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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys:

I have not had accounts from the young gardeners. I expect they are waiting for results. The sun has been very niggardly with its bright- ness and warmth, which made all the pretty things backward, but we will be repaid by waiting. Holiday time is almost here and I do not need to be told what joy will be felt "when school is out."

Your loving,
AUNT BECKY.

FAIRYLAND.

"Dear little maid with the wonder- ing eyes,
Won't you please tell me where Fairy- land lies?
I've looked east and west, and I've looked north and south,
Till I'm really discouraged and down- in the mouth.
Of guideposts to Fairyland never a trace,
Tell me, please, how I may get to the place."

There's Elfmland east and Wonder- land west,
And Bogieland south. Now what would be best?
"You'd better go, sir, through the valley of Dreams—
Don't stop to count sheep by the Drowseaway streams,
Just notice the shadows the air cas- tles throw,
They're the Fairyland guideposts, as all children know."

THE DISCONTENTED DOLLS.
The house was all still. Everybody had gone to bed, for it was after 12 o'clock. The nursery was quite dark, and quiet for a long time. But after a while a queer little voice spoke up and said: "Is anybody awake?"
"Your voice sounds very squeaky to-night, Jacky," said somebody.
"Squeaky? Why wouldn't it?" asked Jacky in an injured tone, "when that baby drags me all day by a string tied tight around my throat. It has worn through my skin now, so that I have a sore throat. Some day, I suppose, he'll hitch the string over the back of a chair and leave me there and I shall die."

"Oh, no, Jacky, not so bad as that," said the voice.
"Why shouldn't it?" said Jacky again. "Don't people die when they are hanged?"
"Cheer up, cheer up, old boy," said the voice again.
"It's all very well for you to be cheerful," replied Jacky, morosely. "It ain't your throat that has a string tied to it. You are Sir Laurence- lot, and they think so much of you they would never allow you to be treated like that. If you were a poor sailor boy, without any friends or good clothes, you'd see what it was to be turned over to the baby to maul."

"But it's because you're a sailor boy that the baby loves you so," said Sir Laurence- lot.
"He loves to suck the paint off my face, I know that," replied Jacky. "One eye is gone already, and they won't even get me an artificial one. I hope he swallowed it," finished Jacky, vindictively. There was a general murmur of horror at this.

"I won't wish anything like that," said a gentle voice. "The baby might have appendicitis if he swal- lowed your eye, and then we would all feel very sorry."
"That's right," said Jacky, in an injured tone; "all of you jump on me, and stick up for the baby. You ain't the baby's dolls. They won't give you to him. If they would you might talk out of the other side of your mouths. Besides," said Jacky, sitting up and throwing his legs over the side of the cradle; "besides, Aunt Patience, no one would maul you. You're a Quaker doll, and an old lady. They'd have too much re- spect for you. You ain't just a body," finished Jacky, bitterly.

"There, there, never mind, Jacky," said Aunt Patience, soothingly. "Come over here, and I'll give you some chocolate drops. I saved them for you from the tea party this after- noon."

"That's real good of you, Aunt Patience," said Jacky, gratefully, as he hopped down from his cradle and went over to Aunt Patience's big arm-chair. He walked with a queer little stomp, because one of his feet was gone. The baby had pulled it off for the kitten to play with.

"Can I have some, too, Aunt Patience?" asked Sir Laurence- lot. A burst of laughter came from another corner. It was a funny little laugh that sounded like the tinkling of tiny silver bells.

"Well, really," said a new voice, "such a fine gentleman to be begging for chocolate drops! Don't give him any, Aunt Patience. He'll get them all over his fine velvet clothes."

"You needn't laugh, Lady Geraldine," replied Sir Laurence- lot, in a very cold voice; "you would like them, too, if you were not so afraid of your dignity."

"Children! Children!" said Aunt Patience, placidly, "don't quarrel; it isn't nice. Come here, Laurence- lot; there are plenty for you, and Geraldine, too, if she wants them."

Sir Laurence- lot got down rather stiffly and walked across the floor to Aunt Patience's chair. He wore very beautiful clothes of crimson velvet, with lace ruffles, and a velvet hat with a white plume, and a flashing sword at his side. Most of the dolls did not like him very well, because he was so stiff, and wore such ele- gant clothes.

"Ought to go back to England, where he came from," muttered Jacky; "we don't want no such thing as that in America." Jacky was a rather vulgar boy. His early edu- cation had been neglected.
"Oh, oh, me, too!" called a smothered voice from the other end of the room. "Come and pull me out, some of you. I want some chocolate drops, too, and they have done gone and left the express wagon right on top of me. I'm most dead."

Sir Laurence- lot turned toward the sound, but he moved in such a slow, stately way that Jacky was ahead of him in spite of his lame foot. He stumbled across the room very fast, and found Chloe lying flat on her face, with the express wagon, bot- tom side up, on her back. Jacky could not lift it until he had stumped over to the tool-box and got out a long iron spade. This he put under the edge of the express wagon, and so lifted it off. Then he helped Chloe up.

Chloe was a little negro doll, but she was very jolly and funny, and all the dolls were very fond of her. They began to talk about her acci- dent all at once. Even Aunt Patience was displeased.

"I declare, it's a shame," said she. "Somebody should speak to those children. They should be taught better. The idea of going off to bed and leaving one of us on the floor, with a wagon on top of her, to suffer all night! It's a wonder poor Chloe isn't dead. Are you hurt much, hon- ey?"

"I've got a misery in my back," replied Chloe; but she was such a cheerful little girl that as soon as she got a chocolate cream she forgot all about her trouble and was quite happy again.

WHEN WE TWO WALKED IN ARCADY.

I.
When we two walked in Arcady
How sweet the summers were!
How thick the branches overhead,
How soft the grass beneath our tread,
And thickets where the sun burned red
Were full of wings astir, my dear.
When we two walked in Arcady
Through paths young hearts prefer.

II.

Since we two walked in Arcady
(How long ago it seems!)
High hopes have died disconsolate;
The calm-eyed angel men call Fate
Stands with drawn sword before the gate
That shuts out all our dreams,
My dear;
Since we two walked in Arcady
Beside the crystal streams.

III.

Beyond the woods of Arcady
The little brooks are dry.
The brown grass rustles in the heat,
The roads are rough beneath our feet,
Above our heads no branches meet,
And yet, altho we sigh, my dear,
Beyond the woods of Arcady
We see more of the sky!

—From Scribner's Magazine.

PEACHES AND PATCHES.

It was Dorothy's birthday, and she was seven years old for the first time in her life. She had had beautiful presents.

Mamma had given her a silver thim- ble with D on it, and papa had given her a lovely drawing-slate. Aunt Edith had sent her a book, and grandma a dear little box of hand- kerchiefs.

But the biggest gift of all had come by express from Aunt Jennie. And it was nothing more nor less than a pink gingham dress with a pocket in it! In all her seven years Dorothy had never had a pocket be- fore, and she begged to be allowed to wear the new dress to school, that all the girls might see the won- derful pocket.

"But you can take a holiday to- day if you like," said her mother, "and stay at home from school be- cause it is your birthday."
"No, mamma," said Dorothy. "I want to go to school specially to-day; and I want to carry my patches in my pocket. And, oh, can't I have a piece of the 'sky'?"

"Yes," said her mother, smiling, "as it is your birthday, you may have a piece of the sky."
You see Dorothy's little school was kept by two dear, old-fashioned la- dies, who taught sewing as well as other lessons. And the beginners in the sewing class always made patch- work.

And Dorothy was a beginner. Every day she took four neatly cut pieces of silk, and came home with them all sewed together in a lovely block for her quilt.

Her mother cut the pieces for her from different colored silks, and, of course, some were prettier than others. But loveliest of all was a yard of light blue satin which Aunt Jennie had sent for this very pur- pose. It was such a fair, clear blue that Dorothy called it her "sky," and was always glad to sew a block cut from it.

So on her birthday she happily folded the carefully cut pieces of sky in a bit of white tissue-paper, and deposited the parcel in her convenient new pocket. Her new thimble also went in, and one of grandma's new handkerchiefs.

Then the happy little maiden kissed her mother and ran off to school, which was only three blocks away. As she went out of the gate she met the grocer's man coming in.

"It's my birthday!" she said, for she was well acquainted with him.
"Arrah, is it?" he said. "Think I'll be after givin' ye a token. Here's two peaches for ye. They're not big, but they're ripe and sweet, an' will do ye no harm."

Dorothy thanked the good-natur- ed man, and putting the peaches in her new pocket, complacently thought how many nice friends she seemed to have.

Stopping to talk to the grocer nearly made her late for school, but just in time to march upstairs in the line.

Then came singing and other open- ing exercises, and at half-past nine the sewing class was called.

"It's my birthday," said Dorothy to Miss Katherine, "and I have a lovely sky-blue block to sew."
"That's nice," said the teacher. "Let me see it."
Dorothy divined down into her pocket, but quickly pulled back her hand in dismay. You see, the peaches were very ripe, and as Dorothy was not in the habit of sitting very still, but often wiggled about, and occa- sionally bumped against a desk or a chair or the girl next to her, those peaches had just smashed themselves into a jelly, and you can imagine what the sky-blue satin bits looked like!

Dorothy tried not to cry, but she was naturally a tidy girl, and the stained, sticky blocks and teach- filled pocket just seemed as if they were going to spoil her whole birth- day.

But Miss Katherine said kindly, "Oh, what a sad accident! But never mind, deary, you can be excused from sewing to-day."

"I don't mind so much about the blocks," said Dorothy, still bravely fighting back her tears, "but my new pocket is so—so horrid!"

Then what do you think Miss Ka- therine did? She just took her scissors and ripped out that little pocket and took it away into an- other room. And she threw away the soft peaches, and washed and ironed the pocket and the handker- chief, and rescued the little silver thimble, and then she sewed the pocket in Dorothy's frock again, and the sun shone once more. But Dor- othy learned a lesson never to put peaches and patches in the "same pocket."

COULD LOOK OUT FOR ONE.

Here is a lovely little true story which carries its moral on its face. It has been handed on more than once, and I hand it on again to you. One day a poor old woman stood in a great railway station, too be-



CURES
Dysentery, Diarrhoea, Cramps, Colic, Pains in the Stomach, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Sea Sick- ness, Summer Complaint, and all Fluxes of the Bowels.
Has been in use for nearly 60 years and has never failed to give relief.

wildered by the crowd and confusion to dare stir. All at once a little girl noticed her. Just a nice, com- mon little girl with bare hands and a strap of books.

"Look there, girls!" she cried, hurriedly. "See that poor, frighten- ed old woman over there! I don't believe she's got anyone to look out for her."

"Well, that isn't your lookout," said one of the others, seeing that she was about to drop her books and run across the maze of tracks. "If you aren't the queerest girl! Do you suppose you can look out for everybody that needs looking out for?"

"I can look out for one," was the answer tossed back over the girl's shoulder. In a moment she was pil- otting the old lady carefully, and never left her until she put her on the right car. Then she was back again with the girls, laughing and chatting as gayly as if she had not stopped a minute to give a lesson in kindness.

HELPING MOTHER.

"Oh, I never do housework!" we heard a young girl say in a crowded car. "Mother doesn't expect me to. I keep my hands nice for my practi- cing. Mother's used to work; she doesn't mind. I never do the dishes."

Never help the weary mother who toils early and late to keep her pre- cious daughter in school? Never lift one finger to lighten the heavy bur- den of her who has never spared her- self for your comfort, from the time you were a tiny, helpless infant in her arms?

And this from a well-dressed, well- appearing girl, otherwise! Ah, well, there can't be many such, we think, whose eyes are thus so blinded that they cannot see the marks of time and toil on the one whose individual place could never be filled, should she be called away.

The remark was not intended for our ears, but, catching it as we passed, we thought of the many, many girls who would be glad if only they had a mother to help. And so we say, appreciate your mothers, girls, while you have them. For when you are older and wiser, you will realize that there is nobody in the world like mother.

LEW WALLACE AND WHITCOMB RILEY.

It is worthy of note that two men of Indiana who have distinguished themselves in the realm of literature should be wholly without a college education, said the South Bend Tri- bune.

The late Gen. Lew Wallace, historical novelist, and James Whit- comb Riley, the people's poet, have attained their high positions in the literary world without the benefit of the classical training that institu- tions of learning grant. It is remark- ed of General Wallace that he had but two years of schooling in his life, although his father paid for fourteen years. He was averse to text books and to the drudgery of the school room, preferring rather to drift out in the fields and forests with an en- tertaining novel and spend his time in that way. He entered Wabash College, but his stay was brief and of no value to him as affording him any intellectual culture. Riley has declared that he never had any idea of the rules of grammar, would not know an adverb or a correctly pars- ed sentence were he to meet them face to face on the street.

WINDY DAY IN KANSAS.

An Emporia woman, who is by no means a heavyweight, was seen going about the neighborhood on a recent windy day carrying a flatiron in each hand. Although she didn't have the iron labeled "ballast," no one asked any questions.—Emporia Ga- zette.

IRISH TEXT SOCIETY.

The Council of the Irish Texts So- ciety has had the satisfaction this year of seeing their project for the production of an Irish-English Dic- tionary of modern Irish brought to completion through the energy of the Editor, Rev. P. S. Dinneen, M.A. The Foclóir Gaedhlighe agus Béarla was launched from the press in July of 1904, and it has met with a sub- stantial success, both from the point of view of its rapid and steady sale, and in the recognition and enthusi- asm with which it has been received in almost every quarter. It is a vol- ume of over 800 pages, and con- tains, besides something like 28,000 words, a large number of idiomatic phrases and illustrative passages, with valuable tables of the grammat- ical forms of the irregular verbs.

The cost of production has been paid off, and the Council are gradu- ally coming in, repaying the loans and guarantees by which they were en- abled to bring the work to a satis- factory conclusion.

In December of the same year a new volume of the society's publications was also issued from the press. This volume contains a fine tale belonging to the Ulster Cycle of Stories, which has been preserved in one single MS. only. It is called Cathreim Con- ghaile Clairingheach, or The Martial Career of Conghal Clairingheach. It is a semi-political tale of a quarrel between Ulster and the Over-king of Tara, on account of his division of the Province into two parts, over which he appointed separate chiefs. This interference with its ancient rights was regarded by the Northern Province with great disfavor, and it led to a series of recriminations which form the main subject of the story, into which, however, numer- ous later episodes have found their way, such as a tale of a visit to Lochlann, or Norway, a wonderful over-sea voyage, a tale of King Ar- thur of Britain, and other minor in- cidents, loosely connected with the central theme. It is a fine story, and has been edited with the most thorough and careful handling by Mr. Patrick MacSweeney, M.A., who inserts in his preface the recorded opinion of O'Curry that in the purity and elegance of its language the tale is the best Irish romance he ever has met.

The next volume to be issued by the Society will be Miss Agnes O'Far- relly's edition of the manuscript known as the "Flight of the Earls," the author's autograph copy of which is preserved in the library of the Franciscan Monastery on Merchant's Quay, Dublin, whence it was trans- ferred from Rome. The manuscript, which may be described as the trav- elling day-book of the party of re- tailers and friends who accompanied the flight of the Earls O'Neill and O'Donnell from the North of Ireland in the year 1604, is written by Teigue O'Keenan, one of the party. It describes the leave-taking in Ire- land, (which curiously enough in- cluded a formal farewell visit to the Viceroy of Dublin), the perils of the voyage and the drifting of the ves- sels from the southwest coast of France, where they had designed to land with a view to proceeding into Spain, northward to the coast of Brittany, with their subsequent wan- derings through the Netherlands, France and Italy. Amid much de- tail of lesser importance, some in- teresting insight is afforded into the state of diplomatic affairs in the Court of France and in that of the Low Countries where the travellers were received by the Archduke.

Miss O'Farrelly has recently spent some time in London, where she has been engaged in identifying the towns and villages visited by the party and in looking up other matters con- nected with their wanderings. This in- teresting piece of contemporary his- tory should throw fresh light on the conditions prevailing in the coun- tries visited by the writer in the early 17th century.

The Council have to announce, with much regret, that, owing to ill health and private affairs, Mr. David Comyn has been compelled to abandon his work on the second volume of Keating's "History of Ire- land." The Council are now consid- ering the question of appointing a suit- able successor who will undertake to complete the work within a reason- able time and to whom Mr. Comyn has kindly offered to hand over his manuscripts, transcripts and mate- rials.

The Council, with the consent of the Editor, Mr. John MacNeill, are also endeavoring to associate with him a second editor to assist in the completion of "Duanaire Phinn." By this means they hope to push for- ward the preparation of this work which has been for a long time, ow- ing to Mr. MacNeill's ill health, awaiting completion.

Mr. R. A. S. McAlister is still in Palestine, but he hopes in a few weeks' time to send to press some portions of his edition of the Leab- har Gabtrala, on which he has been steadily working.

An edition of some Leinster topo- graphical poems, to be edited by Mr. J. H. Lloyd, has been accepted by the Council.—The Monitor.

Father Matthew Monument.

A recent visitor to Cork writes in a Dublin paper:—

"The Father Mathew monument near St. Patrick's Bridge is one of Foley's best works. The figure is draped in the graceful cloak which has, unfortunately, gone out of fash- ion in Ireland. The pose is very appropriate—firm, dignified, alert. The face and head are splendidly modelled. The right hand is slightly extended. The left gathers some folds of the cloak to his breast. The expression is a triumph of art, and does justice to one of the greatest of Munster men, and one of the greatest of the Irish race. Strength—calm, self-contained, mighty strength—is on the brow; and the eye has the fulness of genius. The chin is mas- sive, determined, eloquent of will- power. The lips are beautiful, with an infinite gentleness. It is a mag- nificent face, regular, even hand- some in outline, and illumined by the inspiration of a noble and undying purpose, and with a charity sweet as the love of angels and wide as hu- manity. The attitude is that of a man of action—a man who would do things and get other men to do them—a man of tireless physical and men- tal energy, yet thoroughly self-con- tained—the attitude of a great leader and teacher."

"And a great leader and teacher Father Mathew was. He had the sim- plicity of genius and the constancy of all virtue that is heroic. In no place is his memory held dearer than in Cork City. His grave is in St. Joseph's Cemetery, but the good he did is not buried with him. As I gazed on the sculptured features of the face overlooking Patrick's Bridge, I could not help thinking of the other statue by the same artist—the statue of O'Connell overlooking the Liffey. You will seldom see it stated that much of the might of the O'Connell movement was due to Father Mathew. Yet such is the clear historical truth. The temperance, which the Cork priest preached and fostered, bred moral strength and self-respect, and when the clarion voice of O'Connell sounded the rally of the men of Ireland, they hastened to him in millions—millions of tem- perate, vertebate, manly men."

THE PATIENT BRAIN.

The brain is one of the most pa- tient and industrious organs of the body. It can be induced by good treatment to perform prodigies of labor. Few realize its capabilities and endurance. But it is sensitive. It will not long brook abuse. It bitisly responds to the whip at first but if the lash is laid on too hard and often it balks. It insists upon having plenty of good, red blood when it works hard, and good, red blood is made from wheat and roast beef, not from pie a la mode, lob- ster salad and cocaine or whisky. The most essential thing for the man who works with his brain is plenty of sleep. Only in sleep does the brain find the rest and refreshment that are necessary to maintain its vigor and integrity.

PATENT REPORT.

For the benefit of our readers we publish a list of Canadian patents re- cently secured through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, Patent Attorneys, Montreal, Canada, and Wash- ington D.C.

Information relating to any of the patents cited will be supplied free of charge by applying to the above-named firm.

- Nos.
- 93,234—Alfred Lorenzo Etherington, Cornwallis, N.S. Seats for agri- cultural implements.
- 93,238—Peter Joseph Leahy, St. Henry, Que. Brake-pressure re- leasing apparatus.
- 93,241—Joseph F. McDermott, Uma- tilla, Man. Delivery spouts.
- 93,253—Wallace G. Parker, Kent- ville, N.S. Harness yoke.
- 93,301—Herbert Embree, Oxford, N. S. Hose coupling.
- 93,354—Fred Corda, Elmwood, Ont. Clothes reel.
- 93,508—Robert Donaldson, Montreal, Que. Truck.
- 93,522—Henri Edmond Soulard, St. Ubalde (Portneuf), Que. Fanal.