

OUR SATURDAY EVENING HOME PAGE.

POEMS

HE'D NOTHING BUT HIS VIOLIN.

He'd nothing but his violin.
I'd nothing but my song.
But we were wed when skies were blue
And summer days were long;
And when we parted by the hedge,
The violin came and told
How they had dared to wed and win
When early spring was cold.

We sometimes supped on dewberries,
Or slept among the hay;
But off the farmers' wives at eve
Came out to hear us play
The rare old tunes, the dear old
And I my sweet old song.

We could not starve for long
While my man had his violin
And I my sweet old song.

The world has aye gone well with us,
Old man, since we were one;
Our homesteads wandering down the
lanes,
It long ago was done.
But those who wait for gold or gear,
For houses and for kilns,
Till youth's sweet spring grows brown
and sear,
And love and beauty pine:
Will never know the joy of hearts
That met without a fear,
When you had but your violin,
And I my song, my dear.

—Mary Kyle Dallas.

THE GARDEN.

In the Atlantic Monthly Gretchen
Warren gives expression to the
religious faith of many whose faith is
best stimulated by work:
A man there was, of simple mind
Who to the Lord gave all his mind;

For naught he cared, naught craved he
But his Lord's servant to be.
And e'en his garden plot kept fair
Because, he said, the Lord walked
there.

Of this his friends made many a jest,
Yet he toiled on with a heart at rest.
The years went by—with head grown grey
Still he believed Christ passed that
way.

Then came a time when he was left
Of loving wife and child bereft;
"He will doubt how," the scoffers said,
"When wife and child and love are
dead."

But all their words he heeded not,
And tended still the garden plot.
At last himself lay at death's door,
To love, believe, and work no more.

His pitying friends stood by his bed,
And this is what to them he said:
"Oh, bury me not in a churchyard
mound,
But lay me in my garden ground;

From loving dust, it needs must be
That flowers will spring more fair to
see,
And Christ will know, in my last sleep,
For Him I still the garden keep."

GROWING OLD.

A little more tired at the close of day;
A little more anxious to pave our way,
A little less ready to scold and blame;
A little more careful for a brother's
name,
And so we are nearing the journey's
end,
Where time and eternity meet and
blend.
A little less care for the bonds and
gold;

In My Father's Footsteps.

A FINE FIRST SPEECH BY THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The Prince of Wales performed his
first public ceremony on Saturday, af-
ternoon, when he visited South Lon-
don in his capacity as Duke of Corn-
wall and laid the foundation stone of
the new church of St. Austen at Ken-
nington Cross, on the estate of the
Duchy of Cornwall. On his drive from
Buckingham Palace the Prince was
cordially welcomed by thousands of
people who had assembled on the line
of route. At Kennington school child-
ren welcomed him by singing "God
bless the Prince of Wales."

At the site of the new church he
was received by the Archbishop of
Canterbury and other Church dignita-
ries, the Mayor of Lambeth, and Sir
Stephen Collins, M.P., and Major Gas-
trell, M.P.

"The Bishop of Southwark read an
address, in which the Prince of Wales
read a reply in the following terms:
"I have to thank you very heartily
for the kind welcome that you have
given me in the name of your diocese.
It has long been my wish to visit
South London, and it is a real pleas-
ure to me that my first public duty
should be on behalf of the Church. It
was here that the first Duke of Corn-
wall (Edward the Black Prince) had
his palace, and according to one of

A little more zest in the days of old;
A broader view and a saner mind,
And a little more love for all man-
kind,
And thus we are facing a-down the
way,
That leads to the gates of a better
day.

A little more love for the friends of
youth;
A little less zeal for established truth;
A little less thirst for the daily news;
A little more charity in our views,
And so we are folding our tents away
And passing in silence at close of day.

A little more leisure to sit and dream,
A little more real the change unseen;
A little nearer to those ahead,
With visions of those long loved and
dead,
And so we are going to where all must
go—
To the place the living may never
know.

A little more laughter, a few more
tears,
And we shall have told our increas-
ing years;
The book is closed and the prayers
are said,
And we are a part of the countless
dead.
Thrice happy, then, if some soul can
say:
"I live because He has passed my
way."

THE CHAPLET.

When I came home at evening
With flowers in my hand,
And on my head a chaplet
From an enchanted land,
Not one of those that passed me
Appear'd to understand.

They thought that like the others
I wore a hat, and went
As prosy on the sidewalk
As one collecting rent.
They knew not who had kissed me
Nor all the matter meant.

—Walter Bynner.

THE SEASONS OF THE HEART.

When meads are fair with green of
spring,
When April's moon is bright,
Then hope is like a bluebird's wing—
It wakes the heart's delight!

When hills are crowned with rosy
bloom,
When fragrant odors cloy,
Then love, like angel from the tomb,
Awakes the heart to joy!

When fields are ripe with tawny grain,
When songs of summer cease,
Then gratitude like golden gain
Awakes the heart to peace!

When winter silvers every pond,
When frost is on the streams,
Then then that memory's magic wand
Awakes the heart to dreams!

Edward Wilbur Mason.

A CONTENTED MIND.

Why, friend, you have but a simple
life,
Humble, unknown and poor.
"Nay, I've a kindly and loving wife,
And what could man want more?"

No music is yours that magicians
weave,
No visions that lift and soar,
"My little daughter sings at eve,
And what could man want more?"

"Faith lightens me over the weary
ways,
Love waits me at the door;
My handiwork sings me a song of
praise,
And what could man want more?"

George W. Priest.

The Summer Complexion.

Every person acquires a good com-
plexion, and every woman covets one,
or, if she doesn't, she should. The
price to be paid is close attention to
health matters. Regular habits are a
first essential to health—regular hours
of sleep, regular meals, regular exer-
cise and regular recreation.

Diet is important, and while, as is
so often said, one person's meat is an-
other's poison, there are certain ed-
ibles that are chemically bound to
help the health and complexion. Sour
milk is splendid taken internally, or
applied with discretion, externally. It
whitens the skin and enlivens it. Raw
onions are good for the complexion,
but unfortunately they are not easily
digested, while apples, especially baked
or stewed, are efficacious without
disagreeable effects. Cooked fruits are
to be preferred to raw ones, but green
vegetables in the form of salad should
be taken at least once a day.

A glass of cold water with a spoon-
ful of lemon juice and a half spoon-
ful of salt stirred in, slipped every
morning before breakfast, will work
wonders. Try it. Drink water freely,
if you crave it, with your meals.
The old idea that this is injurious has
been disproved. Salt should be used
freely in the bath and rubbed well in-
to the skin.

Avoid the too frequent use of cold
cream because it has a tendency to
make the skin flabby. Water, with
almond meal instead of soap, is pre-
ferable, except perhaps for once a day
when cream may be applied, and wiped
off after about ten minutes, and the
face bathed first in warm water,
and then cold.

Hot water causes the muscles to sag
and immediately followed by cold
water applications.

Peroxide of hydrogen is frequently
advised for whitening the skin, but
a caution is necessary regarding it, as
its frequent use yellows, and makes
wrinkles and a parchment-like ap-
pearance. A ripe tomato or a cucum-
ber sliced and rubbed into the skin
daily has a whitening effect with no
bad results. Most of the prepared
face lotions are to be avoided. Some
of them contain corrosive sublimate,
which renders the skin very sensitive;
mercury, which tends to redden the
skin, or glycerine which, though harm-
less in many cases, in others causes
an eruption.

So with skin-foods, many of them
are of the cheapest ingredients, such
as mutton tallow, crude vaseline, lard,
beeswax, etc., each of which causes a
growth of hair if it has no other
harmful effect.

A Bedroom Promenade

If you are tired of walking upright
you may now walk on all fours, and
consoled yourself for any loss of dig-
nity by reflecting that this is the way
to have clear eyes, rosy cheeks and
a graceful figure. This is the latest
dictum from scientific Germany.

Doctors and physical culturists tell
us to retire to our room after each
meal, and having made sure that no
one shall invade our privacy, we are
to crawl round the room on our hands
and feet, hastily, though perhaps
awkwardly, and thus achieve a good
digestion. Twice round after each
meal is said to be enough for a begin-
ning, then we can lengthen our pro-
menade as we become more expert.

A physical culturist tells us to do
it thus:—"The first position is to
stretch out, resting the body on hands
and feet, then gradually lower the
head and elevate the spine till the
trunk is in an inclined plane with the
head at the lowest point. At first it
is difficult to achieve, especially if
you are stout, but you'll be surprised
how soon it becomes quite a simple
affair and you rise with all sense of
that heaviness, which comes after eat-
ing if you are not in the best of con-
dition, quite gone, the mysterious gas-
tric juices have had a better chance
to permeate the food and the process
of digestion is proceeding smoothly
and without difficulty."

Dr. MacNamara's School-Boy Howlers.

Dr. MacNamara, M.P., under secre-
tary of the British Admiralty, is a
schoolmaster by profession and has
always been furnished with amusing sto-
ries of quaint sayings by school child-
ren. His latest "howlers" include the
following:

Teacher: What is a mediator?
Pupil: Please, sir, a mediator is a
chap who says, "Hit me instead."

Teacher (to a London class): What
is grass?—Boy: Grass is what you
have to keep off.

Why would David rather be a door-
keeper in the house of the Lord?
Because he could walk outside while
the sermon was being preached.

How do you know the earth is
round?—Because it says in the Bible,
"World without end."

Once when Dr. MacNamara asked a
London class of girls what they would
say if he told them he saw the sun
rise in the west, he got the reply that
it was impossible. "But still," he per-
sisted, "supposing I still declared I
had seen the sun rise in the west?"
"Well," one of the little girls at length
replied, "I should think you must have
got up rather late."

Compulsory Education.

Below are some figures showing the
dates when other countries adopted the
compulsory principle in education. In
this matter is Newfoundland ahead
of these countries, or behind these
countries, or is she supremely indi-
fferent?

Nova Scotia, in 1864. Compulsory
period, 7 to 12 years.

Prince Edward Island, in 1887. Com-
pulsory period, 7 to 13 years.

British Columbia, in 1885. Compul-
sory period, 7 to 12 years.

England, 1880. Compulsory period,
6 to 13 years.

Scotland, 1872. Compulsory period,
6 to 13 years.

Australia, 1880. Compulsory period,
6 to 14 years.

New Zealand, 1877. Compulsory
period, 7 to 14 years.

France, 1882. Compulsory period, 6
to 13 years.

Norway, 1860. Compulsory period,
7 to 14 years.

Austria, 1869. Compulsory period,
6 to 14 years.

Sweden, 1862. Compulsory period,
7 to 14 years.

Switzerland, 1870. Compulsory peri-
od, 6 to 15 years.

Italy, 1877. Compulsory period, 6
to 9 years.

Japan, 1909. Compulsory period, 6
to 10 years.

United States, 1870. Compulsory
period, 7 to 14 years.

Municipal Government of Jerusalem.

The Jerusalem municipality is com-
posed of ten members, half of whom
are chosen every two years, the term
of office being four years. From these
ten the Governor of the Province of
Jerusalem chooses one to be the Pre-
sident or Mayor. The President is
the only member receiving a salary,
which is about \$44 a month.

The members of the municipal coun-
cil or commission are chosen by the
whole city, but are apportioned in ac-
cordance with the different races and
religions. Their duties are largely
advisory, the President exercising
most of the power. All property own-
ers who are Ottoman subjects have a
right to vote for the commissioners.

The municipality does not concern
itself with schools, courts, police, etc.
(these are provided by the govern-
ment of the Province of Jerusalem);
its principal functions are the care,
repair, lighting and cleaning of the
street; sanitary and quarantine in-
spection and oversight, including the
public slaughter-house; the mainte-
nance of a petroleum storage ware-
house and a municipal hospital and
other charitable institutions; market
regulations, etc.

As the total budget is under \$50,000
for a city of about 30,000, it will be
seen that the provincial government
handles most of the more important
departments.

At ARTHUR'S WALKER'S
Cash Grocery, 27 Charlton St.:
Every Monday, Banana Ice
Cream; every Tuesday, Orange
Ice Cream; every Wednesday,
Chocolate Ice Cream; every
Thursday, Vanilla Ice Cream;
every Friday, Pineapple Ice
Cream; every Saturday, Straw-
berry Ice Cream.—June 19, 1914.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DIP-
THERIA.

Wellington's Idea of Himself.

"I hope to God," he said one day,
"that I have fought my last battle. It
is a bad thing to be always fighting.
While in the thick of it, I am too
much occupied to feel anything; but
it is wretched just after. It is quite
impossible to think of glory. Both
mind and feelings are exhausted. I
am wretched even at the moment of
victory, and I always say that next
to a battle lost, the greatest misery
is a battle gained."

The expression of his face, which
was lit up by an intensity of feeling,
gave those simple words an eloquence
which went straight to the listener's
heart. I was that listener.

"It is experience," he said, another
time, "that gives me the advantage
over every other officer. Nothing
new can happen to me, and I always
feel confident that I shall succeed.
The troops feel the same confidence
in me. For that reason, I firmly be-
lieve that if anything had happened
to me at Waterloo, the battle was
lost. I told Lord Uxbridge so. Soon
after a ball hit him. It must have
passed over me, or my horse! But
the finger of God was upon me."

—Diary of Francis Lady Shelley.

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Announcement.

D. J. Furlong wishes to announce to
his friends and the public generally
that he has opened a custom estab-
lishment in connection with the
Cleaning and Pressing in the store
lately occupied by N. W. Chown, 7
New Gower Street, and is now pre-
pared to receive orders for any gar-
ment in the tailoring line; also wishes

his friends to notice that he is giving
a very special offer to anyone having
suit length to be made up. Every
garment will receive the best of at-
tention. Call now and see our goods
and select your pattern. Workman-
ship guaranteed. All goods well
shrunken before making.

D. J. FURLONG,
may 31st. 7 New Gower Street.

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"DOWN THE VALE."

An Adver-
tising Story.

A speaker at a Sphinx Club dinner
told an advertising story the other
evening.

"A man," he said, "entered a shop
one bitter cold day and bought a wool-
en muffler. He found inside it the
photograph of a beautiful girl, togeth-
er with a note saying:

"If you are single, please write to
me."
"A name and address followed, and
the man smiled. He was single, and
he put the photograph on his sitting
room mantle. There, every evening,
looking up from his book, he beheld
it. It was very beautiful and in a week
he had fallen head over heels in love.
So he wrote to the girl. Another
week passed, a week of anxious, nerve-
racking suspense. Then the loveliest
miss received this crushing letter:

"Sir:—The Mary Smith to whom you
wrote was my grandmother. She died
nine years ago, aged 96. Yours truly,"
"Our broken-hearted bachelor, on
looking into this strange matter, found
that he had foolishly bought the muf-
fler from a dealer who didn't adver-
tise."

One thrifty woman spent a day
darning a pillow-slip that was a mass
of rips, because, she explained, "it was
such a pity to waste the hem."

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DIP-
THERIA.

A Wholesome Dish.

Cut a pound of rhubarb into short
pieces and boil it in three pints of
water for half an hour. Strain the
liquor and rub the rhubarb of a lemon
with loaf sugar; add this to the liquor
together with sufficient sugar to make
it palatable. When cold, it is ready
for use, and is a most healthful drink
at this time of year.

A List of Nevers.

Never think of distant objects when
talking to some one.

Never attempt to tell a story with
which you are not well acquainted.

Never copy the manners of ill-bred
persons.

Never whisper when out in com-
pany.

Never be aggressive in conversation.
Never slight an older person.

Never show off your accomplish-
ments.

Never make boast of clothes.
Never use profane language.

Never harm any of God's creatures.
Never quarrel with your family.

Never quarrel with anybody.

One thrifty woman spent a day
darning a pillow-slip that was a mass
of rips, because, she explained, "it was
such a pity to waste the hem."

Beauty 500
Years Ago.

They have dug up an old beauty
book in Italy, published 500 years ago,
which laid down the following rules:

"To be beautiful," says the work,
"the women must have the following
three white things: Skin, hands and
teeth. Three black things: Eyes, eye-
lashes and eyebrows. Three pink
things: Lips, gums and nails. Three
long things: Life, hands and hair.

Three short things: Teeth, ears and
tongue. Three wide things: Forehead,
shoulders and intelligence. Three nar-
row things: Waist, mouth and ankles.

Three delicate things: Fingers, lips
and mind. Three round things: Arm,
leg and dowry."