

OUR SATURDAY EVENING HOME PAGE.

H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught.

"Wot 'as the gen'ral done?" sez I.
"O, 'e's a Prince of the Royal Blood,
An' they chucked 'im 'is rank for fun!"

But that was a lie, for I found out since
'E's missence a soldier an' thrupence a prince,
'E's stood fire in Egypt, and 'e didn't wince.

Not Arthur!

From "Writ in Barracks,"

—Edgar Wallace.

"Call your next son Patrick," shouted an enthusiastic old woman as Queen Victoria drove through Dublin streets, "and all our Ireland will die for you!" Not long afterwards, on the first of May, 1850, the Queen's third son and seventh child, the Duke of Connaught, was born. He was christened Arthur William Patrick Albert—"Arthur," after the Duke of Wellington, on whose eighty-first birthday he was born, and who was his godfather; "William," after the Prince of Prussia, who, as the Queen wrote to her "dearest uncle" (Leopold of Belgium), "has travelled night and day from St. Petersburg to be in time for the christening of our little Arthur"; "Patrick," in remembrance of the Irish visit; and "Albert," after the Prince Consort.

Virtue has no history. Little Prince Arthur, father of the man, was from all accounts a perfectly model child, gentle, kindly, courteous always, just as he is to-day. But even his Royal mother, on the alluring subject of her offspring, as a rule, almost garrulous, has of this "so-much-wished-for son" very little indeed to say. In the three thick volumes of letters written by her between 1837 and 1861, only three times in all is the future Duke of Connaught referred to.

"On this day," writes Her Majesty, to the inevitable Uncle Leopold, "the fifth birthday of our darling little Arthur—the anniversary of the opening of the Great Exhibition—the once great day at Paris, viz., the poor King's name-day—and also the birthday of the dear old Duke I write," &c.

And a year later, to her "dearest uncle" once more, the Queen, who gloried in anniversaries, writes:

"Last Thursday was our darling Arthur's birthday, which he enjoyed duly."

While on the third and last occasion, referring to the death of the Duchess of Kent, Her Majesty forecasts—of course, unconsciously—a proceeding—viz., attendance at Royal funerals—that has loomed perhaps largest amongst the duties the Duke has been called upon to perform so often since:

"We went to see the body, and poor little Arthur went, too."

It is probable that Prince Arthur was in the carriage driving with the Queen and the Princess Royal on that historic if not, perhaps, properly authentic occasion when the precocious little girl, who afterwards reigned an imperial and saddened Empress in Germany, "cheeked" her august mother the Queen. The Princess, so the story goes, was not only hopelessly bored but also very indignant that her mother, instead of keeping her amused, talked continually to her lady-in-waiting on subjects which the Princess considered frankly dull. So "There's a cat under the trees," she called out suddenly and quite obviously, altogether mendaciously. But her aim was accomplished; attention was called to her naughty little self; and, entirely satisfied, the Princess, leaning back in the carriage, remarked quietly: "Come out to look at the Queen, I suppose!" And smiled superciliously while at the almost petrified "poor little Arthur" at her side.

In 1879 the Duke of Connaught married Louise, only daughter of that brilliant soldier Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, who during the campaign of 1870-71 was known as the Red Prince. Less than three years later the Duke joined the Egyptian Expeditionary Force, and was present at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, after the engagement at which Sir Garnet Wolseley telegraphed to the Queen at Balmoral, leading his brigade to the attack. For his prowess in the East His Royal Highness received several Orders, and the thanks of both Houses of Parliament, and was later made Commander-in-Chief of the troops in Bombay, where his close study of Indian Army administration has since borne fruit in more than one speech in the House of Lords, where he spoke as an expert.

His Royal Highness was appointed a year or so later to the command of the forces in Ireland, which post, though held for only a very short time, made him immensely popular in Dublin, where his sterling abilities, fine simplicity of character, and great

charm of manner endeared him to everyone with whom he came into contact. Just before the Duke of Connaught went to Ireland, Prince Alfred of Coburg, only son of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, died suddenly. It is fresh in most of our memories how the Duke resigned all his right and title to the dual throne (as did his son, Prince Arthur), and declared publicly at a Bengal Cavalry dinner his determination "not to accept the succession to Coburg, but to remain in England in his present position."

A keen, zealous, and capable soldier, the Duke, as everyone knows, when the war in South Africa broke out, was most anxious to get a commission. The refusal of the Government of the day to accede to his repeated requests was considered in Army circles as perhaps inevitable, but as doing nevertheless "but scant justice to an able soldier," though the Duke himself, with his characteristic good sense, when the keen edge of his disappointment had worn off, acknowledged that Royalty, after all, might perhaps, even with the best intentions in the world, be something of a nuisance on the battlefield.

In 1904, after the reorganization of the War Office, he was given the new post of Inspector-General of the Forces and President of the Selection Board, but his tenure was not satisfactory to him, and his recommendations to the Council did not always receive the consideration to which they were entitled; and though questions were asked in Parliament when His Royal Highness retired from the Board, no steps have since been taken to reinstate him. After less than four years the Duke became Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean, but this position, too, was given up of his own accord some two years later, on the plea that his duties were not, in His Royal Highness's opinion, sufficiently onerous or necessary to justify him in retaining the appointment. In other words, the Duke does not care to be merely a figurehead.

Then in 1911 he was appointed Governor General of Canada.

The Duke of Connaught, in addition to the prestige attaching to him as only brother of King Edward, is a man of quite exceptional ability and undeniable Imperial value. He is a good speaker, has a strong sense of duty and singular honesty of purpose, and with it all he combines that gentleness and charm which are invaluable in a Viceroy (whose duties, after all, are very largely social), and which were such salient characteristics of that most able of men his father, the Prince Consort. It is said that no Royalty more readily pardons a breach of etiquette than the Duke of Connaught, for though he learned from his uncle, the Duke of Cambridge, not a few of the habits of the martinet, his unflinching good humour, kind heart, and sense of fun have mercifully preserved from him the most oppressive attributes of what has been called the "Martinetian malady."

The whole Connaught family are without exception globe-trotters. When at Bagshot, the Duke, like the King at Sandringham, leads the life of an English country gentleman, raising stock, and taking the warmest interest in his beautiful gardens, many of the beds in which he has himself laid out. His Royal Highness is particularly proud of one of the conservatories. It cost £2,000 to build, and represents a gorgeous tropical scene, with at one end a grotto-cave, along the floor of which flows a little stream, beneath which are electric lamps, so that at night numerous little pools in the dark recesses appear to shine with liquid fire. It is in one of the private rooms at Bagshot, by the way, that one of the Princess Patricia's most amusing caricatures is displayed. It represents the Duke, in his uniform dress as a field-marshal, his hair on end, his face red, and his whole body fairly bristling with rage. Underneath is written, "Where is my horse?" And those who know the Duke's unflinching mildness are invariably tickled by his daughter's little joke against him. Yet another of the Princess's caricatures "takes off" her cousin the Prince of Wales as an admiral. It hangs in the drawing-room at Frogmore, and causes one invariably to smile.

With the army rank and file the Duke (who, by the way, is official head of Freemasonry in England, and did much to promote the craft in India) was always exceptionally popular. From these not over lenient critics, His Royal Highness's real "kri," indefatigable energy and complete mastery of his profession, impelled admiration; while, on the human side, the "gen'ral's" charming bonhomie, warm sympathy, and kindly feeling was universally appreciated. Through a long life, and along paths



H. R. HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.
Uncle of King George V., who is visiting Newfoundland for the first time.

strewn not always with "the petals of the rose," the Duke of Connaught, indeed, has steered a course that rounds only to his infinite credit, and has shown himself always, as it has once before been said, "a courteous gentleman, a brave soldier, and a true friend."

Should the Duchess of Connaught survive the Duke she will receive from the State, as a widow, the same income as the Duchess of Albany—viz., £6,000 a year. Her Royal Highness—who, by the way, is always most beautifully dressed in the very latest cry of fashion—is also exceptional in that her closest and most intimate friends, and also those of her daughter, are Americans. Mrs. Jack Leslie, Mrs. Astor (of Cliveden), Miss Helen Post, daughter of Lady Barrymore, and Miss Clare Frewen being four ladies from over the water who are constantly to be met in the Connaught entourage, which also includes Lady Savile, Lady Wemyss, Lady Derby, Lady Alington, Lady Beauchamp, and Lady Dickson Poynder, the young Marquis of Hastings being the friend and sometime housemate of Prince Arthur.—Royal Magazine.

Magic of Mother's Gown

"Oh, mother, how pretty you look!"
"How sweet!"
"Where are you going?"
"Guess?" I cried "I'm going—going to stay right here with you this afternoon." I ended enthusiastically, and smiled. My little ruse had succeeded. Just a simple white dress had created the atmosphere I wanted. Tired and irritable yet I wanted to be patient and agreeable. I remembered when a teacher how the school children had taken a dislike to a certain dress I wore; they fancied I was always cross in it. I recollected how pleased they were over a new gown, and especially over anything white. They begged me always to wear white. Now I resolved to test again the power of the white dress, and see whether it might not react upon my tired nerves.

It was a dull, rainy day, but I had a warm fire. I selected a white waist, not too thin, and, alas, a little out of style. Then I found my old plique skirt a bit mussed, but clean. I wore a dainty blue ribbon at my neck, and a bow to match in my hair.

A string of blue beads completed my costume. Last of all, a lace-trimmed handkerchief with a dash of Cologne. The third-reader class used to admire "teacher's handkerchief, so nice an' smelly."

Now I was ready for the afternoon, and felt quite equal to entertaining three restless children just recovering from the measles. At the chorus of "Ohs" and "Ahs" and the gentle pats on my hair, the loving touches of the string of beads, I felt more repaid. I was actually rested, and in good humor with myself again, while the children were eager to follow every suggestion that I made. Oh, the magic of a white gown!

George Fitch.

He's long a-a-d lean and scrawny, and has a solemn air, a n d folks would say, "That Johnnie is loaded down with care; he has a secret sorrow that goods h l m evermore, and he should try to borrow some sunshine at my store." Which shows how, in their guessing, the folks are off their base, for George has naught distressing about him, but his face, within him always bubbles the antidote for grief, the mirth that kills our troubles, and gives our woes relief. You read George Fitch, and after you've scanned a score of words, you gurgie round with laughter, and chirrup like the birds. As clean as rippling water his humor flows along, his muse is sure the daughter of Jovianness and Song. He cheers the chronic fretter, reforms the dismal bore, and makes this old world better than 'e'er it was before. He spreads glee by the gate, so what's the odds, my dears, if like an undertaker the humorist appears?

Then you see the little mother, just herself, so small and old, With a look I'm sure would warm you were you shivering with the cold. Oh, so mirthful, O, so patient, she whose work is never done, O, so ready with her laughter at the rise and set of sun.

In the great house where I'm serving folk are ever kind to me, But they do not guess my yearning for the cabin over sea, Wage I earn and wage I send her, yet I can no longer bide; I must seek my little mother, I must nestle at her side.

She's just a little mother in a cabin far away; Since I kissed her in the gloaming 'tis forever and a day, In my dreams she's calling, calling, "Mother darling, yes, I'll come; I'll go back to Ballyshannon, to my mother and my home."

We offer one good second hand Emerson Piano at a great bargain for cash only. This piano is worth double what we ask for it. Snap it up, CHESTLEY WOODS, Nfld. Agent, 140 Water Street, up stairs.—jy9.31

Just a Little Mother.

She's just a little mother in a cabin far away; Since I kissed her in the gloaming 'tis forever and a day. In my dreams I hear her calling, calling o'er the weary sea, "Come ye back to Bally-shannon, Katy, dear, come back to me."

She's standing in the doorway, filling up the space, With the kerchief o'er her bosom and the frills around her face; She is smiling as our Lady smiles above the Holy Child, And my heart runs forth to meet her o'er the waste of waters wild.

Do you know our Ballyshannon, where the very winds are sweet With the saltiness of the sea foam and the tang of smoldering peat? Do you know our mists that fold us in a blanket soft and gray, Do you know our Ballyshannon in the red rose dawn of day?

The sun went down as we sat there—Jostiar seemed uneasy; An' mother she began to call: "Looweezy, oh, Looweezy!" An' then Jostiar spoke right up, "As I was just astartin'."

An' said, "Looweezy what's the use Of us two ever partin'?"

I can't tell what the women mean Who let men fool around 'em, Believin' all the nonsense that They only say to sound 'em; I know, for one, I've never seen The men that I'd admire To have a hangin' after me Instead of my Jostiar.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL
"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,"
And hats and shoes do, too—there's no escape;
Not only do the latter shape our ends,
But equally with truth they end our shape.
—Puck.

CONSOLATION.
Till night I went astray
Where lonely waters creep,
But at the seal of day
I found thee in my sleep.
And something from that calm of thought and will
Is with me still.

POEPLS.

THE FLAG GOES BY.

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!
Blue and crimson, and white it shines,
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.
Hats off!
The colors before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by.
Sea fights and land fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and to save the State;
Weary marches and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips;
Days of plenty, and years of peace,
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right and law,
Stately honor and reverent awe;
Sign of a Nation, great and strong,
To ward her people from foreign wrong;
Pride, and glory, and honor, all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.
Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
And loyal hearts are beating high,
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

THE PLAINS OF MEXICO.

There's a country wide and weary,
and a scorching sun looks down
On the thirsty cattle ranges and a
queer old Spanish town,
And it's there my heart goes roving
by the trails I used to know;
Dusty trails by camps deserted where
the tinkling mule trains go,
On the sleepy summit ranges and the
plains of Mexico.
Is it only looking backward that
the past seems now so fair?
Was the sun then somewhat brighter,
was there something in the air
Made no day seem ever weary,
never hour that went too slow,
When we rode the dusty ranges on
the plains of Mexico?
Then the long, hot, scented evenings,
and the fiddle's squeaky tune,
When we danced with Spanish lassies
underneath the golden moon;
Girls with names all slow and splen-
did, hot as fire and cold as snow,
In the spicy summer nighttime on
the plains of Mexico.
I am growing tired and lonely, and
the town is dull and strange—
I am restless for the open sky and
wandering wings that range:
I will get me forth a-roving, I will
get me out and go,
But no more, no more my road is to
the plains of Mexico.

For the sun is on the plateau, and the
dusty trails go harvest-time
By the same old cactus hedges to the
sleepy Spanish town.
But I'll never find my comrade that I
lost there long ago,
Never, never more (O, had I loved and
left a-lying low)
Where the cowardly bullet took him
on the plains of Mexico.
—C. Fox Smith, in The Spectator.

MY JOSIAR.

Things has come a pretty pass
The whole wide country over,
When every married woman has
To have a friend or lover;
It ain't the way that I was raised,
And I hain't no desire
To have some feller pokin' round
Instead of my Josiar.
I never kin forget the day
That we went out a-walkin',
An' sot down on the river-bank,
An' kep' on hours a-talkin';
He twisted up my apron-string
An' folded it together,
An' said he thought for harvest-time
'Twas cur'us kind o' weather.

The sun went down as we sat there—
Jostiar seemed uneasy;
An' mother she began to call:
"Looweezy, oh, Looweezy!"
An' then Jostiar spoke right up,
"As I was just astartin'."
An' said, "Looweezy what's the use
Of us two ever partin'?"

I kind o' took me by surprise,
An' yet I kin 'twas comin';
I'd heard it all the summer long
In every wild bee's hummin';
I'd studied out the way I'd act—
But law! I couldn't do it;
I meant to hide my love from him,
But seems as if he knew it,
An' lookin' down into my eyes
He must have seen the fire—
An' ever since that hour I've loved
An' worshipped my Josiar.

I can't tell what the women mean
Who let men fool around 'em,
Believin' all the nonsense that
They only say to sound 'em;
I know, for one, I've never seen
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I longed for thee all day
And dreamed of thee all night;
And now I find my way
Hath won a lingering light,
As though a shining from thy presence
stayed
And will not fade.
And thus in thought I sit
Contented at thy side,
Mine eyes with gladness lit
My tumults pacified;
And all the joy of living seems to be
Just here with thee.
—Arthur L. Salmon.

MY CREED.

I would be true, for there are those
who trust me;
I would be pure, for there are those
who care;
I would be strong, for there is much
to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much
to dare.
I would be friend of all—the foe—the
friendly;
I would be giving and forget the
gift;
I would be humble for I know my
weakness;
I would look up—and laugh—and
love and lift.
—Howard Arnold Walter.

Sunday Services.

Cathedral of St. John the Baptist—
Holy Communion every Sunday at 8
a.m.; also on the first Sunday of the
month at 7 and 8 a.m.; and 12 noon.
Other services at 11 a.m., and 6.30
p.m.
Saints Days—Holy Communion, 8
a.m.; Matins, 11 a.m.; Evensong, 5.30
p.m.
Other Days—Matins, 8 a.m.; Evensong,
5.30 p.m.; (Fridays, 7.30 p.m.,
with sermon.)
Public Catechising—Every Sunday
in the month at 3.30 p.m.
St. Michael's Mission Church, Casey
Street—Holy Communion at 8 and 12
on the 3rd Sunday of the month, and
8 on other Sundays. Other services,
11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m.
Catechising—Second Sunday of the
month, 3.30 p.m.
Sunday Schools—Cathedral, at 2.45
p.m. Mission Church at 2.45 p.m.
Cathedral Men's Bible Class, in the
Synod Building every Sunday at 8 p.m.
All men invited to attend.
St. Mary's Church—Matins at 11;
Evensong at 6.30.
Brookfield School-Chapel — Evensong
at 3 p.m. Sunday School at 4 p.m.
St. Thomas's—Holy Communion on
the third Sunday in each month, at
noon; every other Sunday at 8 a.m.
Morning Prayer at 11 a.m. Evensong
services at 3.45 and 6.30 p.m. Daily
Morning Prayer at 8 a.m.; every
Friday evening at 7.30, prayer and
sermon. Holy Baptism ever Sunday
at 3.45 p.m. Public catechising third
Sunday in each month at 3.30 p.m.
Christ Church (Quid Vidi) — Holy
Communion second Sunday, alternate
months at 8 a.m. Evensong Prayer
third Sunday in each month, at 7 p.m.;
other Sundays at 3.30 p.m.
Virginia School-Chapel — Evensong
prayer every Sunday at 3.30 p.m. Pub-
lic Catechising third Sunday in each
month.
Sunday Schools—At Parish Church
at 2.45 p.m.; at Christ Church, Quid
Vidi, at 2.30 p.m.; at Virginia School
Chapel, 2.30 p.m.
Gower Street—11, Rev. W. P. Wor-
nell; 6.30, Rev. Dr. Cowperthwaite.
George Street — 11, Rev. C. A.
Whitemarsh; 6.30, Rev. Dr. Fenwick.
Cochrane Street (Methodist Col-
lege Hall)—11, Rev. Dr. Fenwick;
6.30, Rev. C. A. Whitemarsh.
Wesley—11, Rev. Dr. Cowperth-
waite; 6.30, Rev. F. R. Matthews.
Presbyterian — 11 and 6.30, Rev. J.
S. Sutherland, M.A.
Congregational—11 and 6.30, Rev.
W. H. Thomas.
Salvation Army—S. A. Citadel, New
Gower Street, 7 a.m., 11 a.m., 3 p.m.,
and 7 p.m.; S. A. Hall, Livingstone
Street—7 a.m., 11 a.m., 3 p.m., and 7
p.m.; S. A. Hall, George St.—7 a.m.; 11
a.m., 3 p.m., and 7 p.m.
Adventist Church, Cookstown Rd.—
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Saturday at 3 p.m.

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