

PARLORS,  
B. C.

the time to buy

that of Moore. Away back  
at when history was just  
into authenticity. Owen  
d his opponents from Mun  
lished in Desmond a mon  
he transmitted to his  
nearly a thousand years  
been no common man who  
foundations of such a  
ment—indeed, the writer  
r such case in the history  
They were a doughty  
s, and the vicissitudes of a  
rs brought them many  
ey possessed the true Irish  
the storm and they held  
little kingdom manfully.  
ed descendants will do  
that there never was a  
than theirs.

f every Irishman should  
when he "remembers the  
the brave." He presents  
t tragedy of their nation;  
ngton, their Washington,  
ke. The Danes had been  
nd for nearly three cen  
eeks and Trojans never  
itterly than Danes and  
victory on the field of  
ed their power forever.  
s wise as he was valiant.  
the reign of Alfred the  
ngland, the laws were so  
ered that a man might  
on the road and return  
ad find it, for no one  
o pick it up. So, too,  
adom beyond his times,  
so righteously and  
almost disappeared. It  
forded travellers on the  
in days of universal  
loore refers to in "Rich  
gems she wore."

at Mr. Leary on the  
ot remember that his  
ore the royal diadem;  
court of King Leary,  
repaired, and it was  
picious reign that  
first preached there.  
how one morning at  
rs of Leary went to  
their ablutions, and  
y the saint and his  
he feet in their white  
ught at first the holy  
come down from the  
saint speedily turned

their delusion to account, and from that  
day Ireland has had her place among the  
Christian nations of the earth.

But of all the heroes of old Ireland,  
the exploits of the Murtaughs are the  
most picturesque. A prince of this name  
appeared about the year 925, and al  
though his succession to the throne was  
indisputable he determined to secure it  
against all peradventure. So, in the  
depth of winter, he mustered his soldiers,  
provided them each with a long, loose  
mantle of leather against the inclement  
season, and raided every one whom he  
thought a possible disputant of his  
clams. The weird appearance of his  
leathern soldiers made a lasting im  
pression, and he is known in history  
as "Murtaugh of the Leathern Cloaks."  
But with all his plans and precautions  
the face of fate was set against him, and  
he never became Ard-ri, or, "over king."  
His indomitable activity proved fatal to  
him, and the man whose force of char  
acter would probably have made him  
one of the greatest of the Irish kings,  
perished ingloriously in a scrimmage with  
the Danes.

No account of the notable families of  
Ireland could omit to mention the Car  
berys. One of the very names we meet  
in the ancient records is that of Carbery  
Kineam (or the cat-head) King of the  
Tuatha Aitech. There were numerous  
kings who bore this honorable name; but  
one of them ought ever to be remembered  
as initiating a movement of the greatest  
historical importance. During the reign  
of Conary II., Carbery Raida, a bold,  
adventurous man, led a colony of his  
countrymen, the Scoti, to the country we  
now call Scotland. And hence it has come  
to pass that the Scots are in reality Irish  
by descent, just as we on this continent  
are Europeans; and the man who first  
established them in the country since  
named after them was Carbery Raida.

But we must now look at a darker  
picture. Just as the O'Briens and O'Con  
nors represent the heyday of Ireland's  
prosperity, so are the Dermotts connected  
with her humiliation and downfall. It was  
during the reign of the first Dermott that

The harp that once in Tara's halls  
The soul of music shed,  
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls  
As if that soul were fled.

For St. Ruadan had pronounced a  
curse against Tara, and in those supersti  
tious times none dared to return to it. The  
kings of Meath took up their residence  
elsewhere, and with the desertion of the  
capital was lost forever the feeling of Irish  
national unity.

Another Dermott, Dermott of Leinster,  
son of Murtaugh, was the immediate  
cause of Ireland's dissolution. Dethroned  
by his subjects for tyranny, and like Paris  
of Troy, for running away with other  
men's wives, he crossed the channel and

solicited the aid of the English Earl  
Strongbow. He returned with his Bri  
tish allies, and since that day the lion  
of England has ever been quartered above  
the harp of Ireland. The Irish have  
never been deficient in valor, but the  
treachery of Dermott and the superior  
tactics of the English left the conflict with  
but a single issue.

Who has not heard of the Frenchman  
from Cork? He has passed into a popu  
lar joke, but nevertheless he is genuine.  
When the English conquered Ireland,  
their leaders were nobles of Norman, that  
is to say, of French extraction; and  
among the numerous lordlings who settled  
down in Ire and was one who bore the  
typically French name of De Burghs. At  
first, they were supreme in Connaught,  
the ancient kingdom of the O'Connors. In  
the reign of Edward III., they seized  
Galway and Mayo, and, intermarrying  
with the O'Connors, were gradually  
weaned away from their English connec  
tions, and settled by degrees into native  
Irish chieftans. And hence it has come  
about that, in very truth, the Burks,  
Burkes and Bourkes are "Frenchmen  
from Cork."

The ancient families, like their own  
native country, have fallen from a pristine  
splendor; and had history taken a differ  
ent course many of the commonest names  
in our directories would doubtless have  
been to-day the peers of the English  
Salisbury or the French Orleans.

### SOUNDS AND ECHOES.

The armless freak, who plays the piano  
with his feet, comes nearer having music  
in his sole than any man yet heard of.

Young man, don't be afraid to push  
your way in the world. Remember the  
richest man now living was born without a  
penny in his pocket.

"My darling," he demanded, "do you  
marry me for myself alone?" "Cer  
tainly," she answered. "I never had  
reason to believe you were backed by a  
syndicate."

A Vancouver woman, who said her grass  
was getting too long, went into a hardware  
store the other day to buy a sickle. She  
said she "guessed she'd take one o' them  
fin de siecles they talk so much about," if  
he had one of that style.

### A CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK.

Bobbie—"Pop had a great time while  
you were away."

Mrs. Bingo—"He did? What did he  
do?"

Bobbie—"Well, he came home early  
the day after you left, and then a lot of  
things came from the store."

Mrs. Bingo—"Were there any bottles?"  
Bobbie—"You just wait. About 8

o'clock four men came in. Then Pop  
cleared off the library table, brought out  
some cards and some red, white and blue  
things, and they began to play. There  
was a side table with some bottles on it,  
and about 10 o'clock they had a dandy  
lunch."

Mrs. Bingo—"They did, did they?  
Well, Bobbie, how did you find this out?  
You ought to have been to bed."

Bobbie—"Yes, 'm; they thought I  
was, but I was outside the door all the  
time until the lunch came in, and then I  
just couldn't stand it."

Mrs. Bingo—"And did you know what  
those dreadful men were playing?"

Bobbie—"Of course. Poker."

Mrs. Bingo (her eyes gleaming)—"That  
will do, Bobbie. But how is it you have  
told me this? Usually when anything  
your papa has done before comes to me,  
it has not been through you."

Bobbie—"Well, mamma, I wouldn't  
have told you this time if Pop hadn't  
acted so when I came down stairs."

Mrs. Bingo—"Why, he didn't whip  
you, did he?"

Bobbie—"Oh, no, 'm! But he wouldnt  
let me come into the game."

**DR. ALBERT WILLIAMS.**  
Late of London, Eng., has come to reside  
in Victoria, and has opened an office at 94 Pan  
dora street. He has for twenty-five years been  
engaged in general family and obstetric prac  
tice, with considerable experience in diseases  
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GYNÆCOLOGICAL SOCIETY. He has thus had  
extensive experience in both the old and new  
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**DR. WILLIAMS** may be consulted at all  
hours at his office and residence, 94 Pandora  
street, city.

**In Union**  
**there is Strength.**

Take away a stone from a foundation and it  
is weakened; a picket from a fence gives it an  
ill appearance, the vacancy destroys its sym  
metry and the void is at once apparent. A  
hole the size of a pinhead in a kitchen utensil  
detracts from its usefulness, and a spoke from  
the wheel of a vehicle at once causes comment.  
It is the same with the mouth of a human being.  
An absent tooth gives the mouth the appear  
ance of "an aching void." The symmetry is  
forever gone, the features are distorted, and  
already the process of decay has begun. In  
time other teeth "go by the board," and then  
succeeds a row of blackened and disfigured  
stumps. Crown and bridge work is a specialty  
in dental science, and of which Dr. H. B.  
Findley is a master. By these processes the  
mouth is made whole, decay of teeth arrested  
and the features restored to their original  
appearance.

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