

towered high above the window at which they stood. Suddenly the Queen exclaimed, "What a glorious Christmas-tree this would make if we could decorate it!" The King passed his hand over his eyes, smiled, and kissed her. That was in August. In December he expressed a wish to spend Christmas at Hobenschwangau. The Queen, always willing to do what he wished, followed him thither. On Christmas Eve, with loving care, she decorated a little tree, and, as in the days when she was a mother of twenty, she rang the bell to call her children. The great event of the evening seemed over, the lights were blown out, when suddenly a gong sounded, King Ludwig took his mother's hand, and leading her to the window out of which they had gazed together that morning in August, he pushed back the shutters and disclosed to her astonished eyes the gigantic tree lighted with a thousand wax candles, which burned bright in the frosty night, and were reflected in the snow and icicles on trees and shrubs around. When the Queen's last will was opened, it was found that she desired to be buried in the habit of a Franciscan Tertiary instead of the black velvet and ermine usual with Bavarian Royalties.—*Weekly Register*.

### THE ORANGEMEN IN REVOLT.

THE Irish Tories and Orangemen are getting tired of being used as the mere tools of the little ring of toadies and place-hunters who call themselves the Irish "Liberal Unionists." The Liberal Unionists in Ireland are "all officers and no soldiers." They are located for the most part in Dublin; a considerable number of them are lawyers, eager for snug berths and good pay; a few are so-called "merchants," and men of some little means, who yearn, and strain, and strive after every opportunity of mixing on the "hail-fellow-well-met" principle with those who used to be regarded as above them in social station. A small proportion of those creatures are Catholics, and we feel bound to say that they are about the meanest and most contemptible of the whole lot. To keep up the alliance between these Liberal Unionists and the old Tory party, two conditions had to be observed by the latter. The first was that whenever the Liberal Unionists wished to make a demonstration the Orangemen should lend them the congregations wherewith to fill their halls; the second was that the Irish Tories in speeches, letters and newspaper articles should not be too brutally coarse in their attacks on the Pope, the Catholic clergy, and the Catholic Church. But this yoke sat heavily on the necks of the Orangemen. They bore it uneasily for some time, but now they are revolting against it. The *Daily Express* has given voice to their feelings, and for so doing it is receiving encouragement and commendation from all the lodges. The Irish Liberal Unionists—Catholics and others—are now told that they must know their place, they must fall to the rear, they must not go on pretending that they have any considerable force or following of their own in the country. They must be content to serve as privates in the ranks, and let the battle against Home Rule be led, directed, and carried on by the old Tory party in the old Tory way, under the banners of Orangeism, and with the accompaniment of the customary music and the favourite war-cries of the Orange lodges. The dominant Tory party will tolerate no longer the sham and the imposture in which the "Liberal Unionists" have induced them to engage; and we commend them for the honesty of that resolve. Liberal Unionism in Ireland the *Daily Express* holds to be nothing better than a fraud, an organised hypocrisy. Here are its words:—

"Liberal Unionism in England was a great power. Liberal Unionism in Ireland could be anything but the shadow of the Liberal Unionism of England—a form without substance, and which could be only brought to the appearance of substantiality by delusive artifices. . . . No cause can flourish by means of fictions and illusions, and one of the abundant fictions of the times is that Irish Liberal Unionism is a power in the land, and represents a great and influential party. . . . Really it is time that Lord Hartington and his friends should be disillusioned upon this subject, and all the more so at a time like the present, when we learn that even in his own country, where Liberal Unionists control many constituencies, and were and are a power in the land, he on his part, and from the beginning, was strongly in favour of a thorough and complete fusion of the two sections of the Unionist party."

That is plain talking to the Liberal Unionists, who, as the *Express* says, "reside almost exclusively in Dublin." It has delighted the heart of Grand Master William Johnston, M.P., and brought from him a letter of approval, from which we take the following extract:—

"There are many people who would do well to consider the important article in to-day's *Daily Express*. Some of us have been afraid to say or do anything that might tend to the disunion of the Unionist party. I think there is danger of this being carried by Conservatives a little too far. There is, too, danger that English people may think that there is a great and powerful body of Liberalism in Ireland, when, as you say, there are "officers and not men." When Mr. Chamberlain was in Belfast I wished to get a ticket for the barquet, and to attend the demonstration given to him in the Ulster Hall. I was told, possibly politely, that it was undesirable that so prominent a Conservative should appear in this way; so I had to explain to Mr. Chamberlain why I did not meet him, although I had refused an engagement in England in order to do so. At the same time, it was desired to fill the Ulster Hall—the body of it—with Orangemen, who counted for the occasion as "Liberal Unionists." I think this has gone quite far enough."

Yes, not only quite far enough, but too far. By all means let there be honesty in this matter. The Irish "Liberal Unionists" are not strong enough to form even the semblance of a party of their own. Let them go over bodily to the Tories. The Orange "anniversaries" are coming on, and they will be in time to join in the celebrations, march under the Orange flags, sing the Orange ditties, and drink the Orange toasts. Possibly, Sir Richard Martin may be entrusted with a big drum, Mr. Albert Quill with a piccolo, and Mr. Kenny, Q.C., with either a trumpet or a pair of cymbals, wherewith

to swell the cheery music of "Croppies, lie down," or "We'll kick the Pope before us." We doubt, indeed, that the Orangemen would honour them to that extent. But, however that may be, it is quite plain that the Irish Tories resent the militation of being marched into halls and lecture-rooms disguised as Liberal Unionists to serve such purposes as those gentlemen may have in view, and they are determined to stand that sort of thing no longer. Again we say that in this matter we commend their sentiment of self-respect and heartily approve their resolution.—*Nation*.

### HOW PILLS ARE MADE.

The custom of taking medicine in the form of pills dates far back in history. The object is to enable us to swallow easily in a condensed form disagreeable and nauseous, but very useful drugs. To what vast dimensions pill-taking has grown may be imagined when we say that in England alone about 2,000,000,000 (two thousand million) pills are consumed every year. In early days pills were made slowly by hand, as the demand was comparatively small. To-day they are produced with infinitely greater rapidity by machines especially contrived for the purpose, and with greater accuracy, too, in the proportion of the various ingredients employed.

No form of medication can be better than a pill, provided only it is intelligently prepared. But right here occurs the difficulty. Easy as it may seem to make a pill, or a million of them, there are really very few pills that can be honestly commended for popular use. Most of them either undershoot or overshoot the mark. As everybody takes pills of some kind, it may be as well to mention what a good, safe, and reliable pill should be. Now, when one feels dull and sleepy, and has more or less pain in the head, sides, and back, he may be sure his bowels are constipated, and his liver sluggish. To remedy this unhappy state of things there is nothing like a good cathartic pill. It will act like a charm by stimulating the liver into doing its duty, and ridding the digestive organs of the accumulated poisonous matter.

But the good pill does not gripe and pain us, neither does it make us sick and miserable for a few hours or a whole day. It acts on the entire glandular system at the same time, else the after-effect of the pill will be worse than the disease itself. The griping caused by most pills is the result of irritating drugs which they contain. Such pills are harmful and should never be used. They sometimes even produce hemorrhoids. Without having any particular desire to praise one pill above another, we may, nevertheless, name Mother Seigel's Pills manufactured by the well-known house of A. J. White Limited, 35 Farringdon Road, London, and now sold by all chemists and medicine vendors, as the only one we know of that actually possesses every desirable quality. They remove the pressure upon the brain, correct the liver, and cause the bowels to act with ease and regularity. They never gripe or produce the slightest sickness of the stomach, or any other unpleasant feeling or symptom. Neither do they induce further constipation, as nearly all other pills do. Ah

further and crowning merit, Mother Seigel's pills are covered with a tasteless and harmless coating, which causes them to resemble pearls, thus rendering them as pleasant to the palate as they are effective in curing disease. If you have a severe cold and are threatened with a fever, with pains in the head, back, and limbs, one or two doses will break up the cold and prevent the fever. A coated tongue, with a brackish taste in the mouth, is caused by foul matter in the stomach. A dose of Seigel's Pills will effect a speedy cure. Oftentimes partially decayed food in the stomach and bowels produces sickness, nausea, etc. Cleanse the bowels with a dose of these pills, and good health will follow.

Unlike many kinds of pills, they do not make you feel worse before you are better. They are, without doubt, the best family physic ever discovered. They remove all obstructions to the natural functions in either sex without any unpleasant effects.

"Boyle O'Reilly will read a poem at the dedication of the Pilgrim's monument at Plymouth, Aug. 1. Mr. O'Reilly should be careful to stick to the truth in dealing with the Pilgrims, who 'sought unstained what here they found, freedom to worship God,' and did their best to persecute everybody who didn't happen to worship as they did. Tell the whole truth, Dr. O'Reilly, and we'll frame your poem."—*Lovell Weekly Sun*.—Our esteemed contemporary is evidently confounding the Pilgrims with the Puritans. This mistake, is often made, and deep injustice is done to the Fathers who landed on Plymouth Rock. The Pilgrims were "neither Puritans nor persecutors."

It is not an uncommon occurrence for an East Indiaman from Liverpool, just from the Red Sea and the shadows of Sinai, to touch at Madras and Calcutta, then lie up at Rangoon, at each wharf landing a missionary from her cabin, and a crate of graven images from her hold. The English nation continues to derive an income of some 40,000,000 dols. from the excesses and miseries of the richer part of the Chinese people, while the poorer classes of Chinese are creating a demand for a cheaper home-grown opium. The British and Foreign Bible Society has issued, during the past year, 4,206,000 copies of Bibles, Testaments, and portions of the Scriptures, a larger number than ever before.—*Journal and Messenger*.