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COLUMBUS RUBBER BOOTS

St. Patrick's Tomb

DISCOVERY MAY SOLVE AGE-OLD MYSTERY.

There is reason to believe that the age-old mystery of the burial-place of St. Patrick, the man who christianized Ireland, may be solved.

Excavators at work in a field adjacent to St. David's Cathedral, St. David's, Pembroke, have, in disclosing the lost Chapel of St. Patrick, discovered a perfectly preserved skeleton, which experts consider to be that of Ireland's patron saint. Recently the skeleton was reinterred after a short religious ceremony.

The skeleton was lying under a stone floor in front of the altar in St. Patrick's Chapel. Such a position was accorded only to the very illustrious dead.

The Dean of St. David's, the Rev. Wm. Williams, who is helping in the work of excavation, told a Daily Mail reporter that it was known that there was a chapel dedicated to the memory of St. Patrick on the shore of Whitesands Bay, but it had been hidden by sands covered with grass for many years.

"All historians of note record the fact that there was a chapel in the field called Parvycapel, about a mile from St. David's Head, and a fortnight ago Mr. Francis Green and Mr. A. R. Badger, both eminent archaeologists, came across the wall of

the sacred building," he said. "By degrees, as the sand was being carefully removed, certain bones appeared, belonging to human feet. A full skeleton was then found. The saint, who had the honour of being buried with his feet slightly to the south of the altar, is unknown, but he was evidently considered prominent for his work."

Welsh Prize Choir

Eisteddfod Victoria at Wembley. The promised performance of Elgar's "Gerontius" at the Welsh Musical Festival at Wembley, was cancelled, and instead there was a concert by the Troedyrhiw Choir (200 strong), which won the chief prize at the last National Eisteddfod.

These capital singers repeated the best pieces of that festival—Bach's "O Light Everlasting" (the first chorus from the cantata of that name) and two Welsh works. The first of these, Mr. Cyril Jenkins's "Song of the Silent Land," a short piece for choir and orchestra, came from a fluent and able pen. While its idiom was familiar enough, the use of it was graceful, and a real impression of beauty and romantic feeling was made.

There were several solo singers, including Mr. Gwynne Davies, who held the audience's attention with the fine "Wenlock Edge" songs by Vaughan Williams.

Young at a Hundred

A medical officer of health, who is also a coroner, in the west of England, claims that he is still quite capable of performing his duties at the ripe age of 95. An example of such activity in a nonagenarian lends support to the view of some of our physiologists that human life may be greatly prolonged in the future. Dr. Carrel, of the Rockefeller Institute, has just announced that his experiments show that some of the tissues of the human body can be "considered as potentially immortal."

Long-living persons are generally the descendants of long-living ancestors. Their age is not to be estimated by dates, but by the condition of the arteries, the retention of the capacity for physical and mental activity, and their recuperative power. Tenacity of life is associated with a vigorous, well-exercised brain and it is notable that many men of science and thinkers live to a great age.

A considerable number of people who have survived long after reaching the age of 100 were born in Scotland. The longest-lived man, according to a record said to be fairly authentic, was Goulour McCrain, who died in the island of Jura, during the reign of Charles I., at the age of 130.

Thomas Parr, known as "Old Parr," was a Shropshire peasant, who showed no signs of ill-health when he was 153. Among the Scottish super-centenarians we read of Dr. Movet, of Dumfries, who died at 189; Lawrence, of Orkney, 140; Robert Macbride, 130; Mary James, of Skye, 137; and Peter Gordon, 131. In 1732 Evan Williams died at Carmarthen, aged 145. Mary Brook, a Staffordshire woman, attained the age of 148 and Mrs. Judith Scott, of Islington, died at 162 in 1792. Compared with these veterans, the man of 60 is still young and the man of 80 should be in his prime.

After 54 Years

FORMER SWEETHEARTS MEET AGAIN AND MARRY.

After parting 54 years ago, Mr. George Frid and Miss Ann Hubbard, who met again this summer, were married at the Sittingbourne Congregational Church.

Mr. Frid, a young brickmaster, who left Rainham, Kent, and emigrated to Canada in 1870, settled at Hamilton, Ontario.

Miss Hubbard's friends objected to her going to Canada, and letters between the two subsequently ceased, while Mr. Frid married a Canadian woman.

He became a brick manufacturer, and prospered so well that, he afterwards retired.

His wife died later, and this summer Mr. Frid revisited his old home at Rainham, where he met his former sweetheart. Mr. Frid is now more than 70.

Savoy Chapel

Famous Church to Drop "Royal" Title.

At the end of this year the Chapel Royal, Savoy, will cease to be entitled to the designation "Royal." The chapel, one of the oldest in London, is in Savoy street, behind the Strand, and is under the jurisdiction of the Duchy of Lancaster. An official said recently that "it can hardly be said

Just Folks.

By EDGAR GUEST.

FAMILY PICNICS.

In every family there are types. Each circle has its swell, its goody-goody member and its roughest as well. And one is this and one is that, one sings and one recites, one travels, and one stays at home, one paints, another writes. But not of these I choose to sing; the one who draws my rhyme is that fond relative who plans the picnics every time.

I think she's part of every tribe, at least she's part of ours. She loves to sit and eat her food beneath the leafy bowers; A shoe box filled with hard boiled eggs, a jar of pickles and A chocolate cake that's crumbled down, sandwiches mostly staid. And there you have her notion of comestible delight— For this she plans the outings say for many a summer night.

I would not hurt her feelings to possess the world, and so When she has fixed the time and place with all the rest I go; 'Tis not my notion, I confess, of pleasure. Oft I've said At dinner time I like to have a root above my head; Nor am I fond of hard boiled eggs and water in a cup. But if I failed to join the throng they'd say that I'm stuck up.

In every family, I suppose, there is a picnic fan. She plans these little summer trips as often as she can. For us her service is performed, she thinks of everything. She even calls the others up and tells them what to bring; And I suppose in every group there's also one like me Who'd much prefer to stay at home and drink his cup of tea.

that the patent of the Chapel Royal, Savoy, has been withdrawn, as it is not certain whether it actually is a royal chapel.

The building used to adjoin the Savoy Palace, and by virtue of being considered a royal chapel the choir wear blue cassocks with crimson girdles, and the boys wear, out of doors, red "marion-board" caps with gold lace. At the end of every service the National Anthem is played.

It is not impossible that a new name will be found for the chapel, the chaplain of which is the Rev. Hugh Chapman, who is noted for his outspoken comments from the pulpit on current topics.



STAND AND DELIVER.

I walked by the river, and up came a snide; and "Stand and deliver," he rascally cried. With bludgeon and sickle and sandbag and gat, he took my last nickel and shot my new hat. He took my last

smacker, he copied my last dime, this ruthless attacker, this leader in crime. I sit in my lorry and neighbors condole; "we surely are sorry you're put in the hole; no doubt you are bitter, your temper grows hot; that robber, bash critter, should straightaway be shot." "The robber," I mutter, "he ruined my hat; my bosom does flutter with passion at that. But mostly it's pity I feel in my alley or mart, the robber is blowing the kopecks he stole, nor wots that he's going to ruin and dole. The path he is treading is certain to lead through horrible squalor to prison, with speed. Perhaps he has sisters who think he is great; oh, woters and wisters, consider their fate. They'll learn he's a felon whom good men deride, and that rings a knell on their sisterly pride. He may have a mother, he may have a wife; his actions will smother their joy in this life. He may have a daddy, an elderly gent, who thinks in his liddle all virtues are blent. Not anger, but pity, have I for the wight who roams through the city for plunder by night. I pity the toilers, the sandbags and gats, who rob moral voters and ruin their hats."

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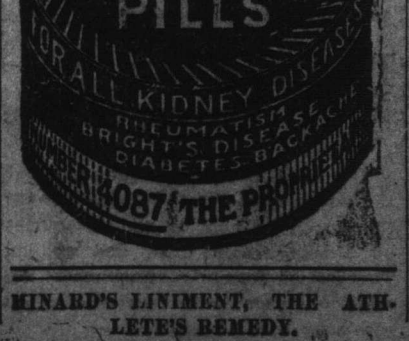
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