

FROM ERIN'S GREEN ISLE

NEWS BY MAIL FROM IRELAND'S SHORES.

Happenings in the Emerald Isle of Interest to Irishmen.

John Watson, Master of the famous Meath Foxhounds, has tendered his resignation of that office.

Mr. S. J. Hutchison, of Belfast, has been re-elected a Fellow on the Royal Geographical Society.

A little child died recently in Belfast from phosphorus poisoning, caused by sucking lucifer matches.

After 45 years' service under the Trim Guardians, Dr. David Trotter has been granted a pension of \$595 per year.

The number of indictable offences last year in this country was 9,418, compared with 9,455 in 1903 and 9,728 in 1905.

The police recently captured a party of pooten makers round a still in full working order, on a lonely mountain in Inishowen.

It is rumored in Waterford that an American syndicate has undertaken to re-start the Bonmahon Copper Mines in the near future.

Mrs. Reilly, High Street, Newry, ordered to the Union Infirmary, died in a few moments after receiving word that she must go.

A young man named Noone, of Carrick-on-Shannon, became violently insane as the result of injuries received in a boycotting feud.

A well-known figure in engineering circles has passed away at Belfast in the person of Mr. Joseph Lewis, of Sandycroft, Bloomfield.

Sligo Corporation is again in a bad way, owing \$21,575 to its County Council. The Sligo County Council are now suing for its recovery.

Human remains were recently discovered on the Antrim road in Belfast—a reminder of the cholera scourge many years ago.

A plot of grazing land, containing about 14 acres, has just been sold by public auction for a sum of \$5,200 in the vicinity of Macroom, County Cork.

Miss Daisy McPhillips, of Brownstown, County Kilkenny, still in her teens, has recently passed with distinction the First Division Senior Oxford examination.

The Limerick bus service, started over a year ago, ceased running on Aug. 29. Notice has been published in the local newspapers that the company has gone into liquidation.

The tenants on the Coolree estate, C. Wexford, who were reinstated to their former holdings a few months ago, are making good progress with the work of building their houses.

After serving seven years in the Irish Guards, a County Wexford man, destitute and incapacitated, and with a wife and two children to support, is getting sixpence a day as a pension.

The Belfast steamer Star of Japan, which went ashore near Dakar, on the African coast, last April, has at length broken up. Built by Workman & Clark, her total loss is estimated at \$500,000,

most of the cargo having been saved.

Dr. Minnett, the resident medical officer of the Nenagh Union, reported at a recent meeting that there was an aged inmate in the female hospital who had been bedridden for 35 years and never got a dose of medicine during all that period, nor had she ever got out of bed.

The Nationalists are still faunting out one with another. Two land meetings were held recently, one at Kildanery, in County Cork, and the other near Newcastle West, in County Limerick, and at both rival factions of the League came to blows, and had to be separated by the police.

LONGEST POSTAL DELIVERY.

How One Man Carries His Majesty's Mail 2,000 Miles.

The longest, loneliest, and most hazardous postal delivery in the world lies within the bounds of the British Empire, in the far north of Canada.

During the winter months—that is, to say, between October and May—the postal authorities will not take bulky packets, even if paid for at letter rate, to places in the Yukon district beyond the railway which terminates at White Horse; but postcards, letters, and single copies—no one packet to weigh over an ounce—of newspapers are regularly carried over all the frost-bound expanse that extends from the town of Edmonton, on the Saskatchewan River, to Fort M'Pherson, on the Mackenzie.

The man in charge of the mail has to travel 1,954 dreary miles in each direction. He is a picked man, named Cornwall, who has had a long experience as a fur-trader and intrepid adventurer in sub-Arctic regions.

The first 100 miles is covered by horses, the rest of the long way by dog-train. From Edmonton to Athabasca Landing, on the Athabasca River, consists simply of 100 miles of wagon-road, which Cornwall covers in three or four days if the roads are good.

At Athabasca Landing, with provisions, dog food, and the precious sacks of mail, the one man and the little team of "huskies" begin the long journey north. The first stop is at Fort M'Pherson, which is somewhat more than half-way down between Athabasca Landing and Fort Chipewyan, on Lake Athabasca.

The rapids at Fort M'Pherson are no hindrance to the mid-winter mail-carrier, for his route is over a landscape of unbroken white.

Giving the people within the trading-post of Chipewyan their share of His Majesty's mail, and leaving Lake Athabasca behind, the postman pushes on due north, following the Slave River to Fort Smith, where in summer almost sixteen miles of boiling waterfalls make navigation a burden.

But all is silent here now, the one sound in the still air being the call of the driver hurrying his dogs ever northward, for Fort Resolution must be gained, the Great Slave Lake crossed, and those eagerly-looked-for letters delivered to the successive clusters of shut-in people waiting for them within fort walls all down the course of the mighty

Catching the Robber

MR. BROWN looked into the great box, sunk deep in the ground, which stood near his house. The longer he gazed the more wrathful he became. Here, you see, he had stored the apples plucked from the choicest trees in his orchard; and now some thief had made great inroads into the supply. As he muttered what he would do if



GREAT WAS HIS WRATH

he caught the rascal, Mr. Brown heard a smothered laugh. Turning his head he observed a boy peering through the hedge and grinning mischievously.

"There is my robber!" cried Mr. Brown, starting to run after the boy. But the boy ran much faster than did the stout man. After stumbling over an obstacle, and falling heavily to the



FELL HEAVILY

ground, Mr. Brown gave up the chase. But he did not give up his plan of punishing the boy. He was even more angry than before.

When he had thought deeply for some time, he decided what to do. Just beneath the lid of the box he concealed a powerful spring. As he retired to bed that night it was with a chuckle, for he felt sure of catching his prey the next day. And it happened exactly as he expected it would.

Early next morning Mr. Brown arose. Mackenzie.

Between Edmonton and the Arctic there are only eleven post-offices, but the mail-carrier has to take as many as necessary to accommodate those settlers who may have letters posted to them. This means practically a rural free delivery along the entire Mackenzie Basin, a boon which is greatly appreciated by the lonely settlers.

Along his trying journey Cornwall faces for days at a time the blizzards and ice-winds from the cold north. For the greater part of the distance he has to depend for subsistence on game of his own shooting. The dogs feed on tallow and fish, the weight of which is carefully calculated at the initial point of departure.



PLANS REVENGE

Bowing the shutters of his window, he peered through a crack down to where his precious apples were stored. He had not long to wait before the boy appeared. After looking closely about him, to see that no one was near, the naughty fellow stole toward the apples.

Then, as he released the staple which fastened the lid of the box, a strange thing happened. The lid flew backward



THE BOY SHOT UPWARD

and he was shot upward through the air, right into the hands of the angry gentleman who was waiting to receive him.

The spring had done its work faithfully, and you may also be sure that Mr. Brown did what he believed to be his duty. He lay the boy firmly across his knee and—well, you can guess what happened without a great deal of trouble, can't you?

The swan is the longest-lived bird. The love of money is the easiest of all roots to cultivate.

A Watch as a Compass

VERY few of you, perhaps, have observed the fourth hour on the dial of a clock is marked "III" instead of "IV." This was due to a mistake of Charles V of France, under whose direction the first watch was made.

A watch may also be used readily as a compass. Point the hour hand to the sun, and the south is exactly halfway between the hour and the figure XII on the watch. For instance, supposing that it is 1 o'clock, point the hand indicating four to the sun, and II on the watch is exactly south.

Her Husband—"If a man steals, no matter what it is, he will live to regret it." His Wife—"During our courtship you used to steal kisses from me." Her Husband—"Well, you heard what I said."

GREAT LETTER WRITER

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

Astonishing How He Finds so Much Time to Write His Many Private Letters.

William II. probably writes more letters than any other living monarch. From the early morning, when he goes over his mail and the State despatches, making copious marginal notes in pencil, until he retires for the night he is constantly jotting down his thoughts, writing or dictating letters, or annotating new books. He frequently is seen at receptions or military reviews making a note on his shirt cuff. He abhors fountain pens and swears by the old-fashioned quill of our grandfathers.

The Kaiser's handwriting is large, bold and flourishing, and, in accordance with his habit of dashing down his thoughts as they come into his head, often extremely illegible. A well-known Berlin artist, with whom the Emperor was for years in active correspondence, gives

AN INTERESTING ACCOUNT.

Of him as a correspondent. He says:—

"It is really astonishing how the Emperor, despite the amount of work he has to get through, finds so much time to carry on his extensive private correspondence. It is very rare that he ever breaks off a letter; he has once begun, nor is he content, like the Emperor Francis Joseph, for instance, to have his letters written by his instructions, but writes personally every line that has not an official character."

"I have seen letters of the Emperor on topics of history or art, twelve to eighteen pages long. It is well known that the monarch, to save time, always makes his notes in shortened form, leaving out the vowels thus: 'figdr Adlr' for 'die-gender Adler,' etc. In letters, however, he always tries to abandon this practice, chiefly because he wishes to be quite clear, but sometimes in his haste he abbreviates all the same. The Emperor even addresses his letters himself nearly always, and absolutely in full; the addressee never wants a title."

"One might say that, apart from family correspondence and short notes to the generals of his suite, the majority of the Kaiser's letters are addressed to professors and architects, artists, sculptors, or musicians. This is not surprising in view of all the predominant interest His Majesty takes in."

ALL AESTHETIC QUESTIONS.

In these letters the Kaiser is wont to express in short, pregnant words his views on some topic of present-day interest. As often as not his views, especially in architectural questions, are illustrated with marginal sketches of a highly technical character, revealing at every point the writer's intimate knowledge of the subject.

"Apart from letters, the Emperor frequently sends some artist friend of his a book which he has marked with marginal notes, and this is especially the case with works on naval topics. His versatility is simply marvellous. I have seen sketches done by the Emperor, the sheet simply covered in all directions with ships' parts, designs for the mechanism of automobiles, and plans for the interiors and exteriors (facades, etc.) of buildings."

"If ever the Emperor's letters are collected and published they will give a far better picture of him than any personal characterization could do, for his thirst for knowledge revealed therein is only equalled by the number of fruitful suggestions he himself makes."

MANY A MONUMENTAL WORK

in Germany owes its construction to him in reality, although honor and fame were accorded to the artist who carried out the idea."

When the Kaiser is travelling he uses the telegraph a great deal, often sending the Empress long accounts of his adventures in that way. Such private letters naturally never go through the post, but are given to the Foreign Office courier in Germany (a lieutenant of the Chasseurs of the Guard), to be conveyed to the capital with the diplomatic correspondence.

The Emperor is very fond of picture postcards, and when he was staying at Highcliffe last year there were numerous recipients of such marks of Imperial consideration among Berlin society. In his study Prince Bulow has a number of picture postcards which his Imperial master sent him from Italy upon which the Emperor has scribbled in pencil such characteristic remarks as: "Glorious view"; "Splendid weather," etc. The Kaiser's notepaper, which is white, is surmounted by a neat gold crown with the Imperial arms, and is strikingly large in shape, of a stout texture.

DO THE HARD WORK FIRST.

If you have hard or unpleasant work to do, do it at once. By putting it off, you do it twice. Anticipation is often worse than the actual thing. When the job is finished, contemplation becomes a pleasure. The undone task, weighing on your mind, oppresses you mentally, and holds you back. The well-finished one raises you up and helps you forward. Moreover, you will find that the important jobs are usually the important ones. Perhaps it is just because they are hard and sometimes left undone that their importance is realized. If success does not reward you as you think you merit, don't sit down and rail against fate. Just look round and see if you have been neglecting the unpleasant tasks. There, in most instances, you will find your point of weakness. You may not attach much importance at the moment to those things from which you shrink, but you never know how neglect will affect the current of your after-life.

Chile, the most progressive of Spanish-speaking countries, has more than 3,000 miles of railroads, and 11,000 miles of telegraphs.

JINGLING JOHNSON--HE HAS A BRIEF CAREER IN VAUDEVILLE

OH LITTLE TIM, OH LITTLE TIM! HE GOT SOME PARIS GREEN IN HIM. HE GOT TOO MUCH, AND NOW 'T IS SAID, POOR LITTLE TIM IS AWFUL DEAD! KACK!

I WANT TO INTRODUCE MR. JOHNSON, THE POET, I'M HIS MANAGER.

HAMMER, HAMMER BILLY HAMMER HAD A WIFE AND HE DID SLAM HER. SLAMMED HER THROUGH A WINDOW PANE, AND THEN HE SLAMMED HER BACK AGAIN. SQUOW!

THERE WAS A MAN NAMED DUBBALONG, WHO ALWAYS KICKED THE CAT, HE STABBED HIS WIFE WITH A FRIED FORK CHOP AND THAT'S THE END OF THAT. JOWB!

LET 'ER GO! RAH FOR JOHNSON!

HA HA HA! GREAT!

FINE!

THEY'RE ALL RIGHT! LET 'EM GO!

NO HOOK! NO HOOK!

LET 'EM ALONE! STOP!

HELP!

I'M HUNGRY!

THEY'RE BOTH CRAZY! HO HO HO!

FUNNY!

HA HA! HO HO HO!

CINDERELLA HAD A PIMPLE ON HER LITTLE NOSE. SHE WAS BURIED IN A SNOWDRIFT, THEN THE PIMPLE FROZE! ALAS!

I WISH I KNEW WHERE I COULD BORROW 'EM TO GET A FRIED EGG SANDWICH!

HO, FATHEADS, BALDHEADS, NINCOMPPOOS I CARE NOT FOR YOUR WHEEZY WHOOPS! OH DOWN WITH ENVY, DOWN WITH PUFF, AND YOU CAN ALL GO THERE YOURSELF!

THE WIND WOUND WILD AND WISTFULLY, AND WINKLED THROUGH THE WOUSE. IT WHANGED A PEGGED FRIED APPLE PIE RIGHT THROUGH A BRICK SCHOOL HOUSE!

LOOK AT HIS NOSE! HA HA HO HO HO!

GREAT! GREAT!

ENCORE! ENCORE!

DON'T GET MAD, I'LL TAKE 5 CENTS.

DOWN WITH 'EM!

THIS IS AN INSULT!

THROW 'EM OUT!

I'M SO HUNGRY I COULD EAT TRIPE.

HANG 'EM!