A "Tachie's" Retrospection

(By ALICE W. BROWER, in "Among Deep-Sea Fishers.").

"Twas Sir James M. Barrie who said, "We have been given Memory that we might have roses in December."

The memory of my summer spent with those simple, kindly fisher folk on Sops Island Lower has made this winter very rich in joys for me. Each tiny letter that comes from them opens new channels of memories.

Again, I am in the one-room schoolhouse on the hill. The little lads are standing at my knee, reciting in breathless eagerness; "Two times two is four; two times t'ree is six." Their keen little faces are just sparkling with animation as they feel the joy and the satisfaction of accomplishment. But—this little group is broken by the eager exclamation of another lot, "See, Tachie, ain't it poody?" He displays, therewith, his lesson in crayon. No doubt, it is a picture of a boy with green hair and eyes; and cheeks with a touch of dark blue or purple. His masterpiece, nevertheless!

Or now—it is recess-time. Everything is excitement, for "tachie" is about to "skeetch 'em aff." Of course, there are special ones to be grouped to-day. Some have found that their hair will really part. At first, they were dubious about it. Others have found that it isn't necessary to have a "light and shade" effect on the face and the neck. So—they, too must be "skeetched aff." How the hilltop rings with their merriment this morning!

In the schoolhouse, though, a little later, all is silent. After the romp and fun of recess they must rest. As they huddle together on the floor around the old stove, and finally doze off, there is always that one roguish vixen that stealthily peeks up over the rest and whispers—"Goo' night, Tachie." Then, he too, snuggles down, as "tachie" finishes the familiar tune —"Wee bairnies, cuddle doon."

Now it's evening in the schoolhouse. The older ones are enjoying the chance to cipher and to read; to look at pictures, and to color some; to cut others to pin up in their homes. How their tired young faces brighten at the sound of music. The modern victrola proves to be one of the main fatures in the recreational work of the summer. As they learn "to wine her" and know just where "to put her" for fast or slow, they beam with animation and turn to me, "'T is wond'ful LOVE-ly moosic. 'T isn't it, Missie?"

Again, school is over; the evening sick-calls have been made. Now comes the time to which "tachie" looks with interest. Some one will be waitin for her in that tiny cottage—her home. Mrs. Davis is huddled over her mat frame in one corner; the children are stretched on the floor before the stove, asleep; Mr. Davis and old Grandfather Pittman are smoking in the corner. The only chair with a back still stands vacant before the stove. Again I seem to hear the usual query as I lift the latch—"Yer not goin' straight to be, Missie?" or "'T'as been a long day fer ye?" or "'Ow's Eli's neck?" Once more I'm there with them, and the conversation has turned to Doctor Grenfell and his work along the coast in the early days. Between the puffs of his old "backie poipe" Grandfather Pittman says—"Missie, you know what? 'e's a reg'lar St. Paul, 'e is." And as we break up the group for the evening, Mrs. Davis repeats as she puts up her work—"It 's t'ousands o' times, we'll be talkin' to ye, Missie, in the nights to come."

But of all the memories the one that stands out most conspicuously is that of a fisher lad of sixteen, sitting in the end of an old boat on the shore, mending nets and sails. I can see him so clearly as he looked that noontime when he stopped the children on their way home from school. "Are ye gittin' yer larnin'?" he queried.

"Yeh," they hooted in reply.

At this the fisherlad stopped his mending, and looking thoughtfully and longingly after the children said: "I wish't I cud."

As I looked back, he was resting his chin in his hand and gazing far out to sea. I wondered what the thoughts of that poor lad could be. On the way back to school, I took him a pocket notebook with an Eversharp clipped to it. At the top of many of the pages, I had written his name in bold script. When I gave it to him, he just pushed it into his pocket, saying in his embarrassment simply—"Thank 'e, Miss."

But—it was a very different boy who came to the schoolhouse a couple of days later with the notebook filled with zigzag writing which he had done out in the boat while the other men did the rowing or the fishing. As he pushed a new notebook into his pocket, he said, oh, so earnestly: "Do yer suppose, Tachie—do yer suppose—some day—now I'll git all my larnin'?"

As I watched him scurry down the side of the cliff and pull off in a boat, I thought, "Yes, he'll get his larnin' if some of us will so pattern our lives that they in turn will make opportunity for others." To me each life forms a pattern. And just as the weaver of a beautiful tapestry needs a pattern for his finished design, so we too need patterns for our lives, if we are to help that fisherlad "git his larnin'."

Then the memory of one of the last days of the summer comes to me. A group of little ones are sitting on the shore, listening to stories. Finally, one of them pointing to the distant horizon, says, "Tachie's home is way down thar. An' now we's all lookin' to it. When you gits down thar, Tachie, will ye sometimes be lookin' back at us?"

Little fisherfolk—you little knew how many, many times I would be looking back at you!

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sep15,17,18

Irish a Dead Language

A few years ago there was widespread enthusiasm for the Irish language in the Free State. To-day the majority of the people are either indifferent or actively hostile to the Government's revival policy, and the chances of an Irish-speaking Ireland are vanishing.

In an early access of enthusiasm the Free State Government did everything in Irish, even going to the length of translating the names of its senators into the native tongue.

Thus Lord Glenavy became Seamas Cambeal, Barun Lannalbhidh; Lord Headfort became Seafra Tailliur, Marcuis Clun Lios; the Earl of Mayo was disguised as An Burcach, Iarla Mhuigheo, and the identity of Mrs. Costello was hidden under the fearsome cloak of Eibhlin Bean Mac Coisdealbha.

In addition to this—to which, incidentally, nobody paid the slightest attention—the names of places were changed. Yet Dun Laoghaire is still pronounced Kingstown, Luimneach is still Limerick, and Baile ata h-I is still Athy.

An interesting dispute is in progress over Bray, the so-called Brighton of Ireland. As Bray it was well known across the Channel and had many British visitors every summer. Few recognised Bri Chualann, however, and the local ratepayers are begging the county council to have the name changed back again to Bray.

Law Courts Farce.

The whole business has become a farce. In one of the western law courts the legal term "Crown side" actually was done into Irish by two Gaelic words meaning literally "the King's rib." Witnesses were advised to address an Irish-speaking judge as "A Heerna," which does not mean "Your lordship," but is, in fact, an invocation to the Deity.

A Lively Clock

Almost as interesting as the world-famous West Front of Wells Cathedral—which is stated to be in serious need of repair—is its remarkable twelfth-century clock, which, although constructed from primitive materials by a monk, is still in faultless working order and an irreproachable timekeeper.

Besides giving the hour, the clock records the quarters of the moon, and on the stroke of the hour a group of mediaeval figures break into life and whirl round and round until the last chime dies away. There is only one other clock of the kind in existence.

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MINARD'S LINIMENT FOR DISTEMPER.

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KILLED OFF THE HARBOR M AFTER FORTY MINUTE STR GLE WITH FISHERMEN.

NORTH SYDNEY, Sept. 14.—A battle of over forty minutes, a eating shark, weighing more tha pounds, was killed by two co fishermen off the harbor mouth Saturday afternoon. Two harp were driven into the monster's before he gave up. The shark, attracted much attention while t boat at Vooght's wharf, was the of such size to be brought into Sydney this season, but fishermen that there is an exceptionally number of sharks off the harb Sydney Record.

IN CANS.

"Long ago," Vampire Wa smiling s through tears, "wa fodder in garden, sa tash and to ears. Oh, spuds and were winne grew turnip the peck, and mothers o our dinners in the pleasant va Heck. All the good yarbs then in ed were to growing children there were onions nobly sca there were carrots white and there were squashes in their n dor, there was eggplant crisp brown, and they all were fresh tender, cooked before they w down. But the world wags on fore and we change our ways and pl now the housewife, blithe and de feeds her people but of cans. All garden plot is seeded down to and other things which no ha ever needed since the world made, by jings. Nevermore the ho wife scampers to the garden for meal, bringing cabbages in hamp bringing luscious fruit to peel; an garden is deserted where the on used to grow, where the stately barb flirted with tomatoes in a In the modern home I've rubb like a brownie or an elf; there cans in every cupboard, there cans on every shelf; cans are pile to the ceiling, cans are heaped the floor, and the modern wife is p ing wholesome garden sass no m And she wonders while she's pou dinner from a dozen cans, why cost of living's soaring, knocking her saving plans."

Baddeck Schooner

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NORTH SYDNEY—Captain Keeping, of Ramea, Newfoundla has purchased the vessel, Mary Hyde, from Captain William Dicks Baddeck. The vessel is one of the est craft operating out of this p The price paid by her new owner said to have been substantial.—Sy ney Record.

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