

Slips of the Irish Tongue.

A writer in the London Spectator has gathered a number of Hibernianisms, which he set down for the entertainment of appreciative readers:

My first story is one of the late Queen's says he. On her return from her last visit to Northern Italy, the Bishop of Winchester and the Dean of Windsor were dining with her, when she remarked to the former: "You remember that before I started for Italy you urged me not to fail to visit the conventual church of Asolo. I bore this in mind, and was greatly impressed with all I saw there. I had one droll experience, too. For as I was being conducted through a very chilly corridor by one of the monks, I said to him: 'Don't you often feel the draughts very trying, wearing the tunic as you do?' I received my answer not in Italian, but in these words: 'No, madame, I can't say that I suffer in that way at all. As you must be aware, we Irish are rather a hot-headed race.'"

Another story of Dublin Castle: "Mr. A. C. Lord Carlisle's wittiest aide-de-camp, was ill and in bed one day, and seemed to have lost his temper with one of the servants. A meeting in aid of the Sick and Indigent Roomkeepers was going on in a neighboring building, and he presently heard the following dialogue: 'Little way down the passage. And who were you bringing the brequost to, Biddy?'

"Only to that sick and indignant roomkeeper, Mr. C. who possessed a very pronounced snub nose, used to tell this story against himself: 'When I was dispensary doctor down in the country—he spoke as a Dublin physician in good practice, was once mounting his horse when an old beggar woman began pestering me for money. I was in a hurry to be off, and perhaps showed my impatience of her importunity in too marked a manner. She suddenly stopped begging and delivered herself very deliberately, before the group of hotel hangers-on, who were standing to see me off: 'Well, the Lord preserve yer eyesight, for the devil a nose ye have to mount the spout upon! The spout is the little of the above retort of course constitutes its strength. It was, in fact, a curse in the disguise of a blessing. VACCINATED, BUT NOT BAPTIZED.

It was a good old priest, who, observing that regular attendance at a Lent mission had done nothing to reform one of his parishioners, told him so, and asked him the reason of it. 'Ah, father,' he replied, 'I can manage the faith right enough, but the morris bates me.'"

On another occasion this priest was called upon to marry a man of whom he knew nothing to a girl of the same persuasion. On investigation he found the would-be bridegroom's knowledge of the Catholic faith very limited. 'Have you ever been baptized,' he asked.

'Well, father, I can't trust me memory to that.' 'Are your parents living?' 'The mother is.' 'Let's have her address.'

This was given, and a telegram dispatched to the old lady on the spot, reply paid. The answer came in due course: 'Vaccinated, but not baptized.'

KNOW WHERE TO HIT. The late Lord Morris was full of legal stories, but the following did not belong to his budget: A case of assault came before a Kerry court. In the course of it, the counsel for the defense who was a witness for the prosecution said: 'And you say the man who assaulted you is blind, or is as good as blind?'

'Yes, sir.' 'Then how came he to get into the scullery?'

'Well, counselor, it was this way: Wherever he heard the blows goin' he slipped in, feelin' for a vacancy, and when he found it he lay like a good wan.'"

'But you said just now that there was a storm of thunder and lightning going on at the time.'

'There was so, yer honor.'

'Then I suppose it got darker and darker?'

'True for you, counselor.'

'And you say this man was nearly blind; surely the darkness would have made him quite so.'

'Not at all. Contrariwise, every time a flash of lightning came, he shrank out and hit me in the eye.'

'It was raining, too, I suppose?'

'It was so, sir.'

'Perhaps, then, as you are so exact, you'll tell me the size of the jury the size of the drops of rain.'

'I will, thin; to the best of me

BRAIN POWER

How It May Be Strengthened and Increased.

The brain is a great nerve battery that presides over all the powers and impulses of the human body. Very frequently the power of poor blood it becomes enfeebled, and a general weakness of the entire system follows.

No remedy possesses the marvelous brain strengthening power that Ferrozone has demonstrated in thousands of cases.

It contains an abundance of phosphorus and iron which are essential in the formation of red vitalizing blood, and in this way supplies the brain with extra power to perform its numerous and important duties.

Ferrozone is the best preparation for brain workers, and those inclined to a sedentary life. It improves the appetite, insures good digestion, regulates the bowels, and helps the stomach to do its work.

Lawyers, ministers, and those whose occupation entails much thinking and brain labor, will find Ferrozone of immense value, because of its power to stimulate mental activity. Students who take Ferrozone regularly, find it not only clears the brain, and makes it more receptive, but makes them strong in body as well as mind.

A medical student of Toronto University, who has proved the good qualities of Ferrozone, says: "On my study table there is always a place for Ferrozone. I find by keeping my digestion in perfect order, and maintaining a splendid appetite, it enables me to accomplish a great deal of hard work. I consider Ferrozone as the best food for the brain, the blood and the nerves, and can highly recommend it."

Very few are so strong and healthy that a course of Ferrozone would not benefit. It is good for the young and old alike, and is prepared in convenient tablet form, price per box, 50 cents; sold by all druggists and N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

recollection they varied in size from a shilling to eighteenpence." This hazy view of the size of drops of rain is somewhat suggestive of a drop too much of another sort. As I am on the drink question, let me wind up my string of Irish stories by saying that while there are several well-known humorous receipts for mixing a good glass of punch, no apology is needed for adding the following to the number: "Mix the materials in equal portions—half whiskey and the other half whiskey and water."

CATTLE-DUFFER CLASS IS FAST DWINDLING

In Past Days He Drove His Gay Trade With a Fine Dash and Recklessness.

The cattle duffer belongs to a new fast-dwindling class. Happily so! In bygone days, when settlement was scanty, the country for the most part wild and untenanted, and with big squatters and the pioneers of the vast interior pastoral regions, he flourished exceedingly, and drove his gay but nefarious trade with a fine dash and recklessness and a contemptuous disregard of the police. His number was then to be reckoned by the hundred.

His methods were as follows: He built himself a hut in the heart of some great forest, situated within a measurable distance of two or more big cattle stations. Near the hut he constructed an enclosure—a paddock surrounded with a dog-leg fence (a dog-leg fence is made by heaping the trunks of sapling trees about forked stakes driven into the ground). These paddocks always embraced a stream of running water, and were often many acres in extent.

Having so provided himself, he descended on horseback at night upon the squating runs, armed with a stock whip and revolver, and what cattle he could find he drove off to his fastness. When his stolen herd had accumulated to sufficiently brave proportions, assisted by his servants and fellow-robers, he proceeded to the paddock, brandy and throwing the cattle one by one, first the old brand was obliterated by applying a red-hot, broad, flat searing-iron to the spot, and then, after allowing a time for the wounds to heal, his own brand was imprinted on the scar. So treated, the proper owners of the animals could never identify them. The cattle duffer thereupon drove his prey to the nearest market, and sold them at auction, often to the very men whom he had robbed.

Sometimes he was caught red-handed by his enemies the squatters, and was convicted and imprisoned; sometimes he was shot and perished miserably in the bush, the story of his crime known only to the men who slew him, who wisely kept the secret to himself, but more often he escaped scot free, made much money, retired from his lawless calling, and developed into a squatter on his own account. Many great colonial fortunes have been so founded.

It is an open secret that the late millionaire, James Tyson, Australia's richest pastoralist, commenced life as a cattle duffer. I knew him once intimately myself, who died recently worth several hundred thousand pounds. He was clerk of petty sessions in a town of the New England Plains, a respectable government servant, but only in the daytime. After dark he was a prince of cattle duffers, employing over twenty rascals, at whose head he led many a wild midnight raid in that rich squating district.

For almost twenty years he carried on this double life, his villainy unsuspected by the many, known only to a few, whose silence he purchased with his tainted gold. He was appointed a justice of the peace, and died in all the odors of sanctity. It may interest Englishmen to learn that he was a Scot, a Highlander, whose ancestors were famous covenanting chiefs, who gave much trouble to Lowland farmers in their day. I have seen in his study a rustic old broadsword which he declared had, in the hand of an ancient grandsire, cut off a lock of Claverhouse's wig. "A braw swiye," the old scoundrel used to say, "but hardly handy. Another inch to left or right, and Drumclog would never have been fought."—Australian Correspondence London Mail.

Close Planting of Orchards.

Persons inspecting young fruit orchards are apt to be struck by the fact that there seems to be a good deal of waste of land, and the question he naturally asks is, why don't they plant the trees closer? There has been some recent discussion on this point, and it is declared that the whole ground would not be cast in the shade when the trees reached full maturity, and at the same time he had been told not to attempt to raise crops between the rows of trees unless he turned them under to enrich the soil. But I think the practical horticulturists are reaching the conclusion that there is too much waste space in an orchard, and that some method can be devised to reclaim this waste.

Close planting naturally frightens many away, and they shake their heads prophetically. Nevertheless there have been some excellent results obtained in close planting which must at least convey some valuable lesson to us. There have been harvested some large crops of apples where the trees were only half the distance apart in the rows which has always been recommended. These rows themselves were the regulation distance away, but between them were raised nursery stock, young trees, vines and plants of all kinds, and the trees were trained where when old enough. The results were all satisfactory, but they were achieved only through a systematic cultivation and manuring of the land. Where trees partly shade young nursery stock from the hot sun they are less liable to be injured from sunscald. The chief question that concerns growers, experimenting with close planting is that of enriching the soil so that it can nourish the double crops. This is made possible only by adding to the soil all that is taken from it by the trees. Market gardeners find that the more they cultivate the soil the more they will produce. It is equally true of our orchards. If we crowd them more little harm can be done if we put on sufficient crop food. More experiments and tests in close planting are desirable to enlighten us on this point.

FILES—ITCHING, BLIND OR BLEEDING.

Symptoms: Moisture; intense itching and stinging, most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and become very sore. Swayne's Ointment stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulcers, cures hemorrhoids, piles, and tumors. At druggists or by mail, for 50 cents. For a free sample address Lyman Sons & Co., Montreal Wholesale Agents.

MEN WHO LIVE OVER DYNAMITE

Nonchalance of Sailors Employed on Powder Boats.

The Life, Oddly Enough, Presents a Very Fascinating Phase to Those Aboard.

Sleeping, eating, cooking, living day and night over enough stick dynamite to blow a good-sized building to flinders may not seem a very attractive mode of life, yet it is enjoyed, apparently, by the crews of the powder boats that are anchored off the Jersey flats, says the New York Commercial Advertiser. Among watermen, in fact, employment on one of the powder boats is regarded as a "soft job." The work is not hard and a man has comparatively easy hours. And as for nerves—well, the powder crews don't have nerves. They are careful.

The powder fleet comprise half a dozen boats of various descriptions, an old revenue cutter, a sloop and several barges. Some of the boats are built of iron, others of wood, and they were seaworthy vessels once on a time. Now they are anchored in shallow water, and at low tide they rest on the mud. When there is a heavy sea on the boats roll and pitch somewhat, but the idea that the dynamite may be shaken up does not trouble the crews.

The dynamite stored in the powder fleet is simply the reserve for use in this city. Much dynamite is exported from New York, but it is taken directly to the steamships. Only freighters with magazines carry cargoes of dynamite and high explosives. It is forbidden by international law for passenger vessels to carry such cargoes. After a vessel has been loaded at her dock with her non-explosive cargo she is anchored off Gravesend Bay, where her load of dynamite is taken from a tug and stored away in her magazine.

Most of the dynamite used hereabouts is made at factories in the Ramapo Mountains, and just enough to supply the immediate demand is stored in the powder fleet. The powder boats are anchored about two miles from shore, and their stores are removed from tugs that run alongside of them. The sticks are packed in sawdust in wooden boxes, and the process of loading a powder boat consists simply in passing the boxes from one man to another from the tug down into the hold of the powder boat.

"Suppose one of the men should drop a box" was asked of a man whose business has always been the handling of high explosives.

"Nothing would happen," he replied. "You could drop a box of the stuff out of a six-story window and it wouldn't go off."

The holds of the powder boats are fitted up with shelves, where the boxes are placed securely, according to grades.

THE CREW OF A POWDER BOAT. Every powder boat has a crew of three men. These men alternately remain a month on board and do a month's shore duty. The cabin of each vessel is fitted with bunks, a table and a 'dynamite stove.' The last-named article is completely surrounded by a steel protector, which makes it impossible for sparks or live coals to get where they could do any damage. Needless to say, the stove is screwed down to the flooring so that it is completely immovable.

When on board the men wear felt shoes or in summer go barefooted. Smoking is rigorously prohibited, but that is not a hardship for the men, who have the sailor's preference for chewing.

No intoxicating liquors are allowed on board, and if the officers of the powder companies learn that one of the crew has got drunk, even ashore and off duty, they have no more use for him, and his talents unsolicited and permanent leave.

There is always one member of the crew of a powder vessel on lookout duty. Except when the boats are being loaded or unloaded that is about all they have to do. They sit for hours watching the big boats that sail down the bay, and never trouble themselves with the tremendous possibilities beneath the deck.

The fleet is regularly inspected every day by "the captain," who on the day by a naphtha launch. When not on duty on the powder boats the men work on the launch or on the tug which makes deliveries. This work enables them to get home to their families at a regular hour every evening, and the fact that it is the attractive feature of the work to the watermen.

A FASCINATING EMPLOYMENT. "The men like the work," said a representative of one of the companies that owns the boats. "We have had some men in our employ for twenty years or more, and are constantly having applications for jobs. There is a certain element of danger in the work, but that makes it attractive to the men, I believe. They are a very cool lot. They never get rattled or frightened, but they are always very careful. They have slept on powder boats many times, and never thought anything of it. You get used to handling the stuff, and treat it like any other kind of goods—potatoes or dry goods. You always remember that it is liable to explode, and take action if you aren't careful. The only time I ever felt shaky on a dynamite boat was once on the Hudson River, when a big thunderstorm broke over us, and one in the Sound, when we were anchored in a fog and a big Sound steamboat nearly grazed us. The big boat had disappeared in the fog in a moment. I don't like to think what might have happened if she had run us down."

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FILES—ITCHING, BLIND OR BLEEDING. Symptoms: Moisture; intense itching and stinging, most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and become very sore. Swayne's Ointment stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulcers, cures hemorrhoids, piles, and tumors. At druggists or by mail, for 50 cents. For a free sample address Lyman Sons & Co., Montreal Wholesale Agents.

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ing—for it is a failing, and a very serious one, too—is an exaggerated form of self-consciousness, which, while entirely different from egotism or conceit, causes self to loom up in such large proportions on the mental retina as to overshadow everything else. The victim of it feels that, wherever he goes, wherever he does, he is the center of observation, and that all eyes, all thoughts are focused upon him.

The supersensitiveness, so destructive to happiness and success, and, incidentally, to health—for whatever destroys harmony destroys health—betrays, in a sense, a lack of self-respect of which no man should voluntarily be guilty. To be a complete man, one must be conscious of his own worth and dignity. He must feel himself superior to envious criticism or ridicule. When someone told Diogenes that he was derided, he replied: "But I am not derided." He pointed only those ridiculous who feel the ridicule and are discomposed by it.

The surest way to conquer morbid sensitiveness is to mingle with people as freely as possible, and, while praising your own ability and intelligence, at least as impartially as you would those of a friend or acquaintance, to forget yourself. Unless you can become unconscious of self, you will either appear either as a braggart or do the best of which you are capable. It requires will power and an unbending determination to conquer this arch enemy to success, but what has been done can be done, and many who were held down by it for years, have, by their own efforts, outgrown it and risen to commanding positions.

FRIENDLY ADVICE

To Weak, Nervous and Easily Tired Women.

Given in the Story of One Who Had Suffered and Has Found Renewed Health and Strength.

[From the Sun, Orangeville, Ont.]

It is a good many years since the good wrought by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills was first recorded in the columns of the Sun, but during that period the sterling merit of the medicine has increased the reputation and every day adds to the number of those who have found health through the use of these famous pills. Many in this town have frequently spoken of the benefit they have derived from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and to these I am glad to add the personal of Miss Victoria Widdis. To a reporter of the Sun, who had heard of her cure, Miss Widdis said: "Several years ago I became very much run down, I felt tired all the time, my blood was watery, and I was in what the physicians called an anemic condition. I was always weary and worn out, not able to do anything, and yet not sick enough to be in bed. My heart bothered me with its constant palpitation, brought about by my extreme weakness. My appetite failed me, and I was gradually growing worse. I had heard and read of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and decided to give them a trial. After using them a short time a decided change was noticeable, and it is no exaggeration to say that I felt like an entirely different person. My appetite returned, and with it good blood and good nerves. I can conscientiously say for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that they did me more good than I can tell. To all weak, nervous, easily tired, run-down women, I say by all means give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial, and you will be delighted with the result."

It is because these pills make rich, red blood that they cure such troubles as anaemia, shortness of breath, nervous palpitation of the heart, rheumatism, erysipelas, St. Vitus' dance, and the functional ailments that make the lives of so many women a source of constant misery. The genuine pills always bear the shield of the name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, on the wrapper on every box. Sold by all dealers, or sent by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Photographing in the Country

June is a month beloved by the photographer, says Country Life in America. The camera is now so universal and the one is almost surprised to meet with those who know nothing of its use, but there are comparatively few who make a study of the art for the pleasure that there is in it. It is the photographer who gets the most enjoyment and has the most real worth to show for his art. To such June offers rare days afield. At no other time is the foliage so full and the scene so beautiful. There are opportunities for wonderful bits of landscape, to say nothing of the charm of photographing animals, birds and flowers, which can be done at this time easier and more successfully than in any month.

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