

"NUTS AND RATIONS."

Huroo! the top o' the mornin' to ye bhoys.
 Some people used to say St. Patrick was born on the 8th day of March. There were others who contended it was the 9th before he was born. And, as the Irishman dearly loves an argument, the two parties were always seeking to tread on the tail of each others coats.

At length, the matter having reached such a pitch the case was taken before his reverence the parish priest, who, after a careful and diplomatic study of the situation arrived at the Solomon-like conclusion of combining the two dates, thus satisfying both parties. And so it was given out that as no one could have two birthdays except twins, hereafter the 17th day of March would be devoted to Ireland's patron Saint. A fact which no Irishman worthy the name ever forgets.

It was the writer's fortune, for a number of years, to receive a sprig of Shamrocks, grown on the Hill of Tara; (which is made famous by Thomas Moore in his poem "The Harp that once through Taras Hall) and which was proudly worn as being distinct from the sprig of clover so frequently sold to represent the real thing. We are reminded of an incident which proves the deep regard the Irish (or at least some of them) have for the dear little three leaf Shamrock. Until recently there was a sweet little lady living in a quiet part of Ontario. She was born in this country nearly 80 years ago, soon after the arrival of her parents, who came from Ireland, where they had left two of their sons. After the old people had settled and made a home for themselves, (after the fashion of the pioneers of those days). She corresponded with the brothers she had never seen. As a child she was filled with a love for the Old Country about which her parents had frequently told her. Once she wrote to her brothers requesting them to send out to her a clump of Shamrocks from the Hill of Tara (near which they lived). This they did, together with about a bushel of the native soil. This was carefully put in a reserved place, and the Shamrocks planted. Years passed all too quickly, and seven or eight years ago the writer, who is a son of one of the brothers, was due to pay his respects to his aunt who at that time was over 70. After expressing her delight that I should have "come all the way from Ireland" to see her, she hurried me off to the small patch of Shamrocks, still growing, as she fondly believed, in their native soil. They had been lovingly tended for over fifty years, and even after the old folk had built for themselves a larger and more convenient house, letting the loghouse gradually fall into decay, she regarded her "little bit of Ireland" as sacred, and had it fenced off.

The Homestead was called "Tara" and as the district gradually became settled it too eventually took the name of the famous Hill. It was 7 years ago since my first visit, meanwhile the old lady died, my second and last visit was made two years ago. "Tara" had changed hands, and the garden was no longer to be found. Plow, disc and cultivator having obliterated all trace of what was to her the dearest spot on earth.

From the "Standard" (Montreal) of last Saturday.—Writing from Toronto a correspondent states: "I have accumulated 3475 volumes in less than 20 years and before I die I hope to make the number at least 1,000."

Here's a chance for the waste paper man.

PAT.

WE WANT TO KNOW

What chance the man fourth from the bar has of getting a drink. A local pastor says he's seen men four deep at the bar.

Why Lieut. (Dr.) Robert has adopted a disguise in the form of horn rimmed glasses.

Who wears the longest 'Sam Browne' in the Depot.—We knew for sure before the new Q. M. arrived.

Why some of you sappers and foresters don't write something for "Knots and Lashings". Yes! and we're not forgetting the drivers either.

The familiar command "Parade 'shun" would be more welcome some of the fine mornings we have been having recently if it were reversed and turned for the nonce into a standing order to "Shun parade".



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