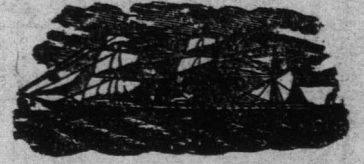


The MESSAGE of ST. GEORGE'S DAY.

NOTICE.

THE STEAMER.



Portia

Will leave the wharf of **Bowring Bros., Ltd.**—ON— **Wednesday, 22nd April, at 10 a.m.**

Calling at the following places: Cape Broyle, Ferryland, Renewa, Trepassay, St. Mary's, Salmonier, Placentia, Marystown, Burin, St. Lawrence, Lamaline, Fortune, Grand Bank, Belleoram, St. Jacques, Harbor Breton, Pass Island, Hermitage, Gaultois, Pishthrong, Richards Hr., Francois, Cape LaHune, Ramea, Burgo, Rose Blanche, Channel.

Freight received until 6 p.m., on Tuesday. For freight or passage apply to the **COSTAL OFFICE** of **BOWRING BROTHERS, LTD** Telephone 304.



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No! Then you have missed one of the best Novels of the day. **Queed** is a solitary, pedantic young man who drifts mysteriously into a Southern City, settles down in a boarding house and applies himself to the composition of a learned work on "Evolutionary Sociology," oblivious of all human interests and associations.

By degrees, the life around him begins to touch him, first at one point, then at another, until in the course of time, he develops into a full fledged hero of an uncommonly admirable and attractive sort, editor of the important newspaper in the city, and at the last, the successful lover of one of the most sterling heroines in fiction.

An intensely human story, original, stimulating, permeated by a delightful humor and a charming spirit.

You get it in cloth, 50c.; 2c. more if mailed.

DICKS & CO., LIMITED.

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Without exception the most delicious you have ever eaten.

For sale by **W. E. BEARNS, P. MAHER, DUCKWORTH ST.; ROBINSON'S RESTAURANT, WADDEN'S CANDY STORE, WATER STREET,** and other leading confectionery stores. Wholesale from **P. E. Outerbridge,** Sole Agent for Nfld., 137 WATER STREET.

Rev. C. W. Hollands, Carbonear. Every Britisher should keep St. George's Day. His flag should be hoisted, and if possible the Rose should be worn in his button-hole. Above all, attendance ought to be made in God's House on this day. Every Priest ought to try and give special services on this day, specially the Holy Eucharist, then to offer Mass to honor the day and to plead for the glory of the whole British Empire. The Royal Society of St. George is happily doing an excellent work in trying to keep alive the memory of our Saint, and in inspiring and encouraging the patriotic spirit throughout our vast dominions. May his labors be rewarded.

G. B. Lloyd, Esq., St. John's. April 23rd is St. George's Day, the tutelary Saint of England, whose chivalrous deeds should be memorable to Englishmen and their descendants the world over. How realistic is the picture of St. George slaying the dragon with the superscription "St. George for Merrie England!" The English nation, down the ages, from Alfred the Great to the present day has, in a wonderful degree, inherited those noble characteristics of the canonical warrior for bravery, chivalry, and heroism. The commemoration and celebration of the day in Newfoundland, of late years, has been apathetic and indifferent, almost dwindling into insignificance.

Thursday of Next Week!

THURSDAY OF NEXT WEEK IS ST. GEORGE'S DAY and as such makes its appeal to every Britisher. The commemoration of such anniversaries is good and wholesome. Not to celebrate altogether in holiday-making and pleasuring, but to lead us to contrast this prosaic age with the days "when knights were bold," and men died for the faith that was in them, and to learn from the deeds of the Past how we may stand for the Right in these days. The world has a fashion of persecuting its saviours and then canonizing them, and maybe the infrequency of martyrdom in these days is not altogether a promising indication of our modern Christianity. However, there is much to be learnt from the past and especially do we commend next Thursday to be observed by a sincere consideration of how best we may cultivate that Patriotism, which, as Sir Robert Bond finely puts it, "shall add a New Echo to the Concords of Humanity."

W. H. Goodland, Esq., St. John's. The message of St. George's Day is one of greatness—the greatness of the Empire of which we form a part. It is also one of liberty—for "The Briton may traverse the pole or the zone And boldly claim his right: He calls such a vast domain his own, That the sun never sets on his might."

R. R. Wood, Esq., Bishop Feild College. The ordinary Englishman has no natural gift for the public expression of his feelings. He loves his country and his home, he is tremendously proud of his nationality, but it is almost impossible to get him to talk about his feelings. This reserve is often mistaken for indifference. Sometimes it takes the objectionable form of speaking slightly of the country for which he has left his home. The great deeds of famous and unknown Englishmen in every quarter of the globe are sufficient proof, should any be necessary, of their patriotism and love of country which causes those who are descended from Englishmen to speak and think of the Mother Land as "Home," even though they have never seen it. For the sake of the rising generation it might perhaps be well if their patriotism could become articulate on some such day as St. George's Day—the day which should be to the Englishman what St. Patrick's Day is to the Irishman—that their children might see the pride and love that they feel for the land of their fathers.

The Flag of Old England

The steamer of England—it floats o'er the wave— 'Tis the fairest unfurled o'er the land or the wave: But though brightest in story and matchless in flight, 'Tis the herald of Mercy as well as of might. In the cause of the wrong may it ever be raised— When tyrants are humbled and fetters are laid: 'Tis "Justice" the war-shout, and dash and is he Who would scruple to die 'neath the Flag of the Free!

St. George's Day.

(S. P. Whiteway, Esq.) Each of the four nations which compose the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland has its patron saint who was in olden times supposed to be its special guardian. Thus the patron saint of Wales is St. David, whom some of the old writers—who tell us of his preaching and miracles—consider to have been the uncle of the famous King Arthur. The patron saint of Scotland is St. Andrew, but why he should have been selected is not very clear. Old stories tell us that the saint was crucified on an X-shaped cross, and that this form of the cross appeared in the sky to a king of the Scots on the evening before a famous battle. The king thereupon walked barefoot to the Church of St. Andrew, and vowed to adopt his cross as the national device.

HON. SIR WM. H. HORWOOD, KT. Chief Justice.

Nowhere in the Colonial Empire have England's sons better right to observe St. George's Day than in this the Oldest Colony, where the flag of St. George, proclaiming England's sovereignty, was first seen in the Dominions beyond the Sea.

Whatever may be said about the historical or unhistorical character of his martyrdom, or of the legend of his slaying a dragon, the fact that he is honoured as a martyr by the Roman and Greek churches; that churches were dedicated to him; that he Hellespont was called, "St. George's Arm"; that the Crusaders had successfully invoked his aid and adopted him as their soldier-saint; that the Council of Oxford (1222) had ordered that his feast should be kept as a national festival; that Edward II about 1350 made him patron of the kingdom; patron of the Order of the Garter; erected a chapel in the Royal City of Windsor and dedicated it to St. George; that the Republic of Genoa and Venice; the kingdoms of Aragon and Portugal as well as Russia were under his protection all testify to the popularity of the name of St. George, and lead to the conclusion that he must have been a personage of powerful influence.

RT. HON. SIR ROBERT BOND, P.C., K.C.M.G., LL.D.

St. George's Day—April the 23rd—is the anniversary of the death of Saint George, the Tutelary Soldier—Saint of England, and "lord of chivalry and courtesy." The "Message of St. George's Day" goes forth to every Britisher—to cherish and preserve such English customs and traditions as may tend to foster and inspire a jealous pride in all that concerns the welfare of our Empire and race. To cultivate patriotism, not antagonistic to other nations, but in broad rivalry which shall add a New Echo to the concords of Humanity.

W. W. Blackall, Esq., St. John's.

Whether the St. George of English life and story ever lived in the flesh or not matters little. To Merry England he has always stood for all that is gallant and noble. From early times he holds a foremost place in English literature and it was a pity should the noble ideals associated with the name of our Patron Saint cease to stir us, in these sordid days.

Rev. E. Pollett Ward, Western Bay.

The remembrance of England's Patron Saint is an appeal to the Heroic. Therefore swiftly accomplish something in defence of Purity and for the establishment of Righteousness, even though it mean self-sacrifice, for "The Time is Short."

The story of St. Patrick is well known, and his great glory is that he introduced Christianity into Ireland. Doubtless ninety per cent. of our readers could tell in a moment the date on which St. Patrick's Day occurs, whereas in all probability not one in a hundred could say straight off the date on which falls the day of St. George, the especial patron of chivalry and the protecting saint of England. Although venerated both in the Eastern and Western churches the history of St. George is extremely obscure, the extant accounts containing very much less history than legend.

A Song for British Children.

Oh! by my precious memories Of the glorious and the free! Yours is the noble heritage, A proud ancestry.

The Loafers.

When Spring comes, soft and balmy, with zephyrs flying loose, and weath' cold and clammy is canned for future use; when Spring, the genial fairy, brings solace to our souls, and all the world is merry, the loafers leave their holes. They come, the whole blamed stiffer, from holes, the Lord knows where, and on the corners gather, and chew and smoke and swear. They come, the ragged loafers, who'd rather die than work, as useless as the gophers that in the cornfields lurk; as useless as the foxes that steal the farmer's geese, they sit on drygoods boxes—their smell disturbs the peace. The peckers see them sitting all day, a dinky sight, their perches never quitting from morning until night; but do get their goats? Ah, No! No cops will grab them, for loafers all have votes. They are as independent as donkey eating hay, because they shine resplendent upon election day. They'll still defile the pavement, and stir up women's wrath; they ne'er knew what a shave meant, and never took a bath; they shun all sane endeavour, those skates with thirsty throats, and they'll abide forever, because they have their votes.

Advice.

Give thy thoughts no tongue, Nor any unproportioned thought his act. Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar. The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried, Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel; But do not dull thy palm with entertainment. Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade, Beware. Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in, Bear it that the opposer may beware of thee. Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice; Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment. Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy. For the apparel oft proclaims the man, Neither a borrower nor a lender be, For loan oft loses both itself and friend; And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry. This above all—to thine own self be true, And it must follow, as the night the day, Thou canst not then be false to any man.—Shakespeare.

Gems From Shakespeare.

Strong reasons make strong actions. Sweet are the uses of adversity, Which like the toad, ugly and venomous, Wears yet a precious jewel in his head; And this our life, exempt from public haunt, Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, And God in everything. Love all, trust a few, Do wrong to none, be able for thine enemy. Rather in power than use; and keep thy friend. Under thine own life's key; be checked for silence, But never taxed for speech.

PATRIOTISM.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest, By all their country's wishes blest! When spring, with dewy fingers cold, Returns to deck their hallowed mould, She there shall dress a sweeter sod, Than fancy's feet have ever trod. By fairy hands their knell is rung, By forms unseen their dirge is sung. These honor comes, a pilgrim gray, To bless the turf that wraps their clay. And freedom shall awhile repair, To dwell a weeping hermit there.—Collins.

WILKINSON'S LINIMENT FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

Shakespeare's Day.

On April 23rd England's greatest poet, William Shakespeare, was born, and on April 23rd he died, making another claim on Britisners to celebrate St. George's Day. The neglect of Shakespeare by his countrymen, immediately after his own age, has left to the anxious curiosity of modern admirers slight materials for the construction of his biography. He was born at Stratford-on-Avon, in Warwickshire, in 1564. It is alleged that a short course in a grammar school was all the regular education he ever received, as the necessity of assistance in his father's business forced his withdrawal early from school. But Shakespeare's "wit" was "made of Atalanta's heels;" an hour's mind like his could extract the essence of the acquisition of which employed the days and nights of less vigorous intellects. He married at the age of eighteen, Anne Hathaway, a young woman seven or eight years older than himself, the daughter of a "substantial yeoman" in the neighborhood. He moved to London and produced his dramas, and soon vindicated the immense superiority of his genius by universal popularity, realizing such wealth that he was able comparatively early in life, to retire from professional work. He purchased an estate in the vicinity of his native town, but his tranquil retirement was of no long duration. He enjoyed it only four years. He died in 1616 and was buried "on the north side of the chancel in the great church of Stratford." His bust is placed in the wall over his grave; on the stone beneath is the following epitaph:—"Good Friend, for Jesus' sake, forbear To dig the dust enclosed here. Best be the man that spares the stones.

And curst be he that moves my bones. His only son had died early; all the children of his married daughters died without issue. The total want of care to preserve and to authenticate the productions of his genius before his death, has been supposed to indicate the poet's perfect indifference to fame. The worship with which Shakespeare is universally regarded disposes us to love him on trust. The estimation of his contemporaries and rivals proves him not underserving of this regard. The "gentle Shakespeare" was universally loved. We quote the celebrated passage of Dryden, eulogized by Johnson as "a perpetual model of economic criticism, exact without minuteness, and lofty without exaggeration." "He (Shakespeare) was the man, who of all moderns and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously but luckily. When he describes anything you more than see it, you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning give him the greater commendation: he was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inwards and found her there. I cannot say he is everywhere alike; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat, insipid; his comic and wit degenerating into clinches, his serious into bombast. But he is always great, when great occasion is presented to him." The voluminous admiration of more modern times does not contain a very great deal more than is compressed into the vigour of Dryden's remarks.

At last night's meeting of the collectors for the Sealing Disaster Fund, twenty-seven books were presented showing that the sum of \$2,620 had been collected in the house to house canvass. Seven collectors, who were busy at their sections last night, are yet to be heard from, and are requested to present their books to the Treasurer, Hon. R. Watson, at the Savings Bank, when their canvass is completed. Many of the collectors who reported last night, have not yet finished their canvass, and it is expected that when all the books are in the total will be in the vicinity of \$4,000. The grand result of the city collection is due to the system adopted, by which many persons have contributed their little donations, which they might otherwise have been difficult in forwarding.



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RATMAN CARRIAGE FROM \$3.50 UP. Folding Go-Carts, \$5.75, \$6.25 up. No. E28, \$16.50.

Satisfaction Smart and Seasonable **ear.** Showing of the Stylish **Art \$1.50** **DGER'S.**

Timekeepers. Cases. **od Watch** Considering the purchase of a watch, but who can tell you a Watchmaker. For 25 years the good and the bad. Our selection. Let us show you Crown, Cudos, Equity, Ingersolls expensive, but whether \$75.00 or \$100.00, we can **ompany,** ans.