

ST. PATRICK



ST. PATRICK AND THE KING'S DAUGHTERS
 BY
 NEIL MACDONALD

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SOON after the dawn of a summer day,
 Ere the rising sun had illumed his way,
 St. Patrick went from the hall of the king
 To the Crochan's slopes and the Clebach spring.
 As his brethren and he, to rest and pray,
 By the spring sat down, from a wooded way
 There approached two maidens of beauty rare—
 Fidelity, the winsome, and Ethne, the fair.

THEIR father, Loeguire, reigned in regal state
 In Tara's halls, where the saint of late
 Had preached and baptized, and his daughters came
 To confer with the man of saintly fame;
 For, sorely perplexed by what he had said,
 For light and guidance they earnestly prayed,
 But as sunny beams fell across their path
 With terror they thought of the sun god's wrath.

BAPTIZED by the saint in the holy names,
 The Druid's belief still their minds inflames,
 And they wanted proof that the Christian's creed
 Was true and supplied the soul's every need.
 St. Patrick, benignant, with modest air,
 Inquired how it fared with the royal pair,
 And they answered that doubts their minds possessed;
 That to live was pain while by fears oppressed.

"SHOW us the God you would have us receive,"
 The sisters exclaimed, "and we will believe
 That the triune God is the God supreme—
 That your faith is not a fatuous dream."
 St. Patrick replied, "With your parting breath
 And after you pass the valley of death
 You will have your wish, but the face divine
 May appear in the eucharist bread and wine."

"WE want to believe and the One divine
 Would see though we cross the dividing line
 'Twixt the life that is and the life to be,
 Where from earth and its doubts our souls are free."
 And the sisters, after the eucharist,
 Had their prayers granted, had what they wisht,
 For they passed away in rapturous dreams
 To the land where the triune Glory gleams.

Emmet Guards
 Tuesday night will be drill
 night and all members are re-
 quired to appear in uniform.

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THE HARP OF ERIN

BY THOMAS MOORE

THE harp that once through
 Tara's halls
 The soul of music shed
 Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
 As if that soul were fled.
 So sleeps the pride of former days,
 So glory's thrill is o'er,
 And hearts that once beat high for
 praise
 Now feel that pulse no more.



NO more to chiefs and ladies
 bright
 The harp of Tara swells.
 The chord alone that breaks at night
 Its tale of rum tells.
 Thus Freedom now so seldom
 wakes
 The only throb she gives
 Is when some heart indignant breaks
 To show that still she lives.

FACTS ABOUT ST. PATRICK.

The birthplace of St. Patrick has been a disputed point among the numerous biographers of the Irish saint. The advantage of numbers, though, perhaps, not of evidence, has been on the side of those who claim that he was born about the year 372 in Armorie Gaul (modern Brittany), near the site of the city of Boulogne. In the saint's confessions, written in Latin about the middle of the seventh

century by Adian, bishop of Sletty, and now preserved in the celebrated "Book of Armagh," are statements which concur with the above view. St. Patrick in his confessions distinctly states that after being freed from slavery in Ireland he returned to his parents in Britain. The Romans had long occupied the region where he was born and in his confessions he gives his birthplace its Roman designation of Bannavol Taberniae, which may be identified with Kirkpatrick near Glasgow, or with great probability still, with Tarr Patrick, on the Avonshire coast, opposite Ireland and a short sail removed from it. The claim of patrician Roman descent, advanced on the saint's behalf, does not appear to have a more substantial foundation in fact than that supporting his birth in ancient France. In his confessions he refers to his father, a Romanized Briton, in the following words: "Patrem habui Calpornium diaconum, giving his father his Roman name, which was probably a Latinized form of the name originally bestowed upon him by his parents. The baptismal name bestowed upon St. Patrick, "Suicath," signifying brave in battle, is of undoubted Gaelic origin. The terminal syllable of the name "cath" means battle even in a modern Gaelic. There is little doubt that the Irish saint was of the same Celtic race as were those to whom he brought the blessings of Christianity. Some of his biographers claim that he established the Christian religion in Ireland without danger to himself and with no great difficulty. His confessions contradict this, for he states that he was frequently in danger of losing his life and encountered determined opposition from the Druids and the adherents of the old religion. Like all men who have had a dominating influence in the sphere of religious thought, St. Patrick had intense zeal and enthusiasm. In his confessions St. Patrick lays no claim to superior learning and appears throughout as a warm hearted, devoted, modest man.

A Solemn Dance.
 They have a singular kind of dance conducted on the greens of country villages in Russia. The dancers stand apart, a knot of young men here, a knot of maidens there, each sex by itself and silent as a crowd of mutes. A piper breaks into a tune, a youth pulls off his cap and challenges his girl with a wave and bow. If the girl is willing, she waves her handkerchief in token of assent. The youth advances, takes a corner of the handkerchief in his hand and leads his lassie round and round. No word is spoken and no laugh is heard. Stiff with cords and rich with braids, the girl moves heavily by herself, going round and round and never allowing her partner to touch her hand. The pipe goes droning on for hours in the same sad key and measure, and the prize of merit in this "circling" as the dance is called, is given by spectators to the lassie who in all that summer revelry has never spoken and never smiled.

Seeing Distances.
 About 200 miles in every direction is the distance a man can see when standing on a clear day on the peak of the highest mountain say at a height of 28,668 feet, or a little over five miles above the level of the sea. An observer must be at a height of 8,000 feet above sea level to see objects at a distance of a hundred miles. The distance in miles at which an object upon the surface of the earth is visible is equal to the square root of one and one-half times the height of the observer in feet above sea level. Some allowance has to be made for the effect of atmospheric refraction, but as

Proverbs of St. Patrick.
 Good men ought not to be voluble nor tell a lie, for a lie is a great crime.
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refraction varies at different heights and is affected by the various states of the weather no precisely accurate figures for general purposes can be given. Probably from one-fourteenth to one-tenth of the distance given by the formula would have to be deducted owing to the refraction of the atmosphere.

"Long Live the King."
 The expression "The king is dead, long live the king," indicates the automatic succession of ruling sovereigns—that the moment a king dies his successor becomes king without any further formality. It is believed to have had its origin at the death of Louis XIV. of France. In Paroche's "Life of Louis XIV." is the following account of the announcement of the death of that monarch:
 "The death of Louis XIV. was announced by the captain of the body guard from a window of the state apartment. Raising his truncheon above his head, he broke it in the center and, throwing the pieces among the crowd, exclaimed in a loud voice 'Le roi est mort!' (the king is dead). Then, seizing another staff, he shouted it in the air as he shouted, 'Vive le roi!' (Long live the king)."—New York Times.

Primitive Screws.
 Screws are still made in India just as they were made originally, by winding two soft wires together around a mandrel. The wires are then carefully separated, and one of them is soldered into a tube or nut, while the other is soldered to a short rod. All the screw-makers make their screws in this way, and they are all left handed, for they are wound over and over by the right hand. Screw bolts and screw presses were introduced by Europeans, and for many years all the cotton exported from India was compressed by a massive screw of wood, turned round by cattle yoked to a long lever. This screw may still be found in remote districts. It is cut entirely by hand and is set out by winding two ropes around the hand dressed beam to give the pitch.—Eastern Engineering.

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