

that will satisfy Irish aspirations, strengthen Imperial unity and thus close the blotted pages of a too sad history."

Mr. Dillon, who was received with prolonged cheering, said: It would be impossible for me to convey to you the feelings which are raised in my heart by the warmth of the reception with which I have been greeted to-day on this the first time in my life that I have seen Australian soil. We have been held up before the world as murderers and the accomplices of murderers, accused by great newspapers here and in England of every kind of crime; and it has been sought to be established before the civilised world that the people of Ireland had sunk so low in the moral scale that they could find no man better to represent them in the House of Commons than a man whose hands were red with the murder of their fellow-countrymen. We have had to face a storm of calumny and an atrocious conspiracy of inventions and lies such as, I venture to say, no body of public men in the history of civilisation has ever been assailed with (cheers), and we have had to bear the hatred of those who rule and administer the law in Ireland. Why has this been so? I maintain—and I hope to prove it to the people of Australia—(cheers) that our crime is of one character, and one alone, that we refused to stand by while we saw the suffering people oppressed and robbed (cheers); that we dared to face the Government and even the so-called laws—corruptly administered as they are in Ireland—rather than see the masses of the labouring people of our country robbed of the property which they had put upon the soil, as they had been robbed for generations past (cheers); that we raised in the path of a corrupt faction who plunder and mal-govern the people of Ireland an organisation so powerful that they have been unable to put it down, and that for the first time in the sad and disastrous history of the people, to whom, nevertheless, I am proud to belong (great cheering), we taught the peasantry of Ireland that they did not need to recur to the blind, rous, or assassinations, or outrages to save themselves from cruelty, and oppression, and extermination (cheers)—because that is what eviction means in Ireland—but that we could furnish them with an open, legitimate and legal means which would be allowed in any civilised and free country, by which they could defend their rights, their property, and their homes and their lives, and that we sought to turn them from the practice of outrage to the practice of open association. (loud cheers). For this we have been assailed; for this we have been called murderers. We have appealed to the civilised public opinion of the world, as I to-day appeal to the civilised public opinion of Australia, and I think that after what has occurred recently in London we shall find our enemies less anxious and less ready than they have been to use the weapons of calumnies and lies (cheers). They had better, before they accuse us of crime again, remember the old saying of the Gospel, that a man "should take the beam out of his own eye before he looks for the mote in that of his brother" (hear, hear, and laughter). The men who dislike it because we refuse to leave the peasantry defenceless in the hands of their taskmasters, had better not accuse their political opponents of dishonesty in carrying on their work. I shall have another opportunity of speaking on this Irish question, and I believe from what I have seen that I shall receive in Australia an honest and fair hearing from all classes of the people (cheers and shouts of "You will," and "Never fear"). If I do I can have no doubt whatever of the result; I can have no doubt that the people who have thus experienced the results of free institutions, who have exercised the utmost extent of freedom which we demand and shall insist on getting in Ireland, who have found that freedom consistent with union in the British Empire will, when they once listen to our arguments and the statement of our case, sympathise with sufferers from oppression and corruption, not seek to deny to their brother subjects in Ireland the rights which no man dare take away from themselves (loud cheers). I shall show you when the proper time arrives that the man who attempted to set up here in Australia such a Government as we are compelled by force of arms to submit to in Ireland would turn the whole population of Australia into rebels to-morrow (hear, hear). I want to know what there is in the soul of Ireland, or what there is in the blood of an Irishman, that should make him lie down under a system of slavery that Australia has never submitted to. Would you allow your laws to be made for you in London? Would you allow Englishmen and Scotchmen to be sent over here—people who never saw your colony before—not to administer the colony as your present Governor has come to administer it, according to the wishes of the people of South Australia, but without the slightest reference to your own feelings and wishes? ("No," and cheers.) I venture to say that the man who attempted such a thing would meet with a very cold reception indeed. I refuse to believe that an intelligent people when they once agree to listen to our arguments, would acquiesce in imposing on us in Ireland by a system which they would not themselves tolerate for one hour. I wish to take this opportunity to convey to you on behalf of my people our deepest thanks, both for the great assistance you sent us in 1879 and 1880, when £80,000 came from the people of Australia to the suffering poor of Ireland, but also for the help since sent us to carry on the political struggle on behalf of the Irish people (cheers). We can never forget what Australia did for them then; but, although we shall always remember that assistance with the deepest gratitude, at the same time there was bitter humiliation to all of us who represented the people of Ireland, that we, living in a rich and fertile country, should be driven to come here to take your hard-earned money to feed our people. Why was it so? I say it was the result of the pernicious and base system which strips our people of the money they earn, and then throws them on the charity of Australia and other foreign countries, which supported them. Ever since then I have striven to secure with all my power that there shall never more be a famine in Ireland, that you shall never again be called upon to contribute to the starving poor of that country (cheers). No, believe me, if you only understood the thing thoroughly, your contributions went not to the starving poor, but to the landlords of Ireland (hear, hear). What happened was this: when the people were deprived of all the food they had, then you did all the charitable people in the world were invited to send contributions to feed the people of Ireland; and, therefore, we shall teach our people that it is a shame and a disgrace to their manhood

to see any outside people come to their assistance so long as the soil of Ireland teems with food for their support. I trust I shall see most of you again on a near occasion, when I shall go more into detail on this Irish question (loud and continued cheers).

Sir Thomas Esmonde and Mr. John Deasy were also made the recipients of flattering addresses.

AN INTERESTING LETTER FROM A VETERAN

As this is Jubilee year it tends to make one look back and think of the flight of time, and in this way I am reminded that I am one of the veterans in the sale of your valuable and successful medicine. I have sold it from the very first, and have sent it into every county in England and many parts of Scotland. Well do I remember the first circular you sent out some nine or ten years ago. You had come to England from America to introduce Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup and I was struck by a paragraph in which you used these words:—"Being a stranger in a strange land, I do not wish the people to feel that I want to take the least advantage over them. I feel that I have a remedy that will cure disease, and I have so much confidence in it that I authorise my agents to refund the money if people should say that they have not benefited by its use." I felt at once that you would never say that unless the medicine had merit, and I applied for the agency, a step which I now look back upon with pride and satisfaction.

Ever since that time I have found it by far the best remedy for Indigestion and Dyspepsia I have met with, and I have sold thousands of bottles. It has never failed in any case where there were any of the following symptoms:—Nervous or sick headache, sourness of the stomach, rising of the food after eating, a sense of fullness and heaviness, dizziness, bad breath, slime and mucus on the gums and teeth, constipation and yellowness of the eyes and skin, dull and sleepy sensations, ringing in the ears, heartburn, loss of appetite, and, in short, wherever there are signs that the system is clogged, and the blood is out of order. Upon repeated inquiries, covering a great variety of ailments, my customers have always answered, "I am better," or "I am perfectly well." What I have seldom or never seen before in the case of any medicine, is that people tell each other of its virtues, and those who have been cured say to the suffering:—"Go and get Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, it will make you well." Out of the hundreds of cures I will name one or two that happen to come into my mind.

Two old gentlemen, whose names they would not like me to give you, had been martyrs to Indigestion and Dyspepsia for many years. They had tried all kinds of medicine without relief. One of them was so bad he could not bear a glass of ale. Both were advised to use the Syrup, and both recovered, and were as hale and hearty as men in the prime of life.

A remarkable case is that of a house painter, named Jeffries, who lived in Penshurst, in Kent. His business obliged him to expose himself a great deal to wind and weather, and he was seized with rheumatism, and his joints soon swelled up with dropsy, and were very stiff and painful. Nothing that the doctors could do seemed to reach the seat of the trouble. It so crippled him that he could do hardly any work, and for the whole of the winter of 1878 to '79, he had to give up and take to his bed. He had been afflicted in this sorry way for three years, and was getting worn out and discouraged. Besides, he had spent over £13 for what he called "doctor's stuff," without the least benefit. In the spring he heard of what Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup has done for others, and bought a 2s 6d bottle of me. In a few days he sent me word he was much better—before he had finished the bottle. He then sent to me for a 4s 6d bottle, and as I was going that way I carried it down to him myself. On getting to his house what was my astonishment and surprise to find him out in the garden weeding an onion bed. I could hardly believe my own eyes, and said:—

"You ought not to be out here, man, it may be the death of you, after being laid up all the winter with rheumatism and dropsy."

His reply was:—"There is no danger. The weather is fine, and Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup has done for me in a few days what the doctors could not do in three years. I think I shall get well now."

He kept on with the Syrup, and in three weeks he was at work again, and has had no return of the trouble for now nearly ten years. Any medicine that can do this should be known all over the world.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed)

RUPERT GRAHAM,
Of GRAHAM & SON.

Holloway House, Sunbury,
Middlesex, June 25th, 1887.

Few people would believe that there is a section of the United States where the result of the Presidential election will not be known until July, 1889, eight months after the official returns are published to the world. The settlers of St. Michael's, the Sea Islands and those domiciled along the banks of the Lower Yukon will remain in uncertainty as to the outcome of the contest until after the midnight sun has come and gone during the midsummer of next year.

The hack-drivers of Camden, N.J., have declared a boycott against a clerg man of that city notable for the number of his marriages. His offence consists in having offered the drivers a quarter of a dollar for all couples they brought to him to get married. In one case, where he received 5 dols. for tying the knot, he handed the driver a quarter for bringing him the job, and refused to do any better.

Mr. Gladstone (says the *Nation*) has benefited greatly by his stay in Italy. An Irish lady, writing from Amalfi on Sunday week, says:—"There were no shamrocks in the woods here for days before the illustrious visitor arrived, and now I can testify that there are dozens of the Irish emblem, strong and well grown, along the paths and banks. It is as if even dumb nature had a heart in Italy." On the day mentioned Mr. Gladstone attended Mass in the Convent Chapel.