

AN IRISH LEGEND

BY NANO HARRIS WALKER

Driving along from Watergrasshill to Cork, the traveller may see the ruins of the mansion of Rath Goban, the ancient dwelling-place of Goban Saer. Of the many edifices erected by this famous builder and architect nothing now remains but the shell of an old tower. The memory of the builder, however, is still kept in veneration, for he was as upright in his conduct and as wise in his conversation as he was clever in the art of building.

Few things brought the Goban Saer more honor than the insight he showed into the true virtues and merits of women. When he took it into his head to get married, he did not look for the most beautiful girl of his acquaintance, as is the fashion with the foolish members of his sex; neither did he, like a miser, or one inflated with his own importance, think only of money and family. No! He had but one thought in regard to a wife, and that was, she should be the wisest and wittiest woman in the country.

He hit on the following plan of selection:

One morning he told his servant to take a skin just stripped from a young sheep to the neighboring fair, ordering him, as soon as he had sold it, "to bring it back again, as well as the price received for it."

The servant had such confidence in the wisdom of his master that he never even questioned the strange command.

Arrived at the fair, he was soon surrounded by a crowd of women, for the fleeces which came from the farm of the Goban Saer were renowned through the country for their thickness and their quality. But the eagerness of the bidders, as may be guessed, quickly changed to stupefaction when they learned the conditions of the sale: "He was to take back the skin as well as the price of it! What folly, to be sure! He could take back the skin, but they kept their money!"

A young girl had remained behind after they all had departed. Molly Desmond was not rich. Indeed, she would never have nourished a hope of acquiring a fleece so thick and so silky if all the competition had not ceased! Now she approached the servant and, having reflected for a moment on his bizarre proposal, bought the skin at a very low price. It was the work of a few minutes to remove the wool from the hide and return the latter to the servant, who brought it back in triumph to his master.

On learning that there was a poor girl in the neighborhood who possessed penetration enough to understand his meaning, Goban Saer at once sought her hand in marriage.

The years passed on. The reputation and fortune of the Goban Saer increased with everyone.

When he saw his daughter twenty years of age, beautiful as she was good, and knew that he had comfortably provided for her future, and that of himself and of his wife, he resolved to do no more work, but to spend the closing portion of his life in rest and recreation.

However, it happened that the King of Brittany wanted to have a magnificent palace built. The stories he had heard from travellers of the marvels erected by the famous Irish builder made him determine that the old man must be coaxed to Brittany. The Goban Saer was promised marbles the like of which had never been seen in Ireland; gold, silver, and precious gems would be as plentiful as iron, wood or stone; ten thousand slaves would be placed at his command, and all the workmen of the kingdom be his servants.

Does artist ever refuse to add another laurel to his crown? The old builder began to disparage his former works, and spent his days and nights in dreaming of the palace to be built for the Breton king.

His ambition was a great grief to the wise Molly. She was frightened when she thought of the length of the journey and the dangers an old man might encounter in a strange country among jealous and envious people. Remonstrance or reasoning, however, was of no avail—to Brittany the Goban Saer would go. Molly made the best of it, only insisting that Ellen should accompany her father.

"My dear Ellen," said she to her daughter before they started, "your father is old; but man refuses to acknowledge the weight of age unless it presses very heavily. See, then, that he often rests on the way. In each strange house that you enter, make friends with the women, the children, and the dog, and be careful never to remain longer than three days in a town where you will not have made at least three friends for your father. Still, as human prudence can never foresee what God hides in His Powerful hand, if it should happen that you are ever in want of any assistance let me counsel you to tie a thread of red wool round the arm of any messenger you may send to me."

The father and daughter then departed. After a great deal of travelling, both by land and water, they arrived safely at the palace of the King of Brittany.

Just as they were entering the courtyard, the king's eldest son, the heir to the throne, was leaving for the hunt. As soon as he learned, however, that the illustrious architect who had been waited for so impatiently had at last come, his curiosity to see him was so great that he dismissed his suite and re-entered the palace.

Next day the prince again gave up the hunt, but for another motive. He wished to see Ellen, and soon he began to find more pleasure in suddenly

meeting her graceful figure at the turn of a gallery than in seeing the largest wild boar rush from among the branches of the forest.

Little by little the young people got from looks to words. From the day that Ellen first spoke to him the prince gave up, not only hunting, but every other amusement in which he used formerly to take delight. He passed his entire days shut up in the palace listening to the wise and sweet words which fell from the girl's lips.

The attention of the prince to Ellen did not escape the observation of the Goban Saer. "If," said he, "the feeling which this young man has for my daughter is honorable, she shall be his; if it is otherwise, I must take her away from here as quickly as possible, even though I leave the palace, which promises to be so beautiful, unfinished." In order to find out the nature of the feeling which inspired the prince, Goban Saer spoke to his daughter.

"The prince is in love with you," said he; "I know it, my daughter; but it is necessary to prove this love. To-morrow I shall invite the prince to breakfast in the new palace. When the repast is finished, you will enter, followed by your attendants, carrying water for the washing of our hands. You will bring the basin to the prince, but as he is plunging in his hands, you must take up some of the water on your fingers and throw it into his face. If this proud Breton should bear this affront patiently, he loves you sufficiently to let you share his throne. If, on the contrary, he gets into a passion, it will be a proof that the habits of his rank and the violence of his character are stronger than his love, and we must fly at once. In my case, I shall say good-bye to an unfinished palace; in yours, to a grown tenderness."

Ellen bent her head and sadly prepared to obey her father.

The day of trial arrived all too soon. After breakfast, the trembling girl advanced towards the prince, holding the basin of water. He mechanically dipped his hands into it, his eyes being all the time fixed on Ellen's blushing face. She, with a pretence of gaiety, took up some drops of the water and threw them at him. Instead, however, of flying into a passion, the prince just smiled at the play, and gathering in his hand some of the drops which remained on his forehead, pressed them to his lips.

On seeing this Ellen felt that she loved the prince a hundred times more than ever, and the old Goban said gaily to himself, "I am building this beautiful palace for my daughter."

During all this love affair, however, it must not be forgotten that the charming prince had a father, the King of Brittany, and that this father was a very selfish and cruel man. Enchanted with the palace which was being erected for him, he got it into his head that Goban Saer might build one still more beautiful for another king. He could think of no better way of averting this calamity than by cutting off the artist's head as soon as the work was finished.

Goban was warned by a friend of his destined fate, and sought for means to avert it.

"Sire," said he to the Breton sovereign, "your palace will surpass any that has ever been seen if you will let me go to Rath Goban for one ornament—an ornament such as neither France nor England can produce on account of the peculiar beauty and originality of its material and finish."

The king, guessing that he wished to escape, said, "Send a messenger."

"And to what messenger, sire, could such a precious object be confided?" asked the Goban Saer.

"I shall think about it," replied the king; "but you cannot leave the palace."

When the king left him the Goban Saer confided his trouble to his daughter. Ellen outdug her brains to see a way out of their difficulties. Alas! even if she were able to send a messenger to Molly, what were that poor woman's resources against those of a powerful king?

In the midst of her worrying, the prince came to visit her, and at sight of him her plan was formed.

"My lord," said she, "there is a precious ornament which my father must have to finish this great palace. But the king mistrusts him, and will not allow him to return to his own country for this treasure. My father, mistrustful also, is afraid to let a slave, an officer, or a lord go on such an important commission."

"Perhaps he would consent to my going?" said the prince.

"Oh! I have no doubt he would," replied Ellen, "and my mother, also, will be happy to see you, especially if you allow me to attach this thread of red wool to your arm. She will know then that you came from us, and that you are a friend."

Ellen trembled as she spoke. The prince smiled and held out his arm, around which the dutiful daughter of Goban Saer tied the mysterious sign which was to deliver the head of her lover, to be held as hostage for that of her father.

The king did not offer any opposition to the departure of his son. "For," said he, "when my palace will be perfect, I shall always be master to do what I like with the architect."

The prince travelled to Ireland and was hospitably received by Molly; but he did not return. In his place came a messenger bearing a letter for the King of Brittany.

The Breton king read the letter.

What was his anger when he learned that the prince was kept a prisoner at Rath Goban! He tore out his hair in fistfuls, he blasphemed, he swore, he wanted to imprison, torture, chop up Goban and his daughter. But as the words of the sanguinary orders were going to fall from his lips he recalled the threat of Molly: "Member for member, blood for blood, head for head."

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And the king had no other heir.

On his side, the prince, after recovering from the first shock, could only admire the heroism of Ellen, who was willing to sacrifice the man she loved and the chance of a crown for the life of her father. He sent a message to the king that even if he were set free he would voluntarily remain at Rath Goban until a consent was given to his marriage with Ellen.

The king at first, of course, gave a strong "No," backed by a stout oath. The prince, however, was the only hope of the country, and the Breton seigneurs, seeing the obstinacy of the monarch, commenced to murmur and threaten.

Fear often masters the greatest of Kings, so the lord of Brittany, judging it time to yield, graciously renounced the little pleasure of killing his architect. He contented himself with getting Goban's word that he would never build another palace.

The prince married Ellen. Both reigned long and happily, and as long as the kingdom of Brittany lasted, the people blessed the memory of the daughter of the Goban Saer.

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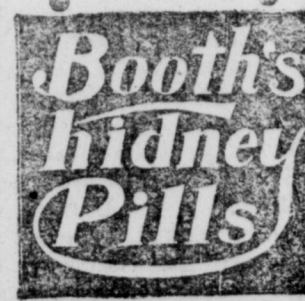
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Veneer Used in Canada.

Statistics for the amount of veneer manufacture or used in Canada during 1910, have just been compiled by the Forestry Branch of the Department of the Interior. Including natural and imported veneer, 92,066,000 square feet, valued at \$768,500 were produced or used in Canada in 1910. This is an average cost of \$7.47 per M square feet. Of this amount, 99.9 percent was a native wood and consists of 14 species; the most important of these were birch and maple, which together form over one half of the total native woods. These were manufactured into veneer in the hardwood belt and were used chiefly for furniture, panel work and vehicles. Elm and bass wood are next in importance and together form about one third of the native wood. These two species of veneer are made by smaller mills in the fruit district, and are used for fruit baskets

packages and cheese boxes. Imported woods, \$140,687, amounted to one tenth of the total amount of veneer used. These were more expensive than native woods, costing on the average \$17.48 per M square feet, and were used for more extensive furnishings. Oak veneer constituted over one third of the total importations, and was used chiefly in the manufacture of medium priced furniture. Tulip was second in importance, forming one fifth of the total. This species of wood is very valuable and is used in the carved parts of vehicle bodies and automobiles. Mahogany, Spanish cedar, and Circassian walnut were used in small quantities and imported indirectly from Africa, the West Indies, and southeast Europe respectively, being used for high class furniture, musical instruments and pianos. Circassian walnut is the most expensive of these, costing \$63.80 per M square foot. The diminishing supply of beautiful finishing woods is constantly tending to make the use of veneer more general, for in this way a fine and beautiful appearance is given to an article, consisting mainly of a cheap and inexpensive base. Cigar boxes in Canada are nearly all made from Spanish cedar, about one one hundredth of an inch thick, on a gum of tulip base.

REFRIGERATOR WITHOUT ICE

How to Make a "Cooler" for Summer Use

A cooler can be made out of any box that has for its sides slats instead of solid boards. A peach crate makes a very satisfactory one. The box once chosen, all that is needed in the way of construction is to add as many shelves inside as desired, and a door on hinges. Then cover the door, sides and back with burlap or some similar material.

On the top place a pan, preferably enamel, and from this pan hang wicks made of strips of flannel four or five inches in width. These wicks should have one end resting on the inside bottom of the pan, and the other hanging over the edge of the crate and touching the burlap. Then fill the pan with water.

The cooler should be placed in a cool place, where the wind can blow upon it. The wicks absorb the water and distribute it through the mesh of the burlap by capillary attraction. The wind causes the moisture to evaporate, and the evaporation reduces the temperature inside the refrigerator. A writer in The Youth's Companion, in describing such a cooler, asserts that it will keep butter hard and firm on the warmest days in summer. If this be true, as it probably is, surely the idea is one well worth trying.

HOW GLASS-MAKING BEGAN

The Phoenicians and Egyptians the Most Renowned Glass Makers

Glass-making dates from the earliest times, and originated, no doubt, with the Egyptians, as the oldest-known specimens found are those discovered in the tombs of Egypt, and the earliest mention dates back to 3,300 B.C.

Second to the Egyptians, the ancient people most renowned for the manufacture of glass were the Phoenicians.

The legend of that people concerning the discovery of the art is consistently retold. Some Phoenician traders, returning to their home in a ship laden with soda, were compelled to land on a sandy tract on the Syrian coast.

They built a fire on the sand to prepare their supper, and placed their cooking pots on a lump of soda. The sand and the soda were both melted by the heat of the fire, and, flowing together, formed a substance which, although they knew it not, the sailors recognized as valuable. Such, says tradition, is the origin of one of our most useful commodities.