

FROM ERIN'S GREEN ISLE

NEWS BY MAIL FROM IRELAND'S SHORES.

Happenings in the Emerald Isle of Interest to Irishmen.

The King has no intention of going to Ireland this year.

Good takes of salmon at all the stations along that coast are reported from Skibbereen.

A poor old woman who was found dead in bed in Dublin, was discovered to have hoarded up over \$3,500.

The death is announced of Major-General Sir Thomas Maunsell, K. C. B., at Burghelere, near Newbury, at the age of 86.

A young woman named Mulcahy, while driving cattle at Dungarvan, was attacked and seriously injured by a donkey.

Two brothers, Thomas and William Cullen, aged 17 and 15, respectively, were found drowned in a bog hole at Manor Moss.

The death has occurred of Peter Scanlon, who was wounded in a recent shooting occurrence in Tyrone street, Dublin.

A swarm of bees recently took possession of a wall letter box in the town of Killane, and were with difficulty dislodged.

The stock of a cattle owner near Tullinadaly consisting of 225 sheep and 14 head of cattle were recently driven from his lands.

The death is announced of Mr. Michael J. Lawler, of Newtownbury, who was widely known in the Counties of Wexford, Wicklow, and Dublin.

Because milk contractors refused to supply milk for the Limerick Board of Guardians, at a low price, the master gave the paupers porter as a substitute.

Elizabeth Doherty, in custody in Belfast on the charge of poisoning her husband and daughter at Kirkhill, will not be tried until further evidence is obtained.

Thomas O'Loughlen, convicted of the shooting of Mr. Daniel O'Loughlen, county councillor, near Lisdoonvarna, was sentenced to three years penal servitude.

Walking in his sleep, Private Farrell, of the Connaught Rangers, stepped through a window at his quarters in the Tipperary Barracks and was instantly killed.

Two shots were fired at a Rosslare express as it was running between Rosslare and Waterford, the bullets entering a first-class breakfast car and passing close to a passenger's ear.

Miss Elizabeth Nerie, an elderly woman living alone with a maid servant on a small farm at Drumallan, Co. Derry, was attacked by hoodlums and her house completely wrecked.

The Dublin Sailors' Home has been unusually full during the greater part of the past month, owing to an unusual number of arrivals of grain-laden ships from abroad. Registrations numbered 140.

A farm laborer, William Butler, who was under remand at Kilkenny, charged with the murder of an old woman and attempted murder of Head Constable Frizelle, has committed suicide in Kilkenny prison.

ODDS-AND-ENDS.

Most men of sense are also modest.

The fool who admits his folly is no longer a fool.

A philosopher is he who doesn't want what he can't have.

It's easy for the man with a good income to be a philosopher.

You may think yourself a superior being, but keep it to yourself.

No girl treats a young man better than he sees her treat her mother.

Stupid people seldom realize their stupidity; which is fortunate for them.

Mind your own business, and let other people mismanage theirs if they want to.

Girls who cheapen themselves soon learn that most men are not bargain-hunters.

If some people only worked as hard as they worry, they'd have no time to worry.

Doctor—"From now you may let your husband have a glass of beer every day—do you understand?"

Wife—"Yes, doctor; just one glass a day."

Doctor (a week later)—"Now, I hope you have kept strictly to that one glass per day that I allowed your husband to take?"

Wife—"Most decidedly, doctor—only he is four weeks in advance with his allowance."

Do you think your coal supply will last the winter through?

THE TOMBSTONE CUTTER.

Plying Mallet and Chisel He Philosophizes on a Familiar Inscription.

"Do you know," said the tombstone cutter as he chipped away at the last letter of the last word of the familiar inscription, "At Rest," that he was carving in the granite, "do you know that when I first began carving these words on tombstones a good many years ago, when I was younger and the world seemed full of hopefulness, it used to sometimes seem to me as if people had 'em put on, as you might say, on general principles, because they seemed nice and appropriate there, while really the deceased might not have had such a terrible hard time in life, and would much rather be not at rest but up and around among folks?"

"That's the way these words used to strike me when I was younger, but now, after considerable experience of life, I look at them differently. Now I realize that they may truly mean what they say, and be not merely an appropriate form; that the one over whose grave they are seen may in truth be glad to lie there under the stone, at last at rest."

"Because, you see—as we are likely to discover when we grow older—this life is not a road strewn with roses for all of us; and besides those who have been worn out in life's struggles or in its simple work we find those who have been disappointed, or misunderstood, or unappreciated, or those who have been broken by some great sorrow."

"So, while in many cases, indeed, that 'At Rest' carved on the tombstone may be but a form, or have been prompted simply by love or affection, and yet, in many cases, placed there most lovingly, it tells a true story, and always, now, from my present point of view, I look at it not lightly, but with a sympathetic heart. Many a gentle soul, never slurring, may be glad to lay down life's burdens."

"But, happily, as to most of us life adjusts its burdens to our aging shoulders and deadens us to mental ills, with increasing years we grow cold, not only in our blood but in our power of apprehension of life's troubles, or it may be that, blessed still with the possession of all our faculties, we are now endowed with a kind philosophy that makes us at once less exacting of others and more considerate, and gives to us a full measure of enjoyment. In short, nature may be very kind to us, keeping us to the very end through years that may seem to us never declining but ever happy and hopeful."

"As, for all my years, and despite my calling, the world seems to me this morning."

BABY'S GREAT DANGER DURING HOT WEATHER

More little lives are lost during the hot weather than at any other time of the year, diarrhoea, dysentery, cholera, infantum and stomach troubles come without warning, and when a medicine is not at hand to give promptly the short delay too frequently means that the child has passed beyond aid. During the hot weather months Baby's Own Tablets should be kept in every home where there are small children. An occasional dose of the Tablets will prevent stomach and bowel troubles. Or if the trouble comes unawares the prompt use of this medicine will bring the child through safely. Mrs. J. Renard, New Glasgow, Que., says:—"One of my children had a severe attack of diarrhoea which Baby's Own Tablets promptly cured. I know of no medicine so good for stomach and bowel troubles." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

HARD FISTED.

"He's almost as wealthy as you are, isn't he?" asked Jugley.

"Yes," replied Richley, "but he's awfully tight-cheded."

"Why, he said he'd give fifty dollars to that charity if you would."

"Exactly; that just shows that he doesn't expect to contribute at all."

"Dear, oh dear," sighed Mr. Salowday, "I wish I knew some good way to acquire an appetite." "Nonsense!" exclaimed his wife; "what do you want with an appetite? It would only give you more dyspepsia."

"Your mistress tells me, Jane, that you wish to leave and become an attendant at a lunatic asylum of all places. Why, what experience have you had?" "Well, sir, I've been here three years."

A CAUSE OF CRIME.

Mr. Phligninthroe's View of the Effect of Cold Plates on Mankind.

"I suppose" said Mr. Phligninthroe, "that when everything has been counted up and reduced to the final analysis it will be discovered that the one single, most prolific cause of crime is cold plates."

"I wouldn't be understood as saying that cold plates are a direct incitement to murder, though it is not impossible that might be so; but as an insidious, undermining cause, as an influence tending perhaps indirectly, but still with no less certainty, to the committing of crime I have no doubt you would find cold plates leaving all the rest."

"How often do we hear it said of the fate of nations that it is trembling in the balance, ready to be moved this way or that by the slightest touch? And if this can be true of nations how much more may it be true of individuals, who may be swayed, their fortunes for the time settled, or their whole conduct of life determined by the slightest circumstance?"

"Coming back now to cold plates. You take a man who has worked hard and been hurried all day and who comes home at night tired and worried and whom a square meal would brace up mightily and cause him to take a new view of life and to set his face in the right direction, and you give this man a good dinner with hot plates and don't you see that you head him up right and confirm in him his good impulses? You nail him, so to speak, you start him off right, and you keep him going right; and there's a man saved."

"And now you take that same man and give him his dinner on cold plates; and that may be the last straw that breaks the camel's back, and he may get peevish over it, and not enjoy his after dinner smoke, and get so wrought up that he doesn't sleep well that night and wakes up the next morning and goes to business already tired out and not fit to do anything, so that he loses his temper and is cross and irritable, and misses every play he makes and goes from bad to worse and winds up maybe by killing somebody before the day is over. All this is absolutely attributable to cold plates."

"So of major crimes such as murder and that sort of thing; but when it comes to little things, such as plain sulkiness and kicking over chairs at home, and being cross to the children and making your wife unhappy and causing gloom to settle on the household generally, why, these cold plates have crimes to answer for innumerable."

"Tall oaks from little acorns grow, mill-dams break and spread their devastating waters from leaks that at first you couldn't put your little finger through, and I have no doubt that many disturbing, distressing, harrowing things have been primarily due to so small a thing as cold plates, which indeed, as I have said, I believe to be the one most prolific cause of crime."

"And taking this view, what a responsibility rests upon those whose duty it is to see that the plates are hot! For the good of humanity, if not for our own comfort, well being and happiness, give us hot plates!"

THE EARTH'S XENOGENESIS.

(By a Banker.)

In the earlier epochs of its history, the aspect of this earth of ours was subject to continued and violent changes. In that remote period far away down the dim vista of the past, without form and void, it is plunged in the blackness of darkness, owing to the dense mists and asphaltic vapors rising from its semi-molten surface. Then during the long aeons following it gradually cools down, and the wondrous principle of Life appears; at first of an extremely lowly type, then as the earth became more and more capable of supporting it, subsequent creations gradually advancing to higher and more perfect types. Then, the dry land being raised up from the waters, vegetation appears; the first in order having apparently been the common horsetail, still to be found abundantly in many marshy places throughout the world.

After more long aeons, comes the splendid coal period, when magnificent flowerless trees of many varieties grew in the warm humid atmosphere in luxuriant profusion, their fossilized remains forming the priceless fuel which is now such a necessity of civilization. After a time this period of the reign of vegetation comes to an end, overwhelmed and engulfed in some tremendous cataclysm; while later on, though after the lapse of long eras of violent changes, came the period when the earth was overrun with stupendous living crea-

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tures, mighty beasts, the largest of which—the Atlantosaur—was nearly a hundred feet in length and thirty feet high. A monster like this would require almost the population of a village for a meal! And not the land only, but also the sea swarmed with gigantic life—some believe that the sea-serpent is a survival of that period—many of them equally at home both on land and in the ocean.

And then once more the land is submerged, quietude reigning for long ages; the shells of incalculable myriads of minute marine organisms falling to the bottom of the sea and forming the chalk deposits, which, with their snow-white purity, are such a feature of beauty on the shore line of England.

Then more upheavals and more changes, the shrinkage of the now cooled earth forcing upwards the mountain ranges and farming the beautiful hills and dales, ravines and gorges, upreared cliffs and rolling down which so add to its loveliness and to its attractiveness. And at length, now in its very prime, man is created. But alas, he soon yields to temptation, and rebels against his Creator. But no one need suffer from this fall of his first parents. For the Son of God, by offering Himself as a substitute, Himself bore the punish-

ment due by all who will accept Him as their Redeemer. And whoever will may freely participate in that redemption.

NOT YET.

"Alfred, have you got everything?" tenderly enquired Baron Southmont's wife, as he started off on a journey.

The billionaire burst into tears.

"There you go!" he exclaimed; "always saying things to give me pain. You know very well, in spite of all my efforts, I haven't yet succeeded in getting everything."

WOMEN IN CIVIL SERVICE.

According to the latest report of the Census Bureau there are 13,821 women employed in the executive civil service of the United States. In the District of Columbia three women are employed to every seven men; in the country at large, one woman to every twenty-five men. In the national capital the average pay for men is \$1,178, for women \$736.

Some men are so convinced they are going to wake up some morning and find themselves famous that they can't sleep.