

Poetical Gems.

(FOR THE SCRAP BOOK.)

TO SCENES OF PEACE.

To scenes of peace retiring,
The weary heart is found,
When friendship's voice inspiring
Awakens a holy sound;
It beats anew mid smiling lands,
And soothing words, and kindred
hands.

In solitude reposes
The man by sorrow torn,
His hallowed light discloses
A hope for them that mourn;
And joys revive mid smiling lands,
And soothing words and kindred
hands.

BENEVOLENCE.

Bless'd is the man whose softening
heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never raised in vain:

Whose breast expands with gen'rous
warmth,
A stranger's woes to feel;
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal;
He spreads his kind, supporting arms
To every child of grief;
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unask'd relief.

To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow;
He views, through mercy's melting
eye,
A brother in a foe.

Peace from the bosom of his God,
My peace to him I give;
And when he kneels before the throne
His trembling soul shall live.

To him protection shall be shown,
And mercy from above
Descend on those who thus fulfil
The perfect law of love.

A LIFE LESSON.

There, little girl, don't cry;
They've broken your doll. I know,
And your tea set blue,
And your toy house, too,
Are things of the long ago;
But childish troubles will soon pass
by.

There, little girl, don't cry;
They've broken your heart, I know,
And the rainbow gleams
Of your youthful dreams
Are things of the long ago;
But Heaven holds all for which you
sigh.

There, little girl, don't cry;
She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my
sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight's too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful
dawn;

A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and
smiles.

Thoughts From Ruskin.

All art is great, and good, and
true, only so far as it is distinctively
the work of manhood in its entire and
highest sense; that is to say, not the
work of limbs and fingers, but of the
soul.

No teacher can truly promote the
cause of education, until he knows the
conditions of the life for which that
education is to prepare his pupil.

Every right action and true thought
sets the seal of its beauty on person
and face.

Whenever you hear a man disas-
suring you from attempting to do well,
on the ground that perfection is
"Utopian," beware of that man.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine,
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller betwixt life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and
skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright,
With something of an angel light.
—Wordsworth.

THE DEATH-BED.

We watched her breathing through
the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seem'd to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids clos'd—she had
Another morn than ours.
—Thomas Hood.

I SAW FROM THE BEACH.

I saw from the beach, when the morn-
ing was shining,
A bark o'er the waters move glori-
ously on;
I came when the sun o'er that beach
was declining,
The bark was still there, but the
waters were gone.

And such is the fate of our life's early
promise,
So passing the spring-tide of joy we
have known;
Each wave that we danced on at morn-
ing, ebbs from us,
And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak
shore alone.

Ne'er tell me of glories serenely
adorning
The close of our day, the calm eve
of our night—
Give me back, give me back the wild
freshness of Morning!
Her clouds and her tears are worth
Evening's best light.

Oh who would not welcome that mo-
ment's returning,
When passion first waked a new
life through his frame,
And his soul—like the wood that
grows precious in burning—
Gave out all its sweets to love's
exquisite flame!

TO-DAY.

To, here hath been dawning another
blue day;
Think, wilt thou let it slip useless
away?

Out of eternity this new day is born,
Into eternity at night will turn.
Behold it aforesaid no eye ever did;
So soon it forever from all eyes is
hid.

Here hath been dawning another blue
day;
Think, wilt thou let it slip useless
away?

—Thomas Carlyle.

Free Fish.

Maine Alarmed Over "Free Fish."

Fishermen of Portland and Casco
Bay are being made acquainted with
the real facts of the Underwood tariff
as applied to the importation of fish.
It is reported that someone from the
Home Market Club of Boston has been
distributing letters and circulars
among the Maine fishermen, setting
for the just what is being done in
New England in opposition to the
"free fish" measure.

According to the Portland "Press"
these circulars point out that it is not
a small and isolated industry which
is threatened by the proposed free
fish clause, but a national industry,
by every sense of justice entitled to
the consideration of the Government.
Historically its foundation was laid
along the bleak and rugged coast of
New England, but has spread all
along our Atlantic seaboard and has
followed the Stars and Stripes to the
Great Lakes and the Pacific coast even
into the rivers of Alaska.

It is not the New England fisher-
men alone who will feel the effect of
foreign competition if the policy of
free fish is adopted. The fishermen of
the southern Atlantic States will not
escape, nor will those of the fleets of
the Pacific coast, and the lake fisher-
men of Michigan, Illinois and Ohio.

The main shore of British Columbia,
extending 7,000 miles, provides a vast
field for Canadian fishermen, and the
products range from the sardine to the
whale. Salmon constitute 80 per
cent. of the catch of British Columbia,
and halibut, herring and cod are nu-
merous in those waters. But these
resources are trifling when compared
with the opposition Maine fishermen
will encounter with the Canadian fish-
erman to the eastward of us.

The 22,000 fishermen of New Eng-
land have every incentive to join
hands with the 18,000 in Maryland,
the 20,000 in Virginia, the 18,000 in
New York, New Jersey and Delaware,
the 14,000 of California, Washington
and Oregon and 7,000 of Illinois, Wis-
consin, Ohio and Michigan.

The question is asked, "Is it too
much to ask that an industry of such
importance and of such value to the
country should receive the considera-
tion of the Congress of the United
States?" And again, "Is it too much
to ask that an effort should be made
to at least equalize the conditions of
competition between the United States
and Canada, whose fishermen receive
a Government bounty of \$160,000 a
year.

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Now Have Beautiful Hair—
All First-Class Druggists Sell
SALVIA and Guarantee it to
Grow Hair, or Refund Your
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Your druggist is backed up by the
manufacturers of SALVIA, the Great
Hair Grower. It is guaranteed to
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SALVIA destroys dandruff in ten
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The roots of the hair are so nour-
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perfumed. It is hard to find an ac-
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Ladies of society and influence use
no other.

SALVIA is a non-sticky prepara-
tion, and is the ladies' favorite. A
large generous bottle 50c.

McMURDO & CO., Wholesale
Agents.

**C.L.B. Boy gone
With Capt. R. Bartlett**

Mr. F. G. Chafe, of Monroe & Co's
store, has received a letter from his
son Ernest, who left here three
years ago to seek his fortune in
Western Canada, and who was for-
merly a plumber at Gear & Co's, and
a prominent member of the C.L.B.,
informing him that he has just left
for a five years' cruise with Captain
Bob Bartlett, of Arctic Expedition
fame. Ernest, who was a well known
athlete, wishes to be remembered to
all his friends here.

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Students prepared for degrees
in Arts, Pure Science and Music.
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nually. For all information ap-
ply to the Warden.

MINARD'S LINIMENT USED BY
PHYSICIANS.

Sideburns.

By H. L. RANN.



As the poet has
so well said,
"Sideburns are a
man's own
fault."
The sideburn
is a shy growth
of hair which
the cheek-
bone of man is
unhappily
unhappily.

In our early life as a people the
sideburn was never used. The copious
and full-blown whisker mingling
gaily with the titillating mustache,
was considered a sufficient adornment
with which to melt the adamant
heart of woman. But one day a near-
sighted barber shaved a patron and
left the sideburn erect in solemn ma-
jesty, and ever since that time men
have allowed the appealing, restless
look of the sideburn to appease the
harrowing fear of total baldness.

The sideburn has been found ex-
tremely useful to men who are unable
to retain any hair from their eye-
brows up. A sprightly, well-turned
sideburn, suspended like a tassel over
each ear, will distract attention from
a head which is nearly fringed with an
imitation hair-cut to such an extent
that nobody would suspect the owner
of baldness until he removed his hat.
Two aggressive, deep-chested side-
burns will enable a bald man to get
by without comment in the most se-
lect company.

For some reason or other, side-
burns are very liberally patronized
by the clergy and the genial plant
known as the college professor. This
is not at all strange, as there is
something about a drooping and con-
ciliatory buff sideburn which cannot
be looked upon without a feeling of
awe and veneration. Floor walkers
and hotel clerks occasionally wear
sideburns so that they will not be
confused with the common herd.
When the face of a floor walker is
lit up with a \$25-a-week smile, which
breaks through a roguish sideburn
of vermilion hue, the effect is simi-
lar to an impressionist picture of the
sun sinking to rest behind a red barn.

Seizure of Rifles.

Guns Awaiting Removal to Ireland,
Stored in a London Stable.

In connection with the seizure of
rifles at Dublin and Belfast, the dis-
covery has been made that something
like 6,500 rifles of the Italian 1886
pattern had been brought by ship to
Wapping and conveyed by motor lor-
ry to a stable off King Street, Ham-
mersmith. Scotland Yard men had
been watching the stable, and warn-
ed the Irish authorities as each con-
signments left London. About three
parts of the collection are still at
Hammersmith.

I was cured of Bronchitis and As-
thma by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
MRS. A. LIVINGSTONE.

Lot 5, P. E. I.
I was cured of a severe attack of
Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINI-
MENT.

Mahone Bay. JOHN MADER.
I was cured of a severely sprained
leg by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
JOSHUA A. WYNACHT.
Bridgewater.

Malta Asks For Home Rule.

London, June 23.—The famous lit-
tle Island of Malta is the latest Brit-
ish territory to ask for home rule.
At the time of the recent visit to
Premier Asquith and First Lord of
the Admiralty Churchill, representa-
tives of various classes of the Mal-
tese population, waited upon Mr.
Asquith and put before him the ex-
pediency of a constitution being
granted which, whilst safeguarding
imperial interests, would give the
people absolute control over purely
local matters. Mr. Asquith promised
careful consideration.

Malta has been a British possession
since 1800. A measure of representa-
tive government was conceded in 1849.
At present the Governor, appointed by
the British crown, is assisted by a
council of which nine members are
appointed and eight elected. The
population which is almost altogether
Italian, is represented as well affect-
ed toward the British government.
The value of the place to Britain, is
of course, as a naval station.

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Saddles, Collar Safes,
Felt for Pads,
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Harness Dressing,
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SHAFTS.**

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The Double Cross—A Western
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The Shepherd's Flute—Drama by
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The New Doctor—A comedy, with
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A Trip to Lively Town—A trick
comedy picture.

A Gaumont Graphic — World's
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Miss Gardner and Miss Guerin in
the latest song successes.

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Coming: The man that made Edison Records famous—John W. Myers.

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FOR A BUSY WEEK END.

PRICES SAME AS LAST WEEK.

TROUTING and PICNIC PARTIES should try our

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The St. John's Meat Co.,

EAST—WATER STREET—WEST.

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Varnish Stain,	Furniture Varnish,	Hat Enamel,
Oil Stain,	Carriage Varnish,	Black Japan,
Floor Varnish,	Damar Varnish,	White and Orange
Copal Varnish.	Enamel Paint.	Shellac,
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**Marbleine Frescote for Walls,
Paint Brushes of every description.**

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Some sort of tea is re-
quired—and it ought to be
a good tea for the sake of
one's personal satisfaction.

Each guest will enjoy
Homestead—it's something
that is distinctly good, and
there isn't a drop of harm
in a houseful of it. Its flav-
our makes staunch friends.

HOMESTEAD TEA, 40c. lb.
10 per cent. discount for
5 lb. parcels.

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**DUCKWORTH STREET and
QUEEN'S ROAD.**

Ex S.S. Stephano,

New Potatoes, 20c. gallon.

Fresh Tomatoes.

Bananas.

New York Corned Beef.

New Rhubarb.

New Lemons.

New York Cabbage.

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Corned Pigs' Tongues.

Smoked Herring in Oil.

Herring in Shrimp Sauce.

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Herring in Anchovy.

Skipper Sardines.

Anchovy in Oil and Brine,

etc., etc.