

THE DAILY EXAMINER.

JUNE 26, 1897.

BEEF IN COLD STORAGE.

The SS. Labrador leaves Montreal today for Liverpool, and will take over 100 quarters of chilled beef. Professor Robertson, Dominion Commissioner of Agriculture and Dairying, sails on the same steamer and will have an opportunity to observe the practical working of the cold storage system now put into operation by the Government.

In this connection, we have to remark with regret that the efforts of the Charlottetown Board of Trade and its esteemed President to obtain direct steamship accommodation and cold storage for Prince Edward Island have not yet materialized.

DISCREET ACTION OF THE SENATE

We feel sure that the people at large will commend the action of the Senate with reference to the Grand Trunk and Drummond Counties Railway deal. The Senate has thrown out the bill in this regard. But it has apparently decided to allow the scheme to go into operation for a year as an experiment, rather than take the responsibility of depriving the public service of supplies for the year.

A BAD CASE.

MR. PRENDERGAST, of Manitoba, was one of the staunchest upholders of the minority contention in the School Question. He was a member of the Legislature and an influential man. Shortly after Mr. Laurier began his "sunny ways" a special judgeship was created for Manitoba; and the "Manitoba School Settlement" was effected.

In this case we have an example of the methods by which Mr. Laurier and his fellow-conspirators secured office and now keep it.

Our hammock trade has commenced, our value is good, our stock large. We cannot keep those \$1.00 croquet sets, only a few sets left. Ladies come tonight and see that new lot of Delft and Primate China, July Magazines and new Novels just received.—Hazard & Moore, Sunnyvale Bookstore.

QUEEN VICTORIA

A Sermon Preached by the Rev. James Simpson, M. A., in St. Peter's Cathedral June 26th 1897.—Published by request.

"The Lord saith His anointed. He will hear him from His holy heaven, with the saving strength of His Right Hand. Some trust in chariots, and some in horses; but we will remember the name of the Lord our God: Psm xx 7.—"

We meet together today to return thanks to Almighty God for His goodness to us as a nation, in prolonging the benign reign of our most gracious Sovereign Lady Queen Victoria for the full period of sixty years. And I think we may safely claim that the rejoicing for this event will be more world-wide—more universal than any such rejoicing since the creation of man.

This at first may seem too bold an assertion to go unchallenged; but if we reflect a little we shall see the truth of it. There have been doubtless many magnificent festivals throughout the world's history. Holy Scripture tells us of the grandeur of the Function when Solomon's temple was dedicated to Almighty God; and of that long protracted feast which King Ahasuerus made to all his princes and servants in Susian the palace. Heathen writers describe the splendors of the pageants which took place from time to time in ancient Egypt, and Babylon, and Greece, and Rome; when kings returned from battle laden with spoils and captives, or revelled on days of national festivity; but all these were of mere local importance and outside the cities where they were celebrated, or at most outside the nation that was interested, but little was known of them and only faint rumors of their glories and fame could have reached other lands.

Or if we consider events nearer our own times—former jubilees—the coronation of sovereigns—thank-givings for victories—royal marriages and such like, we shall find that the rejoicings were in no way so general or so magnificent as this. At the Jubilee of George III England had few colonies to participate in her fetes. The rejoicing after the Battle of Waterloo and the consequent peace were things of the past in the Mother Country before Canada had ever heard of them, and so too with the thank-givings after the Crimean war and the Indian mutiny, the marriage of the Prince of Wales and his recovery from illness in 1872. While England rejoiced on these occasions to the full, her dependencies did not share to the same extent in her joy because there had not arisen that strong feeling of Imperial Unity which is so prevalent now. Even the Queen's Jubilee ten years ago sinks into insignificance when compared with the one we are celebrating today; and those joyous festivities which took place recently at the coronation of the Czar of Russia can in no way compete with this Diamond Jubilee both because the Russian Empire is not so extensive as that of Britain, and also because mingled with the shouts of exultation when Nicholas came to the throne, we know there arose the hoarse murmurings of Nihilists and the fierce curses of prisoners in Siberian mines.

Today, not in one country only—not by men of one race only—but by men of one religion only, but all over the world wherever there is a British possession—by hundreds of nationalities and tribes—by England's Church, by Roman Catholics, by Protestants, by Jews, by Mohammedans, by Encharis and Te Deums, or other acts of praise are being offered to Almighty God for one object—the blessings of Queen Victoria's reign.

As the sun rose this morning on the Islands of the Pacific, then began the devotions of the English people. As the world revolved on its course the strains were taken up in one place after another across the continents of Asia and Africa—across Europe to Great Britain itself—than British ships tossed on the broad Atlantic caught up the glad thank-givings and swept them onward to our shores, and now as the hours pass on those joyful hymns will stretch across this Canada of ours, until they reach the Pacific again, nor will they cease until the globe has been encircled and the 20th of June becomes a thing of the past. Not one thin line of thanksgiving either—not a chain of single links, but a mighty network stretching from north to south from east to west. "From under the cold brilliancy of the Northern Lights, where the lonely fisherman follows his periton-calling from the golden orchards and smiling groves of fair islands embosomed in the Southern seas; from dusty sun scorched African deserts; from the bleak wind swept steppes of central Asia; from the mighty forests and prairies of Canada; from the lonely Australian bush; from the great sun-smitten plains of our vast Indian Empire; from the far away secluded glens of New Zealand and Tasmania; from every part of the inhabited globe into which the adventurous Englishman has penetrated—carrying with him the story of England's greatness and power and commerce and resources—comes the hearty echo of the rejoicings in England itself:—"Our Queen! God bless her! God's peace be upon her!"

And then on Tuesday the praises of today will give place to salvos of artillery to martial music to pealing of bells to pyrotechnic displays to mighty cheers to general festivities. Every city in the Queen's dominions, every town, every village, every settlement, every British ship upon the high seas will celebrate it some way, according to its ability, this 60th anniversary of our Sovereign's accession.

And what shall we say of that triumphal procession through the streets of London? In ancient Rome, victorious generals on their return from war were accorded a triumph. That is on a certain day they paraded the city with their soldiers in battalions, and before them were borne the spoils taken from the countries they had conquered, while multitudes of captives the slaves of their conquerors, bound and fettered and guarded, followed in their train. When Queen Victoria vends her majestic way from palace to Cathedral and from Cathedral to palace again, she will be accompanied by the representatives of those races and nations that are subject to the British crown. But not as unwilling captives will they march—not bound save by the silken chains of loyalty and love. To our new Premier, descendant of those hardy settlers of New France will be accorded the highest place of colonial honor, while in the ranks of the military escort, marching breast to breast with British born, will be found Indians from east to west, swarthy Africans, Asiatics, Australasians, Canadians, the natives of a hundred possessions, ready and willing

to lay down their lives if needs be for the honor of their Queen and country. And those teeming millions who line the streets of England's great metropolis as the processions sweep, by will cheer to the echo their nation's brave defenders, whether they be white or colored—colonist or native—Christian or infidel, and one need not be a prophet to foretell that there will be no greater applause bestowed on any than that which is given to our own loyal volunteers and mounted police. Nor will the attendants on Her Majesty be confined to her subjects alone. There will be such a gathering of princes and potentates and rulers and representatives from foreign courts as has never been surpassed in the world's history,—and all for what? Not to celebrate some victory over fallen foes; not to astonish the world with the magnificent extent and power of the British nation; not to delight the eyes of the spectators with the pomp and splendor of a show,—in a company unaged, white haired widowed lady, bowed down with the cares of State, saddened with her own personal bereavements and the sorrows of her people, to accompany her as she proceeds to the great national Cathedral to offer to Almighty God a solemn Te Deum—the Church's venerable hymn of praise,—in thanksgiving for her long and prosperous reign, and then to receive from the Archbishop of Canterbury the benediction of God's Holy Catholic Church.

And surely both Queen and nation have much cause for thankfulness for the blessings of the past 60 years.

Thankfulness for peace and quietness at home: As we look back to that day when Victoria, a girl of 18, took up the sceptre of rule, what mighty changes do we see. Crowns and thrones have perished, kingdoms risen and waned. Every ruler who sat upon his throne at the time of the Queen's accession has yielded up his place and been gathered to his fathers. Europe has been convulsed again and again with horrible war. France, Spain, Italy, the United States, Mexico and the countries of South America have endured bloody revolutions. Emperors and princes have been assassinated and deposed, kingdoms have disappeared, nations been swallowed up, the map of the world has been altered; but England has grown in strength and power through it all. In 1837 our Queen reigned over 130 millions, now she reigns over some 330 millions of men. Her empire then covered two millions, it now covers over 6 millions of square miles. And these vast territories have been acquired, not (except in rare instances) at the point of the sword but by the unbloody conquests of trade and diplomacy. Wars we have had it is true, for England's hand is ever ready to help the oppressed, but at home there has been no internal strife, no sedition, privy conspiracy or rebellion. And when at any time interests have clashed, or class murdered against class, or some cause for discontent has arisen, wise legislation and mutual concession have averted the threatened danger and restored confidence and peace.

Thankfulness for our form of Government: Our American neighbours sometimes speak of Her Majesty as if she were a mere figure-head, an expensive luxury, a useless ornament. We know that this is not the case. Since she assumed the reins of government 60 years ago she has ruled with ability and power. There has been no blind submission to the dictates of her ministers, no careless consent to their measures, but a clear well informed knowledge upon all political questions that have received her sanction; nor has she failed when occasion has arisen to express her desires and insist upon her prerogatives.

And indeed we have no cause to be ashamed of our monarchical institutions. We are at least spared that periodical upheaval that paralysis of business interests, that intensity of party feeling, that squandering of millions of dollars which takes place in the U. S. every four years at the election of a President,—which has taken place 15 times since Victoria came to the throne. We need not envy republican France with its continual change of government, or autocratic Russia with its plotting masses of nihilists, or semi-autocratic Germany with its eccentric ruler and harassed people. Look where we will among the nations of the earth, compare their institutions with our own, and we shall be able to say from the bottom of our hearts, "the lot is fallen unto me in a fair ground, yea, I have a goodly heritage."

And thankfulness, above all, for the wonderful revival of religion and the extension of our Church at home and abroad under the benign rule and fostering care of our Queen. Sixty years ago church edifices in England were dingy, neglected and out of repair, doors were locked from Sunday to Sunday, the honour of God was too often held to consist in the poverty of His temple. "We have learnt that God's House should visibly express our gratitude to the giver of all good gifts. Thousands of churches have been built, and there is scarcely a Cathedral, scarcely even a church whether in city or town or hamlet, which has not during this single reign, been embellished and restored. And as with the buildings so with the services. Then Holy Communion was celebrated three or four times a year, Matins and Evensong were but poorly attended, responses were inaudible, hymns almost unknown. Now, at least, we have outward brightness, reverence and order, and new life animated by the Spirit of God has been infused far and wide. The number of bishops in England has been nearly doubled, the parishes have increased by 4,600 and enormous sums are voluntarily contributed every year for Church objects.

And the growth of the Church in the colonies and other possessions has been even more remarkable. In 1837 there were only seven Bishops outside the Mother Country; now there are 92, 22, being in British North America, 9, in the West Indies, Central and South America, 21 in Asia, 22, in Australia and the Pacific, 17 in Africa, and one on the continent of Europe. In our thank-giving, today, let us not fail to remember this wonderful progress, and praise God for His blessings in the past while we beseech Him for mercies in the future.

Time will not permit me to refer to our many other causes for thankfulness—the wonderful discoveries made during this reign, the progress of arts and sciences, the development of industries, the welding together of opposing interests, the amelioration of the condition of the poor and suffering.

But in conclusion, I would claim that no small share of the blessings our Queen and country have received

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See our Gloves, 3 pairs for 25c
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NEWS NOTES.

President McKinley has decided to appoint Terrence V. Powderly, formerly General Master Workman of the Knights of Labor, commissioner of immigration at New York port, to succeed Dr. Joseph H. Senner.

A bus containing twenty school children en route to a picnic, overturned in Watertown, N. Y., yesterday morning and three of the children were injured. One of them, Keat Boynton, will probably die.

The statue of Bacchante, which was rejected in Boston, has been formally accepted by the board of trustees of the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art.

MARRIED.

At the residence of the bride's mother, Moncton, June 24th, by the Rev. J. D. Murray, Mr. M. Tennant and Miss Sarah Stronach, eldest daughter of the late John Stronach.

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Jan., Dec.

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These June days your doctor will tell you that it's wrong to keep the little folks indoors this kind of weather. The spring air will make baby plump and healthy. See that yours gets it. No need to worry about how to do it. We have the Carriages, and as the season is getting late, we will make the prices interesting on the few remaining in stock.

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HOME MAKERS.

HAPPY ARE THEY WHO SMOKE OLD CHUM SMOKING TOBACCO 10c PKG.

THE GRAND LODGE: The Grand Lodge, A. F. & A. M., of this province met in annual session on Thursday afternoon and closed its labors yesterday evening. The session was held in the Masonic Lodge, Opera House Building and there was a large attendance of the brethren. On Thursday afternoon the following telegram of congratulation was sent:—"LORD ABERDEEN, Governor General of Canada:—"The Masonic Fraternity of Prince Edward Island in Grand Lodge assembled tender their congratulations to Her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria on the sixtieth anniversary of her beneficent reign."

The telegram was signed by Grand Master J. L. Thomson and Grand Secretary Neil McKelvie, on behalf of the Grand Lodge.

The following office bearers for the ensuing year were yesterday installed by M. W. P. G. M. Rhuland, of the Grand Lodge of Nova Scotia:— M. W. G. M.—Leonard Morris. R. W. D. G. M.—J. A. Messervy. R. W. S. G. W.—R. Ellis. R. W. J. G. W.—R. MacMillan. R. W. G. T.—A. Murray. M. W. G. S.—Neil McKelvie. W. G. C.—T. B. Reagh. W. G. L.—F. H. Beer. W. G. S. D.—D. P. McNutt. W. G. T. D.—J. Dyer. M. W. G. Marshal—S. W. Crabbe. W. G. S. B.—C. B. Fraser. W. G. S. B.—L. J. Palmer. W. G. S. W.—W. Doherty. W. J. G. S.—J. W. Brown. W. G. P.—A. Horne. G. T.—John Hobbs.

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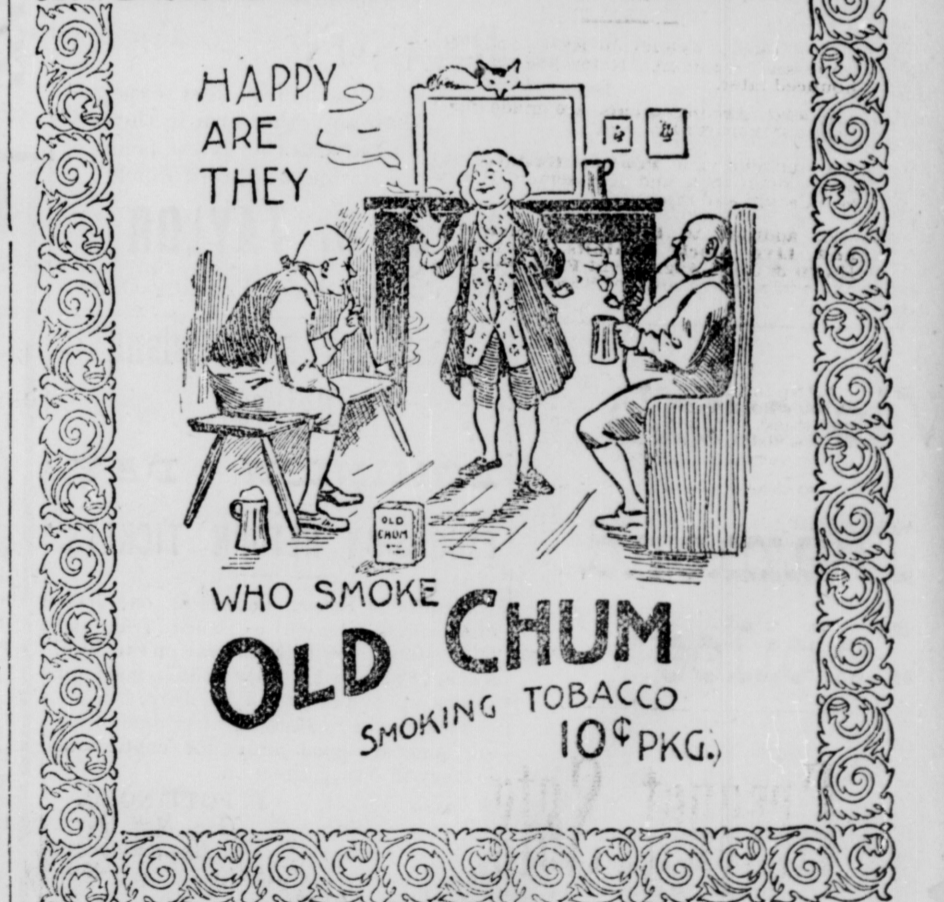
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