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(47)

FROM ERIN'S GREEN ISLE

NEWS BY MAIL FROM IRELAND'S SHORES.

Happenings in the Emerald Isle of Interest to Irishmen.

The Gaelic League branches of the Killadysert district, Co. Clare, are now in full swing.

A 30-foot fin-back whale was shot by coast-guards a tthe mouth of the Cashu Rover, Kerry.

John Evans, aged 38, was found guilty of burning the Ardara Catholic church, but was not sentenced.

Dr. S. G. Dunmanway, for the past 27 years medical officer of the dispensary district, has recently died.

The lands of Galmoystown, containing 600 acres, have been sold to the Estates Commissioners for $60,000.

The farmers of Enniskillen district are complaining bitterly of the low prices paid for pork in the local markets.

For the second occasion in succession, Judge Craig, at Monaghan Quarter Sessions, has been presented with white gloves.

The Bailieborough Co-operative Dairy Society has been steadily improving its position, its turnover last year amounting to $57,760.

The death is much regretted of Mr. Geo. A. Mullen, Elmgrove House, Belfast, who was agent for several brewers' firms, and was much esteemed.

The shop assistants at Enniskillen, to the number of about 68, have adopted resolutions in favor of having Wednesday fixed as a half holiday in the town.

The peaceful condition of County Dublin was the subject of congratulation by the Recorder in his address to the Grand Jury at Kilmainham Sessions.

The extensive flax mill and adjoining premises of Mr. James Thompson, Kildrum, near BallyMean, were recently nearly destroyed by fire. Damage is $3,000.

At Garvagh, County Londonderry, recently, John Berryman, a middleaged farmer, was sent for trial on a charge of murdering his brother and his sister-in-law.

At the last monthly meeting of the Maryborough Branch of the National Council steps were taken to urge local shop keepers to stock goods bearing the Irish trade mark.

A Crimean veteran named John Hogan, having died at Clogheen Union, Co Clare, the Veterans' Relief Fund contributed $20 towards his burial with military honors.

The Midland Feis, the leading Irish-Ireland event of the year in the centre of Ireland, will be held this year on Sunday and Monday 28th and 29 of June, in Co. Westmeath.

A beautiful sanctuary lamp has been presented to St. Patrick's Church, Trim. It is of solid silver, weighing 300 ounces, at a cost of £120, and is in position before the High Altar.

White gloves have been presented to County Court Judge Curran at Birr Quarter Sessions, and to Judge Wakely at Roscommon Quarter Sessions as emblems of the absence of crime in their districts.

Medicine Man—"What is the matter with your Majesty?" Cannibal King—"Oh, I've an awful indigestion." "What have you been eating" "I've just polished off an American millionaire." "Good heavens! No wonder you are ill. I've told you repeatedly to beware of anything too rich."

"LOOK PLEASANT, YOUR MAJESTY."

An amusing story is related by a Parisian photographer of the King of Portugal, which brings into light his Majesty's delightful sense of humor and keen appreciation of the fact that he is not so symmetrical and sylph-like in figure as he once was.

His Majesty, having consented to give an artist a sitting, dropped into a chair before the camera.

"If your Majesty pleases," said the photographer who was not at all satisfied with the pose, "and will stand, we could get the whole figure."

"What!" cried King Carlos, rising heavily, "do you, then, contemplate a panoramic view of me?"

The Sultan of Turkey is the photographer's despair. Only twice within the last ten years has he consented to being photographed, and on one of these occasions he betrayed so much nervousness that it was impossible to make a good negative. His horror of being photographed has been explained by the story that it was once discovered that a native photographer, who had long sought permission to make a negative of his Majesty, had constructed a camera which was nothing better than a miniature gun. The Sultan is not wanting of personal courage, but face a camera is one of those things he will not do now-a-days.

MOTHERS FEEL SAFE WITH BABY'S OWN TABLETS

Mothers who have used Baby's Own Tablets say that they feel safe when they have this medicine in the house, as they are a never-failing cure for the ills of babyhood and childhood. And the mother has the guarantee of a government analyst that this medicine contains no poisonous opiate. It is always safe. Good for the new born babe or well grown child. Mrs. Alfred Suddard, Haldimand, Ont., says:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets for constipation, vomiting and restlessness, and have found them a splendid medicine. In my experience no other medicine can equal the Tablets for little ones." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A SULPHUREOUS CALDRON.

(By A. Banker.)

A few miles west of Naples is the vast crater of an extinct volcano (from which no eruption has taken place since A. D. 1198), known as the Solfatara. But, although in a sense extinct, yet at various points it is always belching forth dense, suffocating volumes of white sulphureous fumes; jets of sulphur vapor issuing from yawning clefts and gaping fissures and rents in the solidified mud floor of the crater in all directions; and even from the cliffs encompassing the great hollow strange puffs of smoke are from time to time seen breaking out amongst the bushes and shrubs growing thereon. It is stated in a guide book that a roaring sound as of thunder or of musketry fire accompanies these eruptions. This, however, is certainly not always the case. But even when there are no swelling blasts, and no booming stridor caused by these outbursts from this safety valve of Nature the scene is so weird and mystic that an uncanny, unearthly spell appears to pervade the place, forcibly reminding the visitor of Gustave Dore's terrible picture of the nether regions in his illustrations of Paradise Lost.

The great crater—it is about a mile in circumference, and, unlike other volcanoes, is not at the summit of a mountain, but on almost level ground—appears to be a vast caldron of boiling water, upon which floats a crust of solidified mud about three feet in thickness. Here is a small lake of water furiously boiling; here an island on which the beautiful Mediterranean white heather is blooming luxuriantly, notwithstanding the sulphur fumes (owing, however, probably to these fumes the flowers decay very soon after being plucked); here a rift from which issues a stream of noxious gas and steam; while the mud floor, many acres in extent, upon which the visitor is cautiously walking reverberates with a hollow sound if stamped upon. In fact if a regiment of soldiers were to march across the crater, in all probability the crust would collapse and they would all be plunged into the huge caldron beneath.

And perhaps this strange sulphureous earth-vent may remind some of the figurative "fire and brimstone" which is the fate of those shut out from the glory. But the fires of remorse implied by this metaphor need not be the fate of any. For by making the reparation demanded by Eternal Justice by undergoing, on the transgressors' behalf, the chastisement due by them, the Saviour of the world has provided a means by which all, without any exception, may, if they will but come to Him in contrition and penitence, attain to that Realm of Glory.

ZAM-BUK SAVED THIS MAN'S FINGER!

Mr. William C. Edwards, Peter Street, Toronto (late steward Elks' Club), sustained a severe cut on the middle finger of the left hand. Blood poisoning ensued and the finger caused him excrutiating agony. He says: "My hand was so swollen and painful that I had to carry it in a sling for some months. I was under the care of a well-known doctor in Toronto for several weeks. The wound got no better, and one day he said my finger would have to be taken off. The pain from the wound was terrible and was extending right up the arm. I consulted another medical man and was treated by him for some weeks longer. He then suggested that the finger be opened and the bone scraped. At this stage a friend advised me to try some Zam-Buk which I did. I bathed the wound and applied Zam-Buk as directed. Next morning the wound began to bleed. It was a healthy sign so I continued with the treatment, and in a weeks time I was able to discard the bandage. A little more perseverence and Zam-Buk cured the wound completely."

Zam-Buk Cures cuts, burns, chafings, itch, eczema, running sores, ringworm, piles, bad legs, poisoned wounds and all skin diseases. All druggists and stores, 50c., or postpaid from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto.

CUT THIS OUT and mail to the Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, with 1c. stamp and receive a sample box FREE. cK4

Zam-Buk
THE GREAT SKIN-CURE

IN MERRY OLD ENGLAND

NEWS BY MAIL ABOUT JOHN BULL AND HIS PEOPLE.

Occurrences in the Land That Reigns Supreme in the Commercial World.

Eton boys have subscribed $500 towards the Quebec battlefields memorial.

Lord Rosebery's chauffeur was fined £5 at Epsom for exceeding the speed limit.

Hydlu George Anslow, landlord of an inn at Brownhills, shot his wife and then himself, fatally.

An old burial-ground in Duke place, Aldgate, is to be utilized as a playground for the children of the district.

Mr. George Warren, the Liverpool shipowner, was badly injured while hunting near Tattenhall. His horse was killed.

The Earl of Hardwickle has headed a subscription list to buy a pianoforte for the paupers in the Buckingham Palace road workhouse.

The delegates of the Oxford Local Examinations have resolved to add Esperanto to the list of subjects for the senior examination.

Shamrocks brought from Ireland and planted in England always developed into clover, said Dr. W. E. St. Lawrence Fanny at Kingston.

A suspected case of rabies was reported from Sutton Bridge, South Lincolnshire recently. The dog, a collie, bit John Gent, a farm foreman.

Seventeen hundred men will be unemployed at Barrow for at least three months, and probably for six months, owing to depression in the iron trade.

In Hertfordshire two wild ducks sat on the same nest, incubating the same clutch of eggs. The same thing has been observed in the case of partridges.

Of $607,230 allocated by Mr. Burns up to the present from the Government grants for the unemployed, the Central Body for London has received $301,820.

Lord Rayleigh is expected to receive a unanimous invitation to become Chancellor of Cambridge University, in succession to the late Duke of Devonshire.

During the construction of a new green on the golf links at Beacon Hill Hindhead, workmen came upon the remains of Celtic pottery and a number of flint implements.

Robert Abel, the Surrey cricketer was recently admitted to the Royal Free Hospital in London, in order to undergo treatment for his eyes, which are in a serious condition.

The income of the London Commercial Travellers' Benevolent Society for the past year was $1,660 over that of the preceding twelve months, while the membership increased by 25 per cent.

Lloyd's Register reports that the shipping under construction in the United Kingdom amounts to 459,000 tons less than in the previous twelve months. This is the biggest decrease since 1884.

Matlock Parish Church was discovered to have been entered by burglars, who cut out a window, broke open three collecting boxes, and stole three bottles of Communion wine and two brass crosses.

A proposal to generate electricity by peat-gas, which has been submitted to a select committee of the House of Commons, is the first scheme of its kind in Great Britain, and the company promoting it has arranged to purchase 500 acres of peat-bog in the district it proposes to serve.

THE TRAIN DE LUXE OF CANADA.

The "International Limited," the premier train of Canada, is indorsed by everybody who has ever had the experience of riding on it. It leaves Montreal at 9.00 a.m. every day in the year, arriving at Toronto at 4.30 p.m., Hamilton 5.30 p.m., London 7.48 p.m., Detroit 10.00 p.m., and Chicago 7.42 a.m., following morning. It is a solid vestibule train—modern equipment throughout—with Pullman sleeping cars through to Chicago; also Cafe Parlor and Library car service. Have the experience on your next trip west.

TOO FAST.

The boy stood on the bridge of a schooner beside the captain on a starry night. It suddenly became necessary for the captain to go below, and he said to the boy:

"Here, take the wheel. I'll be back in a few minutes. Steer by that star, and you will be all right."

The boy began to steer the boat and soon got her out of her course. The star now appeared astern instead of ahead. He shouted down to the skipper:

"Hi, skipper, come up and find me another star, I've passed that one."

Nothing jolts a sarcastic man more than a dose of his own medicine.

TERMS OF ENDEARMENT.

Pet Names in France and Germany—Instance From Von Moltke's Letter.

The terms employed by the poeple of one nation as the choicest phrases in their vocabulary of endearment are often employed for quite the opposite purposes by other peoples, says London Tit-Bits.

One of the most familiar and most coveted phrases of endearment among the French, for instance, is "my little pig," and "my little puppy dog" is also much appreciated. When a French husband calls his wife a "cat" she does not fly into a passion of resentment, as an English speaking wife might do under the same circumstances, but takes it as a gentle compliment. On the other hand if he were to call her a "duck," as the British husband might his wife, she would be very much offended.

Some time ago in Germany letters written by the late Count von Moltke to his betrothed were published. In these the great soldier frequently called the lady "my little kernel of coffee." This strikes one as a very queer pet name and has suggested to a cynical authority that in view of the writer's profession "my little grain of power" or "my little lump of lead" would have been more appropriate.

A person's individual likings and occupation freqeutly supply him with terms of endearment. A farmer sometimes calls his little girl his "colt," and a well known fisherman, to whom the creatures of the brook were as the apple of his eye, used to begin his letters to his wife when he was on his fishing expeditions with the word "My dear little speckled trout."

A FEW FACTS.

The bracelet is once more the most popular form of jewellery.

There are 64 blind persons to every million of the world's population.

The Salvation Army is established in over fifty countries and colonies.

Air is estimated to surround the earth to a depth of from 120 to 200 miles.

Alaska was purchased from Russia in 1867 by the United States for $7,200,000.

Treasure trove belongs by law to the Crown, and the retention of it is a punishable offence.

Five boys were recently find at Windsor, England, for placing broken bottles on the roadway to cut moter-tyres.

The sea is much more salt in the tropics than in the northern latitudes, owing to the greater evaporation.

Organ-grinders are not allowed to play in Vienna in the morning or evening—only between midday and sunset.

Stammering Arm, Red Finger, The Bees' Nest, and Cold Water are samples of the names borne by some Welsh farms.

JUST A WORD.

The condor, it is said, can fast 40 days.

The Dutch are the greatest of all coffee-drinkers.

A little soap is put into certain forms of puff paste.

Philadelphia has the longest streets of any city in the world.

In Morocco the law obliges you to tip the policeman who arrests you.

When crows wheel and clamor in great groups, it is a sure sign of a storm.

Man's temperature is 98.6 degrees; a snail's is 76 degrees, a chicken's 111.

Lady Duff-Gordon used to have for a pet a pale green snake.

The Tartars have the strongest, the Chinese the weakest voices, of all nations.

IN NO DANGER.

As the philanthropic tourist pursued his course he saw many things which he felt needed sympathetic attention. One day he stopped to gaze at a bare-headed man, who was turning a windlass which clumsily hoisted a bucket filled with sand.

"My friend," said the philanthropist, as the man paused to mop his forehead, "why do you not cover your head? This hot sun is likely to affect the brain."

"Brain is ut?" said the man, staring at him. "D'ye think if I had any brain I'd be here h'istin this bucket?'

INDIAN FESTIVITIES AND DIETIES.

Power of the Priests—Feasts of Lanterns—Worship of the Cobra.

Religion plays a very important part in Indian village life; but it is in the holidays and the rites connected with them that religion asserts itself most conspicuously. It is then that the Brahman comes to the front. Brahmans are the priests, the "Bhu-surs" (lords of the earth). They take the lead in all rural life absolutely and completely; in towns their ascendency may be disputed, but in the Mofussil they still reign supreme; in fact in some of the more primitive and out of the way villages the Brahmans are actually objects of worship. Nothing can go on without them, neither births, marriages, deaths, nor feasts, and as a natural consequence there are many feasts, says the Empire Review.

The ryot as a rule does no agricultural work on a Monday—that is, he gives himself and his animals a hebdomadal rest on that day, and thus unconsciously keeps up an observance of a nature similar to the Christian Sunday and the Jewish Sabbath. Then the "Shradh," or anniversary of the father's death, is always strictly kept; on that day the son shaves all the hair off his head and face, puts on clean white clothes, prays to the gods and gives offerings at the village shrine for the repose of his father's spirit. It is for this reason chiefly that the Hindu so passionately desires a son; if he has not one of his own he adopts one.

The Divali—or Feast of Lanterns—falls in January; it is the Hindu New Year and is the great business feast, as it were; all books are balanced and accounts adjusted at this time. The temples and houses are brilliantly lighted up and the women flock to the nearest water, where they set afloat little earthen saucers filled with oil in which they place lighted wicks.

Nag-panachami occurs in July-August. The monsoon, or rainy season, is supposed to end with this feast, and it is therefore more extensively celebrated in the coast districts than in the inland parts; it is the great holiday for fishermen and seafearing folk generally. The cobra is worshipped; offerings of milk are placed in shallow dishes in spots which these reptiles are known to haunt, while thousands of cocoanuts are thrown into the sea.

India is emphatically a land of idols; idolatry seems to have a fascination for the Hindu mind. The common people of India are passionately devoted to the worship and service of idols; there are said to be 333,000,000 gods in Hindustan! The three great and specially venerated dieties are Brahma, Vishnu and Siva—the Hindu Trimurti or Trinity. Brahma stands first, unapproachable and automatous; only three temples in all India, I believe, are erected in his honor. He is merely invoked as the chief of the Trimurti, but is not made the object of actual worship, as he is not supposed to take any interest in mundane affairs; he is the Creator, the giver of all gifts and of all blessings, and controls the destinies of men, yet at the same time is completely indifferent to them.

BILSON'S REVENGE.

Bilson, who is a very stout man, was running to catch a train the other day when his friend Jones called out:—

"Halloa, Bilson! In a hurry? Going somewhere?"

Needing his breath for other purposes Bilson made no reply, but he determined to take a terrible revenge. About one o'clock next morning he called Jones up on the telephone. After a deal of ringing a sleepy voice at the other end of the wire told him Jones was there.

"That you, Jones?" queried Bilson.

"What do you want?" said Jones. "I've been in bed these two hours!"

"I'm Bilson," went on the other. "Remember seeing me running this morning, eh? Yes? Well, I was going somewhere, and I was in a hurry! Good night!"

Then Bilson hung up the receiver, and got back into bed a happy man.

DOG-GONE! !

He—Scraggs seems very happy for a man just returned from the burial of one of his wife's dearest friends.

She—Indeed? Who was it?

He—Her pug dog.

Convalescents need a large amount of nourishment in easily digested form.

Scott's Emulsion **is powerful nourishment—highly concentrated.**

It makes bone, blood and muscle without putting any tax on the digestion.

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