OUR SATURDAY EVENING HOME PAGE.

POEMS.

JEST A-LOAFIN'.

(By Julia I. Peck.)

Ain't done nothin' all day long!
Jest bin loafin'.
Wasnt tired, an' wasn't sick—
Loitered all day by the 'crick,'
List'nin' to a thrush's song,—
Jest a-loafin'.

Really went down there to fish,
'Stead o' loafin'.
Didn't take no interest in it,
Seemed like God had made each minute,
Fer a man to have his wish,
Jest fer loafin'.

Never spent a sweeter day,
Jest a-loafin'.
Never felt air soft as this,
Seemed most like a baby's kiss.
Kind o' made me want to pray—
Jest a-loafin'.

Saw the wild things in the trees,
Jest a-loafin'.
Picked a pretty bunch o' flowers,
Watched a squirrel for two, three hours,
Lay down an' enjoyed the breeze.
Jest a-loafin'.

Can't think I bin doin' wrong!
Jest a-loafin'.
Feelin's somehow seemed so deep,
Tho' I dozed and went to sleep,
Thank God for the thrush's song—
Jest a-loafin'.

THE BLISS OF THE BAIRN.

Have you ever felt the pressure of a tiny baby hand
Or a little upturned face against your own?
Have you ever rocked a little one away to slumberland,
When the sunlit day to eventide has grown?
Have you listened to the chatter of a busy little tongue,
Of the glories where the child-world plays a part?
Have you kissed the lips of laughter when the sleep-songs have been sung,
Bringing dreamy rest unto the little heart?

Have you quieted the troubles of a tired little soul?
Have you listened to the little childish cares?
Have you crooned away the sobbings with a sympathetic troll
In a lullaby of old-time soothing airs?
Have you seen the dancing sunlight in the eager little eyes,
All a-gleam at mystic fairy tales you'd tell?
Did you note the looks of wonder and expressions of surprise
O'er that charming spot where gnomes and elfins dwell?

Have you heard the supplications from the rosy little lips,
Ere the Sandman came around upon his quest?
Have you felt a thrill of rapture from wee, tiny finger tips,
As you hugged the little dreamer to your breast?
Then give thanks above that little dimpled arms are yours to feel
In a clasp of love about your neck at night,
When within the dusk of even at the snowy cot you kneel,
Listening to the gentle breathing soft and light.

"THE THREE FISHERS."

Three fishers went sailing out into the West,
Away to the West as the sun went down;
Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town:
For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn and many to keep,
Though the harbor-ar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
And they trimm'd the lamps as the sun went down;
And they looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown;
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
Though the harbor-bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands,
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and ringing their hands,
For those who will never come home to the town.
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep,
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

THE MEANS TO ATTAIN HAPPY LIFE.

Martial, the things that do attain
The happy life be these, I find—
The riches left, not got with pain;
The fruitful ground, the quiet mind.

The equal friend, no grudge, no strife,
No charge of rule, nor governance;
Without disease, the healthful life;
The household of continuance.

The diet mean, no delicate fare;
True wisdom joined with simpleness;
The night discharged of all its care,
Where wine the wit may not oppress.

The faithful wife, without debate;
Such sleeps as may beguile the night;
Contented with thine own estate,
No wish for death, nor fear his might.

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and staunch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket moulds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair,
And that was the time when our little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise!"
So toddling off to his trundle-bed,
He dreamt of the pretty toys.
And as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue,—
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true.

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face.
And they wonder, as waiting these long years through
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue
Since he kissed them and put them there.

—Eugene Field.

How to Sing a Song.

An instructive article describing the best, indeed the only, method which will enable a young singer to develop into a finished artist appeared in a recent number of The Music Student. The writer, Mr. H. Ernest Hunt, after recommending careful consideration of the words, the soul of the song and the melody, sums up by saying:—

Live, think, feel, and, above all, love, and then your voice will be but the vehicle of your heart and brain, and it will carry all the latest sympathy and love that lies in the song and which you are able to discern out and away into the world to awaken echoes in responsive hearts and scatter love and sympathy wherever it may go.

Children's Acting.

Lest the language of some of our noblest literature become obsolete, we must let children drink early and deep at the wells of "English undefiled." We have constant examples of good work in this direction. Not long ago, "As You Like It," acted by children, held Whitechapel audiences entranced. Only last month, "The Tempest" was given by the "Young Elizabethan Stagers"—a gallant little band founded by a young elementary school teacher in South London. Acting would be advisable, if only as a means of teaching children to speak well. With perhaps the richest language in the world, how few English people speak clearly; mumbled sentences, swallowed endings, with thunderous emphasis on prepositions, make utterances of pulpit and platform often unintelligible. An Italian said to me: "I can only understand English when it is spoken by foreigners."—Amice Macdonnell, in The Journal of English Studies.

Where Responsibility Lies.

No matter how large, or how small, a business may be, nobody can deny that its Office is the nerve centre of the firm. Every transaction, important or trivial, must be recorded at the Office. An order is received at the Office,—its history is recorded at the Office, and finally payment is received at the Office. If the Office makes an error the firm stands the loss. That's why you must be sure that your office is modernly and dependably equipped for the care of all important papers. To do this effectively you need the up-to-date equipment of the "GLOBE-WERNICKE CO." When sixty offices in St. John's have found this necessity this equipment can surely be of use to you. Mr. Percie Johnson represents this world known firm in Newfoundland.—ap17,tf

To make melon salad, peel the melon and cut it into fair-sized cubes. Dust with a little salt tand pepper, and pile high in a dish. Moisten it with a couplee of glasses of sherry, pour over some dressing, and dust the top with chopped tarragon or chervil. Or, instead of the sherry, tarragon vinegar or lemon juice may be used.

Many a man's conscience isn't on speaking terms with him.

Woman's Discontent---and Why.

Unrest, Education, and Enlightenment

(By the Bishop of Kensington.)

"The present outbursts of militancy are mainly due to the persistent disregard of the claims of women. The Government have ignored these claims, which are of long growth and much bigger than a mere demand for the vote, because they clashed with their own objects. The present situation is entirely the Government's own creation. The constitution has condemned militants with drunkards and disorderly people, women who have done no more than men have done in the past, when agitating for reforms, and the public ought not to be surprised that an intolerable situation has been created.

"The unrest among women is world wide knowledge, because they have not had the justice they are asking not only for themselves, but for the whole race. At the present awkward time women have been driven to despair because they have not secured a fair hearing, and the unanimous refusal to report any great and important meeting where real arguments for the women's cause are set forth. The great essence of the demand for the vote is never given a hearing, and those responsible for the horrible situation at present with us are the Government, the Press, and the public—a situation with its outbursts of violence which is unpleasant, not to say dangerous.

Sweated Industries.

"The real motive power behind the movement (the enfranchisement of women), which is never allowed to be heard, is the moral and spiritual force impelling for righteousness and purity. The unrest is the result of the growth of education and general enlightenment during the last fifty years when sheltered women have come to know facts they were not supposed to know. They have been confronted with the horrors of the White Slave Traffic, the prevalence of disease, and the suffering of women and children, and have only just begun to wake up to inquiry. These facts have been known to the leaders of the suffrage movement for years. They have been working quietly and steadily for many years for the weapon which will bring reform to the women's ranks, but have been met with indifference and wilful blindness, and have been left to despair.

"The suffrage leaders have known all that is involved in the economic aspect of the women's question—the conditions of the sweated industries in the East End and the West End, too, and the lower rates of pay for teachers, women clerks, and others, for work which demands the same skill and qualifications from either sex. The housing problem has been fully realized by those who are seeking the enfranchisement of women. They know how the mothers and children dwell in hovels, not homes, and when one thinks of the apapthy and indifference they are met with when expressing an opinion on these conditions, to me it is not surprising that their indignation is being expressed in a way that we probably all deplore.

The Bitter Cry of the Children.

"One of the greatest causes of the present unrest is the bitter cry of the children. Mrs. Bramwell Booth, in her housing report, says that 316 girls under sixteen years of age within the last twelve months have been criminally assaulted; in the annual report of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, it is stated that 400 girls have been criminally assaulted; and the Church Penitentiary Association from 56 of its Rescue Homes reports that 793 girls under age came under its notice within one year. When we know the conditions under which the poor live do not make for lives of purity and chastity, and in the cramped spaces self-respect is well-nigh impossible, it is futile to tell women that the matter is of no urgency, and that they can have no voice in a question that touches the home.

"It has taken a long time to blaze the light and to bring the facts to the knowledge of women. What failed to find expression before is finding it now in an unrest among women, and it is folly to ignore it or treat it as madness. The rising flood of moral indignation is against tyranny and oppression. The women are met with a conspiracy of silence and a refusal to confront these ugly facts by Parliament, the Press, and even the Church, where there is merely a desire to evade an overwhelming plea for justice to women and children.

"Militancy an Excuse for Delay."

"The Government and the anti-suffragists are always eager to clutch at any straw, and the present straw of militancy is an excuse for the delay of a matter of vital importance to the community. You cannot control the great water floods, you may make underground sewers or drains; but what happened in Paris may one day happen here on a big scale. The flood of moral indignation has been suppressed and pent up, and by refusal to give it free outflow you may find yourself one day standing on the edge of a chasm yawning beneath your feet ready to engulf the fair structures reared by a civilization which in its blindness refuses to take into account the moral and spiritual forces which have been at work.

"To treat unrest in a righteous cause as crime, and give weightier sentences than those meted out to criminal assaulters and the White Slave traffickers, and to refuse to consider the justice of a plea put forward by highly educateed, peace-loving, law-abiding women, is the surest way to direct energy into channels which may endanger the whole fabric of society. To talk about women being filled with political ambition only shows ignorance of the subject. The vote is the ruling power of a democratic State, and to refuse it to women, or even to listen to them demanding it, is glaring hypocrisy."—Graphic.

Useful Things Worth Knowing.

It is possible to keep lemons almost indefinitely in all weathers by putting them in a jar of water with a lid. One must change the water once a week if the lemons are to be kept longer. But one will find them as firm and juicy as when fresh.

If table linen is stained with fruit the stains can be removed by stretching the piece of linen across a basin and pouring boiling water from the kettle, in a thin, steady stream directly on the spot. Then wring out the piece of linen and pour water on the reverse side.

To freshen a broom that has commenced to show signs of wear one has only to soak the broom regularly in hot suds and put it in the sun to dry, and it will be found to have gained new life and elasticity.

Great difficulty is often experienced when trying to remove glass stoppers, but this method will help to loosen them. Pour a little olive oil or glycerine round the stopper and let it stand for an hour or so. The oil will work round the stopper and it should be easily removed.

To waterproof boots, melt together two parts of beeswax with one part of mutton fat, and apply to the leather at night; the boots should then be wiped next morning with a flannel. When blacked the boots will not polish so well at first, but after the blacking has been used several times they will polish brilliantly.

White stains made on a mahogany table by hot dishes may be removed by rubbing in oil and afterward pouring spirits of wine on the spot and rubbing dry with a soft cloth.

Nails used in bathrooms and kitchens on which damp cloths and towels may be hung should be painted with enamel, so that they do not leave rusty marks.

Washing soda will remove the most obstinate mud stains. Rub off with a cloth or flannel dipped in the soda, then press well on the wrong side of the material with a warm iron.

To soften boots and shoes rub castor oil thoroughly into the leather. This will renew the elasticity and life of the leather. Any ordinary oil will answer the purpose, but castor oil is the best.

When the House of Commons Laughs.

"Let me write the songs of the people, and I don't care who makes their laws," is a frequently quoted aphorism. It may be paraphrased in a form truthfully applicable to the House of Commons, writes Sir Henry W. Lucy (Toby, M.P.) in describing the humor of the British House of Commons. "Let us make the House laugh, and I don't care who convinces it by argument."

This yearning after the lighter side of things is natural and irresistible. Having sat for eight or ten hours listening to a succession of speakers hammering away at a technical or otherwise tiresome topic, there is great refreshment in a burst of laughter. From period to period following on a series of general elections, the House of Commons necessarily varies in individuality of character and consequently in general tone and aspect. But it never loses its thirst for amusement. It is so grateful for any contribution to its amusement that it is not particular as to the delicacy of the humor or the poignancy of the wit.

A Minister who, expounding a bill, has furtively supplied himself with a tumbler of slightly colored water, and, enforcing his argument, with sweeping gesture upsets the tumbler, is almost sure to get his bill read a second time without a division.

A private member who, concluding his speech, sits down on his hat, incautiously placed on the bench behind him, is a prime factor for the rest of the evening.

This particular development of unconscious humor is likely to pall by frequency of repetition. Last session it gained an effective accessory. A member, speaking, from behind the Treasury bench, resuming his seat, at the close of a speech, crashed down on the hat of his neighbor. It is good form in these circumstances for the victim to betray no annoyance. He should absolutely ignore the incident, affecting to regard it as part of ordinary Parliamentary proceedings.

In this case it happened that the owner of the outraged hat followed its assailant in debate. Taking up the wreck, straightening it out with the air of being quite accustomed to find it in this plight, he commenced his speech with the familiar remark: "The honorable member who has just sat down—"

"On your hat," said another member, completing the sentence.

Time was when the Irish members supplied both with rich generosity. They flooded the House of Commons with rich and rare individuality of the kind heretofore familiar to the Saxon chiefly in the novels of Lever and Lover. That type has disappeared from the present House. The only Irish member who to-day habitually rises to flights of humor is Mr. Tim Healy, and his style is severely sardonic. For the rest, the modern Irish member is as prosy as he is fluent, his harangues being unlit by heaven-sent flashes of wit or humor.

Amid many other distinct types I recall a serious-mannered Irish member named Blake, whose memory is kept green by a brief correspondence he read to a delighted House. It was casually introduced in a speech delivered in debate on an Irish Sunday Closing Bill. Mr. Blake, taking the House into friendly confidence, informed it that he had an uncle who regularly took six tumblers of whiskey toddy per day. After much consideration he felt it his duty to write and remonstrate with his erring relative. The letter ran thus:

"My dear Uncle: I write to say how pleased I should be if you could see your way to giving up your six glasses of whiskey a day. I am sure you would find many advantages in doing so, the greatest of which would be that as I am persuaded it would be the means of lengthening your days."

The uncle replied:

"My dear Nephew: I am much obliged to you for your dutiful letter. I was so struck by what you said, in particular by your kind wish to lengthen my days, that last Friday I gave up the whiskey. I believe you're right, my boy, as to my days being lengthened, for bedad, it was the longest day I ever remember."

Another hero of old coercion days was an Irish member named Pyne. The Land League and the Irish Office were at the time at grips, the former having promulgated their historic edict forbidding the payment of rent. Mr. Pyne one night told the House not less delighted on the Unionist side than among the Home Rulers, how he got over the difficulty. Taking out his watch, he showed those seated near him how on its back was roughly engraved the legend: "Pay no rent." Whenever in troubled times a peasant farmer came to him for advice as to what they should do under pressure of the landlord clamoring for his dues, Mr. Pyne solemnly shook his head:

"I cannot," he said, "express my views on the subject, for Mr. Balfour then Chief Secretary) says they are illegal. But I'll tell what I'll do. I'll show you what time of the day it is."

And holding out his watch, the perturbed tenant read upon it the admonitory legend.

War Expenditure.

Russia's weekly expenditure towards the close of the war with Japan was £1,097,250. Our own war in South Africa, the bill for which totalled the huge sum of £211,948,000, worked out at £1,500,000 a week. The total cost of the Crimean War was about £213,000,000. America's successful struggle for independence cost the Mother Country £121,000,000, or just under £1,600,000 a week. France, however, has had to foot the heaviest weekly war bill on record, the total cost of her terrible conflict with Germany being £316,000,000, or over £7,000,000 a week.

Kitchen Comfort.

Rugs are needed in the kitchen or wherever much standing is done, as in front if the sink and the range or beside the table. They prevent linoleum or oilcloth from becoming worn in one or two spots, they are sometimes needed for warmth and they are always needed to spare the feet and back of the person who does the kitchen work.

There is a fancy for princess slips made entirely of very fine embroidery.

Regatta, 1914.

BISHOP, SONS & COMPANY, Limited.

GROCERY DEPARTMENT.

Gentlemen,—If you want to enjoy the Races, don't forget a box of

"Abdulla" Cigarettes,

TURKISH,
EGYPTIAN,
VIRGINIAN.

Also a box of

"Fuller's" Chocolates or Sweets,

for your lady friends.

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Removing Stains.

If an ink stain gets on your frock, remove it at once with salts of lemon, if the color will not run.

If milk is spilt over it, wash at once with soap and water.

If candle or other grease falls on it, take out with an iron and blotting pad, French chalk or benzine.

If it is rain-spotted, iron on the wrong side with a piece of muslin between the cloth and the iron.

If mud-stained, wait till it is dry, then brush off lightly and sponge the marks afterward.

If paint falls on the cloth, remove it with turpentine. Coal tar is removed with butter and tea stains with plain water.

Coffee stain, even with cream in it, can be removed from the most delicate silk or woollen fabrics by brushing the spots with pure glycerine. They should be rinsed in lukewarm water and pressed on the wrong side until quite dry. The glycerine absorbs both coloring matter and grease.

Sing a Song of Sixpence

Here is an explanation of the rhyme, "Sing a Song of Sixpence":—

The four-and-twenty blackbirds represent the four-and-twenty hours.

The bottom of the pie is the world.

The top crust represents the sky.

The opening of the pie is the dawn of day, when the birds begin to sing, and surely such a sight is fit for a king.

The king in his counting-house counting out his money is the sun.

The money the king is counting represents the golden sunshine.

The queen, who sits in the parlor, is the moon.

The honey she is eating is the moonlight.

The industrious maid who is working in the garden before the sun has risen is the day dawn, and the clothes she hangs out are the clouds.

The bird who so tragically ends the song by nipping off her nose is the hour of sunset.

More Fires.

Fires provoke immediate sympathy for the sufferer and also thankfulness for personal escape. Another thought should be whether one is personally and sufficiently protected? An insurance policy with Percie Johnson would provide for you this desired security and at small expense. Have you enough insurance?

Sunday Services.

Cathedral of St. John the Baptist.—Holy Communion every Sunday at 8 a.m.; also on the first Sunday of the month at 7 and 8 a.m.; and 12 noon. Other services at 11 a.m., and 6.30 p.m.

Saints' Days— Holy Communion, 8 a.m.; Matins, 11 a.m.; Evensong, 5.30 p.m.

Other Days—Matins, 8 a.m.; Evensong, 5.30 p.m.; (Fridays, 7.30 p.m., with sermon.)

Public Catechizing—Every Sunday in the month at 3.30 p.m.

St Michael's Mission Church, Casey Street.—Holy Communion at 8 and 12 on the 3rd Sunday of the month, and 8 on other Sundays. Other services, 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m.

Catechizing—Second Sunday of the month, 3.30 p.m.

Sunday Schools—Cathedral, at 2.45 p.m. Mission Church at 2.45 p.m.

Cathedral Men's Bible Class, in the Synod Building every Sunday at 3 p. m. All men invited to attend.

St. Mary's Church.—Matins at 11; Evensong at 6.30.

Brookfield School-Chapel — Evensong at 3 p.m. Sunday School at 4 p. m.

St. Thomas's—Holy Communion on the third Sunday in each month, at noon; every other Sunday at 8 a.m. Morning Prayer at 11 a.m. Evening services at 3.45 and 6.30 p.m. Daily —Morning Prayer at 8 a.m.; every Friday evening at 7.30, prayer and sermon. Holy Baptism ever Sunday at 3.45 p.m. Public catechizing third Sunday in each month at 3.30 p.m.

Christ Church (Quidi Vidi) — Holy Communion second Sunday, alternate months at 8 a.m. Evening Prayer third Sunday in each month, at 7 p. m.; other Sundays at 3.30 p.m.

Virginia School-Chapel — Evening prayer every Sunday at 3.30 p.m. Public Catechizing third Sunday in each month.

Sunday Schools—At Parish Church at 2.45 p.m.; at Christ Church, Quidi Vidi, at 2.30 p.m.; at Virginia School Chapel, 2.30 p.m.

Gower Street — 11 and 6.30, Rev. Douglas B. Hemmeon, B.A.

George Street —11 and 6.30, Rev. Norman M. Guy, M.A.

Cochrane Street (Methodist College Hall)—11 and 6.30, Rev. C. A. Whitemarsh, M.A., B.D.

Wesley—11 and 6.30, Rev. Harry Royle.

Presbyterian—11 and 6.30, Rev. J. S. Sutherland, M.A.

Congregational.—11 and 6.30, Rev. W. H. Thomas.

Salvation Army—S. A. Citadel, New Gower Street, 7 a.m., 11 a.m., 3 p.m., and 7 p.m.; S. A. Hall, Livingstone Street—7 a.m., 11 a.m., 3 p.m., and 7 p.m.; S. A. Hall, George St. -7 a.m.; 11 a.m., 3 p.m. and 7 p.m

ADVENTIST CHURCH, COOKSTOWN ROAD.—Regular service, 6.30 p.m., Sunday, and Saturday at 3 p.m.