, and the burden shall be, Dark eyed one, dark eyed one, I languish for thee.

Love On.

Love, love on, the soul must have a shrine, The rudest breast must find some hollow'd spot. The God who form'd us left no spark divine In him who dwells in earth yet loveth not. Devotion's links connect a sacred chain, Of holy brightness and unmeasured length, The world with selfish rust, and reckless stain. May mar its beauty, but not touch its strength. Love on, love on, &c. Love on, love on, ere even through the heart, We fondly build on, prowl like the sand. Though one by one, Faith's corner stones depart. And even Hope's last pillar falls to stand; Though we may tread the lips we once believed. And know their falsehood shadows all our days, Who would not rather trust and be deceived Than own the mean cold spirit that betrays. Love on, love on, &c. Love on, love on, though we may live to see The dear face whiter than thy circling shroud, Though dark and dense the gloom of death may be, Affection's glory yet shall pierce the cloud. The truest spirit that heav'n can give to love, The sweetest prospect mercy can bestow: Is the best thought, that bids the soul be sure, 'Twill meet above the things it lov'd below. Love on, love on, &c. Love on, love on, creation breathes the words, Their mystic music ever dwells around The strain is echoed by number'd chorists And gentler bosoms yield the fullest sound. As flowers keep springing 'tho' their dazzling bloom, Is oft put forth for worms to feed upon; So hearts the deeply wrung by traitors and the tomb, Shall still be precious and shall still love on. Love on, love on, &c.

Greatest Warship Afloat

England's new cruiser, the Powerful, is undoubtedly the most formidable warship in the world, and in every way entitled to be called a floating fortress. She is 538 feet long and 71 wide, and her hull contains 100 steam engines for various uses. Her speed is 24 knots an hour, and she carries 9,600 tons. For offense she has guns that throw eight tons of steel shot a second and keep it upon without cessation. Modern warships are gradually approaching the Great Eastern's 680 feet in length and 88 feet in width.—Hudson Republican.

What John Bull Would Do

"Suppose Uncle Sam, the Czar and the Mikado should agree among themselves to settle the sea question and that would John Bull do about it?"—The Ledger, Philadelphia. John Bull would doubtless look up the naval statistics, and this is what he would find:

Table with columns for Great Britain, Russia, the States and Japan, and United States and Japan. Rows include ships of war launched or building, all classes, and seamen and marines.

The Keeley League

From Toronto Globe, October 27th. Col. Reid addressed the W.C.T.U. convention on behalf of the Women's Keeley League, conveying the greetings of those two organizations. He congratulated the union that under the leadership of two women, the greatest world had ever known, Frances Willard and Lady Henry Somerset, they had bridled the globe with the white ribbon of women's prayers and women's educational efforts. The Keeley League were delighting the world with happy women, with men redeemed, there was no nation upon the vast globe but what had some representative of the Keeley League. When mothers leave and the prayers of the W.C.T.U. have failed, when the poor discarded victim of strong drink had lost his power, send him to the Keeley Institute and in four weeks he would be restored to them made whole in soul and body. He invited the delegates to visit the institute at 582 Sherbourne street. Miss Frances Willard said:—"If Col. Reid had time he would tell you that we believe in the Keeley cure, and that the W.C.T.U.'s had some more patients to Keeley institutes than any other organization."—"And," interjected Col. Reid, "some of the most earnest workers in the Women's Keeley League are equally active in the W.C.T.U." (Applause.)

A WIDOW'S STRUGGLE

HARD WORK BROUGHT ON A SEVERE ILLNESS Nervous Prostration, Debility and Extreme Weakness—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Came to Her Rescue After Hospital Treatment Failed. From the Fort William Journal. In the town of Fort William lives a brave widow, who for years has by dint of constant labor kept the wolf from the door and her little family together. From morning till night she toiled to provide comforts for her loved ones until nature at last protested against such a constant drain on her strength, and so she began to lose health. Soon the slender frame became unable to bear its daily load of toil, and the poor mother was at last forced to give up the unequal contest, and become a burden where she had once been the chief support. Nervous prostration, heart disease, consumption, and other ailments were given to her mainly by local physicians, but months passed, during which she suffered untold agony, without finding any relief from her sufferings. Palpitation of the heart, dizziness, extreme pain in the chest, loss of appetite and nervousness were some of the symptoms of the disease, gathering that caused exasperating paroxysms at the knee joints and other parts of the body, and at last she became perfectly helpless and unable to walk or even sit up. At this stage she was advised to enter the hospital, that she might have the benefit of skilled nurses as well as best medical treatment; but after spending some time there without obtaining any relief the poor woman gave up all hope of recovery and asked to be taken home. So emaciated and weak had she become that her friends were shocked at her appearance, and so utterly hopeless was her condition that it was like mockery to speak hopefully of her ultimate recovery. What then was the astonishment of all who had known her dreary condition to hear that she had at last found a remedy whose magical power at once demonstrated the fact that where there is life there is hope. The name of this remedy that worked such a wonderful change in such a short time was Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after taking five boxes she was able to walk about and visit her friends. Her strength gradually returned, and in a few months from the time she began using the medicine she was able to resume her work. The subject of this article, Mrs. Jane Macrobie, is well known, and her youthful and healthy appearance to-day causes people to exclaim—"wonders will never cease." She attributes her restoration to her family, solely to the virtues to be found in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and her experience she hopes may put some other sufferer on the right road to health. This great remedy enriches and purifies the blood, strengthens the nerves, and in this way goes to the root of disease, driving it from the system, and curing when other remedies fail. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills has the trade mark on the wrapper around the box, and the purchaser can protect himself from imposition by refusing all others. Sold by all dealers at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

A Cure for Chillsains

DEAR SIR,—I used Hagarty's Yellow Oil for chillsains this winter and found it most effectual. It relieves the irritation almost instantly, and a few applications resulted in a complete cure. Y. L'ESTRANGE, Port Sydney, Oct.—20.

Severe Asthma Relieved

DEAR SIR,—We have used Norway Pine Syrup in our home a great deal. I have a little boy who has had asthma for five or six years (he is only ten now), and during the severe attacks he would get great relief from using the syrup. For an ordinary cold it is ahead of any cough medicine I ever took. EDWARD WINCHESTER, Smith's Cove, N.S.—20.

Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders

Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders cure the worst headache in from five to twenty minutes, and have no bad effects. One powder 5c., 3 powders 10c., 10 powders 25c.—20c.

Hagarty's Yellow Oil cures sprains, bruises, sore, wounds, etc.

Hagarty's Yellow Oil cures sprains, bruises, sore, wounds, etc., frost-bite, chilblains, stings of insects, burns, scalds, contusions, etc. Price 25 cents.—20c.

A Common Bred Cow

When toned up by Dick's Blood Purifier will give as much and as rich milk as a highly bred aristocratic Jersey cow gives upon ordinary feed, and a Jersey cow when given

Dick's Blood Purifier

will wonderfully increase her yield of milk. It saves feed too—because a smaller amount of well digested food satisfies the demands of the system and every particle of nourishment sticks.

50 CENTS A PACKAGE.

LEONARD, MILLS & CO., DICK & CO., Agents, Montreal, Proprietors.

THE VICTORIA WARDER, LINDSAY, ONTARIO.

A Weekly Journal published every Friday morning by the Victoria Warder Printing House, Cambridge Street, south of the market. Stock and Job Printing done in a modern style at moderate prices.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with columns for Full column, Half column, and Quarter column, with rates for different durations.

COMMERCIAL AND LEGAL NOTICE.

Notice regarding the transfer of the Victoria Warder Printing House to Sam. Hughes.

Register of Societies.

Register of societies including the Masonic Chapter of R.A.M., the Victoria Warder Printing House, and various other organizations.

Derby CIGARETTES advertisement featuring an image of a horse and rider, with text '5 Cts. Per Package'.

BUY YOUR BLANKETS AT THE LINDSAY WOOLEN MILLS. Prices range from \$1.25 to \$3.00. Manufactured from the softest lamb's wool.

HORN BROS., Lindsay Woollen Mills. Oct. 26th, 1897.—94-tf.

BARGAINS. After annual stocktaking there are a number of Remnants AND Odd Lines in every Department that are being Cleared Out at Bargain Prices.

We have decided to go out of READY-MADE CLOTHING, and are Sacrificing Prices in Men's Suits, Children's Suits, Overcoats and Pants, TO CLEAR OUT THE STOCK.

HOGG BROS OAKWOOD. Loads the procession in Furnace Work.

The following are samples of his ability to Heat your Home so hot that an Electric Fan won't "blow" it!

DEFWOLVER'S WILD STRAWBERRY EXTRACT advertisement with an image of a strawberry.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY advertisement with an image of a horse and rider.

Give W. G. WOODS the contract of making your life a comfort this winter.

ADVERTISE IN THE WARDER August 21st, 1895.—1889-lv.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS advertisement with an image of a bottle and text 'Positively cured by these Little Pills'.

HOYLE'S advertisement for a full assortment of goods.

LINDSAY advertisement for building materials.

BLAST DRYING advertisement for a patent process.

GEO. INGLE advertisement for a building.

Advertisement for a school or office.

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