



Lifebuoy Soap is the housewife's friend. In the act of cleaning it enables her to safeguard the home against infection. No soap could clean the home more easily or more thoroughly—no disinfectant could be so easily and so thoroughly administered. It saves Life.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.

Poetical Gems.

(FOR THE SCRAP BOOK.)

SLEEP.

How sweet to sleep, when the day's task is done,
When nature bars the golden gates of light,
And all the world, lulled with the breath of night,
Lies hush'd to dreams! Be some Lethargic shore
Man sinks to rest, nor asks one blessing more:
His freighted bark of memory, in sight,
Of port, furled all her storm-torn sails, and bright,
Loved faces greet him, as in days of yore.

But sweeter far their hallow'd sleep,
On whom
Life's sun has set, who bravely strove to keep
The single path of Right; and thro' the gloom
And shine dispersed rich seeds of love to reap.
A full, ripe sheaf, beyond the empty tomb;
How blest their visions! Oh, how sweet to sleep!

THE OBSTINATE KETTLE.

"The kettle was aggravating and obstinate. It wouldn't allow itself to be adjusted on the top bar; it wouldn't hear of accommodating itself kindly to the knobs of coal; it would lean forward with a drunken air, and dribble—a very idiot of a kettle—on the hearth. It was quarrelsome, and hissed and spluttered morosely at the fire. To sum up all, the lid, resisting Mrs. Peerybingle's fingers, first of all turned topsy-turvy, and then, with an ingenuously pertinacious worthiness of a better cause, dived sideways in, down to the very bottom of the kettle. And the hull of the Royal George has never made half the monstrous resistance to coming out of the water which the lid of that kettle employed against Mrs. Peerybingle before she got it out again. It looked sullen and pig-headed enough even then; carrying its handle with an air of defiance, and cocking its spout pertly and mockingly at Mrs. Peerybingle, as if it said, 'I won't boil. Nothing shall induce me.'"

ADVICE TO ARTISTS.

"Ask yourselves what is the leading motive which actuates you while you are at work. I do not ask what your leading motive is for working—that is a different thing; you may have families to support, parents to help, brides to win; you may have all these, or other such sacred and pre-eminent motives, to press the morning's labour and prompt the twilight thought. But when you are fairly at the work, what is the motive which tells upon every touch of it? If it is the love of that which your work represents—if, being a landscape painter, it is love of hills and trees that moves you—if, being a figure painter, it is love of human beauty and human soul that moves

you—if, being a flower or animal painter, it is love, and wonder, and delight in petal and limb that move you—then the spirit is upon you, and the earth is yours, and the fulness thereof. But if, on the other hand, it is petty self-complacency in your own skill, trust in precepts and laws, hope for academical or popular approbation, or avarice of wealth—it is quite possible that by steady industry, or even by fortunate chance, you may win the applause, the position, the fortune, that you desire; but one touch of true art will never lay on canvas or on stone as long as you live."

A LITTLE LEARNING.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing; Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring; There, shallow draughts intoxicate the brain, And drinking largely sobers us again. Fired at first sight with what the Muse imparts, In fearless youth we tempt the heights of art; While from the bounded level of our mind Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind; But, more advanced, behold, with strange surprise, New distant scenes of endless science rise! So, pleased at first the towering Alps we try, Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky; Th' eternal snows appear already past, And the first clouds and mountains seem the last; But, those attained we tremble to survey, The growing labours of the lengthened way; Th' increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes; Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!"

NEW DOCTRINES.

"The imputation of novelty is a terrible charge amongst those who judge of men's heads, as they do of their perukes, by the fashion, and can allow none to be right but the received doctrines. Truth scarce ever yet carried it by vote anywhere at its first appearance; new opinions are always suspected and usually opposed, without any other reason but because they are not already common. But truth, like gold, is not the less so for being newly brought out of the mine. It is trial and examination must give it price, and not any antique fashion; and, though it be not yet current by the public stamp, yet it may, for all that, be as old as nature, and is certainly not the less genuine."

—Essay on the Human Understanding by John Locke (1632-1704).

THE LIE.

First, somebody told it.

Then the room wouldn't hold it,
So the busy tongues rolled it;
Till they got it outside;
When the crowd came across it,
It never once lost it,
But tossed it and tossed it,
Till it grew long and wide.

From a very small lie, sir,
It grew deep and high, sir,
Till it reached to the sky, sir,
And frightened the moon,
For she hid her sweet face, sir,
In a veil of cloud-lace, sir,
At the dreadful disgrace, sir,
That happened at noon.

This lie brought forth others.

Dark sisters and brothers,
And fathers and mothers—
A terrible crew;
And while headlong they hurried,
The people they hurried,
And troubled, and worried,
As lies always do.

And so, evil-boded,
This monstrous lie goaded,
Till at last it exploded,
In smoke and in shame;
While from mud and from mire,
The pieces flew higher,
And hit the sad liar,
And killed his good name!

—Mrs. M. A. Kidder.

For the Children.

A ROSE FROM HOMER'S GRAVE.

The nightingale's love for the rose pervaded all the songs of the East; and those silent starlight nights the winged songster invariably brings a serenade to his scented flower.

Not far from Smyrna, under the stately platan trees where the merchant drives his laden camels, which tread heavily on hallowed ground, and carry their long necks proudly, I saw a blooming hedge of roses. Wild doves fluttered from branch to branch of the tall trees, and where the sunbeams caught their wings they shone like mother of pearl. There was one flower on the rose hedge more beautiful than all, the red, and to this one the nightingale poured out all the yearning of its love. But the rose was silent, not a single dew-drop lay like a tear of compassion upon its petals, while he bent his head towards a heap of stones.

"Here rests the greatest singer the world has ever known!" said the rose. "I will scent his grave and strew my petals over it when the storms tear them off. The singer of the Iliad returned to earth here, this earth whence I sprang!—I, a rose from Homer's grave, am too sacred to bloom for a mere nightingale!"

And the nightingale sang till from very grief his heart broke.

The camel driver came with his laden camels and his black slaves; his little boy found the dead bird, and buried the little songster in Homer's grave.

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grave. The rose trembled in the wind. Night came; the rose folded her petals tightly and dreamt that it was a beautiful sunny day, and that a crowd of strange, Frankish men came on a pilgrimage to Homer's grave. Among the strangers was a singer from the North, from the home of mists and northern lights. He broke off the rose and pressed it in a book, and so carried it away with him to another part of the world, to his distant Fatherland. And the rose withered away from grief lying tightly pressed in the narrow book, till he opened it in his home and said, "here is a rose from Homer's grave!"

Now this is what the flower dreamt, and it woke up shivering in the wind; a dew-drop fell from its petals upon the singer's grave. The sun rose and the day was very hot, the rose bloomed in greater beauty than ever in the warmth of Asia.

Footsteps were heard and the strange Frank who the rose saw in his dream came up. Among the strangers was a poet from the North. He broke off the rose and pressed a kiss upon its dewy freshness, and carried it with him to the home of mists and northern lights. The relics of the rose rest now like a mummy between the leaves of his Iliad, and as in his dream it hears him say when he opens the book, "here is a rose from Homer's grave!"

—From Fairy Tales by Hans Andersen.

Here and There Real Romance Found at Home.

When you require LINIMENT ask for STAFFORD'S.—June 30, 11.

LEFT FOR HERE.—The schooner Nellie M. left Pernambuco on the 1st inst. for this port direct.

Try a bottle of STAFFORD'S LINIMENT when suffering from any kind of an ache or pain.—June 30, 11.

LOADING SUPPLIES.—The s.s. Nascope is now loading supplies at Montreal and will leave shortly for Hudson Bay stations.

Why has STAFFORD'S LINIMENT obtained such a large sale? Because the quality is in every bottle that is sold.—June 30, 11.

*MATCH CALLED OFF.—Owing to the inclement weather last evening the match between the St. Bon's and Casuals, did not take place.

Coming to the NICKEL, the man that made Edison Records famous.—June 30, 11.

ALLAN LINE.—The Mongolian leaves Liverpool on Tuesday next for this port. The Sardinian is due tomorrow evening from Philadelphia.

Wide-awake people sell STAFFORD'S LINIMENT in preference to any other, because they can testify as to its quality and goodness.—June 30, 11.

GOOD FISHING.—Again yesterday, fish were numerous on the local grounds. Despite the adverse weather good fares were brought to port.

RHEUMATISM will be very prevalent this weather. Don't forget to have a bottle of STAFFORD'S LINIMENT for protection.—June 30, 11.

NURSES' EXAM.—The name of Miss Marion McDonald appeared yesterday in the list of nurses who passed their examination in Dr. Roberts home nursing class. It should have read Miss Marion McDougall.

He's Coming—JOHN W. MYERS, the world-famous Baritone.—June 30, 11.

RIFLE SHOOT.—The Brigade Shoot for the Governor's Cup will take place at the Southside Rifle Range, on Wednesday, July 16th. For this event the three brigades are practicing hard.

STAFFORD'S PHOSPHATE COUGH MIXTURE cures Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma and various lung troubles.—June 30, 11.

LEFT FOR BRAZIL.—The Gange, which was detained in port by her crew deserting, sailed yesterday. Those who absented themselves were rounded up by the police and put on board.

STAFFORD'S LINIMENT cures Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuralgia, and all Aches and Pains. For sale everywhere.—June 30, 11.

REPORTED MISSING.—Sergeant Mackay, last night, received a report that one Joe Pierce was missing. The officer knew Joseph's haunts and found him. He was, however, oblivious of the fact that his friends had missed him.

GOOD BANKING FARE.—The schooner Hazel D. Mosher, of St. Jacques, which arrived off the Banks a couple of days ago, is here to refit and haul for 1,100 qts. fish for the season.

MARATHON RACE.—This year the usual Marathon Race will be an interesting feature of the Mount Cashel sports. It will be run over the same course and quite a number of athletes are now practicing for the contest.

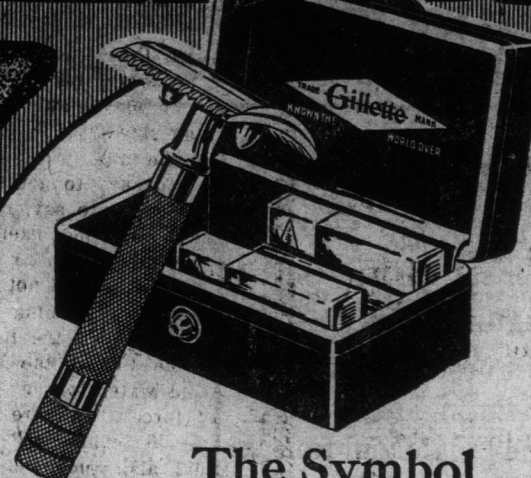
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—From Fairy Tales by Hans Andersen.

GILLETTE



The Symbol of Clean-cut Modern Manhood

By making shaving so easy, the Gillette Safety Razor has done much to develop the typical man of to-day—that strong, aggressive, successful individual who scorns to disguise his features with a beard or to appear with an unkempt stubble on cheek or chin.

Shaving with the Gillette takes but three refreshing minutes. You waste no time honing or stropping—or fuming in the barber's waiting row. The Gillette makes home shaving so easy and luxurious that it is no more a task, but an agreeable incident in the morning toilet.

There are over 40 Gillette styles from which to choose. Standard Sets, like the illustration, cost \$5.00—Pocket Editions \$3.00 to \$5.00—Combination Sets, with brush, soap and other toilet articles, run from \$6.50 up. From the assortment which your Hardware Dealer, Druggist or Jeweler

can show you, buy a Gillette—you'll enjoy it.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO.
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OFFICE AND FACTORY:
The New Gillette Building,
MONTREAL.

TRADE MARK Gillette

A Table of Delight

Every Article of Incomparable Value,

at Thirty-five Cents each,

Only 35 cts. ea.

A. & S. RODGER.

Our Prices for Week Ending July 5th.

ROAST OF BEEF	18c. and 20c. per lb.
BEEF STEAK	18c., 20c. and 25c. per lb.
STEWING STEAK	16c. per lb.
STEWING BEEF	14c. per lb.
MUTTON, from	14c. to 20c. per lb.
PORK, from	20c. to 25c. per lb.
SAUSAGES	18c. to 25c. per lb.

CLEANLINESS and CIVILITY assured.

The St. John's Meat Co.,

EAST—WATER STREET—WEST.

PHONE 500.

Advertise in "Evening Telegram."

T. J. EDENS.

500 bags Mixed Oats, 2½ bus. ea.
200 bags No. 1 BRAN.
20 tons No. 1 HAY.

1,000 boxes
NECCO
One Cent Candies.

Fresh Supply
Poultry, Fruit and Vegetables,
by S. S. Florizel.
10 cases FRESH EGGS.

T. J. EDENS.

Mr. Business Man

Just you try
a glass of

CONVIDO Port Wine

at your lunch.
Turns a common-
place meal into a
banquet.
Unmatched for body
and bouquet.
At all dealers, cafes, etc.

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