

The

HOME CIRCLE

THE ANIMALS' FAIR.

Two long ago, they say, in the land of Far-Away. The beasts clubbed together and they held a big bazaar; Not an animal was slighted, every single one invited, And they all appeared delighted as they came from near and far.

way that makes the ordinary observer believe that they can see, and the experience of a correspondent in connection with a convoluted tendril color to this sight theory. He was seated at his back door and put his foot against a pillar round which a convoluted was twined. The tendrils, to his surprise, began to move, and in half an hour were beginning to curl round his foot. He resolved to try an experiment with a pole, and on the following day he set up one about twelve inches from the nearest tendrils and at the back of the pillar, so that it could not be said that the plant was attracted by the light.

THOUGHTS FOR THE WEEK.

First of all keep your eyes wide open during the working hours. That seems a simple thing to do, doesn't it? When your eyes are wide open, you will see many new things in the world, many things that half asleep people never see. So get wide awake and learn all you can from the world about you.

HOW TO IRON A SHIRT WAIST.

Not infrequently a young woman finds it necessary to launder a shirt waist at home for some emergency, when the laundryman or the home servant cannot do it. Hence these directions for ironing the waist. To iron summer shirt waists so that they will look like new, it is needful to have them starched evenly, then made perfectly smooth and rolled tight in a damp cloth to be laid away two or three hours. When ironing have a bowl of water and a clean piece of muslin beside the ironing board. Have your iron hot, but not sufficiently so as to scorch, and absolutely clean.

Complicated Ailments

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PLANTS THAT SEE.

Certain plants stretch themselves out in search of support and food in a way that makes the ordinary observer believe that they can see, and the experience of a correspondent in connection with a convoluted tendril color to this sight theory.

A PROTEST. Where are the names, the pretty names, The names we used to know, The sweetly simple, girlish names, We knew so long ago? There are no Marys any more In this enlightened age. The old name's never used to-day, 'Marie' is all the rage.

The Kitties are all "Kathyrines," In this late age and day; There are no Marys any more, For "Mayme" is the way. The Fannies are all "Fanus" now. The girls we used to know Named Alice have all changed their names Since "Alys" is the go.

The Pearls have gone to join the rest, For "Pyrle" is up to date, The Helens spell it "Helyn" now, For it is very late. The Ediths are all "Edyths" now, And much as we may rue, The girls named Lillie have gone o'er, They spell it "Lyly," too.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

THE MERCURIAL NEWSBOY.

The St. Vincent de Paul Quarterly tells the following story by Father Porta S. J., in the May number: Some three or four years ago, said Father X., I happened one day to be "walking down Canal street," when I heard a clear piping voice shouting "Ev'ning p-y-perrr All 'bout de murder." With the intention of buying the paper, I turned a'round and beckoned to the owner of the high-pitched voice—a hatless, shoeless, one-suspended little midget of a boy. I ran up to me and said in a most apologetic tone:

"Excuse me, Fawder, dere ain't be no murder. I wasn't foolin' fer you, Fawder. I wouldn't fool no priest fer nothin', me." "And why do you shout 'All about the murder,' then?" I asked.

"Oh!" he answered with a smile on his thin lips and a twinkle in his rosy eye: "I'm dead sure, Fawder, dere's been some murder somewheres, and it's somewheres in dis paper. So yer see, Fawder, it ain't 'xactly no 'le wot I holler. It's only ter sell ter dem folks as buy only a paper when yeh holler murder or fire, or shootin'.

"Thank you, my boy. And now, tell me, how do you know I am a Father?"

"Oh, dat's easy 'nuff. Foyrt, I can tell by yer collar, den by yer face, den by yer clothes, and den by 'your walk, and row by yer talk. And den yer see, Fawder, I belongs to der Newsboys' Home, and lots of priestes comes dere. I can tell a bishop, too. He—'Paper, sir?"

"No," answered gruffly an old man to whom the innocent question was put.

"Now dat gay ain't no priest, Fawder, sure. Yer never hears no priest talk like dat to no newsboy; dey's got more manners dan dat, yer bet."

"And what is your name?" "My true name is Tommy. But den dey never calls me dat; dey calls me 'Seven Colors,' on 'count of my hair, see? All de gang has got nicknames. Dere's Boozey, Sheeny, Frenchy, Dut-h, Stale Bread, All Night, Warm Gravy, Big-foot Pete, Whisky, Shake 'Em-Up, and oder names like dat, yer know. Dey ain't wot yer mout call nice names, but den, yer know, dey all means somethin' wot a feller is or does."

At this juncture another junior member of the press appeared, or rather swooped down on the scene: "Paper, cap'n?" he said, addressing me. "All 'bout de fight, Paper, sir?"

"Get away from here, Cat-fish," said Tommy indignantly, his eyes dancing in his head. "Don't yer know better dan tryin' t' bluff a priest? Some of dem fellers, Fawder, ain't wurf sweepin' up; no dey ain't. But den dis feller can't help it; yer see, he don't belong t' de home, he's a reg'lar tramp, he is. Dere ain't no use puttin' him in jail, because he steals there, and he won't work in de workhouse. He don't go to no school; he don't know his letters; he don't know no prayers, he don't know nothin' 'bout his religion, in fact, he don't know the difference b'tween a prayer-beads and a ham-sandwich, he don't."

"Yer know wot you is, Seven," blurted out the new-comer, who had listened with a meditative face to Tommy's denunciations. "I'm a gentleman from way back, if yer wanten know," replied Tommy, throwing back his head and striking his chest. "I'm a perfect gentleman, me, and a Catholic, and I don't care who knows 't."

"Dat feller's a fake, Fawder. He wants t' make out he's a good Catholic, but he ain't. When he makes his first communion last year, he never wears no shoes. Mebbe 'tain't true, eh? Now don't be 'bout it," he added, triumphantly.

"Dat's true, Fawder," replied Tommy in a sorrowful tone of voice. "But den, yer see, I couldn't help it, fer true. Yer see Fawder, I never wears no shoes, and de Sisters dey gives me shoes de mornin' of my first communion. I puts dem on ter go ter Mass, but den I couldn't pray w' dem tings on, so I yanks 'em off, and when de time comes ter go ter communion, I couldn't put 'em on no more. So I goes ter communion widout dem, but den I keeps on my stock-ens. Some crazy fellers says dat I busted my assolution. Den I ced de Sisters, but dey larfed and says 't wasn't even a venial sin, 'twas n't."

TREES THAT WHISTLE

The musical tree found in the West India Islands has a peculiarly shaped leaf, and pods with a split or open edge. The wind passing through these forms the sound which gives the tree its peculiar name. In Barbadoes there is a valley filled with these trees, and when the trade winds blow across the island a constant moaning, deep-toned whistle is heard from it, which in the still hours of the night, has a very weird and unpleasant effect. A species of acacia, growing abundantly in the Soudan, is also called the whistling tree, by the agency of the larvae of insects, distorted in shape and swollen into a globular bladder from one to two inches in diameter. After the insect has emerged from a circular hole in the side of the swelling, the opening, played on by the wind, becomes a musical instrument, equal in sound to a sweet-toned flute.

EARLY IRISH IN CANADA.

A writer in The National Hibernian writes. Retracing our steps to Canadian territory, we find there the footprints of an early Irish immigration. As far back as 1518 Baron de Lory, the French descendant of a Munster family, led a company of colonists to Sable Island, off the coast of Nova Scotia.

The Dalys, Bells, Caseys, Caniffs, McBrides, Gambles, Creelmaus, Archibalds and other Irish families were established in Canada in the last century. In 1784 Dr. O'Donnell, afterwards consecrated bishop of the island, led a company of Irish settlers to Newfoundland. One of the most romantic chapters in Canadian history is the story of the Talbot settlement, founded by Hon. Thomas Talbot of Malahide, the scion of a distinguished Norman-Irish family.

In his youth he was the brother aide-de-camp of Arthur Wellesley, afterwards the victor of Waterloo. Having seen service in Canada, Talbot retired from the army after the peace of Amiens, and obtained a grant of in the wilderness on novel terms. He had devised a social experiment of his own, and his stipulation was that every settler he located on fifty acres of land he should receive a grant of 200 acres up to a limit of 5,000, with the privilege of obtaining an extra 100 acres for every farmer who might desire them.

His rule was arbitrary and in some things eccentric, but generous and just, and the fertile tract settled under his superintendence now comprises twenty-nine flourishing townships. Hundreds of farmers, whose holdings are to-day worth \$25,000 apiece, had little more capital than an axe when they first met the aristocratic pioneer of Malahide. Doubtless some people will be surprised to learn that in Canada to-day the Irish element is numerically stronger than either the English or Scotch.

The first governor of Prince Edward Island was Captain Walter Patterson, a native of Ireland, whose younger brother, Robert, settled in Baltimore and became a wealthy merchant. It was the daughter of the latter who married Jerome Bonaparte in 1803, and who was so shamefully deserted by the parver prince at the command of his despotic brother, the Emperor.

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UNLUCKY THREE TIMES.

He—I've been unfortunate in love three times! She—I'm sorry for you! What were the circumstances? He—The first went into a convent, the second married another, and the third is—my wife!—Heire Welt.

THEY WAKE THE TORPID ENERGIERS.—Machinery not properly supervised and left to run itself, very soon shows faults in its working. It is the same with the digestive organs. Unregulated from time to time they are likely to become torpid and throw the whole system out of gear. Parmalee's Vegetable Pills were made to meet such cases. They restore to the full the flagging faculties, and bring into order all parts of the mechanism.

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