

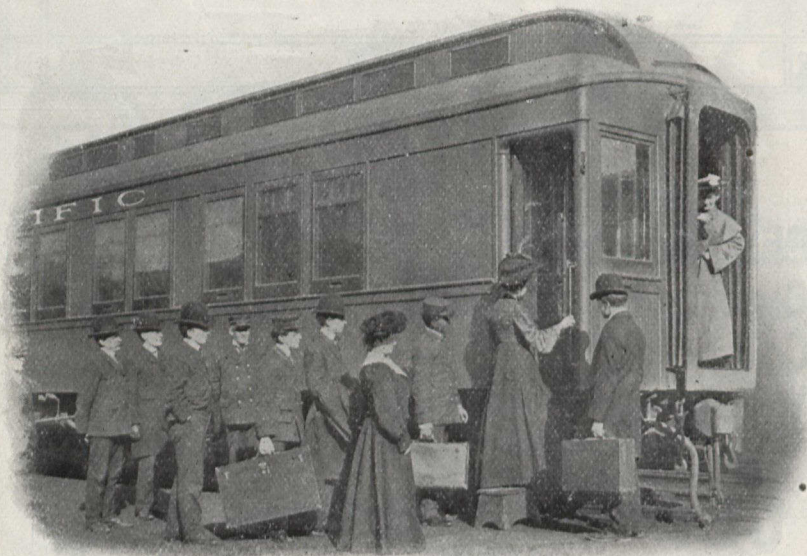


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Luxurious Coaches and Sleepers

The most complete, finest and fastest
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C.P.R. Sleeping Cars are noted for their
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TIME TABLE FROM TORONTO:

Leave North Parkdale	- - -	9.15 p.m.
Leave West Toronto	- - -	9.30 p.m.
Arrive North Toronto	- - -	9.40 p.m.
Leave NORTH TORONTO	- - -	10.00 p.m.
Ar. Montreal 7.00 a.m.	Ar. Ottawa 6.50 a.m.	

Daily except Sunday, stops at Westmount

Through Sleepers for both points. Passengers may remain
in same until 8 a.m.

Leave Montreal	- - -	10.45 p.m.
Leave Ottawa	- - -	11.10 p.m.
Ar. N. Toronto 7.50 a.m.	Ar. W. Toronto 8.05 a.m.	

ALL PARTICULAR PEOPLE TRAVEL
BY THE C. P. R.

TORONTO CITY
TICKET OFFICE

16 King Street East

R. L. THOMPSON, D. P. A.
TORONTO



POEMS WORTH WHILE

Seed Corn

BY CLIVE PHILLIPPS-WOLLEY

It's but for a year or two, sweetheart!
A year—at the utmost, twain,
And then, rich with the gold of our get-
ting, we'll sail back home again.
It's six days over the ocean, and six
over mountain and plain,
And who that had courage to venture,
ever yet ventured in vain?
The May will be sweet in the meadows,
and welcoming hands will wait
To cling to our hands, my darling, when
we drive to the old white gate;
It is only a twelve days' journey; it's
only a twelve months' play—
It's May and the Hope time, Mary!—
It will surely be always May.

The waves sang them "Westward to
Fortune," but somewhere a seamew
cried:
"Farewell to ye seed corn of England!"
—Closer she clung to his side—
Through gloom of forests gigantic, by
the wan grey waves of the lake,
She answered their "Never, Never" with
"Only a year for his sake."
With a laugh at the first she labored,
making pretence to play
At the "chores" that withered her beau-
ty, and wore her young heart away.
Until Hope crept into the forest, and
one who lurked at the door
Heard a wife to a husband whisper—
"Only a year or two more."

The years stole by whilst they labored,
unnoticed on mocassined feet,
And, one by one, to the Silence passed
the comrades they longed to meet—
Till the lad and lass, who started with
a cheer from the old white gate,
Had they come home crowned as vic-
tors, would have won their crowns
too late.

The lines came into his forehead, and
the spring went out of his stride,
The blue was washed from a woman's
eyes; the laugh of a young heart
died—
If you fix your eyes on the sky-line, you
see not the road you roam—
These saw but the fields of England;
they heard but the songs of home.

There's a farm where the buffaloes pas-
tured; a patch from the forest torn,
Where the flag of his mother-country
waves over the rip'ning corn—
There's a piece in the world's mosaic;
a thought in a new world's brain,
A haunting presence of England in city,
and forest, and plain.
Men have built success on his failures—
where she lies under the sod,—
The love that she bore for her mother-
land; her faith in that land's God
Still linger. The seed corn sees not the
wealth of the waving field,
The Sower alone at His harvest shall
measure the cost and yield.

The Poke Bonnet

She drew it from its resting-place,
Amid old lavender and lace,
And laughed to merry scorn—
The faded bow and sprays of blue
Forget-me-nots the border knew—
The feather crushed and torn.

The bonnet on her brow she drew,
And tucked a wilful curl or two
That truant played, within;
Then with a shy, coquettish pout
She smoothed the crumpled ribbons out
And tied them 'neath her chin.

His eyes her mirrors were, and hers
Were soft as rippling water stirrs
In dreamland's garden closes.
Forgetful of my presence there,
He kissed her cheeks, her brow, her
hair,
Her lips, twin scarlet roses.

I thought of how her mother wore
That bonnet, long, long years before—
A veil hung coyly on it.
I thought of how I tore the mist
Of lace aside, and boldly kissed
The face within the bonnet.

How history repeats! For me
The poke a halo used to be,
Her mother's brow entwining;
And now, I see, he in his dreams
Has wrought the same ideal; it seems,
On her, an aureole shining.
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Everywhere

Where have you been, Miss Goldenhair?
And she silverly answers: "Every-
where!"
Everywhere is the place, you know,
Where ever so many children go,
When over the hills and the dales they
skip
On twilight shores of the dreamland
trip.

Everywhere is a place to bide
By the moony foam of the rolling tide,
A place far over the sea to sail
When tired of mountain and tired of
vale,
And off on a butterfly wing of light
Miss Goldenhair is a fairy sight.
Everywhere is a child's own land
By a castle tall and a silver strand
Where princes live and a palfrey
white
Comes down with a princess on at
night
To travel with her on journeys far
Beyond the moon and sun and star.

Everywhere is the place you see
Whenever you climb upon my knee
And we sing and sway to the little
tune
Of roses red in the lanes of June,
And just as you think you are there,
instead,
It's mother and me and the trundle bed!
—Baltimore Sun.

For Every Day

BY MARY DICKINSON

We should fill the hours with sweetest
things
If we had but a day;
We should drink alone at the purest
springs
In our upward way;
We should love with a lifetime's love
in an hour,
If our hours were few;
We should rest, not for dreams, but
for fresher power
To be and to do.

We should bind our weary and wanton
wills
To clearest light;
We should keep our eyes on the heaven-
ly hills
If they lay in sight;
We should trample the pride and the
discontent
Beneath our feet;
We should take whatever a good God
sent
With a trust complete.

We should waste no moments in weak
regret
If the day were but one;
If what we remember and what we for-
get
Went out with the sun;
We should be from our clamorous
selves set free
To work or pray,
And to be what our Father would have
us be,
If we had but a day.

A Song

Good-bye: nay, do not grieve that it is
over—
The perfect hour—
That the winged joy, sweet, honey-lov-
ing rover,
Flits from the flower.
Grieve not. It is the law. Love will
be flying—
Yea, love and all!
Glad was the living, blessed be the
dying,
Let the leaves fall!
—Century Magazine.