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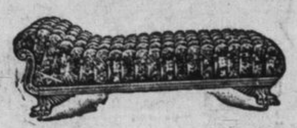

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Mid-ocean, July 22.—Canadians going to the British Isles this season should, by all means, arrange to pay a visit to the Dublin Exhibition. Their patriotism will be stirred by the very creditable display made by the Dominion, to say nothing of the many interesting features of the other sections of the exhibition, such as those contained in the Palace of Industry, the extensive art gallery, containing in its historical exhibit the original harps of Tom Moore and Robin Adair among other curiosities; the display of Irish special industries, the electrical display and the illuminations, the well-laid-out buildings and grounds, and the music of good bands and individual musicians. While the Australian and other colonies have contented themselves with space allotted them in the exhibition buildings, the Canadian building is a very prominent object, occupying a conspicuous place in the main court of the grounds. Mr. Hutchison, the chief commissioner, Mr. Girardot, and the other officials of the staff have made good use of the interior space. At one end a sort of Canadian garden of Eden seems alive with the various furred and feathered denizens of the Canadian wilds. Beaver and otter, bison and wood buffalo, bears, brown, grizzly and polar, moose, elk, cariboo, in fact all the four-footed "first families" of Canada, are represented in characteristic attitudes. The butter farm with model house, fields and cattle, all executed in good Canadian butter, is most artistically designed and carried out, and the display of mineral wealth of the Dominion is absolutely bewildering in its extent. In the evening the illuminated pictures of Canadian scenes and personages are attractive, and solid facts and figures relating to Canada are forced on the visitor's eye and mind from every side. The stream of visitors into and out of the building day and night is continuous, and if large accessions to the population of the Dominion do not result, it will not be for want of judicious advertising. The Canadian fever indeed seems to be increasing, rather than diminishing, almost everywhere. Elevator boys on the continent, 'bus drivers in London, nurses and chambermaids, men and women of every sort and condition in many countries, have plied us with questions about the Dominion, and expressed either an intention or desire to go to Canada, many unhappily sighing at the difficulty or impossibility of cutting themselves free from their surroundings. Hearty British shouts from the lower deck of the ship in which I write, where men are playing at leap-frog, tell me that some 800 or so of the right sort of emigrants are accompanying us to land where, I trust, peace and plenty for those with willing hands will be found.

I have already remarked the quick transitions from language to language and from one dialect to another on the continent. To cross the Irish channel is, of course, but to encounter another variety—and a pleasing variety—in the mode of speaking the mother tongue. Three months ago, as I walked up the Puician hill at Rome for the first time, I paused to look out over the city beside another man similarly occupied. We fell naturally into conversation. "You are from Ireland," I remarked. "How did you know that?" he asked. I replied that his speech unmistakably indicated that much to me. "And yet," said he, "I am a Norwegian, but I have lived eleven years in Belfast." So much for the influence of Irish air on the habits of speech. Its effect on other habits may possibly be sometimes less salutary. At our first meal in Dublin, before tasting the water, we inquired of the waiter whether the Dublin water was good for drinking purposes. "I believe so," was his reply, "but I fear I am not a good judge," he added, apparently quite conscious of the inference we might draw from his words. And yet he was the picture of a sober and sedate young man. I do not wish to say that the drinking habits of the people of Ireland are worse than those of Great Britain in general, where indeed there has been a marked change for the better in recent years. But I have seen a few drunken folk in Ireland, a sight almost unknown on the continent, as I have elsewhere remarked. Two of the chief church edifices in Dublin have been restored at a cost in the aggregate of more than £300,000—the one by a leading distiller, the other by a wealthy brewer. It may be said that the money has been put to good use, and I may add that I believe quite as much, if not more, Dublin stout is consumed outside Ireland as within its shores—though I do not speak by the book.

Dublin, in contrast with the white exhibition buildings, is a rather dingy and dusty city, relieved, however, by the freshness of Phoenix Park, St. Stephen's Green, Menon Square and other open spaces. The castle's exterior is unattractive, as indeed is the interior when carpets are up—as they are most of the year. Happily for the Viceroy and his family, the Viceregal Lodge in Phoenix is a more cheerful place of residence. We viewed the foregoing and other points of interest in and about the Irish capital fortunately in good weather.

A four to five hours' run from Kingsbridge station in Dublin brings one to Killarney, that happy hunting ground of the tourist. It would be more correct to say that here the tourist is himself hunted down, even to the bottom of his pocket, by some of the most skilful hunters outside of Naples. At Kate Kearney's cottage at the entrance to the gap of Dunloe, where he alights from his brake or jaunting car, the sport begins in earnest. After perhaps purchasing a few trinkets of bog oak remembrances, he proceeds to mount the pony assigned him, being assured that this is the only safe and comfortable method of going through the pass. A few months ago Thos. Cook & Son contracted for the transportation of their tourists through the pass by means of cars advertising this as the "only method of making the tour with comfort and safety." Almost at once the pony owners and their retainers proceeded to prove that this statement was untrue. The pass is traversed by a good road quite passable by cars, but stray shots were fired and car horses and even tourists' lives threatened or endangered, it was said. After a few weeks' trial the carmen were allowed to withdraw, and the pony men came to their own again—the tourists again being held up for a half-crown per head, and corresponding reduction made, it is presumed, in Cook's through rates. Once mounted on his sorry-looking pony, which is encouraged by a crack of the owner's whip from behind to start off at a trot, the tourist sets out merrily, casting up his eyes to enjoy the scenery. A cry of "Whoa," and a photographic camera stares him in the face! "Proofs at the hotel by the time you return," then off again. A form pops up ahead, grasping an ancient brass bugle. A blast is blown, but the echo fails to respond. Shouts, shrieks and calls at the mountain-side produce varying results. The artillery is next brought into action. Bang! goes a small cannon and this time the mountain responds to the salute. Colleens with milk, old crones with "potteen" or mountain dew (probably made in Dublin) discreetly hidden under their shawls; women offering home-knitted woollen stockings (fresh from the factory, 'tis said); another photographer, another echo artist, another cannon or revolver shot, postcard fiends, more stockings—men, women and girls line the pass throughout to collect toll, insistent that the "handsome gentleman" should "pay his futtin" by buying a 'sup of potteen," a pair of socks, or a glass of milk for "the beautiful lady." To one who can run the gauntlet of these merry folk without being too much distracted by their attentions to enjoy the scenery, the pass presents features and views of the wonderful grandeur and beauty. Down the river and through the three lakes, after a basket lunch, the traveller may be fortunate enough to have an oarsman versed in all the weird history and tradition of the region, who will point out the footmarks of the giant Coleman, and all the other indubitable proofs of the truth of the legends he narrates. He will shoot the rapids passing under the oldest bridge in Ireland, "built by Adam, while Eve carried the mortar," pause for afternoon tea or the purchase of further bog oak ornaments at Dinis island, then cross the beautiful lower lake, while the boatman tells of the O'Donahoe and his former doings and mysterious annual re-appearances, pointing out his rocky library. At the ruins of Ross castle, from the top of which a view of the lakes is had, coach is again taken for the hotel. Of ruins, however, the most interesting are those of Muckross Abbey, on the estate of Lord Ardilaun, while the views from the gardens of Kenmare House, the seat of the Earl of Kenmare, are, to my mind, the most beautiful. These gardens are well laid out and well kept, and the vistas through and over the forest trees beyond, with their glimpses of lake and mountain solitudes, are among the finest I have anywhere seen.

At noon on Tuesday, a beautiful day, we set out for Malahide by a train from Dublin, often patronized by golfers bound for the two golf courses thereabouts. We were, however, en route for Malahide Castle, and Canadians, especially those of Western Ontario, may be interested to know something of the early home of Colonel Talbot, founder of the Talbot settlement in that province. Alighting at Malahide station, we were captured by a carman and almost inveigled into his jaunting car when a porter, sent to our rescue by a fellow-guest for the castle, informed us that Lord Talbot's coachman and carriage awaited us behind the station on the down track, and, crossing the bridge thereto, we were soon bowling up to our destination, in company with a lady and gentleman, relatives of Lord Talbot. The castle stands on rising ground at some distance from the sea, and a glance at its exterior suffices to show whence the architect of the original Court House at London, Ontario, was inspired. Though the London building is larger and has undergone alterations which have somewhat marred the likeness, the towers and turrets, and even the stucco (but not the ivy) upon the masonry of the castle were plainly duplicated in the Canadian edifice for which Colonel Talbot was commissioned to obtain the plans. The interior of the castle is full of interest. The Oak room, in which we lunched, is pannelled throughout with what appears to be bog oak, but is in reality black lacquered wood, presumably oak—for the room has always been so named. The carvings of biblical scenes are very interesting. The banquetting hall is a large room of fine proportions, whose ceiling is in process of restoration, the many family portraits having been removed from their places temporarily. We were, however, shown portraits of Colonel Talbot's mother and brothers and a bust of his father in other rooms of the castle. The ancient and now roofless chapel close to the castle walls contains the tomb of Maud Talbot, celebrated in song and story, and other monuments. The people of Malahide claim the right of old to eight interments per year within the precincts of this chapel, a right which has been hitherto recognized, I believe, though the place is becoming overcrowded. The park contains noble trees—under one of which the tea table was placed—and the well-kept gardens, many varieties of roses and other good old-fashioned flowers. The ancient historic castle has been the property of the Talbot family for about seven hundred years, without passing to collateral lines, an almost unprecedented distinction among existing houses. The only son of Lord Talbot de Malahide is now past thirty and unmarried, and upon him rests the responsibility of maintaining the growth of the family tree. The kindly hospitality of Lord and Lady Talbot, the beauty of the place, which was full of interest to us, the perfect summer day, all combined to render this afternoon one of the pleasantest of our tour. We drove to the station laden with roses and some choice shrubs from the gardens of the castle, and as our train sped on toward Belfast, every station, almost as far as Drogheda, seemed a veritable bower, so profuse were the rose blooms about each of them.

After a brief look at Belfast and its fine new town hall, we caught a morning train at Portrush, by a hairsbreadth, and were shot into a carriage containing a couple of gentlemen, one of whom turned out to be Dr. Anthony Traill, the provost of Trinity College, Dublin, who had been attending on the grand jury at Belfast assizes, with other magnates of the north, where his country residence is. We soon esteemed ourselves fortunate, for the doctor has met with many adventures in many quarters of the globe, which he has visited as a member of the British Association and otherwise. Many narrow escapes from accident by rail, ship and wagon in Canada and South Africa, and by sea, he narrated with a touch of humor which was quite delightful. When I ventured to say that he was evidently not destined to die by accident, he indicated by a playful sweep of the hand around his neck an alternative mode of death which assuredly will not be his. Thus pleasantly sped the hours as we ran across the north of Ireland, the beauty and apparent prosperity of which is not excelled by any countryside I have seen. The day was beautiful as its predecessor, the sky clear, the sun warm even to summer heat—the first we have tasted since the beginning of May in Belgrade. At Portrush, the provost secured for us front seats in the electric railway to the giant's causeway, and himself relieved the motorman of his duty at the motor for a time—for the doctor is also president or chairman, as he is here termed, of the company, and understands all its workings. The first electric railway in the world, he calls it, and yet it has not altogether discarded steam, trolley and steam trains following or passing one another at the switches. When the road was electrified in the early eighties, a representative of the New York Herald, who came to view it, pronounced it neither a tramway nor a railway, but a hybrid system, embracing both, which, by a happy inspiration, he termed a "trailway," a name which embraces both the others and that of the genial president as well. The road skirts the brink of the cliff, and from its open cars fine views of sea and shore, cliff and beach, bathers in the surf, and golfers on the links, succeed each other in a charming panorama. At the excellent Causeway hotel we lunched, and, the doctor still kindly acting as our cicerone, descended the hill and took a rowboat for the cavern, into whose depths the boatman piloted us, passing an old fisherman with a landing net on a rock at the mouth of the cave. While we looked into the clear depth of water in the cavern from our boat, a shot fired by the old fisherman from a pistol awoke many echoes. We ceased to wonder that he had no fish, and soon understood the use of the landing net which he poked out to us, as we passed, for the customary coin which formed his catch. Across the bay without and around a point came in view the famous causeway, on which, presently, we landed to inspect that marvellous packed surface of rock piles heaved up from beneath, as if for contemptuous comparison with man's feeble efforts with wooden piles and pile-drivers. An inspection of the only perfect octagon (or is it a hexagon?) of the great causeway, a brief rest in the "wishing seat" of the lesser causeway, a look at the stone pipes of the great "organ" and the giant's "loom," and we made our way along the road and up the hill, streaming now with descending sight-seers, and so on to the "trailway" again, where the doctor once more took the helm until Bushmills, his getting-off place, was reached on the return trip. Here we parted from this kind-hearted head of a world-famed seat of learning, who had given freely of his time to pilot a couple of strangers from a strange land, regretting that time and our approaching ship forbade our accepting an invitation to visit his home and family. A compartment to ourselves and a pleasant run back to Belfast, where we took ship on the morrow, brought to a close another delightful excursion.

Next day again fair skies and warm sunshine bathed the shores and hills of the Emerald Isle, and adjacent islets, in brightest tints of beauty as we sailed close around its north headlands and pointed our prow toward far-off Canada, to which the thoughts of a thousand souls about us are now turning.—C. O. ERMATINGER.

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You'll always find to welcome you
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One thrust is not enough for him,
So up and down he chases
And if you give him half a chance
Takes bites in several places.

The samples seem to satisfy,
So straightway in his booking
He puts you down as just the one
For whom he had been looking.
His brothers and his sisters come,
Too numerous to mention,
And while you stay around you find
His family all attention.

He follows you about the place
And everywhere keeps tapping
For extra morsels of your blood,
Regardless of your slapping;
And glimpses of your shiny pate
Will very much enthuse him;
But, do your worst or anything,
Be sure you cannot lose him.

Show Me The Road.

Washington Star.

Show me the road to Lazyville—
It can't be far away—
Where shadows linger cool and still
And idle sunbeams play,
Where rustling leaves are whispering soft,
And skies are mild and blue,
And placid cloud-tanks drift aloft,
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