

**AS THE CAMEL**  
is indispensable to the traveller crossing the African deserts, so also is SUNLIGHT SOAP indispensable to a careful housewife. A Camel can go for several days without drinking, but a good housewife cannot afford to let a single day pass without putting SUNLIGHT SOAP to some use. The first duty of every housewife is to economise; the duty of **SUNLIGHT SOAP** is to help the housewife to economise. The daily use of SUNLIGHT SOAP is practical economy. It does the most washing in the shortest time, with least labour, and with no discomfort. Use a piece in your next wash, and you will be convinced as to its value.



**Poetical Gems.**  
(FOR THE SCRAP BOOK.)

**MOVEMENT AND ACTION THE LIFE OF NATURE.**  
By ceaseless action all that is subsists. Constant rotation of the unwearyed wheel. That Nature rides upon, maintains her health. Her beauty, her fertility. She dreads an instant's pause, and lives but while she moves. Its own revolvency upholds the World. Winds from all quarters agitate the air. And fit the limpid element for use. Else noxious; oceans, rivers, lakes, and streams, and the freshening impulse, and are cleansed. By restless undulation, even the oak thrives by the rude concussion of the storm: He seems indeed indignant, and to feel the impression of the blast with proud disdain. Frowning, as if in his unconscious arm He held the thunder; but the monarch owes His firm stability to what he scoras more fixed below, the more disturb'd above. The low, by which all creatures else are bound. Blinds men, the lord of all. Himself derives No mean advantage from a kindred cause. From strenuous toil his hours of sweetest ease. The sedentary stretch their lazy length. When custom bids, but no refreshment find. For none they need; the languid eye. The cheek Deserted of its bloom, the flaccid, shrunk. And wither'd muscle, and the rapid soul. Reproach their owner with that love of rest. To which he forfeits even the rest he loves. Not such the alert and active. Measure life By its true worth, the comforts it affords. And their alone seems worthy of the name. Good health, and its associate in the most. Good temper; spirits prompt to undertake. And not soon spent, though in an arduous task. The power of fancy and strong thought are theirs: Even age itself seems privileged in them. With clear exemption from its own defects.

A sparkling eye beneath a wrinkled front The veteran shows, and, gracing a gray beard. With youthful smiles, descends towards the grave Sprightly, and old almost without decay. —Cowper.

**THE PLAY PLACE OF EARLY DAYS.**  
Be it a weakness, it deserves some praise. We love the play-place of our early days. The scene is touching, and the heart is stone. That feels not at that sight, and feels at none. The wall on which we tried our graving skill. The very name we carv'd subsisting still. The bench on which we sat while deep employ'd. Though mangled, hack'd, and hew'd, not yet destroy'd. The little ones, unbutton'd, glowing hot. Playing our games, and on the very spot. As happy as we once, to kneel and draw. The chalky ring, and knuckle down at law. To pitch the ball into the grounded hat. Or drive it devious with a dextrous pat. The pleasing spectacle at once excites. Such recollection of our own delights. That, viewing it, we seem almost to obtain. Our innocent sweet simple years again. —Cowper.

**THE PASSING OF ARTHUR.**  
And slowly answered Arthur from the barge: "The old order changeth, yielding place to new, And God fulfils himself in many ways, Lest one good custom should corrupt the world. Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me? I have lived my life, and that which I have done May lie within himself make pure! but thou If thou shouldst never see my face again. Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice Rise like a fountain for me night and day.

For what are men better than sheep or goats That nourish a blind life within the brain, If, knowing God, they left not hands of prayer Both for themselves and those who call them friend? For so the whole round earth is every way Bound by gold chains about the feet of God." —Tennyson.

**WHEN DUTY CALLS.**  
In an age of fops and toys, Wanting wisdom, void of right, Who shall nerve heroic boys To hazard all in Freedom's flight,— Break sharply off their jolly games, Forsake their comrades gay, And quit proud homes and youthful dames For famine, toil, and fray? Yet on the nimble air benign Speed nimbler messages. That wait the breath of grace divine To hearts in gloth and ease. So nigh is grandeur to our dust, So near is God to man. When Duty whispers low, Thou must, The youth replies, I can. R. W. Emerson.

**THE CHORISTER.**  
O sweet and dim the lights and shade Across the minster stealing. I heard the grand old organ played. The anthem upward pealing. One boy's sweet voice above the rest. I heard so clearly ringing. The angels must his dreams have blest. To teach him such sweet singing. His earnest eyes to Heaven were bent. With yearning pure and lowly; To follow where his singing went, And join the angels holy. No gentle mother's love had he, But God had comfort given. For he might sing on earth, and she Might hear her child from Heaven. —F. E. Weatherly.

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**DR. F. STAFFORD & SON,**  
St. John's, Nfld.  
nov10,13

**A Blow.**

"This life is full of shocks," said Paul. "A friend proves false you thought was true; And every day or two there are A lot of things that trouble you. The stock you buy proves worthless stuff. And disappointments line your brow. A promise fair turns out a bluff. And mother wants a slit skirt now." —Tennyson.

"The sure thing that you bet upon— Runs next to last, and so it goes; You find your trusted clerk has gone With all your coin, where no one knows. From cloudless skies come thunder bolts. And out of peace springs up a row; This life is surely full of jolts. Your mother wants a slit skirt now." —Tennyson.

"In life there's no security. There is no joy that we can hold; The calmest, gentlest Summer sea May suddenly be tempest-rolled. A merry song the robin sings. Then suddenly departs the bough; Strange changes every minute brings. Your mother wants a slit skirt now." —Tennyson.

"We've lived together twenty years. And hand in hand we've trod life's lane; We've shared each other's smile and tears. And shared our pleasures and our pain. And here there comes the deepest cut. To which I've ever had to bow; I would have bet she wouldn't, but Your mother wants a slit-skirt now!" —Tennyson.

**Seeks Golden Loot in Island of Cocos.**

Montreal, Nov. 8.—An expedition to the island of Cocos in the Pacific Ocean to search there for hidden treasure, a rumor which every line of romance is gathered, is being planned by Captain John Hern, of the Cascapedia, a gulf and river freighter which is now in Montreal. "There is enough gold" there to startle the world," is the description of the treasure as told by a Portuguese named Keating, who told the secret to Capt. Hern's uncle after being saved from drifting to sea. "My uncle, Capt. Nicholas Fitzgerald, of Harbor Grace, Nfld., found the man in the last stages of exhaustion in 1865. Between then and '68, the last time my uncle saw him, Keating told the secret and gave detailed directions for discovering the hiding place. When my uncle was dying seven years ago, he called me to his bedside and imparted the secret to me. I alone know the exact position and am only waiting to fit out a schooner and make for the island, which is 600 miles from Cape Horn.

**Treasure in Gold Bullion.**


The captain says the plunder, consisting of gold bullion, silver coins and other treasure, was obtained by the crew of a Peruvian man-of-war, who mutinied about 1840. They put into the island, and after taking their share of the plunder buried the rest. Later, ten of whom Keating was one, returned took a further share and then removed the remainder to a cave which was formed so as to be a wonderfully clever hiding place. When Keating told the secret he asked that no steps be taken to find the treasure until after his death and explained that the gold was dyed with the blood of many people who had been murdered for its possession. Several expeditions, one conducted by Keating's wife, have sought for the treasure, but none have had sufficiently explicit directions. The late Admiral Pallister of the British navy, conducted an expedition about ten years ago, but it was ill conducted and the men only searched for two days. With the exact number of places confided to him, Capt. Hern looks to find the cave and achieve richness without trouble.

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**LADY CLARE**—A remarkable production by the Edison Co., enacting the late Lord Alfred Tennyson's beautiful poem. Lord Tennyson, it will be remembered, held the Laureateship of Great Britain longer than any other poet ever did, and the above poem is one of his best known and appreciated works. Mark McDermott and Miriam Nesbitt are featured.

**BRAVE OLD BILLY**—A seaside comedy, intensely amusing.

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Arthur Priestman Cameron, "Peculiar" Songs. Professor McCarthy at the Piano. Al. D. Fleming, Ballads. EXTRA, BY POPULAR REQUEST.—On Saturday next at the Children's Matinee, the big feature, entitled "THE LADY OF THE LAKE," in 3 reels will be repeated.

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Photograph Studios, corner of Water and Prescott Streets,  
are open every night till nine o'clock, later by appointment. Photographs taken by our new Electric Lamp are equal in every respect to those taken in daylight. Orders for Miniatures, Water Colours and Enlargements from  
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Presents should be placed as soon as possible. A good line of Mouldings in stock. We make a special feature of Framing Pictures.

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The furs we are displaying this year are doubtless the finest selection ever shown in the City and we recommend you to call and see them before making any definite Choice elsewhere.

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"Pride of Canada," PURE MAPLE SYRUP, Pint and quart bottles; guaranteed pure and genuine Maple Syrup by the Maple Tree Producers' Association of Canada.

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IRISH BUTTER—Fresh supply. New Crop fresh cut SCOTCH OATMEAL, 7 lb. tins and by the lb.

**BAKE APPLES**—1 lb. tins.  
**PEARL BARLEY**—Nos. 1 & 2.  
**NEW DIGBY HERRING.**

**Sorry She Spoke.**

A few days ago two young ladies hailed a bus, entered, and found only standing room. One of them whispered to her companion: "I am going to get a seat from one of those men; just watch!" She selected a sedate gentleman, who bore the general appearance of a married man. She sailed up to him and thus opened fire: "My dear Mr. Smith, how delighted I am to see you; you are almost a stranger. Will I accept your seat? Well, I do feel tired, I admit. Thank you, so much!" The sedate gentleman, a total stranger, of course, looked, listened, then quietly arose and gave her his seat, saying: "Sit down, Mary, my girl; don't often see you on a washing day; you must feel tired, I'm sure; how's your mattress?" The young lady got her seat and lost her vivacity.

Stafford's Phorotone Cough Cure is the best cough preparation for sale in Newfoundland. Price 25c.; postage 5c. extra. nov6,13