

From Erin's Green Isle

NEWS BY MAIL FROM IRELAND'S GREEN SHORES.

Happenings in the Emerald Isle of Interest to All True Irish-Canadians.

The Athlone Guardians have refused a war bonus to the relieving and sanitary sub-officers.

Hundreds of navies are being imported from Ireland for work at the Alexandra Docks, Newport.

A destructive fire occurred in Derry when the entire stock of Alex. Byrne, draper, was practically destroyed.

Lettin County Council has refused the application of their assistant county surveyor for an increase in salary.

Two dollars forty cents has been freely given in Roscommon for loads of turf that were formerly considered dear at \$1.20.

Mr. Patrick T. Daly, T.C., who has been interned since the arrest after the rebellion was put down, has been released on parole.

A Workers' Protective Association has been established in Carlow, the object of which is to combat the increasing prices of living.

There are now sixteen gravel diggers at work in Glasnevin Cemetery, but the number of workers is still so short that burials are restricted.

Lord Dunraven says Ireland has not done her duty in the matter of enlistment, and if she does not do her duty, she will stand disgraced.

At the last meeting of the Carlow Board of Guardians, the master stated that there was only one able-bodied man in the workhouse, and he was an imbecile.

The Granard Guardians have decided to discontinue eggs as an article of diet for the workhouse officers, except on fast days, when two will be allowed to each officer.

The members of the V.A.D. Kilkeel, have through their president, the Countess of Kilmorke, remitted \$1250 to the Ulster Volunteer Force Hospital Fund in Belfast.

The programme of the Ministry of Munitions for producing munitions in Ireland is very elaborate and will necessitate the use of every building available throughout the country.

One of the stone arches of the Islandbridge bridge, between Abbeybeals and Kilmorke, collapsed as a result of the floods. It was erected a few years ago at a cost of about \$20,000.

A branch of the French Wounded Emergency Fund has been established for Dublin and the south of Ireland, under the patronage of the Countess Farnham and several other ladies.

The Committee of the Belfast Co-operative Society adopted a resolution protesting against the non-inclusion of Ireland in the Government scheme for controlling food supplies.

In view of the Defence of the Realm regulations, the Chief Secretary for Ireland has ordered that railway excursion traffic, not necessary for the business interests, shall be discontinued during the war.

Considerable dissatisfaction is felt in Belfast and the north of Ireland in regard to the sugar supply. Although the price has been fixed by the Sugar Commission, in many districts this is ignored.

BEAUTIES OF THE BIBLE

Speaks Language of All Ages and All Climes.

This grand old Book of God still stands, and will continue to stand, though science and philosophy are ever changing their countenances and passing away, says Tayler Lewis. It is one of the few things in our world that never becomes obsolete. It speaks the language of all ages and is adapted to all climes. Ever clear and ever young it has the same power for the later as for the early mind; it is as much the religious vernacular of the Occidental as of the Oriental races. Instead, then, of being its defect, it is its great, its divine wisdom, that it commits itself to no scientific system or scientific language, whilst yet it brings before the mind those primal facts which no science can ever reach, and for this purpose uses those first vivid conceptions which no changes in science and no obsolescence in language can ever wholly impair.

GOOD THINGS FOR SERVANTS.

British Have to Cater to Their Domesticities Now.

The difficulties of obtaining domestic servants are increasing, says a London paper. All kinds of inducements are being offered to girls to go into "service," and it is now becoming quite common for maids to be informed that cotton dresses and caps are not insisted upon and that in place of the stereotyped black frock, colored frocks will be provided for them. Many society women in addition to having reduced their maids' aprons to almost microscopic proportions, have furnished the girls with such smartly cut dresses that visitors not having an extended acquaintance with their hostesses are curiously embarrassed. They fear that when handing their umbrellas to these attractively dressed girls on making their calls they may be mistaking a member of the family for the maid.

Putting Punch in Preparedness is not a question of guns and shells alone—it is a question of men—and you have to build men out of food. Be prepared for the critical moments in life by eating Shredded Wheat, a food that supplies the greatest amount of muscle-building material with the least tax on the digestive organs. For breakfast with milk or cream or fruits.



Made in Canada.

NEW EXPLOSIVE DRIVE GERMAN OUT

MADE BY FRENCH CHEMIST FOR FORTS AT VERDUN.

Paul Painleve Extraordinary Figure in French Public Life To-day.

Paul Painleve, a French chemist, is the real cause of the Germans being driven out of the outer forts of Verdun. He it was who invented the mysterious explosive against which their field fortifications went down and before whose onslaught the Germans had to retire in a week more than they advanced in eight months of the hardest fighting the world has ever seen. As a chemist, Painleve lectures before eager classes of the Sorbonne. According to The London Chronicle, his prodigious intellectual powers were manifest before he reached his teens.

A Prodigy Arrives. His teacher in the lay school at Paris decided that a prodigy had arrived. Paul was soon idling while the rest of his class had to work, yet knew his lessons perfectly. The teacher went to the director, who declared that the boy could be examined for promotion into the next higher class. In due time the same kind of report of Paul was again handed in. He was examined for promotion again and again he went up to a higher class. The process was continued until Paul was in peril of promotion out of the school altogether. At last the director was convinced that he had a marvel of a mind to deal with. Paul was discovered. No pains were spared with him. A special prize was even procured from some source. It is affirmed that in his eleventh year he could have taken a bachelor's degree at the university.

Leader of Men.

M. Briand, Premier of France, is quoted as having declared that Painleve is a born leader of men with an unparalleled capacity for administration. Clemenceau pronounced him an inspired debater. The effectiveness of Painleve in the laboratory is based upon qualities totally different from those which win him success in politics. He has a passion for order, symmetry, harmony, method in his researches. "You are an old maid!" the late Henri Poincare is alleged to have told him. "Minerva was an old maid," he replied with his characteristic smile. "She came down full grown from the head of Jove and was never young." Poincare, himself the supreme mathematician of his time, despaired of the universal Painleve, who took all science for his province.

His Political Triumph.

Side by side with the glory that has come to him as a member of the academy of sciences, marches the

glory of his political triumph. He would hold a class spellbound at the Sorbonne with the delicacy of his researches into the theory of light, heat and sound, and repair at night to a packed hall for the sake of haranguing disoriented proletarians. "Do not think," asked Poincare after a riot in which his friend got a blow on the nose, "that you might abandon your absurd politics?" "That is all very fine for you," retorted Painleve, "for you can go shooting in the forest of Rambouillet whenever you please; but I am poor and my only recreation is politics."

Knows Sorrows of Poor.

Painleve knows what the sorrows of the poor must mean to him. His own mother has often told him of her hard lot as a girl. He has seen his father go all winter with a threadbare coat and with shoes that did not keep his feet from touching the ground. His parents were of the working class and little Paul had to go about in his father's patched trousers until the school age was reached. He was brought up until his tenth year in one of the meanest neighborhoods in Paris. His parents were so poor that they could not afford wine. Paul was given water sweetened with sugar and bread with no butter. Once a week there was meat. He slept in a large packing-case. Such were the ordinary worldly circumstances of the most extraordinary figure in French public life to-day.

A CAUSE OF INDIGESTION

People Who Complain of This Trouble Usually Are Thin Blooded.

Thin blooded people usually have stomach trouble. They seldom recognize the fact that thin blood is the cause of the trouble, but it is. In fact, thin, impure blood is the most common cause of stomach trouble. It affects the digestion very quickly. The glands that furnish the digestive fluid are diminished in their activity; the stomach muscles are weakened, and there is a loss of nerve force. In this state of health nothing will more quickly restore the appetite, the digestion and normal nutrition than good, rich, red blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills act directly on the blood, making it rich and red, and this enriched blood strengthens weak nerves, stimulates tired muscles and awakens the normal activity of the glands that supply the digestive fluids. The first sign of improving health is an improved appetite, and soon the effect of these blood-making pills is evident throughout the system. You find that what you eat does not distress you, and that you are strong and vigorous instead of irritable and listless. This is proved by the case of Mrs. J. Harris, Gerard St., Toronto. "About three years ago I was seized with a severe attack of indigestion and vomiting. My food seemed to turn sour as soon as I ate it, and I would turn so deathly sick that sometimes I would fall on the floor after vomiting. I tried a lot of home remedies, but they did not help me. Then I went to a doctor who gave me some powders, but they seemed actually to make me worse instead of better. This went on for nearly two months and by that time my stomach was in such a weak state that I could not keep down a drink of water, and I was wasted to a skeleton and felt that life was not worth living. I was not married at this time and one Sunday evening on the way to church with my intended husband I was taken with a bad spell on the street. He took me to a drug store where the clerk fixed up something to take, and my intended got me a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. By the end of the first week I could feel some improvement from the use of the pills, and I gladly continued taking them until every symptom of the trouble was gone, and I was again enjoying the best of health. These pills are now my standby and I tell all my friends what they did for me."

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from any dealer in medicine or by mail at 50 cents a box, six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

COFFINS HIGH IN AUSTRIA.

Vienna Undertakers Increase All Their Funeral Charges.

In reporting that the Association of Vienna Undertakers has decided to raise its prices, the Vienna Arbeiter-Zeitung expressed its indignation at the high cost of dying, and says that while it is hard enough to live during war times, it is almost as hard to die. Metal coffins are to be doubled in price, those of wood are to be 80 per cent. higher, the interior furnishings of coffins are to be raised 130 per cent. Hearses and mourning carriages are raised 50 per cent. Complaints have been made to the City Council by bereaved persons, but the city fathers, having gone into the matter, find the new prices just.

According to the report, as reprinted in the London press, the municipal burying authorities have added \$5 to the price of all the funerals conducted by them for destitute persons. These persons are buried in the "fifth class," or that in which a minimum of funeral pomp is displayed. There is a "sixth class," for which the price has not been raised.

There are 39,000 miles of railway in Germany.

YOUNG FOLKS

How The Quail Won a Name.

This isn't the story of the Bob White you know. It is a story of that long ago time way back in the beginning of things when the world was young, and yet I guess it is just as much our own Bob White's story as it is in his great-great-great-great-grandfather's. You see it is because of it, of what happened in that long ago time, that Bob White is Bob White.

"In those days Old Mother Nature was just starting things. So she started a great many of the little people off in life, and told them to make the best of things as they found them in the Great World, and do as well as they could while she was attending to other matters.

"Now one of these little people was a plump little person in a coat of reddish-brown feathers. He was Mr. Quail, the great-great-great-great-grandfather of all the Quails. To Mr. Quail, as to all the others, Old Mother Nature said: 'The Great World is new. There is a place in it for you, but you must find that place for yourself. There is work for you to do, but you must find out for yourself what it is. When you have real need of anything, come to me, but don't bother me until you do have. No one who proves to be helpless or useless will live long. Now run along and prove whether or not you have the right to live.'

"There are two things for me to find out," said Mr. Quail to himself, "what I can't do and what I can do. The sooner I find out what I can't do, the more time I'll have to find out what I can do. I've got wings, and that means that Old Mother Nature intends me to fly. I'm glad of that. It must be fine to sail around up in the air and see all that is going on down below." High overhead Old Mistah Buzzard was sailing round and round in the sky, with hardly a motion of his broad wings. Little Mr. Quail watched him a long time, and a great longing to do the same thing filled him. At last he sprang into the air, and right then he made a discovery.

He must beat his wings with all his might in order to stay in the air. When he stopped beating them, he held them spread out as Old Mistah Buzzard did, he found that he simply sailed a little way straight ahead and then began to come down. He must keep those wings moving very fast or else come down to the ground. Then he made another discovery: in a very little while his wings were so tired that he just had to stop flying.

"Little Mr. Quail squatted in the grass and panted for breath. He was disappointed terribly disappointed. 'It's plain to me that Old Mother Nature doesn't intend I shall spend my time sailing about in the air,' said he. 'He scratched his pretty little head thoughtfully. 'I can fly pretty fast for a short distance,' he continued, talking to himself, 'but that is all. That must mean that I have been given wings for use only in time of need. There are some birds flitting about in a tree. They seem to be having a good time. This I'll join them. If I can't sail about in the air, the next best thing will be flitting about in the trees.'

"So after he had rested a bit, little Mr. Quail flew to the tree where the other birds were flitting about, and there he made another disappointing discovery. Try as he would he couldn't flit about as they did. Moreover, he didn't feel comfortable perched in a tree for any length of time. It made his toes ache to bend them around the branch on which he was sitting. He watched the other birds and his bright eyes soon discovered that their feet were different from his feet. Their toes were made to clutch twigs and hold them there comfortably, and his were not. 'Old Mother Nature doesn't intend I shall spend my time in trees,' said he sorrowfully, and flew down to the ground once more.

"Right away his feet felt better. All the ache left them. It was good to be on the ground. Pretty soon he began to run about. It was good to run about. He felt as if he could run all day without getting tired. Hunting for food, he discovered that if his toes were not made for perching in trees they certainly were made for scratching over leaves and loose earth where stray seeds were hiding. Then he made still another discovery. His coat was just the right color to make it hard work for others to see him when he squatted down close to the ground. If an enemy did discover

him, his stout little wings took him out of danger like a bullet.

"Little by little it came over him that he had found his place in the Great World, which was, on the ground most of the time. But he remembered what Old Mother Nature had said about work to do, and this worried him a little. One day he watched Mr. Toad catching bugs. Old Mr. Toad was grumbling. 'I can't keep up with these pesky bugs,' said he. 'When I get my stomach full I have to wait for it to get empty again before I can catch any more. But they don't wait. They keep right on eating all the time, and there won't be any green things left if I don't have help.'

"Little Mr. Quail grew thoughtful. Then he started in to catch bugs, too, so as to give the green things a chance to grow. He had found work to do, and he did it with all his might. He forgot he ever had wanted to sail around in the air or flit about in the trees. He had found his place in the Great World, and he had found work to do, and he had found in these the secret of the truest happiness. He was so happy that he had to tell his neighbors about it. So every morning, just before starting work, he would fly up on a stump and whistle with all his might, and what he tried to say was: 'All—right! All—right! All—right!' But what his neighbors thought he said was: 'Bob—Bob White! Bob—Bob White!'

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FARMS FOR VETERANS.

What the C. P. R. is Doing For Returned Soldiers.

The decision of Lord Shaughnessy to provide, through the department of Natural Resources of the C. P. R., farm homes for many of the returned soldiers, is a further proof of his desire that those who take part in the war will have recognition of their services. This subject received much attention during the past year. The extent and magnitude of the work of preparing 1,000 farms will be realized when it is noted that it involves: Building 1,000 houses, building 1,000 barns, constructing 1,300 miles of fence, digging 1,000 wells, breaking and cultivating 50,000 acres; the buildings will require about 20,000,000 feet of lumber to erect. The preparation of the farms will entail an expenditure of about \$3,500,000. One thousand farms will of course provide for an extremely small proportion of returned soldiers who will want to obtain farm homes, and the Dominion Government must adopt some general policy of providing these homes. However the Canadian Pacific Railway has led the way in trying to solve the pressing and troublesome question and no doubt the Dominion Government will announce its general scheme. An examining committee will select the prospective farmers. There will be inspectors and advisors to help the soldiers from the time they get on the land. Under the improved farm scheme 160 acres may be allowed to a settler and under the assisted colonization scheme as much as 320 acres may be allowed. The terms of payment for the land are very easy.

GERMANY'S FAILURE.

She Held a Mistaken Idea of Union of the British Empire.

The Germans thought the British were a decadent race, which was wholly the prey of materialism, and which would never submit to the sacrifices necessary in order to resist the onslaught of the German mailed fist. The reply was that, in an incredibly short space of time, the whole nation abandoned those time-honored traditions, which had been cherished for centuries, and sprang to arms. The Germans relied on the occurrence of civil war in Ireland. The result was that the Ulstermen gave his hand to his Southern opponent. They anticipated that the overseas dominions would shake off their loose connection with the Mother Country. The reply was that Canadians, Australians and New Zealanders shed their blood like water in order to preserve that connection which German politicians erroneously held to be irksome. They thought that South Africa was yearning for revenge and for complete independence. To their amazement they found that the policy of "daring conciliation," as it has been rightly termed, adopted by the British democracy after the Boer War, led to the expulsion of Germany from her South African possessions. They planned their faith on Indian discontent and disloyalty, and again they found the light fetters, forged by a benign democratic imperialism, constituted a far stronger bond of union than the heavy yoke imposed by absolutism.

The Sikh and the Gurkhas stood side by side with their British-born comrades in a supreme effort to dispel the absolutist nightmare. They thought that Egypt and the Soudan must assuredly turn against those whom they erroneously designated as their oppressors. But even the religious tie between the Egyptians and Germany's bewildered friend, the retrograde Turk, of whose methods of government the inhabitants of the Nile valley have had some bitter experiences, failed to produce any effect, whilst the perfect tranquility of the Soudan, garrisoned by a "handful of British troops, rendered the most emphatic testimony as yet recorded in history to the soundness of the foundations on which the British Empire rests.—The Earl of Cromer in the January Yale Review.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

SACRIFICE THEIR PETS.

London Patriots Give Up Their Cats and Dogs.

In these days when nearly everybody is giving up something to the cause of the war, pet animals have played a prominent part as a form of war charity, says a London newspaper. People have given their dogs and cats to charitable institutions to be auctioned off to raise money for wounded soldiers. So many unsalable pets have been offered as to make them a burden to the animal protection societies. At a recent sale, many of the cats and dogs were so old, decrepit and dirty that no bids could be obtained for them, and they were handed over to the societies to be put to death by gas.

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ENGLISH POTATO CROP.

180,000 Tons Below Average is the Latest Report.

A preliminary statement issued by the Board of Agriculture shows that the estimated production of potatoes in England and Wales in the year 1916 is 2,503,836 tons, which, with a somewhat reduced average, is about 850,000 tons below the average. The average yield is estimated at 5.85 tons per acre, or just one-third of a ton below the yield of 1915 and the ten years' average.

Minard's Liniment Cures Disgaster.

AN ARTIST'S ADVENTURES.

Newspaper Man Who Painted Tanks Had Lot of Bad Luck.

Mr. Alfred Pearce, who has painted a tank in action for the King, has had an extraordinary number of mishaps and adventures during his long career as a newspaper artist in England. It is said that he had been nearly drowned three times, suffered concussion of the brain five times, thrown from vehicles four times, shot once, fallen down Beachy Head once, between a train and platform once, injured by a runaway horse, nearly hanged by a madman, and blinded for two days. Evidently Mr. Pearce has the most valuable of assets—a charmed life.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Human nature is an interesting study, but it's a mistake to think the finest examples are found in a barroom.



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He Was Wrong Right. "I really believe, Will Atwood, that you married me because I have money," she announced, with a fine display of feeling. "No, you're wrong," returned her husband, candidly. "I married you because I thought you'd let me have some of it."

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Must Have Been in the Dark Age.

"How many years ago did he live?" "Who?"

"The man who said that two could live as cheaply as one."

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

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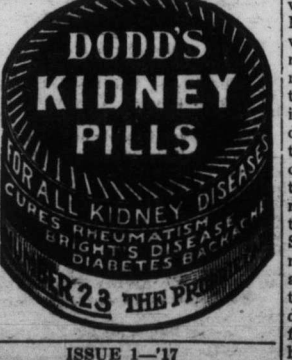
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